FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY
FISHCULTURE, YACHTING AND CANOEING

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST
IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

VOLUME LIII.

JULY, 1899—DECEMBER, 1899.



PUBLISHED BY THE
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK,

1899

Smithsonian Institution
204983

FOREST AND STREAM.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 1. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

Consider but the rudiment of a tall and umbrageous tree, from so minute a seed as may be borne away by every blast.
Evelyn, True Religion, I., 29.

THIS number, which is the first of the fifty-third volume, gives occasion to remark anew on our weekly issues, with their never-failing supply of material which is notable for quantity and quality. When the FOREST AND STREAM was established in 1873, it was with the first number pledged to a cause. "The object of this journal," wrote Mr. Hallock, "will be to studiously promote a healthful interest in outdoor recreation, and to cultivate a refined taste for natural objects." This purpose has ever since been held in view. The FOREST AND STREAM has been the representative organ of the field sportsmanship of the country. It has constituted a medium for expression of the sentiment of sportsmen; an advocate of their rights, privileges and interests. What better adjunct may be wished for in the make-up of one equipped for securing success in the various pursuits of life than that he should have the sportsman's taste for the outdoor life of the forest and the stream? and for one thus endowed how haply shall he supplement his outing experiences more profitably and enjoyably than to have the FOREST AND STREAM for his home companion?

SAIL, SEA AND SKY.

THE condition of the sport of yachting, as known to the world at large at the present time, is fitly described by the term *fin de siecle*. Wherever one reads of yachting, and it is just now impossible to pick up a paper or a magazine without finding some allusion to it, but one story is told, that of reckless extravagance in the wild chase for extreme speed. The side of the sport which is brought into exclusive prominence in the public prints is hardly an ideal one—two men of vast wealth are striving to outdo each other in a contest in which neither takes a personal part except to the extent of paying the bills, while the great body of yachtsmen look on from the outside as mere casual spectators. Such details as are deemed worthy of publication set forth how much larger each of the competitors is than any previous yacht, how much more sail she carries, how much faster she is expected to be, how much more she has cost and how each rival owner is outdoing the other in incidental extravagance, such as the buying or building of steam yachts and the chartering of ocean steamers. It is impossible to read anything relating to the one great event about which the yachting of the year is centered without coming to the conclusion that it is money first and sport a long, long way afterward.

The beautiful picture which forms our supplement this week bears silent but effective testimony to another side of the sport, which fortunately exists, though obscured for the time both to the general and the yachting public. The photograph here engraved speaks eloquently of the peace, the freedom and the content which are the natural accompaniments of the noble sport of yachting. The sail—that silent servant that transports man, not like the shuttle, thrown noisily and rapidly back and forth in one fixed track, but with an uncertainty of speed and course which are of themselves fascinating and restful. The sea—the free and open pathway to all parts, the rest and refuge of tired man from the earliest days, but never so much so as now, when the whole face of the earth is girdled and gridironed by the express train and the clanging, whirring electric "trolley." The sky—hidden from the unfortunate dweller in the cities, or seen but as a narrow ribbon of blue between the deep and narrow walls of a great stone chasm, but to the yachtsman a vast hemisphere bounded only by the level sea, both of them free to him in every quarter.

With every new convenience and luxury of modern invention comes an increasing complication of life which ties man more closely to a beaten track as long as he bears a foot on the shore, and makes still more welcome and grateful to him the very different life that is opened to him through the sport of yachting.

Among the many attractive features of the sport, that of racing must always hold a prominent place; it is after a day of hard work with brain and hand against a keen adversary that the dinner on board tastes best and a narrow berth seems a bed of down; or after a week of racing that one comes back with renewed zest to the quieter pleasures of cruising. The tendency of the day, however, is to exalt racing from its true position as a useful auxiliary of yachting life, to the sole end and aim of all yachting; and to establish the racing machine as the one ideal yacht, to the exclusion of the cruising craft. The racing is no longer a question of relative speed between evenly matched yachts and skippers of equal skill, but the one end in view is the production of a single yacht which shall attain a speed hitherto unknown. To this end all other interests of yachting are sacrificed, until the actual harm to the sport at large is even greater than the phenomenal advances in speed within the past five years. The sight of a modern 90-footer, at anchor or under way, is one that inspires a feeling of wonder and admiration at the perfection of finish and of mechanical detail, as well as the marvelous speed. At the same time the feeling is inevitable that the yachting which these craft are capable of is a very different sort of sport from that of a dozen years ago, when yachts were slower and less elaborate and costly, but the racing was equally as keen and much more general. The whole future of the sailing yacht hinges on the question that after five years or more is apparently as far from a solution as ever: shall yachts be built solely for racing, or shall they be built for yachting and used for racing within moderate and reasonable limitations?

THE BALTIMORE GAME CASES.

THE decisions handed down by the Maryland Court of Appeals last week in the Baltimore game selling cases were precisely what were to have been looked for by all persons familiar with the points at issue. The game commission men were simply threshing over old straw. They had set up claims to privileges which had been repeatedly denied by the highest courts of several States, and thus they offered a new opportunity for establishing only more firmly the principles involved.

It was the old question of the right to sell in close season game imported from another State, when such traffic is specifically forbidden by the statutes. The particular provision involved was one secured by the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association, in the law of 1898, reading as follows:

15 F. No person shall have in possession, expose for sale, sell or buy any of the aforesaid birds or game animals alive or dead, in said city of Baltimore, or in any of the aforesaid respective counties, during the aforesaid respective closed seasons, or dates, between which, in said city or counties, it is made unlawful, by the preceding sections of this Act, to shoot or have the same in possession, whether such birds or game animals so had in possession, exposed for sale, sold or bought, shall have been shot, or in any manner caught or killed in that county, or in any other county of this State, or in any other State, Territory or country, under a penalty for the having in possession, exposing for sale, selling or buying of each such bird or game animal, similar in amount, respectively, to that hereinbefore made and provided for the illegal shooting or having in possession of the same; but nothing in this section or the preceding sections contained shall be so construed as to prevent any person or corporation from having in his or its possession, at any time, any live birds or game animals, for the purpose of stocking lands in this State.

The dealers resented this restriction; they held a mass meeting to denounce it; formed an association to fight it, and carried to the Court of Appeals the test cases of State of Maryland vs. Stevens, and State of Maryland vs. Rice, in both of which the main issue was as to the constitutionality of the law. The familiar contention was made that restriction of traffic in game imported from another State is an interference with interstate commerce, the regulation of which is by the Constitution of the United States intrusted exclusively to the control of Congress.

To make the test more perfect and to take advantage of the original package decisions, in one of the cases the game had been sold in the original package as received from another State.

The Court sustained the findings of the lower courts as to the unrestricted authority of the State to adopt whatever measures might be deemed necessary for the regulation of the taking and traffic in game, to conserve the native supply within its borders. It was held that the interstate commerce clause did not apply.

As we have said, these decisions are but the formulating in Maryland of principles which have been enunciated repeatedly by the courts of last resort elsewhere. One case notable because one of the earliest of the kind, and because it has had a marked effect upon legislation ever since, was that of Phelps vs. Racey, in New York, in the early seventies. J. H. Racey was a game dealer in New York City who had in possession several hundred quail in cold storage in the close season, and in violation of the statute. The New York Society for the Protection of Game, through its President, Royal Phelps, brought suit to recover the penalty and did recover it. The case then went on appeal to the highest court, which found in favor of the Association, and established the principle which has held from that day to this, that a law forbidding the sale of game in close time, whether the game was killed in the State or outside of it, is not in conflict with the constitutional provision that Congress alone shall regulate interstate commerce. The full text of the decision is contained in the July number of *Woodcraft*, as one of the series of "Game Law Test Cases" which is in course of publication in that magazine.

In fact the precedents were all against the Baltimore market men. A review of the game legislation of the last quarter-century and of the judicial interpretations of that legislation and of the principles governing it for the same period will convince any student of the subject of these two facts:

(1) That there is a growing tendency on the part of the legislative branch to assert the State's full control of game and fish and to embody in legislation a more and more strict exercise of such control; and

(2) That the courts will uphold the constitutionality of such regulations. This is manifest in the repeated rulings of different States, and if one shall look to the Supreme Court of the United States it will be found there that the ruling principles have had full enunciation in the well-known case of Geer vs. State of Connecticut, the decision in which is reported in full in the April number of the *Woodcraft Magazine*.

The basic principle is this, that the game of the State belongs to the State, that is to say, to the entire people of the State; and it is for them to say when, how and for what purposes the game may be taken by the individual. The State may further regulate the sale of game, without regard to its origin, in any way essential to the conservation of its own native supply. It is said that the Baltimore dealers will appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. We have been for some years looking for some public spirited dealers in game who would take this question to Washington. There can be but one outcome of such a proceeding; it will re-establish and confirm the rulings of the State courts.

The prosecutions out of which these cases grew were instituted by the Maryland Game and Fish Protection Association, through its President, Mr. Geo. Dobbin Penniman, who argued the cases with Attorney-General Gaither and State's Attorney Duffy. We congratulate the Association upon the outcome.

It is a pleasure to record that Rhode Island now has a game commission, and that the Governor has named a board of commissioners who have the confidence of the sportsmen. We look for a new order of things in the grouse districts. The measure was introduced by Senator Reiner. Another excellent amendment made by the General Assembly was one forbidding the sale of squirrels and rabbits in close season. This was the unlooked for outcome of an endeavor by the market men to have legalized the sale of all game in close season. Mr. Chas. D. Kimball, a member of the House, deserves much credit for his activity in opposing the dealers' bill.

The annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society was held at Niagara Falls this week on Wednesday and Thursday.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Trapper's Shack.

THEY are not palatial residences by any means, but they serve as a home just the same, and I have seen them when they were beheld with something like the joy a traveler feels who greets an oasis on the Sahara.

I had a little experience once in the swamps of Missouri, on Little River. It was in the early '70s a party of us were on a camp hunt; we had been in camp several days and were having a jolly time. Deer were plentiful and the fishing was all that we could ask. One morning I concluded I would do a little prospecting on foot and alone; so I left camp bright and early and plunged into the swamp. After walking several hours without seeing any game, I sat down on a log and ate my lunch, then lit my pipe for a good smoke. Presently I saw a large fox squirrel frisking on a limb directly over me, and I soon had him in the bag. That put me in mind that as I had no game to my credit, I would bag a few of them. After an hour or so had been spent after them and I had a pretty good bag, I began to think of returning to camp. I struck off in the supposed direction, and after walking, as I thought, long enough to reach camp, began to be apprehensive that I was not going right. I could see no familiar landmarks. It had been cloudy all the afternoon, and I had forgotten my compass, so I was lost as to direction. I fired my gun several times, but heard no response save its echo. Then I knew I was lost.

I tried another direction, and walked till I was getting very tired, for a lost man walks very fast. I was hungry too, and had given my belt an extra hitch to compress the void. The 7lb. gun felt as heavy as a Queen Anne musket. My watch told me that I did not have much more daylight to spend. I thought of everything I had ever read about telling the points of the compass—the knife blade, thumb nail, the watch face, the moss on the trees, the rough and smooth side of the trees. I tried them all, and each one seemed to lead me deeper in the swamp. I came to the conclusion that I was in for a night of it, and began to cast my eyes about for a suitable place for a lean-to. I had a supply of matches and could dress and broil one of my squirrels for supper.

With these thoughts in my head and still walking, I suddenly came upon a little shack nestled deep in the woods. One would hardly see it till almost right upon it. My spirits went up a dozen points as I hastened my steps toward it. It was built of logs, with a stick and dirt chimney. There was no fence around; the heavy woods came almost to the door. Hanging on some bushes was an old seine and some fishnets that had been freshly tarred. In the corner of the chimney were a few weather-beaten cane fishing poles. On a large nail driven in one of the trees was a trout-line. A few old rusty game traps were lying around; coon, deer and bear skins stretched on canes were hanging here and there. All these proclaimed the avocation of the owner. In the only window of the little shack, which was a square hole, closed by a sliding board, were one or two tomato cans, in which were a few morning glories trying to climb some strings. A clothesline stretched from tree to tree with a few articles of wearing apparel, a large iron kettle on some blackened chunks, a tub and washboard, showed that there was a woman around; and the little grape-vine swing and the mud pies neatly arranged on a board gave plain evidence of children's presence. All these were taken in at a glance as I hastened my steps. I knew I would be welcome to such as they had, and after being refreshed and rested would be directed back to camp.

On my near approach an old hound set up a dismal howl that brought a woman to the door. In a few words I made her acquainted with my situation. The good woman invited me in and one of the children was sent to the spring for cool water. While the busy housewife is preparing a frugal meal, I take in the interior. The floor is roughly covered with slabs; a large goods box answers for a cupboard; there are a plain homemade table covered with oilcloth, a few plain chairs, one or two pictures of Presidential candidates on the walls. Over the low door are a pair of deer horns that serve as a rack for the long Kentucky rifle, game bag, bullet pouch and a highly decorated powder horn. On a small table I see a few old books and a large Bible. In one corner stands a bed covered with homemade quilts of bright but uncertain pattern, but all spotlessly clean. The old cedar churn and the shining milk vessels prove that the owner believes in cleanliness.

While my hostess was out of the room I raised the lid of the old family Bible. It opened to where the record of births and marriages and deaths are recorded, and then I soon had the history of the family. I had replaced the Bible before she came in, and began to make friends with the children. When she came in I called the youngest to me, and called it by name. The woman looked a little surprised that I should know it. I asked the little one its age. It did not know. I then told it how old it was, giving its birthday. Then I gave all the children their full names and date of birth. The woman by this time had left the fireplace where she was cooking and asked me who told me their ages. I told her no one, and that I had never been in that part of the country before in my life and had never heard of them before.

"How can you tell these things, if no one has told you?" she asked.

"Oh, that is easy, if you know how," said I. I then gave her her own age, and date of birth and marriage; also her maiden name. By this time I could see she was getting quite uneasy, so I picked up the Bible and opened at the record. "There, madam, is how I found out so much."

I think she felt as much relieved as I did when I had spied the shack. She laughed heartily when the trick was exposed. Pretty soon the hound again gave tongue to one of those dismal howls, and the children flew to meet their father, who they knew was coming. He, too, was made acquainted with my situation and gave me a hearty welcome to his humble fare. Supper was announced. Such a supper I did not expect to find in that shack—good coffee, with sugar and cream, too; big, fat, white biscuits, venison steak, fresh fish, a jug of milk and plate of yellow butter, cold from the spring, wild honey—and it tasted all right, too. We gathered around the table, the old hunter offered up thanks to Him above for all that he enjoyed, his family and stranger under his roof-tree. It was an impressive scene—one that you don't find in every hunter's shack.

It goes without saying that I did full justice to that meal; I loosened my belt so as not to be hampered. After supper I told the the hunter where we were camped on Little River. "Well, I can have you in camp in a very few hours," said he. "My shack is within a short distance of Little River, and I am going out in my boat tonight with my headlight after ducks and can take you just as well as not;" which he did, and landed me safe in camp by bedtime.

Years have passed, but I have never forgotten that day nor the trapper and his family, and I don't let Santa Claus forget them, either. C. L. BRADLEY.

CLARKSVILLE, Tenn.

"The Man who Visits Spiker."

Editor Forest and Stream:

One evening after supper Jim sat smoking on the step of his front porch, admiring the beauty of the wide expanse of rolling valley that lay between him and a distant hazy mountain. His dog lay at charge near by, apparently in the same degree of meditation as his master. The sun had settled behind a large cloud bank, whose top and sides were trimmed in brilliant gold and silver sunshine, while from beneath broad bands slanted sharply in the direction of his gaze.

A step in his neighbor's yard and the pattering gallop of his setters, as they bounded around the corner of the house, caused Jim's dog to prick up his ears and tap the walk with his tail, then bound forward to meet his play-fellows. After Jim had invited his neighbor over to enjoy the view with him, and the inevitable pipes were well a-going, Jim said:

"I was thinking of what a happy hunting ground the Indian had when he occupied the country we see before us. Then, wild and uncultivated, it must have been a good place to hunt in."

"Yes, and I can say that it has been so long since the Indian departed, for I have hunted over all that territory myself. Years ago, before the march of improvement was so progressive, I have brought to bag many a quail in the lower country and grouse on yonder hill. There is an old man in this neighborhood who will tell you of the time when deer, turkey and bear were quite plenty. To-day there is nothing but a few hares in the thickets and an occasional grouse on the bluffs of the mountain, which would not be even there now if the hunters could get at them. But thoughts of the past bring vain regrets, and from a sportsman's standpoint, what little of life I have left I want to devote to comforts of the present and anticipations of the future."

"I like your sentiment," said Jim, "and as to present comfort, if we have been good and true sportsmen, the knowledge of that fact is satisfying. The future is dependent. To me it looks a little gloomy, and in that I disturb my comfort; but, judging from the past and the present outlook, our sons will see the day when their guns will be useless. Already our own territory is nearly depopulated of game, and if we go far we encroach upon some one's else territory, who will in time, by laws, deprive us of the privilege of hunting upon it. States are making non-resident laws; rich clubs are establishing extensive preserves, and the overflow from them are protected by trespass laws. What shall we do?"

"Get rich and join a club," said the neighbor. "Probably the best thing to do is to make the best of what we have while we can, be law-abiding, moderate in our indulgence, and let the future take care of itself. If game is scarcer the finding of any will be all the more gratifying."

"That's a philosophic view, at any rate. As to getting rich, if you will show me the way, I will follow it."

"I believe the man who is even with the world, who envies his neighbor nothing, has all the comforts he needs and who is contented, is rich enough. Wealth can only bring luxury, and luxury breeds discontent. The hardest part of it all is to be contented."

"Your philosophy reminds me of an old toll collector on the road to one of the places we shall visit next fall. Once, when driving over, I stopped to pay toll, which was 4 cents. I handed him a nickel and told him to keep the change. 'No,' said he; 'every man should keep his own. If I should keep the penny I would feel as though I had something that did not belong to me.' In speaking to my host of the occurrence, he said: 'That old man is as conscientious and honest as it is possible for any man to be. His income is so small that he can hardly make both ends meet, yet he is happy and contented.' It does me good to go among such people, and in the country where I visit I find the majority of the people that way. No strife, no selfishness and possessing a neighborly kindness that city people do not feel."

"That is one of the good influences that a sportsman comes in contact with and accounts for a good deal of his better nature. When I return from a visit to such people I always feel more charitable toward my fellow man, and the desire to repeat the visit is stronger every time. I make new acquaintances, acquire new hunting territory, and am glad to believe that my return is always welcome. The farmer, and country people generally, are among my best friends."

"There is an inseparable relation between the sportsman and the farmer that may be strained or strengthened according to its abuse or respect. I look upon the farmer as the sportsman's best and indispensable friend, for it is he who furnishes the land and through whose courtesy the sportsman is permitted to hunt upon it. I have always found the farmer willing to meet a gentleman more than half way. Rowdies he will not tolerate. Nearly all farmers like to hunt, and they possess a keen sense of its enjoyment, although they may, to some extent, be lacking in appreciation of some of its minor details, that go to make the city man's outing enjoyable, because an every-day association with his surroundings makes them less noticeable to him than to his city brother, who comes in contact with them only when enjoying the farmer's hospitality. Just so is the case with the city man who sees much less at home than does his country friend when visiting the city. My friends from the country often point out things to me that I have never seen before, and which are equally interesting to me after I have found them. Most farmers are naturalists in a general way, if not scientific. The seasons of vegetation are of necessity well learned by them, and the habits of common animals and game are generally well understood. From boyhood they have associated with these things, so that they are as able to judge of what is good for one and another as average humanity. And contact with the rapidly increasing army of sportsmen adds greatly to their knowledge of human nature."

"When you spoke of the farmer meeting the sportsman half way I was reminded of an incident in my own experience," said the neighbor. "Adjoining the farm of my host was one belonging to a man who was considered in the communty as a hard man to deal with, in that he was severely strict in his business transactions with his neighbors, even to the minutest detail, yet obliging and charitable when occasion required. His farm was posted, and I was cautioned against encroaching upon it. One morning, while covering a field on my friend's land, a bevy of quail went over into the forbidden territory. I marked them down in a small brier patch, where the shooting would be easy, and after studying a while, I determined to take chances and go over. My dogs soon pointed, and I got a brace of birds. Then I heard a shout and saw a man coming toward me. Resolved to face the situation like a man, I went to meet him. His face was stern, but there was no sign of anger, and I considered that a point in my favor.

"'Didn't you see that notice?' he said. 'Yes, sir, I did, but those birds flew over here and I couldn't resist the temptation to follow them,' I replied; 'but if you insist upon my going out I will do so, but I would like to have another chance at them.'

"'I have kept even my neighbors from shooting here and you couldn't expect me to break the rule in favor of a stranger,' he said.

"'No, sir; I don't ask you to, and I am sorry I intruded.'

"He scanned me closely without a word as I started for the line fence, but had not gone far when he called: 'Say!' As I stopped he came up and continued, 'Ain't you the man who visits Spiker?' I said I was. 'I thought so,' said. 'I've seen those dogs over there, and I have heard of you. Spiker is a good neighbor, and I don't want to offend him or his guest. You can hunt here, but don't shoot near the house; my daughter is sick and nervous.'

"I thanked him, and sent the dogs after the scattered bevy. He followed me around, and seemed delighted with watching the dogs work, and when I made a double shot he was captivated. After I had killed half a dozen of the birds I engaged with him in conversation, complimented him on the order in which his place was kept, and finally offered him the birds I had shot, of which he would accept only a couple for his daughter, and as I left he gave me a cordial invitation to hunt there again."

"You cast your bread upon the waters," said Jim, as his neighbor arose to go.

The evening was well spent, and he went into the house to refill his pipe and think of the future.

J. H. B.

Pioneer Days.—V.

Unwelcome Visitors.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

DURING the season of sugar-making Josiah became intimate with the Canada jays, impertinent thieves that they were; they were company, and so were the friendly chickadees and nuthatches, and woodpeckers that bored the logs of the house for grubs and drummed on the resonant stick chimney, and he made friends with a solitary old crow, though they were likely to fall out after corn-planting. Bluebirds brought the color and song of heaven down to the clearing, and robins came, and blackbirds thronged the border of the marsh, where open pools began to form, into which returning water fowl dropped to rest and feed. Stumps, logs and winter-green-clad cradle knolls began to show above the snow. Partridges drummed far and near in the purpling woods. There the snow and ice disappeared magically, the black mould of the clearing was laid bare, and the blue water of the creek shimmered in the sunlight down to the slumpy ice of the bay, and there were the sounds of running brooks, the crackling croak of frogs and trill of toads, and lo! the miracle of spring had wrought its magic transformation.

The luxury they won from the maples made a most acceptable addition to their monotonous fare. Josiah even attempted the manufacture of a pie from their precious stock of flour, with bear's grease for shortening, wild strawberries, sweetened with maple sugar, for filling, and was so far successful that they ate the interior with considerable relish, and had the crust left over to fill again.

Summer was upon them, with no end of work to do, and when they could least afford it they both fell ill with fever and ague. One day they were burning with a consuming fire, the next shaking with chills that froze the marrow of their bones, and during both were barely able to crowl about to the most necessary tasks, though fortunately their ague fits came on alternate days.

During one June day when Kenelm lay shivering in all the blankets before a roasting fire, and Josiah was administering hot drinks of herbs and hemlock twigs, a figure darkened the door, and looking up they saw a tall Indian silently regarding them. He asked for food, and Josiah set cold johnny-cake and dried venison before him, whereof he partook and departed as silently as he came.

Next day he returned, accompanied by an old squaw, and bringing a large salmon. The woman produced a package of dried red berries, giving out an aromatic odor like lemon peel. She called for liquor of some sort, and they brought out a quart bottle of hoarded New England rum. The Indian and squaw each took a drink from it to make room for the berries, which were then added, with the result of producing a mixture which was liquid fire. When Josiah, whose ague fit was on, took a mouthful of it, it burned its way into his interior with such effect that the ague was banished from his

body, and a few doses made him well again, and with Kenelm the effect was the same, though at first he swore the Indians had poisoned him out of revenge for his share in the Rogers' raid. The Indian told them that a party of their people were salmon fishing at the Lower Falls of Sun-gah-nee-took, or Lewis Creek. Next day the pioneers went over to see the sport. Many women and children were all busy, some with bark nets at the weirs, others with curious wooden spears; others cleaning the fish, and others drying them on racks over smoking fires.

Next day half the Indians returned the visit, and were royally entertained, each with a spoonful of the prickly-ash berry mixture, and a burned stomachful of moose meat and johnny-cake, and so became fast friends of the two white men, an alliance which soon proved most fortunate.

One day when the pioneers were hoeing their corn under the vigilant eye of Josiah's late friend, the crow, descried two boats entering the creek from the bay, and the crews being attracted by the new clearing came to the landing and accosted the settlers. It was the party of a New York surveyor, engaged in locating New York grants. The official at once set up his Jacobstaff and proceeded to allot this pitch to a New York land speculator, and warned the present occupants off the premises, without compensation for their time, labors and betterments.

The party swaggered up from the landing, and made as free with the house and its contents as if all belonged to them. One ransacked the loft and brought down dried venison to cook for the company. Another demanded flour, Indian meal not being good enough for such gentry. Old Kenelm fumed mightily, but discreetly withheld his hand from laying a cudgel about their shoulders.

"You fellows would best get out of this at once," the surveyor said, "for Capt. Williams will be wanting to occupy his claim at once."

"Maybe the Green Mountain boys will have a word to say about that," said Josiah.

"To the devil with Allen and his scoundrels!" the other scoffed. "We'll have the whole crew hanged in a month. There is a reward out for the leaders."

"Ketchin' on 'em 's another story," said Josiah, and asked: "Haow big is your captain's claim?"

"A thousand acres, running north, your stealings being nigh the south line."

"That'll run int' the Gov'nor's right o' five hundred acres."

"D— your Governor's right! He's got no right in this province!"

"Seein' the Cap'n 's got so much he might leave us alone on this leetle patch.'

"No; off you go, and that's all there is about it," quoth the inexorable official.

The pioneers were at their wits' end, and drew apart for a little consultation while the usurpers were busy with their cooking. The result was that Josiah slipped away, and was presently making his best speed toward the Indian camp. The unbidden guests took leisurely time with the meal furnished, in part from their own stores and in part from such things as they chose of the settlers' provisions, every mouthful of which was begrudged them by old Kenelm, as he sat apart watching them out of the corners of his eyes in sullen silence.

Suddenly, as if they had stepped out of the gray shells of the tree trunks, a score of armed fantastic figures appeared on every side, and simultaneously announced their presence by a horrid discord of yells.

"What the devil!" exclaimed the surveyor, springing to his feet and dropping a choice tidbit of stolen moose tongue, while his party cowered in the corners and sought shelter behind the great jambs of the fireplace. "Who the devil are these Indians, and what do they want?" the surveyor asked of Kenelm when he recovered a little from his surprise.

"Injins!" the old ranger repeated in derision. "Why, man alive, they hain't nothin' but Green Mountain boys dressed up for business. They've got their faces daubed red an' black tu hide their features, bein' the's a baounty sot on 'em. If that big feller's ol' Ethan, which I don't say he is or haint, it wouldn't be pleasant for him tu hev you reco'nize him, and kerry him off tu Albany."

"D— him, we're not hunting outlaws, but only peaceably surveying!" said the surveyor.

"Sart'inly, but a hundred paound would come handy tu most anybody," Kenelm answered. "And' what they want, an' what we want, is for you an' your peaceable crew tu git aout o' these woods—an' that almighty sudden, tew!" he added, with startling emphasis. "Come, be makin' tracks, quick! and fur apart!" and he made a menacing movement.

The surveyor, with his attendants, got speedily out of doors, and made toward their boats, their huddled rank flanked and closely followed by the Indians, yelling and threatening, while Kenelm and Josiah could scarcely restrain from roughly handling the chopfallen Yorkers.

The boats were shoved off, and they were hustled into them, when Kenelm warned them to depart and return no more, under pain of chastisement with the twigs of the wilderness, all of which was emphasized by whoops and screeches of the Indians and discharge of guns, the bullets whistling threateningly over the heads of the retreating enemy.

After watching them out of sight behind the first headland in the direction of the Forts, the allies returned to the cabin. Here they celebrated their bloodless victory in libations of fiery ague cure, a great spoonful to each exhausting the stock to the red dregs, which were eked out to a milder potation by a replenishment of water, and the Waubanakees departed, after renewed vows of eternal friendship.

Digging Out Foxes.

SHERBROOKE, P. Q.—B., of Barre, Vt., can come and hunt foxes with me whenever he likes. If I can't go myself, he may take my hound, my gun and anything that is mine.

B., of Barre, is the good sportsman who penned a few lines a week or so ago in condemnation of the digging out of holed foxes. I was surprised to learn that it was practiced among clubs anywhere.

JOS. G. WALTON.

Yukon Notes.

Travelers on the Ice Trail.

ALL through December a long procession of men passed Fort Selkirk bound for God's country. All classes of life were represented, from the Jew peddler to the millionaire mine owner, and it is only fair to the Jew to say that for grit and endurance no one surpassed him. Some trudged and tugged at heavy sleds and were their own dogs, as the saying went, and others trotted along behind well-broken dog teams and had their hired men to attend to the animals and do the work of making and breaking camp.

It was a gayly caparisoned procession and not at all suggestive of the desperate race with famine and cold. The men who knew to a certainty that their provisions would not last them to the coast and who had no idea what they would do when the food gave out, wore carnival-colored packies of yellow and white, or blue and white, or tawny fox skins, and the richer and darker furs. Even the face masks and projecting heads when seen at a little distance carried out the masquerade idea suggested by the domino-like packies, but a closer inspection of the deep set faces behind their fringe of ice showed hard lines and little suggestion of mirth.

And yet the men were not conquered and despondent. Once in a while it is true some maimed, frozen creature would come along half-crazed with fear and pain, but with the majority the hardships and care brought uppermost the masterful spirit that is characteristic of the born pioneer, and difficulties and danger were taken banteringly and with disdain.

"You Americans have wonderful constitutions," said John Peché, the Canadian Government messenger, who late in December, was the first man in from the outside world. "Coming down the river I met over 300 men on their way out, and most of them were from the States and knew nothing of the cold that is cold, or how to take care of themselves right, yet they acted as if they were on a picnic, and as if the devil were really dead, and they didn't seem to mind little inconveniences like frozen cheeks and feet and hands with the nails coming off and blistered with the frost. They're reckless devils, and a more cheeky set I never met. With the pants burnt off their legs and the faces on them like brown parchment they had the gall to give me advice about the country—to tell me how many pairs of moccasins I'll need for the trip and the like, when I was born on a snowdrift and got my growth under the midnight sun. You Americans would storm hell if you thought the heat had melted out any gold down there, and you'd put up so good a bluff and be so hard to kill, I'll be bound you'd get some of the stuff if there was any there."

The restless energy of the '97 Klondiker was an insoluble enigma to the hardy voyageur. He did not recognize it as the outward and visible sign of the virile spirit that gained the country its independence and afterward extended its frontiers in the face of opposition by native and savage foes. Many of the argonauts of '97 were descended from the men who went to California in '49 and settled on the Pacific coast. These men will settle in Alaska, and their sons will push on further—perhaps to the mountains of the moon.

The Adventures of Peche.

I have already mentioned our meeting with John Peché at Fort Selkirk. Peché was originally from Haleyburg, Ontario, and was at one time a fish and game constable in Ontario. His most recent address was Fort Arthur, and his father and mother are both living at a very advanced age (they are said to be over 100 years old) on the shore of Lake Temiscoming.

Peché had been in to Hudson Bay fraternizing with the Eskimo, and he had followed most of the old voyageurs' routes from Mistassini to the plains. At the last sportsmen's show in New York, Farr, Paulson and Latour all knew Peché, and were interested to hear of him. They had a vague idea he was up north somewhere near the Arctic Circle, but whether it was in the Yukon or the Mackenzie, or in the musk ox country further east, didn't matter much to them. Things do not change with longitude as they do with latitude. Moose Factory and Chesterfield Inlet and Lake Abitibi are more suggestive for comparison, taken in connection with game ranges and the kind of fish.

I told these men that Peché had made a trip to Dawson previous to that in December, and that he had come out over the Dalton trail to the coast in twenty-two days. He poled up the Yukon to Fort Selkirk in a native canoe, and after that, with 100lbs. of grub and blankets on his back, struck out on foot for salt water in company with five other men. The first two days they traveled without a trail, and they had no guide till the last hundred miles of the journey, when they secured an Indian to pilot them over the coast range, the trail being obliterated by the early fall snows. Then I showed them a Vancouver press dispatch of recent date which stated that Peché, after two years in the far north, had returned to civilization with a regular dime novel story of gold and adventure.

He had discovered a mysterious gold land somewhere in the Barrow Archipelago, in the Arctic Ocean, where the natives use gold for bullets, as being more easily obtainable than lead, and as proof had a slug of gold taken from the shoulder of a wounded Indian, as well as other nuggets. He wanted a grub stake to go back into this weird land and locate the Indians' "shot mill," and this was the reason of his journey out. The Hudson Bay men heard the story stolidly and without comment. They said it might be a true story, and that they had never known Peché to fabricate or to invent imaginary gold finds. Further than this no one of the three would commit himself. It is possible that their local pride prevented them giving an old associate a reputation for romancing, or the Barrow Archipelago is a good long way off from the Upper Ottawa, and perhaps it was just a case of not worrying about things which didn't concern them. The gold may be there; but one thing is certain: Neither Farr nor Latour nor Paulson will go search of it.

J. B. BURNHAM.

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Down the Brook.

"ED SHIELDS has just been up to Clayton, and says that the trout are larger and more numerous than ever." Thus ran an extract from Will's letter, and it was the last straw in deciding me to let less important matters slide and take a few days off with the trout.

On a hot day early in June I joined forces with Will and we journeyed on the next day to Clayton (which is not its name, but will serve), where we arrived by mid-afternoon, and found John and his wife at the old stand. John, be it known, is our friend who lives by the brook and purveys food and lodging to the casual angler. So near the brook does he live that you can cast a fly into it from the side yard of the house, and John, who is himself an angler, as he needs must be in such a situation, has taken many a fine trout from that same vantage ground.

A stroll down the brook before supper was our plan, and we had soon donned those delightfully comfortable articles of preserved clothing which fit the fisherman's ease-loving frame so well, our rods were jointed, and our casts of flies rigged. By 5 o'clock we were casting industriously upon the transparent pools of a splendid trout stream. For, although so constantly fished that there is a well defined path along its banks, it contains so much perfect water, clear and cold, and so many deep and inaccessible holes, that it is always full of large trout for him who knows how to lure them forth. After fishing the brook for four days and meeting several brother anglers upon it, we saw more large fish the morning of our return than we had seen at any previous time—and this in a brook lying in a long-settled part of the State, running through well-cultivated farms, and easily reached by two railroads. Of course the trout are wary, but therein lies one of the charms of the brook. They do not rise at every cast, or at any time of day, but the fisherman must call into play the finer points of his craft if he would secure a good creel. Even the veriest duffer will admit, after casting a pool in vain, that the fish are there, for if he stealthily approach so that he gains a good view into the pool he will discern, with outstarting eyes, a dozen or more of large trout fanning lazily in the current.

Our luck on the first evening was fully up to our expectations, for we returned to the house about 9 o'clock with seventeen nice fish, running from 1lb. down to ¼lb. in weight. Few smaller fish are taken with the fly on this stream. The time of our return may strike some as overlate, but experience has taught us that the best success, on this brook at least, is to be expected during the hour which marks the fall of night. This is especially true when the day has been hot. Our first evening was no exception to the rule, for some of our best fish were taken when it was so dark that we could not see our flies, and had to strike at the sound of the fish's splash as he leaped for the fly. How do they see it? Perhaps because from their vantage ground in the dark depths of the pool they look up against the brighter sky, and an object agitating the gossamer surface is easily visible to them, while the angler, gazing into blackness, sees naught except perhaps the flash of the leaping fish or the reflection of a star dancing on the ripples.

And there is a charm about this evening fishing unknown to him who plies the gentle art entirely by daylight. The meadows are alight with fire flies; the brook purls blackly past with a mysterious murmur unnoticed by day; a heron swoops close overhead with silent wings; an owl discovers the angler's figure and hovers above it with unearthly chatterings. And after the fish have ceased to rise he wends his way through the dewy meadow grass toward the beacon light of his hostelry, where dry garments and good cheer await him, followed by the ever comforting pipe and then by sleep, broken only by a dream of "that big fellow" in the hole by the willow stub, who is at last brought to net. And this first evening of ours was four times repeated, for we enjoyed perfect weather and no deluges came to roil the brook and interfere with the alluring fly.

Morning saw us down to breakfast at about 7:30, for we were in the country to rest quite as much as to fish, and so we did not rise with the sun.

"You'll have to gag that old rooster of yours, John." said Will. "He started in under my window at 4 o'clock and crowed once a minute for half an hour.'

John smiles, for we all know that nothing can wake Will at 4 on the second morning as soon as he becomes a trifle accustomed to the unusual sounds of the country. Had John been our guest in the city, would he have appealed to us to gag the trolley cars?

A bountiful breakfast, whose chief features were trout and buckwheat cakes, with strained honey, gave us stored energy for the morning, and we were off once more down the brook. The meadows were brilliant with the dew, and melodious with the whistle of Bob White and the flight-song of countless bobolinks, as we reached the first good pool. I paused to watch Will as he skillfully whipped the water, reaching every spot likely to afford a lurking place for a speckled beauty. As he stands there rod in hand and creel at hip, his old felt hat drooping about his head like a mushroom over its stem, his slouchy hunting coat with bulging pockets and many a stain, telling of victories by flood and field, his oozing woolen stockings and pervious shoes, he forms a picture dear to the eye of every angler. His figure is wholly in harmony, too, with the background of trees fringing the winding stream, the waving meadow grass, the clear water swirling against its gravelly bank. Truly an angler is a part of nature.

But I cannot stop all the morning to watch Will, for just below in a deep pool, where the stream makes a sudden turn, lies the monarch of the brook. Will had hooked his majesty on the previous evening, but a friendly snag had saved him just as he was nearing the net. To Will's assertion that he was a plump two-pounder I had lent a rather incredulous ear. Now he urges me to try my hand, albeit so much less skillful than his own. Perhaps I may have a duffer's luck. Stealthily I approach his lair and cast the coachman and the cow-dung as deftly as I can, but there comes no responsive rise. The sky has clouded over a little; perhaps the flies are too small. I withdraw some paces

to a conevniently shaded gravel bar and replace my light tackle with a heavier leader and larger flies. Then, after letting pass the time requisiet to smoke a pipe, so as to allay any suspicions my movements near the pool may have caused, I approach once more. A short cast brings no results; a little more line, and a cast just beyond the point where the ripple smooths out over the deeper water, and—flop! I strike instinctively. He is hooked! What gymnastics! But only for a moment. Suddenly, with that sickening sag, back comes my empty line. He is off—not well hooked. But it was heart-thumping work for the few seconds it lasted. No use to try him again at present, so I move off dejectedly down the brook in search of other prizes. A good two-pounder he was, and I might have had him! Smile not, ye fishers on Maine lakes or Canadian rivers, for a two-pounder from so civilized a stream will match a fish of twice the weight from your wilderness waters. Four times during our stay did we hook that same fish, but each time his own cunning or the friendly snags saved him. We even made a special expedition for him on the day we came away, but he would not be cajoled, though approaching close to the pool we had clear sight of him lying in the cool depths in safety. Would the plebeian worm have tempted him? Many a royal scion has been ruined by vulgar tastes. We know not, for we disdained to try. May he avoid all lures for a year to come! May he gain another pound in weight, until we can make another visit to his crystal palace!

"Will," said I,, while we were at breakfast on the third day, "let's try the gorge this morning just for the sake of variety."

To this he assented, with an elder brother's indulgent spirit, and John went to harness the little colt that we might drive to our destination, for the gorge, where our brook bursts through the mountain wall, is three or four miles away, and we are lazy. John carries us well up into the favine, and we are speedily at work. Here the crystal clearness of the stream is accentuated by the light gray rocks forming its bed. The water is perfectly transparent. Perhaps this may explain the fact that the trout do not rise as well as they do below in the meadows. But the beauty of our surroundings makes ample recompense for our light creels. What fish we do capture are of surprising plumpness and size. Once, while standing on a huge boulder, a dozen feet above the brook and casting far down the stream, I hook the largest fish of the day. Fearing to lift him, I call Will and his net. The roar of the brook drowns my words, and Will only infers from my tone and expression that I have seen something exciting. He gazes back up the brook or up the steep wooded side of the ravine, expecting to see a bear or a wildcat loom on his view. Then the word net catches his ear, and brings him back to things piscatorial. Dropping his rod, he slides rapidly down the boulder and skillfully nets my fish, a fine fellow, nearly 1lb. in weight. A little further down the brook a nice fish drops from the hook just as he reaches the edge of the water. Simultaneously I make a dive, and succeed in stunning both the fish and my nose, for I ran my face into a boulder by the brookside. Fifteen fish were all we captured that morning; fifteen fish and an enormous appetite, which did full justice to the bountiful table of good things ready for us on our return.

But our four days draw rapidly to a close, each in general outline like its predecessor, but infinitely varied in details. Our schedule would read somewhat after this fashion: A comparatively late breakfast, down the brook for three or four hours, a dinner eaten with all the angler's gusto, followed necessarily by a siesta of an hour or two, and then in the late afternoon and evening a second stroll down the brook. Never did we return with very heavy creels, but we enjoyed good sport and were content. Were there then no drawbacks, no frayed leaders parting with a good fish? No broken rods, no snags? Yes, for the angler's temper, gentle though his art be, is oft sorely tried. Once I climbed 15ft. up a scraggy elm to secure a new cast of flies I had securely lodged there, and lo! after some minutes of heart-breaking work the flies were not there. The recoil of the limb had doubtless snapped them to some unknown hiding place. Once I caught my flies in a backward cast upon a sturdy thistle, and the result was a broken rod. But it mattered little. The angler never hurries, and as I sat beneath an alder's shade and temporarily repaired the rod, a veery from a neighboring thicket made me ample consolation with his mysterious, circling song. And to repay my industry a good trout seized my fly at the first cast with the mended rod. Mosquitoes there were none during the day; as night fell and they became troublesome a single application of a potent ointment protected us from their attacks.

Sunday brought us a day of veritable rest. We ate, we smoked, we talked—like Cæsar's famous message, three words sum up our day. Monday found us once more and for the last time in our fishing gear. On Tuesday our time was up, and we returned to the city with many fat trout in our baskets and less substantial but more lasting than these, rich stores of memories to last us until some other time when it may be our fortune to stray together down the brook.

A. L. W.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

One of the most sensible fishing regulations adopted in New York State is one enacted by the last Legislature which limits the transportation of trout of any kind, salmon, or landlocked salmon to carriage when accompanied by the actual owner, and forbids transporting more than twelve pounds of brook, brown or rainbow trout at one time. This law will not be so easy of enforcement as is the one limiting the transportation of venison, but if it shall be honestly observed it will effectually cut off the marketing of brook trout, and will therefore be one of the best protective expedients we could have.

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Old Age in Sport.

IT is considered a fine thing to "grow old gracefully." A finer thing, to me, is the sight of one growing old vigorously and heartily. It is as beautiful and cheering as the sight of a veteran apple tree, gnarled and knotted, and perhaps twisted and bowed, putting forth in the spring a glory of pink and white blossoms, a wonderful cloak of promise, trailing from its old shoulders like the ermine mantle of a king. I love to see an old man or woman clinging bravely and successfully to the heart and the strength of youth, zestful and sprightly and happy and hopeful up to the end, only setting down the cup of life after a last, deep, satisfying draught, like one whose thirst is quenched and whose soul is satisfied. Thank God that the physical shelving of old age is a thing of the past! What an emancipation we have had in that respect! It is a glorious thing to see gray-haired men and women still sharing the activities and recreations of youth. How they seem to rejoice in their new-found freedom, their escape from the shackles of a false and heartless conventionalism! Fifty years ago an old man taking any sort of recreation would have been viewed with amazement. The whole community would have been shocked and scandalized. Those who considered themselves responsible for him would have been on pins and needles until they had coerced the poor old boy back to his easy chair, and compelled him to resume the process of wasting away by physical inaction. Why, if middle-aged men, or even youths, had been subjected to the same process of physical shelving that old age had to bear in the days of our foolish forefathers, they would have rusted out in their prime, and sunk into their graves by a kind of physical oxidation. Poor old men, who used to have to steal away for a furtive chance to "play boy" for a little while, and so renew their still unspent youth and strength! What a pity they could not have lived to see this day, when an old man on a bicycle, spinning along with the swiftness of the wind, is as common a sight as a child with a toy cart. How these old boys would have started up, with trembling eagerness and delight, at the sight of the hale, firm-stepping, bright-eyed, elastic-muscled veterans of today, in their golfing suits and bicycle costumes and shooting rigs! If the century had done nothing more than emancipate old age from the pitiful bondage of a false prejudice and conventionalism, it would have been a hundred years well spent for mankind.

The zest and vigor and improved physical condition of old age, since it was permitted to share the healthful recreations of youth and middle-life, are proof positive that the joy and stimulus of outdoor sport are what the "failing half" of humanity has needed for generations. To this, more than to anything else, no doubt, is due the constantly increasing longevity of the race. Up to the present time, we have been killing off our old people by a perfectly evident process—a lack of use or function for them. We have been slowly wiping them out, as nature wipes out organs that have ceased to have any part in the conservation or development of life. By retiring our grandfathers and grandmothers at sixty-five, and limiting their range of interest and activity to the path between the cushioned chair and the dining table, we have been actually putting them out of the way by a kind of protracted and unconscious fratricide. No man can live long without the stimulus of interest and activity —least of all an old man, whose life was formerly vigorous and energetic. It is an actual cruelty to deprive the old of work, if that is all that is left to them—but how much more of a cruelty to deprive them of that which they have fairly earned by a long life of patient toil, the joy of congenial, recuperative recreation, such as conserves and preserves failing physical powers, without overtaxing them, and makes pleasant and healthful the down-hill path of life.

Yes, thank God, that the old prejudice which pronounced it unseemly for age to refresh and recuperate itself by outdoor sport, is gone forever. Thank God that second childhood—if you will call it such—is no longer deprived of first childhood's happy privileges. No gray-haired man or woman need any longer wear the chains of a false and discarded social fetishism. God's outdoor world, with all its joyful invitations, with all the methods man has contrived for using it and getting good out of it, are as free now to the septuagenarian as to the youth of twenty. No social ban will be placed upon the veteran, if he leads out his shining wheel and mounts it for a twenty-mile spin, or launches his trim canoe for a paddle on the river, or takes his golf stick and goes away with springy step to the links, or in any way proves himself still possessor of the heart and the strength to enjoy the blessings possible to the lover of outdoor life.

And in how many ways old age, hale, well-preserved old age, is even fitted to take the lead in outdoor sport, and derive the richest share of enjoyment from it! What the veteran lacks in physical elasticity and sprightliness, he often makes up in staying power and wise conservation and expenditure of physical strength. His muscles, if stiffer, are more tempered and seasoned and wiry than the youth's. He has the advantage of what is called "the established constitution." Then consider the skill and knowledge and practical wisdom which his longer experience has brought him. He sees more in nature than younger men do, and gets more out of her. He thoroughly understands the technique of sport; he controls the practiced eye and hand. No novice can cast a fly or shoot a gun like an "old stager." Skill, practice, knowledge, trained perception, an equipment of experience that insures against hot-headedness, mistakes, disappointments—these are some of the advantages that age possesses over youth, in the pursuit and enjoyment of outdoor sport.

Is there a sportsman or angler who cannot recall the picture of some gray-haired companion afield, some grizzled old guide, perhaps, tough as a knot, keen as a hawk, and knowing as a fox, who seemed to have attained the ideal physical and mental condition for successful woodcraft, only after passing the seventieth milestone of life? Was there any youth or middle-aged man in the woods who could hunt and fish and paddle and tramp and tell stories, and understand how to do things, and enjoy himself, and make you enjoy yourself, like that past master in the secrets of nature and the secret of perennial youth? Was there not something in his deep, quiet enjoyment, and his triumphant mastery of the whole science of sport, that put to shame even the buoyancy and exhilaration of boys? That man, living far from conventionalities, was an example of the possibilities of old age in sport, when unforbidden and untrammeled. Talk about shelving a veteran of that sort! It would take any two of us to get him on the shelf, and then he would make a raft of it, and go paddling away before we could catch our breath! Verily, there is nothing in old age *per se* that should retire it from the pursuit of wholesome outdoor sport.

All honor and all hail to whomsoever keeps the sap of life fresh in his veins, and refuses to wither until death's hand touches him! Shall not age henceforth have its rightful place in sport, since it has proved its fitness for it? Yea! And if any sour-faced Philistine says no, let him be condemned to an easy chair and forty naps a day, until he shrinks up like a mummy and dies of total inanition.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

Through South Sea Reefs.

IN Samoa one takes a boat. Elsewhere there are plenty of facilities for assisted locomotion, the horse, the counless variety of things on wheels run by animal power, by electricity, by steam. But this vexed and lonely group of infinitesimal islands out in the heart of the South Pacific is devoid of all traveling facilities. To be sure, there are horses, just a few, and they are half-starved for lack of succulent grass. They are disheartened little rats of ponies from the neighboring kingdom of Tonga; they can carry little, and that not for long, which is just as well, for there are no roads except in the little town of Apia and the great German plantations which lie at the town boundary, and these roads lead nowhere. Even walking counts for little. Where there are jungle trails they are so beset with jagged rocks as to cut to ribbons any foot gear less tough than the sole of the ordinary Samoan foot.

The only practicable way to travel in and about the islands is the open boat, just a plain wooden boat, wet and sloppy, crowded and most uncomfortable. Writing now of past Samoan experiences with the steady hum of steam and electric cars in the ears, and constantly reminded of easy methods of transport, it seems almost impossible that it could ever have been a natural thing to order out the boat to pay a call on the other side of Apia harbor or to make a trip to another island across miles of open ocean. Such a thing as taking a rowboat at the Battery in New York for a trip to Long Branch would be so unusual that it would be hard to keep it from becoming a newspaper sensation, yet that would be nothing at all in the South Sea. This point must be prefaced in order that it may be clear that these experiences in open boats and in jumping over and wriggling through coral reefs were not undertaken in any spirit of adventure. In Samoa they were no more than ordinary features of local travel, such things as might happen in other lands in the street cars. It is only when they are viewed in retrospect from the safe lands of the cab and the trolley that they are seen to be risks and hazards.

The boat is the thing, it replaced the horse and the car entirely. The boat in which these hundreds of miles of sea trips were made was the best of its class in the South Sea. It was built expressly at the Mare Island navy yard in California for this work, and was a marvel of strength and lightness. It was only 22ft. over all, carvel built, four-oared, and had scanty space in the stern sheets for four passengers. Besides the oars, it had a very small jib and mainsail, which could be used in running before the wind. The crew had been carefuly selected from the whole of a village, and was well matched in every particular, even including their voices, so that they might sing agreeably as they rowed. That they were the best crew in the best boat was not only their own opinion, but they were willing to test it by a race with any one who was willing to contest their supremacy, but there were no takers. Nothing can make a sea trip in such a small boat comfortable, but a good boat and a good crew can do much to make it tolerable.

For much of the north shore of the island of Upolu there is a coral reef which makes an extensive lagoon of still water between the coral and the beach sands. There are more than thirty miles of this easy waterway west of Apia, east of that port there are but five or six. Bound eastward, therefore, the voyager soon passes out from under the shelter of the coral bulwark and puts right out to sea. That has its own set of trials, but none at all comparable with the varied problems of making landings. There are just three kinds of places at which to land, and each kind calls for different management in beaching the boat without getting the occupants too wet or damaging the timbers.

The simplest of all such landings is where the sea runs right on an open beach, either of sand or pebbles. Unless the sea is too high there is very little difficulty about making such a landing even on the darkest night. There is such a landing at Laulii, a native town some six miles from Apia. There is a small bay, Letongo Mountain makes the western boundary, the sea rolls magnificently in with the whole sweep of the northward Pacific Ocean behind it, the beach is a sharp shelf of black pebbles and chips of the coral broken from the branches in the submarine groves and cast up by the waves. There is a great fuss of foam and noise where the waves roll in, it is more than a little terrifying to one whose practical experience in making boat landings is restricted to obedience of the admonition to keep hands off the gates. It is quite a different thing to hold the yoke lines and assume the responsibility of beaching the boat in an unbroken line of surf. But the Samoan boys know what to do. They come dashing in with the rush of the rollers until the bow of the boat is almost in the combers. In come all the oars with a rattle, numbers two and three attend composedly to stowing the white ash, stroke reaches over and takes the yoke lines with the air of a man who knows just what he is about, and steers by the look of the following sea. Bow stands by, at the right moment and just in the right place he heaves the anchor, the boat swings in on the next wave, perched on its very crest in a swirl of spume, and seemingly resting on foam; before one can separate the details of this style of landing the stern is just clear of the black beach pebbles which the wave is

rolling back and forth, bow oar in some mysterious fashion is standing firmly right in the thickest swirl of the waters ready to carry the passenger ashore. Bow oar always enjoyed that duty when the passenger was a lady whom he regarded as of sufficient rank and station for him to honor with the little attentions which are among the accomplishments of a Samoan dandy. If the weather were fine the captain of the boat hauled out beyond the rows of combers and left the boat there anchored, the last man having to swim ashore through the surf, no hardship to a race so practically amphibious as the Samoans. Such is the landing at Laulii, really very simple when one is used to the method, and applicable to a great many spots on the Samoan coast line.

But if one has to land at the next town, Luatuanu'u, the affair is discovered to be very much complicated by a fringing reef of coral. The barrier reefs present difficulties of one sort, but when the boatman has passed in or out the difficulty ceases either in the steady sweep of the long seas outside, or the placid surface of the lagoon. But the fringing reef is different, it is a part of the beach itself, there is no such thing as getting within it and claiming protection. Luatuanu'u is only a mile away from the Laulii landing, but the two are so different that it is hard to believe that the two are within sight one of the other. The same seas come racing in at Luatuanu'u, but they are prevented from sliding up the beach, which here is in marked contrast to the black lava pebbles of Laulii, being a dazzling heap of glistening coral twigs. About 200yds. off shore the waves break in an almost continuous line, showing the outer margin of the reef. Between that line and the solid ground there is a pavement of coral under water in every jagged form adapted to tear the planks of any boat which may touch the sharp corners, and will rip up the stoutest work of boat carpenters as though it were paper. Closer view of the outer line of breakers shows a narrow gap where the water pours in as though drawn to a sluiceway, but no matter how fast it may rush the smooth green folds of its swiftly-speeding surface show that for a narrow space the coral has not yet grown up to the dangerous level which would make the reef continuous. This is the gap into which to steer the boat, and it is not the place for any amateur exhibitions of the use of the rudder. Whoever is going to take a boat into such a place must assume all the responsibility for the direction, he must have a keen eye combined with a light touch, and be absolutely removed from the possibility of losing his head. In all this class of work bow oar has a position of great responsibility, he runs the boat to avoid the dangers on which it seems to be rushing headlong, and to pick out every little advantage of current which may assist the passage; above all, he stands at his post with a brass-shod staff of the stoutest wood, and more than once averts an accident by shoving the boat away from some menacing pinnacle of the coral. It is not necessary to qualify an accident in such reef work, all accidents are the same thing, as soon as they have begun to happen to a boat in the race of a reef pass, they are a complete smash-up. That is the duty of bow oar to prevent. At Luatuanu'u there is about 200yds. of fringing reef, the passage through it by reason of its twists and turns is all of 300yds. There is not a stretch in all this distance which is devoid of great danger for as much as the length of the boat. There is but one way to negotiate such a pass, take every advantage of the trend of the sea which fills the narrow channel with a furious swirl of water, pull for all there is in the crew, have the best man at the rudder and a reliable man at the bow, and for the rest trust in Providence. The native population of Luatuanu'u always comes down to watch the passage of a boat along the tortuous alleys of their fringing reef. This may seem like a flattering attention on the part of the savage residents, in reality there is a cherished custom of their town like that with which old Cornwall has been credited, that all the wreck stuff floating or washed up on the beach is theirs by right. Accordingly the sighting of a strange boat will bring the people down to the beach; if the newcomer hits the pass without accident the villagers will make him welcome, but if an accident should happen it is just as well to be on the spot and pick up whatever good things are going to waste.

Off-shore dangers are rare along the Samoan coasts, but here and there a few may be found, two are particularly notable on the Upolu coast, for the reason that they lie in the way of all boat travel, and sometimes cause disaster.

The nearest of these to Apia lies some distance east of Luatuanu'u at a distance of a mile from shore, or rather from the fringing reef. This reef reaches well out seaward and is so paralleled with uncertain and dangerous currents that prudent boatmen seek to give it a wide berth, even though the common custom of the Samoans is to keep right at the line of breakers in the most terrifying way. Somewhere off the coast of Solosolo, between the promontory of Utumau and the German anchorage at Saluafata, there is the Fale Aitu, the House of Gods, or devils, according as one is disposed to regard the pagan divinities. There is nothing in sight to show the signal of any danger, for the sea rolls there as majestically as all over its expanse. There is no identifying the place by cross bearings, for the danger seldom has been known twice in the same place, although always in the same general region of sea. It is a sudden and a noiseless danger. It gives no warning, it leaves no trace, it does its work throughout with precision that is fatal, and there is no proof except when some one has happened to see it from shore. Many boats may cross the danger field of the Fale Aitu without harm, but it may chance to any one that the old gods wake to anger at the new style of faith which robs them of the offerings which passing boats never neglected in old heathen days. Suddenly a great wave rears its head seaward, another wave collects shoreward and starts racing out, the boat which is caught between them when they meet is never seen again, for after the commotion is over there are spirals of foam which show that there has been a great whirlpool in the House of Gods, and the victims have been sucked down below and never come to the surface again.

The other off-shore danger is still further eastward on the north coast of Upolu. From Saluafata there is a barrier reef enclosing the long sands of Lufilufi, and around the point as far as Naneiva. Here the barrier stops, the coast is precipitous and iron-bound, the sea breaks against the cliffs without even the bare protection of a fringing reef, for mile after mile the spouting caverns show how inhospitable is that coast. Just before reaching the bay of Fangaloa, where the British have their dormant right to a naval station, there is a blind point. For some reason there is a confusion just here of wild cross seas. It would be idle to hunt for the reason; the fact is enough for the traveler by boat. It is a very unpleasant part of marine geography to deal with, but by no means as dangerous as the Fale Aitu, for the boatman can see what he has to contend with, and the loss of a part of the cargo and the filling of the boat with water are much more frequent than graver accidents. This area of cross seas stretches several miles out to sea without losing its characteristic appearance. Samoan boatmen pass it by keeping so close to the shore that it is no unusual thing to have to change the uses of the oar from rowing to shoving the boat off from the crag on which it is just about to be dashed. In Samoan geography this place is known as Lafongamasi, the Jettison of Biscuit. Native canoes have to be loaded carefully; the bulky articles which can stand a wetting go at the bottom, lighter wares, which must be kept dry, go at the top. That would bring the staple preparation of native food, the cake of baked fermented taro, on the very summit of the deck-load. More often than not the load was carried away in these wild seas, and the place got its name from the great likelihood that at least the biscuit would have to go by the board.

Where there are barrier reefs there may be all sorts of ways of getting in and out; the passage at Apia is wide enough for even so large a vessel as the Philadelphia. Other places are completely bottled up within their reefs; between these limits are all sorts of passages.

To get within the reef at Samusu, which gives entrance to the placid lagoon of Aleipata, where the turtle consort to lay their eggs, is a task that calls for boating skill. The boys are rowing the boat as usual perilously near the outer line of rollers. Looking over the rollers one may count three monster waves rushing along to succor the wave that has just dashed itself in foam on the wall of coral beyond which lies the expanse of still water and the white beach under the feathery cocoanuts. No amount of anxious looking will show the stranger where the way in lies among these rollers. They seem to extend without a break for mile after mile as far as the eye can reach in either direction. But the Samoans know the way in. Just at the edge of a projecting rock there is a narrow space on which there are moments when the high wave does not seem to break. Taking advantage of the place and of an interval of still water the boat is bravely threaded inside the first line of rollers. Some distance further along there is a gap through the second roller. Returning almost opposite the spot where the first roller was flanked, the opening through the coral barrier is found. It is narrow, it is tortuous, it is beset with coral slabs and nag's heads, and there are all sorts of difficulties in the way. Even when the reef itself is passed the trouble is not by any mans over. There is a dangerous tide rip which may drive the boat stern on and back into the narrow way. It is small wonder after all these dangers are passed the Samoan boatmen devoutly exclaim "Fa'afetai!" an expression of gratitude for their preservation in time of peril which long antedates the teachings of the missionaries.

At Lotofanga there is another danger. The pass is straight and clear of all obstructions, but all this is found when once the traveler is within the pass. The difficulty comes in getting into the pass. Just outside its entrance there is a whirlpool forever gyrating. There is only one way to use the pass; that is to plunge boldly into the whirlpool and trust to luck. The closer the boat can be urged to the center or vortex the better the prospect of getting through and into the pass, which lies invitingly open beyond. A boat caught in the outer whirl will be spun down into the shallow depression and then spun out at the point of entrance. This must be repeated over and over until the crew have been able to urge the boat to the right spot. Then, when the sweep of the waters carries it out it will be found to be on the shoreward side and headed for the pass, through which it is shot with the speed of steam. Now, just one word about reefs where there are no passes. It is a trifle annoying to meet such a reef, but it does not seriously interfere with the arrival of the traveler. It looks hard; it seems an impossibility to cross a sea reef on which great waves are breaking heavily. But it is done; the reef is jumped, and accidents are of rare occurrence. Selecting the most favorable spot, the Samoan captain urges his boat directly for it, timing himself so that he may come in just behind the crest of a great wave. When the wave combs and breaks ahead of him the crew leap out into the smother with their hands upon the gunwales, and as the wave ebbs they hold the boat up and ease it down on the coral. With the first flood of the next wave they leap in once more, only to leap out again at the right moment to secure the advantage thus gained. In this way they win over into the peaceful water within.

All these picturesque annoyances of boat navigation are directly chargeable to the coral, which has a way of getting into the way of traffic. Coral has its good points. It is a pleasure to take a boat and float idly over the coral groves in the placid lagoon waters, to watch the rich colors with which every twig is tipped, to study the wide range of shapes in which these stone flowers grow. Coral is not an insect, nor is there any good basis for continuing its employment to point a moral. But when a man in a boat finds a rampart of coral to lie between the place where he is and the place where he would be, then he may be forgiven for thinking that the coral would be all the better if it did not have so many points, for experience shows that one of the points of coral in a sea way will go through the skin of a boat as though it were tissue.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Natural History.

Some Olympic Mammals.

FROM Mr. O. G. Elliot's "Catalogue of Mammals from the Olympic Mountains," obtained in the expedition noted in our last issue, we take these paragraphs relating to some of the most interesting species. The Catalogue forms Publication 32 of the Field Columbian Museum.

The "Whistler" (Arctomys olympus).

This marmot is found in the higher altitudes of the Olympics, and was first seen by us between 4,000 and 5,000ft. above the sea. It is especially plentiful in Mount Angeles, and is met with in small colonies throughout the range traversed by us. As soon as any intruder is sighted, the loud, shrill whistle of some sentinel perched upon a commanding rock is heard startling the lively echoes, and if in summer his yellow body discloses his whereabouts, as he sits upon his haunches watching the unwelcome visitor. The sound this species utters is exceedingly shrill and piercing, and gives to it the common name of "whistler," and it often misleads one wandering among the cliffs, who imagines that some companion is calling to him, rather than that so powerful a whistle should be emitted by any small mammal.

The Farmer (Haplodontia olympica).

This peculiar little rodent is known to the settlers as the gehalis, mountain beaver and farmer, the last name being the one most commonly employed. Few have seen it, as it has secretive habits, and the fact that it rarely moves about much during the days gives but few opportunities for observing its ways and mode of life. It keeps to wet and swampy places and near to small streams and mountain brooks, and makes its burrows in the banks. Sometimes, however, these are dug in the ground, in the midst of tall grasses growing densely together, and paths are trodden down connecting the various entrances to their underground homes. The muscles of the neck and jaws are very large and powerful, and they can bite with great force. The hinder part of the body is comparatively weak, and the hind feet are much more slender than the hands. The ribs also are slight and rather delicate, and the skeleton has the appearance of being rather too feeble to carry the large skull. While in the bushes or grass the movements of this animal appear to be exceedingly quick, as it would immediately disappear from view, yet those that I have seen in the open did not move with unusual rapidity, the heavy body and exceedingly short legs being apparently decidedly opposed to any celerity of action. The most peculiar habit to which they are addicted, and which gives them their commonly accepted name of "farmer," is that of making "hay." They usually dig their burrows in the vicinity of a water plant, apparently a kind of low-growing lily, and this they cut down in quantities and carry it near the mouths of their burorws, and spreading it out leave it to be dried by the sun, and when sufficiently cured it is drawn into the holes to serve either for food or bedding, perhaps both. Near our camp, in the vicinity of Happy Lake, was the resort of quite a colony of "farmers," most of whom returned to the East with me.

This animal has a most peculiar hand, admirably adapted for grasping. Near to an opposable thumb is a prominent, somewhat lengthened basal tubercle, and any object placed between this and the thumb is held very firmly.

Wapiti (Cervus canadensis occidentalis).

As much as we might wish that this fine animal should bear the name of the present Governor of New York, yet there can be no doubt that Smith described it more than seventy years ago (l. c.) under the name of *occidentalis*. There is a slight confusion where he speaks of the "tail long and dark," but as he was describing the species from a drawing, this was most likely an error of the artist. The description of the horns, however, prove very conclusively that it was a wapiti, and not a black-tailed deer (*O. hermionus, Rafin*), that he had portrayed before him, and the sketch he gives of the horn in the British Museum, pl. p. 94, with which those of the drawing were compared, and which he stated "corresponds perfectly," shows that it was a species of wapiti and nothing else that he was describing.

The antlers of this wapiti vary in size, shape, number of prongs, and the prescence of "cups" and palmation of the horn, in an extraordinary degree. The typical style, or what may be called such, of well-formed antlers cannot be distinguished from those of the Rocky Mountain wapiti, and this is the normal style. But there appears to be an inclination to wander from the type, so it is not uncommon to find antlers of most bizarre forms. These, however, are no indication that their bearers represent distinct species, and one would be very unwise who should attempt to create one upon such an insecure foundation. Five bulls were killed by my party, all but one, old inhabitants of the Olympics, but the antlers of no one of them bore much resemblance to any of the others. Two of them, while belonging to very large bulls, had but five points on each horn, but these differed widely in their general shape and extent of spread. The third pair were evenly branched, with a decided cup at the crown, surrounded by higher points. The brow tines, however, project almost directly forward, and were without the graceful upward curve seen in the typical style. These antlers had seventeen points. The fourth was a very extraordinary pair, being palmated from the burr for nearly the entire length of the beam. The antlers are heavy and massive, the tines being very long, and they also possessed seventeen points. I have seen palmated antlers of wapiti in the Rocky Mountains, as greatly developed as the majority of those found in the Olympics, but out of a very large number examined by myself, procured in all sections of our country inhabited by wapiti, I have never seen any at all approaching the flattened spreading beams of this pair. The bull that carried them was a very old animal, and evidently of great pugnacity, for he was covered with wounds received in battle, some of which would probably have caused his death ultimately.

Failing to find any specific or subspecific character on

the antlers, for any deviation from the typical style (which is that of the Rocky Mountain wapiti) must be considered accidental, we must turn to the animal itself, and what do we find. In nearly all seasons of the year, except winter, the color of the coat is apparentlpy indistinguishable from that of the Rocky Mountain species, and I have seen a number of heads, killed in winter, that resembled precisely the Eastern animal, being in nowise any darker. But as a rule I believe in winter the head and neck of the Olympic wapiti, together with the legs, reaching to groin and rump, is black, varying in intensity and in a mixture of brown, among different individuals. This peculiar coloration I have never seen in the Eastern wapiti, and when in this pelage the Olympic animal could be always readily recognizable. It is to be expected that all the animals inhabiting a country subjected to such an annual rainfall as is northwest Washington would be very dark in appearance, and this is almost universally the case, all colors being intensified, and it is not surprising that the wapiti should prove to be no exception to the rule, but assumes at certain seasons a partly black pelage. This coloring is practically the only character there is by which the wapiti of the Olympics and Rocky Mountains can be separated, and when it is absent the animals are indistinguishable from each other.

Black-tail Deer (Odocoileus herminous).

The true black-tail deer was the only species represented in the mountains. Although signs were seen every day, the animals themselves did not appear to be very plentiful, considering the amount of ground we passed over, and even during the rutting season in September and October the bucks were not often seen. The summer coat of this deer is of quite a different color from any Eastern species, being of a more fiery hue, and looks very handsome when seen in the thickets, which, however, is not often, for in spite of the brilliancy of its coat the animal is not readily observed. Red and green being complementary colors assimilate and prevent the bright one from becoming too conspicuous. The black-tail has all the action of the Virginian deer, and never jumps with the rubber-ball motion of the mule deer, and in flight carries its tail well up. Its short legs do not permit it to stand high, and the body is chunky, and I imagine would weigh more than the average Virginia deer of the same size and age. About the settlements it is persistently hunted and its numbers have been much reduced in late years.

Wildcat (Felis rufa fasciata).

The wildcat is very numerous in the Olympics, and all that I saw were remarkable for the rich chestnut red color of their coat. Some specimens, notably the one I brought back with me, resembled mahogany in their coloring. It is a large animal for this form of lynx, and like all its tribe exceedingly savage.

Black Bear (Ursus americanus).

Black bear were very numerous in the mountains, and we met with them, or evidence of their presence, continually. We, however, only obtained two specimens, an old male and a cub. The animals were very shy, unusually so, and cowardly, and would go off on a full run the moment any of us was sighted. They visit the streams when the salmon are running and become very fat on the fish they catch. There are no grizzlies in the Olympics, and only occasionally, as I was informed, is a cinnamon bear seen. It would be interesting to compare a series of the black bear of these mountains with one of their Eastern relatives and ascertain if there is any character for separating them. If the Louisiana and Florida bears are separable it would seem not unlikely that these animals, living in this remote corner of the United States, might also possess claims for distinctness. Mindful of the often wonderful individual variation there is seen in the skulls of nearly all species of mammals, it would not be safe to form an opinion on the specific status of the Olympic bear without having a number of specimens available to judge from.

The Fisher (Mustela penanti pacifica).

In certain parts of the mountains the fisher is not infrequently met with. Two specimens were obtained—a male and female. The first was shot out of a tree, among the branches of which he had taken refuge; the other was caught in a trap. The female is much the darker of the two. The male is much more grizzled gray on the head and neck than the ordinary Eastern fisher, though I have a specimen in the museum from Wisconsin that is also rather remarkable for the extent of this same coloring that it exhibits. This animal is exceedingly quick in all its movements. Although in the recesses of the Olympics, individuals are occasionally seen and sometimes shot or trapped, yet the fisher must be regarded as a rare animal everywhere.

Its fur is long, thick and glossy, and it is a beautiful creature. Sometimes an individual is taken nearly jet black, and such a specimen is regarded as a great prize. The tail is very long and bushy and adds much to the graceful appearance of the animal. Martins are not uncommon in certain parts of the mountains, but we did not get any.

The Red Squirrel.

THE red squirrel is no Ishmael. He is not a wanderer, for he loves his home, stays there and fights for and defends it. After the snows came I could always find him in the same big hemlock that was his hiding place through the fall. How often have I watched him—when the snow was deep in the forest and all other wild creatures, with the exception of the chickadees, under the cold and frosty hand of winter, silent—daintily picking his dinner of hemlock cones; then, as he found himself observed, "sassing," snickering and making faces at me with motions so full of pent-up energy. The whiteness of the snow, the dark green of the hemlock, the brown of the little cones on which he feeds, the bright winter sunshine and his own red coat shining amid it all, make up a picture that I for one would like to see once more. Truly I hope his shadow will never be less nor his numbers fewer.

PINE TREE.

Game Bag and Gun.

A Deer and Turkey Hunt in Mississippi.

JACKSON COUNTY, Miss., June 9.—B. F. Pickett, G. H. Howze, S. D. Denny, O. H. Broun, L. M. Morris and the writer, of Jackson county, on the Gulf Coast of Mississippi, and Geo. E. Sage, from Mobile, have hunted in October and November of each year for deer and turkeys in the swamps on the headwaters of Pascagoula River, since 1882. We have a club house furnished with all the conveniences and comforts that are needed. During the summer of 1898 the Mobile, Jackson & Kansas City Railroad had been built through our grounds, and a considerable town built around our camp. As this meant the ruin of our game preserve, we were anxious that all of the members of the club should be present at our last hunt. The quarantine and yellow fever scare had prevented all of us from joining in the hunt in the fall of 1897. Again the scare of fever placed a quarantine by Alabama against Mississippi on Oct. 1, 1898.

The writer being the originator of the hunts, and having more leisure time than the others, it devolved on him to make all arrangements of the hunt. Contrary to past experiences the month of October was cool for this latitude.

I left my home on Monday, Oct. 17, with my wife, who was to stay at a friend's, some two miles from our camp. We reached our destination about 9 o'clock that night. Tuesday morning broke clear with a trace of frost, which added greatly to our comfort. I spent the day in getting our provisions in camp and arranging everything for the hunt. That night Pickett, Howze, Broun, Denny and Morris came in; also Haywood, our colored cook; Henry, our driver, and Pomp, our handy man.

I had found a flock of turkeys going to roost that evening, and we were to go there before daylight the next morning. Sage did not come, as quarantine prevented. At 10 o'clock we turned in with the alarm set at 4 o'clock.

The next morning promptly the alarm went off and soon all were dressed, and after taking a cup of good coffee I took Pickett, Denny and Morris where I had seen the turkeys the evening before, while Broun took Howze to where he had seen a flock of turkeys go to roost. After I had placed my party around the pond where I had located the turkeys, I went to where I knew turkeys were usually found. Just as the birds were greeting the morning with their songs, I heard Pickett's big gun go off, and soon a fine young gobbler flew down near me and a soft, low yeep brought him nearer me, and the first turkey was credited to my score, and going back where I had left the others, I found Pickett with a large four-point buck, which he explained walked by him as he was sitting down by a tree waiting for turkeys to fly down. We were jubilant over our success, and soon had our game in camp, where we found Broun and Howze, who failed to get any game. After breakfast we sent a telegram to Sage, giving our success and urging him to come. The remainder of the morning was spent in an unsuccessful drive for deer. That evening we crossed the river and hunted in a big swamp. Morris and Henry each got a turkey, with two flocks located to return to early next morning. On returning to camp we found a telegram from Sage saying he would be with us next day.

We retired at 10 o'clock that night with the alarm set for 4 o'clock next morning. At the appointed time we were up, and after getting our coffee we crossed the river and went to the place where the two flocks of turkeys were located, and with the coming of day the boom of guns was wafted out on the still frosty morning that told game was found. At 8 o'clock we were back in camp with the following score on turkeys: Denny 2, Morris 2, Broun 1; Pomp 2 and the writer 1. We sent our game to friends in Mobile, and wired Sage the result, with an earnest wish for him to join us, which was answered the quarantine officers would not permit him to come, but would let him come to-morrow. We hunted for deer the balance of the morning, but failed to get any, although we started four. That evening we failed on turkeys. Friday morning we got a fine buck, credited to Broun, and were back in camp by 10 o'clock, where we found Sage, to the joy of all. While we were waiting for dinner, Pomp came in and reported that he had just seen a large buck run into a thick swamp near camp, and we decided while waiting for dinner we would try and get that deer. After directing our party where to stand, Broun and the writer took the dogs and carried them to where the deer was seen, and put them on his tracks, and we just then discovered the deer coming out, who, seeing us, turned back, but the dogs were in hot pursuit, and soon I saw him coming toward me, and a lucky shot with my 25-20 Marlin on the run laid the old fellow out.

Denny left for home Saturday. We hunted for deer, and Broun killed a very large old buck, while Pomp killed three turkeys with my little Marlin while on a stand waiting for deer.

Howze left us on Sunday, and we sent our turkeys and the hams of the venison home, except enough for our Sunday's dinner.

We spent Sunday in camp resting.

Monday the following score was made on turkeys: Sage 3, and Broun, Pickett and the writer 1 each. Monday night Gaillard, of Mobile, Ala., and a former companion in some of our hunts, joined us. The writer had killed a turkey just at night Monday, and saw another gobbler go to roost in the swamp some two miles from camp. As Tuesday was to be the last day we were to hunt, and Gaillard had just come, it was the wish of all that he be given a chance to kill a turkey, and the surest chance was to go where the writer had seen the gobbler go to roost. Tuesday morning the alarm went off at 4 o'clock, and the writer was up with the indomitable Pickett, although sixty-two years old, with him; but the balance of the boys were slow in arising, as we had company until 11 o'clock, and when coffee was announced, none were ready. After hurrying them a little, we got across the river, where we separated, the writer taking Gaillard, and as we parted from the others Pickett gave Gaillard his hand, saying: "Good-by, old fellow; it is nearly daylight and you are a mile and a half from where you have to go; and that long-legged fellow [the writer] will make you run all the way, and as you are soft he will kill you."

The morning was cool and frosty, and we had to hurry to make the place where I had left the gobbler, but we got there just as the day was making its appearance, and not knowing the exact place where the turkey was, I took G. to a tree where I thought the turkey was and sat down to wait for more light, but on looking up over our heads I saw our turkey in the topmost branches of a tall cypress tree. I showed it to G., who fired one barrel at it sitting, and snapped the other at it flew off. The turkey was apparently untouched, but I listened, and heard it light heavily in a tree some 400yds. away, and soon a dull thud was heard. I knew the turkey was dead, but G. had not heard its fall, and was crestfallen at his failure to kill at such a fair chance, and was loath to believe the bird was dead. After hunting in the cane for some time, I found the turkey stone dead. Pickett's, Morris' and Broun's guns were heard, and when we returned to camp the morning's hunt stood: Morris 2, Pickett 1 and Gaillard 1. That evening Sage got one and the writer two turkeys. This ended our hunt. Squirrels and quail were not counted.

C. H. WOOD.

Nova Scotia Game.

IN his latest report as Secretary of the Game and Inland Fishery Protection Society, Mr. George Piers says:

Moose and its Sale.

Moose, our noblest game, are not diminishing, but, although there are numbers of these fine animals in Nova Scotia, it will require all the energy of the Society, as well as more funds, to keep them from the like fate of the tens of thousands of buffalo that were to be found but a few years ago on the western prairies, where now all that remains of them is a few bleached bones. If the sale of moose meat is not soon prohibited, this will be the case in Nova Scotia also. We must remember that hunters are increasing at the rate of two to one of moose. Formerly the sport of moose hunting was confined to the military with a few exceptions. Now it is quite different, as almost every man who is fond of an outing, and who gets a week or two's holiday during the fall or winter, goes off for a moose hunt. Then there are increasing numbers of American sportsmen who come here annually for the above sport. Last, but not least, are the Indian and white poachers, who kill during the open season for the market and before and after that time slaughter to supply the lumber and gold mining camps with fresh meat at 5 cents per pound. This is robbing the farmer, he not being able to sell a quarter of fresh beef to these camps, which he would undoubtedly do if the sale of moose and caribou were prohibited. I verily believe there are as many of these fine animals killed out of season as during the open period. Of course, people in general know nothing of this as it is kept very quiet; and when the proprietors of the camps are prosecuted they swear that it was ox beef that they purchased. No doubt the poachers sell it as such, but Mr. Lumberman knows better, and it is only his way of cheating the devil. The Game Society has had positive proof of this having been done.

I received a letter a few days ago from the mayor of Truro, asking the Society to use its influence in securing a law prohibiting the sale of moose and caribou meat. He stated that one butcher in Truro had sold twenty-one carcasses of moose last fall and in the early part of the winter, besides what others had disposed of. I continually receive letters such as the above from different parts of the Province. I have to answer that it would be useless for the Game Society to ask the Legislature to pass such an act, as I am aware that a number of the members are of the opinion that the game laws are only made for the convenience of a few city sportsmen. If the sale of moose and caribou meat were stopped, every poor settler could kill a moose when hard pressed for fresh meat, and would not have to leave his home for a week in order to do so; because, as soon as the poachers found that they could not sell the meat, they would cease from their unlawful work; and the moose, not being continually harassed, would become comparatively tame, and would yard within a mile or two of the farms, as they used to half a century ago. Then sportsmen did not have to go long distances to kill all the moose they desired, as there were plenty in the vicinity of Nine Mile River, Hammonds Plains, Guysboro Road, Mount Uniacke, etc. The same could be said of other counties also, as well as of Halifax. If this game were not marketable, they would in a very few years, again become as plentiful as of old. Not many years ago, at Walton, Hants county, there were only four or five moose in the whole district, owing to rope, dogs, and the gun, used at all times of the year. An agent was appointed, and as a result of his first search for snares he sent me nineteen, and before the season closed I received ten more. I have not heard of a snare having been set there since that time. Our agent reported ten moose having been shot during the year 1898.

Caribou and Deer.

I do not know whether the caribou are moving this way or not, but there have been more seen this year than for many previous years. A small herd was seen near the Guysboro Road, about twenty-five miles from Dartmouth, where they had not been observed for fifty years. They were also reported as having put in an appearance in other sections of the Province.

Judging from the reports that I have received, the red deer are doing well, considering the small number put out. One of the two that were set at large at Harrietsfield last year was shot at French Village. The three men who took part in the killing of it were prosecuted and fined $50 each and costs.

Imported Birds.

I cannot say much about the pheasants, as I was not shooting last autumn near the places where they were put down. However, I saw a fine cock not far from our exhibition grounds in October, and often hear of them from the country people. Mr. R. Bishop, of Beechville, Halifax county, tells me that there are a good many about his farm and that there are two cocks to every hen. He does not think that they increase as fast as they should do. Mr. H. N. Wallace purchased a trio in 1897. He raised thirty

chicks, some of which he set at large, and others he kept inclosed. In 1898 he had two fine broods, both of which, however, were accidentally killed. Mr. Wallace continually hears of farmers, living in the neighborhood where the pheasants were put out, having seen them, and he has every reason to believe that the birds are doing well.

The sharp-tailed grouse imported by Mr. E. Longard have increased wonderfully. Now that it has been satisfactorily proved that these birds are well adapted to our climate, and that they feed on precisely the same food as our ruffed grouse, the Game Society should lose no time in procuring a number to be put out early next spring. If the Society cannot import them, let the sportsmen do so by subscription.

Native Birds.

The three years' close season for partridges has been generally welcomed, and has been well observed in the city and throughout the Province. I have not heard of any birds having been offered for sale in the city. Several of the leading victualers told me they had not seen a single partridge this season. There have been a few violations of the law in different parts of the country, but in most cases the guilty parties have had to pay dearly for their sport, as well as those who purchased the birds. No doubt numbers have been killed in snares, but that will be the case as long as rabbit snaring is allowed, the wire being much more destructive to the partridges than the gun is. Owing to the close season, the birds have had opportunity to multiply, and they have done so notwithstanding the unprecedentedly wet spring and summer. I have had several complaints from different parts of the country, to the effect that the partridges injure the apple trees by feeding on the buds. I am aware that they feed largely in the apple leaves late in the fall, but cannot understand how it is that they injure the bearing of the trees, as it is a well-known fact that apple trees growing near the woods and in coverts, where they are never pruned or otherwise cared for, are always well laden with fruit; and these are the trees, if any, that would be most injured by the partridges. I am, therefore, inclined to think that the birds have been blamed undeservedly.

There was good promise of woodcock in the early spring and summer, but before the season opened for shooting them the majority had taken their departure, and so the bags made were very small.

Snipe were scattered in numbers all over the country, and were to be found on the high grounds, as well as in the low, owing to the very wet weather that prevailed from spring to fall.

In the Rockies.—V.

"A poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish."

—As You Like It.

ONE such night sufficed to dishearten Dan, and when I set out the following evening upon another nocturnal vigil, he characterized my persistency as pure "cussedness." Again I spent the night upon the lake in vain, although I found in the morning that the moose had again visited its shores.

I know that some sportsmen would never have wasted so much time looking for their game, but with birch-bark horn would have decoyed him to his fate and long ere this have dipped their facile pens in his blood. But somehow I never found in the Rockies a man who had mastered the idioms of the moose tongue. I am constrained to believe that the moose of the North Woods possesses a guileless and confiding dispositiion entirely foreign to his brother of the Rockies, who seems to have such a sensitive regard for the solecisms of grammar and the errors of pronunciation committed by the most accomplished caller as to turn a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.

Another favorite method of killing the moose in print, and which has been graphically portrayed by Frost in one of his inimitable hunting scenes, is to cruise down upon him in a canoe, while he is feeding on a dark night, and dash the jack light upon him and kill him while he accommodatingly stands in the glare of the lantern. At last, that is my information. My experience is that he retires with precipitate haste, night or day, at the approach of the enemy. The insuperable objection to this ingenious method is that the Rocky Mountain moose can see a great deal better at night than a man, and with a perversity that is discouraging refuses to wait while you paddle down within the very short range essential to kill him by lamp-light. I imagine an electric searchlight such as our war ships use would alone be adequate for this task. I was denied the pleasure of bagging my moose in any such romantic manner, but only did so by pure accident, after abandoning the attempt in defeat.

The moose possesses in a measure the homing instinct. Unlike that cervine tramp, the caribou, whose comings and goings are a mystery, where all signs and prophets fail, and who, with no guide but the caprice of the moment, is on the mountains to-day, in the valley to-morrow, the moose shows a fondness for a fixed locality. In this respect the hunter has a decided advantage. Locating pretty accurately by the sign the general direction in which he came and went, I determined at last to hunt him where, high on the mountain side, he dozed away the day, and for the first time in several nights I went to sleep in camp.

The great Dipper had turned its circle in the northern sky and the morning star glittered blue above the snowy summits when I awoke. The great log heap that burned so fiercely when I went to sleep was now reduced to a pile of smoldering embers, and the haunch of venison that hung over it had slowly cooked through the night, basted brown in its own oozing juices. I was the first awake, and put the coffee pot on the coals, and when I came back from the lake after performing my ablutions it was boiling. With the fragrant mocha I washed down great chunks of juicy venison slashed off the haunch, which, as usual, was barbecued to satisfy any taste, from being burned black on one side, through all the degrees of rareness to blood raw on the other. I started before day while the others were still asleep. Pushing out upon the black water, I wielded the paddle, and soon the camp-fire was reduced to a tiny point of flame in the darkness behind me. Somewhere in the blackness before me there was a sudden splash, and then the hiss of wings whose tips touched the surface as a flock of wildfowl skittered along the water before me.

The paleness of the dawn was slowly spreading as the prow ran rustlingly into the reeds and beached at the flat. It grew rapidly lighter as I paced the shore, and at last found what I was searching for—the fresh trail of the big moose. It led away in the same general direction, but an Indian could not have carried it after it struck up the mountain side, leaving no trace on the hard ground and over the rocks.

Carefully and cautiously I hunted all that mountain side, pausing to sweep all within range with my glasses at frequent intervals, and working my way upward, gradually higher and higher, hour after hour. At last I came out upon the open meadow above the timber line. Above that were the bare rocks and snow fields. It was after noon, and tired, hungry and thoroughly discouraged, I sat down and ate my lunch. The way in which that moose usurped the prerogative of ghosts was discouraging. He had vanished as if by magic. I was ready to give up the hunt.

I rested and ate my lunch, and afterward felt refreshed but thirsty. I could not recall having lately passed a spring, and with my glasses I swept the mountain side in vain for the shimmer of water. My glasses rested idly upon a short, bare ridge, or hog-back, that put out laterally from the mountain side like a bastion. I remembered that just beyond it was a little basin scooped out of the mountain side, and shut in between it and the ridge. In the basin there was a little copse of aspens perhaps 100yds. across. I had not gone through the copse, but skirted around it to avoid climbing the steep ridge: but I was satisfied there must be a spring somewhere to support the growth of aspens. The ridge and mountain side about it were rocky and nude of vegetation.

I walked over to the abutting ridge and looked down into the little cove below me. The rocky sides, in their cold grayness, offered a marked contrast to the verdure of the copse at the bottom of the basin. Peering into its recesses, I finally discovered its central well spring, fed from the melting snows on the summits above, clear and cold, with watercresses about its margin, and the blue of the sky mirrored within.

I took one step toward it, and stopped. I thought I detected a movement in the edge of the aspens beside the spring. It was probably a porcupine or a fool-hen, or something else equally insignificant, but in the mountains every movement excites the suspicion of the hunter, and I focused my glasses upon it. Under their magnifying power I could see the rough carnelian, and jasper pebbles which surrounded the margin of the spring, and just within the edge of the brush one broad, palmated antler was clearly visible, while through the concealing aspens I descried an indistinguishable bulk, so closely assimilating the color of the yellow foliage above and the bunch grass about it that the outlines were indeterminate.

The moose had allowed me to pass within 100yds. as I came up the mountain, and although I am now satisfied he saw me again upon my first reappearance, he lay all the closer, hugging equally tight the ground and the delusion that he was undiscovered.

I started back in the surprise of this discovery, and dropped behind the ridge. Running quickly along its side to a point about opposite, and closer to the game, I slowly and cautiously peered over the bare ridge. Through the concealing brush I saw vaguely that his head was lifted, striving for sight or scent, and knew then that he had seen me. The next moment, before I could bring the rifle to bear, he sprang up and plunged into the engulfing aspens. I had but a fleeting, disconcerting glimpse of a great, yellowish body and a pair of immense, palmated antlers. Oh! for another glimpse. I sprang to my feet, and started to fire into the swaying bushes which betrayed his progress, my anxiety almost amounting to buck ague. But I had sense enough left to see that in my excitement I was about to lose my nerve, and that the moose could not leave that copse without giving me a fair shot in the open, and I deliberately dropped on one knee to steady myself.

The next moment the big bull broke cover at the head of the copse, and bounded lightly up the declivity, his head held high, looking sidewise at me, and his huge antlers balanced back over his hips. The spectacle steeled my nerves. The rifle came to my shoulder, the sight through the buck-horn notch showed fine on his shoulder, and I touched the trigger.

At the crack of the rifle he performed a very strange and disconcerting evolution, and quick as I was at working the lever, I was unable to give him another shot. He reared up with his front feet, and whirling completely around on his hind legs, dived sidewise head foremost back into the aspens, with a peculiar grunting bark, not unlike that of a dog, the only sound I ever heard from a moose, and a most singular one for such a large animal. Very foolishly I sprang up in the excitement of the moment, and started down the steep slope, satisfied that he was down, but the next instant I stopped as suddenly as if stricken with paralysis, as I saw the bull again break from the brush and again strike up the hill, but this time straight toward me. It was an unexpected movement, and for a moment rattled me, and I fired off-hand. He stopped at the shot, and stood with his head down, his broad, shovel-like antlers sweeping back and completely covering the neck and shoulders, the long hair on his spine erect and bristling. It was an uncouth attitude for the most uncouth beast in the world, and resembled nothing I had ever seen or imagined. I paused, irresolute, and it was well, for the big antlers protected the body, and the great, bladder-like nose protected the brain.

I am satisfied that the bull never designed charging me, but was completely staggered by the first shot, which, instead of striking the shoulder, as I intended, was placed too far back for a vital point. Had the bullet been a solid ball instead of the express, with its terrible shocking power, it would never have stopped him. There are few animals that can stand up before that fearful shock of the express, and it had completely staggered the bull, who, upon plunging to his feet again, sprang forward the way he was headed, straight toward me. My second shot missed him, but it stopped him as I have said, and for a moment he stood as dazed. I had dropped and rested my elbow on my knee, and now as he wheeled I fired again at his shoulder, the most deadly shot for any species of big game. This time the bullet found its mark, and his long brown legs, shapely and strong as steel, shook, and for the first time failed to sustain the great weight they had so lightly carried over mountain and vale, through deepest snow and most treacherous bog, and slowly the big moose sank to the earth. For a few moments I stood with the rifle at ready, but this time the monarch of the mountains had gone down never to rise again.

FRANCIS J. HAGAN.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A Memory of Scouting Days.

WE were camped on the South Saskatchewan, and had been eating canned corned beef, pork and very hard biscuit for much too long a period, when one fine morning the adjutant announced that last night's pickets had seen a herd of antelope feeding below the bluffs at the west end of the long valley which marks the river's course. The scouts attached to my little force had frequently assured me that we were in the enemy's country, and that officers and men who prized their scalps should avoid straggling; but as the country on our side of the river was flat as a pancake, and the enemy being apparently of a very retiring character, I was not much disturbed by these warnings, although I had all along taken the usual precautions incidental to Indian warfare.

Two things were always apparent to me, when I talked to the natives of that healthy country, the first being that they lied naturally and without effort, and for the rest regarded infantry soldiers as being little more useful to wipe out Indians than a Sunday-school picnic.

However, mentally I was already feasting on antelope steak, and I noticed that my servant, who had got no orders, was busy oiling my Winchester, having evidently made up his mind as to the proper course of action.

After the usual uninviting breakfast, I was soon astride of my stanch little Indian pony and riding rapidly up the valley to a point a little over three miles from the camp. From here I swept the curve beyond with my field glasses, and presently made out three antelope close to the bluff and feeding up wind toward me. By making a detour along the bank of the river, I was able to advance half a mile under cover, and soon was within less than that distance from my graceful little friends. Here I halted, unslung my rifle, dismounted, and carefully took in the situation. Behind me was the swift-flowing stream; 900yds. in front rose the bluff, presenting in most places an insurmountable barrier, while for many miles east and west stretched a prairie of short grass, smooth and firm as a racecourse. My time had come; and as I tightened Billy's girths that good little beast seemed to say, "Come on, master; I'll help you all I can." I rode for the first 200yds. at a sharp gallop, heading obliquely for the antelope, which did not see me until I was within rather less than 500yds. As they started up wind their first bolt brought them rather nearer to me, and the bluff barred all chances of flight to the southward. I was now advancing at a break-neck pace, and soon I would reach the nearest point I could hope for. Already I was within long range; but the sights were set at 200yds, and Billy's pace was rapidly bearing me to that crested range. It was an anxious time, and I was not unmindful of the possibility of badger holes, though so far the ground had been perfect.

Dashing through some light sage brush, I halted and fired my first shot out of the saddle. That time I think I hit the bluff, for neither Billy nor his rider was quite at his steadiest.

Then I dismounted, and my second bullet seemed to have no other effect than to increase the already frantic speed of the antelope.

Almost as I pressed the trigger for the third time I was keenly conscious that only two antelope were forging madly ahead, and my next sensation was the uncomfortable one of trying to explode an empty cartridge at the fast diminishing form of the one healthy animal remaining. I had exhausted my magazine. At this stage I patted Billy and lit my pipe. The first antelope was dead, shot just behind the heart. The second, with a broken shoulder, was rather feebly making a painful journey up a dry watercourse forming a slight ravine in the bluff. Even here the path was nearly perpendicular; but reloading, I leisurely made my way to where the poor beast had disappeared, knowing well that its wound and the discouraging geography of the country would render its journey a short one. It was the work of a moment to cut the dead antelope's throat, and then began such a climb that even at this date I recall it with something like a shudder. Some scrub helped me a bit, and in about twenty minutes I found I had climbed at least 10yds. A few steps further brought me in sight of the wounded antelope's head and neck rising just above some boulders, and here, for all purposes of ascent, the ravine ended. The animal was not more than 15yds. from me, and a bullet through its head mercifully placed it beyond sensation. For some time I despaired of getting its body back to the plain, but after more than an hour's tedious exertion this task was at last accomplished.

The gentle readers of FOREST AND STREAM will no doubt regard me as inordinately bloodthirsty and greedy when I say that my first reflection on reaching my horse was that with a little better management that third antelope might also have been harvested; but perhaps this thought will be tempered by the fact that far down the valley there waited for me nearly a hundred hungry men, to whom fresh meat was fast becoming only a memory.

RIDEAU.

OTTAWA, Canada, June 19.

The Teton Guides.

JACKSON, Wyoming, June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the last meeting of the Teton Guides' Association Mr. William Wells, of Wells P. O., Wyoming, was unanimously selected a vice-president therein.

W. L. SIMPSON

"Exterminatory Peregrinations."

NEW YORK, June 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Just a word to Didymus in response to his elongated if not symmetrical letter in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM. If vituperaton were sound argument Didymus would have the best of it, and his chaste simile of the mud geyser would suggest an application which he never intended.

In a certain book, with which Didymus may or may not be familiar, these terse words occur: "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone." For the benefit of those who have listened to the virtuous howls of Didymus over the slaughter of game, let me quote from a letter of the anonymous gentleman himself which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM June 10, entitled, "The Wild Pigeon." Mark the consistency of this man who sheds crocodile tears over a dead alligator and whom the smoking out of a possum throws into convulsions: "The pigeons were flying over in such vast numbers that people got so tired of them that it was difficult to give them away, so my friend and I stopped shooting them. They flew very low, and on the glorious Fourth we thought we'd make our powder do double duty; so we took our chairs out under a tree and shot single ones out of the flocks as they passed over. By noon we had dropped about 100, and as we found it difficult to give them away we quit the business."

Virtuous Didymus! O rare and sportsmanlike Didymus! You dip your pen in gall to write of a man who took shots at coots and cormorants with a rifle from a boat going fifteen miles an hour; but your gentle and sensitive spirit suffered you to kill pigeons by the hundred when "they flew very low" over your back yard; and with a scatter gun at that! Verily, Didymus, we could not spare you. There is in you a vein of humor entirely unsuspected by yourself. Write more and oftener, Didymus, of "the attitude we have taken in Florida toward game butchers." Tell us again, in your classic and inimitable way, of "the killing of plumed birds" (when they fly very low)! Let your fervid imagination run riot, and quote again, as only you have the right to quote: "We shot a few of them merely for pastime." Didymus, life can never be dull and insipid so long as we have you with us, and if only you would write a book our cup of joy would be full. You are entitled to the first prize. O, Didymus, as the most unique of game protectors, and I hope the L. A. S. will recognize your merits and, through its president, send you that prize in the form of a "pigeon-blood ruby."

ARTHUR F. RICE.

[We print Mr. Rice's rejoinder, in conformity with our rule to give both sides; but it would not profit to have this correspondence prolonged by a discussion of the new issue he introduces, as to wild pigeon shooting. In the wild pigeon notes referred to, our correspondent, Didymus, related that in the days of the birds' abundance he and a friend had shot 100 (or 50 each) on a Fourth of July morning, and then had stopped because they could not make use of any more of the game. This was in every way proper; in fact the spirit of temperance and good sportsmanship which controlled these shooters was, if anything, in advance of their day. Had all those who pursued the wild pigeon then and afterward been controlled by a like rule we should possibly have had the bird with us still. But to discuss the killing of game birds when the game which is taken is used for food, would have no bearing on the subject which has been under discussion, namely, the indiscriminate shooting of wild creatures to gratify a morbid satisfaction in wounding, maiming or killing them, without regard to whether they are game or not, or whether they are utilized or wasted. We may as well straighten this out once for all. The shooting of wild pigeons for food is one thing; the shooting of "blue herons, white egrets, blue and white ibeses, ducks, cormorants, coot, etc.," from a moving steamer and leaving them to rot, is quite another thing. To confound them is to befog the issue. Mr. Rice evidently does not perceive the distinction which exists here; but his concluding paragraph is not for that reason any the less illogical and irrelevant.

The FOREST AND STREAM does not make itself a vehicle for vituperation. That the letters of our Florida correspondent in our issues of June 10 and 24 had to do with what he termed the "exterminatory peregrinations" of Mr. Geo. O. Shields in Florida, was, as he explained, due to the circumstances that Mr. Shields had left in his book "Hunting in the Great West" a disgusting account of his Florida butchery; the letters did thus have a personal application; but no candid reader can find in them anything of "vituperation" nor anything suggestive of a "pen dipped in gall," to warrant Mr. Rice's use of these terms. On the contrary, a review of what our St. Augustine correspondent wrote will show that in handling an unpleasant theme he neither compromised his own dignity nor sacrificed that good taste which should always characterize a sportsmen's discussion.]

Rhode Island Game Commission.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our Legislature enacted Senator Reiner's game commission bill, which reads:

"Section 1. The Governor shall, in the month of June, 1899, and every three years thereafter, appoint five Commissioners to serve without compensation, one from each county in the State, to be known as Commissioners of Birds, who shall hold office for three years, or until their successors are appointed.

"Sec. 2. The Commissioners of Birds shall protect birds throughout the State, and shall prosecute every person that shall violate any of the laws of this State relating to birds. Whenever complaint is made by said Commissioners, or either of them, or by their deputies, of any violation of any of the laws of this State relating to birds, they shall not be required, either by themselves or by their deputies, to furnish surety for costs, or be liable for costs on such complaint.

"Sec. 3. Said Commissioners in their discretion may appoint deputies not to exceed five in number in any county, and shall issue commissions under their hands to said deputies empowering them to execute the duties of such office, and shall record the names of said deputies with the Secretary of State. It shall be the duty of every Commissioner and deputy to enforce the laws of this State relating to birds, and they shall have power to arrest, without warrant, every person whom they shall find pursuing with intent to kill, taking or killing birds, or who shall have birds in his possession contrary to the laws of this State relating to birds. Provided, that any person so arrested without warrant shall not be detained longer than twelve hours.

"Sec. 4. Any Commissioner or deputy may seize, without warrant, any bird found in the possession of any person, at any time when the killing of such birds is prohibited by law."

The Governor has named as Commissioners under the act: For Providence county, Dr. Fenner H. Peckham, Jr., of this city; Kent county, Thomas W. Penney; Washington county, Dr. E. R. Lewis; Bristol county, William H. Thayer; Newport county, A. O'D. Taylor.

The National Park.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Yellowstone National Park, June 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We had several warm days, and now everything is afloat in parts of the Park. The Yellowstone had reached high water mark at Gardiner without much assistance from the Upper River. The Yellowstone Lake is not full yet, although it is pretty clear of ice. There is ice in the bays and sheltered coves. Mr. M. W. Pettigrew, U. S. Commissioner in Jackson's Hole, who has resided there for six years, informs me that the past has been a very easy winter in that section. At no time was the snow deep; from 1 to 2ft. was the average. A horse could be used all winter in traveling about the Hole. He says there was so little snow that the elk remained well back in the hills and mountains, very few coming down to the valley; and that very few died, none from starvation. He came up as far as he could horseback, a mile or so north of Crawfish Creek, then took it afoot over the snow, which he found from 5 to 6ft. deep through the timber, until he got to the crossing of Lewis Creek below Aster Creek. From there on there was but little snow, except in drifts. Lewis Lake was frozen over yet; this was on the 18th day of June.

The soldiers at the Snake River Station report having seen several moose, two cows with two calves each; and the two buffalo bulls were often seen. The past has been the mildest winter known in the Hole for years. Some of the 300 settlers there think the mild weather is caused by the settlement of the country. The Union Pass has been open to travel for three weeks. Teton Pass has been used all winter, not having been closed once to travel. Mr. Pettigrew estimates the number of elk in that country (south of the Park) as close to 20,000. All the antelope go out of the Hole early in the season (in October) and come back every spring as soon as the snow will hold them up. Every year less come back than go out. This year Mr. Fettigrew thinks possibly 5,000 may return. I have my doubts about that number getting back. Deer remain in the Hole and did very well the past winter.

The high water in the Yellowstone is carrying off some of the dead elk from the Park. Now and then the carcass of an elk or other animal has been seen floating down the river past Gardiner.

To-day the baggage of the two troops of the Fourth Cavalry was sent to Cinnabar, where the troop are to take a train for San Francisco by Friday or Saturday for Manila. Travel commenced on the 14th inst.

E. HOFER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Death of G. M. Holt.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 21.—A very sad affair ocurred last night in this city, which leaves vacant the place of one of the most popular and best-known figures in the sporting goods trade of the West. Mr. Granville M. Holt, for many years the manager of the sporting goods department of Montgomery Ward & Co., died by his own hand at his residence, 5316 Lexington avenue, this city, under the final stress of an attack of insanity which had been impending for months, perhaps years. For a long time Mr. Holt had been in bad health, and his employers and business associates had noticed increasing mental aberration. Most faithful to his duty, he declined the vacation offered and indeed urged upon him by his house and held to his work. A bluff, big, gruff-spoken, kind-hearted man,, there are few department managers who have a better reputation or who had a wider circle of friends.

Illinois Birds.

The new Illinois game law goes into effect July 1, and the State legal department has ruled that it is not in any sense retroactive, and hence will not affect the property rights in song birds taken or purchased legally prior to that date. Local birds dealers have been somewhat disturbed over a rumor that they would be brought into trouble over birds bought in the course of trade hitherto. The war on our native birds will, however, have to be stopped after date of July 1.

From Chicago.

Chicago business men are known all over the world for energy and progressive methods, and this city has furnished hustlers for a great many big concerns East and West. Our former Chicago shooter, Mr. C. E. Willard, was called East for a connection of some years with the Colt's Patent Firearms Manufacturing Company, and only recently severed his relations with that large house to form others in the city of New York. Mr. Willard's card shows him to be now general sales agent of the International Smokeless Powder and Dynamite Company, of New York city. The powder people have secured a good man. As Mr. Willard is to make an early trip West, I presume he will tell his Western friends all about what he is doing in the matter of popularizing a new article.

Bass.

It seems likely that the bass fishing season this summer will be very short. The spring was very slow and backward, and now hot weather has come with a rush. It will not be long before the bass quit feeding in the shallow water and retire to the deep water, where it is hard to induce them to bite. Seeing that the sport is now about as good as it is apt to be, the Chicago anglers are improving the shining hours of late June in bait-casting for the big-mouths. Nothing very startling transpires as yet this week in the way of weights, but I learn there has been very generally good success in the Fox Lake chain and waters of lower Wisconsin.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Mongolian Pheasants in Ohio.

MANSFIELD, O., June 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have seen many articles in FOREST AND STREAM that gave me the impression that Mongolian pheasants are hard to raise. On the contrary, my short experience with them has been very satisfactory. We were presented with eight birds from the State hatchery last fall, and succeeded in keeping them through the winter, with the loss of only one. This spring, as soon as the four hens commenced to lay, I secured domestic hens and set four with from twelve to sixteen eggs apiece. I have twenty-five chicks now. Half of them are a month old and are almost as large as quail. Eight got out through the wire netting around the cage, but the rest have never shown the least sign of sickness, and are as active and pretty as can be.

The State turned out a great number of pheasants throughout the different counties last fall, but I cannot say for my part how they stood the hard winter. I should think they ought to be kept shut up the first winter, and then turned out the following spring. Then they would have the summer before them to learn to hustle for themselves. I hope the time will come that I can bring home a mixed bag of quail and pheasants. I know they will get along together in my coat pocket without quarreling after they are dead; but the question is will they do as well in life. They have more good points in their favor than the carp or English sparrow, so I guess there is nothing to fear and lots to be thankful for if the State is successful in introducing them.

H. S.

Pheasants in Tennessee.

THE CEDARS, Shelby County, Tenn., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You will probably recollect my calling on you in February last and our talking over old times and the discussion we had on English pheasants and skylarks. That conversation induced me to make arrangements for taking a hand at the pheasants, and I had sent to me fifty eggs, forty-six of which reached me in good condition. I placed them under two hens—one a game and the other a common fowl. These eggs came over a thousand miles, and I was perfectly astonished to have forty-one strong, healthy young pheasants hatched, forty of which are still living. They are over two weeks old and are commencing to fly a little. I am now making my arrangements for breeding and preserving them on my 1,300-acre farm, which is well adapted for the purpose, having a few small coverts of several acres each, close to the house, that stands in about the center of my estate.

EDMUND ORGILL.

Eastern Massachusetts.

DANVERS, Mass., June 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We had a social shoot at our gun club range on the 17th, and the genial Dr. Niles was high man, with 18 out of 25. When he gets after them with his Remington we have to look out for our scalps. The foxes have been living high on the Middleton poultry, and the farmers have been going for them tooth and nail, tracking the old ones to their dens and digging out the young ones and killing them. It is causing dismay with our fox hunters. Capt. Martin, a fox hunter and poultry raiser, says he would not dig one out if they were to eat up all his hens. He may be overstating himself, but he is enthusiastic over his only sport.

Mr. John Wallace it is reported killed an opossum yesterday with a stone, the first one I have heard of in the vicinity. Think a person with a good coon dog could get animals up in Middleton and adjoining Andover wood this fall. We don't have any dogs trained to trail and tree them in this country.

They are catching more pickerel in Ipswich River than for many years. One fisherman had an otter come out on the bank where he was sitting within 15ft. of him. By the way, where is our old friend Fred Mather? Has the earth or sea swallowed him up? He has many hosts of friends through the FOREST AND STREAM, and it seems as if half of the paper were missing with him out. Stir him up in his wild West home and tell him we want to hear from him.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

Baltimore Game Sale Cases.

THE Maryland Court of Appeals has rendered its decision in the Baltimore game selling cases. The Baltimore Sun correspondent summarizes them, writing from Annapolis, June 22:

Judge Schmucker filed the opinion of the court in the case of Robert N. Stevens against the State of Maryland, affirming the Criminal Court of Baltimore, which found Stevens guilty of violating the game law. The appellant was indicted for having in his possession and exposing for sale in Baltimore city during the closed season certain dead rabbits, contrary to the provisions of Section 15, Article of Chapter 206, Acts of 1898. He first filed a demurrer which was overruled. At the trial he offered to prove that the rabbits had been lawfully killed in another State and had been shipped to him from that State in an original package, and that he had received and exposed them for sale in that condition without breaking the package. The State objected to this evidence and the court sustained the objection, and the verdict being against the appellant, he appealed.

Judge Schmucker said in delivering the opinion: "The right of the State to regulate and control the killing, possession and sale of game within its borders is held to rest upon its police power, and, if the provisions of the laws by which such regulation is made are reasonable for the accomplishment of the end sought to be obtained, the

law will be held to be a valid exercise of that power. We think the indictment was not defective. The offense was one created by statute, and the indictment described it in the words used in the statute. This has repeatedly been held by this court to be sufficient." The judgment appealed from will be affirmed, with costs.

A similar decision was given in the case against Samuel A. Rice. He had been indicted for selling partridges, woodcocks, one flicker and five rabbits. The facts are identical, Judge Schmucker said in his opinion, with those appearing in the Stevens case, except that the appellant did not offer the game for sale in the original package in which it was shipped to him from another State, but broke the package and offered its contents for sale in separate parcels.

Wyoming Timber Depredations.

WELLS P. O., Uinta County, Wyo., June 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Concerning the timber cutting operations of the Rock Springs Lumber Company, the present state of affairs is this:

At their main camp what ties and saw logs they have barked are being put in the water. Their sawmill up here is idle, I understand, the reason being that they have cleaned up all the timber within reach and must move the mill to find more.

The company has parties out surveying timber lands along the Green River and tributaries. Tie-choppers and timber men are coming into the country, who tell me that they are here to cut timber by contract for the R. S. L. Co. as soon as the spring is far enough advanced to permit work to begin.

So far as I know, no United States timber inspector has ever looked over their work.

The land on which the company is cutting is timber land pure and simple, though I understand that the company claims that it is agricultural land, and has located it as such with scrip at the Lander land office.

The cutting is being done on T. 38 and 39, N. R. 109 and 110 W. I cannot tell the exact subdivisions.

WM. WELLS.

P. S.—Employees of the company claim 500,000 ties and 5,000,000ft. of saw logs for this winter's (1898-99) work.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING NOTES.

Eels.

DR. QUACKENBOS, who received the following letter, sent it to me with some comments of his own, and I copy both. The letter is dated Rahway, New Jersey, and reads as follows:

"The papers you sent me make me think of the time when we were boys fishing on the Rahway River on River street, shaded by large willows, water beeches, oaks and grapevines with plenty of fish and clear sparkling water.

"I was skating last week from Gibbs' Island up to Bondley's on River street, and had lots of fun, but the water is so black from the dye factories above that we could not drink it, and all the fish die off, and the willows and other large shade trees are gone. Do you know anything about eels? I was told by a friend that there is a man on Staten Island who raises eels for market and does well with them, as he will not dress and sell them until 2lbs. in weight, and he sells only when there is a demand for them and they command a high price. This is the way he came to raise eels: There is a salt water creek on his farm, and he thought he could rear ducks at a profit, and hatched out a large number and kept them on and in the creek, and fed them cracker dust and oatmeal, which he threw on the water at feeding time. After a time he noticed that eels came to the surface of the water to eat the food thrown for the ducks, and he assumed that they must have run up from the river below. He disposed of his ducks and made a screen across the creek at the bottom of his land, arranging an opening by which the eels could enter but could not return. In the winter he covers the creek with flooring so that the water will not freeze, and now at feeding time when the eels hear his footsteps they will come to the surface of the water in the creek for their meals. I could make an eel pond if I knew how long it takes to grow them to 2lbs. weight, so if you know please tell me, for this is no fish story, but an eel story that is true."

Comments.

My friend commenting on this letter says: "The writer of the inclosed letter lives in Jersey, and describes the decadence of my earliest hunting and stamping ground. I began with him as a small boy with pin hook and for 'sunnies,' and a bow-gun for blackbirds, and rose through the successive stages of penny hook and 18-cent pistol, dollar jointed pole and $3 16-bore, purchased at a junk shop with carefully saved dimes, to Leonard 5oz. and Scott hammerless. Alas! the pellucid stream that heads in the Orange Mountains and used to yield the speckled starred! (Oh, how I remember a ½lb. *fontinalis* we kept for more than a year in the well!) That stream now runs black dye stuffs to the kills. But the memory of those days will never die—and the boy who fished and hunted with me seems to love me still—loves me because I loved nature with him. He may be poor, he may be unlearned, but, as Emerson says, we have something in common.

"He has within himself a god (as Pasteur calls it), a high ideal. His life is gentle. He cultivates Marie Louise violets for a living. Give us something about eels in FOREST AND STREAM. Eels, rapid growers, prolific to a fault. Centuries ago they got a lot of money out of them at Comacchio lagoons near Venice. Your friend Theodatus of patronymic says they are well suited to culture.

"And would you believe it, old Rondeletius (I have a printed copy, Lyons, 1554) says every eel is born in fresh water—*Anguilla omnis nascitur in aqua dulci*—and adds they go to sea or salt water lagoons. His chapter on crustacean fish food is a marvel. I don't know whether Pinchon, who raised fish artificially in the century of Columbus, tried eels on. I am sure the Romans did, for Pliny tells how Pollio, the ass who cut his arteries when his fortune was reduced to $500,000, to save himself from starvation, used to pitch live negroes to his eels to give them a fine flavor. So tell us something about eels."

Dom Pinchon.

Before saying anything about eels, a word about Dom Pinchon, the French monk that my friend, the doctor, refers to. It has been claimed that he hatched fish artificially in 1420, but it is believed from the best evidence obtainable that he simply gathered and transplanted fish ova naturally fertilized, and that he knew nothing about artificial fish propagation as practiced to-day. Vrasski, the Russian fishculturist, who discovered the dry method of impregnating fish eggs, did try to cultivate the eel artificially, but how he succeeded history does not tell us; but we can guess pretty accurately from what we now know about eels.

The doctor says tell us something about eels in FOREST AND STREAM, but the last time I told about eels at any length it was under oath as a witness in the Supreme Court in Brooklyn, and other witnesses had been testifying about fresh-water eels, and salt-water eels, and silver eels, and when an attorney asked me how many species of eels we had, and I said one, the presiding justice turned to the witness box and said, "What's that?" in such a surprised tone of voice that I did not know but we had other species that I did not know about, and if I write much about the eel in this column I expect some FOREST AND STREAM reader may ask, "What's that?"

Eels Have Scales.

"True eels are characterized by their scaly skin in association with a conical head and a general resemblance to the congers."—Jordan and Evermann. It is true that the scales are imbedded, but the eel has them, and we have but one species, called American eel, or fresh-water eel, though when taken in salt water it is called salt-water eel or silver eel, but I have known species of trout to be called silver trout when they have been in salt water, or for a season on white sand in fresh water, which gives a silvery coating both to the brook and lake trout; but that is not the reason that eels have a silvery appearance. It may be as well to say here that the literature of the eel would fill several issues of FOREST AND STREAM, as there has been much speculation about this fish, its habits, reproduction and even its origin, and the scientists of the Old World have written elaborate papers on the subject of the eel within the past 100 or more years to show what they did or did not know about it, but I shall be as brief as possible and boil down what is now known into as small space as possible.

Beliefs as to Origin of the Eels.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the early beliefs that the eel was generated from horsehairs, from dew, from slime, from the females of another fish; that the eel produced its young alive; that both turf and mud produced them, and that they were hermaphrodites, for to-day men may be found having just as strange ideas concerning the generation of the eel. It was not, however, until 1850 that Rathke definitely discovered the ovary of a female, and not not until 1873 that Dr. Syrski discovered the male organs, and Dr. Jacoby completed the discovery in all its details in 1877; but even this discovery left a big gap in the life history of the eel. Adult eels leave the fresh water and go down to the sea and rivers, 3 to 5in. long, return in vast numbers from the sea to fresh water, the migration being called eel-fairs, from the Saxon term fare, to travel, but where they were hatched and how old they were and what became of the parent eels was unknown until 1894, when Prof. Grassi and Prof. Calandruccio, of Rome, cleared up some of these points by discovering the larvæ of the eel in the Mediterranean. To put the matter briefly, it is now maintained, in the light of the discoveries mentioned, that female eels only go into fresh water, while the male eels remain in the sea. Some females do not go to salt water to breed, because they are barren, and they remain permanently, it is assumed, in fresh water ponds or lakes. What becomes of the adult eels after spawning is not positively known, but the females do not return to fresh water, and it is believed that they die, and possibly both sexes die.

Silver Eels.

Of the silver eels Prof. Grassi says: "As a result of the observations of Peterson, we know now that the common eel develops a bridal coloration or 'mating habit,' which is chiefly characterized by the silver pigment without trace of yellow, and by the more or less black color of the pectoral fin, and finally by the large eyes."

Peterson's inference that this was bridal coloration was derived from the largely developed state of the reproductive organs and by their ceasing to take nourishment. Dr. Bean records five eels from Great South Bay, which are described as having "large eyes, short snout, and long pectoral fins as compared with the common form, silvery gray above with a clear satiny white abdomen, separated from the color above by the lateral bill." They were found "to be males with the generative glands so well developed as to leave no doubt concerning the sex."

Dr. Grassi Sums Up.

Dr. Grassi says further: "To sum up, *Anguilla vulgaris*, the common eel" [Dr. Meek, Bulletin U. S. Fish Commission, 1883, after a careful comparison of American (*Anguilla chrysypa*) and European eels, concludes 'in American specimens the dorsal fin is proportionately further from the end of snout, making the distance between front of dorsal and front of anal a little shorter than in European specimens; otherwise no permanent difference seems to exist. We should not, therefore, in my opinion, consider the two as distinct species, but rather as geographical varieties of the same species'] "matures in the depths of the sea, where it acquires larger eyes than are ever observed in individuals which have not yet migrated to deep water. * * * The abysses of the sea are the spawning places of the common eel. * * * Its eggs float in the sea water. In developing from the egg it undergoes a metamorphosis—that is it passes through a larval form. What length of time this development requires is very difficult to establish. So far we have only the following data:

"First—*A. vulgaris* migrates to the sea from the month of October to the month of January; second, the currents, such as those of Messena, throw up from the abysses of the sea specimens which, from the commencement of November to the end of July, are observed to be more advanced in development than at other times, but not yet arrived at total maturity; third, eggs, which according to every probability belong to the common eel, are found in the sea from the month of August to that of January, inclusive; fourth, the *Septocephalus brevirostris*" (the specific name of the larval form) "abounds from February to September; as to the other months, we are in some uncertainty; fifth, I am inclined to believe that the elvers ascending our rivers are already one year old."

Elvers.

The tales that are told about young eels running up rivers from the sea are nothing short of marvelous, but the fact that a single eel produces 9,000,000 eggs will help us accept the number of elvers that go up a single stream in a body, not that the number is to be given here in figures, but rather in a blanket statement, for the only estimate I have seen in figures is 1,800 passing a given point in one minute, but the proximity of the point to the sea is not given, nor the width of the school. For years I have been gathering all sorts of information, and misinformation, about the common eel, chiefly because I think the eel works greater injury to our trout, both lake and brook, by eating the fry and spawn than can be estimated, or than we realize, and I have clipped everything my eyes have rested upon regarding the eel. I do not propose to give one hundredth part of it here. One clipping, which from the type I judge to be from the New York Sun, with the date line Milford, Pa., says: "Here is a story told me by Wm. Wallace, a man of unquestioned veracity: Last spring he was informed by his wife, who had gone to the Big Bushkill for a pail of water, that there was a mass of eels ascending the creek. Mr. Wallace went to the creek and for a while watched a procession such as he had never seen before, although he had lived his lifetime in the same house on the bank of this stream. The eels were small, averaging, possibly, 4in. in length, and were formed in a dense column about 2½ to 3ft. wide, and were rapidly making their way up stream. Mr. Wallace went about his work, but returned to the creek nearly an hour afterward and found the school still in line and still going. How long these eels had been running neither he nor anyone else knew, and it was impossible to estimate the numbers, which must have been enormous. All who saw this procession said they fully believed that eels were largely responsible for the decrease of the trout in our streams." The Christian World makes this contribution on the subject of elvers: "The eels which descend to the sea never return, but young eels or elvers come up from the sea in the spring millions at a time. The elvers have been seen to travel along the bank of a river in a continuous band, or eel rope, which has been known to glide upward for fifteen days together."

Next to the Christian World clipping I find one alleged to be a reprint from a scientific paper, giving what Grassi discovered, only it does not give what Grassi said. I mention this simply to show that clippings are not always reliable.

It is scarcely necessary to say more about the elvers running up streams. The sight is not unfamiliar to many anglers and others, and what I have quoted describes the ascent as accurately as needs be, when there are no obstructions in the water to overcome. When they come to falls or dams they pass above them or around them if there is the least moisture, although thousands, perhaps millions, perish in the attempt.

Eels on Land.

Günther says of elvers ascending streams: "In the course of the summer young individuals ascend rivers in incredible numbers, overcoming all obstacles, ascending vertical walls and floodgates, entering every large and swollen tributary, and making their way even over terra firma to waters shut off from all communication with rivers." An unknown German writer says: "The small size of the gill opening makes it possible for the eel to live a long time out of the water, and it is possible that in their wanderings over moist meadows they may find places in which there are snails and other desirable food."

From time to time the newspapers publish items concerning the finding of eels in the grass a considerable distance from water, and I have called attention to some of these in this column. In May I was leaving New York for Albany on the fast mail, and going into the smoking compartment found Col. W. C. Sanger, of Sangerfield, in this State, who said he had a friend with him whom he would like me to meet. The friend (Mr. Georges A. Glaenzer, a French artist) and I talked fish over our cigars until he said: "I will tell you something which I never tell until I know that the person I am to tell it to understands much about fish, their habits and peculiarities, for it really seems improbable on the face of it." What he told me was that on his family estate, near Paris, was a pond containing fish for the family table. As the city of Paris began to take up streams and ponds in the vicinity for a city water supply, this pond was drawn down until it was decided to let out all the water and cement the bottom and sides. When this was done and the pond filled, it was again stocked with fish—"carp, pike to keep the carp active and from getting too fat, and some thousands of young eels."

When it was believed that the eels were large enough for the table, none could be found, and the pond was drawn, and not an eel was left in it. This was strange enough, for no one had fished or netted the pond, which for years before it was cemented had contained eels, and another large supply of young eels was turned in, only to disappear as mysteriously as the first lot, and a third attempt was made to stock the pond with the elusive fish. One morning after a heavy rain the gardener appeared at the house with a basket of eels, which he had found in the wet grass, all headed in the direction of the nearest

stream which led to the sea, and then it was discovered that the eels had left the pond in a body.

A gunner in England was attracted to the nest of a polecat by the action of his dog, and in it was found a fresh eel with its head bitten off. The keeper explained that the polecat had caught it "as the eel was taking an evening stroll amongst the grass."

In "Natural History of Worcester" Dr. Hastings relates: "A relative of the late Mr. Perrott was out in his park with his keeper, near a large piece of water on a beautiful evening, when the keeper drew his attention to a fine eel ascending the bank of the pool, and with an undulating motion making its way through the long grass; on further observation he perceived a considerable number of eels quietly proceeding in the same manner, to a range of stews nearly a quarter of a mile distant from the large piece of water whence they started. The stews were supplied by a rapid brook, and in all probability the instinct of the fish led them in that direction as a means of finding their way to some large river, where their ultimate destination, the sea, might be obtained." This circumstance took place in Sandford Park, near Enstone.

Pennell says: "The mode in which eels effect their escape from a basin or other similar place of confinement is peculiar. They commence tail, instead of head, first, throwing the former over the edge of the vessel, and by this means gradually lifting themselves out." He also says eels mature in three years, but does not explain how he knows this to be so. No other writer, so far as I can find, pretends to state with accuracy how long it takes for the eel to mature or arrive at breeding stage. From the same authority, and the last "exhibit" on the subject of eels on land: "If eels are kept in confinement and not closely covered up or shut in with smooth, steep sides, they will almost certainly make their escape, generally in the night time, and travel overland to any water which may be in their neighborhood. The same thing occurs on a stream or pond being dried up in summer, when the eels will quit it and wind through the wet grass in search of water."

Barren Eels.

A writer in Land and Water gave an account in 1893 of a quantity of eels found in a pond with no outlet. The eels were all of large size and all barren; but he did not say how he knew they were barren. Another writer in the same journal doubted that all eels found in fresh water were barren. Mr. Thomas Southwell replied to him, and I quote from his reply in part as follows: "Far be it from me to attempt to prove a negative; but this much I can say: No statement of a gravid eel having been detected in a pond of fresh water has, so far as I can learn, hitherto borne investigation. Many times I have been told by the eel catchers that they frequently met with gravid eels, but the oft-renewed offer of a sovereign for one in such a condition has hitherto been fruitless, and of the many examples from such localities which I have dissected, not one has indicated an approach to breeding. The only eels showing even a partial development of the ova which I have obtained were from a tidal water, where they were on their way to the sea. I do not think Dr. Grassi attempted to account for the continued presence of eels in apparently isolated ponds; that was beyond the scope of his inquiry; but it seems likely that in such cases the reproductive instinct is arrested; but if eventually developed it would probably lead them to attempt to escape; and the marvelous situations in which full-grown eels have been found lead one to infer that they frequently do so. The ascending elvers, whose instinct leads them to go on and on, irrespective of barriers, I can believe would penetrate almost anywhere, and there are few ponds so isolated as to have no outlet or overflow whatever, and their numbers are so immense that a very large proportion might perish without being missed I se no insuperable difficulty in their gaining access even to localities which appear to be cut off from all access to river or stream."

Eels and Pollution.

Interesting evidence was given in an English court when the Hematite Iron and Steel Company was summoned, at the instance of the West Cumberland Fishery oBard, for allowing a certain substance to flow into the River Eheu and its tributaries to such an extent as to kill trout and salmon. The evidence was conclusive that the defendant company, for sanitary reasons, did let off the sediment from a pond and the sediment did flow into the stream and large quantities of trout and salmon were destroyed.

The water bailiff, one Sanderson, testified that eels from the polluted stream were "found in hundreds making their way overland to holes and to any place they could get to escape the pollution, and it seemed a pity that the trout could not have done likewise." An English writer, commenting on the case, said: "Although eels bear the reputation of being dirty feeders and are fond of being buried in the mud, my experience of them is that they are terribly susceptible to pollution of actually a poisonous character, and their testimony bears out my opinion. A river I know abounding with eels has, since pollution has nearly ruined it, ceased almost to hold an eel at all; at any rate they are so few that they are not worth fishing for."

Abundance of Eels.

Nearly every year some mills on a stream within fifty miles from where I live are obliged to shut down and kill eels. The eels get into the mill wheels and block their motion, and so interfere with the machinery that a shutdown and eel killing is in order. As to the number of eels that cause this trouble, no one can estimate it. Mr. Pinkerton, an English writer, says: "It is about this time of year that the annual migration commences, the eels moving in the night, and always choosing a dark night for the purpose. A change of wind, a clap of thunder, a cloudy night becoming clear and starry, will at once stop the movement. I have frequently visited the great eel fishery at Toome, on the lower Bann, where from fifty to sixty tons of eels are annually caught in the migrating season. As many as 70,000 eels have been taken at this place in one night."

Ely, in England, is said to be named from ng been formerly paid in eels, the lords of the manor being entitled to upward of 100,000 eels annually.

In one lake that I am very familiar with, when the lake trout gather on the spawning beds in the autumn, the eels also gather, and the sight under a flaming torch at night is one to vex the soul of the trout fisherman. There are usually a far greater number of eels on the shoals than trout, and the lake is full of trout, and well stocked annually, and they scarcely wait for the trout to deposit their eggs before they devour them, and the law will not permit the taking of eels from this lake in eel pots because there are trout in it. Eels are rarely taken in this lake with hook and line, but they grow fat on the trout spawning beds and would make good eating if eel pots were permitted to take them out, and save the trout eggs in a degree. The New York Sun had this news item in 1897: "The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of this State was the first to recognize the destructive qualities of eels, and in its report for 1896 says: 'Fish of all kinds are spawn eaters to a greater or less extent, but the eel is more destructive of spawn than any other fish, as it does not spawn in fresh water and is ready to prey upon both the fall and spring spawning fishes. * * * We would ask that the Commission have power to use or authorize the use of eel pots in all waters, whether inhabited by trout or not, for it is in trout waters particularly that eels are proving destructive of young fish.'"

The Commissions made the same recommendation in their report for 1895, but the law has not been changed to give them the discretion in the matter which they should have, for it is in waters inhabited by trout that eels are doing the greatest damage. Eel pots would not take trout in any event, and so far as possible the eels should be removed from trout waters.

The Eel Commercially.

It is a most difficult matter to obtain complete statistics in regard to the number, weight and value of fish taken in internal waters. From men engaged in commercial fisheries it is possible to secure figures upon which to base the value of the catch; but of the thousands of individual fishermen who fish only for home consumption, their catch never finds it way, either in pounds or dollars and cents, into a statistical report of State fisheries. One has only to look along the banks of our rivers and canals to see that a great number of men are daily engaged fishing for eels, not for market, but for the home pot. While visiting the shad nets in the upper Hudson I one day counted twenty-three men and boys on the docks fishing for eels, and every dock had its quota of eel fishermen. Only a few days ago I counted seven men on one pier of the railroad bridge at Albany as I crossed on a railroad train. Their lines showed that they were fishing on the bottom, and for eels. Statistics gathered by the United States Fish Commission of fisheries of the interior lakes of New York show that 17,000lbs. of eels were taken in each of the two years during which the investigation was conducted, and that part of Lake Ontario touched by counties of New York furnished 66,000lbs. in addition. It is scarcely necessary to tabulate returns from the Hudson or waters adjacent to the sea to show that many eels are taken in the waters of the State annually, and I think it is not pretended that the most accurate statistics on the subject of the eel fisheries show anything like the number caught. Here is a fish considered an excellent food fish that does not breed in fresh water, but simply comes into fresh water for development and returns to the sea, probably to perish after spawning. While in fresh water it is a notorious spawn eater, and it has no fasting season, like fishes that spawn in our lakes, ponds and streams; and all that can be caught add to the food supply; so why is it not best to use every legitimate means to catch eels while in our fresh waters and thereby rescue the spawn of what many consider better fishes?

A. N. CHENEY.

Up Duluth-Way.

DULUTH, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had my first outing with the bass last week. Accompanied by my wife, I made the trip to Deerwood, Minn., which is situated a hundred miles from Duluth, on a beautiful chain of lakes; and, although the waters are fished constantly, as a great many Duluth people have made their summer homes there, I succeeded in catching thirty-three, and among them some beauties.

There are so many pretty lakes where one may go from here, and our cool, delightful summers, that it is surprising that more Eastern people do not make the trip. One place that a friend of mine found when out last for cheapness and good sport, caps them all—three lakes, with plenty of small-mouth bass, the gamiest fish in the world; two trout streams, in which two boys caught 209 fish, ranging from 8in. to 16in., in ten hours; and the landlord meets you at the depot, drives three miles to his hotel, furnishes bait, boat and good fare, cleans and ices your fish and drives you back to the depot all for the sum of $1.25. Isn't he an angel?

Wisconsin has become the banner State in game and fish protection, for even the elements combine to frustrate the well-laid plans of the law-breakers. You have all read of the terrible havoc the wind made at New Richmond, and the destruction and death caused by it. A friend of mine who travels for a wholesale drug house in St. Paul and was driving across country to New Richmond got caught in the path of the storm, and had his buggy lifted from behind, over the horses, stripping the harness clean from the horses and not a spoke of the buggy left together; and, odd to tell, he was not injured in the least. But he had under his seat a box of trout nicely iced, and when he went looking for his satchel a farmer who had taken refuge in the ditch at the side of the road and offered his assistance to help find his effects, picked up a chunk of the ice, with the remark, "Well, gol, darn it; did you ever see a hailstone the size of that?"

Reverting again to game protection in Minnesota: Fullerton, who has done more good, solid, fearless work than all his predecessors, is out. Just at this time he had got everything working smooth and nice, and the law-breakers had learned that if Samuel got after them it meant to a bitter finish. But the appointment is of course a political one, and he had to go. When you take into consideration that from Duluth north and east clear to Canada is a trackless wilderness, only penetrated by the land-looker and lumberman; and as soon as navigation closes on Lake Superior all the north shore is cut off from civilization, and the few small hamlets that exist must be supplied with meat, and the deer and moose at their doors, they will certainly not buy Armour's army beef. And can you blame them? But they kill only what they need. But the other class that can be got are the men running lumber camps. They feed their men partly on moose and venison, killed by contract price per pound by men hired for that purpose, and do more to exterminate the game, as they kill at all seasons, than all the hunters put together. But what can we do? There is no way to stop it. The States would have to appoint a dozen where it now has one to prevent it; and if the game can only hold out as long as the lumber, which they say will only be a few years more, Minnesota will have a game park that will be second to none in America. As there will be no incentive to build railroads and the soil is too rough to till and there is no mineral, so they can roam practically undisturbed.

DR. MCN.

The Dangers of Pass Fishing in Florida.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last year I wrote you a letter giving an account of some very good tarpon fishing at Boca Grande, wishing to call the attention of anglers to that pass, which is a most convenient one for anglers to reach.

When I went down in May of this year I found that most of this year's tarpon fishing had been done at Boca Grande. Several large steam yachts and a good many sailing yachts were anchored inside Boca Grande during April and May, enjoying its magnificent fishing.

I was surprised to find what poor rowboats were used for tarpon and other large fishing in Boca Grande. Even the steam yachts that came in did not seem to be fitted with proper fishing boats, and had to hire what they could get there; generally heavy flat-bottom boats that would not stand very much sea. Now, there is considerable danger in fishing for tarpon or other large fish in any of the Florida passes, and especially in a large pass like Boca Grande. The tide runs out very strong, and in the excitement of playing a tarpon men do not notice how far they are drifting, and may drift a considerable distance out into the Gulf, into rough water or the breakers. Again, it is customary, when a tarpon is hooked some distance from the shore, to gaff it from the boat rather than tow it away in to the shore. Here again is another reason for a stiff, seaworthy boat.

Sportsmen going down tarpon fishing seem also to be very careless as to what sort of guides they employ; almost any man who can row is thought to be good enough. There is enough danger connected with fishing for tarpon for a man to be sure that his guide is at least a good boatman. It is my opinion that the best guides come from Myers or its neighborhood. I would advise intending anglers to write direct to some well-known guide in Myers, who, if already engaged, will see that some good man is secured. A man who starts out tarpon fishing at Boca Grande, or any other large pass, with an incompetent boatman, is needlessly risking his life. The tides run strong, sudden and strong winds are apt to come up, and lastly, although not leastly, Boca Grande teems with large fish. Most of these fish jump and splash about playing or feeding. The tarpon, a fish running from 100 to 200lbs., is continually jumping; mackerel shark, a fish running from 100 to 300lbs. and over, is also given to jumping; kingfish and whip-rays jump; porpoise, weighing from 500 to 800lbs and over, and the big flat rays, which they call devil fish down there, which run up to over a ton in weight, also jump. Now, although the pass is large, and there are square miles of water for these fish to jump in, it is only a question of time when they must every now and then either hit a boat, land in a boat or hit a person in a boat. The last is the least likely accident to happen, but it is not at all unlikely. If a large fish jumps in the boat he is apt to do considerable damage. What with rushing tides, rough water and big fish splashing about, it is evident that an angler should feel that he has a good, reliable, experienced man in the boat to depend on. My own experience at Boca Grande this winter may serve as an example and warning to anglers to exercise some care in the choice of the boats they use and the men they employ.

One afternoon about 3:30 o'clock, while fishing for tarpon, I received a terrible blow in the back of the head which threw me out of the boat into the water and almost stunned me. I was pulled back by my guide into the boat, which was floating full of water, and found, lying full length in it, a porpoise about 9ft. long, which probably weighed over 500lbs. Of course this fish never struck me, or he would have broken me to pieces. What happened was: He jumped high in the air, as they frequently do, and landed head first at my feet in the stern of the boat, knocking a hole through the ceiling and bottom of the boat, and stunning himself. The blow I received was caused by his body falling upon me. The nearest rowboat was several hundred yards off, and as we feared the porpoise might recover at any moment and smash the boat to pieces with his tail, my guide, Santi Armeda, tried to push the porpoise over the edge of the boat, but was unable to do so, owing to the fish's weight. Rather than take the consequences of what might happen if the porpoise came to before we were taken out of the boat, we slipped into the water and rolled the boat over, losing everything in the boat, but glad to do so, as it included the porpoise. We then turned the boat right side up and crawled into its inside, which, although full of water, floated and supported us, and especially protected us from the possibility of being bitten by sharks, of which there are a great many large ones in the pass. I have heard that these sharks will not tackle a man; but it is my opinion that a shark which can tackle and swallow a tarpon, would not hesitate much at a man. I did not intend taking any risks, and was very glad to find myself inside the boat again. Very

soon afterward a rowboat came to our help, taking us on board and rowing us ashore. Of course I got no more fishing that trip; my neck felt almost broken, and all the muscles of the neck and back were terribly strained and sore.

I have some right to assert that pass fishing is not exactly a safe sport. Of course, it is not likely that a porpoise is going to jump on another man very soon again, but still there are so many fish jumping down there, and as anglers increase, the chances of accidents increase so much that I think it is just as well to take a few precautions. My advice to all anglers doing pass fishing is: Use a good, strong, round-bottom boat about 13ft. long by 4ft. 4in. wide; be sure and have an experienced guide, and never fish in the pass when there is not at least one other boat out fishing. Personally, I have fished many times alone in the pass, both by day and by night, but the unusual accident which happened this year has impressed on me the fact that it is not safe to do so. If an oar breaks, or if the boat is swamped or capsized, either in trying to gaff a fish or through any carelessness, or if any accident occurs which disables the boat, with the tide running out, there is absolutely nothing which could prevent the boat and its occupants from being carried out into the Gulf.

To return to Charlotte Harbor as a harbor, it is most surprising to me that this place should have remained so many years without exciting the attention of the Florida railroad magnates. One hundred miles north the town of Tampa has been built up. The town itself is twenty minutes by railroad from Tampa Bay, the port, which itself is many miles up a crooked channel from the entrance to the pass. Now, Boca Grande, the entrance to Charlotte Harbor, is an absolutely straight line from the Gulf right into the harbor. As matters now stand, without any dredging or any improvements whatever a steamer of 20ft. draft can be taken over the bar at low water. Inside there are several square miles of good anchorage for the largest yacht. On the east coast of Florida we find a railroad which, running from Jacksonville, comes down the whole Atlantic Coast line to Miami without passing one really good harbor into which any fair-sized yacht could be taken.

It is remarkable, therefore, that Charlotte Harbor, with its splendid straight deep entrance, its large anchoring ground, and with deep water right up along the shore, should be neglected for so many years and still be almost an unknown quantity. There is no finer place in Florida to put up a large hotel than on Gasparilla Island, which forms the northern side of Boca Grande Pass, and there is no better terminus to run a railroad to than Charlotte Harbor. Whether a hotel is built there or a railroad run there is, however, immaterial to yachtsmen. As the place now is, it forms the best rendezvous for yachts of all sizes spending the winter in Florida wanting to get the best sort of fishing, both large and small.

As regards tarpon fishing, Boca Grande can hold its own against any other pass on the Gulf or Atlantic. Mr. Wm. Littauer caught fifty-four tarpon in eight days' fishing, and Mr. W. H. Grenfell, who came over from England especially to do some tarpon fishing, was rewarded by catching exactly 100 in about twenty days' fishing.

It must not be imagined that tarpon are the only fish to be caught in this pass. Every other sort of fish that frequent Florida waters are to be had here in abundance.

Ice, water and fresh provisions can be had from Punta Gorda, only twenty miles off. Yachts having their own steam launches can send them up to Punta Gorda for supplies. It is not necessary, however, to do this, as up to May 1 a steamer runs daily from Punta Gorda to Myers, passing within five miles of Boca Grande. Provisions and ice can be ordered by letter, and a rowboat or launch can meet the steamer, which will stop and deliver any stuff that is sent. I dare say that next year, if Boca Grande is patronized as much as or more than it was this year, there may be some sort of regular service between Boca Grande and Punta Gorda direct. In fact, I was told that next year during April and May the steamer running from Punta Gorda to Myers would make the Pass one of its regulpr stopping places on the way.

O. A. Mygatt.

Landlocked Salmon of Sebago Lake.

A Washington correspondent, B. A. B., sends us these extracts from a letter from North Windham, Me., under date of June 14, and telling of Sebago Lake fishing:

Since I am here I have been on the go, going a-fishing. I put in long hours, from 3 and 4 A. M. until dark, and get the fish, and don't you forget it. Have caught salmon from 5 or 6in. in length, up to 4lbs. weight in the river, and have waded for hours in water up to my waist to get them. But for fun just sit in the stern of a boat and have a guide do the rowing, while you do the fishing. This is what I did on the 12th and 13th, and as a result there was a genuine smash of the record for fly-fishing. Using a No. 2 sproat hook, a thunder-and-lightning fly (which proved to be a gee-whizzer), a single gut leader and a 4oz. split-bamboo fly-rod, we took two salmon in Sebago Lake. A coincidence it was, too, for about 7:30 A. M. on June 12 a fish struck and fought hard and steadily for forty minutes, when it yielded to gentle suasion and came to net; it weighed just 13lbs. The coincidence part of it is that in almost the same place, at about the same hour of the day, on the same rig, another fish was caught June 13, which fought nobly for forty-five minutes, and five hours after capture weighed just 10¾lbs. They now grace the collection, calmly reposing in my landlady's wash-boiler. I hope they will keep well, but it is nearly a tropical heat here, 90 degrees in the shade this 3 P. M. We are going to try them again to-morrow, starting at 4 A. M.

I hope that one of the two fish above mentioned will be deposited in the museum; one, at least, for you have never had a fish like them. They are "rippers"; both hook-jawed males.

It is supposed that fishing for salmon is closed now, owing to the fish not biting, but all that one has to do to get a salmon is to go where they are and fish in the right way, and they will bite even though their stomachs are full. The stomach of the 10¾lbs. fish contained fourteen smelt. The most important thing is to have a good guide, as the fish have to be hunted for, and Sabago is not a small pond. Fishing is followed here while the smelt are running, but is generally given up as soon as the salmon leave their haunts of that season. At this time there are certain signs to tell where the fish are to be found, and a well-informed guide knows these signs, and by reason of their experience can put you in reach of the fish, and as fine sport as one could wish for. Mr. Herbert Maines, of North Windham, is my guide, and he is all right.

W. C. K.

New England Fishermen.

Boston, June 24.—Mr. William. G. Harding, foreman of the Boston Herald composing room, is a lover of the rod and reel, as well as the rifle and shotgun. He has recently returned from a fishing trip to Lake Cobbosseecontee, in Maine, where he was accompanied by Mr. Theodore Ripley, of the Herald press room, and a couple of Boston Globe men. They had very little success with trout, but at last got on to some excellent bass fishing and had great sport off the rocks. They took about all the bass they cared for, and also thought that it would be a good idea to take some home to show their friends. They had them nicely dressed and packed in ice, and then in a case. They hired a countryman to take them over to the railway station with his wagon. The case with the bass in it was stowed in the back part of the wagon. On the way they stopped at a saloon to get some refreshments. They invited the countryman to stop with them. The team was left standing at the door while the men went in. Coming out, there was no team to be seen. Horse, wagon, bass and all were gone. A few days after the team was found in another town. The case had been broken open. Maine is a prohibition State, but it was very plain that the thieves had thought that the case of fish was a case of liquor. The boys were considerably "cut up" about the loss of their fish, and are still unable to fully convince their friends that they actually caught any.

Indeed, bass fising in Maine is giving good satisfaction this year. The Belgrade ponds are certainly becoming celebrated with Boston bass fishermen. Mr. E. J. Brown and Preston Lewis, both well known in shoe and leather circles, have just returned from a most enjoyable outing at Belgrade Mills. They caught all the bass they wanted, and are much pleased with the locality, this being their first fishing trip to that part of the country. They found a number of other shoe and leather merchants at the same resort, each having good luck to report. From the Sebattus ponds there come good reports of bass fishing. It seems that the pools below the dams have been unfairly fished, and that the Commissioners have been petitioned to close these pools altogether. A hearing has been had and the pols have been closed to all fishing. Now only fishing in the ponds is allowed, where good results are to be had, according to all reports.

Newspaper reports say that an Attleboro, Mass., sportsman made a very queer catch at Northwest Carry last week. He was fishing from the apron of the dam at Wilson's. He noticed a barrel in several feet of water. He could just see the bunghole, and out of curiosity he sunk his bait through the hole, when immediately it was seized by a fish. The fish was played till exhausted, but was too large to come through the bunghole, nearly 3in. in diameter. His curiosity prompted him to have the barrel raised, and with a saw the hole was enlarged till the fish could be got out, when, behold, a handsome trout of nearly 3lbs. weight. The theory is that the trout went into the barrel to feed when smaller, but growing all the time, had gone in once too many times and the last time could not get out. Since that time, doubtless, the imprisoned fish had made considerable growth.

Boston, June 26.—Trout and salmon fishing is getting to be rather uncertain in Maine waters, as it always does after hot weather. Still, if one reads the papers devoted to booming hotels and railroads, one would get the impression that every angler was getting all the fish he desired, when quite the reverse is the truth. Anglers are reported to be having excellent luck, but when they return they tell me that they found the fishing positively poor. The trouble with these papers is that they mention only the success, while concerning the failures—the many days' fishing without a strike—they have nothing to say.

Mr. M. H. Curley and Mr. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, are back from their annual trip to the Upper Dam. Mr. Curley says that the fishing was very poor, his catch being small and unsatisfactory. One of the papers says that he had great success. Mr. L. O. Crane also writes from the Upper Dam that the fishing is poor. D. E. Adams and Charles E. Guild, of Boston, had fair success the other day on Mooselucmaguntic Lake. They took eight trout in a short time in the morning, the largest weighing 2½lbs. Trout are rising to the fly well in some localities, though there has been a good deal of cold weather, with one severe hailstorm. Walter B. Farmer, of Arlington Heights, has taken a salmon of 6½lbs., and a trout of 3lbs. Dr. Heber Bishop and Dr. John L. Stetson, of Boston, have returned from a successful fly-fishing trip to the Megantic preserve. They mention good fly-fishing, with often a trout on every fly in the cast. Dr. Al. Watts, E. P. Stone and Charles A. Shaw, of Boston, have also fished at the Megantic preserve for a couple of days with good success. Mr. Stone took a trout of 2½lbs., one of the largest for the season. Great fishing is mentioned at Carry Pond camps, a few miles above Bingham, Me. Report has it that in thirty-one days of the present season exactly 5,285 trout have been taken there. Good fishing is also reported from the Seven Ponds region. The season of black flies is mainly over, and mosquitoes have ceased being very troublesome.

The Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association has just held its summer meeting at Rangeley. The meeting was honored by the presence of the Governor and his wife. E. C. Farrington and P. O. Vickery, prominent fish and game workers, were there, as well as the Fish and Game Commissioners. The meeting was very much in the nature of a summer outing and a good time, at low rates of fare on both transportation lines and at the hotels. But after all, such a gathering is fraught with influence in Maine, since it brings prominent gentlemen more in touch with the fish and game interests. Speeches were indulged in, of course, with considerable congratulation concerning the successes of the fish and game interests in that State. Commissioner Carleton spoke of the difficulties of enforcing the fish and game laws, and again advocated the subject of forcing all non-residents to procure licenses before being allowed to fish or hunt in Maine. Mr. E. C. Farrington also advocated the same thing, but the hotel and transportation men were evidently not in favor of any such measure. Many of the members of the Association and guests scattered through the various fishing resorts to try the angling for a few days.

That the landlocked salmon is a fighter for the sake of dislodging the hook seems to be certain, and that he frequently leaps from the water for that purpose seems to be well established. Still, there is a good deal of question as to whether the hook really causes him much pain or inconvenience. A fisherman at the Rangeleys says that he hooked a big salmon the other day, but the leader parted just below the line before the fish was brought into the net. Immediately he commenced jumping out of water, evidently trying to shake out the book, actually appearing six or eight times in this manner. But it seems that he could not get rid of the hook, for two days afterward another angler hooked a salmon more than a mile from the same point, and after considerable leaping it was landed. Behold, there was a second hook and leader attached; identically the same hook and leader the other angler lost a day or two before. That the landlocked salmon always leaps out of water is not established, however. I have seen two salmon landed this season at Sebago, and one at Richardson Lake, neither of which came out of water at all till brought up in the net by the guide. One of the salmon at Sebago weighed 10lbs. and the other over 9lbs., and both were stubborn fighters, requiring nearly half an hour to land them.

Special.

Detour as a Fishing Point.

Detour, Mich., June 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noting the query of Mr. J. E. Smith, of Caldwell, O., in Forest and Stream of 17th inst., I take pleasure in giving some information that may be of interest and value to others, as well as the querist. While hunting relief from hay fever last season I found it here, after failing at Petoskey, Mackinac Island, St. Ignace and both the Soos—American and Canadian. Of course I had my fishing outfit with me, trying it at all lake points where I stopped over. I found fishing but indifferent at points named, making but poor catches, except at the Snows, and if there are either bass or trout in those much-vaunted waters I failed to find them or to see any one who did. But I struck it fine here on my very first trial; also got immediate and absolute relief from hay fever, asthma.

In this immediate vicinity bass of several varieties abound, and I have yet to go for them in vain, except when a heavy wind comes up, as it frequently does, before we get to our mark. There are ten or twelve trout streams within a radius of ten miles, all of them literally alive with those gems of the waters. I caught none last fall, as I had no facilities for either getting about or trout tackle. This year I am back early, to remain till October, to fish, cruise and rebuild broken health; have a handsome new launch, 25ft. in length, 65in. beam, 4 h.-p. motor, all working to perfection, and a strong, light clinker-built 14ft. tender. These, together with a complete outfit, give me fair equipment, and I anticipate a most enjoyable summer. I will be very glad to meet and greet Mr. Smith or any other good fellow-fisherman, and join in making it pleasant for each other. Bass, muscalonge, perch, "big" sunfish, I have already caught in my few days here, and the trout campaign opens with me in a few days. The season here is from May to September.

Detour is an incorporated village of 1,000 inhabitants, its only industries being fishing and lumber shipping. The people are most hospitable. It having never been a tourist resort they are not developed into the regulation piracy obtaining at the established resorts. There are two country hotels here, with excellent service; the rates being only $5 a week. Mr. Hitchcock, president of a lumber company and of village council also, believes this a great coming hay-fever and tourist resort, and by July 15 will have a number of neat cottages to rent very cheap, and where meals will be served if desired. The location is at the very head of Lake Huron, mouth of St. Mary's River, the latter twenty-four miles wide here, and studded with innumerable islands, large and small. It is just half-way between Mackinac Island and the Soo, and twenty-six miles above the Snows. We have daily mail and telegraphic communication, and three passenger boats stop here each day. Still, twenty-minutes' run of my launch, or thirty minutes' walk inland, either, will take one into wilds as pristine as they were a thousand years ago. There are plenty of "Injuns" in the vicinity, but if their forbears were "noble red men" the existing remnants are sadly degenerate.

As, except when fishing or cruising, I have no occupation or cares, only to get health, it will afford me pleasure to reply to any letters of seekers of fish or relief from that curse of my past twenty-six summers, hay fever. It will not reach me, nor any one else, here, for there is practically no vegetation, the very soil being limestone, and hay fever cannot thrive on stone, spruce, cedar, with three sides ice-cold water.

Thomp Burton.

P. S.—Georgian Bay is but a brief run for my launch from here, and I expect to make frequent trips there, investigating the fishing waters between the points. Good company always acceptable.

B.

NOTICE.

The New York Clearing House has adopted new regulations governing the collection of checks and drafts on banks outside of the city. This entails a collection expense on those who receive such checks. Our patrons are requested, therefore, in making their remittances to send postal or express money order, postage stamps, or check or draft on a New York city bank or other New York current funds.

Fishing Waters of Northern Iowa.

IT may not be known to the general reader that up in the northwestern portion of Iowa, in Dickinson county, is to be found one of the prettiest clusters of lakes an angler could wish to cast a line in. Most of our trap-shooting readers are aware that there is such a place as Spirit Lake, Ia., due to the fact that this is the home of the famous shot, Fred Gilbert, and no doubt all surmise that there must also be a lake of this same name from which the town derives its name. In addition to Spirit Lake there are also a number of others in the immediate vicinity of the town, all of which just at present afford the finest of fishing. While the fishing has always been good on these lakes during the spring and early summer, it has never been quite so good as at present, I am told. Catches of 100lbs. a day are regular occurrences, and even the veriest novice finds it an easy matter to catch big strings every day. When I inquired of the natives to what they attribute this change of conditions, they told me that it was due to the increased amount of water now in the lakes. For three or four years past the water in the lakes had receded in a marked degree, so much so, in fact, that a number of the smaller lakes went dry, it being unusually dry in this section of the country during this period. However, during the past six months considerably more rain fell, and this has restored the water to something like its former stage, though there is yet much room for improvement in this respect, I am told. Notwithstanding this, however, the fishing was never better than at present, and this is what will interest not a few of the readers most.

Those who are contemplating a trip could hardly go anywhere else and improve on the sport. True, it might be possible for them to improve on the size, as most of the fish caught in these lakes range from ¾ to 2lbs., though not a few are caught that will weigh 4 and 5lbs.

The fish consist of pike, pickerel, bass, black and silver, crappie and perch, also bullhead, or what is commonly known in the South as catfish. The principal lakes are Spirit, East and West Okoboji, and Center Lake, while there are also a number of smaller ones, such as the Gar Lakes and several others. Spirit Lake is the largest, being about five miles long and at the broadest part four and a half miles wide. As a rule the fish caught in this lake run larger than in the others.

West Okoboji is the prettiest, and the water is much clearer, being of a greenish cast, and so clear that the bottom can be seen to the depth of 10 or 12ft. This lake is also very deep, at some places 150ft. Owing to its great depth the fish are not biting very good in this lake yet, as the weather is still very cool, but on the other hand I am informed that the fishing is good here even during the hottest weather, though one must of necessity fish much deeper. The lake is five miles long, and its greatest breadth two miles. This is the most beautiful lake of all the cluster, as a great part of the bank is fringed with trees, which impart a romantic appearance to it, while there are also stretches of sandy beach so desirable for bathing. East Okoboji is really a part of the same lake, though connected only by a very narrow strait. The water is not so clear, and the surroundings are not so pretty. These lakes lie in the shape of a horseshoe, and are connected at about the center by a very narrow strait. Their aggregate length is nearly seventeen miles. There are not many black bass in these lakes, though the fishing for these should be good in Center Lake, and many have been caught there recently. Persistent efforts are being made to stock all these lakes with bass, and for several springs past the Fish and Game Warden, Mr. Geo. E. Delavan, has planted a large number of fry in all of them, which must in due course give some result.

The State of Iowa owns a fish car which the railroads transport from place to place free of charge. The black bass fry are taken from the bayous that empty into the Mississippi River, most of them in the vicinity of Sabula, Iowa county. Iowa is particularly fortunate in having a warden who is energetic and zealous and keenly alive to the fish interest of his State. A practical demonstration of this occurred early this spring, when he was notified that the fish had begun running in Gar Lakes, and prompt action was necessary for their protection, but a sudden drop in the temperature drove them back to deep water, and it was not until the first week of April that they again showed signs of activity. Then the game fish attempted to pass to the larger lakes, but were prevented from doing so by the ice and lack of water. This resulted in them packing in the channel by the thousands, and it at once became evident that unless immediate steps were taken to relieve them most of them would perish. Deputy Warden Henry Miguel, of Okoboji, was notified of the situation and set at work to save the fish. The method he pursued consisted in taking the fish with a seine, and placing them in barrels containing water and transporting them in wagons a distance of a mile and a quarter, and liberating them in West Okoboji. My informant tells me that in all twenty wagonloads were taken from this one lake and that each load consisted of five barrels. The fish were from 12 to 18in. long, and the number thus saved is estimated by thousands. What is all the more remarkable about this is that all these fish were taken from one of the smaller lakes. The transfer was only possible through the combined efforts of nearly a dozen people, and several teams. Not a few who assisted in this work absolutely refused to accept any compensation for either their own services or the use of their teams. When first discovered the fish were packed so closely in the opening as to enable hundreds of them to be caught with the naked hand. In the light of such reports it is not at all surprising that the fishing is good in these lakes now.

Two lines of railroad run into Spirit Lake—the Burlington and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul; these, I believe, are at present making excursion rates to this point. It is only a night's ride from Chicago, and about the same time from Des Moines, Omaha and Sioux City Accommodation is to be had at any of the lakes, while boats and bait can also be procured at a very reasonable price. The customary charge for the use of a boat is 50 cents a day, which includes the use of two lines and rods. Minnows sell at 10 cents a dozen, though if one has a net enough of these can be caught in a few casts to last all day. Should one desire the service of a guide and a man to row the boat, these can be procured at 25 cents per hour, which includes boat and bait. There are steam launches on all the large lakes, and their charges are nominal. Live minnows are the principal bait used, though spoons and spinners are good.

In addition to being good fishing water, these lakes are a great resort for waterfowl in season, while at present more blue-winged teal are nesting on these lakes than for years past. Then, too, this is a fairly good chicken country. The prospects are encouraging for good shooting here this fall.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Opening the Season.

"JUNE had crossed the borders. * * * In the depths of the woods, where no man's eye could see, the elder was waving her creamy banners in honor of June's coming, and where no man's ear could hear the pink and white bells of the azalea rang out melodies of welcome." Craddock saw them in her mind's eye and their sweetness was not wasted.

Life is not all beer and skittles, not all salmon and sunshine, and half its pleasures are in the long hours of the waiting dark, when memory and anticipation have their frolics. The flowers that blush unseen are those which come to us in dreams, and the angler who waits with ill-concealed impatience the coming of the open season, and his opportunity, crowds the flowers of the year into his landscapes. His trees are all a-bud and bloom and in fruit at once like the fabled orange.

In the pictures of his waking trance are the beauties of all the seasons, of all the lands he has visited or created. Along his favorite walk the arbutus and the sanguinaria peep from the deep shadows and the goldenrod and daisies riot in the open.

The hopeless loves of the palm tree and the pine find only here their just reward, and the mingle their sighs with every passing breeze. Above a grove of maples, all gold and red, a eucalyptus rears its flaunting crest, fit spire for so grand a temple, from whose domes there comes a "concord of sweet sounds." The linnet and the nightingale are there, the grosbeak and the whippoorwill, and all the other songsters of the woodland. The hour and the place are nothing. It may be noonday on the asphalt, but "him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms" she woos when she wills. One may not hold a coal "by thinking on frosty Caucasus," but one may and does enjoy many a happy moment in unlikely places, in the contemplation of the has-been and the will-be.

But June is here. The May fly about the electric lights waves her dying signal to the angler that there is rare sport afield; to hie him hence if he would not be too late.

That deadly earnestness with which the angler makes his preparations, the fantic haste to be by the waterside, is all pretense. To watch him, without sympathy, conveys the impression that if he should be an hour late not a fish would be left in the wide, wide world; but if he can just get there in time, the next fellow will have little left to fish for. There's nothing in it. At least, it is not fish that's in it. It is nostalgia. It is the craving to be again at the breast of Mother Earth. The fable of Antæus is repeated with us with every springtide, and thousands die every year (and no one knows the why) that a fishing trip would save.

But it must not be forgotten that angling, like every other good thing, is used as a cloak for excesses and sins that have no sort of relation to the real good. One may go fishing on salt water—and catch some fish—with a steamboat and a brass band. One may go to a stream or lake with a limited mob and shout by day and hold two pair by night, and call it fishing, and yet reap more tares and injuries to health than if he had pursued the even tenor of his way between hot walls.

But none of these are anglers, except they be caught by accident, or the design of learning how the other half live.

The deilght of angling is the call of the wild turkey from the distant hillside pines, to surprise a brood of summer ducks and watch them scurry to the shelter of the grass—to see the jealous perch hovering over its nest of pebbles, or the wild flowers, dew-spangled, opening wider to the rising sun, and incidentally to catch a fish. The last is least, yet stands for all. Just as two bits of wood at right angles stand for all that is good and pure in the present—all we have of hope hereafter.

Come with us for our first day's outing. We are two, for company's sake; more is a crowd, as on some other occasions, but the reader shall be our honored guest today. Not many fish are to be expected, for the water and the fish are to be learned over. New pools, new logs, new moss-beds, new fish, and it will take a trip or two to find where the big ones hide and feed, and that is half the sport and half the science, too, of taking fish.

The Weather Bureau has phophesied rain for our day on the pool, but as we take our early morning way through the path on the edge of the forest, every leaf is covered with a dew so heavy that the tiny globules on the hairs of the leaves stand out thick and white as a hoar frost, and this means no rain. Better still, the dewy nets of the spiders are set all about, fresh and celan, spun over night, and these little signal service peoples do not waste their labors, and fresh webs in the morning will keep the rain away till nightfall. Then, as the boat makes its first round close to the edge of the pool, to find in the grass some great pike or bass lying in wait for an early breakfast, the cat-tail and the sedge in serried ranks lift their green blades straight in air, jeweled with crystal drops that sparkle in the level sun like new-cut diamonds, and we know that another glorious day is before us, and that not even a shower will drive us from the lake or interrupt our holiday.

As a rule, in the lake the very early morning fishing is not profitable to the man with a fly; the bass and pike seem to do little surface feeding before 10 o'clock. It may be that the cool weather has retarded the hatching of the flies, and that the fish are not attracted to the surface until the noonday sun has warmed the flies to life and sent them dancing over the water.

With minnow fishing it is different, and our first trip for the pike this year was an unusually warm day in April. We took a dozen or so in the early morning while the sky was overcast. Then the sun came out bright and hot and the pike disappeared as if by magic, apparently retiring to the shades of the moss beds and weed patches, from which we could do nothing to entice them.

With the fly our best hours in this pool have been from noon to 2 o'clock, and from 5 to dark. This has been true of the pool bass for three years, though favorable hours with wind and warmth and fleecy clouds just right have given us good sport at times, outside of these regular periods.

In the stream fishing, where the bass are hunted in their rocky haunts, lying in wait for what the winds and currents may bring them, the feeding hours have not been so marked for us, and we can hope for some response at any time when we can drop the lure before the nose of a hungry bass from dawn to dusk.

There is a railroad drawbridge here over a channel some 20ft. deep. When the tide is half in or out, and the current swift, the white perch gather here in schools, lurking in the shadows and hiding under the scum caught by the cross timbers, and shoot out from cover to catch insects and other food on the approaching surface before it strikes the foam and is lost.

Dropping No. 10 flies in front of this has always been an easy way to secure all the small perch we wanted, but when we were here ten days since, though the perch were more numerous than ever, and feeding as busily, we could do nothing with them. Instead of feeding above the scum, they were in plain sight in the clear water below in constant commotion, snapping and sucking with a noise that one could hear rods away, apparently feeding on invisible midges on the surface.

Again we tried the 10 flies, but they seemed only to frighten the fish to deep water. The only small flies we had were a half dozen red ibis, usually one of the best for sunfish or perch, though of little use for bass. For this trip we have brought some midge flies tied to No. 16 hooks. Watch how eagerly they take the yellow and the gray, but refuse the black.

Now notice the water closely; it is fairly alive with tiny fry that we have not seen before. Little fellows about 1in. long, almost transparent, with an abdomen like a silver thread, invisible from above. The dip-net, thrust down among them, brings up dozens clinging like threads to the coarse meshes. We are too poorly equipped scientifically to determine the species, but from their general appearance, the great run this year, and their numbers, they are probably herring, coming down out of the spawn beds in the creek. When the sun strikes among the shadows of the bridge, where they hide, the light resolves the nebulous swarm into countless points, and millions only will express the impression, without conveying much idea of the actual conditions. But, feeding as they are, on the fry, it is some satisfaction to have proven these perch will take the artificial bait, by catching a couple of dozen in a few minutes, and it is evident, if one desired, that thousands could be secured, as three can be taken almost as easily as one, and there seems to be no limit to their number. Of course they are small and not attractive when anything better is within reach.

The great black and green dragon fly is very busy on the pool, flying all about the surface, trying to find suitable places to deposit its eggs. It is not easy, as usual, today. The moss beds have grown up pretty solid, and the islands of moss make a safe resting place for the dragon, where she can rest for a moment while she places the egg on a twig of moss just under the surface of the water, but two or three high tides have raised the water in the pool 10 or 12 in., the solid banks are submerged, and only floating fronds and extra long plumes of the feathery moss come to the surface, and when the dragon hovers too closely or too long there is a rush and a snap of a hungry bass, and if Mr. Fly does not go up quickly, he goes down. This is going on all over the moss beds, but those we watch, mostly get away. One, however, not 6ft. from the boat, was fluttering above a single spray of moss, with the ovipositor bent down dipping and hitting the twig with its single white blossom, when out of the depths, straight up, shot a bass at the dragon; he caught it fairly and bit it in two, and the trunk, with its four wings almost large enough to cover a playing card, was left rudderless to flutter on the water. It clung to the oar blade, but we could do nothing for it and it is dropped back. We have hardly gone 3 or 4yds. when there is another splash, announcing its untimely end, and there is no more to mark its having been than we can find of those which lived before the flood.

The wind is blowing a moderately stiff breeze, but under the lee of a grass patch an attempt is made to cast against it.

With rather coarse tackle, a 9oz. rod and a D line, it was not hard to get out fairly well, and the ripple was heavy enough to obviate the necessity of extraordinary casts. A bit of moss catches the dropper, checks the retrieve, makes the back cast low, and though an extra effort does get the line out, both flies fall in a heap. As they touch the water a 1lb. bass rises and seizes both. He is brought close enough to the boat to see he has the dropper in his upper lip and the stretcher in his mouth. Suddenly the hold of the fly broke and he started away with a rush, and the rod flew back; but the stretcher caught on, and again he was checked, but only for a moment or two, for at his first leap from the water he shakes himself free. The wonder is, not that he is lost, but that he ever rose to the flies in a bunch.

We hear the plash of a large fish not far from the boat, and as we turn see a great carp rise in the air, flounder awkwardly forward, half turning, and showing the red on his under side, and fall broadside with a noise out of proportion to his 20lbs. This is a new leap for the carp, which usually jumps almost perpendicularly upward and drops back tail first.

When evening comes our basket is not filled to overflowing, but we are satisfied, and as we trudge homeward in the gloaming, tired and happy, there is not much talk, for the mind is busy in the dark room developing and fixing the many pictures we have secured in the long, perfect June day.

HENRY TALBOTT.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Bastigan Brook.

WERE you ever up in northern Maine?
There winds a road to Calais town;
A friendly guide you need retain—
You'd best inquire for William Brown.
He knows the woods from road to lake,
Where yards the deer or hides the trout—
Can lure the partridge from the brake,
Or pull the lively salmon out.

A jolly fellow's Brown! His guest
Can find no better! Square—no blow—
He's knocked around, has herded West,
Is "honest Injun" top to toe.
Where is his farm? On yonder hill,
The finest in the Carroll range;
Why, every farmer 'bout Lakeville
Can point out Brown's this side the grange.

Dropped in on Brown one day in June,
And kissed his wife—we're cousins, see?
"You're right in time for grub—it's noon;
Fall in around the board," said he.
At this command each seized a chair,
While jokes and stories reigned supreme;
We trained like kids at county fair,
And Brown—he was a two-horse team.

"Suppose we try Bastigan Brook?"
Said Brown. "Can you endure the tramp?"
He asked me, with a quizzing look;
"If legs should fail you, we can camp."
"Agreed!" I laughed. He did not know
That once a rougher road I trod—
A road that led to Jericho—
But then I had no fishing rod.

Well said. Next morn, at rise of sun,
Equipped with lunch and lines and bait,
We steered for where the brook begun,
Drawn by Brown's mare of nimble gait.
We rode as far as Jones' farm,
There left our rig and sallied out,
To seek the brook—that sylvan charm—
That held for us the speckled trout.

We filed along a logging road,
And reached a lumber camp at last—
In winter time the rude abode
Of hardy men whose lives are passed
In toil among those solitudes.
Right welcome is the stranger there,
Where discontentment seldom broods,
While aught they have they gladly share.

But lonesome was the camp that day;
A solitary porcupine
We startled from his rest; away
We turned, through bush and tangled vine,
And hastened on, until the brook,
'Mid forest, winding in and out,
Before us lay, then cast the hook,
And caught the finest speckled trout.

But flies, mosquitoes! Why, the air
Was black—they covered every spot—
Hands, face and neck, wherever bare,
Till Brown observed, "'Tis pretty hot!"
(The cuss-word here I'll not repeat.)
Lo! dangling from uplifted hook,
A mammoth trout dropped at his feet,
Then, swish! into Bastigan Brook.

So, on for miles, we fished and tramped,
Till Brown remarked, "We have enough
For breakfast, sure" and then he camped,
Pulled out the lunch and said: "You're tough."
In spite of flies, we ate and laughed,
Then gathered up our traps and trout;
A drink from Bastigan we quaffed,
And wearily we plodded out.

But home at last! The sun just down;
Then bed—such sleep! till breakfast call.
The feast was spread. "It's done up brown!"
I laughed. "But you can't have it all,"
Said Brown, as 'gain he passed the dish.
We joked, we ate, we praised the cook.
Friend, would you take that tramp for fish?
For trout? Then try Bastigan Brook.

WALTER ALLEN RICE.

New Jersey Surf Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., June 24.—The last week has brought many improvements in surf fishing. While bass are not plentiful, still some are taken nearly every day, at the different favorite points. The sluiceway at the foot of Deal Lake is at present the most productive point. The larger fish are not yet in evidence, 5 to 12lbs. being the run of size. A good northeast blow would undoubtedly improve matters greatly and give us a run of the big fellows.

Kingfish are fairly abundant, but not as plentiful as at a corresponding period last year, but never have I taken larger or finer conditioned fish. Weakfish have run in the surf and are beginning to take the hook, twelve being the number of the best day as yet from our pier. The water is literally alive with bait fish, and that argues much for future sport. Bluefish are holding closer in shore than my last letter expressed, and a few have been taken on the squid.

Barnegat Bay is fairly alive with fish of all kinds—even the blues are very abundant in the inlets. So much for protection in those waters. I inclose a letter from my friend, Mr. L. P. Streeter, which explains what is being done in the surf further down the coast. All the old-timers are now with us, and the sport is being pursued without much relaxation. The indications all along are of the most promising character, both as regards river and bay, as well as the open sea. LEONARD HULIT.

My Dear Mr. Hulit:

The following report is the result of four days' fishing in the surf at Barnegat City. The fish were taken with rod and reel by the following gentlemen: C. A. Atkins and J. F. Hawkins, Asbury Park; G. E. Kirsten, Hoboken; H. K. Boyer, Philadelphia, and L. P. Streeter, East Orange, N. J.

June 13.—C. A. Atkins, two channel bass, 23 and 21lbs.; G. E. Kirsten, two channel bass, 22 and 16lbs.; L. P. Streeter, two channel bass, 23 and 19lbs.

June 14.—C. A. Atkins, three channel bass, 28, 25 and 20lbs.; G. E. Kirsten, two channel bass, 36 and 20lbs.; J. F. Hawkins, one channel bass, 20lbs.; L. P. Streeter, three channel bass, 25, 20 and 20lbs.

June 16.—H. K. Boyer, one striped bass, 9lbs.; L. P. Streeter, one striped bass, 20lbs.; L. P. Streeter, one channel bass, 20lbs.

Recapitulation.—C. A. Atkins, five channel bass, 117lbs.; G. E. Kirsten, four channel bass, 94lbs.; J. F. Hawkins, one channel bass, 20lbs.; H. K. Boyer, one striped bass, 9lbs.; L. P. Streeter, one striped bass, 20lbs.; L. P. Streeter, six chanel bass, 127lbs. For a party of five persons fishing four days, sixteen channel bass weighing 358lbs. and two striped bass weighing 29lbs. is a very creditable score. Kindly have this inserted in the next issue of FOREST AND STREAM. L. P. STREETER.

The Salt-Water League.

Fellow Fishermen:

The Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen was organized to obtain legislation looking to the enactment of beneficial laws for the protection of salt-water fish, the co-operation of fishermen at large in conforming to and enforcing the same, and generally in furthering and aiding all lawful methods looking to prompt action in all violations of law appertaining thereto.

There never was a time when the fishermen grumbled more than just before this League was formed. They would go here and there grumbling, and what good did



THE SIZE OF HIM.

that do for the time being? Ten thousand acting the same way would never accomplish anything. The only thing left to do was to organize, which they did. But are those same grumblers coming into the League? That is the question. I can safely say they are not. And why not? They seem to reason, "What is the use of my joining? There are others enough, and I am only one in a thousand, and I do not need to belong to the League; they will get along without my little say."

Those are the very men we want. Just think of how everything with organized effort is fought and won. We who belong to this League mean to win; and we must have the co-operation of every fisherman. Let every fisherman, no matter how young or old, send his name and address to our office, No. 20 Bond street, and I assure him that it will be a benefit for him to join, and that at the end of the year he will find that he has done a useful thing in joining this League. For they not only help to accomplish the objects of the League, but will find their resources grow.

We know that fish must be caught for market; but we do object to two-thirds of fish caught in nets going to waste, by making manure. We have positive proofs of this, and we know of what we say to be true, and we mean to say that this work (or slaughter of fish), illegal fishing, must cease in the near future. What are you going to do about it? Are you going to stand idly by and see this thing continue, or are you willing to join us to abolish it? It only costs $1 to join—not 10 cents per week. Arrangements are being made whereby fishermen can save 10 per cent. of what they usually spend at fishing stations by showing their membership cards. That in itself means their membership free at the end of the year. Besides, instructions are given to members as to where, when and how to rig tackle and what bait to use to catch fish. Is that not a benefit? But do not forget the objects of the League. Send in your name and address and it will be referred to the branch delegate of your respective district, who will explain all to you and enlighten you on the subject. Do not fail in this matter, worthy fishermen. THEODORE BIEDINGER, Pres.

No 20 BOND STREET, New York.

The following committees of the League were appointed at the regular meeting, June 14. President Biedinger is ex-officio a member of each committee:

Press.—Robert Cook, Sam Howard and Daniel A. Nesbitt.

Grievance.—Albert Baywood, Chas. Lorch, Sam Howard, Edward Schott and John Lefferts.

Excursion.—Wm. Roeber, Col. Jas. F. Milliken, Edward Schott, Chas Lorch and Albert Baywood.

Law.—Robert Cook, Col. Jas. F. Milliken and Joseph Steiner.

By-Law Revision.—Col. Jas. F. Milliken, Eugene Fliedner, Charles Lorch, Dr. Isaac Snyder and Edward Schott.

A Michigan Fisherwoman.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I recently referred to the fact that FOREST AND STREAM doctrines are pervasive, and quoted a few incidents in evidence. I now have to note that other FOREST AND STREAM principles are likewise pervasive. Of course you have long advocated rational recreation for all persons, regardles of age, sex or condition. Of course, the utmost liberty in the matter of outfit, equipment and dress has ever been maintained, and equally the liberty of remark concerning same. A person is at liberty to load himself up with "store toggery" to any extent, and likewise those of us who have been in the woods enough to appreciate a pair of strong wool pants with 8oz. canvas seat and knees, or have learned to boil coffee for dinner without firing a brush pile, or the woods themselves, feel equally free to pass remarks liberally on the above mentioned toggery. Most any of the children of the wilds are qualified to do that intelligently. They know the difference between live and dead fish, and preferring them alive, they bring theirs in that way, whenever practicable, whether it is by toggery of the stores or of their own invention. The real children of the wilds are also full of resources, devices and inventions galore.

But to my proofs. I will prove all three things at once. Recreation pervades, spreads, extends more and more. Also the right to wear any kind of a sporting dress. Also my right to remark the same. It comes about in this wise. Twice, lately, I have seen, fishing, at about in this wise: Twice, lately, I have seen, fishing, at form of light yellow and black, her headdress streaming out in the wind. I did not see her take any fish, but I hope she did, for she is a diligent fisherwoman, apparently, in her way, and according to her lights. May her number increase. The priests are good fishermen often, but I have never known of a fishing nun before.

J. B. DAVIS.

Potomac Notes.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 26.—The last few days have found many of our anglers enjoying fine bass fishing in the Potomac from Washington to Harper's Ferry and beyond. Several carloads of Sir Izaak's followers have passed over the Metropolitan Branch of the B. & O., and good strings of fish have been brought into the city. The number of anglers out was large, owing to the fact that there had been a long wait for favorable conditions. Among those we have chanced to run against are: Charley Laird, who fished at Tuscarora and caught nineteen bass, including two beauties—a 4 and 5-pounder. Simons and Minnix, fishing up Point of Rocks way, caught forty. Crandall, Whiting and Umbraugh captured twenty-eight at Dickerson's. Kent and Strasburger, fourteen at Point of Rocks; and Gunard and Keys, five bass at Sycamore Island.

Henry Talbott reports good fishing for black bass at Occoquan, where he took sixteen on Saturday. The fish were caught on a fly in about a half-hour. One weighing about 2lbs. was struck at the foot of the falls. He proved a lively chap, leaping out of the water and breaking the rod near the middle.

Two or three thunderstorms visited the river on one of the days, and several wet-throughs were experienced. The water will probably be unfavorable for the next few days, but should clear up and be in excellent condition by the end of the week. B.

A Good Plan.

BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Isaac Wharmly, secretary Fall River Fish and Game Club, in a letter just received says that five men were caught taking black bass illegally at South Watuppa Lake on Decoration Day. Two appeared in court and were fined $2 each. The others were defaulted. As it is not lawful to take black bass less than 8in. long, the Fall River sportsmen propose to supply crude rulers 8in. long to boats, with the law inscribed thereon, that he who rows or fishes may read. He also writes that an attempt is being made to stock their lakes with lake trout or with landlocked salmon. H. H. K.

Cobbosseecontee.

PORTLAND, Me., June 19.—I like to finish the spring fishing at Cobbosseecontee Lake. Small-mouth bass are always on tap after June 15. Bob D. says: "When yer hook one, fust thing he'll du er'l be ter try and climb a tree." But Bob said he was "Dry as er cork leg" when he was thirsty. They have shut off fishing in the streams and have a hatchery there now. How are these for one day and one-boat scores: No. 1—3¾, 3¾, 3½, 3½, 2½, 1. No. 2.—4¼, 3½, 4¼, 3½, 4¾. These are genuine brook trout scores. Watch that lake. It's a good one. Go to Monmouth, Me., and drive to Chas. Brown's, three miles.

PINK EDGE.

The Size of Him.

THE muscalonge picture illustrates a big fish; also the fact that the camera never deceives. The fish was taken by Rev. J. Phillip de Bevers Kaye, rector of St. James' Episcopal Church of Ironwood, Mich., in Round Lake, Ontonagon county, Mich. It measured 42in.; weight, 41½lbs. So it was a big one after all; but had it been as gigantic in comparison with its captor as here idicated, Mr. Kaye would have been taken into the lake instead of having taken the fish out.

Staten Island Fishing.

PRINCESS BAY, S. I., N. Y., June 20.—Yesterday I landed fourteen weakfish, the majority weighing about 2lbs. each. The fishing has been good here, and the season bids fare to be a successful one.

ISAAC SMITH.

HUGUENOT, S. I., N. Y., June 19.—Weakfishing has commenced here, catches of five and six to a boat being reported frequently. To-day I got three in a short while, and other parties now coming in report fair luck.

CHAS. F. NEWMAN.

ANNADALE, S. I., N. Y., June 19.—The first weakfish of the season was landed here yesterday. To-day several more were caught. Several parties are expected here to-night, and in a few days the fishing season will be on in full blast.

CHAS. GELLER.

PRINCESS BAY, Staten Island, N. Y., June 24.—Last evening Henry Shultz caught eight as fine weakfish as have been brought ashore this season; the eight fish weighed a trifle over 25lbs. They were caught with shrimp at high tide at a place called "the flats" in Princess Bay Cove, in about 6ft. of water. They were certainly beauties. Everyone told Mr. Shultz he was crazy for going out last night, as we had a strong southeast wind, and the old combers were just doing their best; so we took a large oyster skiff and rode the waves as safely as could be, and never in my life have I hooked a weakfish that put up as good a fight as they did. Shallow water and a heavy sea account for the gaminess, I think.

If any of your inquiring readers want to know where to go weakfishing, you can recommend the south side of Staten Island, at present, any way from Petler's, at New Dorp, to Ward's Point, Tottenville. We have not had as early fishing here in a good many years, and the fish are running very large. Parties this morning have come in with fine catches. * * *

Long Island Fishing.

WRECK LEAD, L. I., June 26.—Fishing during the past week has been good. The usual variety of fish have been caught. Weakfish, which were scarce for a week or two, have returned, and are being taken in large numbers. Ely Rosenkranz, a resident of the Borough of Manhattan, was drowned here on Sunday. He was a well-known fisherman.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., June 26.—The fishing during the past week has been all that could be desired. The average catch for parties who have gone out to the fishing banks has probably been over 100 fish. Some, of course, have caught more, some less. All sorts of fish have been caught, but fluke, bass and weakfish have made up the bulk of the catch. Great preparations are being made for the snipe shooting, which begins next week and lasts until Dec. 31.

QUAHAUG.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fourth competition of the season was held to-day, and the records made were as follows:

	Long Distance Fly, Feet.	Distance and Accuracy, Per Cent.	Accuracy and Delicacy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
J. D. Belasco	...	.....	.....	87 2-5
I. H. Bellows	113	93 2-3	97	94 4-15
C. Chadwick	80	85	.....	79 2-5
H. Greenwood	89	88	93 1-2	87 8-15
H. G. Hascall	103	92 2-3	97 1-6	97 8-15
N. C. Heston	...	90	92 1-3	95 8-15
E. Letterman	...	.....	.....	95 13-15
C. Lippincott	...	92 1-3	96 1-2	87 13-15
H. A. Newkirk	...	87	97	94 11-15
F. N. Peet	104	88 2-3	96 5-6	97 4-15
H. W. Perce	...	92	92	91 1-3
A. C. Smith	97	89	96 2-3	90 4-5

Holders of Medals: Long distance fly, I. H. Bellows; distance and accuracy, I. H. Bellows; accuracy and delicacy, H. G. Hascall; bait casting, H. G. Hascall.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.

Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 6.—Bicknell, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club's trials. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Washington, C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

Dogs on Lake Steamers.

They are Better than Barometers.

MASTERS of steamers and tow barges on the lakes have a fondness for dogs, and on dozens of the boats running between Lake Erie ports and upper lake ports dogs are carried. Sailors generally show an inclination for pets, but the dog is something more than a pet on the lakes. He is a valuable member of the crew. He is considered as trustworthy as a barometer in giving notice of an approaching storm. Most of these dogs are cowards in storms. Occasionally a captain finds a dog that is not afraid of heavy weather and seems to enjoy the rolling or pitching of the obat, but as a rule dogs are as afraid of a gale as a woman passenger, and at the first sign of a storm hunt for a hiding place.

"I had a dog that was as much like a woman as it was possible for an animal to be," said a captain who has carried a dog with him for nearly a quarter of a century. "He could tell a storm that was coming long before I could notice it, and often before the barometer would change. He would come to me whining and crying, and I couldn't keep him away from my heels. He seemed to be asking me to put him ashore or to find a comfortable place for him. I used to feel sorry for him, he'd carry on so. When the storm would strike us he would be out of sight, and we often found him hiding under the bunks and in corners where he could not see anything and could not be easily seen. I believe that if he could have done it he would have jumped into bed and pulled the covers over his head.

"We were always very careful that he didn't get hurt in loading or unloading, for he was worth a good deal of money to us. Many a time, when we had a thick fog, I'd hunt for that dog and keep him near me. He was better than a chart. He could smell land further away than a man could see it in fair weather, and all of us kept a close watch on him during a fog. If he jumped up and down as though something pleased him very much, you could be certain that we were getting close to land.

I remember one time we were coming down Lake Superior from Duluth in a heavy fog. We had had fog all the way up, and Jackson—that was his name—was pretty tired of sailing when we reached Duluth and tried to jump up, but we couldn't spare him, and he stayed with us. We didn't have as many lights in those days as we do now, and it was no easy thing to take a boat from the upper end of Lake Superior to Sault Ste. Marie in a fog that was with you all the time.

"Jackson was so disgusted that he lost all interest in the boat and spent the time sleeping on deck. When we were about abreast Whitefish Point, I was figuring that we were outside far enough to be safe, and was not the least bit nervous. Suddenly, Jackson jumped up and ran to the rail and put his paws up as though he expected to look right over to a dock.

"I saw him and at once gave the engineer the signal to check, and Jackson barked as though he was immensely pleased. I signaled to stop and yelled to the first mate to get out the lead. Just then I saw a lumber schooner loom up in the fog, and I'll tell you we were so close together when she passed that I could almost touch her booms. That dog had smelled that boat, sure as you're born, and if I hadn't checked there would have been a collision and then a suit, and I would have had hard work to explain why I was not sounding a fog signal."—Buffalo Letter in New York Sun.

Dogs as Property.

THE Supreme Court of South Carolina holds that a dog has value and can be stolen, and that the old common law is out of date and the modern dog is entitled to legal protection, and if you steal a dog you can be sent to prison. The case was started in Newberry, where a negro named Langford was charged with stealing a dog, dog-house, etc. The Circuit judge held, according to the common law, that a dog was not the subject of larceny, and quashed the indictment. Now the Supreme Court unanimously holds that the common law does not apply here; that it is wrong not to value a dog simply because he is not edible, and that it is not a whim or caprice to keep a dog. The court defends the dog for devotion and attachment, and contends that it is entirely a punishable crime to steal a dog, and that the stealing of a dog may be punished if the facts warrant and the indictment be properly drawn. The Circuit Court is reversed on the dog demurrer.—Charleston News and Courier, June 18.

Canoeing.

Canoes and Canoe-Yawls.

APROPOS of our remarks in a recent issue, the Field of June 17 discusses the question of canoe and canoe-yawl as follows. Of course we are aware that Crayfish is not a canoe, but the question still remains as to why there were no canoes at a canoe meet.

As a general rule, when reading sporting articles, reports of races, or criticisms of details connected with sport, Englishmen of experience in that branch of sport are apt to take little or no notice of wrong or incorrect use of names, either as applied to type of craft or to model or to fitment; but there are occasions when the sport may be harmed by allowing misstatement or the improper absorption of title to pass out to the world undisputed and not corrected.

In this connection the improper use of the title of "canoe," when used in relation to the canoe-yawls, canoe-yachts and even to raters, has done an immense amount of harm to the genuine sport of canoeing; that is, to single-handed canoe sailing, whether racing or cruising. No doubt large-sized craft are sometimes formed of canoe nature, but more often they are only of canoe form, without any of the real qualities of a canoe, and, indeed, falling far below the canoe in the quality of sailing and of speed under sail, in which a sailing boat ought to excel over a restricted canoe. Taking an instance which may very easily be wrongly accepted by our American cousins as descriptive of the present state of canoe sailing in England, we find the lines of the canoe-yawl Crayfish publishel in the American FOREST AND STREAM under the title "A Modern English Canoe." Of course, we know that the very practical editor of the FOREST AND STREAM and other American canoe experts will not be misled by the title and description given, but will judge by the lines and measurements comparatively with those of the modern sailing canoes so frequently described of late. But the rank and file will probably give no further thought than that Crayfish is a typical English canoe of latest pattern, and that the canoe proper has died.

The description of the drawings of the Crayfish, under the heading of "A Modern English Canoe," appears to be from the pen of her owner and designer, Mr. Clayton, and he gives her ballast as 7cwt., and loaded centerplate 185lbs., or a total of 969lbs. ballast. To this should be added the weight of two men balancing on weather deck, say 10 stone each at least, making a total of 1,249lbs. Her sail area is given at 145 sq. ft.; so she has to carry 8.6lbs. of ballast per square foot of sail, and that on a waterline of 16ft. 4in. and a beam of 4ft. 8in.

Now, the modern canoe, leaving the sliding seat class out of the question, carries a sail area of 140 sq. ft. on a ballasting (taking the heaviest) of 140lbs., plus man of 140lbs.; that is a total of 280lbs.; so she carries 2lbs. ballast per foot of sail, instead of the above named 8.6lbs. per foot, and her waterline is only 13ft. and her beam is 3ft. 6in.

The FOREST AND STREAM refrains from criticising the design, but winds up a very weighty remark thus: "The important point is that such a craft, with 1,000lbs. of ballast and less sail than a 30in. unballasted canoe, should prove herself in a measure the representative boat at a so-called canoe meet. If this is canoeing, what is the sport formerly known by that name?" That is just the question which must strike all who are not aware of some leading details which do not appear in the description of the craft.

In the first place, the race for the Lough Erne cup, which was won by Crayfish, was a handicap race. There were no modern canoes, rigged and sailed in modern form, competing against her. The nearest approach thereto was the Solitaire, she sailing, however, under 75ft. of sail, whereas any of the modern-type canoes would have had 100ft. to 120ft. in such a breeze, if not whole sail.

It has always been a difficult matter to clearly define what is a "canoe." Modern ideas generally associate the word with a small one-man craft, which can be paddled and can be lifted and handled on shore by two men. Probably the following crude definition would go far enough and conserve the title to genuine canoes, if it were generally adopted; but where men persist in calling yachts canoes simply because the stern of the yacht is built sharp and the body shallow, there is a bank of falsity which every canoe man should do his best to dredge away. Therefore, a canoe is a sharp-ended shallow-draft craft, which can be efficiently paddled by her crew, and can be carried over land by two men, or on wheels by her skipper, or be dragged out of water by her skipper sufficiently for camping purposes.

The main feature of canoe nature is ability to be propelable by paddle, and to be easily transportable. Now, a canoe-yawl has neither of these qualities; she can only be propelled, manually, by oars, and very inefficiently at that; and, practically, she cannot be carried except she be entirely gutted, and even then a strong force of men is required. She must remain afloat, or be beached with risk, and a considerable amount of help in addition to her crew will be absolutely necessary for beaching. The essential feature of canoe cruising is independence; that is, possibility of the crew, unaided, doing all that is or may be necessary with the canoe and her gear on a cruise. Of course, it will generally be better to employ assistance in transporting or beaching, but the ability should exist, often one man doing it alone when it becomes necessary and when no assistance is at hand. Such difficulty seldom arises except in cruising along a sea coast, but the absence of ability to drag up clear of water, unaided, may mean the wreck of the canoe, especially when caught in a freshening on-shore breeze and sea.

We do not maintain that canoe-yawls have no place properly in canoeing; on the contrary, they are a very useful type or class of craft for cruising and camping on estuaries and large lakes, provided they are not too heavily constructed and ballasted or excessively rigged. When a craft is given a fixed cabin-top, a fixed metal keel and a deep draft of fixed keel, she can no longer justly claim to be of canoe type; and it plainly is the duty of all canoe clubs to so define or classify canoe-yawls that the small yacht or rater may not invade the class. The Royal Canoe Club rule for canoe-yawls requires that all ballast, metal keel or centerplate shall be detachable from the yawl; and without such a provision in the rules there would certainly be an influx of fin and bulb-keeled craft whenever valuable prizes were put on to be raced for.

The mixed racing between canoes and canoe-yawls is never satisfactory. If the canoe-yawl is well designed, rigged and handled she ought, by her size and power, always to beat the canoe; and even the Y. R. A. time allowance, which is roughly a minute a mile between them, should barely put them on a level. But the up to date experience in the R. C. C. is that the canoes can beat the yawls without time allowance in nearly all winds. Probably this is attributable to the inferiority of design and fitment of the existing yawls. But, none the less, the racing of the two classes should be kept distinct. Arbitrary time allowance, based on size or power, can only be correct in one condition of wind and water, and at all other times one or the other class will have an undue advantage. This would still further be the case in the B. C. A. cup race, when the competitors have to carry a complete camp kit and stores; the yawl would be carrying a mere featherweight for her size, while the canoe would be sailing deep-laden.

Red Dragon C. C.

THE Red Dragon C. C. held its annual regatta on June 24 at the club house, near Wissinoming. A strong wind roughened up the Delaware River and made paddling very difficult. The events were:

Tandem, Double Blades.—M. D. Wilt and L. R. Titus first, E. D. Crittenden and A. S. Fennimore second, H. M. Kraemer and J. E. Murray third. Crittenden and Fennimore claimed a foul.

Single, Double Blades.—M. D. Wilt first, E. W. Crittenden second.

Tandem, Double Blades, Quarter Mile.—W. S. Hewitt and R. B. Hinches, Lakanoo Club, first; M. D. Wilt and Lloyd R. Titus, second; H. M. Rogers and D. W. Cook, third.

Tail-End Race.—A. S. Fennimore first, H. M. Rogers second. Crittenden and Cook failed to finish.

Tournament between H. M. Rogers, combatant, and T. W. Cook, oarsman, and Lloyd R. Titus, combatant, and M. D. Wilt, oarsman. Won by Titus, who knocked Rogers overboard.

Tug of War between Rogers and Wilt, won by Wilt.

Hand Paddling.—H. M. Rogers first, Sterling Hewitt second, M. D. Wilt and E. D. Crittenden third.

Upset race declared off.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

JUNE.

28. Mosquito Fleet, open, South Boston, Boston Harbor.
28. East Gloucester, cup, Gloucester, Mass.

JULY.

1. Wood's Holl, sprit and cat class, Quissett.
1. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
1. Eastern, annual, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. American, annual cruise, Newburyport to Boston.
1. New Rochelle, annual, open, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
1. Columbia-Defender, New York, New York Harbor.
1. New Jersey-Knickerbocker, cup, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
1. Beverly, Cor., Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
1. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1-4. Williamsburgh, an. cruise to Cold Spg. Harbor, L. I. Sound.
1. Winthrop, hand sweeps, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
1. Savin Hill, open, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
1. Corinthian, Phila., knockabouts, Essington, Delaware River.
2. Penataquit Cor., snipe class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
3. Stamford, annual, open.
3-5-6. Seawanhaka Cor., 20ft. trials, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
3. Atlantic, cruise, rendezvous at Larchmont; 5, Larchmont to Black Rock, Black Rock to New London; 7, New London to Shelter Island.
4-5 6. Chicago, trial races, Canada cup, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Larchmont, annual, open, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Boston City, open, South Boston, Boston Harbor.
4. Corinthian, Marblehead, club cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
4. Wollaston, Burgess cup, Wollaston, Mass.
4. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
4. Pavonia, club special, Communipaw, New York Bay.
4. Newport, annual, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
4. Jamaica Bay, club, Jamaica Bay.
4. Quannapowitt, club.
4. Wood's Holl, sprit & cat classes, Wood's Holl, Hadley Harbor.
5. American, annual, open, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
5. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
6. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.

The original of our supplement is a photo of Navahoe in her first season, 1893, taken on the Solent by West & Son, the noted English yacht photographers.

THE new 20-footer designed by Mr. Duggan for the defense of the Seawanhaka cup, and built for Com. James Ross by the Yacht Company at Dorval, was launched and tried on June 24. She is of the same type as Mr. Duggan's previous boats, Glencairn I., Glencairn II., Strathcona and Speculator, with only minor changes of form and dimensions from the latter two.

THE following candid criticism was not intended for publication, but we venture to quote it. The writer is a Clyde yachtsman, who is familiar with steam yachts such as that river produces. We should like to have his opinion of some others of the new "Protected Cruiser" class, such as Columbia II., successor to Columbia I., the new warship-yacht now building at the Crescent Shipyard.

"A most weird thing has turned up here. It looks like an antediluvian whaling ship of Titanic proportions I believe it is the new Niagara, and judging by the amount of gold leaf I should say it is meant for a yacht. If so, a good collision would improve one end of her, and the other would come in very well for a handsome lightship."

Columbia.

THROUGHOUT all of the last week work was hurried on board Columbia, and on Saturday morning the yacht was ready for her trial trip. Mr. Iselin was at Bristol through the week, hurrying matters as much as possible, his headquarters being on the tender St. Michaels. At 9:30 on Saturday morning the yacht was started from the dock and warped out into the channel, but she took the ground after moving a short distance. The efforts of her crew on the warping lines failed to move her, and a tug was summoned, but it also failed. As the tide was falling, guys were run off to keep the yacht upright, and every precaution was taken to prevent injury to her. She lay until the tide rose, at 5 P. M., when she floated clear without damage so far as could be ascertained.

On Sunday morning Columbia got under way about 9 o'clock, and with a light S.W. breeze sailed down to Newport. Here she fell in with Defender, and the two had a brief but decisive and most satisfactory trial. Columbia started on Defender's weather quarter. The two sailed for a short time in a moderate S.W. breeze and smooth water, Columbia rapidly coming up on Defender's weather and passing her. During the morning the deck fitting at the heel of Columbia's bowsprit showed signs of giving way, and the trial was soon brought to an end. In the afternoon she was towed to Bristol, where repairs were made to the bowsprit fitting on Monday, and some other work finished up. On Monday Mr. Iselin made the last payment on the yacht, and took possession, mastheading his well-known red and black signal, and starting in tow for Newport. It was proposed to sail with Defender on Tuesday and to go to New London on Wednesday and then on to New Rochelle. The special race between Columbia and Defender off Sandy Hook has been postponed to July 3.

Shamrock.

ON June 24 the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Mr. Jameson, Lord Suffield, Capt. Halford, Mr. Will Fife, Jr., and Sir Thomas Lipton, visited the Thorneycroft Yard and inspected the new Shamrock. The yacht was launched on June 26, leaving the ways at 3:33 P. M. She was christened by Lady Russell in the presence of Sir Thomas Lipton and a number of guests. The yacht went into the water with a piece of canvas hung over her counter, but the rumored "petticoats" all around her were missing. The tug Excelsior came up to take a line after the yacht was afloat and through carelessness struck her a heavy blow on the port bow, denting the plates, but doing only local damage. After the launch the yacht was towed to the West India Docks, where her steel mast was shipped. She was to leave on Tuesday for Southampton, where she will be fitted out.

Reba, steam yacht, designed by H. C. Wintringham for Nathaniel Witherell, was launched on June 20 by the Greenport Basin & Construction Company, Greenport, L. I. She is of wood, 110ft. over all.

Atlantic Y. C. Annual Regatta.

SEA GATE—NEW YORK HARBOR.

Tuesday, June 20.

THE Atlantic Y. C. sailed its thirty-third annual regatta on June 20, the starters being as follows:

Schooners.

First Class—100ft.

Racing No.		Racing Length.
B 5	Colonia, C. A. Postley	....

80ft. Class.

D 19	Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt	75.27
D 1	Amorita, W. Gould Brokaw	....

Special Class—Cruising Rig.

K	Lady Evelyn, J. F. Ackerman	94.50
K	Ramona, B. M. Whitlock	105.85

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls.

65ft. Class.

J 14	Gloriana, J. M. Laselle	....

52ft. Class.

K 48	Kestrel, J. B. Mills	....
G	Acushla, J. H. Hanan	....
K 1	Uvira, R. E. Doremus	47.85
K 34	Syce, F. M. Hoyt	53.32

43ft. Class.

L 12	Eidolon, J. Weir, Jr	45.11

Special Class—Cruising Rig.

J 10	Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	....
J 9	Daphne, G. W. Copland	....
K 4	Awa, T. L. Arnold	....

Special Class—Yawls.

	Watauga, F. F. Ames	....
	Lounger, John B. Hammond	....

36ft. Class.

M 46	Memory, E. Hope Norton	37.20

30ft. Class.

N 126	Newasi, A. H. W. Johnson	....
9	Narika, F. T. Cornell	....
	Zulu, W. N. Worthley	26.40
	Edla, M. P. Sherman	27.70

25ft. Class.

P 26	Song and Dance, L. J. Boury	....
P 140	Kittie, Hazen Morse	....
13	Apteryx, C. E. Annett	....

Special 30ft. Class.

N 33	Hera, Ralph N. Ellis	30.00
N 30	Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer	30.00

Mainsail Yachts—Cabin.

Classes 1 and 2—Over 21ft.

S 37	Dot, C. T. Pierce	27.40
5	Ann, John Dixon	27.50
7	Ayala, C. P. Rossmon	25.00

Classes 3 and 4—Under 21ft.

T 79	Qui Vive, Geo. A. Freeth	20.50

Mainsail Yachts—Open.

Classes 3 and 4—Under 21ft.

27	Martha M., R. B. Morse	18.20
4	Cleota, N. T. Corry	19.30

The start was made off the new club station, Sea Gate, the schooners sailing around the Scotland and Sandy Hook lightships, while the cutters, the 43ft. and larger classes, turned the Scotland. The day was clear and bright, with a light S.W. wind at the start, which soon freshened and held steady. The race committee, Messrs. David E. Austen, John T. Bliss and Louis F. Jackson, started the race promptly on time, at 10 A. M. With a strong ebb tide and light wind, the yachts were slow in starting, some being handicapped as they were at a distance below the line when the start was given. Shortly after the start Acushla parted her bobstay and withdrew. Hera was badly handicapped at the start, and soon withdrew. The times at the Scotland Lightship were:

Colonia	11 39 00	Gloriana	12 12 28
Quissetta	11 46 40	Eidolon	12 12 33
Amorita	11 48 23	Lady Evelyn	12 19 20
Syce	11 55 30	Ramona	12 21 00
Kestrel	12 11 10	Uvira	12 22 15

The schooners were timed at the Sandy Hook Lightship:

Colonia	11 58 30	Amorita	12 08 40
Quissetta	12 08 00		

The finish was timed:

Carolina	1 13 44	Quissetta	1 46 40
Dot	1 12 35	Gloriana	1 46 44
Dorothy	1 30 18	Kestrel	1 48 50
Qui Vive	1 22 05	Eidolon	1 54 14
Esperanza	1 22 58	Memory	1 57 02
Colonia	1 34 44	Uvira	2 00 28
Syce	1 38 08	Awa	2 08 25
Apteryx	1 36 55	Eclipse	2 09 51
Amorita	1 43 48		

The official times were:

Schooners—First Class—Over 100ft.—Start, 10:05.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	3 26 44	3 26 44

80ft. Class.

Quissetta	3 41 40	Not meas.
Amorita	3 38 48	Not meas.

Schooners—Cruising Rig.

Lady Evelyn	4 39 00	4 32 18
Ramona	4 18 04	4 18 04

Sloops, Cutters and Yawls—Start, 10:10 A. M.

53, 46 and 65ft. Classes.

Gloriana	3 36 44	3 36 44
Kestrel	3 38 50	. . ..
Acushla II	Disabled.	
Uvira	3 50 28	. .. .
Syce	3 21 08	. .. ..

43ft. Class—Start, 10:10 A. M.

Eidolon	3 44 14	3 44 14

Special Class—Cruising Rig.

Eclipse	3 59 51	. .. ..
Daphne	4 12 21	. .. ..
Awa	3 58 25	. .. ..

36ft. Class—Start, 10:15 A. M.

Memory	3 42 02	3 42 02

30ft. Class—Start, 10:15 A. M.

Zulu	4 19 20	4 16 18
Edla	4 15 43	4 15 43

25ft. Class.

Kittie	Did not finish.	
Apteryx	3 21 55	. .. ..

Special 30ft. Class—Start, 10:15 A. M.

Hera	Did not finish.	
Carolina	2 58 44	. .. ..
Esperanza	3 07 58	. .. ..

Mainsail Cabin Yachts Over 25ft.—Start 10:30 A. M.

Dot	2 52 35	2 52 35
Ayala	4 00 13	3 46 54
Dorothy	3 10 18	3 05 59

Cats Not Over 25ft.—Start, 10:20 A. M.

Qui Vive	3 02 05	3 02 05

Cats Not Over 20ft.—Start, 10:20 A. M.

Martha	4 21 42	4 17 43
Cleota	Did not finish.	

The winners were: Colonia (walkover), Amorita, Ramona, Syce, Eidolon (walkover), Memory (walkover), Edla, Apteryx, Carolina and Dot. Lady Evelyn lost her foretopmast and the jaws of her maingaff. The steamer Cygnus carried the members of the club.

New York Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW YORK—NEW YORK BAY.

Thursday, June 22.

THE fifty-third annual regatta of the New York Y. C. was sailed on June 22 in specially good weather—a clear bright day with plenty of wind and smooth water, making an ideal summer excursion for the members on the club steamer Cepheus. The start was made off Buoy 13, just outside the Narrows, at 11 A. M., there being a strong ebb tide and very light N.E. wind. The starters were:

Schooners in Racing Trim.

No.		Racing Length.
5	Colonia, C. A. Postley	95
1.	Amorita, W. Gould Brokaw	75
19.	Quissetta, Henry F. Lippitt	75
46.	Clorita, Philip T. Dodge	65
45.	Uncas, C. P. Buchanan	65

Schooners in Cruising Trim.

1.	Atalanta, Robert C. H. Brock	95
2.	Ariel, Francis L. Leland	85
8.	Iroquois, W. D. Roedker	85
9.	Elsemarie, J. Berre King	75
12.	Ingomar, Morton F. Plant	75
62.	Katrina, Robert E. Tod	75
	Latona, Henry C. Eno, M.D	75
51.	Wayward, Charles Smithers	65

Single-Masted Vessels and Yawls in Racing Trim.

14.	Gloriana, J. M. Lasell	60
34.	Syce, F. M. Hoyt	59
47.	Kestrel, J. B. Mills	59
48.	Acushla II., Addison T. Hanan	59
51.	Albicore (yawl), Seymour, J. Hyde	42
115.	Lydia, E. D. and R. Underhill	36
	Hoodoo (yawl), T. Hammond Smith	..

Single-Masted Vessels and Yawls in Cruising Trim.

11.	Vigilant, Percy Chubb	Over 70
5.	Queen Mab, C. L. F. Robinson	70
10.	Eclipse, L. J. Callanan	60

30-footers Owned by Members of the Club.

Carolina, Pembroke Jones; Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.; Hera, Ralph N. Ellis; Wawa, Reginald Brooks; Asahi, Lloyd Warren.

In addition to the regular cash prizes, the Bennett cups, presented in 1871, were raced for by Colonia, Amorita and Quissetta in the schooner division, and Vigilant, Queen Mab and Gloriana in the cutter division. The courses were for the schooners and larger cutters around the Sandy Hook Lightship; for the smaller cutters around the Scotland Lightship, and for the 30-footers around Old Orchard Shoal Buoy.

With the strong tide and next to no wind, some of the yachts made a very poor start. Those which were lucky enough, like the new Lydia, to get promptly over the line, soon caught a nice easterly breeze, freshening and then hauling to the south, which gave them a long lead over the last to cross. Starting with the wind aft, the yachts soon trimmed sheets for a close reach to the Southwest Spit, where they were timed:

Amorita	1 21 25	Quissetta	1 34 08
Queen Mab	1 22 45	Ariel	1 34 55
Gloriana	1 26 45	Wayward	1 52 00
Colonia	1 28 50		

On the way to the Spit, Acushla II. passed Syce, but when off the point of the Hook the latter was leading, when a stronger puff from the freshening southerly breeze caught Acushla and she repeated the performance of Liris in her first race, just ten years ago and near the same spot, her mast going by the board. The times of the larger yachts at the Sandy Hook Lightship were:

Vigilant	1 13 30	Colonia	1 28 50
Amorita	1 21 25	Quissetta	1 34 08
Queen Mab	1 22 45	Ariel	1 34 55
Gloriana	1 26 45	Wayward	1 52 00

The smaller yachts were timed at the Scotland:

Syce	1 01 00	Lydia	1 03 30

Gloriana, being entered for the Bennett cup, sailed the long course.

They reached in to the Hook with plenty of wind, and carried spinakers home from the Southwest Spit, the finish being timed:

Syce	3 00 00	Gloriana	3 27 50
Vigilant	3 07 40	Eclipse	3 34 30
Amorita	3 15 30	Iroquois	3 44 03
Colonia	3 19 25	Elsemarie	3 55 33
Lydia	3 21 12	Wayward	4 03 14
Queen Mab	3 24 17	Clorita	4 06 02
Ariel	3 25 04	Katrina	4 08 37
Quissetta,	3 25 35	Uncas	4 14 17

The full times were:

Schooners in Racing Trim.

75ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Amorita	3 59 32	3 59 32
Quissetta	4 08 53	4 05 15

65ft. Class.

Clorita	4 54 58	. .. ..
Uncas	4 54 13	. .. ..

Schooners in Cruising Trim.

85ft. Class.

Ariel	4 09 14	4 09 14
Iroquois	4 27 56	4 27 05

75ft. Class.

Elsemarie	4 35 29	4 35 29
Katrina	4 48 32	4 47 08

65ft. Class.

Wayward	4 43 09	4 32 15

Cutters and Yawls in Racing Trim.

51ft. Class.

Acushla II.	Dismasted.

36ft. Class.

Lydia	4 10 02	4 10 02
Hoodoo (yawl)	5 35 30	. .. ..

Cutters and Yawls in Cruising Trim.

90ft. Class.

Vigilant	3 55 22	3 55 22

70ft. Class.

Queen Mab,	4 11 57	3 50 38

60ft. Class.

Eclipse	4 26 41	. .. ..
Gloriana	4 16 09	. .. ..

Bennett Cup—Schooners.

Colonia	4 02 34	4 02 34
Amorita	3 59 32	3 45 23
Quissetta	4 08 53	3 51 06

Bennett Cup—Sloops.

Vigilant	. .. ..	. .. ..
Queen Mab	. .. ..	. .. ..

30-footers Owned by Members of the Club—Start, 11:35.

	Finish.
Carolina	2 13 51
Hera	2 15 23
Esperanza	2 15 23½

The winners were Amorita, Clorita, Ariel, Wayward, Syce,

Lydia and Queen Mab for the regular cups, and Amorita and Queen Mab for the Bennett cups.

The regatta committee, Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell, were on board the flagship Corsair III.

Bristol Y. C. Open Regatta.

BRISTOL, R. I.—MOUNT HOPE BAY.

Saturday, June 17.

THE Bristol Y. C. sailed an open regatta on June 17, the start being postponed from 1:30 to 2:30 P. M., owing to lack of wind; at the latter hour a moderate S.W. wind came in and held through the race. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
First Class—Jib and Mainsail Boats—12 Miles—Start, 2:30.		
Curio, J. W. Borden	2 39 04	2 31 35
Columbia, Wood Bros.	2 36 55	2 32 36
Hope, C. O. Iselin	2 41 30	2 36 54
Runaway Girl, W. G. Lowe, Jr.	2 52 19	2 41 53
Kildee, Miss Florence Dewolf	2 42 07	2 42 07
Opossum, F. Herreshoff	Disqualified.	
Second Class—Cats—8 Miles—Start, 2:36.		
Rival, N. C. Arnold	1 55 38	1 48 41
Marguerite, J. B. Peck	1 51 58	1 50 00
Inez L., W. Whittaker	1 55 04	1 55 04
Patience, C. W. Millman	Did not finish.	
Volante, W. H. Thurber	Did not finish.	
Lena S., John Shepard	Did not finish.	

Rival was entered in the third class, but started and finished in the second.

Third Class—Cats—8 Miles—Start, 2:42.		
Dora, L. Conway	2 03 18	2 00 14
Erminie, L. Dean	2 07 16	2 05 10
Lucy, A. B. Suesman	2 23 28	2 09 54
Belle, M. Rice	2 25 00	2 11 26
Ruth, L. F. Potts	2 17 10	2 17 10
Special 12ft. Class—Open Boats—4 Miles—Start, 2:54.		
A. B. Brownell	1 21 11	.. .. ..
E. Brownell	1 23 29	.. .. ..
Merton, Cheesman	1 28 43	.. .. ..
Mark, Howe	1 34 50	.. .. ..
Special One-Design Class—Start, 2:54.		
Rascal, H. E. Barlow	2 12 15	.. .. ..
The Kid, W. H. Thurber	2 14 49	.. .. ..
Kitten, Dr. A. M. Potter	2 17 02	.. .. ..
E. L. Clark	Withdrew.	

The regatta committee was as follows: Henry W. Hayes, William Hodgkinson, L. Maitland Minsher, William H. Thurber, William G. Lowe, Jr., Edward I. Brownell, William H. Monro; Secretary, L. Maitland Minsher.

Brooklyn Y. C. Annual Regatta.

BATH BEACH—NEW YORK HARBOR.

Monday, June 19.

THE Brooklyn Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on June 19 over the club courses on the Lower Bay, starting off the club station in Gravesend Bay. There was a fresh S.W. wind at noon, when the race started after a wait of an hour, and it held all day, taking the topmast out of Grace E. on the course, and out of Kangaroo just after the finish. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 12 Noon.		
Kangaroo, Com. Humphrey	3 19 40	.. .. ..
Ilikato, C. Converse	3 21 25	.. .. ..
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12 Noon.		
Edla, W. P. Sherman	3 29 18	3 29 18
Zulu, Fraser & Worthley	3 29 45	3 26 28
Cabin Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 12:05.		
Dot, C. T. Pierce	2 40 00	.. .. ..
Qui Vive, George Freeth	2 43 30	2 34 58
Ann, George Dickson	3 06 25	.. .. ..
Open Cats—21ft. Class—Start, 12:05.		
Martha M., R. B. Moore	2 00 30	1 58 28
Cleota, N. F. Carey	1 54 00	1 54 00
Open Cats—19ft. Class—Start, 12:06.		
Narayana, H. H. Morton	2 15 31	.. .. ..
Special Jib and Mainsail Class—Start, 12:10.		
Pearl, George Patterson	3 02 20	Not meas.
Faustina, R. C. Hopkins	3 11 30	Not meas.

THE Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia sailed two races on June 17, the times being:

	Finish.	Elpapsed.
Knockabout Class.		
Grilse, C. H. Brock	4 19 44	1 44 44
*Menlo, G. H. Millett	4 20 32	1 45 32
The Kid, W. B. Henry	4 20 51	1 45 51
*Disqualified for fouling a mark.		
Larks.		
Bob White, R. J. W. Koons, Jr.	4 20 51	1 35 51
Tom Tit, E. C. Dale	4 21 23	1 36 23
Sparrow, S. W. Foulkes	4 25 38	1 40 38
Bobbie, Dr. Glass	4 33 25	1 48 25
Plover, F. J. Petry	4 37 00	1 52 00

Beverly Y. C. 275th Regatta.

WING'S NECH—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, June 24.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed a club race on June 24 in a fresh S.W. wind and lively sea, the times being:

21ft. Class.	
Amanita, J. Crane, Jr.	2 05 20
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 12 50
Kalama, David Rice	2 13 14
Cyrilla, R. W. Emmons	2 17 55
Edith, S. R. Dow	Disabled.
18ft. Class.	
Esther, E. N. Farnsworth	2 04 05
Poltoos, Louis Bacon	2 04 58
Fourth Class Cats.	
Howard, Howard Miller	2 03 57
Hope, J. H. Ellis	2 08 45
15ft. Class.	
Varada, Jr., John Parkinson, Jr.	1 18 12
Flickamorro, N. F. Emmons	1 23 35
Next, Paul Jones	1 24 02
Peacock, Robt. Winsor	1 25 20

Judge, David Rice.

Jamaica Bay Y. C. Dory Class.

ON June 17 the Jamaica Bay Y. C. sailed the first of a series of races for the new dory class, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
W. Gallaher	4 29 55	1 29 55
Dr. C. Flug	4 28 40	1 28 40
B Daly	4 38 10	1 38 10
E. A. Allyn	4 30 05	1 30 05
F Lafond	4 22 48	1 22 48
W Sheffler	4 26 31	1 26 31
C Kimball	4 27 19	1 27 19

Lafond won 5 points, Scheffler 3 and Kimball 1.

Seawanhaka-Cor. Y. C. Annual Race.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 24.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. sailed its twenty-ninth annual race on June 24 over the usual triangular courses, on Long Island Sound, off the mouth of Oyster Bay. There was a good fleet of yachts present, though but two of four boats started in any one class. The day was marred by a very sad accident, the drowning of two men from the catboat Dot.

There was no wind in the morning, and at noon the start was postponed. When the first signal was given at 12:30 there was a promise of a S.E. breeze. Vigilant, in the lead on the first leg, caught the breeze first and set her spinaker. After she rounded the first mark she had a close reach to second in a freshening breeze that shifted to S.W. and headed on the last leg. The first round was timed:

Spindrift	3 12 00	Spunk	3 32 21
Vigilant	3 14 45	Maine, Jr.	3 28 16
Mongoose	3 15 33	Gosbird	3 28 22
Kittie	3 16 17	Ox	3 29 25
Houri	3 16 50	Quissetta	3 46 00
Win or Lose	3 18 32	Amorita	3 47 40
Sirene	3 22 35	Queen Mab	3 49 44
Dandy	2 23 00	Syce	3 54 18
Vera	3 25 11	Kestrel	3 55 54
Kazaza	3 25 13	Liris	4 08 07
Mistral	3 26 10	Clorita	4 10 13
Tosto	3 27 15	Hussar	4 12 20
Midge	3 29 14		

Dot, C. T. Pierce, in the 30ft. cabin class, sailed one round of the long triangle, and was on the last leg when the squall, a very heavy one of the usual summer kind, struck the fleet. She was on a close reach, with boom to starboard, a couple of miles out from Center Island. The squall came from the N.E., and the halyards were started while the yacht luffed up. The big mainsail goosewinged and in some way John Mitchell, a paid hand, went overboard. One of the Corinthians, Mr. Rockwell, went over at the same time, and both were left astern before the yacht was fully under control. The knockabout Midge was near at hand, and went to their aid, but she had parted one shroud and was partly disabled. The steam yachts Vergana and Tide came up and a long search was made for the missing men, but they could not be found. Dot was finally towed in to Riverside by Vergana. Mr. Rockwell, an old friend of Mr. Pierce, resided at Englewood, N. J., with his family, and was only on the yacht for the day.

The finish was timed:

Possum	4 12 31	Houri	4 35 58
Anoatok	4 16 21	Vigilant	4 37 54
Hera	4 17 11	Dandy	4 38 52
Carolina	4 17 32	Sirene	4 40 30
Esperanza	4 20 43	Infanta	4 41 21
Oiseau	4 22 35	Vera	4 43 37
Albicore	4 23 30	Kazaza	4 46 20
Sultan	4 24 19	Tosto	4 47 23
Spindrift	4 26 09	Spunk	4 47 51
Kit	4 29 24	Quissetta	5 40 01
Kittie	4 30 58	Amorita	5 40 38
Momo II.	4 32 10	Queen Mab	5 54 24
Mongoose	4 52 39	Kestrel	5 57 30
Joy	4 35 32	Syce	5 57 35
Win or Lose	4 36 03	Liris	6 51 33
Mistral	4 36 18	Clorita	6 58 23

The official times are:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Schooners—80ft. Class—Start, 12:35.			
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	74.86	5 05 38	5 05 38
Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt	71.10	5 05 01	5 02 44
Schooners—65ft. Class—Start, 12:35.			
Clorita, P. T. Dodge	65.00	6 23 23	6 23 23
Cutters—First Class—Start, 12:40.			
Vigilant, Percy Chubb	94.17	3 57 54	3 57 54
Queen Mab, C. F. L. Robinson	63.38	5 14 24	4 49 44
Cutters—51ft. Class—Start, 12:40.			
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	5 17 35	5 17 34
Kestrel, J. B. Mills	48.21	5 17 30	5 17 30
Liris, E. J. McCahill	48.00	6 11 33	6 06 57
Hussar, F. D. Baird	43.00	Did not finish.	
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 12:45.			
Possum, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.	36.00	3 27 31	3 27 31
Anoatok, O. Sanderson	33.95	3 31 21	3 28 44
Infanta, J. Burgess		3 50 21	3 46 56
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 12:50.			
Ripple	17.91	4 08 50	4 08 50
Yawls—Start, 12:40.			
Albicore, S. J. Hyde	41.00	3 43 30	3 43 30
Sultan	37.93	3 44 19	3 40 46
Audax, H. W. Eaton	30.90	3 50 32	3 37 43
Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 12:45.			
Dot, C. T. Pierce	29.58	Did not finish.	
Kit, T. J. Dunne	29.15	3 44 24	3 44 24
Joy, H. W. De Forrest	26.61	3 50 32	3 45 46
Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 12:45.			
Dandy	26.64	3 53 52	3 53 52
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.50	3 51 03	3 49 02
Elsie	23.52	Did not finish.	
Sirene, F. Doremus		3 55 30	.. .. ..
Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 12:45.			
Spunk, C. E. Silkworth	19.00	3 59 51	3 57 06
Gosbird	19.00	Did not finish.	
Ox, H. N. Bavier	19.14	Did not finish.	
Vera	20.07	3 58 37	3 58 37
Catboats—17ft. Class—Start, 12:50.			
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill	17.02	3 56 20	3 56 20
Old Squaw	14.00	Did not finish.	
Maine, Jr.	17.00	Did not finish.	
Sloops—30ft. Class—Special—Start, 12:45.			
Hera, R. N. Ellis	30.00	3 32 11	.. .. ..
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	30.00	3 35 43	.. .. ..
Carolina, P. Jones	30.00	3 32 32	.. .. ..
Knockabouts—25ft. Class—Start, 12:45.			
Oiseau, H. W. Maxwell	25.00	3 37 35	.. .. ..
Momo II., C. H. Crane	25.00	3 47 10	.. .. ..
Open Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 12:50.			
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr.	21.00	3 45 58	3 45 58
Knockabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 12:45.			
Mongoose, Simeon Ford	21.00	3 47 39	.. .. ..
Kittie, Hazen Morse	21.00	3 45 58	.. .. ..
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie	21.00	3 41 09	.. .. ..
S. C. Y. C. Knockabouts—Start, 12:50.			
Mistral, A. C. Dixon	21.00	3 46 18	.. .. ..
Tosto, L. M. Scott	21.00	3 57 23	.. .. ..
Midge, F. M. Boyer	21.00	Did not finish.	
Nakodo, F. B. Sherman	31.00	Did not finish.	

Though officially as not finishing, Auddax sailed the course with two ladies in her crew and won in her class.

The winners were: Quissetta beat Amorita 2m. 44s.; Clorita, walkover. Quissetta also won the Commodore's cup for schooners.

Vigilant beat Queen Mab 51m. 50s.; also won the Commodore's cup for cutters.

Kestrel beat Syce 5s., Possum beat Anoatok 1m. 13s., Hera beat Carolina 21s., Oiseau beat Momo II. 9m. 35s., Houri walked over, Spindrift beat Kittie 4m. 49s., Mistral beat Tosto 11m. 5s., also won the Leland Corinthian cup; Ripple walked over, Audax beat Sultan 3m. 3s., Kit beat Joy 1m. 22s., Win or Lose beat Dandy 4m. 50s., Spunk beat Vera 1m. 31s., Kazaza won in small cat class; Liris beat Hussar in a private match.

Momo II. is a new boat, this being her first race. She was designed by C. H. Crane for his own use, and built by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Company, at Ogdensburg. She is in the new class of so-called 25ft. knockabouts, but is a powerful keel boat of 25ft. l.w.l., with long, flat overhangs and an almost plumb stem. Her section is of a strong S form. Under a large cabin house she has good head room, and very comfortable accommodation. She is of double-skin construction, with an outer skin of mahogany, on bent frames. Her rig measures 1,000 sq. ft., in mainsail and jib.

On Sunday divine service was held on board the flagship Satanella, Fleet Chaplain Vandewater officiating. On Monday the fleet started on the cruise to New London and return.

Boston Y. C. Handicap Race.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 24.

THE Boston Y. C. sailed a special race on June 24 for prizes offered by Com. B. P. Cheney. These prizes were many in number, two in each class for handicap time, two in each class for elapsed time, and one for each yacht covering the course. No yacht to take more than one prize. As only eleven yachts started, in three classes, there were only eleven prize winners. The wind was light from S.E. through the early part of the race, but the finish was made in a S.W. squall. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
33ft. Class.		
Jeannette, Walter Burgess	2 04 11	2 04 11
Kulinda, F. F. Tripp	2 14 56	2 11 56
Griselda, Roberts & Armstrong	2 19 54	2 14 54
25ft. Class.		
Thordis, T. B. Wales	1 55 09	1 55 09
Helene, W. S. Burgess	2 24 43	2 19 43
Elsa, A. H. Tuttle	2 54 48	2 42 48
21ft. Class.		
Spartan, W. C. Lewis	2 24 07	1 55 09
Sue, H. B. Jackson	2 36 31	2 30 31
Memento, B. D. Amsden	2 49 04	2 46 04
Lillian, A. Rothe	2 57 10	2 47 10
Frances, A. J. Galighan	3 03 28	2 53 28

The judges were Elmer F. Smith, William H. Bangs, Walter L. Dean and Herbert P. Cook.

Pavonia Y. C. Annual Regatta.

COMMUNIPAW—NEW YORK BAY.

Monday, June 19.

THE Pavonia Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on June 19 in a strong south wind, the course being a triangle on the Upper Bay with the Robbins Reef Buoy as the outer mark. The times were:

	Finish.	Corrected.
Sloops and Cutters—40ft. Class.		
Helen, L. M. Kayser	5 50 00	5 06 30
Yawls—40ft. Class.		
Forsythe II., Alex. Roe	5 38 00	4 56 30
T. B. Way, C. Way	Did not finish.	
Cabin Yachts Over 25ft.		
Bessie, John Ward	5 39 00	4 56 00
Cabin Cats—25ft. Class.		
H. H. Holmes, J. Kreymeyer	3 11 00	2 27 00
Willie K., S. Kimmerley	Did not finish.	
Annie J., G. W. James	Did not finish.	
Open Cats—25ft. Class.		
Eureka, William Durham	3 18 00	2 36 30
Marine, J. Kretzmeyer	3 57 30	3 05 30
Open Cats—20ft. Class.		
Emma K., William Poland	3 24 30	2 43 30
Belle, O. F. Coe	3 51 00	3 04 30
Carrie, J. F. Niehoff	3 40 00	2 55 30
Minnie, J. Gilmartin	3 55 00	3 07 00

The winners were Helen, Forsythe II., Bessie, H. H. Holmes, Eureka and Emma K.

Burgess Y. C. Championship Series.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, June 24.

THE Burgess Y. C. sailed its second handicap race on June 24, starting in a good breeze from the south, which fell to a calm, followed by a N.W. squall. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Raceabouts.		
Jilt, W. O. Gay	2 13 39	.. .. ..
Colleen, H. M. Sears	2 16 32	.. .. ..
Pyrate, B. B. Crowninshield	2 17 29	.. .. ..
Peep, W. B. Stearns	Withdrew.	
Persimmon, C. H. W. Foster	Withdrew.	
Fancy, C. F. Lyman	Withdrew.	
Special Class.		
Sally IV., L. F. Percival, Jr.	1 17 50	.. .. ..
Sagola, L. R. Stanley	1 20 00	.. .. ..
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber	1 40 15	.. .. ..
Knockabouts.		
Opitsah, S. M. Foster	1 25 12	1 25 12
Agnes, D. C. Holden, Jr.	1 34 42	1 31 18
Carena, J. P. Clark	1 36 45	1 33 21
Spry, W. L. Cropley	Withdrew.	
Fifi, J. A. Jennings	Withdrew.	

South Boston Y. C. Club Handicap.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 24.

THE South Boston Y. C. sailed the first handicap race of the season on June 24, starting in a light south wind which shifted to S.W. and strengthened to a fresh breeze. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sayward, Theodore Nicholson	1 38 30	1 48 30
Geisha, Dr. Ryder	1 33 43	1 51 43
Olga, William French	1 47 36	1 53 36
Emma C., Peter Coupal	1 28 03	1 55 03
Gypsy, E. Rich	1 33 25	1 55 25
Julia, F. T. Munro	1 41 30	1 56 30
Little Peter, E. Moebs	1 27 18	1 57 18
Valka, William Cashman	1 39 39	1 57 39
Maison, J. D. Blaisdell	1 49 20	1 59 20
Edelweiss, James T. Ball	2 01 02	2 01 02
Alice, Fred H. Cheetham	1 42 05	2 00 05
Empire, Frank H. Cobb	1 42 24	2 05 24
Fantasy, William Allerton	Withdrew.	
Ruth, John Donahoe	Withdrew.	

Valiant, steam yacht, W. K. Vanderbilt, arrived at New York on June 21, from Southampton. Mr. Vanderbilt was on board, accompanied by Messrs. W. S. Hoyt, F. C. Lawrence and Paul de Courcy.

The Canada Cup.

FROM the time that the challenge of the Chicago Y. C. for the Canada cup was first broached, the name of A. G. Cuthbert, the designer and builder, formerly of Toronto, but now of Chicago, has appeared continually in the Chicago and Lake papers in connection with the race. The extracts which we have reprinted at times are but samples of the sort of stuff that has been regularly sent out by some one lauding Mr. Cuthbert's skill, both as a designer and diplomatist, and proclaiming the success of his new effort both in the Chicago trials and the final races at Toronto. It was on his advice, as an expert in local conditions about Toronto, that the Chicago Y. C. chose the poorer of the two courses proposed by the Royal Canadian Y. C.

During the winter Mr. Cuthbert has been busy over the yacht which was to bring back to Chicago the Canada cup. An island was secured on which a tight shed was built, and he has almost surpassed both Herreshoff and Fife in the attempt at secrecy. The new yacht Veva was launched on May 30, and she has since been tried. The following, from the Chicago Inter-Ocean, is but one of many reports of the same tenor:

It is now reported on good authority that the racing yacht Veva, owned by the Peare-Lytton syndicate, is a rank failure so far as racing purposes are concerned, and her lines will have to be changed entirely before she becomes a good cruiser. This boat was built at South Chicago at a cost of $4,000, and great things were expected of her. Her designer and builder, A. C. Cuthbert, said she was the best boat he ever built previous to her launching, Decoration Day, and a large fleet from the Chicago Y. C. went out to the mouth of the Calumet River to see her slide into the water.

She was launched all right, and shortly afterward, when she had her masts and sails in place, was brought down town and anchored inside the breakwater. It was soon noticed by the practical sailors around the lake front that something was the matter with Veva; she leaned over on one side. It was also found by measurement that if she would sink 1in. it would increase her waterline 12ft. Other defects were found in her, and the experts who examined her simply said she was "no good."

Mr. Peare, the part owner of her, according to one of his close friends, admits that she is a failure, and the friends go so far as to say that Mr. Peare would not care if she were at the bottom of the lake instead of resting securely inside the breakwater. Mr. Peare had set his mind on winning the challenge cup and bringing it back with him to Chicago, but now has practically given up hope. Veva may be put in dry dock and rebuilt to some extent, but the time remaining before the trial races, which begin July 4, is so short that it is almost certain she will not compete.

There was some talk yesterday that the Peare-Lytton syndicate would make an effort to rent or buy the new boat built by the Davis boys and owned by them, Com. Burroughs of the Columbia Y. C., and one or two others. If this boat, called the Nymph, is secured, more lead will be put on her keel and silk sails will be used. She is said to be very fast and was only launched a couple of weeks ago.

From what we have heard of the yacht's model, there is no reason why she should be other than a complete and irremediable failure. She is a keel boat, but designed on the same mistaken idea of evading measurement as the two unsuccessful 15-footers of 1897. Like them, there is a maximum of topsides, on which the boat is expected to sail; and a minimum of displacement to carry the great weight. It was proposed that she should show a very short waterline and small girth when measured, but that she should change into a large and powerful boat with a big sail plan when she got under way. The only surprising part about the whole affair is not that the yacht is a failure, but that men can be found who will risk good money in such palpably absurd schemes.

Atlantic Y. C. Cruise.

As a fitting sequel to its annual cruise, the Atlantic Y. C. this year proposes to add an outside race from Montauk Point to Sandy Hook and Sea Gate for the return of the fleet.

Com. F. T. Adams offers as a first prize for schooners a $250 cup, and as a first prize for cutters one valued at $150.

Fleet Capt. T. L. Watson offers a second prize for schooners of $125 and a second prize for cutters of $100.

Bartow S. Weeks, chairman of the House Committee, offers a third prize for schooners of $100 and a third prize for cutters of $75.

Winthrop Y. C. Club Race.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 24.

THE Winthrop Y. C. sailed a club race on June 24, the wind being moderate from the east, but shifting to south and freshening. The times were:

25ft. Class—Start, 3:27.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hermes, G. W. Chesterton	4 40 16	1 13 16
Alert, J. McConnell, Jr.	4 46 05	1 19 05
Alma, C. A. Heney	4 48 40	1 21 40

15ft. Class—Start, 3:27.

Flash, W. H. Mirick	4 50 50	1 13 50
Bubble, C. H. Kelley	Withdrew.	

The judges were C. S. Burr and Samuel M. T. Connell.

American Y. C. Pennant Series.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Saturday, June 17.

THE American Y. C. sailed its first race in the pennant series on June 17, the times being, course eight miles:

		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie, T. Huse	scratch	1 31 22	1 31 00
Toddie, J. C. Todd	0 03 00	1 37 35	1 35 00
Dewey, R. Jacoby	0 04 00	1 39 25	1 35 00
Quickernawink, Little & Stone	0 06 00	1 47 20	1 41 00
Indian, A. M. Moody	0 06 00	1 50 25	1 44 00
Crackajack, Rodigrass Bros.	0 06 00	1 53 50	1 48 00
Night Owl, E. A. Amend	0 07 00	Did not finish.	
Voodoo, M. Currier	0 07 00	1 57 15	1 50 00
Friskey, H. Moody	0 07 00	2 06 20	1 50 00
Rag Time, E. T. Noyes	0 07 00	1 57 44	1 51 00
Lobster, P. A. Creeden	0 10 00	2 27 35	2 18 00
Celeno, H. S. Noyes	0 07 00	1 58 05	1 51 00

The judges were: B. G. Davis, chairman; P. J. Lowell, C. S. Spaulding.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The new 51-footer, Acushla II., was recently towed to Boston by the steam yacht Sagamore. Her keel was removed and replaced at Hanley's, where she was built, and she was towed back to New York.

The new steel steam yacht Willada, designed by H. C. Wintringham for Col. Wm. Hester, was launched on June 22 at Pusey & Jones' yard, Wilmington, Del. She is 128ft. over all, 90ft. l.w.l., 16ft. 6in. beam, and 9ft. 9in. depth of hold. She has a triple compound engine, 9, 14¼ and 23½ by 14, and an Almy boiler.

Aloha, the steel auxiliary brigantine designed by Tams & Lemoine for D. Willis James and Arthur Curtis James, was launched on June 21 at the Erie Basin Dry Dock, being christened by Mrs. Arthur Curtis James. The yacht is of steel, 160ft. over all, 130ft. l.w.l., 29ft. 6in. beam and 14ft. draft.

Conqueror, steam yacht, F. W. Vanderbilt, arrived at St. Michaels, Azores, on June 20, from New York.

Nahma, steam yacht, Estate of Robert Goelet, arrived at Greenoch, from New York, on June 19, to lay up.

Aphrodite, steam yacht, Col. D. H. Payne, took the ground near the Erie Basin about 10 A. M. on June 22 as she was starting to accompany the New York Y. C. fleet in the club regatta. She grounded on soft mud, which held her firmly, but released her at 2:30 P. M. without damage.

The Williamsburg and the Flushing Bay Yacht Clubs have united in one organization. The latter club was formed about a year ago as the result of dissentions in the former, to the detriment of both. The union makes one strong club in place of two comparatively weak rivals.

"Forest and Stream" Sells Boats.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 22.—Forest and Stream Publishing Co.: I have received most satisfactory results from my advertisement in your paper, and you will kindly continue same. The number of inquiries I received from that small adv. really surprised me, and I consider it an excellent investment. Yours very truly,

FRED MEDART.
(E. J. M.)

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

June 27-28.—Eau Claire, Wis.—Eau Claire Gun Club's third annual tournament. D. K. Scammon, Manager.

June 27-28.—Moberly, Mo.—Moberly Gun Club's tournament. A. S. Head, Sec'y.

June 27-29.—Altoona, Pa.—Target tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, Wopsononock Heights. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

June 28-30.—Richmond, Ind.—Richmond Gun Club's tournament.

July 1.—Sherbrooke, P. Q.—Annual tournament; targets; Dominion Day; open to all amateurs. Chas. H. Foss, Sec'y.

July 1.—Sedam Park, Denver, Colo.—Messrs. A. B. Daniels-J. A. R. Elliott contest for Du Pont trophy.

July 1-2.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Grand tournament of Milwaukee Gun Club, in Carnival Week. S. M. Du Val, Sec'y.

July 4.—Pawling, N. Y.—All-day tournament of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets.

July 4.—Warren, O.—Tournament of the Warren Gun Club. Geo. H. Jones, Sec'y.

July 4.—Chicago, Ill.—Fifth annual basket picnic of the Garfield Gun Club; live birds and targets. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

July 7.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Match at 100 live birds, $100, between Messrs. A. Doty and H. M. Heflich.

July 7-9.—Denver, Colo.—Second annual tournament of the Overland Gun Club at Sedam's Shooting Park.

July 8.—South Amboy, N. J.—Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League contest.

July 8.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—New Jersey State championship contest between Messrs. T. W. Morfey, holder of E. C. cup, and Harold Money, challenger.

July 9-10.—Oshkosh, Wis.—Tournament of the Winnebago Gun Club. Trophy for State target championship. Oscar Crary, Jr., Sec'y.

July 13-14.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club, E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

July 14-15.—St. Paul, Minn.—Tournament of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club. A. E. Perry, Sec'y-Treas.

July 18-20.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State tournament.

July 19-20.—Providence, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

July 21.—Kent, O.—Heikes-Elliott contest for Cast-Iron medal.

July 22.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Grand midsummer target tournament and five-men team match, on grounds of Keystone Shooting League. J. K. Starr, Manager, Philadelphia.

July 25.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Third annual tournament and clambake of the Hell Gate Gun Club. E. Doeinck, Sec'y.

July 26.—Albany, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Forester Gun Club. Bluerocks and magautrap; open to all. H. R. Sweny, Sec'y.

July 26-29.—Ocean City, Md.—Third annual midsummer tournament; two days at live birds; two at targets; $300 added. J. R. Malone, Manager.

Aug. 9-10.—Portland, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, Sec'y.

Aug. 11.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club; added money. C. F. Lambert, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

Sept. 13-14.—Cherokee, Ia.—Cherokee Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. D. Anderson, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds.

First and third Fridays of each month.—Watson's Park, Burnsine, Ill.—Semi-monthly contest for Montgomery Ward & Co.'s diamond badges.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap contest.

1900.

June —.—Tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, first week in June. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

In the contest for the championship of New Jersey, between Messrs. T. W. Morfey, holder of the cup, and W. H. Huck, of Boiling Springs, challenger, the former won by a score of 44 to 43. Mr. Huck was suffering much from an attack of inflammatory rheumatism at the time and therefore was not at his best, though he shot a game and good race. The holder was in due form immediately challenged after the race by Mr. Harold Money, and the date and place for the next contest are July 8, Lyndhurst.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme for the grand mid-summer target tournament and team match for the five-men team championship of eastern Pennsylvania, eastern Delaware and western New Jersey is now ready for distribution. This tournament will be held on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, at Holmesburg Junction, July 22. Conditions of team match, 30 targets per man; no entrance fee; handsome silver trophy to the winning team. The championship trophy shall not become the personal property of any club until it has been won twice by the same club, the club winning the trophy to hold a tournament, under the same conditions, within one year. These tournaments to be held once each year until some club wins the trophy twice. Should any club, after winning the trophy once, fail to hold the necessary tournament, the trophy will be returned to the Keystone Shooting League, where a tournament will be held. The club failing to hold the tournament will be barred from future competition. For those who wish to shoot for cash there will be an optional team sweep, entrance per team $2.50. One money for every three entries, class shooting. Individual optional sweep, on each 15 targets, entrance 50 cents. All clubs desiring to enter teams must make their entry not later than July 17. Address J. K. Starr, P. O. box 295, Philadelphia, Pa. The sweepstake programme, open to all, has 12 events, 15 and 20 targets, $1 and $1.50 entrance.

John Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, has acquired a deep seam between his eyes from protracted thinking over what would be pleasing to his family of shooters in the way of prizes for good performance with the gun, but lately he seems to have stopped thinking, and has thrown everything wide open in a way, for he has added another special event to his series of shoots, which will take place on the fourth Saturday of each month, and is to be known as the Grand American Handicap event, the prize of which is an entry to the Grand American Handicap of 1900. The same conditions which govern the competition of the Francotte gun will govern this event, excepting that there will be a series of ten shoots instead of twelve. Otherwise the manner of determining points, handicaps, etc., are the same. He also will add a valuable second prize to each of these events, and eight or ten more minor, yet good, prizes.

Mr. C. C. Beveridge, whose modest demeanor and smoothly shaven face, meek and pious in expression, have earned for him the soubriquet of the Dominie, was a welcome visitor in New York on Friday of last week, after an absence of many months, most of which were spent in Nebraska. He reports a lot of new interest awakened in shooting matters in Nebraska, through the influence of the recent tournaments, but there was much to envy in the advantages which he described in favor of that section, in that live pigeons could be obtained in abundance at $1 per dozen, or 8½ cents a piece. If a shooter desires to try his skill on 1,000,000 pigeons, he can save about $80,000 by going thither. The Dominie contemplates settling at Ocean City, N. J., for the summer, where he can fish and rest after his long season of work.

In the contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship, between Mr. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., holder, and Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, at Batavia, N. Y., June 24, the former won by score of 128 to 124. The conditions were 50 unknown, 50 expert and 25 pairs. Mr. Crosby captured the cup in open competition at the St. Louis shoot, which began on May 15, where it was offered after being contested for in many matches. As compared with some previous contests for it, the scores are not large. Still, weather conditions, grounds, etc., are so variable, as compared with different times and places, that no just comparison in this respect is possible.

The Pawling Rod and Gun Club, Pawling, N. Y., are making special effort to make their shoot, July 4, an enjoyable entertainment for all who attend. The grounds are pleasantly situated on a hill overlooking the charming town of Pawling, and the members, most companionable gentlemen, do all in their power to make a visit enjoyable to sportsmen. There is a probability that several New York shooters will attend, and those who have not yet given the matter thought would be wise to begin now. There is an early train which arrives in Pawling before the shoot begins, but much the better way is to journey thitherward the night before, stop at the Dutcher House, and begin the shoot on a full stomach and a good rest.

Mr. H. M. Heflich and A. Doty have arranged a match at 100 live birds, $100 a side, and loser to pay for birds, to be shot on the grounds of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association, on July 7. A fine lot of summer birds are on hand for the occasion, and shooting of a good order will be necessary if fair scores are made.

On July 13 the Calhoun Park Gun Club holds its outing and one-day tournament at targets, thrown Sergeant system. Money divided according to the Rose system, ratios 8, 6, 5 and 2. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. There are ten events on the programme. W. J. MacCrickart, assistant manager, Pittsburg.

The Catchpole Gun Club, Wolcott, N. Y., will hold a tournament on July 13 and 14, concerning which programmes will be issued later. Mr. E. A. Wadsworth is secretary, and Uncle Ben Catchpole, whose years have not in the least diminished his sports man's spirit, is president.

Mr. John Parker, of Detroit, won the expert medal in the tournament of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League last week, by a score of 24 out of 25 targets. Mr. A. Shearer, of Bay City, won the semi-expert medal, and Mr. Merrill, of the same city, won the amateur medal.

The West Virginia squad has made quite a record, as persistent good shooters, contesting at Buffalo, Cleveland and Wheeling. At the latter place Dade captured the Parker hammerless in the merchandise event with the good score of 24 out of 25.

As will be noted on reference to Mr. E. S. Rice's communication, published in our trap columns this week, Messrs. A. B. Daniels, of Denver, and Mr. J. A. R. Elliott will contest for the Du Pont trophy at Sedam Park, Denver, Colo, on July 1.

Under date of June 23, Mr. Paul Litzke informs us that Mr. John J. Sumpter, Sr., father of the famous trap-shooter, died at Hot Springs, Ark., on June 22. He was a power in the political and business world in his section of Arkansas.

As will be noted elsewhere in our trap columns, Mr. Elliott has challenged Mr. Crosby for another contest for the E. C. cup and the championship significance which attaches to it. The date will probably be fixed upon soon.

Mr. J. C. Porterfield, secretary-treasurer of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, informs us that the league tournament of 1900 will be held the first week in June of that year.

The next shoot of the Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League will be held July 8, on the grounds of the Columbia Gun Club, South Amboy, N. J.

At the recent meeting of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League it was determined that the next shoot of the League will be held in July.

The Hell Gate Gun Club, of New York, will hold its third annual clambake and target tournament at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, on July 25.

Mr. Geo. H. Jones, secretary of the Warren Gun Club, Warren, O., informs us that his club will hold a tournament on July 4.

BERNARD WATERS.

Inanimate Target Championship.

NEW YORK, June 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have to-day received the two following communications relating to challenges for the E. C. cup and the championship of the world at inanimate targets:

"Batavia, N. Y., June 23.—American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Company.—Gentlemen: I hereby challenge Mr. W. R. Crosby for the E. C. cup and inclose herewith forfeit of $25 to bind the same according to the rules governing challenges for the cup.—J. A. R. Elliott."

The second communication was a telegram from Mr. Fred Gilbert to the following effect:

"Chicago, Ill., June 24.—I hereby challenge Crosby to contest for possession E. C. cup under rules. Forfeit mailed."

As Mr. Elliott's challenge was mailed at Batavia, N. Y., June 23, 6 P. M., as shown by the postmark, it unquestionably takes precedence of Mr. Gilbert's telegraphic challenge of the 24th inst. Mr. Crosby has, therefore, been notified of Mr. Elliott's challenge and requested to set date, time and place for the match. Yours truly,

EDWARD BANKS, Secretary
Am. "E. C." & "Schultze" Gunpowder Co.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 22.—Dr. J. W. Meek, secretary of the Garfield Gun Club, has sent out to the membership of that goodly body the following announcement for the Fourth of July festivities:

"Chicago, June 20.—The fifth annual basket picnic of the club will be held on the club grounds, Tuesday, July 4. Shooting will begin on live pigeons promptly at 9 o'clock and will continue until about 2 o'clock. An elegant silver club cup will be shot for on live birds—10 birds each man, under a handicap in distance from 25yds. to 33yds. Those desiring to enter this contest must be on hand early. No live-bird shooting after dinner. The afternoon will be devoted to target shooting. Prizes will also be given the winners in a target race, all members being handicapped for this event on the percentage plan. An elegant and abundant dinner will be provided by the wives and lady friends of the club members, and the club will provide an abundance of ice cream, lemonade, etc.

"All who have had the pleasure of participating in these events have voted them a grand success.

"Come out; bring your entire family and enjoy a delightful day in the open air, away from smoke, dust, roar and rattle incident to the Fourth in the city.

"If the weather is favorable we will assure you a thoroughly enjoyable day."

June 24.—The trophy shoot of the Garfield Gun Club was held here to-day. Richards won Class A medal, Hellman Class B, and Fanning Class C. Sweeps followed. Scores:

Richards	11111111111111111110111 -24
Hicks	11111101101111111111111—23
Graham	11101111111111101111111111—23
Gilbert	01011111111111111011111—22
Hellman	11111011111010001111111111—21
Boa	11011101111101101111111—21
Dr Shaw	01110111011010111111111—20
North	10101110101011111110111—19
Dr Meek	01011101111111011110101111—19
Fanning	01110110111100001111101111—17
Northcott	10101001101111011011111011—17
Stiger	11111101110100010011011110—16
Dr Graves	11001111010101100101011111—16
Smith	11111000001011001101111110—16
Brabrook	11011010101001111100111101—16
Eaton	00000001011100111111111111—15
Mrs Shaw	11101100011001111110011100—15
Young	00011100111101011001111110—15
Workman	01111100110110110100111100—15
Dr Royce	10000101100011011101100111—13
J Wolf	00100011101010011100110101O—12
C Wolf	11000111001100001001101110—12
Kehl	10100101001100100000101001—10
Rhodus	10000001010011100101001000— 9
Pollard	00010000100001010110101000— 8

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	25
Northcott	11	7	9	7	..	..
Workman	..	8	7	9	9	..
Pollard	6	5	3	..	..	..
Kehl	8	3	4	4	..	..
Dr Meek	11	7	12	6	..	..
Richards	10	7	11	8	15	..
Fanning	13	8	10	6	8	..
C Wolf	6	4	5	..	..	..
Young	7	7	10	9	10	..
Dr Shaw	13	9	12	9	..	..
Mrs Shaw	9	4	..	8	..	..
J Wolf	10	4	8	..	..	..
De Clircq	4	2	..	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	25
Graham	..	8	14	..	..	..
Brabrook	..	5	12	8	..	..
Rhodus	..	5	..	..	..	..
Eaton	..	3	6	5	4	..
Smith	..	1	6	3	..	..
Dr Royce	..	6	6	9	5	..
Boa	..	10	12	8	13	22
Hicks	..	9	11	8	13	22
Gilbert	..	9	15	9	14	25
Newcomb	..	3	..	..	..	..
Hellman	..	..	11	9	12	21
Stiger	..	..	13	5	..	..
Younger	..	..	..	..	12	..

June 19.—Practice:

G Hoxie	22120202000220021212201010111020111021121102122102000212111112221221101222 22010 —59

June 21.—Crow won the shoot of the Audubon Gun Club in the shoot-off with Wilcox. Several visitors were present. Scores:

June 21:

Crow 29, 2	11211212021221122202—18—2—20
Wilcox, 28, 2	22121010221121222211—18—2—20
Amberg, 30, 1	0212*211222012101111—16—1—17
Odell, 29 1	2111*12221*2200w
*Parkhurst	00122202121201101111 —15
*Magill	022212121010212w
*Sturtevant	0112*22011w

* Visitors.

Ties:

Crow	22022—4	Wilcox	20011—3

Match:

Wilcox	121222100121222—13	Amberg	101010111012010— 9

Practice:

Odell	012110101111001 —10
Magill	0121220210 — 7
Sturtevant	2221202110000 — 8
G Hoxie	22022222102000012021102011200211121120220 2—29

RAVELRIGG.

Ogden Shoot.

Mr. William McKinley, secretary of the Ogden Gun Club, is good enough to make the following report of the tournament at that place June 20. The crowd seems not to have been very large, but it is not always the size of the shoot which is the criterion of its success as a sportsmanlike event. Mr. McKinley writes:

"The day was all that could be asked, and the home club had everything in fine shape for the usual large crowd of shooters that has heretofore attended these tournments; but this time they were to be disappointed. None of the local tournaments have been well attended this season, owing, seemingly, to the foolish (?) idea of the amateurs that a few "crackerjacks" will "round up" everything. Can someone suggest a programme for a good time, lots of sport, and nobody a heavy loser? In every way but financially our tournament was a success. Below is our little score:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14			
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	25	Broke.	Av.	
Cad	10	8	14	9	10	15	9	9	14	9	9	15	10	25	166	94	2-7
Lyons	8	7	14	9	10	14	9	7	15	10	10	13	10	23	159	90	6-7
Gore	8	10	13	10	10	14	9	9	11	6	7	11	8	22	139	80	
Robertson	8	7	9	..	..	..	6	..	7	5	5	..	..	..	47	60	
Boa	10	9	15	9	9	15	10	9	15	8	8	15	10	24	157	89	5-9
Walton	8	9	13	8	10	14	6	5	12	8	8	8	..	..	107	77	1-7
Athos	8	9	13	10	8	13	8	10	12	9	8	12	9	25	154	88	
Helton	7	8	..	7	6	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	42	70	
McKinley	..	8	..	9	9	..	8	8	..	..	10	..	8	..	60	85	5-9
Hiller	..	..	..	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	2	..	22	73	1-3
Kirby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	15	75	
Reed	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	10	10	10	9	19		82	86	1-3
McElwee	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	5	..	..	..	..		12	60	
Guy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	7	..		15	75	

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Eureka Gun Club.

June 24.—An overcast sky and a strong wind from the left-quarter made shooting hard to-day. The targets were very erratic in their flight, and were as a rule overshot. Mrs. C. W. Carson and V. L. Cunnyngham shot a 25-target match. While Cunnyngham did good work, he was unable to defeat Mrs. Carson, who shot in remarkably good form throughout the day. Scores:

Cunnyngham	11111111011110111111111111—23
O J Buck	11111110111111010111100111—20
Mrs Carson	11101111010111110111111011—20
Weart	11011111011101101001111101—19
Dr Carson	11101111101100111001111111—19
Mack	10111111000111000101111110—16
Sundermeier	11100101001100101101111100—15
Jones	10000111101100100101111101—14
Knap	01101011011011000101010 10—13
M L Buck	00000100000010000000001010— 4

Sweeps:

Events:	1	2	*3
Targets:	25	25	20
Mrs Carson	16	21	16
O J Buck	18	23	..
Cunnyngham	18	18	20
Sundermeier	21	17	14
Knap	19	..	..

Events:	1	2	*3
Targets:	25	25	20
Jones	14	9	10
Mack	18	14	..
Weart	17	..	..
Morton	..	17	19

* 10 pairs.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 24.—Close work was the feature of to-day's shooting, no less than five men tieing in each of the prize events. G. B. Paterson won the gun case after the second shoot-off. No. 4 was a 25-target handicap event, the prize being a year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM. The second ties were not shot off, but will be decided at a later date. The scores:

Prize shoot for gun case:

G B Paterson, 9	10111111111111111011111111111011- 30
J B Hopkins, 4	11111111111111111111111111111001—30
W Hopkins, 3	11111111111011111110011111111 --30
Dr Bryant, 6	11111011011011111111011111110111—30
Dr Creamer, 8	01011101111111100011111111101101--30
Dr Kemble, 5	10110011101111101111111001011—27
J S Wright, 9	01000111110101100101101110110—27
F A Thompson, 5	11101011111111100101111000110 1—26
Dr Webber, 5	11110110010111010110111001111—26
Dr Smith, 9	10001001000011101011101011010 1—24

First ties:

Paterson, 9	11110110101110010111111111101—30
W Hopkins, 3	11111111101111111111111100111—30
Creamer, 8	00001100110011111101111111011110 27
Bryant, 6	11110111101011111110100101001O—26
J B Hopkins, 4	10101101111111100100011111111—26

Second ties:

Paterson, 9	11111101111111100111011011111—30
W Hopkins, 3	00111101111101110111111011101—26

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	10	25	*25
F A Thompson	5	9	6	23	..
W Hopkins	10	14	9	25	25
Dr Webber	9	10	9	23	..
J B Hopkins	5	9	10	25	25
W H Thompson	8	11	..	25	25
Dr Bryant	9	10	3	25	25
Lane	6	..	5	22	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	10	25	*25
Paterson	7	..	..	23	..
Milliken	..	7	6	18	..
Wright	..	10	6	24	..
Dr Creamer	..	..	9	25	25
Dr Kemble	..	..	5	23	..
Dr Smith	..	..	..	20	..

* Shoot-off of No. 4. Second ties not shot off.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, Me., June 24.—Following are the scores made by the members of the Auburn Gun Club to-day. The day was very warm, and the attendance much larger than was expected, thirty men facing the traps. The scores, although fair, were not nearly as good as those of the preceding Saturday. In the 25-target handicap match for the gold badge four were tied for it—Moody, White, Berry and Conner—Conner winning it on the shoot-off.

One event was the second shoot for the $100 Parker gun, which is to be given by the "Maine Sportsman" to the best trap shot in the State, the conditions being, a 25-target race, the contestants to be at two-thirds of the shoots, the final match to be shot off at the State tournament, to be held on the grounds of the Auburn Gun Club, Aug. 30 and 31.

Mr. E. C. Ferriday, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., was a visitor at the club, and shot through several of the events.

A magautrap has been ordered, and is daily expected by the club. The members are going to Portland the first of next month to shoot for the Lovell challenge badge. A good time is expected, for the Portland boys are a jolly crowd.

The Auburn Gun Club has only been organized two years and has already a membership of forty-eight, which is rapidly increasing. At their regular Saturday shoots there is a larger attendance than at any other club in the State.

Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	25	10	15	10
Hunnewell	10	24	9	9	..
Ashley	8	20	9	13	..
Bickford	5	16	8	10	8
Libby	7	14	7	12	8
Berry	8	24	8	12	7
White	7	22	4	13	..
Barker	8	15	9	6	..
Moody	6	21	8	8	..
Cobb	9	20	..	..	..
Emerton	4	14	..	..	..
Alden	4	15	3	6	..
Flanders	3	11	4	..	..
Jones	6	11	..	..	..
Conner	9	23	4	13	8
Norton	8	20	..	..	..
Francis	6	16	9	14	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	25	10	15	10
Dr Cushman	..	19	4	12	6
Lambert	..	14	8	7	3
Huntington	..	17	8	10	..
Hall	5	16	..	..	..
Ferriday	..	15	..	9	7
Snow	..	11	6	7	7
Noble	..	21	..	12	..
Robinson	..	16	7	10	..
Collins	..	17	9	8	10
McKennen	..	13	..	..	5
Cole	..	7	..	..	..
Enson	..	15	..	..	..
Merrill	3	..	..	..	..
Brown	1	..	..	..	..
Webber	..	..	..	9	..

Trap around Reading.

READING, Pa., June 17.—The following scores were made to-day in the seventh weekly shoot for a gun on the grounds of the Mt. Penn Gun Club, of this city. Each man shot at 25 targets: Hunsberger 25, Rhoads 23, Yeager 21, Shultz 20, Saylor 16, Laird 16, Dietrich 17. Yeager leads in average, with .88 per cent.

Lebanon, Pa., June 17.—The Keystone Gun Club, of this city, elected the following officers: President, Francis H. Reinoehl; Vice-President, A. G. Reizenstein; Treasurer, Wm. H. Bollman; Captain, A. E. Smith; Steward, Wilson Wentzel; House Committee: Geo. Ayres, John Birch, Wm. Lausch; Handicap Committee: William Bollman, A. E. Smith and William Langdon.

West Chester, Pa., June 22.—At the shoot, held to-day, for the challenge cup of the West Chester Gun Club, of this city, C. Brinton, Lumis and Peters tied on 23 out of 25. In the shoot-off at 10 targets, Lumis missed his first bird and scored 9, while C. Brinton and Peters each broke 10 and continued to smash them until the 29th target, which Brinton lost, although dusting it very hard, while Peters broke his 30th target, and won the cup. The members also shot two sweepstake events, the scores of which follow:

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	10	10
Lumis	23	8	..
Ford	22	9	..
Hoar	20	7	8
Green	22	7	..
Nate	13	9	8
Henry	22	..	..

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	10	10
Harrison	22	..	..
C Brinton	23	9	..
Davis	22	8	8
P Brinton	18	9	6
Todd	..	6	7

No. 1 event was the shoot for challenge cup.
Shoot-off tie, 10 targets: Lumis 9, C. Brinton 10, Peters 10.
Second shoot-off: C. Brinton 10, Peters 10.
Third shoot-off: C. Brinton 9, Peters 10.

DUSTER.

Minneapolis Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, June 22.—The Thursday afternoon's shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club was not as well attended as usual, probably owing to the threatening weather and strong wind that prevailed. French carried off the honors of the day, winning three medals, Biffton and Johnston also winning their badges with very creditable scores. Several interesting sweepstakes were shot after the finish of the day's regular events. A number of the active members will attend tournaments to be held at Eau Claire, Wis., on June 27 and 28, and at Crookston, Minn., June 30 and July 1. All shooters interested in this matter are invited and can secure special rates to either or both places on application to President S. S. Johnston or any of the leading gun stores. The Saturday matinee shoot will be called promptly at 2 o'clock P. M. The following are the scores of the afternoon's events:

Paegel challenge badge, 25 targets: French 21, Morrison 15, Biffton 19, Parker 19, Dr. Bill 19, Johnston 18, Mrs. Johnston 20, Jones 18, Hays 18, Kennedy 17, Thompson 17, Neely 20, Rheildeffer 17, Davenport 15, Remington 18.

Ties: French 8, Dr. Bill 7.

French won badge.

Club badges, 10 singles, 5 pairs: French 17, Morrison 10, Biffton 16, Parker 15, Dr. Bill 14, Johnston 18, Mrs. Johnston 14, Jones 9, Hayes 8, Kennedy 11, Thompson 12, Neely 14, Rheildeffer 9, Remington 8, Spear 10, Mathes 10, Davenport 13.

Johnston won senior badge; French won junior badge; Kennedy won amateur badge.

Schlitz diamond badge, 25 singles: French 18, Morrison 19, Biffton 24, Parker 23, Dr. Bill 14, Johnston 21, Mrs. Johnston 17, Jones 20, Hays 15, Kennedy 17, Thompson 16, Neely 18, Chamberlin 16, Rheildeffer 16.

Biffton won badge.

Val Blatz diamond badge, 15 singles: French 13, Morrison 10, Biffton 13, Parker 11, Dr. Bill 11, Johnston 13, Mrs. Johnston 11, Jones 10, Hays 7, Bush 11, Kennedy 9, Chamberlin 7, Best 14.

Ties: French 3, Biffton 2, Johnston 2.

French won badge.

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., June 22.—The regular weekly club shoot of the Fort Smith Gun Club took place at the Fair Grounds to-day. Considering the fact that half the shooters are new hands at the game, the scores ranked high. Judging from the attendance, we will have the most successful season we have ever had.

At 10:30 A. M. on the day for the shoot it was discovered that there were no targets in town. However, a bit of sharp work by telegraph and the kindness of the Jenny Lind contingent got us out of a bad hole, and the shoot was run off on schedule time. At 12:30 the aforesaid Jenny Lind contingent arrived, bearing with them the coveted birds. The attendance was more than we bargained for, and consequently we ran short of birds.

Matthews, as usual, led the procession with the unusual score of "all of 'em." He shot in four sweeps and broke all he shot at—35 straight. As there were no more birds he was forced to quit with a clean score.

There were sweeps, team races and side bets galore, Jack O'Keiffe, Judge Oglesby, Frank Baptiste and J. P. Durden being the principal offenders. The members are getting quite sporty, and any one who is inclined to plunge can get any kind of a game he wants.

The Gardner Jewelry Co. and Messrs. Klein & Fink have very generously donated to the Fort Smith Gun Club two beautiful medals, the first representing Class A and the second Class B. These medals are the property of the donors, and will be returned to them at the close of the season, or in the event of the dissolution of the Gun Club. They will be contested for each regular practice day, and the holder is subject to individual challenge, twenty-four hours' notice being all that is necessary. Any one winning Class B medal twice in succession will be promoted to Class A. Following are the scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Matthews	35	35	1,000	A W Boyd	35	14	.400
Leach	35	30	.860	Coffee	35	14	.400
Knott	35	26	.740	O'Keiffe	35	14	.400
Durden	35	26	.740	Oglesby	25	9	.360
Baptiste	35	23	.650	Hunt	35	10	.280
Merriman	35	21	.600	Trobridge	35	10	.280

SECRETARY.

Connecticut State League Shoot.

DORLON'S POINT, South Norwalk, Conn., June 22.—There was a most delightful day for the tournament of the Connecticut State League, held to-day on the grounds of the Naromake Gun Club, of this place. There was a mild wind and favorable conditions for shooting.

Many ladies were present in the good attendance of spectators. Lunch was provided for the shooters. In the cashier's department was Mr. W. E. Lewis; Mr. H. T. Gahrman looked after the entries, while Mr. C. J. Flynn was squad hustler. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	10
Parker	10	10	9	14	8	14	9	10	9	13	10	9
Potter	8	7	8	12	10	12	8	8	9	11	9	6
Cowee	10	7	5	14	8	14	9	8	7	12	6	8
Fruit	8	7	8	13	8	12	9	8	8	10	9	10
Thorpe	7	9	6	11	7	14	4	6	4	10	8	4
Drake	9	6	5	..	..	..	5	..	6	..	..	..
Blue Rock	4	8	8	8	6	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Robinson	9	8	7	12	9	13	8	7	9	13	8	9
G T Ferris	7	9	7	11	7	..	..	7	4	13	10	7
Bristol	7	8	9	9	7	13	7	7	8	13	9	6
Schortemeier	..	..	10	14	8	10	9	9	10	12	9	9
Ferriday	..	..	3	10	5	9	7	6	7	7	7	7
Tuck	..	..	8	11	9	..	7	8	..	..	8	..
Gehrman	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	10	9	12	7	7
Halpin	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	6	4	12	10	6
Carpenter	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	6	5	10	10	6
Hendrie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	9	9
G A Ferris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..

Team race, eight men, 30 targets each man:

Team No. 1.—Potter (captain) 25, Fruit 27, Gehrman 27, Hendrie 23, Drake 21, G. A. Ferris 24, Sturges 23, G. T. Ferris 25; total, 195.

Team No. 2.—Parker 27, Cowee 27, Robinson 24, Bristol 22, Thorpe 21, Tuck 16, Chasmere 14, Lockwood 20; total, 171.

Pawling Rod and Gun Club.

PAWLING, N. Y., June 24.—Following are scores of our monthly shoot. We shot during a terriffic thunderstorm, which kept the boys from turning out in force, and also prevented shooting sweeps:

No. 1, club shoot:

Tallman, 6	10100011111111111111111111 11111101111111011011101111 101111 —47
Dutcher, 10	00111111000001111111111011 11011110111010011111111111 1010011101 —43
Fry, 16	11011101011011111101101101 11001111010110011011110000 0010011110011110 —41
Nelson, 10	11011110110011010111111110 10101100101111101010110 1 0101100001 —38
Holmes, 14	11011011111101110111000011 01111111000110000010110 11 00000011110001 —37
Lefurgy, 10	01010101111100101101011100 01111110001000110000101 0 1000101000 —29

No. 2, $5 cash handicap:

Tallman	11111101111111111101111111—23—2—25
Dutcher	11111101101111011111111110—21—2—23
Lefurgy	11010011000010110101011 10—13w
Fry	10010000000101010011010 10— 9w
Holmes	01010010000000000011110100— 8w
Nelson	01100111101111 10w

Freehold Gun Club.

Freehold, N. J., June 24.—The regular meet of our club occurred on Friday. The shooting was at targets from five traps, unknown angles, rapid-fire system. A high wind blowing with the traps made high scores difficult. After the regular event a team race between Ellis and Vanderveer, challengers, and Hance and Snyder was shot. Following are scores of both events:

Hance	00111011111111101010110111111111—24
Snyder	10011011000001111011011101111—19
Wm Buck	11111100100110101010111111111101—21
R A Ellis	10001101101111101011111111 10111—22
Ed Vanderveer	10000110001101110111101010 0111—17
Wm Ellis	01101110101000010000100110 1111—15
Arrowsmith	00111010110011110111001010 110000—16
J T Laird	00001100110111001100110011111—17
Vandorn	01011110011111111111111010111 01—23

Hance first, Vandorn second, R. A. Ellis third.

Special shoot, Vanderveer and Ellis against Hance and Snyder:

Ed Vanderveer	00010011010110110101110 00—12
R A Ellis	00111111101111011111111011—20—32
Snyder	01110010011110001101110 01—14
Hance	10111011111111101001110 1101—19—33

C. C. SNYDER.

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Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest.

SPOKANE, Wash., June 17.—The fifteenth annual shooting tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest was brought to a close at dark this evening, with a record surpassing in every respect that of any of the previous meetings of the Association. The tournament was admirably managed by the Spokane Rod and Gun Club. It was, in fact, so satisfactory in all its details that it was almost the unanimous desire of the members present that all future tournaments after 1900, which is to be held in Victoria, B. C., be held at Spokane, that city being the most central point of the territory covered by this Association. There were sixty-two shooters in attendance from Washington, Oregon, British Columbia, Idaho and Montana, and a larger number of entries than any of the past meetings of the S. A. N. W.

The Association has a large number of medals, cups and trophies, annually contested for, and the added money, amounting to $450, made the purses well worth striving for. Among the prominent sportsmen present were Dr. W. M. Schultz, M. B. Brownlee and C. H. Smith, of Butte; W. F. Sheard, J. L. Carman and W. A. Eberly, of Tacoma; E. E. Ellis, Ed Garrett and R. Cox, of Seattle; C. K. Cartwright, M. J. Flohr, C. M. Whitlaw and Peter Holohan, of Wallace, Idaho; Sam Lowe, of Kallispell, Idaho; J. S. Stangroom and Dell Cooper, of Whatcom; J. B. Scott, of Fairhaven, Wash.; C. A. Tuttle and D. D. Twohy, of Anaconda; R. Rogers, of Missoula, Mont.; W. A. Hillis, of Libby, Mont.; T. B. Ware, F. K. McBroom, and J. W. Merritt, of Spokane.

The weather was all that could be desired during all three days of the shoot. The grounds, located on a sloping hillside above the beautiful Spokane River, in Natatorium Park, were convenient and pleasant as possible.

A remarkable feature of the tournament was the prevalence of "pump guns," and with one exception the high guns were all of that kind. There was a noticeable absence of manufacturers' agents and experts, the new Laflin & Rand and Blue Ribbon only being represented. Bluerocks and expert traps were used.

First Day, Thursday, June 15.

The events of the first day included four of 15 birds each, unknown angles; the individual championship at 25 birds; a 25-bird event, and a team race of three men each for the championship of the Northwest. The individual championship was won by Sheard, of Tacoma, after a hot race with Snyder and Walker, who killed straight. The team race was won by the Butte team—Jaeger, Walker and Schultz—with 43 out of a possible 45, Tacoma and Missoula tieing for second, with 40. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	Shot at.	Broke.
Tuttle	12	8	17	12	21	95	70
Nell	12	12	20	13	20	95	77
Jaeger	9	14	20	12	19	95	74
Brownlee	9	7	16	6	13	95	51
Forbes	13	12	17	8	16	95	66
Rowe	11	11	21	14	20	95	77
Denham	12	12	22	11	20	95	77
Dr Smith	12	11	21	11	24	95	79
Sheard	13	13	25	12	19	95	82
Carman	10	11	15	11	17	95	64
Rogers	14	12	21	12	22	95	81
T Ware	14	12	21	15	23	95	85
Hillis	14	14	22	14	23	95	87
McBroom	13	13	22	12	20	95	80
Flint	12	11	22	14	23	95	82
Williamson	9	11	19	12	19	95	70
Burlingham	6	5	12	10	13	95	46
Wood	12	9	18	13	18	95	70
Holohan	14	15	23	15	23	95	90
Van Dorn	8	8	21	7	21	95	65
C H Smith	12	11	22	12	20	95	75
Sisson	11	11	14	11	18	95	65
A C Ware	8	9	13	8	16	95	54
Stangroom	5	12	21	11	..	80	49
Toohey	12	11	20	12	22	95	77
Lougee	11	12	23	13	23	95	82
Stevens	12	13	23	12	24	95	84
Ellis	13	11	22	10	18	95	74
Steele	13	11	21	15	21	95	83
Young	9	12	22	11	19	95	73
Kimball	13	14	23	14	21	95	85
Cartwright	10	5	16	9	20	95	60
Snyder	12	14	25	12	14	95	77
Flohr	10	11	17	12	21	95	71
Rice	9	10	11	7	21	95	58
Schultz	9	13	21	12	16	95	71
Cooper	11	14	21	12	17	95	75
Whitlaw	11	12	21	14	24	95	82
Caesar	10	11	14	8	19	95	62
Walker	12	12	25	14	20	95	83
Garrett	14	12	22	11	16	95	75
Eberly	11	8	..	10	..	45	29
Hoffman	..	10	17	14	..	55	41

Second Day, Friday, June 16.

The events of the second day included two of 15 birds—No. 8, the Multnomah medal shoot, a two-men team race, a 25-bird event for the Smith gun trophy, and a 25-bird race with $65 added. The Multnomah was won for the second time by Stevens, of Seattle; Sheard, of Tacoma, second. The two-men team race was won by Flint and McBroom, of Spokane, with a score of 28 out of 30. No. 11, the Smith gun trophy, was won by Young, of Tacoma, with 24. The scores follow:

Events:	7	8	9	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Tuttle	10	20	11	21	21	105	83
Nell	12	16	8	16	20	105	72
Jaeger	11	16	14	18	21	105	80
Brownlee	13	15	6	15	10	105	59
Forbes	8	21	12	17	18	105	76
Rowe	13	17	12	11	23	105	76
Denham	15	22	13	18	19	105	87
Dr Smith	14	22	13	22	19	105	90
Sheard	15	23	14	19	22	105	93
Carman	9	13	9	18	14	105	63
Rogers	14	18	11	22	20	105	84
T Ware	13	21	14	23	22	105	93
Hillis	14	20	12	20	25	105	91
McBroom	12	15	12	22	20	105	81
Flint	12	18	13	18	25	105	86
Williamson	13	13	9	16	19	105	70
Burlingham	8	12	10	..	..	55	30
Wood	12	19	13	18	15	105	77
Holohan	11	22	13	20	20	105	86
Van Dorn	10	18	6	19	17	105	70
C H Smith	14	22	15	19	18	105	88
Sisson	12	..	12	..	23	55	47
A C Ware	12	15	6	15	13	105	61
Stangroom	..	13	8	..	..	40	21
Toohey	13	16	13	20	19	105	81
Lougee	13	19	11	23	21	105	87
Stevens	15	24	13	20	23	105	95
Ellis	12	18	12	21	18	105	81
Steele	13	22	13	19	16	105	83
Young	14	22	12	24	20	105	92
Kimball	14	20	13	21	16	105	84
Cartwright	14	15	11	18	21	105	79
Snyder	12	18	12	23	23	105	88
Flohr	10	19	13	21	19	105	82
Rice	11	9	8	..	..	55	28
Schultz	13	19	14	19	21	105	86
Cooper	9	19	12	20	19	105	79
Whitlaw	14	19	10	22	19	105	84
Caesar	10	21	11	20	16	105	78
Walker	7	16	11	21	19	105	74
Garrett	13	22	13	23	22	105	93
Eberly	9	..	10	..	18	55	37
Hoffman	14	17	10	18	21	105	80

Third Day, Saturday, June 17.

The principal event of the third day was the Globe trophy, at 50 birds—10 known angles, 10 known angles reversed, 5 pairs of doubles, 10 unknown angles and 10 reverse traps, unknown angles, use of both barrels. It was won by Hillis, of Montana, with the fine score of 46. Denham, of Tacoma, made a hot race for the winner, with 44. Denham was the winner last year. No. 16 was the Anaconda cup race, at 25 birds, and was won by Stevens, of Seattle, after a shoot-off with Twohy, Hillis and Schultz, each of whom secured 24. The scores follow:

Events:	13	14	15	16	17	Shot at.	Broke.
Tuttle	12	34	12	19	20	130	97
Nell	10	34	12	21	18	130	95
Jaeger	12	38	11	19	18	130	98
Brownlee	10	25	5	11	20	130	71
Forbes	11	..	10	21	18	80	60
Rowe	12	38	..	20	19	115	89
Denham	12	44	11	21	16	130	104
Dr Smith	14	40	11	19	19	130	103
Sheard	12	43	6	23	19	130	103
Carman	13	32	12	18	11	130	86
Rogers	14	37	13	18	22	130	104
T Ware	8	43	11	21	24	130	109
Hillis	15	46	12	24	22	130	119
McBroom	12	28	9	17	16	130	82
Flint	12	39	12	18	20	130	101
Williamson	12	33	12	19	20	130	96
Burlingham	..	22	..	..	..	50	22
Wood	13	37	8	13	17	130	88
Holohan	12	35	9	21	24	130	101
Van Dorn	12	29	8	21	18	130	88
C H Smith	13	39	12	23	20	130	107
Sisson	12	..	..	..	..	15	12
A C Ware	9	27	..	12	9	115	57
Stangroom	11	30	..	..	..	65	41
Toohey	11	38	14	24	24	130	111
Lougee	12	38	..	23	15	115	88
Stevens	13	39	..	24	21	115	97
Ellis	11	36	..	18	16	115	81
Steele	9	36	..	22	22	115	89
Young	11	37	6	21	19	130	94
Kimball	12	42	11	23	22	130	110
Cartwright	13	40	11	20	17	130	101
Snyder	12	40	..	20	18	115	90
Flohr	10	35	13	18	21	130	97
Rice	13	35	..	..	19	90	66
Schultz	10	40	8	24	20	130	102
Cooper	10	40	10	17	14	130	91
Whitlaw	13	40	10	21	22	130	106
Caesar	11	36	11	23	18	130	99
Walker	11	39	7	21	18	130	96
Garrett	10	34	13	16	21	130	94
Eberly	11	38	15	16	19	130	99
Hoffman	9	36	13	20	16	130	94

High average was won by Hillis. On Friday evening the members of the Association were the guests of the Spokane Rod and Gun Club, at the Davenport, where a fine banquet was served. Dr. Kimball, of Spokane, presided, and appropriate toasts were offered and responded to by the representatives of different sections. R.

Michigan Trap-Shooters' League Tournament.

THE first of this year's series of tournaments of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League was held at Wyandotte, Wednesday and Thursday, June 21 and 22, under the auspices of the Iron City Gun Club. A more desirable location for a shoot could not be imagined, held as it was on the bank of the beautiful Detroit River, with the wooded shores of fair Grasse Isle, with its palatial suburban homes of wealthy Detroiters forming a pleasant background to the picture. In short, the tournament, under Mr. John Parker's able management, was an unqualified success, and did much to promote the interests of trap-shooting throughout the State. The attendance from different parts of the State was not as large as was desired, still those that came made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers. Among them Mr. Wm. Thompson, of Jackson, kept up his good record of attending every State shoot. The Bay City contingent, consisting of Messrs. Merrill, Cotter and Shearer, did its part to make everything go smoothly, as did Mr. B. F. Scott, of Grass Lake; W. De Lisle, of Leslie; Wm. Donaldson, of Windsor; Mayor Reid and Lou Andy, of Walkersville, and the usual Detroit contingent; Pouty Wood, who said his name was Koal; Joe Marks, and Johnnie Cox. The trade was represented by De Wolf, of the Lefever Arms Co., and of course Jack Parker, of the Peters Cartridge and King Smokeless Co., whose cup of joy was made full when his ammunition won every prize and trophy at the shoot. The principal event the first day was the race for the State individual championship for the expert, semi-expert and amateur medals. John Parker struck an old-time gait and won the expert medal by breaking 24 out of 25. Shearer, of Bay City, won the semi-expert medal, and Merrill, also of Bay City, won the amateur medal. Last fall Mr. Thomas Dick donated a magnificent meerschaum pipe, to become the property of any one winning it three times. Mr. B. F. Scott, of Grass Lake, won it in the open shoot last fall, but in the special match race with J. H. Marks, of Detroit, who had challenged for it, lost it by one bird, Marks breaking 35 to Scott's 34 out of 50. Each has a different version as to why the scores were so low.

Event No. 5 was at 25 targets, for the State medals, and event No. 7 was a merchandise handicap event for five prizes, 20 to 25 targets per man. The other eight events were open sweeps.

The scores in detail for the first day were as follows

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	10	15	15	15	25	10	25	15	15	10	at.	Broke.	Av.
Koal	10	14	13	15	22	7	19	13	13	7	130	114	.87
Scott	10	14	13	13	19	7	17	13	13	9	130	111	.75
Marks	10	11	15	13	19	7	16	13	13	5	130	106	.81
Merrill	10	14	12	14	22	8	18	13	13	7	130	113	.86
Parker	9	11	11	12	24	10	15	12	12	7	130	108	.83
Cotter	9	10	11	10	21	8	19	12	12	10	130	113	.86
Shearer	8	11	14	13	21	9	12	12	12	9	130	109	.83
Thompson	8	12	12	14	23	8	18	14	14	10	130	115	.88
De Wolf	8	12	14	11	16	8	11	11	12	4	130	96	.73
Cox	6	10	13	11	..	9	..	12	..	..	80	61	.76
Miller	6	10	7	8	16	6	9	..	..	..	...	...	....
Elbert	5	8	7	6	18	8	17	..	..	..	...	..	....
Schroeder	4	..	13	12	18	9	19	..	..	5	...	...	....
Brown	..	8	8	8	16	3	14	8	8	..	...	...	....
Alban	..	4	..	11	..	8	18	..	..	..	...	...	....
Caldwell	..	..	..	11	..	..	17	..	..	..	...	...	....
Flanders	..	..	..	..	11	..	7	16	..	..	...	...	....
Marx	..	..	..	7	17	6	13	11	11	8	...	...	....
Wheeler	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Laranger	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Acaback	..	..	..	..	18	..	20	..	..	..	...	...	....
Lawrence	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Feckle	..	..	..	..	13	..	13	..	..	..	...	...	....
Brody	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	15	..	8	...	...	....
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	...	...	....
Reid	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	...	...	....
Chapman	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	...	...	....
Donaldson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	6	...	...	....
Robinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	...	...	....

High averages for the day: Thompson, first, .88 6-13; Koal, second, .87 9-13; Merrill, third, .86 12-13.

Second Day.

After dinner the League held its annual meeting for the election of officers and current business, President Thompson presiding and Secretary Brady officiating. After the secretary and treasurer had rendered his report, which was approved and accepted, Mr. Parker moved that the retiring secretary, Mr. W. H. Brady, receive a vote of thanks from the League for his success in getting the live-bird law passed, which was carried. Capt. Merrill, of Bay City, was elected President; A. Shearer, Secretary and Treasurer, and P. C. Wood, of Detroit, Vice-President. The old board of directors was re-elected, with the exception of A. J. Busfield, of Bay City. John Cotter, of the same place, was elected in his place. The three-men team race for the State diamond medals was won by Pastimes No. 2, of Detroit, with the score of 60. Pastimes No. 1 and Bay City team tied for second, with 58. The Iron City Gun Club trophy was won by William Thompson, of Jackson, who broke 23 out of 25 from the 20yd. mark, it being a handicap by distance event, contestants shooting from 16 to 20yds.

Event No. 5 was the three-men team race, and event No. 8 the handicap by distance for the trophy.

The scores in detail for the day are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot		
Targets:	10	15	15	15	25	10	15	25	10	15	at.	Broke.	Av.
Merrill	10	13	15	11	18	8	14	21	8	13	130	109	.83
Shearer	10	15	13	12	19	8	11	18	..	..	105	88	.83
Cox	9	11	14	13	20	..	13	..	..	..	95	80	.84
Thompson	9	15	15	12	..	10	15	23	10	14	130	123	.94
Koal	8	14	12	14	21	5	14	21	8	12	130	108	.83
Marks	8	14	13	13	21	10	11	18	8	15	130	113	.86
Mitchell	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Scott	7	11	11	7	..	8	11	..	..	..	...	...	....
Parker	7	12	10	12	22	6	..	..	6	12	...	...	....
Mickel	7	..	9	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Chapman	7	5	8	..	..	8	..	18	..	..	...	...	....
Laranger	6	..	..	..	19	..	..	12	5	..	...	...	....
Marx	6	8	..	..	..	4	8	10	..	..	...	...	....
De Wolf	5	8	10	9	..	6	12	17	7	9	130	93	.71
Chamberlin	5	10	12	11	..	6	8	18	..	..	...	...	....
Cotter	4	14	13	12	21	9	13	16	10	10	130	106	.81
Acaback	..	12	..	..	15	4	..	..	6	..	...	...	....
Kitchell	..	10	12	11	..	7	12	14	..	..	...	...	....
Black	..	..	11	5	..	5	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Donaldson	..	..	..	10	..	6	12	..	5	..	...	...	....
Gardner	..	..	..	10	..	8	12	16	..	..	...	...	....
Elbert	..	..	..	..	20	8	10	14	..	..	...	...	....
Kline	..	..	..	..	24	8	9	..	..	8	...	...	....
Schroeder	..	..	..	..	16	7	9	18	..	..	...	...	....
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	19	..	..	...	...	....
Green	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Wolff	..	..	..	..	19	..	13	19	..	..	...	...	....
Cody	..	..	..	..	15	..	11	..	..	..	...	...	....
Brady	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	16	..	..	...	...	....
Buesser	..	..	..	..	13	..	9	12	6	12	...	...	....
Miller	..	..	..	..	14	..	9	..	..	..	...	...	....
W Valade	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	...	...	....
Bradley	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	..	..	...	...	....
Avery	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	6	8	...	...	....
Brogan	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....

High averages for the day: Thompson, first, .94 8-13; Marks, second, .86 12-13; Cox, third, .84 2-9.

Summary.

The high averages for the shoot were as follows: First, Wm. Thompson, of Jackson broke 238 out of 260—.91 14-26; second, Capt. Merrill, of Bay City, broke 222 out of 260—.85 10-26; second Koal, of Detroit, 222 out of 260—.85 10-26; third, J. H. Marks, of Detroit, broke 219 out of 260—.84 6-26.

At the meeting of the League in the afternoon of the second day it was decided to hold the next shoot at Bay City, some time in July. It was also decided that at the grand annual a live-bird event, 25 birds per man, would be included in the programme, and a perpetual trophy will be donated for the purpose. Then after everyone had voted Jack Parker the only tournament manager, all journeyed home to get in training for the grand annual.

IN NEW JERSEY.

New Jersey State Championship.

June 24.—The contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the New Jersey State championship, drew a large attendance to the grounds of the Lyndhurst Shooting Association, friends of both principals, who were interested in seeing the match. The general opinion was in favor of Mr. T. W. Morfey holding against the challenger, Mr. W. H. Huck, of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, and yet the holding of it was far from being any easy task. Mr. Huck shot a fine race, breaking 24 out of his first 25 to Morfey's 23, and he held a lead of 1 to the 41st round, when a miss made the situation a tie. Huck missed his 48th and 49th, and Morfey missing his 50th left him the winner by 1 target; score, 44 to 43.

Mr. Huck was far from being in good physical condition, in consequence of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, with which he was afflicted for some days. He was quite lame, and the rugged endurance which is his when he is in good health was in a large degree absent in this match. All things considered, he made a great race against one of the very best shots of New Jersey.

The weather was exceedingly hot, with a stiff wind blowing betimes.

The targets were very difficult to hit. There was a sharp, low left-quarterer which was sometimes swift, sometimes slow; and there was a sneaky one which went off to the right under corner of the screen which required the greatest alertness to catch in time. The targets all flew with varying heights and speeds, and the background is against the highest scores. All in all, the scores were very good, as follows:

T W Morfey.....1111111011111111101111111—23
0101111101111111111111110—21—44
W H Huck.....1111111111111111101111111—24
0111110101111110111111001—19—43

The foregoing was No. 5 of the programme. The sweepstake events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25
Morfey	13	12	14	10	14	19
Banks	13	12	12	10	10	20
Capt Money	1	12	15	14	12	20
H Money	13	12	14	14	15	24
Apgar	13	14	14	10	14	24
Huck	13	14	..	..	..	..
Paul	9	..	8	..	..	..
Waters	14	10	..	..	6	19
Platt	13	6	10	11	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25
Count	12	10	11	11	..	..
Bowes	13	..	..	..	..	..
Doty	11	14	12	12	12	..
Barker	12	8	..	9	..	..
Collins	13	..	10	..	..	..
Feigenspan	15	14	15	11	12	24
Black	..	9	12	12	..	..
Reed	..	10	13	13	13	20
Matzen	..	..	6	10	..	..

Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

Fanwood, N. J., June 24.—There was a good contest among the members of the Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, five teams competing on the grounds at The Cedars, Mr. George Thatcher's place, Fanwood. The sky was cloudy and the temperature hot. Toward evening a light rain fell, which did not obstruct the shooting. The targets were rather difficult, owing to irregular flights, and the background also was unfavorable. The Brunswick team won by a score of 79 out of a possible 125.

Climax Gun Club—Keller, Jr., 11, Swoody 12, S. Terry 9, Goodman 19, Hunt 11—62.

Dunellen Gun Club—Runyon 18, Giles 13, Nelson 12, Hoey 15, Lindzey 17—75.

Reservoir Gun Club—McDowell 20, Van Nuis 15, Booraem 11, L. Belloff 11, J. Belloff 21—78.

Brunswick Gun Club—Voorhees 13, Irwin 17, Burck 16, Oakley 18, Allen 15—79.

Columbia Gun Club—Disbrow 19, Ivins 16, H. Bloodgood 16, Wallace 6, Green 12—69.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., June 21.—The eleventh serial prize shoot of clnb was a good one—just a nice number present and fourteen events, comprising all kinds of shooting. The match provoked some good scores, and the other events were not far behind.

Quite a delegation from Brockton visited the grounds and added largely to the pleasure of the shoot. The squads were Brockton vs. Boston, and the rivalry nearly equaled that of a scheduled team affair. Mr. Northing, whose scores bear inspection except, perhaps, when a change of load was inevitable, was noticeably the fairest shooter in the squads, with his gun below elbow until calling pull, and no intermediate preparation. In these days of gun to shoulder and eye along barrel before giving the word, the more sportsmanlike attitude was refreshing to witness.

Leroy, Howe, Woodruff and Spencer shot with best success, and Mr. Gordon ended the afternoon with 32 out of 35, including 5 pairs. Other work as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	5p	10	10	10	10	10	5p	10	5p	15	10	10
Gordon, 17	5	9	7	6	4	6	8	4	2	7	8	14	10	..
Miskay, 18	7	9	6	7	6	8	8	4	4	7	4	10	..	..
Leroy, 21	7	7	8	10	9	7	9	7	9	9	9	..	..	..
Woodruff, 17	7	9	..	6	10	9	9	9	4	9	..	12	..	..
Howe, 17	8	9	7	10	9	9	9	7	6	9	6	13	8	8
Barrett, 16	7	6	6	6	7	6	3	6	5	7	3	10	..	..
Woodard, 16	8	6	8	9	6	9	8	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Northing, 16	8	9	6	8	9	9	7	6	..	5	6	12	..	..
Murdoch, 16	8	6	3	4	8	9	7	7	6	5	..	6	..	..
Horace, 18	9	9	5	5	8	6	8	4	..	8	7	..	7	7
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	9	5	..	9	10	14	7
Andre, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	..	7
Henry, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7

Events all unknown angles from magautrap, except 13, at known angles; 3, 9 and 11, pairs; 8 and 9, infielders.

Prize match, 30 targets, unknown angles:

Woodruff, 17 .....111111111111111111011110111111—28
Howe, 17 .....111111110111011111111111101111—27
Spencer, 18 .....111110111110111111111111011111—27
Leroy, 21 .....111111101110101111101111110111—25
Worthing, 16 .....111110111111101111111011100111—25
Murdoch, 16 .....110110111101111100111111101111—24
Woodard, 16 .....000111111001111111111011110111—23
Miskay, 18 .....100011110111110111011111011110—22
Horace, 18 .....111111010111110001101101111110—22
Gordon, 17 .....010001100110000111111010111111—18
Barrett, 16 .....010110111111010110100111000000—16

West Virginia Sportsmen's Association Tournament.

WHEELING, W. Va.—The tournament of the West Virginia Sportsmen's Association, was held under the auspices of the Wheeling Gun Club, Wheeling, W. Va., June 20, 21 and 22. There were a number of visiting shooters, as the names in the scores will show.

June 20, First Day.

There was a strong wind blowing, which made the targets variable in flight, but this seemed to have little effect on the shooting of the experts, Messrs. Fanning and Powers:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
F E Mallory	12	12	17	14	12	21	9	13	17	12
S T Mallory	12	9	14	13	12	20	14	12	19	13
Dade	14	15	18	15	14	12	13	13	18	13
J F Mallory	12	14	20	14	13	20	12	12	16	13
L E Mallory, Jr.	12	13	20	15	14	24	14	12	18	12
Whaler	13	15	16	14	11	23	14	14	17	15
Bibbee	13	14	18	13	13	23	15	14	17	13
E N Hull	14	11	12	14	13	21	11	13	18	15
Mingo	14	14	19	14	13	22	11	13	16	..
Sporting Life	11	13	16	14	13	..	..	..	..	..
Courtney	12	12	18	14	15	19	11	14	18	15
Powers	15	14	18	15	15	20	14	14	20	12
Fanning	15	15	19	15	15	23	13	14	19	13
Hallowell	13	13	17	13	13	22	13	14	18	17
Riehl	13	12	19	13	14	21	13	13	18	..
Slayton	13	12	17	14	13	21	13	13	16	13
Kiser	10	11	15	14	11	15	12	13	18	12
Alford	13	15	17	14	11	21	13	11	20	12
Cole	9	13	18	13	10	19	6	13	17	13
Bailey	8	13	13	12	13	..	..	14	15	14
Wallace	12	12	19	12	14	21	10	13	17	..
Pills	15	13	14	11	13	23	11	14	17	12
Bessemer	10	9	14	10	12	22	10	13	18	..
Burt	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McCoy	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cochran	11	10	13	12	12	..	13	15	..	..
Potts	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bauman	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Goll	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
State	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schlicher	..	13	16	9	12	19	14	10	20	..
Myers	..	12	19	1	..	..	..	..	16	..
Rice	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

June 21, Second Day.

Fine weather favored the shooting to-day. Messrs. Fanning and Powers continued their skillful performance of the previous day, and there also was excellent work done by Messrs. Wright, Dade and Mallory. In the merchandise event Dade was first, with a score of 24 out of 25, and second money was divided between Wright, F. E. and J. F. Mallory, Kennon and Bowman. Flick was third; Myers and Mallory, Jr., fourth.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	25	15	15	20	15
*F E Mallory	12	12	18	15	13	20	13	12	20	13
*S T Mallory	15	15	18	13	12	19	13	12	18	14
*Dade	13	15	17	12	13	21	14	15	19	13
*J F Mallory	14	12	18	14	12	20	11	8	15	14
*L E Mallory, Jr.	15	14	19	9	12	20	13	13	14	13
*Schlicher	11	13	16	13	11	21	14	13	18	14
Hull	14	11	15	13	12	21	14	13	19	10
Wheeler	15	13	18	14	14	23	13	14	19	14
*Bibbee	12	13	17	13	13	23	13	12	16	12
Pills	12	10	17	12	11	20	14	14	18	12
Courtney	12	13	18	14	13	23	14	11	15	10
Powers	15	15	18	14	14	24	13	14	20	15
Fanning	12	15	19	14	14	24	14	14	18	13
Hallowell	14	12	14	12	13	22	13	13	17	14
Riehl	12	13	18	11	13	23	10	12	19	13
*Alford	10	14	18	12	13	21	13	13	18	12
*Kiser	12	12	14	9	12	17	6	9	17	11
Mingo	12	11	17	11	15	23	13	14	19	12
*Cole	9	12	17	13	10	21	13	11	18	13
*Slayton	12	14	15	12	13	21	15	12	13	13
Bessemer	14	13	17	14	13	22	12	12	17	13
Sands	14	12	18	13	11	22	12	13	17	12
*Wright	13	15	19	13	14	22	12	14	19	15
*McCullagh	..	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bradley	..	..	17	11	13	14	13	12	13	..
Du Bois	..	..	..	12	10	..	..	7	..	..
Myers	..	..	..	..	9	19	..	..	..	..
Hickman	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..

* State shoot.

There were three squads of five men each entered in the championship event, at 50 targets. For the first time the medal will remain in Wheeling for the ensuing year. The holder of the medal is subject to challenge at any time by any other member of the Association. F. E. Mallory, of Parkersburg, was the holder of the medal last year. Yesterday it was won by J. E. Wright, of this city, president of the La Belle Iron Works. Mr. Powers, of Illinois, tied with Dade for second, each having 47 targets to his credit. There were a number of outsiders who competed in this event for the purse.

The State shooters who finished their 50 targets in the championship event were: F. E. Mallory 45, S. T. Mallory 40, Dade 47, Wright (Rice) 48, J. F. Mallory 39, L. E. Mallory, Jr., 39.

At the annual meeting of the Association the Beechwood Rod and Gun Club was admitted to membership. The Association is in excellent condition financially.

T. E. Percival, of Parkersburg, was re-elected president for the ensuing year, and E. O. Bower, of Sistersville, was re-elected secretary and treasurer. The board of vice-presidents is composed of the presidents of the several clubs. The place of holding the annual State tournament next year will be at Charleston, under the auspices of the Beechwood Club.

June 22, Third Day.

The best shots were still to the front, as in the previous days. A four-men team race was shot, with the following results:

Banks, captain, 22,, Capt. Money 22, N. Apgar 25, Doty 15; total, 84.

Morfey, captain, 20, H. Money 22, Feigenspan 23, Reed 21; total, 86.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
F E Mallory	13	13	18	13	12	22	15	14	19	14	23
S T Mallory	13	12	17	14	13	22	13	12	13	13	20
Dade	13	15	20	13	15	25	13	14	17	10	24
J F Mallory	11	14	19	14	12	23	13	11	17	14	23
L E Mallory, Jr.	11	7	14	10	11	20	14	14	17	13	21
Courtney	11	13	20	9	14	22	13	12	18	12	..
Powers	14	14	20	14	15	25	15	14	19	15	..
Fanning	14	15	20	14	14	23	14	15	17	14	..
Hallowell	12	13	19	15	13	18	14	13	19	12	..
Riehl	13	12	18	9	15	20	12	14	19	14	..
Wheeler	14	15	20	14	13	24	14	14	20	15	..
Bradley	14	11	15	10	12	14	..	..	..	8	18
Hull	10	12	18	12	13	21	14	12	20	13	..
Mingo	13	11	20	12	15	23	13	12	19	14	..
C P Flick	13	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	22
Kiser	14	12	11	10	14	22	10	13	16	13	20
Slayton	14	12	17	12	14	21	14	12	17	14	19
Cole	11	12	12	10	9	17	9	10	16	10	13
McCullagh	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
State	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
Rice	..	..	..	..	14	23	14	14	20	15	23
Kennon	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	..	..	23
Bauman	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	17	6	23
Myers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	14	21
Dowler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15
Goll	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19
Gordon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18

Washington Heights Gun Club.

JUNE 20.—The scores made to-day were as follows:

G Nowak	1222222112—10	F M Sherry	1000100212— 5
Dr Friedenberg	0200*01001— 3	H W Oliver	2200**0001— 3
H Forster	1222012120— 8	F S Ober	0000000102— 2
E Doeinck	2222020022— 7	Dr Bauer	0000012001— 3
C R Terwilliger	*000000111— 3	F Troestel	21*0*12121— 7

Club shoot, 10 clay birds:

Dr Friedenberg	1100011101— 6	F Troestel	0111101110— 7
H Forster	1010111111— 8	Dr Bauer	1111100101— 7
E Doeinck	1011111110— 8		

Sunbury against Worthington.

SUNBURY, O., June 21.—I herewith send you report of a hotly contested match at 25 targets, between Sunbury and Worthington gun clubs, shot on the grounds of the Sunbury club, June 21:

First contest:

Worthington Gun Club.

Tuller	1100111111110111101111110—20	
Noble	1000000000000011000100110— 6	
Roberts	1000111011110101100110101—15	
Wagner	0111001100110111110110111—17	
Cleveland	1001000011111010111111101—16	
Leisure	0001011101011110111111101—17	
Beaver	1110110011110100100111100—15	
Smiley	1110000100111000000010011—10	
Cleveland	1101110911111111101111011—20	
Strosnider	1111111010001110101111111—19	—155

Sunbury Gun Club.

Smythe	0101100010100111011100110—13	
Marshall	1111111100110110111011100—18	
Gaylord	0110010110100101000010000— 9	
Kimball	0011111001110010101111011—16	
Knox	1011011101111011111001111—19	
Soar	0100111111111100001111100—16	
Van Houten	1000001111101011110101111—16	
Roberts	1000001111101011111010010—14	
Kimball	1101011101011101001011011—16	
Stultz	0111101101010010100011111—15—	152

Second Contest:

Sunbury Gun Club.

Marshall	1001101110011101111111110—18	
Smythe	1100101101101010110110111—16	
Kimball	1110101110111111110100001—17	
Gaylord	1101101111100111101111111—20	
Soar	1011110101101011101010011—16	
Knox	0101011011100111111111001—17	
Roberts	0010001110111101110010010—14	
Van Houten	1101010110100111111111000—16	
Stultz	0100011011100101011001010—12	
Kimball	1000111111111110101111011—19	
Condit	0111011111011011111011000—17	
Prosser	1000101011010001001001010—10	192

Worthington Gun Club.

Noble	1001101000010001101111010—12	
Tuller	1111111101101011111111110—21	
Wagner	1011101111111101011011010—18	
Roberts	1110001100111111001011001—15	
Leisure	1111101011111011111111001—20	
Cleveland	1111110100001100000110100—12	
Smiley	0100011000110101101111111—15	
Beaver	1010011100011011111101101—16	
Strosnider	0011111110110110001111011—17	
Cleveland	0110101011011010111100111—16	
Norris	1001101110010100111101000—13	
Hannon	0100001101101111110111101—16—	191

FRED PROSSER, Sec'y Sunbury G. C.

Trap Matters at Lincoln, Neb.

UNDER date of June 19 the secretary of the Lincoln Gun Club sends us a newspaper clipping, which recounts the amalgamation of his club with the Capital City Gun Club, of Lincoln, Neb. It states that:

"The interests of the Lincoln Gun Club and the Capital City Gun Club were merged together yesterday and there is now but one gun club in Lincoln, which promises to be, if not already, the strongest gun club in the West. The associate membership of the new concern will soon reach the two hundred mark, with fully one-fourth as stockholders, that many having already subscribed for stock, and the greater part have paid in.

"The new Lincoln Gun Club, as it now is, is an incorporated organization, with a capital stock of $5,000 divided into shares of $10 each and non-assessable. The incorporators of the new club are William D. Bain, William S. Stein and George B. Simpkins. At a meeting held at the Lincoln Hotel recently the following officers were elected for the present year; President, George B. Simpkins; Vice-President, Charles H. Mann; Secretary-Treasurer, William S. Stein. The Board of Directors chosen were Dr. O. F. Lambertson, George B. Simpkins, William D. Bain, Frank Du Teil and Forrest M. Moore. The stockholders who have already paid in are as follows: George B. Simpkins, William S. Stein, William D. Bain, George Kleutsch, Charles E. Latshaw, Harry H. Harley, George L. Carter, George Rogers, C. E. Haynie, Robert Malone, Forrest M. Moore, Charles M. Seitz, Dr. O. F. Lambertson, Frank E. Gillen, A. J. Hagen, Charles H. Mann, Frank D Teil, H. N. Town, E. E. Spencer, W. H. Dorgan, John Dorgan, A. W. Lane, Oliver Rogers, Fred Mockett, Walton G. Roberts, Raymond M. Welch and A. W. Cochran.

"The grounds which will be used by the new club will undoubtedly be the grounds of the old Capital City Gun Club, which are considered the finest arranged and best located of any in the West. The grounds comprise about five acres, inclosed in a 6ft. woven wire fence, and have three sets of target traps arranged on the Sergeant system, and one set of live-bird traps. The former are so located as to permit the use of both at the same time.

"It is the intention of the new club, as soon as resources will permit, to build a club house that will be a credit to the grounds, using the present one as a store room for traps, targets, etc.

"The principal object of the club is to promote the interest in protecting the fish and game in Nebraska, enforcing the fish and game laws of the State, and promoting interest in field and trap shooting. Considerable emphasis is placed on the protection of fish and game in Nebraska and enforcing the State fish and game laws. It is the intention of the club to obtain some legislation in regard to the fish and game laws that will have some weight, and with the list of representative men the club now has on its active membership roll such legislation will not be difficult to obtain."

Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Won't you kindly inform the sportsmen of Illinois, through the columns of your good paper, that, pursuant to their requests expressed at the time of their election of myself as president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, I am pleased to advise of the appointment of the following gentlemen as directors of the Association for the ensuing year: Fred W. Lord, passenger agent of the Chicago & Great Western R. R., Chicago; Thos. P. Hicks, coal merchant, Chicago; Chauncey M. Powers, Decatur, Ill.; Hon. Jacob Rehm, Blue Island, Ill.; J. H. Amberg, of Cameron, Amberg & Co., Chicago.

Notice of committe appointments will be made known through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM immediately upon first meeting of board of directors. E. S. RICE, Pres.

Under date of June 19, Mr. E. S. Rice, in his capacity as president of the Association has issued the following circular letter:

"Brother Sportsmen of Illinois:

"Having been chosen at the annaul meeting of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association to serve as president of that organization for the ensuing year, I take early opportunity of calling upon you for your help and earnest support that my work in your behalf may meet with your approval. I desire the name and post-office address of each and every organized gun club, shooting and fishing association or other organized body in the interest of sportsmanship within this State, that I may address such individually. I therefore ask all Illinois club members who may notice this communication to report my request for information to the secretaries of clubs to which they may belong. I beg to assure fellow sportsmen generally of my appreciation in advance of any and all help extended."

Du Pont Trophy Contest.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Won't you kindly say to the readers of your good paper that Mr. A. B. Daniels, of Denver, Colo., present holder of Du Pont smokeless powder championship trophy, has accepted the challenge of Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, and has named Sedam Park, Denver, Colo., as place; July 1, 2:30 P. M., as time for contest, 100 birds per man. In other respects shooting will be under the rules governing the Du Pont trophy contests.

Messrs. Du Pont & Co. having requested Capt. Sedam to act as referee, an interesting and hotly contested match is in store for lovers of trap-shooting in the vicinity of Denver.

E. S. RICE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Sidell Gun Club Tournament.

SIDELL, Ill.—The Sidell Gun Club held a two days' shoot June 14 and 15. This was rather an impromptu affair, and consequently suffered from lack of attendance. Among the few out-of-town shooters present were E. E. Neal, Bloomfield, Ind.; W. Cadwalader, Danville, Ill.; Fred Gilbert and Ed Bingham, the Du Pont Powder Co., and Jack Parker, of the Peters Cartridge and King Powder Co. The latter managed the shoot, but took active part in the competition. Notwithstanding that the attendance was slim, the shoot was a pleasant affair.

First Day.

The first day of the Sidell tournament was not graced with a large attendance, but those who participated spent an enjoyable time, for after the shooting was over the citizens of the town tendered the visiting sportsmen a banquet, at which speech-making was indulged in by all present. The principal feature of the day's shooting was the fine exhibition given by Fred. Gilbert, who scored 225 out of 230. Neal was second, with 90 per cent., and Sconce, of the home club, was third. Event No. 11 was a 50-bird affair, which involved the possession of the Vermilion county medal, and therefore was only open to residents of the county. Cad. and Sconce tied for this on 43, and in the shoot-off at 25 targets Sconce proved the winner by 22 to 21. The conditions of the medal provided that in order to obtain permanent possession of it one must win it five times. Sconce accomplished this by his win to-day, so it becomes his personal property.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.	Average.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	25	15	50			
Gilbert	15	20	14	20	15	20	14	20	24	14	49	230	225	.978
Neal	15	19	14	19	12	20	14	19	22	14	39	230	207	.900
Sconce	14	17	13	18	15	20	14	17	21	13	43	230	205	.891
Bingham	14	19	11	19	14	19	12	18	20	11	42	230	199	.865
Cad	13	14	14	16	12	15	10	16	19	10	43	230	182	.791
Lyons	13	15	10	17	13	18	11	16	16	14	39	230	182	.791
Deitricht	13	14	14	16	15	18	11	10	19	12	38	230	180	.782
Jackson	10	14	8	12	6	14	10	7	19	6	28	230	134	.582
Carson	12	18	13	17	15	13	11	15	17	12	..	175	143	.817
Max	..	..	9	13	10	17	10	..	13	7	38	170	117	.688
Linder	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	39	85	64	.753

Second Day.

The character of the shooting was not quite so high as that of yesterday, though the results were practically the same, as the same three men again occupy the first three positions, Gilbert having an average of .950, Neal .850 and Sconce .822.

Eevents	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Average.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	25	15			
Gilbert	15	18	13	20	12	19	15	20	24	15	180	171	.950
Neal	12	17	13	18	12	16	11	17	22	15	180	153	.850
Sconce	14	17	12	17	12	16	13	16	21	10	180	148	.822
Cad	13	13	13	17	8	15	12	16	23	15	180	145	.805
Lyons	9	13	11	15	11	18	12	12	17	11	180	129	.716
McKinley	12	16	12	8	12	14	6	15	16	9	180	120	.666
Jackson	9	12	9	13	12	12	9	10	15	9	180	110	.611
Deitrich	13	14	12	13	11	13	11	13	13	..	165	113	.684
Carson	..	..	15	13	17	12	15	14	15	19	13	165	133	.806
Linder	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	15	7	.466
Bingham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	12	.800
Mitchell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	15	8	.533
Berlin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	15	4	.266
Moore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	15	6	.400
Goff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	15	7	.466
Joseph	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	15	5	.333
Gray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	9	.600
Church	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	15	5	.333
Alkire	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	15	7	.466
McDow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	10	.666
Dewey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	15	8	.533

PAUL R. LITZKE

Trap at St. Louis.

THE Riverside Gun Club held a little tournament on its grounds on June 18, under the management of Fred. Fink. This did not bring out a very large crowd, but a few of the tried and true were in evidence, among whom may be mentioned Chase, Prendergast, Collins, J. L. 147 Winston and King. The latter has recently returned from Europe, and proceeded to demonstrate at once that his sojourn across the water had not materially affected his shooting, as he shot a 90 per cent. clip, and finished second, Chase being high man, with .912.

On these grounds the targets are thrown out over the water and there is a sky background. The weather was perfect and there was a good wind blowing away from the score.

The following are the scores:

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.	Average.
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	20	10	15	10	15	10	20			
Chase	9	14	10	14	8	20	10	13	8	14	9	17	160	146	.912
Kling	9	14	8	14	9	20	10	13	7	13	9	18	160	144	.900
Prendergast	8	13	8	12	10	15	10	14	6	15	9	18	160	138	.862
Collins	7	12	8	12	10	15	10	14	6	15	9	18	160	127	.793
147	8	15	10	13	9	18	8	13	7	13	9	..	140	133	.950
Stroh	9	14	7	13	9	16	6	12	..	..	..	..	105	82	.780
Spencer	9	11	10	13	9	16	..	12	..	..	..	..	95	80	.842
Baggerman	7	9	9	10	5	..	8	12	5	..	..	..	95	65	.684
Selzer	10	13	9	13	8	17	8	..	..	..	..	..	90	78	.866
George	7	12	6	8	..	..	7	..	7	..	8	..	80	56	.700
Dr Clark	..	..	..	7	3	9	5	7	..	..	..	..	70	31	.442
Fink	9	10	6	..	9	..	9	..	8	..	..	..	65	51	.784
Kling, Jr.	4	7	1	2	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	60	17	.283
Burrows	..	..	..	6	4	..	7	..	7	..	..	..	45	24	.533
Clay	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	.500

PAUL R. LITZKE

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., June 21.—Herewith are scores made by members of our club this afternoon. Seven events, 10 targets, Hamagautrap:

Wadsworth, 5, 9, 10, 10, 9, 9, 8. Fowler, 8, 8, 8, 7, 6, 10. Bunk, 7, 9. De Witt, 8, 5, 7. Hamilton, 7 and 4 out of 5.

E. A. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Constant Reader.—We do not answer anonymous correspondents.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Atlantic City Horse Show.

VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE first exhibition of the Atlantic City Horse Show Association will be held at Inlet Park, Atlantic City, on July 13, 14, 15, 1899. Liberal prizes guarantee a large number of entries, a high class of exhibits, and a carefully prepared program promises abundant entertainment. This popular event will serve to still further increase the attractions of this great seaside resort. Excursion tickets to Atlantic City and return will be sold by the Pennsylvania Railroad from all stations on its line.—*Adv.*

Our Insect Friends and Foes:

How to Collect, Preserve and Study Them. By Belle Cragin. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Miss Cragin sets forth the pleasure to be derived from a systematic study of the habits of insects, and gives many points which will be of practical value to the beginner. She gives comprehensive descriptions of all the more important species to be found in the United States, together with many illustrations.—*Adv.*

Among the things in our advertising columns which have special interest to anglers, Messrs. A. F. Meisselbach & Bro., the well-known reel manufacturers, announce their "Featherlight" and "All Right" reel, and the Harrimac Collapsing Landing Net.—*Adv.*



SAIL, SEA AND SKY.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 2. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

SIZE IN YACHTING.

UP to the present time international honors are even between the two yachts just built to contest the possession of the America Cup; while the American craft has spent a day of delay and inglorious rest in the mud of Bristol Harbor, fast beyond the help of a powerful tug, her British—or so-called Irish—sister has fared no better, having been aground for a whole tide off Southampton. As each of these untoward mishaps occurred within a very short time after the first launching of the vessel, they are the first; but it is by no means likely that they will be the last. Even though both yachts escaped the danger of a fatal grounding, and it is by no means a small one, they are certain to have frequent violent and disagreeable collisions with the bottom.

The draft of water in racing trim, at least 20 feet, is more than can be carried with either safety or convenience in the waters habitually frequented by yachts; such as the Thames, the Solent and Long Island Sound. There are channels in plenty where the draft is ample; but they are channels and nothing more, mere narrow paths to which the great lead bulbs must confine themselves at any cost. A lower tide than usual, a little crowding by another vessel on the edge of the bank, a slight error of judgment or lapse of vigilance on the part of the helmsman, and the yacht is aground to stay until a new tide at least.

For the next three months this constant menace of grounding will be most carefully guarded against; each yacht will have her guardian steamer in close attendance, to tow her at all times when not actually racing, and when racing it will only be in such a locality as the open sea off Sandy Hook, or between Block Island and Martha's Vineyard. When the conditions so change that it costs more than it is worth to race a yacht in this manner, with a special tender and all the heavy expenses of docking, the two new boats will be tied up to rust, like Defender and Valkyrie III.

It is amusing now to look back to the time, not so many years distant, when the FOREST AND STREAM was generally abused and decried for its advocacy of such a draft as was necessary to make a yacht safe beyond the possibility of capsize; a matter of 12 to 13 feet in a cutter of 90 feet waterline. To-day this amount of draft is given to the centerboard model, while the keel boat goes to 20 feet and over.

The only reason that such a figure is necessary in a yacht of 90 feet waterline is that less would not give her the power to carry an enormous sail plan that is thus possible in a keel boat of good model. The only reason why the length of 90-foot waterline is adhered to is that so large a yacht is actually faster than a smaller one. This limit is purely arbitrary, and based neither on reason nor common sense; if there is any good reason for building a cutter of 90-foot waterline instead of one of 70 feet, there is just as much reason for abandoning the 90-footer for one of 100 or even 120 feet.

So far as the interests of yachting are concerned, they are no longer benefited, and actually suffer with the retention of the 90-footer. The cost of construction and running places them beyond the reach of even the wealthiest patrons of yachting as a sport, apart from business ends. The history of Defender and Valkyrie III. shows the folly of such craft, built for half a dozen races and then left for years to rust and decay; while the very fact that they have been built and may again be resurrected at any time serves as a menace to prevent the building of smaller and more useful yachts.

There is nothing to be gained now by studying the causes which led to the great enlargement in size—that is a fact that cannot be gainsaid; but one of the vital questions in modern yachting is that of the abolition of the 90-foot class and the establishment of one of such size and use as to enlist the support of the wealthier yachtsmen as individual owners.

However much of a success she may prove, Columbia teaches nothing that was not learned from Defender, and if any real progress is to be made in designing, it must be by the construction of half a dozen yachts in a year, and not of one yacht every four or five years.

Outside of the two principals, probably no one knows just how much money will be spent on the series of five races between Columbia and Shamrock this year, but it will be a very large sum. Suppose that at the outset Sir Thomas Lipton had set aside the same amount for the construction of a fleet of 65-footers, such as Tutly, Senta, Astrild and Betty; yachts about as large as Queen Mab, placing his orders with the different British designers, having the yachts ready early in the season, and sailing a series of races open to the 65-foot class. Such a course of preparation would have given him in the end a yacht in perfect form, with the pick of skipper and crew, instead of a craft that comes to America virtually without trial. On the part of the defense, the cost of Columbia would have built a similar fleet, of probably three or four 65-footers, with others added by different individual yachtsmen; the whole fleet being raced through June, July, August and September. Instead of being confined to one boat by one firm, every prominent American designer might have been represented; and, what is of the most importance, the foundation of permanent class racing would have been laid permanently. The two leading characteristics of the America Cup races of to-day, size and secrecy, are both at variance with that advancement of yachting which the Cup was originally designed to promote; and as long as the present conditions exist, the interests of the sport at large are hurt by the continuance of international racing.

SNAP SHOTS.

The Ohio sportsman of to-day finds himself on the stage of action at a day too late for certain phases of hunting he might have enjoyed at an earlier period; he is thousands of years behind time, in fact, for bear hunting once available within Ohio's confines. The National Museum has recently acquired the skull of an extinct bear found on a farm near Hamilton, in Butler county. The man who found it was digging a well and came upon the skull twenty-three feet below the surface, lying on what appeared a nest of petrified sticks. As described by Mr. Garrett F. Miller, Jr., this old-time bear was probably somewhat smaller than our black bear of to-day, and the skull, marked by a deeply concave forehead and small brain case, would indicate that it was wanting in the bear sense which has given Bruin so high a place for shrewdness among the brutes. In those ancient times perhaps a bear did not find it necessary to exercise so much cunning as in these later days of more aggressive enemies. This Ohio species Mr. Miller has named *Ursus procerus,* which we take to mean slim or spindling, or as might be said of a human being, spindle-shanked. Now that a well digger has dug up a bear skull near the station, we may expect to find Overpeak figuring in the railway books as a point affording bear hunting attractions for sportsmen; that would come at least as near to the truth as many an advertisement of other places said to abound in game, and which indeed may have done so at the time, say, when this Ohio bear was perambulating the earth.

The complications in the New Jersey Fish and Game Commission have found solution in the voluntary resignation of Protector Shriner. His letter to the Commissioners, printed in another column, gives his reasons for the step. Mr. Shriner has acted in a way which does credit to him as an official and as a public spirited citizen. The Commissioners had been harassed for months, and probably would have been harried continually by the importunities of Gov. Voorhees to dismiss an official who was distasteful to him. Sensible of the value of Mr. Shriner as their executive agent, and having regard to their oaths of office and their desire to give the State a good service, the Commissioners were convinced that the public interest demanded Mr. Shriner's retention; indeed this was the conviction of all persons who were cognizant of the facts in the case. We do not know how long the struggle might have been prolonged; perhaps it would have gone on until some of the Commissioners would have resigned rather than to be bullied into serving as agents of Gov. Voorhees' personal spite. Now that Mr. Shriner has resigned, it is to be hoped that a successor may be found who will not be a cause of friction between Commission and Executive. For in Gov. Voorhees' antagonism to game and fish protection, on general principles, the Commission will find all the handicap it can carry, without any further opposition from a Governor who allows his personal spite to control his official actions. As for the new protector, if the Commissioners shall find another one as discreet, energetic and efficient as Mr. Shriner, they may count themselves extremely fortunate.

We are so accustomed to consider the usefulness of birds in their capacity of insect destroyers that the service they render as consumers of the seeds of weeds is for the most part lost sight of. The report of Mr. Sylvester D. Judd, of the Biological Survey, brings together a mass of evidence on this subject; and its publication should go far to increase popular appreciation of the feathered allies of agriculture. This report and that of Mr. Palmer, on the introduction of noxious species, well show the practical work the Survey is accomplishing. The fact is that there is necessity of a complete readjustment of the popular attitude toward many of the wild creatures of the earth; and such papers as these two which we have taken from the work of the Survey have high educational value.

As an addendum to Mr. Cheney's notes on eels, which were printed last week, we may cite the letter of a correspondent in an English exchange, who makes a plea in behalf of the otter as in reality an ally of the angler instead of a foe, as has commonly been maintained. For while the otter is a fish eater, says his champion, it has a preference for eels above all other inhabitants of the water; and because it destroys eels, and destroys them on the spawning beds of trout, to which the eels resort for trout eggs, it should be protected as a useful species, instead of being hunted and destroyed as vermin.

If a penny saved is a penny gained, the rescue of fishes from drying sloughs and pools from which the water has receded is a very practical, cheap and profitable form of fishculture. In numerous sections of the West the fish commissioners have long recognized this rescue work as one of the best paying branches of their public service. The new Utah game law makes it the duty of county fish wardens to take from such receding waters the imported trout, bass and herring and to transfer them to other streams.

A Norwegian company has been formed to engage in raising reindeer for marketing the meat. They have control of sixty square miles of wild mountain land, now stocked with a herd of 2,400 deer, which it is proposed to increase to 4,000; and the prospectus calls for an annual killing of a thousand deer a year, worth something over seven dollars each in the market. A canning plant will be established to can reindeer venison, red char and ptarmigan. They will probably can the ptarmigan out of existence; but reindeer in Norway are domestic animals, rather than wild game; and the chief difficulty of the enterprise may be to find a market for canned reindeer.

We may supplement the note Mr. Ames sends about heath hens on Martha's Vineyard by recalling that so late as the spring of 1898 a number of prairie chickens, pinnated grouse, from the West were liberated on the island. Mr. Frank Golant, who reported this at the time, suggested that the extermination of the heath hen, if it was exterminated, had been caused in part by the disastrous fires which had swept through their breeding grounds. The finding of the young this year indicates that the establishing of the Western birds has promise of success.

At the meeting of the American Fisheries Society, at Niagara Falls, last week, Mr. John W. Titcomb, of Vermont, was elected President, and Mr. Seymour Bower, of Michigan, Secretary. The next meeting will be held at the Woods Holl United States Fish Commission Station. We have a notion that the new executive will recognize the advantage of publicity and will cause it to be made known to the world that there is such a society in existence.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Bee Tree.

OUR life was singularly placid and uneventful during the week we occupied the sheep herder's deserted cabin near the summit of Devil's Mountain, in northern California; it was, that is to say, until we found the bee tree.

Every morning my chum and I tumble out of our rickety bunk a full hour before dawn, scrape together the embers in our cavernous fireplace, gulp down our coffee and bolt our bacon and damper, buckle on cartridge belts, shoulder rifles, and with a hasty query "North?" vanish into the darkness. Then for half an hour we stumble along through a forest of madrone and tan bark, noosing our necks with riatas of wild grape and snarling our feet in tangles of bear vine, seeing nothing of course, but occasionally hearing a scraping of claws on a tree trunk and the weird cr-r-ooning whistle of a startled coon. Then the east begins to glow, the night wind dies away, the air grows perceptibly warmer, the hum of a myriad insects rises and falls in gentle cadence, and the perfume of the woods at dawn—of all odors the most refreshing to the world-weary man—pervades our senses and we pause.

"What a marvelous mingling of sweet smells," I say to my friend; "there is honeysuckle and laurel and lilac and wild azalea, or bay rose, as they call it here, and a hundred other flowers that are nameless to me."

"Yes," replies that utilitarian, "and we must get a move on us if we want meat this morning. So, trek!" We jog on again, presently to separate, he to the right, I to the left, picking our steps stealthily along the ridge, sweeping every glade with careful scrutiny, first the shadows cast by the tall timber around its edge, then each clump of poison oak in the open. Deer, like cattle, are passionately fond of this shrub, and in their browsings will frequently ensconce themselves in a thicket of it, so that only the flapping of an ear or a glint of sunlight on an antler's prong betrays the fat buck at breakfast.

Thus the morning hours glide by unnoted, until perhaps from afar off across the mountain spur comes the spiteful "ping" of my friend's .30, or sundry "pings" in quick succession, then an interval of silence, and then a faint halloo-o, which means "I've got him!"

Whereupon I clamber over the hogback and help pack the quarry into camp. Occasionally, but more rarely, it is the bellow of my .40-65 which re-echoes down the cañon, and then sometimes it is Monty, who helps with the packing.

It was Saturday, the hour 9 A. M., and we were hastening cabinward, for our hearts smote us at having neglected the third member of our party—a veritable son of Satan, otherwise a buckskin mule, on whose hurricane deck our camp kit had traveled sixteen miles over the mountains from the stage road. This brute, doubtless, at that very moment was trying to eat his way out of the sheep corral and strike out for home, as he had succeeded in doing twice before.

We were empty-handed, to be sure, but then there was plenty of meat in camp, and excepting the mule there was nothing in the wide world to bother us; so as we jogged along we laid our plans for the evening's shooting and then fell to discussing the owner of the mountain, one Roberts, whose ranch house peeped from the green of the long ridge across the cañon.

"It is an extraordinary thing," Monty was saying, "that, although there is any number of bees about this ranch, Roberts says in the twenty-two years he has been here he never found a——. By Jupiter! there's a bee tree now!"

Instinctively I dodged. Recollections of childhood's more or less happy hours—some of them very tender recollections—surged in upon me. I bethought me of a freckled-faced urchin with sapling, hook and line, perched upon a granite abutment beneath a railway bridge just over a deep still pool in a far-off State across the Rockies; of the restful fragrance of the pines upon that drowsy afternoon; of the clinkity-clink of Hank Bemis' grist mill down stream; of a strange buzzing, growing louder and louder, until of a sudden a swarm of these pesky little miscreants swooped down upon that innocent child and roosted all over his frail anatomy, but mostly in his hair; of a squawk of infantile horror; of the flop of a small body into an ice-cold brook, ditto one can of hoppers, one fish pole and one string of trout; of the scramble ashore; the race homeward and the subsequent conversation in the woodshed—all this came into my head, and also that other time when this same small boy sat down on the hollow log at the Sunday-school picnic and instanly became the animated—most animated—center of attraction of that festal gathering; the observed—too much observed—of all observers.

"Better leave it alone," said I. "Thanks to these pestilential little humbugs, I have conspicuously displayed upon my person many a time and oft the sign 'Closed for Repairs.' We are having a royal good time as it is, without hunting up trouble." But he would not have it that way.

"Why, old man," said he, "Roberts will be tickled most to death at this. I'll go over and tell him to-night. To-morrow's Sunday. We won't go shooting in the morning, but will snooze away till 9 and then we'll tackle that bee tree. Great Scott! it is a big one! I shouldn't be a bit surprised if we got fifteen gallons of honey out of it!"

"More likely each of you will get stung in fifteen different places, and each new sting will be fifteen times sorer than the last! Leave these diurnal vampires in their coop!" I ventured; but he was obdurate, and having taken the bearings of the tree, a giant white oak, on a precipitous bluff about a quarter of a mile from our cabin, we went home, watered and hobbled the mule, cooked and ate tenderloin of venison, did our chores and in the afternoon he struck out for the ranch, while I slid down hill a mile to the creek and captured enough trout for supper.

The following morning we were awakened by a miniature earthquake in the cabin, and there was Roberts projecting his 6ft. 2 of sturdy manhood through the doorway, and at his heels the Kids—his half-brothers, aged twelve and fourteen respectively—and tagging after them the most extraordinary specimen of mongrel quadruped ever seen outside of a menagerie. "That's the dasiest coon dorg in Humboldt county, you bet. Ain't you, Tige?" remarked the elder kid, as he threw down an axe and a lariat. "When he seed me take that axe he was bound to jine the percession."

"What breed do you call him?" I asked of Roberts, who was unloading himself of three five-gallon coal oil cans fitted with rope handles, a roll of mosquito netting and a mysterious package, which we afterward learned contained sulphur.

He looked puzzled. 'He's got some shep," he said, slowly, "and some hound, and a little bull, and mebbe a mite of mastiff; and then there was that derned Australian kangaroo dog that Toomy had down in the valley and—and— some others. He's what you might call mix-breed; but then he's all-fired death on coons; he is that, for a fac'."

During breakfast Roberts outlined his plan of campaign. "I ain't never had no experience with bees much hardly," he premised, "but from what I've heard, it's easy. You cut down the tree and light a fire near the hole where the bees is, and put sulphur on it. The smoke makes 'em silly, and they won't bite, leastwise not to amount to nothing. Then you chop out the hole and lift out the honeycomb, and there you are. I reckon I've brung cans enough to hold the honey."

It did sound easy, and after breakfast we gathered together the impedimenta and started in single-file for the bee tree, marshaled by the coon dog. When in sight of the tree, Roberts divided the mosquito net into convenient lengths, and each of the bee hunters enveloped his head, and hat in it, turning up his coat collar to hold it securely in place. Roberts next put on a pair of buckskin gloves, while my friend swathed his hands in a couple of hankerchiefs, while I found a coign of vantage about 50yds. above the trail, where my view was unobstructed. I had lost no bees and didn't propose to hunt any. The coal oil cans and other paraphernalia were deposited at the base of the tree, and the party slowly circled around it, viewing it from every point. The coon dog went too, wagging his stumpy tail in anticipation of the good times coming. Then the bee hunters held a conclave a short distance from the tree, and the coon dog looked disgusted.

"It's a tarnally all-fired big tree," remarked Roberts. "It's too blame big to cut and too blame big to climb [only he didn't say blame], and thet limb where the bees is is thirty foot up."

"Couldn't we nail slabs on the trunk, climb up and saw off the limb?" inquired Monty.

"Ain't got no saw," Roberts answered.

"Well, cut it off then."

"Ain't got no nails."

They then filed back to the tree and tapped it with the axe as high as they could reach. It was solid. Next the younger kid mounted Roberts' shoulder and sounded it all around a second time. Still solid. Then the bee hunters withdrew for further conference, and the coon dog looked as if he had just received a telegram that the last coon on earth had died of dropsy, "interment private."

But my chum was a man of resources. "That limb is not more than 18in. thick," said he, "and it is nothing but a shell. We can shoot it off with my .30 and soft-nosed bullets. We'll get the honey in the limb to-day and to-morrow we'll bring along some nails and boards, tap the trunk and corral the rest of it." Unanimously carried. The rifle was fetched from the cabin; the elder kid threw his lariat and caught the hollow limb; Roberts kindled a fire and had his sulphur and coal oil cans in readiness, also the axe; Monty began blazing away at the bee tree, ripping great slivers of dead wood off at every shot; the angry insects buzzed about the doorway of their domicile, while the coon dog and the younger kid danced around the bole, the former emitting short, paroxysmal yelps of delight, and the latter shouting encouragement to the workers.

At the tenth shot the limb wobbled. At the eleventh it drooped, and then with a lusty pull from Monty, who had thrown aside his rifle, and the kids, down it crashed, nearly flattening the coon dog, who had jumped for it as soon as he saw it coming.

Roberts rushed forward with his fire and sulphur; Monty with the axe; the kids with the tinware. Everybody had something to say and everybody said it at once: "Durn that dorg!" "Get out of the way!" "Gee, whew! I'm stung!" "Blame that sulphur!" "Cut that hole bigger!" "Phew, I'm suffocating!" "Jiminny Crickets! they're all over me!" "Oh! ouch!" and lastly, above the turmoil, Roberts' voice: "They're yaller jackets! They're yaller jackets! Run for it!"

And they did run for it. Down the trail they streamed, helter-skelter, shedding hats and headgear, expletives and clothing, as they ran, but not the coon dog! He was clear grit, clean through. Once accorded a fair field, he asked no favor, but sailed into that hollow limb and bit and scratched and growled and snapped until every square inch of his ebon epidermis was tawny with clustering wasps.

All at once a look of pained surprise overspread his homely face. He let out one long piercing howl, "ki-yi-yi!" and started for the river, slumbering in cooling greenery a mile below the bluff. He fairly sailed down that steep descent. At his first mad bound he took a poison oak bush 10ft. high. Next came a precipice of shelving gravel, where every time his feet touched he loosened half a ton of stones and boulders. These rattled and rumbled in his wake, like small arms and artillery, and now and then impinged upon his miserable but aureoled carcase. Did he mind it? Not a whit; it was a welcome change.

On he went. Right ahead lay a mass of wild oats, breast high. He saw it as he shot downward, riding on the avalanche, and the "ki-yi" that soared up to me was surcharged with exultation. He cleaved that undulating sea like an ocean liner chasing a record. Then came a patch of scrubby oak and chaparral, and the coon dog still kept moving. Another field of oats, more brush, a stony piece of ground where thistles grew, then timber and the river. He scorched the whole course, and when I could not see him I heard him. He wasn't one of those who believed in suffering in silence. He liked folks to know about it. I saw him mow the thistles right and left; I saw him vanish in the timber; a wailing "ki-yi," pianissimo, floated out from the tree tops. Then silence. He had got there.

To resolve myself into an ambulance corps and Red Cross auxiliary was the work of an instant. I reached the cabin on a run, and noted the casualties. Roberts had been stung seven times, Monty five, while the kids had two apiece. To the adult sufferers I administered without delay three fingers of whisky, neat, in the bottom of a pint pannikin. I did this to check their flow of language, which was copious, while I collected my humble store of medicaments, to-wit: flour, vinegar, gun grease, brown paper and clay from our spring.

By dinner time all my patients were convalescent.

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But the coon dog? A letter from one of the kids has this to say: "But you fellows spoiled the cutest coon dog in Humboldt county with that bee tree funny business of yours. If I look at an axe or pick up a bit of rope, that coon dog crawls 'way under the barn and can't be coaxed out even at meal times. Reckon he wonders mighty often what in thunder we wanted to get that dern limb down for anyhow."

Reckon he does.

MARIN.

In Filibuster Days.—I.

A Story of the Walker Expedition.

WHEN on a lovely evening of the early spring of the year 1856 the stanch schooner Minnie Schiffer was cast loose from the puffing tug off the mouth of the Mississippi River at the beginning of her voyage from New Orleans to Greytown, Nicaragua, a motley crowd was gathered upon her swarming deck. A band of recruits, 150 in number, under command of Col. Jacques, a French soldier of fortune, en route to join the army of filibusters commanded by William Walker (the "Little Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny," then engaged in the attempt to conquer the small Central American State of Nicaragua), swarmed upon the forward part of the vessel, while a little company of thirty emigrants, men, women and children, most of whom were farmers from western Iowa, were grouped on the quarter-deck; and as the noisy little tug steamed back toward the mouth of the great river on its return trip to New Orleans, and the sun was sinking in a halo of glory that filled all the western sky, while the hoisted sails flapped idly in the motionless air as the uneasy ocean heaved and sank beneath the vessel's keel, the colonel of the filibusters called the attention of his troops to the sight of the Stars and Stripes slowly unfolding in the evening breeze over the little Government station of the Balize, just distinguishable in the distance, and told them to take a good look at the flag and at the land over which it waved in beauty, adding that in all probability some of them were then looking at their native country for the last time.

What a strange thing is this feeling of patriotism, so common to all mankind, which, like a hidden magnet, attracts so irresistibly toward the land of one's birth.

In the group of emigrants stood an imaginative boy of sixteen, whose head has since whitened in the frosts of time, and who was then beginning the first important journey of a subsequently wandering life who, as the full significance of the French colonel's words was grasped by his all too heedless mind, felt a strange swelling of the heart and the rush of unbidden tears to his eyes; and turning aside to hide his emotion was surprised and consoled to note that among the grim and hardened faces of the filibuster recruits gathered from the floating population of the Mississippi River towns—"wharf rats" in their own vernacular—were many pairs of eyes misty and wet as his own.

> "Breathes there the man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land!"

Down in the rosy west sank the sun, buried and lost in the fiery glow of its own creating; the stars shone down upon the glassy deep, and the boy who was launched upon the first voyage of a lifetime went to bed wondering if he would still be able to see the land when he should rise in the morning.

But, alas! when he came on deck next morning and found nothing in sight beyond the little vessel save frowning sky and angry sea, and when the heretofore level deck was found to be steep as a house roof, while occasional waves washed the lee scuppers, and a strange upheaval of all his inner anatomy beginning to assert itself, which promptly demanded a most unwilling tribute to Neptune, he found himself confronted by one of the most unpleasant facts of a lifetime, and one which but few are called upon to face—that in his case, as in that of a few other unfortunates of the race, mal de mer was a foe which no amount of seagoing experience could propitiate, and which six subsequent voyages, covering many thousands of miles, has utterly failed to disarm, but which upon subsequent occasions has assailed him so savagely that a sentence to an ocean voyage to China on a sailing vessel on a turbulent sea would to-day be regarded by him as almost, if not quite, a death sentence.

During the twenty-three days of the voyage, as the laggard schooner crawled across the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea and the Bay of Honduras, during only the times when the sea was comparatively calm came moments at all enjoyable to the vigorously healthy boy, fascinated with every strange incident of his first seagoing experience.

The purpose of the emigrants, of whom my father and two of us boys were members, was to settle in the mountainous portion of Nicaragua, which country we fondly imagined would, by annexation, soon become a part of the United States.

On our journey down the Mississippi my father had bought a mill in St. Louis, for grinding the corn of the natives, and all were jubilant over the prospect of forming the first American settlement in the soon-to-be-annexed State of Nicaragua.

The filibusters were a motley crew of many nationalities, mostly Americans, and their arms were a curious lot. Most of them were armed with muskets, but the medley of revolvers, derringers, bowie-knives, swords

and dirks were evidently gathered according to the fancy of each.

Before the mouth of the Mississippi had been reached the accidental discharge of a revolver had wounded a recruit in the shoulder, when the Colonel promptly disarmed the whole battallion—a wise precaution, as the event proved.

Near the middle of the Gulf a calm ensued, and for nearly thirty-six hours the ocean was like glass. The heat grew intolerable. Pitch oozed from the deck seams, and when the sun on the second calm day neared the meridian the women were sent below, that the men might go over the side for a swim in the blue water that looked so invitingly cool.

Although a very good swimmer, my father would not go in; nor would he, for a time, heed the pleadings of my brother and myself for permission to swim. Finally, when nearly all the crowd of bathers had returned to the deck after an enjoyable swim, and no sign of sharks had appeared, he consented to let us go in over the bow while he kept watch for our safety.

After a fine swim near the bow—which was disturbed only by the sudden recollection of the boyish experiment of shoving one foot down in an endeavor to touch bottom, which sent a shiver through me, as I thought of the countless fathoms beneath—we returned to the deck, and were nearly dressed when, there being but five men in the water, three under the bow and two swimming side by side around the stern, a filibuster captain, sitting on the quarter-deck and looking over the side at the swimmers beneath, noticed just behind their feet something round in shape and rapidly growing larger, and not until the swimmers had advanced quite a distance and the strange object in their wake turned more obliquely toward them did he realize that a large shark coming from deep water, and in his first appearance showing nothing of his length, was almost at the feet of the unsuspecting swimmers.

He jumped to his feet, crying, "Shark! shark!" and a man sprang to the cook's galley, and seizing some billets of wood, threw them into the water above the monster. Another seized the big bass drum of the filibusters, which fortunately lay close at hand, and holding it over the schooner's side beat it furiously. An officer ran up with a revolver and rapidly fired its contents into the water behind the frightened swimmers, who, knowing that a single rope hung from the foremast over the vessel's side, and that he who reached it first had the best chance of safety, swam for their lives.

The frightened shark swam off about 100ft. from the schooner's side, where he lay motionless alongside, a foot of two beneath the surface, and with a "stony British stare" of his cruel eyes gazed at the noisy crowd who had driven him from his prey.

As the afternoon advanced a faint zephyr crept over the sea, and very slowly and gradually swelling into a breeze the lazy schooner crawled along; and as the shark now took up his position in her wake the captain of the vessel came on deck with a fish-hook big enough to hold a horse, and a big line, some hundreds of feet in length, and baiting the hook with a junk of pork big enough for a dinner for his ship's crew, hove the bait over the stern and trailed in the schooner's wake 100ft. astern.

Gradually the breeze grew stronger, the ship's wake grew more tumultuous, and the cowardly brute, creeping up close to the enticing lure, crossed back and forth amid the tumbling waves, nearer and nearer to the bait, but still afraid to strike, and wearing our patience threadbare. Finally the practiced eye of the captain caught indications of a strike, and slacking up on the line, he allowed the hungry shark to swallow the bait, when, taking a turn with the line to enable him to play the monster, he gave a jerk that sent the hook well home, and then followed a fight grandly worth the seeing.

The great brute, over 12ft. in length, sent that all too slender looking cord through the waves from side to side of the vessel's wake with a noise like that of tearing muslin, while the throng on the schooner's deck stood with bated breath, watching the furious struggles of the tethered tiger of the sea, dreading the momentarily parting af the line, while the skillful old sailor in charge of the free circus played his giant catch with a deft coolness that woke our enthusiasm, and the long struggle went on as though the hungry shark were really a bundle of springs of a huge eight-day clock, wound up to the striking notch.

Finally his struggles grew weaker, and as the captain slowly worked him nearer the vessel's stern an officer fired three revolver shots at his head, now drawn near the surface; and this not appearing sufficient to quiet him a musket was heavily loaded and twice fired at the same target, when he grew more tractable, and the captain then tied a ship's rope in a big running noose around the fish line, and dropping it over the side allowed it to drift back over the head and shoulders of the shark, when the rope was tightened and half a hundred men seized hold and brought him up over the side on to the deck.

But, bottled smoke! he woke suddenly to life, and his sweeping tail, which for a time threatened to smash in the schooner's deck, soon cleared a wide space among the watchers at his funeral, when a thoughtful fellow seized the axe from the cook's galley, and watching for an opportunity succeeded in chopping off about 3ft. of his tail. Still he floundered dangerously, when finally his head was severed from his body. This finished him, but at the same time rendered it impossible to measure his length accurately, though from the number of planks of the deck which the pieces crossed it was plain that he was over 12ft. long.

About half an hour afterward it occurred to a curious youth to examine the shark's teeth. Just as I was about to push my hand into his mouth to feel of its triple row of dagger points, one of the filibusters, who, in spite of the Colonel's orders for disarmament, was still in possession of a bowie-knife, suddenly pushed me aside and thrust the knife into the shark's mouth. Instantly the great jaws closed upon the polished blade, and for ten minutes no man in the crowd could move it from that viselike grip. My curiosity was gratified with an outside view, and so I have two whole hands yet attached to my arms.

The tail of the shark was cooked by the sailors. The other bloody fragments were hove overboard, and all rejoiced that the skill of the captain had turned the tables on the savage creature, and that the biter had been badly bitten. It was, however, by a rising vote unanimously decided that fresh water beat the briny deep out of sight for bathing purposes.

A few mornings after we saw our first clipper ship, one of those oldtime ocean greyhounds, and the prettiest craft that ever rode the waves. Up from the horizon on our port bow rose a cloud of snow, which the sailors promptly announced as a Baltimore clipper.

Eager as I was for a near view of the beautiful craft, I observed with regret that our own course across her bow would make this impossible by carrying us far beyond her before she could reach our line of travel. But a marvelous lesson awaited me. She rose above the horizon with wonderful rapidity, and swept across the sea as though on the wings of the wind and with the waves as the dust of her feet! Away across our bow sped the great snow cloud of beauty, so far in advance of our own crawling tub that only a distant view of the majestic creature rewarded my hungry gaze until she sank hull down in the northern sea.

If the new Herreshoff cup defender will only sail as well!

The loveliness of the tropical sea under the light of an unclouded moon captivated me. Drifting along one evening, an hour after a glorious sunset, a vessel still smaller than our own hove in sight, and drifted past us so closely that the trumpets of the two skippers were all unnecessary in their friendly hail. All was quiet on our decks, while the two captains conversed, when a mischievous sailor on the little craft hailed us:

"What ship is that?"

"The Minnie Schiffer," cried a filibuster, in reply.

"Where are you from?"

"New Orleans."

"Where are you bound?"

"Nicaragua."

"What are you loaded with?"

"Wharf rats!"

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Feed the Costa Ricans on 'em!" bawled the filibuster, and the faint echo of boisterous laughter floated back to us over the moonlit waves, as the little stranger drifted onward toward the land of the free, while our own happy-go-lucky crowd of filibusters floated on toward the strange south land where they were expected to fight the soldiers of Costa Rica, which had joined forces with the sister republic in defense against their common foe.

And now occurred an event which at first brought rejoicing to all on board, but finally came near to being the harbinger of a fearful tragedy.

Among the emigrants were a Mr. and Mrs. Webster Forbes, from Council Bluffs, Ia., and to them was born on the bosom of the Caribbean Sea a lovely little baby girl. All on board were jubilant over the prospect of the little schooner's landing a greater number of passengers than she had begun her voyage with.

The next day begun very pleasant, the filibuster force was drawn up in order on the schooner's deck, each man holding a mug, cup, can, glass or other dish containing a generous ration of whisky; and after the tiny little stranger had been carried slowly along the line in the arms of a motherly old lady, a Mrs. Tarbox, and each man had been allowed a glimpse of a wee nose peeping out from the bundle of flannels, Col. Jacques proposed the health of the tiny creature (who, in accordance with the petition of all on board, had already received the name of Minnie Schiffer Forbes, in honor of the little schooner which carried her), and the toast was drunk amid wild enthusiasm.

This was perhaps pardonable; but now began a carouse among some of the line officers of the battalion, a few of whom proved insubordinate and utterly unfit for command.

As night drew on one of the drunken lieutenants assaulted one of the emigrants, and was soundly drubbed for his pains, and another, a captain, picked a quarrel with the father of the baby girl, and presuming upon his rank began a course of conduct to which no American could be expected to submit.

The Colonel's attention being called to it, and the captain proving refractory and insubordinate, he was promptly placed under arrest, when some of the men of his company, growing belligerent, defying the authority of the Colonel and threatening the little band of emigrants with dire vengeance in the growing tumult, the emigrants prepared to assist the Colonel if necessary for their own safety.

For a time it looked squally and threatening for the safety of the little Colonel, whose French nativity now appeared as a target for the prejudices of the turbulent crowd, and as he suddenly sprang below I feared for the moment that his nerve had deserted him and that the more reckless of the mob, led by the drunken officers, might inaugurate pandemonium. But a moment later the brave fellow appeared with a revolver strapped to each side, and in a tone whose quiet firmness was backed by an unmistakable boding glance of his big black eyes, ordered the crowd forward from the quarter-deck; and the excited fellows moved slowly forward, and beyond a few muttered threats of breaking open the hatches, securing the muskets and bayonets, and carrying the schooner by storm, the tempest subsided, and silence and darkness closed down upon the little group of anxious emigrants on the deck of the swarming ship.

So began the life voyage of the child born upon the sea, and if any reader of FOREST AND STREAM can inform me concerning the later history of the little one, whose whereabouts were unknown to me after the eventful Nicaragua expedition, I shall esteem it a kindness indeed if he will do so.

The amusements in vogue on the crowded schooner were many, and as the voyage lengthened and time hung heavily on the hands of the restless crowd, various expedients were adopted to shorten the long days, and among the various ones tried none afforded more merriment than the attempts at improvisation in delineating the history of the schooner and her living cargo, to the accompaniment of a rollicking chorus.

One performer, a sailor named Clark, showed considerable ingenuity in this line, and assisted by a band of half a dozen shipmates to bellow a chorus vigorous and energetic enough to cover up and atone for any hitch in the versification, many merry moments were passed, which were as thoroughly enjoyed by the thronging onlookers as by the excited and eager performers.

A jolly Spanish officer of the battallion attempted it, and although quite proficient in speaking English caused much uproarious merriment by the oddity of some of his blunders, in the occasionally hurried effort to avoid being tripped up by the nimble chorus galloping close to the heels of his runaway rhyme.

In the days of the earlier Mississippi River steamers some of the negro boatmen exhibited considerable talent in this direction. In an attempt to delineate the hardships of the first spring voyage among a mass of doggerel a negro fireman improvised the following verse:

"De ice am driftin' down de riber;
Ho, yah! Ho yah, yah.
Make de nigger shake an' shiber,
Ho, yah! Ho yah, yah.

Steamboats sinkin' ebery day,
Ho, yah! Ho yah, yah.
Snags an' sandbars in de way,
Ho, yah! Ho yah, yah."

Finally the shore of the land of our search appeared, and as we drifted slowly along down the coast, just north of Greytown, the view was beautiful enough to atone for much of the discomfort of the long voyage.

The fleet of fishing canoes sailing out of the distant harbor mouth and spreading out over the sea like an opening fan—the dark blue of the ocean, bordered by a sharply defined line of green, the shoal water near the beach—the chalkline of white breakers at the edge of the narrow belt of yellow sand, beyond which rose the heavy dense forest, the green of whose strange vegetation was occasionally relieved by gorgeous flowers—the low level belt of forest extending inland to the base of the line of mountains blue with distance, and with one volcano smoking plainly in view not many miles inland—all contributed to the loveliness of a scene unexcelled and unforgotten.

Entering the harbor, the schooner was anchored near the southern shore, near Point Arenas.

Stirring news awaited us. The campaign of the filibuster army, which when we left New Orleans was reported crowned with an almost complete success, was now raging fiercely in the interior, and had grown to proportions which forbid positively the taking of women and children beyond the coast; and the only course now open to the disappointed colonists appeared to be to land at Greytown and await the course of events.

The alliance of Costa Rica, whose troops had come to the aid of those of Nicaragua, had rendered the task of subjugating the little state an almost impossible one; and the fever which marched with the invading army proved more formidable still.

The British Government having established a protectorate over the territory of the Mosquito Indians, a narrow strip of country along the Atlantic Coast from Greytown northward to and beyond Bluefields, sixty miles distant, and watching with jealous and unfriendly eyes all movements of the filibusters from the United States, the little band of armed invaders on the deck of the Minnie Schiffer were kept closely in hand by the vigilant French colonel, and hurriedly transferred to a small light-draft river steamer, which lay awaiting their coming, and started on the journey up the San Juan River to the interior to the assistance of their companions in arms under Walker.

We had learned to like many of the motley crowd, who, under a rough exterior, carried the metal of sterling manhood, and the French soldier of fortune who commanded them—and who shortly afterward was killed in action—had merited the respect of all on board.

We bade them good-by with regret, and landing in the quaint old town of Greytown awaited the course of events.

My father rented a house on the shore of the lagoon in rear of the town, and as no favorable news came from the interior, and as the little band of discouraged emigrants gradually broke up, some dying of the diseases of the unhealthy coast, some pushing on to California via the Isthmus of Panama, he planned to engage in some remunerative enterprise while awaiting the turn of the tide of war.

And now came my first adventure with the alligators. The lagoon swarmed with them, some of which were of monstrous size.

I had brought the little muzzle-loading rifle with which I had killed deer on the prairies of western Iowa, and as we came through St. Louis, Mo., my father had bought me a Mississippi yager rifle, which threw a ½oz. round ball, and proved quite an effective weapon.

Several shots at the heads of swimming alligators with the little rifle had proved that it was too light a weapon, and when one morning my father called to me that an alligator of most unusual size was coming along near the shore, I took the yager and ran down to the shore under cover of a clump of bushes, and, dropping on one knee, I cocked the rifle and awaited the coming of the giant saurian.

All unsuspicious of danger, and swimming with head half exposed above the water, he passed slowly along until opposite me, at about 40yds. distance.

Aiming carefully at a point near the lower line of the exposed portion of his skull, I fired, and the roar of the rifle was followed by a geyser-like eruption of the quiet water of the lagoon, followed by a shout of exultation from my father, who stood watching the result of the shot. I never saw an alligator make such a commotion; but the shot didn't do him a bit of good, and apparently no fatal harm, for, disappearing for a few moments, the great head rose again to view further out from shore, and the brute swam away as though unharmed. How he could sustain such a shock was a puzzler. To be sure, they grow to enormous size in tropical waters, and we were credibly informed that the bed of one where he had been jumped from his lair in the mud of the lagoon showed 21ft. from nose to tail. I grew discouraged for a time, as their armor seemed too heavy for my guns.

In the harbor of Greytown lay the British frigate Eurydice, of twenty-six guns, which had been stationed there

for some time; and one fine morning the United States frigate Susquehanna, of fifteen guns, ran into the harbor and gladdened us all with a glimpse of the old flag.

On board was Commodore Paulding, and the sight of the old gentleman coming ashore in his twenty-oared barge, the perfect movement of the oarsmen contrasting so sharply with the careless action of the British sailors on the Eurydice (the discipline on board of which had evidently grown lax during her long stay in the harbor), was a sight to make a boy's bosom swell to the peril of his jacket buttons.

While the Susquehanna lay in the harbor my brother and I were one day fishing in the harbor, and a storm which threatened a thorough soaking coming suddenly up, we ran alongside the Eurydice, laying near by, and as politely as we knew how asked permission to come aboard during the coming storm.

"Keep off!" was the gruff response.

Still hoping to escape the storm, we pulled for the Susquehanna, lying at quite a distance, but much nearer than the shore.

Reaching her side just as the first drops of rain came pattering down, we quickly fastened the boat to the steps lowered abaft of one of her side wheels and ran up to the top, meeting the sentry at the deck.

"What is wanted, boys?" said he.

"Please, sir, can we come under the awning while it rains?"

"Certainly," he replied, stepping aside, and we stepped upon the deck of the first American man-of-war we had ever seen.

The formidable appearance of the great guns, the ball-piled pyramid behind each, and the armed sentries pacing back and forth on her deck impressed us strangely.

On the quarter-deck stood a group of officers in all the magnificence of gold-laced uniforms, and among them stood a fine-looking, elderly gentleman, who proved to be Commodore Paulding, who, walking forward, greeted us kindly, inquiring if we were Americans, when we told him the story of our coming to Nicaragua.

"Boys," said the Commodore, "tell your father for me that he would better go back again to the United States and stay under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes."

After a very pleasant chat with the kindly old gentleman, and after witnessing the distribution of the whisky ration on board (which was dipped from an open barrel in a small cup and passed to each man at the calling of his name), the storm having spent itself, we returned to town, much pleased with our visit to the battle ship of the dear native land, and with the kindness of the courtly old Commodore.

ORIN BELKNAP.

VALLEY, Washington.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pioneer Days.—VI.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

IT chanced on the next day, what they accounted a great piece of good luck came to our pioneers. They were out upon the bay to see if their late visitors were lingering about the shores, when their eyes were attracted to a strange object adrift on the waters that were roughened by a stiff northwest wind.

"It's an almighty big turtle!" Kenelm declared, as something very like a rounded back wallowed in a trough.

"It looks more like a buoy that's gone adrift, for it shows red paint," Josiah said, as the object was tossed on the crest of a wave, "only it don't ride high enough."

"Wal, you've got it nigher 'n I did," the other said after close inspection, "for it's a cask, sure as you live. Lord send it is some sort o' sperits, for the Injuns hes drained us as dry as a paowder horn."

The wish was granted, for it proved to be a ten-gallon keg of brandy, perhaps a part of the stores or cargo of some French craft sunk off Le Rocher Fendu, and just now set afloat again by the breaking up of the wreck. At any rate it was of fine quality, ripe and mellow with age.

"That's good enough for the Commandant of Carrillon," said Josiah.

"Too good for Montcalm," Kenelm Dalyrymple swore, for he had memories of Ft. William Henry.

They made a secret hiding place for their treasure in a hollow stump, for it was too precious liquor to be guzzled by their ever-thirsty Waubanakee friends.

Not many days later Josiah was fashioning a huge mortar out of an oak stump close by the end of the house by alternate burning and gouging. This was for a plumping mill, that, when complete, consisted of the mortar, a heavy pestle slung at the end of a spring pole, the butt of which was fastened in the logs of the house, and all with a view to the coming corn crop. As he chipped away the wood or rekindled the fire and wet the edge of the slowly-shaping mortar to keep it from burning, his ear caught the sound of footsteps of some large quadruped approaching along the footpath which ran inland to meet the thoroughfare that linked the scattered settlements together from Bennington to the Winooski. Wondering what visitor could now be coming, for he knew no deer or moose would approach so unhesitatingly, nor Broad and Bright browsing the undergrowth and cropping the scant woods herbage, advance so regularly and rapidly.

He wondered no less when he saw a horseman emerge from the woods, a man of gigantic stature whose figure and carriage at once struck him as familiar. But when the traveler called out:

"Ho! thou dweller in the wilderness, hast thou no welcome for the stranger within thy gates?" the voice and the quaint phraseology left him no longer in doubt, and he hastened forward to give him greeting.

"Why, if it hain't Colonel Ethan Allen, for all of this livin' world. An' haow be ye, sir? By the Lord Harry, if I hain't glad tu see ye, and so'll my pardner be. He's aout on the creek fishin' for aour dinner! 'Light an' come in, whilst I ta' keer o' your hoss."

Kenelm had an inborn and cultivated distaste for everything that bore the name of work, yet in the free life of a hunter, trapper and fisher, would endure far more exposure, privation, and greater strain of muscle and never complain, than any regular employment entailed. A hail brought him in from his steady trolling up and down the channel, bringing with him the result of his two hours' fishing, a great wide-backed, thick-fleshed pike.

"Why, the Lord bless us, if it hain't Colonel Allen, an' you du us praoud if it hain't gittin' lost brings you here, an' if you be lost, why, it's aour good luck," he cried, as he recognized the distinguished visitor and inwardly thanked fortune for the means of entertainment which the lake had so timely provided.

In those days not to have liquor in the house for the entertainment of a guest was thought to be more disgraceful than to be without bread, and the hosts were truly grateful that they had this to offer their visitor, who having tasted it, needed no pressing.

"Heaven be praised for preserving such good liquor from unworthy lips and undue dilution with water, and sending it for the refreshment of honest men," he fervently said, as he smacked his lips over a second glass. "I shall be tempted to tarry long where the waters bring such bountiful fare to your door. I doubt if the ravens furnished Elijah such fish and such fine liquor."

"You'r' more'n welcome to 'bide as long as you please, Colonel," said Kenelm. "But what beats me is haow ye come tu find us if ye wanted tu, or why ye wanted tu."

"I want to know every true man in the Grants, and see a way provided for his protection against the Yorkers. It is a wonder they have let you alone so long."

"Oh, but we've hed 'em!" said Kenelm, and he and Josiah told of their late encounter, to Allen's great delight, especially as to the Indians being palmed off on the surveyor's party as Green Mountain Boys. He instructed them to notify Pangburn if they were again molested, and assured them of protection, and that they must be ready to give like aid to others. But he told Josiah that he doubted whether his title was good, for he believed Capron to be a knave.

"However, I've a pretty good understanding with the old Quaker surveyor, Benjamin Ferris, and I think he can make things easy for you with Delaplaine, for he is a Quaker, too, and they stick together like—well—like Green Mountain Boys."

He spent the remainder of the day with them, and helped make half the night jovial, at which he was an exceedingly good hand, having no end of stories to tell and great capacity for strong drink. When he left them next morning his fast friends for life, his head was the clearest of the three, though the one glass that furnished the board had gone fullest and oftenest to his lips.

It was a hot, hazy August day; the sun was a fiery, rayless ball in the brassy sky; some ripened water-maples in the marsh were blazing like steadfast flames in the still air. A gray heron sagged on slow pinions in briefest flight to a more promising shallow where the minnows snapped lazily at flies resting on the rims of lilypads or darted away in sudden fright as an evil-looking gar pike swam into their retreat. A pike broke the glassy surface of the channel with a slow swirl of miniature whirlpools boring the water in the widening arch of wavelets that subsided in the rustling sedges and shook the blue spikes of pickerel weed. A brood of well-grown, full-fledged wood ducks flashed past, exultant in the new power of flight, racing with their quivering reflections. High above the cedar-crested cliff an eagle soared on noiseless wings, surveying his silent realm of wood and waters.

In the midst of the hot stagnation of air, Kenelm and Josiah moved languidly on the shorn marsh, gathering the rustling cocks of wild hay into stilted stacks that looked like exaggerations of the muskrat houses which were already built along the outer border of the marsh. Far up the creek there was an approaching clank and splash of oars, and presently a scow appeared, manned by a full crew, two of whom were in the garb of Quakers, and one was at once recognized as their old chance acquaintance, the surveyor, the other a stranger of portly figure and benign countenance. When they met he was introduced as Nicholas Delaplaine. They were shown the canal-like approach to the shore and landing, and all went up to the house.

"I'd like to see thy deed," Delaplaine said to Josiah, who was growing sick at heart with a presentiment of trouble. "I'm afeard thee's been played a scurvy trick, for I never sold this to any one." Then he carefully examined the deed and pronounced it a fraud; as he could easily prove. "Thee's got about five acres cleared, and a good house and fine crops growing. It's too bad, but I don't want to be hard on thee for what isn't thy fault, except in lack of caution."

After some consideration he continued: "I'm going to propose to thee to give thee fifty pounds for what thee has done, or thee may give me fifty and keep the place, I giving thee a warrantee deed of it."

"That's fair, an' I'm obleeged tu ye, Mr. Delaplaine," said Josiah; "but I want you tu wait on me a month afore I give you an answer. I want time to go tu Connecticut an' back afore I can tell which I'll do."

"That thee may have and welcome, or longer if thee wishes," said Nicholas.

Dinner was got for the party, after which they returned to the falls, Josiah going with them, after making hasty preparation for his long journey. Long and weary it was, with a bitter reward, for his faithless sweetheart was married and gone, so that he had not even the poor satisfaction of upbraiding her for breaking her troth.

One September evening near the expiration of the month he made his appearance at the cabin, travel-worn and heartsick, all his hopes shattered, and leaving him with no desire to keep his pitch.

"I thought she was sparked tu stay," he said wearily, throwing himself upon the blankets, "but she jilted me, and of all the men in the world, you can't guess for who!"

"No," said Kenelm.

"For that d—— scoundrel Capron!" said Josiah. "Let the pitch go; I don't care for it no more. Women is just as you said they was, Kenelm. The devil take 'em all but my mother!"

The Hoot of the Owl.

MANY of your correspondents speak of the hooting of the big owl as a nightly occurrence. My own observation is that their note is the warning of a thaw in the winter or a storm at other times. When using the log sled I always dreaded to hear them call, for it meant slush and soft snow—always unwelcome to the logger

PINE TREE.

Neighbors.—III.*

Editor Forest and Stream:

The acquaintance of Jim and his neighbor had made such progress that formality ceased and invitations to call were unnecessary. There was even talk of putting a gate in the back fence. This was suggested by the women, who thought it would be so much nicer than having to go around the front way every time one wanted to "run over for just a minute." Jim winked knowingly at his neighbor, as if to say that a woman's back hair was not always in condition for public exhibition, and it is so inconvenient, you know, to have to "tidy up a bit" to go out front, as a woman always does when she goes to the butcher's wagon; and a back gate would save that trouble when one wanted to take the other a sample of her latest creation in jams or jellies. And the men, too, found it inconvenient to climb over, which a woman could not do with any sort of grace, so it was agreed all around that a back gate would be a handy thing to have.

Jim had settled himself into a comfortable position, and was adjusting his glasses for a quiet perusal of FOREST AND STREAM. His wife was rummaging in her work-basket for her thimble, and the prospect seemed good for a quiet evening together, when a gentle tap on the side door was followed by its opening, and the neighbor's wife walked in with a rippling little laugh preceding her "My! how cozy you look! My man is doing something to his shooting fixings, loading bullets, I guess, and he wanted me to ask you to go over and spend the evening with him," and, as if that settled it, she sat down and began undoing a bundle of fancy-work, a warning to Jim that if he did not go his reading would be made miserable by feminine gossip of frills and furbelows, which former experience had taught him to avoid, and when his wife held up a half-finished piece of feminine finery and began to talk of insertions and box pleats he laid down his paper and made his escape.

His knock on the door was answered by the expected "Come in," and he found his neighbor, coatless and collarless, emerging from the door of a room adjoining the one he entered.

"Come in here," commanded the neighbor, and Jim followed him into his snuggery. As he seated himself in a low-cushioned chair that seemed to fit every curve of his body he partly faced an open-grate mantel, now cold, but suggestive of winter comfort, overtopped by an autumnal picture of a hunter, which on closer examination proved to his host, seated on a log beside an old woods road, examining a grouse he had just shot, while a lolling, wise-faced dog lay looking on with evident satisfaction. Occupying one side of the room was a large case of mounted specimens of various game birds, hawks and owls, and beside it a cabinet of relics and curios. On the opposite side a glass case contained odds and ends of a sportsman's outfit, while all around the walls were hung with pictures, mostly of hunting scenes and landscapes. In the center of the room stood a large table covered with magazines, books and a smoker's set. "I am glad you came," said the neighbor. "I wanted company. How do you like my den?"

"You have a pleasant retreat. I especially admire that picture."

"It is from real life, and is a story in itself. The old road leads to a small lake that affords picturesque scenery and fair fishing. A camera enthusiast accompanied me one day for the purpose of making some pictures of the lake. On the way I shot a grouse, and when the dog retrieved it I was so struck with the beauty of its plumage that I sat down to examine it, which suggested the picture. I had a painting made from the photograph, and it is a pleasant reminder of one of the incidents in my experience."

"The camera is a happy means of retaining scenes that might be forgotten. If some one would invent as convenient a way of regaining lost opportunities his name would go down to posterity as a public benefactor," said Jim.

"Your idea is ingenious at least, and reminds me of an old hunter who had lain impatiently watching a flight of wild geese in the hope that some would fly low enough for a shot. When his patience was exhausted he arose and cried, 'Gol darn it, if I had a balloon I'd fetch 'em.'"

"Well," said Jim, "shooting from a balloon or a flying machine may not seem more marvelous to future generations than hammerless and pump guns would have been to our forefathers. The demand for more rapid means of extermination is always on the increase, and few men nowadays would be content to return to muzzle-loading days, when game had a more even chance against its pursuers."

"I for one cannot look back to those days without a feeling of regret that they are past. The younger men of to-day cannot appreciate it, for the breechloader came before their time; but I do not believe that any old-timer whose experience began with the muzzleloader can look upon his new acquisitions with the same degree of pleasure that he did his first tools. Then his outfit was harder to get, and the manner of preparation for its use gave him more time to think. His success was greater because he was more careful, and when he went hunting he was not so mechanical nor business-like. Look here!" He went to a closet and got out a handsome double-barreled muzzleloader. "That is my old friend; I used it for years before the breechloader became popular, and considerably since. I might use it to-day if I were not afraid of being ridiculed. It is a genuine Joe Manton, and cost nearly twice as much as my best hammerless. I give it as much care as I do my best guns, and think more of it. To me it is like a book filled with chapters of my happiest days afield, and I read better stories from it than are told to-day. It has outlived a dozen dogs, and will outlive me. And here is the old game bag, stained and frayed. I might find a few feathers in it from birds that were killed nearly half a lifetime ago, and they repeat the old, old story. I have the shot pouch and powder flask that belong to the outfit. Sometimes when alone I put them on and wish the days were back when they were in fashion."

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*Being a continuation of "Making Acquaintance," in our issue of June 24, and "The Man Who Visits Spiker," issue July 3.

"I can't make even a fair guess what kind of tools the young man of to-day will have when he is as old as we are," said Jim. "Perhaps he will look back to this time with the same feelings that we look back to our youth, and will wish for a return of the good old hammerless days, and so the world goes along. As we grow older we do not see things in the same way that we used to. Sportsmen, more than any other class, seem to delight in calling back their earlier days, and I think their frequent communion with nature, which never changes, is responsible for this. It is a constant reminder of days when strife and responsibility were ununknown, when the morrow was looked forward to as a continuation of the joys of the present. Recall your boyhood days when the fields seem to have been greener, the sun shone brighter and your bread and butter tasted better, than anything you get now. Does the boy of to-day experience the same feeling? I don't know, but I cannot believe he does. I like to think of the old home when I was a boy; the bright fields and the dark woods that bordered them; the big barn and the old wagon house, even the woodshed, with recollection of irksome tasks and occasional interviews with pa. Days when a little labor went a great way, and nothing depended upon it but the punishment if it was not performed; when I never became tired nor cared for appearance; when I was proud of my stonebruise or walked on my heel with a stubbed toe; when my supper consisted of a bowl of bread and milk, and I went to bed under the shingle roof and was asleep before I fairly touched the pillow. The city boy grows to manhood without knowledge of these things. He learns to shoot because he looks upon it as a fad; he becomes enthused, then a sportsman and a better man."

"We can't be boys again," said the neighbor, "but we can indulge in a boy's pastime. What do you say to a day's fishing?"

"It's a capital thought. Where would you go?"

"We can't go far in a day, but we might hunt up a quiet nook somewhere down river where we can spend the day in loafing around and develop an appetite at least."

"Then let's take the women along and make a picnic of it," said Jim, as the door opened and he heard the rustle of a dress in the next room.

"That's a better thought yet; we'll do it."

"What's this about the women?" asked the neighbor's wife, entering the room.

"Oh, nothing; only we're going to take you fishing," said the neighbor.

"And have you consulted them yet?" she asked; but there was a gleam of pleasure in her eyes that assured the men there would be no trouble to gain consent, and Jim departed to make known the plan to his wife.

J. H. B.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 27.

Memories of the Connecticut Valley.

EMPORIA, Kan., June.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While you of the Eastland have been burning up with heat and drouth, Kansas has been blessed with a week of abundant showers, and so the prairies with their wealth of future harvests are beautiful to look upon. But a rainy day here is something to be dreaded. There is little of the lushness and sweetness of such a day in New England, but a time of stickiness, nastiness and mud beyond compare; and so instead of going a-fishing as one should, even if they cannot catch anything but mud cats and turtles, I have been moping about the house enjoying your correspondent who signs himself with two stars (I wish he would not be quite so modest, but give his name).

His trip to the Running Gutter Brook in Hatfield, Mass., has set me to thinking of the many days so pleasant to look back upon I have spent along that brook, and about the old mill pond of which he also speaks. It was my boyhood playground, and though I have since wandered over a good bit of our broad land, yet I have never found its equal, nor do I think it is all because we are apt to hold the things of our childhood so dear as we look back upon them. For with several thousand acres of woodland almost unbroken, save by the old wood roads; with the hills rising as abrupt as New England granite can make them; with sweet cold springs of water and several brooks made up from these springs, clear and beautiful as only the brooks that the trout love can be; and formerly with several ponds that have since, by the breaking of the dams, gone out—it is altogether a bit of the Adirondacks in miniature. And it is only twenty miles from Springfield. Some time it will be appreciated; and though a trespass notice and a wire fence take away the wilderness and freedom from the woods, yet this is coming to be the only way to keep the wild creatures with us; and, so I hope the day will come when the deer and even the moose will feed in what was once their pasture ground, even if it shall be behind the woven wire.

Men are still living who have seen wild turkeys in these woods. It is too far north for quail to succeed without special care—for they are found but little north of Mts. Tom and Holyoke. But in my boyhood days I have flushed in two hours over twenty ruffed grouse within a mile of the house. The snipe and woodcock loved the damp places; the wild ducks well knew the shallow feeding places of the ponds; the wild pigeons loved the grand old pines that then stood like the monarchs they were on these lands. Foxes were plenty enough for the good of the other game, with an occasional wildcat to keep them company. In the winter occasionally the track of an otter was seen where he had dragged himself from one brook to another; and in the spring on the slush ice of the pond there were usually two, side by side, dragging themselves for a distance, then in their haste springing forward a number of feet, and so passing on up to their summer quarters. The big Northern hare and his smaller cousin, the cottontail, afforded their full share of sport; and the gray, red and chipmunk squirrels abounded. For rarities an occasional great blue heron was seen. A pair of big fish eagles nested yearly in a pine on mountain side. Rarely a bald eagle would visit us; and the great Northern owl each winter told us when a thaw was coming; and on one occasion one stayed all night for my delectation undisturbed, I am glad to say, although then, boy-like, I wished for a rifle to shoot him with. I know not how much of all this wealth of wild life is left now. The grand old forests are gone; for—and I regret to say it—my hands helped in their destruction; but the second growth is there. The rocks and hills are indestructible. The springs still boil up. The brooks still add of their fullness to the Connecticut. The arbutus, the Indian pipe and the lady slipper can be found by those who love them. The wintergreen, checkerberry and all the running vines still make the woods beautiful. With care and protection much of the wild life could be restored and other wildness and beauty added.

But to come back to your correspondent, for while by this time I did not suppose there was a fair sized trout left in the brook, yet I trust that the big one of which he spoke, increased in length and girth by two years of good feeding, was waiting for his especial benefit. I trust the black flies all had business elsewhere. I trust the mosquitoes were so gorged with the blood of other fishermen that day that they were content to let him pass undisturbed; that he stirred up no hornets' nest; that the ruffed grouse with an apparently broken wing led him a chase only to leave him with the rush and roar of wing so pleasant to hear; that he got very thirsty and waited until he reached the Williamsburg road, and then at the little ford between the woods and bridge, where the water purls over the white pebbles, he lay down and drank and drank and drank; that then he went on over to the west branch toward where it comes down from the mountain, and found the place where the brook comes rushing over the ledge into the saucer-shaped pool, and after whirling around a few times hurries on again; and then "with good digestion waiting on appetite" he sat down and ate his luncheon, while the robins and blackbirds and pines sang to him their sweetest music, and though too late for arbutus and too early for buttercups, yet some sweet first wild rose of summer welcomed him with its half-opened blossom. And then picking up a goodly fish here and there he found his way down to the Hubbard's mill pond dam—now I suppose only a ruin; and so to the pond of the sawmill; then leaving the Cowles Meadow Brook for another day, went home. All this and all the other good that that delectable land could give him—if he is a good fisherman and true—I trust were his that day.

I would like to give him or some one else a hint in regard to some big trout. If the mill dam is the same as it was, go down under the hill and you will find a pool of water that is partly under the planks of the sluiceway. Under those plank is—or was—the hiding place of trout that will weigh from 2 to 4lbs. I knew they were there, as several that weighed like that were speared there (I had no hand in the business). But I never could get one, as I used only worms in my fishing, and as they had abundance of minnows and such feed, they were never hungry for anything I could offer. Perhaps they could be tempted with a fly.

But what memories the mention of that old pond bring up. Of my chosen friend among my schoolmates—drowned at the age of twenty-seven years in the Old Bed at the foot of Mt. Tom in sight of his home. Of the big brother dearer than any one else on earth, who taught me to fish and to draw the chickadees to feed from my hand of a winter's day, when working in the timber; and to find the earliest arbutus in the spring—but long since cut down in the strength of his manhood. Of still older brothers, on whose grave for many years has been laid the flowers that mark the soldier's last resting place; and of many others not so dear but of pleasant memory. I have felt the tug of the fighting bass and rushing trout, and even wet a line in the Sound off Fisher's Island; but for pure fun o' fishing, give me back my boyhood, a rainy day, those old companions, and the pond with its store of shiners, sunfish (or "punkin seeds," as we called them), its bullheads, eels and above all its pickerel. And so far as fishing is concerned, the world may wag its way, but I will stay by the old pond.

There was a long row of boys in the home; but the mother—although, as I afterward found out, while worrying about us as only mothers do—coming of the old pioneer stock, and so knowing the restless blood that run in our veins, when the rainy day came, and with it the request that we might go fishing, seldom said no; and so the tribe, barefoot but dressed in warm woolen clothing, with long pine poles and lines to match, and a big box of worms for bait for the lesser fish, would start off; and stopping to pick up some frogs for pickerel bait as we went along, we would reach the pond. Across one branch of it was a causeway for the road for the log teams. On each side of this the water was deep and black; and here most of the fishing was done. But along the edges of the pond were a few places where the pickerel grass grew; and so putting on a coarse hook and baiting with frog, the lure would be sent out along the edge of the grass and "skittered" along the surface of the water. Three times was the rule to go over each place, and then if there was no response to move on. But often the V-shaped ripple would tell of the coming of the fish; then a glimpse of the white, up-turned belly as the bait was taken; a moment of intense suspense would follow; then the sharp jerk, and the fish would be flopping on the bank and a proud, happy boy would cut a forked stick and string his prize. Can anything now give such pure unalloyed delight as were such moments?

When we had gone over the pickerel water, we would change to a smaller hook, wind a bit of lead hammered thin around the line for sinker, put on a cork for float and a worm for bait, and go to still-fishing. The rain drops would gently make little circles and bubbles on the surface of the quiet pond, and just as gently wet us to the skin; and the road would change to mud and stickiness; but we were fishing, and so cared for none of these things. How eagerly we would watch those floating bits of cork until the bite came, and then with what fierce joy the struggling captive would be sent out on to the land; and what bitter disappointment followed when, as sometimes happened (and they were always big ones), a fish was sent into the water on the other side of the causeway. But the moments and hours would slip by all too fast; and wet and hungry we would go to home and supper. But whether successful or not, it was never to fault-finding nor even to be made fun of; for if unsuccessful the mother would only say, "Well, you have had your walk anyway," and I realize now how much that meant. After my big brother left home, with what joyful anticipation I would look forward to his occasional return. The memory of one Fourth of July comes as I write. On the pond there was a raft made of slabs from the sawlogs, big enough and solid enough for an army pontoon. We took this and poled it about next the shores of the pond to places inaccessible from land, and I watched him as he pulled in the great pickerel. What cared I for oration, picnic, election cake or lemonade? I was with my brother, and a-fishing—and that was enough. But now I must walk alone, and the way has been darkened always since his death.

PINE TREE.

Changing Ways.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just been reading the last number of FOREST AND STREAM by the waning twilight, smoking my first pipe, which has also waned and needs refilling.

Settling down in my easy chair, my mind wanders back to my boyhood days, when I was wont to look at my father's two good old guns resting on the rack, made of two pairs of branching buck horns, trophies of his shooting days, and wonder if the day would ever come when I would become the proud possessor of a gun all my own.

Boys in those days never were given watches and guns when barely in their teens, as now. I see young gentlemen of twelve and fourteen togged out with double barrels, cartridge belts and all the paraphernalia of old sportsmen; nor did boys have an allowance of pocket money to an amount we boys never dreamed of possessing.

It was the height of our ambition to be able to scratch together enough to make sure of sufficient for entrance money by selling melons and gingerbread on "General Training Day" (the annual militia muster) to gain admittance to the circus, that came through our village periodically.

What old boy does not remember "June Titus and Angevine's" grand circus and menagerie, that made its annual rounds of the country, and to which we boys looked forward as the great event of the year? And when the advance agent came to town and posted up those famous displays of wonderful horses and ferocious lions and tigers chasing fleeing Africans (one in the tiger's mouth who was unfortunate in being a poor sprinter, and was being taken in and done for), how we spent hours in staring at these illustrations, with open-mouthed wonder, and on going to bed dreamed of being tossed by huge elephants and chewed up by roaring lions and tigers until in our efforts to escape we found ourselves on the floor, arousing the household by an unearthly yell. There is none of that sort of thing for the boys of these days. They are all too precocious. Even the Santa Claus legend don't go any more. I asked a mature young gentlman of six the day before last Christmas if he was going to hang up his stocking, whereupon his nose turned up with scorn, he replying, "Oh, that old gag don't go. How is Santa Claus to come down a narrow chimney flue with that pack on his back? Besides, there's no such fellow as Santa Claus, anyhow. That yarn will do for kids and babies, but it don't fool me."

Here was this precocious youth of six already blasé, and prepared to argue the case with his grandfather, and refute all the delightful legends of our childhood. I once fell in with a book called "The Myths of the Middle Ages," wherein the author proceeds to utterly demolish the story of William Tell, Pope Joan, etc. He proves that the story of William Tell is claimed by every country on the face of the globe; that Pope Joan was not a woman—in fact never existed; and so he goes on to knock spots out of the whole category of those wonderful characters in which we believed, as true as Gospel. Now, what should be done with such an iconoclast? It would give me great pleasure to knock him on the head at sight. Thus to utterly destroy the beliefs of our childhood.

I have wandered off from what I had in my mind to say when I commenced—the reflections that were running through it after reading the FOREST AND STREAM.

I was going to ask what there is in the general make-up of a man that develops a passion in him to destroy life wantonly often, and call it sport, the disposition to kill something. Do we ever stop to ask ourselves what sporting really is? Is it not cruetly? Do we inherit this passion from our savage ancestors? A man goes out and shoots birds and animals, and returns in great glee if successful. Does he give a thought to the wounded game that drags itself off to die in agony? There is a sad side to the business, one the sportsman does not see. If thought was given to the poor wounded birds and the suffering he has given, would it not detract greatly from his pleasure? For the true sportsman is humane and naturally merciful, but he doesn't stop to think of the misery and suffering he inflicts when he wounds an escaping bird that falls in the bush to die a lingering death.

I have been thinking a good deal over this question, superinduced by reading the stories in the FOREST AND STREAM of the killing of deer, birds and other game related with so much glee and satisfaction. Some people will say that all were created for man's uses. How do we know that? I grant you that possibly for his necessities, for food; but how many sportsmen who go after birds and beasts are impelled to do so by necessity? No; it is that wanton passion to kill something. If they only confined themselves to animals that are enemies to man they are to be applauded, but such are scarce.

I find that this aversion to killing is growing as I get older, and the sportsman's interest assumes a milder form. I go out less, and when I do I avoid the risk of wounding my game. If I am not sure of it I do not shoot.

On one occasion I came across a wounded deer slowly dying. As I approached, it turned its large mournful eyes upon me with an expression of mute agony, which said plainly, "What have I done to deserve this cruel deed?" Those reproachful eyes haunted me for days, and I have never pulled a trigger on a deer since, and I have had them nearly run over me.

As evidence that I am not alone in my views, I met in the street a few days since an acquaintance who is

accounted one of the most enthusiastic sportsmen on the coast, and said, "Well, how about shooting; been doing any lately?" "No; the fact is," said he, "I am beginning to think as I grow older that shooting after all is a cruel thing, and I am conscious of a growing repugnance to taking life." I was surprised to hear such sentiments from the last man of my acquaintance whom I suspected of such views.

As I say, I find myself taking less and less interest in shooting, and the dust of many moons rests upon my guns on their racks; but I have abated naught in my enthusiasm for fishing—somewhat inconsistent, no doubt. There is a distinction, if not a difference; and I satisfy my conscience by adopting the views of scientists, who assert that fish are not sensible to pain as are birds and animals, the proof of this being the fact that after being hooked and escaping, they will bite again. Take, for instance, the shark, who, after being hauled on deck and having been ripped open and thrown overboard, will follow the bait again with his entrails trailing behind. All sailors will corroborate this assertion. Besides, the true sportsman always kills his fish immediately, and there is no lingering suffering. No doubt I shall be laughed at for this not very nice distinction perhaps between shooting and fishing, but it is a compromise that satisfies my conscience, until I change my views or the fishing becomes too poor to be an object, which I trust will not be the case for many a day—not, at least, as long as I am able to follow a good trout stream.

PODGERS.

Just About a Boy.—XXII.

THERE was a new, clean smell in the air when we rode away from Ward's cabin under the snappy stars, and there was that peculiar stillness which comes into the night just before the gray of dawn. So it was a silent cavalcade of dim forms, conversing but little, and that little in very low tones, that rode toward the dim, dark bulk across the the northern sky which I knew to be the red buttes where the Bad Lands came down and ended against the plain.

In due time we reached a spot where a few scraggly cedars grew and tied our horses there, going on afoot to the hillside above the spring, where Ward thought we should get a deer without much trouble when they came down to drink about daylight. Objects were still only dim blots in the general scheme of darkness when we four settled down among the rocks and began our watch that was to end in killing a big buck.

If anyone spoke now it was in a whisper and the comfort of a pipe was out of the question, for game can scent tobacco smoke a good bit further than they can the men who make it.

Ike had picked a special point of vantage for the boy, and had taken him under his special care, to be initiated into the mysteries of big game shooting, while Phil and I sat among the boulders a short distance away, talking of old times.

This was too difficult to continue in a whispering conversation of any great length, so we soon became mere motionless, but watchful, bits of the landscape, and remained as such until a cheeping call such as a young grouse makes turned our eyes toward big Ike.

A pantomine followed, in which Ike told us by signs that three deer were advancing toward the spring below us, though objects were hardly yet more than patches of darkness in the gray dawn, which had now snuffed out all but the morning star. Phil and I soon had the deer located as they moved against a patch of quaking asp, and then saw a little later that there was a very small buck and two does in company. Again Ike chirped, and again there was pantomine, which said, "Let them go; we will get a bigger buck for the kid." Slowly the deer loitered along, nipping at the fresh herbage, looking, listening, always alert, and slowly advancing toward the spring, and before the sun was up they had dipped their pretty noses into the clear water, while the four of us watched them at a distance of 20yds. They had finished drinking when two more, a doe and a fawn, trotted up, took a late drink and then the whole five moved down into the cañons and were gone when the sun shot his first yellow ray across the world and tipped Mt. Zahn with gold.

Then Ike unfolded his big frame and straightened up behind the rocks. "Come on, Kid; ain't no use monkeyin' 'round hyer no longer; deer don't drink arfter sunup, an' we'll hafto hunt th' gulches fer yer buck now," he said.

"Which away, Ike?" asked Phil.

"Reckon them breaks where yer lion like tu got yeh d'ought tu pan out—which way's th' wind—alright, guess we'd better git in yunder," he said, as he wet one finger and held it up to "feel the wind," an old trick of the wilderness, by the way, and one that always shows the true wind direction, because the windward side of the wet finger "gets cold quickest." Leaving the spring we started to travel afoot in a wide circle that would cut a lot of very rough country, and end at the horses, Ike and the boy traveling together and Phil and I spreading out so we could cover a good bit of ground thoroughly.

A mile had been reeled off when I heard the grouse call again, and Phil beckoned me to come. Together we advanced toward Ike, being guided by a pantomine from him as he crouched behind a big boulder where we soon arrived.

"Nine of 'em 'n a bunch; Kid see 'em fust, 'n' they's a whalin' big buck in amongst 'em. Juss gone int' thet patch o' cedars crost th' cañon, 'n' I reckon they're a-headin' fer th' no'th side o' th' hill tu bed down," Ike explained. "Reckon we'd better cut 'round this side 'n' head 'em 'bout on th' ridge, hadn't we?" queried Phil.

"Juss what I cal'lated. Kid'd ought tu git a good open shot thar, 'n' he kaint miss handy, fur he'll have good runnin' shots if they break. Less move, fur they ain't travelin' slow."

A minute later we were moving around and up the hill at a slow trot, and soon had brought the ridge into view, but the deer were not in sight.

"See 'f yeh kin locate 'em, Phil," said Ike, as he crouched with the boy and I behind the boulders.

Phil left his gun and crawled out along the side hill, carefully scanning the hillside as it came into view below the ridge.

Suddenly he reversed his movement and came rapidly back to us. "Comin' right here 't th' fut o' th' hill—big buck fust, 'n' not 40yds. away. Git ready, Kid, yeh got a shore shot this time, 'n' he's a whopper, too," he said.

The boy poked his brown rifle barrel forward over the rocks, scraping it slightly as he did so, and just then the big buck came to the top of the ridge and stopped stock still, looking toward the morning sun and flapping his big ears forward.

"Stidy, Kid," hissed Ike in his ear; "don't yeh pull trigger now tull yeh know yeh got him, fur yeh won't git 'nother shot at 'nother buck like thet 'f yeh live tu be a hundred year old. Take yer time—haff way up his shoul'er 'n' when yeh know it covers him, cut 'er loose, but——" Bang! The rest of Ike's instructions were lost in the roar of the gun. The big buck doubled up like a jackknife, and then bounded, or rather plunged, away down the hill with the whole bunch at his heels and all with their "flags flying," except the big buck, who ran low, with heavy, plunging leaps and outstretched neck.

Instantly the boy leveled his rifle and the lead began to stream after the buck, while Ike had his gun with the sights in line with the fleeing deer as a safety measure.

"Stidy, kid," said Phil; "yeh got him hard hit, 'n' he kaint git fur—no use o' schutin' up th' meat."

But the boy's blood was up, and the rifle barked and spat, and the dust clouds rose about the buck where they struck, until, just when another leap would have hid him among the cedars, he plunged down in a heap and rolled against a boulder—still.

The two other deer just behind him cleared both his prostrate form and the big rock at a single bound and crashed away among the blue growth of stunted trees which waved as a farewell as they disappeared.

Then the boy broke loose and yelled like a young Indian on his first warpath, and the way he bounded down that rocky steep would have done credit to the big blue buck himself.

Ike and Phil grinned and looked at me.

"Kinder gits rattled sum when it's all over, don't he?" said Ike.

"Mighty stidy headed kid while th' fun's goin' on," said Phil. "I'se watchin' his gun, too—wan't a sign o' shake' er fever f'm th' time he fust poked it acrost th' rock tull th' buck went down, though he shot might fast."

"Only the way he always shoots," I answered. "I've seen him kill half a dozen young prairie chickens in about as many seconds with a light rifle while they crossed a road, and it was about dusk, too."

We were proceeding slowly down toward the boy and the buck as we spoke, and in a moment the youngster began:

"Gee! Hain't he a daisy! Ain't that a head fur yeh! Reckon I didn't fix him plenty er nothin'—five shots, 'n' three of 'em clean thro' him, 'n' 'nother 'n juss ketched th' side o' his year 'n' tuk a chip out—kaint find th' other 'n 'tall; must 'a' missed, I reckon. I want tu keep thet head, C'manch', 'n' take it back tu th' States—one, two—nine prongs. Gee, he must be an old feller!"

"Well, Kid, git yer knife out," said Ike; "yeh might's well learn tu take keer o' yer game now 's ary other time, so take holt—it's gittin' warm a'ready, 'n' we'd better be gittin' too-woards home."

"I'll git th' hosses up," said Phil as he started off.

Under Ike's directions the boy proved himself a good butcher, and soon had the quarters unjointed and the body skinned out of the deer, and yet had not skinned the quarters and legs out of the hide at all.

"Peck 'em a heap easier thet a way," said Ike. "Say, kid, ain't thet a purty big hole thar fer one ball to make—lemme see it a minnit—. Yessir, blamed ef he didn't put two bullets int' almost th' same place—see, one of 'em juss cut a piece out'n nen follered right in th' same place where th' other 'n' went. Kid, yeh couldn't do it ag'in 'n a thousan' year—barrin' acksdunts."

When Phil came up with the horses, we packed the deer on one, tied the head on a second, and the tenderloins were rolled in a "slicker" and lashed on behind the saddle of the third. Then we started back for the ranch, Ike and Phil telling of other hunts when deer had not been killed, with so little trouble; of times when a buck must die or a man must starve, and only a cartridge or two to go on; times when the Sioux got restless and hunted the hunter, while he must needs hunt and dodge together. They were interesting men, those two sturdy plainsmen who lived where the Bad Lands came to the edge of the plains, and who had fought the country, the storms, the Indians and all, and were still alive and as tough as pine knots when we came down the hill in the warming day.

"You see thet feather a-hangin' over th' bear skull down 't th' house, didn't yeh, Comanch'?" said Phil. "Wull, right up ag'in thet boulder over yonder 's where ole Joe Lay Flee bored th' Sioux ut wored ut—long 'n seventy-four er five—'n' I juss santered up yere 'n got th' big feather outen his war bonnut arfterwards—thet is arfter we'd burried Joe—pore cuss, they had him shot full o' arrers, 'n' he pegged out 'n' a cupple o' days arfter he got yere; but he got seven ut he knowed of, he tole us—thet's his grave over yon, wher' th' pile o' rocks is. Ike 'n' me planted him thar. Good feller, Joe was, too."

"What's uh matter, Kid? Yeh ain't sayin' nuthin," said Ike.

"I'm inderested," answered the youngster, as he glanced back at the horse that carried the big buck's head and watched it swing from side to side and up and down under the movement imparted by the swinging gait of the cow horse. "Gee, won't they look alright down 'n th' States," he said, as we pulled up in the shade of the house and began to unpack.

EL COMANCHO.

Extraordinary Docility of a Ruffed Grouse.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In one of the mountain towns west of this city a system of water-works is being built. The reservoir is 200ft. above the river, with a primitive road cut through the forest to the reservoir. By the side of this road, under a fallen tree trunk, a ruffed grouse has nested within 1ft. of the traveled track of the road. At first she resented the intrusions of the passing workmen, but soon seemed to lose her fear and would remain on the nest while the teams passed, and at last allowed one of the men to take her bodily from the eggs and put her back again, when she quietly resumed her sitting, hatched her brood and left.

E. H. LATHROP.

Natural History.

Practical Snake-Lore.

Modern Treatment of Snake Bites.

CONSIDERING the proneness of the average newspaper to circulate snake myths such as stories of their young running in and out of their digestive organs, of snakes charming their prey, and of snakes carrying horns or stings in their tales, it is very remarkable how utterly oblivious they have been, and remain, of the advances which modern science has made in the treatment of snake bites. In nearly all other branches of science the newspapers keep their readers fairly well acquainted with what is going on, even though the new and wonderful inventions cut but small figure in the ordinary affairs of life. But where there is an important advance in the treatment of snake bites there is peculiar reason why it should be promptly given the widest publicity. For promptness of proper action is almost of as vital consequence in counteracting the effect of venom in the veins as it is in saving a spent swimmer from drowning. In both cases even the delay necessary to summon medical aid may be fatal. The knowledge what to do in both cases might well be taught in public schools in rural districts, and should certainly be a part of the mental equipment of all who spend much time in the woods and on the waters.

Of the old-fashioned popular remedies for snake bites, it may be said generally that the giving of a single moderate drink of whisky and lancing and sucking the wound are good as far as they go. Ammonia is worse than useless. It increases the pressure in the arteries, which increases the loss of blood through their walls, and it is positively dangerous. Split chicken and other poultices are inert. And the same may be said generally of all the multitude of so-called vegetable antidotes. I have a very long list of these, collected in different parts of the country, and including that of Sampson, who was a slave purchased and set free by the Colony of South Carolina, about 1745, for making known several antidotes which he professed to have learned from the Indians. Possibly some of these by stimulating the action of skin, bowels or kidneys may assist nature's efforts to finally eliminate venom from the system. But if a fatal dose has been injected (which, fortunately, does not always happen), the venom in the veins has a fatal start ahead of any remedy taken into the stomach. As early as 1860 Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, published experiments showing that the only way of neutralizing venom in the veins was by injecting the antidote with a hypodermic needle. And the needle remains to-day the one indispensable instrument, though there has been great advance in the remedies to be injected. Dr. Mitchell found that venom contains two separate and distinct poisons. One, called venom peptone, kills by paralyzing the principal nervous centers controlling the heart and lungs. The other, venom globulin, destroys the chemical constitution of the blood itself. It loses the property of coagulating, and it becomes as thin almost as kerosene, so that it no longer courses through veins and arteries, but leaks through their walls as water would through muslin. The stomach is too slow and roundabout a method of getting our antidotes into the blood to meet and destroys such venom. The man who would be prepared to properly treat a snake bite must have at hand a hypodermic needle and the proper antidotes. There are quite a number of chemical reagents which promptly break up all organic compounds, such as snake venom, but we must select those which will do this with least destructive action upon the flesh. Dr. Mitchell's earliest recommendation was the use of bromine or iodine. Later experiments led to the use of permanganate of potash—which has also been recommended, by the way, as an antidote for poisoning by morphine. But the most recent experiments have seemed to show that a solution of chromic acid, of one-one-hundredth, has least destructive effect upon the flesh and the greatest upon the venom, and next to that is recommended chloride of gold. But time is of the essence in the application of these remedies, as may be easily imagined when one thinks how swiftly the currents of the blood flow. A five-minutes' unchecked flow of blood may scatter the venom where the antidote can never find the half of it. So the first thing on receiving a bite should be to check the circulation by bandages. Every second here counts, and even vengeance on the snake should wait for this. The object is to arrest the venom until the antidote can be injected after it. Then the bandages may be alternately loosened and tightened again, to restore circulation and let the system meet the poison a little at a time.

Ten years ago this would have been the best treatment known, and it is the best to-day on the line of neutralizing the venom. But in 1888 a Dr. A. Mueller, of Australia, published an account of remarkable cures made by himself on an entirely different line. He did not try to pursue the poison with an antidote, which would destroy it, but to meet it in the nerve centers with another poison which would act on these centers in a directly contrary manner. For instance, if venom kills by turning off the nerve currents, he would use a reagent which would kill by turning them on. If venom acts anywhere with a minus sign this should act at the same point with a plus. He would neutralize, not so much the venom as its effects. He found this reagent in strychnine. Strychnine makes known its action upon the nervous centers by causing convulsions resembling those of tetanus, or lockjaw. And in 1883 rattlesnake venom was first successfully used by Dr. Ameden, of Glens Falls, N. Y., as a remedy for tetanus.

The treatment recommended by Dr. Mueller is the promptest possible injection of about a tenth of a grain of strychnine, to be followed by another in twenty minutes unless the symptoms become more favorable, and ever by a third. Slight tetanic symptoms will give warning when the strychnine has overcome the venom and before it can produce dangerous strychnine poisoning.

While this treatment has not met universal acceptance yet it has been very largely followed, both in Australia and India, and it is apparently rapidly growing in favor. But it possibly has one weak point, and that point, too, perhaps, of greater importance in America than in India or

Australia. In theory, at least, it admirably counteracts the effects of venom peptone, but it does not appear to neutralize in any way the venom globulin. The proportions of these venoms vary in different snakes. All our venomous snakes, except the elaps or coral snake, belong to the pit viper family, and they all seem to have a much larger proportion of venom globulin than any other venomous snakes. For instance, our rattlesnake has twenty-five per cent. of it, while the India cobra carries ninety-seven per cent of venom peptone and only three per cent. of venom globulin. And here in Central America, where this happens to be written, I have many reliable accounts of a snake called by the natives the blood snake, whose venom is so strong in globulin that the mucous membrane of a person bitten will exude blood everywhere, gums, nose, bladder, etc., and sometimes even a bloody sweat will come through the ordinary skin. In one case told me by the physician who attended it, and successfully, a slight accidental cut on a finger bled continuously for twenty-four hours. I have sent samples of this snake to the National Museum in Washington, to be identified, and when identification is received I will transmit his name.

So, in all this hemisphere, the man who would be equipped to treat a snake bite promptly should have a hypodermic needle, and both strychnine and chromic acid. And if the popular idea of the Keely cure is well founded, chloride of gold might be added to the assortment. For the opportunity might occur, not to kill, but to cure two birds with one shot.

In this connection it should be suggested to our surgical instrument manufacturers to get up a compact pocket case containing a needle and the necessary drugs both in tablet and liquid; and a mechanical cupping or sucking arrangement would be a very desirable addition. Such a case is already said to be made by William Hume, Lothian street, Edinburgh, price 10s. 6d.; and one without the mechanical sucker for 6 francs, by Pelliot & Dulon, Rue de Siècle, Paris.

JACK HILDIGO.

Birds as Weed Destroyers.

BY SYLVESTER D. JUDD, PH. D., ASSISTANT IN BIOLOGICAL SURVEY.

From the Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture.

THE problem of weed destruction is perennial in every land where agriculture is practiced. Indeed, so serious is it that soil culture may be said to be an everlasting war against weeds. For a thorough understanding of the weed problem, it is necessary not only to define a weed, and to study its relations to crops, but to ascertain what are the agents, natural or artificial, which act as weed destroyers.

A weed is a plant out of place. Certain plants seem to have formed a habit of constantly getting out of place and installing themselves in cultivated ground. Whether actually among crops or in adjacent waste land, from which they can spread to cultivated soil, they are always a menace. In the garden they occupy the room allotted to useful plants and appropriate their light, water and food, so that any check on these noxious plants, a million of which can spring up on a single acre, will not only lessen nature's chance of populating the soil with these worse than useles species, but will enable the farmer to attain greater success with cultivated crops. The hoe and the cultivator will do much to eradicate them, but some will always succeed in ripening a multitude of seeds to sprout the following season. Certain garden weeds produce an incredible number of seeds. A single plant of one of these species may mature as many as a hundred thousand seeds in a season, and if unchecked would produce in the spring of the third year ten billion plants.

Fortunately certain agents are at work to check this harvest, and perhaps the most efficient among them are seed-eating birds. Each fall and winter they flock in myriads to agricultural districts and live upon the ripened seed of weeds. Since they attack weeds in the most critical stage of life, the seed period, it follows that their services must be of enormous practical value. The benefits are greatest in the case of hoed crops, since here are found the largest number of annual weeds, which, of course, are killed by frost and must depend for perpetuation solely upon seeds. The principal weeds which birds prevent from seeding are ragweed, pigeon grass, smartweed, bindweed, crab grass, lamb's-quarters and pigweed. It is sometimes asserted that no thrifty farmer will allow these noxious species to ripen seed, but such prevention is practically impossible, because even if all the edges of fields and all waste ground could be cleared, weed patches along ditches, roads and hedgerows would still remain to disseminate seed to cultivated land. It is in just these places that birds congregate in greatest numbers.

Some birds eat more or less weed seed throughout the year even when insects are most abundant. But their good work practically extends from early autumn until late spring, and is perhaps most noticeable in winter when the ground is white with snow. During cold weather most of the birds about the farm feed extensively upon seed, and gorge themselves until their stomachs and gullets become completely distended. It is not at all uncommon for a crow blackbird to eat from thirty to fifty seeds of smartwood or bindweed, or a field sparrow 100 seeds of crab grass, at a single meal. In the stomach of a Nuttall's sparrow were found 300 seeds of amaranth, and in another 300 seeds of lamb's-quarters; a tree sparrow had consumed 700 seeds of pigeon grass, while a snowflake from Shrewsbury, Mass., which had been breakfasting in a garden in February, had picked up 1,000 seeds of pigweed. The birds most actively engaged in consuming weed seed are sparrows and finches, including more than a score of species,* horned larks, blackbirds, cowbirds, meadow larks, doves and quail.

Sparrows are the most abundant and widely distributed of the smaller birds inhabiting the rural districts of the United States. Their intimate association with agricultural interests has suggested the importance of a careful inquiry as to their food habits, and such an investigation based on field observations and an examination of the contents of stomachs in the laboratory is now being made by the Biological Survey. Sparrows have been collected in practically all the States, the District of Columbia and Canada, and some 4,000 stomachs have already been examined. The results show that during the colder half of the year the food of these birds consists almost entirely of the seeds of weeds.

Sparrows generally seem to be regarded with favor, but the English sparrow drives away native birds and does so much damage to grain and fruit that it is considered a pest. The native sparrows might also be suspected of injurying crops; but though they frequently sample grain in stubble fields they have not, as yet, been found guilty of committing serious depredations. In order to compare the grain-eating propensities of the various species, specimens were collected in a field a few miles south of Washington, D. C., before and after the wheat was cut. Of nineteen native birds, representing song, field, chipping and grasshopper sparrows, only two had eaten grain, and these had taken only one kernel each, while every one of the five English sparrows was gorged with wheat. But with all his faults, the English sparrow does some good by assisting in the work of weed-seed destruction. Flocks of thousands of these birds may be seen every autumn on the lawns of the Department of Agriculture, feeding on crab grass and yard grass, two weeds which crowd out good turf-making grasses. The English sparrow also deserves credit for destroying seed of the dandelion, which is a prolific weed throughout the United States, especially in lawns, cemeteries and pastures.

In 1894 English sparrows were observed by the writer destroying dandelion seeds in Cambridge, Mass., and during the last three years in the public parks of Washington, D. C. In the latter city the birds eat these seeds from the middle of March until the middle of August, but chiefly in April and the first half of May, when the lawns are literally yellow with flowers. After the yellow petal-like corollas have disappeared the flower presents an elongated, green, egg-shaped body with a downy tuft at the upper end, and in this stage it is most frequently attacked by the English sparrow. The bird removes several long scales of the inner involucre by a clean cut close to the receptacle or base of the head, thus exposing the plumed seeds, or akenes. He seizes a mouthful of these akenes and then lops off the plumes with his bill and swallows the seeds. In many cases, especially when hungry, he does not take the trouble to remove the plumes. Generally a score of seeds are droppd in tearing open a head, and usually a few are left clinging to the edge of the receptacle. The mutilation caused by the birds' beaks can be detected until the flower stalk dries and falls.

In order to determine how much damage was done to dandelions on the lawns of the Department of Agriculture, every flower stalk was picked from a rectangular space 6ft. 2in. long by 3ft. 3in. wide. This was on April 29, 1898. Of the 413 stalks collected, 358 showed unmistakable marks of the sparrow's bill. On the next day 293 stalks were gathered from a circle 2ft. in diameter on the other side of the lawn, and 275, or 93 per cent., proved to be mutilated. These and similar observations seem to show that at least three-fourths of the dandelions which bloom in April and May on the Department lawns are mutilated by birds.

In the destruction of dandelion seeds, the English sparrow is aided by several native birds, chiefly the song sparrow, chipping sparrow, white-throated sparrow and goldfinch. So far as observed the native birds usually do not cut open dandelions, but feed upon those left by the English sparrow. The song sparrow, however, is capable of getting out seeds alone, for one which was kept in captivity manipulated dandelions in precisely the same way as the English sparrow. The song sparrow and the chipping sparrow make a practice of feeding from the short-stemmed heads that have already been opened, but even here the chipping sparrow has difficulty in pulling out the seds, and often simply picks up those which have been dropped. Goldfinches frequently pursue an entirely different course, although they also pick seeds from the green involucres torn open by English sparrows. On May 3, 1898, a dozen goldfinches were observed for a couple of hours on the Department lawns. First they hopped along the ground; then one bird flew to a dandelion stalk 6in. high, alighted crosswise, and moving toward the downy ball until it bent the whole stem to the ground, ate seed after seed.

Besides the lawn weeds already mentioned, such as dandelions, crab grass, and yard grass, several others, including pigeon grass, knotweed, sedge, oxalis and chickweed, furnish food for birds. These plants are also troublesome in other places besides lawns. Knotweed litters up paths and roads in spots where turf is broken, chickweed occurs in plowed ground, and pigeon grass, which is considered one of the worst weeds in Minnesota, is found among many crops. The seeds of these plants are eaten by the song sparrow, chipping sparrow, field sparrow, junco, English sparrow, tree sparrow, Gambel's sparrow and white-throated and white-crowned sparrows.

Among the weeds which are troublesome in fields, especially among hoed crops, may be mentioned ragweed, several species of the genus *Polygonum*, including bindweed, smartweed and knotweed, pigweed, nut grass and other sedges, crab grass, pigeon grass, lamb's-quarters and chickweed. Every one of these weeds is an annual, not living over the winter, and their seeds constitute fully three-fourths of the food of a score of native sparrows during the colder half of the year. Prof. F. E. L. Beal, who has carefully studied this subject in the Upper Mississippi Valley, has estimated the amount of weed seed eaten by the tree sparrow, junca and other sparrows that swarm down from Canada in the fall and feed in the rank growth of weedes bordering roadsides and cultivated fields. He examined the stomachs of many tree sparrows and found them entirely filled with weed seed, and concluded that each bird consumed at least a quarter of an ounce daily. Upon this basis, after making a fair allowance of the number of birds to the square mile, he calculated that in the State of Iowa alone the tree sparrow annually destroys about 1,750,000lbs., or about 875 tons, of weed seed during its winter sojourn

Besides tree sparrows and juncos, the most important gregarious sparrows that destroy weeds in the Mississippi Valley and on the Great Plains are the fox sparrow, snowflake, the white-crowned sparrow, Harris' sparrow and longspurs. Further south are found lark finches, while on the Pacific slope occur Nuttall's sparrow, the golden-crowned sparrow and Townsend's sparrow. East of the Alleghanies the most active weed eaters are the tree sparrow, fox sparrow, junco, white-throated sparrow, song sparrow, field sparrow and chipping sparrow.

On a farm in Maryland, just outside the District of Columbia, tree sparrows, fox sparrows, white throats, song sparrows and juncos fairly swarmed during December in the briers of the ditches between the cornfields. They came into the open fields to feed upon weed seed, and worked hardest where the smartweed formed a tangle on low ground. Later in the season the place was carefully examined. In one cornfield near a ditch the smartweed formed a thicket over 3ft. high, and the ground beneath was literally black with seeds. Examination showed that these seeds had been cracked open and the meat removed. In a rectangular space of 18 sq. in. were found 1,130 half seeds and only two whole seeds. Even as late as May 13 the birds were still feeding on the seeds of these and other weeds in the fields; in fact, out of a collection of sixteen sparrows, twelve, mainly song, chipping and field sparrows, had been eating old weed seed. A search was made for seeds of various weeds; but so thoroughly had the work been done that only half a dozen seeds could be found. The birds had taken practically all the seed that was not covered; in fact, the song sparrow and several others scratch up much buried seed.

Most of the song sparrows, practically all the field, chipping, vesper and grasshopper sparrows, dickcissels, lark finches and Harris' sparrows of the central portion of the United States spend the winter in the South, while their places are taken in the North by snowflakes, juncos, clay-colored longspurs, fox sparrows and white-throated and white-crowned sparrows. All these birds have much the same food habits, but they differ in the quantity and kind of seed which they eat. Thus, the tree sparrows, or "winter chippies," snowflakes and longspurs feed largely upon seeds of grasses, especially those of pigeon grass, crab grass and allied species, while the white-throated sparrow in the Eastern States, Nuttall's sparrow in the Pacific Coast region, and the white-crowned sparrow so abundant in the central part of the United States, are particularly fond of amaranth and lamb's-quarters. In January the whitethroat depends upon ragweed and various species of *Polygonum*, such as bindweed, knotweed and smartweed, for more than half of its food; the white-crowned and fox sparrows take nearly as much as the whitethroat, while juncos destroy a still greater amount of ragweed.

The chippy and song sparrow are perhaps the best known of all the native sparrows of the United States. When not living in hedgerows or bushes about buildings the song sparrow inhabits the shrubbery along water courses. It seeks its food on the ground, generally among bushes or weeds, and has a peculiar mouse-like way of running through the grass. Seeds of weeds, especially smartweed, bindweed and other species of the genus *Polygonum*, pigeon grass, pigweed, lamb's-quarters and ragweed, and also some crab grass, form four-fifths of the food of this species during the colder half of the year. Ninety-five out of a hundred of the birds collected during March and April had eaten weed seed, and many stomachs contained from 50 to 200 seeds each.

The chipping sparrow is a familiar little bird, readily recognized by its reddish cap, cicada-like note, and habit of lining its nest with horsehair. It eats the seeds of such troublesome grasses as pigeon grass, crab grass and closely allied species, and during September and October these and other weed seeds make up three-fourths of its food.

The field sparrow is closely related to the chipping sparrow, but may be distinguished by its reddish bill. It is thoroughly commonplace in appearance, and in habits is much shyer than the chipping sparrow, which is often called a dooryard bird. Field sparrows are very abundant about the farm, and their food consists of practically the same seeds as those eaten by its relative.

The grasshopper sparrow, so called from its dry, monotonous note, is even more a bird of the fields than the field sparrow. It is one of the few species that eats the seeds of rib grass. The dickcissel of the Central States, which also has an insect-like note, is larger than the grasshopper sparrow, and its plumage is conspicuously marked with bright yellow, black and gray, somewhat like that of a meadow lark. The lark finch is also a large sparrow of striking appearance. Its head is striped with black, and from this fact it is known in certain sections as "snake bird." It is particularly fond of the seeds of leguminous plants. The vesper sparrow, celebrated for its twilight chanting, is as much a bird of the open grassy fields as the lark finch or dickcissel. When disturbed it flits up from the ground, spreading its white-splashed tail, and alights but a short distance away to resume its work. However varied in dress or habit, all the native sparrows are alike in subsisting largely upon seeds of noxious plants.

The goldfinch, or wild canary, is as useful as it is beautiful, and as a weed destroyer has few equals. It confines its attention very largely to one family of plants, the compositæ, and is especially fond of thistles, wild lettuce, wild sunflower and ragweed. It is so often seen on thistles, both Canada and bull thistles, that it is commonly known as the thistle bird. Near Washington a flock of a dozen birds was seen during the latter part of August feeding on sunflowers that had escaped from cultivation, and in the Central and Western States the goldfinches do much good by eating the seeds of wild sunflowers and other closely related weeds. They have also been seen feeding upon wild lettuce, and probably eat prickly lettuce, which has proved the most rapidly spreading weed ever introduced into this country, but as yet no actual observations as to the latter food habit have been made. Stomachs collected in August were filled with the seeds of compositæ, mostly sunflowers and thistles.

At Burlington, Ia., during July and August Mr. Paul Bartsch found goldfinches feeding exclusively upon the bull thistle. He was able to approach within a few feet of several birds while thus engaged, and noticed that the seeds or akenes were bitten off and swallowed, while the plumes or pappus floated away. When there was no wind the pappus often failed to fly away and clung to the birds, almost burying them with down. A dozen of the birds were killed and their gizzards and gullets were found literally crammed with thistle seeds. At Sing Sing, N. Y., goldfinches have been seen eating the seeds of the Scotch thistle and boneset. Cone flowers, prairie sunflowers, evening primroses, catnip, ele-

*These species include the tree, song, field, chipping, grasshopper, fox, Nuttall's, golden-crowned, white-crowned, and white-throated sparrows, juncos, snowflakes, goldfinches, pine siskin, redpolls, towhees and grosbeaks.

phant's foot and mullein also form part of their food, and late in the season they turn their attention to ragweed and consume great quantities of the seeds of this troublesome species. In winter and spring large flocks feed to some extent upon the seeds of conifers and catkin-bearing trees, such as the sycamore and birch. In destroying the seeds of the gray birch on the edge of grass lands they do some good, for this tree has a habit of seeding adjacent pastures, which then grow up into a thicket of young saplings.

The pine siskin and the redpoll linnet are two drab-gray birds related to the goldfinch, which feed largely upon seeds of conifers, sycamores, birches and alders, but also descend to the ground to eat weed seed. In winter they feed upon sow thistles, field asters and golden-rods. The redpoll linnet is known to destroy mullein seeds, and the pine siskin is often seen consuming quantities of seeds of checkweed, lambs'-quarters and ragweed.

The common Eastern towhee, or chewink, and the green and the brown towhees of the far West are great scratchers, and there is little doubt but that they find many seeds that other birds fail to secure. Unfortunately their food habits have not been sufficiently studied to furnish any detailed account of their value as weed destroyers.

The grosbeaks likewise have been insufficiently studied. The evening grosbeak and the rose-breasted grosbeak are known to eat seeds of ragweed, and the blue grosbeak or redbird of the South is abundant along hedgerows and briery tangles adjoining farms, and during the winter months does good work by feeding upon the seeds of such noxious plants as ragweed, pigeon grass, bindweed and smartweed.

Horned larks occur either as residents or winter visitants throughout the greater part of the United States. They are strictly terrestrial, and inhabit either open fields or grassy, gravelly or sandy plains. In midwinter they may be found in flocks on plowed fields, where the land is lying fallow, picking up seeds of weeds which if left would germinate and cause trouble the following season. When thus employed, the larks select the same seeds as the cardinal grosbeak, but occasionally they also eat buttonweed and sorrel.

The several species of blackbirds, although subsisting quite extensively upon weed seed, do considerable damage to crops. This is particularly noticeable in the Mississippi Valley, where redwings, yellowheads and crow blackbirds flock to the grainfields by the million. The ravages in the rice fields of the South by the bobolink or reedbird, in company with the redwings, are even more serious. The rusty grackles, Brewer's blackbird and the cowbird are less injurious. All these birds are fond of pigeon grass, paspalum, crab grass, pigweed, knotweed and ragweed, and the cowbird also eats the seeds of wild sunflowers, gromwell, sorrel, mustard, chickweed and thistle. More than 10 per cent. of the food of the crow blackbird, and more than 75 per cent. of that of the redwing, during the colder half of the year, consists of weed seed.

The meadow lark has long been placed on the border line of game birds, but it is a mistake to class any bird as game when its usefulness and beauty so far surpass its value as food. The farmer cannot afford to dispense with the services of the meadow lark, for it busies itself all summer eating grasshoppers and noxious insects, and when autumn comes varies its diet with ragweed, pigeon grass and other weeds, until in December these noxious plants comprise 25 per cent. of its food.

The ruffed grouse of the Eastern woodlands sometimes eats small quantities of weed seed, while the prairie hen seeking its food in the open or near cultivated fields in the great agricultural region of the Central United States, does still more service. In the West and Southwest the California Valley quail and Gambel's quail consume weed seeds, but they also commit wholesale depredations on fruit. The Eastern quail, or Bob White, on the contrary, seldom if ever causes the fruit grower any trouble, but does much good by destroying weed seed in fields where grain has been cut and a rank growth of weeds has taken its place. Seeds of rib grass, tickfoil and berries of nightshade are sometimes eaten, and pigeon grass and smartweed are frequently consumed in large quantities. The amount of grain found in the few stomachs thus far examined is surprisingly small, while the proportion of weed seed is astonishingly large, in some cases crops and gizzards being literally gorged with hundreds of seeds of ragweed.

The mourning dove is abundant throughout much of the United States, and is especially common in stubble fields and waste places grown up to weeds. It is preeminently a seed eater, and although at times turning its attention to grain it nevertheless consumes an enormous amount of weed seed. The crop of one dove secured in a rye field in Warner, Tenn., contained 7,500 seeds of *Oxalis stricta*. Just outside the District of Columbia the bird has been seen feeding in fields overgrown with pigeon grass and ragweed, and especially in old cornfields, where smartweed and bindweed formed tangles of sufficient extent to injure the crop. In the Eastern States it has a peculiar habit of picking up pokeweed seeds and crushing them in its muscular stomach. Several weeds belonging to the genera *Lithospermum, Oxalis* and *Euphorbia* are also utilized as food to a somewhat lesser extent. In California the dove feeds upon the seeds of a leguminous weed known as turkey mullein. The habit is so well known in some localities that a botanist upon inquiring how he could collect some seeds of this plant was advised to shoot a few doves and open their crops. The ground dove of the Southern States is very similar to the mourning dove in food habits, and probably does almost as much good in eradicating weeds.

No less than fifty different birds act as weed destroyers, and the noxious plants which they help to eradicate number more than three-score species. Some of these plants are much more in favor than others, while several are almost universally sought after. During the colder half of the year food is furnished for many species of birds by well-known and widely distributed weeds.

The blackbirds, the bobolink, the dove and the English sparrow, in spite of grain-eating procliviities, do much good by consuming large quantities of weed seed.

Shore larks and grosbeaks also render considerable service, while the meadow lark is even more beneficial. Goldfinches destroy weeds which are not touched by other birds, confining their attacks chiefly to one group of plants (the compositæ), many of the members of which are serious pests.

But the birds which accomplish most as weed destroyers are the score or more of native sparrows that flock to the weed patches in early autumn and remain until late spring. During cold weather they require an abundance of food to keep their bodies warm, and it is their habit to keep their stomachs and gullets heaping full. Often one of these birds is found to have eaten 300 seeds of pigeon grass or 500 seeds of lamb's-quarters or pigweed. Because of their gregarious and terrestrial habits, they are efficient consumers of seeds of ragweed, pigeon grass, crab grass, bindweed, purslane, smartweed and pigweed. In short, these birds are little weeders, whose work is seldom noted but always felt.

Martha's Vineyard Heath Hens.

BOSTON, June 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time ago when we had the "prairie chicken revival" in FOREST AND STREAM, I offered a few notes about the prairie chickens (heath hens) of Martha's Vineyard, and asked a few questions in the hope that some one could and would tell us whether it is history or myth that birds from the West have ever been liberated on the island. Again I proffer the question. A good friend of mine, who knows my interest in the Martha's Vineyard bird, and whose duties often require him to cross unfrequented parts of the island, occasionally sends me word of his seeing the "heath hen."

The other day I received a little pasteboard box by mail. It was very neat in appearance and raised the momentary hope that some one had sent me some curious trinket from the jeweler.

On opening it I found on a layer of white cotton a card whereon was inscribed, "Sacred to the memory of one heath hen chick."

On lifting a layer of the cotton I found, lying in state on another layer, sure enough, a lovely little chick, downy and delicate and yellow—and unmistakably a young prairie chicken.

I sent it at once to a taxidermist for careful preservation—a relic of a vanishing race—and awaited further developments by mail.

The next day brought the following, which I think does credit to the author:

"EDGARTOWN, Mass., June 15.—*Dear Mr. Ames:* I send you by mail with this a small box containing a chick heath hen, which I ran over this P. M., breaking its leg, necessitating killing it. Saw seven; caught four as cute little chaps as you ever laid eyes on. This sample will perhaps show the color of the older bird. I was tempted to send you a pair of live ones, but the cries of the mother bird softened my heart, and I let them go."

In my letter to the writer of the foregoing I did not fail to commend his kind-heartedness. It would need very skillful management to keep the little ones alive, and I would much prefer to think of them growing up under their mother's care to help perpetuate their race on the island where its continuance is to me one of the most interesting of ornithological facts. Mrs. Eckstorm, whose series of letters, of remarkable charm and value, on "The Maine Woods." and written when she was Fanny Hardy, old readers of FOREST AND STREAM will remember, tells me of her strong belief that the story of the liberation of Western prairie chickens on Martha's Vineyard is true, and that it is now practically impossible to find these birds of undeniably original stock.

I would be thankful for good ground for believing the contrary.

I should also be glad to be able to fix approximately the original range of the bird. I have no doubt that it included Nantucket and Long Island and the pine barrens of New Jersey, and have seen statements that it once ranged along the southern border of Connecticut, but never till recently heard of it in Massachusetts. Some weeks ago a writer in the Springfield Republican, who showed much knowledge of the fauna of Massachusetts in the early times, spoke of the heath hen as one of the game birds frequenting at that time the region about Mt. Holyoke and Mt. Tom.

It was this region where the wild turkey lingered longest, and where some other rare forms of bird life —like the duck hawk—still survive. C. H. AMES.

A Buffalo Chase in Central Park.

ONE of the female buffaloes in Central Park menagerie escaped this morning and roamed for an hour around the park. She was confined in the regular buffalo paddock, and ran by her keeper, Philip Holmes, as he was feeding the other animals in the inclosure. The bison knocked Holmes over, walked over him, and ran into the shed and out on the driveway. From this she ran a little way to a chain which separated the driveway from a walk, jumped over the chain like an antelope, and kept straight on down the bridle path. A number of children who had seen the buffalo knock the keeper down somewhat frightened the animal by shouting. This annoyed the beast, and when the children followed her toward the bridle path she broke into a run. At the head of the bridle path is a gate 6ft. high, which the buffalo took like a deer, and started down the path toward Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue.

The buffalo kept on the bridle path till she approached the big entrance at Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, where she took the Drive, and dashed out, scattering the people right and left. She kept on to Eighth avenue, when she saw the green again, and left the asphalt for the Drive. By this time a great crowd was following the beast. When she went into the park again there was another crowd to receive her. But she paid no attention to it, and kept on the West Drive, scaring a bicyclist so that he ran into the crowd and wrecked his wheel. The animal then made a little détour and came out on the sheep green among the sheep. She seemed to like the grazing, and walked in and out among the sheep, contentedly eating the grass. The crowd, meanwhile, which now seemed not to be afraid, gathered around and watched the novel sight. The police came running up, but a minute too late. The crowd had not been quiet enough, and their shouts and cries to the buffalo and to one another frightened her, and she made off again just as some keepers came up with ropes made into lassoes.

The buffalo kept on over the green to the Mall, where she scared several hundred people gathered there. She did not seem to want to frighten any one, as she only nosed around curiously. Presently she wandered over to the Ramble, with the keepers and policemen and crowd, out of breath, following her. Then she started for the Bow Bridge, and made for a big body of water, which she crossed with evident enjoyment.

She then appeared on the other side of the park, and came out near the conservatory lake, where the children sail their boats. The water again attracted her and she plunged in. She did not attempt to come out for a while, and a big crowd gathered about. Capt. England had assumed charge of the pursuit at this time, and at this point he pushed the crowd back some distance from the lake.

For twenty minutes the buffalo swam about, to the intense amusement of everyone. She was not at all violent, and Keeper Snyder at last went close to the edge of the water and tossed his lasso toward the animal. The first few throws were unsuccessful, but he finally managed to get the noose over the buffalo's horns. Half a dozen policemen got hold of the rope and forced the creature to the shore. Snyder threw another noose around her jaw and head, and more ropes were placed around her body. Fifteen policemen tugged at the forward ropes' ends, and fifteen more took hold of the rear ends, while the keepers and a dozen citizens helped them out. A cheer went up as the crowd saw that the capture had been made, and nearly a thousand people followed the buffalo down the Drive to the paddock. The animal required some urging at times, but at length she reached the inclosure. When she was finally shoved into the shed she ran out into the open-air ground at once, and there was a lively scattering among the keepers, one of them making haste to climb the fence. But she soon quieted down and the crowd dispersed.—New York Evening Post, June 28.

Labrador Eggers.

KENNEBUNKPORT, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was my privilege to make the acquaintance of an old gentleman who had followed the sea the greater part of his life. He had been in many ports and seen the greater part of the whole Atlantic coast. Like many others of this kind, he had many long yarns to spin. Among others he was wont to reel off was of a cruise to "the Labrador," as he called it, as skipper of a fisherman. They ran short of provisions, and as it was the time of year the birds were laying, they went ashore and broke all the eggs they could find for a mile along the shore, destroying thousands. Then for several consecutive mornings they collected the freshly-laid eggs, and not only got all they wished for present necessity, but took several barrels home for the crew. They also killed many birds, as these were disinclined to leave their nests and could be easily got at. He stated that there were then many Nova Scotia vessels there that made a business of it, carrying the eggs back and distributing them among their neighbors at a small price. The eggs were also packed to be kept some time; and in short, the eggers literally stripped all the territory they could get to. I remember his stating that the same thing was done from Newfoundland to Maine, along the whole coast line of the Provinces. This was thirty years ago or more; and fishermen have recently informed me that this practice is still carried on, perhaps on a smaller scale, but nevertheless it exists. I believe the English Government made an effort to check it a number of years ago, but a very ineffectual one. The case I have told of was at a time when such a thing as the value of the birds was not thought of. Now it is different. The rapid decrease in their numbers is a thing that is indisputable and truly deplorable. O. H. H.

Some Things I Have Seen.

WHEN I was a boy I lived in the town of Adams, Mass., in that part of the town now called South Adams. I used to drive cows to pasture every night and morning. One night, as I was driving the cows home from the pasture, I noticed that at one particular place in the path, a large mud puddle, they acted frightened. I hurried on to see what was the matter, and there, in the path, lay a large striped snake, with its mouth wide open. A great many little snakes were there too, and they all ran down her throat as fast as they could. Some of them swam the mud puddle to get to her. As soon as they were all safely inside her mouth, she disappeared in a hole under the roots of a cycamore or buttonball tree that stood close beside the path. I did not molest her in any way, but let her go with her babies.

There was no grass for the young ones to hide in, as she lay in the bare path. Here is one instance of an old snake and young ones being seen together.

When I was older I worked in a cotton mill in the same town, in what was called Brown's mill, and one day when a bale of cotton was opened there was a live snake found in it. It was 15 or 16in. long, of a slate color on the back, and very light on the belly, and it had a red ring around its neck. The snake was very lively and showed fight. It was killed, and I do not know whether it was venomous or not; but I have always thought I should like to know.

When I was a young man of twenty-two I spent a year in Illinois, La Moille township, Bureau county. One day, as my nephew and I were riding along the public road, George suddenly exclaimed: "See that snake!" I looked, and saw a large striped snake. We stopped and George jumped out of the wagon and killed the snake, cutting it in two with a spade. When we came back past the place—it was but a short time that we were gone—George made the same exclamation, "See that snake!" It was a strange sight. Around and upon the snake that we had killed there were a great number of little ones squirming about. I have no doubt that the little ones were the young of the dead snake. We were not partial to snakes, so we killed them all.

One day I went across the line into Lee county to hunt ducks. I was hunting beside a small pond on the prairie, when I saw a strange snake, of a kind that I have never seen before nor since. It lay stretched out on

a log of an old raft on the pond. It was of a dull lead color, and was about 3ft. long, and about 1in. through (of course I did not measure it exactly). About 3/4in. from the end of its tail there was a sort of knob, or prong, which stuck up. If anyone can tell its name from this description I shall be glad to know it.

I believe that every man who keeps his eyes open sees some strange things, which are hard to believe, but which, nevertheless, are strictly true.

J. M. SHELDON.

A Sunday Evening with the Birds.

SITTING on a small veranda which juts out from the third floor on the south side of my home last Sunday afternoon, I noticed song birds of many of the species that inhabit our country on the lawns hunting worms. It had rained nearly all the morning, and cleared toward evening, which accounted for so many being there at one time. In glancing at the shade trees I noticed a robin's nest in the forks of one tree, and in another a family of English sparrows have their home; two of these are sitting on limbs near the nest, trying to dry their feathers by straightening them with their bills. On a third tree I discover a small nest hung in the branches of a limb, which puzzles me for some time; but finally I discover the male bird with food for the female, which is sitting on the nest. It is the thistlebird, or summer yellowbird. After watching them for several hours I find the male bird brings food to the female every twelve to fifteen minutes, and every time he nears the nest his chirp attracts the attention of the female, and she answers with a little twitter which I believe if it could be interpreted would mean, "How kind and attentive you are to me." They are very quick to attack any small birds coming in the vicinity of their nest. I saw a small bird that looked like a field sparrow sitting on a limb some distance from the nest, and in a moment the male bird made a vicious attack on it and drove it off the lawn. Later in the evening he drove a catbird from the tree. As darkness appears, the male bird increases his visits to the nest, coming every few minutes with green worms. I see the robin is on her nest, also the sparrows; seven of them have retired for the night; and the yellowbird now sits on a branch above the nest chirping to his wife about the doings of the day or what he is going to do to-morrow, or possibly about the family which will appear before long, when he will have more mouths to help feed. I know not which, but he is certainly very happy over something, as his song proves. As nature wraps her mantle around this green earth of ours my view of these beautiful creatures (which were put here to help soften the stern features of the earth's cold face of clay) disappears.

F. M. B.

GETTYSBURG, Pa.

Wild Pigeons in West Virginia.

THE day was in this section when the wild pigeon appeared regularly, and there is a place in the brush about four miles of this town known as the "Pigeon Roost," where I have myself seen the enriched land still marked by an unusual growth of vegetation. The luxuriant poke (*Phytolacca decandra*) flourishes there, and other plants not natural to that class of soil. The day was when the woods rustled with their wings and the sound of boughs crashing under their weight could be heard. The farmer policed his newly sown field of wheat, and there was danger of a ripe field of buckwheat being eaten in spite of the threatening presence of all the family. Then the mountaineer was at a disadvantage. No hunter of any standing owned or had anything to do with a shotgun. The shotgun was regarded as almost effeminate. A rifle ball was too much to sacrifice for a single pigeon, and the hunter was not well prepared to destroy any considerable number unless he could find a row of the birds on some straight dead bough. Then came some fancy shooting, and a single ball would bring down a dozen or so, and no ammunition wasted.

Persons old enough have seen the wild pigeon even as James Fenimore Cooper describes it in the "Pioneers." They are gone, and the stories of their flights are surrounded with a glamour to us of the younger generation. It is in hope of adding a new idea to a subject which has been thoroughly discussed in these columns that I try to talk about pigeons.

The flights of pigeons in this section were periodical, but in those days, far back in the mountains in the dense forests that crown the very apex of the Alleghanies, the hunter and fisher could find the pigeon all the summer. Now the time has come when the rank and file no longer fly over the land in their annual migrations, but back in those woods the wild pigeon is still to be seen, generally in pairs. Those mountains have scarcely any bird life, and the pigeons are noticed more particularly perhaps.

The fact remains that as many wild pigeons make their summer home in Pocahontas county as ever.

ANDREW PRICE.

MARLINTON, West Virginia.

A New Coon in Town.

A SHORT time ago Mr. G. L. Baker became aware that some four-footed marauder was nightly visiting his poultry yard. He promptly set a trap for the unwelcome visitant, and the following night Mr. Raccoon was made a prisoner. Mr. Baker resides within five minutes of the center of the city, and the presence of the shifty, carnivorous night prowler illustrates anew the attractions of the University City as a game preserve wherein such species as the great American polecat, the rabbit, opossum, fox, raccoon and ruffed grouse have lately been killed. Surely Ithaca has attractions other than Cornell to offer the big, unsympathetic world about her. Messrs. Potter and Brock the past season killed eighty coons in the covers round about Ithaca.

A Mr. Krum, of Caroline, a wayside railroad station a few miles south of here, reports a robin frequenting his premises that has an unmistakable Bob White call, this remarkable plaint being the chief burden of Redbreast's song. The robin gives the call as cheerily and spiritedly as any true mother quail would whistle it.

M. CHILL.

Save the Birds.

ITHACA, N. Y.—On a recent Sunday two of the leading city pastors, Dr. Griffis, of the Congregational Church, and Rev. J. F. Fitschen, Jr., of the First Presbyterian Church, from their respective pulpits spoke eloquently and persuasively in favor of bird preservation. Dr. Griffis, in the course of his remarks, illustrated how rich the Bible law, prophecy, poetry and gospel was of kindness to our little brothers of the air. The Doctor dwelt most happily upon the gifts, graces and powers of the birds, the English sparrow not being denied a kindly word. At the close of Dr. Griffis' talk an Audubon Society was formed for the protection of the birds. Rev. Mr. Fitschen made a no less impassioned plea for bird life preservation, and requested that all ladies of his congregation refrain from wearing any sort of bird plumage in their hats.

If, from every pulpit in America, there might go forth messages echoing the sentiments noted above, a solution to the problem of saving our native song birds from extermination might be counted among the nearby possibilities.

M. CHILL.

Stray Carrier Pigeon.

HUNTERSVILLE, W. Va., June 24.—A carrier pigeon came to Lemuel J. Piles' house about ten days ago, where it has remained as a pet since. The family had never heard of such a thing as a carrier pigeon, but were desirous that the owner know of its whereabouts. On one leg is a silver band marked "A. N. 947." Carrier pigeons not infrequently appear here, but no one owns any in this section in the writer's knowledge.

ANDREW PRICE.

Game Bag and Gun.

In the Gold Range of British Columbia.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I spent the month of September on the Quesnelle Lake, in British Columbia, and some of my experiences there may be of interest to readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. I was out with a party of prospectors who took this route into the mountains, as the head of the lake lies in the gold range. We left Soda Creek, on the Fraser River, on Aug. 21 with four horses packed with provisions. There were four of us in the party besides a Siwash, who was to act as guide and bring the horses back.

At first we had a good Government trail to follow, but after the second day our guide left it and took an old Indian trail, or what had been one. In many places the track was obstructed or entirely effaced, but the Indian never failed to take the right direction and to pick up the trail again, although he had never traveled over it before.

This route took us through the valleys of the Beaver and Antoine lakes, where the best of deer hunting is found. We passed Antoine Lake in the early morning, and Tom and I hastened on ahead and got out of hearing of the bell on the leader. At one place the trail skirts the lake at the foot of a mountain, and right here is a lick. The ground at this place is tracked like a farmyard by the deer that come down from the poplar thickets on the mountain to visit the lick and drink at the lake. As we passed around a bend in the trail there came a crash from the willows on the edge of the lake, and a big buck jumped across the trail just ahead and started up the mountain. As he cleared a log we both fired at the same time, and when the smoke lifted had the satisfaction of seeing his legs kicking in the air. We did not wait to settle which one of us had hit him, but cut his throat and took the best of the meat. A little later we had a battle royal packing it on Sandy's back. The little cayuse had often been through it before, but he had been on the range all summer and felt like a colt. He pretended to be greatly frightened at the blood, until Tom lost patience and gave him an application of the pack rope, whereupon he subsided and stood like a war horse.

At the end of the fourth day we reached the swamp at the mouth of the Horsefly River. Here our difficulties began. The Indian went back next morning with the horses and left us to our fate, and we started out to explore the country. This was not an easy job. The swamp was a mass of tangled willows, and we had to cut our way through with axes in order to make any headway. We located the river, but could not follow it down to the lake on account of the brush on the banks. We then set to work to find a suitable tree for a canoe. There were birch trees in abundance, but at this season the bark did not peel well, so we looked about for a cottonwood. The best one that we could find stood some distance back from the river near a slough that ran off with many turns and twists into the swamp. Two of us made a raft and went exploring. At short intervals were beaver dams, that had to be cut or portaged, but we made our way down and found that at last the slough reached the river. Then all hands went to work at the tree. Our stock of tools consisted of two axes and a pick, but in two days we managed to turn out a canoe big enough to carry us all, together with our dunnage, weighing about 500lbs.

We did little hunting at this place, owing to the difficulty of getting about, but saw signs of deer and bear and shot several ducks on the slough.

At last our boat was finished, and we had a tug of war launching it. We had to drag it 100yds., and it was green and very heavy. But we cut a road, and put down rollers, and at last slid it into the water.

Next morning we loaded up all our stuff and started on our way to the lake, very glad to leave our limited quarters in the swamp. There was a very large dam at the mouth of the slough, that had to be portaged. Then we loaded up again and ran down the river about a mile to the bay. Here we saw large flocks of geese, but could not get near enough to them for a shot. We took the right hand side of the bay and soon passed out into the lake. The Quesnell Lake is a beautiful sheet of water and is surrounded by some of the finest hunting grounds in America. The scenery all along it is fine. In the distance the gold range loomed up, many of the mountains covered with snow. We followed the south bank of the lake all that day. One place here is remarkable for the number of lynx found. We ran right up to one that was sitting on the beach, staring at vacancy like the old tom-cat that he was. He saw us at about the same time that we saw him, and seemed to regard that part of the shore as his private property, for he put up his back and squared around all ready for a fight. I was in the bow with my rifle handy, and I gave it to him as well as I could. I aimed for his body, but the boat was rocking violently and the bullet went a little low, breaking one foreleg and cutting the flesh nearly all off the other. He danced on his hindlegs for a minute and then sprang into the thick timber and disappeared. We landed, and with great difficulty tracked him about 200yds. up the side of the mountain. There was a carpet of springy moss that did not hold the track, and at times the blood-spots disappeared entirely; but we trailed him up to a tangle of fallen timber and found him stretched out nearly dead. Another bullet put him out of his misery, and the journey up the lake was resumed. The water became very rough and forced us to land early in the afternoon among some very bad rocks. In saving the canoe from being smashed we all got thoroughly wet. We built a big fire, dried ourselves again and made camp.

Next morning we were up before daylight and crossed the lake, which was here about four miles wide. We ran along the shore the rest of the day, and at every place where we touhed were the tracks of bear, caribou, lynx and many other animals. Large flocks of ducks and geese were scared up ahead of us, and we shot enough for our use. Trout were constantly jumping, and many could be seen lying on the bottom in 10 or 12ft. of water. The water is remarkably clear and cold. That night we did a little fishing, and caught a good string.

Next day we ran past rocky shores of granite and limestone, and arrived at the head of the north arm of the lake. Here was Mitchell's cabin, a dilapidated shanty built many years ago and occasionally used by hunters and trappers. We preferred our tent to sleep in, but cached some of our flour and other stuff in the cabin. The head of the lake is very shallow, and is the haunt of thousands of ducks and geese. The flight to the south had begun, and geese were dropping in constantly, and the honking was almost deafening. At one point there was a grass plot of several acres which they had eaten bare. A thicket near this afforded an ambush, and we shot several, although one shot at a flock was enough to send the wary old honkers out of sight down the lake.

Early next morning Tom and I started out after caribou, and I killed one by a lucky shot through the heavy timber. We hung up the meat, and in the afternoon packed it into camp and smoked it until late into the night. Early in the evening we heard the howling of a wolf, which was answered from different directions. Attracted by the smell of blood, a considerable pack soon assembled, and they made short work of the offal of the caribou, as we afterward found. They followed our tracks to the camp and gave us a most dismal serenade all night. We had a bright fire and they were not hungry enough to be very bold, but we did not feel like wandering far away from the fire, and vainly wished for a bottle of strychnine. In the morning they were still howling in the timber near by, and we made a sally hoping to get a shot. But the moment we started away from the tent they took the alarm and became silent. We did some exploring, and found that we were on the edge of a meadow three or four miles long by a mile wide, which ran back between Mount Mitchell and the range to the west. Through this meadow ran many shallow watercourses, and also the Mitchell River, a stream of some size. At the head of the meadow Cameron Creek empties into the river, and this was the stream we proposed to follow up.

All this section was covered with huckleberries, then just getting ripe, and bears of all kinds and sizes were numerous. Still-hunting was difficult, and we saw few of the bears, although we often got near to them.

There were many beaver dams in the meadow; in fact, a good share of it seems to have been made by these industrious little fellows. We had a trap with us and kept it set, and I don't remember how many muskrats got into it, but we did not catch a beaver.

After a couple of days spent in exploring the meadow and country adjoining, we packed up everything not absolutely necessary and cached it in the old cabin, and made up packs of about 50lbs. apiece to take with us. We started, and it immediately began to rain. We had hoped to find a track of some kind—at least a game trail—but we had to strike out into a wilderness of heavy timber, thick willows, fallen logs and marshes, and we were fortunate if we could find an opening leading for a few yards in the right direction. The worst of all were the devil's clubs. These are a cross between a vine and a bush, and they grew everywhere. The branches run in all directions and have o joint every 6in. At every joint the branch takes a turn some other way. In every square inch of vine and leaf there are a hundred long, sharp prickers that will reach you through thick clothes. Every little while some of us fell or sat down on a vine, and then the air grew sulphurous. We tried the side of the mountain, but soon gave it up. Finally we took to the creek and floundered along in ice water up to our knees. By a combination of these three choices of route we journeyed for five days and reached Ghost Lake, which is nothing but a pond. For several days we were followed by a pack of wolves, probably the same that had gotten a taste of our caribou. They howled unpleasantly near, but never came to close quarters. It had been raining more or less all the time, but now began to snow, and things looked gloomy. We built a good camp of boughs and managed to get dry again. We had seen little game on the way, owing to the noise we made traveling, but had killed enough willow grouse to keep us supplied with fresh meat. I took a day off and went hunting. The huckleberries were thick and bears numerous. I found a deer trail leading up a small gully, and traveling quietly along this I ran upon an old cinnamon contentedly munching berries. He did not see me, and I shot him where he sat, and he never knew what was the matter. I climbed one of the snow-covered mountains after big-horn and mountain goats, but did not get a shot.

Next day we followed the creek up to a great glacier. Further travel in that direction was impossible, and more-

over it was time for us to be getting out. Our provisions were running short, as some of them had become damaged, and we started back. Passing the lake we saw four beaver along the shore, and wasted several ounces of lead with no result. This time we climbed high up the mountain and struck a game trail that took us in the right direction and cut off a considerable distance. At last this came to an abrupt end, and we floundered around in worse going than ever. We finally worked back to the creek and kept near it the rest of the way. We all felt like shouting with joy when, after two days, we reached the meadow. The traveling through this was bad enough, but far better than what we had left, and that night we were back in old quarters at the lake. We lived high that night, for once more we had sugar and prunes to eat, and I never enjoyed anything more than I did that meal.

We were tired out, and decided to stay awhile and rest. Then followed a week of rare sport. We shot deer, another caribou, geese, ducks and grouse, and caught the gamiest of trout in the lake. We were enjoying life to the fullest extent, but finally decided that it was time to leave. We brought the canoe from its hiding place and got everything ready to start; but a storm came up that last three days and kept us in the tent. When it finally broke away we heeded the warning of winter's approach and were soon headed down the lake. On the way we saw several lynx, but could not get near enough for a shot. A deer swam across from an island ahead of us, but we were too far away to catch him, and in spite of many shots that made the water boil all around him he reached the mainland and disappeared. However, an imprudent coyote that followed us, barking, along the shore, did not fare so well, as Tom bowled him over with a long shot from the canoe.

On the second night down the lake we camped at the mouth of a creek, and I took the Winchester and followed the creek back into the woods. I had not gone far when a doe jumped up ahead and after a few leaps stopped and looked around at me. I was all tangled up in a willow thicket and got out in time to send a bullet after her just as her curiosity became satisfied and she bolted into a clump of cedars. To my surprise she went down in a heap.

We passed Horsefly Bay, where we had embarked, and kept on to the foot of the lake. Here we found some Chinese miners, and after "muchee talkee" sold them our surplus flour and bacon. We left them our canoe, and took the trail that leads down the river to the forks. From there we had a good trail for the rest of our homeward journey.

AVERY H. WILCOX.

In the Rockies.—VI.

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones." —Shakespeare.

As I realized it a fierce exultation fired my heart, and a yell of triumph trembled upon my lips, as I dashed down the steep declivity. But when I reached his side there was a majesty about the mighty animal, even in death, that impressed me, and I stood subdued. There was a deep stillness upon the scene so lately one of stir and strife and battle. The trill of the little stream, murmuring out from among the rocks and trickling twinklingly through the copse to which it gave life, was the only sound audible. A faint breeze which sighed over the lonely place took upon its wings the strong spirit of the mighty moose, and bore it far from that secret glade in which in life it had been in harmony with the wild world of nature around it, and the blood-red Indian pinks that blossomed beside the spring bent their heads before the breeze as if in grief and sorrow. There was death in the midst of life.

I drank deep at the crystal well, and sat down upon the soft turf beside it. It was a lovely spot in which to rest and linger and muse. All around arose the gray rocks, in the midst of which lay the copse, a lovely oasis. The grasses crept up to the feet of the rocks as if propitiatingly, and tender mosses softly covered them, nature's first live-giving effort. There was life in the midst of death.

Sitting there I could see the battle nature had waged with rock-ribbed ruin to establish a precarious foothold for life. Inch by inch, foot by foot, the linchens had crept out from the life-giving water, and clothed the naked rocks with a living, verdant garment. Then came gnats and flies, and humblest forms of insect life to live amid the mosses. Then light-winged swallows came on glancing wings to chase the gnats and flies, and planted the first seeds of grass, upon which later came to feed the progenitor of the moose who lies there now, and incidentally to drop the first seed of the aspens upon which he had browsed as he came up the mountain side. And last of all came the destroyer—man. The grim, gray rocks which with impotent wrath saw their domain of death invaded, inch by inch, foot by foot, as inexorably as fate, by life-giving nature, doubtless welcomed the advent of one before whom whole races and types of nature's beings pass away.

Strange, is it not, that man should find life and vigor and health and recreation in undoing what nature has done, in killing and destroying where she has given life? What unconscious mission is he blindly filling in obedience to that inscrutable omniscience which has worked its will through other blind instruments from protoplasm to man?

Sitting there in dreamy content, beneath me a tawny carpet superior to the science of looms, overhead the feathery foliage of the aspens filtering the yellow sunshine through, I looked out at the gray, granitic rocks stretching up the mountain side to where the snow fields lay cold and white upon the summit. It was typical of human life.

The copse was typical of the pleasant primrose paths of dalliance and ease; the rocks of the rough places of toil and trouble which ever lay just beyond the pleasures of life—the desert of disaster which surrounded human happiness. And as in real life, so here, standing amid the pleasant copse, neither disaster nor heath looks sinister seen from a distance.

But to leave the copse of plenty, with its restful banks and fragrant flowers and refreshing waters, to toil up over the rough rocks is a mimic image of the journey of life. The path to the pinnacle of fame that seemed easy to surmount is pitted with perils. There are crevices in the rock that you cannot see from below. Those smooth mossy stones that looked so inviting are but pitfalls for the unwary, and the weary feet, instead of resting, slip on the treacherous moss and fall. There are sharp, flinty rocks that cut your feet, and loose, rolling stones that topple over and bruise you, and great chasms between the rocks that yawn for the adventurous.

The pools that looked like living waters are but stagnant pools, impregnated with the bitter minerals of the rocks around them, the Mara waters of tribulation. How many turn back, appalled at the difficulties of the ascent, and how many, alas! of highest courage, fall from the precipices, and perish. And when at last the heights are reached, swarms of mosquitoes and gnats arise, like petty troubles, to bite and sting. And the snow upon the pinnacle of fame that looked so fair and white is but a cold, uncomforting, soulless sheet shrouding dead hopes that lie buried beneath it.

All along the summit stretches the cold, silent bosom of the blinding, white Death. Here the journey of life ends. The weary feet worn with toiling over the rocks sink deep into the soft snow. He struggles on with short, quick, panting breath, in the high altitude of death. The sight grows dim in its reflected glare. It is cold—so cold upon the snowy summit. He ceases struggling and sinks down to rest in its soft embrace, and a breathless curtain of silence stretches between the cold, pitiless glare of the sky above and the dazzling whiteness beneath.

So the summit is reached, and the journey of life is done. Behind him lie the rough rocks, and the pleasant paths. Before him—ah! who shall say what lies beyond the brink? Back from that summit no man has ever come to depict the scene that lies in the vast, limitless beyond.

But as the mind comes back from pondering upon the unfathomable problems of life and death, and turns with grateful relief to the wholesome things of every-day life, so did I leave behind me that strange land of snowy summits and rock-strewn scenery and flashing streams and returned to the familiar work-away world of every day. But I never look upon that antlered head, hanging now upon my walls, that I do not recall that little cove blooming in the midst of its rocks, high on the mountain side, above that far-off, unknown and nameless lake in the remotest recesses of the Rocky Mountains.

FRANCIS J. HAGAN.

"Exterminatory Peregrinations."

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., July 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I accept your comment upon Mr. Rice's letter in this week's FOREST AND STREAM as an intimation that it is time to close the subject. Although, as I told you in my letters in your issues of June 10 and 24 respecting the exterminatory peregrinations of Mr. Geo. O. Shields here in Florida, the subject of his bird plume butchering was by no means exhausted, I quite agree with you that we may consider the discussion closed. But I always did like to have the last say. Will you permit me then this last word? Mr. Rice insinuated that my quotations from Mr. Shields' book describing his wanton killing of our birds and other creatures were not fairly made. In justice to myself I urge any reader of FOREST AND STREAM who may be interested to look up the quoted paragraphs and their connections in the book itself. It is entitled "Hunting in the Great West," and Mr. Shields is now advertising to send it for 25 cents. As an eye-opener, an exposure of Mr. Shields by Mr. Shields' own braggart pen, it is worth the money. It shows up the true sportsmanship of this man who is so coarsely reviling others.

DIDYMUS.

P. S.—More last words: Please give my compliments to Mr. Arthur F. Rice, and assure him that if ever he finds his way to Florida and St. Augustine, I would consider it a privilege to do whatever might be in my power to make his visit a pleasant one. I could not promise him much in the way of game; and our plume birds were long ago killed off. But we have such air and sea and sky and flowers and perfume and bird song and sunshine as would give him unstinted delight in his outing; and if he ever goes fishing, we could introduce him to channel bass and drum.

D.

Quail Reports Wanted.

DANVERS, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I should like to hear from different sections of the East as to how the quail are whistling for mating. Tell Mr. Foulk to report from his country, New York and Maryland. There the February blizzard was very bad. I heard of the sad remains of feathers and bones from a flock over in West Peabody.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The inquiry of Major Mather in regard to the "service berry," and the numerous communications printed relative thereto, all edifying and showing the edible quality of those berries, remind me of an occasion when a party of four congenial spirits were camping at Muzzy Lake, in northern Ohio, some years ago, doing a little bass fishing and fall shooting, and having a general good time. On a Saturday evening we were agreeably surprised by a couple of old friends from a ten-miles distant city dropping in upon us, and, of course, a merry evening was the result. In the morning that followed, the cook for the day, desirious of increasing the menu, requested one of the party to take two buckets and go to a neighboring farmhouse and "get some milk and cackle berries," which he at once started to do. One of our guests having heard the remark, puzzled over it for a while in silence, but his overburdened brain finally gave vent to expression: "Say, you fellows, what kind of berries are those 'cackle berries' you told L. to get? I never heard of them before." The answer, "Why, eggs, you darned old rooster," broke the spell, and afforded a heap of fun during the entire day, and the aforementioned visitor went by the euphonious soubriquet of "Cackle Berries" for some time thereafter.

E. S. WHITAKER.

CARTHAGE, [illegible]

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

In Newfoundland.

A Day on the Come-by-Chance with Rod and Reel.

"Up rose the sun; the mists were curled
Back from the solitary world,
Which lay around, behind, before.
What booted it to traverse o'er
Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
Lay in the wild, luxuriant soil;
The very air was mute;
And not an insect's shrill, small horn,
Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
From herb nor thicket."

IT was just such a sunrise and such a country as those of which Byron sings. It was a glorious summer morning. "The very air was mute." We—a survey party—were camped on a sidehill that was clothed with luxuriant verdure, and through the foliage of the trees glistened the waters of the Come-by-Chance, as it wound slowly and majestically on its passage to the sea. In the distance we could catch glimpses of the sheen of many lakelets, and the vision was bounded by ranges of high hills, the highest peak—Powder Horn Hill—gorgeous with the rays of the rising sun. It was an off day in camp, and rigged in my best backwoods toggery I started out to explore a pretty little pond that nestled between the hills; and I was anxious to throw a fly where perhaps one had never been thrown before. After a few minutes' tramp I struck the pond and bent my flies. I met with indifferent success till I came to a corner of the lake that was overgrown with large trees whose branches spread far out over the surface. Just here the water was deep and dark and it looked indeed a likely spot. I dropped my flies just under the branches of a large juniper, and immediately got a splendid rise; but I could not fish from the land side with any ease, so I cast about and procured a small raft of railway sleepers (one that we had been using the day before for the purpose of chaining across the pond), got aboard and hauled myself well out into the lake by the overhanging branches. I was amply repaid for my pains, for the first throw I got a splendid rise, but lost my fish, owing to my inability to use but one hand, for, as the raft was very cranky, I had to hold on to the trees with the other. I threw again, and this time hooked a veritable 3-pounder; but alas, I lost him also. In my excitement I forgot all about standing on the ranky raft, let go my hold of the branches, and the next moment was gazing at the sunlight from the bottom of the lake. A few strokes brought me to the bank, and I picked up my dogwood rod and gear and started for camp, a wetter and a wiser man. I then crept in, not to waken the other fellows, and took off every stitch, hung them around on the bushes, wrapped myself up in my blankets and slept the sleep of the just till breakfast was announced at 9 o'clock.

It is a long, glorious day in summer time, from sunrise, a little after 4, till 8 o'clock, and millions who dwell in cities lose the best part of their lives sleeping those golden hours away.

A great change had come over the face of nature while I had slept. The peak of the Powder Horn was wrapped around with dark, murky clouds, the wind had changed and brought in the fog. The morning had been too bright to last, and before 12 o'clock the rain came down in torrents, so that we were confined to camp all day. About 4 o'clock the rain ceased, but it remained dark and threatening; but as it did not actually rain, and as I was tired lying around all day, I donned my oilskins and long boots, and fetching my dogwood, started out again to hunt up some fish.

This time I avoided the likely spot of the morning and tried some of the gullies of the Come-by-Chance. In this place it sweeps through a pretty level country, and forms a large number of deep gullies, each of which is fairly well stocked with fish. I tried several of these, but as they were near the line of the railway they had been fished over and over again by the various crews of railway men who had camped near them. I fished till I came to the last of the near series of gullies, with but very little success. This one, unlike the others, was surrounded by heavy trees, and in order to fish it one had to walk in the water clear of the branches. I had tried at the head of it, where the water runs in, but the numerous footprints in the sand convinced me that it had been fished too often very recently for me to expect anything worth while, and I was conjecturing for a time how the river looked after it had left the gully, as I could see by the formation of the country beyond that it fell a little, but how much I could not tell. If it fell for any distance it would have been no use for me to go on a voyage of discovery, as it was getting late, and the fog and clouds made it darker than usual. But I thought I'd try at the foot of the gully anyhow, so I walked along in about 2ft of water till I came to where the river leaves the gully. I was certain that no one had been as far as that lately, because trout were ordinarily plentiful enough, without having to wet one's self in order to procure a fair catch. I was rewarded for my pains, for as I reached the end of the gully and followed the river, that here ripples over a sandy bottom with a gentle decline for about 100yds., there suddenly burst upon my vision the prettiest and most likely looking gully it had ever been my good fortune to behold. The feelings of an angler on such an occasion can be better imagined than described. Just before me the lakelet nestled in the trees, shut away from all outside sounds and scenes. At my feet the river dropped into a basin forming an ideal spot for an angler to linger in. My nerves were tingling with excitement, and no explorer ever felt so delighted with his discoverey as I did that summer afternoon. The angler can imagine how he'd feel if he struck a spot that in all probability had never before been fished, and the feeling that "he was the first that ever burst into that silent" scene would be intensified by one look at the spot that his very instinct would tell him was teeming with fish life. The only sign of its ever

having echoed to the sounds of wandering life was a trail across the shallow of the head-water, where the gentle caribou had passed and repassed for many ages.

I looked over my cast, which contained a silver doctor, a terra nova, a gray hackle and a little black fly, saw they were all right, and softly dropped my flies just where the river ceases to appear to flow and mingles with the waters of the gully—just beside the golden lilies that lay in great luxuriance there. The effect was magical. With that indescribable swish—a noise more pleasant to the senses of an angler than music's sweetest strains—the gully appeared to be alive.

The flies were literally devoured, and it was with the keenest pleasure imaginable that I hooked, fought five minutes or so, and landed at one haul four rich, fat, gamey mud trout, ranging in weight from ¾ to 1¼lbs. At every throw I succeeded in hooking two, three or four beauties, and at last, when darkness had settled in, I knocked off with fair play, well satisfied with my evening's sport, and having for once at least got a "square meal" of it. I filled a canvas bag that I carried, then cut two "gads" and loaded them and started for camp, about half a mile off. I was now in a quandary, for I was in a strange country, and in the eagerness of my pursuit I had failed to make mental notes of landmarks that would guide me on the way back. However, I tramped back through the gully, and at the head-waters, where 'twas shallow, I was fortunate enough to strike the deer trail, and I knew it led through a long marsh in the vicinity of our camp. I followed it as well as might be, feeling the way with my feet, for the trail, as is usual, was well defined. It was now so dark I could scarcely see an arm's length before me.

At last I broke out into the marsh, and heard the welcome sound of our camp dog's honest bark, and arrived safely in a short time, and was for the time being the cynosure of a score of admiring camp fellows, who gathered around, pipes in mouth, to inspect the catch and indulge in the usual camp talk on such occasions. They had decided before my arrival that I had lost my way and were just getting ready to start out and hunt me up. My one regret was that in my hurry I had to leave my dogwood pole—one that I had cut in the woods and that had been my companion in many pleasant hours.

After a change of dry clothes and a good "tuck-in" at supper—not the least enjoyable part of which was a dish of rich, red, "musky" mud trout, I lit my pipe and laid me down to rest, well satisfied with my day on the Come-by-Chance with my old dogwood rod and flies.

W. J. Carroll.

Newfoundland.

After Ouananiche.

There has been considerable variety about the early fishing for ouananiche this season in the Grande Décharge of Lake St. John. In the first place it opened late, as everybody expected it would, on account of the extreme lateness of the season. The waters were high, but for a day or two the sport was reported good. Then heavy rains and high winds set in, filling the high water of the lake with thick mud to such an extent that the fish were unable to see the flies on the surface of the pools in the Décharge. A few anglers went away disapopinted. Those who could possibly spare the time returned to Roberval to await the arrival of more favorable weather, and last week proved an off season for ouananiche fishing, though the fish could be seen in the pools in very large numbers. On Saturday and Sunday last the wind fell, and, by Monday the surplus water that was flowing out of the lake over the Décharge had lost much of its sediment, and the ouananiche were again on the feed. I had a good day's sport there, killing over a dozen fish, and might have taken as many more. When I found that the fish were taking the fly freely, I laid aside my 7oz. rod to experiment with one of exactly half that weight. There has been so much nonsense written from time to time about the rod-smashing qualities of the ouananiche that I had some time ago made up my mind to give the fish a chance. I was not fortunate enough to hook anything larger than a 3lb. fish on the 3½oz. rod, but a 3lb. ouananiche, like a 15lb. salmon, is usually in perfect fighting condition, and the little cane was put to a thorough test, and came honorably out of the conflict. Some of the fish killed upon it were lofty leapers, and occasionally they ran out into the heaviest water of the pools. The light bamboo was so readily responsive that I gave it no allowance for size and never lowered the tip when the fish vaulted from the water, always allowing him rather the freedom of the line. It took a little longer time to lead the fish to net than would have been necessary with a heavier rod, but not so much more as might have been expected, and if the extra sport afforded is not considered a sufficient compensation for the additional expenditure of time, I may add the assurance that out of a number of fish so played not one was lost by the tearing away of the hook, that so frequently occurs when ouananiche are handled on stiffer rods. When first I angled for these fish, before the construction of the railway as far as Lake St. John, I went at them with an old two-handed English rod, that I had used for jack pike in the Old Country, as a boy. Experience led me to substitute, first a stiff Canadian lancewood trout rod, and then an American split cane of moderate weight. Now, for purposes of finest sport and greatest comfort I am an advocate of the lightest rod, for ouananiche fishing, that can be found upon the market, provided it be properly made; that is to say, well balanced, and possessed of a reasonable share of back bone. I have fished with 5oz. rods possessing less of these requisite qualities than that weighing 3oz. and a fraction, with which I killed my last few ouananiche. The former scarcely enabled the angler to take in the slack of the line without the aid of the automatic reel. The latest addition to my rod case needs no such artificial aid.

I still believe, as I wrote in "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment," over three years ago, that the most serviceable tool for the speedy killing of the fish is a 7 to 9oz. trout rod. But those who have acquired the admiration for this noble fighter that a few seasons of ouananiche fishing brings will have no more ambition to make a score, and when the fish are plentiful and the rises frequent will find their highest enjoyment in taking the ouananiche from its chosen waters upon the finest and lightest of tackle.

Of course rods may be smashed by ouananiche just as well as by any other fish, but there is no good reason why they should be. While I was fishing from one of the rocky islets in the former Griffith pools of the Grande Décharge the other day, with my smallest rod, Joseph Morel, one of my guides, took up my heaviest trout rod—a Quebec lancewood weapon, upon which I have landed a 14lb. pike and any number of heavy trout and ouananiche. He wanted to reach a large patch of foam that was eddying around a long distance from shore, and succeeded in drawing his flies through it several times without securing a rise. Finally he drew the lures close in to the rock upon which he was standing, when both were seized at once at his very feet. One of the fish was quite large, probably a 4-pounder. Without regard to the almost perpendicular position of the rod, Morel struck smartly, and naturally enough, off went the rod at the upper ferrule. A salmon rod might have done the same thing.

The fishing at the Décharge is now at its best, and promises to continue good for some time to come. In one afternoon this week Lt.-Col. Haggard took over forty fish, and as many more the next morning, returning by far the most of them to the water.

E. T. D. Chambers.

Quebec, Canada, June 30.

P. S.—My attention has been drawn to a slip of the pen that occurred in my last letter to Forest and Stream. In speaking of the recent big catch of trout on the Triton tract by Judge Hiscocks, Douglas E. Petit and William Nottingham, of Syracuse, the two largest fish of a catch of twelve, weighing 60lbs., were recorded as weighing 6½ and 3½lbs. respectively. If this were true of the two largest fish, it would be difficult to make up the aggregate of 60lbs. What I should have written, if there had been less haste and more care in the writing of it, is that the largest of the big fish weighed 6½lbs. and the smallest 3½lbs.

E. T. D. C.

Angling Intemperance.

Charlestown, N. H., June 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have so far refrained from "putting in my oar" in the discussion of the epithet of "game hog," or his near relative, the "count fisherman," but the inclosed slip, which I cut from the Boston Sunday Herald of yesterday, has rather excited my indignation. I do not know who Mr. Seymour is, or what he did with his 701 trout, caught in one day with one rod! but I hope he returned at least 600 of them to the water. Still, even then, many of them must have been more or less injured, and if the gills were torn it is doubtful if they survived the injury. I cannot conceive of such brutal slaughter as coming under the name of either sport or amusement. This is the report:

"Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Seymour, of New York, who are at Seven Ponds, took 650 trout in six hours' fishing weighing from ½ to 1½lbs. Another day Mr. Seymour took 701 trout on one rod. Three were taken at one cast. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour saw eleven deer one day."

I was always satisfied with a moderate creel full, and ready to reel up my line and go home at that time; and in ordinary fishing near home two or three dozen, enough for breakfast for a small family, were an ample reward for my afternoon's tramp. It was the same with shooting. When I had a dozen birds or half a dozen gray squirrels I was ready to throw my gun over my shoulder and leave the rest of the game for another day.

Neither fur, fin nor feather are plentiful enough here in the old settled parts of New England to make any larger bags possible, but the "count fisherman" yet troubles us a good deal. There are two or three men in our village who persecute the trout brooks every spring, from the day the snow is off till the water gets too low, and come into the village and brag of the number they have caught, and they keep it up, "day in and day out," till no one who really wishes a quiet afternoon's enjoyment can find trout enough to reward him for a two or three mile tramp. I met one of these fellows last year with a six-quart tin pail half full of dressed trout, and though I could not say that any of them were under the legal limit of 5in., I certainly did not see one that would measure 6in., even counting in the tail, and I have no doubt that they were all fish with which some of my friends and myself had stocked the brook the year before. The worst of it is, that these fellows contribute nothing toward restocking the brooks; they just go out and catch all they can, and as long as they can, until those of us who have spent time and money in getting the trout from the State hatcheries and distributing them in the breeding brooks have buttoned up our pockets and refused to make further efforts to supply amusement to this class of our "fellow townsmen"!

To return to my text, I have some doubts as to the truth of the statement, for Mr. Seymour must have caught a trout a minute for nearly twelve hours to accomplish the alleged feat, but the 650 fish to himself and wife in six hours' fishing is about as bad, and I should think she would have been ashamed of herself, if he was not!

I was much pleased to read the letter of my friend Commissioner Shurtleff in regard to the discovery of the "Sunapee saibling," in the Averill Ponds. When up at Colebrook, some sixteen years ago, I heard of the large trout that were found in these ponds; but the waters were reported to be very difficult of access, with no camps or accommodations of any sort after reaching them, and I gave up the idea of going into them.

I had heard similar stories of the big trout in Dan Hole Ponds, near Wolfeboro, N. H., some years previous, but never got into them myself, and now the fish have both proved to be the saibling, which is first recorded as being noticed as a different variety of trout in Sunapee in 1881.

It goes to confirm my belief that we do not yet know all the inhabitants of our waters, and that both the saibling and wannanish will yet be found to be inhabitants of Lake Superior. That very entertaining paper, "A Trouting Trip to St. Ignace," published in Orvis and Cheney's "Fishing With the Fly," speaks of several varieties of trout in Lake Superior, and I cannot believe in lumping them all as *Salmo namaycush*. What has become of the *Siskawitz* we used to hear of? I think the matter worthy of careful investigation.

Von W.

ANGLING NOTES.

Water in Bloom.

Ponds and lakes being "in bloom," or "working," or "breaking," or "purging," has served as an excuse for anglers who have returned from fishing with no fish ever since I can remember. At this moment I do not recall that I ever heard of a stream "blooming," but Hay Bay, in Canada, was most certainly "in bloom" on one occasion in the fall when I went there with some friends to fish for muscalonge. Some waters bloom at one season, and others at another, and it has been commonly understood that the blooming or purging was caused by the seeds of water plants floating in or permeating the water until reproduction took place and they sank to the bottom. In Germany the blooming is called *wasser-bluthe*, water blossom; and in France *les fleurs d'eau*. Sir Thomas Wardle, F. G. S., F. C. S., read a paper on this subject before a field club in England, from which I will make some extracts, as it gives the results of scientific inquiry into the causes of water blooming or purging, although he uses the term "breaking." His investigations were conducted at Copmere, a lake of forty-four acres, the time being autumn:

"The lake presented an unexpected appearance. Its color was a bright emerald green, but not that of green coloring matter in solution. By a close inspection with our lenses, we saw the water to be permeated through its entire depth by bright green particles so numerous and pervading as to give the appearance of a green liquid, even when a glassful was held up to the light. * * * I say appearance, because in addition to the permeation of the bright emerald particles, there was also a green scum floating on the surface, thickest among the sedges, where it had been drifted by the wind, also unresolvable by the unassisted eye, evidently possessing points of difference, mainly by specific gravity, from the particles suspended below the surface; besides this, the green was of a darker tint. Each drop contained a number of these green specks. * * * At certain times in each year, generally in autumn, the Shropshire Meres become turbid with these green particles, the water becomes unfit for domestic purposes, and it defies the powers of filtration, soon clogging up the pores of filters. Fish become sickly in it, and in some instances die, and in others are easily caught. * * * This condition continues in varying periods from a few days to months. After a time the water emits a purtrid odor from the decomposition of the green particles. * * * The prevalence of these green particles is variable. They disappear and reappear and occur in greater quantities in various parts of the Shropshire Meres. * * * Copmere did not break in 1895; it remained very clear all summer and autumn; but a very singular fact is connected with this exception of breaking, in that a great quantity of fish died that year of a fungus-growth disease, whereas in 1896 none died, notwithstanding the mere broke badly. * * * You will now be prepared to know that this breaking of the meres is due to microscopic algæ, of which various species cause the phenomenal appearance. Dr. Drummond found the green color of the water of Lake Glaslough, in Ireland, owing to vast quantities of flocculent oscillating algæ. In Loch Hainining, in Selkirkshire, a rich purple color occurs. * * * The broken water is characterized by various colors, sometimes green, purple, brown or red." (Here follows a list of about a dozen species of algæ found in different waters, including one found in the arctic regions.) "Most probably these minute algæ, having been born of last year's spores, remain at the bottom of the lakes during the winter and until they find a need for further growth and development, and for this, according to Mr. Blunt, they begin to absorb carbonic acid, which they find dissolved in the water. * * * Under the influence of light the carbonic acid is decomposed, the oxygen is set free, and, thus liberated, adheres in globules to the algæ, causing them to rise into a fuller and stronger light."

The entire article is of interest, but I have quoted its salient features, and, as the author says, the murder is out, and breaking of water explained, and that is about all there is of it, as no remedy for this condition is suggested, although more is promised on the subject. The various colors of the algæ will explain why some fishermen report a lake blooming in one color while another lake blooms in quite a different color, but it does not always follow that because a pond or lake is in bloom (still another term for this condition of the water is "cruddling") the fish in that water will not bite, for it is of record that fish have been caught when the water is blooming.

Fly-Fishing for Shad.

My name would have been signed here and these notes ended for this week had I not chanced to pick up *Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine* and open it to Mr. Hammond's article on fly-fishing for shad. It seems to me that the magazine opened of itself in my hands to the article to remind me of something I have been trying to remember for more than a year. During the Sportsmen's Show in Boston last year I sat at dinner one night with Mr. Walter M. Brackett, and we talked of fish and fishing, and he mentioned that years before he had taken shad with the fly in the Charles River, I think, but am not sure. Anyway, I made a memorandum of what he told me (probably on the back of an envelope, as I am in the habit of doing, and about seven times out of ten losing the envelope or failing ever to see it again), intending to print it in "Angling Notes" some time, but have not seen it since, although the chief facts have been recalled on several occasions. Last week I was on Long Island where the State is hatching shad eggs taken from fish caught in the Nessaquogue River, and one of the men told me of two shad caught last year in the stream with a fly, and I was again reminded of Mr. Brackett's experience, and forgot it before I returned to New York. Now Mr. Hammond's article has again reminded me of it, and I will ask Mr. Brackett to relate in this journal his early experience with shad on the fly, as the surest way to get it on record.

A. N. Cheney.

Memories of Antigo.

WHEN, during the formative period of the earth's existence, the subsidence of the glacial movement began, the snouts of the foremost glaciers lay in a straggling irregular line, from northwest to southeast, aross the North American Continent. This line is clearly indicated by heaps of boulders, foreign to the underlying formation, which bear the unmistakable signs of glacial abrasion and rise in many places to the height of the tallest pines. Nestling among these Titanic cairns are countless pools of purest spring water, whose uniform depth at all seasons suggests the absolute independence of their sources of filtration and surface drainage. These pools seldom reach a greater depth than 10ft. in their deepest parts, and from center to shore line the inevitable boulder crops up.

The trout preserve of the Antigo Fishing Club lies just inside the outer edge of this advanced line of glacial subsidence, and within its limits are two of these pools or miniature lakes. On the northern bank of the larger of these, flanked by a three-acre clearing, stands the club house. This lake, whose area is nearly equal to that of the club house clearing, has no visible inlet, yet its outlet is of sufficient volume to turn a country grist mill.

So clear are the waters of this woodland lake that from any point of the banks objects lying at the bottom can be seen as plainly as if suspended in midair at the same distance. On all sides, excepting the north, where the clearing comes out to the bank, the forest grows down to the water's edge, and in many places the drooping branches of overhanging cedars form a permanent zone of shadow, extending well out from the shore, forming an ideal trout harbor.

From the bank on the edge of the club house clearing you may see on a calm and cloudless day in June, when the sun is at its meridan, countless shadows as of floating leaves, projected against the bottom of the lake, although there may not be so much as a fleck of foam to be seen anywhere on its mirror-like surface. Only the closest scrutiny will reveal the presence of scores of speckled trout, poised motionless midway in the limpid depths. For, seen in their native element, the rich and varied tints of this aristocrat of the woodland lakes and brooks become an elusive, phantomlike gray.

If the watcher on the bank, whether he be the merest tyro in the "gentle art" or the seasoned veteran of eastern trout preserves, would see something well worth the seventeen-mile drive and the two-mile tramp which it costs to get in, let him descend to the water level and drop his fly out as far as possible among those shadow spots. Your bait may have flicked the water so lightly that you scarcely saw the spatter of it, but keen eyes—many pairs of them—have seen it plainly, through intervening spaces of water greater than the entire length of your cast, and by the time you can carry your hand to the reel that article is in active requisition.

The Wisconsin trout is a hungry biter, and it does not need the electric tremor of the rod to tell you what is going on out there. You can see it for yourself, as plainly as through the plate glass sides of an aquarium. It is a case of "first come, first served." There is one big beauty hooked hard and fast, while a school of his fellows are struggling for the honor of being first in the frying-pan.

If you have a party of hungry fellow guests watching you impatiently from the bank above, you will bring your fish ashore at once, attach two leaders to your line and reel the snappy creatures in by threes, till even the hungriest sinner there, who counseled and abetted the slaughter, turns down his thumb.

If, however, you have a soul superior to the importunities of appetite, you will wind in your first fish very gently until you can make out the markings on its satiny skin, and there, at your leisure, you will study the diverting tricks of habit of the frisky "beauties" which are following, as far as they can, their luckless relative into captivity. There will certainly be a score of them—there may be a hundred—and you stand there with the mighty hush of the forest about you, forgetting the flight of time and the weakening struggles of your hapless victim, while you gloat with a sense of rich possession over that exquisite page of animated nature, illumined by the glad June sunshine.

If a man be a public benefactor, who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, what shall be said of the two true disciples of Izaak Walton to whose zeal we owe it that to-day the waters of the Evergreen and its tributaries teem with toothsome trout, where, less than sixteen years ago, the flavorless chub and the measly shiner alone rewarded the angler's quest for nobler game? Voluntarily, and without hope of reward, these two public-spirited citizens, whose names are withheld out of deference to their well-known modesty, undertook the seemingly hopeless task of stocking the Evergreen with speckled trout, from waters lying ten miles distant through the then unbroken forest.

One morning early in the summer of '82, our two philanthropists started from an eastern tributary of the Wolf bearing between them two camp kettles filled with fresh spring water, each containing sixteen frisky young trout, or thirty-two all told. Over boulders, ledges and fallen tree trunks, the two plucky fishermen struggled with their precious burdens, reaching, after many mishaps, the East Fork of the Evergreen with only eight live fish in their kettles. And this was the humble beginning of the prosperous trout colony which includes the Antigo Fishing Club's preserve.

I had been spending a week at the club's snug quarters still-hunting and grouse shooting in company with Mr. Henshaw, the Nestor of the club, and Mr. Lou Bucknam, the life of it, when business engagements which would not wait took my genial hosts to town, leaving to me the pleasant alternative of either going along with them or playing at housekeeping until they should return for me at the expiration of my ten days' vacation.

As I had picked up a smattering of plain cookery, and there was a saddle of buck hanging up in the woodshed and a cellar crammed full of big Irish potatoes, I decided to remain in camp. Besides, I had not half gotten my fill of the charm of the grand old Wisconsin woods in their brown November dress. So, after turning over to me the keys of the larder, conferring upon me discretionary powers regarding the use of a certain axe and bucksaw, and investing me with absolute authority over Bismarck, the club's mongrel mascot, my late hosts departed down the Elton trail, shouting back a promise to come out and spend the following Sunday with me.

I had often watched with amused interest the exaggerated air of importance which a small boy, left temporarily in charge of a pie and cake shop, assumes toward another small boy who has the misfortune to come in for a penny bun; but never had I understood the true inwardness of that sudden access of arrogance until that perfect November afternoon when I set out to air the dignities of the office of major-domo—without portfolio—of the Antigo Fishing Club. As I stood on the steps of the club house, surveying the three goodly acres of clearing, with its patch of big pumpkins and fat shocks of corn, and jingling the keys of the woodshed, the pantry and cellar, I realized something of the oldtime nerve tingle of the night I ran races under the moonlight, in my first pair of red-topped, copper-toed boots.

It was a typical November evening, save the absence of snow, and there were plenty of signs of that in the air. High up against the dull gray cloud rack, which had hidden the sun since early morning, a flock of wild geese were winging their way swiftly southward, squawking and gabbling as they went, as if sighting a familiar resting place.

There was that peculiar property in the air which the backwoods folk call "hollow," and the slightest sounds fell with startling distinctness on the evening solitudes. The barking of the dogs drifted faintly in from the Elton settlement, two long miles away, through the woods. A whirring of wings through the frost-browned leaves on the edge of the clearing told of the flight of a feeding grouse. A subdued rustling in the neighboring corn shocks betrayed the whereabouts of foraging squirrels threshing out their evening ration of corn. Out in front of the club house stood Bismarck, pricking his ears alternately at the sounds from the settlement, the threshing in the corn shocks and the whirring of wings in the foliage. In the dusky background the trout lake lay sleeping in its prison of ice, its glassy surface mirroring perfectly the dark woods beyond—the counterfeit presentment of a summer calm.

While I was lighting the club house lamps that evening, Bismarck, grown tired at last of his favorite pastime of barking at the settlement dogs, began scratching at the kitchen door, and when I opened it he came in shaking the wet from his back. There was a glimmer of white on the doorstep, and glancing out I saw the great moist flakes, the first of the season, falling silently down through the twilight.

There was that in the situation most satisfying, both to the imaginative and realistic sense. Without, the witchery of the lone dark forest, the secrets of centuries locked fast in its silence, a mighty barrier reef, outstretched between the haven of the woodsman's clearing, and the fret and din of a world gone mad from lust of gold and want of bread, in whose depths are hushed eternally the voices of shipwreck from its storm-swept outer shores. Within, the crackling of wood fires, the glow of lamplight, the swelling song of a tea-kettle coming to a boil, a tantalizing combination of odors which three shrewd guesses would name as follows: Potatoes roasting in a redhot oven, venison steak frying in its own fat, and double strong Mocha threatening to boil over. Bismarck, lying back of the kitchen stove, thumped approval with his bony tail, as from time to time the odors of cookery came his way.

"O, Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have found in thy face?"

sang the castaway of Juan Fernandez, to the accompaniment of trampling surf and the shrill whistle of the sea winds, and solitude, up to the present time, having maintained a discreet silence regarding the whereabouts of the attractive properties which the disgruntled bard of the desert isle in her found missing, I, her self-constituted spokesman, do hereby declare not the least of those charms to be the unexpected discovery on an upper shelf of a club house pantry of a deep pumpkin pie with seven brown spots on it—"the kind that mother used to make." Cooking your own supper and sitting down alone to it in a backwoods clearing, with the nearest neighbor two miles away, may not be what it is cracked up to be, but a pie like that on the table is a mitigating circumstance.

It seemed a little strange at first, those dark silent rooms overhead, where the echo of familiar voices seemed still to linger, the three vacant chairs in front of the fireplace, and the three pairs of hunting boots ranged by the wall—that intangible something which looks out at you from the windows of every deserted old farmhouse.

A cynical feminine writer of books has defined man as "the only animal that chews tobacco and makes love all the year round." For this, O fair Philistine! I respectfully beg to substitute the following: The only domestic animal that deprecates dining alone. A man's enjoyment of a solitary meal is in the inverse ratio of his fitness for the higher duties of citzenship. The occasional bad breaks at stupid state dinners, such as spilling your soup in your neighbor's lap, is a trifle compared to the sense of isolation conveyed by the rattle of a spoon in an empty tea-cup, when supping alone on a wintry night in the aching stillness of a backwoods camp whence all but you have fled.

It is under such circumstances as these that a man learns to appreciate the companionship of a faithful dog, stump-tailed dogs alone excepted. At such a time there is more comfort in a single tail-wag of an honest old dog than in all the smoking tobacco in the United States commissary. There is practically no limit to the moral support stored up in the tail of a well-conditioned dog. It stands to-day as a symbol of the broadest democracy known to the world. Under the peasant's toil-stained garb and the cloak of the prince to the purple born, the eyes of a dog see only the man, and neither bribes nor blows can gain for either the preference of that democratic tail.

Of all that bountiful supper, only the pickles and dishes remained to be returned to the pantry—thanks to Bismarck's assistance. The cares of housekeeping were resting lightly upon me. When the supper things had been put away and I sat in the Nestor's easy chair smoking the Nestor's corncob pipe, my feet outstretched to the glowing maple coals, the lamplight falling over my shoulder on the pages of "Treasure Island," I could not help pausing from time to time, despite the fascination of the yarn, to wonder why it was that womenfolk were everlastingly harping on that old string about "Man's work being from sun to sun, and woman's work never being done," and I made a mental note of some pointers which I intended to give my landlady upon my return to the city. Why, it had not taken me fifteen minutes to clear the table, give Bismarck his supper, put a log on the fire and light my pipe, and here I was through for the day, with all the evening ahead of me for the cultivation of my mind. I had set the supper dishes out in the kitchen to await the breakfast dish-washing. What could be simpler?

I had reached that part of Stevenson's captivating story where the surviving mutineers of the Hispaniola, advancing on the spot laid down in Flint's chart as the burial place of the blood-stained treasure, are suddenly halted by that awful cry in the familiar tones of the dead pirate skipper, ringing through the stillness. The very air of the room seemed echoing with "Darby McGraw! Darby McGraw!" when Bismarck, who was snoozing at my feet, suddenly, and without the slightest premonitory symptom of nightmare, uttered a prolonged and blood-curdling howl, followed by an excellent imitation of a mule in a treadmill with the belt and the brake off.

Now, the genial author of this breezy pirate tale has made no provision whatsoever for a climax in any of the situations leading up successively to the discovery by Silver's cutthroat band of the rifled treasure pit, but it occurred exactly at the point where Bismarck's nightmare overtook the reading. Although I struggled on desperately to the end, there was not a minute after Bismarck took a hand when the author's cleverly contrived climax stood a ghost of a chance of winning. It was all dog and "Darby McGraw."

When, the last thing before retiring that night, I went out to take a squint at the weather, as is the custom of all old hunters in camp, the air was still thick with the falling flakes, while a moaning sound in the neighboring pines, as of surf on a distant bar, told of the rising storm.

What hour the storm burst over the clearing I did not lie awake to see, but at dawn next morning I looked from my sleeping room window across a sea of tossing boughs, through which a roaring northwest gale drove the snow in a powdery smudge. As I descended to the kitchen the stairs creaked frostily, and Bismarck's nose was like a lump of ice, as from time to time he poked it playfully into the back of my neck, as I stooped to the task of building the fires.

Through the kitchen window I saw the clearing, a whirling eddy of snow, and when I opened the door to give Bismarck a morning run at the rabbits a barrel of the "beautiful" tumbled inside. There was an inch of new ice in the rain barrel and a foot of snow on the level. But within, the frosty air was fragrant with the scent of freshly kindled fat pine fires, and their snap and crackle echoed cheerily in the dawn-lit silence of the rooms.

What to do with myself that day to keep off the creeping feeling of loneliness was the question that confronted me as I sat over my second cup of coffee, watching through the window opposite the whipping of the naked boughs along the margin of the trout lake. It was an ideal day for still-hunting, barring the falling trees and flying limbs. Many a time-scarred monarch of the woods had gone down in that long night's battle with the elements. Two large elms had already tumbled into the clearing, their shattered branches lying about them like the arms of a fallen knight, and from time to time I caught above the roaring of the storm the sound of the great trunks crashing downward through the undergrowth. Only a man's necessities would take him into the woods on such a day.

But if not still-hunting, what then? Out in the middle of the lake was a mooring stake, rising through the ice to the height of a man, where we used to hitch the Baldy, the club house punt, during the summer fly-fishing, and which marked the location of one of the deepest trout holes. Lying just inside this stake was a patch of open water about the dimensions of a double blanket. As I looked, my loneliness flew up the chimney, for I knew that out there in that patch of blue water were hosts of old acquaintances.

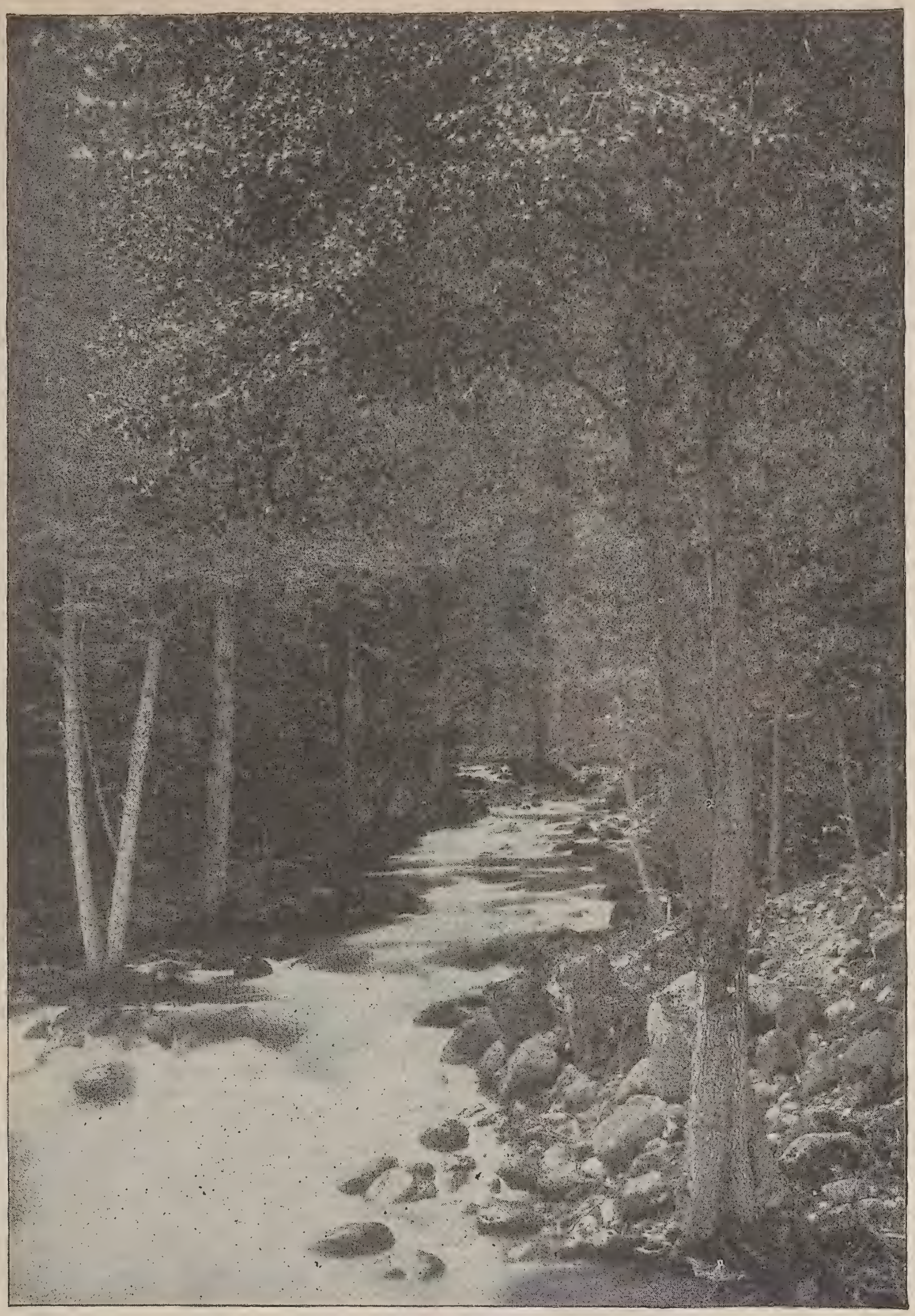
There was a rack of rods on the dining room wall, with reels, lines, everything ready to begin work. At the foot of the bank was the Baldy turned bottom side up on the boulders. After dinner I would push it out to that emerald patch in the snow and catch a mess of trout for the Sunday breakfast of my returning friends.

The sun came out along toward noon, a blotch of rainbow color in a flying, sparkling mist, but neither the storm nor the cold lost its grip.

I could not help but smile to myself at the incongruity of my outfit, as I scrambled down the bank that afternoon, with Bismarck bringing up the rear, to the spot where the rounded hillock of snow marked the location of the punt. Not often does it fall to the sportsman's lot to go fly-fishing arrayed in German socks and arctics, coonskin coat and fleece-lined buckskin gloves, nor seldom does his outfit include such things as a broom, a snow-shovel and an axe.

With the punt resurrected and turned on its bottom, and the fishing tackle placed therein, I began feeling my way through the soft deep drifts that bordered the springy margin of the lake. Once clear of these, I headed straight for the mooring stake, testing the ice at every step with the butt of the heavy axe. Proceeding slowly, I had worked my way out to within 15ft. of the dark green patch, when a loud thunk, thunk, a bending of the ice beneath my feet, and a wrinkling of the water along the edge of the opening—signs so familiar to all adventurous skaters—warned me back.

To get to the shore, exchange the axe for the snow shovel and broom successively, clear a slide through the length of my line of tracks, run the punt to the end of it and beyond was the work of a little less than an hour, and when I added my weight to the forward thwart of my amphibious craft the ice went down and the water came up, and the Baldy slid gracefully into the open. As the punt took the water, I caught, through a rift in the float-



A CALIFORNIA TROUT STREAM.

ing slush, a glimpse of a school of my summer friends skurrying away under the ice. I was not long in getting after them.

First, as an essential to successful work with a fly, the Baldy must have more room. This I proceeded to obtain by running the snout of the punt as far up on the ice as possible, and rocking it violently in that position. This process, supplemented by an occasional punch alongside with the head of the axe, I repeated until an oblong square as large as the ground plan floor of the club house was filled with broken ice. In the center of this was the mooring stake. Laying the punt alongside the stake and grasping it with both hands to steady myself, I succeeded after fifteen minutes' rocking in forcing the slush to the sides of the hole, to which it quickly froze fast.

I enjoyed the rocking almost as much as what came after it. Around and around the edges of the pool ran the merry tinkle of the ice bells, swinging on the choppy waves, mingling their crystalline notes with the mighty symphony of the winds.

The pool was hardly clear of ice, when the trout began to come back, singly and in pairs, in groups and battalions; there were hundreds of them if there were ten! They formed up in two schools on opposite sides of the opening and began to encircle it, keeping just within the shadow of the snow-covered ice field. They evidently thought themselves well hidden, but I could have counted every one of the beautiful creatures, if they had only lain still long enough. It took them fifteen minutes or more to get used to the punt and the coonskin coat, but they finally settled down exactly as they had formed up. And then the sport began. I got a fly out just where I wanted it, and the largest trout in the larger school came after it alone and got it. I took him gently over the side, and he did not flop much in the three inches of snow that had drifted into the boat since putting out. They came up singly and they did not come fast, and I almost wished that they had not come at all—and I put back all that I caught but six large males. For it was only by virtue of my position as guest of a fishing club owning a preserve, that I claimed immunity from the operation of laws which held to a strict accountability the man who at any time during the close season takes a trout in public waters. Any now I had the making of a breakfast for three, and that was more than I had hoped to get, fishing through a hole in the ice, with the tip of a red squirrel's tail for bait. And so there I stayed, hour after hour, reeling them in and letting them go again, and keeping the count on the gunwale of the Baldy, while Bismarck sat humped up in the snow in the shelter of a wooded point howling disgustedly from time to time, as he saw me putting a big trout back—stayed until the shores of the lake grew dim in the wintry twilight, alternately "rocking" when a skim of ice hid the bottom from view and blowing on the icy bait, the loud roaring of the storm in my ears, the wild sense of its freedom in my veins, and the generous thrill of humane sport tingling in every nerve. At last, when I pulled the Baldy out, the scratches on the gunwale totaled 78.

That night as I watched the smoke from the corncob pipe drift lazily into the chimney, I seemed to find in the merest incident recalled of that afternoon on the storm-swept lake a flavor hitherto unsuspected.

WILLIAM ALFRED WHITNEY.

A Colorado Trout.

MR. CHARLES HALLOCK sends us this paragraph from a Denver correspondent:

"Seven of us went trout fishing the other day, and we caught a fine mess. One of the fellows caught a trout weighing 6¼lbs. Couldn't land him; had to shoot him in the head. He was 27½in. long and as pretty as could be. Am going to send you his picture. He swallowed a 10in. trout as bait. Can you beat that? A. E. B. M. D."

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Fish Stories.

WITH each day spent upon the water, some unusual occurrence but adds to the credulity of the angler by enlarging for him the bounds of possibility; the marvelous tale of his brother of the angle does not shock his reason as it does that of the general; it only recalls some incident more strange within his own or his friend's experience.

A great part of the angler's reputation for imaginary adventures arises not more out of the exuberance of his fancy than the lack of opportunities for observation—the ignorance of his doubting audience who can find nothing within their own knowledge on which to base their faith—which with most people is measured by the accustomed; and with fish stories it is so often impossible to substantiate them by any other proof than the unsupported assertion of the narrator. This of necessity because the man alone will see and hear a million sights and sounds a mob could never find.

This at least must be taken for presumptive evidence of the reliability of the majority of fishy stories; that most of them which are told for fair are believed by anglers. If each manufactured his moving tale of flood and drouth he would have no respect for those of his fellows of the gentle craft, but would know they too were fictions. On the contrary, none so eager to hear the latest yarn from a fisherman or stranger and none so ready to believe as the honest fisherman. Too guileless himself to deceive, he harbors no suspicion of his neighbor, and is more often the victim than the inventor of dreams. The sample or two given are hardly wonderful enough to record, and are for anglers alone who will not only accept them without question, but whose only comment will be, "That's nothing to what happened to me last," etc.

Dr. Harban, one of the most expert of the Capital City's anglers, was casting a minnow in the Potomac; his trace was looped to the line with a thin snap-hook swivel; as he had taken a good bass and was reeling it home, another fish ran at the bright lacquered swivel and the snap, like a barbless hook, caught enough of the cartilage of the lip to hold him, and the Doctor, fishing with one hook, was astonished to land two bass at a single cast.

Jesse Middleton, fishing at Choppewamsic, casting a battery of No. 4 flies, had a strike on the edge of the weeds, where he expected a big jackfish. Striking hard at the rise, for it is not easy to set the hook in the bony mouth of an old pickerel, the fish, which turned out to be a small one, was pulled half-way to the boat.

The hook, point down, had caught in the thin cartilage in the floor of the mouth and made a rent nearly 2in. long through which the fly dropped while he was recovering the unexpected slack.

A large pickerel, attracted by the disturbance, made a rush to rob the little fellow of his prize, took the fly, fastened himself, and both were safely landed on the same hook.

A commotion among the lilypads attracted our attention to what we took to be the red dorsal fin of a 10lb. carp disporting in the shallow waters. As the boat approached it moved away slowly, and at 50ft. a No. 14 dry fly that was being experimented with in the holes of the moss beds, was thrown over the fin and twitched. It caught on and the fish came so easily to the boat as to be a puzzle. When close up it was seen to be a catfish nearly 1ft. long with the little hook fast near its tail, but making no more struggle than a dead fish. As it was about to be lifted into the boat it was seen that a great water moccasin as thick as a wrist had the cat gripped over the middle of the back, its jaws dislocated fully 1½in. to accommodate them to the broad back of the fish.

What we had seen was the snake trying to swim with the fish out of water, as he could make no progress broadside among the lilies and the moss. Handing the rod to the boatman, a shell was slipped into the little skeleton Stevens, and putting the muzzle close to the snake's he was uncoupled. On lifting the catfish, which seemed to be paralyzed with fright, or exhaustion, or pressure on the spine, into the boat, it began to gasp as one who falls into the water with quite audible sighs, and quickly recovered, struggling more wildly than is usual when one is taken from the hook. The mark of the snake's grip was plainly bleached, probably by the gastric juices or pressure, and there were several marks of teeth on other parts of the body, but it seemed practically unhurt, and on being restored to the water, made off with a rush that flirted water over us both.

The first man to whom the incident was related on the train coming home in the evening, was Andy Cullinan, who was not at all surprised, as he had already had a similar experience. He and his friend, Will Murray, were out one night on the Freestone Marsh after frogs. Will was poling the boat and Cullinan managing the jacklight and picking up the green croakers. He saw the white vest of a big fellow near the shore, and directed the skiff close to it. Just as he was about to pick it, a suspicious wriggle invited closer inspection, and he found it was the white front of a catfish some 10in. long, and saw the beady eyes of a moccasin with that paralyzing grip across the back. Reaching under the seat where his gun was folded in his coat, he fired three quick shots at the snake, which began to move away. Uncertain whether he had struck it, he belabored it with the paddle, and as the water was shallow, easily killed it, and the catfish swam away, apparently uninjured. The frogs were disturbed no more that evening.

The catfish is apparently a regular article of diet with this very common—miscalled moccasin—a perfectly harmless water snake, though having all the repulsive characteristics of its more dangerous cousins. One would imagine the three long spines of the cat would be fatal to the peace of mind and health of the reptile, but his gradual swallowing head first probably lays the spines flat along and they never get a chance to rise. Bass are not always so fortunate. They are occasionally found helpless with a catfish fast in their throats. Their method or swallowing in gulps perhaps gives the spines room to be erected, and then the trouble begins.

Nearly thirty years ago a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine (n. s. 5, p. 15) said: "There are no doubt many curious incidents which have occurred in every angler's experience which he would not care to vouch for in a mixed company. I remember many in my own. For instance, I was once fishing from Thames bank in a space between two bushes about the width of my writing table; I had a book and a pipe, and was lying my length on the warm grass confounding my luck—unlike John Leech's hero—because I could not get a bite, when a kingfisher perched on the end of my rod, which was at my side, waiting for its prey, and without appearing to care the least for my presence, took his header, brought up his beak, whisked his little tail at me and flew away, as if he had done something very clever. Now I venture to say that sixty per cent. of the readers of this magazine are, or have been, more or less anglers, and that such an incident never happened to them."

This was doubtless true; but J. M., fishing with a float at Four-Mile Run, was standing on a log that stood out in the water with a Henshall rod, 8¼ft., holding it in his hand, when a kingfisher perched upon the tip, scolding like mad.

He drew the rod backward slowly and was about to make a grab for the bird, when it flew away, circled and lit again upon the rod, still chattering, as if resenting the familiarity or presence of the angler.

Cooney Zella—and there is not a fisherman in Washington would doubt one of modest Cooney's stories—was fishing with a companion at Little Falls for white perch in the early spring with small minnows. The perch turned shy and they finally took off their bobs and sinkers, threw the bait as far down stream as they could reach and skittered it back with short jerks something as a fly is drawn over the surface, and caught three herring with nearly every cast. They used up their minnows, and secured near a bushel of herring in this way. The next day to convince a doubting Thomas of a friend, they took him along and repeated the strange performance, but have never been able since to get them in this way. That herring should take a bait in fresh water other than by accident, or should show such a fondness for minnows, or should take them at the surface in that gamy way, are all matters of wonder. It may have been that they were fresh run from the sea, and had not yet lost their appetites, or checked at the falls in their ascent may have been at play during their rest for their final rush up the gorge. Whatever may be the explanation there is no doubt in the minds of his friends, without the corroborative testimony of his companions, that the strange story is true.

HENRY TALBOTT.

Boston Anglers.

BOSTON, July 1, 1899.—Fishing parties to the British Provinces are much in favor with sportsmen in this part of the country, and as certain sections in Canada and Nova Scotia become better known they gain in favor. Quite a party of Fitchburg and Boston fishermen have just returned from a most pleasing trip to Nova Scotia waters. The party was composed of Rev. A. J. Kempton, Dr. Russell Bingham, Mr. A. Cutler, Mr. W. F. Joseph, Mr. McDonald, of Fitchburg, and Mr. Albert Hollis and J. Bert Baxter, of Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, Boston. They left Boston by the Yarmouth S. S. Line, and thence to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. From that city the conveyance was by rail to Bridgewater; thence by stage to Milton, on the Liverpool River. From Milton the fishermen went to Indian Gardens, a drive of twenty-four miles, where their tents were pitched. Here most satisfactory catches of trout were made, the fishermen actually getting all they wanted, and all taken by fly-fishing. After four days' delightful stay at the Gardens, the party came down the river to Kempton Lake Brook for two days and a night. Fine fishing was also enjoyed at that place.

Breaking up once more, the gentlemen started for Milton. Down the river at Milton the party broke up, part going home by the same way as coming. The remainder of the party having a few more days to spend in the delights of Nova Scotia angling, stopped at a hotel, kept by Mrs. Freeman, where it cost $1 per day for accommodations that would make some of the Maine two-dollar-a-day fishing resorts green with envy. From that point the party took a drive of sixteen miles to Greenfield, where they spent the day salmon fishing. But the time was late in the season. Not a salmon would rise to the fly, although they were there in great numbers. They could be seen moving about and occasionally rising to the surface, but not to any sort of lure the fishermen could offer. Returning to Milton the fishermen prepared to leave for Boston, greatly regretting that the time had come when a most delightful release from business must end. The party made quite a long call at Shelburn, stopping at a hotel finely equipped for sportsmen; and well it might be, for it is kept by a noted trout fisherman, Mr. D. B. Frost. Here a number of sportsmen from the States were found, who gave the locality a great name for fishing, though the visit of the Boston party was a little late; the best time being from May 1 to about June 16. After five hours' stay in Yarmouth, the steamer Yarmouth was boarded for the return trip. Boston was reached about 9:30 A. M., after a delightful night on the ocean. The party broke up here, pledging each other to make the same trip another season. The guides employed were Bordman Hunt, Lemuel Hunt and Thomas Hunt, of Greenfield, and Samuel Freeman, of Milton. "Too much cannot be said in praise of the capacity and faithfulness of these guides," say the returned fishermen, "and they charged us only very reasonable prices." Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM desiring fuller information concerning the region visited by the above party, either for hunting or fishing, may address J. Bert Baxter, of Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, Boston, who will willingly reply, though in no way interested, beyond giving brother sportsmen a good chance.

In Passing it may be noted that Mr. L. Dana Chapman, secretary and treasurer of the Megantic Fish and Game Club, has positive information that the Canadian Government has decided to open September to the hunting of moose, caribou, deer, partridges and other birds. This is doubtless done in order to offset the law passed by the Maine Legislature last winter permitting of the shooting of one deer in September by paying a license fee of $6 by non-residents and $4 by residents of the State.

SPECIAL.

Protector Shriner's Resignation.

ONE of the chief aims of Foster M. Voorhees since his election as Governor, says a Paterson, N. J., exchange, has been to depose Charles A. Shriner from the office of State Fish and Game Protector. Mr. Shriner's ability made no difference when the personal and political spite of the Governor had to be gratified. The Fish and Game Commission was anxious to retain the services of Mr. Shriner, whose special fitness for the work is known to and appreciated by all the leading sportsmen in this part of the country. Its disposition resulted in several stormy interviews between the Governor and the Commissioners, and Mr. Shriner concluded to end the friction by resigning. The Commission met at Jersey City yesterday afternoon, and Mr. Shriner's resignation was received and accepted. The fish and game protector explained his reasons in the following communication:

"I hereby tender you my resignation as Fish and Game Protector of New Jersey, and in doing so desire to explain my reasons therefor. Governor Voorhees, since his advent into office, has persistently demanded my removal, his reasons for this demand being my opposition to his nomination and election last year, an opposition engendered wholly by his determined spirit of hostility to the protection of fish and game. His attitude in relation to my office has necessarily created a great deal of friction between yourselves and him, and it is plainly apparent from the power he wields and his disposition to make use of it that my retaining the office I hold at present will be injurious to the iterests of protection of fish and game. I feel confident that more harmonious relations between yourselves and the executive will follow my resignation, and the result of this cannot but be of benefit to the work in which I have always taken a great interest. I trust I may be right in the conclusion I have arrived at, and I assure you that this step on my part will not in the least weaken my interest in the protection and propagation of our wild fauna and that whatever of knowledge and experience I have gained in this particular field will at all times be cheerfully at the disposal of your honorable body and of my successor in office. I thank you cordially for your kindness and uniform courtesy to me and hope that the proceedings of your honorable body will again be as harmonious as they were previous to the election of the present Governor."

Mr. Shriner's resignation will take effect when his successor is appointed. The news that he has made up his mind to retire from the position will be learned with regret by all who are in a position to know the vast amount of good he has accomplished during the past four years in the propagation of fish and game in this State. The laws have been rigidly enforced and beneficial legislation secured through his efforts. Governor Voorhees began his plans to depose Mr. Shriner as soon as he took possession of the Gubernatorial chair. The Commission is supposed to be non-partisan. The two Republican members were reappointed, but two new Democratic members were named, and they were made aware of the Governor's hositility to Mr. Shriner. Although Mr. Shriner is a Democrat, it was the Democratic members who brought up the subject of Mr. Shriner's removal and suggested a Republican. The Republican members of the Commission objected on the ground that Mr. Shriner was too valuable a man to lose, and the question was thus tied up until Mr. Shriner opened the way for harmony. On account of the absence of one of the members a successor was not appointed yesterday, but it is understood that George Riley, of Newark, will be the man, although there are several aspirants for the position. Mr. Shriner said to-day that Mr. Riley would make an excellent official, being in every way qualified for the position.

A Word from Kelpie.

AVALON, Cal., June 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not read or write much nowadays, so that I am out of touch with the FOREST AND STREAM, and I owe a lot of letters among the Old Guard. I have just notified Hickory that I can't camp with the kingfishers this summer, much as I would like to do so, as I am booked to remain on this island of Santa Catalina for a good while. Mrs. Kelpie is with me, and if any of the FOREST AND STREAM family should be here this year and wish to look me up, they will find my cottage on Metropole avenue.

I do not cruise or fish much, but do a good deal of mountain climbing, and find the plants, minerals and scenery very interesting. I sent you a note about the first tuna, but you must look to the other fellows to write about the fishing. It is all that has been claimed for it, but as I said, I don't fish this season. I will just say, however, that I will back any of our old kingfishers to handle a tuna (or tunny) with the best. A man who with a 7 or 8oz. rod and light bass tackle can bring to gaff a 40lb. maskinonge need not take a back seat in these matters, even if he does not use a rod like a billiard cue.

I had a very pleasant visit with our old friend, Judge Greene, when at Portland, and had also the pleasure of meeting Mr. Billy Newman and Mr. J. Roberts Meade. We had a discussion about the Victoria regia, a specimen of which is in the Golden Gate Park at San Francisco. Billy said it came from Australia. I said Africa. So we hunted the library over unsuccessfully, until we found it under the title "Water Lilies," and it hailed from South America. The judge smiled sardonically, and said that was just as he expected. This was wrong of him, and Billy and I were going to put him out of the room, but on further consideration gave it up. He was too big.

KELPIE.

"The Toilsomeness of Sport."

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 25.—In last week's editorial, "The Toilsomeness of Sport," you strike it about right. June 23 I arose at 3:30, pushed off the skiff, rowed up to Greene's Island buoy and anchored, and took one weakfish of 5½lbs. (with rod and reel). Then I rowed home against wind and tide, had breakfast and took the 7:09 train and was at work at 8 o'clock. We always forget the blistered hand and aching back, but remember the savage rushes of our fish, way down below us somewhere, not knowing what moment the hook will tear out, till finally we reel up the captive, the net is passed under him and a beautiful creature lies in the bottom of the boat.

S. S. B.

Worms for Bait.

ESSEX, N. Y., June 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream* We have a young lady who assists in the housekeeping department who calls pajamas "bejabers," and who speaks of the "humiliating weather." Speaking of humiliating weather suggests the fact that we have not had any to amount to anything this spring and summer. The drought has been very severe, and not only have the crops of corn and grain and grass suffered, but also the crop of worms underground is far below the average. It is a difficult matter to find enough to make a mess for the hungry perch in our front yard, and were it not for one specially favored spot the perch would often have to go hungry. Thanks to this spot we manage to feed them quite regularly, and the perch are so grateful that they follow us right up to the kitchen door in considerable numbers.

Our worm patch is a little spot of rich black earth near one of the barns, where some corn fodder was thrown out during the winter. This fodder acted as a mulch and conserved the moisture in the soil and kept it near the surface. The ground elsewhere is either baked hard as a brick or burned into a powdery dust, and the worms from far and near have flocked to this little oasis in the desert and made it populous with life, so that it is possible to fill the bait can in a very few minutes' time.

A man who uses worms for ice fishing tells me that he keeps a tub full in his cellar all winter long. Once a week he pours a quart of sour milk on the surface of the earth, and this supplies the worms with food and keeps them in good condition. J. B. B.

A Brook in the Yosemite.

THE readers of FOREST AND STREAM will at once notice something about the brooks of the Yosemite which would not add to their attractions from an angler's standpoint. The presence of a great number of slippery boulders and smaller stones is not especially conducive to the comfort of the fisherman in long rubber boots, with his basket and tackle. A chance slip sometimes spoils outfit and temper—at least until the next big fish is hooked. The streams of the Yosemite, however, were not designed for the fisherman's exclusive pleasure, and he will not let himself be deterred by the obstacles which nature may have put in his way. The trees on the borders of the brook are mainly California alders. This alder is peculiar in the earliness of its flowers, which appear in central California just as soon as the leaves of the previous year fall. Dr. Parry says that "In spite of occasional sharp frosts, the process of fertilization proceeds steadily, and by Feb. 1, at least as far north as the lower Sacramento Valley, it is mainly completed, and the swollen winter streams over which these trees lean are conspicuously darkened by the effete male catkins, which resemble torpid caterpillars." The California alder is found along many of the streams of the State, and adds to their beauty by its neat habit and symmetrical proportions. The photograph was made by Dr. H. W. Rollins, of Boston, in the Yosemite Valley and the stream is supposed to be a tributary of the Merced River.

Trout in Central New York.

ITHACA, N. Y., June 30.—The trout streams about Harford Mills, Speedsville, Slaterville, and a stream or two in the vicinity of Willseyville have yielded and are still yielding some satisfactory creels of brook trout. Harford Mills may be reached on the N. Y. and L. division of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Slaterville and Speedsville are a few miles from stations on that system. As handily as any, perhaps, they can be reached by stage or carriage from this city.

No angling of any pleasing nature has been had at the Ithaca end of Cayuga Lake thus far. Later on, along the eastern shore, black bass and perch should be taken in goodly numbers. M. CHILL.

Chicago and the West.

J. B. H.

IOWA, June 28.—My long-time companion and friend, J. B. H., the central figure in the Camp Forest and Stream for the ten years last past, died at his home yesterday in the afternoon. No one can take his place.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Staten Island Fishing.

ANNADALE, S. I., N. Y., June 25.—Last Saturday Henry Schmidt, of Annadale, and Walter Burt, of New York city, caught fourteen weakfish. Fred Klous and John J. Webb caught twenty-four weakfish and four fluke on Sunday, the 25th. Adolp. Wissert and Henry Schmidt, of Annadale, caught twelve weakfish. Mr. Meyer and Mr. Cohn caught six weakfish and three fluke.

CHAS. GELLER.

Feathered Rivals.

LET me tell you of a bit of rivalry among the birds that came under my notice. When living in the valley of the Connecticut, my home for a few years was on the edge of the first rise from the meadow. Back of the house was an old pear tree, in which a pair of orioles nested each year. In front of the house was a great elm tree—a favorite resort of the birds both of the meadows and uplands.

One Sabbath I was sitting out in front of the house when I noticed a bobolink come up from the meadows and light in the elm. Then it struck up its song in notes without exception the sweetest I ever heard—a very Jenny Lind among the birds. This drew the notice of one of the orioles, which with angry notes flew into the tree near the bobolink, then struck up in its sweetest tones in apparent rivalry with the bobolink. The bobolink answered it, and so for a brief time the concert went on, until the oriole, seeming to realize that he was far outdone by his rival, broke out into harsh scolding, flew at the bobolink and drove him back to the meadows. I had come to look upon the orioles as among the fixtures of the place, but if it would have brought back the bird from the meadow they would have had to seek other quarters, and although it has been a dozen years since then, yet the memory of the song of that sweet singer among the birds lingers with me yet. PINE TREE.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.
Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 6.—Bicknell, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club's trials. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Washington, C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

Eastern Field Trials Derby.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following are the entries for the Eastern Field Trials Club Derby. There are sixteen pointers and thirty-eight setters, and the total of fifty-four is the largest since 1892. All were whelped in 1898:

English Setters.

James McKay's black and white dog Pride, Feb. 19 (Cincinnatus Pride—Queen Vic).

Arthur Stern's black, white and tan bitch My Nellie S., March 7 (Antonio—Robin's Cora).

Arthur Stern's black, white and tan bitch My Sue S., March 7 (Antonio—Robin's Cora).

Henry Pape's orange and white dog Buccaneer, March 17 (Antonio—May Win).

George Crocker's orange and white dog Bob Acres, July 4 (Tony Gale—Minnie T.).

George Crocker's black, white and tan bitch Miss Meadows, July 4 (Tony Gale—Minnie T.).

George Crocker's black, white and tan dog Chadwich, July 4 (Tony Gale—Lightfoot).

George Crocker's black, white and tan bitch Miss Baugh, July 4 (Tony Gale—Lightfoot).

George Crocker's black, white and tan bitch Queen Lill, July 4 (Tony Gale—Lightfoot).

H. B. Holmes' black, white and tan dog Glen Noble, May 26 (Glen—Lem Gladstone).

John M. Watson's black, white and tan bitch Luna Belle, March (Tony Boy—Lena Bell).

Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan dog Pontiac, March 23 (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryn).

Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan bitch Sioux, March 23 (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryn).

Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan dog Ute, March 23 (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryn).

Mrs. H. B. Duryea's black, white and tan dog ———, March 19 (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Luna).

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan dog Gailor, Jan 3 (Eugene T.—Gloster's Girl).

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch Pet of Rancocas, Jan. 3 (Eugene T.—Gloster's Girl).

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch Geneva, Jan. 3 (Tony Boy—Lena Bell).

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch Miss Lee, July 4 (Eugene T.—Trinket).

Eldred Kennels' blue belton bitch Eldred Lash, Aug. 16 (Cincinnatus Pride—Antonia).

J. R. Blake's lemon and white dog Don Noble, Feb. 3 (Don P.—Jessie).

Leon E. Seay's black, white and tan dog Mox Gladstone, June 8 (Greenway—Buena Vista II.).

C. I. Shoop's black, white and tan dog Harwick Boy, June 8 (Harwick—Spot's Girl).

C. I. Shoop's black, white and tan dog Harwick, Jr., June 8 (Harwick—Spot's Girl).

C. I. Shoop's black, white and tan bitch Lady Harwick, May 26 (Harwick—Miss Tony).

C. I. Shoop's black, white and tan bitch Harwick's Girl, June 8 (Harwick—Spot's Girl).

C. I. Shoop's black, white and tan dog Count Hunter, May 7 (Count Gladstone IV.—Hunter's Queen).

W. Gould Brokaw's black, white and tan bitch Fairview Bonnie, April 15 (Belton Boy—Vic).

Geo. E. Gray's (Agt.) black, white and tan dog Dewey, October (Harwick—Queen Esther).

D. E. Rose's (Agt.) orange and white bitch Trixie, April (———————).

D. E. Rose's (Agt.) black, white and tan bitch Bona, April (Tony Boy—Christena).

D. E. Rose's (Agt.) black, white and tan bitch ——— (Tony Boy—Cynosure).

D. E. Rose's (Agt.) black, white and tan bitch Minnie M. (———————).

W. W. Titus' black, white and tan dog Joe Cumming, Jr., January (Joe Cumming—Laura).

Edmund H. Osthaus' black, white and tan dog Solas, Aug. 1 (Cincinnatus Pride—Gleam's Nellie).

H. K. Devereux's black, white and tan dog Della's Sport, Jan. 31 (Marie's Sport—Della K.).

John A. Wilson's black, white and tan dog Rajah, Aug. 13 (Cincinnatus Pride—Antonia).

John A. Wilson's black, white and tan dog Honest Joe, Aug. 13 (Cincinnatus Pride—Antonia).

Pointers.

Arthur Stern's liver and white bitch Bootsic, June 7 (Young Rip Rap—Dolly Jingo).

L. C. Clark's liver and white dog Frank F., Jan. 5 (Gamester—Sally).

George F. Nesbitt's liver and white dog Rip, Jan. 5 (Gamester—Sally).

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog Mahdi, May 27 (Tippoo—Queen Kent).

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog Dervish, May 27 (Tippoo—Queen Kent).

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white dog Khartum, July 3 (Rip Rap—Toxie).

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' black and white ticked bitch Soudan, July 3 (Rip Rap—Toxie).

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' black and white ticked bitch Bedouin, June 3 (Rip Rap—Queen III.).

W. Gould Brokaw's liver and white dog Fairview Tom, March 16 (Sir Walter—Van's Pride).

W. Gould Brokaw's liver and white bitch Fairview Tibbie, March 16 (Sir Walter—Van's Pride).

W. Gould Brokaw's liver and white bitch Fairview Patty, April 3 (Prince Boy—Fanny Davenport)

James S. Crane's liver and white dog My Jingo, March 7 (Jingo—Dot's Pearl).

James S. Crane's liver and white bitch Dot's Daisy, March 7 (Jingo—Dot's Pearl).

George E. Gray's (Agt.) black and white dog Good Enough, April 15 (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

George E. Gray's (Agt.) liver and white dog Dot's Rap, April 15 (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

M. F. Rodgers' liver and white dog Brant, April 15 (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

SIMEON C. BRADLEY, Sec'y-Treas.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

JULY.

5. American, annual, open, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
5. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
6. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
7. Sea Cliff, open, Sea Cliff, Long Island Sound.
8. Riverside, annual, open, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
8. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
8. Corinthian, Phila., knockabouts, Essington, Delaware River.
8. Royal Nova Scotia, open, Halifax, N. S.
8. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
8. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
8. Wood's Holl, open, Quissett.
8. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
9. Penataquit Cor., 15ft. class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
10. Manchester, 1st cham., Manchester.
12. East Gloucester, cup, Gloucester, Mass.
15-17-18-19-20-21-22. Larchmont, race week.
15. Penataquit Cor., snipe class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
15. American, handicap, Newburyport, Mass.
15. Beverly, club Cor., Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
15. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.
15. Wollaston, ladies' day, Wollaston, Mass.
15. Quincy, open, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
15. Winthrop, hand sweeps, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
15. Corinthian, Marblehead, 3d cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
15. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
15. Jamaica Bay, club special, Jamaica Bay.
15. Royal Nova Scotia, all classes, Halifax, N. S.
15. Corinthian, Phila., knockabouts, Essington, Delaware River.
15. Wood's Holl, sprit and cat classes, Wood's Holl.
15. Savin Hill, club handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
15. Burgess, 16ft. class, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
15. Seawanhaka Cor., Roosevelt cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
15. Quannapowitt, club.
16. East Gloucester, cruise to Marblehead.
16. Williamsburgh, club, cats, Long Island Sound.

THE present week will be a busy one for yachtsmen. On Monday the trial races of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. begin at Oyster Bay, continuing on July 5 and 6, and longer if it proves necessary, in order to select the best representative for the races at Dorval three weeks later. On the same day the cruise of the Atlantic Y. C. begins, with the rendezvous at Larchmont. On Tuesday the yacht clubs throughout the country will celebrate with races. At Chicago the first of a series of trial races for the selection of a challenger for the Canada cup will begin, continuing on succeeding days. On Thursday comes the long-expected meeting of Columbia and Defender off Sandy Hook.

WE are indebted to the photographers, Messrs. Davis & Sanford, of New York, for the portrait of Mr. Will Fife, Jr., designer of the new Cup challenger.

Beverly Y. C.

WING'S NECK—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, July 1.

THE race of the Beverly Y. C. on July 1 was sailed in a breeze that capsized one boat and disabled several, all having two reefs tied in. Vif went to the aid of her competitor Laurel when the latter capsized and lost some time, but finally finished. The times were:

25ft. Class.

Ulula, W. H. Winship	2 16 16
Blazing Star, C. M. Baker	2 16 18
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore	2 19 15

21ft. Class.

Amanita, J. Crane, Jr.	2 14 12
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 19 00
Kalama, David Rice	2 19 10
Edith, S. R. Dow	2 24 34
Dariel, H. W. Harris	2 25 24
Cyrilla, R. W. Emmons	2 27 29

Fourth Class—Cats.

Howard, H. O. Miller	2 04 05
Hope, J. H. Ellis	2 16 06
Daisy, Howard Stockton	Disabled.

15ft. Class.

Next, C. H. Jones	1 16 40
Uarada, J. Parkinson, Jr.	1 17 40
Peacock, Robert Winsor, Jr.	1 20 18
Flickamorro, W. F. Emmons	1 21 45

Fifth Class—Cats.

Vif, A. Winsor, Jr.	2 23 50
Laurel, Sidney Burgess	Capsized.

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 1.

THE Burgess Y. C. sailed its thirty-third race on July 1 in a fresh southerly breeze, shifting to S.W. The times were:

Raceabouts.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tunipoo, E. A. Boardman	2 32 20	. . . .
Colleen, H. M. Sears	2 35 13	. . . .
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 36 19	. . . .
Persimmon, C. H. W. Foster	2 36 42	. . . .
Peep, W. B. Stearns	2 38 17	. . . .
Fancy, C. F. Lyman	2 46 45	. . . .
Typhoon, R. Boardman	Withdrew.	

Handicap.

Nameless, W. H. Stuart	1 36 23	1 36 23
Plover, W. H. Chamberlain	1 37 47	1 37 47
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber	1 55 07	1 55 07

Handicap Knockabouts.

Spry, F. I. & W. L. Cropley	1 26 48	1 26 48
Opitsah, S. M. Foster	1 29 23	1 29 23
Agnes, D. C. Holden, Jr	1 35 55	1 32 29

Gunning Boats.

Woodcock, F. J. Dupar	1 23 00	. . . .
Ha Ha, A. F. Whitmore	1 24 20	. . . .

Yacht Designing.—XXXIII.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

(*Continued from page* 494, *June* 24.)

OF the many *non-circular* curves there are three whose names are familiar to all, and which are more or less useful in naval architecture. Each of the three is formed by the intersection of a plane surface with a cone whose base is a circle, and from this they are called the *Conic Sections.*

The *ellipse* is practically a flattened circle, a complete and continuous curve, with what may be termed one long and one short diameter. Its distinguishing characteristic is that the sum of the distances of every point on the curve from two fixed points shall be equal to some given distance. The two fixed points, E, F, Fig. 92, are termed the *foci;* the longer diameter, AB, passing through these points, is termed the *major* or *transverse axis;* the shorter diameter, CD, at right-angles to the longer, is termed the *minor* or *conjugate axis.* The sum of the distances of any point, G, from the two foci, GE and GF, must be equal to the sum of the similar distances (as EH, FH) of any other point. The *center* of the *ellipse* is at the intersection of the two axes, I.

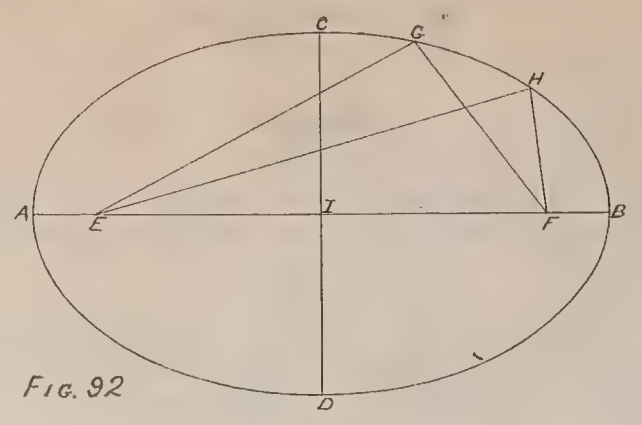


FIG. 92

The *parabola* is a symmetrical curve of infinite extent, there being no limit to the length of the two extremities. Its characteristic is that every point on the curve shall be equally distant from some given point and a given straight line. In Fig. 93 the fixed point, F, is called the *focus,* the line, AB, is called the *directrix,* and any given point on the curve as C, must be equally distant from both F and AB; that is, CD and CF must be equal. Any straight line perpendicular to the *directrix* and cutting the curve, as DC, is a *diameter,* and the *diameter* passing through the *focus* is termed the *axis.*

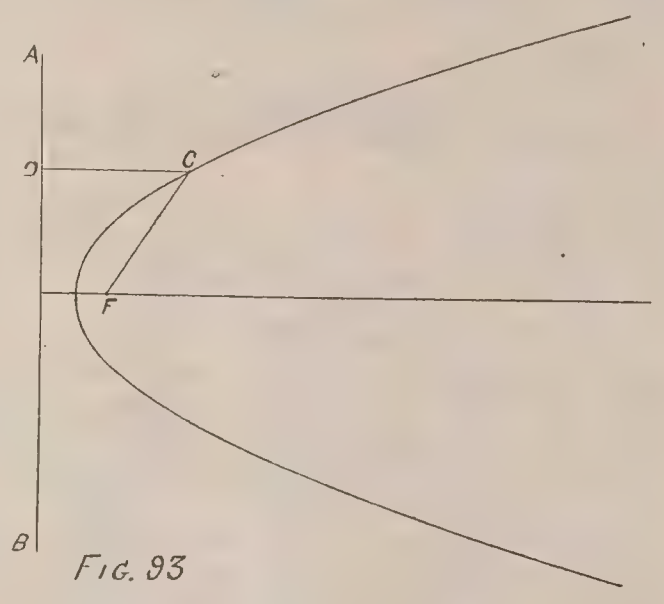


FIG. 93

The *hyperbola,* Fig. 94, is of infinite extent also; its characteristics are that the difference of the distances of any point from two given points shall be equal to a given distance. The two fixed points, A, B, are the *foci;* then if D and E represent any points on the curve, the line AF, or the difference between AD and BD, must be equal to AG, the difference of AE and BE. The point C, midway between the two *foci,* is the *center.* It is evident that from A and B two curves may be drawn, equal and opposite, so that for any two foci there is always a pair of twin hyperbolas. The line AB, passing through the *foci,* is the *transverse axis,* and any line, as DH, passing through the *center* and cutting both curves is a *diameter.*

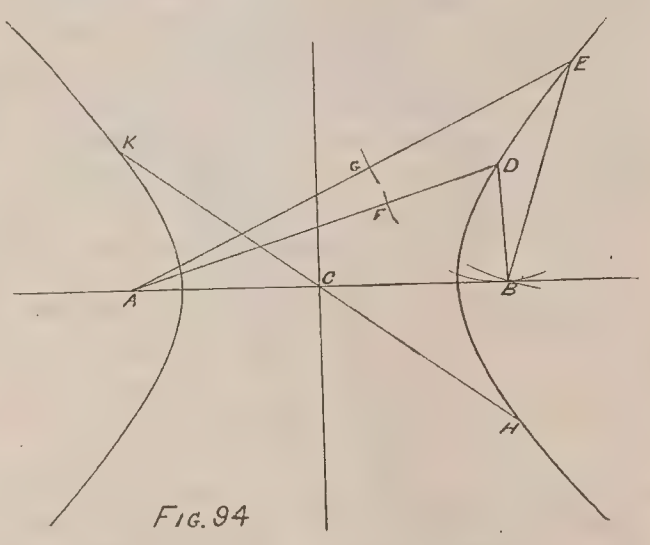


FIG. 94

The *hyperbola* is very little used in naval architecture. The *ellipse* is the line of intersection of a plane with a cylinder as well as a cone, consequently the deck openings for raking masts or funnels and inclined rudder posts, or the hawse pipes through the bows, are all elliptical. It is also used for windows and portholes where space is limited in one direction, and for flat arches.

The *parabola* is still more important in naval architecture, from the fact that nearly all the curves of a vessel, the level and waterlines, and also the sections, are *arcs* of *parabolas* or of a *parabolic* nature; so that they may be treated as *parabolas* in describing them and computing their elements.

While a true arc of a *circle,* described as in Problem XI., is frequently used for the curve of the sheer, an arc of a *parabola* is preferred by many as giving a more pleasing effect to the eye. Such a curve, as shown in B, Fig. 95, starts from a straight line and gradually increases in curvature to any desired degree. It gives a bold appearance to the bow, and for a given height at the stem-head the rail is high forward of the mast without the appearance of too much sheer. At the after end it curves up quickly in a graceful sweep that gives life to the counter. A circular sweep through the same points at bow, amidships and on the transom, is shown at A, Fig. 95, and also by the broken line in B. The waterlines of modern yachts are of this same *parabolic* form, comparatively straight forward and increasing to a sharp sweep in the run; while the bow-buttock lines are of the same form, but reversed, being full and round in the bow and running out very straight and clean in the after part of the underwater body, probably continuing as absolutely straight lines in the counter. The theoretic curve of a sail is also *parabolic,* with a strong hollow next to the mast or stay, graduating into a flat surface about the leach. A section of a mainsail from mast to leach, taken along the line of the reefs or about parallel to the boom, should show a *parabolic* curve.

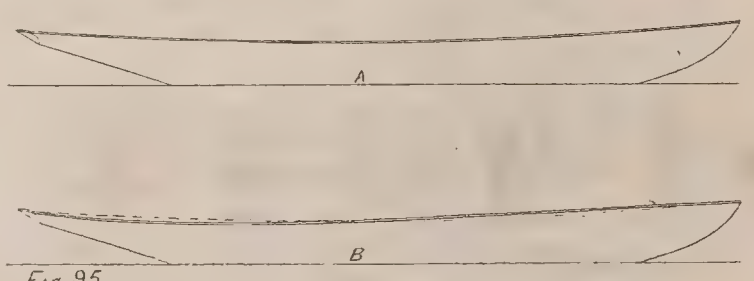


FIG. 95

Problem XV.—To describe an *ellipse.* The following are the best of numerous methods, the first mechanical, the second and third geometrical:

First Method.—Lay off the major axis AB, Fig. 96; bisect it and lay off the minor axis CD. With half of AB as a radius, describe from D the two arcs cutting AB in F, F¹, the *foci.* Drive a pin or small wire nail at each of the points F, F¹, and make a loop of cord just long enough to pass around the two nails and to reach the point D. Place the point of a pencil within this cord at D, and move it steadily around the right and back to D again. It is customary to tie the ends of the cord to F and F¹, but if this is done the pencil and cord must be shifted to draw the lower half of the *ellipse.* By using the continuous loop of cord the line may be drawn more smoothly and evenly and by one single stroke. This method will give a fair curve for the oval windows of a cabin house, or if the two nails are placed far apart and the loop made very short it will make the long, flat curve that is used on the transom of a rowboat.

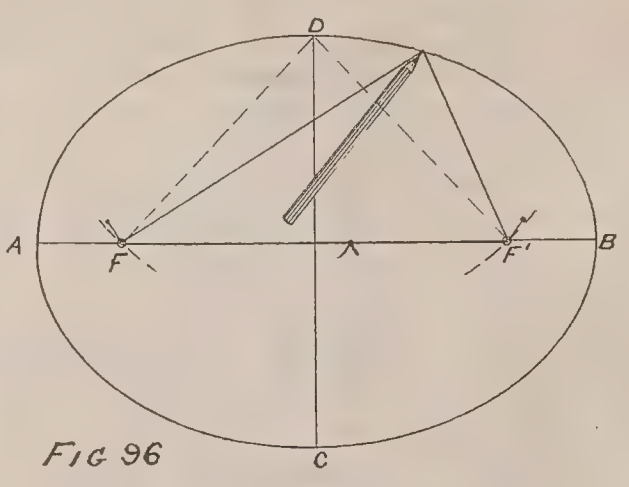


FIG 96

Second Method, Geometrical.—From the center E, Fig. 97, with AE and DE as radii, describe the two circles touching the major and minor axis respectively. Draw a number of radii of the larger circle, not necessarily at equal distances. Let CE be one of these radii, then through C where it intersects the larger circle draw a line parallel to DE, and through F, the intersection with the smaller circle, draw a line parallel to AB; the intersection of these lines will be a point of the *ellipse* and similar intersections for each of the other radii will give a succession of such points. The radii should be spaced quite closely together near the ends of the *major axis* where the curve is most abrupt, but they may be well apart near the *minor axis.*

Third Method, Geometrical.—Draw as befoire AB and CD, Fig. 98, and from D with the radius AE describe

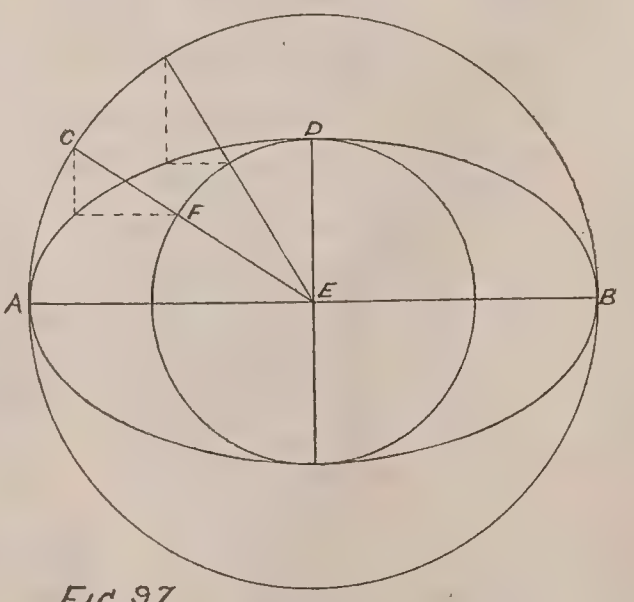


FIG. 97

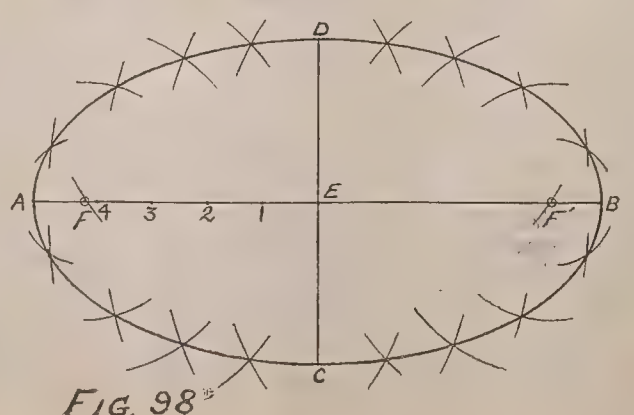


FIG. 98

the arms F and F¹, giving the foci. From E, with the dividers set to any convenient distance, step off on AE the equal intervals denoted by 1, 2, 3, 4, First take A1 as a radius, and with the compasses describe two arcs, from F and F¹, as centers. Take B1 as a radius and describe similar arcs from the same centers and thus in turn with A2 and B2, etc. The various intersections of these arcs will give points on the required ellipse.

In the various processes of yacht designing it is constantly necessary to ascertain the three different attributes of a *surface,* the *area, center* of *gravity* and *moment,* and the corresponding attributes of a *solid,* the *cubic contents* or *volume,* the *center* of *gravity,* and the *moment.* Thus, in designing a sail plan, as described in Part VII., it is necessary to ascertain the area of every sail, its center of gravity, and its moment about some assumed axis. In the same way, in dealing with a metal keel, it is necessary to ascertain the cubic contents, from which the weight may be calculated, the center of gravity, and the moment in relation to the hull proper. There are many different rules and processes for the computation of these elements in different surfaces and solids, but the following are the most useful in the ordinary practice of yacht designing:

Areas of Figures.

Parallelogram.—This is the simplest of all geometrical figures. It may be a square, as Fig. 99, a, with four equal sides and four right angles; a rectangle, b, with opposite sides equal and adjoining sides unequal and four right angles; a rhombus, c, with equal sides and acute and obtuse angles; a rhomboid, d, with adjoining sides unequal. In all cases, as the name indicates, the opposite sides are parallel. The area is ascertained in the case of the square and rectangle by multiplying any two adjoining sides together, the base by the altitude, or the length by the height. In the case of the two inclined figures, c and d,

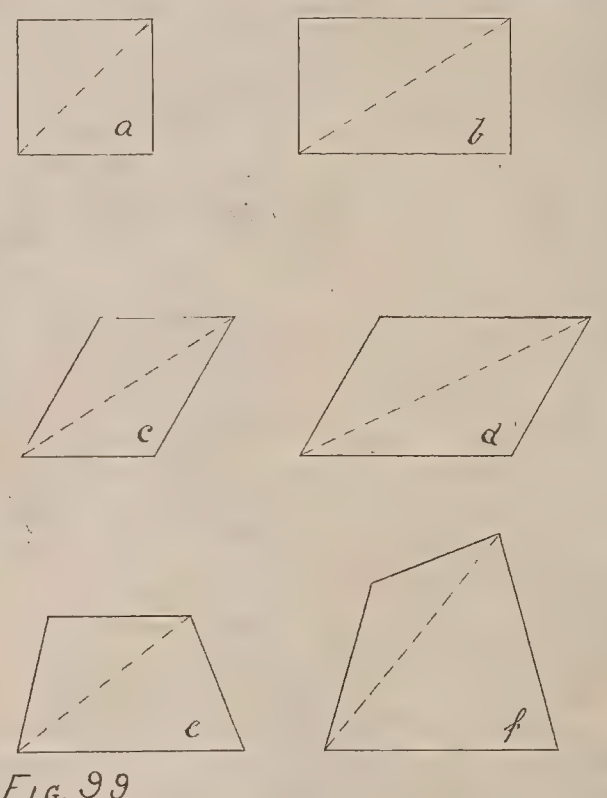


FIG. 99

the area is ascertained by multiplying the base, as before, by the least distance to its opposite side; the same as in the square and rectangle except that the height or altitude is now shorter than the side of the figure.

Trapezoid.—In this figure only two sides are parallel, as in e, Fig. 99. The area is ascertained by adding together the two parallel sides, multiplying them by the least distance between them, and dividing the product by 2.

Triangle.—This figure has already been described in Part XXX. It will be evident that each of the figures a, b, c, d may be divided by a diagonal into two equal and symmetrical triangles, each of which is necessarily of one-half of the area of the original figure. The area of a triangle consequently is ascertained by multiplying any one side, the *base,* by the distance to the opposite angle, the *perpendicular,* or altitude, and dividing the product by 2. This is true even in the case of an obtuse-angled triangle, Fig. 72, b, in which the *altitude* falls on the prolongation of the *base* outside the figure.

Trapezium.—This is an irregular figure, f, Fig. 99, with four sides, all unequal; such as a gaff mainsail. The area is found by dividing it by a diagonal into two triangles and calculating the area of each by the preceding rule.

Regular Polygon.—This figure, a pentagon, with five sides; hexagon, with six; heptagon, with seven; octagon, with eight, etc., may have any number of sides, but all equal. Its area is ascertained by adding together all the sides, multiplying the sum by the perpendicular distance from the center to one side, and dividing by 2. This is, of course, equivalent to computing the area of one of the many equal triangles into which the figure may be divided and multiplying by the number of such triangles.

Irregular Polygon.—This is a figure with any number of sides, which are not all equal. Its area is calculated by dividing into triangles.

Circle.—The circumference of a circle is ascertained by multiplying the diameter by the figure 3.141591. The area of a circle may be ascertained with a very close degree of accuracy by multiplying the square of the diameter by the figure 0.7854. The square of a number is that number multiplied by itself. The area may also be ascertained by multiplying the square of the circumference by the figure 0.07958.

Ellipse.—The area of an ellipse may be ascertained very closely by multiplying the transverse and the conjugate diameters together and the product by the figure 0.7854.

Parabola.—The area of a segment of a parabola may be ascertained with close approximation by multiplying the base by two-thirds of the altitude.

Mr. N. L. Stebbins, the yacht photographer, recently made a short trip to England and Scotland, in the course of which he secured many specially interesting views a little outside the ordinary run of yacht photography. Among these are portraits of Messrs. Watson and Thorneycroft, each in his office; views of Mr. Watson's drafting room, and of portions of the Thorneycroft Works, and of other noted shipyards.

Columbia and Defender.

As noted last week, the first trial of Columbia under sail was made on June 25, when she got under way from Bristol at about 9 A. M., with Messrs. Iselin and N. G. Herreshoff on board, and sailed down to Newport, escorted by Corsair, with Com. Morgan on board and a tug well loaded with newspaper men. Off Newport she met Defender, but at this time her crew were busy setting up the braces from the stemhead to the bowsprit fid, the inner gammon iron having shown signs of weakness. As soon as this work was completed, about 11:30, the two came together and sailed in company for about a quarter of an hour. The wind was still light—about eight miles an hour—and both were under the three lower sails only. The short trial on the wind, without any timing, was considered by all who saw it as decidedly in favor of the new boat, as with Defender on her weather quarter at the start, Columbia soon worked out clear ahead. At noon Columbia anchored outside Rose Island, but as the weather was unpleasant in the afternoon she did not try Defender again, but sailed back to Bristol. Workmen were busy all day Tuesday on various work about the yacht, the bowsprit fastenings in particular being strengthened. In the afternoon she was formally turned over by the builders to Mr. Iselin, and was placed in commission, after which the tender St. Michaels towed her to Newport.

On Tuesday two informal races were sailed with Defender, outside Newport Harbor, the result of each being in favor of Columbia, but by a small margin. There was plenty of wind for both trials, a whole-sail breeze from S.W., with smooth water. The two started from the harbor about 10 o'clock, and worked out to Brenton's Reef Lightship. Columbia, under lower sails, passed to leeward of the Lightship in advance of Defender, with working topsail set, the latter weathering the Lightship. No times were taken, and no attempt was made at a formal start. Columbia set her working topsail after some delay, and worked out a little lead. After several tacks toward Point Judith, both set baby jibtopsails at noon and stood on for a short distance further. The gain throughout was on the side of Columbia, but it was very small. On the reach in the two did not start evenly, and while Columbia ran in to the harbor so that her crew might get dinner on board the tender, Defender lay to off Narragansett Pier, and the crew had dinner on board.

Columbia was not under way again until 4 P. M., by which time Defender was coming up the bay in search of her. At 4:30 they started again off Beaver Tail, Defender just on the weather beam of Columbia, both under working topsails and in a breeze of about fifteen knots. When they stopped at about 5 o'clock, Columbia's topsail sheet having pulled out the clew of the sail, she had gained on Defender, but very little.

On Wednesday the two sailed from Newport to New London, a distance of thirty-eight miles, no times being taken, but the start being made as evenly as possible. The day was stormy, with a heavy rain and a strong S.W. wind kicking up a lively sea off Point Judith. The whole course was covered under the three lower sails on each boat. Navahoe started early in the morning alone, but it was after 11 o'clock when Columbia weighed anchor, Defender being already under way. They passed Brenton's Reef Lightship, under mainsails and jibs, about noon, Columbia ahead but well to leeward of Defender. Shortly after they set forestaysails. In the beat out to Point Judith, Columbia gained steadily, and she had a clear lead before the buoy was passed. The rain stopped and the sky lightened a little, but the wind held strong. The long leg from Point Judith to Race Rock Light, nearly twenty-nine miles, was a close reach. There was a little more rain on the way, and the wind fell for a short time, but the water was rough for the entire distance. The new boat behaved well in the sea, being very easy and buoyant. She anchored in New London Harbor at 4:30, about eight minutes ahead of Defender, or nearly ten minutes' gain, allowing for the difference at the start.

Both yachts laid over at New London for the university boat races, and started on Friday for New Rochelle, Defender under sail and Columbia in tow of her tender. Columbia arrived early in the morning, and in the afternoon she was under way for a sail in a fresh northerly breeze. On Saturday she was under way again, this time setting her large club topsail. Defender was painted on Saturday, at her anchorage off New Rochelle.

The race originally set for July 1 was postponed to Monday, July 3, and again postponed on account of the many who wished to witness it, but who were going out of town for the three holidays. The new date is Thursday, July 6. The race will be over a thirty-mile course, starting from Sandy Hook or Scotland Lightship, for a $250 cup, offered by the New York Y. C. The yachts will sail either to windward or leeward and return, or a triangular course. The sailing directions are as follows:

Start.—The start will be off Sandy Hook or Scotland Lightship, as will be signaled. The preparatory signal will be made at 11:30 A. M.

Courses.—No. 1 (Letter B). From the starting line to and around a mark fifteen miles to the windward, or to leeward, and return, leaving the mark on the starboard hand.

No. 2 (Letter T). From the starting line, ten miles to and around a mark; thence ten miles to and around another mark, and thence ten miles to finish line, turning the marks on the outside of the triangle, to port or starboard, according as the yachts are sent around.

Starting and finishing lines, which will be between a point on the flagship Corsair, indicated by a white flag, and the mainmast of the lightship, will be at right angles with the outward and home courses, respectively.

Compass courses will be set before the preparatory signal is made, and will be kept flying until after the start. The signals for Course No. 2 must be read beginning forward.

Marks will be floats displaying a red flag with white stripe.

Preparatory Signal.—A gun will be fired and a red ball hoisted.

Signal for the Start.—Ten minutes later a second gun will be fired and another red ball hoisted.

Handicap Time.—Two minutes later a third gun will be fired and both balls will drop.

Should a signal gun miss fire, a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given.

The Iron Steamboat Cepheus has been chartered for the members and guests, and will leave Pier 1, North River, at 9:30 A. M., and on the return will stop at that pier and at the foot of West Twenty-second street. She will be in charge of Secretary Oddie.

There is a prospect of the two meeting again in a short time over a course on Lond Island Sound, and on July 20 the pair will meet in a series of three out of five races, to be sailed off Newport, for a prize offered by the Newport Yacht Racing Association.

Lloyds' Yacht Register.

With the new volume just issued, Lloyds' Yacht Register comes very close to celebrating its majority, as it was established, as an auxiliary branch of the great shipping register, in 1878. The new volume lists in all a total of 8,098 yachts, of which 6,581 are measured and regularly classified by the Society's rule, the remainder being American yachts not thus measured. Out of the 6,581 yachts, 5,161 are sailing and 1,420 are steam vessels. Of the sailing yachts 4,920 are built of wood; 169 are composite, and but 59 are of steel and 13 of iron. Of the steam yachts 791 are of wood, 54 of composite build, 382 of steel and 193 of iron. Great Britain alone, without her colonies, has built 4,491 of these yachts, and owns 4,007 of them, with a gross tonnage of 156,368 tons out of a total of 271,880 tons. This latter total is divided between sail and steam in the ratio of 91,134 to 180,746. While many of the principal American yachts are classed at Lloyds' and the names of most of the prominent Amer-



WILLIAM FIFE, JR.

Designer of Shamrock, Minerva, Clara, Yama, Zelma, Uvira and Kestrel.

From a photo by Davis & Sandford, New York.

ican yachtsmen appear on the list of some 1,700 subscribers to the Yacht Register, the figures are not sufficiently complete to afford a comparison of the number and tonnage of the American and British fleets.

During the past year there have been built in Great Britain 39 sailing yachts of 10 tons and over, with a gross tonnage of 1,793 tons; and 35 steam yachts, with a tonnage of 8,172 tons.

Two of the largest steam yachts now building are for Americans, Messrs. James Gordon Bennett and A. J. Drexel. Both of these are designed by Mr. Watson. The Bennett yacht reaches the enormous tonnage of 2,054 tons, with a length of 284ft. between perpendiculars, a beam of 39ft. 6in. and a depth of 25ft. She is building by W. Denny & Bros., Dumbarton-on-the-Clyde. The Drexel yacht is of 1,710 tons, 282ft. long, 36ft. 2in. beam and 27ft. depth, and is building by Scott & Co., Greenock. Her engines will have 8 cylinders, two 22in., two 36in. and four 40in. by 27in.

The Register contains the usual complete lists of yachts, yacht clubs, racing flags, the Y. R. A. rules and allowance tables, list of signal letters, builders and yacht owners. Among the list of yacht owners who have obtained certificates as masters is an American, Mr. Allison V. Armour, owner of Utowana, steam yacht.

A very interesting list is found in the last pages of the book, of yachts removed from the Register during the past year. The various causes run "No longer a yacht," "Broken up," "Foundered," "Wrecked," "Now a fishing vessel," "Now a houseboat," "Now a trading vessel," "Now a pilot vessel" and "Condemned." Quite a story might be written from this list.

The principal representative of the Society in the United States is Mr. Thomas Congdon, Principal Surveyor for the United States, and Surveyor for the Port of New York. The first Supplement for 1899 accompanies the book; the Rules are now published in a separate volume, owing to the size of the Register proper.

Mischief, sloop, the famous old "iron pot" designed by A. Cary Smith in 1879 for the late J. R. Busk, the defender of the America Cup against Atalanta in 1881, has just been sold at auction in Boston for $1,050. Her original cost was about $16,000.

New Rochelle Y. C. Annual Regatta.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 1.

The New Rochelle Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on the usual date, the Saturday preceding the Fourth of July. In spite of a tedious calm in the morning, there was a good S.W. wind when the start was given at 1 P. M. for the larger classes. The new Kestrel was classed with the ten-year-old Liris and Awa, so she was given a sail-over prize, and the other two were classed separately in the cruising division. The course for the knockabouts, yawls and all larger yachts was from off New Rochelle Harbor, past the Gangway Buoy and the Old Hen Black Buoy, seven and one-third miles, sailed twice. The short course, a triangle marked by the Hen and Chickens buoys and the Middle Ground Buoy, was sailed three times by the cabin cats, twice by the small sloops and open cats, and once by the dories. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cutters and Sloops—52ft. Class—Start, 1:00.			
Kestrel, J. B. Mills	49.46	3 29 55	3 29 55
Cutters and Sloops—52ft. Cruising Class—Start, 1:00.			
Awa, T. L. Arnold	50.36	3 53 05	3 53 05
Liris, T. J. McCahill, Jr	48.00	3 49 18	3 46 33
Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 1:10.			
Eurybia, Charles Pryer	40.02	2 58 16	2 57 52
Waneta, J. L. Fallert	40.38	2 55 42	2 55 42
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 1:10.			
Anoatok, O. Sanderson	34.00	2 42 53	2 38 27
Possum, J. R. Maxwell	37.06	2 39 41	2 39 41
Acushla, C. T. Wells	34.00	2 49 55	2 45 19
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 1:10.			
Haydee, C. T. Smith	26.06	3 33 34	3 32 26
Water Lily, T. J. McLaughlin	27.02	3 24 49	3 24 49
Yawls—Start, 1:15.			
Sultan, C. S. Somerville	37.93	2 45 14	2 45 14
Possum, W. N. Bavier	33.00	2 55 56	2 49 55
Ola, E. T. Birdsall	24.00	Did not finish.	
Sloops—Special—30ft. Class—Start, 1:05.			
Hera, R. N. Ellis	30.00	2 36 40	. . ..
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr	30.00	2 35 26	. . ..
21ft. Knockabouts—Start, 1:40.			
Kenosha, C. T. Voltz	21.00	2 53 17	. . ..
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie	21.00	2 42 37	. . ..
Cero, C. D. Mallory	21.00	2 55 15	. . ..
Mongoose, Simeon Ford		Did not finish.	
Racing Knockabouts—Start, 1:10.			
Midge, F. W. Boyer	21.00	2 56 59	. . ..
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	21.00	2 55 58	. . ..
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 1:20.			
Edwina, J. N. Gould	16.01	1 42 17	1 40 13
Fidget, T. H. Burch, Jr	16.09	1 47 14	1 47 14
Hope, A. Iselin, Jr	15.00	1 40 36	1 36 02
Cabin Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 1:25.			
Windora, W. L. Ward	30.00	1 57 45	1 57 45
Rajah, C. T. Bedford	30.00	1 59 14	1 59 14
Cabin Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:25.			
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.50	2 14 34	2 11 52
Qui Vive, G. A. Freeth	24.93	2 07 13	2 07 13
Open Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:30.			
Florence, A. H. Alker	22.05	1 42 26	1 39 40
Elftwa, A. Roesch, Jr	24.00	1 41 12	1 41 12
Elsie, W. F. Gillespie	23.52	1 38 18	1 37 38
Open Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 1:30.			
Ox, R. N. Bavier	19.14	1 41 40	1 38 26
Spunk, C. E. Silkworth	21.00	1 34 22	1 34 22
Vera, A. M. Bradley	20.07	1 35 23	1 33 54
Open Catboats—18ft. Class—Start, 1:30.			
Ka-za-za, T. J. McCahill	17.02	1 28 50	1 28 50
Diana, A. Roesch, Jr	16.00	1 48 25	1 46 08
Capt., A. Gattinger	16.58	1 46 48	1 45 55
Snapper, G. W. Fuller	15.00	1 59 12	1 54 24
Dories—Start, 1:45.			
Dud, G. A. Cory		. . ..	1 09 40
Periwinkle, James Francis		. . ..	1 16 32
Fun, J. W. Alker		. . ..	1 19 13
Tom Cod, P. A. Johnson		. . ..	1 11 32
Rudder, T. F. Day		Disabled.	
Zena, F. E. Barnes		Did not finish.	

Hera led Esperanza easily over the first round, but on the second the steam yacht Calypso forced her off her course and gave the lead to Esperanza.

The winners were: Kestrel, Liris, Esperanza, Waheta, Anoatok, Water Lily, Sultan, Hope, Windora, Qui Vive, Elsie, Vera, Ka-za-za, Spindrift, Thelga and Dud.

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, June 24.

The Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, sailed a race from that city to Michigan City, on June 24, a distance of forty miles. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
52ft. Class.			
Siren	12 31 19	4 48 30	4 16 30
42ft. Class.			
Peri	12 32 02	5 45 30	5 12 42
Valiant	12 30 50	6 04 04	5 32 54
Pinta	12 34 00	6 33 40	5 59 40
Nomad	12 32 05	5 47 30	5 15 25
Wizard	12 34 07	Withdrew.	
Hattie B	12 34 55	Withdrew.	
35ft. Class.			
Vixen	12 32 02	Withdrew.	
Nymph	12 30 40	6 28 05	5 32 54
30ft. Class.			
Tartar	12 31 25	Withdrew.	
25ft. Class.			
Vanity	12 30 50	Withdrew.	

Peri wins the Anonson cup for the best corrected time of a cruising yacht. Siren, Peri and Nymph each wins in her class.

Squantum Y. C.

The Squantum Y. C. sailed a race on July 1 for the Burkhardt cup, the times being:

	Corrected.
First Class.	
Wild Duck, Burkhardt Bros.	0 51 32
Ornyx, Hamilton Flood	0 55 20
Alberta, Frank Freeman	1 08 59
Second Class.	
Juanita, E. Sawin	1 02 04
Mary G., C. Johnson	1 04 07
Maud, Dr. Locke	1 05 08

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

The Mosquito Fleet Y. C., of South Boston, sailed an open race on June 28, the times being:

25ft. Class.	
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	2 51 10
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	2 53 46
Jeannette, Walter Burgess	3 08 13
21ft. Class.	
Arab IV., W. F. Scott	Withdrew.
Privateer, A. H. Doble	Withdrew.

Lake Champlain Yacht Club.

BURLINGTON, Vt., May 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first annual cruise and series of races of the Lake Champlain Y. C. will take place on the following dates:

All yachts and pleasure craft will rendezvous at Port Henry, N. Y., on July 30, with races on Monday, July 31. On Tuesday, Aug. 1, the fleet will cruise to Essex, N. Y., where there will be races on Wednesday, Aug. 2. Thursday, Aug. 3, cruise to Burlington, Vt., with races on Friday, Aug. 4. Cruise to Plattsburgh, N. Y., with races in front of Hotel Champlain, Monday, Aug. 7. Cruise to Keeler's Bay, Vt., Aug. 8, with races Aug. 9, where fleet will disperse.

All owners of naphtha, steam and sailing yachts are cordially invited to take part in the cruise.

All prizes, races and arrangements for regattas at the different places visited will be provided for and managed by the local club, which is requested to issue circulars announcing the races as early as possible, distributing them to owners of boats and to members of the Lake Champlain and local yacht clubs.

Owners of both power and sailing craft intending to participate in the cruise will please notify A. Adsit, Burlington, Vt., as soon as possible, giving name, rig and dimensions of craft, also stating what part of cruise they will take part in, if unable to accompany the fleet through the whole cruise.

Per order of Committee,
A. ADSIT,
W. T. FOOTE, JR.,
E. H. SNYDER,
F. D. CURTIS,
H. T. KELLOGG.

The Canada Cup.

THE yacht Prairie arrived at Chicago from Ogdensburg on June 22, none the worse for her 1,200-mile tow through the St. Lawrence River and the Lakes. She was docked at South Chicago for scraping and repainting. Except for such opportunities as offered on the voyage for trying her under sail, nothing had been done toward working her up to racing form. The Rochester boat Genesee, arrived on the same day, coming from Buffalo on a steamer. With these two yachts there will be the new Josephine and Bald Eagle, the new Warrington boat, building at Racine, and possibly a new boat for the owners of the unsuccessful Veva. The latter two were begun at such late dates that it is hardly possible for them to be in condition for racing, but Mr. Peare has worked very hard to have his boat Brier ready in time. The old Vanxenna has been cut down in measurement to fit the 35ft. class. The only yacht which has had ample time for preparation is Josephine, launched in the latter part of April and under way regularly ever since.

The first trial race will be sailed on July 4, the others following on successive days until a choice has been made. The steam yacht Pathfinder, Com. Morgan, will act as convoy to the challenger on the 900-mile voyage to Toronto.

Savin Hill Y. C. Open Race.

SAVIN HILL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 1.

THE Savin Hill Y. C. sailed a good race on July 1 in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

30ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Ashumet, W. F. Bache	1 31 18
Moemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 46 28
25ft. Class—Open.	
Romance, Loring Sears	1 50 22
Widgeon, A. J. Horton	1 51 08
Raccoon, H. H. Chivers	2 03 54
25ft. Class—Cabin.	
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	1 32 22
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	1 36 49
Tantrum, C. T. Jones	1 51 02
Little Peter, Henry Moebs	2 04 38
Jeannette, Walter Burgess	Withdrew
21ft. Class—Open.	
Heiress, C. D. Mower	1 09 51
Bud, S. N. Small	1 12 59
Oogrook, Walter Abbott	Withdrew
Thelma, F. L. Pigeon	Withdrew
21ft. Class—Cabin.	
Arab, W. F. Scott	1 10 56
Privateer, A. H. Doble	1 14 36
Dafila, H. E. Fowle	Withdrew
Spartan, W. C. Lewis	Withdrew
Carrie M., N. C. Roberson	Withdrew
18ft. Class.	
Dauntless, Benner & Patten	1 15 07
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson	1 19 19
Helmi, J. E. Hunt	1 20 03
Duchess, Chas. Hayden et al	Withdrew
Jocque, Walter Kelly	Withdrew
15ft. Class.	
Ray, S. A. Freeman	1 23 43
Bess, J. W. Horr	Withdrew

Quincy Y. C. Club Race.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 1.

THE Quincy Y. C. sailed its first club race on July 1 in a light breeze that freshened soon after the start. The times were:

Class A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chatham, C. H. Carey	1 23 38	1 27 38
Evelyn, Dr. Fred E. Jones	1 25 44	1 27 44
Vexer, W. H. Shaw	1 24 05	1 28 05
Dorothy, F. F. Crane	1 31 38	1 33 38
Class B.		
Kitty, J. A. Evans	1 35 40	1 35 40
Supero, C. H. Alden	1 38 19	1 39 19
Lauriel, Ira M. Whittemore	1 42 25	1 44 25
Tantrum, E. W. Fitzpatrick	1 45 00	1 45 00
Robin, H. W. Robbins	1 49 30	1 49 30

Newport Races.

THE first race of the 30ft. class at Newport on July 1 had but two starters. It was sailed over the Dyers Island course in a strong S.W. wind, the times being:

Start, 3:21:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 22 02	2 01 02
Veda, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 24 57	2 03 57

Shamrock.

AFTER her launch on June 27, Shamrock was towed to the West India Docks, where her mast was stepped and then she was towed to Fay's Yard, at Southampton, arriving on Wednesday and running aground in the mud. She laid until high water, when she floated, apparently without injury. A great deal of alleged information is published about her, with varying sets of dimensions, but it is evident that Fife and Thorneycroft have been more successful than the Herrehoffs, and while the dimensions, material and details of construction of Columbia are now pretty well known, there is no certainty as to any of the stories about Shamrock. The phrase "Sir Thomas Lipton says," has become a standing head in the daily papers, but the matter of these interviews, true or false, amounts to nothing so far as actual details of the yacht are concerned.

Eastern Y. C. Annual Regatta.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 1.

THE Eastern Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on July 1 in a variable S.W. wind, only eight yachts starting. The times were:

First Class—Schooners—31 Miles.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Constellation	11 16 13	2 29 57	3 13 44	3 13 44
Hildegarde	11 16 47	2 36 07	3 19 20	3 19 20
Marguerite	11 18 23	2 55 38	3 37 15	3 21 12
Gitana	11 17 59	3 07 19	3 49 20	3 34 12
Fifth Class—Cutters—24½ Miles.				
Milicete	11 30 00	3 39 24	4 09 24	4 09 24
Hesper	11 30 00	4 06 08	4 36 08	4 26 58
Seventh Class—Cutters—24½ Miles.				
Katonah	11 35 00	3 53 06	4 18 06	4 18 06
Onward	11 35 00	4 23 27	4 48 27	4 42 23

The regatta committee included Messrs. H. H. Buck, Henry Howard, Odin B. Roberts and Eben B. Clarke.

Jamaica Bay Y. C. Dory Races.

THE second dory race of the Jamaica Bay Y. C. was sailed on July 1 in a fresh south wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
W. G. Gallagher	4 23 09	1 12 59
Dr. C. J. Pflug	4 21 45	1 11 35
B F Daly	4 24 54	1 14 44
E. P. Allyn	Withdrew.	
F. S. Lafond	4 18 07	1 07 57
R. M. Kimball	4 48 22	1 38 12
W. W. Scheffler	4 27 35	1 17 25

Lafond's dory has won 10 points in the series, while Scheffler's and Dr. Pflug's have 3 each, and Gallagher and Kimball 1 each.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The McLeod boat was launched at Oakville, Ontario, last week, and soon put in commission. She is a handsome keel cutter of 30ft. l.w.l., 9ft. beam and 6ft. draft, with 1,400 sq. ft. of sail in a sloop rig, only the two lower sails. It has been decided to divide the $1,000 offered for the Canadian trial races as follows: 1st, $300; 2d, $225; 3d, $175; 4th, $100; 5th, $100; 6th, $100.

Wizard, sloop, formerly owned by the late Com. Colt, was sold on June 29 to the Breakwater Oyster Company, to be used as an oyster sloop. Her last owner, Col. Wm. Hester, has just built the steam yacht Willada.

On June 28 the Daimler Mfg. Co. launched the twin screw yacht Laurana, designed and built by it for Oscar M. Lipton, Jamaica Bay Y. C. She is 86ft. over all, 15ft. beam and 4ft. 6in. draft, with two Daimler engines of 25 H. P. each.

A new yachting journal has just made its appearance in London under the title of The Skipper; a Weekly Log of Nautical Matters. It is a weekly of large size, the page being a little smaller than that of the FOREST AND STREAM. The first number indicates that it will not be devoted exclusively to yachting, but will deal also with naval and other nautical subjects. Mr. E. F. Knight contributes an interesting account of his adventures last year in getting into Havana as a newspaper correspondent, a very trying experience even for such an old hand. Among the illustrations is a good picture of the jury rudder of the steamship Bulgaria. The paper is edited by Mr. Julius Gabe, well known as a yachting writer, and is published at the Clock House, Arundel street, the Strand, London.

According to a decision rendered on June 29 by Judge Addison Brown, the New York Sun Printing and Publishing Company is ordered to pay to Wm. L. Moore the sum of $65,000 with interest from Nov. 1 for the loss of the steam yacht Kanapaha, formerly Corsair I., under charter to the Sun when she was lost off the north coast of Cuba on Sept. 5, 1898.

The Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association sailed its second race on June 15 in a light and variable wind with heavy rain. The times were:

Viola M., B. Montfort	4 51 40
Madrine, W. Meguim	4 58 10
Mary, H. Schultz	5 30 00
Pancake, H. Jova	Withdrew.
Sappho, F. M. Cantine	Withdrew.
Gull, J. T. VanDalfsen	Withdrew.

Viola wins in the open class, Madrine in the cruiser class and Mary in the lark class, though not of the lark type.

With its issue of June 1 the "Thames Number," The Yachtsman, now in its seventeenth volume, appears in a new form, being permanently enlarged to a page of 12 by 10in., while the quality of the paper is improved, giving very much better effect to the numerous illustrations in the letter-press pages. The separate supplements which have been such a feature of the paper from the start are of course continued, two being given. The issue of June 8 contains a particularly fine supplement, a portrait of Tutty, the Payne 65-footer, from a photo by Kirk & Sons. We congratulte The Yachtsman on that prosperity of which the change is a manifest evidence.

The cutter Neva, owned by H. G. Lytton, of Chicago, is now for sale for a curious reason. The yacht was built in Cleveland and used for some years on Lake Erie without developing any special peculiarities, but since Mr. Lytton purchased her last year he has encountered one mishap after another. On the long cruise through the lakes to Chicago, three gales were met, and the yacht finally dismasted. Last month she was again dismasted off Chicago, her turnbuckles parting. On June 18 Mr. Lytton was sailing with two friends, Ira G. Holmes, of Chicago, and David Conover, of Philadelphia. The two got into the dinghy, towing astern, and sat there for a time, but as the wind freshened they decided to board the yacht. On standing up, the dinghy yawed and threw both into the water, Mr. Holmes disappearing instantly and being seen no more. Mr. Conover was picked up. Only a short time before Mr. Lytton's father, now in Lucerne, Switzerland, wrote to him that he had dreamed of the yacht being lost with all on board, and warning him to sell her. Mr. Lytton has now decided to do so.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Sept. 4.—Sea Girt, N. J.—Meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association. De Lancy G. Walker, Sec'y.

The World's Pistol Record.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the Shell Mound Park ranges yesterday J. E. Gorman, of the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, tied the world's pistol record, piling up 465 points at the target in fifty shots. The large crowd that looked on thought that Gorman would gain a chamionship, but as it was his phenomenal nerve and eye accomplished what cracks all over the country have been striving to do for years.

Five shooting clubs were represented at the ranges, and the excellent scores made by the marksmen is attributed to the ideal shooting weather, neither the wind being too strong nor the sun too bright, as is often the case at Shell Mound, and all through the afternoon enthusiasts watched the shifting scores at the ranges with iterest.

Gorman, who lives at 456 Minna street, tied the record which has been held for a number of years by E. E. Partridge, of Boston (Mass.) Rifle Association. The pistol used by him was a .22-calibre Smith & Wesson. Gorman's first ten rounds aggregated 93. He was at his best in the second ten, scoring 96. The third ten footed up 92, his fourth went up to 95, but the last half score fell to 89.

Rifle scores Golden Gate Club: F. H. Bushnell, 208, 206, 193; D. W. McLaughlin, 222, 218, 206; A. Strecker, 215, 216, 212; J. E. Gorman, 224, 216, 210; E. N. Moore, 223, 204, 191; O. Bremer, 208, 206, 204; C. M. Henderson, 193, 188, 186; F. H. Belknap, 200, 186, 170.

J. A. Ricker, manager of "Outdoor Life," was the Golden Gate Club's guest of honor at the ranges yesterday.

The other schützen clubs engaged in bullseye shooting, 20 shots, no re-entry, all 6in. centers getting flags. An unusual score of 16 flags in the 20 shots was made by Dr. L. O. Rodgers in the Germania contest.

In the contest for the Bushnell medal, 10 shots, no re-entry, the following scores were made: D. W. McLaughlin 208, A. Strecker 215, F. Young 206, F. Schuster 202.

Competition shoot for cash prizes resulted as follows: D. B. Faktor 72, J. Young 72, F. B. Schuster 71, D. W. McLaughlin 69, N. Ahrens 69.

ROEEL.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

July 7.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Match at 100 live birds, $100, between Messrs. A. Doty and H. M. Heflich.

July 7-9.—Denver, Colo.—Second annual tournament of the Overland Gun Club at Sedam's Shooting Park.

July 8.—South Amboy, N. J.—Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League contest.

July 8.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—New Jersey State championship contest between Messrs. T. W. Morfey, holder of E. C. cup, and Harold Money, challenger.

July 9-10.—Oshkosh, Wis.—Tournament of the Winnebago Gun Club. Trophy for State target championship. Oscar Crary, Jr., Sec'y.

July 13-14.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

July 14-15.—St. Paul, Minn.—Tournament of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club. A. E. Perry, Sec'y-Treas.

July 19-20.—Providence, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

July 21.—Kent, O.—Heikes-Elliott contest for Cast-Iron medal.

July 22.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Grand midsummer target tournament and five-men team match, on grounds of Keystone Shooting League. J. K. Starr, Manager, Philadelphia.

July 24.—Batavia, N. Y.—Elliott-Crosby contest for E. C. cup and championship at inanimate targets.

July 25.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Third annual tournament and clambake of the Hell Gate Gun Club. E. Doeinck, Sec'y.

July 26.—Albany, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Forester Gun Club. Bluerocks and magautrap; open to all. H. R. Sweny, Sec'y.

July 26-29.—Ocean City, Md.—Third annual midsummer tournament; two days at live birds; two at targets; $300 added. J. R. Malone, Manager.

Aug. —.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State tournament.

Aug. 9-10.—Portland, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, Sec'y.

Aug. 11.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club; added money. C. F. Lambert, Sec'y.

Sept. 5.—Omaha, Neb.—Du Pont Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. G. H. Moore, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

Sept. 13-14.—Cherokee, Ia.—Cherokee Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. D. Anderson, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds.

First and third Fridays of each month.—Watson's Park, Burnsine, Ill.—Semi-monthly contest for Montgomery Ward & Co.'s diamond badges.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap contest.

1900.

June —.—Tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, first week in June. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Western Canada championship and annual trap-shooting tournament, under the management of the Industrial Exhibition, Winnipeg, Man., July 13 and 14, has an attractive programme, to which is added $500. There are eight events on the first day's programme. Of these two are at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance, $5 added to each; one at 20 and one at 10 doubles, $2 entrance, $5 added to each; one at 10, $1, $10 added; one miss-and-out, thr

re-entries allowed, 50 cents entry, three moneys. No. 5 is Western Canada championship cup, value 200, and medal, value $25; 50 targets, entrance $2. No. 7 is the club team shoot, four men per team, 25 targets per man, entrance $4 per team, four gold medals. There are ten events in the programme of the second day; of these three are at 15 targets; two at 10; three at 20; entries fixed on a basis of 10 cents per target, and added money on the basis of $1 per target, as in the programme of the first day. The sixth event of this day is the International team shoot, teams to constitute four Americans and four Canadians, or more if the attendance permits. The prize is two silk flags, Union Jack and Stars and Stripes; 20 targets per man, entrance $1 per man, flags to be shot for annually at Exhibition tournament, Winnipeg. The last event on the programme is a miss-and-out. Most events will be governed by the Rose system, ratios 4, 3, 2 and 1. The management has given a bond to the Customs Department guaranteeing to American shooters free entry of their guns. Manufacturers' agents and paid experts may shoot for targets only. Mr. G. W. Van Vliet, 589 William avenue, Winnipeg, is honorary secretary and manager.

The Brooklyn Times of June 26 publishes the following: "Albany, June 26.—Articles of incorporation were filed to-day with the Secretary of State by the Interstate Park Association. Its principal business office is to be in the Borough of Queens. Its objects are to maintain and conduct a park for the use and accommodation of sportsmen, including a club house and other requisite for the promotion and encouragement of trap-shooting and other sporting and athletic interests, and the development of skill in marksmanship. The capital stock is $100,000, consisting of shares of $100 each. The directors are John S. Wright, of Brooklyn, and Clarence Condit and Augustus P. Meyerhoff, of New York."

The Remington Arms Co., 313 Broadway, New York, have issued a neat card, portraying a sporting scene, a shooter in full hunting costume lighting his pipe, two setters and a horse and wagon being the central figures. On it is adjusted a folding matchbox bearing the legend, "A match for all others here," which is complementary to the title of the card, namely, "Remington shotguns are matchless."

July has a lively significance in the way of matches. There is the Heikes-Elliott contest for the cast-iorn medal on July 21; the St. Louis Republic live-bird championship trophy, July 18, between C. Young and J. A. R. Elliott; Elliott and Crosby, July 28, and several minor matches.

As will be noted elsewhere in our columns, Mr. W. R. Crosby has accepted Mr. J. A. R. Elliott's challenge to contest for the E. C. cup and the championship of the world at inanimate targets, and has named July 24 and Batavia, N. Y., as date and place.

The Sherburne Gun Club held a meeting on June 30 and elected officers for the next year as follows: W. H. Wild, President; F. Shepar, Vice-President; J. F. Paddilford, Secretary; L. C. Parlmitor, Treasurer.

Owing to the fact that Tuesday of this week is the glorious Fourth of July, FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on Monday, which makes necessary the leaving over till next week the publication of some communications.

The Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's tournament has been postponed, owing to reasons fully set forth by Mr. Paul R. Litzke, in another column in our trap department.

There is in the daily press a mention that Elliott defeated Daniels for the Du Pont trophy, at Sedam Park, July 1, by the score of 98 to 97.

The Du Pont Gun Club, of Omaha, Neb., has claimed Sept. 6 to 7 inclusive for its fourth annual tournament.

BERNARD WATERS.

Change of Dates.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 30.—Owing to unavoidable obstacles it has become necessary to postpone the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament until some time in August. However, at present it is impossible to state just what the exact dates will be. For nine years past nearly all the trap-shooting done in this city has occurred on what is known as the North Little Rock grounds, which is just opposite the city proper, across the river, and a capital place for the purpose. A new railroad is coming into our city, and this road is constructing another bridge across the Arkansas River in the vicinity of what has for so long a time been the home of the local shooters. These have been reluctant about abandoning their grounds, and had supposed that it would be possible to hold them, notwithstanding, but it is becoming more and more evident that they must yield to the march of improvement, so that it has been decided to look for a location elsewhere.

As it is certainly impossible to attempt to pull off the State shoot on these grounds, it becomes necessary to postpone this event, as it would be utterly impossible to secure grounds elsewhere in the brief time yet allowed by the dates claimed.

In view of this a meeting of the sportsmen was held last night, which resulted in the reorganization of the shooting interests. New officers were chosen, and a committee was appointed to look up a new location for the club, with a view of purchasing it. The new officers are Mayor J. A. Woodson, President; W. D. Matthews, Vice-President; E. T. Reaves, Treasurer; Paul R. Litzke, Secretary. The committee on grounds consists of W. D. Matthews, John H. Martin and Paul R. Litzke.

The Capital Gun Club has a membership of over 100, but of late this club has shown very little activity. It now appears that new life and vigor have once more taken possession of this body, and that in the future, as in the somewhat distant past, this club will once more be a factor in trap-shooting in the South. At any rate, judging by the enthusiasm shown at this meeting, one would be led to infer such. Many of the older members who have taken no interest in the club's affairs for several years past were present, while in addition there is a host of young shooters ready and anxious to affiliate, all of which prompts me to predict that the State tournament, which will be held under the auspices of the club, will be one of the most attractive given in the section of the country.

The club members realize that in order to make this a success they must offer inducements, and this is what it intends to do in the way of a good sum of hard ready cash. With the renewed interest manifested the time is opportune for such an event, and the officers of the club will meet again a week hence, at which time a line of action will be mapped out.

All over the State new gun clubs are springing up, and in many of the smaller towns the shooters are organizing for this purpose, all of which only serves to brighten the prospects of the State Association, which recently looked quite gloomy. Henceforth, the local club will shoot weekly, and everything will be done to increase the interest.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Sherburne Gun Club.

SHERBURNE, June 30.—Please publish the following scores, made at the Sherburne Gun Club tournament, June 22:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	10	10	15
Kendall	8	15	10	9	13	10	9	9	5	5	8
W. Adams	8	7	10	6	13	11	8	14	10	6	8
Adams	5	10	11	7	7	9	7	9	7	8	6
Paddilford	10	12	12	7	13	9	9	14	9	7	12
Hall	10	10	11	7	13	12	9	13	8	9	..
Kinney	7	10	12	9	11	10	..	..	..	..	..
Welch	7	11	9	5	9	9	9	10	..	6	..
Rose	8	11	..	8	11	11	8	8	6	7	11
Harvey	5	..	6	4	7	10	..	..	..	..	..
Hawley	7	7	5	3	9	..	..	3	..	..	..
Wethburn	4	11	6	5	8	11	8	8	7	8	10
Newster	5	12	9	8	10	12	5	9	6	5	9
Grille	4	11	7	4	..	6	..	..	8	5	..
Hadley	8	9	9	10	11	11	..	..	7	..	..
Smith	5	..	6	..	..	4	..	..	5	..	..
Cable	6	..	..	..	..	5	..	4	3	0	..
Hall	8	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	6	5
Berliron	7	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	7	5
Hinton	2	6	..	3	10	..	3	5	6	2	3
Wuthern	..	11	8	7	9	10	9	7	..	5	..
Wissons	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Will Smith	..	4	1	..	..	4	..	3	..	..	..
Neff	..	..	..	7	..	9	..	11	..	..	..
Minister	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	11	7	7	..
Simmons	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	10	8	5	9
Graham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	3	..
Shepard	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Wyns	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	3	..	..
Cook	7	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Fleet	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	..
Parr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	6	..

J. F. PADDILFORD.

Minneapolis Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., June 29.—Hays proved to be the best shot at this afternoon's shoot, winning three badges. The following are the scores:

Val Blatz diamond badge:

Nelson	011101111101010—10	Neeley	110111011110111—12
Morrison	110110010010111—9	Hays	111111011111011—13
Jones	100111011101111—11	Dr Bill	111001011111101—11
L F Kennedy	011001011111001—9	Mathes	100001101111001—8
Parke	011111111100111—12	Stone	101100111100101—9
Mrs Johnston	101011110101111—11	Johnston	010001110110011—8

Hays won badge.

Schlitz diamond badge, 25 singles, unknown angles:

Nelson	0011101101110011101000111—15
Morrison	0010100110010101101111001—13
Jones	1111100111111110111111101—21
L F Kennedy	1000011110011111111100110—16
Mrs Johnston	1110011101111110011011101—18
Neeley	1110001111101111111011110—19
Hays	1111111111111111101101111—23
Dr Bill	1110110100110010000011110—13
Mathes	0101001100011110011000111—13
Stone	1111010011110011111100111—18
Moore	0111010101011101110110110—16
Johnston	0110101110111001110111011—17
Charles	0000101000011100011100001— 9

Hays won badge.

Paegel challenge badge, 25 singles, unknown angles:

Nelson, B	1000011000000110001010101— 9
Morrison, B	1111110110111100111011011 -19
Jones	1011101111111001111101111—20
L F Kennedy	1111101111101101010111110—19
Mrs Johnston	1000110001111101011011110—15
Neeley, B	1011111111110110111101111—21
Hays	1011111111101111111110101—21
Dr Bill	1011100001100w
Mathes	1110001110000701001100000 -10
Stone	1111001101110101111001110 -17
Moore	1011010110111001101101111 17
Johnston	0101111111010110111111000—17
Charles, B	0111100000101110000011010 11
Hay	0100011101110111100001011—11
O'Brien	0101000100010000010010101— 8

Hays wond badge.

Club badge, 10 singles, unknown angles, 5 pairs:

Nelson	1111111111	11 10 10 00 11	—16
Morrison	1111101110	00 10 10 10 01	—12
Jones	1011111111	11 10 10 10 11	—16
L F Kennedy	1000111011	10 10 00 10 11	—11
Neeley	1111110101	10 11 10 11 10	—15
Hays	1001100111	00 01 10 10 00	— 9
Dr Bill	0111111101	10 10 10 11 11	—15
Mathes	1001110010	10 10 10 11 11	—12
Stone	0001111000	11 11 10 11 10	—12
Hay	0110111011	11 01 10 11 10	—14
O'Brien	1011000101	10 00 00 11 10	— 9
Moore	0111111111	10 10 00 11 10	—14
Charles	1010111010	00 00 11 11 11	—12
Brown	011-111011	10 10 11 11 11	—16

Jones won senior badge. Nelson won junior badge. Hay won amateur badge.

Waterloo Gun Club.

WATERLOO, Ia., June 22.—The ninth annual tournament of the Waterloo Gun Club closed to-day. The attendance was not as large as is usual at this shoot. Blasier, of Williamsburg, Ia., made highest average for the two days—.886; Hartman was second with .878; G. E. T., third, .862, and Weitnauer, fourth, with .835. The scores:

First Day.

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Blasier	13	14	11	12	13	12	15	Ritenour	..	13	11	13	12	..	..
Legg	12	13	13	11	11	11	..	Casebeer	..	9	12	9	13	10	8
Hartman	12	14	13	13	14	13	13	Clark	..	6	4	..	3	0	..
Weitnauer	..	11	15	12	11	12	10	15	Geist	..	..	10	11	14	12	14
G E T	1	10	13	15	12	12	12	McCartney	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
Rathbun	10	11	10	11	10	12	11	Scroggy	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	8
Williams	9	9	..	8	12	9	14	Boies	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Martin	..	13	9	12	..	11	..									

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
G E T	15	13	15	15	14	13	12	14	11	12
Blasier	14	15	14	14	14	11	15	14	11	14
Burk	13	12	11	10	12	12	8	12	13	14
Willis	13	12	8	10	9	..	9	..	9	10
Hartman	12	13	14	15	11	13	13	14	13	14
Weitnauer	12	..	15	11	13	12	12	12	14	13
Casebeer	11	..	..	9	..	9	10	12	9	..
Cleveland	9	10	11	13	12	10	10	10	..	..
Clayton	9	14	13	11	13	13	9	10	13	12
Tull	..	11	9	14	12	10	10	10	8	..
Whiskers	..	6	7	..	8	..	..	..	..	8
Smith	..	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Geist	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	10	13	14
Birdsall	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	13	..	..
Carson	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9	..	..
Lies	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10
Bloeser	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
Ball	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8

The Woonsockets.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., June 24.—There were eight shooters at the grounds of the Woonsocket Gun Club this afternoon. The State championship pennant decorated the new flagstaff on the club house, to the great gratification of all present. Two thunder showers interfered with the shooting, but four 25-bird strings being shot. The scores by events were as follows, viz.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
L W Campbell	18	25	22	21	H D Barber	20	21	22	..
F H Mills	18	20	23	18	E A Ford	15	21	22	..
H E Getchell	17	22	21	21	J N Bethel	..	..	12	11
O D Banfill	16	17	18	17	H C Card	..	..	..	12

The Woonsocket Gun Club won the State pennant, representing the five-men team championship of the State of Rhode Island, from the Pawtuxet Gun Club, June 17, The conditions were 50 targets per man, unknown angles. The score was as follows:

Pawtuxet Team.

Sheldon	1101101111111011011101101111000000101110000010110—29
Root	1111110101111011111101111101101100111101111111111—41
Greene	1011011011111110110101111111101111111111101111011111—41
Bain	1111111101101101101011111111111111001101110011101—38
Repeater	0111111111011111110101111101110111101111110110110111—41—190

Woonsocket Team.

Campbell	1101111111101111101111111111101111101111101111110110—42
Banfill	1101011101001111111101111111101111101101111111010—39
Mills	1110111010111111111101110111111001110101111111111—41
Getchell	1110111110001101101111111101111011111111011110011111—39
Cahoon	1111101111110011111110111001111111111111110011011111—41—202

ARNOLD SEAGRAVE, Sec'y.

Dupont Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., June 24.—Following are scores of Omaha-Dupont Gun Club; also special match at doubles between Mr. W. D. Townsend and Mr. Roberts. Mr. Parmelee killed 99 in 100 on June 24:

June 17.—Twenty targets: Roberts 13, Elbourn 16, Lyons 16, Brewer 19, Goodrich 15, Goldsmith 16, Morrill 10, Brucker 16, Dooran 18, Plumber 13, Curtis 14, Young 17, Berlin 19, Watt 14, Townsend 19.

Match shoot, 25 pairs, for $10 a side and birds:

Townsend	11 11 10 10 11 01 11 10 10 11 11 10 11—20 11 11 11 11 01 01 11 11 11 10 10 10—19—39
Roberts	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 11 10—23 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 01 11—23—46

June 24.—Twenty targets: Curtis 20, Goodrich 13, Berlin 19, Webley 18, Walsh 16, Fogg 17, Goldsmith 8, Sandy 20, Brewer 18, Brucker 19, Elbourn 18, Townsend 19, Parmelee 20, Smeod 15, Plumber 16, Morrill 18, Kinnear 12.

W. D. BURGESS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., June 22.—The last shoot of the East Side Gun Club's season was held to-day at Smith Brothers' ground, Foundry street. It was a lovely day, and the birds were a good lot. Otten won the club shoot by killing all his birds. Following the club event were a number of miss-and-out and other sweeps. Scores:

H Otten, 7	1212211121—10	C Steffens, 7	1201001211— 7
B Clinchard, 5	0121111111— 9	H C Koegel, 7	1210111100— 7
F Perment, 6	111111112*— 9	E Donahue, 5	0001200111— 5
W Hassinger, 7	211222212*— 9	E Waldman, 5	0210010120— 5
N F Bender, 7	120212220*— 7		

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	7	5	*	*	*	*	Targets:	7	5	*	*	*	*
Otten	7	3	..	..	..	..	Hilfers	5	..	..	..	..	..
Koegel	6	5	1	2	6	2	Bender	4	4	9	1	0	1
Ferguson	5	..	3	..	..	3	Waldman	3	3	..	..	..	..
Steffens	5	..	10	1	7	4	Donahue	..	5	..	..	..	..
Hassinger	5	..	5	2	3	..							

*Miss-and-outs, 28-33yds.; others 28yds.

The following is the standing of the members of the East Side Gun Club for the season ending with this shoot:

First prize, $15, F. Perment, 6, 28; second prize, $7.50, B. Clinchard, 5, 25; third prize, $5, W. Hassinger, 7, 18; F. Leuthauser, 7, 3; U. F. Bender, 7, 1; F. W. Moffett, 7, 3; W. Ferguson, Jr., 6, 4; H. C. Koegel, 7, 12; D. Hudson, 7, 5; L. H. Schortemeier, 7, 15; A. H. Winters, 5. 2; H. Reiboldt, 6, 10; F. Hilfers, 6, 1; E. Waldman, 5, 10; F. A. Seitz, 5, 5; E. Geoffrey, 7, 16; G. H. Piercey, 7, 7; J. Fischer, 6, 9; H. Otten, 7, 15; C. W. Feigenspan, 7, 4; Alex. Koeller, 6, 2; Dr. Mulvany, 6, 5; A. Castle, 7, 1.

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., June 30.—The Fort Smith Gun Club is on the boom, and an attendance of thirteen shooters on last Thursday evening testified to the fact that there are many lovers of the sport in the city. Messrs. Knott and Warner were the out-of-town shooters, and both acquitted themselves creditably.

The Gardner Jewelry Co. medal and the medal presented to the Fort Smith Gun Club by the members were contested for, and while Matthews made a runaway race for the Gardner medal, representing Class A, and had it all to himself, the race for Class B medal between Durden and Trobridge was close and interesting, these gentlemen tieing on 35 each out of 50, and Durden winning on the shoot-off on 8 out of 10 birds.

These medals will be contested for at each regular practice shoot Thursday evenings.

The birds were thrown much harder than usual, and the scores are consequently low.

Following are the scores:

Medal race, class A, at 50 targets: Matthews 42, Leach 32, Knott 30, Hartwell 30.

Matthews wins Class A medal.

Medal race, Class B, 50 targets: Durden 35, Trobridge 35, Hunt 29, Warner 25, Echols 25, George 24, Bemis 22, Oglesby 21, O'Keiffe 19.

Durden won Class B medal in the 10 birds shot in match race following.

Team race, 10 targets: Hunt's side—Hunt 4, Leach 8, Knott 6, Oglesby 9, Trobridge 7, O'Keiffe 5; total 39. George's side—George 4, Matthews 9, Durden 8, Hartwell 8, Bemis 3, Warner 7; total 39.

Hunt won on toss-up.

Toronto Gold Medal Shoot.

TORONTO, June 26.—The shoot for the gold medal was brought to a successful close on Wednesday afternoon at the company's new shooting grounds, near Woodbine Park. The series consisted of six matches at 25 bluerocks each, and the best four scores to count. There was a large turnout to witness the finish, and considerable cheering greeted the medalist as he defeated the men of his class. The gold medal and 20 per cent. of the purse were won by the following gentlemen: Class A, Geo. H. Briggs, 84; Class B, James Davidson, 80; Class C, J. Devaney, 54.

Conditions of shoot: Classes A, B and C, gold medal and 20 per cent of purse to first, 40 to second, 30 to third and 10 to fourth man in each class; six matches at 25 bluerocks, highest total in 100 to count:

Class A.

G H Briggs	22 20 20 22—84	W Moore	17 18 19 21—75
R Crew	20 22 21 21—84	J White	15 18 18 22—73
A Hulme	22 20 21 20—83	T Lucas	16 17 20 20—73
G Simpson	20 20 23 19—82		

Tie on 84, 25 birds:

Briggs ..... 20 Crew 19

Class B.

J Davidson	21 18 20 21—80	S Carpenter	19 21 18 20—78

Class C.

J Devancy	12 14 17 11—54	N Milborn	10 12 10 13—45

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., June 29.—A soaking rainstorm prevented much shooting at the Boston Gun Club, Wednesday, June 28. At first it looked showery, and nobody doubted but what the usual programme would be disposed of during the afternoon, but very soon the leaden clouds closed in, and a 10-target event was sufficient to render a participant disagreeably moist. Twenty-four-yard shooting all at once became popular, not because of the high scores made, but that such distance enabled the shooters to stand under a projecting cover. Still later this leaked in good style, and then it was 26yds., from out of the house itself.

Match scores were placed only to the 20th round, and remain unfinished, as final ten meant a drenching no one cared to invite. Other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	5p	10	10	10	10	10	5
Gordon, 17	7	9	8	5	4	6	7	..	4	3
Miskay, 18	5	8	7	6	4	8	6	8	5	..
Woodruff, 17	7	9	9	6	4	8	7	..	4	..
Benton, 14	5	5	4	4	6	3	..	..	..	..
Sewall, 15	7	7	4	7	4	8	5	..	..	2
Williams, 15	5	9	8	6	6	9	8	2	8	..
Leroy, 21	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	3
Henry, 11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..

All events unknown angles from magautrap; 1, 5, 9 and 10, 24yds. rise, one man up.

St. Paul Rod and Gun Club.

ST. PAUL, Minn., June 24.—The following scores were made at our weekly shoot, held here to-day. Morrison won the senior prize and Wilkinson the junior prize in the club shoot. Three 15-target merchandise events were shot, the first of which was won by Perry, who tied with Hauser on 15, and won in the shoot-off by breaking 5 straight to Hauser's 33 The second was won by Fonda in the shoot-off with Wilkinson. Danz captured the third event. Scores:

Morrison	1011101111011111111111111—22
Mark	0111011110111101111011111—20
Cat	1011111101001011111111111—20
Thompson	1111111101100100111111111—20
Hirschy	0110111110101111110111111—20
Danz	0110011110011110111111111—19
Perry	1001110110101111111101101—18
Hauser	1011101011011010111111101—18
Novotny	1111010110111011001111100—17
Wilkinson	1100100111010111101011110—16
Pool	1000101101111011001111100—15
Spear	0101001111000111110011110—15
Trix	1111110110011010000111000—14
Carl	0111100001110100011111100—14
Defiel	1100110111001100101001010—13

A. E. PERRY, Sec'y.

Inanimate Target Championship.

NEW YORK, July 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have to-day received from Mr. W. R. Crosby a letter dated June 29, in which he accepts Mr. J. A. R. Elliott's challenge for the E. C. cup and the championship of the world at inanimate targets, and names Batavia, N. Y., July 24, and 2:30 P. M. as the place, date and time for the match.

EDWARD BANKS,
Sec'y Am. "E. C." & "Schultze" Gunpowder Co.

The Altoona Tournament.

THE three days' tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, July 27 to 29 inclusive, fell short of what was expected in the way of attendance, and indeed but for the presence of that Spartan band of shooters, the manufacturers' agents, it would have come near to being a failure. While this tournament was open to the world, the manufacturers' agents elected to shoot for targets only, for, as one of them very sagely remarked, the average amateur who doesn't care if the trade representatives shoot for the money is generally among those who pack up their guns and return to the safety of the family hearth at an early stage of the proceedings.

As to the specific reasons why there was such a lack of support no one can specically set them forth, but in a general way it is probable that an open tournament, 2-cent targets and no added money had a check on the shooting ardor of the amateur, while the equitable system seemed to have a discouraging effect on those who took part, for with the moneys so fine and so regardless of equity but few came out with a sum greater than their entrance.

The tournament was held on the club's grounds, which are situated on Wopsononock Heights, famous for their picturesque scenery and the immensity of view which they afford. The ride up the mountain is not the least interesting feature of a trip to Wopsononock Heights. A ride of a few minutes by electric car lands one at the depot in Juniata, a suburb of Altoona, where one changes cars, taking the narrow-gauge to the Heights. The grade is very steep, and the little engine, with its two or three rickety looking cars, strains and pulls bravely till the top is reached. The road winds and twists about, doubling back and forth, and gaining ground slowly in striving for the perpendicular. The hotel is a summer and amusement resort. A country road and board walk, about two-thirds of a mile long, lead one to the shooting grounds, which are on the edge of the plateau. Far away in the deep valley below, the houses look as small as children's toys, and the trees are in keeping as to size, looking like trees in miniature. In the valley lies the city of Altoona, while further up the valley some seventeen miles, seemingly but a short distance as compared with the greater distances, lies the city of Tyrone. Beyond the broad valley, ridge after ridge of mountains faded away in dim perspective, softened by the hazy atmosphere, till they were lost in the distance. The Heights are 2,600ft. above the sea level. From the lookout, a wooden structure 50ft. high, from twenty to eighty miles of distance, presents itself to the view. The air was pure and bracing, conducive to wholsesome sleep and to good appetites.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Edward Banks, Neaf Apgar, J. S. Fanning, W. F. Parker, J. J. Hallowell, Capt. A. W. Money, Paul North, W. L. Colville and Admiral A. G. Courtney. They shot for targets only, although the competition was open to all. There were home and visiting shooters as follows: W. S. Sands, U. S. Houck, Dr. F. M. Christy, E. Kottman, Mike, C. E. Rhoades, W. F. Tappan, E. B. Bailey, Dr. Spanogle, G. T. Harpham, P. M. Morrison, W. S. Booky, E. L. Murray, Wm. Bell, J. Koelliker, J. Bowman, J. B. Kurtz, T. J. House, of Altoona; C. Kline and L. R. Leister, of Huntington, Pa.; L. B. Blair, W. R. Hicks, E. J. Harris, E. J. Trego, D. D. Stine, W. Smith, Osterburg, Pa.; R. B. Bennett, Pittsburg; J. S. Dennick, Ruffsdale, Pa.; R. A. McNought, F. Bender, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; C. Wentworth, L. B. Kellerman, J. B. Highberger, J. A. Holderbaum, Cessna, Pa.; J. S. Denniker, Ruffsdale, Pa., and a number of others.

Mr. G. G. Zeth was manager. Mr. N. E. Ferguson was cashier. Mr. Sergeant, representative of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., was referee.

First Day, June 27.

The weather was warm, the sun shining clear and bright. There was quite a breeze blowing, which affected the flight of the targets in all possible ways betimes, so that the scores of all were more or less affected in consequence, the experts, however, from their quicker time and greater skill showing the least falling off. There were two magautraps installed on the grounds, but owing to the smaller number of shooters than was expected only one trap was used for the programme events, the other being used for side shooting, in such events as the shooters were pleased to engage in.

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	15	15	25	Broke.
Banks	12	14	11	19	15	12	10	16	14	13	..	136
Hallowell	14	14	14	18	9	15	14	19	13	13	..	143
Fanning	13	14	14	18	13	15	14	19	12	13	..	145
Parker	12	13	12	17	15	14	14	17	14	12	..	140
Apgar	11	12	14	19	15	14	14	19	13	13	..	144
Sands	14	13	12	18	15	10	13	13	11	10	17	129
Stine	13	9	12	17	11	13	15	19	11	11	16	131
Smith	13	15	13	18	15	13	14	13	13	13	22	145
Houck	2	12	13	18	8	12	12	14	12	11	18	129
Trego	12	13	10	15	11	15	12	15	10	13	..	136
Kotty	14	11	8	17	11	9	11	12	..	..	..	...
Denny	12	9	11	13	14	7	8	14	10	9	..	112
Courtney	12	11	9	15	13	11	11	14	11	14	19	126
Swiveller	12	10	11	18	11	12	13	17	14	11	..	129
Rhoades	12	10	11	17	13	9	11	15	..	..	..	...
Taylor	11	13	14	19	13	13	12	17	12	11	..	135
Holderbaum	14	13	13	16	15	11	13	19	11	13	..	138
W S Bookwalter	9	10	7	11	7	14	12	15	12	13	..	110
E L Murray	11	9	8	12	6	6	13	15	7	3	..	89
Clover	13	10	8	16	10	13	11	15	11	12	..	119
L B Blair	14	14	9	14	14	15	13	16	..	..	..	...
W L Hicks	11	11	8	9	8	10	11	12	9	9	..	98
Uncle John	13	11	9	14	9	12	11	14	9	12	..	114
Wm Bell	9	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
E J Harris	8	7	10	15	8	11	8	9	..	10	..	...
Waters	9	11	12	12	9	9	11	10	6	6	..	95
King	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	...
Black Cloud	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	16	11	14	..	...
Rahm	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13	10	..	..	...
North	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	13	11	..	...
J Koelliker	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	5	..	..	..	...
L R Leister	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	...
Chas Kline	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	...
J Bowman	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	...
Yeager	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..	..	..	..	...
J B Kurtz	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	...
Nailes	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	5	..	..	...
T J House	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	...
Piper	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	...
Upright	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	..	..	..	...

No. 11 is an extra and is not added in.

Second Day, June 28.

The weather was clear, warm and bright. There was a stiff wind in the forenoon, which played all kinds of freakish doings with the targets. They would duck, jump and undulate in the most erratic manner, and in a way which no quickness or skill of the shooter could guard against.

In the afternoon the Hayseed squad, so-called, whose members were Messrs. Banks, Fanning, Hallowell, Apgar and Parker, and the Daisy squad—Messrs. Colville, Courtney, North, Denny and Capt. Money—lined up at the score, to give an exhibition of quick target smashing. The ten men fired one after another, as the targets followed each other into the air in rapid succession. So rapid was the work that it was difficult for the eye to follow the targets and note the results accurately. The first attempt was unsatisfactory, two shooting at the same target, and confusion resulting therefrom. The second attempt was a success till near the end, when the shooters got somewhat mixed and two or three shots were fired at the same target. Out of the 100 targets shot at but few were unbroken, and the time consumed was but a few minutes. The conditions for good shooting were much more favorable in the afternoon, the wind having much subsided.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	15	15	Broke.
Ed Banks	13	13	13	17	15	14	13	14	15	14	146
Neaf Apgar	11	11	12	16	15	14	14	17	14	14	138
J S Fanning	13	13	11	19	12	15	13	15	14	13	143
W E Parker	13	11	12	19	12	11	12	17	14	13	134
J J Hallowell	13	13	14	16	11	14	15	17	11	15	139
W S Sands	10	12	10	13	10	11	6	17	12	15	116
D D Stine	13	12	12	17	14	12	13	19	14	13	139
W Smith	11	12	12	16	13	14	12	16	13	15	134
U S Houck	8	12	9	17	10	12	9	13	14	13	117
F S Trego	8	12	12	16	11	6	11	12	13	11	112
A G Courtney	12	7	13	15	10	9	14	17	12	13	120
Capt A W Money	10	10	11	12	14	14	11	14	12	14	124
J O H Denny	11	11	8	14	11	13	9	14	9	11	111
Dick Swiveller	9	11	11	13	11	9	13	15	13	13	118
Waters	11	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Paul North	12	9	11	14	12	12	13	17	13	14	127
Clover	10	10	8	16	8	11	7	14	12	13	109
Uncle John Gelm	11	6	6	11	11	10	..	..	..	..	...
Ed Kottmann	10	9	9	18	10	..	10	14	..	..	...
Rahm	10	10	9	11	15	10	13	14	12	12	116
Black Cloud	12	9	13	11	9	13	11	..	..	..	...
Hoacks	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
J A Holderbaum	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	15	11	14	...
Mike	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	...
C E Rhoades	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	...

Third Day, June 29.

A violent thunderstorm, which set in early in the night, cooled the temperature greatly. The tents of the club were blown down, but, aside from this, no damage was done, though there had been rumors that the two upper stories of the lookout had been blown off and other serious damage done, all of which was found to be without a basis in fact.

The number of shooters had fallen off, so that the programme events were finished early in the afternoon, after which much extra shooting was done, the club throwing some targets at 1 cent and others free. A novel feature of the extra events was some shooting from the lookout at targets thrown from the magautrap below, the conditions being thus quite unlike any shooting in ordinary practice.

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	15	15	25	25	Broke.
Banks	13	9	12	19	12	15	14	13	13	14	22	25	139
Apgar	9	13	13	16	7	11	12	16	13	13	22	18	125
Fanning	12	13	13	18	14	14	12	17	15	15	24	23	143
Parker	12	11	13	15	15	15	11	15	13	15	22	18	145
Hallowell	11	14	11	17	14	13	15	16	14	14	22	22	139
Courtney	14	13	12	16	11	10	13	13	10	11	21	19	128
Capt Money	12	9	12	10	12	13	13	18	10	11	19	..	125
Swiveller	13	10	13	19	14	11	11	14	10	15	20	..	130
Houck	10	8	9	13	13	10	10	13	11	14	21	21	116
Smith	12	11	11	16	14	11	12	16	12	9	..	22	124
Bell	10	6	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
W F Tappan	13	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Kotty	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
E B Bailey	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
R A McNought	6	6	11	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	...
North	1	12	14	16	..	13	14	17	13	12	20	..	...
Clover	..	..	6	13	7	8	10	17	9	12	15	..	...
C Wentworth	..	..	..	10	11	3	..	11	7	4	18	..	...
Sands	..	..	..	9	..	10	..	..	..	15	20	..	...
L B Kellerman	..	..	..	16	2	3	..	2	2	1	..	..	...
J B Highberger	..	..	..	7	5	3	..	7	..	..	..	..	...
F Bender	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Empfield	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	13	..	...
Tussy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	..	..	...
L Ikes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	...
Dr Spanogle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	...
G T Harpham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..	..	..	...
P M Morrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9		...

Events 11 and 12 were extras and are not added in the totals.

Glintings.

When the midnight train of the Pennsylvania Railroad pulled in to Altoona on Thursday night of last week it found waiting the Eastern contingent, namely, Capt. Money, Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, Messrs. Edward Banks, W. F. Parker and B. Waters. Messrs. Colville and North had taken other routes in their homeward flight. Quite a number of the home shooters saw the party off, among whom were Mr. G. G. Zeth, C. H. Heath, "Uncle Joe" Carlin, Jake Stier and others. Mr. Stier, at the last moment, gave the party a handsome douceur of old rye significance which enveloped his memory in rose-colored atmosphere by common consent of the party. Altoona was Mr. Banks' old home, and the affectionate greeting and farewells and endless friendly courtesy paid to him throughout the tournament were significant of his great popularity. If good wishes could have materialized then and there, all concerned would have been princes of the world instead of princes of good fellows.

Mr. R. A. McNought, of Hollidaysburg, Pa., was one of the most enthusiastic shooters at the tournament. He has not yet had full experience in some of the details of shooting, so that he either holds his gun wrong or it does not fit him; be that as it may, from the recoil he got a lovely black eye, which grew blacker and more puffy as the days passed. A friend urged upon him that his eye was swelling badly, and the blue and black shadings were spreading. His retort was that it could swell only so much anyway, after which the gun would kick the swelling down again; and he continued shooting. Of such game men are made the salt of the earth.

Neaf Apgar, after some very good shooting at the Altoona tournament, the result of very careful and close attention to the proposition involved in making scores, remarked that "There is a great deal of aperture about these targets." Indeed, with sky and horizon so immense, it was a great "aperture."

Mr. Colville gave an informal dinner to some of the club members and the press on Wednesday night, at which the holding of a great tournament on Wopsononock Heights was discussed. The matter is under contemplation for one of next year's events. It will require some added money and a great deal of work to make it a success; but few things in the world are accomplished without labor and capital. Let the good work go on.

Britt, Iowa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

H. C. Mortenson's annual tournament, held at Britt, Ia., June 20 and 21, was an enjoyable one, although the attendance was somewhat limited. The weather the first day was quite hot, and in the afternoon there was a nice breeze blowing across the traps. There were ten events each day, making 150 targets per man. Three dollars was added to each event excepting the last one each day, which was a "jacksnipe" event, and created a good deal of amusement for the spectators, of which there were a goodly number, and a good per cent. of them ladies. The second day the wind came up, and the way it made targets climb into the air to the left quarter was a caution. Charlie Budd nearly broke his spinal column looking into the air for one of them. There were but six who shot every event in the two days. They landed as follows: Sheldon 259, Long 258, Cook 256, Mortenson 255, Kline 251, Steege 249. The scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	10	Broke.
A H Sheldon	14	14	12	15	13	12	19	13	12	10	134
Henry Steege	13	14	15	14	11	13	17	13	14	9	133
Burt Long	14	14	14	13	15	14	17	9	12	9	131
Cook	11	12	11	14	14	13	17	15	12	6	125
Russell Kline	13	11	12	14	11	14	18	13	10	8	124
H C Mortenson	15	10	11	14	12	14	16	12	10	9	123
Riley	11	13	11	11	15	11	14	13	11	9	119
W B Linell	11	10	11	12	13	14	12	15	11	5	114
Benson	11	12	12	12	9	11	11	17	11	..	
J Roberts	7	9	9	6	11	10	13	..	11	..	
P Densel	11	12	11	12	10	12	16	12	..	6	
I T Carter	6	..	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	
C M Woodbury	10	11	12	10	9	7	..	..	..	..	
MacCartney	..	11	11	13	13	13	11	13	13	7	
Joe Kirsher	..	12	13	12	13	6	12	12	9	7	
C W Budd	..	14	14	14	15	14	18	14	15	9	
Thomas Daylor	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	
Dr Carton	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Chas Audas	..	..	..	10	13	..	19	..	..	8	
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	10	Broke.
H C Mortenson	12	15	13	14	13	13	19	13	12	8	132
Cook	13	13	15	13	15	14	16	11	13	8	131
C W Budd	9	13	12	13	14	15	20	13	11	8	128
Russell Kline	12	13	12	12	15	7	19	14	13	10	127
Burt Long	12	13	13	11	14	13	19	12	12	8	127
A H Sheldon	12	14	13	11	14	14	15	10	13	9	125
Wood	12	11	15	12	12	13	15	10	12	7	119
Henry Steege	13	12	11	11	13	7	18	14	10	7	116
MacCartney	11	9	12	13	11	11	14	11	12	6	110
Joe Kircher	10	13	6	14	11	12	15	8	12	7	108
W B Linell	8	10	10	14	12	13	17	14	8	..	
Riley	13	8	12	10	12	10	10	7	10	9	101
Pete Densel	7	10	9	13	13	10	16	14	15	6	113
I T Carter	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	
Malt	12	12	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	

Arkansas and the South.

St. Louis Doings.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 25.—A 100-target handicap, for a silv water set, was shot at Du Pont Park to-day. This brought for eight entries, and resulted in a win for Ed Prendergast by a sco of 95; he scored 92 out of 100 and then broke his allowance of Dr. Smith and Spencer were second, with a total of 92. In t contest of a week ago Dr. Smith won the trophy on 87, thou on this occasion Prendergast took no part in this competitio One of the conditions of this event was that the winner, if prove to be other than Dr. Smith, must shoot off with the latt for absolute possession of the prize. So immediately after Prende gast was declared the winner he and the Doctor proceeded settle the ultimate ownership of the silverware in a 100-targ race. In this Prendergast again demonstrated that he was t superior of the medicine man in shooting skill, and complacent walked off with the prize, having scored 88 to Smith's 85. Th was a decidedly popular win, as Mr. Prendergast has for a lor time been foremost in upholding the shooting standard of t Mound City, while above all he possesses the happy faculty making friends of all those with whom he comes in contact. is safe to assert that there are a host of shooters everywhere wh will rejoice to learn of his success.

George and Burns shot in the original contest, but as the had no chance to win did not shoot up their allowance. Th former scored 63 and the latter 53. The detailed scores a appended:

Prendergast, 3.1111111111111111111111111111111001111111111111111111—48
1110111111101101101110111111111111111111111101111111—44
111 — 3—

Dr Smith, 3...1101011011111111111011111111101111111011011011011—41
1111111111111111111111111101111111111111101111111111—48
111 — 3—

Spencer, 3....1111111111111111111111111011111111111111111101001101—45
1111111111011111111111111100111111111011111111101111—45
101 — 2—

Hamilton, 8...1111110110111011111001010111111101101101111111111101—39
1101010111110111111101111111111101111111111001111100—40
11111011 — 7—

Selzer, 5.....1111111111001101101110011111111111001001011000110 11—35
0111001110111110011111101111101111111011110001111111—38
11111 — 5—

Stroh, 10.....1000111111110100101111010011111111001001111101011 01—33
0101111110100101111111110100110111100110111101010 1—33
0101011111 — 7—

Moberly Shoot.

The gun club of Moberly, Mo., held a two days' tournament targets on June 27 and 28. This was not expected by the pr moters to be a very pretentious affair, as the club did not fe able to make any special bid for patronage. However, this tourn ment was given with a view of replenishing the club's coffer, the very low charge of 1 cent was made for targets, and thos who are familiar with conducting shooting meetings will readil understand that this cannot prove a very great source of revenu so altogether this shoot was conducted on a very liberal basi The best evidence of this was the number of out-of-town shoote in attendance, among whom were most of the good amateur sho of Missouri, while there were some who came from other State The list of those who were present is as follows: Chris S. Got lieb, Dave Elliott, F. M. Berkey, W. H. Plunkett, J. D. Dillo and J. J. Cornett, Kansas City; J. W. Lemon, H. H. Hollyma W. N. Bate, G. W. Bate and Deimer, Palmyra; C. McL. Clark, Cha and Herbert Taylor, the latter representing the Du Pont powd Co.; W. H. Allen, Pleasant Hill; Joe L. Douglass and Hen Lee, Boone county; G. W. Hayden, Paris; J. W. Gulick, Brook field; W. W. Reavis, Pisga; H. M. Davis, Richmond; J. Wilmot, Lexington; J. H. Winscott, Sturgeon; F. C. Rieh Alton, Ill.; J. L. Head (Dennis), Peru, Ind.; and C. W. Bud Des Moines, Ia., of the U. M. C. Co. and Parker gun; Cha North, Cleveland, O., with the Chamberlin Target & Cartrid Co. Mr. Chas. North was looking after the magautrap an making himself generally useful, so he took practically no pa in the competition. The tournament was a very satisfactory on being conducted on a liberal basis, and its success is mainly d to the efforts of Drs. Clapp and Hickerson, who were untirin in their efforts to make it pleasant and agreeable for the visitin shooters:

First Day, Tuesday, June 27.

The number of principals engaged in the contest to-day w very gratifying to the club, for all told this showed an aggregat of twenty-eight, of which number fifteen shot through. Charle Budd was the star performer, as, with a loss of but 4 targets, h was easily high man. After his miss in the third event he g his eye on the rocks and never made a skip until he had run u the great total of 162 straight. This gave him the great percen tage of 979. Dr. Clapp, Dave Elliott and Dennis are all tied f second place with 928. Taken collectively, the competition w hard enough, and the place hunter could not thrive here. Th weather was quite warm, and it rained a little during the da though not enough to interfere with the shooting.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.	A
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20			
Budd	9	14	14	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	19	195	191	.9
Dr Clapp	9	15	15	19	14	14	18	13	14	18	13	18	195	181	.9
D Elliott	10	15	15	19	14	15	19	13	14	16	13	18	195	181	.9
Dennis	10	15	14	16	14	14	20	14	15	17	15	17	195	181	.9
Lemmons	9	14	14	18	13	14	18	13	14	19	13	19	195	178	.9
Hayden	9	13	12	17	14	14	19	14	15	17	14	19	195	177	.9
Gottlieb	6	15	15	17	15	15	19	14	12	17	13	17	195	175	.8
Chase	9	15	13	17	14	15	19	15	12	17	12	17	195	175	.8
Bates	7	15	13	18	15	13	16	14	15	16	12	20	195	174	.8
Cornett	8	13	14	20	14	14	19	13	12	15	11	18	195	171	.8
Riehl	8	11	14	17	14	15	16	13	15	18	11	17	195	169	.8
Wilmot	7	14	13	18	13	13	18	17	11	17	13	16	195	160	.8
Davis	9	12	14	20	13	12	13	13	6	17	12	13	195	152	.7
Berkey	8	12	11	19	13	12	16	14	8	12	15	8	195	148	.7
McFadden	7	12	11	15	12	11	17	10	8	14	7	14	195	138	.7
Hickerson	7	12	9	19	13	12	18	10	..	18	13	18	180	149	.8
Dillon	6	..	12	16	9	..	..	8	13	19	13	15	145	111	.7
Reavis	9	12	14	17	12	15	..	12	12	..	12	..	135	115	.8
Hollyman	6	13	11	16	7	13	16	11	..	..	..	..	125	93	.7
Diemer	8	15	13	16	13	12	..	12	..	..	12	..	120	101	.8
Ritche	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	13	13	15	13	105	78	.7
Gulick	10	13	13	16	15	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	90	78	.8
Winscott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	11	14	7	85	55	.6
Harris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	16	11	16	70	53	.7
Duncan	10	10	12	..	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	48	.6
Hunter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	..	13	..	45	35	.7
Palmer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	35	32	.9
Wayland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	15	14	.9

Second Day, Wednesday, June 28.

The attendance on the second day was rather slim, havin dwindled down to less than half the number of the previous da Chris. Gottlieb is high man to-day, with 934; W. H. Allen, Pleasant Hill, is second; Budd third, and Chase fourth.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.	A
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20			
Gottlieb	8	15	14	18	14	14	19	14	15	19	15	18	195	182	.9
Allen	10	14	14	17	14	13	18	14	14	20	13	20	195	181	.9
Budd	10	15	14	20	13	15	19	14	10	18	15	17	195	180	.9
Chase	9	13	14	20	15	13	19	14	13	20	11	18	195	179	.9
Dennis	10	12	15	19	12	13	17	13	13	18	14	18	195	174	.8
Taylor	10	13	13	19	13	14	18	13	14	16	12	18	195	173	.8
D Elliott	7	14	15	19	13	12	17	11	14	17	13	19	195	171	.8
Riehl	8	12	13	17	10	13	17	12	14	18	13	17	195	164	.8
Hayden	10	11	12	18	10	15	11	12	13	18	14	19	105	163	.8
Dr Clapp	8	12	13	..	14	15	17	13	14	19	14	18	175	157	.8
Hickerson	..	..	12	..	17	..	..	16	9	11	..	..	85	65	.7
C North	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	.8

Missouri State Amateur Association.

The board of directors of this organization held a meeting Moberly, Mo., on June 28. Those present were Messrs. W. H Allen, Pleasant Hill; Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly; Chris S. Gottlie O. K. Gun Club, Kansas City; Dave Elliott, Washington Par Gun Club, Kansas City, and Herbert Taylor, of the St. Lou Gun Club, these composing the board. Election of officers bein in order, the following were chosen: Dr. C. B. Clapp, Presiden Chris S. Gottlieb, Vice-President; Dr. E. R. Hickerson, Secr tary and Treasurer. It was decided to hold the next annu tournament at Moberly some time during the month of July, 1900. In the future this organization will hold its tournament different cities each year, and will in no way conflict with th Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association tournament which will doubtless always be held in either St. Louis or Kans City, as they have grown to such proportions as to be of national character. From the above it is evident that the Amate Association will do nothing that would in any way jeopardize th interests of the parent organization. PAUL R. LITZKE.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 3. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

Hunters assure us, that to chuse the best dog, and which they purpose to keepe from out a litter of other young whelps, there is no better meane than the damme herselfe: for, if they be removed from out their kennell, him that she first brings thither againe shall alwaies prove the best; or if one but encompasse her kennell with fire, looke which of her whelps she first seeketh to save, is undoubtedly the best: whereby it appeareth, they have a certaine use of Prognosticating, that we have not; or else some hidden vertue, to judge of their young ones, different and more lively than ours. **Montaigne (1580).**

THE HUMANE ALLIANCE AND ITS ILLICIT TRAFFIC.

THERE is in this city a publication called the Humane Alliance, which its title page and the general character of its reading matter proclaim to be "devoted to the cause of humane education." It professes to be published for the special purpose of instilling in the minds of young people kind feelings toward animals; and it is of course very violently opposed to the sportsman's practice of shooting birds. By one of those contrarieties of human nature which make life piquant and the study of our erring fellow creatures always interesting and instructive, the Humane Alliance, while indulging in diatribes against those who lawfully use the gun, is itself engaged in an enterprise which is one of the most shameless and brazen examples of defiance of the bird law that has ever come under our notice. It points its finger at the sportsman with his honest bag of game, while its own pockets are bulging with illicit booty.

The Alliance advertises as premiums for new subscribers a ring-tailed monkey for so many, and for others caged birds of various species. If the enterprise of the subscription department of the Humane Alliance were restricted to providing homeless and presumably depraved ring-tailed monkeys with homes in families of assured respectability where the moral influences would be such as might be helpful to the development of the simian character, one could have nothing but good to say of it. But the Alliance advertises itself to be engaged in a wholesale violation of the bird protective law of New York; in addition to its monkey premiums, it announces, it has in captivity and will give to subscribers large numbers of indigo birds and nonpareils. It has such a stock of these birds on hand we are told, that "it is necessary to reduce the number of birds at once." We leave to others to reconcile the humanity piously professed by the Alliance with the inhumanity of capturing and caging wild birds; much more to the point is it to direct attention to the fact that the Humane Alliance is violating the law of the land. Section 78 of Chapter 31 of the General Laws of New York reads: "Wild birds shall not be killed or caught at any time or possessed living or dead." The indigo bird is a common summer resident of New York State. It arrives here early in May and remains until October. It is therefore clearly within the scope of the law, and the possession of each and every one of these indigo birds by the Humane Alliance is a clear violation of the statute. We commend the matter to the attention of the Chief Game Protector. The address of the Humane Alliance is 127 East Twenty-third street, New York city. It should be no difficult matter to run down their storehouse of indigo birds, nor should there be any difficulty in bringing the managers of the concern to justice and imposing upon them the prescribed penalty, which is $25 for each bird unlawfully in possession. Confiding subscribers to the Humane Alliance, who may be tempted to accept its seductive offer of indigo birds, would do well to remember that by receiving the birds they become particeps criminis, and make themselves liable to arrest and fine of $25 for each bird had in possession.

Other birds advertised as in possesion are cardinals, larks, linnets, mocking birds and nonpareils. A bird of the captivity of which the Alliance makes a specialty is the nonpareil. This is exempt from the New York law, as the bird ranges only as far north as North Carolina, and cannot therefore be considered a New York bird. Since, however, in the States where the nonpareil is found there are laws to forbid its taking, we may rightly assume that the birds held in possesion by the Humane Alliance have been unlawfully taken and are therefore to be considered as spoils of lawlessness. While the New York State officials can do nothing to correct the abuse, it is a scandal and a shame that there should be in New York city such an institution as this holding out inducements to its agents in other States to violate the laws of those States. Now that our correspondent Didymus has brought to a conclusion his lively discussion of the wanton shooting of Florida plume birds by visiting gunners, we recommend to him to investigate the export of Florida song birds to Northern dealers in humanity and illicit caged birds.

THE HENWIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN.

CONSIDER the way of the henwife who puts a sitting of duck eggs under a hen. When in due course the ducklings come forth, from their natal hour the henwife watches over the brood with a solicitude not less vigilant than that of the maternal hen, and superadded to this with a woman's tenderness which hen nature can never know. She extricates them from the predicaments into which silly ducklings fall; and if one of them happens to be killed, she mourns over it with genuine pity and sighs for its untimely taking off. She notes from day to day with quiet satisfaction their astonishing growth; sees to their safe housing at night, making all secure against encroaching vermin; doctors them for the gapes and such other ills as duck flesh is heir to, rubbing on lard for this and applying sulphur for that; and in a thousand and one ways supplements with her own superior human wit the well meant but often mistaken mothering of the hen.

And all this for what? That when the fowl shall have attained a due stage of plumpness, tenderness, juiciness and avoirdupois, she may wring their necks or chop their heads off to make of them the *piece de resistance* of the summer boarders' Sunday dinner or to sell their carcasses at so much a pound in the poultry market.

From the very moment the eggs were put to hatch, this final doom was her purpose. All the feeding, cherishing, protecting, nursing of these ducklings was to preserve their lives and fatten them for killing. From before their birth they were predestined and foreordained by her to be brought into the world, to puddle and guzzle their fleeting hour, to distend their little crops with mush and corn and kitchen scraps, and at the appointed hour to die.

Consider how the silly things vie one with another in growth; how they scramble at meal times, the stronger pushing the weaker to one side and gulping more than their own share of the food; and consider how those who thus snatch the most to eat grow the faster and the sooner bring their heads to the block, their bodies to the cook, and the legend "roast duck" to the bill of fare. For in a brood of ducks it is not the fittest which survive; the fittest go first to execution at the hands of the henwife. And consider moreover how vain and foolish are the weaker ones left behind, who quack with joy to find themselves freed from the competition of their stronger brothers, and forthwith fatuously gorge themselves in peace and plenty, which means for them only that thus making up for lost time and putting on flesh they too must the sooner come to their undoing. For though they know it not, in their comings and their goings, their eating and drinking and making merry, ever over them stands the henwife, who is to them as the Three Fates—Clotho who spins the thread of life, Lachesis who twists it, and Atropos who cuts it.

Now, this henwife who puts duck eggs to hatch that she may have ducks to kill, shall we account her cruel? Most certainly not, though the final end of the entire operation is the death wrought by her own hand. Was the solicitude she showed for the infant fowl only feigned solicitude, her compassion for ducklings in distress insincere? There was none ever more genuine, though the heart that pitied and the hand that helped them were in the end the heart and the hand that destroyed. In fact—and this is the point of our consideration—the henwife who raises tame birds to kill may be accounted as humane—and only as humane, no more, no less—as her brother who hunts with wild birds to kill; and conversely, her brother who hunts wild birds to kill with a gun may be accounted as humane—no more, no less—as the henwife who raises tame birds to kill.

SNAP SHOTS.

OUR correspondent Pine Tree sends us a report which he surmises must be allied to the wonderful frog farm stories which intermittently go the rounds. It is of a Morgan county, Missouri, genius who has built up a large business in breeding quail for market, selling them at $4 per dozen for meat, or $5 a pair for pets. "The care and food are much like those for chickens, and the birds prove very hardy and free from disease." If this young Missourian has discovered a way to breed quail he has done something which many have long attempted in vain. The only successful quail breeder we ever heard of was a New Jersey man, who refused to impart his secret to others, and it died with him. We have known of many quail breeding enterprises which were partially successful; the birds lived just long enough to induce the experimenter to fancy that he had hit on the right method, and just at that point the birds died or escaped. Quail raising is in general like pheasant raising. The eggs may be hatched under the domestic hen, and chicks are at first fed on chopped egg and insects, and when about three weeks old may be given Indian meal, with an abundant supply of insect food. But though it is possible to bring the birds perhaps to maturity, their wild nature asserts itself, and they must be given their liberty. This is the teaching of such experiences as we are informed of.

From all we can learn the depredations of the Rock Springs Lumber Company, at Rock Springs, Wyoming, are continued. The matter has repeatedly been brought to the attention of the Interior Department, and a show of investigation has been made, but at least one of the Department's agents, Mr. Abbott, of Cheyenne, who was sent to look into the affair, turned back, for some reason, before reaching the ground; and it is the opinion of those who are best informed that the company has sufficient influence to block investigation. The Department may readily enough dissipate the belief by sending to Rock Springs an agent who will actually go where he is sent, will see with his own eyes what is to be seen, and will truthfully and fearlessly report on what he sees.

Much indignation has been expressed over the recent order of the Quebec Department of Lands, Forests and Fisheries, requiring the American guests and honorary members of fishing and hunting clubs to take out non-resident licenses. Formerly they were exempt. The reason given for the new rule was that under the old system there had been many abuses, though just what these abuses were was not explained. A general impression prevails that the true motive of the new rule lies in a desire to make the American visitors pay more money, and that the allegation of abuses was only a pretext. The required licenses call for a fee of $10 for fishing and of $25 for hunting, or for short terms at the rate of $1 a day for fishing and $1,50 a day for hunting.

The late John Bell, known to New York sportsmen for many years as a taxidermist, had been a companion of Audubon, and was given to relating incidents of their experience in the West. One of his favorite anecdotes was of an Indian of the party who was a successful deer hunter, but could get no wild turkeys; and taken to task by Audubon, he explained: "When deer see me he say mebbe Injun, mebbe wolf; but when turkey see me, he say Injun right off."

Progress is making with the project of establishing a national forestry reserve in northern Minnesota. A meeting of those who are interested will be held in Chicago this month, and an association will be organized to work for the accomplishment of the scheme. Details of the proposed reserve were given in our issue of May 6.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In Filibuster Days.—II.

A Story of the Walker Expedition.

My father finally took passage in a little coasting schooner from Jamaica with an English captain and a Jamaican crew of mixed blood, for Bluefields, sixty miles north, to engage in the business of getting out mahogany logs on the Bluefields River for shipment to the United States.

The crew of the Jamaican coaster was an odd looking outfit. The mate was a light mulatto with blue eyes, and the crew of various shades of black, but careful to speak of themselves as "Creoles"; and the blackest of the crew, with a skin like lampblack, took pains to inform me that he, the Creole, despised a negro above all things. Indeed, the odd-looking types resulting from the mixture of the blood of Spanish, Indian, English and negro races continually to be met in the streets of Greytown had proved an interesting study. One man of sanguine temperament, fair white skin, brown eyes and a heavy mat of crinkled wool, red as fire, thatching his head, was an object of much interest.

One thing on the deck of the little coaster struck me as passing strange when first we went on board—the wide space between the first and second toes of the bare feet of the motley crew, and which made them appear as types of another race. The great toes branched off widely apart from the others, and made their tracks the oddest looking things imaginable. When the voyage began and one of the black fellows was ordered aloft, the mystery vanished. The ratlines of the coaster were simply two ropes, about 1in. in diameter, with no crossing ropes for steps, and the agile black Creoles seized hold with their hands and caught the rope between the two first toes of their feet, and ran up the shrouds like monkeys up a grape vine; and this fashion of utilizing their feet had resulted in making their great toes stand apart from the others like thumbs from the fingers.

Nearing the end of our short voyage, a small canoe containing two negro boys of about ten and fourteen years was met, and the little fellows, who were fishing, came alongside the almost becalmed schooner, and upon request threw up on her deck some half a dozen half-grown cocoanuts, the milk of which was yet but like sweetened water, and the meat but a thin coat of spongy pulp. These they had brought with a lot of others in lieu of fresh water, and they proved to very very palatable. The younger boy acted as steersman, and the elder as harpooner. A slender spear with a single tine, and with a little reel fastened to the tip of the shaft, to which a slender cord like a fishline was attached, appeared to be the equipment of the little craft.

The little fishermen chatted merrily with the coaster crew, until the watchful eye of the harpooner detected a commotion on the surface of the water at some distance, which indicated the presence of a school of fish, and hurriedly casting off from the schooner's side they paddled rapidly away in pursuit, while a welcome breeze drove us onward toward our port, leaving the venturesome little black sailors alone "on the fierce rolling tide" further from land than most men could be hired to venture in such a craft for the wealth of Wall street.

The harbor of Bluefields proved but a poor affair, and the little coaster's passengers and cargo had to be taken ashore in canoes.

The pretty little town of Bluefields, which now became our home for some months, is situated on the shore of the mainland of Nicaragua, at the mouth of the river of the same, on beautiful rising ground at the edge of the great forest which covers the Atlantic coast of Nicaragua, and was then a charming village of about 1,000 inhabitants, consisting of Spanish, negroes and Mosquito Indians, with a very few Europeans. A lagoon some three miles wide intervened between the mainland and the long, low, forest-covered island which formed the ocean beach. English was the language most in use, with Spanish and Indian in the order named.

Here my father found the bank of the river and the shore of the lagoon dotted with mahogany logs rotting in the sun and rain, and was told that some years previous an American had sunk some thousands of dollars in the same kind of an enterprise he had planned to engage in, and that when the logs had been rafted down the river to the town the carefully considerate British Government, which had established a "protectorate" over that portion of Nicaragua and had formerly maintained a consul at Bluefields, who had been removed before our coming, promptly levied an export tax upon the mahogany heavy enough to prohibit its shipment, and all carefully arranged in the name of the cat's paw Mosquito "king."

The ruined American had quitted Nicaragua in disgust, and my father, warned by his experience to beware of British helpfulness, waited long for the conclusion of the war in the interior, or for some safe opportunity of engaging in legitimate enterprise before he finally concluded to return to the United States.

In the meantime my own opportunity came, and was immediately seized.

Deer were to be found upon the island, which came out to feed and play along the sea shore at night; alligators and fish swarmed in the waters, while birds—new and strange to my Northern eyes—were found in the forests; and as little or nothing now required my presence in the village, I promptly turned my attention to hunting and to exploration of the woods and waters, and the strange adventures to be met in this connection.

But in a land so strangely different from that of my own birth—which had not a mile of road in all its coast domain of almost interminable jungle, and where the canoe, sail and paddle were the horse, saddle and bridle of every inhabitant—the eager boy from the far northland, who would fain explore every nook and cranny of its coast line, must perforce take a few lessons in navigation.

As my brother took no interest in these matters, and my father had long outgrown his own boyish enthusiasm for the chase, and would give me but little aid in my unprofitable ventures, save the gift of my almost valueless time, I was thrown upon my own resources.

Borrowing an old water-soaked log of a dugout canoe, minus keel or rudder, I fashioned a crude affair of mast and sail, and hewed a paddle out of a cedar slab, and studied navigation alone on the surface of the storm-swept lagoon.

Presumably Captain Barr, in his handling of the new Cup defender, will not be in particular need of advice from me in the sailing of the new yacht; yet he, together with others of the scientific yachtsmen of America, may be interested in learning the quickest way to turn a sailing sloop around—"come about," they call it—which I invented, or rather most suddenly discovered, in the beginning of my nautical career on the Bluefields lagoon.

Observing that the canoemen of the village had a fashion of bringing the bow of the boat up into the wind when they tried to come about, I (who from childhood was nothing if not original) concluded that this crude method might be much improved; and seeing the fishing fleet coming in from the ocean, quickly planned to sail out to meet the smarest sailing canoe, which was far in advance of the others, and giving myself plenty of time and distance in which to come about, beat it in the race back to the shore.

It was a beautifully planned race—fine enough for a cup contest—and with the boom of the clumsy sail (or rather the rope attached to the boom) firmly lashed to the canoe, we came around in the spanking breeze—the canoe and I—some half a mile from the shore, with the stern of the boat to the wind.

It was a grand success! The water-soaked old canoe came around—as my father sometimes remarked—"with a whew to it!"

As I crawled out from under the inverted tub, and, blowing like a porpoise, came to the surface, I found upon attempting to right the canoe that the top of the mast of my yacht had been driven into the mud of the bottom of the lagoon by my own surprising seamanship, and all my efforts to free it proved unavailing. I could easily have swam ashore, and would rather have done it than face the quiet smiles that wreathed the faces of the negro man and boy who manned the leading canoe, now rapidly approaching, and who had been the amused spectators of the "Smart Aleck" performance; but the thought of the swarming alligators, one of which had some years before taken a child from the edge of the town of Bluefields itself, made me hesitate.

Tongue-tied with shame, I concluded to take chances with the alligators a little longer, until another canoe reached me before asking for help, but the good-natured negro sailor, who had now sailed past me, noticing my predicament by my struggles to right the canoe, came about, and like the gentleman he was, quietly assisted me to right her; and steadying her until I had crawled abroard and baled her nearly dry again, bade me goodby without word or look which could add to my deep confusion.

But the love of hunting which would not be denied, drove me to keep "everlastingly at it," and finally I learned something of the rudiments of the art of sailing; and when my father bought a fine new cedar canoe about 25ft. long, 4ft. wide and 3ft. deep, the boy came suddenly to the front as sailmaker, yachtsman and navigator, and fitting up the beautiful little craft, soon had a fine single-hander for his lonely cruises.

The memory of those joyous days and dreamily quiet voyages, when all alone I sailed among the islands and drifted along the shores of the long lagoon in search of game for the little rifle, and for a knowledge of the secrets of the tropical forest and the birds and animals hidden within its shadowy recesses, all so passing strange to my own untraveled eyes, lingers sweet in memory yet, and I only wish that the labor of penning the record of some of the things which came to me in that far-off sunny land—with fingers already stiffened with age—might bring to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a tithe of the joy which came unbidden to the imaginative boy in the strange tropical land, where

> "The world was all before him, where to choose,
> And Providence his guide."

Wandering along the ocean beach I once met two negroes, and as I noticed just at that moment one of the ever-present alligators standing in the surf some rods from shore and some 50yds. distant, which had caught a fish by its tail, and which now hung pendant from the jaws of the reptile, struggling to free itself, while the alligator held his head aloft trying to shake the fish into position to be caught in his mouth, and the low waves of the ebbing tide only occasionally covered his head, offered a tempting target.

The recollection of my repeated failures prompted me to ask the negroes if they could be killed with the rifle. "Oh, yes," said one; "we sometimes kill them with coarse shot; when we can shoot them under the wing."

Aiming at the eye of the alligator, I fired, and to the surprise of the negroes and myself, killed him. This was the only one I killed, though the attempt was many times repeated. The pursuit of these creatures was interesting, and led to queer happenings.

As time began to hang heavily on my father's hands, he began accompanying me on my lonely trips, and on one voyage to the south end of the long island, some fifteen miles south of town, while sailing quietly along, I noticed far in advance the head of a very large alligator, directly in our course. The great head sank gently from sight, and nothing more was thought of him, until, with a shock as of a young earthquake, the big canoe rose in air, and for a moment seemed in imminent danger of being overturned, while the water beneath her boiled as the terrified saurian—which had settled to the bottom only to find that the lagoon at that spot was too shallow for both—felt the canoe sliding up on his back, tore his furious way out from beneath her with struggles which gave us as great a freight as his own.

Among the people of the town of Bluefields was a small number of Spaniards, who were among the most intelligent and respectable of its population, and of them was one who was known as the old turtle hunter, who seemed to be a representative man among them, and though his relatives were above the necessity of depending upon the old man's toil for their support, and though they remonstrated against his further exposure to the perils of the deep, he with the instinct of the true hunter who ceases to love nature and her wild denizens only when he ceases to breathe, still persisted in wandering off on his venturesome expeditions to the loneliest islands off the storm-swept coast of Nicaragua, in pursuit of the ocean turtle whose beautiful shell the fashion of long ago demanded for ladies' combs at any price.

For many years the old man had followed this strange sport, and now that age was creeping on, and one or two premonitory attacks of a kind of epileptic fit had come to warn him and his people against his further ventures, so absorbing was his love of the strange nocturnal sport, on the surf-beaten islands of the open sea, that no entreaty of friend or relative could restrain him, and loving ones awaited with a boding fear the time when the tiny craft and its strange occupant should not return.

On the loneliest islands of the coast, where the timid turtle crawled out in the moonlight to deposit her eggs in the sand of the beach, the old enthusiast built his little shanty—a mere shed to protect him from the sun and falling rain, and sleeping by day, watched by night for his prey, and when the wary turtles were seen to be far enough up on the beach the old man rushed down among them, armed with a hand spike, which he thrust beneath the fleeing creatures and threw them over on their backs, thereby rendering them helpless, when the valuable turtle shell of commerce became secure to his more leisurely toil.

This was the sport whose fascination had for him a charm beyond the claims of affection, upon which prayers and tears seemed wasted, and the pecuniary reward of which was dispensed to him with a liberality which more than supplied his simple wants, and offered a bribe for the consent or acquiescence of unwilling relatives who sorrowed for, yet could reclaim him.

One morning my father planned to accompany me in an expedition to the lower outlet of the lagoon, at the south end of the long island, where we could hunt deer on the beach, when we noticed the old turtle hunter making an early start on one of his voyages, and taking the same course as our own. We were unusually late at breakfast, and while seated at the table, one of the strange squalls so common on that coast came over the village and the lagoon, lashing its quiet waters to foam.

Some one mentioned the old turtle hunter, who had not been gone an hour, yet remembering his skill as a sailor we soon forgot him. The storm passed as quickly as it came, and we started from the village with a fine breeze blowing directly on our course, which drove our canoe along rapidly.

About three miles south of town a group of three little islands, lying close together, rose above the surface of the lagoon about equidistant from either shore. Our course lay between them, and as we rounded the end of the first one a strange looking log, smooth and white looking, and with rounded ends, was observed floating between the islands and surrounded by floating wreckage. As soon as my father glanced at it, he said: "That is the old turtle hunter's canoe, bottom upward, and those are his things floating around. I wonder if the old man is drowned?"

A careful scrutiny of the surface revealed no sign of the fated hunter, but a glance along shore of the island to our left detected a white, round object at the edge of the mangrove roots which lined the water, and as we approached it, we were horrified to see the white set face of the old Spaniard just above the surface of the water; while all the rest of the body was submerged, and no sign of life or motion appeared. Running the bow of the canoe into the roots near him, my father said: "Jump overboard, Orin, and lift him into the canoe."

Over into the waist-deep water I sprang, and in my endeavor to lift him into the canoe, found one of his hands gripped fast hold of a mangrove root, and it required all my strength to unclasp his rigid hold.

As I rolled him over into the canoe and laid him upon some bedding, which my father had spread to receive him, a faint shudder ran through the old man's frame, his rigid jaws unclasped, and an indistinctly muttered something which we interpreted to mean, "Thank you!" showed the old man to be still alive.

The wind blew cold and chill enough to defy all attempts to warm him in the open air; his dripping clothes had saturated the bedding beneath him, and there remained but the one thing to do—to get him back to town if possible while life yet lingered.

It seemed a race with death. Could we reach the village in time?

As the wind was now squarely in our faces, the sail was lowered, the mast unshipped, and we took to the paddles. About half a mile of the return trip had been accomplished when a canoe much lighter than our own appeared, coming from the mainland, and evidently on its way back to the village. It was paddled by three negro women returning from a trip to an outlying plantation, and was sailing 3ft. to our 2.

Feminine curiosity prompted them to see what our canoe contained, and, swerving from their course as they were passing, they came alongside, and looking over into our canoe the white, set face of the evidently dead Spaniard, well-known to each of them, met their curious gaze, and with a low ejaculation of surprise and awe they bent to their paddles with an energy that left us rapidly astern, and reaching the town far in advance of us spread the direful news that the white stranger and his boy were coming with the body of the drowned turtle hunter.

As we reached the shore, which was now covered with a crowd of excited people, my father quieted their fears with the word that the old man still lived, and a stretcher being hastily formed, the unconscious form was laid upon it, and the whole crowd following in rear of the bearers disappeared from sight among the trees bordering one of the two paths which ascended the hill in different directions from the little open spot on the shore where we had landed at the first opportunity.

My father had returned to the boat again and seated himself in the stern, and I had just turned away from watching the departure of the crowd of people as they vanished among the trees on the hill, when down along the other path to the landing sped the most beautiful Spanish girl I had ever seen, apparently nearly my own

age, with pale face and loosened hair, and rushing up to where I stood, with manifestly no sense of any impropriety whatever, laid her hand on my shoulder, and while her glorious black eyes shone through the mist of gathering tears deep down into my own, in the purest English panted out: "Where is my grandfather? Is he dead?"

The not unpleasant task of quieting her fears and reassuring her concerning the safety of her grandfather now became my own, and proved a more acceptable one than had that of the hard pull in the canoe back to town.

The only mischief was it proved all too brief, for, catching the word that the old man had just been borne up the hill by the other path, she turned from me, and with the grace—and almost the speed—of a frightened fawn, sped up the hillside, her long, black hair flying in a cloud around her shapely shoulders, and vanished among the trees; and the voice of my father calling the dazed and stunned boy back to earth again with the peremptory words, "Come, come! Gather up those things and get into the boat here!" sounded harsh beyond all need.

While the chronicler of this ancient history has never felt free to contend for anything beyond a partial recovery from this trying experience, on the part of the crazy boy, he is pleased to record the fact that the recovery to health and strength on the part of the old turtle hunter was complete and rapid.

When again able to converse with his friends, he explained to them that the sudden squall of wind had overtaken his little craft just as the first dread touch of the coming epileptic fit was felt, and both together just as he reached the narrow pass between the islands.

Beyond this he recollected nothing distinctly.

It was evident, however, that whether his canoe was overturned at the edge of the mangrove roots, or whether he swam to them, his last conscious act had been to seize a root at the water's edge, and as this was under the lee of one end of the island, the waves had not rolled over his head.

As soon as he was able to walk, though still weak and unsteady, he paid my father a visit, to express his thanks to the friendly stranger. His gratitude was pathetic. In badly broken English he tried to free the burden of his heart; and, thinking it might interest my father to know that he had been a soldier who had served with the "Washington of South America," the old man drew up his bent form, and with the dignity of a soldier, and something of the grace of the old Castilian, announced: "Me Columbia man! Me fight with Bolivar!"—all of which we ascertained to be literally true.

This last dangerous adventure, from which he had so narrowly escaped, ended the hunting career of the old Spaniard; and my father took care to add his own solemn remonstrance to the protestations of relatives against any further useless exposure of the old man's life.

ORIN BELKNAP.

Pioneer Days.—VII.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

JOSIAH disposed of his betterments to Delaplaine on the terms proposed, and sold his oxen and all his belongings but gun and traps. The two pioneers drifted out into the wilderness, homeless, yet at home wherever they chanced to be, now hunters and trappers, now attaching themselves to the Green Mountain Boys in their raids upon the Yorkers, the most daring and reckless of their number, though without the cause and object of the permanent settlers, but through the love of adventure. Now drifting apart they, lost sight of each other for months at a time.

Josiah was still tarrying, toward the middle of spring, at a settler's some miles above the lower falls of Great Otter, after spending the winter between working enough to pay his board and trapping on his own account. He was hesitating between hiring out to the settler for the season and going down to the old colonies to take part in the events which were stirring the forming nation from its heart to its remotest extremities. It was not exalted patriotism that urged him to this, but what is so often mistaken for it, a desire for action and love for adventure, that the monotony of tilling virgin soil and every-day warfare with the giants of the forest could not satisfy.

He was impelled to leave the place by another and quite different motive. Charity Benham, the only daughter of the house of marriageable age, was impressed with the belief that her father ought to have a son-in-law, and to her mind there was no one whom she had seen who was so well fitted to fill the place as this sturdy young pioneer, but he seemed little inclined to mating. Yet Charity was tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired, good-tempered, and in all respects save in being a notable housewife so exactly the opposite to faithless Chloe that Josiah's pulses quickened when she cooed around him, that warned him that he might forget his forswearing of all womankind.

If he resisted her blandishments, which it was plain to see her father and mother favored, it would be very embarrassing, and could only end in incurring the ill will of all. But he was tired of wandering, and longed to rest awhile in this comfortable harbor. Thus he was inwardly debating near noon one day in May as he cut firewood at the door; and John Benham and his son, Sam, just come in from the field, sat on a log idly watching his sturdy strokes, while all waited the serving of dinner. An appetizing smell of boiled pork and greens came out of the open door, wherein Charity presently appeared and bid them to the board.

"An' I got tu tell ye, Mr. Hill," she said, casting an admiring glance upon Josiah, "you be the cutest hand to gather caow-slops! Why, the' wa'n't nothin' but clear leaves, an' 't wa'n't nothin' tu pick 'em over!"

"That's the sort o' man for ye tu git, Cherry!" cried her father, bestowing an impartial wink upon the two, under which they blushed hotly. "You want tu jest freeze tu him, gal!"

"Why, Pop, hain't you 'shamed! Who on airth——" She suddenly checked her simpering to stare out upon the road, whither the eyes of the others followed hers, and saw a strong, lithe man approaching at a brisk swinging pace.

"Why, it is Major Beach, from Rutland way!" Benham exclaimed, going out to meet the traveler. "Haow be ye, Major? You're jest in time for pot luck with us. Come right in."

"Not much time for me to eat or talk," said the other. Then lowering his voice, "Who is the tall chap you've got here? All right?"

"Josier Hill, ol' Dalrymple's pardner. Yes, he's true blue. What's the' up? Yorkers cuttin' up ag'in?"

"No; its' r'yal game this time. Nothin' less 'n the British lion in ol' Ti'. Ethan Allen takes the job. We meet tu the cove a mild north o' Ti', to-morrow arternoon."

John Benham's face grew very sober as he repeated the words, as if scarcely sure he heard aright. "Take Ti'! To-morrer night? That's mighty suddent, an' a ticklish job!"

"Why, I thought you was ready at a minute's notice! They've got you on the roll here," said Beach, running over a paper which he took from the pocket of the coat that hung on his arm. "But if you don't want to resk it, you'd better stay tu hum wi' the women folks," he added, with some scorn. Then turning to Josiah, from whom he had taken no pains to keep the secret after Benham's assurance, "How is it with you, my man? Are you ready for a whack at ol' Ti' under Ethan Allen, along wi' over ten hundred good men?"

"Yes, I be, an' 'll start wi' you naow," Josiah answered promptly.

"Why, sartinly, I cal'late tu go," Benham said in confusion, "but it come kinder suddent. Sartinly I'll go, an' so 'll Sam."

"All right," cried Beach, heartily. "An' naow gi' me that dinner quick, for I've got to pull foot lively."

He swallowed his dinner so hastily that there was little news to be got out of him, and then was away again, to the disgust of the mother and Charity, who thought him a most unsocial guest, not worth entertaining for what he gave in return. But to make sixty miles on foot that day left little time for talking.

A grand wolf hunt, a "surround" of a pack which had just been located, was the pretext given to the women for this grand turnout of armed men, and the good souls cheerfully spent the afternoon in cooking for the hunters.

Next morning these men set forth, Benham and his son armed with their long smoothbores, those handy guns which served equally well as fowling pieces or weapons of war; and Josiah with his favorite rifle, which he held to be the only proper arm for a man, and each carrying a blanket and two days' rations. Charity needs must have a tearful parting with Josiah, from which he withdrew with unlover-like haste, and was out upon the road before his companions.

"If ever you git him, you'll hafter du all the sparkin'," said Hannah Benham, "for he's the chicken-heartedest grown-up man ever I see."

"He hain't nuther!" Charity cried, resentfully. "He's as brave as a lion, an' I know the ugly creetur's 'll kill him as likely as not. Oh, dear!" and she gazed long after his tall figure, blurred and misty through tear-dimmed eyes.

The three volunteers trudged on at a brisk pace over the wretched roads, until they came to the better thoroughfare of Amherst's military road, from Number Four to the Clamplain forts. Now and then they fell in with other armed men, singly and in squads, all bent on the same errand.

"Hello!" hailed one. "You goin' wolf-huntin' tew? Wal, they du say it's a lion arter all, an' like 'nough tu scratch an' bite if his tail is trod on."

A little past noon the company, gathering as it advanced, came to a famous camping ground where a cool, clear spring bubbled out by the roadside and trickled through a cleared space. Here they halted for rest and refreshment, where many a company of rangers and red coats and bands of painted Indians had made camp in the days of the old wars and savage forays, and left traces of their brief tarrying.

Then resuming their straggling march, they soon crossed the slow, muddy course of the oddly named Lemon Fair, and so toward nightfall came to the rendezvous on the bank of a small creek. As they drew near they saw groups of men lounging in the lights of newly kindled camp-fires. Moving about among them, now dusky in shadow, now clearly revealed, the herculean figure of Ethan Allen; the no less commanding one of Seth Warner, and another restlessly alert, clad in a colonel's full uniform, which they afterward learned to be the brave, ambitious, unscrupulous and, later, infamous Benedict Arnold.

The fires shone out among the tree trunks upon the prows of a mixed flotilla of small craft drawn up on the shore or now and then on an incoming boat. Allen came out to meet the party, and discovering them to be his own people, gave them most cordial welcome.

"Ah, more of the chosen ones of Israel come up to fight the battles of Jehovah, and smite his enemies hip and thigh!" Then recognizing Josiah, "And you, tall son of Anak, have you come up so far out of the wilderness to do battle? Well done, and better if you thought to bring a vessel of those strong waters of Gaul," he added, smacking his lips at recollection of the flotsam brandy. "And your old, dried-up comrade—which way has the wind blown him?"

"I'm sorry, Colonel," Josiah answered, shaking his hand, "him an' the brandy hain't nary one on 'em here where they're both needed. But ol' Kenelm would be, if he knowed."

"Well, come in to the fires and rest ye. You've got your grub with you, of course, an' maybe we can scare up an underjawful of honest New England rum, and that is better than lake water." With that he led them to a fire, in whose cheerful glow they stretched themselves.

On the eve of embarkation, the Green Mountain Boys were moved to an angry protest, from commander to the humblest private, against Arnold's attempt to assume command of the whole force, by virtue of his commission from the Massachusetts Committee of Safety. When this claim was disposed of, half the troops, the boats being too few to transport more, were embarked and went forth silently into the darkness. Arriving on the western shore without mishap, they restlessly awaited the coming of the other half of the force. Their impatience grew with every moment when the eastern rim of the sky began to pale with the first light of dawn, and still no plash of oars broke the silence of the quiet waters.

Allen fretted and fumed, until at last he ordered the troops to fall in in three ranks, and briefly set forth the danger of the complete failure of the enterprise if they waited longer to be joined by their comrades, and proposed that they should move forward at once. No one who disapproved was asked to go; those who followed him would poise their firelocks. Every rifle, musket and smoothbore was slanted across its owner's breast, and the order to march was about to be given, when Arnold again made a violent assertion of his right to command. At the suggestion by one of Allen's captains that the two should enter the fort together, the dispute was settled, when another brief interruption occurred. Some one discovered a dimly defined object approaching upon the lake, which from the morning mists presently took the form of a tiny canoe occupied by a solitary figure.

"Who goes there?" the challenge was given in a guarded voice, and the answer came back as guardedly.

"A friend wi'aout the caountersign; but maybe some on ye knows Kenelm Dalrymple!" A subdued murmur of applause arose from the column.

The old man ran the tiny craft upon the beach, explaining as he stepped ashore, "I jest got back from 'mongst the hills a-pickin' up my traps, an' never heard o' this job till noon yist-d'y. I wouldn't ha' missed it for a fortin'." As he took a place in the ranks, and the column began to move, he continued his confidences in a whisper to the man beside him. "That 'ere milkweed pod won't kerry but one, so I jest put aout alone, an' here I be. The boats hadn't but jest got there when I started, an' the men was fairly b'ilin' for fear o' not gittin 'acrost in time. That canew's one I had hid tu the head o' the cove sen' last fall trappin', an' it come mighty handy, for I wouldn't 'a' missed hevin' a finger in this pie for a Gov'nor's right o' land. This is the third time I've been ag'in Ticonderoga; the first when Aunt Nabby Crumby run his pudden-head ag'in it, an' a terrible mess he made on't. Then when Amherst come sweepin' the French back intu Canerdy an' they blowed ap Carrillew afore aour face an' eyes. Lord! It jest rained fort for five minutes! An' not a scaout da'st go anigh for an haour! An' naow here I be ag'in, an' it's a-hopesin' we'll make a tidier job on't."

The garrulous old ranger ceased his whispered reminiscences when the bastions of the fortress arose gray and silent before them in the faint light of dawn. Then there was the click of a musket lock missing fire, a swift advance of the column through the narrow wicket, until the last man was inside the walls. The troops forming in two ranks on the parade, gave a lusty cheer, which the barrack wall bandied back and forth in quick reverberation that brought the suddenly awakened British soldiers staring out of the windows.

The peremptory summons to surrender quickly followed, and Ticonderoga, its garrison and invaluable stores passed bloodlessly into the possession of the Americans. Josiah Hill remained there for a time, a member of its insubordinate garrison, until upon the organization of the regiment of Green Mountain Boys he enlisted under Warner, and went to Canada. Thus he escaped the danger of falling a victim to the wiles of Charity Benham.

Down in the Meadow.

HOLYOKE, Mass., July 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Believing that it may interest Pine Tree and other readers of the FOREST AND STREAM who have, in days gone by, fished for trout in the streams in the vicinity of Mt. Tom, to peruse a few lines from the pen of one who not only now dwells almost within the shadow of that mountain, but who has this season visited some of the neighboring streams recently mentioned in your columns, this brief epistle is submitted.

How thoroughly Pine Tree knows the territory from Springfield to Hatfield! From the old bed of the Westfield River, where, as a boy, he shot muskrats in the twilight, to Running Gutter Brook, with its speckled beauties, many and many a mile has evidently been traveled by him, as with dog and gun or with trout rod, or even a birch pole from the brush, he has reveled in the long walks which make glad the heart and keen the eye, store the mind with valuable information concerning nature's things and ways, and beget a healthy digestion and a freedom from insomnia.

But the Cowles Meadow Brook. Ah! here indeed is a spot worthy the attention of the enthusiastic angler. What must it have been years ago, when a daily catch of a hundred good trout was not unusual in quite recent days? The writer first visited this brook last year, and was rewarded on that occasion with a fine string of elegant trout. It was a difficult place to fish, and required both patience and dexterity, but the fish were certainly there. The only cover consisted of dense alders, which, in places, thickly lined the banks of the brook and seemed to have a special affinity for both hook and line; while in the open, one was obliged to stand well back in the slough amid the reeds and bogs, and cast with care, for the trout in Cowles' Meadow run large and are extremely shy. Not unmindful of the sport granted in Cowles' Meadow last year, we again made a pilgrimage to Ashfield this spring for the express purpose of fishing in this stream, but found to our chagrin that the entire meadow was not only posted, but actually guarded by a special policeman. It appears that a club has bought the exclusive right to fish the upper meadow, while that portion belonging to Senator Barrows is protected because the Senator has, at his own expense, recently stocked it with a large number of young trout. So we did not fish in the meadow that day, but contented ourselves along the little streams that make toward it, and although the catch was fairly large as regards numbers, the fish were small.

The Hatfield Brook—the one that runs down by the old saw mill, not far from the Williamsburg road, and is crossed by the railroad just north of the Hatfield depot—furnished two good strings of trout for our table this season. The brook is much fished of late, and a large catch is rare, but the careful angler can usually count on a few very nice trout in the meadow just above the saw mill. One morning this May the writer fished through this meadow only a short distance behind four other fishermen. The day was bright, and of cover there is here absolutely none. Three of the four fishermen ahead were certainly indifferent anglers, for here they did not capture a single trout. The luck of the fourth was not ascertained, but presumably it was not much better. Knowing the loca-

tion of the larger holes, and rightly judging the fish to be there mainly secreted, the writer crept carefully along, well back from the brook, and approaching the holes on hands and knees made long casts and patiently awaited the pleasure of the denizens of the stream. The result was that in this meadow alone nine as fine brook trout as one could wish for were taken, which, added to the half-dozen or so taken further up the stream, quite filled a 10lb. basket, and well satisfied the angler with his morning's effort. These trout had evidently "wintered" in holes and pools in the meadow, for the fish in this section have been very backward in "running up" from the deeper streams this year. For trout, they bit very slowly and demanded more than usual care and coaxing. The size of the largest one? Well, as usual, he broke the hook at the bend just as he was being lifted from the water, hence his weight can be given only approximately. He looked large enough and bent the rod enough to weigh fully 2lbs. And that is no joke, either.

As Pine Tree evidently surmises, the wealth of wild game, like that of virgin timber, has been sadly thinned along the Connecticut Valley in Massachusetts. Still, a remnant remains. Wild turkeys have long since disappeared from this locality, and to see a flock of wild pigeons would be quite as great a novelty in these woods as to meet a lion. Ducks, grouse, snipe and woodcock are by no means as plentiful as of yore, though in the springtime a few flocks of very wild ducks may occasionally be seen along the river, and later on a stray pair of mallards or wood ducks may be run upon in some secluded pond; while half a dozen grouse or as many woodcock would be considered a fair day's bag by the sportsmen of most near-by sections. The "big white rabbit" and the "little cottontail" may still be seen, though the former is now seldom secured this far south, and the poor cottontails grow noticeably fewer every year, owing to the infernal and lawless use of ferrets. Gray, red and chipmunk squirrels are still with us, and a few seasons ago we found, along Bachellor's Brook, a nest of flying squirrels, the only ones we remember to have seen in this section. Upland plover are getting scarce, and even the meadow larks and other song birds do not seem as plentiful as before. Among the birds the English sparrow alone seems to increase—and perhaps the crows are not much reduced in numbers. The duck hawk still nests among the rocks on the almost perpendicular western side of Mt. Tom, and also on Sugar Loaf Mountain.

Two years ago a deer was seen near Smith's Ferry, and last year one or two were seen just over the line in Connecticut. An occasional wildcat (bobcat or lynx) is seen or captured, as in the past. The fox still affords amusement to the breeders of hounds and shooters of 10-gauge guns. A few days ago, while driving along the road from Holyoke to East Hampton, one of these animals—of the "tow-haired" variety—ran leisurely across the highway just ahead of the team, his coat apparently the worse for wear. He looked much as though he had just got out of bed, or been to a wake, or something of that sort. He seemed to appreciate the fact that we had no intentions against his life, for he occasionally stopped long enough to "rubber" at us as he jogged along over a wooded knoll to the denser woods beyond. J. H. E.

On the Cumberlands.

IF any of your readers are "tired of city ways," longing for fresh fields and pastures new, blue skies, silvery brooks, life-giving air, health-giving water, wild, picturesque scenery with the never-ending charm of variety, let him—or her—come to Cumberland Mountains. The air here is a tonic equal to Ponce de Leon's fabled fountain. I know this to be true, for I am—well, on second thoughts I will not tell how old I am, but since being on the mountain I feel as if I were but twenty. Life has a charm that it never before had for me. It is a pleasure to be alive.

The scenery is wildly beautiful. The brooks are crystal clear, and there are myriads of them. To follow the windings of one of these little streams is a fascinating way of spending half a day. That is, it is a pleasure to some persons, but if one does not enjoy it any more than some do, one better not try it. For instance, one of a party of surveyors gave his opinion as follows: "Meanderin' a brook! Huh! I don't want any more meanderin' in mine! I heerd the fellers a-talkin' about meanderin', an' I had an idee it was somethin' purty nice to do, but this thing o' gittin' all among the ivies, fallin' over roots o' laurels, gittin' all scratched up with hangbriers, a-slippin' an' a-slidin' on the banks. No, I don't want any more meanderin'."

But to me this "meanderin' a brook" is a great pleasure. I try to find the head of the stream, and then follow "its winding way"—and how it does wind, turn back and wind around again. Here it glides so smoothly that you scarcely see a movement on its shining surface; there it breaks and runs and races and flashes into silver as it tumbles over the gray rocks lying in its way. Then it slips away beneath the low-hanging branches of glossy-green ivy, and is dark as ink among the dense shadows, and moans and sobs among the gnarled roots and shelving rocks that try to hold it captive. Breaking away it dashes on and on, now between low banks, fringed with emerald-green mosses, studded with the red berries of the tiny squaw vine; now between great gray rocks that rise far above it and throw gloomy shadows down on the brave little stream that runs musically on over and through all obstacles. Then I grow philosophical: This little stream typifies a human life—but you can follow out the comparison for yourself. I did.

When you tire of "murmuring streams" there are great gray cliffs which one can climb and from them look far, far away to lands that seem "fairer than this"; where the soft clouds bend down to kiss the slopes of the distant blue ridges; where the valleys spread out their verdant fields; where the wind comes straight from

> "Over the hills and far away,
> Beyond their utmost purple rim,"

and whispers strange stories of what it saw and heard before it came to sob and moan its weird tales to the sympathetic pines. I have heard some of its stories, and I did not wonder that the pines wailed and trembled with the horror of it all.

Then these woods are full of "ha'nts." You don't believe it? Just go any day, any time, out into the woods by yourself and you'll hear them. Hark! Hear that pack of hounds in full cry! Where is it? To the left? No. To the right? Ah—where? It is a ghostly pack led by some wild huntsman of the Cumberlands. I hear his horn often—a "horn of elf-land faintly blowing." Again you'll hear—so near that you stop and turn to see who rides so softly beside you, and you'll see—nothing. Nothing? How do you know that there is nothing—no one there? Can't you believe your ears as well as your eyes? Your ears surely heard the tread of a horse's feet, but your eyes see nothing. Some ghostly rider longing for human sympathy rides beside you. Were your eyes as sympathetic as your ears you might see the face of one long loved and lost; or, you might see that which would fill your soul with dread. Who knows? Ah me! Who knows?

You ask these mountaineers and they will tell you of "ha'nts" that have sent the bravest of them home in terror. There is a "ha'nt" in these woods whose mere presence makes the dogs creep to their masters, whining, and if the masters presume to continue their hunt, the "ha'nt" utters such terrible cries as it comes after them through the woods in the darkness, that the men take to their heels and rush home. I have talked to the young men who have been chased home by it, so, of course, this "ha'nt" is no fiction.

But to turn from the unseen to the seen. I have been fortunate since I have been on the mountains. I have seen deer, foxes, turkeys, pheasants, quail, rabbits, squirrels and coons, and heard of bears and wildcats quite near. A party of us were almost devoured in Daddy's Creek when on a hunt for a wildcat still. We had not yet found it when we forded the creek, so don't accuse us of not being sober. I must tell you of that trip another time, but I can't tell where that still is.

On Cane Creek is a favorite hunting ground. Several parties of hunters have been in camp there at different times this fall, and all have been successful in getting several deer and foxes and smaller game. The turkeys here must be the wariest of their kind, for though "the woods are full of 'em," I seldom hear of one being shot. Hounds and "dawgs" are used here to hunt with. I see no bird dogs, though where game birds are as plentiful as they are here this winter I should think a well-trained dog would be useful. The hounds are not very well trained. I think there are very few pure-bred fox hounds here. Anyone owning "a Kentucky hound" is envied by all his neighbors. Before the law was passed forbidding "foreigners" (i. e., residents of other States) coming here to hunt, the Kentuckians brought in a great many fine fox and deer hounds, and usually left a goodly number here, thus supplying the mountaineers with good hounds. My ambition is to own a black Scotch stag hound, and it is an ambition that very likely will have plenty of time to grow.

I was once promised a grand fox hunt if I would go on a certain day over on Cane Creek. I went. On our way over we heard the horn and the hounds behind us. We anticipated hearing a grand burst of music, and on reaching the cabin where we were to spend the day the hostess assured us that we'd "get enough of hearing the hounds." My share of the hunt was to sit in the cabin door and listen to the "hounds run" as they chased the fox up and down the creek. That is the only way women go hunting here. I sat in the door and listened—in vain. Finally our hostess suggested that we could go see Dripping Springs if we could not hear the hounds. We went down to Pine Orchard Branch, crossed it on the rocks that line its bed and stood under the huge rock from which the cool, clear water drips forever. No rise or fall of the Branch, no heavy rains or parching drouths ever affect the never-ceasing drip, drip.

The cabin which is called Sampson Post Office is two miles from my boarding place, and I go there three times a week, and often see game birds on my way there and back. One morning a lovely doe sprang up not far from me, and ran over the crest of the ridge. I was telling about it at the post office. A native stood leaning on his gun listening to me, and as I wound up my story he had his ready.

"Wall, I seed a deer this mawnin.' The queerest actin' deer I ever seed. I'd a got her shore if I'd a had jist a leetle more powder. I was a-comin' dyown the Branch, an' the dawgs was a-trailin' 'ryound, an' all at onct they begin a-barkin', an' I seed this deer a-stannin' an' a-lookin' at me. I up an' fired. After I fired, the deer kep' a-lookin' at me. The dawgs was on 'nother trail, and hadn't seen these 'ere deer. I loaded up an' fired ag'in, but the deer des laid down an' I begin a-sneakin' up to her, when Lee he seed it an' run a-barkin' at it, an' then it riz up, an' I went to load my gun, an' I hadn't but half a load o' powder, but I poured it down and let fly, but that air deer des went a-lopin' off with Lee at her heels, an' I knowed by the way she run that I hadn't teched her."

It is utterly impossible to describe the drawling, monotonous voice of this man. Face, voice and body were expressionless. Perhaps his gun was the same way and the bullet too slow and easy to "git thar."

These mountaineers are pleasant people to be with. My greatest difficulty is that they do not "take jokes" easily. I have an exaggerated way of telling things, and heretofore have been among those who took my exaggerations for "what they are worth." But now it is different. I have to be careful. I am careful, but quite often I see by the way my listeners look at me that I must modify my statements. I am afraid that in spite of all my care some of these people think I am "an awful"—what Ananias was. MINNIE W. ARMSTRONG.

A large crowd was collected at the Alder street wharf yesterday to view what many considered the largest sturgeon ever brought to this city. It was caught near Megler's cannery, at Brookfield, by a Russian Finn, who could not speak English and who sent a young man up here with the fish to sell it. It was 11ft. 6in. in length and weighed nearly 700lbs. It sold for about $20. It was a monster, and must, of course, have been very old, but it was impossible to count the wr' kles on its horns.—Portland Oregonian.

Natural History.

The Wood Rat.

YUMA, Ariz.—Among the rodentia hereabouts, the most common is the wood rat (*Neotoma intermedia gilva* Rhoads). They can be found on the desert and off the desert in almost any desired number. The brushy valley of the Gila River, near its confluence with the Colorado, seems, however, to be a favorite place with them, although they are drowned from their homes by high water nearly every spring. At such times they take refuge in the willows which grow on the river banks to the height of 20 and 30ft. These residence saplings are then stripped of their bark for food. It is chiseled off in strips about ¾in. wide. A small portion of wood is also taken off, apparently, with each bite. Just how long they can so live I have no means of knowing. The Colorado River overflowed its banks during the last week in April, and the country is still under water and will probably continue so for a month or six weeks more. The rats are still in the trees and in fair condition of flesh.

As there appears to be no special season for the females to bring forth young, the loss of life among the mothers must be out of all proportion to that of the non-bearing males. This loss, however, is provided for in the excess of females, which outnumber the males by about four to one. It is possible, but not probable, that this numerical difference in sexes is local and is due to the excessive death rate among females incident to a periodical flooding of their homes. The females do not appear to be in any wise prolific bearers. Three is the maximum number of young I have thus far found at one birth; more frequently it is two, and occasionally but one. Of the twenty-seven bearing females examined nine had three young each, fourteen had two, and four one each. Such figures, however, establish nothing beyond the time covered. A like period in another year would in all probability give a new set of figures.

A curious thing is the length of time the young attach themselves to the breasts of the mothers. Whether the mothers be living or dead, the young do not let go of the teats unless forced off till they are two or probably three weeks old. This same habit is likewise common to the desert white-footed mouse (*Peromyscus eremicus*). I had a female of this species with three young. When I first saw them they were small, naked and pinkish in color. Each had hold of a teat, and as the mother was well provided for the three soon exceeded the mother in weight. It was almost impossible for the little thing to move about with them. She made no effort to get away and evidently considered herself helpless with such weight hanging to her. Occasionally for experiment I have forced a young rat from the teat, but when again put to the mother they soon locate the missing "bottle" and hold to it as tenaciously as ever. All rats and mice are born blind, and do not quit the teats of the mother till at least a week after they acquire sight.

Rats, quite strangely, are subject to grubs in the throat. These grubs are located in a bloody sac, and if sufficiently matured the head protrudes through the skin and can be thrust out or drawn in at pleasure. Commonly there is but one, but I once saw a half-grown female with three, all in the throat. Occasionally I see rats that are entirely blind, and frequently blind of one eye. The pupils become white and apparently as hard as pebbles. The very old rats of both sexes are often battle-scarred to the extent of loss of ears and sometimes a portion of tail.

The nest commonly is a bulky affair, and where possible is piled against the base or root of a low, overhanging bush. They are an accumulation of the debris of the surrounding country—sticks, stones, mesquite thorns, cactus burrs, bones, or in fact any old thing they can get hold of. Generally they are from 1 to 2ft. thick and from 2 to 4ft. across. Size, however, depends much on the availability of material. The runways are always from a few inches to a foot or more beneath the surface of the earth, and vary in number according to the age of the nest and character of the ground.

HERBERT BROWN.

Skunks, et Al.

ESSEX, N. Y., July 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The terrible drouth this spring has undoubtedly proved providential for the broods of young partridges, and from present indication the shooting will be better than for several years past; but the drouth also seems responsible for an unwelcome increase in the number of skunks and other predatory vermin. Some small animal, presumably a weasel, has made several raids on our young Pekin ducks, and more recently the skunks have sampled our broilers in the chicken yard. Last night I set a steel trap at the corner of the chicken yard, and about midnight one of the hired men roused me with the announcement that the skunks had arrived, and that a gun was needed, as there were more than one.

I took my .22-caliber rifle, as I did not wish to rouse the household with the report of a larger gun; but on reaching the back door I found the other hired man, and from the latticed window above the young lady who does the cooking was already beginning to give advice as to the plan of the campaign. My wife was awake, and there was only one other adult member of the household to be accounted for.

It was a calm night, and one of the men held aloft a lamp. I could see two skunks rolling over each other, locked in a fast embrace. One was caught in the trap, and the other, which was a much smaller skunk, was loath to leave it to its fate.

As soon as I could make out which was the free animal I fired at its head, and by a lucky shot succeeded in killing it. The other was not so fortunate in its demise. The first two shots hit it in the neck, and it retaliated by opening fire on us. Its shots went wide of the mark, but the resultant aroma was very evident to some city people in a cottage a quarter of a mile away, who knew the exact time the skunks were killed although they were too far off to hear the noise of the rifle shots. My ammunition was exhausted, and I had to go to the room of

the one member of the family who was still sleeping peacefully in order to secure more. I regretted that I had not used the shotgun and killed both skunks at one shot, for as things had turned out the family could not have been more thoroughly awakened.

The ammunition provided was of a kind I never shoot if I can get any other, as it leaves a residue that soon clogs a small caliber rifle. The first cartridge was a missfire. Withdrawing it from the gun left the bullet in the barrel. I bit the bullet out of another cartridge and pushed the shell in the barrel. The action would not quite close and the cartridge refused to explode. Meanwhile, the skunk was making the most of its time, turning its battery loose with the reckless prodigality of the Spanish sharpshooter, who is satisfied as long as he can make a noise, whether he hits or not.

I aimed at the skunk's head whenever it revolved into our circle of light and pulled the trigger, but the gun would not shoot. Tiring of this I lowered the rifle and napped the trigger. The very first time the hammer fell he cartridge went off, and by the irony of fate the bullet hit the skunk somewhere amidships and killed it. The young lady at the window remarked in her usual uthoritative way that it was a very good shot indeed, and received the compliment gracefully. In her next breath he stated that the skunk smell was "pretty strong," and s she is a connoisseur in perfumery I had to admit that er judgment was good. Bulletins from the scene of war were now called for from various quarters, and we red to announce the result.

Foxes are not so dangerous to the poultry yard as kunks and weasels, though they catch stray chickens om time to time. They, too, seem to be unusually umerous this year. In the past months I have seen ight foxes, of which five were half grown. One, which shot with a rifle, had the partially digested remains of n adult partridge in its stomach. Night before last I eard an old vixen fox calling for a long time in the rchard near by. This is the third occasion recently in hich I have heard foxes call. The sound has a sugestive, wild quality that is quite fascinating. I can think f no fitting way to characterize it. The cry is somehat suggestive of a deer's whistle, and there is also omething of the gray squirrel's bark and the martin's harl.

There is a full crop of nuts this year, and it ought to e a good squirrel year.

J. B. B.

Hogs as Fishermen and Hens as Mousers.

RAMONA, Kan., July 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I n again up here near the old Santa Fe trail. The day as been almost as quiet as a Sabbath in New England, t this evening, as I write, there is just enough of celeation to show that the spirit of Young America is the me here that it is elsewhere.

But it is not of such things that I started to write, but a new trait I have discovered in the Kansas hog. I new he was, in his way, a keen hunter, for I have atched him in the shallow water turning over the stones r dobsons and such like, and digging for clams like a am digger; and sometimes I have found it necessary to ep close watch of my string of fish when fishing where gs are running loose. And now I have learned that they ll fish for themselves.

Many of they are kept in lots along the creeks and rivers. hile I was at Emporia one of my acquaintances set a rot line" on a riffle in the Cottonwood River opposite e of these hog lots. Some big catfish weighing as high 50lbs. and over are caught in the river. One morning was unable at first to draw in his line, and he thought had hooked the biggest fish in the river; but after **orking until almost used up,** he brought ashore a 150lb. g that had swallowed the fish and with it the hook. ey were obliged to give up fishing there, as the hogs rned to follow up the lines and take up the fish as far they would go. This is a true incident, and I have itten of it partly for the laugh there may be in it, and rtly to show what a ravenous brute the hog is. I am t interested in any game preserve, but if I were I would ner turn a drove of wolves loose in it than a bunch of gs, whether of German or American descent.

Kansas has continual surprises for me. One of them is t hens can catch mice. The mice are very plentiful e, and I have known of several hens that have grown be as successful mousers as any old tabby, taking up l using much the same tactics as the cats themselves.

PINE TREE.

Weight of the Raccoon.

HELDON, Vt., July 6.—If the other coon weights are all I will give mine. Mr. W. W. Macie, postmaster, storeper, trapper and fur dealer, of Sheldon Springs, Vt., ght a coon that, after being knocked on the head and l, weighed—not guessed at, but weighed—49lbs., and writer bought a coon skin taken from a coon whose ght was guessed at as being even heavier than that ed by Mr. Macie. Our largest coons are found in alities where there are "coon dens" and but few acorns hickory nuts.

STANSTEAD.

The Rattlesnake's Venom.

OSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The foling positive assertion has been made, and I would be l to hear through your columns if it is true: That the of the rattlesnake is simply fatal, in the extreme ning of the word, from late October till February. s means that any person bitten in that time must die hout exception.

FRED SKINNER.

One of the Charms.

goes from me to my brother, who is an incomparable angler, we both enjoy it very much. The chief charm of the paper is that which belongs to a good history—it narrates in pleasfashion actual facts, with but enough theory and imagination ve them from being dull, and with wit enough to "keep them t."

A. S. W.

W HAVEN.

e FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. espondence intended for publication should reach us at the t by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

The July number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine is now ready. See advertisement of it.

On the Platte River.

READERS who have been there need not be told of the past glories of duck and goose shooting on the wide-flowing Platte in Nebraska, but to those who have not hunted on the once famous river, a description of the stream, the country and the methods employed to bag the wary honkers may be interesting.

The Platte is a shallow, wide stream from one-half mile to one mile wide in some places, and the bottom is entirely of sand. In late April and in May and June it rises or gets on a "boom," as it is generally called. Then the water is from 3 to 6ft. deep in all the main part of the river, and in the main channel from 10 to even 15ft. in some particular places. A beautiful valley smooth and level as a floor stretches away for miles from both sides in some places, and in others only on one side, when the high bluffs come up to the bank. Beyond this level valley are the high sands, irregular lines of sand bluffs, and on the high table land beyond is the feeding grounds of the great army of geese and ducks that frequent the Platte every spring and sometimes in the fall. Geese and ducks are not as plentiful here now as years ago; while there are a good many birds here every favorable spring, there is not one to the fifty there used to be in years gone by. Ten and fifteen years ago fifteen to twenty geese were a common thing for one man to kill in one day, or even in a half-day's hunt. A friend claimed to have killed fifty-two geese one afternoon from 2 o'clock to sundown, and no one who knows the man or the numbers of birds doubts the claim. But these are past supplies, never to be seen on the Platte again. At the present time on stormy days, if a hunter is in a good place, he may be able to bag in the course of a day ten, or maybe fifteen or twenty, geese, and as many ducks. But these days and chances are indeed very rare. Very much oftener the hunter comes in with one goose and a few ducks, or if it be a bad day he comes in empty-handed.

I live within one day's drive of the river, and in the spring a party of four or five go to the old Platte for a two or three weeks' hunt and a general good time. Landing at the river about 4 o'clock in the evening, after a good drive of thirty-five miles, we are made welcome by an old friend who lives about forty rods from the river; we put up our team and then commence to pitch tent, for we come prepared to camp out. While working around camp we see long strings of ducks and geese come sailing leisurely in from their feeding grounds out on the bluffs and in the valley, old-time memories are revived and we all work with a vim to get the tent up and banked and ditched around; we carry hay to make our bed, and then get supper. When this is all done it is too late to do any shooting. Shells are gotten out, guns are examined, hunting suits are laid out handy, and everything is put in readiness for an early start in the morning. While all this was going on, ducks and geese have been lighting in the river, and several hundred geese are out on the sandbars, making merry music for our ears. The musical honk-a-honk is heard after it gets dark, as some tardy members come in to their roost on the sandbars.

We go to bed with the intention of having goose for dinner next day if Dame Fortune shall see fit to send a flock our way. We all arise next morning before daylight, eat a hasty breakfast, don dead grass color suits and with a dozen decoys each and a gun sally forth, going out where we know where they feed in a corn or wheat field. Arriving at the field we dig a pit, place the loose dirt where it won't be conspicuous, then put out the decoys, and settle ourselves comfortably and await the coming of a flock of honkers, or perhaps ducks. We are in sight of the rim, and pretty soon we see some rise up and start for the feeding grounds. We watch every movement made by the flock. They rise high up as they clear the river bank and head directly for us. We crouch low in the blind with guns in readiness, and goose call to our lips. They don't see the decoys, for it is not very light yet. As they come nearer they come down a trifle; yes, they see the decoys. The leader sets his wings and drops below the others, and they sail gracefully for the decoys. But alas, they turn, about the time we are sure we have a shot, and by a graceful sweep go by to one side out of range, and light just back of us about 150yds.

However, we settle down as we see another flock get up out of the river. They go up and start out on the same line with the other flock. They head directly for the other flock on the ground behind me, and reassured by seeing the others there, they drop down within 40yds. of the ground, and come almost directly over me. I rise with gun in hand, four reports in quick succession, and three noble conadas fall to the ground; and one other starts, then rises and starts on, but one more shot and he comes tumbling down to earth. The fun has started in earnest. The geese come out in small flocks and the guns are booming in every direction. In two hours the flight has ceased, and we gather up our geese and decoys and start for camp. We sum up at camp, four guns have bagged eleven geese and five ducks in the two hours' shoot.

The next day the wind blows hard from the north, and snow is falling in large flakes. It is cold; but we start out to try our luck about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. We separate and take up position in the willow thickets that abound along the river bank. With the river on the north of us, feeding grounds are a great deal closer on the south side, so contrary to their regular habits the birds come out with the wind, and come back flying low, but not in any certain line of flight. We changed places, but with no good results; so I concluded to get in a good sheltered place and wait for some to come over, if I had to wait all day. They flew on all sides, ducks and geese both, some barely clearing the ground. Just to the south of me was open ground for about 200yds., then a high bluff with some trees growing on the sides and rising above the table land above. My patience was nearly exhausted, when just behind these trees came a flock of mallards. I did not see them till they rose to clear these trees. As I stood in a thick stand of willows they never saw me, but came on just a little to my left about 40yds. high. They looked big and grand. I could distinguish all their fine colorings as they came closer. I rose up and made a double on two fine drakes that were nearest to me. Having retrieved these, I had not long to wait before a lone pintail came along, and I had a fine shot at him. Shooting was good until dark. I bagged seytnteen ducks and one brant. One of the other boys got sixteen ducks and the others all had a respectable bag of ducks.

We had another stormy day while on this trip, and these two days were my best, in fact the only days that we bagged very many ducks. We got geese almost every morning and evening, until our return home.

Ducks don't seem to decoy on feeding grounds here, but on some ponds of still water they decoy splendidly, and good bags may be made on any decent day.

INVISIBLE.

The Christian County Hunting Club

In the Sunk Lands of Arkansas.

FOR some time the Christian County Hunting Club had seen that game was growing scarce and that the deer was fleeing before civilization and the woodcutter's axe, and we decided that for sport we must look further from our old Kentucky hunting grounds. The hunting there was fast growing to be a thing of the past. The smoke of the busy threshers and the locomotive as it shrieks on its way now ascends where once curled the smoke of the camp-fire; the deer trails are now turnpikes; the virgin forests are now fields of waving grain.

We heard of the Sunk Lands, so we sent an advance courier to view the situation. In due time he returned, and like the Queen of Sheba reported "that the half had not been told." The excitment of the club was great, and at the appointed time we met at J. S. Parrish's elegant country home to spend the night before starting. He is a prince of entertainers and makes you feel at once at home; he is a typical old Kentucky gentleman, and that is about the best description I could give of him. We were very busy that night overhauling the camp luggage, getting it loaded into wagons, that we might make a ten-mile drive into Clarksville and there take train for Memphis and then cross the Father of Waters. Thence, with wagons, horses, dogs and darkies, we pulled through the swamp, canebrakes and wild woods in a northwest direction for about sixty miles, when we reached our destination. We pitched camp on a beautiful point on Little River, about two miles from where it empties into the St. Francis.

Our party consisted of J. S. Parrish, J. R. White, P. Glass, T. B. Burk, J. D. Ware, Ed. Drane, L. McComb, H. T. Drane, Wm. Craven, J. R. Candee, Chas. Jarrett, Walker Williams and Geo. Mills.

We soon had the tents pitched, horses tethered out, camp-fires lighted, and after a hearty supper, enjoyed as only a hungry hunter knows how, over our pipes we laid plans for the morrow. A native who straggled into camp gave such glowing accounts of game that we felt it would equal our old Kentucky grounds in their palmy days. The boys soon sought their couches, so as to rise early. The camp-fires burned low, stillness came upon us, and the moon rose on a peaceful scene.

By the time I had killed several big bucks in my dreams we were hustled out of bed for an early breakfast. The darkies had built a huge log fire and the horses, fed and saddled, stood ready. The leaves glittered under a heavy coat of white frost; the air was sharp and clear, and its tang and crispness made the blood tingle. Just as the sun was reddening the east we were in the saddle.

We stood the boys along Little River and Cap White and J. S. Parrish, two old veterans of the chase, made the first drive to see what promise Arkansas could give. They turned loose the dogs, which were as fine as ever gave tongue, and they were "bred in old Kentucky." The shivering standers were soon made happy by hearing the pack coming in full cry. The pack had divided and had five deer flying before them. Very soon the guns began to play, and four deer were the result. That ended the first day's sport. The next, a few days later on the same ground, proved to be successful. J. S. Parrish was in it in great shape that day. He drew stand No. 1, which is always considered a bad one. Soon after the dogs were loosed they brought three deer in full flight to Parrish. He let fly a right and left, and two dead deer were the result. One fell on the other. He slipped a shell in as quick as possible and took a long shot at the third one. A blood trail showed the result of that shot. While following the trail the dogs brought the king buck of Arkansas to Parrish, and he, equal to the occasion, gave him both barrels. He ran till he dropped dead within a few feet of the other two. When the assembly signal was blown and the boys rode up and saw that pile of meat a cry went up that would have put to blush the famous rebel yell. Three dead deer and the fourth badly hit in five minutes is an event that rarely comes to a hunter. The boys declared that was enough for one day, and that the old man needed a toddy, anyhow, so we pulled into camp.

In the next drive Ware and Burk each had to their credit a fine deer, and so it went on till almost everyone had venison. On another drive we heard Parrish shoot four times in quick succession, and we all thought that another bunch of deer had tried to run over the old man. We soon rode up and found that he had a fine buck. "Where are the others, Cap? We heard you shoot four times." "Well," says he, "I have not seen any deer like this buck in old Kentucky; I had to shoot him four times before he was willing to stop." The boys voted to keep the old man out of the woods, as he was too destructive to deer; but he got one more, anyhow.

The next day Henry Drane, who had never killed a deer, was put on what was considered a dead sure stand. Pretty soon we heard Drane's gun go off—both barrels—and such a yelling was never heard. Parrish, who was next to him, and thinking that Drane was in trouble, hurried through brush and bramble in hot haste to lend him aid, and found him executing a Sioux war dance

over the deadest deer in Arkansas, with his gun in hand, both triggers cocked. He asked if he had not better give him another pop. We thought someone would have to sit up with Henry that night. None of us ever forget our first deer.

The club has never had a better outing than that hunt; we never saw better duck shooting than we had on St. Francis Lake, and the fishing was fine. We killed all the game we wanted, but none to waste.

But we have seen that sportsman's paradise fade away. Railroads, the axe, the market hunter have about finished it. But we look back to those grand hunts with pleasure. Some of the dear comrades who were with us then have left vacant seats around our camp-fires. They are missed but not forgotten. C. L. BRADLEY.

CLARKSVILLE, Tenn.

CLARKSVILLE, Tenn., July 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The forty-ninth annual meeting of the Christian County Hunting Club meets on July 11. We meet once a year, and spend the day together at some member's house, where we have a barbicue, and generally wind up with a pigeon shoot. This annual meeting of the club is looked forward to with great pleasure by the members. It is then we decide on the place of our next camp, and the date of going; we talk over our past hunts and plot and plan for the future; and so we spend a most pleasant day. The families of the members attend, and the families of the departed members, and when you date that back for over forty years you may imagine the number we have at our barbecues. C. L. BRADLEY.

An Indiana Quail Hunt.

NEVER having seen anything about the field sports of old Sullivan county, Indiana, I will relate some of the experiences of a party of us who hunted here a week last season.

The party consisted of two Chicago sportsmen, F. and R., one of the neighbor boys answering to the name of Clay, and last, the writer; and from time to time other neighbors joined us for a few hours.

Nov. 18 was to be a big day with the Odd Fellows of the county, and I was getting ready to go to the county seat to attend the ceremony, when a hack drove up to the gate and the Chicago men tumbled out. As it was only 9 o'clock, we started out for a little hunt before dinner. A cornfield was first tried and was drawn blank, the dogs covering the ground in fine style. F. had a liver and white setter, Queen; R. a black pointer, Nig, and I a lemon and white pointer, Dewey. The next field was also a cornfield, and soon Nig was found on a point, staunchly backed by Queen. Only three birds were raised, and one fell to the gun of R; the other two went to some weeds along a ditch, and Queen was the lucky dog, this time pointing one in a bunch of grass. R.'s gun accounted for it also. Going down wind, Nig found a scattered bevy in a hollow, both other dogs backing; results, four holes in the atmosphere and three sheepish-looking men, R. not having been close enough to shoot. Going down the hollow, Dewey pointed a single, which fell to my gun.

Clay and I went over on a posted farm to drive a gang that were in a patch of briers. Queen pointed and I got one on the flush, the birds going to a cornfield. Clay and R. followed them, scoring one apiece.

It being noon, we called the dogs to heel and went to dinner.

After dinner, going up a hollow grown up with briers and weeds, Nig was seen trailing a bunch. The birds flushed wild 50yds. in front of the dogs, and took to the woods. Some good sport was had for the next ten minutes; the scattered birds went to the corn; and while we were trying to raise them, another bunch was flushed. Everybody did some good shooting on these birds.

The next move was to a weed field, and here Queen did as pretty a piece of work as I ever saw. F. raised a bevy and killed one that fell on the opposite side of a ten-rail fence. Queen went over the fence, found the bird and climbed the fence with the bird in her mouth, bringing it to F.'s feet (cash value of the dog in F.'s estimation at that moment, $528). Following the birds, three more were killed.

It was during this evening's hunt that F. met with an accident. Coming to a branch about 18in. deep, Clay laid a plank across and walked over all right. F. weighed 225lbs.; he started across, and when he was about the center of the plank, it broke. It was getting so dark that we started for home, doing no more shooting. That night the count for the day showed forty-five birds; not a big bag, but enough to satisfy anybody of moderate desires.

After supper we all went down to hear Old Wilse play the fiddle, and the way he scraped out "Old Dan Tucker" and "Arkansaw Traveler" was enough to make a wooden-legged man want to dance.

Bright and early the next morning we started for Huff's Clearing. Dewey found a bevy along an old fence row, and of them we got four. One of the neighbors was with us this trip. Following this bunch six more were killed. Nig was seen making game in a bunch of weeds, and soon straightened out on a point, Dewey and Queen and Sport backing. Advancing, about twenty birds flushed, everybody scoring one each and R. making a double. The sport was good now for about an hour, and on going to the house for dinner the count footed up thirty-six.

After dinner F. challenged me to a match at ten clay pigeons, and beat me, 9 to 4. We again took the field. Going across a weed field a fine bevy was raised that scattered in the weeds. F. and R. did the only shooting on this bunch, F. killing six straight and R. five. Several fields were drawn blank before any more brids were found. Going along the edge of a cornfield, the largest bevy of the hunt was found. I got one on the flush. This bunch netted eight birds. Three more were killed on the road home, and the count for the day footed up fifty-eight.

Supper over, the time till bed time was passed by telling how this one was missed and what a pretty double that was, and in telling our experiences in former hunts.

The next day being Sunday, no hunting was done, and the dogs got a much-needed rest. Monday morning dawned clear and cool, and this was the best day's hunt of the week.

We started out over the route that we had been on when F. fell in the creek. Just beyond the creek we located a bunch of birds. F. was trying some of my shells, and pronounced them the best shell for snap-shooting he had ever shot; they were loaded to scatter. We scored five out of this bunch, and soon had another bunch scattered in some weeds. I started to follow two birds that I saw 'light, and before I got to them Dewey dropped to a point. Here was a chance for a grand-stand play. Quickly filling the magazine of my repeater full, I grasped it tightly, and in my mind's eye could see at least four of those birds falling before my aim. Advancing in front of the dog, the birds, fifteen or twenty in number, drove to the right of me, and made a circle around to my left and behind me. Here was my chance, and those four dead birds I anticipated increased to five, but as the old adage says, "Man proposes." At the first shot a plump Bob White hit the ground, and quickly yanking the lever, I jerked the head off the shell, leaving the body in the chamber and staved a fresh shell in on top of it. I saw one of the men that live on that farm a week after, and he said the cuss words had not quit falling up there yet.

The count at noon showed forty-three birds, one squirrel and two cottontails. F. said that he believed a man could kill seventy-five cottontails in a day here, they are so numerous.

After dinner I challenged F. to another pigeon match. It was the worst day I ever tried to shoot on. The wind had risen to a gale, and caused the targets to bob and skip in every direction. He scored three to my six.

We were only out about one hour in the evening, as it began to turn cold. Total score for the day, forty-eight.

The next morning it had turned so cold that it was very disagreeable being out, but about 10 o'clock we started, being reinforced by two more shooters, R. and G. Only fifteen birds were bagged up to noon, when we pulled in to G.'s for dinner.

The luck was better in the evening, several bevies being found, and F. doing the star shooting of the day. The round-up at night showed thirty-six birds and eleven rabbits (Clay having instituted a rabbit hunt on the side). This day ended the hunt, and that night gun cleaning was the order of the evening. The next morning we started for the depot, seven miles away.

With many hand shakings and promises to come again next year, F. and R. pulled out for the Windy City, followed by my best wishes.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Hunting Knives and Old Times.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 7.—I was glad to receive this week a call from Mr. H. A. Jackson, of Greene, N. Y., who was passing through on a business trip to Wisconsin. Mr. Jackson has been very much interested in the talk about hunting knives which came up a few months ago in the FOREST AND STREAM. I don't know why it is that people keep on giving me things, but they do. Mr. Jackson's personal contribution to my armory came in the shape of yet another hunting knife, and this time another dandy. He gave it to me, he said, because he had no present use for it, and because he wanted to add it to my collection. This knife was made especially by an old English knife maker, a Mr. McMoran, who lives at Greene, and who has made perhaps a half-dozen of these knives to order. Mr. Jackson told me that the steel of this blade he had found quite equal to the task of cutting a tin can or anything else. The blade is 8in. long, without a ribbed back, the point being something after the old bowie lines, but with a good curve. There is a small guard to the handle, and the handle itself is a plain wooden one, built rather small, but large enough to give a good grasp. This knife would delight the heart of my friend Bobo, for with it he could both kill and cut up a bear. Mr. Jackson tells me that the chief beauty of this knife is the excellence of the steel, but he says the best tool of this sort was an old Cree knife made from an old steel file.

Mr. Jackson, by the way, is a bit of an old-timer. He was an Indian trader in 1883 at Rocky Point, Mont., on the Missouri River, and he knew most of the wild characters who made that region interesting, to say the least, in the early days. He tells me that in 1882 the Northern herd of buffalo was apparently still full, and nobody thought the end was so near. His firm handled about 30,000 hides in 1882, and he thinks that 150,000 to 200,000 were killed that year. He was on a steamboat which was stopped for four hours by a herd of buffalo which was swimming the Missouri. In 1883, as is well known, the buffalo were practically wiped out in that country. The deer and antelope were at that time too numerous to demand attention.

Mr. Jackson carried in his pocket a big bear tusk, and he told me he had kept it all these years because it came from a very large bear. This bear he himself saw weighed on scales at Rocky Point. It was a silver-tip, and weighed 1,100lbs. It was killed in the Bear Paw Mountains by a hunter called Deaf George. The skin was bought by a trader named Marsh, who intended to send it to St. Paul for tanning. Marsh threw the skin over a pole out in the air, and two years later Mr. Jackson saw it still hanging there, forgotten. Thus a magnificent trophy was wasted, and one which might set at rest some of the questions regarding the size of the silver-tip bear, which many persons think never reaches the weight of more than 600 or 700lbs.

I had quite a good time talking with Mr. Jackson, for it is with such men, who really knew something of the old West, that we get now and then a touch of the real flavor. "When I went out West," said he, "I stopped at Bismarck, and whisky was two bits a drink. Three years later when I came out from my Indian trading, I stopped again at Bismarck, and I saw an old-timer throw down a gold piece and ask the crowd up to drink. His eyes stuck out of his head, for he got back a hat full of change! To his surprise, he learned that whisky was only 10 cents a drink, and beer only 5 cents a glass." This was indeed the passing of the West.

Another caller at my office this week was Mr. E. E. Van Dyke, of Red Lodge, Mont. Red Lodge is entitled to great distinction as being a sort of rendezvous of old-timers, numbering among its citizens, for instance, my ancient friend, Liver-Eating Johnson, who is known to everybody who crosses the State of Montana. With Mr. Van Dyke himself I felt very well acquainted, for when was out in the Yellowstone Park the superintende Capt. Anderson, often used to tell me that Van Dy was one of the worst poachers he had to deal with, and simply pined to get his hands on him again. I mention these facts to Mr. Van Dyke to-day, and we had quite talk over such matters. "I will admit," said Mr. V Dyke, "that I did at one time hunt in the Park a go deal, but I never did kill but seven buffalo, and that w before the herd got cut down so low. At the time Ca Anderson caught me I wasn't doing anything at all b just fishing and having a good time. He said he wou hold me on general principles, and he did. He kept r pretty near a month. He asked me if I had not be killing Park game, and I told him I had not at the time was taken. As to the rest, he couldn't expect me to co vict myself."

Mr. Van Dyke told me that Ed. Howells, who was ca tured in the Park in the winter of 1894, was a sort of a prentice of his own, and had been a market hunter arou Cooke City. He thought Howells would have got abo $300 apiece for his heads if he had not been captured. M Van Dyke says the main market for Park buffalo hea used to be at Bozeman, and he says that the men sou and west of the Park killed most of the buffalo. says that he thinks there is very little poaching now the north and east side of the Park, and he puts the nu ber of buffalo in the park at about sixty, saying that th are about forty head over east, toward the Hoodo where the troops have not known there were any buff at all. Mr. Van Dyke now makes a living guiding hu ing parties, and I don't believe he will ever care to back to the old ways which at one time seemed to h justifiable. He is thoroughly acquainted with the coun east of the Park, and says he finds plenty of big game, cluding a good many bear. We had a nice visit togeth Mr. Van Dyke looking admiringly at the pair of ski wh I polished up in his country some years ago. How tin do change. Once Capt. Anderson and I were eager to the man who called on me to-day. Now Capt. Anders is away with his regiment, taking care of duties m congenial than Park patrol; and here was the man he o was after, sitting in my office very comfortably and h ing, I hope, as pleasant time as I did myself.

More Wild Pigeons.

The following letter from Mr. Joseph Irwin, of Li Rock, Ark., is brief, and I hope conclusive evidence t the wild pigeon is not a thing of the past, but may s be found in the realm of the Stars and Stripes.

"LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 5.—I have just received letter from Major Jas. A. Buchanan, of the Fifteenth fantry, an old shooting friend of mine, in which he s that great numbers of wild pigeons are flocking into country near San Juan, Porto Rico, coming from So America. It has long been a question of what had come of the wild pigeon; so the lost is found."

Singing Mouse Number 16.

Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson, of New York city, is last of my friends at date to discover a singing mouse, this one I believe is No. 16 of my list. Mr. Thomp writes me:

"I have another singing mouse for you. We hav good many mice about the house, and we hear more less of them nearly every night. One day a month the chambermaid reported that she had several ti lately heard a mouse singing like a canary; at least supposed it was a mouse, because she heard it in the d closet about midnight, and canaries do not occur there any time, also because some of the squeaks were v mousy. She further added that the sound was not strong and loud as the canary's song.

"I tried to overhear the furry songster for myself, did succeed in part. Although I did not get the benefi a full rehearsal, I heard enough to justify the first m statement.

"P. S.—In your opinion is murine vocalization of er inception, or is it simply an expression of the exubera coexistent with superabundant alimentation? Grant the prior thesis, would not this presuppose a bim equinoctial or preautumnal periodicity which might considered of post-æstival incidence?"

In the words of the Swedish hired girl, "Ay tank neider."

Old Fort Pierre.

In the early part of this century Pierre Choteau b Old Fort Pierre, in what is now North Dakota, and u it as headquarters in his fur trading with the Indi It was thus in part that the basis of the Choteau fort of St. Louis was founded, and the Choteau family has l prized among its possessions a picture of this old p Recently they gave away a copy to a friend, which c has been seen by some of the very old-timers of the No west, who say that it exactly resembles the old stock and carries them back into that ancient day.

Minnesota Forestry Reserve.

A meeting of those interested in the Minnesota fore reserve plan will be held here this month; and the C gressional trip over the reserve territory is practic assured.

Iowa Prairie Chickens.

I spent a day this week at the beautiful little city Waterloo, Iowa, on the Cedar River, in one of the n thickly populated portions of that State. I had the nice talk with Mr. J. C. Hartman, one of the posted and most intelligent of the local sportsmen. tells me that for a long time everybody thought the pra chickens gone forever from that part of Iowa. All hunting dogs were allowed to die off, and no one went after chickens at all. Within the last few years, howe it was discovered that a few birds were left. The be class of sportsmen strove to have the law enforced. birds came back, and the bird dogs with them, as I h myself seen in Waterloo. Last year within a few mile Waterloo, bags of a dozen birds or so were not unc mon, and Mr. Hartman told me that if I would come next fall he would take me out in his buggy and would surely get a dozen birds or so. All of which g to prove that we can still have game if we really w game, even in so old a country as Iowa.

Along the Cedar there are no ducks of consequence any ore, but the quail are doing well, and there are still rab- s and squirrels. The Cedar is as beautiful a stream as I er saw, and I was glad to hear that it yields good takes bass and pike now and then. As we drove along the k during the afternoon, we saw a little party out fishing a boat, and one angler was standing up playing a fish. esently it was landed, and we could see it to be a kerel of perhaps 3 or 4lbs weight. Later I learned that s party was under the supervision of old Col. Page, the st noted local guide. As I watched, I saw Col. Page into use a very handy little appliance. He gave a l on his anchor rope, and I saw that the line passed r a little pulley wheel fastened at the stern of the t. The boat dropped down stream a little ways, when skipper loosed the line and the anchor again dropped etly and held the boat fast. For fishing a swift and llow stream like the Cedar, where frequent stops are ired, this little arrangement is very desirable and it is th remembering. E. HOUGH.

) CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Didymus Appreciated in Florida.

MR. O. B. SMITH, a leading citizen of St. Augustine, es in the News of that city in approval of the letters of correspondent, Didymus, who, he says, "Contributes ries of vigorous articles to the FOREST AND STREAM upport of Florida's game laws, and incidentally gives 'exterminatory peregrinations' of certain would-be t 'sportsmen' a very well-deserved showing up. Men came to this State as sportsmen—save the mark!— ed with every appliance for the destruction of animal rode up and down our watercourses shooting our s of plumage, fish and alligators with no other wish to see them die, then went home and wrote books ting of their wonderful exploits." One of these effu- s happening to fall into the hands of Didymus, "he naturally very much incensed to use no harsher term, he was not slow in expressing his contempt for such butchers in language forcible, sarcastic and cutting." r. Smith says that Didymus "has been a sportsman ughout all the years of his long, noted and useful For proper purposes where game was plenty he has ired large quantities of it, having been in the past a l shot,' but from personal knowledge the writer can y he was never a 'butcher' nor one who could inflict ss pain on anything that breathes the breath of life. true he wounds the exterminatory peregrinators , but who shall say they do not deserve all they ved?" And he adds that our correspondent "has a good work for the State. The FOREST AND STREAM vedly stands at the head of all publications of its and in this sheet, which is not only circulated all this country, but all over the world, he says: 'I want press on any youth who may purchase of Coquina his in this year of grace, 1899, and may be stimulated to deeds of blood which he thinks to perpetrate in da, the solemn truth that he would find himself here wofully disappointed, and it would be better for o stay away.'"

Adirondack Preserves.

LONE, N. Y., July 5.—Since the acquisition by the efellers of two immense tracts of land in the Adiron- , there is much speculation as to how far their pur- s may be extended. Their present Adirondack hold- re well timbered, and several lakes and rivers add to value. Both tracts have been put into a private rve.

first purchase of the Rockefeller included some 28,- cres in the town of Santa Clara. On this property re erecting numerous cottages, guides' quarters and ouses, involving an outlay of three-quarters of a n dollars. The second purchase was the property n as the Debar Mountain Tract, comprising about acres. This property partly adjoins that of the ham Lake Hotel Company, who own several thou- acres.

reported here that the Rockfellers have made offers e entire Meacham Lake property, and also for the Smith property and forest lands. Nothing definite d to have been agreed upon. A year ago the ham Lake property was on the market at $80,000, is was before the new hotel was erected. Since stock company organized in Malone has acquired it. hin the Santa Clara preserve were numerous private gs and a small village known as Brandon. These ties have been largely bought up during the last few s, so that the Rockefellers now practically own the Should the Meacham Lake property be purchased, id the same policy would be followed in the town ane, which consists almost wholly of a sparsely farming commmunity. All the purchases so far een made in the name of William Rockefeller, of York, by Malone attorneys.—New York Times.

In Cuba.

. J. E. BLOOM, of New York and Havana, who has xploring the southern coast of Cuba, writes of the Cochinos: "In the winter months the fishermen atabanó come to this bay for large fish, which they the Havana market. There are now several herds of eer in the forest. In the spring many kinds of vl congregate in the 'sabanas,' among others the whose feathers the ladies wear, and which sell in ork at from $6 to $30 per ounce. Parrots are l and quite handsome in their combination of I brought several with me. The waters of the bay fectly clear and very beautiful, coral being plainly at the bottom. The sponge fishing in the bay is od."

mendment to Game Laws Wanted.

ROCKAWAY, L. I.—The section of the game laws to the rail family, especially the common meadow s been badly muddled for several years. By the n of a single word, the result of a stupid error, the hich remained in force until last year, permitted oting of meadow hens only during the breeding season. Last year meadow hens were included in the list of bay birds which may be shot after July 1. This, of course, is an improvement on the old law, but it will have to be amended. Many of the hens are still on their nests or caring for their young. In either case they may be caught or knocked over with a club. In several instances pot-hunters have blown them to pieces as they set on their nests. The meadow hen can hardly be considered a game bird anyway, but if they must be killed it should be only allowed during September and October. If they are fit to eat it is only during the fall months. Why permit the slaughter of these odd, ungainly creatures, the clowns of the meadows, useless and harmless, but still entertaining?

Several parties came down on the first Saturday and Sunday of the month to take advantage of the first day's shooting of bay birds allowed by law. Only a few birds were found, and they appeared to be birds that had nested on the beaches and meadows in this vicinity. An occasional large yellowleg was seen. There is but a slight chance of a flight of birds until there is a marked change in the weather. Many of our local sportsmen advocate the changing of the game laws so as to prevent the sort of piratical pot-hunting which is done early in July, when many of the young birds are barely able to fly and the old ones have not recovered from the exhaustion of the mating season. QUAHAUG.

An Adirondack Hound-at-Large Case.

THE two charges of deer hounding in the Adirondacks against Frank C. Ives, the ex-billiard champion, was decided against Ives by the Appellate Division on July 6 last. It was charged that a dog owned by Ives, and kept in the latter's camp, near Saranac Lake, was allowed to run at large in a region inhabited by deer, and that Ives used the same dog in hunting deer in the fall of 1897. The defendant claimed that the dog had never been used for hunting deer; that it was kept chained, and that if it was loose, it was without his knowledge. The finding of such a dog running at large in such places is deemed prima facie evidence of the violation of the law by the owner of the dog. The fine is $100 for each offense, and in this case the amount imposed was $318.06.

Quail on Long Island.

EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I., July 10.—I was startled yesterday morning by the clear, melodious whistle of the Bob White. I had supposed that quail was entirely extinct in this thickly populated district—only a mile or so out of Greater New York—and was delighted to have such tangible evidence that such was not the fact. I did not see the birds, but have no doubt they are the genuine Long Island quail, since no Southern quail have ever been turned out in this section of the island. If the shooting of these birds on Long Island could be prohibited altogether for several years, they would no doubt be preserved and become plentiful again. J. N. GRIFFITH.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Toledo and Thereabouts.

Glimpses Into a Historic Sporting Country.

SOME few hundred years ago, the matter of one or more centuries not being material to the purposes of this article, the gradual subsiding of the waters about the head of Lake Erie evolved along its westerly shores a sportsman's paradise. In the deep waters of the lake, and in the channels of the rivers lying in the half-moon that curved downward from the currents of the Detroit River on the north to those of the Maumee on the south, swam all the fish that frequented the great interior chain of fresh water lakes; and where those waters shallowed to the shore thousands of aquatic plants and smaller forms of piscatorial life thrived and furnished food for their predacious kin and for the myriads of water fowl that frequented the coves and bayous. Still further inland the rising shores stiffened their broad backs to the burden of the primeval forests; and through these and the openings that intervened roamed the shaggy bison, the stately elk and the elusive deer. The headwaters of the lake lay in a great natural basin surrounded on every hand by its protecting sides, and so it was that it formed a vast shelter for all the fauna of the continent, where food and water were everywhere abundant, and where even the fiercest and most untiring hunters among the descendants of the lost tribes had not yet found their way down through the great northern wilderness that lay above it. And though the forests have disappeared, the great basin to this day is free from the rude storms that sweep the country above and below it, and its sheltered sides afford sustenance and protection for thousands of the human family.

Such was the territory over a portion of which the city of Toledo now extends its miles of paved streets and comfortable residences, and upon whose confines there are still to be found traces of the great banquet that nature here spread for her children in the long ago.

The Indians, at an early day in the historic ages of the vast Northwest Territory, came to recognize the richness of these varied hunting and fishing grounds, and their hunting camps dotted the shores of the Detroit, the Raisin, the Ottawa and the Maumee rivers, and their birch barks rode buoyantly on all their confluent waters. Here the whites found them, and here they contested valiantly against the aggressions of the pale-faced invaders who forced them back further and still further from their favorite haunts. The whites who had gained a precarious footing in this hostile territory soon found in the abundant resources of its woods and streams the most liberal reinforcements for an otherwise scanty larder. The meat of the deer and the wild turkey (the elk and the buffalo had long since begun to flee to the westward) proved most satisfactory and toothsome substitutes for beef and poultry, and in the place of the pork barrel the barrel of fish was an indispensable adjunct to every pioneer kitchen. Hence it came about that fishing to the early settler, in the Maumee Valley, for example, was a necessary and serious business, since it meant the procuring of a valuable part of the winter's supply of provisions. It is not the intention of these chronicles to set forth exaggerated tales to tempt the credulous reader into fruitless journeys in pursuit of the phantoms of long-departed fish and game. This is not a bureau of railway intelligence, nor is the writer connected with the passenger department of any of the leading railway lines of the country, nor yet indeed with the fish exhibit of the forthcoming Ohio centennial. But it is only sober truth to say that in those days when the appointed time came for doing up the family fishing, the pioneer quietly and unostentatiously hauled his fish barrels to the edge of the river or the lake and filled them, having first dressed and salted his catch. There was in those days very little hunting or fishing merely for sport; nor was it necessary to lie about the catch. In the season it was always liberal, both in size and quantity, and there was little left for the imagination.

The forests have disappeared, and with them the noble quarry that once roamed among their shades. The rivers have undergone a change, and the lake has shrunken in volume, yet the finny tribes, sole survivors of all the wild life of the region, still frequent their old-time resorts. But new conditions have come into the economic problem that is ever confronting the race. For most men it has become no longer convenient or expedient to pursue the denizens of the lake and stream to secure the household provisions, and the energies of the head of the family are turned into other channels. But even before this began an interesting phase in the evolution of the fishing instinct. Although no longer urged by the clamor of his hungry progeny to the casting of the murderous spear or the seductive hook, the habit had been so fostered that a desire grew in his breast which remained fresh and vigorous long after the necessity had passed away from the fisherman on the Maumee. Succeeding generations inherited the fishing proclivity, unmitigated by the practical element that had clouded the ardor of their ancestors' endeavors. Continual exercise has only strengthened the instinct, till at the close of the nineteenth century every able-bodied man on the Maumee is a fisherman in greater or less degree, from the oil operator who sends his steam launch every spring around the coast to the tarpon waters of the South, to the suburban butcher who hies him every second Saturday of the month to the marshy margin of the nearest creek. Both are actuated by the same mysterious but hereditary prompting which dates back to the time when their forbears sought their food beneath the surface of the adjacent waters. The instinct rises superior to any adventitious conditions of rank or social position, and hence you have only to penetrate the cuticle of a Toledo man, be he lawyer, doctor, merchant, banker, broker, teacher, preacher or ordinary citizen, to find a fisherman underneath. He may not, and probably does not, know why he is a fisherman, attributing his tendency in that direction to a mere propinquity to the waters, to accident or to the solicitations of his neighbor; but those who have made the matter a subject of philosophic inquiry know full well that the fishing habit in this locality is a hereditary development, produced along clearly established lines, as already indicated.

But man in Toledo and thereabouts is not only a fishing but a social animal, and with few exceptions seeks companions who may share with him the pleasures of his sport and listen credulously and sympathetically to the various inventions of his imagination. And so it has come to pass that numerous groups of men have banded themselves together in associations for the exercise of the fishing instinct and the promotion of the fishing habit, with its attendant manifestations of shooting and yachting. And it is the purpose of these articles to sketch briefly for the readers of FOREST AND STREAM some of the most notable of these organizations, whose repute in many cases has extended even beyond the borders of the good State of Ohio, in which they have had their birth. And without more ado we may begin with the story of

The Middle Bass Club.

It was in the early '70s that a number of Toledo gentlemen, some twenty in all, were canvassing the subject of a common rendezvous for recreation purposes, and after considering various locations associated themselves for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a boating and fishing resort on the banks of the Ottawa River (popularly known as "Ten-Mile Creek") some five or six miles north of the city. Their experiences during the first two seasons (1872-73) were not at all satisfactory, the location not proving well adapted to the purposes of the association, and in the spring of 1874 a meeting of those interested was held, which had for its object the selection of a better location and the securing of a more perfect organization. This meeting resulted in large accessions of members, the creation of a board of trustees, the adoption of a constitution, and the election of the usual officers. The new committee on location made careful scrutiny of a number of sites on Middle Bass and Put-in-Bay Islands, and recommended the leasing in perpetuity of a piece of land at the extreme westerly end of the former. The lease was subsequently effected, and contracts were negotiated for a club house to cost in the neighborhood of $2,500, to be completed in the early summer of 1874. The experiences of the rougher sex proved so enjoyable during their first summer on the island that it was decided to expand the club house into a summer resort for their families and guests as well. Two thousand dollars were thereupon raised by subscriptions of $20 each from the 100 members for the required enlargements and improvements, and in the spring of 1875 the club built a dock and boat house, put up a windmill and water-works, and made a considerable addition to the house itself. In the previous year (1874) several of the members purchased lots on the ground adjacent, and began the erection of the beautiful cottages which have become so attractive a feature of the surroundings.

In 1879 the association decided to purchase the fine grove surrounding the club house, as well as the leased ground on which it stood, and by this step it came into possession of some ten acres, surrounded on three sides by the waters of the lake, and on the fourth by a street parallel to the easterly front of the club house itself, and extending through to the lake on either side.

In 1880 the club was incorporated under the general

laws of Ohio as an association not for profit, under the name of the Toledo and Lake Erie Boating and Fishing Association, which legal title has not, however, replaced its former well-known cognomen in every day parlance. In 1881 the members pledged themselves to pay an extra building assessment of $100 each, and under a contract made in the fall of the same year a new and handsome club building was begun and completed in June of the year following. It includes a commodious office with a wide, open fireplace, for the comfort of the bass fishermen in the spring and fall, pleasant parlors opening on broad verandas which overlook the lake to the south and west, a dining room capable of comfortably seating 200 guests, and in the second story sleeping rooms for about one-half that number. The original building was moved to the rear and transformed into servants' quarters, kitchens, ordinaries, etc. Other valuable improvements since 1875 have included new and larger docks, boat and bath houses and kitchens more adequate to the increasing requirements of the association. An enlarged and improved water-works system, with steam pumping apparatus, and a substantial sea wall protecting the club property, have also helped to absorb a large part of the association's surplus receipts.

The club house itself is in charge of a superintendent (steward) employed by the trustees, and he in turn engages and is responsible for his own corps of assistants. A fixed schedule of rates is made by the trustees for the board of members and their families (with reductions for children and servants), and a somewhat higher one for invited guests, who may be introduced by members from Toledo or elsewhere without geographical restriction. No charge is made for lodgings in the club house, and the cottages of members are cared for without charge by the employees of the superintendent, and in the same manner as the rooms in the club house.

It was about 1890 that the ladies connected with the club decided that its religious welfare was being sadly neglected, and accordingly they turned their attention in that direction, with such excellent results that, with a little assistance from the masculine and more irreligious element, they erected a beautiful and commodious chapel, in which religious services are held nearly every week of the season by visiting clergymen of various denominations.

Upon private grounds to the eastward, and immediately adjoining the property of the club, a miniature village has sprung up, composed of the cottages erected by club members. There are now twenty-three of these summer homes, whose picturesque exteriors and tastefully-kept lawns greatly heighten the beauty of the scene. Some of these, in architectural design and interior furnishing, would do no discredit to much more pretentious resorts than Middle Bass. Adjoining the cottages the "Count" William Rehberg (the original owner of all the western part of the island, and the only honorary member of the club) has built a spacious dancing pavilion, and here the merry dancers and the light island wines circulate freely (but within the bounds of moderation) in the soft summer evenings, and here the "Saturday night hops" of the club are the culmination of the week's social gaieties.

Founded originally twenty-five years ago by a coterie of congenial Toledo gentlemen, the Middle Bass Club of to-day is an association whose membership comprises individuals and families from all portions of the Union, although Toledo still claims the lion's share. The maximum number of members is limited by the constitution to 200, and at present only four vacancies exist. A candidate for membership is required to deposit in advance a membership fee of $500, and in the ballot for his election the presence of three black balls is sufficient to cause his rejection. Once elected, he is required to pay a yearly assessment of $20, which may, by a majority vote of all the members, be increased to any sum not exceeding $50 for the current year. The price of a membership certificate does not seem high when it is stated that the property of the association, including the grounds, buildings and other improvements, represent to-day a cash value of over $100,000. Four of the club members hail from New York city; Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Denver and Louisville are all represented on its rolls, and among the Ohio membership are people from Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Springfield, Dayton, Akron and other thriving towns of the interior of the State. The Governor of the State, Senator Foraker and ex-Secretary of the Treasury Foster are members and frequent visitors, and during the spring fishing seasons of 1898 and '99 ex-President Cleveland was both a welcome and appreciative guest. With him this year was "Fighting Bob Evans" of the battleship Iowa, and other gentlemen scarcely less distinguished in the councils of the State and the nation. It is understood that Mr. Cleveland is of the opinion that the bass fishing about the islands in the westerly end of Lake Erie is not surpassed by any corresponding piece of water in the country, a belief in which he is heartily corroborated by many lesser but no less enthusiastic fishermen.

Taken all in all, the Middle Bass Club may rightfully be regarded as an excellent example of a successful social and piscatorial trust. JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., June 30.

Showing Off.

EDMUNDSTON, July 1.—Our lakes and streams now present a very pretty picture for the sportsman. Being out on waters near here for the past seven days, with Harry S. Brown, of the New York Herald, we had two days of the finest trout fishing we ever experienced; took all we wanted; gave away over 30lbs. One day while on the trip we had stopped at the mouth of a brook, as it was raining. Mr. Brown and wife were waiting inside a house. I cast a few times and hooked a large trout. The whistle of the locomotive told me the train was coming. As the track was in plain sight and close to me, the idea presented itself to show off, which I did by playing the fish very easily; and while the train was passing I stood with rod bent, the trout splashing, which must have made a feeling of envy in any sportsman who viewed the sight from the train. But alas, for my delusion, I paid dearly for it. Just as the rear car went round the bend my trout got free by the hook breaking, which shows that it don't pay to put on airs. R.

ANGLING NOTES.

Another Coincidence.

COINCIDENCES seem to be coming my way in these days, and I shall put one down now while it is hot. Last February a friend met me in the street and said he had just bought a salmon rod at a bargain. It was a Forest & Son rod, and from what he told me about it I concluded that it was a bargain, and regretted that it had not fallen to me. In March I wrote to the tackle dealer in New York of whom my friend bought his rod, and incidentally reproached him for not letting me know that he had had such a bargain in a salmon rod. I received no reply until to-day, and I simply glanced at the contents of the letter and put it on my desk, as a stenographer was waiting for me to talk to him on another subject than salmon rods. This evening after dinner I took up the letter to read that my New York friend had written me about another bargain in a salmon rod, and explained why he had not written before. As I was reading the letter, my home friend rang the door bell and was shown in to where I sat reading the letter, and he had his bargain in a salmon rod in his hand to show me. He had been in Florida since he bought the rod, and except for meeting him on the train as he was returning, I had not seen him more than one other time, to pass him in the street, since he made the purchase, and he knew nothing about my having any correspondence with the New York dealer until I told him this evening. If it is not a coincidence what is it?

Sturgeon for Finland.

The two last words in the above note reminded me of something the moment I wrote them. I received a cablegram from Helsingfors, Finland, in March, which read: "Possible ship impregnated sturgeon eggs. Hintze." Mr. Hintze is the editor of a fisheries journal in Helsingfors, and at first I did not know whether to take the words of the message for a question or a declaration, but finally decided to accept it as a question. I had serious doubts about shipping sturgeon eggs to Finland, or rather I doubted if they would arrive there unhatched and in a condition to be hatched, and in this I was confirmed by Dr. Bashford Dean, of Columbia University, who, more than any other man, has had experience in hatching sturgeon eggs. When I wrote the reply, saying the eggs could not be sent safely, and the operator told me the message would cost $2.43 a word, including address and signature, I thought I knew why the message I received did not say, "Is it possible," if it were meant for a question, or "It is possible" if intended as a declaration. My message was revised and the operator revised his rate and called it 43 cents a word.

There was no further question about the meaning of the first message, when Dr. Nordquish, Inspector of Fisheries of Finland, wrote to ask if I could procure for him either adult sturgeon of small size, as he understood such fish were caught in all waters and thrown away, or sturgeon fry, and ship them to England, where they could be met by a messenger from Finland. There is but one concern doing business in this country likely to be of vital assistance in such a matter, for as yet the propagation of lake sturgeon artificially is in embryo, but I thought if I could get the eggs from commercial fishermen, the United States Fish Commission would hatch them, as an attempt to ship adult fish would be extremely risky even if the fish of suitable size could be procured. Dr. Dean's experience with the river sturgeon had taught him that the fry would require fifteen days in which to absorb the umbilical sac, and it might be possible to get the fry across the sea and to their destination within that time if they were hatched to fit in with the departure of a fast mail steamer.

When I wrote to the United States Fish Commissioner I found that it had been decided to propagate the lake sturgeon this year, and by direction of the Commissioner Mr. Livingston Stone was then on the Great Lakes seeking to obtain ripe fish that would furnish eggs to be hatched at the Cape Vincent station, and with the courtesy that has become traditional in the Commission I was advised that if Mr. Stone was successful in his quest I would have some sturgeon fry assigned to go to Finland instead of being obliged to search for eggs myself. The last of May Mr. Stone wrote me from East Alburgh, Vermont, that he was getting plenty of sturgeon, but up to the time of writing no ripe eggs had been secured. Arrangements have been made with the North German Lloyd Steamship Company to transport the fry, so the experiment will be tried this year if ripe eggs are found to produce the fry.

"Speckled Beauties."

This is an expression that gets the blue pencil in its vitals in well-regulated newspaper offices of this day, for it was worn to a frazzle before the period of the cave dwellers, and yet there is enough life in it for a correspondent to use it three times on a half-sheet of note paper in a letter to me this morning. I never heard him use it in conversation, for when he talks about brook trout he says brook trout, or he may vary it by saying speckled trout. It cannot be an expression that he has just heard, for he has read FOREST AND STREAM since its first issue, and to my certain knowledge the expression appeared in these columns at least seven times back in the seventies, and why he should fire it at me this hot morning, as if it came out of one of those guns that are loaded through a funnel, as you would fill a jug, and fired with a crank, such as is used to squeeze music out of a barrel organ, and makes a target look like a sieve after two turns of the crank handle, I cannot for the life of me understand. If he had written it once, I would have made no protest, but three times and on one side of a small half-sheet of note paper! If there had been quotation marks I would have understood it as a rude joke played on a fellow fisherman when the thermometer stood at 94 degrees in the shade and he could not defend himself. There are no quotation marks, and I must assume that the writer was in a poetic frame of mind. Freckled beauties is not so hackneyed as speckled beauties, but how is one to tell whether either refers to a trout or a hen or a pointer pup, when shorn of the context. If one wishes real poetry with the dew on it, why not adopt that of my friend, Dr. Quackenbos, who says: "Golden tinctured sides, gemmed with the fire of rubies."

If that is too long, say brook trout, or speckled trout, or freckled trout, for every man, woman and child who has caught them knows that they are beauties without being told.

Dams and Fishways.

A letter has just come in in the evening mail that will fit right in here, for it pertains to a subject that it was my plain duty to call attention to in FOREST AND STREAM long ago.

The letter is dated Oneonta, N. Y., June 8, and is as follows: "

"I send you by this mail a copy of the Oneonta Star, giving an account of fish trying to leap a dam near here. The dam in question was constructed last fall by the Oneonta Electric Light and Power Company across the Susquehanna River, one mile east of this town. On the 6th I visited the dam, to find if the reports were true about fish trying to get over it, and found the circumstances as stated in the printed account. In ten minutes, by actual count, I saw sixty fish make the attempt, and fall back. Should there not be a fishway in this dam?"

Apparently there should be a fishway in the dam; furthermore the dam seems to have been erected illegally and is maintained contrary to law, subjecting the owners to a fine if such should prove to be the case. Here is the clipping from the Star:

"A sight which will give every fisherman the fever at once can be seen at the upper dam of the Water Power Electric Company each evening, from 6 o'clock until dark. Readers are, no doubt, familiar with the habits of many fish to go down the streams in the fall to deeper water, many going to the ocean itself, and returning in the spring. For the past few weeks large quantities of fish have been making their way up the Susquehanna, but when they have reached the upper dam of the electric company they have been unable to swim or leap it. The water sweeps over the top and down the dam upon planks which are inclined possibly 35 degrees, and then along another row of planks about 5ft. long, which are level. When the water passes off the second row it breaks against the bottom, making a very large wave. The fish, in swimming up stream and striking this large wave, attempt to leap over the dam and can only throw themselves a part of the way and fall back into the rapids. Frequently a dozen fish are seen in the air at a time, vainly attempting to make the dam. At evening more are seen, but at all times of day, for many days now, this novel sight has been seen. Suckers, bass, pickerel and others can be distinguished.

"This, of course, has resulted in a congestion of fish below the dam, and it is said to be a conservative estimate that 2,000 suckers alone have been captured there. One fisherman, anchored in a boat in the center of the stream, in one day is said to have captured ninety-six suckers."

The fishway law of the State, now, and for seven years past, in force, is as follows:

The Fishway Law.

Sec. 260. Commissioners to be Notified of Construction of Dam.—No dam shall be constructed by the State or any person upon any stream more than six miles in length inhabited by fish protected by this act, until the person about to construct, or the officers having charge of the construction of the same shall give written notice to the Commissioners of such intention, together with a statement of the name, length and location of said stream and the size and general description of such dam, and the purposes for which it is to be erected, together with a diagram thereof.

Sec. 261. Authority of Commissioners to Direct Fishways.—The Commissioners are authorized in such cases to direct the construction of suitable fishways by an entry on their minutes and service of a copy of such order on the person constructing or officers having charge of the construction of such dam, and the person so constructing shall at his own expense, or the officers having charge of the construction shall, out of the funds appropriated for the construction of such dam, comply with such directions, subject, on application on notice as on a motion, to the right of the Supreme Court to affirm, reverse, modify or alter such directions.

Sec. 262. Owners to Comply with Directions of Commissioners.—Such fishways shall be properly maintained by the owner or person in possession of such dam, and shall be subject to examination and inspection on behalf of the Commissioners, who may direct such repairs and alterations as they may deem necessary, subject to the order of the Supreme Court, as in case of construction.

Sec. 263. Commissioners to Recover for Construction and Penalty.—In case of failure, refusal or neglect on the part of any person to comply with the directions of the Commissioners as to building and repairing fishways, the Commissioners may cause such fishways to be constructed or repaired, and the expense thereof may be recovered by the Commissioners in an action against the owner or person in possessioon, or both, in the name of the people, and shall, in addition to the personal liability of such owner or person in possession, be a lien upon the premises upon which such dam is situated. The person refusing or neglecting to comply with such directions of the Commissioners as to construction or repairs shall also be liable to a penalty of ten dollars for each day during which they neglect to obey such direction, which penalty may be recovered in like manner in the same or separate action.

Sec. 264. No person or persons, association, corporation or company shall build, place or maintain any rack, screen, weir or other obstruction across any of the creeks, streams or rivers of the State inhabitel by fish protected by law that will prevent the passage of fish from one point to another point in said waters except as provided in Sec. 143 of the fisheries, game and forest law. Whoever shall violate or attempt to violate the provisions of this section by placing, maintaining or causing to be placed or maintained any rack, screen, weir or other obstruction to prevent the passage of fish as aforesaid shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of $ for each rack, screen, weir or other obstruction built or maintained in violation of this section. (Added by Chap. 408 of Laws of 189

The exception in Sec. 143 relates to the maintaining of eel weirs in certain waters.

I have examined the applications made to the Fisheries Game and Forest Commission for permission to erect dams, that have been filed for the past two years at most, and find no application from the Oneonta Electric Light and Power Company. When such an application is filed with the Commission, it is usually referred to the State Fish Culturest for an examination of the dam, and his report upon it, and I am quite sure that no application for permission to build this dam has been referred to him. It is not strange that this dam should have been constructed without compliance on the part of the owners with the provisions of the fishway law, for repeatedly we have found that those about to build dams knew nothing about the law, so that there was no intention on the part to evade it. One of the first cases of this sort that I knew about was of a dam being erected by a lawyer who was attorney for a pulp company, and who was probably saturated with legal information in regard to water powers, dams and water privileges generally, and when

told him of the fishway law he was a surprised lawyer. The publication of the law in FOREST AND STREAM may bring it to the attention of people who would otherwise never see it.

The general fishway law quoted above was approved in 1892, and in addition to that law there is a special fishway law applying only to St. Lawrence and Franklin counties, and is Chap. 498 of the laws of 1895, and is printed in the Fisheries, Game and Forest Laws for free distribution.

Fishing in Lake George.

Mr. Harry W. Watrous, president of the Lake George Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, called upon me one evening lately, and we talked of the fishing in the lake. Mr. Watrous had been at his summer place on the lake but a few days, and I had not visited the lake this season, so the discussion was chiefly about information that had come to us at second hand. He had heard that the lake trout fishing was not particularly good, although it had been good early in May, when the trout were at the surface, and wondered why it was no better when the lake was so well stocked with young trout every year.

At the time Mr. Watrous was here there was a letter on my desk from Mr. E. Burgess Warren, owner of the fast steam yacht Ellide, inviting me to fish with him for lake trout in Lake George, in which he said: "I have fished two days for lake trout and got 36lbs. Thursday and 55lbs. yesterday. Largest, 9, 8, 7, 6¾ and 6¼lbs. respectively. We had eleven trout Thursday and fifteen yesterday." Certainly that is good fishing, and any one who wishes for better it would be difficult to please.

There are fishermen and fishermen, and when one man is successful it does not follow as a matter of course that all who fish will be equally successful, and, too, success means to one fisherman a few good fish fairly caught after a good fight, while another fisherman is not successful unless he catches more fish than three men should in decency kill. The lake trout fishing is not as good in the lake as it would be if there were less whitefish in it. Since the Great Lakes whitefish were planted by the National Fish Commission in 1887 they have fairly swarmed in the lake, and none are caught except the few taken as bait fish, so that not only is a vast quantity of the best food going to waste for lack of means to take it, but the whitefish are eating a great quantity of food which should go to the young trout. There is no finer food fish than whitefish, and the place to eat them is where they are caught, and I venture to say that nine out of ten who could have whitefish and lake trout placed before them on the tables freshly caught from the water, would prefer the former. The "Otsego bass," so highly prized as a delicate table fish, is a whitefish, and there is a special law to permit their capture in nets. The same section of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Law, namely, 149, says that: "Frostfish, whitefish, catfish, sunfish, pumpkin seeds, bullheads, perch, suckers and sturgeon may also be taken with nets from inland lakes not inhabited by brook trout during such period, and in such manner and under rules and regulations as the Commissioner of Fisheries, Game and Forests may prescribe." If the Commissioners would license some nets to take whitefish in Lake George, the lake trout fishing would be improved and the people would have such a choice table fish that they would wish to remain there for an indefinite time to enjoy them.

Black Bass.

Mr. W. H. Faxon, of Chestertown, N. Y., writes me under date of June 22: "Cannot something be done to prevent the wholesale slaughter of young black bass by taking the old fish off their beds?

"I understand that the closed season for black bass was off in this section June 15. The bass are not yet off their beds, and there are parties here who take twenty to twenty-five adult bass daily, and yet I suppose it is within the bounds of the law no black bass should be taken from the waters in this vicinity before July 1 to July 10."

That is all true enough, and everyone who knows anything about the matter must know it is true, but I have harped on this subject for so many years in FOREST AND STREAM that I expect the editor turns purple every time he reads the words "black bass" in my handwriting.

The only thing to be done to remedy the condition complained of is to amend the black bass law and make the closed season cover the breeding season and the time thereafter that the young bass require the protection of the parent. That is the only thing which will preserve our black bass fishing, for bass cannot be hatched like trout and shad, and they need all the intelligent protection a State can give them. Spawning in the lakes, the young bass are the prey of countless enemies, in spite of the watchful care of the parents, and the parent bass has been known to devour its own brood after watching over it during the hatching period and days which follow, and the fry devour one another when they begin to feed (a few days ago I went into a baggage car on the Delaware & Hudson River Railroad, where a messenger of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission had 6,000 young big-mouth black bass in cans going to the Hudson River, and I asked him why he looked so troubled, and he said because the bass were beginning to eat one another, and he wanted to get them in the river before the practice spread), so that altogether too much care cannot be exercised to protect the fish so far as just laws can protect them. The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission has ceased to distribute the small-mouth black bass, although some big-mouth fry are sent out to certain waters where the same species is native, and nothing but a law to cover the spawning and rearing season will preserve the black bass. Every time it is suggested in Albany to lengthen the close season until July 1, there is such opposition to it that the amendment fails; but the time must come when a sufficient number of people will realize the importance of such an amendment to secure its adoption, and it is to be hoped that the time will come before it is too late to save the fish for generations to follow us.

Pacific Salmon.

Mr. J. H. White, of Buffalo, N. Y., writes me about Pacific salmon as follows:

"I read your article in FOREST AND STREAM regarding Pacific salmon, which interested me greatly, and I wish to add my testimony to your position on the question of said salmon taking the fly.

"I resided on Gray's Harbor, Wash., from the spring of 1890 to the fall of 1892. Said Gray's Harbor empties into the Pacific Ocean about forty miles north of the Columbia River. During all the time I was in Washington I was a devotee of the rod and line, and never heard of a salmon being taken on the fly, although I was fortunate enough to be in the boat on three separate occasions when we hooked salmon, but the others fellows held the line. Twice we hooked the fish on a spoon and landed them, and once we took one on salmon roe, which we procured from net fishermen, and were using for salmon trout, so called there, but more likely sea trout" (this fish is the steel head now introduced into Eastern waters and also called salmon trout on the Pacific Coast. This year it bred in the fresh-water ponds of the U. S. Fish Commission at East Oakland, Maine). "I was informed by men from Tacoma that they had great sport at times on Puget Sound taking salmon on small spoon and light rod and line from moving sailboats. Kipling, speaking of 'Chinook' salmon, would indicate that he was fishing in the Columbia River, as the Chinook is only found in that stream, except on rare occasions, when one net fisherman would get one. You know the salmon vary in different rivers, some species being found only in one stream, vide Quinault, found only in the river of that name coming out of the Olympic Mountains, and the most delicious eating of them all. You may rest assured that the Columbia River salmon found in Eastern markets is more like others than the Chinook, and probably never saw the Columbia River."

I think Mr. White must be in error about the Chinook being found only in the Columbia River. It has various other names, such as King salmon, Quinnat salmon, Sacramento salmon, Tyee salmon, Tchaviche, Saw-Kwey and Tschawytscha, and its range is put down as "Alaska, Oregon and California. Southward to Ventura River, and to northern China, ascending all large streams, especially abundant in the Columbia and Sacramento rivers, where it is the principal salmon."

The Quinault salmon is new to me, and I wonder if it is not the Quinnat, another name for the Chinook or King salmon. It is more than likely that I have written in this column of the catching of salmon in Puget Sound with spoon and artificial minnows, for during the residence of a brother in Tacoma for several years he sent me photographs of catches of salmon made with both lures, and Gen. Ripley, of Rutland, Vermont, wrote me on one occasion from Tacoma, I think, of a day's fishing in Puget Sound when he killed a number of Pacific salmon on an artificial minnow and with spoon as well.

A. N. CHENEY.

In Camp on Back Creek.

WINCHESTER, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been intending for some time to write the story of a camping trip made by my friend Steimann Snapp and myself on Back Creek, fifteen miles from this city. We had been planning this trip for some time, and each of us, being tied down to business, looked forward with a great deal of pleasure to the day when we should start. It was the night of a warm, sultry day, and we made the start about 11:30 o'clock. It clouded up shortly after we left town, which made driving somewhat difficult, and we did not reach our destination until about 5 o'clock the next morning. However, we arrived all safe, and selecting for a site on which to pitch our tent a slight elevation about 20yds. from the creek, we soon had the white canvas stretched. The next thing on the programme was to have breakfast. This was my first camping trip, and I had never cooked nor helped to cook anything in my life; but my friend had been there before, and the breakfast was all right. We next visited a straw stack nearby, and carrying several large armfuls to the tent, proceeded to construct some sort of a bed, which proved to be very comfortable.

It had cleared off beautifully by 9 o'clock, and the water in the creek was clear and smooth, and had we only known that a hard rain was in store for us in the evening, we would very likely have put in most of the day fishing. Instead, we explored around our new quarters, hunting good fishing holes, wood, etc. Well, along about 5 o'clock in the afternoon the rain came down in torrents, and at one time things looked rather serious for us. We hadn't pegged our tent down very securely, and the wind which accompanied the rain came very near carrying it away. However, it stood the storm, and we were happy in the thought that we had it pitched on dry ground. When darkness set in things looked rather gloomy around camp. A drizzling rain was falling, and the darkness outside was inky. Another thing also came into our minds, and that was the fact that there would be no bass fishing on the morrow. The creek had risen very high, and was rushing past below us with a wild roar. About 8 o'clock several young farmers strolled down to our tent, and they were very welcome visitors. Snapp and myself had brought banjo and guitar along with us, and I suggested that we have some music to liven things up. We played several selections for our visitors, who in turn favored us with several "coon" songs. The night passed off very pleasantly, and it was after 12 o'clock when we rolled into our bed of straw.

The next day dawned clear and bright; but oh! the water was so muddy. After breakfast we overhauled our out-lines and got them in readiness to set in the afternoon. Right down below us was a barbed wire fence running clear across the creek, which looked as if it might have been used at one time for a water gate. Well, the water was right deep along here, so we just strung our out-lines right along the wire. About 4 o'clock in the evening Snapp took his gun and went out to try his luck on some doves, which seemed very plentiful in this section. In less than a half hour he came back with five nice, plump doves for supper. Broiled dove, corn cakes, fried potatoes, coffee and good old country milk—what more could two campers want? After supper we got out our Powhatans and talked over what we intended to do later—of the bass we were going to catch and the hauls on our out-lines. About 12 o'clock that night we looked at our lines. I was the first one down to the creek, and noticed something tugging to beat the band on the third line from the shore.

Snapp hurried down to where I was standing, waded in and soon had struggling in the air an immense eel, his white belly showing up under the glare of the lantern which I was holding. We had to get the boat to go out to the rest of the lines. After we had examined all the lines we had six eels and five bass. We went to bed that night with the assurance that we wouldn't go hungry in the morning. There are some people who wouldn't eat an eel if they almost starved; but they don't know what's good. We ate them and enjoyed them, too; but Snapp is an unusually good cook, and may be that had something to do with them tasting so delicious.

The next day the water began to clear, and our main thoughts were of those big bass which we were going to catch. In the afternoon we got our minnow seine out and went down to where we had thrown the refuse from the eels we had caught before, and caught a nice bucket of live bait. Putting the bucket out into the stream just far enough so that the water would cover it, and placing a large stone upon it, we left it there until the next day. We had been down the creek a good piece, and had discovered some excellent-looking sheets of water and had also seen some fine bass disporting themselves therein. It was agreed that we should make an early start the next morning and try our luck. We were up at 5 o'clock and off for the fishing place. As we were walking along I noticed a quiet, deep eddy, into which the water rushed from a slight elevation, and after going round and round dashed on upon its never-ceasing journey. I put on a fly and made a cast right into the middle of the eddy. There was a rush through the water just as the fly touched the surface, and away he went down to the bottom. In a few seconds he started again. I called a halt then by giving the line a sudden jerk. The hole in which I was fishing was not more than 15 by 20ft. Well, sir, that fish made the water in that eddy boil. Around and around he went, sometimes skirting around the edges, and now and then throwing himself clear out of the water. I let him have his fun, for I didn't wish to risk my rod trying to land him while he was in this bad humor. My friend had not yet made a cast, but was standing near by watching the excitement with keen interest. The struggles of the fish were becoming weaker, and I slowly began to reel him in. I had no trouble landing him, for he was pretty nearly worn out; but he had fought hard and had given me more exciting pleasure than I had experienced for a long time.

"Isn't he a dandy! He'll weigh at least 5lbs., won't he?" said Snapp.

"Yes, he'll weigh every bit that much, and I believe there are some more of them in here. Bait your line and make a cast just behind that rock. I just saw a ripple in the water there."

He put on a minnow and threw in, and balancing his pole on a stone on the bank, came over to take another look at the fish I had just caught.

"Look out, there!" I cried. "Something's got your line!" And just as he rushed to the spot his rod had slid over the bank into the water. Snapp is a true sportsman, from the crown of his head to the soles of his shoes, and without a word jumped right square into the water after that fish. I couldn't help but laugh at him as he splashed and made a grab for his rod. The water caught him up around the waist, and after bracing himself he commenced to work on that fish. The reel on his rod was buzzing like a saw mill. The bass had struck out and had gotten out of the eddy into the riffles below, and was going down stream as fast as he could go. Luckily, Snapp had about 150ft. on his reel, and he let the fish run. Well, that bass kept on going, and Snapp was getting nervous. He only had 15ft. of line left. "Al," he said, what must I do? I have only 10ft. of line left, and I can't stop that bass."

Ramming my hand down into my pocket, I picked out a silk line, and rushing up to him in the water, snatched the end of his line, which was hanging out about 11in. from the end of the reel, and tied mine to it. I was not a minute too soon, for away went the hemp, followed by the silk. This was an unusually long run for a bass. He did not stop until he had gone fully 200ft. Then he slowed up. I ran down below the riffles, jumped into a boat and rowed to within 30ft. of the fish and grabbed the line and commenced to pull him in. It would have taken some time to reel him in, and then he might have taken the idea into his head to start off again. I got him safely into the boat with the assistance of a landing net, rowed to the shore and presented him to Snapp as his prize. He was a little bit larger than mine and weighed probably 5½lbs. Thus ended one of the most exciting bits of sport with the bass I exer experienced. We were very well satisfied with our two big fish and started on our way back to camp. It was very near dinner time, and we were very hungry. We met a farmer, who admired the bass very much, and said they were the largest he had seen caught around this section for some time.

There was a house about 200yds. from us, up through a lane of locusts. We must return our thanks to the people of this household, for they were certainly kind to us. They gave us milk and eggs and told us to help ourselves to anything in the garden we needed.

I got up quite early one morning, and taking my fishing rod strolled down the creek to catch some perch. In an hour or so I had caught a very decent string. The perch you catch in these waters are about as big as your hand, and when fried nice and brown make an excellent dish. I had stopped fishing and was lying on the ground enjoying the cool morning breeze, when suddenly I smelled the faint odor of coffee. Snapp was getting breakfast, and the gentle wind was bringing the sweet fragrance of that old, battered and burnt coffee pot right down the creek. I jumped up, and getting my fish together started for camp at a double-quick gait. I couldn't stand the smell of that coffee pot, and every step I took toward camp the odor became stronger, and presently I detected the noise made by the frying pan.

Our time was growing limited; we only had two more days left before starting back home. We put in all the time possible fishing, so as to have some fish to carry back with us. When we counted our fish the evening we left we had thirty-two all told. With reluctant hands we

pulled down the tent and loaded our wagon. It was nearly dark when we were ready to start, and with a last adieu to the place where we had had such delightful pleasure pulled out for Winchester.

ALF. T. CLINE.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, July 8.—Pickerel fishing is constantly in favor with those who can hardly find time to go for trout or salmon fishing further from home, and indeed there are sportsmen who have a great liking for capturing the spiteful fresh-water demons. Mr. E. C. Stevens, of Boston, is fond of fishing for pickerel in Lake Dunmore, Saulsbury, Vt. He had as his guests, over the Fourth, Mr. Edward Thayer, Mr. Edward Hardy, Mr. W. F. Scott and ladies. Though the weather was hot the fishing was not badly neglected. They took over 60lbs. of pickerel and trout. One pickerel, a monster, weighing 9lbs., was taken by Mr. Hardy. It was immediately shipped to Boston and shown in Appleton & Bassett's window, where it attracted a good deal of attention. Though called a pickerel, sportsmen are inclined to regard it as not of the same class as the smaller pickerel of our ponds and rivers, being much lighter in coloring and without the yellowish tinge peculiar to the ordinary pickerel. Perhaps the FOREST AND STREAM will throw some light on this question.

Bass fishing continues in vogue. Mr. Frank N. Gannong and Mr. A. J. Fassit, of Boston, spent the Fourth fishing for bass on a pond in Northfield. They had good success, taking one bass that weighed almost 4lbs. They found the sun very hot most of the time. Fishing for pickerel or perch was unsatisfactory. On the Maine lakes and ponds bass fishing continues very satisfactory, especially the Belgrade and Winthrop ponds. White perch fishing on the same waters is nearly due. The close time of several years on white perch on the Monmouth Pond is ended this summer, and the fishing promises to be excellent.

Senator W. P. Frye, of Maine, has returned from his salmon fishing trip to the Restigouche. He succeeded in capturing seven salmon weighing nearly 20lbs. each, and what is even better, he got absolute rest, not a letter reaching him while at the salmon waters. Col. Convers J. Smith, of the U. S. Treasury, has recently been on a trip to the Pacific Coast, under instructions from Secretary Gage to look into customs affairs. He reached the Catalina Islands about May 1, and after looking after business till about the 10th he took a day off for fishing. He caught seven or eight big sea bass weighing 38 to 40lbs. each, and a lot of "yellowtails," so called—he does not have the scientific name handy—weighing 15 or 20lbs. each. The Colonel considers that he had a great day's sport. The tackle used by himself, Special Agent Graham and the boatman, Hugo, consisted of 20ft. salmon rods and the regulation salmon reels and lines. Much depended upon the strength of the tackle and the skill of the fisherman. At the best, some monsters would get away.

July 10.—Fishing at the Rangeleys continues better than usual after hot weather, although there is some complaint that the trout do not rise to the fly as readily as in former seasons. Still there has been some fair fly-fishing at the Upper Dam, the Middle Dam and other points. Last week some fair catches were made at the Upper Dam. Mr. L. O. Crane is back in Boston, from an enjoyable outing at the Upper Dam. He took but few large fish, though having fair success with small ones. Mr. T. B. Stewart, of New York, is fishing there as usual, his record being over many seasons. He loves that spot. Mr. R. N. Parish is also fishing there, and Mr. Rowe, Mr. Dougherty and Mr. Bearse have just been there. One has only to be a fisherman and go to the Upper Dam when Mr. Stewart or Mr. Parish are there to be pretty sure of a fine trout to take home, even if he does not catch one himself. These gentlemen put their fish into the "common stock" if above 3lbs.—under that size they are allowed to escape, unless injured in capturing—and if they are not needed for the table, the unlucky sportsman is expected to take one or two home. The record recently opened at the Upper Dam includes no fish under 3lbs., and no fish not taken with the fly is allowed to be entered. This record is as follows: June 9, T. S. Potter, salmon, 4lbs. 12oz.; 15th, Eugene Lynch, salmon, 5lbs. 4oz.; 15th, T. A. Pratt, salmon, 5lbs. 13oz.; 16th, John M. Niles, salmon, 5lbs. 8oz.; 17th, Eugene Lynch, salmon, 6lbs. 8oz.; 17th, R. N. Parish, trout, 3lbs. 5oz.; 19th, H. A. Pratt, trout, 3lbs. 1oz.; 20th, William Tureh, salmon, 4lbs. 8oz.; 21st, T. B. Stewart, trout, 4lbs. 4oz.; 21st, H. A. Pratt, trout, 4lbs. 4oz.; 26th, R. N. Parish, salmon, 4lbs. 3oz.; 29th, R. N. Parish, trout, 4lbs. 3oz.; 29th, J. H. Dougherty, salmon, 3lbs. 3oz.; 29th, R. N. Parish, trout, 3lbs.; 30th, T. B. Stewart, salmon, 3lbs. 13oz.; 30th, R. N. Parish, trout, 3lbs. 6oz.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Bearse, of Lewiston, Me., have been at the Upper Dam, and at other points among the Rangeleys. A part of the time they were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. H. W. True, of Boston. They had some very fair fly-fishing. J. J. Leviseur, of Boston, and Otto M. Stanfield, of New York, have been on quite an extended fishing trip to the Rangeleys. Mr. Leviseur is reported to have caught over thirty trout in one day from the Richardson Ponds. If the report is true, he has had the best success there of any fisherman this season. Others are finding the fishing there very poor.

At the Rangeley Lake House, Rangeley, Me., a record of the salmon taken is being kept this season. From May 14 to June 25 the record was sixty-four salmon, aggregating 303lbs., average weight 4lbs. 12oz. The largest salmon weighed 10lbs., and was taken by Mr. Eugene Atwood, of Williamantic, Conn., June 2.

Reports from the Rangeleys suggest that the test case of Mr. Elmer Snowman is pretty sure to be brought before the Maine courts, on the question of the constitutionality of the guide license law. It will be remembered that Mr. Snowman has persisted in guiding without a license, though twice arrested for the same and brought on trial. His cases have been appealed to the full bench. Mr. Snowman is a gentleman and an honest, straightforward citizen of the town in which he lives. As a guide he is universally liked. I know of men who have employed him for years with great satisfaction to themselves. He believes that he has a right to earn his living as a guide without any interference from the State or Fish Commission. He has the sympathy of almost every one of the guides of his section, and they have contributed such sums as they are able to aid him in carrying forward his case. A Maine daily paper of good authority says:

"The Rangeley Lakes Guides' Association has as yet taken no action in his behalf, but before long President Freeeman Tibbetts will call a meeting for such purpose. It is understood on both sides that if Snowman holds his present position and does not weaken, every guide in the Association will contribute $5 to pay lawyers' bills and support him during enforced idleness. This means a matter of $200."

Outside of Rangeley, papers are in circulation for the relief of Mr. Snowman. Sportsmen of means have also contributed to aid him. The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners are much interested in the outcome of his case, since it decides the constitutionality of the whole guide license business.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

Western Angling Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 7.—The Western angling season thus far has been a disappointment, this fact being due largely to a season of great high water and many storms. Our bass season for this immediate section is now practically over, or rather we might naturally expect it to be over at this date, though really there has been no definite bass season at all worth mentioning. The trout season is to be considered past its prime by the first of July, and I presume we shall not hear of much heavy trout fishing until the grasshopper days of August. I am inclined to think that Michigan has furnished better trout fishing this spring than Wisconsin, the latter State having been visited with a series of freshets which ruined some of the best streams. Our three varieties of game fish most prized are the bass, trout and muscallunge, and of the three I am disposed to think the latter has made the best showing this year thus far. I have heard of some few nice fish being taken in Wisconsin, and think the average weight greater than it has been for two or three years in that section. July we do not call a good fishing month, but thus far the weather has been cool and cloudy, about what the middle of May ought to show, so I think the spawning will be late this year for the bass and would not be surprised to hear of very decent bass and 'lunge fishing in this despised midsummer month.

Movements of the Anglers.

Mr. I. D. Belasco and Mr. H. Greenwood are recently back from Cedar Lake, Ill., where they had but indifferent success with the bass. This lake is right at the edge of Lake Villa, one of the greatest summer resort points along the Wisconsin Central line, and it is fished so much that it is a wonder even these two skillful anglers could get much return.

Mr. H. H. Miner and Mr. W. La Parle returned a few days since from a trip to Two Rivers, Mich. On one day they took forty-six bass, many of them small-mouths, and on the whole they report a very pleasant trip.

Mr. H. W. Perce will leave next Monday for Hudson Lake, Mich., where he will remain for six weeks or so and have his fill of angling for bass. There are some small-mouths in those waters.

Mr. John Watson and Mr. William Haskell spent the Fourth at Maksawba Club, on the Kankakee River. Mr. Watson caught one wall-eyed pike which weighed 7lbs., a very fine specimen. He also caught while casting frog for bass, four blue catfish, whose total weight was over 25lbs. Bass were scarce and but few were taken, though Mr. Haskell had some sport with wall-eyed pike. These gentlemen report the Kankakee River overrun with carp.

Two gentlemen, by name of Boden and Kreuger, of Horicon, Wis., had good fortune at Fox Lake, Wis., recently, taking twenty-nine black bass, six pike and three pickerel. On the same lake there has been considerable heavy fishing this season. Friend Hitchcock, of the Representative, states that Dr. Forbes on one day caught forty black bass on Fox Lake. John Lauermann on one day caught 104 bass and pickerel. Dick Hoover caught fifty-seven black bass on one day, and others claim catches of sixty to eighty. One of these days anglers will say Fox Lake used to be a good fishing place.

Messrs. Fred Gardner, W. C. Gillett, E. C. Smith and L. G. Stiles, all of Chicago, left Friday a week ago for an extended exploitation of the muscallunge waters of Wisconsin. They have not yet returned, but will soon be back, and I should expect them to report good luck.

Messrs. H. L. Stanton, Frank Willard, James Hall, Col. Young and Mr. Marble, all of Chicago, are recently back from a couple of weeks' trip after muscallunge on Squirrel Lake, Wis. They had very good luck, taking all the fish they cared for and more than they cared to keep. They had them in weights of 28lbs., 22lbs., 18lbs., 16lbs., and so on down to 7lbs. They put back a great many small fish. Of bass they took a great many, on one day twenty, which averaged 3½lbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Schaffer, of the Colonial Hotel, Chicago, have returned from a fishing trip to Plum Lake, Wis., where they had very fine success. Their heaviest muscallunge were 15 and 16lbs. They caught all the bass they cared for.

Mr. J. E. Strong, of Selz, Schwab & Co., is just back from a trouting trip to Wisconsin. I have not seen him, but understand that he reports rather poor success.

Mr. Edward G. Taylor has returned from his long stay on the Prairie River, Wisconsin. He reports the season rather a failure, owing to long continued high water.

I presume the happiest man in town is Mr. F. N. Peet, whose proposed trip with his friends, Chadwick, Hascall, Smith and Tinthoff, I mentioned some weeks ago. They went to the Pere Marquette, in Michigan, and Mr. Peet saw his dreams come true. He landed a 3¾lb. rainbow trout, and so accomplished a great ambition of his life.

To-day Mr. George Murrell, speaking of these rainbow trout of Michigan, said: "They are not rainbow trout at all, but are the Mt. Shasta trout, a very much more gamy fish." As to this I cannot say, as I have never angled for the Michigan rainbows or been along when any were taken of any great size.

We have had within the past few weeks a number of distinguished anglers in this portion of the country. Hon. George D. Meikeljohn, Assistant Secretary of War, outfitted here for an extended fishing trip on Lake Winnebago, Wis., where he was at last accounts this week.

Mr. J. Edward Addicks, sometimes irreverently termed "Gas Addicks," of Claymont, Del., outfitted here heavily with guns and fishing tackle, preparatory for a long trip in Arizona, where he contemplates purchasing a large body of land.

Mr. Charles W. Deering, of this city, has been for several months at Glenwood Springs, Colo., shooting and fishing, and continually sends back for more tackle. He seems intent upon having a busy summer with the trout.

Poison in the Fox.

The factories along the Fox River have been discharging poisonous waste into that stream, and great numbers of bass and pike have been killed, wagon loads of them having been gathered along the banks. Yesterday the State Fish Commissioner visited the town of Batavia to look into this matter, and it is to be hoped the abuse will be corrected.

A Long Felt Want.

I presume all good and truthful anglers have time and again beeen pained by the incredulity of friends to whom they have told stories of the large fish that got away. A great many really truthful men have had scorn and contumely heaped upon them while they were in the absolutely defenseless position of having no proof to support their assertions. All such men have long felt the want of some sort of appliance to record the weight of the fish which got away. I am pleased to observe to-day that my friend, William Schmedtgen, head artist of fthe Chicago Record, is able to record the discovery of such an apparatus as that above indicated. The credit for this discovery belongs, according to the advertisement, to no less a person than Mr. A. Hirth, who runs the tackle department at Spalding's. The apparatus is described as below:

"Mr. Hirth, it is said, worked on this instrument for twelve years. It was the outgrowth of his vexation at being pestered with his friends' stories about the big fish which escaped after having been hooked. Being naturally bright, he succeeded in completing a most delicately constructed automatic scale, which will tell the weight of a fish at once, if it is on the hook but a second—in fact, if he only strikes and misses. The scales will also show when a weed has been caught. A spiral spring runs through the center, with space at the top for a number of pellets. When a bass weighing, say, 15lbs., is struck, the spring gives to the proper section and lets one pellet fall into the compartment marked at 15lbs. The fisherman may have many strikes during the day, and if he has several of the same weight the compartment will contain as many pellets as there were strikes. The scale does not register any fish under 10lbs., as Mr. Hirth in all his experience in listening to his friends never heard of a lost bass which did not weigh more than 10lbs. The scale is about 2in. long and is to be tied on the line just above the hook and cast out with the bait. Mr. Hirth is having the scales turned out as fast as possible, as there is a great demand for them."

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

"Fish Stories."

BALTIMORE, July 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to "Fish Stories," by Mr. Henry Talbott, in your issue of the 8th inst.: Yesterday, July 4, wishing to celebrate our national holiday in true sportsmanlike manner, I went a-fishing on the Susquehanna River for bass—small-mouth black bass—with a companion whose patriotism ran in the same direction. We had indifferent success, but a large amount of piscatorial experience, of the which I am about to relate, and will verify.

Noting that portion of Mr. Talbott's letter where he quotes Jesse Middleton's experience on the Choppewamsic, I think the experience of two of my friends will discount Jesse's. First, my companion in the boat with me had a wicked strike, and giving the fish a few moments to pouch the live bait, he struck, and the line came back with leader and snell, but minus the hook. On examination we came to the conclusion that the wrapping fastening the gut snell to the hook was defective. A half-hour after he caught a bass, and on disengaging the hook noticed what seemed to be a thread of silk such as is used for wrapping the hook to the gut snell. We were not so sure of this until we dressed our fish—this we always do on the stream, trout, bass or any other fish—when we found the hook and the bait in the stomach of the fish. It had swallowed the bait and the hook; and after being placed on the "string" and was none the worse for the dose, as it was very much alive and kicking.

Another remarkable catch occurred within hailing distance of our boat the same day. Two men were fishing, one of whom had two rods out; the one who had two rods had a strike, and hooked the fish. While playing it it ran over toward the second line, and immediately there was a strike on that rod. He called to his companion to take the second rod until he could land his fish. His companion did so, and they landed the same fish. The bass had taken the first bait, gorged it and then run over and taken the second bait. Both hooks had fastened, one far down on the throat and the other in the mouth. The bass was not a large one, possibly 1lb. or over; and it occasioned great merriment when they found they were playing the same fish.

Who will now say that the small-mouth bass is ever satisfied with the food it has in its stomach?

E. S. Y.

Fishing at Betterton.

BETTERTON, Md.—At the point where the Sassafras River enters Chesapeake Bay is a favorite fishing ground for Philadelphia and Baltimore anglers, for white perch and other species. It is reached by the Ericsson Line of steamboats, which ply between the two cities; and Mr. Clarence Shriver, agent, 204 Light street, Baltimore, sends out an attractive illustrated booklet showing the points of interest on the route.

Trout Fishing in Pictures.

"THIS is the season of the year," said the Truthful Angler, "in which the calendars should contain the italic line 'Now read trout stories.'" The Truthful Angler is not only an enthusiast, but ranks as an expert also, for he goes away for three days when the season opens and returns with trout "from a little stream back of Copake" he says by way of explanation.

"It's not so much the stories I mind," says the Truthful Angler, "for no person ever really lies about fish, even though a justifiable expansion may in some instances be practiced. But it is the pictures. Such consistent misrepresentation cannot be the result of accident and ignorance. I am convinced that there is somewhere a school of impressionist fishing in which the first canon is to shun everything that is natural. Look at the pictures of men fishing for trout and take them as they run. Most of them have the angler fishing the wrong way of the stream. A good many take pains to outline the man's shadow fairly over the one likely spot for a trout to lie. But the saddest of all such art, for it must be art, since it cannot be illustration, is the series of pictures which claim to depict fly-casting. Invariably this dainty art is portrayed in one of two ways; sometimes both are combined. Commonly the angler is shown in the act of brandishing his rod in the firm grip of both hands. Another strongly accentuated feature is the position of the elbow. Generally that is represented as on the level of the shoulder, and as far away from the body as is possible. Frequently these two remarkable attitudes are shown in combination by bringing the left arm across the face and stretching the wrist far enough to allow the hand to grasp the rod. Now I don't pretend to be much on art, but I do claim to be able to put a fly where it will do the most good. When I was a youngster and first left off worms and began to fish in that brook I know at the back of Copake, these were all the rules I ever got for casting: 'Use only one hand; keep your elbow digging into your ribs until the fish is landed.' Just about one in a hundred of these pictured fishermen is making a real cast. What the others are doing I don't know, unless maybe it's this golf game under moist conditions. I believe they hold some of their Scotch shinny sticks that way."

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Newfoundland Fishing.

ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland.—The rivers all around the island teem with salmon and sea trout, and any angler on pleasure bent, who wants to get his fill of first-class angling and at the same time who wants to enjoy a cool, pleasant climate for a few weeks, can find no better place in the whole world than in Newfoundland about the month of July.

I have had many inquiries from American sportsmen as to the climate, cost of travel, hotel rates, etc., and replied to most of them. For the information of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, I'd like to repeat that the climate in summer is bracing, seldom going over 75 or 80 degrees. Hotel accommodation for sportsmen is cheap, rarely exceeding a dollar per day. Of course, parties camping out can live much more cheaply than that, and the finest grades of necessaries for outfit can be had in St. John's nearly as cheaply as in New York. Guides can be had in abundance, and cost about a dollar per day, except an arrangement be made for a trip, when it probably would not cost much over half that figure. There is a tri-weekly connection with the continent, and through tickets may be had in New York, Boston or any of the large railway centers for a very reasonable amount for the round trip. The palace steamer Bruce plies tri-weekly between Sydney and Port au Basque, and the railway system of the island is now equal to best American service. All things considered, the sportsman who is anxious for sport, and who wants to enjoy a few weeks of bracing, health-giving enjoyment with a short sea voyage (six hours it takes for the run from Sydney to Port au Basque), and all at moderate cost, can get them all in a summer trip to Newfoundland.

W. J. CARROLL.

Like Cleopatra.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H. July 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have written for FOREST AND STREAM occasionally, for so many years, some twenty-two or twenty-three, as I remember, that I quite feel as if I belonged to it, and am pleased and honored to be recognized as one of its "stand-by" contributors. The first thing I do when I get the paper, as I now do regularly Thursday morning, is to look over the signatures to the letters, and if I find Rowland E. Robinson, Shoshone, El Comancho, Podgers and Didymus among them, I am sure of two or three days' enjoyment, for I read the paper leisurely, and pass it on to some boy friends the next Wednesday, so as to be ready for the coming number. I miss H. P. U., Wells, O. O. S. and others very much; but you have some good new correspondents to fill the gaps, and I enjoy the letters of Messrs. Avis, Spears, Hastings and Mrs. Churchill very much, as well as those of Messrs. Price and Talbott. I wish we could hear oftener from Kelpie, Kingfisher and Mr. Wingfield, and I should like to hear again from your Central American correspondent, Mr. Lyman. "Take it all in all," to quote Shakespeare, FOREST AND STREAM is like Cleopatra, "Age cannot wither, nor can custom stale, its infinite variety."

To say that it is as fresh and good as ever is a truism. To say that it is better, seems impossible, and I watch for its weekly visits as eagerly as ever.

VON W.

Long Island Fishing.

QUEENSWATER, L. I.—Messrs. Meyer and Son deserve the honor of having captured the first kingfish of the season. They went out from Benny Moliter's place, and the total catch was five kingfish, six weakfish and a variety of other fishes, such as fluke, bass, etc. The big bluefish have arrived, and make lively fishing outside. They are averaging from 6 to 10lbs. each. The largest catch for one boat was sixty-two caught last Friday.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

That Maine Fishing Record.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of July 8, under the heading, "Angling Intemperance," I find an allusion to my catching 701 trout in one day on the meadow grounds in the Seven-Pond region, and your correspondent describes this as particularly brutal sport. It is a fact that I caught 701 trout in one day all on a fly, and my diary shows that 693 were returned to the water immediately, with the utmost care to avoid injuring them. The eight remaining were cooked for lunch. As I went over the same ground the next afternoon and found no dead fish, I think comparatively few were seriously hurt. It is also true that during eleven days' stay in the Seven Ponds region, I killed only sixty-nine fish and ate them, and I did not take away with me a single fish. It happened that with two exceptions the fish weighing 1lb. or more were caught in the afternoon, and none of these were killed, as we returned to camp for supper.

If your correspondent will take up the matter of plug fishing in the larger Rangeley Lakes, he may help to discourage a real abuse. In the present instance he is jumping on the wrong man. My guide, Matt Carr, or Mr. Grant, the proprietor of the Beaver Pond Camps, will substantiate my statement, and they will bear testimony to the fact that I killed fewer fish than probably any guest at the camp this spring—and there wasn't a "fish hog" there. It is now illegal to fish in the Seven Ponds region with anything but a fly, and the abundance of trout there this year is the best evidence that no abuses in killing fish have prevailed for some years past.

J. S. SEYMOUR.

Nag's Head Fish and Game.

NAG'S HEAD, Dare County, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While canoeing down three of the big sounds in North Carolina—the Albemarle, Pamlico and Roanoke—we discovered the most delightful place for a sportsman it has ever been our lot to visit. Nag's Head is situated just east of Roanoke Island. The hotel is a very comfortable one, kept by Mr. Charley Grice. But how to begin to tell my brothers of the sport to be had with rod and gun I am at a loss. These sounds are literally filled with all kinds of salt-water fish, including sheepshead, sea trout or weakfish, bluefish, hogfish, spots and crokers. Near the hotel there is a fresh-water pond which contains more large-mouth black bass, white and speckled perch and pickerel than any sheet of fresh water I ever saw to its size. It is about one mile long and half a mile wide. Mr. James Hathaway, of Elizabeth City, N. C., took yesterday a large-mouth black bass weighing 11¼lbs., with twenty-three others ranging from ½ to 6¾lbs. It is a very peculiar lake, or pond, completely surrounded by mountains of sand.

The bay bird shooting here is equal to what it was on Cobb's Island and the rest of the Virginia coast ten years ago. While there are a few New Yorkers, including the Rev. Thos. Dixon, who know by experience the sport to be had here, I feel that all who are fond of the rod and gun should also know, especially the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

MORE ANON.

The Tuna Record.

AVALON, Santa Catalina Island, Cal., July 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At 10:30 last night a sensation was created by the arrival of Col. C. P. Morehouse with a monster tuna which smashes all previous records for this wonderful game fish. It weighs 251lbs., and is a most beautiful specimen, perfect in every part. The fight lasted three hours and twenty minutes, and was exciting throughout, the night being dark and a heavy sea running. The fish did most of the fighting on the surface, and many times leaped straight into the air, making a most spectacular play.

The great fishing tournament is now well under way. Yellowtail, barraconda, mackerel and all kinds of fish which abound here are being caught in great numbers.

Recent tuna catches are: Col. Robt. A. Eddy, of San Francisco, one of 117lbs., caught in two and one-half hours, and one of 75lbs., caught in thirty-six minutes. E. L. Doran, one of 131lbs., caught in thirty-two minutes. M. A. Earlcliffe, one of 180lbs., caught in five hours and thirty minutes (boat towed twenty miles). F. V. Rider, one of 153lbs., caught in two hours and forty-two minutes, and one of 175lbs., caught in two hours and twenty minutes. Col. Eddy took a 227lb. jewfish in thirty-five minutes. All these were taken on rod and reel.

A Fund for Miss Crosby.

MR. E. C. FARRINGTON, Secretary and Treasurer of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association, is sending out an appeal in behalf of Miss Cornelia T. Crosby (Fly Rod), who has been for some time in a Portland hospital in consequence of a knee injury. Mr. Farrington writes: "She was compelled to leave the hospital with debts which are a constant worriment to her and a drawback to her recovery. Our object in this appeal is to place in her hands sufficient money to remove this burden. As Secretary and Treasurer of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association, and with advice of others, and unknown to her, this method is adopted to accomplish the object in view." Remittances may be made to Mr. Farrington at Augusta.

Ontario Fishing.

CEDAR PARK HOTEL, Charleston Lake, Charleston, Ont., June 24.—There are quite a large number of American guests here enjoying the celebrated trout and salmon fishing.

LEVI SOUTHWORTH.

NOTICE.

THE New York Clearing House has adopted new regulations governing the collection of checks and drafts on banks outside of the city. This entails a collection expense on those who receive such checks. Our patrons are requested, therefore, in making their remittances to send postal or express money order, postage stamps, or check or draft on a New York city bank or other New York current funds.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.

Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 6.—Bicknell, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club's trials. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Washington, C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

Continental Field Trial Club's Derby Entries.

NEW YORK, July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following is a list of entries for the fifth annual Derby of the Continental Field Trial Club, to be run at Newton, N. C., in December. The entry is nearly double that received by the club last year, numbering in all fifty-nine puppies and forty-one setters and eighteen pointers.

SETTERS.

Trixie—O. D. Stuart's o. and w. bitch, March, 1898 (Kingston—Duke's Ruby).

Bona—Hobart Ames' b., w. and t. bitch, April, 1898 (Tony Boy—Christena).

Hurtsbourne Cricket—N. T. Harris' b., w. and t. bitch, June, 1898 (Tony Boy—Cynosure).

Minnie W.—A. C. Waddell's b., w. and t. bitch, January, 1898 (Dude B.—Miss Bess).

Pride—James McKay's b., w. and t. dog, February, 1898 (Cincinnatus Pride—Brown's Queen Vic).

Pontiac—Avent & Duryea Kennels' b., w. and t. dog, May, 1898 (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Prynn).

Sioux—Avent & Duryea Kennels' b., w and t. bitch May, 1898 (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Prynn).

Ute—Avent & Duryea Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch May, 1898 (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Prynn).

———Mrs. H. B. Duryea's b., w. and t. bitch, March, 1898 (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Luna).

Solos—Edw. H. Osthaus' b., w. and t. dog, August, 1898 (Cincinnatus Pride—Gleam's Nellie).

Kalmia Doll—Robert Kelly's b. and w. bitch, May, 1898 (Cincinnatus Pride—Maud III.).

Oakland Rex—E. C. & T. R. Hoyt's l. and w. dog, April, 1898 (Belton Bob—Noble's Vick).

Della's Sport—H. K. Devereaux's b., w. and t. dog, January, 1898 (Marie's Sport—Della K.).

Dewey—S. A. Smart's b., w. and t. dog, October, 1898 (Harwick—Queen Esther).

Luna Belle—John M. Watson's b., w. and t. bitch, May, 1898 (Tony Boy—Lena Belle).

Bob Acres—George Crocker's o. and w. dog, July, 1898 (Tony's Gale—Minnie T.).

Miss Meadows—George Crocker's b., w. and t. bitch, July, 1898 (Tony's Gale—Minnie T.).

Miss Bangle—George Crocker's b., w. and t. bitch, July, 1898 (Tony's Gale—Lightfoot).

Queen Lill—George Crocker's b., w. and t. bitch, July, 1898 (Tony's Gale—Lightfoot).

Chadwick—George Crocker's b., w. and t. dog, July, 1898 (Tony's Gale—Lightfoot).

Rajah—John A. Wilson's b., w. and t. dog, August, 1898 (Cincinnatus Pride—Antonia).

Honest Joe—John A. Wilson's b., w. and t. dog, August, 1898 (Cincinnatus Pride—Antonia).

Eldred Lark—Eldred Kennels' b. b. bitch, August, 1898 (Cincinnatus Pride—Antonia).

Max Gladstone—Leon Ernest Seay's b., w. and t. dog, June, 1898 (Greenway—Buena Vista II.).

Glen Noble—H. B. Hollins' b., w. and t. dog, May, 1898 (Glen—Lem Gladstone).

Don Noble—J. R. Blake's lem. and w. dog, February, 1898 (Don P—Jessie).

Buccaneer—Henry Pape's o. and w. dog, March, 1898 (Antonio—May Win).

Harwick Boy—C. I. Shoop's b., w. and t. dog, June, 1898 (Harwick—Spot's Girl).

Harwick, Jr.—C. I. Shoop's b., w. and t. dog, June, 1898 (Harwick—Spot's Girl).

Harwick Girl—C. I. Shoop's b., w. and t. bitch, June, 1898 (Harwick—Spot's Girl).

Lady Harwick—C. I. Shoop's b., w. and t. bitch, May, 1898 (Harwick—Miss Tony).

Count Hunter—C. I. Shoop's b., w. and t. dog, March, 1898 (Count Gladstone IV.—Hunter's Queen).

Gailor—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog, January, 1898 (Eugene T.—Gloster's Girl).

Pet of Rancocas—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch, January, 1898 (Eugene T.—Gloster's Girl).

Geneva—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch, May 1898 (Tony Boy—Lena Belle).

Miss Lee—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w and t. bitch, July, 1898 (Eugene T.—Trinket).

Misfortune—W. Gould Brokaw's b. and w. bitch (———).

Fairview Bonne—W. Gould Brokaw's b., w. and t. bitch, April, 1898 (Belton Booz—Queen Vick).

My Nellie S.—Arthur Stern's b. and w. bitch, March, 1898 (Antonio—Robin's Cora).

My Sue S.—Arthur Stern's b., w. and t. bitch, March, 1898 (Antonio—Robin's Cora).

Luna—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch, April, 1898 (Tony Boy—Christena).

POINTERS.

Braun—Dr. M. F. Rogers' l. and w. dog, April, 1898 (Von Gull—Baby Ruth).

Croxie Kent II.—W. N. Lipscomb's b. and w. bitch, May, 1898 (Rip Rap—Croxie Kent).

Frank F.—L. C. Clark's l. and w. dog, January, 1898 (Gamester—Sallie).

By Jingo—Jas. S. Crane's l. and w. dog, March, 1898 (Jingo—Dot's Pearl).

Dot's Daisy—Jas. S. Crane's l. and w. bitch, March, 1898 (Jingo—Dot's Pearl).

Good Enough—Geo. E. Gray (deputy) b. and w. dog, April, 1898 (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

Dot's Rap—Geo. E. Gray (deputy) l. and w. dog, April, 1898 (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot).

Miss Williams—E. C. & T. R. Hoyt's l. and w. bitch, March, 1898 (Baldy Williams—Belle of Archdale).

Rip—Geo. F. Nesbitt's l. and w. dog, ——— ——— (——— — ———).

Fairview Tom—W. Gould Brokaw's l. and w. dog, March, 1898 (Sir Walter—Van's Pride).

Fairview Tibby—W. Gould Brokaw's l. and w. bitch, March, 1898 (Sir Walter—Van's Pride).

Fairview Patty—W. Gould Brokaw's l. and w. bitch, April, 1898 (Prince Boy—Fanny Davenport).

Bootsie S.—Arthus Stern's lem. and w. bitch, June, 1898 (Young Rip Rap—Dolly Jingo).

Dervish—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. dog, May, 1898 (Tippoo—Queen Kent).

Mahdi—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. dog, May, 1898 (Tippoo—Queen Kent).

Khartum—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. dog, July, 1898 (Rip Rap—Toxic).

Soudan—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. and w. bitch, July, 1898 (Rip Rap—Toxic).

Bedouin—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. and w. bitch, June, 1898 (Rip Rap—Queen III.).

THEO. STURGES, Sec'y and Treas.

Points and Flushes.

From Benson county, N. D., we have a query concerning breeders of Chesapeake Bay dogs. No one advertises the dogs, hence we conclude that there are none for sale.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

JULY.

15-17-18-19-20-21-22. Larchmont, race week.
15. Penataquit Cor., snipe class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
15. American, handicap, Newburyport, Mass.
15. Beverly, club Cor., Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
15. East Gloucester, cruise, Gloucester, Mass.
15. Wollaston, ladies' day, Wollaston, Mass.
15. Quincy, open, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
15. Winthrop, hand sweeps, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
15. Corinthian, Marblehead, 3d cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
15. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
15. Jamaica Bay, club special, Jamaica Bay.
15. Royal Nova Scotia, all classes, Halifax, N. S.
15. Corinthian, Phila., knockabouts, Essington, Delaware River.
15. Wood's Holl, sprit and cat classes, Wood's Holl.
15. Savin Hill, club handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
15. Burgess, 16ft. class, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
15. Seawanhaka Cor., Roosevelt cup, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
15. Quannapowitt, club.
16. East Gloucester, cruise to Marblehead.
16. Williamsburgh, club, cats, Long Island Sound.
16. Old Mill, open.
16. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
16. Penataquit, annual, club, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
17. Manchester, 1st cham., West Manchester.
17. Quincy, ladies' day, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
18. Newport, ladies' day, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
18. East Gloucester, cup, Gloucester, Mass.
21. Wollaston, moonlight sail, Wollaston, Mass.
21. Taunton, club run, Taunton, Mass.

A GREAT deal is being published concerning Shamrock in the American papers, but a mere fraction of the alleged information is plausible and still less is reliable. Thus far, though, half a dozen different sets of dimensions are given. It is not known which, if any, is correct, the beam ranging from 22 to 24ft. and over, and the draft from 19ft. to as high as 26ft. On July 8 the yacht was out under sail in the Solent for her first trial, sailing from Southampton down to Yarmouth, east as far as Osborne and back home. She is described by some correspondents as a great success, and by others as a failure, on the strength of her alleged observed performances on this occasion.

It is not a little surprising that the daily papers will pay for cables and special correspondents and publish stuff whose quality is apparent even to the inexpert. As a sample of the special news of this sort is the information that Shamrock's boom is as long as her taffrail, whatever that may mean; that the sound of her chain cable indicates that she is of metal and hollow inside, and that her mainsail makes a noise when it slats in the wind. From the work of the foreign correspondents thus far it would appear either that they know nothing of yachting and are making an honest display of their ignorance, or that they are giving away nothing that can be of use to American yachtsmen. The wonder is that live newspapers continue to be fooled themselves or to fool their patrons with such trash.

CONSIDERING the small size of the attendant fleet at the first meeting of Columbia and Defender, the conduct of some of the boats gives small promise of a clear course for the Cup races in October. Over the whole of the first leg the two yachts were followed by the press boats, four or five tugs hanging closely to Columbia's starboard quarter. Most of these burned soft coal, so that to the spectators on such yachts and steamers as kept at a proper distance nothing of the race was visible, merely a dense cloud of black smoke, blowing aside at times and disclosing a big blue flag with the name of a daily paper on it. One big tug with two stacks was specially conspicuous. The police boat Patrol was present, and whistled constantly with no effect whatever. It might be well in the future to arm her force with putty blowers for bombarding offending boats that disregard her noisy but pacific protests. The city fireboat, Robert A. Van Wyck, followed the race, prepared to extinguish fires in any tall buildings that might be floating about the course, or even to look after old Ocean himself, if the speed of the yachts should set him on fire.

Now that Shamrock is under sail, new rumors are afloat as to trials with other yachts, but none of them are reliable. It is said that she will sail several races with Britannia, and also that the Emperor William has offered Meteor as a trial boat. The latter yacht arrived at Cowes last week, but this fact may be either the origin or the confirmation of the rumor. There seems little use in again bringing to this country an untried and undeveloped boat to meet a yacht chosen after such a series of trial races as are now on between Columbia and Defender. A few sails against Britannia, a smaller boat, and one whose present form is an unknown quantity, can do no good whatever in working up Shamrock to racing form. It would have been worth minutes to the new boat if Sir Thomas Lipton had at the outset purchased or chartered Valkyrie III., put his skippers and crew on her early in the season and worked her up to racing form, now making up a second crew and racing Shamrock and Valkyrie together for a month. Such a course of experiment, which is practically what the American boats get and what Valkyrie III. missed in 1895, and Shamrock will miss now, is absolutely necessary to the perfecting of the yacht. Short of this, the next best thing is a series of races with Meteor, a boat of about the same size, and now in racing condition.

ACCORDING to the latest reports, the trials between Shamrock, and Britannia will begin this week, but will be so cleverly and adroitly conducted as to disclose nothing which may be of value on this side of the water. The only result of this cost of over-smartness in yachting, as has been repeatedly proved, is to fool and mislead the perpetrators themselves.

In this matter of trial races a very wise policy has been followed in this country from the time of Puritan and Priscilla down to the present year in sailing the trials as honestly and earnestly as though the Cup itself were the direst stake. Whatever their personal opinions of their adversary have been, Gen, Paine, Mr. Iselin and others in similar positions have invariably assumed that they had to meet something far superior to any yacht yet floated; and they have left nothing undone to produce a still faster yacht. As the chief means to this end, they have sailed the trial races just as though they were the end instead of the means.

No one who saw the races between Puritan and Priscilla in 1885 will doubt that Boston was out to beat New York, cost what it might, and in the years immediately following these were local and other rivalries which made the trials most thorough as tests of all the boats. In 1893 and again in 1895 there were keen personal feelings between the partisans of different boats, which lent additional interest in the races.

There have been times before the trial races when the "foxy" idea has prevailed and owners have sought to hide the true merits of their boats, but the result has been almost miserably the same; they have fooled themselves. An example of this course was seen in 1893 when the two Boston boats, each sailing marvelously fast by herself in the first trial trips, deliberately neglected an admirable opportunity for a real test against each other. As it afterward transpired, each boat was a failure through defects which might certainly have been detected and possibly remedied had they sailed a series of private races together before coming to New York to meet the others of the class.

As for the races now on between Defender and Columbia, the friends of Shamrock can make up their minds confidently that Mr. Iselin is not towing a hawser for the purpose of giving Defender a string of cups; that Mr. Butler Duncan is not wasting his time on Defender merely to make added glory for those connected with Columbia; nor are the rival skippers each holding back his own boat to help the other. As for the crews, the fight of Yankee and Scandinavian is as fierce and bitter as though it were waged with Mauser rifles and six-pounders, instead of halyards and spinaker booms.

The results of this racing, in the material improvement of both boats, may be confidently foretold from similar experience in past races; and on the other hand there is ample dividence of the folly of such sham racing as is proposed between Shamrock and Britannia.

It will make no difference on this side whether Shamrock beats Britannia by five minutes or fifty; the latter possibility has been discounted long ago, and the effort made to meet it by leaving nothing undone that might increase the speed of either of the American boats. If any further chance of improvement is discovered in the next two months, it will be utilized whether Shamrock promises to be a great success or a virtual failure.

ACCORDING to a report cabled from London on Tuesday morning, Shamrock was compelled to go into dock instead of racing with Britannia. It is said that she is leaking, as the result of the grounding on her first visit to the Solent.

Corinthian Y. C. Cruise.

FLAGSHIP MAY, Corinthian Y. C., July 5.—General Orders No. 3:

1. The fleet of the Corinthian Y. C. will rendezvous for the annual cruise at Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y., on the afternoon of Friday, July 28, 1899.

2. A meeting of captains will be held on board the flagship at 8 P. M.

3. The routine and rules contained in the Club Manual will be observed during the cruise.

4. Yachts, when in squadron, will take their ship's time in striking bells from that of the flagship, and in no case to anticipate it.

5. Squadron runs and races: Prizes have been offered for port to port runs for yachts in cruising trim, and when four or more start, a second prize to be awarded.

Saturday, July 29.—Race from Glen Cove to Oyster Bay for cups presented by Capt. R. J. W. Koons.

Sunday, July 30.—Fleet to remain at anchor at Oyster Bay.

Monday, July 31.—Race from Oyster Bay to Morris Cove for the Commodore's cups.

Tuesday, Aug. 1.—Race from Morris Cove to Shelter Island for cups presented by Capt. William R. Ellison.

Wednesday, Aug. 2.—Race from Shelter Island to New London for cups presented by Capt. J. G. N. Whitaker.

Thursday, Aug. 3.—Fleet to remain at anchor. Gig and dinghy races for yachts' crews will be held in the afternoon.

Friday, Aug. 4.—Race from New London to Newport for cups presented by Capt. A. N. Chandler.

Saturday, Aug. 5.—Disband. Capt. Richard P. White offers a cup to be awarded to the schooner, and a cup to the sloop, cutter or yawl winning the greatest number of runs.

6. Glen Cove may be reached by the Long Island Railroad from Thirty-fourth street ferry, East River, New York. A boat will convey members and their guests to Glen Cove on Friday, July 28, leaving Adams Express Company's wharf, Pennsylvania Railroad, Jersey City, after the arrival of the train leaving Philadelphia at 1 o'clock, via Pennsylvania Railroad.

7. Captains intending to join the cruise will kindly notify the fleet captain, No. 511 Bullitt Building, Philadelphia, at as early a date as possible.

By order of the Commodore.

CHARLES H. BROCK, Fleet Capt.

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE Burgess Y. C. sailed a race on July 4 in a fresh S.W. breeze, the times being:

Raceabouts.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jilt, W. O. Gay	2 00 04	. . . .
Tunipoo, J. L. Brenner	2 01 31	. . . .
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 01 54	. . . .
Colleen, H. M. Sears	2 02 37	. . . .
Peep, W. B. Stearns	2 03 02	. . . .
Lizana, E. V. R. Thayer	2 03 36	. . . .
Typhoon, R. Boardman	2 04 02	. . . .
Persimmon, C. H. W. Foster	2 04 17	. . . .
Pirate, B. B. Crowninshield	2 05 44	. . . .
Handicap Knockabouts.		
Aspenet, H. A. Morss	1 24 15	1 20 55
Carina, J. P. Clark	1 26 10	1 22 48
Opitsah, S. H. Foster	1 23 38	1 23 38
Opeechee, J. C. Grew	1 24 36	1 24 36
Agnes, D. C. Holden, Jr.	1 31 29	1 28 07
Didi, J. A. Jennings	1 34 20	1 30 58
Class III.		
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber	1 08 16	. . . .
Polly, E. Wadsworth	1 09 22	. . . .
Gunning Boats.		
Ha Ha, A. F. Whitmore	0 39 00	. . . .
Woodcock, F. J. Hupar	0 39 15	. . . .

Polly is a new boat of the scow type.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 8.

THE race of the Burgess Y. C. on July 8 was partly spoiled by the weather, the N.E. wind dying to a calm, while it rained through the early afternoon. The times were:

Raceabouts.

Pyrate, B. B. Crowninshield	1 38 22
Colleen, H. M. Sears	1 38 44
Peep, W. B. Stearns	1 44 13
Persimmon, C. H. W. Foster	Withdrew.
Handicap—Knockabouts.	
Spry, W. L. and E. I. Cropley	1 50 49
Opitsah, S. H. Foster	1 59 58
Class III.	
Polly, E. Wadsworth	0 47 19
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber, Jr	0 53 50

Stamford Y. C. Annual Regatta.

STAMFORD, CONN.—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, July 3.

THE Stamford Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on July 3 over the regular club courses. The day was clear, with a good S.W. wind. The times were:

Windora	2 51 20	Spray	3 43 01
Spindrift	3 01 44	Maine, Jr	3 43 50
Qui Vive	3 07 12	Loyalty	3 45 24
Mynah	3 08 04	Gosbird	3 47 30
Kittie	3 08 25	Hornet	3 53 57
Kazaza	3 15 30	Syce	4 03 53
Vera	3 21 30	Kestrel	4 77 01
Captain	3 22 55	Acushla I.	4 36 57
Indianola	3 26 19	Eurybia	4 43 55
Skylark	3 42 36		

Cutters—51ft. Class—Start, 11:40.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	4 23 53	. . . .
Kestrel, J. B. Mills	48.37	4 47 01	. . . .
Cutters—43ft. Class—Start, 11:45.			
Eurybia, Charles Pryer	42.00	4 58 55	. . . .
Sultan (yawl), C. S. Somerville	37.93	Disqualified.	
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 11:45.			
Acushla I., C. T. Wills	34.00	4 51 57	. . . .
21ft. Knockabouts—Start, 11:55.			
Indianola, L. R. Alberger	21.00	3 31 19	. . . .
Kittie, Hazen Morse	21.00	3 13 25	. . . .
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie	21.00	3 06 44	. . . .
Cabin Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 11:50.			
Windora, W. L. Ward	30.00	3 01 20	3 01 20
Loyalty, ———	28.50	3 45 44	3 44 02
Cabin Catboats, 25ft. Class—Start, 11:50.			
Qui Vive, Geo. A. Freeth	24.50	3 17 12	. . . .
Open Catboats—20ft. Class—Start, 11:55.			
Vera, A. M. Bradley	20.07	3 26 30	. . . .
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr	17.02	3 20 30	. . . .
Maine, Jr., A. G. Gourley	....	3 48 50	. . . .
Captain, A. Gattinger	16.58	3 27 55	. . . .
Mynah, ———	20.00	3 13 04	. . . .
Hornet, ———	16.80	3 58 57	. . . .
Gosbird, R. H. Nevins	19.00	3 52 30	. . . .
Spray, G. R. Holly	22.92	3 48 01	. . . .
Skylark, F. Bishop	14.80	3 47 36	. . . .

The winners were: 51ft. class, Syce; 43ft. class, Eurybia; 36ft. class, Acushla I.; knockabouts, Spindrift; cabin catboats, 30ft. class, Windora; 25ft. class, Qui Vive; open catboats, Mynah. Kestrel lost her topmast on the first round.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Fra Diavola, steam yacht, E. S. Stokes, was run into and sunk almost instantly on the evening of July 7 by the steam lighter Hustler. The yacht had on board Mr. Howard McNutt, a brother-in-law of Mr. Stokes, with his wife and a party of friends, including five ladies. They had been down the Bay, and were just coming up the North River to land at Pier 6, when the lighter came across the river. Signals were exchanged, but in spite of them the lighter crashed into the port quarter of the yacht, cutting clear through her. The lighter stood by and took off the passengers and crew, the last persons leaving the yacht just as she sank, about 200yds. from the New York shore.

Sprite, sloop, owned by Perry Waite, of Toledo, struck on a sunken obstruction in Lake Erie while bound on a cruise to Lake St. Clair, and sank in a short time. All on board were saved.

New York Y. C. Special Match.

COLUMBIA—DEFENDER.

Thursday, July 6.

THE long looked for match between the old and new defenders at last took place, after two postponements, on Thursday, July 6, resulting in a victory for the new boat, but by a small margin, the amount of which will not be known for some time to come. In accordance with the popular policy of concealment and mystery, the yachts have not been officially measured, and though the measurement of each is doubtless known to those directly connected with her, it will not be made public until later in the season. The allowance of Columbia to Defender is thus an unknown quantity, and where the finishes are close it will not be known which wins. The race was for a $250 cup, offered by the club to signalize the first formal meeting of the two famous yachts. The conditions were:

Start.—The start will be off Sandy Hook or Scotland Lightship, as will be signaled. The preparatory signal will be made at 11:30 A. M.

Courses.—No. 1. (Letter B.) From the starting line around a mark fifteen miles to windward, or leeward, and return, leaving the mark on the starboard hand.

No. 2. (Letter T.) From the starting line, ten miles around a mark; thence ten miles around a second mark, and thence ten miles to finish line, turning the marks on the outside of the triangle, to port or starboard, according as the yachts are sent around.

Starting and finish lines, which will be between a point on the flagship Corsair, indicated by a white flag, and the mainmast of the lightship, will be at right angles with the outward and home courses, respectively.

Compass courses will be set before the preparatory signal is made, and will be kept flying until after the start. The signals for Course No. 2 must be read beginning forward.

Marks will be floats displaying a red flag with white stripe.

Starting Signals.—Preparatory. A gun will be fired and a red ball hoisted.

Signal for the Start.—Ten minutes later a second gun will be fired and another red ball hoisted.

Handicap Time.—Two minutes later a third gun will be fired and both balls will drop.

Should a signal gun miss fire, a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given.

Recall Signals.—A yacht crossing the line before the starting signal is made will be recalled by a blast of the whistle and the display of her private signal.

Postponement.—If the start is postponed, a preliminary signal will be made by displaying the yacht ensign at the fore ten minutes before the preparatory signal. The directions for starting will be similar to those already stated, with the exception that the signal for the start will be made five minutes after the preparatory, instead of ten.

If toward 6 P. M. it becomes apparent that the finish will be much delayed, the race will be called off, through mutual agreement between the Columbia and the Defender.

Sandy Hook Lightship.—(Club Code)—T. Q.
Scotland Lightship.—(Club Code)—V. C.
Start Postponed.—(Club Code)—S.
Race is Off.—(Club Code)—L.

The conditions contained one clause that is peculiar and unusual. The preparatory interval was to be ten minutes if the race started promptly on time, but in the event of a postponement necessitating an extra preliminary signal as well as the ordinary preparatory signal, the preparatory interval was cut down to five minutes. This made a complication which led Columbia into a late start.

The two yachts towed from New Rochelle on the afternoon of July 5 and anchored off Tompkinsville for the night, getting under way just before 9 o'clock next morning. The tide was just full when they started; a mist hung over the water, and there was but a very light air from S.W. Each took a line from a tug and started out the Narrows and down the Ship Channel, setting mainsails on the way. It was nearly 11 o'clock when they cast off the towlines near the Scotland Lightship, where a fleet of steam yachts, tugs and several steamers, the club boat Cepheus and some public boats were awaiting them. It was some little time later before the handsome new flagship, Corsair III., came steaming down with the signals set for a start from the Sandy Hook Lightship. The wind was about south, very light at times, in fact a light shower about 10 o'clock had killed it for the time; the sky was cloudy and threatening, and there was a roll to the sea, the result of some offshore disturbance. Some time was spent in setting the clubtopsails to the satisfaction of the respective skippers and in getting over to the starting line between the flagship and the Sandy Hook Lightship. A little after noon the regatta committee, Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell, decided that it was safe to trust the freshening southerly wind, and the signals were set for the triangular course, the first leg lying in toward the Jersey beach off Seabright. The courses were: S.W. by S. 10 miles, naut., ½ S. 10 miles and N.N.W. ½ W. 10 miles; making 30 nautical miles in all. The course was nearly the same triangle as that sailed by Defender and Valkyrie III. in the last race of 1895, in which Defender was disabled.

The first gun, at 12:43, was the preliminary, a mere notice to look out for the preparatory in another ten minutes. The second was fired at 12:53, and shortly after Columbia crossed the line in the course of her maneuvers for a weather berth, apparently assuming that she had the full ten-minute interval to dispose of. She stood on for the five minutes while Defender, near the west end of the line, luffed around the mark within twenty seconds of the starting gun, at 12:58:20. Columbia now had to return, crossing the line at 1:00:02, with a handicap of two seconds and a berth well astern of Defender.

After crossing on the port tack, Defender made a short leg on the other tack, and then came about as Columbia crossed, planting herself square on the weather bow of her big sister as both headed in for the beach. There was a moderate breeze by this time, with an old sea that rolled the boats about. It was soon evident that Columbia was doing the better work, pointing a little higher and footing as well, and for the first fifteen minutes she overhauled Defender. After a little time, however, it did not appear that she had gained much, and within the half-hour it was plain that whatever difference there was must be credited to Defender. There was no question that the old boat, with better fitting canvas, was standing up more ably to her work and taking the seas better than Columbia. The latter's sails, especially the staysail and clubtopsail, were not in the best of shape. She showed a very decided angle of heel as compared with Defender, and she did not take as kindly to the moderate sea. They made several tacks, keeping close company, but by the time the middle of the leg was reached, Columbia was full in Defender's wake. As they came closer in shore, the water was rather smoother and the wind lighter, and Columbia began to gain, but she was still in a poor position when the two went on starboard tack just after passing the two masts of the wrecked steamer Macedonian off Seabright. In the effort to get by, Columbia made several short tacks inshore, Defender tacking each time to cover her, until at last the leader was close to the first mark and well able to weather it. Here Columbia tried another hitch inshore, which Defender refused to follow, standing for the mark with sheets lighted. With a lucky puff to help her, Columbia held on for a couple of hundred yards inshore, came about, and with lifted sheet ran down for the mark, through Defender's weather. Though she had been overtaking the older boat for some time, the greatest part of the gain was made in the course of a few minutes. The first mark was timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Columbia	2 38 33	1 38 33	0 02 25	0 02 25
Defender	2 39 18	1 40 58	.. ..	.. ..

The sky was dark with an electric storm in the south, and the wind was freshening, as both set their No. 1 jibtopsails, Defender's being handled very quickly. That of Columbia was sent up with the sheet fouled about the stay, but it was very quickly lowered and reset. The squall now struck the fleet, with heavy rain and some lightning, the two yachts driving along at a high speed. The wind worked more to the west, so that they finally came to the second mark with booms almost squared to port, the times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Columbia	3 38 01	0 59 28	0 01 33	0 03 58
Defender	3 40 19	1 01 01	.. ..	.. ..

They jibed over and set baby jibtopsails as the wind, though varying from time to time, was hauling ahead. It had been expected at the start that this leg would show the boats under spinakers, but as it happened they were on a close reach for a good part of the distance. Near the finish Defender brought up in a bit of breeze that greatly lessened her distance from Columbia, the final times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.	Total Elapsed.
Columbia	4 47 55	1 09 54	.. ..	0 03 33	3 47 55
Defender	4 49 48	1 09 29	0 00 25	.. ..	3 51 28

The vagaries of wind and weather made the race less interesting and exciting than it at first promised to be; at the same time it was well worth seeing, and several important points were brought out. As to the old boat, she has, in her enlarged rig, a fine suit of canvas, and she is well handled, both at the wheel and about the deck. Her crew worked smartly all day in handling sails. It is impossible to say just how she compared with her 1895 form, but all the probabilities are that she is sailing decidedly faster. Measured by her, Columbia is not as stiff and feels the sea more. Thus far her sails are by no means perfect, and her crew is not at its best, but these defects will doubtless soon disappear under the skillful management that worked Vigilant and Defender up to racing form. As to stability, she doubtless has ample reserve, and any tenderness at small angles, if at all serious, can be remedied by a small reduction of sail and weights. While she failed to run away from Defender, and the old boat put up a brave fight for first honors, it is certain that in a little while Columbia will be the faster by some minutes under average racing conditions. Whether she will invariably win in a breeze and sea is another and an open question.

Larchmont Y. C. Special Match.

COLUMBIA—DEFENDER.

Saturday, July 8.

THE Larchmont Y. C. has been very anxious to secure a meeting of the two great cutters under its flag, but there was always a reluctance to race Defender in the Sound, and now there are still deeper reasons why Columbia prefers the open sea. The efforts of the club, however, aided by the generous offer of a $300 cup by Com. Postley, at last succeeded in bringing about a match. The date was July 8, and a special triangle was laid off on the Sound, the base being the usual leg from Larchmont to the Prospect Point mark. The other two sides were eight miles long, the apex being a red dory with the Larchmont ball, anchored off Greenwich in the middle of the Sound. As ordered, the first leg was E. ¾ N., 8 miles, the second S.W. by W., 8 miles, and the third N.N.W., 3 miles, making 19 nautical miles in all. This course was to be sailed twice.

Saturday morning was dull and foggy, with no wind, but at noon there was a prospect of a race, and a little later a nice S.S.W. wind came along, bringing the two yachts over from their moorings at New Rochelle. The preparatory signal was given at 12:30 and the start at 12:40, Defender going over first, within forty-one seconds of the whistle, as the result of some clever maneuvering; Columbia being twelve seconds astern. They passed the mark with all hands on main sheet on each yacht, Columbia luffing at once for Defender's starboard quarter, while the old boat would have none of it, but hauled up sharp from her course down the Sound, and was soon heading across for Hempstead Bay. Both carried clubtopsails and small jibtopsails, and with a freshening breeze they moved very fast. Columbia failed to get by, and the two edged off a little toward the course, but were soon at it again, with sheets hard in and Matinnicock Point ahead. In the middle of the Sound they fell in with a tug and a long string of barges, bound east, a moving obstruction nearly a quarter of a mile long. Defender paid off a little and sailed parallel to and just clear of the line of barges, Columbia following; they moved faster than the tow, and finally were able to luff by it and head again for the Long Island shore. There was more luffing and bearing away, Defender still holding her lead. Finally Columbia sighted a dory anchored in the Sound and headed for it, believing it to be the mark, Defender following. It proved to be *a* mark, but not *the* mark, being one of the Riverside Y. C. dories with red and blue disks, set for the Riverside annual regatta, under way at the time. Neither yacht paid any attention to the fact that the signal was not the familiar blue and white ball of the Larchmont Y. C., but *a* very different one, nor could the continued whistling of the committee boat attract their attention to the mistake. Before it was reached Columbia made another bold rush for Defender's weather, but the latter ran up her small jibtopsail again and held her place, turning the mark first. As the race was really sailed with this as one of the marks, the times were taken:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Columbia	1 18 10	0 37 17	0 00 02	.. ..
Defender	1 18 00	0 37 19	.. ..	0 00 10

Defender luffed sharp about the mark, and started for the Prospect Point mark on port tack, while Columbia turned inside and consequently to leeward of her. A fresh breeze now roughened the water, and Columbia had all the sail she wanted. After a few minutes in company on the port tack, she came about and crossed Defender's wake, standing on until she could fetch the next mark. On this tack and the following one under the Long Island shore she gained on Defender, so that when they next met the old boat passed well astern of the new one, soon after going on port tack for the mark. There was some fine sailing on this long leg, the two at their best, under a clear summer sky, with a whole-sail breeze and practically smooth water. Columbia just squeezed by the mark, the times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Columbia	1 54 08	0 35 58	0 02 02	0 01 52
Defender	1 56 00	0 38 00	.. ..	.. ..

Spinaker booms were dropped to port, and the big sails broken out smartly, Defender's being set but a few seconds after Columbia's in spite of the difference in turning. The wind was forward of the port quarter, the spinaker guys being well slacked off. At the end of the round the boats were hailed and notified of their mistake and ordered to sail the correct course; but they paid no attention to the notice, and again headed for the Riverside buoy. Under the circumstances, as the same error was made by both and the race was otherwise satisfactory to all, it was decided to accept the course actually sailed as official. The two long legs were each about six miles instead of eight, so that the total distance was estimated at thirty miles, instead of thirty-eight, as originally intended. The times at the end of the first round were:

	Time.	Third leg. Elapsed.	Third leg. Gain.	Third leg. Lead.	Round. Elapsed.
Columbia	2 05 06	0 10 58	0 00 05	0 01 57	1 24 13
Defender	2 07 03	0 11 03	.. ..	.. ..	1 26 22

Spinakers were stowed and booms jibed over at the mark, the pair trimming in for a reach down the Sound with the wind about on the starboard beam. This suited Defender, and she was soon overhauling the new boat, holding up to windward all the time. When she came to the Riverside mark Columbia again turned it, Defender, of course, following. The times were:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Columbia	2 33 30	0 28 24	.. ..	0 00 50
Defender	2 34 20	0 27 17	0 01 07	.. ..

Columbia luffed by the mark, hardened her sheets, and stood on for a short distance on starboard tack, then came about and headed for the next mark. Defender luffed around the mark slowly, losing a little time before she swung over and started on port tack. The wind was more southerly and stronger. Defender carried a small jibtopsail, but Columbia had only the two lower headsails; as it was, however, she heeled well at times. The short hitch on starboard tack enabled her to clear the next mark easily, while Defender had to squeeze for it. The times were:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Columbia	3 08 12	0 34 42	0 02 13	0 03 03
Defender	3 11 15	0 36 55	.. ..	.. ..

Defender handled her spinaker smartly, while Columbia not only took a long time with hers, but when it was set the stops refused to break on the upper part, and the sheet broke away and let the sail over the stay. A small jibtopsail was set to help the spinaker. A thunderstorm was hanging about, but the yachts missed it, though they caught a part of the attendant breeze. The finish was timed:

	Third leg. Time.	Third leg. Elapsed.	Third leg. Gain.	Third leg. Lead.	Round. Elapsed.	Round. Gain.	Course. Elapsed.	Course. Gain.
Columbia	3 24 09	0 15 57	.. ..	0 3 13	1 03 06	0 1 06	2 43 16	0 3 13
Defender	3 27 10	0 15 55	0 00 02	.. ..	1 04 12	.. ..	2 46 29	.. ..

The race was managed by the regatta committee, J. F. Lovejoy, H. W. Coates and Frank Hardy, the tug Pulver, the tender of Valkyrie III. in 1895, being the committee boat. A number of yachts were under way in attendance on the racers. After the finish the two yachts ran into New Rochelle under headsails, Defender making her moorings just before Columbia. As the latter came up her masthead shroud caught the end of Defender's boom, the steel one carried in 1895, and bent it very badly, almost at right angles at the main sheet strap. The bent portion was cut off next day and the two parts were sent to Bristol on the St. Michaels, for repairs. The work may take some time, so that it is uncertain when the next race will be sailed. The two are scheduled to meet off Newport on July 20 and following days. By July 15 the new steel mast for Columbia will be ready to step. If the statements as to its weight are true, the saving being estimated at nearly one ton over the present wooden spar, there will be a decided improvement in her stability.

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Friday, June 30.

THE Mosquito Fleet Y. C. of Atlantic City sailed the first of a series of races on June 30, in a fresh south wind. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
H. B. Leeds	3 09 29	4 38 39	1 29 10
Undine, W. B. Loudenslager	3 10 12	4 40 48	1 30 36
Nan, Edw. Evans	3 10 34	4 34 55	1 24 21
Ada, B. H. Bullock	3 11 07	4 37 38	1 26 31
Spray, S. C. Hinkle	3 11 27	4 41 07	1 29 26
——, Stewart Shinn	3 12 28	4 40 05	1 28 00

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

International Cup Trials.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

July 3, 5, 6.

THE fifth series of trial races for the selection of the representative of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. in the races for its international cup took place last week over the regular courses off Oyster Bay which have become so well known through the many trial and cup races sailed over them since 1895. The races this year, as in 1897-8, are in the 20ft. class and under the same rules and conditions, with the exception of the limiting of the over-all length and the minimum angle of the bow. The effect of these restrictions has been merely to make the boats uglier than the best looking of the class, Glencairn I. and Challenger, and in no respect to improve them. They are just as costly and generally useless as last year, though of somewhat less fragile construction than Seawanhaka, Challenger and Cicada.

This year but three boats entered the trial races, Constance, Algonquin and Palm. Constance was designed by C. H. Crane and built by the Spalding-St. Lawrence Boat Company for Messrs. R. H. Post, E. M. Post and E. R. Thomas. She is of the standard waterline and sail area, 17ft. 6in., and 500 sq. ft., and about 8ft. 6in. beam. The model is practically the same as Challenger, but as already noted, the nose is snubbed in abruptly to gain all the inclined length possible on the maximum over all length. The construction is simpler and heavier than the Crane boats of last year, the frames and planking are stouter and the use of bicycle tubing for bracing has been abandoned in favor of wood. In the first race she was steered by H. M. Crane, with Sherman Hoyt, R. H. Post and Joseph B. Thomas, Jr., as crew.

Algonquin was designed by B. B. Crowninshield for a syndicate of Bridgeport yachtsmen, Messrs. T. H. McDonald, W. Herbert Jennings, Devere H. Warner, C. M. Gilman and Gen. T. H. Watson. She was built by the Lawley Corporation, and is of the same dimensions as Constance, but in place of the heavy composite board of 400 to 500 carried by the Crane boats she has a board of rosewood ballasted with but 60lbs. of lead. The deck has a high crown at the mast, flattening out toward the ends. She was steered by Mr. Jennings, with Messrs. E. F. Menard, of Bridgeport; John Champion, of the Pequot Club, of New Haven, and John Sherwood, of Southport.

The new Huntington boat, Palm, is a departure from Akabo and Keneu, a fin-keel of but 5ft. beam, with a high crown to the deck and a tumblehome to the topsides. She is well built, of light frame, stiffened by piano wire ties, a light skin of wood and a covering of canvas. Like the previous Huntington boats, she has a low, broad sail plan. She is owned by Mr. Clark Miller, who has made three plucky attempts in this class, with Keneu in 1897, Akabo in 1898 and the present boat. Mr. Miller sailed in her, with "Leff" Huntington at the stick and Messrs. Phil Howard and Charles Miller as crew.

The race committee, Messrs. C. W. Wetmore, C. A. Sherman and Ashton Lemoine, were on board of the steam yacht Radha, Gen. Samuel Thomas.

The first race was set for Monday, July 3, a fair, bright day, but with no wind at noon. The breeze came in, however, from the southwest, enough to warrant a start, and it freshened to a moderate force. Following the custom introduced by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. in its trial races of 1897, the work of the day was divided into three separate rounds of the four-mile course, with intervals between. The first was started at 1:45 P. M., the course for the day being to leeward and return. Starting under spinakers, Algonquin led at the lee mark, while Palm lost by a poor course inshore, Constance being eleven seconds astern of the leader, and Palm forty-seven seconds. On the beat home Constance took first place, while Palm was a very poor third.

In the second race, started at 2:48, Algonquin led, while Palm started with her boom on the wrong side, and had to shift over. At the lee mark Algonquin was seven seconds ahead of Constance and one minute forty-one seconds ahead of Palm. The two leaders had a hard fight to windward, Constance finally winning by a few seconds.

In the third race Palm was first away, but Algonquin was eight seconds ahead of Constance and ten seconds ahead of Palm at the lee mark, gaining on the windward work in a fresher breeze, while Palm beat Constance. The official times were:

	Outer mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
First Race—Start, 1:45.			
Constance	2 08 21	2 35 14	0 50 14
Algonquin	2 08 10	2 35 31	0 59 31
Palm	2 08 57	2 39 33	0 54 33
Second Race—Start, 2:48.			
Constance	3 10 55	3 38 26	0 50 26
Algonquin	3 10 48	3 38 28½	0 50 28½
Palm	3 12 29	3 40 52	0 52 52
Third Race—Start, 3:49.			
Algonquin	4 07 02	4 34 19	0 45 19
Palm	4 07 10	4 34 53	0 45 53
Constance	4 07 12	4 35 02	0 46 02

On July 4 Constance and Algonquin met at Larchmont, the former winning.

The trial series was resumed on July 6, the triangle being sailed, one and one-third miles to a side. The day was fair with a light S.W. wind that freshened during the afternoon. C. H. Crane, the designer of Constance, replaced his brother at the helm, setting up the rigging before starting out and using a cotton instead of a silk jib, the result being a greatly improved showing for the boat. In the first race Palm led over the line, and on the broad reach to the first mark, but on the second reach she fell to third place, with Constance in the lead. On this leg the two leaders wasted time in a long luffing match, Constance holding her place and improving it greatly in the beat over the last leg.

The second race was started at 1:27, in a fresh S.W. breeze. Palm again led over the line, and improved her position on the reach, but fell to last place on the second leg. Constance did particularly well to windward and won very easily.

The final round was started at 2:52, by which time the three were glad to reef. Palm made a good start and held first place over the first part of the second leg, when she was passed by Constance. When they came on the wind she was forced to give way to Algonquin also, and she finished a poor third. The times were:

	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	3d Mark.	Elapsed.
First Race.				
Constance	12 26 33	12 42 45	1 16 07½	1 01 07½
Algonquin	12 26 34	12 42 53	1 18 52	1 03 52
Palm	12 26 18	12 42 59	1 20 45½	1 05 45½
Second Race.				
Constance	1 38 19	1 49 26	2 15 22	0 48 22
Algonquin	1 38 15	1 49 09	2 19 11	0 52 11
Palm	1 37 45	1 49 28	2 23 27	0 56 27
Third Race.				
Constance	3 05 06	3 15 14	3 43 12½	0 50 12
Algonquin	3 05 36	3 16 50	3 45 55	0 52 55
Palm	3 05 00	3 16 05	3 47 47	0 54 47

The third day was a poor one for racing, with rain at times, and very little wind. Palm did not come to the line, leaving Constance, still handled by C. H. Crane, and Algonquin to fight it out. After two races had been sailed over the windward and leeward courses, Algonquin leading easily off the wind, but being badly beaten to windward, she declined to sail the third race. The times were:

	1st Mark.	Finsh.	Elapsed.
First Race.			
Constance	1 30 35	2 43 42	1 33 42
Algonquin	1 26 57	2 48 13	1 38 13
Second Race.			
Constance	2 59 10	3 39 42	1 06 42
Algonquin	2 58 21	3 43 06	1 09 06

While no official decision has been announced, as a matter of course Constance will be selected as the challenger. By a recent arrangement between the two clubs, the first of the cup races on Lake St. Louis will be sailed on July 27, instead of July 24. The defending yacht has not yet been selected.

The Canada Cup.

Chicago Y. C. Trial Races.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 8.—At this writing but little actual progress has been made in determining the winner in the preliminary competition for the Canada cup, only one race having been sailed, and that of to-day being postponed on account of heavy weather, the wind blowing half a gale and a very lumpish sea running outside, which in the opinion of the judges made it advisable to set the second race on for Monday, July 10, at noon.

The first race of the series was won in very hollow fashion by Genesee, July 4, the crack Rochester boat leaving a very strong impression in local minds that she will be the winner of the series, though it is a bit early to be altogether confident of it. Certainly the first test was decisively in favor of the Hanley boat, for she led the second boat by two miles, and sailed the course of twenty-one miles in 3:17:57. She was first across the line, admirably handled by Mr. Davis, and was not caught from start to finish, coming home with saucy maneuvers which showed her confidence. Prairie, the handsome boat designed by Mr. W. P. Stephens, and built at Ogdensburg, N. Y., was second. This boat has but recently arrived at her new quarters, reaching here June 22, and her owners have not yet gotten her tuned to the satisfaction either of themselves or of the boat. It seeming that the weight of lead, over 9,000lbs., was too much to bring the boat to her lines, Mr. Charles Thorne took off some 2,500lbs. from the keel with serious effects on the stability. The owners of Prairie were anything but happy when last seen. Had they gone out to-day in the stiff wind they would very probably have wished a bit of lead back under her. It is to be hoped that this boat will improve on acquaintance, and that she will crowd the Rochester flyer satisfactorily enough to make the latter work a trifle harder than she did last Tuesday. Genesee is handled ably and seems fit as possible. Josephine, the Chicago cutter, was anxious to have the race of to-day pulled off, as she thought it was her sort of weather. She finished third on Tuesday. Bald Eagle, the Racine fin-keel, was dismasted early in the day, and did not enter the race at all. At this writing she is not yet in commission, though work is advancing on her and she may enter for two or three of the trials. The unhappy Veva, of course, is permanently out of it, and Briar, Mr. Peare's new boat, is still on the stocks and can hardly be here within a week, so that it would seem unfair to ask the Rochester men to wait till she is ready to enter the contests. There remain, therefore, at best, but four boats, and more likely only three, a centerboard, a cutter and a fin-keel, and should the weather favor, these should have it pretty well argued out by the close of the following week, Genesee being now favorite at any sort of odds wanted. Following are the data of these boats:

Briar, No. 1.—Type, fin-keel; length over all, 45ft.; length, load waterline, 27ft.; beam, 8ft. 6in.; designer, Joseph Myers, Chicago; builders, Miller Brothers, Chicago; owner, George Peare; skipper, George Peare.

Genesee, No. 2.—Type, centerboard; length over all, 45ft.; length, load waterline, 27ft.; beam, 11ft. 6in.; designer, Hawley, Quincy Point, Mass.; builder, Hanley, Quincy Point, Mass.; owners, Rochester Boat Club Company; managing owner, Charles Van Voorhis; skipper, Charles G. Davis, New York; crew, Charles Van Voorhis, M. A. MacDuff, J. E. Burroughs, James McDonell and one professional.

Bald Eagle, No. 3.—Type, fin-keel; length over all, 46ft. 6in.; length, load waterline, 27ft.; beam, 9ft.; designer, George Warrington, Chicago; builders, Racine Boat Manufacturing Company, Racine, Wis.; owners, George Warrington, F. K. Ball, R. T. Robinson, F. Robinson; managing owner, George Warrington; skipper, E. P. Warner.

Prairie, No. 4.—Type, cutter; length over all, 45ft.; length, load waterline, 28ft.; beam, 9ft.; designer, W. P. Stephens, New York; builders, Spaulding-St. Lawrence Boat Company, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; owners, F. W. Morgan, Charles H. Thorne; managing owner, Charles H. Thorne; skipper, Charles H. Thorne; crew, B. P. Hinman, Robert Wilber, N. C. Cook and two professionals.

Josephine, No. 5.—Type, cutter; length over all, 45ft. 6in.; length, load waterline, 27ft.; beam, 10ft. 6in.; designer, George Webster, Hamilton, Ont.; builder, William Barnum, Muncie, Ind.; owners, Burt H. Whitely and A. J. Whitely; managing owner, Burt H. Whitely; skipper, Burt H. Whitely; crew, D. D. Griffiths, William Avery, Douglas Putnam, Richard Wilcox and Abe Burrell.

Prairie and Josephine carry each about 1,500 sq. ft. of canvas. Bald Eagle carries, or was planned to carry, 2,000ft., but the great spread snapped off the mast and she is *hors du combat* for the time at least.

First Race, Tuesday, July 4

In the race of last Tuesday the boats were called to the line at 10:30, and sent off at 11. Genesee was over at 11:00:03, Josephine 11:00:04, Prairie 11:00:06. Bald Eagle lost her mast at the hounds just before the start. The weather was lowering and rainy, the breeze a light one and no sea running of consequence. Prairie seemed not stiff enough even under these conditions, and heeled heavily, not driving well. Josephine set her topsail and led away from Prairie, both dropping astern of Genesee. Prairie experimented with several of her many sails (she is admirably fitted with a full suit for all manner of weather), and finally storing her jibtopsail began to pick up on Josephine, but did not overtake her until half-down the second leg, Prairie having trouble after breaking out her spinaker at the first stake.

Genesee made the first leg, seven miles, in just one hour, rounding the stake boat at 12:00:03. Josephine rounded at 12:04:00, Prairie 12:05:00. On the second leg Genesee said good-by to her companions, and appeared at least a mile and a quarter in the lead. The wind now fell, and for ten minutes all were more or less becalmed, but a stiff breeze soon thereafter sprang up, and the rest of the course was more to a sailor's liking. The time at the second stake boat was Genesee 1:20:00, Prairie 1:35:00, Josephine 1:37:00. The time at finish was Genesee 3:18:00, Prairie 3:44:00, Josephine 3:54:00. The course was triangular, seven miles to the leg. Messrs. John Berryman and J. B. Crawford acted as judges, using the Sentinel as their craft.

The yacht Genesee makes a good impression here, both boat, crew and commander, the latter being evidently a sportsman and wanting to win if at all on the merits of his boat. He is disposed to wait as long as possible for Briar to get into commission, and says he will sail her any time she is ready, as he wants the best boat to go to Canada for the contest.

Since the first race of these trials was sailed under conditions perhaps more favorable to Genesee's model than to those of her rivals, it may be a little early to decide what will be the relative performances of the boats under varied weather conditions. It is to be regretted that the wind did not abate this morning sufficiently to allow the boats to start, for then we should have had two races, one in light wind and one in stiff weather, and so might have had opportunity for a juster estimate of the boats. However that may be, the ensuing week will no doubt bring forth conclusive data, and the event is looked forward to with very great interest, alike by Chicago yachtsmen and the Chicago public.

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The second race was sailed on Monday in a fresh breeze, being almost a repetition of the first. Genesee covered the course in four hours five minutes, Prairie in four hours 21 minutes and Josephine in four hours twenty-three minutes. Bald Eagle, after being fitted with a new mast, started, but withdrew from the series. The third race was set for July 11.

Riverside Y. C. Annual Regatta.

RIVERSIDE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 8.

THE Riverside Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on July 8 with rather a small fleet of starters. The two principal entries, Syce and Kestrel, were absent, the latter being at Bristol for a new topmast. The morning was calm and foggy, but it cleared by afternoon, with a moderate S.W. wind, which continued to freshen. During the race Possum lost her bowsprit, Windora sprung her mast and Albicore tore her balloon jibtopsail when in a leading position. Vorant II. sailed a private handicap match with Lorelei, steered by F. Bowne Jones, and won by twenty-three seconds. The official times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cutters—51ft. Class—Course, 15 Miles—Start, 1:35.			
Liris, T. J. McCahill	48.00	2 26 50	2 26 50
Yawls—43ft. Class—Course, 15 Miles—Start, 1:35.			
Albicore, Seymour J. Hyde	41.00	2 38 05	2 38 05
Sultan, C. T. Somerville	37.93	2 39 34	2 36 11
Sloops—36ft. Class—Course, 15 Miles—Start, 1:35.			
Vorant II., H. F. Whitmore	34.00	2 43 42	2 43 42
Possum, J. R. Maxwell, Jr	35.00	Did not finish.	
Acushla, C. T. Wills	34.00	2 42 24	2 42 24
Anoatok, Oswald Sanderson	....	2 31 35	2 31 35
Special Handicap Class—Course, 15 Miles—Start, 1:35.			
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	30.00	2 30 35	2 30 35
Windora, W. L. Ward	30.00	Did not finish.	
Sloops—30ft. Class—Course, 15 Miles—Start, 1:40.			
Lorelei, Alfred Peats	....	2 54 24	2 54 24
Cats—25ft. Class—Course, 10 Miles—Start, 1:40.			
Qui Vive, Geo. A. Freeth	24.87	3 30 00	3 30 00
21ft. Racing Knockabouts—Course, 10 Miles—Start, 1:45.			
Indianola, L. R. Alberger	....	1 47 50	1 47 50
Robin Hood, George Gartland	....	1 51 16	1 51 16
Open Cats—20ft. Class—Course, 10 Miles—Start, 1:45.			
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr.	20.00	1 54 50	1 54 50
Psyche, H. B. Stephens	19.00	3 03 57	3 01 51

The winners were Liris, sailover; Sultan, Anoatok, Esperanza, Lorelei, sailover; Indianola, Kazaza and Qui Vive, sailover.

The regatta committee included Messrs. George B. Clark, Edward Binney and George B. Huffington.

Jubilee Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE Jubilee Y. C. sailed a handicap race on July 4 in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Hdcp.	Corrected.
Black Cloud, T. H. Gilliott	1 34 08	scratch.	1 34 08
Elf, Chas. Prescott	1 36 20	2 00	1 34 20
Ada, John Claflin	1 41 48	4 00	1 37 48
Wanda, E. S. Foster	1 44 43	4 00	1 40 43
Nixie, S. J. Connolly	1 47 43	4 00	1 43 43
Spurt, Geo. Stamper	1 43 50	scratch.	1 43 50
Vager, Whitney and Kent	1 51 38	6 00	1 45 38
Brownie, Williams Bros.	1 53 48	4 00	1 49 48
Emen, W. H. Southard	1 53 58	4 00	1 49 58

Atlantic Y. C. Annual Cruise.

PURSUANT to the programme, the fleet of the Atlantic Y. C. met at the rendezvous, Larchmont, on the afternoon of July 3, lying over during the Fourth. On the morning of July 5 the fleet started on the first squadron run, from Larchmont to New London, which was made in good time, with the aid of a fresh southerly wind. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Class 1—Schooners in Racing Trim—Start, 10:20.		
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	2 00 40	3 40 40
Class 2—Schooners in Cruising Trim—Start, 10:20.		
Lady Evelyn, J. C. Ackerman	2 24 18	4 04 18
Katrina, R. E. Todd	2 10 30	3 50 30
Ramona, B. Whitlock	2 09 10	3 49 10
Sachem, F. T. Adams	2 04 00	3 44 00
Class 3—Yawls Over 43ft.—Start, 10:10.		
Huron, E. S. Hatch	2 19 38	4 09 38
Class 4—Sloops Over 43ft.—Cruising Class—Start, 10:10.		
Penguin, Geo. Brighton	2 16 00	4 06 00
Eclipse, L. Callanan	Disabled.	
Daphne, Geo. Copeland	2 16 10	4 06 10
Class 5—Racing Sloops—Specials—Start, 10:10.		
Ondawa, W. J. Roberts	2 22 00	4 12 00
Awa, T. L. Arnold	2 23 52	4 13 52
Class 6—Sloops 43ft.—Cruising Class—Start, 10:10.		
Zenobia	2 19 58	4 09 58
Eidolon, L. Wier	2 49 00	4 39 00
Bonito	2 49 00	4 39 00
Bonnie Ghint	Not timed.	
Wabasso	Not timed.	
Narika	3 07 00	4 57 00

The winners were Amorita, Katrina, Huron, Penguin, Ondawa and Zenobia. Eclipse lost her topmast and put into Cold Spring Harbor for a new one.

On July 6 the second run, from Bridgeport to New London, was made, the times being:

Schooners—Cruising Class—Start, 10:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	5 25 50	6 50 50	6 38 34
Amorita	5 24 15	6 49 15	6 14 10
Lady Evelyn	6 24 42	7 49 42	7 38 53
Katrina	5 34 32	6 59 35	6 21 54
Ramona	5 31 12	6 56 12	6 56 12
Sachem	5 40 45	7 05 45	6 50 53
Sloops—Over 43ft.—Start, 10:25.			
Ondawa	6 15 50	7 50 50	7 50 50
Awa	6 59 19	8 34 19	8 31 37
Sloops—Under 43ft.—Start, 10:25.			
Eidolon	7 04 45	8 38 45	8 38 45
Bonito	Not timed.		
Narika	Not timed.		
Wabasso	Not timed.		
Bonnie Ghint	Not timed.		
Zenobia	6 04 25	8 19 25	7 48 36
Sloops—Special Class—Start, 10:25.			
Penguin	6 14 45	7 49 45	7 00 47
Wenonah	6 23 35	7 58 35	7 58 35

The winners were Amorita, Ondawa, Zenobia and Penguin. Colonia lost her foretopmast and Sachem lost hers, as well as tearing her maintopmast staysail.

On July 7 the fleet sailed across to Shelter Island, Amorita again winning. After lying at anchor until July 10, a part of the fleet started at noon from Ramshead Buoy, in Gardiner's Bay, to race outside Long Island to Sea Gate. The starters were:

	Length.	Allowance.
Schooners.		
Coronet, John I. Waterbury	114.80	scratch
Ramona, B. F. Whitelock	105.84	0 12 39
Sachem, F. T Adams	90.61	0 58 00
Katrina, Robert E. Tod	73.00	1 57 20
Cutters.		
Daphne, George W. Copland	51.00	. .. ..
Awa, Tom Arnold	46.88	0 29 44

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

ROCKAWAY—JAMAICA BAY.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE Jamaica Bay Y. C. sailed a good race on July 4 in a fresh south wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
First Class—Cabin Cats—25ft. and Over—Start, 2:20.		
Dorothea, Walsh & Christopher	4 38 52	2 18 52
Frank, W. C. Vincent	4 40 47	2 20 47
Orca, F. S. Lafond	Dismasted.	
Second Class—Cabin Cats—20 to 25ft.—Start, 2:25.		
Louise, L. R. Jagger	4 47 20	2 22 20
Lulu, M. H. Christopher	4 49 31	2 24 31
First Class—Open Cats—20 to 25ft.—Start, 2:30.		
Mavourneen, E. C. Wood	4 36 55	2 06 55
Mildred-Myrtle, C. W. Hay	4 49 05	2 19 05
Alta, F. G. Bush	4 49 25	2 19 25
Ella B., J. L. Brainerd	4 56 20	2 26 20
Second Class—Open Cats—17 to 20ft.—Start, 2:35.		
Eunice, C. T. Kraus	5 08 20	2 23 20
Josie P., C. P. Frey	Withdrew.	
Lucy A., F. H. Andrews	Disabled.	

Orca was leading her class when she carried away her mast.

On July 8 the third race of the dory class was sailed in a half-gale from S.W. with a heavy sea. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
O, F. S. Lafond	4 21 24	1 11 24
B, Dr. L. Pflug	4 28 15	1 18 15
S, W. W. Scheffler	4 52 35	1 42 35
A, W. G. Gallagher	Dismasted.	

The standing in the series to date, counting 5 points for first place, 3 for second and 1 for third, is as follows: F. S. Lafond, 15; Dr. L. Pflug, 6; W. W. Scheffler, 4; W. G. Gallagher, 1; G. Kimball, 1.

The fourth race in the series will be sailed on July 15.

Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association.

NEWBURGH—HUDSON RIVER.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE Newburgh Canoe and Boating Association sailed its third race on July 4 in a moderate south wind, the times being:

Unlimited Class.			
Dazzler	3 22 16	Viola M.	3 18 48
Cruiser Class.			
Sappho	3 23 26	Rambler	3 28 11
Carrie	3 23 32	Gull	3 30 07
Madrene	3 23 35		
Lark Class.			
Mary	3 30 18		

The record of the three races is as follows: Unlimited Class, Viola M., two firsts; Madrene, one. Cruiser Class, Madrene, two; Sappho, one. Lark Class, Pancake, one; Gull, one; Mary, one.

Western Yachts.

Cavite Beats Yankee.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 8.—It was the unexpected that happened on White Bear course, Minnesota, on July 1, when the doughty Yankee was forced to lower her colors to Mr. F. M. Douglas' Cavite, a new boat, and not at first supposed to be a dangerous rival of the White Bear favorite. Cavite, however, won by a margin of but 50yds., narrow enough to leave a defeat with no overwhelming quality to it. All classes were sent over the course at once, Aurelia and Akela appearing for the 23-footers; Falcon, Jennie and Pastime in the 21ft. class; Mudhen and Gypsie for the little fellows. In the 20ft. class were Yankee, Cavite, Mahto and Keewaydin. Yankee, with L. P. Ordway at the stick, led over the line, followed by Keewaydin, steered by H. A. Merwin; Mahto, J. H. Skinner, and Cavite, F. M. Douglas. Cavite gradually overhauled Yankee after leaving the other two astern. Falcon made a good start, her helmsman, H. Van Vleck, crossing two minutes ahead of her rivals, and she increased this lead to ten minutes at the finish. Akela carried away her jib near the finish, which increased the extent of Aurelia's lead. The times were:

	Start.	Finsh.	Elapsed.
Yankee	3 40 07	4 58 13	1 18 06
Cavite	3 40 47	4 58 00	1 17 12
Mahto	3 40 47	5 00 22	1 19 35
Keewaydin	3 40 18	5 05 32	1 25 14
21ft. Class.			
Falcon	3 31 15	5 07 25	1 36 10
Jennie	3 32 20	5 17 14	1 45 44
Pastime	3 34 00	5 18 26	1 44 26
23ft. Class.			
Aurelia	3 45 38	5 10 50	1 25 12
Akela	3 47 22	5 16 15	1 28 53
Larks.			
Mudhen	3 50 18	4 43 52	0 52 34
Gypsie	3 50 45	. .. ..	. .. ..

The first decisive race of the Pistakee Y. C., of McHenry, Ill., on the Fox Lake Chain, was sailed July 5 and won by Pistakee, Henry L. Hertz, in the first class. In the third class Fortune Teller, A. E. Seyl, was first. Racing will continue during the ensuing week.

E. HOUGH.

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American Y. C. Annual Regatta.

MILTON POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Wednesday, July 5.

THE annual regatta of the American Y. C., following closely the regattas of the New Rochelle, Stamford and Larchmont, had but four starters, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cutters and Sloops—51ft. Class—Start, 1:35.			
Kestrel, J. B. Mills	49.46	1 37 52	1 37 52
Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 1:35.			
Sultan, C. S. Somerville	38.80	2 02 54	2 02 54
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 1:35.			
Acushla I., C. G. Wills	34.00	2 02 52	2 02 52
Cabin Cats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:45.			
Win or Lose, J. Appleby	23.50	2 28 16	2 25 59
Qui Vive, G. A. Freeth	24.87	2 26 28	2 26 28
Open Cats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:50.			
Florence, A. H. Arthur	22.04	2 41 59	2 41 59
Open Cats—21ft. Class—Start, 1:50.			
Vera, A. M. Bradley	20.07	2 27 15	2 27 15
Ox, R. N. Bavier	19.14	2 42 22	2 40 08
Open Cats—18ft. Class—Start, 1:50.			
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr	17.20	2 19 48	2 19 48
Capt., A. Gatlinger	16.70	Did not finish.	
Knockabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 2:00.			
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	21.50	2 24 00	2 24 00
Sloops—Special 30ft. Class—Start, 1:05.			
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	30.00	1 53 56	1 53 56

Sea Cliff Y. C. Annual Regatta.

SEA CLIFF—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Friday, July 7.

THE annual regatta of the Sea Cliff Y. C. was sailed on July 7, the wind falling before the start until the race was only a drift. Out of thirty-eight starters but thirteen yachts finished. The times were:

	Finish.	Corrected.
Special 30ft. Class—Start, 12:05.		
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	6 10 34	6 05 34
Acushla, I., C. S. Wills	Withdrew.	
25ft. Cabin Cat Class—Start, 12:10.		
Phi Kappa Psi, J. I. Bergen	2 40 05	2 37 21
Hannah, R. L. Crooke	2 16 07	2 16 00
Qui Vive, G. A. Freeth	2 13 51	2 13 51
Oconito, R. W. Haff	2 35 28	2 34 31
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	2 15 32	2 13 50
21ft. Open Cat Class—Start, 12:10.		
Spunk, C. E. Silkworth	2 42 38	2 42 20
Ox, R. Bavier	2 52 20	2 52 20
18ft. Open Cat Class—Start, 12:10.		
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr	2 45 12	2 43 50
Dunlea, C. S. Dunning	5 13 05	5 13 05
Special 15ft. Open Cat Class—Start, 12:10.		
Coot, A. D. Prince	3 13 21	3 08 21
Helen, A. Rae	3 08 39	3 08 39

The winners were Esperanza, Win or Lose, Spunk, Kazaza and Coot.

Duxbury Y. C. Open Race.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Saturday, July 8.

THE Duxbury Y. C. sailed an open race on July 8 in a fresh S.W. breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.
Third Class—Start, 10:35.	
Geisha, W. T. Whitman	2 25 21
Halcyon, Sanford C. Winsor	2 25 59
Scamper, Edgar Reed	2 29 03
Fourth Class—Start, 10:40.	
Lobster, C. C. Clapp	1 11 13
Bobolink, L. B. Goodspeed	1 11 59
First Special Class—Jib and Mainsail—Start, 10:45.	
Grace, M. S. Weston, Jr	1 16 43
Dolphin, N. Morton	1 21 29
Second Special Class—Start, 10:50.	
Veritas, Alex. Holmes	1 29 21
Kittawake, H. M. Jones	1 31 40
Scrap, A. B. Holmes	1 31 55
Frolic, J. C. Dawes	1 33 29

The winners were Geisha, Lobster, Grace and Veritas.

Wood's Holl Y. C.

WOOD'S HOLL, MASS.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE Wood's Holl Y. C. sailed a race on July 4 in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Spritsails.		
Emma, A. M. Ferris	1 09 25	1 08 25
K. T., W. M. Ferris	1 11 03	1 11 03
Carrie, H. K. Dyer	1 13 32	1 12 20
Isabell, J. J. Veder	1 13 32	1 13 32
Catboats.		
Mary E., A. Crowell	1 08 02	1 07 20
Frolic, R. Veeder	1 09 22	1 08 27
Maud S., R. Veeder	1 09 20	. .. ..
Scup, J. Rogers	1 18 00	1 11 47
Knockabouts.		
Captain, A. M. Ferris	0 50 20	0 50 05
Bob, H. K. Dyer	0 52 12	0 51 10
All Right, H. E. Hibbard	0 52 20	0 52 20

Emma wins the challenge cup. Captain wins the Dyer cup. Owing to a mistake over the course, the catboat race will be resailed.

WOOD'S HOLL, MASS.

Saturday, July 8.

THE Wood's Holl Y. C. sailed its third race, the first club championship, on July 8, in a strong south wind, accompanied by heavy hain. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
25ft. Knockabouts—Start, 1:15.		
Nokomis, A. Winsor, Jr	3 09 16	1 54 16
Blazing Star, C. Baker	3 10 30	1 55 30
May Queen, D. Whittemore	3 12 00	1 57 00
21ft. Knockabouts—Start, 1:15.		
Amanita, J. Crane	3 14 00	1 59 00
Kalama, David Rice	3 19 29	2 04 29
Quakeress, A. C. Harrison	3 20 00	2 05 00
Cyrila, R. H. Emmons, 2d	3 24 02	2 09 02
Dariel, H. W. Harris	Withdrew.	
Edith, S. F. Dow	Withdrew.	
15ft. Knockabouts—Start, 1:20.		
Next, C. H. Jones	2 47 35	1 27 35
Uarda, J. Parkinson	2 48 30	1 28 30
Flickamorco, N. H. Emmons	2 50 47	1 30 47
Gobye, L. G. King	2 51 14	1 31 14
Peacock, R. W. Winsor	2 51 53	1 31 53

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Fifth Class—Catboats—Start, 1:25.		
Ripple, C. H. Eldred	1 43 25	1 43 25
Mary E., A. F. Crowell	2 05 10	2 00 52

The 30ft. Class at Newport.

THE racing of the 30-footers at Newport began on July 1, only two boats starting over the Rose Island Course, eighteen miles, in a strong S.W. wind. The times were:

Start, 3:21.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, R. Brooks	4 13 06	5 22 02	2 01 02
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	4 13 21	5 24 57	2 03 57

On July 3 a sweepstakes was sailed with four starters over the Dyer's Island course, eighteen miles, in a strong S.W. wind and sea. The times were, start 3:15:00:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	5 38 35	2 23 35
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	5 39 05	2 24 05
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 43 00	2 28 00
Asahi, L. Warren	5 44 50	2 29 50

On July 4 three boats started and two, Veda and Dorothy II., filed counter protests for fouling. The times were:

Start, 3:39.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy, II., Harry Payne Whitney	5 42 46	2 03 46
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	5 44 06	2 05 06
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 44 42	2 05 42

On July 7 Mr. Ellis joined the fleet with Hera, after sailing the spring races at New York. The Dyer's Island course was sailed in a S.W. wind, the times being:

Start, 3:23.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 19 12	1 56 12
Hera, Ralph N. Elis	5 21 32	1 58 32

On July 8 a sweepstakes was sailed to Bishop's Rock and back twice, in a strong south wind and fog, Hera and Wawa sailing a close race. Asahi was hindered by the breaking of the club of her jib. The times were:

Start, 4:18.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, Ralph N. Ellis	5 55 42	1 37 42
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 55 44	1 37 44
Asahi, L. W. Warren	5 59 30	1 41 30

Riverton Y. C. Annual Regatta.

RIVERTON, N. J.—DELAWARE RIVER.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE Riverton Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on July 4, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Catboats—Start, 10:35.		
Sea Gull	12 45 10	2 10 40
Nettie	12 41 05	2 06 05
Leila	12 56 32	2 21 32
Mosquito Boat Race—Start, 10:40.		
No. 11, A. G. Cook	12 34 48	1 54 48
No. 2, C. Biddle	12 35 20	1 55 20
No. 10, J. H. Russ	12 36 50	1 56 50
No. 1, S. Solomon	12 38 25	1 58 25
No. 15, F. Graff	12 40 20	2 00 20
No. 6, J. S. Coale	12 40 42	2 00 42
No. 12, H. McI. Biddle	12 42 15	2 02 15
Launch Race—Start, 10:40:30.		
Sylph	1 35 30	0 55 30
Phrose	1 37 45	0 57 15
Nellie	1 04 17	1 04 17

Tub Races.—Thomas Kerrigan, first; John Kerrigan, second.

Gunning Skiff Races.—Biddle and Woolman, first; Myers and Cecil Fitler, second; Earnshaw and Reese, third.

The winners were Sea Gull, No. 11 and Sylph.

Corinthian Y. C.

THE Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia sailed a race for the knockabout and lark classes on June 30 in a light west wind, freshening from S.W. The time of the knockabouts was:

Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
The Kid	5 27 01	2 22 01
Menlo	5 28 42	2 23 42
Fareeda	5 37 29	2 32 29
Grilse	5 45 54	2 40 54

Two larks started, one capsizing and the other withdrawing.

Larchmont Y. C. Annual Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE annual regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. was as usual the principal yachting event of the Fourth in New York waters, nearly sixty yachts starting. After a calm in the morning, the race was finally sailed in a moderate southerly breeze, with clear weather and smooth water. The times were:

Class B—For Schooners for Colt Cup.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia, C. A. Postley	3 51 15	3 51 15
Atlantic, W. Marshall	4 23 55	4 17 14
Ariel, F. L. Leland	4 09 33	4 07 17
Class D—Schooners.		
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	3 58 15	3 58 15
Quissetta, H. F. Lippett	3 55 27	3 52 15
Class D—Cruising Trim.		
Elsemarie, J. B. King	4 18 36	4 18 36
Katrina, R. E. Todd	4 22 14	4 21 20
Class F—Schooners.		
Clorita, P. T. Dodge	4 51 45	4 51 45
Uncas, C. P. Buchanan	4 54 13	4 54 13
Class G—Cutters—Cruising Trim.		
Vigilant, Percy Chubb	3 32 09	3 32 09
Navahoe, R. P. Carroll	3 47 50	3 45 40
Class K—Cutters.		
Acushla II.,	Disabled.	
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	3 29 09	3 29 09
Kestrel, J. B. Mills	3 41 56	3 41 56
Class K—Cutters—Cruising Trim.		
Ondawa, H. J. Roberts	4 17 11	4 17 11
Choctaw, G. B. Watts, Jr.	4 08 03	4 05 58
Awa, T. L. Arnold	4 02 39	4 01 29
Liris, T. J. McHale	3 54 46	3 54 46
Kiaora	4 09 32	4 07 43
Class L—Sloops.		
Tigress, C. A. Appleton	4 26 01	4 23 20
Hussar, J. D. Baird	4 05 43	4 05 43
Fleetwing, Dr. Valk	4 30 50	4 30 50
Yawls.		
Albicore, S. J. Hyde	4 19 27	4 19 27
Class M—Sloops.		
Anoatok, O. Sanderson	4 14 46	4 12 49
Acushla I., C. G. Wills	Did not finish.	
Possum, J. R. Maxwell, Jr	4 13 12	4 13 12
Class M—Yawls.		
Audax, H. W. Eaton	4 41 06	4 41 03
25ft. Knockabouts.		
Oiseau, H. W. Maxwell	4 17 10	4 17 10
Momo, C. H. Crane	4 19 05	4 19 05
Alyce	Withdrew.	
Special 30ft. Class.		
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr	4 07 00	4 07 00
Class P—Sloops.		
Celia, W. Gould	2 34 53	2 34 04
Houri, E. J. Bergen	2 35 57	2 34 05
Song and Dance, Louis J. Boury	2 33 32	2 33 32
21ft. Knockabouts.		
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie	2 36 59	2 36 59
Kittie, Hazen Morse	2 39 48	2 39 48
21ft. Knockabouts (Racing).		
Midge, F. M. Boyer	2 40 32	2 40 32
Lucile, D. Bacon	2 38 27	2 38 27
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	Did not finish.	
Class Q—Sloops.		
Constance, E. M. Post	2 23 35	2 23 35
Algonquin, E. M. McDonald	Did not finish.	
Mainsail Yachts—30ft. Class.		
Owl, E. W. Crabbe	2 48 34	2 43 57
Windora, W. L. Ward	2 31 34	2 31 34
Class T—Mainsail Yachts.		
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	3 04 59	3 02 40
Florence, A. H. Alker	3 08 28	3 03 24
Vera, A. M. Bradley	2 52 26	2 45 15
Class V—Mainsail Yachts.		
Miriam, J. M. Price	3 59 46	3 59 33
Spunk, C. E. Silkworth	3 25 51	3 23 33
Ox, R. N. Bavier	3 26 47	3 24 44
Ione, C. W. Bird	3 30 45	3 29 24
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr	3 01 32	3 01 32
Class W—Special.		
Emma, B. F. Stanton	Did not finish.	
Lobster, T. J. S. Flint	3 37 56	3 37 56
Snapper, A. D. Fuller	Did not finish.	

Winners.—Colonia wins the Colt cup; special handicap, Colonia allows Atlantic 45m. and Ariel 30m. Atlantic wins from Colonia by 12m. 20s., and from Ariel by 38s. Class D, Quissetta. Class D (cruising trim), Elsemarie. Class F, Clorita. Class G, Vigilant. Class K, Syce; Kestrel second. Class K (cruising trim), keels, Liris. Class K (cruising trim), centerboards, Awa first, Choctaw second. Class L, Hussar first, Tigress second. Class L (yawls), Albicore, sailover. Class M, Anoatok first, Possum second. Class M (yawls), Auda, sailover. Class N (knockabouts), Oiseau first, Momo second.

Special, 30-Footers.—Esperanza, sailover. Class C, Song and Dance first, Celia second. Knockabouts, Spindrift.

Acushla II. added to her already lengthy list of mishaps by losing her centerboard.

Windward Y. C.

BROOKLYN—NEW YORK BAY.

Sunday, July 2.

THE Windward Y. C. sailed a special race on July 2 on the Upper Bay, the wind being fresh S.W. The times were:

Class A—Sloops and Cabin Cats Over 25ft.—Start, 11:53.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Curlew	2 14 45	2 18 15
Miranda	2 16 30	2 20 15
Whitecap	2 41 10	2 43 40
Class B—Cabin Catboats Under 25ft.—Start, 11:53.		
Chip	2 21 30	2 25 10
Florence	2 22 50	2 26 05
Dolphin	2 26 55	2 30 37
Class C—Open Catbots over 18ft.—Start, 11:56.		
In It	2 24 00	2 24 30
Etta	2 41 20	2 41 25
Bonito	2 43 25	2 43 50
Class D—Open Catboats Under 18ft.—Start, 11:56.		
Ruth	1 31 25	1 29 40
Rags	1 31 15	1 32 07
Coot	1 33 00	1 33 00

Oceanic Y. C.

THE Oceanic Y. C. sailed a race on July 4 on New York Bay, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nellie V., F. Van Winkle	15.6	1 12 28	1 55 00
Mary E., J. Pray	15.6	1 14 23	1 56 55
Just Look, R. Petersen	16.0	1 17 41	1 58 13
Ensign, F. Wright	18.0	Withdrew.	
Spot, C. Wrege	16.0	Withdrew.	
Dimple, T. Smedley	16.0	Withdrew.	

Indian Harbor Y. C. Annual Regatta.

GREENWICH—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, July 6.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on July 6 in a moderate W.S.W. breeze, which came in during the afternoon, following a morning of calm and showers. The start was postponed until 2:35. The courses were the usual triangles, on Long Island Sound. The first round was timed:

Windora	3 46 31	Lorelei	3 55 43
Acushla	3 46 44	Mariposa	3 56 26
Hussar	3 48 02	Qui Vive	3 57 02
Kittie	3 49 49	Win or Lose	4 01 11
Sultan	3 49 57	Houri	4 06 49
Spindrift	3 51 06	Sirene	4 09 22
Indianola	3 51 20	Kazaza	4 11 12
Mongoose	3 52 48	Vera	4 11 17
Robin Hood	3 53 42	Elsie	4 12 15
Esperanza	3 54 43	Psyche	4 48 50
Midge	3 55 42		

The final times were:

Cutters—43ft. Class—Start, 2:35—Course, 13 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hussar, James Baird	4 54 46	2 19 46
Sultan (yawl), C. S. Somerville	5 08 32	2 33 32
Cutters and Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 2:35—Course, 13 Miles.		
Acushla I., C. T. Wills	5 05 20	2 30 20
Windora, W. L. Ward	4 54 53	2 19 53
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 2:35—Course, 13 Miles.		
Lorelei, Alfred Peats	5 22 39	2 47 39
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 2:55—Course, 10 Miles.		
Houri, F. I. Bergen	5 25 32	2 34 32
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 2:55—Course, 10 Miles.		
Ripple, Dr. J. A. Meek	5 46 44	2 51 44
Special 30ft. Class—Start, 2:45—Course, 13 Miles.		
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr	5 13 09	2 28 09
21ft. Racing Knockabouts—Start, 2:50—Course, 10 Miles.		
Mariposa, H. McCord	5 14 25	2 24 25
Kittie, Hazen Morse	4 51 00	2 01 00
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie	4 52 19	2 02 19
Mongoose, Simeon Ford	5 02 35	2 12 35
Robin Hood, G. E. Garland	5 04 08	2 14 08
Indianola, L. Alberger	4 54 39	2 04 39
Midge, F. W. Boyer	5 15 21	2 25 21

Cabin Catboats—25ft.—Start, 3:00—Course, 10 Miles.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Qui Vive, George Freeth	2 05 29	2 05 29
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	2 18 23	2 16 16
Open Catboats—25ft.—Start, 3:05—Course, 10 Miles.		
Sirene, R. Outwater	2 16 52	2 16 52
Elsie, W. F. Gillespie	2 21 08	2 18 52

Open Catboats—21ft.—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vera, A. M. Bradley	5 25 10	2 20 10
Psyche, S. B. Stevens	Not timed.	
Open Catboats—18ft.—Start, 3:05.		
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr	5 26 24	2 21 24

The winners were: Hussar, Windora, Lorelei, sailover; Houri, sailover; Ripple, sailover; Esperanza, sailover; Kittie, first prize; Spindrift, second prize; Qui Vive, Siren, Vera, Kazaza, sailover.

The catboat Windora sailed as a sloop against Acushla I.

Viva, Rear-Com. Hopper, carried the race committee.

Penataquit Corinthian Y. C.

BAYSHORE—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. sailed a good race on July 4 in a reefing breeze from S.W., the times being:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 1:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gayety, Richard Hyde	3 10 58	2 05 58	2 05 05
Sloops—Class N—Start, 1:05.			
Squaw, H. S. Jewell	3 17 45	2 12 45	2 12 45
Adaline, H. Havemeyer	3 20 30	2 15 30	2 11 37
Jessie, Rawson Underhill	3 26 35	2 21 55	2 17 52
Emelfelgie, L. R. Adams	Withdrew.		
Sloops—Class P—Start, 1:10.			
Rei, E. Lentilhon	3 32 35	2 22 35	2 22 35
Scrap, R. W. Bainbridge	3 38 00	2 28 00	2 27 02
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 1:10.			
Surprise being the only one entered, went into the 21ft. class.			
	3 55 38	2 45 38	2 40 29
Cats—Class V—Start, 1:15.			
Little Minister, C. H. Southard	3 53 48	2 38 48	2 38 48
Snapper, G. A. Schieren	4 09 00	2 54 00	2 52 43
Julia, Russell Marston	Withdrew.		
Cats—Class W—Start, 1:15.			
Maysee, H. W. Warner	4 36 40	3 21 40	3 21 40
Bess, J. H. Covell	4 35 58	3 20 58	3 20 23

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

July 13-14.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

July 14.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Match, 100 live birds, $100 a side, between Harold Money and Aaron Doty.

July 14-15.—St. Paul, Minn.—Tournament of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club. A. E. Perry, Sec'y-Treas.

July 15.—White Plains, N. Y.—All-day shoot of White Plains Gun Club.

July 15.—Elkwood Park.—One o'clock; half-holiday handicap; 10 birds, $10 entrance.

July 18.—Springfield, O.—Match between C. A. Young and J. A. R. Elliott for Republic cup.

July 19.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch.—All-day sweepstake shooting.

July 19-20.—Providence, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

July 21.—Kent, O.—Heikes-Elliott contest for Cast-Iron medal.

July 22.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Grand midsummer target tournament and five-men team match, on grounds of Keystone Shooting League. J. K. Starr, Manager, Philadelphia.

July 22.—New Brunswick, N. J.—New Jersey Central League contest on grounds of Reservoir Gun Club.

July 22.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Twelve o'clock; Elberon handicap, 15 birds, $15. White Seal prize; 5 birds, $5 entrance.

July 24.—Batavia, N. Y.—Elliott-Crosby contest for E. C. cup and championship at inanimate targets.

July 25.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Third annual tournament and clambake of the Hell Gate Gun Club. E. Doeinck, Sec'y.

July 26.—Albany, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Forester Gun Club. Bluerocks and magautrap; open to all. H. R. Sweny, Sec'y.

July 26-29.—Ocean City, Md.—Third annual midsummer tournament; two days at live birds; two at targets; $300 added. J. R. Malone, Manager.

July 29.—Elkwood Park.—One o'clock; Deal handicap, 10 birds, $10 entrance. Irroy prize; 5 birds, $5 entrance.

July 29.—Elkwood Park.—Twenty birds, $20; 12 o'clock.

Aug. 9-10.—Portland, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, Sec'y.

Aug. 11.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club; added money. C. F. Lambert, Sec'y.

Aug. 15-17.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State Tournament.

Sept. 5-7.—Omaha, Neb.—Du Pont Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. G. H. Moore, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

Sept. 13-14.—Cherokee, Ia.—Cherokee Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. D. Anderson, Sec'y.

Sept. 19-22.—Detroit, Mich.—Jack Parker's eighth international tournament; live birds and targets; $500 cash added.

Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds.

Oct. 23-28.—Nashville, Tenn.—Belle Meade Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Sec'y.

First and third Fridays of each month.—Watson's Park, Burnsine, Ill.—Semi-monthly contest for Montgomery Ward & Co.'s diamond badges.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

1900.

June —.—Tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, first week in June. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the third annual midsummer tournament, to be held at Ocean City, Md., July 26 to 29, inclusive, can now be obtained on application to Mr. James R. Malone, the manager, Baltimore, Md. The first two days will be devoted to targets; last two to live birds. The management has arranged to get reduced rates from the steamboat and railroad companies, and also a $1.50 rate with the hotels. The programme sets forth the facilities offered for boating, fishing, shore bird shooting, etc. There are thirteen events on each of the target days, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, 185 in all; entrance $1, $1.50 and $2; $5, $7 or $10 added to each event. Three moneys in 10-target events; four in others. There also will be $25 average money each day in target events; $15 to the three high averages, and $10 to the two lowest averages. There are three events on the live-bird programme on the third day. No. 1 is at 5 birds, $5 entrance, three moneys. No. 2 is at 7 birds, $7, three moneys. No. 3, is at 10 birds, $10. Birds are included in the entrance of each event, and each is high guns. Miss-and-out events, $2 entrance, will follow. The last day has the Ocean City handicap, 20 birds, $15 entrance, birds extra, class shooting, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. division, handicaps 25 to 32yds. Miss-and-out events, 2 entrance, will follow. Guns, ammunition, etc., may be shipped to John Kelley, Ocean City, Md. Boats leave Light street wharf, Pier 4, at 7 A. M. and 4:10 P. M. daily. Those who come via Pennsylvania R. R. can change at Wilmington, Del. Congress Hall and Atlantic Hotel will be headquarters for the sportsmen. The members of the tournament committee are Messrs. G. H. Gent, A. H. Fox, J. C. Hicks and J. M. Hawkins. The members of the reception committee are Drs. Brook and Lupus and Messrs. Richardson, Merriken, Wilson and Ducker.

The programme of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club's tournament, July 14 and 15, can now be obtained of the secretary, Mr. A. E. Perry, care of Powers Dry Goods Co., St. Paul. There are eleven events on the first day's programme, 10, 15 and 20 targets, a total of 175, with a total entrance of $17.50. In each of these events, excepting No. 1, $10 is added. The programme for the second day is similar to that of the first, excepting that there also is the State championship for the silver cup, open only to Minnesota shooters. This event is at 25 targets, $1 entrance. There are seven merchandise prizes in addition to the cup. To each of the ten high averages there is a cash prize of $5. To the five next there are merchandise prizes. The grounds are situated at Kittsondale, reached by the St. Paul and Minneapolis interurban cars. Targets will be thrown from expert traps, Sergeant system. Targets 2 cents. Manufacturers' agents are barred. In 10-target events, three moneys; in 15 and 20-target events, five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10. Dinner will be served in club house.

The monthly shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club, Saturday afternoon of this week, besides having the usual pleasant attractions, is likely to have a warm two-men team competition to determine who is who, and how and why. This came from a remark made by Mr. L. Harrison, who said, in a far away tone of voice that he and Harold Money could beat any two shooters about New York. The result was that Messrs. Banks and Remsen, Carl von Lengerke, and C. W. Dudley, Dr. A. A. Webber and W. Hopkins and Capt. Money and J. B. Hopkins announced that they were anxious to know all about it; so they will shoot at 200 targets per team, and John S. Wright, with his customary beneficence, declared that he has a $10 bill for the winning team.

Under date of July 8, Mr. John Parker, of the Peters Cartridge Co., informs us that he will hold his eighth annual international tournament in Detroit, Sept. 19 to 22, inclusive, at live birds and targets. Five hundred dollars cash will be added by Peters Cartridge Co. besides several international trophies. He adds: "I would like to hear from Indianapolis, Dayton, Cincinnati, Nashville and Chattanooga, and arrange a circuit of shoots to follow mine, one week after the other, as was talked of last year.

Mr. J. W. Todd, of Charlotte, N. C., was a visitor at Lyndhurst, witnessing the contest for the championship of New Jersey between Messrs. Money and Morfey, last Saturday. He was quite regularly in the tournaments as a competitor at one time, not so very long ago, and in the programme events of the afternoon showed that he retained his old high skill, though shooting a strange gun. He acted as a judge in the championship contest.

On Saturday, July 15, the White Plains Gun Club will hold a target shoot, commencing at 10 o'clock, at the Oak Tree Hotel grounds. There are twelve events at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance, 50 cents, $1 and $1.50. No. 11, at 25 targets, has $3 entry. To event 12 $5 will be added. Those who wish may shoot for targets only. Stages to and from grounds.

The Vincennes Gun Club, of Vincennes, Ind., has given two handicap shoots this season, merchandise prizes, and they evoke a high degree of interest among the members. Vincennes is in the midst of a great game region, and was the scene of a great field trial in 1880, and is only a short distance from Bicknell, Ind., where many good field trials have been held.

In a match at 100 live birds, $100 a side, July 7, at Lyndhurst, N. J., on Tom Morfey's grounds, Mr. Aaron Doty defeated Mr. H. M. Heflich by the excellent score of 93 to 85. The birds were a rare good lot, and as the grounds are exceptionally hard, the boundary being under 50yds., the score is first class.

Mr. Harold Money defeated T. W. Morfey for the championship of New Jersey and the E. C. cup in the contest for it, held at New Jersey last Saturday, by the score of 49 to 44. He shot in admirable time and precision, and had the honor of making the highest score yet recorded in the competition for this popular trophy.

The famous representative of the Hunter Arms Co., Mr. Harvey McMurchy, made a short visit to New York last week, and was the recipient of the glad hand among his many shooting friends in Sportsmen's Row during the visits he made in that section on Thursday and Friday.

The impetus in trap-shooting matters, particularly in the West, is a most gratifying sign in the trap-shooting world. The contemplated movement toward a central trap-shooting point around which all can try conclusions is most commendable. There is no reason why it should not be a success.

Mr. Aaron Doty, of Paterson, N. J., and Mr. Harold Money, of Oakland, N. J., have arranged a live-bird match, $100 a side, 100 birds, the contest to take place at Lyndhurst, N. J., on Friday of this week.

Aug. 15 to 17, inclusive, are the dates fixed upon for the ninth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association. The prospects are set forth in another column by Mr. Paul R. Litzke.

Mr. Fred Hoey, who at one time was one of the most active and skillful of live-bird shots, has been appointed manager of the New York Base Ball Club.

Mr. Noel Money is expected to arrive in New York some time the latter part of this month, thence goes to England a few days thereafter.

The members of the Oneida County Association will hold a handicap shoot on each Saturday, the prizes being small sums of money.

The shooting programme of the Country Club for 1899 can be obtained of Messrs. Daly & Chanfrau, Long Branch, N. J.

The Belle Meade Gun Club, Nashville, Tenn., has fixed upon Oct. 23-28 for its tournament; targets and live birds.

BERNARD WATERS.



SHERBROOKE GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hudson Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., July 3.—The scores made to-day in our club shoot follow: In a match at 25 targets between C. Dudley and F. Hansman the former scored 21 to 16. In the return match Hansman won; score, 20 to 19. In a mtach at 15 Dudley's score was 12, Hansman's 10:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25
C Dudley	8	9	10	9	7	24	W O'Brien	..	7	7	..	..	19
F Hansman	6	6	8	..	..	16	J Whitley	..	..	..	7	..	..
C Wigger	5	3	4	4	4	16	C Banta	..	9	7	8	..	19
C Shields	7	3	6	6	..	18	G Brewer	..	..	..	..	5	..
F Alts	5	3	6	..	..	17	J Doran	..	..	..	..	8	10
Dr De Long	..	7	6	7	8	16	P Tommy	..	..	..	..	..	5

THOS. KELLY, Sec'y.

New Jersey Central League.

South Amboy, N. J., July 8.—Four teams competed in this contest, the Reservoir Gun Club, of New Brunswick, coming out first, with a total of 86 out of a possible 125. This was a better score than appears on the face, for the conditions were hard, the targets being thrown very hard and a 4 o'clock flukey wind adding to the difficulty. The Raritan Bay was the background. Some extra shooting, by way of warming up, was engaged in, mostly 10-target events. The Dunellen team, usually on hand, failed to appear to-day. The next contest takes place on July 22, on the grounds of the Reservoir Gun Club, New Brunswick. The contest to-day was on the grounds of the Columbia Gun Club, of South Amboy. The score:

Reservoir Gun Club, of New Brunswick.	
J C Belloff	22
McDowell	18
Bissett	17
R Applegate	15
H Smith	14—86
Columbia Gun Club, of South Amboy.	
Disbrow	22
H Bloodgood	16
De Worth	14
J Bloodgood	12
Ivins	10—74
Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick.	
Capt Brink	17
Sperting	16
Van Nuis	15
Sperting, Jr	13
J S Applegate	9—70
Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield.	
Hunt	19
Goodman	17
Lindzey	15
Frazer	13
Keller, Jr	6—70

Doty Defeats Heflich.

Lyndhurst, N. J., July 7.—The contest to-day between Messrs. Aaron Doty and A. Heflich was something of a surprise in its results; not in that one would beat the other, but in the high score which Doty made and the decisive defeat which it signified. The birds were a picked good lot. The quality of them is shown in a way by the fact that out of the lot there were but 2 sitters, and they lagged but momentarily. Out of the 7 Doty lost 4 died out of bounds, while Heflich lost seven out. The match began at 2:46 and took about two hours' time from start to finish. Doty shot in fine time and with great accuracy. The veteran Capt. A. W. Money handled him. Each shot Trap shells, 1¼, No. 7; Doty, 3½ drams E. C.; Heflich, 3½ drams Schultze. Following are the scores, each man standing at 30yds.:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Extra events were $3 miss-and-outs; all stood at 30yds., save in No. 4, in which the first two rounds were at 33yds., the rest 35yds.:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Bender	2222222222—10	....	0—0	.....
H Money	2222222222—10	2222—4	2—1	22220—4
Morfey	2222222222—10	2220—3	.	.....
J T Doty	212122222*— 9	....	.	.....
J Baker	022222112*— 8	....	.	.....
Capt Money	2*	20	.	2210
A Doty	22120	2222—4	.	22222—5
Canon		210	.	.....
Harm		*	.	.....

East Side Gun Club.

NEWARK, N. J., July 4.—The live-bird shoot of the East Side Gun Club, held on Smith Brothers' grounds, attracted a small attendance to-day. The performance of Feigenspan rather surpassed that of his competitors, though none of the shooting was up to the capabilities of those present. All stood at 28yds. Results are tabulated below. A side affair was a match between Messrs. Feigenspan and Koegel at 8 birds, the former winning by 1 bird; score 6 to 5. Each stood at 28yds. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	5	5	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
S Castle	5	3	6	6	6	4	..	..	..
W S Canor	3	4	4	3	4	3	3	5	..
F Castle	2	..	5	7	3	3	..	..	..
C W Feigenspan	..	..	7	5	6	7	6	6	6
H Otten	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	4	6
H C Koegel	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	6
Leuthauser	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

Match at 8 birds; 28yds.:
Feigenspan .....10111011—6 Koegel .....10111010—5

Championship of New Jersey.

July 8.—The contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, was a competition well worth seeing, for in it were two men quite as distinct as well could be imagined, in that one was a seasoned, well-tried hero of many struggles, the other a youngster, comparatively, who had shown a racing stride, had won a few hot competitions, but had not been out often enough to satisfy all that the inquisitive critic would care to know. One was slim and fairly tall, with youth which many might envy; the other had a breadth of shoulder which could easily have carried Atlas and his load. The one was Mr. Harold Money, the challenger; the other was the hero of many struggles and many victories, Mr. T. W. Morfey.

As to the former, he smashed 49 out of the 50 targets in a manner which suggested a pleasant stroll among pleasant landscapes. His time was excellent, and the targets were in the center of every load except one, the unfortunate third, which lost the honors bestowed on its fellows, and was the only one which escaped.

The race began about the middle of the afternoon, quite an audience being assembled to witness the contest, each gladiator's "rooters" having bouquets of reasons why his own choice should win in a walk. Morfey missed two out of his first three; Money missed one, and thereafter refused to consider misses, going straight to the finish, and shooting in a form which would have engaged the closest attention of the best masters of the gun in the world; for, be it known, the breaking of targets on Tom Morfey's grounds is not of the easy nature of breaking eggs for breakfast.

Capt. A. W. Money acted as referee, the judges being Messrs. J. W. Todd, of Charlotte, N. C., a mighty man with the shotgun, and Ed Banks, secretary of the E. C. & Schultz Co.

The light was the soft subdued kind coming from a veiling of clouds, so that there was an even light, regardless of the nooks and corners of the background. In this respect the condition was favorable for good scores. On the other hand, the swift, lively targets, flying high, low, sharply right and left, and all as it might be, required a high degree of skill to negotiate without bumping against a goose egg. The following score tells the story of how Mr. Harold Money took the cup under his arm and figuratively walked off with it:

T W Morfey.....0101111111111011111111111110—21
1110110111111111111111111—23—44
H Money.....1101111111111111111111111—24
1111111111111111111111111—25—49

This event was No. 5 on the programme. Sweepstakes were shot as follows:

Events:			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	25	25									
H Money	10	18	20	14	11	14	..	49	13	25	13	13	15
Morfey	7	..	23	12	13	10	14	44	14	23	14	13	14
Banks	..	23	22	15	14	15	15	..	16	21	15	12	13
Capt Money	..	19	18	12	9	12	14	..	10	23	12	12	12
Todd	..	16	23	14	14	15	14	..	12	21	12	13	14
A Doty	..	..	13	14	12	11	14	..	11	21	14	..	..
Moffett	..	..	18	12	7	9	9	..	11	17	12	..	..
Waters	..	..	18	9	14	12	9	..	11	17	..	..	..

In event No. 4 Morfey, Banks, Capt. Money, Todd and Doty made the squad record of the grounds, scoring 71 out of a possible 75. In five of the programme events Banks missed only one target in 75, though Todd was pressing him close on general results.

Freehold Gun Club.

Freehold, N. J., July 8.—The regular semi-monthly shoot of the Freehold Gun Club took place on Friday, July 7, at targets.

In the following event Hance was first and Laird second:

Hance	0101111111111001111011111001111—23
R A Ellis	1111010001110001001011011111110—18
E Vanderveer	1111101111110101111010111111100—23
W B Ellis	0111111111111011101101100110001—22
Danser	0101110011000101110110110011110—17
Muldoon	0110100001000101000001011110011—12
Du Bois	0001000001
Snyder	1111101111100110111111010110000—20
Jas Laird	0011101001011100111000111100 10—16
Jos Laird	1000111010110101111110111111111—22
Vandorn	1010111011111101010110111110101—21

Ties for first place:
Hance .....1100110111— 7 Vanderveer .....0111010110— 6

Ties for second place:
W B Ellis.....1010011011— 6 J T Laird.....1111111010— 8

C. C. SNYDER, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., July 4.—The Brooklyn Gun Club was in evidence in the diversion of the day. There were quite a number of ladies present, so that each man stood in more graceful pose at the score, with chest expanded, as was becoming the day and the event. John Wright was present in person, and managed matters in his usual good form. A team race was an enlivening feature, which resulted in a win for each, the talent composing the teams being very near even.

Team race, five men on a side, 15 targets:

Dr. Creamer's Team.

Creamer	101010101101110— 9
Webber	111111111101011—13
Schoebel	101111011100111—11
Wright	001000000000001— 3
Milliken	000111000010101— 6—42

Dr. Kemble's Team.

Kemble	101101110101110—10
Waters	101111110101111—12
Lane	0101110111111100—10
David	0100100010000001— 4
Paterson	100111100010111— 9—45

Second team race:

Creamer	100111111101011—11
Webber	0110111111111111—13
Schoebel	111101011110010—10
Wright	000001001001000— 3
Milliken	011111000011000— 7—44
Kemble	011111011101111—12
Waters	001111111101011—11
Lane	000100111111110— 9
David	010100111101010— 8
Paterson	000000000001000— 1—41

Prize shoot, handicap, misses as breaks, 30 targets; prize gun case:

Webber, 4	111111111111111111000010111111—29
Schoebel, 6	011101111111101110000011011111 -28
Creamer, 8	110111111101101101111101101111 30
Kemble, 4	111001011111111001110110111110—26
Waters, 4	111001111110011111011111111101—28
Lane, 10	101111111111111111011101111111—30
Milliken, 14	001010010111001101011100101101—30
Wright, 14	010000100010010011101111001001—27

Shoot-off:

Lane, 10	110111011111111000010010011011 29
Milliken, 14	001011111011011001010101100101—30
Creamer, 8	101110111110111111101011101011—30

Creamer and Milliken tied. Milliken withdrew. Creamer won.

Sweepstake events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	10	*	15	Targets:	15	10	*	15
Dr A A Webber	11	9	8	13	Paterson	10	..	..	..
Dr Creamer	11	7	4	10	Milliken	..	1	3	..
Dr Kemble	10	5	7	9	Wright	..	..	6	..
Schoebel	11	8	4	11	Lane	..	..	..	9

* Five pairs.

July 8.—There was a fairly good attendance and some good shooting in the different events. There is a noticeable cutting down of handicaps, as the season advances. The shooting was varied, there being more novelty and more events at doubles in to-day's shoot. The prize shoot, handicap, was won by Dr. A. A. Webber, who is shooting a marvelous gait, considering that he is a beginner.

The scores in the prize shoot, handicap, are as follows:

Creamer, 4	111111111101001101101101—23
W Hopkins, 4	010110110111111111111111—25
Kemble, 3	111111111111111110111111—25
Ben Ali, 4	101110111111111111111111—25
Webber, 3	111111111111011111100111—25
Lane, 7	110000111011110111010111—24
J Hopkins, 5	111110111111011111111111—25
Smith, 8	000101110010010000010101 1—18
Paterson, 7	110011111011110011011111—25

Shoot-off of ties:

Hopkins, 4	000110111101101111101111—22
Kemble, 3	000110111111101011101011—20
Ben Ali, 4	001101111111111100101111—23
Webber, 5	110110111111111111011111—25
J Hopkins, 7	111111111111101011111111—25

Shoot-off second tie, 15 birds, no handicap:
Webber .....111111111111111—15 Hopkins .....110111111110111—13

Events:	1	2	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	10	*	10	10	25	15
Kemble	12	6	11	5	9	23	13
W Hopkins	10	9	13	6	8	19	14
Dr Creamer	9	6	8	3	6	14	..
Dr Webber	15	8	12	5	8	22	13
J B Hopkins	10	10	9	7	9	16	15
Lane	9	8	..	..	..	..	..
Aldrich	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ben Ali	12	7	12	..	..	..	..
Paterson	10	..	10	..	..	..	..
Wright	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	4	9	6	9	..	10
David	..	..	8	..	..	..	..

* Five singles and five pairs:

No. 5 was a walking match. No. 6 was rapid-fire, one after the other. No. 7 was 15 singles and 5 pairs:

GEO. B. PATERSON, Sec'y.

Portsmouth Gun Club.

THE Fourth of July shoot of the Portsmouth (N. H.) Gun Club was one of the leading local events of the Fourth. It was attended by shooters from Boston, Haverhill, Dover and York, besides a large delegation of sportsmen from this locality.

It was a fine day. The heat was intense, but a good breeze swept across the field all day and a large tent afforded shelter from the sun's rays.

The Boston delegation, including Miss Kirkwood, the Messrs. Kirkwood, Leroy, Woodward and Andres, together with a squad of Haverhill shooters and their ladies, arrived first. They were met at the depot by Herbert E. Philbrick, vice-president of the club, and escorted to the electric car, which conveyed them within a short distance of the grounds. A little later a party of seventeen came, most of them from Dover, with a few York representatives. This party included a half dozen ladies.

Arrived at the club grounds a cordial welcome was received from the local sportsmen, who were present in goodly numbers, the ladies of the club doing their best to make the visitors feel at home and as comfortable as the heat would permit.

It was a matter of much regret that the members of the Exeter Club were unable to be present, a shoot on their own grounds preventing.

At 10:30 the shooting began, continuing until late in the afternoon.

Some fine scores were made by the out-of-town experts, Miss Kirkwood, as usual, breaking her targets with precision and skill, and on her score of 15 straight receiving hearty applause.

Leroy, of the Boston Gun Club, who represents the Du Pont Powder Co., shooting U. M. C. shells in a Remington gun, was high gun for the day, breaking 105 out of 115 shot at. Miskay was a good second.

At 1 o'clock dinner was served under the big tent and was a fine spread, including quite an elaborate menu, served in first-class manner by the ladies of the club.

The team shoot was a most spirited contest between the representatives of the clubs present. The friendly rivalry resulted in some excellent shooting and the Boston Club carried off the honors, President Newick, of the local club, leading the cheers which greeted the victors. The complete scores of the team shoot were as follows, being at 15 targets, thrown at unknown angles:

Boston Gun Club.—Leroy 14, Horace 13, Miskay 15, Williams 10, Andres 9. Total 61.

Haverhill Gun Club.—Tozier 13, Griggs 10, Graffam 10, Miller 9, F. Manson 7. Total 49.

Dover Gun Club.—Wentworth 12, Beard 12, Corson 12, Haley 8, Stevens 8. Total 52.

Portsmouth Gun Club.—White 10, Weston 12, Lewis 9, Newick 12, W. Philbrick 14. Total 57.

The scores for the day follow, the eighth event being the team shoot. Events alternated from regular to unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	15	10	10
Leroy	8	10	13	9	9	14	9	..	9	10
Tozier	7	7	9	7	8	16	9	..	9	8
Miskay	9	7	13	10	9	14	7	..	7	5
Horace	10	6	10	9	7	7	9	..	10	4
Williams	8	9	10	8	3	5	10	..	7	8
Miller	8	9	11	7	8	6	6	..	7	5
Griggs	7	7	9	8	7	8	8	..	5	6
Eaton	8	5	8	7	3	10	6	..	..	..
Graffam	4	7	11	9	5	12	6	..	7	..
White	10	9	15	7	10	14	9	..	6	7
Weston	9	9	10	2	4	7	8	..	..	..
Andres	8	5	11	5	5	11	10	..	6	8
W Manson	3	7	7	5	8	..	6	..	9	8
Newick	6	7	10	..	8	10	..	..	..	..
F Manson	9	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	4	..
Mitchell	..	7	5	7	6	10	6	..	6	..
Emery	..	4	13	3	2	7	6	..	..	..
Corson	..	2	11	7	6	12	8	..	6	..
Sowersby	..	6	4	2	..	..	7	..	5	5
Wentworth	..	7	9	9	3	12	9	..	..	..
Gillis	..	6	7	5	..	6	7	..	..	..
Haley	..	1	10	6	3	..	..	..	..	..
Merwin	..	5	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stevens	..	6	8	7	7	6	7	..	..	..
Beard	..	9	13	9	8	10	..	..	..	..
H Philbrick	..	..	..	8	7	..	..	..	..	..
Meserve	..	..	..	..	3	5	..	..	..	..
Frizzell	..	..	..	..	7	5	..	5	6	..
W Philbrick	..	..	..	..	13	9	..	9	9	..
Joy	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	4	..	..

It was a day greatly enjoyed and to be pleasantly remembered by all present.

W. I. PHILBRICK,
Of the Portsmouth (N. H.) Gun Club.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Montgomery Ward Diamond Badge.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 7.—The tenth contest of the series for the Montgomery Ward diamond badge brought out-to-day the smallest entry which has yet been seen in these events, only nine men appearing at the score, although the weather was fine and the birds very good. Ar fresh wind blowing to the left from the score helped to make matters interesting, and there were only two straights—Shaw and Amberg, each of whom needed his handicap allowance. Dr. Shaw has been in tie for first place seven times out of nine contests, but again to-day he was defeated in the ties, losing 2 birds out of his first four. Amberg killed his 4 straight and won the medal, Dr. Shaw winning high average again. Sturdevant was alone with 14, and White won the ties on 13. The winning of Mr. Amberg to-day makes the list of winners eight in number. Sturdevant and Roll have won the medal twice each. Alabaster, Leffingwell, Elias, O'Brien, Nelson and Amberg have won it once each. The final shoot-off will be held August 4. Below are the scores of to-day:

W B Leffingwell, 30, 1.....2021120210211122 —13
Dr Shaw, 30, 1.....1122212111221101 —15
J B Barto, 29, 2.....1110211212200012 2 —13
J M Gillespie, 29, 2.....2202011221111 0010 —12
R Simonetti, 28, 3.....0110110221111122*10—13
J L White, 30, 1.....0111221210112012 —13
J H Amberg, 30, 2.....1122222210111*2212 —15
E Sturdevant, 30, 0.....1121222*2122222 —14
Geo Roll, 30, 0.....202220222122*21 —12
Dr Shaw, 30, 0.....10*2 J H Amberg, 30, 0.....1112

Following the above a short sweep was shot, as below:

J B Barto.....10022 W B Leffingwell.....01111
Geo Roll.....01222 J L White.....02101
E Sturdevant.....20200

Howlett—Von Lengerke.

Among other visitors in Chicago this week is Mr. Alfred Ames Howlett, president of the Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Howlett is now on his way East after a long visit on the Coast, where he spent the winter and had a most enjoyable time. Mr. Howlett had a taste of the good hunting of the Western slope, but it does not seem to have injured his zest in the sport of the traps, although he has done little shooting at the traps for some time. To-day he and Mr. O. von Lengerke shot a friendly race at Watson's—25 birds per man. The birds were very good and the scores of both men are good ones, the Chicago man proving victor by a margin of 3 birds. Mr. Howlett goes East to-morrow evening, after a stay in Chicago which we all wish might be longer. The following are the scores of the little race above mentioned:

A A Howlett.....0211202112020012 11*222011—18
O von Lengerke.....2022222022222222222222200—21

Following the above a few gentlemen shot for a time together, with the results below:

Dr Shaw.....22222 J M Gillespie.....01
J L White.....2112221221 W B Leffingwell.....2202021
Howlett.....1202111022 R Simonetti.....02

Fourth at Belle Meade.

July 8.—From advices just at hand, courtesy of Mr. W. R. Elliston, Nashville, Tenn., there would seem to have been a very warm day at famous Belle Meade Park on the Fourth. It was live birds and targets, but chiefly live birds, and the scores show very high. In a field of 19 Mr. Legler had to go to 20 before the winner was determined. In the race for the State championship cup, between Mr. Elliston and Mr. De Bow, both men killed 47 out of 50. They shot off at 10 birds and again tied. In the second string of 10 Mr. De Bow lost a bird and Mr. Elliston killed straight, winning the cup. The latter was then generously put up again by Mr. Elliston, and shot for by Messrs. Elliston, of Nashville, and Frank and Neely, of Memphis. It was won on this occasion by Mr. Neely, who killed 25 straight. In the targets our friend Devine, of Memphis, showed first in two events; Vance, of Memphis, first once; Frank, of Memphis, first once, and Messrs. Campbell and Green, of Franklin, each first in one event. High average on targets was won by Campbell. 91 out of 120; second average by Green, 90 out of 120. Following are the scores and summaries, each of the six events at 20 targets:

Vance, of Memphis, 18; T. A. Devine, of Memphis, 19; T. A. Devine, of Memphis, 19; A. H. Frank, of Memphis, 19; J. C. Campbell, of Franklin, 20; Ed. Green, of Franklin, 20.

No. 7.—Miss and out; live birds; $3 entrance; birds extra; 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

Frank, 29.....2222222222222*
Parker, 29.....20
Weaver, 28.....22220
Neely, 29.....2222222220
Jackson, 27.....212210
Acklen, 29.....122210
Du Pont, 28.....222210
Legler, 29.....12111221121211122112
Gerst, 28.....21210
Meaders, 29.....2220
De Bow, 30.....22220
Cullom, 27.....22221112221212222220
Elliston, 30.....0
Bennett, 28.....22222222222222222220
Campbell, 27.....212212222210
J T Page, 27.....0
Lane, 27.....0
N C Perkins, 27.....22120
Sedberry, 27.....222220
Ferris, 27.....0
S H Page, 27.....20
H E Perkins, 27.....22220

No. 8.—25 live birds; $15 entrance; seven moneys; high guns.

Frank, 29.....2222222222202222222122222—24
Park, 29.....2222022222202222222202222—22
Weaver, 27.....1110211212101221211210211—22
Neely, 29.....2002222222221202222222221—22
Jackson, 27.....2112121212200121221121221—22
Acklen, 29.....1112111111120121012110121—22
Devine, 27.....1210121210212122211221212—23
Du Pont, 28.....1222122212122212112212221—25
Legler, 29.....1211102121121121121011121—23
Gerst, 28.....2121012121121121121011121—23
Meaders, 29.....0121121112202121122102112—22
De Bow, 30.....0110221111210121112011211—21
Cullom, 27.....2012210212012122102201221—20
Thompson, 27.....0212212110212121112201221—22
Elliston, 30.....2221221222212221222212122—25
Bennett, 28.....2202222222220222222212122—23
White, 27.....1112122121212121112222222—25
Page, 27.....1002222202112121210111122—21

Shoot-off; miss and out:

Elliston, 30.....2222222222 White, 27.....2122212220
Du Pont, 28.....112212120

No. 9.—State championship cup; 50 live birds each; $25 entrance:

De Bow, 30.....1221111121111111221111102—24
01222121121211121102222222—23—47
Elliston, 30.....2222212120112212121222111—24
22211*1222212212220221221—23—47

Shoot-off, ties; 10 birds:

De Bow, 30.....2221121221—10 De Bow, 30.....2212021112— 9
Elliston, 30.....1112212221—10 Elliston, 30.....2112222222—10

Elliston won, 67 out of 70; De Bow, 66 out of 70.

No. 10.—Challenge cup:

A H Frank, 30.....2221222022222222110122022—22
J C Neely, Jr, 30.....1222212112222222222212122—25
W R Elliston, 30.....0112212222222222122220122—23

Belle Meade Gun Club claims dates for Oct. 23, 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28, for a big tournament, with $500 or more added, first three days targets and last three days live birds. Information regarding this shoot can be had of Mr. W. R. Elliston, at Nashville, or Jack Parker, manager Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, O. From all indications this will be one of the best of the entire fall circuit, and it is worth bearing in mind for future reference.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Eureka Gun Club.

Chicago, July 1.—The trophy contest resulted as follows:

J Lewis.....1011111111111101010111111—21
F P Stannard.....1111111100111111111111111—23
Cunningham.....1111111111101111111101111—23
Stevens.....0000101010111111000000011—11
J C Lovell.....0101110101000011101111011—16
W D Stannard.....1111111111111011111011010—21
Bradley.....0100110110011111011101001—15
Ed Steck.....1111111100110111111111111—22
O J Buck.....1110101011110010010100111—15
S C Matthews.....0110101101101111100000101—14
Dr Morton.....1111110110011011111001110—18
C C Hess.....1111000101100110001010101—17

Mussey cup:

F P Stannard.....1111111111110110111010001 —19
V L Cunningham.....1111111111111101100110111 —21
J C Lovell, 6.....0110000001000110111110000001111—14
W D Stannard.....1110111111111111101111100 —21
Ed Steck.....1111111111111110111111011 —23
O J Buck, 2.....1111101110000000011101011111 —16
I C Matthews.....1000101100001010010001101 —10
Dr Morton, 4.....1100010011011110101000000011 —14
C C Hess, 3.....0010111010110110011101111000 —16

CHICAGO, July 4.—The scores made to-day at the Eureka Gun Club's shoot follow:

Shoot No. 5:

Shaw.....1111111111110111111111111—24
W R Morgan.....1111111110111011111111111—23
O J Buck.....1011111111001111100111111—20—67
C Antoine.....1111011111111111110111111—23
Cunningham.....1111011111111100111111111—22
H B Morgan.....1011000101101111110011010—15—60
O J Buck.....1111011111000011111111001—18
Cunningham.....1111111111011111111111111—24
Antoine.....1011111111111111101110111—22—64
J Glover.....1111111011111111011111101—22
H Shaw.....1011111111111011110111100—20
Morgan.....1111101111111110111101101—21—63

Shoot No. 4:

C Antoine.....1111111111111111111111111—25
Morgan.....1110111100110111100111011—18
Glover.....1111110111010111111011111—21—64
Cunningham.....1101010110111111011111111—21
Buck.....1001111111101001110101111—18
Shaw.....1111111111111001111110111—22—61

Event No. 6, 25 targets: H. Shaw 8, W. R. Morgan 17, O. J. Buck 18, J. L. Jones 12, H. B. Morgan 17, Cunningham 18.

Event No. 7, 15 targets: W. R. Morgan 9, J. L. Jones 10, H. B. Morgan 14, H. D. James 10, O. J. Buck 12, H. D. James 10, J. L. Jones 10, H. B. Morgan 15.

July 8.—This was anything but a perfect day for target shooting. The wind blew very hard—left-quartering—making the birds jump in every direction. The scores are not up to usual. As the magautrap broke down we had to go to the five-traps, which is quite a change.

Cunnyngham won Class A, Dr. Miller won Class B, R. B. Mack won Class C, Dr. Morton won Class D.

Trophy event:

Mrs Carson, D.....1100100011110011010110011—14
Cunnyngham, A.....1111111111011111111111100—22
H B Morgan, B.....1111110110110010111100011—17
Sundermier.....0111100110100001001011101—13
Dr Miller, B.....1101111100110111111111110—20
Lovell.....1111100110011001111111110—18
R B Mack, C.....1111101110111111011010010—19
R C Boroff, B.....1110110110110111101110011—18
O J Buck, C.....0010001111110111111110110—17
Dr Morton, D.....1011010010101111100111111—17
R G Moore.....1010000000110011001011001—10

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
Mrs Carson	18	15	19	Ford	16	..	..
V L Cunnyngham	24	22	22	Buck	15	20	22
H B Morgan	21	20	15	Dr Morton	20	..	..
A Sundermeir	16	12	14	Weart	13	..	..
Dr Miller	22	..	..	Moore	12	11	..
R B Mack	20	..	..	Lovell	19	15	17
Boroff	20	..	..				

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, July 1.—The weather was essentially fine, although a strong wind blew from the southwest across the traps, making the flight of targets erratic and the shooting consequently difficult. Dr. Shaw carried off the honors of the day with a straight score of 25 in the trophy event.

In the ninth trophy shoot, 25 targets, Dr. Shaw won in Class A with 25 straight, Nusley won in Class B and J. Fanning in Class C. The scores:

Kehl.....1010100101000100100010110—10
Northcott.....1010110011000110110111111—16
Richards.....0111110111101011111111111—21
Ford.....1101111001111111111001111—20
J Wolf.....0000100101011110001110100—11
Dr Shaw.....1111111111111111111111111—25
Stiger.....1110011110101001111011101—17
Young.....1111011111101111111011111—22
Smedes.....1101111010001110010011110—15
Workman.....0101111110011111000110101—16
Dr Royce.....0110101001111110100001010—13
S W Eaton.....1111111000111101111011010—18
E W Eaton.....1001010111111111110101110—18
T Graham.....w
Dr Meek.....0100011101011000111111111—16
S M Meek.....1010001001001010001001000— 8
Dr Davis.....0001010011010110110100111—13
J Fanning.....1111011100111101111111111—21
Cornelson.....1101001111011011011000010—14
Hellman.....1110100100111101110011111—17
Mrs Shaw.....1110011110111111001011101—17
S Palmer.....0010100001101100000001001— 8
Hicks.....1101111110111111111011111—21
Dr Mathews.....0101011100100101101110111—15
Nusley.....0101111111011111011110111—20
Mrs Shaw.....1010110001001101100011100—12
E S Graham.....1111111111111011111111111—24

Sweepstake events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	10	15	10	15	Targets:	15	10	15	10	15
Kehl	3	3	6	..	..	J Fanning	..	7	6	6	8
Northcott	10	7	12	7	..	Cornelson	..	10	7	4	..
Richards	12	9	9	9	11	Hellman	..	11	9	7	12
Ford	10	9	8	8	..	S Palmer	..	7	8	8	..
J Wolf	6	5	11	5	..	Hicks	..	14	13	9	..
Dr Shaw	13	10	13	8	..	Dr Mathews	..	3	..	..	..
Young	11	5	12	..	..	E W Eaton	3	3	5	7	9
Smedes	8	9	8	7	..	Barnard	..	..	12	5	9
Workman	11	5	..	..	..	Nusley	..	..	8	4	11
Dr Royce	10	6	8	7	..	M H Shaw	..	..	6	3	..
T W Eaton	10	5	10	6	9	Stiger	..	..	10	7	12
Dr Meek	..	12	10	8	..	Mrs Shaw	..	..	9	6	..
S M Meek	..	6	..	4	..	Cohron	..	..	2	7	2
Dr Davis	..	5	8	..	..	C Shaw	..	..	3	7	..

CHICAGO, July 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find scores of Garfield Gun Club made on July 4, on pigeons and bluerock targets.

The trophy event, 10 pigeons, for an elegant silver (gold-lined) cup, valued at $75, resulted in four ties and ten straight kills. T. P. Hicks, Dr. Shaw, M. H. Shaw and Dr. Meek tied, and agreed to shoot it off in next event. Hicks had the misfortune of losing his first bird, a dark-colored strong-flying left-quartering outgoer, which, although struck fairly well with both barrels, went over the fence. After this event was finished the other contestants concluded to finish the contest on a miss-and-out, as only a few birds were left. They continued shooting steadily and killing cleanly until all had killed 24 straight, when Dr. Meek went to score on his 25th, and made a beautiful kill of a swift cinnamon-colored bird with his first barrel. Dr. Shaw, who followed, also killed his with his first barrel. M. H. Shaw lost his 25th, making Drs. Meek and Shaw tied for the cup and only one more pigeon in the traps and none in the coops. As a result the doctors agreed to divide the money and toss up for possession of cup for the year. Dr. Meek won on the toss.

The birds were an unusually good lot for summer birds, only two birds being shot on the ground, as refusing to fly in the whole lot of 500.

After the pigeon shoot came dinner, which, on account of rain, was set in the club house instead of under tents on the lawn, as always before; and it was well the precaution was taken, as before dinner was half over it rained heavily. The ladies had provided an abundance of ham, chicken and tongue sandwiches, salads, cakes, etc., etc., and the way they disappeared among a crowd of about sixty hungry shooters was conclusive evidence of their quality.

After all had eaten all they could the target traps were put out and a prize shoot indulged in under a handicap arranged on percentage plan, in which Kehl won first, Dr. Royce second, Northcott third, T. Eaton fourth, S. Palmer fifth.

In spite of the rain, which fell almost continually all day long, we had a splendid time, and all went home satisfied and glad they had braved the weather and come.

	Trophy shoot.	Shoot-off & Sweep.
Dr Meek	1211221212—10	111211— 6
Dr Shaw	2222212222—10	222222— 6
M H Shaw	2212222212—10	221121— 6
Hicks	1112121221—10	011122— 5
Barnard	2222111*11— 9	121110— 5
Palmer	2221022121— 9	222022— 5
Dr Royce	0212122221— 9	111002— 4
Workman	1211120111— 9	.....
Leffingwell	2201122212— 9	1112**— 4
Eaton	1011112012— 8	1211*1— 5
Dr Davis	201111212*— 8	112012— 5
Northcott	0202221211— 8	.....
Fehrman	11211*2210— 8	101121— 5
Wolff	2022111010— 7	.....
Fanning	1200201221— 7	.....
Baird	02100111*1— 6	.....
Dr Graves	1012101020— 6	211011— 5
Russell	1010211*20— 6	111111— 6
Kuss	.....	212222— 6
Bradley	.....	222111— 6
O'Brien	.....	022210— 4
Johns	.....	101111— 5
Richards	.....	121102— 5
Kehl	.....	111010— 4
Stiger	.....	122012— 5
Smead	.....	112110— 5
Dr Mathews	.....	111221— 6
Lowrey	.....	111122— 6

Second shoot-off:

Dr Meek.....122211212— 9 M H Shaw.....212111220— 8
Dr Shaw.....112222112— 9

No. 5, 20 targets, 10 down, handicap:

Barnard, 25.....11111110000111001000 —12
Baird, 25.....11010110010000110000100 — 9
Dr Davis, 26.....10110000110110000100 — 8
Dr Meek, 25.....01111011111110101011010 01 —17
Northcott, 25.....01111011101111111011111111 —21
Dr Shaw, 20.....10111111101111111011 —17
Mrs. Shaw, 26.....10110011111000101111111110 —17
Hicks, 20.....11111111111010111111 —18
Palmer, 31.....00111111010001110110101011101101 1—20
Fehrman, 22.....11101111011101111111010 —17
Leffingwell, 23.....11001001100000101011 — 9
Russell, 26.....01105030010111100010 - 8
Kuss, 20.....11101101101000110001 —11
Dr Royce, 26.....11110011011101111111001111 —20
Dr Graves, 26.....10111100111011001010011011 —16
T Eaton, 26.....11101011101111111110101111 —21
M H Shaw, 32.....10000000100110000010 —14
Richards, 22.....11110110111101101111111 —16
Kehl, 40.....00110101011000110001010110101010 0110101011 —20
Steiger, 25.....01101110001001000001 — 9
Smedes, 25.....10010011111110100110 —12
Dr Mathews, 25.....11101111000100101001 —11

July 8.—Herewith please find scores made by Garfield Gun Club to-day. The weather was fine, but quite windy, making the shooting in the early part of the afternoon quite difficult.

Dr. Meek, T. Eaton and Mrs. Dr. Shaw tied on a score of 21 in the trophy event, and decided to cast lots for the trophy instead of shooting it off. Mrs. Shaw was the lucky one in the game of chance, and is consequently credited with winning the medal.

The small attendance in the trophy shoot to-day—only nineteen members participating—is accounted for by the July 4 shoot, an all day affair, coming in the same week. The scores:

No. 4.—Team shoot, 15 targets:

Richards' Team.		Graham's Team.	
Richards	11	Graham	11
Dr Meek	11	Dr Shaw	13
Northcott	13	Mrs Shaw	11
Young	7	Dr Royce	12
Cornelson	12	Hellman	10
J Wolff	10	D Eaton	9
Brabrook	10	Workman	6
Kehl	8	Ford	10
Dr Graves	5—87	F Smith	6—88

Trophy shoot:

Workman.....11001111011110111110111101—19
Northcott.....10011101111100101111111111—19
Kehl.....00101110011001100001100l0—11
Dr Meek.....11111111101111110110011l—21
Cornelson.....01011101100111011110111l—18
Ford.....01000001111101001101010l1—13
L Wolff, Sr.....01100100011000130000101000— 9
Young.....01011111111100111010011l1—15
T Eaton.....11111101111111101010111110—21
Dr Shaw.....11011100011011111000111—18
Richards.....11110111111111101111011111—22
J Wolff.....10011110111111111110111110—20
Mrs Shaw.....10011101111111111111101l—21
Hellman.....11011100011001000111101l—15
Brabrook.....10110100101001110100001011—13
Dr Royce.....11111011111001111010111110—20
F Smith.....00111010010001100111100000—11
Dr Graves.....00001000110000001000101l1— 7
E S Graham.....11101110011011111111111l—21

Richards won medal in Class A; Mrs. Shaw won medal in Class B; Dr. Royce won medal in Class C.

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	3	5	6	7	Events:	1	3	5	6	7
Targets:	15	10	15	10	10	Targets:	15	10	15	10	10
Workman	5	7	..	..	..	J Wolff	7	8	11	7	..
Northcott	10	7	9	9	6	Mrs Shaw	11	7	..	..	..
Kehl	3	5	6	6	8	Hellman	10	9	..	..	8
Dr Meek	11	8	14	..	..	Brabrook	10	7	..	..	..
Cornelson	7	8	9	..	..	Dr Royce	10	4	..	..	..
Ford	8	3	9	5	6	Dr Shaw	13	..	..	..	..
L Wolff, Sr	5	..	..	..	..	F Smith	..	4	9	7	5
Young	3	17	11	7	7	Dr Graves	..	7	..	..	..
D Eaton	7	6	8	..	..	E S Graham	..	9	..	..	..
Dr Shaw	11	10	14	..	..	Cohron	..	8	..	3	4
Richards	11	7	11	7	..	T Eaton	..	..	..	4	7

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Garden City Gun Club.

Watson's Park, Ill., July 8.—F. R. Bissell won the contest, the scores of which follow:

J Watson, 2.....0101110200201l1 —10
Hollister, 1.....1201211121011121 —11
Leffingwell, 0.....0121121012211l2 —1:
H Levi, 2.....1221212021212011—15
H Odell, 2.....2021221202121012l—14
F R Bissell, 2.....111 2221122012211 —15
J H Amberg, 0.....2110211110012l2 —12
I P Watson, 0.....2021220212222200 —11
Gillis, 2.....1000110102021211l—11
M Goldsmith, 1.....2122102101200l0 —10
*Thurston.....2111112111011 11 —15

*Visitor.

Ties on 15:

Levi.....20011122 Goldsmith.....0121020
Bissell.....12122202

Mr. Henry J. Beer, president of the Blue Island Gun Club, Blue Island, Ill., informs us that Mr. G. F. Simmons, secretary of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, has never given his club its half of second prize in the tournament of 1898, though often asked to do so. The club protests against the unsportsmanlike treatment, and thinks that the sportsmen of the State of Illinois should know the facts. Mr. Beer incloses a copy of a letter to Mr. Simmons, under date of May 22, which reviews the case and Mr. Simmons acts in connection therewith, with a demand for payment.

Under date of July 7, Mr. George N. Thomas, of Trenton, N. J., writes us: "The Walsrode Gun Club was organized in this city on above date and the following officers elected: President Chas. G. Cook; Vice-President, Frank J. Eppuer; Secretary George N. Thomas; Treasurer, James I. Woolverton. Board of Governors: Wm. B. Weidmann, Edward Titus, Chas. O. Lutes Field Captain, Wm. L. Mickel. Committee of Club House and Grounds: George N. Thomas, Jas. I. Woolverton. The object of the club is to promote the sport of target and live-bird shooting."

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., July 4.—Of all open target tournaments ever held on the South End Gun Club's grounds, the shoot to-day was the most successful, and all who contested in the events were pleased, not only by their good shooting, as good scores were made, but also highly pleased with the hospitable treatment at the hands of the South End Club's members. The shooting began at 9 A. M. and continued until 12, when the dinner hour adjournment went into effect. Promptly at 1 P. M. the magautrap was again started and continued running until near dark. The principal event of the day was the shoot for the club's medals, and as some dark horses had been entered some of the members expected big surprises. Matz, of Class A, retained his medal with a straight score of 25. The same way in Class B—President Miles retained his medal by breaking 21, while Class C medal was awarded to Fornoff, with 16 breaks to his credit. The scores of the club shoot follow, 25 targets per man, for Class A, B and C shooters of members only:

Class A, gold medal: Capt. Yost 22, Essick 11, G. Miller 16, Shaaber 24, Rhoads 19, Gerhard 17, Eshelman 14, Ball 18, Matz 25, Jones 21.

Class B, silver medal: Schultz 18, Miles 21, Texter 19, Gicker 20.

Class C, bronze medal: Fornoff 16, Willson 3.

Scores in the open events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Capt Yost	9	8	8	8	7	8	8	8	9	10
Shaaber	8	10	8	10	9	10	6	9	7	8
Gicker	8	6	7	8	8	8	7	8	10	6
Essick	4	6	6	4	4	5	7	9	5	6
Vaughn	7	8	5	7	7	5	5	6	7	3
Miles	8	4	4	9	9	5	7	8	10	10
Gerhard	8	5	9	8	4	7	8	9	8	5
G Miller	8	7	7	6	5	7	8	6	6	..
Eshelman	8	9	7	7	7	5	8	5	..	..
Williams	5	3	7	9	5	3	6	..	..	..
Ball	5	7	7	9	9	8	9	..	..	..
Schultz	7	10	10	7	8	5	8	..	..	..
Rhoads	5	5	8	7	7	5	4	..	..	..
Klain	2	1	4	4	1	1	2	..	..	..
Willson		1	4	2	8	..	..	..	..	..
Grill	8	6	7	5	7	..	..	..	..	..
Matthias	5	5	6	3	7	..	..	..	..	..
Haas	5	6	6	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Texter	3	4	6	4	7	..	..	..	..	..
Rhoda	3	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fornoff	2	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	3
G Miller	9	9	8	10	10	..	..	..	..	..
Matz	9	7	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones		8	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Downs	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	4	..	..
Harrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6
Cook	..	2	..	..	..	4	..	..	3	..

West Chester, Pa., July 4.—Ford won the challenge cup of the West Chester Gun Club this afternoon by breaking 25 straight. He also broke the continuous record, with a score of 46 straight. The scores of the challenge cup shoot and sweepstakes follow:

Challenge cup, 25 targets: C. Brinton 20, Todd 12, Hoar 17, Gate 16, Ford 25, P. Brinton 18, Harrison 16, Gill 19, Lumis 18, Mouvere 15, Peters 19, Henry 22, Hopper 10, Black 19, Foulke 20, Morel 14.

Sweepstake event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10
Harrison	7	6	7	..	..	..	Foulke	7	10	..	..	..	..
Hoar	8	7	9	7	8	14	Mouvere	6	6	..	..	..	..
Peters	9	10	8	..	..	..	Black	6	..	7	3	4	..
Gate	5	5	4	..	..	..	Morton	9	8	..	..	..	..
Henry	8	9	..	..	..	9	Ford	5	10	10	6	8	..
Lumis	9	8	..	9	7	13	Todd	..	..	6	6	3	..
Gill	10	8	8	9	6	2	C Brinton	..	..	..	..	..	0

Pottstown, Pa., July 4.—The Shuler Shooting Club held a target tournament this afternoon, a large crowd of spectators witnessing the shooting. Summary:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	5p
Prego	25	5	6	..	5	5	..	..
Thowalter	19	8	5	8	9	6	7	8
Turner	13	6	8	7	9	6	9	7
Berger	12	..	9	7	7	5	6	8
Taylor	..	9	8	9	5	7	8	7
Mc Witt	..	7	8	5	..	6	6	2
Hole	..	..	..	4	2	..	4	5
Twist	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

DUSTER.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, Me.—July 1 being a pleasant day, the attendance was large at the Auburn (Me.) Gun Club's weekly shoot. A strong westerly wind was blowing, making the targets somewhat uncertain, but the shooting was fast and furious, thirty-seven men facing the traps. A first trial was given the magautrap which the club has recently purchased. The scores were very good and the trap was unanimously voted a success. In the regular 25-target match for the gold badge, six men were tied for it. Francis won first on the shoot-off.

Following are the scores for the afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	25	15	10	15	15	10	10
Brunnewell	10	9	21	13	8	..	..	10	..
Ashley	9	7	23	12	7	..	..	8	..
Berry	10	9	23	14	8	..	..	..	..
Turner	9	8	21	11	9	..	..	6	..
Webb	9	9	22	13	10	..	..	..	..
Allen	8	9	19	14	9	13	13	..	..
Collins	8	10	19	9	6	8	..	9	9
Waite	10	3	19	11	6	..	..	6	7
Parker	6	6	11	10	6	..	..	8	..
Berkford	6	8	20	13	5	..	..	8	..
Colby	4	9	21	12	9	..	..	7	5
Jones	8	7	11	12	8	..	..	..	..
Moody	8	6	19	10	..	..	..	..	..
Emerton	7	4	12	9	..	..	..	..	..
Cushman	7	3	13	10	..	..	..	8	..
Huntington	..	5	21	..	7	..	..	7	..
A Cushman	8	..	19	11	7	..	..	9	..
Hunbert	4	..	13	7	6	..	..	5	..
Sanders	2	2	12	6	..	..	..	2	..
Allen	5	8	10	4	..	..	..	..	..
Fletcher	6	9	21	7	..	..	..	..	..
Hanli	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Wagener	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Merrill	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Francis	..	7	24	..	6	..	..	..	..
Noble	..	9	22	..	..	..	..	10	..
Johnson	..	6	19	..	8	..	..	7	6
Lee	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Grey	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hammon	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Webber	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Baker	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
Low	..	7	14	..	..	..	..	5	..
Pegess	..	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	..

L. A. BARKER, Sec'y.

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., July 6.—The attendance was small at the regular weekly shoot Thursday—too much Fourth of July and the excessive heat being, no doubt, the causes.

The traps and trap boys had also evidently had too much Fourth, for they proceeded to break birds with great success; 1,000 birds were used in an attempt to run off the shoot, 50 per cent. of them striking in the traps.

Matthews won Class A medal on 38 out of the first 50 birds he shot at, and Bob Hunt won Class B on a score of 23 out of the same number. The poor shooting was largely due to the breaking of the birds in the traps, a shooter having in many instances to pull a half dozen times before he would get a bird to shoot which is very trying on the nerves. Following are the scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Matthews	70	53	.760	Miller	20	8	.400
Smith	70	46	.660	A W Boyd	50	19	.380
Allen	70	39	.560	Trobridge	50	19	.380
Hunt	70	31	.440	Mulraney	50	13	.260

SECRETARY.

Trap at Red Hill, Montgomery Co., Pa.

RED HILL, Pa.—The following scores were made in a contest for a live deer. The conditions were 3 live birds, then miss and out. There seventy-two entries. The score:

G. M. Welker 2, C. F. Miller 2, C. F. Miller 3, Geo. Hansell 1, L. C. Petrie 1, C. F. Miller 3, C. Hunsberger 3, S. J. Croll 2, H. E. Buckwalter 3, L. W. Mazurei 0, G. M. Welker 2, M. S. Brey 2, H. E. Buckwalter 3, E. Emmers 3, C. F. Miller 2, M. S. Brey 3, L. C. Petrie 3, H. E. Buckwalter 2, D. B. Clack 1, E. Emmers 3, S. J. Croll 1, Geo. Hansell 3, Ed. Emmers 2, C. Hunsberger 3, J. Hildebutel 2, J. Hillegass 3, H. W. Benning 3, M. S. Brey 2, O. Hacker 2, C. F. Miller 3, J. Hildebutel 2, S. J. Croll 2, L. C. Petrie 2, A. P. Geist 2, M. S. Brey 3, H. W. Bening 2, J. C. Hillegass 3, G. M. Welker 1, O. Engleman 2, O. H. Acker 1, A. P. Geist 2, C. Hunsberger 3, O. Engleman 3, M. S. Brey 3, J. M. Hildebutel 2, C. M. Masters 2, A. P. Geist 3, C. G. Heist 0, M. S. Brey 0, O. Engleman 1, C. G. Heist 2, S. J. Croll 3, M. S. Brey 3, S. J. Croll 3, J. L. Rehrig 3, J. L. Rehrig 2, J. L. Rehrig 3, J. L. Rehrig 3, J. L. Rehrig 3, J. K. Cope 3, J. K. Cope 1, J. K. Cope 0, G. M. Welker 0, J. K. Cope 1, M. Graff 3, M. Graff 3, M. Graff 3, M. Welker 0.

The miss-and-out had thirty entries. Rehrig and Buckwalter compromised for the deer. The score:

C F Miller	111111110	— 8
C F Miller	11111111110	—10
C Hunsberger	10	— 1
H E Buckalter	11111111111111111111111111111111	—32
H E Buckwalter	1111111111111111110	—18
E Emmers	10	— 1
M S Brey	11111111111111111110	—18
C Petrie	1111110	— 6
E Emmers	0	— 0
G Hansell	1111111110	— 9
C Hunsberger	10	— 1
J Hillegass	110	— 2
H W Benning	0	— 0
C F Miller	11111110	— 7
M S Brey	1110	— 3
J Hillegass	1111111110	— 9
C Hunsberger	1111110	— 6
M Brey	111110	— 5
S J Croll	10	— 1
M Brey	11111111111111111111111111111110	—29
S J Croll	110	— 2
J L Rehrig	11111111111111111111111111111111	—32
J L Rehrig	1111111111111111110	—19
J L Rehrig	11111111111111111111111111111110	31
J L Rehrig	1111111111111111111111110	—24
J K Cope	11110	— 4
M Graff	111110	— 5
M Graff	110	— 2
M Graff	11110	— 4

Third day.—Shoot off for second money; twenty-six ties; only seventeen shot; miss and out; live birds:

J Hillegass	0	— 0	E Emmers	10	— 1
G Welker	1111111110	— 9	M Brey	1111111110	— 9
C F Miller	11111111111110	—13	S J Croll	111111111110	—11
S J Croll	10	— 1	L Petrie	11111110	— 7
J Hillegass	111110	— 5	HW Benning	1111111111110	—12
M Brey	11111111110	—10	O Engleman	10	— 1
C Miller	11111111110	—10	C G Heist	110	— 2
Buckwalter	11111111111111	—16	J L Rehrig	11111111111111111	—16

Rehrig and Buckwalter divided second money.

C. F. KRAMLICH.

Arkansas and the South.

Cincinnatti Gun Club.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark. —It is becoming universally customary all over the country for the gun clubs to celebrate Independence Day with a shoot, so it is but natural that so progressive a club as Cincinnati can boast of should keep up with the drift of time. Mr. Theo. Foucar, a local boniface, has recently donated the club a very handsome sup for competition, and the directors decided to hold the inaugural contest on this date. The conditions were 100 targets, handicap event. This showed nineteen entries, of which three made a possible total—Dreihs, Waddell and Heikes, with handicaps respectively of 17, 22 and 5. Heikes made the highest total, scoring 95 out of his 100, which enabled him to get in the tie, but Dreihs won in the shoot-off. None of the other contestants scored 90 without their handicap. Squires, with 89, was the nearest approach to this. The trophy is subject to challenge, and Arthur Campbell, the hustling superintendent of the club, is the first one to shy his castor at the holder.

Kentucky Gun Club.

At Louisville the shooters of the city and State were also transacting business with the targets on the Fourth; in fact, this club has done this annually on this date for the past six years. The principal factor in the crockery challenge act was R. L. Trimble, with his Winchester gun, Leader shells and Du Pont powder. In the language of the gamin, "he didn't do a thing to 'em" but break them all in the championship event, which means 50 straight, and which also made his third win in these contests. Thereby he can now retain the trophy permanently. Furthermore, Trimble also made the highest average of the day.

Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association.

At a meeting of the Capital Gun Club last night, under whose auspices the ninth annual meeting and tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association will be held, it was decided to claim the dates of August 15 to 17 for disposing of this event. The attraction, as heretofore, will consist of added money for all, and trophy for the State shooters on the side. It is fair to suppose that this shoot will be on a par with the previous one given by this Association; at least every effort will be made to accomplish this. The contingent of State shooters should be especially large on this occasion, for most of the smaller towns in the State can this year boast of very active gun clubs.

At the two previous tournaments of the Association, the sum of $500 was added to the purses, and the local club will endeavor to duplicate this at the forthcoming shoot, or its equivalent. It has been the custom in the South to charge 3 cents for targets at added money tournaments; but the local shooters, realizing that this is becoming unpopular, have decided to charge only 2 cents hereafter. The present plan is to add $100 each day and set aside $50 for average money. This tournament will be open to amateurs only, but there will probably be a purse hung up for the trade representatives to compete for.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Du Pont Trophy Contest.

DENVER, Colo., July 1.—Complying with the request of Mr. Paul Litzke, I beg to inclose you the scores of my match with J. A. R. Elliott at 100 birds for Du Pont trophy. The birds were very fast for the first 30, when it commenced raining, and in consequence from that on they were not so good; but all through they were an exceptionally good lot:

J A R Elliott	2022222222021112212122222	—23
	1222222222222222222222222	—25
	2222222221112222112122222	—25
	2212221222122212122121121	—25—98
A B Daniels	2222222222222222222222222	—25
	2122211222122121112221222	—25
	2*1112222121222220121122	—23
	1112121212121 1*2222221222	—24—97

A. B. DANIELS.

Pawling Rod and Gun Club.

PAWLING, N. Y., July 4.—The attendance was light, although the programme was attractive. The great amount of shooting offered everywhere on July 4 no doubt split up the shooting support into fine parts. There were twelve events on the programme, with a total of 190 targets and $15.05 entrance. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	10	15	20	10	15	25
Dutcher	8	9	13	9	14	7	3	9	7	9	12	15
Foster	7	11	14	9	14	13	6	12	11	6	9	20
Dudley	9	14	15	11	12	11	8	12	17	9	13	20
Nelson	7	9	17	11	15	12	7	7	15	6	10	17
Tallman	7	14	17	15	18	12	6	13	19	6	12	23
Burns	5	7	7	7	10	4	5	6	8	5	3	..
Lafurgy	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	..	..	..	..
H A Holmes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	3

Sheffield Gun Club.

LORAIN, O., July 5.—A very good afternoon's sport was enjoyed on Tuesday, July 4, shooting commencing at 1:30 P. M. and continuing until dark. Several of our best and most regular shooters were unable to be with us, but their places were well filled by Messrs. Lola, Gold Dust, W. T. and St. Clair, of Cleveland and Glenville gun clubs, who paid us a surprise visit.

Our magautrap, thanks to a new eccentric kindly supplied by the Cleveland Target Co. at the last moment, worked as we have never seen it work before, only 15 birds out of 1,800 being broken by the trap.

The most noticeable performances of the afternoon were two straight 15s by Dr. Trombley, one by G. Freeland; 9 out of 10 doubles by W. Freeland and 6 straight doubles by Gold Dust, whose rapid manipulation of his "pump" surprised those who were not acquainted with the speed possibilities of that weapon.

Below will be found full scores. Events Nos. 5 and 6 were handicap sweepstakes; Nos. 7, 10, 12, 15 and 18, scratch sweeps, and No. 17 a scratch sweep at 10 double rises:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	10	10	10	25	10	25	15	25	10	15	25	25	15	25	15	15	20	15
Lola	5	8	8	..	5	..	9	..	..	13	..	..	12	..	14	12	10	..
St Clair	9	10	..	21	..	..	13	..	..	10	..	..	11	..	10	..	..	..
Gold Dust	7	9	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	12	..	..	14	..	9	..	15	13
G Freeland	..	..	7	22	..	22	11	16	..	12	..	..	12	..	11	..	14	15
Dr Trombley, 1	..	..	5	10	19	..	22	..	15	5	..	..	..	..	18	8	..	12	..
W Freeland, 3	..	..	..	4	19	..	16	..	8	..	..	..	14	..	..	12	..	18	11
W T, 1	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	11	..	..	8	..	..	6	..	12	..	..	9
T Jamieson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	19	..	..	..	..
C Baird	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	17	..	..	..	..
W Fuller	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Kemery, 7	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	14	6
J Wilson, 4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..
J Knipper	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
D L Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Jamieson	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
H C Ryding	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	
Burgast	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	..	
Mounchin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	
W Worthy	..	2	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
J Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
H Felix	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
E Malcomson	..	4	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Lola	120	96	.800	J Jamieson	60	32	.533
St Clair	105	84	.800	E Kemery	100	53	.530
G Freeland	180	142	.790	J Wilson	50	23	.460
Gold Dust	115	88	.765	D L Jones	25	11	.440
Dr Trombley	155	109	.702	H C Ryding	50	21	.420
W Freeland	166	107	.643	Burgast	35	14	.400
W T	85	54	.635	Mounchin	15	6	.400
T Jamieson	50	31	.620	W Worthy	20	6	.300
C Baird	50	24	.580	J Jones	25	7	.280
J Knipper	50	28	.560	H Felix	58	16	.276
W Fuller	60	32	.533	E Malcomson	45	12	.267

We hold shoots every Thursday afternoon from 3 to 7, or later if light permits, and are delighted to welcome any sportsmen who care to pay us a visit. We shall be pleased to arrange a few home and home matches with any clubs that will favor us with a challenge.

H. G. WARDALE, Sec'y.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

FITCHBURG, Mass., July 7.—The Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club held a very successful all-day shoot July 4. The day was fine, though too hot for comfort. Only twenty shooters turned out to enjoy the sport. Some very good scores were made, though some of the shooters to whom we look for good work were somewhat off-color. E. R. Wilbur was easily high man, both morning and afternoon. He shot in a way that made the others realize they would have to get on their shooting clothes to keep in sight of him in the future. He retained the captaincy of Team 1, the only one thus far having the honor twice in succession.

Russell and Cutler, who have just returned from a two weeks' fishing trip in Nova Scotia, seemed to be still dreaming of fish, which may account for their poor showing at the traps Tuesday, while Converse was somewhat unnerved by their reports, as he is about to spend ten days in New Hampshire. Others had to fall back on their old familiar excuses—open guns, poor ammunition, etc. The scores are as follows:

	Team 1. 10 Regulars.	10 Unknown.	10 Reverse.
Wilbur	1111111100	0111100111	0111111011—23
Putnam	1001111111	1011110111	1110000001—20
Cutler	0100100100	1011001101	1101111101—17
Russell	1111100101	0001119001	1001000110—15
	Team 2.		
Converse	1111101011	1000111101	0011110100—19
Dix	1101011001	0001110111	1011111101—20
Hawkins	0100001100	0101100101	0000110010—11
Taylor	1110101111	0011101100	0000101111—18

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Roby	3	7	..	..	3	5	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gilson	5	7	5	..	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Taylor	6	5	..	7	6	5	..	..	..	..	5	6	7	8	5	5	5	..
Converse	6	4	5	4	6	8	9	5	4	..	8	5	5	8	6	..	..	5
Wilbur	..	7	7	9	8	9	9	7	9	..	..	..	8	7	8	10	10	
Breene	..	..	7	4	9	5	8	7	7	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Cutler	..	..	..	5	6	6	7	8	..	..	8	6	4	6	7	..	..	..	
Levett	..	..	..	4	3	..	2	5	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Parker	..	..	..	4	4	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Proctor	..	..	..	..	3	5	6	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Stickney	..	..	..	..	3	6	6	7	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Russell	..	..	..	..	4	9	5	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Coulter	..	..	..	..	..	5	2	..	..	..	..	..	7	4	4	4	4		
Putnam	..	..	..	..	8	4	7	7	..	7	8	8	8	8	..	..	4		
Wood	..	..	..	..	3	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	4	5	3	2	2		
Dix	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	6	6	8	..	..		
Estey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	4	5	5	..	..		
Hawkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	4	3	5	3	3	3	
Train	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	
Cone	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	2	..	..	..	..	..	

Events 1, 2, 4, 6, 9, 11, 13, 14 and 17, regulars; events 3, 5, 7, 10 and 15, unknown angles; events 8, 12 and 16, reverse; event 18, unknown traps and angles.

C.

Rahway Gun Club.

RAHWAY, N. J., July 6.—The Rahway Gun Club, which was organized several months ago with a membership of twenty-eight, had its second shoot at clay birds on its handsome new grounds, opposite the New Jersey State Reformatory, on the Fourth. Each of the six men composing the two teams shot at 25 birds. It was a close contest, as the following score will show:

Team No. 1:

L Crane	1111100011011101111110011—18
A Gowams	1100111111111111101100111—20
J Housman	0101010011011110010101110—14
M H Acken	1110001111001001101101111—16
J Urmston	0001011000000011111000000— 8
J Gibson	0101010010001001110111100—12—88

Team No. 2:

G Wilson	1100010001110101111011011—15
S Potter	1101100111110110001011000—14
W J Browne	1010001111101010101001001—13
F Acken	1010110011110100010110011—13
E Mayes	1110101111111101101110110—19
J Mead	0101001001001010011110010—11—85

FRANK G. BROWN.

Catchpole Gun Club.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., June 28.—The following scores were made this afternoon by our club. The wind blew strongly and made the targets fly rather difficult. Mr. J. N. Knapp, of Auburn, N. Y., was present and shot in his usual good form:

Wadsworth	1111111110111101111111001—21
Knapp	1011010101011011111111110—18
Fowler	1101100111111010011111010—17
Burk	0011110101101010000111011—14
Wadsworth	0011111111110110111111101—21
Knapp	1011111011110110111111110—20
Fowler	1111101111111111111111100—22
Wadsworth	111101101101111111 —14
Knapp	0011111111101111011 —13
Fowler	101111110100001 — 9

The following scores were at doubles:

Wadsworth	01	01	01	00	00	11	11	11	00	10
Knapp	01	11	11	10	11	10	10	11	10	10
Fowler	11	11	11	11	10	01	11	11	10	11

E. A. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

The Sherbrooke Tournament.

THE Dominion Day shoot at Sherbrooke, July 1, was an enjoyable one to some thirty-five who took part.

Several tournaments lately held across the line, and others coming in the near future, interfered with the attendance in a marked degree. However, those who came say they don't regret missing the others, as everything is always so pleasant at Sherbrooke.

The programme was begun sharp on time at 8 A. M. The merchandise match was a great attraction; so much so that, as will be seen by the scores in the regular events, shooters were often waiting for a chance to get a "12 straight" instead of being on hand for the regular matches. No less than 204 entries and re-entries were made during the day.

There were eighteen prizes, from $16 in value down to $1, and only about thirty-five people to divide them among. Straight 12s were hard to get during the forenoon. Shortly after noon Barrett, of Montpelier, did it, and that stimulated things. Oddly enough, his fellow townsman, G. B. Walton, was the next to get a straight, but as the wind and sun got lower the number of straights increased.

Of professional shooters—that particularly welcome class which is composed of the nicest fellows one could wish to meet—there were only three: B. H. Norton, of New York, representing the Hazard Powder Co., and Messrs. Dickson and Gallagher, of the Robin Hood Powder Co. Mr. Norton has always been a welcome visitor, and the club hopes the merry men from Winnipeg will also come again.

A pleasant interruption occurred during the forenoon. Two deer, full-grown, handsome creatures, came trotting across the hill scarce 600yds. away. The shooting stopped, and the crowd stood in amazement, looking at the beautiful sight. The deer looked across the river for a few moments, and then wheeled, and half-trotting, half-loping, disappeared over the hill from whence they came. Then the visitors made use of expressions which must have caused the bosoms of the good sportsmen of Sherbrooke to swell with pride. Only in localities where the game laws are held in holy reverence are such sights to be seen. The visitors were assured that it was not at all uncommon to see deer within the limits of this city of 12,000 inhabitants.

The scores in the regular events are given below. Besides those named, a large number shot in only two or three events, while several devoted their energies and powder entirely to the merchandise traps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	5p	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	10
W A Moreau	10	11	13	12	12	14	15	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..
H E Hibbard	12	12	11	..	..	16	..	5	7	..	..	..	12	10	..	..	..
T M Craig	12	15	12	13	13	16	13	..	7	15	13	12	11	13	6	10	
E Dickson	9	..	9	11	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C D White	10	12	14	12	13	14	19	4	6	10	15	14	13	14	6	9	
G G Thompson		7	10	11	13	11	15	9	6	14	7	14	12	12	8	10	
W L Cameron	14	9	11	12	14	17	19	6	10	11	14	12	13	13	8	..	
A W Westover	8	13	12	12	13	19	17	6	8	11	11	..	..	12	..	8	
E C Eaton	11	14	12	13	12	15	12	5	..	12	..	..	..	7	..	..	
J B Goodhue	10	12	11	11	9	13	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
C O Barret	12	15	14	13	12	16	19	..	10	11	12	12	12	14	9	..	
G B Walton	9	12	10	12	10	..	..	..	8	10	14	9	11	13	8	8	
B H Norton	7	12	12	10	10	13	16	4	4	11	8	9	9	9	..	..	
W H Williams	5	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
C Aubin	11	10	15	13	13	12	..	..	7	12	13	13	12	10	..	..	
N G Bray	11	12	11	12	11	13	14	7	9	10	11	12	11	12	..	7	
J W Kirkpatrick	7	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
J W Holcombe	..	..	7	10	8	5	..	7	2	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	
J Perrett	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	4	..	7	..	9	6	..	..	
W B Neil	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	12	7	13	..	..	
W N Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	12	7	13	..	..	
J G Walton	10	5	12	5	13	14	N	N	8	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	
R Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	..	8	..	9	..	..	

The individual trophy match for the Quebec cup was shot under very hard conditions. The hour was 1 P. M.; the sun, in its usual position at that time, was unusually bright and hot, and a strong wind at the back of the shooters made the targets fly fast and far:

	20 known.	20 unknown.	5 pairs.	Total.
Goodhue	15	14	4	33
Cameron	17	12	5	34

Goodhue's gun failed him, one of the triggers suddenly going wrong, and later in the day compelling him to retire. The scores are the lowest in the history of the cup, but the match was interesting, the scores at no time varying more than 2 birds. Cameron is noted for being a hard man to beat, be the scores high or low.

The expected team match did not come off, owing to the much, regretted absence of Ottawa. A little three-men affair with Montreal, Westmont and Sherbrooke in it, was won by Sherbrooke.

The merchandise prizes went to the following, in the order named: C. O. Barrett, Geo. B. Walton, W. L. Cameron, A. W. Westover, C. Aubin, straights; followed by C. D. White, T. M. Craig, C. G. Thompson, N. G. Bray, A. W. Moreau, W. B. Neil, H. Hibbard, R. Lewis, E. C. Eaton, J. B. Goodhue, W. E. Loomis, Vincent, B. H. Norton, Galbraith, Williams.

The weather was fine—Sherbrooke always has fine weather on tournament days. But it was a hard day to shoot. No extra fine shooting was done. Better can be seen at almost any practice; but the interest kept up throughout the day, and all enjoyed themselves.

The ladies were out in agreeable numbers; not so many as to rattle the timid ones, but just enought to look nice and be so.

The club extends hearty congratulations to all winners and cheerful sympathy to every loser, and hopes all will come again and bring their friends.

The Fourth at Sheldon.

SHELDON, Vt., July 6.—Among those who assembled at Sheldon Junction, Vt., July 4, to compete for the N. P. L. Co.'s cup, and to participate in several other trap-shooting events, were: R. B. Hutcheson, President of the Montreal Gun Club, Montreal, Que.; C. O. Barrett, Montpelier, Vt.; B. H. Norton, New York, etc. The arrangement of the traps was a puzzler to the local shooters, though everything passed off pleasantly, with a single exception: that of the bursting of Mr. Selby's new gun, which fortunately did not injure either Selby or others of the squad who were near by when the accident occurred. Below we give the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Shot		
Targets:	10	20	21	24	15	12	at.	Broke.	Av.
Barrett	6	17	17	22	11	..	90	73	.811
Ward	5	5	11	15	5	..	90	41	.455
Ellsworth	7	12	12	15	9	..	90	55	.611
Greenwood	7	12	14	16	11	10	102	70	.686
Perry	3	..	6	..	..	..	31	9	.290
Austin	5	..	13	19	..	7	67	44	.656
Loverin	5	13	13	10	8	6	102	55	.593
Selby	4	6	14	..	8	5	78	37	.474
Thayer	5	..	16	..	8	4	58	33	.569
Norton	5	14	7	16	12	..	90	54	.600
Woodworth	3	..	14	..	8	6	58	31	.534
Best	5	12	16	..	..	..	51	33	.647
H Soule	2	7	6	..	8	..	66	23	.348
Colton	2	..	..	..	6	5	37	13	.351
Hatch	5	7	11	..	14	..	66	37	.560
G Soule	..	..	14	12	12	7	72	45	.625
Benoit	..	..	7	14	7	7	72	35	.486
Hutcheson	..	..	16	18	10	10	72	54	.750

STANSTEAD.

The J. F. Weiler Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., July 4.—The regular monthly shoot of the J. F. Weiler Gun Club was held to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25				Targets:	25	25	25			
A Knauss	17	..	17	..	..	..	W Desch	..	16	..	..	..	..
H Fink	6	..	6	..	..	..	A Smith	..	..	15	..	15	13
J Rehrig	24	..	..	..	..	..	J Hauk	..	..	15	..	16	16
M Desch	13	..	19	20	16	..	A Gardner	..	..	17	..	..	..
J Bell	20	..	..	..	20	19	A Reiss	..	..	..	10	..	..
O Griesemer	8	..	..	..	..	..	J Hazey	..	..	..	14	..	14
F Saeger	..	11	..	..	..	..	C Wetherhold	..	..	..	10	..	..
O Acker	..	13	..	12	..	..	A Curtis	..	..	..	20	..	..
C Kramlich	..	20	..	..	..	..	S Weiler	..	..	..	..	17	..
I Hahn	..	20	..	..	18	..	H Porter	..	..	..	..	..	20
A Desch	..	18	..	..	..	..	P Mertz	..	..	..	..	..	13

Live birds—No. 1: J. Bell 5, L. Hahn 4, P. Mertz 4, J. Rehrig 6, W. Desch 3, R. Foelker 5, O. Acker 6, J. Hagey 5, H. Benning 6, Porter 4, A. Smith 5, J. Hauk 4, A. Rice 4, W. Heil 6.

No. 2: O. Acker 8, J. Rehrig 8, P. Mertz 7, C. Kramlich 5, P. Kane 3.

Minneapolis Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 6.—The feature of the afternoon's shoot at the Minneapolis Gun Club yesterday was Parker's straight score in the club badge competition. He broke 10 singles and 5 pairs out of a possible 20. This is the first time that that score has been made on the grounds this season. Other good scores were also made.

The club will discontinue its Saturday afternoon shoots until further notice, as the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club will hold its annual tournament on Friday and Saturday, July 14 and 15, at Kittsondale, and a large number of the Minneapolis Club will be in attendance. The following are the scores of the day's events:

No. 1, Val Blatz diamond badge, 15 singles, unknown angles: Gillfillan 12, Parker 11, Mrs. Johnston 8, Morrison 8, Woolf 8, Johnston 10, Kennedy 8, Stone 8, McKay 14, Cooper 5, Hays 9, French 9, Black 9, Nelson 8, Sully 13, Neeley 11.

McKay and Sully shot off and the former won the badge.

No. 2, Schlitz diamond badge, 25 singles, unknown angles: Sully 20, Black 12, Hays 14, Stone 18, Morrison 15, Parker 20, McKay 16, Mrs. Johnston 17, Johnston 19, Neeley 21, French 15, Kennedy 16, Woolf 16, Gillfillan 6, Nelson 18, Dr. Bill 15, Cooper 13, Shattuck 14.

Sully won badge.

No. 3, challenge diamond badge, 25 singles, unknown angles: Sully 17, Black 15, Hays 19, Stone 17, Morrison 10, Parker 20, McKay 19, Mrs. Johnston 18, Johnston 18, *Neeley, 22, French 21, Kennedy 17, Woolf 20, Gillfillan 14, *Nelson 16, Brown 17, Shattuck 23.

* Birds only.

Woolf, handicap, 4.

Shattuck won badge.

No. 4, club badges, 10 singles, 5 pairs, unknown angles: Sully 13, Black 14, French 15, Stone 15, Morrison 10, Parker 20, Mrs. Johnston 14, Johnston 14, Neeley 10, Brown 12, McKay 17, Kennedy 12, Woolf 8, Nelson 14, Shattuck 14.

Parker won senior badge, French won junior badge, Stone won amateur badge.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., July 5.—Herewith are scores made July 4 on the Omaha Gun Club grounds. Mr. Brucker's win of the Meyers trophy was a very popular one. Shooting is on the boom all over the West:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	20	Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	20
Brewer	14	14	13	15	20	..	Plumber	9	11	11	12	17	..
Miller	12	..	..	..	..	..	Schultz	11	..	14	..	..	..
Fogg	9	13	15	15	..	..	Heinrich	11	12	12	..	1	8..
Brucker	12	..	..	..	..	..	Bershein	13	13	12	12	18	18
Kimball	15	15	15	..	..	..	Loomis	13	12	11	12	..	..
Grant	12	12	15	15	..	..	Dr West	12	13	13	..	..	..
Smead	11	15	11	..	..	..	Kenyon	14	..	..	..	..	..
Parmelee	12	15	14	14	..	..	Sandy	15	15	11	14	19	15
Bailey	13	12	..	..	..	..	McFarline	14	14	13	10	17	..
Kingsbury	13	..	..	..	..	..	Stewart	15	15	15	14	17	18
Berlin	14	12	13	13	..	..	Townsend	..	12	13	13	17	..
Colentine	11	..	9	13	11	14	Pyper	..	12	12	..	15	12
Hardin	12	..	8	..	..	..	West	..	..	..	14	..	..
Curtis	14	..	13	13	16	..							

Fifteen pigeons, for Meyer diamond pin:

Bersheim, 30	..101022012111201—11	Kenyon, 29	...1212222222222222—15
Loomis, 32	....2222220202112222—13	Roberts, 31	...*20
Samaha, 31	....2222122222222222—15	Plumber, 29	..1222022222222222—14
Grant, 30	....2221222122222222—15	Caldwell, 26	..2020201002101022— 8
Kimball, 31	....0202122222222222—13	Brucker, 30	..,2222122122221222 —15
Burgess, 27	..1201122002212200—10	Parmelee, 33	.2212222122222222 —15
McFarlane, 28	.1212121220222222—14	Hughes, 28	...1221021112021222—13
Johannes, 29	..1212222122221201—14	Townsend, 29	.2111221110100222—12

Shoot-off:

Samaha, 31	...222222* — 6	Brucker, 33	...2211211211221222—16
Grant, 30	.....2222222222222210—15	Kenyon, 30	...2212212222222220 —14

ROBERTS.

Brockton Gun Club.

BROCKTON, July 1.—Herewith find scores of to-day's shoot over our new magautrap. It was a success in every way. Leroy's work was a pleasing feature. He only missed two of the 100 shot at. His eye finds them, and the Remington does the rest. Visitors from Haverhill, Hingham, Wollaston, South Weymouth, North Easton, Stoughton and Rockland all did good work. Miskay and Horace, of Boston, shot well. Friend Miller, of Haverhill, thought it dead easy over the new trap. One man, "who was an onlooker," wanted to look into the muzzle of the trap to see a bird come out. Oh, my!

Our next shoot will be July 15.

Targets:	10	10	10	10	20	5p	10						Extra H	H
Seray	9	8	8	10	19	9	10	10	10	19	9	..	10	..
Barrett	5	7	9	7	15	6	8	9	8	14	9	8	7	3
Miller	7	6	9	7	16	6	7	8	10	16	..	..	..	..
Bartlett	8	8	7	5	19	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	..
Simpson	9	9	6	9	16	5	9	9	10	19	..	..	..	..
Woodard	7	8	6	9	12	5	7	8	9	13	6	6	8	3
Worthing	10	10	7	8	16	..	9	9	9	14	10	7	8	4
Murdock	7	6	8	9	..	..	9	7	..	..	..	9	..	7
I X L	4	8	6	8	16	3	6	8	6	..	..	..	..	..
Howe	9	9	8	5	18	10	9	8	9	17	..	..	9	..
Horace	8	7	9	7	18	7	8	10	10	19	..	..	..	..
Miskay	8	10	8	8	18	4	8	9	6	13	..	..	..	..
Grant	7	9	6	6	15	..	6	9	7	..	..	5	6	5
Donoghue	4	6	6	3	..	6	5	8	7	..	..	6	4	5
Stork	7	8	8	8	16	6	9	7	5	16	..	7	..	..
Leonard	..	7	6	8	..	6	5	6	6	9	6	7	7	5
Bishop	..	5	4	8	..	4	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Anders	..	6	4	7	8	4	7	4	4	..	..	..	..	..
Tisdale	..	..	..	7	..	..	6	9	9	..	..	..	6	..
Allen	..	..	..	..	15	5	9	9	9	18	..	..	5	..
Cook	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	5	..	..	..	8	..
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	..	10	..
Morton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., July 7.—The close proximity of a holiday seems but to augment the Boston Gun Club crowd, and July 5 was no exception. A very pleasant gathering made the most of a very hot afternoon, but Wellington was cooler than most places, so the usual events were discussed with but little delay. Mr. E. C. Ferriday, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co., New York, paid the club a visit, accompanied by Mr. Leavens, of the home office.

Mr. Leroy, of Du Pont fame, thought the targets small at 21yds. in the first seven events, so he tried the last four at 16, with the result of averaging exactly the same at both distances. In the novelty event, from no yards rise, Leroy and Howard monopolized the honors, with 100 per cent. Horace grasped the first score in prize match, with targets to spare. Other scores below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	15	15
Gordon, 17	3	9	3	6	8	9	8	8	6	12	15	12
Miskay, 18	9	8	4	5	9	9	6	6	6	10	13	..
Leroy, 21	8	9	9	9	9	8	7	10	8	14	10	..
Woodruff, 17	7	9	4	9	10	8	7	6	..	13	11	..
Allison, 18	8	7	4	10	10	5	8	8	5	12	14	12
Howe, 17	10	9	7	7	9	7	8	6	9	13	11	12
Michaels, 16	6	8	7	7	6	6	7	3	6	10	N	N
Benton, 14	4	2	2	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Howard, 16	8	7	4	6	5	4	4	10	5	6	..	..
Horace, 18	9	7	8	10	10	9	9	5	8	12	11	..
Ferriday, 16	..	..	..	4	3	6	6	2	..	8	..	..
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	8	7	4	8	4	11	12	..

All events unknown angles; Nos. 4 and 9, pairs; No. 8, infielders.

Merchandise match, 30 targets, unknown angles, distance handicap:

Horace, 18	111111111111111111101111111111011—28
Gordon, 17	110011111111111111011111111111001—25
Woodruff, 17	111111111111011110111101101111110—25
Leroy, 21	011111111111100111110101011111—24
Howe, 17	111011111110100111111111111001—24
Miskay, 18	110111111110111111111100101101—24
Allison, 18	111111111110100011010111011111—23
Michaels, 16	011101001100101111011111100011—19
Spencer, 18	100111111110110101110110001001—19
Ferriday, 16	000000101110011100111111000101—15
Howard, 16	111000101001001010010101010001—13

St. Paul Rod and Gun Club.

ST. PAUL, Min., July 3.—Herewith is score made at our shoot Saturday afternoon. The attendance was fair, considering that our best shots were attending the Crookston tournament. We shot 2,150 targets. Our club is young, but is growing in popularity, and we hope to be a strong club next year, although trap-shooting has been quite dead in St. Paul the last few years. Wilkinson won the senior badge in the shoot-off with Mark, and C. Hauser the junior.

Score, badge shoot, 25 atrgets, Sergeant system:

Perry	011111111111011111110001111—20
Chief	011110110010000101010101O—12
Moore	011110110011101011101O111—17
Monk	101111011010111001110110l—17
Wilkinson	111101111011101111111011111—21
Thompson	100000001110111111101111111—16
Spear	000001110001000010101001O— 8
P Hauser	101110111100111011110101l—18
C Hauser	011101010101011110110101l—16
Danz	101011010101101110110011—16
Defiel	100000111001101001001O010—11
Mark	111011111101111011111011l—21
Richardson	101100100111011011010100O—13
Bayer	110001101010110100101001l—13
Carl	011001011010100101110100l—13
Fell	101110100111101001111001l—16
Emerson	101101111000010011110111l—16
Dwyer	110001110110110111101111l—18
Footner	101011001010010010110001O—11

A. E. PERRY, Sec'y.

Bellows Falls Gun Club.

BELLOWS FALLS, Vt., July 6th.—The Bellows Falls Gun Club held their second annual Fourth of July handicap shoot for the following prizes: First prize, sole leather gun case; second prize, sole leather ammunition case; third prize, hunting coat; fourth prize, cartridge belt. Below are given the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	30	25	30	25	25	25	25	5p	Total.
J W Flint	21	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	39
C H Shepardson	..	21	..	21	..	..	..	8	42
M H Ray	..	19	..	19	..	19	20	..	38
H H Fassett	..	22	..	20	..	..	23	..	42
Geo Griswold	..	17	20	..	19	17	..	4	37
W A Hall	22	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	37
C H Gibson	..	21	..	..	20	21	..	9	41
J H Blakley	17	..	..	..	9	13	..	..	26
H E Bidwell	..	..	..	14	19	14	15	..	33
C E Capron	..	..	..	17	18	12	21	..	35
David Meaney	..	..	..	..	14	10	14	..	..
F H Mace	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
W D Damon	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	..	..
Dr E. W Knight	..	..	..	..	..	22	20	4	42

On shooting the tie for first prize off H. H. Fassett won. C. H. Gibson won second prize, J. W. Flint third prize and M. H. Ray fourth prize.

Our treasurer, E. A. Norwood, one of our best shots, by the recommendation of his physician, has taken a vacation.

C. H. GIBSON, Sec'y.

Made While You Wait.

In "Our Dumb Animals," May number, is an article on "Pigeon Shooting from Traps" which sets forth the following:

"In view of the great pigeon-shooting matches recently in New Jersey, near New York, we publish the following:

"Chas. Green recently shot a pigeon that had escaped from a pigeon-shooting match without being shot, with nine pins stuck in various parts of its body. The heartlessness of pigeon-shooting sport can be better realized when it is known that at shooting matches pins are stuck in various parts of the bird's body and in the bottom of its feet and up its legs the entire length of the pin. By this method the pigeon is so tortured that it will fly rapidly from the trap when freed. If they escape, as a number of them do, they do not live more than a month at the farthest; the pins shrivel their legs and cause them constant suffering until death comes to their relief. Another method of torture which is frequently used in addition to the pins is to cut the bird's toes off, pull their feathers out, and bite the bird's neck enough to hurt it severely.—Elmer (N. J.) Times.'"

Nothing could be more maliciously false than the foregoing. Nothing could have more intangible grounds on which to make such a sweeping charge. The rules of all reputable clubs, and the sentiments and acts of all reputable pigeon-shooters, are emphatically against all acts of cruelty, the findings of one Charles Green to the contrary notwithstanding, backed by equally intangible assertion. The gentlemen whose names are to be found in the list of trap-shooters of America are not to be taught humanity by any suburban amateur newspaper writers. The foregoing charge savors too much of making a case against good men while you wait.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in the last regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at 200yds., off hand, German ring target. Payne was high on the champion target, with 209. He was also high on the honor target, with 68. Weather conditions were fair and cool:

Champion score:

Gindele	14	19	21	23	22	20	22	21	13	18—195
Drube	24	20	13	22	17	21	17	19	9	18—180
Nestler	18	22	22	24	22	11	20	18	24	23—204
Hasenzahl	24	18	20	22	24	17	22	21	21	18—209
Payne	24	22	22	22	22	21	21	21	19	15—209
Roberts	24	23	19	17	15	16	23	9	21	21—188
Otto	18	17	16	14	17	1	5	4	22	16—130
Trounstine	21	22	11	21	22	18	18	23	16	8—180
Strickmeier	16	24	24	20	20	19	19	19	19	22—192

	Special score.										Honor target.	
Gindele	23	24	21	25	24	15	22	20	23	24—221	20	23 24—67
Drube	25	21	19	20	17	21	20	15	15	21—194	15	15 21—51
Nestler	24	24	22	25	24	24	18	22	23	23—229	21	17 18—56
Hasenzahl	25	18	18	22	18	24	24	22	17	18—206	22	17 18—57
Payne	21	20	20	21	24	21	23	23	20	20—216	20	20 24—68
Roberts	13	23	12	22	20	20	22	23	12	24—192	14	11 15—40
Otto	21	19	21	16	12	21	17	18	14	22—181	20	10 11—41
Trounstine	22	21	22	22	23	18	12	22	23	16—201	22	23 16—61
Strickmeier	25	24	21	18	20	20	22	19	22	18—209	20	21 20—61

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Constant Reader, Rochester, N. Y.—We do not answer anonymous queries.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Flies in Colors.

MR. JAMES F. MARSTERS, the well-known sporting goods dealer of Brooklyn, has evolved a new idea in his fishing tackle catalog which has just been issued. Contained therein are reproductions in natural colors of eighty-nine of the best known trout and bass flies so numbered and labeled as to be easily identified. This will prove a great convenience to the angler who orders his flies by mail. Terms for obtaining the catalogue will be found in Mr. Marsters' adv. in another column.—*Adv.*

The Hires Picture Book.

THE Charles E. Hires Co., of Philadelphia, have hit upon the happy thought of sending free by mail a beautiful picture book. The intent, of course, is to make known the merits of their famous root-beer; but the book of pictures has merits of its own, and may well be asked for by a postal.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 4. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YOR

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

Carp is a fish of which I know not what to determine. Franciscus Bonsuetus accounts it a muddy fish. Hippolytus Salvianus, in his book "De Piscium Natura Præparatione," which was printed at Rome, in folio 1544 (with most elegant pictures), esteems carp no better than a slimy watery meat. Paulus Jovius, on the other side, disallowing tench, approves of it; so doth Dubravius, in his book on fish ponds. Frietagius extols it for an excellent wholesome meat, and puts it amongst the fishes of the best rank; and so do most of our countrey gentlemen, that store their ponds with no other fish. But this controversie is easily decided, in my judgement, by Bruerinus. The difference riseth from the site and nature of pools, sometimes muddy, sometimes sweet: they are in taste as the place is, from whence they be taken. In like manner almost, we may conclude of other fresh-fish.—Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy (1621).

SUMMER.

WHEN we are in the midst of the desolation of winter with the muffled whiteness spread far around us, the nakedness of trees on every side, far and near only gray and white, and above us the cold steel-blue of the sky, no songs of birds, no lap of waves on shores, no tinkle of running brooks, no cheerfuller sound anywhere than the mournful baying of hounds awakening the echoes among the silent hills, summer with all its gladness and brightness seemed as far away and unattainable as the red and golden glory that mocked us in the sunset cloud.

Yet, like the swift, unaccountable shiftings of a dream, we have seen the transformation from white and gray through almost imperceptible changes to drearier dun, to the green flush of sunny slopes, to purpling of woods with swelling buds, then sprinkling of tender green, then to full leafage with tints as varied as autumn's hues, and the broad fields all green with lush herbage, dappled with bloom. And again we have heard the rush of free brooks and the wash of waves on pebbly shores, and the songs of all the birds and the droning of the vagrant bumble bee.

The summer that but a little while ago seemed so far off is here. Sunbonnets and straw hats bobbing above the herdsgrass and daisies, with bobolinks in arrested flight scolding musically over them, give token of ripe strawberries. Busy robins flock to the cherry trees to claim the first fruit. The incessant chirr of the mowing machine comes from a distant meadow, like the voice of some gigantic locust, and, mingled with it, the old midsummer music of the whetted scythe. The first raspberries are ripening in the fence corners, the apple branches stooping to the weight of growing fruit, and the squirrels are making middens heaps under the pear trees.

There are days and weeks of drought, when corn leaves droop and curl, and even the sturdy weeds wilt; the cropped pastures grow sear and dusty under the hoofs of the hungry flocks and herds; the babbling rivulets are silent, dry gullies, and the noisy rivers are shrunk to attenuated threads that crawl among the boulders of their beds with scarcely strength enough to stir their shallow pools. Distant thunderstorms growl unfulfilled promises of rain. For a little while the red, rayless sun is veiled with clouds; the shifting breeze brings the wholesome fragrance of moist earth, and the parched ground is tantalized with a patter of great raindrops, and then the red sun blazes forth again, fierce and relentless.

But one night we awake to hear the steady patter of rain upon roof and leaves, the drip of eaves, until the thirsty earth drinks its fill, and the replenished brooks overflow and comb the meadow grass down flat and straight upon their banks.

The sportsman has his bout at the woodcock in the swamp—doubtful sport when one considers being smothered in the murky heat and the torrent of mosquitoes. Yet it is good to feel the familiar weight of the gun again, and to find that eye and hand have not forgotten their cunning.

Along the shaded stream or rock-bound shore of lake the angler invites the capricious bass with various lures, or trolls for pike and pickerel in winding, rush-paled channels where white squadrons of anchored waterlilies are tossed on his boat's wake. The plash of his oars frightens a wood duck and her half-grown brood to flight, tearing out of the sedges with a prodigious flutter and a clamor of tremulous squeaks that makes one's heart beat as quick as their vibrant wings, in anticipation of glorious autumnal sport. A startled bittern with an unmistakable expression of disgust at the intrusion springs awkwardly from the weeds, and a great heron breaks from statuesque repose and sags away on laboring pinions, until he is a wavering speck against the sky.

Wandering in neighboring woods where dwarf cornel dapples the hemlock shade with its white blossoms and scarlet berries, the summer idler may get a shock of the nerves by the sudden outburst of a pack of grouse from a quiet bramble thicket, the half-grown birds almost as strong of wing as the old, and already shaking thunder from their swift pinions sounding another promise of autumn's glorious days.

As swiftly as the spring went, the summer passes; the bobolink has donned his sober coat, and gone; the plover chuckles his farewell to Northern uplands; the swallows congregate in grand council, considering migration; the last flame of summer is kindled in the cardinal-flower's bloom; presently we shall see the first glow of autumn's many colored fires.

SNAP SHOTS.

Of the numerous classes of those who did not mean to do it, one which is coming into growing prominence is that of the defenders of gardens and orchards, who shoot to frighten and not to kill. When one of these persons kills the raiding small boy he pleads that the event was a pure accident. It is a lame excuse and not a justification. Firearms are deadly weapons, and their use carries a responsibility which may not be evaded by the accident plea. Once a bullet is discharged, even though the weapon be not aimed at the victim, one cannot control nor foresee the flight of the projectile. In two cases currently reported it was shown that the bullet ricochetted; while this of course goes to prove something as to the intent of the shooter, it is not a full extenuation, for it is perfectly well known that bullets do ricochet, and the shooter who aims in the vicinity of a victim has good reason to believe that he too may make a ricochet. The people who have recourse to firearms to frighten off small boys are usually those who have had little or no experience in the use of firearms. For this very reason perhaps they fail to realize the perilous nature of their random shooting. Only a proved William Tell should imagine himself a marksman qualified to shoot to scare and not to kill. There is a story going the rounds, of some sportsmen in Maine, who, to have revenge on a game warden, shot at him from across a stream, sent their bullets whistling about his head in order to frighten him into flight, and then shot close to him as he fled and as long as he was within range. If the story has any basis whatever it is not a tale of sportsmen, for those who are accustomed to the use of arms realize most sensibly the hazard of any such practice as that described, and would be the last ones in the world to commit such criminal folly. As for the fruit garden shooters, there are other ways to protect property.

Young America's characteristic mode of celebrating the Fourth of July has been attended this year with so many accidents resulting in lockjaw that the newspapers have referred to them as an epidemic. In almost all cases the disease has been caused by wounds received in the careless handling of firearms, so that the newspapers have spoken of toy pistols and blank cartridges and other forms of ammunition as the specific causes of the disease, much after the manner that the specific germ is referred to as being the cause of yellow fever or other germs diseases.

There is in this something of careless definition or at the least of loose reasoning. In temperate climates and in nearly all cases tetanus, commonly called lockjaw, results from a wound, and it matters not whether the wound be produced by a rusty nail, a sharp stick, a knife or a firearm. If the tetanus bacillus is by the wound admitted to the body tetanus supervenes; the wound, not the instrument which made it, is the essential beginning. Scientists maintain that tetanus is a germ disease, and there are certain sections of country, together with conditions of temperature, which are more favorable to its development than others; for example, there are parts of Long Island which have an unenviable notoriety for the prevalence of tetanus from wounds caused in various ways. A humid temperature also is considered as a favorable condition, and this is one which has prevailed largely since the Fourth of July in those regions where the disease has been most commonly reported. If the boys, old and young, throughout the United States had celebrated the Fourth by eating watermelons as universally as they did by making a noise with toy pistols and blank cartridges, enough of them might have cut themselves with knives or punctured themselves with forks to have produced another so-called epidemic of tetanus, quite as general as that which has been caused by firearms. For, it may be repeated, it is the wound which gives the starting point for the germ, and the disease under favorable conditions for its development follows. Any wound, particularly if an irritating foreign substance enters, may result in lockjaw, regardless of the implement which makes the wound. We are inclined to believe then that the suggestion which has been made that there is something peculiar in the composition of the shells used for blank cartridges is fallacious; the number of cases of lockjaw following the celebration of the Fourth may be fully accounted for by the ordinary wounding quite apart from any peculiar composition of the ammunition itself.

The reports which come from Pine Ridge Agency in South Dakota of a threatened "uprising" of the Sioux are manifestly of the usual exaggerated summer Indian scare type; and in so far as another Indian war is predicted, they will be received with the usual nonchalance. Under existing conditions we can never have any more Indian wars in this country, but it is well worth while to note that the trouble, such as it is this year, grows out of the conventional cause of all such affairs in recent years, a lawless hunting expedition. For several weeks, according to the press dispatches, the Sioux have been killing game in Wyoming, and when they were confronted by the sheriff they resisted, defied the posse, and set out for the Bad Lands. There is but one way to prevent these annually recurring Indian troubles which are caused by hunting parties, and that is to restrain the Indians on their reservation. The responsibility here rests primarily with the agent, who should have refused the people under his charge permission to go on a hunting expedition.

In what manner, except by actual experience, shall one arrive at the truth about the ouananiche as a game fish, when out of a dozen anglers who repair to the Northern waters to make test of the fish, six return with reports which tax the English language to find adjectives fitly to describe its strength, agility and game qualities, and the other six refer to the much-lauded species as a little lower than the bullhead in the anglers' list? Your ouananiche enthusiast on occasion appears to be possessed of a fine frenzy in his glowing description of the mighty tussle with his fish; and then comes another fisherman, who was perhaps lured by the eloquence of the first one, to denounce the ouananiche as a fraud and fishing for it a tame delusion. Where lies the truth? or are there two separate and distinct fish? We commend the subject to the attention of the ichthyologists.

A Washington correspondent has discovered at Atlantic City a mode of fishing which consists in letting down hooks from an ocean pier and jigging fish out of a pound in which they are confined; and being a good angler he expresses himself as naturally perturbed at the sight. The practice, he thinks, is one which reflects upon the sport of angling and tends to degrade it. Possibly it does; but a more reasonable view might be that the Atlantic City pier jigging has no remote connection with angling, and cannot be confounded with angling nor in any way held to discredit angling. Grown folks who indulge in catching fish in this way are either perverts in a class all by themselves, or else they are persons who, in every day life being reasonable and sane, become possessed of a spirit of idiocy when they visit a sea shore resort and indulge in antics which if perpetrated at home would set one down as *non compos mentis*.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In Filibuster Days.—III.

A Story of the Walker Expedition.

(*Concluded from page 48.*)

AT the risk of outraging all the conclusions of the scientific fellows, I say that the cobra de capello is found in Nicaragua. My brother and I were one day following a path into the forest on the mainland, back of the town of Bluefields, in search of a stick of hardwood, of which to make a crank for a grindstone. When coming to a small open space of soft, wet ground, across which the trail ran, near its edge we noticed a snake, new and strange to us, and some 30 in. in length; and we stopped to examine it.

Its first move was to retreat, but this being prevented, it coiled for war, and as we teased it with a stick we saw with amazement the skin of the neck immediately below its head widen to more than double the width of the head, and a mark of coloration, in shape identical with the eye of an old-fashioned "hook and eye" of the ladies' dresses, grew plainly apparent upon the widened skin of the arching neck.

Having read of the "hooded serpent of India," I thought of it instantly I saw the strange reptile; but supposing that the word hooded could only be applied to a creature with something on the head itself which could suggest the name, I dismissed the fancy; and not until I had read more carefully concerning it did I conclude that we had really seen a genuine cobra. The snake grew frantic with rage, and dropping its coil advanced to the attack. As it was crossing the spot of wet ground the head of the axe was dropped upon its back, driving the middle of its body into the mud several inches below the surface, but with the raising of the axe it popped up, more eager for fight than ever. Its movements were strangely quick, and the possibility of it yet reaching us caused the edge of the axe to be used to finish it. The townsman to whom we told the story looked grave, and informed us that it was regarded as exceedingly deadly, adding that had we been bitten we could scarcely have lived to reach the village.

When my father had finally concluded to return to the United States it became necessary to return to Greytown in order to meet one of the only line of American steamships then running to that port, and which would land us in New York. The captain of the only avilable coaster, learning how important it was for my father to reach Greytown by a certain date, charged an exorbitant fare, many times more than that of the Jamaican coaster which had brought us to Bluefields, and my father cast about to find a way to defeat the avarice of the unprincipled navigator. Learning that the mail for the British consul formerly resident at Bluefields had for years been brought in a canoe from Greytown by two old negro sailors, he sought them out, and hired them for the voyage; and having hired two Mosquito Indians reputed to be skillful sailors, to navigate the canoe which I had fitted for a hunting boat, planned to send a young man named Henry Reeder (who had lived with us since our coming from Greytown) and myself in the boat, and under the care of the Indians, while the others rode in the canoe of the negroes.

Bidding good-by to the beautiful village and its kindly inhabitants, we sailed out of the harbor before a gentle breeze, and the canoe of the negroes proving so much the better sailer, we in the lagging canoe lost sight of it as it sped away toward Monkey Point, a mountainous headland twenty miles south of Bluefields; and our Indian steersman used the last of the dying breeze to make a wide offing in the hope of finding another. As we lay becalmed on the glassy sea, some five or six miles from land, while the long, hot hours of the afternoon wore on, the lazy Indians chewed sugar cane and whistled for the wind. "Coom, breeze! Where are you, breeze?" they droned monotonously, while Hank Reeder and I fretted and fumed at the delay, wondering why the listless creatures did not take to their paddles. They had been hired to navigate the craft, and we were under their orders.

Finally, when the afternoon was half-gone, a long line of low hanging cloud rose above the horizon to seaward and rapidly approached the land. A breeze came before it which rose quickly into a gale, and as the canoe had not sufficient keel it drifted rapidly sideways toward the lee shore, while making but small progress ahead.

Still the gale rose in power, yet so stolid were those stupid fatalists in charge of the boat that not until we were in the edge of the breakers themselves, half a mile off the sandy shore—where the water deepened so gradually that the breakers now had the canoe in their teeth—did they try to take in the sail which was drifting us to destruction.

An attempt to unship the mast was defeated by the gale and the raging sea, and the frightened Indians furled the sail as best they could, and seizing their paddls bent all their strength to the task of forcing the canoe seaward in the teeth of the gale.

Still we drifted on toward the land, while the low cloud to seaward raced swiftly toward us, and from the set face of the frightened steersman came the earnest cry, "Strong paddle! "Strong paddle!" as Reeder bent to the work by assisting them; and while the canoe and its scared occupants were furiously "rocked in the cradle of the deep," I seized a big gourd shell used in bailing and paid almost continuous tribute to Neptune in bilge water and the different parts of my internal economy, which the raging sea was now fast shaking loose inside.

The ride over the waves was sublime! Fortunately the sickness—which is said first to make one afraid he will die and afterward afraid he won't—that now had me under full control, had almost robbed the sea of its power to affright, and as we rose on the crest of a towering wave to somewhere near the sky, and for an awful moment balanced, where sea and sky and land rose into view—and the grandeur of old ocean's rage seemed momentarily fit, not only to hold in abeyance the dreaded sickness of the sea, but almost imperative enough to call back the dead to life—and then, with a tilt of the bow toward China, raced down the frightful steep into and under the crest of the next oncoming wave, which promptly rolled half a barrel of brine over our bow, my mission in life appeared to be to bail fast enough to free the canoe before we met another.

In the very midst of this struggle for life and sea room, while we were in the trough of the sea, a shark that looked to be 15ft. in length, sprang free from the wave at our stern, and not ten rods distant from the canoe, and with his entire length momentarily free in air plunged into the oncoming breaker, while the only Mother Carey's chicken I ever saw fluttered along the crest of a towering wave and dipped its tiny feet into the brine.

Just when our fate seemed sealed, and when we looked to be within forty rods of the beach, the cloud overhead raced by, and the wind, no longer drawn under its edge, sank to a gentle breeze, and this to a dead calm, so quickly that I have never seen it equaled.

Out beyond the breakers we paddled, and down past the rocky face of the first cliff of Monkey Point, into a vast cave of which the waves still ran and raged and thundered appallingly, and in the last rays of the sun's departing light were guided to the beach on the lee shore of an island off the Point, by the flapping sail of the beached canoe in advance, now being waved by my father to attract our attention. Here we slept until midnight, when the voyage was resumed; and with beautiful weather and favoring breeze we easily reached Greytown before sunset.

The harbor of Greytown was thronged with vessels. The whole British West India fleet had assembled at this point of rendezvous before taking their different stations in West Indian waters. One vessel was destined to take the place of the Eurydice, which, to the joy of all on board, was soon to return to England. One line-of-battle ship and one frigate drew too much water for the harbor entrance, and so lay at anchor outside.

Target practice went on almost continuously among the frigates and gunboats inside, the long, slender cape of Point Arenas offering a fine range. Two handspikes were planted in the sand, and a piece of canvas some 6ft. square, on which was painted a black bullseye about the size of a barrel head, was stretched between for a target. The vessels lay at anchor in the harbor, from one-third of a mile to a mile and a quarter distant from the target. Day after day the firing went on, and I never knew the target to be struck but once, and then one of the handspikes was carried away with a cannon shot. It seemed like a small boy throwing brickbats.

On landing my father was met by an old man named Mooney—"Old Uncle Ben Mooney," as he was known to his friends—with whom he had become acquainted when first he came to the coast, and who had lived in Greytown for many years, and now, with the courtly grace of a Spanish Don, he insisted that my father should forthwith take possession of the old widower's house, which, with all it contained, should be his as long as he remained on the coast. My father was still hampered by possession of the mill bought in St. Louis, which had remained stored on the wharf in Greytown since our first landing; and as Uncle Ben noticed that my father's appearance of rugged health had changed for the worse since first they met, and learning of his purpose to return to the United States as soon as possible, and realizing also the danger of fever on the sickly coast to which he long ago had become acclimated, though loth to lose the society of one who seemed a congenial spirit, said to him:

"Mr. Belknap, go you down to the harbor and pitch that mill over into the harbor and say, 'Mill, go you to the devil!' and you get back to the North again as quickly as you can!" However, the mill was traded for a stock of groceries, and Mr. Reeder, who had been with us since our landing in Greytown, and who was a wheelright by trade, now engaged with its new owner to accompany him into the interior, there to build and equip a mill for him, while my father planned to return to New York by the next monthly steamer.

And so for a time we swung in Uncle Ben's hammocks and listened to his stories of early days in Greytown. Dear, quaint Old Uncle Ben! How charming were his tales of the old days among the turbulent foreign element of the population of Greytown, where he had been a leader, and where he had become involved in a feud with another adventurous character, and the quarrel growing into one in which most of the foreign element in the port took a part, the Americans siding with Old Ben formed a quasi-military organization for his defense, and now, when the whole affair had faded into history, the old man's eye would kindle as he recounted to us the adventures and pictured to us the ancient military splendor of the formidable "Twenty-six Ben Mooney Guard."

And now I myself, the boy who seemed proof against peril and sickness, was stricken with the "Panama fever," and recovering barely in time to take the steamer upon her arrival, was sent aboard with my brother to go to the home of relatives living in Ohio, via New York, while my father remained in Greytown until the coming of still another steamer, as the groceries had not been sold. Our return voyage to the United States was a safe and uneventful one, and of little interest to the reader.

A night or two after our departure the streets of Greytown resounded with a midnight babel of confused shouts and cries, and in the morning my father learned that a large alligator on its way to cross from the lagoon to the harbor, near the center of the town, had been met by a startled negro, who promptly gave the alarm, and a swarm of natives gathering before the frightened saurian could regain the water, it was surrounded, and after a furious fight, dispatched with matchetes and axes.

On board the British fleet, which still remained at Greyfield, were two large Newfoundland dogs, which were highly prized by the officers of the vessel which carried them; and as a party of officers were one day strolling along the shores of the lagoon a few days after our departure, one of them, forgetful of the danger from alligators, threw a stick into the water for the dogs to bring out. While swimming along at some distance from the shore one of the dogs suddenly sank from sight and never reappeared. It had been taken by an alligator.

Plans for vengeance were promptly formed. A long slender cable chain was brought ashore from the fleet, and while one end was fastened to a small tree growing on the bank near where the dog had been taken, the other was fastened to the center of a short piece of handspike some 30in. in length, and then one end of the stick was brought round and very lightly attached to the chain, while to the other end of the stick was very firmly fastened a large piece of meat for a bait, and the whole affair was left in the edge of the water.

A morning or two afterward word was passed through the town and the fleet that an alligator was caught. A big fellow 17ft. in length, which my father said "looked as big round the belly as a four-year-old beef critter," had swallowed the meat, stick and chain, and when it attempted to retreat the light fastening of the stick gave way, the stick came around squarely across and behind his jaws, and there he was. A big crowd soon assembled and the furious brute, lashing the water to foam in his struggles to escape, was snaked out on the bank, and after a most exciting struggle, thrown upon his back; a spar was laid lengthways along his belly, and one by one the feet and the slashing tail were lashed securely to it; and a handspike being placed crosswise in his mouth to keep the great jaws apart, a sailor ran his arm to the shoulder down the throat of the savage saurian, now gentle as Mary's lamb, and turned the stick lengthways of his throat, when it was withdrawn from his mouth. A rope was now fastened to the jaw of the creature, and a long line of jolly tars laid hold and gave him a free ride on has back through the sandy streets of the town to the harbor, where he was hoisted aboard the Eurydice to be taken back to England. The trap was again set and another alligator, somewhat smaller, was caught, which was killed on the shore.

And now the long-dreaded fever seized my father, and for a time his life was despaired of. Dear Old Uncle Ben Mooney proved the Good Samaritan who cared for him like a brother, sold his remaining stock of groceries for him, and when the steamer finally came, placed him, more dead than alive, on board, and bade him good-by—fully expecting, as did all others who saw him, that before the steamer could reach New York he would be buried at sea. But the captain of the steamer, seeing his condition, gave him one of the cabin apartments on the upper deck, where the ventilation was perfect, and with the first blessed breath of the cold air of the rugged North, new life returned to him, and the voyage homeward was one of rapid recovery.

When my father was placed upon the bed in the steamer's narrow bedroom, the door was left wide open for the securing of all the fresh air available, and as he gazed wearily forth with half-closed eyes at the crowd of returning Californians who swarmed upon the steamer's deck, he saw a fine looking young man of about thirty years passing back and forth before the open door quite often, and each time looking earnestly at the apparently unconscious form upon the bed. As the stranger noticed finally that the sick man's eyes were open, he stepped into the room and said: "Old man, can I do anything for you?"

"Yu may get me a drink of water, if you please," replied my father.

"Look here, old man, I see that you are alone, with no friend to care for you, and I want you to let me take care of you. I am returning from California, and have nothing to do on the voyage homeward, and you will oblige me by letting me care for you on the journey."

"Very well, if you wish it," replied my father, who afterward told me that no mother ever kept more sleepless vigil over a beloved child than did the young and kindly disposed stranger over him: anticipating his every want, caring for him with brotherly kindness, and rejoicing finally with him over his recovery. Just before reaching New York my father offered money to him, as a slight return for his kindly services. The young fellow laughed merrily, "Why, old man," said he, I have more money now than I know what to do with!" whereupon he told his history. He had been a poor boy in the East, where he had the fortune to win the affections of the lovely daughter of the most wealthy man in that part of the country, and when the willing girl sent him to learn his fate from her father, the paralyzed Crœsus nearly fell over backward at the outrage to his dignity. Such assurance! The old man nearly had a fit. Returning to the girl he told the story of his ill success.

"Well," said she, "I cannot marry you without my father's consent, for I am not of age. I promise you, however, that I will remain true to you until I am of legal age. If I live until then, and you still wish it, I will marry you."

In the hope of bettering his fortune, and with the full consent of his betrothed, he then set out for California. "And," said he, "I went—and from the hour I landed everything I touched turned to gold. About the time the girl became of age I wrote her that I was deeply involved in business ventures, and that while I stood ready to come at the hour if she insisted, if I were obliged to sell at any certain date I feared it would be at a sacrifice, and if she would wait a year or two longer I hoped to retire with flying colors. She replied, 'Stay just as long as you deem necessary, and come home thereafter as soon as you can.' A short time since I sold everything out at a grand figure, and am now on my way home. And the strangest part of the whole affair is that while waiting in San Francisco for the coming of the steamer I received a letter from the girl, stating that in some gigantic speculation carried on unknown to his family her father had lost all his property and was now reduced to poverty. And now," added the young man, while his eyes twinkled merrily, "I am going home, and I am going to set the old man up in business."

At New York my father bade good-by to the generous young stranger, with best wishes for his health and happiness; and continuing his journey to Ohio, the family was once again united. This was just as the air was resounding with the shouts of excited and angry citizens bandying the epithets, "Abolitionist!" and "Copperhead!" while howling orators furiously saved the country from the unspeakable wickedness of the other fellows—their neighbors—in the fierce Buchanan-Fremont campaign, so typical of the career of the sometimes turbulent but ever glorious Republic. In the tumult and the confusion, the far-away land of the bread-fruit, the banana and the palm; where the alligator basked in the hot sunshine among the reeds, and the cobra coiled at the rustle of coming feet;

where, oblivious of storms, canoemen rocked on glassy seas, and in swaying hammocks señoritas slumbered in the siesta; all this faded off into dreamland, misty and ethereal, leaving only a dim and shadowy picture in the hall of memory.

ORIN BELKNAP.

VALLEY, Washington.

The World's Greatest Explorer.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For thirty years I have known Dr. Robt. Bell, F. R. S., Chief of the Geological Survey of Canada. To his personal canvass FOREST AND STREAM is largely indebted for its early prestige and strength in the New Dominion. This month he is starting out on his forty-third year of continuous field work in British North America, his destination being the Great Slave Lake in the Mackenzie River Basin, N. W. T., lat. 63 degrees, of which he is to make a topographical and geological survey. The lake is 300 miles long and 3,000 miles off, though now accessible nearly all the way from Ottawa by rail and steamboat.

Although fifty-seven years of age, and exposed all these years to the rigors of high latitudes, he writes me that he is in perfect health and vigor, and able to get about as well as ever. This fact he attributes to a knowledge of how to take care of himself. "No matter how tired I am," he says, "I see that I always have a comfortable and dry bed of brush or some substitute, every night. I always dry my clothes, or change to dry ones if I can have a change, and do not go without more meals than I can help." He has always followed the simplest methods in his out of door life, carrying no tent or impedimenta in the shape of camp furniture; his habit being to "go light" and live off the country. Where fish or game was not to be had, he has subsisted on the plain common food of the voyageur, and taken no alcoholic drinks. He is up to all sorts of expedients in emergencies, and does not believe in "accidents" and misadventures; and has never had any, because he knows how to avoid them. Old campaigners of this ilk never think of exploiting their sufferings and hairbreadth escapes as evidences of heroism worthy of plaudit. On the contrary, they would be mortified to admit them. Yet I find in an official publication like the U. S. Geographical Magazine for June fulsome congratulations for a callow adventurer who visited the country north of the Great Slave Lake in 1892-3-4, upon being "able to live where earlier explorers starved and froze," and the reviewer parades his manifold "survivals from starvation and storm, from wounded animals and treacherous natives, from desperate exhaustion and insidious freezing, from engulfment in muskeg pools and hidden ice crevices, from wrecking in rapids and capsizing in surf," as not only the natural incidents and concomitants of voyaging in high latitudes, but as credit marks for heroism and endurance! Quite likely these recitals might impress the home members of travel clubs, but to my own mind, to glory in what one has suffered through inexperience or awkwardness would seem to be about as sensible as to boast how many rod tips a man had broken in a season on a salmon stream, as evidence of prowess in handling big fish.

Nevertheless many of our popular scientists with official endorsements are able to scoop a moiety of honors for so-called discoveries which were old before they were born. Like Schoolcraft, for instance, the pioneer of this guild, who claimed the credit of discovering the sources of the Mississippi (officially), while employing as his guide an old woodsman named Morrison, who had trapped all over that region for thirty years previously; or like students of Bowdoin in 1896, who exploited the discovery of high falls at the head of Ivuktuk Inlet, in Labrador, which were described in 1836 by factor McLean, of Hudson's Bay Company's post located close by!

Puerile summer outings like these pale into nonentity beside the stupendous life work of explorers like Dr. Bell and William Ogilvie, of the Dominion Survey, which cover almost the northern half of this continent. Already the published reports of Dr. Bell alone comprise more than 80 titles on a great variety of scientific subjects, yet so quietly and unostentatiously have his duties been performed that the public is not cognizant of them, nor perhaps ever heard of him, while plaudits attend the high roller who has compassed the earth in eighty days, or perchance outlined a rapid transit trip to Mars or the moon. Meanwhile, immense geographical areas have been mapped and charted and districted and divided into Territories and Provinces and settled, which had been *terra incognita* until this indomitable surveyor first set foot on them. And up to present date no abstract of these researches has ever been published. Modesty or preoccupation has intervened, though he has been often importuned. But at last I have procured from him the subjoined enumeration, which reads like Revelation, and for which I am sure you will congratulate me and your numerous readers.

Beginning in 1857, as a youth of fifteen, under the late Sir W. E. Logan, Director of the Geological Survey, he served for the first three years as assistant to the principal members of the staff, and has continued as the head of parties in the same work ever since. Commencing on the east side of the continent, his surveys comprise the Gaspé Peninsula from Percé to Rimouski, and from the St. Lawrence to the Baie des Chaleurs, and thence to Quebec, the eastern townships, the Saguenay and Lake St. John region, the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the west coast and the interior of Newfoundland and parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. He has coasted all around the Labrador peninsula, from the Saguenay, via Bellisle, its eastern or Atlantic coast, its northern coast, which forms the south side of the Hudson Straits, and its western coast, which is the east side of Hudson and James' bays, besides some of the islands lying near off this coast. Dr. Bell has computed the area of the Labrador peninsula to be 560,000 square English statute miles, or considerably more than the combined areas of Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany, Belgium and Holland.

In 1897 our friend made a survey of most of the southern coast of the great Island of Baffinland, opposite Greenland, and which is only exceeded in size by this ice-covered island and by Australia, being 1,100 miles in length. Besides surveying its southern coast, he made an exploration of the interior, as far as the large lakes, only one of which had ever before been seen by a white man.

He has visited some of the large islands at the north end of Hudson Bay, that great inland sea of our continent, which he described more than twenty years ago as the Mediterranean of North America. He has in different years explored and, in fact, surveyed the whole east coast of Hudson Bay, except a few miles in the north part, from the Straits south to the head of James' Bay, also parts of the west coast of this inland sea from Marble Island to Moose Factory, at its southern extremity. Instrumental or, in some cases, good track surveys have been made by him of the rivers flowing into James' Bay from the southeast, south, southwest and west. The largest of these is the Noddawai—a bigger stream than the Ottawa, and which drains an area exceeding that of England. The great west branch of the Noddawai had no recognized name, and by common consent it has been called Bell River, in honor of the man who first called attention to its existence and made an instrumental survey of its entire course. In connection with this work, he also surveyed a chain of lakes from the Waswanipi to the Ruperts River, and mapped out the whole of this great region, heretofore a blank.

The other principal rivers mentioned as flowing into James' Bay are the Moose and its larger branches (Mattagami, Missinaibi, etc.), the Albany to its source and its branches (Kenagami, Kabinakagami, Ogoké, etc.), the Ottawapiskat—the next river north of the Albany, 400 miles long and as large as the Rhine.

Further north he has done the Hayes, Steel and Hill rivers, Oxford Lake, Knee Lake, etc., as well as the



DR. ROBERT BELL.

whole of the Nelson—one of the great rivers of the world—which drains the continent west to the Rocky Mountains, besides some of its tributary streams, also the Great and Little Churchill rivers.

Coming back to more southern latitudes, his geological work comprises the Ottawa River from its mouth to its extreme source, including surveys of the Gatineau, the Upper Ottawa and some of the streams east of Lake Temiscamingue, the Montreal River and the country to the north and south of it, the country north of Lake Huron to the watershed, Lake Nipissing and Mattawa River, the French, Spanish, Missisagi and White rivers to their sources; Blind, Thessalon and Garden rivers, also Lake Temagami, Lady Evelyn and surrounding lakes; Temagami and Sturgeon rivers; and all the geographical as well as geological features in the Sudbury mining district. He had visited every square mile of the several islands of the Manitoulin chain before any township surveys had been made or a single settler had gone there. His purely geological labors comprise the western or lake peninsula of Ontario, while on the north side of Lake Superior, besides the geological work, he surveyed nearly all the rivers, Nipigon Lake, the uppermost of the Great Lakes of the St. Lawrence; Nipigon River, Long Lake and Pic River, and the country northward of these to the Albany, and most of the thirteen rivers flowing into Lake Nipigon, together with their lakes. Westward of Lake Superior he has explored all the wooded country to the prairies and made the first passably good map of the Lake of the Woods (published in 1881). In the northern parts these extended operations included Minnietaki Lake, Lonely Lake (100 miles long), and Lake St. Joseph or Osnaburgh Lake, nearly as large, the English River and its chain of lakes, Shoal Lake and Red Lake, and its river. The international boundary line was examined geologically from Lake Superior westward to Lake of the Woods, including Rainy Lake and River.

A track-survey was made of most of the shores of Lake Winnipeg; Lake Manitoba and the boat route from it to Lake Winnipeg were explored, as well as the "mountains" along the west side of the Winnipeg Basin, and a track survey, showing the details of the course of Red River from Winnipeg City to the lake of the same name. Further west the Assinnaboine, Swan and Qu'Appelle rivers were explored, as well as considerable portions of the North and South Saskatchewan, also the prairie region between these streams, and thence southward to Montana. Two routes were explored from the North Saskatchewan to Clearwater River, and a good track survey made of Lac la Biche and its river to the Athabasca, as well as of this stream itself all the way to Athabasca Lake, and of the waters around its western extremity, Lac la Loche, Clear Lake and Isle à la Crosse, Beaver River, Green Lake and the route thence to Prince Albert.

The above enumeration Dr. Bell has put down hastily from memory, but it does not by any means mention all the geological and topographical work which has been personally accomplished by him. He is also fairly entitled to credit for additional work performed under his immediate superintendence by field assistants whom he has trained and specially equipped for each particular survey. Some of these which we recall are the Megiskun and Waswanipi rivers and connected lakes, a route south from Lake Mistassini toward Lake St. John, God's Lake, Island Lake, various rivers on the east side of Lake Winnipeg, Pine River from Cross Lake, on Nelson River, westward to Moose Lake and the Saskatchewan, and this river itself, two routes from this stream northward to Reindeer Lake, this large lake itself; Wollaston Lake and route thence to Athabasca Lake, this lake and the chain of lakes forming the upper Churchill River, Black Sturgeon Lake and River, Cat Lake and River, with the connected lakes, the Abitibi River and numerous other important features in various regions.

Dr. Bell was on all the steamship expeditions sent by the Canadian Government to Hudson Straits and Bay. In addition to his duties as geologist and naturalist, he was medical officer on the Neptune and Alert expeditions, but on the Diana expedition of 1897 he was obliged to leave the ship in order to make his surveys by means of a yacht and boat, so that it became necessary to take out another medical man.

At the close of his field operations in 1880 he sailed by the Hudson's Bay Company's barque Ocean Nymph, from York Factory, on the west side of the bay, to London, and had a long and very stormy voyage. He has passed through Hudson Straits nine different times, and having studied the navigability of these waters is considered an authority on this subject.

On account of the length of time he has devoted to the work, together with the fact that the expenses were defrayed by the Government, and with a great capacity for physical endurance, Dr. Bell has been enabled to accomplish a greater amount of geographical and geological work than any other man in America, or probably in any other country. As most of this work was in heretofore unknown regions without many distinctive names, he has been obliged to give a vast number of such names as a necessity for the sake of identification and description. Mr. George Johnson, the official Dominion statistician, who has paid great attention to this matter, calls him the principal place-name father of Canada.

More of the above work was done by canoes with Indian and half-breed voyageurs than by any other method, but the coasts of Hudson Bay, Lakes Superior, Winnipeg and Manitoba were explored by means of boats. His work on the prairies and plains was all done before treaties had been made with the Indians, before there were any mounted police, and before the international boundary line was run—when horse-stealing was considered a virtue and buffalo were abundant. Under these circumstances he had many very exciting experiences and adventures.

Before closing this brief outline of Dr. Bell's career I might add that any part of his time which was not required for actual official work he utilized to study and graduate as a bachelor of science, a doctor of medicine and master in surgery, to study practical chemistry under Lord Playfair and others in the old country, to travel in Europe in different years and to become a professor for five sessions in Queen's University, which conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. He is a fellow of many learned societies, among them the Royal Society of London, which is the highest distinction for scientists in the British Empire. He married an accomplished Scottish lady, and his daughters, who were educated in Germany and France, and the eldest of whom was last year presented to Queen Victoria, are noted for their talents.

While making his extraordinary record of geological and typographical survey and exploration Dr. Bell has had more adventures and thrilling experiences and more hardships from fatigue, wet and other discomforts, lack of provisions, etc., and has seen more of the game and fish, the real wild Indians and Eskimos and the Hudson's Bay Company's people of all ranks than any other white man, or any Indian that ever lived. He has improved his unequaled opportunities to map out the geographical distribution of the forest trees of Canada, has collected the folk-lore of the various Indian tribes and of the Eskimos, has taken great numbers of photographs in the far-away regions, and has made extensive geological and botanical collections, and observations on a variety of subjects. He has a rare genius for telling his experiences, and although he has never written them out from his field notes, the original records in his possession would fill many most entertaining and useful volumes. As the author of this running biographical sketch I am proud of the distinction of first making public this record of marvelous achievements.

A Mother Bass.

NEW YORK, July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Perhaps some of your readers would be interested in a little fish story, which, by the way, is quite true. While on a short stay at Lake George I discovered a large black bass about 10ft. from our dock, where she had her bed and hatched out the largest brood of young ones I ever saw at one time. Other fish seem to annoy her, and I have seen her chase a pickerel twice and three times her size.

One of the small boys while fishing off the dock hooked her, and Mrs. Bass gave him quite an exciting time, until finally some of the men came to his rescue and succeeded in landing her on the dock, where we took the hook from her mouth and put her back to take care of her young. She is now so tame that the children throw her worms; and it is very interesting to see one of the gamest fish that swim eat her meals to the satisfaction of young and old.

G. O. WAKEMAN.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Hunt, Hunt, Anyway.

FEW are the pleasures in this world that are more alluring, more fascinating and more exhilarating than the wholesome pleasure enjoyed by the sportsman who takes to the woods for "all there is in it." By that I do not mean the one who goes in, rough shod, bent wholly upon wanton slaughter and a big "bag," but I mean the sportsman who goes for the lasting, the substantial, benefit derived from an outing in the woods, by one bent on recreation.

One can scarcely call it recreation to go into the brush and from early morning till sundown plod hither and yonder, reckoning on naught but o'ertaking his game. At the close of a day's outing of that description, the hunter finds himself jaded and weary; his clothes are sticky with perspiration, and the evening air is apt to chill him so that when he wakes next morning he finds he has contracted a cold which might prove serious. All he has is a bag of game, perhaps a meager one, at that. And if he has no game at all—oh, my! He can tell you nothing about that hunt save that he was deucedly tired when he reached camp. He, perhaps, has enjoyed the diversion from the business cares, but he is not refreshed. His day was fraught with violent exertion and many briar wounds.

With the sportsman who seeks recreation and goes hunting for "all there is in it," it is different. He returns to camp sorry that the day was so short; slightly fatigued though not jaded, but just tired enough to enjoy a smoke and a little chat by the camp-fire before retiring for a peaceful, refreshing sleep. Whether his quest of game proved futile or not, he can relate incidents of the day that will interest his listeners. He has been an observer of the many things of interest with which his way was strewn. He has been studying nature in nature's own open volumes, and has learned something new in regard to the habits or diet of some one or more of the natural occupants of the woods. He may even have corked up in a discharged shell some strange species of worm or insect which arouses his curiosity. When he empties his game bag he may be more choice of some little plant, or flower, or rare specimen of bark, or of some peculiarly deformed berry, or bud, or some other little rare work of nature that is concealed in one corner, than he is of all the game it contains. His hunger for a better acquaintance with nature is more ravenous than is his hunger for game dinners. He can always find food for that mental hunger though the hunger for game may not be readily appeased; therefore, the sportsman who, hunting for "all there is in it," hunts the nature of the woods as well as the game of the woods, is sure to be gratified in one way at least.

Many abandon the idea of enjoying the benefits of a week or two in the woods as soon as it is thought of simply because they are behind in marksmanship, thereby losing good food for a tired over-worked brain; for the study of nature's open book is not irksome; on the contrary, it discloses something new at every turn.

CHAS. H SMODELL.

Pioneer Days.—VIII.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

WHEN Ethan Allen was dispatched on his mission of "preaching politics" to the Canadians, Josiah was detailed as one of his guards, and so chanced to be with him in the unfortunate attempt to capture Montreal. Major Brown failing unaccountably to co-operate with Allen, the latter was forced to surrender, but Josiah managed to slip away and secrete himself in a dry ditch, from which he saw Allen attacked by a gigantic Indian, and Allen seizing a British officer by the shoulders swung him around as a shield between himself and his assailant until the latter was compelled to desist.

At nightfall Josiah made his way to the south shore and searched for a boat. Turning a shoulder of the shore, he came upon two Indians engaged in baling a canoe; their guns leaned against a tree at a little distance behind them. He got between them and their arms; and then, with his rifle cocked and aimed at them, demanded their surrender, to which there was nothing for them but to submit very sullenly. He placed the guns in the boat and set forth, making with all speed to a light on the other shore. The Indians ran yelling along the shore in quest of another boat to pursue him, but he had no further trouble from them; and making the passage safely, after dropping the captured guns in midstream, he continued his retreat until daylight, making frequent detours from the bank of the Richelieu, which was his guide, to avoid houses, forts and small detachments of troops which he now and then fell in with.

At dawn he secreted himself in the woods, where he lay all day, suffering hunger, thirst and weariness, and frequent chance of discovery.

At nightfall he ventured forth, and coming to a house made a reconnoisance through the window. There was no one in the room but a woman and a girl; the table was set for supper, with a brown loaf, a piece of pork and a bottle of whisky, en esprit; so, going to the door, he entered without ceremony, seized the eatables and the bottle and made off, while the frightened inmates shrunk into a corner, crossing themselves and calling on all the saints to protect them, and then uttering shrieks of alarm, which presently brought half a dozen jabbering habitants upon the scene and into speedy search for the bold Bostonais. Fortunately for him, they hunted in a pack, and kept up such a continual jabber that he easily eluded them.

When at a safe distance he sat down and made a hearty meal, and then, refreshed by a draft of fiery liquor, he continued his perilous journey until daybreak, then lay by again till night.

Once, as he lay at dusk in a grain field, one of a searching party actually stumbled over him, but before he could make an outcry Josiah was upon him, gagged and bound him, and wormed his way out of the field without discovery. Another time when he was reconnoitering a house in hope of getting food, he succeeded in getting the capote of the owner, which afforded him so good disguise that he joined a searching party on his own pursuit, and got well on his way during the day. "The holy Bostonais is more cunning than a fox," said one of his pursuers whom he came face to face with. Josiah's bad French betrayed him, and as the habitant hissed out a long-drawn "ah!" and opened his mouth to give the alarm, Josiah's gun barrel crashed down upon his skull. Safety demanded that he should be given his quietus, but the Yankee's heart was too tender yet for such outright murder, and he contented himself with taking his tobacco, pipe and steel, which he was greatly in need of, and then, gagging his adversary, left him to recover his wits at leisure.

At last he came to where the Richelieu draws the waters of Champlain to its channel, and here he began searching for a craft of some sort. He found a pirogue drawn up on the shore, and was groping in and about it for a paddle, preparatory to launching it, and already was exulting in an easy escape by the open way of the lake, when his blood was turned to ice by a voice demanding in English:

"Stand and surrender!"

He turned about and was confronted by a dozen armed men, who seemed to have arisen from the earth, so silently and suddenly had they appeared. He threw down his gun in vexation and despair at being taken just when deliverance was within his reach.

His captors now gathered about him, and he experienced as great a revulsion of emotions when he discovered in the dim light that they wore the green uniform of Warner's Rangers.

Explanations followed, and he was filled with disgust when he learned from the scouting party that St. Johns had surrendered, and that for all these anxious days and nights he had been dodging detachments of Americans and posts that were already in their hands.

Having thus rejoined his regiment, he served with it until the expiration of the term of enlistment, when he returned to the new commonwealth of Vermont.

Old Nag's Head.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to see reference to Nag's Head in your last issue. Once it was a famous resort, two generations back. Its natural attractions combine all that Cape May, Atlantic City and Long Branch afford, besides wild fowl shooting and fishing there and in the vicinity, such as your unsophisticated readers never dreamed of, while two miles or so across the Sound, at Roanoke Island, is one of the most unique historical spots along the Atlantic coast—full of novelties and natural freaks, besides comprising the site of Sir Walter Raleigh's lost colony of 1587, Gen. Burnside's headquarters in 1862, old Confederate breastworks, mammoth grape vines covering acres, shifting sand domes which have already buried acres of pine forest 60ft. deep, negro self-governing communities, Disciple churches, tropical verdure, old windmills, hard shell clams, and other articles of virtu. And the air is as cool there all summer long as it is at Long Branch or Martha's Vineyard, without being humid or foggy, while it is only a holiday jaunt to reach there at a minimum cost of traveling expenses.

I wrote up this region, partially for the FOREST AND STREAM'S issue of Jan. 14, 1892, and could add an interesting supplementary chapter on the Kingdom of Manteo, if worth while, which would set cloyed summer sojourners on the *qui vive*. There is no coast region like Nag's Head, while all along the outer beach there is a cordon of life saving stations, lighthouses and banker settlements of a salty and quite primitive character, where wild beach ponies range in herds on the intervening salt marshes and dig in the sand for water to quench their thirst. In August the animals are rounded up, assorted and put on the market, while the colts are branded and turned out to grass again and to the mercies of the winter storms. Many of them are used by the beach patrols.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Critique of a New Reader.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During dull spells of business this spring and summer for pastime I have been reading FOREST AND STREAM. I read it all, advertisements first, generally, as I want to see what people have for sale. Then I read the contributed articles. I find them all interesting, especially the reminiscences of the older people. The majority of your contributors seem to be men of matured minds, with sufficient literary ability to portray past and present experiences in glowing words that make unbidden tears flow from our eyes and a great big choking lump come up in our throats, as we think of youthful pleasures in forests filled with furred and feathered creatures, and streams well stocked with finny tribes. They all tell of the happy experiences and incidents of early days, boyish pranks and pleasures, or fishing and hunting excursions. It seems that as we grow older we all become retrospective, living in the past as far as our happiness is concerned. Nothing seems so joyous as boyish delights, when we were free from care; no food tastes as good to us as that in the old home, when, after roaming the woods or following the streams, we came home with ravenous appetites, "'most starved to death."

So many regard the fisherman as a lazy lout, the hunter as only a buther, whose feelings are hardened by slaughter of the game he pursues. But I don't see that it has that effect on your contributors. Finer feelings I have never seen portrayed, more affecting pathos exhibited, more genuine love shown for the old home and the old folks there, than by writers in FOREST AND STREAM as they relate their boyish experiences and maturer adventures when away from the everlasting grind of modern business. The nearer we get to nature, the better we are. Shooting game and catching fish to supply our wants should not have any more hardening effects than does the raising of sheep, cattle, hogs and poultry on men who are engaged in doing so.

I have been a fisherman ever since, as a ten-year-old youngster, with a peeled elm sapling for a rod, a towstring for a line, a bent wire for a hook, and a white grub for a bait, I made my first cast into the creek that ran through our Ohio farm. There was a jerk on my line; thought I had hooked a whale; landed a big white perch over my head into the meadow beyond; was so scared that I started for home, and never stopped until I dragged pole, line and fish into the house, for fear the whole outfit would get away. In maturer years I have fished the upper Mississippi River for black and white bass, jack salmon, pickerel and channel cats; Lake Ponchartrain for crabs; Mobile Bay and Aransas Pass for sharks when the tide was going out, many years ago. Now I won't die happy until I go South again and catch a tarpon.

In a woods abounding with foxes, squirrels, coons, possums, ground hogs, blacksnakes, quail, pheasants, wild pigeons, owls and smaller birds, were made my first attempts at shooting with a long musket that had done duty in the Mexican war. It was so heavy that I had to rest across a rail in shooting at quails trailing through the corn field in autumn, or prop it in the forks of a sapling while aiming at wild pigeons in a dead tree. With supreme delight I brought home what game I could hit, while my big brother walloped me for wasting so much of his powder and shot.

SENEX.

Natural History.

Some Curious Nesting Sites.

IN his search for birds' nests, the oologist often meets with disappointment; but the nests which he does find are frequently in such position, as to surroundings, and of such material in construction, as to cause the collector to wonder if his feathered friends are not possessed of superior intelligence.

Among all breeding birds known to me, I find few as changeable in their nesting habits as our own Lay's phœbe. This bird that "nests naturally on rocks," adapts itself to its surroundings, and builds its nest almost anywhere.

In the foothill region of this locality, or along the eastern front range of the Rockies, there are numerous abandoned mineral and farming claims, on which there is usually a deserted cabin and "prospect hole" or well, ranging in depth from 10 to 30ft. The walls of these wells remain in position for years without support, partly from the nature of the soil, but more from the fact that very little rain falls during the year. From the erosions that occur little pockets are formed in the sides of these holes and wells, and our phœbe finds suitable support in them for its nests.

Down the mouth of these wells the birds may be seen in early spring carrying material for their nests; grass with little pellets of dirt attached, old rags; anything handy is utilized, until sufficient has been collected to make a substantial nest; the whole is lined with sheep's wool, cotton or cattle hair, and on this soft bed four or five pure white eggs are laid, sometimes three and even two; rarely six eggs form a set complement. But while the well is occupied the cabin is not forgotten, and another pair of phœbes may be building a home for their prospective young in some little nook of the building.

Frequently a suitable place for the nest is found under a bridge, or a culvert is chosen; and I have found them nesting in a crevice of a limestone ledge, or an arroya.

In May, 1896, a pair of phœbes built a nest in an outhouse on one of these abandoned farms near here, in which four eggs were laid, but for the lack of sufficient support the nest fell from its position, and the eggs were consequently ruined.

The birds came to my home and built their nest on a projection under the eaves of the house, and here raised their young in security. The following year, 1897, they returned to the old buildings, constructing their nest, of the usual materials, on a shelf inside the cabin, entering through a broken window pane; depositing two eggs as a full set. These were taken, but were immediately followed by a set of five, placed in the same nest.

Last year they returned and built a very bulky structure, composed largely of bright colored rags with an empty bottle as a foundation, and on the same shelf on which the previous one had been built.

This year a pair of phœbes, possibly of the same family, are rearing a brood of five young in another room of the cabin.

The picture in the Osprey of a year ago, of the European robin's nest, built in an old tea kettle, brings to mind a peculiar nesting site of the Western lark sparrow. In 1889 I flushed a female of this sparrow from her nest, built in a fruit can which had been thrown out upon the hillside. The nest completely filled the can, which was lying on its side, and contained a fine set of five fresh eggs. This bird often builds its nest, for protection it would seem, in the midst of the thorny cactus bushes so common to Colorado.

A nest of the red-shafted flicker was found between the walls of a building in the year previous. The parent bird had chiseled an entrance through the outside wall, and descending to a depth of 3ft., had laid her eggs, seven in number, on a brace between the studding. No nesting material was used. The eggs, well advanced in incubation, lay scattered over the rough timber, in such manner that the bird could have covered but two of them at a time without drawing them together.

A king bird near here found an odd position for a nest on the top of a fence post. The center of the post had rotted away, leaving a cavity barely sufficient for the materials necessary to construct a warm nest. Four eggs were taken from the nest, and the parent birds immediately began the construction of a new nest in an oak near by, in which they brought to maturity three young, one bird having died.

The spring of 1899 brought the same birds, presumably, back to the fence post in which the customary set of four has been laid. I once knew this bird to build its nest on the dead branch of an apple tree, the bleached material of which the nest was constructed blending so nicely with the moss-covered bark that the nest was seen with difficulty. Another case of protective color in bird architecture.

Brewer's blackbird often has freaks in its choice of nesting sites, usually building on the ground or in a bush, and occasionally well up in large trees. Two years ago I found a nest in a fence corner, concealed from view by posts and poles, and not 50yds. from their nest

another one was built on the end of a log under the eaves of a shanty once used as a chicken roost. The past spring a pair of these blackbirds built their nest in the cavity of a pine stump near where I was at work, and which had been used formerly by woodpeckers and sparrow hawks, before the wood had rotted away from the outside, rendering it unserviceable. Here their first set was destroyed by bird enemies, but after the lapse of several days another set was laid in the same nest, which nothing thus far has disturbed.

We might mention other as peculiar positions as those already related, but enough has been written for the purposes of this article. P. L. JONES.

BUELAH, Colo., June 23.

Age Attained by the Right Whale.

Correspondence London Field.

IN the Field of May 27 is a note by Mr. Harting, in which he alludes to the fact of a harpoon having been found embedded in the body of a right whale killed in Bering Sea, which there is evidence to show had been carried by the whale between thirty-six and forty years, and he raises the question as to the age attained by these cetaceans. Many instances of the finding of harpoons embedded in the flesh of whales are recorded by Scoresby, Eschricht and Reinhardt, Dr. Brown and others, and I may mention two recent occurrences of the sort. In 1889 the Windward killed a very large bull whale in the Greenland Sea, the longest slip of whalebone of which measured 11ft. 8in. Embedded in the blubber was found a harpoon of a fashion which was introduced about the year 1850, but, being found inferior to the usual pattern, was soon discarded. This harpoon must, therefore, have been carried by the whale little short of forty years. In 1894 the Terra Nova killed a very large whale, with 12ft. whalebone, in Lancaster Sound, in which was found an old harpoon bearing the name of the Jean, of Bo'ness. As this vessel had been lost in the ice thirty-seven years before, the harpoon must have been carried something like forty years. There is a curious similarity of time in many of these instances. It appears that the harpoons become encysted in gristly substance, and are often quite bright when recovered.

But it is the concluding portion of Mr. Harting's note which raises a point of great interest, and one with regard to which very little is known, viz., the age attained by these giant cetaceans. That it is very considerable I think there can be no doubt; but, as might be expected, there is very little direct evidence; and from the nature of the case it can hardly be expected it should be otherwise. Judging from analogy, an animal which requires twenty-seven years to arrive at maturity would probably survive under favorable conditions to at least 100 years.

Florida Egrets and Steamboat Shooters.

BUT incomparably the handsomest member of the family (I speak of such as I saw) was the great white egret. In truth, the epithet "handsome" seems almost a vulgarism as applied to a creature so superb, so utterly and transcendently splendid. I saw it—in a way to be sure of it—only once. Then, on an island in the Hillsborough, two birds stood in the dead tops of low, scrubby trees, fully exposed in the most favorable of lights, their long dorsal trains drooping behind them and swaying gently in the wind. I had never seen anything so magnificent. And when I returned, two or three hours afterward, from a jaunt up the beach to Mosquito Inlet, there they still were, as if they had not stirred in all that time. The reader should understand that this egret is between 4 and 5ft. in length, and measures nearly 5ft. from wing tip to wing tip, and that its plumage throughout is of spotless white. It is pitiful to think how constantly a bird of that size and color must be in danger of its life.

Happily, the lawmakers of the State have done something of recent years for the protection of such defenseless beauties. Happily, too, shooting from the river boats is no longer permitted—on the regular lines, that is. I myself saw a young gentleman stand on the deck of an excursion steamer, with a rifle, and do his worst to kill or maim every living thing that came in sight, from a spotted sandpiper to a turkey buzzard! I call him a "gentleman"; he was in gentle company, and the fact that he chewed gum industriously would, I fear, hardly invalidate his claim to that title. The narrow river wound in and out between low, densely wooded banks, and the beauty of the shifting scene was enough almost to take one's breath away; but the crack of the rifle was not less frequent on that account. Perhaps the sportsman was a Southerner to whom river scenery of that enchanting kind was an old story. More likely he was a Northerner—one of the men who thank heaven they are "not sentimental."—Bradford Torrey in Atlantic Monthly.

Hens as Mousers.

WE need not go to Kansas to find a mouse-catching hen, Pine Tree! Come right back to the Pine Tree State. Thirty years ago I lay in a burrow on the haymow with my head out, and that buried in the tale of "Heavy-hatchet, the Bold Scout"—did you read it, P. T.? Near me a small black hen roamed across the hay, singing and making darts. A big, dark grasshopper (?) sprang from a hollow and after him ran the hen, with feet twittering over the straw and wings half-opened. The pace was too hot for the hopper. The hen seemed to turn as swiftly as he, and presently he took a headlong dive for the floor, some 12ft. or more below. Well, that hen went right after him. A hawk couldn't have made the swoop professionally better than she, with wings half-closed. Before she struck the floor I was in the air after her—why I didn't break something Heaven only knows—and as she scudded toward the hen house I ran too, to see what her prey was, and it was a big surprise to me to find it a good-sized mouse. I guess Maine hens can do as well today, on a pinch. J. P. T.

A well-known ornithologist and author of books on birds writes: "I have read with much satisfaction a contribution from Didymus and editorial comment on a reply thereto in late numbers of FOREST AND STREAM."

Game Bag and Gun.

The July number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine is now ready. See advertisement of it.

New Brunswick Notes.

Your correspondent, Special, whose preference for facts is well known, seems to have picked up an odd specimen of fiction when he says that "Mr. L. Dana Chapman, of the Megantic Fish and Game Club, has positive information that the Canadian Government has decided to open September to the hunting of moose, caribou, deer, partridges and other birds." The Canadian Government has no jurisdiction over the subject of game except as it comes within the scope of the customs laws. The game laws in vogue in Canada are the product of the cheerful ignorance of the respective provincial legislatures. None of these laws in any way resemble each other. Nova Scotia, for instance, prohibits the shooting of "American elk," while the solons of New Brunswick offer a bounty of $5 per head upon non-resident wolves!

Possibly Special has reference to the New Brunswick game law, which was amended at the last session of the Legislature and then put on the shelf. The big game season here for the past two years has opened Sept. 1 and closed Jan. 1., and such is the law this year. In 1900 it is probable that the opening will be changed to Sept. 15. An argument which has been used in favor of the change is that in the great majority of cases the horns of moose, caribou and deer, especially those of the younger bucks, are in the velvet until after Sept. 1. It is also pointed out that the aquatic habits of moose and deer in the warm weather months render them too easy a mark on that date. A further contention is that if the opening were later fewer carcasses would be rendered valueless by hot weather.

When the bill now before the Canadian House of Commons enabling visiting sportsmen to take out the carcass, or any part thereof, of game animals killed by them is passed, and when the section in the New Brunswick law requirinb the sportsman to take his oath on a $100 bill that he will not break the law is repealed, there will remain few, if any, legitimate grievances on the statute books of Canada with regard to the visiting sportsman. Doubtless the hunting grounds of Canada would be more popular if no licensing system existed; yet I trust this will not under present conditions be repealed. So far as New Brunswick is concerned, the license has kept the slaughter of game within bounds, insomuch that moose, caribou and deer are now found in localities where they were formerly unknown. It has enabled nine out of every ten sportsmen who have visited New Brunswick during the past three seasons to go home with a halo of antlers instead of adjectives. It has helped to provide a game protection fund whereby invertebrate game officials have been replaced by men who are determined to enforce the law. If the principal or only game of the Province were deer, no license would be required, as none is now required for this kind of game. But the moose—an animal whose habitat is becoming more contracted year by year—is too valuable to be exposed to the slaughter that would follow the abolition of the license system. There are now probably ten moose in New Brunswick where there was one twenty years ago, owing to the license and other restrictions placed upon big-game hunters.

The stalwart Adam Moore, of Scotch Lake, has pursued every known species of game in this country, from the reminiscent ground hog to the monarch moose. His 10-bore cannon has rung the requiem of many a scudding teal and lifting snipe. His opinions in the matter of sport are entitled to respect, and Adam says that running the rapids on the head of the Nepisiguit in the spring of the year, dropping anchor now and then to pick up a bear, is good enough sport for him. This was Adam's first experience in bear trapping, and there were twenty pelts in his pile. Three of the specimens are remarkably fine, and will be mounted and added to the collection of game birds and animals in the Crown Land Department.

A fishing party composed of Dr. Norris and friend, of Philadelphia, returned the other day from the Nictau country delighted with their outing. They caught plenty of trout, though none of the big 7lb. lakers that were in evidence earlier in the season, and thirty-five moose in their wanderings, in addition to a goodly count of deer and caribou. The Doctor is going up there in September.

J. H. Holmes and Prof. Brown, of Buffalo, relate weird tales of their experience in the Long Lake county, up the right-hand branch. One evening, at Mud Lake, nine moose and four deer were sighted on the lake shore. The next morning a cow moose chased by a bear ran through the tent yard and demolished a fiddle belonging to the guide. In the course of his travels, extending over a period of four weeks, the Professor tallied fifty-four moose, thirty-two deer and six caribou in the Trousers Lake and Long Lake country. He, too, will return when moose are ripe.

There is a game country heretofore unknown to sportsmen, unless of the strictly hayseed type, in the vicinity of Grand John Lake, at the head of one of the branches of the Nashwaak. It is reached by an excellent portage road only six miles long from Upper Keswick station. Moose and caribou are numerous and the cottontails flicker in the gloaming on the ridges. The country is open, interspersed with lakes, ponds and barrens—a goodly show in every way for the man who wants to get his moose without sweat or swearing. Woe is me that I should reveal it.

I suppose if all the incredible things that really happen in the woods were chronicled, the late Ananias would be canonized as a saint. While fishing at one of the Keswick lakes last week your correspondent hooked at his first cast and brought to net three trout whose aggregate weight was 4¼lbs. In the remainder of the day's fishing, though he stood upon the ramcat and flogged springholes many hours, he got only five more fish. On the following day his companion, Harry McLeod, at the same spot, just below the lilypads, hooked at his first cast and brought to raft three trout whose combined weight was precisely 4¼lbs. Yet during the residuum of that day Mr. McLeod fished with strenuousness and only caught five more fish. Three things no man can understand: How the bull moose walketh off without a sound, how the caribou fatteneth his ribs on the dry, white moss, and the ways of the lake trout in summer.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, N. B., July 11.

Self.

PORTLAND, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Of late I've been studying the subject of self. Though not a subject, strictly speaking, it is the root of many evils, uprooting, in point of fact, money, said to be the root of evil. Webster says: "The word self signifies personal interest or love of private interest; selfishness;" and quotes from Watts thus: "The fondness we have for self furnishes another long rank of prejudices;" and from Pope as follows: "A man's self may be the worst fellow to converse with in the world." Observe that Pope says "may be." I believe we can converse with self with perfect safety and derive much benefit, if we have within what I shall denominate a regulator. But if we have not a regulator within, the animal nature will surely lead us into excesses. Of course, the law steps in, and first cautions, then demands of the conscienceless sportsman (?) that he restrain himself. 'Tis pity 'tis true, but so long as there are men without regulators there will be use for the law. Here self asserts itself. Without a regulator it devises ways and means to make the law inoperative, except as to the other fellows. Instead of saying, "Brother, come up and I will show you fine sport; but bear in mind, we kill only what we can readily consume," he says to himself, "I want these deer and trout; that license fee of $25 will keep the other fellows out; there won't be anyone up here to watch me, and I can hound and jack as I please. The market will be better, too." This is self as Pope saw it. The legislators of Indiana said, "Fish may not be taken in any of the streams or lakes during the months of May and June;" but self (without the regulator) comes into the State from Chicago to fish in Bass Lake in the fore part of June.

Laws are sometimes not made so much for the protection of game and fish as they are in the interest of a class of men. I've been thinking about this, and I can't see but what the poor game is being compelled to jump "out of the frying-pan into the fire." A duty on lumber stimulates the destruction of our forests, and, naturally, the game. The wealthy lumberman cares not for the game, and his friend, the lawmaker, has it run into his private park, where he and his friends can enjoy the chase with none to molest nor make afraid. These are men who converse with self, but have no regulators.

I have asked myself, When will this thing end? Will the States that have game take some interest in the protection of it before it is all destroyed? Will they continue to protect a class of influential men, and incidentally all men within the State that have no regulators, or, seeing the beginning of the end, will they open the doors and say: "Take it; kill and sell"?

I have stopped by the roadside a few times lately and gone into small wood lots with my gun in the hope that I could find a fox squirrel. I struck an eighty-acre lot on my brother-in-law's farm near the Ohio line last Saturday. The wood was grown up in brush on the high ground, and with tall coarse grass in the swales. My ten-year-old boy, who is a pretty good shot, was with me. We hunted that wood all over and went through two other more likely looking pieces of wood, but saw only one pine squirrel and one young fox squirrel. We got the fox squirrel, but I let the boy try for the other until he lost it in the branches of a tall tree. He had a target rifle and I had my .38 Winchester. We had to fight our way through swarms of mosquitoes, and I was surprised to see how the little fellow went through the ordeal. Later in the day he got a pine squirrel off a tree by the roadside. At another place he called my attention to two young rabbits sitting among some brush inside a wood that was posted: "No hunting on this farm until you see ———"

When I think how scarce game is here now (except rabbits and quail), and that back in the old home of my ancestors—Viriginia and the Carolinas—game is more plentiful than here, I am impressed with a kind of nightmare feeling, as though time was turning backward, and that I might yet experience some of the things told me in childhood. Would it not seem strange to go back East to hunt a century or more after my people left that country and followed in the wake of the Indians as they were driven westward before advancing civilization? Back there to find game we can't find here any more? Here there is no waste land. Year by year the country is being more improved. We burn natural gas for light and fuel over a large area. We have graveled highways in every direction. There is on an average not more than 100 acres of uncultivated land in each section, or square mile. Less than seventy years ago this was a wilderness infested with wild game and Indians. My people lived on the Virginia border in Simon Girty's time. My father had a great aunt who with a babe in arms was taken captive by the Indians. Her arms were pinioned behind (so the story goes) and her babe placed on her hands in front. She became exhausted, and an Indian took the babe and dashed it against a tree. Later Girty bought her liberty. Though a renegade, he must have had a better regulator than some people who converse with self these latter days.

"I have just received No. 25, and I read in "Chicago and the West" items this: "Mr. Geo. Murrell and his friend Mr. Crosby, of this city, have gone to Bass Lake (Ind.) again after big mouths." This little boy of mine thinks it wrong to violate the law. He has fretted a good deal because he can't go down to the little muddy Salamonie and catch little pot-bellied mud cats. Prior to May 1 the little fellows spent all the time allotted them along the creek; but I have heard of no fishing in this State since then, except as reported from Chicago. So I've been thinking about it. I've commenced with self, and I have concluded that the rich man should be held amenable to the law as well as the poor urchin. He should not be allowed to violate the law and escape through friendship or the payment of a nominal fine.

But I have about concluded that game laws do not protect game so much as they favor a certain class of sportsmen at the expense of a class more conscientious and less favorably situated. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

The Minnesota Forest Reserve.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 14.—As indicated briefly last week, we can report distinct progress in regard to the proposed Minnesota forest reserve, the first mention of which in the sporting press was made in the FOREST AND STREAM May 6. The progress has been made along the lines indicated at that time, and meantime several important steps have been made which practically remove all doubt of the success of at least the preliminary work. That is to say, there will be an organization of prominent and responsible Western business men chosen from several States in the Middle West. The name of this organization will be short, simple and significant. It will be called

"The Itasca Association."

This organization is not yet perfected, but a list of names is now in preparation by Col. J. S. Cooper and certain of his friends, and the preliminary meeting will be called in all likelihood for some day next week. The matters which have been transacted thus far unofficially will then be put in official form. The Association will then issue a formal invitation to every member of the Congress of the United States to join in an expedition of investigation which shall cover the territory in question. It is thought that the best time for this expedition will be in the first week of October, and that is the date which will probably be chosen. It is believed that at least fifty members of both houses of Congress will meet at the rendezvous in this city. The party will go west from Chicago in special trains provided by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, that road having offered to take the party without charge. A similar magnificent courtesy is extended by President Jas. J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, which will take charge of the party from St. Paul north. There will be probably two dozen different camps laid out in different portions of the Minnesota wilderness. It is the intention to distribute the distinguished visitors in such way that each may gain a thorough idea of the whole region, and may yet have a satisfactory taste of the sport which that region offers. Guides, boats and entertainment will of course be free to the members of Congress who shall be present, and provision has already been made for this magnificent piece of hospitality, which is undertaken by President Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad.

It will appear to everyone connected with this expedition that this is not a junket, not a scheme, not a land boom, and not a railroad enterprise. It is a straightforward, impersonal and useful attempt to secure a great popular benefit. There is not the first touch of personal interest, of personal advertising, of axe-grinding or log-rolling in this enterprise from its start to its finish, and when this is distinctly understood it is believed that a good share of the members of Congress will be glad to lend the dignity and encouragement of their presence. They will be able to see the region for themselves, and it will be left to them to decide what, if any, shall be the size of the proposed forest reserve.

To take so large a party into so remote a country and to do it properly is considerable of an undertaking. It is to be said that Col. Cooper and his generous railroad friends seem to have arranged for this in a most satisfactory and practical manner. The whole enterprise is one of Western enterprise and magnitude, and in view of its unimpeachable motive it is sincerely to be trusted that it may meet success. The Minnesota wilderness is at our doors. It can be visited by ten people where the Yellowstone Park can be reached by one. The State Health Officer of Minnesota could find no finer sanitarium ground. The president of the Forestry Commission could devise no better means than that proposed for the preservation of the remaining Minnesota forests—that last tract which is in such imminent danger of being ruined by the lumbermen, as were the forests further East. The United States army could have no better training ground or resting ground than this national reserve. For it should be remembered that this would be and should be a national reservation, under the guard of the national troops and under the control of the national laws.

The Opposition.

It is rarely that one sees any enterprise which has received more favorable mention from the leading journals of the territory concerned. The Chicago Times-Herald and the Chicago Tribune both indorse the project and give it extended mention. The Associated Press is doing as much. The Pioneer Press, of St. Paul, one of the leading journals in the State most interested, is in favor of the enterprise, but points out that there will be serious opposition from several sources, so that it questions whether the matter can be accomplished.

Perhaps the two greatest factors of the opposition hinge on the Indians and the lumbering interests. Many ask of Col. Cooper: "What are you going to do with all the Indians on those reservations which you intend to include in the forest reserve?" Col. Cooper's reply to this question is noteworthy: "Do with them what has never been done before—let them alone." That is it precisely. There is no robbery of the Indian proposed in the measure. If the Indian reservations were included under the broad protection of the national reserve, and if the lumbermen and the squatter, the worst enemies of the reservation Indians, were excluded from the confines of that reserve, the Minnesota Indians would be in a better position than they have been since the white men first came among them. At Cass Lake there is a little straggling pine woods town already built on the land of the Indians. It is a straight case of steal, and the Indians know it; but what can they do? If this forest reserve were established the territory of the Indians would be kept clear from white settlement. The Commissioner of Indian affairs will in all probability soon remove these adventurers from the soil which they have stolen; but under the old order of things we could only expect that they would move their towns to some other reservation, and that the lumbermen would continue their regular theft of the pine timber from the reservations, as they have been doing to the anger and chagrin of the Indians for years. The establishment of this reserve would settle at once one of the gravest questions which has arisen under the Minnesota and United States judiciary—that of the clashing of the whites and the reds over the timber lands.

This calls up the main opposition—that of the great timber barons. These men want those pine lands, and they will fight for them. They are in a political position to make some trouble. It is thought that this trouble is perhaps magnified in advance, and that these interests can be reached by argument, or at worst by compromise. It is too soon to cover ground of that sort at this writing. On these several heads I may offer the comment of a Minnesota gentleman who has the widest personal acquaintance of every portion of the great tract of land which is sought to be included within the lines of the proposed reserve, and who is an authority in forestry matters. This gentleman writes from Itasca, Minn., to Col. Cooper as below:

Details from the Spot.

"Ten years ago the forest reserve proposition was attempted in Minnesota by joint resolution of Congress as an expression to the Minnesota Legislature. The Duluth iron interests, the Minneapolis lumber interests, railroad immigration interests and the Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake settlements inaugurated an opposition which was proportionate to the whole State, and the measure was promptly dropped. Since that time there has been the greatest difficulty in the attempt to save to posterity even the immediate surroundings of the source of the Mississippi. The lumber interests and the city of Duluth seem to be the greatest opponents of forest reservation in Minnesota. Both have been energetic in defeating any measures which remotely or otherwise might curtail their economic interests. Active members of Congress represent them. The whole Mississippi River, from Itasca to Minneapolis, is a private highway for logs. North of Brainerd every tributary is in possession of the lumbermen, intent on the utter denudation of forest holdings as soon as possible. The Ojibway timber, at Leech and Cass lakes, is a ripe plum for which the lumbermen are watching.

"My first idea is to preserve the Ojibway timber as the nucleus of a great future park. When that timber is cut and shipped out, forest fires will complete an untimely destruction."

This same gentleman gives from his great acquaintance with that region the following advice as to the posting of the camps in case of the Congressional visit:

"Distribute parties from Grand Rapids, or possibly Leech Lake. Push up the river, and not down. The elevation is greater, water purer and timber less cut off. The best camping grounds are: Winnebigoshish Dam (dam now out and rebuilding); mouth of Turtle River; north shore of Cass Lake; west end of Cass Lake—a beautiful spot; Bemidji Lake and the Mississippi below it; Itasca Lake (wagons from Park Rapids); Bottle-Neck and Greater Mantrap lakes; north shore of Leech Lake—islands and points; north end of Bemidji Lake, near Turtle lakes; Cut Foot Sioux to Bow String (a wilderness); mouth of Leech Lake and Ball-Club Lake; Potato, Eagle and Island lakes, near Park Rapids and Big Sand; Little Mantrap Lake—out of season, though deer are plenty."

The same gentleman again writes to Col. Cooper, after seeing something further regarding this proposed movement described in the Minnesota papers, and in this recent letter there is much worth preservation, chief of all those golden words where he, perhaps unwittingly, gives utterance to a sentence which ought to be placed high in the teachings of every American school—that one quoted later regarding the time it takes to grow a tree and the ease with which that tree may be destroyed. The writer of this letter is an old man, and thinker, and he has spent many years in an unselfish labor at preserving the native forests of his State. He goes on to say:

Keep the Reservation Timber.

"Since writing you last I have spent an entire week among the Ojibways. There is an intense feeling among them because of the dastardly attempts to rob them of their pine timber at Cass, Leech and Winnebigoshish lakes. I had a long talk with Leading Feathers (Flatmouth) and Ne-sho-tah (Rev. Dr. Wright), the two head chiefs, and met in a friendly way 500 other people of the tribe. Now, the Ojibways are in my opinion an absolute necessity to the success of a park in this region. No person has any right, title or claim to ownership of the reservation forests except the Indians. Therefore no infringement of rights can exist if the United States reserves the region for gradual denudation and reforestration, say after the lapse of twenty-five years, at which time the timber will have become more valuable and the economic uses more scientific than the present wholesale lumbering and utter annihilation now in vogue, followed by tremendous forest fires, which leave only a black, burned waste of stumps and tree tops.

"Of the Ojibway timber in the proposed reservation there is about 900,000,000ft. The Nelson bill of 1889 fixes the minimum price at $3 per thousand, in the aggregate $2,700,000—a small item for the National Government to assume, when so vast benefits to the people are to ensue.

"I elaborate on the reservation question because the Indian lands are a prime necessity to a successful park. If the 900,000,000ft. of timber is allotted for immediate cutting, then the exact center of the proposed reserve goes to irrevocable and untimely destruction. A TREE—SUCH GRAND ONES AS WE HAVE HERE—CAN BE FELLED IN TEN MINUTES. TO REPRODUCE ITS COUNTERPART REQUIRES 300 YEARS.

"Let the Indians remain right where they are; pay them for the timber, restrict them to lawful and regulated occupancy, and they will consent. You will find that by the treaty of 1855 the solemn pledge was made to them, as ratified by the United States Senate, that they were forever to remain where they now are. * * * Now the Ojibway is armed and ready for a rebellious outbreak if the fraud is concluded.

"The people of Minnesota are entitled to a peaceful solution of this vixed pine-land reservation question now pending with the Indians here, and the considerate procedure presents itself, of vast benefit to all, of the John S. Cooper proposition to preserve the headwaters of the Mississippi as a national park. Pay the Indian for his land, then preserve it for the whole people, instead of turning it over to a lumbering syndicate for immediate destruction, the latter a class proposition, which converts a vast domain to the interests of a few individuals, the rights of the Indians to the contrary notwithstanding.

"I cannot urge upon your attention too strongly the absolute necessity of centering your reserve at Cass, Leech and Winnebigoshish lakes. Pay the Indians there and preserve the timber. Then you will have a magnificent resort, with available surroundings east, west, north and south."

The Organization.

I have earlier mentioned Mr. Chas. Cristadoro, of St. Paul, as one of the very earliest enthusiasts in this movement toward the Minnesota reserve. Mr. Cristadoro was in Chicago this week, and while here met Col. Cooper and the writer and had a long talk over the matter. Mr. Cristadoro is an enthusiast whose ardor does not cool, and has done a great deal and is in a position to do a great deal more toward furthering the ends of this movement. It seems that our mutual friend, Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., has also thus early set his hand to the plow. Both these men are in the lumber business, but they are also in the business of being thoughtful citizens. They are of the type which seems to be rallying in most unexpectedly great numbers already about this standard for forest preservation and for national playgrounds where nature may be seen unhurt. Such men are not easily turned aside. It would be a folly unworthy of them, and one to which they will not be susceptible, to underestimate the difficulties which lie between this stage and ultimate success, but it may be submitted that what these men have already accomplished puts this grand work far beyond the realm of chimerical or self-seeking effort. It must be repeated, not one of these individuals has an axe to grind or a log to roll. There will be nothing hidden. There is not one selfish purpose in all this. The intention is to do a worthy and unselfish deed, of great extent and of great popular benefit; to secure to the people of America a portion of their heritage before it is too late. Now let us see if the people of the United States and the Congress of the United States will back an enterprise thus conceived. The principle is this: It takes ten minutes to destroy the tree, and it takes 300 years to replace it. That wonderful region of Minnesota, the greatest sporting ground left anywhere in the entire Middle West, is too beautiful, too valuable to deserve the ruin and desolation which threaten it. It is no unworthy idea, no unworthy call which says: "Let us save this wilderness in its wildness, and do this thing before it becomes forever too late."

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Jackson's Hole Elk.

JACKSON, Wyo., July 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My attention has been called to a scandalous communication from this place, dated May 31, and signed R. M. W. As I have before had some correspondence with FOREST AND STREAM, and believe it to be generally fair and impartial, I ask the privilege of commenting briefly upon this cowardly stab at the people of this valley.

Ordinarily, anonymous slanders condemn themselves, but since you have seen fit to publish and editorially mention this spiteful fabrication, it may be well to disabuse the minds of your readers who are ignorant of the local conditions and unacquainted with the people.

R. M. W. assails his own neighbors viciously and indiscriminately because of the presumptive guilt of two residents whom he charges with having sold elk tusks.

All that I know of the elk tusk matter is hearsay. My information is, I believe, more reliable than the turgid vituperation of R. M. W. I have heard—and believe—that fifty pairs of elk tusks were sold by S. L. Adams to James S. Simpson, deputy postmaster at Jackson. Strange, is it not, that R. M. W. failed to mention the name of the buyer, who—if there has been an offense committed—is fully as culpable as the seller?

Mr. Simpson has been buying elk tusks for some time—as many other persons, resident and non-resident, have done; and whoever had tusks to sell has sold them, as Mr. Adams did. There is nothing new, startling or clandestine about these transactions. Several persons here have openly and without concealment taken pains to collect elk tusks; some for sale, others merely to possess a unique collection. Many elk are lawfully killed here, many die naturally, and it has been, and is yet, reasonably easy to collect a good many elk tusks legitimately. There have been many violations of the game law—some gross, some slight, some by residents, some by non-residents—but I have never yet known or even heard of any one killing elk solely for tusks.

I am no apologist for Mr. Adams. If there is proof of his having killed elk for tusks, no punishment provided by law is severe enough.

The facts are these: This case has been investigated by the officers, and those persons relied upon to come forward and substantiate rumors have utterly failed to furnish the proof. Adams claims that he purchased forty pairs of tusks; that he lawfully collected ten pairs, and has never attempted any concealment of the transaction. As to H. F. Davis, connecting his name with this hypothetical case is malice, pure and simple.

The only section of our game law under which the officers could act in this case, is Section 5, which provides that officers may seize "any part" of a game carcass when found in actual possession of a person during the close season.

If I am not mistaken as to the identity of R. M. W., the animus of his villainous and cowardly attack upon his neighbors is easily understood. When a peanut politician is thwarted in his ambitious schemes, and then incontinently kicked out of his home club, it is but natural that his dwarfed and distempered mind should conjure up every conceivable slur and slander, in the futile effort to "get even" with his betters.

This is the only answer or explanation which the wholesale and maliciously false denunciation of the gun club and the people of this community deserves or requires.

Allow me to call your attention to just one little "mix-

up" in the reckless statements of R. M. W. He says that "it is a well-known fact that two-thirds of the settlers in the Jackson Valley have in some way violated the game and fish laws," and then, in conclusion, complacently announces that "public opinion is in favor of a strict enforcement of the law in the Jackson Valley country." This slight contradiction is only a sample of his ignorance and prejudice. D. C. NOWLIN.

The Pamunkey's Game Tribute.

ON the banks of the Pamunkey, in King William county, about twenty-five miles from Richmond, Va., dwells a community of 110 Indians, the lingering remnants of the nation which met the English colony with friendly greetings when it arrived on the banks of the Chesapeake Bay. The records of those times refer to Powhatan as "the emperor of the Potomac," and from the "relation" of Capt. John Smith we may judge that he had about 2,500 warriors under his command. By the last census they were reduced to ninety-three, and since then the birth rate has been so much greater than the death rate that they have increased their total by seventeen. The place where they live is a little peninsula, a bottle-shaped neck of land comprising about 800 acres, of which 250 acres are under cultivation. The remainder is thickly wooded with virgin forest, swampy and uninhabited. It abounds in game, which is one of their chief sources of subsistence. This tract is secured to the Pamunkey Indians by an act of the Colonial Legislature. They hold it in common, are prohibited from alienating the title and are exempt from taxes, although under an ancient law they are required to supply the Governor of the Virginia colony annually with a certain amount of wild game. This practice still continues, and during the shooting season, spring and fall, they are in the habit now and then of sending the Governor, by the conductor of the train, a bunch of wild ducks or a haunch of venison.—Chicago Record.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING NOTES.

From the Restigouche.

NOT for one moment have I ceased to regret that I was unable to fish this season for salmon in Canada, and now that the first week in July is past and salmon fishermen are returning to their homes with reports of indifferent fishing, the longing increases. It does not follow that to be absolutely happy one must kill a great number of salmon, for a very few fish will go a long way to put one in a very comfortable state of mind. I often recall the pose and expression of a friend who was fishing with me after he killed his first fish of that particular year. He was seated on a log only a few feet from his canoe; one of his men was bending over at the water's edge washing the fish, which weighed something between 20 and 25lbs., and he was lighting a cigar. As he held the lighted match at the cigar's end and puffed contentedly, his eyes peered over his glasses, not at the match, but at the fish. He said, his face as well lighted with a serene smile as his cigar with fire: "I am (puff) ready to go home (puff) now." Under date of July 1 Mr. Mitchell writes me, en route for home: "I left the river on the morning of the 29th and have half an hour at my disposal while waiting for a train to take me home, and use it to let you know how the fishing was up to the time I left the river. To make a long story short, this has been the poorest season I have ever experienced on the Restigouche. The drawback, first, last and all the time, has been the great scarcity of fish. We had two rain storms, which gave a few inches rise of water each time, and the water was in fine condition for angling all the time we were on the river. Many fishermen came, cut their trip short and returned home clean; others killed one fish, some got two; still others as high as four or five; but up to the time of leaving I heard of no one who made what might be considered a real good score. Why the fish should be so scarce this year is a conundrum that is pretty hard to answer. The last of Camp Harmony Club left on June 22 and closed the camp. The Messrs. Sage gave me a very agreeable surprise. They called the day before they went home and gave Mr. Ayer and myself the privilege of fishing the whole of their water for the balance of the season. Up to that time Ayer had not arrived. We then had over five and a half miles of river to cast our flies on. We could not half fish it, but for once in our lives we had plenty of water, if not many fish. Up to the time I left Ayer had killed seven fish—12, 18½, 9, 21½, 14, 8½ and 9lbs. He intends to remain on the river until about July 7, and I think he will get fair fishing for the remainder of the time, for he has plenty of water to fish on and there were indications of more fish being in the river when I left than at any time since the opening of the season.

"I have heard of an octogenarian fisherman, but never met one until this year. Mr. W. W. Habersham, of Savannah, Ga., was fishing a pool he owns on the Matepedia and Mowat waters. He had hooked a large fish on the Mowat water, but was unfortunate and lost it in the gaffing. We invited him to come and fish the Alford and Grog Island waters while Ayer and I gave our attention to the Camp Harmony pools up the river. Up to the time I left Mr. Habersham had several rises, but had not killed a fish. He is eighty-two years old this month and is a most remarkable man. He is full of fishing experiences and never tires of talking about them; he says he never felt better in his life, and I wish you could meet him, for you would enjoy his conversation; but he makes you feel that he belongs to a past generation of anglers. He has owned some of the best pools on the Restigouche, but has nothing on that river now. He stands in the canoe and fishes all day, never letting one of his men cast for him. Just think of it—a man of his years coming all the way from Georgia alone to fish for salmon on the Restigouche! This is what angling does for a man if he only begins it early enough. My score was thirteen fish—22, 12½, 25½, 26, 30, 7, 24, 19½, 10½, 21½, 9, 11 and 26½lbs.; total, 245lbs., an average of 18.11-13lbs. By leaving out the five small fish my score looks better, as it gives me eight fish with an average of 24⅜lbs."

A Big Black Bass.

It is doubtful if a fisherman ever actually regrets catching a big fish, but I came very near to it once, or more strictly, perhaps, I came near regretting that the weight and species of the fish got into the newspapers. The fish was a black bass of the small-mouth species, and it was caught the morning of Aug. 1, 1877, and weighed 8¼lbs. Why I came near to the point of regretting it was that I was called upon periodically for a term of years to prove it. One friend wrote: "Knowing Cheney well, I cannot doubt that it was a small-mouth, for I know that he fully understands the difference, and I am perfectly satisfied that he would not make a wrong statement about the weight; but the weight is remarkable, and I cannot help wondering if the scales were correct."

That was mild to some of the things which were said by people who did not know Cheney well. Not until 1884 was I able to send a fish of exactly the same weight to Blackford's Market, in New York, for exhibition, and to wire to FOREST AND STREAM to send all doubters and skeptics to the market to weigh and examine the fish for themselves. FOREST AND STREAM weighed it and measured it, and recorded it, and then I was really glad that I caught the first one seven years before, although I did not catch the second one. When I sent this bass to Blackford's I asked Mr. Blackford to send it on to the National Museum in Washington after it had been exhibited, and thereafter, when anyone doubted the weight to which the small-mouth would grow, I always said: "Go to the National Museum and see for yourself a small-mouth that weighed, or did weigh, 8¼lbs." Finally, someone told me the fish was not at the museum, and once when in Washington I looked into the matter. Mr. Barton A. Bean said the fish was probably in alcohol somewhere, but he could not locate it, and there the matter rested. Jun 28 of this year Mr. Bean wrote me: "I have just found what I take to be the fish you were looking for years ago. It is No. 37,232, and was collected September, 1884. It weighs 8lbs., is 21.5in. long and 7.5in. deep. It is a genuine *Micropterus dolomieu*. Can you tell me whether it is a Glen Lake fish, as the locality is not entered on our book? The bass is preserved in alcohol and is in a good state of preservation." The bass was caught in Glen Lake by Edward Reed, the present postmaster of Glens Falls, in September, 1884. FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 2 the same year gave the weight of the fish, as weighed in New York, 8¼lbs., which was exactly what it weighed when I shipped it. The dimensions given in FOREST AND STREAM were: Length, 22½in.; girth, 18½in. "The length was from nose to fork in tail."

All this is ancient history, and I have since the time mentioned seen a small-mouth that weiged 10lbs.; but I wish to get it on record finally that the Reed bass is at the National Museum, where I have said scores of times that it might be found by the curious who may still doubt that the species weighs upwards of 8lbs.

Marston Trout.

The week that my note appeared in FOREST AND STREAM about the Marston trout Mr. Charles H. Wilson returned from the St. Bernard Club, in Canada, bringing with him a trout strange to him and other members of the club. He thought it might be a Sunapee saibling, and very kindly brought it out, that I might see it; but I was not at home, and did not see the fish until about a week after it was caught, and then it was eviscerated and dried and in doubtful condition for identification. It had very red sides and belly, which the Sunapee saibling does not have at this season, and it lacked the milk-white band on fins which the Sunapee trout does have at all times. Everything about the fish, so far as it could be examined, pointed to its being a Marston trout, and that is what I believe it to be. The trout was caught in Lac Saccoma, on the St. Bernard Club preserve, and the same species of trout are found in three other lakes belonging to the club and in one lake belonging to Mr. Charles Simpson, of New York city. Mr. Wilson could tell me little about the fish, but that little indicated that they were Marston strout. Mr. Simpson had a man engaged last fall catching these fish to take the spawn for artificial propagation, and from him I hope to learn more about their habits. They are reported to be lake fish and found, in the spring, at least, in deep water, where they are taken with bait. They have never been observed in the streams flowing into any of the lakes they inhabit. They have been taken up to 3lbs. in weight, but the one Mr. Wilson brought to me was a fish of about ½lb., as was another caught with it. Once I had a single specimen of this fish sent to me in a roundabout manner and in ruinous condition, and it was months after before I could discover where it came from, and then its habitat was not made as clear as I could wish; but from what I have since learned I am inclined to believe that it came from Mr. Simpson's preserve. Anyway, a fish that did come from Mr. Simpson to Mr. Blackford, and presumably from his Canadian preserve, was sent to Dr. Bean, who called it *Salvelinus rosse*. Heretofore it has been difficult to obtain more than a few specimens of the fish from the lake where the Marston trout were first found or from the St. Bernard Club; but it is now hoped that a sufficient number of specimens may be obtained from Mr. Simpson or members of the St. Bernard Club to settle definitely the question of species. In my note on the Marston trout in FOREST AND STREAM of June 17 I said the first and only specimen I had seen of the fish came from Lac de Morbre. I should have said that other specimens were sent to me—six in one lot—but arrived in such condition that they were beyond examination, and the same may be said of a lot sent to Prof. Garneau; and but one lot came in good condition.

A Mink on a Hook.

A friend, who is a physician, was at his camp on a lake in this State to spend the Fourth of July with some companions, and was annoyed by a mink that carried off fish from under their very noses. His hiding place was under a rowboat dock, and he seemed to be lost to all sense of fear of man, for once he seized a pike in his mouth which was too large for him to take to his lair, and when one of the men rushed down to the dock to rescue the fish the mink spit at him like a cat and held his ground and the fish until he saw the man meant to take the fish even at the expense of a dead mink. The Doctor finally became so exasperated that he determined to capture his minkship and make his skin into something; but there was no trap nor firearm on the islands; but the Doctor is a good angler, and he angled for the mink by watching at the hole where he came out from under the dock with a hook and line; but the hook was not baited, for it was to be a jigging match. After a time the mink was hooked, and there was snarling and spitting and probably bad words in the mink language, and all the skill the Doctor could bring to bear with the rod that held the mink on the hook. The hook did not have a good hold, and after a struggle the mink escaped and apparently left the island, for no more fish were stolen; but while the hook held the mink gave more fight than a black bass.

Mascalonge.

Several times a year I am either asked why I spell the name of this great pike "mascalonge," or I am taken to task for not spelling it some other way. If my memory serves me, I have once explained in FOREST AND STREAM why I spell it as I have at the head of this note, but now a friend sends me a clipping from the New York Sun and asks the usual question, and another one—How large does the fish grow?—and with a pen calls attention to certain statements in the article. I spell the word as I do for the reason that some years ago there was a controversy about the spelling, and a New York journal wrote to the U. S. Fish Commission to decide the question. Dr. T. H. Bean was then the ichthyologist of the Commission, I think, and edited its publications, and he wrote a letter in reply saying the word should be spelled "mascalonge," and I at once adopted it, and have stuck to it consistently, except when the FOREST AND STREAM printer has taken the matter entirely out of my hands and made me spell it "muscalonge." though the U. S. Fish Commission publications have not. The largest mascalonge of which I have any knowledge was speared some time in the '50's in Sandusky Bay by the late Dr. Elisha Sterling, of Cleveland, O., and it weighed 80lbs. If I mistake not this fish was named in FOREST AND STREAM "Big Fish Records," the first draft of which I prepared a year ago or such a matter, and since that time no larger fish has appeared in the record. See the record for big fish of various species; it is in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 29, 1897.

In the very article sent to me and not marked is this: "Divided into three schools of 'mascalonge,' 'muscalonge' and 'muskellunge,' the lovable and loving scientists have been chewing one anothers' hair for fifty years." The headline writer of the Sun takes an inning on his own account and gives the article a head which reads "The Game Muskallonge," showing that he divides himself into a fourth school and flocks by himself. One only of the marked paragraphs will I quote. Accounting for a period when the mascalonge do not bite, the writer says: "Guides and hotel proprietors say that this is because of 'bloom' on the water, which is a pollen shed in July and August—mostly in July. The mascalonge is no botanist and cares nothing about bloom. The fish does not bite in July or August because he cannot. At some time in these two months he sheds his teeth, just a deer once a year sheds his horns. If a mascalonge be taken by accident late in July or early in August his remaining teeth, if he have any, may be pushed out with the thumb nail."

This is not new, and I believe it to be the real cause why mascalonge do not bite at certain seasons.

A friend, Dr. T. I. Henning, asked me why sunfish filled themselves with sand at the spawning season, and I said very frankly that I did not know, and as he asked me only last evening, I do not know yet. He tells me that he caught a sunfish once, dissected it and found the stomach and intestines filled with sand; and he did not know but the fish had taken the sand aboard as ballast to enable the fish to remain close to the spawning bed at the bottom of the lake without effort. Never having examined the inwards of sunfish that I can remember, and consequently never having found sand, as the Doctor did, it was something new to me. I have found sand in the stomach and intestines of trout, and perhaps the sunfish got the sand as the trout did, from eating the larvæ of the caddis flies; for that I am satisfied was the way that the trout got the sand to line their stomachs. Some caddis cases are made of sand and some of other matrials; but the fish take the whole thing—worm, case and all—and let nature do the rest. The Doctor's idea of sand for ballast is ingenious, but I do not think it will work in this case; but perhaps some of the FOREST AND STREAM readers can throw light on the sand question in fishes.

Dobson.

At times I have had a pleasant fling in FOREST AND STREAM at the misinformation dealt out by the daily press on matters pertaining to angling, fishes and fish-culture, and now I have another case; but it is not the daily press this time. A searcher after information in an angling magazine—at least that is what its title says it is—asks how to gather dobson for bait, and the magazine replies by describing the larvæ of the dragon fly and where it is found, and how to pick it; but the dobson is quite a different bird. The man who wrote of the dragon fly larvæ—for the reply in the magazine is quoted—knew exactly what he was writing about; but there is nothing to indicate that he had the slightest idea that he was writing about anything but the dragon fly larvæ, for that is what he calls it, and that is what it is. The dobson is the larvæ of the horned corydalus (*C. cornutus*), a night-flying insect larger than the dragon fly, and one that is rarely seen unless special search is made for it, or it is found under an electric light dead or injured. The only common name I have heard for the "darning needle" larvæ is "What is it?" Certainly it is not called the dobson.

"Tailing Trout."

A correspondent asks: "What kind of trout are tailing trout?" My friend has evidently been reading an English book or newspaper, for the tailing trout is a product of Great Britain, and means a trout that stands on its

head in the water to feed at the bottom, generally on the larvæ of insects. In this position, with tail above the head, it is called "tailing," and is supposed at such times not to take food at the surface as readily as at other times when it is not "tailing." A. N. CHENEY.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

The Anglers' Club House.

The Anglers' Association of Washington has its summer home on the banks of the Potomac a dozen miles above the city, on the Maryland shore, two and a half miles below the Great Falls.

It is a substantial building, cozily arranged, with a general sleeping room above for members and bedrooms for their wives on the first floor. The reception room is hung with pictures of game and reproductions of Kilbourne's fish. The most valuable souvenir is a picture of a Restigouche salmon, presented by Mrs. Surgeon-General Baxter. The fish, weighing between 40 and 50lbs., was killed by the lady, with a single leader, its outline traced life size on a great sheet of birch bark and colored by herself.

A splendid pair of elk horns adorns the walls. An odd incident is related in connection with these. A nervous huntsman, trying his shells before going out, was warned by his companioins of the danger, but its only effect was to confuse, and a moment later a load of shot struck the deer head squarely between the horns.

The club is incorporated, owns about seven acres of ground, with a membership limited to forty. The house is prettily located on the Highlands, and from the verandas occasional glimpses may be had of the river far below.

A short walk down the hill brings one to the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, where in a little cove are moored two or three boats.

If one's destination is the river, a couple of strokes puts the boat across, and a few rods below is the club fleet, of a dozen strongly built boats heavy enough to stand grinding on the rocks. To one who has watched the voyageur or half-breed handle the delicate bark canoe Potomac boating seems a very crude science.

This of necessity, since it is not a trade, and in spending a summer of holidays on the river one is sure to be poled by men who have never learned to handle the boat or who are making their first trip for the season. And instead of a 50 or 75lb. boat, one uses a scow that weighs between 200 and 300lbs., not far removed from a raft, and as an unskillful driver sends it down a rapid of 4 or 5ft. squarely on a hidden rock, which one can hear grinding the bottom of the boat as it swings broadside and ships a bushel of water, he is inclined to wish that the boat was twice as big and the boards 1ft thick.

It is a convenient enough form of boat for bob-fishing, as a forest of rods may be put over the sides and ends, and three or four men may fish from the same boat comfortably; but when one attempts the fly, more than half the fishing water is lost. Going up stream the boatman stands in the stern, with a long pole, and as he pounds the rocks at the bottom and scrapes the rocks at the surface, or gets out to wade and pull or push the boat, as he sometimes does, the bass in the vicinity, if they do not take to the woods, it is because they have grown partially accustomed to the commotion, and they are at least no longer asleep; and when a bass is thoroughly awake he does not dine—he watches.

Some day a fisherman will come along with a tiny craft and an expert to manage it, and will fill it with the fish these heavy boats cannot approach.

There are some beautiful canoes occasionally on the Potomac, and creditably handled, but you can hire neither the boats nor the boatmen. Then there are a few professionals at points on the river who have such a reputation for skill with the Potomac scow that they are engaged for every high-day and holiday that the river is clear, so a stranger does not get to test their ability.

Some years the river is hardly clear for the whole season, and nearly all the anglers on the river use bait, which requires little more of a boatman than pushing the boat to a pool somewhere within a mile or two, so it is little matter of wonder if boats are built for safety and comfort rather than quiet and progress.

Just above the boat landing is an island, and between this and the Maryland shore is the backwater, a turbulent chute when the water is high, but through which the water scarcely trickles when the river is down. This quiet cove, a half mile long, is a favorite spawning place for the bass, crappie and other fish, and so great is the variety found here that the upper pool has been appropriately named the Aquarium.

In the main channel at the head of this chute the river is divided by a great stone, and the rapids on each side are called respectively the Virginiia and the Maryland chutes.

Opposite, on the Virginia shore, a cleft in the dense low woods marks the mouth of Difficult Run, whose tributaries still furnish a few native speckled trout; stragglers are occasionally caught here in the Potomac. The club register records the taking of one or two here by its members. Below the mouth of Difficult, on a bench 20ft. above low water, but subject to overflow by spring floods, is the Black Pond, a pool fed by springs, clear and cold, full of bass and crappie of exceptional excellence. It is private property, but permission may be had of the owner to fish.

There is fine boating water, and plenty for the wader, both above and below the club house. Any evening the leaping bass will convince the most skeptical of their size and plenty. If one goes over the ground with a member whose experience is large enough and memory good, to say nothing of his imagination, every rock and grass pud, every riffle and eddy, every deep hole and bar, will have its legend of some tremendous bass which it has yielded, and one feels it is only necessary to throw a line to get a rise.

The better water, however, is below, and one of the favorite spots is Calico Riffles, so called from the variegated color of the stones on the bottom. Another point, too, a quiet pool, has yielded its frequenters such reward they fondly call it the Honey Hole.

One of our friends here, who had been wading in knickerbockers and low-quarter rubber-soled cloth-topped shoes, on his way along the margin of the river stepped on a large water moccasin, and it resented the attack by putting its teeth through his shoe.

Thoroughly frightened, the unfortunate hurried to the club house and absorbed all the antidote that could be found, and then raced home as fast as his horse could carry him. Two tiny red spots showed where the upper teeth of the snake had brought blood, but no swelling of consequence followed; however, he was too rattled or something to sleep. He found some sympathizing companions, and they laid in unlimited supplies of wet goods and a dozen decks of cards, and spent the entire night in alternately saying "That's good." The next day he was entirely cured so far as his foot was concerned; the other end was somewhat swelled, a consequence his companions shared with him. He cannot be convinced that the water snake is harmless, but is that only this heroic treatment saved his life. From an ardent wader he has degenerated into an ordinary boat fisherman.

A few hundred yards above the club house in the canal is the famous Broad Water, where the canal bank dams a great ravine.

Some years ago the retaining wall was washed out at this point and 20 or 30ft. of wall went down. It is said the pool left was 30ft. deep, and standing all about in it were the blackened trunks of the trees which had been left when the canal was built, many years ago.

This Broad Water is well stocked with bass, crappie and pickerel, and is a favorite pool for a good many bait fishermen.

Two or three great stones on its margin and one well out from shore are famous perches for the man with the bob, and have given many a happy hour to jaded nerves and hungry hearts.



CLUB HOUSE OF THE WASHINGTON ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.
Photo by Henry Talbott.

The Conduit Road, the most noted drive about Washington, is good to this point, fourteen miles from the Treasury Building; the rest of the road, which leaves the river here and goes around the hills to Great Falls, is crooked, hilly and poorly kept.

The cyclers of Washington have united in the enterprise of building a 6ft. path from here to the Falls, close to the canal, and friends of the measure about the city sport a red button bearing the legend, "Great Falls Cycle Path." This will considerably shorten the time and labor to the Falls, whose sixteen miles is now reckoned an hour by century riders. Next to plenty of fish, nothing delights the angler more than plenty to eat, and sometimes this is his only consolation for an empty basket.

The appetizing country fare the club offers is a delight to a hungry man, and its guests are safe to lose no flesh if they get no fish. HENRY TALBOTT.

Stream Stocking Systems.

A CORNISH (Me.) correspondent writes: "Fishing is also slow about here, excepting at 'Sebago Lake, which is nine miles from C——,' owing to over-fishing and the non-enforcement of the fish law. I believe for one that the fishing would be better if the State would stock all brooks that were noted for good ones for trout. It would not cost any more than to employ wardens, and if all good brooks were stocked there would be no such rush to any one brook as there is to one that has been protected for a certain number of years and the times expires, as your worthy correspondent, Mr. C. M. Stark, tells of in northern New Hampshire, where they camped for miles upon the stream the night before the law expired, and burned the fences."

The Halifax Herald says: The first pelican ever shot in Nova Scotia was killed Saturday on the shore at Three Fathom Harbor by William Graham with a rifle. The bird was brought to the city this morning and is on view at Egan's gun store. The wings have a spread of 6ft. 6in. The bill is 14in. long. The distance from the front of the bill to the tip of the tail is 48in. The fish pouch, which hangs from the bill, contained thirty-five small herring when the bird was shot.

Ouananiche vs. Kogani Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have only recently returned from a fishing trip to the Province of Quebec, and for the benefit of your many readers will proceed to give them a little account of my success. Leaving New York on the evening of June 12, en route to the far-famed Grande Décharge, the home of the "leaping ouananiche," I arrived at Quebec at 2 P. M. the following day, to find the train for Lake St. John had left at 7:30 that morning, and that the next rtain would not leave for two days, as during the fall, winter and spring only three trains per week leave Quebec for Roberval. The time required to make the 190 miles is about twelve hours, which, considering the train was a freight train, with a combination passenger coach, is pretty fair time.

Eventually I arrived at the hotel at Roberval on Thursday night, remaining there only long enough to take the little steamboat which makes daily trips across Lake St. John to the Island House, situated on a little island at the mouth of the Grand Discharge, or Saguenay River.

By the advice of a famous ouananiche fisher—one who has written a book on the subject—I took with me no less than seven split bamboo rods, ranging in weight from 4 to 10oz., with lines to match, and to cap it all an automatic reel, which it was explained was an absolute necessity, owing to the lightning rapidity of the movements of the ouananiche. I was also informed that I would probably smash all my rods, owing to the fighting qualities of these famous "kings of game fishes"; that I would be lucky if I succeeded in landing two out of five ouananiche hooked. Well, to make a short story of it, I killed nine ouananiche in succession without losing a single one, and did not smash any rods in doing it. I remained only four days at the Island House, killed eighteen ounananiche, and from my experience am prepared to assert that compared with a good, healthy chub a ouananiche is not in it for gameness. In other words, I consider the ouananiche a much overrated fish. The largest one caught while I remained at the Island House weighed between 2¼ and 2½lbs. John Merril, the famous canoeman of the Saguenay, who, with one of his seven sons, acted as my guide, informed me that the largest ouananiche killed in the waters controlled by the Island House last year weighed 4lbs.

The proprietors of the Island House have nominal control of several miles of fishing on the Saguenay River, but the last day I fished there I counted no less than seven natives fishing in those waters, and by using pork, the favorite bait for ouananiche, they all seemed to have had fair success.

While in the city of Quebec I called at the store of the Chinic Fishing Tackle Co., and met Mr. Bertrand, the manager, who informed me that I would find good trout fishing at Lake Kenogami, thirteen miles from Chicoutimi, the fishing rights of which are controlled by the Chateau Saguenay Co., of Chicoutimi. Having been a chaser of will-o'-the-wisps for lo these many years, I took Monsieur Bertrand's statement *cum grano salis*, as I expect many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will take mine. However, arriving at the Chateau Saguenay, I made arrangements the next morning to be driven over to the lake, where I arrived at about noon. The house at the lake is conducted for the hotel company by a Mr. Randall, an Englishman, who for eight years was the valet and general factotum of the Earl of Seafton. The house is a new one, built of logs only last year. In addition there are already three tents up on the grounds, and as many more will be put up as may be required. A telephone connects the house at the lake with the chateau at Chicoutimi. The houses are situated on a beautiful sandy, pebbly beach, immediately upon the shore of the lake, and the view from the veranda is beautiful beyond description. Stretched out as far as the eye can reach in both directions lies Lake Kenogami, twenty-one miles long by an average width of three-eighths of a miles, the waters of which are ice cold and clear as crystal. Lake Kenogami is merely the widening of Chicoutimi River, which has many smaller rivers emptying into it in those twenty-one miles of lake. From the very

water's edge mountains rise pile on pile until the view is lost in the distance.

I began fishing about 2 o'clock, and killed fifteen fine trout that first afternoon. While sitting in the bow of the boat waiting for my guide to shove off, I hooked at the second cast and landed a trout weighing 1½lbs., and two more at the same place within ten minutes. This was less than 50ft. from the house. My score during my stay at Lake Kenogami was as follows: June 21, 15 trout; June 22, 44; June 23, 58; June 24, 7; June 25, 5; June 26 (Sunday), —; June 27, 29; June 28, 29; June 29, 28.

Their lengths were 20¼, 19¼, 18, 17½, 17¼, and six over 15in. in length. I killed doubles no less than six times, and in every case the trout were matched in size and were over 1lb. in weight. The first afternoon I killed a double of exactly the same size, which together weighed 5¼lbs. They were the most beautifully marked trout I have ever seen, and like all the others killed in Lake Kenogami, exceedingly game. There is quite a current in the lake, and the trout take advantage of it, and are the hardest fighters it has ever been my good fortune to tackle.

I had almost forgotten to say anything about the charges at Lake Kenogami. The rates at the Chateau Saguenay are from $2.50 to $5 per day, and the charges at the lake are based on what the fisherman paid at the chateau, which seems peculiar, since all fare precisely alike at the lake. The charge for the guide and a first-rate boat is $1.25 per day, and no charge for his board. I recommend with the utmost confidence of his giving the best of satisfaction the guide of the name of Wilfred. That is not all of his name, but it is all that I can remember, and all that is necessary. Wilfred is willing and obliging, will cheerfully get up at 3 o'clock in the morning and work until 9 in the evening, if desired. He knows where the big trout are to be found and is skillful with the landing net when scooping in doubles. The buckboard charge from Chicoutimi to Lake Kenogami is $2.50. From the lake to Jonquires Station, seven miles distant, where the night train is taken either back to Chicoutimi or for Quebec, is $1.50. A buckboard will carry one or three persons without heavy baggage, besides the driver.

In conclusion I would say that Lake Kenogami will furnish good sport all the season through, and the fish will average large. I am informed that the fishing is incomparably better in September, just before spawning. I found the red ibis a killing fly—much the best in my book, with the silver doctor a good second, tied on No. 4 hook.

NOAH PALMER.

Nova Scotia Trout Fishing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Occasionally I see in FOREST AND STREAM an account of some New England fishermen who have been after trout in Nova Scotia. I have never been as much interested in fishing as in shooting, yet I have caught my share of trout, both large and small. I have fished in the Maine lakes, northern New York, New Hampshire and Nova Scotia. My trips to the Provinces were solely to hunt moose, and they were made at a time of year when trout fishing had about ended. What trout we caught were for a change in our camp fare. (We never had any trouble in getting all we could use.) From what I saw on my hunting trips I was convinced the trout were abundant. One place in particular struck me as an ideal spot for a fishing party to camp. This was at Indian Gardens, at the outlet of Lake Rossignol, Queens county, Nova Scotia. Lake Rossignol is said to be some nine miles in length (rather think it is a chain of lakes connected by deadwater). At the outlet a dam has been built by lumbermen. This dam, when I saw it, had partly given way, the stream below it being about 100yds. wide, with a pretty rapid current. Our guides said that during May anyone could fill a boat with trout almost any day running from ¼ to 2½lbs. each. Now and then a salmon would be hooked, and sometimes a large one. On one of my hunting trips a few years since we crossed the stream at Indian Gardens on our way to the moose grounds (five moose were killed in less than ten days within two miles of the Gardens just after we left). A party of native hunters were camped at the Gardens, and they showed us some trout they had just caught, and also the first and only grayling I ever saw. At least the men said it was a grayling, and it certainly looked just like the illustrations I have seen of that fish; and I was told they were occasionally caught. Indian Gardens is an old Indian burying ground, which has not been used for a long time, and I could see no signs of graves. It was a fine camping ground, quite easily reached by a team over an old road leading from the stage road, some eight miles away. The current in the river below the dam is swift enough to keep one's flies well on the surface, no matter how much line is used. Anyone can fish from the dam, but to fish down the stream any distance a boat is needed, with a man who understands how to pole it up stream, as the current is too strong for oars or paddles.

Another lake I crossed while on a previous hunting trip had every appearance of a first-rate fishing ground. This is called Sporting Lake (I killed my first bear near the shore of this lake). This lake is, I think, either in Digby or Annapolis county. No doubt there are trout in nearly all the lakes of Nova Scotia, but Sporting Lake looked better than any I have seen. It is quite large. Where we crossed it was called about four miles wide. The water seemed much clearer than in most of the lakes, with white, sandy shores. We did not try any fishing, as on that trip. We did not have a rod in the party, and only one fish hook, which one of our guides happened to have. I asked our Indians whether there were any trout in this lake. They said they thought there were, but they never heard of anyone fishing there, as the only fishermen who ever came in that region were from Bear River or Digby, and they could always get all the trout they wanted without going so far. It seems to me that there are a great many trout to be found in Nova Scotia, and were I as enthusiastic about fishing as I have been about shooting, I would certainly try both Indian Gardens and Sporting Lake. A trip to either will entail camping and a certain amount of roughing, but such a trip can be made at much less expense than to many well-known resorts, and results, so far as sport goes, would undoubtedly be very satisfactory.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Movements of Western Sportsmen.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 13.—Messrs. L. D. Kellogg and Edwin Potter, of Chicago, start next week for Libby, Mont., and will spend the fall in the Kootenai District, hunting and fishing. They are both rather young gentlemen, and they both have enthusiastically lost a bear, which I hope they will safely find.

Messrs. H. A. Cress and A. L. Pemberton, of Warrensburg, Mo., outfitted in Chicago this week for a trip to the Fox Lake region of this State. They go first to Pistakee Lake and will later visit Lake Geneva and other Wisconsin points.

Mr. William F. Taylor, of Indianapolis, Ind., made his summer pilgrimage to Mason Lake, of the Fifield Chain, Wis., where he is credited with a 36lb. muscallunge.

Dr. J. C. Bryan, of Chicago, left this week for Minocqua, Wis., after muscallunge.

Mr. E. B. Barnett, of Colorado Springs, Colo., is paying Chicago a visit this week. He is probably in search of a good summer climate.

Mr. Harry D. Laughlin, of Chicago, left this week for Plum Lake, Wis., on a muscallunge trip. The fishing has been fairly good there this season, and he should meet success.

Messrs. William Frès, H. Wilson, Arthur Cheney, R. D. Cressinger and Lock Ireland, all of Marion, Ohio, outfitted here this week and left for a pleasant trip to Kabekona Camp in Minnesota.

Mr. E. E. Elliott, of Chicago, left this week for a trip among the Cheneaux Islands, via Mackinac.

U. S. District Judge William C. Hook, of Leavenworth, Kan., paused this week in Chicago on his way to Saynor, Wis., where he will put in some time fishing for muscallunge, the waters at that point being visited by many Leavenworth anglers.

Mr. F. L. Williams, of Streator, Ill., also outfitted at Chicago this week for Saynor, Wis.

Mr. Albert Laflin, of Chicago, and Mr. C. H. Ferry, also of this city, left this week for Manitowish, Wis., for a muscallunge trip.

Mr. G. R. Watson, of Lexington, Ill., stopped at Chicago this week on his way to Tomahawk Lake, Wis., where he goes after muscallunge.

Mr. John H. Boyd and wife, of Evanstown, Ill., left this week for a tour of the Yellowstone National Park.

Fishing Dull.

It is the general consensus of opinion that there are more parties out fishing at the present time than have gone out for several years, the good times having been marked by a great increase of sporting activity. Yet from all reports available at date, the present week seems to be a very dull one in angling returns for this immediate vicinity. Bass are biting in upper Wisconsin and Minnesota, but in this part of the country the bass fishing at present is poor. The flood of summer resort travel has practically ruined most of the lakes of the lower tier of counties in Wisconsin and in the Fox Lake Chain, which latter is especially overdone. About as good fishing as I have heard of this summer, however, has been at Fox Lake, Wis., which is not to be confused with Fox Lake, Ill., the latter being very much further south. Mr. Hotchkiss, of the Fox Lake Representative, to whom I referred last week in this connection, writes me under date of yesterday: "We have had excellent black bass fishing here this season, and it is holding on remarkably well. Three bass weighing over 6lbs. each have been caught, as well as several 5-pounders and any quantity over 3 and 4lbs. I wish you could take a day off and come up, and I could promise you a lot of nice bass. The pickerel and pike are also biting well, and every one is getting all he wants." I last week mentioned several remarkable takes in these waters, which I believe are the best of which I get word this season outside of the wilderness country.

Lauderdale.

Of all the lakes in lower Wisconsin, I am inclined to believe that the Lauderdale Chain is taking the lead this summer in the excellence of the sport offered. The bass fishing has been very fair there, and one may always hope to pick up a pickerel in those waters of size sufficient to shake things up a bit. A number of Chicago fishing parties are now on the Lauderdale Chain.

A Tip on Bass.

I have often given out strong tips on the fly-fishing for bass which is to be had along the Mississippi River at points such as La Crosse, Wis., and Winona, Minn. Late August and early July are best for this fishing. You do not need to use bait, but can take the bass with the fly, casting from the boat and working close along the shore. I believe this would be a good trip to make, and have often wished to take it in, but if I cannot do so I hope someone else will, and report about it.

Fish Warden Arrested.

Executive Agent Mr. John Beutner, of Minnesota, was called this week to Waseca to get one of his deputies, Mr. Roberts, out of jail. Recently Deputy Roberts arrested a man for selling bass, and the latter, as a piece of spite work, caused the arrest of Mr. Roberts on the technical ground that there were only two men in Roberts' boat and that they had three rods in the boat, one more than the legal limit. This is drawing matters pretty close, but it is likely Mr. Roberts will soon be out of jail.

Salt Lake and the Rockies.

My friend, Mr. R. B. Organ, lately returned from an extended trip in the West, was good enough to write me from Salt Lake City a little story about sport and sportsmen as he finds them in that portion of the world. It would seem, as he says, that the craft is much the same, no matter in what portion of the world. Yet the extreme conscientiousness of the Salt Lake anglers, who require affidavits and photographs to accompany each fish story, is something not always found where anglers congregate. The Rockies still hold abundance of sport, and are the home of many sportsmen. I shall let Mr. Organ tell of these matters as he found them.

"The fishing is very backward, but few catches of any account having been made. Owing to the heavy rains of the past three weeks, and the large quantities of snow melting in the mountains, the streams are in anything but good condition.

"I find many expert fly-fishermen in this great trout country. I also found many whom I had known in the East. Among the most prominent I mention Judge Samuel McDowell, formerly of Chicago, who is an expert with both the rod and gun. Old-time Chicago trap-shooters will remember him as one of the leaders, and a member of one of the pioneer gun clubs, The Prairies, about the year 1867.

"J. D. Kendall, one of the prominent business men of this city, with his brother-in-law, W. W. Chisolm, both formerly of Chicago, are much interested in fishing and shooting, and are the owners of the finest resort in the State of California. It is in what is known as the Klamath Lake country, and if reports are true no finer fishing ever existed.

"Mr. Kendall has purchased many hundred acres of land each side of the Pelican River, thereby controlling the outlet, has put up substantial buildings, boat houses, etc., also has a steam launch, sailboats and many small duck boats. His houses are located at the foot of the mountain, the source of Pelican River, whose waters are within three degrees of freezing. It is said that fish killed and thrown in the spring will keep in good condition for several weeks.

"One peculiarity of this climate affects all in the same way—that is, every one wants to tell fish stories, and no one dares to tell a fish story without a photograph of the fish. Soon after my arrival at Salt Lake City I was introduced to several prominent railway officials, all enthusiastic fly-fishermen. No sooner were we seated than one after another they commenced telling fish stories, and in each instance produced a photograph of the catch. I was perplexed and greatly handicapped, for though I have caught many fish in my time, unfortunately I was not a camera fiend, and was not in a position to tell a story here, because I did not have the proof.

"As a sample of what some of the catches look like, I inclose photo of catch made some two years ago up on the North Fork of Snake River. The catch was made in four days. Every fish was saved and made use of, as participants went in a private car with refrigerator attached. Note the solemn expression of the cook's face as he swears each individual on the book of flies as to the number of fish he caught.

"Sitting in the office of Messrs. Kendall and Chisolm, the conversation naturally turns to hunting and fishing. Mr. Kendall told of two hours' fishing in Pelican River, and during the two hours there was not five minutes that he was not fighting a fish. The catch was six fish, total weight 20lbs. On another occasion Mr. Kendall caught a trout that tipped the beam at 22½lbs., a photo of which I also inclose.

"I was presented with a beautiful bear skin by Mr. Kendall, a tale connected which my modesty prevents me from refuting, further than to say that the bear was brought into camp by Mr. W. H. Bradley, a well-known Salt Lake attorney. At least Mr. Bradley came in ahead of the bear, and the bear was killed—a fine cinnamon.

"The close season opened in Utah on July 1. I was invited to participate, and in company with Mr. J. D. Kendall, Dr. Darke and Mr. W. H. Bradley, we proceeded to Browning Bros.' gun store, where I was requested to select a gun. I soon had a 7½lb. Parker in hand, and had a hat furnished by Bradley, a coat by Kendall. We started for the foothills. We had not gone far before I discovered that the effect of that hat and coat was irresistible, as I had a continual desire to tell fish stories, but not having photographs I was compelled to desist. However, we spent a couple of hours very pleasantly, though we found the birds quite scarce, as others had been there ahead of us. We succeeded in bagging a goodly number, and came home well satisfied.

"I found the sportsmen here the same good-natured, gentlemanly fellows that they are the world over. I found that they are well posted on shooting and fishing events, and also that they are readers of the FOREST AND STREAM."

Mr. W. P. Beaver, of Chicago, and Mr. S. D. Furst, of Lock Haven, Pa., will start within the next thirty days for an extended mountain trip after big game and big trout, reaching the hunting grounds in the early fall and remaining away about a month. They are not yet decided where to go, but will be most apt to try the vicinity of the Yellowstone Park.

Mr. Geo. W. Whitefield, of Evanston, Ill., has left for Goshen, Me., and while East promises himself some fishing.

Mr. G. M. Eckels, of Chicago, has left for a muscallunge trip at Star Lake, Wis., where he ought to meet success, though it is now a trifle late for the best chances.

Mr. Phil Mitchell, of Rock Island, Ill., has left for the Gaylord Club, Wisconsin, for a trip of some extent, and is to be congratulated on his rest at that pleasant locality.

Mr. Chas. W. Meeker, of Chicago, is fishing at Eagle Lake, Wis., this week.

Mr. A. M. Crone, of Chicago, starts next week for a bass trip at Grand Haven, Mich., taking in the fruitful waters east of that point.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Massachusetts Bass.

BOSTON, Mass., July 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My friend Sam Head and I tried the bass at Gates' Pond, Hudson, Mass., last week, and returned after a good day's sport with a string of twenty-eight fish, the largest one weighing 4¼lbs; not a bad record for this locality.

FRANK JONES.

Boston Fishermen.

BOSTON, July 15.—Great fishing continues to be noted at Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vt. Mr. E. D. Thayer, a noted fisherman at that lake, writes his friend in Boston, Mr. E. C. Stevens, that he has just been at the lake for a day's trip, and beaten the record this year, at least. He caught a pickerel that weighed 13lbs. and 12oz., also a bass of 6lbs., four weighing over 4lbs. each and three of 3lbs. each. A number of small fish were also taken. Seven small pickerel were also taken that day by the same fisherman—from 2½lbs. up to 9½lbs. The writer of the letter doubtless considers a pickerel of 9½lbs. a small one beside one of 13lbs. and 12oz., but in Boston a pickerel of 2½lbs. is a good-sized one. Seventeen fish of both species were the result of the trip. Mr. Thayer also writes that Mr. Handy, another friend, he "only took out for ballast," Mr. H. catching only five of the fish. The bass were quick biters and very gamy.

Mr. Stevens, Mr. Tausig and Mr. Nickerson, of Boston, left for Lake Dunmore on a fishing trip Friday. Smelt are used for pickerel bait on that lake. They are taken up from the Boston fish markets. But on the day of the big catch of Mr. Thayer, noted above, suckers were used, since smelts were not to be had. Mr. Stevens and Mr. Tausig expect good fishing and some large pickerel, as they have supplied themselves with the best bait and rigging possible. They hope to go without any serious losses, and they have a reason for feeling in that way. A year ago, on the same kind of a trip, they changed their clothes before riding over to the lake, Mr. Tausig putting his diamond studs and other valuables into his hand bag, together with his reel, lines and other tackle. On reaching the lake the bag could not be found, nor could any trace of it be found afterward. While fishing at the lake the other day Mr. Stevens noticed a reel in the hands of another fisherman. He asked to see it, which request was readily granted. At once he recognized it as one he had presented to Mr. Tausig over a year ago, and one that was in the lost bag. He put a detective on to the matter, and the other day got a letter stating that the bag had been recovered, with all the valuables. The finder, or thief, had sold the reel only, and to the fisherman in whose hands Mr. Stevens had seen it.

In some sections of the country the people are sometimes proud of their fishing guests. Such is the case with the people of Chandler's Mills, Me., according to a letter shown me yesterday. Chandler's Mills is sixteen miles from Waterville, on the shores of Great Pond, which is becoming noted for its bass and perch fishing. The noted guests expected are Grover Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson, and they are likely to be there this week. Mr. Jefferson's son is alrady there, and his glowing reports have doubtless drawn his distinguished father and the ex-President.

July 17.—Most of the Boston trout fishermen are now at home, the spring trips having come to an end. The hotels and the fishing camps are now generally left to the vacationists and the summer boarders, who indulge in a little fishing now and then. At the Upper Dam, Me., there is the usual summer vacancy, the veteran angler, T. B. Stewart, of New York, who has been joined by his wife and son, being about the last on the ground. At the Middle Dam there are still a few anglers left. A few fishermen have gone on trips to the Seven Ponds, into the Dead River region and up to the Megantic preserve. They go for fly-fishing altogether. Mr. L. Dana Chapman, secretary and treasurer of the Megantic Club, is back from a flying trip to that preserve, where he did a good deal of tramping and but little fishing. His object was to see how matters concerning the camps, as well as fish and game, were looking. He is pleased with the increase in deer, and better pleased with the fact that there are more partridges than last year. The season has been very dry, and hence favorable to the chicks. He also considers that the winter was more favorable to the wintering of the old birds. Mr. E. C. Stevens, Mr. Felix Tausig and Mr. J. F. Nickerson, of Boston, left for Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vt., on Friday, determined to take some of those big pickerel. Saturday morning Mr. Stevens telephoned me that they had taken some good fish that morning.

Late reports say that the fishing holds out well at Newfound Lake, New Hampshire. At Haines Landing, Mooselucmaguntic Lake, Me., they are taking a good many small trout on the fly, and the same is true at Bemis, lower end of the same lake. Landlocked salmon, pickerel and bass fishing is still reported to be good at Lake Webb, Weld, Me. At Moosehead Lake the summer boarder reigns instead of the angler.

Upper Dam fishermen are inclined to think that the recent order of the Maine Commissioners closing the pool to all fishing from "sunset to sunrise" after Aug. 1 is unjust, as well as likely to lead to complications. In the first place they say that from "sunset to dark" is the best time in the day for fishing, and they believe that they should not be deprived of the privelege. Then the term "sunset" is altogether too indefinite, and no two fishermen will think alike about it. They believe that if such a ruling is to prevail at all a definite time of day for the fishing to begin and to cease should be noted in the order for each day from the beginning of the order till the legal close season begins, Oct. 1. On the other hand, the Commissioners have issued the order, simply as noted, from "sunset to sunrise." They are also reported as saying that it would be a good idea to close the pool altogether after the fish begin to come into the pool late in the season, since they come up there for spawning. But those interested say that this would kill the Upper Dam hotel interest in the fall and be a great hardship to Landlord Chadwick, who has always been very popular with the fishermen.

Several readers of the FOREST AND STREAM wish me to say that they are glad that Mr. J. S. Seymour came out last week and explained what he did with the 701 trout taken in one day at the meadow grounds, Seven Pond region. They say that they are glad that he put them back, so many of them. They say: "We really wanted to know what became of the fish." But at least one of those interested is puzzling his brains over the figures of the question. "Seven hundred and one trout in a day. How many hours did he fish? Did his arm ache when the task was done? What did he catch so many for, anyway?"

The salmon fishermen are also returning. Generally the fishing has been rather poor, the water being low from unusually dry and hot weather. Still, some good catches are mentioned. Mr. Herbert. Dumaresq and Mr. Lemuel Howe, of Boston, have been having good sport at Mr. Dumaresq's camp on the Restigouche. They caught in one day three large salmon weighing from 34 to 40lbs. Two of the salmon were among the largest ever taken in that region. The fish were hooked nearly an hour before they could be landed. SPECIAL.

Potomac Notes.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Since last report, published July 1, we have learned of a number of scores made during the last week of June and first week of July. Some fine sport was enjoyed over the glorious Fourth.

Mr. Hoover fished the Potomac from the Shenandoah to Washington, and made so large a catch that his friends advised him to stock the various streams around the city in which bass are not now found.

Mr. Cameron, fishing the river around the mouth of the Monocacy, caught forty-eight bass.

Several members of the Blue Ridge Rod and Gun Club, so snugly housed at Harper's Ferry, have had good early summer fishing.

The Washington Anglers' Club, headquarters just below the Great Falls, has had some of its boss fishermen members on the river regularly since the opening of the season, and good catches have been made by them. Messrs. Coburn, Harper, Demonet, Fry, Hunter, Egloff and other members have been taking bass from 1 to 5lbs. weight in strings of three to a dozen.

Wirt Tassin, of the National Museum, one of our short hour enthusiasts, has been enjoying himself by hunting out bass and crappie after office hours. A few days ago Mr. Tassin surprised himself by taking four bass near the foot of the Little Falls; and another hour's outing was spent fly-fishing in the Little River, when he succeeded in catching a few crappie on brown hackle. Mr. Tassin will soon take a week or two off for camping and fishing along the Potomac above the Great Falls. With a boat and tackle for angling, a blanket for sleeping and a few cooking utensils, this gentle angler will have plenty of genuine sport and recreation.

One of our best anglers had a queer lot of luck recently. He fished three days, going up river so as to make a good strike, and caught one fish each day (1-pounders). He still wonders why.

Monocacy.

We made a flying trip to Western Maryland a few days since, and got two things, a few scores and an invitation to be up next clear water to go fishing.

Frank Wilson, of Union Bridge, captured eighteen bass, the largest, a 4¼-pounder, in rather a novel manner. Frank's leader was not strong enough for a fish of that size and parted. William Stockney, swimming near by, had come up to see Frank struggle with the fish. When the leader gave way Stockney made a dive for the bass, which had been worked into a small cove where the water was shallow and full of grasses; the boy failing to handle the fish readily, Wilson went in, clothes and all, and secured the prize, along with 3ft. of leader.

Jesse Reisler, Bill Furry and Bob Ayres caught twenty-six bass on June 29. They ran rather small.

There is some fishing at times in tributaries of the Monocacy, in Pipe Creek, for instance, but these streams are very uncertain as to condition. The banks are so soft and muddy that cows going into them for water, or for the purpose of washing the flies off their tortured hides, stir up the mud and becloud the water so that the bass will not bite. B.

More Fish Stories.

MR. TALBOTT'S reminiscences in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM recall to mind some singular experiences of my boyhood which may not be uninteresting to your readers.

When quite a small boy I was fishing once in Carter's Run in Fauquier county, Virginia, and had quite a string of sun-perch. To keep them fresh I would put them in the water, and once, after moving to a new spot, I threw the string of fish over the bank and fastened the end to a willow. I noticed that the bank was of clay and was honeycombed with holes. When a short time afterward I untied the string and attempted to pull up the fish I found that they were fast. Thinking they were twisted around a root I rolled my sleeve to my shoulder, lay down on the bank and thrust my arm deep into the water. With some difficulty I pulled them loose and brought them up, when to my horror I found I held a snake in my hand and within a few inches of my face. He had coiled around my string of fish and was appropriating them to his own use. I fished no more that evening, and to this day I feel the cold shivers run down my back when I remember how that snake felt.

On another occasion four of us one evening after school went to seine Moore's Creek, a small and shallow stream near Charlottesville. We had dragged with varying success about a half-mile, when a sudden bend of the stream brought us to a hole of more than usual depth and promise. We quickly strung out the seine, surrounded the hole and brought up among a lot of fish a bird about the size of a summer duck. Turning the net over it we climbed out on the bank to examine our prize. It was a loon which doubtless dived when it saw us coming. We took it home and kept it for quite a while confined in a chicken coop. His beak was hard, long and pointed; he was pugnacious, and when he took hold, like the proverbial turtle, would hold on "till it thundered."

A few years ago I was at Traveler's Repose, an inn on the Greenbrier River, in West Virginia, just at the foot of the "Big Alleghany," enjoying a few days' trout fishing. It is an ideal spot for a sportsman, more than a day's journey from the nearest railroad, the best section of the east for bear, deer, turkey and pheasant, with the grandest mountain scenery and the clear cold streams which trout love. I was talking to Mr. Peter Yeager, an old resident of that section, about an 11lb. trout which I had seen displayed in the window of a Boston sporting goods establishment, labeled "Brook Trout from Maine," and expressed doubt as to whether it was really a brook trout. Mr. Yeager said that in olden times he had known 26in. trout to be caught in the Greenbrier; that his father caught one about that size, and on cleaning it they found a young rabbit in his maw, and another very large one was caught which had swallowed a little pheasant. That fall, while hunting partridges on the Hardware River a flock arose, evidently a late hatch, and too small to shoot. We held up our guns and let the birds go. One of them flew across the river, and striking his wing against a weed, fell down into the water and went floating and struggling down the stream. If a big trout had been lying under the bank he would certainly have taken him in out of the wet. This incident strengthened my faith in the fish story.

SAMUEL B. WOODS.

"The Kingfishers."

PORT CLINTON, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wrote you a few weeks ago requesting the name and address of one of the Kingfishers, of Cincinnati, O. A few days later I received a letter signed J. M. Hickman (Old Hickory), which gave me the desired information, and I am pleased to say I have met three of the crowd, viz., J. M. Hickman, Col. Culbertson and Mr. Temple, and a more congenial lot of veteran anglers would be very hard to find.

Old Hickory, the originator of the Kingfishers, informs me that he has spent his vacation under canvas for more than twenty-seven years, and is just as enthusiastic as ever, in spite of his years.

Col. Culbertson has also been an angler for years, and has "wet his lines" in almost every stream and lake of importance from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, as well as a number in Canada, one of which is the famous Nepigon. He spends his winters in Florida, and his reminiscences of hunting and fishing in the South are very interesting and entertaining.

The Colonel entertained Old Hickory and me at his bachelor quarters on Race street, and during the evening the question of provisioning the camp was freely discussed—more particularly the "buying of the ham." There seems to be a difference of opinion between the Colonel and Old Hickory regarding this necessary article, where it should be purchased—whether at Cincinnati or of the natives in the backwoods. The Colonel says Cincinnati. Hickory says backwoods. It was also hinted to me that by purchasing them in the backwoods it gives Hickory an opportunity to visit among the ladies, and that on numerous occasions he has been known to steal away for hours in quest of "ham and buttermilk."

There is a very interesting relic among the Colonel's belongings in the way of a camp chair which has been his constant companion for perhaps thirty-five years. On every inch of the wood surface is carved the name of some favorite camp. There are some, however, which are represented by a circle with a dot in the center, the meaning of which will be instantly recognized should this meet the eye of any of the Kingfishers. This magic circle is defined as "Omea" in the language of their craft, and is a polite way of saying "cuss words" in the presence of ladies.

The "old boys" will start on their annual outing on July 18. Their destination will be northern Michigan, and as Old Hickory has promised a write-up of the trip I shall anxiously await its coming in dear old FOREST AND STREAM. WAH-WAH.

Pacific Salmon and the Fly.

NEW YORK, July 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Accept my mite of evidence on the question as to whether or not Pacific salmon can be or have been taken with a fly.

In August, 1889, in company with Mr. Henry P. Wells, the well-known angler and author, I fished for Pacific salmon in Klakamas Creek, a tributary of the Columbia, at a point about eight miles from Portland, Ore. Here there is situated a hatchery whose weir when closed cuts off the further progress up stream of salmon ascending to the spawning beds. At the foot of this weir were from forty to fifty large Chinook salmon, averaging at least 30lbs. weight, and although we cast with care and patience, using a variety of killing salmon flies, no rise rewarded our effort. I may say that Mr. Wells has never been quite satisfied with the experiment, as the sun shone intensely bright and the fish were not fresh-run, and a good deal knocked about by their journeying.

Above the weir, however, the "steel-head" salmon were more accommodating. We took about a dozen on the fly, weighing in the neighborhood of 8lbs. apiece. Can Mr. Kipling's "Chinook" have been a "steel-head"? If so, he consumed an unnecessary number of minutes in landing the Bahadner. HENRY C. BEADLESTON.

Staten Island Fishing.

GIFFORDS, Great Kills, S. I., N. Y., July 13.—The weakfish have again begun to bite. Last week and the week previous but few fish were caught, but some good catches have been brought in this week. Mr. Harrison and Mr. Buchanan caught twenty-two weakfish yesterday, and Mr. Barth and Mr. Conover took three weakfish and four bluefish. On Tuesday Miss Devlin and Miss O'Malley, two enthusiastic and plucky young fisherwomen of this place, who go out by themselves and who take the fish from the hooks with their own hands, brought in a nice mess of weakfish and a few fluke. All these parties left from Mrs. M. J. Collins' hotel. Weakfishing should improve steadily now. The bluefish are beginning to bite, and there is plenty of sport in sight for the fishermen.

ANTOINETTE.

Michigan Trout.

PORTAGE LAKE, Mich.—The trout are now rising to the fly and good baskets are the order of the day.

G. N. GLEASON.

Fishing the Mulivai-to.

"Mais oui, Tamaitai, nous avons e tele i 'a i le Mulivai-to nei."

It was Pakele who made this somewhat tangled remark when he saw me overhauling a well-worn book which has carried a few essentials of fishing gear into many wild places. To appreciate the situation one should have seen Pakele, the generic name in Samoan for all the priests of the French Catholic mission. It was at Falefa, on the island of Upolu, in Samoa. The malanga had been received with the set phrases and wearisome ceremonies of the savage courtesy of Samoan life. The guest house set apart for the use of the travelers and retainers was that belonging to the Chief Salanoa, and over against it were the charred center posts of the house of Mataafa, who was then in exile, and who has since been in rebellion, and now is going back to banishment. When the pompous natives had shouted from the other side of the village green the last of their speeches, it was time for the white population to call and pay its respects. The white population was restricted to one man, Père Chouvier, the mission priest—Pakele to all the villagers, high and low, young and old, Catholic and Protestant—held in affection by all, if one may credit that line of emotion to the Samoans, who truly are too selfish to be capable of affection.

Poor old Pakele! He was picturesque and pitiable, an old man in long soutane and shovel hat, grizzled and with a long white beard. He had been at Falefa for forty-two years, rarely seeing a white man except when some trader was wind-bound and feared to attempt the risks of rounding the Jettison of Biscuit Point, which was next along that coast. At rare intervals Monsignor L'Eveque, or Le Provicaire, came to catechize his catechumens. It was a monstrously lonely life, a life of sad poverty. But here were visitors, and the aged priest must pay his respects. The poor old man, peasant bred and with little education beyond his book of offices, knew no English; even his French came but slowly to his tongue, and whenever he spoke it was a curious mess and jumble of French and Samoan. The ludicrous part of it was that when he spoke this jargon he thought that he was speaking the best of French; but it was very hard to make it out at times, and it was found much easier to let him talk in straight Samoan.

The fishing gear stirred him to a little interest. Ages ago, when he was young, and the deadly blight of Samoa had not settled down on him, he may have fished himself. At any rate, he retained enough enthusiasm to say in his queer jargon, "But yes, Madame, we have many fish here in the Mulivai-to." That was encouraging news, for after the first curiosity of seeing how the savages live has worn off, the three days which etiquette prescribes for a formal visit become very wearisome, and time may be better spent in fishing.

The local geography of Falefa makes it an ideal spot for all the kinds of fish there are in Samoa. Outside the reef in the open sea there is a streak of current which is a favorite water for the bonito, and if they are to be taken at all that is the best fishing ground. Inside the reef there is every variety of bottom in an equal variety of depth. An inner lagoon half a mile long opened to the sea by a narrow channel, but it was so abundantly fed by springs of sweet water that the movement of the tide scarcely makes it at all brackish; therefore a proper home for the common South Sea eel. The spot which seemed to offer sport was in the Mulivai-to, one of the most clearly marked river mouths in Samoa, and just at the edge of the village of Falefa. It was a picturesque spot enough. There was a bar almost opposite a gap in the outer reef, that admitted the rollers from outside, without the assistance of which it would not have been possible to take even the lightest draft boat over the sands. Inside the bar the river fills a deep valley for a straightaway of half a mile, and an unvarying breadth of about 100yds. at the water level. The western bank is a rock cliff about 80ft. high, the surface covered with ferns and convolvulus and ropy lianas, the summit dark in the shade of tamano and ifi trees. The eastern bank, while not so precipitous, is a very steep flank of the mountain, and is thickly grown with timber—cocoanuts near the water and then the gloomy jungle of enormous trees of many sorts. At the head of the gorge the river comes tumbling over the rock wall in two leaps, of which the second makes far the more conspicuous cataract, in a sheer drop of rather more than 50ft. With such scenery and such a wide range of water conditions, all within a distance that a pistol shot could carry, there could be no doubt about there being fish in abundance, even as Père Chouvier had tried to say in his mixed-up languages. But whether those fish would respond to the inventions of fishing with which they were unfamiliar and respond with sufficient animation to make sport was a thing yet to be determined. These Polynesian fish had become educated in Polynesian fishing; they knew all about the nets and the night spearing with torches and the skittering of shining tentacles of octopods; whether they would know what to do when enticed by bait or fly was a question yet to be determined, and all the more interesting because of the problem which it presented.

The fishing outfit was small in compass; everything has to be cut down to the lowest notch when traveling in a small rowboat. But it was sufficient. There were a few lines, linen and silk, far less cumbrous than the braided cocoanut fiber which the Samoans use; there were reels, multiple and automatic, the first whose click had ever sounded over these waters; there was a book of old favorite flies which had proved their worth in other waters. The sight of this gear, once familiar to the old priest in his own distant France, excited a forgotten enthusiasm of the old man. He had fallen into an apathy as regards fish; he ate them when his flock brought them to his door; but the Friday necessity for fish did not exist for him, since the Pope long ago gave this remote missionary diocese a dispensation. All of a sudden he became an enthusiast and a helper as he clicked the reels. Rods are simple in Falefa; in all the woods about the village of Falefa they grow in rank luxuriance, and a green bamboo of the right length is just as light and just as strong as the best hexagonal split that ever was made. A few commands from Pakele sent two half-grown lads into the bush with their head-chopping knives, and in a few minutes they came back with an assortment of bamboos from which to select the proper length and weight.

Since this fishing must all be in the nature of an experiment, it was decided to try every method which might produce results, both bait and fly, and to try them in the sweet water of the river gorge and in the surf as well. There was an initial difficulty in the matter of bait. It was easy to tell the curious children of the village to bring worms, which they call "anufe," but the command set them scampering in what seemed the wrong direction—down to the beach instead of to spots that seemed more likely. At the same time the priest sent others off after "afato," or grubs, and they were soon seen jabbing rotten trunks with sharp sticks in their search. The children who had gone for worms were the first back. Each had a sherd of cocoanut shell filled with writhing monsters, all wriggle and legs, and about as repulsive a collection as could be imagined. They were all marine worms, for Pakele explained with many apologies that Samoa might be dug over from beach to mountain ridge and not disclose a single angle worm. The marine worms he thought might well be tried, for they were the natural food of fishes in the salt water, and he busied himself with looping several on as many hooks, not puncturing them at all, but tying them in place with tiny threads of hibiscus fiber pulled from a fresh strainer made for the kava drinking. The boys who had been sent for grubs returned with a doczn or more assorted sizes, but most were quite too large and chubby to think of using them for any but large fish, which it was not expected could be taken in the particular waters which it was intended to fish. As a matter of fact, they were not used at all, through an incident or accident of Samoan life. They were all put in a half of a cocoanut shell, and that was forced down into the pebbled floor so that it would stand upright. While they were left for further consideration, the chief's wife strolled in to see the novel arrangements for fishing. As she sat looking on, her appetite awoke. Eating is a continuous performance with these savages. She ate the bait, and the fact was not discovered until she was seen crowding the last fat grub into her mouth, which was dripping with the creamy pulp of its predecessors. Pakele gave her a fine scolding, but it apparently made little impression, and even the priest had to confess that these grubs were very good eating when you got used to the idea, and that they had the flavor of chestnuts. Despite this assurence, it was at least a novel and decidedly nauseating sensation to have one's hostess eat up the bait. As to the choice of flies, there was little to direct the selection, for insect life in these islands is not abundant nor conspicuous, the most common forms hovering over the water, both salt and fresh, being a light lavender butterfly about the size of the cabbage butterfly of more familiar scenes, and a gauzy-winged libellula with two long, threadlike tails.

It is impossible to tell what fish were taken. They looked like odds and ends of the rainbow for variety of color, and their shapes were as grotesque as a Chinese puzzle. To be sure, they all had Samoan names, but that leaves one not at all the wiser, for they have not yet passed under the study of Jordan or Gilbert and Bean, who know the fine points of fishes. It is enough to say that they took to bait and fly as greedily as if they had been brought up to the white man's fishery. Fishing until weary, there was a large catch, and with very few duplicates.

The first attempt was made from the bar at the mouth of the Mulivai-to. Just behind the crest of each advancing wave the fish could be seen in abundance darting hither and yon on the smooth back slope and partly breaking the surface. The first cast was made with one of the repulsive sea worms, carefully placed in the depth of the hollow behind the wave, only a single hook being used. Immediately the fish cast themselves on the tempting morsel and the water seemed fairly alive with gaudy fish. As soon as the fish got the bait it bored right out seaward through the next wave, and then through the second to the quieter water outside. Here it was played to exhaustion. The movement of the sea was always tending to take the strain off the line, but the strong rush of the fish was constant in the other direction, so that there was little danger of losing it when it was thrown up on the crest of the surf. It took about ten minutes to wear the fish out, so it was safe to reel in. When it was brought to shore within reach of an improvised landing net, it was seen to be a cobbler fish a little more than 1ft. long, body bright red, with yellow bands and all fins sky blue, the dorsals and ventrals stretching out into long filaments, like cobblers' waxed ends, and as long as 6 or 8in. After this first essay, it was seen that it was perfectly practicable to use three hooks at once, and rarely did it happen that a fish was not landed on each.

One of the fish taken on the back of the surf had a curious little story. It despised the bait, and anyone who has seen these sea worms will not blame any fish for rejecting them. But this was a dainty fish, with the clean lines of the mackerel, yet only half as large. It responded promptly to a small fly put together of two green feathers and one red one from the head of the common parrakeet. It was just a little dash of color. There is not an insect in Samoa that has that coloration, but it attracted the fish, and that is all that is needed. The fish was a very dainty fawn color, faintly spotted on the sides and belly with steel blue dots regularly though sparsely placed. Just behind the gill cover on each side was a spot the size of a dime of a deep indigo. When Pakele had lifted it out of the landing net he looked at it with as much interest as the fisher, and then put it in the basket with the others. The native girls promptly took it out and put it in another basket, which they kept. Pakele took it back, and the girls repeated their performance. When he reclaimed it once more the girls refused to give it up, which led the old priest to give them a scolding for their discourtesy. But the girls and the women who joined the party scolded back in turn. They said that Pakele was a man and must not have the fish. It turned out that there has always been a taboo on this particular fish; it is always the property of the women, and men are forbidden to keep or eat it. There is no penalty for breaking the taboo, but none the less, not a single male Samoan will confess to having tasted the forbidden delicacy. And it is a delicacy, for there is no other fish in the South Sea so finely flavored.

It would need many illustrations, and in fact chromolithographs, to go into the details of this fishing at the mouth of the Mulivai-to. The largest catch was made on the seaward side of the bar, and there was some interesting sport. But the best work was done on a fresh water fish, just inside the bar. These fish are to be found in all the Samoan streams, but they are at their best in the brackish water of the lower reaches, probably because they are not able to get back over the many cataracts over which they are carried in the frequent floods. They are light brown in color, as finely modeled as trout, and are distinguished by a peculiar marking in dark, reddish-brown. The back around the dorsal fin is covered with a long, narrow ellipse of this dark color, the greatest length extending along the backbone; concentric with this are two bands of the same color, of which the outer one reaches from just behind the head back as far as the tail. These fish are to be seen in great numbers in the deep water just within the bars of all Samoan rivers, and are most common at the edge of the main stream and eddy currents, where they hover for long spaces of time motionless, but invariably with their heads toward the mouth of the stream.

Samoans say that these fish never eat and are never taken. The latter point is fact. The Samoan fishers have never been able to take them in nets or by spears. This in itself was a challenge to see what could be done with them, and even without such a reputation it would have been enough to see a school of fish from ½ to 2lbs. waiting to have something done with them. At first it almost seemed that the islanders were right, and that the fish did not eat anything. Every device in the way of bait and fly was tried for their benefit, and they refused to stir for anything which was tried. As a last resort a small hermit crab, of which there were thousands on the bar, was twisted out of his shell and impaled on the hook. This bait was allowed to float with the incoming tide just over the school of fish. Hermit crab proved to be what they were waiting for. There was a business-like movement of the whole school and a 2-pounder was straightaway on the hook. For a fish of limited education he showed himself familiar with most of the details of the game, and gave pretty sport before he came to land. This is the only fish in Samoa that has any true game flavor.

This fishing of the Mulivai-to was a revelation to the Samoans, and filled the old priest with an unwonted pleasure.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Atlantic City Pier Jiggers.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seeking information, and at the same time entering a protest against the wholesale slaughter of fish, and the degenerating of one of the most delightful sports, when rightly engaged in, I am writing to ask if there is any way to put a stop to the childish and unsportsmanlike so-called fishing from Young's Pier, at Atlantic City. During a recent visit to the above-named resort, I was surprised beyond measure to find full-grown men engaged in the "sport" of catching fish out of a net pound about 50ft. square. By means of a trap net the fish are driven into the pound, and after once they get in there is no possible way of escape. So great is the number of captive fish that a few days ago I stood by and watched one man catch fish as fast as he dropped his line over, and all without bait, using only a four-pronged hook and sinker, dropping the hook among the fish, giving a slight jerk and landing his fish, caught by the tail or belly. I protest that such is cruel and certainly not to be considered as sport. I am devoted to fishing, and am willing to undergo great privations for the enjoyment of the sport; but it does seem to me something should be done to put an end to such childish and unsportsmanlike wholesale slaughter of fish such as I witnessed only a few days ago, when I saw from fifteen to twenty full-grown men catching fish from a small pound, and all good fish. I trust a paper with the influence and standing of FOREST AND STREAM may in some measure do something toward establishing a sentiment resulting, let us hope, in the discontinuing of this most cruel and unsportsmanlike practice. I may add that in conversation with another, a stranger to me, at his sugestion I was moved to appeal to your valued paper.

H. FIELDS SAUMENIG.

The Salt-Water League.

THE Protective League of Salt-Water Fishermen, of New York, has received its charter; and on Wednesday night the first meeting of the incorporated society was held for the election of officers. Those chosen were: President, Theodore Biedinger; Vice-President, Albert Baywood; Treasurer, Thomas Reilly; Financial Secretary, Charles S. Crane; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, Eugene Fliedner; Board of Directors, Alfred Rogers, Frederick Etz, Frederick Hochgraef, Sr., J. F. Millikin, Edward Shott, William Roeber and Rudolph Hoffman.

Permanent headquarters will be provided, and everything promises well for the usefulness of the League and the accomplishment of its purpose, which is the enforcement of the protective laws.

Where are Blackfish and Crabs?

EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I., July 17.—Crabs have not been so scarce in years as they are this summer. Some years it has been an easy thing to catch a hundred or more in one day. Now the most skillful and persistent crabber has to be content with a few dozen. Blackfish and eels are also very scarce. Some baymen attribute the scarcity of eels and crabs to the anchor ice which settled on the muddy beds of the channels during the winter, while others say that the scarcity of food accounts for the absence of eels and shell fish. QUAHAUG.

Long Island Fishing.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., July 17.—Bluefish have felt the effects of the bad weather and have not been biting so freely as heretofore. The few that are caught, however, are very large, averaging over 6lbs. in weight. There

are plenty of fluke and bass, and an occasional kingfish. Weakfish are not as plentiful as they were earlier in the season and are more difficult to catch, but still good catches are made by experienced anglers.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A Fair Exchange at Ochotonl.

SOME sixty miles north of the city of Puebla, the table land, which is the topographical mark of all central Mexico, drops off suddenly like the pitch of a mansard roof. The treeless plateau disappears and one descends through a winding *barranca* whose sides are clothed with pines, and presently emerges upon an open plain or *sabana*, the *hacienda* of Ochotonl.

We are in great deer country now. The wary game finds excellent feeding in these open glades and perfect protection in the surrounding forests. It is a region to make the heart of a true sportsman glow and to make his fingers itch for his rifle.

But game is not all which you find of interest. The old *hacendado* (I wish I might tell you his name) will open his *saguan* doors with true Mexican hospitality. He is as keen minded as he is large hearted, and he will entertain you with quaint stories of these primitive people. For society here is yet unspoiled. The railroad with its innovations is still many leagues away, and human nature grows up here undisturbed. If you are very fortunate you may hear him tell the following story, which he told me not long ago, vouching upon his honor as a *caballero* for its truth.

Among the thousands of *peons* employed upon this *hacienda* was one notable for his laziness. He was joined to a woman who, though very pretty, was as shiftless as her husband was lazy. These two lagged through their tasks together, making sorry work of it. Not far from this pair lived another. The man was the leader in the field, the most capable of all the workmen; the woman, curiously enough, was of like character, strong, energetic, capable. These two were always beforehand with their work, while with the lazy couple things went from bad to worse.

At last light broke in upon the soul of the lazy man, and he went to the other with a proposition: "See here," he said, "you know that you are an energetic man and that I am not. You are always getting through with your work, and I am never done with mine. The fact is, my wife is no help to me. If I had your wife and you had mine, I should get along much better, and you would be all right anyway, you are so capable. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I have a nice fat pig down at the house, a fine fellow; if you'll swap I'll throw in the pig and call it a bargain."

The offer was accepted, and the readjusted four are now living happily at Ochotonl.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.

Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 6.—Bicknell, Ind.—Indiana Field Trial Club's trials. S. H. Socwell, Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Washington, C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

Dog Dealing.

IT was generally believed that the recent legislation concerning the dog, both with regard to its quarantine when arriving in this country from a foreign port and the increased liability to come under district muzzling regulations, would interfere considerably with its value as a commercial article. Possibly this has been so to a certain extent, especially so far as Continental dealers are concerned; but generally it may be said that the trade in dogs at the present time is quite as brisk as ever it was, and for good specimens of almost any of the many varieties which are popular with us exorbitant prices continue to be obtained. The man in the streets with the pug dogs and fox terriers still continues his wanderings around the fashionable neighborhoods of Regent street and elsewhere, and his persuasive eloquence in vending a three months old diminutive and ill-grown puppy as a fully grown dog is still as marked as ever. Then, too, the shops set apart for the purpose do a capital trade in the higher priced dogs. At any rate, they must do so to be able to pay the high rentals which are required for front shops in our leading thoroughfares.

The general public cannot be considered quite specialist in the matter of dogs; still, if they use ordinary common sense and discretion, their requirements may readily be obtained through the sources already named, and at the same time it must not be forgotten that every now and then special sales are arranged at Birmingham, Leicester and elsewhere, sometimes in connection with shows, where all kinds of dogs may be obtained, and drafts from the leading foxhound, terrier and beagle kennels be procured. The really clever dog man, dealer, fancier, gentleman, or whatever he may be, does not, however, as a rule, look to such sources to pick up the very best animals that he may require, either for exhibition or other purposes. He attends the shows, or the field trials, and there sees the best stock in the country. His knowledge and judgment are superlative; he seldom or never makes a mistake, and when he does see a dog to his liking, and which, in his opinion, is perhaps equal or even superior to anything else he knows, he will buy it if he can. Not afraid to put his hand into his pocket, he does not think form £100 to £200 too much to pay for a fox terrier or a bull dog; he will give more for a collie or a St. Bernard, the market value of each variety depending upon the number of classes and the amount of prize money it can win in the ordinary way of exhibitions. For instance, more money is generally offered in prizes for fox terriers than for any other breed, and thus the monetary value of that variety is considerably enhanced. Irish Terriers, perhaps, follow next, hard pressed maybe by the Scottish Terriers and the Pomeranians. All these dogs have specialist clubs provided for them, and the funds thereof go to extend the ordinary prize lists issued by managers of provincial and other exhibitions. Two or three years ago a well-known exhibitor paid something like £200 for a fox terrier puppy, and his friends naturally considered he had more money than he knew what to do with. Time proved his judgment correct, for, besides taking two or three times the amount of the dog's cost in prizes and stud fees, he eventually sold the same animal for £500, which may be taken as a record price for a terrier. Such a successful purchase as this and many others similar to it which could be named, have led certain people to come to the conclusion that a living is to be made by dog showing and by buying in the cheapest markets and selling in the dearest, and by breeding prize dogs of all kinds. A successful "dog farm" is as great an improbability as a successful poultry farm, and for much the same reasons. The land becomes tainted, and unless the puppies are sent out "to walk" the confinement of kennels cripples them, and the crowding together may destroy them. Then it is by no means certain that like gets like; the best parents may be used, but they are not particularly liable to produce champions. There is a considerable amount of luck in dog breeding, and at the same time special knowledge is required.

The writer is inclined to believe that the qualities which go to form a really good judge and successful breeder of dogs must be born with the man; they cannot apparently be produced by practice or by education, although, of course, both these tell up to a certain point. Not many days since I was looking for a terrier dog as a companion, and mentioned my requirements to a man who had kept dogs all his life, and was considered to be, by his class, an authority. I was led to believe that he did know something about a terrier. He said he was acquainted with a man who had just what was wanted—a "grand terrier with no fault." At considerable inconvenience I made an appointment to see this dog. All that could be said about it was that it was a terrier; but it had a short, stumpy neck, the crookedest of fore legs, a weak, toyish head—indeed, a creature that, so far as beauty was concerned, would have been dear as a gift. No amount of education could possibly make my recommender in this instance a judge of a dog. There are, indeed, very few good judges of a dog to be found, and to this is no doubt due the fact that the few, when they take up the matter from a business point of view, almost invariably prove successful. Within the last twenty years or so, one or two instances might be pointed out where a nice little competency has been made by breeding, purchasing and selling St. Bernards, and at any rate there are at present three or more leading exhibitors who make a good living by showing their dogs, which they purchase with admirable judgment, or have been lucky in breeding them. But they must depend more upon the former than the latter, and to suppose that an ordinary man or woman with little knowledge of the dog, and perhaps with less love for him, to at once jump into a similar groove is preposterous. Yet there are those who seek to do so, and write to specialists desiring information as to how they are to make a commencement and what "breed of dog" will prove most prolific and be most remunerative. Such inquirers are not, perhaps, aware that a dog to sell well must be pretty nearly perfect in its way, that moderate or inferior specimens are actually unmarketable, and at six months old will not realize as much as it has cost to rear them, and that they might breed a thousand dogs and not have one worth more than a £10 note. As already stated, it is much the better plan to buy a first-class dog likely to make a champion than attempt to breed one even from the most carefully selected parents.

Within the past quarter of a century the popularity of the dog as a companion has increased very much, owing to causes repeatedly stated in the columns of the Field; but the supply is always more than equal to the demand, notwithstanding statements to the contrary which are continually appearing in print. The other day I read of an Airedale Terrier selling for £600, a collie worth nearly £2,000, and such like trash. People reading untruthful statements of this kind, with a few pounds at their command, and without a particle of knowledge on the subject, not unnaturally come to the conclusion that they have found a royal road to fortune. They expend their capital in buying a dog and a bitch of the same strain as that from which the animal of fabulous price was produced, and wait for a return for their investment. This comes during the course of a few months in the form of a number of puppies which cannot be sold at any price! Thus the hope of an income from dogs is soon dispelled, and the misguided whilom fancier must be contented to seek fortune in the ordinary way of trade, and leave what there is to be got out of dogs to those who have made them a study, who are adepts in the art of selection, and have capital to fall back upon in the case of accident or misfortune. And it must not be forgotten that for exhibition and for mercantile purposes a perfect dog is cheaper at a couple of hundred pounds than one half as good at a tenth of that sum.—Correspondence London Field.

International Field Trial Club Derby Entries.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Genius (Jack-Maud), 17 months, T. C. Stigman.

Rosedale (Bob—Essie D.), 17 months, H. M. Graydon.

Coquette (Roy of London—Fanny), 17 months, H. M. Graydon.

Dan Thiers (Thiers—Dido III.), 16 months, J. B. Dale.

Counternack (Thiers—Dido III.), 16 months, J. B. Dale.

Selkirk Milo (Selkirk Dan—Selkirk Tana), 14 months, W. B. Wells.

Selkirk Simon (Selkirk Dan—Selkirk Tana), 14 months, W. B. Wells.

Selkirk Amie (Selkirk Dan—Selkirk Tana), 14 months, W. B. Wells.

Lady Rodfield (Rodfield—Marks Nellie), 12 months, Marcon & Morton.

Kate Thiers (Thiers—Dido III.), 16 months, Marcon & Morton.

Larra (Cincinnatus Pride—Brown's Queen Vic), 7 months, W. A. Hodgins.

Tony's Dot (Tony Boy—Ruby's Daisy II.), 7 months, W. A. Hodgins.

Dewey Gladstone (Income Tax—Forest Gladstone), 14 months, Stewart Beatty.

Judy (Toledo Bee—Brighton Leah), 10 months, A. J. Smith.

Princess Lill (Toledo Bee—Brighton Leah), 10 months, A. J. Smith.

Brighton Tobe II. (Brighton Bob—Brighton Maud), 17 months, T. J. Davey.

Judy II. (Red Cloud—Judy), 15 months, T. C. Stigman.

POINTERS.

Duke of Dexter (Duke of Dexter—Lola Queen), 13 months, Edwin S. Lewis.

Bella Pointer (Hal Pointer—Belle of Hessen), 13 months, Marcon & Morton.

Ripple (Jingo—Ripponita), 16 months, F. W. Shaw.

Jingle (Jingo—Ripponita), 16 months, F. W. Shaw.

Frank N. (Uncle Sam—Bippo's Mollie), 14 months, Leamington Pointer Kennels.

Black Line (Uncle Sam—Bippo's Mollie), 14 months, Leamington Pointer Kennels.

W. B. WELLS, Hon. Sec'y.

Points and Flushes.

The eighteenth annual dog show of the Danbury Agricultural Society will be held on Oct. 3 to 6, inclusive. G. M. Rundle, secretary, Danbury, Conn.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

JULY.

21. Wollaston, moonlight sail, Wollaston, Mass.
21. Taunton, club run, Taunton, Mass.
22. Burgess, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
22. Corinthian, Phila., knockabouts, Essington, Delaware River.
22. Wood's Holl, sprit & cat classes, Wood's Holl, Hadley Harbor.
22. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
22. New Jersey-Knickerbocker, cup, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
22. Penataquit Cor., 15ft. class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
22. Quannapowitt, club.
23. Penataquit Cor., snipe class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
24-29. Oconomowoc, race week, Oconomowock Lake.
24-25-26. Quincy, challenge cup, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
24. Manchester, 2d cham., Manchester.
24. American, moonlight sail, Newburyport.
26. East Gloucester, cup, Gloucester, Mass.
26-27-28-29. Beverly, race week, Buzzard's Bay.
26-27-28. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup, Dorval, Lake St. Louis.
27. Jamaica Bay, cat classes, Jamaica Bay.
29. New Jersey-Knickerbocker, Ellsworth cup, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
29. Plymouth, club, Plymouth, Mass.
29. Royal Nova Scotia, one-design, Halifax, N. S.
29. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
29. American, club handicap, Newburyport.
29. Winthrop, open, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
29. Indian Harbor, annual, open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
29. Corinthian, Marblehead, 4th cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
29. Quannapowitt, club.
30. Penataquit Cor., 15ft. class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
31. Wood's Holl, open, Quissett.
31. Manchester, 3d cham., Manchester, Mass.
30. Lake Champlain, annual cruise, rendezous Port Henry, Lake Champlain.

AUGUST.

July 30 to Aug. 8. Lake Champlain, annual cruise, L. Champlain.
1. Wood's Holl, club, Wood's Holl.
2. Royal Nova Scotia, squadron cruise, Halifax, N. S.
2. East Gloucester, cup, Gloucester, Mass.
3-4-5-7-8. Manchester, midsummer races, Manchester.
5. Beverly, Cor. race., Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
5. East Gloucester,, club, Gloucester, Mass.
5. Hempstead Harbor, annual, open, Glen Cove, L. I. Sound.
5. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
5. Sea Cliff, annual, open, Long Island Sound.
7. New York, annual cruise, rendezvous.
7-8-9. Royal Canadian, Canada cup trials, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
7. Knickerbocker, annual cruise, rendezvous College Point.
9-10-11. Corinthian, Marblehead, midsummer series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
12. Corinthian, Marblehead,, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
12. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, open, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
12. American, cruise to Squam, Newburyport.
12. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
12. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
12. Wood's Holl, open, Wood's Holl, Quissett.
12. Wollaston, open, Wollaston, Mass.
12. Bridgeport, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
12. Royal, Nova Scotia, one-design class, Halifax, N. S.
12. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
12. Quannapowitt, club.
12. Squantum, handicap, Squantum, Mass.
12. Jamaica Bay, annual cruise, rendezvous.
12-13. Winthrop, cruise to Marblehead, Winthrop.
12. Savin Hill, club handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
13. Penataquit Cor., 15ft. class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
13. Williamsburgh, sloop classes, Bowery Bay, L. I. Sound.
14-15-16-17. Lake Y. R. A. meet, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
14 to 19. Oshkosh, I. L. Y. A. week, Oshkosh, Wis.
14-15-16. Erie, open, Erie, Pa., Lake Erie.
14. American, open, Newburyport.
16. Annisquam, open, Annisquam.
17. Newport, ladies' day, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
17. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester, Mass.
17. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
19. Corinthian, Marblehead, 5th cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
19. Beverly, club Cor., Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
19. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
19. Jubilee, annual, open, Salem Bay.
19. Huguenot, annual, open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
19. Morris, special club, Port Morris, Long Island Sound.
19. New Jersey-Knickerbocker, Cor. cup, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
19. Royal Hamilton, open., Hamilton, Lake Ontario.
19. Royal Nova Scotia, all classes, Halifax, N. S.
19. Quannapowitt, club.
19. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
20. Penataquit Cor., snipe class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
21. Royal Canadian, Canada cup, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
21-22-23-24-25. Seawanhaka Cor., Cor. of Philadelphia, knockabout match, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
21. American, moolight sail, Newburyport, Mass.
24. Plymouth, open, Plymouth, Mass.
25. Kingston, open, Duxbury Bay.
26. Royal Nova Scotia, club, Halifax, N. S.
26. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
26. Huntington, annual, open, Huntington Bay.
26. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Corinthian, Marblehead, 6th cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
26. Duxbury,, open, Duxbury Bay.

26. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
26. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
26. Seawanhaka Cor., Center memorial, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
26. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
26. Wollaston, handicap, Wollaston, Mass.
26. Quannapowitt, club.
26. Wood's Holl, sprit & cat classes, Wood's Holl, Hadley Harbor.
26. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
26. Savin Hill, club handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
26. Atlantic, Ballantine cup, Sea Gate, New York Harbor.
27. Williamsburgh, ladies' race, Bowery Bay, Lond Island Sound.
27. Penataquit Cor., knockabouts, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
28. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown, Cape Cod Bay.
29. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet Harbor.

SEPTEMBER.

New York, trial races, America Cup, off Sandy Hook.
2. Larchmont, special races, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
2. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
2. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
2-4. Corinthian, cruise, Marblehead.
2. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
2. Wood's Holl, club.
2-4. Wollaston, cruise, Wollaston.
2. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
2-4. East Gloucester, cruise to Hull.
2. Royal Nova Scotia, one-design class, Halifax, N. S.
3. Penataquit, fall club regatta, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
4. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Atlantic, Adams cups, Sea Gate, New York Harbor.
4. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Bunker Hill, annual, Boston Harbor.
4. Lynn, annual, open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Newport, club, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
4. Wood's Holl, sprit & cat classes, Wood's Holl, Hadley Harbor.
4. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Sachem's Head, annual, open, Sachem's Head, L. I. Sound.
4. Pavonia, special club, Communipaw, New York Bay.
4. Royal Nova Scotia, Prince of Wales cup, Halifax, N. S.
6. Norwalk, open, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
7 to 11. Interlake Y. R. A., meet, Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie.
9. Royal Nova Scotia, open handicap, Halifax, N. S.
9. Atlantic, Gould cups, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
9. Seawanhaka Cor., fall race, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
9. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
9. Hull, Mass., open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
9. Winthrop, cruise to Hull, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
9. Wollaston, handicap, Wollaston, Mass.
9-10. Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, rendezvous and sail, Hull.
9. Wood's Holl, club, Wood's Holl, Quissett.
9. Burgess, 3d cham., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
10. Penataquit Cor., knockabouts. Bayshore, Great South Bay.
14. Newport, ladies' cruise, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
16. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
16. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
16. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
23. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
23. Riverside, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
24. Williamsburgh, annual fall regatta, Bowery Bay, L. I. Sound.
27. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
30. Corinthian, knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.

OCTOBER.

3-5-7. New York, America Cup matches, Sandy Hook.

Columbia and Defender.

THE bent boom of Defender, in two pieces, arrived at Bristol on July 10 on Columbia's tender, St. Michaels, and was taken into the shops, where the bent plates will be replaced by new ones. Defender left New York on the same day under trysail and headsails for Newport, continuing on to Bristol, where she arrived on the morning of July 12. Her topmast was lowered and taken ashore, and a new one shipped. Columbia was out for crew practice several times during the week.

On July 14 Columbia left New Rochelle for Bristol in tow of her tender. At Bristol her new steel mast will be stepped. The following announcement has been made officially:

Newport Yacht Racing Association,
Newport, July 16, 1899.

The first race between the sloops Columbia and Defender off this port, under the auspices of this Association, will be held on Friday, July 21. The start will be made from Brenton's Reef Lightship at 11 A. M., and the course will be a triangular one, but where the marks will be has not yet been decided upon. The date of the second race will be announced later.

On July 17 it was announced that the other races would be sailed on July 25-27.

The following comments on Columbia are from the Boston Globe:

Columbia is slowly but surely proving her great superiority over Defender. This fact may not be apparent on the surface, nor possibly may the official times in the races sailed off Sandy Hook and at Larchmont show it, but it is the truth nevertheless and is known to those who have closely followed Columbia since her first sail in Narragansett Bay. It is true that the superiority is not so great as was expected from that sail, but it is there just the same and is growing.

On that original sail Columbia drew away from Defender, close hauled in a light air, as if she were in another class. The closest reproduction of these conditions in subsequent racing was on the last part of the windward leg of the triangular race off Sandy Hook a week ago last Thursday. Here Columbia, which in a fresh breeze had been barely holding Defender, came up hand over hand as the wind lightened, and finally weathered the '95 boat just before the outer mark.

Proof one, if you please, that observations as to her light weather speed in Narragansett Bay were not so far wide of the mark after all.

In the trials off Newport, in a fresh breeze under working topsails, Columbia showed a slight, but not decided, superiority over Defender. In the Sandy Hook race, with clubtopsails up, the boats sailed about evenly, but the writer then believed it due to Columbia's badly fitting topsail. Saturday, at Larchmont, this belief was justified, for in a fresh clubtopsail breeze and with a decent fitting topsail Columbia walked away from Defender in just as good style as need be asked, and gave her a nice little beating in both windward work and reaching in what previously had been Defender's best play.

Proof two of that coming superiority that shall be many minutes more than at present over a thirty-miles course.

In spinaker work at Larchmont Columbia showed up no better than Defender, but no fair comparison could be made because of the poor work in handling the big sail made by Columbia's crew. The Deer Isle men were badly outclassed by Defender's Norwegians, and showed that it takes training and practice to do such work properly.

Yet Columbia's crew will be as smart as the other crew by the time the official trial races come in September. Don't forget that. Defender's crew of Deer Isle men were as good as the best before the season of '95 was over. Columbia's crew are of the same material, and will show up in the same way.

And there will be no change of crews from one boat to the other.

Shamrock.

THE unexpected docking of Shamrock on July 11 at Southampton gave rise to a report that she was leaking. Naturally enough, the report was denied by all connected with her, the statement being made that the yacht was docked for cleaning and polishing. On July 12 she was floated again.

From one of the many special cable reports we learn that her topmast is "deflected" and also "unhoused." It is not stated whether these maneuvers were intentional or accidental.

The following is another specimen of the current nonsense about the yacht, from the Sportsman:

"It is stated that the Shamrock has a hollow keel, in which her cable is stowed. Remembering the difficulty and unpleasantness which arose regarding the Defender's shifting ballast, it will be interesting to know if this statement is correct and what American yachtsmen will have to say about it."

Any intelligent yachtsman would say that Mr. Fife is a fool if he carries a cable at the masthead or even on deck; and in a lesser degree if he carries an iron chain in any place in the keel where he might carry a solid piece of lead. As far as rule and usage go, he is at liberty to locate the chain locker wherever he may please.

On July 13, while the yacht was at her moorings off Hythe, an official of the Board of Trade went on board and the crew signed articles before him. The question of winning money is specially covered in the articles, the first officer is to receive £40, the second £30 and the crew £28 each. The two skippers have a private agreement with the owner. A story is current that Sir Thomas Lipton has promised a pension of £1 per week for life to every member of the crew in the event of Shamrock winning the Cup.

On July 16 Shamrock was under sail on the Solent for a few hours. At one time her throat or peak halyards parted. Her first race with Britannia was set for July 18.

The Seawanhaka Cup.

The new Crane 20-footer, Constance, owned by Messrs. Post and Thomas, has been officially named as the representative of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. in the coming races for the Seawanhaka Cup. The trial races of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. have not yet been sailed, but they will be less interesting than in previous years, as but two boats are likely to start. The following is from the Hamilton Herald:

Montreal, July 14.—The new boat from Mr. Duggan's design will be out for a trial spin on Lake St. Louis, and as there are no entries for the Seawanhaka cup trial races the new boat will defend the cup without them. There appears to be a falling off in the interest connected with the Seawanhaka challenge cup, and this morning Arthur Hamilton said he wished a crew could be found to sail Speculator for a series of trial races, so as to ascertain really what the new boat can do in the speed line. As it is, the boat will go into races for the cup without trials, which is a most unusual thing.

It was stated this morning that the crew to sail the new boat in the approaching series of races will comprise Herrick Duggan, W. A. C. Hamilton, Mr. Sherwood and Major Hamilton. This is the same crew that sailed Dominioin to a successful finish.

Beverly Y. C.

WING'S NECK—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, July 15.

THE race of the Beverly Y. C. on July 15 was started in a light N.E. wind, which shifted to S.W. just as the boats turned the outer mark, making run each way. The times were:

25ft. Knockabouts.

Blazing Star, C. M. Baker	2 18 07
May Queen, D. W. Whittemore	2 18 42
Nokomis, Alfred Winsor	2 21 58
Ululu, W. H. Winship	2 28 44

21ft. Knockabouts.

Cyrilla, R. W. Emmons	2 26 41
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 28 06
Amanita, Joshua Crane	2 35 03
Edith, S. R. Dow	2 35 40
Kalama, Dana Rice	2 36 54

18ft. Class.

Poltoos, L. Bacon	2 17 32
Esther, E. N. Farnsworth	2 21 24

Fourth Class, Cats.

Daisy, Howard Stockton	2 21 04
Howard, H. O. Miller	2 23 55
Heiress, Sidney Burgess	2 24 47

15ft. Restricted Class.

Next, Paul Jones	1 54 50
Gobye, S. G. King	1 55 19
Peacock, Robert Winsor	1 56 24
Fuzzy, N. F. Emmons	1 56 42
Varda, J. Parkinson, Jr	1 57 04
Vim, F. W. Sargent	1 58 47

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Saturday, July 15.

THE Duxbury Y. C. sailed a handicap race on July 15, one of a series, open also to the Plymouth and Kingston yacht clubs. Lobster led, but sailed the wrong course, owing to a change having been made, Bobolink being the winner. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bobolink, Goodspeed	1 38 20	1 35 20
Halcyon, S. C. Winsor	1 38 05	1 36 05
Lobster, C. C. Clapp	1 36 21	1 36 28
Scamper, E. Reede & Bros.	1 43 15	1 39 15
Dolphin, N. Morton	1 56 56	1 45 56
Veritas, Alex. Holmes	1 57 25	1 47 25
If, B. F. Norwood	1 57 43	1 48 43
Fedora, C. F. Hunt	1 52 20	1 49 20
Randon, G. B. Cushman	1 59 45	1 49 45
Scrap, A. B. Holmes	Did not finish.	
Kittawake, H. M. Jones	Did not finish.	

Savin Hill Y. C.

SAVIN HILL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 15.

THE Savin Hill Y. C. has arranged a series of three championship handicap races for the club championship, which goes to the yacht having the best average. The first was sailed on July 15 in a light east wind, the times being:

	Corrected.
Romance, Loring Sears	1 07 55
Kalitan, W. Patten	1 09 49
Spray, A. L. Kidd	1 10 23
Siko, J. D. McBeth	1 11 21
Astrea, H. Packard	1 12 22
Sheerwater, L. T. Howard	1 13 04
Phœnix, W. T. Leach	1 13 17
Ethel, Damrell	1 13 31
Primrose, J. F. Stark	1 13 34
Widgeon, L. A. Horton	1 14 13
Annie Maud, F. O. Vegalhan	1 14 50
Hermes, C. D. Silsbee	1 15 06
Terror, C. H. Conant	1 17 31
Restless, Howland	1 19 17
Joque, W. Keely	1 32 22
Louise	Withdrew.
Tantrum	Withdrew.
Kiowa	Withdrew.

Romance, Kalitan and Spray each wins a cup, Siko and Astrea each wins a pennant. The other races will be sailed on Aug. 12 and 26.

Beverly Y. C.

WING'S NECK—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed a race on July 4 in a strong S.W. wind and sea, the times being:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Nokomis, A. Winsor	2 04 36
Ulula, W. H. Winship	2 05 16
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore	2 08 10

21ft. Class.

Amanita, J. Crane, Jr	2 05 10
Quakeress, W. H. Harrison	2 08 43
Cyrilla, R. W. Emmons	2 10 23
Edith, R. S. Dow	2 12 21
Kalama, David Rice	2 13 21
Gossip, S. R. Warren	2 16 34

Fourth Class—Cats.

Heiress, G. G. Amory	2 03 10
Daisy, Howard Stockton	2 05 54
Hope, J. H. Ellis	Disabled.
Pedro, Howard Miller	Disabled.

15ft. One-Design Class.

Next, Paul Jones	1 19 44
Varada, J. Parkinson, Jr	1 20 19
Peacock, Robert Winsor, Jr	1 22 00
No Name, Robert Bacon	1 25 01
Vim, F. W. Sargent	1 26 45
Flickamorro, N. F. Emmons	1 28 14

Shelter Island Y. C.

GREENPORT—SHELTER ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 15.

THE Shelter Island Y. C. sailed its Ladies' Day race on July 15 in a fresh west wind, the times being:

Class D—Sloops.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marion	2 34 47	4 35 45	2 05 08	1 59 31
Martha	2 34 11	2 38 37	2 04 26	2 04 26
Asthore	2 34 57	Disqualified		

Catboats.

Edna	2 06 05	4 31 31	2 25 26	2 25 26
Yokee	2 05 30	Did not finish.		
Junita	2 05 31	4 37 40	2 32 15	2 28 12
Allegro	2 05 40	Did not finish.		
Edna	2 06 20	4 58 00	2 51 40	.. .. ..
Francis	2 05 28	Did not finish.		
Merula	2 05 30	2 55 35	Disqualified.	
Spook	2 10 00	Did not finish.		
Leader	2 06 24	4 34 20	2 27 54	2 22 39

Single gig race, for boats from yachts belonging to Shelter Island Y. C.—Com. J. B. Edson's steam yacht Claymore, first prize, $10; sloop yacht Pigeon, William Westlake, of Brooklyn, second prize, $5.

Windward Y. C.

BROOKLYN—NEW YORK HARBOR.

Sunday, July 9.

THE Windward Y. C. sailed a fine race on July 9 in a strong west wind and rough water. In It carried away her halyards and Chip broke her tiller, but both finished. The times were:

Class A—Cabin Sloops Over 25ft.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Miranda	11 15 00	1 25 30	2 10 30	2 10 30
Curlew	11 15 05	1 50 00	2 33 45	2 35 30

Class B—Cabin Sloops Under 25ft.

In It	11 20 00	1 39 33	2 19 33	2 22 33
Bonita	11 21 00	1 46 20	2 25 20	2 28 20
Chip	11 22 00	1 56 00	2 34 00	2 34 00

Class C—Open Catboats.

Rush	11 20 00	Walkover.

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

ROCKAWAY BEACH—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, July 15.

THE Jamaica Bay Y. C. sailed its fourth race for the dory class on July 15 in a fresh south wind, the times being:

Start, 3:10.	Finish.	Elapsed.
O, F. S. Lafond	4 09 43	0 59 43
E, E. P. Allyn	4 11 45	1 01 45
S, W. W. Scheffler	4 12 57	1 02 57
B, Dr. C. J. Pflug	4 14 35	1 04 35

The standing by points to date is: F. S. Lafond 20, Dr. C. J. Pflug 6, W. W. Scheffler 5, E. P. Allyn 3, W. G. Gallagher 1, R. M. Kimball 1. A smoker followed in the evening.

J. Beavor Webb, fleet captain of the New York Y. C., has issued the following general orders by order of Com. J. Pierpont Morgan: "The squadron will rendezvous at New London on Aug. 7. The cruise will not be extended to the eastward further than Vineyard Haven. Details of the squadron runs, prizes, etc., will be furnished later."

Chicago Trial Races.

Monday, Second Race.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 11.—The second of the trial races, postponed from last Saturday, was sailed yesterday afternoon. The course was ten miles to leeward and return, and the weather conditions were all that could be asked, the wind being fairly steady and fresh enough to make matters sufficiently intersting. Once more Genesee showed a decided superiority over her two competitors, Prairie and Josephine. The Rochester centerboard was beautifully handled by Skipper Davis, who, indeed, sailed her without a fault. Genesee is now in perfect tune, her sails well set, and she proved herself in condition for a perfect race. Her victory is so liberal a one that there seems no chance for any of the Chicago boats to get anything but a look at her heels. If she goes to Toronto, as seems more than likely, the Canadians will meet a boat and crew which will have no excuses or explanations to offer, and which are certain to give a good account of themselves. Genesee was sailed to-day as though out for championship honors, and her canvas was handled as though the issue in question were international instead of the easy task of defeating her by no means dangerous rivals at this port. The Chicago yachtsmen cheerfully accord the Rochester yacht her superiority, and have no apologies to offer for their defeat.

Genesee won to-day by a margin of some sixteen minutes over the nearest candidate, Prairie. Between the latter and Josephine it was a nearer thing, the fin-keel coming within a couple of minutes of Prairie's time. Prairie was better handled in this contest than she was in the initial race. It is to be regretted that the sailing of both Prarie and Josephine did not bring out the full capacities of these boats, as it might have been perhaps a closer thing between them. Some criticisms were made that Josephine was not handled in as seamanlike manner as she deserved. Nothing in this, however, can in the least alter the relation between these two boats and the victor of to-day, for no seamanship would have caught Genesee yesterday afternoon with any boat in this harbor. There should have been a fourth contestant, Bald Eagle, but this boat is discovered to be badly wrenched by the accident of last week, and to-day withdrew from the series and was taken to Racine for repairs.

The start was made yesterday afternoon at 12:30, Prairie being first over the line, Josephine nine seconds later and Genesee one second behind Josephine. Genesee broke out her spinaker, followed a moment later by both of the others. Prairie lay well to windward and made a grand start, Josephine being also handled in a workmanlike fashion and going a very pretty clip. In the course of the first seven minutes Genesee closed up the gap, and for a time there was a bit of play between that boat and Josephine, the latter trying to blanket Genesee. This was not easily done, and in a moment Genesee had shaken Josephine off and shown her a clean pair of heels. They held these relative positions for nearly a half-hour, Prairie well to windward and pointing very well. Josephine caught a little flaw of wind, and for the first time in the series up to date the Rochester boat was passed by one of her competitors. She really did lose her place for a moment, but Skipper Davis, by a clever maneuver, once more cut down the lead and passed the erstwhile triumphant Josephine.

At 12:30 all the boats abandoned the spinaker and hoisted balloon jibs, an increase of speed resulting. Prairie was still outpointing her rivals and was well to windward, but she could not hold the clip which Genesee was now going, and the latter passed her safely before the end of the first leg. Genesee rounded the buoy first in 1:35:53, Prairie four minutes later, Josephine two minutes astern of Prairie.

On the run home Genesee outsailed her rivals in most hollow fashion. She bettered her lead every mile, and as she swung into her last tack her competitors appeared as mere specks astern of her. Genesee crossed the line at 4:36:20, her sailing time being 4:04:47, and she having gained enormously in her windward work over her rivals. Prairie on this leg had a decisive lead over Josephine, but near the finish the latter, very cleverly sailed, cut down the lead until it was a near thing at the line. The following is the time:

	Start.	1st buoy.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Genesee	12 31 33	2 07 26	4 36 20	4 04 47
Prairie	12 31 23	2 11 00	4 52 48	4 21 25
Josephine	12 31 32	2 11 41	4 55 12	4 23 40

Elapsed Time.

	First leg.	Second leg.
Genesee	1 35 53	2 28 54
Prairie	1 39 37	2 41 48
Josephine	1 41 09	2 43 31

Tuesday, Third Race.

July 12.—It is Genesee again, and this settles it. The skipper and crew of this gallant little boat to-night left for home. Their string of victories is complete. It is sheer sportsmanship which moves Skipper Davis to say that he will return next week and sail a race with Mr. Peare's Briar, provided that the latter shall be completed in time and that in her preliminary race against Genesee, the latter sailed by a Chicago crew, Briar shall seem worthy of a final try-out with the Rochester boat.

If there were any incredulous yachtsmen at this port who have considered Genesee as only a light-weather boat, they must to-day have changed their minds. It is matter of great satisfaction that these races have been sailed in such a variety of weather that no possible cloud can be cast upon Genesee's title to victory. Chicago has local pride, but no Chicago yachtsman grudges Genesee her place after the race she sailed yesterday. Her winning was no fair-weather matter, for the race was sailed in a gale of forty miles an hour for part of the time, the yachts meeting a genuine Lake Michigan squall, which they were very fortunate to weather in any fashion whatever. Prairie attempted to carry her clubtopsail through the squall, and was thrown flat on the water, the topsail getting adrift. It was declared that Genesee had lost two men overboard, though both were recovered, this report being also denied. The blinding sheets of rain which accompanied the wind rendered it impossible to see the boats for more than a short distance. Prairie was offered assistance after the blow by the judges' boat, Pathfinder, but declined and came in under her own sail. She was practically in dismantled condition, and for a time lay on her beam end, her clubtopsail dragging astern. Prairie is sailed from below decks, and during this storm her crew were not comfortable below, as she had shipped a flood of water. Josephine had hardly so hard fortune as Prairie. She carried away her gaff and topsail, but this top-hamper dragging astern seemed rather to steady her, and she weathered through until the sudden dropping of the squall gave her crew time to clear away the wreckage and set sail for the remainder of the course. All through the nasty squall, while even the big yacht Pathfinder was proving uncomfortable for judges and guests, Genesee was sailed most admirably, taking the wicked sea in most shipshape fashion, though with her lee rail far buried and at imminent risk of fatal disaster. Her crew took the weather as far out to windward as they could get, and in some way or other the plucky little centerboard got through better than either of her rivals. When things straightened out Genesee kept bettering her lead over Josephine and scored her third and decisive victory amid the most generous applause. The judges to-day were, as earlier, Messrs. W. R. Crawford, J. B. Berriman and Ben F. Carpenter.

The start was made at 12:30 off the Van Buren street gap. The morning had been very warm and close and at the start a storm seemed impending. Josephine was first over, then Genesee, then Prairie. Genesee went off on the port tack, her course northeast by east, in the hope of getting full benefit of the wind. None of the boats reefed, not anticipating so heavy a blow, but in fifteen minutes they had more wind than they wanted, and thence on it was a fight to keep afloat. When the squall struck her Genesee dropped her mainsail, but Josephine stood on under nearly all her original canvas. The blow was short in duration, and ten minutes after it had passed its worst, the wind lulled and the conditions were not bad for the continuance of the contest. Genesee then hoisted her mainsail, broke out her spinaker, set clubtopsail and began to fly. She soon overhauled the plucky Josephine, and thence home it was merely a question of how far she wanted to beat her. Josephine was ably sailed, but Genesee's handling was superb. For Prairie it may be said that she seemed in hard luck. She drew the start too fine, crossed the line a second too soon and had to round to for another start. This boat is still a trifle new to her skipper and crew. Prairie reports that when the gale struck her her halyards became fouled and she was left practically out of control. A Lake Michigan squall is no trifle and there is not one of these boats which should not be very thankful of so fortunate an event in what might have been a very disastrous experience.

The storm was over before the boats had gone far on the first leg, the buoy for the first leg of the triangle being eight miles out. Toward the close of this leg Josephine held the lead which she had maintained by not shortening sail to any great extent. Genesee showed a mainsail with two reefs, but she soon shook out her mainsail full, and at 2 o'clock broke out her balloon jib. She now outfooted Josephine and rounded the stake boat six minutes and thirty-five seconds ahead of Josephine. Rounding into the second leg, the wind for the time fell flat and nothing of interest followed, though Genesee steadily gained until she had established a lead of twenty-one minutes over Josephine at the second buoy. The course was supposed to be twenty-four miles, eight miles to the leg. On the last leg Genesee ran entirely away from Josephine and finished apparently four miles to the good. On her last mile she caught a good breeze and came home in lovely fashion. The following is the time:

	Start.	1st buoy.	2d buoy.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Genesee	12 32 26	2 35 04	4 03 08	5 18 41	4 46 15
Josephine	12 32 05	2 41 18	4 20 38	5 49 17	5 17 12
Prairie	12 32 34	Withdrew.			

	1st leg.	2d leg.	3d leg.
Genesee	2 02 38	1 28 04	1 15 33
Josephine	2 09 13	1 39 20	1 28 39

The new boat Briar will be ready by July 22. She will sail a race with Prairie for a prize of $25 offered by Com. Morgan, and if successful she will sail a trial with Genesee.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Hull Mosquito Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 15.

THE Hull Mosquito Y. C. sailed a race on July 15 in a light east wind, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
First Class.			
Mildred, Mr. Moses	22.00	1 13 35	1 13 35
Itasca, Harry Corey	21.07	1 20 24	1 19 59
Second Class.			
Chiquita, C. Souther	16.07½	1 16 07	1 12 29
Goblin, Mr. Canterbury	17.06	1 17 21	1 14 26
Barbara, A. F. Hayden	16.07½	1 18 30	1 14 43
Attila, Mr. Lincoln	14.01	1 23 04	1 16 44
Mr. Dooley, L. W. Smith	19.01½	1 18 14	1 16 57
Shiyesa, A. Douglass	20.04¾	1 17 28	1 17 28
Mogave, C. F. Berry	17.06	1 21 58	1 19 03
Jewel, E. E. Tilden	19.01	1 23 18	1 21 58
Third Class.			
Tech, F. H. Keyes	15.06	1 19 47	1 19 47
Esefsee, G. W. Smith	13.07	1 25 56	1 23 48
Ripple, Chas. H. Smith	15.05	1 26 47	1 26 29
Rita, C. A. King	15.02	1 27 37	1 27 04
Isadora, H. Cleverley	14.11	1 29 59	1 29 14

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 15.

THE Winthrop Y. C. sailed a race on July 15 in a moderate east wind, the times being:

Start, 3:25.	Finish.	Corrected.
Harolde, A. T. Bliss	4 22 10	0 50 10
Alert, J. M. Connel, Jr.	4 24 15	0 52 15
Alruma, R. H. Clark, Jr.	4 28 40	0 54 40
Marion, A. W. Dempsey	4 30 15	0 55 35
Ruth, A. S. Richards	4 30 15	0 56 15
Flash, W. H. Mirick	4 37 00	0 57 00
Ideal, H. B. Whittier	4 30 00	0 57 00
Hector, A. W. Hubbard	4 32 05	0 57 35
Cygnet, D. P. Wright	5 00 00	1 19 00
Bubble, C. H. and W. I. Kelley	Disabled.	

Larchmont Race Week.

SATURDAY, JULY 15-22.

THE Larchmont Y. C. having inaugurated "Larchmont race week" for the purpose of encouraging yacht racing and bringing together the crack yachts on the coast, and in order that the yacht owners residing some distance from New York may be warranted in bringing their yachts to the Larchmont rendezvous, the club has decided to give three large regattas, open to all classes, and on the intervening days to give races for special classes, as hereinafter enumerated.

The club begs to extend to the captains of the New York, Eastern, Seawanhaka Corinthian, Atlantic, New York Corinthian, American, New Bedford, New Haven, New Rochelle, Corinthian of Marblehead, Hull, Douglaston, Indian Harbor, Riverside, Horseshoe Harbor, Hempstead Harbor, Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia, Sea Cliff, Knickerbocker, Huguenot and Shelter Island yacht clubs, including their guests, the privileges of the club house and grounds during race week, and to invite them to enter their yachts in the racing events.

Prizes.

Prizes will be offered in each class wherein two yachts start with full intention of completing the course; and in each class wherein three or more yachts start with like intention, a second prize will be given; and in each class wherein five or more yachts start with like intention, a third prize will be given.

Preparatory signal for the start will on each and every day be given at 11:30 A. M.

Regattas and Races.

Saturday, July 15.—Open regatta for all classes, special race for schooners in one class and race for 21 and 25ft. knockabouts.

Monday, July 17.—Special race for schooners in racing trim in one class, race for classes D and F of schooners, race for Class K, 51ft. R. L., and race for 21 and 25ft. knockabouts.

Tuesday, July 18.—Four-oared gig race for Hen and Chicken colors, presented by ex-Commodore Gillig; two-oared gig race for Dauntless colors, presented by Mr. H. B. Seeley; dinghy race for Execution colors, presented by Mr. H. B. Seeley; race for open naphtha and alco. vapor launches exceeding 21ft. l.w.l.; race for open naphtha and alco. vapor launches 21ft. l.w.l. and under, and tub races and water sports.

Wednesday, July 19.—Open regatta for all classes, race for special 30ft. class and race for 21 and 25ft. knockabouts.

Thursday, July 20.—Race for Class K yachts, with cabin trunks, 51ft. R. L.; race for Class M, 36ft. R. L.; race for 21 and 25ft. knockabouts; race for cabin cats all in one class, and resailed race for Class F.

Friday, July 21.—Schooner race, all in one class; race for Class F of schooners; race for Class K, 51ft. R. L.; race for Class M, 36ft. R. L., and special race for yawls under 43ft. R. L., all in one class.

Saturday, July 22.—Open regatta for all classes, special race for schooners in one class, race for special 30ft. class, race for 21 and 25ft. knockabouts.

Entry blanks can be had upon application at the club house or to either of the regatta committee.

All entries shall be made in writing and signed by the owner or his representative, giving name of yacht, racing number, rig and racing length, calculated according to the foregoing rule for measurement, which shall be verified by the measurer of the club before any prizes shall be awarded to such yacht; and all such entries must be lodged with the regatta committee, at Larchmont, at least thirty-six hours previous to the start of the race for which the yacht was entered.

The racing measurement of a yacht must be filed with the regatta committe before 10 A. M. on the morning of the race, otherwise her time will not be taken; except in case a statement from the measurer of the club is filed with the regatta committee relieving the owner from neglect.

The regatta committee may refuse or accept any entry made after the time of closing.

All yachts entered for this regatta must report to the regatta committee at the club house by or before 9 o'clock on the morning of the race for rules, instructions and a chart of the course to be sailed. The committee begs to call special attention to the rule, and requests that it be observed.

Each yacht shall carry her private signal at the main peak, and display her racing number above the reef points at an equal distance from the luff and leech on both sides of the mainsail.

Distinguishing numbers assigned to each yacht entered must be fastened to the mainsail, above the reef points, and must be retained and used in every race during the season.

The time of no yacht will be taken unless she shows her official racing number on her mainsail.

The racing envelope will contain in detail instructions regarding sails, crew, fittings, ballast and trim, start, starting signal, time of race, course for each class and system of measurement for time allowance.

The measurer of the club is Mr. John Hyslop, 4 River View Terrace, foot East Fifty-eighth street, New York City.

JOHN F. LOVEJOY, Chairman,
H. W. COATES,
FRANK HARDY,
} Regatta Committee.

Saturday, July 15.

The first day was clear and warm, with a very light breeze from the south in the morning, followed by a calm—after the start, a moderate S.W. wind coming in later. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Schooners in One Class—Start, 1:10.			
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.13	4 33 47	4 33 47
Ariel, F. L. Leland	83.53	4 50 54	4 46 25
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	74.86	4 36 31	4 27 18
Quisetta, H. F. Lippitt	71.10	4 36 36	4 25 02
Schooners—Handicap—Colonia Allows 15 Minutes.			
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.13	4 40 52	4 40 52
Ariel, F. L. Leland	83.53	5 01 04	5 44 42
Schooners—Class B—95ft. R.M.—Start, 1:05.			
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.13	4 40 52	4 40 52
Ariel, F. L. Leland	83.53	5 01 04	4 59 42
Class D—75ft. R.M.—Start, 1:10.			
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	74.86	4 38 23	4 38 23
Quisetta, H. F. Lippitt	71.10	4 39 46	4 37 25
Latonia, Dr. H. C. Eno	74.42	4 55 34	4 55 34
Sloops, Cutters and Yawls—Class K—51ft. R.M.—Start, 1:15.			
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	4 53 53	4 53 53
Kestrel, J. B. Mills	48.37	5 09 34	5 09 34
Class K—Cruising Trim—Start, 1:15.			
Liris, T. J. McCahill, Jr.	48.00	5 40 04	5 40 04
Class L—Yawls—Start, 1:15.			
Albicore, S. J. Hyde	41.00	6 21 16	6 21 16
Sultan, C. S. Somerville	37.93	5 50 09	5 50 09
Class L—43ft. R.M.—Start, 1:15.			
Tigress, C. A. Appleton	40.50	5 52 43	5 52 43
Fleetwing, F. Valk	40.00	Did not finish.	
Hussar, J. M. Baird	39.05	5 39 48	5 39 48
Eurybia, C. Pryer	40.02	6 24 00	6 24 00
Class M—36ft. R.M.—Start, 1:20.			
Siren, C. V. Wigand	33.00	6 06 32	6 06 32
Anoatok, O. Sanderson	34.00	5 16 19	5 14 58
Possum, J. A. Maywell	34.23	5 13 30	5 13 30
Class N—30ft. R.M.—Start, 1:25.			
Marguerite, O. H. Jennings	27.20	5 25 28	5 25 28
Lorelei, Alfred Peats	28.54	5 34 40	. . . .
Class M—Yawls—Start, 1:20.			
Possum, R. N. Bavier	33.11	Did not finish.	
21ft. Knockabouts—Start, 1:35.			
Kittie, Hazen Morse	21.00	3 20 38	3 28 38
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie	21.00	3 14 16	3 14 16
Mongoose, Simeon Ford	21.00	3 18 24	3 18 24
Racing Knockabouts—Start, 1:35.			
Midge, F. W. Boyer	21.00	Did not finish.	
Kittywink, W. L. Bull	21.00	3 31 00	3 31 00
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	21.00	3 34 20	3 34 20
Folly, A. De Navarro	21.00	3 23 15	3 23 15
Ditto, H. F. Redmond	21.00	3 25 18	3 25 18
Class Q—20ft. R.M.—Start, 1:35.			
Edwina II., J. N. Gould	16.00	Did not finish.	
Mainsail Yachts—Class S—Start, 1:40.			
Windora, W. L. Ward	29.62	3 04 14	3 04 14
Kit, James Dunne	30.00	3 02 32	3 02 32

Class T—25ft. R.M.—Start, 1:40.

Kenwood, —. Cornell	22.37	3 22 02	3 22 02
Qui Vive, G. A. Freeth	24.87	3 15 12	3 12 12
Florence, A. H. Alker	22.04	Did not finish.	
Vera, A. M. Bradley	20.07	3 29 12	3 29 12
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.50	3 16 24	3 14 11

Class V—20ft. R.M.—Start, 1:45.

Spunk, C. E. Silkworth	19.00	3 16 22	3 16 22
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr.	17.32	3 14 32	3 14 32
Bogey, G. P. Vail	17.10	Did not finish.	
Ox, R. N. Bavier	19.14	3 17 50	3 17 50

Class W—Special—Start, 1:45.

Lobster, T. J. S. Flint	15.00	3 34 10	3 34 10
Bouncer, A. D. Prince	15.00	3 26 30	3 26 30

The winners were as follows:

Races for schooners in one class, on elapsed time, with time allowance on actual measurement—Quisetta won from Amorita by 2:16, from Colonia by 8:45, and from Ariel by 21:23.

Special handicap races, Colonia allowing Ariel fifteen minutes—Colonia won by 3:50, corrected time.

Class B—Colonia won from Ariel by 18:50.

Class D—Quisetta won from Amorita by 58 seconds. Latonia had a sailover.

Class K—Syce won from Kestrel by 15:41.

Class L, cruising trim—Liris had a sailover.

Class L, yawls—Sultan won from Albicore by 31:07.

Class L—Hussar won from Tigress by 21:46 and from Eurybia by 44:12.

Class M—Possum won from Anoatok by 1:28, and from Siren by 53:02.

Class N—Marguerite won from Lorelei by 9:12.

21ft. Knockabouts—Spindrift won from Mongoose by 4:08; Mongoose won second prize from Kittie by 6:22.

21ft. Racing Knockabouts—Folly won from Ditto by 2:03; from Kittywink by 7:45, and from Thelga by 11:05. Ditto won second prize.

Class S—Kit won from Windora by 1:42.

Class T—Win or Lose won from Qui Vive by 1:01; from Kenwood by 7:51, and from Vera by 15:01.

Class V—Kazaza won from Spunk by 1:50. Spunk won second prize.

Class W—Bounce won from Lobster by 7:40.

Atlantic Y. C. Ocean Race.

SHELTER ISLAND TO SEA GATE.

July 10-11.

THE ocean race of the Atlantic Y. C. on July 10-11 proved a success in spite of the small number of starters, and the finish was a remarkable one, the four schooners finishing within the time of five minutes. The course was from a line between the channel buoy off Ram's Head and the committee boat anchored to the eastward of same, crossing from the northward; thence around Montauk Point, leaving spar buoy on northerly end of Gardiner's Island and bell buoy north of Montauk on starboard hand; thence to the Sandy Hook Lightship; thence to Sea Gate, leaving beacon on the Romer Shoal, and the Swash Channel bell buoy on the starboard hand; thence to the finishing line, passing between the club house dock and the committee boat anchored northwesterly therefrom. Distance, 138 miles.

Com. Adams presented a first prize for schooners and one for cutters; Fleet Capt. Watson presented a second prize for schooners, and Vice-Com. Whitlock a third prize.

The start was made on Monday at noon, the fleet being timed over the line as below:

Cutters—Start, 12:10.

	Length.	Allowance.
Awa, T. L. Arnold	....	0 27 44
Daphne, Geo. W. Copeland	....	Allows.

Schooners—Start, 12:20.

Coronet, J. L. Waterbury	114.84	Allows.
Ramona, Vice-Com. Whitlock	105.84	0 19 19
Sachem, Com. Adams	90.61	0 58 00
Katrina, R. W. Todd	73.14	1 57 20

All the schooners were handicapped at the start.

The start was made in a moderate N.W. wind, spinnakers being carried to the Montauk Point Buoy, where they were timed:

Sachem	3 01 31	Coronet	3 16 10
Katrina	3 03 20	Awa	3 19 07
Ramona	3 08 37	Daphne	3 19 30

The wind was now ahead and freshening. The fleet beat up as darkness fell, the three larger yachts standing well off shore. Daphne was in trouble with her steering gear, losing some time. The wind fell for a time toward morning, and also shifted so as to allow Katrina to fetch the Sandy Hook Lightship. She went out of her way to weather the lightship, though she had the option of passing it on either hand. The four came for the point of Sandy Hook together, the three big boats, well off shore, having overstood and starting sheets before a southerly wind. The finish was timed:

Schooners—Start, 12:20 Monday.

	Finish—Tuesday.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Katrina	3 04 16	26 44 16	24 46 56
Sachem	3 04 17	26 44 17	25 46 17
Ramona	2 59 09	26 39 09	26 19 50
Coronet	3 03 24	26 43 24	26 43 24

Cutters—Start, 12:10 Monday.

Awa	4 50 14	28 40 14	28 10 30
Daphne	5 51 15	29 41 15	29 41 15

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE Plymouth Y. C. sailed its third race on July 4 over the inside course in a strong S.W. breeze, the times being:

Third Class.

	Elapsed.
Lobster, C. C. Clapp	1 50 26
Bobolink, L. B. Goodspeed	1 56 56

First Special—Jib and Mainsail.

Grace, M. S. Weston, Jr.	1 52 35
Minetuxet, W. T. Potter	1 57 28
Dolphin, W. Morton	2 06 38
Challenge, E. B. Atwood	1 51 53
Fedora, C. Hunt	1 58 25

Second Special—Cats.

Kittawake, H. M. Jones	1 28 42
Veritas, Alex. Holmes	1 29 55
Scrap, A. B. Holmes	1 30 40
Frolic, J. W. Dawes	1 36 10

Challenge fouled the judges' boat and was disqualified.

Boston City Regatta.

BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE usual city regatta was sailed on July 4 at Boston, under the rules of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts. The day was clear with a strong S.W. wind, some of the yachts reefing. The feature of the race was the first meeting of the Quincy cup challengers, Heiress and Hostess; the latter soon taking the lead and holding it for a long time, though Heiress finally won. The times were:

30ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 28 56
Ashumet, W. F. Bache	1 29 35

25ft. Class.

Widgeon, A. J. Horton	1 47 35
Romance, Loring Sears	2 02 58

25ft. Cabin Class.

Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	1 38 50
Jeanette, Walter Burgess	1 39 37
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	1 40 40
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	1 43 30

21ft. Class.

Heiress, C. D. Mower	1 06 35
Hostess, H. M. Faxon	1 08 48
Bud, S. N. Small	1 13 07
Thelma, F. L. Pigeon	1 16 25

21ft. Cabin Class.

Arab IV., W. F. Scott	1 10 05
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	1 14 50
Jacobin, T. E. Jacobs	1 15 13
Privateer, A. H. Doble	1 15 52

18ft. Class.

Perhaps, J. E. Robinson	1 27 05
Helmi, J. E. Hunt	1 28 25
Dauntless, Benner and Patten	1 31 00

15ft. Class.

Ray, S. A. Freeman	1 37 40
Bedbug, F. D. Lawley	Disabled.
Lark, F. M. Crosby	Withdrew.

First Special Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	1 35 15	1 34 15
Ida J., F. E. Beekman	1 36 00	1 36 00
Little Peter, Henry Moebs	1 38 20	1 36 20
Kulinda, F. R. Streeter	1 51 40	1 45 40
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	2 02 33	1 59 33

Second Special Class.

Harolde, A. T. Bliss	1 12 55	1 06 55
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton	1 15 45	1 07 45
Victor, F. W. Nickerson, Jr.	1 15 53	1 08 53
Annie A., Jas Leveridge	1 19 27	1 09 27
Alert, J. MacConnell, Jr.	1 14 35	1 10 35
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	1 17 32	1 13 32
Alma, C. A. Heney	1 19 20	1 15 20
Icurez, G. P. Lawton	1 43 11	1 28 11
Ideal, H. B. Whittier	1 41 40	1 34 40
Oma, E. E. Merrill	1 52 47	1 38 47
Valka, W. P. Cashman	1 52 32	1 45 32
Wraith, F. E. Granger	1 59 17	1 47 17
Robin, H. W. Robbins	2 05 10	1 49 10
Aureolus, R. S. Landers	2 04 05	1 53 05

The winners were: First prizes, Meemer $25, Widgeon $15, Eleanor $25, Heiress $20, Arab IV. $20, Perhaps $20, Ray $15, Emma C. $30, Harolde $25. Second prizes, Jeanette $15, Hostess $10, Harriet $10, Helmi $10, Ida J. $20, Fantasy $20. Third prizes, Hermos $10, Bud $5, Jacobin $5, Little Peter $10, Victor $15. Fourth prizes, Kulinda $5, Annie A. $10.

The judges were G. H. Chapman, T. S. Young, Chas. Prescott, E. J. Harrington and A. T. Bliss.

Victor protested Harolde in second special class.

The 30-Footers at Newport.

ON July 11 a race was sailed over the Dyer's Island course in a fresh south wind, the times being:

Start, 2:55.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 01 12	2 06 12
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 03 08	2 08 08
Asahi, Lloyd Warren	5 14 19	2 19 19
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 14 50	2 19 50

On July 12 the course was around the Bearel Tail and Bishop's Buoy, the wind being S.W. The times were:

Start, 3:40.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 32 52	1 58 52
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 32 58	1 58 58
Asahi, Lloyd Warren	5 33 21	1 59 25
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 33 30	1 59 30

On July 13 the course was from Bishop's Buoy to Jamestown and return, two rounds, in a west wind. The times were:

Start, 3:21.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 11 36	1 50 36
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 12 30	1 51 30
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 13 08	1 52 08
Asahi, Lloyd Warren	5 15 15	1 54 15

On July 14 a sweepstakes race was sailed, the times being:

	Start.	Finsh.	Elapsed.
Dorothy II., H. P. Whitney	3 31 00	5 29 40	1 58 40
Vaquero II., H. B. Duryea	3 31 00	5 29 48	1 58 48
Wawa, R. Brooks	3 31 00	5 29 59	1 58 59
Puck, E. D. Morgan	3 31 00	5 30 32	1 59 32
Asahi, L. Warren	3 31 00	5 31 30	2 00 30
Carolina, P. Jones	3 31 00	5 35 15	2 04 15

The race of July 15 was also a sweepstakes, over the Dyer's Island course in a strong west wind. The times were:

Start, 3:14.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 31 36	2 17 36
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	5 32 01	2 18 01
Wa Wa, Reginald Brooks	5 23 04	2 19 04
Esperanza, H. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 33 47	2 19 47
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 34 09	2 20 09
Asahi, Lloyd Warren	5 34 26	2 20 26
Vedà, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 35 53	2 21 53
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 36 08	2 22 08

Portsmouth Y. C. Open Regatta.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE Portsmouth Y. C. sailed an open regatta on July 4, the times being:

First Class.

	Elapsed.
Eolus, Holman	1 19 20
Tryphosa, Drowne	1 38 24

Second Class.

Rena, S. H. Pillsbury	1 24 28
Fleetwing, Humphreys	1 38 47
Sculpin, Cochrane	1 58 02

Third Class.

Freak, Trefethen	1 30 45
Lark, Humphreys	1 33 30
Mollie, Montgomery	1 45 13

Squam Y. C.

ANNISQUAM, MASS.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE Squam Y. C. sailed a race on July 4 in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

15ft. Class.

	Elapsed
Lynx, F. Cunningham	1 23 54
Tabasco II., H. H. Wiggins	1 27 53
Scooter, D. H. Woodbury	1 28 15
Wink, D. Langland	1 20 12
Gertrude, H. E. Damon	1 33 34
Gaboo, W. O. Adams	Withdrew.

15ft. Class.

Perhaps, S. Webber	1 40 22
Soubrette, E. Hodgkins	1 41 33
Helen, E. Wheeler	1 48 54

Dories.

Naomi, A. Wheeler	1 38 53
Rag Time, E. F. Noyes	1 40 01
Tabasco, H. H. Wiggins	1 42 18

Perhaps carried a crew of four instead of three and was disqualified.

Saturday, July 15.

The 15ft. class sailed a good race on July 15 in a fresh southerly wind, the times being:

Lynx, F. L. Cunningham	1 28 08
Tabasco II., H. H. Wiggins	1 31 28
Wink, D. Langlands	1 37 03
Scooter, D. H. Woodbury	1 39 52
Imp, O. Perkins	Withdrew.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead sailed a good race on July 4 in a strong S.W. wind, the times being:

Raceabouts.

	Elapsed.
Pirate, B. B. Crowninshield	1 51 41
Jilt, W. O. Gay	1 55 16
Persimmon, C. H. W. Foster	1 55 22
Peep, W. B. Stearns	1 55 50
Tunipoo, J. L. Bremer	1 56 47
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	1 57 53
Fancy, C. F. Lyman	1 58 49
Typhoon, R. Boardman	1 59 22
Suzanne, F. Brewster	2 00 12
Colleen, H. M. Sears	Disabled.
Lizanna, E. V. R. Thayer	Disabled.

Knockabouts.

Opitsah, S. H. Foster	2 01 20
Opeechee, J. O. Grew	2 02 00
Jenny Wren, F. E. Peabody	2 09 30

Class C.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rowena, W. H. Rothwell	1 54 18	1 52 18
Mistral, Little	1 57 18	1 57 18
Lillian, W. H. Whitney	2 10 45	2 04 45
Indra, P. P. Sharples	2 09 06	2 07 06
Lurline, C. W. Wilson	2 28 15	2 22 15

Handicap Knockabouts.

Aspenet, H. A. Morss	2 06 34	2 03 24
Maia, E. Paine	2 11 48	2 08 38
Carina, J. P. Clark	2 12 28	2 11 50
Agnes, D. C. Holden, Jr.	2 13 40	2 13 02
Didi, J. A. Jennings	2 16 04	2 15 26

Third Class.

Koorali, R. C. Robbins	2 12 50

East Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Tuesday, July 4.

THE race of the East Gloucester Y. C. on July 4 was sailed in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

First Class.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Aletha, Colby & Tolman	22.10	2 06 43	1 35 35
Rambler, Pomeroy Bros.	21.07	2 17 08	1 44 33
Skeedadle, Merchant Bros.	23.10	2 15 45	1 45 42
Ariel, A. W. Gosbel	....	2 22 24	....
Mavis, Smothers & Brooks	20.05	2 33 19	1 49 18

Second Class.

Snapshot, J. Perry	....	2 17 32	....
Teuton, I. Hutton	19.06	2 30 37	1 55 22
Luna, S. Hildreth	17.05	Withdrew.	

Third Class.

Witch, T. A. Higgins	15.09	1 18 28	0 51 01
Cinch, J. R. Jeffrey	15.06	1 19 17	0 51 31

On July 12 a race was sailed in a fresh south wind, the times being:

Second Class.

Circe, Fred Pigeon	0 56 23
Snapshot, Joseph Perry	1 00 21
Ariel, Albert W. Gosbee	1 01 09
Teuton, Isaac Nutton	1 03 44

Fourth Class.

Cinch, James R. Jeffery	1 04 24
Witch, Isaac H. Higgins	1 06 18
Imp, Oscar Perkins	1 07 16

American Y. C.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Saturday, July 15.

THE American Y. C. sailed its second handicap race on July 15 in a fresh south wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lobster, H. A. Creeden	1 47 18	0 51 18
Frisky, Harry Mody	1 31 11	0 56 11
Crackajack, Rodigrass Bros.	1 28 05	1 06 05
Witch, Cogswell and Smith	1 20 12	1 06 12
Live Yankee, Henry T. Moody	1 23 14	1 07 14
Rag Time, E. G. Noyes	1 34 55	1 07 55
Quickernawink, Little and Stone	1 25 33	1 09 33
Indian, Arthur Moody	1 30 44	1 11 44
Dewey, R. Jacoby	1 23 30	1 15 30
Susie, Thomas Huse	1 20 22	1 20 22
Onion, J. H. Lunt	Withdrew.	

South Boston Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 15.

THE third of the series of five handicap races for yacht tenders was sailed by the South Boston Y. C. on July 15, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
French	0 37 01	0 40 01
Stickney	0 37 02	0 41 02
Borden	0 39 20	0 41 50
Nodwell	0 44 23	0 44 23
Dolbeare	0 46 05	0 48 50

The record up to the present is: Stickney 250 points, French 190 points, Borden 150 points.

Quincy Y. C. Open Regatta.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 15.

THE Quincy Y. C. sailed an open regatta on July 15, the event of the day being the sailing of Hostess, the defender of the Quincy cup, in the 21ft. class. Last year's Recruit started in the class, with Heiress and Oogrook. The wind was moderate from S.E. The times were:

25-Footers.

Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	1 38 18
Little Peter, H. Moebs	1 38 52
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp (ruled out)	1 37 41

21-Footers.

Hostess, H. M. Faxon	1 29 50
Heiress, C. D. Mower	1 34 39
Oogrook, W. Abbott	1 35 30
Recruit, F. B. Rice	1 41 33

21-Footers—Cabin.

Harriet, L. T. Harrington	1 10 48
Privateer, A. H. Doble	1 11 16
Arab IV., W. F. Scott	1 11 46
Dafila, W. D. Turner	1 14 47

18-Footers.

Dauntless, Bennett & Patten	1 07 08
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson	1 17 35

Handicap—Class A.

	Handicap.	Time.	Corrected.
Chatham	0 04 00	1 13 37	1 17 37
Geisha	0 04 00	1 14 49	1 18 49
Vexer	0 04 00	1 14 50	1 18 50
Dorothy	0 02 00	1 18 15	1 20 15
Evelyn	0 02 00	1 20 41	1 22 41
Kennicum	scratch	1 24 10	1 24 10
Class B.			
Kitty	scratch	1 23 19	1 23 19
Supero	0 01 00	1 25 08	1 26 08
Tantrum	scratch	1 27 51	1 27 51
Robin	scratch	1 30 48	1 30 48
Laurel	0 02 00	1 36 00	1 38 00

Eleanor was disqualified for crossing before the gun and failing to return. She protested Hermes for forcing her over the line, but the protest was not allowed. Hermes was also protested by Little Peter for fouling a mark, but the protest has not been decided.

Woods Holl Y. C.

WOOD'S HOLL, MASS.

Saturday, July 15.

THE Wood's Holl Y. C. sailed a race on July 15 in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

Catboats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Clytie, R. Veeder	1 31 40	1 31 28
Frolic, R. N. Veeder	1 40 15	1 38 05
Maud S., Robt. Veeder	1 39 20	1 39 20
Mary, A. F. Crowell	Did not finish.	

Spritsails.

Ace of Clubs, F. L. Gifford	1 28 25	1 27 17
Emma, A. M. Ferris	1 28 37	1 27 35
Isabel, J. J. Veeder	1 30 40	1 30 40

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 15.

THE Mosquito Fleet Y. C. sailed the first of a series of four handicap races on July 15 in a light east wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Carrie, M., N. C. Robinson	1 45 50	2 05 25
Alda, Charles P. Mooney	1 53 10	2 07 19
Ariel, J. J. Maguire	1 45 55	2 08 05
Myth, J. T. Powers	1 52 13	2 19 19
Addie, W. F. Conley	1 59 31	2 10 44
Aurealus, R. Landers	1 59 11	2 11 33
Nonpareil, W. Davis	2 07 54	2 12 54
Seaweed, S. C. Higgins	2 11 04	2 15 59
Thistle, John Shaw	2 06 05	2 17 16
Kismet, D. Byford	2 11 12	2 18 24

Seawanhaka C. Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 15.

THE annual race of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. for the Alfred Roosevelt Memorial cup was sailed on July 15 over a twelve-mile inside course. The wind was light through the early part of the races, but freshened from S.W. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Oiseau, H. S. Maxwell	6 45 03	2 50 03
Momo, H. M. and C. H. Crane	6 46 58	2 51 53
Infanta, W. H. Burgess	7 03 12	3 08 12
Bee, N. B. Burr	7 30 40	3 35 40
Dovekie, T. S. Young	Withdrew.	
Tosto, L. M. Scott	Withdrew.	
Spider, Clinton Work	Withdrew.	

Dorchester Y. C., Ladies' Day.

DORCHESTER—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 15.

ON July 15 the Dorchester Y. C. sailed a handicap race, the crew of each yacht being partly made up of ladies. The wind was light from the east. The times were:

	Corrected.
Goblin, J. C. Gray	1 04 30
Hawk, H. W. Smith	1 09 50
Bud, Leon Small	1 12 00
Athena, T. W. Souther	1 16 45
Maude, J. T. Preston	1 20 55
Peteral, F. W. Guptil	1 21 35
Virginia, Leon Cutter	1 31 00
Yawl, Mr. Curtis	No time taken.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Conodoguinet Y. C. has been formed with the following members: Charles Gilbert Beetem, Pres.; Edward Biddle, Sec'y and Treas.; Herman B. Biddle, Mont Mahon, Jr., George and Abram Bosler, Jacob Hertzler, Fred Humer, Robert Patterson and J. Kirk Bosler, all of Carlisle, and Jas. A. Steese, Mt. Holly. The club house, built near the cave at Cave Hill Park, is 18 x 14ft., with a veranda 10 x 14ft., and pier, and is quite artistic. The club members have two canoes and one rowboat, and expect soon to have more. The house will be lighted with electricity.—Carlisle, Pa., Volunteer.

The Burgess Y. C., of Marblehead, Mass., celebrated the birthday of the late Edward Burgess, on June 30, by a reception at the club house.

On July 8 the Royal Hamilton Y. C. sailed a race in the 35ft. class. for the White Wings cups. The new keel 35-footer McLeod, named after her designer, carried away her mast before the start, the wind blowing almost half a gale. The new Fearnside boat, Hamilton, won her first race over Myrtle, the times being:

White Wings Cup—Start, 2:30.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hamilton	4 38 50	2 08 30
Myrtle	4 48 50	2 18 50
McLeod	Dismasted.	

25-footers—Start, 2:35.

Rosemaryn	4 41 45	2 06 45
Koko	4 42 30	2 07 30

On July 6 a race was sailed on Pistakee Lake in a fresh breeze, the times being:

First Class—Start, 3:07.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Pistakee	4 24 08	1 17 09
Conqueror	4 24 49	1 17 49
Hyperion	4 25 08	1 18 08
Uncle Sam	4 29 25	1 22 25
Third Class—Start, 3:15.		
Fortune Teller	4 05 27	0 50 27
Tuck	4 08 50	0 53 59
Nip	4 09 19	0 54 19

The Mahtomedi Y. C., of White Bear Lake, sailed pennant races in two classes on July 8, the times being:

Catboats.

	Start.	Finish.
Britannia, Snowden	4 02 30	5 13 35
Bonnie Castle, Clarkson	4 05 30	5 25 00
Queen, H. W. Dresden	4 03 25	5 25 30
Albatross, Ethel Murray	4 02 20	5 26 00
Marguerite, Swift	4 02 25	5 26 15
Larks.		
Wren, J. J. Dobson	4 02 00	5 36 00
Magpie, George Dodds	4 00 20	5 40 50
Skylark, Frank Pinska	4 02 00	5 41 00

Britannia and Wren lead their classes with 8 points each.

On July 15 the Penataquit Y. C. sailed a race for the snipe class, the times being:

Start, 3:42.	Finish.
74, Joseph Low	4 18 00
69, Carl Brewster	4 18 15
67, J. Reilley	4 18 30
72, W. Tucker	4 22 15
79, Joseph Covell	Withdrew.
76, E. Lentilhon	Withdrew.

Mr. Low wins a silver mug. The class will sail no more races this year.

The Westhampton Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., W. S. Whitehead, Jr.; Vice-Com., Marshall Mills; Fleet Capt., Charles De Hart Brower; Treas., Henry R. Beekman; Sec'y, Dr. William L. Fiske.

Canoeing.

Canoeing on Greenbrier River.

HAVING lately come into possession of a canvas folding boat, I thought to make a little trip in it merely to enjoy the scenery and derive what benefit I could that comes from little extempore trips in the woods. The passage to Ronceverte, seventy miles or so, was made in two days, and I believe that few persons have made the trip merely as a pleasure excursion. The unresponsive lumbermen and raftsmen and an occasional railroad prospector have alone had the beauties of this stream and its possiblities for fish spread out at length to them.

When the tour was resolved on, an alternative presented itself: Either to seize the opportunity and go then (June 10), while the river was at a good stage for boating, and not do any fishing, or wait until the 15th, when the open season for bass commences. Incidentally I may say my belief is that game legislation should be respected to the letter by each and every one for himself, irrespective of what others may or may not do. No preaching like that of example. So I started on the 10th, regretfully leaving rod and tackle behind, armed with kodak only, and provisioned from the grocery store with supplies of embalmed beef, etc.

The Greenbrier River is about 140 miles long. It lies wholly within Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties, and for the most part passes between the high river ridges, as they are called to distinguish them from the other ridges of this ridgy country. Where the river cuts through Droop Mountain range there is much wild scenery, and for six miles the water is very rough. The most dreaded rapids to be found on the river are here. The divided mountains are high and steep, the course of the river tortuous, rushing madly down steep places and swirling among huge boulders; resting a moment in a quiet pool and then dashing into more rapids. One peculiarity of this water is that the passage is more dangerous at low water than in flood, for then the rocks are submerged. In running the Glen Rocks Rapids, the Davy Run and a dozen other places around Droop, if you fail to take the riffles straight your canoe will be turned over, and if the current drives you to the in-shore the chances are good to be dashed on sharp, ridgy rocks and wrecked.

Droop Mountain is twenty-three miles below Marlinton, and I passed at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the first day. It is a very wild spot and remote from any homestead or public road. At one point is a pool of such stillness and in the lower part it runs with swiftness and so smoothly that it has received the name of the Sliding Water. The steep mountains are so placed that a breeze rarely ripples the surface of the water, and the mountains and sky are reflected to the minutest details with the clearness of a mirror. On top of the mountain, on the east side, is a range of rocks where a great many buzzards were congregated, and where some of them doubtless had their nests, as they affect such places for nesting.

Two men and a boy—ginseng diggers—were seen fishing patiently, though awkwardly if bass were their quest. A camp-fire burned in the border of the wood. These people catch few bass at this season. They use crawfish for bait, and the bass is choice in his diet just now and takes only minnows freely.

The first night was spent under the boat on a pile of leatherbark brush, which makes an excellent bed. Even the limbs and knots of this shrub are soft and the green bark has the suppleness and strength of leather; hence the name. I had little appetite and much thirst, which I attribute to the baking I received in the hot sun, and the canned goods gagged me. I ate almost nothing for three days, and almost regretted my firm determination not to take bass out of season. The night was warm and I slept well without fire or covering, save the boat.

In the gray dawn I had a bath and then launched the canoe. Two miles below I came to a wonderful natural formation, and just at the right moment to enhance the natural beauty of the spot. The limestone strata, in some places 100ft. in height, borders the river for a quarter of a mile, and here the water is apparently motionless. The place is called the Chimneys, from the rock being regularly stratified both ways, so as to give it the appearance of masonry falling into ruins. Some reference to "towers" would be more appropriate; it bears



CANOEING ON GREENBRIER.

out the resemblance to some mediæval ruin very well; shrubs and vines cover the walls; a pair of owls flew about, and a hawk roosted on the limb of a tree. Seen through the fog it had a very romantic aspect, and the scene will not disappoint one seen in the full light of day. A projected railway line threatens to destroy all this. On the recent location survey a man was lowered by ropes to set the stakes along the face of the rocks.

At noon Keister's Mill Dam was reached, just as a shower came up. Turning the boat upside down on the crest of the dam, I passed through the rain comfortably. A short distance below I found the "rear" of the log drive destined to supply the paper mills. For ten miles the river is full of logs, and the current was accelerated perceptibly thereby. It was noted that the bass would rise very near the boat here, no doubt from its resemblance to a floating log. Having nothing in particular to do, I again indulged in regrets about the closeness of the fishing season.

At Caldwell bridge I saw a train of coal cars and was duly impressed with the sight. It seemed to me that the locomotive was a living thing and moved in great leaps—



THE FAN BRIDGE.

and what a fearful roar, like some monster of the ancient days. People who see trains every day lose sight of what a wonderful thing a locomotive is.

The town of Ronceverte enjoys good fishing and boating water above the mills of the St. Lawrence Company. Guay & Perkins run an excellent hotel and restaurant and give one the best attention to be had at the democratic price of $1 per day. Mr. Guay is a Frenchman, and for many years was the star cook for the lumber camps operating in Pocahontas county.

I had intended to supplement my tour by walking home, fifty miles by the Maslin's Bottom trail, but a neighbor's wagon going my way, I folded my boat and got aboard. It seemed to me we had parcels and packages for a hundred people on the wagon. Neighbors had charged the good-natured lad—the driver—to get them almost every sort of unattainable article, including gasoline to run a patent flatiron, and a fruit basket to adorn an art study.

Greenbrier county boasts a 25 per cent. levy and spends nothing in improving the old trail running north. One wagoner, with a team of stout horses, made four miles in three hours, and twelve miles in a day.

It was one of those delightful days in June when the air is clear, and when distant objects are seen; a pleasant breeze blew all day and the drive was most enjoyable. We made forty miles that day.

One needs to have a taste for solitude to thoroughly

enjoy such an outing. For a fishing trip requiring more time, companionship would be indispensable. However,

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms
She speaks a various language."

Two gentlemen from Texas—Messrs. Southall and Worsham—acting on a suggestion of what I would do if business permitted just now, had a boat built and started down the river June 29, expecting to spend two weeks fishing, it also being their route to reach the railroad.

Since June 15 (fifteen days) the writer has taken 110 bass, which happens to be considerably in advance of the record of any brother fisherman hereabouts. The catches were all made after business hours—usually after 5 o'clock in the evening. NORMAN PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

Toronto C. C. Annual Regatta.

TORONTO—TORONTO BAY.

Saturday, July 8.

THE Toronto C. C. held its annual regatta on July 8, with a number of good races, as follows:

Junior Single Blade.—J. Clarkson 1, R. N. Brown 2, George Dill 3.

Handicap Tandem.—G. W. Begg and G. Dill 1, E. Richards and A. Begg 2, E. McNichol and E. Blackhall 3.

Intermediate Single Blade.—H. Begg 1, J. Clarkson 2.

Open Fours.—G. W. Begg, H. Begg, S. Sylvester and F. Taylor, 1; F. Rogers, E. Richards, R. M. Brown and E. McNichol, 2.

Senior Single Blade.—F. Taylor 1, E. McNichol 2, G. W. Begg 3.

Handicap Fours.—H. Begg, E. Blackhall, H. Blatchley, E. Richards, 1; W. Begg, A. Morrell, R. N. Brown, S. Sylvester, 2.

Open Tandem.—G. W. Begg and H. Begg 1, E. Richards and F. Rogers 2.

Ladies' and Gents' Tandem.—Miss E. Tyner and G. W. Begg 1, Miss E. M. Moore and E. McNichol 2. Miss Sarah (Frank) Saylor and Mr. S. A. Sylvester furnished lots of amusement for the spectators in a burlesque race.

Overboard Tandem.—E. McNichol and A. Morrell 1, F. Rogers and E. Richards 2.

Duck Hunt.—Walter Begg 1, E. Clarkson 2.

Tilting Tournament.—W. J. Sparrow and E. McNichol 1, H. Blatchley and A. Morrell 2.

Following were the officials who had charge of the arrangements:

Club's officers—Past Com., C. H. Wilson; Com., T. P. Stewart; Vice-Com., George A. Howell; Rear-Com., J. H. Watlington; Hon. Sec'y, E. J. Hathaway; Hon. Treas., R. Osler Wade; Committee, F. Woodland, E. Beeton, G. Walter Begg.

Regatta Committee.—Vice-Com. G. A. Howell, Chairman; S. A. Sylvester, E. A. Blackhall, E. H. Richards; Henry A. Sherrard, Sec'y.

Officers of the Day.—Starter, H. R. Tilley; Judge at Finish, George Wilkie; Judges at Turn, J. S. Wallace, E. J. Hathaway, Alex. Young, Herb Kennedy; Referee, A. E. Bell; Clerks of the Course, J. C. Iredale, J. F. Rogers.

Western Division, A. C. A.

CHICAGO, July 15.—The Western canoemen have been few and far between in the recent four or five years of business depression, and it is as well that they abandoned the attempt to hold meets, in view of the little encouragement received for the past three years, and chose the wiser part of joining the parent body, the A. C. A. As it is, the Western men who keep up the belief in Western things and Western segregation may still gratify their ambitions, for they have accomplished all they have asked, and have gained names enough to get the establishment of the coveted Western Division. The meeting for the formal organization of this division will be held at Chicago, July 22, at the Great Northern Hotel. Com. F. S. Thorn, under date of July 6, sends out the following notice of such meeting. It will be well attended:

"As commodore, and under the constitution of the American Canoe Association, I would notify you that all the requirements for forming a new division of the A. C. A. have been complied with. The petition asking for the territory covered by Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa has been received and votes of the executive committee taken so that I can approve of the division, and do hereby approve of the same and call a meeting of the members of this division for the purpose of electing officers: One vice-commodore, one rear-commodore, one purser and one executive committeeman.

"This division shall be known as the Western Division of the American Canoe Association.

"This meeting to be held at Chicago, at the Great Northern Hotel, Saturday, July 22, 1899."

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New York C. C.

THE New York C. C. sailed a special race on July 15 for a prize presented by F. C. Moore. A fresh S.W. wind was blowing on Gravesend Bay, and several canoes came to grief. Zip, Mr. Moore's new canoe, carried away her rigging and withdrew; Toreador capsized and Soubrette fouled a mark and withdrew from the races. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.
Aziz, L. H. May	4 08 00¼	4 47 00
Torment, G. W. MacTaggart	4 09 00½	4 49 36
Pioneer, F. G. Palmer	4 10 00	4 55 33
Zip, F. C. Moore	4 11 00	.. .. ..
Soubrette, L. B. Palmer	4 08 00	.. .. ..

Aziz won the cup and also heads the record.

Brooklyn C. C.

THE Brooklyn C. C. sailed two races on July 15, as follows:

	Start.	Finish.
Madge, F. L. Dunnell	4 59 00	5 17 27
Kathleen, P. F. Hogan	4 59 02	5 17 53
Nenemoosha, Harry M. Dater	4 59 02¼	5 18 33

Race for the Commodore's cup:

	Start.	Finish.
Madge, F. L. Dunnell	4 27 00	4 45 38
Kathleen, P. F. Hogan	4 27 01	4 45 38
Nenemoosha, H. M. Dater	4 27 01	4 51 10

Trap-Shooting.

Fixtures.

July 19.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch.—All-day sweepstake shooting.

July 19-20.—Providence, R. I.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

July 21.—Kent, O.—Heikes-Elliott contest for Cast-Iron medal.

July 22.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Grand midsummer target tournament and five-men team match, on grounds of Keystone Shooting League. J. K. Starr, Manager, Philadelphia.

July 22.—New Brunswick, N. J.—New Jersey Central League contest on grounds of Reservoir Gun Club.

July 22.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Twelve o'clock; Elberon handicap, 15 birds, $15. White Seal prize; 5 birds, $5 entrance.

July 24.—Batavia, N. Y.—Elliott-Crosby contest for E. C. cup and championship at inanimate targets.

July 25.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Third annual tournament and clambake of the Hell Gate Gun Club. E. Doeinck, Sec'y.

July 26.—Albany, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Forester Gun Club. Bluerocks and magautrap; open to all. H. R. Sweny, Sec'y.

July 26-27.—New Castle, Pa.—Two days' tournament of the New Castle Gun Club. Henry P. Shaner, Sec'y.

July 27.—Bridgeport, Conn.—The fourth tournament of the Connecticut Trap Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Bridgeport Gun Club. Geo. B. Thorpe, Sec'y.

July 26-29.—Ocean City, Md.—Third annual midsummer tournament; two days at live birds; two at targets; $300 added. J. R. Malone, Manager.

July 29.—Elkwood Park.—One o'clock; Deal handicap, 10 birds, $10 entrance. Irroy prize; 5 birds, $5 entrance.

July 29.—Elkwood Park.—Twenty birds, $20; 12 o'clock.

Aug. 3-4.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

Aug. 8.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club; added money. C. F. Lambert, Sec'y.

Aug. 9-10.—Portland, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, Sec'y.

Aug. 15-17.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State Tournament.

Sept. 4.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Schenectady Gun Club's Labor Day shoot. H. D. Strong, Sec'y.

Sept. 5-7.—Omaha, Neb.—Du Pont Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. G. H. Moore, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

Sept. 13-14.—Cherokee, Ia.—Cherokee Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. D. Anderson, Sec'y.

Sept. 19-22.—Detroit, Mich.—Jack Parker's eighth international tournament; live birds and targets; $500 cash added.

Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds.

Oct. 23-28.—Nashville, Tenn.—Belle Meade Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Sec'y.

First and third Fridays of each month.—Watson's Park, Burnsine, Ill.—Semi-monthly contest for Montgomery Ward & Co.'s diamond badges.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

1900.

June —.—Tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, first week in June. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the Interstate Association's trap-shooting tournament, given for the Portland Gun Club, Portland, Me., Aug. 9 and 10, provides ten events each day, five at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance; five at 20 targets, $2 entrance. This is a total of 175 targets each day, with a total entrance of $17.50. The price of targets, 2 cents each, is included in the entrance. Those who so wish may shoot for targets only. The Rose system, four moneys, will govern the division of the purses. A light lunch will be served on the grounds each day. Guns and ammunition sent to the secretary, Mr. S. B. Adams, will be delivered free on the grounds. Shooting commences at 9:30 o'clock each day. To reach the shooting grounds, take Ocean street cars at the head of Preble street at a quarter of or a quarter past the hour. Headquarters will be at the Preble House.

"If you see it in the Sun, it's so." The following appeared in that paper on July 17: "The match for the clay-bird target championship of New Jersey between Harold Money, of Oakland, and Christopher W. Feigenspan, Jr., of Newark, was to have been decided on Saturday at Lyndhurst, but Feigenspan failed to appear. The spectators were treated to an impromptu match at live pigeons, for $100 a side, between Money and Aaron Doty, of Plainfield. Great shooting was done, each smashing 95." In this case it's so—with some exceptions. There was no match arranged between Messrs. Feigenspan and Money for the championship of New Jersey on that day or any other. The match between Messrs. Money and Doty was not impromptu. They did not smash 95 pigeons, though they killed 95. Otherwise the Sun is quite correct, excepting as to Mr. Doty's domicil.

The Hell Gate Gun Club has issued is programme for its annual clambake and target shoot, to be held at Dexter Park, Jamaica avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn, July 25, rain or shine, commencing at 10 o'clock. Tickets $3, including entry in merchandise event. The Rose system will govern. Shooters may enter for targets only; targets 2 cents. Bake served at 6:30. Two sets of traps will be used. No. 1 will have the Sergeant system, ten events, 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, 50, 75 cents, $1 and $1.50 entrance. No. 2 also has ten events, known angles, rapid-fire, and on these traps the merchandise competition will take place. Only holders of tickets can compete. Tickets can be obtained from the secretary, Mr. Eugene Doeinck, 1355 Amsterdam avenue, New York.

Under date of July 15 Mr. Henry P. Shaner, secretary of the New Castle Gun Club, New Castle, Pa., writes as follows: "The New Castle, Pa., Gun Club will hold a two days' tournament, July 26 and 27. Quite a number of shooters from Cleveland, Warren and other eastern Ohio towns, as well as Oil City, Pittsburg and other Pennsylvania towns, have promised to attend. We will have one 10-bird event, four 15 and four 20-bird events each day. We will try to get enough good pigeons to have a live-bird sweep during the afternoon of the second day. We have recently moved our grounds, and are now nicely located on Highland avenue, easily accessible by street cars. Will do our best to make it pleasant for visiting shooters. A magautrap will be used. Money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Entrance $1.50 and $2."

Under date of July 13, in mentioning a pleasing incident which occurred at Lawrence, Mass., Mr. Frank Butler writes as follows: "You may be pleased to know that Annie Oakley was presented with one of the finest medals possible to make by admirers in Lawrence, Mass. It is finely engraved, with crossed guns, and an eagle hangs from a heavy gold bar, on which is inscribed: 'To Annie Oakley, from Mayor and Citizens of Lawrence, July, '99.' As it is very heavy, and all of solid gold, it must have cost considerable."

Mr. Charles Lancaster, of 151 New Bond street, London, Eng., who has an international reputation as a maker of high-grade firearms, is a strong advocate of a shotgun load in a 2in. shell, something entirely novel to shooters in this country. These shells are known as the Lancaster "Pygmies," and they are much used in England. On application Mr. Lancaster will mail circulars, etc., which will explain the advantages of the "Pygmies," the manner of loading, etc.

Under date of July 7 Mr. H. W. Brown, Binghamton, N. Y., writes us as follows: "The Binghamton Gun Club is going to hold a two days' tournament, July 18 and 19. This is the fourth shoot of the Central New York circuit. The programme comprises twelve events of 10 and 15 targets, alternating, with an entrance of 75 cents and $1. The second day, team races for championship."

On Friday of this week the eleventh contest for the M. W. & Co. trophy takes place.

We learn with much pleasure that the U. S. Smokeless Powder Co., San Francisco, whose great loss of property by disaster is now well known, will rebuild on a much larger scale and engage in the manufacture of dynamite, gun cotton, chemicals, and last, but not least, of Gold Dust powder, of which in the East Jack S. Fanning is the representative. He is still traveling in the interest of his company, and will continue to do so, shooting and selling goods in his well-known efficient way.

Now that the contests for the Chicago challenge trophy are ended by Mr. A. C. Paterson's final win, the sportsmen of that city should take steps to put another in competition. The keenness and persistency displayed in respect to the challenge trophy denote that the men who made the conditions governing it struck the true keynote of competition.

In a circular letter the Schenectady Gun Club, Schenectady, N. Y., announces that its fall tournament will be held on Labor Day, Sept. 4, commencing at 10 o'clock. There will be ten 15-target events, $1.25 entrance, targets included, and three or four moneys, according to the number of entries. H. D. Strong is the secretary.

The fourth tournament of the Connecticut Trap-Shooters' League will be held on the grounds of the Bridgeport Gun Club, on July 27. Programmes will be ready for distribution in a few days. Efforts will be made to insure a great shoot. Mr. Geo. B. Thorpe is the secretary.

On Saturday of this week, at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., there will be a contest between teams of the Garden City Gun Club and the Audubon Gun Club, each contestant shooting at 15 live birds. As there are veteran, skillful shots in both clubs, a fine contest is expected.

Under date of July 15 Mr. James R. Malone, manager of the midsummer tournament at Ocean City, Md., July 26 to 29, inclusive, writes that he expects a large attendance, at least fifty shooters. The inquiries concerning the programme and the numerous requests for them indicate a general interest.

The team contest of the midsummer tournament, to be held Saturday of this week on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, has evoked great interest, a large number of clubs having signified their intention to send teams to compete.

Under date of July 12 Mr. H. W. Brown, Binghamton, N. Y., writes us as follows: "At our club shoot to-day we had as guest Mr. J. R. Hull, of Parker Brothers, who made the splendid score of 144 out of 150."

In a match at 100 birds Mr. Edward S. Johnson, of Atlantic City, N. J., defeated Mr. Harry E. Buckwalter, of Phœnixville, by the score of 97 to 95, on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League.

The Portage County Gun Club, Kent, O., will give a shoot on Thursday of this week; nobody barred. There are eight events on the programme, 15 and 20 targets, four moneys. Mr. W. G. Lyman is the secretary.

The formation of the Interstate Park Association, of which Mr. J. A. H. Dressel is secretary, marks a mighty advance in the furtherance of trap-shooting interests of America.

The Catchpole Gun Club, Wolcott, N. Y., has postponed its tournament to Aug. 3 and 4. Targets will be thrown by a magautrap. E. A. Wadsworth is the secretary.

On Wednesday of this week the regular monthly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club will be held at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill. BERNARD WATERS.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, Me., July 17.—The scores made by the Auburn (Me.) Gun Club at their weekly shoot on Saturday, July 15, are appended. Hunnewell broke 25 straight and won the gold badge, there being four tied for it. A heavy shower came up, wetting things down in general, but it did not dampen the spirits of the twenty-eight shooters.

Messrs. Cameron, of the Winchester Arms Co., and Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co., were visitors of the club, and shot through several of the events.

On July 3 the Auburn Gun Club sent two squads to Portland to shoot for the Lovell challenge badge—although they did not bring the badge home with them this time, they are not discouraged, and mean to try for it again in the near future.

About 4 P. M. the Portland boys, who by the way are adepts in the art of entertaining, served a clambake which was thoroughly appreciated by all. Many good scores were made, but Portland still holds the badge, the other teams competing for it being Waterville and Auburn.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	25	10	15	10	15	25	10
White	9	19	..	11	..	..	..	..
Barker	9	18	9	..	10	..	..	..
Conner	9	22	7	..	7	13	..	7
Ashley	8	19	10	12	7	11	21	..
Emerton	5	16	7	13	..	..	15	..
Collins	8	14	6	14	7	13	..	8
Alden	8	11	3	13	..	..	..	..
Snow	6	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	6	15	4	8	..	..	..	..
Burgess	5	9	4	7	..	..	..	..
Libby	6	19	9	14	9	11	..	..
Flanders	3	..	1	..	..	..	..	..
Cameron	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Alley	5	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Coey	6	13	..	12	..	..	..	..
Dr Cushman	7	17	..	11	..	12	..	..
Wakefield	6	..	..	10	..	12	..	..
Francis	6	15	4	10	..	..	..	..
Fletcher	5	18	..	8	..	..	..	..
Hunnewell	9	25	10	14	9	..	..	..
B Norton	7	16	5	10	9	..	..	..
Bickford	7	22	9	13	10	..	..	..
Cobb	9	18	7	10	7	..	22	..
L M Norton	9	21	7	14	..	..	..	..
Noble	9	22	9	..	8	..	..	..

L. A. BARKER.

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, July 15.—George P. McArthur won the Hebard trophy and F. G. Wheeler defeated C. S. Burkhardt for the Clinton Bidwell trophy to-day. In the first-named event George McArthur (Class B) won with 28 out of 30 and 3 added, making a total of 31. This makes three wins for McArthur, with only four more contests in this series.

The Clinton Bidwell trophy was shot for and was again won by F. G. Wheeler, who defeated C. S. Burkhardt by a score of 24 to 21 at live birds. No. 3 event was the club badge shoot. Dr. E. S. Carroll won Class A after a shoot-off with E. C. Burkhardt, who tied on first string. George P. McArthur won Class B and Porter won Class C. Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	*	**	20	20
C Burkhardt	11	13	22	29	..	..
333	10	15	20	..	..	..
E C B	14	11	23	23	17	16
Foxie	8	14	25	24	14	16
Wheeler	14	12	..	..	..	..
McArthur	13	14	21	28	17	17

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	*	**	20	20
Talsma	12	..	19	..	..	..
J J Reid	13	11	14	19	..	..
Dr Carroll	..	13	23	26	19	20
Warren	..	11	21	22	17	16
Porter	..	..	14	20	..	..
Jacobs	..	..	11	13	17	..

* Badge. ** Hebard trophy.

Clinton Bidwell trophy scores at 25 live birds:

C S Burkhardt.....2212202210222222220220221—21
F G Wheeler.....2112101222112221122111122—24

Winsted Gun Club.

WINSTED, Conn., July 15.—Scores were made to-day as follows:

Bronson .....1011111111100111010110101—18
Brown .....1001101101111101111110110—18
Camp .....1101101101110101111001011—17
Crandall .....0010010100001100000111001— 9
Champion .....0100111100011111010011000—13
Hitchcock .....1010000010001101101111010—12
Holmes .....0010101011100111111100110—15
Hurlburt .....1000110101110100000101011—12
Joyner .....1101100110111111111111101—20
Phelps .....1101000111111111110111110—19

WILLIAM H. PHELPS, Sec'y.

At Watson's Park.

WATSON'S PARK, Burnside Crossing, July 13.—To-day there was a team race, 50 birds a side, for price of birds and supper, between Hollister and Leffingwell vs. S. Palmer and J. H. Amberg:

Hollister .....2112212211221121112011110—23
W B Leffingwell.....1211010211122221121102112—22—45
J H Amberg.....0122110101211111010012110—18
S Palmer .....0110222111222211222220200—20—38

RAVELRIGG.

Confabulations of the Cadi.—XVIII.

THAT delightful season of the year had come when the softer light and cooler air had superseded the glare and heat of summer. Tintings of browns, purples and yellows enriched the summer green which was still to be seen on all vegetation, while pumpkins and corn galore, and pigs of larger size, were substantial proof that nature, though beautiful, was purposeful. Herin lies a matter of deep ingratitude, or lack of true perception, shown by a class who profess to be nature's most devout worshipers, namely, the poets; for, while they will grind out acres of "odes to spring or summer or fall," not one of them would compose an ode to corn-bread and bacon, the material part for which they are directly indebted. They, with such success as may be, love to dwell on color, light, sound and passion, designing to play on the readers' emotions, thus ungratefully ignoring the source of all emotion, to wit, corn-bread and bacon.

At this auspicious season there was great happiness in the home of the Cadi, for his wife's father, whom he deeply respected for his self-supporting ability, was a revered guest under the good Cadi's leaky roof. Stockily built and sturdy in bearing, with a homely yet good face, out of which bristled a wiry, healthy, full beard and a watch eye, this father-in-law was a man of more than ordinary individuality. His abundant uncombed and uncut gray tresses rested in graceful negligee, as they listed, while his garments, severely plain, had the chaste coloring made by the blended dust of many summers and the mud of many winters, the waistcoat in addition bearing a minute historical chart of his daily menu of many years. The strata of the earth, in its transition from chaos to the present high stage of trap-shooting, tells not the story of its æons, as did father-in-law's waistcoat, in its endless laminæ, tell of breakfasts, dinners and suppers eaten day by day through the far past.

The children, each with a thumb in his or her mouth and swinging on one foot in steady, rhythmic movement, something after the manner of a needle in a disturbed compass, would stand by the hour a few feet or yards away, gazing on him with mixed emotions of wonderment, deference and expectancy; for, first of all, did he not come from a strange, far away region, fully three counties distant? Was he not a very important personage in that he was the father of their mother? and was it not a possibility that he had candy or gingerbread in his pockets which he might produce in good time, and thereby repay them for patient, goggle-eyed waiting? But grandpaw was different from the visitors who came from the great cities, for he produced nothing in the way of gifts. Still in his simple way he was very happy at the loving interest manifested toward him by his sweet grandchildren, while they in turn were quite happy in anticipation of what he might produce in good time.

He had noted with deep concern the Cadi's habit of rest in company with his kindred idlers; so, with a view to reforming the household, he tentatively remarked to his daughter after breakfast, the Cadi being in the shade of the lodge outside meanwhile: "Hopie, I hain't not no jedge in yore fambly matters, but it 'pears like to me zif ther Cadi's growin' mor' 'n' more dratted lazy every year. He hain't not no 'count no more."

"Paw," Hopie replied, "you mustn't talk erbout ther Cadi thaterway. He's a sick man, 'n' I don't care what ornery low-down folks says, he isn't. Me 'n' him gets erlong all right, 'n' I think hit hain't nobody's business if me 'n' him's suited. The idee!" after which she slapped and slammed things around in a way which both expressed her disapproval and relieved her feelings. "Paw" heaved a sigh, and concluded that it was better to remain simply a visitor than to attempt a reformation which was sure to end in trouble.

Now, had he been at all versed in domestic diplomacy he would have said that the Cadi was the best and most industrious of husbands, with the immediate result that the Cadi in all probability would have had to cook his own meals and provide for himself thereafter; for Hopie Jane had the true spirit of a long line of ancestry which reached back to Eve. She had up to that time foregone all farm work in honor of her sire's visit, but, feeling that the dignity of the family had been attacked, she, after innumerable commands, got the children under control and went afield to work.

To her, as she saw things in her little world, the Cadi, poor man, was physically unfit for work; and if he had a certain natural repugnance for effort, mental or physical, it came from his higher mentality, more refined sensibilities and general superiority over other men. Withal, he was ill; too ill to work, and yet well enough to be about. In her inarticulate way she believed that the Cadi's healthy, rugged exterior, supplemented as it was by a good sharp hunger for three meals a day and a most excellent thirst at all times, was an irrelevant circumstance; all his ailings were internal, and therefore out of the world's view and sympathies. Furthermore, he gravely assured her, there was something quite wrong with his right kidney, over which he would place his right hand, by way of accentuating his story, his face meanwhile taking on the most agonized twistings and stretchings; and if these exterior signs of pain were a true index, no martyr at rest ever suffered more grievous tortures. Nevertheless he bore his pains with a certain degree of fortitude and dignity, for he never made a complaint in words, though at proper times he groaned famously and had therewith a trick of half-closing his eyes and taking a pot hook curve in one corner of his mouth, setting his features very hard meanwhile, all of which impressed Hopie Jane with fears that the dear, good husband was on the verge of the gulf wherein men disappear and rest forever. If he had died, he thereby might have vindicated his claims to invalidism from the standpoint of the public; or even if he had grown thin or lost his appetite there would have been a point on which to hang an inference that his health was failing; but he ate well, drank better, slept soundly and worked not.

"Paw" gravely sought a seat near him, and Moke shortly afterward joined them. He shook hands cordially with "Paw," seated himself comfortably, placed his bare feet on the back of a chair, then said: "Cadi, I've about made up my mind to shake the dust of trap-shooting off my feet and quit."

"I swow to goodness," said Paw, as he gazed at Moke's feet. "I don't think as how you could shake it off."

"I mean that I am going to stop shooting," Moke explained, with extra gravity, looking hard at Paw and at the same time taking down his feet from their spectacular perch.

"What has occurred to bring about this resolve, friend Moke?" queried the Cadi, in tones of concern.

"Oh, things are not what they used to be," replied Moke. "There was a time in the years not so long ago when a fellow could go to a shoot and win something; but shooting is going to the dogs generally these days. There are no more big tournaments, and there isn't the interest in powders and guns and loads and how to load, and everything else that there used to be. Some one ought to do something to revive shooting. We need a new plan or something or other, I don't know exactly what," and Moke sighed, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, preparatory to filling it and musing over the decay of trap-shooting.

"You are an instance of the large class of men who think at random and talk a great deal about what they think. Did it ever occur to you that shooters, first of all, for business reasons, cannot shoot all the time, and that if they could shoot all the time it would soon cease to be pleasure? Big tournaments, if they involve a large outlay on the part of the shooters, check shooting for a time, since in a short time they afford a great deal of sport to a great number of people, many of whom must refill their purses before they again can venture to engage in trap-shooting competitions. Few men care for any sport week after week, consecutively and actively. Considering the variety of good sports which have come into vogue and into competition with trap-shooting in the past few years, the fact that it has held its own so well—yes, more, that it has increased so much—is a most gratfying testimonial to the sterling worth of the sport. As a sport, people at large can use but a certain part of their revenue for it. They also can spare but a small part of their time. While there are not so many big tournaments, there are more small clubs throughout the country, for there is no town of any pretension to the name but has its gun club. One club of any activity will shoot away as much ammunition in a year as will be shot at a big tournament; so you will perceive that a multiplicity of small clubs are of much more importance in the shooting world than a few big tournaments, with their few big winners and their many losers."

"But things are so different from what they used to be!" Moke exclaimed, with inconsequential tone which men assume when they are somewhat vague on the subject which they are considering.

"Why shouldn't they be different?" queried the Cadi. "Dou you think that the world will remain at a standstill to oblige you or any one else? With more shooting and opportunities for discipline and instruction, it was perfectly natural that a class of first-rate shooters would be developed in time, not to mention a host of second-raters who are very close to the first. It also was very natural that the average shooter, being a man of intelligence, learned that a tournament was not the best school in which to learn the art of shooting. It was for the graduate, not the pupil. The local club has sprung up with gratifying numbers throughout the land. Your own personal observation is very poor data for a general conclusion, for what you observe in this neck of the woods must not be considered the standard of the whole country. Trap-shooting clubs have multiplied, and while there may not be so much interest in the big tournaments, for reasons which we have before considered, the aggregate of shooting is much greater. The great gun factories have not been so busy in years. The shell makers have contracts far ahead, and in short there is a general revival in all that pertains to the gun and its use. This of itself is absolute proof that there is more shooting."

"Perhaps the war has something to do with it," remarked Moke.

"Which war? the Revolution or Mexican?" father-in-law asked.

"Moke refers to the Mexican, Paw," and the Cadi winked one of his puffy eyes at Moke.

"A war always adds to the shooting interest," Moke added.

"The big tournament filled a public need, in a way," continued the Cadi, "for it gave an opportunity to men far and near to contest with each other, and thereby determined relative ability. But there came a time when every shooter knew every other shooter, and when every shooter knew who would be first, second and third in the list of winners. In the meantime, a large class of very skillful shots were developed, and now, aside from the home club competition for pleasure, the demand seems to be for a competition which carries with it more distinctly personal honors, and which exacts a higher degree of skill on the part of its competitors. That this is recognized by the leaders in thought and action is evidenced by the great trap-shooting grounds in contemplation East and West, which certainly would not be seriously considered if shooting is on the decline. In the big events the trap-shooting gladiators, who are nearly equal in skill, can struggle to determine who has the truest eye, hand and endurance. It is folly at this stage of trap-shooting development to imagine that the weak shooters will meet the strong shooters on even terms in the same cheerful manner and such goodly numbers as they displayed in years gone by. The average shooters, beside studying shooting, have paid some attention to the mathematics of the sport. But, to return: There is a most commendable emulation for the higher honors, and a general participation in the shooting at the home club. When managements pay more attention to the equity of a handicap instead of the juggle of systems there will be a revival of tournament interests."

BERNARD WATERS.

Calhoun Park Gun Club.

PITTSBURG, July 16.—Herewith are the scores of the Calhoun Park Gun Club's one-day tournament at inanimate targets. The morning opened up with a drizzling rain, and it continued until the afternoon. About the starting time there was a regular downpour, which accounts for the small number of entries. The Sergeant three-trap system, which was used, made a very good impression on the shooters present. Mr. Charles G. Grubb, Pittsburg agent of the King Powder Co., of Cincinnati, O., refereed the shoot, and Mr. Saul T. MacClarren was official scorer.

Pills, Pittsburg's Fanning, made the only straight score in the shoot. Why? He shot Gold Dust during the downpour. Old Hoss' Brown's store squad scored a straight pour down across—you know Hoss don't miss many that way, through his glasses. He has found scales on catfish since he yost got home from his two weeks' vacation at his old home.

Mr. S. H. Vandergrift's pigeon-retrieving English setter dog Art died 5th inst. at the Herron Hill Gun Club grounds with jaundice. He retrieved pigeons at Elkwood Park during the Grand American Handicaps of 1896 and 1897. Mr. W. S. King lost his fine English pointer Vic last week. She is the second pointer he has lost within a year. Mr. J. O'H. Denny has presented him with a setter dog pup. He will be trained for the Monongahela Valley Field Trials this fall.

H. P. Shaner, secretary of the New Castle Gun Club, took part in the different events and announced that his club would give a two-days' shoot next month, and extended an invitation to local shots to attend. The results follow:

Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	25	15	15	20	15
H P Shaner	13	12	17	14	13	20	11	12	16	13
C D Hagerman	11	12	12	11	14	20	10	10	17	11
Glenn	10	12	12	11	12	19	14	11	14	12
Pills	13	13	19	11	12	13	15	11	18	14
Cochran	8	8	10	8	7	..	12	10	13	10
Zeumer	10	12	14	11	14	..	..	..	..	..
Calhoun	13	11	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sandy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	11
Stevenson	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mains	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Scott	..	14	16	11	12	17	12	9	12	8
Porter	..	6	12	4	..	10	..	..	..	..

Johnson Defeats Buckwalter.

ON July 12, on the grounds of the Keystone Stone Shooting League, Mr. Edward S. Johnson, of Atlantic City, defeated Mr. Harry E. Buckwalter, of Phœnixville, by the score of 97 to 95. Fine weather prevailed. There was a wind which blew from the shooters straightaway—a 6 o'clock wind. John Rothaker acted as referee. The scores:

E S Johnson, 28	2212222222*21222222222222—24
	2222121121222022221221222—24
	2222202121222221211221121—24
	2211222122212222222222122—25—97
H E Buckwalter, 28	1022222222222212222202122—23
	2222011222222*21*2211221—22
	1211112222122222211222222222—25
	2211122121212222222221212—25—95

A Queer Day's Pigeon Shooting.

IT is not possibly well known to the members and frequenters of Hurlingham that there are still many good old-fashioned pigeon gatherings held in the northern counties, where, though the birds are of the most pronounced barn-door type, the guns unwieldy lumps of shoulder artillery, and the traps of a rather primitive dovecot pattern, very good sport is sometimes afforded. The betting at these gatherings is very heavy, beyond the odd carts of coals, bushels of corn, and loads of turnips freely laid by the farmers, to say nothing of "cow's grass for a twelvemonth" sometimes risked unhesitatingly on a single shot.

It was at one of these meetings that a well-known country gentleman of the old-fashioned type now commonly to be met with at cattle shows was asked the question, "Were you really ever had in your life? for from my experience of you I can scarcely believe it. You buy better in most cattle markets, and no man, not even the village butcher, agrees that he ever did well buying from you."

"No!" was the cool, complacent reply, accompanied by a quiet glance. "I'm glad of that; I make it a rule to have the best of every transaction if I can. If a man has the better of me once, well, then——" Here he shook his head.

"Ah! you wait, I see."

"Oh, no. I knew a man once who was down in his luck, and ordered in a cask of whisky and sat down and waited."

"And luck came, of course!"

"Nothing of the kind; just a fit of the blues and a man for the price of the whisky. No, no; you must do something more than wait."

"Wait and watch, then."

"That'll do," said the Squire; "watch and wait, rather. And now, if you'll just let me fill my pipe, I'll tell you the whole story. It just takes a full pipeful of tobacco to tell it over, and the puffs allow a man to gether his memory together a bit. Now, did you ever hear of one Stickleg Jones, the pigeon shot? No! Well, I am astonished, but I daresay you've heard of Major Jones, R. N.?"

"Major Jones, R. A., you mean. Oh, hang! you must not begin that way, you know; that'll do for the marines. Admiral Jones, if you like, or Commodore."

"Major Jones, R. N., I tell you. You see, it was this way: When Jones came about our little country place it was on the day that our great man died, a Capt. Wilkes, R. N., so Jones concluded to be a cut above him. You will see now the sort of a man I have to deal with in the story."

"All right, fire away," was my reply to this. "I have no doubt you obtained him promotion before you had done with him."

"Well, he exchanged out of our lot very quick, I tell you, when I left him off; but just you wait. You say I tell a story fairly well. Then take a hint: Never interrupt a man who can tell a story; learn out of compliment to be a good listener. Help yourself to a pipeful of 'baccy, and wait.

"Well, when Jones arrived at our little country place, we had a nice little pigeon shooting club, which held a meeting every week. There were some fair good game shots among us—men who could stop snipe in the very rush-tops, or bring down a rocketing pheasant from the very clouds, but were nothing to your Hurlingham or Gun Club men over traps. I was about the best man of the lot myself, and I had to stand 1½yds. behind everyone. About the third week after he came to the place the Major, to the astonishment of everybody, joined the club. I say to the astonishment of everybody, for the Major had lost his right leg in active service on board his ship on the coast of Timbuctoo, or some other place, he used to say, and from his knee downward he was supported by a limb of wood; hence his sobriquet of Stickleg Jones. However, we soon found that that did not interfere with his shooting; in fact, a right leg of wood gives a man a great advantage, more especially over traps, as he has only to stick the point of it in the ground, and using it as a pivot describe the arc of a circle with a 28yd. radius, and bowl over his bird like a sort of pivot gun. This he used to do day after day, and limp home with the stakes in his pocket, to the great disgust of the members of the club. One afternoon, however, he crowed so triumphantly that I offered to shoot him next day for a 'pony' 30yds. rise, five traps, 10 birds each. 'Done!' was his ready call; 'the usual conditions as to birds,' he said. 'What are those?' I asked. 'Oh!' says he, in the mildest manner, 'you find the birds I am to shoot at, and I'll find you yours. There can be nothing fairer than that, you know.' Certainly,' I said, for I was greener then than I am now. Well, next day we met his man, a sharp Londoner, carrying his birds for me to shoot at in his basket, and me with a pannier full of the hardiest flyers I could find in my dovecot at home. Well, we started off in fair view of a full gathering of members of the club, I pulling his trap, and he pulling mine. He wanted nothing but fair play, did Major Jones, R. N.

"Sticking the right stump deep into brown clay, he gave the call 'Pull,' and in five seconds afterward one of my nice big black-brown-and-white pea-fed favorites was fluttering its last on the ground as the Major stumped back with the same triumphant stalk that he used to walk the deck of his man-o'-war. It was now my turn, and he took up the string. 'Pull,' I called, and he pulled, and up sprang from the left corner trap an infernal little blue thing no bigger than a cricket ball, and went off like a rocket, seeming inclined to be grateful for my kindness in firing a couple of shots as a farewell salute. There was a roar of laughter from the crowd, and I heard the landlord of the Swan, our chief hotel, say, 'Squire's caught for once.' Caught I was, there was no doubt; and I can tell you I was never more glad in my life of anything when the job was over, for the Major killed eight of my barn-doors, while I was only able to grass 5 of his best bluerocks, which he had sent for to London over night; so I paid my 'pony,' and laid up my gun in its old place in the rack."

"Then you caved in at once. That's not like your form!" I said.

"You just wait a little and you shall hear."

"Ah! I see, you resolved to watch and wait!"

"Just so. Nothing would tempt me to go in for pigeon shooting again, but all over the country when buying my young rams—for you know I like to do my own farming—I kept continually asking, 'Do you ever come across any man with a wooden leg that can shoot well?' The horse dealers at Horncastle Fair used to look twice at me to see if I was joking, and when they found I wasn't, they said, 'Squire has a bee in his bonnet!'

"But surely you do not really mean to think that the Major's wooden leg was an advantage to him in pigeon shooting? It was good birds that lost you the match. Why, if you had wanted to worst him, you had only to get down some of our best Hurlingham shots, like Capt. Leighton, Turner-Turner, or some of them, and they would have given 2yds. in 30 and a bird in 7."

"Just you let me tell my story, if you please," said the Squire. "As I said, I kept on inquiring after one-legged shots, till I was known as the Squire who had a craze for sound horses and lame men. Sometimes they did send me up one, but they were fearful failures; railway pointsmen and the like, who had lost their legs at their occupation and could put thirty pellets in the side of a coal truck at twenty paces, if the truck were safe in a siding and the brake on. I generally gave them their dinner and sent them home again. But one day an old fellow limped up to the front door, with a double-barreled gun and a lurcher at his foot, bearing a note from an old friend to say that he was a notorious poacher who had his leg shot off in a poaching affray, and was second to no man in the kingdom in handling a gun. Well, I tried him myself and found that the certificate was a genuine one. I concealed him, lurcher and all, about the premises, got him down a hundred bluerocks from London for practice, and on the day of the annual shoot drove him over in the dogcart to the ground, and bade him sit still and watch the sport. Everybody made me welcome, and no man professed himself more glad to see me than Major Jones, R. N. Just to put him in a good humor, I lost a £5 note to him, and he was in the end jubilant, having won the stakes. My time, I knew, was just about to come, but I felt terribly afraid it wouldn't. The Major was in the habit of making peculiar challenges when victorious. Come it did! 'I'll shoot any man in the company for £10, and any man on the ground with a wooden leg for £100.' 'Done!' I said. 'It's a bet, Major.' 'The ten, of course,' he said, laughing. 'No, the hundred,' as at the same time my poacher champion descended from the dogcart and limped up to where I stood. He was the Major's very counterpart, and his appearance was greeted with roars of laughter; but the Major did not seem to care to join in the general hilarity. Ten birds each, 30yds. rise, were the conditions fixed. I posted my hundred, and the Major covered it. Bird and bird both men proved equal, but the Major failed at the 6th, grassed the 7th, missed the eighth. With the 9th successive bird the ex-poacher won, and I repeated the challenge on his behalf, but the Major had had enough of it. I lifted the stakes, gave £10 to the winning shot, and drove home. I never saw the Major or that man afterward. Possibly they formed a wooden-leg gun partnership, and are starring it abroad. The landlord of the Swan said I was a man to beware of, and to this day tells how I got a crack shot's leg lopped off and healed up again to effect my purpose, rather than be beat. I have never had anything to do since with bluerocks and blacklegs, wooden or otherwise, but that was the most diffiult time I ever had in making things square."—Rockwood in Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News (London).

The date of the Haverhill Gun Club's tournament, Haverhill, Mass., has been changed to Aug. 8, from Aug. 11.

IN NEW JERSEY.

A. Doty and H. Money.

July 14.—There have been few matches of a local character which have evoked more interest than the one shot to-day on Tom Morfey's grounds, between Messrs. Aaron Doty and Harold Money. The conditions were 100 birds each, for $100 a side.

The weather was favorable for high scores, the temperature being that of a sweltering July day, while there was hardly a breath of air stirring. On the other hand, the birds were a corking good lot, and had they had any wind to help them, there probably would have been lower scores. As it was, there was not one which could properly be called a sitter, though there were two or three which lagged a moment after the trap was opened. They were a bright, strong, speedy lot.

Both men shot in excellent time, and showed the speed and accuracy of the genuine shooter. At the end of the first 25 the race seemed to be going in favor of Money, and Doty had a most difficult up-hill problem to face, but he shot away with extraordinary nerve and gameness to the finish, tieing where all seemed lost. The scores—95 each—were phenomenal. This ended the match, as it was agreed that the tie would not be shot off. Mr. Jacob Pentz was scorer, B. Waters referee:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

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The Interstate Park Association.

ON Thursday of last week it transpired that much of the rumor concerning the formation of a new trap-shooting association which for some weeks past has been going the rounds of the daily press and was a topic in the places where shooters gather, had a very broad foundation in fact.

In addition to the organizing of a powerful association, rumor also had it that a large tract of land had been purchased, to be fitted up most completely in all the appointments of a first-class shooting institution, and this somewhere in the Borough of Queens, which is a part of Greater New York. This too was true; but the man who knew all about it had the least to say of it, up to the time that he had his plans all perfected and his most important negotiations completed.

While rumor gave the venture a very broad scope in the interests of the trap-shooting world, it fell far short of the scope contemplated by the genius of its founder, Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Co., who conceived the idea and had the nerve and ability to carry it through. One can justly wonder that a venture so great from a financial standpoint, and so universal in its important significance to the trap-shooting world, could have been brought to so successful a conclusion without parade, without the tooting of horns, or the exalting of sections, or timorous deliberations. Yet it was all done quietly and perfected quickly, and was established as a fact while the outside world were considering it as a theory.

In due time Capt. Dressel had the park matters perfected to a degree which warranted that it would be a permanent institution, whereupon he hesitated not in proclaiming that fact to the shooting world.

In response to an invitation extended by Capt. Dressel to his guests on Thursday, July 13, at the designated rendezvous in Brooklyn there appeared Col. Charles H. Luscomb, president of the new Interstate Park Association; Messrs. A. W. Higgins and Ed Taylor, of the Laflin & Rand Powder Co.; Messrs. Edward Banks and W. Fred Quimby, of the American E. C. & Schultz Powder Co.; Mr. Justus von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Detmold; Mr. Charles E. Willard, of the International Smokeless Powder and Dynamite Co.; Mr. Harry Palmer, of the Commercial Advertiser; Dr. F. H. Creamer, ex-coroner of Brooklyn; Dr. Kemble, of Brooklyn; Messrs. Theodore F. Archer and James Vanderveer, of Jamaica, L. I.; Messrs. W. R. Hobart and B. Waters, of the sporting press; and the Brooklyn Times was represented by Mr. Detheridge.

A giant tally-ho, to which were attached four shapely horses in the full glittering panoply of four-in-hand harness, in charge of a coachman and footman in livery, awaited the party; for, be it known, that a delightful ride in this huge vehicle was a part of the programme which Capt. Dressel had arranged for the entertainment of his guests, who soon ensconced themselves as was best to their liking, some within, others high aloft on the capacious roof.

The day was all that could be desired in respect to comfort and pleasant weather. A veiling of clouds broke the sun's hot rays and mellowed the light; a gentle breeze tempered the heat gratefully, while the heavy downpour of rain which fell early the night before washed the streets and roads into a clean condition, besides freeing them of the absorbed heat of the daytime. The twelve miles or more led in part through city streets, through a boulevard in a setting of trees planted along its sides; over hard pike roads, main thoroughfares to suburban towns, and betimes over soft country roads; but all alike the rubber-shod wheels of the tally-ho sped silently over pike and pavement, to the metallic clatter of the horses' feet, and men, horses and tally-ho were the observed of all. And truly it was a majestic vehicle, great in its sweep at the turning of corners and betimes placing its upper-deck occupants among the limbs of the trees which overhung the roadway delightfully, and great in its ponderous length and momentum as it swept onward in straight roads, receiving many a cheer from men and many a sweet smile from the ladies—benisons upon them.

Capt. Dressel so ordered it that the party was driven along the southern boundary of the tract, which contains some forty-five acres, within its boundaries; then turning at the furthest end and following it for a short distance, the tally-ho was turned into a road which ran through the middle of the tract, and stopped about half-way, where a full view of the grounds was afforded. Capt. Dressel and his guests then alighted, and he pointed out to them the many advantages which the tract possessed for the purpose to which it will be devoted.

There were many questions asked and answered, but the substance of all was that the gigantic trap-shooting enterprise had been most auspiciously launched; that the purchase of the beautiful and suitable tract of land had been completed, and plans in a general way perfected as to buildings, the installation of traps, the laying out of roads and their building, fencing, etc., while the financial ways and means had been fully provided for. The management considers the expenditure of $40,000 at once in buildings, with a much greater outlay in the near future. This contemplates the construction of a great casino, with broad and ample verandas from which guests can comfortably view the shooting; and a grand club house, with billiard rooms, dining rooms, sleeping apartments, all in first-class style, will be provided. Hundreds of lockers will also be a feature, and in these the paraphernalia of the shooter will be safe as in his own home. The purpose is to make this park the most perfectly equipped and most suitable ground possible. No pains nor expense will be spared to attain this end. The company is incorporated, with Col. Luscomb as president, and Capt. Dressel as secretary-treasurer.

At present the tract is tilled from boundary line to boundary line, bearing a most generous crop of garden truck, all of which is to be removed and the whole tract seeded in grass and smoothed level as a lawn within the next two months. It lies a short distance east of Jamaica, in a section designated as the Fourth Ward of the Borough of Queens. It fronts on the main Jamaica road. The Long Island Railroad touches the front end, and the electric road which parallels this road in a way is but a few yards further out. The front end, which is the north end, has 806ft. of width on the railroad, where a depot will be built in due time for convenience of visitors to the park, to which the many trains will run from the bridge in thirty-five minutes. The east side, bounded by Bennett avenue, measures 1,955ft.; the south side, on Hollis avenue, 575ft.; the west side boundary widens out from the south well up toward the north end, where it suddenly turns into the north boundary, forming thus an obtuse angle, and a boundary line some 2,200ft. in length. Near the north end are some buildings which will be torn down within the next two months. Near the obtuse angle above mentioned the traps will be set, and there is a background perfectly free from any undesirable obstacles. The whole outlying country, however, is picturesque and pleasing to the eye.

For the Grand American Handicap these grounds, besides their perfect equipment, will possess the special advantage that visitors will find accommodations on the grounds if they wish them, or they can stay in New York or Brooklyn, or wherever else they please in the vicinity, and still be within a few minutes' ride of the grounds; thus they can spend a part of their time in sight-seeing or amusement in New York, if they choose to do so.

Every member of the party bestowed warm praise on the grounds, with their ample scope, flat surface clean as a prairie, and transportation to their doors.

After due time the Captain ordered all aboard, and the great carriage took a long flight via the Jamaica plank road, through the Boulevard and Prospect Park, thence by Ocean Boulevard, a delightful drive, to the Manhattan Hotel, where Messrs. Luscomb and Dressel entertained their guests at a banquet. Col. Luscomb acted as toastmaster, with most felicitous humor and tactfulness, and in response Messrs. Creamer, Banks, Higgins, Palmer, Willard, Von Lengerke, Quimby, Detheridge and Hobart said many things denoting a full grasp of matters in the trap-shooting world and full faith in the success of the new venture.

This marks a new era in the matters pertaining to the use of the shotgun, a transition from the crude and badly equipped grounds, or bad grounds well equipped, or good grounds with bad transportation facilities, with their more or less troublesome short leases or high rentals, or protesting neighbors, to a perfectly appointed shooting park wherein all is as complete as can be devised. There are many shooters about New York and vicinity who would shoot more if they could reach the grounds in a reasonable time and in a pleasant manner; there are many more who would attend shoots if they could do so comfortably; there are many more who prefer that the surroundings be wholesome and pleasant; there are those again who would like to remain several days and shoot. All these advantages and many more the Interstate Park Association has gathered into a perfect whole.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

July 15.—There was a strong support to the team shoot which was an added feature to the special prize shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. There was a keen spirit of competition pervading the shoot throughout. Besides the honors of a win in the team contest, John Wright had hung up a most attractively engraved $10 bill, while the club contest was the initial one of the series for a free entry in next year's Grand American Handicap. To save time the 50 targets which each man shot at in the club event were to score in the team event also, and the remaining 50 were shot afterward.

Carl von Lengerke and Dudley shot a very even race—91 and 92 each out of 100—winning with something to spare, though Banks made the best individual score of any of the competitors. 93 out of 100. In the club event Paterson and J. B. Hopkins were the only two out of the twenty-one competitors who scored the possible ten points. There was a good attendance of spectators, who watched the competition with keen interest.

```
Banks, 1 .....1111011111011011111111111
                1111001111111111111011111—44— 1—45
Dudley, 1.....1111101111100011111111011
                1111111111111111111111111—45— 4  49
H Money, 2.....1111111111111111010111111
                1011101100111110111111111—43— 2—45
Capt Money, 4.....1111111101111101111011111
                1111101111111001101111111—43— 4—47
Dr Webber, 7.....1111011010111101111111111
                1111011111111001101101111- 41— 7—48
Asmus, 7 .....1000001011001001111111111
                1111011001011110111111111—35— 7—42
Billings, 5.....1010111111111111111001010
                1100100111001111001111101—35— 5—40
Dr Creamer, 13.....1011011111011110001011111
                1111111010101101100011010—34—13—47
Remsen, 4 .....0110111111111111111011111
                1110101111111001111101011—41— 4—45
Blauvelt, 13.....1100010000100011001011001
                1000010000111111011101110—24—13—37
Lane, 13.....0110111000111111111111001
                1010001101100011000101110—30—13—43
Woods, 5 .....1110101101010111111111111
                0111110111111101111111111—42— 5—47
Wright, 13.....0101100001000001100001011
                0000001010011001101100111—20—13—33
W Hopkins, 5.....1110110101011111111111111
                0111111100111111011111011—41— 5—46
Dr Kemble, 5.....1101111111101111111011011
                1011111111101111011100111—41— 5—46
Paterson, 15 .....1101011101000111111111101
                0111011110111110111100100—35—15—50
Waters, 8 .....1111111111100110110101111
                0101111110111111010111100—38— 8—46
*Moffat .....0111101101010110110100010
                1111110011111110011111111      —36
J B Hopkins, 8.....0111111111110011101111111
                1111101101110111111101111—42— 8—50
C von Lengerke, 3.....1111111111111110111111110
                1111111111111101111110111—46— 3—49
Amend, 4 .....0111110111100111111101110
                1111111111111111111011011—42— 4—46
*Hoeminger .....0100111000000110111000101
                0100000000100101110110101      —21
David, 15 .....1001101000110100011100001
                0010000000111111010101111—25—15—40
```

* Guests.

Team race, continued:

```
Banks .....1111111111111111101111111111111111111111111111111111—49
Dudley .....0111111111111111111111111111101111111111111111111101—47
H Money.....0111111011111011101111111111111011000111011101111—40
Capt Money.....1111111101111110111101011011111111111111111111111—43
Dr Webber.....0100101111011111011101111100110101111111110101111—37
Remsen .....1111101100110011111010101011010011111111111000—35
C V L.....0111111111111111111111111111111101111110111111001—45
Moffat .....1110110111011101011101111111011001111101111111111—40
W Hopkins.....1110011111111111111011111111111111110101111101111—44
Dr Kemble.....1011111111110011111111100110111010111001100110—37
Dr Creamer.....0110100001101111100011101111111110110110101101110—34
Amend .....1001111011111111011011111111111111111111111011101111—43
Waters .....0111110101101011110111111111101101101111011111110—39
J B Hopkins.....1111101111111101111111110111111111111110111010111111—44
```

Following is a résumé of the team contest:

```
Carl von Lengerke .....23 23 24 21—91
Dudley .....20 25 24 23—92—183
Capt A W Money.....22 21 21 24—88
J B Hopkins .....21 21 22 22—86—174
E Banks.....22 22 24 25—93
J S S Remsen.....22 19 18 17—76—169
Dr A A Webber.....21 20 18 19—78
W Hopkins .....21 20 22 22—85—163
Dr Kemble .....20 21 22 16—79
B Waters .....20 18 20 19—77—156
Dr Creamer .....18 16 15 19—68
B Amend .....19 23 20 23—85—153
```

Extra sweeps were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	15	10	15	Targets:	10	15	10	15
Banks	9	15	10	14	Lane	..	..	5	..
Dudley	8	13	10	15	Von Lengerke	..	..	6	13
Capt Money	10	15	10	13	Creamer	..	..	7	..
H Money	10	14	7	12	Kemble	..	..	7	14
Webber	9	13	10	13	Asmus	..	..	7	..
Blauvelt	5	6	7	10	W Hopkins	..	..	9	9
Remsen	9	13	8	..	Woods	..	..	10	..
Moffat	7	14	9	14	J B Hopkins	..	..	..	9
Waters	..	12	8	13	Wells	..	..	..	7
Billings	..	11	7	..	Amend	..	..	..	10

St. Paul Rod and Gun Club.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 9.—St. Paul Rod and Gun Club held a well-attended shoot Saturday afternoon. I inclose score made in badge event. Morrison and Cat tied for senior, and Mead won junior. The club held a special meeting and accepted three new members. The following events were shot in addition to the badgs. No. 5 was a merchandise event. First was won by Danz after a lively contest with Wilkinson, Thompson, Ed, Hanser, Daley and Dayton, who were able to get in by shooting the birds allowed them.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	10	10	15	10	Targets:	15	15	10	10	15	10
Danz	13	10	8	7	12	8	Kellsey	7	8	7	6	8	6
Cat	14	13	10	8	..	..	Hanser	12	11	8	7	12	8
Brown	7	12	6	7	5	7	Carl	6	7	5	6	8	6
Dayton	14	10	9	8	14	9	Abbott	9	9	6	5	11	7
Thompson	11	8	7	6	13	7	Kennedy	10	7	8	7	8	8
Spear	7	8	6	6	10	..	Wallace	8	6	4	6	..	7
Reed	11	9	8	9	..	..	Footner	7	8	6	5	..	..
Perry	13	12	8	9	10	8	Hurd	4	7	3	4	..	..
Ramaley	10	11	9	8	12	..	Fonda	11	12	6	8	11	7
Ed	11	13	..	..	13	..	Chief	10	13	6	8	9	8
Morrison	14	14	10	10	11	10	Mark	13	12	..	8	9	10	9
Wilkinson	13	13	9	8	13	9	Scheffer	..	..	..	..	4	..	5
Monk	12	12	7	7	9	8	Rogers	..	..	..	..	2	..	3
Dwyer	11	10	8	7	10	7	Daley	..	..	..	..	..	13	9
Emerson	8	10	8	6	6	7								

Badge, 25 targets, unknown angles, Sergeant system:

```
Cat .....1111111111111111011111111—24
Dwyer .....1010110111100001101000101—13
Emerson .....0000101001101110011111001—13
Kellsey .....1000111010011001110111110—15
Thompson .....1011101110111111011111110—20
Daley .....1111111101111111111110101—22
Carl .....0111011100001101110110000—13
Reed .....1111110111111101111111101—22
Dayton .....1011111111101101111110111—21
P Hanser .....0101111110001110111101100—16
Kelly .....0001101000101100010000011— 9
Weeks .....1011111001011101101000010—15
Danz .....1001111000111111011101011—17
Perry .....1101111011001011011000011—15
Chief .....1110110111111100101111010—18
Wilkinson .....1101010000010011011110111—11
Monk .....0011110111101011111111101—19
Fonda .....1111001111001000100001001—12
Morrison .....1111111111111111011111111—21
Brown .....1010111111111111010110111—20
Mark .....1011011010110101010101111—16
Hurd .....1011010011001100001000100—10
Abbott .....1011100111001011101110101—16
Mead .....1111011001110111110001101—17
Corcoran .....0110001010100000000010011— 8
```

A. E. PERRY, Sec'y.

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., July 15.—It was a warm shoot. There weren't many there, but it was warm anyhow. The club proposed to run off five $1 sweeps besides the medal contest, and though only six members showed up four of the sweeps were run off on schedule time.

Matthews has a penchant for medals, and proceeded to win Class A medal for the third consecutive time, and it still reposes upon his manly bosom, together with the State championship medal, which he has held unchallenged ever since he won it last fall, from John J. Sumpter, of Hot Springs. This doesn't speak very well for the courage of those good shots and genial gentlemen who compose the Little Rock and Pine Bluff gun clubs, though it speaks volumes for their discretion. Matthews is, in shooting parlance, "a hard proposition."

Durden was down at Greenwood attending court. Knott was away on business. Baptiste could not be present. Boyd is away on a vacation, and Bemis and Echols had other engagements.

The club is indebted to Messrs. Matthews and Coffee for a bucket of ice water and an ice-cold watermelon. Some of the members who had been shooting badly certainly made a "straight" on the melon.

The traps are working beautifully. Out of about 700 targets trapped for the afternoon, only about 20 were broken in the trap.

There will be a regular practice shoot at the grounds next Thursday at 4:30 P. M. Following are the scores:

Medal contest:

Class A.	Shot at.	Broke.	Class B.	Shot at.	Broke.
Matthews	50	43	Hunt	50	31
Leach	50	32	Trobridge	50	25
Hartwell	50	32	Coffee	50	24

Matthews won Class A and Hunt won Class B. As this is the second consecutive win for Hunt, he is now promoted to Class A.

Sweeps, 15 birds, five moneys, $1 entrance, equitable system:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Matthews	10	12	12	14	Hunt	11	6	8	9
Leach	13	13	10	12	Trobridge	8	8	8	8
Hartwell	11	10	9	7	Coffee	9	7	5	10

SECRETARY.

Woonsocket Gun Club.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., July 1.—The weather was fair this afternoon, though rather windy, nevertheless some quite good scores were made, O. D. Banfill's being the highest. A challenge for the State pennant has been received from the Burrillville Gun Club—the match will take place July 15. There will be a programme of 125 targets, $7 entrance, three moneys, divided by the equitable system. All amateurs are cordially invited.

This afternoon's scores, by events, were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
Campbell	20	23	20	17	Balcom	11	5	7	..
Banfill	24	18	22	24	Richardson	..	15	13	11
Getchell	21	20	23	14	Cook	..	..	11	..
Mills	23	17	19	21	Darling	..	..	8	14
Ford	18	24	19	..	Trafton	..	..	11	..
Barber	19	21	19	..	Allen	..	..	..	11
Card	9	12	17	13					

WOONSOCKET, R. I., July 8.—There were eleven shooters at the grounds of the Woonsocket Gun Club this afternoon. The scores by events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	10	10	15	Targets:	25	25	25	25	10	10	15
Campbell	20	20	24	16	..	..	..	Cahoon	..	14	20	15	..	7	12
Mills	22	20	21	21	9	9	..	Ballou	..	12	13	..	..	..	..
Staples	15	16	..	..	..	..	..	Darling	..	12	23	..	..	..	..
F Whitin	22	20	16	..	..	..	..	White	..	12	11	..	..	..	..
Getchell	..	20	23	20	..	8	11	Richardson	..	8	9	..	..	..	..
Banfill	..	18	15	20	..	..	..								

ARNOLD SEAGRAVE, Sec'y.

East Side Gun Club.

SAGINAW, Mich., July 10.—No. 2 was the club medal contest. No. 4 was a walking match:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	25	15	Targets:	25	25	25	15
E E Bliss	21	21	25	..	E Carpenter	..	23	20	..
J Popp	19	18	20	8	F Baumgartner	..	22	..	..
J Detz	4	..	..	..	E Heide	..	8	10	..
G Zergan	5	..	9	..	H Grobe	..	12	..	..
Ed Spolie	16	17	18	..	M Conaton	..	12	..	..
Geo Lamb	9	..	7	3	L E Thompson	..	16	10	6
F J Wolf	11	9	..	5	W Daly	..	9	..	..
J Voorhees	6	..	..	3	J Smith	..	9	6	..
Wm N Nouggle	19	14	10	9	G R Ender	..	10	..	10
Ed Fosha	10	..	..	..	G R Coudert	..	..	15	..
J M Messner	19	16	..	9	C Pries	..	..	11	..
Frank Lord	12	..	15	..	C Dall	..	..	14	..
J Lafayette	10	13	15	9	F H Allen	..	..	..	9
H G Krogman	..	19	20	8					

The match between Messrs. Aaron Doty and Harold Money, at Lyndhurst, N. J., last Saturday, was one of the finest competitions ever witnessed. Doty was 2 birds behind at the end of the first 25, Money killing his first 25 straight. He could not reduce the lead at the end of the first 50, and had a most discouraging up-hill race up to the 91st bird. The race ended in a tie on 95.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Paterson Wins Chicago Trophy.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 14.—In the three-cornered final race for the Chicago trophy to-day, between Messrs. Paterson, Palmer and Hicks, the former won with the greatest ease, and thus retired that emblem from public view. His two competitors have between them shot ten races since Paterson was practically barred out of the competition some months ago, though he challenged frequently, and was once defeated by Palmer. The new trustees did a wise thing in arranging this three-cornered race. Silas Palmer said to-day at the close of the race, "The trophy goes to the right man," and under the circumstances this seems to be the general feeling.

Mr. Palmer was to-day perhaps the favorite of the three contestants in the general choice, his record for the past several months being a very strong one. Mr. Hicks was expected to be in the running, but as to Mr. Paterson there was some doubt. He has not been shooting a great deal lately, and it was not known whether he retained much of the form he showed in the earlier races of this series. He proved, however, that he has gone forward, rather than back, and he shot in perfect form to-day, killing 29 out of his 30 birds and using his second barrel but three times, once on the only bird he lost. It would have taken very hard work to beat him as he shot to-day. The wind blew toward the score from the left quarter. The weather was dull, cloudy and humid. Under such conditions the birds could not be expected to be very fast, and they might rather be called mixed, now and then a very fast one among the slower ones.

Mr. Hicks lost his 4th, 5th and 6th birds, the last dead out. He also missed his 12th bird, and thus fell back of Mr. Palmer, who had only missed 3 at that stage. Mr. Hicks lost his 22d and 30th dead out, the latter a very fast one. Mr. Palmer failed to stop his 19th, 22d and 25th, going out with 24 also. Meantime Mr. Paterson was shooting a race by himself without any company. He was never headed from start to finish, and centered his birds with the first in most remarkable fashion. His 8th bird was a handsome kill. His 12th bird, the only one he lost, was touched with the first, but lightly. His 29th was an excellent kill with the first barrel. Mr. Palmer got some fast birds in his string, notably his 1st, 18th, 25th and 30th. His 25th bird was a very fast twister, which was touched, but slightly, with the first.

Mr. Paterson shot his B. O. E. Remington, 3½drs. Du Pont, chilled 8s in the right and 7s in the left. The following is the score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

```
                3 4 2 1 2 1 3 3 3 1 1 1 4 3 4 3 3 5 2 3 2 2 1 3 4
                ←↗↖↶↖↙↗↙↙↘↙↶↖←↶↗←↘↗↶↗↗↙←↗
T P Hicks.....1 1 1 0 0 * 1 1 1 1 2 0 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 0 1 1 2

                  1 2 4 3 3
                  ↗↖↙↙↘
                  1 1 1 2 0                                  —24

                4 3 2 4 4 1 2 4 3 3 4 4 2 4 3 3 3 3 5 3 2 4 2 2 1
                  ↑↖↖↙↘↖↖↙↑↗↙↑↙↙↙↗↖↗↑↓→↗→↗↗
S Palmer.....0 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 0 1 1 0 1 2 0

                  1 3 3 3 1
                  ↘↖↑↖↖
                  2 2 2 2 2                                  —24

                3 4 2 2 2 5 1 4 4 3 5 2 4 1 2 3 5 4 4 4 4 2 4 4 5
                →↗↗↖↖→→↗↑↗←↖↙→↙→→→↑↗↗↗↙↙
A C Paterson.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1

                  5 4 5 5 2
                  ↖↗→↗↗
                  1 1 1 1 1                                  —29
```

At the close of the trophy race there was some shooting gotten up among those present. Messrs. Hollister and Leffingwell shot a team race against Messrs. Amberg and Palmer at 25 birds for the suppers, the former team winning. Three other friendly races at 10 birds followed thereafter, the scores being as below:

```
F H Hollister .....2112212211221121112011110—23
W B Leffingwell.....1211010211122221121102112—22
J H Amberg.....0122110101211111010012110—18
S Palmer.....0110222111222211222202*0—20
```

Ten-bird races—Goodrich vs. Parker:

```
L H Goodrich.....2222212222—10 T J Parker.....1221122120— 9
```

Mussey vs. Wilcox:

```
W P Mussey.....1122222222—10 C S Wilcox.....22021122*2— 8
```

Palmer vs. Leffingwell:

```
S Palmer.....2222221211—10 W B Leffingwell...2111111111—10
```

Audubon—Garden City.

There will be an interesting team race shot Saturday, July 22, at Watson's, between Audubon and Garden City gun clubs, of this city. Some interest is manifested over this event. We will need to stir up some races of this sort, as the Montgomery Ward series will soon be over, and we shall then be without any regular events to keep up the general interest outside of the club shoots.

Daniels and Elliott Arrested.

J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, and A. B. Daniels, of Denver, were arrested at the latter city on July 11, by the Humane Society on the charge of killing pigeons. The society claims that the Colorado law is invalid. The case will be taken up and the law tested.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, July 15.—This was not a good day for target shooting, the light being very bad and the wind blowing very hard. The targets were thrown very hard and low. Some good scores were made and some very poor ones. In the trophy F. P. Stannard won Class A, Dr. Meller won Class B, C. C. Hess won Class C, Dr. Morton Class D. In the team shoot F. P. Stannard's side won.

Trophy event:

```
Mrs Carson .....0011101000110101110010100—12
F P Stannard.....1111111111111111011111011—23
C Antoine .....1111110101100111111110111—20
H B Morgan.....1000011011110110011101011—15
Ed Steck .....1011010111111111110101111—20
V L Cunnyngham.....1111110101111111111111101—22
Dr Morton.....0001010001011100101101111—13
Dr Miller.....1111011111101111111011111—22
O J Buck.....0100111110001000110110111—14
R B Mack.....0010111000110001010111110—13
J G Lovell.....0101100011111100000010010—11
H D James.....0000111000100111100100001—10
C C Hess.....1011111110010111000011111—17
A C Boroff.....0110101101001011111110011—16
```

Team race:

```
F P Stannard.....1110111111111011—13
Dr Miller .....1101111111111111—14
C C Hess.....1111111111111110—14
Cunnyngham .....1111110010110 1—11
Mrs Carson .....1011110111010011—11
H D James.....0110111011000 01— 8
Borroff .....1001111111111101—12—83
Ed Steck .....1110110111011111—12
C Antoine.....1111100001111111—11
O J Buck.....1100001000000100— 4
H B Morgan.....1111011111100011—12
Lovell .....0011111001000000— 6
Dr Morton .....0000011101111111— 9
R B Mack.....1110111111011011—12—66
```

Stannard's side won.

Team race:

```
Dr Miller .....0101110111111111111111—17
F P Stannard.....0111111111111111111111—19
H B Morgan.....1100111111110111111111—17
O J Buck.....1011010101100011110 1—12
Ferguson .....1111110011101011111110—15—80
Cunningham .....1111111111111111111111—20
Antoine .....1111111111111111111111—20
C C Hess.....1111111011111111111110—18
H D James.....1100101011111111111010—14
J G Lovell.....0111111111111010001 10—15—87
```

Cunnyngham's side won.

Mussey cup, 15 singles and 5 pairs; handicap:

```
Mrs Carson.....111101111011111  00 10 01 10 10   01 00 0  1—19
Lovell .....110011111100101  11 11 00 10 10   01 01 1  1—20
C Antoine.....111111110111111  11 11 11 11 00   1        —23
F P Stannard.....100111110110111  10 11 11 01 11   1        —20
H B Morgan.....101110110111011  11 11 11 11 01   00 1  1  1—23
E Steck.....110111111111101  11 11 11 11 11              —23
Cunnyngham .....111101111111111  11 11 10 11 11   1        —24
Dr Morton.....010111110111101  01 01 10 00 10   10 10 1  —18
Dr Miller .....111111111111111  11 10 11 01 10   1  1     —24
O J Buck.....111010110011111  11 01 10 11 11   11 1  1  0—22
R B Mack.....111111110010110  10 10 11 11 10   10 1  1  1—22
C C Hess.....111100110101111  11 10 11 11 11   11 1  1  0—24
H D James.....111001000000101  01 00 01 01 10   11        —10
A C Borroff.....010019111011110  10 11 11 11 11              —18
```

Shoot-off:

```
Cunnyngham .....1001111110   Hess .....100111110111
Miller .....1111111111
```

Dr. Miller won.

The Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, July 15.—Inclosed please find scores as made on our grounds to-day. Despite the fact of its raining hard until almost 1 o'clock, and still looking very threatening, nineteen members braved the weather and came out to quite a successful afternoon's shooting. Very fair scores were made, C. P. Richards winning Class A medal with a score of 22, while Dr. Meek and W. P. Northcott tied for Class B medal on scores of 23. Northcott finally won B medal after another tie had been shot. Cornelson won C medal on the very creditable score of 20. The atmosphere was murky and light uncertain. No wind.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

```
Dr Meek.....1110111111011111111111111—23
Workman .....1110011111110010010011101—16
Hellman .....1010101111111110011111101—19
Richards .....1110111110110111111111111—22
Dr Shaw .....1011011111111101101110110—19
Mrs Shaw .....0001100001001110001010101—10
Dr Royce.....1011110101110000110011011—15
Brabrook .....1101011011001001011010—14
Smith .....0011001110111111111110101—18
Young .....0101101011011101011010110—16
Cornelson .....1110000111111111111111110—20
Northcott .....1111011111111111111111101—23
J Fanning .....0110111001111011101111011—18
Dr Graves .....1101001100110010110011111—15
Pollard .....0000000111110011000110100—10
Stuchlick .....0101001110101011001011110—14
```

Sweepstake events:

Events:	1	2	4	5	Events:	1	2	4	5
Targets:	15	10	15	10	Targets:	15	10	15	10
Dr Meek	9	8	13	6	Smith	8	..	8	7
Workman	6	4	10	2	Young	12	..	12	9
Hellman	12	4	12	5	Cornelson	14	..	12	8
Pollard	12	10	..	..	Northcott	11	..	13	8
Richards	9	4	7	7	J Fanning	..	..	12	3
Dr Shaw	8	4	10	7	Dr Graves	..	..	9	5
Mrs Shaw	8	4	..	3	Stuchlick	..	..	4	6
Dr Royce	5	4	12	7	Kelly	..	..	11	6
Brabrook	10	..	6	5	Dauley	..	..	7	4

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Minneapolis Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 13.—The conditions were nearly perfect for the shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club, held to-day. The attendance was fair, considering that several of the members were at Kittsondale attending the practice shoot there, preparatory to the tournament to be held Friday and Saturday. Several shooters from outside the city stopped off here for a little practice with the local club before attending the big shoot. Among them were the Hon. Tom A. Marshall, mayor of Keithsburg, Ill., the twice winner of the Grand American Handicap; Tramp Irwin, of Laflin & Rand powder fame; Judge Moore, of Duluth, Sachem of Sioux Falls; A. Anderson, of Chicago, and L. Greenwald, of Anoka.

The Minneapolis Club and its guests will be on hand as a body at Kittsondale this morning and attempt to show the boys where some of the good shots come from. The following are the scores of the different club events of the afternoon:

Val Blatz diamond badge, 15 targets, unknown angles: Parker 13, French 13, Mrs. Johnston 11, McKay 14, Hays 8, Black 8, Morrison 7, Kennedy 9, Woolf 12, Nelson 7, *Tramp 14, Johnston 14, Rex 7, Stone 6, Dr. Bill 11.

* Visitor.

Ties: McKay 2, Johnston 3. Johnston won badge.

Event No. 2, Schlitz diamond badge, 25 targets, unknown angles: Parker 23, French 18, Mrs. Johnston 18, McKay 19, Hays 20, Black 15, Morrison 12, Kennedy 15, Woolf 19, Nelson 20, *Tramp 20, Jonhston 17, Rex 18, Stone 15, Dr. Bill 19, *Greenwald 16, *Hart 18, *Sachem 17, Shattuck 22.

* Visitors.

Ties: Woolf 2, Parker 4. Parker won badge.

Event 3, Paegel challenge badge, 25 singles, unknown angles: Parker 24, French 22, Mrs. Johnston 21, McKay 22, Hays 17, Black 16, Morrison 20, Kennedy 13, Woolf 17, Nelson 15, *Tramp 25, Johnston 20, Rex 10, Stone 21, Dr. Bill 16, *Hart 18, *Sachem 21, Shattuck 22, Jones 14, *Greenwald 14, *Anderson 15, Hoffman 19.

* Visitors.

Parker won badge.

Club badges, 10 singles, unknown angles; 5 pairs, known angles:

```
Parker .....1101111011   11 10 11 11 10—16
French .....1011011111   11 10 00 10 10—13
Mrs Johnston .....0111011111   11 10 10 11 10—15
McKay .....1001101011   01 10 10 01 00—10
Stone .....0010101011   10 00 00 10 00— 7
Black .....0101111010   10 10 00 11 10—11
Morrison .....0010111111   10 11 00 10 01—12
Kennedy .....1101011110   10 01 10 10 11—13
Woolf .....0100101011   10 01 10 00 10— 9
Nelson .....1000100010   10 10 11 10 11—10
*Tramp .....1011111110   11 11 11 11 00—16
Johnston .....0111011111   10 10 10 10 11—14
Rex .....1100101011   11 10 00 00 10—10
Hays .....1101100010   10 11 11 11 10—13
Dr Bill .....1111001001   10 10 10 10 11—11
*Hart .....1111111101   11 10 00 00 00—12
*Sachem .....1111101111   10 10 11 10 11—16
Jones .....1111110111   10 10 11 11 11—17
Shattuck .....0111110111   01 10 10 10 11—14
*Anderson .....0011001100   01 10 10 10 10— 9
Hoffman .....1011011101   11 01 10 11 10—14
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* Visitors

Jones won senior badge, Mrs. Johnston won junior badge. Kennedy won amateur badge.

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., July 15.—Eight shooters combined forces at Wellington Wednesday, July 12, and enjoyed themselves accordingly. Match scores were placed, though not running as high as usual, Miskay and Leroy being the only ones to improve their six-score totals.

After the match Mr. Leroy suggested universal 16yd. practice, his 7s, 8s and 9s at 21yds. hardly suiting his hopeful nature, and yet not exactly wishing others to give him distance. On dropping 3 out of 50 targets he even regretted those, saying there was no earthly reason for it except carelessness. Some of the others present rather wished so small a lost percentage was all they had to regret, whether from carelessness or otherwise. Scores in full:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	5p	10	10	10	10	15	5p	15	15	10
Gordon, 17	6	7	6	7	3	6	9	10	5	14	12	..
Miskay, 18	6	8	5	..	8	8	10	13	..	13	..	9
Leroy, 21	7	7	8	7	8	9	8	13	10	14	..	10
Howe, 17	10	10	5	8	7	7	8	12	7	14	14	10
Benton, 14	5	3	3	2	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Driver, 15	5	5	3	5	4	4	6	..	..	..	..	..
Spencer, 18	..	..	5	8	7	6	8	7	4	11	14	9
Williams, 15	4	3	..	..	3	5	5	..	..	..	..	..

All events unknown angles, final five events 16yds. rise.

Merchandise match, 30 targets, unknown angles

```
Miskay, 18.....111011111011111110101111111111—26
Leroy, 21.....101011111111111111101111111 0110—25
Howe, 17.....111111100101110010111101111101—22
Spencer, 18.....101111100101001110111110111011—21
Williams, 15.....001110000011000101101100101001—13
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Arkansas and the South.

Denver Tournament.

RECENT advice from this point pertaining to the tournament of the Overland Gun Club, which was held on July 7 to 9, indicate that this was a very pleasant affair, though the attendance was not very large. The first day but fourteen shooters participated, and of these A. B. Daniels was high with 196 out of a possible 200, a percentage of .980; J. A. R. Elliott was second with .970; J. W. Garrett, of Colorado Springs, third, .960, and Capt. Sedam, the old veteran, fourth, with .950. The weather conditions were ideal, and the shooters must have been in the very best of form to roll up such high averages. Daniels broke his first 98 straight, which was the best run of the day.

The second day the attendance was much better, being nearly twice the number of that on the previous day. However, the leaders did not quite reach the high totals, and there is a corresponding falling off in the averages. Daniels is again high with .955, Garrett second, .930, while Capt. Sedam, Pickett and Elliott are tied with .920. These constitute the five high men of the day. A squad composed of Elliott, Sedam, Garrett, Pickett and Daniels broke 99 out of 100 in event No. 3, Elliott missing the only target of the squad.

After the programme was disposed of, Daniels, Elliott, Garrett, Sedam and Ellis engaged in a 50-target event. Garrett and Elliott took the money in this event on 49 out of 50, though each of the other three scored 48. During part of the day there was a good wind, which, while it prevailed, assisted in no small measure in marring the averages.

The third day brought out a still larger attendance, the local men especially turning out well. Pickett and Elliott are high with .955, while Daniels did his poorest work of the shoot, though his average is .945. Capt. Sedam has an average of .930, and Haywood .920. When the programme was disposed of, a handicap for a gun followed. This was won by C. Mann and C. S. Barnes, who sold the gun and divided the cash.

During the entire programme of the three days, which called for 600 shots, A. B. Daniels missed but 24 targets, an average of 8 a day. This gives him the great percentage of .960 for the entire tournament. J. A. R. Elliott did nearly as well, as he scored 569, an average of .945.

St. Louis Doings.

The initial contest for a silver trophy, which represents the championship of St. Louis at live birds, took place at Du Pont Park, on July 8, and brought out twelve entries, of which number King proved the winner by scoring his allotted 25 birds straight. Taylor, Peck and Dick were second, with but a single loss. Altogether the scores ran very high. There will be a similar contest a week later. The first contest for this trophy should have taken place on the Fourth, but was prevented by rain.

```
King .....2221222122222211111211112—25
Taylor .....2222122122222222220211221—24
Peck .....2121211111112112222122202—24
Dick .....1210222221122221121121222—24
Corray .....2022221212 2*2212212222211—23
Dr Smith .....0112211101222222122221222—23
Blake .....0221112210212012122111221—22
Dr Clark .....0111002112211222112111012—21
Hamilton .....0201221010122221112201222—20
Johnson .....202222202*222222202022222—20
Jones .....1111200122220221 0*0220112—18
S Thompson .....2222122022
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Capital Gun Club.

The local club held its first medal shoot on the 13th. This was a 50-target handicap affair. J. K. Thibault won out with a score of 46, having an allowance of one bird. None of the other contestants were factors in the race to any extent, as none of them displayed any form. However, after the main event was decided Fletcher duplicated Thibault's score, and by breaking his first 26 birds straight made the best run of the day. The above race will be repeated hereafter every Thursday.

```
Thibault, 1....11111101111111111111111111111011111111101101011111—45
                1                                                — 1—46
Lenow, 5.....11101010111101111110111111111111011000111111110011—39
                11010                                            — 3—42
Hamilton, 5..00111011111111101110111111101101101101111011011100—37
                11111                                            — 5—42
Matthews, 6..11111011111011110101101111101111110011011010111111—39
                000011                                           — 2—41
Fletcher, 4....11111101110111001010111001110010101011110110010111—36
                0110                                             — 2—38
Duley, 3.....00111111111001110010011110111101101001110100010110—29
                111                                              — 3—32
Litzke, 8.....01110110110101011110110011111110010100111001000010   —29
```

PAUL R. LITZKE.

McCarthy—Burkhardt.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 14.—I inclose you score of a 100-live-bird match shot between William McCarthy and Charles S. Burkhardt, both of Buffalo, N. Y., which took place yesterday afternoon at Audubon Park. C. S. Burkhardt won by 2 birds, the score being 88 to 86.

This was a handicap match, Mr. Burkhardt allowing Mr. McCarthy the first 10 birds dead, and he to stand at 28yds. and Burkhardt at 30.

The match was for $50 a side and price of the birds, was very exciting and drew quite a crowd. McCarthy took the lead on the handicap, Burkhardt missing 3 out of his first 10 birds, and holding it until about the 85th round. Burkhardt finished strong, killing 70 out of his last 75. The birds were a good, fast lot for this time of year, and out of the 200 birds not one proved to be a setter. Referee, B. Talsma; scorer, F. P. O'Leary.

C. S. Burkhardt used 3½drs. Du Pont powder, 1¼ oz. No. 7 chilled shot in U. M. C. Trap shells; Wm. McCarthy used 3½drs. Hazard powder, 1¼oz. No. 7 chilled shot in U. M. C. Trap shells.

```
Chas S Burkhardt, 30.....*222202*2202222222*2022*2—18
                         22220222222222222222222*—23
                         222122221*22222222*222222—23
                         22222222222022222222222222—24—88
Wm McCarthy, 28.....11111111112*2211121102*12—22
                         2220111111111*101122112221—22
                         2111122011221222 1*11*1120—21
                         1*1121222012 12*1111111210—21—86
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SIMON.

Omaha Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., July 10.—In a practice shoot to-day Mr. Geo. W. Loomis, in experimenting with a light load, broke 44 out of 50 targets. On July 8 the following scores were made, and Roberts won the prize: Kimball 19, Brucker 18, Parmelee 17, Kenyon 14, Hardin 18, Roberts 20, Fogg 15, Johannes 18, Burgess 12, Caldwell 9, Townsend 17, Loomis 17, Plumber 16, Bersheim 19, Smead 13.

On July 4 the contest at 15 English sparrows, 28yds. rise, $3 entrance, resulted in Kimball winning first, Plumber and Loomis dividing second. The scores:

```
Bailey .....1210212010021 12—11
Grant .....1120111110021 11—12
Kimball .....1221112111111211—15
Miller .....1111211202001 12—12
Berlin .....1100012121211 01—11
Parmelee .....1202101110221 22—12
Brucker .....0210112200122 00— 9
Illian .....1110101122010 01—10
Schultz .....0112001200120 11— 9
Plumber .....1122010121212122—13
Smead .....0001220112022 0— 9
Calentine .....1000222000100 01— 6
Loomis .....1222111202022 11—12
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John F. Weiler Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., July 12.—At the Duck Farm Hotel grounds the first match was for $25, Long Island rules. The second was for the birds and a duck supper.

Match No. 1:

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John Gossner .....0101111111110011101111111—20
John Rehrig .....1111110111111111111100111—22
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Match No. 2:

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Robt Felker .....2221221111220222112*12221—23
John Gossner .....2121121111211 2**21121*211—23
Isaac Hahn .....1102220222212121112112122—23
John Rehrig .....1212212222*2122121211221 22—24
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C. F. KRAMLICH, Fin. Sec'y.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 5. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

Some of our best sportsmen, who desire to protract the pleasure of slaying deer through as many seasons as possible, object to the practice of the hunters who make it their chief business to slaughter as many deer in a camping season as they can. Their own rule, they say, is to kill a deer only when they need venison to eat. Their excuse is specious. What right have these sophists to put themselves into a desert place, out of the reach of provisions, and then ground a right to slay deer on their own improvidence? If it is necessary for these people to have anything to eat, which I doubt, it is not necessary that they should have the luxury of venison. CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER.

SNAP SHOTS.

Charles Dudley Warner says that the sportsman's plea that when in the woods he must have venison to live on is specious, inasmuch as the sportsman need not put himself in a place where he must depend on the game for subsistence. There is just enough plausibility in that proposition to give it ready unthinking acceptance; but as a matter of fact the teachings both of the necessities of man and the provisions of nature are against it.

It is necessary for some men to go into the woods, to travel far into the wilderness, to penetrate to remote regions, where for sustenance they must depend on what they pack in with them, or else upon what the country itself supplies. It is necessary for them to go into the wilds for sport. Sport is just as much a necessity to some men as is music or the play or a ride awheel or a trip to the seashore or a weekly half-holiday to others. The necessities of a human being mean more than food and raiment and a roof to sleep under. Man is higher than the brute; his necessities are something more in scope than those of other animals. If one have a taste for woods life and hunting it is a reasonable necessity with him to gratify it. And venison in the woods is to him quite as much an essential as beefsteak at home.

Consideration of the provisions of nature leads to a like conclusion. Deer meat is food for man. The deer dwells in the wildernes. If in the wilderness there is a food supply adapted to the use of man, it is logical to reason that man may go into the wilderness and use the food there supplied for him. This is in keeping with the rules of that adaptation of means to ends which has enabled the human race to people the earth. Is haunch of venison, wild deer, good to eat, eat it. Is breast of partridge food for man, let man use it. Is salmon, trout or bass good for the table, or for camp use where the table is the ground, catch the fish and eat it. This is what nature tells us. It is only when we get so far away from nature that sentimentalisms take the place of common sense, and artificial aberrations blind us to the truth of things, that we begin to question the propriety of going into the woods to get the good things which were put there expressly for the purpose.

We have said that it is a necessity for the individual to go into the woods; in a larger sense and not less truly it is essential to the community, the state, society, that its members, or some proportion of them, should by such contact with mother earth reinvigorate, renew, recreate the stamina of the race.

A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand, for it affords not only the food but the opportunity, the reason, the excuse for shouldering one's gun and going out to secure it. And even then by eluding pursuit it may give this same opportunity another time. The smallest buck that entices the town dweller into the deer forest may in this sense be more in worth than the prize steer butchered in the shambles.

More game killing by Indians is reported from the Jackson's Hole country in Wyoming, where Bannocks from Fort Hall are said to be slaughtering elk. We shall in all probability hear excited denunciations of the Indian, and in due course of time there will be a conflict between reds and whites and bloodshedding. The blame for it all, whether simple game killing or human killing, must be put where it belongs, upon the agent who gave the marauding Indians their passes. It is said that the permission to leave the agency was granted that the Bannocks might visit the Shoshones at Fort Washakie; but after all these years of recurring troubles, growing out of depredations of Indian hunting parties, an agent may be assumed to know what giving passes means. This Bannock raid is precisely the occurrence which was foretold by one of our correspondents on the ground some weeks ago; it might have been prevented had the warning then given been heeded. Gov. Richards is perfectly reasonable in his request that no more passes be issued.

An extraordinary report came from Debeque, Colorado, last Sunday saying that Governor Tanner of Illinois had got "safely out of the State, despite efforts on the part of game wardens to detain him for violation of the game law." It was charged that he had killed a deer, the close season extending to Aug. 15, and that the local warden had hesitated to arrest him because he was the Governor of Illinois. If Mr. Tanner killed his deer out of season his official dignity furnished an added reason for his prompt arrest. The spectacle of the chief executive of one State openly violating the game laws of a sister State is intolerable. If the Illinois Governor was guilty of the act with which he was charged, it is to be hoped that the wardens will intercept him upon his return from the Pacific Coast, and improve the opportunity here afforded to make a game law case which shall attract all the more attention and teach all the more useful public lesson because of the prominence of the culprit.

There are entirely too many folks who imagine that their place in the community gives them warrant to snap their fingers at the game laws. They share something of the old world notion that game protection is a class interest, for the peculiar benefit of a favored part of the community; and take it for granted that they belong to the favored part. Some years ago we had the case of a Connecticut Adjutant-General who imagined that he was a big enough man to kill Maine deer in the water; but eventually he paid his fine just as any plain private in the ranks. There have been governors and judges and divines who have held these mistaken notions, but they are not in the least difficult to deal with unless, as in the Colorado case, the wardens themselves fall into the same delusion.

FIELD TRIALS.

THE field trial interests of America are thriving to a gratifying degree at present, with a prospective permanency which did not exist two or more years ago. This is evidenced by the staunch support given to the Derby competition of the different clubs in the way of entries; by the number of local clubs which have sprung up in several of the different States, and by the contemplated organization of others. The entries to the Derby events this year have reached quite as high an average numerically as could reasonably be expected in the new order of things, though they fall short of the large entry which was expected and given some years ago. There is, however, a wide difference in the motive of field trials of the present and those of the past, the one having been an era of the commercial development of the dog world on an ostensible sporting basis; the other being on a basis which is nearer what it truly represents—that is, a trial of dogs in competition for the sake of the sport itself. This is much more wholesome in itself and sounder in its principle, for business which is masquerading in the garb of sport has a false foundation and little hope of being a permanent institution.

The commercial era of the setter and pointer has been referred to by writers as an era of the development of great dogs. This is true in a qualified way, for it also was an era of the development of poor dogs as well, the good and bad being perpetuated alike when there was but a catchy pedigree to be established and a market to be met. Had the commercial era been more of sport and less of the commercial breeding and marketing of dogs, there is nothing to show that the dogs of to-day would not have been equally as good or better than they are. FOREST AND STREAM years ago pointed out the inherent weakness of the field trial support which had its source in commercial purposes, and the undue zeal displayed in catering to the commercial while neglecting the element which supported the sport for its own sake. This was at a time too when it was considered as being both unwise and hurtful to him who disagreed with the established order of things. Years ago we also pointed out and advocated the formation of State field trial clubs, which are now finding favor and which have so large possibilities for good if rightly handled.

The hard times made a sharp turn in the transitional stage of field trials, and for a time the prospects were that the turn was more toward their decline than good progress. The sporting interest had been so neglected and discouraged that when the commercial support dropped out there was but little of the sporting element left. But this element rallied and by good and persistent work trials have again been put in a flourishing way, though when a setter or pointer is, at the present day, sold at a large price there are those who exclaim that it is a sure sign of the returning glory of field trials, as if dollars and cents were the standard of measurement to-day as they were at a time in the past. With field trials at present as a sport, there will always be given to them a staunch support from those who take delight in beholding the work of dogs afield; with field trials as a commercial outlet for stock for sale, as they were years ago, and as a manufactory for stud dogs and a means of revenue, they are of uncertain existence.

THE DEFINITE ARTICLE.

IN its issue of July 23 the New York Herald disposes very summarily of the question of the propriety of using the definite article in speaking of a yacht, as follows:

"Now that the yachting season is at hand a majority of the yachting writers seem to feel it necessary to drop the definite article before the name of a yacht. This is a silly Anglicism that has no reason and is decidedly bad grammar. To speak of the yacht Defender as 'Defender,' and not 'the Defender,' is ridiculous."

The above editorial is emphasized in the same issue by a new departure in the news columns, the definite article preceding every name of a yacht in the tables of times.

In spite of the Herald's positive statements and silly practice, the question is still as much of an open one as it has always been. So far from the non-use of the article being an Anglicism, there is no uniformity of usage on the part of English yachting writers. Some use the article and some do not. In the Field, which certainly may be taken as an authority in such matters, one may read in one paragraph of "the Shamrock" and in another of plain "Shamrock"; and the same is found in the other yachting journals. In this country there is no uniform practice; in fact, expert writers use and discard the article almost in the same line.

The FOREST AND STREAM has for a number of years followed a practice of its own, which it does not propose to abandon until it is shown to be wrong. In speaking of a sailing yacht the definite article is not used; but it is always used in connection with a steam yacht. In the case of a sailing yacht, she (not it) is of all inanimate objects the nearest to a thing of life, and if at all famous she has a distinct identity which justifies a slight departure from the rigid rules of grammar. It is, in our opinion, a fitting recognition of the nature of the object to thus personify it by the use of the feminine pronoun and the omission of the definite article, and it is certainly more euphonious to speak of Vigilant, Colonia, Mischief, Minerva, Britannia, Thistle and Priscilla than of *the* Vigilant, *the* Colonia, etc. The former method is permissible by the rules of rhetoric; it gives rise to no confusion of meaning; and it is in harmony with the established custom of the sea by which a vessel is always spoken of as a being of the female gender.

In the case of steam yachts we prefer to use the definite article, as they are more machine-like by nature, and they do not possess the individuality of a racing yacht; falling into the same category as merchant and war vessels, with which it is always customary to use the definite article.

After the Herald has been successful in this proposed reform and compelled all yachtsmen to bow to the rules of grammar in prefixing the article, it may find a field for a new crusade in the almost universal use of the pronoun "she" instead of "it" among seamen and yachtsmen. To our minds the writers, and they abound in the West, who speak of a yacht as "it" are but the veriest landlubbers, but the Herald may be able to show that they are right, and that the poetic usage of the sea, sanctioned by unknown years of use, must give way to strict grammatical accuracy of expression.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Days Off on Off Days.

I AM sitting on a mossy hillock on a rocky little island in a lake up in northern New Jersey. Resting in the shade of maples, looking at the sunlight on the waves, and at the minnows sporting in the clear water at my feet, a feeling of contentment is with me and I am suffused with a tingling thrill of happiness such as comes to me at home at times when my daughter, stealing up behind in my spells of reverie and placing her soft hands over my eyes, leans forward and I feel the throb of a young heart and the kiss of love on my bald pate as she asks, "Guess who!" But I am not at home in that sense just now. I am at home, however, at any time when in the presence of that older one, Dame Nature; married I think she is to Father Time, and yet at liberty to flirt with all mankind, while her progeny is scattered over the whole world and there are no scandals connected with her name. She is stealing upon me now and blinding me with her midday searchlight; I feel her breath and hear her also say, "Guess who!" Oh, I am getting acquainted with her a little at a time. She has fooled me often, and once more to-day. I thought I could fish, and in boasting moments have said so. I tried to fish this morning, and only that part which consists of rowing, of oar-blistered hands and sun-blistered nose has been a success. I was after bass regardless of size of mouth, and found no mouth large enough to put even a word into. I cast flies, spinners, shiners and bullfrogs at them with my outfit and reproach and expletives with my tongue. I offered them everything from cold tea to landing net, and they would not even accept the latter. I tried to telephone to them, but Central said, "Busy; ring off and hang up your receiver." Do you know, I think their line was busy, inasmuch as mine was not. They rang the bell on me. Could I have cut in on them, I would probably have heard something like the following: "Give me Oswego." "Hello, Small-mouth; what is it?" "Say, that duffer from New York is on the road again." "What line?" "Silk." "Any flies on him?" Yes; just the same as last year." "What has he got?" "Gut leaders." "Oh, come off!" "I did." "Make it clearer." "He tried to hook me." What struck you?" "He did." "Why didn't you make a break?" "I broke water." "Is he still fishing?" "Yes." "Is that a straight tip?" "It is one of them; he has the other." "Your a sinker." "That's right." "Was he smoking?" "His reel was." "Did you get the butt?" "He says so, but he is a liar; he lies in weight and wait. He is gone now—gone on—gone on himself and his piscatorial proclivities." They may talk thus, and we have no less an authority than Rowland Robinson for it. He has written much about the Slang fish.

With aching back and aching arms I worked this lake for five hours steadily, and not a fish in the boat. Wait a moment. A fellow once called me a crawfish, but he was betting on a sure thing. The poor luck caused me to wonder why I left New York to come to this place when right at home there is a FOREST AND STREAM in the heart of the New York Life Building up a circulation that is by no means dormant, while I contribute $4 per year toward the fund and foolishly spend $20 more in coming here to increase my own circulation by rowing about in the hot sun. "What fools these mortals be!" Maybe, but there are other considerations. Here you don't have the corners knocked off you on crowded crossings, and you needn't wear a label reading, "Don't use hooks." If your russet shoes are bespawled you do it yourself, and no boozy bum in crowded car rests his frowzled head on your shoulder in peaceful slumber. Neither do you rise and lift your hat to some stout laundress and hear her say, as she takes your seat and the basket containing the wash catches on your watch chain, "Yez the bye kin tark fioine to us leddys." No newsboys walk beside you with emblazoned scare heads held in front and appreciating the opportunity to "git to yell" shriek "Jarnel, Wurruld!" in your tired ears. Up here you escape the turmoil, and the living and moving things seem interested, and "toil not, neither do they spin."

Say, come over to the other side of this island; look down there where the shadows of the trees darken the water and give to it a look both murky and cavernous. What do you think is going on down there? Under those lilypads is the lair of a cutthroat; deep in the semi-gloom he lies motionless till his prey comes carelessly by; then there is a darting gleam; blood is spilled; murder is done; a 6in pickerel has swallowed a 5in. shiner. A mud turtle is coaling down there and filling his scuttle butts. That sedate-looking bullfrog is studying his part and resting preparatory to singing a baritone solo in the concert at 8 P. M. See that hole in the reeds and bushes over there? You may think those shrubs grow on the land, but they do not. You might think that hole a tunnel in a hillside, but it is not; it is a canal; and now, supposing you were dwarfed to a Liliputian or to a Palmer Cox brownie, and taking a sardine box for a gondola and a souvenir coffee spoon for a paddle, you move into that maze. Do you think you would be a gondolier in Venice? Well, you would not be. You would be a delinquent and suffering thing in Dante's Inferno, and New Jersey's pride, the mosquito, is an imp with a forked tail on the wrong end and knows all about antitoxine and just where to inject it for the desired end. The water snakes would tip you over, and if you had as many legs as a blue-bottle fly the muskrats would pull every one of them. Well, supposing you are just what you are and a shower should come up while the sun was still shining and a rainbow end rested in the top of that big pine tree on the mainland. Wouldn't you take that boat, go over there, climb that tree, and then, supposing just as you reached out to grab that rainbow you lost your balance and fell down through the branches and landed a-straddle of a darn big bear, and looking backward, like Edward Bellamy, supposing you should see a big snake—a boa constrictor—come billowing toward you with open mouth, intent upon swallowing you and the bear, too. What do you suppose you would do? Would you fall off or hang on and kick that bear's ribs to make him run? I like to sit out here and think about these things, and decide what I would do if the chance occurred, so it occurs to me now that I would like to go fishing up in Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire, with Admiral Dewey when he gets home; and if I am not greatly mistaken he will be glad to go. I would rather be in his boat than in another, especially if he did not like me. He is all right, but has a way of puncturing tires and making people who don't have pleasant diplomatic relations with him and with his country walk Spanish. If I could go fishing with him I would gladly chop bait. Perhaps he would let me write up the trip and not cut the cables—he has not written for the magazines; at the same time he seems to understand such things. If I could go with him and write up the trip and see my name beside his, either in the War Cry or FOREST AND STREAM, I would willingly give my fly-book to the sporting editor and die happy. But I don't think he will go, because there will be so many men and women who will fish for him.

I was out in that hail storm yesterday, and I don't know why people always see hailstones as big as walnuts or hens' eggs. Those that came down yesterday came down like sash weights or like bricks in a riot. At first little attention was paid to the gathering gloom; I was thinking of my debts, and the first thing noticed was a large spatter here and there on the boat bottom, as though some one over me had spat and missed. Then the boat began to heave from the bow and the waves slapped under it; then something hard hit behind me and the water around was in miniature eruption. The storm started off easy like; then it let out another link, then coupled on another boiler and the battle was on; and from the conning tower came the command, "Give him the port broadside and the 13in. and the machine guns; torpedo him; ram him; sink him." I was as helpless as a Spanish fleet, and like one made for the shore to beach the boat. From choice I had rather be a bad actor pelted with eggs than a fisherman bruised with such shot as was fired that day. The boat was dented where hailstones struck, and I felt as though I had been playing with Jim Jeffries. As I stood under the trees a shower of twigs and leaves came down through the branches with the hailstones, birds were killed, and I was "between the devil and the deep sea." If I stayed under the trees there was more danger from the lightning; if I had gone out into the open field the end would be slow but sure. After a while the firing ceased around me, but away down the lake I could see the flashes and the boom of the clash came back to me over the water, as if in warning not to exult in escape. When the lake quieted down I came back to this island and cooked my supper; then the pipe was sweet and the June bugs batted against the lamp chimney while I read from Edward Atkinson's statistics to calm myself. The whippoorwill sang without, and to those who know his call and the bugle call of "Taps" the notes sound much the same. Put out your lights! Often have I played that call in military camps, and I obeyed the whippoorwill's call as other men have obeyed mine from the bugle. Pardon me for talking so much about myself; but I am here all alone doing my own cooking and chamber work. If there were neighbors I would talk about them. Some men go so far as to talk about their sisters—particularly so of those sisters who consent to be sisters to them. To-morrow I will put the padlock on the door and on my lips and again be a quiet oppidan of the noisy city until some day the fever is on again and the Doctor prescribes a change and a trip into the country. That is what they prescribe when all else fails, and it is the cheapest in the end and no drug in the market or "in your midst."

When I get home I presume that I shall be careless in feeding again and have another dream something like the following, which dream had much to do with my departure from home. It was Friday night—fish-day night—hot and close, with a superabundance of humidity in the air, and the air could not move, apparently, with the burden. The day had been long and troublesome, and a poor lunch, eaten hurriedly in a crowded restaurant, ill-sufficed to stay hunger; and when at my own table I more than made amends by disposing of a goodly portion of a baked bluefish, and then indiscreetly smoked too much strong Perique tobacco, at bedtime I was in a receptive mood to entertain hobgoblins, deformations and malformations of animal or marine life in a dreamy and disturbed sleep. As I dropped off into the realms of slumber-land I wondered what the solar plexus might be, and if it were about or around a pain I thought to exist where my girth is greatest. How the weary hours passed; they came and went as usual when tired nature is embroiled in a contest with indigestion. Surely there is some hideous thing in the room—there in the corner; now under the bed; then dragging its distorted and hideous length along the footboard; I feel it drop at my feet, and I bound from my couch and fumble for the match safe; but the window that direction was located from was a door and the flashes of the electric lamp came from the rear street and not from the front. Will I get a light befor that thing gets me? I stoop, that my night robe may protect my feet, stand on one foot and then on the other, wondering which will be bitten first. I try to cry out for help, and the voice sounds a vacuum. The matches would not light and broke repeatedly, until at last one seemed ignited and was thrust under the glass globe, and the yellow flame appeared, but no light. Thrusting a finger into the light to test its reality made possible the ejaculation, "Damnation!" Suddenly the flame lit up the environs, and there in the bay window, bathed in a flood of light with rings of halo about their heads, stood three Websters, one a former fishing companion; Daniel, the expounder of the law and expounder of fish heads, and Noah, the dictionary man. On the floor and flapping toward me was a huge dogfish. It seemed to look appealingly at me, as though asking me to right some wrong done in the past, and then I understood the visitation of Webster No. 1 and recalled a cod-fishing trip down Boston harbor and near Minot Light years ago. I had caught that same dogfish, and after life was extinct had placed him in the folded and loving arms of my sleeping friend as he lay on his back on the sloop's deck. I placed that dogfish in such a way that when my friend awoke their eyes would meet, and when that came about each bore the same pleasing expression as now seen. Why Daniel came I know not; maybe from a desire to fish again. Noah was there to caution me against further misuse of his copyright. The lights grew dim and the three Websters dropped noiselessly, one by one, from out the window and on to the flagging below. Then I took that dogfish—that nightmare, or seahorse—by the tail and slung him into the middle of the street and the three Websters passed under the arc light and faded in the shadows, and then that dogfish flopped along after them and in turn disappeared. Then I went to bed and then awakened. Sweat, just plain sweat, was pouring from me, and my collar and the pillow were soaked. I realized that it was a dream, and the taste of sage dressing and a strong pipe in my mouth gave me the clew to the cause. Like cures like, and I arose to find something to eat and to smoke again. Fumbling in the closet of an adjoining room in the darkness, I felt what seemed to be food—crackers and such were usually kept there. After masticating some substance for a while, and being suspicious, I lit a match, and the stuff was a new kind of dog biscuit just bought for the pup. Bad dreams, dogfish, dog biscuit. If there were blackberry brandy in the house could I be blamed for partaking thereof?

On the door of my hut someone has carved the name "Hager." Perhaps he was the builder. If so, he had forgotten a passage which reads:

> "Who builds a church to God and not to fame,
> Will never mark the marble with his name."

The name Hager recalls to my mind an old, white-haired gentleman known in my early days. He was a sportsman and a gentleman; but anything said of him does not belong here, and later, when in the mood and able to verify impressions, I will endeavor to tell about him under the heading, "Types of Sportsmen," for he certainly was a type by himself. W. W. HASTINGS.

Pioneer Days.—IX.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

AGAIN Josiah went to Canada upon the urgent appeal of General Sullivan, then in command there, to Seth Warner to come to his aid, but the arrival of an overwhelming force from England put an end to all offensive operations of the Americans, and a general retreat was ordered, when it became Warner's duty to cover the rear and bring off the sick and wounded.

One evening Josiah and a companion entered the house of a habitant, where they heard a soldier was lying sick. They found him, a handsome young fellow, in the languor of convalescence, assiduously tended by a pretty daughter of the house, with something more than sympathy in her black eyes, and telltale blushes that glowed in her dusky cheeks when she was caught in the act of smoothing the flaxen hair from the pale forehead of her patient. A motherly old dame was laboriously bending her fat form over the fireplace, busy with a kettle of pea soup, and only turned her head without straightening her body when the strangers entered.

"Good evelin', zhonte-mans," she gave greeting. "Si' do'n, si' do'n, 'f you please. Matilde, gif de zhentlemans some chair," and the daughter set two splint-bottomed chairs by the fireside.

"Thank ye," said Josiah, moving toward the pallet where the sick man lay, and looking him over with scrutinizing glance. "We come tu git this 'ere chap. Hain't he bothered ye 'bout long 'nough? Well, but be you able tu travel towards hum?"

"Oh, I guess so," said the young soldier, rising with alacrity at the name of home, but as he arose to his feet he tottered and sank back to a sitting posture. "But," he added, with a faint smile on his half-scared face, "I don't 'pear tu be very stiddy on my pins just yit."

"Oh, we'll give ye a lift on a litter—me an' Sam," said Josiah, cheerfully. "Sam, you go aout an' knock up some sort of a contraption—a couple o' saplin's wi' some cross-pieces."

"Oh, he too seek for go," the girl plead anxiously. "'F you lef' it 'ere, we took good care of it, me an' mah mère."

"I hain't no daoubt on't," Josiah said, significantly, as he looked at her eager face, "but the Britishers 'll be along ter rights, an' if they got a holt on him, I do' know, hangin' mebby, prison anyhaow, an' that will mean dyin', the way he is. No, he'll haf tu try runnin'."

"Yes, me guess so, if dey goin' keel it," the girl assented. "Oh, mon pauvre ami!" She gave the soldier a tender helping hand to don his tattered coat, as ready now to speed his parting as she had been to delay it.

"You goin' heet some super 'fore you gone," said the mother, ladling out the soup into bowls and setting them on the table with a brown loaf. "De Bostonais is always ongry," she laughed as Josiah, without ceremony, drew his chair to the board. "Oh, jus' one tam 'go me an Matilde was make ready de souper an' wait for mah hol' mans, an' dey come in one grand Bostonais an' 'ee took hoff de bread, de lard an' de boutelle whisky on esprit. Whoof! an' way 'ee go! Ah wish me haf de whisky for you, mais 'ee take all! Ah 'ope it choke it, me!"

Josiah bent a guilty face over his bowl, and knew now why the room looked familiar.

"Me goin' gat boy for he'p you carry it," said Matilde, leaving the table and slipping out.

Presently Josiah and his comrade brought in the rude litter, upon which the sick soldier took his place, after a folded blanket was spread on it. The soldiers laid their guns beside the sick man and set forth in the dusk along the highway.

The white fleeced rapids rushed past them like a flock of frightened sheep, with a continuous musical clamor, swelling and falling with the waft of night wind. When they had gone half a mile a swift patter of moccasined feet came behind them, and they were overtaken by a boy, of apparently about sixteen years, bearing a brown loaf under his arm.

"Me come for he'p carry," he panted, out of breath with running, as he came up to the litter, and looked anxiously down at the face of the occupant, showing white in the fading twilight.

"You can't carry nothin'," Josiah said, good-naturedly as he scanned the slight figure.

"Yas, yas! Me strong lak leetly hosses," said the boy eagerly, and persisted in taking the tall man's place, and bearing its burden manfully with an easy swing over the rough places, often asking their charge if he was tired or

at ease, or thirsty, or hungry—always as gentle and tender as a woman. "Matilde send me," he explained. "He ma cousin. Ma nem Pierre."

"Matildy never come anigh tu bid me good-by," said the sick man, with a peevish tone in his voice. "It's kinder cur'ous she didn't, for she's nussed me mighty keerful. I guess I'd ha' kicked th' bucket if it hedn't b'en for her. She's a good little gal." The head of the litter shook perceptibly.

"What was dat, keek de bucket?" Pierre asked.

"Oh, that's Yankee for dyin'," said Dick Wheeler, the sick man.

"Oh, you mus' never keek to die. Matilde, ma cousin, not want you."

"Sho!" Josiah exclaimed, contemptuously. "Your Matildy's a-makin' love tu some new pea-souper by naow. Come, boy, gi' me a-holt o' them handles; you're a-gittin' tuckered."

"No, no! It is not so wid de Canadieune," said Pierre, hotly. "It may be wid de woman of de Bostonais, but de Canadieune never forgot hees frien'. No. Yas, you may took de hol', an' Ah will go for de lait for M'sieu' Dick," and so he ran to a house to beg milk in a little pail he had brought.

"A cur'ous leetle cuss, tu be a-lookin' aout so for you, Dick," said Josiah. "Was he a-carin' for you much whilst you was with them folks?"

"Never see him afore," said Dick.

"Dey was hol' hugly," said Pierre, returning with a brimming and foaming pail. "W'en Ah ask, dey will not gif de lait, an' Ah ask de vache—cow, you call it, dat gif de lait? He was not riffuse."

"So you hooked it?" Josiah asked.

"It was for de cow to hook, mais he did not, he haf pity for M'sieu' Dick," said Pierre. "And shall he not sleep in the houses this night?" Whether they would or not, Pierre would hear to nothing but that the sick man should have the shelter of a roof, and found it for him in the cabin of a friendly habitant.

Next day they fell in with a detachment of the retreating army, and with more help made more rapid progress. Josiah insisted that the boy should now go back to his people, but Pierre was determined to go on, saying that Matilde's instructions were that he should accompany the sick man until he was safely embarked on the lake.

When this was accomplished he did not go back, but took his place in the batteau beside the sick man, ministering to his slightest want, and holding a bough over his face to shade it from the glaring sun, which shone down fiercely from the cloudless June sky upon the unprotected invalid, whom the cool, green shores and the sparkling water seemed to mock as they voyaged wearily around toward Crown Point.

One evening as they landed on an island for the night's encampment there arose a sudden alarm of "A man overboard!" and Josiah being near at hand plunged in to rescue him. He seized him by the hair and swam to the shore, which being gained he discovered that it was the boy Pierre whom he had rescued, lying now insensible across his knees. He unbuttoned the rough woolen jacket and stripped open the coarse tow shirt, and to his amazement uncovered the rounded breast of a girl. He covered it as quickly, and pouring a spoonful of rum into the pale, set lips, soon saw the closed lids quiver and the black eyes open in questioning wonder.

"I wish't I could send ye back, you little fool," he said in keen vexation.

"Ah, do not, ma frien'," the other whispered. "Ah shall keek de bucket if I haf not heeme!"

Next day in the boat, Dick lying with closed eyes, heard a voice over him in accents of love, "Ah, ma pauvre ami!"

"Why!" he cried, staring wildly into the face of Pierre bent close to his own, "I'd hev' swore I heard Matildy speakin' tu me!"

"Ouie, mon cher, it is Matilde. Do not be hangry of me. Do not tell de peop'—dey will shame me. Ah can't lif if I haf not you always."

The retreating army had been a week at Crown Point in the stricken camp where Col. Trumbull said he did not enter a tent or poor shelter of boughs that he did not find one wherein there was not a dead or dying soldier, when one morning at roll call Private Richard Wheeler was reported missing.

"Dick Wheeler's deserted," said a soldier to Josiah an hour later. "An' that 'ere Canuck boy 'at's allus a-hangin' 'raound him, he's gone tew."

"Nat'rally," said Josiah, laconically, and musing to himself. "All women hain't jest alike, for all Kenelm says so. If Dick don't merry that gal, I'll shoot him, by the Lord Harry! though as a general rule I'm ag'in mixin' breeds."

The First Outing with the Boy.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the head of "Types of Sportsmen.—III.," W. W. Hastings writes in a vein that is calculated to move the hearts of many of your readers. Mine it has touched deeply, and I sympathize with his love for the little boy who lives now no more on earth, but whose image and memory remain enshrined in the father's heart.

My experience is parallel with that of Mr. Hastings' up to the point of separation. That grief has hitherto been spared me, and my writing to you at this time is prompted by a perusal of Mr. Hastings' letter, and by my having recently returned from the first fishing excursion my boy—now ten years old—and I have taken together.

About the middle of June we set out together for the Alleghanies after trout. The locality is one familiar to me, through having visited it again and again in the same quest; and it had for years of late fostered the yearning to visit it accompanied by the little son coming up from babyhood. This year the foliage shown as of never so rich a green, the sky smiled serene overhead, and the brooks murmured sweet music of welcome on every hand. The eyes of my little companion looked out upon the sweet face of nature in joyous surprise and trustfulness, that lent to me for her a new charm. The trees and sky were sights familiar to his eyes, but the grand mountains, the crystal streams and the rocky cliffs and stones seemed to call to him as to a brother and to whisper their secrets to him. He never tired of riding and climbing over the mountains, of exercising his little unpracticed hand in casting the fly, and in wading and bathing in the clear cold streams.

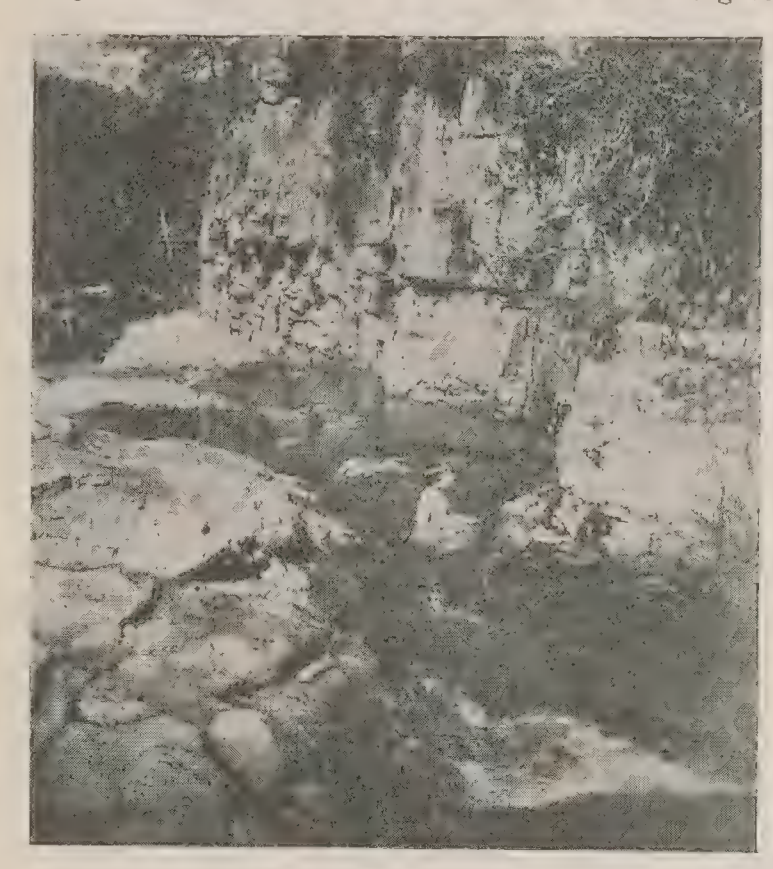
JOSEPH L. ATKINS.

Yukon Notes.

Jack Barton's Hard Luck.

We waited over at Fort Selkirk several days, making preparations for the trip out to the coast. The evening of Dec. 30 we made the acquaintance of Mr. Jack Barton. There was nothing formal or conventional about the introduction. We were just getting supper when he opened the door, and making a bee line for the stove, said: "Give me something hot, quick, boys. I'm half froze." To look at him one would have said that he stated the proposition mildly, for he was covered with ice from head to foot. We were short on whisky, but we had a bottle of pain killer, and Mac mixed a good stiff dose of that in a tin cup, and the stranger swallowed it without ever winking. "My name's Barton," he said when he had finished—"Jack Barton, and as I was getting ready to start from the noon camp to-day I got over a warm spring and went through into the wet. I knew we were somewhere near the post, so I left the boys and footed it up the river. I didn't stop to parlez vous any on the way, I can tell you. That ice on my clothes was like the tin armor the old fighters used to wear, and if I'd stood still a minute it 'd of froze up in the joints so 's I couldn't 'a' moved hand or foot and held me there till kingdom come. Tell you I wasn't so much afraid of freezing myself as of having the clothes freeze and boxing me up in cold storage." Mr. Barton laughed at the idea, and dismissed the affair as a matter of no further importance. While he was waiting for his party, who were following more slowly, he told us of conditions in Dawson, and of his unfortunate connection with the Kansas City Cyclone. He apparently felt that he had a duty to perform in righting himself with the public.

We were still discussing the cyclone when Barton's companions arrived. We could hear them shouting to



THE FIRST OUTING.
Photo by Mr. Joseph L. Atkins.

the dogs as the weary animals strained their utmost to drag the sleds up the 40ft. bank of the river. Mac and I went out to meet them and found that an accident had befallen one of the sleds. This was a gee-pole sled, and the man who took Barton's place behind the dogs was inexperienced at the work and had run it into an ice obstruction and wrecked the whole front of the sled. Barton heard the news philosophically, remarking that he never liked the old sled anyhow, and that it was a good chance to substitute for it a new basket sled which Mac told him could be bought of Pitts. I don't know what the new sled cost, but it probably was not far from the Dawson price, which was 8oz., or $128.

Barton's friends made a fire in one of the other cabins, which Mr. Pitts had generously placed at the disposal of travelers, and soon the place was festooned with wet blankets and various articles which had been on Barton's sled when it went through the ice.

Later in the evening Mac and I went over to call on Mr. Pitts, and while there were joined by Barton, who had changed his wet clothes for a dry suit. Barton shook hands with the agent, whom he had known for several years, and asked if he might have the key of the storehouse to get his cache of salmon, as he wanted some to feed his dogs.

"Salmon?" said Mr. Pitts, in a surprised way; "there's none left in your cache. I gave them up to Nigger Jim on an order."

"The blank you did," said Barton, profanely. "I didn't give him any order and never met the man in my life. What would I be giving an order for when I need them so badly myself and there ain't a fish to be had this side of Chilcoot?"

"The private marks on the cache were described perfectly by the lady," said Mr. Pitts, "and"——

"The lady," Barton groaned; "say nothing more." He paused a moment and then added, dramatically: "First she took my reputation, and now she steals my dog feed; the viper."

"They assured me," said Mr. Pitts, in an apologetic tone, "that Nigger Jim was a responsible gentleman and a mine owner; but I must say I hated to let him have the goods, though everything seemed straight enough."

"Partner," said Barton, with something more than the necessary emphasis, "you did me a good turn. I'm glad you gave up those salmon. I'm only getting what I deserve, and the more kicks I get the better I'll realize what an almighty fool I've been and the less likely I'll be to burn my fingers again."

And with that he pulled up his coat collar over his ears and left the room.

One of Barton's companions told me the following day that it cost them $140 for dog feed for the next stage of their journey, and instead of the light and nutricious salmon were obilged to take beef heads and offal, because there was nothing else to be had.

As if that wasn't enough misfortune for any man, an Indian, accidentally or intentionally, it is hard to say which, shot one of his dogs in the hinder part, amputating its tail and injuring it to such an extent that the dog had to be thrown out of the team, and Barton's start was still further delayed. The incidents of his stay at Fort Selkirk in December, 1897, will not be marked with a red letter in Jack Barton's diary. The poisonous purple of the deadly nightshade would make a most fitting illumination, grown in that malarious country where Childe Roland's dark tower stood.

Flashlighting the Indians.

Before leaving Selkirk I took a few photographs as mementoes of the place. One was a flashlight of the interior of an Indian cabin.

Sam, who was an enterprising young fellow, with two wives, gave me permission to take the interior of his abode. His old mother was seated cross-legged on the floor, and he hustled her to one side out of the way and gave me to understand that the place was mine to do with as I wished.

There were several gaudily decorated trunk-like boxes near the door containing the ashes of some of Sam's relatives, and I made a pyramid of these and placed the camera on top. Sam smiled all the while, so I suppose my course of action, while unconventional, conveyed no serious breach of etiquette. In the meanwhile, Jonathan and his wives and Albert and Bum and Bailey and a number of giggling young women crowded into the place. I told Sam to explain to them that it was bad medicine to look at the camera, and then I set off a handful of flashlight powder, which exploded with a blinding glare of light and a vigorous "w-o-o-f!" that threatened to raise the roof. The place was filled to the furthest cranny with a suffocating smoke, and without waiting to explain what had happened, I picked up the camera and left.

It would have been no easy matter throwing photographic lingo into Siwash, and I never was good at the languages. I was careful to close the door behind me, and either the Indians did not know I had gone, or else they were unable to locate the latch in the dark, for as long as I had a view of the cabin no one appeared on the outside.

I trust that the foregoing incident will not give the impression that we imposed upon the Indians or took advantage of them in any way. I saw some of the men later in the day, and they seemed to think the affair of the flash-light a good joke. We were very careful in our business dealings with the Indians to treat them fairly, and I am sure they bore us no ill will for anything that happened while we were at Selikirk.

J. B. BURNHAM.

NOTICE.

THE New York Clearing House has adopted new regulations governing the collection of checks and drafts on banks outside of the city. This entails a collection expense on those who receive such checks. Our patrons are requested, therefore, in making their remittances to send postal or express money order, postage stamps, or check or draft on a New York city bank or other New York current funds.

Natural History.

The Coon's Whicker.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ordinarily I admire, digest and batten upon FOREST AND STREAM editorials, but in the journal of June 17 I find some sand or other foreign matter in the sugar. In suggesting a moot-court for the trial of the cause of Raccoon vs. Man you have doubtless inspired considerable mental activity abroad, which you will doubtless hear from. If you will permit me to moot I will proceed.

In the concluding paragraph of the note to which I venture to allude you nominate Coahoma, of Mississippi, judge of the case proposed, or calendared. While I would most heartily indorse the nomination of Coahoma, I will not, if "his judicial poise has been marred by the coons which whicker in his cornfield of nights." I will not vote for judicial poise that can be marred by coons which whicker. In fact, if coons whicker to any such result as suggested, they must remain in their present status, without claim upon human jurisprudence. We cannot afford to expose our courts to any further whickering. The cause is worthy of investigation, however, and before legal steps be taken I would suggest that a court of inquiry ascertain to what extent the coon is whickerful.

In the business acquaintance I have enjoyed with coons, I have never found any which whickered, although I have known them to do disreputable things with my poultry and fruit. I do not think all of them are whickerish. Perhaps the whickerers are made so by conditions existing in some localities, and if so they may be isolated from the great coon family, which should not be universally condemned because Mississippi or New York coons have got to whickering.

The suggestion embodied in this proposition for a moot case is a grave one, and is most worthy of intelligent and serious consideration. I have been so presuming thus far that I will presume now to advance the opinion that the cause is too grave for disposition by moot-trial. A moot-trial is the trial of a supposititious or imaginary case, while the cause of Racoon vs. Man is a real one indeed. It is identically the cause of all other creatures vs. man, and can only be permanently and forever settled when we can righteously settle the question of the fittest to survive. The raccoon must submit or subside, and the same holds with all living things under the sun. If the coon whickers, perhaps he is driven to it because some farmer has gathered his fruit or some Frenchman his frogs.

Seriously, FOREST AND STREAM is constantly trying such causes, and I believe it is well for its contributors

and readers to remember the decision of famous Sancho Panza:

"Harkee, honest man, either I have no brains, or there is as much reason to put this passenger to death as to let him live and pass the bridge; for if the truth saves him, the lie also condemns him; and this being so, you may tell those gentlemen who sent you to me that, since the reasons for condemning and acquitting him are equal, they should let the man pass freely; for it is always more commendable to do good than to do harm; and this advice I would give you under my hand, if I could write. Nor do I speak thus of my own head, but on the authority of my master, Don Quixote, who on the night before the day I came to govern this island told me, among many other good things, that when justice was doubtful I should lean to the side of mercy; and God has been pleased to bring it to my mind in the present case, in which it comes pat to the purpose." RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal.

Fishing Hog and Mousing Hen.

DOES the reversed negative make an affirmative? If it does, as may seem to be true both figuratively and algebraically, which we might say is the same as literally, then we should reasonably expect to have real fishing hogs, as hog fishers, and if my memory does not mislead me, I think our ancient poet, Shakespeare, wrote of a mousing hen. But while the discovery of these—scarcely *lusæ naturæ*—in the hitherto unexplored locality known as Kansas, is nothing new, yet it is interesting to know that animals as well as we may change the place, but not the natural laws of creation. For the mousing hen is to my knowledge a native of several States, and these so widely apart that now we know she is found in Kansas we may consider her to be an established fact. I first saw her hunting along the sweet flowered hawthorn hedges of an English meadow; again I saw her a short time after at home in Pennsylvania, at the same sport, and since then she has been doing the same useful work in every country place in which I have lived forty years since that time. Indeed, I can improve on Mr. Pine Tree's story, given on page 45, FOREST AND STREAM, July 15—for I have witnessed a battle royal between a game rooster and a rat, in which the bird come out a victor and the carcass of the enemy was eaten by the hens. More than this, for while at times I have been lying—physically, not verbally, I assure you, notwithstanding the provocation here given for such a supposition—I have seen a small wood mouse chased and caught and carried off, I suppose for food, by a pheasant.

Birds are omnivorous, and exceedingly energetic in getting their food. Seeing my fowls busy on the bank of one of my fish ponds, I investigated and found they were wading into the shallow water for the eggs of the frogs and toads lying there, and since then the hens have hunted there for the little pollywogs which line the banks in hundreds. Just here I would diverge to this pollywog subject, and ask your readers if they know when a pollywog becomes a frog or a toad, and for how long these creatures go about like little alligators. The present year I have seen hundreds of them some rods from the water in the grass, and catching flies, and 4in. long. Going back to the hens, these birds are exceedingly omnivorous, as will be shown by the many true stories told of the strange things found at times in their crops. It was through the enterprising hen that the California gold was first discovered, for long before Sutter found it in his mill race the women of his boarding house found nuggets in the hens' gizzards as they dressed them for the table. Other stories of similar discoveries of gold and precious stones in the gizzards of hens, or in their crops, have been told in mining camps, and similar stories in more truthful places.

When I was a boy it was a common story that pigs could not swim, because their sharp hoofs cut their throats; but here in North Carolina I find our native razorback, or rail splitter, is an excellent swimmer, for he navigates my ponds and rivers here, and I suspect him of actual poaching for fish. I have seen him make a grab at something in the water and dive after it, apparently with the swiftness and agility of an otter. Anyhow, I have had to shut in both sides of my ponds with a 2in. barbed wire fence to keep the hogs from doing something in my ponds akin to fishing, quite as much as to guard against fishers who emulate the hogs in this respect.

Mr. Pine Tree talks of these ravenous brutes of fishing hogs, four-footed of course, but a whole drove of them will not do as much harm as one two-legged one. One of this breed I have seen, when he struck a shoal of trout so thick that the whole of the three flies on his leader frequently took a fish each, still keep on taking fish after his 12lb. basket was full, and when I fortunately came across him and stopped him he had a big heap on the bank, as well as a respectable string on a forked twig. Of the two breeds of this *sus scrofus*, I must say I prefer the quadruped variety as a fisher. H. STEWART.

HIGHLANDS, N. C.

Note.—But I have forgotten the real object I had in view when I sat down to write. This was the wild hog of this locality. I happen to possess a tract of possibly a hundred acres in about the center, nearly about 4,000, mostly all forest, but surrounded in part by a few small farms, the owners of which keep their half-wild hogs in my woods range, in which the mast is, of course, very abundant. This hundred acres is a sort of bay made by an ancient bend of the river, now filled up and covered with a thick growth of laurel, among which is a large quantity of big timber. This thicket, as it really is, is densely shaded by the tops of the laurels 20ft. or more tall, but below it is easy to thread one's way among the undergrowth. A few years ago I was exploring this thicket, called by the people here the Devil's Peach Orchard, on account of the wildness of its thickets and the fact that a solitary peach tree is growing or alleged to be (I have not seen it) in the center of this tract. But the wandering razorbacks, rail-splitters and other so-called hogs of the locality seem to have hidden in this solitary retreat, and have multiplied to a considerable extent. On my only visit of exploration of the one-tree orchard, I found numerous hogs, some of which would have put to shame those of the noted Black Forest of central Europe, in which the Kaiser is said to shoot his wild boars. One of these beasts lying in a mud hole in a branch, and aroused by my appearance, ran furiously at me and my companion. The brute had great sharp tusks fully 6in. long, and as he came at me with gnashing teeth, the foam fell from his jaws. His bristly mane stood up stiffly and I remember well his little keen eyes as he came rushing at me. Fortunately, I was carrying in my hand, ready for use a Colts navy, which enabled me to disable the big savage brute so that he retreated, and I must say I let him retreat with good will. From the abundant sign of hog wallows in this wild place I am sure there must be a large number of old stagers who would tax the courage and enterprise of an experienced hunter of wild boars. I am sorry to say that I have so far been too busy to visit this part of my farm since. But if any FOREST AND STREAM reader wishes to try some of my pork in this pasture, I cordially invite him. H. S.

The Canadian Lynx.

THE Canadian lynx (*Lynx canadensis*) is most abundant in Canada, reaching as far north as timber is found, and extending south into the northern parts of the United States, where it chiefly inhabits the high mountains of the West, but is frequently met with along streams in the valleys.

In the foothills and lowlands of the Rocky Mountains of northern Alberta, Canada, I found them common, or perhaps I should say they seemed to be common, judging from the number of tracks seen and large quantities of skins brought out by trappers and traders. Although I spent nine months in this locality for part of each summer and fall of the years of 1895 and '96, our party saw but two "pissues," as the Cree Indians call them. The locality was favorably adapted for their concealment, however, being a continuous expanse of timber.

Its long, thick hair is ample protection from the winter blasts, and the huge feet being also provided with long hair, which cover the naked soles, make excellent snowshoes for traveling over the deep snows. When not alarmed, or hunting, it stands erect, and walks about with the air of a common cat with its short tail erect. Its long legs and thick fur make it appear much larger than it really is, and the hunter is often surprised upon killing and skinning one to find at what a small mark he has fired.

The Hudson's Bay Company ships thousands of the skins to Europe yearly, and we often see them dyed black and made into muffs, and I have seen several natural and full length skins as boas.

In the northern parts of Alberta, about the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, large tracts of burnt timber are found, the fallen trunks of which lie in a perfect network on the ground. After a few years have elapsed, young pines, spruce or poplar trees spring up, covering these places with a thick growth to the height of 10 or 15ft. In such places as this, the snowshoe rabbit, northern or varying hare (*Lepus americanus*), is found in large numbers, and as this species under consideration preys chiefly upon them, it too is found most abundantly in such localities, although it is frequently met with in higher altitudes. That the Indian thinks the lowlands its favorite home is proven by the number of snares found along the trail. While hunting in such places the Canadian lynx can either lie in wait on a log near a rabbit trail until his prey comes along, or from behind the fallen timber it can creep stealthfully within reach of and spring upon it without being observed. In addition to the snowshoe rabbit, it also feeds upon various species of grouse, ptarmigan and small mammals and birds, occasionally feasting off a freshly-killed deer that some hunter has left out over night in the forests. Audubon and Batchman ("Quadrupeds of North America") relate an incident of this kind, in which the animal refused to leave the carcass, and was killed. The thick willow, alders and poplars along the banks of streams is another favorite hunting place of the lynx, where it lies in wait or still-hunts his game.

During the day it usually remains quiet, taking refuge in a hollow log or stump, or under the low and overhanging limbs of spruce, but is frequently seen out on dark days. It is very shy and cowardly, and flees at the least alarm. When pursued by dogs, it proceeds in great bounds, throwing its hind parts high in the air at each leap, and on being pressed, soon takes to a tree, where the hunter finds it seated on the first limb with its back against the trunk. I have been told by Indians that when driven into close quarters by a dog it spits and snarls, and strikes with its four paws, and as a last resort seizes its adversary with its front feet, draws him close and disembowels him with the claws of the hind feet.

Large numbers are annually snared by the Indians, but not a few are poisoned, caught in steel traps, or run down with dogs, but the most favorite way of capturing them is with the snare. This is done in the following manner: A small inclosure of sticks is made and an opening left on one side, the snares usually being set along a trail. A snare is then placed in the opening and some scent bait daubed on a stick and stuck in the back of the inclosure, the other end of the snare twine being fastened to a pole 6 or 8ft. long and about as large around as the wrist. The scent bait is made of beaver castors, livers of wildcats that have been hung in the sun till decayed, nutmegs, cloves and root from a small plant known as love root, ground and mixed, to which may be added cinnamon, oil of cloves and rum. This is stirred together and allowed to stand a week or ten days before being used. The smell of this mixture draws the cats from some distance. When they arrive at the snare and try to enter the opening, they push their heads through it, and while rolling in the stench get entangled in the cord, and as the snare tightens they become alarmed and try to escape. The pole soon gets fast in the brush, where the trapper usually finds them either strangled to death or dead from exhaustion. I am told that they seldom get very far from the place where the snare is set. Occasionally a spring pole is attached to the snare and the animal, while struggling to escape, frees it and is swung into the air, where death soon comes to its relief.

The Indians of the North esteem its flesh very highly, and the eyes are considered a great delicacy. They are very superstitious about different parts of the meat. The women are never allowed to eat the eyes, and they believe that should a dog secure a piece of the meat he would be ruined as a wildcat hunter forever. Although I have frequently had an opportunity to eat lynx meat, I regret to say that I did not do so. It is light in color, and is said to taste like veal.

While camping in the high mountains of the locality mentioned above, my attention was attracted one morning by the loud barking of my dog. On going to the tent and looking out, I saw a large Canada lynx hunting mice in the middle of a muskeg (a sort of swamp) about 200yds. away. As he bounded away I fired a shot after him, which had the effect of hurrying him along. The dog pursued him, and in a few minutes I heard him barking, and on arriving found the cat perched on a low limb of a pine spruce. In one of the barrels of my gun was an auxiliary, which I used in shooting small specimens. It took a .38 extra-long rim-fire shell, loaded with No. 12 shot. Taking a position where I had an open shot at his shoulder, I aimed a little back of it and fired. He kept his seat about five seconds, and then fell, and in ten seconds more was dead. On skinning him I found that the shot had spread a little more than a person's hand would cover, and had eater their way to his heart. He was about 15ft. away when I fired. Another that I found in a trap by the side of the trail was killed likewise. I serve all the coyotes, foxes, coons and skunks that I catch in the same manner, and if I am careful and can place the shot where it should be, it is always effective.

Mr. E. W. Nelson ("Natural History Collections Made in Alaska"), in speaking of this animal, says: "Mr. McQuester, a fur trader living in Fort Yukon, witnessed one winter day a combat between a lynx and a red fox, which he described to me as follows: 'The lynx sprang upon the fox in comparatively open ground, evidently trying to capture it for his food. The fox instantly made fight, and for a few moments the fur flew right and left. Then a short pause followed, and the fight was renewed. A second pause ensued, and after the two had glared at each other for a few moments they slowly withdrew in opposite directions, the hair on each bristling defiance, but each evidently satisfied to close accounts.' This lynx was probably weakened by hunger, for a vigorous lynx is certainly more than a match for a fox."

The fur traders and Indians of the upper Yukon claim that the lynxes sometimes unite in parties of five or six and make rabbit drives on the small islands in the Yukon. They claim to have heard the lynxes utter a sharp, whistling noise, and to have found their tracks in the snow where the line had swept the island, until each secured its prey, near the further end.

When rabbits increase in a district for a number of years, the yield of lynx skins is large, until, suddenly, an epidemic breaks out among the rabbits and they are almost exterminated. The succeeding seasons are marked by a heavy decrease in the number of lynx skins secured by the natives, and until the rabbits become common again the lynx become scarce.

The last paragraph is substantiated by the Indians in the country in which I traveled.

Dr. C. Hart says in his "Mammals of the Adirondacks" that the number of young brought forth at a litter is two.

J. ALDEN LORING.

OWEGO, N. Y.

A Robin as a Mock Bird.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The communication of Mr. Chill in a late number of FOREST AND STREAM, telling of a robin repeating the call of Bob White, reminds me of a somewhat similar circumstance in my own experience, or, rather, observation. One spring, when I was a boy, in Ohio, many years ago, in corn-planting time, a robin took his position on a dead elm tree on the edge of the cornfield, every day for some two weeks, or perhaps longer, and sang his regular song, interspersing it at not infrequent intervals with the cry "Whip-poor-will," as distinctly as the bird that bears that name could utter it. As I say, this was kept up for a considerable period of time, and the cry was heard not only by those on our farm but by the neighbors: but, except those persons, I never met any others that ever heard or knew of a similar case. Long afterward, however, I read in some book on natural history that it was not unusual for a robin to imitate the whippoorwill or other birds.

Does any other reader of FOREST AND STREAM know of a like case? K.

CAMP PERCY, N. H.

Does the Loon Prey on Ducks?

LAKE CLAIR, P. Q., July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By the great indulgence of my friend Greenough, I have been permitted to enjoy, for the first time, the natural beauties, the entertainment and the health-giving excursions which Lake Clair and its picturesque surroundings afford. This lake is a gem set among forest-clad hills which rise 300 and 400ft. above the level of the lake, while the lake itself is some 750ft. above the level of the St. Lawrence River. Within 500ft. of Lake Clair, on its western side, lies the southern end of Lake Long, the level of which is some 200ft. below the level of Lake Clair. One of the wonders is why the waters of Lake Clair do not percolate through to Lake Long; but Lake Long is here separated from Lake Clair by a magnificent cliff of solid rock rising sheer some 300ft. Close at hand is Black River, a rushing, turbulent stream—the outlet of Lake Long—and scenery not only picturesque but grand.

Of course trout abound in these waters. Our host indulges his guests so far as the taking of trout is concerned, and in every seasonable way; but promiscuous shooting he does not look upon with favor. He likes to see game in its native state about his domain. So it is, for the most part, unmolested here. The cry of the loon is a common sound, and this bird is always present about the lake. One species, the great Northern diver, is a handsome and powerful bird. A pair with a young one may be seen daily in the vicinity of the camp.

A wild duck with fifteen young lives near by. A few days ago, in a pouring rain, and while we were all indoors, this little family was discovered close in under the windows of the camp, feeding.

The loons—or some of them—seem to be very hostile to

ducks. I have witnessed some encounters between them. In one case, when a duck and her family were sailing quietly along. I saw them make a mad rush, the old one calling loudly, when suddenly out of the water rose a large loon ,and attacked them with great fury, churning the water into foam with his wings in the pursuit. He seemed to me to secure one of the young ducks, with which he disappeared under the water. At another time I witnessed a contest between a loon and an old duck—the latter defending her young apparently. In each of these cases the loon was concealed under the water, and rose suddenly from it to the attack. It will be interesting and instructive to know if the loon makes food of young ducks.

Of course FOREST AND STREAM knows.

ONE OF GREENOUGH'S GUESTS IN JULY, 1899.

Birds in Town.

ANN ARBOR, Mich.—Are the natural inhabitants of the fields and woods taking up new homes in the smaller cities and villages where they are not molested but fed and encouraged? The robin and bluejay long since did this. More of these birds can be found in the little cities than elsewhere in southern Michigan, I think. Certainly the cities contain numbers of these birds out of all proportion to their relative area. I have often walked through our deserted woods and been oppressed by their silence. Birds, squirrels and rabbits are gone. In the cities all of these are found. The catbird is more numerous in town than in country hereabouts. There are one or two on my place (less than half an acre) every spring.

From what I have seen and have been told, I think the squirrels are making the change. I have learned of no place where they have not been welcome, except in isolated cases where they have entered and occupied portions of dwellings against the expressed wishes of the owners. The squirrels of which I write are the red squirrel and the fox squirrel. I know of no gray squirrels or chipmunks following this practice yet. Chipmunks do better near the habitations of man—a little to one side—not among the houses.

More interesting still is the accumulating evidence that something of the idea of safety in cities has crossed the mind of the quail. We had scarcely returned home lately from a stay of some weeks, till my wife twice noticed Bob White call right near our house in this city. Twice the same fall a few years ago I saw, at widely separated places, quail cross the street, not far in front of me—evidently a passing flock of which I saw a few in each case. Note also the evidences of the same thing published in FOREST AND STREAM. Let them come in. Perhaps the way to raise quail is to be good to them. Even grouse might some time be so raised.

In cities the natural enemies of these creatures have nothing like the chance at them that they do in the country.

Is there a change going on in the chosen abode of our friends of the air, the trees and the ground?

For years there was, perhaps there is yet, a large colony of crow blackbirds on the college campus here. There were plenty of others about various parts of the city. I have not noticed any of late years though.

J. B. D.

Game Bag and Gun.

The July number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine is now ready. See advertisement of it.

Utah Justice.

A FEW mornings ago, about 9 o'clock, I was in a book store, when the proprietor came in from the rear and informed me that a man had offered him some very small trout for sale. I went out and found in a farm wagon a box containing about 40lbs. of trout, carefully packed in ice and all under size. Three young men from Wallsburg, Wasatch county, offered the lot for 17½ cents per pound. They said that the fish had run out on their lucerne patch while irrigating and they didn't know what to do with them. They admitted having sold several boxes of trout on the previous evening to a local wholesaler. These remaining had been refused as "too small," though the wholesale dealer did not do his duty in the matter. Immediately I sought Commissioner Newell, who was out of town, and then went to the sheriff's office and brought a deputy to the wagon. The fish varied from 4 to 7in. in length. Arrest, immediate trial, plea "guilty," fine $30. All inside of two hours. We thought that the fish had been seined, but could not prove it. The confiscated trout sold for about $7.

Owing to the fact that the Indian agent at Fort Duchesne has specially deputized Indian police to look after the waters in Strawberry Valley, there has been less poaching upon the reservation this season than for a number of years previous. Late high water prevented a violation of the law before the open season, in the streams emptying into Utah Lake, Salt Lake, Bear River and tributaries. Since June 15 there have been several charges preferred by the Fish and Game Commissioner. On looking over the justices' docket I find that three convictions have been secured for having in possession trout under size; two for spearing bass; one for seining, and one for the use of a fish trap. This is a splendid record when we consider how the local sentiment has had to be educated. Good work is also being done in Cache county.

The State has planted suit against the Telluride Power Transmission Company for failure to provide a screen, as required by law, at the head gate of their mammoth flume. Concerning the fishway at their dam, about which I have written previously, I give the company's side of the case from a local paper:

"Anent the criticisms offered in regard to the fishways over the dam of the Telluride Power Transmission Company in Provo Cañon the Democrat man on Monday interviewed W. B. Searle, chief engineer of the power company. Mr. Searle states that three experimental fishways have been put in. The first was according to company plans and did not meet the satisfaction of the Fish Commissioner. The second was constructed by the Telluride Company on plans furnished by the Fish Commissioner, but failed to be satisfactory. The third was constructed under the direct supervision and direction of the Fish Commissioner and entirely paid for by the Telluride Company, but it also fails to meet the requirements of the official who constructed it. The Fish Commissioner has submitted plans of another fishway and demanded that it be put in. We understand that it is on the plan approved by the Department at Washington. The company say they will put in the new one if the Commissioner will agree to accept it, but that they are tired of being experimented with. The matter is still in abeyance, but should certainly be adjusted."

Utah county and the State in general may be proud of the effort that is now making marked headway to have good game laws that can be lived up to, and of having these laws strenuously enforced.

SHOSHONE.

The Big Head.

WE had gathered in the drawing-room. My host Charlie, an old college chum, had always been an ardent sportsman, and in true hunter fashion had furnished this the principal family room, in backwoods—yet nevertheless elegant—style. On the polished hardwood floor and on the spacious wall appeared all kinds of trophies of the stalk and chase, which, as well as giving a frontier aspect to the room, showed his skill with the rifle. There was a monster grizzly's skin, with great dull claws as long as my fingers, that seemed to occupy at least one-third of the floor space of the big room, and a mountain lino's skin. Several big gray wolf and three or four red fox and coyote skins covered the remainder. Suspended from the walls were several deer heads, a pair of massive elk horns and a fine mountain sheep's head, while just over the fireplace, in the most conspicuous position in the room, and looking down at us in a proud and lordly manner, was the finest blacktail buck's head I had ever seen.

This head had been mounted by some one who thoroughly understood the business, for the workman had given just the right expression to the wise old face, with its bright eyes, great ears and sensitive nose, and the widely spreading, many-pronged antlers were carried in a manner well fitting the noble animal which this one beyond all doubt had been. Many times had I seen deer heads with more points on irregular, misshapen horns, but never before one with such heavy beams, such a wide spread between the tips, nor such elegant symmetry in every turn, all of which were shown in the twelve points of the antlered head before me. The grayness of the scalp about the nose and under jaw, the jet black of the long hair between the horns, and snowy strip across the throat, all proclaimed the beast to have been an old-timer, and the great antlers marked him as a leader of his tribe.

My friend noticed the look of admiration with which I regarded this noble specimen and asked casually, but in a manner which showed he wished to say more, "Pretty nice head, isn't it?" I replied in a most positive affirmative, and added that I would give a large sum to become the owner of such a trophy.

"I call that my Thanksgiving deer head," said Charlie. "During all of last season I did not have any luck finding game, although I hunted through several districts where deer and elk were quite plentiful. So when I received an invitation from Andy Hilger, a noted young hunter, to come and spend a few days with him hunting in the Belt Mountains about forty miles north of Helena, Mont., I decided to try for big game once more before the close of the season. Three days before Thanksgiving I was at the ranch of my friends' father. The ranch lies on the river bottom close to the Missouri, and just above the point where that stream rushes through the narrow pass in the Belt range called the Gate of the Mountains.

"On the next morning after my arrival Andy and I loaded our blankets, provisions, guns and ammunition into a light skiff and pushed off from the ice-covered shore. It was risky business running the rapids through the Gate, but guided by Andy's skillful hand our light boat mounted and overcame the big, foam-crested waves and floated safely through the wild rush and on down the river, which was running full of slush ice, the intense cold having formed the surface of the stream into a partially frozen mass. Our camp was to be in a little cabin which had been built close to the river bank several miles below the Gate and at the mouth of a deep cañon called Bear Gulch that ran back into the very heart of the range.

"We arranged our camp that afternoon, and the next day, bright and early, we started out. Half a mile from camp we struck some fresh mountain sheep tracks in the snow, and we followed them all day without getting sight of the animals, which, from the sign, were evidently traveling. Crossing the high ridges on our way back to camp we could see by the clouds in the west that a storm was brewing, and that night it snowed about 2in., covering all old tracks.

"The next mornnig, which was Thanksgiving, we were afoot before the cold, gray dawn made the sights of our rifles visible. It was bitter cold, and as we stole our way up the steep incline in the bottom of Bear Gulch our breath rose in white clouds above us. But it was an elegant day for hunting, and we vowed to have fresh meat in camp that evening if it was a possible thing. Shortly after the sun had risen above the rugged peaks ahead of us, its first rays tinting the surrounding forest crests a beautiful crimson, Andy, who was ahead, stopped suddenly and looked long and carefully up the steep mountain on our right. I soon stood beside him, and he asked, without removing his eyes from a dark object that was but faintly discernible among a heavy growth of dead scrub pines far above us, 'I wonder what that is?'

"I had my glasses out in a moment, and through the powerful lenses I could distinctly trace the outlines among the twigs and branches of an immense blacktail buck. He had seen us, for his big ears were up and he stood still as a rock for several minutes, looking down at us. He was away out of range—fully 800yds. away—so we just stood still and waited to see what he would do. In a little while a doe and her fawn and another buck trotted in sight. They didn't see us, as we stood still as a couple of black stumps, but the big fellow who had first spied us knew there was danger in that vicinity, for having finished his observation he led his little band up over the crest and out of sight.

"As they trotted along a small bare spot near the summit of the ridge, the big buck we had first seen loomed up almost twice as large as the others, and even at that distance we could see the sun shine on his massive antlers. When we saw what an immense fellow he was, both of us made up our minds, though nothing was said, that we would have that deer before night.

"'They will run over into the head of Dry Gulch,' said Andy, who was thoroughly familiar with the lay of the country, 'and as they are not badly frightened, will probably lie down. That is about three miles from here, and our nearest and easiest route is to climb to the top of this ridge, which we can follow up and strike the gulch just to the right of Cap Mountain. I think we shall find them somewhere in the head of that gulch.'

"We immediately started on our long climb to the top of the ridge, which we gained after an hour's hard and steady work, for it was very steep, and we often slipped back quite a distance, taking an avalanche of snow with us, and had to climb up again. On the summit of the crest the icy wind blew directly in our faces, but we didn't mind that, although it drove sharp particles of snow in our eyes and ears and benumbed our hands, for it gave us 'the wind' on the deer. Several times we crossed the tracks of the game we had started, but did not follow them. We could see they were heading for Dry Gulch in a roundabout way, traveling in the gulches, where there was scattering timber, while we were going the shortest route, following the ridges.

"In about two hours we stood on the crest of the long, rocky ridge which bounds Dry Gulch on the west. From this point the scenery was grand, and we stopped a few moments to rest and 'take in the country,' as Andy expressed it. We had attained such a height that we overlooked an immense expanse of country, and that one of the roughest in Montana. To the east rose the highest peak in the Belt range, Mount Moore, which reared its forest-covered sides and rugged, snow-capped head in the very heart of a great mass of deep ravines, rocky cañons, bare, burnt hillsides, and rolling wave after wave of timber-covered ridges—the very wilderness the blacktail most love to roam.

"To our left the same seeming endless expanse of wild country swept away into the blue distance. The sheer walls of Picnic Cañon stood out clear-cut and gigantic from the dark colors of the surrounding evergreen timber, and directly above us towered Cap Mountain, a curious, conical-shaped peak on whose summit, like the ruins of some ancient castle, a great jumbled mass of rock was outlined distinctly against the cold blue sky.

"To our right, full forty miles away as the crow would fly, partly enshrouded in a smoky haze, we could fairly make out the buildings in Helena, and now and then catch the glint of the sun on a window or bright tin roof. At our rear, and thousands of feet below us, the Missouri, dwindled to a mere ribbon by distance, wound its way between icy banks. Just above the river, grim and silent, old Bear's Tooth reared its rocky, crevice-riven peaks.

"At our feet, and stretching away on either hand, lay the great gulch in which we were sure we would find our game. The immense hillside opposite us had a few years before been swept by a forest fire. All timber had been killed, but the blackened trunks still remained standing. On our side of the gulch the timber was still green, the fire, in one of its curious twistings and turnings, having passed by it altogether.

"But a short distance back we had crossed the tracks of the game we were after, and they were going for the head of the gulch. So we knew if everything went all right we would soon have some sport. We pushed ahead rapidly, for the freshness of the trail showed we were not far behind. We dropped over into the gulch and descended its steep sides for a short distance and then, some 30yds apart, commenced to hunt carefully up toward its head. In a few minutes, happening to look down toward Andy, I saw him stop suddenly and raise his rifle. He did not shoot, however, but after looking intently down the hill for an instant, he turned and beckoned to me. I went down as fast as I could without making any noise, and he exclaimed:

"'They just passed below me there, and if one of them had stood still a minute longer I would have killed him; but we will get them sure, now, at any rate.'

"We started on a run diagonally down the hill and we made good time, I can tell you, for when we were within 200yds. of the bottom of the gulch the deer were only a short distance ahead of us. Andy, who was in the lead, ran out on a point of rocks, from which elevated position he could overlook the bottom of the ravine. One look was enough; then he sat down in the snow and began to screw up his Lyman hunting sight. I looked into the bottom of the gulch, and the deer had just begun to cross in single file, the smaller buck leading. Then they started up the hillside directly opposite, going quartering from us through the scattering burnt timber, on a slow trot. In the meantime I had screwed my sight up to the 300yd. notch.

"'Well, there's two of them,' said Andy, 'but where is that big buck?' And we both looked up and down the gulch in search of the big deer. 'Here he comes!' exclaimed Andy; 'and ain't he a slasher,' he continued. 'Just look at those horns, will you!'

"The big fellow—and he was a monster, I can tell you—trotted slowly and majestically up the hill, following the trail of the others. He did not act as if he was in a very great hurry, but even then, in the presence of danger, seemed to defy us as he proudly held his big antlers back on his broad shoulders and plowed his way up the hill through the snow. It seemed a pity to kill such a magnificent beast, but both of us wanted that pair of massive antlers, so after taking a good look at the proud old fellow we began to shoot, one after the other. It took our bullets over a second to cross the gulch. One would shoot and watch where his bullet struck, making a dirty patch as it threw up the dust in the clean snow, and then the other would fire.

"Andy's first bullet struck just behind the big fellow

and a little too high. I made allowance on his miss, and aiming ahead fired. The bullet struck 2ft. ahead and a little high. My next shot went just over him, and Andy's just underneath him. Taking careful aim for my third trial, I held the bead of the front sight just underneath his outstretched nose and pressed the triger. As the smoke cleared away I saw Andy take his rifle down from his shoulder with a decidedly disappointed air, for he would have liked to kill the big buck himself, and he said ruefully, 'Well, you got him that time.' Sure enough, there the big fellow lay, motionless in the snow.

"A quick run down the mountain, a hard climb up the opposite side, and we stood alongside the biggest deer either of us had ever seen. It was with an indescribable thrill, such as only a hunter feels after a hard but successful stalk, that went through me as I gazed on the fallen monarch and noted the fine symmetry and broad expanse of the great antlers and the graceful outlines of the monster form.

"'You might hunt twenty years and never kill another such animal,' said Andy. 'He is the biggest buck that was ever killed in these parts, and those horns go away ahead of anything I ever saw'; and he stretched his arm across them. By bringing the tips of the antlers on one side into his armpit he could just touch the opposite side with his outstretched fingers. 'Over 32in. across,' he said.

"We dressed the big fellow, and after several unsuccessful efforts, for it seemed as if he weighed 500lbs., hung him up. After carefully looking him over, Andy guessed his weight at 245lbs., while I guessed 5lbs. less.

"It was just at nightfall that we arrived in sight of our little cabin, and I can tell you no place ever looked more homelike than that dingy little hut. It didn't take long to build a fire out of pitch knots, and then our Thanksgiving dinner, of which roast venison was the principal dish, was one of the best I ever ate.

"The next day we got a big, strong pack-horse from the ranch, and it took us till long after dark to get the big buck out of the mountains. We weighed him carefully at the ranch, and he tipped the scales at just 249lbs., and his antlers measured just 32in. across. The weight was all solid meat, too, for when I skinned him I found scarcely any fat on him. If he had been killed six weeks sooner, when in his summer condition, he would have weighed at least 75lbs. more. When I cut him up I found that my bullet had entered his body pretty well up and half way back from the shoulder, and ranging forward and across, had just creased his backbone and lodged in his shoulder, making a wound that was instantly fatal."

R. C. Fisk.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Rapid Changes in Western Regions.

Chicago, Ill., July 20.—It was some three or four years ago, after a rather careful study of the upper Wisconsin region, that I made the prediction in these columns that this Wisconsin section had seen its best days, more especially as a muscallunge country and a prime fishing region. I remarked then in these columns that the State of Minnesota would be the next Western region to be included in the sweep of sporting travel. This prediction at the time created certain comment, more especially from some persons who thought that Minnesota was already shot out and fished out. Yet there seems to have been some justice in the statements made at that time. In a very few rapid years the State of Minnesota has sprung into the most prominent position of all our Western sporting regions. Ten years ago it was all Wisconsin. Now it is all Minnesota, and with every month the tide of sporting travel to that State increases. It may be added that, so far from the State proving itself to be barren of shooting and fishing grounds, there has been found within its confines a region so vast and so inviting as to be eminently fit to be set apart permanently as a recreation ground for the American people. The very fitness of this proposal to-day, and the very dangers which render the establishment of a Minnesota forest reserve a necessity immediate if it is to be a possibility at all, go to show better than anything else could do the extreme rapidity of the changes in Western sporting grounds. History does not repeat itself in these respects. It multiplies itself. If we are to preserve the American game and the American game regions, the time to act is now, and not five years or one year later.

Minnesota Reserve Ably Handled.

In this connection it is pleasant to be able to say only good words regarding the movement for the proposed Minnesota forest reserve. It has certainly been handled in a most able way thus far. The credit for this belongs largely to Col. J. S. Cooper, of Chicago. The movement was practically begun in the first week of May, hardly more than two months ago. To-day it has reached a point when the leading dailies East and West are giving the matter editorial attention, as well as extended news mention. The plans for putting the Congress of the United States in full possession of details regarding that region have been carried out admirably, and on so generous a scale as to render insignificant earlier individual efforts on similar lines. The preliminary organization is advancing on perfectly sane and well-considered lines, and indeed in every detail it would be difficult to point out anything left to be desired. It is still a long way from here to the end, and the successful end, but whatever may be the result, it may be said even at this stage that the fight for the forest reserve was a good one, and handsomely carried on.

The First Meeting.

The first meeting of the preliminary organization will be held at 125 Michigan avenue, Chicago, on the evening of Tuesday next, July 25. The call has been sent out by Col. Cooper. With the call there is inclosed to each gentleman a "broadside" embodying full details regarding the proposed movement, the boundaries and characteristics of the country intended to be included, a map of the region and a collection of editorials from leading journals such as the Chicago Tribune, the Chicago Times-Herald, the Minneapolis Tribune, the St. Paul Pioneer Press, the Minneapolis Times, the Rochester, N. Y., Post and Express, the Hartford Post, etc. The organization will send out this collection of details, very interesting and valuable, to any who may ask for it.

At the meeting on next Tuesday night there will be elected a temporary president and secretary, and also a committee on membership, who will suggest names of gentlemen in adjoining States who are interested in this movement. In its final shape the "Itasca Association" will be a dignified and representative body. Its work will then be rapidly pushed, and before snow flies we shall perhaps know the fate of this movement, one way or another.

Legal Objections and Difficulties.

Col. J. S. Cooper, the generous enthusiast who has taken the practical lead of this movement, is an attorney of attainments, and it has happened that in his practice he has more than once been concerned with cases involving private rights on Indian reservations, some of these cases having been fought through the highest courts of the land. In response to an invitation from a St. Paul gentleman, Col. Cooper has gone into this matter from a legal standpoint, and has endeavored also to assemble all the objections which would naturally be made by parties whose interests render them antagonistic to this movement. It may be well to present the Colonel's brief on these points in an extended form, as follows:

Chicago, July 14.—Dear Sir: In answer to your inquiries respecting the project for a national forest reserve in northern Minnesota, I have to say, as to your first question, What is the legal situation as to the lands within the proposed boundaries, their ownners and present residents as affecting the plan? my opinion is as follows:

FIRST—AS TO THE LANDS STILL OWNED BY THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.

Those lands are entirely subject to the control of Congress, to be sold, donated or devoted to any public use. That a public park is a public use, was decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case where, by act of Congress, Rock Creek Park was established in the District of Columbia, and authority was given to purchase or condemn the lands lying within the boundaries of the park.

(Shoemaker vs. United States, 147 U. S. Reps., 282.)

Among other things, the court said: "The validity of the legislative acts erecting such parks, and providing for their cost, has been uniformly upheld."

SECOND—AS TO THE LANDS WITHIN THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS.

The Supreme Court of the United States has fully affirmed the power of Congress to deal with and regulate the Indians on their reservations and their lands within the boundaries of the same.

See United States vs. Kagama, 118 U. S. Reps., 375, and other cases there cited and approved.)

In the above case the court, among other things, said: "The power of the general Government over these remnants of a race once powerful, now weak and diminished in numbers, is necessary to their protection, as well as to the safety of those among whom they dwell. It must exist in that Government, because it never has existed anywhere else, because the theater of its exercise is within the geographical limits of the United States, because it has never been denied, and because it alone can enforce its laws on all the tribes."

The decisions of the Supreme Court and the acts of Congress go to the extent of deciding that the national Government has sole power and jurisdiction over the Indians and the lands comprised in their reservations. It is therefore clear that Congress has complete authority to deal with the lands included in the Indian reservations, and either purchase them for a national park or pay to the Indians from year to year designated sums by way of rental for their joint use by white citizens as a place for out of door recreation, enjoyment and health.

THIRD—RESPECTING THE MERCHANTABLE PINE TIMBER INTERESTS.

Those lands, as well as all other property interests located within the boundaries of the proposed park, could not be taken by the national Government for a park or for any other purpose, except by satisfactory arrangements with the different owners, or except through condemnation proceedings by the Government, in which each owner must be paid the fair value of his property to be assessed by a court and jury, as the same was done in the Rock Creek Park in the case above cited.

Whether, after the Government shall have acquired, in addition to its lands already owned, those in the Indian reservations and certain other lands belonging to private parties, it could acquire the remaining lands within the park boundaries by condemnation proceedings where amicable arrangements with the owners can not be made, is a question which has not been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, so far as I know.

The case of the Rock Creek Park is clearly in point to the extent that private lands may be condemned for a public park, and that such "use" is a "public use." But in that case the United States exercised the sole governmental authority over the district in question. Here the region in which such lands lie is under the jurisdiction of the State of Minnesota.

But there is one aspect of the case which would clearly give the United States jurisdiction to condemn these lands.

For over twenty years the general Government, under various acts of Congress, has been engaged in building, rebuilding, repairing and maintaining large dams at the head waters of the Mississippi River, within the proposed district, for the sole purpose of reservoiring the water against the dry seasons of the year, in order to aid navigation during these periods. There is no doubt that the power exists in the United States to acquire private property, by purchase or condemnation, for the purpose of improving the navigation of the Mississippi River. By how much more then than damming the upper river would the volume of water in the lower river be maintained if its sources shall be protected by maintaining the natural forests surrounding them? Both science and the common experience of mankind unite in the conclusion that "Forest floor prevents rapid evaporation and tends to turn surface drainage into underground channels, retards melting snow, and thereby reduces spring floods." By so much as the natural forests at the sources of a river are preserved, the volume of water in that river is maintained more equally throughout the dry and wet seasons. The region sought to be conserved by establishing a national park covers the headwaters of the Mississippi. Therefore the general Government, in order to protect the natural forests there in the aid of navigation, would have the power to acquire the lands in that region, either by purchase or condemnation.

But I do not consider that phase of the question a practical one now. My information, from several of the owners of these pine lands, is that if the general Government will protect the whole region from forest fires and illegal spoliation by the axe the owners of the merchantable pine are disposed to make such arrangements with the Government as will enable the latter to preserve all the timber for the park except the merchantable timber, and that to be removed under such governmental regulations as will not materially mar the beauty and utility of the remainder of the forest, and especially so as to protect the country against forest fires.

More than that, it is almost certain that many owners of pine forests would hold on to a large part of their timber as an investment for the future if they had assurance of protection from forest fires and illegal spoliation, such as would be the case should the United States assume the care and control of that region the same as it has in the Yellowstone Park.

The wholesale use of pine for commercial purposes has so denuded our forests that standing pine accessible to market is already becoming scarce. A corresponding increase in the value has ensued. Gauging the next twenty years by the past twenty, there are few, if any, substantial investments in the country which are better to hold for future markets than merchantable pine near to markets, provided it be protected from fire and spoliation.

So great has been the demand in civilized countries for wood and lumber in the past, and as a result prices have so advanced, that even in Germany, where the forests are protected by law, prices have doubled in about thirty years.

In my judgment it will only be a short time after the proposed park should be established when the merchantable pine in that region will be very greatly enhanced in value, on account of the assurances that will be given for its protection by reason of the general Government having control of that district by its troops. The owners of this standing pine can be trusted to see all this and act for their own pecuniary interests.

FOURTH—THE LANDS OWNED BY HOMESTEADERS AND IN SMALL TRACTS FOR AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES.

The above class is not numerous, nor are its holdings large. With a National Park established, and its forests thronged with visitors for their annual outings, those small farmers would find right at home a greater demand for their products than they could possibly supply. The fact that their farms would be within the limits of the park and would belong to and be cultivated by their owners would rather benefit than detract from the utility of the park. There are so few of them, and they are so widely scattered throughout that wilderness, as to constitute just what would be wanted if they were not already there.

FIFTH—THE VILLAGES WITHIN THE PROPOSED PARK.

There are only five villages or towns within the proposed boundaries of the park, whose size or importance is such as to demand separate consideration.

At present, practically the sole industry on which each of them depends, is the lumber interest. With the present rate at which the standing pine is being cut and marketed it will last only a few years longer. A leading lumberman, who spends most of his time in his lumber camps in Itasca county, told me two years ago when I was up there that the outside limit to the cutting of the merchantable pine accessible to market in all that region was ten years. Since then the East & West Railroad has been extended right through that region and all the pine forests about Cass, Winnibigoshish and Bemidji lakes made easy for marketing. Unless something be done, such as contemplated, a very few years will see the end of all that industry, and then those five towns will go the way of Goldsmith's Deserted Village, just like their predecessors have in northern Maine, Michigan and Wisconsin.

On the other hand, if the park be established those towns will still have the lumber interests to depend on for a much longer period than otherwise would be the case, and in the meantime would have the business which necessarily would follow the large numbers of people who every summer and autumn would throng that region for its salubrious climate, its majestic forests, its sparkling lakes and its abundant fish and game.

That park can be reached by rail within twenty-four hours by over 20,000,000 people living in prairie regions or districts in which the natural forests have been destroyed. The great multitudes which throng the Yellowstone Park and the Adirondack State Park of New York attest the love of our countrymen for natural scenery and their hunger for forests, lakes and streams in their yearly outings.

The elevation of the region at the headquarters of the Mississippi is equal to or greater than those regions in the Adirondacks most frequented by tourists. By reason of the vast stretches of native forests of pine, cedar and other balsamic trees still standing it has been ascertained, not only by medical and other scientific authority, but by personal experience, such as I, with many others, have had, that the region around the headwaters of the Mississippi has an atmosphere of marvelous effect upon diseases brought on from impurity of the blood; and those embrace most of "the ills which flesh is heir to."

No one has any right to predict with certainty what the effect of the creation of the proposed national park will be upon those five towns. We can only draw conclusions in this case from the influences which the Yellowstone Park has had upon the railroad towns near the entrances to that Park, and all my information is to the effect that they have prospered wonderfully.

To sum up this is the situation which surrounds all that region and controls all the interests there. They have the last great stretches of natural forests accessible to large centers of population left in this country. The wealth of the region chiefly consists in its standing, merchantable pine, which will last, under present conditions, for only a brief period. If it shall be cut in the future as it has in

the past, there will be left in the wake of the lumbermen the same desolated country which is seen all over northern Michigan and Wisconsin. Neither the climate nor soil is agricultural to an extent which will support much of a population. Meanwhile, if the cutting of the pine progresses with the same methods used in the past, the whole region, towns and all, is constantly under the menace of destruction by forest fires.

On the other hand, if this territory shall be embraced within the boundaries of a great people's national park, the persons now interested in that region will still have all their interests now owned amply protected, and will in addition profit from the thousands of visitors who will annually throng that park.

Pretty much all the great enterprises which have built up Florida and southern California have come as a result of investments by persons from outside, made through visiting those places in search of health or pleasure.

Governor Roosevelt is Right.

Governor Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, has a great way of getting at the essential facts of any proposition, and of taking the logical, which is to say the common sense, point of view in looking at a thing. Governor Roosevelt is in favor of this Minnesota forest reserve, and he presents it in one light which has been heretofore perhaps overlooked by others. He says:

"The rich men are clubbing together and purchasing great game and fish preserves. Why should not the Government do the same thing for the vast majority, who are not rich?"

Governor Roosevelt is right. Any thinking man who has noted the rapid disappearance of the open sporting grounds of the American people, who has seen the tightening financial conditions which more and more threaten the man without financial means, and who has seen the rapid growth of the great game preserves in this country, must know that the time is coming when America can no longer be regarded as the free hunting ground of a sport-loving and arms-bearing people. What that may mean to the American character, and more especially the American military character, perhaps the historians of the future may tell us. To-day the American is the best soldier in the world, and the poorest American may still be a sportsman. Whether he may be a sportsman fifty or twenty or ten years hence is another question. But if the American Government, caring for the American citizen and the American character, shall set aside proper portions of territory which shall still represent the original and unhurt America, then we shall yet see reconciled the grave questions between old world methods and new world methods, between the game preserve system and the open shooting system to which every American clings so tenaciously. It is without doubt true that, if left alone, the poor American sportsman will eat his cake at once. It is equally true that the rich American sportsman, if left alone, will eat the poor man's cake for him. Between these two there is war. It has been the custom of the Government not to allow two enemies to pass judgment upon each other by means of the judiciary of the land. Here is the opportunity of the United States Government to at least partially abate this quarrel. It can give the poor man preserves of his own, and allow the rich man to retain the preserves to which he is entitled under the laws of the land. The wisdom of this thing may be more apparent fifty years from now than it is to-day.

Visitors.

Mr. Noel Money, known for many years among the shooters of the country as a good shot and ardent sportsman, stopped in Chicago Monday en route from California, Montana and other Western sections. Mr. Money sails Wednesday next on the Majestic, and will reach England in time for the 12th. He expresses the deliberate intention of bagging a few grouse in Scotland before his return to America, which may perhaps be this coming fall. Since leaving America Mr. Money has had a varied and vivid career in sport, having killed such grand specimens as the great Siberian red deer, the large Russian bears, etc. He tells me that he used the Holland .303 double rifle, and found it so good that he would not care to use any other on any sort of big game. Some of the bullets were fitted with a steel cone at the point, and these he did not find successful. With such a bullet, used by mistake, he shot his first bear quite through and through and knocked it down, but did not kill it. This bear was shot at horse bait after dark, and was followed for twelve miles the next day without success. After that Mr. Money began experimenting with hollow point bullets. When he filled the aperture with wax the bullet did not expand. Then in a moment of inspiration he filled the cavity with chalk powder and used over it a cap of wax to keep in the powder. This bullet he describes as perfection. It penetrates hardly more than a foot, and the shock is something tremendous. It was with these bullets that he killed the double on bears which was some time ago mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM. While in our Western States Mr. Money had no opportunity for hunting, but now and then caught a trout, and speaks with great astonishment of the abundance of trout in some of the Western streams, for instance, the Truckee River. Life in the open air seems to agree with this young man very perfectly, and for the sake of his Southern friends I may say that he never looked better in his life. Whether he will get to meet Captain Bobo again on a bear hunt is a question, but if so the worthy Captain had better do something to protect his bears.

Mr. William Allen White, of Emporia, Kan., has spent the week in Chicago, and business has brought him much in the vicinity of the FOREST AND STREAM office, so that I have met him frequently. Mr. White, as, of course, everyone knows, was the author of the famous "What's the Matter of Kansas?" editorial which reached such prominence in the last Presidential campaign. He is also the author of the charming "Boyville" stories and of many other magazine contributions. He will go to the United States Senate from Kansas as soon as he gets old enough, and we shall hear of him in many different ways as a man prominent in Western affairs. Chiefly admirable is Mr. White for his natural bigness of character and charming unaffectedness of disposition. A bit of a sportsman he is, too, and knows his Rockies shrewdly. General Funston, of Kansas, who has made so meteoric a record for himself in Cuba and the Philippines, is a great friend of Mr. White's, and they two have hunted together for many years. Once upon a time, before the game laws had very much respect given them in Colorado, these two worthies were on a hunting trip in the summer time, out beyond Estes Park. Here in a little valley they came upon a deserted village, some scores of houses without a single inhabitant, the abandoned camp of an earlier mining stampede. They took possession of this town in the name of Kansas, hoisting over it their broad pennant, and when they got tired of living in one house they moved into another. Mr. Funston, whom Mr. White describes as a shocking bad shot, went out hunting regularly after mountain sheep, and finally succeeded in killing a good ram, which they bore in triumph to the house which at the time they were honoring with their presence. They had disposed of most of their sheep, when, one morning, they were surprised to receive a visit from the game warden. While Mr. Funston entertained this gentleman in the front parlor, Mr. White pulled up a couple of boards in the drawing room and lost the head under the house for the time being. The game warden departed, silenced and apparently convinced. A few days later than this Mr. Funston went out after raspberries, taking his gun along as usual. He gathered a pail full of berries, which he put in a shady spot and threw his gun down beside them. Wandering a little way from this spot he at length lay down and went to sleep. He was awakened some time later by an unfamiliar noise, and on sitting up saw a very handsome cinnamon bear making for his pail of berries. It needs only be added that the bear got the berries, the future general of volunteers making a masterly retreat along the mountain side until he reached the bosom of the deserted village aforesaid.

Indians and Game Laws.

Speaking of game laws in the mountain country, one sees this week in the dispatches the report of some Crow Indians who killed an antelope in the country to the north of Lusk, Wyo. The sheriff went out after these Crows, but was stood off. He got a big posse and pursued them for many miles. Eventually the Indians came in and gave themselves into custody. While I am no special advocate of breaking the game laws, I can imagine that if I were an Indian, who had once seen the country teeming with the game which gave me a living, I might acquire a personal dislike for white men who came in, nearly exterminated the game, and then chased me around for killing a measly antelope or so. The white men personally dislike the Indians, yet I imagine there are two sides to the question.

Good Old Way.

In confirmation of the supposition that the Indian may not be so red as he is painted, we have this week also the story of Mr. John F. Campion, owner of the Ibex mine, of Leadville, Colo., and worth $6,000,000, who was arrested at his summer home at Twin Lakes for breaking the State fish laws. This reads in very wild West fashion, as Deputy Blades, who made the arrest, covered the wealthy Mr. Campion in the good old Western way for fifteen minutes with a plain unvarnished Western gun. Blades also arrested four other men in similar fashion, and they feel very much aggrieved and have sworn out warrants against him for assault with a deadly weapon. Methinks that, inasmuch as Mr. Blades did not turn her loose, neyther set her a-rollin', there may be difficulty in making such a charge as that stick, even yet, in Colorado.

Shadowing Pere Marquette.

The early voyage of Père Marquette, who sailed down the Kankakee and Illinois rivers 220 years ago, is to be duplicated by a Catholic priest, known as Brother Boisvert, who starts this week in a big boat with a company of several persons. What a change, my countrymen, since the days of Père Marquette!

Red Deer.

I stated that Mr. Money spoke with respect of the Russian or Siberian red deer, of which he killed specimens weighing up to 850lbs. I presume this is the same deer advertised for sale this week in the FOREST AND STREAM by Mr. Colvin, representative of Carl Hagenback. A rare chance for some wealthy American to get some grand park animals.

Gov. Tanner's Lion.

Governor John R. Tanner, of Illinois, has been for some days in the mountains north of Debeque, Colo., and dispatches of this morning state that he has succeeded in killing a large mountain lion, which is described as having been shot at night while prowling around the camp of the party.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Dead River Region.

STRATTON, Me., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This vicinity has always been regarded by good hunters as the home of deer, moose, caribou and black bear, and may well be termed the Switzerland of Maine. Moose are more plenty this season than ever before in my remembrance. They are frequently seen about the shores of lakes, ponds and streams by fishing parties. There is no need to mention the caribou, as they are very scarce, and a close time has been imposed for a term of six years, from Oct. 1, 1899. Deer are too numerous to mention, and every sportsman who visits this section this fall is sure to get all the law allows if he can shoot straight. Grouse shooting will be fine this season, as the old birds have wintered well the past two winters, and large broods of small ones seem to be more plenty than usual. This region is full of lakes and ponds, all of which are well filled with trout, and a fisherman who cannot land the finny beauties to his heart's content is out of place with rod and reel. The Dead River region is easy of access, in the very center of the sporting territory of the State, where the natural advantages are all that could be desired. Services of reliable guides can be obtained at all times. Any sportsman desiring information in regard to hunting and fishing can obtain it from me.

A. M. JONES,
President Dead River Guides and Camp Owners' Association.

New Brunswick Notes.

AMONG local sportsmen the arrival of the veteran guide and woodsman, Henry Braithwaite, from his annual bear hunt is always an event. Henry is much revered by the younger generation, and his diaphonous narratives of life in the deep woods have a never failing charm. Henry brought out eleven bearskins, one of them the finest he ever secured. It measures 8ft. in length, and the fur is glossy and black unto blueness. This monster picked up trap and clog and carried them over three miles of mountain side, and was only found by the most skillful tracking. During his travels this spring Henry states that he saw forty-three moose, not counting calves, nor the same moose twice. He spent a great deal of time watching their aquatic operations, and is prepared to affirm by actual timing that a moose frequently remains under water for as much as a minute and a half. Moreover, he says that the animal, when feeding in deep water, can sink or rise at will. He had one experience this spring that for a time rather upset his equanimity. He was quietly paddling his canoe around a turn in a dead water. There was not a ripple on the water. Suddenly a huge form broke the surface a few yards in front of the canoe, took in a breath of fresh air and went down again. When the moose came up the second time Henry had passed the point where he first appeared. The moose on this occasion caught sight of him and made for shore at his utmost speed.

On another occasion the guide sat perfectly still in his canoe for over twenty minutes and watched a moose feeding on the bank of the stream. The moose frequently lifted up his head and looked straight at Henry, but gave no sign of alarm. When the guide finally picked up his paddle and resumed his journey the moose seemed to lose his head altogether, following the canoe for some distance and exhibiting the utmost curiosity.

Braithwaite on this trip made some investigation as to the mating time of bears. He is convinced that it is usually the latter part of June, though it probably extends into July and August. He examined the stomachs of all the bears he killed and found abundant evidence that caribou veal is a favorite article of bruin's bill of fare.

During the coming season Henry will have associated with him on the Deadwater region two of the most expert moose callers in Maine, Ed. Church and A. J. Kennedy. They will each have charge of a line of parties.

Salmon fishing on most of our rivers has not been as good as usual this season, owing to the continuous wet weather. Mr. J. S. Ehrich, of New York, however, is delighted with his initial experience on the Tobique, where he captured six salmon, varying from 10 to 20lbs. in weight. On the Restigouche the fishing has been exceptionally good of late. Messrs. Cochrane and Penlolt, members of the club, recently took fourteen salmon in one day at Indian House, averaging 20lbs. Messrs. Vanderbilt and Beach killed eight or ten large fish nearly every day at Kedgwick. In two days nineteen salmon were caught at the club house.

Dr. Coulthard, James S. Neill, John Palmer and S. Dow. Simmons, all local anglers, have returned from a very pleasant trip on the Dungarvon. They only caught ten salmon, but found the sea trout remarkably large and plentiful.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, July 22.

Long Island Gunning.

LONG BEACH, L. I., July 24.—Snipe are beginning to arrive and some good bags are reported. The best way to get them is to stop at Queenswater over night and go out on the beaches and meadows early in the morning. Even if snipe are scarce the novel sights and sounds of the beaches and meadows at daylight repay the sportsman for the expenses of the trip. Snipe may be found on the north side of Long Beach in either direction from the depot at Queenswater.

If the Long Island meadow hen or clapper rail were not a tough bird there would long ago have been made an end of it. For some years the law was off when it should have been on, and on when it should have been off, so that the birds could legally be taken only in the breeding months; and they were taken then, just as they are now, although the law has been changed. The lawful shooting season will open on Aug. 16, but the birds have been killed all through July in the meadows of East Rockaway, Long Beach and vicinity. The parent birds are killed off while, at this writing, the young are in many cases still very small, and in fact some of the hens are still on the nest. Add to the destruction caused by the premature July shooting by city gunners the May and June egg gathering by the natives who collect large numbers for home consumption, and it will be seen that the measure of protection actually assured to the species by the application of the law is extremely slight.

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Do You Want Guides?—Parties wanting guides for hunting moose and caribou in New Brunswick this season should correspond with A. Pringle, Stanley, N. B.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING NOTES.

Minnows for Bait.

FOR years the use of nets for taking minnows to be used as bait has opened the door for abuses of various kinds. The law in force up to 1899 permitted the use of a minnow net 40ft. long and 4ft. in depth, with ropes at either end not exceeding 30ft. in length. It was especially provided that minnow nets should not be used in streams inhabited by trout, but if the truth could be known it would show beyond peradventure that quantities of trout (I was about to write tons) were taken every year in nets. One man in particular, so far as I can learn, never even pretended to fish with hook and line, and I doubt if he owned a hook or a line used in angling, but he netted and sold bait fish and often had trout for sale, and generally they were large fish. I was morally sure that every trout was netted, and I tried again and again to prove it. It may seem to be an easy matter to catch such a man and convict him of illegal fishing, but one knows far more about it after making the effort. His neighbors were willing to aid in convicting him if their action could be hidden from him, but they said frankly if it should come to him that they had furnished evidence against him their barns would probably be struck by lightning some dark night when there was no lightning in the sky. For two years I had an officer watching this man, and he suspected it but did not know it positively; but finally he caught him, and when we faced each other in court, if black looks and muttered curses were dangerous I might have been sent to the hospital. The strong arm of the law got the man to the door of the jail, where he could ponder on the accommodations furnished inside, and then a smart lawyer and his construction of the law, to which the justice assented, saved the fellow. He had been so near to the dead line and smart lawyers are so expensive that it cost the man his nerve, or he no longer trusted his cunning, for he ceased his business altogether and no longer had either bait or trout for sale. His arrest did the business as thoroughly as a conviction would have done, and that was all that was desired. When that man went out of the bait-fish business the trout fishing in the stream near which he lived improved wonderfully, and anglers caught big trout by fair fishing as they had not done before in years.

The rules of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission provide that gill nets shall not be used, and in one lake it was found that a score of gill nets were operated to take bait fish. It was necessary to amend the minnow net law to make it more binding. I am not prepared to say that the law passed last winter is a perfect law, but if enforced it will stop much fishing that never was intended to come under the head of fishing for minnows.

Section 145 of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Law, as amended by Chapter 701 of the Laws of 1899, provides that "In all waters, except creeks and brooks, and waters inhabited by trout, minnows for bait may be taken with a net not more than 6ft. in length or diameter, without a license; in all waters, except waters inhabited by trout, they may be taken with any net if the owner thereof shall have first obtained from the Commissioners a license to catch minnows therewith. Such a license can only be granted upon payment of a license fee of $1 and the execution of a bond by the owner of the net, to be approved by the same Commissioners, conditioned for the payment to the people of the State of $100 if the holder thereof during the time for which the license is granted." There are men who can be trusted to take minnows for bait with a net, but I am also sorry to say that there are many more who cannot be trusted with a net unless there is a bond to insure that the net will be used only for the purpose for which it is intended to be used. For some kinds of fishing bait fish are a necessity, and I am in doubt if, under the bond and license clause, it was necessary to use the words "in all waters except waters inhabited by trout," for in large waters inhabited by lake trout, minnows are not found where there is any likelihood of trout being taken in a minnow net. If the law was made to read brook trout, it would open many lakes to minnow net fishing which are now closed by a strict interpretation of the law.

The Application.

A person who desires to make application for a minnow net license must send to the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission at Albany for a blank and fill it out. The applicant specifies the kind of net to be used, its size and the waters where situated, in which the net will be used. Also: "I hereby state that said water in which I desire to use nets is about —— miles long and empties into ——; that the same is not inhabited by trout of any kind; that I have not been convicted of illegal fishing within the past year; that I have accounted for all net license tags heretofore furnished me with licenses that have expired, and that I have reported all fish caught under said expired licenses."

This declaration the applicant swears to, and procures the signature of two men who recommend the granting of the application.

The Bond.

With the application a bond must be furnished by three bondsmen, who bind themselves in the penal sum of $100, etc. "The condition of this obligation is such, that if the above bounden —— —— —— does not violate or attempt to violate any of the provisions of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Law of the State of New York relating to the protection of fish, and shall return to the water alive and without unnecessary injury all black bass, Oswego bass, whitefish, pickerel, pike and mascalonge caught in the net licensed in pursuance hereof, and shall faithfully observe all of the rules and regulations of the Board of Fisheries, Game and Forest, so far as the same are applicable to or made a part of the conditions of the license given him by said Board of Fisheries, Game and Forest, then this obligation to be void, otherwise to be and remain in full force and virtue." It may be seen that this bond is practically the bond given by licensed commercial fishermen, with the addition of certain fish which must be restored alive to the water, and with reference to the law under which the license is granted.

The License.

The application being satisfactory to the Board of Commissioners, a license is issued to the applicant, which gives the number of the license and the number of the tag which must be attached to the net, and says to whom the license is issued, residence, etc., the kind of net and where it is to be used, and the kinds of fish it can be used for: "But in no case shall this license be construed as authorizing the use of nets for the purpose of catching brook or California trout, black bass, Oswego bass or mascalonge, and no fishing shall be done in violation of the rules and regulation of this Board, which are hereto annexed and made a part thereof."

The rules and regulations number seventeen, and provide, among other things, that a license is not transferable, and if a licensed net is used by other than the licensee it shall be deemed forfeited; all licenses granted during the year will expire on the 31st day of December following; and the Chief Fish, Game and Forest Protector may, at any time, in his discretion, revoke any license after notice to the licensee of charges made against him; licensed nets shall be set, drawn or used only between sunrise and sunset, and no net shall remain in the water after sunset unless raising it is prevented by the weather. Any person holding a license, who shall forfeit the same by reason of being hereafter convicted of illegal fishing, or who shall violate any of the rules, shall not thereafter be granted another license within one year. The metal tag with number of license issued to each licensee shall be attached to the net when in use, in such a manner that it will be on top of or above the water, and in plain sight at all times. The licensee must exhibit his license when required to any fish and game protector and forester, or to any peace officer of the State, or to any person designated by the Board of Fisheries, Game and Forest.

Kipling Spooned his Salmon.

My note about Kipling having taken Pacific salmon with the fly, and the suspicious admission that a spoon was lost later in the game, went over to England in FOREST AND STREAM and caught the eye of Mr. Marston, the editor of the Fishing Gazette, who clipped it for republication in his paper, but first sent it to Mr. Kipling for any reply he might choose to make. Mr. Marston writes me and sends galley proof of my note with Kipling's answer, appended as follows:

"Having often heard salmon anglers who have fished the rivers of the Pacific coast of North America say that fly was no use, we sent Mr. Cheney's note to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and his reply shows that anglers who want to sup with or on a Pacific coast salmon must have a long spoon. He says:

" 'Dear Mr. Marston: In the language of the immortal Jorrocks, "Spoon! Spoon! Spoon!" "Fly" is a slip of the rod. Those brutes won't rise to it.

" 'I return the cutting. Sincerely,

" 'RUDYARD KIPLING.

" 'To R. B. Marston, Esq.' "

Mr. Kipling having admitted that it was with a spoon, not a fly, that he killed Pacific salmon, the question, has the Pacific salmon ever been taken with the fly? is now up to some other angler. I have searched through some of Admiral Beardslee's letters, hoping to find what he said about this matter, writing me from Alaska, but I cannot find that he confesses to the fly, and yet something of this kind lingers in my memory.

The FOREST AND STREAM of July 22 has just arrived, and I find in it the note of Mr. Henry C. Beadleston, and for the first time I have a doubt about the Pacific salmon being made to rise to a fly when properly presented, and the doubt arises because I know that Mr. Wells is a successful salmon fisherman on Canadian rivers, and presented his fly to the fish as is done in Canadian waters. It was upon this that I had banked that the Pacific salmon would rise to the fly. When a salmon fly is offered to Atlantic salmon it is not presented as a trout fly, for instance, is presented to trout. The current draws the fly continually down stream, just beneath the surface, and the constant motion of the rod in the angler's hands draws the fly up stream, producing a succession of short flights up and down stream on the part of the fly, causing the hackle's wings, etc., to open and shut, giving the fly the appearance of something alive; and why a Pacific salmon that will take a spoon will not take the fly, silver doctor for example, or dusty miller with silver body, that is as much a live thing as a spoon trolled through the water, I have not been able to understand, but the experience of Mr. Wells shakes my faith, heretofore strong in theory.

Last year I cast all one forenoon on the Restigouche without a rise, using silver doctor and Jack Scott. At noon an old resident on the river and a man familiar with salmon fishing in that particular water asked me what I had been using, and when I told him, he said the Durham ranger was the fly for that water. In the afternoon I used a Durham ranger, and had two rises and killed two salmon, and my friend attributed my success entirely to the fly, but I did not, and in my own mind was positive that I would have got the fish had I continued to use either the silver doctor or Jack Scott. The conditions changed between forenoon and afternoon, and it was the change in the water and not in the fly that brought me to fish, to my way of thinking. For days the water had been falling, and was very clear, and though we could see big fish in the pools, they would not notice a fly. In the morning of that day referred to it began to rain, a slight drizzling rain, and soon after noon the water came up just a trifle, and a fog settled over the river. Then it was that the fish began to move, and I had my rises and I happened to have a ranger on my leader. I would not be ungenerous enough to tell the old gentleman, who was a firm believer in the Durham ranger, that I believed I would have had the rises to a Mitchels, dusty miller or some other fly, although I thought so. For the same reason I have believed that when salmon are fresh run and on the rise they are not particular as to the name of the fly if it is properly presented, and that Pacific salmon would prove no exception. I say I have believed, for Mr. Wells' trial may well cause me not to be too cock sure, when belief is confronted by practice.

Eels.

Mr. Wm. A. Wheeler writes me from East Templeton, Mass.: "Your article in FOREST AND STREAM seems to substantiate the theory that all eels breed in salt water, and what I will say does not imply that I wish to criticise this theory adversely. In this town is an artificial pond tributary to the Connecticut River, shut off from the connecting streams by eight dams. This pond is the most productive water for eels that I ever heard of, and their size is remarkable. There is no place in this vicinity where a body of water so soon restocks itself with fish as this; two seasons being sufficient to bring back the most excellent fishing for pouts and pickerel.

"The pond is not over fifty acres in extent, with a very muddy bottom, and it has been my good fortune to be present twice in the last twenty years when the water was drawn off for repairs to the dam. The quantity of eels taken on each occasion was enormous in comparison to the size of the pond—hundreds and hundreds of pounds being taken, and not one less than 2lbs. in weight, and the majority weighing 4 and 5lbs. The last time the pond was drawn I saw one Frenchman with a sugar barrel and a large washtub full of these large eels, and I think that not one would weigh less than 4lbs. He salted them for winter use. Can it be possible that all these were barren eels? One shop, which is now gone, had lots of trouble every winter with eels getting in the iron wheels, eight or ten frequently being taken out at one time. It was always in January or February that the eels clogged the wheels. Were these females going to the sea to spawn? We find lots of small eels 8 or 10in. long below the dams in summer, but never catch any in the ponds. The size of the eels here is the more remarkable when compared with those seen in the city markets."

What Mr. Wheeler states is not inconsistent with the belief that all breeding eels breed only in salt water; in fact, what he says supports that belief. The pond evidently furnishes an abundance of rich fish food, and the eels grow rapidly and to great size, as any species of fish will do under similar circumstances (the late Max von dem Borne, one of the most distinguished of German fish breeders, told me that a pike (*Lucius lucius*) which he hatched artificially in one of his ponds escaped into a pond containing black bass fry, and in eight months from the time the pike was hatched it attained a length of 17in. and weighed 2lbs.). It does not follow because the eels in Mr. Wheeler's pond are of great size that they are barren, but rather the breeding instinct has not moved them to repair to salt water. The eels caught in the mill wheels are beyond doubt those which are seeking salt water to breed. That elvers are found below the dams shows that a supply of young eels is coming up from the sea constantly to grow fat and large on the rich pasturage furnished by the pond.

In looking for Count Von dem Borne's letter giving the exact weight and length of the pike, for I think it was a fraction over 2lbs. and a fraction over 17in., I found a letter dated Sept. 7, 1887, referring to eels, although I have not yet found the pike letter. Of eels he wrote nearly twelve years ago: "In Germany we believe that eels spawn in salt water only. The male eel will not leave the mouth of the river, while the female will go far up to the sources. The eel is not a native in the Danube, and the German Fisheries Association made great efforts to introduce the fish. For some years we have placed millions of fry of eels, all females, in the upper parts of the river, and this year we have sent from 10,000 to 20,000 mature males from Hamburg, out of the estuary of the Elbe to the mouth of the Danube on the Black Sea, and in consequence of our conviction that the fish spawns only in salt water." Count Von dem Borne made a close study of the habits of the eel, and I presume I could find other personal letters from him on the subject if I had the time to search for them, but in his published works he arrived at the same conclusions that I gave in FOREST AND STREAM of July 1, quoting from other authorities, but I had forgotten all about the Danube experiment until I found the letter this evening.

I noticed in one of the daily papers of quite recent date that an eel had been caught in a net in Senaca Lake, New York, that was 13ft. long. It seems that this lake has had its sea serpent in former years, and now the fishermen think they have caught it in an eel of 13ft. Perhaps some FOREST AND STREAM reader will tell what there is to the story. The fisherman is alleged to have been George Sorner, living on the shore of Pine Bay, seventeen miles south of Geneva.

Ouananiche.

The article in current issue of FOREST AND STREAM on the ouananiche, by Noah Palmer, has afforded me considerable satisfaction in the reading, in one particular, at least, although I cannot agree with him in all his conclusions. The reputation of the tackle smashing, high jumping, deep diving ouananiche had been made known to me before my first visit to Lake St. John, and thoughtlessly, perhaps, I went to the scene prepared as I would be to catch any game fish, and without a surplus of rods to be smashed, leaders to be broken and flies to be lost. That I did not lose a fish, break a rod, leaders, line or fly, I put down to the fact that I had not encountered the tackle smashing variety of ouananiche, but I was loath to confess that I had not smashed rods, etc., and lost a good proportion of fish hooked. As Mr. Palmer confesses to having killed such fish as he hooked, it makes it easier for me to say what I have. When I say I did not lose a fish that I hooked I refer to fish hooked in fly-fishing, for I did troll in the lake near the Island House, and did lose a number, as I deserved to do, for using a spoon.

The only bit of tackle that I broke was two flies at the upper pool of the Metabetchouan, on another visit. Twice I hooked ouananiche on the upper fly of my cast, and the fish broke off the point of a fly below in dragging it about in the pool. Altogether I considered myself extremely fortunate in not mixing up with the kind of ouananiche that causes disaster, famine and pestilence. The fish that I did catch were game fish, and about that there is not the least doubt in my mind, whether I caught them in the rough water at the foot of the Grande Décharge, in the lake at the Island House, or in the pools of the Meta-

betchouan. In the second pool one fish that I hooked jumped clear of the water twelve times, and no club in the waters of the earth will do that. Strange as it may appear, my first ouananiche was caught on a bumble bee fly, and I never caught another on that fly. I had been casting unsuccessfully with standard ouananiche flies at the foot of the Grande Décharge, when Johnny Morel took from my book the bumble bee and asked me to try it, and I then hooked and landed my first ouananiche from that river. The ouananiche is a good, honest, graceful, game fish, and not the holy terror that he has been pictured in ink, and he does not smash tackle or escape more frequently than other game fish if properly handled.

A. N. CHENEY.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, July 22.—The people of Chandler's Mills, near Great Pond, Me., are much disappointed. Dispatches to the daily papers say that Grover Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson have not been able to visit that noted bass fishing locality, as intended, by reason of illness in the family of Mr. Jefferson. The two have become almost inseparable anglers. They hope to visit the Belgrade and Great Pond bass waters later in the season.

Mr. D. W. Farquhar, of Newton, will put his fishing trips this year all in at his pretty camps on the shore of Rangeley Lake, where he is at present located with his family. Mr. J. D. Kinsley, of Newton, is at present at Andover, Me., and taking in the local brook fishing, as well as the bass fishing at Roxbury Pond. His wife and children are with him. Later he will occupy Camp Stewart, Richardson Lake. His son is to be accompanied by a schoolmate. The boys are counting greatly on the fishing and doubtless will stay till into September and try for a deer, since it may now be done legally by campers, by buying a license. By the way, Commissioner Stanley says that a great many licenses to take deer in September have already been applied for.

The Snowman case, for guiding without a license, has been taken before the full bench, at Portland, and has been argued on the question of the constitutionality of the guide license law. Judge Foster, not now a member of the bench, argued for Snowman. He claimed that there would be "just as much reason in making a resident of Maine take out a license for showing another a blueberry patch" as for showing hunters where to find game or fish. Mr. Carleton presented the case for the law, arguing chiefly upon the great benefit that law had already been to the fish and game interests of the State. The bench has the matter under consideration.

Mr. H. W. Clarke, of Boston, may well be styled a veteran trout and salmon fisherman. He has recently returned from his twenty-sixth consecutive annual trip to the Rangeleys and his twenty-third to the Mountain View House. One season he tried some of the Aroostook waters, but came back to the Rangeleys again, though being much pleased with the new fishing grounds. Old attachments are strong. Mayor Quincy, of Boston, is in the Adirondack forests for a vacation. He is a fisherman too. Mr. A. G. Frost, of Boston, has been spending some time at the Rangeleys on a fishing trip. He had indifferent success till he made several camping trips to other waters.

The rod and line smelt fishermen are having some success in the bays and inlets along the Massachusetts coast. Mr. Alden says that his son has taken several dozen at each trip off Cohasset. Rod and line fishermen are also taking some mackerel in the bay, though they have been small, and late reports say that they are leaving. Maine shore fishermen say that striped bass are being taken at the mouth of Cathance River, Mr. Ed. Warren having taken three big ones there the other day. His success has set the summer boarders to fishing. Recently Commissioner H. O. Stanley was called to see "the salmon trying to go up over the dam" at Augusta. Local fishermen were enthusiastic and glad that the salmon were at last returning to the Kennebec. After a good deal of trying one was taken, when behold it was a big sturgeon.

In the FOREST AND STREAM of last week your correspondent F. H. Risteen, of New Brunswick, sees fit to accuse Mr. L. Dana Chapman, secretary and treasurer of the Megantic Club, of giving me false information in regard to the Canadian Government* having put the beginning of the open season on moose, caribou, deer and birds forward to Sept. 1. I need only refer Mr. Risteen to page 71 of the revised edition of the game laws of the Province of Quebec, which reads: "Open season for moose and deer (except in counties of Ottawa and Pontiac) Sept. 1 to Dec. 31; caribou, Sept. 1 to Jan. 1."

Page 77, same book, reads: "Open season on partridge, Sept. 15 to Dec. 15; ducks," pages 77-78, "Sept. 1 to March 31; divers, Sept. 1 to April 4." As the information given me was given particularly in reference to Megantic members and in connection with other notes regarding the same club, the matter does not seem to be so much of "an odd specimen of fiction" as Mr. Risteen designates it.

Mr. L. Dana Chapman is not only well posted as to fish and game matters, but he is also a hard man to follow in a woodland tramp. His recent flying trip through the Megantic preserve would be termed a "record breaker" by those in touch with long distances in the woods. He fairly covered the entire preserve, in the continuous route he took, in eighteen hours. The distance was forty and one-half miles, all on foot, except four or five miles of canoeing. One Boston man took alarm when he reached Austis, though he had planned the trip with Mr. Chapman. One of the guides told the Boston sportsman that if he undertook to follow Mr. Chapman he would be "a dead man" before he got half-way round.

The late fly-fishing has its advantages, even if liable to be not quite up to that in the earliest season. The sportsman's whole family can join in the outing. Parties to the more distant mountain resorts of Maine for fly-fishing are now in order. Mr. H. A. Phinney, his wife, Mr. F. S. Frost, Mr. W. G. Peck and daughter, and Mrs. Helen A. H. Dolliver, all of Arlington, are off to Round Mountain Lake on a fly-fishing trip. Mr. Frost, though over seventy years of age, is a devotee of the camera. He was always the mentor of the late George T. Freeman, and together they have produced some remarkable pictures of natural as well as historic scenery. Good pictures of the Maine woods may be expected from this trip of Mr. Frost.

Fly-fishing is reported still to be holding out well at the Rangeleys. At Billy Soule's Pleasant Island camps Mr. H. W. Smalley, of South Framingham, took forty-five trout during his stay of one week. The fourteen he saved weighed from 1 to 2lbs. each. Mr. A. J. Hobbs has taken seven doubles, one pair getting away with a strong leader between them. At Bemis and Haines' Landing the fly-fishing has been better the past week.

Late Bangor reports say that the salmon season on the Penobscot has been a failure. Very few have been taken from the pool by anglers, and the netters "down river" have not made half their usual catches. Those most familiar with that river and its salmon interests say that the greater need is a close time of from two to three days a week, to allow part of the salmon to reach their spawning beds. During the close time all weirs should be open. The New Brunswick rivers have some protection of this sort, and the salmon are greatly benefited thereby. From July 15 to April 1 all weir and net fishing is closed on the Penobscot, though hand and single line fishing is allowed till Sept. 15. It is contended, however, that the salmon start up the Penobscot early, and that to almost entirely stop them from going up during all the spring and early summer will soon destroy the whole stock.

SPECIAL.

* Our correspondent probably intended to write "the Provincial Government of Quebec," and this not to apply his statement to the other provinces.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Western Angling and Anglers.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 21.—Until to-day this has been a week of extreme heat, and the weather has apparently set the bass down. We would hardly expect to meet the best of sport now until cooler weather comes at the close of summer. About as good luck as I have heard of recently was that of Billy Payson, of Chicago, who has been fishing at Hartland, Wis. Mr. Payson caught sixty-seven bass in three days. He used a bass fly above a live frog, and casting in this way he had seven double strikes, of which he landed three pair, lost two pair and landed two half-pairs. He found this lure very taking for the big-mouths.

Mr. Joel Kinney, of this city, has sent down a nice box of bass from Trout Lake, Wis., and among them were some lake trout. The box is sent without explanation, and no one knows how he got the lake trout, which are very rarely taken there except in the early spring.

Mr. John Watson has been fishing again at Maksawba club house. He found the water too high for bass, but caught four catfish which weighed 25lbs.

Messrs. Harry E. Goebel and C. B. Cleveland, of Chicago, have gone on a fishing trip to the waters in the neighborhood of Manitowish, Wis.

Mr. N. W. Andrews, of Chicago, has gone for a trip of a few days at the Cheneaux Islands.

Messrs. Joe Downey, Dan Quirk, A. H. Darrow, W. S. Burley and H. C. Castreal, all of Chicago, have returned from an angling trip near Minocqua, Wis. Mr. Downey caught a muscallunge weighing 32¼lbs., and four smaller 'lunge. Mr. Quirk took nine 'lunge, the largest 18lbs. Mr. Darrow took seven 'lunge, the heaviest 22lbs. Mr. Burley caught several 'lunge, his heaviest being 16lbs., and Mr. Castreal caught three 'lunge, the heaviest being 14lbs. Other fish, pike, bass, etc., were taken by this party.

Mr. Warner Arms, of Chicago, left this week for an extended trip to the Georgian Bay, Ontario.

Mr. Arthur Orr, of Evanston, is now at Watersmeet, Mich., on a fishing trip.

Messrs. O. von Lengerke and W. H. English leave tomorrow night for a short trip after bass, but have not yet chosen their locality.

Mr. Paul Van Dyke, of Princeton, N. J., is in Chicago this week planning for a Northern fishing trip.

Along the Mississippi.

The Clinton Herald, of Clinton, Iowa, says that the fish are biting splendidly all along the Mississippi River near that point, and also in the bayous and sloughs along the Illinois shore above Lyons. Bass, catfish, pike and white perch are mentioned in the list, and it is also said that carp are biting well. One loses confidence, however, in the accuracy of the informant in this case, upon reading the sage advice on how to catch carp. "Nothing will tempt a hungry buffalo or German carp like a dough ball, and many are now being caught with this kind of bait, although they will not turn up their nose at a good fat minnow." It is possible the reporter means to say a good fat worm.

Concerning Carp.

Mr. A. Lent, treasurer of the Austin Powder Company, at Cleveland, Ohio, has recently been having some sport on the St. Clair flats, and he writes me as below regarding a matter which is of certain importance to the anglers of that region: "In a recent issue of your paper there appeared an article on carp. Will you kindly mail copy to Henry L. Avery, Pearl Beach? He is situated on the North Channel, some three miles distant from Pearl Beach, and in a locality where the best of fishing and duck shooting may be found. Mr. Avery is a thoroughbred sportsman, taking great interest in all that pertains to gun or rod. The carp appear to be gaining a strong foothold in the waters of the St. Clair Flats. He is greatly interested in the question of how to dispose of them and thereby preserve both game fish and birds."

I am sure I don't know what can be done to help Mr. Avery out of this dilemma. So far as I know there has been no way discovered by which the German carp can be exterminated after it has once gained a foothold in any given water. This fish has ruined the Kankakee River and many of the Indiana lakes which were formerly fine bass waters. Lately I told of the experience of a gentleman who this spring shot many scores of these carp on the marsh where he was duck shooting, near Toledo, O. He called attention to the fact that these fish were ruining the duck marsh, and indeed this is to be feared for the St. Clair Flats, as well as that the bass fishing may be injured. For this interloper, brought to this country by one of the most absurd mistakes that ever damaged American sport and sporting interests, there can be nothing but execration. Inasmuch as he is a traitor and full of treason to our ancient traditions, I know of no better handling than to apply to him the doctrine of that Union general who said, "If any man attempts to pull down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." When you see a carp, kill him, not necessarily to eat him, but as a guarantee of good faith. If any reader of FOREST AND STREAM knows how to get the carp out of the St. Clair Flats he will be criminal if he holds his peace.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Buckton Dam.

BETWEEN Strasburg and Riverton on the North Branch of the Shenandoah is the little station of Buckton. Just below this are the ruins of a rude dam of loose stone some 6ft. high and so old that the pool above has filled with the years' floods, until it is a long stretch of wading water, but too shallow to hide the bass comfortably, and so they are not plenty. A half-mile or more below is a pool called the Irishman's Hole, in which local legend has it an unfortunate from "that emerald set in the ring of the sea" lost his life before the war, which is the date from which all modern history is reckoned. This pool is about 20ft. deep, and is the winter home and summer resort of all the big bass for that five-mile stretch of water. They sometimes wander far afield for forage, but their permanent home is here, and here they mostly stay until some one drops them a line from above with an irresistible postscript.

Judge White, of Warrenton, who has shown his love for this part of the river in these columns, and who remembers it when with a single companion he could get more than a half-gross of good bass here in a day's fishing, was here on the last day we celebrated, initiating his little son into the mysteries of the gentle craft.

The boy was lucky in the enjoyment of privileges that do not come to many youngsters. Good water, good weather, good fish consideration and a loving coach. His line moved away with the certainty of big game, and he was keen to fasten at once, but the Judge quietly forbid him. "Wait; give him line; don't hurry. When he starts again strike him," and the boy did with all his little might, and it was enough. The bass, a 4-pounder, started for headwaters at a rate that robbed his captor of any sense of victory; the reel whizzed, the handle was striking his knuckles at every revolution and the blood streaming down his fingers completed his demoralization, and he danced up and down in the boat shouting for his father to take the rod. "I can't." But when the fish was finally landed he had so far recovered as to boast that he had struck him anyway, and "Don't tell mamma I didn't catch him"; and the next one, half as large, he managed by his lonesome. His ambition now is to kill a big one without help, and the chances are good he will not have long to wait.

As we were skirting Doerflinger's Pool, the next one below, trying to entice a bass out of the shady nooks on the marrgin, we saw under the spreading branches of a great sycamore an overgrown frog, a boomer, sitting on the sloping mud bank, apparently lost in reveries of childhood's happy hours on the banks of the Nile. The branches were low and reached far out on the water, but an underhanded sweep luckily landed the No. 4 Hawthorne within 6in. of him with the snell on his neck. He gave a surprised wriggle, sat up and showed his breastpin, with a sly glance at the tempting looking cricket alongside. A slight twitch turned the fly over, and at the first sign of animation the frog, with a croak, pounced on the luckless intruder. When we boiled our coffee for the noon-day lunch, froggie was broiled on the coals and was so toothsome under these conditions that we shall have an eye open for the balance of the family after this.

Just above this pool is Catlett's Ford, and while we rested here and hired a small native to bring us a bucket of fresh milk from a nearby spring house, there came down to the water a patriarch bestriding a likely looking cob, and stopped a moment to chat. My chum's boatman, who looked about seventy, hailed him and recalled himself to the elder by saying, "I'm your cherry boy." He explained to us that nearly half a century ago he had been employed by the other and directed to take a couple of baskets to a neighbor's and pick them full of cherries. A dance was to come off somewhere in the neighborhood and he could not resist the temptation, so he hid the baskets, hurried home to fix up, and went down to the dance. The old man came with the wagon, borrowed some baskets and picked the cherries himself. They both laughed over the incident, which seemed to us like a whiff of the little hatchet epoch, and then the rider, who announced that he was eighty-four, rode through the ford. We remarked his erect seat and he said, "They call me the colt-breaker yet." It was interesting to note the careful way in which his horse trod among the rolling stones of the rocky bed of the stream as if feeling not only his way but his responsibility.

Not far from this in a shallow the other boat picked from the bottom of the river a flattened stone, washed by the floods of a thousand storms and worn by its jostling neighbors of the centuries into the rude likeness of a ploughshare, and there grew up about that stone a fairy story of aboriginal art. The savage ancestors of Pocahontas, long before Columbus plowed the deep, had used this primitive implement. With a disposition that builds its opinions by resistance, adverse argument only confirmed the absurd theory. In vain it was suggested that no evidence existed that the nomads of this region ever utilized animal power in cultivation; that only proved ignorance, did not establish a condition. Or that in the rocky soil the soft stone would not last a furrow; that no known appliance could fasten or control so rude an implement; more ignorance. Or that the stone, which was not basaltic but sedimentary, would pull in two with the slightest strain; all was useless. Stone hoes and stone axes, why not stone plows? and that alleged stone plow is now on its way by easy stages to archæological experts, and woe betide them if they find in it no relic of a red-skinned hayseed.

If my friend had his way, this stone should be set up at

the door of the Smithsonian Institution and applicants for appointment on the scientific staff would find in this their Shibboleth. No civil service or other examination would be required, but the only mental and moral test of fitness would be the possession of an intelligence broad enough to see in this stream-worn slab a cultivator; and that lucky or brazen individual should be made chief who boldly asserted that he could decipher Adam's trademark in its moss-eaten surface.

The ledges and dams which reach across the streams of the Upper Potomac system often have but a single opening with water sufficient to carry over a boat, and here the current is swiftest and reaches in a glassy curve over the stones almost to the foot of the rocks, and then breaks into heavy waves that look to the uninitiated as the worst possible place in which to trust a boat, but over which it goes as lightly and safely as an autumn leaf. It is so often the case that failure becomes a disappointment that a good fish lies in wait at this point and a fly dropped over the curve and drawn back to the edge is nearly sure to get a response. Sometimes as he takes it he goes over the fall with his first leap, and a broken rod is the price paid for that experience this year. He felt a 10-pounder, but when he was at last killed weighed scant 3. To the angler it seems a poor place for the fish to ambush for that as soon as he can sight his game it is gone, but the certainty with which he hits the fly encourages the belief that in this as in many others the wily bass knows his business. The bass, like the pike, and probably most other predatory fishes, has a habit of heading off his game, and perhaps if one fished up, the bass' turning rush at the fly would carry him up stream, but fishing down, which seems to find them easiest, he intercepts the fly with his head turned down with the current. Inconsistent as it may seem, a quick, hard strike is safest both for rod and fish. It turns the bass' head up stream, and you get him in the pool where the man, as well as the fish, has a fighting chance, whereas a slower tightening of the line lets him over the falls and puts his pulling weight at pounds on a rod intended to hold ounces, to say nothing of the nasty effect of stones and swift water on one's tackle and the fish's tactics.

The river here runs eastwardly. The best way to fish is with the fly. If it is too clear and bright to find the bass in mid-river, is to fish down the northerly bank in the morning when the bushes on that side cast their shadows up stream and up the other bank in the evening.

Hunting here as a couple, we take each a side, and on half a dozen different days and seasons the left bank has yielded fish in the morning only, the right bank in the afternoon. It is not hard to find a good bass reason for this, that there should be no fish on the north side after 12 o'clock. The fish when at rest is always headed up stream, and the afternoon sun would be shining right in his eyes under the bushes, and besides the glaring light and comfortable warmth of the summer sun against the bank and shallow water, the fish itself would stand revealed too conspicuously to his hunted prey or his hunter —man.

When a bass is found in this water though, he gives a good account of himself, and is as reluctant to come to net as the famed ouananiche, but he leaves the water no oftener than his congener of the slit face, his fight after his long runs are over being principally a system of borings. Every time he catches sight of the skiff his heels "kick at Heaven" and he starts for the bottom of the river as if he had business in China.

They are, however, not so plenty as they once were, and one of the old inhabitants who had spent his life on the banks of the river and who claimed to know every stone in it, thinks he can remember when there were more fish than stones, but now, he mourned, "You can count every bass in the river when it's low."

Among the curiosities of "Angling Literature in America" is a series of articles written for Knickerbocker's in 1855, by Charles A. Munger. They are a parody, and a very clever one, on old Izaak, and called the "Complete Susquehanna Angler." He makes his Piscator say, "The flesh of the Susquehanna bass is reputed by those who have had the good fortune to taste it to surpass that of all the other dwellers in the water. Yet I cannot vouch for the truth of such affirmation, since never have I, nor have any of my honest brethren with whom I have met, been so fortunate as to eat thereof. Still there be reasons which force me to give faith to the rumor, to wit: For that it is generally received as true; also, for that they be very scarce and difficult to take, qualities which give flavor and relish to anything; and also for that I did once see an honest angler, who did assure me that formerly he did see another brother of the rod and line, who, upon his honor as a fisher, did most religiously and solemnly asseverate that he did once upon a time drink of some water wherein tradition said a large bass was seen to lie, and that it had a most sweet and wholesome taste."

This must have been the striped bass, as our black bass were not planted in that stream until later, and one cannot help a feeling of satisfaction that such a scoffer never had the opportunity of enjoying the real thing either in the water or out of it, though for that matter if he had he could no longer have been so bitter; he would have been "pigeon-livered and lacked gall." HENRY TALBOTT.

Where to go.

ONE important, useful and considerable part of the FOREST AND STREAM's service to the sportsmen's community is the information given inquirers for shooting and fishing resorts. We make it our business to know where to send the sportsman for large or small game, or in quest of his favorite fish, and this knowledge is freely imparted on request.

On the other hand, we are constantly seeking information of this character for the benefit of our patrons, and we invite sportsmen, hotel proprietors and others to communicate to us whatever may be of advantage to the sportsman tourist.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Canadian Angling Notes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Were all the world to think alike the readers of FOREST AND STREAM would certainly be deprived of much amusing reading about the game qualities of the ouananiche. The letter from your correspondent of last week who ranks the fresh water salmon as inferior to a chub is quite amusing, but not a bit more so than his quotation from "the famous ouananiche fisher who has written a book on the subject." It is just such nonsense as he quotes about "the rod smashing qualities of the ouananiche," and the luck of killing even "two fish out of five hooked," that has brought contempt upon the fish by leading visiting anglers to anticipate something different from what they actually find. In their vexation they rush to the other extereme and belittle those admirable game qualities of the ouananiche that have been so fully testified to by Messrs. Cheney and Van Dyke and Myers and Morris and scores of other unassailable witnesses. I would not have it appear, however, that I have any desire to discredit the statements of that small minority of ouananiche anglers that expresses disappointment with the sport. It is unreasonable that the whole world should be expected to think alike, either in regard to the game qualities of the ouananiche or to any other subject of equal interest to those engaged in the discussion of it. For one ouananiche is so much unlike another in the method of its fight and in the game qualities that it displays, that I can quite understand much of the difference of opiniion in respect to the fish. Nor is it to be expected that the 2¼lb. fish, which was about the largest taken by Mr. Palmer, would put up anything like the fight of the 5 and 6lb. ouananiche that are so familiar to old-time anglers on the Grande Décharge.

Within the last few weeks there has been splendid sport in the Discharge, and many anglers report catches of thirty to forty fish a day. Some of those sent to Quebec during the last few days weighed 3 and 4lbs. each.

It will be good news to lovers of the sport to learn that Mr. Beemer is quite determined to keep up the supply of fish in Lake St. John and its tributary water. I paid a visit recently to his hatchery at Roberval and found there 75,000 young ouananiche, which are to be planted at the end of the present month. The parent fish were taken in the Metabetchouan last autumn, and there was a difference of about fifteen or twenty days in the time of stripping them. The spawn was placed in the incubator about Nov. 1, and the fish eggs were hatched on April 21, all the fry being out by May 20. The young ones are exceedingly healthy in appearance, and the mortality has been almost nil.

There are also to be seen at this hatchery 75,000 young salmon and 25,000 little fish, the product of a cross between salmon and ouananiche. What the fate of the latter will be it is difficult to foresee. They may prove a good game fish; but if worthy of perpetuation the stock may have to be renewed by a fresh crossing of the parent fish, since mules have not, so far as I have been able to inform myself, the power of reproduction, and these little fish are decidedly mules, if there be any ground for the contention—which I am not ready to admit—that the ouananiche and the *Salmo salar* are two distinct varieties.

The experiment of planting the salmon from the sea in some of the tributaries of Lake St. John is likely to prove deeply interesting. I see no reason why it should not succeeed, providing that a good passageway for the fish is made with dynamite at the falls of the Saguenay above Chicoutimi. During a recent visit to Newfoundland, I found that salmon ascend from the sea to the headwaters of several rivers, which necessitate their passage through large inland lakes. Why should they not similarly ascend through Lake St. John into the Peribonea, the Mistassini, the Ashuapmouchouan and other rivers tributary to it, in which they may be planted, and where they may spend the first two or three years of their life?

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, July 21.

Concerning ——— ———.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some years ago the impropriety of "ringing the changes" on the hackneyed expression "speckled beauties" was discussed in your columns by the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and the "consensus of opinion" by a large majority, in fact *nem. con.*, pronounced against it with emphasis, as being dudish, qualmish, nauseous and generally reprehensible. For a number of years thereafter this repulsive expression remained in a state of "innocuous desuetude," much to the relief of delicate stomachs.

But as vigilance relaxed the expression again stealthily crept in, until one can now scarcely ever become immersed in an otherwise interesting fishing narrative but he will straightway run up against "speckled beauties" in all its sickly smiling inanity, upon which event this writer invariably throws down the magazine, and when it is again picked up he carefully avoids falling into the same trap by skipping the offending article altogether.

One is tempted to exclaim with Hotspur:

> "Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
> A good mouth filling oath; and leave in sooth,
> And such protest of pepper gingerbread
> To velvet guards, and Sunday citizens."

In the name of suffering humanity, Mr. Editor, please bring into requisition your editorial prorogative—use the blue pencil, and spare not such offenders against the canons of good taste—substitute for the sickly and unwholesome "speckled beauties" some such sturdy expression as "freckled frowsies," for example, or any other that a healthy stomach can digest without a faintness in the epigastric region. Your suffering friend,

COAHOMA.

P. S.—After laying down FOREST AND STREAM for the purpose of relieving an overburdened mind by outpouring the above diatribe, I again picked it up and shortly fell upon Mr. Cheney's very moderate and sensible protest against the same abuse. I felt that I was "outclassed" by Mr. Cheney, and ought to withdraw somewhat "hot and incoherent" complaint; but on reflection I concluded that the medicine, though drastic, was fitted to the malady; so let it go, if you think it worth space. COAHOMA.

Long Island Fishing.

WRECK LEAD, L. I., July 24.—Fishing has been good during the past week. Sea bass and fluke are very plenty, and weakfish are still caught. They are, however, not as plenty as they were early in the season.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., July 24.—A peculiarity of this season's fishing is the scarcity of bluefish and blackfish. The auxiliary yacht Inner Beach has been off to the wreck of the Iberia or the fishing banks nearly every day this season. Capt. Henry Wright says that there have been no bluefish to speak of for some time. He thinks the low temperature of the water is the cause. There seems to be plenty of food, and as soon as the water gets warm, either by a change in current or by the heat of the sun, there will probably be a great run of fish. Weakfish, sea bass and fluke are very plenty, and a basket full may easily be caught, either in the bay or off to the banks.

A curiosity in the way of the gastronomical powers of the weakfish was discovered by Capt. Samuel Jackson. It was an oyster nearly 3in. in length in the stomach of the fish. The strangest part of the story is the fact that the oyster was recognized as a Prince's Bay, consequently the fish must have made a journey of thirty miles after swallowing the oyster.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the fifth competition of the club to-day the following records were made:

	Long Distance Fly, Feet.	Distance and Accuracy, Per Cent.	Accuracy and Delicacy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
I. H. Bellows	127	94 2-3	94 1-3	95 8-15
H. G. Hascal	....	85	96	96 13-15
N. C. Heston	....	90 1-3	.....	95 11-15
C. Lippincott	....	91	96 2-3	93 1-15
H. Newkirk	....	88 1-3	95	97 13-15
F. N. Peet	119	93	96 1-3	92 3-5

Holders of Medals.—Long distance fly, I. H. Bellows; distance and accuracy, I. H. Bellows; accuracy and delicacy, C. A. Lippincott; bait casting, H. A. Newkirk.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Aug. 5.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island Kennel Club's one-day show. Crescent Park. George S. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.

Sept. 12-15.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Kennel Club's fifth annual bench show. Edward Meisenheimer, Sec'y.

Oct. 2-6.—Dallas, Tex.—Texas Kennel Club's second annual bench show. Sydney Smith, Sec'y.

Oct. 3-6.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's eighteenth annual show. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Oct. 10-13.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island State Fair Association. E. M. Oldham, Supt.

Nov. 15-18.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show. Marcel A. Viti, Sec'y.

Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 31.—Emmettsburg, Ia.—The Iowa Field Trial Association's second annual field trials. M. Bruce, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—La Salle, Man.—Western Canada Kennel Club's annual amateur field trials. A Cole, Sec'y.

Sept. 6.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y.

Oct. 31.—Greene Co., Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's fifth annual field trial. A. C. Peterson Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Washington C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Nov. 8-9.—Lakeview, Mich.—Michigan Field Trials Association's second annual trials. E. Rice, Sec'y.

Nov. 12.—Bicknell Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's first annual trials. George D. Mayfield, Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 17.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 21.—Lawrenceville, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.— ———, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.

Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Derby Entries of the Manitoba Field Trials Club.

Mahdi, liver and white pointer dog, May 27 (Tippo—Queen Kent). Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.

Dervish, liver and white pointer dog, May 27, (Tippo—Queen Kent). Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.

Kartum, liver and white pointer dog, July 3 (champion Rip Rap—Toxic). Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.

Soudan, black and white ticked pointer bitch, July 3 (champion Rip Rap—Toxic). Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.

Bedouin, black and white ticked pointer bitch, July 3 (champion Rip Rap—Queen III.). Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.

Luna, black, white and tan setter Bitch, January (Tony boy—Christiana). Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels.

Ightfield Rill, lemon and white pointer bitch, April 20 (Alberta Joe—Ightfield Diana II.). F. G. Simpson.

Jubilee Lilla, black, white and tan setter bitch, March 29 (Brighton Monk—Manitoba Belle). G. B. Borradaile.

Nora, lemon and white setter bitch, April 19 (Duke's Rush—Nellie). H. G. Spurgeon.

Witch, black and white pointer bitch, May (Shot—Tannis). James Gower.

Princess Bonnie, liver and white pointer bitch, May (Shot—Tannis). C. C. Bradley.

Star Bondhu, black and white setter dog, May 1 (Dick Bondhu II.—Bonnie Lit). John Wootton.

May Bondhu, black and white setter bitch, May 1 (Dick Bondhu II.—Bonnie Lit). John Wootton.

Kit, black and white setter bitch, March 1 (Larry—Angela). F. W. Scott.

Ightfield Ripple, liver and white pointer bitch, April 20 (Alberta Joe—Ightfield Diana II.). E. R. Collier.

Shiftless, black and white setter bitch, April 19 (Duke's Rush—Nellie). Winnipeg Kennels.

Trixie, orange and white setter bitch, March (Kingstone—Duke's Ruby). D. E. Rose, agent.

Bona, black, white and tan setter bitch, April (Tony Boy—Christina). D. E. Rose, agent.

Hurstbourne Cricket, black, white and tan setter bitch, June (Tony Boy—Cynosure). D. E. Rose, agent.

Minne W., black, white and tan setter bitch, January (Dude B.—Miss Bess). D. E. Rose, agent.

Pride, black and white setter dog (———————). D. E. Rose, agent.

Braun, liver and white pointer dog, April (Von Gull—Baby Ruth). D. E. Rose, agent.

Forest Hall Chief, black and white setter dog, April 17 (Val Lit—Maid of the Morn). E. McKenney.

Forest Hall Victor, black, white and tan setter dog, April 17 (Val Lit—Maid of the Morn). E. McKenney.

Bob Acres, orange and white setter dog, July 4 (Tony Gale—Minnie T.). Del Monte Kennels.

Miss Medows, black, white and tan setter bitch, July 4 (Tony Gale—Minnie T.). Del Monte Kennels.

Miss Bangle, black, white and tan setter bitch, July 4 (Tony Gale—Lightfoot). Del Monte Kennels.

Queen Lill, black, white and tan setter bitch, July 4 (Tony Gale—Lightfoot). Del Monte Kennels.

Chadwick, black, white and tan setter dog, July 4 (Tony Gale—Lightfoot). Del Monte Kennels.

Del Monte King, black, white and tan setter dog, July 4 (Tony Gale—Lightfoot). Del Monte Kennels.

Cyrano de Bergerac, black, white and tan setter dog, April 5 (Duke of Manitoba—Dora M.). W. F. Ellis.

Manitoba Prairie Bird, black and white ticked setter bitch, March 29 (Brighton Monk—Manitoba Belle). E. H. White.

Saskatchewan Ned, liver, white and tan pointer dog, April 20 (Alberta Joe—Diana II.). Thos. Johnson.

Snowball, black setter bitch, March 25 (Little Billie—Scwab). Thos. Johnson.

Aunt Sally, black setter bitch, July 11 (Toss—Mrs. Black). Thos. Johnson.

Fairview Tom, liver and white pointer dog, March 16 (Sir Walter—Van's Pride). W. Gould Brokaw.

Fairview Tibbie, liver and white pointer bitch, March 16 (Sir Walter—Van's Pride). W. Gould Brokaw.

Fairview Patty, liver and white pointer bitch, May 3 (Prince Boy—Fanny Davenport). W. Gould Brokaw.

Fairview Bonnie, black, white and tan setter bitch, April 15 (Belton Boz—Vick). W. Gould Brokaw.

Misfortune, black and white setter bitch, March (———Queen). W. Gould Brokaw.

Pontiac, black, white and tan setter dog, March 23 (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryme). Avent & Duryea.

Soux, black, white and tan setter bitch, March 23 (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryme). Avent & Duryea.

Ute, black, white and tan setter bitch, March 23 (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryme). Avent & Duryea.

Coddo, black, white and tan setter bitch, March 23

Apaclie, black, white and tan setter dog, March 19 (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Luna). Mrs. H. B. Duryea.

Piccolo, black and white pointer dog, February (———————). Jos. Lemon.

Continental Field Trial Club.

NEW YORK, July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In sending you list of entries for the Continental Field Trial Club Derby I neglected to put in Joe Cumming, Jr., whelped January, 1898, by Joe Cumming—Laura, the property of Mr. W. W. Titus.

THEO. STURGES, Sec'y-Treas.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association.

Twentieth Annual Meet, Hay Island, St. Lawrence River, Aug. 4-18.

To the Members of the American Canoe Association:

The annual meet of the American Canoe Association will be held from Aug. 4 to 18, inclusive, at Hay Island, St. Lawrence River. The main camp will occupy favorable locations on both sides of headquarters, which will be directly between two small bays.

The ladies' camp will occupy a selected position convenient to the general camp and headquarters.

Meals will be served by caterer in mess tent, at the usual rate of $1 per day.

A camp store, conducted by Mr. McParland, will be conveniently located and camp necessities kept in stock. Orders will be taken for articles not on hand.

Mails will be distributed in camp at the secretary-treasurer's tent. Address United States mail and express matter A. C. A. Camp, Hay Island, Clayton, N. Y., and Canadian mail and express matter A. C. A. Camp, Hay Island, Gananoque, Ontario, Canada.

Carpenters and laborers have been engaged and lumber purchased, and tents, floors, skids, etc., will be built for members at reasonable rates. Lumber and nails will be sold to members who desire to build their own floors, etc. Members desiring floors are requested to send their order, stating size desired, by Aug. 1, or as soon after as possible, to John S. Wright, chairman camp site committee, 333 West avenue, Rochester, N. Y. After July 28 address care of camp address given above.

Tents, cots, camp-chairs and tables may be rented at reasonable rates by giving three days' notice to the chairman of the camp site committee, stating size of tent, etc.

Customs Regulations.—The same arrangements as have prevailed in former years have been made for canoes and dunnage coming from the United States. Duty must be paid on provisions.

Cruises.—Several short cruises will be arranged under competent guidance to some of the most beautiful spots in the Thousand Islands, and it is hoped that all members will come prepared to take part.

Signals.—The A. C. A. signal code will be used to convey all intelligence from headquarters to the entire camp. Copies of the code may be obtained from the secretary. Price, 10 cents.

Water Parade and Illumination.—The officers urge all members to bring colored lanterns and flags and colored fire. The illuminated parade will take place if possible, also a review of the fleet, and a special effort will be made to illuminate the camp. Members are also requested to bring their musical instruments, songs, jokes and any odd costumes they may have.

Camp Rules.

1. A member of the executive committee will be appointed each day as "officer of the day," who will have charge of the camp, and will be obeyed accordingly. He will appoint four members as pickets to assist him. The officer of the day and pickets will wear distinguishing badges.

2. An active member and four associate members will be in charge of the ladies' camp. (See ladies' camp committee.)

3. Members will register, pay their camp dues ($1), and obtain badges at secretary's tent immediately upon arrival.

4. The commodore and secretary will be at headquarters for the transaction of business from 9 until 11 A. M. and 1 until 3 P. M. each day, but will be immediately available at all other hours.

5. Tents may be located by owners, subject to the approval of the camp site committee and with due regard for the thoroughfares and lines. Daily before 10 o'clock tents and grounds must be put in order; all refuse, papers, etc., must be ready for removal by the camp cart. Members will be held responsible for the appearance of their tents and the surrounding grounds. Due regard to dress while at meals is requested.

6. Camp will be open daily from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Guests may be invited by card, obtained of the secretary. Before 10 A. M. and after 6 P. M. no guests will be expected in camp, except by invitation for occasions specially announced on bulletin board.

7. Neither guests nor members from main camp will be expected in the ladies' camp before 10 A. M. or after 7 P. M., except by invitation, nor will the ladies be expected in the main camp before 10 A. M. or after 7 P. M., except by special invitation, announced on bulletin board.

8. Visiting boats must land at the steamboat wharf, unless otherwise directed by officers in charge.

9. Reveille will be sounded at 7 A. M. The United States Army bugle calls will be used.

10. Flags will be raised at 8 A. M. and lowered at sunset. Taps will be sounded at 11 P. M., after which quiet will be maintained in camp. Hours for meals will be noted on the bulletin board and called by bugler.

The observance of these rules will greatly facilitate the officers in the discharge of their duties.

F. S. THORN, Commodore.

A. C. A. By-Laws, Sec. 2, Chap. 1.—Every member attending a camp shall pay for camp expenses; for general camp $1, and for division camp such sum as may be determined upon by the executive committee of the division, provided such sum does not exceed $1. Visitors when accompanying members may be admitted to the general camp at the discretion of the commodore and secretary-treasurer, and to the ladies' camp on the invitation of an associate member and at the discretion of the committee governing it; provided, that if they spend more than two nights in camp the member introducing them shall pay $2 for each, the same dues and camp charges as regular members. But this shall not preclude the admission of any of the immediate family of a member.

Transportation Arrangements.

The Trunk Line Association, New England Passenger Association, Central Passenger Association, General Passenger and Ticket Department, the Grand Trunk Railway System, the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company have granted the customary concessions, viz.: A round trip of one and one-third fare to Clayton and Gananoque. Members will pay full fare to the points named, obtaining from the selling agents certificates which, when indorsed and visédi at camp, will enable the holders thereof to return to the point of starting by continuous passage at one-third of the regular rates. Tickets may be purchased three days prior to and during the camp, and certificates will be honored for return trip (without stop over) for three days (Sundays excepted) after the close of the camp, Aug. 18.

All certificates must be indorsed by the secretary-treasurer and the special agent.

The special agent of the Trunk Line Association will be at the camp to visé certificates on the following dates: Friday, Aug. 11; Wednesday, Aug. 16.

The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company have granted the rate of one and one-third fare, all points on their line to Clayton. This rate will not apply on their weekly steamer Hamilton, running between Hamilton and Montreal and touching only at Canadian ports.

Members arriving at Gananoque or Clayton by rail via R. W. & O. or by steamers of the navigation company (from Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, Deseronto, Belleville, Brockville, Prescott, Montreal, Quebec, and intermediate points) will find the steamer Valeria at the railroad dock, running on the following schedule. The Valeria does not run Sundays, but the A. C. A. launch will connect with trains on those days:

Leave Gananoque 6:45 A. M.; arrive Hay Island 7 A. M.; leave Gananoque 2:45 P. M., arrive Hay Island 3 P. M.; leave Clayton 10:15 A. M., arrive Hay Island 11:30 A. M.; leave Clayton 5 P. M., arrive Hay Island 6:10 P. M.

The rate on the steamer Valeria will be, from Clayton to Hay Island and return, 75 cents per passenger, which includes one canoe and duffle. From Gananoque to Hay Island and return, 50 cents per passenger, which includes one canoe and duffle.

Round trip tickets from either Gananoque or Clayton will be furnished by purser of steamer Valeria.

All canoes, duffle, baggage, freight or express matter should be prepaid and plainly marked Clayton, N. Y., or Gananoque, Ont., A. C. A. Camp, Hay Island, via steamer Valeria.

Any other particulars regarding transportation will be gladly given by the undersigned, and the committee would be pleased to help clubs or members in securing favorable transportation from the railroads in regard to handling canoes and duffle.

The transportation committee: C. W. Lansing, chairman, Worcester, Mass.; Geo. A. Howell, Toronto, Ont.

Sailing and Paddling Races—Decked Canoes.

Event No. 1. Record Combined Race—Paddling and sailing, ½ mile alternately, three miles; time limit, 1½ hours; start to be made under paddle. Aug. 10, A. M.

Event No. 2. Record Sailing—Four and one-half miles; time limit, 2 hours; same rig and seat to be used in events Nos. 1 and 2. Aug. 10, P. M.

Event No. 3. Record Paddling—One-half mile straightaway. Same canoe as events Nos. 1 and 2. Aug. 11, A. M.

Event No. 4. Novice Sailing—Three miles; time limit, 2½ hours. Open only to members who have never contested in any but their own club sailing races. Aug. 11, P. M.

Event No. 5.—Trophy Sailing—Nine miles; time limit, 3½ hours. See rule 5 of racing regulations. Aug. 12, A. M.

Event No. 6. Dolphin Sailing Trophy—Seven and one-half miles; time limit, 3 hours. Canoe winning first place in trophy race will not compete in this event. Aug. 12, A. M.

Event No. 7. Sailing, Live Man Overboard—Decked sailing canoes, ½ mile. At the discharge of gun the passenger will go overboard, the canoe will pass around the quarter mile buoy, pick up the man, and then sail to home buoy.

A. C. A. War Canoe Championship Race.

Event No. 8. War Canoe Race—A. C. A. championship, 1 mile straightaway. Aug. 14, 10 A. M.

Sailing Races—Open Canoes.

Event No. 9. Open Canoe Sailing—One and one-half miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Open or partially decked canoes allowed.

Event No. 10. Combined Sailing and Paddling—One-half mile, alternately one and one-half miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Start under sail; single blades. Open or partially decked canoes allowed.

Note.—In events 9 and 10 the sail area is limited to 40sq.ft. No rudder or seat projecting beyond gunwales allowed. One pair detachable leeboards may be used. The paddle can only be used for steering, except in event No. 10 on the paddling leg. The same canoe, sail and leeboards will be used in both events. Canoes may have the usual bow and stern decks of about 32in., and side decks of about 2in. wide, with combing about 1½in. high. Canvas covers or other substitutes for decks will be measured as decks.

Division Sailing Races.

Event No. 11. Atlantic Division cup.

Event No. 12. Central Division cup.

Event No. 13. Western Division cup.

Event No. 14. Northern Division open canoe sailing for Orilla cup.

Note.—Division sailing cup races will be sailed on Aug. 16, weather permitting, provided they have not been sailed at division meets, and will be sailed under the rules provided by each division, which will be posted on the bulletin board day of race, and called in the order published. Division regatta committee will run their own sailing races. (See Chap. 9.)

Division Paddling Races.

Event No. 15. Western Division Gardner cup, paddling.

Event No. 16. Northern Division war canoe race; open to A. C. A. members only. Aug. 14, 3 P. M.

Paddling Races.

Event No. 17. Trophy Paddling—One mile straightaway; paddles optional. Aug. 15.

Event No. 18. Paddling—Double blades, open canoes, ½ mile, with turn.

Event No. 19. Tandem Paddling—Single blade, open canoes, ½ mile, with turn.

Event No. 20. Relay Race—Open paddling canoes, single blades; 1½ miles, over sailing course, three men from each club or division. Starters paddle to and around first buoy, pass an article to second man, who paddles to and around second buoy, passing to third man, who paddles to the finish.

Event No. 21. Paddling—Single blade, ½ mile, with turn.

Event No. 22. Novice Paddling—Single blade, open canoes, ½ mile, with turn. Open only to members who have never contested in any but their own club paddling races.

Event No. 23. Four-Men Paddling—Single blades, open canoes, ½ mile, with turn.

Event No. 24. Tandem Overboard—Single blades, open canoes, ¼ mile. At the discharge of the gun both men will jump overboard, clear of their canoes, regain their seats in same and paddle to home buoy.

Event No. 25. Tilting Tournament—Sparring poles will be provided by the regatta committee. Each sparrer will stand immediately aft the forward thwart. Both contestants must be on their feet when giving and taking.

Event No. 26. Upset Paddling—Single blade, open canoes.

Event No. 27. Hurry-Scurry—Single blade, open canoes. Run, jump, swim and paddle.

Event No. 28. Ladies' Paddling—Double blades, open canoes, ¼ mile, with turn.

Event No. 29. Ladies' Tandem Paddling—Single blade, open canoes, ¼ mile, with turn.

Event No. 30. Swimming—One hundred yards.

Notes.

First, second and third prizes will be awarded in all events except Nos. 25, 28, 29, 30, in which two prizes will be awarded. Two starters to win first, three starters to win second, and four starters to win third.

Flag prizes will be awarded sailors and paddlers. First prize flag will be blue ground with event in white letters; second prize same as first, except body will be red; third prize same as the others, except body will be white.

A special banner, emblematic of the "A. C. A. war canoe championship," together with a suitable "follow" prize, donated by Com. Thorn, will be awarded the winning crew of the war canoe event. Flags for second and third places will be awarded also.

Events Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13, 14 will be called on the dates shown in programme, weather permitting. The time for starting same will be posted on bulletin board by 8 A. M., date of race. Postponed events will be run off first opportunity.

Events Nos. 8, 16, 17 will be run on dates shown in programme, wind, sea or rain notwithstanding.

The committee reserves the right to call remainder of programme at any time during the meet, when in their judgment the conditions are most opportune, notice of which will be posted on the bulletin board at 8 A. M. date of race.

Entries must be filed with the clerk of the course one hour previous to calling of any race.

All events will be called promptly at hours designated on the bulletin board. Events postponed for lack of starters will not be called the second time. Stragglers will be ruled off the course.

All races will be governed by American Canoe Association rules, given in 1899 Year Book.

Al. T. Brown, Rochester, N. Y., chairman; John W. Ely, Rochester, N. Y.; F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.

Camp Site Committee—G. L. Kelley, Buffalo, N. Y.; C. V. Ketchum, Gananoque, Ont.; John. S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y., chairman.

Regatta Committee—F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.; John W. Ely, Rochester, N. Y., secretary; Al. T. Brown, Rochester, N. Y., chairman.

Transportation Committee—Wm. E. Barlow, Sing Sing, N. Y.; Geo. A. Howell, Toronto, Ont.; Chas. W. Lansing, Worcester, Mass., chairman.

Entertainment Committee—S. A. Anderson, Buffalo, N. Y.; E. A. Burns, Toronto, Ont.; L. P. Hubbell, Buffalo, N. Y., chairman.

Committee on Ladies' Camp—Mrs. J. N. McKendrick, Galt, Ont.; Mrs. G. C. Mackenzie, Elizabeth, N. J.; Mrs. C. W. Lansing, Worcester, Mass.; Mrs. F. L. Smith, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. N. McKendrick, Galt, Ont., chairman.

Signal Officers—R. N. Cutter, Winchester, Mass.; Walter Mack Clark, Peoria, Ill.

Camp Surgeons—Frederick R. Smith, M.D., 400 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.; N. T. Beers, Jr., M.D., 1265 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Camp Photographer—A. A. Lewis, Claremont, N. H.

Fleet Captain—Harry R. Ford, Buffalo, N. Y.

Rochester, N. Y., July 12, 1899.

To the Members of the American Canoe Association:

This year the camp site committee is working hard to make the camp the most attractive in the history of the A. C. A. Not only in respect to the situation and laying out of the camp has care been taken, but particular attention has been paid to the charges for camp outfits, as will be noticed in the accompanying list. As this has only been accomplished by careful estimates and much work, it is hoped that the members of the A. C. A. and their friends will show their appreciation by attending the meet in large numbers.

Hay Island, which has been selected as the site of the 1899 meet, is about 1½ miles south of Gananoque, on the Canadian side, among the Admiralty Group, and for beauty of situation is far ahead of any of the recent camp sites of the A. C. A. The island is indented by two bays directly opposite each other, with a narrow level space between where the headquarters will be located. There is a fine sand beach in each of the bays, good for bathing. The shore line in front of the main camp is quite broken, affording many picturesque spots for the tents, while the outlook on all sides is beautiful, many small islands being near. Careful attention will be paid to the laying out of the ladies' camp in the most attractive, convenient and comfortable manner. The center of the island is well wooded with birch, beech and maple, and the banks are covered with pines and cedars. The waters round about are considered the best for bass fishing at the islands, while pickerel and pike are also abundant, many people coming from as far as Alexandria Bay for the fishing.

What will be of especial interest is that the sailing course is particularly fine, the local men assuring us that there is seldom a day when on one side of the island or the other good wind and water may not be found. It is expected that there will be at least 200 in camp, and it is hoped even more will attend.

The Canadian canoeists will go to Gananoque in order to reach the island, while the Americans will proceed to Clayton and thence by steamer Valeria, which stops at the camp dock four times a day.

Lists, with prices, follow, and it is earnestly hoped that those who are sure of going to camp will send in their orders for camp outfits as soon as possible, so as to be out of the way of those who may decide later, and thus somewhat lessen the work of the camp site committee.

Rent of tents per week: 7x9, $1.50; 10x12, $2; 12x14, $3; 12x17, $3.25.

Rent of tent floors: For tent 7x9, $2.40; for tent 10x12, $4; for tent 12x14, $5.25; for tent 12x17, $8; porch 6x10 for 10x12 tent, $2.25.

Rent of wire cots, $1.25 per week; rent of mattresses, $1.25 per week; rent of camp beds, 50 cents per week; rent of camp-chairs, 20, 30 and 50 cents per week.

JOHN S. WRIGHT,
Chairman Camp Site Committee.

Western Division.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 22.—Pursuant to call, the meeting of the Western Division of the A. C. A. met at the Grand Northern Hotel in this city at 3:10 this afternoon, the following members being present: Vice-Com. H. C. Morse, Central Division, Peoria, Ill.; Rear-Com. Wm. C. Jupp, Western Division, Detroit, Mich.; R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.; T. B. Lafferty, Davenport, Ia.; J. M. Studebaker, Jr., South Bend, Ind.; N. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.; E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.; F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.; N. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.; Harry B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.; E. Hough, Chicago, Ill.

At the preliminary organization of the Western Division of the A. C. A. the following officers were elected at Milwaukee, Jan. 16: Vice-Com., H. B. Cook, Chicago, Ill.; Rear-Com., W. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.; Purser, D. H. Crane, Chicago, Ill.; Ex. Com., A. W. Freise, Milwaukee. The meeting of to-day was accordingly called to order by Vice-Com. Harry B. Cook, of Chicago, Mr. F. B. Huntington, of Milwaukee, being chosen to act as secretary.

Vice-Com. Cook, after addressing a few remarks to the meeting, said that he presumed the first matter of moment was the election of officers for the Western Division, pursuant to the notice of the Commodore of the A. C. A. Mr. Fred Dickens, of Milwaukee, rose and said that he presumed members would be glad to hear from Mr. Morse, of Peoria, who was thoroughly posted on all the questions pertaining to the organization of the Western Division, and who had had long experience with the A. C. A. in official capacity.

Mr. Morse made a lucid and succinct address. He stated that he was very glad to see this forming of the fifth branch of the A. C. A., in addition to the Eastern, the Atlantic, the Northern and the Central divisions. He had witnessed the growth of the movement for a Western Division, and he was very glad to congratulate all present upon the successful outcome of their efforts, which showed indeed that they had the best interests of canoeing at heart, and cherished not the least of sectional feeling. Since March 1, 1899, there had been secured 109 members for the Western Division, including fifty-four new members, the latter representing new material to be sure, and not yet seasoned canoeists, but material as good as the best. Of the present roll of the new division, there were thirty-seven former members of the W. C. A. There were eighteen members from Milwaukee, fourteen from Chicago, fifteen from Detroit, seven from Davenport, four from Des Moines and twenty-four from Peoria, the city from which he had the honor to hail. He said that it had been feared that, as some of this constituency apparently robbed the Central Division, it might be weaker; but he was glad to say that the Central Division was stronger than ever, and had gained sixteen members over last year, having 231 active members. Mr. Morse said he was therefore very glad to address the Western Division as a very healthy and very welcome infant. Vice-Com. H. B. Cook extended to Mr. Morse the thanks of the members for his services in the good work accomplished in the organization of the Western Division.

Election of Officers.

The election of officers of the Western Division, to hold office till the August meeting of the A. C. A., was now announced as the next order, and with single nominations the following were chosen in short order: Vice-Com., H. B. Cook, of Chicago; Rear-Com., William C. Jupp, of Detroit; Purser, D. H. Crane, of Chicago; Member of Executive Committee, O. A. Woodruff, of Dayton, O. For member of Board of Governors (for four years' term, subject to probable amendment to three years' term), Mr. H. C. Morse, of Peoria, Ill., was chosen

Wishes of the New Division.

There now arose discussion, in the first stages informal, over the location of the A. C. A. meet for the ensuing year, and it was evident early in this discussion that there might be two opinions in regard to this, as well as some opinions which were as yet unformulated. The talk turning upon the question of a meet for the Western Division in 1900 as against 1901, Mr. Jupp, of Detroit, said that he was of the belief that in 1901 the Western would be stronger and in better position to hold a good meet, and might then count upon getting more Eastern men to attend the meet. He thought the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo in 1901 would mean a season of low fares, so that the Eastern men, already so far west as Buffalo, might naturally be expected to come to Ballast Island—where he supposed the meet would naturally be held.

Mr. Morse, being called upon to explain, stated that the Central Division this year got the Hay Island meet by grace of the waiver of the division really entitled to it. He said that the Central Division would again have the refusal of this meet in its regular turn under the rules in 1901. He thought Mr. Jupp's suggestion very good, as the Buffalo exposition would naturally bring many Eastern men part way west in 1901. Peoria canoemen would none the less, he believed, like to see a Western meet.

Mr. Lafferty, of Davenport, Ia., said that he believed his club would like also to see a Western meet.

Mr. Hough, of Chicago, was asked for an expression of opinion by the Vice-Commodore, and said that he was at first of the belief, before this meeting was called to order, that a Western meet might be a larger undertaking than the new division could properly carry through. Since hearing the gentlemen who had preceded him, however, he was disposed to give the matter further thought. Here were many new members—all but thirty-seven of the entire Western Division were new members. If these new men were called together at a meet nearer to their own country, it would have a tendency to improve their morale. If they were allowed to rust in idleness for two years (and they might not like to go very far East at first), they might desert or lose interest. They might think it was a long way to an Eastern meet. It seemed worth while to cultivate this new material which now offered, and to think very carefully over this question of the location for the next year's meet.

Mr. Jupp said that he had no doubt that the Detroit club would send forty members to a meet at Ballast Island. Mr. Morse called attention to the fact upon the other hand that the Northern Division privately (not for publication) had arranged to hold a local meet at Muskoka Lakes next year in any case. The Northern men had said that they ought to have the A. C. A. meet themselves, as they needed both this local meet and the grand meet to gain the added membership which they required, and which the A. C. A. had wanted and expected in view of certain earlier expectations, more or less perfectly carried out.

At this juncture Mr. N. H. Cook, of Chicago, again called attention to the fact that we had in this new Western Division fifty-four new members. He questioned very much if all these new and untried canoeists would stick till a meet in 1901. He thought that 1900 would be a far safer date for the welfare of the new division. Mr. Hough now moved that the question be referred to ballot, the vote to be taken on "1900" or "1901," and that the secretary be advised to convey the result of this ballot to the executive committee of the A. C. A. as the respectful sense of this meeting, and as an expression merely of its preferences and with the tender of its loyalty to the parent body, the A. C. A. This motion prevailed and the ballot was had, upon which it became evident that the meeting and the proxies represented were closely divided, the vote being 7 for 1900 and 7 for 1901. There was now some hesitation and further informal talk, the Vice-Commodore not caring to cast the vote, were that within his province. Mr. Hough again addressed the chair, stating that as he thought further of the question upon both sides, with what light he could gain upon it, he was of the belief that the executive committee of the A. C. A., seeing that the old split between the W. C. A. and itself was now quite closed, and that the errant one had returned to the fold, would be more than willing to meet the new division half-way. It could do no more graceful act than to accede to any reasonable preference the new division might have in this, its first year under the old roof. He was sure the members of the A. C. A. would wish to do this graceful and tactful thing, and would listen very carefully to any preference the Western Division might express. This preference ought, with equal tact and good feeling, not to go as a demand or even a formal request, but merely as a suggestion of preference, and he was sure it would be thoughtfully considered and acted upon with wisdom. What had been said as to the impatience of new members was well worth listening to. It was new members which represented the main need of any canoeing body, small or large. Moreover, he had just privately heard the expression of the aged member of the old W. C. A. (Mr. N. B. Cook, one of the pillars of the W. C. A., and most prominent in its records, an old gentleman, nearly seventy-eight years of age). Mr. Cook had privately said, and he took the liberty of repeating it publicly, that he was now growing very old; he wanted to see one more meet at old Ballast. He might see it if it were held in 1900, but in 1901 he might not. For one, the speaker after hearing this expression could personally vote for nothing but 1900. Mr. Jupp, of Detroit, now rose and withdrew his vote, which he said had been cast for 1901 in the preceding ballot. He moved that the secretary cast one ballot for the year of 1900, and this was carried with applause.

It is thus to be understood that this is the preference only, and not the insistent wish of the Western Division. The matter must, of course, be decided by the Executive Committee of the A. C. A. Mr. Morse took up the situation carefully in his questions for instructions to the committee, representing the Western Division. He stated that perhaps the representatives of this division could not obtain the date they wished, but might perhaps obtain a compromise on 1901. What should they do in that case? It was stated by general consensus that there existed no necessity of giving the committee iron-clad instructions, as they knew very well what was desired by the majority of the meeting. There was to be no insistence, but only a fair representation of the wishes of this body. A large discretion was to be left to the committee, with the understanding that they were to secure a Ballast Island meet in 1900 if they could with honor and dignity. It was thought sure that the A. C. A. would be anxious to show every courtesy to the new division and would weigh very carefully its wishes, coming as it would with so large a list of new-growth material.

Mr. Morse now called attention to the fact that the Western Division was entitled to a second member on its executive committee, having 109 members. On motion Mr. F. B. Huntington, of Milwaukee, was chosen unanimously to serve as such member.

W. C. A. Formally Disbands.

Mr. Fred Dickens, of Milwaukee, now moved that the Western Division of the A. C. A. respectfully accept the tender of the property of the formerly existing W. C. A., at such time as same should be made. This was carried. The meeting then adjourned.

Immediately following the meeting of the Western Division of the A. C. A. a meeting was called of the old W. C. A., several members of which body were present. Com. Huntington was called to the chair and Sec'y Dickens took the desk. Mr. Harry B. Cook, of Chicago, moved that the W. C. A. do transfer to the Western Division of the A. C. A. all property, trophies, records, hereditaments "and headaches thereunto appertaining." This carried. On the motion by the same gentleman that the W. C. A. be then disbanded there was also a unanimous vote, but there was not a jest, and every man present showed that he felt a certain sadness at thus saying good-by to an organization which, whatever may have been its fate for one reason or another, was certainly always one of good fellowship and sportsmanship. Yet there was evident no inkling of lukewarmness or disloyalty to the new mother, and unless all signs be much in failing, the matters of the canoemen of the country, East and West, have not for years been in as good shape as they are to-day. Perhaps a word to the executive committee of the A. C. A. may or may not be of worth; yet if they will meet this new division as above mentioned more than half-way at this, the first year of the new relations, the writer thinks he knows Western men well enough to say that the A. C. A. will never have cause to regret it. Let us, if gentlemen please, have 1900 and old Ballast for the campaign of next year's meet. The Western men do not insist upon it, but they would like it. H.

British Canoe Association.

Falmouth Meet, 1899.

The above meet will commence on July 29 and terminate officially Aug. 19.

The executive trusts that as far as possible members intending to be present will endeavor to assemble at Falmouth on the opening day.

The site of the camp ground is at Pencarrow Point Field, on the farm of Mr. Alfred Bath, Churchtown Farm, Mylor, near Falmouth.

The commodore of the Association, T. H. R. Bartley, Esq. (Capt. Mersey C. C.), assisted by the other flag officers, will be in command of and responsible for the discipline of the camp.

Friends of members and any one already a member of a recognized canoe, yacht or sailing club may join the camp, subject to the approval of the committee, on payment of £1, such fee to count as the subscription to the B. C. A. for 1899 in case of election to membership of B. C. A. during the meet. Application from non-members to join the camp should be made to the honorable secretary, or to Percy Nisbet, Esq., 1 Water Lane, London, E. C., on or before July 25, and after that date at the camp.

Any gentleman thus attending the camp agrees to conform to the rules and regulations which may be made by the camp officers.

There will be as usual a camp attendant, whose duties are defined by the honorable secretary, and members and others are requested to note that his services are engaged for the general convenience of those in camp.

Moorings for fifteen boats (or more if necessary) will be laid down off camp. All members picking up or using these will be charged 2s. 6d. for one week, or any part of a week. Members engaging to rent a mooring for use during the whole time of camp will have to pay 6s.

Small canoes can be hauled up clear of the tide, which has a rise and fall of about 12ft. at Neaps, and 16ft. at Springs.

The executive recommends that those members who do not travel to Falmouth with their canoes should consign them and their camping gear to the care of Mr. F. Jose, 17 New street, Falmouth, who will take charge of all canoes, canoe-yawls or boats, etc., sent to await their owners' arrival.

A large marquee will be erected in which the camp dinner will be served each evening (Sundays excepted), and a piano will be provided for sing-songs; all those who can contribute to the amusement of the camp, either vocally or instrumentally, are requested to bring their music and instruments, for the purpose of holding "camp-fires" during the meet.

All members attending the meet are requested to fly the burgee and wear the badge of the Association, and they are desired to bring an assortmnt of flags and Chinese lanterns, etc., for the decoration of the camp.

The executive wishes to point out that this meet being held practically on open water, members and others attending it should provide themselves with life belts or other suitable gear in case of capsizes occurring at a distance from shore or immediate aid.

It is proposed to make several excursions from camp to various places of interest in the neighborhood, possibly extending over a day; consequently members should come prepared with portable camping equipment and their own cooking utensils. Such arrangements will be duly posted on the camp notice board, so that members can avail themselves of such should they wish.

There will, as usual, be a camp kitchen for the convenience of members, under the charge of the camp attendant, but for those who prefer cooking in their own tents a supply of methylated spirit and paraffin can be obtained from him.

Arrangements have been made for various tradesmen to call daily at the camp for orders, but articles such as milk, butter, eggs and vegetables can be obtained from Mr. Bath's farm close by. Lodgings for those who do not wish to camp can be obtained on application to the following parties: G. Bennett, Riverside, Mylor Creek; Mrs. Thomas, Levithick, Mylor; Mrs. A. Bath, Farmhouse, Mylor; and C. Bolton, Beach Cottage, Mylor Creek.

Arrangements have been made with the postmaster of Falmouth for the delivery of letters and telegrams at the camp—two deliveries per day. Telegrams will be charged a 6d. fee for delivery from Flushing Village. A post office letter box is within 400yds. of camp, from which there are three collections daily. Letters or telegrams for members should be addressed British Canoe Association Camp, Falmouth.

The annual general meeting of the Association will be held on Monday, Aug. 14, in the camp at 3 P. M., and will be followed in the evening by a dinner at a hotel in Falmouth at 7 P. M.

During the meet the Greenbank Hotel, Falmouth, will be the official town headquarters of the Association.

Any member wishing to propose a site for the 1900 meet at the general meeting, must be prepared to give all necessary preliminary details of the place in question, otherwise such site cannot be discussed then; and members are reminded that, in accordance with Rule XVII., any member wishing to propose a new rule, or alteration in existing ones, must notify same to honorable secretary in writing twenty-one days previous to the date appointed for the opening of the meet.

The usual B. C. A. regatta will take place (weather permitting) on Saturday, Aug. 12, at which the Lough Erne challenge cup race, open only to canoes and canoe-yawls belonging to members of the B. C. A., and in accordance with the following conditions, will be competed for.

Conditions for the Lough Erne Challenge Cup Race.

To rank as the B. C. A. definitions required by the deed of gift. And for any other sailing races held during the B. C. A. meet.

1. The race for the above cup shall be held at and during the B. C. A. meet, and shall be sailed over a course of not less than 10 nautical miles.

2. A committee of not less than three non-competing members of the B. C. A. shall be elected by the general committee, with full powers to accept or reject entries, should in their opinion any craft not comply with the spirit of the rules, which is to encourage bona fide cruisers; to award time allowances, select course and to decide protests; and their decision shall be final.

3. Only members of the B. C. A. shall be eligible to compete for the above cup, and they must have been camping with the Association in a bona fide manner for a period of not less than three clear days before the race. (Members sleeping on board a yacht in the vicinity of the camp shall be considered as "camping out.")

4. Each competitor shall have an efficient camping outfit in actual use during his stay at the meet, and his canoe or yawl shall be capable of carrying such outfit in a seaworthy manner.

5. Competitors must be bona fide owners, or at least half-owners, of the boat they sail, and must take the helm throughout the race.

6. Only boats that are of canoe type will be eligible to compete, i. e., sharp at bow and stern, decked or partially so, and with the rudder hung abaft the sternpost, or housed into an inboard case if the rudder projects below the level of the keel.

7. No canoe or yawl shall be eligible to compete in any race whatever that has not, in the opinion of the committee, proper sleeping accommodation for her racing crew, which must not exceed two persons.

8. An efficient life belt, or air cushion, must be carried, ready for use, by each competing boat.

9. Each boat must fly a racing flag of not less than 8 by 8in.

10. All races shall be governed by the sailing rules of the R. C. C.

11. Every competing canoe of not more than 3ft. 6in. beam shall be so provided with efficient bulkheads, or air tanks, as to render her unsinkable in the event of a capsize.

12. Sliding seats shall only be allowed in canoes of not more than 3ft. 6in. beam, and shall not extend more than 24in. outboard.

13. The time limit for the cup race shall be five hours.

14. Time allowances shall be given for differences in rating, as found by the formula $\frac{\text{Length over all} \times \text{Sail area}}{6,000}$; the scale of time allowances to be those used by the Y. R. A., with the formula $\frac{\text{L.W.L.} \times \text{S. A.}}{6,000}$, and they shall be posted in the committee tent at least twelve hours before the start of the cup race.

15. Every intending competitor shall declare his maximum sail area, in writing, to the committee before entering for any race, and shall not exceed it nor declare any smaller area throughout the duration of the meet.

16. No boat shall carry more than 250sq.ft. of sail.

17. All entries for the challenge cup race shall be delivered to the committee, in writing, forty-eight hours before the start of the race, and shall state the owner's name and address, the name of the canoe or yawl, the sail area and the colors of the owner's racing flag.

Construction Rules.—In all craft built after the passing of these rules the minimum scantlings allowed shall be:

	Canoes of not more than 42in. Beam.	Over 42in. Beam.
Planking	¼	3/16
Deck	3/16	3/16
Bulkheads	¼	½

No craft shall have a greater fixed draft than ⅓ beam.

Transit of Canoes and Yawls to Falmouth.

Members can either send their boats and gear direct by rail (in which case they should apply for rate to Falmouth to the goods superintendent at the station they wish to be dispatched from) or by steamer from the following ports:

From London—Per British and Irish Steam Packet Company; Messrs. J. Hartley & Co., 19 Leadenhall street, E. C.

From Liverpool—Per steamers of S. Hough, 25 Water street, Liverpool, or F. H. Powell & Co., 21 Water street, Liverpool.

From Newcastle—To London by steamers of Tyne Steam Ship-

ping Company, and thence by British and Irish Steam Packet Company.

From Dublin—Per British and Irish Steam Packet Company.

Members who have not yet paid subscriptions due by them to the Association are requested to send same to Geo. Huntley, Hon. Sec. and Treas. B. C. A., Redheugh Bridge Works, Gateshead-on-Tyne, from whom also badges and burgees may be obtained.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

JULY.

27. Jamaica Bay, cat classes, Jamaica Bay.
29. New Jersey-Knickerbocker, Ellsworth cup, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
29. Plymouth, club, Plymouth, Mass.
29. Royal Nova Scotia, one-design, Halifax, N. S.
29. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
29. American, club handicap, Newburyport.
29. Winthrop, open, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
29. Indian Harbor, annual, open, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
29. Corinthian, Marblehead, 4th cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
29. Quannapowitt, club.
30. Penataquit Cor., 15ft. class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
31. Wood's Holl, open, Quissett.
31. Manchester, 3d cham., Manchester, Mass.
30. Lake Champlain, annual cruise, rendezous Port Henry, Lake Champlain.

AUGUST.

July 30 to Aug. 8. Lake Champlain, annual cruise, L. Champlain.
1. Wood's Holl, club, Wood's Holl.
2. Royal Nova Scotia, squadron cruise, Halifax, N. S.
2. East Gloucester, cup, Gloucester, Mass.
3-4-5-7-8. Manchester, midsummer races, Manchester.
5. Beverly, Cor. race., Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
5. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
5. East Gloucester,, club, Gloucester, Mass.
5. Hempstead Harbor, annual, open, Glen Cove, L. I. Sound.
5. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
5. Sea Cliff, annual, open, Long Island Sound.
7. New York, annual cruise, rendezvous.
7-8-9. Royal Canadian, Canada cup trials, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
7. Knickerbocker, annual cruise, rendezvous College Point.
9-10-11. Corinthian, Marblehead, midsummer series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
12. Corinthian, Marblehead,, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
12. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, open, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
12. American, cruise to Squam, Newburyport.
12. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
12. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
12. Wood's Holl, open, Wood's Holl, Quissett.
12. Wollaston, open, Wollaston, Mass.
12. Bridgeport, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
12. Royal, Nova Scotia, one-design class, Halifax, N. S.
12. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
12. Quannapowitt, club.
12. Squantum, handicap, Squantum, Mass.
12. Jamaica Bay, annual cruise, rendezvous.
12-13. Winthrop, cruise to Marblehead. Winthrop.
12. Savin Hill, club handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
13. Penataquit Cor., 15ft. class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
13. Williamsburgh, sloop classes, Bowery Bay, L. I. Sound.
14-15-16-17. Lake Y. R. A. meet, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
14 to 19. Oshkosh, I. L. Y. A. week, Oshkosh, Wis.
14-15-16. Erie, open, Erie, Pa., Lake Erie.
14. American, open, Newburyport.
16. Annisquam, open, Annisquam.
17. Newport, ladies' day, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
17. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester, Mass.
17. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
19. Corinthian, Marblehead, 5th cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
19. Beverly, club Cor., Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
19. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
19. Jubilee, annual, open, Salem Bay.
19. Huguenot, annual, open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
19. Morris, special club, Port Morris, Long Island Sound.
19. New Jersey-Knickerbocker, Cor. cup, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
19. Royal Hamilton, open,, Hamilton, Lake Ontario.
19. Royal Nova Scotia, all classes, Halifax, N. S.
19. Quannapowitt, club.
19. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
20. Penataquit Cor., snipe class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
21. Royal Canadian, Canada cup, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
21-22-23-24-25. Seawanhaka Cor., Cor. of Philadelphia, knockabout match, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
21. American, moolight sail, Newburyport, Mass.
24. Plymouth, open, Plymouth, Mass.
25. Kingston, open, Duxbury Bay.
26. Royal Nova Scotia, club, Halifax, N. S.
26. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
26. Huntington, annual, open, Huntington Bay.
26. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Corinthian, Marblehead, 6th cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
26. Duxbury,, open, Duxbury Bay.
26. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
26. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.

THE new steel mast which will be stepped in Columbia this week is 107ft. over all and about 21in. in diameter. It has one feature which, we believe, is positively new in yachting—the topmast will house within the lower mast. The former is or Oregon pine, an entirely new stick, and the latter is a hollow steel tube. Mr. N. G. Herreshoff has devised details by which the topmast can be dropped down into the mast or hoisted to place and fidded securely. So far as strength and simplicity are concerned, the present arrangement can hardly be surpassed, but if suitable mechanism can be arranged to set and house the topmast within the lower mast, making practically a pole mast, it will be a decided advance on the old plan.

THE news has been cabled to New York that two heavy hawsers are being made for the purpose of towing Shamrock across the ocean astern of the steam yacht Erin. Under the *fin de siecle* interpretations of the New Deed such a course would be proper if the New York Y. C. gives its consent, but the yacht will probably be safer under sail with a snug Ketch rig such as Valkyrie III. and Vigilant carried.

ON July 23 Columbia sailed from Newport to Bristol, and early on Monday morning she was warped on to the cradle of the new marine railway and hauled out as far as her mast would admit, all but her bulb keel being exposed at low water. The bottom was scrubbed and polished and a few barnacles were removed from the keel. The new mast was finished on Monday and the derrick tug Archer came down from Providence in the afternoon to step the mast on Tuesday.

SHAMROCK arrived on the Clyde on July 23 in tow of the Erin, reaching Fairlie at 11 A. M. She sailed on the same evening for Rothesay, and on Monday she was under sail. On Tuesday she was to go to Greenock to fit out for New York.

THE Race Committee of the Newport Y. R. A. has arranged two matches for Saturday, August 5, one between Navahoe and Vigilant, and one between Syce, Kestrel and Acushla, the prizes being $250 and $150 respectively.

Shamrock.

THE trials of Shamrock with Britannia, so long talked of, have at last taken place, and, save possibly her designer, no one is any the wiser. To all appearances they amounted to little, and in addition the various specially cabled reports are mainly utter nonsense or palpable fakes. For instance, it is reported that Shamrock sails closer by one point than Britannia; that "she is difficult to beat in close-hauled tacking," and that her canvas is "voluminous." One of the London papers, the Daily Mail, has solved what it terms the "secret of the Shamrock's construction, hitherto so carefully guarded to prevent it being used by America," as follows:

"The Shamrock is designed with swanlike lines, rounded in such a way as hardly to cause a ripple in her wake. She displaces the smallest possible amount of water. Her keel is shaped almost like the thick letter T, so that she can turn as if on a pivot. It is claimed and proved that she is two seconds faster than the Columbia in stays.

The secret was, therefore, an extension of the theory that a yacht should endeavor to glide over instead of cutting through the water. Those in charge of the Shamrock doubt whether the Columbia has proved her superiority to the Defender, and consider it quite on the cards that the Shamrock will have to meet the latter."

The trials, such as they were, took place on July 18-19, on the first day the two yachts sailing a course of about forty miles in a variable breeze, Shamrock beating Britannia by seventeen minutes. On the second day the breeze was again variable and fluky; the course was not covered, as the Prince of Wales had an engagement in town. The following reports of the two races are as detailed and reliable as any:

July 18.

The first trial race between Shamrock and Britannia took place to-day. The result was a victory for the Cup challenger, which won easily, beating Britannia by sixteen minutes and twenty-five seconds. Both yachts were handled with admirable skill. The Prince of Wales was on board Britannia.

There was much excitement on the Solent over the race. From early morning crowds watched the preparations on board both yachts, while the whole fleet from Southampton, Cowes, and other points made for Ryde. The scene at Ryde pier was most animated. Long before the start crowds of fashionable visitors had arrived.

The Shamrock was towed from Southampton, the Erin following with Sir Thomas Lipton and a distinguished company. The weather was hot and slightly hazy, with a slight southeast breeze, which promised to last through the day. The course was from the Ryde pierhead eastward around the Nab Lightship, leaving it on the starboard hand; then back past Cowes to a buoy on the Solent bank, rounding the buoy on the starboard, and finishing at Cowes opposite the Royal Yacht Squadron's house. The course sailed was about forty miles.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Southampton at 11 o'clock, wearing a yaching suit, and immediately embarked on board the Admiralty yacht Fire Queen. From the Fire Queen he was transferred to Britannia.

As the starting gun boomed Britannia immediately crossed the line, Shamrock following in a way to give the impression that she had no objection to giving Britannia a slight lead. The latter, however, did not long maintain the advantage.

It was a dead beat to windward, and little distance was covered before Shamrock, which started on the short leg to port, overhauled her, and on the following long leg to starboard Shamrock forged ahead rapidly. It was at once noticed that she was sailing nearly half a point nearer the wind than Britannia. Shamrock was carrying her mainsail, jibheaded topsail, jib and foresail. Britannia carried the same canvas, but, in addition, her clubtopsail. Shamrock was half a mile ahead passing Warner.

Hogarth was at the helm of the Cup challenger. The boat held up admirably, and there was not a drop of water adeck. She proved extremely quick in putting about, only taking ten and one-half seconds.

On rounding the Nab Lightship both yachts set their spinakers for the run back.

The only mishap of the day was that when Shamrock's sail began to fill the top caught in the crosstrees. The huge canvas flopped flat, and then suddenly burst like a balloon, and a big rent became visible in the upper part, where a long strip had been torn out, leaving a hole big enough for a man to crawl through.

Shamrock's speed naturally suffered somewhat from this accident.

Both boats soon set their topsails, and later the balloon foresails. The yachts jibed to port near Ryde. They were then traveling at such a rate that the press boat, going at a speed of eleven knots, was unable to keep the pace with Shamrock, though the wind lightened considerably after leaving the Nab Lightship.

Britannia appeared to be holding her own for a short spell before she reached Ryde, but Shamrock again crept slowly ahead, widening the gap.

The scene at this time was an inspiriting one. Both yachts, under a cloud of canvas, were gliding on even keels.

As the Shamrock rounded Old Castle Point and came into full view of the crowds on the Cowes esplanade, she had all sails full set, showing an immense stretch of canvas and affording a splendid sight, which drew hearty cheers from the assembled spectators.

The wind freshened after passing Cowes, and both boats took in their spinakers and started on the broad reach to the Solent buoy. After jibing around they reached back, finishing with a short tack to make the home mark.

The corrected times at the finish were: Shamrock, 3:43:50; Britannia, 4:00:15. The times passing the buoy on the Solent bank were: Shamrock, 3:15:45; Britannia, 3:25:04.

Experts were satisfied that the Shamrock will be able to give a good account of herself in the contest for the America's Cup.

Both yachts were admirably handled, but the Shamrock had a clear advantage throughout.

July 19.

There was beautiful weather to-day for the second trial of the yacht Shamrock, challenger for the America's Cup, against the Britannia. There were big crowds, both ashore and afloat, to withness the race. The course to-day was yesterday's course reversed. The starting point was off the Royal Yacht Squadron's house, around the Solent Bank buoy, thence to the Nab Lightship, finishing at the Spit buoy, off Portsmouth.

The Prince of Wales boarded the Britannia shortly before the start.

There was a good southeasterly breeze blowing all the morning, but it softened considerably toward the time for the starting of the race. Both yachts carried clubtopsails. A good start was effected at 10:12 A. M., the Shamrock crossing the line half a length ahead of her competitor, being very smartly handled. She had a new spinaker set for the run to the Solent Bank. Her sails seemed to set better than yesterday. The breeze almost died out as the yachts stood along shore, and the boats housed their spinakers. The Shamrock then headed for the center of the channel to avoid becoming becalmed on the lee of the island. The Britannia followed. There was but little air, and the yachts practically drifted during the next half hour. The breeze then revived, and the Shamrock, which meanwhile had slightly increased her lead, secured a start, widening the gap that separated her from the Britannia, and rounded the Solent Bank buoy at 11:17:20. The Britannia rounded the buoy at 11:21:35.

The boats returned close-hauled on the port tack. There was only the faintest breeze, and the Britannia was getting the best of it, slightly reducing the gap. Nearing Cowes, however, the breeze freshened considerably.

The Shamrock passed Ryde, going toward the Nab Lightship ,a mile and a half ahead of the Britannia, and finally won easily.

The course as originally planned was, however, not completed. When off Southsea the Britannia signaled that the Prince of Wales had an engagement in London and requested that the race be considered over, as he must return to Portsmouth. The Shamrock was immediately turned homeward.

Soon afterward the new yacht grounded on a sand bank outside Horsefoot Fort, between Portsmouth and Langston Harbor. She remained fast for ten minutes, when she was safely and easily towed off and back to Southampton. She was not apparently damaged in any way.

As was the case yesterday, the Shamrock showed her superiority very soon after the start was made. Beating to windward, she ran away from her opponent to the Nab Lightship, and again put about in ten seconds, the Britannia occupying twelve seconds in the maneuver. The whole performance again showed that the challenger is far ahead of the Britannia, although the unfortunate becalming of the boats preculded the finishing of the course before the Prince of Wales was obliged to start for London.

The report current last week that Meteor would sail trial races with Shamrock was of course a fake, as was the added detail that the Emperor of Germany would steer his own yacht; and no further trials will be made. All that could possibly be shown by such haphazard and desultory trials as above detailed would be defects of a serious nature, if any such existed. Assuming what is evidently the case, that they do not, and that Shamrock is what she should be, a very fast craft, of the latest design and construction, there is absolutely nothing to indicate that she is either five minutes faster or five minutes slower than Columbia.

Mr. Fife's skill as a designer, both in design proper and in construction, is beyond question, and he has put all that he knows into this venture; so that it is safe to say that up to a certain point the chances of the two yachts are about even. If, as now seems likely, the Cup remains in Tiffany's vaults next winter, it will be mainly through the work of each boat in the interval of three months between the launching and the Cup races.

On the part of the challenger, she has had thus far one light weather race, half of another race, and a couple of trials alone under sail. Nothing has been done to fairly test her initial trial-trip speed, much less to develop a still higher speed by continued racing. On the day after the second trial with Britannia Shamrock was towed from Southampton by the steam yacht Erin, the intention being to take her to the Clyde for a quick refit for the Atlantic voyage, it being expected that she will be ready for sea by July 31. By way of thickening the very thin veneer of Irish nationality she will make brief calls at Belfast and possibly other Irish ports if time permits. It is probable that the ocean trip will take about four weeks, and with ten days added for the refit at New York she will be ready for further sailing in American waters by about the end of the first week in August, or just two months before the Cup races.

While there is time enough for further working up, there will be no opportunity, as there will be no similar yacht on this side by which she may be tested. Further than this, if the whole policy of her managers thus far is considered, it is very unlikely that they will really try the yacht in earnest for fear of giving away something to the other side.

The whole experience of yacht racing shows that the only way to the improvement of a yacht's speed is by real racing, day in and day out; merely sailing alone is of no use whatever in showing how fast a yacht is going or how she may be improved, and it is of very limited use even for crew drill. It is difficult to see how Shamrock can come to the start in the Cup races save as an untried boat, only half known to those who sail her.

The defending yacht, on the other hand, has already had half a dozen formal or informal trials against a yacht of her own size whose performance is very well known, the only question being how much faster Defender is now than in 1893. These trials, the least of which is worth more than all Shamrock's racing with Britannia or sailing alone, have already disclosed many small points in which improvement may be made. This work of trial and improvement has, however, hardly begun; the two yachts Columbia and Defender are booked to sail a large number of races during the next three months. No one who has watched the gradual development of higher speed in all of the Cup defenders of previous years can doubt that this sort of work means anywhere from five to ten

minutes' improvement in both Columbia and Defender, measured from their first performances under sail this year. With the same skill and good judgment on the part of the defense that has brought victory in previous years, in spite of the high-colored reports of Shamrock's marvelous speed, there seems but one probable result to the races in October.

Columbia and Defender.

THE first of the series of races off Newport between Columbia and Defender was set for July 24, and prior to that date both yachts were at Bristol for various changes. Defender's bent boom was repaired, new plates being built in, and her mainsail was in the hands of the sailmakers. Columbia had some changes made in her sails, but the new steel mast was not ready. Defender ran down from Bristol to Newport on July 18, and Columbia followed on July 20. The conditions of the races were as follows: Dates of races, July 21, 24 and 29.

Warning Signal, 11 o'clock.—A blast of the whistle of five seconds duration will be blown, and a flag bearing the letter indicating the course will be hoisted.

Preparatory Signal.—At 11:10 o'clock a blast of the whistle will be blown and the blue peter hoisted.

Starting Signal.—At 11:15 o'clock a blast of the whistle will be blown and a red flag hoisted.

In case a postponement is necessary the warning signal will be hoisted only on the even quarter hours.

In case it is deemed advisable to finish the race in one round the signal code letter B will be hoisted and a blast of the whistle of ten seconds' duration blown as the yachts approach the finish line.

Course A.—Start from an imaginary line between the committee boat and Brenton's Reef Lightship, to and around the whistling buoy off Point Judith; thence to and around a mark boat anchored two miles southwest by west from West Island light, flying a red and white flag, and thence to and around Brenton's Reef Lightship, twice around, and finish over the starting line from east to west. All marks to be left to port.

Course B.—Reverse of Course A.

Course C.—Start as in Course A, to and around the Sow and Pigs Lightship; thence to and around Hen and Chickens Lightship, and finishing across the starting line from east to west. All marks to be left to port.

Course D.—Reverse of Course C.

On Friday morning a dense sea fog hung over Newport Harbor, but it cleared before 9 o'clock, the sun breaking through with the aid of a fresh S.W. wind. The two yachts went out under mainsails and jibs to the start off Brenton's Reef Lightship, accompanied by a large fleet of steam and sailing yachts. The race committee, Messrs. H. B. Duryea and Ralph N. Ellis, were on board the steam yacht Sultana, J. R. Drexel. When the signal was set for Course A, to Point Judith and the West Island marks, two rounds making forty-eight nautical miles, there was a strong S.W. wind and a lively heave to the sea, the first leg to windward. Before the start the two yachts sent up working topsails, but they were not sheeted home.

The start was given at 11:15, and within four seconds Capt. Barr put Columbia across the line on starboard tack, under lower sails, Defender, to leeward, with Capt. Rhodes at the wheel, following within twenty-six seconds. They made a long tack out to sea, standing on for twenty-five minutes before Columbia came about, Defender at once following. The sailing had been very even; so much so that it was a question between the partisans of the two yachts as to which had gained. After tacking Defender sheeted home her working topsail and a couple of minutes after she luffed up and took in her staysail. The steel link by which the main sheet block is hung from the span on the boom had broken, the block also being damaged, so that further sailing was impossible. Defender started for the harbor under sail, while Columbia continued on the course as far as the first mark and then started home. The accident was very unfortunate, as every condition was favorable for a thorough test of the boats.

It was proposed to postpone the race until July 29, but on telegraphing to Bristol a new link was promised for the next day, and both yachts were ready again on Saturday morning. They went outside together, Columbia with working topsail and a dinghy towing astern, while Defender had her clubtopsail set, the wind being light. No attempt was made at a race, and the two sailed about in company for some time, with no results worth noting. The first race has been again postponed to July 29, by which time Columbia will have her new steel mast.

The statement is current that it is the intention of Com. Morgan to send Columbia abroad next season, whether she is successful or otherwise in defending the Cup; and that to this end she has been built specially strong.

When Defender was built in 1895 the greater part of the cost was born by W. K. Vanderbilt, Messrs. C. Oliver Iselin and E. D. Morgan each having a small interest in her, believed to be $5,000 each. Some time since it was stated that Mr. Vanderbilt had become the sole owner of the yacht. This report is now revived as a novelty, it being stated that he has recently purchased the interests of Messrs. Iselin and Morgan, and that he will present the yacht to his son, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., owner of the cutter Carmita, after the present races are over.

The Seawanhaka Cup.

THE first race of the series for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup will be sailed on Thursday, July 27, in the afternoon, the steamer Duchess of York leaving the Lachine wharf on the arrival of the train which leaves Montreal just after noon. Messrs. R. H. and Edwin Post arrived in Montreal on July 21, and on the following morning the challenging yacht Constance reached Dominion, the station of the Dominion Bridge Works at Lachine, on a flat car. She was launched into the canal by means of the Bridge Company's crane, and towed to Dorval. She will be sailed by Messrs. C. H. and H. M. Crane, Sherman Hoyt and J. B. Thomas, Jr. The new Duggan boat is also ready. The races will be sailed under the usual conditions and over the old courses.

The Quincy Cup.

THE second annual series of races for the Quincy challenge cup began on Monday, July 24, the conditions being as follows:

The races shall be sailed during the week beginning Monday, July 24, 1899.

Barring postponements, the first race shall be started at 10:15 A. M. on Monday, July 24; the second, Tuesday, at 11:15 A. M.; Wednesday, at 12:15 P. M.; Thursday, at 1:15 P. M.; Friday, at 2:15 P. M., and Saturday, at 2:15 P. M.

There will be three guns fired, the first a warning gun, ten minutes later the preparatory gun, at which time all contestants become amenable to the rules, and five minutes later the starting gun.

The time limit shall be three and one-half hours.

In case of accident to any of the competitors the judges shall have power to postpone the succeeding race; but no postponement shall be made for more than one race day.

There shall be three judges, one each from the Lynn, Beverly and Quincy yacht clubs.

The courses shall be the same as those of the cup races of 1898.

At all races the warning signal will be given by the lowering of the blue peter fifteen minutes before the starting signal, the preparatory signal five minutes before the start, and the starting signal will be the lowering of the blue peter at fifteen minutes past the hour. In noting these periods of time, the lowering of the blue peter will be the official notification, the gun being used simply as an auxiliary to call attention to the signals.

All Q. Y. C. barrel buoys are painted cream color with one brown stripe.

Skippers are cautioned against sailing between the red and black nun buoys which mark Spear's stand.

A yacht crossing the line before the starting signal is made will be recalled by the megaphone announcing her association number.

In case the start should be postponed, a preliminary signal will be made by lowering the blue peter three times, and firing the gun three times rapidly in succession for the assembling of the competing yachts at the judges' stand.

Owing to the limited capacity of the floats, and the danger from accident by overcrowding, the committee deems it best to limit admission to the floats to only those persons who wear badges. This rule is intended to apply only to people who desire to stand on the floats, and not to those who desire to land from or board a yacht. All officers and members of committees of the club, judges and their assistants, crews of the competing yachts, and press representathives can procure badges upon applicathion to the committee on the challenge cup.

Six courses have been laid out, to suit varying winds.

The defender of the cup, Hostess, owned by H. M. Faxon, is of the scow type. The challengers are four, Heiress, Thelma, Oogrook and Pompano. Heiress was designed by C. D. Mower, her owner, and is of the up-to-date racing type without being quite a scow. Thelma, F. L. Pigeon, is somewhat similar in model. Oogrook, Walter Abbott, is of the peak order, with flat floor and side rounded in to meet the deck. Pompano, designed by her owner, W. E. C. Eustis, is a fin-keel, carrying a lead bulb of 1,000lbs.

Cutter and Sloop.

IT is the fashion now to apply the term sloop to all single-stick yachts, regardless of the fact that such craft as Columbia, Defender, Queen Mab, Liris and a host of keel boats are most indubitably cutters, both in hull and rig, while others like Vigilant are technically cutters in spite of a centerboard. The New York Times discusses the question of the name and origin of the modern yacht in the following editorial:

We have ceased to talk politics with the Evening Post, for reasons that we suppose are obvious to readers of this journal who are also readers of that. But as was ably observed by the gentleman who introduced Martin Chuzzlewit to Elijah Pogram, "Ginerous enemies may meet upon the neutral sile of private life, I rather think." Respecting expansion and kindred questions we must allow the Post to be joined to its idols, if it can find any with which it can itself get on without quarreling with them, and applying opprobrious epithets to them, as certain Polynesian tribes are said to do to theirs when things do not go to suit them. But when it comes to yachting the Post shall not instill heretical opinions into the public without our earnest protest.

The Post had an article on modern yacht racing the other day in which there was a good deal of good sense but one persistent heresy, and that was that the two contestants for the America's Cup were equally examples of American invention. That is perhaps as true as that they are examples of exclusively British invention and development, but certainly it is no truer. Shamrock is much broader in proportion to length than Genesta and Galatea, says the Post. Now the American model has always been distinguished by greater beam than the British. Therefore the American model has prevailed. Q. E. D. Very pretty. But, on the other hand, Columbia is very much deeper comparatively than Puritan or Mayflower, and much more than Gracie or Fannie. Now the British model has always been distinguished from the American by greater comparative draft of water. Therefore the British model has prevailed. Q. E. D.

One of these demonstrations is as good as the other and neither is good for much. In fact, when we are able to compare the lines of the two and to compare them with the lines of a British and an American racing yacht of 1875, we shall doubtless find that the two models have been gradually approaching each other, but that it has been by a process of give and take on either side. The distinguishing feature of our own old model, the centerboard, is retained, where it is retained, rather as a "gonfalon" than for its utility. The differences between the original models were as the differences between the shallows of the North River and Long Island Sound to the deep water that is carried in close to the chalky cliffs of Albion. If we go from hull to spars we must admit that the borrowing has been done on our side. Columbia carries almost as strictly a British cutter rig as Shamrock. It is very much the rig that a British cutter carried twenty-five years ago, when the American sloop rig was merely a huge jib and mainsail.

There is, however, much force in the Post's lament that a boat which is built and rigged to hunt or to hold the ugly mug which the America brought back almost half a century ago should be good for nothing else, should be a mere racing machine. But there does not seem to be any present help for that in view.

Larchmont Y. C. Race Week.

FIRST DAY, SATURDAY, JULY 15.

Open Regatta.

THE account of this race appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 22. The official times as first given out contained two errors in the knockabout class. Midge, reported as not finishing, really won second prize, while Kitty Wink did not finish.

SECOND DAY, MONDAY, JULY 17.

Special Races.

The special race on Monday was started in almost a calm and sailed in a very light and variable wind that shifted between S.W. and N.W. The times were:

Schooners in One Class—Start, 11:35—32¼ Miles.

	Racing Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.13	4 31 53	4 31 53
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	74.86	4 51 07	4 37 17
Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt	71.10	4 58 21	4 40 59
Latona, Dr. H. C. Eno	74.42	5 23 39	5 09 22
Atlantic, Wilson Marshall	86.31	5 32 00	5 27 21

Schooners—Handicap Race—Start, 11:35—32¼ Miles.

Latona, Dr. H. C. Eno	74.42	5 22 29	5 22 29
Atlantic, Wilson Marshall	86.31	5 27 12	5 17 12

Schooners—Class D—Start, 11:35—32¼ Miles.

Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	74.86	4 51 07	4 51 07
Quissetta, H. P. Lippitt	71.10	4 58 21	4 54 49

Schooners—Class F—Start, 11:40—32¼ Miles.

Clorita, Philip T. Dodge	51.46	4 15 55	4 15 55
Uncas, C. P. Buchanan	51.46	4 17 47	4 17 07

Cutters—Class K—Start, 11:45—21½ Miles.

Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	3 49 11	3 49 11
Kestrel, J. B. Mills	48.37	3 53 39	3 53 39
Acushla II., H. W. Hanan	50.15	3 55 53	3 55 53

21ft. Knockabouts—Start, 11:50—10½ Miles.

Mongoose, Simeon Ford	21.00	2 31 13	2 31 13
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie	21.00	2 26 00	2 26 00

S. C. Y. C. Knockabouts—Start, 11:58—10½ Miles.

Midge, F. W. Boyer	21.00	2 28 00	2 28 00
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	21.00	2 34 51	2 34 51

Acushla had been refitted after her long series of accidents, and led for the first round, but was finally beaten by both Syce and Kestrel.

THIRD DAY, TUESDAY, JULY 18.

Water Sports and Ball.

Tuesday was devoted to miscellaneous water sports of a hilarious nature, with an illumination and ball in the evening. The races were as follows:

Naphtha Launches—21ft. and Over.

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Trochilus	22.06	1 55 28	2 33 03	0 37 55	0 36 04
Levanter	30.00	1 55 19	2 29 35	0 34 16	0 34 16
Sister	28.00	1 55 14	2 30 01	0 34 47	0 34 29
Sagamore	21.18	1 55 31	2 32 10	0 36 24	0 36 24

Winners—Levanter, first prize, $12; Sister, second prize, $10, and Trochilus, third prize, $8.

Levanter won from Sister by 0:13, from Trochilus by 1:48, and from Sagamore by 2:08.

Naphtha Launches—21ft. and Under.

Allen	21.00	2 02 17	2 41 18	0 39 01	0 39 01
Atlantic	18.00	2 03 19	2 46 21	0 43 02	0 42 05
Latona	17.50	2 02 57	2 43 11	0 40 04	0 39 07
Crusader	....	2 02 44	2 45 08	0 42 24	0 41 27
Amorita	....	2 02 11	2 45 32	0 42 21	0 41 24

Winners—Allen, first prize; Latona, second prize; Amorita, third prize.

21ft. Alco.-Vapor Launches.

Colonia	21.00	2 02 29	2 40 00	0 37 31	0 37 31
Katrina	18.50	2 03 27	2 48 07	0 44 40	0 43 33
Nydia	18.00	2 03 00	2 55 25	0 52 25	0 51 13

Winners—Colonia, first prize; Katrina, second prize.

Four-Oared Gigs—Start, 2:59:30.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Colonia	3 23 27	0 23 57
Amorita	3 22 47	0 23 17
Lady Evelyn	3 22 04	0 22 34
Katrina	3 22 33	0 23 03

Lady Evelyn won.

Pair-Oared Gigs—Start, 3:26:20.

Sagamore	3 43 58	0 17 38
Alsacienne	3 45 50	0 19 30
Crusader	3 42 51	0 16 31
Syce	3 43 36	0 17 16
Southern Cross	3 43 43	0 17 23

The Crusader won.

Dinghies—Start, 3:45:20.

Lady Evelyn	3 58 23	0 13 03
Alsacienne	3 58 29	0 13 09
Trochilus	3 58 34	0 13 14
Amorita	3 57 50	0 12 30
Nymph	3 58 50	0 13 30

Amorita won.

The swimming race for boys under sixteen, 75yds. scratch, was won by Butler Whiting, with W. J. Swan second and Louis Hall third. Time, 1m. 6 2-5s.

The race for boys under twenty, with the same conditions, was won by Alfred Lockwood, with K. Whiting second and Frank Wood third. Time, 1m. 2-5s.

The third race, against the American record for the same distance, 58s., was made by F. F. Proctor in 55s.

The next race was a handicap swim of 220yds., won by Butler Whiting, scratch, in 3m. 25s., with K. Whiting second and W. J. Swan third.

Messrs. E. C. Shaeffer and F. A. Wenck then swam 220yds. in 3m. 4s., beating the record by 4s. The tub race was won by K. Whiting, with Butler Whiting second and A. Riley third.

After some exhibition diving the water baseball game between the Rubber Neck team and the Kissing Bug team was called; ending in the summary ducking of the umpire, Alfred Lockwood. In the evening the house and grounds were beautifully illuminated, and the Seventh Regiment Band was present.

FOURTH DAY, WEDNESDAY, JULY 19.

Open Regatta.

On Wednesday the racing was resumed with a fleet of thirty-eight yachts in a fresh N.W. breeze. The event

of the day was the debut of the fast Meemer, a Hanley boat from Boston, launched in 1898, and her easy defeat of her class, including Hussar. Colonia sailed a special handicap match with Atlantic. The times were:

Schooners—Class B—Handicap—Start, 11:35—32¼ Miles.
Colonia allows 30m.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.13	4 11 12	4 11 12
Atlantic, Wilson Marshall	86.31	4 46 28	4 16 28

Cutters—Class K—51ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:45—21½ Miles.

Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	3 12 45	3 12 45
Kestrel, J. B. Mills	48.37	3 22 17	3 22 17
Acushla II., H. W. Hanan	50.15	3 22 14	3 22 14

Class K—Cruising Trim—Handicap—Start, 11:50—21½ Miles.

Liris, T. J. McCahill, Jr.	48.00	3 36 51	3 31 51
Kiora, M. C. Parsons	46.50	3 30 20	3 30 20

Class L—43ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:50—21½ Miles.

Hussar, J. D. Baird	39.05	3 36 32	3 36 32
Eurybia, Charles Pryer	42.80	4 23 00	4 18 47
Irex, C. Meyer	42.90	4 06 16	4 06 16
Meemer, R. B. Nickerson	36.75	3 26 22	3 26 22

Yawls—Class L—43ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:50—21½ Miles.

Albicore, S. J. Hyde	41.00	4 22 56	4 22 56
Sultan, C. S. Somerville	37.93	Disabled.	

Sloops—Class M—36ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:55—21½ Miles.

Possum, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.	34.73	3 50 00	3 50 00
Zenobia	35.10	4 16 20	4 16 20

Knockabouts—25ft. Class—Start, 12:00—21½ Miles.

Momo, C. H. Crane	25.00	4 07 43	4 07 43
Oiseau, H. W. Maxwell	25.00	4 06 25	4 06 25

Raceabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 12:05—10½ Biles.

Kittie, Hazen Morse	21.00	Disabled.	
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie	21.00	2 15 00	. .. ..
Mongoose, Simeon Ford	21.00	2 18 16	. .. ..
Rel, E. Lentilhon	21.00	2 37 03	. .. ..

Knockabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 12:05—10½ Miles.

Thelga, A. P. Thayer	21.00	2 32 15	2 32 15

Class Q—20ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:10—10½ Miles.

Edwina II., J. N. Gould	16.00	3 03 41	3 03 41
Fidget	....	3 18 36	3 18 36
Nike	....	2 57 11	2 57 11

Mainsail Yachts—Class S—30ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:15—10½ Miles.

Volsung, De Forest Bros.	....	2 13 10	2 10 26
Dosoris II., G. P. Vail	....	2 17 04	2 17 04
Windora, W. L. Ward	29.40	Disabled.	

Class T—25ft. Racing Measurement—Start, 12:15—10½ Miles.

Qui Vive, G. A. Freeth	24.87	2 23 48	2 23 48
Florence, A. H. Alker	22.04	3 04 15	3 04 15
Vera, A. M. Bradley	20.07	2 29 10	2 29 10
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	....	2 23 25	2 23 25

Class V—20ft. Racing Measurement—Start, 12:15—10½ Miles.

Spunk, C. E. Silkworth	19.00	Did not finish.	
Ox, R. N. Bavier	19.14	2 51 30	2 51 30
Bogey, G. P. Vail	17.10	2 55 40	2 55 40
Kazaza, T. F. McCahill, Jr.	17.32	2 19 25	2 19 25

Class W—Special Race—Start, 12:20—10½ Miles.

Lobster, T. J. S. Flint	15.00	3 02 40	3 02 40
Skimmoug, F. Benham	....	Disabled.	

FIFTH DAY, THURSDAY, JULY 20.

Special Races.

The wind on Thursday went around to the N.E., blowing fresh. Two new yachts started, O Shima San and Irex. The times were:

Cutters—Class K—Start, 11:40—16¾ Miles.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	3 15 37	3 15 37
Kestrel, J. B. Mills	48.37	3 27 44	3 27 44
Acushla II., H. W. Hanan	50.15	3 35 54	3 35 54

Sloops—Class K—Cabin Trunks—Start, 11:40—16¾ Miles.

Penguin, G. Brightson	48.94	3 52 39	3 52 39
Irex, C. Meyer	42.90	4 01 40	3 59 25

Sloops—Class M—Start, 11:45—16¾ Miles.

Possum, H. W. Maxwell	35.00	3 52 25	3 52 28
O Shima San, J. T. Pratt	34.81	3 50 30	3 50 30
Acushla I., C. T. Wills	34.00	4 39 20	. .. ..

Knockabouts—20ft. Class—Start, 11:50—16½ Miles.

Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell	25.00	Disabled.	
Momo, C. H. Crane	25.00	2 05 11	2 05 11

Knockabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 11:50—10½ Miles.

Indianola, L. B. Alberger	21.00	Disabled.	
Mongoose, S. Ford	21.00	2 20 05	2 20 05
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie	21.00	2 15 49	2 15 49
Kantaka, G. J. Bradish	21.00	2 22 40	2 22 40
Midge, F. W. Boyer	21.00	2 29 31	2 29 31
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	21.00	2 31 47	2 31 47

Cabin Catboats—Start, 11:55.

Dosoris II., G. P. Vail	29.75	2 24 03	2 24 03
Volsung, De Forest Brothers	28.70	2 15 21	2 14 03

Oiseau finished the first round two seconds astern of Momo, but fouled the markboat and withdrew with a hole in her bow.

SIXTH DAY, FRIDAY, JULY 21.

Special Races.

Friday was a fine day for racing—clear and warm with a lively S.W. wind, the courses being sailed so that the second leg of each triangle was to windward, the other two being reaches. The three larger schooners, in spite of the disparity in size, sailed a close and exciting race, Quissetta finally saving her allowance from Colonia and Amorita. The start was made at 11:35 for the large schooners. The Boston boat, Meemer, was ready to start, but as Hussar did not start she had no class. The first round was timed:

Colonia	1 12 04	Kestrel	1 10 17
Amorita	1 19 45	Liris	1 20 06
Quissetta	1 20 27	Kiaora	1 25 34
Clorita	1 15 36	Albicore	1 38 20
Uncas	1 16 31	Sultan	1 43 15
Syce	1 08 17	Possum	1 48 43

The finish was timed:

Colonia	2 46 03	Amorita	2 59 41
Quissetta	3 02 01	Clorita	2 50 26
Uncas	2 51 47	Syce	2 35 00
Kestrel	2 36 12	Liris	2 51 42
Kiaora	3 05 34	Albicore	3 21 03
Sultan	3 29 30	Possum	3 38 24

The full times were:

Schooners in One Class—Start, 11:35—Course, 30 Miles.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.18	3 11 08	3 11 08
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	74.86	3 24 41	3 11 46
Quissetta, H. F. & R. L. Lippitt	71.10	3 27 01	3 10 48

Schooners, 65ft. Class—Start, 11:40—Course, 22 Miles.

Clorita, Philip T. Dodge	51.46	3 10 26	3 10 26
Uncas, Chas. Buchanan	51.46	3 11 47	3 11 47

Cutters—51ft. Class—Start, 11:45—Course, 22 Miles.

Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	2 48 00	2 48 00
Kestrel, J. B. Mills	48.37	2 51 12	2 51 12

Cutters (Cruising Trim)—51ft. Class—Start, 11:45—Course, 22 Miles.

Liris, T. J. McCahill, Jr.	48.00	3 16 42	3 16 42
Kiaora, M. C. Parsons	46.50	3 20 34	3 18 45

Yawls—Classes L and M—Start, 11:50—Course 22 Miles.

Albicore, S. J. Hyde	41.00	3 31 03	3 31 03
Possum, R. N. Bavier	33.11	3 48 24	3 34 04
Sultan, C. S. Somerville	37.93	3 39 50	3 34 53

The winners were Quissetta, Clorita, Syce, Liris, Albicore and Sultan. Possum wins a second prize.

As Amorita on port tack was nearing the windward mark on the second round, Quissetta came up on starboard tack. Amorita tacked to clear her, but Quissetta, luffing across Amorita's wake and then bearing away, fouled the latter's preventer backstay with her bowsprit. No harm was done, but Amorita made a protest.

SEVENTH DAY, SATURDAY, JULY 22.

Open Regatta.

The final race of the week brought out a fleet of forty-five starters, but the weather was poor. The start was begun with a S.E. wind, but it was about east before the last yacht was over. On the second round the wind was from N.E. to E., with a heavy thunder squall. The uneven conditions made the race more or less fluky. The start was begun at 12:10, the yachts all sailing to the eastward first, or to windward. The first round was timed:

Amorita	2 09 53	Mongoose	2 05 05
Colonia	2 17 40	Kittie	2 03 55
Ariel	2 26 31	Kantaka	2 10 18
Syce	2 39 30	Rel	2 24 18
Kestrel	2 44 51	Robin Hood	2 12 50
Meemer	2 47 06	Thelga	2 09 22
Katrina	3 03 56	Midge	2 06 22
Possum	3 05 04	Dipper	2 10 22
Kiaora	3 07 42	Nike	2 34 38
Wayward	3 08 50	Edwina II.	2 04 40
Sultan	3 09 34	Windora	2 02 25
Irex	3 09 50	Kit	2 00 55
Anoatok	3 10 09	Volsung	2 00 20
Hussar	3 10 30	Win or Lose	2 08 50
Oiseau	3 11 32	Qui Vive	2 08 16
Momo	3 11 53	Scat	2 13 08
Albicore	3 12 08	Kazaza	2 25 18
Tigress	3 12 32	Spunk	2 30 25
Fleetwing	3 14 15	Zelica	2 21 10
Possum	3 23 26	Bouncer	2 41 08
Indianola	2 05 38	Lobster	2 50 55

At the end of the round Oiseau had a good lead of Momo, and as the two had agreed to sail but one round she crossed the line so as to finish. The committee ordered both yachts to finish the race or no prize would be given, and Oiseau lost much of her lead in making the proper turn. On the second round she was beaten by Momo. The finish was timed:

Windora	3 12 53	Kestrel	5 06 47
Valsung	3 14 49	Amorita	6 46 02
Kit	3 11 08	Colonia	5 43 07
Spindrift	3 19 20	Possum	5 50 46
Qui Vive	3 19 28	Meemer	5 51 37
Mongoose	3 21 47	Katrina	5 52 03
Kittie	3 21 47	Momo	5 53 31
Indianola	3 22 33	Oiseau	5 53 47
Win or Lose	3 23 13	Wayward	5 54 46
Midge	3 24 03	Albicore	6 05 05
Dipper	3 28 46	Kiaori	6 06 37
Thelga	3 29 30	Irex	6 07 52
Scat	3 30 14	Sultan	6 08 33
Robin Hood	3 38 10	Anoatok	6 09 23
Zelisa	3 42 11	Fleetwing	6 11 17
Kazaza	3 51 10	Possum (yawl)	6 32 50
Spunk	3 51 48	Tigress	6 36 55
Rel	4 00 15	Hussar	6 36 58
Edwina II.	4 03 00	Ariel	6 52 58
Syce	4 54 57		

The final times were:

Schooners in One Class—Start, 12:10—Course, 31¼ Miles.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia, C. A. Postley	93.13	5 33 07	5 33 07
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	74.86	5 36 02	5 22 12
Ariel, F. L. Leland	83.53	6 42 58	6 36 15

Schooners—Special Handicap—Start, 12:10—Course, 31¼ Miles.

Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	74.86	5 36 02	5 36 02
Ariel, F. L. Leland	83.53	6 42 58	6 36 15

Schooners—Class D (Cruising Trim)—Start, 12:10—Course, 21½ Miles.

Katrina, Robert E. Tod	73.14	5 42 03	5 42 03
Wayward, J. Smithers	63.82	5 44 46	5 44 46

Cutters—Class K—Start, 12:15—Course, 21½ Miles.

Syce, F. M. Hoyt	50.86	5 09 57	5 09 57
Kestrel, J. B. Mills	48.37	5 21 47	5 21 47

Cutters—Class K (Cruising Trim)—Start, 12:15—Course, 21½ Miles.

Kiaora, M. C. Parsons	46.50	5 51 37	5 51 37

Yawls—Class L—Start, 12:20—Course, 21½ Miles.

Albicore, S. J. Hyde	41.00	5 45 05	5 45 05
Sultan, E. S. Somerville	37.93	5 48 33	5 43 43
Possum, R. N. Bavier	33.11	6 12 50	6 05 35

Sloops—Class L—Start, 12:20—Course, 21½ Miles.

Tigress, C. A. Appleton	40.50	6 16 55	6 13 29
Hussar, J. T. Baird	39.05	6 15 58	6 15 58
Fleetwing, F. Valk	40.00	5 51 17	5 47 25
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	37.75	5 31 37	5 31 37
Irex, Chris. Meyer	42.90	5 47 52	5 47 52

Sloops—Class M—Start, 12:25—Course, 21½ Miles.

Anoatok, Oswald Sanderson	34.00	5 44 23	5 42 03
Possum, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.	34.73	5 25 45	5 25 45

Knockabouts—25ft. Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 21½ Miles.

Momo, C. H. Crane	25.00	5 23 31	5 23 31
Oiseau, H. W. Maxwell	25.00	5 23 47	5 23 47
Lorelei, A. Peats	25.00	. .. ..	. .. ..

Raceabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 12:35—Course, 10½ Miles.

Indianola, L. R. Alberger	21.00	2 47 23	2 47 23
Mongoose, Simeon Ford	21.00	2 46 31	2 46 31
Kittie, Hazen Morse	21.00	2 46 47	2 46 47
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie	21.00	2 44 20	2 44 20
Kantaka, G. J. Bradish	21.00	Withdrew.	
Rel, C. Lentilhon	21.00	3 25 15	. .. ..
Robin Hood, Geo. Gartland	21.00	3 03 10	. .. ..

S. C. Y. C. Knockabouts—Start, 12:35—Course, 10½ Miles.

Thelga, A. P. Thayer	21.00	2 54 30	2 54 30
Kittiwink, W. L. Bull	21.00	... ..	. .. ..
Midge, F. W. Boyer	21.00	2 49 53	2 49 53
Dipper, A. Iselin	21.00	2 53 46	2 53 46

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 12:40—Course, 10½ Miles.

Nike	16.00	3 28 33	3 28 33
Edwina II., J. N. Gould	16.00	3 23 00	3 23 00

Mainsail Yachts—Class S—Start, 12:40—Course, 10½ Miles.

Windora, W. L. Ward	29.40	2 32 53	2 32 53
Kit, James Dunne	29.62	2 31 08	2 31 08
Volsung, De Forest Bros.	28.70	2 34 49	2 33 44

Mainsail Yachts—Class T—Start, 12:45—Course, 10½ Miles.

Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.50	2 38 13	2 36 00
Qui Vive, G. A. Freeth	24.87	2 34 28	2 34 28
Scat	22.73	2 45 14	2 41 39

Mainsail Yachts—Class V—Start, 12:50—Course, 10½ Miles.

Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr.	17.32	3 01 10	3 01 10
Spunk, E. C. Silkworth	19.00	3 01 48	3 01 48
Zelica, H. A. Sherman	....	Disqualified.	

Class W—Special—Start, 12:50—Course, 10½ Miles.

Lobster, T. J. Flint	15.00	3 39 05	3 39 05
Bouncer, A. D. Prince	15.00	3 27 05	3 27 05

The winners are: Amorita, Syce, Kiaora, Meemer, Possum, Sultan, Momo, Spindrift, Midge, Edwina II., Kit, Qui Vive, Kazaza, Bouncer.

Nymph and Awa.

THE two Burgess 40-footers, Nymph and Awa, sailed two matches on July 19 and 21. The first was over a twenty-mile course from outside Newport Harbor around the Point Judith Buoy. Nymph carried away a spreader and Awa won. Awa also won the second race, the course being twenty miles.

Burgess Y. C. Open Race.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 22.

THE Burgess Y. C. sailed an open race on July 22, but the wind was very light and fluky, dropping at times to a calm. The times were:

Class D.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Little Peter, H. Moebs	3 53 45	. .. ..
Cartoon, H. Parker	Withdrew.	
Jeannette, W. Burgess	Withdrew.	

Raceabouts.

Persimmon, C. H. W. Foster	3 51 05	. .. ..
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	3 51 09	. .. ..
Peep, W. B. Stearns	Withdrew.	
Pyrate, B. B. Crowninshield	Withdrew.	
Colleen, H. M. Sears	Withdrew.	
Lizana, E. V. R. Thayer	Withdrew.	
Tunipoo, E. A. Boardman, Jr.	Withdrew.	
Hazard, C. E. Hodges	Withdrew.	

Class S.

Arab, W. F. Scott	1 17 18	. .
Privateer, A. H. Doble	1 17 25	. . .
Harriet, L. F. Harrington	1 18 28	. .

Class T.

Dauntless, Benner & Patton	Sailover.	

Knockabouts.

Spry, E. & W. L. Cropley	1 21 25	. . .
Susanna, F. Brewster	1 21 27	. . .
Opitzah, S. M. Foster	1 21 49	. . .

Handicap—Class A.

Dragon, C. M. Barker	1 18 24	1 16 04
Mestral, J. W. Little	1 16 49	1 16 49
Rowena, W. H. Rothwell	1 18 15	1 18 15
Sally H, L. F. Percival	1 19 43	1 19 43
Nameless, W. H. Stuart, Jr.	1 31 33	1 23 51
Geisha, C. W. Jaynes	1 33 50	1 28 26
Lillian, H. E. Whitney	1 32 07	1 29 47
Aggie May, E. Perkins	1 36 34	1 31 10

Handicap—Class B.

Koorali, R. Robbins	1 26 24	1 26 24
Plover, W. H. Chamberlain	1 32 14	1 32 14
Kelley, Salkins & Bridges	2 03 12	1 59 45

Handicap—Class C.

Agnes, D. C. Holden, Jr.	1 28 32	1 26 47
Aspenet, H. A. Morss	1 34 17	1 34 17
Carina, J. P. Clark	1 36 47	1 36 47
Torpedo, R. L. Paine, Jr.	1 38 00	1 38 00
Hathor, C. D. Wainwright, Jr.	2 24 17	2 19 35

Class III.

Cyclone, F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 03 41	. . . .
Polly, E. W. Wadsworth	1 06 17	. . . .
El Cebro, A. D. Irving	1 13 14	. . . .

Dory Class.

Mascot, B. C. Melzaro	1 06 33	. . . .
Barbara, Blaney & Blanchard	1 07 20	. . . .
Oregon, Curtis & Whort	1 08 55	. . . .
Columbia, Martin & Blanchard	Withdrew.	
Tramp, Welch & Hill	Withdrew.	

Gunning Boats.

Ha Ha, A. F. Whitmore	1 13 17	. . . .
Woodcock, F. I. Durpeer	1 13 20	. . . .

New York Y. C.

A GENERAL meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on July 20 at the Beaver street Delmonico's, Com. Morgan presiding. The following members were elected: Herbert W. Hanan, Charles Osgood, William S. Fanshawe, William G. Warden, Henry E. Howland, William Hadwin Ames, W. E. Lowe, Paymaster P. V. Mohun, U. S. N.; Naval Constructor J. J. Woodward, U. S. N.; Edward R. Bacon, W. D. Hatch, Benjamin T. Cable, George Arents, Jr.; Albert O. Brown, Gen. Samuel C. Lawrence, Robert P. Lindeman, H. R. Reed, George G. Haven, Jr., Evans R. Dick, Carl Eglinger, George Peabody Eustis, Nelson C. Thrall, William Skinner, Jr., and H. C. Graef.

The following general orders for the annual cruise were made public:

Monday, Aug. 7.—The squadron will rendezvous at New London. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon there will be a meeting of the captains on board the flagship. The programme for the cruise, weather permitting, will be:

Tuesday, Aug. 8.—New London to Gardiner's Bay.

Wednesday, Aug. 9.—Gardiner's Bay to Newport.

Thursday, Aug. 10.—Newport to Vineyard Haven.

Friday, Aug. 11.—The squadron will remain at anchor in Vineyard Haven.

Saturday, Aug. 12.—Vineyard Haven to Newport.

Sunday, Aug. 13.—The squadron will remain at anchor at Newport.

Monday, Aug. 14.—Races off Newport for the Astor cups.

Tuesday, Aug. 15.—Races off Newport.

Wednesday, Aug. 16.—There will be a meeting of the captains on board the flagship at noon.

During the cruise there will be the usual races for the Owl and Gamecock colors, and a race for naphtha launches.

The regatta committee will furnish details for the runs from port to port, and for all other racing events.

Captains are requested to provide their vessels with N. Y. Y. C. night signals; also to send the commodore a list of the names of their guests. The commodore will be pleased to receive informally the captains and their guests on board the flagship any evening while in harbor, from 9 to 11 o'clock.

The meeting adjourned to Aug. 3, at 1:30 o'clock, at the same place, to elect other gentlemen to membership whose names had not been posted the required length of time.

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP Y. C.—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 22.

THE Winthrop Y. C. sailed a postponed race on July 22 in a light and fluky breeze, the times being:

First Class—Start, 3:30.

	Finish
Harolde, A. T. Bliss	5 49 50
Alma, C. A. Heney	6 09 20
Alert, John McConnell, Jr.	6 12 40
Ideal, H. P. Whittier	Withdrew.

Second Class—Start, 3:35.

Alruna, R. W. Clark	6 14 10
Dafila, H. E. Fowle	5 54 22

Third Class—Start, 3:40.

Ray, S. A. Freeman	4 50 00
Florrie, Horace Waite	5 06 00
Hector, A. W. Hubbard	4 55 05

Fourth Class—Start, 3:45.

Flash, W. H. Mirick	Withdrew.
Bubble, W. H. Kelley	5 06 09

The judges were Messrs. Edward P. Morse and J. A. Baker.

The 30-Footers at Newport.

ON July 17 a sweepstakes was sailed over a triangular course of eight miles in a light south wind, the times being:

Start, 3:27.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 40 27	2 13 27
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 41 58	2 14 58
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 42 16	2 15 16
Asahi, Lloyd Warren	5 42 31	2 15 31
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 43 47	2 16 47
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 45 26	2 18 26
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 50 26	2 23 26

On the 18th the Jamestown course was sailed in a strong N.W. wind, the times being:

Start, 3:15.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 33 26	2 20 26
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 33 46	2 20 46
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 36 52	2 23 52
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 37 12	2 24 12
Asahi, Lloyd Warren	5 37 19	2 24 19
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 38 02	2 25 02
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 39 21	2 26 21
Pollywog, A. L. Paget	5 42 22	2 29 22

On July 19 the yachts started at 3:10 over a triangular course in a fresh N.W. wind, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 04 09	1 54 09
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 07 27	1 57 27
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 08 21	1 58 21
Carolina, P. Jones	5 09 18	1 59 18
Asahi, L. Warren	5 09 30	1 59 30
Pollywog, A. H. Paget	5 10 06	2 00 06
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 12 20	2 02 20

On July 20 the wind was fresh from S.E., and the Beaver Tail course was sailed, the times being:

Start, 3:38.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 33 34	1 55 34
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 34 00	1 56 00
Hera, Ralph N. Ellis	5 34 32	1 56 32
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 35 06	1 57 06
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 36 24	1 58 24
Asahi, Lloyd Warren	5 37 02	1 59 02
Pollywog, A. H. Paget	5 37 39	1 59 39
Veda, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 37 59	1 59 59

On July 21 the wind was strong S.W., so the Dyer's Island course was sailed, the times being:

Start, 3:34.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi, Lloyd Warren	5 52 05	2 18 05
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 52 48	2 18 48
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 53 18	2 19 18
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 54 39	2 20 39
Hera, R. N. Ellis	6 00 01	2 26 01
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	Did not finish.	

Vaquero carried away her jib and could not finish.

Beverly Y. C. 279th Regatta.

WING'S NECK—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, July 22.

THE open sweepstakes race of the Beverly Y. C. on July 22 was sailed in a strong N.E. wind, the yacht turning in one reef. The times were:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore	2 12 44
Ulula, W. H. Winship	2 12 48
Nokomis, Alfred Winsor	Withdrew.

21ft. Class.

Amanita, J. Crane, Jr.	2 10 29
Kalama, David Rice	2 12 23
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 19 49
Cyrilla, R. W. Emmons	2 21 00
Edith, S. R. Dow	2 22 16

Fourth-Class Cats.

Maori, R. B. Bowler	1 54 56
Howard, H. O. Miller	1 57 57
Daisy, H. H. Stockton	2 01 01
Elsa, C. S. Sargent, Jr.	2 05 38
Hope, J. H. Ellis	Withdrew.
Heiress, G. G. Amory	Withdrew.

18ft. Class.

Esther, E. M. Farnsworth	1 57 52
Poltoos, L. Bacon	2 04 45

15ft. Class.

Next, C. H. Jones	1 41 14
Flickamorro, N. H. Emmons	1 43 11
Teaser, R. W. Emmons, 2d	1 45 01
Peacock, R. Winsor	1 46 33
Gobye, S. G. King	1 48 32
Varad, J. Parkinson, Jr.	1 48 57
Vim, F. W. Sargent	1 54 56
Eaglet, P. L. Bacon	1 57 13

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 22.

THE Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead sailed a race on July 22, in the morning, postponed from the previous Saturday. The wind was fresh N.E. The times were:

Class A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cartoon, H. Parker	2 09 11	2 09 11
Lara, D. H. Follett	2 22 02	2 12 02

Raceabouts.

Persimmon, C. H. W Foster	2 11 34	. . . .
Pyrate, B. B. Crowninshield	2 11 42	. . . .
Lizana, E. V. R Thayer	2 12 05	. . . .
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 12 25	. . . .
Tunipoo, J. L. Bremer	2 12 49	. . . .
Peep, W. B. Stearns	2 14 53	. . . .
Colleen, H. M. Sears	2 15 07	. . . .
Fancy, C. F. Lyman	2 19 07	. . . .

Knockabouts.

Suzanna, F. Brewster	2 21 12	. . . .
Spry, E. J. & W. L. Cropley	2 22 10	. . . .
Opitsah, S. M. Foster	2 24 42	. . . .

21ft Class.

Dragon, C. M. Barker	1 06 30	1 03 30
Rowena, W. H. Rothwell	1 06 45	1 05 45
Lillian, H. E. Whitney	1 12 18	1 06 18
Sally IV., L. F. Percival	1 06 27	1 06 27
Mistral, F. W. Little	1 07 17	1 07 17

Squam Y. C.

THE Squam Y. C. sailed a race of the special 15ft. class on July 22 in a fresh breeze shifting from north to east. The times were:

	Elapsed.
Lynx, Fred Cunningham	1 47 22
Tabasco II., H. H. Wiggin	1 53 48
Gaboo, W. O. Adams	1 57 58
Wink, D. Langland	2 03 23

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New Jersey State Rifle Association.

THE programme of the New Jersey State Rifle Association and National Rifle Association's eighth annual meeting is now ready for distribution. The dates are Sept. 4 to 9, inclusive, and the place is Sea Girt, N. J. There are twenty-five events on the programme, namely, the members' match, the Kuser match, All Comers' Military match, the Schuetzen match, the Hays medal match, the Perrine Memorial match, the Gen'l E. P. Meany match, Department of Rifle Practice match, New Jersey State Rifle Association match, Winchester match, Consolation match, President's match, Harper's Weekly match. Match A, "any" outdoor revolver championship, Match B, military revolver championship, Match C, combination revolver match, revolver team match, carbine team match, pool matches (sweepstakes), A and B, prizes for individual skirmish, regimental team match (interstate), New Jersey National Guard match, the Columbia trophy match and bullseye targets. The matches of the National Rifle Association are the Wimbleton cup match, the Hilton trophy match, the Interstate Military match. The programme can be obtained of the secretary, Capt. De Lancy G. Walker, Passaic, N. J.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

July 26.—Albany, N. Y.—Second annual tournament of the Forester Gun Club. Bluerocks and magautrap; open to all. H. R. Sweny, Sec'y.

July 26-27.—New Castle, Pa.—Two days' tournament of the New Castle Gun Club. Henry P. Shaner, Sec'y.

July 27.—Bridgeport, Conn.—The fourth tournament of the Connecticut Trap Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Bridgeport Gun Club. Geo. B. Thorpe, Sec'y.

July 26-29.—Ocean City, Md.—Third annual midsummer tournament; two days at live birds; two at targets; $300 added. J. R. Malone, Manager.

July 29.—Elkwood Park.—One o'clock; Deal handicap, 10 birds, $10 entrance. Irroy prize; 5 birds, $5 entrance.

July 29.—Elkwood Park.—Twenty birds, $20; 12 o'clock.

July 29.—Pawling, N. Y.—All-day tournament of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club.

Aug. 3-4.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

Aug. 5.—Dunellen, N. J.—Contest of Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

Aug. 5.—Mount Kisco, N. Y.—All-day target tournament of the Mount Kisco Gun Club. Ralph W. Gorham, Sec'y.

Aug. 8.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club; added money. C. F. Lambert, Sec'y.

Aug. 9-10.—Portland, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, Sec'y.

Aug. 10-11.—Duluth, Minn.—Seventh annual tournament of the Central Gun Club; $250 in cash added. E. C. Mayfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 15-17.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's ninth annual tournament; $375 added; two-cent targets; Rose system. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

Aug. 18.—Hackensack, N. J.—Hackensack River Gun Club's live-bird shoot at Heflich's grounds, Hackensack River Bridge, Paterson Plank Road. John L. Chartrand, Sec'y.

Aug. 30-31.—Auburn Me.—State tournament on the grounds of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Schenectady Gun Club's Labor Day shoot. H. D. Strong, Sec'y.

Sept. 5-7.—Omaha, Neb.—Du Pont Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. G. H. Moore, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

Sept. 13-14.—Cherokee, Ia.—Cherokee Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. D. Anderson, Sec'y.

Sept. 19-22.—Detroit, Mich.—Jack Parker's eighth international tournament; live birds and targets; $500 cash added.

Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds.

Oct. 23-28.—Nashville, Tenn.—Belle Meade Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Sec'y.

First and third Fridays of each month.—Watson's Park, Burnsine, Ill.—Semi-monthly contest for Montgomery Ward & Co.'s diamond badges.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

1900.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Associations Grand American Handicap tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June —.—Tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, first week in June. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The waves of fame of the great shooter, Hon. Thos. A. Marshall, in its spread East and West, have met in the antipodes. The Referee, of Sydney, Australia, publishes a portrait, which for fidelty to truthfulness far excels many similar attempts of the American dailies. Of him it says: "Tom Marshall, whose picture appears in this day's [June 7] issue, is one of the best shots America has produced. He won the American championship in 1897, and was top score again this year—a truly marvelous performance, considering the field of competitors numbered over 260, among whom were the picked men of the land of the Star-Spangled Banner. He shot 58 birds straight, and every one fell to the first barrel."

It would seem that in shooting matters there is a close similarity between those of America and the antipodes. In the Referee, of Sydney, is the following, which, though a little out of date for our home shooters to attend, may not be too late for some of our contemporaries to copy. It is as follows: "The New Zealand Gun Club Association has announced a pigeon match for the championship of New Zealand at Petone (Wellington) on Tuesday, July 11. The conditions are 21 birds, 28yds. rise. Competitors must be resident in N. Z. for two years. The prizes are: First, championship medal and 60 per cent. of the sweepstake; second, 25 per cent. of sweepstake; third, 15 per cent. of sweepstake. Entrance fee, £3. Mr. C. H. Gorrick is referee."

On Friday afternoon of last week Admiral Courtney's wife and daughter were taking the air on the front porch of their house in Syracuse, N. Y. The sky was clear and the sun was shining brightly; likewise was the Admiral, though away from home. No one expected anything to happen just then, but the unexpected happened, as it always does; a sneak thief entered the house by the back window and annexed all the silverware he could find, likewise Mrs. Courtney's jewelry, as well as cups and trophies won by the Admiral, too many to mention. The Admiral expressed no regret for the loss of his trophies. "I can win lots more," said he, "but Mrs. Courtney's jewelry and the silverware are the source of much regret." He left New York for Syracuse on Monday of this week, and is now still-hunting that sneak thief, whom we pray he will capture.

Jim Elliott has buckled his shawl-strap around all the trophies in sight. First he won the Du Pont trophy from Mr. Daniels by the score of 98 to 97. Next he captured the Republic cup from Charlie Young by the score of 93 to 92. Thirdly, he won the cast-iron medal from Rolla Heikes last Friday, defeating him by the score of 95 to 94. Lastly, he takes the E. C. cup and the world's championship at targets from Billy Crosby by defeating him on Monday of this week by the score of 136 to 132. Both great scores, but Elliott's was the best by 4 targets.

From a member of the Haverhill Gun Club we have the following communication: "The Haverhill, Mass., Gun Club's tournament, which is to occur Aug. 8, promises to be a good thing. The programmes are out, and will be ready for distribution this week, same calling for 200 targets. One of the events calls for 100 targets, and to this the club adds $25. Shooters from southern New England, New York and other points south of Boston who propose attending the Portland Interstate can make this shoot very handily by starting one day sooner. Those wishing to stop in Boston over night can leave there at 8 A. M., arriving in Haverhill 45 minutes later, and after the shoot can leave for Portland at 6:55, arriving at the latter place at 9:30 P. M."

The Pawling Rod and Gun Club, Pawling, N. Y., has arranged a most attractive programme for Saturday of this week. There are fifteen events, with a total of 220 targets. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock sharp. Lunch will be served free to guests. Special rates at the Dutcher House to visiting sportsmen. Experts will be handicapped. The proceeds go toward propagating the game birds and fish, so that the public is a beneficiary and each shooter is benefiting the public. There will be a delegation from New York city. Pawling has no superior as a place wherein there is pleasant competition at the traps and good, sportsmanlike companionship.

The programme of the midsummer tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club, Wolcott, N. Y., can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. E. A. Wadsworth. Aug. 3 and 4 are the dates fixed upon. Professionals can shoot for targets only. Targets 1½ cents each. There are eight events on the first day, alternately 10 and 15 targets, 75 cents and $1 entrance. Twelve events are on the programme of the second day, of which No. 6, at 20 targets, is the Gold Dust powder event. All moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Shooting on the first day commences at 1 o'clock; on the second day at 9:30.

Mr. Ralph W. Gorham, secretary of the Mount Kisco Gun Club, Mount Kisco, N. Y., under date of July 24 writes as follows: "The Mount Kisco Rod and Gun Club has reorganized and laid out new grounds—both live and clay-bird grounds; also built a nice new club house. Our electric wires are all under ground; also the traps. We use the Sergeant system. We expect to shoot every Saturday. We will hold an all-day tournament on Aug. 5."

Mr. John F. Schmelzer, Omaha, Neb., under date of July 21 writes us as follows: "The Winchester Gun Club was organized in this city on July 20, and the following officers were elected: President, Olof Johnson; Vice-President, John F. Schmelzer; Secretary, Ed Doll; Treasurer, Dan Gerlus; Field Captain, J. C. Johnson; Lieutenant, John Bowman. The object of the club is to promote the sport of target and live-bird shooting."

On Saturday of this week the Pawling Rod and Gun Club will hold an all-day tournament. There will be fifteen events, at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entry fee based on 10 cents per target. The club will deduct 2 cents for targets. There will be three handicaps, at 20 targets, for gun case, silver cup and cash prizes, and in these events the club deducts 50 per cent. of entrance; the remainder is divided. Mr. Horatio Nelson is captain.

The Boston Gun Club's shooting season ended with that of July 20. The true principle of competition in which shooters of varying degrees of skill engage was observed in the Boston Gun Club series; that is to say, the principle of the handicap. The reports of these shoots are models in their way, pleasing and instructive.

There was a strong team competition on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League last Saturday. Fifteen teams participated. Pressure on our space prevents us from giving the scores this week. The team of the Keystone Shooting League, Messrs. Wolstencroft, Landis, Ridge, Stevenson and Longnecker, won with a score of 125 out of a possible 150.

Under date of July 18 Mr. H. H. McCumber writes us as follows: "At a meeting of the Lewistown Gun Club, Lewistown, Ill., July 17, the following officers were elected: President, J. R. Maguire; Secretary-Treasurer, F. M. Love; Captains, L. Gray and C. V. Groat."

The next contest of the Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League will take place on the grounds of the Dunellen Gun Club, Aug. 5. In the contest of five teams Saturday last on the grounds of the Reservoir Gun Club, New Brunswick, the Dunellen Gun Club was victor.

The Hunter Arms Co., of Fulton, N. Y., have issued a new and improved edition of their catalogue, containing artistic illustrations of their different grades of guns and much useful descriptive matter concerning them. It will be sent to those who apply for it.

Mr. W. R. Crosby has challenged Mr. J. A. R. Elliott to contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the target championship, which they officially passed upon in respect to who could make the best score on Monday of this week.

In the contest for the cast-iron medal at Kent, O., July 21, Elliott defeated Heikes by the score of 95 to 94. While these scores are very good, the birds are reported as being an inferior lot.

In the match between J. A. R. Elliott and Chas. A. Young, at Springfield, O., July 18, 100 live birds each for the Republic cup, the former won by the score of 93 to 92. A Winchester gun and Hazard powder and Leader shells were what Elliott used.

The Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., will hold its seventh annual tournament on Aug. 10 and 11; $250 in cash added. For programmes address E. C. Maxfield, secretary, Duluth, Minn

This week Mr. Noel Money, after a few days' stopover, devoted to visiting his relatives, sailed for England. He has been in the far West attending to important business matters.

We are informed that Mr. C. A. Young has challenged Mr. J. A. R. Elliott to contest for the cast iron medal which the latter annexed at Kent, O., on July 21.

The return match between the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club, of Massachusetts, and the Leominster Gun Club will be shot some time in August.

BERNARD WATERS.

Reed-Hurst Gun Club.

ERIE, Pa., July 22.—Find herewith scores of shoot of July 21. The boys are all feeling good. They made good scores and the day was fine.

Nos. 1 and 3 were at live birds; the rest at targets. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	5	5	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Clover	5	5	5	10	10	10	9	..	..	9
Strangway	5	3	4	10	10	9	10	8	9	8
Linsey	5	3	5	7	8	..	..	..	8	9
Reed	5	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9
Cabbany	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Latimer	3	3	..	8	9	9	9	9	..	10
Wheeler	4	..	5	7	7	0	8	7	9	..
Lile	..	..	..	5	6	..	..	..	..	..
Weber	..	..	..	7	10	..	..	..	10	9
Riblet	..	..	..	6	4	..	..	..	..	..

YAKE

Calhoun Park Gun Club.

PITTSBURG, July 24.—The Calhoun Park Gun Club shooters' outing and one-day tournament at inanimate targets, optional programme, for the benefit of the Tenth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry Reception Fund, Wednesday, Aug. 23, is appended. Following is the shooting committee: Sandy McPherson, chairman; Old Hoss, W. S. King, W. S. Brown, A. H. King, Scott, Holmes, F. Wilbert, Chas. G. Grubb, Skilman, J. O'H. Denny, Carnay, Jacques, Porter, Hypo, Dr. E. J. Stilley, Hamilton and J. MacNeil.

In the optional programme there are seven events at 15 targets, $1 entrance; the first of these is the club introductory, four high guns. No. 4 is the Sandy's mug trophy, $1.50 entrance. The seventh, at 25 targets, is the grand merchandise event, $1.50 entrance. The tenth, at 20 targets, is the Old Hoss bowl trophy, $1.50 entrance. The last is the Tenth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry continuous match, three high guns.

W. J. MACCRICKART.

The Interstate Association.

NEW YORK, July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The regular monthly meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association was held Monday afternoon, July 24.

It was decided at this meeting that the Grand American Handicap of 1900 should be held in the vicinity of New York, and the week commencing April 2, 1900, was claimed by the Association as the dates for its Grand American Handicap tournament.

It was also decided to hold during the year 1900 the first annual Grand American Handicap tournament, the dates for this tournament being the week commencing June 11.

Kindly claim these dates for us in your publication, and oblige

EDWARD BANKS,
Sec'y-Treas. the Interstate Association.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Montgomery Ward Diamond Badge.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 21.—The Montgomery Ward diamond badge series reached its eleventh event to-day, and brought out fifteen entries. The weather was clear and pleasant, a brisk wind blowing to the right from the score, and the birds ruled fast, though of course rather mixed at this season of the year. There were seven men who landed in the 15 hole—Boa, Gillespie, Amberg, White, Parker, Levi and Hollister. The first string of 5 in the ties dropped out Gillespie and Levi, and in the second string Parker and Hollister retired, the latter losing a fast twisting bird, after killing 21 straight, many of which were very hard and stopped in the deep field. This left in the tie Boa, Amberg and White, all of whom were shooting steadily and in good form. Boa killed 25 straight without needing his handicap bird. Amberg, after losing 2 out of his first 3 birds, had settled down and was shooting beautifully, and White had not yet missed at all. These three men finished their third string together and bid fair to go through the next. Boa was shooting a slap-bang style, killing most of his birds close to the trap, but on his 4th bird in this fourth string he got a high, white tailer which he undershot. He had at this stage killed 33 birds straight. Boa now sat down and Amberg and White each killed his next bird. Amberg missed his 5th bird, a fast driver, and not to be outdone, White also missed his 5th bird, a sharp right quarterer. This let Boa in again, but his previous miss seemed to have shaken him, for he missed his next bird also, which circled easily to the left. This left in only Amberg and White, who shot through the next string neck and neck. Beginning the next frame of 5, the sixth in the ties, Amberg missed his first bird, and it appeared a gift for White, who had killed his last 8 birds with the right barrel. White, however, missed his 4th bird in this string and the men had to go into the seventh frame, shooting 35 birds in the ties. Amberg killed straight and White was so unlucky as to lose his last bird, a strong right quarterer. Amberg thus won the diamond badge for the second time in the series. Sturtevant and Roll have also won the badge twice each. Boa won the high average medal to-day. In the ties on 14 Leffingwell and Barto were tied at the end of 12 birds, and Barto took the shells. Sturtevant won third alone. The following are the scores:

Geo Roll, 30, 0	220221010*10122 —10
E Sturtevant, 28, 0	222202222222022 —13
John Elias, 28, 2	1010*1020022012w
J S Boa, 28, 2	222222222222222 —15
T Thompson, 28, 3	000200021200002w
C S Burkholder, 28, 3	2021210102000l0w
J M Gillespie, 28, 3	1112112111101221 —15
J H Amberg, 30, 2	1*021212211112222 —15
W B Leffingwell, 30, 2	11121011*12211101 —14
R Simonetti, 29, 3	1012200112212021 21—14
J L White, 30, 2	221221222211211 —15
J B Barto, 29, 2	120022222222202122 —14
C C Parker, 29, 2	211222111212212 —15
H Levi, 28, 3	01122111122102121 —15
F H Hollister, 30, 2	221112222221221 —15

Ties on 15:

J S Boa	22221222222222222200
J M Gillespie	22020
J H Amberg	212221221211111211102112101221121111
J L White	122212222211111212201111111*121120
C C Parker	22122120
H Levi	11020
F H Hollister	1212110

Club Team Race Abandoned.

The team race between Audubon and Garden City clubs, of this city, has been abandoned, as the respective managements could not agree upon the personnel of the teams.

Wilcox Wins Audubon Trophy.

In the Audubon Club shoot at Watson's last Wednesday, W. P. Mussey killed 20 straight and C. S. Wilcox tied him, though needing one of his handicap birds. They shot off at 20 birds, Mussey killing 15 and Wilcox 18, thus winning the trophy for the contest.

There was a good attendance at the Audubon shoot, and the birds were good for the most part, though a trifle mixed. There was a little accident at this meeting, which might have been more serious. Mr. Charles Morris, after his invariable custom, snapped the barrels of his gun sharply together when closing it preparatory to shooting. He had his left hand far out on the barrel and his right hand on the stock, the gun being held at an angle in front of him. Both barrels were discharged, the gun flying from the shooter's hands and breaking the stock short off. Mr. Morris cially in these days of nitro primers. It is quite as well always to was seriously frightened, but not injured, which is a very fortunate event. Shooters cannot use too much caution, more especially in these days of nitro primers. It is quite as well always to close the gun carefully, and certainly this little accident alone ought to show how imperative is the rule that a gun, empty or loaded, should never be pointed toward a human being.

By the way, it was just the other day that Col. Felton was telling me of the recent accidental discharge of a gun which killed one man and seriously hurt two others. We were talking at that time of the carelessness of trap-shooters, and Col. Felton spoke very critically of those numerous pictures of groups of trap-shooters, any one of which will show half a dozen men standing with their hands resting across the muzzles of their guns. This is a bad position for a shooter to take at any time. It is the empty guns that go off.

Milwaukee Club Wins.

Michael White and Edward May constituted the team representing the Milwaukee Gun Club in the contest last Monday at Diamond's track, Ravenswood, with a Chicago team representing the Sheridan Gun Club, the latter team being composed of J. E. Flannigan and W. C. Biedenweg. The race was at 50 birds per man, and the Milwaukee team won—83 to 79—the following being the scores:

Milwaukee Team.	
Michael White	01112111021022222122022122—21
	12112112220222222102222212—23
Edward May	21111022210010221122220101—19
	11201121222002112001221 22—20—83
Sheridan Team.	
J E Flannigan	11111002112121121211021002—20
	11011201021110210022102l2—18
W C Biedenweg	21012221212122210112110222—22
	12120012202121022200111 22—19—79

Bass Lake Shoot.

Bass Lake Gun Club will hold its annual tournament at Bass Lake, Ind., Thursday, July 27. Bluerocks, Sergeant system. This is a great trap-shooting point this summer, as the good bass fishing brings together a number who like the gun as well as the rod.

They are Pleased.

The Rowley Pad Co., of Cleveland, O., after advertising the Rowley Cheek Pad for a month in the FOREST AND STREAM, write that they are selling a number of the pads and are much pleased with the FOREST AND STREAM. This article is so useful that it commends itself naturally to the trap-shooters, all of whom read and believe in this paper.

Dick Merrill Not Shooting.

Last spring, while in the East, Dick Merrill, of Milwaukee, was injured by a fall from a shed roof, which precipitated him and others to the ground with considerable violence. He sustained an injury to the right side of the head which kept him in hospital for a couple of weeks. I regret to say that he has not yet fully recovered and is troubled with partial deafness on the right side of his head. His doctor says that he will recover from the deafness in time, but forbids his using the shotgun for some time. This must be much of a hardship to so ardent a shooter.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, July 22.—The weather was hot and windy, especially in the early part of the afternoon. The scores are not up to our general average. Class A medal was won by Dr. Shaw on a score of only 21. Class B medal was won by A. Hellman on a score of 20. Class C medal was won by Cornelson on a score of 19.

Events:	1	2	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	10	15	10	10	
Pollard	3	6	3	3	..	..
Workman	9	7	8	4	..	..
Dr Meek	14	7	10	6	..	..
Richards	11	9	13	8	5	..
Kehl	8	2	6	4	4	5
Northcott	11	9	11	7	3	7
Young	9	5	9	8	4	7
Ford	12	8	13	..	..	..
Von Lengerke	13	7	14	10	..	..
Hicks	12	7	..	..	..	..
Smedes	11	7	10	6	8	6
McClellan	12	7	..	..	..	..
L Wolff	9	5	..	..	..	..
Hellman	7	4	11	8	6	..

Events:	1	2	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	10	15	10	10	
Dr Shaw	13	8	13	9	..	..
Mrs Shaw	7	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Mathews	..	6	..	6	..	..
Barnard	..	6	..	..	..	..
Whelman	2	..	..	..	..	..
Brabrook	..	6	11	..	..	..
Dr Graves	..	..	8	7	2	6
Cornelson	..	..	9	..	..	..
Dr Royce	..	..	..	3	..	..
F Smith	..	..	8	8	2	..
Dr O'Byrne	..	..	4	..	..	..
North	..	..	11	..	..	..
Barnard	..	..	9	..	..	..

Trophy shoot:

Pollard	01110011110010001100000001—11
Workman	00010111010111111111111111—19
Dr Meek	11111111101011111101010l—19
Richards	11011010010111111110000l—16
Kehl	10111010001011110111111111—18
Northcott	11010010111110011111111101—18
Young	10011110110000011111111101—17
Ford	01011111101111111100100101—17
Von Lengerke	10100011011111011111110111—18
Hicks	11111111100111011101111101—20
Smedes	00110001101101111110000101—14
L Wolff, Sr	01110010010101010010111001—12
Hellman	11010111110011111101111111—20
Dr Shaw	11101101101011111111111111—21
Mrs Shaw	00001010101001010000001001— 8
Brabrook	11001000111001101111000010—13
Dr Mathews	11100011110110101111111011—18
Barnard	00011111011011100101111010—15
Dr Graves	00100010000101001100011l0— 9
Cornelson	01011110111011111111110111—19
Dr Royce	00101011010110111100010000—11
F Smith	00001010110000001011100ll—10
Dr O'Byrne	10000001000010000001011101— 8

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, July 22.—The scores made at the club shoot to-day were as follows:

Trophy event:

R B Mack	10011110110001111111101101—17
J G Lovell	11110001011010111101011101—16
W W Sprague	00000001101110100100ll010—10
C H Ford	11111011010011101001110011—16
Mrs Carson	01100011010101111111100101—15
O J Buck	11010101111111110011111111—20
Dr Morton	01111100111100101110111111—18
V L Cunnyngham	11110111010111111111101111—22
A C Boroff	01001101101011010101010100—13
V L Cunnyngham	0111111111

Sweepstake events:

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	15	25	25
R B Mack	16	..	16	12
J G Lovell	17	4	13	16
W W Sprague	8	..	..	..
C H Ford	12	10	..	14
Mrs Carson	9	..	17	14
Dr Morton	..	9	17	11

Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	15	25	25
A S Moore	..	8	12	9
Dr Carson	..	11	..	15
E H Ford	..	..	16	..
O J Buck	..	..	21	10
Brown	..	..	5	..
A C Boroff	..	..	14	..

Cast Iron Medal.

KENT, O., July 21.—Herewith are scores of the Heikes-Elliott match. The birds were a very ordinary lot. Only a few were good ones. About 1,000 people were on the grounds. Very hot weather prevailed. Heikes used a Remington gun, 3½drs. of Schultze, 1¼oz. of No. 7 in both barrels, U. M. C. shells. Elliott used a Winchester, 45grs. Hazard, 1¼oz. of No. 7 in Leader shell.

Referee, C. A. Young, Springfield, O.; trap-puller, Wm. Lee, Kent, O. C. A. Young sent telegraph challenging for cast iron medal:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

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                4 2 4 2 1 5 2 5 5 2 1 1 5 1 1 5 2 5 5 4 3 1 4 2 1
                ↗↙↘↑↙↑↖↗↘↖↗H←H→↘↑→↖↘↗↖↑↗T
J A R Elliott...2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 0 2 2 2—24

                3 2 3 5 4 4 4 5 4 5 2 4 2 1 3 5 4 3 2 2 5 3 5 1 1
                ↗←→↗↖↘↗↗←↑↗↗↖↗→↓↑HH↙↓↖↖↘
                1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1—25

                5 5 1 5 5 4 3 4 2 1 4 1 2 5 3 5 1 4 3 1 2 1 5 5 1
                T↗→↖H↑↑↗↗↖↖↖↙↗←←↗↙↗↖↘↖↖↗
                1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 * 2 2 1 2—23

                3 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 4 3 3 3 3 4 4 2 2 3 2 4 2 1 1 2 2
                ↖↖↑↖↗↖↖↗←↖↘↙↙↗↖↘↘↖↙↘↙↑↑↙↖
                2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 * 2 2 1 1 0 2 1 1 2—23—95

                4 5 2 2 4 2 3 4 3 1 3 2 5 5 2 1 4 3 2 3 2 3 2 4 3
                ↙↘↘→↗↗↓↗→↙↗→→↙↘↗↘↗↖↗↓↖↖↙↗
R O Heikes.....2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 * 2 2 2—24

                2 1 3 1 1 3 4 5 1 4 2 1 2 3 2 4 1 1 4 4 4 4 4 2 5
                ↙↗↖↖↖↖↗↖↙↘↙↖↗→↙↗↗↗↖↖↖↘
                1 2 3 * 0 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22

                3 5 5 5 2 2 3 5 2 5 5 5 5 4 4 4 3 4 1 2 1 4 3 1 3
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                2 1 1 2 2 2 2 * 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—24

                5 1 2 2 2 1 5 2 3 5 5 4 4 1 3 5 2 1 3 1 1 3 2 4 1
                ↕↙↖↖↑↖↘→↖↖↘↗↖↘→↖↘↙↖H↗↓↖↖↙↖
                0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24—94
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Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, July 20.—The scores for the monthly shoot for the Powell and Clements medals, A, B, C and D classes, follow: Winners: Trimble, Class A; Foucas, Class B; Wanda, Class C; Kineon, Class D. Class A, 90 per cent. and over; Class B, 90 to 80 per cent.; Class C, 80 to 70 per cent.; Class D, 70 to 60 per cent.

Class A.

Maynard	11100111110100111111111011—19
	00101111111111110101110011—18—37
Goodman	10101111111111101111111111—22
	11111111101100001111011111—19—41
Squier	11111111011111111101111111—23
	11111111101001010111111111—20—43
Ahlers	10110111111111111111111111—23
	11111001111111111111011110—21—44
Trimble	11111111111111111111111111—25
	01111111111111111010111111—22—47
Gambell	11111111111111111101111111—24
	11111111111110111011011101—21—45

Class B.

Clements	01000110111111111011101111—18
	01111111111111001111101101—20—38
Waddell	11110111111101111111101101—21
	11111111110010010111111111—20—41
Foucas	01110111111111111111111101—22
	10110111111111110111111110—21—43

Class C.

Wanda	10010110101001100010010l0—10
	10110100110111100001110ll—15—25

Class D.

Kineon	00101111111011110010ll011—17
	00001110111110100101100l0—13—30
Tuttle	11000011000110101001101l0—12
	11000000000011110000100001— 8—20

The Target Championship.

NEW YORK, July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have to-day received a letter from Mr. W. R. Crosby, in which he challenges Mr. J. A. R. Elliott for the E. C. cup, inclosing $25 as forfeit to bind same.

Mr. Elliott has been notified of Mr. Crosby's challenge, and has been asked to name date, place and time for holding the match.

EDWARD BANKS,
Sec'y The American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., Ltd.

Ferd V. Van Dyke.

THE following circular letter, which explains itself, will be of interest to the thousands of friends everywhere of the late Ferd V. Van Dyke. It is as follows:

In Memoriam.

FERDINAND V. VAN DYKE.
Died June 3, 1899.

Dear Sir: You are doubtless well aware that our mutual friend Ferdinand V. Van Dyke departed this life on Saturday, June 3, 1899, after a long and painful illness.

He was for many years a prominent and popular figure at all the chief trap-shooting tournaments throughout the country, and always made friends wherever he went.

It is now purposed to erect over his grave a monument subscribed for by his friends, as an evidence of the high esteem in which he was held by them and those with whom he came in contact. The consent of his relatives has been obtained, and we now, as a committee, ask whether you wish us to place your name on the list of subscribers to the Van Dyke Memorial Fund.

We make no special plea for donations to this fund. Mr. Van Dyke's qualities as a man and a friend, in this respect, speak for themselves.

It has been decided that no individual subscription shall exceed $2, and we would ask that all remittances be made either in cash or by postal money order, as the New York Clearing House charges 10 cents on all out-of-town checks.

It is also purposed to present to Mrs. Van Dyke, his mother, an album, consisting of letters from personal friends of her son, containing expressions of their feelings toward him. If you wish your letter to be included in the number to be bound in the album, kindly write on a sheet of paper not longer than 10in., nor wider that 8in., using a sheet of paper as nearly that size as possible. Also, be sure to leave a good margin on the right-hand side of the sheet, so as to allow for the binding of the letter without cutting out any of the writing.

Awaiting your early reply, we are, yours truly, Ed Taylor, P. O. Box 2308, New York; T. H. Keller, 80 Chambers street, New York; John S. Wright, Brooklyn Gun Club, 163 Hart street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; C. R. Wise, Passaic, N. J.; L. H. Schortemeier, 201 Pearl street, New York; Edward Banks, 318 Broadway, New York, committee.

P. S.—In making remittances by mail make the money order payable to any individual member of the committee, inclosing stamped envelope for acknowledgment of the same.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, Me., July 22.—Twenty-two shooters turned out to the Auburn Gun Club's weekly shoot on Saturday, July 22.

The wind blew a gale, making the shooting very difficult. Ashley won the gold badge on the shoot-off, six men being tied for it, with the handicaps.

The match for the Conner-Barker challenge cup was shot off Saturday, the contestants being Conner and Barker vs. Hunnewell and Ashley, Hunnewell and Ashley winning it by 15 birds.

The State tournament will be held on the grounds of the Auburn Gun Club, Auburn, Me., Aug. 30 and 31.

There will be one or two events each day; also high gun money, open to out-of-State shooters.

Inclosed are the scores for the afternoon:

Team match for cup:

	Regular.	Reverse.	Unknown.
Conner	0111110100	1011011011	1101011111—21
Barker	1111011111	0110111101	0010111001—21—42
Hunnewell	1111111111	1111111111	0111111111—29
Ashley	0111011111	1111111111	1111111111—28—57

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	25	10	10	25	10	15	15
White	7	15	6	5	21	..	9	13
Barker	9	21	7	5	..	3	9	..
Conner	6	22	7	8	18	8	13	..
Ashley	8	24	10	10	20	8	13	..
Emerton	7	17	3	5	..	7	13	..
Hunnewell	10	22	10	9	21	..	15	..
Collins	8	19	6	8	17	7	15	11
Cobb	9	24	7	9	21	..	14	..
Jones	7	16	6	6	..	..	11	..
Alden	6	10	4	5	..	..	..	..
Bickford	8	17	..	8	19	..	11	..
Norton	9	19	..	..	19	..	..	..
Tukey	10	24	..	6	23	..	11	..
Libby	6	11	..	6	16	7	7	..
Fletcher	6	15	..	..	20	7	12	..
Dr Cushman	8	21	..	..	..	5	12	..
Noble	8	21	..	..	..	..	..	..
Robinson	3	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
Snow	4	14	..	6	..	4	..	..
Francis	..	15	..	..	..	7	..	..
Cole	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hilliman	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..

L. A. BARKER, Sec'y.

Minneapolis Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.—The attendance at the weekly shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club, Thursday, July 20, was not as large as usual, owing to the absence of several members who were attending the first annual tournament of the Sauk Centre Gun Club. The report of the shoot was delayed until to-day by the absence of the proper officer. The scores in the different events, as will be seen in the following, were very good. The returning members all speak in the highest terms of praise regarding the management of the Sauk Centre club and the citizens in general, who did their utmost to make the affair enjoyable during the entire shoot. On the evening of the first day the guests were entertained by drives through the beautiful little city until dark, when they were taken to the public park and given a band concert and served with refreshments by Mine Host Paris, of the Sauk Centre House. The evening of the second day was spent in a drive around the beautiful Bunker Lake, and closed with a reception given by Dr. and Mrs. Lewis at their residence on Third street. The third day the shooters were entertained by the citizens in general at Fairy Lakes in the form of a picnic, at which nothing was omitted that could be done to make a most enjoyable outing.

Event No. 1.—Val Blatz diamond badge, 15 targets, unknown angles: Parker 13, McKay 15, Gilfillan 9, Stone 12, Morrison 13, McNider 10, Jones 15, Remington 13, Hays 12.

McKay 3, Jones 1, Morrison 1, Remington 1. McKay won badge in the shoot-off.

Paegel challenge badge, 25 targets: Parker 24, McKay 18, Gilfillan 18, Stone 20, Morrison 20, Jones 23, Remington 19, Hays 16, Dr. Bill 16, McNider 9.

Parker won badge.

Schlitz diamond badge, 25 targets: Parker 19, McKay 21, Gilfillan 17, Stone 13, Morrison 19, Jones 22, Remington 13, Hays 17, Dr. Bill 12.

Jones won badge.

Club diamond badges, 10 single, 5 pairs: Parker 17, McKay 14, Gilfillan 12, Stone 14, Morrison 16, Jones 14, Remington 11, Dr. Bill 12, McNider 13.

Parker won senior; Morrison won amateur.

Soo Gun Club.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., July 21.—Here are the scores made by a few members of the Soo Gun Club at the fifth and sixth of the series of shoots being held for the Schuetzen trophy and other prizes.

Each event is at 30 targets, thrown from a magautrap, dead bird handicap allowed, as shown in parenthesis. Scores:

Postponed shoot of July 13. Trophy shoot No. 5:

Milchrist (19)	01100100100110011100110011100—30
Duncan	11110111101111111111111111111—28
Chapman	11111100011110111100111011110—22
Hunter	11101011111111111111111011111—27
Haberg (2)	11101001110110111111001011101—23
Leach	11111111111111111101111111111—29
Boyd	11110111111111111011111111111—28
Gray	11110111101111111111011111011—25
Meyer	11010001111110000101100001l001—15
Geiser (1)	00011111110011111111110101111—24

Trophy shoot No. 6:

Milchrist (11)	00100110110101111001111101100—29
Duncan	11111101101001110111111111010—23
Gray	11111111000111110111111110101—24
Chapman (3)	01111011000000010101101101111—20
Geiser (2)	01111110000011101111100001111—22
Meyer (10)	10110000111101101000111000011—26

WANECHA.

Arkansas and the South.

St. Louis Doings.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 21.—On July 15 nearly all the best shooters of St. Louis put in an appearance at Du Pont Park to contest for the silver trophy, which was won by P. M. Kling a week ago with a straight score from almost as strong a field as to-day, Sumpter and Prendegast being the only ones who did not participate on this occasion. The contest was quite a stubborn affair, as three tied for the trophy on clean scores—Chase, Collins and Griesedick. This tie was not shot off, and will not be until Mr. Blake Collins returns from New England, where he has gone on a vacation and incidentally to get a little practice on the Interstate circuit at Providence and Portland. Corray and Dr. Smith finished with but a single loss, the former missing his first and the latter losing his 13th dead out of bounds. Kling, the previous winner, could account for but 23.

The weather was bright and clear, but the light breeze that prevailed was of no material assistance to the birds. These for the first part of the race were fair, but grew poorer toward the finish.

The conditions of this race are 25 live birds, entrance $12.50. The trophy must be won twice in open competition and defended once thereafter in an individual contest.

On July 22 the shooters will be given an opportunity to compete for a very handsome medal, which will be known as the St. Louis challenge trophy. For this elegant trophy, which cost $250, the St. Louis shooters are indebted to Mr. A. A. Busch, the well-known brewer. Mr. Busch is himself a shooter, and has done much to stimulate the shooting interest of his city. After the first open contest for this medal it will resolve itself into an individual affair. This will also be a handicap, and the entrance in the inaugurial contest will be $12.50, and each participant will shoot at 25 pigeons:

Silver trophy contest:

Chase	2222222122222222122222222—25
Collins	2222121112222112212222222—25
Griesedick	2221221212221122211212221—25
Corray	0112221222122222222111211—24
Dr Smith	211122111122*112112111211—24
Prendergast	1221120221221212*211112112—23
Sumpter	2222*2111120121221111122—23
Burnett	2221122112221121012210212—23
Kling	0112*2222122122221221222—23
Cabane	2222222221222*21122212202—23
Peck	1212120011012211111111112—22
Hamilton	2022222102211101121111102—21
Lingenbrink	1122*1120121210212222011—21
Dennt	20011020211*2121221222122—20

Elliott—Young.

The race between these two classic exponents of the shooting art took place at the ball park in Springfield on July 18, and with the double attraction of the match and a ball game something like 2,000 people turned out to witness the affair.

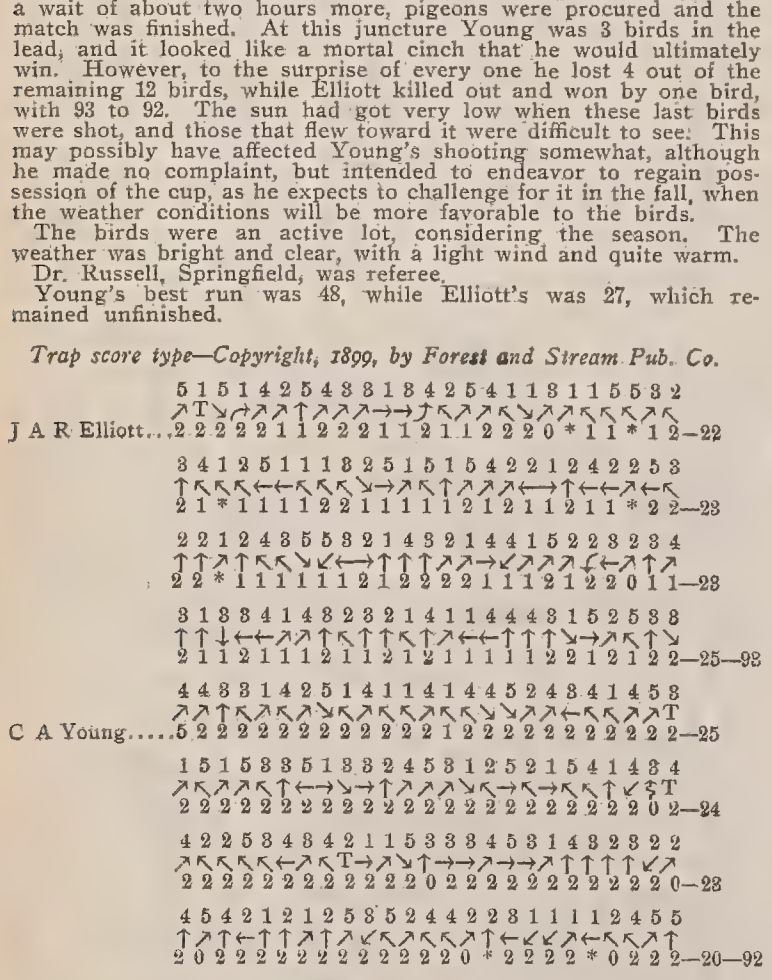
The race itself proved to be a highly interesting one, especially along toward the finish, when Elliott won out after it looked as though he was hopelessly beaten. Young started off like a winner, as he killed his first 48 straight, and when the race was half over he led Elliott by 4 birds, scoring 49 to the latter's 45. Elliott transacted business very successfully with his first 18 birds, but lost his 19th, 20th and 23d in rapid succession, the last two of these being dead out of bounds. Again in the second string he lost the 3d and 23d also dead out of bounds. At the end of the 75th round Elliott was still 4 birds behind, as he had been unable to reduce the little man's lead, each scoring 23 out of this string, Young losing his 14th and 25th of these. Elliott, as in his previous string, lost his 3d and 23d. When each had shot at 87 birds it was discovered that the supply of birds was exhausted. Young wanted the match declared finished, while Elliott insisted that the conditions required that the race must be at 100 pigeons. The argument regarding this point finally waxed so hot that a wager of $100 was laid between these two individuals. After some time the conditions were finally produced, and it was found that Young was correct, as there were no stipulations as to the number of birds that should constitute a race for the cup. The race was of course suspended and the ball players took possession of the field, but finally, after a wait of about two hours more, pigeons were procured and the match was finished. At this juncture Young was 3 birds in the lead, and it looked like a mortal cinch that he would ultimately win. However, to the surprise of every one he lost 4 out of the remaining 12 birds, while Elliott killed out and won by one bird, with 93 to 92. The sun had got very low when these last birds were shot, and those that flew toward it were difficult to see. This may possibly have affected Young's shooting somewhat, although he made no complaint, but intended to endeavor to regain possession of the cup, as he expects to challenge for it in the fall, when the weather conditions will be more favorable to the birds.

The birds were an active lot, considering the season. The weather was bright and clear, with a light wind and quite warm.

Dr. Russell, Springfield, was referee.

Young's best run was 48, while Elliott's was 27, which remained unfinished.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.



Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association.

The Capital Gun Club is prepared to announce that it will add $375 in cash at the ninth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, which will be held under its auspices in this city Aug. 15-17. Furthermore, it will throw targets at 2 cents at this shoot, which is virtually equal to $500 added when a charge of 3 cents is made for targets, on which basis the Association did business heretofore.

The programme will consist of ten events each day, eight at 15 targets, and two, Nos. 4 and 8, at 20 targets, which make the total number of targets for each day 160. The entrance in the 15-target events will be $1, and in the 20-target events it will be $1.50, with targets extra at 2 cents. The added money will be $100 daily, $10 to each event, while $50 will be set aside as average money, divided $10, $9, $8, $7, $6, $5 and $3. Then the club will hang up a purse of $25 for averages in the professional class, as the trade representatives will be permitted to shoot for targets only. The above purse will go to the two high guns in this class—$15 to first and $15 to second. The Rose system of division will prevail at this shoot. Programmes will be out Aug. 1. The above is assured, and it may be possible that the added money will exceed this.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

FITCHBURG, Mass., July 21.—A series of shoots has been arranged between the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club and the Leominster Gun Club. The first match was shot on the grounds of the Fitchburg Club Wednesday afternoon, July 19. It was a 50-bird race, consisting of 20 regulars, 15 unknown and 15 reverse. There were six men in each team, and I believe they were very closely matched if all should shoot up to their averages. It was a fine day, with just enough wind to make some of the birds erratic, though a good day for high scores. The Leominster men shot in good form, and held up well all through the race, all doing their average work, while some of the Fitchburg team fell somewhat below their average, and the result was a defeat for the Fitchburg team by 25 targets.

It was a very pretty race up to the end of the 20 regulars, and looked as if it would be very close, the Leominsters being only one bird ahead at that time. But the Fitchburgs dropped 9 birds to them in the 15 unknown angles and went to pieces in the 15 reverse, giving them thereby 15 more.

Mr. Bell, of the Leominster Club, judged the birds, and gave perfect satisfaction to both clubs. A better man would be hard to find.

Mr. Estabrook, of the Fitchburg Club, and Mr. Andrews, of the Leominster Club, had no trouble in making their scores agree.

The next match will be shot on the Leominster grounds the first week in August, though the day has not been settled as yet, when we are in hopes to hold them down a little closer. There is the kindest of feelings between the two clubs, and though they proved themselves too much for us in this series, we shall be glad to meet them at any future time, or other clubs in the adjoining towns, as we believe it to be the best of practice. The scores:

Fitchburg Team.		Leominster Team.	
20 Regulars.		20 Regulars.	
Cutler	01111111111111111111—19	Burbank	10111111111101111110—17
Converse	10111010001101101101—12	Stickney	01111100111001010111—13
Wilbur	00001101111111111111—15	Rice	11111111011101010101—15
Dix	01011111110011111001—14	Wood	11111011101101110111—16
Gilson	00111101101011110111—14	Spring	01101111101111111100—15
Putnam	11111110011110100100—13	Powers	00111010011110010111—12
15 Unknown.		15 Unknown.	
Cutler	001011101111111—11	Burbank	111111111101111—14
Converse	000110110110111— 9	Stickney	110110111110101—11
Wilbur	101101111100110—10	Rice	111110111000111—11
Dix	001110111110010— 9	Wood	1101001001110 10— 8
Gilson	011011001001101— 8	Spring	101010111011101—10
Putnam	111100001000100— 6	Powers	000111110111110—10
15 Reverse.		15 Reverse.	
Cutler	011111001110111—11	Burbank	111011111010111—12
Converse	100110100110100— 7	Stickney	011111100101111—11
Wilbur	110110001010011— 8	Rice	101111100111000— 9
Dix	011010010111111—10	Wood	011001011111010— 9
Gilson	100111010001111— 9	Spring	111110011111011—12
Putnam	110010100010111— 8	Powers	101111111101111—13
	193		218

M. A. CUTLER, Treas.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hudson Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, July 20.—The first shoot for July of the Hudson Gun Club was held to-day. There was a good attendance of members, and some good scores were made. This club has about finished their new house, which is two stories high and 16 by 32ft. This club is the offspring of the old Kings Smokeless Club, which was composed of ten members. The club now numbers about fifty, and is in a prosperous condition. The opening shoot in the new house will be held on Aug. 20, and everybody is invited. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	15	25
Schorty	9	9	9	11	9	10	9	9	23
Boothroyd	5	5	3	13	..	6	3	..	..
Schields	5	7	7	12	10	9	10	..	19
Dudley	..	9	8	13	9	9	8	12	24
O'Brien	..	6	..	..	..	2	..	..	..
Pape	..	..	4	11	8	7	3	7	17
Whitley	..	..	3	..	..	7	..	..	..
Heritage	..	..	8	11	..	7	9	..	..
Pape, Jr	..	..	6	8	..	..	3	..	..
De Long	..	..	8	8	8	6	3	..	..

Freehold Gun Club.

Freehold, N. J., July 21.—Regular club shoot came off to-day. High wind and puffy made targets erratic. Team shoot after regular event. Scores:

Team shoot: R. Ellis, Laird, W. Ellis and Van Dorn vs. Burtis, Snyder, Hance and Vanderveer; rapid fire; unknown angles:

Burtis	01011011110111111111000111011—22
Snyder	11101111011010101101110110010—20
Hance	11100101111101111111110100110—22
Vanderveer	11101100111100110101111000011 0—18—82
W Ellis	10010011110010110111100010111—18
J T Laird	10010110000011001000101101110 1—14
R Ellis	00010101110111001010010111111—18
Van Dorn	11111010111111101101010010111 1—22—72
Hance	01101101101111110111111101111—24
J T Laird	01011000011010011110000010010—12
Wm Ellis	10111111111011011101010011100—21
Van Dorn	10010110101110101111110011111—20
Hope	11100100101110110111010000111—18
Errowsmith	11001111010110110100111110111 1—21
Jas Laird	11101100011000110111011110011 1—19
Snyder	11101010101101000110100011101 0—16
Danser	11101011110100101000101100110 0—16
R A Ellis	01001101111100111111010111111 1—22
Vanderveer	10101000110000001011011110110 1—15
Denise	01100001001110110000100010001—12

Ties:

Ellis ..... 1001001111—6 Arrowsmith ..... 1110011101—7

C. C. SNYDER.

Hackensack River Gun Club.

Hoboken, N. J., July 22.—The Hackensack River Gun Club held the first of its six-month prize shoot yesterday. Five tied with 9 kills. A 5-bird sweep was also shot, Hexamer, Bergkamp and Chartrand killing straight. In the shoot-off, miss and out, Hexamer won, killing 4 to Chartrand's 3 and Bergkamp's 0.

Our next shoot takes place on Aug. 18. There will be plenty of birds for sweeps. Scores:

Club shoot:

H Heflich	2022222220—8	J Clark	1*22122221—9
Wm Hexamer	1221112021—9	Frank Jack	0222111021—8
J Chartrand	211*212111—9	E Ranfeldt	2000220020—4
Stelzes	212012*221—8	H W Kramer	1122210212—9
Geo B Bergkamp	12211 2221—9		

No. 2.—Sweep, 5 birds, $2.50:

H W Kramer	22101	H Heflich	1222*
G Bergkamp	21211	T Chartrand	11211
Hexamer	11211		

Ties, miss and out: Hexamer 4, Chartrand 3, Bergkamp 0.

JOHN L. CHARTRAND, Sec'y.

Central New Jersey State League.

New Brunswick, N. J., July 22.—The grounds of the Reservoir Gun Club, of New Brunswick, were the scene of the contest between the members of the Central New Jersey State League to-day. There were five teams in the competition, the Dunellen Gun Club coming out victor, with a score of 87.

The conditions were five-men teams, 25 targets. There was a fluky incoming wind, a cloudy sky, hard shooting and low scores in consequence. Scores:

Brunswick, of New Brunswick.		Reservoir, of New Brunswick.	
Erwin	14	Bissett	18
Blish	14	L Belloff	11
Allen	14	McDowell	17
Stevens	20	Hoey	17
Oakley	15—77	J Belloff	20—83
Dunellen, of Dunellen.		Columbia, of South Amboy.	
Runyon	20	Disbrow	13
Osborn	15	Ivins	15
Fletcher	18	Green	11
Lindzey	16	Vanderveer	22
Baron	18—87	Jones	17—78
Climax, of		Plainfield.	
Keller, Jr	13	Giles	18
V Goodman	16	J Goodman	13—71
Hunt	11		

Jeannette Gun Club.

New York, July 24.—Herewith please find scores of the regular monthly shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club at the Guttenburg race track, July 21. A light southwest wind blew until the afternoon, when a heavy thunder storm prevailed. Nick Brunnie won Class A medal and Fred Ehlen Class B. Mr. Chas. Steffens arrived too late to qualify for the club event. Scores:

Team race:

N Brunnie, 28	1111221222—10	Geo Leoble, 28	2122221201— 9
W P Rottman, 28	*112110100— 6	Jno Meyer, 25	1011010102— 6
H Otten, 28	1201121111— 9	Chas Meyer, 28	2201011120— 7
D J Peters, 28	1011110212— 8	J H Kroeger, 28	2111010100— 6
H Pape, 28	0011000210— 4	F Ehlen, 25	10212*2112— 8
J Moshman, 25	11200*1210— 6	Wm Rolphs, 28	0212002220— 6
J Hainhorst, 28	0222222211— 9	C P Harsten, 28	0220210212— 7
J Lott, 32	0222222022— 8	C Interman, 28	0111112201— 8

Team race:

Ehlen	21102—4	Brunnie	10022—3
Lott	22020—3	C Meyer	20120—3
Leoble	22202—4	Hainhorst	21200—3
Otten	22221—5	Rottman	01221—4
Interman	22201—4	Harsten	20200—2
Kroeger	10220—3	J Meyer	21111—5
Pape	00022—2—25	Moshman	20101—3—23

JOHNNY JONES.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., July 22.—Arrangements are being made to hold the annual target tournament of the Schuylkill Gun Club, of this city, at the Three-Mile House, some time in September, date to be selected at the next meeting of the committee. As target tournaments are a little scarce in this section at this time of the year the committee expect a large attendance of shooters.

The principal event of the day will be the 50-target match for the championship of Berks and adjoining counties for a handsome trophy, to be awarded the winner. The entrance fee will be $3, of which 75 cents will be deducted for targets, and the remainder goes to the shooters as a grand sweep, to be divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. The programme will consist of 10 and 15 target events, with an entrance fee of 75 cents, $1 and $1.50. Targets will be thrown at 1½ cents each.

The committee in charge consists of Arthur A. Fink, chairman, David Early, Harry James, Frank Smith and Harry Nagle.

July 19.—The Mount Penn Gun Club, of this city, held the eighth of a series of twenty shoots for a Parker gun on its grounds on Mount Penn. Cloudiness and high winds made shooting difficult. The conditions were 25 targets per man, handicaps of added targets. Score follows:

	Broke.	H'd'c'p.	Total.
Yeager	21	4	25
Rhoads	20	2	22
Gilbert	16	9	25
Hunsberger	13	0	13
Coleman	20	5	25
Laird	19	6	25
Dietrich	15	0	15
*Shooter	19		19

*Visitor.

In general average up to date Yeager leads, with a percentage of 90, with Coleman second, with 86 per cent. Sweepstake events followed. Summary:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10
Yeager	9	9	7	9	Dietrich	6	9	6	6
Rhoads	..	8	7	..	Hunsberger	6	..	..	..
Gilbert	5	..	..	..	Shooter	..	8	8	7
Coleman	7	10	7	9	Laird	..	..	3	4

Pottsville, Pa., July 17.—The Pioneer and Warriors gun clubs, of this place met to-day in the first of a series of 3-target matches. Each man shot 25 targets. The score follows:

Pioneer Gun Club.		Warrior Gun Club.	
Brown	10	Haverley	20
E Hoover	12	Robertson	16
H Hoover	13	Pritchard	21
Gore	16—51	Horning	9—66

Bloomsburg, Pa., July 10.—The team shoot between the members of the Orange Gun Club and the Eureka Gun Club, both of this place, was shot to-day, each man shooting at 25 targets. This was the first of a series of three shoots for $50 a side. Score:

Eureka Gun Club.		Orange Gun Club.	
Blue	23	Moyer	23
Reese	19	Lewis	22
Klingman	21—63	Fortune	24—69

DUSTER.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

July 22.—The contest for a free entrance to the next Grand American Handicap, which is one of the sterling attractions appertaining to John Wright's shoots, brought out an earnest gathering, though the weather was close and sticky and far from comfortable. Dr. Webber, Woods, Amend, G. Remsen and N. J. Lane scored the full 50, with their allowance added, which will be found after each contestant's name in the scores, as follows:

Dr Webber, 7	1111111111111111110111111—24
	1110011110111111111100111—20—44
Waters, 8	1111111111011111111011011—22
	1011011111111000111111110—19—41
Woods, 5	1101111011111111101111111—22
	1111111111111111011111111—24—46
Dr Kemble, 5	1111110111111110111111101—22
	1111101111111111111001101—21—43
Dr Creamer, 13	1011000011110111111101111—17
	1101111010110111110101110—18—35
Amend, 7	1111111111111111111111010—23
	1111111111111111111111111—25—48
G Remsen, 5	1101111111111111111110111—23
	1111111111111111111111011—23—46
N J Lane, 13	1111111111110010111111111—22
	1111111111100111110101010 1—19—41
Dr Smith	1010111011110011111111110—19
	1111101011011111010111110—19—38
J B Hopkins	1011111011111111111111111—23
	1100011111100111110111111—19—42
W Hopkins, 5	0111101111111111111111111—23
	1111111111111101001111111—22—45

Sweeps:	1	2	3	5	Sweeps:	1	2	3	5
Waters	8	7	10	19	Kemble	..	..	4	22
Wright	6	4	7	..	Creamer	..	..	12	..
Webber	9	9	12	24	G Remsen	..	..	14	..
Lane	4	..	..	..	Lounsdale	..	..	2	..
Woods	10	..	13	21	W Hopkins	..	..	..	19
Amend	..	..	13	..					

No. 5 was at 15 singles and 5 pairs.

Brockton Gun Club.

BROCKTON, Mass., July 15.—Herewith are scores of to-day's shoot. The magautrap was set to throw a little higher than usual, and worked just as well as it did July 1. Leroy led with 92 per cent. for the afternoon; Wm. Allison, of South Weymouth, second, 87 per cent.; our reliable Worthing, third, 86 per cent. Bishop, Leonard and I. X. L., new men at the traps, did remarkably well. While Carr, of North Easton, shot the lightest load on the grounds, he kept the rest of us guessing. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	H	10	10	10	H	10	10	10	10
Leroy	8	10	9	10	0	9	10	10	0	9	9	10	10
Wood	9	6	6	8	7	7	8	10	6	7	5	9	..
Allison	10	10	6	10	2	8	10	8	2	9	10	8	7
Worthing	8	10	9	9	2	9	8	10	4	..	..	..	..
Grant	9	6	8	8	3	9	9	8	3	8	6	..	..
Leonard	8	5	4	8	8	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woodard	6	5	8	7	4	9	8	10	4	8	..	..	..
Barrett	10	6	9	8	3	8	9	8	5	7	..	..	..
Bishop	6	7	5	8	9	7	8	5	8	6	7	..	..
I. X. L.	4	7	5	1	8	5	5	5	7	6	..	..	..
Allen	6	7	9	6	3	10	8	9	4	..	5	..	..
Carr	9	9	7	7	3	9	6	7	4	..	7	..	..
Packard	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Easton	..	5	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Stork	..	8	7	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Donoghue	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	7	3	..	..	..	..
Gorman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..
Nevins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..

Medal.—First, Worthing, 30; Leroy and Bishop, 29; Allison, 28.

Merchandise.—First, Worthing, Wood, Woodard, Barrett and Allen, each 30; second, Grant and Leroy, 29; third, Allison and Bishop, 28.

A. A. BARRETT, Sec'y.

The Interstate at Providence.

WHEN, in the absence of FOREST AND STREAM's trap editor, I was asked to write a report of the Interstate Association's tournament, at Providence, R. I., July 19-20, I readily accepted the duty, little thinking what I was about to tackle. The Providence shoot was a corker, and cannot be passed over lightly.

IN the first place, two records were made at this tournament. Not records of so many targets straight; either we can't do that here in the East or we don't care to. The records were as follows: More shooters present at this tournament than at any target tournament ever held by or under the auspices of the Interstate Association. On the first day there were seventy-six shooters on the ground, and there was an average entry of fifty-nine and a fraction in each of the eight events decided. On the second day there were sixty-five shooters present, with an average entry in the twelve events of rather more than forty-five. The average entry for the entire two days was fifty-one and a fraction!

Target Throwing Records.

What is the largest number of targets ever thrown in one day from one set of five expert traps? Can Paul North tell us?

In the absence of any information to the contrary, I am going to make a claim for a new record in the way of target throwing for a single day, and for two days, only one set of five expert traps being used each day; no magautrap, and no Sergeant system. The record is 9,285 bluerocks thrown on the second day; 8,020 on the first day; a grand total of 17,305 for the two days.

Such work as this speaks for itself, and for the management of the shoot. Everything ran so smoothly and evenly that there was scarcely a break when one squad finished and the next took its place. The trappers—men, not boys—never seemed to tire, and the traps, which were new ones and the property of the home club, worked to perfection. The electric pull never gave any trouble, and the annunciators from each trap to the puller, telling when a trap had been refilled after a break, saved a world of time and a lot of breath in calling to the trappers. The excellent condition of the electrical apparatus is due to Mr. C. M. Staniels, a member of the club, who is a practical electrician and understands just what is required.

The Appointments of the Club.

Of course, it goes without saying that Manager Shaner could not have made the above target-throwing record had not the appointments of the club been first class in every respect. The trap house was the best I have ever seen. The house itself is the usual long, low shed one often sees where five traps are used; it does not, however, stand more than 2ft. above the ground, the trench in which the trappers do their work being dug to a depth of about 4ft. The house is weather-proof and can be closed up tightly when the traps are not in use. Behind the trappers is ample room for storing targets; in fact, before the first gun was fired on Wednesday morning forty barrels had been emptied and their contents—20,000 targets—had been stored in the trap house ready to be used by the trappers! Consequently there was no delay while barrels of targets were being opened.

The club house is a new structure, one story high, 30x25ft., including a piazza in front. It is light and airy, with ample accommodation in the way of gun racks, etc., for even the large gathering of shooters that was present on the first day. A bay window in the front is railed off to make a cashier's office, entries being made through the window. A water barrel on the outside affords a good supply of "running water," while a wash basin, soap and towels, together with the "running water," were luxuries one does not always meet with at shoots. I was prepared for something nice in the way of a club house when I met Elmer Shaner early on Wednesday morning; he was dressed in his best store clothes, and was wearing a black derby! Barring the fact that he doffed his coat at the shoot, he wore those store clothes and that derby all the first day. "You can see what sort of a club house it is," said he when I saw him that morning; "I'm going to run the shoot in my best clothes!" And he did.

The Club's Tribute to the Interstate.

Not the least pleasing feature of the whole shoot, so far as I was concerned, was the statement made to me by several of the members of the Providence Gun Club, among them Dr. Hammond and R. C. Root, that the club and everything that belonged to it, as well as much of the revival interest in trap-shooting throughout Rhode Island, are due to the missionary work done by the Interstate Association in New England: "We went to tournaments given by the Interstate Association and saw how they were run; we enjoyed ourselves and decided to get up a club and hold a tournament ourselves if the Interstate Association would help us. We have thirty active members in our club, and will undoubtedly have more in a short time. We owe it all to the Inter-State Association."

As an evidence of the hustle these New Englanders can get upon themselves when occasion demands it, I may mention that the elegant club house was started on Monday, July 10, and finished five days later! Yet it is not scamped in way, shape or form; it is all there and plenty of it; substantially built, too.

Manufacturers' Agents.

As near as I can figure it, there were fifteen manufacturers' agents present. The Parker gun was well represented, S. A. Tucker, Wilbur F. Parker, O. R. Dickey and L. J. Gaines all being on hand. J. S. Fanning was there, shooting Gold Dust from a strange gun. The Du Pont Powder Company was represented by H. B. Collins, of St. Louis, Mo., and B. Leroy Woodard. J. H. Cameron was on hand to represent the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. Admiral A. G. Courtney was there in his entirety, shooting a Remington gun well to the front on the second day. Laflin & Rand were represented by E. C. Ferriday; Hazard Powder Company by B. H. Norton; the Marlin Fire Arms Company by A. Bartlett; Peters Cartridge Company by Tom Keller, who was the life of the shoot, and the bane of the Admiral's existence! The American E. C. & Schultze Gun Powder Company was represented by Harold B. Money and—well, somebody else.

The Home Club Well Represented.

Seldom, if ever, have I seen a home club so well represented at any tournament. Among the shooters hailing from Providence were H. W. Bain, Jr., president of the club; R. C. Root, treasurer; Dr. Hammond, Smith, Senator N. F. Reiner, Powell, Vice-President of the club; Greene, Jr., Dr. Inman, Francotte, A. Arnold, E. Tinker (one of the old-timers), E. N. Cook, H. L. Remington, J. A. McNicol, W. H. Sheldon, W. Thoene and Richards; a total of seventeen shooters at the least.

From out of town came Dr. A. A. Webber, the great revolver shot, who claims Brooklyn, N. Y., as his home; L. H. Schortemeier, of New York. Springfield, Mass., was represented by Jordan and Merritt. Other towns and cities represented were: Pascoag, R. I.: E. C. Griffith, F. Inman and Slade. Marlborough, Mass.: H. G. Wheeler; Whitingsville, Mass.: F. Whiting and M. H. Coffin. Woonsocket, R. I.: Mills, Getchell and Campbell, Hingham, Mass.: Thomas Howe. Waterville, Me.: Preble, S. A. Greene and Dr. Dwinnell. New Bedford, Mass.: Eggers. Brockton, Mass.: Worthing, Wood, A. A. Barrett, Woodard and Leonard. Holyoke, Mass.: J. H. Egbert. Narragansett Pier, R. I.: J. C. Tucker, C. H. Tucker, T. McArdle, Reuben Gavitt, G. Cook, Seranson and Briggs. Sterling, Conn.: Frank Corey. Willimantic, Conn.: Conn. Carolina, R. I.: Kenyon, Metcalf and F. C. Barber. Stonington, Conn.: Post. Wickford, R. I.: H. H. Moore. Bellows Falls, Vt.: Drs. Knight and Morrison. Haverhill, Mass.: S. G. Miller, N. C. Tozier and C. A. Griggs. Westerly, R. I.: B. Bliven. Worcester, Mass.: A. W. Walls. Meriden, Conn.: S. Davis. South Weymouth, Mass.: W. Allison. South Danville, Me.: G. R. Hunnewell, etc.

It is impossible to make up a complete list of all the places represented, but the above list will show plainly how thorough is the revival of interest in trap-shooting throughout New England, and how wisely the Interstate Association decided when it offered its assistance to the trap-shooters of Providence for the tournament in question.

Before presenting the detailed scores of each day's programme mention must be made of the officials at the shoot. The cashier's office was in charge of R. C. Root, his assistant being R. H. Nisbet. J. F. Russell was the blackboard scorer, and T. J. Leonard puller. To say that all these gentlemen did their work well would be to use a hackneyed phrase that doesn't amount to much. As a matter of fact, the statement that the shoot ran smoothly and well speaks volumes for the work of Mr. Shaner's corps of assistants.

First Day, Wednesday, July 19.

A strong wind was blowing from the west, making the targets jump and dip in a lively fashion when the first event was started. Instead of dying out, the wind kept getting stronger and stronger until the sun was past the meridian. Then it gradually died out and only a gentle zephyr passed along, dispersing the smoke from the guns without bothering the targets. The sky was dotted here and there with light fleecy clouds, but they caused no change of light, the sun shining brightly all day. With the perfect background, only the strong wind can be blamed for the lost targets, for on top of the hill where the gun club's grounds are located the wind from any quarter of the globe has full sway.

Manager Shaner had hoped to start promptly with No. 1 squad at the time appointed, but some of No. 1 squad—Fanning, Parker, Money, Leroy and Bartlett—were missing when "Time" was called. So also were some of No. 2 squad. Thus Mr. Shaner began with "any old squad" to save time, as he realized he had a big contract on hand if he wanted to finish the day's programme. When the entries came rolling in as each successive street car arrived, until a total of sixty-six entries had been recorded, he gave it up for a bad job, and laid himself out to make a record for target throwing from one set of five expert traps. As stated elsewhere, he managed to throw a grand total of 8,020 targets—actually scored—before a halt was called at 6:30, in order to permit of the club and its guests arriving in time for the first course of the clambake at Crescent Park.

Forty-one shooters shot through the eight events decided during the day, the last two events having to be carried over to Thursday's programme. Of the forty-one, Leroy was high with 126 out of 135, Banks and Dickey being next with 123; after them came Parker, S. A. Greene and Money in the order named, all close up and well in the race. The scores of the eight events are given below, the last two events on the programme being carried over to the second day, and therefore given in the details of that day's scores:

First Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	Shot		
Angles:	K	U	K	U	K	U	K	U	at.	Broke.	Av.
Leroy	14	14	19	14	18	14	13	20	135	126	.933
E Banks	15	13	17	14	18	14	14	18	135	123	.911
O R Dickey	14	14	18	15	17	12	13	20	135	123	.911
W F Parker	14	14	17	14	17	15	14	17	135	122	.903
S A Greene	15	13	17	12	17	13	14	20	135	121	.896
H B Money	13	15	17	14	17	12	13	19	135	120	.888
L H Schortemeier	11	13	18	13	19	15	11	19	135	119	.881
E C Griffith	13	12	16	14	17	14	12	19	135	117	.866
Dr Hammond	14	13	19	14	16	12	14	15	135	117	.866
F Inman	14	12	19	12	16	14	14	16	135	117	.866
S A Tucker	15	12	17	10	15	15	13	19	135	116	.859
Merritt	13	13	16	13	18	12	12	19	135	116	.859
Greene, Jr	14	14	17	13	15	11	12	20	135	116	.859
J S Fanning	12	10	19	10	20	13	13	18	135	115	.851
H G Wheeler	12	12	17	11	18	10	15	19	135	114	.844
T Howe	13	15	17	14	15	12	10	18	135	114	.844
Seranson	13	10	17	11	18	14	11	19	135	113	.837
Conn	11	11	16	12	17	13	14	18	135	112	.829
R C Root	13	13	15	11	17	13	13	16	135	111	.822
Dr A. A Webber	10	12	17	14	16	13	12	17	135	111	.822
Getchell	11	12	17	10	18	12	12	19	135	111	.822
Preble	13	11	19	12	17	11	12	15	135	110	.814
H B Collins	13	10	17	11	17	11	14	15	135	108	.800
F Whiting	12	8	17	15	16	13	14	12	135	107	.792
N F Reiner	12	12	17	12	15	12	10	15	135	105	.777
Campbell	9	13	19	10	9	13	14	17	135	105	.777
L J Gaines	11	10	18	10	17	12	11	16	135	105	.777
Jordan	13	12	15	8	18	13	9	16	135	104	.770
A G Courtney	12	12	16	13	15	8	9	16	135	101	.748
T H Keller	10	9	18	9	14	15	11	15	135	101	.748
H W Bain	13	10	12	13	14	11	12	14	135	99	.733
E C Ferriday	8	9	14	8	9	7	7	16	135	97	.718
Mills	11	9	16	6	19	8	9	16	135	94	.696
Smith	10	8	12	10	15	13	11	13	135	92	.681
Dr Dwinnell	13	8	12	7	11	9	12	18	135	90	.666
A Bartlett	9	10	12	11	14	9	8	14	135	87	.644
B H Norton	9	10	13	11	10	8	10	13	135	84	.622
Francotte	9	13	13	10	13	8	9	7	135	82	.607
J H Cameron	9	12	13	5	14	9	9	11	135	82	.607
J H Egbert	3	10	13	6	8	8	5	12	135	78	.577
Powell	6	12	10	12	10	8	4	12	135	74	.548
N C Tozier	..	13	17	11	17	11	11	16	120	96	.800
S G Miller	..	13	16	10	16	14	12	11	120	92	.750
C A Griggs	..	7	9	7	10	8	7	17	120	65	.541
E N Cook	5	6	5	..	10	7	6	8	120	47	.392
A Arnold	11	10	4	8	18	9	12	..	115	72	.626
M H Coffin	..	11	15	12	15	13	..	14	105	80	.761
Worthing	10	11	17	14	17	10	..	..	100	79	.790
Wood	10	14	13	13	15	12	..	..	100	77	.770
A A Barrett	13	10	14	13	12	11	..	..	100	73	.730
Eggers	7	11	12	13	14	8	..	..	100	65	.650
T McArdle	8	11	15	12	11	12	..	..	100	69	.690
Dr Inman	10	11	12	13	14	7	..	..	100	67	.670
Eggles	7	11	12	13	14	8	..	..	100	65	.650
Frank Corey	12	15	19	11	11	..	..	..	85	68	.800
J A McNicol	..	..	..	..	6	17	10	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
H L Remington	..	..	..	..	11	17	6	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
J C Tucker	7	9	9	11	14	..	..	..	..	85	50	.588
Woodard	4	10	..	10	12	5	..	..	..	80	41	.512
W H Sheldon	..	..	..	..	..	14	10	10	19	70	53	.757
F C Barber	9	12	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	65	42	.646
Kenyon	6	5	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	65	26	.400
H H Moore	11	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	35	.700
T Cook	6	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	24	.480
Leonard	10	..	..	11	..	11	..	..	..	45	32	.711
Post	9	9	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	45	30	.666
Metcalf	4	9	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	45	26	.577
S Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	16	35	27	.771
W Thoene	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	..	30	25	.833
E Tinker	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	21	.700
Dr Knight	..	12	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	30	21	.700
Dr Morrison	..	9	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	30	21	.700
C H Tucker	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	15	14	.933
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	15	14	.933
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	15	12	.800
B Bliven	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	15	10	.666
Slade	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	8	.533
No. of entries	62	66	60	65	60	65	50	50	Av. No. entries, 59.6		

Second Day, Thursday, July 20.

This was another kind of a day in some respects. The sun shone down in all its midsummer might and made things decidedly warm in East Providence. There was no wind to temper its heat as there was on the previous day, but still it was not exactly uncomfortable, even with a shooting jacket on. In the absence of the wind, scores ruled higher, although a total of 205 targets were shot at, as against only 135 the day before.

An attempt was made at an early start, but somehow or another the shooters came straggling in by twos and threes, until it was almost a wonder that the Interstate Association's manager kept things moving at all. His executive ability, however, was equal to the occasion; likewise his apparently unbounded store of patience! The two events left over from the previous day were not disposed of until after 11 o'clock; but once they were gotten rid of everything moved along like clockwork.

Sixty-five shooters took part in to-day's events, as against seventy-seven yesterday, several of the sixty-five being newcomers. Among the latter was Rich Hunnewell, booming the Maine State shoot and smashing targets with an ease that was startling. The highest entry list was fifty, that number being reached in five out of the first six events. The average number of entries in the twelve events was 45 1-3, as against 59¾ for the previous day.

Wilbur Parker started in well and kept up his speed all day, beating out Leroy by one target on the day's shooting, and leading Fanning by 2 targets. Wheeler and Schortemeier were fourth and fifth, close up, with Admiral Courtney, Tom Howe and Allison, tied for the next three places.

Below are given the details of the day's shooting, a total of 9,285 targets being thrown from the single set of traps on this day!

Second Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	Shot	
Angles:	K	U	K	U	K	U	K	U	K	U	K	U	at.	Broke.
W F Parker	14	19	14	13	20	13	19	13	15	18	15	20	205	193
Leroy	13	20	15	14	19	13	18	15	15	19	14	17	205	192
J S Fanning	13	20	14	12	19	14	19	14	14	20	14	18	205	191
H G Wheeler	13	20	14	14	19	13	20	14	15	18	12	17	205	189
Schortemeier	12	17	15	14	19	14	18	14	11	18	15	20	205	187
A G Courtney	12	17	13	13	18	14	17	15	12	17	15	20	205	183
T Howe	15	17	15	11	16	14	18	12	12	19	15	19	205	183
W Allison	13	18	14	12	18	14	19	11	14	16	15	19	205	183
H B Money	13	19	13	14	18	13	15	14	13	19	13	18	205	182
O R Dickey	14	19	13	13	17	13	18	14	14	18	12	17	205	182
Dr Hammond	14	18	13	12	17	15	17	14	15	17	13	17	205	180
E C Griffith	12	17	13	12	18	15	18	13	13	17	14	17	205	179
Preble	13	17	13	14	15	12	19	11	14	19	15	16	205	178
S A Greene	14	16	13	14	20	14	16	12	13	17	13	14	205	176
Merritt	12	16	15	13	16	10	20	12	14	16	11	17	205	172
F Whiting	10	13	14	12	17	11	17	12	15	17	13	19	205	170
Dr Webber	10	16	13	10	16	13	17	12	12	17	12	17	205	165
R C Root	14	13	12	10	19	11	15	13	14	17	12	13	205	163
Greene, Jr	13	16	12	12	18	12	17	12	12	18	11	10	205	163
Jordan	12	19	11	14	15	9	18	11	12	14	12	13	205	160
N F Reiner	8	16	11	13	18	14	14	11	12	16	12	15	205	160
E Banks	10	14	10	12	17	12	14	12	12	17	11	18	205	159
T H Keller	13	14	9	10	16	13	15	14	9	17	12	15	205	157
A Bartlett	9	12	9	13	15	10	14	10	9	15	10	13	205	139
Francotte	10	12	11	10	13	10	12	12	8	16	10	13	205	137
Smith	11	12	9	4	14	11	15	11	11	10	10	12	205	130
B H Norton	9	13	7	9	12	9	13	8	9	14	9	16	205	128
E C Ferriday	5	14	11	11	6	10	13	12	10	15	8	10	205	125
Dr Dwinnell	12	7	11	6	15	5	11	4	7	15	10	12	205	115
J H Egbert	7	6	9	6	12	6	11	9	6	8	4	16	205	100
Seranson	11	15	12	13	17	..	15	12	14	15	13	15	190	152
G R Hunnewell	13	18	15	14	18	15	19	15	13	20	..	..	170	160
S A Tucker	14	18	13	12	20	15	18	14	13	16	..	..	170	155
S G Miller	9	13	11	12	12	14	16	10	13	15	..	..	170	125
H B Collins	6	15	12	9	14	12	17	10	12	14	..	..	170	121
A W Walls	8	19	11	11	15	7	13	13	13	..	13	..	165	123
H W Bain	12	13	12	10	..	13	..	9	9	14	14	14	165	120
F Inman	11	19	14	11	14	13	15	13	..	..	..	..	135	110
Eggers	13	13	11	11	15	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	135	84
Richards	..	13	12	12	15	..	..	9	12	17	..	..	120	90
L J Gaines	10	19	7	10	17	9	17	..	..	..	..	..	120	89
R Gavitt	9	16	11	11	11	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	120	81
Dr Inman	13	17	10	10	12	10	15	..	..	..	..	..	115	87
H L Remington	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	14	9	..	12	6	15	105	62
Frank Corey	9	18	13	11	15	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	75
M H Coffin	10	15	10	11	16	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	100	70
F C Barber	9	..	5	9	8	7	..	..	..	15	..	..	100	53
Briggs	9	17	10	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	85	57
Powell	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	9	..	..	85	49
W Thoene	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	..	15	11	..	70	54
W H Sheldon	..	..	..	..	..	17	10	14	10	..	..	..	..	70	51
Campbell	15	17	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	55
Coverdale	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	..	13	..	..	55	37
N C Tozier	7	14	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	55	27
Matthewson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	11	..	..	..	50	31
Aldrich	..	..	..	3	6	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	12
T McArdle	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	..	..	..	..	..	35	25
Clarke	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	15	..	..	..	..	40	25
C A Griggs	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	20
Armstrong	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	20	16
Cobb	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	20	10
A A Tucker	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	8
Dr Knight	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9
J C Tucker	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6
G Norton	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6
No. of entries	50	50	49	50	50	50	49	45	40	51	35	33			

Average number of entries, 45 1-3.

Second Day's Averages.

Thirty shooters took part in all the twelve events shot on the second day. The averages made by the thirty above referred to are given below in order of merit:

	Broke.	Av.		Broke.	Av.
W F Parker	193	.941	F Whiting	170	.829
Leroy	192	.936	Dr A A Webber	165	.804
J S Fanning	191	.931	R C Root	163	.795
H G Wheeler	189	.921	Greene, Jr	163	.795
L H Schortemeier	187	.912	Jordan	160	.780
A G Courtney	183	.892	N F Reiner	160	.780
T Howe	183	.892	E Banks	159	.775
W Allison	183	.892	T H Keller	157	.765
H B Money	182	.887	A Bartlett	139	.678
O R Dickey	182	.887	Francotte	137	.668
Dr Hammond	182	.887	Smith	130	.634
E C Griffith	179	.873	B H Norton	128	.624
Preble	178	.868	E C Ferriday	125	.609
S A Greene	176	.858	Dr Dwinnell	115	.560
Merritt	172	.839	J H Egbert	100	.487

General Averages.

In the matter of general averages it will be found that twenty-nine shooters shot through the entire programme of 340 targets. Of these, Leroy is high with a total of 318 breaks out of his 340. W. F. Parker is second by virtue of his consistently good shooting on both days; his total is 315, or only three less than Leroy. Fanning and Schortemeier are tied for third and fourth places with an average of 90 per cent. Both men made a bad start, but pulled up strongly toward the finish. The order of merit is as follows, each man shooting at 340 targets:

	Broke.	Av.		Broke.	Av.
Leroy	318	.935	Greene, Jr	279	.820
Parker	315	.926	Whiting	277	.814
Fanning	306	.900	Webber	276	.811
Schortemeier	306	.900	Root	274	.805
Dickey	305	.897	Reiner	265	.779
Wheeler	303	.889	Jordan	264	.776
Money	302	.888	Keller	258	.758
Hammond	299	.879	Bartlett	226	.624
Howe	297	.873	Smith	222	.652
Greene	297	.873	Ferriday	222	.952
Griffith	296	.870	Francotte	219	.644
Preble	288	.846	Norton	212	.623
Merritt	286	.841	Dwinnell	205	.602
Courtney	284	.833	Egbert	178	.523
Banks	282	.829			

Among the others who shot well up, but who did not shoot through the programme, were S. A. Tucker and Rich Hunnewell, the latter of South Danville, Me. Hunnewell in particular shot a very hot gait, breaking 160 out of 170 shot at on the second day, making the excellent average of .941. Had he started in on the first day he would probably have made it very warm for the leaders. Tucker shot in all but the last two events on the second day, shooting at 305 targets in all and breaking 271, giving him an average of .888.

Social Amenities.

In order that its guests might be entertained in the proper way and in a manner likely to be conducive to their pleasure, the Providence Gun Club arranged for a clambake at Crescent Park on Wednesday evening, to be followed by a moonlight trip down the bay on the steamer Squantum.

As the clambake had to be reached on time, all shooting was stopped at 6:30 P. M., three special cars being in readiness to convey the club and its guests to Crescent Park. About 100 in all sat down to a regulation Rhode Island clambake, the first of the season at the above pleasure resort.

After the party had taken their seats, a delay of half an hour—more or less—occurred, owing to a fuse blowing out, leaving the dining hall in darkness. During this wait immense quantities of ice water and brown bread were consumed, but no one's appetite seemed to be dulled when the light and the clam chowder appeared together. The menu was as follows:

Clam Chowder.
Salmon and Green Peas.
Bluefish, Sweet Corn and Sweet Potatoes.

Clam Cakes and Fried Eels.	Soft Shell Crabs.
Lobsters.	Steamed Clams.
Watermelon.	Ice Cream.

When the above menu is considered, is it any wonder that some and certain scores suffered on Thursday?

The bake was followed by a trip down the bay, the Squantum, brilliantly illuminated and carrying an extra crew of white-aproned waiters, not returning to the city until just about midnight. The trip had taken in the north end of Prudence and had given a view of the gayeties at Rocky Point, etc. It was in all a most pleasant evening, notwithstanding the fact that the night air was quite chilly, and that Dickey alone had the sense to bring an overcoat along. Several chilly mortals found the vicinity of the smokestack decidedly comfortable.

Notes.

Elmer Shaner's opinion of managing the Providence Interstate: "This is a cinch."

R. C. Root, the treasurer of the Providence Gun Club, not only acted as cashier throughout the entire shoot, but shot in every event and broke lots of targets into the bargain. He appreciates, however, the truth of the trap-shooters' axiom—"No man can do both things well—work and shoot."

Dr. Hammond was here, there and everywhere during the shoot; he saw to it that things were kept moving, and yet managed to end up pretty near the top of the heap after two days of consecutive work on targets.

Rich Hunnewell blossomed forth on the second day and broke about all there was in sight. What he would have done at the clambake on Wednesday evening is only a matter of conjecture.

In all probability he would have gone "straight," as he did in the last event he shot in.

Admiral Courtney, Tom Keller and Schorty issued their usual challenge, viz.: To shoot any three men their size and weight upon the grounds. The defi was not taken up.

Wilbur Parker was a surprise to some people, but to those who know him best his position as high man on the second day was no cause for comment. Mr. Parker as a shooter is not an easy proposition for anybody to solve.

There were no frills about the lunch served on the ground, but what there was was all right. Mr. A. J. Kent, the gentleman who owns the ground rented by the gun club, had direct superintendence over the pie and sandwich department. His soft drinks were beyond reproach.

The Providence Gun Club is a live organization, and can boast of more enthusiasm to the square inch than any other gun club that I wot of. To build a 30x25 club house in five days is something to brag about indeed; but to plan and bring to a successful climax such a tournament as the one above described is more than two or three feathers in any club's cap.

The Old Guard was represented by Ned Tinker, one of the best known trap shots of Rhode Island in the days when gun-below-the-elbow and 21yds.-rise was the thing, with live pigeons for targets. Ira Paine and Mr. Tinker were giants in those days, and the latter's scores in the first two events on the first day show that Mr. Tinker's blue eyes have not forgotten how to look along a gun barrel, although the sight may not be as clear as it was when feathers flew. Mr. Tinker is well thought of by the Providence Gun Club; he is its solitary honorary member!

Senator N. F. Reiner is another of those who work for the best interests of the Providence Gun Club. With Messrs. Root, Bain, Hammond, Reiner and Staniels, no gun club can go far astray.

Another active member of the home club is Hon. Charles Bennett, Secretary of State for Rhode Island. Mr. Bennett was present on the afternoon of the second day, and took much interest in the proceedings at the score.

S. G. Miller, together with his side partners, Messrs. N. C. Tozier and C. A. Griggs, were on hand from Haverhill, Mass. Mr. Miller brought with him a supply of the programmes for his club's one day's shoot on Aug. 8, the day preceding the Interstate Association's tournament at Portland, Me. The Haverhill Gun Club, in addition to giving a good programme for the boys to try their hands at, offers a favorable opportunity for shooters to get a little practice before the battle opens at Portland on Aug. 9.

Thomas Howe, of Hingham, and W. Allison, of South Weymouth, were two old standbys, who brought off a straight or two just when they needed them. Mr. Howe was present both days, but Mr. Allison only showed up on the second day of the shoot.

Many regrets were expressed that Miskay was unable to be present. The Boston lady was confidently expected, but business undoubtedly kept her away and saved many a good shot from "being beaten by a lady." Her average of 90 per cent. on the second day of the Haverhill, Mass., tournament last year has not yet been forgotten.

The system of dividing the purses adopted by the club was the only feature of the shoot that did not meet with universal approval. It hardly seems "equitable" that a man who has just broken 20 straight alone should only get about 15 or 20 cents more than a man who has only scored 19. But such is the "equitable" system.

When Manager Shaner arrived in New York on Saturday morning his complexion was decidedly rosy. "This is not sunburn," said he; "this is due to the joy I feel at having succeeded in throwing 9,285 bluerocks from one set of five expert traps in one day. If only you hoodlums had showed up on time on Thursday morning I'd have thrown 10,000. Durn the clambake!"

And speaking of the clambake: it was great! Everybody made one straight at least; some two, Courtney and Dr. Webber among the latter.

H. B. Collins, of St. Louis, Mo., was a most unexpected visitor. His presence was none the less enjoyable, and he held up his end with the best of them, even when riding on the toboggan (or roller coaster) with Courtney, Dickey and Gil Wheeler as his fellow passengers.

H. B. Money, surnamed The Caddie, and Gil Wheeler were always on the warpath when the poor old ground hog in the field below the club house showed himself. Their methods might have bemused a red Indian, but that Rhode Island ground hog saw through their motions right away quick! He holed up.

The Providence shoot was a great one, and the best ever given under the auspices of the Interstate Association. Now for the Portland tournament, Aug. 9-10.

EDWARD BANKS.

Woonsocket Gun Club.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., July 15.—The open shoot of the Woonsocket Gun Club, held this afternoon, was fairly well attended, and although the conditions seemed to be all that could be desired, high averages were not in order. Leon W. Campbell made the highest average, breaking 115 in the programme of 130 targets.

The Woonsocket team successfully defended the State Pennant, representing the championship of the State of Rhode Island for five-men teams, against the Burrillville Gun Club by a score of 188 to 177. A challenge has been received from the Providence Gun Club. The date for this match has not been fixed, but it will take place the first part of August. The Providence team will consist of the best men from the Pawtuxet, Centerdale and Burrillville Gun Clubs, and the Woonsocketers will have to make a high score to keep the pennant.

After the programme there were two extra events—a miss-and-out and five pair doubles. F. H. Mills was high man in the miss-and-out, Campbell was second and Griffith third, Campbell dropping his fourteenth and Griffith going out on his thirteenth target. A. W. Walls won first in the doubles by a score of 9, Gethcell being second with 8.

The score by events was as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	10	15	20	15	10	20	15
Mills	9	13	9	11	9	10	9	13	10
Root	7	11	7	9	18	9	8	13	14
Reiner	3	8	6	15	13	9	7	15	15
Campbell	5	15	10	13	18	13	10	18	13
F Whitin	8	14	9	12	16	10	9	17	9
J Whitin	2	10	8	8	7	12	9	11	11
Getchell	6	11	9	11	18	13	8	19	10
Griffith	7	15	7	12	16	12	6	13	10
Slade	6	11	6	6	14	14	9	13	10
Inman	8	14	7	9	9	12	8	..	..
O W Darling	1	9	4	4	6	10	7	14	11
Cahoone	3	10	6	13	17	10	7	15	..
Walls	10	10	10	12	10	11	8	15	13
Ford	3	10	7	8	13	8	6	13	9
Barker	7	11	9	13	11	10	6	..	..
F R Darling	..	..	..	4	8	9	..	..	..
Richardson	..	..	..	..	9	2	3	..	7
Allen	..	..	..	..	8	8	7	..	..
Fortin	..	..	..	..	8	5	..	..	6
Seagraves	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	14	11
Melvin	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	14

The score of the team race in full is as follows:

Burrillville Team.

E C Griffith.....1111111101100111011100111111111011111111010110111 1—40
N F Reiner.....1111111111111111111011111101001000111011111100001101—37
R C Root.....0111001001011111111111111111011111110011110010011101—36
W F Slade.....0100010101001101110010111010111011111111111110111—34
F A Inman.....0111111010010101111111010100000000101101111111101—30

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Woonsocket Team.

L W Campbell..1111111111111111111111111011111110111011111111111101—44
H E Getchell....0010111111111101111111100111111111111111010111111101—42
F W Whitin....1111010111011111100111100111111111110100111101111101—38
H D Barber.....1111110111111101010100100011101111001011111010101011—34
F H Mills.....0111110111011010011011110100000010110110101101111—30

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ARNOLD SEAGRAVE, Sec'y.

Du Pont Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., July 15.—In the badge contest Parmelee was victor, as will be noted by the scores, which follow:

Bishop .....1011001171011111101—15
Roberts .....1001011111111110111—16
Windkeim .....0111111010110010110—13
Parmelee .....1111111011111111111—19
Morrill .....1111111010111110111—17
Sandy .....1110110011011111100—14
Curtis .....1111111111101111110—18
Watt .....1011101100111001110—13
Berlin .....1111111101111011100—16

Sweepstake: Geo. W. Loomis 16, J. P. Smead 18, W. Kenyon 16, A. A. Kimball 14, W. D. Townsend 19, G. F. Brucker 15, F. S. Parmelee 19, Wm. Brewer 20, W. Roberts 18, Plumber 18, F. Fogg 17, A. Bersheim 18.

St. Paul Rod and Gun Club.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 17.—St. Paul Rod and Gun Club held a very successful tournament July 14-15. Entries first day ran up to 90 and second to 86, with 50 through entries the first day and 42 the second. Shooting was fast and furious from two sets of expert traps. The cup event is a State affair, and was hotly contested to the finish, Morrison winning it for the second time. There was a hot contest with the 24s—Mrs. Shattuck, J. C., Trent, Murray, Ed Novotny and Shattuck. Mrs. Shattuck, J. C., Trent, shot straight to 21, when Mrs. S. missed. J. C. won second prize.

Morrison shot in tournament under name of Donaldson.

Averages for first fifteen high guns: Donaldson .338, Trent .331, Robbins .319, Peterson .318, Dayton .318, Steege .317, Dr. Glazier .317, Tom Marshall .317, Burt .316, Kabo .315, Dr. Kibbe .312, McKay .311, Reihl .309, Parker .307, Fulton .307.

State amateur championship cup, presented by Minnesota Game and Fish Protective Association, unknown angles, 25 targets, winner to take purse next year:

Parker .....1111111111111111111111111—25
French .....1111111111111001110111111—22
Wojack .....1111011111111111110111111—23
Ramaley .....0111111101111111011111010—20
Dr Brown .....1111100101110111101011111—19
Hart .....0101111011111111111111111—22
W S Day.....0110111111111111011111011—21
Nelson .....1111111101111111111101111—23
P Hansen .....1101111101111011110011111—20
Jones .....1111111111111100101101111—21
Miller .....1111101111111111110111110—22
Emil Novotny .....1111111111111111111111111—25
Kellsey .....1101011010111111011101111—19
Wilkinson .....1110111111111101010111110—20
Ed Novotny .....1111111111101111111111111—24
Monk .....1110010111111110001111111—19
Chief .....1111111101010111100000111—17
Emerson .....1101101000111100001001010—12
Fonda .....1111111111101111111110011—22
Dwyer .....1111101111110110001110101—18
Shattuck .....1111111111111011111111111—24
Lawrence .....1111111101111001110111100—19
F Novotny .....1100111111111111111110101—21
Carl .....1100011101011110100100111—15
Hayes .....1110111110011110111111011—20
Hirschy .....1011010111111111111111111—22
Johnston .....0111110111111100111111111—21
Mrs Johnston .....1011111010111111111111111—22
Dixie .....1010001111111111111111111—21
Mrs Shattuck.....1111111011111111111111111—24
Jewell .....1011101111111111111111111—23
Mrs Murray.....0111111111111101111111111—23
Thompson .....0111110111100111111111111—21
Pfister .....1111001111111111111111111—23
Trent .....1111111101111111111111111—24
McKay .....1111110111110111101111011—21
Morrison .....1111111111111111111111111—25
Robbins .....1111111111010111111110101—21
J C.....1011111111111111111111111—24
Jassey .....1111111101011111111111111—23
Murray .....1111111111111111111111011—24
Sliver .....0001111111111110010111011—18
Danz .....1111101111110101010111111—20

Score in shoot-off:

Morrison .....1111111111 E Novotny.....1110
Parker 1111111110

Morrison winner. This is the second time.

First Day.

Sweepstake events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Hatter	4	13	10	10	9	14	12	14	15	18	12
Reed	9	13	12	12	10	14	12	16	13	14	13
Parker	9	14	15	14	11	18	12	14	12	16	14
French	10	10	12	15	14	16	13	19	14	13	9
Ramaley	9	10	12	9	13	18	13	17	11	16	13
P Klein	6	13	14	13	13	15	12	17	14	8	12
C Mortensen	10	13	12	15	14	15	14	17	14	17	13
Bert Long	8	14	13	13	14	16	13	19	13	14	12
G Peterson	9	12	15	14	13	19	13	18	13	17	13
Burt	9	11	15	13	14	20	15	17	15	18	13
Danz	7	10	12	9	8	17	12	15	8	13	12
Dayton	8	15	14	11	14	19	13	19	14	17	13
Dr Glazier	9	14	14	14	12	18	13	18	14	20	13
A W Morrison	4	10	12	11	13	13	..	..	..	..	..
P Hansen	9	13	13	12	12	16	13	12	12	17	12
Kabo	8	15	13	14	14	18	14	19	12	18	15
Blossom	9	10	13	10	10	18	11	16	11	11	12
Yank	5	13	14	9	12	19	14	13	14	18	15
Kid	6	9	14	12	14	17	8	16	13	13	8
Deering	5	14	14	10	13	19	14	16	12	17	14
Hayes	10	14	10	12	12	15	12	17	11	17	13
Johnston	7	10	14	13	12	18	13	14	11	15	14
Mrs Johnston	6	10	12	11	8	17	10	18	13	18	13
F Novotny	9	12	11	13	10	16	9	17	11	14	10
Jewell	7	14	11	11	11	14	15	12	10	..	..
Trent	10	14	14	15	13	19	14	19	12	19	12
McKay	8	14	14	14	13	18	10	17	15	18	11
Donaldson	9	15	14	14	15	20	15	20	15	19	14
Robbins	9	15	14	13	13	18	13	18	13	19	12
J C	8	12	13	13	12	17	12	17	13	18	12
Elton	6	8	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Irwin	9	13	12	14	14	16	10	16	15	..	..
Mrs Shattuck	8	14	9	14	12	18	13	16	14	18	13
Hirschy	7	13	14	13	8	18	14	18	13	18	13
Steege	10	14	14	14	15	16	13	19	14	19	10
Petit	9	13	10	14	14	16	13	16	14	19	16
H O Anderson	7	..	13	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Rice	8	10	8	13		814	7	..	..	..	..
Mrs Murray	9	9	8	12	13	15	9	..	..	..	..
R De Hass	7	13	10	10	11	14	..	..	..	..	..
Holt	9	12	10	10	13	16	..	..	..	..	..
Mark	7	13	8	12	..	..	..	18	10	..	..
A S Bloxaw	14	9	9	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fredett	7	10	8	11	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lieb	4	10	10	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Welch	5	10	10	7	13	..	5	..	..	..	..
M F Kennedy	8	11	11	6	7	..	..	9	..	..	..
W Blair	..	..	..	..	1	6	12	..	13	..	..
Chief	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	..	10	5	..
Stone	..	..	..	..	..	12	17	11	16	14	16
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	17	..	..
R E Smith	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	11	12	12	17
Wilkinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	16	13	17
Hoffman	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	14	..	..
Henry	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	11	..	..
Carl	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	..	..
Dr Bill	..	13	9	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..
Wolf	..	10	11	8	8	11	..	..	..	..	..
L F Kennedy	..	9	9	9	10	14	8	13	..	..	..
Shepard	6	13	11	8	10	17	12	18	11	12	11
Hamlin	7	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thompson	8	12	15	14	13	19	13	18	10	10	14
Reihl	9	14	13	15	13	18	12	17	12	17	14
Rex	6	10	10	9	11	..	11	..	..	..	..
Hart	9	13	15	13	14	18	14	14	9	17	13
Wojack	9	12	13	9	14	18	14	15	13	19	13
Sachem	7	15	10	10	12	16	11	16	14	14	10
Shell	9	14	12	12	11	16	12	14	14	17	12
Dixie	3	14	8	12	11	19	11	16	12	17	12
Stiver	6	12	12	12	12	17	12	14	10	..	..
Jassey	9	13	10	14	13	17	13	17	13	..	..
Murray	7	12	12	14	14	17	13	18	10	..	..
Mark	9	7	10	13	11	14	10	18	12	..	..
Daly	10	13	13	11	14	20	13	17	13	19	14
Newton	6	14	11	12	14	14	10	..	..	..	..
A L Johnson	4	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Weiland	7	12	9	13	..	13	..	..	..	..	..
Foster	8	11	12	14	10	16	9	14	10	12	10
Fulton	7	13	14	13	13	16	13	19	13	20	13
Benson	5	11	12	12	13	18	11	12	12	17	11
Miller	9	9	13	10	9	14	13	15	8	12	11
Marsh	7	10	10	11	12	15	13	14	9	16	11
Graves	6	8	11	9	9	16	12	16	13	..	..
Tom Marshall	10	12	13	14	14	16	10	19	14	19	15
Dr Kibbe	9	12	15	13	13	18	14	20	13	18	14
Shattuck	7	11	13	13	13	18	13	17	13	18	14
Davenport	6	11	12	11	9	13	8	13	15	..	..
C Hansen	6	9	10	10	9	9	..	..	..	..	..
Hall	5	7	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Second Day.

Events:	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Farker	9	14	14	15	14	16	13	17	12	20	14
French	10	14	14	14	12	16	13	14	11	15	15
Wojack	9	12	14	15	12	18	12	20	12	20	15
Sachem	6	13	12	14	10	19	11	17	10	18	13
Ramaley	9	12	15	12	15	18	14	16	12	20	13
P Klein	9	14	13	14	14	13	13	20	10	..	..
C Mortenson	8	12	12	12	12	16	13	18	13	..	..
B Long	10	12	12	10	10	15	12	16	13	18	15
G Peterson	9	15	15	14	14	17	14	18	13	18	15
Bert	10	13	12	11	15	18	12	18	13	19	15
Danz	9	13	13	14	10	18	12	19	12	15	14
Dayton	9	12	15	13	15	18	13	20	14	20	12
Dr Glazier	9	12	14	12	15	19	15	20	15	16	11
Kelsey	6	7	10	18	6	16	12	9	5	16	8
P Hansen	8	11	13	12	14	14	10	17	9	17	10
Kabo	10	12	15	19	14	17	13	17	11	18	14
Blossom	9	11	10	15	11	16	11	17	15	19	15
Yank	9	14	11	14	15	17	12	16	13	18	15
Kid	8	10	13	15	13	17	11	18	13	17	13
Deering	9	11	14	15	14	17	10	20	12	20	13
Kibbe	8	14	14	14	12	16	15	17	13	14	11
Marshall	9	13	14	13	15	14	12	17	14	20	15
Mrs Shattuck	9	15	13	14	13	17	15	17	13	15	11
Hirschy	10	15	14	14	15	16	14	18	11	20	13
Reihl	10	15	14	14	14	17	14	18	11	17	11
Trent	9	14	14	15	15	20	14	15	15	20	14
McKay	9	14	13	14	13	19	12	20	13	19	13
Donaldson	9	13	15	15	15	19	14	19	15	20	14
Robbins	10	13	15	14	13	19	12	15	14	19	14
J C	8	12	14	13	14	20	15	18	13	16	11
Steege	10	14	14	15	15	18	11	18	13	19	12
R E Smith	5	13	11	12	13	11	10	12	10	11	8
Daly	8	11	13	14	12	15	15	14	12	19	14
Jewell	6	10	13	14	13	15	..	..	..	..	..
Thompson	10	13	13	14	13	17	13	20	13	18	14
Marsh	10	11	13	15	12	14	12	17	9	17	11
Hayes	8	12	11	14	11	16	11	16	10	15	12
Johnston	9	13	14	14	11	17	13	16	13	15	13
Mrs Johnston	9	14	13	10	12	17	10	14	12	16	13
A W Morrison	8	7	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mrs Murray	7	11	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tramp	10	13	13	14	15	17	10	16	15	18	14
Foster	9	9	12	11	12	10	9	17	14	13	8
Shattuck	10	13	14	14	13	16	13	..	10	..	..
Benson	9	13	13	13	..	16	14	..	15	16	10
Jassey	6	13	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stiver	7	11	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Murray	10	14	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McAndrews	9	11	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	8	10	11	7	10	12	11	17	12	16	11
Fulton	10	15	14	13	9	19	13	19	11	18	11
Wilk	8	13	11	11	15	19	13	16	10	19	12
Hart	9	14	13	11	13	15	12	20	14	18	14
Dixey	10	11	12	11	12	16	..	..	..	..	..
Edwards	..	10	..	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	..

Boston Gun Club.

WELLINGTON, Mass., July 20.—The Boston Gun Club closed its season's practice at the traps yesterday afternoon at Wellington. Mr. Thos. Howe, of Hingham, turned out to be the fortunate winner of the gold charm, with Mr. Woodruff and Miskay close competitors. The series has but added one more to the popular list now to the credit of the club, fifty different shooters competing, all under harmonious conditions of distance handicap and moneyless events. The positions of prize winners are given in full below, the many good scores included being more than counterbalanced by most enjoyable days used in making them. Yesterday's gathering was but slightly composed of the regular devotees, four from South Framingham, two from Lynn, also an odd one or two completely outnumbering the home squad. This was hardly hospitable, but with Mr. Gordon at Blue Hill, Me.; Mr. Woodruff at Henniker, N. H.; Mr. Sheffield at the Rangeleys, and Messrs. Howe and Leroy at Providence, not to mention others who have departed without leaving their addresses, the club made the best showing possible under the circumstances.

The squad who yesterday put in an appearance on the later train rendered a good account of themselves and thoroughly enjoyed the different events. The scores in the match were good, for a very persistent wind bothered the angles, or rather the shooters. Mr. Isham's 25 for a first trial over the magautrap requires no excuses; likewise the scores complete of the Framingham quartette, which were accomplished under the same conditions.

Scores complete:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	3p	3p	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	15
Benton, 14	5	6	3	3	4	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hastings, 16	9	..	6	..	10	..	6	5	9	9	6	3	..
Andrew, 16	4	4	3	3	5	5	6	4	..	..	..	..	..
Horace, 18	..	..	3	5	..	..	9	..	7	7	8	..	..
Samuels, 18	..	..	..	..	5	..	7	8	8	6	7	6	10
Miskay, 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	..	9	10	2	13
Spencer, 18	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	8	7	8	10	14
Isham, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	9	8	8	5	..
Prouty, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	9	5	7	7	11
Staples, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	8	6	8	9	8
Lyman, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	7	8	8	6	12
Ayer, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	7	5	3	..

All events unknown angles; event 12, infielders.

Final contest, individual prize series, 30 targets, unknown angles:

Isham, 16.....0111111111011111101111101111011—25
Hastings, 16.....1111111011011111111110110110110—24
Spencer, 18.....1010111111001111011111010111—23
Lyman, 16.....1011110110110111110111011110111—23
Staples, 16.....1111101101010111011111101011—22
Horace, 18.....1001110111011110110111111010—22
Samuels, 18.....1011111011010101110111111100—21
Ayer, 16.....0100110111101111110000101110 10—18

Winning totals in prize series just concluded, possible 180, six best scores of 30 targets, unknown angles, made during series of fifteen shoots constituting prize total:

Howe, first	27	27	27	26	26	25—158
Miskay, second	29	28	26	25	25	24—157
Woodruff, third	28	27	26	26	25	25—157
Spencer, fourth	27	27	27	24	23	23—151
Horace, Fifth	28	27	26	24	23	22—150
Leroy, sixth	25	25	25	24	24	23—146
Allison, seventh	28	26	24	23	20	18—139
Gordon, eighth	25	25	24	23	22	19—138

Tie for second and third prizes decided according to rules—shooter having attended most number of shoots gaining precedence.

Special average prize won by Leroy, 21yds., with 80 per cent.; Howe, 17yds., with 82, ineligible because winning first prize.

John F. Weiler Gun Club.

ZIONSVILLE, Pa., July 15.—The conditions were 10 birds, $10:

J F Weiler .....2002120012— 6 J J Flickinger .....0002020020— 3
O H Acker .....1111111111—10 M S Brey .....2212221222—10
J G Hillegass.....2022212020— 7 A F Sthaler .....2122221202— 9
E M Bingman ....2120022020— 6

C. F. KRAMLICH, Fin. Sec'y.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Kennel Transactions.

BECAUSE of his failure to straighten out a certain dog-selling transaction we have discontinued from our Kennel Special columns the advertisement of C. L. B. Landis, of Bowers Station, Pa.

Yacht Chandlery.

MESSRS. L. W. FERDINAND & Co. have just issued a new illustrated catalogue of ship and yacht chandlery, hardware, paints, varnishes, marine glue, etc. The list of articles is very complete, and the house is one of the oldest and most widely known in the business.

For the Lawn.

IN another column will be found the advertisement of Chas. D. Smith's Canada unbleached wood ashes for lawns and grasslands. The advantages of these ashes as a fertilizer are well established.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 6. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

He who hath no jovissance but in enjoying, who shootes not but to hit the marke, who loves hunting but for the prey, it belongs not to him to entermedle with our schoole.

Montaigne (1580).

ON THE HEIGHTS.

WITH this number is given a full page supplement illustration of the mountain sheep, forming one of our series of portraits of American game animals.

THE ERA OF THE PRESERVE.

IN the mutations of all the institutions and the evolution of new ones incident to civilization, there are many people who deplore the passing away of all that is old and the adoption of whatever is new. In the realm of sport, the spirit of conservatism is specially persistent. However readily men may accept innovations which have a significance of commercial progress, they are slow to give up the beliefs, usages and freedom of action which governed their pleasurable sport afield and afloat in the years of not so long ago. Then there was an "open door" policy in sport which added a charm to it. The hills and valleys and plains, with the waters which rested in or coursed through them, were open to the sportsman in every direction as he chose to select. Those days are gone forever. The needs of man had not then required more than a relatively small portion of the land for his sustenance. For every acre in cultivation there were many more but partially in use or left entirely wild. But, with the wonderful increase in population, the good old days and ways have necessarily been abandoned by him who hunts and fishes.

For the future there will be greater restrictions. No more will there be square miles unused in every section as in the years agone. The demands of a teeming population have changed all that. The necessities of the people must dominate the sport of the few who seek sport. Population has increased, wealth has increased, shooters and anglers have increased correspondingly, yet the area which affords sport has steadily decreased and will continue to decrease under the same conditions which have caused the changes.

In the old days there was more than sport enough for all. No man then needed to invoke his property rights and prerogatives to secure his share. But the times have changed. It is useless now to make the standards of the good old days of sport the standards of the present. There was in the old days a surplus of hunting territory and game in the good old days, which was not impaired in the least by the "open door" policy; instead of a surplus, there is hardly enough of game now, with all the restrictive measures in force, to meet the restricted desires of shooters and anglers. It is useless, in the face of the needs of the hour, and the recognition of them by practical men, to invoke the usages and beliefs of the past as the correct limitations of the present. They were appropriate to the conditions of that time; but the conditions then and now are as wide apart as are the years. Game laws have multiplied, the rights of land owners have been asserted, the available area for sport has constantly diminished, and from those conditions have evolved the fish and game preserve, east and west, north and south, securing to the individual what was once free to all.

The sportsman who dwells on the past is prone to think that the freedom which he had then in shooting or fishing where he listed was his right. In this he was wrong, for the same property rights existed then as now; what was conceded in a spirit of tolerance or indifference should not be misunderstood as a recognition of right.

The transitions from the old to the new are sweeping and radical. The game preserve is coming into being everywhere. The laws guard against excessive and indiscriminate killing. The rights of the land owner are more and more effectually safeguarded. The national Government is rescuing land for parks for public use while there is still something left to rescue, and public sentiment throughout the land is upholding all this action of the new formative era as it is proper it should. It is wise, therefore, to recognize and support the needs of the present instead of the memories of the past. What was good and pleasurable then may be now out of place under the radically changed conditions. The property right of the individual, or an aggregate of individuals, is no greater now than it was in the good old days, but it is more assertive. Once asserted it should be respected accordingly. Let each one who loves sport secure for the future such property rights as he best can, for sport on land and water some time in the future will be a matter of property throughout the land as it is now a matter of property in part.

SNAP SHOTS.

Some years ago a correspondent of an esteemed contemporary expressed himself as much troubled in his mind because of the waywardness of FOREST AND STREAM contributors. These people, he pointed out, were of the sort of folks who are forever wandering around through all outdoors and seeing things and writing about them, but never killing any game, at least it did not appear from their writings that they got any game, and as for him he was quite assured that they could not be classed as sportsmen. This was the conclusion of an outsider, an alien; and it was accepted for what it was worth, and no hard feelings ensued. But now comes one Ransacker, of the household, sheltered beneath the home rooftree, kith and kin of the family, who proclaims that after diligent and prolonged study of these same FOREST AND STREAM folk he too has come to the conclusion that they are not sportsmen.

It is a delightfully simple proposition, as they say out on the mountains where Ransacker makes his habitat; define "sportsman" to fit your case, and then show that the so-called "sportsmen" under consideration do not fit the definition. But on the other hand, if our definition of the title "sportsman," or our conception of it, be somewhat loose and vague, will it not then be found to fit the thousand and one variations and diversities of taste and practice which are characteristic of the followers of rod and gun? The term sportsman is useful in default of a better one. It means many things; but accepting the definition submitted by Ransacker may we not still apply it with perfect propriety to these very folk to whom he would deny it? Frankly conceding that sport is a vague expression, that what is sport for one is not what is sport for another, is it yet not the best word we have to express the idea?

We question if any word ever could be hit upon or invented that would answer the purpose any more satisfactorily than sportsman. There are so many diversities of sentiment and practice that it would be impossible to class them together under one designation. Of the many men of many minds who now constitute the ranks of sportsmen, each is a sportsman in his own understanding or interpretation or acceptation of the term and not necessarily less a sportsman because his sportsmanship is not that of another.

The Itaska preserve reservation scheme has now fairly been launched by the formation of an association to put the matter before Congress, as reported in our news columns. The far-reaching effects of the beneficent scheme challenge imagination and admiration. It is doing on a magnificent scale, and at a time while yet it may be done, a service of incalculable benefit to those who are to come after us. It is improving an opportunity to provide a priceless heritage for a whole people. The region the Itasca reserve projectors are asking the Government to set aside, to be kept forever intact, is the great watershed of the sources of the Mississippi River; and in the preservation of that watershed not only are the people of the Mississippi River Valley concerned, but in a larger sense the people of the entire continent. The national park will be national in effect as well as national in name. It will reserve for and preserve to the people of the United States what of right belongs to them and should of right belong to their descendants. If Congress shall set apart this great preserve it will be simply to keep for the people, the whole people, what belongs to them.

The character of the individuals whose public spirit has prompted them to take the initiative in this doing, and the character of the support they are meeting, afford abundant testimony that the Itasca Park project will be presented to Congress in a way which must command respectful attention.

Now perhaps you do not believe in luck, the luck of an hour, of a day, of a series of years. Then are you no angler. A fisherman is one of the last persons to scoff at luck, to deny its part and place in bestowing or withholding the prizes. Here is an example: Among the cottagers of the Thousand Islands is a certain well-known angler who has for twenty years past been fishing in the St. Lawrance waters for muscalonge, and for all the twenty years of patient endeavor has had not a fin to show. Neither he nor his man-servant nor his maid-servant nor the stranger within his gates has ever succeeded in taking a muscalonge, though in the same waters and at the same time others have been rewarded. It is one of the most extraordinary runs of luck on record in the annals of fishing.

The Harriman Alaska expedition's return to Seattle was reported on July 30. The party had left that city on May 31, and in the intervening time made a trip of more than 9,000 miles. Calling at Victoria, Wrangel and Juneau, they reached Skaguay on June 6, and some of the members of the party crossed the White Pass to the Yukon. From Skaguay the route was to Glacier Bay, Sitka, Yakutat Bay, Prince William Sound, Cook Inlet, Kadiak, Wood Island and as far as Plover Bay in Siberia. Side trips were made by different members to explore little known or new districts, and valuable collections were made in zoology, botany, geology and ethnology. In all these respects the expedition is reported to have been most successful, and admirably to have fulfilled its purposes.

Tennessee is one of this latest among States which have adopted our Platform Plank that the sale of game should be forbidden at all times. The last Legislature enacted a law forbidding the sale of quail in the open season in Shelby county, which includes Memphis. This city has long been one of the chief game markets in the South; it has been glutted with quail year after year, the game coming largely from Arkansas and Mississippi, two of the best quail States in the Union. The new statute, if the authorities will enforce it, will thus have a salutary influence not only for the Tennessee quail supply but for those of the adjoining States as well.

The Prince of Wales has just presented to the Natural History branch of the British Museum a specimen of the Florida tarpon, which Mr. O. H. Mygatt, of this city, who captured it, pronounces to be the finest fish he has seen in his ten years of tarpon fishing. It is seven feet in length; weighed one hundred and seventy pounds; and needless to say the British Museum does not contain a handsomer fish than this silver king from Florida.

By courtesy of Dr. R. W. Raymond, Secretary of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, we are enabled to reprint from the Transactions of the Society Prof. Snow's excellent paper on the "Equipment of Camps and Expeditions." In it will be found many valuable hints which are particularly pertinent to pleasure outings. The paper will be continued in our next issue.

We are advised that the Canadian Parliament has made material modification of the game export regulations, giving the non-resident sportsmen more liberal privileges than those formerly enjoyed. At this writing the details of the new law have not come to hand; we expect to have them for our next issue.

It was reported that Baltimore will have an inclosed shooting park. This is a form of sport which has now secured lodgment in the East, although numerous enterprises of the sort have been launched; and we shall be surprised if it finds an acceptable place in Baltimore.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Grave by the River.

On the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence a little river pours its flood into the greater waters of the gulf. Black rocks seamed with white marble protect it on either side. At low tide breakers moan at the bar, but at high tide shallops can enter and anchor within the bay. The stream is known by many names, but chiefly is called La Rivière de la Truite.

We anchored there one day in June for the fishing, and camped. Looking up the river a half-mile one could see the falls, which formed the only salmon pool on the stream, and we could hear at all times the ceaseless voice of its waters. The woods were dreary with dead trees of a recent fire, but back of the burnt limit the interminable forest of spruce and birch extended to the Arctic Sea.

A seal sunned itself on the rocks, but there was no sound of bird save the flying gulls. No house or human being in sight. Scarred nature dwelt alone, facing the great waters, visited only at rare times by wandering fishermen.

The camp being pitched we strolled to the hill and found a palisade fence inclosing a grave. The fence was strongly built, and at its four corners some semblance of taste was evinced in carved posts. No name was attached. The square inclosure had been built some years, yet was solid and in good repair. The interior was a mass of the white blossoms of the dwarf cornel, shining bright in the four-fold leaves of the plant. They seemed as if they had been carefully planted in the inclosure, for all outside was covered by the charred remains of the former forest.

"Whose grave is this?" we inquired of our boatman.

"We don't know—been there a long time."

"Who built this inclosure?"

"Don't know—say it was an English woman who came here once."

"Don't you know her name?"

"No; it was none of us."

This was all the information gleaned.

We sailed away at daybreak, leaving the sleeper to his forest bed. He needed no fitter monument. He was not forgotten. In some distant English home his name doubtless is still spoken, and on some hearts the palisade inclosure is engraved. Love endures when tombs are broken and graves obliterated.

"Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on."

C. E. W.

By the Beaver Dam.

"A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blooms and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago."

Where the pines and aspens meet the rolling stretches of velvety upland lawn, where the mountain torrent pauses in its mad career and commences to widen in graceful curves and run placidly down toward the Snake River, the beavers had built their dam. The beavers have long since traveled the way of redman and buffalo, but the chiseled trunks remain half-buried in moss and clematis, nature's delicate monuments to a forgotten past, rising scarcely above the azure beds of columbine, pointing to the deeper azure of the firmament. But the stream flows on as it did when its banks were first trodden by Captain Bonneville and the hardy bands of explorers and pioneers who now build camp-fires on the "happy hunting grounds" beyond the sunset. The willow grouse still brings out her brood in the dense shaded thickets, and where devastating fires have been kindled by the hand of the intruder, blushing roses veil the ashes and the desolation. Aye, and the old dam remains, deepening the water above into a crystal pool where lurk the largest, wariest trout, and where the patriarchal otter rehearses to his progeny the traditions of long ago.

Along the central Wasatch snows were deep and waters high when the season opened. The Idaho boundary was not far away. There the rivulets were clear, and Mac and I longed to revisit the streams on which we had camped almost a score of years before, when life was before us and we had come West to see what fate had in store. Ah, that fate is an inexorable mistress! She will not show us the "weird" that lies ahead; but sometimes amid such scenes as these she permits us to forget and we lie on emerald banks and dream that things are not what they seem, while the castles in the clouds are as fair, as elusive as those pictured in the halcyon days of a lost youth. Time, the great effacer, treads lightly on these uplands, and with him we turn back the pages of the book of life.

The landscape was familiar, but the wonted faces of cattlemen and sheep herders were no longer in evidence, and the little log cabin across the creek had smoke coming from the log chimney—a thing I had never noticed before. The corral behind it was fallen, the poles rotting. We set our tent early in the afternoon, and before casting a fly made two drags of dry quaking asp and went half a mile for pitch pine for a camp-fire. Everything was made snug, and then to obtain supper was the order of the day. While we were soaking our leaders there came from the cabin opposite an old, old man. We did not notice his age until he commenced a chase for grasshoppers, which suddenly ceased their chirping and jumping with the lengthening shadows. The man put his bait into a tobacco sack and strolled down to the brook, carrying just such a birch pole as we had cut in boyhood days from hills 2,000 miles away. We watched him fish as we were wont to fish before we heard of 4oz. rods, silk lines, flies and featherweight reels. Evidently he knew the stream intimately, for he wasted no time in exploration. Boy-fashion, he strung his catch on a willow twig, and on his countenance with each successful yank showed that, in one respect at least, his youth had not left him. So he approached within a couple of rods of where we stood. Noticing us for the first time, he shouted:

"Be you uns camping for fish, or be you huntin' cattle?"

"After fish," replied Mac. "Thought we'd put in a week on Raft River."

"Well, you uns had better come over after supper. Thar's a foot log jest above yer tent, an' I'm powerful lonesome."

The invitation was accepted, and at the appointed time we called on the hermit. He was braiding a silk line and gave us to understand that he made his livelihood by supplying the wants of summer campers like ourselves. In winter he furnished the nearest settlements with venison. Concerning his past he was reticent, and when he became duly satisfied that we had peaceful intent, he became taciturn. This was especially manifest when he learned that we carried none of the aqua vitæ which is imagined to be indispensable in all well-equipped outfits. From subsequent glimpses into his life we sized his place up as a "fence" for one of the numerous gangs of outlaws that infest the borders of the adjacent States. However this may be, he proved a good neighbor, and as such we give him full credit.

The waning stars looked on a radiant picture as the dew-decked grass and flowers hailed another day. The chill of the outer air, after its first cool caress, becomes the breath of life, and the sparkling, snow-fed waters give inspiration such as flows from no other morning tonic. Evening camp-fires, with their cheerful circle of incense-bearing pipes, with their merry round of anecdote and song, have from time immemorial had their bards and chroniclers, but the poetic beauty of the morning who dare portray?

The Great Bear majestically commences to pace his last quarter. We lie half dreaming, perfectly contented, awaiting the advent of the dawn. The trickle of the brook is so distant, so silvery, that we wonder if we do not catch the singing of the stars. Into our reverie comes a soft chirp from the bough o'erhead—not a carol, not even a note, but a low, faint sigh, as though from the lips of a happily resting child. There is no answering call. Five, ten minutes pass; we keep no reckoning of the lapse of time. By and by the chirp changes into a strain of liquid sweetness. This time it is heard all through the grove and glade, and glad responses swell, echoing loud and clear from mountain side and from the vale below. The Hunter, Pleiads and their starry host take this as token that their nightly duty has been well performed. One by one, as the birds awake, they sink to sleep. The snowy crest to north and west begins to glow, though it is still night under the trees. Quivering with the exultant thrill of youth, we step forth. The birds are not affrighted. Rejoicing with their audience, they pour forth yet stronger, more harmonious carols. From the ashes of the night before rises a feeble, flickering flame. Then a white cloud of smoke climbs toward the deep blue of the zenith, in strong contrast at first, but gradually, as day breaks upon us and the skies grow violet, becoming more thin and gauzy until it blends with the paling lines of heaven. The plain is now veiled in melting mists, and anon a splash from the pool, a gleam from the brook, gives evidence that all creatures have commenced again their daily meed of toil and pleasure. Mingling with the fragrance of the forest comes the aroma of the coffee, and ere sunlight falls upon us our feathered lures are lightly dropped across the laughing waters.

It was a cardinal principle with us to catch no more than we needed for immediate use. In the early morning we could have filled and refilled our creels. For what purpose? Simply that we might paralyze our incredulous friends with tales of unsportsmanlike achievement. When I had caught my stipulated dozen I sat down to enjoy my existence. Some men hunt and fish as though their very lives depend upon making a big score. Deservedly they return to the desk more weary than when they left it. From my meditation I was aroused by: "Come, old man, let's clean our trout and then wander up the cañon.

"'There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.'"

"I don't know about it, Mac. When a fellow of forty and more summers is sentimental enough to quote Marlowe I shall have to pass the deal."

But I went, nevertheless, and carried neither gun nor rifle, though both lay in the tent. Sometimes it is advisable to leave temptations at home, and this is always the case during the season of fawns and half-fledged broods. That sensible portion of the animal kingdom which naturalists are wont to term the "brute creation" has a wonderful faculty for distinguishing between friend and foe; also a no less wonderful aptitude for encouraging a close acquaintance with those whom it trusts. Were it not for terror, inherited through generations of abused confidence and malicious cruelty, the timid thrush would proudly lead us to the sylvan paradise where she has hidden her birdlings, and the coy doe would bring to us her trembling offspring, that we might stroke its spotted side.

At the pool our attention was attracted by a comical picture made by an old muskrat trying to teach her babes to swim. It struck us as strange that she should go to such trouble; the little rats should have known instinctively how to navigate, but they clung to the bank and to shallow water, above which arose their fluffy backs, bright eyes and sharp noses. The mother set them the example by swimming across and back. She endeavored to coax, and finally she pushed them over their depth and let them make their own way to the shore, though, you may be sure, she stayed close by. When we were seen the old lady shrieked, "Tramps!" in characteristic muskrat language and fled to her sub-aquatic vestibule, I suppose to call the police. The little ones did not attempt to escape. Ostrich-like, they hid their heads among the roots, and left their naked tails waving above the water like a new species of juncos waiting to be examined. The madam could not quite ignore the maternal instinct, as she returned and conducted her happy family to the nursery, where they received their first lesson in misanthropy.

Further on, a pair of humming birds were of interest. Of all the birds of the woodland these show the least fear of man. For a few moments we amused ourselves with "skittering" twigs through the air near them. They seemed to realize that we were merely inviting them to play, and they would pursue each missile and swoop down upon it as does the kingbird upon the over-inquisitive hawk that loiters too near the nest. On we rambled, leaving the stream for moss-grown terraces, where each step brought some new delight to our senses. We saw the blacktailed deer leave its breakfast ground and seek the arbor where it passed the heat of the day. We saw a little black bear take her twin cubs to the service-berry bush, and, because the berries were far from ripe, pull down the tender branches, the growth of scarce a month, within the reach of her ungainly infants. We imagined that she was trying to wean them. It is strange how men try to exterminate this diminutive species of the genus *Ursus* with a rifle that would bring down an elephant. Killing hogs and branding mavericks is attended with far more excitement and danger.

It was in such walks we communed with nature, and each day she would

"Sing us another verse
Or tell a more wonderful tale."

We lived on trout with the exception of one meal of young mountain hare. We killed two full-grown hares, but as they had not taken the proper doses of santonica, pink-root and senna and other reliable vermifuges we could not bring ourselves to eat them and killed no more.

One afternoon we enjoyed a shower. From the shelter of a snug tent a summer shower is one of the most pleasurable episodes of camp life. Dinner was always followed by a brief siesta, and on this particular occasion we noticed as we lay down the fleecy, golden clouds were beginning to marshal themselves in leaden ranks upon the western hills. We were awaked by a muttering of thunder and a strident wailing from the treetops. Once in a while a bird in some dense thicket, mistaking the gathering gloom for early twilight, would attempt to sing. Then the wind died down. The entire heavens were overcast, save for a belt of blue low on the eastern horizon. Everything was made secure and shipshape. A few drops patter on the roof. An instant later the wind swoops down; lightning flashes; thunder peals; the mighty branches groan, and the tent staggers under the attack. But the roots are held by granite anchorages and the guy ropes are stout. The onset is for naught. It is not repeated. Steadily, gently, the rain is falling. We throw back the flap and look forth. Let it keep on. It is a rain of music, of rest, of perfect peace. To the west, where showers have their birth, there is a rift in the clouds. The drops are fewer now and larger. The leaden pall brightens and the storm has gone as quickly as it came. And now the sun peers out, not upon the parched field that was hidden from his sight two hours before, but upon a plain sprinkled with the very stars of heaven washed down in liquid pearls, sparkling, ravishing and reappearing beneath his rays. To the east, from hill to hill, is spanned the glittering bow of promise, and through this celestial portal the dark clouds recede, only to be softened and tinted by distance and the divine hues of sunset. After the shower the songs of the birds were redoubled, and among other sounds I caught the note of a finch, whose species I was unable to determine. It was the most heavenly strain that I have heard on this side of the Continental Divide. Intuitively we both recalled the "Ode to a Skylark":

"Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass;
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was,
Joyous and clear and fresh,
Thy music doth surpass."

At noon the next day a caravan of white-topped wagons came up the valley and halted near the dam. The travelers claimed to be a party of college students spending their vacation in quest of health, pleasure and scientific research and collecting. They were armed with every conceivable device for the destruction of life in the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth; also with a document signed by some fish and game warden giving them full permission "to catch, kill and have in possession for scientific purposes." "For scientific purposes" covers a multitude of sins, from which "Good Lord deliver us."

No sooner were the tents pitched than the sound of firearms and shouts of triumph reminded one of Coney Island on the glorious Fourth. Songsters and humming birds—the few that survived the onslaught—fled for their lives. It was not sufficient to catch trout galore with hook and line. About 5 o'clock the brook commenced to decrease in size, and soon a ruthless horde in wading boots and carrying butterfly nets were pitching the fish by the dozen from the shallow pools and riffles where they had been stranded. The creek had been turned. When morning came there was no song to awaken us. The water that had flowed so peacefully by our tent was yellow and thick with mud and rubbish. Our time was not up, but this place was no longer our mountain home. With maledictions on mankind in general, we struck camp and bade good-by forever to the old beaver dam.

Shoshone.

Friedland boasts the most singular mutual protective society in the civilized world. In Assen recently a union was organized by seventeen game poachers, a comprehensive set of rules being adopted. None but a recognized game thief is eligible to membership. The convention decided that in the future the members of the union shall sell only to regular game dealers, and then only at current market prices. The dealers will be required to contribute a certain amount of money each year to the union's treasury. The principal object of the union is to support the families of such poachers as may be arrested and sent to prison. A cast-iron resolution forbids all members from killing game in the closed seasons, the argument being that the game laws must be enforced. The Netherlands code provides a fine of 100 florins and a term of imprisonment for killing game out of season.—Patent inside exchange.

Mule Skinners.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is a long time since I have had leisure to air myself in your columns, so here goes. The other day I went a-fishing, and the yarn I am about to spin arose out of that fact and is another story entirely. Later on I may tell about my trip; but this has nothing to with either fishing or hunting, but is just a reminiscence of early California days, and has no just and reasonable excuse for appearing in your columns save that it is a good story—if I can tell it properly. On my trip I met with an old pioneer who was as full of good stories of early days in this State as a boy's pockets are full of all kinds of odds and ends, and his stories were just as oddly mixed. Among the rest came the following:

I.

In the early sixties I drove an eight-mule team from Marysville to Grass Valley and Nevada City with loads of farm produce for the use of the mines. It consisted chiefly of barley, wheat and hay. When at the Marysville end of the route I made my home at a ranch just outside of the town—because I could make up my loads from its stacks and granaries—for six months in the year. The owner of the ranch had a son of about my own age, and we were great friends. His name was Polk, and he was a mule skinner like myself for six months in the year.

We had just completed a trip to Nevada City, and I was laying out to have some fun for three or four days, when Polk came to me and said: "Joe, I can't go to town with you to-night, as the old man has made me promise to go to camp-meeting with the rest of the family. You know he is a great Methodist, and is keen for me to get religion with the rest of the family." Well, this cut me out of my companion, and I thought I might as well go to the meeting also and try and put in my time there sparking some of the girls. The family got Polk up front on the mourners' benches. Now, the fact was that Polk needed religion, if anyone ever did. I am no slouch at swearing myself, but he could give me cards and spades at the game and then beat me so badly that I was ashamed to play.

Three nights passed with Polk still on the "anxious seat," and I was getting weary of the fun, although I was making things lively for some of the girls on the outskirts of the meeting, and when we were going to bed that night I said, "For the good Lord's sake, Polk, let up on this foolishness and let us have a night in town together, as we have to start again the day after to-morrow!" "No, Joe," said he; "I've promised the old man to stick to him through this meeting, but to-morrow night lets me out."

But the last night was a "hot one," and they got Polk excited, and soon he was jumping up and down with the rest, and shouting "Glory" with the arms of the weeping family around his neck, all yelling in sympathy.

The next morning we struck out on the road, and we had not gone but a few miles till Polk's mules found out that there was something wrong. Polk was ahead, and was full of his new religious fervor, to which he was giving vent by singing some of the camp-meeting songs which had lodged in his head from their frequent repetition during the past four days. He had informed me that he fully intended to live up to his profession of faith, and that he had given up swearing, with many of his other sins. As he was a straightforward fellow, and no hypocrite, I knew he intended to do just what he said he was going to do. We got along all right until we struck the foothills, and then the mules began to soldier on him. I knew they would do it, and was anxious to see how he would manage them without swearing. Every time he would stop, the team got slower and slower about starting, and would get down and "squeeze" for a while, without pulling. Polk was getting furiously angry, but still controlled himself from swearing; using the lash pretty freely, though.

By the time we had finished that day's journey he could hardly get them along at all. The mules had found out that they had a "balky" driver to deal with, and they were ready to balk themselves. The next morning we started out again, and got up as far as the bad hill just below Rough and Ready, when his team stopped in the middle of the pull. This is an unpardonable sin in a good mule team, and called for rigorous treatment. Polk argued the case with them for a while, but they would only "squeeze" or "swing," both unforgivable offenses in the team of a good driver. After about fifteen minutes of this, Polk was in a white rage; he threw his hat down in the dust and jumped on it with both feet, wound the lash of his "blacksnake" around his hand, and turned himself loose. At every stroke on their ribs, he gave vent to the most offensive oaths in his unlimited vocabulary, and in less than five minutes had the mules pulling their eyes out. On our return to the ranch it was our custom to swing our wagons up by the side of the granary, and as that was situated beyond the stables the mules would want to sidle up toward the latter in passing. This would call for a vigorous use of the jerk line and some more swearing. Polk's father was standing near as his team passed, and heard the red-hot language, and called out in horror, "Oh, Polk, my son, what's this, what's this?" "Blankety blank it, father, if you want me to keep religion you've got to get a new driver, that's all!"

II.

In those days [continued my acquaintance] the driver of the twelve-mule team was the autocrat of the road, and was even a greater man than the stage driver; and the latter was supposed by the traveling public to own the State.

In those ante-railroad days the roads to the mines were lined with these teams, and the roadside hostleries were dependent upon the good will of the kings of the road for their existence. If they passed the word along the line that such a house was "no good," the poor devil of a hotel keeper could stand in his door all day long and watch the procession passing by, without ever a man stopping. In consequence, the driver always had the best the market afforded, and his haughty airs were not only tolerated but cheerfully and smilingly accepted as a matter of course. The tables were spread with the most tempting fare that it was possible to procure, and the waiters were the prettiest girls that could be hired. A fine twelve-mule team, with a good driver, was really a fine sight. The mules would be as perfectly matched as possible, the housings of the harness were of the finest bear skin, an arch of bells crossed the back of each mule and one of the wheelers carried the haughty autocrat of the road—the driver.

Tom Black was the best driver on that grade, and it was his boast that he could haul a hundred pounds more freight to the mule than any other man in that part of the State. He had a fine lot of animals, of which he took the best of care, and which he handled with the skill of an old expert. He once won a gold medal in Marysville by controlling his team with his voice and making each individual mule get down into his collar and pull for all that was in him, on being addressed by name, the others standing quietly in their tracks.

The chief wayside inn in the little mining town of Rough and Ready had just got a new waitress, freshly arrived from the East, and new to the ways of the Golden State. Her name was Annie, and she was good to look upon, being a fine, healthy girl, with snapping black eyes; and the first time Black saw her he surrendered without a struggle, a victim to her bow and spear. The fellow was as justly celebrated for his picturesque profanity as for his skill as a driver, and being promptly rebuked for his first oath in her presence, he meekly accepted it, and henceforth, when in her vicinity, was as "meachin as a hound pup."

Black's open and confessed admiration and his reputation as a first-class driver and good fellow had caused Annie to "take notice" a little; and one evil day she asked her employer's wife if she would not accompany her down the grade for a mile or two, as Black was expected that night, and she had heard so much about his fine driving that she wanted to see him bring his team up to town over the last mile of the way, which was very steep, and called for as good work as any part of the road. Her mistress agreed, and said they would take a horse and buggy and drive down, and when they were tired of the sport they could hurry back. The early rains had laid the dust, and they drove gaily down the cañon till they met Tom, when they pulled out and let him pass. He doffed his hat, as a gentlemen should, and stopped his team to inquire where they were going, and on learning their errand became a proud and honored man. But, alas! pride goes before a fall!

He helped the ladies turn their buggy around, and started his team by word, when all was ready, and walked along on Annie's side of the carriage in a dream of bliss, utterly oblivious as to whether there was a mule team in the same county. The team at once found out that their driver had "balked," and at once began to look for a chance to balk themselves. They made two or three stops on their own account, without being told, which is directly contrary to the ethics of good driving, and started slowly, with much "squeezing" and "swinging." And still poor Tom was unheeding of his approaching downfall!

In the middle of the steepest part of the grade a dyke of trap rock cut diagonally across the soft slate bedrock, and the teams had made a gouge on each side of it, where the wheels would pitch off from the hard to the softer rock. Tom's mules reached this point, and slowly pulled wheel after wheel over the obstruction, till the last one. This one settled slowly into the gouge, the chock-block dropped snugly in behind it—and the team stopped.

Tom took in the situation at a glance, and was rudely awakened from his dream of bliss. He walked forward and argued quietly with his team and explained the matter to them in forcible tones, and at the end of his whiplash, but without effect. There was still something wanting, and the mules knew it, and refused to pull with all their force. Other teams began to come up behind, and were forced to stop. The matter was getting serious, for he felt that his reputation was at stake, and that he was becoming a laughing stock to the other teamsters. He finally came back to the carriage, with his hat in one hand, and scratching his head with the other, and after a hesitating pause, said:

"Ladies, won't you please turn out and drive on home?"

"Why, Mr. Black, we came down to see you drive up the grade, and we are enjoying ourselves ever so much."

"That's all right, but haven't you seen enough? I'd like to have you drive on."

"But we don't want to go yet; we want to see you take them to the top of the hill. Why do you want us to go?"

"Well, the fact is, the team is stuck, and they won't pull unless I swear at them, and I don't want to do that in your hearing."

"Oh, go right ahead, Mr. Black, and swear all you want to. We won't mind it for once."

"But it'll be mighty rough swearing, and I'd rather you did not hear it."

Annie spoke up and said: "Never mind us, Tom; we want to hear a driver swear at his team once, and I do so want to see you make them pull the load out of that bad place."

Tom, thinking that everything was now satisfactory, swung his hat on his head with the confidence of an experienced general, wound the lash of his blacksnake around his hand and sailed in with tongue and hand.

"Ha, there, Suze, you misbehaved daughter of an unchaste mother—whack—I'll teach you—whack—to stop in the middle—whack—of this blankenty blank hill—whack!"

You see, he began mild and easy, but soon warmed up to his work, and in a moment had forgotten that there was a woman within a thousand miles of the place. The air became sultry with the most horrible and blood-curdling oaths and vulgar objurgations. Taking each mule in turn, he cursed it up one side and down the other; he traduced the memory of their parents, and reviled themselves in language too vulgar to be heard at a cock fight. And all this time he was applying the butt of his whip to their ribs with such force that his blows resounded from the cañon's walls. After he had conscientiously and impartially cursed and beaten every mule in the team, he bade them get down and pull, and presto! away they walked with the load, as if they were on level ground.

When the team started off the ladies, with flaming cheeks, were busy viewing the landscape down the cañon and never saw it.

And alas, black-eyed Annie never again looked on poor Tom but with averted face!

About a month afterward he remarked to me, "Say, Joe, I wonder what ails Annie? She won't speak to me any more, or even look at me. I don't know any reason for her acting so; I've always treated her white!"

AREFAR.

AUBURN, Cal.

Pioneer Days.—X.

Dalrymple, the Scout.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

In those summer days Ticonderoga's ceaseless chime of rapids and waterfall was overborne by the sounds of saw, axe and hammer, and the shouts of teamsters. Every energy was strained for the completion of vessels to oppose the British naval force, concerning whose coming continual alarming rumors came from the northward. Gondola and galley were finished while the wood yet exhaled the breath of the forest and mingled their sweating sap with the waters of the lake, and the lopped bough was scarcely withered before its place was taken by tapering yard and swelling sail.

Seamen then came drifting inland—rough old seadogs who had been burned by the tropical suns and salted in all the seas, profanely contemptuous of such craft and the tame water that floated them, and looking upon this service as a sort of paid holiday. Arnold's masterful personality dominated and held in check these half-mutinous crews, as it directed all the operations of construction and preparation.

One day as Josiah was idly watching the vessels getting guns and ammunition on board and making ready for speedy departure, a hand was laid familiarly on his shoulder, and turning at the touch, he was surprised by the weather-beaten face of his old comrade, Kenelm Dalrymple, smiling up at him with more than the gladness of friendship at the meeting.

"Wal, boy, you're jest the one I was a-wantin', an' yet not expectin' tu find, for I didn't know you was in these parts. They're a-sendin' me off as a scaout tu see what them Britishers is up tu, an' haow many water craft they muster. I telled aour General, or Commodore Arnil, I do' know which he is, 'at Josier Hill was the man I wanted for my comrade, an' Colonel Warner cal'lated you was somewheres 'raound, though he hedn't see'd ye sen your 'listment run aout. Come along where they be, an' they'll give us marchin' orders tu rights."

Kenelm's anticipations were at once realized, and the afternoon was not spent before he and his comrade were embarked in a birch canoe and briskly plying their paddles down the lake. At dark they encamped awhile for supper and rest at the mouth of Otter Creek, a much-used halting place for warriors and hunters from time immemorial.

The night being clear and moonlit, they soon resumed their voyage, as it was important that they should get the desired information as early as possible.

As they were about to step into the canoe, Josiah's quick ear caught the sound of a suppressed human voice, and stealing across to the rocky cedar-grown shore, and peering cautiously through the branches, he saw a canoe approaching, occupied by two men. He crept back to his comrade, communicated his discovery, and the two secreted themselves at a point where the canoe would probably land, or certainly pass very near. This it did in a moment, and the two arising into full view, with rifles cocked and covering the canoemen with deadly aim, Kenelm called, "Come ashore and surrender!"

There was a moment of silent surprise and suspended paddling, then a sullen grunt, and the prow was turned shoreward, and with one sweep of the paddles the canoe lightly touched the shore. The two Indians stepped out under cover of Kenelm's rifle, and Josiah bound their hands behind them.

"Waubanakee?" Kenelm asked.

"Euhhonh," one answered, laconically, and Kenelm, knowing something of the language, asked how many English vessels there were. "Fifty," was the answer. "And more men than I can count."

"That's a lie, tu begin with," Kenelm commented in English. "We sha'n't get nothin' aout o' these chaps, an' might as well knock 'em in the head an' go 'long." But Josiah was not yet educated up to this summary method of disposing of prisoners, and they compromised on binding them and leaving them here until their own return, which, if all was well, would not be long delayed.

The prisoners followed them with sullen eyes until they disappeared in the dim light.

At daybreak the scouts were far down the lake. Landing on a rocky point, Josiah climbed a tall tree, from which he discovered the sails of the advancing British fleet—the white sails slowly rising like clouds above the blue line of the horizon, then the black hulls like islands suddenly born of the lake. He could make out the great leviathan of a rideau, or floating battery, creeping nearer with sweep and sail.

"Sir Guy Carlton's the head o' the hul consarn, so they say," Kenelm remarked, as they watched the advancing fleet, "an' I da' say the' 's a dozen Sir Somebodies aboard o' them vessels. They're thicker 'n mosquitoes in a swamp over in the ol' country. Say, Josi, did ye know 't I jest missed a-bein' one on 'em?" he asked suddenly, breaking a silence of abstracted musing.

"You!" Josiah ejaculated incredulously, staring at the roughly clad, weather-beaten little man, but the brown face was quite serious, except for a twinkle of amusement in the eyes.

"Odd, hain't it? But true as nigh as I can cal'late."

"I sh'd think you'd orter know for sartin' whether 'r no it is or hain't," Josiah remarked.

"But I don't—not sartin," the old ranger answered. "I'll tell ye all I du know when we get afloat." And when they had resumed their paddles he began his story.

"The fust thing I remember was a-bein' tossed in a ship, I s'pose it was, a'most forever on no end o' water, an' comin' at last tu haousen an' folks on land; an' then o' goin' ag'in on smoother water a long ways wi woods, woods on ary side, till bimeby I waked up one mornin' 'mongst odd-lookin' men, feathered an' painted, an' as odd-lookin' red women in blankets o' blue an' red. I was mighty feared on 'em all at fust, but got used tu 'em arter a spell, an' tu not seein' sca'cely a white face, but one

tall, sober, quiet man' at I come tu know was my father.

"Naow an' ag'in he'd be gone for days an' days, an' me left in a big log haouse wi' a good-lookin' red woman takin' keer o' me, an' me a-playin' wi' little red boys an' gals, an' l'arnin' tu talk their lingo, an' all their ways in the woods—sneakin' ontu squirrels an' pa'tridges an' ducks sly as foxes, an' shootin' 'em wi' bow arrers. That's all I remember o' my start in life, an' I come to know it was in a Mohawk taown my father an' me was livin'. So it run along till I was six year ol' mebby, an' a reg'lar leetle Injin as any on 'em, an' one day a party o' painted Injins come bringin' my father tu his haouse on a litter, sore wounded an' at the p'int o' death, an' my squaw mammy a-cryin' an' takin' on over him. He lay mighty still, mostly, an' kep' me clus' tu him, an' one day he says, 'My poor lad, I must go an' leave thee, I'm afeerd,' an he gi' me a package o' papers sewed up in a buckskin bag, an' a leetle pictur' of a woman 'at he tol' me was my mother, an' tol 'me tu keep 'em all safe whatever come. The papers I lost or was stole; the pictur' I'll show ye fust place we land.

"Wal, my father he died pooty soon, an' left me a lone, lorn leetle chap as ever you see. Arter a spell the' was a lawyer man come up from Albany an' took me back along wi' him, an' I was livin' comf'table as I could ask, 'cept goin' tu school, which I didn't like. Next I knowed I was nabbed one evenin' by some o' my ol' Mohawk friends an' carried off tu their taown; an' then I was hustled raoun', hither an' yon, naow huntin', naow fightin'.

"Then I drifted intu Conne't'cut an' the Bay Colony, an' tried tu stiddy daown tu white folkses life, but it wa'n't no use. It was huntin' or trappin' or scaoutin', till at last I was in Rogers' Rangers an' 'long wi' Nabby Crumbie's big army tu Lake George. The' was lots happened betwixt, but nothin' tu du wi' this story. The' was no eend o' sirs an' lords in thet army, an' the best on 'em all was Lord Howe, who was the raal head an' heart o' the army. He hedn't none o' the high an' mighty airs o' most o' the British, 'at was allers a-stickin' up their damned red noses at us Provincials. He knowed we knowed more about bush fightin' 'an they did, an' he sot tu tu l'arn all he could o' ary on' us, officer or private. He wa'n't above takin' lessons o' me in rifle shootin', an' one day he says tu me, 'Where 'd ye git your high-duc' name, Dalrymple?' an' I says, 'From my father, I s'pose.' 'An' who was he?' says he, an' I tol' him all I knowed, it interestin' on him mightily, an' when I showed him the pictur' he looked a long spell at it an' at a sort o' pictur' on the back, an' then he up an' says, 'You've got noble blood in your veins, an' if you had your rights you'd be a Scottish peer. Haow 'd ye like tu be a lord?' 'I do' know, your lordship,' says I. 'I hain't never had no experience in 't. What du they hafter du, my lord?'

"He kinder laughed, an' says he, 'You'd haftu ride over your estate an' see haow things was goin', an' you'd live in a big fine haouse wi' lots o' sarvants, an' entertain lots o' fine ladies an' gentlemen, an' you'd have a seat in Parliament, an' I can't tell ye what all.' 'An' wear fine clothes an' have my hair iled an' powdered?' says I. 'Of course,' says he, 'an' have lots o' money an' hunt an' shoot in the proper seasons.' 'That's suthin' like,' says I, 'but the clo's an' the com'ny, an' the paowdered hair an' the big haouse, I do' want none on 'em, thank ye, my lord, an' then he laughed fit tu split, an' then sobered daown an' says, 'Wal, when this campaign is over I shall look the matter up, for I believe if you had your rights you'd be Sir Kenelm Dalrymple of that ilk, instead of a poor private in the Rangers.' 'But this is a tol'able free life,' says I, 'an' my clo's is easy an' my hair short, an' I don't haftu ride no horse,' an' then he laughed again.

"But he was killed in the fust skirmish, more's the pity for us all, an' there wa'n't never no more o' my bein' Sir Kenelm—not as I care the primin' of a rifle for that, though. Haow'd you enj'y bein' one on 'em, Josi?"

"I hain't never be'n in the lordin' business. Not so much as seen one on 'em, an' I can't say," Josiah answered after some consideration. "But I cal'late a tew hundred acre pitch an' a hired man 'ld gi' me abaout all the lordin' I want to tackle.

"The freedom o' the woods is better 'n the hul on't," said the lordless heir of a princely manor, as he turned the canoe's prow to an inviting beach, and, there as they rested from paddling and stretched their cramped legs, he drew forth from his breast a miniature of a beautiful woman clad in the costume and with her hair in the elaborate dressing of the first decade of the century. In the back of the locket were the armorial bearings of the Dalrymples of Dalrymple, in gold and enamel, with the legend *"Suum cuique."*

"And this is all you ever seen o' your mother is't?" Josiah asked, after studying the fair face awhile.

"All 'at I remember," the old man answered, with a sigh, as he carefully replaced the miniature in an inner pocket. "An I tell ye what it is, boy, a man 'at hain't never had a chance to know his mother has got the odds ag'in him. Wal, there's aour fleets, an' we must let 'em know what they're comin' tu," said Kenelm, as the van of the American flotilla appeared beyond a distant headland.

They made all haste now to return and soon met the flagship in advance. This they boarded and Kenelm made his report to Arnold, while Josiah held on at the side in the canoe, the salt-sea sailors looking down in contempt and wonder at him and his frail craft.

"Say, cabbagehead!" one of them called, "did ye sight the fleet? How many sail, did ye make 'em, an' where away be they?"

"As many as you'll want, an' they'll soon be nigher 'an you want," said Josiah.

Orders that were issued by the German West African officials that all firearms in the hands of the natives should be stamped and registered aroused much discontent. Lieutenant Eggers, in Damaraland, however, got along with no trouble. He had inoculated cattle for the rinderpest three years before, as the Damaras saw, with good results. He therefore announced that he was ready to vaccinate their rifles so as to insure their shooting straight and doing no hurt to their owners, and the Damaras crowded to him to get their guns stamped.

George A. Boardman, Naturalist.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

THE honored subject of this sketch seems to be one of those elect whose lives have been graciously prolonged because of their usefulness to men. Recognized for three-quarters of a century as a keen, discriminating naturalist, and possessing the most complete private museum of natural history extant, he is now, in his eighty-second year, as painstaking as ever in his investigations, devoting himself with energy almost unimpaired by time to his favorite pursuit and study. Statedly, every week he contributes to the Calais Times an article on such natural history subjects as engage the interest of household readers and inform them of the peculiar places which our familiar creatures of the fields and swamps and woods occupy in the animal kingdom. In this manner he does much to remove prejudices against insects, birds and reptiles deemed noxious, and this helps to preserve the biological balance among associated fauna.

Now it happens that students and scientists who have become eminent in their profession are usually so segregated and intent on their transcendental pursuits that they often fail to become conspicuous among the world's honor men; and hundreds of such are enrolled on the unpublished book of the immortals whom the general public have never heard of, simply because they occupy a superlatively higher plane. These have no time to exploit their achievements. Such a man, I may be permitted to say, is George A. Boardman, of Calais, Maine, an ornithologist of highest repute among scientists, a contemporary and whilom associate and co-wôrker with Audubon, Agassiz, Downs, Todd, Baird and Bethune, those studious ob-



GEORGE A. BOARDMAN.

servers of natural objects whose renown lingers after their departure like the afterglow of a midsummer sunset. Scores of his rarest specimens have gone into the Government collections at Washington, not without a transient pang, yet with heroic recognition begotten of a keen sense of Uncle Sam's priority and inherent right of possession. For example, he had in his museum at Calais (which is installed in a spacious two-story building devoted exclusively to the purpose) an incomparable lot of Indian stone implements of most every kind, including some fine spear heads found at the Grand Lake Stream while digging for the first dam in 1860, not far from Dr. Bethune's old camp. Prof. Baird, he remarks, ingenuously enough, "thought the Government Museum had the best right to them, and took them away."

"When Prof. Baird used to visit me," he writes, "we used to go among the elderly people and pick up lots of trumpery (*sic*) such as spinning wheels, flax wheels, old canoes and Indian things. I had a queer old wooden anchor which was dragged up in the lake, such as Indians used to hold their canoes while fishing. Baird thought this a good find. There was a shell heap about twelve miles below here that we used frequently to visit and dig over. He was a very happy man when on the hunt for relics. Even after he was taken sick he used to write me that he wanted to come up and finish that shell heap."

The chief feature of Mr. Boardman's zoological collection is a complete presentation of the local fauna of Maine, including 278 species or varieties of birds found in the eastern section. The museum in its entirety comprises some 2,500 specimens, mounted and in skins, with the young and eggs of the most of them; also a good collection of horns—thirty-five different kinds. Among his rarer miscellaneous specimens are the skins of a black wolf and of a bay lynx (*Lynx rufus*), both obtained in Florida, where he passed no less than twenty winters.

Mr. Boardman has always been an enthusiastic angler, and his adjacent lakes, streams and salt-water estuaries have constantly furnished him with the best fish that ever graced a hook; not only the pelagic roamers of the ocean, but the landlocked salmon, togue, trout and salmon of the waters inland. Prof. P. W. Glover, for many years in the United States Agricultural Department at Washington, was a comrade of his in the days when landlocked salmon bore the name of *Salmo gloveri;* and the two were the first to determine the species, and class it accordingly. An old letter from Mr. Boardman, indited in 1885, enumerates some of his earlier angling friends in the days when he went gipseying; and to a person who remembers them all, by name at least, it seems like roll call to go over them again. There were Dr. Bethune, Rev. James Smith, a Baptist minister of Philadelphia; Geo. P. Trott, of Philadelphia; George Dyer, a lawyer of Washington, D. C.; G. P. Whitney, of Boston, with Ben French, Stephen Pines, John Pollice and Frank Waite as river men and guides. "Senator Edmunds," the letter runs, "was up once or twice with one of my sons, and had great sport. Henry Ward Beecher and his father were up, and also Walter Brackett, the fish painter of Boston; my brother, Wm. H. Boardman, and Geo. M. Porter, of St. Stephen. Mr. Babcock, of Boston, died from snake bite in Florida at Pine Island two years ago. Frank Kennedy, also a fisherman, was with him. Stimpson H. Dennison, Boston; Geo. H. Richards, Boston; his father, Francis Richards, and Uncle Henry Richards used to come up years ago; Judge Ritchie, of New Brunswick; Dr. Leith Adams, Prof. Bailey, of Fredericton, N. B., and many others whom I do not now recall to mind. It is over fifty years ago since I began to go to the lakes, and I can see great changes. Fish then very abundant, have now been killed by tanneries, pickerel, etc. Our St. Croix River used to be a great breeding place for water birds, but since pickerel were put in about thirty years ago they have most all left. Pickerel destroy the chicks, so that very few ducks or grebe now breed with us. Year before last there was very good salmon fishing with fly just above the toll bridge between Calais and Milltown. Some were taken last year, but not so many." [This year, 1899, they were fairly abundant, affording good sport.—Editor.]

Mr. Boardman has been prominent all his life in important business interests, and now is in banks, in steamboats, vessels, lumber and mills. In 1870 he retired with a competency, but his time is quite fully occupied in a variety of ways, the public for the most part being beneficiary. His museum, I understand, is to go to Bowdoin College at his death. He was one of the first half-dozen subscribers to FOREST AND STREAM in 1873, and has continued it ever since. He was born Feb. 5, 1816, and is the father of ten sons and one daughter. His wife's death was recent. The portrait herewith shown was taken in July, and indicates a long continuance of life, for which all men pray.

Wanted, a Sportsman or So.

MANY things have been written for these columns upon the subject of sportsmanship. In our day there are so many diversions which people call sport that I have never admired the word sportsman, but until a better word is found, or becomes idiomatic, it must cover a multitude of very widely differing individuals.

As the word is used, in some of its many applications it is at some time applicable to all mankind, and it seems that it should be relieved, of a portion at least, of its tremendous strain. After having perused FOREST AND STREAM for twenty years, I am of the opinion that it is not a sportsman's nor a sporting journal, and that sportsmen are not especially predominant in its constituency.

In support of my opinion, which I hold with the knowledge of the fact that this journal characterizes itself as "a medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen," I submit that it has fulfilled, and is fulfilling, a broader, higher and nobler mission, and that it has attained beyond the status implied by its own modest characterization of itself. We may as well call Cæsar a soldier, or Shakespeare a poet, without some qualifying or distinguishing addition.

The word sport as defined by Webster is an abbreviation of the word disport, and its import or definition, as generally interpreted, implies play, diversion, wantonness, mockery and trifling. Webster's definition of sportsman is "one who pursues the sports of the field; one who hunts, fishes and fowls."

With thus much for complaint, I desire to submit as argument, logic, or what you will, that the constituency most notably represented by FOREST AND STREAM is not made up of sports, triflers, hunters, fishers nor fowlers. To clinch this assertion I will be content to offer the pages of the journal for a quarter of a century as evidence, and rest my side of the case. I freely admit that mere triflers, fishers, fowlers and hunters are comprehended and in evidence, but I affirm they are in the vast minority and decreasing most beautifully.

Admitting the distinction that, to the minds of most readers, there is between sports, sporters, sporting men and sportsmen, I do not think either the editors, the chief contributors to nor the body of readers of FOREST AND STREAM can be fairly called or distinguished properly by any sportive appellation. You will scarcely find a more serious class, and if they resort to the forests and streams they are not often in quest of sport so much as of recreation, rest, exercise or contemplation.

I object to the word sportsman for more than one reason, but, for the sake of brevity, I enter my first complaint on the ground of its being misleading and morally pernicious as applied to the class of persons comprehended in the phrase "American sportsmen." Let us confine the meaning of the word sportsman to Webster's definitions—"One who pursues the sports of the field; one who hunts, fishes and fowls"; or "One skilled in the sports of the field." According to the first a sportsman must pursue sports, hunt, fish and fowl; according to the second he must be skilled in the sports.

I will make the assertion that the great majority of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, its editors and its most entertaining and appreciated contributors are not sportsmen in any specific sense of the word. If this assertion is denied I will not consider it refuted until twelve good men and true, its most popular contributors, admit over their signatures that they are sportsmen. Even if they deny the title through modesty or diffidence they are not to have it conferred or thrust upon them without a chance to defend themselves.

I have tossed my glove into the very center of the arena. Let the champion of the other side have at him. I have some fresh spear heads up my sleeve.

The arrogant assertions foregoing have not been made without considerable experience, observation and reflection. Twenty years ago I aspired to be a sportsman; ten years ago I was content to think I was a sportsman;

since then I have successively retrograded, doubted, denied, and finally repudiated the title. Recent contributions to this journal have frequently confirmed my opinion, especially many allusions and much logic relating to what constitutes true sportsmanship.

Among the latest articles in FOREST AND STREAM that have expressed my sentiments, more forcibly than I can express them myself, have been some from Coahoma, Didymus and Podgers. In the issue of July 8 the observations of Podgers are particularly honest, candid and humane. Neither of the three mentioned can be truly called a representative sportsman, but they have my vote as being most representative of the best sentiments in the nature of mankind.

When Podgers says, "I find that this aversion to killing is growing as I get older, and the sportsman's interest assumes a milder form. I go out less, and when I do I avoid the risk of wounding my game. If I am not sure of it I do not shoot," and when he further quotes a friend, who, asked about shooting, replies, "No; the fact is I am beginning to think as I grow older that shooting after all is a cruel thing, and I am conscious of a growing repugnance to taking life"—I say when a man writes thus he is no longer a sportsman, and in all probability he never was one at heart. There is, furthermore, plenty of evidence that Podgers is not alone in his views.

In my "exterminatory peregrinations" I have from time to time met many Western hunters, frontiersmen and pioneers—men who have spent their lives with rifle, axe and camping outfit, and who have hunted, fished and fowled in many forests and by many streams. It is not among such men, probably as experienced as any in the world, that ardent sportsmen are found. Old hunters and backwoodsmen, almost without exception, although they may haunt the frontiers, forests and streams out of pure fondness for the wilderness, or confirmed habits of seclusion, it is not for the purpose of sport in taking the lives of other creatures. They are always the most careful of men in the selection of seasonable game, and kill only such as they have urgent need of. If they by force of circumstances become trappers or market-hunters they may exterminate—but that is "business" instinct and is not sport in any sense.

To speak from my own experience, after hunting and prowling about Western mountains more or less for twenty-five years, I think I was more of a sportsman to begin with, when a boy, than I have been since. I certainly pursued field sports, hunting, fishing and fowling; and if I did not enjoy killing fish and game I was much elated when successful sometimes. I do not think I ever found pleasure in killing game, but the pleasure was in its acquisition and possession, or a certain pride in the achievement. But over and above it all, even as far back as I can recall, I believe the greatest pleasure was in the preparation, sneaking off from home or school to the woods, monkeying with an uncertain gun or fishing tackle, tearing my best pair of pants, stubbing out my boots, getting full of briars and stings, and empty of about everything else, and then going home in about as meek and apologetic a kind of way as such a combination of circumstances alone can produce. There was, unquestionably, fun in it, even if I didn't kill a chipmunk or catch a shiner. I usually caught a whale at home. My own experience in youth, and subsequent observation, confirms my belief that only a very youthful or an immature or vicious mind finds sport in the destruction of animal life.

I think a sort of instinctive fondness for nature and sequestered scenes is the chief attraction that lures, or rather persuades, man to seek secluded woods and fields and explore the unfrequented wildernesses and waters. This instinct is something entirely distinct from and superior in every way to the other inclinations that prompt the "count fisherman," the "game hog" or the pot or market-hunter. If the former nature is induced to practice destructive arts upon the creatures of the forests, fields and waters it is always to supply comforts or necessities, or because he is trained by the teaching and custom of others by whom he models his character. If a youth is made to believe by the legends, precepts and practices of his elders, and "approved good masters," that true sportsmanship implies merely the pursuit of the sports of the field, which results in skillful hunting, fishing and fowling, he is more than likely to become a sportsman, pure and simple, than he is to become a man capable of contributing the sentiments of a Podgers, a Didymus or a Coahoma to the intellectual and humane ethics that sustain and maintain civilization in its sway over inhuman and barbarous instincts. The wanton "civilized" butcher of game is, in reality, an inferior animal to most, if not to all, savages. There is no excuse for him.

I advance my opinions upon this subject with about as much assurance as a man can speak of anything because, favored by circumstances and opportunities, I have formed my conclusions after twenty-five years of practical experience and observation. I have fished, fowled and hunted until I think I find no pleasure in the pursuit to kill any creature. I can support Podgers to the extent that I not only find this aversion to killing growing as I get older, but it is keenly painful to me to kill anything unless necessity, or apparent necessity, demands it.

I write these lines from the backwoods and under conditions that frequently induce me to hunt and fish, but I find myself watching deer walk away into the thickets, with my rifle on my shoulder and no meat in the house; I have aimed at a squirrel a dozen times, to finally reconsider and let him alone in his old tree; the scatter gun rusts in its rack and has not been fired for a year, although there are quail and grouse within its easiest range. There is a small trout stream at my door, and twice this season I "piked" along it for a mile and back again and took several fish, but they looked so much better in the water than out of it that there was anything but sport in the raid.

Your ardent and lively sportsman may smile or possibly sneer at such confessions as these, and allude to their expression as sentimental twaddle. He is welcome to his fling, but I will enlist to maintain this twaddle against much of the "sentiment" expressed by sportsmen who have even grown gray in making big counts of kills and long strings of gills.

It is a singular thing that is coming (or rather, can it not be said, that has come?) to pass; instead of sportsmen "who pursue the sports of the field," skillful at fishing, fowling and hunting, a class of men is taking the place of the sportsmen who rather protect the fields from the sports, and believe in the propagation of fish, fowl and game, not in the annihilation of them.

Therefore, in the consideration of these things, it doth seem that, hitherto, in the extermination of other creatures the true sportsmen hath been obliterating himself; and whereas an entirely different estimate is being applied to practices called sportsmanship, insomuch that it appeareth that there is something incompatible betwixt the name and the true constituency represented by this journal; and so, directing the attention of those in authority to the matter, your petitioner ceaseth this screed.

RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, California, July.

Natural History.

Chases in the Air.

EAST WAREHAM, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Many times, when shooting wild ducks, I have seen birds of prey after the same game, and while my sympathy was always with the weaker bird, I could but admire the chase. Hawking was royal sport in the Middle Ages, and it still survives in nature. The peregrine and lanier falcons were used in olden times, and they may be seen nowadays in full chase over the great wild meadows of the Puget Sound country.

We read how fast some ducks fly, the canvasback well in front; who shall tell us how fast the falcon flies when he pitches after the fleeing bird? Anyone who has shot greenwing teal as they come in from the broad water to feed on the marshes in the dusk will concede that their flight is more like that of a baseball thrown with snipe-like variations than anything else.

The Puyallup meadows opposite Tacoma were once a fine place for teal shooting; facing the west one has the benefit of the twilight, and can see his birds in time to make calculations for a shot. The principal marshes of the Sound do face the sunset, while those of Hood's Canal do not. In estimating rates of speed, size of body and uncertain light have something to do with apparent velocity, the sudden appearance and disappearance of a small bird giving the impression of going like lightning. However, fast as he flies, the falcon must be able to double his speed when he makes his closing effort. In one case I was watching for teal and one passed me at about 40ft. As many yards behind came a peregrine, which caught its game in the next 70yds. This bird fairly whizzed as it went by, and appeared very round-breasted, like a pouter pigeon. The birds flew so quickly that I had no time to bring my gun to bear on either.

Another time, as I was sitting on the bank of Wapato Creek, three teal were coming my way and I was just pulling myself together for a shot when a falcon struck one. They were hardly near enough for my shot, but I fired and the peregrine dropped his game and flew off. On picking the duck up I could find no marks of either talons or shot; still, it could not fly.

Greenwings seem to be a favorite game, probably on account of their convenient size. It never seemed to me that they were aware an enemy was after them, and I never saw one try to dodge. I recollect once seeing a pintail that knew something was after him, and he had a full head of steam up for the race, which was nip and tuck for 300yds. and was won by the duck, the falcon giving up the chase. Unfortunately I did not see the beginning, but I suppose that he did not get near enough to make his dash reach, and, having made it, he could not sustain the speed long enough.

A hard-shot bird will often fall a victim to a falcon. My brother Phil had one so taken at Deer Lagoon, on Whidby Island. It was a buffle-head, which species often escapes by precipitately taking to water. Guillemots do the same.

I have never seen a mallard pursued by a hawk of any kind. Widgeons immediately take to water if one appears. On the Nisqually Flats I have seen an acre or so of wideons dive with such regularity as a hawk sailed over them that they produced a wave, which began at one edge of the flock and ran across to the other, as though one single sea had rolled through the pack.

Plover and sandpipers have but slender chance of escape when once singled out. They, however, are mostly pursued by the smaller falcons, the peregrine or lanier seldom seeking them.

At certain seasons the Sound marshes are frequented by a small sandpiper that goes in immense flocks. We called them "pip." They were very gentle, and could be approached near enough for terrible slaughter if one were disposed that way. One incident will illustrate: Mr. Edwards, the father of the taxidermists of that name in Tacoma, told me that needing some specimens, he and one of his boys rowed up to a log on which a flock were resting; they took a raking shot with, I think, four barrels, resulting in enough for their requirements and, incidentally, thirteen dozen for Isaac Chilberg. The first were stuffed with Edwards Brothers' acknowledged skill, and the last by the patrons of Chilberg's restaurant. However cooked, "pip" are not much to brag of, but hawks like them, and the appearance of a hawk will make all the "pip" on the marsh restless; they fly and scream incessantly until the hawk singles one out, when the chase is short. The very abundant, small, red-backed falcon of Washington is their foe. I have seen this hawk chase a Brewer's blackbird for some distance, the undulating flight of the blackbird preventing its capture. I was once called out of my house by the squalling of a chicken. Right in the dooryard lay a small pullet with one of these little falcons sitting on her. The hawk would bear down as though trying to dig his heels in, each effort eliciting a squall from the chick. I took two shots at him with a pistol and he cleared out; the chicken ran under a pile of lumber.

Snipe are not often chased by hawks, and the only instance I recall took place over the Puyallup meadows. A Wilson's snipe was flying about, as they often do, at an elevation of perhaps 200ft.; a small hawk closed in with him, and he towered, going up 50ft. perpendicularly. This was repeated each time the hawk attained the same level, until the snipe was so high I could no longer see him. The hawk came down without succeeding and began beating up the meadows afresh.

Meadow larks are often caught, their abundance and regular flights making them an easy target for the small falcons. I use the word hawk sometimes in speaking of this bird, which is a sparrow hawk and nests in an old stub like the mottled owl. I saw such a nest, with young in it, on the road to the Deschutes River.

In thirty years with a gun I have never seen a bald eagle chase a duck, but have several times seen them pursue the silver gull, probably for something the gull had rather than for the bird itself. The eagle has the reputation of killing ducks, and as careful a writer as Capt. Mayne Reid describes the killing of a swan by a pair. While in Maryland, on the Little Choptank River, I met a gentleman who assured me that eagles were very destructive to wildfowl, and he systematically hunted them with a rifle. In this part of Massachusetts, along the Agawam River, they are quite plenty during the herring run.

One man in our village has a record of fifteen or sixteen shot in one season. I trust this statement will pass uncensured, as the killing was done years ago, and there is a great diversity of opinion about eagles, their prominence on our coat-of-arms and coinage making them popular. I know of one instance where an eagle struck a wooden decoy. This happened with an uncle of mine some fifty or more years ago. He was "coying" for shelldrakes at the time, and having no especial veneration for eagles, shot this one. Within a few years this same uncle had a flock of Pekin ducks attacked by an eagle.

The crepuscular habits of ducks and owls often bring them together, but I have never seen an owl chase anything, although they will beat up the ground quite briskly and drop on to their prey.

One evening I was waiting after a very dull flight for just one more duck, when a great horned owl dropped on one of my wooden decoys. His advent was so silent and unexpected that I was unprepared to shoot, and he disappeared. Directly one of my live decoys set up a terrified quacking. She was sitting under a bank, and over her was poised the owl. I gave him a charge of shot and he took himself off into the darkness.

This owl no doubt picks up a good many wounded birds and can catch ducks sitting on the water. I have seen very dark specimens of this bird in Washington, where they are quite plenty.

There is another owl, much smaller, that hunts those meadows a great deal. He comes out before sunset, and even in midday I have seen one beating about for mice. They have the most spread of wing for their weight of any bird I ever handled, and are very mopey and weak. It was no uncommon thing to see three or four quartering the marsh at one time. I never determined the species to which this owl belonged, but I know that its body was scarcely larger than a robin's and that it certainly spread 2ft. of wing.

My impression is that game birds are decreasing faster than birds of prey, especially in the West; in this part of Massachusetts predaceous birds are very scarce. I am led to believe that the disappearance of all kinds of game has something to do with this. Thirty years ago the Cooper's and sharpshinned hawks were quite common; I could find their nests every spring. This year I have seen but two Cooper's and one sharpshinned, and one pair of red-tailed. The marsh harrier is now our most abundant species, and he, of all hawks of my acquaintance, catches the most cottontail rabbits. If those countries where this little fellow, or his relative, is a pest had lots of harriers they would catch the bunnies. Then I suppose it would be, Who shall catch the harriers?

Man seems to disturb the balance of nature when introducing exotic species, many of which, put out with the best of intentions, have become as pestiferous as some plants that were brought here for medicinal or other properties and are now among our most troublesome weeds.

WALTER B. SAVARY.

Why the Kissing Bug Kisses.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is as difficult to get an authentic description of the sensational kissing bug as it has been of the sea serpent, although both put in a frequent appearance at summer resorts. No two accounts agree. The real fact is, the kissing bug is a myth, and non-existent, although the recorded cases of hospital patients being victims of insect bites are too substantial facts. Flies in particular, as is well known, communicate fatal poison after feeding on carrion or other blood-poisoning material. There are various insects of other orders which are attracted by sweets, and the reason why they so often attack the human lips is that those persons' lips bear traces of food or other attractive substances which have been eaten; and in repelling the attack they enrage the bug, that bites; or the insect, while feeding, may leave poison matter on the delicate tissues of the lips, to be absorbed into the circulatory system. Moral to everybody: Wipe your mouth clean.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Deer on Martha's Vineyard.

NAVIGATOR BARTHOLOMEW GOSNOLD mentions in the diary of his voyage of 1602 having found deer on the Island of Martha's Vineyard, Mass., to which it is supposed they swam from the mainland when pursued by hunters. Being an isolated spot they would remain undisturbed and readily multiply. The author of "Belknap's Biographies," printed in 1798, learned from Benjamin Bassett, of Chilmark, that the last deer seen there and shot at was in 1720. The horns of deer, he stated, had been ploughed up several times on the westward or landward side of the island; a fact interesting in itself, as well as indicating an absence of rodents and other vermin which quickly destroy them when cast.

C. H.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Last of the Lincolns.

THE bobolink's song rises faintly over the rich meadow lands of New York and New England—from solitary throats. From fields where once flocks of the blythe warblers nested and caroled, to-day but a pair of these birds can be found. Roadsides skirting broad, green pastures may be traversed and not one bobolink seen nor heard in the stretch of a mile; whereas, within the last ten years it was a delight to go awheel adown these roads and listen to the brilliant singers as they rose above the grass tops. The people of these country sides cannot be accused of responsibility for the decrease, though, it is true, a few birds are captured for cage pets. North of the lower Hudson River and Long Island the bobolink is not considered a game bird nor protected as such. It is protected and classes as a song bird. It is when the bird has changed his identity and well started on his Southern migration that his numbers begin to diminish—when his handsome coat of black and silver has been cast aside for the smudgy, brown suit of travel and the glad warble of June days changed to a monotonous, sparrow-like chirp.

The reeds of the Susquehanna and Delaware rivers and bays of Pennsylvania furnish the bobolink his first alias—the reed bird—delicious eating for the most fastidious appetite, an epicurean tid-bit.

In this region the bagging of our one-time songster is carried on in slaughter-house fashion—pot-hunting is the style which pays. The bird is small and powder is costly.

A man who understands netting will sell you 100 birds daily, and such an amount is a minimum quantity.

The birds go further South as winter approaches; to the rice fields, still meeting the same destructive fate, but under the name of rice bird. Further yet he travels: to the Gulf and Antilles—the butter bird, and still a rarebit.

It is stated in New York city and Philadelphia that sparrows are masquerading at several eating houses under the name of reed birds (product of window-ledge trapping, etc.), and let us hope their flavor matches that possessed by Robert of Lincoln. CAPT. KIDDE.

The Robin as a Mock Bird.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is a resemblance to the cry of Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! in the obligato of all robins (*M. migratorius*) that have sung in my hearing, though I am sure the resemblance is a fancy on my rather than a deliberate imitation on the part of the bird. Your correspondent who writes of the robin as a mock bird will find by observation that individuality plays a most important part in bird music, as in bird life.

The rendering of any well-known musical composition is never twice alike, save when the hand organ or other mechanical device "grinds it out." Personal expression varies among us humans, and so it is with the birds. This time-worn obligato of our robin is rendered differently hundreds of times each spring by robins who, though they adhere closely to the original *motif,* express their own individuality in often a marked manner when voicing it.

Practically all our songsters have this peculiarity. I have in mind a Baltimore oriole who possessed the true ringing note of his family, but whose Tu-e! tu-e! tu-e! had a most peculiar nasal twang, followed by a bad break on the final note. This bird (easily identified by his voice as above) nested for three seasons in my immediate neighborhood. Anyone who will listen to our feathered orchestras and who is at all familiar with our birds, will be quickly impressed by the "personal equation" they voice.

I do not presume to say that such a "curio" as a mocking robin in the wildwoods does not exist. They are certainly capable of being taught, for I have known a caged robin to learn a few simple notes, but I still incline to the idea that further investigation will show a fancied rather than a premeditated resemblance in the song of friend K.'s robin.

By the way, we are honored by the summer sojourn of two fine wild mockingbirds here. They have made the sunny days brighter and the moonlight nights more lovely with wonderful melody these many weeks.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

BAY RIDGE, N. Y.

A Curious Nesting Place.

ON June 29 the nest of an Arkansas fly-catcher (*T. verticalis*) was taken from the hood of an electric light mast at this place. It contained four moderately fresh eggs and had been abandoned by the parent birds. The nest had been placed on the cross-bar about midway between the hanger and the hood, and within a few inches of a 1,200 candle power arc lamp. The cause of its abandonment was undoubtedly due to the intense heat generated by the iron hood. The past spring was an unusually late one, and the weather, for this section of country, quite cold till well along in June, when Old Sol came out and announced his readiness for regular summer business. In the shade the thermometer registered 108 to 115 degrees, and under the sheet iron hood at the top of the arc mast it was too much for even the parental affections of the birds. They would fly to the edge of the hood, hold themselves momentarily in the air while they took a peep at their nest, then slowly fly away. Finally they left it for good, and although still about, do not appear to have done further nesting. This was, however, their second attempt at nest-making in such position. The first one, built in May, was destroyed by the electrician, as it interfered with the working of the lamp, but the other being out of the way, although the lamp was in nightly use, was allowed to remain till the birds themselves abandoned it. OCCASIONAL.

YUMA, Ariz., July 21.

Self.

BALTIMORE, July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reading "Self" in issue of the 22d inst., the following couplet came to my mind from an old book long ago out of print.

Great is the worth of self where none remains
And loyalty to self alone obtains.

E. S. Y.

Game Bag and Gun.

The July number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine is now ready. See advertisement of it.

Getting There First.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Many people wonder why the game laws have been and are being so heedlessly violated, when they ought not express wonder at all. People who pose as the best law-abiding citizens frequently go for grouse and woodcock a month or six weeks before the open season. They go because they feel that they must if they expect to get any game; for, as has been demonstrated on former occasions, if they wait until the open season they, as a rule, find that early market-hunters have invaded their haunts and left nothing for the legal-time hunter but disappointment and a few of the wildest kind of birds, mostly old ones, at that. Men who abhor the violation of law when they know that poachers are relentlessly depriving them of the tart of their fall holidays, will naturally have a nervous feeling, which, to put it as I now think it, is the ovary of an illegal bird hunt which rapidly develops into a misdemeanor. Such men are not wanton violators at heart; they simply want their rights, and in getting them they do not feel that they are playing against the law, but against the market-hunters and poachers who want a great big, glorious (?) day's hunt to tell about some time in the future.

These men whom I mention are the hinges on which swing the poachers. Generally they are of the type that have no enemies worthy of mention—just the kind that a protector would be prone to close his eyes upon. As a rule they are good-natured, whole-souled, sympathetic fellows, who win the esteem of all who have dealings with them. What, then, is the manifest remedy? With the ravenous poachers doctored up as they should be, our good "sports" would hail with delight the advent of an epoch in gamedom for which they have thus far vainly hoped; a time when they can calmly await the open season with assurance that game will not be illegally molested, at least to any great extent.

I have heard it remarked time and again that if a man wanted to get any game he must get there before this one or that one or some other one (mentioning several well-known local market-hunters) gets in his early work, or get "left."

If the game protectors would just start in and "bag," for the first, those whom they know have derived financial benefit from illegal shooting they would not be constrained by their regard for the hinge men to shirk their duty in the least; for, as I intimated before, "douse" the extensive illegal shooter and the smaller ones will gladly disappear of their own accord.

I do not mean to uphold law-breakers of any description, but I simply present my ideas of the quickest, surest and least troublesome way of doing the right thing.

CHAS. H. SMODELL.

STILLWATER, N. Y.

Guides and Employers.

IN late issues some of my American cousin sportsmen have been giving expression to their woes in experiences of guides.

With due modesty, might I presume to think that, as an old stager, I could offer some suggestions? Guides (as they are unhappily, to their own and their employer's detriment, designated) are, like all the rest of us, a few very good, many indifferent, a few bad. Good ones you may call archbishops, if you like—it won't hurt them or you. The balance, through their naming, get a wrong impression of whom they and you are in the respective relations. Instead of recognition of the fact that you are giving them employment to earn their living, and thus stand in exactly the same relation to them that the employer does to the employed in any other business in life, they feel as if they owned you for the time.

My suggestions, addressed particularly to novices, are these: When you have determined in what wilds you are going to rove, shoot or fish, get the very best obtainable maps and on largest scale of the region. They will be more or less defective, probably more. Having fitted yourself out according to your individual tastes with what you are going to eat, drink, wear and live under—and in this don't be "guided," but take your own advice—the next thing is to find and engage the services of some healthy, sturdy, sober woodsman. Tell him you are not hiring a guide, that you are looking for a man to chop and carry and row or paddle you about, and make himself useful, day or night, in any way you may call for that is within his ability. Pay him accordingly. Get another similar man who, as woodsman, or on log drives in lumber camps, has been accustomed to cook in open air in all weathers; as a test question, ask him if he can guarantee to make, from his sack of flour, fair, digestible bread in steady rain, with no shelter—over him or fire—other than what nature and his own wits may at the moment afford. If his experiences have included this he'll do as cook anywhere—forest or prairie.

Thus equipped, start into your unknown territory, go to no hotel or camp, ask no one's advice or direction. Take wrong routes, make blunders in your stalk, find that particular contrivance of your own that you fondly imagined the pearl of your outfit, an infernal useless nuisance—all these amount to nothing compared with the advantage of finding out your country for yourself, of learning, of yourself, what is best, and enjoying the keen pleasure of the explorer, a pleasure greater far than that of "killing something," take the word of an old hand at both.

The next time you will start in with a fund of knowledge of woodcraft and a feeling of happy independence of any dry nursing guidance, that will enhance manifold the enjoyment of your holiday in the wilds. When inculcating so much independence in choice and action, I would not undervalue the counsel of experienced friends, nor the study, before going, of good books on outdoor life, such as many published by this paper's company. My suggestions mean that once started you are to do your own thinking and make your own decision. You may at first often blunder, but as a result, knowledge and proficiency will rapidly come, and of quality rarely attainable when every move is under so-called guidance.

Don't be taught by those who as a matter of contract are there to do what you tell them; you would not in business or politics do it. Whether it be with a so-called guide, or with a Scotch gardener, there is much in the philosophy of the retired admiral, ignorant of horticulture, who, having ordered his hyacinth bulbs to be planted in rows, the bulbs upward, replied to a friend's laughter-choked pointing out of the absurdity, and question of why he had not consulted his gardener, "Never mind, they are going to stay that way. It's wholesome discipline for him, as he is a little inclined to presume on his knowledge and forget that I am in command, not he. I'll have him water them all extra carefully to-night."

I hope that the term "guide" may not be imported into our Canadian woods. We are satisfied to employ, on our sporting excursions, canoemen, axemen, cooks, as we do for more serious pursuits therein.

Treating of names—a digression—I am reminded of that of "muscalonge" which I see printed under an excellent illustration of the fish in a recent number. We have rather loosely anglicized this word. Its etymology begins with the Indian root "kino" or "kinwa," meaning "long," as in "kinosi," he is tall, "kinogami," long lake and the terminal root "je," which I may call a "fishy" one which make for the common pike the name "kinonje," i.e. "the long fish." The prefixed root "mus" or "mas" is that which appears at the beginning of the word "Mississippi," and means great, hence "The Great River (sipi, river)." The whole Indian name for the fish delineated becomes "maskinonje" or "greater pike," a fairly correctly definitive name. COUREUR DES BOIS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Minnesota Reserve Movement Organizes.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 26.—The meeting for preliminary organization of the Minnesota forest reserve movement was held yesterday evening at the rooms of the Chicago Athletic Association, and was an enthusiastic and workmanlike success in all particulars. The following gentlemen were present. Col. John S. Cooper, of Chicago; Dr. H. M. Bracken, of the State Board of Health, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. Chas. Cristadoro, St. Paul, Minn. From Chicago were others as below: John A. Henry, Jas. B. Clow, C. D. Peacock, Geo. W. Cass, John E. Williams, H. E. W. Blatchford, H. Blatchford, L. J. Osborn, L. W. Pitcher, Henry S. Fitch, O. R. Glover, Howard F. Chappell, Geo. W. Davis, Frank A. Johnson, F. S. Baird, M. R. Bortree, G. W. Strell, Fred Gardner, H. R. S. Williams, Chas. M. Osborn, John F. Eberhart, Dr. J. N. Crouse, H. G. McCartney, J. D. Adams, J. H. Whitbeck, John A. Campbell and Geo. O. Shields, of New York. On motion of Col. Cooper Mr. E. W. Blatchford was called to the chair and briefly and ably stated the reasons for the meeting and his personal approbation of the motives of same. The chairman then called upon Col. Cooper who, in a characteristic speech, described the general purposes of the meeting and the resources of the region in question. Col. Cooper used a large wall map to illustrate his talk. He said it was only two years ago that he first saw this beautiful country and he was charmed with it and then resolved to save it if that were possible. On the map he pointed out a vast slice of the State of Minnesota 140 by 118 miles in extent, which he said he would like to see set apart for this reserve, and also smaller sections which would be acceptable if we could not get so large a tract as we might like. He said he had long ago written to the President of the United States, who had replied referring the communication to the Secretary of the Interior. He wanted a Congressional committee and did not get it, and then at a lucky moment a friend, a member of Congress, had suggested the idea that a visit by some or all of the members of Congress to that region would be better than any lobby, or any committee, better than any writing, better than anything else. So he had tried what he could do. The Great Northern and the C., B. & Q. railways had turned in to help him, a prominent official of the Great Northern saying to him: "Well, it won't, perhaps help us, and it won't, perhaps, break us, but it won't kill us, and it's right!" So that was the way the matter had shaped itself up to the present time. There were difficulties, but not insuperable ones. There were in the tract 1,000,000 acres of land belonging to lumbermen, nearly 5,000,000 belonging to Government, nearly 4,000,000 acres belonging to the Indians. All this could be arranged for without prejudice to any rights and by the use of funds not overwhelmingly large. This was a great health region, as Dr. Bracken, here present, could testify. He was gratified to see that the Commercial Club of St. Paul had cordially indorsed this movement and chosen a committee to send to this meeting after fuller organization. Col. Cooper said he thought a formal organization, to be but of a tentative sort, the beginning of the body itself, was something which was now imperative.

Dr. Bracken was now called to serve as recording secretary, and was seated amid applause for the Minnesota man who has done so much to aid this enterprise. Mr. Henry S. Fitch, of Chicago, was called upon to speak of the sporting possibilities and general beauty of this big Minnesota tract, which he did from his personal experience in that region. He was enthusiastic in his praise.

Dr. Bracken, when called upon, spoke at some length and cordially of this enterprise, saying it seemed providential. The Minnesota Medical Society had long ago sent out a committee to hunt out sanitary lands for patients afflicted with pulmonary complaints. They had selected this very tract. "We were about to memorialize Congress when we heard of this very movement," he said. The original intention was to ask Congress to withhold these lands, and with the co-operation of the Federation of Women's Clubs this had been asked of Congress, and these lands were so withheld, and were lying there waiting for this very project to set them aside forever from such sale. The State Game Warden was delighted with this idea. The State Fire Warden was delighted quite as much. It was a movement which was attracting much attention and approbation in Minnesota.

Mr. Chas. Cristadoro said that we were here to ask Congress to do no one a favor, but to do only its duty—to pro-

tect the headwaters of our greatest river, to save that region from the devastating axe of the lumberman. Wisconsin and Michigan were devastated now, and part of Minnesota. All that was left of the great virgin pine forest was this little region in Minnesota, a speck upon the map. To cut it would leave no timber like it in the entire West. It would mean that there would be here, as in Wisconsin and Michigan, a series of decayed and desolated towns, the wreckage of the lumber regions, with no hope and no future. To save this region meant to give it a future, and a great one.

Col. Cooper now offered the following well-considered resolution, which was really the main business of the evening:

"Whereas, This meeting has been called solely for the purpose of counseling togethering over our common purpose of saving to the present and future generations the native forests at the headwaters of the Mississippi in the State of Minnesota;

"And, whereas, We desire to make the proposed organization national rather than local in its constituent membership, and especially to act in harmony and co-operation with the friends of this movement in Minnesota:

"Therefore be it resolved, That the action of this meeting shall be confined to the appointment of a committee on organization as follows:

"The committee shall consist of fifty gentlemen, of whom thirty shall be from Minnesota and shall be elected by the joint action of the Commercial Club of St. Paul and the Commercial Club of Minneapolis; and the other twenty members of said committee shall be from gentlemen present, or who have indorsed this movement; and such committee shall report a plan of permanent organization at the next meeing, to be held on Friday, Aug. 11, 1899, in the Chicago Athletic Association, at 8 o'clock P. M. They shall also have full power by correspondence and otherwise to enlist other gentlemen from Minnesota and elsewhere, in this movement, and add their names to the membership of the organization; and they shall also report to such meeting the different offices of the organization, together with the names of the respective gentlemen whom they shall recommend for election thereto. They shall also recommend the name for the permanent organization. Said committee shall appoint an executive committee of a smaller number, who shall have full power to act for the whole committee."

The foregoing was carried unanimously. On motion of Mr. Fitch a sub-committee on membership was appointed by the chair, consisting of Col. J. S. Cooper, H. S. Fitch and Jas. B. Clow. These retired and later reported the following list of names: Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York; Dr. O. W. Nixon, Dr. Frank Billings, Hon. C. C. Kohlsaat, Gen. John McNulta, Hon. H. S. Fitch, Capt. J. B. Clow, Col. J. S. Cooper, Messrs. E. Hough, Otis R. Glover, Arthur Orr, C. D. Peacock, H. G. McCartney, J. H. Whitbeck, Joseph Leiter, Joseph Winterbotham, L. W. Pitcher, E. W. Blatchford, J. A. Kelsey and E. F. Daniels, of Chicago.

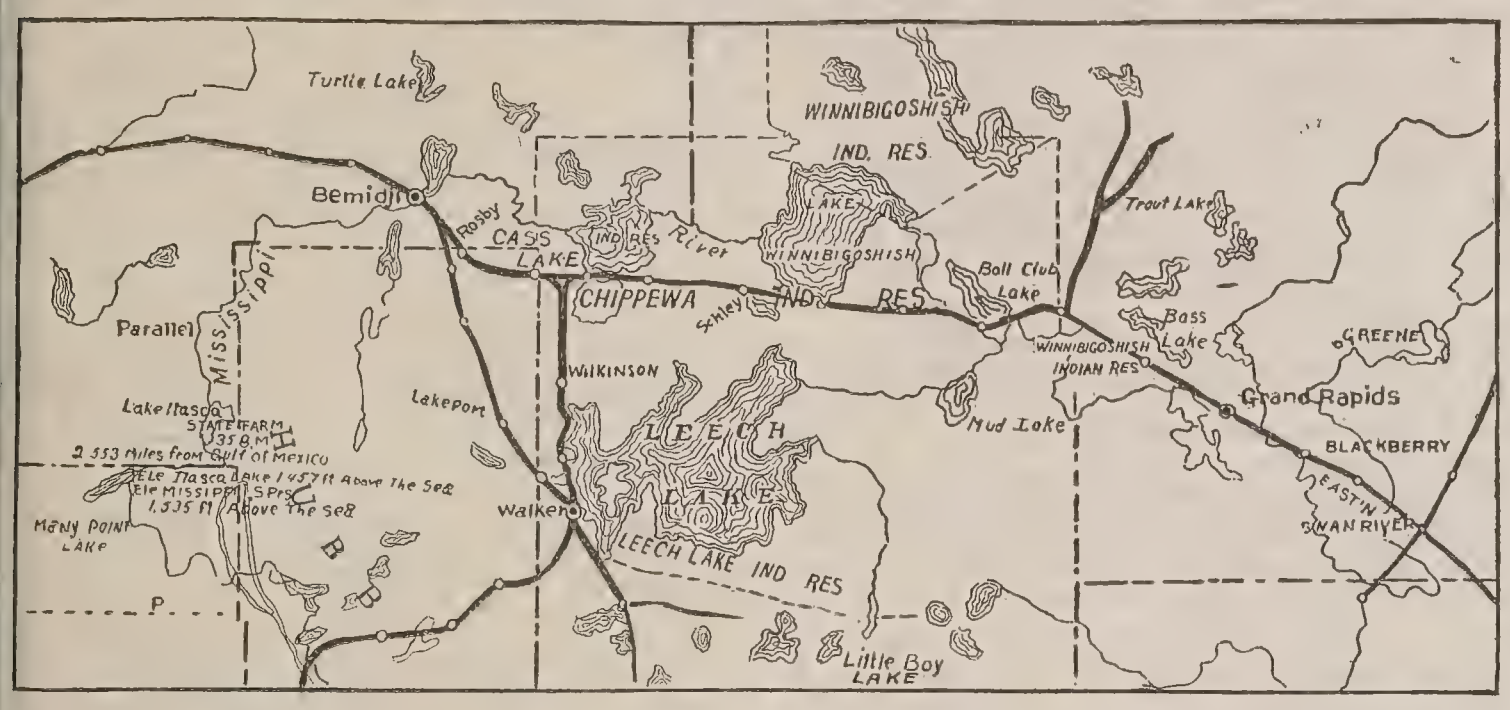
The list was adopted without dissent.

Meantime general discussion went on. Mr. Bortree rose to ask what would be the effect upon the game of that country if this reservation were established. The chairman explained to him that it had been the history of the country that when game was protected it was not exterminated, no matter how old the region. This reservation would be under the absolute protection of the United States Government and United States troops. Meantime letters of regret for obligatory absence were read from many gentlemen to whom invitations had been sent; and without exception these were of most cordial indorsement of the enterprise. Such communications were from Judge C. C. Kohlsaat, Dr. Frank Billings, Marshall Field, E. W. Blatchford, Arthur Orr, F. T. Bentley, Edwin F. Daniels, W. P. Mussey, J. B. Knight, J. B. Sanborn, Joseph Winterbotham, Dr. O. W. Nixon, Jas. T. Beeks, J. M. Oliver, Gen. J. M. McNulta, Sidney T. Eastman, J. A. Kelsey, W. P. Tuttle, Wm. Annan Taylor, all of Chicago, who pleaded absence from city or other pressing reasons for not being on hand. Among similar letters from gentlemen outside of Chicago were those from Messrs. W. E. Moses, of Denver; Leo. M. Crafts, of Minneapolis; Burdett Loomis, of Hartford, Conn., and letters of great interest were also read from Governor Theodore Roosevelt, of New York; officials of importance in railway circles of the West, from W. B. Chamberlain, editor of the Minneapolis Journal, etc. The reading of these communications, from men who were either well acquainted with the country in question or who expressed the warmest and most intelligent interest in the project, was met with frequent applause. It was easily apparent that the forest reserve proposal awakens enthusiasm and approval wherever it is presented.

Mr. Cristadoro called attention to the fine collection of photographs displayed about the room, all views taken in the region under consideration of the forest reserve. These pictures showed the wild nature of that country very fully, and were artistic of themselves. He thought but very few white men had ever been so close to that region as they might now be by looking at these pictures.

Mr. F. S. Baird moved the amendment of the resolution on organization so that five more names might be added to the committee to be selected by this meeting. He suggested that the names of Geo. O. Shields, M. R. Bortree and Geo. W. Strell should be added. These were added, with the names of Mr. John E. Williams and Geo. E. Adams. Adjournment was had till Aug. 11. Col. Cooper said that at that meeting he hoped to have many distinguished guests, possibly the Secretary of the Interior, among others. Mr. Cristadoro, of St. Paul, said he thought his State would perhaps send down a special car party. The best of feeling seems to prevail in the State of Minnesota in regard to this movement, and it is already clear, what all the Chicago men have anxiously hoped would be clear, that this is not to be considered a Chicago movement in any sense of the word.

The following are names of Minnesota gentlemen who are naturally expected to feel a keen interest in this matter: Of St. Paul, Governor John Lind, Jas. J. Hill, President Great Northern Railroad; D. R. Noyes, Bishop M. N. Gilbert, Gen. C. C. Andrews, State Fire Warden; Geo. R. Finch, Conde Hamlin, Geo. Thompson, G. S. Gifford, A. S. Talmage, R. C. Jefferson, Moses E. Clapp, Milton Griggs, Thos. Lowry, C. A. Pillsbury, Dr. Parks Ritchie, Dr. Henry Hutchinson, Burnside Foster, A. McLaren, C. L. Greene, E. J. Abbott, Dr. H. M. Bracken, State Health Board; Harris Richardson. Of Minneapolis, Messrs. E. J. Phelps, J. B. Gilfillan, F. H. Peavey, S. A. Harris, R. G. Evans, F. G. Winston, W. C. Edgar, John F. Calderwood, W. E. Haskell, J. B. Murphy, John S. McLain, Dr. J. W. Bell, W. A. Jones, R. O. Beard, F. F. Westbrook, A. P. Williamson, W. E. Leonard, F. B. Walker. Of Duluth, C. A. Stewart, S. M. Stocker. Of St. Cloud, W. L. Beebee.



MAP OF THE PROPOSED RESERVE.

This map gives the area of the proposed forest reserve in northern Minnesota which the Government is to be asked to set aside for the preservation of the historic headwaters of the Mississippi. It is probable that the tract when eventually reserved by the Government will be much larger than the district shown here, but this is to be determined in the future. The area shown contains the gem lakes of the northern region, is traversed by the lines of the Great Northern system, is replete with all kinds of game, and easily accessible. Geographically it is located northwest of Duluth and northeast of Fargo. A considerable portion of it is in the famous Itasca county. The distance from Chicago is about 500 miles via Duluth, or 600 via St. Paul. It is the most extensive hunting and fishing region in the middle West.

Acreage on the Proposed Reserve.

Of public lands in the region concerned in the Minnesota forest reserve movement the acreage is as follows:

County.	Acres.	Reserved.	Total in County.
Beltrami	1,405,000	594,000	2,710,000
Itasca	1,528,942	618,014	3,676,000
Cass	1,273,940	421,240	1,768,000
Ashland	515,680	2,520	607,000
Total	4,723,562	1,635,774	8,758,000

Illinois Game Commissioner's Work.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 29.—State Game Commissioner Harry W. Loveday, writes me to-day regarding the workings of the new Illinois game law, whose somewhat radical features received mention at the time of the passing of the law. Mr. Loveday thinks that the new law will be all right, but naturally deplores the county license feature with the multiplicity of details which that means. It must be a little odd for the shooters of Missouri and Iowa to have to put up money for a license when they want to shoot in an Illinois county, but this lisence idea has obtained too strong a hold in this section of the West to be denied. Whether it will stand the test of years is something which remains to be seen, but it is certainly a step forward over the old loose methods under which the Western game was practically destroyed. The license idea may not be fully right, but if it teaches the doctrine of protection and advertises the fact that there are game laws, it cannot help doing good in a way. Warden Loveday has always believed in this license law, and I hope that it will give him the machinery to still further carry on the good work he has always done in protection in this State. He has made more arrests and seized more illegal game than any warden we have ever had in Illinois. Non-resident shooters will do well to note the last clause of his communication, which is as below:

"Ninety-three new deputies have been carefully selected and appointed by me throughout the State. Over 100 more applications are in, many of whom will be appointed as soon as they qualify. Hundreds of very encouraging letters have been received at this office, declaring that now that we have at last got a law for the protection of game, they will do everything in their power to assist me. A few arrests have already been made. One man had killed an old hen and five chicks; the old hen did not have a feather on her breast—chicks the size of quail. While in Springfield yesterday I was informed in the Secretary of State's office that fifty applications for licenses had come in from a single club in St. Louis. The real sportsmen of that city are perfectly satisfied with the new law; the only kick is that one license for the State would have been the proper thing, instead of each and every county. I agree with them; had it been so we would have more money and more protection. It might be well for you to inform the non-resident shooters in our State to send to State Secretary Rose for blank application to avoid delay at the time they want to go shooting in Illinois."

Gov. Tanner's Deer.

In regard to the killing of the deer in Colorado by Governor John R. Tanner, of Illinois, there is no doubt at all, and the matter is not a mere newspaper rumor. The act was done deliberately, and it was done by a man who knew the law, or who ought to know the law. Interviewed at San Francisco on this matter this week, Governor Tanner made the very lame explanation that he killed the deer on club grounds, and that the law did not apply on such club grounds. I do not know what club there is owning a game preserve near Debeque, Colo., and I do not know what Glen Beulah Park is, this being the place where he is stated to have killed the deer. If Glen Beulah Park is really a private preserve, with domestic deer, it is difficult to attribute any sportsmanship to the act of killing a deer under such circumstancs. Of course Governor Tanner must know that the owning of a piece of land does not give any one the privelege of breaking the laws of the State upon that land. It used to be said that a farmer might kill game on his own land at any time, but a great many farmers have learned to their cost that it is as illegal to break State game laws on their own land as it would be to commit murder or larceny there. A warranty deed to a piece of real estate does not warrant that such real estate is a place of refuge or exemption from the laws. The State Game Warden of Colorado at once started out after Governor Tanner's party on hearing of the offense, but the latter had left the State and gone to California. I fear it will be difficult for Governor Tanner to set himself in a sportsmanlike light before the public in this matter.

E. HOUGH.
480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Equipment of Camps and Expeditions.

BY PROF. CHARLES H. SNOW, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK CITY.

(A paper presented before the American Institute of Mining Engineers at the New York meeting in February, 1899.)

THE engineer has often to penetrate difficult or unknown regions. Mineral, irrigation, boundary and railway problems frequently necessitate journeys through, or long residence in, localities whence sustenance cannot be drawn. The selection and conveyance of provisions, outfit and implements thus become a matter of the first importance. Scientific skill, even of the highest order, is powerless unless supported by the proper appliances and foods. The advance of civilization favors the engineer, in that it is constantly enlarging his facilities and thus reducing his difficulties. Notwithstanding this fact, many are yet brought face to face with the problems considered in this paper.

Distinction must be made between parties which are to be in constant or even occasional touch with a base of supplies, and those which will be for a long time dependent on their original outfit. Again, the requirements of a party on the march are different from those of a fixed camp. The district, season, climate, size and personnel of party also influence the character of the outfit. A party that is to be detached from its base of supplies for some time requires a greater variety of food than if it is to be gone for a short time. Much less in proportion need be taken where the journey is not long, so that privation is confined to a limited period. The ability to establish a fixed camp permits a larger outfit than would be possible if the camp were to be moved from day to day. Transportation, climatic and other conditions are thus so varied that lists prepared for one work could hardly be applied to any other without some modification. Lists that have proved successful in some instances may, however, serve as bases to be added to, or otherwise altered, for the case in hand. The mistake usually made is in providing too large an outfit. Every emergency cannot be provided for; so that it is well to take, not what may be needed, but what cannot be spared.

The present subject has been exhaustively studied by the military authorities of all great nations. The requirements of the civilian engineer seem to differ, however, from those of the soldier, the sailor and others exposed to extreme privation. The soldier is disciplined to hardship, and forms a part of a large, well-supported national system, with facilities differing from those controlling private enterprises. The sailor does not have to take into account the question of transportation, which is usually the all-important factor in the work to be specially considered here. Arctic exploration, on the other hand, subjects its small following to such an abnormal maximum of privation that preparation for physical requirements assumes the position of first importance. The engineer, who is as pronounced in his needs as the soldier or the sailor, may be subjected to privations so severe as to suggest, at least, those of the explorer, and is often responsible for the health of others. Notwithstanding these facts, the writer has failed to find that any attempt has yet been made to collate and compare the experiences of engineers in this important particular.

The organization of any camp or expedition necessitates attention to one or more of the following departments: Transportation, food, shelter, clothing, miscellaneous implements, instruments, personnel and medicines. These will be considered in the order given.

Transportation.

The difficulties of camp and field life increase in direct

proportion to the difficulties of transportation. Where a district is open, so that horses can be employed, or where streams or other waterways permit the use of boats, or when the work can be done in winter, so that provisions can be packed upon sleds, the problem is much simplified. When, however, a camp is to be established, or a party is to travel in some forest or mountain district where neither animals, boats nor other means of conveyance can be utilized, and provisions must be packed upon the backs of men, the most careful forethought must be given to its preparation.

The problem of transportation cannot be intelligently treated without some knowledge of the difficulties to be surmounted. While each geographical section is usually distinguished by local peculiarities (such as those due to climate), topographical difficulties, as a whole, may be conveniently divided, as they are connected with prairies and table lands, mountains, waterways, swamps, forests, ice and snow.

Prairies, table lands, ice, or other flat, open surfaces usually offer, as principal difficulties, those dependent upon temperature and climate alone. The table lands of northern Mexico, for example, are swept during rainy seasons by storms so severe that gullies, cañons or *arroyos*, such as do not normally obstruct travel, are rendered well nigh impassable. Similar surfaces in the North are visited during the winter months by high winds and storms, which often interrupt or entirely suspend outdoor operations. Supplies can usually be transported over flat, open country by stout, covered wagons; and sleds can be used during the winters in the colder regions.

Mountain districts are characterized either by such abrupt rocky surfaces as exist in the Andes or the Alps, or by gentler inclines covered with forests and traversed by streams, such as may be seen in Arkansas or in the State of Washington. The difficulties of transportation presented by the former class are commonly local, and although severe, not widespread in their application. The difficulties presented by the more normal type of mountain lands more frequently encountered by the engineer are often very considerable, because of the forests with which they are covered or of the streams likely to be encountered. Advantage is sometimes taken of the beds of shallow streams by employing them as roads. The climatic differences between the North and the South should also be noted. The immediate concentration of storm water into streams is often very formidable in the South; while the North is characterized by snow and ice accumulating on the sides of the mountains, to be precipitated later into the valleys below.

Waterways may extend toward the objective point, so as to facilitate transportation, or they may be unexpectedly encountered as obstructions in overland journeys. A waterway extending toward the objective point is an advantage from the standpoint of transportation in direct proportion to the absence of rapids or of shoals. The danger of such travel is much simplified by prior knowledge of the peculiarities of the stream; but in a journey upon a watercourse of which no description is available, constant watchfulness is necessary to avoid rapids, the presence of which is sometimes not evident until it is too late to avoid them. Even with the aid of pilots, failures to pass rapids safely are numerous. Several wrecks occurred daily, during the past season, along the famous White Horse Rapids, leading into the Klondike gold fields, although local pilots were in many instances employed. Shoals are to be feared, as are likewise ponds or bogs, over which a small river sometimes spreads. The latter are sometimes obstructed by grasses or other vegetation to such an extent as to be well nigh impassable. Rivers, lakes or ponds unexpectedly encountered in overland journeys must be crossed by fording, by felling trees so as to form natural bridges, or on improvised rafts. Solid ice is never to be feared; but solid ice is not apt to form on rapid streams, although the snow by which the ice is covered frequently conceals this fact. A foundation of good ice permits the use of sleds, drawn by horses, dogs or men. The presence of animals, however, is not always wholly desirable under such circumstances, since provision for them, as well as for the party, must be transported.

Swamps may occur in open country or in forests. They are not apt to be large in the former case; in the latter they may be divided according as the water is deep and navigable or as it is shallow. No difficulties are to be anticipated either from the deep-water or open-country swamps. In the Southern States the former are navigable, and the latter, being generally confined to the borders of lakes and ponds, are consequently limited in extent. The shallow-water timbered swamp is, however, very formidable, and can generally be penetrated by pedestrians only. The cedar swamp of the Lake Superior region, for example, is covered by a growth of white cedar or *arbor vitæ*. The light foliage which characterizes these trees permits them to sustain vigorous branches close to the ground. These meet and cross one another, so that a passage through them greatly resembles a progress through a cultivated hedge. The roots of the trees lie partially out of the mud, and form the most desirable places on which to step. While apparently sound, they are usually slippery and sometimes decayed, so that the traveler, in stepping or springing from one to the other, encumbered by a heavy burden and obstructed by the small, wiry branches, is apt to slip or fall. The constant use of arms and limbs required, together with the strain or shock produced by the shifting of the heavy burden upon the shoulders whenever the traveler slips, combine with the abundance of annoying insects to delay and obstruct progress through a territory of such a nature. One of the difficulties to be surmounted in such a district consists in the location of a camp at nightfall. The termination of the normal working day may find the party where encampment is well nigh impossible. Under such circumstances it is usually best to go forward so long as there is a prospect of finding a dry or otherwise suitable camping ground—a discovery which may not be made for many hours. The day's work cannot therefore be confined within the ordinary limits. It is usually best to permit the party to remain for some extra time in camp after such an unusual strain. The so-called tamarack swamp of the northern Central States differs from the cedar swamp just described in that there is an absence of the dense underfoliage. The cypress is the characteristic swamp land tree of the Southern States. The open bog or "muskeg" of the extreme Northwest is thus described by Prof. Russell:[1]

"The muskeg is a characteristic feature of northern topography. From the international boundary to the Arctic Sea the term is applied to alluvial areas with insufficient drainage, over which moss has accumulated to a considerable depth. These swamps are usually covered with tamarack and fir trees. The typical muskeg is traversed by meandering streams, having deep channels, but a scarcely perceptible current. Stagnant pools become coated over with a moss of sufficient strength to temporarily sustain the weight of a man. In places the surface is broken by tall hummocks, the *tetes des femmes* of the *voyageur*, which turn under the foot, and sooner or later precipitate the passing pedestrian into the mud or water below."

Forests are to be considered principally as they aggravate or affect the difficulties due to the presence of mountains, waterways or swamps. They are of themselves difficult in direct proportion to the presence of undergrowth. Surfaces covered by large trees, the lower limbs of which have fallen away, present no obstacles to foot passengers or pack animals, while surfaces covered by younger growth are difficult because of thick underfoliage, and because their plants stand so much closer together. "Windfalls" must be considered. They are the results of tornadoes or of natural decay, and present a spectacle of trees piled upon one another in utter confusion, the trunks and limbs intermingling, and usually penetrated by wiry second-growth saplings. A passage is made over such a district by walking cautiously back and forth, up and down over the trunks and limbs.[2] It is ordinarily impossible to proceed in a day's march more than two or three miles, as measured in a straight line, over such a district.

A considerable range of experiences may thus be encountered upon surfaces coming under the head of forest lands. The passage may be over clear ground, between widely separated trunks of large trees; or through the thick, wiry growth of a young forest; or over windfall, or it may be over swamps or mountains, difficult of themselves, but now doubly so through the presence of the foliage. Many contingencies are thus likely to be encountered in forests, and all are frequently encountered within short spaces.

Considerable trouble may be experienced from mosquitoes and similar insects. This is frequently so great as to pass the limit of simple annoyance. Tents hastily erected at nightfall by men fatigued with a long day's march are often invaded by these pests to such an extent as to interfere with rest.

Unless waterways or other openings traverse a forest in the direction of the objective point, or a party is large enough to construct its own trails or roads, burdens usually have to be borne upon the backs of men whenever a forest is to be traversed.

Snow and ice are to be considered, because, like trees, they distort or change normal topographical conditions. Ordinarily impassable regions may be penetrated, or passable regions rendered impassable, by the presence or absence of ice and snow. Deep, dry snow, such as is encountered in the Northern forests, is very difficult to traverse. Such deposits are sometimes covered by a crust of sufficient strength, improving the conditions of travel. Should the crust be too weak to bear the full weight of the traveler, yet so strong that it cannot be broken or forced aside by the limbs, the passage becomes exceptionally exhausting. The foot must be lifted so as to be placed upon the top of the crust, which gives way suddenly when the full weight of the body is brought upon it. Not infrequently the early morning hours offer a hard crush, which softens later under the influence of the sun, so as to make treading difficult even upon snowshoes; and parties often stop and wait for the night to restore the practicable surface. Deep snow or ordinary crust should never be attempted by heavy draft animals. When the snow is hard, or the ice solid, a surface is presented, the desirability of which cannot be excelled. Long journeys are sometimes undertaken in the wilder portions of Manitoba and other Hudson Bay Provinces in winter, in preference to summer, for these reasons. Heavy vehicles make journeys over the ice bounding the shores of Lake Superior that would not be normally possible through the dense foliage of the adjoining land. Northern swamp lands, commonly presenting great difficulties, may usually be penetrated with ease during the winter season. Waterways too shallow for boats during the summer become available for sleds during the winter. Heavy loads can sometimes be transported over a limited extent of deep snow by sprinkling it with water, which, freezing and compacting the snow, often affords a good footing. This method is employed on an extensive scale in some of the lumber districts of the Northwest.

Supplies are transported either by boats, wagons, sleds, animals, or upon the backs of men.

Boats intended to traverse rapids are sometimes supplied with life saving appliances, so as to resemble ordinary life boats. This was the case in the late survey of the cañon of the Colorado by Mr. Robert B. Stanton.[3] Weight is usually a matter of much importance. A boat that can be lifted from one waterway to another, or be conveyed around rapids or other points of difficulty, is generally desirable. Draft should also be considered. Rafts and scows are often improvised for crossing unexpected bodies of water; and no supply list is complete unless, in view of such necessities, it is provided with long wire nails and ropes. A small raft 6 by 9ft. in size was once constructed by the writer, of dry cedar logs, fastened with wire nails and the bark of the "moose tree." This raft, built in a few hours, carried himself and one companion for five consecutive days down a series of small lakes and rivers. Whenever rapids are to be passed, the provisions should be divided among several boats; or, if there be but one boat, they should be, in part at least, landed and carried around the rapids, to be restored to the boat below.

Wagons may generally be best selected by assuming that they will have to be driven over boulders, stumps, or similarly rough surfaces. They should be provided with tops, wherever storms are liable to be encountered. Tools for making repairs should be placed in every wagon. In each district the selection of vehicles to be thus used as transports is controlled by local customs, which, being founded upon experience, should not be disregarded.

[1] "Explorations in the Far North," by Frank Russell, 1898, page 4. Published by the University of Iowa.

[2] The origin of windfalls is well treated in Chapter VI. of the Third Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture.

[3] Trans. Am. Soc. C. E., Vol. XXVI., April, 1892.

Sleds are sometimes provided with adjustable runners for passing along narrow trails or between boulders. Last season's trail over the White Pass, leading into the Alaskan gold fields, was of such a nature as to restrict traffic to within a gauge of about 26in. Some sleds had to be abandoned, and many delays were occasioned by the necessary alterations of others to meet this condition. Hand sleds are useful, since they may be drawn by either men or dogs. The Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Railway employed toboggans during the construction of its road throughout the season of 1887.

Draft and Pack Animals.—The best draft animals are oxen, horses, mules and dogs. Reindeer have lately been suggested for work in the North, but their use is yet in an experimental stage. While mules and donkeys are employed frequently, and oxen sometimes, the main reliance is placed upon horses. The use of dogs appears to be restricted to the drawing of sleds over flat ice or snow-covered surfaces. Horses and mules should not, as a rule, be employed for long journeys, unless some provision for them can be gathered by the way; otherwise, an undue proportion of the burden must consist in food for their sustenance. Horses trained to the conditions they must encounter are generally to be preferred; Indian ponies, for example, will scrape through a moderate layer of snow to find the dried grass below it. Dogs are probably the most economical animals for winter service in the North, because their food requirements are so nearly similar to those of man.[4] The mule and the horse are the best of the lower pack animals, while man himself must often be relied upon for this service. Horses and mules are provided with pack saddles over which the burden is uniformly distributed, a task requiring considerable skill and experience. Man is to be preferred as a pack animal because his services are available in other ways than in the carrying of burdens. Indian packmen, capable of conveying a burden of 100lbs. throughout the entire day over the roughest country, and who will prepare the meals and camping ground, are easily procurable. The burden is made up by means of the ordinary pack straps; the load, being wrapped in the sleeping blankets, is fastened by the pack straps and then adjusted to the shoulders of the carrier.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[4] A good pair of dogs can draw 300lbs. over an ordinary frozen surface. A team of five dogs, which can readily haul 600lbs., costs from $100 to $1,000, according to circumstances. It is reported that at Dawson, during the present season, $2,500 was refused for a team of five dogs capable of hauling over 200lbs. each.

Massachusetts Shore Birds.

BOSTON, July 31.—The open season on Massachusetts shore birds began July 15, but not much shooting has yet been done. Mr. L. M. Paine was one of the first to go down to Chatham to look for shore birds. His success was not very marked, there being only flights of small birds such as sandpipers and reed birds. No summer yellowlegs have yet appeared in good numbers. A few redheads were also seen. Wet and foggy weather is expected to bring better flights. L. W. de Pass has reports from Plum Island, where he, with friends, owns a camp. No good flights of birds have yet been seen, and but little shooting done. A few small "peep" have been bagged, but no large birds. The gunners are somewhat worried over the idea of the new Sunday law being strictly enforced. This law was framed at the instigation of some of the land and waterfront owners along the coast, as well as land owners just out of the cities and large towns. It strictly prohibits all Sunday shooting. It is a well-known fact that busy Boston merchants and business and professional men, fond of the gun, have for many years been in the habit of "getting off duty" Saturday afternoon in time to catch a late train for some favorite shooting ground along shore or elsewhere. Business has compelled them to return on Monday morning. Without accusing them of Sunday shooting, it may be stated that nobody has troubled them with any Sunday shooting law so far. If the new law is to be enforced, they will not go shooting on Saturday, and if they cannot go on Saturday, they will not go at all, for the good reason that they cannot afford the time. It comes from some of the friends of the law, living at several points along the south and north shores, that they "shall see that the law is enforced," and gunners hear that one or two sheriffs have been notified that they must arrest persons found gunning on Sunday. Results will be anxiously watched, because some very respectable merchants propose to go down to Chatham and other points over Sunday, the same as ever.

Among the late catches reported by Boston anglers are noted Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lyon, with five trout, taken near Haines Landing, weighing from 1½ to 3lbs. Mr. John R. Mitchell, fishing at the same resort, recently took ten trout, the largest weighing 4¾lbs. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Petter, of Boston, have been fishing at the Upper Dam, with good success. Mrs. Petter is reported to have taken six trout in one day, the largest weighing 6lbs. A. B. Nelson, of Boston, is also having good sport at the same point.

SPECIAL.

California County Restrictions.

REDLANDS, Cal., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Doves are plenty, but only a few have been shot. I was out on the 16th and found quite a number of birds. Only shot a few. They were fat and fine. I found rabbits plenty, and saw two broods of blue quail that had been hatched out this season. They were about grown. I find by diligent search that the Virginia quail have been planted in various sections of California, notably in Fresno and Los Angeles counties. The former has also prairie chickens and Japanese pheasants. I note with pleasure that the various counties are passing laws to prohibit the sale or export of game and fish (trout) and to limit the bag. The seasons are being shortened, and on deer and trout many counties have no more open season. Larger guns than 10-bore are prohibited, and one county goes so far as to place repeaters under ban. Doubt is expressed as to whether this last ordinance will prove constitutional. Indeed, I see no need of it as long as the bag of birds is limited.

REELFOOT.

Currituck Game.

KNOTTS ISLAND, Currituck Sound, N. C., July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The bay birds arrived as usual about July 10, but owing to the very dry weather they did not stop with us. There was no rain water on the flats, and consequently no food. But it is rainy now and the shooting is fine. Some excellent bags were made yesterday, and the birds are in splendid condition.

I notice again this summer that a number of black ducks have raised their young at Currituck just as last season, and are beginning to fly around now. The crop of quail seems unusually large, and we should have good quail shooting this fall. Currituck is literally filled with wild celery this season, and canvasbacks should cost a dollar or two less at Delmonico's next winter.

MORE ANON.

Long Island Gunning.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., July 31.—Snipe are beginning to arrive from the North, and are quite plentiful. The law regarding the shooting of meadow hens was misunderstood by many local gunners, who supposed they could be shot after July 1. A notice will be posted calling sportsmen's attention to the fact that they cannot be killed until after Aug. 15.

Do you want Guides?—Parties wanting guides for hunting moose and caribou in New Brunswick this season should correspond with A. Pringle, Stanley, N. B.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Toledo and Thereabouts.—II.

Something About a Pioneer Sportsmen's Organization.

IF the people of Toledo and thereabouts have been ardent and enthusiastic devotees of the rod and the gun, it is to their credit that, for the most part, they entertain a just regard for the rights of their fellow men in the denizens of the field and stream. From a very early date in the history of Toledo her hunters and fishermen realized the importance of legal measures for the preservation and protection of fish and game, and they have been a potent factor in the passage and enforcement of some of the best laws now on the statute books of the State.

Very much of the educational influence on public sentiment and the consequently healthful tone of the community upon this subject is due to an association of Toledo gentlemen whose inception dates back more than thirty years ago.

In October, 1867, half a dozen of the most active followers of outdoor recreation were drawn together by that sort of telepathic influence common among sportsmen, to consider the organization of some kind of sportsmen's association at Toledo. At that time there had been in this locality no attempts to secure through lease and ownership the control of the vast hunting territory by private or corporate interests. The great Monroe marshes, the extensive hunting grounds about Bay View on the west and Cedar Point on the east side of Maumee Bay were all as free as the air to anyone who chose to enter them, and posted land along the scattered farms of the northwestern Ohio was a thing unknown. In the later sixties, and indeed for several years thereafter, deer were not infrequently seen and occasionally taken six or eight miles west of the city. The only exception to the lack of organization was found in the Minous Point Club, of Sandusky Bay, a veteran association which originated in the early fifties, and which at this time was in vigorous existence.

In view of the somewhat unsettled condition of domestic affairs in the period immediately following the close of the War of the Rebellion, the game laws of Ohio were fairly good as they stood upon the statute books of the State. There was little difficulty in ascertaining their intent, but when it came to their enforcement that was quite another thing. The population as a whole paid little or no attention to their provisions, and the machinery for their execution was lamentably defective. Judging it from the standpoint of those days, the public apathy was not difficult to comprehend. With game and fish abundant on every hand, both in season and out of season, it was hard to make the average sportsman understand that they should need protection when the supply seemed apparently in excess of the constant demands made upon it. The story is not a new one, and it need not be amplified here.

The informal conference among the six gentlemen already named resulted in the calling of a preliminary meeting, which was held in the same month (October) at the office of Dr. C. H. Harroun, himself a faithful son of Nimrod. Some twelve or fifteen gentlemen responded, and the outcome was the appointment of a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws, which were duly adopted and an organization effected at an adjourned meeting held later. The influential spirits of the new movement were men who, with a wise foresight into the future, were enabled to foresee the changes that were imminent, and because they were in advance of public sentiment they were prepared to mold and direct it on the subject of game protection. Many, very many of them are gone, but their influence still lives in the game laws of the State and in the kindred organizations of which theirs was the worthy progenitor.

The new society was styled the Maumee Valley Shooting Association, a title broad enough to include not only the city but a wide reach of surrounding territory throughout this portion of the State. Its objects were to establish a headquarters where it might develop and foster the social spirit among sportsmen; to improve the game laws of the State and aid in their enforcement; to make ornithological collections of the permanent and migratory feathered game at the head of Lake Erie; to gather a library of acknowledged authorities on sporting subjects with an incidental list of the current periodical publications; to secure paintings of furred and feathered game by artists of recognized standing and ability, and finally to promote in every honorable way the means and facilities for lawful sports afield.

The first president of the Association was Robert Cummings, then the head of the wholesale boot and shoe house of R. & J. Cummings & Co. Subsequently the chair was filled for succeeding years by Messrs. D. C. Baldwin, E. C. Skinner, C. O. Brigham and others. The latter gentleman (now the efficient superintendent of the Western Union system at Toledo) was twice chosen as the chief officer of the Association, an honor no doubt largely due to his earnest and active efforts in its behalf. Messrs. Theodore Klemm and Z. C. Pheatt were its first secretaries.

The first location of the Association was in rooms at the corner of Madison and Summit streets, but at the end of the year it removed into more commodious quarters in the Drummond block. Among its first acts was to send out collectors to secure desirable specimens of the game birds of the valley. These, as fast as they were obtained, were mounted by Mr. James Booth, of Drummondsville, Ontario, one of the most skilled taxidermists of his day, and in a few years the Association had secured a collection second to none other in the State. An excellent library was built up through donation and purchase. During the early days of the Association Mr. W. H. Machen, the well-known landscape and dead-game painter, completed from studies on the ground a large oil painting of the marshes of the Maumee, which he presented to it, and which was held as a valued momento of the donor.

The little handful grew apace, and the new club soon numbered a hundred members, representing the best of the social, business and professional elements of the city. The late Judge Emory D. Potter was one of its honorary members, and gave to it at all times the benefit of his ripe legal experience and his lifelong acquaintance with the fish and game of the State. One of the pleasant episodes in the career of the Association was an address delivered by him before it in the early seventies on "Game in the Maumee Valley in 1840," an address that was replete with valuable and interesting data regarding that now far-off time.

The rolls of the Association are no longer accessible, and yet it is possible to recall many of the men whose efforts did so much in their day to further the cause of game protection in Ohio. The list of members, if it could be given in full, would include such names as those of M. D. Carrington, T. B. Casey, E. D. Potter, Jr., Robert, John and Joseph Cummings, Louis Wachenheimer, Z. C. Pheatt, W. H. Lewis, G. K. Pheatt, a gunmaker of more than local reputation; W. O. Hall, A. L. North, R. W. Matthews (now of St. Paul, Minn.), Frank Drake, Samuel Andrews, Theodore Klemm, L. Humphrey, Fred B. Shoemaker, William Schansenbach (now of Ogden, Utah), W. B. Wiltbank, D. C. Baldwin, C. O. Brigham, Dr. C. H. Harroun, John B. Carson and S. H. Standard. Other names will doubtless suggest themselves to the survivors who may read this history.

In addition to its regular monthly business and social sessions, the Association early introduced frequent meetings for trap shooting, and some of its contests were occasions of much interest throughout the State. In the fall of 1868 a national tournament was held in Toledo under the auspices of the Association, and noted shots from all parts of the country competed for the prizes. At that tournament wild pigeons, then still plentiful throughout northwestern Ohio, were used at the traps as furnishing the most available and inexpensive targets. Alas, the day that was, but is not!

Upon its organization the Maumee Valley Shooting Association at once took the ground that its first systematic efforts should be directed toward inducing the State and the county to appoint special officers to enforce the game laws, instead of leaving that important duty to the indifferent ministrations of the magistrates and their constables. The main plank in its platform was "full and cordial co-operation with all State officers" in the enforcement of the game laws, and the result of its exertions was to put a virtual stop to the illegal killing of all varieties of game in northwestern Ohio. It was at all times an earnest advocate of the abolition of spring shooting, and of the establishment of closed days during the season for waterfowl, and whatever place these measures have had in the Ohio game laws has been largely owing to its influence. It sought at an early date to secure the passage of national legislation controlling the shipment and marketing of game, and to obtain the aid of Congress, so far as its jurisdiction extended, in bringing about a uniform system of game laws throughout the entire country.

In December, 1882, a disastrous fire visited Toledo, destroying in its ravages what then was the finest business block the city could boast. In one of the upper stories were the rooms of the Maumee Valley Association, and with many hundred tons of grosser chattels perished its ornithological collection, its paintings and its library, all possessions too valuable to be listed in dollars and cents, and which cannot now be replaced. Some of the records of the society were preserved by Mr. C. O. Brigham (himself the repositary of much of its unwritten lore), but ten years later a second fire, which wiped out the Toledo Chamber of Commerce, made a final end of the records and the few rare books which Mr. Brigham had up to that time hoarded in his private desk in the latter building.

The Maumee Valley Shooting Association no longer has an existence, save in the hearts of its former members, yet its name will always recall a host of pleasant memories to those who were united in its brotherhood.

The Rape of a Michigan Trout Stream.

The Slagle River (spelled "Schlagel" in cold weather) is one of the most fruitful trout streams in the southern peninsula of Michigan. It lies to the south and west of Ann Arbor Railway, its upper waters being easily reached by that line at Harrietta, some eighteen miles above Cadillac. Its waters meander through the counties of Wexford and Manistee and empty into the Manistee River, after having distributed over the territory named some twenty miles or more of as delightful and productive trouting water as may be found out of doors. For many years it has been the Mecca of Toledo trout fishermen, as well as those of other localities, and it is estimated that during the season the "average daily enrollment" of rods upon its waters is never less than twenty. Its average width is about 10ft., and its depth will range from 2ft. to four times as many. The Slagle Trout Club, with some forty members, has very comfortable quarters on the stream near Harietta, and manages during each season to net a good many days of solid enjoyment and an indefinite number of fish. The lower portion of the stream near the Manistee was at one time cleared for logging purposes, and a dam built about three miles above its junction with that river. The logging has long since been concluded, but the clearing out of the stream has left below the abandoned dam long stretches of wide, deep water, not any too accessible to the most ardent angler, and here some of the finest trout on the stream are taken by those who have the courage and energy to work for them. The Slagle is a natural trout stream, and so far as the writer is aware has never been artificially stocked, but the thousands of fish which are annually taken from its waters are replaced each year by the natural process, and the supply never seems to suffer any diminution.

The Slagle has always been an open stream, but this season Mr. Daniel Segur, of Toledo, who has waded its ripples for a number of years, encountered an Idea on its banks. And the Idea said to Mr. Segur, in a perfectly confidential way, that there was a vast amount of good fishing lying in the Slagle which did not belong to anybody in particular, and that there was something more than a possibility that in the mutations incident to a new and "growing" country some one who cared more for hardwood timber than for trout might come in and work a desolation that all the Michigan Legislatures of the future would be powerless to cure. Mr. Segur thanked the Idea and took it home with him to Toledo, and shortly afterward began a vigorous correspondence with some of the authorities of Manistee county. The result of his correspondence was that he succeeded in locating the owners of the land surrounding the Slagle, and he has just completed the purchase of 1,500 acres of it, including some twelve miles of the river running through it. In compassing this transaction he has been obliged to deal with fourteen different owners of as many different parcels of land in all shapes and sizes, but it has put him in possession of all that part of the stream lying within Manistee county, and he has supplemented his purchase by contracting for fifteen miles of wire fencing with which to indicate the boundaries of his property.

The Slagle is a spring-fed stream, running through a still heavily timbered country, for the most part over a sandy soil, and per consequence always cold and clear. The land has a fall of 10ft. to the mile, and in the natural windings of the stream it surpasses even the famous "Meadow Brook" of the Castalia, since the Slagle in one mile of lineal measure has five miles of stream. It is possible to locate a fishing lodge on the banks of the Slagle at a point where Mr. Segur would have his entire twelve miles of fishing water within such easy reach that not any part of it would be more than half an hour's walk from his quarters.

It seems a little odd that some one has not long before this taken some such action as that which has just been narrated, and which has been rendered practicable by comparatively recent surveys; and yet it is intimated that there were others who were "just agoin'" to acquire the rights and privileges that have heretofore been held as public property. Mr. Segur, who, by the way, is a member of the Bostwick & Braun Company, wholesale hardware, has associated with him in the riparian rights of the property Dr. H. E. Harlan, also of Toledo, and they have doubtless plans for its future which will be developed later. It is not altogether a pleasant thing to see a fine piece of open trouting water pass under private control, but it is consoling to know that there are still a good many miles of free fishing on the Slagle, and that any private stocking of their portion of the river by the new owners cannot fail to benefit the whole stream.

JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., July 22.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Overhead Bait-Casting.

"SHOEMAKER, stick to your last," was said to a son of St. Crispin, who, finding a sculptor heeding his just criticism of the shoes on a piece of statuary, was presumptuous enough to criticise the rest of the figure. So a fly-fisherman might lay himself open to unkind comment who attempted to find fault with some brother angler's method of luring the finny tribes from the deep. But it may at least be permitted one to admire a method not his own.

Everyone to his taste and his tackle. Some there be who enjoy best the worm and float; some want many fish and are satisfied with small; some want big ones and are content with few. Others again like large game and plenty of it, but only now and then can such an individual be found with means and leisure to gratify so expensive an appetite, and then, like Senator Quay, he disdains anything but the silver king, and goes on season after season adding to his record of tarpon till they are getting beyond count. That he should take them with a hand line instead of with a rod and reel is purely a matter of taste, and no one will doubt his contests with the big fellows and his victories afford him a pleasure just a little keener than he gets out of any other occupation in life, and when it has accomplished this angling has done its perfect work.

This recalls a thrilling incident of one of his many trips to his bungalow on Indian River. His launch takes his boat down to one of the inlets where the tide makes with a swift current and through which the big fish of the ocean come to feed or play or rest. Near this great natural sluice gate he anchors his skiff and stays alone till after dark, if he does not tire sooner, and gets all there is to be had of the absorbing elements of the lonely ocean and the vaulted sky; as far from the madding crowd as one may well get in this dense world. On the occasion in question he was fishing at this point, while his son and the launch tender were occupying another skiff further in the bay.

He had taken a large tarpon of above 100lbs., which was

bridled to the stern of his boat. It was nearly dusk, but a great white object looking like a raft, apparently 25ft. long, showed up in the river, and circled around the other boat, whose occupants, calling out "Shark!" pulled up anchor and made for shore.

The Senator sat unmoved as the great white beast approached his boat so close that it snapped at the captive tarpon and carried half of it away; and still he fished. Within a half-hour the shark returned and secured the remainder of the tarpon. The ambition of most men for thrills would have been abundantly satisfied with the first bite.

But this was intended to call attention to another style of fishing, for small deer, as compared with these monsters.

At the Baltimore tournament this spring the only sample of bait-casting shown was the upward swing, so well described by Dr. Henshall, but the manager of the contests insisted that the overhead cast was much more simple and effective; that it had been adopted by the Chicago anglers, and that a single boat afforded room for three men to fish, in this way, without serious interference. It is well known that with the old style side-swing most men need the whole of a boat and then are cramped for room.

The only bait fisherman from Washington present was Mr. Hunter, and he resolved if there was a better way he wanted it, and he started at once to attain the accomplishment; and he has it.

It is very easy to do; it is not easy to learn to do.

To see a man, without apparent effort, a simple twist of the wrist, shoot out a ½oz. frog, not a plummet, but 3in. of rubber, over 100ft., is as pretty an exhibition as a 1,000ft. golf drive, or a home run hit to center field, and about as hard to learn.

It is first a question of tackle. The rod should be 6ft. 4in. to 6ft. 10in. in length, and weigh about 6½oz. A something lighter rod is more supple, and for the ½oz. weight only to be preferred as making the cast easier, but in actual practice the more attractive baits weigh more, and in striking the bass at 125ft. or more, as sometimes happens, the lighter rods have not sufficient backbone to do the work effectively or to inspire the angler with that supreme confidence in his tackle which is one of the pleasures too often neglected.

Mr. H. has in the four months bought five, and his pet toy is a 5½oz. bamboo, as dainty as a whalebone whip, but his every-day reliable is lancewood of about 7oz.

The reel should be a quadruple multiplier, nominally for 40yds.; this will hold something more of the thin H line used in casting. A champagne cork around the barrel brings the line within easy reach, and gives and takes more rapidly than without its use.

A 60 or 80yd. reel it is nearly impossible to cast with, since it is so high, the thumb is too nearly upright to control the line, and when in addition to this the thumb is held backward and downward, as the rod is behind one for the cast, it is apt to beget a cramp that impairs its usefulness. If less line is put on the larger reel to leave the line low, the pillars are in the way. Too long a barrel requires so much care to lay the line even in taking in, and everything depends on this, both for a steady flight and to prevent backlashing, with all its disastrous results. A line may easily be sawed in two with an unlucky snarl at the beginning of a cast. An inch to an inch and a half in length is easiest to manage, and the momentum of a light reel infinitely easier to control than a larger one.

In the matter of line there are many to choose from, but few that are fit. Some are excellent for lawn practice that swell so much on being wetted as to be scarce recognizable; others of so short fibered or poor a silk as to be flossy and develop frayed places that soon leave them useless. A tightly braided raw silk is the most satisfactory for the dry work on the lawn, and a parafined, which may now be bought already prepared, the best for the stream.

With the tackle ready, select a 100ft. mark on the meadow; there is no use to fool with shorter goals. With your practice frog, without hooks, drawn up within an inch or two of the end of the rod, address your frog, as you would say at golf, holding it directly in front with the tip of the rod enough above a level to bring the frog in line with the point aimed at. With a smart swing bring the rod straight back over the shoulder to about the same angle, then forward again sharply till it reaches the perpendicular, then release the frog or reel, and as the frog starts on its journey at an angle of about 30 degrees, lower the tip of the rod, that the line may pay out straight from the reel; then manage your thumbing judiciously and your feat of a 100ft. cast is accomplished. Probably not the first time, and one should not be discouraged if it did not go quite so far the second. It is indeed astonishing to beginners how many first casts land within 10ft. of the caster.

Our friend Mr. H. had a couple of joints of an old rod in his bedroom and discarded his Indian clubs and took to imaginary casts for his morning exercise, and contends that as a muscle breeder there's nothing like it. One morning a particularly enthusiastic effort that would have reached the 200ft. buoy if everything had been in harmony with the force exerted, sent the second joint flying across the room, and it imbedded itself in the wall even as Saul's javelin. When the element of danger is introduced even pantomine becomes exciting.

On his return from office the back alley afforded room enough for practice, and he was not at all disconcerted at random excursions the errant frog was prone to make in the earlier days into the neighbors' back yards, or over sundry wires that still proclaim the lingering provincialism of the Capital City. Before the season opened, his holidays, and some that are not on the calendar, were spent at the Anglers' club house, where he has worn a 100ft. track in the meadow, hard enough for a cycle path, as he walked back and forth reeling in, for he is careful enough to walk after his frog instead of dragging it home. It not only saves tackle, but lays on the line better, and that is the most important preparation for the next cast. All this sounds like hard work, but he has the satisfaction of a success that has inspired a dozen imitators. His cast is a graceful picture that a photograph cannot show, for it lacks that essential motion.

Above Great Falls, just before the Potomac went



THE RELEASE.

muddy, he took forty-nine bass, and is naturally delighted with that reward for his efforts. He used for casting the Mad Tom, a little dwarf catfish of about 100z. weight. These were caught in Cabin John's Run, but are found in nearly all the small runs up the river.

He hooked them through the lips and liked them better the longer they are used. He took seven with one bait, and insists that after they have been skinned by numerous strikes they get nearly white, and are then irresistible. But with the single hook through the lip, and rather a large bait, the bass must be given time to turn and gorge the minnow, else one loses too many strikes.

The English in using dead bait make use of a gang of two or three triangles that resembles an infernal machine. A spinning flight is now on trial that avoids these; it ought to do the work.

In this the lip hook is lashed to the snell of the tail hook, and back of these, two small hooks for holding the minnow are fixed, the upper one reversed to curve the bait for spinning. With this as with the gangs of ten or twelve hooks, the bass is taken on the snap and the fisherman strikes as soon as the fish.

There are many ways of preserving the minnows to avoid the bucket, that bugbear of bait fishermen. One of the best is formalin. This is one of the standard preservatives used at the Fish Commission for specimens. The ordinary commercial 40 per cent. solution is carried, and when needed, diluted with nine times its volume of water, giving a 4 per cent. solution.

Experimenting with roach, one of the best of bass baits, seems to demonstrate that while a 4 per cent. solution may be necessary for indefinite preservation, it is too strong for the best results for bait. A 2 per cent. solution leaves them brighter and the fluid cleaner. The ordinary mixture of alcohol, glycerin and water is nearly as good. When fishing the bait should be taken from the jar and carried in dry bran; for weight of tackle and convenience the fly-fisherman has no longer much the advantage of the bait-caster.

For ground covered, the bait excels, for it goes twice as far as the fly. The wind when head on is less embarrassing to the bait-caster, whose heavy missile flies in spite of it, though, of course, not so well. And here a caution: When casting with the wind, with the minnow nearly at the end of the cast, the thumb may be taken off the reel and the wind will carry out the minnow about as fast as the line pays off the reel, but in casting against the wind, at the end of the cast, the reel must be sharply checked, because the wind holds up the minnow and the reel is nearly sure to overrun.

For accuracy, to complete the comparison, the overhead cast leaves too little advantage to the fly to boast; with the side swing, distance was as easy, but there was a constant tendency for the minnow to go sailing off at a tangent; with this other system one is sure of a line shot even if it is short.

Mr. Hunter reaches nearly 130ft. already, and easily averages above a hundred.

It is the prettiest of all ways of taking fish—except with the fly.

HENRY TALBOTT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Movements of Western Anglers.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 29.—The past week has been one of great warmth, but for some reason or other the fish seem to have become more active than for the two weeks last preceding. A great many parties have been out on our Western waters and all reports go to confirm the earlier belief that this has been a phenomenal fishing year, at least so far as numbers of fishing parties are concerned.

Of the Wisconsin waters I have had good reports this year from Plum and Star lakes, and also from the waters near Minocqua. The largest fish of which I have heard anywhere in the West this season is reported from Plum Lake, a muscallunge taken last week by the fourteen-year-old daughter of Judge William C. Hook, of Leavenworth, Kansas. This fish weighed 43lbs., and the head has been sent to Chicago for mounting. The largest fish of last year, 42½lbs., came from Kabekona Camp in Minnesota, and I have heard no weights approaching these for several years. The young angler may feel very proud of her accomplishment.

Mr. J. W. Embrell, of Chicago, left this week for Plum Lake, perhaps encouraged by the story of recent success there.

Messrs. S. B. Bush and H. H. Hughes, of Louisville, Ky., have been fishing near Minocqua, Wis., for the past week. They are credited with having taken sixty-two muscallunge within two days, the largest weighing 31lbs. I have no verification of this report, but the record is a very good one if authentic.

Messrs. W. P. Martin, R. P. Smith, E. R. West, Dr. Wightman, F. E. Burley, C. B. Woodward, all of Chicago, as well as George L. Hassett, of St. Louis; R. R. Hootan, of Danville, Ill.; William Gehrke, William Davenport, J.



THE BACK CAST.



ADDRESSING THE FROG.

Rhode and P. E. Statler, all of Wausau, Wis., were among anglers who within the past week went in at Minocqua, Wis., after muscallunge.

Among other parties who are this week at Kabekona Camp, Minn., are Mr. E. M. Clendening, wife and son, of Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Reeder and N. G. Craighead, of Dayton, O.; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Callahan, of Chicago; Messrs. C. F. Farnsworth, Metcalf and Dr. R. B. Meury and son, of Memphis, Tenn. All of these parties are now at Woman Lake, and reports come that they are having very fine sport, though I have not the weights of any of their fish at present.

Messrs. Charles Comley, George Neafus and William Long, all of this city, spent a couple of days last week on Silver Lake, near Grand Haven, Mich. They caught eighty-three bass, the largest 4½lbs. These were big-mouths, and are reported as very gamy.

Messrs. Comley, Neafus and Long, with their friend, Mr. William Thompson, also of this city, start next week on a yachting and fishing trip to Green Bay, expecting to be gone a month or more. They will have a royal time and will no doubt meet good fishing at different points.

Reports from Weber's place on Cedar Lake, Ind., on the Monon road, state that the bass fishing has been good this week, two very good catches having been made. The bait was live frog. This water is fished considerably, and the above results lead one to think that the fish have been generally coming to their feed lately.

The Cheneaux Islands, of Lake Michigan, have been known for many years as a fishing ground once famous. Of late years this locality has been chiefly given over to summer resorters, and there is more fishing than fish. Yet I hear of a 16lb. muscallunge taken there within the last week, as well as one of 8½lbs.

From Fox River points I do not hear very good reports this week, except that, a few miles below Aurora, a very handsome string of bass was taken on the fly one evening by two gentlemen whose names I cannot learn. I should be very much disposed to believe that the bass ought to take the fly now on the riffs below Clintonville, on the Fox River. This is wading water, and the best time is toward evening.

In regard to the fly-fishing for small-mouth bass on the Mississippi River, near La Crosse, of which I have spoken once or twice earlier this summer, I should say that reports of this week appear to indicate that the small-mouths are going on the feed. Mr. Tom Watson, of Franklin, MacVeagh & Co., of this city, had a report from a friend near La Crosse, who took sixty small-mouths one day last week. This was somewhere above La Crosse. The report stated that the water was just right and the bass were taking the fly in great shape. The way to fish this country is to start in at Winona, Onalaska, or somewhere a day or two above La Crosse, and boat down stream, casting close up against the cut banks.

In regard to this very region near La Crosse, I find mention as below in a letter from Mr. L. Blair, of Des Moines, Ia., who writes me this week:

"I notice in FOREST AND STREAM for July 22 an item about bass fishing in August with fly along the Mississippi. As a youngster, when we didn't use artificial flies I have caught bass in August by using the ephemera for bait, when fish wouldn't take the minnow at all. The best place for fly-fishing was below a mill dam, in still water, at the head of Rock Island, right in front of Moline. The ephemera were thick in the air then, and we boys used to tie them on our hooks, throw our lines out without sinkers, when as soon as the bait touched the water, flip would come a striped bass, then there was fun. Such a fish at the hook end of a line gives a lively tussle. You couldn't fish there now, for the Government long since took charge of the island, and would not allow any fishing on it.

"I'll never forget the happy times in bass fishing during spring and fall above Davenport; along the rocky points was the best, where the fish were going north in spring and returning to cool weather, fat and juicy. I should think that still water below some projecting point along the Mississippi would give fine summer sport where the bass won't take the minnow well."

Minneapolis for Bass and Trout.

Early mention has been made in these columns from time to time of the Long Meadow Gun Club, whose grounds are near the edge of the city of Minneapolis. Near these club grounds there is a deep creek, which has for some time been supposed to have small-mouth bass in it. Last week Mr. Harry Pratt and some friends decided to fish this creek and see what they could find. They used frogs and had a most exciting afternoon, taking a number of the gamiest small-mouths they ever tackled, and much to their surprise taking also a 4lb. brook trout. This trout is supposed to have escaped from the Davis trout hatchery on the Minnesota River, which hatchery was abandoned some time ago. The members of the Long Meadow Club must have opened their eyes to find that they had such sport so close at hand. This club, although within a short buggy ride from Minneapolis, affords very good duck and snipe shooting during the season, and now that it seems to offer also both trout and bass fishing, I should think that the members might very well mark up their shares.

The Largest Western Small-mouth Bass.

The largest small-mouth bass which I have heard of being taken in Western waters is one of which I was told this week by Mr. Robert Lamp, of Madison, Wis. This fish was taken last October by Ike Palmer, of Madison, on hook and line. It was cold weather—indeed, there was a snowstorm in progress at the time. The fish weighed 8lbs. 10oz., the weight being verified on three different scales. It was purchased by Mr. Lamp and two friends, who proposed to eat it, but it was rescued from this fate by a third gentleman, who had it mounted. I have often seen some of these large and coarse-looking small-mouth bass from the lakes near Madison, but I never saw one that weighed over 6lbs. The largest small-mouth bass which has heretofore come under my observation in the West was one of 7lbs. 2oz., taken on the St. Clair Flats. Even the big Madison record bass must take in its fins before the small-mouth mentioned by Mr. Cheney, a fish which weighed 10lbs., but of which Mr. Cheney does not give us many particulars in his account.

Notes from the Au Sable.

Judge J. M. Kenyon, of Toledo, O., is so good as to give me some detailed information regarding the Au Sable River of Michigan, which I think may also be of interest to readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. I have never fished the Au Sable, although I want very much to do so some day. From all I can learn from several friends who are experienced anglers, this is probably the most remarkable trout stream that we now have in the Middle West, and I take it that it holds something the same position once occupied by the Brule River in its palmy days. Judge Kenyon writes me thus regarding it:

"I have been reading your article in the June 3 FOREST AND STREAM, and note what you say about the Au Sable. I fished the Au Sable this season from May 1 to 13, and from June 24 to July 14, inclusive. The first trip I fished every day, but on the latter trip only part of the time. The May fishing was fine—it was no trouble to catch sixty to ninety fish a day, running from 7 to 11in., with occasionally a larger one—but on July 3 and 4 and again on July 7 and 8 we had heavy rains, which raised the water 7 or 8in.—an unusual rise for that river—and after that the fishing was very dull.

"The Au Sable has been fished very hard for two or three years and a great number of fish taken out, but it is a wonderful stream for the natural production of trout, as its bottom is gravel and in a great many places just the depth the fish like for spawning, and a right current for the eggs to develop in; also, it is not subject to high floods or great discoloration, as it drains a barren sand plain. If the limit could be raised to 8in. (it is now 6) I think it would be almost impossible to deplete it by legal fishing.

"A goodly portion of the fishermen take nothing under 7 or 8in., but a great many who like to boast of their catch kill everything 6in. or over, and I am sorry to say a party from Chicago that was there in May are of the latter class. A. C. King and Doctors Brown and Sanford were there at that time, but they are not the party I refer to. The stream can be waded anywhere from Grayling to twenty or twenty-five miles below with waders, but in some places the current is so strong it is pretty hard work. Wading up stream is not practicable for any distance anywhere, so the fish must be killed or taken up by boat (in live well) if the fisherman works down stream any great distance.

"About eight miles by team—fourteen by river—below Grayling are the Babbit and Stephens camps. Rube Babbit's camp, called Camp Toledo, is a log house 18 by 26, with board floor, good roof, good beds and located up the hill about fifteen rods from the river. Henry Stephens' camp is similar, located forty to sixty rods below Camp Toledo, on same side. John Stephens has two similar camps—one called Camp Basker, the other Camp Gilkim, nearly opposite Henry's—on the south side. All the camps have fine springs near by.

"I should have said that Rube has two camps—one that he uses half of for dining room, the other half for beds. At the Stephens the meals are furnished in their houses near by. The table fare is 'good enough' at all of them.

"My daughter and I were there twenty days last trip and enjoyed it hugely. The mosquitoes are bad, but no worse—and I think not so bad—than on other trout streams.

"The quantity of young brook trout fry to be seen there in May was simply marvelous—they simply swarmed in every favorable spot—but in July they had mostly disappeared from the main stream and were in the little spring brooks. In July there were a good many small fry that I think are rainbows, as they spawn and hatch later than the brook. I know of only one grayling being taken while I was there—that in May."

Wisconsin Bass.

Fox Lake, Wis., continues to keep up its creditable record for big bass. Last week Dick Hoover and Al Ries took two bass, the former having one weighing 6lbs., the latter one weighing 5lbs. 7oz. A day later Mr. Ries captured two pickerel, weighing 8¼ and 11lbs.

Fly-Casting Record.

Mr. Itha H. Bellows, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, showed his fitness for the presidency of that body of able anglers a week ago Saturday by smashing all previous club records on long distance fly-casting. Mr. Bellows got a mark of 127ft., within 4ft. of the best record of Mr. Mansfield, of San Francisco. We have young men out here who are capable of doing strong arm work in more ways than one. Personally Mr. Bellows is a good specimen of the human being, above middle height and powerfully built, as pleasant as he is clever, and there are many of his friends here who would not object to his breaking all the records whether for indoor or out-of-door casting. Mr. Bellows is crowding Mr. Mansfield closer than anyone else has ever done.

The Indiana Bass Law.

In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. G. W. Cunningham, of Portland, Ind., quotes from "Chicago and the West" of an earlier issue to this effect: "Mr. George Murrell and his friend, of this city, have gone to Bass Lake, Ind., again after big-mouths." Mr. Cunningham refers to this as an instance of Chicago selfishness and Chicago lawbreaking. I would like to state in regard to this that the question of the Indiana bass law received very careful attention from many of our anglers this spring, and I think that Mr. Murrell was also among those who looked up the law on account of the changes made last by the Indiana Legislature. Mr. Murrell is Secretary of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, and I think I may safely say that he would not intentionally break any game or fish law whatever. The section of the new Indiana law, as stated in the Game Laws in Brief, is this:

"Season.—Sec. 4. It shall not be lawful to take any fish in any way nor by any device whatever in the months of May and June in any of the streams of this State; or except with a hook and line in any of the waters of this State except Lake Michigan and the Ohio River, and except also in private ponds between the first day of January and the first day of April and between the first day of May and the first day of July of any year."

The above, in regard to season of taking black bass in Indiana, is certainly blind enough, but the construction put upon the section by the State Fish Commissioner and State's Attorney has been to the effect that bass fishing in the lakes of the State is not prohibited in May and June, although it is illegal to fish in the streams.

Pacific Salmon Fly and Spoon.

To-day I was talking with my friend Mr. F. H. Lord, general passenger agent of the Chicago Great Western Railroad, this city. Mr. Lord remarked to me that he would like to go out to Puget Sound and have a try for the salmon. "I was too late last year for the fishing," said he, "but they tell me it is very fine. My friends told me when I was out there that while the salmon were running they could not be induced to take any fly whatever, but if one found a pool in the stream where the fish were lying and resting they would take the fly there as well as any fish in any water." Of course everybody knows that the Coast salmon will take the spoon, but how about the statements of Mr. Lord's friends? E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Adirondack Pike and Bass.

CHILSON LAKE, Essex County, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few New York and Albany lovers of the rod are trolling for bass and pike in this lovely sheet of water. Messrs. David Lewis, of Albany, and the writer visited a little pond in the vicinity last week and caught many bass. Each had luck, Mr. Lewis capturing a 5lb. black bass on a light rod. A thick-necked Spring Lake pike fell to the lot of the writer. He weighed 9lbs.

PETER FLINT.

Fish-Fin and Other Poisons.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reading "Fish-Fin Poisoning," by Wau-Kau-Mah in the July *Woodcraft Magazine*, recalls to me that the recipes for poisoning by fish-fin, insect bites, etc., are so many and so varied, and the claims made by those who advise them so favorable, all getting equally good results, that one must conclude that none are specially valuable.

There is a simple, scientific antidote for all these poisons, namely, radiated heat.

The early application of radiated heat has been a long time known as an effective antidote to bites of snakes, insects and to punctured wounds, as from fish fins and sharp inanimate bodies.

I cannot recall reading this fact anywhere, yet I think that it is well known, and like Wau-Kau-Mah, I mention it for the benefit of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Even those who are "chained to business" may use it, as it is good for spider bites.

Dr. Constance Hering, a noted scientist, who died in Philadelphia in 1880, aged eighty-one years, was the first person I know of who had used radiated heat to antidote the poison of a snake bite. This he did in his own person, and successfully antidoted the virus of one of the most poisonous snakes of South America, the *Lachesis trigonecephalus*. It seems strange that although the fact that radiated heat is so generally known to be an antidote to all kinds of virus, it is so seldom used as such.

Those who hunt and fish usually have the means at hand to apply it. I have used a lighted cigar, a bunch of waste, a pine torch, the flame of a gasoline lamp, but best of all the glowing embers of the camp-fire.

When the fin of a fish punctures the finger or the hand a sharp pain usually ensues, and may extend from the wound up the arm to the shoulder. This pain is often excruciating and sickening. Hold the wound close to a red-hot ember or anything giving off an equal amount of heat, and you will note that in a minute or two all the pain is gone and that it is seldom necessary to repeat the application of heat. Healing takes place without further attention.

When the face or other parts of the body are tingling and burning and itching from mosquito bites so that it is impossible to go to sleep, give the parts a dose of radiated heat and you will go to sleep without further annoyance from the old bites.

Heat destroys all forms of germ life at 170° F.

Extreme cold, even that of liquid air, 312° F. below zero, does not destroy germs. Remember that germ life is not animal life.

That heat destroys virus is well known to marketers of vaccine virus, for on every package is a warning not to dry the vaccination with artificial heat.

In case of a bite of a venomous animal or insect I would trust radiated heat rather than the actual cautery. The reason is obvious. Grave nervous symptoms or other signs showing systemic affection in persons who have been bitten by an insect, reptile or dog may be due to poison absorbed, or constant irritation at the seat of injury carried to the central nervous system.

Even in these remote effects we have a simple cure in the Buisson bath treatment for hydrophobia, which may be carried out even in camp, it being only a matter of excessively sweating the patient by the use of hot air, or better, by a vapor bath.

Buisson says, vaccinate an infant and give it a vapor bath directly afterward and the vaccination will not take.

Hoping that those who go camping and forget their dope or who are unlucky and get bitten or finned will remember this simple remedy, I am ready for my roasting which I suppose will be forthcoming.

HORACE E. KISTLER.

A Primitive Fishing Ground.

To the fisherman who is fond of making original observations this quaint little old town of Noank, Conn., offers many attractions. Certain affairs this year made it necessary for me to give up my annual salmon fishing and to find a quiet fishing ground within a few hours' ride of New York. The merits of various nearby places were considered, and suddenly it occurred to me that twenty years ago I had spent a summer at Noank with the United States Fish Commission, and that the reason why the commission came here was because it was such a good place for fish. That settled it, and promptly upon the thought I seized my rods under one arm and wife and baby under the other, and marched off to Noank.

The town depends wholly upon fishing and ship building for its resources, and yet there is not a fishing tackle store in the place where the sportsman or contemplative fisherman can get the sort of outfit that he needs. It is all commercial fishing on a large scale, and the idea that anybody would fish for the fun of the thing is as ludicrous to the native as the idea of digging potatoes for fun. The storekeepers look surprised at anyone asking for rods and reels, and fancy things like that. In fact, it is not easy to find the storekeeper anyway. If he has gone to dinner, if there is a show in town, if the children are ill, the shop is closed. You can find the proprietor often by going after him, and that is a custom that is accepted by the villagers as quite proper. If you ask where to fish for weakfish with a rod no one can tell, although the traps catch them by the ton and weakfish are splashing under every dock in town after dark. Ask where the striped bass, sea bass, porgies, flounders and plaice are to be caught, and no one seems able to tell you that the channel right at your feet is full of them. The fisherman with a rod and reel outfit can have something biting at his hook all day long. The matter of bait is a serious question. I have to get all of my own bait. No one knew where to find blood worms and shrimp and little eels, and the common baits that are in demand. This does not imply any unwillingness on the part of the natives, for they are more than ready to be of service. They can tell one where to go for blackfish and bluefish and mackerel, for these are commercial fish.

There is only one hotel in the town, a quiet home of a place, where the idea of a barroom or of the bustling commercial traveler is as foreign as the knowledge about rod fishing. I am not missing my salmon fishing a bit, and the salmon will all be larger for next year, anyway; but I do feel lonesome here in the midst of fishing, with no cranks to "talk it o'er with" on the porch evenings. I can find fish everywhere all day long; but the field is a big one and it needs a number of good fishermen for working out the possibilities of these reefs and channels and flats. I shall be here for a month and shall have fun every day, and if anyone wants points it will please me to give him whatever I have worked out for myself to date. I have fished along a good part of the coast from Delaware to Labrador, and with the exception of Hereford Inlet, in New Jersey, this is the surest place for sport with a variety of game sea fish that I have found. R. T. M.

NOANK, Conn., July 22.

Salt Water League.

NEW YORK, July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen wants to hear from all salt water fishing clubs.

There are innumerable fishing clubs in Manhattan, Brooklyn, Richmond and other boroughs in Greater New York. New Jersey can point to hundreds of these clubs, and many are located along the Hudson River, while some parts of the Sound are dotted with such organizations. What have these clubs done for the good of the Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen? With but few exceptions the clubs have done absolutely nothing. They have not even extended to the League the assurance of their friendly feeling or good will.

What will they do in the future? What are they expected to do? These questions the League must leave to their own good judgment. But it does hope they will take some action soon, both as clubs and as individual members, toward contributing their mite to the fund to be used solely for securing proper legislation in the future for the protection of salt water fish and enforcing the present existing laws against illegal practices by prosecuting its violators. To prosecute offenders, money is required. The money must come from salt water fishermen through the small annual dues of one dollar, and by subscriptions from the fishing clubs for as much as they can afford, and many of these clubs can afford to contribute as much as five or ten dollars, and even more.

The benefits which they, collectively and individually, will ultimately derive from the great good the League proposes to do for them, will be immeasurable. At the next regular meetings of the League, which are held every third Monday evening of the month at Wall's Hotel, 106 West Thirty-first street, New York, it is hoped that every club will see fit to send one or more delegates, and report to our secretary, and in this way, even by their presence, encourage the earnest workers for the cause. In the meantime, the officers of the League would esteem it a favor if the readers of FOREST AND STREAM would forward to us the titles and location of all the fishing clubs known to them. If this information be supplemented with a copy of the constitution, by-laws and names of officers and members of clubs, our obligations to the sender will be increased.

The Board of Directors and officers meet at Wall's Hotel, 106 West Thirty-first street, on Friday, Aug. 4, at 8 P. M.

Clubs should send for petitions, which, when filled, will be presented to the Legislature this coming season. Be sure to send for some. T. BIEDINGER, Pres.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, July 29.—The salt-water fishermen who fish for sport are having their inning, with some good catches. Smelt fishing is reported fair at several points along the south shore. In the vicinity of Cohasset and Falmouth many dozens are being taken by the summer boarders. Cod fishing is popular with those who follow it for the fun of the thing. Mr. Mathew Luce has lately made several good catches, while nearly every good day several fishing crafts go off the Nahant rocks with merchants and business men as fishermen. Cod fishing seems to be as much enjoyed by them as does the sport on the Maine trout waters by those so fortunate as to be able to get away. Mr. W. F. Johnson, Jr., is just back from his vacation, which he spent near Quaddy Bay. He went cod fishing many days, and says the pulling up of the big ones is great sport. Smelt fishing continues to improve. The boys are getting a good many dozens off the "Punkins" and at other points near Falmouth. Mr. L. A. Aspinwall is very fond of salt-water fishing at different points along the Providence River, and generally spends his vacations that way. He returned last week from his summer fishing trip, Squeteague were the object this time. With his brother's help he made a catch of twenty-four in one day. Four pounds covered the largest taken. Mr. Aspinwall took seventeen to his brother's seven. SPECIAL.

Pacific Coast Samon Caught with Flies.

I NOTICED an article in the Fishing Gazette of last week on Pacific Coast salmon fishing. It may interest you to know that while staying with a friend in Douglas county, Oregon, in October, 1890, I fished with large-eyed sea trout flies in the South Umpqua River, which ran through his ranch, and on several occasions landed salmon up to 18lbs. The fish were coming up to spawn, and although somewhat red and quite unfit for the table, gave a fair amount of sport. The local anglers fished entirely with salmon roe for the small salmon trout, which were also in the river, and were much surprised at my success with the fly, which they did not seem to be acquainted with. I have a copy of a local journal which has an article on the killing of a salmon by me, and as it is somewhat of a curiosity I regret that I cannot at present (being away from home) let you see it. The fly which I found most attractive was a roughly dressed fiery brown body with a grouse wing, and yellow taft as a tail.—Correspondence London Fishing Gazette.

Long Island Fishing.

EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I., July 31.—The largest catch of fish ever made by one party was made by a party in Jack Simonson's yacht on Saturday. The catch was estimated to weigh over 1,000lbs. There were 467 fish, mostly large porgies, sea bass and a few fluke, blackfish, etc. The fishermen were Narrie J. Stokum, Charles Nulse, Jr., Mr. MacGowan and Samuel Rhame. Three hooks were used on a line, and in several instances three fish were hauled in at once.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., July 31.—Fishing was perhaps never better than it has been during the past few days. The party on board the auxiliary yacht Inner Beach, Captain Henry Wright, caught over 450 fish on Friday. They were mostly porgies and sea bass. It was the largest catch of the season. The party fished until they were completely exhausted. Bluefish are still scarce, and there are very few blackfish or kingfish.

NEW POINT AMITYVILLE, L. I., July 31.—The last few days have been as near perfect as possible. The air has been moderately cool, with a full-sail breeze nearly all the time. Fishing has not been good, owing, it is supposed, to the low temperature of the water. Very few large bluefish have been caught. The smaller bay fish are caught, but only in small quantities.

A Large Nepigon Trout.

PORT ARTHUR, Canada, July 22.—You will be pleased to learn that the largest speckled trout on record (here) was caught in the Nepigon River on June 20 by a Mrs. Tayleur, of Drayton, England. It weighed 9lbs., and was 27in. in length by 15½in. in girth. The fish was weighed and the skin dressed and sent to England as a remarkable specimen of its kind.

Mr. August Belmont, of New York, and party were fishing the Nepigon last week. They had good sport. The largest trout caught weighed 4½lbs. They left on Wednesday in their private car via the C. P. R. for the Pacific Coast. JOHN E. NEWSOME.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Aug. 5.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island Kennel Club's one-day show, Crescent Park. George S. Miller, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.

Sept. 12-13.—Petrolea, Ont.—Kennel Club show. C. K. C. rules. F. W. Reynolds, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-15.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Kennel Club's fifth annual bench show. Edward Meisenheimer, Sec'y.

Oct. 2-6.—Dallas, Tex.—Texas Kennel Club's second annual bench show. Sydney Smith, Sec'y.

Oct. 3-6.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's eighteenth annual show. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.

Oct. 10-13.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island State Fair Association. E. M. Oldham, Supt.

Nov. 15-18.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show. Marcel A. Viti, Sec'y.

Nov. 22-24.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 31.—Emmettsburg, Ia.—The Iowa Field Trial Association's second annual field trials. M. Bruce, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—La Salle, Man.—Western Canada Kennel Club's annual amateur field trials. A Cole, Sec'y.

Sept. 6.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y.

Oct. 31.—Greene Co., Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's fifth annual field trial. A. C. Peterson Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Washington C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Nov. 8-9.—Lakeview, Mich.—Michigan Field Trials Association's second annual trials. E. Rice, Sec'y.

Nov. 12.—Bicknell Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's first annual trials. George D. Mayfield, Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 17.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 21.—Lawrenceville, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.— ——, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.

Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Bench Show Responsibilities.

THE following report of a cat show case is interesting because the principles apply also to dog show managements. The report is from the New York Times of July 27:

The recovery of $50 by Miss Lillian C. Moeran, in Municipal Court, First District, before Justice Wauhope Lynn, in her suit against the New York Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Association, Limited, as the value of a Manx cat which she delivered to the defendant for exhibition at its show at Madison Square Garden, was yesterday affirmed by the Appellate Term of the Supreme Court. The prevailing opinion, by Presiding Justice Freedman, was concurred in by Justice Leventritt, and Justice MacLean wrote a concurring opinion.

The rules of the Association provided that the entry of animals was to be made at the owners' risk, and that all specimens would be cared for and returned at the close of the exhibition; that the Association would exercise all reasonable vigilance in the care of the exhibits, but would not be responsible for loss by fire or otherwise.

The Presiding Justice holds that the true construction of the contract was that, though the cat was received at the owner's risk, the defendant remained bound to exercise ordinary care to prevent escape. The facts are held to have fully established that the defendant did not exercise the ordinary care requisite for that purpose, but was negligent, and that the escape of the cat was due to such negligence.

In his opinion Justice MacLean said: "Herein is an instance of bailment, or, to borrow learned language from Massachusetts (10 Gray, 366), '*locatum*' of a Manx feline, described as a male specimen, longer as to its two hind legs than as to its fore, prize-winning from agricultural societies, of great value, and without a tail. Zenda, for so the Manx was hight, was brought to the show of pigeons, of poultry and of pets of the defendant, and placed in a coop thereof, by mistress and maid, assisted by an offering man of fair complexion, and dressed in

blue checked overalls, with a colored blouse, in which livery many were about, who opened the coop door, and showed both how to open and close it.

"A little later the powerful and peculiar exhibit had moved the iron cage, unforesightedly not fastened at the bottom, along and partly beyond the platform whereon it stood, making an aperture sufficient for its escape. Then he was off. There was a quick but bootless pursuit by the attendants in pack, with many others, with hue and cry. Though often spied in the secrecies between the roof rafters and sub-cellar of the vast garden, Zenda was never recovered.

"Whether his manucapture was impracticable, because he was strenuously moved to solitude by jealousy or any other of the impulses delicately suggested by Allen, J., in his lettered and sympathetic opinion (22 Barb., 506) anent the contentions of and over the dogs of Oneida county, or because *feræ naturæ*, as was held (47 Hun., 366) to be bivalve, though destitute of locomotivity, in an oyster bed litigation, in an adjoining judicial department, is not stated. The defendant contends that it was relieved from liability for such loss because the animal was received at 'owner's risk.'

"But that proviso in the entrance blank, read with the regulations, also prepared and furnished by the Association, caused the owner to assume only the risk arising from ordinary dangers not to be prevented by reasonable and ordinary care on the part of the show company. It left the latter liable for occurrences which might be avoided, with ordinary care and prudence.

"It still left to the exhibitor a right to anticipate that the coops provided, and in which, within the regulations, exhibits could only be shown, would be suitable for their purpose and such as were likely to enable the defendant to carry out its undertaking. Besides, the constructive caption of the cat at the outset was *lucrandi anumo*, so far as the corporation had a mind.

"It was delivered on the invitation of the defendant, which charged and received a payment for the entry and for the coop. 'Then it was,' to take again from Massachusetts, without plagiary, '*locatum* and not *depositum*,' and the defendant was liable for want of ordinary care. The learned Justice of the Municipal Court, before whom the parties appeared and introduced their evidence, found for the plaintiff, and cast the defendant in damages of $50. He was right."

Kennel Transactions.

Because of his failure to straighten out a certain dog-selling transaction we have discontinued from our Kennel Special columns the advertisement of C. L. B. Landis, of Bowers Station, Pa.

Petrolea Bench Show.

Petrolea, Ont., July 19.—Please be good enough to mention that the Petrolea Kennel Club will hold a bench show of dogs on Sept. 12 and 13 at Petrolea, Canada. C. K. C. rules will govern. F. W. Reynolds, Sec'y.

Points and Flushes.

Spratts Patent will move into new and larger quarters in the near future. It has purchased land near the depots of the great railroads entering Newark, N. J., and is building a factory thereon, which, with its increased number of ovens, will enable the firm to double its present output. The old factory has become too small for the requirements of the firm.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

AUGUST.

9-10-11. Corinthian, Marblehead, midsummer series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
12. Corinthian, Marblehead,, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
12. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, open, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
12. American, cruise to Squam, Newburyport.
12. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
12. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
12. Wood's Holl, open, Wood's Holl, Quissett.
12. Wollaston, open, Wollaston, Mass.
12. Bridgeport, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
12. Royal, Nova Scotia, one-design class, Halifax, N. S.
12. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
12. Quannapowitt, club.
12. Squantum, handicap, Squantum, Mass.
12. Jamaica Bay, annual cruise, rendezvous.
12-13. Winthrop, cruise to Marblehead, Winthrop.
12. Savin Hill, club handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
13. Penataquit Cor., 15ft. class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
13. Williamsburgh, sloop classes, Bowery Bay, L. I. Sound.
14-15-16-17. Lake Y. R. A. meet, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
14 to 19. Oshkosh, I. L. Y. A. week, Oshkosh, Wis.
14-15-16. Erie, open, Erie, Pa., Lake Erie.
14. American, open, Newburyport.
16. Annisquam, open, Annisquam.
17. Newport, ladies' day, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
17. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester, Mass.
17. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
19. Corinthian, Marblehead, 5th cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
19. Beverly, club Cor., Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
19. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
19. Jubilee, annual, open, Salem Bay.
19. Huguenot, annual, open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
19. Morris, special club, Port Morris, Long Island Sound.
19. New Jersey-Knickerbocker, Cor. cup, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
19. Royal Hamilton, open,, Hamilton, Lake Ontario.
19. Royal Nova Scotia, all classes, Halifax, N. S.
19. Quannapowitt, club.
19. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
20. Penataquit Cor., snipe class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
21. Royal Canadian, Canada cup, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
21-22-23-24-25. Seawanhaka Cor., Cor. of Philadelphia, knockabout match, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
21. American, moolight sail, Newburyport, Mass.
24. Plymouth, open, Plymouth, Mass.
25. Kingston, open, Duxbury Bay.
26. Royal Nova Scotia, club, Halifax, N. S.
26. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
26. Huntington, annual, open, Huntington Bay.
26. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Corinthian, Marblehead, 6th cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
26. Duxbury,, open, Duxbury Bay.
26. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
26. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
26. Seawanhaka Cor., Center memorial, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
26. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
26. Wollaston, handicap, Wollaston, Mass.
26. Quannapowitt, club.
26. Wood's Holl, sprit & cat classes, Wood's Holl, Hadley Harbor.
26. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
26. Savin Hill, club handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 29.

The eleventh annual regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was sailed to-day. There were seventeen classes and fifty-one starters. The wind blew fresh from the S.E. Marguerite, in the 25ft. open catboat class, was disqualified for fouling the stakeboat, and Edwina II., 18ft. open sloop, lost her rudder. Tigress lost her topmast, but won her race, and Ondawa had her upper stick carried out. The times were:

Schooners—52 to 80ft.—Cruising Trim—Start, 1:05—30 Miles.

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Katrina, R. E. Tod	73.14	5 10 55	4 05 55
Nirvana, G. G. Tyson	71.19	5 31 15	4 26 15
Wayward, C. Smithers	63.82	5 24 04	4 19 04

Sloops—52ft. Class—Racing Trim—Start, 1:10—22 Miles.

Acushla II., H. W. & A. Hanan	50.15	4 44 49	3 34 49

52ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Start, 1:10—22 Miles.

Ondawa, H. J. Robert	47.83	5 28 26	4 18 26
Penguin, G. E. Brightson	48.94	4 58 17	3 48 17

43ft. Class—Racing Trim—Start, 1:15—22Miles.

Fleetwing, Dr. Francis Valk	42.00	5 23 27	4 08 27
Tigress, C. A. Appleton	40.50	5 20 55	4 05 55

36ft. Class—Racing Trim—Start, 1:15—22 Miles.

Anoatok, O. Sanderson	33.95	5 04 12	3 49 12
Acushla I., C. T. Wills	34.00	5 05 09	3 50 09
O Shima San, H. I. Pratt	36.00	4 59 16	3 44 16
Daisy, R. M. Hyde, Jr	32.15	Not timed.	
Vorant II., L. Whittemore	33.80	5 20 09	5 04 09

Yawls—43ft. Class—Start, 1:15—14 Miles.

Albicore, S. J. Hyde	41.00	5 15 20	4 00 21
Sultan, C. S. Somerville	37.93	5 16 15	4 01 14
Possum, W. N. Bavier	33.00	5 38 33	4 23 33

Sultan won on corrected time, 3:56:17.

Cabin Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 1:15—14 Miles.

Alerion, A. H. Alker	28.50	3 45 37	2 30 33
Lorelei, A. Peats	27.42	3 56 32	2 41 32

Open Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:30—14 Miles.

Houri, F. J. Bergen	22.95	4 19 20	2 49 20
Celia, W. S. Gould	23.04	4 26 12	2 56 12

18ft. Class—Start, 1:30—9 Miles.

Edwina II., J. N. Gould	16.01	Disabled.	
Ripple, Dr. J. A. Meek	17.99	Did not finish.	
Nike, Guy Forbes	16.00	4 00 27	2 30 27

Cabin Cats—30ft. Class—Start, 1:35—14 Miles.

Windora, W. L. Ward	30.00	4 10 00	2 35 00
Dosoris II., A. H. Sleigh	29.75	4 24 30	2 49 30
Volsung, De Forest Bros	28.70	4 09 39	2 34 39
Mystic, Clarence Lockwood	27.10	4 30 15	2 55 15

Cabin Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:35—15 Miles.

Qui Vive, George A. Freeth	24.87	4 24 10	2 29 10
Scat, G. Paulding 2d	22.73	4 35 25	3 00 25
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	23.50	4 33 35	2 58 35
Dandy, J. H. Temple	24.92	4 39 23	3 04 23

Open Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:40—14 miles.

Jennie D., Dady & Harrington	23.92	Not timed.	
Elsie, W. F. Gillespie	23.52	4 56 54	3 16 54
Sirene, Richard Outwater	25.00	4 46 00	3 06 00
Marguerite, S. G. Poole		Disqualified.	

21ft. Class—Start, 1:40—9 Miles.

Spunk, C. E. Silkworth	19.00	4 01 54	2 21 54
Psyche, H. B. Stevens	21.00	4 25 37	2 45 37
Vera, A. M. Bradley	20.07	3 52 02	2 12 02
Ruth, Charles T. Wills		4 35 23	2 55 20
Gosbird, Russell H. Nevins		4 26 58	2 46 58

18ft. Class—Start, 1:40—9 Miles.

Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr	18.00	3 49 25	2 09 25

15ft Class—Start, 1:40—9 Miles.

Louie Belle, J. M. Williams	14.00	4 35 17	2 55 17
The Kid, P. R. Bonner	15.00	Did not finish.	
Lobster, T. J. S. Flint	15.00	4 22 57	2 42 57

Racing Knockabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 1:25—14 Miles.

Mongoose, Simeon Ford	21.00	4 16 53	2 51 53
Robin Hood, G. E. Gartland	21.00	4 20 31	2 55 31
Kantaka, G. J. Bradish	21.00	4 28 55	3 03 25
Kittie, Hazen Morse	21.00	4 16 12	2 51 02
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie	21.00	4 09 59	2 44 59

Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 1:25—14 Miles.

Dipper, A. Iselin	21.00	4 23 56	2 58 56
W. Yatjo, F. S. Hastings	21.00	4 21 59	2 56 59

The winners were Katrina, Acushla II., Penguin, Tigress, O Shima San, Sultan, Alerion, Houri, Nike, Volsung, Qui Vive, Sirene, Vera, Kazaza, Lobster and Spindrift.

30-Footers at Newport.

On July 23 a drifting match was sailed, in which Wawa won. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	6 21 44	2 48 44
Hera, Ralph N. Ellis	6 22 20	2 49 20
Esperanza, Harry O. Havemeyer	6 35 51	3 02 51
Vaquero III., Herman B. Duryea	Withdrew.	

On July 27 a sweepstake was sailed by the 30-footers in a good S.W. breeze, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 28 37	2 20 37
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 29 08	2 21 08
Polly Wog, A. H. Paget	5 31 39	2 23 39
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	5 32 06	6 24 06
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 34 08	2 26 08
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 34 30	2 26 30
Carolina, P. Jones	5 36 44	2 28 44

On July 28 a special race was sailed for a cup offered by Mrs. Herman B. Duryea. The course was to Dyer's Island and back, eighteen miles, and a strong wind blew from the S.W. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Polly Wog, A. H. Paget	5 44 29	2 39 29
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 46 04	2 41 04
Carolina, P. Jones	5 46 30	2 41 30
Puck, E. D. Morgan	5 46 54	2 41 54
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 48 02	2 43 02
Asahi, L. Warren	5 48 14	2 43 14
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer	5 50 27	2 45 27

Genesee to Sail for Canada Cup.

The judges of the Chicago Y. C. have decided to select Genesee, owned by Charles Van Voorhis, of the Rochester Y. C. to represent the Chicago Y. C. as challenging party in the races for the Canada cup to be held at Toronto on Aug. 21. This decision was reached on July 27, when Prairie beat Briar, the other candidate for selection as challenger, in a race over the Chicago Y. C.'s eight-mile course. While the race was not a satisfactory trial of Briar, Mr. Geo. R. Peare, her owner, has decided to withdraw as a candidate, owing to the lack of condition of the boat.

The race on July 27 between Prairie and Briar was to decide whether Briar was fit to contest with Genesee for the honor of representing the United States in the coming races for the Canada cup. Prairie's clubtopsail was faulty, and Charles Thorne, her owner, requested Peare to sail with working topsails, but as Briar's working topsail was also unfit for use it was decided to sail the race under jib and mainsail only. Briar crossed the line forty-four seconds ahead of her rival, but at the half-way mark Prairie was over three minutes ahead. Prairie gained on the run down before the wind and crossed the finish line at 5:53:58. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Prairie	3 29 52	5 53 58	2 24 06
Briar	3 29 08	6 17 50	2 48 52

The Canada Cup.

The first meeting of the three Toronto 35-footers, McLeod, Payne and Toronto, took place on July 22. The new Payne yacht, named after her designer, had just arrived from Oakville, where she was launched a short time before, and was thus at a disadvantage with the others, which had been under way for several weeks. The wind was light S.E., with a roll to the sea. Toronto was steered by J. Wilton Morse; Payne by Fred Turner, and McLeod by Æmilius Jarvis. The start was made at 3 P. M., McLeod being over the line and compelled to recross, with a handicap of 1m. 28s. Payne took the lead on the wind, but McLeod passed Toronto and would have caught Payne, but she mistook a mark of the Queen City for her own mark, and lost a little time over the error. At the next mark Payne overstood and went to third place, McLeod being first. The first round was timed:

McLeod	3 33 15	Payne	3 37 42
Toronto	3 34 10		

On the second round Payne did good work in the sea and light wind, but failed to catch Toronto. The final times were:

McLeod	5 19 25	Payne	5 36 00
Toronto	5 35 09		

Toronto carried away her large jib and had to set a smaller one, to her disadvantage.

On the same day the two Hamilton boats, Myrtle and Hamilton, met for the sixth time, Hamilton under her proper rig scoring her second win. The times were:

35ft. Class—Start, 2:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hamilton	5 10 17	2 35 17
Myrtle	5 14 45	2 39 45

The third Hamilton yacht, designed by Jas. Weir, was afloat, but not yet rigged.

Briar, the last of the Chicago yachts, was successfully launched on July 22.

Oconomowoc Y. C.

OCONOMOWOC—LAC LA BELLE.

On July 26 the race for the $500 cup offered by the Oconomowoc Y. C. was sailed. Argo, of the Oshkosh Y. C., won the cup for the second time, and will hold it for a year, when, if she wins again, she will become permanent holder. A. S.S.W. gale blew during the race, and four boats capsized, while two others were disabled. The four boats which capsized were: Aderyn, Zaza, Galatea and Saic. The times were:

Argo, Jas. H. Jones, Oshkosh Club	1 05 53
Ariel, F. W. Peck, Jr., Green Lake	1 11 40
Pistakee, N. Morris, Pistakee	1 14 29
Avis II., W. H. Thompson, Chicago	1 15 24

On the morning of July 28 the race for the John Dupee cup was sailed in a light south wind, and was won by Aderyn, of the Neenah Y. C. Kismet fouled Avis II. and was disqualified. Saic was towed ashore disabled. The times were:

Aderyn, W. L. Davis	2 27 53
Magic, W. H. Dupee	2 34 00
Galatea, D. H. Murphy	2 34 57
Argo, J. H. Jones	2 36 38
Pistakee, N. Morris	2 30 50
Zaza, P. D. Armour	2 37 16
Avis II., W. H. Thompson	2 38 27

In the afternoon the race for the Pabst challenge cup, limited to yachts of Waukesha county, was sailed. The wind was stronger than in the morning and the race livelier. The times were:

Magic, W. H. Dupee	1 30 00
Galatea, D. H. Murphy	1 35 04
Saic, D. W. Buchanan	1 36 03
Ariel, F. W. Peck, Jr	1 37 53
Rajah, Fred Richbrock	1 38 54
Kismet, P. R. Smith	1 40 17
Peerless, R. Nunnemacher	1 42 50

Williamsburg Y. C.

STEINWAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Sunday, July 30.

The July regatta of the Williamsburg Y. C. was sailed to-day over a triangular course of six miles, the boats sailing twice over the course. A fair breeze blew from the west, and the times were:

Cabin Sloops and Cutters—30 to 35ft.—Start, 3:10.

	Finish.	Corrected.
Reliance, H. Schwartz	4 55 30	1 45 30
Kelpie, F. W. Smedley	4 59 00	1 48 45

Cabin Sloops and Cutters—25 to 30ft.—Start, 3:10.

Olympia, O. Reed	4 59 00	1 55 00
Rosa, R. Perino	Withdrew.	

Cabin Sloops and Cutters—25ft. and Under—Start, 3:20.

Pastime, J. Schnessle	5 13 50	1 57 10
Emily B., E. Bottke	5 25 00	2 05 00
Rover, G. Schwartz	5 24 22	2 05 22
Innocent, Mr. Rawlinson	5 18 20	2 50 00
Le Roy, W. H. Schleicher	5 24 10	2 07 10

Open Sloops—Start, 3:20.

Lady, P. A. Hamburger	5 17 15	1 57 15
Flushing, C. Hartman	5 20 15	2 00 15

Cabin Cats Over 25ft.—Start, 3:30.

Mabel M., E. Haman	5 37 00	2 07 00
Cupid, T. Airey	5 35 30	2 07 00

Mabel had an allowance of 1m. 30s. on Cupid. Race a tie.

Open Catboats—Start, 3:30.

Paragon, W. E. Long	5 32 35	2 05 35
Opedeldoc, P. White	5 45 00	2 15 00

Douglaston Y. C.

PORT WASHINGTON—MANHASSET BAY.

Saturday, July 30.

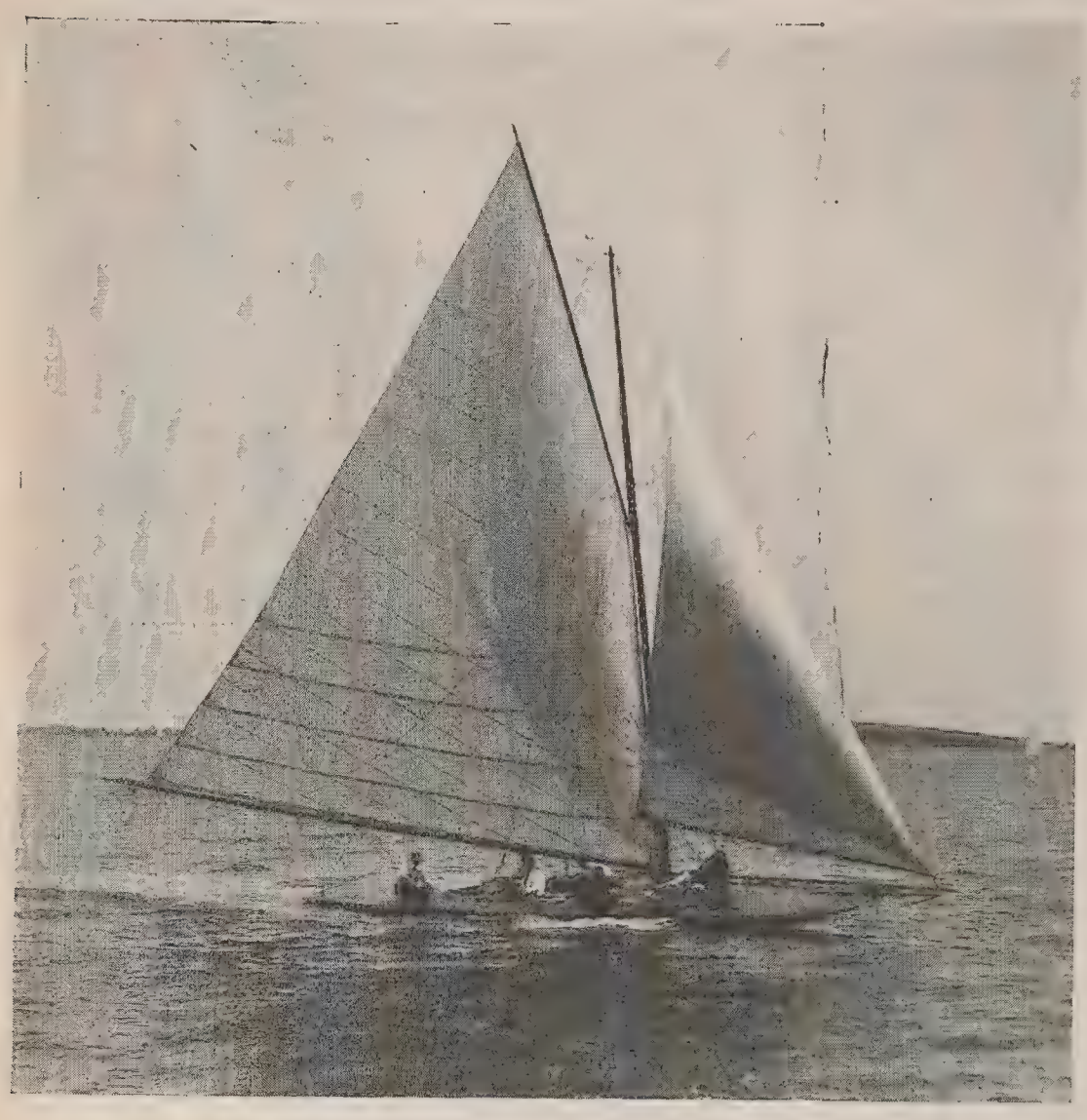
Special races for dories and knockabouts were sailed to-day. The knockabouts sailed eight miles and the dories four miles, the times being:

Knockabouts.

	Finish.
Thelga, O. P. Thayer	5 26 00
Midge, J. Boyer	5 26 40

Dories.

Zena, F. E. Barnes	5 23 32
Dud, W. Corry	Did not finish.
John Dory, C. M. Greene	5 24 00
Tom Cod, L. Harvey	Withdrew.
Periwinkle, F. Francis	Withdrew
Prize, H. H. Van Rensselaer	5 23 02



HOSTESS.



HEIRESS.

The Quincy Challenge Cup.

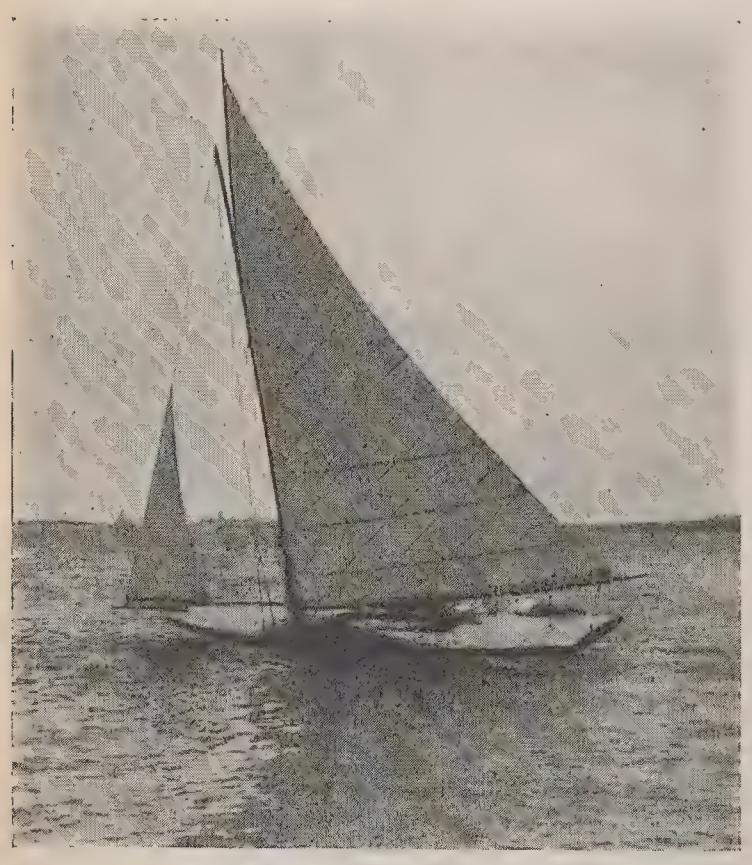
The second annual series of races for the Quincy challenge cup began on Monday, July 24. The final race was sailed on Thursday, July 27, the defender, Mr. H. M. Faxon's Hostess, winning three races and thus retaining possession of the cup for another year, at least. The cup was offered in the winter of '97 by the Quincy Y. C. for the 21ft. l.w.l. class of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts. Hostess won the trophy in the first series of races sailed in Quincy Bay last year.

The conditions call for a series of three out of five races. The entries were: H. M. Faxon's Hostess, defender of the cup, and C. D. Mower's Heiress, F. L. Pigeon's Thelma, Walter Abbott's Oogrook and W. E. C. Eustis' Pompano, challengers.

The weather conditions on Monday were good for a race. A steady E.N.E. breeze blew up the bay, and the boats went to the mark reefed. Heiress was disabled and withdrew. The times were:

Hostess, H. M. Faxon	1 29 18
Oogrook, Walter Abbott	1 37 32
Pompano, W. E. C. Eustis	1 38 50
Thelma, F. L. Pigeon	1 43 19
Heiress, C. D. Mower	Disabled.

Hostess won again on Tuesday in as exciting and close a race as one would care to see, for Heiress pushed her hard to the line, and was second by the narrow margin of



THELMA.

twenty-nine seconds. The morning was not propotitious for a race, a heavy fog hanging over the bay and a raw rain falling until almost noon. The fog then lifted and the rain ceased. The wind was N.E., and the boats carried full sail. Mr. Mower, owner of Heiress, protested Hostess on measurement after the race, but withdrew the protest. The times were:

Hostess	2 17 53	Oogrook	2 28 04
Heiress	2 18 22	Pompano	2 30 27
Thelma	2 25 27		

Wednesday's race was a drifting match, but interesting nevertheless, for the boats were so close together just before the finish that anyone of them might have won the race. Thelma drifted over the line first, four seconds ahead of Pompano. The race was started in a heavy rain storm, with some wind, but the rain turned into a heavy fog and the wind died down to almost nothing. Hostess and Pompano crossed the starting line too soon and lost two minutes fifty-four seconds and three minutes thirty-eight seconds respectively, because the judges obliged them to make two trials before the start was allowed. The race between Hostess and Heiress was exciting throughout, Hostess beating her rival by a slight margin. Hostess was twice protested by Mr. Mower, owner of Heiress, on alleged fouls, but the protests were not allowed. The times were:

Thelma	4 30 56	Heiress	4 35 38
Pompano	4 34 39	Oogrook	4 41 58
Hostess	4 35 39		

The fourth, and what proved to be the final, race was sailed on Thursday in a fine S.W. breeze, with the boats sailing under double reef. Hostess won this race, her third victory in this series, and retains possession of the cup for another year. The time of the winner, one hour fifty-three minutes thirty-five seconds, for a twelve-knot course, one-third of which was to windward, was a truly remarkable performance. She took the lead at the start and held it throughout, winning by one minute fifty-two seconds. Thelma and Pompano had an exciting race for fourth place, which was finally won by Thelma, Pompano having gotten into difficulty with a yacht at anchor near the finish line. The times were:

Hostess	1 53 33	Thelma	2 11 24
Heiress	1 55 25	Pompano	2 12 06
Oogrook	2 04 25		

Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup.

The fifth series of races for the international challenge cup established by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. in 1895 on the occasion of the visit of the English half-rater Spruce IV., was begun last week at Dorval, Lake St. Louis, the station of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. This club won the cup in 7896, Mr. G. H. Duggan's 15-footer Glencairn I. defeating Mr. C. H. Crane's El Heirie. The contest has been since kept up between the same designers, Glencairn II. defeating Momo I. in 1897, and Dominion defeating Challenger in 1898.

In 1897 the 15ft. class was abandoned in favor of the 20ft., in which the races have since been held.

The conditions this year are unchanged from 1897-8, except that two new limitations were adopted by both parties last winter. The overall length, previously unlimited, was limited to 32ft. 6in.; and a minimum angle of 70 degrees for the bows, or of 35 degrees with the fore and aft centerline, was adopted. Whether or no these limitations will effect the intended end of barring all other kinds of freaks except those in the class prior to last year, and in particular the double-bilge freak, is a question which no one has tried to solve this year. Only four yachts have been built on both sides of the line, and of these none are more extreme freaks than Al Anka and Skate of 1897.

The challenger and defender of this year are both of the general type introduced by Mr. Duggan in Glencairn I. in 1806, and further developed by him in Glencairn II. in the following year. They have the same waterline, about 17ft. 6in., the same beam of about 8ft., a very wide flat floor carried well into the ends, and flaring sides. The after ends of the two are very similar. The great difference is in the fore bodies. The official measurements of the two are as follows:

	Constance.	Glencairn III.
Length—		
Over all	30ft. 10⅝in.	32ft. 4¼in.
L.W.L.	17ft. 9 in.	17ft. 3 in.
Overhang—		
Bow	8ft. ¼in.	9ft. 3⅞in.
Stern	5ft. 1⅜in.	5ft. 9⅝in.
Mast	25ft. 6 in.	25ft. 5¾in.
Boom	23ft.	21ft. 8 in.
Gaff	13ft. 6 in.	14ft. 8 in.
Spinaker boom	15ft. 5 in.	20ft.
Mainsail area	386ft.	370ft.
Head triangle	98ft.	128ft.
Spinaker	196ft.	256ft.
Total area	484ft.	498ft.
Racing measurement	19,875ft.	19,785ft.

As the above measurements show, Mr. Crane has taken less than the allowed over all length by 20in., and the bow is comparatively a fine one. Seen alone, it looks quite hard and full, showing the hump at the forward termination of each bilge, which is one marked characteristic of the modern freak 20-footer. The general comment about Dorval, and it is correct, is that Constance is more like Glencairn II. than any other 20-footer. When seen side by side to Glencairn III., however, the bow looks very fine and easy.

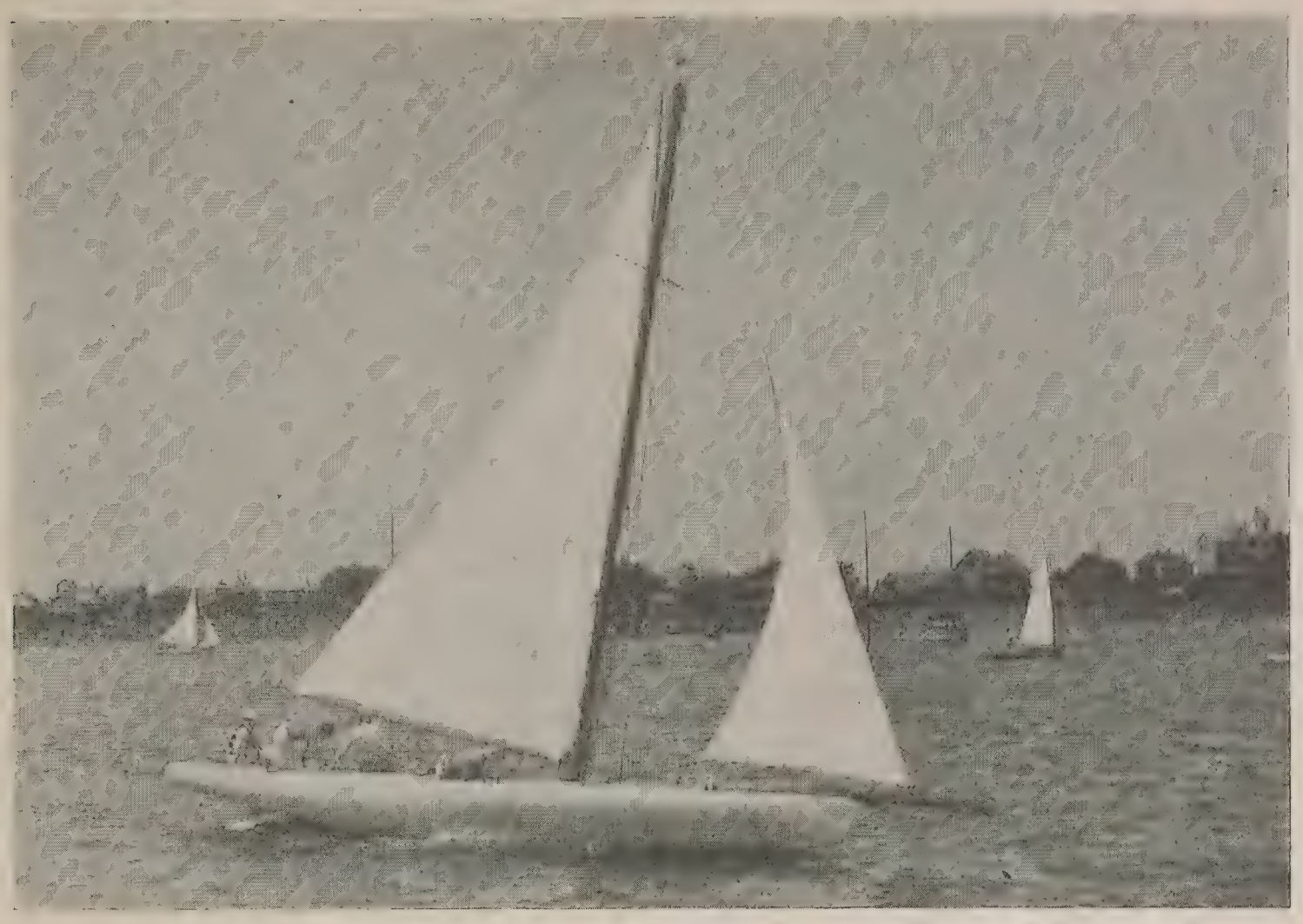
The new boat is the most extreme scow that Mr. Duggan has yet designed. He has gone nearly to the limit over all length, and with this he has snubbed in the bow until the fore end for a distance of a couple of feet would almost fit the V prescribed by the limitations. The deck line is very full and not fair, but shows a break where the V joins the curve of the side. With this full wide deck is a very full bow, showing a big hump at the end of each bilge. When sailed at the effective angle, there is a great lengthening of the waterline. Seen side by side, Constance looks smaller and more shapely than she



OOGROOK.

really is in contrast to the big scow deck and full bows of Glencairn III.

Constance was built by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Company, builders of Momo, Challenger and Seawanhaka, and is a handsome piece of work. Mr. Crane has abandoned the composite construction of last year's boats, with metal angles and elaborate bracing of bicycle tubing, and has gone back to the ordinary wooden bracing of the Duggan boats. The scantling is much heavier than that of last year, and the boat is apparently capable of racing for several seasons. The frames are much heavier than in Challenger, and the planking is almost double the thickness. The planking and decking of British Columbia cedar are each ship lap, but the seams of the planking are strengthened by small pieces of batten fastened inside between each pair of frames. The deck is smooth, and



POMPANO.

not in-and-out as in all of last year's Crane boats. The rig includes a fine outfit of hollow spars, with sails by Wilson & Silsby. The mast is fitted with double shrouds, the forward one, which leads well forward of the mast, running to the masthead, with spreaders of bicycle tubing raked well forward; the after one, from the hounds, leads to a chainplate well abaft the mast. There is a traveler for the jib sheets forward, and one on the extreme counter, for the mainsheet; both of hickory. The tiller is of the Y pattern used by Mr. Crane for three years. The rudder is a single bronze plate about 3-16in. thick, almost rectangular in shape, except for a point on the upper fore corner, the blade raking aft.

Glencairn III. was built at the Dorval shop, of similar construction to the Duggan boats of 1898; the plain ship lap. Her bottom planking is of white cedar and her deck of British Columbia cedar, laid in-and-out. Her rudder is of the peculiar shape shown in the design of Dominion published in the FOREST AND STREAM last October. The tiller is of the dog's leg pattern always used by Mr. Duggan. The spars are all hollow, made at the Dorval shop. There is but one shroud to a side, from the masthead, with spreaders of bicycle tubing. The jib traveler is of tubing, as are the two mainsheet travelers.

Both boats have long, open cockpits without bulkheads and centerboards of the same form, of wood loaded with lead. Out of several weights of board, Constance carried in the races one of 438lbs. weight. Mr. Crane has this year abandoned the sliding piece on the after side of the board by which the area was altered at will.

The centerboard carried by Glencairn III. weighs 307lbs. Her sails were made by Oldrieve & Horn, Kingston, Canada. Constance is owned by Hon. Regis H. Post and E. M. Post, Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C.; Gleincairn III. is owned by Com. James Ross, of the Royal Canadian Y. C.

The crews are: Constance, C. H. Crane, skipper, 145lbs.; H. M. Crane, 130lbs.; E. M. Post, 160lbs.; Joseph B. Thomas, 159lbs.; total, 594lbs. Glencairn III., G. H. Duggan, skipper, 149½lbs.; F. P. Shearwood, 149lbs.; Arthur Hamilton, 155lbs.; Shirley Davidson, 141¼lbs.; total, 594¾lbs.

Mr. Sherman Hoyt, who sailed in the crew at Oyster Bay, was with the party, but on account of his light weight was replaced by Mr. Post.

The race committee included Messrs. J. J. Riley, H. B. Young and Prof. Copper, of McGill University. The Americans present were Mrs. R. H. Post, Mrs. E. M. Post, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wetmore and C. A. Sherman. Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Foster, of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., made the cruise from New York to Dorval in the 40ft. naphtha launch Wavelet, by way of Lake Champlain, and were present at the first races.

The boats this year were handled with the same scrupulous care as in former years, being hauled out immediately after each race, the heavy centerboards being hoisted out onto the dock by a pair of sheer legs and tackle, while the rudders were unshipped. Constance had a crew of three professionals to tend her and polish her, while Glencairn was looked after by the men who built and rigged her. As a matter of interest, it may be stated that the American boat cost somewhat over $1,500, and the Canadian about half as much. The former is of more elaborate finish, and the handsomer of the two, but for actual racing there is little choice between them. The cost of the 15-footers, it will be remembered, in 1895-6 ranged from $350 to $650.

This year for the first time the defenders have sailed no trial races, merely a few informal trials between Glencairn III. and last year's Speculator.

First Race, Windward and Leeward.

At midnight on July 26 a very violent thunderstorm came up, lasting until 6 A. M. on Thursday. When it subsided a S.W. wind sprung up, freshening steadily through the early morning, until the whole lake was covered with whitecaps. The two boats were launched inside the boom, the race committee and crews were on hand, but as the hour of the start approached no one expressed any desire to sail. The wind came down the lake in heavy gusts, and the seas were running high. At 11 o'clock it was decided to postpone the start for two hours. Mr. Duggan and his crew bent a mainsail on Speculator, turned in three reefs and set a stormjib. Under this snug rig they ventured out and beat up the lake for a short distance. The little boat made very good weather of it, and had the two then been at the line a start would have been made; but the wind and sea were so high that the towing up to Pointe Claire would have been difficult and dangerous. Another wait was made until 2 o'clock, when, as the wind still held, it was agreed by the committee and both contestants to postpone the race to the next day. Soon after the wind began to drop. Speculator went out again and Constance followed, both sailing up the lake. It was then too late for a start, and in fact after its force once lessened the wind fell rapidly, until the evening was quite calm.

Friday brought more clear weather, with the lake smooth under a moderate S.W. wind. The boats went up to the line before noon, Constance in tow of the steam yacht Sirius and Glencairn III. under sail. The Dama called at the club house for the committee, and the Duchess of York carried a large party in spite of the disappointment of the previous day. Mr. C. W. Wetmore, of the Seawanhaka race committee, arrived in the morning and was on the Dama with Mr. Regis H. Post.

The wind at the line was W. by S., and the course of two miles was logged off, the mark being set some distance north of the mark for the triangular course, already in position.

The preliminary signal was given at 1:45, the preparatory at 1:50 and the start at 1:55. Constance went over a little in the lead near the middle of the line, while Glencairn, crossing but a second later, was close to the mark on the Pointe Claire or northern end of the line, and on the weather quarter of the other. Both carried full sail, with just wind enough to make the crews hike at times; Glencairn holding a less angle than Constance.

Crossing on the starboard tack they held it for a long time, little change of position being visible. They came about at 2:06, Constance first, and it was then evident that she had gained a little, being on Glencairn's weather beam. Glencairn footed ahead, but Constance was doing the better windward work. They held the port tack for nine minutes, when Glencairn went on starboard tack and shortly after crossed Constance's wake.

The mark was now visible ahead of the American boat, though it seemed as though she could not fetch it. Everyone was looking to see Glencairn tack as soon as she was well to windward of Constance, but she did not do so, standing on starboard tack out into the lake in the direction of Beauharnois, getting further from the mark each moment as Constance neared it. After she had held this mysterious course for some time, the reason became evident to the spectators. She had sighted one of the marks of the triangular course, similar in construction to the true mark, though the disks were red and white instead of black and white.

While Glencairn was going the other way, Constance was nearing the true mark and fetched it on the one long port tack, rounding before Glencairn discovered her error. With spinaker set to port, Constance was speeding home long before Glencairn reached the mark, the times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Constance	2 22 02	0 27 02	0 04 48
Glencairn	2 26 50	0 31 50	. .. ..

Judging from the work of the boats up to the time Glencairn broke tacks, had she sailed the proper course she would have been a full minute astern of Constance at the mark.

Glencairn's spinaker was handled smartly, and she ran very fast in the vain effort to overtake Constance, but they met as the latter was on the wind after rounding. The end of the round was timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Constance	2 37 00	0 14 58	. .. ..	0 03 48
Glencairn	2 40 48	0 13 58	0 01 00	. .. ..

On the run Glencairn had cut a minute off the lost time.

After luffing around the mark Constance started the round on port tack, standing in toward Pointe Claire and making a number of short tacks. Glencairn followed at a distance which made it impossible to judge of the relative performance of the two. They were timed at the weather mark:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Constance	3 06 10	0 29 10	. .. ..	0 03 40
Glencairn	3 09 50	0 29 02	0 00 08	. .. ..

The leeward leg was run with a falling wind. Glencairn had to jibe her spinaker, and Constance picked up a few seconds, the times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Constance	3 25 21	0 19 11	0 00 05	0 03 45
Glencairn	3 29 06	0 19 16	. .. ..	. .. ..

There was a slight freshening of the breeze as they started on the last windward leg, but it was not as strong as in the previous rounds. Glencairn did very good work, but took the ground on one of her starboard tacks out toward the shoal, striking twice; she was compelled to raise her board in order to get clear. The mark was timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Constance	3 57 13	0 31 52	. .. ..	0 02 35
Glencairn	3 59 48	0 30 40	0 01 10	. .. ..

They ran home with a light breeze, the final times being:

		Leg.		Whole Course.	
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Lead.
Constance	4 13 28	0 16 15	. .. ..	2 18 28	0 02 15
Glencairn	4 15 43	0 15 55	0 00 20	2 20 43	. .. ..

Owing to the small craft about the end of the line, the Dama was not quite on the line when Constance was timed, and there is possibly a few seconds more in her favor, but Glencairn managed to cut in half her bad handicap of nearly five minutes on the first leg.

After the finish the breeze fell somewhat, but as soon as Glenceirn reached the club house the mainsail was bent on Speculator and the two started out, Mr. Duggan steering Glencairn and Mr. Davidson steering Speculator. They sailed about the lake for over an hour.

Second Race, Triangular Course.

On Saturday morning there was hardly a breath of air on the lake, the smoke blowing lightly from the south or southeast at most points. The yachts went out to the line at noon, where the Duchess of York was ready with a large party on board. The smooth water and clear sky tempted out a very large fleet of canoes, rowboats, small launches, steam yachts and sailing craft, the latter being barely able to make way against the current. The Sirius anchored with Constance astern, while Glencairn lay astern of the Dama. A few faint catspaws in the early afternoon raised hopes which were not realized. About 4 o'clock the two yachts got under way and sailed about for a short time, but it was plainly idle to think of starting a race. What little wind there was fell after a time, and at 4:30 the fleet started home.

When she reached the club house the board and mast of Constance were hoisted out and she was taken into the shed over Sunday.

In the evening a dinner was given at the club house in honor of the American visitors.

The second race for the Seawanhaka cup which was sailed on July 31 was won by the American yacht Constance by fifty-five seconds over the triangular course. Constance crossed the starting line first and was never headed. The times were:

	Constance.	Glencairn.
Start	1 25 00	1 25 16
First buoy	1 47 34	1 50 30
Second buoy	1 56 42	1 58 52
End of first round	2 06 21	2 08 21
First buoy	2 29 21	2 32 58
Second buoy	2 38 05	2 41 49
End of second round	2 48 00	2 50 34
First buoy	3 11 20	3 12 53
Second buoy	3 20 30	3 21 39
Finish	3 29 00	3 29 55

Mr. Stephens' report of this race, which was received too late for publication in this issue, will be printed next week in connection with the report of the remainder of the races.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Sept. 4.—Sea Girt, N. J.—Meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association. De Lancy G. Walker, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made at the rifle range July 23. Payne was high on the champion target with 216; Bruns was high on the honor target with 65. Weather conditions were fair:

Champion score:										
Gindele	17	20	23	22	20	24	20	18	20	20—204
Nestler	18	20	21	25	21	19	23	15	17	23—202
Weinheimer	22	23	18	11	18	12	22	22	5	18—171
Trounstine	9	21	20	16	16	17	21	15	14	20—151
Otto	19	19	13	14	14	17	20	17	6	22—161
Payne	21	24	21	21	20	22	22	25	22	18—216
Roberts	16	22	14	18	22	17	14	22	17	22—184
Bruns	16	18	14	18	24	21	20	24	22	19—196
Drube	16	16	11	18	19	19	13	15	21	19—161
Strickmeier	21	13	15	20	20	14	19	20	11	22—177

	Special Score.										Honor Target.
Gindele	18	22	22	22	24	23	18	23	23	22—217	20 24 20—64
Nestler	22	20	23	20	24	20	17	22	20	14—203	21 19 23—63
Weinheimer	20	21	16	16	19	21	23	21	13	20—190	18 12 22—52
Trounstine	21	22	21	24	20	22	22	20	21	13—205	16 17 21—54
Otto	19	22	18	20	12	24	19	16	22	24—194	14 17 20—51
Payne	24	22	21	22	18	21	20	19	22	23—212	20 22 22—64
Roberts	17	23	24	22	20	21	21	24	21	17—210	22 17 14—53
Bruns	21	20	21	23	22	23	17	21	20	19—207	24 21 20—65
Drube	23	18	16	24	23	22	23	19	20	19—207	19 19 13—51
Strickmeier	24	22	13	23	20	22	22	24	20	23—212	20 14 19—53

The "Berthon" Bullet.

THIS bullet is designed to give the greatest amount of stopping power with the smallest diameter, and may be described as an "opening" bullet, neither explosive nor mushrooming. It is composed of a casing or envelope of nickel composition containing a lead core; this core is in two distinct pieces, fitting tightly together, but not adhering to one another, thus forming a core divided up the center for about two-thirds of its length. The core for No. 3 bullet is inserted from the front of the casing, leaving the point partly exposed, and is divided from the base. That for No. 4 is inserted from the rear, and has the casing spun over the base, and is divided from the point, the core completely filling the case. The action is as follows:

No. 3, on striking an object direct, upsets slightly at the point, and aided by centrifugal force the smaller segment opens the case and flies forward riding outward over the shoulder of the longer segment, greatly increasing the area of the bullet, so that the object struck absorbs the whole of the bullet's energy locally. No. 4, on striking, the segments bulge outward with the same result. No. 3 is for small game, where a light bullet with a flat trajectory is desired; No. 4 is for both small and big game. No. 3, however, possesses the advantage of traveling only a very short distance after first graze, which breaks it up, though it is equally effective at short or long ranges; it is intended for any rifle of any caliber, and is not liable to leave its casing in the bore when fired.—The Inventor in London Field.

Baltimore Indoor Range.

THE Baltimore Sun of July 27 has the following interesting account of a new range in prospect in that city, as follows:

It is among the probabilities that a long-needed institution is about to be established. For a year or more Dr. Samuel J. Fort has agitated the establishing of modern revolver and rifle ranges in Baltimore. A place which could be easily adapted for the purpose has been found in the large building on Fayette street, opposite Ford's Opera House, occupied in part by Clarke Bros. for bowling alleys. In the second floor a range of over 100ft. can be built.

Dr. Fort has in these columns shown the great good that would ensue from pistol practice by cavalry militiamen and police officers and the advantagees that would accrue if ladies would learn to handle a revolver. He cited a case in point by showing the quick improvements made in the shooting by members of Troop A, Maryland National Guard.

Besides the civilians, there is a large number of citizens who are especially interested in rifle and pistol shooting. As soon as the fall arrives there will be doubtless an increased interest in matters military.

Commander Isaac E. Emerson, of the Naval Reserves, is already on record as advocating ranges where the Reserves, without too great sacrifice of time, could practice shooting small arms in the daytime and by artificial light. Col. Willard Howard, of the Fourth Regiment, has also declared himself in favor of having his staff and line practice regularly. Members of the Fifth Regiment have been doing some desultory practice.

It is now proposed to call a meeting of those interested and to have them inspect the proposed ranges, and then to form a club or association to regulate matters. If the plan does not miscarry monthly prizes will be given, and team and individual matches will be shot among members of the same troop, regiment or company, and between different companies or regiments. Certain hours will be set apart for civilians, and if a ladies' club can be organized on special afternoons the ranges will be devoted to their exclusive use.

Rifle at Shell Mound Range.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 24.—There was a good attendance of marksmen at Shell Mound Range yesterday and some good work was done. In the Germania Club's bullseye shoot Mr. Schuster made the very fine score of eighteen 6in. bullseyes in 20 shots (only one score of 20 shots allowed each month1). In the same club's continuous competition, 3 shots, Dr. Rodgers made 74 rings—25, 24, 25—the highest ticket so far this year. This puts him considerably in the lead for the first prize—$100. Best 10 scores of 3 shots each to win: The Doctor has 721 rings so far; D. B. Faktor is second, with 715. Competition will continue until Dec. 31. J. E. Gorman, the expert pistol shot, did some good work at the Golden Gate Butts, making the following scores consecutively at 50yds. with S. & W. pistol, long rifle cartridge, standard American target, 10 shots: 92, 91, 95, 95, 91, 96, 91.

At the recent shoot of the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, open to all, the handsome sum of $255 was netted. So this young club starts out with good prospects.

ROEEL.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 3-4.—Wolcott, N. Y.—Tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

Aug. 5.—Dunellen, N. J.—Contest of Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

Aug. 5.—Mount Kisco, N. Y.—All-day target tournament of the Mount Kisco Gun Club. Ralph W. Gorham, Sec'y.

Aug. 8.—Haverhill, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club; added money. C. F. Lambert, Sec'y.

Aug. 9-10.—Portland, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, Sec'y.

Aug. 9-10.—Duluth, Minn.—Seventh annual tournament of the Central Gun Club; $250 in cash added. E. C. Mayfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 15-17.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's ninth annual tournament; $375 added; two-cent targets; Rose system. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

Aug. 17.—West Chester, Pa.—First of intercity contests between ten-men teams of the Phoenix Gun Club, the West Chester Gun Club and the Shuler Gun Club.

Aug. 18.—Hackensack, N. J.—Hackensack River Gun Club's live-bird shoot at Heflich's grounds, Hackensack River Bridge, Paterson Plank Road. John L. Chartrand, Sec'y.

Aug. 30-31.—Auburn Me.—State tournament on the grounds of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Schenectady Gun Club's Labor Day shoot. H. D. Strong, Sec'y.

Sept. 5-7.—Omaha, Neb.—Du Pont Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. G. H. Moore, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

Sept. 13-14.—Cherokee, Ia.—Cherokee Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. D. Anderson, Sec'y.

Sept. 19-21.—Hastings, Neb.—Amateur tournament of the Hastings Gun Club; $500 added; 2-cent targets. W. S. Duer, Manager.

Sept. 19-22.—Detroit, Mich.—Jack Parker's eighth international tournament; live birds and targets; $500 cash added.

Sept. 28-29.—Alton, Ill.—Third annual open tournament of the Piasa Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds.

Oct. 23-28.—Nashville, Tenn.—Belle Meade Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Sec'y.

First and third Fridays of each month.—Watson's Park, Burnsine, Ill.—Semi-monthly contest for Montgomery Ward & Co.'s diamond badges.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

1900.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Associations Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June —.—Tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, first week in June. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The following from a Canadian paper, descriptive of a contest which occurred on July 22, recounts the details of a close race: "An interesting match for the individual trophy was shot at Montreal on Saturday, when T. M. Craig, of the Sherbrooke Gun Club, met W. L. Cameron, of Montreal. Mr. T. M. Craig was right after it, and almost brought it back to Sherbrooke. The first shoot was a tie. Craig led by 3 birds up to the pairs, when he dropped, and both came out with 41 birds out of 50. In the shoot-off Craig again led up to the pairs, when he fell away, and Cameron came out with 22 out of 26 to Craig's 21. Cameron won the trophy on Dominion Day here, and since that time has defeated E. C. Eaton in his endeavor to grasp the coveted cup."

The contemplated establishment of a trap-shooting park on a large scale at Chicago, as set forth by Mr. E. S. Rice in our trap columns this week, is worthy of the earnest attention of all trap-shooters in America. In this broad land there is room for several such institutions, which will help shooting in particular and in general, and thus will help each other. We would be pleased to see the park established on the broad lines which Mr. Rice presents. It would stimulate the old shooters in renewed activity, and would add new ones to the list for hundreds of miles about its vicinity. Let the good work go on.

The Ferd V. Van Dyke memorial fund received material support at the shoot of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club Saturday of last week. Mr. Horatio Nelson, the captain of the club, won the prize (a gun case) in one of the main events and immediately put it up again for competition, the proceeds to be donated to the memorial fund. The club in this event threw the targets free. This resulted in $10 in cash for the fund, which Mr. Nelson forthwith handed over to Mr. Edward Banks, who is a member of the committee having the fund in charge. It was whispered about privately that this was but one of many good deeds done by Mr. Nelson, and that his heart was always warm and in the right place. One year ago July 4, "Van" attended the tournament of the Pawling Club, and though weak and ill shot in excellent form. His sterling worth as a man made friends of all with whom he came in contact. The material tribute of esteem from the Pawling shoot is one which is open to others who may be pleased to adopt it.

Mr. R. W. Gorham, the secretary of the Mount Kisco Rod and Gun Club, Mount Kisco, N. Y., was in attendance at the Pawling shoot last week and reported that the club's new house and grounds, which are just without the corporate limits, are all that could be desired. They are level, have a good background and are pleasantly situated. The inaugural shoot takes place on Saturday of this week, for which a programme of fifteen events is provided. There is a total of 225 targets, with a total entrance of $21.20. Targets will be thrown Sergeant system of three traps. Shooters may shoot for targets only. The club contemplates an event, the proceeds of which will be donated to the Van Dyke memorial fund. The club hopes to have a good attendance from New York and vicinity.

John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, has announced that he will give a live-bird shoot on Mr. Tom W. Morfey's grounds, at Lyndhurst, N. J., some time in the latter part of this month, and that it will be a function recherché in every particular. A pink tea in comparison will turn pale. Mr. Wright has not yet confided to the boys just what the programme will be, but it is safe to assert that he will arrange a programme in every particular satisfactory. Mr. T. W. Morfey has pledged his word to provide birds specially made for guns bored for nitro loads, with his trade-mark blown in all and each of them, these birds making a very flat trajectory many times in their flight over and beyond the boundary. Out of 400 birds of his recently trapped he had but one sitter.

Under date of July 29 Mr. C. F. Lambert, of Lynn, Mass., writes us as follows: "The present outlook for our tournament on Aug. 8 is very good, and the club will spare no effort to have a smooth-running shoot. Those shooters who wish to make the trip from Boston to Portland by steamer can easily make connections by leaving Haverhill at 5:15 P. M., arriving at Boston in ample time for same. Those who are planning to attend this shoot can ship ammunition, guns, etc., care of S. G. Miller, and same will be delivered to grounds free. While the hotels of Haverhill are not so numerous, the Thorndike will on trial be found to afford good accommodations—better, in fact, than many cities of the size of Haverhill can boast."

The Interstate tournaments this year have been gratifyingly successful to all concerned in them, and the indications are that the next one at Portland, Aug. 9 and 10, will be equally successful. The programme is arranged with a special view to the interest of the amateur, the professional shooters being permitted to shoot for targets only. The Haverhill Gun Club holds its shoot on Aug. 8, so that shooters en route to Portland can participate in its competition without extra transportation expense or inconvenience. This the shooters should note and keep in mind. The Haverhill shooters are as pleasant a group of gentlemen as one could ask to associate with, and a good and pleasant day is assured to all who pull their latchstring.

The annual meeting of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club was held Friday evening, July 14, and officers were elected as follows: President, Dr. J. L. Weller; Vice-President, Thos. R. Griffith; Secretary, John B. Mullan; Treasurer, Sam B. Williams; Auditor, Wm. F. Brinsmaid; Historian, W. C. Hadley. The reports presented by the secretary-treasurer, show a flourishing condition, and a committee was given full power to proceed at once upon some needed improvements on the club's grounds and make arrangements for live-bird shooting, which of late has become quite a feature in our club shoots.

Trap-shooting is gaining a broad footing in Louisiana, a State wherein game abounds to a degree plentiful beyond the dreams of the Northern shooter. The Donaldsonville, La., Chief, in recounting the particulars of a shoot of the St. James Gun Club, presents this for information: "The grounds at Salsburg plantation are now equipped with both Sargent system and the Marautrap, which the shooters can use at will." This is not bad for a beginning, and later on the Sergeant system will be applied to the traps instead of equipping the grounds, probably.

The Parker Gun Club, of Meriden, Conn., will hold their fifth annual Labor Day shoot at their grounds, near Hanover Park, Sept. 4. A magautrap will be used. A good programme will be put out soon. A special attraction will be the dinner, which will be served in the grove near the club house, and will be known as a "sheep bake," which will be cooked and served by an experienced party who makes a specialty of this kind of feasts. A good time is assured, and all are welcome. For further information address C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

The programme of the Haverhill Gun Club, Haverhill, Mass., fixed for Aug. 8 as to date, has a very attractive programme of eight events, with a total of 200 targets. Of these, one is at 10 targets, 70 cents entrance; six at 15 targets, $1.30 entrance, and one at 100 targets, $6 entrance. The latter is divided into four 25-target events, with additional optional sweeps of $1.50 each. The club adds $25 to this event, subject to the regular division governing the events. Targets 2 cents. Sweepstakes optional. Lunch served on the grounds. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock.

There is a most commendable competition shown in the trap-shooting world, the gladiators of the shotgun challenging a return match with spirit and determination when defeated. Mr. Charles A. Young has challenged Mr. J. A. R. Elliott for a contest for the cast iron stove lid. Mr. W. R. Crosby is also camping on Mr. Elliott's trail, and the indications are that to hold and to keep the trophies will be a succession of victories wrested from the very best talent that America can produce.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott is at present at Easton, Talbot county, Md., at his brother's place. He has asked those in authority for a copy of the conditions governing the E. C. cup competition, as he is inferentially studying up the conditions governing the cups in his possession, so that any debates concerning them may be more inexpensive to him hereafter. He will accept Mr. W. R. Crosby's challenge, the time and place to be named at a later date.

It was Doctors' Day at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot last Saturday, there being four of the lights of that distinguished profession present, and they shot matches right and left in a manner which is worthy of emulation. Their shooting, too, was of good quality. No man has improved so much, however, as Dr. F. H. Creamer, his time and general execution now being nearer to that of the best experts than it was some weeks ago.

Mr. Everett Smith, of Schenectady, N. Y., was a visitor in New York on Monday of this week. He was brown as a nut, after the exposure in Canada incident to a fishing trip. The largest fish he caught was a muscalonge, which weighed 14lbs.—a good one. His visit was a pleasant one, though he at first posed as a man of provincial habits; but if that is true we do not know what is cosmopolitan.

By inadvertence the word "target" was omitted from Mr. Edward Banks' communication concerning the forthcoming tournaments of the Interstate Association, published in our columns last week. The sentence should have read as follows: "It was also decided to hold during the year 1900 the first annual Grand American Handicap Target Tournament, the dates for this tournament being the week commencing June 11."

Messrs. F. W. Moffett, of Bloomfield, N. J., and E. Morgan, of Paterson, N. J., have arranged a live-bird contest, the former standing at 32yds. and shooting at 25 birds, the latter at 29yds. and shooting at 29 birds, for $25 per side, the race to come off at Lyndhurst. Tom Morfey has promised some of his best Harveyized, hand-sewed birds for the occasion. The race is fixed to take place on Thursday of this week.

The live-bird match between Messrs. U. R. Bender, of Fanwood, N. J., and E. Morgan, of Paterson, at Singac, N. J., on Thursday of last week, resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 16 to 15. Bender stood at 30yds. and shot at 25; Morgan stood at 28yds. and had 28 birds to shoot at, but shot at 25 only. The birds were very poor flyers.

Messrs. F. W. Moffett, and G. A. Hopper of Paterson, N. J., have arranged a match, to be shot on Aug. 24, on Mr. T. W. Morfey's grounds, at Lyndhurst, N. J., the conditions being 100 birds and $100 a side. This is expected to be a very close and good race. Morfey has promised some phantom pigeons for the event.

From Worcester, Mass., Mr. F. Bucklin, secretary of the Bay State Gun Club, reports an encouraging revival of trap-shooting matters in his section. The club's recent tournament was quite successful, and its management promises to hold another tournament about Sept. 10, with added money and merchandise prizes as a material attraction.

The Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, will hold a shoot on Aug. 20 as a kind of house-warming event, in honor of the completion of its new club house, which is more commodious and better equipped every way than was the old one. Plenty of shooting at a very reasonable rate is a feature of their pleasant shoots.

The Interstate Park Association, we learn, is pushing its work very energetically, and will begin the work of preparing the ground, building fences, digging foundations, etc., within a few weeks. It is said that the hotel and casino will be mammoth structures, with first-class appointments in every detail.

At Singac, N. J., Thursday of last week, Mr. F. W. Moffett, of Bloomfield, N. J., defeated Mr. E. Morgan, of Paterson, the former standing at 32yds. and shooting at 25 birds, the latter at 28yds. and shooting at 28 birds, for $25 a side. The scores were: Moffett 22, Morgan 20. The birds were largely sitters and poor flyers.

The secretary of the Piasa Gun Club, Mr. F. C. Riehl, writes us as follows: "The Piasa Gun Club will give its third annual fall tournament at Douglas Park range, Alton, Ill., Sept. 28 and 29. This will be an open shoot, and every lover of trap-shooting is invited. Programmes will follow soon."

Mr. Paul R. Litzke has a most interesting collection of trap news in "Arkansas and the South" in our trap columns this week. It covers the contest for the Busch medal, at St. Louis, a little 100-target matter of definition between Messrs. Gilbert, Budd and Klein, doings of the Capital Gun Club, etc.

The Hastings Gun Club, of Hastings, Neb., announces through its manager, Mr. W. S. Duer, that its target tournament for amateurs only will be held on Sept. 19, 20 and 21, and that $500 will be added. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents each.

The first of the series of intercity shoots between the Phoenix Gun Club, of Phoenixville; the West Chester Gun Club, of West Chester; the Schuler Gun Club, of Pottstown, will be shot at West Chester, Pa., on Aug. 17.

The Canton Gun Club, Canton, Ill., will hold its annual tournament on Aug. 23. Full information concerning it will be furnished by the secretary, Mr. J. C. Thompson, Jr., Canton, Ill., to those who apply.

Col. Springer, of the Columbus Gun Club, won the Peters Cartridge Co. medal, at the tournament held at Warm Springs, Ga.

Owing to a press of matter on our trap columns this week, several reports of shoots are necessarily held over till next week.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

New York, July 30.—Herewith are the scores made at the Hell Gate Gun Club's tournament and clambake, held July 25, in Brooklyn, L. I. The weather was extremely unfavorable, being rainy the entire day, with a few stormless intervals.

Fifteen sweepstake events were shot off, nevertheless, but the mechandise event was the main one.

In it seventy-five shooters lined up to the score, which, adding the re-entries, footed up a total of ninety. This event was a 20-bird handicap affair, for a number of merchandise prizes, the handicap allowances being added instead of being shot out. Thanks to Col. John H. Voss, Secretary Eugene Doenick, George K. Breit, John Wellbrock, John P. Dannefelser and other members, there were a large number of prizes.

Two sets of traps were kept going from 10 o'clock in the morning until nearly 7 in the evening, No. 1 being run under the Sergeant system, the other set at rapid firing. Minta (Mrs. Peter Ganns), who is a clever live-bird shot, tried her hand at clay birds in the merchandise event, and scored the limit. In the sweepstake shooting, Dr. Ashley A. Webber and Louis Schortemeier carried off the honors, and incidentall ythe cash. The scores:

Merchandise event, 20 birds, handicap: Dr. A. A. Webber, scratch, 17; Bernard Amend, scratch, 14; Henry von der Bosch, scratch, 13; Louis Schortemeier, scratch, 10; August Schmitt, allowance 5, 20; J. A. Bissett, allowance 4, 20; Tom Short, allowance 4, 18; W. A. Sands, allowance 6, 20; George K. Breit, allowance 6, 10; Martin Major, allowance 4, 14; Charles Stuetzle, allowance 5, 10; Dr. Kemble, allowance 5, 16; Dr. Creamer, allowance 7, 19; Adam Dietzel, allowance 6, 16; Dan Valenti, allowance 7, 13; Adam Frey, allowance 6, 11; Joseph J. Bermel, allowance 5, 12; Emil Marquardt, allowance 7, 8; Ernest Meckel, allowance 7, 16; John Hildebrand, allowance 4, 7; Charles Schaefer, allowance 6, 15; John J. Young, allowance 5, 14; Henry Hafften, allowance 6, 14; J. P. Dannefelser, allowance 5, 17; H. W. Voss, allowance 5, 20; J. H. Voss, allowance 5, 20; W. A. Noe, allowance 5, 9; George Reifschneider, allowance 5, 7; Dr. O'Donoghue, allowance 4, 11; Chris Wigger, allowance 5, 16; Henry Bahn, allowance 5, 19; L. T. Muench, allowance 6, 15; Pierce Brennan, allowance 7, 15; Henry Forster, allowance 5, 15; Peter Ganns, allowance 7, 16; Eugene Doemick, allowance 6, 19; D. J. Deady, allowance 7, 17; Fred Trostel, allowance 6, 12; James Hickey, allowance 4, 10; Phil Woelfel, allowance 7, 10; Henry Wehler, allowance 5, 7; Henry Wiswell, allowance 7, 7; Peter Wolff, allowance 5, 19; Conrad Weber, allowance 7, 13; Dr. Groehl, allowance 6, 14; John Woelfel, allowance 6, 9; Fred Pfaender, allowance 5, 20; Jacob Himmelsbach, allowance 5, 18; Edward Dunkers, allowance 4, 12; K. F. Schneider, allowance 7, 17; John Selg, allowance *, 12; Henry Weiler, allowance 5, 8; Charles Weiblein, allowance 7, 15; W. N. Gallon, allowance 7, 11; Charles Lang, allowance 7, 9; Emil Steffens, allowance 5, 17; Phil Rutz, allowance 7, 9; Patrick Dunn, allowance 7, 11; J. A. Belden, allowance 6, 17; John Wellbrock, allowance 5, 19; O. R. Wacondah, allowance 5, 10; James Flaherty, allowance 7, 7; James J. Conklin, allowance 5, 13; James Dalton, allowance 7, 7; F. A. Mannheimer, allowance 7, 7; Fred Boutiger, allowance 7, 7; Fred Passe, allowance 6, 15; Henry Kohla, allowance 7, 15; James Biggs, allowance 7, 9; George Elsie, allowance 7, 8; Richard Woods, allowance 6, 20; Minta (Mrs. Peter Ganns), allowance 7, 20; John Schlicht, allowance 7, 16.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, July 29.—The small attendance shot till near dark steadily. Several matches were shot. In one at 25 targets Dr. Littlefield defeated Dr. Creamer by a score of 20 to 17. In a match at 25 Dr. Kemble defeated Dr. Littlefield by a score of 21 to 20, and in a return match Dr. Kemble again won, score 20 to 19. They tied in the third match—19 to 19—and in the fourth Dr. Littlefield was the winner by the excellent score of 23 to 21. In the fifth match they again tied—19 to 19—and in the sixth Dr. Littlefield won by the score of 23 to Dr. Kemble's 22. It was close racing throughout.

A number of the club members were absent on vacations, which acounts for the small attendance. All had a good time.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	15	25	10	5p	20	..
Dr Webber	10	9	14	21	9	6	18	9
D C Bennett	5	7	..	..	6	7	..	7
Dr Creamer	5	7	10	21	6	9	15	7
Dr Kemble	9	9	11	20	5	5	18	7
Dr Littlefield	8	8	..	19	7	5	14	7
Amend	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..

JOHN S. WRIGHT, Manager.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trap at Elkwood Park.

Long Branch, N. J., July 29.—The scores of the live-bird events of to-day's contest follow:

Five dollars, miss and out:

Morfey, 30..122—3 220 — 2
Morford, 30.222—3 2222222222—10
Bender, 30..20 —1 20 — 1
Bradley, 30.220—2 2222122220— 9
Daly, 30....220—2 2222212222—10

Ten birds, $10:

Morfey, 29.....2202222210— 8
Morford, 28.....2222222222—10
Bender, 27.....0222200220— 6
Bradley, 28.....2122122212—10
Daly, 29.....2220202222— 8

Branchport handicap, 20 birds, $20:

Morfey, 29.....22222222222022222222—19
Morford, 28.....22222222020202122222222—18
Bradley, 28.....12022202222222120222222—17
Daly, 29.....22222202022222222222—18

White Seal prize, 5 birds, $5:

Morfey, 30.....22202
Bender, 30.....222222220
Bradley, 30....2222222222202222220
Daly, 30.....220
Patten, 30.....210
Ivins, 30.....21122121212221222222

New Castle Gun Club Tournament.

NEW CASTLE, Pa., July 29.—The fourth annual tournament of the New Castle, Pa., Gun Club, held July 26 and 27, was an unqualified success, except, possibly, in point of numbers of shooters. Seventy-nine shooters faced the traps the first day, and between 5,000 and 6,000 bluerocks were thrown during the shoot, counting the miss-and-out events after the regular programme had been shot through. Unfortunately the Oil City, Pa., contingent, eight in number, had to leave for home Wednesday evening, and we would like to say right here that any tournament is bound to be a success with such true sportsmen and gentlemen as Dorworth, Bates, Chlay, Smedley, Loomis, Graham and Crozier present. Graham, of Oil City, carried off the honors and quite a wad of money the first day. De Witt, of Pittsburg; Hull, of Akron, and Snow, of Brooklyn, O., were the biggest winners for the second day. Perkins, of New Castle, made the best run, breaking 54 out of 55 shot at. Owing to a very sore shoulder he was unable to do much shooting the second day. Jimmy Atkinson, of the home club, did not shoot up to his usual high standard, owing to the fac tthat the burden of running the shoot was on his shoulders. (Some one has aptly said that one cannot shoot and work.) He was ably assisted by our hustling president, D. A. Moore, better known as the Farmer, who was here, there and everywhere, looking after the comfort of the guests, pulling trap, chasing the kids and cussing softly, but soulfully, under his breath, and busier, as he expressed it, "than a pup in a field of high oats."

The cashier's office was in charge of Billy Bryant, and suffice it to say that during the whole shoot there was not the shadow of a kick of any nature made, which speaks volumes for Mr. Bryant's efficiency. Wm. H. Hill was referee for the first day, and Will Harlan the second day. It is also a matter of record that not one objection was offered against their decisions. Bad Shot and No. 7, of Junction Park Gun Club, were present the first day. Both shot well and were very kind in their praise of the manner in which the shoot was conducted. Uncle John Gelm, of Braddock, Pa., demonstrated to the boys that age and a superabundance of adipose tissue do not affect one's shooting, as he shot in his usual fine form. Judge Wolfe, of the Common Pleas Court of Mansfield, Richland county, O., was present the second day. Owing to a slight indisposition he did not shoot much nor well, but by his genial ways he proved to all present that a man can be a mighty good fellow even if he is a Judge.

It has come to be generally understood in western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio that a shoot is not a shoot in the fullest sense of the word unless Frank Snow, of Brooklyn, O., is present. The writer has had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Snow at quite a number of shoots during the last three of four years, and his slow, drawling "P-u-l-l" is familiar to hundreds of shooters, as is also the fact that his scores are usually very, very near the top. Mr. Snow said that our tournament was better than 90 per cent. of the ones he had attended during his career as a trap shooter. This, coming from a man of his experience, was mightily pleasing to the management. The refreshment stand was under the management of Billy Rearie, the leading caterer of our city, and the quality and quantity of the edibles he set up, as well as their cheapness, gave entire satisfaction.

The live-bird shoot, which occurred during the afternoon of the second day, showed that there are a few good pigeon shots besides W. Fred Quimby, notwithstanding Fred's well-known penchant for "straights" and—things!

By some unlucky chance, three crates of birds which the management had secured at a distance did not arrive at the express office until 4 o'clock on the evening of the second day, consequently there were only a few over 100 birds to shoot at. They were a good strong lot of flyers, and the event proved the most interesting one of the day. Klee was the only one to kill straight in the first event. Agnew (Pills) lost his only bird, the fourth, dead just outside the boundary, much to the regret of nearly everyone, as he was shooting in magnificent form.

Herewith find scores of both days:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20
Bad Shot	8	11	10	11	12	14	18	15	15
Dorworth	9	10	11	12	13	17	16	16	17
Bates	8	12	11	12	13	15	20	11	16
Chlay	9	12	14	13	12	17	15	17	15
Smedley	9	12	8	10	9	..	..	..	..
Loomis	9	12	13	11	9	18	18	16	12
Tock	7	7	7	..	..	12	12	..	15
Eggleston	8	11	13	14	15	14	15	16	16
Gaston	4	7	10	5	10	12	11	10	12
Graham	9	13	13	15	14	19	16	18	19
Perkins	7	14	10	11	15	20	19	15	17
Snow	8	13	13	13	14	18	17	19	20
Atkinson	8	15	14	12	13	14	16	20	18
Shaner	9	14	13	13	14	17	18	14	17
Tink	1	2	..	..	3	..	..	..	..
Crozier	8	11	13	13	11	17	15	12	..
Wilson	8	10	10	10	..	..	..	..	17
Seven	9	14	12	12	14	18	18	14	18
Uncle John	..	15	14	14	15	18	20	18	18
Matthews	..	..	9	11	13	15	..	9	12
Agnew	..	..	7	..	7	13	12	11	..
Hull	..	..	..	14	15	18	17	20	18
De Witt	..	..	..	7	15	17	16	17	17
Farmer	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	17	..
Braby	..	..	..	..	7	14	13	14	..
Hennon	..	..	..	..	7	6	11	13	..
Lawrence	..	..	..	..	..	15	16	12	..
Elliott	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	14	..
Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20
Uncle John	9	13	13	13	9	18	16	17	18
Eggleston	8	12	11	12	12	16	11	..	16
Atkinson	8	11	13	13	9	16	17	18	20
Hull	9	14	15	14	13	17	19	18	18
Snow	7	14	12	14	14	17	18	18	17
Shaner	8	13	14	13	15	19	14	15	16
Gaston	8	12	13	9	10	16	16	12	..
Perkins	7	11	10	10	..	..	..	..	..
Crable	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilson	9	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Montgomery	5	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Farmer	10	..	9	..	10	..	..	..	..
Wolfe	7	..	..	..	..	13	8	10	6
Stewart	..	..	11	5	12	13	15	14	..
De Witt	..	..	..	14	14	19	18	17	19

Live-bird shoot—First event, 7 birds, $5 entrance.

De Witt	1220212—6	Gaston	1020021—4
Pills	222*211—6	Klee	1222122—7
Shaner	101*1*2—4	Clark	2*12012—5
Atkinson	221622*—5	Hull	1221102—6
Eggleston	1101212—6		

In the second event four high guns divided the purse. It was a miss-and-out, $2 entrance. The scores were Klee 1, Pills 1, Delbitt 4, Gaston 3, Shaner 1, Hull 4, Snow 0, Crable 4, Wolf 0, Atkinson 4.

Third event, miss-and-out: Pills 1, Atkinson 2, Delbitt 0, Crable 1, Klee 0, Hull 2.

HENRY P. SHANER.

Robeline Gun Club.

ROBELINE, La., July 22.—Our shoot was on July 20 and 21. The Winchester people sent two traveling representatives. These are gentlemen of the highest type, viz.: Messrs. F. M. Faurote and J. Hildreth. They will make friends and sell goods wherever they go. Everyone here is delighted that they visited our little town and will always extend them a glad hand. Unobtrusive, frank, genial, open-hearted, they captivated all. The W. R. A. Co. is fortunate in these two men. Mr. Faurote did some remarkable shooting, making 25 straight and three 15 straights and a total of 121 out of 125, or 97 per cent.

We have a forest for a background, which makes the shooting hard. We shot under the Sergeant system, with the traps set low and hard.

Mr. Charles Porter and J. W. Freeman, the first prosecuting attorney and the second sheriff of the parish, displayed the greatest possible nerve in shooting a losing race all the way through. Mr. Freeman especially distinguished himself, as did Mr. Richard Maher, of Many. These gentlemen will all make good shots in time, as they have the necessary perserverance.

We have four men here who are fast developing into experts, viz.: Messrs. Ponder, Henderson, Lindsley and Caldwell.

One-half cent on every target was given as an average to the five high guns shooting through both days. Those winning the first, second, third, fourth and fifth averages were: First, J. F. Welch; second, A. L. Ponder, of Many, La.; third, E. M. Lindsey, Robeline; fourth, H. Henderson, Many; fifth, J. H. Caldwell, Robeline.

All had a great time and went away feeling that they had got all the shoot they desired.

The manufacturers make a big mistake by not working this field. When the writer came here in 1893 the natives had never seen a clay target and trap. In fact, an old darky stole one of ours for a coffee mill. We started a gun club. Scores flocked to our shoots, and it has been spreading since, until now every town in the immediate vicinity has a club. Thousands of pounds of smokeless powder are used where before it was unknown. Scores of breech-loaders are in constant use where one was known formerly. All this by the unaided efforts of a few ardent sportsmen. We have constantly called for aid, but get none. Yet thousands of dollars are going into the pockets of those who refuse us. We expect to keep it up; another tournament will be held here the second week in September and one at Many in August.

The Rose system was used for the second time. It is not a success in small tournaments. It worked excellently in the Little Rock tournament last year, but this is the only place to my personal knowledge that it has. There was $500 added.

It was again remarked, "What a non-kicking, generous set of men a lot of true sportsmen are!" Truly, the lover of rod and gun is the "salt of the earth."

Mr. J. V. W. McCook and daughter Estelle handled the books to the satisfaction of all.

There is only one error in this report and that is in Mr. Hildreth's score, which was unavoidable and is small—i. e., the error is—as he shot like a veteran.

The Robeline Gun Club's tournament, July 20 and 21:

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	25	20	15	25	20	15	15	15
A Ponder	8	13	23	14	13	21	18	8	13	15
E M Lindsey	7	11	17	18	13	21	15	12	11	9
H Henderson	5	10	20	14	14	20	16	8	12	9
J H Caldwell	2	10	11	17	3	19	10	12	11	12
J W Freeman	4	5	10	7	8	15	11	8	7	5
J F Welch	7	11	23	13	13	21	16	11	14	14
Richard Maher	..	..	..	8	5	7	8	6	2	5
W S Currie	7	10	17	15	12	16	14	13	13	..
C V Porter	4	9	9	9	7	13	11	8	9	5
Kelso Flourney	2	4	7	..	8	11	11	8	9	..
Geo Montgomery	4	7	7	..	8	11	11	8	9	..
C P Rogers	6	7	16	11	..	16	..	..	..	5
Dr Odin	5	7	16	..	5	16	..	..	..	..
Wm Carter	6	6	..	..	..	..	14	8	..	..
Keyser	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	2	..
M Aaron	2	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
P Rogers	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Whittington	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
F M Faurote	..	15	25	..	15	22	..	15	15	13
J S Dixon	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A C Lambert	5	4	7	8	4	..	8	..	..	..

Events:	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
Targets:	10	15	25	20	15	25	20	15	15
A Ponder	9	13	19	13	11	17	14	13	13
E M Lindsey	9	12	19	14	14	22	18	12	12
H Henderson	9	9	20	17	12	18	17	11	13
J H Caldwell	7	13	20	13	12	21	13	10	0
J W Freeman	8	10	17	7	10	14	10	9	8
J F Welch	8	11	22	17	11	21	14	10	15
Richard Maher	4	5	5	10	9	11	..	..	..
M F Burens	9	14	18	14	10	21	13	..	6
Kelso Flourney	4	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Geo Montgomery	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Hildreth	8	13	19	20	13	..	18	..	..
Peter Hogue	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Keegan	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..
F M Faurote	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..

	Broke.		Broke.
A Ponder	268	J Hildreth	92
E M Lindsey	266	Dr Odin	49
H Henderson	264	Wm Carter	34
J H Caldwell	215	Keyser	7
J W Freeman	173	M Aaron	22
J F Welch	272	P Rogers	12
Richard Maher	85	Whittington	4
W S Currie	117	Peter Hogue	6
M F Burens	105	J Keegan	20
C V Porter	84	F M Faurote	141
Kelso Flourney	71	J S Dixon	8
Geo Montgomery	69	A C Lambert	48
C P Rogers	61		

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 29.—The following scores were made to-day on our grounds, and for some reason the scores are not up to our general standard. Class A medal was won by Richards on a score of 21; B by Northcott, on a score of 21 also, and C by Cornelson on a score of 19. The day was fine, with only a light breeze and a very comfortable temperature. The low scores were probably caused by a heavy smoke bank from the city, making a bad background and an uncertain light. Visitors were numerous, among whom were quite a number of ladies. All seemed to enjoy themselves. The scores:

Team shoot: Hellman 11, Dr. Shaw 12, Northcott 13, Nusley 10, Workman 13, J. Wolff 9, J. Fanning 8, Dr. Graves 7, Dr. O'Byrne 5, Strichlik 3, Pollard 5; total 96.

Richards 8, E. S. Graham 14, McClellan 11, Dr. Meek 11, Smedes 8, Ford 15, Mrs. Shaw 10, Cornelson 6, Kehl 5, Brabrook 8, Baker 10; total 96.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

Pollard	0011000000000111001000111— 9
Workman	0011010111111111101001011—17
Northcott	1110111111011111110111101—21
Kehl	1100101101000011110011101—14
Mrs Shaw	0111011101110101011100111—17
Dr Shaw	0110000111111111011110111—18
Nusley	1011101111100011111011111—19
Richards	0111111110111011111110111—21
J Wolff	1110101111111001100001011—16
Dr Meek	1100111100111001011011110—16
Smedes	0110111111100111001001011—16
Ford	0001110101000111011110111—15
Hellman	1110011110111100111111111—20
L Wolff, Sr	0000000010000010001001000— 4
Strichlik	0000010100111001010111000—10
Dr Graves	0111111111101111110100110—19
Cornelson	1101110101010110111111111—19
E S Graham	1111001111111111100101111—20
Brabrook	0100100010010111000001010— 9
Dr O'Byrne	1000101010010010101110001—11
Baker	0000010000000000000000000— 1

Events:	1	2	4	6	7
Targets:	15	10	15	15	5p
Workman	8	8	9	..	..
Pollard	4	3	3	..	..
Northcott	8	7	11	10	6
Kehl	5	7	10	6	3
Mrs Shaw	6	9	8	..	..
Dr Shaw	11	9	11	9	6
Nusley	12	5	8	..	..
Richards	10	9	13	13	6
J Wolff	12	7	7	..	..
Dr Meek	..	7	9	..	..
Smedes	..	7	4	8	8
Ford	..	5	9	11	7
Hellman	..	7	12	..	..
J Wolff, Sr	..	7	5	..	..

Events:	1	2	4	6	7
Targets:	15	10	15	15	5p
Strichlik	..	5	7	..	..
McClellan	..	8	13	8	..
Dr Graves	..	6	6	..	..
Dr Shaw	..	6	..	..	..
Cornelson	..	..	4	6	1
E S Graham	..	..	14	..	..
Brabrook	..	..	9	..	..
Dr O'Byrne	..	..	7	..	..
Baker	..	..	6	..	..
Cohron	..	..	11	..	..
J Fanning	..	..	11	6	4
Pollard	..	..	..	8	6
Breitenstein	..	..	..	13	4

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Arkansas State Championship.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We notice in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM a communication from Fort Smith stating that Joe Matthews had held the State championship medal unchallenged ever since he won the same from John J. Sumpter, last fall. While every shooter in the State is familiar with the "muddle" the State championship medal has gotten in, we desire to call the attention of the outsiders to a few things, with the sole purpose of showing that the gentlemen composing the Pine Bluff Gun Club have more courage than the honorable secretary of the Fort Smith Gun Club gives us credit for.

In the first place, the rules governing the championship medal require the challenge to go to the treasurer or secretary, accompanied by $10, and the shoot advertised in some paper. This Mr. Matthews did not do, hence the Pine Bluff Gun Club protested for the purpose of warning all future would-be champions as much as anything else.

Mr. J. A. Coles considered Mr. Matthews such a "good thing" that he could not wait until the officers of the Arkansas Sportsmen's Association rendered their decision on our protest, and for fear it might be in favor of Mr. Matthews and some one would get a chance at him first, he immediately challenged Mr. Matthews in the regular way; but in a few days received word from the secretary or treasurer that the officers had declared the match not according to rules governing the same, and that John J. Sumpter was still champion. Mr. Coles immediately challenged Mr. Sumpter, and after his challenge went unanswered for sixty days, the required time, he withdrew his money from the treasurer, and according to the rules governing the medal J. A. Coles, of Pine Bluff Gun Club, is the proper owner of the championship medal of the State of Arkansas.

We desire to say in this connection that we, the Pine Bluff Gun Club, are not shooting 1,000 per cent., but by no means consider Mr. Matthews a "hard proposition," as the secretary of Fort Smith Gun Club does, and that furthermore we expect to have three, probably six, shooters at the State shoot in Little Rock Aug. 15, 16 and 17, that will break more targets in the championship race than the hard proposition from Fort Smith.

SECRETARY.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., July 29.—The Electric Rod and Gun Club, of this city, held an interesting target shoot this afternoon at the club grounds, on Neversink Mountain. A large crowd witnessed the events. Scores:

First event, 25 targets: Longacre 21, Luft 19, Coxe 23, Wentzel 24, Wolf 23, Enis 16.

Second event, 25 targets: Coxe 22, Bettinger 22, Maderia 22, Bowers 21, Trumbauer 24.

Third event, 25 targets: Coxe 19, Brown 13, Bettinger 24, Wentzel 22, Weidner 19.

Phoenixville, Pa., July 27.—The Phoenix Gun Club held a large meeting this evening, and arranged a series of intercity shoots between teams of ten men from the West Chester Gun Club, of West Chester, Pa.; Shuler Gun Club, of Pottstown, Pa., and the Phoenix Gun Club, the first match to be shot at West Chester, Aug. 17.

A committee was also appointed to purchase a gold medal to be shot for once a month and awarded the person who scores the greatest number of wins in one year.

Pottsville, Pa., July 28.—The live-pigeon and target match at Minersvile, Pa., to-day under the management of David Weiss, of that place, was a success. The programme called for two live-bird matches at 10 birds each, and one target match at 10 targets. The first live-bird match had ten entries, and Haverty, of Pottsville, won by killing 7. In the second event Haverty and Bechtel, of Pottsville, divided first money, each killing 9 out of 10. In the target event, Haverty, Weir, of Cumbola, and Danden, of St. Clair, each broke 9 targets and divided first money.

West Chester, Pa., July 29.—At the regular Saturday shoot held here to-day on the grounds of the West Chester Gun Club, Ford won the challenge cup after shooting off a tie with Lumis. The score:

West Chester challenge cup, 25 targets: Ford 23, Lumis 23, Jackson 15, Nate 15, Davis 18, Howard 15, Mowere 17, Hoopes 17, Todd 11, Hoar 18, C. Brinton 19, P. Brinton 17, Sellers 19, Ferguson 21, Gill 16, Harrison 16, Peters 22, Henry 22.

DUSTER.

Soo Gun Club.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., July 28.—The eighth of the series of shoots of the Soo Gun Club for the Schmelzer trophy took place at the Soo park, on the afternoon of the 27th inst. Myer and Duncan tied for the honors of the day.

After the principal event a number of the boys shot up their back scores, and a lot of them are now in a bunch.

Practice, 10 targets: Kortright 9, Hunter 9, Duncan 9, Harris 8, Gray 9, Leach 8, Bowser 4, Dye 8, Boubrake 2.

The scores of the main event follow:

Kortright, 2	1110101000111111111111110101111	—23—2—25
Gray, 1	1111110111011111011100110110111	—23—1—24
E A Leach	1111111111111111111111111111110	—29
Duncan	1111111111111111111111111111111	—30
Hunter	1111111111101111111101101110111	—26
Myer, 9	0111011111011011101101011110010	—21—9—30
Hoberg, 4	1100111111011111101111000101110	—21—4—25
Ellis, 1	1111010011100111101011011111111	—22—1—23
Trotter	1111111111111111111111011111111	—29
Keefe, 2	1011101110111111110111111110111	—25—2—27

Back scores:

Leach	1111110111111111111000111111111	—26
Kortright, 2	1111111111111101111111011010	—26—2—28
Gray, 2	1111010101111011111001111111011	—23—2—25
Hunter	1111111111011111011111011101	—26
Duncan	1111111101111111111111111111	—29
Myer, 4	1111111110011101111011001011	—23—4—27
Hoberg, 4	0111110101111101101111111011010	—22—4—26
Ellis, 3	1000110111111111110010111111111	—23—3—26
Trotter	1110111001111111111111111101101	—25

Event No. 2, 30 targets: Leach 25, Kortright 25, Hunter 24, Ellis (2) 25, Hoberg (3) 24.

Event No. 3, 30 targets. Kortright 27, Ellis (2) 24, Trotter 26.

Event No. 4, 30 targets: Ellis (3) 28, Keefe 23.

Event No. 5, 30 targets: Ellis 27 Keefe (2) 25.

WANECHA.

E C Cup.

JULY 24.—There are few men who have held the public gaze in the trap-shooting world more earnestly and persistently than have Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, and W. R. Crosby, and this on their merits as great performers with the shotgun in competition where the best artists of the gun do congregate.

There was a great attendance of spectators, the fame of the shooters and the importance of the event evoking the highest degree of interest.

The weather was of the humid kind which at that time was distressing the people throughout the East, the air being so full of moisture that the perspiration on the skin could not evaporate, and acted as a blanket when no blanket was needed.

Elliott used the gun which he has contributed to make famous and which reciprocally has added to his fame. His load was 40grs. of Hazard powder in a 2⅞in. Winchester Leader shell, with 1¼oz. of No. 7 chilled shot.

Crosby shot his Baker gun, his load being 44grs. of E. C. powder in a 3in. Leader shell, and 1¼oz. of 7½ chilled shot.

J. A. R. Elliott.

Fifty singles, known traps, unknown angles	11111 11011	11111 11111	11110—23			
	11110 11011	11111 11111	11011—22—45			
Expert rules	11101 11111	11111 11111	11111—24			
	11111 11111	11111 11111	11111—25—49			
Twenty-five pairs	11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10					
	10 11 10 10 11 10 10 11 11 11 11 10—42					
						135

W. Crosby.

Fifty singles, known traps, unknown angles	11110 11111	11111 11111	11111—24			
	11011 11111	11111 11111	11111—24—48			
Expert rules	11110 11111	11111 11101	01111—22			
	11010 11011	11111 11110	11111—21—43			
Twenty-five pairs	11 01 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 10 11					
	11 11 11 11 10 11 11 01 10 11 10 10—41					
						132

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., July 28.—This is the cup put up by The Foucar and won by Frederick July 4. The extra birds are those allowed to be shot at, not added. Squier ran 67 straight. The scores:

Squier, 7	1111111111111111111111111—25	
	1111111111111111111111111—25	
	1111111111111111101111111—24	
	1111111110111111111111110—23	
	1111111	—7—19
Druhs, 16	1111111011010110111101101—19	
	1111101111111111111010111—22	
	1001111101111111100111111—20	
	1111111111011111101111111—23	
	1101111111010111	—13—97

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Midsummer Target Tournament.

July 22.—There was a mighty turnout of shooters at the Midsummer Tournament and five men team contest, held at Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia, July 22.

Fourteen teams were in the competition, the conditions of which were five men to a team, 30 targets, of which 15 were known and 15 unknown angles, with free entrance and free targets. Cup to winner. The scores in the team race were as follows:

Keystone Shooting League, No. 1.—W. H. W. 26, Landis 27, Ridge 24, Stevenson 22, Longnecker 26; total 125.

Florist Gun Club, No. 1.—Anderson 24, Cartledge 23, Life 22, Burton 22, Coleman 23; total 114.

Penn Gun Club.—J. R. Yost 25, H. M. Johnson 24, F. Gross 24, R. Jenkins 19, T. V. Smith 22; total 114.

Keystone Shooting League, No. 2.—J. A. Ross 26, A. C. Stevenson 20, Eames 23, Henry 22, Franklin 21; total 112.

Trenton Gun Club.—W. T. Taylor 23, F. Smith 16, C. A. Allen 24, W. Widman 26, W. Vanarsdale 21; total 110.

Frankford Gun Club.—W. Bourne 26, Betson 24, H. George 21, Puff 21, Davis 17; total 109.

Clearview Gun Club.—Downes 16, Senat 22, Fisher 25, Urian 23, Miller 23; total 109.

Glenwillow Gun Club.—McFalls 20, Giles 23, Cowen 20, Pepper 21, Shaaber 25; total 109.

West Chester, No. 1.—Torpey 25, Peters 18, Ford 22, Gill 19, Lumis 21; total 105.

Silver Lake, No. 2.—Woodstager 19, Peden 22, Reed 23, McGregor 18, Felix 22; total 104.

Hillside Gun Club.—Parsons 26, W. Haywood 19, J. Haywood 16, M. Bisbing 22, R. Bisbing 21; total 104.

Silver Lake Gun Club, No. 1.—Fisher 20, Winchester 20, O'Brien 25, Edwards 19, Lane 19; total 103.

West Chester, No. 2.—Davis 20, Ferguson 20, Brinton 17, Devoe 23, Henry 19; total 99.

Wayne Gun Club.—Phillips 19, Duway 19, Wood 24, Smith 22, Green 15; total 99.

Florist Gun Club, No. 2.—Dorp 14, Daniels 17, Reed 15, Harris 22, Georges 14; total 82.

The programme events had a total of 175 targets, which resulted in high scores in the aggregate as follows:

W. H. Wolstencroft broke 153, average .874; J. S. Fanning 151, average .863; H. Ridge was third and D. Longnecker fourth. H. Money shot at 105 targets, with an average of .885 per cent.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Longnecker	12	13	17	18	11	19	14	12	12	..
Milton	13	10	15	13	10	13	13	19	..	..
Ridge	15	10	16	18	12	17	12	16	14	..
W H W	14	13	19	17	12	17	13	19	14	15
Landis	14	12	19	15	13	15	..	..	..	..
Schaaber	12	13	17	15	13	17	7	..	..	..
Darby	12	11	14	15	..	..	11	13	12	14
J Yost	13	13	..	..	8	17	11	..	..	..
T V Smith	10	12	18	..	12	..	12	..	13	..
Widmann	12	12	18	..	13	..	13	15	11	9
C Allen	14	11	16	..	13	..	11	14	10	..
Vans Arsidale	12	10	..	..	9	..	10	..	..	..
F D Smith	10	13	..	..	10	..	14	..	..	..
Fanning	11	13	18	18	14	18	15	12	12	20
Jenkins	12	11	..	16	12	..	15	..	..	..
Cowan	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gross	9	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
H Johnson	10	14	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Taylor	8	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Peters	..	10	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Lumis	..	10	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Edwards	..	12	14	..	11	13	7	16	..	..
Fisher	..	12	14	..	9	..	9	..	..	..
McGregor	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	..	..
Urian	..	..	17	..	12	..	11	..	..	..
O'Brien	..	..	14	..	13	..	10	17	..	..
Gill	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Henry	..	..	..	..	10	11	..	10	6	13
Devoe	..	..	..	..	11	15	10	15	..	..
H Money	..	..	..	..	13	19	15	18	14	18
Col Courtney	..	..	..	..	15	16	12	18	12	15
Franklin	..	..	..	..	9	13	..	..	..	..
Cartledge	..	..	..	..	11	13	12	..	13	..
D Ford	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Harris	..	..	..	..	11	12	8	10	..	..
Anderson	..	..	..	..	12	16	11	12	12	..
Torpey	..	..	..	..	11	13	..	..	..	..
S P Life	..	..	..	..	11	13	..	..	..	..
Burton	..	..	..	..	10	16	13	..	..	..
R G C	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
H Henry	..	..	..	..	11	..	7	14	..	..
Stevenson	..	..	..	..	14	17	..	..	..	..
Davis	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	14	..	..
H George	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	17	..	..
Ross	..	..	..	..	13	..	9	..	..	..
Parsons	..	..	..	..	6	..	10	14	..	..
Haywood	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
C W Haywood	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
A C Stevens	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Lane	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	14	..	..
Dorp	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
McFalls	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	10	..
Phillips	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
McAfee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..
Puff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..
Georges	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..

Echoes from the Green Mountain State.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the Bellows Falls tournament held June 14 and 15 fifty-six different shooters took part in the various events. Of this number but four were manufacturers' agents, Messrs. Norton, Le Roy, Dickey and Colville; seven were fairly good amateurs, who shoot considerable at the trap, and the remaining forty-five were virtually beginners at the trap, the very class that the Interstate Association is desirous of encouraging, developing and bringing forth.

In round numbers 10,000 taregts were trapped in the regular and preliminary events and practice.

Shooters were present from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and Canada.

At the close of the tournament the local club expressed its satisfaction over the increased interest created, and discussed different methods of handicapping, with a view of bringing out their weaker shots and placing them on an equal footing with the better shots in the club to contest for some special prizes already offered.

On the whole, it was considered one of the best and most successful tournaments ever given by the Association; that is, taking it from an Interstate Association standpoint, viz., "the encouragement of trap-shooting."

The settlement of Bellows Falls antedates the memory of man, but if we are to judge by its physical conditions and surroundings and the case with which its inhabitants ascend steep grades we are led to believe that the original Bellows Falls people, charter members, as I might say, are descendants from the Cliff Dwellers, for we see in Bellows Falls houses perched upon the sidehills reached by sort of terraces instead of by ladder.

The town is beautifully situated among these high hills, and the deep gorge that runs through it affords some beautiful views from the neighboring hills and bridges. The beautiful homes, well-kept lawns and sea breezes are very attractive, and I know of no place in New England that impressed me so favorably to make a home as this snug little corner in the Green Mountain State. I am quite sure that all the sportsmen who attended the recent Interstate tournament will be found present at the next meeting, using their influence to bring others with them. The firm of Norwood & Field have a fine general hardware and sportsmen's goods store, are energetic business men and active members of the Bellows Falls Gun Club. I also had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Leach, an oldtimer, who has been identified with shooting interests for the last forty years or more, and at one time was a correspondent to the sportsmen's press. I enjoyed the close friendship of Mr. Charles Hallock; my visit with him was reminiscent and delightful. The last evening of my stay Dr. Knight invited Messrs. Shaner, Norton and myself to visit his rooms, and gave us a delightful hour listening to a description of his experiences in the woods and on the water and examining pictures from his camera of scenes while afield. The pictures for most part were very artistic, showing the amateur hand advanced in the science of photography. The doctor is a thoroughbred sportsman in every sense of the word; he is a hard worker at his business, but takes a portion of each year for recreation, and thereby building himself up in a physical condition to take care of his business and insuring to a certain extent a long life. Pity it is that there are not more like him, and fortunate it is that some are seeing the way as he sees it.

DICK SWIVELLER.

Connecticut State League.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., July 27.—The fourth shoot of the Connecticut State League was not well attended. The club grounds in Stratford were the scene of the competition. The tournament nevertheless was a success.

There were twelve events on the programme, at 10 and 15 targets, 165 in all, with a total entrance of $10.

Among the notable marksmen present were Dr. A. A. Webber and L. H. Schortemeier, of New York, who are regular attendants at all metropolitan trap shoots. Others present were W. F. Parker, of Meriden; Messrs. Potter, Claridge, Whitney, Robertson and Bristol, of New Haven; Joyner, Bartlett, Phelps, Bronson, Brown and Holmes, of Winsted, Norton, of New York, and Drake and Fox, of Norwalk, all well known in sporting circles. This city was represented by U. M. C. Thomas, M. Beers and Fruit, the latter a shooting name.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	10	10	15	10	10
Parker	10	10	10	14	9	15	8	9	9	12	8	8
Dr Webber	10	8	8	13	9	14	7	7	10	11	8	10
Fruit	10	10	8	10	10	13	10	9	10	13	8	9
Potter	9	9	10	14	7	11	10	..	..	..	..	..
Claridge	8	9	9	14	9	14	10	9	7	15	9	9
Whitney	9	10	8	11	8	12	8	5	8	13	9	10
M Beers	8	6	10	14	10	13	7	5	6	15	8	8
Robertson	7	9	8	10	9	12	7	9	7	16	9	0
Joyner	7	..	5	9	..	12	5	..	..	..	..	..
Norton	..	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Norton	8	4	5	13	4	6	4	5	5	3	6	6
Bartlett	7	7	6	9	9	9	9	6	8	11	7	9
Bristol	5	6	6	11	8	11	7	5	5	8	5	6
Phelps	2	..	..	7	4	7	..	..	..	6	9	..
Bronson	4	..	8	7	8	5	..	6	7	7	..	..
Brown	5	..	7	8	7	..	4	..	7	8	6	6
Holmes	1	..	4	5	2	7	..	2	7	5	..	4
Drake	..	9	6	12	6	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Fox	..	7	7	8	5	..	..	5	..	10	5	4
Schortemeier	..	..	..	9	8	12	9	7	8	13	8	9
Jones	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hurd	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	4	1	7	6	7
U M C	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	8	6	8	8	6
Stickles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	6	10	9	7
Hull	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	9	10

Team race, 30 targets per man:

Parker's Team.		Claridge's Team.	
Parker, captain	26	Claridge, captain	30
Whitney	22	Potter	23
Beers	24	Fruit	24
Schortemeier	28	Robertson	23
Dr Webber	20	Bartlett	24
U M C	18	Bristol	24
Tuck	26	Hurd	10
Fox	18	Drake	13
Phelps	20	Norton	18
Brown	11	Holmes	16
Bronson	19—232	Joyner	15—220

St. Paul Rod and Gun Club

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 22.—The St. Paul Rod and Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot on Saturday afternoon. Several merchandise prizes were shot for, resulting in lots of sport and some good scores.

Danz won the prize in the first event. Dr. Cameron won in the second event, after shooting off the tie with Kellsey. Danz, Perry and Morrison tied for first in third event (not decided); Wilkinson second and Kellsey third.

Morrison having won the senior badge so many times refused to be a contestant for it, which was very kind of him to give us fellows a show for it, as we are outclassed by him when he just scored 373 out of 385 at our tournament.

Danz	1111111111110111111110101—22
*Moore	1101110111111111111111110—22
Wilkinson	1111110111111101111111011—22
†Morrison	1111111111111111111111111—25
Perry	1111110111110111101111111—22
Kellsey	1011100111011101110011110—17
P Hanser	0111011111110110111101001—18
Carl	1101110101110011011001110—16
Bug	0111101100101011001111011—16
Footner	0010010110110101001111111—15
Emerson	1110101011010110101101011—16
Dwyer	1010110101001101101101011—15
Corcoran	1011100110111001010101001—14
Rodgers	0111001101110010111010010—14
Mark	1101011011011101101101111—18
George	1100100110011101110111101—16
Fitz	1101011100101010110010011—14
Ed	1011011110111101100101111—18

* Visitor. † Not shooting for badge.

Kellsey won junior badge.

Shoot-off for senior, Perry winning by following score:

Danz	1011111111	Wilkinson	0111111111
Perry	1101111111		

Miss-and-out:

Danz	110	Wilkinson	10
Perry	111		

A. E. P.

Bay State Gun Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 29.—Herewith are the scores made at the tournament of the Bay State Gun Club, Friday, July 28. Interest in trap-shooting has been at a very low ebb here for the past year, but the enthusiasm shown in this, the first tournament of the new club, promises a speedy revival of the sport.

Hitherto the attendance at local shoots has ranged from a half dozen to zero. We had eighteen shooters present, and believe this an indication that the trap-shooting thermometer is on the rise.

Among the shooters present were the genial Leroy Woodward, representative of the Remington gun, who gave an object lesson of the merit of Du Pont and U. M. C. goods; G. H. Wheeler, of Marlboro; H. G. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I.; I. O. Converse, E. R. Cutler, of Fitchburg; F. L. Gilson, Fred Lenoir, D. W. Sawin and W. B. Stacy, of Gardner.

Leroy was in fine form, and succeeded in winning two of the silver trophies and the Forehand gun. The latter he generously donated to Mr. Cutler, of the Fitchburg Club, to be shot for in the coming tournament there.

The shooters expressed themselves as much pleased with the pleasant location and fine backgorund of the club. The management promises another tournament about Sept. 10, with merchandise prizes or added money.

Scores of Bay State Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	15	10	10	15	10	20	10	10	15
Buck	6	7	4	9	12	..	5	8	..	5	..	3	7	..
Emory	8	10	13	5	9	12	..	6	10	6	9	..	6	..
Lenoir	3	4	5	3	8	..	4	4	9	8	..	6	..	..
Wheeler	7	9	13	9	13	13	9	10	13	9	17	9	..	12
Leroy	9	9	14	10	12	11	10	10	15	10	17	7	9	14
Sawin	7	8	10	8	10	9	7	10	11	8	13	8	..	10
Converse	10	5	11	7	12	12	9	9	12	6	9	6	..	..
Cutler	8	8	9	7	12	11	8	9	15	10	16	8	..	..
Stacy	4	4	8	..	7	4	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Snell	9	9	14	9	14	11	8	7	14	6	16	..	8	..
Griffith	..	..	12	8	11	11	8	9	12	9	18	8	..	13
Winchester	..	..	8	6	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Russell	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	5	5	..	..	10	..	..	10
Gleason	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	6	11	8	16	7	..	..
Bucklin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Walls	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	6	19	10	..	13
Hanson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..

F. BUCKLIN, Sec'y.

Mr. E. S. Rice to Americann Sportsmen.

IN a personal letter to us from Mr. Rice is the following paragraph: "The time has arrived, it seems to me, when the Western sportsmen should join hands in an effort looking to the establishment of a shooting park that shall be second to none in the world, and it is under this impression that I make the present effort."

CHICAGO, July 29.—To Sportsmen of America: The unprecedented growth and success of the Grand American Handicap, and the promised continued growth, led to a fear quite generally expressed during the latter days of 1898, that as an annual institution it was becoming "to large and too cumbersome for successful management."

It was editorially stated in one of the Eastern sporting papers that "nothing would swamp the Grand American Handicap so quickly and so effectively as a squad of shooters from every city."

Being unable to agree with this sentiment, I have been urged by many friends to express my views regarding greater accommodations for sportsmen, and I shall herein present same in response to such requests:

In 1897 I attended the Grand American Handicap, accompanied by fifteen other Western gentlemen. In 1898 I organized a second party and was accompanied by fifty-two ladies and gentlemen.

Upon the occasion of the last Grand American Handicap I organized a third party and was accompanied by 100 ladies and gentlemen.

This rapid increase in attendance indicates very clearly an increasing interest in trap-shooting matters, that warrants an effort on the part of American sportsmen to secure grounds, buildings and general accommodations of a magnitude sufficient to meet all demands of the present and as far as possible anticipate difficulties of the future, and responding to an oft-repeated demand upon me personally, I have concluded to submit a plan and to offer a few suggestions.

In selecting Chicago as the one most available site for the World's Exposition, Congress in 1890 paid that city a tribute that may at this time be repeated by American sportsmen in the selection of a site that shall be par excellence for national and international tournaments.

I believe it is an indisputable fact that Chicago furnishes the greatest transportation facilities of any city in the world, and each trunk line (in the neighborhood of thirty, I believe) pays particular attention to its suburban facilities, thus bringing outlying districts closer to the heart of the city of Chicago than is the case in almost any other city in the Union.

Several suitable sites for the purpose under consideration are available and within thirty-five minutes (by steam) of best hotel accommodations.

The strongest and best live birds are to be had, and in abundance at all times of the year, at this point. It would in my opinion prove an admirable and an acceptable point for the holding of individual contests, so often following little disagreements among shooters as to personal prowess.

Thinking over this matter from time to time, the claims of this section to something better than we have ever enjoyed in the way of shooting grounds has been forced home upon me.

Eastern sportsmen and visiting brothers are accommodated at Elkwood Park (near Long Branch, N. J.) upon grounds that were once thought ample, that are, as a matter of fact, very beautiful and complete, but to-day scarcely large enough for a gathering *upon a general invitation to American sportsmen.*

Our country is large enough, our sportsmen liberal enough—why should we not have beautiful shooting grounds in New Jersey, Illinois, and upon the Pacific coast?

Concluding that I must vote in the affirmative, I have thought of and with pencil in hand spent many an hour upon the question of grounds and buildings. Evolving as a result but crude sketches and drawings, I appealed to a personal friend in no particular interested in shooting matters, but a splendid architect. Giving this friend (Mr. Foltz) all information regarding shooting parks and shooting matters that I possessed, together with my sketches and figures, Mr. Foltz has very kindly prepared a drawing and a perspective which I have pleasure in submitting to my friends, and beg to further offer in explanation of Mr. Foltz's work the report by that gentleman accompanying the drawings aforesaid.

Modestly advocating this enterprise, the selection of Chicago by sportsmen generally as a central point, and earnestly asking the co-operation of all, I would further invite consideration of the following scheme:

About forty acres of inclosed grounds, well located as to transportation, is the first requisite; large club house, gun rooms, superintendent's residence, pigeon lofts and dog kennels, a second; finally the grounds should be laid out so as to accommodate, in my opinion, not less than five sets of the most improved traps to be had.

Ample accommodations must be provided in this club house and upon its grounds for 500 to 1,000 contestants, and it is with these needs constantly in mind that I have striven.

To provide these good things money will be required. Money, and considerable of it, will be absolutely requisite.

Believing that sportsmen without exception will take greater interest in an enterprise of this kind, having first become contributors, I suggest that this scheme be taken up by each interested gentleman as a personal matter; that it be carefully considered by each individual and that for himself he determine the extent of his interest and the consequent amount of his contribution, providing an organization shall have first been formed under the laws of the State of Illinois, in and to the success of which not less than 100 well-known and responsible sportsmen shall have pledged themselves as charter members, each and every charter member binding himself to pay upon completion of the organization and before soliciting funds generally the sum of $100.

This would afford a guarantee of good faith and success to the general contributor. Subscriptions in reasonable amounts should of course entitle the subscriber to certain privileges, the extent and duration of which would be determined by those finally chosen to manage the association's affairs.

From the charter members the first board of directors should be selected, and the board of directors should from its number annually select a president. The directory should be selected for varying terms, one, two and three years' service, thus at no time necessitating the incoming of an entirely new board.

In conclusion, I should like to hear through the columns of the sporting papers, or direct and as a personal matter, opinions of those who may find interest in this question. I should like to hear *personally* from every gentleman who will become a charter member in the proposed organization.

I have repeatedly been promised the support of sportsmen of the West in an enterprise of this kind, but I desire a new pledge from each, and in turn I promise that no use shall be made of the pledge until at least 100 shall have expressed a desire for incorporation and co-operation, when I will issue through the columns of the sporting papers a call for a meeting.

Further effort on my part will depend entirely upon the promptness with which I shall receive responses and the degree of interest taken in the foregoing scheme, which is respectfully submitted by yours truly,

E. S. RICE.

The Architect's Letter.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 19.—Mr. E. S. Rice, Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.: My Dear Sir—Carefully following suggestions and making use of data submitted by you, I have pleasaure in the delivery herewith of a sketch or ground plan and a perspective (two separate sheets), which I believe embrace your ideas of ample trap-shooting grounds.

In explanation of these sketches permit me to say that they provide for five sets of live-bird traps, and if desired an equal number of plants for throwing clay birds, in live-bird tournaments, permitting five contestants to shoot simultaneously and each entirely independent of the other.

This plan requires five boundary rings or circles 300ft. in diameter, the boundary being a segment of a circle, with a radius of 50yds., and a dead line; the circle drawn from the center trap terminates where it joins the dead line on each side of the shooter's score, and the dead line is placed at a point 33yds. distant from the center of the trap and at right angles to a line drawn from the center of the trap and at right angles to a line drawn from the shooter's score to the center trap.

That the distance from the shooting score to the gun rooms and club house may be minimized, a plan has been adopted contemplating a hexagonal building in the center field, five sides of which form the base or dead line of the five outer or boundary fields, while the sixth will be used for access to the building, the hexagonal center field to be surrounded on five sides by a strong picket fence, separating spectators from shooters.

Five gates or openings for access to the shooting scores should be provided. On the inside of this fence will be a promenade 16ft. wide, extending entirely around the hexagon, which will in turn be connected with the building by walks for spectators and shooters, radiating from it.

On the right of the shooters' several positions should be constructed houses for trap-pullers. Traps and trap-pulls should be automatic in their action, so that the manipulators are in ignorance as to which trap will be opened by the levers they press.

On the line of the shooting score are to be located still larger houses for the referee and scorer, for retrieving dogs, their keepers and pigeon crates.

The traps may be placed over semi-circular trenches or not, as the question of underground or surface traps may be decided upon later.

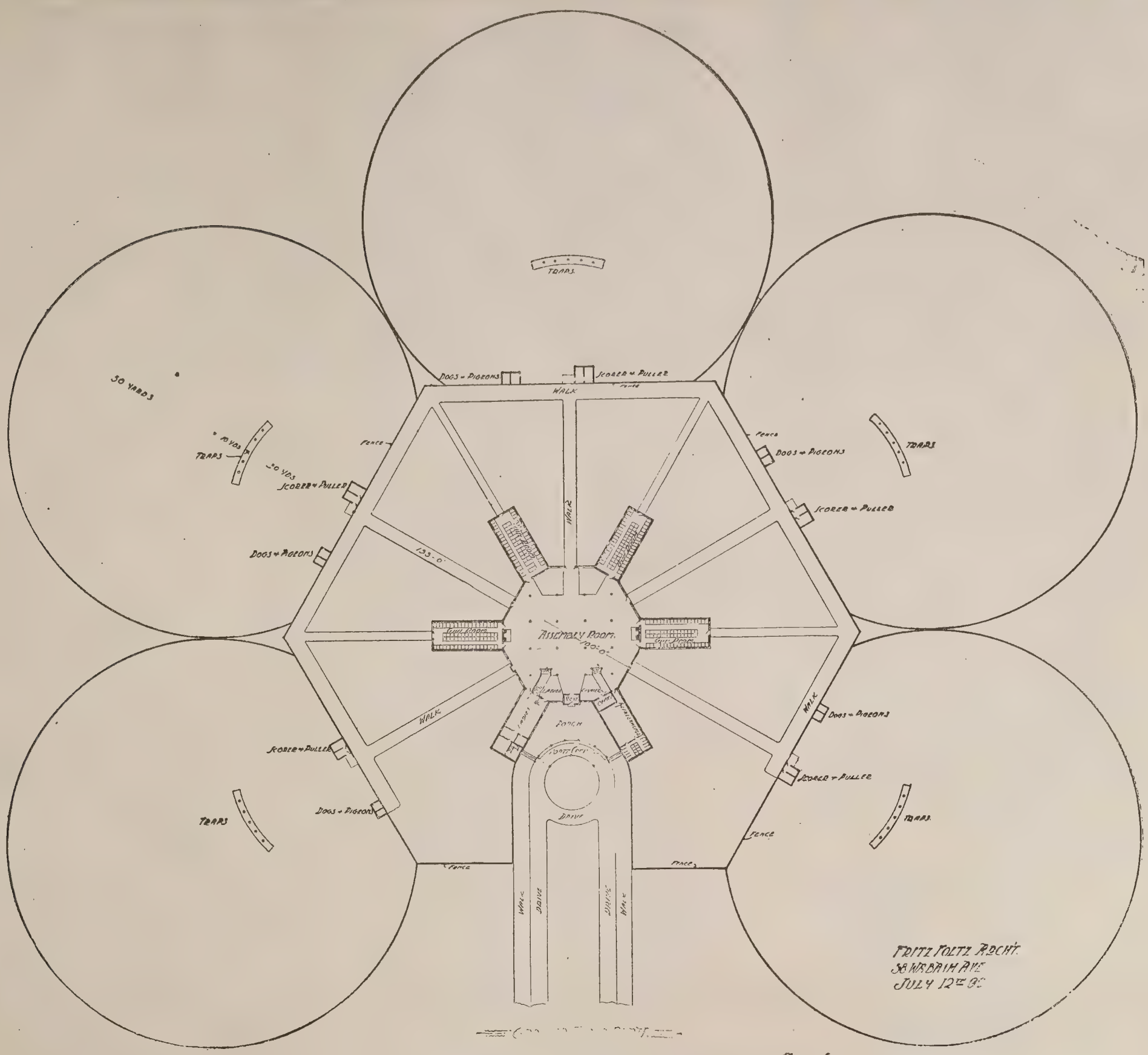
As shown in my perspective, each trap boundary is indicated by circular wire fence, presumably about 18in. in height. Grounds should be sodded, the center portion about the buildings beautified

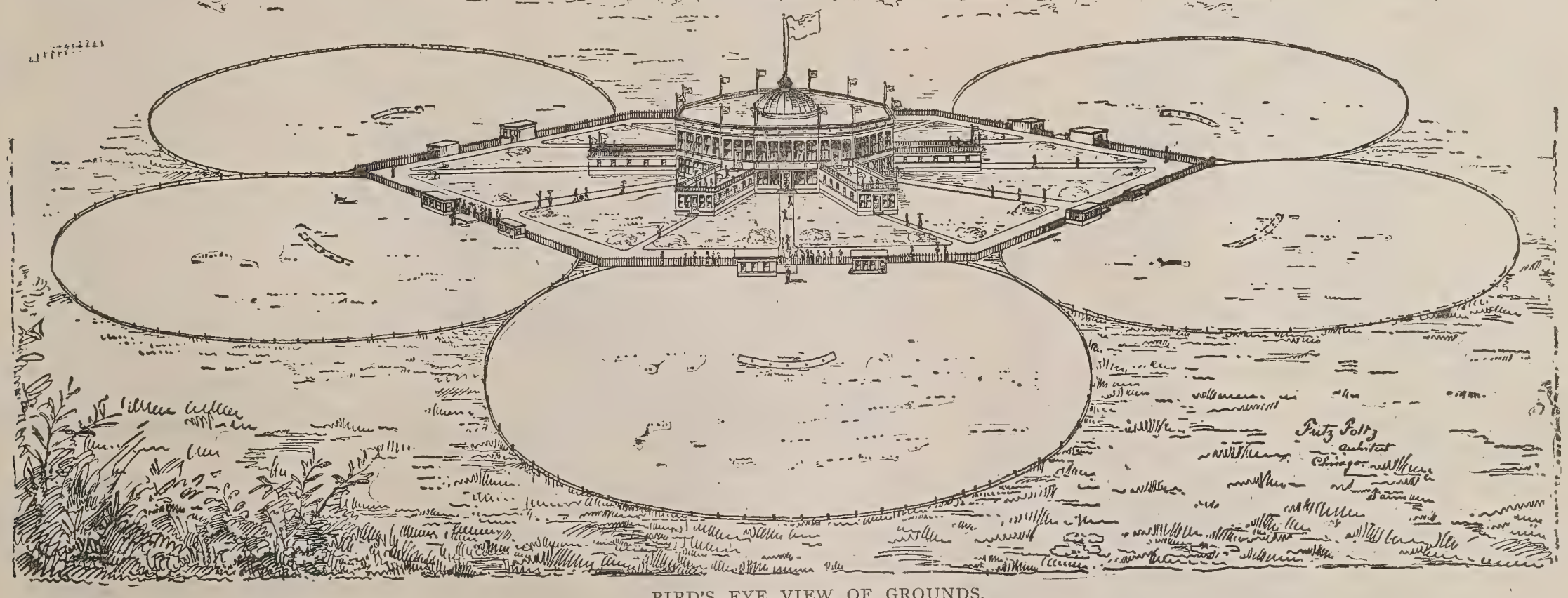


Supplement to Forest and Stream.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

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BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF GROUNDS.

by flower beds, the entire grounds surrounded by substantial fence to keep out intruders.

In the center of the hexagonal field will be placed the club house proper. This will consist of a main building, planned in shape of a twelve-sided polygon and six wings, radiating from the center building like the spokes of a wheel.

The main building and the two south wings will be two stories in height, while four of the wings will be but one story in height.

The buildings are to be classic in style, plain in detail, but effective in general appearance, owing to the breaking of the sky lines by projecting wings.

The main building will be adorned with a dome of moderate height, with a lantern crowned by the Stars and Stripes. The twelve corners of the main building and the corners of the wings will be decorated with flags of foreign countries. The predominating color of the buildings will be white.

In approaching the grounds from the railroad station and public highway one passes through ornamental gates, with gate lodge for the gate-keeper, which controls the whole of the grounds. By drives and foot-walks one reaches the building. In the space between the two south wings, through a spacious covered porch, part of which will give ample room for several carriages to land their passengers under cover. In this part of the grounds will be located bicycle stands and accommodations for horses and carriages for the convenience of those who reach the grounds by horse conveyances.

In entering the building one will find himself in a large assembly room 100ft. in diameter, with two large fireplaces on either side. To the right of the entrance will be the cashier's and bookkeeper's office, connected with a private office. Back of this will be a buffet, where refreshments will be served. Connected with this will be the toilet room for gentlemen.

On the left of the main entrance will be a space railed off for ladies, and connected with it will be a ladies' parlor, with dressing and cloak room and toilet room.

On the side opposite the main entrance on the right will be located the space for the compiler of scores, and on the left a space for the members of the press, with telegraph and telephone rooms.

There are to be five exits from the assembly room leading to the grounds through spacious double doors, flanked by large windows. These exits will lead to 10ft. walks connecting the building with the promenade walk for spectators.

The four remaining rooms are to be used for gun rooms, where about 300 lockers will be provided for shooters. These gun rooms are to be connected with the promenade by 5ft. walks for the shooters.

At either side of the main entrance is to be placed a broad stairway leading to a large foyer, and through this into a large banquet hall, where about 500 people may be seated at one time at individual tables.

At either side of the main entrance and underneath stairways leading to the large foyer will be constructed fireproof vaults for the safe care of guns that may be left with the management from time to time.

The wings containing the ladies' parlor and toilet rooms and the buffet will be two stories in height. The second stories of these wings will contain the kitchen and service rooms and private dining and board rooms.

The four flat roofs of the wings containing the gun rooms will be covered with plank, and railed in for the spectators who care to watch the shooting.

The whole of the outer walls of the first and second stories will be glazed, with large windows, and will have glazed doors, so that ample facility will be provided for spectators to follow the shooting in bad weather.

Under the kitchen wing will be placed a basement for the heating apparatus.

The whole of the structure will be light and airy, and everything will be done to give as much opportunity to watch the shooting as possible, while all comfort and convenience will be provided for the members of the association and their guests.

I have assumed in this work that it would be the purpose of the promoters of this enterprise to furnish in the grounds and buildings herein contemplated an ample place for the congregation of sportsmen, tournament accommodations exceeded by nothing of the kind in the world, where guests of its promoters could be cared for in a manner worthy of our great city, of its sportsmen, and thus afford best possible opportunity for a test of skill in a sport second to none.

If I can be of further service to you or to your sportsmen friends you have but to command. Yours very truly

FRITZ FOLTZ.

Fort Smith Gun Club

Fort Smith, Ark., July 23.—The practice shoot of the Fort Smith Gun Club which should have come off on Thursday was postponed on account of rain, and Saturday found only five members facing the traps. The grounds were not yet dry, and the trap boys had very uncomfortable quarters; but after the trap house was baled out things went on about as usual. The day was awfully hot and the birds somewhat erratic.

Coffee was the only man in Class B present to contest for the medal. He remarked: "I knew there were no Class B men coming out to-day, so I thought I would come out and win the medal," which caused a laugh.

The conditions governing the contest for the medals were changed from 50 birds to the man to 25 birds, it being the opinion of the club that it would give the weaker shots a better show.

After the medal race two sweeps, one of 15 and one of 10 birds, were shot. Hunt was badly off in his shooting, and is beginning to believe that there are ups and downs in the shooting game.

Regular practice shoot next Thursday evening at 4:30.

Medal Race—Class A.

Leach .....1111111111111101111111111—24
Matthews .....1011111101111111111110—22
Hunt .....1010010111101101100000100—12

Leach won Class A medal, and Coffee Class B.

Class B.

Coffee .....1000111010111010011000111—14
Merriman .....0001100010101111010000111—12

Sweeps:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Leach	11	10	Coffee	9	4
Merriman	10	7	Hunt	6	5
Matthews	14	5			

July 28.—The regular weekly shoot of the Fort Smith Gun Club took place at the club grounds Thursday evening. The attendance was fair, considering the hot weather, though quite a number of shooters are out of town on business and otherwise.

Matthews' shooting was the feature of the day, he winning Class A Gardner Jewelry Co. medal on 25 straight, and then running 23 more straight in the team race, making 47 straight, and finished up the day with 49 out of 50, and with no effort whatever.

Coffee won Class B medal for the second time, though, unlike the last week's shoot, he had competition, and Judge Oglesby was the runner-up. The Judge was heard to remark as he missed his last 3 straight something about the weather being warm. If the Judge had broken 2 out of that last 3 he would be now the proud possessor of Class B medal instead of having Frank Coffee strutting around a two-time winner and telling Bob Hunt that if "he will just watch and hold his gun like he does he can wear medals too," to which Bob replies, "Just you wait, young fellow; I'll catch you some day when I'm feeling pretty gay, and I'll make you look like 30 cents."

The team race was a walkover for Matthews' team, they winning in easy fashion by a score of 72 to 64.

The programme for the ninth annual Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament, which is to be held at Little Rock, on Aug. 15-17, will be out in a few days, and will be distributed to the members of the Fort Smith Gun Club by the secretary. In this tournament $375 will be added to the purses, and targets will be thrown for 2 cents each. Purses divided Rose system. There will also be team races and the race for the individual championship medal, now held by Mr. Joe Matthews, of Fort Smith. It is to be hoped that a team representing Fort Smith will be in attendance. We have the material, if they will only get toegther and work.

Following are the scores:

Medal Race—Class A.

Matthews .....1111111111111111111111111—25
Baptiste .....1011100111011111111111111—21
Hartwell .....1111100011111111101101010—18
Leach .....1001010111011110111111100—17

Class B.

Coffee .....0011101110111110111011111—19
Oglesby .....1111110111110100111111000—18
O'Keiffe .....0111011001111011111000111—17
Hunt .....0111011000110111101010111—16

Team Race—Leach's Side.

Leach .....1100111111100101110111011—18
Baptiste .....0010110111111101111111111—20
Coffee .....1010011010011111000011110—14
O'Keiffe .....1100011000110101101000011—12—64

Matthews' Side.

Matthews .....1111111111111111111111011—24
Hartwell .....1001111101001111110010011—16
Oglesby .....1100110011110111111010111—18
Hunt .....0011001011101100101101011—14—72

Secretary.

Arkansas and the South.

St. Louis Doings—The Busch Medal.

St. Louis, July 22.—The initial contest for the magnificent Busch challenge medal took place at Dupont Park to-day, and brought out the goodly number of twenty contestants, which represented the very acme of St. Louis shooting talent. In consequence, it was not very surprising that this race should have developed a most spirited contest, as three of the principals killed 25 straight. The shooting of Griesedick, the ultimate winner, was especially noteworthy, as his last 30 birds were shot from the 33yd. mark. The contest took place under what is known as the Riley handicap, which compels the contestant who scores straight to go back 1yd. after each bar of 5. Thus Griesedick started in at 29 yds. and had gone back 4yds. by the time he shot his final 5 in the original contest. The shoot-off took place from the mark reached by those in the tie, and for this reason the winner's score of 49 out of 50 ranks among the very best performance on the local grounds. Kling and Conrades both shot very well, but could not keep stride with Griesedick, and were rather easily disposed of in the shoot-off.

The conditions of the race are 25 pigeons, handicap rise, winner subject to challenge every fourteen days, and is allowed that length of time to accept and name date for contest. Anyone residing in St. Louis county can challenge for the trophy, and must send his challenge, accompanied with bird money, to Mr. P. M. Kling, who is chairman of the trustees, the others composing this board being E. A. Peck and Chas. McL. Clark. These were appointed by Mr. A. A. Busch and will hold office for one year or till their successors may be elected. In order to become the property of anyone the medal must be won six times. The future contests will be individual affairs.

This trophy bids fair to accomplish more to maintain the shooting interest of St. Louis than anything of that nature submited to the sportsmen of the Mound City. The scores:

Griesedick, 29.....2211122212122222221122222—25
Kling, 29.....2212122111212222122111212—25
H Conrades, Jr, 28.....1211121212222211222221112—25
Corray, 28.....2220221222222212212112111 -24
Heilegenstein, 28.....2211212210121122222222222—24
Hamilton, 26.....222221211 2*2122212212212—24
Prendergast, 29.....2222202222022222222222722—23
Peck, 28.....2221211211212111110112120—23
Dr Smith, 29.....12111 0222*1122122212211122—23
Reichardt, 28.....1212222221221210120211212—23
Louis, 27.....1110112221112222222211220—23
Chase, 29.....2222 2222222222 0 21*20222 -22
Herold, 26.....2122*1112*2222222012222*2—21
Lungstras, 26.....1221122211220102102 0w —16
Mallinkrodt, 26.....2*12101221 2*12220 —13
Selzer, 28.....1212222122212 0 0* —13
Dr Burnett, 26.....1221022260211101 —12
Arnold, 26.....210022211122220 —12
Merry, 26.....11112 0021*2* — 8
Meyers, 26.....22202010210 — 7

Shoot-off:

Griesedick .....1221101111211112111111112 -24
Kling .....122*1111221110 —12
Conrades .....10210 — 3

Gilbert-Klein-Budd.

Spirit Lake, Ia., July 24.—Charley Budd is up here on a visit, a guest of Fred Gilbert. The latter, in company with that little brother-in-law of his, Russell Klein, endeavored to show Budd a nice time and invited him over to look at the Klein farm. While there he proposed that they have a little shooting match. This appeared to be to Charley's liking, and each proceeded to shoot at 100 targets, which resulted in Gilbert breaking 98, Klein 94 and Budd 93. Gilbert missed his 17th and 27th and then finished with an unbroken run of 73. Klein made one run of 50, from his 38th to the 88th. Charley Budd got off wrong, as he lost 5 out of his first 25, but only dropped 2 thereafter, while his best run was 39. Charley Budd is accompanied by his wife and will spend several weeks in the vicinity of Spirit Lake camping out. The scores:

Gilbert .....1111111111111111011111111101111111111111111111111—48
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—50—98
Klein .....1111101111111111111101111111111111011110111111111111—46
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111101011111111—48—94
Budd .....1110110110111111111100111111111111111111111111111—45
1101111111111111111111111111111111111111111101111111—48—93

Capital Gun Club.

On Thursday, July 20, a rainstorm prevented the local club from holding its regular weekly medal shoot, but this contest was held on the following day, which somewhat cut down the attendance. Some who had made preparations to be present on the previous day were detained by business, so that but nine materialized for the contest. The conditions were favorable to good shooting, but the imaginary straight that the contesants conceived prior to the race failed to materialize, with a single exception. Thibault started off by breaking his first 25 straight, but ten of these were in a preliminary sweep, so that in the main event he had to be content with 42, a total just sufficient to tie with Fletcher, and the latter won out in the shoot-off, though it is possible that the old man did not extend himself, as Fletcher has long been a protege of his. Dickinson was very largely in the race during the first half of it, but with this exception none of the others cut any figure.

Fletcher, 4....1111111101101100111111111011111010110101111010101—38
1111 — 4—42
Thibault .....1111111111111111101110110111111111111111001110110110—42—42
Dickinson, 1.1110111111111011111110111101111011011010101111100110—38
0 — 0—38
Dulcy, 4.....0000010011111111011011101000101111011110111111111111—34
1101 — 3—37
Hamilton, 6..1010110011101011101110111111001001111111110100011110—33
010111 — 4—37
Morrison, 15.0101001010011101010101110110101010010011000001010l—24
100111101111111 —12—36
Wing, 15.....0100100111100100011011111001111101011001001110100—28
100000010111111 — 8—36
Litzke, 8.....1100010011011111010001100011111110111111111001101100 -31—31
Leymer, 10...0111001110010100000000101011001001010101110100010O—21
0011100101 — 5—26

July 27.—The extreme heat was the only handicap that the shooters had to contend with to-day, as aside from this the conditions were all that could be desired when one is anxious to make a good showing. There was not a breath of air stirring, and the traps threw a very even and regular target; but notwithstanding this there were no very large scores made. Pemberton won the medal on 45 out of 52, and really did the best shooting of the day, as he afterwards scored 24 out of 25, and also killed 20 out of 23 pigeons. Dickinson is gradually getting back to form, as he actually tied Pemberton, but his handicap was one less, and this is what probably cost him the medal. Bragg, one of the unknown quantities, showed up very strong, and with his handicap of 10 stood an excelent chance to win, while Thibault and Fletcher also were factors in the race. Henceforth better scores may be looked for, as most of the boys are going into training for the State shoot.

Pemberton, 2.1111011011111101100111111111111111111111111111010111l—43
11 — 2—45
Dickinson, 1.1111111100110111111111111101100110111111111101111111—43
1 — 1—44
Bragg, 10....1111101010110101111110111011111101111011001110100—36
1111100101 — 7—43
Thibault, 1...1111101111001111111111111010011110111011111111001—41
1 — 1—42
Fletcher, 2...1111111011110011010111111101011011111111010111101111—40
11 — 2—42
Duley, 3.....1011111001111111111001010001111101111111111111101101—38
110 — 2—40
Wing, 15.....1110101100101101101011000011101101111001000001111—28
111110111110001 —11—39
Morrison, 15.0111100010000111110010001011000110107010011100010l—24
111011001100111 —10—34
Peay, 6.....0110111111110001010011011000001011001011101110010l—28
010111 — 4—32
Leymer, 15...0011010110111111111100001001111100100000001000000000—22—22
Hennegin, 17.0010010100001100001000110110010000101100010110101O—19—19

Peay-Fletcher.

These two engaged in a 25-live-bird race prior to the medal shoot, and this resulted in a win for Fletcher by a score of 16 to 14. Both showed absolutely no form whatever, as under the existing conditions the score should have been much better. The birds were a fair lot, but there was no wind to aid them, so that the shooters had only to pit themselves against the birds' own resources. The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

4 2 3 1 1 5 1 5 5 1 2 4 5 4 4 1 5 1 4 4 4 4 1 2 1
↖↘↗→←↙↘↙↘→↗→↙↑↗↗↗→→↙↙↗↗→→
Peay.....1 * 0 0 1 * 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 0 2 2 0 0 2 0 2—14

1 5 5 4 3 2 5 1 2 5 5 2 1 1 1 5 2 5 1 1 5 1 3 4 5
↘↖↙↙↓↓↙↘↓→→→↗↑↓↖↗↑↘↗↙↘↑↙↙
Fletcher.....* 1 2 0 2 2 1 0 1 1 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 0 2 0—16

A ten-men team race on July 22 between the Washington Park and Kansas City clubs, both of Kansas City, resulted in a win for the former by a score of 83 to 76. Each contestant shot at 10 pigeons. The birds were poor and the shooting equally so.

Paul R. Litzke.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O., July 22.—The scores in the contest for the diamond medal are given below. Squires won it this time. The standing of winners to date is as follows. Trimble and Squires have won it twice; Maynard, Kirsch and Waddell, once each. Squires got in on the tie by making a straight score on the first shoot this month.

There are two shoots: the first Thursday after the first Friday, and the fourth Saturday.

Handicap, 50 targets:

Gambell, 4.....1110111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111110101—47
Squier, 3.....1111111111010010011111111101110111111101110111111111—41
Maynard, 5.....0111101111111011111111111111100111101111111011011111—42
Trimble, 3.....1111111111111111101111111101111111111111111111111111—48
Ahlers, 5.....1111111101111111111111111010011011111101111111111O—43
Haworth, 5.....1001101100110101110101101111001111111111111101101100—34
Jay Bee, 8.....0110110111110111111101111100110111111110101101010l1—37
Sullivan, 10.....1010101110100111011001000011101101110000000010001—23
Wanda, 12.....1110000111001100101000000011000111111111001010011l—26
Nye, 5.....1110111110011111111111010111111111000101100110001000—33

Ties:

Gambell, 2.....1111111111111110101111111—23
Squier, 1.....1111111101111111111111111—24
Trimble, 1.....1111111111110111111111111—24

Ties:

Gambell, 2.....1101111101111111111111110—22
Squier, 1.....1111111101111111111111011—23
Trimble, 1.....1011111111111110111101111—22

Ties:

Gambell, 2.....1101111111111001110011101—19
Squier, 1.....1111111011111001111111111—22

Pawling Rod and Gun Club.

July 29.—The shooters who participated in the tournament of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club to-day had a pleasant time in every particular. The number was not so large as was expected, but the shoot was a success nevertheless. There were present Messrs. A. Betti, R. W. Gorham and A. Brian, of Mt. Kisco, N. Y.; Messrs. Horatio Nelson and Frank Fry, Dover Plains, N. Y.; I. H. Tallman, J. G. Dutcher, Edward Banks and B. Waters. The shooting progressed at a lively rate. Two extras were shot before the regular programme began, and several extras at doubles were shot after it was finished. The club entertained the visitors very pleasantly. A palatable lunch was served free.

There were fifteen events on the programme, with a total of 220 targets, and a total entrance of $22. No. 7 was a handicap event, $2 entrance, for a gun case. This resulted in a tie between Messrs. Nelson and Betti, which when shot off resulted in a victory for the former. Immediately thereafter Mr. Nelson informed the shooters present that he would put up the gun case for competition after the programme was shot through, the proceeds to be devoted to the Van Dyke memorial fund. The entrance was fixed at $1, and the club donated also the targets free. After this event was concluded Mr. Nelson handed $10 to Mr. Banks, this sum being the proceeds of this event. This generous action greatly pleased the shooters present and evoked high praise from them. This is an example which clubs everywhere could follow with but little expense or trouble to themselves, yet in the aggregate to the great increase of the fund, the purposes of which were set forth fully in last week's issue of Forest and Stream. Many were the expressions of tender regard for Ferd V. Van Dyke and profound regret at his death, uttered at this meeting.

Event No. 11, a handicap for the silver cup, was won by Mr. Betti.

The handicap for the cash prize, $5, was won by Mr. Tallman. Messrs. Banks and Tallman were the scratch men, all the others having a handicap.

No. 16 was the Van Dyke memorial event, and resulted in a tie between Fry, Gorham and Jones, which was shot off at 10 targets, Fry winning on a good score.

The weather was charmingly pleasant, but the stiff 2 o'clock wind frolicked with the targets in a way which resulted in many goose eggs in the scores of the slower shots. The targets are thrown out over a down-hill slope, and the wind, blowing stiffly up the hill diagonally, made all kinds of atmospheric swirls and currents, which the targets merrily responded to.

Class shooting was advertised, but in deference to the shooters the Rose system governed the division of the moneys. The cashier's department was most ably conducted. It was in charge of the treasurer of the club, Mr. Geo. Daniels, assisted in the forenoon by Mr. G. S. Williams, the club secretary, and in the afternoon by Mr. Geo. Holmes. Mr. Morton Haines acted as referee; Mr. Fred Chapman, scorer, and Mr. Harry Burr, puller. All were thoroughly efficient. Mr. F. C. Taber, the president of the club; Mr. Horatio Nelson, the captain, and Mr. J. G. Dutcher, of the committee, participated actively and looked after the management besides.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	10	20	15	10	15	20	10	15	20	25	20
Banks	9	10	15	10	12	8	16	13	9	13	17	8	15	18	23	16
Tallman	9	9	13	8	11	8	16	15	10	10	16	9	13	19	18	17
Dutcher	8	8	13	6	12	9	19	14	9	11	18	7	10	18	20	15
Waters	10	8	11	8	10	7	18	10	7	10	8	9	12	16	20	14
Fry	6	8	8	9	6	6	..	..	7	12	..	4	..	16	..	20
Nelson	10	6	9	10	11	17	20	10	9	9	14	8	12	12	18	12
Bryan	..	..	..	..	10	7	..	..	..	9	14	..	..	..	..	..
Betti	..	..	..	..	12	6	20	9	6	8	20	7	14	..	..	15
Gorham	..	..	..	..	10	8	16	13	6	12	13	6	..	..	..	20
Holmes	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	11	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	20
Taber	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	7	12	..	17	14

Betti won cup. Nelson won gun case. Tallman won $5 cash prize.

Minneapolis Gun Club.

Minneapois, July 27.—The weather was unfavorable for a large attendance at the shoot yesterday afternoon, but those who did attend suffered but little from the excessive heat, as the score was covered with awnings and a strong breeze blew all the afternoon.

The new classification of members will take effect next Thursday, and as there will be but four more reglar badge shoots this year before the opening of the game season, a large attendance is expected from now on. The shooting yesterday was of a high order, as the scores that follow will show:

Val Blatz diamond badge, 15 singles, unknown angles: French 9, Parker 12, Dr. Bill 7, Mrs. Johnston 11, Johnston 13, Nelson 13, Trapton 7, Stone 12, McKay 13, Cooper 7.

Shoot off, Nelson 1 hdkp.: Johnston 3, McKay 2, Nelson 4. Nelson won badge.

Schlitz diamond badge, 25 singles, unknown angles: French 18, Parker 24, Dr. Bill 13, McKay 18, Johnston 21, Nelson 21, Stone 18, Mrs. Johnston 20, Trapton 11. Parker won badge.

Paegel challenge badge, 25 singles, unknown angles: French 18, Parker 21, Dr. Bill 20, McKay 21, Johnston 22, Nelson 17, Stone 19, Mrs. Johnston 21, Trapton 13, Chamberlin 18. Johnston won badge.

Club badges, 10 singles, unknown angles, 5 pairs:

French .....0111111101 11 10 00 10 10—13
Parker .....1001111111 10 11 11 11 01—16
Dr Bill .....1110011100 00 11 10 10 11—12
McKay .....1110111100 01 11 00 01 10—12
Johnston .....1010111111 10 10 01 11 11—15
Nelson .....1001101111 00 00 10 01 01—10
Stone .....1100010111 10 10 10 10 10—11
Mrs Johnston .....1111111111 10 11 10 10 11—17
Chamberlin .....0001101100 00 11 10 10 10— 9
Cooper 1101110001w

Parker won senior badge; Mrs. Johnston won junior badge; Chamberlin won amateur badge.

Trap at Omaha.

Omaha, Neb., July 25.—Herewith are scores made by Mr. Grant July 21 on Omaha Gun Club's grounds. He shoots a 32in. barrel gun. The scores he makes tells the story. He shoots quickly, smashing his targets to dust. To-day the targets were thrown harder than usual, and Mr. Grant is to be congratulated upon the best shooting done on these grounds this season. On July 22 he broke 165 out of 170:

S Grant.....1111111111101111111—19
1111111101111111111—19
1111111111111111111—20
1111111111111111111—20
1111111111111111111—20—98

Doubles:

Grant .....11 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 —21
11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 10 11 11—23—44

Club shoot:

Mr Grant .....1111111111111111111—20
Chas Curtis .....1111111101111111111—19
Mr Seaton .....1011111111111111111—19
Salisbury .....1100000000010110110— 7
Morrill .....1111111100110111111—17
Brucker .....1111100111111111111—18
Berlin .....1111111001111111111—18
Watt .....0010000011000010110— 6
Elbourn .....1010110010011110101—12
Sandy .....1111111111111111111—20
L Young .....1011011000110111011—13

Tie for gold watch charm:

Sandy .....1111011111— 9 Grant .....1111111111—10

Mr. Grant and Sandy are warm friends. Both are exceedingly popular, and were heartily congratulated on their nice work.

Roberts.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Moosehead Lake.—Jacking a moose is not considered a sportsmanlike proceeding. It is a mode of hunting which is usually forbidden by the law.

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Hunting Knives.

The Philbrook hunting knife, which is advertised elsewhere, is of excellent model, and the material is honest. The specimens we have seen are "taking." The N. W. Philbrook Co. will send descriptive circulars.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 7. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.
1 Henry IV., i. 2.

THE COLORADO GAME PARK SYSTEM.

THE new Colorado game law contains some novel features respecting parks and game preserves, which are deserving of attention because of the growth of the preserve system in this country and the probability that future legislation will more and more be determined by an intent to give special privileges to the owners of parks.

The law provides that no person shall hold in captivity in any park, whether land or water, any game or fish unless first having procured a license for the park, and any park maintained without the prescribed license is made a public nuisance and as a penalty the game contained in it may be liberated by the officials and the park fences destroyed. One who has established or proposes to establish a game park is required to make application in writing to the Commissioner, describing in detail the location and extent of the preserve, and in return the Commissioner issues a license authorizing the park owner to keep and propagate such game as is specifically named in the license. Park owners are permitted to capture wild game for stocking purposes under a special permit issued by the Commissioner, designating the variety and the number of animals which may be so taken; and there are very stringent provisions to prevent the taking of any such game or fish for any other purpose than for stocking. Park proprietors are also permitted to exchange game or fish with other persons within or without the State, but this exchange also is controlled by a specific license issued by the Commimssioner.

When a private park or lake already contains game quadrupeds or fish belonging to the State at the date of the license, the right is reserved for the Commissioner to demand and receive from the proprietor not more than ten per cent. of the game increase for each year, and not more than ten per cent. of the fertilized fish eggs stripped from the fish in the preserve, or if the owner does not strip the fish the Commissioner has the right to do so. The game and fish thus obtained by the Commissioner from private parks are to be used by him for the stocking of other parks, streams or lakes.

Game and fish contained in private parks are by the law made the private property of the owner, "to the extent that he may lawfully retain, pursue, capture, kill, use, sell or dispose of the game or fish therein in any quantity at any time of year." It was under this provision that Governor Tanner was permitted to take his deer in the Debeque preserve. A further restriction is made that the aggregate number of game or fish contained in any private park or lake belonging to the State at the date of taking effect of the act shall not subsequently be lessened by the park proprietor, the purpose of this provision being to maintain as to the park territory the natural game supply. But even here a special license may be extended to the owner on application to reduce the superfluous stock of a given variety.

The law contemplates close supervision of the game and fish produced from a park. The owner is required when selling or giving away game or fish to deliver to the purchaser or donee an invoice containing full particulars of the transaction. Without such an invoice transportation and possession are forbidden. Duplicates of the invoice must be supplied to the Commissioner at Denver, and when the game or fish is shipped by rail or express, the original must accompany it attached to it and in plain sight. The proprietor of a private game park is required, whenever directed by the Commissioner, to make report of the number, age and sex of the game added to the park or taken from it annually. Licenses for the parks extend for terms of two years or ten years.

Fees are charged for game park licenses and for the several privileges accorded in connection with the park. The fee for a quadruped park for two years is $40, and $30 for renewal; for ten years $100, and $75 renewal; for bird park, $10 for two years, $25 for ten years. A lake license costs $10 for two years. For export of game the fees are $10 for an elk, $5 each for deer and antelope, and $2 for a lot of fish.

While the Colorado law is not the first statute designed to give special privileges to owners of preserves, it is by far the most elaborate. It is the product of a desire on the part of the framers to accord all practicable concessions to the preservers, without endangering the public game supply. If the provisions are strictly enforced and in the transportation and sale of game and fish the prescribed vouchers are rigidly complied with, there is little reason to apprehend that the system will interfere with efficient protection. On the other hand, laxity of supervision on the part of the wardens might readily open the way to the illicit marketing of game and fish belonging to the public supply.

Among the curiosities of game legislation is a New York law which forbids the hunting of moose, elk, caribou or antelope, all of which species have long since been extinct in the boundaries of the State in a wild condition. Nevertheless the law carefully provides that moose, deer, elk and antelope meat may be possessed or sold during the open season for venison, if killed without the State or in private parks; the last clause in concession to the preserves which have been stocked with Western game. On the other hand, in Pennsylvania, where the law absolutely forbids the exportation of game, certain owners of private parks who have stocked their preserves with Western elk are legally debarred from taking the venison home with them to New York city. Some modification of the Pennsylvania statutes in line with the Colorado system would benefit park owners without endangering any real interest as to the State's own game.

AN ADIRONDACK DEER HOUNDING CASE.

THE Ives deer hounding case decided by the New York Court of Appeals has already been referred to, and deserves further mention because of the importance of the principle involved in the decision. Mr. Frank C. Ives, the well-known billiard expert of this city, had in the summer and fall of 1897 a camp at Long Pond in St. Lawrence county in the Adirondacks. In October of that year a hound which had been harbored by Mr. Ives was found running deer, and suit was brought by direction of Chief Game Protector Pond against Mr. Ives, as the owner of the hound, to recover the penalty for infringement of the law which provides that dogs of the breed commonly used for hunting deer shall not be permitted by the owner or person harboring them to run at large in the country inhabited by deer. The dog was one which had been brought into Mr. Ives' camp by his guide, and was one which was known to have been trained on deer. The testimony showed that on several occasions the dog had got loose and had run in the woods, and was heard barking. The particular occasion concerned was the 25th of October, on which day, according to the testimony given by Mr. Ives, he had left his camp for the season and was on his way to the railroad station at the particular hour when the protector discovered the dog running a deer in the woods near by. There was no question about the identification of the dog, its harboring was not denied by Mr. Ives, and while he himself was not accused of deer hounding, the particular point at issue was as to his responsibility for the dog under the circumstances related. Mr. Ives contended in defense that he had never permitted the dog to pursue deer nor to be at liberty in the deer country. The jury on the original trial found against the defendant, and the Court of Appeals has sustained the finding of the lower court. The decision appears to have been strictly in keeping with the evidence in the case, and the principle it establishes is of the utmost importance in the enforcing of the anti-hounding law in the Adirondacks.

If those who own or harbor dogs could evade responsibility for the dogs when loose, it is clear that the law would be a dead letter; in fact it was because the statute without this provision had been found so weak that the new clause imposing the responsibility upon owners was found to be necessary. No sensible person will keep a deer dog in a deer country unless he means to hunt deer with it or to let others hunt deer with it, or unless he is ready to stand for the dog's hunting on its own account. Mr. Ives paid in penalty and costs $324.56 before going to the Court of Appeals, and this, with his counsel fees, made the deer dog Socks an expensive creature before he finished with it.

SNAP SHOTS.

The apathy of certain men in matters of sportsmanship, to which Ransacker has so touchingly referred, is not without a bit of unconscious pathos in it, for it is the expression of the changes which come to us all with the passing of the years. It would be an erroneous conclusion, however, to accept the implied principle that a declining aptitude for such pursuits, a diminished capacity for enjoyment of them, and a lessened inclination to follow them mean the attainment of a higher ethical standard for approving or disapproving them. The change is in the individual man, not in the pursuits themselves; and it is a change in keeping with the rules of life. When one has had a surfeit of good things, the relish for them is not so great afterward as it was before. Neither is the novelty so great in looking backward over known things as it is in looking forward to the unknown; the actual difference is in the point of view of the mature and the point of view of the young.

The whole of one's life is marked by well-defined stages, wherein the new is accepted and the old ignored. The tin horse yields to the baseball bat; this in due time to the canoe, or dog and gun, or rod and reel; and all together in turn must yield to some adorable woman. There comes a time when watermelons would not taste so luscious, even though hooked on a moonlight night, and indeed the advanced man might not have a thought of eating the melon if it were at his elbow. Why? Because he might not have the appetite which he had in his boyhood days. In this there might be no question of ethics, though there might be one of appetite. And so it goes to the end of the chapter, when one may sorrowfully exclaim: "All is vanity and vexation of spirit"—the cry of him who is looking backward, not that of him who is looking forward.

This is but one of many stages in the evolution of the individual, the same which has been reached by all who have gone before us, and will be reached by all who are following after us. It is not a part of the ethical problems at all. It is the cry from incapacity for enjoyment, easily confounded as a development of new ethical ideas. If our capacity for enjoyment is gone, it is hardly logical to declare that all enjoyment has ceased to exist. The sage remark of Shakespeare is good for all time, and expresses a great truth:

Sir To: Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo: Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth, too.

State Game and Fish Commissioner Johnson of Colorado tells us that the deer killed by Governor Tanner of Illinois, at Debeque, last month, was lawfully taken, inasmuch as all the hunting was done within the limits of a private park, and hunting under such conditions in the general close season is permitted by the statute. We need not add that this explanation will be received with genuine satisfaction, for it entirely relieves Governor Tanner from any criticism of his hunting on the score of illegality.

The strong hold our woods life, or water excursion or mountain exploration, has upon us is not always capable of exact definition or statement. We find ourselves insensibly hungering for the locusts and wild honey of the free life in the open. In reverie the majestic panorama of the mountain ranges is unfolded before us. We see through the trees the white canvas of our home under the pines. We long for the bark shelter, the camp-fire, the stars seen through the whispering tree tops. And in the pictures which come and go, the actual taking of game may have insignificant place.

New Mexico publishes its game laws in Spanish. Trespass signs near New York are in German. On Penikese Island in Buzzard's Bay the warnings against killing terns are in Portuguese. In still other sections of the country such signs are readily understood if written in English.

The Sportsman Tourist.

On Orange Mountain.

Thirty-five years ago it was but a short ride from the City Hall to the genuine country, with its green farms, rustic population and *feræ naturæ*. Turning from Broadway at the ramshackle pile of market buildings, long since torn down to make room for the postoffice, one might take the Hoboken ferry and from its terminus seek the picturesque seclusion of the Elysian Fields and the more remote Palisades; or, if time permitted, drive over Bergen Hill, then unpierced by great trunk lines, and after crossing the dreary, mosquito-infested, malodorous Hackensack marshes to Newark, the Oranges and the Bloomfields, enjoy the peaceful quiet of the First and Second mountains. A favorite route was that of the market gardeners, from Jersey City over the old plank road to Newark.

Orange, or First, Mountain had three vantage points from which in the long, hot afternoons of summer the traveler could look eastward over intervening field, farm and forest upon the metropolis, see the spires of New York, watch the white sails lazily moving up and down the Passaic—aye, see the ocean-wearied three-masters come in through the Narrows and beyond the blue of Old Ocean itself. The view was not broken by skyscrapers or by the giant towers of the Brooklyn Bridge. The suburban towns of New Jersey had not yet been thought of, nor were the crest and slope of the mountain dotted with the beautiful villas that are to-day its principal decoration.

Of the three vantage points the tower on the Caldwell turnpike was the central. A mile to the north was Washington Rock, and two miles to the south Eagle Rock. Washington Rock was said to have been the point from which the great commander surveyed the British forces on his memorable retreat to Morristown, and in the village below—Cranestown (Montclair)—is, or was, a traditional Washington's headquarters, the room in which the hero slept being an object of much interest in my boyhood days.

Eagle Rock was the most prominent of the elevations. In those days it was approached by a rough trail, that it was considered quite a feat to climb. Even the heights of the Rockies, Cascades and Sierras have never had quite the zest for me that Eagle Rock once possessed. The name was given more than half a century ago, the occasion being the finding of an eagle's nest in its clefts. Llewellyn Park had just been laid out, and near the foot of the rock Mr. Haskell had built "The Eyrie." I well remember that Mr. Haskell's views were not considered "orthodox" by his Calvanistic neighbors and he was regarded by the young folk as a very mysterious man. In fact, many of the early dwellers in the lovely park were men and women of "advanced" thought, with whom the godly farmers had naught in common. Strange, isn't it, how times change? The daily Sabbath quiet was unbroken by the whistling of rival engines. Knee-breeches and queues were still worn by the very old men. There was the music of the whetted scythe, the creaking of the cider press, the dull thud of the flail.

Village life was very, very quiet. At Cranestown the two village stores, where everything was sold, had their full quota of loafers, who assembled on the advent of the daily mail to discuss war news and condemn some of the neighboring gentry of supposed "Copperhead" proclivities. In these gatherings were always to be found a few negroes who remembered slavery days in New Jersey and who still clung to cabin life. Sometimes a wagon bearing a long pine box covered with a flag would pass along the turnpike on its way to some more remote hamlet, and we vaguely knew that another of our boys in blue had answered his last roll-call in the marshes of the James or the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah. There was the tavern, with its creaking, swinging sign, kept by Capt. Munn, and in the barroom, where pure applejack was the principal beverage, Uncle Billy Siglar, William Speer and other worthies of rod and gun met to talk over the latest pigeon shoot at Pine Brook, a coon hunt, or the snipe prospects on the marshes. There were wild pigeons and coons and possums in those days.

Our wood rambles invariably commenced with Washington's birthday, at which time the hepaticas in the moist sheltered nooks beneath Eagle Rock commenced to bloom. A little later came the violets and jack-in-the-pulpits. By Easter we found the fragrant, showy orchis and the lady-slipper, dogwood, azalea, the spring floral catalogue ending with the bloom of the rare magnolia glauca, found near Short Hills. When we did not gather flowers we would study the nesting birds and watch the fishhawks sailing homeward over the hills to some remote pine, carrying their infants' breakfast in their beaks.

When the summer vacation came our excursions would frequently lead to the little brook that rose near Verona and meandered through the shady meadows, between First and Second mountains, emptying into the Passaic near Little Falls. Botany presses were exchanged for fishing tackle, and in the mill-ponds—for there were old and picturesque mills along our course—we would angle for suckers and an occasional eel. Where the waters hurried and swirled over sand and pebbles we would sit for hours and throw out little sunfish with more enjoyment than we now find in casting flies for 3lb. trout. Or, if we simply loafed, we revelled in the flaunting glories of the cardinal flowers, in the song of the bobolink, in the pictures in the clouds, or, perchance, hunted sandpipers' nests on what we termed "the shore."

It was when the slopes of Orange Mountain were painted with the crimson of the maple and the old gold of the chestnut; when there was the haze of Indian summer as the days grew shorter; when the wild grapes purpled and the jay chattered and the corn was being shocked; when

> "All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
> The hills seemed further and the stream sang low;
> As in a dream, the distant woodman hewed
> His winter's log with many a muffled blow,"

that life seemed most worth the living. Then, in addition to the never-forgotten schoolboy's lunch, we took sacks for nuts and the old muzzleloader and shot pouch and powder flask, with never a thought about yesterday nor a care for the morrow. An early breakfast would be the order and then, heedless of field or fence, we would strike the timber at the foot of the mountain where were great groves of butternuts and black walnuts, and where saucy red squirrels chattered as merrily as ourselves. Both walnuts and red squirrels were too common to be interesting. Higher we strolled, warm but never weary. Sometimes a partridge would whir up so suddenly as to startle us, and the unready gun would only hasten his flight to pastures new; and again a too confiding cottontail would stop to look at us, and as a result would find a resting place in the capacious bag. Stopping occasionally to look down upon the autumn picture to the east, we reached the level summit. Here the triple-ovuled chestnut burrs, opened by the early frosts, and great, soft-shelled shagbarks, peered from half naked branches waiting to be threshed. On the upland clearing the farmer dug his late potatoes, and along the oak-rail fence, buried in asters, in goldenrods and russet brambles, the border of his little patch, gray squirrels dared us to a test of marksmanship. Nor, in the mountain marshes, was the woodcock quite a stranger.

Beside some crystal brook or beneath some grateful shade of orchard, where the air was heavy with the incense of fallen apples, we would eat our lunch and count our trophies o'er and feast upon the promised pleasures of the afternoon. Then homeward bound, we would retrace our morning's wanderings, nor note the flight of time until sweet, shadowy evening stole upon us unawares. Proudly did we lay down our childlike store of nuts and game, happy in the encomiums we received, and, supper done, we found the healthful sleep that only tired boys can properly appreciate.

What of the companions of the long ago? What of my friend who traveled by my side, who initiated me into the mysteries of the breechloader and who taught me how to hunt the wily partridge with as noble a setter as ever stood to scent? The worry and the toil of the great vortex of business life drew him in, and now he wanders in the silent land. What of the neighbor lad, who loved the wild flowers as he loved his friends? I used to see his name in Forest and Stream, signed to sketches from far Samoa. Too harsh for him, with his hopes and ideals, was the cruel competition of a careless world. He, too, has his name on the ever-lengthening roll of the departed. One after another has gone; even the old mountain has changed its face to suit another age. It would be painful for me to revisit it.

Shoshone.

Yukon Notes.

Farewell to Fort Selkirk.

(*Continued from page* 83.)

Mac and I said good-by to Mr. Pitts the night of Dec. 30, 1897. We packed our sleds that night and the following morning had breakfast and were off before the first sign of dawn. Barton's party were feeding their dogs and almost ready to start as we passed their cabin. We would have liked to have traveled in their company, but men pulling sleds cannot hope to keep up with dog teams on long journeys.

Mr. Pitts' cabin was unlighted and the only sign of life was the wolfish sledge dogs curled up in the snow by the front door. These dogs lie out in all weathers. With fifty below their fur becomes white with the hoar frost and they twist themselves into the most compact balls imaginable and bury their noses in their thick fur coats to keep them from freezing. When the dogs first lie down they wriggle around sometimes for five minutes before they succeed in getting satisfactory positions, but after that they rest without moving for hours at a time.

Beyond Pitts' cabin we passed the store, with the faded paper notice still tacked to the door, stating that as no steamer had visited the post for two years and no supplies were for sale with the exception of a little condensed milk. The first lean travelers of the gold rush had taken the condensed milk, but the notice had not been changed. Beside it was another which informed the public that the usual dried salmon dog feed could not be supplied and that beef heads and offal would be furnished instead. We knew that the store contained a large supply of valuable furs, including sable and black and silver fox skins, and that besides this there was a small amount of dry goods for the Indian trade. The white men who persuaded Pitts to open up for them to look over the stock had a hard time to find anything to buy. Some of them would take the agent into a corner and give him a jolly such as this: "Now, old man, you've known me for three years. I ain't no cheechako, see. Where's them beans you're going to let me have? Money ain't no object and you know blanked well I've got the dust. Just put 10lbs. in this sack and leave it by the corner of the shack where I can get it without nobody seeing, and if there's a quid of chewing left or a squid of bacon, just put them in, too. Savvy?"

To which Pitts would reply in a colorless, weary tone: "I couldn't let you have ten beans for 10lbs. of gold. There's no food on the place for sale, and all the gold in the Klondike couldn't buy any.

Mr. Pitts was sensitive on the subject, and he disliked beyond anything to refuse food. He did not show it, however, and his manner was sometimes mistaken, and he was accused of being indifferent and heartless.

Some of the men who came along cursed everything from their dogs—poor brutes—to the terribly silent mountains that walled in the river, and such men naturally cursed Pitts.

"This man keeps a store and has nothing to sell," they said. "What's it all for if it isn't just to spite us!" And they threatened all kinds of bodily violence to the agent. It was commonly believed that Mr. Pitts had supplies which he was concealing for fear of a still more pressing demand later on, or else holding for exorbitant prices; but as a matter of fact he was by this time out of everything except an extremely limited supply for his own personal needs. To his honor be it said that he did not attempt to take advantage of opportunities afforded for selling food at extravagant prices. As long as any supplies remained he sold them at the regular valuation of the country, and at that time a poor man would not have been turned away hungry for the reason that he had no money.

Beyond the store we came to the levee-like river bank, and holding on to the backs of our sleds coasted down on to the ice of the river. Mr. Pitts still had a water hole open in the ice, though it kept one of the Indian boys busy with an ice chisel to prevent its closing up.

We passed the line of Indian cabins on the bank above, each with its elevated cache, where were stored not only the meat and provisions of the family, but also the paraphernalia of the chase, snowshoes and toboggans; and last of all Dalton's corral and abattoir, with its wooden chute for lowering the carcasses of slaughtered beeves to the rafts that were to convey them to Dawson.

The Ice Trail.

In front, to the south, ran the ice trail through a country barren of supplies for a distance equal to that which separates New York city from Quebec, Canada. The journey was hard enough at best, but without dogs it involved a danger from starvation that was unpleasant to contemplate. Few men on long journeys have the strength to pull more than their own weight of camp outfit and provisions. Blankets, tent and stove make up a large proportion of the load, the ratio to the food varying according as the man fears most death by starvation or freezing. Hard work and the intense cold give ravenous appetites, and under the circumstances it is no wonder that few of the hand-sledding parties got through to the coast on the strength of the supplies they carried on starting. The remarkable thing is that any got through at all and that death from starvation was not common.

The trail was over an almost continuous ice jam from the start up to the lakes, and it was as rough in most places as ice packs on the frozen Polar ocean, judging from photographs. The fact that a large number of men made the journey without the aid of dogs and traveled a distance greater than that which has separated Arctic explorers from the Pole would lead one to believe that the trip to the Pole is by no means an impossible undertaking. A well-broken dog team and a month's supply of provisions should enable a man under favorable conditions to reach the pole from latitude 82 degrees. The team will carry him there, and for the return trip, if his supplies are gone, he can pull his own sled and eat dog.

The cold endured by Arctic travelers is not as a rule greater than that borne by the returning Klondikers. It is a well-known fact that in winter there are two poles or regions of greatest cold, the one in northern Siberia and the other to the north of the American continent. On the ocean between these points the fall in temperature is never so great. De Long on the Jeannette in the winter of 1879-80 recorded no temperature lower than 53½ below zero, while 40 below was rather exceptional cold. He reached a northing of 78 north latitude, only 840 miles from the Pole.

If some of the nervy, enterprising fellows who have been on the Yukon of late years and traveled thousands of miles with their dog teams with only occasional bases of supplies could be carried by vessel to within 600 miles of the place where latitude ends and turned loose, something would happen.

According to Mr. Pitts' count 340 men had passed Fort Selkirk on their way to the coast up to the last of December. Among the first were a number of parties unprovided with dogs; but later, as the snow grew deeper on the ice and the pulling became harder, the men who drew their own sleds became more and more the exception, and after the time of our start I only know of one other party that went out without dogs. The rush of travel had passed, and it was too late to think of making arrangements to join in with another party. Consequently, at the start, we had to make up our minds to dispense with stove and tent. With the average hand-sledging party one stove and one tent sufficed for half a dozen men. The weight of blankets could be reduced, for with stove and tent and some one awake all night to keep the fire going, no great amount of covering was necessary.

As there were only two of us we could not have bothered to stay awake to attend to the fire at night, even if we could have afforded to leave behind provisions of a weight equivalent to the stove and tent. We started with seven pairs of blankets and one caribou skin, besides a Kenwood sleeping bag; but before passing the Big Salmon we had thrown away three pairs of blankets and had grown so immured to the cold that we could sleep comfortably under four or five thicknesses. I got my rabbit-skin robe later on. Blankets are not a satisfactory protection from severe cold. One can feel the cold circulating through the pores and has to be careful not to freeze his nose and extremities in bed. To get the benefit of mutual warmth we sewed the blankets along the edges, making a double sleeping bag large enough for both of us.

Mac and I slept out this way during the month of January, and never on any occasion kept a camp-fire in all night. We experienced some very low temperatures and were uncomfortably shivery once in a while, but on the whole we did well, and we came out in the end in first-class physical condition.

The Pioneer River Steamer.

Three miles above Fort Selkirk the Barton party overtook us and passed with their two dog teams. The wind was blowing a gale from the south, and though we managed to keep up with them and followed close behind, their trail breaking benefited us very little, for the snow blew and filled the track the instant they had passed. At the time they came up with us I had turned aside a few minutes from the trail to photograph a historic old river steamboat which lay back in thewoods just off a slough forty or fifty rods from the river. The high water in the river three years before had left her stranded, and efforts to launch her had proved unavailing. The boat was a small stern-wheeler of the Mississippi River type. The name Polly adorned boards on either side of her pilot house, but we were told that she had only borne this name for a short time before being stranded, and that she was the original New Packet, one of the first, if not the very first, steamboats that ever bucked against the tireless current of the Yukon.

When Ed. Schieffelin, the founder of Tombstone, Ariz.—the man who made a million and died a pauper—made his famous prospecting trip up the Yukon to prove his theory of a mineral belt encircling the world, he chartered this boat, and later, in "starvation year"—1889—when the Arctic was wrecked and as a result not

pound of supplies reached the gold country, it was the New Packet, loaded gunwale deep with her human freight, that carried the miners to food and safety at St. Michaels.

On a gravel bluff near by stood a deserted cabin, and through the roof, in lieu of a chimney, projected the boat's smokestack. The owners of the cabin had in time gone by swung the pipe by its stay irons so that its lower end was within 3ft. of the ground, and constructed a rude hood to conduct into the pipe the smoke from their fire, which was built on the dirt floor. No doubt the fact of the smokestack had influenced the building of the cabin at that spot. Such opportunities are not common on the Yukon, and in winter facilities for a good fire are of the first importance.

Mile Posts.

We made camp that night on one of the Ingersoll Islands just above the mouth of Wolverine Creek, and no great distance from the point where our boats had been lost in the ice two months before. The following morning we were up betimes and passed the Barton party still in camp at a point about a mile above us. Shortly afterward we had some nasty traveling along narrow channels back of islands, where the swift current kept the water open despite the fact that in places broken sections of ice 5ft. in thickness could be seen. The Chinook wind still continued and the thermometer had risen to 20 above zero and the heat was very trying. The day before we had covered about twelve miles over very rough ice; but this day, the first of the new year, we only put four miles to our credit, owing to the numberless detours and the difficulty of dragging our sleds over unbroken trails and across islands. We had the satisfaction of knowing that we had done as well as could be expected under the circumstances, for at nightfall we camped within sound of Barton's axe.

Our second camp was made on the same island we had camped on the morning before our boats were lost. It was a desolate spot, under naked frozen mountains, with a fringe of funereal spruce trees next the river. As I watched Mac drying out his footgear that night I recalled some of the lines of Archibald Lapman's fine poem, "The Woodchopper's Hut," one of the best expressions of winter and solitude that has ever been written:

> "And only the stars above him at night,
> And the trees that creak and groan;
> And the frozen, hard-swept mountain crests,
> With their silent fronts of stone.
> As he watches the fitful glow of the fire,
> And the flickering flame upcaught,
> Cleaning his rifle or mending his moccasins,
> Sleepy and slow of thought."

The quotation is from memory, and no doubt I have made mistakes.

Peculiarities of the Trail.

We crossed and recrossed the river thirteen times in going the first twelve miles as the river runs from Selkirk. Though we only logged twelve miles to our credit we had undoubtedly walked nearly twice that distance. This was not an exceptional record for the part of the river between Selkirk and Five Fingers. For long distances the trail averaged one crossing of the river for every mile of advance. The crossings were generally nearly at right angles with the course of the river, and at first were frequently half a mile or more in length. The trail never led directly up the center of the river.

Once, as we were following the shore of an island, we came to a mass of ice 20ft. in height, and here the trail turned abruptly to the right and crossed over to the mainland, where there was a cut bank and a jam every whit as bad as the one the trail had tried to avoid. Apparently the track was laid out by a blind man. Once the cut bank was gained it turned directly about and crossed back to the island, reaching it at a point only a few yards above the place it left it, after a detour of nearly a mile.

Examples of this kind might be multiplied almost indefinitely. At Cassiar Bar the detour was exactly duplicated. Some dugout cabins on the west bank were probably the cause of the needless lengthening in this case. No one seems to think of bettering the trail. The night after going over the Cassiar detour we caught up with the Henning party, and I said to one of the men:

"When you passed those cabins to-day and back-tracked on your trail to the east bank again, why didn't you go back a little and put a bush on the trail and make a cut-off? You would have saved us a mile of walking and it would not have taken five minutes' time."

The man grinned and replied in a tone that showed he felt sure of his ground:

"For the same reason, partner, that you neglected to do it. Why didn't you think of all those sore-footed chaps that are following on your trail?"

Storyof the Trail.

Frederick Palmer, who has written a very readable book about the Klondike, published by Scribners, writes of this trail two months later:

"We would pay our respects with some bitterness to the man who had made this strange and lonely trail, though in better moments we were willing to admit that he was a pioneer and pathfinder. As soon as the ice would bear him, when the wind had drifted the snow here and there and lifted the slush ice up to be frozen into rifts, with his dogs and sleds he set his face toward the coast, winding in and out between these rifts, back and forth across the stream and along its banks, wherever he could find the best footing; and all who came afterward followed in his footsteps. He was making a path for himself and not for us, and it was to his interest, if not to ours, to have it as crooked as the track of a snake, and on the most crooked of rivers at that."

The description of the trail is all right, but the history is not altogether accurate. The men who made the trail were the refugess who left Dawson in boats and on foot before the river closed, driven out by threatened starvation. These men crossed the river backward and forward where the ice was jammed, and where the river was open they followed the narrow rim of shore ice. At times they slipped into the icy water and their sleds were lost or broken and their tents and blankets thrown away. At night they built great fires and stood or sat between them, and they carried their axes and scanty supplies on their backs and endured all the sufferings of slow death by cold and hunger.

Two such men entered our cabin one day while Mac was alone and without a word helped themselves to all the cooked food in sight, eating it ravenously like beasts that expected to be driven away. After they had finished they left without asking for more or leaving their thanks for what they had eaten. Some of these poor devils became so emaciated as a result of the cold and inability to assimilate their food that they looked like the pictures on exhibition a short time since of the plague victims in India or the starving people of Cuba.

These were the pioneers of the trail. They could not take the shortest course from point to point because of open water and other obstacles that did not exist later. The men who came after followed in their footsteps partly because they could not be sure that the detours were not still necessary, and partly because it is easier to follow than to originate. One result of this was that nearly all the smooth stretches of ice between islands or in mid-channel were missed, because when the pathfinders came along these places had not yet frozen over. Another result was that as the water in the river grew less the main body of ice settled, leaving the rim of shore ice either tilting at greater or less angles with the horizontal, or else separated by sheer drops of 6ft. or more. All along the edge the ice was badly cracked and the water frequently came up through and soaked the snow, greatly increasing the danger of frozen feet. It was a difficult and tedious matter to drag the sleds over these inclines and up the perpendicular faces, and there was always the danger of the ice benches breaking off with the sledger on them or of accident through falling into crevices concealed by the snow.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Pioneer Days.—XII.

Retreat from Ticonderoga.

CARLTON'S fleet got but little beyond Crown Point when a strong south wind set in and continued with increasing fury, until he, despairing of getting any further, weighed anchor and sailed for Canada.

During the winter Josiah Hill lingered about the forts and neighboring settlements, leading an aimless, vagabond sort of life, now chopping, now trapping, until the following summer brought Burgoyne's overwhelming invasion, when all non-combatants departed and all able-bodied patriots joined the army. Warner's earnest appeal brought Josiah, with many another, to the defense of the fortress which he had helped to capture. Burgoyne's army had invested the place, and it was now well known that if he should occupy the strangely neglected heights of Sugar Loaf or Mount Defiance, Ticonderoga would be at his mercy; but Gen. St. Clair hoped that an assault might be decided upon, for this he felt confident he could repel.

Upon indications that guns were being hauled to the top of the mountain a council of war was held and it was decided to evacuate Ticonderoga and Mount Independence. Night had fallen; lanterns twinkled on the crest of Mount Defiance like stranded stars; shouts of command, the challenge of sentinels, the rumble of gun carriages could be faintly heard coming from the British lines; and now and then the fierce yell of the Indians, more fearful than the panther's scream, as they celebrated some preparatory rite of warfare.

The Continental troops were outside the walls of Ticonderoga, some already within those of Independence; small detachments were crossing the long, floating bridge and orderlies were hurrying to and fro. In the laxness of discipline which was but too common in the Revolutionary armies Josiah was wandering at will, listening to the various sounds which came from the British lines and watching the glimmering lights on Mount Defiance, when he heard approaching voices and slipped into a shadow to escape observation, and so unwittingly became an eavesdropper.

"Yes, the troops are all ready to move," said one voice.

"The Yankees of the Grants are all inside the fort?" the other asked.

"All but Warner's," was the answer.

"They're likely to be gobbled," said the other with a chuckle, "and that would be an easy way of disposing of a very troublesome element and make matters easier for our New York friends."

"Warner's regiment will be the rear guard, so if we are pursued"——

"Yes, I see"—— and the voices passed out of hearing.

Josiah had heard enough to satisfy him that some treachery was intended against his people, and went at once to the gate, where he gave the countersign and was admitted. Inquiring for Col. Robinson, he was told that officer was sick and could not be seen. As he stood at the door of the quarters, contriving some means of giving warning, an officer hastily approached it with a pitcher of water.

"Major," he said, "I want tu speak tu the Colonel 'baout suthin' 'at consarns him mightily!"

"Well, what is it?" the officer demanded, curtly.

"I can't speak on't here. Le' me go inside."

"Come in, then," said the other with some show of annoyance, after eyeing him sharply. Josiah followed him into the barrack room, where Col. Robinson lay on a pallet, looking pale and distressed.

"Here's a man wants to speak to you, Colonel, an' won't take 'No' for an answer," said the Major. "His name is Hill and he belongs to Warner's regiment."

"Well, what is it, my man?" Robinson asked, and Josiah told what he had overheard in the fewest words.

"By God! That tallies exactly with what I've just seen!" the Major blurted out.

"Who do you think they were that you overheard?"

"I wouldn't want tu swear to 't, but I think it was the General, for one; t'other I didn't know."

"Well, we'll block their little game," said Robinson, rising painfully. "Major, let the men be paraded under arms, with their knapsacks. Do it quietly. I'm obliged to you, Hill, and won't forget it."

The regiment was soon in line and marched through the gate, when, after a brief halt, it took its way toward the head of the bridge.

"What is this regiment moving without orders for?" Gen. St. Clair demanded, in hot haste. "Halt, battalion!"

"Battalion, march!" cried Robinson. "It means, sir, that we're not to be caged like rats."

"I'll order you fired on, if you don't halt!" St. Clair stormed.

"Fire, and be damned!" said the Puritan colonel. "Battalion, prime; load; fix bayonets; shoulder arms; forward, march!" and the regiment marched steadily on toward the bridge, while other troops in the route moved out of the way.

The long triple column of ununiformed militiamen went swaying across the undulating bridge, Josiah sticking close to its rear until the sharp slope of Independence was mounted, when the regiment was halted near Warner's, in which our straggler took his place.

All was bustle and confusion, men singly and in squads hurrying in all directions; here a party burying blacksmith tools and intrenching implements, there another with teams carting bags of grain from storehouses and emptying them into fissures of the rocks, and now the main army came pouring across the bridge, through the fort and out upon the road which led toward Castleton.

They had nearly all effected a crossing, apparently undiscovered by the enemy, when a rattle-brained Canadian settler came running bareheaded to a wooden house inside the earthworks.

"Dat domn hol' Anglais' he ant goin' gat mah haouse! No, not not'ing in it!" he cried, lighting a torch at a smoldering camp-fire and rushing into the house.

He threw the contents of a straw bed upon the floor, thrust the torch into it, and in a moment the building was in a blaze, and the insignificant house grew into a tower of red flame. The mounting flames threw a lurid glare over everything, revealing the scattered groups, the serried ranks, the crowded bridge, the buff and blue uniforms of the Continentals waiting at the further end, the gray walls of the fort, the Stars and Stripes still floating above them, and the disturbed lake shimmering in the fitful glare of the conflagration.

All was confusion—almost rout—and this was increased by a shot from Defiance whistling through space and plunging into the channel at the base of the cliff of Mt. Independence before the sullen boom of the cannon's report shook the air.

The rattle of drums calling to arms; the shrill screaming of the fife, the blare of bugles, announced the beginning of pursuit by Frazier's British regulars and Reidesel's Brunswickers. The forest-paled road was choked with crowding troops—Continentals, Rangers and militiamen inextricably mixed—officers shouting and cursing in vain endeavors to restore order out of chaos.

Robinson's regiment struck into the road and St. Clair again threatened to fire upon it. There was an ominous chick of cocked muskets and the threat was not executed. Warner's coolness and commanding presence were of most avail, and at last the column fell into orderly and rapid retreat, his regiment holding Mt. Independence till the last company had taken its route.

Then, as the timbers of the burning house fell and smoldered, casting fitful gleams amid intervals of gloom upon the scene of desertion and desolation, the brave Green Mountain Boys took up their dogged retreat into the shadows of the forest, bitterly cursing the neglect of defenses which had caused the abandonment of the stronghold which but two years before they had wrested from the enemy.

Arriving at Hubbardton, the weary army halted for a brief rest. When, in the morning, it resumed its retreat, Col. Warner was left with his own, Herrick's and Hale's regiments to occupy the position until all stragglers had come in, and then to keep one and a half miles in the rear of the main army.

"There is my fort," said Tom Torrey, a man of middle age standing next to Josiah in the ranks, and pointing to a neat log house in the midst of a new farm; "an' I hope the garrison's left it. No, by George!" he continued, anxiously, after a moment of intent watching. "Their flag's a-flyin' yet," as he saw the smoke flaunting from the chimney. "It hain't no place for a womern an' children naow. I don't see why they hain't cleared aout!"

Just About a Boy.—XXIII.

THE summer days were changing to autumn and here and there a bit of brown had encroached upon the greenery when the boy and I pulled up in town "down in the States" again after our long trip into the desert. We were browner and probably a bit healthier than when we started, for the dry, pure air of the desert country is a balm for the outdoor man, and we had breathed our fill.

From Ward's ranch all the way home we had gone through about the same kind of country and had about the same experiences that had been our portion on the outward trip, and as a result the boy who came back was a well seasoned young person, able to take care of himself in the gray wilderness of sage and bare buttes—of alkali water and quicksand—with the best cow puncher who lived there.

He had mastered the mysteries of "throwing a rope" until he could catch a horse off-hand. He had sent lead across the landscape after deer and antelope until he had become satisfied from the abundance of shooting.

Horned toads, diamond-back rattlers and prairie dogs had become too commonplace to give more than a passing glance to, and now the youngster wanted to "rest up" along the little river again.

After all, it is the first love that is the best, although we may not think so sometimes, and thus become weaned away by the novelty and newness of the unknown and untried; but when the unknown becomes known to us it seems commonplace and we find ourselves wishing for the things that we knew so well before.

The boy was undergoing this change of heart as we came nearer home, and when we reached the top of the hill he had pulled up short as the sun hung low above the valley of the little river and the little town that spread up the slope of the eastern hillside—the place that the boy knew so well—the place we called "home."

What a meaning that little word has to the wanderer!

I think, perhaps, the boy felt the stress of it, and yet did not know what it was or why he felt it; but he looked long and earnestly at the scene—at the familiar houses and the shining river that wound about among the fringe of trees in the center of the valley.

After a little he spoke.

"C'manch, less go up river fishin' t-morruh—will yeh?"

"Aren't you a little premature with this fishing, my boy? Had we better not wait a few days and get acquainted with the folks a bit before we strike out on this new tack?"

The boy rubbed his chin reflectively and gazed at the ribbon of river where it came out of the north, then his eye ran the course of it down the valley past the little town, and on until the valley came to the rim of the southern sky.

"Yas, uh reckon thet's 'bout whut we'd ought to do, but I do want to juss chuck a minnie to thet ole Balaam ut I know is a waitin' 'n nunder th' ole maple stump down there b' th' islan'. I know they's one there juss 's well 's though I'd a seen him, cos ain't nobudy knows juss 'zackly where tu drop uh hook there 'ceptin' you'n me, 'n we ain't bin heyer 'tall sence early this season; an' 'nuther thing is—— O, Gee! I furgot 'bout these heads we got in th' wagon; guess we'll haft tu let th' fishin' go tull we git them took care of, that's a fack—never thought 'bout them. G'up, Bill!"

And so we moved on down the gentle slope of hillside and entered the town.

Tired men, home-coming with dinner pail a-swing and coat across their other arm, looked at the travel-stained outfit and passed a pleasant "howdy" as we went by, some asking a few questions, others waiting for a later time to inquire about our success—you know, this is a village habit, and each wanderer must come back prepared to tell of his experiences in the far countries he has visited—yes, tell them in detail and over and over again, else the village folk will not be satisfied and the traveler is apt to be dubbed "stuck up" and adjudged to hold himself as a superior being because of his traveling and sightseeing.

"Hullo! Ole man Hagey's place muss' a bin sold er somp'n—look ut th' new fence—'n' new sidewalk, 'n'—Gee! They's a new kitchen, too! Guess his folks wouldn't never go t' all th' 'xpense o' doin' thet," said the boy, as we drove by.

"There's Curly Lee, 'n' Sap Williams, 'n' Ed. Cole, 'n' Walt Fiske, 'n' a whole gang o' fellers comin' down th' street; bet they're goin' swimmin'. Hullo, fellers!"

"H'lo, Kid! Git 'nything? Where yeh bin all summer? What—— Why——"

And in a minute more there were a dozen or more boys all about the wagon and all trying to talk at once.

They clambered up on the wheels, shook hands, raised the canvas wagon cover, and chattered like a bunch of magpies for about ten minutes.

By that time calm enough settled over the crowd to enable one to talk at once while the rest stood, arms akimbo, and listened or passed the comments such as all boydom passes under the circumstances.

When we began to move ahead once more the boy had learned that this crowd of young savages were in truth going "swimmin'," and he had promised to "be down town at Lewis's" after supper. I knew that a business meeting of a flock of geese could not produce anything to compare with the noise and gabble that would be the programme at "Lewis's" that evening, in consequence.

This home-coming through a small town is a slow proceeding, and lights had begun to twinkle in the windows when the boy pulled up at the barn and we were at our journey's end, tired, dusty and glad that we were at home once more.

Then the welcome that was ours when "the folks" found that we had returned—the thousand questions to be asked and answered while we unhitched and put the team away.

Then, while supper was being prepared, we must needs unload the outfit and carry everything up to the back porch, where it had to be re-sorted and such things as we decided could not be left outside had to be stowed away in odd corners about the house "till morning." Of course there were a dozen or more children from the neighborhood on hand to assist by asking queer questions, and "helping" by getting in just the wrong place at just the right time to have someone tramp on their numerous bare toes, until their infantile yells rent the air and brought more than one nervous mother skurrying in to see "what on airth ailded Jimmie."

But what is the use of lumbering up columns of good type with this plain description? Everybody knows just how these things always happen anyhow, for wanderers have wandered across the earth since time began, and some of them always come back to repeat the scene we enacted in the little town that evening. Always the children are on hand, and of course they get into some sort of trouble, and equally of course this always brings the mother, and many times the father also, and then the wanderer who wants a chance to get a bit of rest because of his physical fatigue must needs answer a rapid-fire lot of questions, most of them, of course, having no bearing on the subject at hand at all.

The boy did not get down "to Lewis's" that night, for it was 10 o'clock before we got our chairs away from the supper table, and even then the dishes had to "wait till morning" for their tri-daily bath which is part of the domestic mystery called "housekeeping."

When the last impromptu guest had looked at the clock for the tenth time and then suddenly discovered that it was "gettin' late," the boy and I again had a few moments of comparative quiet, which we used by storing everything snug for the night, and at last even he, too, clattered down the steps and on down the walk with his merry whistle, bound homeward.

"Goo' night, C'manch—see yeh in th' mornin'," he called as he passed out into the street and let the gate slam shut with a clang of complaining hinges.

The next morning he appeared very sleepy and woebegone when he came around the corner of the house.

"Bin sleepin' s' olng out o' doors 'at uh couldn't sleep 'tall tull uh tuk uh blanket 'n' rolled up on th' grass," he explained.

EL COMANCHO.

We should say the average length of full-grown tigers would be 9ft. 2in. and tigresses about 1ft. less. If eight were shot the majority would certainly be under 9ft. 7in. and the sportsman would be fortunate to get more than one of that length.—Asian.

Natural History.

Grouse and Grouselings.

ITHACA, N. Y.—I have never heard the ruffed grouse classed as an aquatic bird, but I was witness of an incident once that in a way is quite convincing, that in a case of sink or swim the bird chooses to swim. My family and I were enjoying an outing one Memorial Day some two or three years ago, and our walk led us for some distance close beside the historical Buttermilk Creek. We were presently startled by a great bluster in the patches of bushes, grass and weeds just ahead of us. Then came a sharp rattle of wings, and a wildly disturbed mother grouse with a ricocheting flight swept across the stream and disappeared in the dense undergrowth on the opposite side. Hustling up a bit we beheld three or four downy, diminutive balls of electricity losing their identity under convenient leaves and snarls of grass. One plucky chick, however, with its trifling, spike-like pinions beating the air spitefully, tumbled aggressively into the water, which at this point was running rather swift and deep, and swam as lightly as a tippet of thistledown to a tiny island clinched hard fast out in mid-stream. The brave little chap scratched ferociously to make a landing, a task it had scarcely accomplished ere the anxious parent, all unmindful of unwelcome intruders, dashed to the rescue with a demonstrative but intensely reassuring gabble. With wings outstretched, eyes aflame, and every feather bristling in defensive array, this wild mother of the woodland appeared to the party standing in mute astonishment within a few steps of her, a magnificent picture of heroic mother love and intrepid daring. For a moment, as if challenging us to approach nearer, mamma grouse maintained this position, then with a thunderous flirt of wings and a peculiar low clucking call which vigilant baby grouse seemed to perfectly understand, she buried herself in a near-by thicket to be followed an instant later by her fuzzy but sinewy offspring.

This reminds me that my first acquaintance with the noble ruffed grouse was made when, as a bare-legged schoolboy scarce six hands high, as the horse trader might say, I succeeded, in company with a couple of other lads, in capturing a trio of birds just out of their nest. The soft, fluffy mites of life, even then thrilling with the unconquerable wildness of their kind, were appetizing morsels of wonderment to the freckled, sun-browned urchins from the undignified schoolhouse, low arching on the hillside above. So much so, indeed, that we patiently toiled up the long, green lane, blazing hot under the spring sunshine, with our precious charges carefully ensconced within the hollow of hands held gently together, to the birch wielding astyaea of the aforesaid seat of learning. After a little space, in rebellious imitation of the general who marched up the hill and then marched down again, three disappointed youngsters set their faces toward the lower end of the green lane charged with the duty of safely returning their feathered captives to a shrewd mamma's care.

When the last tiny, satin-garbed fledgeling had twinkled in the light for an instant as it made its plunge into the sprawling shrubbery, six scarred and weary legs pegged manfully in the direction of Cobb's spelling book and a blonde divinity in gingham apparel, the owner of one pair of those legs in the meantime forming a respect and attachment for the grouse family that has continued to thrive and lead him ever joyfully afield for a long flight of years.

M. CHILL.

Something About Snakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a communication to FOREST AND STREAM, published in the issue of July 15, the writer, innocent of offense, referred to certain brook trout as "speckled beauties," not knowing that the term had been banned by certain sentimental sportsmen. However, we offer no apologies to Coahoma. The expression may be gray with age—but even this might be an argument for its due veneration. "Speckled beauties" those trout were, neither more nor less. The term cannot be condemned as either illogical or improper. It conflicts with neither ethics nor morals, and further, is free from rhetorical error. If, meeting the requirements of the logician, the ethicist, the moralist and the rhetorician, who then may attack it? Merely the sentimentalist. And what is sentiment? Merely individual taste.

We observe what Mr. Cheney writes concerning the use of the mooted expression, and naturally must respect an official request. Personally we see no reason to discourage the use of the term—outside of the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

But I am more interested in snakes than in this discussion. Being more or less associated with zoological research and having made some special study of our native ophidians, I am frequently called upon to identify species. A few days ago a gentleman residing at Smith's Ferry who during the past twenty-five years has caught many rattlesnakes on the ledges of Mt. Tom, and who is fairly well posted concerning the habits of the common snakes of this vicinity, sent word that he had captured a snake entirely new to him—one that while not particularly vicious, nevertheless showed some fight when captured (it was taken alive with regular snake tongs), and that it elevated its head and expanded a "hood," very similar to that shown in pictures of the cobra of India, and at the same time made a loud, hissing noise. The description was quite sufficient to identify it, nevertheless I drove up to the Ferry the following afternoon to see the snake, thinking it somewhat strange that the snake suggested by the description given should be unknown about Smith's Ferry. A glance through the netting which covered the box in which the snake was housed settled its identity, and as the question "Do you know it?" was answered with "I guess so," the door of the box was opened, a hand was passed inside, and in no wise intimidated by the "hissing" and "spreading," a full-grown puff-adder (*Heterodon platyrhinus*) was brought out for closer inspection. As the box was opened one of the boys standing near made a rush for the tongs which were close at hand, but he soon saw that they were not needed in handling this specimen.

Of all our native serpents the puff-adder—otherwise known as "flat-head," "hog-nose," "deaf-adder," "spreading adder" and "blowing viper"—is one of the most interesting. Not only are his markings pleasing to the eye, but his facial expression is more attractive than that of most snakes. Moreover, he is an excellent actor, raising, when disturbed, his head, flattening his neck, expanding his body, and blowing and drawing his breath through the nostrils with a shrill hiss. He will jump, too, as though to grab the intruder, but close observation shows that this "jumping" is merely for the purpose of intimidation and not for striking, as the head is seldom thrown near the intruder and the mouth remains closed. Once in a while an old puff-adder will open his mouth very wide, and swinging his head about, succeed in fastening his small teeth in cloth or flesh, but this is so rare and then done with such deliberation that one would almost be justified in saying that the puff-adder never bites. And if he does? His small, fish-like teeth will hardly puncture the skin and need be feared no more than a mosquito's bite. After one of these fellows has been kept in captivity awhile and handled occasionally it becomes quite indifferent, and is often with difficulty made to "spread" and otherwise "show off." A little run in the grass of the lawn soon, however, recalls the advantages of a free life in the fields and brings a return of its natural means of defense.

Don't kill the puff-adder when you meet him sunning in some sandy field or wooded patch. If you approach quite near him he will certainly make a great show and try, poor fellow, to scare you off. Unfortunately for this snake, his bravery in not running away and in the great attempt to intimidate the pedestrian is usually his own death warrant, for who, except a student of herpetology, is likely to permit such a bold—and hence, to the majority of people, dangerous—snake to roam at large? Reader, if you are a snake-hater, vent your spite on every rattler, moccasin and copperhead in the country, but think twice before killing a puff-adder, or our beautiful green snake (*Liopeltis vernalis*), or the little red-bellied snake (*Storeria occipito maculata*), or the little brown snake (*Storeria dekayi*)—in fact, before killing any non-venomous serpent. They have their uses, as those of us know who have seen the king snake and the black snake slay the rattlesnake and copperhead. The three little snakes mentioned above are not only handsome, but may be handled with as much impunity as an angleworm, and to one familiar with them, certainly with more pleasure.

J. HOBART EGBERT, M.D., Ph.D.

HOLYOKE, Mass.

"The Robin as a Mock Bird."

Editor Forest and Stream:

With all due deference to Mr. Townsend, I beg to submit that he fails to throw any real light on the above subject in his communciation in FOREST AND STREAM of the 5th inst. The fact that he never heard a robin clearly whistle "Bob White" or cry "Whip-poor-will" falls considerably short of being negative evidence on the point in question, and his ingenious theories can hardly be expected to count for much against the positive statement of persons who have heard both. Mr. Krum can speak for himself about his "Bob White" robin, but so far as I am concerned, I beg to repeat what I first said—that my robin's cry of "Whip-poor-will" was "as distinct as the bird that bears that name could utter it"—and it was by no means "a fancied rather than a premeditated resemblance," as Mr. Townsend is inclined to assume. Furthermore, it was not a part of the robin's well-known regular song, but in a sensible degree separate and apart from it.

K.

CAMP PERCY, N. H., Aug. 7.

Game Bag and Gun.

The July number of the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine is now ready. See advertisement of it.

The Sportsman.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After reading the very excellent article by Ransacker, in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 5, I found that he dealt with many subjects over which I myself have pondered, but concerning which we radically differ. I desire to state distinctly, however, that there is in this no assumption that he is wrong and I right, nor vice versa. I merely contribute my mite to the argument.

Ransacker's communication may be divided under two heads, the first of which defines what constitutes sport and sportsmen, and the second goes to show that there are no sportsmen.

Let us first consider the former, concerning which he lays down his premises as follows: "The word as defined by Webster is an abbreviation of the word disport, and its import definition, as generally interpreted, implies play, diversion, wantonness, mockery and trifling. Webster's definition of sportsman is 'one who pursues the sports of the field; one who hunts, fishes and fowls.'"

In the foregoing there is an unfair bunching up of all the definitions of the word, some thirteen in all, many of which have a special meaning distinctly apart from matters of sportsmanship. From the broad premises based on all the special, irrelevant definitions of the term, he bases his particular conclusions. The premises thus having much false and irrelevant matter, the conclusions are erroneous. Granting that Ransacker's contention is based on sound premises, then on the same line of reasoning nearly every word in the language is wrong.

Every profession, industry and class interest abounds with terms which have a technical, restricted, appropriate meaning. It matters not in the least from what word or group of words the technical term or terms were derived—the special meaning of such terms in their special connections and applications is the only one to be accepted. Thus, if a sportsman were speaking of his dog backing, it would not be understood in the same sense as if a horseman were speaking of his horse backing, yet

in the special connections the terms would have well and accepted meanings in both instances, quite distinct from each other.

Now, when Ransacker quoted Webster I think that he overlooked this important essential—that is to say, the special class meaning of words when they are applied in a technical or restricted sense. To be more specific, and taking up Webster's definition of a sportsman again, the matter would be better presented as follows: "Sportsman.—One who pursues the sports of the field; one who hunts, fishes," etc. Then, going back to the definition of sport, we find the following: "5. Diversion of the field, as fowling, hunting, fishing." There then would be logical consistency which would be strictly in accord with the thought and purpose of the great lexicographer, and in accord with the language of sportsmanship. But if we were to include also the following, "2. Mock; mockery; contemptuous mirth; pastime amusement," it is plain that we would include an irrelevant meaning, which if accepted would do violence to common sense, befog the whole language of the sport, substituting vagueness for what is clear and abandoning the fact for a fancy. This is wherein Ransacker has erred, and many of his deductions from premises so false must be entirely defective and his whole argument fall to the ground in consequence.

So also falls much of Ransacker's contention that there are no sportsmen. While there is the widest difference of opinion as to what constitutes sportsmanship, there is a general consensus of belief that it really exists.

Nearly all writers who have treated the subject have confounded the manner of it with the thing itself. There is such a thing as dining, yet the manner of dining differs widely with individuals. There have been long treatises written on dining, so much being devoted to the manner of it that to him who knew nothing of manner it would seem as if dining was quite a distinct matter from eating. In shooting and fishing, the manner of each individual varies from that of every other individual, yet the principles of the sport are common to all alike. Each enjoys the pursuit and capture in his own peculiar way. It is all the same thing, differing in manner.

There are unwritten laws governing the matter of sportsmanship, known well to the class of sportsmen, though perhaps unknown to the world at large. If anyone were to attempt to define these laws, it would be impossible for him to do so. If they are violated, common sense and the circumstances of each given case would make the application of the laws easy.

It likewise would be impossible to exactly define what qualities were attributes of a gentleman, yet each person knows what such attributes are. Still, if each person were to write out at length his opinions of true gentility there would be quite as much difference of opinion concerning it as there is concerning what constitutes true sportsmanship. In the discussion of the particulars the *tout ensemble* would be lost.

LUCIUS ANDREW CHILDRESS.

The Equipment of Camps and Expeditions.

BY PROF. CHARLES H. SNOW, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK CITY.

(A paper presented before the American Institute of Mining Engineers at the New York meeting in February, 1899.)

[*Continued from page* 107.]

Food.

Foods suitable for camps and expeditions differ from those available for more ordinary conditions in two respects. First, they are deficient in those imperfectly comprehended vital elements which exist in fresh beef, vegetables or fruit, as compared with cured beef, canned vegetables and dried fruit. Second, they are limited in variety. The first difficulty, while important, is not insurmountable. Life and health have been sustained for long periods on imperishable foods such as are here considered. It is, however, very important that the greatest possible variety should be provided. Foods which are at first acceptable, and which are undoubtedly sufficient in nutritive value, become objectionable if persisted in for too long a period. The digestion and working efficiency of the consumers are also impaired. Members of the party will work more cheerfully and resist the influences due to an absence of fresh food for an infinitely longer time where variety is provided. Variety is obtained by the utilization of the many forms of cured or preserved foods available, and also by a knowledge of cooking as applied to such foods. A cook experienced in the requirements of camps will provide a considerable variety of dishes from a comparatively small list of elementary food substances.

Foods suitable for camps and expeditions should be satisfying, easily packed, readily cooked, and as light in weight as possible.

Meats.—The choice of meats is unfortunately limited, so that this subject presents many difficulties. Fresh meats should invariably be preferred to any substitutes, and should be procured wherever possible. The United States Government assumes 20oz. of fresh meat, such as beef or mutton, as an allowance per man per day. This quantity is presumed to be interchangeable with 12oz. of cured bacon.[5] Canned meats must be more or less resorted to when the period of exposure is to be long. When well prepared, they are probably the best form of preserved meats, save that they are heavier than some of the others. Beef, mutton, turkey, chicken and ham are the principal meats thus prepared. Specifications governing the canning of meats have been framed by the United States Navy Department, and will be found to be of service. The preparation of canned foods should be most carefully superintended, and no product should be selected which has not passed the test of actual experience. Canned meats do not always remain good and fresh in warm climates. This is probably due, at least in part, to carelessness in manufacture. It is asserted that these preserved meats have been concentrated, or otherwise altered, so that less weight is required than if the meat were fresh. Such an assumption can hardly be relied upon practically, save as it may refer to the removal of bone and gristle. It is certain, however, that the per cent. of protein is greater in canned meats. Sixteen to 18oz. of canned meat should be specified per man per day.

Meat pastes or mixtures are frequently employed. Pemmican, an illustration of this class of foods, was originally prepared by the North American Indians, and consisted of dry venison, which, after having been pounded orotherwise pulverized, was mixed with fats, the flavor being sometimes improved by the addition of herbs. It is now made from the round of beef, cut into strips, dried, shredded, and then mixed with beef suet and Zante currants. Pemmican resembles the biltong of South Africa. It is sometimes taken on polar expeditions, and can be relied upon to remain good for long periods.[6]

So-called "emergency foods," in which meat, as an active principle, is combined with other food elements, are manufactured, to some extent, with the purpose of furnishing a more or less complete animal and vegetable food in as small a bulk as possible. The "standard emergency ration," manufactured by the American Compressed Food Co., of Passaic, N. J., consists of dried meats, meals and vegetables, reduced to convenient form by hydraulic pressure. Three tablets of this compound, with one of compressed and sweetened tea, weigh 1.28lbs. and occupy 27 cubic inches. They are placed in a can of convenient proportions, thus forming what is intended to be an entire day's allowance. The food appears to possess unusual merit as compared with others of its class.[7] It should, however, be supplemented by other foods. The "concentrated military soup," manufactured by the Tanty Canning Co., of Chicago, was originally prepared by M. Tanty, a celebrated French chef, for use in the Russian army. It has since been employed by the government of France. Beef extract is sometimes combined with partially cooked bean or pea meal, and then placed in films, so as to closely resemble the common sausage. This mixture, known as erbwurst, is prepared in the shape of soup, only a few minutes' cooking being necessary. It is manufactured by the C. H. Knorr Co., of Heilbrun, Germany.[8] Although this mixture is designed abroad as an equivalent or substitute for meats in emergency rations, it would be classified in this country among the vegetable foods.

Some of the emergency foods are undoubtedly satisfying to individuals. It is not so certain, however, that they would meet, as an exclusive diet, the requirements of the majority. They are certainly useful as occasional substitutes, affording an agreeable temporary change. But too great a reliance should not be placed upon them, since preparations of this kind have received their principal tests in Europe, where the requirements for food are not as high as in the United States.

Bacon and ham are almost universally relied upon in the United States, because they are compact, durable, more or less satisfying, easily cooked, and readily procured in any market. Bacon was recommended by the U. S. Commissary-General of Subsistence as the best emergency meat, after the consideration of separate reports from eight army departments.[9] Ham differs from bacon in containing much less fat. The two meats may sometimes be combined to advantage. Bacon should be specifically purchased as fat, lean or medium, according to climate or personal preference. The result is likely to be unsatisfactory unless the grade is thus distinctly specified. The recommendation of the U. S. Commissary-General, above quoted, was in favor of a preponderance of lean meat. Where bacon alone is to be employed, lean meat should almost invariably be specified, the leanest bacon being sufficiently fat. A larger proportion of fat is permissible where it can be used in combination with ham.[10] Some forms of sausages are useful, because they afford variety. Approximately, 13oz. of these meats may be considered as a substitute for 20oz. of fresh meat, for the conditions now under consideration.

Desiccated or "crystallized eggs have been employed as a camp food to a moderate extent, and appear to be worthy of a more prominent place in the expedition or camp provision list. These eggs can be prepared in many ways, notably in omelets, to be used in connection with bacon and ham. This substance, as prepared by the La Monte Desiccated Egg Co., of St. Louis, as distinct from some others, was one of the most satisfactory articles in the outfit of a party recently sent, for scientific purposes into a very remote region, and detached from its base of supplies for more than six months. One pound of the dried product is said to contain the substance of forty-eight fresh eggs. Crystallized eggs should be combined with cold water before heating.

Evaporated eggs are difficult to obtain in the East in small quantities, but may be procured by the case without difficulty. In many Western cities they are employed by bakers, and can be obtained in small amounts. It is reported that the yolks of eggs which are discarded in the manufacture of prepared albumen for photographic purposes are wasted. It would appear as though a considerable demand might be created for this most valuable substance.

Condensed milk should be employed wherever possible.

Wild game is frequently considered as a resource. A party which is to pass through a section in which wild game is supposed to abound should not, as a rule, depend unduly upon it. The hunting of game requires much time and heavy weapons, such as are otherwise not usually necessary. Moreover, the hunter's success is uncertain and intermittent. The work of the party is more likely to progress rapidly and regularly if the possibility of game for food was disregarded when the outfit was made up. Certainly, reliance should never be placed wholly upon game or any other outside means of support.

Foods Other than Meats.—It is not hard to decide upon foods other than meats. White beans, yellow cornmeal, white flour, Carolina rice, oat meal, baking powder, sugar, salt, tea, coffee, chocolate, prunes, raisins, Zante currants, dried apples, peaches and apricots are all available in this connection. All these articles can be prepared so as to remain uninjured for long periods. They meet the requirements for food in this connection, in that they are satisfying, easily packed, readily cooked, sufficient in variety, and comparatively light in weight. The tomato is an unusually acceptable vegetable, and should be included wherever possible; a product containing as little water as possible being preferred.[11] The market offers many compressed vegetable foods, some of which are quite useful. Bean or pea soup, either in meal, tablets or sausages, is usually very good. One of the best grades of pea meal is erbwurst, the qualities of which have already been referred to. This substance has been tested by the U. S. Commissary Department, which reports that it is a good substatute for all other dry and fresh vegetables, and that it is most satisfactory when mixed with small pieces of bacon and used as soup.[12] The principal objection to erbwurst is the difficulty of obtaining it, save in large cities. Other mixtures of similar nature are no doubt more easily available, and some of them may be quite as good. None of them, however, have been so exhaustively tested. The fact that preparations of this kind are partially cooked is important, as raw beans and peas require long-continued preparation. Soup from erbwurst is not as palatable as that from fresh split peas, yet during the tests later alluded to students requested soup from erbwurst because of its nutritive qualities, instead of that freshly prepared from the best dried peas.

Saccharine has received considerable attention as a substitute for sugar. It is quite certain that it contains no injurious principle, but is, on the contrary, helpful in correcting some of the intestinal troubles due to camp life. It is clearly distinguished from sugar, in that sugar is a valuable food, whereas saccharine is simply a flavor. Recent experiments are reported to have been conducted in Germany[13] in which sugar was permitted to form a portion of the daily allowance of a considerable number of soldiers; and it is said that the results, when compared with those obtained from men who abstained from sugar, idicated in a very marked degree its value as a food. The writer has particularly noticed the beneficial effects of sugar when greatly fatigued and living upon low diet. At such times it appears to act as a stimulant, probabaly because, unlike starch, it is so immediately absorbed. Sugar should certainly never be omitted from camp supplies, save possibly in case of emergency. Even then its superior qualities are thought to offset any disadvantage due to its greater weight. Two grains of saccharine are said to possess the sweetening qualities of 1oz. of sugar.[14]

Evaporated vegetables are not good from a nutritive point of view. They give variety, however, and are useful in this respect. Dried onions are one of the most reliable, and dried potatoes one of the least so, of these foods. Dried fruits, as distinct from dried vegetables, should invariably be employed, particularly if the expedition is to be out for some time. Prunes, apricots, peaches, apples and raisins have been found to be satisfactory from every point of view. They are not only valuable foods, but supply one of the best means for the prevention of scurvy. One-fifth of a pound of dried fruit may be assumed as the equivalent of 1lb. of fresh or canned fruit. Numerous varieties of canned vegetables are available where weight is not a consideration. Many, if not most, of the compressed foods specially prepared for the requirements of camps have but little practical value. The stomach requires physical exercise as well as nourishment. This exercise cannot be obtained unless the food is to some extent bulky. A desiccated or compressed food should be of such a nature that bulk can be given to it by the addition of water. An adjustment must always be made between necessary and needless waste.

Citric acid is desirable as a substitute for the natural acids of fruit. When in solution, the flavor resembles that of lemonade. Concentrated or "evaporated" vinegar is more or less pure acetic acid colored with caramel and flavored with extractive. Chemically pure acid (of 80 per cent. strength) may be handled with perfect safety, and when diluted with fifteen times its own bulk of water will afford excellent vinegar, particularly if flavored with estragon or some similar substance. White beans are universally relied upon in camp diet. Their high percentage of protein renders them one of the best vegetable substitutes for meat. One ounce avoirdupois of white beans measuring 1¼oz. increased after cooking to 2¼oz. weight and 3 fluid ounces bulk.

Hardtack must be distinguished from pilot biscuit, which is ordinarily sold as hardtack. The former is harder, and, while less palatable, is more durable.

Rice is one of the valuable articles in this connection. Good, clean, large-kerneled Carolina rice should be selected. One ounce avoirdupois, occupying 1½ fluid ounces, increased after cooking to 5 fluid ounces in bulk and 6¼oz. in weight.

Tea is generally used by the inhabitants of cold climates, while coffee is preferred by the inhabitants of warmer ones. Tea and coffee have little if any importance as nutrients, but are valuable in that they prevent waste and are harmless stimulants. It is important that personal preference be gratified as regards tea and coffee. An inhabitant of a temperate climate will usually retain his

[5] See U. S. Army Issue and Conversion Table.

[6] The Australian pemmican, as prepared by Dr. Bancroft for the British army service, consists of beef mixed with 30 or 40 per cent. of fat, flavored with beef extract. The composition is said to be about as follows: Moisture, 2.95; fat, 32 to 42.25; albuminoids, 42.25; other nitrogenous substances, 5.20 to 12; ash, 3.22 per cent. Five ounces of this mixture is said to be equal to 1lb. of beef. (Report of the Commissary-General of Subsistence, 1894, p. 16.) Pemmican is not generally known in the United States, and is very difficult to obtain. Messrs. Kemp, Day & Co., of New York city, have provided this food for several expeditions known to the writer.

[7] Since writing the above, tests conducted by the Government at Chickamauga, and reported by the current press, appear to confirm the above. The impression made upon those in charge is said to have been so favorable that the food is under consideration as a Government emergency ration.

[8] The success of the German army during the Franco-Prussian conflict of 1870 has been largely attributed to the use of this substance. As in the case of pemmican, this food is difficult to obtain in the United States except in large quantities. It can be obtained from Messrs. Rode & Co., Sixty-first street and Third avenue, New York city.

[9] Report of 1896, page 63.

[10] Ham that is broiled or fried appears to be more concentrated, and therefore more satisfactory than when boiled. Broiled or fried, it may be classified with bacon, while boiled ham may be compared with corned beef.

[11] Tomato soup tablets are available where canned tomatoes cannot be used.

[12] Communciation from Major C. A. Woodruff, Feb. 12, 1899.

[13] Sugar as Food, M. H. Abel, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

[14] It is well known that large quantities of sugar are demanded by the lumbermen of the northern woods, who employ it with great freedom upon beans, pork and other food. The negroes employed upon sugar plantations are said to use considerable sugar. The writer has passed through several consecutive days of unusual toil without much difficulty, depending principally upon crude sugar, other provisions having failed.

TABLE II.—SUGGESTIONS AS TO FOOD COMBINATIONS, WITH PROPORTION OF EACH FOOD WHEN THUS EMPLOYED IN COMBINATION.

	Emergency Rations for Seven to Ten Consecutive Days.*				Travel Rations. Difficult Transportation.				Rations for Camp Difficult of Access.				Travel Rations. Easy Transportation.				Rations for Camp Readily Accessible.			
	Quantity in Ounces.	Substance.	Protein Grms.	Energy Calories.	Quantity in Ounces.	Substance.	Protein Grms.	Energy Calories.	Quantity in Ounces.	Substance.	Protein Grms.	Energy Calories.	Quantity in Ounces.	Substance.	Protein Grms.	Energy Calories.	Quantity in Ounces.	Substance.	Protein Grms.	Energy Calories.
Meat.[1]	10.0	Bacon.	26.40	1756.0	6.0 8.0 1.0	Bacon. Ham. Evap. eggs.	15.84 30.80 12.58	1053.6 832.0 138.7	6.0 7.0 2.0	Bacon. Ham. Evap. eggs.	15.84 26.95 25.16	1053.6 728.0 277.4	8.0 6.0	Bacon. Canned corn Beef.	21.1 44.7	1404.8 483.6	6.0 9.0 1.0	Bacon. Ham. Evap. eggs.	15.84 34.65 12.58	1053.6 936.0 138.7
Bread.[2]	15.0	Hardtack.	52.80	1683.0	12.0	Hardtack.	42.24	1346.4	11.0	Flour.	34.21	1109.9	10	Hardtack.	35.2	1122.0	10.0	Flour.	31.10	1009.0
Vegetables.[3]	8.0	Erbwurst.	55.76	827.2	3.5 1.5 3.0	White beans Rice. Oatmeal.	22.33 3.30 14.28	350.0 153.0 346.8	3.0 1.0 2.5 1.0	White beans Rice. Oatmeal. Corn meal.	19.14 2.21 11.90 2.68	300.0 102.2 289.0 104.4	3.0 1.5 2.0 9.6	White beans. Rice. Oatmeal. Canned tomatoes.	19.14 3.31 9.50 10.62	300.0 153.3 231.2 205.0	2.5 1.5 2.5 9.6 4.0	White beans. Rice. Oatmeal. Canned tomatoes. Canned corn	15.95 3.31 11.90 10.62 3.16	250.0 153.3 289.0 205.0 116.0
Beverages.[4]	0.5	Tea.			2.5	Coffee roast.			3.0	Coffee green			2.5	Coffee roast.			1.5 .25	Coffee green Tea.		
	3.0	Chocolate.	10.95	536.1	2.0	Condensed milk.	5.00	189.4	2.0	Condensed milk.	5.00	189.4	2.0	Condensed milk.	5.00	189.4	2.00	Condensed milk.	5.00	189.4
Sugar.[5]	7.0	Sugar.		813.4	7.0	Sugar.		813.4	7.0	Sugar.		813.4	7.0	Sugar.		813.4	7.0	Sugar.		813.4
Condiments.[6]	0.1	Salt.			0.1	Salt.			0.1 0.04 0.75 0.1	Salt. Pepper. Baking-powder. Evap. vinegar.			0.1 0.04 0.1	Salt. Pepper. Evap. vinegar.			0.1 0.04 0.75 0.1	Salt. Pepper. Baking-powder. Evap. vinegar.		
Fruit.[7]	3.0	Raisins.	1.95	270.9	2.0 3.0	Raisins. Prunes.	1.30 1.50	180.6 223.2	3.0 2.0 1.0	Prunes. Dried peaches or apricots. Dried apples	1.53 2.66 .45	223.2 161.2 84.4	3.0 10.0	Prunes. Canned peaches.	1.53 1.98	223.2 137.0	2.0 5.0 5.0	Prunes. Canned peaches or apricots. Canned pears	1.00 .99 .40	148.8 68.78 111.0
Total.....	46.6oz. = 2.90lbs.		147.86	5886.6	51.6oz. = 3.22lbs.		149.17	5627.1	52.49oz. = 3.28lbs.		147.68	5486.1	64.84oz. = 4.05lbs.		152.08	5262.9	69.84oz. = 4.36lbs.		146.5	5481.9
	Characterized by rapidity and ease of cooking. Fifteen minutes required for preparation of meal. Three items only needing heat. List may be lightened by omitting raisins, chocolate and 2oz. of erbwurst, but will then apply to but four or five days. Men tested upon this list showed no material loss of weight after six days, and affirmed ability to continue a week longer if desired. Erbwurst, tea, chocolate, etc., see references.				Contains variety sufficient for extended service. Simple cooking appropriate to travel is called for. Ham should be broiled, since, weight for weight, broiled or fried ham is more satisfying than boiled ham. Men placed upon this list gained several pounds within a few days. Evaporated eggs, etc., see references.				Contains variety sufficient for extended service. A wider range of cooking is necessitated. See references.				Exhibits greater weight, yet closely similar nutritive value. Distinguished from succeeding list in that cooking requirements are simpler. Weight of tomatoes includes can, 65 per cent., gross weight can and contents being food. Canned beef and peaches are listed net, no allowance being made for weight of package. Allow five times net weight canned fruit as equal to one time net weight dry fruit. Waste, etc., see references.				This list limited only by necessity for foods remaining fresh. See preceding foot notes for references to canned tomatoes, fruit, etc. Canned corn is also listed net, without package. Waste, etc., see references.			

* Alternates.—Variations due to climate, season and individuals. See text for discussion of the various alternates.
[1] Pemmican. "Standard Emergency Ration" (partial). Canned ham, bacon, sausages. Ham for boiling. Canned fresh meats. Chicken, turkey, beef, etc.
[2] Add baking powder when flour is substituted for hardtack.
[3] Dried lima beans, split peas, lentils. Farina, hominy and similar corn products. Cracked wheat and other cereals. Canned succotash, lima beans, peas, squash, dried onions.
[4] Cocoa.
[5] Saccharine.
[6] Citric acid, evaporated vinegar (identical with concentrated vinegar).
[7] Zante currants, dried cherries, dried pears. Canned cherries, canned apricots.

preference as regards tea or coffee when transported to some other climate. Tea is, generally speaking, to be preferred to coffee in that it is much lighter, ½oz. of tea being an equivalent of 2½oz. of roast coffee or 3oz. of green coffee. Roasted coffee is to be preferred in traveling, while green coffee may be provided for camp use.

Chocolate is a food the value of which is not, as a rule, comprehended in America. In France and in some other European countries, stick chocolate is devoured as a regular article of diet. In the United States it is regarded as a confection rather than as a food, and the objection urged against it is that it is indigestible. Chocolate is almost invariably easily digested in considerable quantities by those who exercise freely. It is at least as digestible as bacon. It is the experience of the writer, who has invariably employed it for some years, that members of the party who at first regard it with little seriousness, soon begin to depend more or less upon it.[15]

Raisins are valuable as a convenient form of dried fruit edible without cooking. They are also serviceable when boiled with rice, prunes or other fruit. Raisins are much employed in many of the lumber camps of the Northwest. They should be kept in tight packages.

Canned vegetables should be selected with the greatest care. None should be chosen that have not previously been tested as regards palatability as well as general condition. Experiments in this connection are not permissible. The same point does ont apply to canned fruits with the same emphasis, since canned fruits are not relied upon to any great extent for nourishment, and also because canned fruits are more apt to be good than some kinds of canned vegetables.

Selection and Quantity.—The great bulk of almost all the fresh foods in common use is made up of water. Some foods permit the evaporation of superfluous water without deterioration of the food substances themselves. The majority of these resume most, if not all, of their original bulk when brought again into contact with water, as they must be during the processes of cooking. Such foods are of great value for the purpose under consideration. An effort should be made to secure as many of them as possible; the resulting list being then supplemented by such other articles as have been proved to be satisfactory for other reasons.

Military authorities recognize the necessity of grouping food together so as to meet the requirements of different contingencies. The "Reserve," "Travel," "Emergency" and other rations have been thus called into being. The same necessity for recognizing different requirements exists in civil life. Food combinations that seem best fitted to meet the contingencies of difficult and of easy transportation, of fixed and moving camps, and of emergencies, have therefore been suggested. It is not expected that any one of these combinations can be exclusively adopted, since the work of the civilian, to a degree as great as, if not greater than, that of the soldier, exposes him to unexpected contingencies, so that all of the requirements noted are possible within a comparatively short experience. The distinctions between such classes of food must be comprehended, however, if the outfit is to be made up intelligently; and in many cases they must be carried into effect throughout.

Where exposure is to be endured for a short time only, it will usually suffice to rely upon a few appropriate articles, such as can be easily cooked, or perhaps need not be cooked at all. Health is not preserved, however, if these abnormal conditions are permitted to exist beyond a very few days. Allowances for such conditions would be entitled "emergency rations." The saving in weight effected by cutting down a full day's ration to the smallest quantity upon which life or some degree of health can be preserved is but small. The principal differences therefore between rations that are to be used in emergencies or upon the march and those that are to be used in camp should be as much as possible along the line of absence or presence of water, variety and ease of cooking. Weight would seem to be less important in emergency rations than in other cases. The emergency ration is intended at most for only a very few days. Several ounces daily more or less would therefore result in a total so small that it need hardly be considered. Adding several ounces daily, however, to rations that are to be continued for weeks or months would be more serious. It would seem as though an emergency ration should be liberal in quantity, without much regard to weight, but characterized by the simplicity, ease and rapidity with which it can be cooked.

Parties established in well adjusted, fixed camps, where provisions have been unpacked and cooking facilities have been developed, require, and can employ, a larger variety of foods than those stopping at short intervals, in quickly improvised camps, along the line of a journey. The difference between foods selected where transportation will be easy and those selected either for fixed camps or for moving men where transportation is not easy should lie, as much as possible, along the line of weight of uncooked food. Parties traveling easily by boat, for example, can employ canned fruits; whereas dried fruits, which weigh approximately one-fifth as much, would have to be utilized by those looking forward to transportation over some difficult trail.

Climatic and personal considerations always influence the selection of foods. The Eskimo, for example, requires foods abounding in fats, while the inhabitants of tropical countries require lighter foods. Tea appears, in a general way, to be more appropriate to the North, and coffee to the South. Fruits, peppers and highly seasoned foods are also characteristic featuresof the Southern or tropical diet. The food requirements upon a cold day are much in excess of those upon a warm one. Other distinctions also exist. Foods upon which certain nations rely are not always suited to the requirements of other nations. The German diet, for instance, does not appear satisfactory to the Frenchman; while a diet satisfactory to a French soldier would be insufficient for the requirements of an American civilian. A certain amou of adaptation may be expected, where people of on region are transported to another.

The subject of quantity is a difficult one, owing to th variation due to weather, cliamte, labor and person habits. It is frequently customary to order supplies fc parties in bulk without much attempt at mathematic apportionment, trusting to chance to provide new su plies when the original ones are exhausted. Supplies ca be purchased in such large quantities as to be clearly b yond the limit of requirement. Government data are he of imperfect service. The civilian usually requires diffe ent foods from those satisfatcory to privates in the reg lar army. American studies in this direction are invari bly to be preferred, for American conditions, to thos made in Germany or elsewhere, even though mo attention has been given to this subject in Europe tha in America. Conclusions based upon experience are i variabley to be preferred to those derived from chemic analyses. Combinations of food could be arranged th would be theoretically sufficient for life and health, whi practically insufficient to preserve either. The chemist of the vital elements of food is not yet perfectly compr hended. In the absence of other data, foods may b theoretically measured or compared by the presence of series of substances called protein, and by other seri of substances classified as fats and carbohydrates.[16]

The former are supposed to be valuable in promotin or sustaining tissue, while the latter are associated wi warmth and muscular action. Prof. W. O. Atwater, o of the foremost American authorities on this subjec has established a tentative standard of 150 grammes protein and 4,200 calories of energy as the requireme of a man at hard muscular labor. The average of fou teen dietary studies of mechanics' families in this cou try indicates a daily food consumption corresponding 103 grammes of protein and 3,465 calories of energ The value of all foods must obviously be judged by oth standards than those established by chemistry, even these were entirely reliable. Digestibility and pa atability are always important; while foods that are i tended for special purposes, such as those called for camps and expeditions, must, as has been indicated,

[15] The "German" Sweet Chocolate, manufactured at Dorchester, Mass., by the Walter Baker Company, is very satisfactory.

[16] The chemistry of foods is yet indefinite. Protein, includi albuminoids and gelatinoids, is divided into series called protei nitrogenous extractives and amids. All are particularly as ciated with such foods as beef, eggs, wheat and nutritious ve tables. Fats are present in most meats and vegetables, wh carbohydrates are in gums, sugars and starches. The prote series are presumed to make and to protect tissue, while fa and carbohydrates produce heat and energy. The disintegrati of tissue may result in heat and energy. A lean man fed up lean food may therefore be as warm and energetic as one who quires and can assimilate fats and carbohydrates, which theoretically more distinctly heat and energy producers. Prot is measured in grammes, while heat and energy, being int changeable, are measured in terms of heat, the calorie or u being the quantity of heat required to raise the temperature 1lb. of water 4° Fahr. The protein value of food is determin by the ordinary quantitative means, while the heat or energy va is determined by the burning of fats, starches or similar foods an apparatus called a calorimeter. Studies along this line being conducted at Middletown, Conn., by Prof. W. O. Atwat

udged according to weight, appropriateness, climate and other standards.[17] After substances have been selected so as to accord with all of these more important standards, they may then, perhaps, be measured or compared in terms of their protein and of their energy. It is believed that, although the following lists have been compiled with a view to meeting average conditions, they may also be employed as bases for others, intended to meet extraordinary conditions.

Table I. contains series of provisions suitable for camps and expeditions under average American conditions. The different foods are grouped together, so that a day's allowance may be formed by selecting any one substance or a lesser quantity of two or three substances from each of the several groups of meats, breads, vegetables, etc. The protein and energy values of each one of the substances thus enumerated are given for ounces. The writer is indebted to Prof. Atwater for the latest figures in this connection.

Table I.—Meats, Breads, Vegetables and Other Foods, Particularly Suitable for Camps and Expeditions, with Protein and Energy Value of Each.

	Substance.	Protein. Grammes per Ounce.	Energy. Calories per Ounce.
Meats	Bacon	2.64	175.6
	Ham	3.85	104.0
	Evaporated eggs	12.58	138.7
	Bacon and ham	....	.....
	Bacon, ham, evaporated eggs	.....	.....
	Canned corned beef	7.45	80.6
	Canned fresh beef	7. 2	89.1
	Canned fresh fowl	....	.....
	(Fresh beef)	(4.19)	(65.0)
Breads	Hardtack	3.52	112.2
	White flour	3.11	100.9
	White bread	2.66	75.9
	Oatmeal	4.76	115.6
	Corn meal	2.63	104.4
	Farina	3.12	104.1
	Cracked wheat	3.60	106.2
	Hominy	2.41	103.4
Vegetables	Rice	2.21	102.2
	White beans, dried	6.38	100.0
	Lima beans, dried	5.13	101.2
	Peas, dried	6.97	103.4
	Lentils, dried	7.28	101.2
	Pea meal (erbwurst)	6.97	103.4
	Canned tomatoes concentrated	1.70	32.8
Beverages	Tea	....	.....
	Coffee (roast)	....	.....
	Chocolate	3.65	178.7
	Cocoa	6.12	145.0
Sugar	Sugar	....	116.2
	Saccharine	....	.....
Condiments	Salt	....	.....
	Pepper	....	.....
	Baking powder	....	.....
	Vinegar, concentrated	....	.....
Milk	Condensed milk	2.52	94.7
Fruits	Raisins	0.65	90.3
	Prunes	0.51	74.4
	Dried apricots	1.33	80.6
	Dried peaches	1.33	80.6
	Dried apples	0.45	84.4
	Canned peaches	0.19	13.7
	Canned pears	0.08	22.2

A day's ration to be made up of one item from each of the several groups, or a lesser quantity from two or more varieties of a group.

An exception is made in the case of vegetables, where one item should be selected from each of the several divisions under the pea head, or three vegetables in all, tomatoes also being included wherever transportation permits.

Table II.—This table groups foods best fitted to meet the several conditions of difficult and easy transportation and emergencies. The quantity that is to be taken of each substance is noted, with the corresponding totals of protein and energy. The selection of appropriate foods and figures as to quantity are based upon actual experience, checked by comparison of available data. The lists, with slight variation, have been employed in several instances, and have been found to be satisfactory as to variety. A series of experiments, conducted upon a small body of carefully selected students[18] in order to ascertain what would be a liberal proportion of the foods in question when thus used in combination, indicates that the amounts allowed are at least approximately correct for average conditions.

Waste.—Cans, bones and other waste must be taken into account.

Two-pound tins of canned corned beef were found to consist of 25½oz. meat and 6½oz. can. Twenty-ounce cans of condensed milk of 17½oz. milk and 2½oz. tin. Cans of average good tomatoes weighing 2lbs. 9oz. were composed of 2lbs. 3oz. tomatoes and 6oz. tin. These same tomatoes, when evaporated to ordinary table consistency, weighed 1lb. 10oz., or, approximately, 65 per cent. of the original package. The larger the can the less is its proportionate weight. Canned corn, succotash, or vegetables other than tomatoes contain much less water than tomatoes and may be calculated without further deduction than the weight of the can. This same figure in determining the waste of other useless parts does not apply in the same degree to canned fruits, since canned fruits are not relied upon for nourishment. Meats differ in their proportion of waste. Five pounds of superfluous fat, bone and rind have been removed from a 12lb ham. At least 5 per cent. of bacon consists of rind. Bacon may be relieved of much of the superfluous fat and all of the bone and repacked without injury.

It is usually wise to acknowledge the fact that some claims will be made upon the party along the line of hospitality or the actual relief of others. It would be hardly practicable to calculate so closely that such contingencies would embarrass the outfit. It is well to remember that such claims will have to be met. Deterioration, loss and detention by accidents must also, at least, be considered.

Packing.

It is often convenient to divide everything, save fresh meat, proportionately, so as to form packages of perhaps 50lbs. each. Each package may be placed in an air-tight can, with lids and seams tightly soldered. These cans should not be round, but flattened upon the two opposite sides, so that they can be readily packed and carried. Matches should be included in each can, and

[17] The weight of the regular U. S. field ration is 3.21lbs. The weight of the regular travel ration is 2.43lbs. The weight of the regular emergency ration, authorized 1896, is 2.07lbs. The bulk of the authorized emergency ration is 125cu.in.

[18] Tests of this kind are not entirely reliable, since change of diet is always likely to be immediately beneficial. The fact that each student showed a tendency to exceed the full allowance of 2oz. of sugar daily is thought to be of interest.

one can only should be opened at a time. Where articles are thus divided among several packages, the contents of each one should be checked twice before it is finally enveloped. Paper should not be used for making up packages, because of its disposition to soften under moisture. Canvas bags should be employed. Where provisions are to be transported upon the backs of men, the packs are made up by placing cans or canvas bags filled with provisions in the center of the sleeping blanket, which is then folded around the load and fastened with the ordinary pack strap. The load is then adjusted to the shoulders. Attention has been called to the wisdom of dividing the outfit among several boats, when passing rapids, or among several parties when upon the march. Every article should be selected, if possible, by the leader personally; and each parcel should be packed in his presence, or in the presence of some competent representative.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A Deer and a Bicycle.

DUNBARTON, N. H., July 31.—A few days since a young man of this town was riding on a wheel on one of our roads, when he saw two deer a short distance ahead—a doe and a fawn. The doe crossed, but the fawn ran down the road. The man gave chase and ran into the fawn, rolling it over, and the rider was upset. The young deer was not hurt in any way and jumped up and scudded into the bushes.

Deer are being seen more frequently about here this summer than ever before, and quite a number of fawns, showing that they are breeding.

The man who ran into the deer goes gunning quite a good deal, but very seldom shoots anything except a few rabbits. He now thinks a bicycle will suit him better to hunt with than a gun. He ran over a rabbit one day with his wheel, ran into a deer, and expects next to run over a fox.

C. M. STARK.

Governor Tanner's Deer.

STATE OF COLORADO, Department of Game and Fish, Denver, July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to your favor of the 29th inst., I beg to say that the reported violation of the Colorado game law by Governor Tanner, of Illinois, was duly investigated by this Department, and the facts regarding the matter are as follows: The buck deer in question was killed by the Governor in Glen Beulah Park—a duly licensed private park—with the consent of the owners of said private park, and hence in strict compliance with the game laws. Under the present law, the proprietor of any such licensed private park is required to make report of such killing to this office. In inclose herewith copy of report made by the proprietor of the park.

T. H. JOHNSON, Commissioner.

Massachusetts Shore Shooting.

BOSTON, Aug. 5.—Shore bird shooting is improving along the coast. Mr. Frank F. Dodge went down to Chatham Saturday, and had very good sport, though the flights of birds are not yet very full. He got a chicken plover or two, several grass birds, a couple of brownbacks and some yellowlegs. Mrs. Dodge, who is a good shot with the rifle, was in the blind a part of the time, having the dandy little 20-gauge gun of Mrs. Sumner Paine in hand. But no birds dared venture near the lady. Mrs. Paine, who, with her husband, has a cottage there, is an excellent shot. Mr. Dodge will doubtless be down again the last of this week. Mr. C. H. Tarbox, of Byfield, one of the selectmen of the town, was able to get out on Friday last. Senator Charles O. Bailey was with him.

SPECIAL.

Long Island Shore Gunning.

EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I., Aug. 7.—Pot-hunters who wander over the meadows and beaches after the little snipe and meadow hens are having what they call good sport, but no birds of considerable size or value have arrived yet. Surf snipe are very scarce.

QUAHAUG.

Not to be Resisted.

SOME years ago, at a session of the Legislature of Kentucky, an effort to repeal the law offering a bounty on foxes' scalps was made, but was defeated by the appeal of a member from a mountainous and sparsely settled region.

"Do the gentlemen want to deprive my constituents and me of the benefits of hearing the gospel preached?" he demanded, with indignation in his tones and overspreading his rugged countenance. "We are all Methodists up my way, and our preachers won't come without we can give 'em chickens, I know. We can't raise chickens unless the foxes are killed by somebody, that's sure, and there ain't anybody that can afford to spend their time hunting foxes and get nothing to pay for it.

"So, gentlemen, if you repeal this law you'll be depriving my constituents of the benefit of hearing the gospel preached. That's the way it looks to me!"

This reasoning was too much for the Legislature, and for the time being the law was not repealed.—Youth's Companion.

Medical scientists, says Science Siftings, have now demonstrated that a brain cell actually loses part of its substance during action. The cell of the exhausted brain, instead of being plump and full of nervous matter, is found to be hollowed out, or "vacuolated," a cavity having formed without its substance, which has become filled with water. This means that a part of the cell substance has been actually consumed, precisely as coal is consumed when one gets heat from a furnace. It has been found that if an animal whose brain cells are thus exhausted be permitted to sleep, its cells readily recuperate, new material is supplied from the blood until the cell is as good as new. The brain of a person, therefore, who is beset by sleeplessness is in the condition of a locomotive which runs night and day without going to the repair shop.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING NOTES.

Bull Trout.

AN article, unsigned, in the New York Sun describes the salmon rivers and salmon fishing in the Province of Quebec, and it is an interesting article, too, and the writer shows that he is a Briton in writing of bull trout. Referring to rivers that once contained salmon, and that no longer contain them, he says: "Salmon were taken in nets at the mouth of the tributary streams of Lake Ontario, but never with the rod. The wonder excited by fish traveling such a distance from salt water and swimming up the rapids of the St. Lawrence has aroused doubt whether the Ontario salmon were fresh-run fish from the sea or whether they were bull trout (*Salmo eriox*), but the difference in the markings of the two and the fact that the bull trout has one less vertebra than the salmon dispose of that theory. The only river entering the lake in which salmon were not found was the Niagara. Its strong current, steep, abrupt sides and lack of shallows or gravel beds suitable for spawning may account for this. On the other hand, it offers satisfactory food in abundance; but no one ever saw one of the species in the stream."

The bull trout mentioned in the extract we do not have on this continent, and why anyone should for a moment imagine that the bull trout of the Twee—where it is found chiefly, although it is known in streams in Devonshire, Ireland and Wales—was the salmon that formerly ran up into the rivers that flow into Lake Ontario is beyond my comprehension. We do have a bull trout in this country, but it is a Pacific Coast fish and it is a charr, with large red spot and fins colored after the coloring of the Eastern brook trout, and has the common name of Dolly Varden (*Salvelinus malma*).

The bull trout of Great Britain (*Salmo eriox*) has never before, even by intimation, been charged with inhabiting the waters of North America, and it is not as common in its native waters as the salmon or sea trout. It is also called sewin or roundtail, and as to differing in number of vertebræ from the salmon, the salmon has sixty and the bull trout sometimes has fifty-nine and sometimes sixty, the same as the salmon. The fact is, the British authorities do not seem to be very clear in separating the bull trout from the sea or salmon trout. Day, perhaps the latest authority, does not set it down as a distinct species, separate from the common sea trout.

What surprises me quite as much as that anyone should imagine the salmon of Lake Ontario streams to be the British bull trout of doubtful species, is that the writer I have quoted should intimate that to attract salmon to a stream the stream should "offer satisfactory food in abundance," for while it is contended by a few that salmon feed in fresh water, the investigations of the British fishery and scientific experts seem to have settled the question by declaring that salmon do not feed in fresh water, and in consequence begin to deteriorate from the moment they enter the rivers they select for spawning purposes. However, this clipping I have made extracts from recalled to my mind that I had a letter on the subject of salmon in one of the Lake Ontario rivers, and I made a search for it.

Lake Ontario Salmon.

Col. Henry H. Lyman, one of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commissioners, when the Commission was created, and now Excise Commissioner of this State, sent one of the reports of the Commission to Hon. Norman C. Harmon, of Waldo, Wis., who was born and lived for the first twenty-two years of his life on Salmon River, N. Y. Mr. Harmon recalled some of his early days on Salmon River and sent a letter on the subject of salmon to Col. Lyman, who forwarded the letter to me and said:

"You doubtless have knowledge of the fact that Salmon River, in this State, was a famous, if not the famous, salmon stream of Lake Ontario; that the farmers along its borders, very many of them, paid for their farms and some even amassed considerable wealth from the profits of the salmon fishery; and it occurred to me that Mr. Harmon might tell us something about the early salmon fishing on that stream, and if you have not closed the matter of your report Mr. Harmon's letter will make interesting reading for the people and be of interest to the Commission, especially in view of the proposition to restock the river with salmon."

When the letters came to me they were too late to be used in the State report, and I filed them away, to make use of Mr. Harmon's letter on a future occasion, and now I find that they are dated two years ago; but the moment I read of salmon in Lake Ontario rivers I thought it was the time to print Mr. Harmon's letter now. I regret that he does not fix the time that salmon ran so plentiful, but it must have been early in this century, for then laws were passed for the protection of salmon and the building of fishways in Salmon River.

Salmon River, New York.

"I am much gratified to learn that the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commissioners of the State of New York are considering the feasibility of restocking with salmon that old home and spawning ground of this wonderful fish, viz., that noble stream which of all others is entitled to the name, Salmon River. I feel a keen interest in this question, because many years ago I was born and raised upon the banks of this stream and participated in the sport of capturing this game fish and know something of its habits and of its outgoing and incoming, and of the causes that contributed to its final destruction, and at the risk of encroaching upon your time and patience I have determined to write you upon this subject, hoping it may assist the Commission in arriving at a favorable conclusion in this matter.

"The salmon, although called sea salmon, does not propagate its kind in the salt waters of the ocean, but chooses the fresh water rivers of the continent. When the prophetic voice of nature intimates to him the command to

multiply and replenish the water, he begins to dream of the fresh, soft, silvery waters 'way up in the interior of the continent, once shadowed by great forests, where comparatively few natural enemies lurked to destroy—'way up, hundreds of feets above the sea level, where he dimly remembers that he first saw the light when he first learned to swim—this is the object of his quest. As a devotee lays aside every weight and girds himself for his great journey across the desert to the shrine of his worship, so this pilgrim to the place of his nativity prepares for his mighty journey. Not a particle of food must enter his stomach to weigh him down during this long and toilsome voyage. He leaves his feeding grounds away off in Baffin's Bay, where he has fattened and matured, and makes his way down the coast of Greenland, among the icebergs, watchful lest some enemy pounce upon him and thwart him in his cherished purpose. Along the coast of Labarador, around Newfoundland, he strikes the fresh waters of the great St. Lawrence that debouche into the ocean. In all this long journey of more than 3,000 miles he has been beset by determined enemies that were seeking his life. Walrus, seal, shark and a hundred other enemies have been watching for him in this nightmare of waters. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim to the Celestial City he has outgeneraled them all and come off victorious. Now he is assured that he has not missed his points of compass. Up the great Gulf of the St. Lawrence, through the surging, plunging torrents of the mighty river into Lake Ontario; thence he feels his way among the islands and along the sandy coast until he reaches the soft, warm currents of Salmon River. Now his journey is drawing to a close; he presses his way through the swift currents up through the rapids, between shelving banks, through still pools, over sandy, pebbly rifts, which his dim memory recalls as the very place that years ago he has visited. Yes, here are the gravelly, sandy beds; here are the great shelving banks on either side; there is the old hemlock, casting his shadows, and there is the falls, plunging over a ledge 70ft. high. Here he rests from his toilsome journey, comparatively secure from his enemies in the water, dreaming of that prophecy of replenishing and peopling the great deep. In the fall of the year the female here deposits her ova in the water upon sandy, gravelly beds, and the male fertilizes the eggs and then gently covers them with the sand and gravel, by brushing it with his fins and tail, and leaves the vitalized ova to be warmed into life by the returning sun and warm spring rains. The salmon fry remain in their native pools until they begin to feed. During the summer and fall of the second year the smolt make their way down the stream and away to the ocean to their northern feeding grounds, and will not return to these waters again until they have grown to maturity.

"This portion of Oswego county was settled in the early years of the present century by people mostly from New England, a strong and self-reliant race. Undismayed by hardships, privations or dangers, they came into these heavily timbered forests for the purpose of making homes for themselves and their children. This wonderful fishery at once attracted the attention of these early settlers and was seized upon as a veritable godsend to assist them in their hard struggle for existence.

"They built boats or skiffs, as they were called, about 18ft. long and 3ft. beam, sufficient to carry two persons, one in the stern with a pike to shove the skiff and one in the bow with a spear. In the bow of the skiff was placed a jack, raised upon a staff, just above the head of the spearsman, which was filled with pitch pine that made a brilliant light. This flaming torch did not frighten the salmon, but rather dazed and attracted them. This brilliant light illuminated the waters for many rods around, enabling the fishermen to see this large fish for quite a distance, and when they once sighted one of them there was an exciting chase until he was landed in the skiff or had evaded pursuit.

"Whenever there came a freshet, and the salmon were running freely, it was a magnificent sight to see this stream illuminated from end to end by these flaming torches, and the fishermen in eager pursuit of this game fish. When the skiff was loaded down they would return to their camp and unload their fish and replenish their torches and return to the pursuit. Thus all night long they would keep up this exciting and profitable sport.

"This fish could not be caught in the daytime with any success, neither could they be caught by a baited hook, as there was no evidence on examining their stomach that they partook of any food while in these fresh waters.

"In the morning these fishermen would count and report to their fellow fishermen the number caught. Some of these reports were quite astonishing, and would increase into fabulous numbers. Like all fishermen everywhere, they wanted to make a good showing. But when the fish peddlers came around and the fish were counted out accurately, in many cases the shrinkage would be quite startling; but this was not considered as evidence of total depravity, but simply winked at as a good fish story. Some camps would actually count as high as one hundred salmon caught in a single night, and others one hundred and fifty, and some very expert workmen have caught three hundred in one night. These represented quite a large sum of money, as they would sell at the camp for 10 and 12 cents per pound. A single fish would bring from $2 to $4 each, according to weight.

"These fish were greatly sought after in the larger towns of the State and were considered a great rarity. They were usually marketed at Rome, Utica, Syracuse, Albany and New York.

"This fishery brought these early settlers a harvest which was four-fold greater than they could reap from their fields and enabled them to establish homes of comfort and plenty. As you can well imagine, the competition among the fishermen became very sharp, and at times led to some very unpleasant squabbles; especially between the lower river and upper river fishermen the friction was acute. When the large school of salmon came up the river in a high stage of water, the bulk of them would get away from the lower fishermen and press on up to the falls. Here the upper river fishermen had decidedly the best of it and could take them at leisure. Now this aroused the jealousy of the lower river fishermen and they sought to retaliate by building dams which the salmon could not get through nor over—a sort of trocha which would preclude all attempts at crossing. Here they could take nearly all the salmon that entered the river.

"This bold attempt to destroy their vested rights in this valuable fishery so aroused the upper river men that they declared open war and determined to raze every dam that had been built for the sole purpose of stopping the fish from coming up the river; so the upper river fishermen mustered their entire flotilla of boats, manned by stalwart, resolute wariors, armed with pikes, saws, axes and crowbars, and sailed down the river early in the morning and took the enemy entirely by surprise. They at once commenced a vigorous attack upon these dams with axes and saws. The enemy soon discovered the assault upon their trochas and sent out riders and runners and blew horns to call in the forces to prevent this clandestine effort to destroy their property. They rallied a considerable force, though greatly outnumbered by the men of the flotilla. They made a fierce charge upon the workers on the dam, hurling stones and rocks at them, and succeeded in driving them away from the dam. Then the flotilla landed their forces and made a flank movement, attacking with great energy, hurling stones and rocks and clubs upon them until the nemy fled, in utter rout and demoralization. This battle was comparatively bloodless, no lives having been lost, but it showed military tactics that compared favorably with those of Wouter Van Twiller. After this rout they returned and completed the destruction of the dams.

"Finally, to cap the climax, they began to fish with nets, and stretched them across the mouth of the river, which completely barred their entrance to the stream, and the salmon ceased to come to the river.

"With proper laws and police regulations, this fishery might have been preserved to this day, and nothing but the wretched wrangling and greed of these fishermen destroyed this goose that laid the golden egg. It is true that the State of New York made some feeble efforts to protect this fishery, but the laws passed by the Legislature were inadequate, and such as they were, there was no police regulations to enforce them.

"I firmly believe, from what I know to be the habits of this fish, that the project of restocking this stream will be a success. Should the commissioners decide to make the experiment, they need not be disappointed if they do not see any evidence of success for several years, for the salmon fry that they plant in the upper waters of this stream will not return for four years; but, like casting bread upon the waters, after many days it will return. Would it not be a fine achievement in the piscatorial line if these salmon could be coaxed back to their old-time breeding grounds?"

It is not presumed that Mr. Harmon pretends to convey the impression that salmon do not feed from the time they begin their "pilgrimage from their feeding grounds in Baffin's Bay," for the salmon feed up to the time they enter fresh water. Salmon taken in nets at the mouth of the Canadian River are found to be gorged with caplins, which they have eaten on their way into the stream. Once I opened a salmon that had been netted in Canada, shipped to Boston and from there to my home, 250 miles inland from Boston, and it was filled with caplins, many not in the least digested. Another thing, recent investigation goes to show that salmon do not go far from the mouths of the rivers in which they are born when they go down to the sea after spawning. Formerly it was the belief that salmon made long journeys at sea away from their home river, and sometimes a salmon has been found many miles from the stream in which it was born; but it is generally believed now that salmon go out to sea only a sufficient distance to find suitable pasturage and there remain until they return to the rivers to spawn. Caplins, belonging to the family of smelts, are found in the ocean from Cape Cod northward, and probably furnish a large part of the food of the adult salmon.

The great obstacle to restocking any stream with salmon is that the desire is just as strong to-day in mankind to spear and net salmon as it was in the days when they were exterminated in Salmon River. The Hudson, which never contained salmon originally, has been planted with salmon, and the fish have returned from the sea to spawn; but dams shut them off from natural spawning grounds in the headwaters, and the netters in the latter river will not let one escape, once the fish enters a net, even though the penalty be $100 for netting a salmon and failing to return it to the water. The salmon question, in one form or another, seems to be in the air this week, for I have received a letter on the subject of salmon taking the fly, which is of more than ordinary interest, and I quote it in full, only regretting that the writer objects to the use of his name. He has had a great many years' experience as a salmon fisherman—more than is allotted to most men—and speaks from his rich experience, and his idea is to me novel in explaining why salmon will not rise to the fly in some waters.

Salmon and the Salmon Fly.

This is the letter: "I have noticed at various times statements made about Pacific salmon taking the fly. I have an objection to appearing in print, having refused all my life to write for sporting papers. My sole object is to set you right on the subject of salmon taking the fly, and therefore ask you not to quote my name. You may be willing to believe me, as a mutual friend has written you about me. Anyway, any old salmon man will indorse any statement I make.

"Salmon will take the fly on any guarded stream in the world, and will not in any netted, speared or fire-hunted ones. I could give you any number of proofs of this, but one will suffice, as it is so well known. You have fished on the Ristigouche and know what a fly river it is.

"Lord Gilmore and two other English expert fly fishers portaged over from Fredericton, N. B., to the headwaters of the Ristigouche and tried that river for over 100 miles and printed in England that it was no fly river. I have fished half a century ago, when all streams were open to Indians, fire and spearing, at which time no salmon would rise at a fly. Only a few years ago the Tobique was worthless till I advised the New Brunswick Government to guard it, and now it is a great fly river. But in addition to this, I have a friend who has killed hundreds of salmon with a fly on the Pacific Coast rivers for several years, after he fouud why he failed when he first tried."

I have said that this was to me an entirely new reason for salmon not rising to the fly on some rivers, upon the supposition that my correspondent means us to understand spearing, netting and fire-hunting create a condition that causes the fish to be more alert to their own safety than when unmolested, and so have no desire to take any moving object on or near the surface in a spirit of play or out of curiosity, as has been assigned as a reason for a fasting fish taking the fly at all. If, on the other hand, the methods of destruction mentioned cause such a decrease in the number of salmon in a stream that none are left with a desire to rise (for I have an idea that not all of even fresh-run fish have the rising habit), it would seem to be good reasoning. However it may be, my correspondent speaks from experience as to the result, and that is all that need be considered here. No one can convince me that salmon are not curious—curious as any man—and that their curiosity is easily satisfied. I have labored under this belief since one day when I was casting with a short line and the largest salmon I ever saw, with one exception, pushed his monstrous shoulders up through the surface of the water behind my fly, and away behind the shoulders was the upper lobe of his caudal fin, like a fin-keel yacht upside down, and the giant simply examined the fly in the coolest possible manner, and without touching hook or feather quietly sank his great length beneath the surface again. There was no rush, no commotion of the water; his majesty merely parted the water with his huge bulk, exposing his full elngth, and finding the thing in motion to be a creation of feathers and tinsel covering a barbed hook, he quietly returned to his throne room at the bottom of the pool. I rested here until I was tired and tried various flies of divers patterns and cast with all the skill that was in me; but having shown me how big salmon do grow on occasion and satisfied his curiosity, his serene highness could not be tempted from his stronghold. From that day to this I have been of the opinion that salmon are possessed of curiosity and desire to know what disturbs the surface of their domain, without becoming over-curious to the degree that results in their own undoing.

"Saturday," a Salmon Fly.

There is already so much of salmon and salmon fishing in my notes this week that they may as well all relate to salmon. The writer who tells of bull trout, above quoted, has something to say about a famous salmon fly:

"In the olden days the favorite fly was one called the Saturday, made by a Scotch tier. Its body was red, blue, green, black or dun color, with a twist of red at the shoulders. The wings were double, one pair (golden pheasant) topping the other, having one side of mallard and the other of teal or woodduck. A very small golden pheasant neck feather was laid over the wings, to which was added a pair of antennæ of blue and yellow macaw. More salmon and larger were taken with that lure than with any other. Fashions change in flies as in all other things; but at this day the genuine Saturday, or modifications of it, are the most valuable of a large collection."

This fly is new to me under the name Saturday, and I cannot recall that I have ever seen a salmon fly that will answer to the description, and I have looked through the list of Hardy Brothers and other English and Scotch fly dressers, and find no mention of such a fly. To be sure, the description is not as specific as it might be, but I looked through the two series of salmon flies in color prepared by George Nelson, and I cannot find anything which resembles the printed description of this fly. The literature of salmon flies is also silent, so far as I can find, concerning a fly bearing the name of the last day of the week; but if it has been and is such a killer, perhaps some reader of FOREST AND STREAM will give us a fuller description of the fly. A. N. CHENEY.

Memories of Aransas Pass.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish one of the residents about Aransas Pass, Tex., would give us, through your paper, some ideas as to the appearance of things about the above neighborhood, its fishing, hunting and other attractions, if there are any. I have a kind of irresistible longing to go there once more. Have not been there for thirty-five years, and would like to know how things look after so long a time.

About so many years ago a large hunting party—near a thousand—landed on the lower end of Mustang Island one evening, and trailing up the sandy beach all night, pulling by hand two 6-pounders with necessary ammunition, next morning found the game we were after—a garrison of Johnny rebs on the upper end of the island. We took them all in, including one dead man, a sentry on post, who raised the token of surrender, but was shot by a Maine soldier who didn't know enough to respect a white flag. How we Western soldiers did dislike the Eastern regiments. They were too fancy for us, with their white gloves and paper collars.

Next morning part of the hunting party crossed Aransas Pass and continued on up the coast further, making a large bag at Galveston. Our regiment was left at the Pass, where we continued for about eight months, passing a somewhat lonely existence, except when occasionally making raids over to the mainland, calling upon the people of Corpus Christi, Indianola and other points along the lagoons. Everything didn't come our way on these social calls, as when some of our men who were making requisitions for rations not furnished by the commissary department were bagged by bushwhacking Johnnies and were obliged to pass several months in the Confederate stockade at Tyler, Tex. We captured a schooner somewhere up the bay, and with lumber drawn without as much as by leave of the owners, made quite comfortable quarters among the sand heaps.

We were not equipped for hunting small game then, but a good shot with an Enfield musket would often bring in a wild goose or brant. Ducks were plenty, but we had no small shot for them. A few deer on the lower end of the island afforded sport for those of us who got near enough for a shot at them. Our friends the Johnnies had kindly left a drove of Texas steers on the island and these, driven up near to camp and slaughtered, gave us plenty of fresh beef at somebody else's expense.

Oysters were plenty nearby to be had for the getting; I recollect once of sitting down on the beach at low tide and eating eight dozen before getting up. They were

not as big, though, as those we afterward found in Mobile Bay, else I would not have stowed away so many. We "borrowed" a fish net somewhere over on the mainland, and with it had fine times dragging the surf for a change from meat to fish diet. When the boys wanted oil for their guns they baited shark hooks in the Pass and thus supplied themselves with the necessary lubricant by frying the grease out of sharks' livers.

It was a lonely place, varied only by the routine of soldierly duties. Our quartermaster kept on hand a goodly supply of commissary whisky—the meanest, hottest liquid on earth at that time. Christmas eve the Major ordered that the boys should have all they wanted to pay for. You may bet there was a warm period around that camp that night. At headquarters we played seven-up and euchre and drank milk punch—made of condensed milk and bad whisky—until the undersigned didn't know the ace from the ten-spot. Every "bugger" about headquarters was laid out except the hospital steward, who stayed sober long enough to put the rest into their bunks. From laying around the trenches at Vicksburg and swamps at Port Hudson, and at New Orleans, my system had absorbed a large quantity of ague poison, which no amount of quinine could neutralize. But that night I got such a quantity of villainous whisky under my skin that it completely knocked the fever and ague out of me, and I have never been troubled with it since. I suppose it was on the principle of "like cures like"—the whisky poison was stronger than the ague poison and the latter had to clear out.

Well, I would like to visit the old region once again, if somebody can present its charms in sufficiently glowing terms. SENEX.

The St. Lawrence Anglers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For a number of years past there has been a strong desire on the part of the true disciples of Izaak Walton whose favorite resort for angling is the St. Lawrence River, to have the laws regulating the catching of fish on the American and Canadian sides of a uniform nature. The Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, which is made up largely of leading business men of Clayton and Alexandria Bay and prominent men from different parts of the United States who own summer residences at the Thousands Islands, has been zealously working with this end in view, and none of the members have manifested a deeper interest in the matter than those who reside in the Dominion. By special invitation of the Canadian members of the organization the sixteenth annual meeting of the Anglers' Association which occurred Wednesday, Aug. 2, was held at the Gananoque Inn, Gananoque, Ont.

In the absence of President Wm. C. Browning, of New York, who was prevented by the severe illness of his wife from being present, First Vice-President Henry R. Heath, of Brooklyn, occupied the chair as presiding officer. The latter called the meeting to order at 12:30 P. M., and explained the cause of President Browning's absence. Mr. Heath said: "This is the first time that the Anglers' Association has held a meeting on the Canadian side of the river, and it is by invitation of Mr. Britton that we have the pleasure of assembling here now. We appreciate the cordial co-operation of our Canadian friends in supporting the laws for the protection of the fishing interests on the river. They have met us at least halfway in these matters. In another manner they have shown friendship for us during the past year. In our time Great Britain has always shown herself our friend." [Applause.] "The thanks of our Association are due to Mr. Britton for the privilege and pleasure of meeting here to-day." [Applause.]

Hon. Charles E. Britton, of Gananoque, on behalf of the Canadian people, welcomed the members of the Anglers' Association to Gananoque. He said that the fish ought to be protected and he was willing to do all he could to help the cause along. He said that Mr. Bastedo, the prime authority on fishing matters in the Province of Ontario, was present. Up to a year ago the Dominion Government had control of the waters of the river on the Canadian side, but now it is in the hands of the Ontario Government. Mr. Bastedo is the gentleman who administers the law. The Government set aside several islands for the benefit of the public, and we hoped to see them improved, as those on the American side set apart for park purposes have been. Mr. Britton explained why several prominent officials who had been invited to attend the meeting were not able to be present. He said the Gananoque people were glad to welcome the anglers, and he hoped their deliberations would be prolific of good results. He hoped to be able to show the visitors around the town after the meeting was over.

W. E. Wolcott, of Utica, was elected secretary of the meeting.

After the minutes of the last annual meeting had been read and approved, Vice-President Heath called on the second vice-president, Hon. Charles R. Skinner, of Albany, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, to make a report in the absence of President Browning.

Mr. Skinner said that if there had been any doubts about the cordiality of the reception the anglers would have they had already been dispelled. He had never had any fears, however, on this score. The fact that the Anglers' Association was meeting on Canadian soil he thought was significant for more than one reason. It affords additional evidence, said he, of what has already been made apparent—the tendency toward the establishment of closer relations between the greatest republic on earth and a part of one of the greatest nations which has done so much to make the world better. [Applause.] Mr. Britton has done much in past years toward helping on the interests of the river. Mr. Britton and his friends have long been recognized by us as co-workers in behalf of God's own country, this beautiful island region. It never looked well to be quarreling as to whether a Clayton man should come over to Gananoque to fish or a Canadian go to Alexandria Bay to fish. It is an interesting incident that the Anglers' Association meets on Canadian soil. We can congratulate ourselves that in President McKinley and Queen Victoria we have two of the best rulers in the world. [Applause.] There is no reason why two such governments where the people have the same blood in their veins and speak the same language should not have close relations. England has done much for her Indian possessions, and her influence there has been for good. It has sometimes been necessary to use force, but it has been for the right. To-day the United States is trying to determine what shall be done with the Philippine Islands. We were forced into a conflict in the interests of justice and humanity, and now we must give the Philippines good government. If the people of the Philippines will not listen to reason without it, then I believe an army should be raised of sufficient size to make a desert of the islands if necessary in the interests of good government. The time will come when the language of the world will be the English. I believe an Anglo-American alliance is coming and that the English-speaking people will eventually control the world. I never could see why text books should teach favoritism, why children in the schools should not be taught about the great events in which England has figured, as well as those in which our own country has. It is only during the past year that the flags of the United States and England have been displayed side by side, as they will hereafter pass down into history together. [Applause.] This has been the feeling deep down in our hearts for a quarter of a century. There has never been a time in half a century when any interloper could have instigated a conflict between England and the United States. The Spanish-American conflict had a tendency to bring our two nations more closely together than ever before. Spain, when victorious, has not been a merciful conqueror, and while looking at the ruins of the battleship Maine in Havana Harbor, and then at the battered hulks of the Spanish warships, I could not help thinking, "Old Spain, it served you right." Mr. Skinner related in a feeling manner the scene in Congress when the letter written by Queen Victoria to the President was read, offering to send the ship Alert to the relief of the Greely expedition. He said he should remember this act of courtesy, kindness and humanity as long as he lived. Such events only foreshadowed what the future relations of these nations will be. If we in this Association can only do a little toward fostering these friendly relations, we will find our reward in our humble instrumentality in bringing closer together these two great nations. [Applause.]

W. H. Thompson, of Alexandria Bay, presented his annual report as secretary. He said: The work of the Association has not been as laborious during the past year as it has been in some years, owing to the lack of attempts at objectionable legislation. Only one attempt in this direction was made, and that was in regard to a bill to permit certain netting in the St. Lawrence River. This we opposed, and the bill was changed. One annoyance we had was in regard to the move on the part of the Canadian Government to charge $5 license for each rod used by an American in Canadian waters. We wrote to the Canadian officials and received satisfactory assurances that the license would not be insisted on at present. We think there should be a record made in some way regarding the matter. Under our laws Canadians have the same rights to fish in American waters in the reservation that we have. Our work has been mainly done in the reservation. Since our last meeting docks for steam yachts and skiff landings have been placed at seven different points in the reservation, and the grounds have been cleaned up. An effort was made to have places of shelter erected, but this was given up for the present, as the appropriation of $10,000 was so nearly exhausted. We desire to see co-operation on this side of the river so that we can say we have an international park. Agreements were made some time ago, but we would like to see the matter placed on record.

Treasurer R. P. Grant, of Clayton, presented his annual report which made this showing: Balance on hand in August, 1898, $359.22; received for dues, $45; from Secretary Thompson, $37.25; total, $441.47; disbursements, $91.24; balance on hand, $350.23.

Mr. Grant spoke of a bill which was drafted last winter which contained a clause permitting netting for coarse fish in the St. Lawrence River, but this was stricken out through the efforts of the Anglers' Association. The Association received and planted during the year 2,000,000 muskallonge fry, one-half of which were sent to Alexandria Bay and the other half cared for at Clayton. About 100,000 of the fry were placed in Hill's Pond, where they will be kept until they are yearlings. The most successful results from planting muskallonge can only be obtained by keeping them in a pond until they are 5 or 6in. in length.

Secretary Thompson presented the report of the executive committee. He said the committee had been working with the Commission to get more points and more islands into the public reservation. An effort was made to have the $30,000 appropriated for the reservation expended before it reverted to the State. The Attorney-General allowed the balance of the appropriation to be used.

Rev. R. H. Pullman, of Baltimore, Md., moved that a committee of three be appointed in connection with the reservation matter. Carried.

The chair named as such committee Hon. Charles R. Skinner, Wm. B. Hayden and Judge J. C. Spencer.

Major J. W. Pond, Chief State Game Protector, who came up from Albany on purpose to attend the meeting, was asked by Hon. C. R. Skinner as to whether netting was allowed on the St. Lawrence at any time during the year. Major Pond replied that it was not, and continuing he said: "I think the game laws in New York State are in fairly good shape. Last year we had 372 actions commenced, and had 335 connections. The department is self-supporting as to the expenses of court and attorneys. People are becoming more interested in protective matters. Legislation is improved a little every year, and with sentiment growing in favor of protection I think there is no necessity for much change in the law. The hatching stations are turning out many young fish.

Hon. Chas. R. Skinner—It seems idle to put into the river small muskallonge fry. It is only feeding the pickerel and perch. If the young muskallonge are kept until they are 4 or 5in. long, additional facilities will be required. What would the expense be?

Chief Protector Pond—If the fry could be transported to Long Island the expense of feeding them would be slight. It is better to plant a speckled trout in the fall, when six months old, than to keep it until a year old. Railroads are very good about transporting fish. If more rearing ponds could be made on Long Island where the tide water sets in there would be no cost for the feeding of young fish, as there are plenty of shrimps. Muskallonge and perch thrive there.

Hon. S. T. Bastedo, Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries for the Province of Ontario, assured the anglers that he appreciated the honor conferred upon him in inviting him to be present at the meeting. He said he had to travel day and night to get there. He had been Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries for seven years. There is some division of power now as to the fisheries subject between the Dominion and the Provincial governments. The Dominion Government has power to regulate seasons and stipulate the implements of capture. You will receive our hearty co-operation, I think, in any measures you may adopt. [Applause.] We should have uniform seasons for fishing. There are no licenses for netting east of Kingston. Our statutes empower us to pass regulations. We have power to prohibit netting in the river. The matter of an international park does not rest with the Provincial Government, but with the Dominion Government.

W. H. Thompson—What are the regulations regarding bass fishing on the Canadian side?

Mr. Bastedo—We limit the catch to twelve bass for one person in a day. The size limit is 10in. The close season is from April 15 to June 15. No bass can be caught except with rod and line. After Dec. 1 bass can only be caught for immediate table use.

R. P. Grant—There was an understanding that the season should open June 9 in the entire reservation. We would like to see the same closed season on the Canadian side that we have on ours. Would it be satisfactory to you to have the season open June 9 instead of June 15?

Mr. Bastedo—The question of closed season is fixed by the Federal Government at Ottawa.

Messrs. Pond, Thompson and Britton also spoke on the subject. The latter thought the Association ought to favor a conference between the proper officials as to the best date of the closed season for bass.

Mr. Grant moved that the executive committee be authorized to appoint a committee of three to confer with Messrs. Britton, Taylor and others in regard to the question of uniform fishing regulations. Carried.

The following committee was appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year: Walter Fox, Rev. R. H. Pullman, G. M. Skinner.

On motion of Mr. Grant the executive committee was authorized to appoint sub-committees to take charge of matters that might require attention during the year.

A recess was then taken for dinner.

The members of the Anglers' Association enjoyed a fine banquet at the Gananoque Inn at 3 P. M. Subsequently a post-prandial session was held, Hon. C. E. Britton presiding during the first part, and being followed by Hon. Chas. R. Skinner. The toasts were: "Queen Victoria," "President McKinley," "Success to the Efforts of the Anglers' Association," "Vice-Presidents Heath and Skinner," "The Legislature," "The Banking Interests of the Two Countries," "Old Settlers on the River." Speeches were made by Hon. C. R. Skinner, Albany; Hon. C. E. Britton, G. H. Burrows, Mayor W. B. Carroll, F. W. Strong, Gananoque; Hon. John P. Graham, Brockville; R. P. Grant, Clayton; Rev. R. H. Pullman, Baltimore, Md.; Judge J. C. Spencer, New York, and others.

Later in the afternoon the Association reconvened and concluded its business. The committee on nominations reported in favor of the following officers, and they were duly elected: President, Wm. C. Browning, New York; First Vice-President, Henry R. Heath, Brooklyn; Second Vice-President, Charles R. Skinner, Albany; Secretary, Wm. H. Thompson, Alexandria Bay; Treasurer, R. P. Grant, Clayton; Executive Committee, A. C. Cornwall, Col. O. G. Staples, W. Fox, Alexandria Bay; G. H. Strough, G. M. Skinner, John Foley, Clayton; George C. Boldt, Charles G. Emery, New York; Wm. M. Griffith, Utica; Rev. R. H. Pullman, Baltimore, Md.; F. A. Gillespie, Pittsburg, Pa.; Charles E. Britton, Gananoque; R. E. Waterman, G. R. Malby, Ogdensburg.

At the conclusion of the meeting the members of the Association enjoyed a carriage ride around the town.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 8.

Maine Waters.

BOSTON, Aug. 7.—Fishing in the Maine trout waters continues better than usual at this season. Mr. J. Parker Whitney, who is spending the entire summer at his elegant camps at Mosquito Brook, Richardson Lake, says that with a guest last week he had most remarkable luck, taking trout from grounds that had never been thought of before. Mr. H. A. Phinney, of Arlington, with Mrs. Phinney, Mr. F. S. Frost, Mr. W. G. Peck and daughter, Miss Lillian, and Mrs. Helen G. H. Dolliver, are having good sport at Round Mountain Lake. The other day Mr. and Mrs. Phinney and Mr. Frost, Mrs. Phinney's father, went with a team from Green farm over toward the station to fish. The horse was hitched beside the road, with Mrs. Phinney in the carriage, while the gentlemen went down the stream. Soon the men came out of the bushes into the road, when right between them and the team was a large bear, of which they all got a sight before the beast took for the woods. In all his seventy years it is doubtful if ever Mr. Frost wished for a camera or sketching materials more and time to use them. The two sons of Mr. C. S. Clapham, of Boston, and whose home is in Somerville, are suddenly developing into great fishermen. Their names are Harry and Foster, aged thirteen and fifteen. They have fallen in with a fishing enthusiast of more years than they—an old man, in fact—and he has inspired them with a fever that they will hardly ever get rid of. One of their last trips was up to Lake Quannapowit, in Wakefield, which waters were then just legally open for the season. Their first trip they took a fine string of pickerel, with several large ones. They have also taken some good strings of perch. Their father says that they are crazy over fishing, and he does not discourage it, while their mentor, the old gentleman, inspires them on by discussing the tackle and telling of former exploits. They have also fished the trout streams for quite a distance around, often gone all day and

covering eight or ten miles. Mr. Charles L. Bly, of Boston, writes of excellent fishing at Round Mountain Lake. The lake has been alive with trout at times, and sportsmen have had all the fishing they wanted. The small trout are invariably put back uninjured, with only a few for the table retained. Mr. Bly also says that partridges are unusually plenty, with deer very abundant. The same report is heard from many of the resorts in that section. Mr. Bly says that flocks of partridges are seen every day, and near the camps, a condition that has not existed for several seasons. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Movements of Western Anglers.

Mr. Geo. E. Thatcher, of Shreveport, La., stopped in Chicago this week to replenish his outfit preparatory to his trip to Green Lake, Wis. This is one of the most beautiful of our Western summer lakes and a body of water frequented by a mysterious tribe of large bass which cannot be induced to bite except for a very limited season early in the summer.

Mr. A. W. Eschenburger, of Chicago, left this week for a trip of some days to Wisconsin fishing waters, going in at Woodruff, Wis. He will try for 'lunge, bass and the other game fish of that fishful region.

Mr. M. L. Smithey, of St. Louis, passed through this city this week en route for Woodruff, Wis., and may also visit Marinette and vicinity.

Mr. H. R. Pearson, Assistant District Attorney of this city, left this week for Squirrel Lake, Wis., via Minocqua, and will have a go with the muscallunge in that good territory.

Messrs. F. T. Childs, L. P. Allen, Walter Moore, Wm. Mitchell and J. L. Helm made up the last and largest party of this week for Kabekona Camp, Minn.

Mr. J. W. Youche, of Crown Point, Ind., with his son J. H. Youche, leaves this week for an extended trip along the famous Brule River of upper Wisconsin. They will fish a while there for trout and probably drop down to Manitowish and have a try at the muscallunge later in the season.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Kirk, of Chicago, have left for Trout Lake, Wis., for a little tour of that region.

Mr. H. J. Furber, of this city, left this week for a season of rest and relaxation in Maine, and will spend some time along the sea coast, angling for cod and such like.

Mr. W. Starr Whiton, of this city, has left for Pleasant Point, Green Lake, Wis.

The Muscallunge Season.

The muscallunge season has produced no news this week of special interest, and indeed this style of our Western angling sports has taken on some of the characteristics of trout fishing, and becomes more and more a case of luck. The man who goes trout fishing hereabouts does so at his own peril. He fails several times—many times—and vows never to go again. Of course he does go again, and at last has a grand day, and so returns full of smiles and generous enthusiasm. It was once the case that one could go out for 'lunge in Wisconsin and be pretty sure of getting some fish, very likely some good fish. Then came the frost, the killing frost, when the glories of our new waters were somewhat lessened, but when one could still be confident that he would get some sort of a 'lunge without any special trouble. It was at that stage hardly thought worth while to speak of the fact that one had killed a muscallunge, unless it were a very large one. Nowadays we hear of pretty much every good fish that comes down from Wisconsin, and the capture of a fine fish is something long talked about. Of course this is not the literal state of affairs, but it is approximately correct to speak thus of the situation. This year, strangely enough, there is coming into notice a sort of reversal of form, as it were, as regards Wisconsin and Minnesota. Last year and the year previous it was Minnesota that was showing all the big fish, and Wisconsin offered few good weights to add to the season's records. This year I hear of more fish from Wisconsin than from Minnesota, and the largest muscallunge of the season, that of 43lbs., taken by Judge Hook's daughter at Plum Lake, is a Wisconsin product, as against 42½lbs., the biggest Kabekona Camp 'lunge, in Minnesota, of an earlier season than this. For some reason the fish have not been rising well in the Minnesota ranges this summer, and I presume they are now shedding their teeth and are not yet quite ready to begin operations as they will in the early fall.

Bass.

All is quiet along our bass waters this week. The Kankakee is too full of carp to be called a bass stream now. The Fox offers nothing special this week. The summer lakes are going the toboggan as practical bass waters, and the resorter's photograph of a string of fish is more and more in evidence. Methinks if I were broke I would earn a livelihood by going to a certain class of lake resorts in Illinois and adjacent country, and allowing the hotels to photograph my fish. But even then I would have first to catch the fish! From Chicago out about forty or fifty miles in almost any direction the summer travel has increased so enormously the past five years that the lakes could not hold their stock. Beyond sixty and seventy-five miles the case is better, and one may outside that radius still hope to get some bass. Thus I note that at Fox Lake, Wis., the bass are still rising pretty well, event this hot weather. At this point two gentlemen, Messrs. A. C. Hannemann and C. M. Sager, of Fox Lake, caught 24 wall-eyes one night last week, casting frogs in open water. This was at about 10 P. M.

Got Several.

In these hot summer days, at the time of year when almost any man who has been at work all the year seems a bit let down and willing to rest a while out of doors, by the running brooks and under the big blue sky, it is a sad enough thing to think of the fellows who are well and strong enough to go fishing, but who are chained to business and can't. How much worse is the case of the fellows who are not chained to business, but who are chained to bed! I got a postal card in my mail to-day which has a certain pathetic quality attached to it. It comes from a writer who gives the name of "A. A. Johnson, Co. A, First South Dakota Vols.," and the address of "Ward 22, Presidio Hospital, San Francisco." The card is simply a request for a copy of the FOREST AND STREAM—one of very many which come in from one source or another during the week. I fancy that Mr. Johnson may be Private Johnson. He may be shot, or he may be sick, but at any rate he can't go fishing. He got several copies of FOREST AND STREAM.

This is a great big country, so big and strong that we do not realize our own resources. When we were having a little war with Spain it did not jar this country, but business steadily improved all the time. Now we are having a little war with the Philippines, but we are all so busy that we don't stop to think about that very much. We do not stop to think that this fighting is being done for us by a fine lot of fellows, who do not have time while so engaged to indulge in much personal recreation. It occurs to me that Mr. Johnson's case may be one of many others, and if there are any readers of the FOREST AND STREAM who have a book or a paper here or there which they do not need, it might be a kindness to send them on to such military hospitals as that of the Presidio. If a fellow is sick or shot, a look at the FOREST AND STREAM might make him feel better, you know.

How to Cure Sunburn.

One time, when suffering from a very severe case of sunburn contracted during a couple of days' fishing on the open water, a friend gave me a little advice which resulted in the most immediate and distinct relief. "Go to the druggist," said he, "and tell him to put you up 10 cents' worth of linseed oil and lime-water—half and half. Shake this and rub it on your face, and the burning feeling will go away almost at once." I did as he directed, and in less than five minutes the smarting pain was all gone from the face, which was really in quite bad condition. There was never any pain after that. I kept up the use of the lotion two or three times a day. It did not, of course, prevent the flaking off of the skin, but it stopped the pain and relieved the red and irritated look very rapidly. I have never seen anything which was so good as this, and give the tip to help anyone, lady or gentleman, who may be suffering from sunburn, which at times is temporarily a very annoying and painful thing. This will stop the pain in a few minutes.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Pacific Salmon with a Fly.

I OBSERVE the correction by Rudyard Kipling in the article by A. N. Cheney in his article in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 29, as to his taking the Pacific salmon with a spoon instead of a fly. But Mr. Kipling would have had no difficulty in taking with a fly, to some extent, instead of a spoon, if he had sufficiently so fished. For the Pacific salmon in the sea is an omniverous feeder, as the trout, and will take about anything of moderate size which has the proper motion. In my trolling with fresh fish in 1893 off Monterey and Santa Cruz in the sea, I caught during the season several thousand pounds of salmon, and when I examined the stomach contents of several dozen salmon I found a curious medley of food—anchovies, sardines, smelts, a variety of small cods, shrimps, bluefish (so called), etc. Often when I had my fish bait cleaned off to a small shred of fish skin, I had it taken, when a fly or white rag would have answered equally well.

My hanging sinker attached with a foot of line to my main line, some 50 or more feet from my baited hook, and so fastened with a bow knot that it could be removed readily with a pull from an assistant in the boat to give free play from a clear line, and weighing a quarter of a pound, was many times struck by salmon, and in several instances pulled off.

I have no doubt the Pacific sea salmon could readily be caught with a trolling fly, although fish bait would be far more successful. J. PARKER WHITNEY.

THE PINES, Lake Richardson, Maine.

A Salmon Fishing Predicament.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A brief account of the taking of a salmon on the Bonaventure River, P. Q., under somewhat arduous conditions may be of interest to your readers. July 15 I had been fishing one of the upper pools, known as the Deepwater, and before long was playing what proved to be a good-sized salmon that had risen to my fly (a black one). I had got the fish to within some 20ft. of the canoe when my line suddenly parted on the reel, the broken part, however, not running out through the rings, as the fish was fortunately at a standstill. Almost involuntarily I took hold of the broken line, although, of course, expecting that at any moment the fish would start, carrying my casting line with him.

I had two excellent canoemen—Alan Sinclair and Noel Serome. The latter now said quietly to me, "Let me see that line, sir." I handed him the broken end and held the rod so that he could tie it. The first knot slipped on being tested. All the time the fish had not stirred. A second knot was coolly and deliberately tied, the line replaced, and I reeled and saved the fish, a 21½-pounder. Let me add that the knot as tied would not pass the rings, and I was obliged to keep the salmon within the limit of the broken piece, some 50ft. I was, of course, greatly indebted to good luck in the behavior of the fish, as well as to the skill and coolness of my men.

HENRY G. PICKERING.

UNION CLUB, Boston.

Staten Island Fishing.

ANNADALE, S. I., Aug. 3.—Geo. Beak, of Astoria, and Louis Geller, of Brooklyn, caught twenty-six weakfish here to-day. Capt. Thos. Moore and Wm. Poullion, of Annadale, caught forty-one weakfish and a large string of porgies. Abe Rogers, of Orange, N. J., summering at their summer residence, and a few friends, twelve weakfish and one blackfish. Bait, shedder crabs.

CHAS. GELLEN.

Two Angling Tales.

A COUPLE of angling tales have just reached me which conclusively prove that not all men of the law are simply practiced in the art of their profession. The first story bears the visible trademark of the enterprising but elusive daily reporter, and has in addition an unmistakable New York Sun flavor. It relates that one day recently a party on pleasure bent was traversing Oak Orchard Bay, near Lake Ontario, in a small yacht, when greatly to the consternation of the party several large black bass jumped of their own accord from the water into the boat. The ladies aboard became fairly hysterical and it speedily became necessary to go ashore with the timorous members. Some of the gentlemen of the party immediately returned over the course in a row boat and fifty or more bass flounced into the craft. To give this novelette a sort of ironclad garb of authenticity and to promote its acceptance among unconfiding readers the announcement is gravely made that the extraordinary catch has been duly and faithfully photographed. Prof. Pound, of the Cornell Law School, is said to have been aboard of both crafts and can vouch for the genuineness of this assuredly remarkable manifestation of transparent stupidity on the part of what anglers have hitherto proudly esteemed a wise old family of the finny race. As this story is the counterpart of many others that have gayly sailed the sea of publicity for lo, these many seasons, FOREST AND STREAM may anticipate the genial Professor's version of the exciting incident as soon as he safely arrives in Ithaca.

The second tale, dubbed by the Journal "A Lawyer's Fish Story," is gravely authorized by C. O. Seabring, a '98 graduate of the Cornell Law School, and the illuminative president of the Izaak Walton Club, of Spencer, N. Y. Some time ago Seabring, in company with a couple of Waltonians, went for a "stilly night" row on local waters. With lawyer-like alertness for the riches of even a boat ride, he occupied a seat in the stern of the craft, at the same time trailing his "fee hand" in the water. Presently hand and arm were grappled voraciously and a terrific tug of war ensued, which resulted in the capture by the Athletic Blackstone expounder of a 22lb. 9oz. pickerel. And as a certificate entitling this unique angling feat to full and implicit belief, a photograph of the pickerel is in evidence. It is the record heavyweight pickerel for central New York waters this season, so far as the writer is aware of.

Alas! alas! should local angling methods and conditions continue to degenerate they will have soon reached the level of chopping the groveling carp out of the mud with a bush scythe. M. CHILL.

ITHACA, N. Y.

Later.—Anent the Oak Orchard Bay fishing incident mailed FOREST AND STREAM yesterday, Prof. Pound, a chief principal in the affair, writes to a member of the Cornell University faculty vouching for the absolute truth of the story, namely, adding: "I don't ask you to believe it, for I doubt if I would believe it if I heard it from you." M. CHILL.

The One that Got Away.

MR. D. C. DEAN, of the American News Company, this city, sends us the following extract from a letter written by Prof. Carl Frommel, from the Lake George Assembly. The Professor, Mr. Dean tells us, and as appears from his own letter, is an enthusiastic fisherman. This is what he writes about the pickerel that got away:

"Now a few words about the fish. Last Thursday, July 27, I started in for the first time to have a good scientific whack at them. Had been out before that several times, but always in a hurry, and taking any old thing in the way of tackle that came handy. Had caught some eight or ten so far, but nothing over 5lbs. I looked my lines over, furbished up my spoons, examined the hooks and thought they would hold any fish that would hang on. There is where I made a mistake. Well, I went over the bay toward Gunn's four times, and hooked four fine ones, one on each turn, but only got three. The largest was 8lbs., the smallest 5¼. The first one I struck jerked my leg from under me. You know I have the habit of winding my hand line around my leg. As I have the rod line, it leaves my hands free for any of them. Before I even got my hands on that line, I said, 'That fellow will weigh 12lbs. if anything,' and when I began to pull I felt more convinced. Had pulled in two handfuls, when I saw a curve in my line; looking around, I saw him thrashing around on top of the lake, right abreast of me, about 50 or 60ft. away. He had made a fine rush, doubling up on my line coming to the top. He looked still bigger. 'Well, old feller,' says I, 'you have got to come in.' But the first pull made him break clear of the lake. He looked beautiful as he swung through the air in a half-curve, coming down with a crash. I felt convinced then no 12lb. weight would balance him.

"From then on it was a steady fight, and the hardest fight I ever had with any fish. He was just frantic, rushing in all directions. I had my heart in my mouth most of the time, and came near dropping my line in terror several times, being afraid something would snap. However, I never let him have his head, but brought him along slowly to within about 15ft. of the boat, then I stood up once to have a good look at him. That seemed to throw him in convulsions. He probably got a sight of me then for the first time. Well, right then and there something snapped, and that was the end. When I brought my line in I found two of the hooks gone. I felt pretty chargrined then and said a few things, but as there was no remedy I started in fresh with another spoon, and the result you know. When I came in, everyone shouted over the fine fish, and they think I am a wonderful fisherman, whereas I am too disgusted to speak, except to call myself an old duffer and chump.

"Well, that big one is around here somewhere and waiting for you. I have not tried it since. Don't think I shall again until you come. Yesterday was bass fishing day. One of the men here, with my boat, caught fourteen fine ones, running from ¾ up to over 5lbs. for the largest, claiming he lost one bigger than the one he has. That's pretty good sport."

Angling Chat.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The letter of your correspondent Special a week since agrees with mine in saying that taking 700 trout in any one day of ordinary length must have been very tiresome work; but it also calls my attention to a point in Mr. Seymour's letter which I had not noticed, and that is that these trout were taken in the meadows adjoining the ponds. If such is the case, he must have got into the "nursery," or breeding brooks, and the enormous catch have been simply of fingerlings, which were just "snaked out" and tossed to the guide to unhook, while a fresh cast was made on the return of the rod.

In no other way that I can imagine could such a feat have been performed on time.

Now, I have no especial desire to "jump on" Mr. Seymour, who may be a distant relative of mine, for one of my great grandmothers bore that name before her marriage, in the "good old colony days," and was of the same family which produced Governors for both Connecticut and New York, the latter of whom would certainly not have approved of such a raid upon "the innocents" as has not been equaled since the days of the late lamented King Herod of immortal memory.

Allowing these to have been all "babies," the second day's record is not much better—that, is, 650 trout weighing from ½lb. to 1½lbs. to two rods in six hours, or 325 trout to a rod in 360 minutes, averaging 1lb. each by the published record. It is a simple impossibility, and I think we should read ounces instead of pounds. With no ill feeling toward Mr. Seymour, I simply wish to pillory this style of fishing reports, made to advertise certain camps, ponds and guides. Shoshone, in his last delightful letter, this week, expresses the true angler's feeling on this subject, and that letter also suggests a botanical question I want to ask Shoshone. He speaks of the "blue columbine." Is it any relation to our Eastern columbine, with its scarlet nectaries and their yellow lining, or is it of the harebell family? I believe Shoshone is of New England birth and will know the common scarlet columbine of our rocky hills.

For the first time for many years I have not caught a trout this season. My first trial, April 30, was too early, and before I could go again the hot weather had shrunk the brooks, and the "count fishers" had stripped them, and I can no longer take the tramps "over hill and dale" which I used to to get to some favorite stream. I hope Mr. Talbott has taken my advice and read Mrs. Gordon's memoirs of her father, Christopher North, who was wont to take longer tramps than I ever attempted; but then, the Scotch climate was in his favor.

VON W.

Despoiling Berkshire Trout Waters.

THE Springfield Republican reports that the trout streams in western Massachusetts are threatened with ruin. It says: The efforts made by certain Pittsfield men to stock the streams of Berkshire county with trout fry seem to be rather discouraging. These men have taken pains and gone to considerable expense to stock the streams, to the end that in time there would be good fishing. These Pittsfield brooks have been stocked: Sackett, Brattle's, Roaring, Cameron, Smith, Lillie, Daniels, Schoolhouse and Parker; also Shaker Brook and streams in Dalton, Lenox, Lanesboro, Windsor, Washington, Richmond and West Stockbridge. From the depredations on the brooks it seems as though in a short time all this effort is likely to go for naught, simply because the law is not enforced or stringent measures taken to stop the illegal work.

Some data have been made up showing this destruction of trout. On May 11 parties were seen snaring trout on Sackett Brook, and a little later the same brook was blown up at certain points with dynamite. May 30 two boys saw some Frenchmen snaring trout in the Sackett Brook, and the same week it was reported to the officers that Kitchen Brook at Cheshire had been limed. The first week in June reports were received that parties camping near the Stockbridge Brook had used set lines, and other parties had blown up the south end of the lake. The second week in June it was reported that the Shaker Brook had been blown up; this is one of the best trout brooks in the section, if preserved. The third week in June the Allen Brook was blown up, and the last week in June the Barton Brook in Dalton was limed. The fourth week in June the Sackett Brook was blown up, and it is reported that as a result all the small trout have been killed. Roaring Brook has been robbed of trout, with nets mainly. The officers hear that the Williamstown Brook has been bagged so much that it is practically devoid of trout fry or larger fish. Complaint was lodged a few days ago with Officer Smith that Pittsfield parties blew up the Cone Brook in Richmond and West Stockbridge. Mr. Smith says that if things continue as they are going, the Berkshire streams will soon be utterly ruined so far as trout fishing goes. Complaint also comes of the shooting of robins by boys, mainly on Sundays, and the destruction of other song birds.

The Nipigon License.

By a recent order in council it is provided, with respect to angling in Lake Nipigon and the Nipigon River:

1. That no person shall fish by angling in the said waters without first having obtained an angling license or permit from the Commissioner of Fisheries through the local overseer at Nipigon.

2. That one angler's license or permit only may be issued to each applicant, and shall not be for a longer period than two weeks from the date of issue.

3. That the fee for such license or permit shall be $10 where the applicant is not a permanent resident of Canada; $2 where he is a permanent resident of the Algoma, Rainy River or Thunder Bay districts, and $5 to all other residents of Canada.

4. That the holder of such license or permit shall not catch or kill in one day, or carry away, a greater number of speckled or brook trout than in the aggregate shall weigh more than 15lbs., or a greater number than ten speckled or brook trout in any one day though said number weighs less than 15lbs.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 4.—Surf fishing has been of a most uncertain quantity thus far this season. While a few weakfish and kingfish are being taken, the catches are far below the average. The continuous cold current has undoubtedly had much to do with the matter, and has driven the fish into the rivers and bays in countless multitudes. I have never known fishing better in Barnegat, nor have I ever seen better conditioned fish. In three hours' fishing recently Judge Wm. B. Guild and myself took 106 fine tide runners, and in the face of a perfect hurricane at that. Striped bass fishing also is of the first order in those waters. In the thoroughfares around Warner's Island they are particularly abundant. Trolling with spinner and blood worm one party took forty weighing from 3lbs. to 7lbs. during one afternoon. This should be sufficient to satisfy the most enthusiastic.

Complaints are coming in of net fishing near the railroad bridge which crosses the bay at Seaside Park. I have had notice of the same mailed to our Commissioners and trust they will take speedy action. The retirement of Protector Shriner is a source of great regret in these parts, as he was a terror to the evil-doers of those waters and will be hard to replace, as his work was always honestly and conscientiously done. Is this the faithful servant's reward?

LEONARD HULIT.

Black Bass Records.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I can personally verify the statement of Mr. Cheney in last issue of FOREST AND STREAM in reference to weight of the black bass (small-mouth) that was exhibited at Blackford's in Fulton Market, in 1884, having been present when it was lifted in a net from the tank and weighed. My impression though is that the weight was 8½ instead of 8¼lbs.—a fine specimen surely—yet compared with a 4-pounder he did look to be twice as heavy. At the time I was showing to Mr. Blackford a pearl the size of a buck shot that I had found inside the muscle of a blue crab's claw—spoiled by boiling, of course, yet a veritable pearl. Mr. B., I think, sent it to Dr. Bean.

E. J. WESTFALL.

Port Arthur Fishing.

PORT ARTHUR, Ont., Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Anyone looking for cool weather, good fishing and cheap living should try this place in summer. Trout fishing ends Sept. 15. There are three good streams within six miles. I caught two dozen this afternoon in four hours. Law allows fifty per rod a day. Rates at a very comfortable boarding house, good enough for anyone, are $1 a day. Port Arthur can be reached from New York via Toronto and lake route, several steamer lines running, or by C. P. R. direct. The temperature very rarely goes above 75 degrees in shade, and a quilt is a comfort at night. What more can a fisherman ask?

ST. CROIX.

Long Island Fishing.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., Aug. 7.—Fishing has been good. The catches have been confined mostly to porgies and sea bass. The big bluefish are expected every day, and fishermen are waiting anxiously for them. When they come they will no doubt come in a bunch, as fishermen say, and there will be lively work for a time. Several large shark have been caught off the beach toward the fishing banks.

QUAHAUG.

Bass at Riverhead.

MR. J. M. BURGESS, of Riverhead, Long Island, sends us a photograph of a handsome string of black bass taken by Mr. A. W. Smith, of this city. The bass fishing at Riverhead is said to be excellent now.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Aug. 5.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island Kennel Club's one-day show, Crescent Park. George S. Miller, Sec'y.
Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.
Sept. 12-15.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Kennel Club's fifth annual bench show. Edward Meisenheimer, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-6.—Dallas, Tex.—Texas Kennel Club's second annual bench show. Sydney Smith, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-6.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's eighteenth annual show. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-13.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island State Fair Association. E. M. Oldham, Supt.
Nov. 15-18.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show. Marcel A. Viti, Sec'y.
Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 31.—Emmettsburg, Ia.—The Iowa Field Trial Association's second annual field trials. M. Bruce, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—La Salle, Man.—Western Canada Kennel Club's annual amateur field trials. A Code, Sec'y.
Sept. 6.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y.
Oct. 31.—Greene Co., Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's fifth annual field trial. A. C. Peterson Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Washington C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Nov. 8-9.—Lakeview, Mich.—Michigan Field Trials Association's second annual trials. E. Rice, Sec'y.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's first annual trials. George D. Maxfield, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.
Nov. 21.—Lawrenceville, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.— ——, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

"The Faithful American Dog."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Supposing it might interest the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, I send you an account of the dog's sagacity and attachment to his master, as related in an old but excellent school book entitled "The American Preceptor," bearing date 1820. I give the account verbatum:

"An officer in the late American army, on his station at the westward, went out in the morning with his dog and gun in quest of game. Venturing too far from the garrison, he was fired upon by an Indian who was lurking in the bushes, and instantly fell to the ground. The Indian, running to him, struck him on the head with his tomahawk, in order to dispatch him; but the button on his hat fortunately warded off the blow. With savage brutality he applied the scalping knife and hastened away with this trophy of his horrid cruelty, leaving the officer for dead, and none to relieve or console him but his faithful dog. The afflicted creature gave every expression of his attachment, fidelity and affection. He licked the wounds with inexpressable tenderness, and mourned the fate of his beloved master. Having performed every office which sympathy dictated or sagacity could invent, without being able to remove his master from the fatal spot or procure from him any signs of life or his wonted expression of affection to him, he ran off in quest of help.

"Bending his course toward the river where two men were fishing, he urged them with all the powers of native rhetoric to accompany him to the woods. The men were suspicious of a decoy to an ambush, and dared not venture to follow the dog, who, finding all his caresses failed, returned to the care of his master; and licking his wounds a second time, renewed all his tenderness, but with no better success than before. Again he returned to the men, once more to try his skill in alluring them to his assistance. In this attempt he was more successful than in the other. The men seeing his solicitude, began to think the dog might have discovered some valuable game, and determined to hazard the consequences of following him.

"Transported with his success, the affectionate creature hurried them along by every expression of ardor. Presently they arrived at the spot where, behold! an officer lies wounded, scalped, weltering in his own gore, and faint with loss of blood.

"Suffice it to say, he was yet alive. They carried him to the fort, where the first dressings were performed. A suppuration immediately took place and he was soon conveyed to the hospital at Albany, where in a few weeks he entirely recovered and was able to return to his duty.

"This worthy officer owed his life, probably, to the fidelity of this sagacious dog. His tongue, which the gentleman afterward declared gave him the most exquisite pleasure, clarified the wound in the most effectual manner, and his perseverence brought that assistance, without which he must soon have perished."

N. D. ELTING.

Tom.

"TOM is dead," Ben responded to one of my first inquiries when I landed at Auburndale, Fla., recently after a prolonged absence. "Morgan and I were getting out rails, and when Morgan was about to drop a big pine I held the dogs off to one side; then as it came down I let them go; but as the tree fell it broke off a dead limb near and fired it into the middle of Tom's back. Neither Morgan nor I would put the dog out of his misery, but when we came back there in an hour he had left Florida."

"The old dog was a good one, Benny."

"You bet; never bothered a thing in camp in his life and knew how to bring the deer out just where we could get them. Remember how he brought your first buck out to you when he thought it was about time for you to shoot something?"

"And the hunt he sent the doe out to you, and afterward the big one?"

"Let me see. Wasn't that the time that you and Morgan tried to catch a big buck with your hands and Tom helped you?"

"Yes; the Colonel's back-and-tan was umpire."

The boys waste breath when they try to persuade me that their new hound is better for deer hunting than the old dog was, for Tom's work can never be equaled, it was so exact and methodical, with no prancing, but just a steady forging ahead that meant businesss, his deep tones ringing out like those of some eminent jurists when they deliver an opinion that is an opinion, and if he undertook to decipher a cold trail even that deer might as well have saved itself the agony of a short wait by flagging its whereabouts at once. The notes uttered by our foxhound while running were only the vocal expression of his thoughts:

"Ahum-m! oho-o-o! Big 'un, big 'un! N-n-now! Ahum, ahum! Would you! Who-o-o! Ahum, ahum!"

The surrounding country during a chase belonged to our dog. The breeze, proud of its message, carried his notes far beyond wide lakes. The grizzled wilderness dallied with his tones as if they had been delicious morsels, to be masticated slowly. All nature, indeed, evidently rejoiced with us in the superb music of our dog. And now he is dead. An able logician has passed from among us. A melodious voice has expired. Let sobbing lakes proclaim their grief; let the trees of the forest lull for him their saddest requiem.

H. R. STEIGER.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

AUGUST.

9-10-11. Corinthian, Marblehead, midsummer series, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
12. Corinthian, Marblehead,, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
12. Horseshoe Harbor, annual, open, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
12. American, cruise to Squam, Newburyport.
12. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
12. Taunton, club, Taunton, Mass.
12. Wood's Holl, open, Wood's Holl, Quissett.
12. Wollaston, open, Wollaston, Mass.
12. Bridgeport, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.

12. Royal, Nova Scotia, one-design class, Halifax, N. S.
12. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
12. Quannapowitt, club.
12. Squantum, handicap, Squantum, Mass.
12. Jamaica Bay, annual cruise, rendezvous.
12-13. Winthrop, cruise to Marblehead, Winthrop.
12. Savin Hill, club handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
13. Penataquit Cor., 15ft. class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
13. Williamsburgh, sloop classes, Bowery Bay, L. I. Sound.
14-15-16-17. Lake Y. R. A. meet, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
14 to 19. Oshkosh, I. L. Y. A. week, Oshkosh, Wis.
14-15-16. Erie, open, Erie, Pa., Lake Erie.
14. American, open, Newburyport.
16. Annisquam, open, Annisquam.
17. Newport, ladies' day, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
17. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester, Mass.
17. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
19. Corinthian, Marblehead, 5th cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
19. Beverly, club Cor., Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
19. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
19. Jubilee, annual, open, Salem Bay.
19. Huguenot, annual, open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
19. Morris, special club, Port Morris, Long Island Sound.
19. New Jersey-Knickerbocker, Cor. cup, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
19. Royal Hamilton, open,, Hamilton, Lake Ontario.
19. Royal Nova Scotia, all classes, Halifax, N. S.
19. Quannapowitt, club.
19. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
20. Penataquit Cor., snipe class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
21. Royal Canadian, Canada cup, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
21-22-23-24-25. Seawanhaka Cor., Cor. of Philadelphia, knockabout match, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
21. American, moolight sail, Newburyport, Mass.
24. Plymouth, open, Plymouth, Mass.
25. Kingston, open, Duxbury Bay.
26. Royal Nova Scotia, club, Halifax, N. S.
26. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
26. Huntington, annual, open, Huntington Bay.
26. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Corinthian, Marblehead, 6th cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
26. Duxbury,, open, Duxbury Bay.
26. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
26. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
26. Seawanhaka Cor., Center memorial, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
26. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
26. Wollaston, handicap, Wollaston, Mass.
26. Quannapowitt, club.
26. Wood's Holl, sprit & cat classes, Wood's Holl, Hadley Harbor.
26. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
26. Savin Hill, club handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
26. Atlantic, Ballantine cup, Sea Gate, New York Harbor.
27. Williamsburgh, ladies' race, Bowery Bay, Lond Island Sound.
27. Penataquit Cor., knockabouts, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
28. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown, Cape Cod Bay.
29. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet Harbor.

SEPTEMBER.

New York, trial races, America Cup, off Sandy Hook.
2. Larchmont, special races, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
2. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
2. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
2-4. Corinthian, cruise, Marblehead.
2. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
2. Wood's Holl, club.
2-4. Wollaston, cruise, Wollaston.
2. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
2-4. East Gloucester, cruise to Hull.
2. Royal Nova Scotia, one-design class, Halifax, N. S.
3. Penataquit, fall club regatta, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
4. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Atlantic, Adams cups, Sea Gate, New York Harbor.
4. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Bunker Hill, annual, Boston Harbor.
4. Lynn, annual, open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Newport, club, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
4. Wood's Holl, sprit & cat classes, Wood's Holl, Hadley Harbor.
4. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Sachem's Head, annual, open, Sachem's Head, L. I. Sound.
4. Pavonia, special club, Communipaw, New York Bay.
4. Royal Nova Scotia, Prince of Wales cup, Halifax, N. S.
6. Norwalk, open, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
7 to 11. Interlake Y. R. A., meet, Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie.
9. Royal Nova Scotia, open handicap, Halifax, N. S.
9. Atlantic, Gould cups, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
9. Seawanhaka Cor., fall race, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound
9. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
9. Hull, Mass., open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
9. Winthrop, cruise to Hull, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
9. Wollaston, handicap, Wollaston, Mass.
9-10. Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, rendezvous and sail, Hull.
9. Wood's Holl, club, Wood's Holl, Quissett.
9. Burgess, 3d cham., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
10. Penataquit Cor., knockabouts, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
14. Newport, ladies' cruise, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
16. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
16. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
16. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
23. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
23. Riverside, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
24. Williamsburgh, annual fall regatta, Bowery Bay, L. I. Sound.
27. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
30. Corinthian, knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.

OCTOBER.

3-5-7. New York, America Cup matches, Sandy Hook.

The unfortunate termination of the contest for the Seawanhaka cup has given rise to new discussion and to criticism of the defending club. The following extracts from the New York Times and the New York Evening Telegram are fair samples of the tone of this criticism:

"The outcome of the international races at Lake St. Louis for the Seawanhaka cup was the cause of much disgust among yachtsmen yesterday. They did not hesitate to express themselves in plain terms on the conduct of Duggan in sailing Glencairn over the course alone after Constance had taken ground and failed to start. Technically the decision of the committee was admitted to be right, but that the defender of the cup should have taken a sail over when the merits of the two boats, each of which had won two races, seemed so nearly equal and every reasonable consideration demanded a final decisive contest, was regarded as anything but sportsmanlike."

"The cup this year is lost on a pure technicality, the committee deciding, so far as the news reports affirm, that Constance could not protest the race so long as she did not start in it. The only trouble with our Canadian friends appears to be that they stand on too many technicalities and forget the more liberal side of racing which provides invariably for a contest on the merits of the contestants."

Although both of these journals assume to deal with yachting as experts and from a strictly technical standpoint, their view of the case is the popular one, based entirely on sentiment and an ignorance of the rules of yacht racing. The case is a very simple one, the only point open to discussion being the negotiations between the Seawanhaka representative and the race committee prior to the preparatory signal. Of these we cannot speak from personal knowledge, but they seem to be covered by the direct statements of both parties, quoted in our account of the race.

While the basis of yachting, as in all sports, is that sentiment of fair play which revolts from even the appearance of a mean advantage, the practical management of yacht racing is governed by strict and rigid rules which in many cases cannot be departed from. In the present case, which is very similar to that of the famous Valkyrie-Defender foul, a few plain rules and principles govern.

In the first place, a race begins when the preparatory signal is given. After that each yacht is amenable to all the racing rules and must stand by its own accidents. There is no provision in the racing rules, here or abroad, by which a race committee is empowered to stop a race or recall a yacht after the preparatory signal—of course, excepting the recall of a yacht which crosses the line before the starting gun. The race committee has no discretion whatever after giving the preparatory signal; this starts the machinery of the race, and it cannot be stopped.

To take an extreme case, if after the preparatory signal is given in an international race one contestant should be sunk by the interference of an outside boat, it is questionable whether the committee would have any course but to allow the uninjured boat to sail over and to award her the race. In the present case the race committee would have been greatly to blame had it sent word to Glencairn that the race was off.

On the part of the skipper of Glencairn, he was for the time the representative of the defending club, charged with the care of its interests under the rules. He had no right to constitute himself the judge of an accident of which he could have no definite knowledge, and to abandon the race under circumstances which might possibly mean his ultimate disqualification and the loss of the race to his club. It would, of course, be a very pretty piece of sentiment had he given up, but it would have been very bad sport and a breach of faith on his part toward the club which selected him as its representative.

The real point in the case lies with the negotiations between Mr. Post and the committee prior to the preparatory signal. As we understand it, the circumstances were such as have never before arisen in some twelve similar races over the same water, and the race committee made every possible effort to meet the wishes of Mr. Post, altering the course several times and taking him on the boat which placed and shifted the marks. Mr. Post apparently accepted the course finally laid out, and made no objection to the preparatory signal being given. If this is the case, the only question is whether in accepting the course after both parties had employed every possible opportunity of determining its availability he thus waived the right of protesting in the event of its subsequently proving unsuitable. There is no question that the course was equally fair to both boats, as they are of the same dimensions and type, drawing the same water, and the obstruction was either sand or a rock which shifts every winter with the movement of the ice. It may be conceded that Mr. Post fairly reserved the right of protest and that he was justified in exercising it after his yacht was grounded.

After this comes the question of the fairness of the committee's decision that the protest was not well grounded. The facts as reported seem to show that after the preparatory signal was given with the acquiescence of the Seawanhaka representative the committee had no power but to allow Glencairn to continue, and Mr. Duggan could do nothing but to sail the race to a finish. The one thing possible on the part of the defending club was to submit the entire question to a full meeting of the club and to decide to offer to call the race off and sail another. This could not be done, under the rules of racing, by either the committee or the club representative. There is no question that all good sportsmen will view with regret an occurrence of this kind. Whichever side they may favor, they would prefer to see the decision made on a cleanly sailed race; but there are many eventualities in yachting in which nothing is possible but a strictly technical observance of the letter of the rule.

Under her ketch rig Shamrock sailed from Fairlie on Aug. 3, but after going a short distance returned to repair a small defect about the bowsprit, starting again the same evening. Capt. Hogarth and Capt. Wringe were on board, with Capt. Hamilton of the Allan Line as navigator. The yacht will take a southerly course, which should bring her to New York about Sept. 1. The steam yacht Erin sailed, soon after Shamrock, Sir Thomas Lipton not being on board. Shamrock is insured at Lloyds for £40,000 at 5 per cent.

The efforts of the Newport Y. R. A. to sail a series of races between Columbia and Defender have been unsuccessful through the delay in stepping the new steel mast and the accident to it. The two yachts will meet frequently on the New York Y. C. cruise, Columbia sailing with her original pine mast, the steel mast being meanwhile repaired. After it is shipped there will be further trials.

The New York Y. C. Cruise.

The annual cruise of the New York Y. C. began on Aug. 7 with a rendezvous at New London, a very large fleet being present. The official programme of the cruise is as follows:

In conformity with General Orders No. 3, the regatta committee announce the following details with regard to the racing events and other incidents of the cruise:

General Directions.—By invitation of the commodore the committee will make the cruise on the flagship. Yachts entered for any racing event will display their private signals and numbers as directed by Rule IX, Section 3. They will show no other colors. Club rules will govern all events unless otherwise directed. The course will be signaled before the preparatory signal is made. Should a signal gun miss fire, a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given. At the finish of each race the flagship will display a large club signal at the fore and show a red ball, by day; and after dark she will show four white lights, hung vertically, and will burn club signals at ten-minute intervals. Duplicates of this circular, and detailed sailing directions for the Astor and other cups, can be obtained at the club house and at the Newport Station (No. 6).

Cruising Trim.—"Anchors on the bow and at least one cable bent; cruising complement of boats carried (launches optional); cruising deck, cabin and galley fittings and fixtures in place; topsails extending above the truck and beyond the end of the gaff, barred. Water can be taken into the tanks up to 8 A. M."

A seagoing tug will accompany the squadron as a general utility boat. When she takes the place of the flagship she will be distinguished by the signals already mentioned, and by day will also fly the committee flag at the main. Members wishing to proceed on her from port to port will notify the superintendent of the club, who will be on board.

Squadron Runs.—There will be the customary runs from port to port, in cruising trim. Entries—Crossing the line will be regarded as an entry unless otherwise directed.

Club Prizes.—In each class there will be a prize for first, if two or more start, and a prize for second, if four or more start. (A yacht alone in her class will sail in the class next above. R. W., Section 5—Yachts alone in their respective classes, with the class next above not filled, will be bunched in a mixed class. R. II.) The day before the squadron disbands, the club will offer "wind-up" cups, to be sailed for over a triangular course, starting from Brenton's Reef L. S., and finishing off Castle Hill Light, open to yachts that have made any of the runs. In each class a prize for first, if two or more start. Cruising trim, except that the Columbia and Defender will sail in racing trim.

Special Prizes.—The vice-commodore offers a cup for the schooner winning the greatest number of runs, all sailing in one class. The rear-commodore offers a cup for single-masted vessels and yawls, upon similar terms. The commodore will offer a cup for 30-footers owned by members of the club, to be sailed for on the day of the "wind-up" cups.

Starting Signals—No. 1. Preparatory.—A gun will be fired and the blue peter set. No. 2. Start for single-masted vessels and yawls—Ten minutes later a second gun will be fired, the blue peter lowered and a red ball hoisted. No. 3. Start for schooners (handicap time for single-masted vessels, etc.)—Five minutes later a third gun will be fired and a second red ball hoisted. No. 4. Handicap time for schooners—Five minutes later a fifth gun will be fired and both balls will drop. No. 5. Start for Columbia and Defender—Fifteen minutes later a sixth gun will be fired and a red ball hoisted. Two minutes later the discharge of a gun and the dropping of the ball will mark their handicap time.

Courses.—When the commodore has ordered the squadron under way the committee will establish the start lines, which, like the finish lines, will be between a white flag on the committee boat and the points indicated below. New London to Gardiner's Bay—No. 1, letter B, from a mark east of Sarah's Ledge Buoy to and around a mark 3½ miles S. by W. ½ W. from Watch Hill Light, leaving it to starboard; to a mark 3½ miles S.S.W. from Plum Island Light; 30 miles. No. 2, letter C, from a mark east of Sarah's Ledge Buoy to and around a mark 3¾ miles N. ¾ W. from Montauk Point, leaving it to starboard, to the finish mark, placed as for course No. 1; 30 miles. On each course Race Rock must be left to port. The marks will display a large club signal. The commodore will state at the New London meeting that after the run has been made the squadron will anchor at will and that the flagship and yachts wishing to accompany her will proceed to anchorages off Shelter Island and Greenport. Gardiner's Bay to Newport—From a mark 4 miles S.S.W. from Plum Island Light to Brenton's Reef L. S., leaving Point Judith Whistle Buoy to port; 43 miles. Newport to Vineyard Haven—From Brenton's Reef L. S. to West Chop Buoy (red No. 2), leaving Vineyard Sound L. S. on port hand; 37 miles. Vineyard Haven to Newport—From West Chop Buoy to Brenton's Reef L. S., leaving Vineyard Sound L. S. on starboard hand; 37 miles.

Owl and gamecock colors will be rowed for at such port as the commodore shall decide, under the management of the fleet captain. Entries: Gamecock, $10; owl, $5; dinghies, $2; launches, $10. The club will add $5 an oar, and $10 for launches.

The Astor Cups.—Newport, Aug. 14. A $1,000 cup for schooners and a $500 cup for single-masted vessels and yawls, offered by Capt. John Jacob Astor, N. Y. Y. C., and open to yachts belonging to the club that have not hauled out to clean since the commencement of the cruise. The course will be either club course No. 4 or No. 5. The start will be off Brenton's Reef L. S. at 10:30 A. M. Entries, which must be in writing, will be received at club house, New York, up to 12 M., Aug. 12, and at Newport station (No. 6), up to 8 A. M., Aug. 14. Capt. Astor reserves the privilege of inviting foreign yachts that may be in American waters to enter the race.

Club Boat for the Astor Cups.—Newport, Aug. 14. The sidewheel steamboat Warwick, formerly Day Star, Providence and Fall River Transportation Company, has been chartered for this occasion. She will leave Commercial Wharf at 9:45 A. M. Members can obtain tickets, $3 each, including lunch, but exclusive of wine, etc., and also extra ticket for their friends, at the same price, at the club house, 67 Madison avenue, New York, up to Aug. 11, and from Capt. F. P. Sands, N. Y. Y. C., at the Newport station on or before the morning of the race.

Wood's Holl Y. C.

WOOD'S HOLL, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 5.

The Wood's Holl Y. C. sailed its thirty-fifth regatta on Aug. 5 in a good S.W. wind. The times were:

Catboats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Maud S., Robert Veeder	1 48 43	1 48 43
Mary E., A. F. Crowell	2 10 55	2 04 11
Frolic, R. N. Veeder	Withdrew.	

Spritsails.

Emma, A. M. Ferris	1 20 35	1 20 35
K. T., William Ferris	1 21 48	1 21 36
Eel, F. R. Gifford	1 26 10	1 26 10
E. Z., H. M. Howes	Withdrew.	
Mag, D. S. Wilson	Withdrew.	
Dude, H. E. Hibbard	Not timed.	
Hard A. Lee, G. G. Bacon	Not timed.	
Lorania, Miss Lee	Not timed.	

South Boston Y. C. Dinghy Races.

The South Boston Y. C. sailed the fourth of a series of dinghy races on July 29, the times being:

French	0 38 25	Lee	0 47 21
Stickney	0 40 08	Borden	0 48 20
Dolbeare	0 42 22		

The Canada Cup.

The promised trial between Prairie and the new Briar, reported last week, was a mere farce, Briar being in no condition to race, and the two sailing under lower canvas only in a slight breeze. As a matter of course, Genesee was chosen to represent the Chicago Y. C. at Toronto, the formal announcement being made on July 28. She will be carried back to Lake Ontario by steamer and refitted by C. C. Hanley, her designer and builder, for the cup races, which begin on Aug. 21. As far as the inherent merits of Briar's design are concerned, they are as yet untested, the yacht having been built in a great hurry and being yet very far from completion.

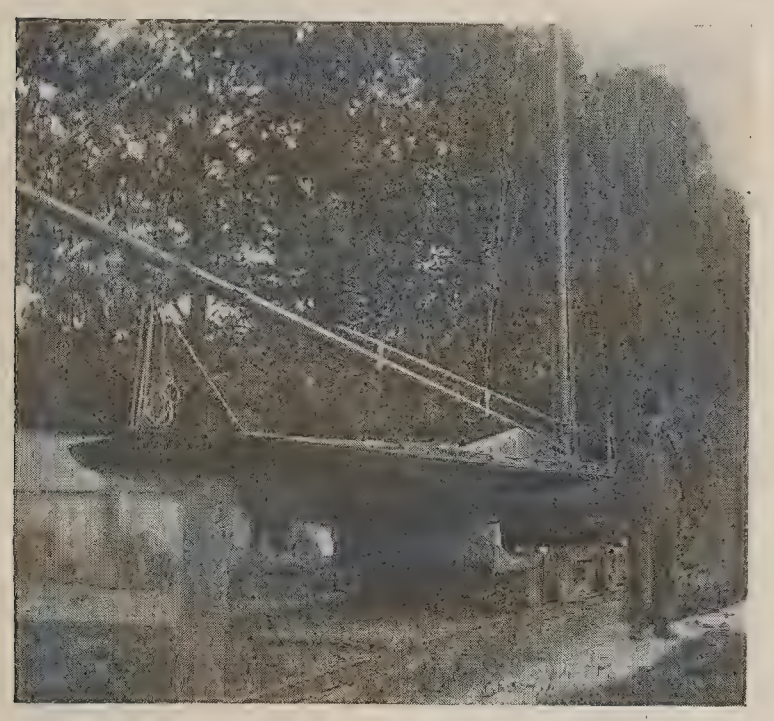
On July 26 a race was sailed at Toronto, only Toronto and Payne starting, as McLeod had just had a new mast stepped, a hollow stick of Oregon pine, and the rigging was not set up. The wind was S.W. moderate, and the course was a triangle of one-mile legs. Payne, sailed by Mr. Jarvis, crossed 15 seconds ahead of Toronto, steered by Mr. J. Wilton Morse. The times were as follows:

	Start.	First.	Second.	Finish.
Payne	4 30 05	4 53 50	5 17 59	5 42 35
Toronto	4 30 20	4 55 49	5 22 13	5 48 20

The times at the buoys were:

Buoy.	Payne.	Toronto.	Run.		Gains.
Start	4 30 05	4 30 20	One	Payne	0 00 15
Island	4 40 17	4 41 56	Beat	Payne	0 01 24
Eastern	4 47 52	4 49 54	Free	Payne	0 00 28
Club	4 53 50	4 55 49	Beam	Toronto	0 00 08
Island	5 03 57	5 07 47	Beat	Payne	0 01 51
Eastern	5 11 57	5 16 14	Free	Payne	0 00 27
Club	5 17 57	5 22 13	Beam	Toronto	0 00 03
Island	5 28 36	5 34 12	Beat	Payne	0 01 22
Eastern	5 36 15	5 42 35	Free	Payne	0 00 44
Finish	5 42 35	5 48 20	Beam	Toronto	0 00 25

On July 31 another race was sailed in a violent summer gale that upset many yachts and boats and did serious damage on shore in the vicinity of Toronto. In the course of the afternoon one man was blown from a wharf and drowned, and a number of persons were rescued from capsized boats and small yachts. The cutter Canada was dismasted while under way in Toronto Bay at the start of a race, one of her hands being aloft at the time, but escaping without injury. Merrythought, Mr. Jarvis' cutter, was about seven miles out in the lake, bound for Niagara, when the squall struck her, and cost her a bowsprit. Canada and Vivia started in the larger class, and



CONSTANCE ON THE WAYS.

Payne, sailed by Mr. Wicksteed; Toronto, sailed by Mr. Morse; McLeod, sailed by Mr. Jarvis, started in the 35ft. class. McLeod led from the start, and when the storm struck on the second leg she shifted to a storm jib and went along easily. Payne carried away the bobstay lug on her cranse iron and was forced to withdraw. Toronto knocked down until her mast was almost in the water, but righted. She was overpowered in the strong wind, and though her topsail was stowed and her mainsail reefed she was far astern. McLeod finally gave up and towed Payne in.

On the same afternoon Myrtle again beat Hamilton at Hamilton.

The trial races for the selection of a defender to meet Genesee began on Aug. 7 at Toronto. The committee charged with the selection is composed of Messrs. A. J. Riddell, Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.; E. H. Ambrose, Royal Hamilton Y. C.; Owain Martin, Queen City Y. C.; Sidney Small, Royal Canadian Y. C., and W. G. Phillips, Official Timekeeper of the Lake Y. R. A. The week following the trial races, Aug. 14-19, will be devoted to the annual meet of the Lake Y. R. A. at Toronto and Hamilton, and on the following Monday, Aug. 21, the first race for the Canada cup will be sailed.

On July 30 the sloop Genesee was hoisted on board a steamer at Chicago to be transported to Buffalo, from which port she will sail to Charlotte. There she will be overhauled by Mr. Hanley and put into shape for the cup races on Aug. 21. It is proposed to sail her across to Toronto by Aug. 19. She will be manned by the same crew as in the trial races, with Mr. C. G. Davis at the stick.

Quincy Y. C. Challenge Cup.

Second Match, 1899.

First Race, Monday, July 24.

The first race for the 1899 series for the Quincy Y. C. cup was sailed in a wholesail N.E. breeze. All of the challengers were on hand, and the defender, Hostess, seemed none the worse for a capsize the previous day. The challengers were Heiress, Lynn Y. C., designed and built by Chas. D. Mower, the successful designer and builder of the Y. R. A. winner Duchess, 18ft., in 1898, and Vitesse, 15ft., in 1897. Heiress is on the same lines as the other boats, but is 38ft. over all, 10ft. beam and 9in. draft, with 300 or 400lbs. of inside ballast and 1,000ft. of sail.

Thelma, from the Annisquam Y. C., of Gloucester, is of the same general lines as Heiress, and from the same board, with a little less beam—9ft. 2in.—and 900ft. of sail.

Oogrook, from the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., designed by John R. Purdou, looks like a cylinder with the upper third cut off. She is 37ft. over all, 8ft. beam and 9in. draft, showing smaller power than the other boats.

Pompano, from the Beverly Y. C., is the most powerful boat of all, being 39ft. over all, 10ft. 6in. beam, with a fin 3ft. 9in. deep, carrying 1,000lbs. of lead and using a centerboard as well. She has a rudder on either quarter and an arrangement for swinging the centerboard sideways.



CONSTANCE ON THE WAYS.

Hostess, the defender, is a Quincy-designed and built boat from the lines of Arthur Keith, of the Coast and Geodetic Survey.

She is 39ft. over all, 10ft. 9in. beam and 9in. draft, with a dagger board. She is of the extreme scow type, with a flat floor and dory sides, and sails best to windward when lifted out as far as her centerboard. Her beam is carried to the ends, and the floor comes on a gradual rise to a sharp edge at bow.

In the first race the boats all started with reefs, though it was only a good catboat breeze. Heiress took the lead, Skipper Faxon, of Hostess, showing care and judgment in keeping out of the bunch and preferring to take the leeward position at the start. After beating to windward a mile it was evident the race was to be between Hostess and Heiress, which had a lead of a few hundred feet, when her tiller straps broke and Hostess was never approached by the other challengers. The summary shows the rest. Oogrook took second place, followed by the fin Pompano and centerboard Thelma.

	Elapsed.
Hostess, H. M. Faxon	1 29 18
Oogrook, Walter Abbot	1 37 32
Pompano, W. E. C. Eustis	1 38 50
Thelma, F. L. Pigeon	1 43 19

Course, N.E. 2 1-3 miles and return and repeat, 9 1-3 nautical miles.

Second Race, Tuesday, July 25.

The start was made at 11:15, with a light wind from the N.E., and the race was over a triangle from the Quincy Y. C. house to Hull Gut, then to the red spar in Hingham Channel, then to the club house and repeat, distance 12 nautical miles. All carried full sail.

Heiress took the lead to windward at once, with Hostess on leeward end of line and Pompano, Thelma and Oogrook between. Hostess soon drew away from these



THE COMMITTEE BOAT.
(Steamer Yacht Dama.)

three and it resolved into a close race between Heiress and Hostess, with the others gradually dropping astern. At the windward mark, distant two miles, Heiress led by 54 seconds. On the reach Hostess caught her and passed her at the Hingham spar buoy, but her position soon turned to her disadvantage, as Heiress, by quick setting her spinaker and small topsail, blanketed Hostess and finally passed and gradually gained to the starting flag, which she rounded with a lead of 15 seconds, finishing the first round.

On the second beat to windward Heiress passed the windward buoy at Hull Gut 53 seconds ahead of Hostess. On the reach to Hingham buoy Hostess nipped Heiress again, and was 30 seconds ahead turning the buoy, where both boats set spinakers for a dead run home. Heiress could not succeed in blanketing Hostess and finished 29 seconds astern, after sailing twelve miles. Thelma showed better form than on the previous day, but, with Oogrook and Pompano, is clearly outclassed by Hostess and Heiress. Hostess does not hold to windward with Heiress, but foots so fast she nearly catches Heiress, and with started sheets goes decidedly faster, while dead before the wind there is no choice.

	Elapsed.		Elapsed.
Hostess	2 17 53	Oogrook	2 28 04
Heiress	2 18 22	Pompano	2 30 27
Thelma	2 25 27		

Third Race, Wednesday, July 26.

The day opened with S.W. squalls and a dangerous looking sky, which soon let down torrents of water, and the wind died out until at starting time it had gone all around the compass. The course was to be to windward and leeward, but after Course No. 4 had been announced and the race fairly started the wind shifted to W.N.W. which made it a reach to Hull and a run back.

Heiress was first across at 1:30, the starting line being on the Weymouth side of bay. Hostess and Pompano both crossed too quickly for the gun and were called back twice before making a fair start, losing nearly three minutes. Soon after the start the fog shut in thick and the judges' boat made for Hull, where to the surprise of all Pompano showed first through the fog, closely followed by Thelma. On the short tack to round Sheep Island Thelma passed Pompano and held her lead round the starting buoy and to the Hull buoy, when she again yielded right of way to Pompano, but immediately passed her on the reach to the Weymouth shore.

Meantime, Hostess and Heiress, though beaten, were cutting up all kinds of tricks on each other, making a sight for the galleries. Flukes and shifts of winds were unable to separate them, and in fact they indulged in a luffing match, which took them two miles out of their way and only stopped when they were 100ft. from the west shore, close in to the Quincy Y. C. house. However, after all their freaks, they crossed side by side in the finish only 100yds. astern of Thelma and Pompano.

	Elapsed.		Elapsed.
Thelma	3 02 56	Heiress	3 05 38
Pompano	3 04 39	Oogrook	3 11 58
Hostess	3 05 34		

Fourth Race, Thursday, July 27.

The fourth and last race was sailed over a triangular course, the wind being S.W. All five boats carried reefs, Hostess having in two. The first leg was a broad reach to the red spar Hingham buoy. On this Hostess pulled ahead, and when half the leg was covered she had 9 min-



THE CLUB HOUSE FROM THE PIER.

utes' lead. Pompano ran up into second place. The first mark was timed:

	Elapsed.		Elapsed.
Hostess	1 31 50	Thelma	1 34 57
Heiress	1 33 21	Oogrook	1 35 53
Pompano	1 33 58		

The second leg was a broad reach to the end of Peddock's Island, two miles. Hostess added to her lead and turned the buoy 2:52 ahead. Time:

	Elapsed.		Elapsed.
Hostess	1 45 26	Thelma	1 50 00
Heiress	1 48 18	Oogrook	1 50 50
Pompano	1 48 50		

The end of the first round showed to everyone's surprise that Hostess had gained on Heiress going to windward. Oogrook also came up, and at the end of the first round was even with Pompano. Time:

	Elapsed.		Elapsed.
Hostess	2 09 52	Oogrook	2 17 28
Heiress	2 13 28	Thelma	2 18 40
Pompano	2 17 28		

On the second round Hostess still drew away, and the time shows the record better than words:

	Elapsed.		Elapsed.
Hostess	2 25 15	Pompano	2 33 19
Heiress	2 28 35	Thelma	2 34 20
Oogrook	2 32 45		

At Peddock's mark, on the second round, the times were:

	Elapsed.		Elapsed.
Hostess	2 36 45	Pompano	2 46 30
Heiress	2 41 33	Thelma	2 47 40
Oogrook	2 44 50		

The last windward leg was sailed in a stronger breeze, and Hostess, not taking any chances of breaking down, was not pushed, while Heiress, sailing for a forlorn last chance, was driven hard to cut down the lead of Hostess. Oogrook worked up into third place, and in the last few tacks Pompano, though a fin-keel, carried on so badly, coming as near going over as she could, that Thelma passed her.

The finish was timed:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hostess	3 08 33	1 53 33
Heiress	3 10 25	1 55 25
Oogrook	3 19 25	2 04 25
Thelma	3 26 24	2 11 24
Pompano	3 27 06	2 12 06

W. H. Shaw.

Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup.

THE fifth series of races for the international challenge cup for small yachts established by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. in 1895 has ended in a third victory for the holders, the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. of Montreal. This time, as in 1895, it has taken five races to decide the winner, and unfortunately one of the five gave rise to a protest.

The first race, as told last week, was sailed on July 28, the Canadian yacht mistaking a buoy and going far out of her course, though finally making up the greater part of the loss. The second race, in a good breeze, was won on her merits by the American boat. The third and fourth races were won by the superior handling of the Canadian boat. The final race was started in a wind which made it difficult to lay a proper course, and several changes of marks were made by the committee, with the representative of the American boat. The race was finally started over the course agreed to, but between the guns the American boat took the ground, and after getting clear declined to continue in the race, the Canadian being left to sail over. A protest was made, but after a long hearing was disallowed by the committee. This termination was regretted by both sides, as it was hoped that the series would be sailed to a finish on the merits of the boats, but the circumstances were such as to make it unavoidable. After the last race a challenge was received from the White Bear Y. C., the challenger of last year, whose challenge was then set aside in order to give the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. another chance to regain the cup.

Second Race, Monday, July 31.

During Saturday night a westerly breeze sprung up, blowing up to twenty-five miles per hour on Sunday, with a marked fall of temperature. On Sunday afternoon Glenowen, one of the 1897 20-footers, was out with her owner, Mr. Shirley Davidson, of Glencairn's crew, at the stick. She was capsized and driven on a reef, where she pounded until she was a wreck. The breeze held until night, but fell a little by morning.

The bottom of Constance was very rough from hasty varnishing, and after the return on Saturday she was taken out of the water and turned over in the shed. The varnisher of the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Club was sent for by wire and came down from Ogdensburgh on Saturday night by train. On Sunday the boat was thoroughly rubbed down by her three attendants and repolished with shellac until a perfect surface was obtained.

On Sunday afternoon the American visitors were entertained at the Forest and Stream Club by the members of the yacht club.

Monday morning was clear and very cool, with a cloudy sky and a fresh westerly wind. The flagship Dama went out to the course at noon, towing Glencairn, while Sirius towed Constance. The course was the regular triangle of one-and-one-third-mile sides, sailed three times. The Duchess of York carried a large party for a Monday race, and the steam yachts Alcyone, Chipmuck and Louise, with some smaller ones, were present, with a few sailing yachts and skiffs.

Before the start Constance carried two reefs and Glencairn a single reef. After a short trial on the wind Constance shook out one reef, and just before the first signal she turned out the second. Glencairn set her whole mainsail between the first and second signals. She carried a new mainsail of a yellowish tint, a cotton sail. In the race of Friday she had carried one of Dominion's mainsails. Constance, after trying two silk mainsails, sailed the races with a cotton mainsail nearly white in color. Mr. Sherman Hoyt had his old place in the crew, Mr. E. M. Thomas having returned to New York.

The wind was blowing from the Pointe Claire shore, making the first leg almost to windward, with the course sailed with marks to port. The preliminary was given at 1:15, with the preparatory at 1:20, and the start at 1:25. Just before the gun the two stood in toward Pointe Claire on port tack, Constance luffing round first and coming for the weather end of the line. She crossed within a few seconds, with Glencairn on her starboard quarter and about 10 seconds astern.

They crossed the line on starboard tack, but as soon as they were well clear of the committee steamer they went about, Glencairn first and Constance immediately after. As they started the long port tack inshore Constance was on the weather beam of Glencairn. The latter was clearly overpowered, rolling down to an angle which made both sails and centerboard ineffective. For the first time in the whole series of trial and cup races of four years there was seen a Duggan boat which failed both to point and to hold on. The case of Dominion and Challenger last year was reversed, the Duggan boat this time heeling to a greater angle and sliding off to leeward, while the Crane boat was doing exceptional work to windward.

It was nearly 10 minutes before Constance came about near Pointe Claire, Glencairn standing on for 3 minutes longer. Constance fetched the mark on this starboard tack, while Glencairn was forced to make a pair of short tacks to round, the times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Constance	1 47 34	0 22 34	0 02 56	0 02 56
Glencairn	1 50 30	0 25 30	. . . .	. . . .

Constance slacked sheets, and with a safe lead started on the reach to second mark under her working jib. Glencairn's crew did some smart work and had the balloon jib set in a very short time. The reach was a mere stern chase, without incident, the times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Constance	1 56 42	0 09 08	. . . .	0 02 10
Glencairn	1 58 52	0 08 22	0 00 46	. . . .

The times showed a decided gain for Glencairn, but not as much as might be expected from her extreme inclined length.

The third leg was a reach with booms to starboard; Constance jibed at the mark and was a long way toward home when Glencairn rounded. At 2 o'clock she turned in a reef, seeing which Glencairn followed her example. The crew of Constance was very slow, the boat being stopped for a long time, the outhaul being broken. Glencairn's crew lost no time, but lowered away, tied in and set up again in a very few moments. In spite of the time lost in reefing Glencairn made but 10 seconds on this leg, the times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Constance	2 06 21	0 09 59	. . . .	0 02 00
Glencairn	2 08 21	0 09 49	0 00 10	. . . .

With a single reef Glencairn still had sail enough, as the wind held and came in hard puffs off the Beaconsfield shore. The leg was covered in about the same time with a reef in as under full sail on the first round, the turn being timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Constance	2 29 21	0 23 00	0 01 37	0 03 37
Glencairn	2 32 58	0 24 37	. . . .	. . . .

The times showed a good gain for Constance, though less than on the first round.

The second leg was sailed without incident, Constance carrying her working jib and Glencairn again setting her ballooner.

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Constance	2 38 05	0 08 44	0 00 07	0 03 44
Glencairn	2 41 49	0 08 51	. . . .	. . . .

On this reach Constance showed a slight gain.

The wind was about the same on the third leg, but soon after rounding Constance turned in a second reef for the last beat to windward, also setting a small jib, Glencairn this time picking up a full minute.

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Constance	2 48 00	0 09 55	. . . .	0 02 34
Glencairn	2 50 31	0 08 45	0 01 10	. . . .

After rounding Constance took the old course in toward Pointe Claire, but Glencairn broke tacks at the mark and stood off on starboard. Constance held her port tack for over 2 minutes after Glencairn tacked, so that they were quite wide apart.

Glencairn was apparently doing better work than on either of the previous windward legs, while Constance had too little sail, the second reef being a mistake. There was now a fresh breeze, a clear, sunny sky and an easy sea, all conditions being favorable to a close race. After about 5 minutes on the starboard tack Constance came about, Glencairn, well out to the westward, coming on port tack just after. It promised to be a hot race for the mark, and there was a good deal of excitement among the spectators. Glencairn apparently made a large gain out in the open, but when they came nearer the shore Constance at 3:05 shook out her second reef and at once began to do better work. The turn was timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Constance	3 11 20	0 23 20	. . . .	0 01 33
Glencairn	3 12 53	0 21 19	0 01 01	. . . .

Glencairn had made up a large part of her loss, and it was still uncertain who would win. This time Constance set her balloon jib for the reach, having no time to spare. The second mark was timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Constance	3 20 30	0 09 10	. . . .	0 01 09
Glencairn	3 21 39	0 08 46	0 00 24	. . . .

Just before jibing Constance shook out her last reef, Glencairn being already under full sail. They came down the wind in an exciting stern chase, Constance losing a little, but leading over the line by 55 seconds, the times being:

		Leg.		Whole course.	
	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.	Elapsed.	Lead.
Constance	3 29 00	0 08 30	. . . .	0 00 55	2 04 00	0 00 55
Glencairn	3 29 55	0 08 16	0 00 14	. . . .	2 04 55	. . . .

Third Race, Tuesday, Aug. 1.

The superiority of Constance in windward work was so plainly manifest on every occasion when the two were side by side in anything but a very light breeze that her success in the third race was taken as almost a foregone conclusion after the finish on Monday. The Glencairn crew, however, showed no signs of discouragement, accepting the situation very philosophically. They were ready early Tuesday morning, and at 10 o'clock the yacht was under way, with smooth water, a clear sunny sky overhead, and a S.W. wind that was blowing hard enough to favor Constance rather than the Canadian boat. They sailed up the river for an hour or so, trying the sails and making ready for the great race of the series, the last chance of retaining the cup.

The steam yacht Dama came up before noon and took Glencairn in tow, while Sirius took charge of Constance. The course was logged off, two nautical miles to windward, nearly S.W.; and at 1:15 the first signal was given, followed by the preparatory at 1:20. Both yachts were under single-reefed mainsails, but within a minute before the start Constance shook out hers.

The signal was given at 1:25, Glencairn going over promptly with a lead of 9 seconds and her wind clear. At first Constance drew up on her, and it seemed that the race would be decided in a very few minutes, but Mr. Duggan shook out his reef and then held his own. They made a long stretch on starboard tack out into the lake, Glencairn coming on port tack at 1:42, and Constance immediately following. The two had sailed so evenly that it was impossible to judge of the gain and loss from the distance of the committee steamer; but when they came about it was evident that Glencairn, though neither pointing nor holding on as well as Constance, had managed to keep close to her. They held this tack for nearly four minutes, Constance then tacking for the mark and Glencairn going about with her. The times were:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Constance	1 49 32	0 24 32	0 00 53	0 00 53
Glencairn	1 50 25	0 25 25	. . . .	. . . .

Constance set her spinaker and balloon jib as well, while Glencairn's crew hurried to set her balloon jib, the wind having shifted a little since the mark was laid.

At 2:56 Constance carried her spinaker to leeward and set it as a big balloon jib, carrying the real balloon jib as well. Glencairn followed her example and set her spinaker to leeward. The difference between the two was too slight to be measured by the eye, but the times showed a gain of 18 seconds for Glencairn.

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Constance	2 06 20	0 16 48	. . . .	0 00 35
Glencairn	2 06 55	0 16 30	0 00 18	. . . .

They started to windward on starboard tack and held it until 2:19, the wind growing a little lighter. The actual times were needed to show the difference, Constance making 6 seconds in the two miles.

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Constance	2 30 32	0 24 12	0 00 06	0 00 41
Glencairn	2 31 13	0 24 18	. . . .	. . . .

Constance set her spinaker to port, but soon took it in, Glencairn under working canvas came up on her weather and she began to luff to keep the Canadian from getting by. This was what Mr. Duggan wanted. The wind had drawn to the northward and he could not use his spinaker, a much larger sail than that of Constance, on the straight course from mark to mark. Glencairn worked out on Constance's weather beam, amid cheers, yells and whistles from the fleet, and went clear ahead, her crew being ready with the spinaker, while the crew of Constance were hard at work over the centerboard tackle. Again they luffed hard, heading directly in for Pointe Claire, far to windward of the course to the line. At last Glencairn bore away and her big spinaker went up with sheet well slacked, bellying toward the sky. Constance set hers and followed in a stern chase. While still some distance from the line, Glencairn's spinaker went heavenward like a balloon and the crew rushed forward to take it in. The sheet was led through a block aft and the screws holding the block drew out. No attempt was made to reset the sail, though that of Constance was hurrying her on astern. The end of the second round was timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	2 51 37	0 20 24	0 01 03	0 00 22
Constance	2 51 59	0 21 27	. . . .	. . . .

For the first time in the series the conditions now favored Glencairn. She had a lead of 22 seconds, giving her a good weather berth. The wind was but moderate and the water smooth. A couple of short tacks found Constance still to leeward, then they settled down to a long starboard tack across the lake. As before, Constance began to foot out, while holding a good wind, but Glencairn, sailed with consummate skill, was making the most of her last chance, and managed to hold her weather berth. Constance was first to tack at 3:16, finding Glencairn about and on her beather beam. They stood on for the mark, but failed to weather it, going about at 3:21:30. Another short tack together and they came about again but half a minute later, Glencairn being in position to round, while she had forced Constance to make still another tack alone to fetch the buoy. The gain was small, but 13 seconds in the two miles, but it meant a great deal for Glencairn added to the 22 seconds she had saved by clever work on the run.

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	3 22 30	0 20 53	0 00 13	0 00 35
Constance	3 23 05	0 21 06	. . . .	. . . .

The wind was now very light and still falling, making a slow run and leaving Constance at a disadvantage. Glencairn clearly outran her, as was natural under these conditions, but a part of the big gain was due to the very light wind at the finish. The full times were:

		Leg.		Whole course.	
	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Lead.
Glencairn	3 53 26	0 30 56	0 02 31	2 28 26	0 03 06
Constance	3 56 32	0 33 27	. . . .	2 31 32	. . . .

There were wild salutes for the winner, and the loser came in for her share of the noise as well. After the race Constance was at once hauled out, stripped and carried into the shed for another polishing.

Fourth Race, Wednesday, Aug. 2.

Wednesday morning brought a new variety of Lake St. Louis weather, cloudy and threatening a storm; but none came, and by noon the wind had fallen. The fleet went to the line and laid about for a time with the wind from all quarters. Finally it seemed to settle in the northeast, and the yachts were sent over the triangle with marks to starboard, making the second leg, from the outer to the Pointe Claire mark, to windward. The first signal was given at 1:45 and the start at 1:55. Constance was first away, within 25 seconds of the whistle, but Glencairn was only 2 seconds astern, breaking out her balloon jib as she crossed, the wind being light and the water smooth. Glencairn was soon in the lead, and then gained steadily, Constance holding to her working jib. When within a minute of the first mark Glencairn shifted to working jib for the beat across to Pointe Claire. The first mark was timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	2 10 54	0 15 54	0 01 58	0 01 58
Constance	2 12 52	0 17 52	. . . .	. . . .

There were signs of a coming squall, and the wind freshened on this leg. The two broke tacks as they beat across, but Glencairn continued to gain, the time being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	2 32 07	0 22 13	0 00 43	0 02 41
Constance	2 34 48	0 22 56	. . . .	. . . .

In spite of the heavy clouds gathering astern, both yachts set spinakers, Glencairn being near the mark before she deemed it good judgment not only to take in the kite, but to reef as well. Constance, well astern, carried her spinaker longer, and by the time she was ready to reef the storm was on her. Glencairn met it under three reefs and a storm jib, but twice she was knocked down until she seemed beyond recovery. In the races of 1896, which brought the cup to Canada, Mr. Duggan showed that he was perfectly at home in a thunderstorm, and he handled Glencairn III. as skillfully as he then did Glencairn I., taking her through safely and keeping her going. He chose the better time for reefing, and his crew did the work more quickly than the other. The end of the first round was timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	2 54 20	0 22 13	0 00 29	0 03 10
Constance	2 57 30	0 22 42	. . . .	. . . .

The wind now shifted to the south and fell light, while the rain came down in torrents. The course was a reach and reefs were shaken out. Constance picked up over half a minute, the times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	3 07 08	0 12 48	. . . .	0 02 32
Constance	3 09 40	0 12 10	0 00 38	. . . .

Glencairn set a large jib for the reach, while Constance tried a balloon over her working jib, taking in the larger sail after a time. In the light wind Glencairn still

continued to gain, the times at the Pointe Claire mark being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	3 17 53	0 10 45	0 00 57	0 03 29
Constance	3 21 22	0 11 42	. . . .	. . . .

Where they had carried spinakers in the first round they now hardened sheets for a beat to the line, Constance picking up a little, as the times show:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	3 34 40	0 16 47	. . . .	0 03 10
Constance	3 37 50	0 16 38	0 00 19	. . . .

The wind was light and fluky on the first leg of the last round, and Glencairn picked up a very long lead, the times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	3 49 20	0 14 40	0 04 15	0 07 25
Constance	3 56 45	0 19 55	. . . .	. . . .

The second leg was covered under spinakers, the rain still falling and the wind being fluky. Constance picked up nearly 2 minutes, but it was too late to save the race.

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Glencairn	4 04 25	0 15 05	. . . .	0 05 34
Constance	4 09 59	0 13 14	0 01 51	. . . .

With a freshening wind from S.W., Glencairn reached over the last leg with a very slight gain, crossing the line with a lead of 5 minutes 39 seconds. The final times were:

		Leg.		Whole course.	
	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Lead.
Glencairn	4 15 43	0 11 18	0 00 05	2 20 43	0 05 39
Constance	4 21 22	0 11 23	. . . .	2 26 22	. . . .

While it lasted the storm was very severe, the attendant yachts stowing all canvas and anchoring. Both of the racing boats were well handled, losing very little time.

Fifth Race, Thursday, Aug. 3.

After Glencairn's win on Wednesday, making the chances even between the two boats, there was great excitement on both sides. It had been demonstrated that in a fresh breeze, with merely straight sailing, Constance was the better boat and Glencairn was speedily overpowered; on the other hand, Glencairn was about as fast as Constance in light weather, and in a race where the wind was variable and there was much shifting of positions Mr. Duggan was the better strategist, making the most of every little point. The inferiority of his boat in fresh breezes and the blunder by which the first race was lost seemed to have little effect on him, as he sailed the third and fourth races, after many of his own side had already given up the cup as lost, with the same nerve and self-possession as though he had already two and his opponent none.

The weather conditions on Thursday morning were entirely in favor of Glencairn. The wind was light from S.W. with little prospect of increasing. Glencairn was out for a morning spin to make certain that all was right with her. At noon the wind was very light, and by the time that the committee had decided to call the start, at 1:25, it was from the south. This was the worst possible quarter for the windward and leeward course, lying across the length of the deep water, between Pointe Claire and the long shoal on the south. After a course had been laid out the wind shifted, and at the request of Mr. Post, on the committee boat, the course was changed. Several changes were made in the effort to get a suitable course to windward, and it was not until 3 o'clock that the preparatory signal was given. There was some sharp maneuvering for position, and in the course of it Constance took the ground, her board touching. Mr. Crane hailed the committee boat, but the yacht got off. By this time the starting signal had been given and Glencairn crossed at 3:05:15. Mr. Crane declined to cross the line, and Mr. Post made the following protest:

The Sailing Committee, St. Lawrence Yacht Club.

Dear Sirs: I beg leave to enter a protest against the course as laid out for to-day's race, on the ground that there was not sufficient water for the boats to be sailed in.

Respectfully yours,

REGIS H. POST.

The race committee declined to recall Glencairn, and she sailed over the course, finishing at 6:25:15. The following statements were given out by Mr. Post and the race committee:

Mr. Post's statement:

"The course was supposed to be a beat to windward of two miles and return, and when the outer buoy was placed at 12:45 it was all right. But in half an hour the wind shifted and the course was no longer due windward, as required. I protested.

"The committee agreed and started to relay the course. Prof. Capper, of the sailing committeee, and the pilot of the judges' boat, the Dama, moved the buoy more to the south to make it to windward. But the new position of the buoy was in shallow water, and the course was a little short of one and one-half miles. Under the conditions, if it was impossible to have a windward beat of two miles and return three times, the course might be made a beat of one and one-half miles four times around. Well, as laid out, it was about one and one-tenth miles. I did not object to the distance, but I did object that there were shoals at the outer buoy. If my boat had gone there it would have grounded. There seemed to be a channel direct to the buoy, but in tacking to either side, Constance, as her sailing master did not know the varying depths, would have grounded. You see for yourself that Capt. Duggan, who knows the course, is making very short tacks to avoid the shoals.

"I protested on the ground that it was not a proper course. It was then decided to move the starting buoy nearer to the shore so as to give more room at the windward end. This was done, and after the first signal was given Constance, in maneuvering for the start, struck the ground or a boulder with her centerboard. Of course, I could not know that the starting end by the shifting of the line back had also become improper until Constance struck. But I recalled Mr. Crane because the course was an improper one and made a protest.

"The technical ground was not that the course was short, but that it was unfit for sailing. But I did not want a fizzle, and so I told the committee that if they would recall Glencairn and shorten the course so that it could be sailed properly I would sail it as it then existed.

"The committee decided that it was impossible to recall Glencairn. In maneuvering for the start Constance touched twice. The second time the centerboard was down 5½ft. These facts show that the course was not a proper one."

The race committee's statement:

"The course was first set southwest by south from the Upper Dorval Lighthouse, two miles to windward. On the return of the committee boat, Mr. Crane protested that the course was not due windward, the wind having by this time hauled southerly. The course was then reset, Mr. Post, the representative of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., being invited to accompany a member of the sailing committee in resetting it. When it was found that the course was slightly short of one and one-half miles, a verbal protest was made by the Seawanhaka representative, a second protest being intimated on account of shoal water for maneuvering around the windward buoy.

"The sailing committee then proposed to reduce the course from one and one-half miles to one mile, but a protest was immediately entered by Mr. Post. The committee therefore changed the starting line closer to Pointe Claire and proceeded to log a course one and one-half miles to windward. The preliminary signal was given at 2:55, the preparatory at 3 and the start at 3:05. Glencairn crossed the line at 3:05:15. Constance did not cross the line. Subsequently Mr. Post and Mr. Crane came on the committee boat and reported to the sailing committee that after the first gun Constance took ground with her centerboard in maneuvering for the line. Notice of protest was given, with a formal protest in writing later.

After the race Mr. Post protested as above, and a meeting was held in the evening, lasting three hours, at the end of which the race committee announced the following decision:

"The sailing committee having received the following protest, namely:

"'The Sailing Committee, St. Lawrence Y. C.—Dear Sirs: I beg leave to enter a protest against the course as laid out for to-day's race, on the ground that there was not sufficient water for the boats to be sailed in. Respectfully yours,

"'REGIS H. POST, S. C. P. Constance.'

And having heard the evidence of Mr. Post, Mr. Crane, Mr. Duggan and Mr. W. Riley, and having carefully considered all the circumstances of the start in to-day's race of the Seawanhaka Corinthian challenge cup series, decides that there is not sufficient ground for ordering the race to be resailed, and accordingly awards the race to the Glencairn III. "JAS. J. RILEY, Chairman.

"HARRISON B. YOUNG, Sec'y."

All yachtsmen will regret that the final race was a failure, but enough has been seen of the yachts to demonstrate their relative merits and demerits. The new defender is a departure from all previous Duggan boats. The races coming early this year, Mr. Duggan attempted to build a boat that would be faster in light weather than Glencairn II., Speculator and the older twenties. In this he failed, just as Mr. Crane did in Momo, the boat being fast in light weather, but very deficient in power and unfit for good work in the average weather. The new Glencairn III. is an ugly boat, clumsy and raft-like in appearance and lacking the symmetrical form that has distinguished the older boats. When heeled to her sailing angle the lines show a longer, finer and more symmetrical form than in the older boats, but when upright she is anything but handsome. When at her best angle for length and form of hull, she is heeled so far that both sails and centerboard become ineffective, she loses in driving power and slides to leeward. In Dominion the exact reverse was the case; her best angle was so much less than that of Challenger that both board and sails were much more effective.

Constance, with a less elaborate and expensive but much stronger construction than Challenger and Seawanhaka, is the best yacht which Mr. Crane has turned out for the class. She is shorter and far cleaner in form than Glencairn III., and looks much smaller. She represents a good average of all-round racing qualities, very stiff and able, with a good form, and fast both in light and heavy winds.

As to the handling, Mr. Crane did very good work in El Heirie in 1896, and he has improved steadily each year, so that with four years' experience in this type of boat and four years' of sailing on Lake St. Louis he was able to do full justice to his design. At the same time, it is no discredit to him to say that Mr. Duggan is the better sailor of the two, his many years of experience in all sorts of small craft, with his natural abilities as a helmsman and his thorough knowledge of his boat, placing him very near to the first place among the Corinthian yachtsmen both of the States and Canada. The crews of the two boats were made up, with the exception of one on Constance, of experienced hands who have sailed many races and are perfectly at home in this type of boat. As far as sail handling went, the advantage was with Glencairn.

As in 1898, the White Bear Y. C. of White Bear Lake, Minnesota, is the first in the field with a challenge, being anxious to redeem the defeat of its yacht Yankee by Dominion in June. The visitors from the West made a most favorable impression in Canada, and they would probably be welcomed in preference to any other club. It is not yet known whether the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. will challenge again.

Rhode Island Y. C.

PROVIDENCE.

Saturday, Aug. 5.

THE Rhode Island Y. C. sailed a race for yachts of the one-design class on Aug. 5. There was a light wind, and the times were:

Start, 3:23.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rascal	6 00 45	2 37 45
The Kid	6 24 38	3 01 38
Kitten	6 24 55	3 01 55
Sprint	6 27 23	3 04 23
Ruth	6 33 30	3 10 30
Scoot	6 33 32	3 10 32

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Oconomowoc Y. C. Race Week.

THE Oconomowoc Y. C., of Oconomowoc Lake, Wis., held a week of interclub racing, beginning on July 24, the prizes being the Oconomowoc Y. C. cup, a new trophy costing $500; the Green Lake Y. C. cup, the Pabst cup and the Dupee cup.

The starters were as follows, representing different clubs from the vicinity: Avis II., William Hale Thompson, Chicago Y. C.; Avis I., Percival Thompson, Oconomowoc Y. C.; Ariel, Ferd. W. Peck, Jr., Green Lake Y. C.; Magic, Walter W. Dupee, Oconomowoc Y. C.; Zaza, Charles H. Lester, Oconomowoc Y. C.; Galatea, D. H. Murphy, Oconomowoc Y. C.; Skipanou, George W. Simmons, Oconomowoc Y. C.; Peerless, Fred Rietbrock, Pine Lake Y. C.; Rajah, R. Nunnemacher, Pine Lake Y. C.; Kismet, Philip R. Smith, Pine Lake Y. C.; Harpoon, J. A. Kimberly, Jr., Nodaway Y. C.; Aderyn, W. L. Davis, Neenah Y. C.; Argo, J. H. Jones, Oshkosh Y. C.; Saic, D. W. Buchanan, Pewaukee Y. C.; Medea, W. R. Morehouse, Oconomowoc Y. C.; Pistakee, Nick Morris, Pistakee Y. C.

The arrangement was that an "assembly" signal should be given at 10 A. M. for a morning race, or 2:30 P. M. for an afternoon race, the preparatory being given 25 minutes later. On Monday morning there was a light N.E. wind with a drizzle of rain, and the start for the first race for the Oconomowoc cup was postponed until 2:30. At 2 P. M. it began to rain very hard, and many of the yachtsmen were gathered indoors, the yachts being moored at a distance from the start. The assembly was given at 2:30, and the start at 3 o'clock, as per programme, but only three yachts, Avis II., Magic and Zaza, were at the line. The owners of the other yachts got out their boats as soon as possible and started in chase, the whole fleet being becalmed for a time. After a very fluky race the finish was timed:

Avis II.	1 50 51	Ariel	2 03 35
Magic	1 50 56	Pistakee	2 06 32
Zaza	1 52 39	Rajah	2 11 08
Argo	2 01 03	Avis	2 11 30
Aderyn	2 01 43		

There was a great deal of complaint found with the starting of the race under the existing conditions, so the judges finally declared the race off.

The first race of July 25 was for the Green Lake cup, held by Avis I., started in the morning, the times being:

Magic	1 33 10	Pistakee	1 36 00
Avis II.	1 34 46	Aderyn	1 37 28
Argo	1 34 47	Ariel	1 40 00
Galatea	1 35 03	Rajah	1 48 41
Avis	1 35 31		

In the afternoon the race of the preceding day, for the Oconomowoc Y. C. cup, was resailed in a light breeze, the times being:

Argo	2 12 51	Ariel	2 25 38
Aderyn	2 17 29	Pistakee	2 36 05
Galatea	2 21 05	Rajah	2 36 35
Magic	2 22 15	Avis	Broke a stay.
Avis II.	2 23 52		

The second race for the same trophy was sailed on July 26 in a heavy wind, four yachts capsizing. Argo won for the second time. The times were:

Argo	1 05 53	Aderyn	Capsized.
Ariel	1 11 39	Zaza	Capsized.
Pistakee	1 14 20	Magic	Capsized.
Avis II.	1 15 24	Galatea	Capsized.

The afternoon races were postponed until the following day, but on Thursday there was no wind. In the morning of July 28 the race for the Dupee trophy was sailed in a light southerly wind, the times being:

Aderyn	2 27 53	Pistakee	2 36 50
Magic	2 34 00	Zaza	2 37 16
Galatea	2 34 57	Avis II.	2 38 27
Argo	2 36 38		

In the afternoon the race for the Pabst cup, open only to yachts from Waukesha county, was sailed in a moderate breeze, the times being:

Magic	1 30 00	Rajah	1 38 54
Galatea	1 35 04	Kismet	1 40 17
Saic	1 36 03	Peerless	1 42 50
Ariel	1 37 53		

The final races for the Green Lake cup were sailed on Saturday, the time of the first being:

Ariel	1 14 52	Pistakee	1 24 21
Aderyn	1 15 15	Argo	Withdrew.
Magic	1 16 33	Saic	Withdrew.

The sail-off between Magic and Ariel followed, resulting in an easy race for the former, as Ariel lost her mast. Magic won the cup last year on Lake Winnebago.

Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 29.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, sailed its fourth championship race on July 29 in a moderate S. to S.E. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
First Class.		
Cartoon, H. Parker	1 21 43	. . . .
Class A.		
Lara, D. H. Follett	1 35 50	. . . .
Third Class.		
Koorali, R. C. Robbins	1 42 18	. . . .
Raceabouts.		
Pirate, B. B. Crowninshield	1 28 09	. . . .
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	1 28 55	. . . .
Peep, W. B. Stearns	1 29 10	. . . .
Lizana, E. V. R. Thayer	1 29 30	. . . .
Tunipoo, J. L. Bremer	1 29 36	. . . .
Persimmon, L. H. W. Foster	1 29 57	. . . .
Colleen, H. M. Sears	1 31 10	. . . .
Knockabout Class		
Opitsah, S. M. Foster	1 33 33	. . . .
Spry, E. I. and W. L. Cropley	1 34 52	. . . .
Suzanna, F. Brewster	1 34 55	. . . .
Class C.		
Sally IV., L. F. Percival	1 28 12	1 28 12
Lillian, H. E. Whitney	1 39 00	1 31 00
Mistral, T. W. Little	1 33 15	1 33 15
Rowena, W. H. Rothwell	1 33 32	1 33 32
Class D.		
Agnes, D. C. Holden, Jr.	1 41 30	1 38 32
Aspenet, H. A. Moors	1 42 19	1 39 21
Carina, J. P. Clark	1 42 51	1 39 53
Fifi, J. A. Jennings	1 44 35	1 40 26
Ruth, R. Wiggin	1 49 00	1 43 40

Beverly Y. C.

MARION—BUZZARD'S BAY.

THE Beverly Y. C. joined with the Sippican Y. C. in two days of racing off Marion on July 28-29. The race of Friday was for the Van Rensselaer memorial cup, sailed over a course of ten and two-thirds miles, in a moderate breeze, the times being:

May Queen, D. L. Whittemore	2 15 41	2 02 59
Cyrilla, R. W. Emmons	2 29 12	2 11 17
Capelin, W. E. C. Eustis	2 36 21	2 13 30
Thordis, T. B. Wales	2 31 33	2 17 58
Nokomis, Alfred Winsor	2 37 52	2 25 10
Goby, S. G. King	2 55 21	2 26 23
Peacock, R. Winsor	2 59 34	2 30 36
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 48 49	2 30 54
Hope, J. H. Ellis	2 56 43	2 32 00
Fuzzy, N. F. Emmons	3 08 40	2 39 42
Kittawake, S. D. Warren	2 59 18	2 41 23
Edith, S. R. Dow	3 03 00	2 42 08
Kalama, David Rice	3 57 00	2 43 02
Esther, F. M. Farnsworth	3 15 15	2 52 24
Maori, Bowler	3 23 12	3 00 21
Columbia, Wood Bros., Fall River	Withdrew.	
Lorelei, R. Wendell, Jr	Withdrew.	
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr	Withdrew.	
Heiress, G. G. Amory	Withdrew.	

Two other races were sailed, for catboats from Marion and for boats built by Jabez Jenney, a local builder. The times were:

Marion Catboats.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Flash, H. W. Young	1 30 05	1 14 40
Ariana, Edith Austin	1 41 13	1 20 38
Nancy, J. G. Frothingham	1 35 55	1 20 56
Cinch, T. Jaekel	1 38 10	1 22 22
Helen, W. W. Swan	1 43 18	1 23 16
I. T., S. L. Bullivant	1 43 10	1 25 36

Jenney-Built Boats.

Capsize, Ed Richardson	1 11 02	Not meas.
Flatiron, Letherbee	1 14 48	1 02 25
Marjorie, Malcolm Bullivant	1 15 55	1 04 40
Titania, Miss Thayer	1 15 34	1 04 46
Shrimp, Miss Richardson	1 14 40	1 05 16

Titania protested Marjorie for fouling and Flatiron and Capsize for not being Jenney boats. The first two protests were not sustained, but Capsize was barred, the prize going to Flatiron.

On Saturday a good race was sailed in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore	2 01 02
Blazing Star, C. M. Baker	2 02 53
Nokomis, A. Winsor	2 05 25
Ulula, W. H. Winship	.. ..

21ft. Class.

Cyrilla, R. W. Emmons	2 10 54
Kalama, David Rice	2 11 50
Amanita, J. Crane, Jr	2 12 55
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 15 43
Kittiwake, S. D. Warren	2 17 36
Edith, S. R. Dow	2 18 04

18ft. Restricted Class.

Esther, E. M. Farnsworth	1 52 22
Paltoos, L. Bacon	1 52 36

Fourth Class—Cats.

Howard, H. O. Miller	1 45 55
Heiress, G. G. Amory	1 46 08
Maori, R. B. Bowler	1 47 17
Hope, J. H. Ellis	1 47 26
Elsa, C. S. Sargent, Jr	1 47 49
Daisy, Howard Stockton	1 53 28
Cinch, Theo. Jaekel	1 58 50
Flash, A. T. Young	1 59 00

15ft. Class.

Next, Paul Jones	1 50 52
Uarada, J. Parkinson, Jr	1 51 29
Teazer, R. W. Emmons	1 52 10
Peacock, R. Winsor	1 52 30
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr	1 54 51

15ft. Class—Cats.

Ariana, Miss Austin	1 15 57
Helen, W. W. Swan	1 19 24
Marjorie, S. L. Bullivant	1 24 05
Shrimp, Miss Richardson	1 24 16

15ft. Class—Sloops.

Clam Shell, A. Prersal	1 48 38
Capsize, Edward Richardson	1 49 00

Maori protested Howard for carrying too much ballast, the protest not being decided.

WING'S NECK—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 5.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 284th regatta on Aug. 5 over the Wing's Neck course in a good S.W. wind, the times being:

25ft. Class—Course, 15 Miles.

	Corrected.
Blazing Star, C. M. Baker	2 57 03
Nokomis, A. Winsor	2 59 22
Ulula, W. H. Winship	3 02 55

21ft. Class—Course, 12 Miles.

Amanita, J. Crane, Jr	2 15 32
Kalama, D. Rice	2 15 35
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 18 25
Edith, S. R. Dow	2 19 07
Cyrilla, R. W. Emmons 2d	2 22 12
Kittiwake, S. D. Warren	2 22 47
Mongoose, J. Crane, Jr	Disabled.

Fourth Class—Cats—Course, 9 Miles.

Melro, D. L. Whittemore	1 56 48
Heiress, G. G. Amory	1 58 39
Sally, W. S. Burgess	2 04 16
Elsa, C. S. Sargent, Jr	2 04 46
Hope, J. H. Ellis	2 08 55
Howard, H. O. Miller	Withdrew.
Fin, Howard Stockton	Withdrew.

15ft. Class—Course, 9 Miles.

Varda, J. Parkinson, Jr	1 54 30
Next, Paul Jones	1 57 24
Peacock, R. Winsor	2 01 20
Teazer, R. W. Emmons	2 02 01
Gobye, S. G. King	2 02 55
Vim, F. W. Sargent	2 03 00

American Y. C.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Saturday, July 29.

THE third handicap race of the American Y. C., of Newburyport, was sailed on July 29 in a light south wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Live Yankee, H. T. Moody	1 37 03	1 32 00
Witch, Cogswell & Smith	1 37 30	1 33 00
Susie, Thomas Huse	1 35 00	1 35 00
La Tsigane, W. A. Usher	1 44 40	1 35 00
Next, C. H. Shackford	2 07 26	1 39 00
Dewey, R. Jacoby	1 45 00	1 41 00
Rag Time, E. F. Noyes	1 57 04	1 43 00
Indian, A. M. Moody	1 56 02	1 45 00
Voodoo, M. R. Currier	2 01 54	1 48 00
Frisky, Harry Moody	2 07 49	1 56 00

Penataquit Corinthian Y. C.

BAY SHORE—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 5.

THE Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. sailed its third annual open regatta on Aug. 5. The course for sloops and catboats of classes S and L was twelve miles, and that for catboats of classes V and W eight miles. The times were:

Class M—Sloops—30 to 36ft.—Start, 10:50.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lydia	3 36 04	2 31 04	2 31 04
Lorelei	3 49 24	2 44 24	2 41 38
Muriel	3 58 05	2 53 05	2 47 37
Quo Vadis	3 59 25	2 56 25	2 54 52

Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft.—Start, 1:10.

Pinkie	4 06 46	2 56 45	2 56 45
Gayety	3 55 35	2 45 35	2 45 10
Three Brothers	4 05 30	2 55 30	2 52 08
Squaw	3 59 15	2 49 15	2 45 16
Adaline	4 09 45	2 59 45	2 54 36
Emelpelgie	Withdrew.		

Sloops—Class P—21 to 25ft.—Start, 1:15.

Scrap	4 11 23	2 56 23	2 56 23
Rel	4 42 05	3 27 05	3 26 31
Scamp	4 11 05	2 56 05	2 52 32

Catboats—Class S—25 to 30ft.—Start, 1:15.

Henrietta	4 09 39	2 54 39	2 54 39
Wanda	4 00 13	2 45 13	2 37 55

Catboats—Class L—21 to 25ft.—Start, 1:20.

Beulap	4 17 05	2 57 05	2 57 05
Ethel	Withdrew.		
Dol	4 27 45	3 07 45	3 04 28

Catboats—Class V—18 to 21ft.—Start, 1:25.

Mollie	3 41 10	2 16 10	2 16 10
Mariam	3 38 57	2 13 57	2 13 57
Little Minister	3 37 47	2 12 47	2 10 34
Ariadne	2 49 55	2 24 55	2 19 34

Catboats—Class W—Not Over 18ft.—Start, 1:25.

Bess	3 58 58	2 33 58	2 33 58
Avoca	4 17 10	2 52 10	2 50 35

Newport Yacht Racing Association.

THE first race of the Newport Yacht Racing Association was but a partial success, as Columbia did not start after her mishap of Aug. 2. Defender naturally sailed away from Vigilant and Navahoe; Kestrel won after a hot fight with Syce, and Queen Mab easily defeated Carmita. Columbia was under way, passing the fleet on her way to New London, and not starting. The weather was clear with a light S.W. wind, the course being the old triangle of the Goelet cup races, from Brenton's Reef to the Block Island Buoy and then to a mark off West Island, 38 miles.

The smaller yachts sailed around the Point Judith Buoy and back. They started at 11:55, and the 90-footers at 12. The windward marks were timed:

Point Judith Buoy.

Queen Mab	1 03 10	Kestrel	1 41 30
Carmita	1 27 00	Syce	1 42 15

Block Island Buoy.

Defender	2 21 50	Navahoe	2 44 15
Vigilant	2 39 30		

All set spinakers, the 90-footers running off to the West Island mark and reaching in. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Queen Mab, C. L. F. Robinson	4 05 40	4 05 40
Carmita, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr	4 30 00	4 23 39
Syce, F. W. Hoyt	3 54 35	3 54 35
Kestrel, J. B. Mills	3 57 12	3 54 00
Defender, W. K. Vanderbilt	5 14 17	5 14 17
Vigilant, Percy Chubb	5 44 51	5 42 24
Navahoe, R. P. Carroll	6 05 03	5 59 17

Queen Mab won by 17 minutes 59 seconds, Kestrel by 35 seconds, and Defender beat Vigilant 28 minutes 7 seconds. Vigilant wins the Association cup from Navahoe. Defender allowed Vigilant 2 minutes 27 seconds and Navahoe 5 minutes 46 seconds. Syce allowed Kestrel 3 minutes 12 seconds, and Queen Mab allowed Carmita 8 minutes 21 seconds.

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, July 29.

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed a race of the championship series on July 29, the times being:

Knockabouts—Start, 3:00.

	Finish
Monsoon, J. A. Knowles	4 37 00
Eleanor, F. W. Moors	4 38 09
Delta, R. B. Williams	4 38 38
Remora, Crocker & Tower	4 39 43
Heralda, A. Bigelow, Jr	4 40 15
Kid, H. Bigelow	4 41 15
Nereid, W. R. Sears	4 42 31

Half-Raters—Start, 3:05.

Swallow, J. Richardson	3 49 40
Moon, Benj. Tower	3 50 38
Bee, F. W. Clark	3 53 54

On Aug. 5 a race was sailed for half-raters and knockabouts, the times being:

Half-Raters.

	Elapsed.
Bee, F. W. Clark	4 41 08
Swallow, J. Richardson	4 42 00
Jap, B. Tower	4 42 14

Knockabouts.

Delta, R. B. Williams	5 22 57
Kid, H. Bigelow	5 23 55
Mermaid, W. R. Sears	5 25 33
Remora, Crocker & Tower	5 28 08
Eleanor, F. W. Moors	5 28 57
Barracuba, A. C. Burrage	5 32 50
Heralda, A. Bigelow, Jr	5 37 03
Monsoon, J. A. Knowles	5 37 12

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY—DUXBURY BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 5.

THE final race for the silver cup, open to Plymouth, Kingston and Duxbury yacht clubs, was sailed Aug. 5 in a light wind. Bobolink wins the cup, this being her second victory. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bobolink, Goodspeed Brothers	1 18 38	1 12 38
Scamper, E. H. Reed & Brothers	1 20 31	1 13 31
Rooster, Watson & Baker	1 13 51	1 13 51
Dolphin, N. Morton	1 29 03	1 14 03
Lobster, C. C. Clapp	1 19 59	1 16 59
If, F. B. Norwood	1 32 28	1 17 28
Geisha, W. T. Whitman	1 20 30	1 17 30
Fedora, Cassius Hunt	1 32 11	1 18 11
Randona, G. F. Cushman	1 37 27	1 18 27
Sconset, H. Dennison	1 26 20	1 19 20
In It, L. W. Gifford Jr	Withdrew.	

Columbia.

AFTER various delays and postponements, the stepping of Columbia's new spar and the shipping of her new topmast and rigging was completed on July 30, and the long-expected race with Defender off Newport was started on Aug. 2. The new mast is of steel, of course hollow, and weighs over a ton less than the first one, of Oregon pine. The topmast, of pine, houses within the mast, the topmast rigging fitting over a funnel or cap which lies on the masthead when the topmast is housed. The spreaders are of wood. In moving the topmast from the fore side of the lower mast to the same center line, the lead of the topmast backstays was so changed that they brought a side strain on the spreaders, and it was intended to make a change in the chainplates to correct this, but there was no opportunity to do so before the first race. There was a fresh S.S.W. wind on Wednesday, and the course was laid out from Brenton's Reef Lightship around a mark boat a mile distant from the Block Island Bell Buoy and return, a total distance of 26½ nautical miles. The start was made at 11:15, Columbia getting the weather berth and crossing 1 minute 9 seconds after the gun, with a lead of 40 seconds on Defender. They crossed on starboard tack, Defender at once going about and heading for the Narragansett shore, Columbia following. They made a long tack, with club topsails and baby jib topsails set, Columbia showing a steady gain over the old boat. The baby jib topsail was stowed on Columbia for a time, when it was evident that Defender was picking her up, and the sail was set again, its utility being fully demonstrated. At noon they were off Point Judith, Columbia having a very satisfactory lead, when, at 12:05, her port spreader broke, just inside the masthead shroud, the topmast broke off at the cap, and the steel mainmast doubled over, the break being some distance above the middle between deck and cap. Mr. Iselin, Mr. Herreshoff and Mate Allen were to leeward and near the mast at the time, and narrowly escaped serious injury, but fortunately no one aboard was injured. The crew turned to very promptly and cleared the wreck, fortunately without damage to the hull, there being but little sea, and the yacht was towed to Bristol, Defender withdrawing. The injury proved to be confined to the loss of the spreader and topmast, the bending of the lower mast, some tears to the sails and general confusion of the rigging. The only injury to the hull was a deep dent in the topsides, which was removed by careful hammering.

Not a moment was lost in getting the riggers back to Bristol, removing the wrecked gear and shipping the pine mast for the New York Y. C. cruise. The injury to the steel mast was but local, as in the case of Defender's steel boom, and the broken plates are being cut out and replaced by new ones.

Hollow Masts and Housing Topmasts.

STOTTVILLE, N. Y., July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The FOREST AND STREAM of the 29th inst., in speaking of Columbia's steel mast, says that this spar has one feature positively new in yachting—the topmast will house within the lower mast. In 1891 or '92 Dr. L. A. Smith, of New York, had at New London a centerboard sloop about 40ft. waterline, named Phantom, and this yacht's steel or iron mast was rigged as Columbia's is.

I think Dr. Smith died a few years ago, and I believe that housing topmast inside of lower mast was his own idea. I was never on board Phantom, but know that her peculiar masthead rigging was much commented on by boatmen.

The Doctor had a party of friends out for a sail one afternoon outside of Fisher's Island; in a jump of a sea the main weather turnbuckle parted, the mast buckled about 10ft. above deck and bent until the masthead was in water. There were no tools on board, so the mast could not be cut clear, and Phantom was in some danger until a coaster picker her up and towed the party into New London. After this accident the sloop's wood spar was stepped. I think her metal mast was never again tried.

Phantom's sailing master was a New London man, and can probably give a clear description of her old masthead rigging.

A. C. STOTT.

NEW YORK, July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of July 29 you speak of Columbia's mast as being a novelty. The sloop Phantom, owned by the late Dr. L. A. Smith, had such a mast, the topmast housing within the mast, and held in place by a fid when on end.

My recollection of the boat is the more vivid from the fact that when off the south shore of Fisher's Island, with a large party aboard, she carried away her mast near the deck and lay in a jump of a sea for some time, until towed into New London by a launch.

The circumstance led to the replacing of the steel tube by a wooden stick.

WM. COFFIN DORNIN, JR.

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 29.

THE South Boston Mosquito Fleet sailed a handicap race on July 29 in a fresh S.W. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected
Nonpareil, W. F. Davis	1 20 00	1 33 00
Alda, C. P. Mooney	1 25 00	1 43 00
Ariel, J. J. Maguire	1 19 00	1 44 00
Carrie M., N. C. Robinson	1 19 00	1 44 00
Aureolus, R. F. Landers	1 35 00	1 47 00

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Winthrop Y. C., Open Regatta.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 29.

THE Winthrop Y. C. sailed a very successful open regatta on July 29 in a fresh S.W. wind. Duchess and Harriet each lost a bowsprit. The times were:

30ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Ashumet, W. F. Bache	1 30 40
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	1 35 34

25ft. Class.

Little Peter, Henry Moebs	1 37 48
Jeannette, Walter Burgess	1 39 16
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	Disabled.

21ft. Class.

Hostess, H. M. Faxon	1 31 12
Heiress, C. D. Mower	1 36 45

21ft. Cabin Class.

Arab IV., W. F. Scott	1 42 10
Privateer, A. H. Doble	1 44 44
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	Disabled.

18ft. Class.

Duchess, A. L. Hayden	1 42 03
Helmi, J. E. Hunt	1 59 32
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson	2 00 44
Dauntless, Benner and Patten	Disabled.
Joque, Walter Kelley	Disabled.

Special Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ray, S. A. Freeman	0 57 38	0 47 38
Harolde, A. T. Bliss	0 55 28	0 48 28
Flash, W. H. Mirick	1 08 21	0 48 36
Eva, H. G. Flynn	1 09 05	0 50 06
Alma, C. A. Heney	0 57 14	0 50 14
Alruna, R. N. Clark, Jr.	1 01 30	0 50 30
Ruth, A. S. Richards	1 05 30	0 52 00
Ideal, H. B. Wheeler	1 03 33	0 52 03
Hector, A. W. Hubbard	1 05 35	0 52 05
Alert, John MacConnell, Jr.	0 59 44	0 52 44
Scat, Horace Waite	1 10 27	0 53 27
Pippin, W. E. Traiser	1 14 57	0 54 57
Josie, W. J. Downs	1 13 26	0 56 20
Signet, D. P. Wright	1 25 00	1 04 00
Outing, J. J. Wilde	Disabled.	
Marion, A. W. Dempsy	Disabled.	
Tabasco, W. H. Stimpson	Disabled.	
Bubble, W. I. Kelley	Withdrew.	

Harolde protested Ray, Bubble protested Ruth and Ideal protested Alert.

The judges were ex-Com. G. E. Leighton, J. R. Hodder and W. A. Page.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 5.

THE Winthrop Y. C. sailed a handicap race on Aug. 5 in a good S.W. breeze, the times being:

Start, 4:10.	Corrected.
Hector, A. W. Hubbard	0 37 29
Alruma, R. Clark, Jr.	0 38 46
Florrie, H. Waite	0 39 14
Eva, H. Flynn	0 39 19
Alert, J. McConnell, Jr.	0 39 44
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	0 40 57
Dafila, H. E. Fowle	0 42 27
Winona, Jos. Rankin	0 46 12

Plymouth Y. C., Ladies' Day.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Saturday, July 29.

THE ladies' day of the Plymouth Y. C., on July 29, included a race as a part of the programme, the times being:

Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gusha, W. T. Whitman	2 01 16	2 01 06
Fannie D., A. E. Walker	2 10 02	2 05 02
Challenge, E. B. Atwood	2 11 12	2 05 18
Bobolink, L. B. Goodspeed	2 11 43	2 07 43
Lethe, J. W. Shioerich	2 18 50	2 07 50
Grace, M. S. Weston, Jr.	2 17 06	2 10 06
Dolphin, W. Morton	2 24 00	2 12 00
Lucy, O. W. Loring	2 51 05	2 33 05
Annie, Bittinger Bros.	2 57 40	2 44 40
Thelma, B. Wolff	Withdrew.	
Lobster, C. C. Clapp	Disabled.	

Special Class.

Scrap, Arthur Holmes	1 36 26	. . ..
Frolic, J. C. Fawes	1 36 46	. . ..
Veritas, Alex. Holmes	1 36 56	. . ..
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones	1 39 28	. . ..

30-Footers at Newport.

On Aug. 4 the 30-footers sailed a race over the Dyer's Island course in a good S.W. wind, the times being:

Start, 3:07.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer	5 49 52	2 42 52
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 50 12	2 43 12
Asahi, Lloyd Warren	5 50 38	2 43 38
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 51 19	2 44 19
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 51 48	2 44 48
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 56 57	2 49 57
Pollywog, A. H. Paget	Withdrew.	

On Aug. 7 a race was sailed over the Jamestown-Dyer's Island course in a S.E. wind, the times being:

Start, 3:36.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	4 51 40	1 15 40
Pollywog, A. H. Paget	4 52 40	1 16 30
Asahi, Lloyd Warren	4 53 56	1 17 56
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	4 55 58	1 19 58
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	4 57 16	1 21 16
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	4 58 54	1 22 41
Wawa, R. Brooks	4 58 54	1 22 54
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	Withdrew.	

Hull Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 29.

THE Hull Mosquito Fleet Y. C. sailed a good race on July 29 in a strong S.W. wind, the times being:

First Class.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Darthea, Lambert	21.00	1 00 40	0 59 40
Mildred, G. P. Moses	22.00	1 01 51	1 01 51
Shiyessa, A. Douglas	20.05	1 06 36	1 05 01
Idler, R. Campbell	20.03	1 08 02	1 06 17
Jewell, E. E. Tilden	19.08	1 12 08	1 09 48

Second Class.

Chiquita, C. Souther	1 07 39	. . ..
Barbara, A. F. Hayden	1 07 58	. . ..
Gobelin, Canterbury	1 08 22	. . ..

Third Class.

Tech, F. H. Keyes	15.06	1 16 20	1 09 50
Esefsie, G. W. Smith	13.07	1 19 43	1 11 18
Isidora, H. Cleverly	14.11	1 20 44	1 13 39
Ripple, C. H. Smith	15.05	1 21 04	1 14 29
Mojave, C. F. Berry	16.06	1 20 03	1 14 33
Ruth, H. Loring	16.03	1 21 00	1 15 17
Rita	....	Dismasted.	
Attilla	....	Disabled.	

Columbia Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON—DORCHESTER BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 5.

THE Columbia Y. C. sailed a handicap race on Aug. 5 in a light west wind, the times being:

Start, 3:00.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Annie A., James Leveridge	1 51 40	1 47 40
Maggie, E. C. Smith	1 51 42	1 49 42
Bessie, J. F. Lannon	1 55 58	1 50 58
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	1 51 41	1 51 41
Serene, C. Snow	2 00 10	1 52 10
Altruria, T. Monahan	2 10 11	1 57 11
Dove, C. Lyman	2 22 29	2 00 29
Ileen, Robinson Brothers	2 12 53	2 02 53
Uranus, T. Mitchell	2 04 16	2 02 16
Katie M., John Murray	2 21 24	2 03 24
Nelka, George Coy	2 18 34	2 05 34
Silvey, W. Rand	2 29 25	2 16 25
Veronica, A. J. Roberts	Withdrew.	
Star, Hank Graham	Withdrew.	
Vera, J. F. Cotter	Withdrew.	

Lake Yacht Racing Association Meet.

Toronto, Aug. 14-17.

Friday, Aug. 18.—Cruising race, Toronto to Hamilton piers.

Saturday, Aug. 19.—Race for 35ft. Class in lake off Hamilton piers, and for skiffs in Hamilton Bay.

Races at Toronto.

Two Races for Each Class.

First class, yachts over 45ft. racing measurement: First prize, $55; second, $35.

45ft. class: First prize, $55; second, $35.

40ft. class: First prize, $45; second, $25; third $15.

35ft. class: First prize, $45; second, $25; third, $15.

30ft. class: First prize $35; second, $20; third, $10.

25ft. class: First prize, $25; second, $15; third, $10; fourth, $5.

Knockabout class: First prize, $25; second, $15; third, $10; fourth, $5.

Five starters or no fourth prize; four starters or no third prize; three starters or no second prize.

The races for the 45, 35 and 30ft. classes will be sailed on Aug. 14 and 16. For the first, 40, 25ft. and knockabout classes, Aug. 15 and 17.

Friday, Aug. 18.—Cruising Race to Hamilton Piers.—For this race the fleet will be divided into three classes, as follows:

First, 45ft. and 40ft. classes: First prize, $40; second, $20; third, $10; fourth, $5.

35ft. class: First prize, $30; second, $15; third, $5.

30ft., 25ft. and knockabout classes: First prize, $20; second, $10; third, $5.

On Saturday, Aug. 19, there will be a race for 35ft. class over Royal Hamilton Y. C. course, in Lake off Hamilton Piers. First prize, $50; second, $25; third, $15.

In addition to these cash prizes the Royal Hamilton Y. C. will give to the winner in Saturday's race absolutely a handsome silver cup, valued at $100, presented by Messrs. Klein & Binkley.

The first yacht to finish belonging to any of the clubs in the Lake Yacht Racing Association will be awarded the cup presented by Messrs. Hiram Walker & Sons to the Royal Hamilton Y. C. for annual competition.

And the first yacht to finish belonging to the Royal Hamilton Y. C. will be awarded a cup presented by the widow of the late F. S. Malloch to the Royal Hamilton Y. C., for annual competition in the 35ft. class.

Saturday, Aug. 19, in Hamilton Bay, over the Victoria Y. C. course, there will be a race open to all 16ft. skiffs in the L. S. S. A., under the auspices of the Victoria Y. C. First prize, commodore's cup, presented absolutely to the winner of the race by Com. Frank E. Walker; second prize, silk flag and cash prize; third prize, silk flag and cash prize.

Memoranda of Instructions, Guns, etc.

Aug. 14 and 16.—Time gun will be fired at 9:30 A. M. from the Town Club house. Second gun at 10:30 A. M., as signal for yachts to approach the line. Third gun at 10:50 A. M., preparatory signal for 45ft. class. Fourth gun at 11 A. M., signal for 45ft. class to start. Fifth gun at 11:10 A. M., signal for 35ft. class to start. Sixth gun at 11:20 A. M., signal for 30ft. class to start.

Aug. 15 and 17.—Time gun at 9:30 A. M., from Town Club house. Second gun at 10:30 A. M., as signal for yachts to approach the line. Third gun at 10:50 A. M., preparatory signal for first class. Fourth gun at 11 A. M., signal for first class to start. Fifth gun at 11:10 A. M., signal for 40ft. class to start. Sixth gun at 11:20 A. M., signal for 25ft. and knockabout classes to start.

Aug. 18, Cruising Race to Hamilton.—Time gun at 9 A. M., from Town Club house, Toronto. Second gun at 9:30 A. M., as signal for yachts to approach the line. Third gun at 9:50 A. M., preparatory signal for first, 45 and 40ft. classes to approach the line. Fourth gun at 10 A. M., signal for first, 45 and 40ft. classes to start. Fifth gun at 10:10 A. M., signal for 35ft class to start. Sixth gun at 10:20 A. M., signal for 30, 25 and knockabout classes to start.

Aug. 19.—Time gun at 2 P. M. from Royal Hamilton Y. C. house. Second gun at 2:30 P. M., as signal for yachts to approach the line. Third gun at 2:50 P. M., preparatory signal for 35ft. class. Fourth gun at 3 P. M., signal for 35ft. class to start.

The starting gun in each class will represent the preparatory gun for the next class.

N. B.—At the firing of the preparatory gun for each class, the contestants will be amenable to the rules of the L. Y. R. A.

The flag on the judges' boat will be lowered at the time of each starting gun. Should the gun misfire the lowering of the flag will be the signal to start. Yachts crossing line too soon will be recalled by megaphone.

Sailing Instructions.—Each yacht shall carry her Association number on both sides of her mainsail.

Entries according to form prescribed by Rule XI., L. Y. R. A., accompanied by certificate of measurement, must be in the hands of the Association officer not later than noon of the day before the race.

Charts of course will be furnished by Association officer at Town Club on the morning of the race.

FROM all accounts the meet of the American Canoe Association, which began on Aug. 4 at Hay Island, will be one of the largest camps for many years. The energy of Com. Thorne has accomplished much in uniting the Wetsern canoeists, but in addition to this he has worked hard all the year to bring men to camp and to make it so pleasant for them that they will come again without bringing.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Sept. 4.—Sea Girt, N. J.—Meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association. De Lancy G. Walker, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in the last regular competition by members, at 200yds., off-hand, German ring target. Gindele was high on champion target with 214. Roberts was high on the honor target with 69:

Champion score:

Roberts	22	12	20	18	20	15	17	23	21	24	—192
Otto	14	17	11	15	23	8	24	14	17	24	—167
Bruns	21	17	16	21	20	22	17	11	23	18	—186
Gindele	23	25	19	19	22	24	24	17	19	22	—214
Nestler	24	19	23	21	19	21	19	21	23	20	—210
Payne	20	21	15	19	24	19	24	21	20	20	—203
Hasenzahl	21	24	24	23	23	12	24	20	20	20	—211
Trounstine	13	17	21	24	16	24	18	21	24	19	—192
Strickmeier	18	21	25	22	21	22	20	20	14	18	—201

	Special Score.											Honor Target.		
Roberts	24	18	22	22	23	24	11	22	20	17	—203	23	22	24—69
Otto	20	14	15	15	25	15	14	23	19	20	—180	23	18	13—54
Bruns	23	22	20	19	22	19	22	9	16	24	—196	16	29	19—58
Gindele	23	19	22	20	24	24	21	23	21	24	—221	19	22	20—61
Nestler	23	22	20	23	20	19	25	18	22	18	—210	20	19	22—61
Payne	20	25	22	20	14	25	24	18	24	19	—211	18	22	16—56
Trounstine	22	16	18	23	17	24	15	24	21	19	—199	19	20	20—59
Hasenzahl	22	23	23	23	21	23	23	20	18	22	—218	23	22	19—64
Strickmeier	21	20	22	25	23	22	18	21	17	20	—209	23	20	12—55

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 9.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch.—Daly cup, 15 live birds, $15; 11:30 A. M.

Aug. 9-10.—Portland, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, Sec'y.

Aug. 9-10.—Duluth, Minn.—Seventh annual tournament of the Central Gun Club; $250 in cash added. E. C. Mayfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 12.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Kelsey cup, 25 birds, $25; 12 o'clock.

Aug. 15-17.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's ninth annual tournament; $375 added; two-cent targets; Rose system. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

Aug. 16.—Elkwood Park.—All-day sweepstake shooting.

Aug. 17.—West Chester, Pa.—First of intercity contests between ten-men teams of the Phoenix Gun Club, the West Chester Gun Club and the Shuler Gun Club.

Aug. 18.—Hackensack, N. J.—Hackensack River Gun Club's live-bird shoot at Heflich's grounds, Hackensack River Bridge, Paterson Plank Road. John L. Chartrand, Sec'y.

Aug. 18.—Hackensack River Bridge, Paterson Plank Road.—Hackensack River Gun Club's shoot. John L. Chartrand, Sec'y.

Aug. 19.—New Brunswick, N. J.—Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League contest, on grounds of Brunswick Gun Club.

Aug. 19.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Pennsylvania Club cup, 25 birds, $25; 12:30 P. M.

Aug. 20.—Jersey City, N. J.—Opening shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. A. L. Hughes, Sec'y.

Aug. 22.—Worcester, Mass.—All-day target shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; $40 added. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

Aug. 23.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—West End handicap, 20 birds, $20, birds included; 12 noon.

Aug. 23-25.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—C. W. Budd and Fred Gilbert tournament; $300 added.

Aug. 26.—Elkwood Park.—Grand national handicap, 50 birds, $50; 10 o'clock.

Aug. 30.—Elkwood Park.—Dewey handicap, 15 birds, $15; 1 o'clock.

Aug. 30-31.—Auburn Me.—State tournament on the grounds of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Elkwood Park.—Country Club handicap, 20 birds, $20; 11:30 o'clock.

Sept. 4.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Schenectady Gun Club's Labor Day shoot. H. D. Strong, Sec'y.

Sept. 5-7.—Omaha, Neb.—Du Pont Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. G. H. Moore, Sec'y.

Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

Sept. 19-20.—Cherokee, Ia.—Cherokee Gun Club's third annual **tournament. J. D. Anderson, Sec'y.**

Sept. 19-21.—Hastings, Neb.—Amateur tournament of the Hastings Gun Club; $500 added; 2-cent targets. W. S. Duer, Manager.

Sept. 19-22.—Detroit, Mich.—Jack Parker's eighth international tournament; live birds and targets; $500 cash added.

Aug. 23.—Canton, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Canton Gun Club. J. C. Thompson, Jr., Sec'y.

Sept. 26-27.—Midway Park (Between Warren and Miles), Trumbull County, O.—The Rummell-Gaston tournament.

Sept. 28-29.—Alton, Ill.—Third annual open tournament of the Piasa Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds.

Oct. 23-28.—Nashville, Tenn.—Belle Meade Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Sec'y.

Nov. 21-22.—Sioux City, Ia.—Second annual live-bird tournament of the Soo Gun Club; added money in every event. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

First and third Fridays of each month.—Watson's Park, Burnsine, Ill.—Semi-monthly contest for Montgomery Ward & Co.'s diamond badges.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

1900.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Associations Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June —.—Tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, first week in June. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the Interstate Association's last target tournament of the season, at Portsmouth, Va., is now ready for distribution. Sept. 6 and 7 are the dates. There are ten events alike each day, respectively, two at 10 targets, $1; six at $1.50, and two at 20, $2 entrance. Of Portsmouth the programme sets forth: "Situated on the Elizabeth River, ten miles from Hampton Roads, Portsmouth has, with Norfolk, the largest and safest harbor on the Atlantic Coast south of New York, and through the broad entrance of Chesapeake Bay the commerce of the world is brought to her by steam and sail. Nine railroads extend to all points of the compass, and numerous coastwise and foreign steamship lines carry on immense traffic. The city is rich in historic associations. It was a theater of Colonial, Revolutionary and Confederate struggles, and it was within ten miles of her harbor that the famous engagement between the U. S. S. Monitor and the Confederate ironclad Merrimac (an event which changed the character of naval warfare) was fought in 1862. There is no greater attraction for visitors than the United States Navy Yard at this point, where some of the best types of Uncle Sam's fighting machines—notably the Texas and the Raleigh—have been built. The yard dates back to Washington's time, and some idea of its advantage to Portsmouth can be gained from the fact that more than 2,000 workmen keep up the busy hum of toil. The town's proximity to the ocean gives it additional charm to visitors to whom the sea is a new experience. Eighteen miles away, by rail, is Virginia Beach, one of the principal winter and summer resorts on the coast, and much nearer, on the Bay, are Ocean View, and the queen of bayside health resorts, Old Point Comfort. The waters hereabouts teem with oysters and fish, offering inducements to the lovers of the angle. To sportsmen with a penchant for big game the neighboring Dismal Swamp offers attractions in the form of deer, bear and wildcat, not to mention game of smaller caliber." Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. To reach the grounds, take Columbia Park cars at the foot of High street. Send guns and ammunition to W. N. White or G. W. Mooney, for free delivery to the grounds. Targets 2 cents, included in entrance. Contestants may shoot for targets only. Equitable system. On Friday, Sept. 8, the Portsmouth Gun Club will give a live-bird shoot. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner will manage, as usual. Mr. J. W. S. Butt, Sec'y of the Portsmouth Gun Club, 518 Middle street, Portsmouth, will give pertinent information.

In our business columns this week the Interstate Park Association sets forth its prospectus in full. A column of space is occupied by it, and the reader will find in it much of news interest as well as business advertisement. It recites the pertinent clauses of the Association's charter, gives a list of the officers, describes the real estate owned at present, and enumerates the improve-

ments to be made thereon, and minutely explains the financial advantages of the bonds to investors. The section of land owned by the Interstate Park Association is situated in the fertile and thriving section of Long Island which in future years is destined to furnish homes for the constantly increasing population of New York. New York proper is built to its full capacity already, so far as those are concerned who are not numbered with those of great wealth. The transportation facilities centering at the Brooklyn Bridge favor Long Island to a superior degree, and offer an advantage of great value to home-seekers whose place of business is in the great city. The estimates of minimum revenue of each year will cover the current expenses, and the actual revenue will without doubt far exceed that which was estimated as the minimum. The bonds have already been subscribed for to an amount which assures the success of the enterprise. There are many who need but to know the advantages offered to invest cheerfully. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Co., is the secretary-treasurer, and this alone is sufficient mention concerning the perfect soundness and sterling integrity of the venture.

The Rummell-Gaston tournament is fixed to be held in Midway Park (between Warren and Miles), Trumbull county, O., on Sept. 26 and 27. Both target and live-bird events will be provided. There are ten events for the first day, eight at targets, two at live birds, one of the latter being at 7 birds, $3, and the other at 10 birds, $4, birds extra in each event. There is one event at 10, three at 15, two at 20 and one at 25 targets, with a total entrance of $14. There are nine events for the second day's programme, of which two are at live birds, as follows: Ten birds, $4, and 25 birds, $10, birds extra in each. The latter, if possible to arrange, will be for championship of Ohio. The target events are: One at 10, three at 15, two at 20 and one at 25 targets; a total of $15 entrance. Four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Address James E. Gaston, Mineral Ridge, O.

Mr. A. W. Walls, Sec'y of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, writes us as follows, under date of Aug. 5: "The Worcester Sportsmen's Club, of Worcester, Mass., will hold an all-day shoot at targets on Tuesday, Aug. 22, at which time the much-talked-of 100-bird race between E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., and C. E. Forehand, of Worcester, Mass., will be shot. A good programme of sweepstake events will be arranged, and $25 will be put up for best averages in the programme events. The programme will call for 100 shots from each shooter to be eligible as a winner of average money. The 100-bird race between E. C. Griffith and C. E. Forehand will be shot at unknown angles.

There are fourteen events on the programme of the Hudson Gun Club's shoot, Aug. 21, of which five are at 10 targets, 50 cents entrance; five at 15, $1 entrance; three at 20, $1.50 entrance, and one at 25, 50 cents entrance, the latter being the team shoot, $5 added. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. Money divided by the Rose system. Take Turnpike car from P. R. R. Ferry to the west side of Hackensack River Bridge. A. L. Hughes, 131 Newark street, Sec'y. The members of the Hudson Gun Club always made visitors welcome.

In a letter dated July 29 from Mr. Wm. P. Hillhouse, counselor at law, Denver, Colo., concerning the prosecution of two distinguished trap shots as the result of a recent pigeon shooting contest in that city, he writes: "I am happy to add that the matter was settled in court yesterday after quite a fight, by the discharge of the gentlemen arrested. The condition of the law here, while unsatisfactory, will probably, under this decision, protect sportsmen until the Legislature meets next fall."

Mr. John L. Chartrand, secretary of the Hackensack River Gun Club, under date of Aug. 5, writes us as follows; "A match at 50 clay birds each, $25 a side, has been arranged between Wm. Hexamer and H. M. Heflich, to take place on Friday, Aug. 18, the day of the H. R. G. C.'s live-bird shoot. As these men are two of the club's best shots, this match should prove close and interesting. A supper will be served after shoot at the club's expense, and an enjoyable time is anticipated. All are welcome."

The Mt. Kisco Gun Club, at its shoot last Saturday, added $15 to the Van Dyke memorial fund, the proceeds of one event in which the prize and targets were donated free. Thus two clubs, the Pawling and Mt. Kisco, in two shoots have contributed $25 to the fund.

We regret exceedingly that the programme of the Central Gun Club, Duluth, Minn., reached us too late to review last week. As this club's tournament is held on Aug. 9 and 10 a review this week would be without benefit to the parties interested.

The Soo Gun Club, Sioux City, Ia., have claimed Nov. 21 and 22 for their second annual live-bird tournament. Added money will be a feature of every event. The secretary is Mr. E. R. Chapman.

Mr. U. M. C. Thomas was in New York for a day last week, en route to Bridgeport from the City of Mexico. The long, fatiguing journey did not seem to impair his health or spirits in the least.

The secretary of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, Mr. J. C. Porterfield, informs us that the next tournament of the League will be held at Columbus, O., June 5, 6 and 7, 1900.

In the contest of the Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League at Dunellen, N. J., on Saturday of last week the Brunswick Gun Club was first by the score of 93.

The Cherokee Gun Club, Cherokee, Ia., has changed the dates of its tournament, fixing on Sept. 19 and 20 instead of Sept. 13 and 14.

Stanstead proposes a new system for the division of money in shoots and tournaments. It is presented elsewhere in our columns.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Aug. 5.—The handicap event, of which a leather gun case was the prize, was warmly contested and required two ties and the toss of a penny to decide it, Mr. B. Amend winning on the combined matter of skill and chance. This was rather a novel shoot financially, as there was no entrance. The scores of it and the ties follow:

Tuttle, 5	1111110111011011101111110—25
Chambers, 4	1111111110011111101101011—24
Smith, 8	0101010110010110001111000—20
Van Allen, 2	1111111111111111111111011—25
Wright, 8	1111101011101001100011101—24
Hopkins, 5	1101110001110101110101110—21
Amend, 3	1111111111001111111110111—25
Shooff-off ties:	
Tuttle, 5	1111111101011101111101011—25
Van Allen, 2	1111111111111110111111111—25
Amend, 3	1110111111101111111111110—25
Shoot-off two ties:	
Tuttle, 5	1011111101011011000111111—23
Van Allen, 2	1111111111111111111111111—25
Amend, 3	1111111111011111110110111—25

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	6
Targets:	10	10	15	5p	15	Targets:	10	10	15	5p	15
Dr Chambers	7	6	11	7	12	W Hopkins	9	9	..	10	10
Dr Tuttle	9	10	12	4	14	Wright	5	5	10	5	11
Lane	10	7	..	..	14	Dr Smith	..	..	9	2	14
Van Allen	5	10	12	7	14	B Amend	..	..	..	7	9

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Aug. 3.—The scores made at our last shoot follow herewith. We have all been busy with our new house, and have not had much time to shoot. We shoot on Aug. 13, 20 and 27:

Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	25	10	10	10	10
Schorty	8	7	9	10	8	8	20	9	7	8	8
Banta	..	..	6	4	6	..	13	..	..	..	..
Schields	5	8	9	5	8	15	19	7	..	..	..
Van Dyne	8	9	10	6	7	8	14	5	8	8	9
Whitley	..	..	..	7	..	9	14	..	..	..	..
O'Brien	..	..	5	4	..	..	14	..	..	..	..
Heritage	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	6	7	..
Doran	..	..	8	..	..	..	5	11	..	..	..
Altz	6	8	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	5	..
Bock	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	16	6	..	..
Boothroyd	..	..	3	..	5	..	..	10	..	5	2
Brewer	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	13	..	..	..
Kall	..	3	5	7	4	..	11	..	..	..	..
Ratigan	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	16	7	..	..
De Long	..	5	7	..	9	10	15	6	..	..	..

A. L. HUGHES, Sec'y.

Ninth Ward Gun Club.

Hackensack, N. J., July 31.—The scores of the Ninth Ward Gun Club's monthly shoot, held at Heflich's grounds, are as follows. The contest was at live birds, and was open to members only:

W H Faulk	1111011111— 9	P Zeller	1011100011— 6
C Frank	1011001110— 6	C Hunstein	1111000111— 7
F Geppert	1000110110— 5	J Smith	0001011110— 5
F Lounds	1011100010— 5	R J Francis	0011101100— 5
J Smelby	1101010001— 5		

Central New Jersey Trap Shooters' League.

Dunellen, N. J., Aug. 5.—There were four teams present at Dunellen, N. J., on the grounds of the Dunellen Gun Club, victory coming to the Brunswick Gun Club on the score of 93. The edge of the great storm which raged at Coney Island was in evidence, and part of the match was shot in a stiff gale, which blew from the traps to the right of the shooters for a half hour, and then of course there was exceedingly hard shooting. The second squad happened to have the bad inning, and had therefore the worst of it. The next shoot is fixed for Aug. 19, at New Brunswick, on the New Brunswick Gun Club grounds.

Team race, five-men teams, 25 targets per man, Sergeant system:

Brunswick, New Brunswick.		Climax, Plainfield.	
Bunk	22	Pierson	8
Smith	10	Keller	20
McDowell	19	Terry	15
Nichols	22	Swody	18
Randall	20—93	Hunt	21—82
Columbia, South Amboy.		Dunellen, Dunellen.	
Disbrow	15	Osborne	14
J Bloodgood	21	Giles	17
Ivins	15	Fletcher	15
Green	18	Lindzey	14
Leake	14—81	Baron	14—74

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	10	15	Targets:	10	10	10	15
McDowell	6	10	9	14	Baron	6	8	..	
Deleman	6	..	9	..	Hovey	7	6	11	
Disbrow	6	9	..	..	Bunk	9	9	7	
Leake	7	4	4	8	Giles	8	3	..	
Keller	3	8	13	..	Green	6	8	9	
Ivins	3	7	..	..	Smith	6	5	9	
Lindzey	7	5	5	9	Hunt	8	..	..	
Fletcher	6	8	5	13	Nelson	..	6	10	
Osborne	6	7	8	..					

Trap at Lyndhurst.

Aug. 3.—No. 1 was a miss-and-out, as follows: Capt. Money, 29, and Harold Money, 30, each 3; Morfey, 29, 0; Moffett, 29, 2; Bender, 28, 0; Dr. Webber, 27, 0.

No. 2 was at 10 birds, $5: Capt. Money 6, Harold Money 9, Morfey 9, Moffett 9, Bender 8, Dr. Webber 8, Dr. Creamer 6, Apgar 10, C. Morgan 8, Fletcher, 28, 6.

No. 4 was at 10 birds: H. Money, 9; Morfey, 8; Capt. Money, 6; Moffett, 7; Bunn, 28, 7; Webber, 8; Creamer, 5; Doty, 10.

The match between Morgan and Moffett commenced at 3:35 and was finished at 4:18. Morgan stood at 28yds. and had 28 birds to shoot at. Moffett stood at 32yds. and had 25 birds. Morgan lost 7 birds. His last one, the 28th, managed to get just over the boundary. Moffett lost but 3, so that the score was 22 to 21 in Moffett's favor. The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

	1	5	3	4	3	2	3	5	4	1	5	5	4	2	2	5	4	1	5	2	4	5	2	2	1	5	1	5		
Morgan, 29	↖	↘	↑	→	←	←	↗	↙	←	↓	→	↗	→	↱	↗	↗	↓	↗	↑	↗	↱	↗	↑	←	←	↗	↖	→		
	0	0	2	2	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	0	2	2	2	0	2	1	2	2	2	2	1	0	2	2	2	*	—21	
	4	1	5	1	5	5	5	5	1	5	3	2	1	5	4	2	1	2	2	2	2	2	5	5	5	1				
Moffett, 32	↑	←	←	↖	↗	↱	↗	↗	↱	→	↙	↗	↗	↳	←	↗	↖	↖	↖	→	→	↑	↖	→	↗	↱	↳			
	2	2	2	2	2	2	0	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	2		—22	

Arkansas and the South.

St. Louis Doings.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 4.—Louis Dennig was first to try and wrest the Busch challenge trophy from Griesedick, the holder, in an individual contest. This took place on the St. Louis Gun Club grounds, and was close enough to be interesting, and by virtue of Griesedick losing his last bird dead out of bounds it resulted in a tie, with a total of 22 for each contestant. The shoot-off, however, assumed a different aspect, as Dennig lost his effectiveness, missing 6 out of his first 20, and withdrawing from the contest at this juncture of the match. Griesedick duplicated his previous score of 22. This gives him two wins and an excellent start in the race for permanent possession. However, there are many good pigeon shots in St. Louis, and it is very likely that Mr. Griesedick will have very frequent demands on his time, in order to retain the medal. Scores of the match:

Griesedick	11221*11112212011221112 1*—22
Dennig	12212120 1*022222222112222—22
Shoot-off:	
Griesedick	1011101112222221211111*22—22
Dennig	11*02200021110121221 —14

Memphis Gun Club.

On Aug. 2 this club held a merchandise shoot and outing, at Raleigh, a local summer resort, about ten miles distant from Memphis. This is a delightful place for an event of this nature, as it is always cool and pleasant there, while there is also an abundance of shade and fine spring water. After the shoot an elegant dinner was served to the participants at Raleigh Inn, and the arrangement of the table proved a very agreeable surprise to all, as targets were used as dishes and Winchester Blue Rival and Leader shells were used as salt and pepper cellars; then three traps acted as holders for appropriate floral designs—all of which added zest to the occasion.

The competition was conducted on a handicap basis, and there were from four to six prizes in every event, the entrance for all of these being $5, providing an entrance was made for all of them at once; otherwise the aggregate entrance amounted to $9.50. Abe Frank, who shot scratch, made high average, scoring 83 out of 100.

The following are the scores of those who took part in all events:

Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	25	Broke.
Frank	8	11	17	13	14	20	83
Vance, 2	8	13	17	9	15	18	80
Schmidt, 5	9	11	15	12	10	20	77
Thompson, 9	3	13	16	11	9	22	74
Edwards	6	13	15	12	11	17	74
Yohnke, 5	9	14	14	10	10	14	71
Brignardello, 6	6	13	14	11	11	16	71
W S Thompson, 5	6	14	16	8	12	15	71
Compton, 12	6	12	16	9	8	19	70
Harris, 8	8	7	13	10	10	17	65
Haggerty, 20	4	9	17	6	13	14	63
Taylor, 6	9	7	8	12	7	19	62

Loeb, Popham, Williamson, Hirsch, Hale and Douglass participated in three or four of the events.

Expansion.

To the best of my knowledge the sport of trap-shooting is practically unknown on the island of Porto Rico, but ere long we may see reports of trap shoots even from this section in FOREST AND STREAM. Lieut. J. W. L. Phillips, who was formerly stationed at the post here, but who is now with his regiment at San Juan, writes me that there are some forty or more officers in and about there who are anxious to indulge in the sport once more, and requests me to advise them what they will need to properly equip a shooting grounds, and furthermore to place him in communication with some firm in New York who handles such supplies.

Among other things, he mentions that they have a very suitable tract of ground for this purpose, and that pigeons can be purchased at 6 cents apiece. It is their intention to fit up for target and live-bird shooting at once.

Gilbert and Budd.

These two well-known shooters will hold a tournament on Aug. 23 to 25, at Arnold's Park, which is about five miles from Spirit Lake, the home of Gilbert, on the beautiful Okoboji Lake. This is an ideal place for an event of this kind, and aside from the attraction of the shoot, possesses many other interesting features, such as fishing and bathing, while good chicken shooting is to be had in this section of Iowa. The season for these birds opens the week following, so those who care to can sojourn at the park for a week, where first-class accommodations can be had at very reasonable rates, and then go after chickens on Sept. 1. There will be $300 added money at this shoot, and the programme will consist of eight 15 and three 20-target events each day. To the former there will be $7.50 added, and the latter events will have $10 added. Two very nice cups will be put up for averages, and these will be computed from the 20-target events. One cup will be for the 90 class and the other for the 80. In the meantime Charley writes he will come to Arkansas and endeavor to get high average.

Capital Gun Club.

The contest for the local club medal was a rather one-sided affair, as Pemberton, who won the medal at the previous shoot, developed such a streak that by comparison the other principals cut but a sorry figure, and none of them shot up their handicap, for even with this they could not get within hailing distance. Pemberton won the medal on a score of 47, and maintained this gait throughout, shooting all told at 115 and having 108 of these recorded. The shooting of the other contestants was below the ordinary, Thibault and Fletcher finishing second with 38. The conditions were all that could be desired, and the traps worked perfectly. All the details pertaining to the State shoot have now been completed.

Pemberton	1111111111111111111111111111111100101111111111111—47
Thibault	1111011111011011111111111011011111100110111101001 0—38
Fletcher	1111111111110101011110011101111011110001110011111—38
Duley	0111101101011011101111011111011111011110100 1—37
Schimmer	0000100110101010101111011111001011110110000101010 1—27
Matthews	0001010001001011011011111111111011001111010001111 1—31
Bragg	0011101101000010111101010000110000101001101100 1101—24
Perry	0000111100110011100100110100111101001110001000—24
Morrison	1000100110001000010000000000001100101111010000000—14
Weigel	1001111100111101101011111001101101 —23
Litzke	0111001111111001101110000111100 —19
Markwell	0110101111110011100010001 —14

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Mt. Kisco Gun Club.

Aug. 5.—The formal opening shoot of the Mt. Kisco Gun Club on its new grounds took place to-day, with a support which was most gratifying. There were Fanning, Banks and Hallowell, representatives of trade interests, and Dr. Webber, Dudley, I. Tallman, all mighty men with the gun, besides a good support from the club members and home talent.

The weather was sweltering hot, with a glaring light. The targets were thrown quite hard, so that the shooting kept all alert who desired to make good scores. Banks was high man for the day, just beating Fanning out for the average.

The officers of the club worked like beavers to make the shoot pleasant.

No. 14 was made a handicap event, the prize being a leather shell case. The entrance fee was $100. The club donated targets and proceeds to the Van Dyke Memorial Fund, in amount $15. The professional talent shot for targets only. The scores:

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	15	20	10	10	25	10	20	15	15	20	25
Banks	9	10	15	7	15	12	19	8	10	19	10	17	13	15	20	24
Fanning	9	9	13	10	12	12	19	10	10	20	8	19	15	14	19	23
Kallowell	10	7	15	9	15	10	17	7	8	20	10	18	15	14	18	24
Dr Webber	8	9	10	9	15	6	19	6	9	24	10	18	12	10	18	22
Dudley	8	9	12	9	13	10	19	9	9	22	5	18	14	11	19	19
Dutcher	7	9	11	8	10	5	12	9	8	17	8	13	13	..	..	..
G E Sutton	9	6	11	6	12	9	13	2	10	15	..	8	..	9	..	..
R Gorham	6	8	10	7	12	12	..	8	9	19	4	16	14	15	11	21
A Betti	9	6	12	7	4	..	..	8	7	14	9	16	8	12	9	14
I Tallman	8	10	15	8	12	8	14	8	8	20	10	20	14	12	18	..
B Fowler	5	9	12	8	..	..	..	5	6	21	7	..	..	..	..	..
Waters	10	8	12	7	12	10	15	7	7	19	8	16	12	12	18	15
Diehl	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	1	6	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Baily	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brian	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	7	9	6	..	6	..	10	14
Halpin	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	6	15	..	..	..	5	..	..
Schnieder	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	7	8	21	..	14	12	11	19	20
Little Jacks	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carpenter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	15	6	..	..	19	..	..
Reid	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	21	8	10	13	11	13	19
Acker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Houatt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	12	..	5	..	..
Flewellin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Barnard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	10	..	..	18
J Reed	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	..	..	..	..

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Aug. 5.—The Mt. Pleasant Gun Club, of this city, held a handicap shoot this afternoon on their grounds on Mt. Penn. The conditions of the match were 25 targets per man, with a handicap of targets to be added to the total number hit out of the 25. Score: Rhodes, scratch, 21; Capt. Ball, 4, 18; Yeager, 7, 18; Shultz, scratch, 11; Hunsberger, 4, 16; Gilbert, 6, 15.

Phœnixville, Pa., Aug. 4.—The Phœnix Gun Club held a target shoot this afternoon and twelve shooters shot for the badge. Each man shot at 25 targets, with the following scores: Capt. Erb 18, Stephens 17, L. Ninstead 19, Hodges 21, Dotterer 20, Miller 17, Holman 23, Farley 16, Pierce 19, G. Ninstead 13, Edwards 16, Buckwalter 17.

In a 25-target match between J. H. Miller and J. W. Holman, Miller broke 18 to Holman's 16.

Reading, Pa., Aug. 5.—At a meeting of the South End Gun Club, of this city, a committee was appointed to arrange a date for an all-day target tournament at the club's grounds on Beyer's Island, the principal event to be the team shoot for teams of six for the handsome sterling silver Roman shield, valued at $45. This trophy was won last August by the South End Regulars after an exciting shoot with the Shuler team, of Pottstown. All gun clubs will be invited to send teams and a good shoot can be expected, as the South End boys are very particular what they offer, and whatever they place in competition must be worth what they advertise or no shoot. Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, who managed last year's event so successfully, has again been secured to manage the shoot this year. Any information wanted will be cheerfully given by addressing Peter Texter, Sec'y Reading, Pa.

DUSTER.

Trap at Brockton.

BROCKTON, Mass., Aug. 4.—Brockton is quite alive to trap-shooting, as the following will show. Besides our regular club, the South End has what promises to be quite a hot side-partner—not opposition.

Nelson was first with 78 per cent.; Barrett (visitor) was second with 74; Turner, Clapp and Winslow were close followers of the leaders. Some will be heard from in the near future. There are twenty-five members, and all are very much interested in field sports.

July 29.—The scores of to-day's shoot follow. In the medal events, Worthing and Stork shot very well, and this part of the season's programme is getting quite interesting. Our next shoot will be Aug. 12:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Leonard	7	..	..	6	6	7	9	7	6	19	7	7	8	6	28
Murdock	4	2	5	4	6	6	2	7	..	15	5	4	7	..	18
Worthing	6	..	10	8	8	10	8	9	3	30	9	8	5	5	25
Leroy	10	7	9	8	10	9	9	9	1	29	10	10	9	1	30
Harlow	6	..	5	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.
Wood	8	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	6	5	28
Bishop	7	..	..	9	7	6	7	9	7	27	5	6	8	7	..
Allen	10	..	..	..	..	7	6	..	..	..	8	9	9	3	29
Stork	..	..	5	..	..	7	9	9	6	30	..	..	..	..	..
Tisdale	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	9	2	30

Nos. 6 to 10 were medal. Nos. 11 to 15 were merchandise.

A. A. BARRETT, Sec'y.

Budd-Gilbert Tournament.

SPIRIT LAKE, Ia., Aug 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please announce in your Trap Fixtures that C. W. Budd and Fred Gilbert's tournament will be held in Arnold's Park, Ia., on Lake Okoboji, Aug. 23, 24 and 25, and $300 will be added. For further information address Chas. H. Copley, Spirit Lake, Ia.

C. W. BUDD.
FRED GILBERT.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Geo. Roll Wins Montgomery Ward Diamond Badge.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 5.—George Roll, of Blue Island Gun Club, yesterday won the Montgomery Ward & Co. diamond badge in the twelfth and final contest and wears now the last trophy open to the general public in Chicago shootingdom. Mr. Roll was closely crowded by Mr. J. W. Amberg, runner-up, and had the latter won in the day's contest he must have been final winner without an additional shoot, for he was in the ties for first (he was the only scratch man to go straight out of the thirteen entries) and had won the trophy twice before. As it was, Dr. Shaw, Messrs. Simonetti, Amberg, Barto, Hollister and Parker were the only ones in the tie on 15, Roll dropping back to the 14 hole, where he had to kill 12 tie birds to win second place, third going to Elias. All of the men in the 15 tie killed their 5 straight except Amberg, to whom a straight meant more than to any of his rivals. As he was thus shut out, and it was the last remaining chance for a three-time winner, it was decided to save time by discontinuing that tie and going on at once to the final contest, for which three men qualified, each of whom had won the badge twice, namely, Amberg, Sturdevant and Roll. All shot at 30yds. and at 15 birds. Sturdevant showed in poor form and missed 5 birds, withdrawing. Amberg missed his 5th bird, and Roll, not to be outdone, also missed his 5th. The men then ran together up to the 12th bird, which Amberg failed to stop. Roll killed on out and won, the race being decided in the first string of 15 birds and not getting to the tie frames. Both men were warmly congratulated by their friends, and thus the very successful and pleasant series came to an end.

The second capital prize, the high average medal, was won very decisively by Dr. Shaw, who in the ten times he has shot for this badge has gone straight eight times. This, too, is a very beautiful emblem and denotes a very meritorious performance in so large and good a field as these contests have brought out. Dr. Shaw might have found a rival in Mr. Hollister had the latter shot in as many of the contests as Dr. Shaw. Out of five times entered, Mr. Hollister has gone straight five times.

Of the different holders of this badge, Messrs. Roll, Amberg and Sturdevant won it twice each, and it was won once each by Messrs. W. B. Leffingwell, J. L. White, J. O'Brien, J. Elias and Nels. Nelson. There was no winner declared in the twelfth contest. In this last shoot the weather was close and humid—not good flying weather—but the birds did well. Below are the scores of the contest:

Dr Shaw, 30, 2	211211212211122	—15
W B Leffingwell, 30, 2	01101211212221202	—14
Geo Roll, 30, 0	022222122122221	—14
John Elias, 28, 2	120 101222*1*2122	—13
R Simonetti, 29, 3	2110222*1022212112	—15
J L White, 30, 2	21121*20221022222	—14
J H Amberg, 30, 0	112212111112222	—15
J M Gillis, 29, 3	001010211111112120	—13
J B Barto, 29, 2	212221212111222	—15
D Bacci, 28, 4	2021222210000221100	—12
Ed Sturdevant, 30, 0	0022200w	
Hollister, 30, 2	212110211122222011	—15
Parker, 30, 2	212111112121112	—15

Ties on 15:

Shaw	21111—5	Hollister	21212—5
Amberg	22110—4	Parker	120
Barto	12121—5		

Ties on 14:

W B Leffingwell	211112w	G Roll	112222121111

Ties on 13:

Elias	222011	Gillis	12200

Final contest:

J H Amberg, 30	111101122210121—13
Ed Sturdevant, 30	20200222200w
Geo Roll, 30	222202222222222—14

Messrs. Montgomery Ward & Co. will not offer any further medals for a series of shoots, having now shot the year round for the boys and done their share. There is talk, however, at Manager Leffingwell's suggestion, of beginning another series of medal shoots among the shooters themselves, they to put up their own medal and to arrange for a sweep entry on the side in each shoot for all who may prefer, any shooter being allowed to shoot for the medal alone if he wishes. It is not at this writing determined what will be the conclusion in regard to this proposition, but it is likely to be adopted, as the boys will feel lonesome without something to shoot for every other week at least.

Central of Duluth.

Central Gun Club, of Duluth, one of the regulars in our Northwestern country, holds its seventh annual tournament Aug. 9 and 10, $250 added, equitable system, magautrap.

Cherokee.

Cherokee Gun Club, of Iowa, has changed its dates for its third annual shoot from Sept. 13 and 14 to Sept. 19 and 20. J. D. Anderson, Sec'y.

E. HOUGH.
180 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Aug. 5.—The following scores were made on our grounds to-day, and are not quite up to our usual grade in average, although some good scores were made. Dr. Shaw won Class A medal on a score of 23; W. Northcott and Ford tied for Class B medal on scores of 21, and after a spirited shoot-off Northcott won. Class C Medal was won by Cornelson on a score of only 11—very few members of Class C being present. The weather was very cloudy and threatening rain; in fact, did rain all forenoon and up to 1 o'clock, which accounts for our small attendance. It is a very unusual thing for Garfield to have an attendance of less than twenty-five shooters.

Trophy shoot:

Pollard	0000001001000001010000010— 5
Workman	11111111011100001001100111—16
Cornelson	00100111011111000001000100—11
Dr Shaw	11111111111111111011110111—23
Mrs Shaw	10101111101111010110110010—17
Richards	01101111110111111111110111—21
Wolff, Sr	11100001001000000000011000— 7
Smedes	11101111010100011110100l—16
Kehl	10010000000001000101100000— 6
Ford	11101010111111111111111110—21
J Wolff	00010101111110001011111010—14
Hellman	11101001110111011111111110—19
Dr Graves	01010001000000000001010001— 6
Dr Meek	11010101111110011101110ll1—18
Stricklik	01110010010111000010010l0—11
Baker	00100101000110100000100001— 8
Northcott	11011110011111111111111011—21
L Thomas	10010110110011111111101111—18
E S Graham	11111111100110011111101111—20

Team shoot:

Richards 11, Dr. Meek 11, Hellman 11, Smedes 11, Dr. Graves 2, Baker 6; total, 52.

Northcott 10, Ford 10, J. Wolff 9, Stricklik 10, Pollard 11, Kehl 3; total, 53.

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	15	15	10	Targets:	10	15	15	10
Pollard	2	7	9	5	Smedes	8	12	11	6
Workman	6	11	..	..	Ford	8	8	13	5
M H Shaw	4	..	..	..	J Wolff	5	9	..	..
Cornelson	7	11	6	..	Hellman	7	9	6	2
Dr Shaw	8	13	15	9	Dr Graves	..	5	5	3
Mrs Shaw	7	9	7	..	Dr Meek	..	11	13	4
Richards	7	9	13	9	Stricklik	..	4	10	9
L Wolff, Sr	3	6	5	..	Baker	..	0	9	6
L Thomas	7	..	..	..	Northcott	..	7	14	9
Edwards	1	..	..	..	Thomas	..	6	..	..
Kehl	2	6	5	2	E S Graham	..	..	14	..

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, July 29.—This was not a perfect day for shooting. The wind blew hard from back of the trap, bearing the birds down. In the trophy V. L. Cunnyngham won Class A, Borroff won Class B, R. B. Mack won Class C, Lovell won Class D.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets: Ed Steck 17, A. C. Borroff 19, W. W. Sprague 15, H. B. Morgan 16, J. G. Lovell 20, R. B. Mack 19, J. T. Jones 18, Mrs. Carson 16, G. V. Weart 16, V. L. Cunnyngham 21, Chas. Antoine 19, Dr Arnold 16, H. D. James 8.

Mussey cup, 15 singles and 5 pairs: Ed Steck 17, A. C. Borroff 11, W. W. Sprague 20, H. B. Morgan 24, J. G. Lovell 21, R. B. Mack 17, J. L. Jones 20, Mrs. Carson 16, G. V. Weart 14, V. L. Cunnyngham 23, Chas. Antoine 25, H. J. James 13, Dr. Arnold 6, Dr. Morton 9. In the Mussey cup shoot Chas. Antoine, on 25 out of 27 (15 singles and 5 pairs), handicap, won.

Team contest:

Chas. Antoine 17, V. L. Cunnyngham 15, Hilliard 8, Dr. Carson 12, J. G. Lovell 12, Mrs. Carson 13, Dr. Morton 7; total, 84.

H. B. Morgan 6, Ed Steck 14, E. E. Jackson 17, A. C. Borroff 11, R. B. Mack 10, J. L. Jones 9, H. D. James 6; total, 73.

Team contest:

Chas. Antoine 17, Dr. Carson 12, H. B. Morgan 14, Dr. Morton 9, E. E. Jackson 17; total, 69.

Ed Steck 22, V. L. Cunnyngham 19, J. G. Lovell 19, R. B. Mack 15, Mrs. Carson 11; total 86.

Steck's side won.

Aug. 5.—In the trophy shoot Chas. Antoine won Class A, Dr. Miller won Class B on 25 straight, R. B. Mack won Class C, Mrs. Carson won Class D.

A. W. Morton	11100111011011111011101110—18
R B Mack	01111111111111111011111011—22
W W Sprague	00110110100100001100110ll—12
Capt. Evans	00101100111111011111101011—17
J J Jones	00111111011100010101001l0—14
C Antoine	11111111011011111101110ll—21
Dr Carson	11111101100110101110111l0—18
Mrs Carson	01101011001100000111101l0—14
Dr Miller	11111111111111111111111l—25
A C Borroff	01111111111110010011111ll—20

In a race at 15 singles and 5 pairs, Dr. Miller won from C. Antoine by a score of 21 to 15.

Practice shoot: A. W. Morton 17, R. B. Mack 18, W. W. Sprague 16, Capt. Evans 14, Dr. Carson 17, Mrs. Carson 15, Dr. Miller 20, J. J. Jones 18, C. Antoine 18, A. C. Borroff 19.

Team shoot:

R. B. Mack 15, C. Antoine 14, A. W. Morton 16, J. L. Jones 12, W. W. Sprague 7; total, 64.

Dr. Miller 14, Dr. Carson 17, Capt. Evans 15, Mrs. Carson 13, W. W. Sprague 7; total, 66.

In this team shoot Dr. Miller's side won.

Team shoot:

Dr. Carson 13, Dr. Miller 18, Mrs. Carson 14, J. J. Jones 12; total, 67.

R. B. Mack 17, Chas. Antoine 17, Capt. Evans 14, Dr. Henderson 14; total 62.

Dr. Carson's side won.

Midsummer Tournament at Ocean City.

OCEAN CITY, Md., July 29.—The tournament was notable for the thorough enoyment of all the participants, though they in number were not up to what the management had a right to expect. The management exerted themselves to make the stay of the visitors pleasant.

The trade was represented by Messrs. J. S. Fanning, J. J. Hallowell, J. A. R. Elliott, Capt. A. W. du Bray, Harold Money and H. P. Collins.

Mr. James Malone, of Baltimore, managed the shoot.

Wednesday, July 26.

The handicaps were 12, 15 and 18yds., according to the skill of the shooters. The entrance was based on 10 cents a target, with added money in each event. The weather was not favorable. Fanning led in the total of the day. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	10	20	10	15	10	20	15	10	10	20	15
Fanning	8	12	9	19	8	14	8	19	14	9	15	20	14
Hawkins	7	12	6	15	9	12	10	19	13	10	11	18	13
Fox	7	12	9	15	4	12	10	18	15	10	1	19	12
Hallowell	8	9	9	16	8	9	9	18	14	10	13	14	14
Schultze	8	13	10	17	7	10	6	16	11	8	12	16	13
J Elliott	10	12	9	15	9	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lupus	6	13	7	18	10	8	10	18	13	10	14	16	11
Floyd	7	12	9	12	9	9	10	10	12	10	13	10	13
Cartledge	10	9	10	16	9	10	8	14	9	8	11	16	12
Money	8	14	9	18	8	14	6	11	13	9	12	19	14
Leland	7	13	7	11	8	11	10	16	13	9	12	16	14
Hebbs	7	10	10	15	5	14	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stansbury	10	11	9	12	7	11	6	12	..	..	..	..	..
Herring	..	11	8	11	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Coulburn	8	10	7	14	5	9	8	15	10	8	9	14	..
Brandenberg	7	9	5	7	7	13	4	14	14	4	10	15	9
Springer	9	14	6	13	7	11	7	15	12	7	14	15	13
Harris	8	11	8	19	7	6	7	14	13	9	12	17	13
Harris	8	11	8	19	7	6	7	14	13	9	12	17	13
Edel	6	11	7	13	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Collins	7	6	10	15	4	15	8	14	7	9	15	18	11
Dr Mann	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Covington	..	9	6	14	10	9	9	14	..	..	..	..	..
Sampson	..	..	6	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Glover	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	16	14	10	12	16	12

Thursday, July 27.

The weather conditions had improved. The programme was a repetition of that of the previous day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	10	20	10	15	10	20	15	10	15	20	15
Glover	9	13	9	19	9	14	9	16	14	8	14	18	10
Hallowell	8	14	7	20	9	9	8	18	12	8	14	18	14
Fanning	10	12	10	19	10	14	9	18	14	9	13	16	15
Hawkins	8	10	10	17	9	15	8	17	14	8	12	18	14
Fox	9	1	13	10	18	10	13	9	17	14	7	12	18
Money	8	10	8	18	8	13	10	18	13	9	14	15	13
Lupus	..	10	14	10	7	13	10	19	14	9	13	14	12
Floyd	10	15	9	19	10	13	7	16	11	9	11	14	15
Schultze	8	13	10	18	9	13	10	19	11	10	13	16	14
Springer	8	13	6	18	9	12	9	18	14	8	13	11	12
Leland	8	12	9	17	10	12	6	17	13	6	10	13	12
Hammond	8	13	10	16	7	14	8	16	13	9	12	13	12
Eames	19	13	10	18	8	14	8	18	15	8	13	15	12
Stansbury	9	12	8	16	8	14	7	17	..	..	..	..	..
Cartledge	5	14	9	19	9	11	7	18	13	8	7	14	11
Harris	6	11	7	15	6	10	8	19	7	9	10	17	14
Tignor	8	14	8	16	7	11	9	18	..	..	..	..	..
Coulburn	6	13	7	18	10	14	7	16	13	10	13	16	13
Brandenberg	6	10	7	12	5	8	6	11	11	5	8	11	10
Collins	7	16	6	17	6	11	7	13	12	9	12	17	11
Covington	9	14	9	..	..	..	8	18	10	9	12	..	..
Herring	10	10	9	18	9	..	8	15	14	8	14	19	11
Anthony	..	..	10	17	9	12	9	18	13	9	11	17	..
Du Bray	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	15	..	..	..	..	..
Malone	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	19	13	9	11	..	..

General Target Average.

	Shot at,	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
J S Fanning	370	338	.913	Springer	370	297	.802
H Money	370	319	.862	W Harris	370	291	.786
A H Fox	370	317	.856	Leland	370	290	.783
Dr Lupus	370	316	.854	A B Cartledge	370	287	.776
J M Hawkins	370	315	.851	H P Collins	370	285	.771
Schultze	370	313	.845	Coulburn	370	282	.763
J J Hallowell	370	311	.840	Brandenberg	370	237	.641
C Floyd	370	309	.834				

Jack Fanning was first, with Harold Money second, a number following close up.

Friday, July 28.

This day and the following were devoted to the live-bird programme. The weather was rather against the birds, no wind blowing to assist them, and the birds themselves were not a good lot. The feature of the day's shoot was the performance of Capt. du Bray and Harold Money, the former missing his first bird and then running 44 straight, losing but 2 for the day; the latter went through the three main events without a miss, a total of 22 birds. In the miss-and-outs he lost 1, killing 44 out of 45 for the day. Fox, Eames, Cartledge, Malone, Fanning, also shot well.

The scores follow:

No. 1, 5 live birds, $5, high guns, three moneys:

Money	22222—5	Hallowell	22222—5
Du Bray	02222—4	Brandenberg	10220—3
Fanning	22220—4	Anthony	11212—5
Fox	11121—5	Coulburn	20222—4
Eames	02211—4	Covington	20022—3
Schultze	12220—4	Floyd	01121—4
Hammond	22202—4	Cartledge	22112—5
Collins	21222—5		

No. 2, 7 live birds, $7, high guns, three moneys:

Money	2222222—7	Brandenberg	2211211—7
Du Bray	2222222 7	Hallowell	2222222—7
Fanning	1222111- 7	Anthony	2212221—7
Fox	1111112—7	Coulburn	1122201 6
Eames	2222220 -6	Floyd	1111122 -7
Schultze	2110221—6	Cartledge	0121221—6
Hammond	2122112—7	Quimby	1022221 6
Collins	1210200—4		

No. 3, 10 live birds, $10, handicap, high guns, four moneys:

Money, 31	1222222222—10	Brandenberg, 26	1221012112— 9
Du Bray, 29	2222212222—10	Floyd, 28	2022122221— 9
Fox, 30	1111112122—10	Collins, 26	1112021121— 9
Eames, 28	1222211212—10	Hallowell, 30	0222212222— 9
Cartledge, 28	2211211121—10	Anthony, 30	2110211220— 8
Malone, 30	1212211222—10	Covington, 28	00w
Fanning, 31	1112120212— 9		

The miss-and-outs were $2, all standing at 32yds. The scores:

No. 1: Money 2, Fox 4, Anthony 4, Eames 3, Du Bray 4, Fanning 1, Hallowell 2, Malone 4.

No. 2: Money 10, Fox 5, Anthony 8, Eames 10, Du Bray 10, Fanning 10, Hallowell 1, Malone 4, Hammond 5 and withdrew, Quimby 3, Cartledge 4, Schultze 10.

No. 3: Money 10, Du Bray 9, Anthony 10, Fanning 10, Quimby 5, Fox 10, Malone 9.

Saturday, July 29.

The shooting opened with a miss-and out, $2, which resulted as follows: Money, Fox, Brandenberg, Anthony and Fanning, 8 each; Du Bray 5.

The 20-bird handicap, 25 to 32yds., 50, 30 and 20 per cent., class shooting, had eight entries. Fanning and Cartledge tied on a straight score and divided first, Hallowell, Fox and Brandenberg tied for second; Money and Malone third. Harold Money was set back to 32yds., a most severe handicap, and a mistaken one.

Money, 32	20222221121221121210	18
Hallowell, 30	02211221221221122221	19
Fox, 30	12111221112220112211	19
Fanning, 32	21121111121211111111	20
Anthony, 30	12101110212111112111	18
Cartledge, 29	11111222212111222221—20	
Brandenburg, 26	21211101111211122221—19	
Malone, 30	12111010121112111111	18

Providence vs. Woonsocket.

AUG. 5.—The team from the Providence Gun Club went to Woonsocket yesterday afternoon, and wrested the championship pennant from the latter club after the most exciting and closely contested shoot yet known since the pennant was brought into competition. The fact that the Woonsocket team has downed the crack teams of the State makes the victory a double one for the local shooters. It was a target shoot of nine events, Nos. 4, 5 and 6 being the pennant shoot. It consisted of two 15 and one 20 target events. The Providence team was represented by Griffith, Greener, Root, Inman and Reiner. Woonsocket's end was looked after by Getchell, Campbell, Mills, Banfil and Whitin.

The result of the match at 50 birds was that the teams were tied at 205 birds each. Mills was high with 47 birds, while Griffith was next with 44.

In the shoot-off both teams made better scores, but the Providence shooters were on their mettle, and won out by 8 birds. Greener was high with 46 birds. Mills was high average man. All the winning team broke over 40 targets in the shoot-off.

The pennant will now adorn the walls of the Providence Gun Club's new house, where it will remain until some faster team wins. The scores:

Championship shoot:

Providence Gun Club—Griffith 44, Greener 41, Root 38, Inman 43, Reiner 39—205.

Woonsocket Gun Club—Getchell 42, Campbell 38, Mills 47, Banfil 38, Whitin 40—205.

Shoot-off of tie:

Providence Gun Club—Griffith 41, Greener 46, Root 41, Inman 43, Reiner 43—214.

Woonsocket Gun Club—Getchell 44, Campbell 41, Mills 41, Banfil 39, Whitin 41—206.

Grand totals:

Providence Gun Club—Griffith 85, Greener 87, Root 79, Inman 86, Reiner 82.

Woonsocket Gun Club—Getchell 86, Campbell 79, Mills 88, Banfil 77, Whitin 81.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	15	15			Broke.
Reiner	6	10	13	14	13	12	13	17	13	111
Melvin	9	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	...
Root	9	12	12	15	15	8	11	18	12	112
Walls	4	14	11	10	18	10	12	13	9	101
Griffith	9	15	14	13	16	15	10	18	13	123
Whitin	8	11	13	11	15	14	10	17	14	113
Mills	8	11	13	15	19	13	11	19	11	120
O. Darling	7	11	11	9	14	12	6	16	12	98
Getchell	7	14	13	13	16	13	12	18	14	120
Campbell	7	12	10	10	17	11	11	18	12	100
Inman	5	13	11	13	17	13	10	20	13	115
Parker	4	10	13	14	18	12	11	16	12	110
Greener	9	14	12	11	18	12	15	18	13	122
Banfil	9	13	8	10	17	11	13	14	12	106
Smith	6	8	11	6	15	4	..	..	..	...
Seagrave	9	11	11	..	14	10	..	..	..	...
Ford	..	..	8	12	12	15	14	15	..	...
Greene, Jr.	..	..	..	..	..	17	13	14	18	...
E Darling	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	13	...
Richardson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	5 ...

Miss-and-out: Root 6, Griffith 5, Whitin 5, Mills 3, Darling 2, Banfil 0, Campbell 1.

Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6 were team race for pennant. Nos. 7, 8 and 9 were shoot-off of tie.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, Me., Aug. 7.—The weekly shoot of the Auburn (Me.) Gun Club was held Aug. 5. It was an ideal day for target shooting, there being scarcely any wind, and clouds obscured the sun nearly all the afternoon. The scores were exceptionally good. Enthusiasm ran high, and the shooting was kept up until a late hour. Nine men were tied for the gold badge, Libby winning it in the exciting shoot-off which followed. Three teams shot for the challenge cup Satuardy, the challenging teams being Libby and Tukey, White and Fletcher, but Hunnewell and Ashley still retain the cup in their possession. Several of the members of the club will attend the Interstate tournament, to be held in Portland Aug. 9 and 10, and expect to make a good showing. Herewith are the scores for the afternoon's shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	25	10	10	25	10	15	Targets:	10	25	10	10	25	10	15
Bickford	8	22	9	5	19	10	..	Jones	8	14	7	5	..	..	..
Emerton	6	7	5	5	8	8	11	Burgess	10	20	8	9	24	9	..
Barker	9	20	8	9	..	..	10	Snow	8	16	6	8	..	..	..
Fletcher	8	19	6	4	..	7	12	Noble	8	18	6	10	21	10	..
Doten	8	23	10	6	23	9	11	White	8	21	7	7	..	7	..
Collins	8	19	..	10	18	..	11	Giddings	8	16	7	..	..	..	..
Tukey	9	21	8	5	17	..	..	Jordan	5	17	7	..	..	..	..
Conner	9	22	10	8	22	..	14	Francis	..	23	..	..	..	..	14
Hunnewell	9	23	10	10	22	..	14	Cole	..	16	5	..	..	..	..
Ashley	9	23	10	6	24	9	14	Huntington	..	22	..	..	..	..	13
Cobb	8	22	8	8	24	..	..	Robinson	..	20	..	..	..	..	13
Libby	10	22	8	8	20	10	..								

The programme of the ninth annual shooting tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, to be held at Little Rock, Ark., on Aug. 15, 16 and 17, presents a most attractive list of events for the competition of shooters. There will be $375 added money; targets, 2 cents; Rose system. There are ten target events each day, of which two are at 20 targets and eight at 15. Each event has $10 added, excepting No. 4 of the second day, which has $15. Besides the regular events there are the following: First day, special 25-target handicap for gold medal. Second day, four-men team championship race, for team trophy; 25 targets per man. Third day, individual State championship race; 50 targets. These contests commence at 3 o'clock. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Dinner will be served on the grounds. Ship shells to Dickinson Arms Co. Average money, $50. Trade representatives may shoot for targets only, but there is $25 for high averages, $15 to first, $10 to second. Efforts are being made for special railroad rates. Those paying full fare are requested to take receipts for the same, so that purchasers may get the benefit of reduced return rates. Address all communications to the secretary, Mr. Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock, Ark. The Association will hold its annual meeting Aug. 19, at 9:30 P. M.

The N. P. L. System.

Sheldon, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Among the many systems in general use for dividing the money in trap-shooting contests there are none that completely fill the bill. They are either too complicated for general use or are in many instances decidedly unfair—as in class shooting, wherein the 90 per cent. men, through dividing ties, often do not receive as much as an 80 per cent. man who stands alone. There is at such times a great temptation for one of the high men to drop for place.

The new N. P. L. equitable system remedies these evils, as it is easy to understand and work, and rewards the winners according to their merits. This system is founded on the basis that if a shooter does not come up to a certain standard he is not worthy of reward, and those who go above that standard to be rewarded as they deserve.

In the inclosed score we have fixed the standard at 65 per cent.—13 out of 20; that is, in an event of 20 birds a shooter must break 13 to become a winner. If he breaks 13 he is credited with one point, called a "count." Those breaking 14 are credited with two "counts," etc. A full score would give eight counts. The amount of entrance money, with the added money, is divided by the total number of "counts" made in that event. This gives the value of each count, and the winners receive according to the number to their credit.

In the inclosed score the pot is $22 and there are twenty-eight counts, making the value of each 78 cents and a fraction over, so those who scored 13 received 78 cents; those who scored 14, 2 counts, 56 cents, and the 15 men, 3 counts, $2.34, etc. The highest in this event are the two 18 men, who receive $4.68. The fractional part of each count makes a total of 16 cents, and is given as a booby prize to the one who made the lowest score.

Of course the standard should be varied to suit circumstances. In some club shoots 50 per cent. would be high enough, while at some tournaments 75 or 80 per cent. would be none too high.

Had this system been used at Buffalo, with a standard of 85 per cent., many a sorrowing shooter would have been made happy.

In printing the score cards for this system the number of the event, the percentage, the amount of entrance and added money, together with the number and price of the targets, should be left blank, to be filled in as required by the management.

First event, 65 per cent. to win, $10 added:

	20 targets, 2c. each.	$1 entrance	Broke.	Counts.	Value.	Total.
A	40	1.00	18	6	.78	$4.68
B	"	"	18	6	"	4.68
C	"	"	17	5	"	3.90
D	"	"	16	4	"	3.12
E	"	"	15	3	"	2.34
F	"	"	14	2	"	1.56
G	"	"	13	1	"	.78
H	"	"	13	1	"	.78
I	"	"	12	0	"	"
J	"	"	11	"	"	"
K	"	"	11	"	"	"
L	"	"	10	"	"	"
M	"	"	etc.	"	"	"
N	"	"	"	"	"	"
O	"	"	"	"	"	"
P	"	"	"	"	"	"
Q	"	"	"	"	"	"
R	"	"	"	"	"	"
S	"	"	"	"	"	"
T	"	"	"	"	"	"
Entrance						$20.00
Added money						10.00
						$30.00
Less targets						8.00
Counts				28		22.00
						.78

and 16 cents over for booby prize. A and B each broke 18, counts 6, and 6 × .78 = $4.68.

Stanstead.

St. Paul Rod and Gun Club

St. Paul, Minn., July 29.—The St. Paul Rod and Gun Club had the largest shoot of the season this afternoon. We called a special meeting and accepted six new members.

Mrs. Lee won the ladies' special prize with a score of 8 out of 10. Wilkinson won first in the merchandise event; Mark second, Morrison third. Danz, Morrison and Perry had a tie on the merchandise shoot-off last week, to settle which resulted in Morrison winning, as was expected. Danz dropped out early in the game, but Perry gave him a run for his money by shooting straight to 15; then they both missed 16th birds. Perry lost his 18th and Morrison scored and won. Wilkinson won senior badge, and Trix the junior.

Badge shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Danz	1010111010111101110111100—17
Chief	1010110101101101011010110—15
Gotzian	0110111010101101001111011—16
Thompson	1001101011111101110101111—18
Mark	1011111101111111111110111—22
Leibrook	0000111011101101000111100—13
Perry	1111100011111110001111111—19
Wilkinson	1011111111111111101111111—23
Lee	0011011110111101100100111—16
P Hauser	1010010110110111111011111—18
Trix	1101010110110101011101111—17
Bug	0001111010111101011101101—16
Schiffmann	1110001101101110101001111—16
Spear	1011011001101011001011110 —15
Elton	0111011010110100011100111—15
Footner	1000110010110101010101111—14
Leisch	0000010111010001111010111—13
Morrison	1111011110111111111111100—21
Novotny	0101111101101111110101111—19
Kennedy	1011101011011101111101111—19
McKay	1111101111101110101011111—20
Dwyer	0110101101101010010010111—14
Emerson	1111011001000100011010111—14
Kellsey	0101010101111000101101101—14
Kelly	1111110110110010110010011—16
Fulton	1001011010110110110101111—16
Corcoran	1100100011011101010101100—13
Rodgers	0101011110100101001011000—12

Secretary.

Soo Gun Club.

Sioux City, Ia., Aug. 4.—The members of the Soo Gun Club made the following scores at the ninth of the series of shoots for the Schmelzer trophy on the afternoon of Aug. 3.

Langers won the honors with the handsome score of 29. This is Mr. Langers' second season at the traps, and his work is very gratifying to his friends.

Scores, 30 targets, handicaps added:

Boyer, 6	1001101100011101111001011111011—19	—6—25
Boyd	1110101111110111111111111101111	—26
Duncan	1111111111101110111111111111111	—28
Hunter 1	1111111111111111111110101101101—26	—1—27
Langers	1011111111111111111111111111111	—29
Kortright	0111111111111111101011011111111	—26
Chapman, 8	1101010001101111111010101001111—20	—8—28
Harris	1101011110100101110111111111111	—23
Gray, 2	1110101111111111101000111111011—23	—2—25
Keefe, 2	1111111101111011001111111111010—24	—2—26

Wanecha.

EastSide Gun Club

Saginaw, Mich., July 30.—Scores were made to-day as follows at the shoot of the East Side Gun Club:

Practice race, 25 targets: J. B. Baum 19, John Popp 18, Wm. M. Nouggle 13, John M. Messner 22, T. L. Thompson 9, G. Lamb 14.

Club medal: J. B. Baum 21, F. Baumgartner 16, Wm. M. Nouggle 18, F. Schuetzler 14, W. Tremper 13, Frank Lord 14, H. Krogmann 20, Ed Carpenter 23, John Popp 18, John M. Messner 23.

Finley Brewing Co. medal, 25 targets: J. B. Baum 21, J. Popp 19, Wm. M. Nouggle 18, H. Krogmann 21, John M. Messner 24, F. Lord 15, Ed Carpenter 23, G. R. Endert 19, Ed Skotel 15, J. Ditz 22.

Everet House walking match, 15 targets: G. R. Endert 6, J. B. Baum 7, Wm. M. Nouggle 8, W. Tremper 6, H. Krogmann 12, Ed Skotel 8, L. Thompson 4, J. Popp 11, J. M. Messner 8, J. Ditz 5.

Fort Smith Gun Club

Fort Smith, Ark., Aug. 4.—Only six members of the club faced the traps on the occasion of the last weekly shoot of the Fort Smith Gun Club on Thursday evening. The traps worked miserably, and the shooting under the circumstances was far from pleasant.

Mesdames Coffee and Hunt favored the club with their presence and incidentally fired a few rounds just to see if they could not do as well as their husbands. The ladies were also quite useful, one acting as score-keeper and the other as trap-puller, which duties they performed in a manner quite satisfactory to all.

In the medal race, 25 birds per man, Durden missed his first bird, and then ran 22 straight, giving Matthews palpitation of the heart, if such a thing was possible. However, he missed his last 2 and Matthews won the Class A medal on a score of 24 out of 25. In the last two medal contests Matthews has won it twice with a score of 49 out of 50. But as Frank Parmelee, of Omaha, says, "How can you beat a man if he don't miss none?"

Mulraney had no competitor for Class B, and won it without a struggle. Everyone in the club was glad to see him get it, as he is a brand-new shooter.

There will be only one more practice shoot before the State tournament, at Little Rock, on Aug. 15-17, at which, it is to be hoped, a team representing Fort Smith will be present. It is a good advertisement for the town and we have the material if they will only get together and shoot. The fact that there is no man in the State that can shoot over 85 per cent. would give the Fort Smith team a great advantage, as Matthews has shown himself equal to 92 or 95 on badly working traps.

A team composed of Matthews, Leach, Hartwell and Baptiste, or Durden, with Hunt, Coffee and Oglesby substitutes, would have a fighting show in any company that could be gotten together in the State.

Following are the scores—Medal race:

Matthews	1111111111011111111111111—24
Durden	0111111111111111111111100—22
Leach	1111110011111001111110111—20
Hunt	1111101010101011101111111 19
Coffee	0111000111111110101010111—17
Mulraney	0000100000100010100110101— 8

Sweeps were shot as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	15	15	15	10	Targets:	15	15	15	10
Matthews	13	14	14	10	Hunt	..	8	8	7
Leach	13	11	12	5	Coffee	..	9	6	6
Durden	7	14	11	7	Mulraney	..	6	3	7	5

Secretary.

Minneapolis Gun Club.

Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 3.—The attendance at the shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club aggregated twenty-eight shooters to-day, and this was somewhat of a disappointment, as a large attendance is expected the balance of the season

Special prizes will be offered in the different events from now on to regain the proper enthusiasm and attendance of the old members, as a club with the membership that the Minneapolis Club has should turn out from sixty to eighty shooters every week.

Nelson carried off the honors, winning three medals and beating Johnston for high average by 1 bird. McQueen finished third, Parker fourth, McKay, Biffton and Mrs. Johnston tieing for fifth position.

A feature of the afternoon's sport was the shooting of Master Willis Monroe, eleven years of age, who shot in the Schlitz badge event, and killed 8 targets out of the last 10 shot at, a wonderful performance for one so young. The following are the scores of the different events:

Val Blatz diamond badge, 15 singles, unknown angles: Biffton 10, Parker 12, McKay 12, Johnston 13, McQueen 13, Sully 4, Mathes 12, Kennedy 11, Mrs. Johnston 13, Woolf 9, North 12, Trapton 4, Chapin 3, Nelson 12, Dr. Bill 11, Stone 7, Cat 11.

Mrs. Johnston won badge.

Schlitz diamond badge, 25 singles, unknown angles: Biffton 21, Parker 19, McKay 20, Johnston 18, McQueen 20, Sully 12, Mathes 13, L. F. Kennedy 16, Mrs. Johnston 19, Woolf 16, C. North 18, Trapton 12, Chapin 4, Nelson 21, Dr. Bill 15, Stone 17, Kat 20, Hays 18, Arbuckle 16, Chamberlain 18, Edsall 16, Willis 10.

Shoot-off, 10 targets: Biffton 8, Nelson 10.

Nelson won badge.

Paegel challenge badge, 25 singles, unknown angles: Biffton 21, Parker 23, McKay 21, Johnston 22, McQueen 21, Sully 13, Mathes 13, L. F. Kennedy 18, Mrs. Johnston 21, Woolf 18, Tramp 12, Chapin 5, Nelson 23, Dr. Bill 19, Stone 18, Kat 22, Hays 20, Arbuckle 13, Chamberlain 13, North 19.

Nelson won badge.

Club badges, 10 singles, unknown angles; 5 pairs:

Biffton	1101111111	10 11 10 10 00—14
Parker	0011111101	11 11 11 10 10—15
McKay	1011111111	00 11 10 00 11—14
Johnston	1111111111	11 11 11 11 10—19
McQueen	1111111111	10 10 10 10 11—16
Nelson	1111111110	11 11 10 11 11—18
Kennedy	0111000111	10 10 10 00 11—11
Mrs Johnston	1111110110	10 11 10 10 10—14
Dr Bill	1101101011	10 10 10 11 00—12
Trapton	1111111001	00 00 10 10 00— 7
Cat	1111111001	10 10 00 10 11—13
Parker	1011111110	10 10 11 10 11—15
Biffton	0111111001	11 10 10 11 10—14
O'Brien	1101011100	10 10 10 10 01—11
Cooper	0001111110	10 01 10 11 10—12
Chamberlin	0101011111	10 10 00 10 10—11
Schebonegagyn	1011011101	10 11 10 10 11—14
O'Brien	0110110101	10 01 10 10 11—12
Catamaran	1110111011	01 11 11 11 10—16
Tarb	1010111111	10 10 10 10 11—14

Johnston won senior badge, Nelson won junior badge, Chamberlin won amateur badge.

Arkansas State Championship.

Fort Smith, Ark., Aug. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to Secretary's communication, of Pine Bluff, in your issue of the 5th inst., beg to say that so far as we knew, never having seen a copy of the rules governing the same, the conditions were complied with in the Sumpter-Matthews match. A formal challenge was written and sent to E. T. Reaves, Little Rock, Ark., with an inclosed check for $10 (which, by the way, we have never been able to get back), as follows:

"Fort Smith, Ark., Aug. 10, 1898.—E. T. Reaves, Esq., Treas., Little Rock, Ark.: Dear Sir: I inclose check for $10 and hereby challenge Jno. J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs, for the medal representing the individual championship of the State, subject to the rules governing the same.. (Signed.) J. P. Matthews."

I don't remember whether or not the challenge was advertised in the papers, but believe it was mentioned in the Fort Smith papers. Anyhow, the match came off on schedule time and Matthews won the medal by 1 bird in a match that was anybody's until the last bird was broken, so that at best there is nothing but a technicality between Matthews and the medal.

On this occasion I also notified Mr. Duley and Mr. Lloyd, the former of Little Rock, president of the State Sportsmen's Association, and the latter of the Pin Bluff Gun Club, that the match was to take place and inviting them to be present, copies of which letters I have in my possession.

As to Mr. Cole's challenge, I never heard of it. Mr. Sumpter could not possibly accept, as he was not in possession of the medal, and if the State Sportsmen's Association stood between Mr. Cole and Matthews I am not to blame.

I take it that Secretary is either Mr. Howell or Mr. Lloyd, and as he makes the assertion that he expects to have three, possibly six, shooters at the State shoot, Little Rock, Aug. 15-17, that will break more targets than the hard proposition from Fort Smith in the championship race, I will make a wager that he cannot name a man that will break more targets than Mr. Matthews, either in the championship race or in the regular programme events, such a man to be a resident of the State of Arkansas, making the wager from $25 to $100. I would send forfeit to bind such a wager, but it will not reach you in time to permit of Pine Bluff's answer.

I think we should have a medal or trophy emblematic of the championship of the State at live birds, and shall take the matter up at the next meeting of the Association.

I am also of the opinion that a representative from each gun club in the State should be sent each year to the Grand American Handicap, expenses of such representative being borne by his respective town or club.

W. A. Leach, Sec'y Fort Smith Gun Club.

Norwich Gun Club.

Norwich, N. Y., Aug. 1.—The Norwich Gun Club held a one-day tournament on July 28, forty-two shooters participating. Mr. L. C. Palmiter, of Sherburne, N. Y., won the Chenango county championship event with a score of 25 out of 28. The following is the complete score:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	25	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Case	5	11	10	8	10	15	12	8	13	8	7	4	8
Paddleford	8	12	11	9	9	21	13	9	12	8	14	9	10
Lewis	9	13	11	8	11	22	10	9	12	9	12	7	12
Welch	8	9	10	9	14	19	12	9	14	8	11	8	7
A W Adams	10	13	14	9	15	..	14	8	12	9	14	9	13
Andrews	7	10	12	9	10	..	13	8	11	9	14	7	12
Brown	9	15	13	9	12	..	13	6	13	..	11	8	10
P Adams	8	14	10	7	4	..	10	3	5	..	..	5	5
Decker	10	14	14	7	14	21	12	9	13	9	..	..	..
Harvey	8	11	14	8	10	21	..	5	..	9	..	..	..
Palmiter	9	12	14	10	14	22	..	8	9	..	..	..	..
Rathbun	7	10	11	..	..	22	10	6	9	..	..	5	..
Crabb	8	12	13	8	12	..	..	8	14	8	..	..	..
Brewster	..	9	..	7	9	17	11	8	..	4	..	5	7
Sothern	5	7	..	8	..	18	10	7	..	4	..	..	..
Hall	6	9	12	7	11	20	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bromley	7	13	11	7	..	..	13	10	..	..	..	6	..
Bradley	7	8	11	8	9	..	..	9	..	5	..	..	..
Brooks	8	8	..	5	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	12
Launt	4	7	8	2	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Crutty	5	10	7	6	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rindge	..	7	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	7	..	8	7
Rice	7	..	..	5	..	12	6	..	..	3	..	..	..
Stanton	7	10	..	8	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Watson	2	10	8	5	4	..	..	3	..	5	..	..	..
Armstrong	..	..	..	..	8	19	..	8	..	8	..	..	..
Dykes	..	..	..	..	8	15	..	5	..	4	..	..	..
Coville	3	..	..	4	..	..	..	5	..	4	..	..	..
Cook	6	10	..	8	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Slater	9	..	..	8	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bonney	6	12	..	..	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Arnold	2	11	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McNitt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	7	..	1	..
James	..	6	8	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McCoy	..	..	..	6	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hynes	4	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Whitney	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	11
Lake	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9
Babcock	2	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kelsey	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sheff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..

The Norwich Club now has a membership of about twenty-five. From fifteen to twenty turn out to the regular weekly shoots on Saturday afternoons.

S. E. Smith, Sec'y.

Chisholm vs. Whitehouse.

Aug. 5.—A 50-target race was shot in Somersworth, N. H., on Saturday, Aug. 5, the principals being H. A. Chisholm, of Portland, Me., and C. F. Whitehouse, of Somersworth, N. H. Whitehouse has shot a good many matches, and has never been beaten until he met Chisholm, so naturally felt very confident of winning, while Chisholm has a reputation of always going into a race thoroughly confident of coming out on top.

Whitehouse was backed very heavily by the Somersworth contingent, while the members of the Rochester Club placed every dollar on Chisholm. Both men shot a cool, nervy race, and it was not over until the last bird had been shot at.

The race took place at Seavey's Bicycle Park, and was won by Chisholm, with a score of 45 to his opponent's 42.

Match, 50 targets, for a purse of $100; H. A. Chisholm, Portland; C. F. Whitehouse, Somersworth. The score:

Chisholm	1111111111110111111111110111111111100111011111111—45
Whitehouse	1111111111101111101111111111111111111011110001011101—42

The race passed off very pleasantly, and Mr. Chisholm left town thoroughly satisfied with the usage he had received at the hands of the Somersworth Gun Club.

The winner shot a Parker pigeon gun, Smokeless shells and Hazard Blue Ribbon.

Masonville vs. Cannonsville.

July 29.—The team contest, Masonville against Cannonsville, resulted as follows:

Masonville.

Geo. Palmerton	1101001101011010011111 0—16
S Finch	0110000011001000100011010— 9
D L Shears	0101010001000001001001101— 9
C Wade	0011100101010110011001001—12
W A Priest	0000000100100101000000001— 5
L L Somberger	1101010010011101110110011—15
F Cornell	1000000010000010001101000— 6
C Smith	0101100001110011010111111—15
A Gardner	0100011010110001010110010—11
O A Priest	0001111000000001010010110— 9—107

Cannonsville.

R K Palmerton	1101000110000011100111011—13
J S Gilbert	0001111011000011110000100—11
A E Pope	0000011110100111000011101—12
F Depnott	0000001000100011110000000— 5
A B Palmerton	0100100000000000000000000— 2
J N Nalley	0001000011000001010000100— 6
W Duvall	0000000101111000010010101— 9
G Kelsey	0010000111001000100010100— 8
F Demott	0001000001000100000000000— 3
F shears	0110011101111111100101000—15— 84

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The twin-screw steamer "Fulton Market," which is so well known in New York Harbor, has Roberts boilers of about 700 horse power. She was built about five years ago, and during that whole period she has never experienced an hour's delay which could be traced to the boilers; and no repairs to same have ever been necessary.—*Adv.*

What Will We Do When Dewey Comes Home?

We'll have the grandest two-day celebration the country has ever known. We'll go delirious with enthusiasm! We'll "paint the town red"; and above all we'll consume vast quantities of Heublein's Club Cocktails. Why? Because they are always "just right"; because they satisfy the critical palate, and because the public will have the best.

Some concern has been expressed lest there be a shortage of Heublein Club Cocktails, owing to those two stirring events in the near future—the Columbia-Shamrock yacht races and the Dewey celebration; but we beg to assure our readers that the alarm is unfounded, as the makers, G. F. Heublein & Bro., have anticipated the demand, and will have a full supply of Club Cocktails in all of the various brands—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland gin, York, Tom gin and whisky—in every club, restaurant and café, and for sale by the bottle or case by every first-class dealer in the country.—*Adv.*

G. A. R. Encampment, Philadelphia.

REDUCED RATES VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

On account of the thirty-third annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be held at Philadelphia, Sept. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from points on its line to Philadelphia, at rate of single fare for the round trip, except that the fare from New York and Baltimore will be $3; from Newark, N. J., $2.85; from Elizabeth, N. J., $2.75, and proportionate rates from intermediate points.

Tickets will be sold on Sept. 2, 3, 4 and 5, good to return until Sept. 12, inclusive; but by depositing ticket with joint agent at Philadelphia on Sept. 5, 6, 7, 8, or 9, and the payment of 50 cents, return limit may be extended to Sept. 30, inclusive.

Side Trips.

Tickets for side trips to Washington, Old Point Comfort, Gettysburg, Antietam and Virginia battlefields will also be sold at greatly reduced rates.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 8 No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Even now, at my advanced years, I feel the pride of life as an old horse feels ginger.
Charles Hallock.

THE MINNESOTA NATIONAL PARK.

THE Minnesota National Park and Forestry Association was formed in Chicago last week for the purpose of putting into effect the scheme of establishing a great national forest and wilderness reserve in Minnesota. The immediate effort of the Association will be to present the plan at Washington in an effective way by taking the members of Congress to the territory under consideration, that they may themselves view the country and gain an intelligent conception of just what is proposed. Whether the scheme in its final form shall be carried out on the present magnificent scale, or whether it shall be restricted, of one thing at least we may be confident, and that is that the park idea has taken a firm hold upon the country, and the reservation in one form or another will be achieved. The substantial character of the new Association is a sufficient guarantee that the enterprise will not be abandoned.

While the plan of establishing this great national park reserve and pleasure park appeals to the people at large in direct ratio as it is comprehended, there is found in Duluth an opposition to it based upon the fact that to convert the proposed territory into a reserve would interfere with that city's prospective lumbering industry and unfavorably affect its commercial interests. This view was given expression in the Chicago meeting by Judge Morris, who represented that there were still undeveloped resources in the region of the proposd park and tributary to Duluth.

The fact is that the true interest of Duluth in this park project is the interest of the country, and the larger and more lasting benefit will come from the establishment of the park. The history of the forestry resources of the Northwest demonstrates this. While the coal, ore, grain and flour tonnage of the Great Lakes has been increasing from year to year and lake shipping has grown to keep pace with it, the lumber traffic has steadily declined, and after every allowance has been made for the diversion of the traffic to the railroads, and for new systems of milling and marketing, the significant fact remains that the diminution of the lake lumber traffic is due to the exhaustion of the supply. In his report to the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department, Mr. Geo. C. Tunell, of Chicago, says: "The decline in the movement of forest products on the Great Lakes is largely due to the destruction of forests of white and Norway pine on the shores of the lakes and on the banks of the logging streams flowing into the lakes. The enormous drafts that have been made during half a century upon the once seemingly unlimited supplies of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota have in recent years well nigh exhausted the forests near the lakes and on the banks of the streams capable of floating logs. Stream after stream has sent down its last logs."

And what of the future for these Northwestern forests which are so rapidly yielding before the axe of the woodcutter? In a prediction made by the Northwestern Lumberman in January of 1898, respecting the records that would be made in the lumber supplies during the succeeding five years of active demand, it was said:

> The pine of lower Michigan and the upper peninsula of that State will be well nigh gone [in five years]. A few of the old mill concerns at Menominee-Marinette will still be sawing pine, but the majority will either have dismantled their mills or will be keeping them alive by cutting hemlock and the hard woods and working up cedar for shingles. The mills at the lesser points will not be cutting pine five years from now. Pine production will have been driven back to the west end of Lake Superior and into northern Minnesota. The red oak of Wisconsin will have been about cleared out. Scattering mills throughout the northern country from the Mississippi to the Soo will be pounding away on maple, elm, bass wood, hemlock, etc., with such overlooked groups of pine as may be encountered in scraping the land of timber. * * * Five years of prosperity, with the enormous demand which will result, will cause such a melting away of the northern forest resources as can scarcely be realized.

In view of the past, the present and the future of the forest areas of the North American continent, is it too much to ask that now at the close of the nineteenth century we shall save from the wreck this comparatively small bit of woodland in the Northwest, that we may still have something of the primeval grandeur of the forests for our own enjoyment and for that of those who are to follow, so that when men shall yield to a longing for the woods—the real woods—there may be this nature's domain in which they may pitch their tents?

THE STRAYS AND REMNANTS.

IT is human to desire to obtain that which is unusual and difficult of attainment, and the rarer any object and the harder to procure it, the more desirable it seems to be. This well nigh universal trait of human nature becomes deplorable when it is applied to some bird or beast, which instead of being destroyed should be cherished and protected, yet it is true that the rarer any beast or bird becomes the more eager the average man is to secure it. If a passenger pigeon appears in a neighborhood where perhaps none have been seen for years, the whole shooting community is likely to turn out to see if they cannot kill it. If a deer makes its appearance in a New York town, where no deer ought to be, men armed with guns and assisted by dogs do all in their power to destroy the harmless creature, no matter what the season of the year may be. Not very long ago a public spirited individual living in Connecticut near the shores of Long Island Sound turned out for the benefit of the public a number of ring-necked pheasants, and when these made their appearance in the cultivated fields the farmers were eager to neglect their work and to kill these birds in order to discover what the strange fowl might be. It is surely a poor ambition this to kill the last one of birds and animals which have becime practically extinct, or the first of those which are just being introduced, and which can gain a foothold on alien shores only in case their environment is especially favorable. Such struggling colonies have enough difficulties to face in enduring a climate to which they are unaccustomed and in contendnig with enemies unfamiliar to them, and against which they have not the defense of inherited wisdom.

Is it not wiser therefore for the man or boy who loves to shoot or fish to forego the pleasure of securing unfamiliar specimens rather than to put himself in the position of destroying some creature which may be well worth saving?

THE HARRIMAN ALASKA EXPEDITION.

AFTER a long and most successful journey the Harriman Expedition to Alaska, which left New York in May last, has returned. It brought with it large collections in various branches of science, and when these shall have been studied it will be found that not a little has been added to our knowledge of the geography and natural history of our Northwestern possessions.

The expedition was at sea for sixty days, during which time it covered nine thousand miles of steaming and visited many points of interest. It proceeded as far north as the borders of the Arctic Ocean and as far west as the Siberian coast, touching at Plover Bay, and then crossing to Port Clarence in Alaska.

It is only when we remember that the tourist who visits Alaska in the ordinary way reaches merely the southern extremity of that territory, touching at the towns of Wrangell, Juneau, Sitka and Skagway, and visiting the Muir Glacier, that we realize how extensive were the journeyings of the Harriman Expedition, and how much ground it covered that is wholly unknown to Alaska travelers. Some of the wonders visited were the marvelous Fairweather and St. Elias Alps, ranges whose like is not to be found on this continent; Yakutat Bay with its glaciers, its fields of floating ice and its hidden wonder of wonders, Enchantment Bay; Cook Inlet and the snow-covered mountains which overlook it; Kadiak Island, beautiful in its evergreen hills to the east, and to the west its tundra rich with verdure and brilliant with flowers; the Alaska Peninsula with its jagged mountains, its smoking volcanoes and its bright green intervales, the myriad islands of the Shumagin, Sannahk and Aleutian groups. Then came the far Bering Sea, with all its wealth of animal life, its whales, sea fowl and sea lions and seals; its gray skies and placid waters, its bays and inlets where the merry skin-clad Eskimo in their strange boats swarmed about the ship to barter their furs and their curious trinkets for tobacco, knives and food.

On this trip each hour had its own attraction, each coming day promised some fresh and novel interest. The company was of the best, the vessel staunch and comfortable, the weather was what the leader of the expedition would have called for if he had been consulted. So it is no wonder that the trip was in the highest degree successful—from the point of view of the comfort of its members.

The expedition was originated by Mr. E. H. Harriman, of New York, who with rare generosity and public spirit invited about forty scientific men to accompany him as his guests. The excursion was a pleasure trip in one sense, for what could give the members of such a party more pleasure than the opportunity thus afforded of investigation and research, each in his chosen line, in a new and little known region? But it was very difficult from a pleasure trip in the ordinary meaning of the term, for the satisfaction of the student of nature consists in adding something to the sum of human knowledge. Thus pleasure to the members of the party and profit to the world at large were to be combined by those whose training and experience enabled them to make the most of the opportunities so generously set before them. The excursion was unmarred by any disagreeable incident, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all; but perhaps no one of all of them took so keen a pleasure in the trip as the kindly host, who, besides the delights of the journey which he shared with his guests, had the added pleasure of witnessing constantly the enthusiastic enjoyment that he was giving to so many others.

The FOREST AND STREAM will shortly begin a publication of a series of letters written by a member of the party, giving some account of what was seen on the expedition.

PROTECTOR SHRINER.

WE print in its main portions the final report made by Game Protector Chas. A. Shriner, of New Jersey, whose resignation from office took effect on Aug. 1. Mr. Shriner it will be remembered felt called upon to resign his office because of the personal animosity of Governor Voorhees toward him, which was so determined that it controlled the Governor in his dealings with the Commissioners, hampered their work and seriously interfered with the public interests. This valedictory report is worth reading. It is a well timed, dignified and complete answer to the malicious charges made by Mr. Voorhees and other enemies of fish and game protection in New Jersey.

In accepting Protector Shriner's resignation, the Commissioners expressed their high opinion of his official record in the following resolution, introduced by Commissioner Halsey.

> **Whereas, Mr. Charles A. Shriner has this day tendered his resignation as Fish and Game Protector of the State of New Jersey;**
>
> **Resolved, That in accepting his resignation we sever our connection with him with sincere regret and hereby tender to him a vote of thanks for the able and faithful manner in which he has discharged the duties of his office during the past four years;**
>
> **Resolved further, That we hereby express not only our individual appreciation of pleasant official association and regret at losing the services of a faithful employee, but the conviction that in his retirement from office the State of New Jersey has lost a valuable servant, one who has served it with conspicuous fidelity and untiring enerby; and we feel confident that we hereby also reflect the sentiment of all citizens interested in the thorough propagation of fish and game in New Jersey who have watched his course as Fish and Game Protector.**

The new protector is George Riley, of Newark. All that can reasonably be asked of him is that he shall prove as capable and efficient as his predecessor, even though by doing so he may expect to invite in corresponding degree the antagonism of the Governor.

The value and efficiency of Minnesota's forest fire warden system are demonstrated by the fact that of the fifty-one fires occurring in the last fiscal year forty (or 78 per cent.) were extinguished or controlled by the wardens and their helpers. It was largely owing to this systematic work that the total damage reported amounted to only $9,063, an inconsiderable sum when compared with previous years. Of the fifty-one fires, nine are credited to campers and hunters, and this number too must be accounted small, when we consider the multitude of those who camp out and hunt, and the innocent ignorance of hosts of outers about all that relates to fire making and fire extinguishing.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Dellights of Dennysville.

I HAVE been here on the Dennys River two months now, since June 10, and my home is at the little Riverside Inn, from whose porch overlooking the lower salmon pool I can see the big fish leap when they come in on the flood tide, fresh run from the sea. When the tide is out, the clear water scurries over the rocks with a rapid flow, showing whiteness and flecks of foam, but at the full it flows in an even, almost majestic volume ten rods wide, hiding the boulders, and forming a delectable plunge bath and swimming pool for the sportive salmon within an easy stone's throw of the window at which I sit now to write. Opposite, the margin is lined with an exquisite grove of balsams, cedars, spruce, pine and hackmatack—evergreen of seven varieties—massed in shades which vary gratefully to the eye, and are interspersed with dogwood, beech, birch and maple, whose crimson and yellow tints must make charming contrasts when "autumn turns the leaves of nature's book," as some poet has Hudibrastically remarked.

Of course, the angler can fish only when the tide serves; so that it happens that I have on occasion answered the wakening tap of the rod-tip on my window pane at 4 o'clock in the morning. But the day, or daylight, in this far Eastern longitude, is by that time two hours old in midsummer, as I happen to know from personal observation made at 2 o'clock A. M., when the dawn was already in evidence. How different in the Northwest! For instance, in Winnipeg, where the evenings are long and the mornings short. There I have seen misses rolling baby carriages at 10:30 P. M., and loungers gazing into shop windows almost as if it were noon. To be sure, it would be twilight, but one could read a paper then all the same as well as at any time of the day.

This Dennys River is the only one of three rivers in the United States east of the Rockies which affords rod fishing. The Aroostook used to do it fifty years ago, but the only others are the St. Croix and the Penobscot (at the Bangor Pool). I threshed the Aroostook below the falls in 1859, but the day of that river had then passed. I got no rise. Here the Rev. Dr. Bethune, Walter M. Brackett, Ed. Prime (of Prime, Ward & King), and Marimer A. Wilder used to fish with satisfaction and enviable results full thirty years ago; and there are people living here, and elsewhere, who remember them well and watched them fish. "I tell you," says old man Cook, aged seventy, "that Mr. Brackett could jerk a handy fly!" And Walter is seventy-six! I received a letter from his camp on the Marguerite, postmarked at Tadousac on last July 28, in which he declares that he is as well as he ever was, and "good for a dozen salmon per day," which would be a severe test of endurance for any man. He has a record of fourteen salmon taken in Dennys River in a single day. It was certainly a good river away back. But fish were capricious even then as now, and Marimer Wilder's widow writes to me on July 7, just past, that she remembers how Ed. Prime fished all day at the pool near the present railroad crossing (two miles above the head of the tide) and got no rise. Then she "went down to him at sunset, and threw in a stone, which he said drove off his fish; and oh! how mad he was!" It was her ancestors who helped first to settle quiet Dennysville, with its tranquil inn, its single church spire and somewhat noisy sawmill. I shall be loath to leave it at the appointed time, but the salmon have ceased to run, and I must run now. I understand that there is a late run of salmon in October, as there is in New Brunswick rivers. However, and "whatefer" (as Walter Blochett's little Princess of Thule used to say), we have had fresh salmon from Dennys River on the superlative table of the Riverside Inn every day for ten weeks, with hardly an exception. All hail to Landlady Allan, whose husband's knightly great-grandfather, Sir John Allan, first saw daylight in Edinburgh Castle.

It is not every river on the Atlantic coast that is as accessible as this. It does not require a fortune or a long voyage to reach it. The Washington County Railroad sets one right down at one of the very best pools on the river, after crossing the iron bridge near the station. As for the St. Croix River pool at Calais, I saw anglers in boats fishing as I looked out of the car windows when entering the city. Later on I drove along its margin on the St. Stephen side. It is called the "Union Pool" because it divides the neighboring counties, and rod-fishing has never been restricted there. Rod-fishing in Maine is all free, but few are they who are aware of the fact. During July the sport there is excellent, and on one given evening of last month Mr. Albert French caught two salmon within the space of an hour, one of which weighed 16 and the other 19lbs., and Mr. Frank Todd took one weighing 17lbs. Other fishermen on the same evening had numerous rises, and hooked several, but failed to land their fish. All of which is of public record. This pool is 500yds. long, and at times is full of leaping salmon, attracting spectators by the score to see them play. But it is of no use to cast flies then. Salmon are modest; they won't bite, won't display their voracity in the presence of a crowd. Mosquitoes and black flies never annoy one at this pool.

Deer tracks are abundant everywhere in the woods on the line of the railroad between Dennysville and Eastport Juntion, and one or more are seen daily at the edge of the cover gazing at passing trains. At the flag stations they look to see who gets off. If it is a Sunday school picnic they are not shy. If it is a man with a gun they take to the woods. Partridges or timber grouse are equally abundant. They are as numerous between Dennysville and Eastport Junction as they are anywhere. When they once tree they are like a cat on a fence—it is hard to make them move. A noose at the end of a pole will snatch 'em; but this is said to be an illegal mode of capturing them, though less cruel, in my opinion, than any other. Law goes off on Sept. 15. No hounding for deer. Brooks winding through grass meadows, with dense cover and tamarack swamps all around, make this an ideal habitat for deer. Herbert Allan is licensed as first-class guide.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

P. S.—Clambakes are the order of the day at Hurley's Point this month.

DENNYSVILLE, Me., Aug. 12.

A Stage Coach Incident.

WHEN the old-fashioned balloon stage coach Ivanhoe from little Washington drew up in front of Griffiths' hotel on Wood street, Pittsburg, one evening toward the end of May, 1830, one of the passengers who got out was a man to whom some interest attaches, both on account of his own personality and for his little misadventure of the following morning. The passenger in question was a bold Briton, Mr. James Stuart, who was making an extensive tour of "the States," and who, as all British tourists did in those days, published an account of his rambles upon his return to his native island.

But Mr. Stuart is to be discriminated from the herd of tourists of the type of Thomas Ashe, Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope. He finds much to praise in America, and corrects with an unsparing hand many of the untruthful and ungenerous statements of his predecessors. His book is calculated to give a generally fair character to the American people.

On his return trip from the Southwest, Mr. Stuart came up the Ohio River from Cincinnati on the steamboat Reindeer, Capt. Burnet, as far as to Wheeling. From this point he went by stage to Washington, and from Washington he came to Pittsburg by the same mode of conveyance. The road between the two latter places he says is rough, but he speaks in high praise of the beauty of the country. The latter part of the road he found to be very interesting, and the views of Pittsburg and of the Ohio remarkably striking. He enters into some historical and statistical details; says that the town contains about 17,000 souls; that on the Monongahela side is a manufacturing village called Birmingham, and on the Allegheny side there is a town called Manchester; and that the habits of the people are industrious, frugal and economical, without show. "There is nothing remarkable about the public buildings of the town," he observes. "Some of the streets are wide, and there seemed a considerable number of churches. There are nice looking villas in the neighborhood of the town." The Pittsburg of 1830 was the Pittsburg of our fathers, and not of our remote ancestors. The equestrian circus, as he calls it, was open at the time of his visit; the performers, especially a lady performer, were very good, "quite as wonderful, I thought, as those at Astley's," which no doubt was meant for very high praise indeed.

But Mr. Stuart's stay in Pittsburg was of the briefest. He put up for the night at Griffiths' famous hostelry, and being anxious to proceed on his way he engaged passage in the stage coach for Chambersburg for the following morning. The fare was $8. Through the mediation of the hotel clerk he secured particularly the rear seat in the coach, as being the most comfortable, a matter which, in a sixty-hour ride, was worth attending to. The next morning Mr. Stuart climbed into the ancient vehicle, seated himself cozily in the hindermost seat, and set out, as he thought, from the smoky city. The town had already for nearly half a century been distinguished by the smokiness of its atmosphere; and our present tourist observes that Pittsburg "would be a very delightful place of residence but for the clouds of coal smoke which cover it and give a gloomy cast to the beautiful hills which surround it, and to all the neighboring country."

From the hotel, however, the coach proceeded through town to pick up the passengers, and at one house a gentleman and two ladies and two or three children had secured passage. The ladies sent out word that they desired the back seat in the coach. When the driver so informed Mr. Stuart that gentleman very firmly declined to surrender his comfortable quarters. They then declared they would not go if they could not have the desired seat. The driver expostulated, but in vain. Our traveler was decided. He had arranged for the back seat, he was in possession and would not give it up. Griffiths, the hotel proprietor and stage agent, was then appealed to; but to his representations Mr. Stuart was equally unyielding. He informed Griffiths that he had stipulated with the clerk particularly for the hindmost seat, and that the principal was bound by the act of his agent. By this time quite a crowd had been attracted by the altercation, and between Griffiths and the crowd, who were very free to express their opinions, Mr. Stuart had his apparent character very clearly set forth for his future contemplation. When at length all appeals in behalf of the ladies had been tried in vain, Griffiths informed his obstinate passenger that there was another coach in the yard; that he might occupy his seat, and probably added, "and be double-deed to him"; that the horses would be unhitched and put to the other coach; and it was not until they had actually begun to carry out this threat, that, with the prospect of sitting in the stage coach all day in Griffiths' wagon yard before him, the haughty Britisher at last yielded the point. "It became indispensably necessary for me," he says, "to change my plan of proceeding with what grace I could; and accordingly to the no small amusement of the bystanders, removed to the front seat in the stage." But he was very properly punished for his want of courtesy. "When I got the first glimpse of the lady who occupied the seat which I had endeavored to retain from her," he gallantly observes, "I could almost have wished myself under the earth."

The party in controversy with Mr. Stuart consisted of Mr. Biddle, a brother of Nicholas Biddle, of Philadelphia; his daughter, a young widow with an infant child, and her friend, Mrs. Fisher with two children. There was, as might be expected, a good deal of frigidity in the coach for some little time after starting, for all it was a delightful May morning; but gradually the coolness departed, and by the time that they had come to the end of the first stage, ten miles from Pittsburg, they had so far established a friendly understanding, that when Mr. Biddle invited our tourist to take a glass of "spirits and water" with him he consented, with a view to convince him that there was no lurking ill-humor on his part, "though I would far rather have declined the offer," he says, which seems a strange circumstance, seeing he was a Scotch gentleman, unless it was the water he objected to. The young widow for whom Mr. Stuart was smitten with such a sudden admiration had been married less than a year before. She had accompanied her husband to Texas, whither he had gone in hopes of recovering his health; but he continued to decline, and lived only long enough to get back to Tennessee. She was now going to Philadelphia with her infant in company with her father. Although the beginning of their acquaintance had been so inauspicious, quite a warm friendship grew up among the stage coach company, and when at Chambersburg Mr. Biddle and his daughter separated from the others, going on to Baltimore, and again when at Harrisburg Mrs. Fisher and her children departed for Hagerstown, there seemed to be real regret at the parting.

"Two of three miles after leaving Mount Pleasant," he says, "we began to ascend what is called the Chestnut Ridge of the Alleghany Mountains, from its being partially covered with the sweet chestnut tree. I was agreeably disappointed in finding the ascent of this hill, as well as of the Laurel Hill beyond it, so exceedingly easy. The stage is a very heavy machine, but the driver never asked any of the passengers to get out of the stage and walk in order to lighten the burden of the horses. When we walked, it was on our own account, with a view to exercise and amusement. The surface of the road was smooth. It was more the length of the hill than its steepness which fatigued the horses.

"The Laurel Hill," he continues, "is covered with various descriptions of laurel, and other shrubs, but chiefly with rhododendrons of great size, growing most luxuriantly. The blossoms of that species upon the hill are of a pale pink color, and gave a pinkish color to the landscape. There is also a great quantity of the Virginia strawberry all over the hill."

This Mr. Stuart was that James Stuart, of Dunearn, in Scotland, who slew Sir Alexander Boswell in a duel at Auchtertool, in April, 1822. Sir Alexander was the eldest son of James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson. He was a man of rare character, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, a soldier, an antiquary, a poet, the author of the popular Scottish songs "Jennie dang the Weaver" and "Good Night, and Joy be wi' You A'." The quarrel grew out of a political squib, in which Sir Alexander by a pun on the word "cowherd" described the "stot-feeder Stuart" as a "fat cow-art." Mr. Stuart could not stand any imputation on his courage, and at once prepared a challenge. Sir Alexander, as he declared beforehand he would do, fired his pistol into the air; but Stuart, who must have known of this, in that spirit of meanness which displayed itself in the stage coach affair in Pittsburg, fired straight at Sir Alexander, who fell mortally wounded and died the next day, universally regretted. Stuart, in order to divert his mind from the haunting memories of the field of Auchtertool, traveled extensively through both hemispheres. My copy of his book is a presentation copy to one J. C. Stuart, London, 1833, and bears the autograph of "James Stuart." That signature has a strange interest for me, when I reflect that it was subscribed by the same hand to the fatal note which was in the keeping of the Earl of Roslyn that chilly March night in 1822 when his lordship's letter was handed to Sir Alexander Boswell as he descended from the London coach, and which he opened and read "under the nearest lamp post" in the street of Edinburgh.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

"'Way Down South in Dixie."

WHEN the outing season is drawing to a close for the world of fashion, and wives and daughters are welcomed home by the weary *pater familias,* who has borne the heat and burden of the day in his city office—whose holiday is not yet—when others are returning by every boat and train to the city, warned by a cool hint from the well-known artist tourist Mr. Frost—then the tired business man lets his thoughts stray far afield, out into the cool woodlands, just freshly grained in every charming hue and tint by that wonderful colorist before mentioned and familiarly known to us as Jack Frost!

He draws his trusty Parker out of its long confinement, polishes its smooth barrels with affectionate care, and smiles at each scar on its shapely stock—records of many a hard-fought field, where, like Saul, he had "slain his thousands"—or said so on his return.

Again, the sweet call of the Bob White is in his ears, the whir of swift wings. He raises the gun to his face and finds himself almost pulling trigger, so vivid is the recollection of last year's pleasures and the picture the gun calls up. He suddenly remembers his dog Scamp, chained round at the stable; he needs exercise, and has been neglected of late in these hot "dog days."

As he watches his dog's wild antics, and evident enjoyment of his freedom, he promises him "a real good time soon" and begins to wonder where he shall go this season.

In such a quandary, the writer would like to lead him in fancy "'way down South in Dixie," or, to be more exact, to Sussex county, Virginia. In this unfrequented corner he would find nestling deep in the pine forest a little hunting lodge made of sweet new pine—no paint, but cozy and full of comfort and content for the weary sportsman. It stands near an old vine-clad farmhouse, quaint and picturesque. Here the visiting sportsman learns something of Southern customs and cookery, and much of Southern hospitality. For be he boarder at the lodge or guest at the farmhouse, no difference is made, the sons of the house will act for each as "guide and counselor and friend," and the daughters will cater to his appetite, stimulated by many a tramp "over the hills and far away."

Then at night, around the great cavernous fireplace, piled high with blazing logs, the talk will be of many a wild chase after fox or deer, or of some unusually heavy bag of small game or quail.

Undoubtedly there is a charm about the Southland, and the simple cordiality of its people, especially in the capacity of hosts, is pleasing to the new comer, and makes him feel that he must have been here before in some state of existence! Constantly coming and going, we were never a numerous party—at times two, at most four sportsmen, with several brace of fine dogs and the whole country to shoot over, some days hearing no other guns but our own. An early breakfast, game, two or three hot breads, coffee, tea, fresh eggs, butter, milk and honey—a lunch in our pouches—and away for a long, delicious day, tramping over the sedge with our tireless guide, who knew the haunts and habits of every covey in a radius of ten miles. Such shooting! Before our staunch dogs covey after covey would rise to our guns, and then, after a flush, the single birds would keep us shooting till, weary with the long tramp and the weight of our bags, we would trudge home willingly to a 6

o'clock dinner, hot and bountiful as even our sharpened appetities could desire.

Or perhaps, leg-weary, the next day we would saddle a couple of stout hunters and ride over to some distant cover, tie our horses and shoot over a field, ride on to another, and so on, till dusk; then instead of a weary tramp a brisk canter would bring us speedily back to bed and board. On one such expedition—a two days' hunt—the sportsman was rewarded by a bag of eighty-five fat quail.

When the pleasures of quail shooting grew monotonous there was always a deer hunt or a fox chase by way of variety; and if the sportsman was a "tenderfoot" or tender elsewhere from the unwonted exercise of horseback riding, or if for any other reason he preferred a sedentary sport, he had but to creep out in the cool hush of early dawn to the dark woods, ensconce himself in a blind made of fallen logs and brush, and await the coming of the wily wild turkey to the bait. The extreme shyness of this magnificent bird affords that element of uncertainty and necessitates the craft and caution which lend to sport of all sorts its greatest charm. When at last the glistening bronze of a great gobbler is seen shining in the first rays of the rising sun, like a burnished coat of mail the cautious watcher takes careful aim through the loop hole in his blind,, fires, and the next moment finds him shouldering a 20lb. gobbler and tramping home just in time for the early breakfast! Amid the plaudits of his friends he forgets the weariness and painfulness of the long vigils gone before—sitting in cold, hungry and cramped in the narrow confines of the blind, while happier mortals slumbered in their beds. It is their turn to envy him now. He has caught the "early bird."

I shall be at the lodge again next season, and I trust for many more to come, and I have a "reasonable hope" of meeting every man of the jolly party of a year ago on this "happy hunting ground."

L. P. BLOW.

LUMBERTON, Va.

Natural History.

Antelope Catching for the Zoo.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You ask me to tell the story of the young antelope. I wrote: "I went out and captured ten, raised six and took them to Washington, along with some elk." The above story you think too short, and that I must go into details for the FOREST AND STREAM.

Early in May of 1897 I started from the Spring with part of my outfit by Government teams, and from Gardiner with my pack and saddle animals and one man—Sam Yancey—to help me care for the young animals I proposed to catch. We moved out over the old Turkey-pen trail on our twenty-mile ride to Uncle John Yancey's. Soon after crossing Blacktail Deer Creek we saw one very young elk—the first of the season. It was so young and weak that it could but just stand or stagger along a few feet in an awkward way, with its legs braced out at all angles. It was quite close to the trail. Its mother, a very large cow, showed great anxiety about it, running off a short distance and calling her calf, which would stand weaving around more like a drunken man than an animal. Then she would come back, poke it along with her nose a little ways, then trot around it and be off again away from us. We did not stop, but watched her maneuvers as we rode along. I thought she would cache it and go away; but no; she did not follow the band she had been with—some 300 cows, yearlings and spikes. This band went to our left toward a high butte and crossed our trail again just ahead of us. The calf was the only one we saw for several days, and possibly the first dropped that season. We could not take it along with us.

At Yancey's we located ourselves in the old cabin I had used on a former occasion while catching game.

Knowing this time what I had to do, I had come better prepared for the work, with everything I thought necessary. I was particularly anxious to get a number of young antelope and raise them. I had been out several times for young animals for the Zoo and had captured more than ten antelope; but none had ever lived to reach Washington. A dog killed the first two after they were several months old; the others died young or were killed by hurting themselves. The last one was hurt by an elk, whose inclosure it entered one day when the gate was left open accidentally for a moment. I had concluded that the only way to save any was to give them constant attention until they were turned over to the superintendent of the park in Washington. I had talked of corraling full grown animals, but was discouraged, because they are "such excessively timid animals" that they would kill themselves in an inclosure.

Yancey's is at the center of the breeding ground for large game in the Park, and the best point to secure and care for the young.

I must not forget to mention another valued assistant—my old dog Leo, "the black pup" who has helped me so many times and is such a faithful companion. He has assisted me in all kinds of work, from making scientific collections to catching young animals. His zeal in catching some things I had to discourage. He was apt to muss butterflies, millers and insects of that kind, but he would not hurt a young deer, antelope or elk, but was always kind and friendly to them. His great fault was that he would snore; not that it troubled me, but it did my friends when camped with me. His snoring soothed me to sleep. If by chance he stopped or left my bedside I would awake, wondering what was wrong, until Leo returned with his music.

It would be useless to mention all the articles I took with me. I had bottles, nipples, tubes and brushes for cleaning them, soda washes, sacks, panniers, buckskin for strings, wire netting and anything I could think of that would be of use. I had also powerful field glasses and the use of Uncle John's telescope. We cleaned out the old cabin, made bunks and inclosures we could reach from one of the doors of our sleeping room, and including another for shelter for the elk. The antelope I intended to keep in the room with me nights.

We commenced operations by riding out every day, sometimes leading a pack animal with sacks, ropes, strings and canvas, and taking a lunch along, for we were often out until dark. We would ride to a prominent point, from which we could see game and command a view of as large an extent of country as possible. Then we would look for antelope. The bands did not interest us much, but only single individuals, or two at the most. After locating a female, it would not take long to decide if she had young; not that we would see them, but we could tell by her actions when she was moving around. We would decide on an animal to watch; then with field glasses and telescope watch her every movement. Sometimes she would lie down for an hour; then we would look for other animals until she got up. At times the first view of the antelope we would get was when she was resting. When she got up, if she had young cached she would commence feeding a little, then run to the top of a



ANTELOPE OR ROCK?

little hill, looking all around; then quarter back and forth across the wind, but keeping watch for danger and coming up on the wind. We would try to locate the place where her young were by her action, but this I never succeeded in doing very closely. We could not tell if she was within 50ft. or 200yds. The mother would often walk around for more than an hour, sometimes running off quite a ways and be gone so long we would give up if she went out of sight. Then again she would run up against the wind and past the point we thought it possible her young were hid. Sometimes a coyote would show up; then we knew the game was up for us, because she would never go near her young to show the coyote where her babies were sleeping. When the antelope thought everything all safe, and no watchful eye of coyote, lynx or other animal was on her, she would circle around a few times more, then stop as though to eat and put her nose to the ground; and then in the field of the telescope or field glass would appear a small object with its mother. She would let it have a little dinner, then make it stop nursing, and go to her other kid, putting it up the same way—with a poke of her nose—the first kid playing around while its mate had its dinner. The young of the antelope go down on their knees when feeding, like a lamb. After the young have been satisfied the old one moves off slowly with them. They play around, running in circles, stopping suddenly and running the other way, jumping to one side, up in the air, whirling around and going through all kinds of antelope gymnastics, unconsciously practicing every trick that it will resort to to escape from its enemies when it has to shift for itself.

I have watched them play until something alarmed them; then down they would drop, as if shot, never stopping to fold a leg under them, but flattening themselves on the ground in an instant, there to lie until called or poked up by their mother, unless picked up by an eagle, coyote, lynx or Smithsonian hunter. I think very few of them are found when properly cached by their mothers unless they are seen moving around with her and the point is marked where they disappeared, so that one knows about where to look. There are very few chances of their being seen.

When I had found an antelope to watch and then seen her young with her, usually in a place I would not have picked out, the next question was to get as close as possible before she saw me. Getting on my saddle horse and leaving Sam to bring on the pack if he was with me, I would approach as near as possible unseen and always tried to get sight of the doe before she saw me. If she saw me first she would give some signal to her little ones to hide and run off a few yards, sometimes running toward me and quartering to one side. Then it would be very difficult to find the young. I often had to ride over a mile. This gave her time to change her location, so that it was not an easy thing to do to find the antelope again and see her first. I never saw the little ones with their mother when I was close by. They disappeared before I could see them, either from having seen me or in obedience to a warning stamp or snort from their mother. If I saw her first I would mark the spot by some bush or other object and then ride to it. The doe would be off out of sight quickly. Then I would commence a very careful hunt, looking over every inch of the ground and at every object, whether it looked like an animal or not. Sometimes I would find the doe's trail and go back on that if possible until I found the tracks of little ones, then turn the other way again and stand still, look over the ground again and again, then go forward a few feet, look over a little new ground and the old, at every rock, bush or lump of dirt, and peer under every sagebush looking for an eye or ear or some little thing that could be part of an antelope.

The first two I captured I saw at a distance of three-fourths of a mile, but I had to ride fully a mile to get to them. I got off my horse and led him along when I got close to where I had seen the antelope. Approaching under cover a slight rise in the ground close to her, I got within 50yds before she saw me. The little ones were not in sight, but they could not be far off, as she had only moved a short distnnce from where I had first seen her. I saw the tracks of the young ones in the trail along the edge of a swampy piece of ground. Going ahead of the place where I had first seen the old one, I looked the ground over carefully from my feet all around; then going ahead a few feet further, did the same, and at last I saw one by a rock which looked as much like an antelope as did the animal itself. I picked it up (it never offered to escape, for it was quite young), put it in a sack and then looked for its mate. This I saw about 20ft. up a little hill in some gravelly ground where there was not a bit of grass or cover. This I put in another sack. Cutting the sacks so that I could put them over my shoulder, and having them swing in front of me high enough to support them with my arms if I wished, I got on my saddle horse and put the lines over the horn of the saddle. I did not have to guide him for home; he took the trail and soon got there, while I paid all my attention to the little ones.

At another time, watching from the same hill, I saw an antelope about a mile and a half off on quite a steep side-hill partly covered with clumps of rye grass and low bushes. There was a heavy trail along the hill out on which she came. Further on the hill dropped off to a bottom about five acres close to the river. This could not be seen until one was right on the edge of the hills that inclosed it, all of which were quite steep. I had watched this antelope for two hours or more. At times she would disappear toward the bottom, be gone some few minutes, then come back again on to the trail. At last she went out of sight for twenty minutes; then I thought it my time to get close to the edge of the hill. I hurried along the trail on a 'lope where I could, and as I came to the edge of the hill, looking down to the little bottom, I met the doe coming back. I knew she would not have her young very close if they were small enough for me to catch, so I rode down to the bottom, and picking out the kind of a country I though proper to cache



MODE OF PACKING IN THE GAME.

young antelope in, commenced looking over the ground very carefully. I had not gone far before I found one that looked rather large, but I got it safely in my hands. While putting it in a sack it bleated a few times. Leo started off on a run, and looking to see what he was after, I saw the other young one getting up. It dropped again, but started off before Leo got to it. I did not stop to put the one I had in the sack, but with the sack in one hand and the antelope under my arm I started after the other, encouraging Leo to catch it. It ran around a bit and the mother, coming down the hill on a run and going close to the dog, tried to attract his attention from her little one to herself. The little one soon fell, and Leo commenced to lick it and nose it all over. The poor thing was making the most pitiful noises. Its mother was running around frantically and trying to get Leo to go for her. I got hold of the frightened animal and put it and its mate in sacks. I felt very sorry for the poor mother antelope, but consoled myself for my cruelty to her in robbing her of her young by telling myself that the coyotes would have gotten them if I did not, while they would have a chance for their lives with me and as good treatment as man could give them. Yet it was rough on the poor things to deprive them of their babies. They seem to feel so badly about it, too.

Whenever I was after antelope I always saw coyotes prowling around. It appeared to me that there were very few chances for any number of the young ever to reach maturity, there were so many of these despicable little wolves.

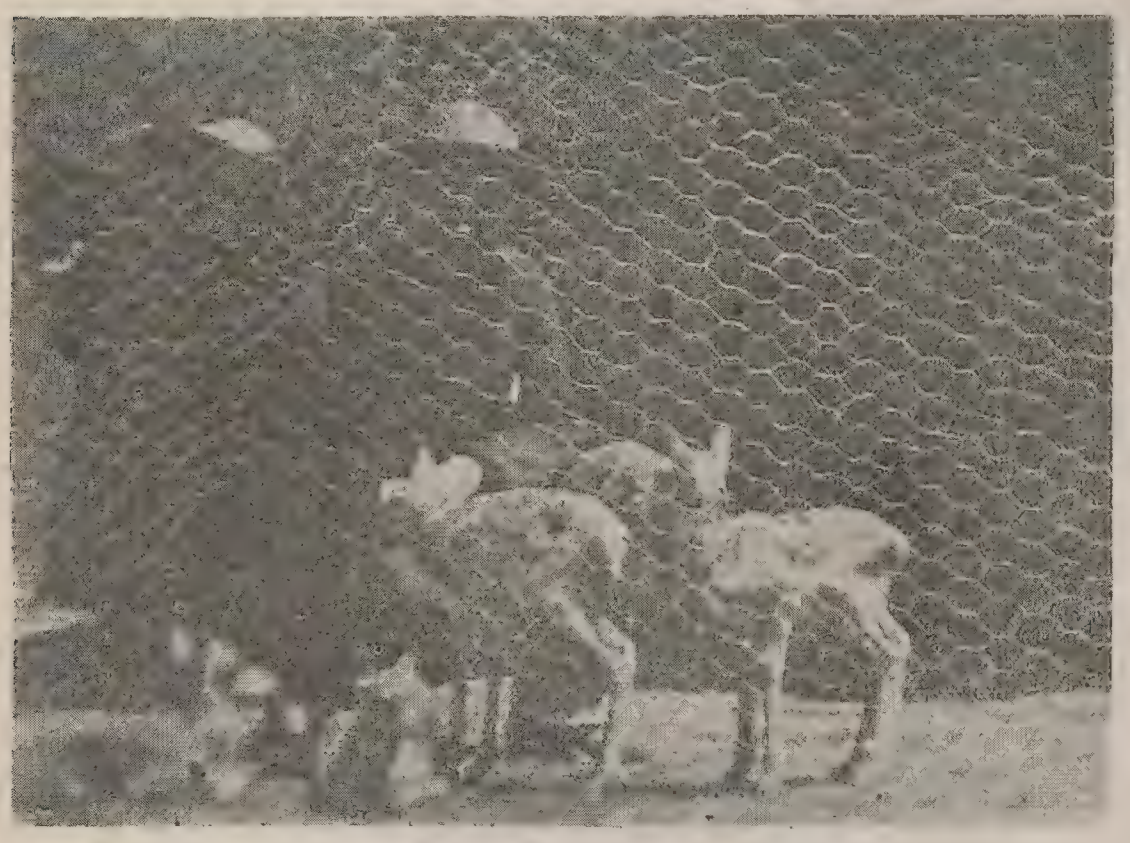
I took my two antelope to the ranch and put them with others we had captured. Sam had found quite a number, once getting one while he saw a lynx going off with its mate. We had ten to care for, which were almost as bad as ten human young. We had to gauge the quantity of milk for each one, reduce it with boiled water, and later with rice water, sterilize the milk, wash everything we used about the milk with soda water, wash the babies' faces, jaws and mouth, and dry them carefully to keep them in a healthy condition. Each antelope, as we got it, we marked with a string around its neck. They got names, too, from their marks and actions. The one with a green ribbon became Pat, the one with a black string was Nig; then there was Old Two String, Blue String and Mike and Wild Bill. Wild Bill never became tame—he killed himself. All the others soon learned to know us, and came around as soon as we called. They would crowd around for their turn at the bottle, try to push each other away and get hold of a fellow's buttons, watch chain, fingers or ears while he was busy with the one he was feeding. Both Sam and I became very much attached to them. Either of us would wake up in the night if one of them moved about, and often we would get up, light a candle, count them and see that they were all well and comfortable. We used to feed them from six to eight times a day—early in the morning and late at night.

In hunting for elk there was not so much trouble to find the young. We got hold of six and could have taken any number up into the hundreds had we wished. They cache themselves, the same as all young animals of the deer kind, but are not so well provided by nature to conceal themselves unless they are in timber in the kind of country they blend with, while an antelope is very hard to distinguish from almost any object. I photographed an antelope and two rocks on smooth green sod where a mother would never hide or attempt to hide her young. Hundreds have seen the picture, but very few ever see or notice the animal, even when their attention is called to the fact that there is one there. A photo of a young elk shows much better, only if it were at the foot of a large tree it would be hard to see. The elk did not give us much trouble in caring for them. They were very stupid about learning to drink, but at last I found a way to teach them at once, so I had no further trouble about that, only I had to hold the pan out of which they drank with all my strength, for when they butted they would throw milk all over me. We carried the young elk in in pack bags, hung from the pack saddles. Some of them weighed 60lbs. or more, and a horse with two young elk on looked like some new kind of three-headed animal. We never had the affcetion for them we did for the antelope. They are ugly and show no affection for their keepers.

We did not lose one elk, but after we had had the antelope a few weeks one of them became ill. I did everything possible, even sending to Fort Yellowstone to the doctor for something to help the poor thing. The stage brought out some medicine, but it gave no relief. I felt as bad over the loss of Little Boy Blue as if it had been a child. I found I was becoming so attached to them that I would not want to give them up to the Government, so I thought best to give them up at once. Teams came from the Springs and moved all my family to new quarters. There I left them in Sam's care until my return from a hunting trip late in November. Then I took them to Washington, D. C., turning them over to Dr. Frank Baker, Superintendent of the National Zoo. I hope they will like their new home and thrive there. While they were in the Yellowstone Park they were photographed hundreds of times. Many of the pictures have been published and some are very interesting, two particularly, taken by Sergt. Van Buskirk. Sam is filling their bottle, and the babes are as much interested as so many children.

I hope one or two of the pictures I have taken will be good enough to be reproduced for publication. Any reader or friend of the FOREST AND STREAM will see the little fellows—now more than two years old—by calling at the National Zoological Park. Please don't feed them peanuts or tobacco. I don't wish them to learn bad habits.

E. HOFER.



BRINGING THEM UP ON THE BOTTLE.



IN THE WASHINGTON ZOO.

Midsummer Bird Notes.

THESE humid days are trying alike to men and birds. The "bird-bath" on the lawn—always kept brim full—is thronged from dawn till dusk with hundreds of panting woodfolk, whose splashes and sputterings are good to see, so plainly do they testify to the intense delight of the little bathers. A robin with open bill deliberately squats on a convenient bit of flagstone and proceeds to soak himself in the shallow water that covers it, while all about him are his fellows, together with a motley horde of starlings, sparrows and odds and ends. The somber duns and grays that prevailed in the coverings of the bedraggled bathers are occasionally relieved by the gorgeous livery of an oriole, as he sprays himself in the genteel manner of a bird swell. Again a highholder puffs and sputters in clumsy fashion, while his rich colors show in pleasing contrast among the bobbing heads and fluttering wings that crowd the "bath." Save at their bath the birds seem listless. Vireos swing about the twigs with a querulous chirp, while orioles show their discontent in harsh chatterings as they peer about the leaves in search of insects. A near-by mountain ash whose berries are just beginning to turn to gold serves as a lunch counter for the fruit eaters, and at all times of day I am sure to find thrush, robin, highhole, in company with lesser friends of several kinds, gorging there.

A day or two since a new arrival, in the person of a mockingbird, appeared at the feast, and with the proverbial pugnacity of his family at once proceeded to drive away from the tree everything that wore feathers. This done, he mounted a berry cluster, where, with drooping tail and head thrown well back, he burst into such an ecstacy of song that his unstable perch actually trembled under the impulse of his intense emotion. I have often watched these unrivaled songsters in their native Virginian haunts go through these same performances in some tree or copse they had pre-empted, but here, right in my own home, it was as pleasing as it was unexpected. The nerve of the fellow was absolutely refreshing. Although an unusual visitant with us, an interloper I may say, he just took possession of everything in sight and made himself perfectly at home. Presently he flipped off into an oak that towered above, and silently watched for the return of the hungry crowd he had so unceremoniously put to flight. Furtively they began to come by ones and twos and settled down again to their interrupted feast. A fat old highhole had just alighted with a rustle when I saw the mockingbird raise the feathers on his shapely head and run swiftly to the end of the limb on which he had been silently standing. Here he halted, and with head to one side peered down at his unconscious victim, extending his wings with the quick graceful flirts so characteristic of the mocker in moments of mischievous excitement. Suddenly, with a startling squawk he dropped plumb at the poor old highhole, who fled with wild screams of terror from this strange attack, with the mocker all a-flutter close at his heels. Having once more cleared the tree, he again mounted the same berry cluster and sang a wild rollicking jumble of notes as though laughing in impish glee over the success of his deviltry.

Our native birds are utterly unused to such antics, and I am curious to see just what the upshot of his crazy gambols will be. At present he seems to have everything his own way. But wait! Evidently he has not met the imperturbable English starling yet. I must try and be there when this occurs, for I fancy my nervy young friend has a surprise in store for him. * * *

I left him yesterday at sundown, singing on his trembling perch of clustered berries.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

BAY RIDGE, N. Y., Aug. 7.

A Nest on a Swing.

ESSEX, N. Y., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The hummingbird's nest on a wire illustrated in FOREST AND STREAM some time ago had its counterpart in the nest which a barn swallow constructed in our carriage house this summer. Ignoring available sites under eaves and in open outbuildings, this swallow selected a piece of doubled 3-16in. cord suspended from the ceiling and used to support the tongue of one of the carriages, and built its nest from that. The nest was attached at a point about 18in. from the ceiling, and part of the time, when the carriage was used, there was nothing to steady the cord, and the nest swung backward and forward something after the manner of a pendulum. The cord passed through one side, and the hollow of the nest was in no way obstructed; yet the nest was perfectly balanced and did not tip. It would have proved a safe repository for the eggs if they had ever been deposited, but unfortunately some one passing through the building accidentally knocked the nest down shortly after it was completed.

The male and female swallow worked at the nest almost continuously, and showed no fear of the men who were going in and out of the building all the time. I have stood watching them with my head within 3ft. of the nest without interrupting their work. The tongue of the carriage was taken from its support at least once every day, but the swallows only waited till the carriage was out of the way to resume their work. Though they had been building with the cord anchored and nearly stationary, each time the tongue was removed the nest was found to be in stable equilibrium, thus demonstrating engineering ability of a high order for the birds.

J. B. BURNHAM.

The Coon Must Subsist or Subside.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There lingers in my memory a classical fragment that seems to strum as follows:

"Came a lorn and weary printer
With his bundle on a splinter,
On his back——"

I would like to know where I got that, and to have some one either take it away or send on the balance of the hymn.

I desire more particularly, however, to put on record that evidently the printer could not make out a word in my recent disquisition upon the "Coon's Whicker." The circumstance is in evidence, thanks to the art preservative, on page 83 of the journal for July 29.

In the fourth paragraph, in the instance to which I refer, I did not write "The raccoon must *submit* or subside," but that "The raccoon must subsist or subside," as must all creatures here below.

And so, with proper consideration and respect for him who is most always blamed and rarely praised, the fault is mended.

RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal.

The Rattlesnake's Bite.

DEVALL BLUFF, Ark., Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent issue of the FOREST AND STREAM a Boston correspondent asks if it is true that the bite of a rattlesnake is always fatal between October and February. Arkansas has her full quota of rattlesnakes; indeed it is claimed that the home of the rattler is in Arkansas, and that it is located in a succession of red bluffs overlooking the beautiful White River, some ten miles away from this little city. Certain it is that countless numbers of them winter there. As late as the middle of November huge rattlers, travel-stained and dust-begrimed, can be seen wriggling their slimy bodies in the direction of these bluffs.

Some years ago in December I was hunting bear, and

a committee to have full charge of the same, viz.: Col. John S. Cooper, Chairman, Chicago; Thomas H. Shevlin, Minneapolis; Hon. Thomas Lowry, Minneapolis; Hon. James Gray, Minneapolis; George R. Finch, St. Paul; George C. Squires, St. Paul; Charles Cristadoro, St. Paul; W. C. Brown, General Manager C., B. & Q. Railroad, Chicago; T. P. Shonts, Chicago; B. Thomas, Chicago; Capt. J. B. Clow, Chicago; C. I. Peck, Chicago; John H. Witbeck, Chicago; Otis R. Glover, Chicago; Marvin Hughitt, Jr., Chicago; Wesley M. Lowrie, Chicago; Henry S. Fitch, Chicago, Hon. O. W. Nixon, Chicago; George E. Cole, Chicago; L. W. Pitcher, Chicago; Harry G. McCartney, Chicago; Dr. Frank Billings, Chicago; Jas. J. Hill, President Great Northern Railroad, St. Paul; Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul; C. A. Pillsbury, President Brainerd Northern Railroad, St. Paul.

The above resolution was promptly carried. It was followed shortly by the courteous action suggested by Mr. Ross Clarke, of St. Paul, who handed in a resolution of thanks to the Federation of Women's Clubs of Minnesota, who were the real inaugurators of the movement for acquiring a large public park in Minnesota. This resolution was passed, and adjournment followed.

The Convention.

The session of the convention or regular meeting followed at once upon adjournment of the Committee of the Whole, the same officers being continued, on the motion of Mr. Johnson, of Minneapolis. On motion of Col. Graves, of Duluth, the names of all present as organizers were taken, the list being as given above. The minutes of the first meeting were read and adopted. The report of the committee on organization was again read, so that all arrivals might be acquainted with the organic law of the body. Mr. Glover's resolution and also Mr. Clarke's, as read in the Commmittee of the Whole, were also formally adopted. Mr. Graves thought that the names suggested in Mr. Glover's resolution would need to be referred to the Executive Committee for approval, but the chair ruled that the above names were approved by the body in the acceptance of the resolution as a whole.

Election of Officers.

The chair appointed as a committee on nominations for officers of the organization Col. Cooper, of Chicago; Dr. R. O. Beard, of Minneapolis; Mr. Charles Cristadoro, of St. Paul. These brought in the name of Dr. Northrop, President of the University of Minnesota, for president of the Minnesota National Park and Forestry Association. Dr. Northrop was elected by one ballot cast by secretary. Mr. Nelson, of St. Paul, suggested that there should be one vice-president, each from Chicago, St. Paul and Duluth, the same to be elected by vote of local delegations. Col. Graves seemed to be fencing a little bit when he deprecated this action for Duluth, which might awkwardly identify that city with the movement proposed. Mr. Johnson, of Minneapolis, thought the idea should be widened by electing vice-presidents from the South and from the West. Col. Cooper said: "Mr. Chairman, not wishing in the least to force the city of Duluth into any unwelcome attitude, I move you that Governor Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, be our first vice-president." This was carried with a rush of applause, for Governor Roosevelt is nowhere more popular than in the West. On the motion also of Col. Cooper, Judge Horace H. Lurton, of the U. S. Circuit Court, Nashville, Tenn., was elected second vice-president, and Judge Hubbard, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., the well-known railway counsel, was chosen as third. By one ballot Mr. John H. Witbeck, of Chicago, was elected treasurer. Mr. Witbeck is a prominent lumberman and banker of this city. On motion of Mr. Ross Clarke, of Minneapolis, Col. John S. Cooper was by one ballot elected corresponding secretary, and in similarly prompt fashion Dr. H. M. Bracken, of St. Paul, was chosen recording secretary. Col. Graves, of Duluth, now moved that the Committee of Nominations report names for an Executive Commmittee of fifteen. Dr. Beard, of Minneapolis, moved to substitute that said Executive Committee should be chosen with three members from Chicago, three from Minneapolis, three from St. Paul, three from Duluth and three at large. This motion prevailed, and the chair appointed as Commmittee on Nominations for such members G. M. Nelson, of St. Paul; Dr. Bell, of Minneapolis; Col. Graves, of Duluth; E. Hough, of Chicago. After due deliberation the above Committee on Nominations reported the following names for members of a permanent Executive Committee, the report being unanimously adopted. From Chicago: Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of the city; E. W. Blatchford, Charles S. Dennis. From St. Paul: Dr. Henry Hutchinson, Ross Clarke, G. M. Nelson. From Minneapolis: Hon. James Gray, Mayor of the city; Dr. R. O. Beard, Dr. Leo Crafts. From Duluth: G. G. Hartley, A. H. Comstock, Dr. C. A. Stewart. At large: F. M. Stephenson, of Menominee, Wis., a prominent lumberman; W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., a prominent manufacturer and ex-Mayor of his city; ex-Senator F. W. Leavitt, of Litchfield, Minnesota.

Additional Action.

During the progress of the committee work a fine address was made by Dr. O. W. Nixon, of Chicago, who pointed the usefulness of educating the youth in full respect for the life of the forest and the lake. Dr. Nixon said that we should use every agency possible to attain the success of this admirable enterprise. Chairman Fitch also ably addressed the meeting, as did the able representative of the Board of Trade, Mr. Sam Johnson, of Minneapolis. It was moved and carried that the Executive Committee should appoint an advisory council and publish names of the same. Dr. Beard wanted a committee on entertainment, but Col. Cooper opposed this, thinking that it would be unwise to have too unwieldy a machinery, and that this work might be included under that of the committee having in charge the Congressional trip. Committees on press and finance will be appointed by the Executive Committee later. The funds of the organization will be raised by voluntary contribution. In a gracefully worded speech Mr. Johnson, of Minneapolis, extended to the Association the invitation of the city of St. Paul to be its guests on the north-bound passage through that city, and to be the guests of the city of Minneapolis on the return from the trip over the region concerned. These invitations, of course, cover the Congressional party, and it need not be said that the hospitality of the Twin Cities will be princely, after their usual fashion. Mr. Nelson, of St. Paul, brought up the question of quorum for the Executive Committee, and it was determined that five members should constitute a quorum. Mr. Johnson in a few well-chosen words moved a vote of thanks to Col. Cooper for his work in this enterprise, in which he had traveled much and spent much of his private funds. This was carried by rising vote and with obvious satisfaction. A vote of thanks was also extended to the Chicago Athletic Association. Col. Cooper now coming in from a committee meeting, moved a vote of thanks to the "public spirited gentlemen of Minnesota, who had come all this way to attend this meeting and to show their approval of this work." This was carried and adjournment was then had, late in the afternoon.

The Opposition.

The first clearly defined opposition to the Minnesota Park proposition was developed yesterday during the progress of the convention. During the absence from the hall of some one of the committees, the chair on request called upon the Hon. Page Morris, of Duluth, to present his views upon the matter. Judge Morris, of Duluth, represents in Congress the Sixth District, located in the pine and lumber region of upper Minnesota. It has been distinctly understood all along that the city of Duluth was hostile to this reserve idea and would in all likelihood fight it bitterly in Congress, as it has by medium of the local press, and Judge Morris has been tacitly recognized as the leader of this active opposition, representing, as he does, a constituency composed largely of persons interested in the undeveloped resources of a country for most part still virgin and of unknown wealth. Therefore, the members present looked forward with great interest to seeing and hearing Judge Morris. They saw a man of medium stature, with a shock of dark hair and the face of an actor, clean shaven, keen, handsome, and they listened to a man perhaps politician, but none the less possessed of a clear and convincing habit of thought and a lucid method of presenting his conclusions. Judge Morris talks ably. His constituency need not fear that he was renegade or that he misrepresented in any iota the trust they have imposed in him. Judge Morris may return home with a clear conscience, feeling, as it is gladly accorded that he has a right to feel, that he presented with elegance, with fervor, with apparent personal convicition, the side of the selfish, the short-sighted, the narrow-minded,, the material side of things, as opposed to the side of breadth, of unselfishness, of foresight, of public spiritedness. Judge Morris is an able man, and he is a thinker. He represents a constitutency, and does it ably. It is for him to say if he throws into this form of representation the real ardor of a nature which could certainly feel deeply and act strongly. It is for him to say whether he will in the future look back with unalloyed personal and inner satisfaction upon his share in this work, handsomely and ably as he has carried on his share.

Judge Morris said that he would be "brutally frank," realizing fully his position at this gathering. He felt that he might not be en rapport. "I am here," he said, "not as a member of your body, but as a representative of a committee of Duluth citizens." He said he had come not to act, but to observe. "This is in my district," he said, "and, gentlemen, I admit we have been alarmed at what you propose to do. You are intruding upon the natural resources of the people whom I represent." Judge Morris said that three different holdings covered the lands in the region concerned—the Government lands, the Indian lands, the lands held by private settlers. The Indian lands alone under the act of 1889 were worth perhaps $5,000,000 for the pine lands alone, valued at $3 per acre. The other class of lands—the agricultural lands—were worth at least an additional million. How much the private lands were worth he did not know, but he did know that a great body of land which could be filed upon under public entry for homesteads would under this reserve idea be held back from the country. This meant to block the wheels of progress. In Beltrami county alone there were to-day 2,000 more settlers than there were two years ago. "Now, gentlemen," said he, "the city of Duluth taps all this region, and it is naturally tributary to her. I say we are alarmed when you wish to take all this possible wealth away from us, this lumber, this agricultural land, this possible mineral wealth. I regret that I cannot favor this scheme. My judgment is against it."

Judge Morris said that the pine was the most valuable product of this regioin, but that after it was cut off the other woods, like the poplar, etc., grew up after it. Much of the region, he thought, could be farmed with profit. Now, if it was the purpose to preserve this pine uncut, he was bold enough to say that the people of Duluth were not in favor of this idea; that the people of Minneapolis were not in favor of it; that the settlers of the region itself were not in favor of it, and certainly he himself was not in favor of it. "Even if you should cut this pine under certain restrictions, you would be robbing the present settlers of that region. I thus frankly outline the thoughts that pass through my mind," said he. "Twenty years ago all that land north of Duluth was a wilderness. To-day St. Louis county produces more wealth than any other single county in the United States. In one year her output of iron ore was over $8,000,000. Our people think there may be some such hidden wealth in this region you propose to sequestrate. If you can preserve for our behoof this possible wealth of natural resources, very well, but I do not see how you propose to do so under your scheme."

Following Judge Morris' able address, which was given in good humor and convincing fashion of itself, there was no applause. He did not meet with rseponse among those present, nor did he expect it, but he had done what he conceived to be his duty. It was a delicate and difficult thing to reply to so able an exponent of the other side, but Col. Cooper did this with tact and force. He said: "I wish to thank Judge Morris for coming here to meet us. I know that he feels he is a trustee for his people, and indeed he is one of the trustees of us all, for he is one of the members of Congress. That is all I say, and all I ask. Judge Morris will not object to this trip, I am sure, in which his colleagues of Congress will be enabled to see actually what there is in this entire situation. He has done his duty, and he will be willing to abide by what Congress may say after becoming possessed of all the facts through personal investigation. Judge Morris is going to be with us on this trip of exploration and investigation. Let him do that, let him then go back to Congress and vote, and I will back his vote, and so will we all, and we will not complain. We do not pretend to be all-wise. We only say we want to leave this to the Congress of the United States, and to give that Congress all the facts at first hand. We only want the jury and the court to be there, and to have jurisdiction. We have no set lines established. Let Congress attend to that. If we get but part, if we get nothing, we shall have had a grand trip, and you will see men up there in your country that you would never see again in all your life otherwise."

Judge Morris replied pleasantly that the visitors would see the most hospitable people in the world, and one of the best and richest regions in the world.

Mr. Cristadoro, of St. Paul, made somewhat of a reply to Judge Morris' speech, stating that he could not agree that after the pine was gone other timber of value took its place. He showed the history of decaying lumber towns, and pointed out the alternative of a great tract of land under Government control and management. He thought Duluth would be the natural beneficiary if this park should be established. Her place at the head of the Great Lakes would make her the inevitable entrepot for a heavy travel.

Col. Graves, of Duluth, sprang another form of fight for the opposition when he suggested that perhaps another tract might better be chosen, further north than this pine region mentioned—for instance, west of the Vermilion Lake. In such case, he said, he trusted his people would be willing to co-operate with the movement for the park. Col. Graves said that he could not stand out for the keeping of the pine uncut, but as to reforestration, he was very much in favor of that, to say nothing of his keen instincts as a sportsman.

Mr. Ross Clarke, of St. Paul, made a rattling good talk, showing a map of the different regions mentioned. He said it was true that some of the cut pine lands could be farmed, and there was a tide setting in for such cheap lands. The question was whether we could stem that tide—whether we could maintain this last stand for a forest reserve which should leave a little of the scanty forest yet standing. He recognized how difficult was this fight, for even in getting the little Itasca Park about the head springs of the Mississippi River they had to fight their own State Legislature. There was admittedly a vast local prejudice to be contended with. "And yet," said he, "if we do not win this fight, and if we fail to save any of this land, our children, even those of the Sixth District, will blame us most of all that we allowed this destruction of our forests. The lumbermen have a right—yes, but has not also the nation a right?"

Mr. Clarke paid his respects to Col. Graves, but thought that the region he proposed to set aside—that in Cook and Lake counties—could not by any imagination be called a forest reserve, for it held no forests. It was useless to waste time there. The aspect of the region would constitute its own chief protection, for it was undesirable as a public park, just as logged-over country was undesirable. Mr. Clarke said he wished to see this idea carried out as first projected. He said that even should we fail we should have done a work of education, and he thought that when the result was known it would be found that much of the public would be with us. Mr. Clarke's remarks were greeted with applause.

Spirit of the Minnesota Press.

I have before me at this writing clippings from over fifty Minnesota papers, including the most prominent journals of the State, and especially those of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Grand Rapids and many towns situated in the upper portion of the State. In brief, one may say that St. Paul seems to be in favor of the enterprise, perhaps under certain limitations which would not set aside so much land as was at first designated. Minneapolis is more guarded or half hostile. Grand Rapids considers the matter an "outrage, a "steal," a "robbery." Duluth is simply hysterical. The press of the smaller communities is divided, some papers thinking the matter subject for levity, others for protest, many for commendation. The bitterest objections, of course, come from Duluth and a small section thereabout, from which come all sorts of protests and resolutions to kill this matter in one way or another.

All this comment simply goes to prove that the Minnesota park topic is a very vital and absorbing one, and has held a most prominent place in the mind of the population of the State. It will not serve to call this a "steal," a "robbery," a "sporting scheme," a "game preserve," or the "enterprise of a few rich men." Better arguments than that must be advanced. The most valid reasons yet noticed are those of papers which think the reserve should be established, though demurring to one of extreme size. As to the rabid method of mere assertion, this sort of thing will hardly serve the "Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas," and it might be well for the local newspapers to attain a more dignified and convincing manner of advancing their own cause. Very admirable is the position of the Albert Lea Tribune, which says: "The attitude of Minnesota toward the park scheme should be that of approval to the underlying idea, but of great conservatism and caution in putting it in practice."

The Herald, of Howard Lake, Minn., says: "It is quite probable that Congress will do something on the matter at the next session. The land is not valuable for agricultural purposes, and so would be of little use to the people."

The Sheaf, of Warren, Minn., says: "The movement deserves to have all possible encouragement."

The Journal, of Taylor Falls, Minn., says: "The proposition is attracting much favorable comment."

The Telegram, of Breckenridge, Minn., says: "We sincerely hope the project will be carried out."

The Argus, of Long Prairie, Minn., says: "Our conviction is that where there is one quarter section suited for farming there are two or three sections that are good for nothing else than park purposes."

Perhaps the most amusing feature of all the newspaper comment, which has reached notable extent in the last few weeks, is the grave assertion on the part of the Review, of Grand Rapids, Minn., which remarks sagely: "The Chicago and Eastern papers have been full of it,

and it is plainly apparent that the space occupied in the more prominent journals has been generously paid for. A syndicate to carry on the preliminary work is evidently already in existence, and is very likely composed of members from the wealthy sporting clubs of Chicago, New York and other cities."

That is surely a fine example of detective journalism! If the writer of it can point out a dollar that has been given by any man or club at this date, he can do better than anyone known here. As to pay for the space used, you could not take $50,000, or twice that, and buy one-half the space that the Chicago papers alone have expended on this enterprise. It is plain to any but the jaundiced eye that all these many great organs have done what they have done just as the FOREST AND STREAM in its less extended but no less ardent fashion has done its task, namely, from enterprise, from thoughtfulness and broad mindedness. When the entire press of Minnesota can become a unit in the belief that there is not the first selfish or personal motive in all this proposition, not the first personal scheme and not the first unfair intention, it will have gone far toward arriving at that justice which should be dear to everyone, resident or non-resident, and as regards this or any other "scheme."

Real Objects of the Proposed Park.

In view of the distorted views which seem perforce to be taken by some persons in regard to this Minnesota reserve, it might be well to offer the following little list of intents and purposes, which have seemed appropriate in the opinion of a Chicago gentleman, who hands them to me:

First.—The preservation of the head waters of the Mississippi River.

Second.—The preservation of as much of the now standing timber as is possible without interfering with existing ownership.

Third.—Prevention of destruction by fire of all trees within this district.

Fourth.—The setting apart of this district for all people for all time, for their free use either for health or pleasure.

Fifth.—The preservation of fish and game.

The idea of a "steal" for a "few sporting men" seems not to be quite just in view of the above balancing motives and reasons for this park. The FOREST AND STREAM is a sporting paper, and much concerned with fish and game and their preservation; but perhaps the FOREST AND STREAM may claim to be run by thinking men and men who try to be fair minded. No doubt the result of this movement, in so far as it shall be reached by thinking and fair minded methods, will satisfy this journal and all those who have given up time and money to the pursuit of what seems fairly and on a thinking basis to be a desirable and important movement. There has been no piece of outdoor news of similar interest and magnitude in the last ten years of Western progress.

Killing Summer Deer.

I can see no especial use in making up the contributions for the Hottentots and Eskimo so long as we have so many heathen near at home. The residents of the region near Glen Flora, in Barron county, Wis., have been steadily killing deer for the last six weeks. Deputy Stone, of that county, this week took out warrants for several citizens and is now after them. It stated that over 100 deer have been killed this summer in that vicinity. One gentleman by the name of Billings went out hunting on Sunday and killed a doe which had a fawn three days old, which was following her, and which died soon after the doe was killed. Mr. Billings has been arrested, and his trial should by this time have been completed. I hope he got the limit of the law.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Sportsman Again.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If you and Ransacker want to get up a wordy war over the definition of that indefinable word "sportsman" I have no right to stick my finger in the pie, but I see a bit of fun lurking in it, and I want to keep it going. Now Ransacker knows bees from head to tail, and when he sets about monkeying with those little California sharptails I can almost hear them buzz. His experience would qualify him to define a bee hunter to a dot, but when he gets through with his definition of a "sportsman" may I be alive to see it! I don't want to rub his hair the wrong way, for he might stick me with his pointed wit worse than the bees stuck him. The common definition of "sportsman" is "men who shoot," and I would let it go at that; but it doesn't seem to satisfy Ransacker, and he'll be likely to spread over a dozen sheets of paper before he settles on anything to satisfy himself.

Definitions, like charity, begin at home, and I call myself a sportsman because from my youth up I've been considered an expert in all kinds of small game shooting; and no man this side of the North Pole has enjoyed the pleasures connected with it more than I; but elephant and lion hunters would scorn to apply the name of sportsman to me.

Many of the finest shots I've ever known could only now and then find time to go afield; but must I refuse to call them sportsmen because they're not unceasingly at it? Shall we call that most contemptible exterminating loafer, the market-hunter, who makes it the business of his life and gets no real pleasure from it, a sportsman? What must we call the professional pigeon slaughterers, whose chief delight is in winning money from each other and who in difficult cover would probably be no shots at all? They are certainly not sportsmen.

Now I don't want to see the pages of FOREST AND STREAM stuffed exclusively with either truths or lies pertaining to fir, fins and feathers, for many such contributions, unless well written, bore me. A certain article about Shasta Mountain bees may not have been written by a sportsman, but I don't remember anything in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM that has tickled my fancy more, unless it was the "Boyhood Days" of Podgers.

I don't know whether Ransacker would be willing to apply the title of sportsman to the always interesting Fred Mather, or to the equally entertaining Rowland Robinson, but I hope their articles will continue to grace the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, though all the moose and bear butchers of Maine be crowded out.

DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, August.

Quebec Game for Paris.

BOSTON, Aug. 14.—Dr. Heber Bishop now has in his hands an unique commission. He is to collect for the Canadian Commission specimens of the big game of that region for the Paris Exposition next year. The text of the permit is as follows: "Quebec, July 18, 1899.—Dr. Heber Bishop is hereby authorized to kill, in all seasons and in any part of the Province, one moose, one caribou and one deer, for the Quebec exhibit at the Paris Exposition. L. Z. Joncas, Superintendent of Forests, Fisheries and Game for the Province of Quebec."

The commision could scarcely have fallen into better hands, since Dr. Bishop is thoroughly familiar with the big game of the Canadian Province, as well as Maine. His record of game shot already includes fifteen bull moose and twenty-four caribou, besides innumerable deer. His last bull moose will be remembered to have been on exhibition at the New York Sportsmen's Show last spring. The monster was reported to have weighed 1,500lbs. The specimens for the exposition are to be as large and fine as possible; one each of moose, deer and caribou. It is deemed necessary to show the horns in the velvet; hence taking the animals in close time is permitted. The Doctor starts on the 15th inst. to make the collection. He will take the deer from the Megantic preserve, where the animals are very plenty. The moose and caribou will be secured later. Dr. Bishop has probably slain more moose than any other sportsman now living, and doubtless more than any other hunter in the world who has hunted for sport only. His moose and caribou hunting will be done at Temiscouata Lake, and at Gaspe on the southwest shore of the St. Lawrence Gulf.

Chatham gunners are reported to be having very fair sport. The late storm sent in some good flights of yellowlegs, but not many large birds have yet appeared. A couple of Boston gunners returned Saturday from a successful shoot in the vicinity of Ipswich Bay. They had about thirty yellowlegs, mostly summer; several grass birds and five chicken plover. They found the shooting good Wednesday and Thursday, especially the latter day. The birds responded freely to calling, in the fog and rain. Plum Island gunners are also getting a fair showing of birds, though they say that large birds are not yet present in abundance. Reports of partridges in Maine continue to be the best for many seasons. SPECIAL.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Fishing for Muskalonge.

THE irrepressible man who is never tired of fishing, the genius who has the patience and enthusiasm to wait for trout among the mountain streams, should for once try fishing for muskalonge. And then, as the little girl said in her prayer, after she had asked the Lord to make her a good girl, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

"And what is the attraction at Grand River?" I asked of two Pittsburg men whom I had casually met before. I wish I had asked this question in an unsuspecting manner. Such was my intention.

"Lived there, ten miles from the river, all your life, and never caught a muskalonge!" exclaimed one. "Why, I've been there every summer for ten years."

I felt it was a time for discretion as I quietly assented, while I recalled how in my early married life I had regularly for three summers left my wife to visit in Geneva while I went, as it were, in search of a golden fleece. I remembered her facetious allusions and those of her relatives the last time I announced in the simplest manner compatible with my feelings that I believed I would take a few days over to the river and try for a muskalonge. I recalled too at the same time the fact that I didn't get a muskalonge, and that there were some more funny things said, and several jokes at my expense about muskalonge—all of which was very entertaining for the family, and made a jovial atmosphere that lingers about me still. But the old word, like a battle cry, aroused feelings that had been suppressed for years.

"And do you think, gentlemen, there are any muskalonge in Grand River?" I inquired incredulously.

"Think it, man! Do you suppose I would be such a darn fool as to go there every summer if there wasn't?"

That was enough. The river was full of them, hungry and eager for bait; so at their urgent invitation to join them I wired to my wife that "Unexpected and important business would detain me a few days," and gave myself entirely to the matter at hand.

Arriving at Geneva, Ohio, on the evening train, we were met by a man from Mechanicsville, who had agreed for a moderate compensation to furnish the three essentials—beds, board and boats.

The nights were nights of suffering, owing to mosquitoes, from which we had no protection; but the days passed in the hot sunshine and the vigorous exercise did as much for bodily health as a trip to Canada.

To fish for muskalonge one must put aside all thought of languid ease and restful loiterings. It is not to sit on a shady bank and bait one's hook in quiet, disturbed only by busy flies and warbling mosquitoes. There is the constant rowing for one man, while for the other to see he keeps clear of snags. This is not possible in Grand River, as in spite of great care and familiarity the trolling hook will catch snags, and it is always more or less trouble and time is lost.

We had two boats, with two men for each boat, and took our turn at rowing. It is one thing to get one of these strong members of the pike family on the trolling hook and quite another to get him up to the boat, gaff him and draw him in without falling overboard yourself or losing the fish. They are ugly creatures, and they fight for their lives.

The first day there was no luck for anybody. The second day one of the Pittsburg fellows caught a 10-pounder, but nobody envied him, for we all expected a bigger one. The third day the same man got in two smaller ones. The fourth day the other Pittsburg man got a 15-pounder, which he had to shoot before he could get him into the boat. On the fifth day we had no strikes at all, and were ready to quit.

I felt my evil genius had followed me, as was her custom on similar occasions. Evening found me sitting pensively on a wash bench in front of the shanty, with beard of a week's growth, a sun-burned face, blistered hands and altogether miserable. I thought I would buy my wife a diamond ring before I went home, and perhaps she might for once forget her little jokes about the expense of fishing tackle. I was very humble.

The sixth and last morning of our stay I took my place in the boat. "You're no Jonah," said the Pittsburg fellow; "other people can get fish in the same boat with you, that's something to be thankful for," adding as he pulled the boat into the stream, "let out your line there."

Perhaps I had let out 30ft., when a sudden pull on the line made me exclaim, "That's no snag! Great Scott! I never had a muskalonge on my line, but if this isn't a muskalonge it's a whale." The boys, good fellows they were too, helped me get the line in, but for myself I gaffed the creature in genuine savage delight.

There it lay, at last, a helpless victim of my ambition. It weighed 30lbs.—the largest fish taken out of Grand River in ten years. All the disappointments of former years were as nothing. I threw up my hat and yelled.

That night I laid my "golden fleece," as it were, at the feet of my wife. I hardly know what greeting I looked for; but what do you think she said?

She said it was "unexpected," but it did not strike her as being very "important." You will notice I had forgotten about the diamond ring.

The little boys, God bless 'em, they were as proud of me as though I had bought out Barnum's show. They really loved me for it, but what was a great deal better it made me love myself. F. L. WRIGHT.

ANGLING NOTES.

Profits from the Water.

FROM time to time some one asks the value of the fisheries product per acre of water, or how it is computed or some other question akin to it, and always I reply with the utmost frankness, "I do not know." All these questions arise, doubtless, from a statement printed years ago that the value of the product from an acre of water was greater than the value of the product from an acre of land. The statement was alleged to have been made by Prof. Baird at the time he was Commissioner of Fisheries of the United States, and he might with truth have said that one acre of water would produce in value more than five acres of land, and selected the water of an oyster bed for one and a sand barren for the other, but Prof. Baird was not that kind of a man. He may have said something like what he is credited with, but I have searched industriously to find it, and so far have found nothing. We know that all land is not good land, and some land is cultivated and some not, and this is true of water, and I doubt if Prof Baird or anyone else that knew anything about it ever said that all water would produce a product of greater value per acre than land, for without doubt there was some qualification to the statement, whoever made it, for there are so many ways in which it could be qualified. Interesting as the subject is, it would be most difficult to arrive at figures of value by which land products could be compared with water products and make one general statement of comparison such as usually sought, but I recently found in a newspaper an article about the value of the fisheries of the North Sea, which seems to be reliable and gives a good idea of the value of sea fisheries where there is probably no aid from artificial cultivation. The item is quoted from an article by Prof. Heusens, in the German geographical periodical Globus, and gives the yearly catch of fish in the North Sea as never below the value of $37,500,000, and never above $45,000,000, and the area of the sea is 225,884 square miles; "therefore, the average value of the North Sea fisheries each year is $18.15 per square mile." The article continues: "Thus all the natives around the North Sea share in the wealth it yields, and it gives some idea of the direct monetary value of this great watery waste to know that every square mile of it adds over $18 a year to the production of the nations living along its edge." Indeed, a goodly portion of the sea must be a watery waste so far as furnishing fish is concerned, but the figures quoted give a better idea of the value of sea products when reduced to fixed area than anything I now recall.

This year I stood on the shore of a pond on Long Island which covered, I should say, about three acres, and the owner said that last year he sold from it trout for which he received over $1,000, and every year he received about that sum, sometimes a little more and sometimes a little less, for the trout he sold from the pond. In my judgment the pond lacked spawning grounds for the trout to keep the supply up to the standard the owner had evidently set for his annual supply for market, but he said he had put in but very few fry from outside sources.

The chief labor in connection with his trout rearing was to supply the pond with fish food in the form of salt-water minnows, and as the tide came up nearly to his pond this was a small item of expense.

Lac Goddard.

The Triton Club, of Canada, has a large tract which has been explored only in part, and when a new lake is discovered on the territory controlled by the club it receives the name of the discoverer, if he be a club member, or if the lake should be discovered by a club guardian or guide it is named after some member. Last year it happened that Mr. Warren N. Goddard, of New York, of fly-casting fame, and Mr. Walter C. Witherbee, of Port Henry, two officers of the club, and the writer, were fishing on the club waters at a time when there was a Lake Witherbee and a Lake Cheney, but no Lake Goddard. In the fall of the same year Mr. Goddard and the writer returned to the club with the intention of going

back beyond trails and blazes to find Lac Croche, which was somewhere "over beyond Moise Lake," and Moise was two days by canoe and portage from the club house. When we got to Lac Moise we found Dr. Spencer F. Nash, of New York, in camp, and he told us how nearly he succeeded in reaching Lac Croche earlier in the year by way of the Batiscan, and the outlet of Lac Croche. Mr. W. F. McCormick, on his way out to the club house, told us how nearly he had reached the lake by way of Belle Rivière a short time before meeting us, discovering Lake McCormick on the trip. Both of these gentlemen furnished all the information they had gained in regard to the lake which we had heard about around camp-fires from guides and Indians, but which really no one on our visiting list had ever seen. We had all heard marvelous stories about the trout of great size that some Government exploring party had taken through the ice of Lac Croche, and after my first visit to Moise and its trout I was prepared to believe most anything about the trout of the lake beyond, for it seemed to be a case of the further you went the larger and more numerous the trout were, so that the legendary lake in the somewhere over beyond Moise seemed a proper mecca for anglers. At Moise we found rain a-plenty, and I found fever and a cough, and lost my appetite, and there in a wet camp I saw my finish as an explorer. When my diet got down to cigars and tea, there was a rebellion, and Goddard was for taking the back track with guides, Indians and camp outfit, but as a compromise I went back and he went on to Lac Croche alone, making a forced march as it were, and making a portage to visit the lake again this year.

If I digress here it is because the only amusing thing which occurred on my back track is recalled to mind and causes me to smile now, although nearly a year has passed since it happened. Goddard and I had six guides —four French habitants and two Indians from Lake St. John—and almost from the start we discovered that our old guides seemed to feel that the introduction of the Indians was an innovation which did not entirely commend itself to them, and my head man on several occasions spoke slightingly of the skill of the Indians as canoemen. To save my strength for a portage that must be walked, and as the water in the Moise River was high, I started down stream in a canoe, light, while the Indians took my baggage in another canoe, which arrangement saved me a portage of five miles. It was snowing when I started, and Mr. Goddard came over the first short portage to see me off, and it was with difficulty that I persuaded him to remain behind, as he feared that I was more ill than I really was. The men did not know of any sportsman having run the rapids down to the Fullerton portage, but it was safe enough. I had to get out several times, and we took in some water and broke a few holes in the canoe, but on the whole got on nicely and came to a little fall with rapids above and below. The Indians, who were ahead, took out the baggage and carried the canoe around, and when my canoe came up they were seated smoking below the fall and rapids, watching us. My bow man took my rod case and walked down the rocks, and I followed, leaving Morasse, as I supposed, to follow me with the canoe over the rocks. The Indians stood up and looked up stream as though something unusual was happening, and I too looked back to see Morasse in the rough water with the canoe, relieved of the weight of two men, pointing skyward and turning as if on a pivot in spite of the guide's efforts with the paddle to keep the bow pointed down stream. Nearer and nearer he was drawn to the fall, and the look on his face was one of hopeless despair, for he could not get the canoe in a position to make the jump bow on. Up to this moment he had been on his knees in the stern, but he ceased paddling long enough to crawl over the crossbars and resume his paddling amidships, but in spite of everything he could do, over he went broadside on, and to my astonishment, and his own, the canoe struck on the bottom and remained right side up, when I did not think any power on earth could save him from an upset. He paddled to the shore and for the first time saw me laughing, for I would have been obliged to laugh had he gone over wrong side up, and with a knowing wink of his eye he said: "I show the sauvage how to jonip rapide." Then Morasse, having found his voice, began to sing.

In the spring when the ice was gone he started once more, and this time Mr. Witherbee was his companion. They made the circuit to Moise, up Belle Rivière to Lac Croche, and down the outlet to Lake Batiscan, and on this trip some new lakes were discovered. Mr. Witherbee wrote me on his return, and this evening I have read his letter again, and make some extracts from it, as it conveys information pleasing to us both:

"Lac Goddard is no longer a myth, but a sure enough lake, with its name cut on its sentinel tree at the outlet. It took us four days from Moise to reach it. It is one and one-half miles long, and has a beaver dam at its inlet, making another lake, which I called Lake Warren. We photographed everything, including moose at 75yds. twice, caribou, etc. Lac Goddard can now be done from Moise in a day and a half, as we cut portages and blazed well. Lac Croche is out of the question from the Batiscan, but vice versa it is a fine canoe trip in very swift water. In my opinion Lac Croche is the lake of the tract, being large and affording fine views of some grand mountains. You cannot fish with more than one fly, as you would catch too many trout, for two or three rise at a fly at every cast and jump clean out of the water. Game? Well, I never saw gamier trout. What we got were not particularly large, but very fine and handsomely colored. We slept in the same camp twice for two nights each time. Every other night of the sixteen we were in the woods we made a new camp. There are lots of beaver on the tract, and moose, too. The largest trout—5¾lbs.—I caught out of Trois Caribou on the first day out from the club house. I lost my whale out of the landing net when the fight was over, so I will not tell you how large it was. Edward" (the steward at the club house) "told me that L. C. Smith sent out a trout from the Batiscan weighing 8½lbs. Further details I will have to tell you as they are too numerous for a letter."

Rainbow Trout.

Ever since the rainbow trout came over the great divide from the West and found more or less transient lodgment in Eastern streams opinion has divided in regard to the desirability of the stranger fish in our waters.

Confession is good for the soul, and I can admit it right here, that for a long time I thought the rainbow a mighty poor substitute for our native trout, even when he would stay where he was put and not run away and disappear forever the second year after he was planted in the fry stage. That the rainbow is a game fish on the hook, and in taking the fly, jumping as the *fontinalis* rarely does after it is hooked, no one will deny, but as a table fish the rainbow must be in the very pink of condition to equal the native trout when it is not quite up to its best condition. Perhaps the greatest fault to be found with the rainbow is that it will not stay put when it is planted, and it is more difficult to propagate than the common brook trout (but that has been overcome recently, so that it is now possible to get nearly as high a per cent. of impregnated eggs as with the native trout), and being a spring-spawning fish it does not arrive at its best estate as early as the native. Giving due weight to all the objections raised against the rainbow in Eastern waters, I have come to like the fish more and more the better I know it, and for some waters I think it a better fish than the *fontinalis*.

In Europe the rainbow has done better than the *fontinalis* (which over there has acquired a habit of running away for good and all when planted in streams with the gates open), and I think is more highly esteemed, particularly in Germany, and the European fish breeders have, I must confess, studied the peculiarities of the fish and tried to understand him as we have not, chiefly because we think we have something better. In searching for information concerning the rainbow, Mr. Marston obtained a letter from Mr. Livingston Stone which is well worth printing here after its journey across the sea, but I quote it only in part.

Before writing Mr. Marston, Mr. Stone communicated with Mr. Myron Green, for several years superintendent of the United States trout station on the McCloud River, California, from which station all the rainbow trout that have been distributed by the United States were originally obtained (it was from this fact, by the way, that we got in New York waters what were termed McCloud River trout), and Mr. M. L. Dunning, employed by the U. S. Fish Commission at Baird station on the McCloud River, who has fished many California streams for this fish. Mr. Stone says that these two men having had unexceptional opportunities for studying the rainbow, he considers that they can hardly be excelled as authorities on the subject, and they tell us some of the very things that are very desirable to know, and speak from personal experience. Here is the extract:

"Both Mr. Green and Mr. Dunning agree that the rainbow trout are not cannibalistic in their habits. They also both agree that at certain times and at certain ages the golden band is absent; that the smaller variety of rainbows inhabiting the smaller streams very often do not possess the golden band at all. Mr. Green does not wish to express a decided opinion concerning their tendency to go to the ocean, as he has never been among these trout near the ocean. Mr. Dunning is quite of the opinion that they do go to the ocean under some circumstances.

"Please allow me to quote a little from the letters of these excellent authorities. Mr. Dunning writes as follows from Baird, Cal., under date of Jan. 30, 1899:

"'Three years ago about 300,000 young salmon were fed here in the troughs until the latter end of May, when they were planted in the McCloud River. For the next seven or eight days after the planting I caught over forty trout, of 1½lbs. and upward, and opened most of them immediately, and in no instance did I find any of the fish or remains of the fish we had planted. At other times while fishing I have often examined the stomachs of trout caught, and it was a rare exception that anything was found that would indicate that they were feeding principally on young fish. My opinion is that rainbow trout are not natural cannibals, though when driven to it by hunger they might become such.'

"Mr. Dunning continues: 'In fishing the waters of Hatchet, Roaring and Montgomery creeks, mountain streams and tributaries of Pitt River (the Upper Sacramento), I have caught as high as twelve dozen in a day, many of them fully matured and parent fish, and none of them showed the golden band. If these are the real rainbows, my opinion is that they do not show the golden band in all waters.'

"In regard to these fish going to the ocean, Mr. Dunning says: 'I was sent to Olema, Marin county, Cal., about one year ago this month, to assist in hatching out 2,000,000 salmon eggs. While there we spent part of our time seining in Paper Mill Creek at a place called White House. This was in tide water (we often having to wait until the tide went out, in order to seine), about four miles from the ocean. We caught a large variety of fish, but by far the largest number were rainbow trout, which I should say were about a year old. As these trout were miles below their spawning beds, I was strongly of the opinion that their course was downward, and that they were on their way to the ocean, and in quite large numbers.'

"Mr. Green writes as follows on the same subjects: 'I have opened a great many rainbow trout on McCloud River, but have never found any fish in them except young salmon that were very young. I have never seen the large trout trying to eat the small ones, and I do not think that they are destructive to other fish. I have kept large and small trout together in the same pond, and the large ones did not disturb the small ones, but if they were starving, perhaps they would.'

"About the golden band on their sides, Mr. Green says: 'I do not think it shows much on the young fish at one year old. I think it shows but very little at two years, and not very much until the fish is full sized. Full-grown trout carry the golden stripe all the year round, but it shows plainest and is brightest at the spawning season. The trout in small streams do not grow as large as in the river, and show the red stripe but little. In the river the large males show the stripe the most, but I have seen large females that did not have the stripe at all.'"

Large trout of all species become cannibals, and the large rainbow is no exception to this rule. The big fellows in a stream establish themselves in a "hole" and wage war on their kin—after the manner, I suppose, of a man-eating tiger, having obtained a taste of the flesh that gives them their name, they seek that chiefly; anyway it seems to be so with a big trout in a stream. A rainbow trout weighing 9lbs. established himself in a hole in one of the State hatchery streams and lived on trout until he was netted out of his lair; but it was an exceptional case. I might say here that I have been slowly coming to the belief that all large trout, exceptionally large trout, are trout-fed. It has been claimed that the large *fontinalis* of the Rangeley Lakes grow to their great size on a diet chiefly of the small Oquassa trout, or bluebacks, and the large trout I have caught in Canada showed conclusively that they lived largely on smaller trout, for they had trout inside of them when caught in a great many instances. The big trout that inhabit a hole and prey upon this species are generally old male fish, and are of far more use knocked on the head than when left alive in the water, but they must be knocked on the head in a legal manner, and so they escape the end they deserve when fishermen know just the destruction they are working in a trout stream, for they are wary beggars and know all the legitimate lures used by anglers.

In one lake where the rainbows have been planted, they remained and multiplied, but they will not rise to the fly, nor take bait during the day. In the evening and far into the night they will rise readily to the fly, and are so taken through the season.

Another lake was planted, and it was supposed the rainbows had disappeared forever, until splendid large fish were found running up the inlet stream to spawn.

The late Rev. Dr. Reese caught a large rainbow while trolling for lake trout in the spring of last year, and he told me it was the gamest fish he ever hooked. This was in Lake George, N. Y., and no one supposed that there was any of the trout in the lake, and other lakes that have been planted may prove to have the rainbows, and I believe there is a future for this fish in Eastern waters after we become better acquainted with him, and plant in suitable waters, for they will live and thrive in warmer waters than the native brook trout, and are a good table fish fresh from the water in their season.

Size of Trout Best for the Table.

During the winter a correspondent asked me the size of trout I considered best for the table, judging from personal experience. I was very busy at the time, and I replied, "5½lbs." He did not fancy my reply altogether and was inclined to think I was making light of a serious question. Certainly I had no desire to treat a serious matter with levity, and I explained that my reply answered his question fully and to this I was prepared to make oath. Of all trout I ever ate, that one of 5½lbs. stands out above all others, for it was very fat and well flavored, and I was particularly hungry, for we had no other meat in camp. It would have been good at any time, and in any place; but in camp on that occasion it was the best I ever ate; besides, I caught it.

Now a lady has asked me practically the same question, and I cannot be quite as abrupt as I was with the man, for she does not put the question wholly as a matter of personal taste. Taste in eating is such a queer thing anyway, and there are so many millions of people in this fairly good world with different tastes in regard to what solids go down their throats, that it is rather presumptuous for one man to even attempt to tell what a lot of other men like best.

I have known of men, brought up under Christian influences and the enlightening forces of modern civilization, who have openly confessed that they loved trout best when they were 3 or 4in. long and fried crisp. To me such a taste appears to be like infanticide with no extenuating circumstances; therefore, I cannot judge this question impartially, for the larger trout—brook trout—if it is in good condition, and I caught it, the better I like it. There is no literature of any moment to guide me in answering this query, but Mr. J. J. Armistead in his admirable book, "An Angler's Paradise," has something to say on the subject. Referring to Mr. Siegfried Jaffé's fish-breeding establishment in Germany he says: "Mr. Jaffé tells me that a very large number of trout are sent to market in a year for eating purposes, and they are only grown up to a comparatively small size, as they are thus more valuable as articles of food, being younger and more tender, and possessing a finer flavor. In regard to the eating qualities of trout, for which purpose a large number are killed annually at the Solway fishery, I can quite bear this out, the best flavored trout being those running from ½lb. to 1lb."

My own opinion of wild trout is that the flavor depends not so much upon size as upon condition.

A. N. Cheney.

The Bass that Jumped Into the Boat.

The Lockport, N. Y., Union-Times has this to say of the incident of forty-seven black bass jumping into boats on Oak Orchard Creek:

On the word of Senator Pound, corroborated by Prof. Fessenden, we accepted the Oak Orchard story about jumping black bass. Some of our contemporaries are not so fortunate as to have the personal acquaintance of these gentleman and their word-of-mouth testimony on the most profound piscatorial sensation that has occurred this summer season of 1899, and which far exceeds any fish story so far pressed upon an incredulous public; so we can pardon any exhibition of incredulity on the part of our fellow editors.

Senator Pound has reached a stage where he feels compelled to vindicate his veracity and that of his friends by letter writing. Here is what our esteemed townsman has to tell the doubting editor of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle:

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle.

Sir: I find that one tells fish stories, no matter how truthful, at the risk of one's reputation. Your little editorial paragraph to-day implies that the account of black bass jumping into boats on Oak Orchard Creek last week was the product of stimulated imagination and nerve. I was unfortunate enough to be a witness of the occurrence on two or three trips of the Ray, on which it happened. I think that I have convinced a few people of its truth. But I wish very much that it could be treated seriously, for it deserves the consideration of students of natural history.

No ordinary fact, to be established by the evidence of credible witnesses, can be more easily proved than this, for at least 150 people can testify to some part, at least, of the occurrence. It is not a fisherman's story. There is no credit in taking fish in that manner. It is not an advertisement of Oak Orchard. The bass are not biting there and it is not probable that they will continue to jump as they did on the nights of July 27 and 28. While I do not care to appear solicitous about it personally, I do earnestly wish that you would at least take my word that it is not a joke nor a fairy tale. Yours very truly,

Cuthbert W. Pound.

Lockport, N. Y., Aug. 5.

Tickling Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend has been telling me that when a boy he caught trout by gently inserting his hand beneath them as they lay in the water, tickling or caressing them, and suddenly closing on them. Was he stuffing me, or can the thing be true? J. B. W.

[It is possible to take fish in this way; we have printed accounts of it before now.]

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Pennyfield's.

In Tait's Magazine, in 1836 (n. s. 3, p. 625), is a review of Jesse's "Anglers' Rambles," in which the reviewer pays his compliments to penning rodsters in the following doubtful strain:

"The brethren of the rod are beyond contradiction the most amiable and amusing literary twaddlers going." As the reviewer was without doubt a lover of the angle, he makes it all right with himself later, for after thus slithering them up, he proceeds to slather them down by saying: "They are all naturalists in the beautiful and popular sense; landscape painters as far as words can embody the forms and hues of nature; and no contemptible pastoral poets. No one shall tell you better than the angler, because no one knows half so well, where 'the old willow dips into the brook,' where the kingfisher has his haunts, or when and where the primroses will first peep forth and the swallows arrive."

He can discourse you of echoes and fairy rings, and unfold the whole phenomena of the honey dew and the gossamer. He can talk of plants and trees from the stone crop in the cottage window sill to the cedars of Lebanon."

He leaves the guilty reader in doubt whether his cue is to swear or bow. The expression "most amiable" would, however, seem in any event to require some modification, for few men do more sytematic kicking than your steady-going angler as he is met; and evidences are not wanting of record to show that he is seldom without a grievance on paper.

Sometimes, it is true, their plaints sound like the wail of the Sybarite who could not sleep because of the crumpled rose leaf. But when one reflects upon how many elements are required to make the angler's perfect day; of wind and weather and water, sunshine and shadow; tackle and dress and fish; the people he meets; the food he gets; the boat—if he uses one—and the skill of its motorman; his own health; how can they always be all that he would have? He has license often to find fault with his surroundings, and that he does so vehemently, the ancient proverb proves, for of all occupations only fishermen are cautioned against profanity on pain of disappointment.

Then, when he thinks on the desrtuction of famous fish preserves, the disappearance of the trout and salmon where once they were plenty, why may he not rail at fortune and poachers; at the pollution of streams and the destruction by nets; at the indifference of Solons and the general depravity of selfish butchers who know no seasons and no limits? He has reasons plenty to keep him out of the category of "most amiable," but there are real troubles enough to contend with, it would seem, without becoming hysterical over expressions or language used by someone in trying to put on paper some of the pleasures of his holidays. Think of a book on angling being condemned by a reviewer because the author had used "brethren of the rod." The reviewer quoted above was not infallible in that regard.

It is an idiosyncrasy, to put it mildly, that anyone should feel outraged by an expression that is appropriate enough to be be in common use. It would be well for the critic to be positive he has not in past years been himself guilty. The bitterness of the criticism will depend, it will be found, something on the personality of the indiscreet author. We shut our ears to time-worn tunes when discoursed by the street organ and applaud the orchestra that offers us the self-same melodies.

But even in this view there is need of caution. As one may entertain an angel unwares, so one may unjustly condemn a genius who through inadvertance or design has used a tool which is common property. After all, is not criticism of style a waste of effort when rules are applied to a fisherman's notes? They are little more literary than a ledger and rarely make more pretense. What they seek to give and what at least some readers want is, "Where did you go, and what may I expect if I get a like chance?"

Truth in an angler's report is a mater of far more importance, or ought to be, than the language in which he describes his neighbors, his surroundings, or his catch.

Four miles above the Great Falls is Pennyfield's, a place long famous among local bass fishermen; one of the few points honored by a President. Presidents have been guests of clubs and individuals, and gone with some noise and ceremony to a few other places on the Potomac, but this is one of the very few to which a Chief Magistrrate has gone uninvited. Perhaps its out-of-the-way charms attracted, for it has little but its loneliness and its bass. But Pennyfield's entertained the President, and the old man who has given his name to the spot still exihibts with some pride a meerschaum as a souvenir of the occasion. There are some people ill-natured enough to say that the bass were so embarrassed by the unexpected honor they lost their appetites, and others that the only string taken was by the host, who has long enjoyed a reputation of seductive methods with the fishing pole. Slanders like these are part of the price of greatness.

The easy way to reach the fishing grounds is to get a boat at Great Falls and have it placed in the canal; to this a horse is hitched and trots up the towpath, or the boatman throws a loop of the towline over his shoulder and cordelles the skiff with its occupant and baggage, without much effort. This is much easier on the fisherman than bumping over the rocky hills of the long, roundabout drive which must be taken in order to reach this place with a "fix."

For many years the old man was boatman as well as host for his guests, and when skill and strength and spirits were younger had more than once gone down the falls at the foot of Seneca Breaks, standing in the stern, with glad shouts, while the passengers clung for dear life to the gunwale and wished themselves well out of it.

It was our fortune once to be caught at the foot of these falls by a storm, in which the wind so long preceded the rain cloud as to take us by surprise. It was straight down the river, and we started for the house with wind and current and were entirely satisfied with our gait, the oars doing no more than keeping the boat headed before the gale. The water was black in front of us, save where the flounces showed on the crests, and the way seemed clear, for not a rock was visible, but presently there was a grinding crunch, as if the bottom were coming through and we ran high and dry on a ledge. There was no moving the boat till all hands were out and lifted, and then no easy matter to get back. It was a scramble, a touch-and-go, to reach the landing, for the skiff was a wreck. However, we beat the rain by a minute or two, which was some satisfaction, though if we had taken it we could have been little wetter.

The fishing at this point extends from the foot of the Seneca Breaks to Black Riffles, three or four miles below. The river for much of the way looks like a miniature copy of the Thousand Islands, being full of grass-puds and islets, only three of which are large enough to bear even a local name—Big Island, reaching from above Pennyfield's nearly to the moss beds just above Black Riffles; between that and the Virginia shore is Long Island, neither so wide nor so long as the first, and at its lower end Adam's Island, the smallest of the three. There are bass plenty in any part of this stretch to be had with fly or bait. Ideal water for fly-fishing may be found at the foot of the islands, where the coves are filled with a dark moss that does not come to the surface, and through which the stronger currents cut channels clear of the moss that makes the cove look like long flags of dark green and light gray stripes waving in the sunlight. Casting into the light streaks and dancing the fly across the current, the bass rush out from their lairs in the moss, and not half so long casts are required as in the open water, where they can see our shadow half way across the river.

Drifting down the river on a quiet midsummer morning at sun-up is a ride so full of delightful surprises as almost to compensate for the lack of bass, which never swarm at so early an hour. From the surface of the water rises a gray mist that dissolves again a foot or two above and looks in the distance like a flat of waving silvery sedge. Where the sunglints strike through a rift in the foliage the yellow sheen upon the water that flames up through the spots of smoke reminds one of the sacred fires of Baku; and presently the sun peeps over the trees upon the border, and strikes the river full; the cool stratum of air which has been condensing the rising vapor is suddenly warmed, the mist fades away, and the dark waters once more reflect the green hills that have cradled them for lo, these many centuries. The wood duck, most gorgeous-hued of all the birds that swim, has here a home, and twice to-day we have frightened a brood into veritable duck fits, drifting past the corner of a bushy islet behind which they were enjoying the privacy of a family chat. There were only half a doezn of the little ones. One was probbably killed getting down out of the tall sycmaore in which the nest was built; a cruel hawk swooped down and took another when the mother duck was off guard; a fox caught one sunning itself on a stranded log, and two or three swimming over the moss mysteriously disappeared below, swallowed up by a great bass that lay in wait for anything that came his way.

A great white crane on stilted legs stands knee deep near a shallow eddy, and the industrious way in which he plies his mandibles gives token that he has found a kindergarten. If it is not a little school of bass it is robbing the bass of feed, and a pellet is sent after him to warn him the bass has friends, perhaps as cruel, surely more selfish than himself, but who will not at any rate permit any Herod to decimate the nursery. He flew away with a croak that sounded like "Mañana."

A boat with a good boatman here commands $2.50 with beer and luncheon, and though willing to make it a long day, with an early start and a late finish, they are rarely called on for both. Good luck is satisfied early and bad luck is disgusted even sooner. Anglers unaccustomed to the waters can hardly manage the heavy boats at all, and most of them object to wading and dragging the boats over the rocks, as is sometimes necessary. The consequence is that these waters are really very little fished, and it is therefore one of the surest places on the Potomac for a good catch when the water is right.

Henry Talbott.

New England Anglers.

Boston, Aug. 12.—The attention of anglers is being drawn more and more toward the far North and East for salmon and trout fishing. Newfoundland is believed to be most desirable for salmon anglers, and promises to soon be opened up to that sport. Indeed a number of angling camps are already established on the Gulf of St. Lawrence side, or the southwesterly portion. Mr. C. S. Newcomb, of Boston, has just returned from a salmon angling trip to Newfoundland, where he had great success. He was absent from home only ten days, and got four days of fishing, taking some thirty salmon. His party went by water to Prince Edward Island, and thence by rail to the northmost point of that island, where they took a water passage across Fortune Bay to the extreme southerly point of Newfoundland. They went first to Port Aubascan (I am not positive about the spelling of these names), thence to Corduroy. Their fishing was done on the rivers in this vicinity, not far from the salt water. The coast is described as remarkable, with the scenery peculiar. There are numerous lakes and rivers, and these are stocked with salmon and trout. A number of sporting camps are located along the southwest coast of the island, on the Gulf, both for fishing and hunting, and some of the fishing privileges are already controlled. A couple of Boston sportsmen have a trip planned for this region, soon to come off. From them I hope to get more information about the country and the fishing there. Mr. Newcomb did not have to pay any duty on his fishing tackle.

Messrs. C. Ridley, Albert Channey, William Austin, Ralph Perkins, E. V. Collins, H. Palmer and others, of Boston, have gone on a trip to Lake Cobbosseecontee, for an outing and for bass and pickerel fishing. Alvin R. Flanders, Jr., of Newton, a boy of only eleven years of age, is on a fishing trip to Stanstead, Canada. He is in company with two or three older boys, cousins, and all fishermen. They are camping, and young Flanders writes home glowing accounts of the trout they are taking. He says that there are a good many mountain streams in that section, all supplied with trout. His party got over thirty trout on one day's trip. The boys are full of courage and self-reliance, and are longing to be old enough to own rifles and shotguns.

Special.

Protector Shriner's Last Report.

The report for the month of July is the last one to come from Fish and Game Protector Charles A. Shriner, of New Jersey. One novel feature is that it is issued at the protector's own expense. Full return for the expenditure will be had in the satisfaction Mr. Shriner must have at thus putting the case before the public, for following the record of prosecutions for the month is a discussion of the charges which have been made as to Mr. Shriner's conduct of his office, and in particular of the attitude of Gov. Voorhees, whose hostility to game and fish protection led him to oppose the protector and hamper the work of the Commission. The report runs in part as follows:

And now, gentlemen, I desire to reply to the charges which some persons have so indiscriminately made during the past few weeks. When I handed to you my resignation I presumed that would end all the discussion as to my office. When some newspapers began to make insinuations as to my conduct in office, I at first determined to pay no attention to them. Since that time, as these charges and insinuations have multiplied and some of them are based on the authority of State officers, I have concluded that it is a duty which I owe to the public, to you and to myself to make such explanations as will satisfy the public that the duties of office as far as they appertain to yourselves and myself have been propertly attended to. To yourselves is due the credit of whatever has been accomplished in the work of protecting and propagating fish and game; my duty was to obey your orders, and this was a pleasant task to me, as our views in regard to this work were in perfect accord. For this reason, whatever of blame may attach to anything done falls upon you, and it was this argument principally which has led me to the conclusion to reply to the critics who have been so energetic of late in finding fault. I have waited until all have had an opportunity to throw stones, until the storm of vituperation has exhausted itself and until the most diligent of fault-finders can apparently discover nothing more. This enables me to consider all criticisms properly and in an orderly manner, and in one answer to reply to all.

In an interview, published in a number of newspapers, Gov. Voorhees says:

> It is true that I requested Mr. Shriner's retirement as Game Protector. My first acquaintance with Mr. Shriner dates from the time he attempted to have passed by the Legislature an expenditure by the State of $4,000 for a book which he had compiled. I was in the Senate at that time and opposed the passage of the bill. It appeared upon investigation that the book called "The Birds of New Jersey" had been printed and published by the Commission at the expense of the State. There seemed to be no reason to my mind why the State should spend $4,000 for something that was already State property. Mr. Shriner seemed to take particular umbrage at my hostility to his bill.

There has been so much said about "The Birds of New Jersey" that perhaps a short account of how the book came to be published may best explain adverse criticism. Shortly after I had accepted the office of Fish and Game Protector, there was a discussion in the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners as to what constituted insectivorous birds, the killing of which is prohibited by statute. Nearly all birds are more or less insectivorous; it was suggested that a book indicating the comparative value of birds would disseminate such information as would result in the better protection of birds. Many other States had published works of that kind. A resolution was passed providing for the publication of a book on the birds of New Jersey, showing their value to agriculture and containing such information as might be necessary to a thorough understanding of the subject. I was employed to do the work of compiling, and did so under the direction of a committee appointed by the Board. An edition of 2,000 was printed, the illustrations being taken from the specimens in the Museum of Natural History, or prepared expressly for the work. The first edition was soon exhausted, the demand for the work coming principally from school teachers and superintendents. In a number of schools the book was used as a text book and is still so used. In order to discourage a demand for the work outside of the State a price of $1 per copy was fixed upon it for persons residing out of the State. Several superintendents of county schools asked for a sufficient number of the books for introduction in the schools, and it was this demand that caused the introduction of a bill in the Senate providing that the State Superintendent of Schools might have printed 2,500 copies of the work at a cost not to exceed $2,000—not $4,000 as the Governor inadvertently puts it. I was not at the time acquainted with the State Superintendent of Schools, nor am I to-day; the copyright of the work had at that time been assigned by me to the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners, so that in no way could I have any interest in the passage of the bill except in so far as its distribution might further the work of protecting birds. It is true that the Senator from Union opposed the passage of the bill in the Senate, and it there received four negative votes. I was in Trenton on the evening of the passage of the bill in the Senate, but thereafter I did not return to Trenton at any time until long after the Legislature had adjourned, nor did I take the trouble to ascertain who voted for or against the measure.

> There were a number of matters connected with the iternal affairs of the Commission which did not suit altogether. A boy was arrested in Middlesex county for spearing a black bass and fined. Such representations were made to me regarding the case that I ordered the fine rescinded. It was clear there was no willful violation of the law.

The arrest in this case was made by B. W. Brown, then one of the wardens. In his report to me he stated that the defendant had been warned by Mr. Newman, of Cranford, that it was contrary to law to spear bass, to which the defendant replied: "To h—— with the law; I am going to spear all the bass I want. I am going home now after my spear and get more bass." Mr. Newman sent word to Mr. Brown, who caught the defendant in the act of spearing a bass and placed him under arrest. The defendant laughed and declared he would not pay the fine. All these circumstanmes were subsequently corroborated by Warden Kerr, whom I sent over the ground in order to satisfy myself of the exact truth in the matter. According to Mr. Brown's report, made to me at the time, Gov. Voorhees called him up by telephone and inquired about the matter, and after

having been placed in full possession of the facts declared that he would not interfere. On the following day the Governor ordered the release of the defendant. I do not see that I had anything whatever to do with the case.

Then a letter of mine to Senator Foster regarding the shooting of rabbits by farmers in certain cases where rabbits were destructive to fruit trees caused adverse comment.
I refused to sign certain proposed fish and game laws.
I was accused of being hostile to fish and game laws.

I trust I may be pardoned for being led to believe that a Governor is hostile to fish and game laws who pardons violators of the law, who writes letters that he will pardon other violators, who refuses to approve fish and game bills which provide some measure of protection to fish just introduced and who signs bills which extend the open season for netting fish and killing birds. I also considered the fact that last year no appropriation was made for stocking purposes as rather significant, when I remember the fact that this is the first year since New Jersey had a fish commission that no appropriation was made for keeping up the supply of fish. However, I may be mistaken in regard to the real attitude of the Governor on these matters.

The straw that broke the camel's back was the slurring comments he made regarding the members of the State Tax Board, whose duties required them to act in his own bailiwick up in Passaic county. It seemed to me that it ill became a State officer to make personal comments about members of a State board, some of whom at least Mr. Shriner could not hold a candle to. I wrote to Mr. Frothingham, of the Fish and Game Commission, that Mr. Shriner must be relieved from duty.

I fail to see exactly what connection there is between protecting fish and game and making comments on the doings of a State board. My comments were made on general principles and were exactly in line with a plank in the platform of the last Republican county convention of Passaic county, which strongly advocated the abolition of the State Board of Taxation; consequently my comments could not be construed as having been actuated by partisan motives. If it is contrary to public policy for one State officer to criticise another, then the resignations of Comptroller Hancock and Custodian Bonnell are in order, for both these officers had no hesitation in criticising the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners.

This completes the quoted interview with Gov. Voorhees, as given to the newspapers. I notice, however, that he has stated in other newspapers that he objected to the present administration of the affairs of the Fish and Game Commission because too much attention was paid to the interestes of sportsmen, he preferring that the State money should be spent in the protection and propagation of shad and sturgeon. The Legislature every year appropriates money for the Fish and Game Commission, but specifies to what uses this money is to be put. The Commission is required by law to appoint twenty-five wardens, and sums are appropriated just enough to cover the salaries and expenses. Then the Commissioners have an allowance of $800 annually for their individual expenses. In addition to this, the Commission has a revenue from the receipt of menhanden licenses and fines; but this money is used in the payment of litigation, costs of justices and constables where convicted offenders are either acquitted or sent to jail, and for other necessary expenses for which the Legislature has made no provision in the appropriation bill, the balance being used for stocking purposes. In addition to these sums of money, the Legislature has annually up to last year appropriated $5,000 for stocking purposes. In no year has the Commission ever had enough money to either acquire or maintain a hatchery. The reports of the Fish Commissions of New York, Pennsylvania and other States show that the cost of maintaining a hatchery averages over $5,000 a year. Fortunately the State of Pennsylvania and the United States Fish Commissioner have taken good care of the Delaware River, and the New Jersey Commission has always allowed the wardens along the Delaware double the usual quota for expenses, and during the shad season wardens from others parts of the State have been sent to the assistance of the Delaware River wardens.

As to the artificial hatching of sturgeon, if Gov. Voorhees has devised some means by which this can be done, especially without an appropriation, he will confer a great favor on mankind generally by giving such information to the Fish Commissioner in Washington. The last report of the Pennsylvania Commission says: "The great expense involved in the propagation of the sturgeon renders it out of the question for any one State to undertake it, and even for the United Stated Fish Commission."

The claim has also been made that the Commission has stocked private waters. I have had exclusive charge of that work, and I know just what has been done. The act under which the appropriation has annually been made is Chapter 42 of the laws of 1892, and the appropriation act of 1896 and of other years distinctly provides that the money shall be expended under the provisions of the 1892 act. This act provides in plain language that the Fish and Game Commission shall in each and every year furnish to every incorporated association for the protection of fish and game not less than 1 per cent. and not more than 10 per cent. of the total fish product of the year. Such associations generally control private waters, and there are so many of them in New Jersey that all the fish received by the Commission might with legislative warrant have been placed in private waters. But the Commission has always objected to stocking private preserves, and for the purpose of keeping within the law of 1892 and still subserving the best interests of the public, the Commission has prepared blanks for applications for fish and one of the requisites for the granting of these applications is that the public shall be permitted to fish in the waters to be stocked. These applications must first be signed by the applicant; then the nearest warden investigates the answers to the various questions, and finally the signature of the Senator representing the county where the water is located is necessary before further action is taken. If private individuals have succeeded in evading all these precautions then the Commission has been imposed upon, but I feel confident that this has been done in exceedingly few instances. In further answers to this claim I will say that every application for fish, excepting such as referred to private waters or to waters where it was apparent the fish could not possibly live, and a few applications I still have on hand, has been filled; the number of fish placed depended altogether upon the size of the water, and the apparent probability that the fish would thrive. The same policy has been pursued in the distribution of game. As soon as all the applications were in the number of birds to be distributed was divided by the number of applications, and on this basis was the distribution made.

I have now answered all the charges and insinuations made, with the exception of one, and this is of a general character and to the effect that the laws have been too stringently enforced. As to the desire of the Commission on this subject, I will quote the following from the book of general instructions furnished to all the wardens and others interested in the enforcement of the fish and game laws:

The laws are not to be used for the purpose of oppressing any person. Where habitual violations of the law have occurred through ignorance of the offenders, common justice dictates that these persons should be warned of the fact that they are violating the law before the rigors of prosecution are resorted to. Whenever leniency is indicated by the circumstances it should be exercised, and that in many cases where the letter of the law has been plainly violated.

I have always endeavored to carry out these principles, and in nine cases out of ten in prosecutions I myself conducted I have turned over my lawful portion of the fine to the convicted; and I know that this has also been done frequently by the wardens in my charge. The records of the Commission show numerous cases in which sentences were suspended on payment of costs, and this was done in every case where an application to that effect was based on the poverty or ignorance of the offenders. I can say without the slightest fear of successful contradiction that no laws have ever been enforced with more regard for clemency than have been the fish and game laws during the past four years.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fly-Fishing on the Mississippi River.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 5.—I have recently made mention several times about the sport of fly-fishing for bass on the Mississippi River near La Crosse, Wis., and opportunity offering early this week, I was able to put the matter to proof very fully. I am ready to say that this branch of our Western angling has not been over-estimated, and will go further and state emphatically that I never had so good sport in angling for bass in any part of the country whatever. I have caught bass in the several forms of bait fishing and with the fly in almost every State of our Western country where the bass is native. I have taken them in the best running streams of the Middle West and in the cold lakes of the North, both the big-mouth and the small-mouth bass, and I confess I thought I had about run the gamut in the area of the bass. I am willing to admit now that I never knew before how gamy a fish the black bass can be. The best bass of the cold Northern lakes that I have ever taken are in fighting quality to be compared with these Mississippi River small-mouths about in the ratio of one to three. I took bass on my little trip which fought me harder than many a 12lb. pike I have taken in our pine woods lakes. I killed one bass which weighed less than 3lbs., which for a long time I felt quite sure was a large pickerel, and I told my boatman that I thought the fish would weigh between 12 and 15lbs. For absolute savage wildness, for power, activity and staying quality, I never knew such fish as these. My little experience has nearly spoiled me for the tamer forms of bass fishing in this country. Indeed it might well spoil one also for trout fishing. Of course no sort of trolling is in the same class with it. Unless it be salmon fishing, I question if there is any angling sport on this continent which can beat this small-mouth fishing on the upper waters of the Mississippi. Of course the strong current of the great river makes the fight the harder, but the water is also so cold and deep that the bass are big and lusty and full of ginger to an extent hitherto undreamed, at least in my philosophy.

If you go to La Crosse for bass fishing, you will find there a distinct cult of the fly. Bait fishing is at a discount, and you will see but few minnow pails or frog bags. The fly is the popular form of lure, and indeed in July and August it is perhaps as killing a lure as any that could be used. Your boatman might perhaps allow you to take along a bait rod, but you would probably sink rather low in his estimation if you insisted on using this. You will discover very early that you are in a country where the fly-rod is the practical and approved weapon for killing bass, and where the bass will take the fly. Anyone who has the least knowledge of the strength of this fish can imagine the quality of such sport under the circumstances. At least he can imagine it as it would be anywhere else but here. In order to get any idea of the actual thing as it is found at La Crosse, you will need to go there and learn for yourself.

So far as I can discover, the art of fly-fishing for these Mississippi River bass was introduced about sixteen years ago by one John Reed, who lived at La Crosse, and who died some years ago. Mr. Reed is described as a very decent sort of fellow, and very much of a sportsman. He conceived the notion that these bass could be taken on the fly. He began with the customary light tackle of the East, small flies and bright colored, with light gut. In time he began to strengthen and coarsen his tackle and to use very large and dark-colored flies. One of these flies, the Reed, tied with dark wing and peacock hurl body, is to-day a popular one in that neighborhood. Mr. Reed used to fish the Mississippi all the way from Lake Pepin to points far below La Crosse. He often employed a certain boatman by the name of Asher Spicer, who is now a man fifty-five years of age, and who is perhaps the best-posted and most popular guide in the city of La Crosse. It was Spicer, or "Ash," as he is commonly known, who took me out on the river.

From time to time others took up Mr. Reed's example and began to use the fly along the big river. Mr. Tom Watson, of Chicago, says that he has been fishing there for fifteen years and has not been anxious to give the thing away. Mr. McCarthy and Mr. McFarland, both of this city, have been going out there for some years. Mr. J. J. Hogan, of La Crosse, Fish Commissioner of the State of Wisconsin, has been fly-fishing along these waters for very many years. Now and then I have heard of others here and there, and always with such reports that I was very anxious to look into the matter myself as a new and distinct sort of Western sport.

I speak of La Crosse as being the point for this fishing on the Mississippi River, and really it is the proper point toward which to head. The fishing itself is some miles below that city. It is all boat fishing, and the distances to be covered are necessarily very great. The customary way is to take a boat and boatman from La Crosse and go up by rail to some such point as Trempeleau, Fountain City or Alma, all points on the C., B. & Q. Railroad, which runs along within a biscuit toss of the edge of the river at the foot of the great sharp-faced bluffs which make the distinctive feature of the scenery in that region. Without a good guide one might not have so much success, for sometimes there are stretches of river of four or five miles where a good boatman will not stop at all, knowing that those reaches offer no fishing worth stopping for. The bass lie along the sharp-faced banks of the river at this season of the year, and I was told that it was not much worth while to hunt for them in any other locality. Moreover, these banks must be mud or clay banks, running down sharp into deep water, and preferably with a good current along the face. A sandy bank will show no fish, and a good guide will not stop at such a place. Spicer explained the matter very perfectly to me when he said that the bass came into these cut banks to hunt crawfish. Of course there would be no crawfish along the sand banks. There were some sharp outcrops of bog iron or clay with iron stain, and these usually would show some bass, for some reason or other. Once in a while a bass can be picked up on the riprap of the many Government wing-dams which are thrown out from shore in the work of keeping open the channel. The riprap fishing is better later in the fall.

Spicer and I put our boat on the train at La Crosse early in the morning and went up stream about fifty-five miles, starting in above Minneiska and below Alma. We made the run thence down to La Crosse in two days, which is one day less than we should have given to it. One ought to fish about twelve or fifteen miles a day comfortably, and he will find a town every four or five miles of the river on the one bank or the other, so that he can stop at night about where he pleases. We made our first stop at Fountain City, a quaint little old place on the "Q" road, nestled at the foot of one of the big bluffs, and here we found a very decent little hotel and passed a comfortable night. On the following day we went down the old "Betsey Channel" and through a cut-off into the Trempeleau River. We left Trempeleau town at about 2 o'clock, I should think, and got into La Crosse at about 8 o'clock that night.

Before starting on this trip I had a talk with Fish Commissioner Hogan, at La Crosse, where I also saw Mr. Watson, of Chicago, and General Bryant, President of the Wisconsin Fish Commission. I talked also with Mr. Frank Walker, who had recently put in half a day at Alma. The latter told me that he had caught thirty bass in his half-day's fishing. Mr. Watson on his last day caught twenty-six bass, and other catches of the like seemed to be not uncommon. The largest catch ever made on this river was 105 bass in a day with one fly-rod, and that happened seven years ago, Spicer rowing the man who did this work.

All the gentlemen above mentioned smiled when they saw the outfit I had brought along. They told me that it was no use using double leaders, as they were not strong enough, and they told me that my largest bass flies would be of no use whatever. I had them up to 3 and 3-0 hooks, but they said these would be of no use in the world. "I will tell you what I will do," said Mr. Hogan. "I don't like to see you have your trip for nothing, and I will help you out." He gave me a leader of twisted salmon gut, strong enough to hold a horse, and some flies the like of which I had never seen. These flies, of the Raven, Reed and Onondago patterns, were all tied on 4-0 hand-forged O'Shaughnessy hooks big enough to hang up a quarter of beef on. (The Onondago is the best and most popular fly now—a dark wing with gray tip, white body, gold ribbed.) In general appearance and weight one of these flies resembled a flatiron as near as anything I can think of, and it casts about as well. I was skeptical of this tackle, and these gentlemen were skeptical of mine, but I thought it was better to take their advice and fish as they said. There is no question that this is the most killing sort of tackle, and I used it altogether, although I am disposed to think that one could use an ordinary bass leader and fly and kill fish on this river. With a 4 or 5oz. rod it might take him half an hour to land one of the biggest bass, but it would offer better sport than this powerful gear which gives a fish so little show to break away. I remarked something to this effect to these gentlemen, but they said that they had been all through that stage of the game themselves. My boatman was all the time telling me that I took too much time in killing my fish, though I think I played none over five minutes or so. I think the boatmen do not like to row up stream in the swift water, and they like to try for more than one fish along a bank, since they may not strike another bank for a mile or more.

I had along with me three rods, a 4oz., with which I am sure I could in time kill the biggest of these bass; a heavy fly-rod of 10ft. length, and a rod which I think was of about 7oz. weight, a spliced rod, hand-made.

I found that the method of fishing is to row along shore not more than 15 or 20ft. from the bank. The casting is done directly in shore, and of course it is not really casting at all, but simply slapping in the fly on a short line, though it needs some skill to keep out of the roots which lie on the bank, and yet to cast close enough in. Spicer told me that the fly ought to be delivered right against the bank, as the bass lie very close in and just below the surface. He said the bass were not very shy, and this seemed to be the case, for time and again I saw them rise and take the fly almost under my nose, with the boat scarcely a dozen feet away from them. If one would use tackle like this and casting like this in the ordinary bass fishing of the Western country, he would not catch a bass in a hundred years, but every locality determines its own methods, and I found the above the practical method here. It ought not to work, but it did, and I was contented to follow the advice given to me by those who had lived and learned there before me.

The first bass that struck my fly made a swift run directly toward the boat. There was a high wind blowing, which bellied out the line far to one side. The bass did not improve this, but made it worse, as he ran directly toward us, and by the time I got to the place where I could strike him he was a mile away down stream. I have never seen anything slicker and quicker than this particular bass. Spicer did not say anything, but he looked a bit thoughtful when the same thing happened over again a little further along. This time I did not think the fish was pricked, so I asked him to put me in there again, and at the next cast I raised the fish a second time and hooked him fair. He went for deep water like a flash, and at once I was in one of the prettiest fights I had ever seen. Spicer, a bit concerned at first, as all guides are as to the quality of their charges for the time, watched the circus quietly for a few minutes, and then remarked: "Well, I see you have fished bass before now," a matter which apparently hitherto had been in doubt in his mind.

I fought this fish all over the river for a long while. He jumped seven times, high out of the water, of his own accord, not counting the times he sprang when we tried to get him in the landing net. He went deep and far, and was still full of fight when I yielded to Spicer's urging and forced him within reach of the net. In the whole two days I never did get one of these bass worn out, or get him to roll over on his side and give up. I was hurried and anxious to get along, and did not take the time that I should on another occasion to fight each fish to an actual finish. I am sure it would be better fun to use lighter tackle and to take longer time. The bass are too grand fellows to be hustled through and hauled out, as they practically would be on a bait rod.

After my first bass had been triumphantly landed—and to my surprise I found he would weigh less than 2lbs.—I missed four strikes in succession, the bass coming to me so quickly that I could not strike them. We were fishing up stream then, and the motion of the boat, combined with the wind, made the line belly out badly. The best way is to cast at a little angle down stream, keeping the line straight, so that the fish may be struck quickly. At last we came to a nice looking bank, which we fished two or three times back and forth. We tied up here and ate our lunch, and as we sat there we saw minnows jumping along the bank, and noted the surges where the bass were working close in shore. At last I saw some minnows jumping in a little pocket just inside of a submerged bunch of willows. I cast in here, and we plainly saw a grand bass take the fly. I struck and fastened him, and like a flash Spicer shot the boat back, so that the fish swung free of the willows. This was before the bass knew what had happened, and when he found out what it meant he was a plenty mad fish. He led out directly for the deep water and swift current, and there, in midstream, we fought it out, absolutely the hottest and prettiest fight I ever had with any fish in all my life. I disregarded Spicer's advice to get the fish close to the boat, and fought him 40ft. away. He sprang clear of the water seven times, and each time keeping the tip close down to the water, as one does in muscallunge fishing, I forced the spring of the rod to bring his head down when he sprang, so that he could not shake free. I do not know how long I played this fish, but he was by no means whipped when Spicer caught him in the net as he swung by the boat. This was sport to set one on fire, and I admit I never saw its like on any water. We could see that this bass was a large one, and were not surprised when we got him in the boat to find his weight just short of 4lbs. He was thick, fat and smooth as a seal, a grand fish in every way. I think I shall remember that bass about as long as I live.

I need not repeat the story of the many encounters of similar sort which we had during our hurried trip, but I need only add that the sport is there and it is magnificent in every particular. Spicer tells me that the bass seem to be about as abundant as they ever were, although there is more and more of this fly-fishing every year. We had a great deal of wind and bad weather in our two days on the river, and Spicer complained that the fishing was very poor, but I had quite enough fun to satisfy me, and saw that the sport of this favored locality has not been in the least exaggerated in the few stories that seem to have gotten out about it. It seems to me that I would like to try it again some time with lighter tackle, just to see those bass smash me up and have fun with me, but as it was I did not break a leader and did not lose a fly. Had the fishing been a little better I would have asked Ash's permission to use the little rod, but he begged me not to do so, as I would surely break it, and as moreover he wanted to get some fish to show at the dock when we went in! "You fight them fish too blamed long," said he. "I ain't no steamboat, to pull half a mile up the river every time you catch a bass. There's more bass lost on a long line than a short one, and the right way to do is to get 'em close in. They won't hurt you if you do reel them close up." The philosophy of all this will appeal to different persons according as they are in a hurry or not, whether they want a good many bass or not, and whether or not they like to lose a bass now and then, just to show that the game is an even one. However one may choose to fish that water, whether with light tackle or strong, I simply want to say that I believe it is the best bass fishing in America to-day.

At La Crosse I met Mr. Bacon, of the John Fall Lumber Co., who was the host of Mr. Bissell and Mr. McFarland, of Chicago, last summer. He told me that he expected to see both of these gentlemen the latter part of this week, and since my arrival home with the report of the sport I had, I have heard of three other gentlemen who have expressed an intention of going out there. Granted any ordinary sort of luck, they ought on almost any day for the next month to have good enough sport to satisfy any reasonable man.

Movements of Western Anglers.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 12.—For some unaccountable reason the muscallunge of the Minnesota 'lunge district seem to have waked up this past week, and there is hope that the season will now prove more favorable. I am in better touch with the Woman Lake region around Kabekona Camp than with any other of the Minnesota 'lunge country, and word just at hand from that locality states that the fun for the fall seems about to begin. At present there are sixteen guests at the camp, and this week Messrs. J. D. Adams and Geo. F. Davie, of Chicago, and W. Peppard and family, of Kansas City, are going out for a trip of some days. Messrs. Callahan and Clendenning, of this city, earlier mentioned as having gone out to Kabekona, made a little side trip this week, and had something in the nature of experience. The former killed one 'lunge weighing 28lbs., and the latter got one of 18lbs. On the next day they got into trouble and lost all their tackle on fish so big and strong that they could not stop them. They report great disgust over their hard luck, and by the same mail that brings the story, sent back to Chicago for a dozen No. 9 spoons, with a lot of extra strong line. It would appear that they got among the big ones and were received with joy.

Mr. Francis T. Simmons, a prominent wholesale glove merchant of this city, with his son, Master W. B. Simmons, and his friend, Mr. Wm. Dickinson, are lately back from a trip after bass on Butternut Lake, in the Eagle Chain district of Wisconsin. They took in a short time 126 small-mouth bass which weighed 192lbs., replacing all fish that weighed less than 1lb. They had one bass that scaled 4lbs., three of 4lbs. each, two which weighed 3½ and 4lbs., and very many over 3lbs. each. They were all the red-eyed small-mouth bass.

Rev. W. A. Horan, of Freeport, Ill., outfitted here this week for a Northern trip.

Mr. D. Schilling, of Morgan Park, Cook county, is absent North on a little trip.

Mr. E. L. Caldwell, of Chicago, is absent at State Line, Wis., after bass and what else may offer.

Mr. W. H. Whitehead, of this city, and also Mr. H. S. Dale, have gone up to Gaylord Club house, in Wisconsin, after trout and bass.

From Colorado.

Mr. Jos. Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., writes me under date of Aug. 4 from the South Fork of the White River, fifty-eight miles north of Glenwood, Colo., where he seems well located and improving in health: "I am enjoying the mountain air and catching all the trout we can use. Heavy snows last winter have made the fishing late, and it will not be at its best for two weeks yet. Myself and friend caught sixty beauties yesterday in about two hours, supplying our camp for a day or two. The royal-coachman is the most killing fly by day and the brown-hackle at evening time.

"I am splendidly located here—plenty of milk, cream, butter, eggs and a fine mineral spring at our door. Letters from home say it is 95 in the shade. Here I sleep under blankets at night and wear winter clothes at all times."

I have to-day at hand, too late for verification, the following clipping sent by Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, of Fox Lake, Wis. It is very interesting to note these increasingly numerous accounts of the appearance of the wild pigeon, some of which have been proved to be accurate and truthful, though no doubt others are loose and inaccurate. This time the telegram comes from Coldwater, Mich., and reads: "Thousands of pigeons roost nightly among the tamaracks on Cedar Point, on the river just north of the cemetery. Beginning an hour before sunset, a steady stream of the birds pours into the Point from every direction, but principally from the northwest. A peculiar feature of the evening flight is the apparently identical route taken by each flock as it wings toward the roost. From the manner of their flying some of the older residents think perhaps it is a return of the wild pigeons which at one time visited Michigan in countless millions, darkening the sun with their numbers. Their roost on Cedar Point is impregnable to hunters, as it is surrounded by swamps and quicksands, impassable except in the most rigorous winters. Wild pigeons have also reappeared in Minnesota after an absence of many years. No one seems to know where they came from and consequently where they have kept themselves."

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Fish We Did Not Catch.

JUST as we were ready to go out, large drops of rain began to pelt the black surface of Long Pond. This, our guide remarked as we disposed ourselves in the two rowboats, was just what Cleveland liked when he came over from Gray Gables to fish for bass. To look upon the rain as a sportsman did was impossible, however, for my two girl cousins. I passed a mackintosh to Marian, and in the boat ahead the young Doctor wrapped a rubber blanket round Edith. The guide pulled doggedly at the oars until the two boats, which he had roped together, drew up alongside a little wooded island; then he cast anchor and baited our hooks.

Marian got the first bite; but she was so intent at the time on impressing me with the fact that her sister had found in the Doctor the best husband in the world, that she failed to hook her fish. Consequently our boat lost the honor of the first catch, for a moment later Edith pulled in a perch of about a hand's length. The guide took the hook from the mouth of the perch, and stuck it into its back and then threw the poor fish overboard. Its sides gleamed like silver as it carried the line 15 or 20ft. down into the black water. In a little while each of us had caught a perch and was watching it tug the line deper and deeper. The guide told me to let the perch go to the bottom and to wait for a bass to strike. This novel way of using bait that was almost large enough to fry, made me realize that even if I had landed many a bass on the Musconetong River, there were still tricks in the angler's art for me to master.

Despite this fact, my eyes wandered from the tip of my rod to the Doctor. He a few years back had been the Harvard pitcher. I love an athlete as well as I do a sportsman. I wondered whether he would handle a rod as well as he did a baseball, and so, agog with curiosity, I watched him. With one eye riveted on his rod, he was answering most explicitly the eager queries of his wife as to how a bass should be hooked and how he should be played. He told her to be sure not to pull a mite until the bass had swallowed the perch.

Just at this point, however, the lesson ended and the demonstration began. Plash! went the tip of the Doctor's rod into the water. "Give him all the line he wants, Edith," he cried, switching the brake of the reel so that the line ran out by the yard. "He'll stop in a moment and swallow the perch." Scarcely a rod's length of line remained on the reel when the fish did stop. The Doctor gave a gasp of relief, and telling the guide to be ready with the landing net, waited for the final struggle as calmly as on the diamond after two strikes and three balls he would have waited the return of the ball. "See, Edith," he said, giving his rod a spasmodic upward twitch. "This fixes the hook in the king of American fishes." Then the tussle began. The fish made for the boat. I knew only too well that if he gained enough to double the line it would be good-by bass. The Doctor whipped his rod over to the opposite side of the boat, thus taking up several yards of slack, and then began to reel in at the top of his speed. On and on came the fish—ran under the boat. The tip of the rod kissed the reel. "What's to be done now, Ned?" cried Edith. "I'll catch my fish first," said the Doctor, quickly, "and explain later, my dear." The rod snapped back straight again. Away went the bass; the reel sang like a shrill-voiced harvest fly, and then screamed as only a reel can scream at a black bass. At a distance of several boat lengths the fish turned about and made a lightning spurt toward the boats. "You've done lost him," the guide grumbled, as the bass sprang into the air. "He'll get the slack now." But the Doctor had jumped over his wife into the bow of the boat. At the same instant the splash of the bass sent a spray into Edith's face, and she uttered a faint cry, thinking that her Ned had gone overboard. But there he stood in the bow working the reel like mad, while the fish circled round and round, making the water fairly boil at the boatside. "Ye gods," he cried, "but my wrist aches as it used to in the ninth inning of a Harvard-Yale game! Thank heaven, though, the bass is getting weaker. There! Now for the landing net." The guide laid down his pipe deliberately, made one sure scoop and lifted the fish out of the water. Just as he was about to swing it in to the Doctor, snap! went the handle, and splash! swish! went the bass to the bottom of Long Pond.

S. D. J.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Hunting the Finback Whale.

DR. FREDERICK W. TRUE, of the Smithsonian Institution, has just started for Newfoundland, where he is going to hunt finback whales. His object is to secure specimens of these interesting cetaceans for the National Museum, but incidentally he will see some of the most tremendous sport that can be had in the world. Persons who have had an opportunity to take part in this species of chase declare that tiger hunting is tame by comparison. Besides, it has the advantage of being something entirely new.

Recently a fishing station has been established on the Newfoundland coast for carrying on the finback hunting industry, and it is thither that Dr. True has gone. The importance of this fact is realized that hitherto this species of whale has not been recognized at all commercially. While it yields a valuable oil, as well as other useful products, it is such a formidable creature to tackle that the pursuit of it has been regarded as hopelessly unprofitable. Besides being one of the largest whales—it reaches 70ft. in length and a weight of 30 tons—it is enormously powerful and almost incredibly active. From a sportsman's point of view, therefore, it is typically a game fish, and as such it is now sought.

Fishermen who have been so lucky as to catch a tarpon never tire of telling about the exciting experience. Imagine a tarpon 70ft. long and weighing 30 tons, and you have a notion of the finback whale when it is cavorting on the end of a line. Fortunately, the species is very numerous, having not been an object of pursuit by man until lately. The chase of it in boats is practically out of the question, by reason of the formidable character of the animal and its extreme activity. Only within the last few years has a method been found by which it may be taken without too much risk and at a cost of labor and material so low as to render its capture commercially profitable.

Last summer Emperor William went to Norway for the purpose of hunting finback whales, and he declared that it was the greatest fun that he ever had in his life. It was more than exciting; it was stupendous. No small boats are employed for the capture of the animal, which is shot with a lance fired from a sort of cannon on the bow of the whaling steamer. To this lance a line is attached, and the whale, immediately on being struck, starts off for the other end of creation at the rate of about sixty miles an hour, dragging the vessel after it. If the lance holds and the line does not part, there follows some simply gorgeous sport, the fish keeping on until its great strength is exhausted.

Now it dives to the bottom of the sea, sinking like a stone and bringing an enormous strain upon the bow of the steamer, which is actually dragged partly under the water, so that the waves break over her in foamy sheets; again the enraged quarry rises to the surface with incredible velocity, and leaps clear into the air, exposing the whole of its great body. This sort of thing goes on until the beast is utterly exhausted, when it lies helpless and floating, so as to be easily dispatched. This is the sort of sport that Dr. True is going to engage in on the Newfoundland coast, and, incidentally, he will secure at least two or three of the finbacks for scientific purposes. One of them may be shipped to Washington entire; if not, a cast in papier-maché will be made of it. The skeletons of the others will be carefully divested of flesh, disarticulated, and packed in boxes for shipment.—Washington Post.

Duly Stamped.

NORTH TARRYTOWN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read Mr. A. N. Cheney's account of the trout taken in the Adirondacks by Dr. W. M. Aldrich (FOREST AND STREAM, June 10) with a one-cent postage stamp sticking to its body near its tail. A similar incident occurred to Mr. F. Ahrens, photographer, of Tarrytown, N. Y., who caught, last fall, a blackfish in the Sound near Mamaroneck, N. Y., with a revenue stamp sticking to its side. Mr. A. photographed the fish with the stamp, and it can be seen at his art rooms in Tarrytown.

JOHN A. LANT.

Black Bass at Henderson Harbor.

Mr. H. H. Gill, of the Gill House, Henderson Harbor, N. Y., writes under date of Aug.10: "Yesterday was a very good day for bass and pike. Mr. J. D. Woods, of New York city, caught about fifty bass. Twenty of them averaged 1¾lbs. each, the rest were returned to the lake for future use. Mr. Burgoyne brought in seventeen as good bass as one could wish for. His total catch was fifty-one bass. Prof. Roucher and wife, of Oswego, caught thirty-six bass weighing from 1 to 3lbs. each. This is the way the angler whiles away the time at Henderson Harbor. Mr. John Hart, of New York, caught seventeen pike yesterday, largest 7½lbs., smallest 3lbs.

"The fishing here never was better. The catches made are all the law allows, and most of the fish are large ones, ranging from 2 to 4lbs. A singular thing occurred Monday. Mr. J. D. Woods caught four bass in one-half hour that weighed 13lbs.; the wind came up so that he had to leave the fishing grounds, and they were the only fish he caught. I do not want you to think that we get no small bass, for we do, but the singular part of it is that he got only the four fish. H. H. Gill."

Lake Ontario Fishing.

Mr. J. L. Davison, writing from Lakeside Park, N. Y., says: "Last week here we had splendid black and silver bass and perch fishing. Monday morning I rowed the boat for my nephew, who, by trolling, caught eight silver bass, two black bass and one perch before breakfast. Tuesday morning he caught eight perch, two silver and one black bass. Wednesday fifty-three were taken of the three different kinds. Thursday he took forty-five, and Friday morning about a dozen, six of which I carried on my wheel to Lockport, thirty-four and one-half miles, before 2 o'clock P. M., having left here at 10 A. M. Of all the fish taken, we used but eight; the balance I cleaned and gave to the neighbors—summer residents.

"Forest and Stream knows that I am no angler, as I am too lazy to fish; but will row a boat all day for another to do the fishing, if they will use the trolling bait, that I may keep the boat in motion. J. L. Davison."

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

Chicago, Aug. 8.—The sixth competition resulted today in the following scores:

	Long Distance Fly, Feet.	Distance and Accuracy, Per Cent.	Accuracy and Delicacy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
J. D. Belasco	90	70 2-3	93 1-6	82 1-5
I. H. Bellows	119	91 2-3	95	96 14-15
H. Greenwood	92	78 1-3	93 1-2	85 3-5
H. G. Hascal	...	93	93 1-3	91 14-15
E. Letterman	...	.....	.....	86 8-15
H. Newkirk	...	83	95 2-3	89 1-15
F. N. Peet	115	84 1-3	94 5-6	91 7-15

Holders of Medals.—Long-distance fly, I. H. Bellows; distance and accuracy, H. G. Hascal; accuracy and delicacy, H. A. Newkirk; bait-casting, I. H. Bellows.

An Exhibition Bass.

New Point, Amityville, L. I., Aug. 13.—The largest striped bass ever caught in this vicinity was on exhibition for a time at the New Point Hotel. The fish was 45in. long, 9in. thick and 12in. deep. Its weight was estimated at 40lbs. The monstrous fish was caught by Captain Naff in the South Bay, near Fire Island.

Quahaug.

Mrs. Burger's Ouananiche.

Roberval, Que., Aug. 11.—Mrs. Henry P. Burger, of Long Island, has been favored by good luck. On a day's outing down the famous rapids at Roberval, she caught one round dozen of the famed ouananiche, those land-locked salmon of the North, using rod and fly. The feat is very remarkable for a lady.

Long Island Fishing.

Queenswater, L. I., Aug. 15.—Fishing during the past week has been good. No phenomenal catches are reported, but the parties who went out to the wreck of the Iberia and the fishing banks made good average catches.

Quahaug.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

It is strange how things change about in this world of ours. Yesterday I was fishing off the rocks on the end of Croton Park, unmindful of everything but a certain commotion at the hook end of my line, when kerswash! a big swell from the Mary Powell bowled me off the slippery rock on which I was perched. My rod happened to get underneath, and the results could be ascertained very handily by equations in this manner: 9oz. rod : 200lbs. :: gravitation : ×.

Anyway, I have part of the butt and the ferrules left.

The other incident occurred some years ago. We were on the way home from a trip to the Thousand Islands in a 60ft. launch. We were obliged to run under one bell through the Erie Canal. Our old engineer, Ben Davis, being of rather a humorous turn of mind took upon himself every once in a while the responsibility of letting out another notch. Just before we reached Rome an old man was espied sitting on a low beam fishing. He was totally oblivious of everything but the fish which was dallying at the end of his line. Ben opened her up, and there was a vision of a tangle of white whiskers, arms and legs, a flying fish-pole surmounted by a flying chubb. The old fellow slowly crawled out from the wreck, and shaking a bony fist in our direction, said: "You are too dod ding fresh."

Chas. G. Blandford.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.
Sept. 12-15.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Kennel Club's fifth annual bench show. Edward Meisenheimer, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-6.—Dallas, Tex.—Texas Kennel Club's second annual bench show. Sydney Smith, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-6.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's eighteenth annual show. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-13.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island State Fair Association. E. M. Oldham, Supt.
Nov. 15-18.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show. Marcel A. Viti, Sec'y.
Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 31.—Emmettsburg, Ia.—The Iowa Field Trial Association's second annual field trials. M. Bruce, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—La Salle, Man.—Western Canada Kennel Club's annual amateur field trials. A Code, Sec'y.
Sept. 6.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y.
Oct. 31.—Greene Co., Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's fifth annual field trial. A. C. Peterson Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Washington C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Nov. 8-9.—Lakeview, Mich.—Michigan Field Trials Association's second annual trials. E. Rice, Sec'y.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's first annual trials. George D. Maxfield, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.
Nov. 21.—Lawrenceville, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.— ———, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Irish Setter Club Prizes.

Philadelphia, Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Irish Setter Club of America offers $40 to the first Irish setter winning an undivided first, second or third prize in th eall-age stakes in any of the following trials: Iowa Field Trial Association, Western Canada Kennel Club, Manitoba Field Trial Club, Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association, Ohio Field Trial Club, Michigan Field Trial Association, Independent Field Trial Association, International Field Trial Association, Eastern Field Trial Club, Illinois Field Trial Association, Missouri Field Trial Association, Continental Field Trial Club, United States Field Trial Club and Alabama Field Trial Club.

Geo. H. Thomson, Sec'y.

Field Trial Winners.

Mr. R. S. Waddell, the Cincinnati general agent of the Hazard Powder Company, is sending out on request a handsome booklet, illustrated with excellent engravings of the leading field trial winners of the country. The engraving on the front cover shows an etching effect, and is taken from a very celebrated painting by the late J. M. Tracy, illustrating the closing part of a field trial, where the judges have directed one of the handlers to endeavor to kill the bird and test the pointing dog on retrieving.

An Unusual Litter.

Mr. E. E. Millard sends us a photograph of Mr. A. J. Gers' cocker spanial bitch Daisy, and her litter of eleven pups, all of them dogs, a record quite unusual.

Canoeing.

My Old Canoe.

When the morning sun peeps o'er the hill,
And the summer air is cool and still,
When the river currents swiftly glide
Without a ripple from side to side,
Then over the waters clear and blue
I gently paddle my old canoe.

Many a happy hour has fled
While on and on I'm gently led
By Nature's soft, resistless hand,
Along by shores of sparkling sand,
Or past the banks of tempting shade
With now and then a cooling glade;
There in the reeds still wet with dew
I stop and anchor my old canoe.

The gray November skies hang low,
And chill winds whisper of coming snow;
No more along the grassy brink
I list to the merry bobolink;
No more green fields and summer skies
And shady woodlands greet my eyes,
But stretching meadows brown and bare
With a dreary aspect everywhere.
The days grow short, and the chances few
For me to paddle my old canoe.

My thoughts go back as I behold
The frozen river bleak and cold,
And still remember the last sad day
That my little craft I laid away.
Despite its age, 'twill ever be
What it has always seemed to me;
A friend, companion—good and true—
And ever I'll long for my birch canoe.

J. S. Seabury.

American Canoe Association.

Twentieth Annual Meet.

HAY ISLAND—ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

Aug. 4-18.

After many beautiful places visited by the American Canoe Association within the past twenty years—Lake George, its birthplace; Lake Champlain, Long Island Sound, the Hudson River and the different points on the St. Lawrence—none will compare in convenience and natural beauty with Hay Island, the site of the present camp. The general location is open to one objection, it is within full view of a town, barely half a mile distant, its houses, factories and wharfs being always within sight. The sense of solitude and isolation which is one of the great charms of the two weeks' outing to the city man is to a great extent impaired by this constant proximity of brick and wooden buildings, but at the same time there are many things to offset this disadvantage of the site. In the first place, the town, or city, is an old friend, the spires of Gananoque are easily visible from Grindstone and Stave islands, and the trip of half a dozen miles has always been a favorite one, not only with those who took a scientific interest in the nature and construction of Canadian whisky, but with the ladies from the original Squaw Point on Grindstone in 1884 and the following years. The quaint little Canadian town was always visited by campers from the States, whether intent on sampling the drinkables or shopping for articles of a solid, rather than liquid, nature. It has been in every way the least objectionable city neighbor that the meets have ever had, its inhabitants are hospitable and used to camp life, the hotel and transit element is small, it offers very convenient transportation facilities by rail or steamer, and it is a good base of supplies.

Apart from its close proximity to civilization, Hay Island is beautiful and convenient within and without. It can be reached more readily than either Stave or Grindstone, even from Clayton, and apart from that short row in a skiff there are several small steamers between the island and Gananoque. As it happens, the absurdities and inconsistencies of the U. S. Treasury impediments to travel among the Thousand Islands are less when the meet is entirely on a Canadian island than when on the American side of the line. Coming from New York and Boston, the general arrangements are the same as in former years, while the many clubs in Ontario and the St. Lawrence River between Buffalo and Montreal have been able to secure very reasonable transportation by steamer.

The location of the island, surrounded by other small islands near at hand, all rocky and wooded, and with Stave and Grindstone plainly visible, is one of the most picturesque on the river. By turning the back on Gananoque, to the northwest, one can command a most beautiful outlook over river and islands in all other directions, with no suggestion of civilization except an occasional cottage among the trees. The rocky formation of the islands, the smallest rising to a height of 30 to 40ft. in the center, with low beaches and abrupt walls of rock in alternation and an abundance of trees, with the broad stretches of blue water everywhere, makes a picturesque outlook on every hand.

Hay Island itself is a typical one, differing from its immediate neighbors only in its size and in natural beauty It is formed practically of two large rocks, situated about 100yds. apart, the western one being some six or eight acres in area, and the other about double the size. These rocks are in some places 40ft. above the water, while in others they slope to banks 8 or 10ft. high, or to sandy beaches. The west rock is covered with thin veneer of soil, just enough to support a thick grove of evergreens and large deciduous tres, offering plenty of shade for the main camp, which is located on the S.W. shore, where the ground slopes gradually. While oak trees of good size find secure footholds in the numerous crevices of the rocks, there is in no place soil enough to hold more than an occasional tent peg, and most of the guys must be anchored to the abundant small boulders or made fast to convenient trees. The northerly shore of the island rises abruptly in rocky walls 10 to 15ft. high, fringed with cedars, while to the west the rocks are lower, the beach being covered with large boulders on which the sea from a long stretch of the river breaks in big waves with a fresh westerly wind.

The larger island boasts of enough soil to carry fields of grain on its easterly end, where the ground has a pleasant sunny slope; but to the west the rocks rise in one place to a sheer height of 30ft. or more above the water. The ladies' camp is located on this wooded ridge, on the Gananoque side, while the mess tent and kitchens are toward the southerly shore. The ground is elevated, it pitches in all directions, shedding water quickly after a rain, and the soil itself is loose and sandy. Apart from the minor difficulty of driving tent pegs, the whole place is an ideal one for a camp of unlimited numbers, so far as the A. C. A. is concerned.

From the appearance of the ground, there has been at some far distant date a clear channel about 100yds. wide between the opposing rocky walls of two islands, but at the present time the two are joined by an isthmus of earth some 7 or 8ft. high, about 80yds. across. The center of this space is open, but the sides, along each rocky bluff, are wooded, and in the shade in the west side are the headquarters tents, arranged in the usual order—commodore, secretary-treasurer, camp site committee, regatta committee, hospital and signal officers. Opposite to these, under the rocks of the ladies' camp, are the camp store, barber's tent and a large tent for meetings.

On the Gananoque side of the isthmus is a beautiful little bay, the high rocky promontories on either side being joined by a semicircle of sandy beach covered with canoes. The main wharf is at one extremity of the beach, quite close to headquarters, which is, as it always should be, between but close to both the main and the ladies' camps. One can get from the wharf to either camp, to headquarters or to the mess tent with a walk of a very short distance.

The southerly side of the isthmus is part of a little bay ending in a rocky point of the main camp, and from all of this shore the sailing and paddling courses are visible. The sailing courses are by no means satisfactory, the winds being broken and flurry, and long shoals extending

from either shore. As it happens, this is but a minor evil, as through several circumstances the sailing promises to be a complete failure this year.

The first man on the ground was Mr. John S. Wright, of Rochester, Chairman of the Camp Site Committee, who arrived on July 30 and at once began the arrangement of the camp. It may be said that there is but one opinion throughout the camp as to the manner in which the work of this committee has been carried out by Mr. Wright. Those who took the trouble to write in advance specifying their wishes could have a tent floor in place and a tent pitched over it ready for occupancy on their arrival.

Com. Thorn and Sec'y-Treas. Forbush came in a few days later, and on Aug. 4, the date of formal opening, a number arrived. The attendance far exceeds that of all recent years, 240 members being registered up to Aug. 14. Among the old A. C. A. men are Paul Butler, E. H. Barney, F. C. Moore and Capt. Ruggles, who has given up canoe building to look after a very successful rotary snow plow for electric roads which he has invented. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Seavey are also in camp. A large part of the attendance comes from the Lake and St. Lawrence cities—Buffalo, Rochester, Toronto, Montreal, Kingston and smaller places. New York and Brooklyn are well represented, and there is a scattering of men from various points in each division. Among the new men at an A. C. A. meet are Messrs. F. B. Huntington, of Milwaukee; W. C. Jupp, of Detroit, and E. B. Nellis, of Wyandotte, all of the new Western Division just formed through the efforts of Com. Thorn and Vice-Com. Morse.

The different beaches show a number of canoes, many of the ordinary open Peterboro type, some of the new open racing machines, and about a dozen decked sailing canoes. The only new boats in the latter class are those designed by Capt. Ruggles at the request of Messrs. Morse and Smythe, of the New York C. C., and built by Fry, of Clayton. They are racing machines, with no sheer, the deck line being straight with a uniform freeboard of about 6in. from bow to stern. They have the high and long deck seat and small bath tub of the modern racer. Mr. Archbald has his Mab in camp, as well as an open canoe.

The race programme is already published, as well as the Regatta Committee, of which two members, Messrs. Brown and Huntington, are in camp, have come in for a great deal of harsh criticism at the hands of the racing men, objection being made to the scheduling of important events on fixed days and prior to the second week, always observed as race week in the past; to the preference given to paddling races, the small number of sailing races and the omission of a trial race for the sailing trophy.

What is called the "Sailors' Union," including the New York and Yonkers men and a few others, has objected strongly to the arrangements for the races, and a meeting of the Executive Committee was held on Aug. 11 at which the following resolution was offered by Mr. Quick, recorded by Mr. Smythe:

Resolved, That the Executive Commimttee recommends to the Regatta Committe that it hold the sailing trial race, and that the date of sailing the trophy race be postponed from Saturday, Aug. 12, until next week.

The motion was carried. A copy of the resolution was sent by the secretary-treasurer to the Regatta Committee, to which no reply was made, but an official notice was posted on the bulletin board, stating that the trophy race would be started at 10 A. M. on Saturday.

On Saturday there was a fine sailing breeze and the race was called as per programme, the only starters being Mr. C. E. Archbald, in Mab, and Mr. A. G. Behn, Rochester. During the race the members of the Sailors' Union gathered about the New York camp and drew up a protest to the Executive Committee. A group photo of the Union was taken and all hands united in cheering the contestants derisively as they finished each round. Mr. Behn withdrew on the second round, and Mr. Archbald finished alone and was declared the winner of the trophy.

A meeting of the Executive Committee was held next morning at headquarters, with Com. Thorn in the chair, the immediate purpose being to consider the question of payment of the camp dues by the members of the various war canoes, which came to camp for one day only for the war canoe races. After discussion the matter was referred to the commodore and the secretary-treasurer with power.

After this business was disposed of, Mr. Smythe presented the following:

A. C. A. Camp, Aug. 13, 1899.—C. P. Forbush, Esq., Secretary-Treasurer A. C. A. Dear Sir: Please place before the Executive Committee as soon as possible the following copy of the protest addressed to the Regatta Committee, and the copy of their reply, and the balance of this letter.

Aug. 12, 1899.—Al. T. Brown, Esq., Chairman of Regatta Committee. Dear Sir: The following undersigned members of the American Canoe Association respectfully protest against the action of the Regatta Committee in calling the sailing trophy race contrary to all precedent and contrary to Rule V. of the Sailing Regulations by not having a trial race; and beg to protest against the delivery of the sailing trophy until a trial race has been held or until the Executive Committee have interpreted the meaning of the rule.

(Signed.) HENRY H. SMYTHE,
F. C. MOORE,
L. G. PALMER.

Hay Island, Aug. 12, 1899.—Mr. H. H. Smythe, Mr. F. C. Moore, Mr. L. G. Palmer. Gentlemen: We own the receipt of your letter of even date. The committee having in their judgment complied with the By-Laws and Sailing Regulations so far as they concern the sailing of the trophy race, we most respectfully decline to consider your protest.

Very truly,
The Regatta Committee, by F. B. Huntington.

I now hereby make the same protest to the Executive Committee against the action of the Regatta Committee in calling the sailing trophy race contrary to precedent and contrary to Rule V. of the Sailing Regulations before having sailed the trial race; and beg to protest against the delivery of the sailing trophy until the trial race has been called or until the Executive Committee have interpreted the meaning of the rule.

Yours truly,
HENRY H. SMYTHE.

Mr. Quick made a motion, seconded by Mr. Smythe, that it was the sense of the Executive Committee that the final clause of Rule V. should be interpreted to mean that a trial race *must* be sailed prior to the trophy race; which was carried. Com. Thorn withdrew from the meeting, resigning the chair to Mr. Smythe, who in turn called to it Rear-Com. Waterbury, Eastern Division. Mr. Quick offered the following resolution, seconded by Mr. M. D. Wilt:

Resolved, That the trophy race sailed on Saturday be annulled and that the Regatta Committee call a trophy race in accordance with Rule V. as interpreted by this Committee. This was carried by a rising vote—ayes, Messrs. Smythe, Quick, Hall, Sparrow, Allen and Wilt; nays, English, Forbush and Stephens. The meeting then adjourned.

On Sunday the register was swelled by the arrival of several war canoe crews for the big race of Monday, eight crews being entered.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

AUGUST.

16. Annisquam, open, Annisquam.
17. Newport, ladies' day, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
17. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester, Mass.
17. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
19. Corinthian, Marblehead, 5th cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
19. Beverly, club Cor., Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
19. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
19. Jubilee, annual, open, Salem Bay.
19. Huguenot, annual, open, New Rochelle, Long Island Sound.
19. Morris, special club, Port Morris, Long Island Sound.
19. New Jersey-Knickerbocker, Cor. cup, Bayonne, Newark Bay.
19. Royal Hamilton, open,, Hamilton, Lake Ontario.
19. Royal Nova Scotia, all classes, Halifax, N. S.
19. Quannapowitt, club.
19. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
20. Penataquit Cor., snipe class, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
21. Royal Canadian, Canada cup, Toronto, Lake Ontario.
21-22-23-24-25. Seawanhaka Cor., Cor. of Philadelphia, knockabout match, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
21. American, moolight sail, Newburyport, Mass.
24. Plymouth, open, Plymouth, Mass.
25. Kingston, open, Duxbury Bay.
26. Royal Nova Scotia, club, Halifax, N. S.
26. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
26. Huntington, annual, open, Huntington Bay.
26. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Corinthian, Marblehead, 6th cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
26. Duxbury,, open, Duxbury Bay.
26. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
26. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
26. Seawanhaka Cor., Center memorial, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
26. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
26. Wollaston, handicap, Wollaston, Mass.
26. Quannapowitt, club.
26. Wood's Holl, sprit & cat classes, Wood's Holl, Hadley Harbor.
26. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
26. Savin Hill, club handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
26. Atlantic, Ballantine cup, Sea Gate, New York Harbor.
27. Williamsburgh, ladies' race, Bowery Bay, Lond Island Sound.
27. Penataquit Cor., knockabouts, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
28. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown, Cape Cod Bay.
29. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet Harbor.

SEPTEMBER.

New York, trial races, America Cup, off Sandy Hook.
2. Larchmont, special races, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
2. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
2. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
2-4. Corinthian, cruise, Marblehead.
2. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
2. Wood's Holl, club.
2-4. Wollaston, cruise, Wollaston.
2. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
2-4. East Gloucester, cruise to Hull.
2. Royal Nova Scotia, one-design class, Halifax, N. S.
3. Penataquit, fall club regatta, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
4. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Atlantic, Adams cups, Sea Gate, New York Harbor.
4. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Bunker Hill, annual, Boston Harbor.
4. Lynn, annual, open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Newport, club, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
4. Wood's Holl, sprit & cat classes, Wood's Holl, Hadley Harbor.
4. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Sachem's Head, annual, open, Sachem's Head, L. I. Sound.
4. Pavonia, special club, Communipaw, New York Bay.
4. Royal Nova Scotia, Prince of Wales cup, Halifax, N. S.
6. Norwalk, open, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
7 to 11. Interlake Y. R. A., meet, Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie.
9. Royal Nova Scotia, open handicap, Halifax, N. S.
9. Atlantic, Gould cups, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
9. Seawanhaka Cor., fall race, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
9. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
9. Hull, Mass., open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
9. Winthrop, cruise to Hull, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
9. Wollaston, handicap, Wollaston, Mass.
9-10. Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, rendezvous and sail, Hull.
9. Wood's Holl, club, Wood's Holl, Quissett.
9. Burgess, 3d cham., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
10. Penataquit Cor., knockabouts, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
14. Newport, ladies' cruise, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
16. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
16. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
16. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
23. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
23. Riverside, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
24. Williamsburgh, annual fall regatta, Bowery Bay, L. I. Sound.
27. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
30. Corinthian, knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.

OCTOBER.

3-5-7. New York, America Cup matches, Sandy Hook.

The Canada Cup.

Royal Canadian Y. C. Trial Races.

TORONTO—LAKE ONTARIO.

Aug. 7-8-9.

THE trial races for the selection of a defender for the Canada cup in the coming matches with the representative of the Chicago Y. C. on Aug. 21 were sailed off Toronto last week, beginning on Aug. 7, and continuing for three days.

The races were sailed over the same course as that agreed on for the cup races, located on Lake Ontario, just outside the island which forms Toronto Bay. A triangle with three-mile sides was laid out, with permanent buoys, two sides being divided by intermediate buoys to make a one and one-half mile course. For the windward and leeward races another buoy was set by the committee tug. The sum of $1,000 was offered in prizes, divided as follows: First, $300; second, $225; third, $175; fourth, fifth and sixth, each $100. The conditions were as follows:

The cash prizes will be awarded on the results of the first races to be sailed on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, respectively. Points will be given for these as follows:

First boat in each race 7 points, second boat in each race 5 points, third boat in each race 4 points, fourth boat in each race 3 points, fifth boat in each race 2 points, sixth boat in each race 1 point. No points will be awarded to a boat not finishing.

Prizes will be awarded on the aggregate of the points. In case of a tie the prizes will be added together and divided equally. The result of these races will in no way prejudice the judges in selecting the cup defender.

Additional races will be held on each day (weather permitting) over such courses as the judges may see fit. The selection of the cup defender will be made on the result of all races. First races on Monday and Wednesday mornings to be once round nine-mile triangle. First race on Tuesday to be four miles to windward or leeward and return. The time limit in these races will be 2½ hours, and if any race is not finished within the time limit the judges will decide as to when it will be re-sailed.

Signals.—Five minutes before preparatory signal the judges' boat, Augusta, will give three (3) long blasts, and hoist a red or blue flag to denote the course to be sailed.

Preparatory Signal.—Five minutes before the start a gun will be fired from the judges' boat.

Starting Signal.—The starting signal will be one gun and the lowering of the flag.

Four long blasts will be the signal for all yachts to return to the judges' boat to receive instructions.

Start for the first race each day will be at 11 o'clock.

The course was a very good one, on the open lake, free from currents and with a clear sweep to the wind from west, south and east. From the beach of the island the entire triangle was plainly visible, and one could watch the race without going afloat.

The competitors were six, three from Toronto and three from Hamilton, the dimensions being approximately as in the following table:

	Type.	Designer.	Builder.	Owner.	Helmsman.	Length over all.	L.W.L.	Beam.	Draft.	Sail area.
Minota	Keel	H. C. McLeod	James Andrews	R. C. Y. C. Syndicate	H. C. McLeod	40.00	30.00	9.00	6.00	1415
Beaver	Fin-keel	A. E. Payne	James Andrews	R. C. Y. C. Syndica e	Æmilius Jarvis	45.06	29.00	9.03	6.03	1300
Toronto	C. B.	G. H. Duggan	H. F. Hodgson	Geo. P. Reid and syndicate	J. Wilton Morse	49.06	28.06	12.00	2.00	1600
Hamilton	Fin-keel	Wm. Johnson	Wm. Johnson	R. H. Y. C. Fernside Syndicate.	J. H. Fernside	48.00	25.06	11.00	7.00	1580
Myrtle	Fin-keel	Wm. Barnside	Robertson Bros.	Walker Syndicate	Wm. Burnside	47.06	24.00	12.00	7.00	1650
Weir	Fin-keel	Hugh Weir	James Weir	Builders	James Weir	47.06	26.00	.....	6.06	1500

Minota is in all respects the best yacht of the fleet, a handsome little cutter with an S section, but well hollowed below. She was designed for speed only, and her netted surface has been cut away fine, but with a cabin house she could be converted into a serviceable yacht. She was designed by H. C. McLeod, Esq., of Halifax, N. S., an amateur. She is rigged as a pole-masted sloop, without topsail, merely a big mainsail and jib, 1,400 sq. ft. in all. Her spars are hollow and her fittings, which were specially made in the Halifax dock yard, are very light. She is owned by a syndicate of R. C. Y. C. members, including Messrs. G. A. Cox, W. G. Gooderham, H. C. McLeod, F. G. Cox, E. R. Thomas, A. E. Kemp, W. E. H. Massey, A. E. Ames, J. W. Flavelle and Frank Walker.

Beaver was designed by Arthur E. Payne, of Southampton, Eng., and built by Jas. Andrews, of Oakville, who built Canada and Minota. She is a fin-keel, but the fin is of wood down to the lead. Her bow is not handsome, but apart from it she is a very nice looking little ship, to all appearances when afloat of the ordinary S section. Her sail plan is similar to that of Minota, but with 1,300 sq. ft. The two are fitted and rigged alike, the gear being very simple and well arranged and the fittings very light. The blocks are of bronze, specially designed and made for these boats in Toronto.

In each boat a plank about 12in. wide and 3in. thick runs across at the mast, which passes through it, the plank being about 18in. above the floor. All halyards lead through the deck, some of them being made fast on belaying pins in the plank, while others lead through fairleads on the plank and to cleats on the cabin floor. The wire halyards make up on ballards about 4in. in diameter made fast to the plank. The crew is below, with mainsheet led in from aft and halyards as described from forward. The sails were made in Toronto, the mainsails crosscut. Both boats have small hatchways amidships, steering cockpits aft, and steer with tillers, the rudders being of the ordinary cutter type. Shortly before the trials they were christened Minota and Beaver, having previously been known only by the names of their designers. Minota is white and Beaver black. Beaver is owned by the same syndicate as Minota.

Toronto was designed by Mr. G. H. Duggan for a syndicate including Messrs. Geo. P. Reid, George Gooderham, A. A. Allen, C. Cockshutt, Geo. H. Gooderham, J. H. Horsey, W. R. Johnston, G. Plunkett Magann, A. E. Massey, R. Millichamp, W. D. Matthews, Wm. Mackenzie, Fred Nichols, E. B. Osler, H. Pellatt, J. M. Taylor and H. D. Warren. She was built under the supervision of Mr. J. Wilton Morse, who sailed her. She is practically a big Glencairn III., with a full bow, an immense area of deck on a shoal hull. She had a watertight cockpit drawing into the centerboard trunk, with no room below. Her centerboard is about 6ft. wide and 4in. thick, with 560lbs. of lead on the bottom; it is fitted to drop as in the 20-footers, and to slide fore and aft in the slot, a powerful tackle being necessary to handle it. The rudder is narrow and deep, just as in the 20-footers; and the tiller is about 6ft. long, with the "dog's-leg" extension used by Mr. Duggan on the twenties.

The construction is very clever, the big shoal raft being a series of trusses, fore and aft and athwartship. The rig is a pole-masted sloop or cutter, a staysail being carried at first, but later being replaced by a single big jib. She carried a full outfit of club topsails, jib topsails, jibs, etc. The spars were hollow and very light, being made under Mr. Duggan's direction at Dorval. The shrouds set up with wire rope lanyards. In the thunder-

storm of July 29 Toronto proved that she was practically non-capsizable, lying over under the full force of the wind until her mast was parallel with the water, and coming up safely.

The three Hamilton boats were of a type peculiar to that city—wide, powerful fins, very much like the ordinary centerboard yacht with a wood fin and lead bulb added. They were all cutter rigged—Myrtle and Hamilton with topmast and the Weir boat with polemast. The latter had a fixed cabin trunk, but the other two had open hatches amidships, the cabin house originally on Myrtle having been removed. The crews were mainly amateurs, one professional being carried on some of the yachts.

The rather difficult task of selecting one from the fleet was assigned to a special committee including Messrs. E. H. Ambrose, Royal Hamilton Y. C.; A. F. Riddell, Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.; Com. Owain Martin, Queen City Y. C.; Sidney Small, R. C. Y. C., and W. Q. Phillips, Association Timekeeper.

Monday was a clear bright day, and being Toronto's Civic Holiday, a great many people were out to witness the race, either from yachts and steamers or from the island shore. The large triangle was selected, to be sailed with buoys to port, or the first leg up the island shore. The wind was blowing about eight miles, and S.E., making a reach to the first mark and a beat over the second leg. Mr. Duggan had been up to try Toronto himself, and sailed in her in the thre races. Beaver was over first, with Myrtle and Toronto close after. Minota had a poor start, being busy with her balloon jib and losing 1m. 22s. Toronto reached out, with her big balloon jibtopsail drawing, and was ahead at first mark, with Beaver second. The two made a good fight to windward, Beaver coming out ahead. They ran in under spinakers, Toronto setting a very large one. The elapsed times over each leg were as follows, counting from the actual time of crossing. The prizes were awarded on the basis of a start from the gun in the first race of each day, but in all races the times were also taken as the yachts crossed the line. The competitors were also requested to avoid as much as possible all luffing matches and other maneuvers which would tend to hide the true merits of the boats:

First Race—Start, 11 A. M.

	1st Leg.	2d Leg.	3d Leg.	Course.
Beaver	0 26 26	0 36 47	0 30 16	1 33 13
Minota	0 26 27	0 38 20	0 30 31	1 35 18
Toronto	0 25 55	0 39 47	0 30 12	1 35 35
Hamilton	0 26 53	0 38 20	0 30 31	1 35 18
Myrtle	0 27 50	0 39 37	0 30 20	1 37 47
Weir	0 28 00	0 47 24	0 31 10	1 45 35

The first race finished at 12:40, and the assembly signal was at once given for the second over the same course, the wind being lighter. Beaver led over the line with Minota second. Toronto started with a handicap of 1m. 45s., but outran the fleet, and was first at the western mark, where they come on the wind. Toronto still held her place, though the wind was light and there was a lift to the sea. It was a reach in, though Beaver set her spinaker. Minota traveled very fast and caught Toronto, the two doing some luffing, the finish being practically even. The times were:

Second Race—Start, 1:00 P. M.

	1st Leg.	2d Leg.	3d Leg.	Course.
Toronto	0 54 53	0 24 15	0 33 12	1 51 09
Hamilton	0 55 17	0 25 11	0 33 21	1 52 49
Minota	0 55 52	0 25 04	0 31 47	1 52 53
Beaver	0 56 08	0 25 15	0 31 37	1 53 24
Weir	0 57 17	0 25 11	0 35 14	1 57 42
Myrtle	1 03 30	0 24 35	0 32 18	2 00 23

The race finished at 3 P. M., and there was still time for another, so the start was given at 3:25, over a short course, one and one-half miles to windward and return. Before the start Mr. McLeod went on board of Beaver, while Mr. Jarvis took the stick on Minota. Beaver took the lead over the line, with Minota second. They beat out and came in with spinakers to starboard, the times being:

Third Race—Start, 3:25 P. M.

	Windward Leg.	Leeward Leg.	Course.
Hamilton	0 25 10	0 18 19	0 42 29
Beaver	0 25 30	0 18 58	0 44 28
Minota	0 26 03	0 18 47	0 44 50
Toronto	0 26 27	0 18 50	0 45 17
Myrtle	0 28 22	0 18 56	0 47 18
Weir	0 28 28	0 20 05	0 47 33

A late start put Hamilton in the middle of the fleet, and only the times show that she made a very good race, being first out and in.

The weather on Tuesday was fair and pleasant, with a little more wind, still S.E., and a lumpy sea. The course for the first race was four nautical miles to windward and return. Toronto and Beaver were over the line smartly, but Minota had a bad blanketing under the lee of the three big Hamilton rigs. As on the first day, Toronto, Hamilton, Myrtle and Weir carried club topsails. Minota footed off to get clear of the boats to windward and then began to work out after the leaders. In the moderate breeze and easy sea she went very fast, and long before the weather mark was rached she had cleared off her bad handicap. At the turn Beaver was very quick with her spinaker, but Minota was slow, losing a couple of minutes before it was set. They ran in with a light breeze, being timed:

Fourth Race—Start, 11:05 A. M.

	Windward Leg.	Leeward Leg.	Course.
Minota	1 03 45	0 46 16	1 51 01
Beaver	1 05 39	0 48 32	1 51 11
Hamilton	1 10 00	0 46 13	1 56 13
Toronto	1 10 26	0 46 02	1 56 28
Myrtle	1 13 15	0 47 15	2 00 30
Weir	1 17 06	0 51 33	2 08 59

The second race of the day was sailed at 1:45, over the same course, Minota leading over the line. The windward work was slow, with little wind and some sea; but under these unpromising conditions Toronto did comparatively well, as the sea seemed to have no particular effect on her.

Fifth Race—Start, 1:45 P. M.

	Windward Leg.	Leeward Leg.	Course.
Beaver	0 57 11	0 40 22	1 37 33
Minota	1 01 59	0 37 55	1 39 51
Hamilton	1 07 56	0 39 41	1 43 37
Toronto	1 04 34	0 39 17	1 43 51
Myrtle	1 09 14	0 39 50	1 49 04
Weir	1 10 30	0 42 45	1 53 15

As it was nearly 4 o'clock a short race was called over the four and one-half mile triangle, buoys to port.



SHAMROCK.

From the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

Beaver started first, on a reach, and covered the leg with a good lead. It was also a reach on second leg, with a breeze of seven to eight miles per hour and little sea, Beaver still gaining. They ran in under spinakers, Beaver losing some of her lead, the times being:

Sixth Race—Start, 3:55 P. M.

	1st Leg.	2d Leg.	3d Leg.	Course.
Beaver	0 18 39	0 11 40	0 22 10	0 51 27
Minota	0 19 21	0 12 38	0 21 16	0 53 15
Toronto	0 20 32	0 44 25	0 21 16	0 56 13
Hamilton	0 23 15	0 14 50	0 19 47	0 57 52
Weir	0 22 54	0 16 25	0 21 50	1 00 59
Myrtle	0 23 39	0 18 00	0 21 45	1 03 24

On Wednesday there was a fresh breeze from the east, with quite a sea on the lake, but the seas were long, the result of a blow down the lake, and not the short, lively chop kicked up locally by a strong breeze. The six yachts were out at the line in good time, and at 11 A. M. they were started over the large triangle, with marks to port, making a run to the west mark and a beat to the offshore mark. Minota turned in a single reef and Toronto crossed the line under lower sails, but soon set a sprit topsail, the three Hamilton boats carrying club topsails. On the win on the second leg there was a breeze of upward of 15 knots, with a sea that jumped the committee boat about to a lively tune. Toronto did not seem to feel the sea to her detriment, but at 11:40 she struck her sprit topsail. She seemed to need the sail to drive her, though she made fair time over this leg. Just at noon Weir carried away her mast just below the hounds, one man being alost at the time, but escaping without injury. Her crew refused assistance from a tug, and set to work to lash blocks aloft, on which they set a close-reefed mainsail and storm jib and resumed their course to the second mark, finally rounding it and finishing some time after 2 P. M.

The last leg was a reach under balloon jibs. The times were:

Seventh Race—Start, 11:05.

	1st Leg.	2d Leg.	3d Leg.	Course.
Beaver	0 25 09	0 34 39	0 21 35	1 21 23
Minota	0 26 50	0 37 29	0 24 08	1 28 27
Toronto	0 27 36	0 39 29	0 22 22	1 29 27
Myrtle	0 25 55	0 43 23	0 22 56	1 31 14
Hamilton	0 25 56	0 44 12	0 23 07	1 33 15
Weir	0 27 20	Not timed.		

The choice now lay between Beaver and Minota, but the committee was unsatisfied as to the better, especially as Minota was known to be very fast in extreme light weather—lighter than on either of the three days. The three—Toronto, Hamilton and Myrtle—were notified that they need not start again unless they wished. Mr. Jarvis and Mr. McLeod were requested to change boats, and a new race was started over the same course, the wind being a little lighter. Minota shook out her reef before the start, and crossed 4s. after Beaver, both with spinakers to port. The running was very close, Minota rounding the west mark a little in the lead. The windward mark showed a steady and gradual gain for Beaver, she making 1m. 4s. in the three miles. The times were:

	1st Leg.	2d Leg.	3d Leg.	Round.
Beaver	0 25 47	0 34 30	0 21 26	1 21 43
Minota	0 25 32	0 33 26	0 21 54	1 23 52

This race ended the formal trials, the record by points standing:

	Points.	Prize.		Points.	Prize.
Beaver	19	$300	Hamilton	9	$100
Minota	16	225	Myrtle	7	100
Toronto	12	175	Weir	3	100

In the afternoon the committee held a meeting, but came to no decision between Beaver and Minota. While the former had made the best showing in the three days of trial racing, the latter was known to be very fast in lighter breezes than on the three days; and in the races preceding the trials she had shown herself very close to Beaver. Mr. Jarvis, after repeatedly sailing each boat, was himself in doubt as to the better for the cup series with a long time limit.

It was decided to try the two more thoroughly, and on Thursday afternoon they sailed two short races inside the bay, Mr. Weir, at the request of Mr. Jarvis, steering Minota. There was a moderate east wind, with a light rain. The times were:

First Race.

	1st Leg.	2d Leg.	3d Leg.	Course.
Beaver	0 10 13	0 10 20	0 07 32	0 28 05
Minota	0 10 46	0 09 45	0 07 44	0 28 15

Second Race.

Minota	0 07 20	0 11 40	0 10 02	0 29 02
Beaver	0 07 29	0 11 23	0 10 26	0 29 18

Though short, these two races under very even conditions show how closely the two boats are matched.



SHAMROCK.

From the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

The final races for the cup against the challenging yacht Genesee will be sailed over a triangle of 21 miles from the same start as in the trial races or a windward and leeward course. The syndicates owning Beaver, Minota and Toronto have decided to sell the three at auction at the R. C. Y. C. house on Thursday evening, Aug. 17.

Detroit Y. C. Free-for-All.

THE Detroit Y. C. will give the annual free-for-all sweepstakes Sept. 11, for prizes: First, $200 in gold, championship flag and possession of Hotel St. Claire cup for one year; second, $100 in gold; third, $50, and fourth, $25. Prizes will be increased $25 for each yacht over eleven entered. In addition to cup, cash prizes and flag, there will be a time prize for 45 and 40-footers, and one for 35 and 30-footers.

Entrance fee, $25. All yachts must enter and receive sailing number from the regatta committee at the club house before 6 P. M. Sunday, Sept. 10. Each entry will be accompanied by a measurer's certificate from the home

club. Entries received before Sept. 10 by Wm D. Moebs, 92 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Yacht Racing Union Rules govern, with exception of Paragraph 3, Section XIV. Crews struck out. All boats under 30ft. racing length must accept 30ft. racing measurement.

Course.—Triangle, three and one-half miles on each leg, twice around, making twenty-one miles in all. Start—One and one-quarter miles east of Fourth Crib Light, three and one-half miles E.S.E.⅜E., thence three and one-half miles N. by W., thence three and one-half miles S.W.¼W., twice around.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

RENDEZVOUS, NEW LONDON.

Monday, Aug. 7.

THIS year's cruise of the New York Y. C. was the most successful, in the matters of interest and attendance, ever given by that club. The attendance was far greater than at any previous cruise, and great interest was manifested in the racing, particularly in the duels between Columbia and Defender. The prizes offered were numerous and valuable. The programme of the cruise was as follows:

Tuesday, Aug. 8.—New London to Gardiner's Bay.

Wednesday, Aug. 9.—Gardiner's Bay to Newport.

Thursday, Aug. 10.—Newport to Vineyard Haven.

Friday, Aug. 11.—Squadron will remain at anchor in Vineyard Haven.

Saturday, Aug. 12.—Vineyard Haven to Newport.

Sunday, Aug. 13.—Squadron to remain at anchor at Newport.

Monday, Aug. 14.—Races off Newport for the Astor cups.

Tuesday, Aug. 15.—Races off Newport.

Wednesday, Aug. 16.—Meeting of the captains on the flagship at noon.

Second Day, First Squadron Run.

NEW LONDON TO GARDINER'S BAY.

Tuesday, Aug. 8.

Tuesday morning promised well. There was a good whole-sail breeze from the west, which became stronger as the race progressed. Interest, of course, centered in the racing of the sloops of Class G, in which were entered Columbia, Defender, Vigilant and Navahoe. Columbia finished first, four minutes and one second ahead of Defender, who beat Vigilant by fifty-four minutes. Navahoe withdrew. The course was thirty miles. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Schooners—Class A.				
Hildegarde	11 05 00	3 41 55	4 36 55	4 36 55
Constellation	11 03 04	3 43 52	4 40 12	4 39 55
Fleetwing	11 05 00	. .. ..	.....	. .. ..
Class B.				
Alcaea	11 02 00	3 58 57	4 56 57	4 56 57
Colonia	11 04 06	3 49 15	4 48 09	4 47 27
Emerald	11 05 00	4 15 41	5 10 41	5 03 45
Mayflower	11 04 30	4 39 45	5 35 15	5 32 23
Class C.				
Ariel	11 00 54	4 14 19	5 13 29	5 13 29
Marguerite	11 05 10	4 20 45	5 15 45	5 05 00
Iroquois	11 05 00	4 45 17	5 40 17	5 39 25
Class D.				
Amorita	11 03 23	3 29 41	4 26 18	4 26 18
Latona	11 02 48	3 42 10	4 39 22	4 38 57
Katrina	11 05 00	4 51 50	5 46 50	5 45 18
Shamrock	11 05 00	4 54 25	5 49 25	5 47 53
Quissetta	11 00 33	3 44 10	4 43 37	4 40 25
Ingomar	11 05 00	5 05 27	6 00 37	5 53 47
Class F.				
Cevelia	11 02 56	4 39 07	5 36 11	5 34 47
Neara	11 04 58	4 39 37	5 54 40	5 29 59
Uncas	11 05 00	5 41 47	6 36 47	. .. ..
Glen Dower	11 05 00	5 03 13	5 58 13	. .. ..
Priscilla II.	11 03 32	5 36 10	6 32 38	. .. ..
Rusalka	11 04 50	5 47 06	6 43 16	. .. ..
Sloops—Class G.				
Columbia	11 21 22	2 59 59	3 38 37	. .. ..
Defender	11 21 40	3 04 18	3 42 38	. .. ..
Vigilant	10 57 08	3 27 47	4 30 39	. .. ..
Navahoe	10 59 06	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Class H.				
Hildegarde	10 58 28	3 51 40	4 53 12	. .. ..
Queen Mab	10 59 06	4 05 13	5 06 07	5 04 02
Class J.				
Carmita	10 56 57	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Gloriana	10 57 28	4 11 44	5 14 16	5 13 20
Petrel	10 58 00	5 00 59	6 02 59	. .. ..
Sayonara	10 59 05	5 09 22	6 10 17	6 09 12
Syce	11 00 00	5 55 54	4 33 54	4 53 54
Acushla II.	11 00 00	4 56 58	5 56 58	5 55 55
Paladin	10 59 36	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Kestrel	10 59 32	4 00 54	5 01 22	4 57 31
Uvira	10 59 06	4 11 15	5 12 09	5 06 10
Vandal	10 59 17	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Hotowan	10 57 36	6 08 09	7 10 33	. .. ..
Sistae	10 58 36	5 35 50	6 37 14	. .. ..
Class L.				
Katonah	10 59 06	5 18 00	6 18 54	. .. ..
Albicore	10 58 45	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
L 509	10 57 43	5 06 59	6 09 16	. .. ..
Mira	10 51 05	5 57 30	6 58 25	. .. ..
Tigress	11 00 00	6 09 04	7 09 04	. .. ..
Class N.				
Razmatang	10 57 47	5 45 26	6 49 29	. .. ..

Third Day, Second Squadron Run.

GARDINER'S BAY TO NEWPORT.

Wednesday, Aug. 9.

On Wednesday the race was started in a light, fluky breeze, which increased until a good wind blew from the S.W. The racing was not as spirited as that of yesterday. The course to-day was forty-three miles. Columbia defeated Defender by 22m. 55s., probably the worst beating Defender has ever received. The schooner Hildegarde grounded near Goat Island, Sistae lost her topmast and Quissetta her spinaker. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Schooners—Class A.				
Hildegarde	10 40 00	4 42 11	6 02 11	6 02 11
Constellation	10 50 05	4 45 50	6 07 50	6 07 50
Schooners—Class B.				
Fortuna	10 40 00	5 21 05	6 41 05	6 41 05
Alcaea	10 37 28	4 41 45	6 04 17	6 04 02
Colonia	10 37 13	4 14 31	5 37 18	5 36 02
Emerald	10 36 25	4 38 28	6 02 03	5 59 02
Mayflower	10 40 00	5 14 52	6 36 52	6 30 31
America	10 37 35	5 28 18	6 50 43	. .. ..
Atlanta	10 40 00	5 44 17	7 04 17	. .. ..
Schooners, Class H.				
Ariel	10 35 32	4 26 10	5 50 38	5 50 38
Marguerite	10 39 32	4 53 51	6 14 19	6 14 19
Iroquois	10 40 00	5 24 51	6 44 31	6 43 17
Schooners—Class C.				
Amorita	10 38 38	4 32 03	5 53 25	5 53 25
Latona	10 40 00	4 32 57	5 52 57	5 52 57
Katrina	10 40 00	4 34 57	5 54 57	5 52 46
Shamrock	10 30 53	5 57 32	7 00 39	6 58 28
Quissetta	10 35 34	4 34 12	5 58 38	5 54 03
Quickstep	10 35 33	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Ingomar	10 40 00	5 16 24	6 36 24	6 26 51
Schooners—Class F.				
Gevalia	10 38 21	5 35 29	6 57 08	6 57 08
Neara	10 39 05	5 39 08	7 00 03	6 55 10
Uncas	10 40 00	5 38 07	6 38 07	6 58 07
Glendover	10 40 00	6 09 42	7 29 42	. .. ..
Priscilla	10 40 00	5 54 15	7 14 15	7 14 15
Rusalka	10 37 56	6 00 40	7 22 44	7 22 44
Sloops—Class G.				
Columbia	10 56 50	4 24 17	5 27 27	. .. ..
Defender	10 55 28	4 45 20	5 49 52	. .. ..
Vigilant	10 31 25	5 13 36	5 42 11	5 42 11
Navahoe	10 31 35	4 23 02	6 01 27	5 59 30
Sloops—Class H.				
Hildegarde	10 35 00	5 20 19	6 51 19	6 51 19
Queen Mab	10 35 00	5 29 27	6 54 27	6 51 27
Sloops—Class J.				
Gloriana	10 31 49	4 57 35	6 25 46	6 35 46
Sayonara	10 35 00	4 52 55	6 17 56	6 17 43
Petrel	10 35 00	4 51 32	6 15 32	. .. ..
Sloops—Class K.				
Lotowana	10 31 02	5 12 40	6 40 58	6 32 37
Sistae	10 33 06	5 29 30	6 56 24	. .. ..
Syce	10 34 39	5 31 16	6 16 37	6 56 37
Kestrel	10 35 00	4 59 10	6 24 10	6 24 10
Acushla II	10 31 08	5 29 30	6 56 24	6 50 46
Uvia	10 35 00	5 54 04	7 19 04	7 10 29
Sloops and Yawls—Class L.				
Katonah	10 32 37	5 10 28	6 33 01	. .. ..
Albicore	10 35 00	5 59 28	7 24 25	. .. ..
Hussar	10 32 02	5 21 47	6 49 45	6 49 41
Mira	10 32 19	5 37 35	7 05 16	. .. ..

Fourth Day, Third Squadron Run.

NEWPORT TO VINEYARD HAVEN.

Thursday, Aug. 10.

The start on Thursday was made from the Brenton's Reef Lightship, and the course was thirty-seven miles to Vineyard Haven. The wind blew hard from the south and there was a heavy sea and rain. The starting signal for the sloops was given at 11 o'clock, and a few seconds after Vigilant crossed the line. Next was Syce, Gloriana and Navahoe closely bunched and well to windward of the others. Next followed Lotowana, Queen Mab, Sayonara and Katonah. Sistae was next over, followed by Acushla II., the sloop Hildegarde, the yawl Petrel and sloop Hussar.

The starting signal for schooners was given at 11:05. Amorita crossed the line at the crack of the gun, followed by Alcea, America, Iroquois, Quissetta, Katrina, Colonia, Latona and Shamrock. Priscilla II. led the small schooners, followed by Rusalka and Neara. Mayflower, the old Cup defender, started next, leading Hildegarde, Grampus, Glendover, Newalia, Marguerite, Ariel, Wayfarer and Gloriana. At 11:20:16 Defender crossed the line, Columbia following at 11:20:37. Vigilant finished in the lead, with Navahoe second. Columbia beat Defender one minute fourteen seconds, elapsed time, their times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Columbia	11 20 37	2 21 15	3 00 38
Defender	11 20 16	2 22 08	3 01 52

Fifth Day, Fourth Squadron Run.

VINEYARD HAVEN TO NEW BEDFORD.

Friday, Aug. 11.

The weather on Friday was not propitious for a race. Rain continued to fall, and the light wind shifted from one quarter to another. Defender was becalmed for nearly an hour, and was finally towed in. The day's racing was unsatisfactory and uninteresting. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sloops—Class G.				
Columbia	11 15 45	4 59 22	5 43 47	5 43 47
Defender	11 15 30	Not timed.		
Vigilant	10 54 30	2 08 41	3 14 11	3 14 11
Navahoe	10 53 52	3 02 03	4 08 11	4 07 25
Sloops—Class H.				
Hildegarde	10 51 17	4 15 03	5 23 46	5 23 46
Queen Mab	10 55 00	4 06 37	5 11 37	5 10 26
Sloops—Class J.				
Gloriana	10 50 52	3 25 32	4 34 40	4 34 40
Sayonara	10 54 20	5 10 40	6 16 20	. .. ..
Petrel (yawl)	10 55 00	5 09 07	6 14 07	. .. ..
Sloops—Class K.				
Syce	10 51 51	3 32 43	4 50 52	4 40 52
Acushla II	10 50 43	Not timed.		
Sistae	10 52 25	4 01 06	5 08 41	. .. ..
Sloops—Class L.				
Mura	10 55 00	4 00 10	5 05 10	. .. ..
Katonah	10 52 26	Not timed.		
Hussar	10 50 59	Not timed.		
Schooners—Class B.				
Colonia	10 59 26	3 03 20	4 03 54	4 03 54
America	10 56 44	Not timed.		
Schooners—Class C.				
Ariel	10 55 56	3 17 05	4 21 09	4 21 09
Marguerite	10 58 01	Not timed.		
Iroquois	10 56 54	4 32 45	5 05 51	5 05 22
Schooners—Class D.				
Amorita	10 59 28	3 15 30	4 16 02	4 16 02
Quissetta	10 58 50	3 08 03	4 09 13	4 07 24
Schooners—Class F.				
Gevalia	10 56 03	5 08 46	6 12 43	6 12 43
Neara	10 57 37	4 08 45	5 10 28	5 08 32
Uncas	10 58 24	4 00 25	5 01 58	5 01 58

Sixth Day, Fifth Squadron Run.

VINEYARD HAVEN TO NEWPORT.

Saturday, Aug. 12.

The conditions on Saturday were not much better than those of Friday. The wind continued light and fluky, and at one time the entire fleet was becalmed. The course was twenty-two miles, and the race was started in a light N.E. wind. Defender led Columbia over the starting line by nineteen seconds, but Columbia passed her on the first leg and finished nineteen minutes and four seconds ahead. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sloops—Class G.				
Columbia	11 36 04	4 15 02	4 38 58	. .. ..
Defender	11 35 45	4 33 47	4 58 02	. .. ..
Vigilant	11 11 01	4 41 10	5 30 09	5 30 09
Navahoe	11 12 37	5 01 20	5 48 43	5 47 40
Class H.				
Hildegarde	11 12 48	5 24 52	6 12 05	6 12 05
Queen Mab	11 11 30	5 05 52	5 54 22	5 52 46
Class J.				
Gloriana	11 10 54	4 52 17	5 41 23	5 41 23
Sayonara	11 11 17	4 57 17	5 46 00	5 45 54
Petrel	11 11 37	5 12 35	6 00 58	6 00 33
Class K.				
Syce	11 10 00	5 09 08	5 54 08	5 54 08
Acushla II	11 14 56	5 08 31	5 53 35	5 53 35
Lotowana	11 12 00	5 33 56	6 26 56	. .. ..
Class L.				
Katonah	11 12 57	5 02 28	5 49 31	. .. ..
Hussar	11 14 48	5 43 23	6 28 35	6 38 35
Mira	11 14 47	5 08 52	5 54 05	. .. ..
Schooners—Class B.				
Alcara	11 19 11	5 26 07	6 06 56	6 06 56
Colonia	11 17 08	4 32 30	5 15 22	5 14 50
Class C.				
Ariel	11 16 45	5 06 55	5 50 10	5 50 10
Marguerite	11 19 31	5 23 00	6 03 29	6 03 29
Iroquois	11 18 45	5 28 29	6 09 44	6 09 04
Class D.				
Amorita	11 19 47	4 37 05	5 17 18	5 17 18
Latona	11 15 59	5 04 32	5 48 33	5 48 14
Katrina	11 19 26	5 06 26	5 46 00	5 44 50
Quissetta	11 20 00	4 48 36	5 28 36	5 26 09
Class F.				
Gevalia	11 18 58	5 28 50	6 09 52	6 09 52
Neara	11 18 42	. .. ..	. .. ..	. .. ..
Uncas	11 18 37	5 20 21	6 41 44	. .. ..

Seventh and Eighth Days, Astor Cups.

NEWPORT.

Sunday and Monday, Aug. 13 and 14.

The fleet lay at anchor at Newport on Sunday. Most of the yachtsmen went ashore. There was a heavy fog, which lifted about noon, but shut in again later in the day. On Monday the races for the Astor cups were sailed. The fog cleared off during the night and a good wind blew from the N.E. The start was from Brenton's Reef Lightship and the course was thirty-six miles. Columbia beat Defender by thirteen minutes and seven seconds, and won the $500 cup. Amorita won the $1,000 cup by the narrow margin of twelve seconds. On Tuesday the races for the wind-up cups will be sailed, and on Wednesday the owl and gamecock colors will be rowed for. The times of Monday's races were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sloops.			
Columbia	10 58 49	3 57 08	4 58 19
Defender	10 55 20	4 06 46	5 11 26

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Schooners.				
Colonia	11 04 07	4 18 55	5 14 48	5 14 48
Ariel	11 00 31	4 21 55	5 21 24	5 13 28
Amorita	11 00 32	4 18 43	5 18 11	5 01 32
Quissetta	11 02 26	4 25 56	5 23 28	5 03 07

Horseshoe Harbor Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND.

Sunday, Aug. 13.

THE Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on Aug. 13 in a fair east wind. The sloop Pyxie carried away her throat halyards, but finished the race. The course was fifteen miles for sloops, knockabouts and cabin cats, and ten miles for the open boats. The times were:

Cabin Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 2:15.

	Elapsed.
O Shima San, H. J. Pratt	2 10 40

Cabin Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 2:05.

Alerion, A. H. Alker	2 16 30
Pyxie, C. E. Griffin	2 52 20

Cabin Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 2:05.

Song and Dance, L. J. Bowry	2 37 15

Open Sloops—20ft. Class—Start, 2:05.

Fidget, T. H. Burch, Jr.	2 14 45
Crawler, Robert Jacob	2 04 40
Edwina II., J. N. Gould	2 31 30
Nike, Guy Forbes	2 16 35

Knockabouts—25ft. Class—Start, 2:15.

Midge, F. W. Boyer	2 47 10
Kittie, Hazen Morse	2 26 20
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie	2 18 50
Mongoose, Simeon Ford	2 21 30
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	2 40 30

Knockabouts—15ft. Class—Start, 2:15.

Nora, Lewis Iselin	1 57 00
Ethel B., Charles E. Bewer	2 09 00
Fiddler, N. P. Voltz	2 11 30

Cabin Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 2:10.

Sconce, A. V. Smith	2 55 55
Wenaumer, E. C. Center	Withdrew.

Cabin Cats—25ft. Class—Start, 2:10.

Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	2 36 55

Open Cats—25ft. Class—Start, 2:10.

Fairy, Frank E. Towle, Jr.	1 54 10
Marguerite, S. G. Poole	2 03 20

Open Cats—20ft. Class—Cruising—Start, 2:10.

Miriam, J. M. Price	2 19 20
Iris, J. L. Roberts	2 22 20

Open Cats—20ft. Class—Racing—Start, 2:10.

Ox, Robert Bavier	2 04 00
Spunk, C. E. Silkworth	1 52 20
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr.	1 51 05

Open Cats—15ft. Class—Start, 2:10.

Lobster, T. J. S. Flint	2 03 00
Scout, H. C. Hall	2 06 35
Bouncer, Arthur D. Price	1 58 50
Old Squaw, S. F. Carstein	Withdrew.

The winners were O Shima San, Alerion, Song and Dance, Crawler, Spindrift, Nora, Oconee, Win or Lose, Fairy, Miriam, Kazaza and Bouncer.

The 30-Footers at Newport.

THE 30-footers sailed a race on Aug. 8 over the Briggs Ledge course in a N.W. wind, the times being:

Start, 3:30:	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi, Loyd Warren	5 22 59	1 59 32
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 23 32	1 53 32
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 24 40	1 54 40
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 25 14	1 50 14
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 25 50	1 55 50
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	5 27 14	1 57 14
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 31 16	2 01 16
Pollywog, A. H. Paget	5 33 55	2 02 55

On Aug. 10 a race was sailed in a strong S.E. gale and heavy seas, the times being:

Start, 4:01:	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 49 00	1 48 00
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 39 31	1 48 31
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 49 46	1 48 46
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 53 57	1 52 57

On Aug. 11 a sweepstake race was sailed over a six-mile course, in a light N.E. wind. The times were:

Start, 3:14:	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 35 54	2 10 54
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 37 04	2 23 54
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 38 18	2 24 54
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 41 20	2 27 20
Pollywog, A. H. Paget	5 41 25	2 37 25
Asahi, Lloyd Warren	5 41 51	2 37 51
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 42 03	2 28 03
Raccoon, John R. Drexel	5 42 26	2 28 26
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	5 44 13	2 30 13
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 48 22	2 34 22

White Bear Y. C.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 6.—In the White Bear Y C. regatta yesterday, over a course of eight knots for the 20-footers, six knots for others (except the larks—four knots), a light breeze prevailed. The feature of the race was the close sailing of Wierdling and Keewaydin, which came in from center to the home buoy side by side, Wierdling round the buoy one second in the lead. The times were:

20ft. Class—Start, 3:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cavite	4 51 58	1 41 58
Yankee	4 54 37	1 44 37
Mahto	Withdrew.	

20ft. Specials—Start, 3:15.

Harriet E.	4 37 33	1 22 33
Wierdling	4 41 50	1 26 50
Keewaydin	4 41 51	1 26 51
Torpedo	4 45 29	1 30 29

17ft. Class—Start, 3:15.

Xenia	4 39 36	1 24 36
Goblin	4 41 17	1 26 17

21ft. Sloops—Start, 3:20.

Falcon	4 46 58	1 26 58
Jennie R.	4 47 22	1 27 22
Pastime	4 48 15	1 28 15
Hornet	4 52 08	1 32 08

Larks—Start, 3:20.

Chippy	4 51 30	1 31 30
Gypsie	4 52 43	1 32 43
Broncho	4 53 02	1 33 02
Starling	4 57 45	1 37 45
Mudhen	4 58 26	1 38 26

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 15-17.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association's ninth annual tournament; $375 added; two-cent targets; Rose system. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.

Aug. 16.—Elkwood Park.—All-day sweepstake shooting.

Aug. 17.—West Chester, Pa.—First of intercity contests between ten-men teams of the Phoenix Gun Club, the West Chester Gun Club and the Shuler Gun Club.

Aug. 18.—Hackensack, N. J.—Hackensack River Gun Club's live-bird shoot at Heflich's grounds, Hackensack River Bridge, Paterson Plank Road. John L. Chartrand, Sec'y.

Aug. 19.—New Brunswick, N. J.—Central New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League contest, on grounds of Brunswick Gun Club.

Aug. 19.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Pennsylvania Club cup, 25 birds, $25; 12:30 P. M.

Aug. 20.—Jersey City, N. J.—Opening shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. A. L. Hughes, Sec'y.

Aug. 22.—Worcester, Mass.—All-day target shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; $40 added. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

Aug. 23.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Elliott-Crosby contest for E. C. cup, emblematic of target championship.

Aug. 23.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—West End handicap, 20 birds, $20, birds included; 12 noon.

Aug. 23-25.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—C. W. Budd and Fred Gilbert tournament; $300 added.

Aug. 25-26.—Chicago, Ill.—Tournament of the Eureka Gun Club; $100 added. Dr. C. W. Carson, 3872 Cottage Grove avenue, Sec'y.

Aug. 26.—Elkwood Park.—Grand national handicap, 50 birds, $50; 10 o'clock.

Aug. 30.—Elkwood Park.—Dewey handicap, 15 birds, $15; 1 o'clock.

Aug. 30-31.—Auburn Me.—State tournament on the grounds of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Elkwood Park.—Country Club handicap, 20 birds, $20; 11:30 o'clock.

Sept. 4.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Schenectady Gun Club's Labor Day shoot. H. D. Strong, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Fulton Gun Club's Labor Day shoot.

Sept. 5-7.—Omaha, Neb.—Du Pont Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. G. H. Moore, Sec'y.

Sept. 6.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—John Wright's live-bird shoot.

Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

Sept. 19-20.—Cherokee, Ia.—Cherokee Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. D. Anderson, Sec'y.

Sept. 19-21.—Hastings, Neb.—Amateur tournament of the Hastings Gun Club; $500 added; 2-cent targets. W. S. Duer, Manager.

Sept. 19-22.—Detroit, Mich.—Jack Parker's eighth international tournament; live birds and targets; $500 cash added.

Aug. 23.—Canton, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Canton Gun Club. J. C. Thompson, Jr., Sec'y.

Sept. 26-27.—Midway Park (Between Warren and Miles), Trumbull County, O.—The Rummell-Gaston tournament.

Sept. 28-29.—Alton, Ill.—Third annual open tournament of the Piasa Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.

Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds.

Oct. 23-28.—Nashville, Tenn.—Belle Meade Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Sec'y.

Nov. 21-22.—Sioux City, Ia.—Second annual live-bird tournament of the Soo Gun Club; added money in every event. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

1900.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Associations Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June —.—Tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, first week in June. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

On Wednesday of this week the Connecticut State League will hold a shoot on the grounds of the Parker Gun Club. Shooting commences at 9:30. The magautrap will be used. All shooters are invited. There are twelve events on the programme—165 targets—with a total entry of $10. The team race takes place immediately after the business meeting of the League. The club will give $15 to the winning team. Four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Refreshments will be provided. To reach the grounds take electric cars at Hanover street, near depot, to Hanover Park, Meriden, Conn. Mr. Geo. B. Thorpe, Sec'y.

The tournament of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, at Bay City, Mich., Aug. 2 and 3, was the occasion of many significant wins, the expert championship of the State going to H. Waruf, of Kalamazoo, both the semi-expert championship of the State and the live-bird championship of the State going to Frank Shearer, and the three-men team State championship was won by Messrs. Parker, Cox and Wolf, of Detroit. The best average of two days and the longest straight run was to the credit of Mr. Waruf. All used Peters cartridges.

Mr. John Parker's eighth annual international tournament, Sept. 19-22, at Detroit, Mich., is an international event, toward which the good will of all shooters centers. "Jack," as the boys endearingly address this popular manager, always has some novel feature which adds interest to the shooting. This year the programme is arranged as follows: The Peters Cartridge Company adds $500. There will be three days at targets, one day at live birds. Each target day $100 is added to the programme events; and $100 is added to the international live-bird event, which is at 25 birds, entrance $25, and international trophy, value $150, to winner; three wins are necessary to constitute a title. For the four days' general average there are $100 set apart, divided 35, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Of the ten target events each day four are open to all without a handicap; in six events the experts are handicapped as follows: A special set of five traps is arranged for them; two of the traps 16yds. from the score and 5ft. apart; two traps 21yds. from the score and 11yds. 2ft. apart, and one trap 45yds. from the score, used to throw incoming targets. The amateurs shoot on traps arranged after the Sergeant system. There will be contested each day at targets the individual target trophy, the individual team trophy and a free trip to St. Clair Flats, where there is shooting and fishing galore.

The programme of the Lake City Gun Club's sixth annual tournament, Warsaw, Ind., Aug. 23 and 24, is alike for each day. There are twelve events, of which six are at 10, two at 15, two at 20, and two at 25 targets. Shells and guns shipped care of the secretary, J. S. Campfield, will be delivered at the grounds free of charge. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Events held open for shooters arriving on forenoon trains. Targets 2 cents. Purses in 10-target events, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; all other events 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. Ten per cent. will be deducted and divided each day among the five high guns shooting through the day's programme. Shooting for price of targets not allowed until after the regular events are finished. Magautrap and bluerocks. The programme sets forth the following: "Reduced fare can be secured on all railroads by purchasing your tickets to Winona Assembly grounds, which is only a short distance from Warsaw. Ask your ticket agent for rates."

The programme of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, Aug. 22, can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. A. W. Walls, Worcester, Mass. There are ten events, of which the first four have 50 targets, three at 10, one at 20, with a total entrance of $3.50. The remaining six events have a total of 100 targets, with a total entrance of $10, and in these events (5 to 10 inclusive) Mr. A. B. F. Kinney will give $25 to the six highest averages, as follows: $8, $6, $4, $3, $2, and $2. At 2 o'clock a 100-target race will be shot, known traps, unknown angles, between Messrs. E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., and C. E. Forehand, of Worcester. Sweepstake purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Take Greendale cars; stop off at Huntington avenue.

There is an old saying that if one cannot eat oats one must eat hay; but that saying probably was in vogue before the carriage was horseless, or rather before the horse was carriageless. In either case the matter has nothing to do with lambs. On Sept. 4 the Parker Gun Club at its Labor Day shoot offers, in addition to the regular events, a sheepbake. This absolutely solves the intricate problem of an equal division of everything in sight among the men who cannot shoot or who can shoot, inasmuch as what a contest loses at targets he can in percentage make up on lamb, and what he gains on targets he can still more make up on lamb. This is an event in which the lambs will get the worst of it, for they will be cooked to a turn and eaten. Paste the date in your hat.

The Fulton Gun Club's all-day Labor Day shoot, Sept. 4, will commence at 10 o'clock. Targets thrown at 1½ cents. Optional sweepstakes. Handicap shoot for loving cup, entrance $1; 50 targets. Refreshments on grounds. The shoot takes place on Mr. Richard Oseing's farm, Crescent street and Plunder's Neck road, old Farmers' Club grounds. Take King's County L to Crescent Station. A ten minutes' walk toward the old mill, or the stages at the station, fare 5 and 10 cents, will land the visitor at the grounds.

Mr. J. S. S. Remsen, the president of the Brooklyn Gun Club, is spending the latter part of his vacation in Clinton county, New York, a month having nearly elapsed since he began his outing. With his father and mother he enjoyed a charming ride on the St. Lawrence from Montreal, Quebec, and up the Saguenay. In a letter to a friend Mr. Remsen naively adds: "You may tell the boys that the two most distinguished presidents, Mac and J. S. S. R., are ruling the northern portion of the State of New York."

Jas. Cowan, of Philadelphia, defeated Ed Johnson, of Atlantic City, N. J., in a match at 100 live sparrows per man, 21yds. rise, last week. The match took part of two days, as on the first day there were not enough sparrows; the second part of the match was shot on Friday, Aug. 11. Cowan won by 92 to 86. Cowan lost 7 dead out, only one bird of his 100 getting away. The match was for $250 a side—bona fide—with the addition of several fat side bets, as both parties were confident of winning.

Atlantic City, N. J., is likely to have a happy quarter of an hour before this month ends, for in addition to the E C cup dialectic debate between Messrs. Elliott and Crosby there is to be a matter of definition between Messrs. Elliott and Young anent the cast iron trophy. This will take place on Aug. 24, the day after the E C cup contest. The man who can go through this test without leaving any of his epidermis on the barbed wires is worthy of being hailed as great.

The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., is building a new power house, which will supplement the direct belted steam engine with a new up-to-date electric power plant. It will accommodate two compound high-speed engines, rated at 120 horse power each, with a corresponding battery of boilers. The firm expects to have the new work completed in October.

In our trap columns Mr. Edward Banks makes an expert criticism on the "N. P. L." system of division of purses at trapshoots, holding that the new system is but a perversion of the Rose system. If shooters are in good faith looking for a sterling equitable system, there is no improvement to be made on the Rose system. On this subject we are ready for debate.

On Sept. 4 the Parker Gun Club at its Labor Day shoot offers in addition to the regular events a sheepbake. This comes nearer to solving the intricate problem of a division of everything in sight among the shooters, for what a contestant loses in per cent. at targets he may make up on lamb, and in this case the lambs are literally cooked to a turn. Paste the date in your hat.

On Saturday morning, Aug. 12, Ed Johnson's backers posted with Sporting Life $50 to bind a challenge to shoot Mr. Harold B. Money a match at 100 live birds, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, for $250 or $500 a side. The only stipulation made was that the match should not be shot on Tom Morfey's grounds at Lyndhurst, N. J., as Mr. Johnson was not in favor of it.

Mr. T. W. Morfey has made a serious error in providing birds of such high quality that a gun, good eye and first-rate skill are necessary to snatch them out of the realm of goose eggs in the scores. And yet Messrs. Doty and Money made a pretty score on them. The real shooter should not hesitate to accept the hardest that can be presented.

At Washington Park, Kansas City, on Aug. 5, there was an excellent team race at 50 live birds, between Messrs. J. D. Sweet and C. S. Gottlieb on the one side and Messrs. N. Beach and W. S. Allen on the other. The first two killed 24 each; of the second two, Allen killed straight, while Mr. Beach got 23, the teams thus tieing on 48.

Mr. E. Hough, in "Western Traps," mentions that the Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, has violated some of the solemn traditional dogmas of the trapshooting world, inasmuch as it will give a tournament entirely free from the usufruct of the sandbag. You may read all about it in "Western Traps."

John Wright has considered that as chief functionary of the Brooklyn Gun Club his many pupils, who enjoy a course of instruction at his Polytechnic Shooting School, need a little diversion on live birds, so he has fixed on Sept. 6 as the date He will announce the curriculum later.

The Portland Gun Club, of Portland, Me., devoted to the Van Dyke memorial fund the proceeds of No. 3 event of the first day at its interstate tournament last week. This generous act netted the fund $15, and exhibited on the part of the club a measure of good will deserving of all praise.

Dr. W. L. Gardiner, of San Antonio, Texas, will be a visitor in New York for some weeks, and the competition at John Wright's shoots for the gun and free entry to the G. A. H. will be correspondingly warmed up. The Doctor is a warm shooter when in good form.

Mr. Jack Parker, of the Peters Cartridge Company, was a visitor in New York on Monday of this week, and reports business as being first rate. His firm's new shotgun shell, Peters Ideal, he describes as being up to date in every particular.

Messrs. Fanning and Hallowell are contemplating a race of endurance and skill, 500 or 1,000 targets in an afternoon. There are others who have an eye on this event, which is likely to take place in the near or remote future.

The secretary of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, Mr. Henry L. Gates, informs us that the first week in June, 1900, is fixed upon for its forty-second tournament at Utica, N. Y.

The next contest for the target championship, of which the E C cup is the emblem, is fixed to take place at Atlantic City, N. J., at 11:30, between Messrs. Elliott the holder, and the challenger, respectively.

At the monthly shoot of the Stock Yards Gun Club, Kansas City, Aug. 5, Mr. R. K. Campbell was the winner, with a straight score of 25 kills, 18 of which were made with one barrel.

Mr. G. W. Stockwell killed 24 out of 25 birds at the medal shoot of the Veteran Gun Club, Kansas City, Aug. 5.

BERNARD WATERS.

Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

Aug. 12.—There was rather a light attendance to-day at the fourth tournament of the series of the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League. The shooting was inferior to the real capabilities of those present. In the team race, three-men, 25 targets, unknown angles, the scores were as follows, that of the Independent Gun Club, 63 out of 75, being the winning score:

Independent Gun Club—Ridge 23, Wolstencroft 18, Longnecker 22; total, 63.

Florist Gun Club Team No. 1—Anderson 21, Cartledge 19, Hallowell 21; total 61.

Glenwillow Gun Club Team No. 1—Cowan 20, McFalls 17, Free 22; total, 59.

Silver Lake Gun Club Team No. 1—O'Brien 22, Winchester 17, Edwards 15; total, 54.

Southwark Gun Club Team No. 2—Downing 12, Fox 20, Peden 21; total, 53.

Keystone Shooting League Team No. 1—Johnson 19, Henry 19, Franklin 12; total, 50.

Clearview Gun Club—Fisher 16, Senat 16, Miller 17; total, 49.

Southwark Gun Club Team No. 2—Burt 13, Fisher 16, Woodstager 17; total, 46.

Florist Gun Club Team No. 2—Harris 18, Bell 13, Smith 15; total, 46.

Florist Gun Club—Hancock 10, Eziah 12, Mills 20; total, 42.

Southwark Gun Club Team No. 1—Wilert 8, Felix 14, Ford 19; total, 41.

Individual membership handicap, 30 targets, 15 known, 15 unknown angles, the results were as follows:

Back score: Hallowell 27, Longnecker 25, Franklin 24, Park 23, George 17.

Regular score: Ridge 28, De Houpt 25, O'Brien 25, Ford 26, H. Fisher 24, Longnecker 24, Smith 24, Cartledge 24, Senat 24, Redifer 23, Edwards 23, Winchester 23, Park 21, Russell 21, Felix 21, Hallowell 20, Anderson 20, Bell 19, J. Fisher 19, Burt 19, Franklin 18, George 17, McFalls 16, Miller 14, Puff 13, Morrison 14.

Banks was the only contestant who shot through the sweepstake events, and he outshot his competitors.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Banks	10	13	10	13	9	11	9	15	9	11
Wolstencroft	10	11	10	13	10	14	9	..	..	..
Fanning	9	13	10	11	10	..	10	..	..	..
De Houpt	9	12	9	10	9	..	7	..	..	
Redifer	9	11	..	..	8	..	..	13	..	10
Franklin	9	8	..	15	7	9	..	9	..	4
Dorp	9	..	5	..	6	8	4	6	4	9
Ridge	8	12	9	13	9	15	..	14	..	12
Longnecker	7	14	7	11	9	11	..	..	..	
Harris	7	9	8	13	8	11	4	..	6	13
Fisher	7	7	..	..	8	14	..	..	..	
O'Brien	7	14	7	11	10	..	8	14	..	..
Hallowell	6	10	9	15	..	..	10	..	..	..
Urian	6	8	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Davis	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bell	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Jones	4	5	..	..	7	..	7	..	..	
Preden	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Butts	..	10	..	12	5	..	..	..	..	..
Burt	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Henry	..	6	5	..	4	11	8	8	7	..
Miller	..	6	..	..	7	8	..	..	..	..
Cowan	..	..	..	13	..	..	5	..	..	13
Anderson	..	..	..	8	10	13	10	12	..	12
Westcott	..	..	..	7	3	7	3	8	6	6
Cartledge	..	..	..	7	..	15	9	..	..	15
Kirk	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Fox	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	..	..	..
Downing	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
George	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Betson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	13
Senat	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	12
Puff	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	13
Free	..	..	..	..	5	8	..	..	..	..
Raich	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..

Trap at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 10.—At Westport to-day there was a race in which was displayed extraordinary skill, the event being the contest for a gold medal given by the management. There were sixteen contestants, and the conditions called for 100 targets. At the end of the first 50 Schultze was high man with 49, Malone second, 48; Fox third, 47; Lupus fourth, 46; Storr fifth, 45, and Hawkins had 44. At the end of the 75th round Schultze led with 72, Lupus second with 70, Storr third with 69 and Malone and Fox fourth with 68. Hawkins withdrew. The finish was exciting, the three leaders going thereafter to the end without a miss. Schultze won by the high score of 97 out of a possible 100. Schultze, who arrived late, shot his last 25 under great difficulty, the rain falling in torrents.

The longest run of the day was made by Capt. Malone. He broke 78 straight. A peculiar thing about the medal shoot was that all high men had one bad round of 25, with the exception of the winner. The winning of the event, a popular one, stamps Schultze as one of the finest trap shots in the State. The first four events in the annexed table constitute the 100-target medal race. The fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth events were races at 10 targets:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	10	10	10	10	Targets:	25	25	25	25	10	10	10	10
Schultze	24	25	23	25	..	..	..	10	Billy	20	19	19	19	7	8	..	9
Storr	24	21	24	25	..	..	..	10	Higgins	18	18	18	21	..	..	..	..
Malone	24	24	20	25	..	..	6	10	J M Reef	15	19	19	21	6	7	7	..
Fox	24	23	21	22	9	8	9	10	Hawkins	22	22	22	..	..	..	9	..
Leland	22	22	22	24	10	9	9	..	Hill	24	21	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lupus	23	23	24	19	8	..	..	..	Stansbury	20	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stanley	21	20	20	24	..	..	..	..	Baughman	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Reef	17	19	23	20	7	..	..	..	Rooney	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

The order of the three leaders was: Schultze 97, Storr 91, Malone 91.

On the 29th ult. I had a unique experience on Loch Cama, Sutherlandshire. I was trolling a 4in. trout on a No. 8 hook with two large triangles. I was winding in my line, and when there was about 20yds. out a sea gull pounced down upon the bait. I reeled in quickly, whereupon the gull flew about 20ft. in the air with the bait in his mouth. Continuing to reel up, I pulled the fish out of his bill, but he swooped down upon it and seized it almost as soon as it touched the water and again bore it aloft, when my reeling up dragged it from him once more. The gull took the bait for the third time, and only decided to abandon the chase when I had reeled up to within 10yds. of the boat. The trout was, of course, very much torn, but I think the gull kept clear of the hooks. The common gull on Loch Cama breeds in great numbers on the largest island. They are very determined birds, and drive all intruders (including cattle, which daily swim from the mainland) very summarily away. Last year I saw a rook, which had evidently been too close to the nests, being driven away from the island by over a dozen gulls. The victim tried his utmost to escape from his pursuers; but they stuck closely to him and beat him down into the water, frustrating every attempt he made to rise. They continued attacking him for about a quarter of an hour, and did not leave him until my boat was close upon them. When I picked the rook up it was quite dead.—London Field.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Eureka First Annual Target Tournament.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 12.—That enterprising and progressive shooting company Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, has this week determined to take one more step forward in the way of progress. Meetings have been held by the board of directors, and it has been determined to hold a two days' target tournament, one of more than usual importance, the dates being Aug. 25 and 26. The club will add $100 cash, and will do this out of its own resources, and will not solicit a single sporting goods house for a dollar or a favor, being eminently able to stand on its own strength when it gives a shoot. This will be a first-class shoot; of that everybody may be assured, for Eureka does not do things by halves. The grounds at Seneyty-ninth street and Vincennes avenue are amply outfitted to take care of the crowd, and there will be hot refreshments, hot ammunition and a hot time guaranteed. Please let all shooters paste Eureka date in their hats.

This movement of Eureka Club in holding a target shoot just upon the eve of the opening of the fall shooting season is one requiring a certain determination, for by that time the target season will be drawing to a close, or at least to a brief pause. Yet it is quite sure that this club will give a good shoot, and that it will be well patronized, both by local and non-resident talent. The intention is the unselfish one of stepping into the breach of a dead time in Chicago shooting and giving the boys something to stir things up a bit. We have nothing on our shooting strings of special interest at this moment outside of the club events. Our celebrated Cook County League is defunct, our live-bird medals are all shot out to a finish, and things are too dull to be desirable. Eureka wishes to whoop matters up a bit, and it is to be hoped and believed that she will do this in her usual successful and thorough-going fashion. The boys will do well to come and bring their knitting with them. There will be a magautrap and a set of five expert traps on the side.

The secretary of Eureka Gun Club is Dr. C. W. Carson, 3872 Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, and he will mail programmes of Eureka tournament on application. It should be borne in mind that this tournament is proposed as the first annual shoot of the club, and it is the intention to make a fixture of this summer target shoot; so it is hoped that the patronage will be such that the matter shall at the first step go beyond the stage of experiment.

Chicago Badge Shoots.

The movement to continue in effect the lively live-bird series which is now closed and retired is taking form rapidly, and will probably result in an extension of the open medal idea. The boys are taking up subscriptions at $5 apiece for the purpose of purchasing a suitable championship medal, which will be contested for in open shoots much after the rules governing the Montgomery Ward medal shoots. There will be the opportunity to shoot for the medal alone or for the purse, as may be desired, as has been earlier mentioned in these columns. This series, if established, will give the local gun lovers something to keep them busy. Just at this writing there is but little on the shooting boards of this town.

Canton.

The twenty-fourth annual amateur tournament of the Canton Gun Club, of Illinois, will be held Aug. 23. Sergeant system. Bluerocks. J. C. Thompson, Sec'y.

Don't Have to Travel.

Lovers of the tournament game may perhaps miss now and then at the score the familiar face of Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co. It seems that Mr. McMurchy is not traveling very much because he does not have to travel, and indeed is afraid to travel, lest he be troubled with too many orders. This is more like good times, though it is rough on the firm, as well as the shooters. Mr. McMurchy advises me as below:

"I am pleased to write you that we are very busy indeed, and simply covered with orders. We shall be compelled to refuse orders for at least 1,500 L. C. Smith guns this year. We are enlarging our plant, and hope to increase our production one-third next year over anything we have ever turned out heretofore. I shall no doubt be in your city this fall; at present do not travel any, as can receive no orders except for special guns."

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Aug. 12.—The following scores were made on our grounds to-day. The weather was fine, but quite sultry. The targets dipped badly, and the scores were somewhat disappointing as a consequence. Dr. Shaw won Class A medal on the splendid score of 24. John Wolff and A. Hellman tied on 20 for B medal; which was won by Wolff in the shoot-off. Smith, Cornelson and J. Fanning tied for Class C medal on 14, which was finally won by Cornelson in a shoot-off.

Quite a number of visitors were present, several ladies being among the number, and all seemed to enjoy themselves.

Team shoot:

Hicks' team: Hicks 15, Dr. Meek 13, J. Wolff 12, N. Ford 11, Mrs. Shaw 10, Dr. Mathews 9, S. Young 8, Workman 0, Pollard 9, Stricklik 10, L. Wolff, Sr., 8, L. Wolff, Sr., 3; total 108.

Dr. Shaw's team: Dr. Shaw 15, Richards 12, Hellman 12, Smedes 7, Parker, Jr., 9, Cornelson 12, Fanning 12, Smith 13, Dr. O'Byrne 5, Thomas 7, L. Wolff, Sr., 3; total 107.

Trophy shoot:

L Thomas	1000110001110001111011000—12
N Ford	0111101111010001010111111—17
Pollard	0011100110001010011101111—14
Workman	0110101010111111100010100—14
Dr Meek	0100001101111111110111111—18
Dr Shaw	1110111111111111111111111—24
Mrs Shaw	1101110100110111111001011—17
Hellman	1110111101011111110111011—20
Richards	0010011011111111101111101—18
Smedes	1101100110110100111100001—14
J Wolff	1110101101111111101111011—20
L Wolff, Sr.	1011000011110001000000000— 8
J Fanning	0100011101010111011100101—14
F Smith	1111001100100101111100010—14
Cornelson	0010100101100011111101101—14
Neal	1101111111111100111111111—22
Dr O'Byrne	0011001101111100011000010—12
Stricklik	1010101110000000101110101—12
Young	0110110001010110110110010—13
Dr Mathews	1010111101111001011011111—18
J G Parker	1101100110111101010111101—17
L Graham	1101110111100111101110011—18
Fariny	1101111010110100101001111—16
Hicks	0111111111111111100111011—21

Events:	1	3	5	6	Events:	1	3	5	6
Targets:	15	10	15	*	Targets:	15	10	15	*
L Thomas	5	4	..	..	J Wolff, Sr.	7	4	..	..
N Ford	9	5	7	..	J Fanning	12	7	8	..
Pollard	3	3	..	..	F Smith	9	3	..	..
Workman	9	7	..	..	Parker	9	..	..	..
Dr Meek	12	7	..	..	Cornelson	8	8	9	5
Dr Shaw	11	9	..	..	Stricklik	..	7	..	..
Hellman	11	6	11	..	Dr O'Byrne	..	6	..	..
Mrs Shaw	10	..	..	..	Young	..	6	..	..
Richards	13	10	9	5	Dr Mathews	..	8	..	..
Smedes	9	2	8	5	Hicks	..	..	14	8
J Wolff	8	8	11	3					

*Five pairs.

Eureka Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 12.—This was a perfect day for shooting. In the trophy event W. D. Stannard won in Class A with 24. H. B. Morgan won in Class B. Dr. Morton won in Class D.

In the Mussey shoot Mr. V. L. Cunnyngham won with a score of 24 out of 26, 15 singles and 5 pairs.

On Aug. 25 and 26 the Eureka Gun Club will give a two days' shoot, with $100 added money; no one barred.

In the first event scores were made as follows: F. P. Stannard 22, Mrs. Carson 13, H. B. Morgan 21, E. Steck 19, V. L. Cunnyngham 22, W. Sprague 23, J. L. Jones 19.

The scores in the trophy event follow:

F P Stannard	1111111111110111111101011—22
Mrs Carson	0011101101110100111111100—16
H B Morgan	1110111011011111111110010—19
Dr Carson	0111101101111101100101100—16
Ed Steck	1110110110111111011111111—21
V L Cunnyngham	1111111111111110111111110—23
W W Sprague	0110111000110111100110110—15
J L Jones	1101001011110101000011000—13
Dr Morton	1101111011100111111111111—21
W D Stannard	1111111111111111111111101—24

Mussey contest:

F P Stannard, 26	111011111111111	00 11 10 00 00 00	—17
H B Morgan, 30	110011101101110	00 11 01 11 11 10 111	—21
Ed Steck, 25	111110110011111	11 01 10 11 11	—20
V L Cunnyngham, 26	111110111111111	11 11 10 11 11 1	—24
J L Jones, 31	101111110111111	11 11 10 00 11 01 01010	—23
*Dr Morton	111010100101011	01 11 11 00 00	—14
W D Stannard, 26	111110111110111	11 11 11 11 11 0	—23
*Dr Carson	111111111001011	10 01 01 10 11	—18

*For birds only.

Match:

V. L. Cunnyngham 19, F. P. Stannard 19, H. B. Morgan 16, Dr. Morton 14; total, 68.

W. D. Stannard, 19, Ed Steck 18; J. L. Jones 12, Mrs. Carson 15; total, 64.

Match:

V. L. Cunnyngham, 15, F. P. Stannard 18, H. B. Morgan 16, Dr. Morton 14; total 63.

W. D. Stannard 19, Ed Steck 18, J. L. Jones 12, Mrs. Carson 12; total, 61.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Aug. 12.—A pleasant afternoon shoot was that of the Brooklyn Gun Club to-day. The weather was exceedingly sultry, through the absence of wind, and the consequent calmness was favorable to good scores.

Dr. A. A. Webber created something of a sensation by appearing on the grounds in his new automobile, accompanied by Mr. E. A. Apperson, of Kokomo, Ind., the manufacturer of the carriage, and one of the crackerjack shots of his own section.

The main contest was for the merchandise prize, a fine shell case, hung up for competition by John Wright after the shoot had begun. The scores were good, and seven tied for it. In the shoot-off there were three left, and of these Dr. Smith withdrew, which left the finish to Dr. Webber and Apperson, the former winning on a straight score of 15 by 1 target. This was a handicap event, with misses added as breaks. The scores:

Waters	1011111111011111111101111—22—3—25
Dudley	1111111101111111111111111—24—2—25
Chambers	1111111111011011111011111—22—4—25
Ashley	1111111111111111111011111—24—3—25
Apperson	1011111111111111111111111—24—2—25
Hopkins	1010110010100011001111111—15—5—20
Smith	1011111101110111111111110—21—6—25
Tuttle	0011110101011110001111111—17—5—22
David	1111111111111111111101110—23—5—25
Lane	1111000010011001101001110—13—5—18

Shoot-off, ties, 25 targets:

Waters	1101011011111011111111111—21—3—24
Dudley	1110111111101111011101111—21—2—23
Chambers	1111111100111101001000101—16—4—20
Ashley	1111111111111011011111111—23—3—25
Apperson	1110101111111111111111111—23—2—25
Smith	1110101111111111111011111—22—6—25
David	0010111101111011110011011—17—6—23

Shoot-off, two ties, 15 targets:

Apperson .....111111111110111—14 Ashley .....111111111111111—15

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	*	15	25	15	20	†
Waters	7	15	16	15	20	12	17	22
Dudley	10	13	19	14	25	14	15	22
Van Alden	8	13	17	14	..	..	..	..
Chambers	..	..	13	13	19	11	19	17
Tuttle	..	..	14	13	20	8	12	19
Hopkins	..	..	..	9	16	10	13	15
Lane	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Ashley	..	..	..	..	22	13	18	21
Dr Smith	..	..	..	..	15	12	15	19
Apperson	..	..	..	..	23	14	19	21
Stillman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17
David	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16

*No. 3, 10 singles 5 pairs.

†No. 8, 15 singles, 5 pairs.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, Aug. 13.—The scores of the Hudson Gun Club's last shoot are appended. There was a fair attendance of members, although the day was exceedingly hot. Charley Dudley and Mr. Pape were shooting new guns, and this accounts for their seemingly poor scores. Everything will be in readiness for the shoot of Aug. 20, and the club as a whole will try to make visiting shooters at home.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Schorty	8	9	7	7	7	4	8	9	9	10	9
Dudley	7	9	9	10	3	..	8	10	8	9	7
Hughes	7	5	8	8	7	6	7	..	..	..	..
Van Dyne	7	8	7	8	7	8	7	8	..	..	..
Bock	..	..	7	7	8	7	6	9	..	..	..
Banta	..	..	8	8	9	9	8	4	..	..	..
Altz	..	..	6	3	6	6	7	..	..	..	..
Schields	..	..	9	9	8	9	8	10	7	9	10
Wigger	..	..	..	3	5	6	..	..	3	1	4
O'Brien	..	..	..	6	..	8	..	7	..	..	..
Pape	..	..	..	2	5	3	5	3	2	2	3
Doran	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Heritage	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brewer	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	7	..	..	..
Whitley	..	..	..	..	7	6	9	6	..	..	5
Pape, Jr.	..	..	..	..	4	3	4	..	..	..	..
Tommy	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..

A. L. HUGHES, Sec'y.

Minneapolis Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 11.—The number of shooters at yesterday's shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club was thirty-five, which is the best attendance for several weeks, but still not up to what it should be.

The shooting was extremely difficult, owing to the strong, puffy wind, the scores not being up to the usual standard, although fair, the conditions considered.

The club offered as a prize in the Schlitz event an elegant couch robe, which was won by Remington with a score of 19 and a 4-bird allowance, thereby beating Mrs. Johnston and Biffton by 1 bird.

In the Paegel badge the club offered a handsome imported German stein, which was won by Johnston, the entrance money in this event going to the Humane Society. Mrs. Johnston did the best shooting, taking first average Johnston second, Shattuck third, Neeley fourth, Jones fifth, and Remington sixth, the balance being well bunched for positions.

Among the visitors were two ladies who shoot, Mrs. Melick and Mrs. Adams, both doing excellent in the practice shoots. The club will give prizes next week, and desires a full attendance of the members. Visitors are invited to shoot next week, as a large number of spectators were much interested yesterday, but failed to bring guns and ammunition, as they did not know they would be permitted to participate. The following are the scores of the afternoon's regular events:

Val Blatz diamond badge, 15 singles, unknown angles: Johnston 11, Biffton 10, Neeley 13, Dr. Bill 13, Jones 10, Mrs. Johnston 14, L. F. Kennedy 11, Morrison 4, Black 11, Gilfillan 10, Remington 12, Nelson 13, Sully 12, Wood 8, Melick 10, Mrs. Melick 4, Cooper 9, Willis 3, Moore 4, Simcox 9, Trapton 9, Stone 12, Shattuck 13, Wintersohn 3, Noerenberg 9, Gerber 6, Chamberlin 6.

Mrs. Johnston won badge.

Schlitz diamond badge, 25 singles, unknown angles: Johnston 20, Biffton 22, Neeley 21, Dr. Bill 18, Jones 20, Mrs. Johnston 22, L. F. Kennedy 12, Morrison 10, Black 10, Gilfillan 16, Remington 19, Nelson 21, Sully 14, Woolf 15, Trapton 11, Simcox 12, Shattuck 20, Wintersohn 11, Moore 6, Willis 8, Chamberlin 15, Bryant 16, Noerenberg 14, Gerber 16, Gallaher 16, Melick 12, Cooper 16, Stone 14, Daniels 11, Barber 5.

Remington, amateur, had 4 birds allowance. He won badge and couch robe.

Paeger challenge badge, 25 singles, unknown angles: Johnston 21, Biffton 19, Neth 17, Dr. Bill 15, Jones 17, Mrs. Johnston 19, L. F. Kennedy 15, Black 15, Gilfillan 16, Remington 17, Nelson 16, Sully 16, Woolf 16, Trapton 9, Stone 15, Shattuck 16, Adams 15, Bryant 15, Fox 12, Chamberlin 15, Noerenberg 19, Gerber 13, Melick 13, Mrs. Melick 10, Cooper 15. Johnston won badge and German stein.

Club badge, 10 singles, unknown; 5 pairs, known angles:

Johnston	1111111111	11 10 10 10 00—15
Neeley	1111100111	10 11 10 01 10—14
Dr Bill	1111100010	11 00 10 10 10—11
Jones	1111111111	10 11 10 10 11—17
Mrs Johnston	1111011111	10 11 10 10 10—15
L F Kennedy	1111010000	11 10 00 01 10—10
Black	0101111011	10 11 00 10 10—12
Remington	0011101011	01 10 01 10 00—10
Shattuck	1111111111	11 01 11 10 10—17
Chamberlin	0011001111	10 00 10 01 00— 9

Noerenberg and Gerber withdrew.

Jones and Shattuck tied for senior badge and Jones withdrew.

Shattuck won senior badge, Black won junior badge, Neeley won amateur badge.

Fort Smith Gun Club

FORT SMITH, Ark., Aug. 11.—It was 104 in the shade, but it didn't keep the cranks at home, and the regular weekly shoot was run off as usual Thursday afternoon. Those present had an enjoyable time, as the traps worked well and the hardest birds of the season were thrown, which had a tendency to cut down the scores.

Matthews won the Class A medal in hollow fashion on 23 out of 25, none of the shooters being within 6 birds of him.

Walter Mulraney won Class B medal for the second time, on this occasion, however, having good strong competition in the persons of Judge Oglesby and Messrs. Trobridge and Boyd. Walter wasn't a bit scared at their chaffing, and shot steadily along. When the smoke cleared away he was found to be a two-time winner of Class B medal, which, according to the rules, places him in Class A, where he will have trouble.

Mrs. Frank Coffey and her guests, Mr. and Mrs. Healy, of Fayetteville, honored the club with their presence, and seemed much interested in the shooting. Mrs. Coffey again gave the club her time and attention as scorekeeper, at which trying position she has become an expert.

Frank Coffey and Judge Oglesby got tangled up in a side bet, and contrary to custom the Judge lost, but it didn't seem to affect his spirits much, judging from his happy effort later in the evening at the banquet given in honor of Lieut. Eberle, of the Oregon.

As several members will be away next Thursday attending the State tournament at Little Rock, there will probably be no shoot here on that day.

A team composed of Matthews, Leach, Durden and Hunt or Oglesby will probably represent Fort Smith at the State shoot at Little Rock in the four-men team race for a trophy representing the team championship of the State. The Fort Smith contingent expects to bring home the individual and the team championship medals.

We can also have the annual tournament here next year if we want it. Do we want it?

Following are the scores. Medal race:

Matthews	0111111111111101111111111—23
Leach	1110101101110101111010011—17
Hunt	0110011010111110101101111—17
Coffey	0001100111101110100111011—15
Mulraney	0110100011101101001011111—15
Boyd	0110000111011001011011011—14
Oglesby	0001100001011011111001111—14
Trobridge	1010110101010111100100100—13

Team race, 25 birds:

Matthews team—Matthews 22, Oglesby 13; Hunt 11, Trobridge 10—56.

Boyd's team—Boyd 10, Leach 21, Coffey 16, Mulraney 12—59.

Boyd's team won by 3 birds. SECRETARY.

Concerning the N. P. L. System.

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Aug. 12 I notice a communication from Stanstead, in which he describes a system of dividing purses at trapshooting contests. This system he calls the "N. P. L. System."

The N. P. L. system, while quite equitable, is not new, as it is after all nothing but the Rose system slightly elaborated. The elaboration is not, to my way of thinking, any improvement. It makes the difference between first and second moneys too small, in that respect very slosely resembling the Equitable system, the chief defect of which is that it draws so slight a distinction between the winnings of first and fourth or of first and second.

In the example quoted by Stanstead the N. P. L. system shows up well for the reason that it is an extreme case. I have carefully gone through a lot of scores and cannot find any that resemble even slightly the suppositious case he quotes. In his example there are twenty entries, and only eight of the twenty score 13 or better—that is to say, there are twelve contributors who are out of the money. Such a case might have happened five years ago, but nowadays the boys shoot too well—that is, those who shoot for "the money." Those who can't shoot well enough to break 65 per cent. or better every time, shoot "for targets only." They are wiser than they used to be, having learned wisdom by reason of experience.

No system at present devised is more equitable than the Rose system, and no system is more easily handled in the cashier's office. In these two respects I claim it is the best of all, and by changing the ratio points to suit, the system is well adapted for tournaments, or for club shoots where local wolves stick their teeth into the fleeces of local lambs—for a time. EDWARD BANKS.

East Side Gun Club

SAGINAW, Mich. Aug. 10.—The day was of the best weather, and there was a large crowd of spectators. There were five events, 15 targets each, and shooting commenced at 10 o'clock. Best averages were made by Fred Meidlein and J. Cotter.

The following are the scores in the five events:

	1	2	3	4	5		1	2	3	4	5
Events:						Events:					
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	Targets:	15	15	15	15	15
W Barton	8	1	4	11	9	Frank Debeck	2	5	3	1	2
H G Krogmann	13	10	9	10	14	Chas Andrae	5	8	4	8	7
Ed Carpenter	14	10	10	12	10	J Brechtelsbauer	4	7	5	12	9
J B Baum	10	9	8	12	7	J M Messner	8	11	14	12	8
E Plues	6	9	3	10	9	Berling	4	6	5	5	5
V Kindler	7	5	2	3	7	W C Held	4	4	11	7	11
F Baumgartner	12	11	10	9	11	F A Bastian	11	9	8	8	9
Jos Smith	2	2	1	4	4	L Dambacher	8	8	10	8	13
Harry Mosier	13	10	9	12	11	G R Endert	3	7	8	10	10
John Cotter	14	11	13	11	15	F Wolf	1	3	4	6	11
Jacob Henny	9	7	5	6	9	R Tremper	8	7	7	8	7
F Meidlein	13	11	11	10	12	Chas Henning	2	4	3	3	4
J Lafayette	11	10	7	5	8	J Wolf	4	3	9	6	6
F Tucker	11	10	8	10	13	G Seed	13	9	10	10	9
W M Nouggle	9	9	5	6	10	Martindale	4	3	9	4	4
Noe	5	2	7	6	9	C C Deitrich	0	4	2	1	5
Frank Lord	5	4	3	5	10	F H Allen	8	14	12	10	8
James Willhite	8	10	13	11	8	Dr Corlette	2	2	3	5	6
H Henny	6	10	7	10	8	Kaiser	8	4	6	7	8
J Popp	5	9	9	6	8	Joseph Dietz	0	4	6	7	5
F Mohr	7	7	5	6	5	C Mathewson	6	5	7	8	8
Geo Lamb	7	7	7	5	6	J Mathewson	5	4	4	4	2
Geo Zeigen	2	7	7	6	5						

Soo Gun Club.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Aug. 11.—Ninety-eight in the shade and no breeze was the weather that greeted the members of the Soo Gun Club on the afternoon of Aug. 10, at the tenth shoot of the summer series. The scores were as follows:

Hunter, 0	1111111011111111101111111111011 —27
Boyer, 6	1100101011011111101101011111111—22—6—28
Meyer, 2	1110111111111111111001110110111O—24—2—26
Gray, 2	1010111111111111101101111101110—24—2—26
Chapman, 5	0010110111101111111111111011111—24—5—29
Boyd	1111101111110111111111111010100 —24
Duncan	1111111110111011111111111011111 —27
Kortright	1111110100111111111110111111111 —26
Langers	1111100101101111111011111111111 —25
Keefe, 1	1000101101011111111111101111110l—23—1—24
Leach	1111111111111111111011111110111 —28
Hollar, 6	0000000000000010011100000000111— 7—6—13

WANEGHA.

Catchpole Gun Club.

Wolcott, N. Y., Aug. 5.—The midsummer shooting tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club, held on Aug. 3 and 4, was a success in every way. The attendance was good, although some shooters who always attend the tournaments given by our club were detained by business matters.

The weather was very fine for trap-shooting, and everything passed off like clockwork. There was as fine a lot of gentlemen present as can be found in the State. Among them were Messrs. Tuttle, Knapp, Knox and Brigden, of Auburn, N. Y.; McCord, Mosher, Borst and Norton, of Rochester, N. Y.; Denny, Whitney and Tallett, of Watertown, N. Y.; Dalley and Morris, of Baldwinsville, N. Y.; Hunter, Chapman and Wayte, of Fulton, N. Y.; Wride, of Sodus, N. Y., and many others from adjoining towns. Mr. J. R. Hull, of Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn., came in afternoon of Friday, and shot finely in a few events. The programme called for eight events on Thursday, Aug. 3, and twelve events on Friday, Aug. 4. Event No. 8 on Friday was the merchandise event, of 20 targets. There were twenty-seven shooters entered in this event, and a list of thirty-two prizes was presented to the club by the business men, so every shooter was sure of capturing a prize. Mr. Chapman, of Fulton, N. Y., was high, breaking 20 straight, and had first choice, closely followed by Mr. Denny, of Watertown, N. Y., and Mr. Fowler, of the home club, with 19 each to their credit. The targets were thrown hard from the magautrap, and the shooting was very even. Mr. F. McCord, of Rochester, was high man for the entire programme, closely followed by other shooters, as by referring to the averages as shown here one will see that among the ten shooters who shot through the entire programme there was only a difference of 24 targets from the leader to the lowest, or a difference of 9 per cent. shooting of the 260 targets, the highest man breaking 229 out of 260 shot at, and the lowest breaking 205.

Following is the general average of those who shot through the programme, also the full score:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
McCord	260	229	.880	Wride	260	212	.810
Dalley	260	227	.870	Morris	260	212	.810
Denny	260	224	.860	Mosher	260	208	.800
Knapp	260	222	.850	Brigden	260	206	.790
Tuttle	260	219	.840	Wadsworth	260	205	.790

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12		
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	20	10	20	10	15	10	15	Shot at.	Broke.
Tuttle	8	13	8	11	10	16	10	18	9	12	9	15	160	134
Knapp	9	13	9	9	7	19	7	18	9	14	10	14	160	138
Brigden	8	13	8	13	8	17	8	16	7	9	7	13	160	125
Dalley	9	13	10	13	7	19	9	18	9	14	8	12	160	141
Morris	8	14	8	11	6	18	7	13	9	8	8	10	160	125
Mosher	8	12	7	12	8	15	8	14	7	11	10	12	160	124
McCord	9	12	8	14	10	16	9	16	10	14	10	12	160	140
Wayte	8	9	6	10	6	12	8	14	7	..	..	..	120	89
Wride	9	12	10	13	7	18	7	17	8	12	9	9	160	131
Wadsworth	8	13	9	12	7	16	7	14	9	12	8	11	160	126
Denny	9	12	10	13	8	16	9	19	8	13	8	13	160	138
Tallett	8	11	6	10	9	17	8	13	6	..	..	..	120	93
Whitney	8	11	8	9	6	17	7	15	6	10	8	..	145	117
Chapman	9	12	8	11	8	..	9	20	9	..	6	..	110	92
Hunter	6	10	7	..	5	..	8	14	8	..	6	..	95	64
Fowler	7	..	7	..	..	..	7	19	7	..	9	9	85	65
Uncle Ben	9	..	5	..	..	..	7	17	..	..	..	..	50	38
Rich	..	..	..	8	7	9	3	12	..	..	6	..	85	45
Cook	..	..	..	..	9	15	6	12	..	..	5	..	70	47
Compson	..	..	..	..	9	13	..	17	9	..	5	..	70	53
Norton	..	..	..	..	..	14	6	13	5	4	..	..	75	42
Borst	..	..	..	..	..	17	8	12	8	13	..	12	90	70
Reckman	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	7	11	10	..	65	52
Knox	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	4	..	..	..	30	18
Burk	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	30	21
*Hull	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	9	14	45	41
Cosad	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	20	10
Van Husen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	20	9

* Targets only.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.
Tuttle	9	11	9	13	9	12	7	15	100	85
Knapp	8	12	8	12	7	13	10	14	100	84
Brigden	7	10	10	14	9	9	9	13	100	81
Dalley	7	14	8	13	10	14	9	11	100	86
Morris	8	15	10	14	9	12	7	12	100	87
Mosher	9	13	8	14	10	9	9	12	100	84
McCord	9	15	9	15	7	11	10	13	100	89
Wadsworth	10	11	8	12	7	11	8	12	100	79
Wride	8	11	6	13	8	14	8	13	100	81
Wayte	8	10	5	11	6	7	9	13	100	74
Beach	9	13	7	13	8	10	..	..	75	60
Uncle Ben	7	..	6	..	9	..	8	..	40	30
Whitney	6	8	9	11	8	10	8	13	100	73
Denney	7	14	8	15	8	13	9	12	100	86
Tallett	10	14	9	11	10	11	9	12	100	86
Fowler	8	12	9	..	..	..	..	10	12	60	51
Burk	8	..	6	..	8	..	9	..	40	31
Cosad	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8

There were four moneys; entrance 75 cents and $1.

E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

Re Pigeon Shooting.

There has been more or less agitation in the matter of cruelty in pigeon shooting, chiefly by members of prevention of cruelty societies, and in view of this, the following decisions, rendered by able jurists, may be of interest and value to those who suffer from the mistaken zeal of such men as imagine that their personal whims and vagaries are true standards of what is cruel and what is not.

The first case is from the records of the Quarter Sessions Court of Allegheny county, Pa., 1892, and was quite an important one, being the Commonwealth vs. Denny et al. The defendants were acquitted. The judge's charge was as follows:

"Gentlemen: Each of these defendants is separately indicted for cruelty to animals, in that he did unlawfully and wantonly shoot, wound, abuse and ill-treat one pigeon each, belonging to said J. O'H. Denny and E. H. McWhorter. This was on the 21st day of April last. The pigeon shooting was out in the Eighteenth or Nineteenth Ward of this city, in the rural part of the city. The case is founded on the Act of Assembly passed in 1869, which I do not think very greatly differs from the one of 1860, that 'Any person who shall, within this commonwealth, wantonly or cruelly ill-treat, overload, beat or otherwise abuse any animal, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.' It is a statute law providing against evils that are supposed to exist. A rule in the interpretation of statutes, and an old one, well established, is that in order to determine what a statute means you must know what the law was prior to the passage of the statute, and then see what evil was to be cured. Our common law is modified by the statute law very largely. There is a common law in regard to animals and their treatment by man that is very old, and it is of record in one of the oldest books that we have, and one of the best law books that we have. It was promulgated at the Garden of Eden to Adam and Eve:

"'God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moves upon the earth.'

"There are passages of the same general import that have been governing mankind ever since. The fish of the sea and the fowl of the air and the beasts of the earth are for man, rather than man for the beasts. They are to be used for his sustenance, to aid him, for his comfort and his pleasure. Now in usuing them he must not unnecessarily cruelly treat them. The act of Assembly is intended to prevent brutal men and women from unnecesarily and wantonly causing pain, where it is not necessary in the using of animals for legitimate purposes.

"These defendants are sportsmen belonging, as I understand, to an association; and at this particular time they were shooting, as a test of skill, to see who could kill the most birds, each having 50 shots at 50 birds. That was a legitimate, lawful use of the birds. The pigeons were put in a trap one at a time, and let out, and they would shoot them on the wing. If there were need of an authority, and I do not think it ought even to have required one, the Supreme Court has decided that that is a legitimate use of pigeons; that it is not cruel to shoot them for sport or as a test of skill. The Commonwealth concedes that the defendants cannot be convicted simply because they shot the pigeons in this way for this purpose, but alleges that they were guilty of cruelty in this case because certain birds, or a bird shot by each of these defendants separately, did not fall before it got beyond the limits of their bounds of 50 or 60yds. away, and that it was cruelty not to have it brought in at once and killed. The defendants allege, on the other hand, that was done, and that every reasonable arrangement was made for getting the wounded birds and killing them, and they even killed some birds that they could not tell whether they were wounded or not, to a certainty. The birds were brought in and were intended to be used for food. But assuming for the purposes of this case that Mr. O'Brien's inferences were all correct, that there was no such provision as the defendants testified to, I am disposed to think, and so instruct you, that it is not the cruelty that is intended in the act of Assembly, for them to neglect to kill these birds that had escaped. I know that a great many humantarians, and especially professional humantarians, regard it as their duty to kill a wounded animal at once. If a horse gets a leg broken, it is to have no chance of being cured, but must be shot; and if a bird is wounded it must be killed immediately! I have never yet heard any well-authenticated case of a man or association having communication with horses or pigeons or chickens to know whether or not they desire to be shot at once; and I find myself often wondering when I see accounts of these summary proceedings, and the manner in which, as a matter of humanity, animals are put out of the way when injured, whether the horse could not sit in judgment over a wounded or crippled man, or an old man that has become infirm and incapacitated from doing anything and taking care of himself, and decide that he should be killed! I am rather inclined to think that, when a bird has gotten away a reasonable distance, it is not necessary to assume that it will, as a matter of course die, and it is a great relief to it and a great advantage to it and a piece of humanity to at once put it out of its pain. We do not know whether a wounded bird wants to be put out of its pain and existence or not. I do not think it does, but I do not know; neither do these gentlemen know. The matter depends a great deal on sentimentality, on whim, on education, and on what we have been accustomed to.

"I instruct you, gentlemen, that your verdict in each of these cases should be for the defendants. It is a misdemeanor, and you have the right to say who shall pay the costs. It is your duty to say who shall pay the costs, and you will determine whether the county, the prosecutor or the denfendants shall pay them, or the prosecutor and defendants, and in what proportion. I might suggest this to you, that in this case, which has been brought as a test case, I have no doubt the prosecutor and those around him, and those whom he represents, honestly think that this is cruelty. I do not. I do not think you would, if I were to submit the matter to you; but it was brought as a test case and upon good motives, and I suggest to you that the costs should not be put on the prosecutor; and I do not think they ought to be put on the defendants, because they have not been guilty of anything that was unusual or anything that has been declared a crime, and I suggest that in this case you put the costs upon the county. It is able to bear them."



THE CATCHPOLE GUN CLUB.

The following is a reprint from Forest and Stream of Feb. 26, 1891, and as the matter will show, it deals with a case of special importance and significance, as follows:

In 1887, at which time A. Nelson Lewis, a member of the Philadelphia Gun Club, was indicted before the Bucks County Court under the act of March 29, 1869, which makes it a misdemeanor to wantonly or cruelly kill or ill-treat, overload, beat or otherwise abuse any animal.

On Dec. 14, 1887, the Philadelphia Gun Club held a pigeon shooting match at their grounds on the "Old Brinkley Homestead," Andalusia, the other contestants being the Tuxedo Gun Club, the Westminster Kennel Club and the Riverton Gun Club. The club members and their friends went to the grounds by way of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Upon the same train from Broad Street Station were two uniformed officers of the Woman's Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty of Animals, who openly avowed their intention of making arrests if the match should take place.

The grounds were filled with people, the contest became very exciting and a large amount was staked on the result. Shortly after the shooting began the officers of the woman's society approached the gates and were met by members of the club, who stated that they had intended to meet the issue, and would allow an arrest to be made. They did not raise any question as to the right of the officers to enter the grounds, because it would not be agreeable had any of the visitors or members of the club been arrested. In that case, as far as all present were concerned, the day would have ended in disappointment.

Then came the question of who would allow himself to be arrested. None cared to come up to the scratch, although several were approached. Finally General Grubb, the president of the club, expressed his determination to throw himself into the breach if no one else could be found courageous enough to do so, was appealed to. Without a moment's hesitation he gave his This, for several reasons, was undesirable, and A. Nelson Lewis consent, resolving to be sacrificed in friendship to his club members, and that the purpose and pleasure of the guests might not be marred.

Mr. Lewis was then technically arrested and taken before a justice of the peace. He was defended by General Dechert. Subsequently the club presented him with a resolution of thanks, highly extolling him for the way in which he had stood up for the interests of the club.

The late Lewis C. Cassidy was to have defended Mr. Lewis, but died before the case came to trial. On the trial the jury returned a special verdict, in which they found that it was the custom of the Association to hold matches for skill in marksmanship, that Mr. Lewis participated in the match in December, 1887, and "for the purpose aforesaid fired with a gun upon certain pigeons, liberated from a trap, killing one and wounding another. The bird so wounded alighted upon a tree, and as soon as its wounded condition was discovered it was killed by a member of said club, for and on behalf of said defendant, according to the custom of said club in regard to wounded birds. The bird so killed was immediately sold for food, according to the rule and custom of said club."

Judgment was entered in favor of the Commonwealth and a fine of $5 imposed on Mr. Lewis. From this came the present appeal.

Judge Paxton, as Chief Justice, delivered the opinion of the Supreme Court, which is as follows: "The specific charge in the indictment was that the defendent did 'unlawfully, wantonly and cruelly shoot, wound, torture, abuse and ill-treat a certain pigeon,' etc. The jury found a special verdict, upon which the court below entered judgment for the Commonwealth. We are, therefore, limited to the facts as found. From the verdict we learn 'that the defendent was a member of the association called the Philadelphia Gun Club; that on Dec. 14, 1887, he attended a pigeon shooting match and fired with a gun upon certain pigeons liberated from a trap, killing one and wounding another. The bird so wounded alighted upon a tree, and as soon as its wounded condition was discovered it was killed by a member of said club for and on behalf of said defendant, according to the custom of said club in regard to wounded birds. The birds so killed were immediately sold for food, according to the rule and custom of said club.'

"We have thus the finding of the jury that the object of this Association was to test the skill of its members in marksmanship. In other words, it was a training school for sportsmen, in which they could acquire skill in shooting on the wing. This being the object of the association, the jury further found that the defendant attended for the purposes aforesaid. It was conceded that had he killed his bird he would not have been liable under the act of 1869. But having merely wounded it, he was guilty of cruelty under said act. So that the crime consisted, not in the fact of the shooting, but in wounding instead of instantly killing it. From the facts found by the jury, the defendant has merely been punished for want of skill.

"It is doutbless true that much pain and suffering is often caused to different kinds of game by this unskillfulness of sportsmen. A squirrel badly wounded may yet crawl to its hole and suffer for many hours and days and die. It was not pretended that the act applied to such cases. The sportsman in the woods is not responsible for the accuracy of his aim under the act of 1869. At the same time it is manifest that much suffering would be spared wild game if sportsmen were better trained. Skill in shooting upon the wing can only be gained by practice. It is not so with inanimate objects. There accuracy of aim can be acquired by shooting at a mark. It is conceded that the sportsman in the woods may test his skill by shooting at wild birds. Why, then, may he not do the same with a bird confined in a cage and let out for that purpose? Is the bird in the cage any better or has it any higher rights than the bird in the woods? Both were placed here by the Almighty for the use of man. They were not given to him to be needlessly and cruelly tortured, and were there anything in the finding of the jury to show that the object of this association was to torture pigeons we would not hesitate to sustain the judgment of the court below. But no such purpose appears, nor is there any finding that the defendant was guilty of needless and wanton cruelty. The bird was immediately killed as soon as its condition was discovered.

"A distinction was pressed upon the argument between the case of a captive bird and one at large in the woods. In the latter instance there is a necessity to shoot it in order to capture it for food or other lawful purpose; and if wounding results, it is an unavoidable incident; while in the case of a captive bird, no necessity exists for putting it to death in this way. Some force may be conceded to this as an abstract proposition, but we do not see its application to the facts of this case. The right to kill the pigeon was and must be conceded, and there is no finding of the jury that its suffering was greater because of the manner of its death than if it had been killed in some other way. This is a scientific question which I do not feel myself competent to pass upon. Nor do I think the average juryman is any better qualified to do so. It may be that science in the future will discover the method of killing a pigeon with the least possible pain. So far as other animals are concerned, it is, perhaps, an open question, and the attempt of well-meaning humanitarians in a sister State to reduce the sufferings of condemned criminals by putting them to death by electricity instead of by hanging has produced a long controversy which can be hardly regarded as settled. An attempt has been made, so far unsuccessfully, to show it is unconstitutional because of its cruelty.

"We do not say there might not be a violation of the act of 1869 at a shooting match, but in our view the facts found by the jury do not bring this case within it. The judgment is reversed."—Philadelphia Times, Feb. 23.

Omaha Gun Club.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 8.—In the weekly shoot of the Omaha Gun Club to-day Townsend was high with 19, Bersheim second with 18. The scores:

Kenyon	11101100001001111110—12
Grant	11111111111111111110—19
Parmelee	11111111111110101101—17
Bates	11101101101111111011—16
Townsend	11111111111111111101—19
Burgess	10111011111111101101—16
Johannes	11111111111011011110—17
McFarlane	11110100100011101111—13
Loomis	11111110100111111011—16
Bersheim	01111111011111111111—18

Grant shot at 160 targets and scored 155.

E C Cup.

New York, Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have to-day received from Mr. J. A. R. Elliott his acceptance of Mr. Crosby's challenge for the E C cup, representing the inanimate target championship.

Mr. Elliott names Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 23, 11:30 A. M., as the place, date and time for holding the match.

Edward Banks,
Sec'y American E C & Schultze Gunpowder Co., Ltd.

Arkansas and the South.

Kaw Town Cullings.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 11.—Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 5.—A two-men team race of no little interest was shot at Washington Park to-day. The principals in this were J. D. Sweet and Chris. Gottlieb on one side and W. S. Allen and Newt. Beach on the other. This quartette are members of the O. K. and Washington Park clubs respectively, and the keenest rivalry exists between them, these organizations being composed of the younger generation of shooters. So that naturally whenever they clash in friendly competition the greatest interest is manifested in the result.

As the outcome will show, this proved to be a highly interesting contest, owing to the closeness of the score. Ultimately it had to be declared a draw, as each team put up a total of 48 out of 50. Allen made the high score of the day and saved his team from defeat by scoring straight, while the O. K. pair each had a total of 24, though Sweet was unfortunate in losing his last bird, which also prevented his team from winning. Beach made the low score, 23, but lost one bird dead out of bounds.

The conditions of the race were 25 pigeons per man, loser to pay for the birds and the supper for the party. The birds for the occasion were stipulated to be selected, and the supply of these having been exhausted it was agreed to leave the decision until some future date.

Sweet-Gottlieb vs. Allen-Beach.

Sweet	2122112111122211112221220—24
Gottlieb	2222022122222222212222222—24—48
W S Allen	2212112121111111212122111—25
Beach	1121111202122222*221212221—23—48

Stock Yard Gun Club.

On the same day, Aug. 5, the members of this club also met to contest for club honors, but owing to the warm weather only six members took part. Of these, R. K. Campbell showed the best form, and finished with a clean score. G. M. Walden's performance was also good, as he accounted for 23 out of 25. The conditions were 25 live birds per man:

R K Campbell	1111112111212111121122112—25
G M Walden	2121121102201212212212121—23
Fletcher	1011212222122121010121222201—21
C I Mills	0212220202122222012222222—21
R P Barse	2011201211211221022220220—20
R G Hewdley	2220122002221202021120100—17

Veteran Gun Club.

But three members of this club showed up, so that it was conceded at the very start that Geo. Stockwell would prove the winner, which he did, though not without a contest, as Thompson all but tied him, losing his last bird. Stockwell ran 23 straight and then slipped one, thus finishing with 24. This club's contest also consists of 25 birds.

G W Stockwell	2211111111111221111211102—24
F A Thompson	2212121111021112211111220—23
D A Williams	0200201220211112101120021—17

St. Louis Doings—Busch Medal.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 5.—Dr. Smith is the second one who tried to wrest the Busch challenge medal from H. C. Griesedick, the holder, but, though he put up a great race, was not quite equal to the occasion, as Griesedick too was in winning form and accounted for all of his birds but one. The race was a capital one throughout, for it was not until the 15th round that either of the principals lost a bird. It was, however, at this juncture that Dr. Smith failed to negotiate his bird. He failed again on the 20th bird, and this gave Griesedick a lead of 2, but he finally missed his 24th, while the Doctor killed out; so that the former's margin was but 1 at the finish. In disposing of the Doctor, Griesedick defeated one of St. Louis' very best pigeon shots, and must henceforth be classed among the good ones himself. Of late he has been shooting a great clip, and his recent performances must always rank as first-rate. He won the medal in open contest two weeks ago, and has since then defended it against Louis Dennig and Dr. Smith. He also has a tie with Collins and Chase for another trophy with a straight score of 25, which has never been decided. In order to gain permanent possession of the Busch medal he must win it three more times.

The following are the scores of to-day's race:

Griesedick	1112112222221222221202222—24
Dr Smith	2222222112222102212021112—23

New Organization.

At Columbia, Mo., the sportsmen of that town have recently organized a gun club, and its members expect to engage actively in the crockery shattering business and have already begun operations. At a meeting held last week a permanent organization was effected and the following officers were elected: R. L. Lockridge, President; E. R. Tillery, Treasurer, and W. A. Vivion, Secretary. The club will hold weekly shoots each Thursday, and later on will endeavor to arrange team contests with clubs of nearby towns.

Memphis Gun Club.

The weekly contest of this club takes place every Saturday and is conducted on a handicap basis. At the last shoot A. H. Frank won the medal, but only after a prolonged shoot-off with Fred Schmidt, who, with his handicap, tied him in the original contest and again in the shoot-off, but was finally beaten in the third trial. Frank shot from the scratch, and is conceded to be one of the best shots of the club. At present he is the possessor of three medals which the club has put up for competition. It will be remembered that he won the club live-bird medal in the final contest last May.

Jack Parker's Shoot.

Jack Parker writes me that he is just off for the South in the interest of the Peters Cartridge and Kings Powder Co., which company he represents, but that everything was progressing nicely with his approaching shoot. The programme will be out about Sept. 1, and this will consist of both targets and pigeons. Of late years Jack's tournaments have been target shoots exclusively, but now that pigeons can be legally shot at the trap in Michigan he will have a number of these events. When Jack held his shoots at Des Chree Shos Ka his pigeons were always a feature of the shoot, and did much to increase the attendance; so now that when he will again be able to offer this kind of attraction he looks for a large entry. There are a host of good fellows connected with the shooting interest in Detroit, but the prince of them all is Com. Scoten, and it is safe to say that he will again be chairman of the entertainment committee, which will assure a royal reception for all who attend.

Leavenworth Tournament.

Messrs. W. H. Koohler and J. W. Sexton announce a tournament under their management, to take place at Leavenworth, Kan., Aug. 23 to 24. The programme for this reached me this week. It will consist of ten 20-target events each day, with an entrance of $2, while there will also be $10 added in each event, making a total of $200 added during the tournament. Rose system of division will prevail at this shoot, there being five moneys, the ratio being 7, 5, 4, 3, 2. Magautrap and bluerock targets will be used, while the National Hotel will be headquarters.

The promoters of this shoot are well and favorably known to the shooters of the Central West, and have often figured as principals at other tournaments; both have contributed something toward making shooting history. Jim Sexton is well known as the two-time winner of the Schmelzer cup, or reverse-angle champion, while Koohler has acted as pacemaker at several tournaments, though he is probably better known under the nom de plume of Jap. One thing is certain, that under their fostering care the shooters will be well taken care of, and will be given a rattling good shoot. For the past two years Jim Sexton has shot but little, and it will seem like old times to find him facing the traps once more.

Capital Gun Club.

Little Rock, Ark., Aug. 10.—The attendance to-day was the best that has graced a local club shoot in many a year, for there were no less than twenty shooters present. The surprise of the day was the great shooting of Weigel, who won the medal on a score of 46 out of 50. Heretofore he had displayed no marked ability, and to some extent is practically a novice, but his performance of to-day was the subject of much comment; and it is possible that hereafter he may cut some figure in the shooting game. He had a handicap of 10, but it was conceded by Duley, the only one who had a chance to exceed his score with his handicap, that he would readily break 4 of these, and thereby give him a total of 50, 1 greater than the latter could possibly reach; so that no one shot his allowance. The win was a popular one, as it will do much to encourage others of this class to try. The conditions were not favorable to high scores, as there was a very high wind blowing diagonally across the traps, which played havoc with the chances of many. It was particularly trying on the slow shot.

Weigel, 10	1111011111111110111111111111111111111101111110111111—46
Duley, 5	0101110111111111110101111101111111111111111111111—44
Thibault, 2	1111001110011111111111011111111111111101111111100111—42
Pemberton	1111001111111110111100111111101111111111111111001111—42
Fletcher, 4	1011111110111111011101011111111110111111110111010111—41
Woodson, 4	1111111001110111111101111111100010011111001101111110—37
Matthews, 9	0111101000010110011000111011110100111111110111111111—35
Schinner, 12	1011011101101010111111101011111001110101000110111—34
Field, 15	1000110111111111011110100011101011000111100101011101—31
Hennegan, 20	0111001001111000111101010011111011000110111000010001—27
Wing, 20	0010010001110011000111010010110100110011011100111010—25
Cockrill, 15	0001011011100010010001010101110001100010111011010—24
Morrison, 20	1001000000011001010011110000000100010111010011010—20
Seymer, 15	0000101000001010100100000000010001000000101100101000 —13
Starkey, 10	0111111101010111110101100111100111001110 —27
Litzke	1111010000111111101110110 —17
Parker	0010100110011011111000111 —14
Kerr	1110100111000001000100100 —10
Vestal	1100000000101111 — 6
Wright	100000001010101 — 5

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Interstate at Portland.

PORTLAND, Me., Aug. 10.—The Interstate Association tournament, given for the Portland Gun Club, Aug. 9 and 10, at Portland, Me., was a gratifying success, whether we consider it from the standpoint of the number of contestants, the good fellowship which prevailed, the smooth working of the management, or all combined. It was a record breaker of the State, and has never but once been excelled in the whole country. The accommodations were ample. Shooting commenced at 9:30 A. M. and was continuous until 7 o'clock P. M. The entries numbered fifty-five and over 8,000 targets were thrown. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner was manager and the programme was run out without a hitch of any kind to mar the enjoyment, as was a foregone conclusion. The following clubs were represented: Auburn, Waterville, Gardiner, Bath and Lewiston. Visiting sportsmen without the State were Schortemeier, of New York city; Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I.; Eager and Howe, of Marlboro; Wheeler, of Worcester; Lilly, of Indianapolis, and Puck, of Boston. The local talent made a good competition, creditable alike in itself and relatively with the high class talent against which it was competing, as the following scores will show:

Wednesday, First Day, Aug. 9.

The weather was fine. The average entry for this day was forty-six. On this day the excellent record of 8,045 targets were thrown from one set of traps. The proceeds of Event No. 3 of this day, amounting to $15, were donated by the club to the Van Dyke Memorial Fund. A large percentage of the shooters shot through the entire programme. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Adams	15	18	13	17	12	18	13	17	15	16
Coleman	12	17	13	15	13	14	10	17	15	18
Thompson	9	19	14	16	14	18	14	16	14	16
Rich	9	15	9	18	14	19	12	17	14	20
C Ranhall	12	18	14	17	13	15	13	19	15	19
Hunnewell	12	19	13	16	13	18	12	20	13	17
Doten	9	13	12	15	10	..	..	..	..	..
Connor	9	16	13	17	11	18	12	19	14	18
Cobb	11	16	11	16	13	16	10	14	..	..
Ashley	12	16	13	15	9	20	12	18	12	16
Johnson	9	15	13	17	13	19	14	19	10	18
Dwinel	7	17	9	15	8	12	9	15	11	11
Preble	12	17	15	15	12	19	11	16	14	20
Davison	11	15	11	11	11	15	13	11	9	16
Green	12	17	14	19	14	19	13	15	14	18
Arthur	14	19	12	16	11	18	13	16	13	18
Phair	11	16	11	16	13	16	12	16	15	17
Courtney	9	14	13	15	14	16	14	15	13	14
Swiveller	11	12	12	14	13	14	11	18	14	16
Egbert	13	15	12	13	7	15	11	17	12	13
Howe	12	18	13	19	13	20	11	19	13	19
Eager	10	17	13	18	13	18	14	20	9	15
J M Lilly	10	15	14	16	12	15	8	14	10	18
Schorty	13	18	14	19	12	19	14	20	15	19
Griffith	15	18	13	18	13	18	14	20	12	18
Fanning	13	20	13	18	15	17	15	19	15	18
Dickey	13	17	13	16	15	17	14	18	15	18
Whiting	11	16	9	19	9	17	13	19	13	13
Leroy	12	16	15	16	14	20	14	20	13	19
Wheeler	15	20	13	13	11	18	14	18	13	18
Harrington	13	10	14	17	14	16	11	..	..	..
Stanstead	11	9	12	12	10	16	9	..	13	..
Libby	9	15	12	19	..	12	11	..	..	..
Burgess	8	15	13	17	..	..	10	..	..	..
Barker	7	..	..	..	..	12	11	13	..	..
Puck	11	15	12	17	12	14	12	17	10	16
Gray	11	..	..	14	..	16	11	18	11	14
Taylor	13	13	13	15	9	14	10	16	..	..
Greenwood	10	12	11	14	12	13	11	15	..	..
Tate	13	17	12	17	15	19	12	20	11	14
Hallowell	11	16	14	15	13	17	12	19	14	18
Collins	12	14	10	14	10	16	11	18	11	18
Norton	12	10	8	12	8	14	12	11	6	12
Capt Money	10	17	14	16	13	17	11	17	11	20
H Money	14	18	14	18	15	17	14	19	13	18
George	10	17	10	16	13	13	13	10	13	15
Jordan	10	16	12	11	..	12	..	..	..	..
Edwards	11	17	13	17	..	17	14	16	12	..
Foster	..	10	..	7	7	16	10	15	6	12
Whitmon	..	11	10	12	9	14	10	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Parker	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thorndike	..	..	..	..	16	11	..	..	..	..
Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
Robinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..
Jones	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..

Thursday, Second Day, Aug. 10.

It was an all-day of rain, a condition highly unfavorable for bringing shooters to the score, notwithstanding which the average entry was 36 3-10, and there were 6,325 targets trapped, so that while the competition fell short of what it would have been with good weather prevailing it was far from being a bad day. The programme was shot to a complete finish, though the last event was completed only just before 6 o'clock, amid the darkness and rain, and it had twenty-two entries. Fanning and Leroy were the two leaders in the contest for the possession of the handsome engraved gold watch charm presented by the club for the high average for both days. Leroy won, breaking 169 out of 175 shot at.

Of the Maine amateurs, Arthur, of Portland, was first, closely followed by Hunnewell, of Auburn, and Rich, of Portland, who ran 72 straight. Portland Club's first team in event 9 the first day broke 73 out of the 75 targets shot at.

A delicious clambake at noon was an appreciative feature.

The club was a beneficiary under the will of the late Capt. B. J. Willard, who was one of the founders and for many years a prominent and honored member. He directed that the sum bequeathed should be expended for clams, and a portion of this money was used on this occasion.

The corps of assistants contributed much to the success of the shoot. They at all times promptly and cheerfully performed their exacting duties. The blackboard scorer was Frank P. Patterson; Harry White kept the score tabs, and Bob Fisher was trapper.

Treasurer Neal, assisted by Lou Waldron, ran the cashier's department most satisfactorily. They were highly praised for their work. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Courtney	14	18	12	19	11	19	13	20	12	11
Eager	9	13	11	12	11	..	..	..	..	..
Swiveller	10	16	12	15	9	15	..	..	..	..
Leroy	15	20	15	19	15	19	12	20	15	19
Dickey	12	19	13	19	15	18	13	18	15	19
Fanning	13	19	14	19	13	18	14	19	15	17
Griffith	13	19	15	20	10	14	12	18	13	16
Howe	13	19	12	20	12	15	19	18	12	17
Schorty	14	20	12	20	14	18	14	19	13	19
Wheeler	15	17	13	15	11	14	15	20	13	19
Hunnewell	15	20	11	18	13	19	15	18	13	19
Jones	10	19	11	16	12	18	14	14	..	..
Ashley	15	18	14	17	10	16	11	17	..	..
Foster	9	13	9	15	9	18	10	12	12	16
Egbert	10	12	13	11	12	18	10	17	13	9
Taylor	8	14	10	14	9	14	9	11	..	..
Coleman	13	16	13	18	13	14	15	17	13	19
Thompson	12	10	15	15	9	12	11	15	8	..
Rich	12	18	14	17	12	20	15	20	13	19
Randall	15	17	14	19	13	18	15	17	11	19
Johnson	13	18	11	17	10	17	11	16	15	..
Dwinel	12	15	10	12	7	..	..	..	..	..
Preble	11	16	14	18	14	19	10	20	14	..
Davison	11	19	14	19	9	18	9	16	10	..
Green	10	19	11	17	12	17	12	18	12	..
Hallowell	13	18	14	20	11	20	11	20	12	19
Collins	15	18	12	17	14	18	10	10	11	17
Norton	8	15	10	14	4	..	..	..	..	..
Capt Money	12	18	13	17	13	15	15	18	14	18
H Money	12	18	11	19	13	17	13	20	14	18
Greenwood	13	13	9	17	12	..	..	..	..	..
Cushman	10	13	9	15	8	..	..	..	..	..
Whelden	..	13	10	18	13	19	10	..	..	..
Gray	..	16	10	13	10	15	10	15	10	15
Stanstead	..	13	12	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Allison	14	19	15	18	11	16	15	18	..	..
Arthur	13	20	12	18	14	19	14	20	14	19
Phair	12	15	14	15	8	..	..	..	..	..
Puck	12	15	12	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Whiting	12	17	11	17	12	15	12	10	10	14
Lilly	12	..	..	13	11	17	11	..	8	..
Steavens	11	..	..	12	13	13	9	..	..	..
Beard	12	..	..	15	13	11	11	..	..	..
Edwards	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fletcher	..	..	..	14	8	..	..	..	..	..
Adams	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	18	12	19
Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Hartford, Conn.

AT Hartford, Conn., the Schuetzenverein ended Aug. 7. It was held in Schuetzen Park. Hartford won the team shoot. Scores: Hartford 995, Springfield 981. Oscar Buchholz won the honor shoot, the prizes of which the King medal and a silver loving cup. His score was 66. T. R. Geisel was second with 61, and won a silver set. H. M. Pope, of Hartford, won first prize of $20 at the ring target with a score of 212, and Oscar Buchholz was second with 209 and won $15. George Joiner, of New York, won $1.50 for the first bullseye shot Monday, and T. R. Geisel the same sum for the last bullseye that day. Mr. Geisel won the same for the first bullseye yesterday, and H. M. Pope, of Hartford, for the last. Mr. Pope also won $3 for the most bullseyes shot, T. R. Geisel for the second most shot, and George Joiner, of New York, for the third. The scores:

Ring target, 17 prizes, $1 to $20:

H M Pope, Hartford	71	70	71—212
O Buchholz	72	68	69—209
C S Axtell	69	69	68—206
F R Rand, Hartford	66	67	69—202
S J Lyon, Collinsville, Conn	66	67	68—201
T R Geisel	67	65	67—199
E S Pillard, New Britain, Conn	67	66	66—199
George Joiner, New York	65	67	65—197
A F Bardwell, Amherst	68	65	64—197
Z C Talbot	65	67	62—194
E Winkler	66	62	63—191
H K Clark, Barre	60	60	64—184
Dr W A Smith	64	61	58—183
W G Dunbar, Hartford	57	57	68—182
Henry Adams	60	60	60—180
Dr Calkins	61	55	61—177
W Ladbury	55	56	58—169

Team shoot:

Hartford.		Springfield.	
H M Pope	229	E Winkler	202
E S Pillard	184	O Buchholz	196
W G Dunbar	175	Dr Smith	184
S G Lyon	209	C Axtell	198
F K Rand	198—995	T R Geisel	201—981

Honor shoot:

O Buchholz	22	22	22—66	Dr Calkins	17	21	10—48
T R Geisel	24	19	18—61	H Buchholz	10	18	20—48
E Winkler	18	20	22—60	Dr Smith	20	17	10—47
A H Hooker	21	15	23—59	A E Stuckert	14	17	15—46
Geo Crouss	22	21	15—58	E Hemssath	13	21	10—44
C S Axtell	23	22	12—57	H K Cooley	19	10	15—44
G Remkus	21	16	16—53	Z C Talbot	15	15	11—41
R Neidel	19	18	15—52	W G Smith	10	15	10—35
John Ouimett	17	12	22—51	John Ohde	12	10	10—32
Henry Adams	16	24	10—50				

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. A., Saratoga Springs.—Would you kindly let me know if I will be able to obtain a general hunting license for Quebec by forwarding a check of $25 to one of the game commissioners, or will I have to purchase it in person? Ans. As the applicant to whom license is issued must indorse it we assume that it must be applied for in person. Hon. S. N. Parent, Quebec, is the Commissioner.

A., Prince's Bay, Staten Island, N. Y.—This morning a boy that works for me came and asked me if I ever saw any white cranes. I said no, and then he said he saw three around the pond back of his house. Then I went into particulars with him. This is what he said: "They stand about 2ft. high, perfectly white body, shape of crane, and when they fly are a little quicker in their movements than bitterns, herons, cranes, etc." Can you tell me what they are? Ans. They were probably the little white egret or snowy heron, which occurs rarely as far north as Connecticut.

H. C., South Bethlehem, Pa.—Please can you inform me where the frog farms are situated? I understand there is one in New Jersey somewhere, another in Ohio and one in Montgomery county, but I cannot find out about their respective locations. Are there are any books published on frog and terrapin raising? Ans. We have no information of any frog farm, though we have repeatedly endeavored to discover such institutions. The U. S. Fish Commission publishes a "Manual of Fish Culture," in which frog farming is discussed. It may be had on application to the Fish Commission. We know of no book on terrapin farming.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Fox's Spat-Puttee Leg Protector.

Fox's patent spat-puttee or leg protector would seem to be just the thing gunners, fishermen and sportsmen generally are looking for. It strengthens and protects the legs without in any way interfering with the circulation of blood or the use of the limbs. The puttee—a leg bandage—owes its origin to India, where it has long been used by natives and others to protect their legs. As its name indicates, the spat-puttee is a spat and puttee combined, so that they form one continuous piece. By an ingenious arrangement for fastening, the same pair of spats will fit shoes or shooting or fishing boots, while the puttee will fit any leg.

They are made of all wool, without buttons, and can be worn with or without stockings, are waterproof and can be worn over trousers. They are used by both men and women with equal benefit and comfort. Bale & Manly, Wool Exchange Building, New York city, are the agents, and they will gladly send illustrated pamphlets and other particulars to any reader of FOREST AND STREAM.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 9
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

In these forests I was struck, as I often have been, by seeing lying on the ground numerous decayed trunks of trees of the same species which belonged to a former generation. Some of these decayed trees had been lying there nearly a century. While walking amid majestic living trees one actually walks over the graves of trees. Many of these remains have so shrunk by age as to be no higher than the little mounds in an old church yard. The presence in a pine forest of such remains, together with a young growth, as can be seen in so many instances by anyone who cares to see, abundantly refutes the error which obtains to some extent that there is not a second growth of pine on the same land. Keep out the fires, and the natural reproduction from seed will be perpetual.—C. C. Andrews, Chief Fire Warden of Minnesota.

CONCERNING PEN-NAMES.

IT has been the custom from time immemorial for contributors to sportsmen's journals to write over pen-names instead of using their own signatures. Most of the writers who have attained popularity and fame in the past have done so over their pseudonyms. To go back no further, Frank Forester may be cited as one of the best known examples. All of his contributions to the old Spirit of the Times, Porter's Spirit and other publications in which he dealt with field subjects, were signed Frank Forester. His novels and historical works were given to the public with his own name, Henry William Herbert; and as a commentary upon their slight vogue at the present day may be cited the fact that nine persons out of ten who know Frank Forester would, if asked, be unable to tell whether he was Henry William Herbert or William Henry Herbert. For Forester has proved far more successful than Herbert as an author, and this in direct contradiction of Herbert's own ambition and conviction. Forester was the pseudonym signed to writings which were regarded by their author as ephemeral; Herbert was the name on the title pages of works which he fondly imagined would be long remembered and cherished. There may have been also in this something of a pride not less mistaken than was the literary judgment evinced; for Herbert the scholar doubtless considered that his heavy volumes were more creditable than the random sketches Forester the sportsman threw off for the entertainment of his sporting clientele. It is certain that he believed that his fame as a writer rested upon these other works rather than upon his stories of the fields and woodlands.

There was, by the way, another Forrester pen-name known to the readers of a generation ago, that of Fanny Forrester. The real name was Emily C. Chubbuck, and this was the signature appended to the earlier effusions of verse, which did not take so well with the public as their author thought they should. Upon her complaining to N. P. Willis, it is recorded, the poet said to her: "How can you expect anything better?' Your genius is not of a kind to affiliate with your name. Who will read a poem signed Chubbuck? Sign yourself Fanny Forrester and you will see the change." His literary acumen appears to have been justified by the event; Fanny Forrester achieved wide popularity; had she followed Frank Forester into the topics of the field and woodland she might be known even to-day.

But what we set out to say was that writers who contribute to the FOREST AND STREAM over fanciful pen-names have good and sufficient precedent. The example set by the earlier writers has been followed to the present day. Our files testify to the fact that in largely preponderating majority contributors to our columns have made use of pseudonyms instead of their own proper names, and among those who have thus veiled their identity are numbered many who have found lasting popularity with their readers. Of the various reasons which might be given for adopting a pen-name rather than using one's own signature many are good ones; and no sound criticism may be made upon the custom, provided only the signature chosen be one which is not lacking in dignity, and the writing to which it is appended be not unworthy. One's pen-name is not unlike his fishing togs or his hunting rig; in the old clothes he feels more at ease and with the pen-name less of restraint. When we go into the woods we leave our titles and dignities behind us and are no longer on parade with eyes front and attention on the alert to catch conventionality's sharp order to "Dress right"; so when we come to write of woods themes the recourse to a pen-name gives to some of us a grateful sense of freedom.

There are, we repeat, so many good reasons for using a pseudonym under these circumstances that the custom is by common consent approved. Nor is the one who uses a pen-name to be accounted an anonymous writer in the usually accepted invidious significance of the term. No one would have regarded as anonymous an article signed "Frank Forester" in the old Spirit of the Times, nor one signed "Nesmuk" in the FOREST AND STREAM, though both might have been engaged in heated controversies with other writers either signing their own names or themselves using pseudonyms.

DON'T SHOOT UNTIL YOU KNOW.

THE deer hunting season in the Adirondacks opened on Aug. 15. Four days later followed a tragedy. Two brothers were camping on the Eighth Lake of the Fulton Chain. For the younger, a youth of seventeen years, it was the first season of camp life, and like all youngsters in the woods in their initial experience he was aglow with ardor to get his first deer. About sundown last Saturday this younger brother left the camp alone and shortly after was followed by the other. When the elder of the two came to the Durant road, he saw a movement of the brush such as is caused by a deer. On the instant he raised his rifle, took quick aim at the moving brush, fired, then rushed in to see what he had shot at, and found his brother, who had been killed instantaneously by a shot through the breast.

A human life cut short in the flower of youth. Another life clouded by the anguish of the hour and by life-long regret and self-reproach. A home desolated. And all as the fruit of one foolish moment with a deadly weapon in the woods.

If we did not read the stories of such accidents, year after year, and from time to time meet the bereaved fathers and mothers and wives and children of the victims, it would be impossible to conceive that grown men could be found to bring this woe upon themselves and upon their fellows. And yet season after season the record grows. Now it is a farmer who shoots a neighbor by mistake for a groundhog, now a Maine moose hunter who kills his guide for big game, and now the Adirondack camper who does to death his brother for a deer. Before the season shall be over and the rifles put away we shall hear probably of a score of such tragedies.

And it is all so cruelly heartrending because so unnecessary. The observance of one simple rule would have saved this young life, as it would have saved the scores of lives sacrificed in the past—*Don't shoot until you know what you are shooting at.*

It is a good rule for the old to preach to the young, the young to the old, and all of us one to another. There is at this hour in the whole realm of the teachings of sportsmanship no other injunction approaching it in importance.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

THE placid life of Isaac McLellan drew to its close on Monday of this week, Aug. 21, at his home in Greenport, Long Island. Of him it might have been said as his friend and angling companion, Daniel Webster, said of the Revolutionary veterans of Bunker Hill, that he had come down to us from a former generation. Born at Portland, Me., in 1806, he had attained the ripe age of ninety-three years, and his long life was a connecting link between the present and a past which because of the developments and changes of modern times was very remote. In his later years the venerable sportsman poet was fond of reviewing the distant years and recalling the comrades and companionships of earlier life. There were numbered among these friends many who in after years attained fame in varied fields. Among schoolboy friends were Charles Sumner, Horatio Greenough, Lothrop Motley and Wendell Phillips; at Andover Phillips Academy he knew N. P. Willis and Oliver Wendell Holmes; and at Bowdoin College his associates were Henry W. Longfellow, George B. Cheever, J. S. C. Abbott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Franklin Pierce and S. S. Prentiss. Shooting and fishing comrades were Daniel Webster, Frank Forester, Genio C. Scott, Porter, Wilkes, Skinner, Benson, S. C. Clarke and Charles Hallock.

He was a sportsman from early boyhood, his first experience in the field being with the wild pigeon at that time abundant throughout New England. When at college, he has told us, Stephen Longfellow (a brother of the poet) and S. S. Prentiss were his companions in pursuit of the pigeon, and the trio would tramp for hours in the woods about Brunswick. In later years he spent some seasons on the Massachusetts coast at Marshfield, the home of Webster, with whom he fished for cod and haddock and bluefish; and of whose famous chowders he made test. It is a testimony to the lovable nature of the man that these early friendships matured and strengthened and were abiding through life.

Mr. McLellan developed in early life that facility of writing verse which has given him a place among the poets of America. His earlier published collections were "The Fall of the Indian," "The Year" and "Mount Auburn," slender volumes, containing among other poems the well-known verses on the Death of Napoleon, beginning

> Wild was the night; yet a wilder night
> Hung round the soldier's pillow—

a favorite with thousands of schoolboys for declamation. The fields and streams and forests and prairies and their wild dwellers were ever chosen themes for his verse, and no man in America has written more extensively in this field; he almost literally took all animated nature for his own. He was one of the "Old Spirit Crowd," as the contributors to the early Spirit of the Times delighted to call themselves, and when the FOREST AND STREAM was established in 1873 the salutatory poem in the first column of the first page of the first number bore his signature. From that time for a quarter of a century Mr. McLellan contributed to these columns. In 1885 his outdoor verse was collected in a volume entitled "Rod and Gun, or Sports by Flood and Field," and some years later this was supplemented by another volume, "Wild Game in its Haunts."

SNAP SHOTS.

Some years ago we noted the interesting enterprise of transplanting our American quail to China, and indulged in a bit of sentiment over the grateful note of Bob White when it should come to the ear of an American in those foreign parts. Unfortunately the sentiment was wasted, for Bob White's call may not be heard in China. In response to our recent inquiry respecting the success of the experiment, Dr. Geo. A. Derby, U. S. Marshal at Shanghai writes:

As far as I can learn, a few hundred quail were shipped in 1891, but I think none reached China alive. In 1893 several hundred were shipped, of which from sixty to sixty-five arrived alive, but in very weak condition, and when put out they were hardly able to take care of themselves, and with very few exceptions have never been heard of since.

The great difficulty has been in the shipping. The climate and surroundings are certainly well adapted to the propagation of the Bob Whites, and it is a great pity that they arrived here in such very bad condition. There seems to be no talk of again attempting their introduction. There is no game bird here that can in any respect compare with them. The native quail lies well to the dog, but is too small and flies too slowly, and is hardly considered "game" here. I think there would be no difficulty whatever if the birds arrived here well and strong, but that seems impossible.

The length and hardship of voyage should not prove insuperable obstacles; and we trust that those who have interested themselves in the project may give it another trial.

In one of the essays of "The Doctor," published 1834 to 1837, Robert Southey tells us of a certain hunger emaciated dog which was so weak that it had to lean against a wall to bark. Bernard Romans, the British surveyor, whose "Concise Natural History of East and West Florida" is one of the greatest rarities of Florida books, relates of the Choctaws that they were "very fond of dogs, in so much as never to kill one out of a litter, and it is not uncommon in the nation to see a dog very lean, and so sensible of his misfortune as to seek a wall or post for his support before he ventures to bark." Romans' book was printed by "R. Aitkin, Bookseller, opposite the London Coffee-House, Front Street," New York, in 1776, or more than fifty years before Southey. Was "The Doctor" indebted to the Florida explorer for the original of his hungry dog? was Romans himself perhaps drawing on some earlier writer? or did both of them simply embody in their works a bit of the common folk-speech of their times?

The Sportsman Tourist.

Crayfishing up the Vaivasa.

Talolo was responsible for the trip into the bush for crayfish. In general it may be said that Talolo's hunger for unearned coin was at the bottom of almost all my opportunities to become on intimate terms with the woods and rivers of the Samoan jungle. Talolo was my own boy—at least, he had adopted me in the beginning, and there was no escape from his wheedling artifices; he was only twelve or so, really handsome, and as graceful as a kitten, and with all a small cat's moral irresponsibility.

It was not permitted to every Samoan to come within the compound; they would simply overrun the premises if not checked, and it would be equivalent to running a restaurant for the surrounding village. So there was penciled on the gate post a notice or "nusipepa" carrying the information, "Ua sa lenei lotoa," or, in English, "This yard forbidden." Patu, the fat chief of the neighborhood, had done that; as Talolo interpreted the action, "Patu he fix taboo here for me for you." But as Talolo was Patu's son, he felt entitled to disregard all such restrictions and to join me on all occasions when I was in sight in the broad side of my roomy veranda. In this way he was able to add to his scanty stock of English and I was able to study Samoan from original sources. It was a liberal education to listen to the ever varying reasons why Talolo should have a shilling; even by letting him have a sixpence about once in every twenty times I fear I acquired a reputation for being an easy mark and a spendthrift.

One morning a girl with a basket leaned over the fence with something to sell. Then followed this conversation, the type of many others.

"Fa 'akau?" (Buy?) whined the girl, for they never seem to think it necessary to specify the article for sale.

"Langoa?" (What's its name?) was my reply.

"Ula," she said.

I did not recognize the word—at least, I did not recall which one of a dozen things the word means might be peddled in this way. But I followed it up with the further question, "Pe fia le totongi?" or "What's the price?"

"Seleni" (a shilling), the huckster drawled.

'Talolo e," I asked the lad, "what are ula?"

"Big bug," he replied; "good for eat for me for you." And he strolled down to the gate and began to look over the girl's stock in trade. The answer was not entirely clear, nor was it complete. I knew by experience that there were many things "good for eat" in Talolo's way of thinking which I could never bring my palate to tolerate, and his description of the article as a big bug was not at all appetizing after living in a community where the cockroach grows from 4 to 6in. long and seems possessed of an insane desire to commit suicide by drowning himself in every dish of hot soup. Talolo talked with the girl and then sent her away. When he came back to me he laid on the floor before me two of his bugs, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as the crayfish of the South Sea Islands generally, which I knew to be indeed excellent eating.

Talolo said: "You no give shillings to Samoa girl; all Samoa girl beggars; you give 'um shilling, bimeby shilling all gone, uma, finished. 'Pose you want ula, catch plenty in the bush up the river for you for me; no give Samoa girl shilling." The possibility of the working out of his own particular silver mine represented such a dire calamity to Talolo that he was willing to do anything—almost even to work—to avert such a catastrophe. If I had proposed such a bush trip to Talolo there would have been many obstacles, and it would have cost me many tins of beef and salmon to smooth out the difficulties. But having proposed it himself, I grasped the opportunity for yet another trip in to the bush with the lad, for despite his laziness he knew the secrets of the jungle and never failed to give me information of all sorts as I followed his easy step along blind paths.

The crayfish were good enough excuse for a day of forest scrambling. They range in length when extended up to 7 or 8in., not including the first pair of claws, which are always as long as the body and frequently longer. Their maximum limit of length falls only a little short of the minimum established for our lobsters, yet the crayfish are far more slender and even at their largest do not begin to approach the diameter of our smallest lobsters, seldom being of greater girth than a man's thumb. The claws are normally slender, and with long intervals between the joints they have not any of the strength which enables the crayfish of Louisiana to do so much damage by its levee borings. The South Sea crayfish does not burrow at all, not even to get under the rocks in the bed of the streams in which it lives. Large numbers of this edible crustacean are taken for food by the Samoans and for sale to the white settlers. Still greater numbers are washed out of their mountain pools by the frequent freshets after the sudden deluges of rain on the mountains and are either smashed by contact with the rough stones of the streams or reach salt water only to die and be the food of marine fishes. Yet despite the enormous destruction which must go on there never seems any diminution in the numbers. There seems to be no particular breeding season, for I have found just as many females carrying their ova in one month as in another. For my own part I returned all such to the water, but even such a slight beginning toward game conservation I was never able to impress on my Samoans. It would be at best only a drop in the bucket, for the freshets do the most damage, and yet they seem to have no effect on the supply of crayfish.

By the time I had changed into my serviceable bush suit Talolo had almost changed his mind about going, but a threat to buy a shilling's worth from some Samoan girl soon brought him to time. I knew that the crayfish were found in the brawling streams of the mountains, and I had reason to know that it was rough work to follow where Talolo led, for he was not hampered by any great amount of clothing and mud and rocks were all one to his calloused feet. It was all right for him to get up from his seat on the floor and give himself a shake just like a puppy and say, "Ta te o" (Let us two go). He may have been ready according to his own idea, but I had to know what to take for the sport. Were rods needed? Were nets needed? How about the bait? What sort of a creel should be taken?

If anything could upset the placid calm with which Talolo met the cares and responsibilities of life, such questions as these would come the closest to doing it. For the tenth time he explained that nothing need be taken; that the Samoan bush itself provided all its own resources for the taking of the things that lived therein. "The bush of your island," he used often to say, "it must be the bush of devils, for it does not help you to take the bush creatures that walk and swim and fly and creep, but you must take things into the bush. We Samoans take nothing into the bush, we bring out much." This was a thing I never could explain to this wild child—how it came that we had outgrown all our old woodcraft and had to depend on man's inventions when we went a-forest. Nor could he be brought to understand how we have driven our bush so far out of our lives that it is only seldom and through many trials that we can win back the bush at all.

When Talolo and I set out for crayfish we had not more than a hundred yards to go before we reached the bogs of the taro plantations and the hummocks of sugar cane where the path lay along a narrow dike cut by ditches, which in turn were bridged by tree trunks scarred with cuts to give firm footing. Not a mile from my house we found tall timber and unbroken solitude. Up to this point the path had been clear and distinct, a sort of 10in. Broadway, where the never-ending tread of bare feet had hardened the soil. But at the hill where now we rested the one broad path split at the parting of the ways and each was no more than an obscure trail. On the flat land could be seen the mangrove swamp which inclosed the course of two small rivers. The local river of Vaiala, the Fuesa, I had followed through its sluggish windings in a canoe until it vanished in a tangle of the stilted roots of a mangrove clump where it could be followed no longer. The other river in the swamp, the Vailo, I had also followed in its course behind Moota and Matafangatele, and had traced it up to its source in a bubbling spring. Here they say that eels were created long ago in the beginning of time. Be the myth as it may, there can be no gainsaying the fact that this river is filled with eels along that part of its course where its fresh water mingles with the salt tide. Neither of these streams was a fit spot for crayfish, which must have cold water and clear water and always sweet water. Having explained this natural history of crayfish and geography of Vaiala, Talolo led the way up the steep hill where eyes less sharp than his would not have been able to discover any sort of trail. It was difficult going—the slope was very steep, the footing was insecure and it would have been easy to turn an ankle on the jagged blocks of lava or the slippery roots of trees. Sometimes the lianas lay along the slope in such a way as to take the place of a rope with which to help out the climb. Both of us were breathless when we reached the summit of the hill, but Talolo showed that his confidence in the resources of the bush was not a vain hope. A few moments' search disclosed what he was looking for, a pendent liana about 2in. thick. With a quick wrench he snapped it apart above a well-defined knot on the stem, and again below another knot 2ft. lower down. This node he gave me, first poking a hole in the joint, and told me to drink. The joint was a reservoir of sap, holding at least a pint, and it was a most refreshing drink, being both cool and slightly acid.

From this point on the path lay along the crest of the ridge. It is characteristic of all the South Sea people to run their paths along steep ridges, thus avoiding the possibility of being caught by some enemy who has the advantage of the superior position. Easier going might be found in the hollows and along the streams, but the Samoan is bound by custom as though it were fetters and will never willingly alter anything that has come down from his fathers. That the fathers had something to do with this path on the crest is clear from the massive stone fortifications along which it runs. The path itself is rudely paved with lava blocks, a sure sign that it formed part of the old system of war roads of antiquity.

The bush was not obtrusively noisy, but there was noticeable variety of sound. In the distance could be heard the voice of the pigeon like the long roll sounding far away calling soldiers to the alert, the gentle cooing of the manutangi dove, the sharp scuffle of the lizard dashing away when the foot is almost descending on it, yet seen only as a flash of indigo. Now the sound of dashing water is heard from the depths of the left hand declivity, and Talolo declares that the Vaivasa stream is below. We cannot descend just there, says Talolo. It is not that the slope is too steep—in fact it seems to be as open a spot as can be found. It is a little difficult to find out why the path to the river is closed at that spot, but piecemeal it comes out that there is a dangerous "aitu" or ghost-devil on that slope. Of course, Talolo knows that the old heathen devils cannot hurt those who "lotu" in the white man's religion, but now he remembers that he did not go to church last Sunday, and it might not be safe to venture within the special province of this malignant demon. The truth of it all is that all Samoans retain their old gods along with the new, and the old faith has become the superstition of the new era.

At last we come to a slope which is theologically satisfactory to Talolo, and there slide and scramble down to the bed of the stream, at present a shallow brook only a yard wide, but showing on the gorges that there are times when it flows in flood 20 and 30ft. deep, floods which are all the more to be feared as they come in a moment with a wall of water roaring down the mountain and are past in an hour.

Talolo has put me on the spot. He binds a spicy leaf of ginger about his head and as he seeks a springy clump of ferns on which to recline, tells me that there are plenty of crayfish here. In vain I peer into quiet pools among the rocks. Talolo says there are crayfish, he even points them out to me, but I can see nothing in the green shadows; even when the boy stirs them up with a stick all I can swear to is a sudden flash through the water. But Talolo has to make good his claim that nothing more is needed to catch the crayfish than is afforded by the bush itself. He is never stumped in any such question of practical woodcraft, yet each new instance of his ingenuity is just as interesting to me as all that has gone before.

The problem in this case was to catch the crayfish, which can almost conceal themselves, which go so swiftly as to elude the most rapid grasp of the hand. The only materials which the lad is to use are those to be found in the woods about him. His only tools are his own bare hands. I am very careful not to let the boy know that I think there is anything unusual in what he is doing or that I could not do as much myself. But to myself I must confess that under these conditions I would be lucky to get one crayfish an hour.

Talolo first rolled together a lot of stones from the bed of the stream, making two wingdams in the direction of the current and approaching each other by an interval of little more than ½ft. The upstream side of the dams was faced with a revetment of grass and leaves, held in place by the outer course of rock, Talolo explaining the purpose of this by the remark that the crayfish now could not slip through the walls. His next step was to bend down a slender bamboo and beat it with a sharp stone. As soon as the tube split beneath these blows the boy wa sequipped with a bunch of knives as sharp as razors, for every split bamboo leaves a cutting edge of pure flint that may soon wear dull, but is very sharp to begin with. One of the knives thus obtained served to peel off the outer bark of a hibiscus close at hand, exposing the lace-like inner bast. This was carefully removed in a single piece about 1yd. long and anchored in the brook. When the boy had collected three or four of these strips of bast he rubbed them carefully on a flat stone in the running water. This removed the mucilaginous sap. The next step was to draw the strips over the edge of one of the bamboo knives, which broke them up into so many hanks of soft, white, fiber-like cord. Making a loop in one of the cords, Talolo hitched it over a toe as he sat cross-legged, and then, working toward him, plaited or wove a net about 1¼yds. long by about 1ft. in diameter at the open end. This he put in place at the gap of the wingdams, and so adjusted it that it completely filled the opening. All these preparations were completed in less than ten minutes, and the boy had shown the superiority of his own woodcraft. Even if I had brought nets I could not have set them any more rapidly or effectively than this twelve-year-old boy who marveled at the white man's need of making preparations for the bush.

Then he assigned me a place where I could watch the stream and the net and cautioned me to make no noise and see that my shadow did not fall on the water, for the crayfish were very wise and would surely escape up stream in case anything of this sort happened. He then announced in a loud tone that it was time for him to go down to the sea, and rather ceremoniously took his departure. This little play was to deceive the crayfish into thinking that he had gone. They are so wise that if it were not for the trick no Samoan believes it possible to drive them into the net. Talolo then climbed the hill and disappeared. He descended to the river bed about a quarter of a mile above and worked down stream slowly. He waded down the brook, stopping to roll back up stream the larger rocks and keeping up a great splashing for the purpose of driving the shy crustaceans before him. From time to time he struck stone on stone under water, his belief being that the crayfish would hear that sound and fear to try to escape against the current. For some time there was nothing to be seen at the net, but as Talolo came nearer more and more flashes were seen darting about the stream. By the time he was only a few yards away the net was filling rapidly, the smaller animals finding their way out through the mesh and escaping down stream. But the larger ones could not squeeze through, and when the drive was over there were many more than the net would hold.

This self-reliant young woodsman clambered up a high tree—a niuvao or so-called bush cocoanut, which is not a cocoanut at all, although the leaves are somewhat similar. Throwing down one of these monstrous leaves, the creel resolved itself into a mere matter of weaving a basket of sufficient size to hold the catch. When the basket was woven Talolo dumped into it the contents of the net and the fishing was over. All the way on the trip home I found Talolo shucking the live crayfish and eating them with evident relish. That is a taste that one would have to be educated up to. Since there is no objection to live oysters there should be no more to live crayfish. I have essayed crayfish raw in Samoa, just as I have experimented with live shrimp on the Island of Hawaii, and in each case my objection is the same—the flesh is not as tender as when cooked, and the natural juices are unpleasantly gummy.

How many Talolo até alive there is no telling. When he emptied out the catch on my veranda there were just 101, all of good size. Talolo ate the odd one, so that there would be for me an even hundred. Then he remarked that that was the number the Samoan girl would have sold for a shilling, and in a general way was he not entitled to that shilling. In a moment of weakness I cut him down to sixpence and let him escape rather than undergo the length of his arguments why he should have money. But in return for the sixpence I had several hours in the bush, I had a mess of crayfish for our dinner and I had witnessed another demonstration of the ease with which savage man turns his surroundings to his own advantage.

Llewella Pierce Churchill.

"There used to be an eccentric old character in our neighborhood," said a planter, reported in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "who went by the name of Doc Johnson. He had never been forty miles from the settlement in his life, and was barely able to read and write, but he was naturally a sort of jack of all trades, and somehow or other he acquired a tremendous reputation for sagacity. Whenever an argument arose among the country folks Doc Johnson was pretty certain to be called in to decide it, and as he would rather have died than to have admitted ignorance on any subject, some of his statements of fact were amazing in the extreme. One day a farmer in the vicinity received a letter from his son, who had moved up to Iowa, saying, among other things, that the corn crop was looking badly and the country was being overrun by immigrants. The last word stumped the old man, and after puzzling in vain over its meaning he happened to see Doc and called him in. Johnson knew from the peculiar warmth of his greeting that he was going to be asked to solve some knotty problem, and at once assumed his wisest air. 'Doc,' said the farmer, pointing to the mysterious passage in the letter, 'what in thunder does that boy mean by immigrants? What are they like anyhow?' Johnson spelled through the paragraph, and noting the reference to the bad corn crop began rapidly to put two and two together. 'Immigrants!' he exclaimed, to gain time. 'Why, I thought everybody knowed what they was!' 'Air they critters?' asked the farmer, curiously. 'They is,' replied Doc, 'a kind of er cross between a possum and a coon, and I'll tell you what!' he added impressively, 'they're just simply death on corn.'"

Pioneer Days.—XIII.

Hubbardton.

WARNER'S and Francis' regiments were now drawn up in line of battle across the road and adjoining fields, taking advantage of every sheltering tree and log heap that offered. Hale's regiment drew off and gave no help.

Heralded by the shriek of fifes and the sharp rattle of brass drums that shook the woods with quick reverberation, Frazier's troops came marching down the road in gallant array, and deployed in line opposite the Americans. The latter at once opened fire, every gun leveled with that deadly precision of aim which was the constant complaint of the English. Their fire was returned with less effect, for the aimless bullets hurtled over the heads of the Americans, and there were ghastly gaps in the line where scarlet coats and white cross-belts were such fair targets.

"See if that red rooster drops when I fire!" said Torrey to Josiah, and aimed at a British major who stood upon a great stump reconnoitering the position of the Americans. At the report of the rifle the brave officer fell headlong from his perch. "Lord, forgive me! That's tew much like murder!" Torrey cried, in swift contrition for the deed. "I shall ketch it tu pay for that!"

"They come here tu kill us, an' if we git the fust chance it is aour good luck," Josiah said. "You haint done no more 'n your duty."

Torrey shook his head. "I shall ketch it afore the fight's over. You'll see. An' what's goin' tu be become o' my poor women an' childern's more 'n I know. Josier Hill, you promise me if you git aout o' this alive you'll go up tu that haouse an' git 'em away an' safe inside aour lines. Will ye?"

"Nonsense! You'll come aout o' this all right," said Josiah, trying to make light of the other's forebodings.

But Torrey shook his head sadly, "No, I'm sure on't as I be I see you, an' you must promise me tu ta' keer on 'em. Promise!"

"Yes, yes, I promise—if you don't come aout all right."

"Thank ye, an' gi' me your hand on't," said Torrey, stretching forth his hand as they left their corner to move forward.

The forest shuddered with sharp echoes, the spiteful crack of rifles, the sullen roar of volleyed musketry, the shrieks and groans of wounded men.

The British line wavered, then broke under the galling fire, and fell back until it received the support of Reidesel's advancing Brunswickers. Still the Americans pushed gallantly onward until victory seemed almost attained, when their Col. Francis, though sorely wounded, yet leading his regiment into the thickest of the fight, fell, pierced by a mortal wound.

At that a sudden panic swept the Americans into confusion and retreat. In vain Warner commanded, entreated, led on, and then realizing the hopelessness of it all, he sank down upon a log and poured out a storm of curses after the scurrying rout. Quickly recovering his self-control he called loudly to his men to rally at Castleton, and himself vanished in the maze of the woods. St. Clair, only six miles away, heard the battle raging, yet moved not to the rescue of his brave subordinate.

It was everyone for himself now, and Josiah, availing himself of every sheltering tree trunk, had scarcely noticed the absence of his comrade, when he almost stumbled over him lying among the rank ferns in the hollow of a cradle knoll. The blood was streaming from a wound in the breast, his life quickly going with it.

"You see!" he gasped, as Josiah dropped beside him. Remember—ta' keer—of—Hanner—an'—an'—the childern. Good-by," and his spirit passed.

Josiah knelt a moment beside the dead man, then composed the stiffening limbs, laid the hat over the motionless face, and stole away to more secure hiding until the flush of pursuit and pillage was over. Then keeping the cover of woods, fences and inequalities of the ground, he made toward Torrey's house, approaching it cautiously from the rear.

There was no sign of life to be seen about it, and it was only when he drew quite near that he heard the sound of suppressed weeping. Looking in at the door a sad sight met his eyes. The dead body of a woman lay upon the floor, the disheveled head lying in a pool of blood that oozed from a scalp wound and cleft skull, the savage sign of Indian slaughter. Beside it, crouched in an attitude of grief and despair, was a girl of eighteen, silent and tearless, her soft, dark eyes denied the relief of tears, while she suppressed the piteous lamentations of four younger brothers and sisters.

"My girl," said Josiah, gently, making his presence known. She looked up with a startled, hunted look. "Is it your mother?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," she answered.

"And you are Tom Torrey's family?"

"Yes. The Indians killed mother this morning. I hid the children under the washtubs in the cellar and myself behind the chimbley. They tried to burn the house, an' I put it aout. They killed the cow an' pig, an' took everything."

The body of the murdered mother was placed in a hastily prepared grave, a rude burial lacking in all form of service, but not in solemnity.

Josiah now lost no time in leading away his sorrowful charge by the most secret ways that tended toward the shifting frontier where comparative safety was to be found.

The Indians had plundered and destroyed everything in the house, except a little meal and a few pounds of salt pork, which had escaped their notice. These Josiah put in his knapsack, and when, at nightfall, he made camp for the homeless orphans in a dense thicket of evergreens, where he ventured to kindle a small fire, he set forth the scant rations. He mixed the meal with water in a vessel of birch bark, and saw Ruby Torrey spread it with housewifely care—though she protested it would be good for nothing without salt—on a johnnycake board which he hewed out with his ranger's tomahawk.

"When d'ye s'pose we'll see father?" she asked, looking up at him from her task and not a little confused to find his sharp, gray eyes fixed steadily upon her.

"See your father?" he repeated, starting as if from a dream. "I do' know—I can't tell ye."

"Is there anything the matter with him?" she asked with a searching look, and a white palor upon her face. "You'd better tell me true."

"You've be'n a brave gal, Ruby, an' you must keep on bein' one," said he, struggling to swallow a choking lump in his throat. "Oh, my poor gal! Your father was killed in the fight to-day! I promised him the last word he heared, I'd ta' keer on ye—you and your brothers an' sisters an your mother—we didn't know 'baout her—but he's with her now. I'll keep my promise faithful, Ruby."

She bowed her face upon her knees in grief too great for tears, until she felt a rough hand laid gently upon her head, when she wept silently. She drew the children to her and soothed their sobbing, but Josiah checked it more effectually with the admonition, "You mustn't make no n'ise or them praowlin' divils 'll ketch us," and presently got them engaged with the johnnycake and frizzled pork, and then to sleep on fragrant beds of hemlock.

"I guess I'll resk a flash more of fire," he said, and carefully mended the flickering blaze. "The Injins won't be a-shootin' 'raound much afore the crack o' day."

He bent his ear to catch a faint tremulous wail borne from far away on a waft of night breeze—a sound too elusive for the girl's less trained sense. The shrug—that was his silent recognition of it—was almost a shudder, for he knew it was the rallying cry of the wolves, gathering to the battlefield.

"You must eat a mou'ful," he said, proffering a morsel of johnnycake and a slice of pork, carefully frizzled over the coals. "Yes, you got tu," he urged. "You'll want all the strength you can muster tu-morrer."

She took the food, wondering to find herself yielding such ready obedience to him. He assigned to her a bed of twigs beside the sleeping children, and covered her with his blanket, saying: "Naow sleep saound, for I got tu wake you afore the young uns an' talk over things." The last she saw between lids that weariness closed in spite of the pain of grief was the silent, motionless form of her protector sitting in the fading firelight in intent abstraction, with his rifle across his knees.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Natural History.

Nicaraguan Experiences.—III.

Snakes and Things.

IF snakes can be happy anywhere on earth it would seem to be in the woods of Nicaragua. Summer lasts all the year round, no time need be wasted in hibernation, and opportunities to get walked upon, and then to bite somebody, are only limited by the sparsity of the human population. Vines, bushes, limbs, leaves and briars not only hide the ground from view, but they make a regular ocean of foliage in which the snake may be as easily overhead as underfoot, and equally invisible. It results that a stranger in the woods is apt to populate them with about a thousand imaginary snakes, and all venomous, for every real one. And to keep out of the way of so many is a task to make one nervous and unhappy, until he makes up his mind to stand his chances of snakes as he does of lightning, simply by trusting to luck—for nothing else can save him. When he has taught his nerves to do that, as soldiers teach their nerves to stand chances in battle, he can get a great deal of comfort in reflecting how very few people actually get bitten. The statistics of the small numbers bitten, as compared with the great number of snakes, and the chances per snake to bite somebody, would amply support a theory that the snakes have some sort of game law restrictions upon the privilege of biting people.

For, I am sure, they could soon exterminate the population, as we have done the buffalo and the wild pigeons, if they were "game hogs," and bit at every chance they could find. Of course, it is only a working theory, suggested for the comfort of the tenderfoot in the woods, by one of themselves, as its results seem to accord with experience. A simple form of such a theory would be that the snakes allow an average of so many miles of travel in the woods for each bite. I feel sure that the allowance is at least a thousand miles. That is, a thousand men could go at least one mile, or one man a thousand miles, or ten men a hundred miles each for every bite. So if I take a scramble through the jungle for a quarter of a mile I run a chance of just one in four thousand of getting a bite. It is always a great thing to get numerical expressions for just exactly what we are doing. Figures, we know, cannot lie. When we say the multiplication table we are telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. On all other occasions we are only approximating.

In the matter of varieties of venomous snakes Nicaragua has at least two of the three which we have in the United States, and four of her own besides. She has the rattlesnake, and the elaps, or coral snake, but I doubt if she has our copperhead or moccasin, which are practically the same snake, and I think interbreed. At least I have found no specimen of either in several good collections made in this vicinity. The books, however, say they are found in Mexico, and there is no reason apparent why they may not be here as well.

The elaps here is very abundant. I have been curious to know if his disposition is as inoffensive as it is in the United States, where the country folk often consider him harmless, and select him to handle and to scare timid people with; though the fatal percentage of his bites is higher than the rattlesnake's. But the natives here all recognize him as deadly, and believe him as quick to bite as any other.

Of the four native species, which are unknown in the United States, one is a dark backed and yellow-bellied sea snake, found only on the shore of the Pacific, called pelamys in the books. His tail is flat, like an eel's, his nostrils are on top of his nose, and his fangs are permanently erect, like elaps. Of each of the other three native species there are several varieties, differing sometimes widely in color and markings, so as to make some eight or ten quite different looking snakes. Among these the natives distribute, very much at random, three names—tamagas, tertiapello and toboba. Generally, however, tamagas is applied to the species called in the books teleuraspis. Its salient features are the excessively broad head, near about three times the width of the neck, and the possession of miniature horns over its eyebrows. One variety is uniform bright yellow, with a few fine black specks; one is an olive gray with some faint white spots, and a narrow stripe down the back; and one is a pale green with white, black, yellow and brown irregular spots specially adapted to conceal him from notice when up in the bushes.

The tertiapello of natives I generally identify with the trigonocephalus of the books. The salient feature is the very sharp-pointed, high, angular nose, and the top of the head covered with ordinary small scales, instead of the sort of plates that we see in our copperhead and moccasin. The scheme of color and marking is generally very suggestive of the copperhead, with reddish brown tints, and V-shaped marks, but there is great variety in this species, and greenish and olive and yellow all appear. This species in some of the books is called bothrops, and it includes the noted "fer de lance" of Martinque and Santa Lucia, said to be particularly aggressive. The third variety of the natives is toboba, but all the specimens shown me of that name turned out to be non-venomous snakes. The third variety of the books is lachesis, and I am sorry to say I have not yet found a specimen of him. He is the only snake in the world to whom the books will concede a horny end to the tail. He is akin to the rattlesnake, but not having enough bone on his tail for a rattle, he is said to have it in a "terminal spine well developed." I am still on the hunt for him, but I take it that he likes drier localities than the delta of the San Juan. And from the Pacific side, which is dry, the natives tell of having a "Toboba con unya," or toboba "with a claw." The book descriptions of their markings and coloring read much like those of the rattlesnake, and the crown scales are small, like tregonocephalus.

There is one more snake for which I have hunted faithfully, but which I never expect to find, although he is the most dreaded of all, both by natives and American settlers here. He is called the blood snake, and was mentioned and described in your columns in a letter from Costa Rica about two years ago, by a very intelligent correspondent, who spoke of him as resembling a "swollen vein." The descriptions vary a good deal, but generally agree that he is a small snake, and is red or bluish red or red bellied. I have seen some half-dozen collections of snakes, each of which had one or more so-called blood snakes. But every one, upon examination, proved to be some small, harmless snake. If any such snake exists he has heretofore escaped the observation of any naturalist. That is so unlikely that I am satisfied none can exist. There is, however, no doubt at all that, not infrequently, the symptoms ascribed to the bite of the blood snake do follow the bite of some snake. But it must be one of the three kinds above named. The symptoms are that all the mucous surfaces of the body, external or internal, will bleed, and sometimes even the natural skin is said to ooze or sweat blood. Evidently, in such cases, the patient has a very large dose of a poison containing an unusual proportion of what Dr. Weir Mitchell called "venom globulin." The "pit vipers" are supposed to be richer in that ingredient than other snakes, and all the snakes I have mentioned belong to the pit vipers, except the elaps and pelamys.

So there seems no need to conjure up a new snake to give a bite which will affect the blood in that way. But it would be very interesting to identify the snake and the circumstances under which it happens in an actual case. Physicians who have treated cases (which generally recovered, too) have described the cases to me, but they knew nothing about the snakes. All of these snakes, except the coral, seem to grow to great size, probably 7ft. or more, sometimes. I once saw the fangs of a monster rattlesnake in Florida, a fellow with near twenty rattles, and they were about ¾in. long. I have the fangs of a tamagas 1in. long, and I have heard of others very much larger.

A medicine called curarina is put up in Cartagena, Colombia, and is largely used all through Central America, and remarkable cures are ascribed to it. Its preparation is, of course, a secret, but the Indian arrow poison from South America, called curari, is well known, and is derived from plants which yield nux-vomica and strychnine. A plant of the same family, *Strychnos colubrina,* on the coast of Coromandel, has been in use for generations as an antidote for the bite of the cobra. And strychnine is now coming to be recognized as the physiological antidote for snake venom, as I recently wrote in your issue of July 8.

Unfortunately, snakes are not the only things in the woods here which bite. Ticks and mosquitoes I need not mention, for we are not guiltless of them ourselves in certain localities of the United States, and they are not restrained either in their biting by any game laws in any country. But I have found here a new way to catch the little bits of ticks, almost too small to see with the naked eye. A little half-warm lump of shoemaker's wax picks up all it is rubbed over, even though they cannot be seen. Scorpions and tarantulas are also to be found, but there are many more imaginary ones in the woods than real. The jigoe is very common in sandy localities, and must be amphibious, from the way in which he survives overflows. He is easily located and picked out when he finds a lodgment. But many deaths from lockjaw have been known to follow jigoe bites, and the natives are usually careful not to wash the place with water, believing that the germ of the lockjaw is in the water, and will find lodgment. They often apply a little kerosene to the spot.

The most horrid of all the parasites is known as the mosquito worm, the natives believing it to be deposited by some sort of a mosquito. It is really the grub of a variety of the œstris, a large, hairy fly, belonging to the same family as that which breeds the grubs found in the head of deer, and in rabbits and squirrels. The bot fly, which infests horses, is also of the same family.

This fly must either watch to catch people asleep, or else his grub-laying is an entirely painless operation, for I have heard of many cases on the face and hands, and of one in the eyelid. The grub has to breathe and keeps the hole open behind him, and can be seen to move. He can be squeezed out without much trouble, if first suffocated and killed. If squeezed while alive he is able to hold on to some extent and may be torn apart. The usual treatment is to plaster wet tobacco over him, which

cuts off his air and poisons him as well. Twelve to twenty-four hours are allowed for him to die, and then he is squeezed. They are not very common, but our tenderfoot in the woods traveling for snake bites will average getting at least two or three grubs for every bite. Carbolic or mercurial ointments might be better applications than tobacco.

While on the subject of pests, I will mention one in the vegetable kingdom which easily takes the prize over all competitors. The natives call it pica-pica, which means a double-barreled itch. It is a bush growing in the woods and waste places, often in patches and thickets. It bears a profusion of downy pods, and it is in the down that the trouble resides. Each filament of that down, though fine as gossamer and so light as to float in the air like dust, is a tiny arrow, covered with barbs, which seems to have the property of wriggling itself into the pores of whatever it touches. It will work through ordinary clothing and reach the skin beneath, and then the trouble begins in earnest. Each little arrow gets its tip into a pore of the skin and at once takes a grip and begins to wriggle in deeper. Scratch it and you find it possesses two rare qualities in perfection. The first is of adhering to the fingers and being transferred to infest all sympathetic places which are scratched. The other is that quality of the-more-you-scratch-the-more-you-have-to-scratch. These two qualities combined form a regular blue-print device for distributing the pica-pica to the remotest sections of one's cuticle in the shortest possible time. There is no natural selection about it; it is blue-print pure and simple. Even unimaginative people grow eloquent and picturesque in describing the itch which pica-pica generates. Fire is one of their mildest comparisons. The only relief is a few hours of rubbing in oil. On dry days this down detaches itself from the pods, and infests the breeze to the leeward of the bushes, and should one jar or shake the bush a cloud of it disperses like smoke in every direction.

A gentleman told me of a tragic occurrence in connection with this vegetable, though having its root, as all tragedies do, in human depravity. He was invited to supper and a dance at a hospitable home near an interior town, to meet a number of the loveliest young ladies of all that section. The young lady who was hostess had two younger brothers, who were evidently degenerates. She had been so unfortunate as to offend these brothers that afternoon. What should these wretches do but scatter pica-pica on the ballroom floor while the guests were at supper! When the dancing began, naturally the swirling skirts of the señoritas generated ascending eddies about their flying feet, sucking the fatal weed upward from the floor, and soon filling the whole air with it. Not one escaped! There was but a single dance! What those poor girls endured will only be known at the last day, and then, it is to be hoped, we shall all know and actually see and applaud what is to be done to those boys.

But let us turn to more cheerful topics. The Atlantic Sea beach is mostly of shifting sands, and very few shells are found, but many pretty and curious "sea-beans." The most common is the ox eye, or borrichia, which is often borne by the Gulf Stream as far north as the Carolinas. It is often carried in the pocket as a preventive of rheumatism and other troubles, as the buckeye sometimes is in the States. A flat, black, four-lobed seed, doubtfully identified as an ipomea, is called contreveneno, and is said to cure snake bites. A sort of pear-shaped, grayish, polished nut, the size of a filbert, is called "hembra y macho" or "female and male." It is much prized as a charm, to be worn by children among their beads. It keeps off all evil eyes, and especially a sort of sunstroke often given to young children by the eyes of persons who have been working in the sun. It is doubtfully identified as *Cæsalpina bonducelli*. It is said to be called female and male because the seeds grow in pairs on a single stem, but that is not sure.

Of native birds, I have been most interested in the jacana. Black-green head, shading into red-purple body, the wings when spread of pale gold, and when he lights he holds them open for a few seconds as if for you to admire. Slender, delicate and graceful, with long toes and toe nails like cambric needles, for walking over floating grasses. A stout golden bill, a clover leaf, cut out of gold leather, above his bill and lying back on his forehead like a little skull cap, and sharp and elegant golden spurs on his elbows. He is very tame along the edge of the town, and is said, with his elbow spurs, to whip off all chickens which trespass in his vicinity.

Another very interesting bird is a large oriole, which builds hanging nests over a yard long, as large as one's head. Sometimes fifty or more hang on a single isolated tree. The colonies seem to be polygamous, but I am not sure.

Still another oriole, like our Southern mockingbird, makes himself most at home of all the birds in the country. He is always in evidence in the most conspicuous place he can find, and whistling as if he owned the town. For a repertoire he has at least fifty sentences, about a third of them good English, and the others, apparently, good something, but I don't know what. I call him "Charlotte's bird," for I first noticed him whistling "Who kissed Charlotte?" Afterward I recognized many English calls such as "Come here, sweetheart," "Please don't deceive me," "She never will forgive you," etc., and there are scores which I cannot translate. I hear very many strange bird calls in the woods, which excite my curiosity, but tall trees and dense foliage make it very difficult to see the birds. And between my limited knowledge of Spanish and the limited knowledge of birds by the natives, I net but little information by questions. By the way, as we are taking so much Spanish now into our happy family, some of your readers may find it useful to know how to ask in Spanish what anything is called. Point at the object and say: "Come and see Emma?" The Spaniard will think you said in beautiful and correct Castilian, "Como se llama?"—how itself calls that?

Let me ask space for one thing more. There have been several letters in your columns recently discussing whether animals have reason. The question seems to me much like discussing whether dawn is daylight, but I am not proposing to debate it. I only wish to call attention to the fact that the numerous instances of intelligent animals, made famous by your correspondents, are all dogs! Blood is thicker than water. Please record the following instance of intelligence and other equally admirable qualities in another race, somewhat nearer to us on the family tree. Dogs are only mammalia. Monkeys are primates.

A friend who was encamped in the woods recently witnessed the following occurrence: A troop of monkeys, which seemed to be a picnic party, under the charge of chaperons, came to cross a creek by his camp. They came along, traveling as usual, from tree to tree by interlacing limbs, and at the creek side soon found some vines which made a suspension bridge. There was considerable skylarking going on in the procession, but the chaperons marshaled all across the bridge except two. These two had dodged behind trees and palpably and deliberately got left on purpose, and when the rest of the picnic was safely out of sight they selected a nice narrow seat, where they sat extremely close together, apparently deep in conversation and as happy as could be. After some time the larger one spied a fruit hanging not far below him, and began to reach down to try and get it. His reach proving too short, he took a twist with his tail around the limb and swung for it. But even his tail was too short, and the fruit still hung a foot or more out of his reach. His smaller comrade saw the difficulty, and solved it at once. She grabbed the tail firmly, loosed it from the limb, while at the same time her own tail took a turn around it, let her comrade's tail twist about her wrist, and then, all securely braced and anchored, she reached down until she had lowered him in reach of the fruit. He gathered it, and in a minute was back by her side, and they were eating the fruit together. What dog could have ever figured through a problem like that, beginning with getting left by the picnic? And what dog would have failed to eat the whole prize himself, only growling at his comrade to keep off? But blood will tell! JACK HILDIGO.

An Animated Steel Trap.

A HOT summer day; a party gathering apples under the shady trees of the old orchard; a sound of a chicken in distress, and the exclamation of a visitor, "A hawk!" But the lady of the house, with the air of one worried with the recurrence of an old vexation, said: "No, it's that old turtle again!"

I had heard of the turtle which by his industry distanced the hare, but to learn that the cries of the fowl in the distance were occasioned by its capture by a turtle was a revelation to me. I ran for my rifle, for certainly this turtle justified the use of a gun.

We hurried down to the spring branch at the foot of the orchard, and saw a chicken of "frying size" being dragged down into the mud by some irresistible invisible agency. It was disappearing slowly, and I fired to one side, having detected a slight movement in that direction of the surface of the mud hole.

I chanced to choose the right side, and a spot of blood showed on the surface of the slough, and the chicken was released and hobbled away.

I got a fence rail and reached in and pried up the turtle and shot it through its ugly looking head. The first shot was through the shell. The two shots killed it in an hour. I had given the animal credit for more vitality, and also that when it closed its jaws on an object it would not let go until it thundered.

The victim was a mud or water turtle about a foot over its shell. It had claimed several chickens as its own by waiting around until, unconscious of danger, the fowl ventured near enough to be snapped and dragged under. I proposed a terrapin stew, but the suggestion not being well received by my hostess, the matter was laid on the table. ANDREW PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

The Rattlesnake's Venom.

HILLSGROVE, R. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note in your paper of July 15 the question of Fred Skinner in regard to the rattlesnakes being poisonous between October and February. I deal quite largely in reptiles and have done so for four years, and sometimes have as many as fifty rattlers on hand; and in my opinion, as well as personal experience, the rattlesnake is deadly poison if he gets a good snap at his victim. That is, the diamondback. I find the banded and the black rattlers are not so quick to kill. I have put chickens in a box for a diamondback to feed on, and the reptile would be vexed by the fluttering of the chick, whereupon the snake would strike it and the chicken would die quicker than it would if its head had been severed. But in the same cases with the banded and black, I have had them live for hours. We have twenty-seven distinct species of the rattlesnake in the United States, and the diamondback is the one most dangerous. I do not think a person could live an hour after being struck by this species at any season of the year. I have a few fangs over 1in. long taken from some of these snakes. If Mr. Skinner would like some of them I will look them up and send them to him.

W. W. BUDLONG.

Wild Pigeon in New York.

MICHAEL HEALY, of the Bolivar (N. Y.) Gun Club, killed a wild pigeon in the woods on Aug. 10.

The New York Sun says that Inspector Frank W. Pierce, of the State Forest Preserve Board, reports that a crane was shot near Moose River in the Adirondacks which had forty-five trout in its stomach.

The photographs of the Vermont deer McKinley, which were published in our issue of June 24 should have been credited to the camera of Dr. W. K. Draper, of New York.

DON'T SHOOT

until you SEE your deer—and see that it is a deer and not a man.

Game Bag and Gun.

Maine Bear Trappers.

THE Maine hunter stands neither in fear nor respect of the black bear. He knows him to be a tricky customer, only dangerous when cornered, something like a big, overgrown rat, but not half as courageous as the rat. He has a contempt for the bear, savored only by the knowledge that the animal is powerful and armed with teeth and claws that may work mischief under certain fortuitous circumstances, and also by the ever-present consciousness of the money value of the beast. A Maine man always has a warm spot in his heart for any proposition involving dollars and cents. The bear is worth, when dead, $5 in bounty and several times that amount in the proper season for its robe. Consequently at the bottom the Maine man has a feeling not altogether unfriendly toward the sheep-stealing, cowardly vagabond of the woods. Get one of the Maine trappers to tell of his bear hunting experiences and sooner or later he will certainly come around to the money value of his catch and dwell on that as the principal feature of the story. Personal danger is touched upon lightly, or left out when not essential to the narrative, and sensations are never mentioned—except perhaps the sensation of disgust that the bear has gotten some temporary advantage as a result of the narrator's short sightedness. Warren Wing, of Flagstaff, and John Cushman, of Sherman, are two typical Maine trappers, and both their stories hinge on the number of bears killed in a certain period, and the money value received for the lot. I shall tell them as nearly as possible, as the men told the stories themselves.

"Four years ago," said Mr. Wing, "I made $120 in ten days' time trapping bears. I got four old bears and two cubs. One of the cubs was alive. On this trip I got a bear every other time I looked my traps over.

"I started from home and went into my camp on Pray Hill in the northeast corner of the town. It was about the 1st of May. I went out and sot four traps and then went home again. In about a week's time I went back to look at my traps. The first trap I came to was gone. I hunted for it for two hours and couldn't find it. The trail was an old one, and it had rained since it was made, and I couldn't follow it good.

"I was looking off through the woods uncertain which way the trail went, when I happened to see a bear's head cocked up looking at me. I knew well enough the bear was in my trap, and I walked right up to it to get a good shot. I saw a couple of small animals that I took to be rabbits run off in the bush, but I didn't pay much attention to them, being so hard upon the bear. I got where I wanted, and knocked my bear over, and then I sot to to skin her. When I turned her over I see that she was suckling cubs, and that reminded me of the small animals I had seen run off, and I knew well enough then what they were.

"After I took the old lady's hide off I spent the best part of an hour looking for the cubs, but I didn't find them, and I had to give it up as I had the other traps to look over.

"The next trap I visited was gone, too, but the bear had got into it since the rain, and left a good trail, and I soon found him.

"The bear kept head on and would not give me just the shot I wanted, so I gave him one through the head and knocked him down. When I worked the gun for a new cartridge there was nothing there. For some reason or other my magazine was empty, and I could find no more cartridges in my pockets. About the time I found this out the bear rolled over and got on to his feet and stood there looking at me to see what I was going to do next. It was kind of aggravating, and I says to myself, 'Your hide's going back with me to Flagstaff, Mister Bear, some way or 'nother.'

"You can bet I wasn't going to lose my bear just because I had run out of ammunition.

"I looked around for something to kill the bear with, but couldn't find anything till I got clear back where the trap had been set, a matter of a couple of hundred yards or so. There I got a chunk of wood 6ft. long and 3in. through that I'd used setting the trap. It was heavy rock maple, and I says to myself, 'This is good enough for a cartridge, and it won't play out.'

"When I got back to the bear he set there winking and blinking and showing his teeth, telling me he didn't want me trying no more experiments on him. I crept up behind and swung my club, and the very first clip I drove the skull right in, and after that I had no more trouble taking off the pelt. The rifle ball had hit him in the nose and missed the brain, and only stunned the bear temporarily.

"I generally figure to get a side shot on the skull between the eye and ear. I look the bear in the eye, and after a while he turns his head and looks away, and that gives me my chance.

"The next day I thought I'd see what I could do to get the cubs, so I took my boy with me and went back to where the old bear lay. When we got near to the carcass we saw two cubs going up a big spruce tree, snake fashion, circling round and round the tree as they went up. I brought my rifle up and took a quick shot and put a ball right through the head of one of the cubs, and that was the end of him.

"Then I thought of catching the other one. I asked the boy if he thought he could climb the next tree to the big one, for that had no limbs. He said he believed he could skin it, and started for the tree.

"'Hold on,' I said; 'I want to rig you out.'

"I went and cut a crotched pole 10ft. long, and fastened the crotch to his belt so he could climb with hands and feet, and told him to go ahead and skin up the tree.

"He got up 30ft. or so, carrying the pole with him and then he was on an even height with the cub in the other tree, and only about 10ft. off. I told him to take the pole and put the crotch on the bear and shove it off the limb it was sitting on.

"The boy gave the bear a punch and knocked him off the limb, but he hung on underneath. He punched again and the cub came back on top. 'Now,' I says, 'you give him a good big punch and knock him off anyway.'

"The boy gave him a good punch and knocked him off. The cub made himself round like a bat-ball coming through the air, and he struck on his rump right at my

feet. I grabbed him by the nape of the neck and back and he turned like a flash and began scratching like a bag full of cats.

"I sang out to the boy to hurry up and come down or I'd have no flesh left on my hands, and when he got down I had him tie the forward feet with a piece of string and help me get the little devil under control.

"All this time the cub was making the most unearthly noise, and I thought to myself if there were any old bears around I should have company. I kept the cub till he was six months old and then sold him. When I got him he weighed about 5lbs., and when I sold him he weighed 50.

"I had put the old she bear in for bait, and about a week after I got the cubs I went back to the trap and caught another old one, and a little after that I got my fourth grown bear in the trap where I had knocked the bear over with a club.

"Bear meat makes as good a bait as anything. The secret in catching bears is to select the right spot for setting the trap. One man may set a trap in one place and never catch anything, and another man may go fifty or a hundred rods to one side and get a bear right off the first thing.

"Some bears are mighty smart. I tried three years for one, and had the blacksmith make me a special heavy trap. He was a monstrous big bear, and you could follow him through the woods by his track just as easy as you could an axe. I put out a dead horse weighing 1,000lbs. for him and he hung around till he ate him all up, and it didn't take a great while either. I covered the horse with brush and hid the trap in different places, but he'd paw the brush away till he'd located the trap before he'd take a bite of the horse. I've known bears to walk round and round a trap till they'd worn a regular ring in the ground. At last I took bee's honey and smoked herrings and that was too much of a temptation for him to go by, and I got the old fellow.

"As a rule bears, when they get in a trap, fight themselves and get het up so they choke themselves. If one gets in a stream or pond, where he can keep cool, he'll live for quite a spell."

John Cushman's camps are at Katahdin Lake, under the shadow of Maine's highest mountain. There is good fishing and hunting, particularly for caribou, in his section, and it is also a great place for bears. In the last three springs Cushman has trapped thirty-five bears, and he may be said to make a business of catching bears.

A year ago last spring Cushman killed three full grown bears in one day, and carried no weapon but a .38cal. Smith & Wesson double-action revolver with 5in. barrel. His day's work netted him $15 in bounties and $44 for the skins, or $59 in all. The fact that he nearly lost his life in a hand-to-hand conflict with one of the bears is a minor feature of the story.

"I had forty steel traps worth about $8 or $10 apiece set around back of Katahdin Lake," says Cushman. "I made all but about four or five of the traps myself. It's no great job to make a bear trap. I do most anything from making moccasins to snowshoes and canoes. Well, as I was saying, I was off there looking over my traps thirty-five miles from home, and alone, at the time, with nobody nearer than L. B. Rogers' hunter camp on the East Branch, thirteen miles away. I came to a trap that was missing and followed up the bear for about ten minutes, and walked right up to within 6ft. of the bear before I saw him. He'd got hung up by winding the chain around a tree, and lay flat on his back in among some brush and stuff looking up at me as well as he could. He couldn't see very good, for the sun was right in his eyes, and he was hung up so he couldn't move.

"I shot him and skinned him and took the hide right along. It took me from half to three-quarters of an hour to skin him. I don't make much business trying to hurry when I'm skinning a bear, for fear of cutting the skin.

"I hadn't gone quarter of a mile from that place when I found where another bear had gone off with a trap. I followed him about a mile, and then the first thing I knew I heard a rattling of the chain and saw the bear coming toward me on the run. I let him get within a rod and fired and killed him stone dead with a bullet in the brain.

"I took the bear's jacket off and then I walked back to the canoe with the two hides, and paddled up the lake a piece to where I had some more traps set. I looked over several traps before I found one that had done the business. This bear led me quite a chase. I followed the trail three hours and ten minutes before I came up to him. I had my watch in my hand a good deal of the time, for I wanted to allow time to get back to the lake before dark, when the walking would be bad. The bear was traveling toward the south end of Katahdin, and walked in the bed of every brook he came across, and did his best to hide his track.

"As last I heard him making the devil of a roaring off in the woods. I left the trail and struck across toward him, following the sound. When I came up he was fast in some treetops where four or five large spruces had been rooted up by the wind and the tops thrown together. The minute he saw me the bear threw himself on his back and put his feet against a log and tried to yank out of the trap. I thought if he got out he might make it too warm, so I ran in and took a shot at his head, trying to cripple him. The bullet struck directly under the ear and brought up against the knuckle of the neck bone. It was not heavy enough, as it happened, to do the bear any serious injury, but it knocked him senseless. I kind of took it for granted he was dead, and jumped up on one of the trees and walked along it down to where the bear was to see if he had good fur—I've killed shedder bears as early as the 10th of May, and only got $2 for the skin.

"The bear never stirred, and I started to get the chains off the clog, and quick as a flash he had me. My insteps had been right against his back, but quicker than I could think he turned over and was standing on his feet facing me. His mouth was within 6in. of my face, and his breath didn't smell good. He was in the act of nailing me with his claws, and I had to shove him off mighty quick without choosing where to put my hand, either, anywhere so as to get him away in the shortest order, so I shoved my left hand, as it happened, square into his mouth.

"If I'd had my revolver in the case there'd never been no chance for me at all, but I'd never put it up, and it was still in my right hand. With the same motion that I shoved the bear off I raised the pistol and put the muzzle on to the bear's head so close that it burned the hair off, and gave him four shots. Of course, I jerked my left hand back mighty quick out of the bear's mouth, but I wasn't quite quick enough to prevent him getting his teeth into the middle finger. If he'd held me for one instant he'd stove me right to pieces, but I knew I had to get that hand out, and so it came.

"The bear got those four shots in him from my double-action pistol before he ever touched the ground, and when he did he was dead for keeps.

"He'd ripped up my finger pretty well, and there was a piece of the cord half an inch long sticking out. I cut the cord off with my knife and took and laid a chunk of flesh right in and bound up my hand. Then I skinned the bear and set the trap again, and took the hide and went back to my canoe and paddled over to camp. After that I took the three hides and went through thirteen miles to Rogers' camp, and spent the night there. Charley Hunt, of Staceyville, and John McNally, of Sherman, were there, and I got John to wash the hand and do it up again. It was swollen very bad and pained me so that I couldn't sleep. The next day I started at 6 in the morning and got home that afternoon, carrying my three bearskins. I was laid up a month with that hand and couldn't feed myself or touch anything. The finger won't work right yet, and I never expect it will. I got two quarts of bears' teeth and toe nails since then, though, and I feel satisfied."

Messrs. Wing and Cushman both are willing to take sportsmen with them on their trapping expeditions. May is the best month for bears. J. B. Burnham.

Arkansas and the South.

Little Rock, Ark., Aug. 13.—At this season of the year there is little to shoot but wood ducks and doves, but of these there are quite a number. The best summer duck shooting, I am informed, is at Beaver Dam Lake, which is in Mississippi, forty-three miles from Memphis, on the Yazoo Valley Railroad, where some Memphis sportsmen control a preserve. This club opens the season July 4, and on the 20th Dr. R. W. Mitchell and Tom O'Sullivan were there and bagged seventy-seven ducks, of which Dr. Mitchell killed fifty, the limit. Mr. O'Sullivan, who is quite an old man, had the misfortune to break his glasses, or he would also have got the limit, he tells me. Several days later Nash. Buckingham and Carl Neptune bagged sixty. This club has been in existence sixteen years, and before the rule limiting the bag to fifty ducks a day was adopted it frequently occurred that 100 ducks a day were shot to the single gun.

During the entire period of the club existence there has never been a change of officers; those who were chosen when the club was organized have been re-elected each ensuing year. This reflects great credit on those thus honored. They are: Dr. R. W. Mitchell, President; W. A. Wheatley, Secretary and Treasurer, and J. A. Austin, Chairman of Executive Committee. One other person who has been a fixture for nearly this length of time is the club's cook and caretaker, Andrew Jackson Bounds, who has been with the club fourteen years. The club does not own the lake where its preserve is located, but leases it, and has only recently renewed this for another term of years.

The Wapanocka Club members also enjoy good wood duck shooting on their famous preserve, which is situated in eastern Arkansas, and which contains 6,000 acres of land and water and requires fourteen miles of fence to inclose. A party consisting of J. P. Ederington, A. C. Treadwell, John Overton, Jr.; Robert Galloway, Dr. J. S. Minor and others were over on opening day, which is Aug. 1 with this club. But though there were plenty of ducks, the party averaged only about ten ducks per man. The water in the lake is very low, and the extreme heat had killed a great many fish, which were scattered about on the water and along the bank, and these produced such an offensive odor that it precluded all possibilty of remaining on the lake any length of time.

The membership of this club is limited to forty, and the stock is valued at $1,000, but nevertheless there are no vacancies, and at present there are four or five applications on file. This club employs a keeper, who is also a deputy sheriff, to patrol its land, for in addition to its fine duck shooting there are also deer, turkey and squirrels on its preserve.

At both these clubs the daily bag of ducks is limited to fifty, and there is also a clause prohibiting the members from offering any of their game for sale, under penalty of expulsion.

The Hatchie Coon Club and Oak Donick are both situated in Arkansas, and are located on the bank of the St. Francis River. The membership of these organizations is also composed mostly of Memphis sportsmen, and recently they have been merged into one. The principal attraction this club has to offer consists of the fine bass fishing to be had in the St. Francis River, which has been the best for the past twenty years. The club limits the number of bass to be taken in a single day to fifty, and it frequently occurs that these are taken in a few hours by the more skillful members, while even the novice has no difficulty in taking the limit. Perch and channel cats are not limited, and these are equally plentiful. The club house is quite a structure, and the club keeps a capable and competent man in charge to look after the wants of the members, and as the accommodations are first-class in every respect the members' wives and families frequently accompany them.

The membership of this club is limited to 100, and the stock is in great demand at $175 per share. This preserve embraces about 800 acres fronting on the St. Francis River.

While in Memphis the other day I was informed that the dove shooting in that vicinity was not as good as usual, but notwithstanding some very fair bags were being made. I was also told that last year a party of Memphis shooters went to Senatobia, Miss., and slaughtered 1,200 doves in a single day.

Here in this part of Arkansas the dove shooting has been very good, and bags of from twenty-five to forty are regular occurrences. But the weather has been very hot the past two weeks, and there is plenty of hard work connected with this kind of shooting.

Paul R. Litzke.

Antiquity of Hunting.

Probably the forefathers of all mankind were hunters. This presumption is one of the most reasonable things we can imagine, whatever may be the true theory of the origin of man. This must be admitted by all people who admit anything, regardless of those who never do.

In the matter of hunting, moreover, man does not greatly differ from all other creatures of the animal world, nor, it may also be said, from the creatures of the vegetable or even of the mineral kingdoms. It is one of the most apparent facts that everything endowed with life is eternally in quest of some other creature or thing. I shall entertain this belief until some hunter digs up a microbe, a mote, or any other kind of a thing that is absolutely inert. To do this he will, perhaps, have to dig up something that does not exist.

This belief of mine, however true, does not seem to make much difference anyhow or anywhere, somehow. There are so many kinds of hunters and so much diversity in the hunting that it neither evens up, levels nor squares anything in particular. The mineral particles that are eternally in quest of some other particles, the roots, fibers and juices that are forever reaching out for what they seek, the microbe, the mite, the pollywog, the catfish, the whale, the leviathan, the mugwump, the monkey and man are all engaged chiefly in the same pursuit—hunting something else.

Nevertheless, this business of hunting, that is carried on so extensively and so continuously, has a great deal to do with the goings on in this world; so much, indeed, that I hope someone agrees with me in my opinion that hunting is not given the distinguished importance to which it is peculiarly entitled.

Without meddling with the millions of other creatures addicted to hunting, it is enough, in the space likely to be allowed this essay, to consider man in what may be the first position. Man is so unmistakably a natural born hunter that I am of the opinion he ought to be measured by some sort of a Nimrod—that is to say, some measure expressly designed to ascertain his real dimensions in comparative respect to other hunting creatures.

With proper deference to things ancient and sayings proverbial, isn't it about time a new set of saws was fixed up for generations coming on hereafter? As an instance, if there is nothing new under the sun, there ought to be an organized and earnest effort to fix some old thing over so that it will seem at least as good as new. If posterity could request something of us, especially something American, the demand would doubtless be for a few new, or at least thoroughly renovated, aphorisms. All the old gambols have been shown; and some of them have exposed themselves.

As another instance—an instance of anything you please—a man is *not* known by the company he keeps, scarcely. Very pious people have sometimes been thrust among sinners, in jails and other evil places. Again, some very religious and not well-known men keep all sorts of company in houses they rent, in business they do, and while they are hunting. And there are gun clubs and associations of sportsmen who differ.

The saying has perhaps done more harm than is thought for. How much better it would be to establish a fact, instead of a trite lingo that doesn't either rhyme or stay where you put it. If we could fix that phrase over and say a man is known by the hunting he does, there is no doubt posterity would like the flavor of it. Such a combination of words and wisdom in small compass ought to be in some Poor Richard's almanack in the year 2000, which comes hereafter quite a while.

There are other instances. Instead of saying How do you do? How are you? and How is Smith or Brown getting along?—instead of asking these questions a thousand times we might be less tiresome and monotonous by saying What are you hunting to-day? Did you find it yesterday? or What is Smith hunting for this time? Replies to such questions would doubtless signify something.

Men are forever hunting, and women are usually quietly or otherwise in quest of something. This fact is established beyond legitimate refutation, for it may be traced throughout history, Scripture and mythology; while the incredulous and skeptics may either assure themselves of it by daily observation, or, as they have been known to do in other cases, avoid the proofs to maintain their stubborn opinions and characters.

Digging in my garden recently (where I dig chiefly in hope of digging up something, about the only way I raise anything) I dug up evidence that goes to establish my theories of things. I think I am the first civilian that ever dug up the ground or anything else where my garden is, and I have unearthed more gophers, bugs, snails, spiders, scorpions, tarantulas and other gewgaws than I have had any use for; most of them were evidently hunting, even in the earth, for other things.

The evidence alluded to consists of some several arrow and spear heads, chipped from obsidian, together with a stone mortar and two pestles for the same. These relics of the noble red man (and woman as well) were found under about a foot of earth by the stump of a large black oak, on the bank of a small stream. There is no way of learning how long these primitive implements were buried, but they are apparently as good as they ever were.

The relics of people long since gone to an everlasting oblivion, so far as concerns those who survive them, offered an excellent opportunity for reflection and conjecture. Having always found it more to my liking to ruminate than dig, I abandoned, for a time, at least, that purely physical exercise in order to defer to intellectual impulse. Base is the slave who digs or delves and likes to do it. The world, in my opinion, is overburdened with sweating laborers. They have been perverted from their original and natural instincts as hunters and gentlemen. This region is full of wild-eyed, unkempt and underfed lunatics digging for gold. They are yet hunters, but they would be lucid for intervals at least if they were digging worms for bait, and they would be improving the surface of the earth, even if bait fishing were prohibited, or they couldn't catch a sunfish.

The red aborigines had the loftier instincts. In fashioning with infinite patience his arrowheads of black flint, in shaping his primitive bows and arrows, and in hunting for the things that supplied his real needs, I say he was

the true hunter on the right trail. In time he might have attained to better things than his vanquishers, for none of them knows the history of his development nor the era of his Adam.

The aboriginal tribes of the Pacific Coast, for whom our linguists have provided no fitter designation than Digger Indians, no syllable of which is in any degree significant or suitable, were perhaps the least worthy of all the North American tribes. But if there were no vestiges of them remaining but the obsidian arrowheads, stone mortars and woven baskets, yet found everywhere in California, those alone are mute but indisputable proofs of some of their traits. Man has been distinguished as a tool-using animal, long ago by some learned professor, and he might well have observed that to have been the secret of his sway over all other creatures in the world. In our remembrance the most potent implement has been and is now the gun. Give even a Digger Indian guns and gunners enough and he could rearrange civilization.

When Bodega Bay, where the fancied Golden Gate lets ocean commerce into San Francisco, was first discovered by a pirate, he found people there capable of the noblest kind of hospitality. The result has been as has been the result throughout history; no civilized power has ever been great enough to be humane or even honest in its contact with weaker barbarians. The weaker need not be very barbarous, either. It all depends upon which is the mightiest hunter.

A red savage standing waist deep in the ice-cold mountain stream for hours, patiently waiting for a salmon to come within reach of his spear; another tracking with noiseless steps and anxious eye the deer that he must slay with his barbed stick or starve; the old mother grinding dried berries and acorns in the stone mortar, hour by hour, to furnish sustenance for her children and braves, are never again to be familiar scenes in the territory occupied by the United States of America. The land is occupied by a mightier host, an entirely different people; and yet there are hunters and fishers in plenty, greatly superior in many ways, but lacking in a kind of nobility for which civilization has, at most, no monopoly.

If the problem, "What is the chief end of man?" has been sufficiently answered, we ought to inquire something as to the chief end of civilization. If it is wealth and luxury we ought to remember the fate of the first republic—*Senatus populusque Romanus;* and if it is to propagate the greatest number of a given race, we might consider the accomplishments of the Chinese; if it is to be expansion or imperialism, we ought to be more clearly assured as to just what to hunt for.

After examination, it appeareth that this essay about hunters savors too much of an indefinite kind of expansion, but I cannot let go of the subject without the addition that, in my opinioin, the Czar of all the Russias (if not of all the Russians) is one of our very mightiest hunters. I hope he will drive center on Mars eventually and effectually prevent pot-shooting the dove. It is a pity the Peace Conference was not called by an American.

In concluding this epistle, while I retain the belief that we are all hunters fundamentally. I have derived from a compilation by one Noah Webster information that I am at times, moreover, a potwalloper. Hermits have no wholesome way of dodging that affliction. They are fortunate if they are skillful enough at hunting to get things to potwallop. And so this ceaseth.

RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal., July.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Movements of Western Sportsmen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 17.—Mr. H. O. Wilbur, of Philadelphia, writes me as below regarding Western small game country:

"As usual I come to you for information regarding shooting. A friend and myself expect to go to Jackson's Hole for elk shooting the last of this month, and after remaining a month desire to find some small game shooting which we may conveniently take in on our return trip. Can you recommend some place or places where we should be likely to find some of this kind of shooting not far from the Union Pacific or Chicago Northwestern railway, east of Pocatello, Idaho? Believing you have the best facilities for knowing these places, and are to-day the best posted man I know of, have taken the liberty of writing you this letter. I hope to see you in Chicago as we pass through, but would like to get this information before starting if possible, that I may make arrangements accordingly."

I have advised Mr. Wilbur to stop as he goes east about the central part of Nebraska, where he should find good quail shooting, and perhaps a few chickens, though the latter are being killed now in good numbers ahead of the season, and may be scarcer yet by the time the big game season ends. For a better chicken country a party would better go further to the northwest, in the sand hills of the Loup region, for instance, but I have about given up advising anybody on chickens, for the shooting is pretty much all done before the legal season begins over the greater part of the Western country. The quail is a better factor now in Western sport than the chicken—a hundred to one. Mr. Wilbur will find abundance of quail in Nebraska.

Hon. Jas. H. Eckels, ex-Comptroller of the Currency for the United States, and now president of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago, called at my office this week for directions in regard to a Western shooting trip which contemplates both large and small game. Mr. Eckels will be one of quite a large party who will go in at Sisseton, S. D.—Old Fort Sisseton, built in 1864 and abandoned some years since—after prairie chickens. The party will be under guidance of Minneapolis gentlemen and will be made up as below: Messrs. Jas. H. Eckels, Geo. M. Eckels and John Crerar, of Chicago; W. F. Harrity, of Philadelphia; Judge E. Koon, of the Minneapolis bench; W. Thayer, cashier of the National Bank of Commerce, Minneapolis; W. Jeffry, cashier of the First National Bank, of Minneapolis; C. F. Folds, also of Minneapolis. They will have plenty of money along to pay all the bills, and if they run short they can telegraph and get more from home. They go to a country naturally very good for chickens, and if the wardens can hold down the law breaking element which is this year worse than ever in its open defiance of the chicken date, they will have some sport with the chickens.

At the close of the chicken trip Mr. Eckels, with his friends, Dr. John B. Murphy, the distinguished surgeon of this city, and Mr. Edward W. Paige, of New York city, will go on out West still further, and have a big game hunt. It was regarding this part of the trip that Mr. Eckels wished advice, not knowing whether to go over the Great Northern or the Northern Pacific Railroad. I gave him the names of guides on the Blackfoot reservation for the Two Medicine and also the St. Mary's country, also the addresses of Billy Hofer, for the Park region and below, and of E. Van Dyke, at Red Lodge, for the country lying east of the Yellowstone Park. Mr. Eckels will consult with his friends before deciding which of these trips to make. He very wisely thinks it might not be imperative to turn around and come right back out of the mountains if they got into a good game country, and says that, while his time ought to be two weeks, it is capable of stretching. A man never so much needs an elastic calendar as when he is in the Rocky Mountains. It is a hard place to get away from, as many a man has more than once discovered. Mr. Paige is an old moose hunter in the East, but, as I understand it, has never made a visit to the Rockies, so he has the best part of his life before him at this writing. I feel very sure this party will have a good trip, whichever locality they decide upon. They will round up at Fargo, N. D., after the chicken shoot at Sisseton, and go west in September for an indefinite stay.

Mr. James Hunt Cook, Secretary of the Cotton Exchange, Vicksburg, Miss., comes to me this week with letters from Mr. Horace Kephart, of St. Louis, and with the intent of looking around in the biggest and dirtiest city on earth, which is Chicago. Mr. Kephart is the best posted man on rifles in America, and Mr. Cook comes from the State where men have very large hearts. After a while Chicago is going to annex both Mississippi and St. Louis, and it might do worse—indeed has done worse.

Mr. J. H. Harrow, of Greenville, Miss., passed a few hours in this city this week, on his way to State Line, Wis., where he will get experience with the muscallunge and bass.

Hon. Willis Vandeventer, Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, arrived in Chicago this week from Washington, on his way to Wyoming, where he is going fishing for a while.

Mr. Geo. F. Murphy, of Sodaville, Nev., is in Chicago this week, purchasing material enough to suppress an Indian uprising if need be.

Mr. L. Boyce, of this city, left this week for Lac du Flambeau, Wis., for a session with 'lunge and bass.

Mr. C. H. Ferry, of Chicago, is another gentleman to try the Flambeau Chain. He departed for that region early this week.

Mr. Geo. Murrell, secretary of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, this week tried the Fox River near Algonquin for bass. He did not find the bass coming to the fly, so went to the bait rod. He took one very fine bass, a 4lb. fish, very fit and good, and also got five little fellows around a pound in weight.

Mr. Perce, of the Fly-Casting Club, is absent in Indiana at Hudson Lake. He has sent up some nice bass to friends and apparently has had sport.

Mr. B. W. Goodsell, alias "Pa" Goodsell, also of the Fly-Casting Club, is out in the pine woods after trout, though it is late in the trout season. None the less he seems to have located them, for he has sent down 125 nice trout this week to friends. The locality is shrouded in secrecy just at this writing.

Mr. R. Mansfield, of San Francisco, the undisputed master of long-distance fly-casting in America, is expected to be present at the meeting of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club this coming Saturday. This is looked upon as something of an event by the local experts, and the occasion is apt to be a red-letter one to the best of the ability of the Chicago men.

Mr. H. G. McCartney, of this city, left early this week for Kabekona Camp, Minn., of which camp he is proprietor. He purposes a stay of some days. Mr. McCartney is one of the general committee on arrangements for the Congressional trip which will be undertaken this coming month by the Minnesota National Park and Forestry Association, and his advice will be valuable to that body, as he is thoroughly acquainted with the region to be visited by the distinguished guests of the organization. I understand that several railroad men are now up in that country looking it over carefully with a view to completing their own plans for handling the big party.

Theatrical Department.

Last night I went out to see the play "Arizona," being attracted by the name, as well as by the fact that Mr. Bruning, a very good friend of mine, is in the cast, and Mr. Bruning is also a FOREST AND STREAM sort of man. Mr. Augustus Thomas chose a good field for a play when he got into the Spanish Southwest. I understand that he paid the country a visit before he wrote his play, which is more than some writers on Western topics ever did, albeit it is a very useful custom. We do not look for the accuracy on the stage that we expect in literature, but Mr. Thomas disappointed anybody who went there to carp by presenting a play the greater part of whose setting is accurate. One can fairly feel the sand in his teeth again as he looks at the sets of the piece, and the ranchman is a ranchman for a fact. The cowpunchers wear their belts long and low, and their chaps are fair to middling anyhow, even if they do wear their kerchiefs more like sailors than cowpunchers. I understand that most of this excellent costuming is due to the supervision of Mr. Frederic Remington. The soldiers are some of them real soldiers, fresh from Tampa, and on the whole one gets a very pretty and satisfying sense of the sunshine and sand of the real Southwest. As for the play, it shows the master hand of one who knows his business. Of course, there must always be remembered the point of view of the stage. The real Arizona would not do from the standpoint of the playwright. The heroines in silk, the bloodthirsty Greaser in such very tight trousers, the champagne with ice, and that sort of thing, one hardly finds in actual life in the cactus country, but he may love it on the stage and pass a pleasant evening watching it.

But that is not what I wanted to write about. It was something which carried me back still more strongly to that land of mañana which I knew in one of the yesterdays of my own life. As I sat watching the play, hoping in spite of myself for the ultimate foiling of the villain—though I knew personally that off the stage the villain is a most companionable and delightful sort of man—I was a bit surprised to hear the neighbor on my left, to whom I had not been introduced, break the silence which followed a bit of the applause.

"Well," said he, in a rather discontented fashion, "it may be that they have cracked ice with their champagne down in Arizony now, but they didn't never use to when I was there. Not in a hundred!"

As the speaker apparently addressed this remark to me, I responded that when I was in that end of the country they didn't very often have either ice or the champagne—especially ice.

"I've saw the time when I'd of give a dollar a pound fer it," said my new friend. "You see, I'm a cow man myself, an' that's why I come in yer to-night. I've been all over that country—Texas, New Mexico, Arizony and them places. I'm ranchin' it now down in southern Oklahomy—got about 1,100 acres down in there, an' a nice bunch o' stock. Cows is lookin' up now—prime steers brung $6.25 on the market here at the yards yesterday. Yes, well, as I wus sayin', I never did see no ice down on no ranches when I was in them parts. Not noways where the roofs was made out of mesquite poles yet. I don't know what you call it, but seems like to me the feller that runs this thing has shore slipped his cinch a leetle bit on this yer ice business. An' no more did I ever see a s'argent speak to a lady in a officer's house, not in my time, though it may be they do that way now."

I tried to explain to my friend that this play was so much better than any other play ever written on a Western subject that we really had no kick coming, but he was hard to content about that cracked ice and the green crême de menthe in the glasses of the ranchman's table, which he declared was ag'in natur', so to speak. From one thing to another we got to speaking of the old days in the Southwest, and I discovered that my companion knew some of my old friends down in that country—for instance, Pat Garrett, the sheriff who killed Billy the Kid down in New Mexico, and others of that country which was once my stamping ground. I am afraid the play was not the thing for the rest of the evening, for we slipped in a word now and then about the old days, all this spiced with the vivid movement of the spectacle before us. It was a queer experience to me, this episode of the varied life of the city, and took one back in an odd, compelling sort of way. I do not know Mr. Thomas, who wrote "Arizona," but I want to thank him for a very enjoyable evening, and to assure him that he had two very good lookers and listeners that night. We both agreed to forgive him that ice. As to the name of my temporary friend, I did not ask it, but I know he was the real article. He would know how to dig wood in Arizona and where to find water when there wasn't any water visible.

Where the Shoe Pinches.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 18.—There came into the office of the FOREST AND STREAM to-day a delegation of deputy wardens, Messrs. Geo. Kleinman, H. Edenboro and Mr. Ratto, and they had a subscription paper. The said paper signified that the peace and dignity of the State of Illinois was threatened by a proposed raid of lawbreakers from Iowa, members for the most part of sportsmen's clubs of Burlington, Iowa, who own lands in the State of Illinois, who use these lands for shooting preserves, and who rebel at the new Illinois game law which exacts a license from non-resident shooters. It was further set forth that the State of Illinois had no money with which to meet this proposed raid, and that the signature of myself to the extent of about $5 worth would be very much appreciated. I signed, naturally, being very unwilling that the proud State of Illinois should be injured as to her peace and dignity. The fund so raised is to be devoted to sending these deputies down into the threatened territory, where they will meet the invaders and arrest several of them very pleasantly, if they can secure enough funds to pay the necessary bills to take them there at the time of the raid.

This is the first attack on the license law for this State, and it would appear that the law is not going to prove altogether popular. The trouble with all game laws is that they pinch now and then. The shoe gets on to our own foot once in a while, whereas, of course, it ought always to be on the other fellow's foot. I confess I do not like to loosen from $5, even for the peace and dignity of Illinois, when there is a hard winter coming on, and I could use the $5 to pay a quarter's rent. That is where the shoe pinches me chiefly at this moment. As to the gentlemen from Burlington, they were all very fully represented at the midwinter convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, which passed a set of resolutions embodying its views as to game laws, some of which were offered and adopted in more or less altered form, in the much discussed and somewhat mutilated game bill which ultimately became our present game law. As I remember it, we were all very happy down there, everybody was a perfectly jolly gentleman, and the goose was hanging high. Nobody was bothered at that time by any possibility of a pinching shoe. We resolved, to the best of our ability, that we would like to have such and such kind of a game law. Then we left the rest to a beneficent Providence, and a finance committee, which latter after a year of hard word collected about enough to pay its clerk hire—I know, because I ran the finance committee work myself. At that time there were no shoes to trouble anyone. Now we have a game law, and it has this license clause to it, and the men who thought it might be a good thing to have a license clause—for the other fellow—in order to raise a fund for the game warden to enforce the law, you know, are now nursing a much pinched foot. As for the fund to be raised for the wardens and the enforcement of the law, we have not yet got around to that. The law hasn't had time to work very much yet. Meantime we are getting funds from the sporting press and the sporting goods trade. This is the actual situation in regard to the Illinois game law just at present.

Of course, there is no use beating around the bush about this, and the man is in a pitiable position who tries to straddle the fence in this question. There is but one position to take in regard to this law, or any other game law,

or any other law of any sort whatsoever which has been regularly passed by the duly constituted Legislature of a State. The law is the law, and it goes. It is no use hollering because it pinches now and then. It is the law. Every one of us helped make it, and part of our joint action as citizens, whether we voted for or against a law, is represented in that law after it is passed and signed. We may not like it, but if so it is our privilege to vote next time for men who will kill it. It is not our privilege to break the law or countenance breaking it. We ought as gentlemen to take our medicine, and if we don't like it we know what to do next time. But if we break the game law, whether or not it pinches us personally, we are lawbreakers just as much as a burglar is a lawbreaker. Under no other view is the law entitled to any respect, and when we cease to respect the law we are worse than criminals—we are anarchists, putting forth actions and advocating principles subversive of all law. In game law matters the individual has for a long time thought that he was the State. It is about time that the State should get big enough to show to the individual of this sort that he is not the State, but only a section of the same. I am very much pleased to observe that the State of Illinois is asserting its dignity in this way, by passing around the hat, and I have no doubt that if the list of sporting newspapers and sporting goods houses holds out we shall eventually wrest from the proposed invaders the unwilling confession that though the shoe may be a leetle tight, it is not so tight but that it can be worn.

Of course, there is the old, old cry of "unconstitutional." This new game law is "unconstitutional." Of course it is, and the Burlington men are going to prove it. Any law is unconstitutional which is not made for and applied to the other fellow exclusively. I am sure the framers of this law must feel uneasy in their sleep as they reflect how very unconstitutional this law is, since it inflicts a penalty for its infraction and lays down certain rules which interfere with individual liberty and the right to bear arms. If you don't like a law, holler about it, and break it, and say it's unconstitutional.

Now suppose this law is proved to be unconstitutional—and for the sake of the argument I do not care whether it is so proved or not. It will take some years of time and some thousands of money to prove this one way or the other. Meantime, the shooters of a certain class—and by this I do not mean to classify as of that class these shooters of Burlington—will have gained everything they wanted. While the lawyers are year by year driving a coach and four through the game law, the shooters will be driving the same equipment through the game. The markets will be gobbling away under the claim that the whole game law is "unconstitutional." This very thing—and we are going to have this fight on here in Illinois—is just what the more conservative minds pointed out in regard to the proposed change in our game law at the last session. We had a fairly good law, not a perfect one by any means, but a fairly good law, and it had been taken up and passed upon by the Supreme Court in its more vital points, and we knew what we could expect under it at least, poor as it was in many regards. Now under our new law, radical as it is, we don't know what we've got. Come around in a few years and we may be able to tell you what we have got in the law, and what we have not got in the fields and covers.

The new law may be theoretically a good thing. I presume maybe it is. But it is a pinchy sort of thing. It pinches the newspaper classes, wealthy though they be and able to stand it. It pinches the downtrodden shooter who always did shoot thus and so and who always wants to. It pinches the warden who can't collect licenses if the law is proved unconstitutional. Lastly, but a very important feature to be sure, it pinches the game bird, and it will pinch him off the earth. The people of lower Illinois don't want any game law. They don't mean it when they say they do. They don't want to abolish spring shooting. They don't want a license law. They don't want any game law except one made for the other fellow. Now it may be I am a trifle sad over being separated from that $5 by George Kleinman—I was saving it up and was going to have another $5 after a while and take a trip to the seashore—but none the less I am very much disposed to believe there is a large element of fact in the foregoing.

Confiscating Guns.

I was talking with the deputy wardens above mentioned as soliciting funds, all of them good fellows and known to myself as hard workers, and the conversation turned upon another odd feature of our game law matters. Under the régime of the Hon. Chas. Blow, former game warden for Illinois, it was customary for deputies to seize the guns of persons whom they arrested, and sometimes to keep these guns if the parties never appeared for trial. It was very common to arrest a man, take his gun as security, and have him show up in town for trial the next day. A lot of Chicago men were arrested at Fox Lake one time, and as they wanted to get home they were all thus bailed out by the deputy, without ever having been brought before any court. In fact, it has long been the custom in this Western region for the officers to be court, jury, judge and the whole thing. Of course there is not the first color of law in all this. I am not now speaking of the many cases in this State under earlier wardens, where cases were compromised out of court for cash paid to the warden, the prisoner never being arraigned at all.

I was mentioning these things to my friends, the deputies, the other day when they came, and they frankly admitted that they sometimes took a man's gun as security that he would appear in court. "You see," said Mr. Ratto, "we make our money out of the fines, and we want to make as good a haul as we can. Suppose I had to take one or two men away over to town to put them in jail or get them bailed out. I miss, perhaps, half a dozen others whom I might get if I just arranged to have these fellows all come over themselves for trial, instead of my taking them over personally, one or two at the time."

There is something of an argument in that, of course, but really all deputies ought to know that they take a good-sized risk in any such action as the above. The deputy is an officer or servant of the court. He can not try a cause. It is his duty to take his prisoner to the court and file the complaint, the same as a policeman does. He has no right to bail out a prisoner, or to accept either money or property from a prisoner as security.

George Kleinman said: "Yes, I know that; a lawyer told me that. I have never taken a bit of money from a prisoner, though I have often taken a gun as security. I always turned this gun in to the court, and never kept it." Of course, George Kleinman is not the sort of deputy who accumulates property out of his work, but none the less he takes some chance actually every time he thus demands security from a prisoner before he has been brought before the court. Mr. Ratto told me that once he had taken a watch from a man as security. The man turned up the next day and paid his fine and got the watch. All of these men would be above dishonest action, and they do this sort of thing because it is the most practical thing to do in the way of securing convictions. This is quite a distinction from the procedure under the Minnesota law, by which the deputies used to seize a man's gun and dog as the unlawful tools of his trade. Confiscation of such tools can no doubt be made under the law, but this confiscation must be by action of court, and not by action of warden or deputy. I only say these things because I believe that the game laws are gradually coming to stricter enforcement and a closer inspection year by year, and I should not like any one of my friends, of whom I have a good many among the deputies, get into trouble over an action which might be very practical but yet very irregular. Out in the old Southwestern country where I lived we never cared very much for the law, but we were dead scared of the sheriff. If the sheriff thought we ought to hang a man, we did so, and sometimes when he didn't think so. The officer was the law itself to our eyes. A horse-thief cared not for principles, but he cared a plenty for sheriffs. Nowadays we are getting pretty high toned in some things in this Western country, and if I were a deputy warden I don't believe I would take any chances about confiscating a man's gun in advance. It is safer to take him carefully over the marsh and deposit him carefully in jail over night if he can't get bail. If a prisoner sleeps in jail he has time to think it over. If he goes home to the bosom of his family, his wife talks to him and persuades him he is an injured being. He gets a good breakfast and comes into court sassy. He thinks the game law isn't so awful, and resolves to be more careful next time. Don't separate the sooner from his gun. Separate him from the loved ones at home. His wife will then pass sentence because he let the dinner get cold.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING NOTES.

How to Improve Black Bass Fishing.

A BRIEF history of what has been done to improve the black bass fishing in Lake George, and the present condition of the fishing in the lakes, as compared to what it was in the past, may be of interest at this time, when there are so many complaints of the black bass fishing falling off in other waters.

Lake George is a natural black bass water, a rare thing in this State, and this can be said only of such waters as have connection with the Great Lakes through the St. Lawrence. Black bass came into Lake George, probably, through the St. Lawrence and Richelieu rivers and Lake Champlain. In 1844 John J. Brown, author of "The American Anglers' Guide," describes the excellent fishing in the lake, and mentions that the largest black bass that he caught weighed 5lbs. 9oz. As that was before I was born, I depend upon statements from the "oldest inhabitants" as to the fishing at that period, before and after, until I began to go there as a boy early in the sixties.

One of my earliest recollections of Lake George as a fishing water was of a visit I made one spring with Mr. Edward McDonald, and finding men "burring" bass from their beds in what is now Kattskill Bay, and of Mr. McDonald chasing them in his boat and their escape. To "burr bass" was to place triangle hooks on the bass beds, and as the fish took the hooks in their mouths to remove them the butchers yanked the bass into their boats. This kind of slaughter was kept up for years; in fact but a few years have elapsed since the practice was stamped out and the people who indulged in this style of fish-murder came to realize that they were utterly destroying the black bass fishing in the lake.

As the fishing became poor a special law was passed to open the black bass season later than in other waters in the State, and rigorous means were adopted to stop illegal fishing. The special season did not cover the spawning period of the bass, as the lake is spring fed and very cold, and another amendment, and later still another, was passed, so that for half a dozen years or more the season has opened in Lake George on Aug. 1. It was much easier to pass laws to protect the bass than it was to enforce the laws after they were passed, but the Lake George Association was composed of men who employed a special fish and game protector, and convictions became common, when arrests were made for fishing out of season and the people found that fishermen would not visit the lake when there were no fish to be had; and gradually there came about a sentiment in the community that the laws were just and must be enforced, and the game protector had the support of those who had before been indifferent in the matter. This year I went through the lake on several occasions, and everywhere I was told that more bass had been seen on the spawning beds along the shores than in many years before, and there was a fine prospect for good fishing when the season opened.

Just here I must tell a story of what happened at one of the hotels in July. A young woman walked down on the dock of the hotel apparently waiting for some one. There were a fish rod, line, hook, etc., on the dock where some fisherman had left them and a can of earth worms nearby invited the young woman to bait the hook and cast it into the water. In a moment she gave a tremendous yank and landed a black bass on the dock. A few moments later a rowboat came to the dock and she got into it, taking the bass with her and leaving the rod where she found it. All this was seen by some dining room girls from the dining room windows.

An hour or so after the departure of the young woman with her bass, an old gentleman walked down on the dock from the hotel, quietly smoking a pipe. He looked over the edge of the dock into the water, and the pipe came out of his mouth, so that he could fairly pant: "Who stole that bass from its bed?" Then he gave utterance to remarks that the editor would blue pencil should I write them down, and finally became calm enough to offer a reward of $25 for information that would lead to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons guilty of snatching a breeding black bass from its spawning bed. He meant it, but the girls who saw the act could not identify the captor of the bass, who was probably an occupant of one of the many cottages along the shore, and who, when the hue and cry was out, was careful not to reveal her identity.

It seems that the old gentleman had been watching the bass from the dock since it first made its bed and had repeatedly warned the boys who fished from the dock that the fish must not be disturbed under penalty of the law, but the young woman, while waiting for her boat and escort, passed the time by dropping a baited hook exactly on the bed of the watchful bass, and that act led to its destruction, while the young woman was, in all probability, utterly ignorant that she was violating a fish law and leaving behind her in the water a lot of unhatched black bass eggs without the protection that nature intended they should have.

On Aug. 7 I was at Lake George, and there had been five fishing days since the season opened. On the opening day Mr. C. Burgess Warren and a party of friends caught twenty-five black bass weighing 57lbs., two of the fish weighing 5lbs. each. On the 2d half a day's fishing nine bass, one of them weighing 5lbs. and one 4¾lbs. On Aug. 3 fourteen bass, one of 4lbs 2oz. and one of 4lbs. Aug. 4 twenty-seven bass, one of 6lbs. 1oz., one of 5¾lbs., one of 4½lbs., one of 5¼lbs. During this time Mrs. T. F. Torrey, of New York, caught a bass of 6lbs. 14oz.

The morning of the 7th I was sitting on the veranda of the Sagamore waiting for the steamer to take me to Hague, having declined an invitation to fish that day, when I saw a gentleman land a big bass on the hotel dock. The fisherman was Mr. George Halsey, of East Orange, N. J., and the fish when brought up to the hotel weighed 6lbs. Next he caught one of 5½lbs., then three of 4¾, 4¾, 4½lbs., or a total of 25½lbs. for the five fish. To be strictly correct and speak from the record, Mrs. Halsey caught one of the bass, but my memorandum does not say which one, although I believe it was one of the 4¾lb. fish. A Mr. Bixby was attracted to the dock and caught a bass of 4lbs. Several fishing parties had started early in the morning, and when I returned to the Sagamore in the evening I saw their fish. Judge J. O. Dykeman, of White Plains, N. Y., and Mr. Francis Irwin brought in eleven bass of the following weights: 6, 5½, 4½, 4, 4, 3½, 5½, 4¾, 4, 4½ and 4lbs. each. Mrs. Torrey caught about a dozen bass, the largest weighing 5¼, 4½, 4¾ and 3½lbs. Mr. Warren had as his guests Adjutant-General Avery D. Andrews, Rev. Dr. Van DeWater and Commodore John Boulton Simpson, and they had two bass of 6lbs., each one of 5½ and one of 4lbs. At the Hundred Island House Capt. Harris, of the steamer Horican, on which I went to Hague, told me there was a bass on the dock which was said to weigh 6lbs. Returning in the afternoon we passed a boat at anchor, and the fishermen held two bass which must have weighed over 5lbs. each.

But the bass caught from the Sagamore dock or by fishermen from the hotel, nearly all of which I saw, numbered twenty-five, and weighed 119¼lbs., and if that is not good black bass fishing I do not know where it can be found. The bass caught from the dock were caught on crayfish, a bait that is not native to the lake, but planted in the tributary streams by the State twenty-two years ago, and they are now abundant.

To restore the black bass fishing in any lake where it was once good requires only that the bass be protected during the breeding season and that they be taken only by fair angling.

As soon as a lake is fished out, practically, by fishing on the spawning beds and before the parent bass has left its young, although it may be done without violating any statute law, and by illegal methods, the State is appealed to for fish to restock it. All the black bass the State can furnish will not do as much to restore the fishing as a law, well enforced, to protect such bass as are left in the lake during the spawning and brooding period.

I have already cited Glen Lake as an example of black bass stocking. It had thirteen little black bass planted in its waters, and they furnished tons of bass during the following twenty-five years with no other addition except as it came from the natural increase, and certainly no lake has been so persistently fished in a lawful manner, for in no instance has anyone been known to take a bass from its bed in the lake. When Glen Lake was originally stocked it swarmed with pike (pickerel), and the bass increased and the pike decreased, until very lately a gentleman came to me to say he feared the bass were almost gone from the lake, and the pike were increasing, and he wanted the State to plant more bass and have a law passed that would make the open season the same as in Lake George, viz., from Aug. 1 to Dec. 15. The future of black bass rests largely with the people and the lawmakers, for the State cannot supply fish to restore the fishing, and it is not necessary even if it could.

Black Bass and Yellow Perch.

Section 141 of the fisheries, game and forest law of New York provides that: "Pickerel, bullheads, catfish, eels, perch and sunfish may be fished for through the ice with hooks and line or tip-ups" (in certain named waters), "and in any other waters of the State not inhabited by trout, lake trout, salmon trout, black or Oswego bass, or landlocked salmon or mascalonge."

This has always appeared to me to be an unwise law, for perch are at their best for the table in winter, when they can be caught through the ice, and they afford sport, food and an income in some localities at a season when all are desirable by one or another. Perch are a prolific

fish, and though they furnish food for other species of fish, and often, in some waters, suffer from an epidemic of some sort that destroys them by thousands, their numbers never seem to diminish materially. Perch prey upon the young of other fishes, and no doubt they contribute largely to the decrease of black bass, lake trout and bullheads, for they have often been found with the fry of all these fishes in their stomachs. Lake George was specially exempted from the provisions of the ice-fishing law. It has both black bass and lake trout, and perch were found to be feeding on the fry of both of these fishes, and Sec. 133 of the fisheries law was amended to permit fishing for perch at any time by "angling." The serious objection to a law which permits perch fishing through the ice in waters containing trout is that the fishermen will catch trout—catch them deliberately by fishing for them where there are no perch, under the pretense of perch fishing—but this objection will not apply to waters which contain black bass and do not contain lake trout, for perch are not found as a rule in any waters containing brook trout. If this law should be amended to permit perch fishing through the ice in all waters that do not contain trout or landlocked salmon, it would work benfit to black bass. Yellow perch yield as high as 90,000 eggs per fish, and being a spring spawner the eggs hatch quickly, and if it were not for the occasional epidemics which visit the species they would overrun the waters in spite of the numbers devoured by other fishes. In black bass waters there is scarcely any danger of perch fishermen through the ice taking black bass, and the perch so taken are a benefit all around—to the men who catch them and to the other fish in the water.

Big Trout in Canada.

Dr. Wm. H. Drummond, of Montreal, who writes the charming habitant poems, in a letter to my daughter says: "Tell your father that on Aug. 3 (warm day, but slightly overcast) I took on a fly (casting) at Lac Au Foin, two and one-half hours' trip from Laurentian Club headquarters, two dozen of the fish always termed by him in his FOREST AND STREAM 'Angling Notes' 'speckled beauties' (perhaps you would better tell him through the telephone, for he may describe a parabolic curve that you will not wish to see) weighing from 1½ to 3lbs. each. Eight were over 2¼lbs., and I wish your father could have been there to see them, and I know he will agree that for Aug. 3 the sport was exceptionally good. I also inclose another item of interest for him. The fish mentioned were all speckled trout caught on a sunken fly, trolling."

The item refers to a certificate Dr. Drummond inclosed which reads: "Caught in Lac a l'Eau Claire, May 24, 1899, twenty-two speckled trout, weight 104lbs.; one trout 8½lbs, girth 12½in., length 28in.; one trout 7lbs., girth 15in., length 24in.; one trout 6lbs., girth 13in., length 23in."

This is certified to by two members of the St. James Club, Montreal, and the Doctor adds: "This lake is in the Laurentian country and is the property of George Washington Stephens, Esq., of Montreal."

A year or two ago, when in Montreal, Dr. Drummond told me, if I am not mistaken, of a trout from the same lake that weighed over 8lbs., and I went with him to see the fish at a taxidermist's, where it was being mounted. In the writer's list of big trout quoted above, the girth of the 8½lb. fish is not given clearly, as one figure is made over another; but the figure seems finally to be 2, making the girth as I have given it—12½in. This is 2½in. less than the girth of the 7lb. fish, but the 7lb. fish is 4in. shorter than the 8½lb. fish, so that the larger fish could not have been in the best condition, for had it been it might easily have weighed 10lbs. or more. This score is superior to one made a year ago last September in Triton Creek waters by Mr. Wm. F. Rathbone, of Albany, and the writer, when we killed twenty-five trout casting the fly that weighed 101½lbs. On that occasion the largest fish., caught by Mr Rathbone, weighed 7lbs., but it was not measured as to length or girth, as we were simply fishing for sport and food for our men and ourselves and had no idea we were making any record until we figured up the weights of the fish, which we had put down daily for eight days.

The "Saturday" Salmon Fly.

I am indebted to Mr. Charles Stewart Davison, of New York city, for a specimen of the "Saturday" salmon fly, who writes:

"You ask for a fuller description. It may amuse you to inspect a 'Saturday' salmon fly tied in the old-fashioned Scotch manner, and in accordance with what I cannot but deem the jocose intentions of the writer of the article. As you justly observe, any amount of looking through English and Scotch fly-tiers' lists and hasty turning over of indexes of books on salmon fishing produces no reference whatever to any such insect. But, nevertheless, to see what such an article would look like, I asked Conroy about ten days ago, having read the article in the Sun, to have a fly tied as per description and sent him the clipping from the article which you copy. The result I inclose. I see no reason why such a fly should not take salmon, as it embraces all the elements of half a dozen salmon flies (including what is probably of most value in any salmon fly—a topping). I agree with the writer's statement that modification of the genuine Saturday are still to-day the most valuable of a large collection.'"

The fly that Mr. Davison sends me looks more like a Scotch Ira trout fly than it does like a standard salmon fly, but, as he observes, it would probably kill salmon. I once gave the late Col. F. S. Pinckney a black bass fly as unlike a salmon fly as one could imagine and still be a fly, and yet he rose and hooked a salmon on the bass fly in a Canadian salmon river. I am indebted to Mr. Davison for his courtesy in permitting me to examine the famous Saturday in all its glory.

A. N. CHENEY.

Black Bass for Stocking.

WE shall be obliged on behalf of inquirers for reference to sources from which young black bass for stocking purposes may be had.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

A Washington Fishing Lodge.

HE who was at the World's Fair in Chicago, or who reads Walton and Cotton, will remember the quaint little sentry box of Cotton's, of which he wrote: "I have built a little fishing house * * * dedicated to anglers, over the door of which you will see the two first letters of my Father Walton's name and mine twisted in cypher."

One can sympathize with the sentiment which treasures a splinter from its woodwork, while deploring the vandalism that could deface it even in its decay. But the subject does not appeal to all alike. Some men there be "cannot abide a gaping pig," and there are individuals—sour visaged sure—who are such turkey cocks they would prance on being confronted with a cardinal virtue, without other color of reason than that its name suggested red-handed vice.

Hear what such a one said of Walton in 1822 in Colburn's Magazine (v. 4, p. 491): "The book is much more talked of than read, and it is read more than it deserves. * * * Angling as a mere amusement is not to be justified. I will, for the sake of human nature, suppose that no one will ever attempt to justify it. I even question if anyone ever seriously set his wits to seek an excuse for it." And this man was pretending to review Walton, whose whole life was an excuse for it. No wonder he said the book was more talked about than read.

The very next year, in the London Magazine (v. 7, p. 634), another reviewer, and an automobile to a wheelbarrow—he was the jollier fellow—said of the same book: "We can only say, that those who love a delightful book, delightfully got up, ought to have Major's edition of 'Izaak Walton.' At the same time we must say that the purse will not close with the purchase of this completest edition of the 'Compleat Angler'; for we will defy the reader after perusing it and dwelling on the illustrations to avoid buying a rod, a reel, a line, a plumb, a dozen hooks, gymp, guts and a gentle box. * * * We will defy him to sleep quietly in his bed on a likely morning when the wind is south and the May-fly is expected to unfurl his cowslip-colored wings over the waters."



THE LODGE AT FOUR-MILE RUN.

The latter was without doubt a welcome guest at many a fishing lodge in those days, and it was always the brighter for his coming. In these modern days the club houses and fishing lodges are more elaborate affairs than then, and it is one of these pictured above.

A dozen years ago four men of Washington, whose frequent meetings behind the scenes and fishing trips together across the Potomac had developed hearty friendships and a love for the locality they frequented, built a cottage on the banks of the pool at Four-Mile Run, just inside the arches.

They were Morgie Sherwood, George Denham, John Williams and Walter Williamson.

Later the two latter dropped out and their places were taken by Walter Allen and James Galway. Then Allen and Sherwood built another cottage adjoining, and Denham and Galway kept the original.

This is now among the show places of Washington, and here they have entertained many of their actor friends, for their playhouse is always open when the others in the city are closed.

Here may sometimes be seen a grave-looking gentleman fishing as if his life depended on it, and one would not suspect his life's mission was "funny business" and that he can set an audience in a roar much easier than he can catch a fish. Who would believe the lady teaching a jolly party how they dress inch-long minnows in her own sunny Spain, and that all vote is beyond compare, is resting her little feet that have danced around the world, and their owner into their hearts of millions? Even a staid English review called her the greatest of living dancers, who, as "great writers write and great painters paint, dances because she must." Or that a jovial fellow the life of the party, guying and being guyed, is a man who when at work has his visage creaming and mantling "like a standing pool"? For his forte is the heavy villain and he is guilty of more mimic crimes than a pirate king, now wasting all his arts of deception in vainly trying to circumvent a little white perch. Sometimes it is a painter, who leaves as a souvenir of his holiday a valued picture of a leaping bass upon the wall.

Not the least interesting of the attractions at the fishing house are the hosts. Denham, who comes of a theatrical family, has trod the boards for all of a busy life. With the Worrells, Wallaces and Chapman Sisters; eleven years with John Ford in Baltimore and Washington; with the Hess and the McCaull opera companies; and since 1885, and now, with the Joe Jefferson Company.

Galway, though not so long, has skipped no years since in '68 he entered on an eleven years' engagement with the Baltimore Stock Company; and since with Jefferson, Maggie Mitchell, Evans and Hoey, and Herne, with whom he created the character of Joel Gates in "Shore Acres," and now with Brady's "Down East."

Here, summer after summer, between seasons, they spend their days literally on the water—indeed, their nights too, since the cottage is built over it; never so happy anywhere else, for the tides bring the fish to their door and they are prouder of a big bass now than in getting a hand on opening night.

The dining room, which looks out over the pool, is a gem. Sherwood, who was property man at Albaugh's, and now at the National, is an artistic decorator, and this was his handiwork, in which he took much pride. From the wainscot the walls are of papier-maché in heavy relief, and colors in imitation of the marsh beyond, showing the tall sedges, with great cranes stalking about, while the frieze is of lions' heads with chains festooned between. Two or three cranes from the same marsh stand about as if they had just stepped from the wall, and in a rack are creeping paddles and other implements of the water chase ready for instant use.

A bust of the veteran Forrest is the presiding genius of the place. From top to bottom the other rooms are filled with souvenirs and curios. Here hangs a sword used by poor McCullough in "The Gladiator," in his first star engagement in Washington; there Joe Jefferson's white silk hat, which has seen seasons on Bob Acres. Paintings, too, by Jefferson, hang on the walls, and by Charlie Armour, and others, and sketches by a score of artist friends.

A sombrero from Mexico, a buckskin suit with a bloody history, bows and arrows and pottery from the Western Indians; piles of packing cases of wardrobes and properties; pistols and swords, antique and modern, are scattered everywhere, and fastened against the wall the drill guns of the Olympia Quartette, whose coherence for a quarter-century gives warrant of their excellence. Antediluvian programmes, and prints of old-time footlight favorites; relics of the chase, some captured, some purchased, including half a dozen pairs of horns of the practically extinct bison. (These were once found on the banks of the Potomac, and an old French account tells of trips by Canadian traders to this very region for buffalo skins. Since then they have been swept across a continent, and a few miserable survivors at the Zoo brought back to keep the type from perishing.) Whichever way one turns is something to catch the eye and arrest the attention, and should it rain and you needs must stay indoors there is a well-selected library of histrionics, including specimens old and rare, of the workshop where they build and rig their boats and repair the tackle which daily use impairs.

A pleasant hour is to sit upon the western porch as evening closes in, with sometimes gorgeous sunsets across the distant hills and, mark! a flock of summer ducks are passing over to the head of the marsh to dabble in the shallows and flying low as if they knew that opening day was still a week away. Up go imaginary repeaters and Bang! Bang! and not a duck would escape if——

The bats are circling in the dusk and skim the glossy pool for their invisible prey, and as the darkness grows, the fireflies set their signal lamps till all the valley is aglow with countless points of phosphorescent flashes that rival those everlasting twinklers far above, and on the banks the glowworms' steadier blaze marks the water line around the pool with a rim of yellow light like gilding to the basin's lip.

And there is music in the air too, to glad an angler's heart, for beneath the nearby arches the perch and rock are feeding on the minnows as they hug the walls in fear, and the chug of the big ones sounds plainly in the evening's silence, as if some urchin were dropping bricks from the parapet, and directly the boys can stand it no longer, and out come the rods for a half-hour's try for a striped bass for breakfast; and it is well our pleasure lies most in the trying, for there is not always bass for breakfast, but nobody seems to mind.

It is little wonder that they love the place, or that that friend counts himself as lucky who finds himself their guest. Every day a little fishing while summer lasts; every day, though within sight of the monument, away from the noise and bustle of the city, and with long nights of quiet, it is such a retreat as Walton himself would have loved. Sky and water and little else, and who needs more for rest?

HENRY TALBOTT.

Pacific Salmon Take the Fly.

San Francisco, Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see by the Forest and Stream of July 29 that Mr. A. N. Cheney discourses on the question of whether the salmon of the Pacific Coast will or will not take the fly and gives judgment that they will not. I call for a rehearing of the case and beg to submit my testimony on the question. I have given my version of the subject in old issues of the Forest and Stream, which I presume Mr. Cheney never saw, and for his enlightenment will again give my experience on this mooted point.

For many years in succession I have been in the habit of going up the coast in the month of October to the Navarro River for salmon, as about that time we get our first rains, and thereafter the fish enter the river preparatory to running up the stream as soon as the succeeding rains have caused a freshet; and during the period of a month or so, while awaiting it, the salmon enter the tide water at the river's mouth in great numbers. On my first visit, by invitation of a gentleman who owned a sawmill located about a mile from the mouth of the river, as we drove along the road on the opposite bank of the stream to cross a bridge near its mouth, I noticed that fish were jumping and making swirls at a great rate. I said to my friend, "Harry, what are those fish?" "Salmon." "By George! we will go for them!" "Oh," said he, you can't catch them. They won't bite. No one ever caught one of them with a hook. The seine is the only way to get those fellows." "We will see about that," was my reply.

I had no tackle with me but an 8oz. fly rod and a fine silk line with single gut ordinary flies. Nevertheless, after lunch we adjourned to the sawmill, and rigging up my tackle I pushed off in a skiff to the middle of the river—about a hundred yards wide. As I did so Harry sung out, "I pledge myself to eat raw all the fish you will catch with that flimsy tackle, or any other, if it is salmon you are after." "Salmon are just what I am after," I told him.

As it was noontime the mill hands were off duty eating their lunch and were chuckling and having lots of fun at the idea of that city fellow catching a salmon with that minnow rig.

My flies were the ordinary brown hackle. Rigging one of those on the line, I shoved off in the boat and made a cast or two with no result. At that moment a fish made a swirl near the boat and I landed my fly right on the spot. "Whiz!" went the reel, and the little rod made a courtesy and a half circle that tested its merits in a way that it had never experienced in its long history of the thousands of big trout it had handled. The way that salmon jumped was a caution, and an acrobatic exhibition. I saw that I had business to attend to if I wanted to hold the fish and save my tackle. He felt like a whale. My reel was small and contained just sufficient line to reach either bank of the stream, and the way the fish scooted across the river, backward and forward, was a trial, bringing up on either bank, which was perpendicular and rocky, and must have damaged his nose. I felt sure if he would keep that up and not run up or down the stream to exhaust my line, I had him. He must have crossed and recrossed at least twenty times, but finally showed signs of weakening, and I began to tighten on him. It took nearly an hour to get him alongside the boat. Then, reaching down, I got my finger in his gills and lifted him into the boat and pulled ashore with the hook still in his upper lip. My friend Harry all this time was sitting on a log smoking a cigar and watching the performance. As I landed and laid my fish on the wharf, I said, "Here is your dinner. Come, sail in. You are to eat him raw, you know." He looked at the fish, the hook and the line with wonderment, at last saying, "Well I'll be dogged! If my own father had told me he had caught this big salmon with this tackle and I had not seen it with my own eyes, I would have told him he was telling a fish story." "And probably got a licking," I added. It was not a very big fish for a salmon, but it weighed 12½lbs. and was quite as heavy as I wanted to handle with an 8oz. rod.

I caught six more the next day after strengthening the gut by doubling, and of course lost several, but the catch averaged about 8lbs. I could have caught dozens with appropriate tackle, but it required so much longer time with such light rig that it used up most of the day.

The next season I went prepared and was able to handle them in much less time. I caught thirty-five on that trip, all with the fly. The third year I could not raise one with the fly, and fell back on the feathered spoon, which they took greedily. Since then I have had varied success. Some seasons they would take the fly and others they would not, and it was beyond me to divine why they would take the fly one season and not another. I have not visited the Navarro the last three seasons and cannot therefore say how they feel now about taking the fly; but fishermen generally make no attempts with the fly, it is so much less trouble to troll with a feathered spoon and substantial rig. Of course, the scientific fisherman repudiates such matter-of-fact fishing, but it has its excitements, for a 15lb. salmon on your hook makes himself manifest to a remarkable degree with his leaps and runs. He is a very gamy fish under restraint of any kind.

To see a school of salmon playing, jumping and coming to the top of the water, one would notice that their action was precisely that of trout when going for insects at the surface; but I am convinced that insects were not their object, as there were no insects on top of the water. It seems to be matter of play and amusement solely.

I have dissected many, and never found an insect in their crops, and seldom anything; in fact, to find any kind of food is exceptional. I am going to make my usual trip to the Navarro this fall, and shall give the question of fly-fishing close attention. Judging from the avidity with which they take the feathered spoon, seemingly attracted by its brightness, it has occurred to me that a bit of tin foil wound around the body would have a similar effect.

Summing up the evidence, pro and con, I am willing to admit that as a general rule the Pacific Coast cannot be relied on for much sport with the fly, and that instances of their being so caught are rather exceptional. They are evidently of a different character from the salmon of the Canada waters. They can be taken quite numerously at the head waters of the Sacramento River with salmon roe bait, fishing in the pools and rapid water. I have heard of several instances of their being taken in Humboldt Bay with the fly, but not commonly. I have not fished in those waters, my experience being confined to the Navarro River, as I have described; but thousands are caught all along the coast below, especially in the Bay of Santa Cruz, with the feathered spoon.

I give my experience with a view to set at rest Mr. Cheney's doubts as to whether salmon have really been caught with the fly on this coast, although I do not pretend to assert that it is the rule, but rather the exception.

I will give the results of my next trip to the Navarro, as I will give my mind to the question of how the fish feel about it this coming season. Podgers.

Grants Pass, Ore., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Kipling is mistaken in saying of the Pacific salmon and the fly that "those brutes won't rise to it," as I have caught a Rogue River salmon on the fly, and I send the photo of my catch on that trip by this mail. The first week in October, 1897, fishing near Bybee Bridge on Rogue River (twenty-five miles above Grants Pass), I caught a fine lot of salmon trout, and one male salmon weighing between 3 and 4lbs. These fish were all caught with the fly in one afternoon and one morning.

Last year my brother, fishing three miles below Grants Pass, caught a 12lb. salmon on the fly, the struggle lasting upward of an hour. The Rev. Robt. McLean, now of Portland, has caught several salmon on the fly, and I know of others. As a rule the salmon will take only the spoon, which is shown on the photo of the four salmon. The salmon of Rogue River are identical with the Chinook of the Columbia River, and are now "running" to the spawning beds. They are accompanied by the salmon trout, which feed on the salmon spawn during the spawning season, and will take the fly from July 1 to Nov. 1.

Theo. P. Cramer.

Canadian Angling Notes.

Quebec, Aug. 12.—The latter part of the salmon fishing season was better this year than the first. In the St. Anne des Monts River there was a fine run of fish, and in the Grand River of Gaspé the fish were unusually large, Mr. L. Z. Joncas getting one of 46lbs. The sport on the Ristigouche remained poor all the season.

Trout fishing has been very good of late for the midsummer months, though, strange to say, the far-famed Montmorenci River was well fished by two efficient anglers—Col. Wilson and Col. G. R. White—last week without yielding them anything better than 1lb. fish. The fishing on the lakes in the Lake St. John country, on the contrary, has been quite good. Some splendid catches of 4 and 5lb. speckled trout have been brought to town from a lake in the territory of the Tourilli Club. These all rose to the fly. Equally fine fish have been lately taken out of Lake Edward, but these latter were caught on trolls. Portages and camps have been made throughout the territory west and southwest of Lake Edward, and as there is understood to be a practically unlimited supply of fly-fishing to be had there in the proper season, an unprecedentedly large number of campers are expected here next month. The plague of flies, which has been particularly severe during July and the first ten days of August, has now largely subsided.

Gov. Roosevelt has been invited to fish next month in the St. Maurice district, and Mayor Carter Harrison and party, from Chicago, are expected at the Tourilli Club.

At the Triton Club several large parties are expected up in September, both for hunting and fishing, the indications for a good caribou season being very favorable.

The Vermont Fish and Game League will meet in Quebec on the 28th and 29th inst. and from 150 to 200 sportsmen from the Green Mountain State are expected here at that time. All the arrangements for their reception have been carefully made in advance by Mr. Titcomb, the president. The annual dinner will be given at the Chateau Frontenac. The privileges of several fish and game clubs in the district will be extended the visitors and many of them are expected to accept the invitations that will be open to them to fish for ouananiche and trout. Some of the regulations of the Fish and Game Department will probably be suspended in favor of the visitors. Gov. Smith, who will accompany the party in his private car, will probably continue on in it to Lake St. John.

Among other well-known anglers now at Lake St. John after ouananiche are Lieut.-Col. Haggard, D. S. O., of England, and Mr. Sam Ehrich, of Ehrich Bros. and Wall street, New York, who has a large party with him. Col. Haggard has brought me from New Foundland a number of ouananiche skins, showing the fish found there to be identical with those of Lake St. John.

The fishing in the Grande Décharge continues wonderfully good, and the ouananiche are exceedingly plentiful. A remarkable incident in connection with the angling for this fish is that a couple of American fishermen went out on Tuesday last to fish for them in Lake St. John, immediately in front of the village of Roberval, and caught over twenty of them. In fact, they seem to be abundant everywhere this year in their chosen waters. The ease with which they are taken in the Discharge has doubtless prevented many parties from ascending the feeders of the lake this summer, although they, too, would certainly yield good sport at this season.

E. T. D. Chambers.

Bass and Sucker at Once.

Carbondale, Pa., Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While out fishing on the East Branch of the Delaware River I caught a good sized bass and a silver sucker at the same time. Old-time fishermen said that they had never seen or heard of anything like it, and of course my word was doubted. Now the most remarkable thing is that the man who doubted me went fishing with me the next morning, and in the same pool I caught a larger bass and a good sized sucker at the same time. So my companion, who was a New York sportsman, claims that I did something that has never been equaled. This fish story can be attested to by the New Yorker and Drs. Meaker and Jenkins, of this city. Jas. Rutherford.

Indiana's Obnoxious Fish Law.

Williamsburg, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The last Legislature enacted a law permitting seining from July 1. The result, as might have been foreseen, was the extermination of all but the smaller game fish in the creeks throughout the State in less than a month after the seining law opened. The seines started at daylight or before on opening day and swept the creeks day after day, until there was nothing left to seine for. The fruits of fifteen years of protection and restocking were wiped out in two weeks. Before the seining there were a thousand miles of creeks that were reasonably good bass fishing; now there are hardly a thousand bass. A thousand people who found occasional recreation and rest from the worries of life now find they might as well fish in the bath tub as in the creeks. The seiners, of course, claim that they have as good a right to fish in their way as the anglers have to their way, but no man or set of men have a right to exterminate any of the good things that are nature's gifts to the people. Below we give the expressed opinions of a few of the fishermen in widely scattered parts of the State. We have a whole lot more just like them, and could get a thousand. O. H. Hampton.

Brookville, Aug. 7.—It is the worst law that was ever enacted in our State, and it is ruining the game fishing.
I. A. Pepper, President Battle Point Fishing Club.

Bloomfield, Aug. 7.—We fishermen think that the new law kills all the good there is in the May and June closed season, and it gives the rod fishermen little to hope for.
J. E. S.

Tipton, Aug. 6.—We think that the new seining law is depopulating the streams. They are being thoroughly seined with all kinds of seines. It is an outrage, and radical steps should be taken to change the law. This feature of the statute is a great blunder.
Ike Booth.

Marion, Aug. 7.—All of the anglers of this section are thoroughly disgusted at the ignorance of our Legislature and the seeming incompetency of our Fish Commissioner. In a short time we will need no fish law, for a very obvious reason—no fish.
Frank H. Rigdon, Sec'y Marion Gun Club.

Wabash, Aug. 7.—I am going seining this afternoon, but do not have much hope of catching anything, as the river has been emptied. Bad luck to the fish law, for it is a great failure. W. E. Bent.

Liberty, Aug. 7.—The local rod and line fishermen think the present law an outrage and a fraud.
George W. Pigman.

Newcastle, Aug. 7.—The local fishermen say the new seining law is an outrage and should be knocked out. I have spoken to several and they all object to it and say that it is no good. J. B. Landwer.

Washington, Aug. 7.—I tell you there is but one sentiment on the seining question, and that is that the law is a monumental blunder. F. I. Sepit.

Muncie, Aug. 7.—Local rod and line fishermen of this vicinity are utterly opposed to the fishing law enacted by the last Legislature. Line fishing is believed to be a thing of the past. H. R. Williams.

Logansport, Aug. 7.—About ten out of fifty think the law is all right. They are men who never fish with rod and line, only with seines. Our true fishermen think the law the worst we ever had and say they ought to tie a can to Sweeney and get a good man in his place. I have not heard of one case where carp have been caught with seines. John Hilderbrandt.

Brownstown, Aug. 7.—Seining should be stopped.
F. M. Miller.

Lawrenceburg, Aug. 7.—We all fish in God's country (Kentucky) where they have no laws.
A Fisherman.

Elkhart, Aug. 7.—The fishermen here seem willing to give the new fish law a trial. A. B. Witt.

Vernon, Aug. 7.—The rod and line fishermen are in favor of the new seining law. Nearly all of them here indorse it. Louis Eitel.

Kendalville, Aug. 7.—Our fishermen don't think at all about a law that will in any way countenance seining or netting—we just swear. All true sportsmen here favor a closed season from December to July 1. Don't want fishing of any kind during that time. H. A. Moyer.

Noblesville, Aug. 7.—They say it's no good.
Reube Ireble.

Ft. Wayne, Aug. 7.—Our fishermen don't care to catch fish by the wholesale with a seine. We would like to with rod and line in May and June. C. H. Miller.

Jeffersonville, Aug. 7.—We do not like the new seining law. We think that seining and dynamiting should be strictly prohibited. As far as we can see seining should not be allowed under any circumstances.
Chas. E. Poindexter.

Where Napoleon Might Have Fished.

The St. Helena anchorage literally swarms with fish, and the evening following our bonito fishing I caught over a hundred mackerel and a fish resembling him, called the kingfish, on a hand line. There is little else to attract the sportsman to St. Helena. A few pheasants, partridges and rabbits I am told are to be found, but the walking is terrible and sport to be obtained hardly worth the trouble.—Asian.

Orthographical Ode.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO A. N. CHENEY.

I'm the grand, magnificent "Maz-Ke-Nozh,"
The destroyer of the deep;
And they quake with fear when I appear,
In my lithe and lordly leap,
As I sweep the deep
With my tail, in a vertical leap.

I swim, a gigantic "Mascalonge";
I'm bigger than a whale;
No shark, in his spring, has such a swing
To his heterocercal tail;
I'm bail; nor a whale
Has got such a twist to his tail.

I jump a monstrous "Muskellunge,"
To strike you dumb with awe;
For I jingle tunes with the Skinner spoons
Which decorate my jaw,
As I gnaw, Haw-haw,
On the spoons in my tiger jaw.

I dive, the Frenchman's "Masque-Allonge,"
I would gladly scalp the same
Old dunderhead, ere he was dead;
For mine is an Injun name;
'Tis a shame, I claim,
To be libeled with such a name.

I die a "Musky," alias "Lunge";
Know ye my magic spell?
It will paralyze the angler wise;
My name he cannot quell;
Nor tell, quite well,
Just what is my magic "spell."

ZERO.

CHICAGO.

Surgeon-General Wyman's Pole.

"SURGEON-GENERAL WYMAN knows how to fight fevers and stamp out epidemics as well as anybody," said a Treasury veteran the other day, "but there's a thing or two he has yet to learn about sporting, unless he's better posted in the lexicon of the thing than he was two or three years ago. I remember being in the office of William E. Curtis, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Carlisle, one day, when the Doctor called. After transacting some business, he dropped the official air and said, evidently with not a little pride:

"'This morning I received notice of my election to membership of the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club. You fish, don't you, Curtis?'

"'Oh, I cast a fly occasionally,' answered Curtis, lolling back in his chair, 'but I didn't know you went in for that sort of thing.'

"'Only in a dilettante way,' said the Doctor modestly. 'On the strength of my election, I have just bought a new pole.'

"'A new what?'

"'A new pole. I'd like to show it to you and see whether you think I gave too much for it. It is all finished in silver, and has two ends.'

"'Of course it has—the butt end and the other extremity.'

"'No, no; I mean two—two ends—two or those sticks the string hangs from, don't you know.'

"'Ends—sticks—strings—yes, I know. But'—here Curtis drew a face as solemn as Job's—'you've made a mistake, Wyman, in the title of that concern which admitted you to membership. It can't be a rod and gun club; it must be a pole and shooting-iron society.'

"I never knew whether Wyman saw the joke, but it evidently troubled him for a while."

Massachusetts Codfishing.

BOSTON, Aug. 19.—The annual outing and fishing excursion of the Icemen's Fishing Club, of Charlestown, came off on Tuesday. The tug Elsie was chartered for the trip to the fishing grounds off Minot's Light. The party started early, and reached the grounds in very good season. Immediately fishing began, and the fun was lively, and especially competition for the prizes—$7 for the largest codfish, or fish of any kind, and the same money for the smallest. This competition for the smallest created a good deal of merriment. Mr. Robert M. Donahoe won the first prize and Mr. F. L. Shaw the second. An excellent catch was made, the fishing lasting for several hours.

Codfishing trips are many, to different points along the coast, and generally with very satisfactory results. The vessels furnish bait and tackle, the captors retaining all the fish they care for, the remainder going to the craft. Bluefishing is not generally satisfactory, only small catches being reported by the parties who fish for sport.

SPECIAL.

The Salmon Clause in Indentures.

IT is rather a pleasant task than otherwise to dispel illusions long current, and let in the light to the dark chambers of mystery. An idea is prevalent that salmon was once so common in our great rivers that clauses were inserted in the indentures of apprentices to the effect that it should not be served as food more than twice, or, at the most, thrice, a week. Few statements have obtained a wider circulation than this. I have myself heard the assertion that such clauses existed in indentures, made, not once, but a score of times. Here is not a case, moreover, of vague and often repeated affirmation. Men with every claim to be regarded as authorities have advanced the statement again and again. The pages of Notes and Queries have been filled with what is called evidence. In books such as Ormerod's "History of Cheshire," Brooke's "Art of Angling," Pulman's "Book of the Axe," Kerr's "Agriculture of Berwick," and innumerable others, the existence of this clause in the indenture is mentioned as a thing well known and generally conceded. The theory, indeed, extended into other countries. In Scotland it was said to be compulsory for a farmer to bind himself not to give his laborers salmon more than thrice a week. A writer in the Standard, Feb. 27, 1883, declared that Northwestern Irishmen, still living, could testify to the truth of "the servants at Ballyshannon, County Donegal, having, less than fifty years ago, bargained that they should not have salmon for dinner more than three times weekly." Even so far as the Continent the same idea has spread, the stipulation that salmon should not be supplied more than once a week being, it is said, known in Dordrecht, and other places in Holland, and not unknown in Connecticut, in the United States.

No Indenture with a Salmon Clause to be Found.

The question was first dealt with in a thorough fashion by Dr. T. N. Brushfield, in a paper read before the Chester Archæological Society, and printed in its journal. From this I derive many highly interesting particulars. The most curious thing concerning the matter is that no proof of the existence of such an indenture can be found. Scores of people assert that they have seen it, and many have been sanguine as to their ability to lay their hands immediately upon it. In no case whatever has it been forthcoming. Rewards were offered for the production of an indenture concerning the clause, a sovereign by the editor of the Worcester Herald, and £5 by Mr. Ffennell, an inspector of salmon fisheries. The latter stood open for more than a year, but no one appeared to claim it.—Sylvanus Urban in the Gentleman's Magazine (London).

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Plans of the Minnesota Forestry Association.

Committee work diligently progresses in the Minnesota National Park and Forestry Association, but the date for the start of the big Congressional excursion is as yet undetermined. It is thought that the invitations to Congress will be formally signed by a special committee, and it is hoped that this committee may be composed of Governor Roosevelt, of New York; President Cyrus Northrup, of Minnesota State University, and Mayor Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago. It is a very nice question, that about the dates for the trip. Admiral Dewey has signified his intention of arriving at New York the last week of September, and about every American will want to arrive there about the same time, to see the man who licked a whole fleet before breakfast. If the Minnesota trip be delayed beyond the first week in October, the weather might not be so good. No doubt these difficulties will be satisfactorily adjusted.

It is a serious problem to handle so large a party on what is to be practically a sporting trip, a problem which will be appreciated by anyone who has taken in charge even a small party in the woods. The railroad men are working on this now, and have representatives on the ground. One of the members of the committee drafted the following schedule, which at this writing is informal, but which will perhaps be adopted at least in part. It contemplates dividing the party into four divisions, and of alternating these divisions at the principal parts of interest. One will need a map and a little acquaintance to fully understand the schedule, which with the accompanying programme for the trip is given below:

Starting point for entire party, St. Paul. Leaving time, evening, so as to arrive in Park Rapids early in the morning. Breakfast in dining car for the entire party. Those leaving train at the earliest point to be first in the dining car. Party No. 1 to be left at Park Rapids for a drive to and from Lake Itasca. Wagons to be in readiness on arrival of train at Park Rapids. Tents, provisions and everything necessary to be in shape at the lake. Party to remain over night at Lake Itasca, sleeping in tents and returning next day to Park Rapids (or going down the river to Bemidji). Leave party No. 2 at Dorset for Sand Lake. Wagons to be ready to leave on arrival of train. Tents, provisions, etc., as above. Also boats and guides, giving this party two days' fishing and one night in camp. Leave party No. 3 at Walker, to be taken care of in hotel and given steamboat excursions on Leech Lake. Leave party No. 4 at Pine River. Wagons ready to drive to Woman Lake.

The Biggest Bass.

So far as I am able to learn at this writing, the biggest bass taken in the West this season is that caught on the morning of Aug. 17, this week, at Fox Lake, Wis., by Charlie Adams, a cripple of that village. Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, of Fox Lake, advises me that this bass weighed 7lbs. when fresh, and weighed 6lbs. 14oz. eight hours after being caught, kept out of the water. It measured 21in. in length and 16in. around. The fish was taken on frog bait, and a light rod with reel. Mr. Hotchkiss says there are plenty more up there, and indeed I have heard of more big bass from that water this season than from any other hereabouts. If anyone has caught a bigger bass than 7lbs., let him come forth. This was a bigmouth.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Meeker, of Appleton, Wis., from Aug. 11 to 13 took eighteen mascalonge in the Manitowish Lakes. All uninjured fish were returned to the water. The largest fish weighed 18lbs. Good three days' sport for people who up to that time had never caught a mascalonge.

The Ryan and Conkey party, of Appleton, will leave for Big Lake, on the Manitowish waters, Sept. 23 and pitch tents on their old camping ground.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Large Striped Bass.

MR. HENRY A. PETERS, of Brooklyn, caught last Saturday off Milton Point, Long Island Sound, a striped bass weighing 33lbs. The fish has been mounted and will be on exhibition at the store of Messrs. William Mills & Son, 21 Park Place, this city.

FRED MATHER'S "Trouting on the Bigosh," Dr. Morris' "Autocrat of the Eddy," and his salmon leaping photos; Jay Beebe's "Amateur Fisherman," "Dobsons for Bass Bait," Nessmuk on "Blackflies and Mosquitoes"—these are the things of particular interest to anglers in the current issue of the *Woodcraft Magazine*.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 19.—The prevailing easterly winds of the past few days have sent the bass to their surf haunts with a rush. More have been taken at the various points during the past week than during the entire season previous. Each day produces some from our piers, and to-day fifteen fine fish have been taken in the vicinity of Shark River Inlet. While the size is not of the largest, still the average is fair; 4 to 12lbs. is the run, and the fish fine in condition. A few weakfish also are being taken and any quantity of plaice. Kingfish appear to have given us the go-by temporarily, but will undoubtedly be in evidence as soon as the sea boils down. Barnegat Bay is not up to the standard as set earlier in the season. Fishing there has been of the best until the present week, and I was booked for the 20th and 21st, but a message from our captain informs me not to go until further notice. All the tidal streams are now fairly alive with lafayettes, porgies and snappers. The latter, of course, are very small as yet, but as they grow very rapidly sport with them in the near future is assured. The heavy surf of the past few days has made the landing of fish from the ponds an impossibility, and as a consequence fish are high in price and very scarce, local dealer losing heavily in supplying the hotels at contract price.

LEONARD HULIT.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.
Sept. 12-15.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Kennel Club's fifth annual bench show. Edward Meisenheimer, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-6.—Dallas, Tex.—Texas Kennel Club's second annual bench show. Sydney Smith, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-6.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's eighteenth annual show. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-13.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island State Fair Association. E. M. Oldham, Supt.
Nov. 15-18.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show. Marcel A. Viti, Sec'y.
Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 31.—Emmettsburg, Ia.—The Iowa Field Trial Association's second annual field trials. M. Bruce, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—La Salle, Man.—Western Canada Kennel Club's annual amateur field trials. A Code, Sec'y.
Sept. 6.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y.
Oct. 31.—Greene Co., Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's fifth annual field trial. A. C. Peterson Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Washington C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Nov. 8-9.—Lakeview, Mich.—Michigan Field Trials Association's second annual trials. E. Rice, Sec'y.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's first annual trials. George D. Maxfield, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.
Nov. 21.—Lawrenceville, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.— ———, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Manitoba Field Trials Club.

WINNIPEG, Man., Aug. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Subjoined you will find a list of the entries for the All-Age Stake of this club, consisting of thirty-five setters and fifteen pointers, and which number we consider makes a splendid showing:

SETTERS.

Pin Money—Charlottesville Field Trials Kennels' blue belton setter bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft).
Christina—Charlottesville Field Trials Kennels' black white and tan setter bitch (Blue Ridge Mark—Lou R.).
Sam T.—Del Monte Kennels' black, white and tan setter dog (Luke Roy—Betty B.).
Minnie's Girl—Del Monte Kennels' orange and white setter bitch (Antonio—Minnie T.).
Gilt Edge—Del Monte Kennels' orange and white setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Lillian Russel).
Glad's Girl—Del Monte Kennels' orange and white setter bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Lillian Russel).
Hurstbourne Zip—D. E. Rose's (Agt.) black, white and tan setter dog (Tony Boy—Dimple).
Pearl R.—D. E. Rose's (Agt.) black, white and tan setter bitch (Sam Gross— ———).
Lena B.—D. E. Roe's (Agt.) black, white and tan setter bitch (Tony Boy—Nellie C).
Lady's Count Gladstone—D. E. Rose's (Agt.) black, white and tan setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).
Peconic—Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryme).
Topsey's Ranger—Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan setter dog (Roderigo—Topsey Avent).
Prime Minister—Avent and Duryea's black, white and tan setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryme).
Roysterer—Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryme).
Lady Rachal—Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan setter bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryme).
Jef—Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan setter dog (Orlando—Dolly Wilson).
Tol Wilson—Avent & Duryea's white and tan setter dog (Hobson's Bob—Estell).
Joe—Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan setter dog.
D. Antonio—G. O. Smith's black, white and tan setter dog (Dash Antonio—Imagination).
Misfortune—W. Gould Brokaw's black and white setter bitch (——— —Queen).
Bonnie Lit—John Wootton's black and white setter bitch (Orlando—Lady Lit).

Manitou Spot—John Wootton's black, white and tan setter dog (Val Lit—Cam Sing).

Rosa Bondhu—John Wootton's black, white and tan setter bitch (Dick Bondhu II.—Maud A. Rose).

Sport—W. S. Cottingham's black and white setter dog (Dan—Jess).

Ella Wheller—A. C. Reid's black and white setter bitch (Ponto—Scwab).

Burlington Route—Dr. J. S. Brown's black, white and tan setter dog (Count Featherstone—Topsey F.).

Jubilee Flo—Thos. Johnson's black setter bitch (Little Billie—Belle W.).

Nellie—Thos. Johnson's black, white and tan setter bitch (Ponto—Bess).

Duke's Rush—Winnipeg Kennels' brown and white setter dog (Duke of Manitoba—Cam Sing).

Maid of the Morn—W. F. Ellis' blue belton setter bitch Val Lit—Cam Sing).

Silver Lace—W. F. Ellis' black and white setter bitch (Val Lit—Cam Sing).

Exasperator—W. F. Ellis' black, white and tan setter dog (Duke of Manitoba—Dora M.)

Blackie—Harry Holman's black and tan setter dog.

Fairview Bell—W. Gould Brokaw's liver and white setter bitch (Edgemark—Bell).

Fly—W. Gould Brokaw's black and white setter bitch (White B.—Queen).

POINTERS.

Nana—Charlottesville Field Trials Kennels' liver and white pointer bitch (Ch. Rip Rap—Toxie).

Ranee—Charlottesville Field Trials Kennels' black and white pointer bitch (Ch. Rip Rap—Toxie).

Lad of Jingo—D. E. Rose's (Agt.) liver and white pointer dog (Jingo—Dot's Pearl).

Alex. C.—D. E. Rose's (Agt.) liver and white pointer dog (Glenleight—Saddle Bags).

Fairview Tom—W. Gould Brokaw's liver and white pointer dog (Sir Walter—Van's Pride).

Bang III.—Hamber & Code's black and white pointer dog (Rector—Dinah).

Mac Hamber—Hamber & Code's black and white pointer dog (Croxteth Ned—Miami).

Manitoba Belle—Hamber & Code's black and white pointer bitch (Croxteth Ned—Miami).

Ned B.—Dr. J. S. Brown's black and white pointer dog (Rap—Lady Grace).

Jubilee Prince—Thos. Johnson's black and white ticked pointer dog (Rector—Dinah).

Jubilee Princess—Thos. Johnson's black and white ticked pointer bitch (Rector—Dinah)

Jubilee Diana III.—Thos. Johnson's liver and white pointer bitch (Rector Dinah).

Prince Ightfield—Paul A. Gale's liver and white pointer dog (King—Frankie).

Sport—Jos. Lemon's black and white pointer dog (Buster—Bell).

WM. C. LEE, Sec'y-Treas.

Points and Flushes.

Entries to the All-Age Stake of the Continental Field Trial Club close on Oct. 15. Mr. Theo. Sturges, 141 East Eighteenth street, New York, is the Secretary.

The premium list of the second annual dog show of the Texas Kennel Club can be obtained of Mr. Geo. W. Clayton, Supt., P. O. Box 914, Chicago. His address after Sept. 1 will be Dallas, Texas, care of Texas State Fair Association. The dates are Oct. 9 to 13. Entries close Sept. 25.

Canoeing.

The war canoe races of the A. C. A. meet came very close to the highest record in aquatics, there having been 105 contestants in the crews of the seven big canoes. We believe that some years ago in a race at Detroit ten ten-oared barge crews started, and there may be other similar records in rowing, but in canoeing such a fleet is unique. The finest sight of the day, surpassing even the races, was the closing in of the seven crews after the finish, when all tossed paddles and cheered Com. Thorne, to whose efforts, aided by Vice-Com. Howell, the success of this new event was due.

American Canoe Association.

Twentieth Annual Meet.

HAY ISLAND—ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

Aug. 4-18.

WITH an exceptionally good camp ground and the best possible weather, the meet of 1899 promises to be remembered as a most pleasant and successful one. The general location of the camp, close to the great routes of summer travel, has made it easily accessible from the vicinity of New York and from Boston as well, though but few New England men are present. For the great body of fresh water canoeists between Buffalo and Montreal the location is specially advantageous, and they have availed themselves of it in large numbers. The war canoe races have helped greatly to swell the camp register far beyond the usual figure, but even with the seven crews of fifteen men each deducted, the register shows a great increase over the past half dozen years, the total figure for the two weeks being 340.

The weather has been as nearly perfect as is ever found, even among the Thousand Islands—clear, dry, with a bright, sunny sky all day and starlight at night. For once the old tradition of a meet at full moon has been abandoned, the new moon being still on its way to the first quarter. Throughout the day the temperature has been high, but tempered by a mild breeze, and in the evening it has not been chilly enough to call for a coat or wrap, while the ground is dry, with no dew.

The layout of the camp ground, one of the chief factors contributing to a sociable and united camp, has never been surpassed; the two divisions—main and ladies' camps—are entirely distinct, each accessible without passing through the other, and both close to the central part, the wharf, mess tent and headquarters.

The camp is made up distinctively of campers, people who come with a full knowledge of both the pleasures and discomforts of open air life, and who are prepared to make the most of the former and the least of the latter. The hotel and tourist elements are entirely lacking, and on the one hand there are no troublesome visitors and on the other there is nothing save the mild attractions of Gananoque to take men from camp.

The dress question, so often discussed, seems at present to have settled itself very satisfactorily; there is nothing dudish in the dress of the men, and fortunately there is nothing of the fashion of the 1896 meet, when sleeveless jerseys were the vogue all over the camp and men even came to the public mess tent with bare arms and shoulders burned to running sores. This year the popular dress is the strictly yachting costume of blue serge coat, white duck trousers and yachting cap; good enough in its way, but far less suitable for a canoe camp than the picturesque and negligee club uniforms such as the Mohicans wore a dozen years ago. The most discordant detail of this costume is the modern ten-story stiff collar, which is worn by many. Those who care more for convenience and comfort than for the camp fashion content themselves with a jersey in place of coat and collar, or even the plain sailor's working suit, of rough canvas blouse and overalls. The dress of the ladies is of the every-day, sensible sort—short waists and short skirts, fit for the canoe or for a tramp over the rocky hills and shores, and in no way over-elaborate.

The camp amusements are of a wild sort that hardly need to be catalogued; there is nothing special to do, but all hands are pleasantly occupied from early morning until "taps," or even later. The bathing is excellent, in clear, clean water of any depth; there are numbers of open canoes on the different beaches for those who wish to paddle about among the many beautiful islands of the vicinity; there are several small yachts at anchor off the camp and under way every day, and there is good fishing close by. With no outside attractions and few set entertainments in camp, the time still passes quickly and pleasantly.

On Aug. 10 there was a dance in the mess tent, and on Saturday night Mr. Wright, of the camp site committee, had the tent arranged and gave a very interesting exhibition of lantern slides, many of the pictures being taken by him in a trip around the world, a number of A. C. A. pictures being also shown. On Sunday evening service was held in front of headquarters, in the open air, by the Rev. F. R. Sexson, of Gananoque, assisted by the Rev. G. L. Starr, of Kingston.

The so-called "Visitors' Day," Monday, Aug. 14, passed off very pleasantly. The presence of the war canoes brought many strangers to camp from Brockville, Kingston, Gananoque and other nearby places, but the crowd was very well behaved and orderly, and the arrangements were such as to confine all strangers to the central space, keeping them from overrunning either camp.

The attendance is made up largely from members who have joined within the past ten years, or even less, but there are many who are well known to each other through frequent attendance at the more recent meets. The highest number on the membership roll is now about 3,500, and the registry book shows but a dozen names whose numbers are lower than 1,000, as follows: W. P. Stephens, R. J. Wilkin, L. W. Seavey, J. N. MacKendrick, W. G. MacKendrick, Paul Butler, Ford Jones, W. R. Huntington, C. F. Wolters, Wm. M. Carpenter, H. M. Carpenter and G. W. Ruggles. The new Western Division is represented by six members—H. C. Morse, F. B. Huntington, W. C. Jupp, W. M. Clarke, E. B. Nellis and Wm. Campbell.

There are two unpleasant features of the camp which are too prominent to be passed over—the mess and the dispute between the regatta committee and the sailing men. The mess, managed by a caterer from Kingston, is bad enough to recall unpleasant memories of that at Jessup's Neck in 1890. The food is of poor quality, very badly cooked, and the service is of the same sort, the waiters, though polite and attentive, being inexperienced and too few in numbers. The charge is the regular one of $1 per day for breakfast, dinner and supper, not an exorbitant one, but it has been repeatedly proven that with honest intention and reasonably good management a caterer can satisfy the campers and at the same time make a profit, even in the States, where the cost of food and labor is higher than in Canada. That the average A. C. A. member is not difficult to satisfy in the matter of food is shown by the comparatively mild complaints in the present case.

The trouble with the regatta committee has created a good deal of feeling on both sides, and has been unpleasant to even the majority of disinterested members. There are two sides to the dispute, which has grown apidly from an insignificant beginning.

With all its advantages there is one serious drawback to Hay Island, in that the natural racing course, to the south, is a very poor one, both for sailing and paddling, the winds being broken and fluky and the courses obstructed by shoals from each shore. The contestants in the war canoe races all complained of the serious drag due to a depth of only 4 to 5ft. over portions of the course, especially inshore, and the sailing canoes are in frequent danger of grounding.

The race programme for the meet, published in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 8 is different in several important respects from all previous programmes. The long-established custom of beginning the important races on the second Monday of the camp has been departed from for the first time, some of the best races being set for the first instead of the second week. Another change is the fixing of the dates of the races some months in advance, making no allowance for weather. The sailing races, too, have been reduced in number, while the paddling races have been increased. This is in part but a natural recognition of the decline of canoe sailing, so apparent at all recent meets, and the coincident revival of the interest in paddling. A part of the trouble is due to the fact that no member of the committee had had any experience with races at a meet. The early publication of the programme gave ample opportunity for criticism and suggestion on the part of the racing men, but apparently no one took any interest in the races prior to coming to camp. The programme is as follows:

Sailing and Paddling Races—Decked Canoes.

Event No. 1.—Record Combined.—Paddling and sailing, half mile alternately, three miles; time limit, one and one-half hours; start to be made under paddle. Aug. 10, A. M.

Event No. 2.—Record Sailing.—Four and one-half miles; time limit, two hours; same rig and seat to be used n events Nos. 1 and 2. Aug. 10, P. M.

Event No. 3.—Record Paddling.—One-half mile straightaway. Same canoe as events Nos. 1 and 2. Aug. 11, A. M.

Event No. 4.—Novice Sailing.—Three miles; time limit, two and one-half hours. Open only to members who have never contested in any but their own club sailing races. Aug. 11, P. M.

Event No. 5.—Trophy Sailing.—Nine miles; time limit, three and one-half hours. See Rule 5 of Racing Regulations. Aug. 12, A. M.

Event No. 6.—Dolphin Sailing Trophy.—Seven and one-half miles; time limit, three hours. Canoe winning first place in trophy race will not compete in this event. Aug. 12, A. M.

Event No. 7.—Sailing, Live Man Overboard.—Decked sailing canoes, one-half mile. At the discharge of gun the passenger will go overboard, the canoe will pass around the quarter-mile buoy, pick up the man, and then sail to home buoy.

A. C. A. War Canoe Championship Races.

Event No. 8.—War Canoes.—A. C. A. championship, one mile straightaway. Aug. 14, 10 A. M.

Sailing Races—Open Canoes.

Event No. 9.—Open Canoe Sailing.—One and one-half miles; time limit, one and one-half hours. Open or partially decked canoes allowed.

Event No. 10.—Combined Sailing and Paddling.—One-half mile alternately, one and one-half miles; time limit, one and one-half hours. Start under sail. Single blades. Open or partially decked canoes allowed.

Note.—In events 9 and 10 the sail area is limited to 40 sq. ft. No rudder, or seat projecting beyond gunwales allowed. One pair detachable leeboards may be used. The paddle can only be used for steering except in event No. 10 on the paddling leg. The same canoe, sail and leeboards will be used in both events. Canoes may have the usual bow and stern decks of about 32in., and side decks of about 2in. wide with combing about 1½in. high. Canvas covers or other substitutes for decks will be measured as decks.

Division Sailing Races.

Event No. 11.—Atlantic Division cup.
Event No. 12.—Central Division cup.
Event No. 13.—Western Division cup.
Event No. 14.—Northern Division open canoe sailing for Orillia cup.

Note.—Division sailing cup races will be sailed on Aug. 15, weather permitting, provided they have not been sailed at division meets, and will be sailed under the rules provided by each division, which will be posted on the bulletin board day of race and called in the order published. Division regatta committees will run their own sailing races. (See Chap. 9.)

Division Paddling Races.

Event No. 15.—Western Division.—Gardner cup, paddling.

Event No. 16.—Northern Division.—War canoes; open to A. C. A. members only. Aug. 14, 3 P. M.

Paddling Races.

Event No. 17.—Trophy Paddling.—One mile straightaway; paddles optional. Aug. 15.

Event No. 18.—Paddling.—Double blades, open canoes, one-half mile with turn.

Event No. 19.—Tandem Paddling.—Single blades, open canoes, one-half mile with turn.

Event No. 20.—Relay Race.—Open paddling canoes, single blades; one and one-half miles, over sailing course; three men from each club or division. Starters paddle to and around first buoy, pass an article to second man, who paddles to and around second buoy, passing to third man, who paddles to the finish.

Event No. 21.—Paddling.—Single blades, one-half mile, with turn.

Event No. 22.—Novice Paddling.—Single blades, open canoes, one-half mile with turn. Open only to members who have never contested in any but their own club paddling races

Event No. 23.—Four Men Paddling.—Single blades, open canoes one-half mile, with turn.

Event No. 24.—Tandem Overboard.—Single blades, open canoes, one-fourth mile. At the discharge of the gun both men will jump overboard, clear of their canoes, regain their seats in same and paddle to home buoy.

Event No. 25.—Tilting Tournament.—Sparring poles will be provided by the regatta committee. Each sparrer will stand immediately aft the forward thwart. Both contestants must be on their feet giving and taking.

Event No. 26.—Upset Paddling.—Single blades, open canoes.

Event No. 27.—Hurry-scurry.—Single blades, open canoes. Run, jump, swim and paddle.

Event No. 28.—Ladies' Paddling.—Double blades, open canoes, one-fourth mile.

Event No. 29.—Ladies' Tandem Paddling.—Single blades, open canoes, one-fourth mile.

Event No. 30.—Swimming.—One hundred yards.

Notes.

First, second and third prizes will be awarded in all events except Nos. 25, 28, 29 and 30, in which two prizes will be awarded. Two starters to win first, three starters to win second, and four starters to win third.

Flag prizes will be awarded sailors and paddlers.

A banner emblematic of the "A. C. A. Canoe Championship," together with a suitable "follow" prize, donated by Com. Thorn, will be awarded the winning crew in the

war canoe event. Flags for second and third places will be awarded also.

Events Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 13 and 14 will be called on the date shown in programme, weather permitting. The time for starting same will be posted on bulletin board by 8 A. M., date of race. Postponed events will be run off first opportunity.

Events Nos. 8, 16 and 17 will be run on date shown in programme, wind, sea or rain notwithstanding.

The committee reserves the right to call remainder of the programme at any time during the meet, when in their judgment the conditions are most opportune, notice of which will be posted on the bulletin board at 8 A. M., date of race.

Entries must be filed with the clerk of the course one hour previous to calling of any race.

All events will be called promptly at hours designated on bulletin board. Events postponed for lack of starters will not be called the second time. Stragglers will be ruled off the course.

Com., F. S. Thorn, Buffalo, N. Y.; Sec'y-Treas., Chas. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.; Regatta Committee, F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.; John W. Ely, and Al. T. Brown, Rochester, N. Y., chairman.

The first events were called as early as Aug. 10, the Thursday of the first week, and though they were the three record races, once the most important of all, they brought out but three starters and were very dull and uninteresting. Event No. 4, the novice sailing, was called on Aug. 11, with but three starters. Event No. 7, the man-overboard race, was called on the same afternoon and was interesting to the spectators, Mr. Moore winning.

The trophy race, called early on Aug. 12, resulted in the dispute recounted last week, only two men starting. The open canoe sailing race, on the same day, had only three starters, Mr. Archbald winning easily.

The war canoe races, Events 8 and 16, were by far the most interesting of the meet, the field of seven canoes, each with a crew of fifteen, being a novelty. The Brockville Rowing Club had a new racing war canoe, designed and built by Mr. Gilbert, builder of Mab, a very light craft, well cut away at the ends, and with a turtleback deck forward, this, with the straight sheer and full lines of the bow, giving her the appearance of a torpedo boat. Her crew used short, broad-bladed paddles and a short, quick stroke. The other canoes were of the conventional war canoe type, with high sides, good sheer at the ends and nearly straight keel. The clubs represented were the Bohemian, of Brockville; Brockville Rowing Club, Britannia, of Ottawa; Ottawa C. C., Toronto C. C., Kingston Y. C. and the Dorval Juniors, a crew of young boys from the vicinity of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., at Dorval. During the past winter and spring Com. Thorn and Vice-Com. Howell have worked hard to secure entries for this event, and out of eight promised up to the beginning of the meet, seven were present. The course for the principal race was one mile straightaway, finishing off the little point at headquarters. Monday was a perfect day, with a moderate breeze that made the steering a little difficult, but with no other drawback. A number of visitors, mostly friends of the crews, were in camp to witness the races. Prior to the start of the first race the regatta committee decided that steering fins were not allowed on the canoes, and the Brockville Rowing Club was compelled to remove one from its canoe. The boat was wild and crossed the course, fouling several others, the steersman having no control over it. The Bohemian crew won after a hot race, with Britannia second and Dorval Juniors third. The Britannia crew protested the Ottawa for fouling.

The second race, in the afternoon, was over a course of one-half mile, with turn, the same crews competing. The Dorval crew took the lead at the start, getting away with a spurt, but the Bohemians again won.

The protest was taken up by the regatta committee after the second race, the captains of the opposing crews being present. The double victory of the Bohemians made it plain that they had won first place on their merits, as the other crews freely confessed. The Ottawa crew admitted the foul and was disqualified. The whole discussion in the meeting was marked by special good feeling on the part of all concerned. The sight of the seven crews under full speed was one well worth seeing, and that when the seven canoes came in to the point in a group, tossing paddles and cheering for the winner and for Com. Thorn, was equally fine.

On the same day a special sailing race was called for a handsome banner donated by the Mayor and several citizens of Gananoque. Although the race was not started until 12:45, after being posted for 12 o'clock, nearly all the members of the Sailors' Union were late, some being at their dock with sails not yet stepped when the second signal was given. Mr. Archbald and Mr. May crossed with the gun. The course was sailed with buoys to starboard and with a N.W. wind the second leg was a run and the other two reaches, there being no windward work. Mr. Archbald won as he pleased, taking the lead on the second leg and soon being far ahead of the second man.

On Tuesday the Dolphin trophy race was called, but the Sailors' Union refused to start on the plea that this race could only be called after the trophy race, and that there had been no trophy race. After the race had been abandoned, the same men went out and sailed a scrub race for a private prize.

The paddling trophy race was the principal event of Tuesday, there being seven starters, all in open canoes, with double blades. Mr. J. Smith, of Montreal, won after a close finish, with Mr. W. T. Landers, of Ottawa, in second place. The afternoon was devoted to the tournament, which was very amusing to the spectators, the swimming race and similar events.

On Wednesday the Dolphin trophy was sailed for under the management of Mr. D. S. Goodsell, of the Division regatta committee.

As has always been the case, the end of the racing marked the breaking up of the camp, and many left as early as Wednesday evening, instead of the usual break-up on Friday morning, the general exodus taking place on Thursday morning, though Com. Thorn and a small party remained until Sunday.

On Tuesday evening the Toronto C. C. gave a very pleasant camp-fire, the ladies being present and refreshments being served. On Wednesday evening the ladies held a camp-fire at Squaw Point, the feature of the entertainment being a series of open-air tableaux arranged on the spur of the moment by Mr. Seavey. The subject was "The American Woman," a series of single figures shown separately—the Indian girl, the Puritan, the golf girl, Canada, Columbia and similar subjects. Each was posed in the darkness under the trees and illuminated by colored fire, the effect being excellent.

Owing to the early breaking up of the camp there was no general camp-fire for the announcement of the new officers and the presentation of prizes.

The meeting of the executive committee for the election of officers was held on Aug. 16 in the Commodore's tent, the following members and proxies being present:

Com. F. S. Thorn, Sec'y-Treas. C. P. Forbush and Librarian W. P. Stephens.

Atlantic Division.—Vice-Com. H. C. Allen, Rear-Com. N. S. Hyatt, per R. J. Wilkin, proxy; Purser A. H. Wood, per M. D. Wilt; W. C. Lawrence, per H. H. Smythe; Thos Hale, Jr., per H. L. Quick.

Central Division.—Vice-Com. H. C. Morse, Purser Walter M. Clark.

Eastern Division.—Rear-Com. J. B. Waterbury.

Northern Division.—Vice-Com. Geo. A. Howell, Rear-Com. A. G. Bowie, per J. N. MacKendrick; Purser G. Walter Begg, per J. W. Sparrow; W. J. English.

Western Division.—F. B. Huntington, W. C. Jupp.

The minutes of the annual meeting were read and accepted. It was suggested that a formal report of the formation of the new Western Division should be presented to the executive committee, in order to appear as a permanent record on the minutes, and Vice-Com. Morse promised to prepare and submit to the secretary-treasurer such a report, the motion being made by Mr. MacKendrick that such a report be spread on the minutes. Carried.

The special committee appointed at the annual meeting to consider the question of the official organs of the Association reported that it had done nothing at all in the matter. A long discussion of the question of an official organ resulted in no action being taken at the present time.

Mr. MacKendrick brought up the question of the time for the principal races, asking why they were not held, as usual, in the second week. The general discussion brought out strong opinions in favor of races in the first three days of the second week and not on fixed dates except in the case of the war canoe races. Mr. MacKendrick urged that it was less desirable that the arrangements should be such as to permit men to come to the meet for a few hours for one race only than to induce all racing men to spend at least three days in camp, thus knowing and being known to the other members of the Association. After some discussion a motion was made to take up the regular business of the meeting—the election of the commodore and the secretary-treasurer for 1900. Vice-Com. Morse, of the Central Division, but now a member of the new Western Division, announced that the Central Division, after holding the meet this year in the turn of the Eastern Division, which had declined it, had decided to resign its own legal claim to the meet of 1900, further presenting the request of the Western Division that the meet of 1901 be given to it. Vice-Com. Howell stated that the Northern Division last year confidently expected that the meet of next year would come to it, and had worked through the winter to build up the Northern Division in order to hold a successful general meet at Muskoka Lake. A long discussion followed as to the desirablity of the two divisions, the general feeling being in favor of the Northern Division for 1900 and the Western Division in 1901, a motion by Vice-Com. Allen, to the effect that the meet of 1900 should be held in the Northern Division, being carried.

In view of such a choice, the Northern Division had for several days canvassed the question of a commodore, Vice-Com. Howell having positively declined the nomination. Mr. H. R. Tilley was also suggested, but declined, and at a meeting on Wednesday morning Mr. W. G. MacKendrick was selected as the choicie of the division. Mr. Howell presented Mr. MacKendrick's name to the executive committee for the nomination, seconded by Messrs. Wilkin and Stephens, and he was unanimously elected. As Mr. MacKendrick had left camp the previous evening, he could not be consulted as to his choice for a secretary-treasurer to assist him, so the nominations for this office were deferred.

Mr. J. N. MacKendrick moved that it be recorded as the sense of the meeting that the meet of 1901 be held in the Western Division. Some objections were made to this as being binding on future officers, but it was urged by some as a necessary assurance to the new Western Division that it would not be compelled to wait until its regular turn, in 1903, for its first meet. After discussion the motion was carried by a rising vote, all but Messrs. Wilkin, English and Waterbury voting for it.

Mr. Quick moved that a special committee of five be appointed to revise the racing rules, but after discussion it was withdrawn as unnecessary.

Mr. Smythe then asked for information as to the present status of the dispute between the regatta committee and the Sailors' Union, on which the following letter was read by the secretary-treasurer:

HAY ISLAND, Aug. 14.—Mr. C. P. Forbush, Sec'y-Treas. A. C. A.: Dear Sir: We are in receipt of your communication of the 13th inst. advising us of the action of the executive committee at their meeting held on Sunday morning last. Our position in the controversy is as follows: We contend that the present by-laws and racing regulations do not require us to sail the trial race except there be entries in excess of fifteen.

We contend that the postponement of the trophy race, which had been scheduled for four months to be sailed on Aug. 12, would have been manifestly unjust to several of those interested.

We contend that the meeting of your honorable body was illegal by reason of its having been held on Sunday, and unconstitutional because of the failure of several participants to file properly executed proxies.

We submit that this committee, not having been created by your honorable body, are not amenable to it, and therefore cannot be vested with authority to declare void a race which in our deliberate judgment has conformed to existing rules and has been fairly sailed and won.

We contend that the protest taken is unconstitutional and not in accordance with Rule IX., Sailing Regulations.

We have not as yet called upon the executive committee for their construction of the racing rules, and until we do so, or an appeal is taken in the prescribed manner, we would respectfully ask that this committee be allowed to perform its duties according to its own best judgment and not be hampered by dictation from above.

Through a misunderstanding this committee omitted to acknowledge in writing your previous communication. For this omission we offer an apology. Very respectfully,

AL. T. BROWN,
E. A. BURNS,
E. B. HUNTINGTON,
Regatta Committee.

Mr. Quick made the objection that if the meeting were illegal, as claimed by the regatta committee, all the business transacted at it was illegal. An acrimonious and pointless dispute ensued, which was ended by a motion to adjourn, made by Vice-Com. Allen, and carried.

Two division meetings were held in camp, the Eastern and Atlantic divisions having already elected officers at their division meets. The Central Division elected the following officers:

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.; Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.; Purser, C. F. Wolters, Rochester, N. Y.; Executive Committee, W. R. Huntington, F. G. Mather and C. P. Forbush.

Northern Division.—Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowat, Kingston; Rear-Com., Edgar C. Woolsey, Ottawa; Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston; Executive Committee, Allison G. Bowie, F. Bickerdike and D. J. Howell.

As usual, each division elected one man in excess of the legal number.

The election of Mr. MacKendrick was a surprise to all parties. From the old Grindstone days he, with his father and two brothers, has been well known to all attendants at the meet, the quartette being prominent in the paddling races. Mr. H. F. MacKendrick won the paddling trophy in 1890 at Jessup's Neck. Mr. W. G. MacKendrick was both a sailor and paddler, being the best man in the combined race and the winner of first place on the record in 1889 and second place in 1890. Of late years business has kept him from the meets, and his presence this year was purely accidental. Coming only for a day, he stayed nearly a week, taking an active part as starter in work of the regatta committee, and reviving his old interest is the A. C. A. With a thorough knowledge of the usages and customs of the Association, and of all branches of racing, he is fully qualified for the office, and he is certain to have the support of the Northern Division, as well as of his many old friends in the Association.

Canoe.	Owner.	Club.
Isis and Wasp,	J. R. Stewart	Irondequoit
Aziz,	Louis May	New York
Tormen,	L. B. Palmer	New York
Pioneer,	F. C. Moore	New York
Mab and Mab II.,	C. E. Archbald	Roy. Can. Y. C.
Eel,	J. W. Sparrow	Toronto
Hoonyali,	F. G. Palmer	New York
Ellen L.,	George W. Taggart	New York
Toreador,	Pawla	New York
Marie,	A. G. Beghn	Rochester
Foggy Dew,	H. L. Quick	Yonkers
Jack and Norma,	F. B. Huntington	Milwaukee
Minawas,	E. B. Nellis	Wyandotte
Lady Ruby,	W. T. Lawless	Ottawa
Alligator,	Chas. Eastmond	——
Red Dragon,	M. D. Wilt	Red Dragon
Question,	H. H. Smythe,	New York
——,	W. M. Clarke	Peoria
——,	E. McNichol	——
——,	J. Smith	——
——,	J. M. Mowat	Kingston Y. C.
——,	Frank Taylor	Toronto
——,	E. Smith	——
——,	C. Cooch	——
——,	R. Craig	——
——,	E. Richards	——
——,	R. H. Parmenter	——
——,	Herbert Blatchley	——
——,	R. H. Britton	——

Event No. 1.—Record-Combined—Thursday, Aug. 10; start, 10:07. Wnid W., light.

	1st Round.	Finish.	Points.
Wasp	10 29 29	10 53 45	3
Aziz	10 34 50	10 59 13	2
Eel	10 35 05	11 00 47	1

Event No. 2.—Record-Sailing—Thursday, Aug. 10; start, 2:25:30. Wind W., light.

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Points.
Aziz	2 57 30	3 15 51	3 37 22	1 01 52	3
Wasp	2 57 53	3 17 32	3 40 26	1 04 56	2
Eeel	3 02 12	3 28 18	3 56 05	1 20 35	1

Event No. 3.—Record-Paddling—Friday, Aug. 11; start, 10:27:32. Calm.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Points.
Eeel	10 32 20	0 04 48	3
Wasp	10 32 21	0 04 49	2
Aziz	10 33 00	0 05 28	1

Record.—Total points.

	Wasp.	Aziz.	Eeel.
Combined	3	2	1
Sailing	2	3	1
Paddling	2	1	3
	7	6	5

Event No. 4.—Novice Sailing—Friday, Aug 11; start, 2:45. Wind W., moderate.

	1st Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hoonyali	3 01 05	3 18 18	0 33 18
Toreador	3 03 30	3 23 40	0 38 40
No. 12	3 12 00	3 43 00	0 58 00

Event No. 5.—Trophy Sailing—Saturday, Aug. 12; start, 10:22. Wind fresh, with sea.

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	4th Round.	5th Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mab	10 38 26	10 51 20	11 04 53	11 14 51	11 32 27	11 48 34	1 26 34
Marie	10 43 43	Withdrew.					

Other entries refused to start.

Event No. 6.—Dolphin Trophy—Tuesday, Aug. 15, 10 A. M. All entries refused to start.

Event No. 7.—Man-Overboard Race—Friday, Aug. 11.

F. C. Moore	1
J. R. Stewart	2

F. G. Palmer..... 3
G. W. McTaggart..... 4
H. L. Quick..... 5
J. W. Sparrow..... 6

Event No. 8.—War Canoes—A. C. A. championship; Monday, Aug. 14.

Ah-Yan-Dora-Wah, Bohemian A. A. A..... 1
Britannia, Britannia Club..... 2
———, Dorval Junior..... 3
Hi Yah, Toronto C. C..... 4
Fag-A-Bealagh, Ottawa, disqualified..... 5
Cataraqui, Kingston Y. C..... 6
———, Brockville Rowing Club..... 7

Bohemian A. A. A. crew: Capt., Frank Black; Fredk. Timleck, Wm. Daniels, J. Monahan, Wm. Timleck, Frank Nichol, A. Doran, J. Hilliard, N. Abbott, G. Guilboard, A. Champagne, Q. Wadham, F. Robinson, H. Winifred.

Event No. 9.—Open Canoe Sailing—Saturday, Aug. 12; start, 2:46. Wind W., fresh, with sea.

	Elapsed.
Mab II	0 23 46
Triumph	0 27 53
Isis	0 31 51

Event No. 10.—Combined Race—Open canoes; Saturday, Aug. 12; start, 4:05. Wind fresh, W., with sea.

	Elapsed.
Mab II	0 30 18
Isis	0 35 12

Event No. 11.—Atlantic Division Cup—Wednesday, Aug. 16; start, 3:38. Wndmoderate, S.W.

Aziz	4 50 45
Hoonyali	4 52 30
Pioneer	4 54 00
Torment	4 59 40
Question	5 02 55
Foggy Dew	5 05 35

Event No. 12.—Central Division Cup—No entries.

Event No. 13.—Western Division Cup—Wednesday, Aug. 16; start, 3:53.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Norma	0 04 17	0 24 00
———, W. M. Clark	Withdrew.	

Event No. 14.—Western Division, Orillia Cup—No entries.

Event No. 15.—Gardner Cup, Paddling, Western Division—Saturday, Aug. 12.

Jack, F. B. Huntington..... —
———, W. M. Clark..... —

Event No. 16.—Monday, Aug. 14.

Ah-Yan-Dora-Wah, Bohemian A. A. A..... 1
Britannia, Britannia Club..... 2
Hi Yah, Toronto..... 3
Fag-A-Bealagh, Ottawa C. C..... 4
———, Brockville Rowing Club..... 5
———, Dorval Junior..... 6
Cataraqui, Kingston Y. C..... 7

Event No. 17.—Trophy, Paddling—Tuesday, Aug. 15; start, 4:42.

———, J. Smith..... 1
Lady Ruby, W. T. Lawless..... 2
Minawas, E. B. Nellis..... 3
———, J. M. Mowat..... 4
Alligator, Chas. Eastmond..... 5
———, E. McNichol..... 6
Red Dragon, M. D. Wilt..... 7

Event No. 18.—Wednesday, Aug. 16; start, 12.

E Smith..... 1
E B Nellis..... 2
E. McNichol..... 3

Event No. 19.—Tuesday, Aug. 15.

Frank Taylor and J. Smith..... 1
C. Cooch and R. Craig..... 2
J. M. Mowat and A. D. Cotter..... 3
E. McNichol and H. Blatchley..... 4

Event No. 20.—No starters.

Event No. 21.—Wednesday, Aug. 16; start, 2.

J. Smith..... 1
Frank Taylor..... 2
Ed Richards..... 3

Event No. 22.—Tuesday, Aug. 15.

R. H. Parmenter..... 1
Herbert Blatchley..... 2

Event No. 23.—Monday, Aug. 14.

Britannia—Percival, Lynch, McNeil, Stott..... 1
Toronto—Begg, Blatchley, Gay, Richards..... 2
Ottawa—Clayton, Patterson, Stewart, Woolsey..... 3
Kingston—Mowat, Cotter, Britton, Bayley..... 4

Event No. 24.—Tuesday, Aug. 15.

Toronto—McNichol and Begg..... 1
Kingston—Britton and Parmenter..... 2

Event No. 25.—Tuesday, Aug. 15.

In event 25 H. L. Quick and M. D. Wilt were the winners.

Event No. 26.—Tuesday, Aug. 15.

W. T. Lawless..... 1
L. Fromier..... 2

Event No. 27.—Hurry-scurry—Wednesday, Aug. 16.

R. H. Britton..... 1
R. H. Parmenter..... 2
E. McNichol..... 3

Event No. 28.—No starters.

Event No. 29.—No starters.

Event No. 30.—Tuesday, Aug. 15.

W. T. Lawless..... 1
Chas. Eastmond..... 2

Event No. 31.—Extra Race, Gananoque Banner—Monday, Aug. 14; start, 11:37; course, four and one-half miles. Wind N.W., fresh.

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mab	11 49 15	12 02 43	12 16 40	0 39 40
Aziz	11 50 25	12 05 05	12 19 09	0 42 09
Wasp	11 51 32	12 05 40	12 19 45	0 42 45
Foggy Dew	11 51 05	12 06 08	12 20 05	0 43 05
Ellen L.	11 52 35	12 08 10	12 21 48	0 44 48
Pioneer	11 52 10	12 07 00	12 21 54	0 44 54
Hoonyali	11 52 40	12 08 11	12 22 30	0 45 30
Question	11 53 50	12 08 50	12 23 50	0 46 50
Toreador	11 52 52	Withdrew.		

Tail-End Race.—Wednesday, Aug. 16.

R. H. Parmenter..... 1
E. McNichol..... 2
G. W. McTaggart..... 3
R. W. Pierce..... 4

Mr. C. F. Wolters, Rochester Y. C., acted as clerk of the course and fulfilled his duties most acceptably. Mr. W. G. MacKendrick served as starter of the paddling races and Messrs. R. J. Wilkin, J. N. MacKendrick, R. Easton Burns, H. C. Morse and W. J. English as judges at the finish and turns.

Mr. E. A Burns was appointed to take the place of Mr. Ely, the absent member of the regatta committee. The prizes were all bunting flags instead of the bronze medallion used in recent years.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

AUGUST.

24. Plymouth, open, Plymouth, Mass.
25. Kingston, open, Duxbury Bay.
26. Royal Nova Scotia, club, Halifax, N. S.
26. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
26. Huntington, annual, open, Huntington Bay.
26. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
26. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
26. Corinthian, Marblehead, 6th cham., Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
26. Duxbury,, open, Duxbury Bay.
26. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
26. Quincy, club, Quincy, Boston Harbor.
26. Seawanhaka Cor., Center memorial, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
26. Winthrop, club, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
26. Wollaston, handicap, Wollaston, Mass.
26. Quannapowitt, club.
26. Wood's Holl, sprit & cat classes, Wood's Holl, Hadley Harbor.
26. Norwalk, club, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
26. Savin Hill, club handicap, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
26. Atlantic, Ballantine cup, Sea Gate, New York Harbor.
27. Williamsburgh, ladies' race, Bowery Bay, Lond Island Sound.
27. Penataquit Cor., knockabouts, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
28. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown, Cape Cod Bay.
29. Wellfleet, open, Wellfleet Harbor.

SEPTEMBER.

New York, trial races, America Cup, off Sandy Hook.
2. Larchmont, special races, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
2. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
2. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
2-4. Corinthian, cruise, Marblehead.
2. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
2. Wood's Holl, club.
2-4. Wollaston, cruise, Wollaston.
2. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
2-4. East Gloucester, cruise to Hull.
2. Royal Nova Scotia, one-design class, Halifax, N. S.
3. Penataquit, fall club regatta, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
4. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Atlantic, Adams cups, Sea Gate, New York Harbor.
4. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Bunker Hill, annual, Boston Harbor.
4. Lynn, annual, open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Newport, club, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
4. Wood's Holl, sprit & cat classes, Wood's Holl, Hadley Harbor.
4. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Sachem's Head, annual, open, Sachem's Head, L. I. Sound.
4. Pavonia, special club, Communipaw, New York Bay.
4. Royal Nova Scotia, Prince of Wales cup, Halifax, N. S.
6. Norwalk, open, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
7 to 11. Interlake Y. R. A., meet, Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie.
9. Royal Nova Scotia, open handicap, Halifax, N. S.
9. Atlantic, Gould cups, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
9. Seawanhaka Cor., fall race, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
9. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
9. Hull, Mass., open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
9. Winthrop, cruise to Hull, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
9. Wollaston, handicap, Wollaston, Mass.
9-10. Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, rendezvous and sail, Hull.
9. Wood's Holl, club, Wood's Holl, Quissett.
9. Burgess, 3d cham., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
10. Penataquit Cor., knockabouts. Bayshore, Great South Bay.
14. Newport, ladies' cruise, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
16. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
16. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
16. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
23. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
23. Riverside, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
24. Williamsburgh, annual fall regatta, Bowery Bay, L. I. Sound.
27. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
30. Corinthian, knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.

OCTOBER.

3-5-7. New York, America Cup matches, Sandy Hook.

The Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The editorial article of Aug. 12, concerning the outcome of the late Seawanhaka cup races, discusses the important question of propriety in the conduct of yacht races by amateurs. Will you allow a few words in advocacy of a different view of this matter?

There is, or ought to be, a marked difference in the spirit governing contests in sports between professionals and those between amateurs. The article mentioned seems to ignore this difference. Undoubtedly strict and rigid rules are necessary for the practical management of yacht racing which may not be evaded by judges, referees or other judicial officers. But there can also be no doubt of the right of any contestant to waive any rule in his favor. The point is made that the skipper of the winning yacht was acting in a representative capacity and had no authority to abandon the race on account of an accident to the competing yacht. This is specious; but it is not all there is to be said on this point. The Royal St. Lawrence and the Seawanhaka yacht clubs had the right to waive the rule; and in matters of emergency arising during the races had to act, if at all, through their representatives present. Some one must be presumed to represent the clubs. If the race committee be deemed a judicial body only, then in the absence of other executive representatives the skippers of the yachts must act in that capacity, and have the right to do in emergencies what their club or executive committee could do if present.

It is not to be presumed that the St. Lawrence or the Seawanhaka Club wishes to win or retain the international trophy except by a race upon the merits of the competing yachts. In these international races these clubs may be deemed to be in large measure the reprsentatives of the Canadian and the American people.

Th view "that it would be a very pretty piece of sentiment but very bad sport * * * had he [the skipper of Glencairn] given up" is inconsistent with the high standards in amateur sport. The difference between sport on a high plane and business is practically this matter of sentiment.

It would be less embarrassing to discuss the present case had the Yankee yacht won the cup on a sail-over. Criticism from losers is not always in good taste nor always free from prejudice; but the keeping of the methods of professionalism out of amateur sport is of so much consequence that a loser may be permitted to speak in moderation. In amateur contests there should be the largest possible latitude and liberality, consistent with orderly management, in construing rules and in considering the authority of representatives to act for their principals, in the interest and in the spirit of sportsmanlike ideals, rather than the strict construction of the letter that is appropriate in business matters.

If memory is not at fault, Sir Richard Sutton refused to take a race in the America Cup series of 1885 by sailing over the course alone. It is doubtful whether Lieut. Henn would have done so. Is there any question that both of these gentlemen better represented the yacht clubs in whose names they challenged, and the English amateur sportsmen and people generally, than did the owner of Valkyrie? SEXTANT.

The spirit of our correspondent's letter is thoroughly in accord with the principles of fair sport, even among professionals, which the FOREST AND STREAM has always advocated, and we can quite understand his position. The case in point, however, is one which can only be discussed by those perfectly familiar with all the circumstances of the Montreal races of 1897-8-9; and the exact relations of the two clubs. Those who have tried to judge of the disputes of each year on the sole evidence of the reports in the New York daily papers have blundered from first to last.

The high standard of sport for its own sake, as set forth by Sextant, is unfortunately seldom found; but it did mark the first match between the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. and the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. at Oyster Bay in 1896, when Glencairn I. won the cup from El Heiric. The amiable relations continued all through the following winter, when all details for the return match on Lake St. Louis were satisfactorily arranged by mutual agreement, and it was confidently expected by all concerned that the races would pass off with the same good feeling on both sides.

The first break came on the evening preceding the first race between Momo and Glencairn II., and was caused by the attempt of the Seawanhaka race committee to introduce a new condition, not incorporated in the rules and contrary to the established precedent of the two previous years, allowing more than one man to sign the agreement as helmsman. It was perfectly well known at the time that this was due to the fact that the two heavy men selected by Mr. Crane for his crew were too heavy to handle the headsails, and Mr. Crane desired to give up the helm to one of them at times while he worked forward. After a session of four hours by the two committees, the demand of the Seawanhaka committee was rejected by the other on the grounds that it was not called for by the rules, and as distinctly contrary to established precedent in the two previous races, in which the owners personally had signed the agreements and each steered his own boat.

This decision was accepted with very bad grace by the Seawanhaka committee, and it was in retaliation that a few days later, after Momo had proved to be lacking in power, Mr. Crane gave up his place to a stranger, Mr. Dresser, one of the race committee, a very much heavier man. This change was made as deliberately and discourteously as possible, no notice being given of a change of crew and no request for the sanction of such a change being made. The matter was perfectly understood by both parties at the time. Mr. Dresser did not replace Mr. Crane because he was a better sailor or more familiar with the boat—quite the reverse; but solely because he amounted to some 60lbs. more of unmeasured ballast to windward. The right to make such a change of crew was not given by the rules and was at least an open question, while by all rules of courtesy and fair sport some notice of the change should have been given to the other party. The hostile and discourteous spirit in which the change was made was fully apparent to all who attended the races.

The original quarrel was aggravated by the new dispute over the construction of Dominion last year and the offensive orders sent to Mr. Crane by the race committee in the famous Dresser-Kerr telegram, which he faithfully obeyed.

For the past two years there has been hardly a pretense of sentiment between the two clubs, and it has been simply a matter of the exact, literal and rigid interpretation and application of the racing rules and special cup conditions. In the course of the continued disputes in connection with these races, the FOREST AND STREAM has taken the same position as Sextant in favor of sport on the highest possible plane, free from trivial technicalities, and in so doing it has encountered only hostile criticism from those most closely interested in bringing the cup back to Oyster Bay.

Without wishing to assume too much, it appears to us that Sextant has failed to distinguish between what should be and what really is in current yachting usage. It is a question whether, in important international matches, if not in all racing, the race committee or other executive body should not be endowed with more ample powers, enabling it to deal at discretion with special emergencies; but there is, we believe, no question that, as we stated in the article which aroused Sextant's criticism, such committee is not now authorized to go outside the letter of the rule, and in this case, after the course was virtually agreed to by Mr. Post, the preparatory gun fired, the committee was powerless, the race had to stand and only the action of the club could annul it.

As concerns the helmsmen of the respective yachts, the matter is perfectly plain; they have no discretion in departing from the rules. It has been our contention for the past three years that one man in each yacht should sign the agreement as owner, owner's representative or master, regardless of who may steer the yacht, being responsible for the observance of the rules and fully recognized as in command. This arrangement has not been carried out, as it would be contrary to the contention that any number of men may sign as helmsmen, the original cause of the dispute. If we understand the most recent agreement between the two clubs, no one man is officially recognized as captain of the yacht.

So far from being a specious one, the point we made that the skipper has no option but to follow the rules is the actual fact; and as a matter of practice, it must be plain that a man who is charged with the steering and management of a yacht in an important race is in no position to judge of the actions or accidents of a distant competitor and to withdraw and thus throw away what is fairly a race for his side. The question may be one on which it is necessary to hear evidence and to spend hours in deliberation, and yet according to Sextant's idea it should be decided in a moment by a skipper who is busy at the tiller. In the first race between Momo and Glencairn I., when the latter broke her tiller before the start and fouled the stakeboat, Mr. Crane did not withdraw Momo, but continued and took the race on a sail-over, as he was fully justified in doing. Had he and the Seawanhaka race committee, present at the time, offered after the finish to call the race off because of an accident to the other boat during the preparatory interval, it would have been

most chivalrous, but by no means necessary by all yachting usage; a man should expect to stand fairly by his own accidents, hard as they sometimes are.

The case of Sir Richard Sutton is quite different from the present one. While the relations of a skipper or owner to his club are nominally the same in the America Cup matches as in other international yachting contests, they are really very different. In the America Cup contests the challenge originates with an individual yachtsman, who builds a yacht and practically conducts all negotiations in person. The club which he represents merely indorses him, and its part in the negotiations is largely nominal. Sir Richard Sutton, Lieut. Henn and Lord Dunraven have each acted as principals in the final negotiations at New York and in the management of their yachts in the races; their clubs appearing only in the formal challenge at the start. Each enjoyed absolute liberty of action, unhampered by instructions from his club. When Puritan fouled Genesta the actual circumstances were that the latter was disabled, lying helpless with her bowsprit alongside when the committee tug came up. There was every opportunity to discuss the case at leisure with a full knowledge of every incident; and after so doing Sir Richard Sutton declined to avail himself of his unquestioned right to rig a jury bowsprit and to attempt to sail the course in the time limit.

Another case that bears on the question is that of Valkyrie III. after the foul with Defender. Lord Dunraven might have withdrawn when he saw that Defender was disabled and have made a new start after she had repaired the damage; but he was under no obligation to do so. In the Seawanhaka cup, Canada cup and similar matches a challenge originates with a club, which selects a representative by means of trial races. The skipper of the representative yacht, defender or challenger, has no option but to sail the race under the rules, leaving to the club representative or the race committee to deal with all general questions. As a matter of fact, the position of Mr. Crane and Mr. Duggan in the Seawanhaka races is very different from that of Lord Dunraven and Sir Richard Sutton in racing for the America Cup.

Our account of the final race between Constance and Glencairn III. was based on the first reports received, and some important details were omitted. The course over which the race was finally sailed was full one and one-half miles in length, with the windward mark boat anchored in 11ft. of water; the starting line was necessarily nearer than usual to the shore, but with deep water about the line. This was the fourth course laid out to meet the protests of the challengers, who had declined to race over a proposed course of one mile to windward sailed six times over. From the early morning it was a Glencairn day, her superiority in very light weather being recognized by all parties. After 3 P. M. the race could only be started by consent of both competitors, and the many delays, discussions and changes had brought the time almost to this hour. When Constance took the ground, apparently on a rock or small shoal, in otherwise deep water, she was close inshore, and a long distance from the line; and she came off as soon as her board was raised and over a minute before the starting gun. She sustained no injury and might have crossed the line with a small handicap, but she withdrew and sailed up to the committee boat to make a protest.

Not having heard the evidence, we are not in a position to pass a fair judgment on this protest as to the nature of the course, though from all that we can learn we are of the opinion that it should have been made before the preparatory signal or not at all. The other question, as to whether the club as a body should have offered to call the race off as a matter of pure sport and to resail it, is a matter of sentiment and personal opinion and not of racing rules; as already stated, this is not usually done.

On the technical facts of the case, as concerned in the actions of the race committee and the skipper of the defending yacht, we see no reason to revise our original opinion. The whole matter points to the necessity for especial care in the final arrangements for the great international races of the year, though we doubt whether it is now possible to endow a committee with special and unusual powers to stop a race on account of an accident, and it certainly is not possible to so instruct the skippers of the competing yachts.

The following report has appeared in some of the New York papers. We give it for what it is worth:

BAY SHORE, L. I., Aug. 16.—Not discouraged by his recent failure to win the Seawanhaka's cup from the present Canadian holders, Mr. Regis H. Post has decided to issue another challenge. He will have constructed a larger yacht than Constance, which came so near winning the coveted trophy. Mr. Crane will design the new challenger, which is to have less freeboard than Constance, the desire being to obtain a speedy boat in light airs.

The new challenger will fly, in addition to Mr. Post's private signal, the burgee of the Penataquit Corinthian Y. C., of which organization Mr. Post is a member, and in whose fleet the new craft will be enrolled. She will be ready early in the spring for the trial races, and will be equipped with every modern yachting appliance, including three sets of sails.

Canarsie Y. C.

CANARSIE—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 19.

THE Canarsie Y. C. sailed a Corinthian race on Aug. 19. A light wind blew from the S.E. at the start of the race, which died down soon after and then blew strongly at the finish. The times were:

Cabin Cats.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Secret	3 46 55	7 20 45	3 33 50
Hiawatha	3 45 20	7 20 01	3 34 41

Open Cats—20ft. Class.

Selfish	3 53 45	7 11 37	3 20 52
Comet	3 53 59	7 17 52	3 23 53
Siren	3 53 05	7 20 20	3 27 15
Ethel	3 52 50	7 21 50	3 29 00
Tam O'Shanter	3 49 55	7 19 05	3 29 10
Treble	3 52 27	7 21 54	3 29 27

Open Boats—18ft. Class.

So So	3 53 28	7 20 18	3 26 50
Ideal	3 53 15	7 24 58	3 31 44

Shamrock's Arrival.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S Shamrock, the representative of the Royal Ulster Y. C., of Ireland, in the races for the America Cup, to be held here in October, dropped anchor off Tompkinsville, Staten Island, at 10:30 A. M. on Friday, Aug. 18. Shamrock made the trip from the Clyde in fourteen days, nineteen hours and fifty-four minutes. She was towed about a third of the way by her consort, the steamer Erin. As Shamrock came up the bay she was quickly recognized, and received a warm reception from the craft in the harbor. She was painted a light green, and flew the private signal of her owner, a green shamrock on a yellow field, and the ensign of the British Naval Reserve. The tug James A. Lawrence, chartered by David Barrie, Sir Thomas Lipton's agent in America, was not on hand to meet Shamrock, but the tug Robert Hadden towed her to her anchorage.

Shamrock's daily runs were as follows: Aug. 4, 203; Aug. 5, 263; Aug. 6, 282; Aug. 7, 223; Aug. 8, 193; Aug. 9, 190; Aug. 10, 243; Aug. 11, 263; Aug. 12, 231; Aug. 13, 260; Aug. 14, 291; Aug. 15, 258; Aug. 16, 210; Aug. 17, 265; Aug. 18, 210.

The log of Erin is as follows:

"Left Fairlie, Scotland, 5:47 Aug. 3. Passed out the Browhead Light, which was the last British land seen.

"Sunday, Aug. 5.—Unsettled weather in the morning; light winds up to 11 A. M.; then heavy weather, with severe thunderstorm, accompanied by blinding flashes of lightning.

"Aug. 8.—Heavy weather continues. Lost sight of Shamrock for an hour. Very heavy wind. Last seen of Shamrock she was standing well ahead of us. After a circuitous route picked up Shamrock across our bows.

Aug. 9.—245 miles from Carvo, Azores, at 4 P. M. overhauled Shamrock. She had been sailing with her flying jib. Shamrock signals to us, 'Will you call Fayal?' Answered, 'No.' 5 P. M. Shamrock has all sails set. 9 P. M., weather is very pleasant. Sea is smooth. Shamrock sailing well.

"Aug. 10, 9:35 A. M.—Sighted Carvo. We then had gone 1,559 miles. We exchanged no signals with land. Passed about seven miles out. Shamrock signaled: 'Will you come aboard and dine?' We declined the invitation. Erin had her sails set and was making eleven and a half knots.

"Aug. 11 and 12.—Weather very calm. Towed Shamrock.

"Aug. 13 and 14.—Calm weather continued, but Shamrock made her own sail.

"Aug. 15.—Shamrock forged ahead of us. Six hundred and ninety-one miles from the Hook. Shamrock is going with all sails set, making about ten knots an hour, and about ten miles ahead of Erin on starboard bow.

"Aug. 16.—Clear weather, with a long, heavy swell.

"Aug. 17.—Met several steamers and exchanged signals. Steamer America stood out of her course a considerable distance and signaled, 'We hope you will succeed.' Erin answered back 'Thanks.' Shamrock overhauled Erin about 9 o'clock. Passed Fuerst Bismarck 5:45 P. M. Erin hoisted her flareup. Bismarck did not understand the new signal. Both yachts under sail.

"Aug. 18. 4:13 A. M.—Thick fog. Pilot picked up at 7 o'clock. Reached Sandy Hook at 8:25 A. M."

Shamrock was taken to Erie Basin on Aug. 21 to be docked.

Racing at Newport.

THE 30-footers sailed a race on Aug. 16 for the Narada cup, offered by Henry Walters, owner of Narada. There was a light wind from the south when the race was started at 3:40. The boats sailed over the Dyer's Island course, and the times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 42 40	2 02 40
Hera, Ralph N. Ellis	5 42 54	2 02 54
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 43 32	2 03 32
Veda, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 44 19	2 04 19
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	5 44 38	2 04 38
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 45 01	2 05 01
Pollywog, A. H. Paget	5 45 17	2 05 17
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	5 46 10	2 06 10
Raccoon, John R. Drexel	5 47 17	2 07 17
Asahi, Lloyd Warren	Withdrew.	

On Aug. 17 a race was sailed over the triangular course from Brenton's Cove to Bishop's Buoy. The wind was from the south, and the start was made at 3:27. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	4 46 29	1 19 29
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea	4 46 41	1 19 41
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	4 46 54	1 19 54
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	4 47 18	1 20 54
Hera, Ralph N. Ellis	4 47 34	1 20 34
Dorothy, H. P. Whitney	4 48 21	1 21 21
Pollywog, A. H. Paget	4 49 29	1 22 29
Asahi, Lloyd Warren	4 50 32	1 23 32

On Aug. 18 a sweepstake was sailed over the triangular course in a light wind, the times being:

Start, 3:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa	4 51 32	1 41 32
Pollywog	4 53 02	1 43 02
Carolina	4 53 24	1 43 24
Vaquero III.	4 53 41	1 43 41
Hera	4 54 00	1 44 00
Raccoon	4 54 36	1 44 36
Asahi	4 55 09	1 45 09
Dorothy II.	4 56 15	1 46 15
Esperanza	5 05 20	1 55 20
Veda	Withdrew.	

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 19.

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed a race on Aug. 19 in a light wind. Swallow fouled Jap at the start and was disqualified. The times were:

Knockabouts.

	Finish.
Delta, R. B. Williams	4 32 36
Barracouta, A. C. Burrage	4 33 37
Remora, Crocker & Tower	4 35 10
Kid, H. Bigelow	4 35 28
Heralda, A. Bigelow, Jr.	4 37 06

Half-Raters.

Jap, B. C. Tower	3 47 49
Bee, F. W. Clarke	3 48 16
Swallow, J. Richardson	Disqualified.

Beverly Y. C.

BEVERLY—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 19.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its last Corinthian regatta of the season on Aug. 19, the times being:

21ft. Class—Course, 16 Miles.

	Elapsed.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore	2 51 40
Blazing Star, C. M. Baker	3 01 52
Ulula, W. H. Winship	Not timed.

Second Class Sloops—Course, 15 Miles.

Thordis, T. B. Wales	2 34 05
Islander, George H. Richards	2 38 26

21ft. Knockabouts—Course, 12 Miles.

Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 27 56
Cyrilla, R. W. Emmons, 2d	2 30 31
Amanita II., J. Crane, Jr.	2 33 06
Edith, R. S. Dow	2 25 06
Amanita I., J. Crane, Jr.	2 35 11
Kalama, David Rice	2 35 56
Kittywake, S. D. Warren	Withdrew.

Fourth Class Cats.

Sally, W. S. Burgess	1 45 07
Elsa, C. S. Sargent	1 51 58
Daisy, Howard Stockton	1 53 04
Heiress, G. G. Amory	1 53 50
Hope, J. H. Ellis	1 54 18
Fin, L. M. Stockton	1 56 33
Howard, H. O. Miller	1 58 24

15-Footers—Restricted.

Uarda, J. Parkinson, Jr.	1 51 58
Next, C. H. Jones	1 53 38
Peacock, R. Winsor	1 55 20
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.	1 56 45
Teazer, N. F. Emmons	1 57 52

Jubilee Y. C.

BEVERLY, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 19.

THE Jubilee Y. C. sailed its first open race on Aug. 19 in a good S.W. wind, the times being:

Class B—30ft.

	Elapsed.
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 31 40
Ashumet, W. F. Bache	1 32 09
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	1 43 17

Class D—25ft.

Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	1 41 04
Little Peter, H. Moebs	1 41 43
Black Cloud, T. O. Gilliott	2 01 03
Elf, Chas. Prescott	2 06 04
Ada, J. H. Claflin	2 19 19

Class L—21ft.

Heiress, Hayden and Parker	1 37 34
Nixie, S. J. Connolly	2 16 37

Class S—Cabin—21ft.

Privateer, A. H. Doble	1 47 30
Arab IV., W. F. Scott	1 48 03

Class T—18ft.

Dauntless, Benner and Patten	1 30 52
Chip, W. A. Maloon	Withdrew.

Class X—15ft.

Rikki Tikki, Loring Brothers	1 45 29
Eclipse, F. G. Jackson	Withdrew.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 19.

THE Corinthian Y. C. sailed a championship race on Aug. 19 in a light south wind. Louise, in Class D, protested Fifi for fouling, and was in turn protested by Fifi. Neither protest was allowed. The times were:

Raceabouts.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Peep, W. B. Stearns	2 09 40	. .. ..
Colleen, H. M. Sears	2 09 48	. .. ..
Tunipoo, J. L. Bremer	2 11 50	. .. ..
Lizana, E. V. R. Thayer	2 13 20	. .. ..
Persimmon, C. H. W. Foster	2 13 45	. .. ..
Pirate, B. B. Crowninshield	2 15 22	. .. ..
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 15 40	. .. ..

Knockabouts.

Spry, Cropley Brothers	2 22 05	. .. ..
Suzanna, F. Brewster	2 28 43	. .. ..

Class C.

Rowena, W. H. Rothwell	1 24 58	1 23 58
Nettie, Jas. Jackson, Jr.	1 27 42	1 27 42
Lillian, H. E. Whitney	1 36 28	1 31 28
Amelia, C. H. Morse	1 43 02	1 36 02

Class D.

Louise, E. McWilliams	1 34 22	1 32 57
Fifi, J. A. Jennings	1 36 00	1 33 38
Agnes, D. C. Holder	1 37 28	1 35 06

The Yacht Races at Shelburne, N. S.

THE following is the result of the races held on Shelburne Harbor on Aug. 7, 8, and 9 for the handsome cup offered by the citizens of Shelburne for the club twice winning it. As last year the yachts from Halifax and Yarmouth competed, the cup thus becomes the property of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, of Halifax.

Another cup will be provided by the Shelburne Regatta Committee next year, and the races will become an annual event. The following is the summary:

First Day.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dione	5 15 16	5 08 55
Viking	5 09 40	. .. ..
Alba	5 19 30	5 16 30
Sabot	5 20 00	5 18 16
Savitar	5 35 08	5 31 18

Second Day.

Dione	4 34 35	4 29 58
Youla	4 41 44	4 37 54
Sabot	4 42 00	4 42 00
Iris	4 44 00	4 39 01
Alba	4 47 00	4 45 44

Third Day.

Alba	4 47 20	4 44 20
Youla	4 52 34	4 46 54
Sabot	4 50 02	4 48 16
Viking	4 48 20	4 48 20
Iris	4 59 43	4 53 00

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 19.

THE Burgess Y. C. sailed a special race for 16-footers and gunning boats on Aug. 19, the times being:

16ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber	1 12 35
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman	1 13 45
Polly, E. Wadsforth	1 16 23

Gunning Boats.

Ha Ha, A. F. Whitmore	1 21 31
Woodcock, F. J. Dupair	1 22 33

The Lake Yacht Racing Association Meet.

TORONTO AND HAMILTON—LAKE ONTARIO.

Aug. 14-19.

THE annual meet of the Lake Yacht Racing Association was held last week as per programme recently published, with four days' racing at Toronto, followed by a cruising race to Hamilton and a race at that place, the fleet sailing back to Toronto on Sunday in time for the international match of this week. It was expected that the occasion of the meet, filling the week between the trial and final races for the Canada cup, would bring the entire Lake Ontario fleet to Toronto, with yachts from the other lakes, and that the racing would be exceptionally spirited. Such, however, has not been the case. The racing has been confined mainly to the Toronto and Hamilton yachts, and it has on the whole been slow and uninteresting as compared with some previous years. The weather has been clear and pleasant for the entire week, with very little wind on the hot days at the end.

The following yachts took part in the racing. Clorita is one of the two one-design schooners designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith last year; she has just been purchased by Geo. H. Gooderham from P. T. Dodge, of New York, being brought to the lake by canal.

First Class.

Clarita, schooner, Geo. H. Gooderham.....Toronto
Breda, cutter, A. G. Peuchen.....Toronto
Merry Thought, cutter, Æmilius Jarvis.....Toronto

45ft. Class.

Canada, cutter, Browne, Cox and Gooderham.....Toronto

40ft. Class.

Vedette, cutter, Reed & Gray.....Toronto
Vivia, cutter, N. Macrae.....Toronto
Vera, cutter, —— .....Belleville

35ft. Class.

Minota, sloop, R. C. Y. C. Syndicate.....Belleville
Myrtle, cutter, Burnside Syndicate.....Hamilton
Hamilton, cutter, Fearnside Syndicate .....Hamilton
Weir, cutter, H. Weir.....Hamilton

30ft. Class.

Verona, sloop, Pembroke & Sprogge.....Rochester
Kestrel, sloop, —— .....Kingston
Chetta, J. C. Dryer.....Rochester
Wona, cutter, Eby Bros.....Toronto
Sylvia, cutter, T. Lyon.....Toronto
Brenda, Rev. C. E. Whitcombe.....Hamilton
Mirage, —— ..... ——
Happy Thought, —— ..... ——

25ft. Class.

Pedro, sloop, Miller & Perry.....Rochester
Bat, lugger, C. E. Archbald.....Toronto
Lady Adeline, —— .....Toronto

Knockabouts.

Enid, Owain Martin.....Toronto
Veritas, J. G. Averill.....Toronto
Petrel, W. McGill.....Toronto
Winona, —— ..... ——

On Monday there was a fresh easterly wind with a roll of sea up the lake. Only the Hamilton boats were entered in the 30ft. class, the Weir boat having a new mast stepped 11in. further aft than the one lost in the trial races. She won easily from Hamilton, while Myrtle withdrew. On Tuesday the wind was still east, but lighter, with less sea, and a very good race was sailed. On Wednesday there was very little wind. Minota beat two of the Hamilton boats badly. On Thursday there was no wind at 11 o'clock, and just enough at noon to warrant a start. There was no more on Friday, when the yachts started off the town club house and worked out the Eastern Gap for the cruising race to Hamilton, each yacht towing a dinghy for the full course of thirty miles. They picked up the breeze outside, however, and made a race.

The Toronto races were as usual under the management of the Association officer, Mr. W. Q. Phillips.

The official times were:

Monday, Aug. 14.

Triangular course, 4 miles to a side. Wind E., fresh.

45ft. Class—Two Rounds—Start, 11:00.

	Finish.
Canada (sailed over)	4 04 09

35ft. Class—Two Rounds—Start, 11:10.

	Finish.		Finish.
Weir	4 08 12	Myrtle	Did not finish.
Hamilton	4 18 50		

30ft. Class—One Round—Start, 11:20.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kestrel	2 03 11	2 43 11	2 43 11
Verona	2 06 09	2 46 09	2 46 08
Chetta	2 09 03	2 49 03	2 47 22
Brenda	2 33 10	.... ..	. .. ..
Mirage	2 39 00	. .. ..	. .. ..
Wona	2 49 00	. .. ..	. .. ..
Sylvia	Did not finish.		

Tuesday, Aug. 15.

Triangular course, 4 miles to a side. Wind E., moderate.

First Class—Two Rounds—Start, 11.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Merry Thought	3 20 31	4 20 31	4 20 31
Vreda	3 25 42	4 25 42	4 25 19
Clorita	3 31 15	4 31 15	. .. ..

40ft. Class—Two Rounds—Start, 11:10.

Vivia	3 53 00	4 43 00	4 43 00
Vedette	3 59 15	4 49 15	4 46 38
Vera	Did not finish.		

25-ft. Class—One Round—Start, 11:20.

Lady Aldine	1 57 55	2 37 55	2 34 05
Pedro	1 57 40	2 37 40	2 37 40

Knockabouts—One Round—Start, 11:20.

Petrel	1 53 38	. .. ..	. .. ..
Veritas	2 13 48	. .. ..	. .. ..
Enid	2 14 45	. .. ..	. .. ..
Winona	2 22 50	. .. ..	. .. ..

Wednesday, Aug. 16.

Course 5 miles to windward and return. Wind light.

35ft. Class—One Round—Start, 11:10.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Minota	3 11 12	. .. ..	. .. ..
Hamilton	3 16 00	. .. ..	. .. ..
Weir	4 29 10	. .. ..	. .. ..

30ft. Class—One Round—Start, 11:20.

Mirage	4 08 00	4 48 00	4 46 17
Verona	4 21 10	5 01 10	5 01 08
Wona	4 27 50	5 07 50	5 05 00
Kestral	4 25 20	5 05 20	5 05 20
Happy Thought	Not timed.		
Brenda	Did not finish.		
Chetta	Did not finish.		

Thursday, Aug. 17.

Course 5 miles to windward and return. Wind moderate.

First Class—Two Rounds—Start, 12:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Merry Thought	4 16 56	4 16 56	4 16 56
Volda	4 21 40	4 21 40	4 21 23
Canada	4 39 00	4 39 00	4 35 22
Clorita	Did not finish.		

40ft. Class—Two Rounds—Start, 12:10.

Vivia	4 49 25	4 39 25	4 39 25
Vedette	5 08 00	4 58 00	4 55 44
Vera	Did not finish.		

25ft. Class—One Round—Start, 12:20.

Lady Aldine	3 03 20	3 43 20	3 40 09
Pedro	3 03 11	3 43 11	3 43 11
Bat	3 07 46	3 47 46	3 45 59

Knockabouts—Start, 12:20.

Petrel	3 00 25	. .. ..	. .. ..
Enid	3 06 22	. .. ..	. .. ..
Veritas	3 06 43	. .. ..	. .. ..
Winona	3 15 00	. .. ..	. .. ..

First Class—Start, 10:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Clorita	4 09 45	6 09 45
Merry Thought	4 13 18	6 13 18
Vreda	4 16 10	6 16 10
Canada	4 34 55	6 34 55
Vedette	4 40 35	6 40 35
Vivia	4 47 15	6 47 15
Vera	5 09 00	7 09 00

35ft. Class.

Myrtle	3 58 12	5 48 12
Hamilton	3 58 12	5 48 12
Weir	4 29 14	4 29 14

30 and 25ft. Class—Start, 10:20.

Mirage	5 00 15	6 40 15
Verona	5 03 25	6 43 25
Kestrel	5 13 35	6 53 35
Phita	5 19 30	6 59 30
Pedro	5 30 30	7 10 30
Enid	5 37 35	7 17 35
Happy Thought	5 57 00	7 37 00
Winnie	6 04 30	7 44 30

Inland Lake Regatta.

OSHKOSH—LAKE WINNEBAGO.

Aug. 14-19.

THE Inland Lake Yachting Association's regatta, held on Lake Winnebago, Aug. 14 to Aug. 19, was most successful. The East as well as the West was represented in the races, and among the entries was Cavite, of the White Bear Y. C., which club has challenged the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. for the Seawanhaka cup.

The race on Aug. 14 was for the Felker cup, a local trophy. Ten 20-footers competed in this race. The start was made at 2:30 in a light N.E. wind, the boats sailing over a 12-knot course. The finish was so close that it took the judges till late at night to decide upon the winner. Aderyn was placed first, Argo second, Algonquin third and Cavite fourth. The difference in time between the winner and the fourth boat was 37 seconds.

On Aug. 15 the first of a series of three races for 20 and 17ft. boats for the possession of the club trophies was sailed over the regular course. At 2:30 there was no wind, and the start was made a half-hour later, when the wind blew fresh from the east. Flying Fox was disabled. The times were:

20ft. Class.

	Finish
Aderyn	5 24 02
Argo	5 23 17
Lassie	5 25 09
Iota	5 26 36
Cavite	5 29 14
Algonquin	5 31 23
Cherokee	5 31 25
Momo	5 40 31
Patricia	5 44 47
Rajah	5 50 02

17ft. Class.

Nightingale	5 16 34
Xenia	5 21 18
Flying Fox	Withdrew.

The third day's racing was as exciting as that of the previous days. It was a good racing day; the sky was clear and the wind blew from the S.E. Argo won her second victory, and requires only one more race to her credit to win the championship. The course was twelve miles, and the times were:

20ft. Class—Start, 2:30.

	Finish
Argo	4 29 12
Cherokee	4 29 29
Iota	4 29 56
Cavite	4 30 36
Aderyn	4 31 08
Lassie	4 35 45
Patricia	4 42 43
Algonquin	4 43 40

In the 17ft. class Flying Fox won by 42 seconds over Nightingale. Xenia was third, 5 minutes behind the winner.

Argo won her third and final victory in the 20ft. class on Aug. 17, and thus clearly demonstrated her superiority over the other boats of her class who have sailed against her. The fourth day was the best of the week for racing, a strong, wholesail wind blowing from the south. Argo is an Oshkosh boat, and her victory was very popular. The times were:

20ft. Class—Start, 2:30.

	Finish.
Argo	4 31 22
Aderyn	4 34 45
Cherokee	4 36 22
Cavite	4 38 43
Iota	4 38 42
Harpoon	Disabled.

17ft. Class—Start, 2:35.

Nightingale	4 32 49
Flying Fox	4 34 17
Xenia	4 37 53

On Aug. 18 the race for the cup offered by the Oshkosh Y. C. was sailed by the 20-footers, while the 17-footers finished their series for the Inland Lake championship. Argo again asserted her supremacy over the other boats of her class and scored her fourth consecutive victory. Nightingale won her third race in the 17ft. class and wins the Inland Lake cup. The times were:

20ft. Class.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Argo	2 30 57	5 30 59	3 00 02
Algonquin	2 30 10	5 35 19	3 05 09
Cherokee	2 30 36	5 38 14	3 07 38
Aderyn	2 30 28	5 39 36	3 09 08
Iota	2 31 16	5 45 56	3 14 40
Harpoon	2 31 07	5 51 47	3 20 40
Lassie	Withdrew.		

17ft. Class.

Nightingale	2 36 02	5 14 56	2 38 54
Flying Fox	2 35 29	5 17 34	2 42 05

New York Y. C.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Tuesday, Aug. 15.

THE wind-up races of the New York Y. C.'s cruise were sailed on Aug. 15 off Newport. The wind was moderate from the east at the start, but fell to a light air toward the finish of the races. The course was a triangular one of twenty-one miles. Columbia again scored over Defender, sailing the course in 8 minutes 52 seconds better than her rival. In the race for the Commodore's cup, open to the 30ft. class, Carolina won in a pretty race. Light winds and smooth seas have been the rule during the cruise, and Columbia has proved herself a remarkable boat under these conditions. The times were:

Sloops—Class G—Over 70ft.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Columbia	11 35 25	2 29 00	3 53 35	. .. ..
Defender	11 35 27	3 37 54	4 02 27	. .. ..

Sloops—Class H—70ft.

Hildegarde	11 13 02	Did not finish.		
Queen Mab	11 13 53	4 03 23	4 39 41	4 48 02

Sloops—Class J—60ft.

Gloriana	11 10 43	4 03 23	4 52 40	4 52 40
Sayonora	11 10 50	4 05 46	4 54 56	4 54 50

Sloops—Class K—51ft.

Syce	11 12 56	3 57 14	4 44 18	4 44 18
Kestrel	11 11 33	4 01 44	4 50 11	4 50 11

Sloops—Class L—43ft.

Mira	11 14 07	5 00 08	5 40 01	5 40 01
Hussar	11 12 15	Not timed.		

Schooners—Class C—85ft.

Marguerite	11 27 38	4 31 12	5 13 34	. . ..

Schooners—Class D—75ft.

Amorita	11 16 36	4 22 38	5 06 02	5 06 02
Quissetta	11 15 56	4 29 07	5 13 11	5 10 52
Uncas	11 16 02	Not timed		

30ft. Class—Start, 11:45—Course, 14 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina	1 54 05	2 09 05
Wawa	1 15 30	2 10 39
Dorothy	1 56 06	2 11 06
Pollywog	1 56 24	2 11 24
Vaquero III	1 57 43	2 12 43
Asahi	1 57 50	2 12 50
Raccoon	1 59 32	2 14 32
Hera	2 00 30	2 15 30
Puck	2 01 04	2 16 04
Veda	2 03 16	2 16 16
Esperanza	Not timed.	

Wednesday, Aug. 16.

The races for the owl and gamecock colors were rowed on Aug. 16. Only two boats were entered in the race for two-oared dinghies for the owl colors. The crew of Crusader's dinghy beat Syce's crew by 8 minutes 23 seconds. The four-oared gigs of Ituna and Fleur de Lys rowed for the gamecock colors. Ituna's crew won, an accident to the Fleur de Lys' crew forcing them to withdraw. Iroquois' two horse power launch beat Wachusetts' launch by 11 seconds over a two-mile course. Two launches from Corsair also raced. The four horse power launch beat the one of six horse power by 36 seconds on time allowance.

Hempstead Harbor Y. C.

HEMPSTEAD—HEMPSTEAD HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 5.

THE annual regatta of the Hempstead Harbor Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 5. An hour after the start a squall was seen approaching and the regatta committee decided to end the race on the first round. Nike, Meadow Hen and Snipe capsized. Skimmaug and Ox collided. The times were:

	Elapsed
30ft. Cabin Sloops.	
Alerion, A. H. Allen	3 26 54
Marguerite, J. F. Dingee	3 30 05
21ft. Class Seawanhaka Knockabouts.	
Midge, F. W. Boyer	2 07 30
Thelga, A. P. Thayer	2 09 28
25ft. Cabin Sloops.	
Kittie, Hazen Morse	2 04 53
Song and Dance, L. J. Boury	2 07 22
Skimmaug, Frank Benha	2 18 13
21ft. Open Sloops.	
Crawler, Robert Jacob	2 18 14
Flounder, E. P. Titus	2 18 52
Ethel B., C. E. Bergen	2 26 10
Shrimp, H. J. Pratt	Did not finish.
18ft. Open Sloops.	
Ripple, J. A. Meek	Withdrew.
Edwina II., J. N. Gould	Withdrew.
Fidget, T. H. Buren, Jr.	Withdrew.
Nike, Guy Forbes	Upset.
15ft. Open Sloops.	
Fiddler, N. P. Vultz	1 44 57
Scout, H. C. Hall	1 46 38
Joker, H. Hollman	2 08 14
Scamp, F. S. Vultz	1 51 06
Snipe, A. D. Prince	Upset.
25ft. Cabin Cats.	
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	2 00 44
Scat, G. Paulding	2 01 08
21ft. Open Cats.	
Ox, Robert Bavier	2 05 11
Spunk, C E. Silkworth	2 06 29
Presto, H. K. Cordict	2 15 38
15ft. Open Cats.	
Coot, A. D. Prince	1 37 46
Lobster, T. J. S. Flint	1 40 07
Bouncer, A. D. Prince	1 45 37
Hornet, Lester Duryea	1 47 40
Meadow Hen, C. E. Silkworth	Upset.

Penataquit Corinthian Y. C.

BAY SHORE—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 19.

THE Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. sailed the second of a series of races for half-raters on Aug. 19. The course was twice over a triangle of eight miles, and the wind was light from the east, later dropping to a calm. There were but two entries. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed
Surprise, J. Low	3 05 00	5 42 30	2 37 30
Giggle, R. H. Post	3 05 00	5 46 30	2 41 30

Chippewa Y. Cs. Challenge Declined.

THE Chippewa Y. C. of Ogdensburg, N. Y., challenged the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. for a race with Glencairn over an eleven-mile course for $300 a side. Mr. Duggan, owner of Glencairn, has replied that it will be impossible for him to accept the challenge.

Rhode Island Y. C.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Saturday, Aug. 19.

THE Rhode Island Y. C. sailed the third of a series of six races for sloops of the one-design class on Aug. 19. The times were:

Start, 3:35.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rascal	5 34 58	1 59 58
A 12	5 37 26	2 02 26
Kitten	5 45 40	2 10 40
The Kid	5 48 00	2 13 00
Scoot	5 48 16	2 13 16
Earl	5 49 55	2 14 55
Sprint	6 11 25	2 36 25
Ruth	6 13 20	2 38 20

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY—DUXBURY BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 19.

THE Duxbury Y. C. sailed a handicap race on Aug. 19 in a light S.W. wind, the times being.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rooster, Watson L. Baker	1 28 06	1 28 06
Bobolink, Goodspeed Brothers	1 31 40	1 28 40
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	1 33 30	1 30 30
Lobster, C. C. Clapp	1 34 15	1 34 15
Halcyon, H. C. Winsor	1 36 40	1 35 40
H. F. P. Norwood	1 49 48	1 34 48
Fedora, Cassius Hunt	1 49 30	1 35 30
Random, G. P. Cushman	1 48 10	1 32 10
Scamper, E. H. Reed & Brothers	1 42 08	1 40 08
Fanny D., E. H. Watson	1 47 40	1 44 40
Geisha, W. T. Whitman	Withdrew.	

Wood's Holl Y. C.

WOOD'S HOLL, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 19.

THE Wood's Holl Y. C. sailed a regatta on Aug. 19 in a light S.W. wind and a dense fog. The boats were all fourth-class cats, no other entries being received. Mary E. and Scup were obliged to withdraw, owing to the heavy fog, which made it difficult to find the outer buoy and the finish mark. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Frolic, R. O. Veeder	2 01 13	1 59 11
Darling, R. N. Veeder	2 02 43	2 02 05
Maud S., Robert Veeder	2 02 15	2 02 15
Mary E., A. F. Crowell	Withdrew.	
Scup, J. S. Howe	Withdrew.	

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Aug. 22.—Worcester, Mass.—All-day target shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; $40 added. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

Aug. 23.—Canton, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Canton Gun Club. J. C. Thompson, Jr., Sec'y.

Aug. 23.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Elliott-Crosby contest for E. C. cup, emblematic of target championship.

Aug. 23.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—West End handicap, 20 birds, $20, birds included; 12 noon.

Aug. 23-24.—Leavenworth, Kans.—Two days' tournament at targets.

Aug. 23-25.—Spirit Lake, Ia.—C. W. Budd and Fred Gilbert tournament; $300 added.

Aug. 25-26.—Chicago, Ill.—Tournament of the Eureka Gun Club; $100 added. Dr. C. W. Carson, 3872 Cottage Grove avenue, Sec'y.

Aug. 26.—Elkwood Park.—Grand national handicap, 50 birds, $50; 10 o'clock.

Aug. 30.—Elkwood Park.—Dewey handicap, 15 birds, $15; 1 o'clock.

Aug. 30-31.—Auburn Me.—State tournament on the grounds of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

Aug. 30.—Pottstown, Pa.—All-day shoot and clambake of the Schuler Shooting Club.

Sept. 2.—Elkwood Park.—Country Club handicap, 20 birds, $20; 11:30 o'clock.

Sept. 4.—Brockton, Mass.—Semi-annual silver cup handicap. A. A. Barrett, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Labor Day tournament and sheepbake of the Parker Gun Club. C. L. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Schenectady Gun Club's Labor Day shoot. H. D. Strong, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Fulton Gun Club's Labor Day shoot.

Sept. 5-7.—Omaha, Neb.—Du Pont Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. G. H. Moore, Sec'y.

Sept. 6.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—John Wright's live-bird shoot.

Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

Sept. 15.—Hackensack River Bridge, Paterson Plank Road, Heflick's Hotel.—Shoot of the Hackensack River Gun Club. John L. Chartrand, Sec'y.

Sept. 19-20.—Cherokee, Ia.—Cherokee Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. D. Anderson, Sec'y.

Sept. 19-21.—Hastings, Neb.—Amateur tournament of the Hastings Gun Club; $500 added; 2-cent targets. W. S. Duer, Manager.

Sept. 19-22.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's eighth international tournament; live birds and targets; $500 cash added.

Sept. 23.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

Sept. 23.—Hartford, Conn.—All-day shoot of the Colt Gun Club. L. H. Bradley, Secy.

Sept. 26-27.—Squaw Creek Park, between Niles and Girard, Trumbull County, O.—Tournament of the Rummell-Gaston Gun Club. Dr. James E. Gaston, Sec'y, Mineral Ridge, O.

Sept. 28-29.—Alton, Ill.—Third annual open tournament of the Piasa Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.

Oct. 2.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds.

Oct. 23-28.—Nashville, Tenn.—Belle Meade Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Sec'y.

Nov. 21-22.—Sioux City, Ia.—Second annual live-bird tournament of the Soo Gun Club; added money in every event. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

1900.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Associations Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June —.—Tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, first week in June. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

It has been suggested that the doings of a club do not become news till they are published, but it is possible that age may render news too good for the mind as age may render cheese too good for the palate of many. This is submitted as a matter for consideration of club secretaries who send us scores of club shoots two weeks or a month after the shoots have taken place, and also why we may consider that they may need more age to ripen thoroughly before publication. It gives us pleasure to publish news, but a tournament held during the reign of the Ramessids, beginning about 1460 B.C., would hardly be considered news at the present day.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Dr. James E. Gaston, of Mineral Ridge, O., under date of Aug. 14, writes us as follows: "By a considerable outlay we have been able to secure Squaw Creek Park as the place for our tournament instead of Midway. This park is on the line of the Mahoning Valley Electric Railway, between Niles and Girard, Trumbull county, O. It is one of the most picturesque and popular parks in the State. On days of our tournament, Sept. 26 and 27, special cars, aside from regular cars every half hour, will leave both Youngstown and Warren, making very fast time to the park. We will put in our programme, already made up, a special shoot for one hammerless ejector gun, value $105; another for one L. C. Smith hammerless ejector, value $105; one take-down Winchester repeater, also one merchandise shoot, first prize 500 smokeless powder shells, second one Bristol steel fishing rod, third order to Gun Barrel Treatment Co. for holder to have barrels treated, fourth one mahogany fancy cigar box. The park has the finest location for shooting in the State. From present indications we will have the largest attendance of any shoot in the country, as well as more entries."

Sept. 4, Labor Day, is fixed upon as a day for a warm time for the shooters of Cleveland and those from elsewhere who attend the nineteenth annual tournament of the Cleveland Gun Club Company. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock standard time. Targets, 2 cents in all money events. Averages will be taken only from events 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8. In order to compette for general average prizes shooters must compete through these events. In cash events, 15 targets, moneys will be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Merchandise prizes are to be divided or to be shot off, accordingly as the winners may agree upon. Average prizes awarded to high guns. There is a long list of valuable merchandise prizes. Send for a programme. It contains the list. Shooters are invited to bring their friends. To reach the shooting park, take Willson avenue crosstown line to Kershaw street. For programme and all other pertinent information, address Mr. F. H. Wallace, financial secretary, City Hall, Cleveland.

The Hastings Gun Club, Hastings, Neb., has issued its programme for its tournament on Sept. 19-21, $500 added. There are nine events each day, 15 and 20 targets alternately, $1.50 and $2 entrance respectively, $15 added to 15-target events, $20 to 20-target events; excepting on the last day a 25-target event is added, $2.50 entrance, $25 added. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. Ship shells in care of Mr. W. S. Duer, Hastings, and they will be delivered free on the grounds. All purses divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., excepting Nos. 4 and 6 each day, and No. 10 on the last day, when 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. will govern. This tournament is for amateurs only. Targets, 2 cents.

Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, of New York, has been doing some excellent work with the shotgun of late, his scores at the Interstate at Portland being the most recent. There he broke 163 out of 175 the first day, and the same number on the second day, Leroy beating him by 2 targets for the two days. Both averaged between 93 and 94 per cent. Schorty has now two high amateur averages to his credit, made at the recent Interstate tournaments at Providence and Portland.

There will be a warm time at Atlantic City, N. J., on Wednesday and Thursday of this week, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott and Mr. W. R. Crosby contesting for the E C cup on Wednesday. Mr. Charles A. Young contests with Mr. Elliott on Thursday for the cast iron medal. All are acknowledged first-class performers, and if the contestants are in good form the matches will be very closely contested.

Mr. A. A. Barrett, secretary of the Brockton Gun Club, writes us that the next shoot of the Brockton Gun Club will be held on Aug. 26, and that Sept. 4 is fixed for the first shoot for the semi-annual event—prize, a silver cup; May 30, 1900, for the second. This cup must be won three times by any club member in order to hold it permanently. This event is a handicap.

Mr. W. F. Parker, well known to all good trapshooters, met with a painful accident recently. While riding his wheel he got tangled with a truck in some way, as is a very easy matter in crowded streets, and injured his knee somewhat; but it is hard to down a good man, and we learn with pleasure that Mr. Parker will resume his old stride at the traps in a few days.

Messrs. Sexton and Koohler's midsummer tournament, fixed to be held on Wednesday and Thursday of this week, at Leavenworth, Kan., has ten events each day, and each event is at 20 targets, $2 entrance, $10 added. The Rose system, five moneys, governs the division of the moneys.

The shooting at the Brooklyn Gun Club's grounds on Saturday last was something above the ordinary. Mr. Bernard Amend in particular distinguished himself, as the scores in another column will show. John Wright's course of training teaches either the young idea or the old idea how to shoot.

Capt. A. D. du Bray, representing Parker Brothers, well known as one of the most gentlemanly and skillful of trapshooters, contemplates taking a trip to the Pacific coast in the near future. The sportsmen of that region have a pleasure in store.

Under date of Aug. 13, Mr. Jas. W. Sexton, Leavenworth, Kan., writes us as follows: "We will give a two days' shoot here on Aug. 23 and 24; ten events, 20 targets, $10 added to each event both days."

Sept. 2 and the Climax club grounds, Plainfield, N. J., were fixed upon for the next contest of the Central New Jersey Trapshooters' League. The Brunswick Gun Club won the last contest; score 107.

The Phoenix Gun Club team defeated the West Chester Gun Club team, of West Chester, Pa., on the grounds of the latter club by a score of 239 to 236, 25 targets per man, thirteen-men teams.

The report of the Arkansas State shoot by Mr. Paul R. Litzke has a scope and vividness well worthy of a perusal from beginning to end. It covers a great amount of detail.

The Colt Gun Club, Hartford, Conn., has fixed upon Sept. 23 for its all-day shoot. L. H. Bradley is the secretary.

The Schuler Shooting Club, Pottstown, Pa., will hold an all-day tournament and clambake on Aug. 30.

BERNARD WATERS.

The Brooklyn Gun Club's Tooth Tournament.

ON Wednesday of last week the Brooklyn Gun Club most happily inaugurated its first annual tooth tournament, an invitation event, duly considered and happily devised, which, though run on lines which have been in vogue from time immemorial, was a success. It was entirely free from jealousy or heartburnings, and the victors received the applause of the members present with a feeling that their rejoicings were sincere and that well-earned success was appreciated at its true worth.

There were eighteen members present, all in neat and natty costume, and each one feeling in his usual good form. There were no excuses made, and none necessary to make, as was befitting the occasion. And yet the event was something far out of the ordinary, and notwithstanding its rarity of purpose had in it much that was worthy of the commendation and consideration of other people who shoot and who have a proper sense of appreciation.

It was this way. For some weeks there seemed to be underhanded proceedings on the part of the members of the Brooklyn Gun Club, which in a way seemed to be directed secretly against their esteemed manager; for when two or more of them were talking toegther at the club shoots or at other times when John Wright was near, they watched him furtively and seemed to be talking of matters which would not excite his suspicion, if it is possible that that amiable man could suspect any one. And all these doings of secrecy and subterfuge seemed to be for the purpose of cloaking their designs, and designs they had, for the boys had determined to give John Wright a shaking up such as he had not had in many years. Till the lightning struck, they wished to keep all knowledge of the impending danger from him.

They had determined to give good John Wright a dinner, the like of which, from the point of good will and good fellowship, and perhaps a good dinner, never had its like before.

So it came about, after much sub rosa effort, that John would attend a tournament wherein he would be free from the cares of pulling traps and hustling squads and keeping scores and racing here and there to fix this thing and please that some one, and generally wear himself out in his efforts to give every one a good time, and wherein he would have some attention paid to himself. So it was fixed upon that the tournament would take place at the Atlantic Hotel, Sheepshead Bay, L. I., and that Monsieur D. Olagner, the proprietor, would provide everything required by the specifications of the programme. This he did in a manner which proved him to be a crackerjack in his profession, for his doings were those of an artist, doing all that is specified in the programme and quite a bit more besides. As to the programme itself it was conducted without a protest or a kick, so that the division as to system must have been a success. A copy of it follows:

First Annual Tooth Tournament of the Brooklyn Gun Club, Wednesday, Aug. 16. Programme:

First event: Olives, radishes and anchovies—Practice.

Second event: Soup—bisque of lobster—Unknown angles.

Third event: Fish—sea bass—equitable system—Potatoes and cucumbers added to the pot.

Fourth event: Clams—pairs, thrown from magautrap.

Fifth event: Chicken—live birds a la Van Sise; lettuce and tomatoes added.

Sixth event: Green corn—one man up, expert rules.

Seventh event: Ice cream—high-guns; spoons added.

Eighth event: Watermelon—walking match.

Consolation race: Coffee—known angles, handicap; sugar added. Ten toothpicks will be divided among the ten high teeth.

John S. Wright, as a matter of course, had the seat of honor, and by his side sat Mr. Edward Banks, who presided over the dinner with great tact and bonhomie; and also there were "Uncle Jake" Pentz, Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, Dr. Jas. M. Creamer, Dr. A. A. Webber, Dr. W. L. Gardiner, B. Amend, J. P. Milliken, W. D. Vandenhore, C. von Lengerke, Harold B. Money, T. P. McGlinn, Thos. P. Baron, C. W. Floyd, J. J. Hallowell, W. H. Sanders, G. S. K. Remsen, Geo. B. Paterson, the secretary of the club, and B. Waters.

Regrets were sent by Mr. J. S. S. Remsen, W. R. Hobart and Capt. A. W. Money. As the regrets of each were expressed to the club there were murmurs of regrets in turn, but when it came to the regrets of Capt. Money there was a demonstration which would have done the soul of the veteran war horse good could he have heard it. A resolution was made amid much applause that the company present deeply regretted the absence of Capt. Money; the resolution was put in writing, and the temporary clerk was ordered to send the same to Capt. Money.

At the coffee stage the prizes for high averages were awarded, first going to a sterling performer, ex-Coroner Joseph M. Creamer, with an average of 98, while J. P. Milliken was close up with the excellent average of 96. Waters was third, with Baron, each scoring .945, while C. W. Floyd had to be content with 91, he having lost several points by re-entry on corn and chicken. Messrs. Dressel, Paterson and Webber were in the crackerjack class, each scoring .901, their merit being in the order mentioned, while B. Amend was not in his usual good form and scored only .888, he having missed several clams. J. J. Hallowell was handicapped on account of being a professional, and if he had not been a royal good fellow he probably would not have received anything; as it was, he was awarded .86, his score being injured by a fudge on chicken. Mr. Banks delivered the prizes to each of the proud winners, and with great felicity bestowed kind words of praise to each, recounting their points of excellence, all of which was received most happily. The toothpick awarded to Dr. Creamer was a most majestic affair in form and size, similar to a stove-lifter, with a red, white and blue ribbon tied in a bowknot across the handle. The others were but a trifle less in size, each ornately decorated with ribbon, and each a testimonial of good performance.

But there was a pause while Mr. Banks explained that there was a booby prize, which was to be given to the man they all were friendly to and had their esteem and affection, etc., and then a beautiful, fine clock was set in front of John Wright, and he was told that the prize was his. John had many things to say, but somehow he couldn't say them, though he expressed his thanks and appreciation of the doings of his good friends. And then speeches were made, or rather talks were made in manner happy and friendly, and when the dinner ended it was well toward the time when evening ended also. And with the end of this first annual was rounded out on broader lines the good fellowship which obtains in the following of the Brooklyn Gun Club.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, Me., Aug. 19.—To-day was a perfect day for trapshooting. It was rather warm, but this seemed to make no difference to the twenty-nine shooters who faced the traps and made the best scores of the season as yet. Adams and C. S. Randall, of Portland; Hunnewell, Ashley, Burgess and Noble, of Auburn, broke 25 straight. C. S. Randall dropped but 2 out of 105, and Hunnewell but 1 out of 75. In the 25-bird match for the gold badge thirteen men were tied, Hunnewell winning it in the shoot-off.

Adams, Coleman, Arthur, Taylor, C. S. Randall and Gray, from the Portland Gun Club, were welcome visitors at the club grounds, and shot through all the events, making good scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	25	10	15	25	10
Adams	9	9	25	9	15	22	10
Coleman	8	9	24	10	14	22	10
Arthur	8	9	22	9	14	22	9
Taylor	6	8	18	8	14	23	9
C Randall	9	10	24	10	15	25	10
Gray	6	9	22	10	..	..	10
Bickford	9	7	23	10	..	21	5
Doten	8	9	20	10	..	23	10
Burgess	7	9	21	8	..	25	7
Fletcher	6	9	17	7	..	..	9
Berry	8	8	17	..	..	..	8
Ashley	8	9	25	..	11	22	..
Hunnewell	10	10	25	..	..	24	..
Conner	10	8	22	..	..	24	..
Cobb	10	9	22	..	..	..	7

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	25	10	15	25	10
White	6	8	21	..	15	20	..
Barker	7	9	18	..	..	..	..
Emerton	6	4	16	..	10	..	17
Tukey	9	8	20	..	..	..	..
Norton	9	8	23	..	12	23	..
Alden	8	9	17	..	..	..	8
Jones	5	10	18	..	..	..	..
Libby	9	10	22	..	..	19	..
Snow	9	5	22	..	..	..	..
Cushman	7	8	23	..	..	..	..
Francis	9	..	20	..	13	..	..
Noble	9	..	21	..	13	25	..
Cole	6	..	17	..	..	..	..
Robinson	9	..	21	..	..	22	..

Dupont Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 12.—The scores made at the weekly shoot to-day were as follows:

Morrell	11110111111101111111—18
Berlin	01111011011010111111—15
Plumber	11101111001110111111—16
Sandy	11111100111111111010—16
Phifer	11110111101101111101—16
Brucker	11101100111111111100—15
Brewer	11111111111111111111—20
Townsend	11110111001101100111—14
Grant	11011110001111111101—15
Goodrich	11011111111001101100—14
Parmelee	11111101111011101101—16
F Crabill	11111111111111111111—20
Watt	00111111101111101011—15
Curtis	11111111111111101111—19

Twenty targets:

Roberts	01111111110111110111—17
Sandy	11111111111011111111—19
Grant	11111111111111111111—20
Curtis	01111111111111111101—18
Crabill	11111111111111101111—19
Townsend	11010111010110010—13
Brewer	01111111110111111111—18
Morrill	11001111101111111101—16
Brucker	11111111111111111111—20
Melrose	11111011110100101011—14
Plumber	00101111111001111101—14
Watt	11001011010010101101—11

Lost or Dead.

A SHOOTER at the score calls out to the trap-puller, "Are you ready?" and receiving the response, "Ready," he calls "Pull," simultaneously with which or a moment after, but before the trap is sprung, he discharges one barrel. What should be the referee's decision? Ans. If he does not fire his remaining barrel at the bird, or if he fires and the bird is not gathered within bounds, it is a lost bird. If he fires and the bird is gathered within bounds it is a dead bird.

Get Your Money's Worth.

Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine, is the biggest 25 cents' worth—the best value—I have ever seen. It is so valuable that a New York deer hunter appropriated mine on sight.

J. B. BURNHAM,

ADIRONDACKS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

A New Chicago Medal Series.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 15.—The matter referred to in earlier issues of the FOREST AND STREAM, of a new medal series for the Chicago live-bird shooters, has taken very definite and desirable form under the management of Mr. W. B. Leffingwell, who inaugurated the successful series which occupied the last year in our shooting calendar here. Mr. Leffingwell does not do this work in this latter instance as the representative of any house, but as the chosen representative of the Chicago shooters. He states the position and the proposition in the following communication:

An Open Letter to Chicago Sportsmen.

The Montgomery Ward & Co. medal shoots, which have recently terminated, gave such universal satisfaction and created so much pleasure to Chicago shooters, that I have been asked to inaugurate another series of shoots, which I have undertaken to do. I wish to say, however, that these shoots will be conducted by Mr. John Watson, at his park, and that all cash and other prizes will be given by popular subscription, and nothing whatever will be given by dealers, although I wish to publicly thank them for their willingness to do so. The plan for the shoot is for each sportsman resident of Cook county, Ill., to subscribe $5 for a diamond badge; this plan is so acceptable that I have already received subscriptions sufficient to warrant me in telling the sportsmen of Chicago that they will have a diamond trophy valued at $200 to contest for. Mr. John Watson has very generously offered another trophy, to be given to the one making the highest average in the series of shoots and valued at $60. All contests will be at 15 live pigeons, the shooters handicapped by Mr. Watson. At the time of each contest those contesting are to pay $1 entrance fee. This sum, with donations, will be divided among the contestants as follows:

Ties on 15.—First high gun, the diamond medal, to be held until next regular shoot, also 40 per cent. of entrance money. Second high gun, $5 cash, donated each shoot by Mr. E. S. Rice.

Ties on 14.—First high gun, 30 per cent. of entrance money. Second high gun, 100 hand-loaded shells, donated by a contestant.

Ties on 13.—High gun, 20 per cent. of entrance money. Second high gun, 100 hand-loaded shells, donated by a contestant.

High gun on 12 will get 10 per cent. of entrance money.

The one making the greatest number of consecutive kills in any shoot, beginning with the first bird shot at, to hold the John Watson high-average medal until next shoot. The one winning the diamond medal the greatest number of times in twelve shoots to retain it permanently. The same with the high-average medal.

The first contest will take place Friday, Sept. 15, at 1:30 P. M., and the contest will be held thereafter on the first and third Fridays of each month. These shoots will not be conducted by any club, but by the sportsmen generally of Chicago, and any resident of Cook county, Ill., can participate by paying $5. Should there be any surplus after paying for the diamond trophy, such surplus will be disposed of afterward as the subscribers may agree.

Should any of you who read this, whose residence is in Cook county, Ill., wish to participate in these popular shoots, you will please send your name and address to me and pay $5 when requested so to do.—W. B. Leffingwell, 115 Michigan avenue, Chicago.

To-day, Aug. 15.—Mr. Leffingwell had twenty-five signatures to his list, and was receiving support so readily that he said he had no doubt whatever that at least forty men would come in for the medal fund at $5 a head, which would allow the building of a very pretty emblem. This series will be popular among the Chicago boys without doubt, for there will be enough at stake at each shoot to make it quite worth while, even for those who reach only second or third places. There will be in all fully $500 put to be contested for, and it is sure that the popularity of this idea will continue till the end of the series, which will fall in the early spring, in such time as not to conflict with the spring campaign of the Illinois Association or other big tournaments which will be due when the winter closes. We are shy a little shooting excitement here just now, and this coming winter will be all the livelier by reason of the every-other-week meetings of this live-bird series.

The Big Chicago Park.

Progress is making in the matter of the big Chicago shooting park, of which extended mention has from time to time been made in earlier issues of FOREST AND STREAM. Subscriptions continue to come in, and it is the expressed belief that these will aggregate a sum sufficient to warrant the establishment of the enetrprise. There is a rumor to effect that John Watson will offer the grounds at a nominal lease; he to keep up the expenses of the park after it shall be established. It is stated that the grounds will be obtained of a railroad company, on leasehold, and that the buildings and improvements need not run over $10,000. It is necessary to raise the money before making known the proposed location, for obvious reasons.

Fox Lake Shoot.

On Tuesday, Aug. 22, there will be held a target shoot at Fox Lake, Wis., under management of R. E. Hoover and D. J. Hotchkiss, which should prove a very pleasant little event to take in. There are fifteen events scheduled, and the usual details of management, loaded shells, lunch, etc. Targets at 1½ cents, included in entrance. Grounds at Elmwood Park.

Eureka Shoot.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 19.—All arrangements for the first annual target tournament of Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, are progressing most favorably, and there is no reason to doubt that the shoot will be a success in every particular. This pleasant affair comes off next Friday and Saturday.

Large Sale of Guns.

Very often we hear of large sales of guns by salesmen representing the big gun firms of the country, these usually consisting of heavy orders sold to some big firm of retailers or jobbers. Who has made the largest sale of guns to individuals, I wonder, in the last few years? I question very much if we have yet seen beaten the record this week made by our friend Mr. Hirth, of this city. This week Mr. Hirth sold four foreign-made guns, to special order, to customers over his own counter. The price of each gun was $1,000, and two of the guns were intended as presents, which latter fact makes suppression of names desirable. This is the biggest counter sale which ever came to my notice in the gun line, and indeed, I think the entire sale, $4,000, was made in one day, to say nothing of other little things. You can't stop the old color-bearer. Perhaps I do not need repeat that Mr. Hirth was color-bearer for a noted regiment in the Civil War.

Audubon.

This week Oswald von Lengerke won the badge of the Audubon Gun Club, with the score of 25 straight, which is a hard one to beat in this neck of woods.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Eureka Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 19.—This was a perfect day to shoot, except for the heat, it being about 100 in the shade. In the trophy shoot Ed Steck won Class A. There were no Class B or C shooters. In Class D Mrs. Carson won. In the team race on 20 birds, Cunnyngham's side won—83 to 80.

Trophy event, 25 targets:

F P Stannard	1111011001110111111111111—21
Mrs Carson	1101110111101111111110111—21
A W Adams	1111111111111111101011001111—21
Col Courtney	1011110010101111111111110—19
Walters	1110110101101100000111101—15
A Sundermeier	1111111010111011101111110—20
J G Lovell	0110111001101111010011100—15
Ed Steck	1111111111111111111011111—24
J L Jones	1101000110100001010110111—12
Chas Antoine	1111110111111111011111111—23
Cunnyngham	1111101111111101100111110 -20

Team race, 20 targets. No. 1:

Paterson 16, Walters 12, Adams 18, Stannard 20, Steck 17; total 83.

Sundermeier 11, Lovell 15, Courtney 14, Antoine 17, Cunnyngham 14; total 71.

No. 2, 20 targets:

Cunnyngham 14, Antoine 19, Courtney 19, Lovell 16, Sundermeier 15; total 83.

Steck 18, Stannard 20, Adams 18, Walters 13, Jones 11; total 80.

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	*	Targets:	25	25	*
F P Stannard	23	23	..	Ed Steck	21	22	18
Mrs Carson	21	18	..	J L Jones	..	12	..
A W Adams	19	19	..	C Antoine	..	20	14
Col Courtney	20	24	14	Cunnyngham	..	21	19
Walters	16	13	..	Barnard	..	..	7
Sundermeier	14	22	..	Dr Carson	..	..	17
J G Lovell	18	10	..	Lovell	..	..	14

* Ten pairs.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 19.—Herewith are scores as made on our grounds to-day. Notwithstanding the extreme heat making it an exceedingly unpleasant day for shooting, twenty shooters faced the traps for the trophy events.

Dr. Shaw won the Class A trophy after shooting off a tie with E. S. Graham; score, 22.

B trophy was won by A. Hellman on a score of 21. C by J. Fanning on a score of 20.

The shooting throughout the day was very fair, considering the sultry atmosphere and extreme heat.

Trophy event, 25 targets:

N Ford	1111011100100111011010101—16
Workman	1011110111010101101011101—17
Pollard	1110011101111001010100110—15
Richards	1111011111001011111100111—19
Dr Shaw	1110011111111111111011111—22
Mrs Shaw	1011011011111100000100001—13
Dr Meek	0110000000101000011101110—10
H James	1100110001010010100111011—13
Northcott	0111111111111001101101101—19
Hellman	0111011111111111101110111—21
Barnard	1111011010001001010010000—11
J Fanning	0110111111101111110011111—20
L Wolff	0001100000000100000001001— 5
Cornelson	0011100101110001000000010— 9
Smedes	1010111101111111110111100—19
Dr Graves	0101010100000000001000011— 7
Stricklik	1001011001110000101011110—13
Dr O'Byrne	0000001010000010111010000— 7
E S Graham	1101011111111111111101111—22
Brabrook	0110011101111111111010101—18

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7
Targets:	15	10	15	15	10	15	Targets:	15	10	15	15	10	15
Ford	8	3	13	..	..	..	Barnard	..	..	8	5	4	9
Workman	9	6	6	8	..	..	J Fanning	..	..	13	8	7	10
Pollard	1	2	7	2	1	..	Dr Meek	..	..	..	..	8	..
Richards	14	8	..	15	10	..	E S Graham	..	..	..	10	9	..
Dr Shaw	12	10	15	12	9	13	Cornelson	..	..	..	8	2	10
Mrs Shaw	8	7	..	..	..	..	Smedes	..	..	..	8	3	8
Dr Meek	9	9	..	..	8	..	Dr Graves	..	..	..	8	5	9
James H.	8	4	6	11	4	..	Stricklik	..	..	..	8	4	8
Northcott	9	6	11	11	..	10	Dr O'Byrne	..	..	..	8	4	..
L Wolff	..	..	..	3	4	7	Brabrook	..	..	..	13	7	10
Hellman	..	..	..	11	13	8	Harkins	..	..	..	..	7	..

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Emerald Gun Club.

Aug. 15.—The regular club shoot, handicap for points for prize at the end of the year, had favorable weather. There was a 12 o'clock wind, and the birds were unusually good.

E O Weiss, 28	0*222*211—7	O Brown, 29	1111022020—7
Dr Hudson, 29	2*121120*1—7	A Scheubel, 28	2122121120—9
Dr O'Connell, 29	1202222222—9	Wm. Sands, 29	2220222222—9
G B Hillers, 28	0112*20112—7	Gallin, 25	2021001222—7
B F Amend, 28	2202022012—7	H Fessenden, 28	120222*222—8
T Short, 28	122202*202—7	T Cody, 25	2100221010—6
R Regan, 25	1111020122—8	C Stuetzle, 25	212120*222—8
J H Moore, 28	2022101021—7	Dr Creamer, 25	0002212100—5
Dr O'Donohue, 25	22121*1112—9	Rathjen, 28	1222200200—6
Dr Groehl, 25	2202222222—9	E J Clarke, 29	12212222*2—9
J Woefel, 25	2010000000—2	Dr Webber, 29	12112*1211—9
Dr Stillman, 29	1122121012—9	D Mohrman, 25	0220011221—7
Wm Joeger, 28	2212011*20—7		

Sweepstakes, $2, 5 birds, Rose system:

Dr Webber	21220—4	Dr Webber	22202—4
Dr Creamer	12011—4	Dr Creamer	22012—4
Scheubel	11221—5	Scheubel	01120—3
Dr O'Connell	22222—5	Dr O'Connell	22222—5
Fessenden	12212—5	Breit	02220—3
Sands	20222—4	Sands	12222—5
Short	*2222—4		

B. AMEND, Sec'y.

Happy Days Gun Club vs. Spring Hill Gun Club.

Wissel's Ridgewood Park, Brooklyn, Aug. 18.—This contest was No. 3, at 10 live birds, eight-men teams. The first was won by the Spring Hill Gun Club, the second by the Happy Days Gun Club.

Happy Days Gun Club Team.		Spring Hill Gun Club Team.	
J McMullen	1120112111—9	K Hafften	2122012022—8
J Christopher	0210120112—7	W Noe	2020*2*121—6
Gus Greiff	2102222222—9	W Sands	2222220222—9
E O Weiss	12122212*2—9	G Mager	1121001210—7
B F Amend	*222101222—8	B Walter	21211*0002—6
F Passe	121*101101—7	R Wissel	1210*0111*—6
J Neumann	2112222120—9	J Young	1021210011—7
J Untermann	0021212210—7—65	M Schutler	1111111102—9—58

B. AMEND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Aug. 19.—In the contest for the gun, a handicap at 25 targets, Lane, Paterson, Smith and Amend scored the limit, 10 points. Amend was shooting in excellent form, breaking 75 in the 50-target event and the 25-target event, in which he shot. Banks was high man in the total of all events.

Gun contest, 50 targets:

Banks	0110111111111111111111011—23	
	1111111111111111111011111—24—	4—49
Woods	0111111111100111111111111—21	
	1111111111111111111111110—24—	4—49
Dudley	0111111111001111111111111—22	
	1011111111111001111111110—21—	4—47
Webber	1110110101111001111111111—20	
	0111111110011111111111110—21—	4—45
Remsen	1011111101111111111011110—21	
	1111110111100111111111011—21—	5—47
Lane	1011011111111001011101111—18	
	1111110010111011111110011—19—	15—50
Hegedorn	0101111001111001111101100—16	
	1011011110111111011011111—20—	5—41
Paterson	1011110110111111111011111111—23	
	1111101111111110101110101—20—	12—50
*Bennett	0111111101111011011111101—20	
	1111110111111111011111111—23	—43
Creamer	0110110000001111101110110—14	
	0111011110111111111101011—20—	13—47
W Hopkins	1111111111110111111011101—22	
	1111111111111111011011000—20—	5—47
J B Hopkins	1111111111111011011111011—22	
	0111110111011110010110111—18—	6—46
Wright	1001011011110101111100111—17	
	0101111101111101111010111100—17—	13—47
Carl von L	1111111110111111001111101—21	
	1111111100111110101011011—19—	3—43
Gardner	1011111111110111111001111—21	
	1011111111001111111111111—22—	5—48
Dr Smith	1110110111110111111110111—21	
	1111111111111111111111101—24—	12—50
*R Budd	1111111111110001111010110—19	
	1111110101111110101111011—20	—39
Amend	1111111111111111111111111—25	
	1111111111111111111111111—25—	5—50

*Guests.

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	25	15	Targets:	10	15	25	25	15
Banks	10	14	25	24	14	Gardner	..	13	20	25	13
Dudley	9	14	23	25	14	W Hopkins	..	14	17	18	14
Woods	9	13	..	..	13	J B Hopkins	..	..	21	18	..
Webber	10	13	25	20	13	Bennett	..	..	22	..	..
Hegedorn	9	13	..	..	13	Budd	..	..	23	19	..
Lane	7	..	..	..	..	J Stewart	..	..	18	..	..
C Remsen	8	15	24	21	15	Amend	..	..	25	..	..
Creamer	10	11	..	..	11	Stillman	..	..	18	10	..
C V Lengerke	..	12	19	..	12	Smith	..	..	23	23	..

Arkansas State Shoot.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 18.—In many respects this was the most successful tournament ever given by this Association, for not only did the entries exceed those of previous shoots, but for general satisfaction and good fellowship it was also above standard. The principals seemed to be immensely pleased with the arrangements and the programme, and there were no protests or complaints from any of the participants, while many were the compliments showered upon the management on the smooth and satisfactory running of the shoot. Much of the above results are due to the energy and enterprise of W. R. Duley, president of the Association, and J. K. Thibault, its hustling vice-president; also Mayor Woodson, who is president of the Capital Gun Club, under whose auspices the tournament was held, as well as W. D. Matthews, who is vice-president of the organization. Mr. Matthews is a newspaper man, and very kindly acted as press representative for one of the local papers; thereby the shoot was well written up in our daily paper, all of which will materially further its interest. The above quartette also constituted the tournament committee, so that in this respect, too, there was nothing lacking, for all of these are capable, competent business men and ably qualified for the positions intrusted to them. While to these four belongs the lion share of the honor for achieving so satisfactory results, there are also a number of others who were active in the interest of the club and the shoot, among whom must be mentioned John M. Pemberton, John T. Fletcher and G. N. Peay.

The tournament was held on the club grounds in North Little Rock, which has so long been used for this purpose. Some time ago it was thought that the club would certainly be compelled to relinquish these grounds, but when a committee began to look about for a new location it was impossible to find anything suitable that was accessible, and it was finally decided to retain the present ones. This could only be done by changing the direction of the shooting and throwing the targets out toward the river, so that now the shooter faces southeast in place of directly east, as heretofore, which does very well, though not as desirable as before.

The club has erected a large shooting stand, so that irrespective of the weather the shooting could have continued just the same; but in regard to this the club has nothing to complain of, as the conditions could not have been more favorable at this season of the year.

The grounds are not the most accessible, and on this occasion the shooters experienced some difficulty in reaching them on the first day. The club had made arrangements with a reliable livery firm to carry the shooters to and from the grounds each day for the nominal sum of 25 cents, but unfortunately the party with whom these arrangements had been made was taken ill and it appears that no one else was aware of it; so that on the first day there was some difficulty in getting to the grounds, which, however, was at once overcome.

Bluerock targets and expert traps were employed at this shoot, and as is usually the case gave the utmost satisfaction. The screen over the traps is very low, not being over 18in. high, which enables the shooter to see the target almost immediately after it is released, and this found much favor with the shooters. The corps of assistants, from the referee to the trappers, was a most efficient one, and many were the compliments paid those who acted in this capacity.

The refereeing of Gibson Thibault and the scoring of Len Johnson was as near perfection as possible, and it is questionable if either of these erred a single time during the entire shoot. Thibault's decisions were always prompt and decisive, while he always adhered strictly to the rules.

Visiting Sportsmen.

There were present during the shoot A. H. Frank, W. H. Thompson and Mr. Loeb, Memphis; J. T. Welch, Robeline, La.; J. L. Daniels, Mer Rouge, La.; Chris. Gottlieb, Kansas City, Mo.; Frank Hodges, Olathe, Kan.; Chas. McL. Clarke (Chase), Dr. J. W. Smith, J. Henry Conrades, Jr., Jule Selzer, E. A. Peck and Herbert Taylor, St. Louis, Mo., the latter representing the Du Pont Powder Co.; C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia., representing the Hazard Powder Co., U. M. C. Co. and Parker Gun; W. A. Leach, Joe P. Matthews, F. B. Baptist, J. O'Keiff, R. G. Hunt and I. D. Oglesby, Fort Smith; E. A. Howell, J. T. Lloyd, J. B. Speers, E. C. Arnold and J. A. Coles, Pine Bluff; Jeff Davis, Russellville; W. Bowman, Jonesboro; Mr. Frauenthal, Atkins, Cramer and Haines, Stuttgart; Drs. A. U. Williams and S. P. Collings, Hot Springs.

Association Transactions.

There was nothing of great importance transacted. The protest of the Pine Bluff Gun Club over the Sumpter-Matthews match for the individual championship medal was withdrawn when it was shown that Mr. Mattheys had no intention of violating the rules and conditions governing them, and claimed that he was under the impression that he had complied with all of them when he sent his forfeit to the treasurer of the Association, not having any knowledge of the clause requiring publication of his challenge in order to make the same binding.

In order to avoid any like confusion in this matter the conditions were amended to read as follows: "Holder when accepting challenge must return the medal to the treasurer of the Association, and the latter will hold the same in trust until the pending contest shall be decided, when he shall turn the same over to the winner." On motion a legislative committee was appointed, which consists of J. A. Woodson, J. T. Lloyd and Dr. A. U. Williams. This committee was instructed to renew its efforts to accomplish something in behalf of the Association's measure. The selection of a place for holding the next annual meeting was next taken up, and as Fort Smith was anxious to secure this it was granted unanimously. The election of officers resulted in the following selection: W. A. Leach, Fort Smith, President; John M. Pemberton, Little Rock, Vice-President; Paul R. Litzke, Little Rock, Secretary; John B. Speers, Pine Bluff, Treasurer. It was also voted to change the conditions of the team championship from a four-men to a three-men race, and that hereafter this medal be subject to a challenge under the same conditions as the individual medal.

General Averages.

There being two classes of shooters present at this tournament the club had decided to give average money for both. For the professional class $25 had be set aside to be divided: $15 to first and $10 to second high gun. There were only two entries in this class—Budd and Taylor—so that there was practically no competition, so to speak, as it was almost a foregone conclusion that Budd would beat out Taylor, which entitled him to first and the latter to second. This eventually proved to be the case. In the amateur class it was different, and there was quite a scramble to be among the seven high guns, so as to get a part of the $50 reserved for them. A. H. Frank took the lead on the first day and succeeded in maintaining it throughout, though on the last day his honors were somewhat in jeopardy, as Gottlieb cut down his lead 4 birds; but nevertheless he landed on top and got $10 for consistent work. Second average went to Coles, which paid him $9, Gottlieb getting third, $8. J. T. Welch by his great shooting on the last day took fourth, $7; Joe Matthews getting fifth, $6, while Chase and Pemberton, who are tied for sixth and seventh, got $5. The order in which the others finished is also shown, and as there are eighteen names in the table this also exceeds last year's record. The table of averages follows:

Budd	153	153	156	480	462	.962
Frank	148	146	133	480	432	.900
Coles	146	145	138	480	429	.894
Gottlieb	146	140	142	480	428	.892
Welch	142	136	149	480	427	.889
Matthews	137	141	138	480	416	.866
Pemberton	139	132	141	480	412	.858
Chase	135	142	135	480	412	.858
Thibault	142	135	131	480	408	.850
Howell	133	139	132	480	404	.841
Daniels	131	136	131	480	398	.829
Speers	129	135	132	480	396	.825
Taylor	123	137	135	480	395	.822
Fletcher	121	137	132	480	390	.812
Arnold	132	132	126	480	390	.812
Leach	133	127	125	480	385	.802
Lloyd	132	130	123	480	385	.802
Duley	132	120	120	480	372	.775

First Day, Tuesday, Aug. 15.

Many of the principals displayed marked ability, and the shooting of some of the Simon-pure class is worthy of honorable mention. True, none of this class succeeded in equaling the great total of Charley Budd, one of the two trade representatives present, for he dropped but 7 targets in the programme events, and his stride was entirely too fast for the amateurs present. The competition for the premiership in the amateur class was close and spirited throughout, and finally went to Frank, who practically won out in the last event, as in this he beat Gottlieb 2 birds, which was just what his total exceeded that of Gottlied. Frank has an

average of .925, and is second to Budd, who of course leads the bunch with the great percentage of .956. Coles and Gottlieb are tied for third place with .913, while Thibault and Welch are also tied for fifth place. Budd made four straights during the day, and his best run was 51. Frank also made four straights, but all of these occurred in 15-bird events. Gottlieb has three straights to his credit, and he and Frank broke their first 34 targets straight. There was not a single event without a straight, though in the eighth event there were none that counted until the very last man went to the score, and he, Weigel, shattered his 20 targets in great fashion, and with it the hope of the eight men who hoped to get a piece of the purse on their score of 15.

The weather was bright and clear, with very little wind and not too warm, so that the conditions were favorable to good scores.

The programme consisted of eight 15-target events and two 20s, while there was also a 25-target handicap, but this remained unfinished. Budd and Taylor shot for targets only, being trade representatives.

Rose system prevailed; ratio 7, 5, 4, 3, when four moneys; when five moneys 7, 5, 4, 3, 2.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	15	15			
Budd	14	15	15	20	13	14	14	20	14	14	160	153	.956
Frank	15	15	14	18	15	14	13	15	15	14	160	148	.925
Coles	12	12	15	19	15	14	14	19	12	14	160	146	.913
Gottlieb	15	15	13	17	14	13	14	18	15	12	160	146	.913
Thibault	12	15	12	19	13	14	13	18	12	13	160	142	.887
Welch	13	15	12	19	13	14	13	18	12	13	160	142	.887
Pemberton	15	14	13	19	14	11	11	15	14	13	160	139	.868
Matthews	14	11	13	17	12	12	13	19	12	14	160	137	.856
Chase	12	10	11	17	11	14	15	17	14	14	160	135	.843
Howell	12	11	13	17	13	12	12	15	15	13	160	133	.831
Leach	12	12	11	18	11	12	12	19	13	13	160	133	.831
Arnold	9	12	13	16	12	15	12	16	11	13	160	132	.825
Lloyd	12	13	14	13	12	12	11	19	12	14	160	132	.825
Duley	14	12	13	13	12	11	12	17	13	15	160	132	.825
Daniels	11	12	10	20	14	12	12	16	13	11	160	131	.817
Speers	12	12	10	15	12	13	15	16	11	13	160	129	.806
Woodson	14	10	9	14	13	13	15	15	13	11	160	127	.793
Taylor	14	13	9	16	11	11	10	16	11	12	160	123	.768
Fletcher	10	11	12	11	11	11	13	15	15	14	160	120	.750
Thompson	13	14	11	15	9	12	9	16	12	7	160	118	.737
Bowman	11	12	11	13	10	11	11	14	14	11	160	118	.737
W D Matthews	12	13	12	15	11	11	6	15	9	13	160	117	.731
Hunt	8	7	9	11	8	9	5	12	12	11	160	92	.575
O'Keiff	6	3	9	12	8	6	8	9	9	6	160	76	.412
Hodges	..	..	11	15	11	9	8	13	..	..	100	67	.670
Bragg	10	6	..	..	..	..	11	17	13	11	95	68	.715
Collings	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	17	11	11	80	65	.812
Loeb	6	10	11	..	9	11	8	..	11	..	105	66	.628
Starkey	8	8	12	..	..	14	13	..	..	..	75	55	.733
Peay	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	6	10	65	35	.530
Kirk	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	13	12	50	44	.880
Weigel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	12	11	50	43	.860
Shott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	11	14	50	41	.820
Dickinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	13	50	39	.780
Schinner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	13	8	50	37	.740
Dr Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	14	50	37	.740
Selzer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	9	50	36	.720
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	11	50	32	.640
Lenow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	9	50	32	.640
Conrades	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	12	50	30	.600

Second Day, Wednesday, Aug. 16.

The result of to-day's shooting is in many respects similar to that of yesterday, as the aggregate shows Budd again first, with the same average as the day before, while Frank, too, has maintained the lead in his class, though he is 2 breaks short of yesterday. Coles is again contending for third position, though on this occasion it is with Williams, one of the new arrivals, who was not present yesterday. Hodges, too shows marked improvement, and has fifth place all to himself, after which come Chase, Matthews and Gottlieb, the latter having let down somewhat in his shooting. Fletcher, who yesterday was very near the bottom, showed the most improvement, as to-day he is well to the front and leads all the home contingent.

The open programme was identical with that of the day previous, but the State team championship was also decided. The general conditions, if anything, were even more favorable than yesterday, as it was partially cloudy, though the light was good, and it was even cooler than the day previous. In this respect the shooters have nothing to complain of.

The score sheet shows that forty-two participated in to-day's events, which is the largest entry recorded since '95, on which occasion the shoot was practically wide open, and we had all of the wolves with us, who had been to Knoxville the week previous.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	15	15			
Budd	15	14	14	19	14	15	15	18	15	14	160	153	.956
Frank	14	13	14	18	13	13	13	19	14	14	160	146	.913
Coles	14	10	14	20	15	14	14	18	14	12	160	145	.906
Williams	14	15	15	18	13	13	13	17	12	15	160	145	.906
Hodges	12	13	13	19	15	15	13	19	13	11	160	143	.893
Chase	14	13	12	19	12	13	15	17	13	14	160	142	.887
Matthews	12	13	14	18	13	14	13	17	13	14	160	141	.881
Gottlieb	13	14	11	19	14	14	12	17	13	13	160	140	.875
Howell	12	13	13	20	12	12	15	18	11	13	160	139	.868
Fletcher	13	14	14	19	12	13	12	16	11	13	160	137	.856
Taylor	12	13	14	14	13	12	13	17	12	14	160	137	.856
Welch	15	12	13	14	15	12	15	17	12	11	160	136	.850
Daniels	15	15	9	18	12	12	12	17	14	12	160	136	.850
Thibault	14	14	14	15	11	12	12	17	14	12	160	135	.843
Speers	11	13	13	19	14	12	13	19	7	14	160	135	.843
Pemberton	14	14	12	13	13	11	13	17	14	11	160	132	.825
Arnold	12	13	13	19	14	11	10	16	11	13	160	132	.825
Lloyd	11	10	13	19	12	11	14	14	13	13	160	130	.812
Baptist	12	14	12	15	13	10	12	17	11	12	160	128	.800
Leach	12	15	10	16	10	12	12	18	12	10	160	127	.793
Duley	11	8	12	14	11	12	12	16	13	11	160	120	.750
Bowman	13	10	11	18	14	10	8	14	13	11	160	118	.737
Hunt	9	12	11	13	11	9	7	10	11	10	160	103	.643
Schinner	..	12	14	14	11	11	11	14	8	..	130	95	.730
Starkey	12	10	11	15	13	8	8	..	..	10	140	98	.700
Davis	14	11	5	17	12	8	7	12	..	..	130	86	.661
Oglesby	11	10	9	14	10	7	13	..	..	..	110	74	.672
Loeb	11	12	9	..	14	9	8	..	..	..	90	63	.700
Dickinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	19	10	13	80	68	.866
Woodson	9	14	15	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	56	.861
W D Matthews	10	12	12	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	60	46	.766
Frauenthal	9	5	4	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	60	25	.416
Weigel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	12	..	50	35	.700
Bragg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	9	..	50	32	.340
Nichols	..	..	..	..	10	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	50	26	.520
Peay	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	7	..	50	22	.440
Forster	..	..	..	..	10	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	21	.600
Alexander	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	23	.766
Haines	..	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	16	.533
O'Keiff	..	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	14	.466
Cramer	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	11	.366
Lenow	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	.800

Team Championship.

This event was also on the schedule, and was therefore disposed of in the order. At the meeting last night the conditions governing this were changed from a four-men to a three-men team shoot, while henceforth this medal will be subject to a challenge, the same as the individual emblem, and as the Association will redeem the medal each year, paying the holder $10, it is possible that there will be some additional contests for it. The Pine Bluff shooters were the chief advocates of the above change, and they should at once set a good example by challenging the holders. The contest itself brought out some surprising results, for the winner, Fort Smith Club, was not looked upon as a factor to any extent in the race, for this team contained but one particular strong shooter. However, they put up a very uniform score, and landed the medal on the creditable score of 66 out of 75, Leach having the honor of leading the team. Little Rock's team, composed of the country contingent, is second with 63, Pemberton being high man on it, while Pine Bluff and Little Rock's city element are a tie with a total of 62. Heretofore each club could enter but one team in this race, but in the future they may send all they can muster. The conditions of this event are 25 targets per man, entrance price of targets.

Last year the Little Rock team won the medal on the very insignificant total of 77 out of 100, while the year previous it was won by the Pine Bluff Club with a score of 84. This is Fort Smith's second win, they having captured it at Hot Springs in 1892.

Fort Smith Team.

Leach .....1110111011111111111111111—23
Matthews .....1111111111011101100111111—21—66

Little Rock Team—Country.

Pemberton .....1111111110111111111111101—23
Fletcher .....1111110111111110011111011—21
Thibault .....0111011111110111110101111—20—63

Pine Bluff Team.

Coles .....1011101111111101111111111—22
Howell .....0111111100111111111001111—21
Arnold .....1111011011101011110111011—19—62

Little Rock Team—City.

Dickinson .....1011110111110111111111111—22
Duley .....1111011110111110111010111—20
Weigel .....0111111111111111001111100—20—62

Third Day, Thursday, Aug. 17.

Charley Budd was ill—quite ill—so ill in fact that he was unable to leave on the evening train, as he intended to do; but notwithstanding that he had a high fever he shot better than on any of the previous days, for he had chalked up a 113 straight before the first miss was recorded against him, which did not occur until the eighth event, and he managed to finish the programme with but 4 losses, which gives him the fine percentage of .977. This excels anything heretofore accomplished at the traps in this city. Welch came forward with a rush to-day and practically ran away from his class, as his nearest competitors—Gottlieb and Williams—are 7 breaks behind. To him goes the distinction of making the best percentage on any day during the shoot among those who are permitted to shoot for money. Not only does this apply to the present tournament, but also to all of the previous ones given by this Association. The best previous records in this respect were made by Dr. Forsythe, a year ago, and duplicated by Frank on the first day of the present shoot, their percentage on these occasions being .925. Col. Woodson showed up particularly strong to-day, and has no less than three straight scores to his credit, having finished with a run of nearly 50 straight. Pemberton, too, was largely in evidence, and is tied with the Mayor for fifth place. The weather was again propitious and pleasant to a marked degree.

The individual championship and the handicap medal were among the events disposed of to-day. The latter was won by Gibson Thibault, the young man who acted so efficiently in the capacity of referee during the tournament. Budd, Taylor, Hodges, Fletcher, Woodson, Loeb and G. Thibault tied on the total with their allowances, with the exception of Budd, who was scratch, and who withdrew from the contest. In the shoot-off G. Thibault and Fletcher again tied, and the next trial between these two resulted the same, as each of them scored 23 without their allowance. Fletcher now agreed to let the boy shoot at 19 to his 17, and the latter easily won out by scoring all but 1, while Fletcher dropped 4.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	15	15			
Budd	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	18	13	14	160	156	.977
Welch	14	13	14	18	15	15	14	18	14	14	160	149	.931
Gottlieb	14	13	14	18	15	13	13	17	11	14	160	142	.887
Williams	13	14	14	19	14	13	14	16	15	10	160	142	.887
Woodson	15	11	13	15	13	13	13	18	15	15	160	141	.881
Pemberton	12	13	14	16	13	13	15	18	12	15	160	141	.881
Coles	13	11	9	19	13	14	13	19	14	14	160	138	.862
Frank	13	14	13	19	13	12	13	17	11	13	160	138	.862
Matthews	15	12	12	19	11	13	13	18	12	13	160	138	.862
Hodges	13	15	12	17	14	13	10	16	14	12	160	136	.850
Chase	11	15	12	17	15	13	11	20	10	11	160	135	.843
Taylor	9	15	12	19	12	13	12	17	14	12	160	135	.843
Speers	14	15	10	18	9	13	11	16	12	14	160	132	.825
Howell	11	14	11	16	10	13	13	18	13	13	160	132	.825
Fletcher	13	12	13	16	11	12	13	20	13	9	160	132	.825
Daniels	11	14	13	18	11	11	13	17	12	11	160	131	.817
Thibault	13	14	13	15	12	15	9	16	11	13	160	131	.817
Arnold	8	13	14	19	10	10	12	16	12	12	160	126	.787
Leach	12	12	11	15	14	9	14	13	12	13	160	125	.781
Lloyd	12	12	9	14	13	11	12	15	12	9	160	123	.768
Duley	11	12	10	15	11	12	11	16	11	11	160	120	.750
W D Matthews	13	..	12	..	10	13	10	13	..	13	110	84	.765
Weigel	..	..	..	..	18	11	..	13	19	12	12	100	85	.850
Oglesby	9	12	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	80	51	.650
Bowman	..	..	..	..	13	11	13	15	15	14		95	81	.852
Dickinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	19	13	13	65	57	.876
Irwin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	12	11	65	52	.800
Schinner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	12	10	65	49	.753
Loeb	8	9	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	60	32	.533
Graham	..	12	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	27	.540
Jones	8	6	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	24	.480
Jett	6	5	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	20	.400
Bragg	..	..	11	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	19	.633

Individual Championship.

Seventeen shooters qualified for this race, which was the greatest ever shot for this or any similar trophy since the organization of the State Association. Collectively and individually, the scores rank higher than heretofore, and the contest was keen and close until the very finish. The Pine Bluff delegation was permitted to shoot up their score, so as to enable them to take an early train for home, and of this contingent Ed Howell finished with 46, which was the best score ever made in a contest for this trophy, and it was generally conceded that this would ultimately win for him, and as he is exceedingly popular he was the recipient of much congratulation; but his hope was eventually to be shattered, for later, when the contest was taken up, Joe Matthews also put up a score equal to that of Howell's. However, neither of these was to become the possessor of any jewelry, for there was a doctor who had a few things up his sleeve, and when it came his turn to try conclusions with the saucers he negotiated them so successfully that all but 3 of them were put in the game sack, and his score exceeded that of Howell and Matthews by a single break, which was just sufficient to win; all of which is very pleasing to record, as the Doctor has been with the Association since its inception, being one of the few charter members yet remaining in the fold and has ever contributed his mite toward its advancement and success.

The first open contest for this medal took place at Pine Bluff in 1897, where it was won by H. Conner, of Little Rock, who turned it over to Geo. Clements, of Pine Bluff, after being defeated by him in an individual contest by a score of 44 to 43. John Sumpter next got possession of it, as he won it from Clements; they both tied on the very inferior score of 39, but in the shoot-off Sumpter broke 24 out of 25 to Clements' 20. In the open contest of 1898 Sumpter again won it, scoring 42, but shortly after he had to surrender it to Joe Matthews, when the latter defeated him by a score of 44 to 43. Matthews retained possession of it nearly twelve months, as no one seemed to care to go after it. The conditions are 50 singles, unknown angles:

Williams .....11111111111111111111011111111011111101111111111111—47
Howell .....11111111111111111111111011111001110101111111111—46
Matthews .....11110111111111111011111111111111010111111111111111—46
Irwin .....11111111111011111111111111011010110111111111—44
Speers .....11111111110101110111011001111111111111111110111—43
Coles .....10111111110111111111111110110111101101011111111110—42
Thibault .....11111010011111111111110001111111101111111100111—40
Arnold .....11010111001111110101011011110111111111111001111011—38
Leach .....11111111101101010010010101111111011111111101111—38
Weigel .....11101111111110111101110101110001110111111101101010—37
Duley 001111100111011111011w
Pemberton .....11111001111111101111010111111111111101111011011111—42
Fletcher .....11010011111101111111111110101111111111111111110110111—42
Woodson .....01111101111111110011111111110111111101111011101010111—41
Dickinson .....11111010111111001111111110101110111011011011111111—41
Bowman .....11101101111110011111111110111111011111110011111111110—41
Lloyd .....11111011111100111111111111111101111100001011111111111—41

Stray Items.

A. H. Frank, that popular Memphis shooter who won high average in the amateur class with an even 90 per cent., shot a Parker gun, Leader shells and Schultze powder. No one envies Abe's success, and all hope to see him again next year.

Weigel, winner of the local club medal, was in evidence at this shoot also; he scored a 20 straight in the first event he took part in, and this cannot be looked upon as a fluke, for he was the last man up, and was aware that no one had accomplished this.

Herbert Taylor, of Du Pont Powder Co., sprung quite a surprise on the crowd by putting up an enormous cake for competition. In this cake Charley Budd had put a new nickel, and the winner was compelled to cut it on the grounds, while the one who was fortunate enough to draw the piece containing the coin would be presented with 50 shells by Budd. Welch won the cake and Daniels got the piece containing the nickel, so that the cake and the shells were won by Louisiana's representatives.

Attorney-General Jeff Davis participated during the first two days, and while he made no pretentions of being a trap shot would doubtless soon develop into one, as on several occasions he landed well toward the top. Jeff added much life to the shoot by his good-natured bantering. There are few better quail shots, and his string of dogs are among the best in the State.

Mayor Woodson was prevented by municipal business from shooting through, although such was his intention. The last day he was largely in the division, as he made no less than three straights. This stride would doubtless have landed him among the seven high guns. In addition to this, he had the bad luck to break his gun on the first day.

Dr. A. U. Williams, winner of the individual championship, shot a Smith gun, Smokeless shells and Du Pont powder. This has been the Doctor's favorite combination for a long time.

Pemberton was the only one of the local shooters to get among the seven high guns. Singularly this was distributed in as many different sections, Memphis, Pine Bluff, Kansas City, Robeline, Fort Smith, St. Louis and Little Rock getting a piece of it.

Frank Hodges' poor showing on the first day was due to the fact that he arrived here without a gun; but on the second day his pump came to hand, and thereafter he also became a factor in the shoot. Frank contemplates holding a shoot at Olathe next month, with about $300 added.

Leach showed up in such improved form that he surprised all his friends. It was on preliminary day that he did his best shooting, for on this day he ran straight in three successive events.

J. T. Welch, the Robeline shooter, has made much progress in the art of shooting since he last visited us, and on this occasion was right to the front. The writer well remembers Mr. Welch's first efforts at the trap, which occurred at the Monroe shoot in 1897.

Chris Gottlieb created the same favorable impression here as everywhere. It is not at all surprising that he should have achieved so much success in politics. A person of his disposition and affable manners cannot help being a winner wherever he goes. Chris's shooting was not quite up to the customary high standard, but nevertheless he is very close to the top. He is scheduled to return next November and go on a camp hunt.

Chase expressed himself highly elated over his trip to Arkansas and promises to be with us again next year. To land among the average winners is not so bad in the field that was here.

Ed Howell shot a great race for the championship. He ran his first 24 birds straight, and when he finished with 46 everyone hoped he would win. There are none more clever and few who possess so many friends. Ed has steadily improved in his shooting.

The Fort Smith delegation promise to make the next tournament one of the most attractive ever given in the South, and it is their intention to materially increase the added money at this shoot. They realize that this is what will draw the crowd. This shoot will take place some time during July.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hackensack River Gun Club.

Hoboken, N. J., Aug. 19.—The H. R. G. C. held the second of its series of monthly live-bird shoots yesterday. Harms was the only man to kill straight, he killing all his birds with the first barrel.

Great credit is due Mr. Heflich for the fine lot of birds furnished, there being only two sitters out of 160 birds trapped.

The match at 50 targets was won by Wm. Hexamer with a score of 41 to Heflich's 34.

W. L. Ferguson and Fred Durr shot a match at 20 targets each, which was won by Ferguson.

A meeting was held after the shoot, and the following officers were elected: Wm. Hexamer, President; John Chartrand, Recording Secretary; H. W. Kramer, Financial Secretary; L. F. Kleber, Treasurer; H. M. Heflich, Captain.

An excellent supper was furnished by mein host Heflich after the meeting, and a very enjoyable time was had.

Our next shoot takes place on Sept. 15, when it is expected that Heflich will shoot Hexamer another match at 50 targets.

Five birds, $2.50, one money:

Jas Tracy .....00112—3 H M Heflich.....*022*—2
O Demarest .....22012—4 H Harms .....20111—4

Ten birds, handicap:

Wm Hexamer, 28..212112*022— 8 H Harms, 30.....1111111111—10
H M Heflich, 30...2221210221— 9 L Havenstein, 26...0100001222— 5
E Sahner, 27.....1100202*12— 6 H W Kramer, 28...2100011222— 7
J Chartrand, 28....1021*102*1— 6 W L Ferguson, 28.1**10*1212— 6
F Jack, 28.....1212011121— 9 P Erheardt, 28.....2201222102— 8
Jas Tracy, 29.....1002112011— 7 A Fry, 27.....1000001112— 5
O Demarest, 28.....0111021000— 5 L Stelzle, 28.....12022*2202— 7

Match, 50 targets, $25 a side:

H M Heflich....10111111101100101011100011110111110101111001011011—34
Wm Hexamer....11111011101111011111111101101110101111111110111101—41

Event No. 4, 20 targets; Ferguson vs. Durr; $5:

W L Ferguson.....01011100110101101101—12
Fred Durr .....00110100000011001001— 7

JOHN L. CHARTRAND, Sec'y.

Central N. J. Trapshooters' League.

Aug. 19.—The meeting to-day on the grounds of the Brunswick Gun Club brought out five teams of the Central New Jersey Trapshooters' League. A few sweeps were also shot. The scores in the team contest were as follows:

Brunswick Gun Club—Capt. Bunk 23, Randall 19, Arthur 22, Nicholas 22, Oakley 21; total 107.

Reservoir—L. Belloff 13, Morgan 18, Bissett 24, McDowell 19, J. Belloff 21; total 95.

Columbia—Disbrow 20, Little Jim 19, H. Bloodgood 13, Green 14, Ivins 15; total 81.

Dunellen—Hoey 18, Osborn 17, Gates 17, Fletcher 22, Lindsey 18; total 82.

Climax—Keller 20, Vandeveer 19, Joy 17, Waters 24, Elkins 12; total 92.

Hudson Gun Club.

Aug. 21.—The house-warming shoot of the Hudson Gun Club was an unqualified success. The members and their friends turned out in great force and shot with a persistency which resulted in about 7,000 targets being thrown. This shoot was to introduce the improvements and new club house to public notice, as well as to hold a good shoot after so many weeks of hard work, for the new house, two stories, with ample room for the club members, was the work of their own hands. Two sets of target traps have been installed, and thus ample shooting can be provided to members and their friends. A delicious clam chowder was served free, with sandwiches, lemonade, ginger ale, etc., and everyone to a man enjoyed himself thoroughly. The weather was sweltering hot, but no one seemed to mind it particularly. A race at 50 targets between Harold Money and Dudley excited much interest from its closeness, 47 to 46 in favor of the latter, who was shooting a great gait.

By an oversight the scores of those who shot for tagets only were not obtained. The following are the scores of those who shot in the sweeps:

A team race, five men, 25 targets, resulted as follows:

Brooklyn Gun Club—Capt. Money 20, Dudley 24, Waters 20, H. Money 20, Dr. Webber 20; total 104.

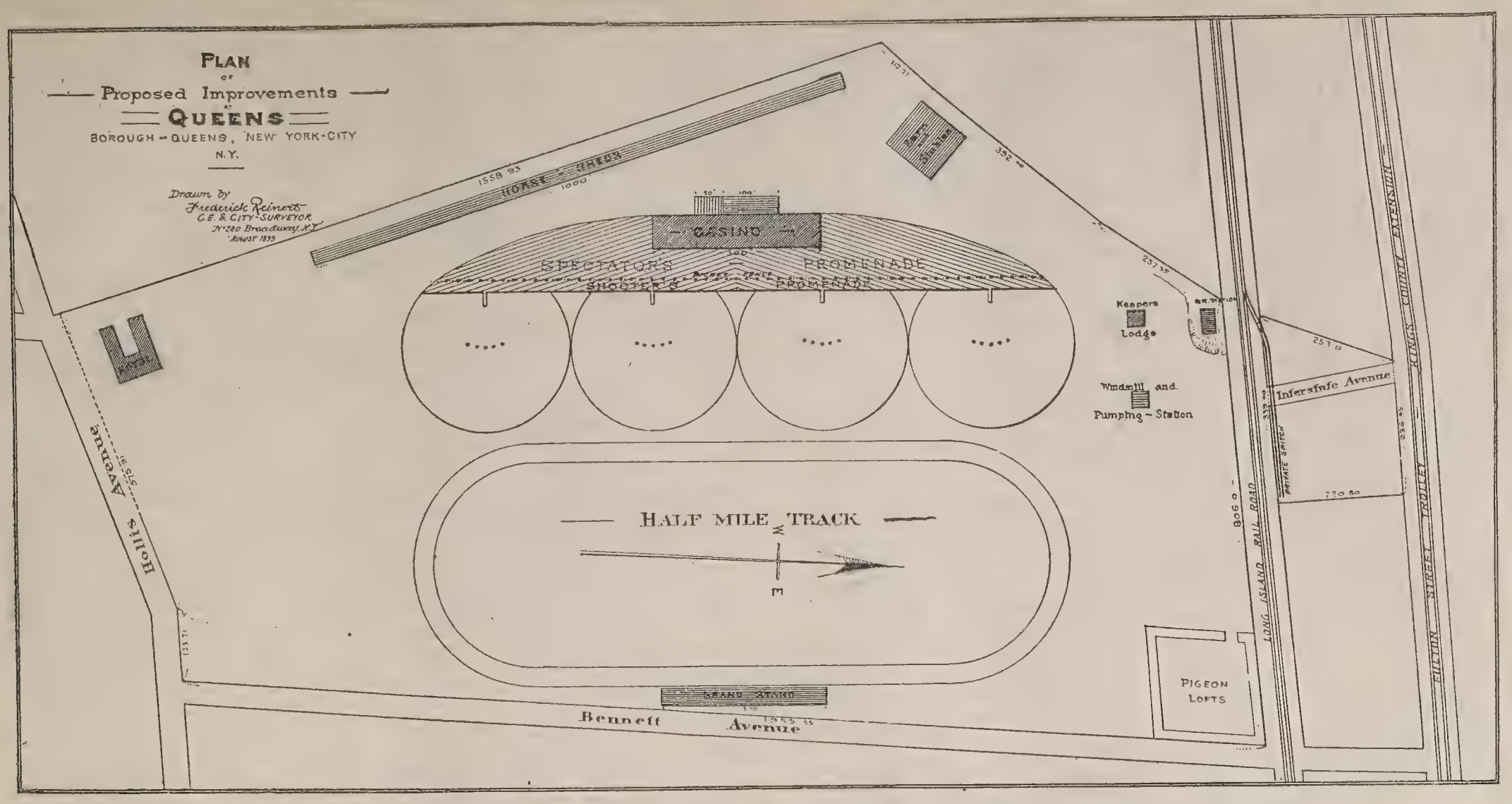
Hudson No. 1—Van Dyne 15, Von Lengerke 14, Schields 19, Banta 19, O'Brien 15; total 82.

Hudson No. 2—Bock 17, Nagle 16, Raryan 18, Altz 17, Heritage 8; total 76.

Oceanic Gun Club—Bender 12, Schneider 21, Martin 20, Diffley 20, Coleman 16; total 80.

East Side Gun Club—Piercy 20, Fischer 12, Hassinger 23, Jones 21, Schorty 20; total 96.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Capt Money	9	9	13	12	17	16	14	9	19	6	13	11	8
Dudley	9	10	14	13	18	19	13	9	20	7	14	15	9
Nutmeg	8	8	15	11	16	15	14	9	19	10	14	15	9
Schorty	8	10	14	11	18	17	12	8	18	7	14	15	8
Ashley	9	7	14	13	20	17	14	5	20	9	12	15	9
Pistol	7	4	13	11	18	16	15	8	16	7	12	11	10
Banta	6	10	13	9	17	..	11	7	18	9	..	13	8
Schields	10	6	13	11	15	..	11	10	15	8	..	14	9
H Money	10	5	15	13	18	18	13	6	19	8	13	14	8
Piercy	7	3	10	14	16	17	12	9	15	7	..	..	..
Van Dyne	8	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stetson	6	8	14	11	16	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schneider	8	..	12	13	..	..	..	6	..	9	..	..	9
Heritage	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Martin	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bender	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hassinger	4	..	..	7	12	..	..	6	..	9	13	14	..
Bock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	5	..	..	..
Waters	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	17	8	10	..	8
C von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	13	..	7	
Fox	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	6	



GROUND PLAN OF INTERSTATE PARK.—Scale 100 yards to an inch.

The Interstate Park Association.

We have received the following interesting communication from the management of the Interstate Park:

The business features of the Interstate Park Association's enterprise, in respect to the establishing of a model and modern shooting park, are set forth at length in the business columns of this journal. There are, however, many news features of special interest to shooters which may very properly be published in the news columns.

For a clearer understanding of many of the details, a plan of the park, showing the surveyor's outlines, is presented herewith. It will greatly add to a ready perception of the general scope of the enterprise and of the completeness of the particulars which go to make a perfect whole. This will be referred to more in detail hereinafter.

In the selection of a suitable tract of land for such a mammoth undertaking, there were certain prime considerations which were necessarily always to be kept in mind, viz., first-class transportation facilities and good hotel accommodations, as well as a healthful and desirable neighborhood. The grounds meeting the general requirements, then the particular requirements came next in consideration, such as their adequate size, satisfactory topographical character, general surroundings, etc., while the marketable and increasing value of the land were also particulars not to be ignored.

It was a comparatively easy matter to find tracts of land that had one or two of these requirements, but it was the diligent work of weeks to find one possessing all of them. No one who has not sought to purchase land in and about the city of New York has any idea of the labor involved. It is a city whose population numbers millions, and the outlying country for many miles in every direction is filled with smaller cities, towns, hamlets, cross roads, etc., so that a piece of land might be perfectly acceptable in itself, and yet be unavailable on account of its surroundings.

However, the result of the search in this instance was an entire success. The ground now owned by the Interstate Park Association is all that could be desired for the purposes intended; and also for home purposes in the future, when shooting interests must give way to the public need.

As to the requisites concerning transportation facilities, on referring to the plan it will be observed that the Long Island Railroad runs through the northern end of the tract, while an electric street car line bounds it on the extreme north. Both roads afford an easy means of transportation to New York or Brooklyn, the trains on the Long Island Railroad running to the Bridge or Long Island City in less that 40 minutes, and at half-hour intervals all through the day. The electric cars run on a headway of only a few minutes' interval. Thus one of the most essential considerations—that is to say, accessibility—is satisfactorily met.

As regards transportation facilities over the Long Island Railroad, the management of the Interstate Park Association has received assurances from the chief executive department of the road that a depot and a switch will be located at Interstate Park, where marked on the plan, and this at the earliest moment they are needed. They have also been assured that all regular trains, as well as fast express trains when necessary, will stop at the Interstate Park depot. This of itself signifies the important estimate which this great railroad corporation attaches to the enterprise.

The land itself is situated in one of the most healthful upland sections of Long Island, a section fertile and flourishing, pleasingly picturesque, and with evidences of material prosperity on every hand. It is still an agricultural section, and yet it is practically not out of the shadow of the great city. Thereabouts city and country blend at present, but as years pass it will be less of country till it is country no more. It is foreordinated for future homes.

The Interstate Park grounds are level, free from trees or other obstructions to shooting. They need no grading to serve the purpose required. If it were a section of smooth, level Iowa prairie transferred to Long Island it would not have any better natural qualities for a perfect shooting park than it now possesses.

The railroad advantages already mentioned solved largely the matter of hotel accommodations, as visitors can stay in New York if they wish to do so, and yet be within easy reach of Interstate Park.

But the management contemplates providing the park with every requisite, and to that end a large hotel will be built, which as to its appointments of cuisine, rooms, etc., will be first class in every respect. From the main building two long wings will extend in a U-shape, as shown in the plan, and there will be accommodations for 200 guests. A large billiard room, bowling alleys, shuffle boards, etc., will afford means of wholesome exercise and recreation, also serving to make the hours pleasant instead of irksome when the shooters await their turns at the score in great events, such as the Grand American Handicap and other tournaments. The hotel will be open the year around, thus when any event takes place at Interstate Park accommodations will always be ready.

The plans for the casino and traps need very little explanation. The casino will be large enough to meet all demands on its space, and will be fitted with hundreds of lockers. Several new features, all in a line with making things pleasanter for the shooters, are to be introduced. The plans for the buildings are now being prepared by the architect, and when completed, which will be in the near future, they will be published for the information of the public.

That they will be handsome buildings goes without saying, and that they will be planned with care is also certain, for the project is in the hands of men who know well what shooters require and what they should have.

A reference to the plan will show four sets of live-bird traps placed not in the clover-leaf form, but on a common base line. This insures an equality in the matter of wind and light on all four sets of traps. In addition to that advantage, a spectator or contestant standing on the steps of the casino or on its roof garden can see the whole length of the four sets of traps, thus, in the case of a shooter in whom one is interested, his doings can be watched from one place without the necessity of any game of tag, such as has to be played where the "clover-leaf" system is installed.

In each of the live-bird grounds a set of target traps will be placed, the same being located between the live-bird traps and the shooter's score. They will be placed in such a position that the covering of the trap pit will be level with the ground when the live-bird traps are in use. It will of course be readily seen that four sets of traps are not the limit of the capacity of Interstate Park, but for the present at any rate no change from the plan now made public will be adopted.

The half-mile track is a concession to popular demand. Such a track is needed in that portion of Long Island in which Interstate Park is located. The soil being a light sandy loam, it is assured that the track will be as fast as any half-mile track in the country.

The horse sheds and stables, as shown in the plan, will be large and ample, and all other requisites have been carefully thought out and provided for. The shooting interest, however, will be first considered and completed. Driveways and roads will be laid out in the park wherever they are necessary. The buildings themselves will all be graceful in design and substantially built; in short, there will be no detail omitted which will in any way contribute to make Interstate Park the best equipped sportsmen's park in the world.

The scale of the plan is 100yds. to 1in.

The Duluth Tournament.

The Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., brought off its seventh annual tournament on Aug. 9 and 10, and while the attendance was not quite as large as was expected the shoot was an unqualified success in every way. Everything, including the magautrap, ran smoothly and without the least hitch or jar. Every man knew his average within five minutes from the time the last gun was fired and had his winnings and average money paid to him within twenty minutes from the time the last squad stepped back from the score.

The Duluth boys had cooked up a great mess of weather and served up everything from a Scotch fog to a cloudburst, with a 30-mile northeaster, during which the last event was shot in darkness so great that the targets could hardly be seen. But the West Superior squad set the example by going out in the downpour, and the rest followed suit.

Many of the old standbys who have not missed a Duluth shoot for six years failed to show up. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, of Minneapolis, were missing, as were Robbins, of Fargo; Lawrence, Holt and Novotny, of St. Paul, and Murry and his genial crowd from Stillwater. But there were quite a number of new faces—jolly good faces and good shots, too, all of them.

The tournament was open to all, but the only professionals who came were Hirschy, who never fails us, and old Tramp Irwin, whom we were glad to have come and contribute their money to help the poor amateurs, like Morrison and Trent, along; our only regret is that there were not more of them. As it was, there were so many in the money in every event that nobody carried away very much. The first day, when the equitable system was in use, the best shots quit only three or four dollars ahead of the game. The second day, with the division of money 35, 25, 20 and 20 per cent. and a strong gale of wind blowing, it was possible by shooting a 90 per cent. clip to win enough to pay for shells and a few cigars on the side—but not very good cigars or many of 'em.

In looking over the scores following it should be borne in mind that on the second day the wind was blowing a gale most of the time, and the magautrap was tossing the birds from 60 to 75yds. It will thus be seen that the Northwest can boast of a pretty hot crowd of amateur shooters.

Nearly all the boys seem to be very modest, and shoot under assumed names, but I believe they ought to be unmasked; so here goes: Kabo is E. M. Fish, of Eau Claire; Yank is Dan R. Scammon, of the same place; Hart is Judge S. H. Moer, of Duluth, just getting fairly acquainted with a new Smith gun; Dixie is Finn, of West Superior; Ban is Bancroft, of Stillwater; Wads is Louis Larsen, of Crookston; Noisy is A. W. Loud, of Duluth; Bennett is A. B. Thomas, of Duluth; Doc is Dr. H. W. Spratley, of Virginia, and Wojeck is Dr. D. H. Day, of Duluth, and Duchess is his wife. There are a few others, whose real names I do not know, but they have used their shooting names so much that I doubt if they can remember the names their parents gave them.

Next year we hope to give a shoot that will eclipse anything we have ever given, and we feel sure that we will have every man who attended this year and all his friends.

Wednesday.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Morrison	14	15	15	15	14	14	14	13	15	14
Trent	14	14	12	13	15	12	15	13	14	14
Wojeck	14	13	14	14	15	14	13	9	13	14
Kabo	13	14	14	12	14	14	14	15	14	15
Ramaley	15	14	14	14	12	13	14	15	15	15
Hart	13	13	14	14	13	12	14	13	15	14
Thompson	12	14	13	11	14	12	13	15	15	12
Allen	14	13	15	14	15	13	15	12	11	12
Parker	13	15	13	15	12	15	13	12	14	12
Dixie	15	10	15	15	14	12	14	11	12	12
Yank	13	14	11	14	13	14	12	13	14	13
McKay	14	13	15	13	13	13	13	15	13	11
Hirschy	13	14	14	11	12	12	12	14	13	13
Fulton	15	14	15	15	12	12	14	12	12	11
French	13	15	13	14	11	13	14	12	14	15
Nelson	14	14	14	13	14	14	9	14	12	14
Ban	14	12	13	12	13	13	13	11	12	14
Indian	13	14	12	14	12	12	13	13	11	12
McQueen	15	11	11	14	13	10	13	14	11	14
Bergen	13	13	12	14	12	11	10	11	14	12
Wads	12	12	13	12	13	13	12	12	13	10
Powers	14	13	12	10	13	11	14	10	12	13
Bennett	12	13	10	10	13	11	10	11	14	13
Tabor	12	14	12	13	14	13	12	11	10	12
Wabasha	11	9	10	12	11	13	14	9	11	10
Pedro	13	12	10	13	14	11	9	12	14	9
Kribs	9	13	12	9	13	9	12	12	10	12
Noisy	14	12	13	15	14	14	14	13	11	13
Berry	12	11	14	11	12	13	9	11	12	13
Tramp	10	13	12	12	7	13	13	11	8	13
Doc	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14 12
Hodgeman	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	.. 10
Marks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10 12
Rohrer	..	..	..	9	5	..	..	..	..	.. ..
Crank	12	10	12	10	11	11	12	11	14	12
Delaware	12	15	11	13	12	10	12	12	14	13
Duchess	..	..	..	..	13	10	11	12	11	12

Thursday.

Events:	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Morrison	13	15	12	13	15	14	13	14	14	14
Trent	15	13	14	15	14	13	13	14	15	15
Wojeck	15	14	14	12	14	14	15	14	14	15
Kabo	13	14	13	15	14	12	13	13	12	15
Ramaley	12	13	11	15	12	13	13	13	13	12
Hart	13	14	13	13	15	10	15	14	13	12
Thompson	11	12	12	15	15	15	13	13	14	13
Allen	11	14	14	14	14	11	11	11	15	14
Parker	12	12	12	14	14	12	14	14	13	11
Dixie	12	14	13	14	14	13	14	14	14	8
Yank	15	14	13	11	12	12	13	14	14	10
McKay	12	13	12	14	15	14	12	11	14	9
Hirschy	14	14	13	12	13	11	12	12	14	13
Fulton	10	13	15	13	14	14	12	13	9	11
French	13	14	14	14	13	9	11	11	9	13
Nelson	14	13	13	12	11	12	10	9	13	12
Ban	11	11	15	13	13	13	12	12	10	12
Indian	13	12	14	14	10	11	14	12	14	10
McQueen	14	13	10	14	14	14	14	9	12	8
Bergen	14	14	13	13	12	11	13	11	12	12
Wads	14	14	14	14	8	10	12	15	11	11
Powers	14	12	13	14	19	13	12	14	9	10
Bennett	12	14	11	11	13	13	13	8	11	9
Tabor	13	9	11	14	11	9	10	11	10	..
Wabasha	11	12	11	14	10	12	13	10	11	..
Pedro	10	10	13	12	13	11	12	10	8	.
Kribs	7	10	11	10	11	10	8	9	9	8
Noisy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	13
Doc	13	13	14	14	12	14	12	15	13	12
Beck	8	9	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kremer	11	8	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hodgeman	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Marks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13
Crank	11	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Delaware	12	10	13	11	12	11	14	13	9	11
Duke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Duchess	14	12	9	8	10	13	9	11	11	..

	First Day.	Grand Total.	Per Cent.		First Day.	Grand Total.	Per Cent.
Morrison	143	280	.9833	Wads	122	245	.8166
Trent	136	277	.9233	Powers	122	242	.8066
Wojeck	133	274	.9133	Bennett	117	232	.7733
Kabo	139	271	.9033	Tabor	124	222	.7400
Ramaley	141	268	.8933	Wabasha	110	214	.7133
Hart	135	267	.8900	Pedro	117	216	.7200
Thompson	131	264	.8800	Kribs	111	204	.6800
Allen	134	263	.8766	Noisy	133	160	.8888
Parker	134	262	.8733	Berry	118	118	.7866
Dixie	130	260	.8666	Tramp	112	112	.7466
Yank	131	259	.8633	Doc	26	158	.8777
McKay	133	259	.8633	Beck	..	37	.6166
Hirschy	128	258	.8600	Kremer	..	41	.6833
Fulton	132	256	.8533	Hodgeman	22	31	.5166
French	134	255	.8500	Marks	22	43	.7166
Nelson	132	251	.8366	Rohrer	14	14	.4666
Ban	127	249	.8300	Crank	115	149	.7388
Indian	126	250	.8333	Delaware	124	230	.7666
McQueen	126	248	.8266	Duke	..	10	.6666
Bergen	122	247	.8233	Duchess	..	166	.7333

I. Kanthittem.

Soo Gun Club.

Sioux City, Ia., Aug. 18.—In the eleventh of the summer series of shoots of the Soo Gun Club yesterday afternoon, Hunter carried off the honors with 28 to his credit. The wind blew almost a gale straight in from the magautrap, and the way the bluerocks jumped and climbed up in the air would make a jacksnipe hide his head for shame. Scores:

Thirty targets, handicap added:

Meyer, 1	011111001101111101110111110001—21—1—22
Hunter	011111101111111111111111111111111—28—0—28
Boyer, 3	110101100100011101101000110011—16—3—19
Milchrist, 7	010111001000010010010010001010—11—7—18
Leich	111101111111111111111101111110—27—0—27
Kortright	110011111111111011101111110101—24—0—24
Duncan	111111111111101011111101111111—27—0—27
Gray, 1	111011111001111111111101101111—25—1—26
Chapman, 1	110110101110110111101110110111—22—1—23
Langers	110001101111000001110111111001—18—0—18

A number of the boys shot up back scores, with the following results, each member shooting at 30 targets:

Event No. 1.—Back scores—Milchrist (14) 30, Boyer (9) 29, Duncan 28, Leach 27, Langers (7) 29, Gray 23.

Event No. 2.—Milchrist (3) 20, Boyer (5) 18, Leach 26.

Event No. 3.—Milchrist (8) 23, Leach 28.

Event No. 4.—Leach 24.

Wanecha.

Haverhill Gun Club.

LYNN, Mass., Aug. 12.—In writing of the shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club on Aug. 8, it would be quite proper to say that there was "a small, but very select, company present."

While the number of shooters was a disappointment, the shoot itself was a very enjoyable affair. What wind there was blew from score to traps, and kept the targets rather low in flight, which, taken in connection with the speedy gait given them and the mixed background, made the shooting difficult, and the scores made under the existing conditions speak volumes for the talent present.

Many of the club members who regularly attend the holiday and Saturday afternoon practice shoots are so situated that attending a shoot any other day than the ones mentioned is out of the question, which accounts for the small number of such being present, although many of them turned up after lunch.

In the mind of the writer, who, by the way, was one of the committe on arrangements, the making of one event of the 100-target event is open to criticism. Should a like situation again present itself, he would be in favor of making each of the 25 targets a distinct event, with such money added to each as the club might elect, in which case those who are not capable of holding a 90 per cent. pace through the long event would have a chance to drop into the money by making one good rally in one or more of the 25-bird events. The winners of the event in question were: Leroy, first, 91; Dickey, second, 91, and the writer scratched in third with 88.

On the completion of the programme the out-of-town shooters left for Portland to take part in the Interstate, while the club members shot until late in the day.

Later in the season we hope to hold another shoot with more present.

On account of the late arrival of Capt. and Harold Money, the 100-bird race was put over for the last event. They admitted arriving in Boston on time, but were very late in reaching Haverhill. They ate breakfast in Boston, and being unacquainted with the Boston menu, probably ordered beans, and tried to chew each individual one; hence their late arrival.

Jack Fanning turned up all right, but there being nothing more than a box of cigars in sight for high average (he being in the habit of walking off with silver mugs, diamonds, etc.), he showed no disposition to exert himself, and as a result did not shoot his usual clip.

Any one examining the score will readilly see that Leroy is shooting at a gait that will make a "rocky road" for any expert to travel who beats him. He does it in a seemingly easy manner, and never "strains his gun" with long-distance shooting.

Harold Money inveigled the Captain into shooting a 25-target race for price of targets, and beat the Governor out by 1 bird.

While Admiral Courtney did not make a straight at the traps, he did not miss once at lunch, or, if so, it was not scored against him.

Our secretary being absent, Ned Tozier acted as cashier, giving general satisfaction, and Capt. Miller looked after the running of the shoot in his usual finished manner.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	25	25	25
Whiting	8	12	12	11	15	12	14	20	18	18	20
Dickey	7	13	13	14	13	14	13	22	23	22	24
Courtney	7	9	10	9	11	12	8	15	18	16	18
Le Roy	8	15	15	13	14	14	15	23	24	24	23
Rule	9	12	11	11	12	11	13	20	21	24	18
Egbert	8	14	12	8	12	13	8	20	18	17	15
Lambert	8	7	10	12	13	15	12	21	20	23	24
Griffith	10	13	13	12	15	15	12	21	24	23	18
Bain	7	14	11	13	13	12	12	20	19	..	..
Fanning	10	13	13	14	15	12	14	24	21	19	22
Graffam	3	12	11	10	7	6	9	18	16	13	14
George	7	12	13	14	10	7	13	18	21	21	22
Webster	..	..	..	..	12	11	8	9	17	17	..
Marble	..	..	..	..	13	11	9	12	20	15	12
Capt Money	..	..	..	..	11	13	12	12	23	20	21
H Money	..	..	..	..	12	10	14	11	21	20	21
Snow	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	10	..	..	..
Phair	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	21	20	18
Fernald	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	20	19	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	16	20
Tuck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	20	..
Hodgdon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..
Dodge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Orne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	..

Nos. 8, 9, 10 and 11, 100-target event.

C. F. LAMBERT.

Minneapolis Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 17.—The Thursday afternoon shoot of Minneapolis Gun Club was well attended considering the rainy day. The shooting as a whole was good. S. B. Loye & Sons offered as a prizein the Schlitz badge event a $5 light laprobe, which was won by Hays with a 2-bird handicap, defeating Mrs. Johnston and Ramaley. Holtzerman's Chicago store donated a beautiful imported German stein in the Paegel badge shoot, which was won by Ramaley in a hot fight with McKaipen, who also had a straight score, and Gerber with 23, he having a 4-bird allowance. Ramaley broke 35 birds straight to win out. The following are the summaries in the regular events:

Val Blatz diamond badge, 15 singles, unknown angles: Johnston 12, Biffton 14, Neeley 10, French 13, McKaipen 12, Mrs. Johnston 12, Gilfillan 7, Black 8, Hays 9, Morrison 9, Trapton 8, Willis 7, Parsons 9, Heller 10, Mrs. Shattuck 10, Ramaley 12, Parker 12, Jones 13, Shattuck 13.

Biffton won badge.

Schlitz diamond badge, 25 singles, unknown angles: Johnston 18, Biffton 20, Neeley 18, French 18, McKaipen 21, Mrs. Johnston 22, Gilfillan 17, Black 19, Hays 22, Morrison 16, Trapton 10, J. Cooper 12, Shattuck 20, Ramaley 22, Parker 20, Noerenberg 16, Gerber 16, Davis 3, Mrs. Shattuck 21, Jones 17, Hoffman 20, Moore 13, Chamberlin 17, Stone 13, Barber 8, Daniels 13, Mrs. Melich 15, Steck 13, E. Cooper 14.

Hays broke 1 out of his handicap of 2 and won badge and laprobe.

Paegel challenge badge, 25 singles, unknown angles: Johnston 19, Biffton 22, Neeley 21, French 21, McKaipen 25, Mrs. Johnston 20, Gilfillan 21, Black 16, Hays 20, Morrison 18, Trapton 15, Steck 16, E. Cooper 14, Shattuck 21, Ramaley 25, Parker 23, Noerenberg 16, Gerber 23, Stone 12, Mrs. Shattuck 21, Jones 15, Hoffman 15, Moore 9, Chamberlin 14, Davis 9, Daniels 16, Barber 8.

Handicaps: Gerber 2 out of 4, McKaipen 5 out of 6, Ramaley 10 straight, Gerber 6 out of 7.

Ramaley won badge and stein.

Club badges, 10 singles, known angles; 5 pairs:

Mrs Shattuck	1111111101	10 11 10 11 11—17
Jones	1001111111	10 11 11 10 11—16
Neeley	1111110111	11 00 11 11 11—17
French	1111101010	10 10 10 10 10—12
McKaipen	1111111111	00 01 10 10 11—15
Mrs Johnston	1111111111	10 10 00 10 10—14
Steck	0011111010	10 10 11 10 00—10
Shattuck	1110111110	10 11 10 11 10—15
Ramaley	1111111111	11 00 10 10 00—14
Cooper	0001110010	01 11 10 11 10—11
Johnston	1111011010	11 10 10 10 10—14

Mrs. Shattuck won senior badge, Neeley won the amateur badge and Steck won the junior badge.

Rochester Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 16.—Beginning next Wednesday the Rochester Rod and Gun Club intends to have a prize shoot every two weeks, and will have four prizes, valued from $2 to $4 each.

Members will be handicapped from their shooting during the past six months; the committee in charge will do everything possible to place all on an equal basis, so that the crackajacks cannot win all the prizes.

Following are the scores of the last shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	15	10
Weller	9	9	9	12	6	9	7	8	11	10
Borst	9	10	5	10	8	6	9	..	..	..
McCord	9	9	8	..	9	..	..	..	13	..
Kerchner	9	8	8	10	7	6	9	6	12	9
Rogers	..	7	6	15	9	6	10	..	12	..
Worth	7	6	..	8	7	6	8	7	..	..
Sumner	..	7	7	..	6	..	..	..	..	..

Doubles:

McCord	11	11	11	11	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11						
Kerchner	10	10	01	10	11	01	01	11	10	10											
Weller	10	11	11	10	00	10	00	01	11	01	11	00	10	00	10	10	11	11	01	11	
Sumner	10	10	10	01	10	11	10	10	01	10	11	10	11	01	10	11	01	10	01	11	
Rogers	11	01	11	10	01																

Arkansas and the South.

St. Louis Doings—Busch Medal.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 12.—P. M. Kling met defeat at the hands of H. C. Greisedick, the holder of the Busch challenge medal, in a contest for this trophy at Du Pont Park. Kling is the third aspirant who has thus been dealt with by Greisedick in a contest of this nature, but in order to bring this about the holder had to extend himself and dispose of his 25 birds without a skip, for Kling was in the best of form and killed straight up to the 19th bird. This loss, however, proved fatal to his chances, and if he is still ambitious to gain possession of the medal he must renew his efforts. Greisedick now has four wins to his credit, and if he meets with success in two more contests he will retire the trophy.

The birds in this race, I am informed, should have been a very good lot.

Greisedick	2221121222121111222212112—25
P M Kling	2222211121112221120112222—24

A Fall Tournament.

Manager J. A. Corray writes me that it is his intention to hold a four days' shoot at Du Pont Park, St. Louis, during the early part of October, and will be prepared to announce his date within the next week. He expects to add from $300 to $500, and will devote from one to two days to live birds. This tournament will probably precede the Belle Meade shoot.

Kaw Town Cullings.

Kansas City, Aug. 9.—The tie of the Gottlieb-Sweet, Allen-Beach match was shot off to-day and resulted in a win for the former by a score of 48 to 45. It was intended to defer a settlement of this tie until the weather got cooler, but as Jim Sweet is compelled by business reasons to leave Kansas City for a while the matter was disposed of to-day and brought about the above result. Gottlieb and Sweet duplicated their previous score, as did Allen, but Beach was unable to do this, and thereby lost the match for his side. Allen went through without a skip, while Gottlieb lost one dead out of bounds.

This was also the regular day for the Washington Park Club, and their club contest preceded the race. In this Allen also killed straight, as did Planck and Gottlieb, but as the latter is not a member of the club his score did not count. Allen disposed of Planck in the shoot-off by killing 6 birds straight. This evidently was Allen's day, as he killed all the birds he shot at, having a run of 46 to his credit. This performance was the feature of the day.

The scores of Sweet and Gottlieb were as follows:

Sweet	2211121021112211121222222—24
Gottlieb	2222121211212212*2111112—24—48

Allen and Beach shot as follows:

Allen	1111212111122122211211212—25
Beach	1001212222220211021122022—20—45

The scores made at the Washington Park Gun Club's shoot were as follows:

N Beach	112122210202112—13	F M Planck	2112121121111122—15
W Bruns	2210112211202111—13	Gottlieb	1221122111221211—15
Foxhall	2211100222222122—13	W De Shong	1121111*2112122—14
W A Laidlaw	1211010112221121—13	N Jarrett	2121212212021122—14
W L Moore	2211222212**202—12	A F Rickmers	11222*1*1221111—13
C E Wright	02*222121*21221—12	Fairman	2212212*22102022—12
W S Allen	1221111111121122—15	D Elliott	11101111202111*—12

Shoot-off:

Allen	111111	Planck	112220

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 18.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Aug. 14.—The thirteenth weekly shoot of the Mt. Penn Gun Club, of this city, for a fine Parker gun was held to-day on the Mt. Penn Club grounds, near the city limits. The scores for the gun follow: Twenty-five targets, handicap of added targets:

	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.		Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Yeager	20	5	25	Gilbert	19	2	21
Ball	17	6	23	Coleman	20	0	20
Laird	19	0	19	Hunsberger	18	7	25
Rhoads	20	1	24	Dietrich	20	0	20

Yeager leads in the percentage thus far with 89, with Ball second with 85 1-3 per cent. Seven more shoots will be required to decide the ownership of the gun.

West Chester, Pa., Aug. 17.—The Phœnix Gun Club journeyed over to this city to-day and defeated the West Chester Gun Club's team on their home grounds by the close score of 239 to 236, the magautrap being used. Several sweeps followed the team shoot, in which some close scores were made.

Team shoot, West Chester vs. Phœnixville, 25 targets per man:

West Chester Team.—Lumis 19, Peters 21, Gill 22, Lamb 22, Hoar 12, Henry 18, Harrison 15, Howard 19, P. Brinton 15, Ford 18, C. Brinton 20, Torpey 21, Ferguson 14; total 236.

Phœnixville Team.—Buckwalter 21, Erb 15, Johnson 23, Miller 21, Harris 12, Hodge 21, Williams 19, Phelert 22, Halman 21, Earley 11, Ennis 18, Ulman 17, Dotterer 18; total 239.

Sweepstake scores follow:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Targets:	10	10	Targets:	10	10
Peters	6	10	Miller	8	10
Harrison	9	9	Karns	..	10
Gill	8	7	Hoar	..	7
Erb	7	..	Lamb	9	10
Dotterer	6	7	Lumis	8	6
Johnson	9	8	Earley	6	5
Halman	8	7	Ford	8	10
Phelert	7	9	Ferguson	..	6
Jackson	7	6	Henry	6	6
Harris	3	..	Howard	9	6
Buck	8	10			

Pottstown, Pa., Aug. 16.—At a meeting of the Shuler Shooting Club, held this evening at the Shuler House, it was decided to hold an all-day target tournament Wednesday, Aug. 30, and instructed the secretary to send out invitations to all shooters in this section of Pennsylvania to attend. Also to have a clambake in connection with the shoot. All shooters who want to have a good time, put the date and place in your hat and get around. All are welcome.

DUSTER.

The London Tournament.

LONDON, O., Aug. 16.—In the live-bird event, 10 birds, $5 entrance, three moneys, Heikes and Rhoades killed straight, while a number tied on 9. The scores:

Phillis	2112202222— 9	Heikes	2222222222—10
Rhoades	2221221222—10	Guy	11110 10 1— 9
C O Smith	10111120— 8	Jerry	1110112220— 8
Darby	1111110121— 9	Hunsicker	0211200210— 6
Young	2222022222— 9	Patrick	1110111212— 9
Mackie	2220221222— 9	Fisher	2200112022— 7
Shaul	2220112222— 9	Wasson	2101111011— 8
Downs	2121111101— 9	Myers	2102011120— 7
Gross	2212022200— 7	Stout	2122122022— 9

The scores in the target events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	15	15	20	20	15	15
Mackie	6	8	10	12	15	16	13	12
Heikes	10	10	15	15	20	19	13	14
Patrick	9	8	13	8	14	15	11	6
Downs	5	8	13	12	17	17	13	13
Rhodes	10	5	13	14	20	16	15	15
Murray	10	8	14	13	19	16	13	14
Young	10	8	14	15	17	20	12	13
Shaul	4	6	11	11	16	16	12	10
Fisher	6	8	13	13	15	16	11	13
Guy	9	9	12	13	18	19	14	12
Gross	7	5	14	15	18	12	14	13
Baker	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Hunsicker	7	4	11	11	18	18	11	10
Darbey	..	8	9	12	18	6	13	14
Stout	..	..	5	9	13	15	17	14	15
J C	..	..	7	12	13	16	18	11	13
C O Smith	8	10	14	12	15	17	14	11
Wasson	5	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Edwards	..	..	2	5	..	..	..	..
J Smith	..	..	5	..	8	..	..	..
Myers	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10
Flyk	2	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Job	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Owens	3	6	11	..	..	..	12	10
Wright	3	5	8	..	..	..	..	..
Stuart	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cromley	..	7	12	..	..	..	..	..
Emery	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Phillis	..	..	14	10	18	19	12	12
Burnham	..	..	12	14	..	..	14	13
Yocum	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	8
Phillips	..	..	..	..	17	..	13	13
Alkire	..	..	14	12	18	14	10	12
C Smith	..	..	8	..	..	..	10	..
Mitchell	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Squire	..	..	..	..	..	18	12	14
Terry	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	12

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, Me., Aug. 12.—Twenty-four shooters attended the weekly shoot of the Auburn Gun Club, Saturday, Aug. 12. Messrs. B. Norton and Roberts, of the Winchester Co., were visitors of the club and enjoyed the shoot very much. A match was shot for the challenge cup, in which Hunnewell and Ashley defeated Cobb and L. Norton, 50 to 48. Bickford won the gold badge after a hot race. The club is busily preparing for the State shoot, to be held Aug. 30-31.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	25	10	15	25	15	25	10
Doten	9	8	20	7	14	..	..	..	7
Libby	6	6	19	7	13	..	..	..	..
Emerton	7	4	11	4	10	19	9	..	4
B Norton	3	7	15	10	11	13	8	..	6
Swiveller	4	9	20	8	11	21	12	..	..
Hunnewell	8	8	22	8	..	..	..	23	..
L M Norton	8	8	18	6	..	22	..	19	7
Ashley	8	10	21	8	..	22	..	23	..
Cobb	7	10	23	9	..	..	..	..	..
Dexter	5	6	12	5	..	..	..	..	..
White	6	7	20	10	..	18	..	..	..
Barker	6	6	16	7	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	7	7	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Conner	8	8	23	8	..	..	..	22	..
Fletcher	5	9	19	..	..	..	..	..	..
Collins	10	8	17	..	11	15	11	..	..
Bickford	10	9	22	8	..	..	..	19	..
Tukey	7	..	16	..	11	8	..	..	..
Burgess	9	..	22	..	6	..	8	..	..
Snow	7	7	21	..	..	..	11	..	..
Cole	6	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hillman	3	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Noble	9	9	15	..	..	..	..	23	..
Robinson	7	9	19	..	..	..	..	15	..

Mr. L. A. Barker, secretary of the Auburn Gun Club, writes us concerning his club's forthcoming tournament as follows: "The annual State tournament of Maine gun clubs will be held on the grounds of the Auburn Gun Club, Auburn, Me., Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 30 and 31. There will be one 20-bird event, with a $60 guaranteed purse each day; also $50 high-gun money, open to the world. All other events for Maine shooters only. Manufacturers' agents and experts invited to attend and shoot for high-gun money and open events. Ship shells and guns care of Auburn Gun Club."

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Sept. 1-2.—Jersey City, N. J.—Twenty-fifth annual shooting festival of the Zettler Rifle Club at Armbruster's Shooting Park. G. A. Nowak, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—Sea Girt, N. J.—Meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association. De Lancy G. Walker, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—Denver, Colo.—Fourth annual tournament of the Colorado Rifle Association.

Nerve Racking at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday was a nerve racking day at Shell Mound Range on account of a very high and fitful wind. Every few shots necessitated a readjustment of the sights. The attendance of marksmen was good. Scores:

The quarterly bullseye shoot of the Norddeutscher Club was won by D. Salfield with a score of 228. The others made the following scores: J. Gefken 368, J. Lankenou 390, H. Burfeind 501, H. Stelling 640, F. Koch 832, F. P. Schuster 845, O. Lemcke 989, G. Alperse 1,033, William Gottschalk 1,175.

The monthly medal shoot of the Independent Rifles resulted as follows: H. Kuhlke 38, Sergt. George Mitchell 41, C. Iverson 11, R. Bither 35, Lieut. John Staude 36, C. Andrews 37, P. Schonig 35, Corp. W. Tinken 4, F. H. Laun 30, H. Marzolf 35, H. Felix 28, F. Wild 15, D. Steffins 17, H. Gaetijen, Jr., 22.

In the monthly medal shoot of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein the following scores were made: Champion class, D. B. Faktor, 434; first class, not won; second class, H. Lilkendey, 378; third class, Ed Goetze, 384; fourth class, William Goetze, 360; best first shot, L. Bendel, 24; best last shot, J. Kefken, 24.

The scores in the monthly medal shoot of the Germania Schuetzen Club were: First champion class, Dr. L. O. Rogers, 436 rings; second champion class, not filled; first class, E. H. Goetze, 413; second class, D. Salfield, 405; third class, H. Lilkendey, 401; best first shot, D. B. Faktor, 24; best last shot, J. B. Bridges, 21. In the competition for cash prices D. B. Faktor made 72 rings, E. H. Goetze 70, F. P. Schuster 70, D. McLaughlin 70, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 67. The Bushnell medal scores were as follows: F. P. Schuster 218, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 214, D. B. Faktor 207.

The Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club held a rifle and pistol shoot. In the rifle shoot the scores were: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 217, J. F. Bridges 197—191, D. B. Faktor 203, J. E. Gorman 188, J. Kollman 187, E. N. Moor 214—180, E. Weanne 194, F. W. Belknap 189—185, D. W. McLaughlin 218, C. M. Henderson 191—162, O. A. Bremer 188, F. E. Mason 223—216. The pistol scores follow: D. W. McLaughlin 86, E. F. Moor 53, J. E. Gorman 91—92, J. F. Bridges 72—73, E. Waenne 49, J. Kullmann 63, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 88, F. E. Mason 83.

An average of 93 in ten scores was made with a pistol by J. E. Gorman, of the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, in practice. His ten consecutive scores were as follows: 96, 90, 95, 92, 91, 92, 94, 95, 93, 91.

ROBEL.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

AT the annual election of officers of this Association, the following members were elected to serve for the ensuing term: President, Syl. F. Trounstine; Vice-President, Jacob Strickmeier; Secretary, Edgar D. Payne; Treasurer, H. H. Uckotter; Captain, Mat. Gindele; Lieutenant, Charles Nestler.

All communications should be addressed to E. D. Payne, Lick Run road, Price Hill, Cincinnati, O.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Gettysburg, Luray, Washington.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

OVER the battlefield of Gettysburg, through the picturesque Blue Mountains via Hagerstown and Antietam and down the beautiful and historic Shenandoah Valley to the unique Caverns of Luray; thence across the rolling hills of northern Virginia to Washington, is the route of this tour—a section of the country intensely interesting from both a historic and a scenic standpoint.

The tour will leave New York 7:55 A. M., and Philadelphia 12:20 P. M., Saturday, Sept. 16, in charge of one of the company's tourist agents, and will cover a period of five days. An experienced chaperon, whose especial charge will be unescorted ladies, will accompany the trip throughout. Round-trip tickets, covering transportation, carriage drives and hotel accommodations, will be sold at the extremely low rate of $25 from New York, $24 from Trenton, $22 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents, Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad street, Newark, N. J., or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 10. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

Concerning wolvs, it is ordered that if any one shall kill a wolfe hee shall have twenty schillings for his paines, all soe if any Indian shall kill a wolfe and bring the head to the constable: The Indian soe doing shall have for his reward Twenty gilders provided it can bee dicerned that it killd within ten miles of the towne.—Middletown, N. J., Towne Book, 1668.

"THE CHALLENGE."

HERE in the high mountains the September morning is very cold as the sun rises clear over the sharp peaks. Heavy frost hangs on grass and weed stalks, and there is a skim of ice on the rocks, which at midday will be wet with a thin trickle of water. The beautiful autumn flowers which bloom on these heights are frozen and shriveled now, yet as the sun rises higher and the heat grows stronger they will again appear fresh and fair.

Along the sides of the mountains far and near white clouds and tufts of mist are rising, blotting out in their slow motion bits of the landscape which lie in their track, and then revealing them as they pass higher. In the ravines which seam the sharper peaks and on the summits of the more rounded mountains lie streaks and fields of snow left over from the last winter, which will soon be buried beneath other snows of the advancing autumn. Down in the deeper ravines and stream valleys are the black masses of evergreen trees, brightened here and there by patches of paler aspens, and as they climb higher on the hillsides, yielding little by little to the alders, until finally the conifers run up in lessening points toward the bare rocks, and at last disappear.

It is very still here. There is no song of bird; not even the whistle of the mountain marmot, nor the piping cry of the little chief hare is heard. Only from a distant ravine comes the shrill sweet whistle of a great bull elk, as he utters his bold challenge to all rivals far and near.

You can see him plainly as he walks out from the timber and slowly climbs the hill, followed by the group of watchful cows; and he is a splendid picture. Short-bodied, strong-limbed, round and sleek-coated, he is a marvel of strength, if not of grace. His yellow body is in sharp contrast with the dark brown head and mane, and the hugely branching antlers, wide-spreading and reaching far back over his shoulders, seem almost too much for him to carry; so that as he marches along with ponderous tread each step seems to shake the earth. At intervals he throws back his head and utters his wild call, and before its first notes reach the ear you can see the white steam of his breath as it pours forth into the frosty air. His cows feed near to him as he steps along, or if one straggles too far he moves slowly toward her, and shaking his mighty horns warns her to return. If you fire a shot at one of that band, speedily the old bull will show himself the herder and protector of his family. Rushing about from point to point, he will gather up cows and calves into a close bunch, and will drive them off over the hills, threatening the laggards with his mighty horns, using those horns, too, with cruel effect if the cows do not hurry.

No chivalry this on the part of the old bull. Yet in such a case he always travels in the rear, for these cows are his and he does not propose to have them taken from him. He drives them forward at top speed, not because he wishes to protect them from death, but because at this season of the year he does not intend to be robbed of wives and children.

Very musical is the challenge of the bull elk; sweet, clear and plaintive when heard from afar, echoing along the hillside and across the ravines and tossed back from point to point of the hills in notes that grow ever fainter, but not less pleasing. Perhaps in all the mountains there is no sound that appeals so strongly to the imagination of him who hears it. Nor is there in the mountains any other voice of nature that brings up to the mind of the old hunter so many memories of hunts gone by, of mountains traversed, of hunting companions loved, but living no longer; dead by hostile bullet, by winter's cold; overborne in the deep waters, or conquered by lingering illness.

Listen then to the whistle of the elk. If you are young it will fire your blood to strive for the great trophy; if you are old it will thrill you with memories of a past which shall seem to you brighter and better than anything the later years can yield.

NON-RESIDENT LAWS ARE CONSTITUTIONAL.

ILLINOIS has a law which forbids a non-resident to take game without having first obtained a license, the fee exacted for which is $10. No exception is made in favor of non-residents who may be owners or lessees of shooting territory in the State. The sportsmen of Burlington, Iowa, who have been accustomed to shoot in Illinois, resent the application of the non-resident law to themselves, and in mass meeting assembled have denounced the discrimination as unconstitutional, and proclaimed their determination to make a test case and carry the question up to the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. J. F. Breitenstein, of Burlington, has issued an appeal to sportsmen to contribute the funds necessary for the purpose. If the Burlington shooters shall succeed in taking up a collection and making the Supreme Court case, they will supply an interesting subject for the attention of the shooting world, and will no doubt add to popular information as to the basic principles of game protection and game legislation. But aside from the application of these principles to the precise point involved in a non-resident statute, it is not probable that the game would be worth the candle. For the principles which control here have already been enunciated in unmistakable language by the Supreme Court, and are perfectly familiar to all well informed persons who have given attention to the subject. In the light of the Supreme Court decisions handed down in the cases of Macready vs. Commonwealth of Virginia, and Geer vs. State of Connecticut, no question may reasonably be entertained of the constitutionality of a law which places restrictions upon non-resident shooters.

The foundation of all game legislation is in the principle that the State—by which term is meant "the people of the State in their united sovereignty"—owns the game. As owner of the game the State may prescribe when, how and by whom its game may be taken.

In the case first cited, Macready, an oyster planter, was debarred from planting oysters in Virginia waters by a statute which restricted to citizens the privilege of oyster fishing. Mr. Macready contended that the statute was unconstitutional because a violation of the section of the Constitution which declares that "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States"; and defeated in the lower courts, he carried the case to Washington, where this point of constitutionality was decided against him. In the opinion, written by Mr. Chief Justice Waite, it was said:

"The principle has long been settled in this court that each State owns the beds of all tide waters within its jurisdiction unless they have been granted away. In like manner the States own the tide waters themselves and the fish in them, so far as they are capable of ownership while running. For this purpose the State represents its people, and the ownership is that of the people in their united sovereignty. The title thus held is subject to the paramount right of navigation, the regulation of which, in respect to foreign and interstate commerce, has been granted to the United States. There has been, however, no such grant of power over the fisheries. These remain under the exclusive control of the State, which has consequently the right in its discretion to appropriate its tide waters and their beds to be used by its people as a common for taking and cultivating fish, so far as it may be done without obstructing navigation. Such an appropriation is in effect nothing more than a regulation of the use by the people of their common property. The right which the people of the State thus acquire comes not from their citizenship alone, but from their citizenship and property combined. It is in fact a property right and not a mere privilege or immunity of citizenship."

Again it was said: "Virginia, owning land under water adapted to the propagation and improvement of oysters, has seen fit to grant the exclusive use of it for that purpose to the citizens of the State. In this way the people of Virginia may be enabled to produce what the people of the other States cannot; but that is because they own property which the others do not."

"The second section of the fourth article of the Constitution, which declares that 'The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States' does not vest the citizens of one State with an interest in the common property of the citizens of another State." Hence it follows that the Virginia law, "by which only such persons as are not citizens of that State are prohibited from planting oysters in the soil covered by her tide waters is neither a regulation of commerce nor a violation of any privilege or immunity of interstate citizenship."

Fish and game are both *feræ naturæ*, and so of the same class in respect to the law; if the Virginia statute forbidding non-residents to prosecute the fishing industry in its tide waters is constitutional, the Virginia statute also which forbids non-residents to shoot wildfowl on its waters is constitutional. If this Virginia non-resident game law is constitutional, the Illinois game law is constitutional. And for all three we have this United States Supreme Court decision in Macready vs. Virginia.

A second and more recent decision is that of Geer vs. State of Connecticut, which was decided in the October term of 1895. The full text was published in these columns at the time, and may also be found in the April number of the *Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine*. Mr. Geer was a game dealer who had a notion that the Connecticut law forbidding him to export partridges which he had bought and thus made his own "property" was unconstitutional because a violation of the interstate commerce clause. To this view the Court did not assent; it found against Mr. Geer. Here, too, the points at issue were determined only after a searching examination of fundamental principles, and an enunciation anew of the basic principle that the people of the State own the game, and as owners of it have exclusive control of and right of enjoyment in it. For the benefit of the Burlington sportsmen and others it may be worth while to quote these passages from the text of the opinion as written by Mr. Justice White:

"While the fundamental principles upon which the common property in game rests have undergone no change, the development of free institutions has led to the recognition of the fact that the power or control lodged in the State, resulting from the common ownership, is to be exercised, like all other powers of government, as a trust for the benefit of the people, and not as a prerogative for the advantage of the Government, as distinct from the people, or for the benefit of private individuals, as distinguished from the public good. Therefore for the purposes of exercising this power the State, as held by this court in Martin against Waddell, 16 Peters, 410, represents its people, and the ownership is that of the people in their united sovereignty. The common ownership is thus stated in a well-considered opinion of the Supreme Court of California:

"'The wild game within a State belongs to the people in their collective sovereign capacity. It is not the subject of private ownership, except in so far as the people may elect to make it so, and they may, if they see fit, absolutely prohibit the taking of it or traffic and commerce in it if it is deemed necessary for the protection or preservation of the public good.'—Ex parte Maier, 103 California, 476.

"The same view has been expressed by the Supreme Court of Minnesota, as follows: 'We take it to be the correct doctrine in this country that the ownership of wild animals, so far as they are capable of ownership, is in the State, not as a proprietor, but in its sovereign capacity as the representative, and for the benefit of all its people in common.'—State against Rodman, 58 Minn., 393."

In conclusion, if the State of Illinois owns the game of Illinois, the State may constitutionally restrict the taking of its game to its own citizens, or if it elects to extend the privilege to citizens of other States, it may prescribe the conditions under which it will license them to enjoy that privilege. While a test case proposed by the Burlington sportsmen would be regarded with interest, it could hardly add anything new to our present understanding of the principles of State ownership which underlie game protective legislation.

SNAP SHOTS.

We suspect that the tall Yankee stroke in the story of a "Pull to Windward" was none other than Tarpon himself, who relates the incident out of a life rich in stirring episode. By the way, commenting on a history of the Buccaneers, which we sent him the other day, our correspondent asks for reference to a copy of a book entitled "Tales of the Ocean"—an old book, he says, "which did more to send me to sea than anything else. I want to find a copy; I have a curiosity to see if it will read as it did fifty years ago." It would be a pleasure to supply the Tales, but the book is not necessary to satisfy Tarpon's curiosity—no book is the same fifty years after.

M. Albert Menier, the chocolate manufacturer, who died the other day at his home in France, was a sportsman known in two hemispheres. His enterprise of converting the Island of Anticosti into a game preserve was an undertaking which received much attention in this country. Now that M. Menier has passed away, we may look for Anticosti's reversion to a wild state.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Pull to Windward.

ALMOST forty years ago I was one of the crew of the bark Vision, of New Bedford. She was a neat, tidy craft, of some 300 tons, with a mixed crew of Americans, Portuguese and Kanakas, like the majority of whaleships at that time. Capt. Camp, who commanded the Vision, was a young man, but his energy and integrity had won him a good position at a very early date. Mrs. Camp, who accompanied her husband, was a lady, educated and refined. She seemed strangely out of place on a whaleship. She was beloved and respected by all, and in her quiet, unobtrusive way exerted a marked influence on our motley crowd.

We had cruised about the Pacific for some two years, getting perhaps our share of sperm oil, visiting a few ports on the west coast of South America for letters, and occasionally calling at some island for wood and water.

As soon as the anchor was down the waistboat would be called away to carry Mrs. Camp and the captain ashore, It became so much a fact that Mrs. Camp invariably spoke of the waistboat's crew as "her boys"; and there was always a generous rivalry to see who would carry her ashore through the surf. It generally fell to the stroke oarsman, perhaps because he had the longest legs. Then if any one found a curious shell or a rare flower it was treasured for her.

Of a consumptive tendency, it was thought a sea voyage would do her good; but after the first year we all could see that she slowly but surely failed. The daily walk on deck became shorter and slower, the thin hands grew thinner still, the hectic flush and the wan, weary smile told more plainly than words that the end was near.

About this time we fell in with the bark Congo, Capt. Everett. Capt. Everett and Capt. Camp were old shipmates, and Mrs. Everett, who was with her husband, was an old schoolmate of Mrs. Camp. Of course this made the situation pleasant in the extreme, and Mrs. Camp seemed to have acquired a new lease of life. But it was the excitement of meeting with old friends that gave her momentary strength, and very soon she was seen to be failing more rapidly than ever.

Under the circumstances it was deemed advisable to go into some still bay and try if the quiet of an anchorage would be any help to the invalid. Accordingly both craft joined their forces for a season's hump-backing, the Vision with both ladies and one boat's crew to lie at anchor, while the Congo, with a majority of the men, was to attend to the whaling.

But perhaps it would be as well to explain what is meant by the term "hump-backing." There is a whale of the bone species called hump-back. The oil is inferior, while the bone is so short as to be commercially worthless. Yet they are so easy to capture at the breeding season that many ships are in the habit of "hump-backing" every season or so, to pick up liberty money.

During the breeding season the whales are almost as tame as domestic cattle. The cows are the ones sought after, for, contrary to the sperm whale, the cows are much the largest and yield the most oil, besides being easier to capture.

Our preparations being all completed, we came to anchor in a large bay to the southward of Guayaquil.

After our arrival at anchorage Mrs. Camp seemed to gain strength. She would sit on deck most of the time, and made many little excursions ashore, where she seemed to take much interest in the profusion of birds and flowers, for which that portion of the coast is famed.

We had been in the bay some two weeks with fair success in whaling, when Mrs. Camp seemed to lose her strength again, and grew more listless than ever. Capt. Camp did not seem to realize how near the end was, but the crew (Mrs. Camp's boys) were quick to note the change. They spoke with hushed voices, and came and went with noiseless steps. Mrs. Everett was almost continually with her friend; and everything that love and kindness could prompt was done—but all in vain.

One Saturday Mrs. Everett had gone on board of the Congo to see about her husband's clothing, the Congo at that time being about five to six miles north of the Vision, and both vessels about five miles off shore. The wind, usually southwest and very uniform, had backed to south, and was blowing half a gale. The sea soon got up. Sunday morning was the first really bad weather we had seen in the bay, and all day Sunday the gale grew worse. Mrs. Camp was failing rapidly. She wanted Mrs. Everett, but the wind and sea were so bad she would not listen to sending for her. "The wind will go down with the sun, Fred," she said to her husband, "and then my boys will go and get Abbie."

But the wind did not go down; on the contrary, it blew harder, and at 8 o'clock it was blowing too hard for anything but a whaleboat to face. At 8:30 she roused somewhat from her stupor. "Fred, won't you please ask my boys to bring Abbie to me?"

The waistboat's crew were ready, and not only ready, but anxious to do anything in their power for the little woman who was dying there—dying so bravely, almost alone, and still so much of a lady as to prefer a request when it might have been a command.

The boat, which had been riding at the end of a long painter, was hauled alongside. Watching their chance as the boat rose and fell on the sea, sometimes up to the rail, sometimes on a level with the keel, they tumbled in. "Let go! out oars!" and away they go to leeward like a scared wolf.

Now, just a word as to that boat's crew of six men. Frank, the harpooner, was a Western Island Portuguese, short and slight, but nervous and hard as iron. Dick, the bow oarsman, a wiry little Vermonter. Big John, midship oar, a Portuguese from Western Islands, of immense strength, and with the endurance of a machine. John Twine, tub oarsman, was a South Sea Islander, and as good a man as ever stepped in a boat. The stroke oar was pulled by a long-armed, down East Yankee, who had such control over the rest of the crew that they were ready to lift the boat out of the water at his word. The officer in charge, Mr. W., was a typical Nantucket whaleman, and a man who was very economical of words, leaving it to his stroke to do the talking. It does not take a whaleboat long to make five miles to leeward in such a gale as was blowing that night, and they were soon alongside the Congo. Mrs. Everett was expecting a call, and was all ready; but how could they get her into the boat without breaking bones or staving the boat?

The long stroke oarsman of the waistboat solved the problem. Standing up in the stern sheets he shouts: "Jump and I'll catch you!" Mrs. Everett was a sailor's wife. She stands on the rail supported by her husband. As the boat rises almost to her feet she makes a flying jump and the stroke has her fast. "Let go! out oars!" And now the boys find they have something to fight. Says stroke: "Boys, nothing but grit and muscle will win to-night; you've got 'em. Give way!" Oh, that long, weary pull. Many times it seemed they were being blown to leeward; but with set teeth and bent backs they fought on. The long, steady whaleman's stroke, the dogged, indomitable grit, began to count. Yet it seemed an age, when the second mate opens his mouth: "I see a light, boys; pull hard." They were pulling hard. They were pulling for love, and they knew that the little woman who was sitting wrapped up in oilskins in the stern sheetls must be got to the side of her dying friend. The stroke says through his teeth: "Boys, you've got it to do; lift 'er hard."

And when they had got Mrs. Everett on the Vision's deck and their boat veered astern they clustered around the break of the poop, anxious to know if she still lived. The steward came on deck. "What is it, steward? Is she alive? Did she know Mrs. Everett?"

"Yes, she is alive, but sinking fast. She just said, 'Oh, Abbie! God bless my boys!'"

And the boys, uncouth, unkempt, tatterdemalions as they were, were crying like children.

TARPON.



ANDREW DOWNS.
In his seventy-ninth year.

A Midsummer Journey.—I.

AFTER an outing of a month's duration I find myself once more in my den, and before the letter mail is disposed of I cannot resist the temptation to use the paper knife on the stack of FOREST AND STREAMS that has awaited my arrival. In the issue of Aug. 12 I find a kindly comment from our Nestor, Von W., and a query as to the Rocky Mountain columbine. It is of the same genus (*Aquilegia*) as the New England flower (*A. canadensis*), but is larger, longer-spurred and varies in color from deep purple to a snowy white. Botanically it is *A. caerulea*. It flourishes at an altitude of about 8,000ft. on shaded hillsides. In the southern part of Utah and in Arizona and New Mexico it gives place to the golden columbine (*A. chrysantha*). Perhaps it is because our flora is so different from that of the East that I am especially partial to the columbine. We have no rhododendron, laurel, azalea, jack-in-the-pulpit, showy orchis, wake-robin, fringed gentian—scarcely any of our boyhood friends, and the columbine, aside from its rare beauty, always carries a sweet, homelike suggestion with it.

There seems to be a kinship between the old-time contributors to FOREST AND STREAM that the years make stronger ere "ever the silver chord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern." One by one we find it easier to stroll down the hill than to climb a mountain; to sit by the fire and dream of the past than to struggle with old Boreas and follow the trail on a blacktailed buck. And yet we never grow old. Dame Nature is wondrous kind to those of us who learned to love her in the long ago. Somehow she smooths our pathways toward the setting sun.

I am sorry that El Comancho has got that boy of his back to civilization. The "kid" will surely want to go wandering again. He has the fever, and is not chained to business, so he will give his faithful biographer the slip and become a knight-errant on his own account.

"Despoiling Berkshire Trout Waters" is a melancholy title. The headwaters of the Housatonic used to afford the best of sport, the little brooks of South Adams and South Williamstown that sprang from the foot of Greylock being literally alive with fish. The same was true of most of the streams east of the mountains between Pownal and Rutland. In the old days there were two stage lines from Rutland to Woodstock, one by what then seemed a wild and tortuous road, taking in the magnificent scenery of Killington and Pico. The other route was easier. It went through Tyson Furnace, by Plymouth ponds to Bridgewater. The brooks back of Killington were famous for their trout, and good sport could be had at the little lakes near Tyson, but I suppose that these streams are now in the same condition as those of Berkshire county. All this is hardly a suitable introduction to a midsummer trip in Utah and Colorado, but life is made up largely of changes and contrasts, and these New England notes have sent me "wool gathering."

Of all the camping parties that I have ever traveled with this was apparently the most incongruous as to makeup, and yet from the beginning to the end of the trip there was not the slightest friction of any kind, though we numbered the unlucky thirteen. Business was combined with pleasure, for the four men were interested, two heavily and two slightly, in the copper, gold and gilsonite propositions of eastern Utah and western Colorado. King, Sr., capitalist; King, Jr., just returned from Germany with his bride; Prof. Brimfull, with his daughter and three sons; King, Sr.'s two little girls; two schoolmarms and Shoshone answered the rool call when we left Provo in two heavy wagons, one surrey and accompanied by extra saddle horses. I wished to do considerable work in ornithology, and so, not having time to load, picked up all the 12-gauge shells that I could pro-

cure from local dealers. I do not shoot smokeless, as I am not able to afford just the gun I want for nitro powders, and in my outfit I had black powder from almost every reliable maker in the land. It gave me just the opportunity I had long wanted to test for cleanliness, range and penetration the merits of such powders as the Du Pont, Laflin & Rand, Hazard, the Winchester, U. M. C. and Peters shells, and I have now some fixed ideas upon the subject.

Had the party been smaller our start would have been earlier. As it was, noon found us just outside the city limits. The first entry in my journal noted the appearance of a yellow-breasted chat in an apple orchard. This bird has recently come among us, but I believe it to be permanently established in the basin region. The long-tailed chat is indigenous. Our fifteen-mile ride through Provo Cañon was marred by the fact that railroad graders were at work along the entire distance. This made game scarce, and ruined the fishing. The deserted camps, where horses had been fed, were in possession of rats and doves that were not alarmed by our presence. At the upper end of the cañon we ran upon a brood of half-grown ruffed grouse. Two of these, with a score of doves, made us a good supper. Our first camp was made early owing to rain. It was near the village of Charleston, twenty-two miles from Provo and 5,625ft. above sea level.

The second morning broke clear and cool. For six miles we drove through one of the most beautiful valleys of the intermountain region, and then we bade adieu to civilization. It was ten days before we again saw a house. Daniel's Cañon was the route chosen by which to ascend the Wasatch divide. The distance to the summit was twenty miles, and the aneroid showed the elevation of the point of crossing, which was reached at 6 o'clock, to be 8,350ft. The cañon had a wide mouth, and we drove for hours through groves of box-elders and maples. Oak brush was left by noon. At our dinner camp we caught a few trout, and would have caught more had not the ladies been disgusted with the sight of a dead sheep in the stream and insisted upon pushing on to the reservation. Letting the rest of the party have their own way, I chose rod instead of gun, took a saddle horse, and said I would join the crowd at dark, promising fish for supper if I could be excused from my share of work in setting up the tents. For five or six miles luck was against me; then I struck a little creek, as clear as crystal and so narrow that I could leap it anywhere. There were roses by its banks, pines and aspens shaded it, warblers and thrushes made their nests within the music of its voice. It took many trials to find just the fly that was necessary for business, but when I put on a gray-hackle the riddle was solved. The gray-hackle proved a mascot throughout the entire trip. The bed of the stream was white sand; there were no large boulders, so the fish had every advantage excepting in deep overhung pools. Nevertheless I filled the pockets of my hunting coat, and at dusk a friendly Ute piloted me to the camp, which was six miles on the reservation. Poison ivy has long been a terror to me, and I have been sightless and sore for weeks from its baneful effects. On this particular afternoon I got into a bed of the stuff and immediately commenced to bathe face and hands with a weak solution of carbolic acid. The treatment was continued for three days. There was the usual appearance of pustules without any irritation, and a slight desquamation was the worst result.

The third day was one of rest for the horses. Prof. Brimfull had stopped in Charleston on business, and we were to await him. One of his sons slept with me, and at the first flush of dawn I nudged the boy:

"Wells, let's go fishing."

"You bet."

The leaders had been soaked the night before, and I proffered Wells the choice of my fly-book, but he preferred to use the angle-worms which he had brought from Provo. Just here I want to make a digression. Do not think me conceited. The rest of the crowd were just as good if not better fishers than I, but I clung exclusively to flies, while sometimes they used worms, sometimes grasshoppers and occasionally flies tipped with bait. The scores tell more than words. I did, however, bring them all to use small hooks instead of the 2s and 0s that they started with. An old trout is suspicious of a large lure, but a 10, 12, or 14 hook daintily poised and floated down steam will fetch him every time. I was somewhat dubious as to our success. Last year I tried Strawberry headwaters without result. Dynamite and lime had done their deadly work. This year I realized that if the Indian police caught us we would be marched summarily to Fort Duchesne, permits notwithstanding.

The exhilaration of morning at this altitude is beyond description. Frost on the grass, with little icedrops sparkling in sympathy with the golden clouds above; songs from pines that fringe snowbanks; tinkle of horse bells; pale smoke from deadened camp-fires—an unpainted idyl. The wet sedge sprinkled our shoulders as we stole among the willows and struck the stream. A splash here, a splash there, showed that mosquitoes and moths were attractive, and we vied with nature in furnishing food for the hungry gourmets of the upland. When sunlight fairly broke upon us, I quit—Shoshone 16, Wells 12; enough for breakfast. We went back, lighted the fire and made coffee for the ladies. It is a very foolish thing for a man in camp to expect that the women folk will get up when he does. Long experience teaches me that to keep the sky serene a cup of tea or coffee, with a slice of toast, should be taken to the bedside, the camp-fire should be blazing and there should be warm water at hand ere the feminine portion of the outfit is summoned to greet the day. (Don't say that an old man cannot learn gallantry.)

After breakfast the Kings were unusually restive. Senior finally borrowed my gun, and Junior fixed up his tackle. The result was chickens for dinner and a dissertation on the fickleness of trout. During the day we were visited by a couple of sheepherders. They warned us against the Utes, and when we asked about the sheep on the reservation they informed us that the Indians let summer pasturage at 5 cents per head for sheep and $1 for cattle. Toward sundown Junior and I wandered to the creek. Senior bet on his son, but I won by a small count. Our fishing was stopped by a shower, which is a daily occurrence here, and after we were all asleep the Professor rode up, drenched and happy, and laid plans for the morrow.

When morning came I was aching with rheumatism, but a ramble on the mountain side after chickens limbered me up. I secured several rare birds that will be named in my list later on. It was with regret that I learned on my return that the tents were to be pulled down. Senior had a favorite camp ground that he had located some fifteen years before, and with it as a base line wished to make certain explorations. Our drive down Strawberry was long to be remembered. The occasional showers that dampened our bedding could not cool our ardor. Chickens galore, doves and rabbits came to bag, and in every little stream that we crossed trout were disporting themselves. Badgers and coyotes were much in evidence, and once on a sagebrush flat, *mirabile dictu*, the horses stepped into the nest of a gray duck and smashed eight of the dozen eggs that were almost ready for hatching. The mother bird did not desert her home, but was as solicitous over the remaining four as she had been of the original setting. She was attending to duty when we left the country.

"King's Kamp" proved a haven of rest to us. Far from track of Indian or white man, we were in the forest primeval. Our four tents were pitched beneath the aspens, on a grassy flat, bordered by columbines and protected by two brooks that gushed from the mountain side, finding birth in the largest springs that I have ever seen. Chickens furnished us with food, while deer were sighted every day. To the credit of our party, be it said that not one of these beautiful creatures was molested. For three days the Kings and Prof. B. rode the ridge on private business, while I studied birds and read "David Harum," "The Choir Invisible" and such like literature. We were somewhat suspicious of our red brothers, but were not annoyed by them. The trouble is with the Colorado Utes, who were moved to this reservation, and not liking the change are stirring up disaffection as far as they are able to do so.

The next move took us over grassy plains to the great cañon of Strawberry, where we spent a ne'er-to-be-forgotten afternoon. The chicken shooting en route excelled anything that I have ever seen. Brimfull, with his .22 rifle, did splendid execution. He learned to use a rifle in the Indian raids of thirty years ago, and took all his birds upon the wing. We dared not use our shotguns on account of their loud report.

When camp was pitched and we had enjoyed dinner I took to the stream, here about 20yds. wide. It was no longer a placid brook, but an angry torrent, foaming and roaring between naked rock walls that towered hundreds of feet above us. The fish were good size (from ½lb. to 3lbs.) and as fierce as their habitat. My first strike and the clicking reel brought the rest of the party to the river. Our scores may seem too large for justification, but it was supposed that this was the last fishing we would have, and preparations were made for salting down sufficient for a four days' trip. I do not know, but I instinctively feel that this afternoon was high-water fishing mark for me. The dial turned back twenty years as I stood, waist-deep, in the boiling waters, scarcely able to keep my footing, and struggled with the trout that had never before made a fight for life and liberty. When the shades of evening curtained us I changed hackle for white-miller and fished on. Only night brought me to my senses. I had twenty-five trout to my credit. The other four, who used bait, had twenty, all told.

After breakfast, one week from Provo, Mrs. King, Jr., with one of the boys for driver, and the two little girls, started homeward, while the rest of us drove toward the main chain of the Uintas—the land of the rising sun.

SHOSHONE.

Pioneer Days.—XIV.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Josiah Becomes a Family Man.

OBJECTS were becoming dimly defined in the light of dawn, when the girl was awakened by Josiah's voice, sounding strange and unfamiliar as her surroundings looked, until with a sharp pang she realized that yesterday's events were not a frightful dream.

"I want tu talk tu you a minute afore the children wakes up," he said, speaking low; and she arose and sat down near the freshly kindled fire. "I gin your father my word an' him a-dyin' 'at I'd ta' keer on ye faithful," he began abruptly, looking straight into her sad dark eyes; "an' I'm a-goin' tu, fur as I can. It hain't alone from keepin' your body from bein' hurt, but your good name, an' a gal can't go traipsin' 'raound the country wi' a man' 'at hain't nothin' tu her by blood nor no-ways wi'-aout that bein' hurt; so I've got tu marry you, the fust square or minister we light on."

"Oh, I can't! I—I don't want tu," she gasped, all in a tremble, and pale and red by turns.

"I do' want tu nuther," he said in blunt honesty. "I never thought tu come to 't, but I got tu, an' so we got tu make the best on' t. Naow we'll eat what we've got an' be off."

The children were aroused and fed, and the party set forth by such routes as were likely to be clear of the enemy, but did not always prove so. More than once they discovered, just in time to avoid being discovered themselves, a squad of British or German soldiers in quest of prisoners or booty, or driving a small herd of cattle that the fleeing settlers had been obliged to leave behind.

Once, as they were hurrying along a dark and obscure forest path, the soft patter of rapid footsteps was heard behind them. Josiah pushed the children into a thicket, drew Ruby to one side and made her crouch behind a huge log, and sheltered himself behind a tree, where he peered cautiously down the path.

"Injins!—six on 'em—trackin' us!" he whispered back to her. Then quickly filling his horn charger, and handing it to her with a bullet and patch, said: "Hold these 'ere till I want 'em."

He resumed his scarcely interrupted watch of the approaching enemy, now coming rapidly up the path, with eager glances divided between the tracks of the fugitives and a search forward for the fugitives themselves. He covered the breast of the leader with a careful aim, and pulled trigger at the grst moment that the next Indian came directly in the line of fire. The foremost fell headlong at the report, the second staggered and sank to the ground, while his gun searched blindly for an aim at the unseen foe, and those who followed vanished in the cover of the woods quicker than the thin smoke of the rifle dissolved in the air.

In the same instant Josiah turned and took the charger from Ruby's ready hand, emptied it in the muzzle of the rifle, then took patch and ball, and rammed them down, primed the pan, cocked the piece, and was closely scanning the cover for another target.

What he first discovered was the entry of a new actor, a strong, tall man on horseback, but evidently not a belligerent, for he was dressed in the plain garb of a Quaker, not so noticeable in those days for its cut as for its drab color and the broad-brimmed, uncocked hat. Furthermore, he carried no arms of any sort, but only the spiked jacobstaff, then in use by land surveyors, and which he bore upon his shoulder, while the compass was strapped in a case behind his saddle. Nevertheless the Indians seemed to consider him legitimate prey, for the hindmost of them, aimed his gun at him, changing front in doing so and exposing himself to the fire of Josiah, but trusting to his three remaining comrades to guard his rear. Fortunately for the man of peace, the priming of the Indian's gun flashed in the pan, and he, assured that horseman was unarmed dropped the firelock and rushed upon him with uplifted tomahawk.

"Ta' keer my staff don't come down on thy head an' hurt thee—it's mortal heavy!" the surveyor said in a calm, cautionary tone, as his bridle rein was violently seized, and even as he spoke the ironshod oaken staff fell with stunning forse on the naked head of his assailant, who dropped in limp collapse almost under the hoofs of the horse.

The surveyor slipped nimbly from the saddle, and turning the inert body face downward quickly tied the hands behind his back with a cord that he drew from his pocket. Then he drew the knife from its sheath and cast it and the tomahawk for into the undergrowth, and then picking up the gun made it useless with a few sturdy strokes upon the trunk of the nearest tree.

"Thee might be tempted to do a mischief with thy carnal weapons," he remarked; and then, noticing that the Indian was beginning to show signs of returning consciousness, he turned the Indian to a more comfortable posture, in spite of which the latter kicked and struggled violently to loosen his bonds. "Thee's brought this all on thyself, friend," said the Quaker, in a tone of mild reproof, "and thee'd ought to be ashamed of thyself for tacklin' one that never done harm to thee or thine. Now thee'd better try to get into the quiet whilst thee waits for thy folks to come to thee."

With this admonition he left him, and taking up his jacobstaff, led his horse along the path. Suddenly he came upon the bodies of the Indians who had been brought down by Josiah's bullets—one stark dead, the other at the last gasp—and stood still wondering at the ghastly sight. The other Indians were seized with a panic at the unexpected issue of the attack on the unarmed Quaker, following so quickly the fall of their comrades, and skulked away with all speed.

Josiah suspected this when no further attack was made on the surveyor, and when he displayed the lure of his empty hat crown very temptingly without drawing their fire was assured of it, and stepped forth from cover to congratulate his old acquaintance, Benjamin Ferris, who upon seeing him, but not yet recognizing him, asked, pointing to the dead Indians:

"Is this some of thy work?"

"Yes, an' a good job tew," Josiah answered, with some pride. "Both tu one shot."

"It's bloody work," said the surveyor, shaking his head. "I can't bear to look at it. Let's go away from here."

"It was that or my scalp, an' a young woman's an' four children."

"Maybe so, but thee'd better done as I done," the Quaker said, still shaking his head solemnly.

"You done well, Mr. Ferris, but if that divil's gun hedn't missed you never'd run another line."

"What! does thee know me? Why, I do believe thee's the young man that bought one of Nicholas' rights of land from somebody that didn't own it. Yes, and Hill's thy name. Well, I've just been up that way to do a little surveying, but everything is so unsettled, and there's nobody there but now and then a Tory; so I'm gettin' back to Oblong as fast as I can. But who did thee say is with thee?"

Josiah told him the sad story of the Torreys.

"Poor things! Poor things!" Benjamin sighed, with pitying eyes upon the orphans, and casting about for some way of helping them. "I'll tell thee what, Josiah, I'll take the young woman behind me—she's in the most danger—and the youngest gal afore me—she's the least able to go afoot—and get 'em inside our lines as quick as I can. I reckon our folks hold Manchester, and if they do I know a good woman there that'll take 'em in. Wheeler is her name, and she lives in the north end of the village, and thee can't miss her."

Josiah was loath to give up any part of his charge to another's care; but it seemed the wiser way; and so, sadly parting, Ruby and her little sister rode away with the good surveyor.

Josiah smashed the guns of the dead Indians, upon whose ghastly faces the children gazed with fascinated horror, each eager to see, and yet be furthest from them.

"See! See!" cried one, and Josiah's eyes followed the pointing finger just in time to see the Quaker's late adversary sneaking into the forest maze, stooping low with bound hands behind his back. The ranger's rifle instantaneously sought an aim, but failed to find it on the vanishing figure.

"Wal, go it, an' good reddance tu ye; but if I'd hed the handlin' on ye you'd be as harmless as your mates here."

He forthwith got his little troop on the march, and now encouraging the youngest by an hour's ride astride his shoulders, and giving the others a helping hand, he got beyond the advance of the enemy without further adventure, and at nightfall of the next day came to Manchester.

He had no trouble in finding the house to which Benjamin Ferris had directed him, where he also found that good man still tarrying with Ruby and her little sister. The one neat room was presided over by a brisk little brunette matron, whose dark eyes and ruddy cheeks looked familiar to Josiah.

"Oh-h-h!" she cried, after a long, intent look at the new-come guest. "It ees M'sieu Josi. An't you rem'ber Matilde—Pierre some tam? Dat is me, an' Mah Deek he was go wid de harmy. Ah 'ope 'ee come back to me an' hee's boy. See la petit Deek?" and she showed with pride a miniature counterpart of Dick Wheeler. "An' you, M'sieu Josi, was dat yo' famile?"

"No, but they're goin' tu be," said he. "Father an' mother both dead an' left 'em on my hands. I want tu leave 'em wi' you till I can captur' a pa'son or a square."

It's very proper you two should be married," said Benjamin. "And it's a pity you wa'n't members among Friends, an' so not be pestered with magistrates or hirelin' priests, but marry yourselves in the presence of your Heavenly Father, which seems most solemn, sensible, an' fittin' way."

But as this was not feasible, Josiah went out in quest of some one competent to perform the office, and found a clergyman, whom he brought forthwith to Matilde's house, when the ceremony was duly performed. Friend Ferris was greatly grieved that the strict discipline of his society would not permit him to be present at the marriage, and that he was obliged to stand out of doors during the ceremony; but he would peep in at the window.

So after this brief and unique courtship, Josiah Hill became, against his will, a married man; yet he never regretted it. When, many years later, he sat by her death bed in their Danvis home, he took her wrinkled hand in his own, and with unwonted tenderness he said:

"I hated the idee o' bein' merried, Ruby; but if I'd hunted the wide world over, I couldn't ha' faound a better womern 'an I got, for there hain't one in it faithfuller ner truer 'n what you've be'n."

And she answered, with love lighting her dimmed eyes: "You've allus be'n a good man tu me, father."

Natural History.

Andrew Downs, F. R. S., Zoologist.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

THE fairly good portrait of Andrew Downs which is presented with the accompanying sketch was made when he was in his seventy-ninth year, at which advanced age he was engaged in the construction of a museum annex for accumulated stuffed specimens and a new aviary for small living birds. Nevertheless, he was already feeling the weight and disabilities of added years, for he writes, Dec. 9, 1889, quite pathetically: "I don't suppose I can hold on much longer. I am not as young as I once was. This is a world of great beauty, and of very great distress. Life is too short to accomplish much in, and I will say with the poet,

"'If so soon we are done for,
I wonder what we were begun for?'"

Three years after this he passed away, on Aug. 26, 1892, lacking but one month of eighty-two years. He seemed to have overtaxed himself in installing a natural history exhibit for a provincial exposition the year before. He said then it would be his "last show." He was quite ill afterwards and unable to endure prolonged exertion, but was able to "be about" until within two days of his death. Like most scientists, he was a confessed agnostic. He writes: "I know nothing about any hereafter. My religion is that of humanity. The woods and lakes are my church." He was a native of New Jersey, but his relations were royalists, and he moved to Halifax, N. S., when he was fourteen years old, and he always claimed that the British Government was the best in the world.

Ornithology was his eclectic study. At the same time he was probably in his day the most intelligent curator and breeder of large American fauna known to history, for his charge included not only all varieties of the antlered tribe and bears, but many fur-bearing animals and rodents. He cultivated rare breeds of dogs, such as Scotch deerhounds, black Russian poodles, Pomeranians and Skye terriers. He tried the propagation of black foxes, but failed in the attempt to cross foxes with terriers. He exchanged with all the principal zoos of Europe and was collector at home or abroad with Chas. Waterton, the South American explorer; John J. Audubon, George A. Boardman, Spencer F. Baird, H. G. Torre, a Church of England clergyman who was tutor to Lord Faulkner's son; Thomas Blackiston, a Royal Engineer of the Crimean War; Col. Chearnley and Arthur Wm. Crichton, who was credited with the largest private natural history collection in England, especially of eggs. Sir William Thompson, naturalist of the famous Challenger expedition, said that he never saw Downs' work surpassed. From first to last his grounds, comprising 100 acres, have received many distinguished visitors. The Prince of Wales, one of the Bonapartes, Lady Faulkner, Sir Richard Grant and King Victor Emanuel's daughter were among his earliest patrons. For forty-five years Downs was widely known to men of science all over the world. He was a fellow or corresponding member of many natural history societies in Europe and America. There is hardly a museum in either hemisphere that does not contain specimens obtained from him. He has sent upward of one hundred moose heads and scores of entire specimens across the Atlantic. Many of these went to reigning sovereigns, of whom King Victor Emanuel showed himself foremost in zoological zeal. At one time the latter had in his Garden of Acclimatization, at Pisa, Italy, no less than twenty-five live specimens of moose and caribou, furnished by Downs. In 1864 he made a European tour, receiving multiplied courtesies from the nobility and the scientific associations, as well as the distinguished compliment from the Queen of England of a free passage across the Atlantic on one of Her Majesty's war vessels, on which occasion he carried with him fifty living specimens, two cases of stuffed birds and a stuffed moose which he presented to the London zoo, receiving some seventy specimens in exchange. And yet his modesty was always such that his name is hardly known outside of scientific circles, while his credentials lie folded away in a napkin. The light of the eminent naturalist's reputation has never shone upon that part of the benighted world which lies in shadow. Certes, there is one glory of the sun and another of the stars.

time, though he bridged that interval by educating the Downs started about a third of a century ahead of his time, though he bridged that inerval by educating the public up to his standard. He was contemporary with Audubon, but he worked in a different groove. While Audubon killed and stuffed and painted, he preserved and propagated. The one perpetuated the vraisemblance, the other the natural life. His abilities were duly recognized by the Central Park Commissioners, and in 1867 Andrew H. Green and Salem H. Wales were earnest in their wish to have him made superintendent of the animal collection, as the following letter attests in part:

Office of the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park, Bank of Commerce Building, 31 Nassau Street.—New York, Oct. 9, 1867.—My Dear Sir: Will you have the kindness to let me know whether you have written to Mr. Downs respecting the zoological matter, and what the prospect is of his coming this way? and much oblige yours very truly,

AND. H. GREEN.

To Chas. Hallock, Esq.

Prof. Baird warmly indorsed Downs for the position, declaring that no one was more competent. But a hitch occurred along the line of negotiation, and the proposal went off. Downs was so confident of the appointment that he actually broke up at Halifax and moved his family to New York, expecting to be installed forthwith. This movement, it appears, was premature, or "too previous," as it were, and the bottom fell out. Mr. W. A. Conklin got the appointment. Downs was obviously short on official etiquette.

Downs founded his zoological garden at Halifax in 1847. It was not until 1863 that the animal collection in Central Park, New York, was opened to the public. The Philadelphia Garden opened its gates in 1874, although the society was incorporated in 1850. The Cincinnati Zoo opened in 1875; the St. Louis Zoo in 1877, and the Lincoln Park Garden, in Chicago, in 1881. Woodward's Aquarium, in San Francisco, was opened, I think, in 1876, though this was not technically a zoological garden, and a small affair was started in Detroit in the latter part of the summer of 1883, but it failed to pay and was abandoned in August, 1884. For several years a sort of menagerie annex to the Smithsonian Institution was maintained at Washington, D. C., which formed the nucleus for the magnificent zoo established in 1890 at Rock Creek, now constituting by long odds the finest site in the world, having nearly four times the area of the largest garden, and comprising advantages of natural environment such as exist nowhere else within corporate limits. The final culmination in this direction, we all know, is the inimitable Bronx Park, in New York, established in 1896, of which Wm. T. Hornaday is managing director and presiding genius. Hornaday was formerly in charge of the Smithsonian animal collection, and as practical taxidermist there mounted the principal groups in the National Museum.

My acquaintance with Downs was intimate thirty years ago, and it is a great pleasure to me now, at this late day, when the kind old naturalist has passed into Cimmerian darkness, as it were, to turn the searching calcium upon his lethean seclusion and call upon the enlightened world to recognize and honor his works. To this end I wrote recently to Director Hornaday that I had a framed group of sketches of suggestive parts of Downs' premises, taken in 1864, which I begged him to hang up in one of his spacious bird or animal houses at Bronx Park. All I expected was just a bit of wall space 30x30in., and photos, you know don't eat. And this is the reply he made, literatim:

"Since Downs' establishment has never attained any historical importance, and very few Americans have ever heard of it, I hardly think it worth while for us to accept the pictures and try to exhibit them."

Did the astute director imagine that I wished to use these photos as an advertising card for a Nova Scotia syndicate? Downs' methods of caring for his moose, beaver, seals, hawks, caribou, pheasants, ducks and what not were unique and on common sense lines. Most of these were not caged closely, but were placed in environment as nearly as possible to natural habitat, and the illustrations which I offered will instruct more, as object lessons, than a column of written description, which I could give you on request. I am sorry that Downs is too obscure to engage that attention at Bronx Park which I would bespeak for him; but men of eminence have different ideas. A good deal depends upon the structure of the eye and the standard of estimation. To a man up in a balloon the whole earth looks flat.

Poison Oak or Ivy.

CARTHAGE, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Henry Talbott's article in a recent number of "our paper," allusion is made of a case of poisoning by that frequenter of good camp sites, and I am moved to give to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a simple and efficacious remedy which is almost always to be found in any vicinity where poison oak abounds.

An old and esteemed friend, as well as genial hunting and fishing comrade, who is now in the seventies, is still, and has been since graduating in early life, a practicing physician of note, following the profession of his father, told me years ago that his father learned from an old Indian that a plant commonly known as the "ragged milk weed," cut fresh during camping time, or cut when in the milk and dried, was an infallible and quick remedy. It is cut up in small pieces and steeped in a little water and the decoction used to bathe the affected parts. A few applications effect a cure, and the itching is at once relieved.

Being myself an "immune," I never had occasion to use it except upon others. On two occasions camping friends were poisoned, and I at once instituted a hunt for the serrated leafed antidote (whose botanical name I do not know), and having found it, I prepared it in a discarded fruit can, and as soon as cool enough had the parties use it, and the result was simply astonishing. By this mail I send you a stalk of the herb, cut in full milk, and before the top had branched into several outshoots for blossoming. Perhaps you can give its botanical name.

E. S. WHITAKER.

[We are unable to identify the plant from the specimen sent. Will our correspondent kindly send us a carefully pressed leaf, and if possible the flower.]

MR. ERNEST SETON THOMPSON recommends the brook balsam, jewel weed, or spotted touch-me-not (*Impatiens fulva* of botanists). The flowers are orange spotted with reddish brown. Its seed vessels explode when touched, hence its name. It is abundant along brook sides in the summer, and its succulent stems and leaves, when crushed and applied as a poultice to the poisoned spots, allay and finally cure the malady.

Wolf Puppies at Rest.

THE beautiful photograph of the litter of wolf puppies at rest we owe to the kindness of Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, superintendent of the Philadelphia Zoological Society. The animals are young gray wolves, bred in that society's gardens April 2, 1899, and the picture was taken by assistant superintendent R. D. Carson on May 27, the pups being then fifty-five days old. When the general difficulties of taking such a picture are considered, and also the inherent restlessness which abides in young wolves, the picture result which we publish will appear a triumph of photographic art. The wolves are resting at the mouth of their den in the gardens, but for all that the picture shows they might be sleeping on the walls of some rocky cañon of the far-distant mountains of the West.



WOLF PUPPIES IN THE PHILADELPHIA ZOO.

The Song of the Wood Thrush.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time ago there appeared in FOREST AND STREAM an article that made the claim that birds and other animals do not educate their young. I have mislaid the paper, but if my memory is correct the writer claimed that young animals finding themselves endowed with certain powers exercise such powers without parental assistance.

To contradict this claim I desire to call to the attention of all FOREST AND STREAM readers the wood thrush's singing school, established solely for the purpose of teaching young thrushes how to sing. I hope every one who has the opportunity will go into the wods and ascertain if my version is the true one.

Find a family of wood thrushes and carefully note what takes place. The old male thrush will sing the sweet song in loud, clear, flute-like notes once, and then stop to listen while the young birds try to imitate the song. Some will utter one note, some two. Some will utter a hoarse note, others a sharp note. After a while they seem to forget their lesson and drop out one by one. When all are silent the old thrush tunes up again, and the young thrushes repeat their efforts, and so it goes on for hours.

The young birds do not acquire the full song the first year; so the lessons are repeated the following spring.

I take many visitors into the woods to enjoy the first thrushes' singing school, and all are convinced that the song of the wood thrush is a matter of education pure and simple.

Try it, friends, and report results in FOREST AND STREAM. HERMIT.

How Underbrush Occurs in Forests.

IT is remarkable to relate that the tangled woods of Maine were once so free from underbrush that Mr. Lincoln, the lord proprietor and patentee of Nos. 1 and 2, says that he could ride in 1786 and for fifteen years afterward through them on horseback all over this region, which is included in Washington county. But after that year the hackmatack trees first, then the hemlock, and next the spruces, were attacked by an insect which cut down the trees. In a few years the ground was strewn with the fallen trunks, and the woods became impassable." Moose were astonishingly numerous then, but the Indians nearly exterminated them through jealousy of the intruding white settlers. One single family, it is stated, killed over 400 in one winter. Their hides and tallow only were utilized. Nevertheless moose are as abundant to-day as they were then. Probably no species of animal propagates more abundantly than moose do when amply protected. CHARLES HALLOCK.

DENNYSVILLE, Me.

Mother Love of the Whale.

IN connection with the reference, in his story on another page, to the pursuit of the cow whales, Tarpon says: The mother love of the parent is taken advantage of by the whalemen. She will never leave her young while it is alive, and will not even make a violent movement for fear of hurting her calf. The harpooner will try to fasten to the calf without killing it; this once accomplished, the cow can be dealt with at leisure.

Game Bag and Gun.

On the Pickerel Hills.

I PUT in my twelfth season last fall deer hunting in northern Ontario and my fourth among the rocky ridges through which the Pickerel River runs and which the old settlers in that part of the Parry Sound District call the Pickerel Hills.

The open season for deer in Ontario lasts only fifteen days, from Nov. 1 to 15, both days inclusive, and as I wanted a longer outing, being run down by confinement in my office, I arranged to go up ahead of the other members of my party for some ruffed grouse shooting and to board at the house of Carl Lorenze, a German settler who lives six miles from our camping ground and is our nearest neighbor. We have stored the bulk of our camping outfit with him from season to season, and his sons have done our teaming.

I left home on a Grand Trunk Railway train at 9 A. M. on Oct. 17, reached Burk's Falls at 6 P. M., put up at a hotel over night, boarded a steamer at 7 next morning for a forty-mile trip down the Magnetawan River and across Lakes Cecebe and Ahmic to Ahmic Harbor. There I disembarked and found Bob Lorenze, one of the settler's sons, waiting for me with a lumber wagon, in which, after dinner at a hotel, we journeyed seventeen miles to his home, which we reached about 6:30 P. M. We did the last two or three miles through a heavy rain and pitchy darkness, the horses apparently finding their way by instinct. Those who have traveled the rocky roads of Muskoka and Parry Sound can imagine what a relief it was to see the lights in the Lorenze clearing and hear "the watch dog's honest bark." We received a hearty welcome from the old couple, and the horses having been unhitched and stabled and quarters found for my pointer bitch, Spot, in a cow house, we sat down to tea in the settler's dwelling, a comfortable log building, kept very tidy by Frau Lorenze. I turned in early, sleeping German fashion between two feather ticks, and I slept like a top.

The weather was fine next morning, and I set out with Spot for the birds. I found them fairly plentiful, and though nearly always alone throughout the day, I enjoyed myself greatly up to the time when the other members of my party arrived, Spot's good work adding to my enjoyment. My largest bag for one day was twelve birds. I reached that figure twice, and my total was fifty-seven, which were hung up in a cool building to remain until I was ready to go home.

In the evenings the old man entertained me with reminiscences of his career in the German army. He served in the rebellion of 1848, the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 and the Franco-German of 1870. In the last, as he was with the Landsturm, he did not smell powder, but in "saxty-sax" he did so with a vengeance, as he fought at Sadowa and Konnigratz. Though a particularly intelligent old man, and though eleven years in Canada, his English, on account of his home in the bush being so isolated, was very broken, and he and I conversed under difficulties, except when Bob was present to interpret for us. The old lady's English was equally defective, but her housekeeping was all right. She, her husband and son spared no pains to make my stay with them agreeable, and they succeeded. I felt thoroughly at home, and considered myself fortunate in being their guest. On Saturday, Oct. 29, the other five members of my party landed at Ahmic Harbor, where Charley Lorenze, the old couple's eldest son, who is married and lives near his parents, met them with a team, and they joined me late in the evening. They were Ed Saunders, John Pirie, George Gastle, Fred Wales and my son Kenneth. The two first named had hunted with me during a good many seasons. Kenneth had been with us twice, and Wales once. Gastle was a new member, but an experienced hunter. The boys brought with them four beagles and an old foxhound no faster than a beagle.

On Monday morning we were at our old quarters, a deserted lumber camp about a mile from the river, but finding the buildings all burnt down, we pitched our tent. This was large enough to accommodate us, but we decided to go in for something more commodious and comfortable, and build ourselves a permanent log camp.

There was a salt lick at the old lumber camp, formed by the emptying of brine from salt meat into a slough, and there were similar licks at two other old camps, one two and the other four miles away, on the cadge road which connected the three. All were great resorts for deer earlier in the season, and the Lorenze brothers informed us were visited from time to time every summer in quest of deer by Italian settlers who lived ten miles away on the other side of the river, and who, apparently, had burnt down the buildings, perhaps accidentally, or just as likely to prevent us from occupying them. The Italians seldom or never left the roads and camps on their summer hunting trips, according to the boys, and the latter advised us to build our camp in the thick bush where the Dagoes would not be likely to see it. We soon found a suitable site, about half a mile from the old camp and close by a log road running from it to the river. There were plenty of spruce and hemlock trees to conceal it and timber to build it, including cedar for the roof.

The four foundation logs inclosed a space of 12 by 14ft., and the walls completed we put on a roof of cedar troughs. Cedar logs, averaging about a foot in diameter or perhaps a little less, were split into halves, scooped out to form troughs, one lot laid scooped side up and another scooped side down, the crack between each pair of the former being covered by one of the latter. The roof, when completed, was solid, durable and watertight. All chinks in it and in the walls were filled with swamp moss, jammed in as tightly as possible. Three double bunks were put up against one wall, a dining table made of boards carried from the old camp, a cupboard out of packing boxes, and our sheet iron stove was moved from the tent and put up.

The result was a big improvement on our tent. One objection to a tent in the deer hunt season is the difficulty about hanging up wet clothes to dry, which one needs to do nearly every night. There was plenty of room on our shanty walls for clothes, cooking utensils and anything else that we wanted to hang up.

Though our building operations encroached on the two first days of the hunting season, we stuck to them until everything was satisfactory, for we knew that there were plenty of deer, were confident of killing our allowance, and we looked forward to having comfortable quarters and less camp work during future seasons.

We began to hunt on Thursday, Nov. 3, when we let loose a couple of beagles, but we had no luck, getting no chances except at fawns, which are always exempt in our party. Friday morning was a repetition of Thursday, and in the evening I struck out alone for a still-hunt, which I greatly prefer to hounding. I made for a large beaver meadow about two miles from our camp and close to the cadge road, and on reaching it began to circle around it. The conditions were favorable. There was no snow, but recent rains had moistened the fallen leaves, and I was able to move pretty noiselessly.

Just as the light began to fail I climbed a high ridge overlooking a narrow neck of shallow water and beaver grass which opened into the main meadow some distance beyond. I followed the top of the ridge some distance toward the meadow, stopping every few yards and watching. My experience in still-hunting has been that I have got most of my best chances when standing, and that the great majority of the deer that I have sighted when moving have showed me nothing but their flags.

In this case, while I was standing, a huge buck appeared, walking across the neck about 100yds. away. I aimed behind his shoulder and fired. Though I was pretty certain that I had held straight, he did not make the plunge that I expected if I hit him. Neither did he stand as he might have done if I had missed him, but he moved off, straight away and not very fast. I fired a second shot and he stopped. I felt pretty sure that he would not go much further, but to make sure of him and spoil as little meat as possible, I fired at the back of his neck and he dropped without a kick, falling on his belly with his flag still erect. On going up to him I found that my first ball had struck where I aimed, my second had broken one of his hind legs at the gambrel and my third had gone into the back of his big bull neck, but though my rifle was a .45-90 Winchester, had not gone through. He weighed 221lbs. dressed, and he had a grand head, for though his antlers had only eight points they were particularly large, heavy and symmetrical. I found it impossible to hang him up unaided, but after removing his inwards I raised his hindquarters as high as I could with the aid of a bent sapling, and as I intended to go back to him with help that same evening, I blazed my way out to the road and made for camp. It was very dark when I got there and tea was just ready, but after the meal Pirie, Wales, Kenneth and I went back with a lantern, found and managed to follow the blaze, hung up the buck and were in camp again by 10 o'clock.

Next day, Saturday, it rained hard, and we all went still-hunting. The luck was with me again. I was standing on the edge of a swamp, looking into it, when a spike horn buck walked into view about 40yds. away, and I dropped him with a ball through his shoulders.

On Monday morning we put out a couple of dogs, and Gastle shot a doe ahead of them. After the run was over, Saunders went for a still-hunt near where I had shot the spike horn buck. As he was crossing the swamp he stopped for a look and saw a very large buck about 80yds. away, walking straight toward him, and settled him with one shot, the ball striking at the base of the neck and ranging back. This buck was, as nearly as possible, a mate for mine, being only a few pounds lighter and having an eight-point head and very heavy antlers, but unfortunately the symmetry of the latter had been spoiled by the breaking off of one point, probably in a fight.

On Tuesday morning we had a hunt with a pair of beagles in the neighborhood of Saunders' buck, having arranged to wind up by carrying it out to the cadge road. Gastle increased our contract by killing another buck, weighing about 150lbs., which was scared into his vicinity by the dogs as they were running a fawn, which was allowed to escape. Gastle's first shot broke the buck's back close behind the shoulders and paralyzed the hindquarters, but another shot through the head was necessary to put the animal out of pain. The remainder of the day was spent in carrying the deer out on handbarrows of poles and ropes and hanging them up along the road ready for collection by the Lorenze boys with their lumber wagon. We never bring any deer into our Pickerel River camp unless they are killed close to it. They are quite safe anywhere as long as the ravens keep away from them, and if there appears to be any danger of them, they are easily kept away by making small flags with pocket handkerchiefs and placing them above the deer. This has never failed with us, no matter how numerous the ravens have been, and there are always plenty of them in the Parry Sound and Muskoka bush.

Saunders scored again next morning, when he made what he called the biggest fluke on record. He was standing at one end of the beaver meadow which I have mentioned, when a doe crossed the opposite end about 350 to 400yds. away. She was not going fast, and five shots which Ed fired at her did not appear to hurry her. He had just refilled his magazine, when he saw a buck following the doe's track and going at a good speed. Ed fired three shots at him, holding well above and ahead of him, and was astonished to see him drop after going about 40 or 50yds. The ball had passed through behind the shoulders. This buck weighed 160lbs. dressed.

Next day we crossed the river for a still-hunt around the edges of a burnt area covering several square miles, but the frost of the night had been too hard, the walking was noisy, and though we saw no less than twenty-two deer among us, in nearly every case we merely saw their flags, and we got none of them. Kenneth fired at a doe which was running about 150yds. away on the burnt rocks and wounded her, but though she bled a good deal and he and I followed her for an hour or two, we never sighted her.

On Thursday Wales shot a buck about the same size as Gastle's, and in very much the same way, and two more does were bagged by the end of the week.

On Monday the conditions were not favorable, and we had no luck.

Tuesday was our last day of the season, and we were three deer short of our limit of two each. We crossed the river, bringing a brace of beagles with us. Kenneth, who had not killed a deer so far and was somewhat discouraged, struck luck at last. He followed the edge of the burnt area, and as the dogs had gone in another direction took to still-hunting. He climbed to the top of a high burnt ridge and lay down on a flat rock, from which he could see a long way up a gully through which a small creek ran, and in which the trees had escaped the fire. He had not been there long when he saw a large deer feeding about 200yds. away in the edge of the green bush. He could not, on account of the distance, see whether it had horns or not, but as the deer's side was toward him and he had practically a dead rest, the chance was a good one, and he aimed just above the shoulder and fired. The deer staggered off and went about 50yds. before it fell, the boy firing six more shots as it went. Gastle and I heard the shooting, followed by shouting, and concluding that a large deer had been killed and that help was wanted, we made for the spot. Sure enough, Kenneth had a fine buck, the third largest of the hunt, weighing 185lbs. dressed, and having a fine eight-point head. Kenneth's first shot had gone through the base of the neck, another through a foreleg, a little above the knee, and a third had grazed the brisket. The other four had missed.

Having hung up the buck, we separated, managing to meet again at 3 P. M., and carry him out. Shortly afterward John Perie, who had also been in hard luck, jumped a fair sized buck with a six-point head and fired at him as he was runnig straight away about 50yds. off. The ball struck at the root of the deer's tail and ran some distance up his spine, and there was no need for a second shot. Saunders was within hail and helped to hang up the carcass.

Nothing more happened until Gastle, Kenneth and I met as arranged at 3 P. M., to bring out Kenneth's buck, Pirie and Saunders having undertaken to look after the other one. We took the deer down and had dragged it about 200yds. along the low ground by the creek, when we heard the dogs coming, dropped the rope and separated, but had not time to get far apart when a very large doe, followed by two fawns, ran along the top of a rock not more than 20yds. from Kenneth, who fired twice, his first ball going through behind the shoulders and his second entering the head from the back of the neck, dropping the doe in her tracks. We had her hung up within a short time, and found that we had our hands full, for it was some distance to the road and still further to the river. However, we rigged up a handbarrow and Pirie and Wales coming to our assistance after about an hour or so, we had the buck across the river before dark. Wales and Kenneth carried out the doe early next morning. The Lorenze boys, who had come a few days before with their lumber wagon and had taken a load of our deer to Ahmic Harbor, turned up again in the forenoon. A couple of the members of our party helped them to collect the balance of our deer, while the rest packed up our camping outfit, which was loaded on the wagon after dinner. We reached Lorenze clearing before dark, put up there for the night, left before daylight next morning for Ahmic Harbor, got there before dinner time, took the boat a little later, arrived at Burk's Falls in due time, boarded a G. T. R. train, traveled all night and reached home next morning.

W. P.

Potomac Reed Birds and Sora.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Congress at its last session passed an amendment to the game laws which, among other things, provided that the season open in the District of Columbia for these birds on Aug. 20 instead of Sept. 1 as heretofore, and that shooting should be legal only on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays during the open season.

As the 20th fell on Sunday, Tuesday, the 22d, was opening day, and the Eastern Branch Marsh had its usual complement of hunters, some who never miss a first day and some who had never been before. It is almost useless for a tyro to attempt to use a gunning skiff on these marshes at the beginning of the season. It takes a professional to judge the tide, to know the likely places and to pole a boat through the tangle of wild oats, cattail and sedge the first time. The oats stand high above the gunner's head in many places, and until they are broken down by winds and tides, by birds and boats, it is no joke to get the boat through.

There were not many birds as yet, though for two weeks before they could be heard passing over every night. The small return for the hard work and expense has led to some grumbling among the unthinking against the new law, as opening the season too early, but the complaint is groundless, and the chances are it will not be changed without further trial. Heretofore the opening was considered too late, as poachers were supposed to play havoc before the law-abiding citizen had any chance. This was not true last year, thanks to the precautions of Chief of Police Sylvester, the warden of the Game and Fish Protective Association of the District; but if the birds do not arrive till after Aug. 20 legitimate sportsmen will be sure to have equal opportunity with the poachers, and it will not be more destructive to the game if the game is not here.

But the responsibility for no shooting this year on opening day rests elsewhere than with the law, and that is with St. Swithin. It rained on his day, July 15, which is supposed to bring forty days and nights of deluge. It has not been quite so bad as promised, but it has been an unusual season of showers for this locality, and without the August drouth. The consequence is the wild oats on which the birds feed is still very green, and they can get no good of it, and they will not come in any great numbers till they can. Another season, with the oats ripened early the birds will be here all right on the first day. There are practically no birds yet on the Virginia marshes, but a week's sunshine and one cold night will bring them in plenty.

The law is all right, and the alternate days will be good for both birds and hunters.

HENRY TALBOTT.

Partridge and Woodcock.

SMITHVILLE FLATS, N. Y.—Partridge and woodcock are more numerous this year than they have been for a dozen years. A man acquainted with the country can put up from fifty to one hundred birds in a day's hunt.

G. P. FINNIGAN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Chicken Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 26.—The chicken season comes on as the fishing season draws to a close. Of the two sports, shooting and angling, I presume the latter will have the longer life in the Western country. Our better fishing waters seem to hold their own much better than the shooting covers, which once had a reputation. Nowadays if you ask a shooter where he is going after chickens, his face will wear one of two expressions. He will either look blank or he will look cunning! Probably he does not know where he can be sure of getting some sport on chickens, but if he does he is apt to prefer to tell you about it after he has come back. I do not think there is in the West to-day any extended stretch of country which can be truthfully called a safe and practical chicken region. To-day the sport comes in patches, here and there, as there happens to be a few coveys which have been overlooked, a few farms which have been protected, or a region which has been shot down so close as to be abandoned, and which has hence had time to recover itself. Of course there will be some large bags of chickens made in the Dakotas and in Minnesota. I should consider that the crop in those States this year, from all reports I can obtain, is fully as good as it was last year. I am told that northwestern Iowa is good this fall. From Nebraska and Kansas I have not heard sufficiently to form an opinion. Illinois will as usual furnish some sport here and there, in localities which have been carefully protected. Lower Wisconsin, more especially that part of the State where the hardwood begins to touch the pine belt, and where the farms are crowding into the marshes and woods, is for this year, as it has been for several years, very well worth watching. I have a quiet tip that Babcock, Wis., on the Milwaukee & St. Paul road, can this year show a few birds, and I know of one or two parties who are going in there on the first of September. I am asked to join a party there, and may get out for a day's shooting on opening day at this point. From Babcock on west across the State there are some birds scattered here and there, but it is risky business to name any definite points, for one does not like to send inquirers into a country which has been devasted by sooners. There is something peculiar about the prairie chicken. A man will wait until the opening of the duck season, and he would lose caste even among fellow criminals if he shot quail before the law was out, but over a great part of the chicken country the offense of early illegal shooting is winked at and condoned. It is difficult to explain this fact, but it is true, and owing to its truth it is a very risky matter to attempt in these days to name any locality which is sure of offering good sport on prairie chickens. To be sure, one can go to such points as Fargo, N. D.; Pembina, N. D.; Hallock, Minn., and depend on getting directions there for fairly decent chicken shooting. He could do as well by going to Ruthven, Ia.; Algona, Ia.; Emmetsburg, Ia., or other points in the natural chicken country. For those asking for territory where they can be reasonably sure of sport on this game bird, the best advice, and really about only the practical advice, is to go out to some point, in the best chicken region, and there get local advice for the hunt. The time is coming very rapidly when the twenty-five birds a day limit will not be necessary in any State law, for it will rarely be the case that one will kill so many birds as that in any one day. Yet he can have sport in killing a dozen birds, if he hunts in September in a cornfield country. The prairie chicken is becoming educated, and is a warier bird to-day than he was twenty years ago.

Col. C. E. Felton, of this city, leaves next week for a chicken shooting trip near Springfield, S. D., and I am sure I hope he will have good success. Col. Felton is one of our best known Chicago sportsmen. He is sixty-eight years of age, and gets younger every year. "I am sorry to see the FOREST AND STREAM take up this idea of shooting licenses," said he to-day. "The license idea is all wrong. You sporting newspapers have killed off all the game in the country, and now you want to fix it so we have to pay a big license to get even a little shooting at what game there is left." "Are you going to pay your license out in Dakota?" I asked Col. Felton, and he replied, "Of course I am, and I am going to respect the twenty-five birds a day limit. If you see any communication coming in about some one killing 125 birds a day you will know that I wrote it, but only in my character as a sporting writer. I am president of the local branch of the Ananias Club."

A Few Sooners.

Chas. Van Drew, residing near Sterling, Ill., was this week fined $15 by Justice Weaver, of that city. Mr. Van Drew was seen to discharge his gun toward some prairie chickens, and was fined for trying to kill them. I would hate awfully to be fined for shooting chickens if I couldn't hit them, and this same view seems to have been taken by the justice, who remitted the fine. Mr. Van Drew should practice a little before going after game.

At New Ulm, Minn. (which in Minnesota is pronounced "Ny Ullum"), Mr. Gust. Brandt, son of the publisher of the Fortschritt, was arrested last Monday by Warden Geiger, who found five prairie chickens on his person. Justice Hennigsen fined Brandt $53, and did not remit the fine. A great deal of previous shooting has been going on for some time in that part of the country, but this is the first arrest up to this time, proof being difficult to secure.

Quail.

As the prairie chicken disappears the quail may fairly be said to increase, in spite of all the enemies it has to encounter. In Minnesota the quail is abundant this fall as far north as St. Paul. It is more generally abundant in Iowa than it was in the time of my boyhood. In Wisconsin it is doing very well, and in Michigan it is marching steadily northward in great numbers. Illinois never had a better quail crop than she has this fall, and I think the same is practically true of Indiana, where the conditions are nearly identical.

Woodcock.

One of the best woodcock grounds in the West is along the Mississippi River bottoms, above La Crosse, more especially in the low grounds near Trempeleau. There is good woodcock country also down the river from La Crosse. If any sportsman will write to Asher Spicer at La Crosse, the latter will take him out, and I think will give him a little shooting on woodcock, as he is thoroughly posted in that country.

The Kankakee River in Indiana is of course a good woodcock country, but we do not hear of very many bags of woodcock made there nowadays. The fact that we do not hear of them has nothing to do with the fact that they are made. The early woodcock and the early wood duck are still considered legitimate sources of revenue for quite a class of population, resident and non-resident, who hunt in Indiana.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Sultan of Johore and His Tiger.

WHEN a young Sultan goes a-tigering in the jungle and gets the striped pig-thief, he deserves to see his picture in print. We copy it from the London Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News, which says of him: The young Sultan of Johore is distinguishing himself as a shikari. A well-built and manly young fellow, His Highness frequently goes on big game expeditions on foot, and depending almost entirely on his own skill with the rifle.



THE SULTAN OF JOHORE AND HIS TIGER.

Our illustration shows the Sultan standing behind his latest kill, a magnificent full-grown tiger. The beast had been after a Chinaman's pigs at a place about a couple of miles from the palace at Johore (the south of the mainland of the Malay Peninsula, and only fifteen miles from Singapore). The Sultan went after him and turned him out of some jungle about 30yds. off, his first shot breaking the spine and his second piercing the skull. The Malays are naturally very proud of their plucky young sovereign.

Canadian Game Export.

BY Customs Department Memorandum No. 1063 B, dated Aug. 16, 1899, deer killed by sportsmen may be exported under the following conditions, the term deer comprising deer, caribou and moose:

The deer may be exported only at the customs ports of Halifax, Yarmouth, Macadam Junction, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Niagara Falls, Fort Erie, Windsor, Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur and such other ports as shall from time to time by the Minister of Customs be designated for the export of deer.

The exportation of deer in the carcass or parts thereof (except as to cured deer heads and hides of deer) shall be permitted only during or within fifteen days after the open season.

No person shall in one pear export more than the whole or parts of two deer, nor shall exportation of such deer be made by the same person on more than two occasions during one calendar year. A non-resident exporter must show his license to the collector of customs.

Nova Scotia Moose.

I AM sending you a short article about Nova Scotia as a hunting ground, because I know FOREST AND STREAM has the largest number of readers among the sportsmen. My particular object is to bring to the notice of sportsmen the fact that we have the best hunting grounds for moose in North America. I have been in the woods for ten or twelve years every fall. With your kind permission I shall give our American (we are all Americans) United States sporting men some idea of how they may reach the greatest moose grounds on this continent.

Sportsmen can leave New York or Boston and be on the hunting grounds in two or three days—we shall say three days at the outside.

There are different routes: The all rail, the Plant steamship line, the Yarmouth steamship line, all of which leave Boston directly for Nova Scotia.

In purchasing tickets, I should advise buying a return ticket on either of these routes for New Glasgow, which will be the same price as if purchased to Eureka Junction, Nova Scotia.

Arriving at Eureka Junction on the Intercolonial Railway, the sportsman will change cars and take the train going over the Nova Scotia Steel Company's road to Sunny Brae, where, after a beautiful drive through ten miles of fascinating scenery, he will arrive at the West River, St. Mary's. Here the sportsman can make his headquarters at the Pictou House, kept by the ever-obliging Mr. Angus McDonald. Arriving at St. Mary's the guide will have to be looked up, for I should advise all sportsmen to secure a guide before he leaves home.

The West River of St. Mary's is beautifully situated, with high hills on either side. Here, in the woods over the mountains, on the flatlands, which are dotted with beautiful large lakes, is the home of the moose. These animals have a vast extent of territory, but it will not be unlikely that with a good guide the hunter will not be many days in fetching down the king of the forest. The season opens in Nova Scotia Oct. 1. The time will quickly arrive. The prospects were never better than this fall. I am told that moose have frequently been seen dashing across the path of prospectors during the past few weeks.

There are several good callers, but probably the man who was most successful in bringing up a moose in the past years is Mr. David Smith, of Smithfield, West River, St. Mary's, Guysboro county, Nova Scotia. He is a man who has been trusted in every particular, and if Dave cannot get a moose no other need try.

I feel confident that if sporting men in the New England States would give the hunting grounds of Nova Scotia a fair trial they would not go home disappointed.

K. M. S.

Vermont Law Enforcement.

NORTH FERRISBURGH, Vt., Aug. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last Wednesday night the Burlington Free Press reports: "Wednesday night Deputy State Warden Ramsey (better known in Ripton and Rutland as the 'Tramp Warden,' from the fact that some of the officers of those places some time ago came near arresting him for a tramp while he was working up cases there), arrived at Vergennes from Little Otter Creek with two distinguished prisoners—Dr. Henry Furman, of Malone, N. Y., a former Vermonter, who is also an expert on insanity cases, and who figured in the Mildred Brewster case, and Rev. Andrew U. Ogilvie, of Elkhart, Ind., formerly chaplain of the State prison at Windsor, whom he caught in the early evening engaged in breaking the game laws of the State by shooting ducks out of season, and in whose possession he found one duck as the result of their united skill. They were brought before Justice Moulton and pleaded guilty, and were fined $10 apiece and costs, amounting to $28.17.

"It is a shame that such men are so unprincipled as to break the laws of the State. The sentiment of every law-abiding citizen that such conduct, especially by one of the cloth, who of all men should carefully avoid conduct so much at variance with his profession, is severely denounced. The humorous side of this disreputable affair came out when the doctor and the reverend gentleman bought back the duck, which was 'only a little one,' paying for it 25 cents."

This is the first arrest made for illegal shooting on the Little Otter which has come to my notice, and Warden Ramsey is to be congratulated on convicting these sooners.

If a little more such work was done here that class of campers who camp along the shores of Lake Champlain and decorate the shade trees in front of their camps with the pelts of minks and other fur-bearing animals killed in July and August and sneak in on the flocks of young ducks, just a little sooner than is legal, would soon conclude to respect our State laws or stay at home.

Messrs. Furman and Ogilvie have no doubt come to the conclusion that Vermont ducks are a little high, but the better class of shooters here feel they have paid little enough for their game, and got a free advertisement in our leading local dailies thrown in.

FERRIS.

West Virginia.

WARDENSVILLE, W. Va., Aug. 23.—The hunting season is coming on. We have plenty deer, turkeys, pheasants and quail. Black bass and trout in season. Capon River is a beautiful stream.

T. B. W.

The Choristers.

[From the Philadelphia North American.]

THERE'S a little band of singers
Every evening comes and lingers
'Neath the window of my cottage in the trees;
And with dark they raise their voices,
While the gathering night rejoices,
And the leaves join in the chorus with the breeze.

Then the twinkling stars come out
To enjoy the merry rout,
And the squirrels range themselves upon a log;
And the fireflies furnish light,
That they read their notes aright—
The katydid, the cricket and the frog.

All the night I hear them singing;
Through my head their tunes are ringing—
Strains of music straight from Mother Nature's heart;
Now the katydid and cricket,
From the deep of yonder thicket;
Then the croaking frog off yonder drones his part.

By and by the moon appears,
As the midnight hour nears,
And her smiles dispel the low'ring mist and fog;
Then the mirth is at its height,
And they glorify the night—
The katydid, the cricket and the frog.

DON'T SHOOT

until you SEE your deer—and see that it is a deer and not a man.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in Forest and Stream.

In the New Dominion.

The years 1897 and 1898 were wet years, and the people grumbled because there was not enough fair weather to cure their hay; but it takes such a year as this to bring them to their senses, and long for the rains they despised. The poor fish are faring badly. The West Fork of Greenbrier River stinks with the dead brook trout, and on the smaller streams are signs of where harpies have drained the pools and taken the trout by wholsale. This season bids fair to undo the good work of the wet years in stocking the streams.

Pocahontas county will soon be open to the world, for a thousand laborers are at work building a railroad along the banks of the once sequestered Greenbrier River, and we fear the worst. The railroad hands have always dynamite at hand, and are desperate characters. They commit the unpardonable sin of dynamiting the fish. The work has just commenced, but the dull boom of dynamite has already been heard after dark, when we know that it it not used for any legitimate purpose. The new road follows the bank of the river for ninety-eight miles, and is to be built within a year. We hope that enough bass will creep in the safe places in the rocks and escape to restock the stream. This railroad development is sudden and unexpected, and very welcome in every way except hunting and fishing, as we are all glad down to the bottom of our souls that we are going to have a railroad. As much as we delight in hunting and fishing, we who have to work for a living must hold that "sport is of our life a thing apart, and not our whole existence," to paraphrase a familiar quotation.

A part of the development of the Greenbrier Valley which set the fishermen to objecting was the establishing an unusually large pulp mill about forty miles from the mouth of the river. The fishermen and a small town which took its drinking water from the Greenbrier protested vigorously, and threatened to apply for an injunction, that vague, formless, paralyzing influence of courts; and behold! the company pulled up the stakes it had set for thirty-seven acres of buildings and crossed the divide into Virginia, to pollute the headwaters of the noble James, and those few devoted fishermen and waterworkers were the cause—or at least the pretext—for moving, and they have been the subject of as much abuse and vituperation as ever was heaped on the heads of a few offending mortals. And now, when the would-be fisherman fishes all day in the Greenbrier without getting a nibble—and their name is legion—he thinks about that protest, and his soul boils within him, and he says, "And it was for this that Virginia instead of West Virginia secured the biggest pulp mill in the world," and goes home and writes to the papers about it.

I think myself the objectors are a little frightened at the effect of their protesting, and having tried to raise the devil are scared at the apparition. I think, too, that they showed a vein of selfishness that should be foreign to the makeup of the sportsman. I know there are plenty of men who will say that every man has a right as an individual to block the development of a section by insisting on one of his minor inalienable rights, and is justified in asserting it; but in this particular case I belong to the majority, who have been bewailing the loss of the greatest industry that ever was offered to this State, and we were willing to sacrifice one of the choicest of streams for it.

The trees are being sheared away 100ft. from the edge of the water, letting more sunshine fall on the river. The railroad will run where there has never been even a public county road, and every pool in the Greenbrier will be easy to reach. Along the east bank of the river for the entire distance of ninety-eight miles are well-known deer stands, each bearing a name familiar to all the people of the locality, and it is safe to say that from the car windows these stands can be seen at intervals of half a mile or less, each of which has been the scene of stirring hunting events.

The country is to be developed, but we will pay the price for the busy times promised in the loss of our forests. They can be cut but once in our time, and much of the land will be nothing but a barren waste of brush, instead of a wide reach of stately trees.

Catching a basket of fish has been a very uncertain thing this year, and it is all but impossible to induce them to rise to a fly. Near the mouth of the river, however, two bass of 3½lbs. each were caught at one cast. At Alderson a man was fishing from the county bridge with a stiff bait rod. He hooked a fish weighing 4lbs. 9oz., and lifted it out of the water and deposited it on the floor of the bridge by the power of his elbow.

The boom company on this river have a very vexatious dam, and they have afforded very poor facilities for bass to pass over it. In speaking of it, a lawyer said it looked like mill dam people expected the fish to get out on the bank and get around their dams. This dam was drained the other day, and after the water had subsided a catfish weighing 20lbs. was discovered stranded on a riffle, and was killed with a pike-pole by a lumberman. The whole neighborhood had catfish steak for supper.

An eel was speared in the river this year. There are very few to be found west of the crest of the Alleghany Mountains, but all that have ever been taken are large. There are about as many eels in the Greenbrier as there are in land-locked waters, and in its tributaries none.

The condition of this country in this season of drought is very much like that described in the "Jungle Book." The small streams of the woods are entirely dry, and in what are ordinarily mountain torrents the fisherman can fish all day dryshod. The water is so clear, however, that the fish are easily alarmed, and they hide under the rocks. If a man crawls over rocks with a snake-like motion when he sees a trout lying in the foot of a pool and gets a fly over it with an awkward side swipe he has a chance to catch it, but ordinary fishing brings very poor results.

Since the waters have dwindled so I have had one trip into the heart of the wilderness. We packed our freight to the usual place, and arrived in the afternoon. Then we discovered that some one had found the cave where we had hid our cooking utensils for many years and carried away everything. We were in a desperate situation. It was twelve miles over the roughest bridle path ever trod by horses to the first house. But it happened that we had two loaves of bread—the first time we ever went there with a supply of bread, it being our custom to bake bread as soon as we had made our camp. We had bread and butter, and we were like the princess who said she saw no occasion for anybody starving; she would eat bread and butter before she starved! But we did not come out to fast. We sent Joe, the black cook, back for a baker, pot, frying-pan and other necessary articles, and scattered off for trout, after demolishing a camp we found, which probably belonged to the thieves.

We came back with a hundred or so good trout, and no way to cook them except to give them a smoky broil at the fire. We were about to make a dry supper on bread and butter, when we thought of our big new coffee-pot. We filled it full of big trout, standing them on their heads, and pouring in water brought to a boil let them cook a few minutes. We made a sauce with butter, flour, lemon juice and the soup off the fish, and had the best dish of boiled trout it has ever been my lot to share. That bountiful supply of the most toothsome dish turned famine into a feast. The next day we were in shape to cook everything which came our way.

I kept account of the number of fish I brought into camp during the week we spent there, and it amounted to 195. There were eight in the party, and as some did not care to fish, it kept those who did fish working to bring in enough to form this, the principal item of diet.

A trout over a foot long in West Virginia is a rarity, but out of that number I caught three which exceeded that length, two of 13in. each and one of 14in.

All of these were unusually large trout for this section, as one is likely to take a thousand without getting one over a foot long. Of that number I took my entire catch except one with fly, but that one was one of the big ones. It was taken from a baited pool just as the rain dashed down on the water.

The largest one was got in a big, clear pool, where the bed of the stream widened behind me so that I could cast at least 50ft. of line. He boiled up like a bass and gave me a fine tussle in landing him.

The third trout was by far the finest fish, and his taking gave me an hour of the keenest of sport. I found a deep pool, surrounded by rocks, one of which was as large as a small cottage. I had caught a big trout there going up, and another one rose, but did not take the fly. Coming back I crawled to the top of the largest boulder and cast over the pool, and a big trout rose to the fly, but before he could reach it a tremendous fellow interposed himself between the trout and the fly, and neither took it. It seemed as if the big trout had compelled the smaller trout to abandon a manifest intention of taking the bait. Of coure I lusted after that trout, which looked bigger that he really was. I dropped back and smoked a pipe, and made a cast from another quarter, and the same thing occurred. I only made the one cast and retired. This time I ate my lunch, consisting of a biscuit and piece of bacon, and had another pipe, and then cast from the lower end of the pool. The two trout rose again in the same way, the big one dashing in in time to save his companion. I was prepared then to maintain that the big trout's object was to keep the smaller trout from taking the fly, and if I had quit then I might possibly have asked the Forest and Stream readers to believe that there was a missionary trout in the North Fork of Cranberry which warned its brethren away from the snare of the fisherman. When I tried the pool the fourth time I got no rise until a fingerling dashed at it and got hooked. Then I stepped to the side of the pool, and found that the trout had been rising from under a sunken tree in about 6ft. of water. With about 10ft. of line I let my cast of flies sink to the bottom and jiggered them to the top. I had no well-defined hope of this sort of juggling succeeding, but as I brought the flies up the third or fourth time, I saw a flash of crimson, and I had him. He was a strong fish and fought a good fight, but he was landed. Even in the strand where I was gloating over him he died hard.

While on that trip a medical gentleman and myself went to walk in the woods and lost ourselves beautifully, and walked seven hours before we got back to camp. I am not ashamed of having lost my way, and the best woodsman will be the last to ridicule any one for having done so. They know that such a thing is possible with any one. On that wonderful tramp we saw bear sign. A large rotten log was literally torn to pieces and scattered around. This must have been the work of a big bear searching for grubs.

Andrew Price.

Marlinton, W. Va.

Arrow Wood for Rods.

Judge S. H. Greene, of Portland, Ore., sends us this note from the Oregonian: "It has long been known that the wood of the brush or shrub called by the Indians "arrow wood," and which is common in this State, is very suitable for making fishing rods, and many a fisherman who has been so unfortunate as to break a joint of his rod has had it replaced by a joint of arrow wood, which made a good substitute. A man at Oregon City has been making some very fine light rods of this wood, one of which is now owned by Judge Greene, of this city, an ardent sportsman, by whom it is highly prized. A test was lately made of the strength of an arrow wood rod as compared with lancewood and split bamboo. It was found that lancewood broke under a strain of 11lbs., split bamboo under 18lbs., and arrow wood under 27lbs. It may be that arrow wood is the coming wood for fishing rods and will supplant lancewood, greenheart, bamboo, Bethabara and the various other woods which have, from time to time, been used in the manufacture of fishing rods. It is not to be found in large pieces, but plenty can be found of a length and size suitable for making fishing rods."

ANGLING NOTES.

Pacific Salmon and Artificial Fly.

In a previous note upon the subject of the Pacific salmon taking the artificial fly when cast in the same manner that it is successfully presented to the Atlantic salmon, I admitted that my former belief that the Pacific salmon would, or might be made to, take the fly under such conditions, could well be shaken if Mr. Henry P. Wells had made the effort and failed. I know Mr. Wells to be such a careful, painstaking man in everything pertaining to experiments in angling, and an experienced salmon fisherman, who fished with his head as well as with his fly, that it did not seem to me to be the proper thing to set up a belief against his practice, but he writes me fully about his experience with the Pacific salmon, and it appears from his letter, which follows, that his experiments with the fly were not conclusive:

New York, Aug. 16.—My Dear Mr. Cheney: Business pressure compels me at times to fall behindhand in reading up my copies of the Forest and Stream. This being an afternoon of unexpected leisure, I began to work up my arrears and found three articles which particularly interested me. The first was by you in the paper of June 17 in reference to Mr. Kipling's experiences in salmon fishing near Portland, Ore.; the next, an article by Mr. Beadleston, in the paper of July 22, in which he briefly describes his and my efforts in that direction on Mr. Kipling's ground; and third and last, an article of yours in the paper of July 29.

Your article last mentioned concludes with these words:

"For the same reason, I have believed that when salmon are fresh run and on the rise they are not particular as to the name of the fly if it is properly presented, and that Pacific salmon would prove no exception. I say I have believed, for Mr. Wells' trial may well cause me not to be too cock sure when belief is confronted by practice."

Do no abandon your old belief, but be firm in the faith until something happens to shake it which is entitled to much more weight than my brief essay.

As you are aware, angling in an unfamiliar country where nothing in the nature of a guide is obtainable, and sight-seeing do not fellowship together. Mr. Beadleston and I were obliged to leave Portland in the morning, drive out to Clackamas Creek, do our fishing and get back to Portland the same evening. How far this point was from our hotel in Portland I cannot now remember, but I know we lost our way and that the ride was a protracted business with dust as in the wreck of a flour mill.

However, we got there at last, and found a fine-looking river, perhaps as much as 60yds. wide, as I recollect it. An island divided this river into two equal branches. Immediately below the island, and where the branches of the river again united on its way to the sea, a rack was run across the river from bank to bank, completely barring the stream. This rack was composed of slats a couple of inches thick and perhaps 2 or 3in. apart. The lower ends were embedded in the bottom of the stream, the upper ends projecting several feet above the water and inclining down stream. Along the up-stream side of this rack ran a foot bridge about 2ft. wide.

Below this rack lay the Chinook salmon in plain sight. Mr. Beadleston very modestly estimated their average weight at 30lbs. My recollection is that we saw none not much heavier. Judging from their length, as compared with the Atlantic salmon, and allowing for their greater depth, I remember that I thought two of those we saw fully equaled, if they did not exceed, 60lbs. in weight. Some thirty fish were plainly visible.

They were in fearful condition, battered to a degree that one would have thought would be fatal by jumping against the rack in their efforts to get up stream. I remember one, the skin on the left side of the head of which was almost completely stripped off and hanging down from the lower jaw like a loose piece of cloth. All of them, as I recollect it, without exception were more or less so bruised.

Now the only way to reach these salmon, owing to the nature of the banks, was from this foot bridge, and the only shelter from sight was a post about 9 or 10in. in diameter.

It is true, as Mr. Beadleston says, we tried all the more popular salmon flies with considerable persistence. We tried and rested the water, and tried and rested the water again and again. Tackle, rod, line, leader and flies were all right, if one may judge by their former efficiency on Canadian salmon rivers, and they were handled in the way which experience has shown to be the most killing in those waters. Every cast made passed over and within easy fishing distance of one or more fish. Once I thought one salmon moved slightly as if he had contemplated taking the fly and then had changed his mind, but that was all.

I need not say to one of your experience that, under these conditions, this experiment has no bearing whatever on the question whether the Chinook salmon will take the fly or not. Located immediately below an obstruction which they had endeavored in vain to surmount, and battered and bruised in their efforts so to do, I think you will agree with me that no Atlantic salmon would have acted differently.

As to the fishing above the rack, the water there held a number of steelhead salmon, but as far as we could tell, no Chinook salmon. These steelhead salmon took the fly very readily, but they were no meat for a 15ft. split bamboo salmon rod. I find from my notes made at the time, that Mr. Beadleston and I, turn and turn about (for we had but the one rod), took ten of these steelhead salmon, gaffing the first two until we found out what they were like, and then tailing the rest, removing the hook and setting them at liberty below the rack. Most of them were taken on a No. 4 Pennel silver-doctor fly. The largest fish was 36in. long, but weighed only 11lbs. Indeed, to borrow one of our old friend John Danforth's quaint expressions, they were all quite "lathy." The date was Aug. 4, 1899.

It was at this point above the rack that I judge, from reading Mr. Kipling's article, that he must have taken his fish.

Notwithstanding our experiment, if such it may be called, I am still firm in the belief that under reasonably favorable conditions the Chinook salmon, if it takes the spoon, as it undoubtedly does, will also take the fly. It is

possible that flies much larger than are customary on Canadian rivers may be essential to success. I have seen times on Canadian rivers when I could get nothing with a fly smaller than a 3.0, and again when I could get nothing with a fly larger than a No. 8.

I carried my salmon rod all the way to Alaska in my hand on purpose to try the Chinook salmon with the fly, but the hereinbefore described opportunity was the only one we had. Salmon were abundant in many places we visited, but in all the rivers we saw, except the Clackamas, the water was hopelessly turbid with mud brought down by the melting snows upon the adjacent mountains.

When we first arrived at Clackamas we were warned by the custodian not to fish below the rack. But whether because he had never seen a salmon rod handled before and was interested therein, or because he was pleased that after killing two fish we treated the rest with tenderness and restored them uninjured to the water, or because he was interested in the question whether the Chinook salmon would take the fly, or because he saw we were fly-fishermen, pure and simple, and thought it would amuse us and do his fish no harm, I do not know. But at all events, after we had taken our tenth steelhead and had had enough and were preparing to take down our rod, the custodian told us we might try below the rack. I mention this in justice to him that he may not be thought to have been remiss in his duty, and in justice to ourselves that we may not be suspected of poaching.

Though I have never seen a Chinook salmon taken with a spoon, I have heard of it so often and from so many different sources, that I no more doubt it has been frequently done than I doubt the existence of Africa, which also I have never seen.

Assuming this to be the fact, then to my mind it is almost irrational to suppose that a fly would be boycotted if of the same size and general appearance, and if it were presented under the same conditions. Of course trolling with a spoon, if mere taking of fish be alone considered, is far more killing than fishing with the fly in the manner customary in salmon fishing; which method I understand alone to be implied when the question whether the Chinook salmon will take the fly is debated.

The troller can cover far more water in a given time and can fish at any depth he chooses, while the fly-fisherman covers his water much more slowly and must display his fly within 1ft. or so of the surface. Not only does this give the spoon the advantage in almost any water, but also in the range of water, since the fly-fisherman must select a place where the water is comparatively shallow and where the path of the fish is restricted.

That the Chinook salmon, since it takes the spoon, will also take some type of fly I have no doubt. The thing to discover is what type of fly. The facts, as far as I know them, seem to indicate that some departure from the flies used on the Atlantic seaboard is at least worth trying.

No day's or even week's trial, except by great good luck, can solve this problem. Aside from the kind and size of fly and the manner of its presentation, remains the question where ought one to fish—in fresh, brackish or salt water? Experience has taught us where to fish for the Atlantic salmon, but it by no means follows with certainty that the Chinook salmon is of the same mind and taste.

That the fish with which we are familiar and which only enter fresh water to spawn, become very lazy and difficult to move after they have been in fresh water some time, we all know. This would seem to suggest a trial in brackish or salt water—in other words, to try the fish either just before or when they first begin to run.

I am very much inclined to think that past lack of success is very likely in great part due to too small a fly, and that it was used over stale fish. An examination of the most successful spoon, and a study of where and how it has been most successfully used, could hardly fail to be profitable. Until a fly of approximately the same size and general effect has been tried with some persistency in as nearly the same manner as possible, it seems to me we are in no position to conclude that the Chinook salmon will not take the fly. A day's failure by an Atlantic salmon fisherman with his Atlantic flies in fresh water, possibly over stale fish, seems to me very slim ground for the conclusion that the Chinook salmon will not take the fly; and as far as I know, this is about all the present basis there is for that conclusion.

I might add as the merest suggestion, that from the limited amount of information I was able to acquire I thought if I could find a place in brackish, or better still, salt water, where it was not too deep and where the fish bunched, I should try a nice, beautiful silver-doctor about 3in. long with the inspiration of hope.

Your friend,

HENRY P. WELLS.

It is a pleasure to read Mr. Wells' letter and present it to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, for I can now return to my old belief that if the Pacific salmon will take a spoon they will as certainly take a fly, particularly as evidence is coming in from time to time that the salmon of the West have taken the fly. Another friend writes me from California, dating his letter San Jose: "Noting what you say in FOREST AND STREAM of July 29 in regard to the Pacific salmon taking the fly, my mind reverts to some statement made on that subject some time ago. Referring to my notes, I quote as follows: 'It has been discovered that salmon will take the fly in Oregon waters away from tide water. In the Clackamas the fishing was best from May 20 to June 15. The favorite fly is or a reddish cast, and is hard to describe, but can be bought in Portland. The most killing fly is one with wine body and brown speckled wings. Others used were black-hackles, coachman, professor and bright red flies. In FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. 41, No. 8, p. 166, Podgers tells of catching salmon in the Navarro River, California, with the ordinary brown-hackles, with peacock body of the ordinary size for trout. On one occasion he caught twelve fine fish in succession on this fly.'"

If those who have had experience with Pacific fish on the fly would follow the example of Mr. Wells and specify the kind of fish killed, it would help to arrive at a clearer understanding of the question. It is the Chinook, quinnat, king or Columbia River salmon chiefly that is meant when the question has arisen, will they rise to the fly? The steelhead is a trout, and is called salmon trout, and there has been no question about its rising to the fly. Unfortunately, perhaps, the fish was first classified as "steelhead salmon," and the name sticks to it even now that it is recognized as a trout. The steelhead have been planted in New York waters, and where less than two years old have risen ravenously to the artificial fly, and they promise to make a valuable addition to our game fishes, but this is not the fish that is meant when Pacific salmon is mentioned as rising or not rising to the fly.

Carp.

A few years ago a public document contained a statement that the planting of German carp in waters inhabited by other fish should be discouraged, for instead of being strict vegetarians, as was heralded when they were introduced into the United States from Europe, they had been convicted of eating the spawn of better fish, and they were no more desirable as a food fish than some of our common fishes which they might displace. I was charged with being the author of this recommendation, and a newspaper published in the interest of the commercial fisheries intimated in an editorial article that the recommendation was not well founded because the carp brought a round price in European markets, where it was highly regarded as a food fish. Since the time that article was published, the carp has been growing more and more in disfavor in this country when planted in waters containing other fish, and its spawn-eating propensities have been brought out more clearly and more certainly. In one of my notes in FOREST AND STREAM I described the result of planting carp in one of the finest trout streams in this State, and mentioned them as great water hogs, fouling a once clear stream and unfitting it for the trout native to it. Very recently two committees of men waited upon the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York asking that the Commmission take steps to remove the carp from streams where they had been planted and increased to such a degree as to be detrimental to fishes native to the water. A member of the fish committee of the Tuxedo Club told me that carp had been seen to crowd black bass from their spawning beds that they might eat the bass spawn. This club has made great effort to remove the carp by netting and even by drawing down the water in the ponds containing them, with no success, which leads the club to believe that the carp may be disposed of and removed from the water to an extent which will insure the welfare of the black bass. It is so much easier to put fish into ponds and streams than to get them out once they are established that care, and great care, should be exercised in introducing new species of fish into any waters. Properly planted in proper waters the carp is a very good fish and much esteemed as food.

I have just read what is said of the carp by Mr. John Ritterhaus, of Pittsburg, and I wish every one in this country who has an itching to plant carp could also read the article, for there is more common sense in it about carp and carp centers than in any article I have read concerning this fish. If Mr. Ritterhaus could have spoken as plainly and as clearly years ago it would have been of vast benefit to those who have blindly planted carp without the slightest idea of what the result would be on the waters planted. He says many things I have been tempted to say about the carp, but which I have hesitated to say, because I am not a carp breeder, but his father was a famous carp culturist in Westphalia, Germany, and he speaks with authority on a subject which he understands, and does not handle it with gloves. I think every one who has had experience with carp in this country will agree fully with Mr. Ritterhaus, and it may not be too late to prevent the planting of carp in unsuitable waters if his advice is followed, as there is still a considerable demand for carp.

"The carp is the hog of the fish family. Would you turn a hog loose in the stubble field in which quails are nesting and expect to rear broods of the bird? No! Well, then, don't plant the carp where he can devour the spawn of game fish. Would you eat a hog killed fresh from the barnyard? No! Then how can you expect to find carp fit to eat that has got fat in a stream or pond reeking with filth? You fatten the hog on grass and roots and grain, and you keep him where he can't destroy other valuable animal life. Put your carp where he'll do no damage and feed him as you would a hog that is being fattened for prime pork. Artificial culture—that's the secret of carp raising."

Thus Mr. Ritterhaus proceeds to explain. His father was a general farmer in Westphalia, but made a specialty of raising carp for the market. The firmness, whiteness and flavor of flesh of his carp compared favorably with the finest of non-game fresh water fish, and brought big prices. Far from being a food for the poor, Ritterhaus' carp were eaten only in the families of the wealthy. His carp ponds were visited from far and wide, and furnished the text for chapters in many ponderous German books on pisciculture. As Ritterhaus also raised game fish, particularly pike, his farm contained a complicated system of ponds which could be emptied into one another. In the pike ponds it was a question of the survival of the fittest, so that there was but little danger of the water's becoming too populous of pike life. The carp ponds, on the contrary, became easily overfilled, but the surplus small fish were handy as live food for the pike.

The introduction of carp, as done by the United States Fish Commission, was a mistake, the younger Mr. Ritterhaus says, and why it was he explains thus: Two hundred years ago the carp was a favorite food fish in England, and about one hundred years ago the artificially raised carp acquired a similar fame in Germany. With the development of the sea fisheries in England and the improvement of facilities for transporting fish across that island carp culture died out, so that there is to-day hardly a reminder in an actual carp pond of the many former ponds on large estates. In Germany, however, fish has grown no cheaper and artificial fish culture is still flourishing. Ritterhaus points out that in ancient times, as is shown by German folk lore, the river carp was good eating; but that was before large cities had grown up and polluted the streams. The good reputation of the carp for the last half century in Germany is almost solely due to artificial culture, though excellent ones are to this day caught in the lower lying Alpine lakes.

The carp is naturally a gross feeder, but as Ritterhaus says, so is the hog, yet raising and preparation of hog meat is one of the greatest industries of the country. The Fish Commission, in his opinion, should not have introduced the carp promiscuously in the open streams, but should have established ponds, where carp culture could have been brought in all its stages, from the spawn to the grown and artificially fattened fish. This plan, if followed out, Mr. Ritterhaus believes would have resulted in a great industry which would to-day supply a large part of the people with a wholesome, good tasting food.

"Hardly had the carp been introduced," said Mr. Ritterhaus, "when the newspapers and other publications were full of tales about the fish enough to disgust any ordinary person. It was said that the carp could live best in almost stagnant water, that the food of the fish was refuse, that its flesh was coarse, soft and agreeable only to the commonest palate. Now, it is true that the carp will live in waters that will suit no other fish save the sucker and catfish; but it is not true that such water is the carp's favorite habitat. On my father's fish farm the carp ponds, as regards temperature of water and nature of bottom, were exactly like the pike ponds, and there is no gamer fish than the German pike. Only in the fattening pond was there a mud bottom; but this bottom was of clean yellow clay, which was removed every year and replaced with new, the pond being drained for the purpose. Even this mud was not requisite to the well-being of the carp, but was used for a curious purpose that is worth relating. We fed our fattening carp on boiled potatoes and whole wheat stewed to a pasty mass. The fish fattened rapidly, but they were very apt to get sluggish and loaf around for their meals. By putting a lively, hungry pike into the pond, one big enough to scare them, but too small to hurt a 5 or 6lb. carp, we kept our fattening stock on the go. Too much exercise would have meant a loss of too many pounds of fish meat, so the clay bottom furnished a handy place of refuge from the pike. The carp took advantage of it, too, but always rose to the surface when the gong that we used to beat told them their meal time had come.

"There is no comparison to be made between a carp fattened as I have described and one that feeds in a poluted river. Even carp that live in a bass stream are not the best eating. Not being a game fish, they are obliged to pick up their living as best they can, and no doubt their food is not of the choicest, although bass spawn is one of their delicacies. But a properly fed carp, raised in a pond fed by a constant stream of running water, cooked in the right way, makes an excellent dish. Has the carp as fine a flavor as a trout or a bass? It hasn't, I'll admit, but then pork isn't venison and the barnyard duck isn't canvasback, nor is the chicken grouse. Didn't you ever eat pork, or chicken, or tame duck?"

I am of the opinion that it might be money well invested to print the statements of Mr. Ritterhaus in a circular and spread it broadcast over the land that every would-be carp planter may be informed of the nature of the fish before it is introduced into any waters that do not now contain it.

End of the Salmon Season.

A letter has just come to me from Mr. Archibald Mitchell giving information about the fishing in the Ristigouche since the time I printed his last letter: "Have you observed that this has been an unusual fishing season on the Ristigouche? The fishing was much better in July than in June. Mr. Ayer killed seventeen fish the week after I left, and it took me five weeks, lacking one day, to kill thirteen. Rev. Newman Smyth and son fished our water after Mr. Ayer returned home and killed fifteen fish the first three days, two rods. They fished altogether six days and got twenty-one fish. Mr. Ayer's two sons, Fred and Nat, fished on the Tobique and killed eighty salmon, the two largest weighing 26lbs. each, killed by Nat. That was good enough fishing for anybody, and the river appears to have improved under protection."

Drouth and Trout.

On Aug. 18 I drove for ten miles through a cloud of dust which enveloped horses, carriage and occupants to reach a trout stream and follow it for a distance toward its source to examine its condition, as I expected to have a carload of fingerling landlocked salmon to plant in that and other streams early in September, having been so advised by the United States Fish Commission. I had heard that the brook was "running dry" and wished to see it in its worst condition, and even after what I had heard of it I was surprised to find the water so very low. There were pools of water here and there, but the stream itself was a mere thread, and in places where the bed of the stream was filled with cobble and boulders the water was not visible from the shore line. So far as my examination extended not a single trout or young salmon (salmon were planted in the stream last year) was seen in the brook, and I concluded that as the water receded the fish had worked their way down stream to a portion called "the meadows," where, with the aid of some tributary springs, there was more and perhaps cooler water. Not once did it occur to me that any of the trout or young salmon had been lost because of the extremely low water, for if the meadow water was not suitable the lake into which the stream emptied was near by and there the trout and salmon would find refuge and water in abundance.

On Aug. 22 I was reading some reports of the State Game Protector in Albany, and I noticed that one reported that on account of the low water and fires he had spent most of his time in watching the trout brooks; that he had seen many "dead fish," and he feared that the trout would suffer from the drouth. He did not specify the kind of fish he saw dead and they might have been minnows, but the question came into my mind, has any one ever seen dead trout in a brook, their death coming from low water? Do they not always work down and find cooler and deeper water, their movement keeping pace with the receding water?

A. N. CHENEY.

Canadian Angling Notes.

MUCH disappointment has been caused here by the cancellation on the part of the Vermont Fish and Game Protection League of their proposed visit to Quebec. The various fish and game clubs of this district were quite ready to do all that was possible to contribute to the pleasure of the Vermonters had they carried out their original intention, but they quite understand that the preparations for the homecoming of Admiral Dewey necessitated the change of arrangements. Quebecers hope hope to have an opportunity before long of introducing the members of the league from the Green Mountain State to the ouananiche and trout of the northern part of their province.

Since the date of my last letter some very large ouananiche have been sent down to Roberval from Lake Tschotagama, and some of them nearly 6lbs. in weight have been exhibited in Quebec. They were caught by a party of Boston anglers. Lake Tschotagama is nearly sixty miles northeast of Lake St. John, being a feeder of the Peribonca River, by way of which it is ascended. It is extremely picturesque, and furnishes some of the largest trout and ouananiche to be found hereabouts. It can be reached in two of three days from the mouth of the Peribonca River by canoe and portage. Several portages are necessary to surmount the magnificent waterfalls to be passed by the way.

Fishing in the Grande Décharge has kept up well this month. It ought to be equally good to the end of the season, while the month of September sees the angling at its best in the Metabetchouan.

Eugene McCarthy, of Syracuse, went up to Lake St. John a day or two ago, and Mr. Geo. E. Hart, of Waterbury, will be here in a day or two en route for the Triton tract. Mayor Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, with his brother, W. Preston Harrison, and Graham H. Harris, chairman of the Chicago school board, went up to the territory of the Tourilli tract a few days ago on a three weeks' trip. On every hand I hear of visiting anglers arranging for September trouting trips. The harvest moon brings with it not only the finest fishing of the year in Canada, but also the most delightful weather for camping in the woods. The air is warm and balmy, there is seldom any rain, and the trees are donning their most beautiful colorings.

Much wonderment was exhibited among the passengers on board a Quebec & Lake St. John Railway train the other day, at the exhibition at Lake Edward of nearly a dozen brilliant specimens of the brook trout, which had been just taken from the lake, and which ran in weight from 4 to 6lbs. each. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 26.

Bass in Trout Waters.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Aug. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The correspondence in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM has recalled to my mind a question on which I formerly had very decided opinions, and although I had to some extent refrained from asserting them, in view of what seemed to be good evidence presented by other parties, they are fully confirmed by the correspondence referred to.

The question was and is the desirability and propriety of placing black bass in waters naturally the home of trout, and for a long time I vigorously opposed it, but finally ceased protesting, from the apparent weight of the statements made by Dr. Quackenbos and others that the two varieties of fish inhabited different zones of water, and that when the bass were in shoal water the trout were down in the depths, and vice versa; and also that no young trout had been found in the stomachs of the bass.

Now, last week's letters controvert the latter statement entirely, and as the bass are known to hibernate in deep water the former one does not hold good all the year round.

My attention is more particularly called to the matter by a long letter from Dr. Quackenbos published in the Manchester Union a few weeks since, in which he complains of the poor fishing in Sunapee Lake, and attacks the Fish Commissioners vigorously for the same, accusing them of spoiling the fishing by propagating and planting hybrids in the Lake. Commissioner Wentworth answered in the same paper last week all the charges against the Commission, and I need not interfere in that matter; but I wish to call the attention of my friend, the Doctor, to the illogical point of his claim, i. e., that the introduction of a few thousand "barren hybrids" simply raised for a year or two as an experiment, could in any way affect the natural reproduction of the thousands of trout spawning in the natural way on the "lake beds," where they are claimed to school "by the acre," or of the winninish and salvelinus, which have not been hybridized (by far the larger quantity), and have been fertilized in the egg, raised in the hatching house, and planted in due form. I do not believe that the introduction of any number of hybrids, which would either simply live out their time of existence or be caught and eaten, could in any way affect the natural reproduction or the consequent supply of fish to the angler. Admitting Dr. Quackenbos' statement, which I do not dispute, but in which I agree with him, that the fishing in the lake is not what might be expected after all the stocking that has been done for twenty years—for it is now twenty years since Mr. Powers placed the first wannanish in Sunapee and Squam lakes—I think there are two other very different causes which have prevented the increase which might have been and was expected. The first of these was the practice of turning the young fry loose in open waters as soon as the yolk sac was absorbed, when they easily became the prey of larger fish, instead of keeping them in breeding ponds for a year, until they were able to take care of themselves to a considerable extent and escape from the larger fish. This breeding pond system I am glad to see is now gaining ground, for my own experience has shown me that plants of "young fry" which I made with great care years ago were to a large extent "gobbled up" by the older inhabitants before they were able to look out for themselves. When I planted the first winninish in Connecticut Lake, in 1880, some of the fry were placed directly in the lake at a point where some cold springs flowed in among a bed of loose pebbles, and while the lively ones at once hid among the stones, the infirm or dying ones were instantly seized by a swarm of leeches, which appeared on the spot from some hidden region of the lake. Some years later I stocked a trout brook here at home with fry, from which I never heard again, and I am now fully convinced that young trout should be kept in guarded and protected waters until they are a year old.

The second point, and following on the first one, is the destruction of young trout by the black bass, and here the correspondence referred to gives me exactly the evidence I needed and wanted, that the bass do live on young trout, and that they do not stop at the "small fry" only. Although there are smelt enough in Sunapee Lake for both bass and trout, the failure to put in an appearance of all the trout which have been planted there leads me to believe that the bass have eaten them when they were both in deep water in cold weather

As there are no bass caught then there is no opportunity to examine their internal economy to see what they have been feeding on; but I have no doubt that if Dr. Quackenbos could do so he would find some of the trout and salmon whose absence he laments!

It was a great mistake for Dr. Fletcher ever to put bass in a trout lake like Sunapee, and other people are continually making mistakes in planting trout and salmon in waters too warm and shallow for them to live in. My young friend, Mr. Hawkins, of Fall River, Mass., a subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM, called my attention to this point a few days since, referring to the proposed introduction of winninish into Watuppa Lake, which supplies Fall River with water for its mills. He told me that a few years since, 20,000 fry were placed in the lake, but had never been heard from, and that it was now proposed to plant a lot of fingerlings, to which I replied that, although the fingerlings might do better, and survive for a while. I did not think the experiment would ever be successful, as to the best of my knowledge the water was nowhere over 15ft. deep and got very warm in summer, and that I had never heard of its being the natural home of any of the trout family. When I was on the Fish Commission of New Hampshire, some years since, one of my colleagues, who was more of a politician than an angler, insisted on having his share of the young winninish to plant in certain shallow ponds in his section of the State, because, he said, his constituents demanded it of him, and we were obliged, in order to preserve harmony in the Commission, to yield to his wishes; but that was the last that was ever heard of the winninish.

VON W.

Santa Catalina Tuna Club.

AVALON, Santa Catalina Island, Cal., Aug. 19.—The Santa Catalina Tuna Club tournament came to an end on Aug. 15, the finale being celebrated by the annual banquet of the club at the Metropole, the occasion being unique in the history of rod and reel fishing. Never before had so many anglers with remarkable records met around the same table. The decisions are as follows:

For beating the record of the president of the club—C. F. Holder, 183lbs.—Col. C. P. Morehouse, of Pasadena, wins the $100 rod. For the largest tuna of the season, 251lbs., caught in five and a half hours, Col. Morehouse wins the silver champagne cooler. Col. Morehouse also takes the Tuna Club gold medal for largest tuna, and the Banning cup. The catch of the largest fish made him eligible to the presidency, and he was elected at the banquet on the motion of J. M. Elliott, of Los Angeles. The prize of an Edward vom Hofe reel, offered for the second largest fish, was taken by H. St. A. Earlscliff, of Santa Barbara. The fish weighed 180lbs., and fought five hours before it came to gaff, towing the boat twenty miles. For the first tuna of the season Charles F. Holder won, taking on May 26 a 96lb. tuna. This fish tipped over the boat, and it was brought to gaff in forty minutes. The prize was a $15 rod. For taking first tuna, Mr. Holder wins the first fish mounted by Charles B. Parker, of Avalon. The prize of a $15 rod to the boatman who gaffed the first tuna of the season goes to Jim Gardner, who was Mr. Holder's boatman, and made the remarkable swim with the living tuna.

For exceeding the club rod record of 327lbs., T. S. Manning, of Sierra Madre, wins the McDonald $100 silver-mounted rod. For taking the largest black sea bass, 330lbs., he wins the Rider-Macomber medal, the Tufts-Lyons silver Tiffany cup and an angling suit. This fish was fought for three and a half hours, and brought to gaff in a heavy sea, only by pouring oil on the water. The prize of a silver-mounted bass rod valued at $16 was won by Col. R. A. Eddy, of San Francisco, who caught a 240lb. bass. For the first black sea bass of the season, Col. R. A. Eddy wins line and hook offered by E. E. Beeson.

For the largest white sea bass, 58lbs., E. M. Boggs wins a silver net rod. For the second largest, 56lbs., Fred F. Garrish wins a rod.

For largest yellowtail, 37lbs., Fred Garrish wins the John C. Francis gold medal. For the second largest fish, 36lbs., Mr. Garrish wins a rock bass reel. The largest yellowtail of the season, taken by a lady, won a silver service. Mrs. H. M. Hoyt was the fortunate individual; her fish weighed 31½lbs.

For largest rock bass prize, silver-mounted rod, won by A. B. Bevans, Decatur, Ill. The fish weighed 5lbs. 12oz.

For largest sheepshead, 17lbs., Dr. George Gale, of San Francisco, wins a brierwood angler's pipe.

For largest whitefish, 7½lbs., Mrs. T. S. Manning won one dozen platinum photographs of record catches.

For best equipped launch for general fishing, the prize of a silver-mounted rod was awarded to Harry Elms. For best equipped small boat or launch, rods, reels, comfort, etc., considered, James Gardner wins for his boats Fortuna and Tunita.

E. L. Doran acted as chairman, and the judges were Messrs. Charles F. Holder, F. V. Rider, T. S. Manning, Dr. H. K. Macomber and Col. C. P. Morehouse.—Los Angeles Times.

Maine Trout and Deer.

BOSTON, Aug. 21.—Fishing in Maine waters is holding out in a most remarkable manner. Mr. J. Parker Whitney, than whom no man is better posted as to the Rangeley waters, says that there are more trout than ever there and that they are to be had by those who know where to go and how to take them. He has lately demonstrated his theory by showing a guest some remarkable fishing though in midsummer. He is quartered at his camps at Mosquito Brook, with his family. Mr. L. O. Crane, with Mrs. Crane, is enjoying a fly-fishing trip to the Megantic preserve. They are quartered at Big Island Pond. The first evening in, Mr. Crane writes, they caught a couple of dozen, all on the fly; they fish no other way. He speaks specially of the landlocked salmon there. They have been in those waters but a few years, and the little fellows—from ½ to 2lbs.—rise freely to the fly, and are specially gamy and add much to the excitement of trout fishing. The best part of all is that all the salmon caught are returned to the water, and will be till the managers of the preserve are sure of the stock. Mr. Crane says that the woods are specially beautiful, with the occasional sight of deer and partridges enough to satisfy anybody. Fishing at Mooselucmaguntic Lake is reported to be very good, though it is August. Mr. E. B. Haskell, of the Boston Herald, is in camp at Allerton Lodge, with his family and friends. They find the fishing all they want for the table, and that should be enough. At the Birches and at Billy Soule's the guests are taking a great many trout, and occasionally a salmon.

Aug. 28.—A letter from the Megantic Preserve says that Dr. Bishop and Mr. Raymond saw sixty-four deer in two mornings, hunting. The fifty-eighth one seen was shot. It proves to be a beautiful buck, with horns in the velvet; just the specimen the Doctor desires for the Paris Exposition. The working of the Maine license law that premits of a non-resident sportsman shooting a deer in September by paying $6 for the privilege, with $4 for a resident, is likely to lead to complications, if not to some injustice, if I may be allowed to judge from information that comes very direct. The granting of these licenses is put into the hands of guides and camp-keepers, and I know of two invitations to Boston sportsmen to come down and hunt in September, and from a letter, shown me in confidence, it may be inferred that if the hunter is successful in getting his deer—and the chances are good that he will be—he is to pay for the license; if not successful, the license matter can be straightened somehow. The Fish and Game Commissioners have put the selling of these licenses into the hands of a large number of guides, hotel and camp keepers, as well as a citizen or two.

Mr. L. O. Crane writes of the fishing in Spider Lake and Big Island Pond, Megantic Preserve, that it is all that could be desired and that his friend Hemmenway, to whom the letter is written, must surely make the trip next season. Two sportsmen a short time ago caught thirty-eight salmon in one day's fishing—all on the fly. The average weight was about 1½lbs.; the smallest 1lb. and the largest 2½lbs. A great many trout were taken at the same time.

Mr. Everett Hyde, Mr. L. B. Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. Crocker and Mr. Wentworth, all of Boston, have just returned from a very pleasant fishing trip to Mr. Hyde's camp, on Birch Island, Holeb Pond, Maine. This location is reached by the old Canada Road, and is among the mountains well up to the border. They saw deer almost every day, and counted about thirty in all, several being approached within a few rods. Mr. Noyes and two others of the party made a trip through the woods to Turner Pond, where they found excellent fishing, though it was midsummer. They caught about fifty trout. Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Talcott, of Dorchester, have recently returned from a fishing and canoeing trip in Aroostook county, Maine. They visited Machias Lakes, where they saw in one day fifty deer and eleven moose.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 19.—The Chicago Fly-Casting Club to-day entertained Mr. W. D. Mansfield, of San Francisco, known all over the country as the champion fly-caster of the Coast and of America, and the outdoor caster who has put all his competitors to shame by his last outdoor record, 133ft., in the club competition of July 29 at Stow Lake. Previous to his coming, the members of the Chicago club had nothing but good impressions and recollections of Mr. Mansfield, and after his coming they cannot say enough for him. Mr. Mansfield is a sportsman and expert, and the best of pleasant gentlemen. The members of the local fraternity have resolved that since they can't tie him they will try to imitate him.

In person the expert from the Coast is of that athletic build which coaches value for crews and recruiting officers for soldiers. About 5ft. 9½in. in height, his weight is 160lbs. In complexion he is fair or florid, with light mustache and blue eyes. His expression is firm but pleasant, and in build he is the solid, muscular sort who excel in sports such as those of the open air. In wrist and arm he has surprising strength.

In casting, Mr. Mansfield works all over. The old-time advice to the beginner to keep his arm to his body is perforce discarded in this sort of work. With wrist, arm, body, leg, with mind and soul, Mr. Mansfield is a busy man while he is on the platform. Very often his foot leaves the board, and he leans and sways, with the action of his whole frame. It is force, and force well applied, that does the trick. He casts well because he understands the principles of the art perfectly, and is cool headed enough to know perfectly at any stage of his cast just what he is doing, where he is wrong and when he is right.

Mr. Mansfield gave some lessons to the members of the club to-day, and among his instructions were some very useful things, one especially, which he illustrated as he spoke.

"You need a draw, a pull, something to pull against, in casting a long line," said he. "Now if you stop to think, you can get such a pull with the rod tip best when you are pulling a straight line. When you lift a crooked or bellied line from the water with your back cast, you lose a lot of power. It ought to lie out straight before you, before you try to make your telling casts. If it does not lie straight before you before you begin the back cast, it is no use to wear yourself out working to make a long cast, for the line will not pay out straight behind you, either, and you can get the best pull there also on a straight line, and not one that is wabbly and bellied out. If you don't see things lying right in front of you, don't trust to chance, for there is no chance about it. Take your time, take in line, then pay it out, and when you find it lying far out, and directly along the buoys, use your strength and skill then to make your record casts, employing the 'shoot' to give you the last extra feet."

Mr. Mansfield showed what he meant, and his advice was eagerly noted by many very apt pupils. Mr. Bellows, 127ft. at an earlier date, is thought to be a coming caster, and Mr. Mansfield spoke very highly of him. Mr. Bellows to-day made 121ft., Mr. Fred Peet 111ft. Mr. Mansfield looked about him, remarked that it was a warm sort of day and he wasn't feeling very well, and then cast 125ft. with a strange rod and line, without seeming to try very hard either. The boys voted that he was a trifle out of their class, but resolved to steal his thunder and come to San Francisco some day and beat him on his own grounds. Mr. Mansfield said it was a long way from the Coast to Chicago, but if the Chicago Fly-Casting Club decided to hold a tournament here, he would feel that he had to come. Personally Mr. Mansfield said that he thought the members of this club were about the finest fellows he ever saw together in any body of sportsmen. It was a very pleasant little visit to-day, and the only regret it entails is the fact to which Mr. Mansfield calls attention, that it is too long a distance between here and San Francisco.

Mr. Mansfield tells me that in his club the length limit for rod is 11ft., but there is no weight limit. He uses a 10oz. rod himself, and thinks that a rod in that neighborhood, 10oz. or 9¾oz., is about the most effective tool for this long-distance work.

Mr. Mansfield left the club grounds early in the afternoon with Messrs. Bellows and Peet to catch a train for Twin Lakes, Wis. He wants some bass fishing, preferably with the fly, and it is hoped he may have the luck to strike a few fish at least. He returns to the Coast next Tuesday or Wednesday.

Work of the Club.

The weather to-day was distressingly hot. The wind was puffy and at times brisk, lulling toward sundown. The casting was done down wind, or toward the north-

cast. Only four members showed for the long-distance fly as company for the San Francisco crack—Messrs. Belasco, Bellows, Peet and Smith, Mr. Bellows winning.

In the distance and accuracy fly-casting, Mr. A. C. Smith had his eye on the buoys, and did some grand casting, going out with the phenomenal score of 96, the best made on the grounds. The same gentleman went out also for the delicacy and accuracy medal, and in this event was crowded by no one but Mr. Newkirk, both men going out with 95½—a very fine performance.

In bait-casting a very pretty performance was seen, with four men not very far apart. Here again Mr. Smith evidenced the avarice of his soul, for he set so hot a pace that no one could head him, and won also this medal, with a good bit to spare. Mr. Smith's casting in this event was well nigh perfect at times, and his average turned out 96½. Strange to say, he was not the favorite, and won more by steady plugging away than by brilliance Mr. Newkirk led for a long time, and was cutting in close to the buoys at all distances as they were called, doing the best work witnessed for many months. Newkirk had the contest won, hot as was the gait he had to go, but at a critical time made a fatal tangle, such as so often comes into this precarious art, and landed his frog some 60ft. or so from the buoy. He would have made a record-breaking score but for this fact, and some sympathy was expressed for him.

It was evidently Mr. Smith's day for casting. To show the skill which is attained by some of these members of the casting club, I may state a little incident which occurred. The judges' boat was anchored during the bait-casting some 60ft. or more from the platform, and while some were casting at the point of the platform, Mr. Smith and others amused themselves by practicing casting bait out toward the boat. Seeing the frog coming in close to us, I held out my hat and called to Mr. Smith to cast at it. He did so several times, and three times out of four I caught the frog in the hat, not moving the hat very much to do so. Once the hat was perfectly still, and he cast the frog plump into it, one of the best shots I ever saw with a bait rod.

All the bait-casting at the Chicago Fly-Casting Club is overhead strictly, the Chicago men having evolved this style and perfected it. The rods are short and stiffish, the reels and lines the best that can be bought, and the average skill of the members very high with these tools. One sees some splendid fly-rods, many heavy ones for the long work, and some lighter for delicate work, though the tendency is to rather heavy, serviceable tools, with a lot of backbone.

Following are the scores of the day:

	Long Distance Fly, Feet.	Distance and Accuracy, Per Cent.	Accuracy and Delicacy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
I. D. Belasco...	93	90 1-3	.....	84 14-15
I. H. Bellows...	121	.....	.....	.....
L. I. Blackman...	...	85 1-3	.....	93 1-15
C. F. Brown...	...	85 2-3	90	80 2-15
H. Greenwood..	...	95	89 1-6	94 11-15
E. Letterman...	...	85 2-3	.....	92 2-3
H. A. Newkirk.	...	85 1-3	95 1-2	93
F. N. Peet.....	111	.....	.....	.....
G. W. Salter...	...	.....	.....	92 4-15
A. C. Smith....	108	96	95 1-2	96 1-3
W. Wolfarth...	...	.....	.....	79
*W. Mansfield..	125	.....	.....	.....

* Guest.

Holders of Medals.—Long-distance fly, Bellows; distance and accuracy, Smith; accuracy and delicacy, Smith and Newkirk tied; bait-casting, Smith.

Movements of Western Anglers.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 19.—Mayor Carter H. Harrison and his oldtime angling companion, Graham H. Harris, of the Board of Education, are this week absent from the city, fishing in Canada. Our Mayor is not only an ardent but a very skillful fly-fisherman, and is none of the pseudo sort of sportsmen.

At the close of the exercises of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club to-day Mr. W. D. Mansfield, the guest of the club, champion long-distance fly-caster of America, and no doubt of the world, went bass fishing with President Itha H. Bellows, of the club, and Mr. F. N. Peet. They went to Twin Lakes, Wis., and one hopes they may have success, though it is doubtful this very warm weather, unless it may chance that the bass are feeding on the ephemeræ at dusk. The city is full of sand flies just now.

Word comes from Harry Hascall and Rev. Lippincott, of this city, who have been absent for some days on the Pere Marquette, Michigan south peninsula, that Mr. Hascall has taken two rainbows of 4lbs. each, and several over 3lbs. He is represented as superlatively happy, and has expressed the intention of staying there the rest of the season.

Messrs. Geo. Lanz, of Lanz, Owen & Co., and his friend, Mr. Cowles, of this city, started yesterday for Cable, Wis., whence they go into the woods twenty miles for bass and trout fishing, and later for grouse shooting. They will not return till late in the fall. This is reported to me by Dr. C. H. Brown, of this city, to be a fine fishing country.

Mr. A. Hirth, manager of the retail tackle department of A. G. Spalding & Bros., of this city, with his friend Mr. A. W. Roth, also of this city, left to-day to spend Sunday at Delavan Lake, or at least they showed tickets for that place. Pop Hirth will now be enabled to add to that large fund of angling reminiscences with which he is wont to beguile the innocent. I can recommend to these gentlemen the wall-eyed pike of Lake Delavan, and they can purchese them of very excellent size and quality of Carrie, the negro cook at the hotel. We had a canoe meet there once, so I know what I am talking about.

Dr. C. H. Wright, of this city, who last winter had a very interesting trip to the Isthmus of Tehauntepec, is contemplating a trip this fall into some Northwestern country after big game and general sport. He was figuring on the Canadian Northwest, but will probably compromise on Upper Minnesota, where he can get fishing also. Dr. Wright tells me that the flight of water fowl does not go as far south as the Isthmus, but reaches the city of Old Mexico in great abundance.

Mr. J. Page Laughlin, of Pittsburg, Pa., outfitted this week at this city, and passed west for a fishing trip in the region of the National Park, going in at Livingston, Mont.

Mr. Harry W. Thayer, of Chicago, left this week for a muscallunge trip to the Mason lake chain, Fifield, Wis., over the Wisconsin Central Line. The Fifield region is reported as very good this season, and the 'lunge are due.

Mr. Geo. W. Kiesel, of Dubuque, Ia., outfitted here this week for Wells P. O., via Cora, Wyo., going, I believe, to Mr. Wm. Wells, the guide of that district. Mr. Wells will show him sport with the big game, for this Wind River Range is reputed to be one of the very best game countries which we have left.

Mr. R. F. Wilson, of Chicago, left this week for Plum Lake, Wis., where he will spend some time trying for some of the big 'lunge which have been coming from that vicinity this season.

Messrs. C. W. Bray and W. N. Crain, of this city, are just back from Mt. Kineo and Moosehead Lake, Maine. These gentlemen say that they had fine sport and saw some splendid fish. Mr. Crain starts this week for Kabekona Camp, in Minnesota, where he will have a try at the fall fishing for muskelunge.

Mr. W. A. Sharp, of this city, is one of the Western anglers lucky enough to take a very large bass this season. On July 30 he caught, in Lauderdale Lake, Wis., a big-mouth bass weighing 5lbs. 15½oz. This fish has been mounted, and looked nearly as big as a yearling shote.

The Lauderdale Lakes, reached via Elkhorn, on the Milwaukee road, have this season been rather well patronized by Chicago fishers, and the angling has been noticeably good.

From Star Lake, Wis., on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul spur which runs up from Minocqua, there come reports of a few muscallonge taken within the last week or two. Mr. F. F. Gaylord caught in Ballard Lake two muscallonge weighing 15 and 10lbs. respectively. He was fishing with a No. 10 Skinner spoon when he had another strike, which he played for a time. The fish finally broke the spoon and got away, and Mr. Gaylord says it must have been a monster. Mr. C. H. Blair caught in Star Lake a 'lunge weighing 11½lbs. Star Lake is connected with Plum Lake, and the two are good 'lunge waters. Miss Minnie Smith caught in Lake Laura, near Star Lake, fourteen black bass, including one which weighed 5¾lbs. In the same lake Mr. W. F. Schneele caught fifty-six bass, the heaviest 4½lbs. In Razorback Lake Mr. Anson took thirty-two bass, weighing up to 4lbs.

Mr. Julian H. Youche, who recently went up to the Brule River, Wisconsin, for a fishing trip, writes me under date of Aug. 17:

"I promised to write you about the fishing on the Brule. The first ten days we were here the fishing was fine, the trout averaging about a quarter of a pound, and about thirty to forty per day to each rod. The flies which are most successful are the dark Montreal, royal-coachman, brown-hackle and black gnat. The trout have not risen well for the last few days, either on account of the high water or on account of the coming of the spawning season. The fishing is from a boat altogether. We caught several rainbows over 2lbs. The brook trout do not run as large here as the rainbow. We met Col. Fred Mather here last week. He has charge of Mr. H. C. Pierce's fish hatchery. We leave here next week for Manitowish, Wis."

Mr. Joseph Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., earlier mentioned as fishing on the White, north of Glenwood, Colo., has returned and writes me the following letter:

"I took some fine baskets of trout the last few days I was there, and I was loth to give it up. We failed to get up in the cañon of South Fork, where the big ones lie, but we caught two nice baskets the last day, all over 10in. and some very fine ones."

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Three Hours with a Lake Trout.

THE MANSE, Saranac Lake, N. Y., Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It occurs to me that a recent experience may be of interest to your readers.

On the morning of Aug. 1 I was fishing at a buoy in Long Pond, a few miles from here. My rig was a split bamboo fly-rod, 8oz. in weight, a waterproof silk fly-line, wire leader and No. 1 sproat hook, with single snell. My bait was a live minnow. At a few minutes before 11 I hooked a fish. The guide let loose from the buoy and we drifted away. In about an hour the fish came to the surface near enough to the boat for us to see him, but not near enough to gaff. We then saw that it was a lake trout. He went down again, keeping about 10ft. under water, occasionally making a rush, though never taking more than 15 or 20ft. of line. He did his best to get us into the lilypads and the shallow water, where there were plenty of sunken logs. At 2 o'clock, though I had kept all the strain I thought the rod would bear upon him all the time, I made up my mind to risk something, fearing the wearing away of the snell. In ten or fifteen minutes the added strain brought him up, in spite of a series of rushes, and at 2:10 the guide gaffed him, still swimming strongly. It proved to be a female, weighing just 5½lbs., hooked way down the throat much as the pestiferous bull pout usually hooks himself. It was not a buoy-fed fish, so must have come in to take my live bait. The guide knew of no equal run for a lake trout of the same size, and I have found no one who does. Three hours and over for a fish not regarded as particularly gamy is certainly a record-breaking run.

WILLIAM TATLOCK.

Vermont Bass.

POST MILLS, Vt., Aug. 28.—I wish to report the luck of the past week fishing in Fairlie Lake. R. A. Williams, of Boston, five black bass that weighed 14lbs. 5oz. T. Sliney, of Boston, two bass, 4lbs. each. P. E. Lynch, of Boston, four black bass, two pickerel, 3½ and 4lbs. each. Bass fishing has been extra good on the lake this season.

R. A. WILLIAMS.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Cabin John's Bridge.

THE water supply of Washington is taken from the Potomac at Great Falls, fourteen miles above the city, through a conduit carrying 75,000,000 gallons. Nearly midway it crosses the ravine of a run, formerly called Captain John's Run, but afterward Cabin John's, about which mythical personage has grown up a generally accepted romance of hermit life, mysterious disappearance and subsequent ghostly visitations. It was firmly believed of this spot as the Scotch believed of the Clootie Hole, of which they said: "When the devil comes to Ross-shire, wherever he may spend the day, it is here he bides the night." Over this an aqueduct was carried, supported by a single stone arch, remarkable as the greatest now in existence. It is above 100ft. high over the creek bed, and has a span of 220ft. A prominent stone carries the names of officials who occupied high places at the time of the building of the bridge. Ask any chance visitor of these and he will probably have forgotten every one. But one of these names has been erased since, and any visitor will tell you that. It is part of the original cussedness with which we are endowed.

When Erostratus burned the Temple of Diana the authorities decreed his name should be lost, and it was forbidden to be spoken. Nobody knows or cares who these powers may have been, but the name of Erostratus will probably last as long as that of the goddess herself. Thus fate makes monkeys of the brief authorities, and their decrees go oft by contraries.

The run a short distance below the bridge is carried by a small culvert under the canal bed, and reaches the river hardly half a mile away. The drive to this point over the macadamized road under which the conduit runs is kept in excellent condition; it passes over the palisades of the Potomac with the river often in sight, and the scenery about the breaks and the Virginia Hills beyond is very attractive. The consequence is that it has become a popular resort, and any summer evening sees here a double procession of carriages and wheels, while the two or three electric roads to the place are generously patronized.

For the very reason of its popularity there is comparatively little fishing done here, for your real fisherman loves a quiet life, undisturbed by any noises except of his own making, or any neighbors save of his own choosing.

The run itself has been once or twice stocked by the Fish Commission. Trout were put in several years ago, and last year rumors were current of good catches of trout made a couple of miles above the bridge. This seemed plausible enough, since native brook trout are still found in the tributaries of the Difficult, a few miles further up on the Virginia side, and they were formerly supposed to occur in Rock Creek, nearer Washington. At any rate, several anglers considered it worth investigation and tried this season to verify the report; but a tramp up and down the creek with fly and bait developed no better foundation for the trout story than the existence of the chub or fall-fish, which undisturbed had reached a fairly good size. They are gamy little fellows, nearly as lively and shy at a fly as the trout. These, with a few sunfish, seem to be all there is to be found in the creek, though this is far from conclusive, for a failure to catch a fish is not always proof positive that he is not at all there.

At the mouth of the run there are of course bass to be found, and a few fishermen who know their hiding places will never pass without a try for those which come, as fish do, to all confluents, to feed.

Leaving the run, the canal furnishes some fishing here as along its whole length; the grassy fringe on the bank opposite the towpath gives shelter for an occasional bass or pickerel, and at the foot of the wastes around the locks bass and sunfish are sometimes found playing in the make-believe waterfalls.

Crappie of late years have been found in increasing numbers, and the usual sliders, snappers and eels pester the still-fishermen here in this usually muddy ditch as in other nearly stagnant waters.

The river at this point has some beautiful fishing water. One of the largest pools of the upper river is made here by the Feeder Dam above Little Falls, and gives elbow room plenty to bait fishermen. Above this the river is crowded with little islands and puds, which are planted so thickly as to suggest that Jason had been here, and instead of the fabled golden fleece had laid in the river bed a leopard skin to catch the shining sand. And well he might do this, for here, as well as Colchis, the green hillsides have a yellow streak, and there are several gold mines in operation in the Maryland Highlands along these banks.

In this broken water, with charming scenery on every hand, the angler would be hard to please who could not find delight. From Dennys to Lang no poet of the little rivers had ever a finer inspiration, and one will write of this some day. If his verses have a rhythm half so sweet as the music of its waters, and a dress half so rich as nature has bestowed herself, in this wild glen, their laurels will be lost. Till then these charms will be monopolized by the fisherman who does not still-fish.

There seems to be no fitting term for the man who casts his lure. Whether fly or spoon or bait, he is in reality a fish hunter, and his methods of advance and attack like those of the so-called still-hunter; the quiet of the still-fisherman is the absence of motion; the quiet of the still-hunter is the concealing from the quarry any evidence of an almost perpetual motion.

Casting fisherman would nearly describe him, but the word is rarely used save in connection with the particular lure he uses.

Still-fishing covers all baits and tackle, but there is lacking any adequate word to embrace that other restless class, who wander up and down the waters of the earth seeking what they may impale.

Through this whole stretch of water, of pools and breaks, the anadromous fishes pass on their way to Great Falls, which has hitherto held them up, and local anglers have little hope of the fishways there, though they may be better than they promise.

This year has not been a fair test, as there was no spring flood to carry the water around over the channel in which the ways are set. These fish have no difficulty in getting up the Little Falls and the Feeder Dam, so

there are caught here, besides the regular citizens of the river, these spring visitors, and sometimes first-rate rock fishing is found in all these waters to the White Eddy at the foot of Great Falls.

Though the canal has for many years furnished anglers some sport with pike, their antipathy to rough water keeps them out of the river until below where it meets the tide; none seem ever to be caught in these waters. It is no great loss except the sport of catching, for few fishermen who can get better have any great fondness for its flesh; but there are a good many city people who do not fish who find in a freshly caught pike a flavor superior to the stale fish of the stalls, and there is no difficulty in disposing of the catch where it is really enjoyed, in spite of the worthless regard in which it is held by the majority. It is something like the carp in requiring artificial aids to impart any richness of flavor. In Temple Bar (vol. 92, p. 211) are quoted the words of a modern chef on its treatment: "Yes, it is costly to cook; I stuff it with chopped oysters and pounded anchovy, and after baking it cover with port wine sauce." Reading this, it seems a little reckless to insist that pike are not first-rate eating, but the verdict must stand.

The shad and herring pass here, but are not dipped until they reach the basins at the falls, and of course are never fished for with hook and line, though they have



CABIN JOHN'S BRIDGE.

been caught with both fly and bait. This is of so seldom occurrence as to be always food for wonder.

A foot bridge below the mouth of the run leads to Sycamore Island, a densely wooded knoll now controlled by a fishing club. There are more fish caught at some other points on the river than here, but none which excels it in the character of its surroundings—in its variety of scenery or the beauty of its waterscapes.

HENRY TALBOTT.

Terrapin Farming.

[Crisfield (Md.) Correspondence of Louisville Courier-Journal.]

A DIAMOND-BACK terrapin farm with more than 15,000 terrapin in stock and worth at a conservative estimate $40,000 is one of the new and interesting industries of Crisfield, the very heart of the famous eastern shore of Maryland.

When Washington and Lafayette were forced to eat terrapin at Yorktown because the army supplies were low, when counties in Maryland passed laws prohibiting the feeding of slaves oftener than twice a week on terrapin meat in order to save pork, and when the succulent reptile was cooked as food for fowls and swine, and could be bought for $1 an ox-cart load, no one ever dreamed that the day would ever come when the terrapin would become almost extinct and worth as much as $160 a dozen. But such is the exact situation to-day, and in this section, the most productive of the luscious diamond-back of the Chesapeake, they are cared for and guarded with greater anxiety for their safety than were the slaves in the days when they protested against being gorged on terrapin meat. In those days the diamond-back terrapin were as numerous in the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries as are crabs at the present time, but now there is a shipload of crabs where there is one terrapin found.

Believing that good money could be made in "cultivating" terrapins, A. L. La Valette, a grandson of Rear-Admiral E. A. F. La Valette, decided to embark in the business, and according to his own statement he has no cause to regret this decision. He knows the Chesapeake Bay thoroughly, having been actively engaged in the terrapin, oyster, crab and fish business for more than fourteen years, and there was no question in his mind that it would only be a few years before terrapin would bring fabulous prices. Selecting a pretty site for a home on the shore near Crisfield, he had erected a splendid house, adjoining which he built his terrapin farm, covering about seven acres, everything being arranged to suit their habits as regards water, grass and sand. The farm is divided up into pens, with high board fences and wire screens across the sluiceways. In these pens are water, grass, wet and dry sand, and "Mister Tarrapin" can take his choice as to where he spends his time.

Plank walks high above water and marsh are constructed over the farm, and when Mr. La Valette wishes to feed his valuable reptiles he simply goes out on one of these elevated walks and claps his hands together, making a loud noise. In an instant the terrapins come helter-skelter from the sand, marsh and water and huddle under the walk where he stands, while those in the other pens crawl against the wire screens and fence in an effort to get through. They sometimes crawl on top of each other until they are piled up 2ft. thick, and occasionally there are some pretty lively fights, though a terrapin is not generally very pugnacious. They are fed on crabs, fish and meats of any kind, but are small eaters, and it is seldom that a terrapin will attack any live thing larger than a fly, bug or very small fish.

Mr. La Valette has terrapin of all sizes, from the largest to the tiny little fellows not yet quite one year old and not larger than a silver half-dollar. Their growth is remarkably slow, and it is estimated that at least thirty or forty years is required for a terrapin to attain its full growth. The diamond-back—said to be the finest known—seldom grows to be over 9in. in length measured by the stomach or under shell. It is the opinion of Mr. La Valette that no man can accurately estimate the number of years it takes for a terrapin to get its full growth, but believes it cannot be less than thirty-five or forty years.

Notwithstanding the fact that every pen appeared to be full of terrapin of all sizes, Mr. La Valette said that he did not think he had more than 15,000 in stock, that orders were heavy last winter and the severe weather last February had killed a large number. The terrapin is by nature a cold-blooded reptile, and with the coming of the first frosts he begins to locate himself for the winter, and it is necessary on this farm to keep a close eye on the weather and use artificial means for keeping the terrapins from freezing. The favorite place for the hibernation of the very large size is a few inches below the soft oozy mud at the bed of a three or four-fathom V-shaped channel in the bed of a creek of about the same distance from shore to shore. Thousands of such creeks penetrate the shores and islands of the Chesapeake, and those less frequented by man are instinctively selected by the terrapin for its haunts. No matter how long they may remain hibernated they never lose an ounce in weight, and come out as gay as crickets in the warm spring, though for months they have not tasted food nor water.

The time of hibernation usually lasts about six months, beginning with the approaching frosty weather in the fall and continuing until warm spring weather. They bury a few inches in the mud and leave at the spot where they disappear a mound, in the middle of which a hole can be discerned. It is the mound and the hole which first attract the attention of the fisherman. During this period terrapin are caught in their torpid state. They receive no noursihment whatever while in this condition. At least 90 per cent. of those taken from the beds of deep creeks will measure from 6½ to 8½in., with an average weight of 2¾lbs., and are females, while 80 per cent. of those bedded in the marshes have an average weight of ¾lb., and measure less than 5in. The males invariably bed in the marshes and among the rushes of very shallow ponds, only venturing in cold water during the summer and warmest spring and fall months, in which time they lead a migratory life in search of food, consisting principally of small shell fish and the soft-shell crabs. There being an abundance of these in the bay, the few remaining terrapin have no difficulty in finding all the food they wish, and have plenty of time for lazing in the grass and sand. At this season of the year terrapin are caught occasionally in dredges and drag nets, but most of them are found in the marshes and sand. They are easily tracked, and their market value being so high the shores are always dotted with hunters, and it is mainly from these that Mr. La Valette buys.

A few of the hunters still employ dogs in tracking them, but a dog trained to track terrapin is seldom suited for any other purpose, and the result is that but few dogs are utilized in this way. Years ago nearly every resident of the eastern shore had his terrapin dog. When a dog tracks and finds a terrapin he places his fore feet on the terrapin's back and holds him until the hunter comes, the hunter being notified of the "tree" by the barking of the dog. A man might follow a terrapin track which had been made several days, but a dog knows at once by the scent whether it is an old or fresh track. Dogs also locate the nests of terrapin and hunters take the eggs, worth but little as food, but going far toward hastening the extermination of the terrapin. Both male and female are very shy and active, swim well and run with considerable speed, but like a cow or woman on the run, are very awkward. Terrapin manage to evade dredges and nets unless the handlers are skilled in their work. Nothing has perhaps speeded the scarcity of terrapin more than the habit of some hunters of firing the grass in the marshes in the early spring, causing the terrapin to come from their places of hibernation under the impression that warm weather had set in and that it was safe for them to venture out. Thousands are burned to death this way, and there are stringent laws against firing the marshes, but the hunters get out of it by testifying that the fire was accidental.

Rats will dig up and destroy the eggs, and as a terrapin does not deposit eggs but once a year the breaking up of a "hatching" is regarded as a heavy loss. Mr. La Valette says it is a great error to state that terrapins place eggs in dry sand and that they are hatched by the sun's heat. He showed the writer a nest of eggs and these were in wet sand, covered at a depth of 5 or 6in. Incubation is brought about by atmospheric conditions, and it requires from forty to forty-two days for the eggs to hatch. The eggs resemble those of the snake, having no shell, but a thin, tough skin, and are about the size of the egg of the American partridge, though not as well shaped. It is from three to five days after the little fellows are released from the eggs before they are sufficiently strong to go waddling about, and it is always necessary to keep a close watch to prevent their being killed by rats, crabs and large fish.

The young receive but little attention from the mother, and almost from the first are left to look out for themselves and get along as best they can. Mr. La Valette has separate pens for the very young, where it is almost impossible for anything to get to and destroy them. After a few months the little terrapins sport around in the shallow water and crawl out in the sand banks as frisky as colts in a pasture. Eggs are always deposited in the months of May and June, the female terrapin crawling out on the sand, and when she finds a suitable location she scratches out a hole to the depth of 5 or 6in., lays her eggs, and then carefully covers them over, drawing her stomach over the sand in such a manner as to hide all traces of the nest. This being done, the terrapin goes back into the water or grass, and as far as is known she never returns to the nest until time for the eggs to hatch. A terrapin does not begin to deposit eggs until she is four years old.

About fifty years ago Capt. John Etheridge sold in Norfolk about 3,000 fine diamond-backs for $400, and a little later he shipped to Baltimore about the same number, receiving something over $350. This, it is said, was the beginning of the onslaught on the terrapin, and from Cape Fear to Baltimore men engaged in the work of terrapin hunting. It is known that terrapin formerly lived in colonies, but constant dredging caused them to scatter, and from that time until the present the catch has grown smaller each year. According to Mr. La Valette the annual shipments from this section and its tributaries will not exceed $400,000. It has not been more than twenty years since those who were familiar with the facts began to realize that there was danger of a terrapin famine—that the reptiles would soon be almost exterminated.

Naturally, with the increase in price, there were thousands engaged in the work of hunting them, and it was found expedient for the States of Maryland and Virginia to enact laws governing the taking of terrapins and the sizes which should be sold in season. These laws have been added to and enforced as rigidly as possible, but the scarcity of the Chesapeake diamond-back grows more apparent each year, and even now it requires many days of laborious and tedious work and many miles of walking over soft, boggy marshes, prodding in deep, narrow channels with long-shafted tongs by men experiencel and skilled, familiar with the terrapin's cunning habits, before one is taken from its hiding place.

The people have robbed themselves by trapping incalculable quantities of terrapin before they had matured sufficiently for breeding, and by digging eggs from beneath the sand shores, where they had been deposited by the females to hatch. While the laws enacted by the Legislatures of Maryland and Virginia for the protection of the terrapin differ somewhat, they are both excellent, and had they been rigidly enforced this spectacle of ultimate extermination would not exist.

It takes an epicure to detect the difference in the Chesapeake diamond-back and those of North Carolina and Mississippi. Ordinary mortals do not know the difference. Of course, it is not infrequently the case that other terrapin are palmed off by unscrupulous caterers for the genuine Chesapeake diamond-back, and it is also true that male terrapin are substituted for females by placing eggs in them when served. Those thoroughly up on terrapin, however, can readily detect fraud. The terrapin season is from November to May, inclusive. It is claimed by some that penned terrapin are not as succulent as those freshly caught, but it is reasonable to imagine that the "stall-fed" terrapin is good enough. The small species are divided into two classes, "heifers" and "bulls." The undershells of the heifers never measure more than 5in. in length, and bulls from 5 to 5½. Measurement is always made from the collar-bone under the stomach to the tail. The larger the terrapin the greater the value a pound. For instance, a terrapin measuring 7¾in. and weighing 64oz. is worth, say, $2.05 a pound, or $8.20—$98.40 a dozen. The diamond-back terrapin is always high and brings a much larger price than any other. The outlook is that the price will be much larger than ever this coming season. The largest shipment ever made by Mr. La Valette was in 1890, when Jay Gould gave a banquet at Delmonico's. It required twenty-eight barrels to make the shipment, and the bill was something over $4,700.

Bass Fishing at Henderson Harbor.

Dr. John H. Meyer, of New York, sends us the accompanying photograph of his catch at Henderson Harbor. He writes: "I was looking about for a place to spend my vacation, where I could get good bass fishing as well as good pure air for myself and family. Mr. Van



A CATCH OF HENDERSON HARBOR BASS.

Etten, of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, suggested that I go to the Gill House, Henderson Harbor, N. Y. I at once wired Mr. Gill for rooms. Receiving a favorable answer I packed my trunks and left for Gill's. The accompanying picture tells the story of my first day's catch. The eighteen bass weigh from 1¾ to 3¾lbs. each. I have heard a great deal of good bass fishing, but the story of the pleasure awaiting the angler at Gill's has never half been told.

"John H. Meyer."

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

Asbury Park, N. J., Aug. 26.—The past week has been one of positive delight to bass fishermen at nearly all points along the coast. It is safe to say that never have more bass been taken at a corresponding date. While the size perhaps may have been excelled, still when numbers and all considerations are regarded we may safely claim it as a banner week. If the easterly winds continue we look forward to a continuance of the sport, as at this season of the year no bass are to be expected unless we have a turbulent sea. Some few weakfish are being taken in the surf, and an occasional kingfish, but the main sport is confined to the bass. Bluefish have been much in evidence outside the bar, but none have ventured inside. Westerly winds will fetch them in, as the surf is fairly alive with bait fish, and expectation runs high as regards the blues. Conditions have improved some at Barnegat; I have a letter from there stating that the weaks are again on the feed. Still, the run in the upper bay is small. One had much better take in the lower grounds, viz., Waretown, Harvey's Cedars and the lower thoroughfares. Good bass fishing is to be had at Warner's, and channel bass are now due in the surf at the inlet. I expect to give them a trial within the next few days, and will have something to say if they are there. Leonard Hulit.

Mussels After Crabs.

East Rockaway, L. I., Aug. 29.—Mussels have always been recognized as the enemy of oysters, but the crab has been supposed to be altogether too lively for almost motionless bivalves. It now appears that the scarcity of crabs may be largely due to the great number of mussels in the bay. Thomas Jackson found a sea crab one day last week with a string at least 6in. long of young mussels attached to him. The crab was still alive and tried desperately to get away, but was firmly anchored by the mussels. They were about the size of a pea, and it was estimated that there were several hundred of them in the bunch. Bay men are inclined to attribute the scarcity of crabs to anchor ice, which settles on the bottom of the channels over the crabs during the time when they are hybernating in the mud, and smothers them, but the discovery of the mussels on a crab raises the question as to whether the mussels are not helping to exterminate the lively crustacean. Quahaug.

A Michigan Reward.

The Detroit & Mackinac Railway Company, headquarters at East Tawas, Mich., is out with this notice:

"Trout and grayling fishing is about over for the season. In order to maintain the high reputation of our part of the State for good brook trout and grayling fishing, it is necessary for all parties to help in carrying out the fish laws and in seeing that they are obeyed.

"This company will give a reward of $100 for the evidence that convicts the first person found guilty of spearing, netting or dynamiting brook trout or grayling, or taking same by any means out of season. The law protects these fish between Sept. 1 and May 1. This offer applies to the following counties: Arenac, Iosco, Alcona, Alpena, Presque Isle and Cheboygan, and reward will be paid for first conviction in each of said counties."

Where are the Bluefish?

Queenswater, L. I., Aug. 28.—Fishermen have waited long and anxiously for the advent of the big bluefish. Every little while a few of the big fellows would be hooked and expectation would run high, until the fishing fleet came in as usual with nothing but porgies and bass. The cold water until the middle of July was considered a satisfactory explanation of their absence, but why they still delay their usual annual visit to our shore is a mystery. Quahaug.

Central New York Waters.

Ithaca, N. Y., Aug. 25.—Mrs. Gertrude Ostrander, of this city, at present stopping at Carlton Island, caught while trolling one day last week a mascalonge that weighed 30lbs.—the largest taken at that point this season.

A lady whose name, unfortunately, has slipped my mind, caught an 8½lb. lake trout from Cayuga Lake last week. I supposed this a very heavy trout for Cayuga waters, but Al Hazelton, the veteran angler, says, through the Journal, that he saw last fall a trout taken from a seine at Union Springs that weighed 22lbs. Isn't this a remarkably heavy trout? Lovers of black bass fishing can find plenty of these noble fish in the waters about Cayuga village. M. Chill.

Lake Mahopac Record Bass.

New York, Aug. 28.—I take pleasure in informing you that on the 24th inst. I hooked and landed a small-mouth black bass at Lake Mahopac that weighed 7¼lbs.; length 23¾in.; girth, 17in. The proprietors of the Forest House weighed it and took the measurements. With the single exception of the fish in possession of A. J. Dean, of the Dean House, this is the largest bass ever taken from the lake. There have been a number of large fish taken this season from Mahopac; two were landed last week, in addition to the one I caught, weighing respectively 6½ and 6lbs., and quite a number from 5 to 6lbs.

Clifford L. Lutkins.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 4-7.—Toronto, Can.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show.
Sept. 12-15.—Milwau'kee, Wis.—Milwaukee Kennel Club's fifth annual bench show. Edward Meisenheimer, Sec'y.
Sept. 19-21.—Rutland, Vt.—Vermont Kennel Club's inaugural show.
Oct. 2-6.—Dallas, Tex.—Texas Kennel Club's second annual bench show. Sydney Smith, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-6.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's eighteenth annual show. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-13.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island State Fair Association. E. M. Oldham, Supt.
Nov. 15-18.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show. Marcel A. Viti, Sec'y.
Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Aug. 31.—Emmettsburg, Ia.—The Iowa Field Trial Association's second annual field trials. M. Bruce, Sec'y.
Sept. 4.—La Salle, Man.—Western Canada Kennel Club's annual amateur field trials. A Code, Sec'y.
Sept. 6.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y.
Oct. 23.—National Beagle Club's tenth annual trials. G. Mifflin Wharton, Sec'y.
Oct. 25.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials. E. Knight Sperry, Hartford, Sec'y.
Oct. 31.—Greene Co., Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's fifth annual field trial. A. C. Peterson Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Washington C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Nov. 8-9.—Lakeview, Mich.—Michigan Field Trials Association's second annual trials. E. Rice, Sec'y.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's first annual trials. George D. Maxfield, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 14-17.—Carmichaels, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's fourth annual trials. J. W. Simpson, Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.
Nov. 21.—Lawrenceville, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.— ——, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Dogs in Battle.

Dogs in Manila and all over the Philippine Islands are long and white, with ears that stick up like the ears of a fox, and bodies that are not over fat. Their ribs stick out a bit, and they are always hungry. The dogs that creep back into the towns where the American soldiers are howl when "tattoo" sounds at night, and again when "taps" or "lights out" is given by the buglers later in the evening. They are up early, too, and if any one is awake their howls can be heard when the buglers sound "reveillé" in the early morning.

On April 25, the day of the fight between the American and Filipino armies at Bagbag, the dogs played an important part. The Signal Corps was back along the railroad track stringing telegraph wires so that Gen. Otis could be informed of the progress of the fight. Not a gun had been fired. Suddenly a white dog went streaking along through the grass at the side of the railroad. The Signal men called to it. But he paid no attention; just kept his head due south and ran as fast as his legs could carry him. How it was he knew bullets were going to fly over that place is more than can be told by dog experts. But he knew, for it was but a few minutes after he passed when a shot rang out on that still air. It was a signal for the beginning of the battle.

More dogs came running past. Bullets knocked the dust in front of them, and stuck in the bamboo trees over their heads. They could not run faster and they dared not stop. No one knew how far they ran. Perhaps until the din of that battle was entirely lost to their sharp ears.

There was one dog wiser than all the rest. Had he had human intelligence he could not have found a safer place. We found him as we hurried along the railroad grade to the river lying in the deepest part of the ditch, covered on one side by the high embankment and protected on the other by a grass-covered mound. We thought he was dead, he lay so still, and some passed on with their bodies bent, for the bullets still whistled in the air, though the enemy had been routed and was on the retreat. I looked closer. The dog's eyes were wide open. But when he was spoken to he only winked, never stirring a muscle. The look which came into his eyes asked as plainly as human tongue could speak that he be left alone. He was left behind, this wise dog was, but he saw the charge of the Kansas volunteers—they rushed past him. He heard the shrapnel explode and the bullets cut the air. But he was safe and knew it.

That night he came to the camp timidly, and some one threw him meat. So he grew braver, and followed the army on its advance to Calumpit. Where he was during this fight no one seems to know, but he came up to us the night after and lay down near where a group of officers were talking.—Manila Correspondence Chicago Record.

The North American Field Trial Club.

Windsor, Ont.—The North American Field Trial Club has recently been organized by some prominent sportsmen of the United States and Canada. The officers are: President, J. B. McKay, of Detroit, Mich.; First Vice-President, D. G. Revell, Windsor, Ont.; Second Vice-President, M. K. Cowan, M. P., Windsor, Ont.; Third Vice-President, J. B. Dale, Petrolia, Ont.; Secretary and Treasurer, R. M. Morton, Windsor, Ont.

The advisory board will consist of the officers and Messrs. F. H. Marcome and Wm. Revell, of Windsor, Ont., and W. E. Warner, of Detroit, Mich.

Owing to the late orgnization of the club, the trials this year will be open to members only, and consist of a Derby and All-Age Stakes, but it is the intention of the club to run open trials next year with guaranteed purses. The club will arrange the dates for running its trials so that handlers who participate in the Manitoba trials can stop off at Detroit on their way south, give their dogs eight or ten days' work on quail and run them in the trials.

It will be the endeavor of the North American Field Trial Club to make its trials one of the most popular events of the season. Their game preserve consists of four square miles on the Canadian side, about twenty miles from Detroit, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific, where the fields are large and open, with sufficient cover and game abundant. A new brick club house was built this summer, which will accommodate from thirty to forty guests, with commodious kennels for their dogs.

Aided by a good bank account, all natural facilities and enthusiastic sportsmen, the North American Field Trial Club is bound to be a success.

R. M. Morton, Sec'y.

Connecticut Field Trials.

New Haven, Conn., Aug. 26.—We are to have another State field trial of setters and pointers in Connecticut this fall, and it will take place at Hampton Hill, Hampton, Conn., beginning Oct. 25. A meeting will be held the evening before at Whitaker's Hotel to draw the positions of the dogs in the trials, and for the purpose of forming a permanent club. All interested are cordially invited to be on hand. N. Wallace, of Farmington, Conn., and Arthur R. Sharpe, of Taunton, Mass., will officiate as judges. There will be two classes—all age and Derby. We are very late about making the announcement, but our secretary has been a very busy man, so I thought I'd drop you a line. E. K. Sperry.

The Texas Kennel Club Show.

Chicago, Aug. 20.—I send you to-day cut of Texas Kennel Club new building. We are furnishing free transportation on all dogs from Chicago to Dallas and return to Chicago, also from Kansas City and return, which should be quite an inducement to exhibitors to show with us.

Since mailing premium lists, we have added classes for bull terrier puppies, Bedlington terrier dogs and Bedlington terrier bitches. Mr. James Cole, of Kansas City, will judge bull terriers. Geo. W. Clayton, Supt.

The Dachshund Standard.

Dr. Alfred Boultbee, of Toronto, sends us his translation of the German standard of dachshund, as published in the Teckel Stamm-Buch. Dr. Boultbee expresses a hope that his translation may serve to correct many prevalent errors in what he terms "the distorted standard as adopted by English breeders and the mongrel mixture of American Dachshund Club."

Points and Flushes.

The Greyground Stud Book, Vol. V., compiled by Mr. Louis F. Bartelo, Keeper of the Stud Book, Denver, contains the addresses of coursing club secretaries, registrations, addresses of judges and slippers; constitution, by-laws and code of rules and list of officers of the American Cousing Board; registered partnerships; reviews of coursing in the Dakotas, in England, at Ingleside, at Los Angeles, winners of meetings, etc. It is neatly and substantially bound, and is a valuable work in the interest of coursing men.

Here is a good yarn from Cedar Lake, Ind.: Jabez Perkins and Joel Harkness had one of the most exciting experiences of their lives while fishing in Cedar Lake last Sunday. The fish were ravenous and seemed numberless. The sport was exciting and the bottom of the boat was soon a floundering, splashing mass. Suddenly Perkins struck what was apparently the king of the tribe, and a desperate fight began. After a half-hour's work a big 5-pounder was hauled to the side of the boat and Harkness reached out with the landing net to capture him. The bass made a last furious struggle, and the men could see the hook was nearly torn loose. Harkness, in his haste to get the bass, leaned out too far and capsized the boat. In the mixup the bag of frogs used as bait caught on Perkins' belt and hung there as the men clung to the keel. All at once Perkins uttered a cry of pain and dashed his hand into the water toward his leg. "They're biting me," he cried. Then the anglers discovered they were surrounded by a tremendous school of bass, attracted by the frogs that were kicking and jumping in the bag. The fish seemed to have not the slightest fear of the men, and plunged and darted around them, making efforts to climb on the boat or right the vessel futile. Hundreds of bass, big and little, cut the water around the nearly submerged fishermen, dashing against them, biting and fighting. For fully fifteen minutes the men were in the water, endeavoring to drive away their tormentors and yelling lustily in the meantime. Another fishing party heard the cries and came to the rescue just in time. Both Perkins and Harkness were severely scratched and lacerated, but were able to work the next day.—Springfield Republican.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

SEPTEMBER.

New York, trial races, America Cup, off Sandy Hook.
2. Larchmont, special races, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
2. Jamaica Bay, dory class, Jamaica Bay.
2. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
2-4. Corinthian, cruise, Marblehead.
2. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
2. Wood's Holl, club.
2-4. Wollaston, cruise, Wollaston.
2. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
2-4. East Gloucester, cruise to Hull.
2. Royal Nova Scotia, one-design class, Halifax, N. S.
3. Penataquit, fall club regatta, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
4. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
4. Atlantic, Adams cups, Sea Gate, New York Harbor.
4. Beverly, open, Monument Beach, Buzzard's Bay.
4. Bunker Hill, annual, Boston Harbor.
4. Lynn, annual, open, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Newport, club, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
4. Wood's Holl, sprit & cat classes, Wood's Holl, Hadley Harbor.
4. Burgess, club, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
4. Sachem's Head, annual, open, Sachem's Head, L. I. Sound.
4. Pavonia, special club, Communipaw, New York Bay.
4. Royal Nova Scotia, Prince of Wales cup, Halifax, N. S.
6. Norwalk, open, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
7 to 11. Interlake Y. R. A., meet, Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie.
9. Royal Nova Scotia, open handicap, Halifax, N. S.
9. Atlantic, Gould cups, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
9. Seawanhaka Cor., fall race, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
9. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
9. Hull, Mass., open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
9. Winthrop, cruise to Hull, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
9. Wollaston, handicap, Wollaston, Mass.
9-10. Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, rendezvous and sail, Hull.
9. Wood's Holl, club, Wood's Holl, Quissett.
9. Burgess, 3d cham., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
10. Penataquit Cor., knockabouts, Bayshore, Great South Bay.
14. Newport, ladies' cruise, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
16. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
16. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
16. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
23. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
23. Riverside, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
24. Williamsburgh, annual fall regatta, Bowery Bay, L. I. Sound.
27. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
30. Corinthian, knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.

OCTOBER.

3-5-7. New York, America Cup matches, Sandy Hook.

IT is most gratifying to be able to chronicle an international yacht race without a dispute or a protest, and in which both sides accept the result in a true sporting spirit. Both in the negotiations and the final carrying out of the races, there was evident the same disposition on the part of the two clubs to sail a fair race. The taking of the cup to Chicago is certain to help yachting on Lake Michigan; and as for Lake Ontario, there is little fear that her yachtsmen will rest until the cup is brought back. In presenting the Canada cup to the Chicago Y. C., Com. Plummer pointed out that while the eagle on one side was erect and in a fighting attitude, the lion on the other lay *couchant*. He promised that until the cup came back the lion would be equally alert and active.

THE one unpleasant incident of the contest was the attempt to cover Genesee's mistake on the first day by the plea that the course was incorrect. Apropos of this, the report of the race in many American papers not only omitted all mention of the error, but stated that Genesee withdrew because she would not take the race on a sailover from a disabled antagonist. On this point the Boston Globe says: "In deliberately refraining from going around the last buoy in the first Canada cup race, that the race might be declared off, the skipper of the Genesee showed a sample of true American sportsmanship." So far from this being the case, Genesee did exactly what the rules call for, continuing over the course alone to the best of her ability, the judges, of course, making no effort to recall her.

The Canada Cup.

Chicago Y. C.—Royal Canadian Y. C.

TORONTO—LAKE ONTARIO.

Aug. 21-24.

THE contest of last week at Toronto between the Chicago Y. C. and the Royal Canadian Y. C. for the possession of the Canada cup was in every way the greatest event in the history of yachting on the Great Lakes. Apart from the immediate interest attaching to a match between two countries or localities, it was of special importance as marking the successful advent of a new factor in lake yachting. Up to the present time the sport has been most strongly and permanently established on Ontario, the most easterly of all the lakes, decreasing from lake to lake toward the west. While a certain number of fast yachts have always been found on Lake Erie, and a smaller number on Lake Michigan, the Ontario fleet has long been the largest (including clubs from the Canadian and American sides alike), the best organized, and with its classes better filled. Though long since established at Chicago, the sport has labored under various natural disadvantages, such as poor harbors and few followers, many of the Chicago yachtsmen preferring to follow the racing of small open boats on the inland lakes, rather than to tempt the rude and boisterous Michigan.

The challenge of this year for the Canada cup is the result of a new attempt to place the sport on a permanent and successful footing on Lake Michigan, and as such the winning or losing of the cup meant much to the small number of yachtsmen concerned in it.

The loss of the cup in the initial match in 1896, when the Chicago yacht Vencedor was defeated by the Toronto yacht Canada, left yachting on Lake Michigan where it had been for some years—struggling for existence, with little hope of immediate success, no one of the several local clubs in Chicago being strong enough to unite the yachting element. In the spring of 1898 a new attempt was made under the leadership of Com. F. W. Morgan, of the steam yacht Pathfinder, and a few other Chicago yachtsmen, to revive the old Chicago Y. C., a once strong organization, which had lain dormant for some years. The task of building up the old club on new lines has been by no means an easy one, but the work has been carried on with enthusiasm and energy. Those interested in it were quick to appreciate the facts that success could only come through popular support both in the sympathy of the public and the addition to the limited number of active yachtsmen; and that the surest way to secure such support was through the bringing to Chicago of the Canada cup, the emblem of yachting supremacy on the Great Lakes. This cup, won in 1896 by Canada in the matches with Vencedor off Toledo, became the absolute property of the owners of Canada, but in 1897 it was dedicated by them as a perpetual trophy for international racing on the Great Lakes, being first intrusted to the Royal Canadian Y. C. as defender.

Early last fall it was determined to issue a challenge for this year, and the following was sent to the R. C. Y. C.:

Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto, Canada:

Gentlemen—I have the honor to notify you that the Chicago Y. C. will challenge for the Canada cup. If agreeable to you a committee will meet you in Toronto to present formal challenge and to arrange all details of the races.

An early reply, stating when you wish to meet our committee, will greatly oblige, respectfully yours,

(Signed) CHARLES H. THORNE,
Sec'y Chicago Y. C.

Chicago, Oct. 25, 1898.

The proposed meeting was held at Toronto on Nov. 15, the formal challenge being presented by Messrs. Thorne, Berryman, Warrington and Crawford, the special committee of the Chicago Y. C., as follows:

CHICAGO, Nov. 14, 1898.—F. J. Ricarde Seaver, Hon. Sec'y R. C. Y. C.: Sir—We have the honor on behalf of the Chicago Y. C. to challenge your club to sail a series of races for the Canada cup, subject to the deed of gift and other conditions to be agreed upon. As required by the deed of gift, we name the 35ft. class as the class in which the races shall be sailed, and Aug. 22 as the first of the days upon which the races shall be sailed.

(Signed) W. R. CRAWFORD,
GEO. WARRINGTON,
J. B. BERRYMAN,
C. H. THORNE, Sec'y.



VIEW ACROSS THE ISLAND FROM GROUNDS OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C. LAKE ONTARIO IN THE BACKGROUND.
From Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

At the meeting the following conditions were agreed to:

Conditions governing the match for Canada's cup, to be sailed between yachts representing the Chicago Y. C. and the Royal Canadian Y. C.:

Rules.—The racing rules shall be those of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, as existing at this date, subject to such additions and variations as are herein provided, and in accordance with the deed of gift dated Jan. 16, 1897.

Construction.—The yachts shall be of wooden construction, in accordance with the scantling table in the rules above mentioned.

Size of Yacht.—The competing yachts shall be in the 35ft. class.

Number of Races.—The winner of three out of five races shall be declared the winner of the match.

Dates of Races.—The first race shall be sailed on ————, and the other races on consecutive days thereafter until completed, Sundays excepted.

Courses.—The races shall be sailed on Lake Ontario, off Toronto Harbor, on courses to be hereafter agreed upon.

The first course shall be triangular.

The second course shall be windward or leeward and return. The tug bearing the buoy shall start at the time the preparatory gun is fired.

The third and fifth shall be similar to the first.

The fourth shall be similar to the second.

The triangular races shall be once around an equilateral triangle of twenty-one nautical miles.

The windward or leeward races shall be nine nautical miles to windward or leeward and return.

The triangular courses shall be so sailed that one side of the trangle shall be to windward if possible.

In windward and leeward races all buoys shall be left to starboard, and in triangular races all buoys shall be left to starboard or port, as directed by the judges.

Time.—All races shall be started at 11 o'clock A. M.

Any race not sailed in five and three-quarter hours by the winning yacht shall be resailed.

The start may be postponed by the judges:

First—In case of fog.

Second—If, in their opinion, the space round the starting line is not sufficiently clear at the time appointed for starting.

Third—In case both yachts consent to a postponement.

Fourth—In case of serious accidents to either yacht, as hereafter provided.

Fifth—Should such a course appear to them desirable. And in case of postponement the judges shall determine the time for starting, but in no case shall a race be started later than 1 P. M.

A yacht crossing the line before the starting signal is given shall be recalled by five short blasts of the whistle, and the hoisting of her national flag.

Unfinished Races.—An unfinished race shall be resailed until completed.

Accidents.—In case of accident to either yacht prior to the preparatory signal, notice thereof shall immediately be signaled to the judges, who shall have power to postpone the race if the accident in their opinion is sufficiently serious to warrant such a course; or, if an accident occurs during a race, the yacht to which the accident has happened shall have sufficient time to make repairs before being required to start in the next race.

Scrutineers.—Each yacht shall have on board during the races a representative named by her competitor, whose weight shall not exceed 150lbs.

The names of the scrutineers shall be given to the judges not less than twenty-four hours before the first race, and the scrutineers shall report to the judges within six hours after the termination of each race.

Management.—The races shall be sailed under the management of three judges, none of whom shall be interested in either yacht. One shall be appointed by each club, and the two so appointed shall select a third on or before the first day of July, 1899, and they shall act as judges and time-keepers, and settle all disputes. The decision of a majority shall be final in all matters.

The judges shall be the regatta committee referred to in the rules of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.

Measurements.—The yachts shall be measured by the judges or by a disinterested person appointed by them, and each yacht shall be entitled to have a representative present when measurements are taken.

The yachts shall be measured not less than two days before the first race.

Crews.—The crews shall be limited to six men, whose total weight shall not exced 1,050lbs.

Instructions.—Charts of the course and instructions shall be furnished to the competing yachts not later than 7 o'clock on the morning of the race.

Alterations.—These conditions may be altered or amended by mutual agreement at any time.

The date was left open, but later on Aug. 21 was selected.

The challengers set to work at once and a fleet of yachts was finally constructed—Vera, Josephine, Prairie, Genesee, Briar and Bald Eagle. The trial races, as already reported, were held on July 4 and the following days at Chicago, resulting in an overwhelming victory for Genesee.

The defending club has through its two syndicates built three boats—Beaver, Minota and Toronto, while Hamilton contributed three more—Myrtle, Weir and Hamilton. The trial races at Toronto two weeks since showed Beaver and Minota to be far ahead of the others, leaving a small margin of choice between the two, the former being finally chosen as the defender of the cup.

The challenging yacht, Genesee, was built by a large syndicate of the Rochester Y. C., of which the leading spirit is Mr. J. E. Burroughs, secretary of the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes, a yachtsman well and favorably known on the Canadian as well as the American side, and an old hand on Lake Ontario. Genesee was designed by her builder, C. C. Hanley, formerly of Cape Cod, and now of Quincy, Mass. Mr. Hanley won his reputation long ago in the Cape cat class, with Harbinger and other fast boats, and he has added to it of late years with such sloops as Meemer, Ashumet, Privateer and Acushla. His work has been confined exclusively to the shoal or moderately deep centerboard types in the classes below 50ft. As a class the Hanley boats have been among the best of the centerboards, many of them fairly deep, able and seaworthy. The Hanley boats have been noted for their strength with but moderate weight of construction and for the good surface of the planking. Most of them have been built under some form of length rule, with no limit to sail, but Harbinger, Acushla, Almira and many others have either been built to or have succeeded under the old Seawanhaka rule of length and sail area.



CHART SHOWING CITY OF TORONTO, TORONTO BAY AND SHORE OF LAKE ONTARIO; WITH STARTING LINE AND ANGLE OF 21-MILE COURSE.

In Genesee Mr. Hanley has made his first trial under the new English girth rule as adopted by the Y. R. U. of North America. Practically the sole object in view was speed under the rule, the scantling regulations and the special conditions of the Canada cup trial and final races at Chicago and Toronto. The keel contour of Genesee is practically an arc of a circle, with a waterline of 27ft., about the same amount of overhang at each end, and an extreme draft of but 18in. The descriptions previously published are misleading. There is no "double chin," as described, indicating a reverse curve at each end of the waterline; but as above stated a fair circular sweep from the scarf of the stem and keel a few feet from the extreme bow to the transom, which is very wide and cut off square across, showing a handsome piece of mahogany. The midship section has no straight deadrise, but shows a slight round from the rabbet, with a rather hard turn to the bilge, the Cape cat section. There is no ouside keel, the garboards and keel being flush. The lowest point of the keel is forward of and 2in. below the point of girth measurement. The centerboard is comparatively narrow, to meet the girth measurement, and is very long. Abaft it is a scag, on which is hung the wooden rudder, nearly 4ft. broad and about 2½ft. deep, a shoe being added to it to increase the original area. The sternpost has a slight rake. The fore body is quite fine near the stem, but full abreast the chainplates. The quarters are wide and full, making a long side when heeled; but there is no suggestion of the modern scow type. The model is that of a Cape cat cut away everywhere, both in body proper and in appendages outside the rabbet to give speed.

The yacht is built with a steamed and bent oak frame; all timbers small and of uniform size, with an extra frame of doubled moulding bent inside the single chainplate frame; the chainplate, a 3in. bronze strap, being between the two. The floors forward are also of steamed oak. The planking is rather wide, 6 or 7in. on the topsides, but it shows a smooth surface, with small smooth seams.

There is a long cabin house, 12 to 15in. high, on the side, and giving about 5ft. of head room; and abaft it is a large cockpit. The cabin is divided by the long centerboard trunk, and the head room is limited even under the trunk, and especially under the fore deck; but with this exception there is a good deal of available space below. There is a wide transom on each side, and six hammock berths are swung, two being under the fore deck. The mast step is a very solid block of oak. A double span of wire rope runs from the keel up in the bows to the fore end of the centerboard trunk just below the deck, and a similar tie aft serves to make, with the centerboard trunk, a fore and aft truss to prevent any sagging of the ends. There are a clamp and a shelf together, with a good bilge stringer; the deck beams are mainly of oak. The material and workmanship are very good, and while there is nothing specially novel about the construction, it is strong and durable. The centerboard is of wood, about 2in. thick; the single bronze chainplate on each side carries two shrouds, one to the hounds and one to masthead. The steering is done with a tiller about 5ft. long.

The rig shows two high narrow sails, a large mainsail and comparatively small jib, with a lofty mast; a solid stick, with a track on the after side in place of hoops. The sails, by Wilson & Silsby, are crosscut, a new mainsail being made on three days' notice for the final races. The rigging is light and simple, with no superfluous gear, but heavier and less leaborate than that of Beaver. The bottom is potleaded up to a point several inches above the waterline, and the topsides are painted white; the transom is of mahogany, with a light mahogany rail about an inch high around the deck edge.

Beaver was designed by Arthur E. Payne, of Southampton, England, and built by George Andrews, of Oakville, just west of Toronto. She was, with Minota, constructed for a syndicate of the R. C. Y. C., organized by Mr. Jarvis last spring. The original idea was to raise sufficient money to build from the McLeod design, but as more than the required amount was tendered it was decided to build a second boat, and the design was ordered of Mr. Payne. Both Minota and Beaver were rigged as sloops, with no topmasts nor topsails, at Mr. Jarvis' suggestion, the original sail plan of Beaver by Mr. Payne showing a topsail and jib topsails.

Beaver has been described as a fin-keel, but this statement requires some qualification. She is not structurally a plate fin like the Herreshoff yachts, but she is of the



YACHTS OF THE GREAT LAKES. AT ANCHOR OFF THE ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C. STATION.
From Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

S-section, with an extreme hollow in the bottom, something of the type of Syce and Quissetta, with a wineglass section. She is of handsome model, with a moderately full waterline, the upper level lines in the bow showing a very slight hollow. To all appearances the original design may have been a foot or more longer, with the forward lines cut away to shorten the bow at the water and above to meet American conditions.

The contour of the stem above water is not as pleasing to the eye as in many of Mr. Payne's boats. The center is cut off by a rather wide square transom, set on a slight rake. The bottom of the keel, a cleverly bulbed lump of lead, is parallel with the water. The rudder follows the sternpost in the usual way, the post having a moderate rake. The section is a shoal one, giving but a limited head room at best. As fitted for racing, there is an opening aft for the helmsman, and one amidships; the floor is placed at such a height that when a man stands on it his arms are well clear of the deck, so that he can reach the different lines and cleats.

The frame is all of elm, double-sawn, and bolted with screwbolts; a shelf and clamp are used together. The seams are not caulked, except about the garboards, being made with a groove rubbed down in each plank edge, with a light cotton thread laid in the groove. The deck is entirely flush, with no pretense of a rail, but a light batten or handrail runs along amidships about 18in. in from the edge. All the spars are hollow; the sails, made by John Leckie, of Toronto, of a very fine imported cotton, are crosscut. The blocks and small fittings were specially made for this yacht and Minota, and are models of neatness and lightness. The wire rigging was imported from Scotland, and is of very small diameter. The entire rig, above deck and below, is perfect for its purpose—light, well arranged, and from the trials thus far apparently strong enough. All the gear is led below, the halyards making fast to a heavy thwart at the foot of the mast, or leading to jigs on the cabin floor, where the cleats are placed.

After her formal selection as the defender, Beaver was hauled out and 500lbs. of lead were removed from her keel, as she was amply stiff. A small sprit topsail was also fitted, to increase her sail area down wind. Her outside was carefully smoothed, and the topsides painted with marine black, with a wide bootleg of silver bronze above the waterline. The bottom was finished with a special black composition sent out by Mr. Payne, making a smooth and glossy surface.

On the long trip of nearly a week on the steamer from Chicago to Buffalo, the crew of Genesee was busy rubbing her down and giving her a coat of red lead. When she reached Charlotte she was docked and again smoothed and painted under Mr. Hanley's supervision. She sailed on Aug. 16 for Toronto, arriving at midnight on Thursday, after a slow passage. She drifted for a time, her crew bending the new mainsail while in the middle of the lake.

The conditions call for the selection of one judge by each party, the two to choose a third. The challengers selected E. P. Warner, of Chicago, and the defenders E. H. Ambrose, Royal Hamilton Y. C. The Toronto yachtsmen named as their preference for the third judge several well-known yachtsmen, among others Messrs. Oliver E. Cromwell, Oswald Sanderson, John Hyslop, of New York, and L. M. Clark, of Boston. The Chicago yachtsmen objected to any one from the salt water, and suggested J. H. Monck, of Hamilton, a Canadian, or Allen Ames, of Oswego. Finally the two parties agreed on Mr. Louis M. Clark, of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., of Boston, president of the Y. R. U. of N. A.

The work of measuring was begun on Friday afternoon by Messrs. Warner and Ambrose, assisted by Mr. Geo. E. Evans, ex-secretary of the Lake Y. R. A., and an old hand at this work. Beaver was measured for girth on the ways, and on Saturday morning she was launched and Genesee took her place, the blocking being first arranged so as to admit of the dropping of the centerboard.

The official measurements of the two yachts were as follows:

	Genesee.	Beaver.
Length—		
Over all	44.63	44.00
L.W.L.	27.69	28.55
Overhang—		
Bow	8.18	8.00
Counter	8.76	7.45
Beam, extreme	11.63	9.43
Draft, hull	1.50	6.00
Girth—		
Hull	11.76	17.68
Added for centerboard	2.82	.....
Added for draft forward	0.34	.....
Total	14.92	17.68
Sail area—		
Mainsail	1101.00	908.00
Head triangle	357.00	427.00
Topsail	.....	70.00
Total	1458.00	1405.00
Boom	37.52	36.66
Gaff	25.40	21.51
Hoist	29.45	25.35
Leech	59.80	51.69
Linear rating	34.78	34.92

In this measurement Genesee paid for 2in. of depth of hull forward of the point of girth measurement and also for twice the distance from the lowest point of the hull to the center of area of the centerboard. Her total sail area was made up of a big mainsail, with a long gaff and very high peak and a comparatively small jib. Beaver's total girth was the plain tape measurement under her keel. After the removal of 500lbs. of lead, following the trial races, her L.W.L., beam and girth allowed her to carry 1,408sq.ft. of sail, but it was impossible to put this amount on her without an entire new rig, the spars being too short. Her head triangle would have allowed a mainsail of 1,003sq.ft., or 105 more than she actually carried. To utilize in a measure some of this allowed area, a topsail of 70sq. ft. was fitted for use off the wind, though it was subsequently used to windward; but it was a narrow and ineffective sail, owing to the high peak of the mainsail and the small space between the gaff and the pole of the mast. To make up the remaining area the spinaker boom was cut to exceed the base of the fore triangle by 1ft. 3in.

In the matter of canvassing to the exact limits of the rule and class Genesee had the advantage, with all that she could possibly carry in her big mainsail; Beaver, on the contrary, was plainly undercanvassed in a moderate breeze; at no time in the races was she feeling her sail, and while she badly needed another 100ft. if it could have been put on, she would have carried still more in ordinary weather.

The final arrangements for the races were as follows:

Triangular Course.—The course will be once around an equilateral triangle, seven miles to the side. The start will be between the flagstaff on the bow of the judges' steamer Augusta and the starting buoy. If the blue flag be hoisted on the judges' boat the start will be to the southeast, and all buoys (including the starting buoy) will be kept on the starboard hand. If a red flag be hoisted the start will be to the southwest, and all buoys (including the starting buoy) will be kept to port.

At 10:30 A. M. a gun will be fired from the judges' boat as a signal for the yachts to approach the starting line. At 10:50 A. M., or twenty minutes after the first gun, the preparatory gun will be fired and the red or blue flag hoisted. At 11 A. M., or ten minutes after the preparatory gun, a gun will be fired as a signal to start, and the red or blue flag lowered.

Should the first gun be delayed, the same intervals will be observed. In case the gun misses fire the hoisting or lowering of the flag will be the signal.

A boat starting before the signal will be recalled by five short blasts of the whistle and the display of its national flag on the judges' boat.

Windward and Leeward Course.—The start will be between the flagstaff on the bow of the judges' steamer Augusta and the starting buoy off Toronto Island.

The course will be nine miles to windward or leeward and return, leaving all buoys on the starboard hand.

The outer mark will be a buoy carrying a red ball.

The starting signal and intervals will be the same as in the triangular races.

The boat (not the judges' tug) bearing the outer buoy will start at the preparatory signal. The compass course will be given on application to the judges.

With but two yachts, starting within a quarter of a mile of shore and at all times within reach of a megaphone, all that was necessary was a preparatory interval of five minutes between the preparatory and starting guns, but for some unexplained reason a preliminary interval of twenty minutes was provided, with a second interval of ten minutes; the result being an annoying and trying delay to the skippers.

The challenger was manned as follows: Skipper, C. G. Davis; mate, J. E. Burroughs; crew, M. A. Duff, Chas. Van Voorhis, C. C. Hanley, and E. Thompson, paid hand. Scrutineer, George E. Evans, R. C. Y. C. Beaver was sailed by Æmilius Jarvis as skipper; J. Wilton Morse, mate; crew, J. S. McMurray, A. A. MacDonald, H. O. Hughes, and J. Young, paid hand. Scrutineer, E. MacDonald, Rochester Y. C.

The location and surroundings of Toronto are peculiar and of such a nature as to offer exceptional facilities for all water sports. The city extends along the lake shore for some half-dozen miles, the ground rising with a gentle ascent from the water. Directly opposite to the center of the city is "The Island," a big sandbar, about three miles long and less than half a mile wide at the center, the surface being only a few feet above the lake level. This island forms Toronto Bay, three miles long and a mile wide, completely inclosed save the two entrances, the "Western Gap" and the "Eastern Gap." This sheltered water is sufficiently open to the sweep of the lake winds across the island to make a good sailing course for the larger yachts of the fleet, and at the same time it is equally well adapted to shell rowing, canoeing and boat sailing. The "town house" of the Royal Canadian Y. C. is on the water front within ten minutes' walk of the business center of the city; a large and well appointed building, with moorings close at hand for the largest yachts and houses for small boats. Directly across the bay is the "island club house," surrounded by trees and green lawns laid out in tennis courts and greens for bowling. Meals are served at this house, and a cottage on the grounds houses those members who prefer to live there. Off the club pier is another good anchorage.

The island is owned by the city and the ground is leased for terms of twenty-one years each. The lake front is a sandy beach, protected by a stone facing, on which is a wide plank walk, and just inside of this, some 50yds. back from the water, are summer cottages, some small and cozy and some large and pretentious. The island is cut in every direction by natural lagoons and by small canals, dredged out with a sand pump, the sand being used to raise the general level of the land. Where a house fronts on the lake the rear is not far distant from some one of the canals, and by means of the open canoes, lying about by dozens, it is an easy matter to reach the different cottages, the club house, the public ferry wharves and other points. Parts of the island are still wild and isolated, and given up to camping parties. The west end, Hanlan's Point, the home of Edward Hanlan the famous sculler, is a public picnic ground, exhibitions of various kinds being given.

The island, with its open outlook over the lake, is a convenient summer refuge for the people of Toronto, especially the yachtsmen.

The gathering of the fleet began on Saturday, when the Com. Gardner, of Cleveland; Siren, of Chicago; Minx and Result, of Detroit, and the steam yachts Thistle, of Chicago, and Pastime, of Walkerville, arrived. The flagship of the Chicago Y. C., Pathfinder, with Com. Morgan and party, arrived on Sunday afternoon; the lake fleet re-



GENESEE.



GENESEE. BEAVER.

From Photos by Bruce, Toronto.

turned from Hamilton, and Onward, of Rochester, and yachts from other Ontario ports came in.

The gathering was a notable one, including yachtsmen from all the lake ports. The Chicago party included Com. and Mrs. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Warrington, Messrs. Warner, Crawford, J. B. Berryman, Peare and others. From Cleveland came the veteran Com. Gardner, with his son Harry, E. W. Radder, Percy Rice and others. Detroit was represented by the Walkers and Pres. W. C. Jupp, of the Detroit Boat Club. The steel cutter Sultana came from Toledo with her owner, "Kid" Wild. Rochester sent a large and enthusiastic delegation, some in their own yachts and more coming by steamer. The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was represented by the steam yacht Alcyone, with her owner, Mr. H. M. Molson, and Mr. E. Kirk Greene. The only visitor from New York was Mr. N. D. Lawton, Atlantic Y. C.; while the only Boston yachtsmen were Messrs. Clark and Bockus, Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

The town club house was full of visitors, American and Canadian, all eagerly discussing the prospects of weather and the merits of the respective champions. Both of the yachts were under way, but late in the afternoon Beaver was hauled out, as the paint on her bottom was scaling, having been still wet when she was launched on Saturday.

On the evening preceding the first race the two skippers met, with the judges, and discussed different points in connection with the racing rules, so that there should be a thorough understanding between all parties.

The week preceding the races was marked by light weather. Friday was hot and Saturday was still hotter, with no wind, the record day of the summer. On Sunday there was a light breeze, from S.W., holding through the night, but very light in the early morning, though by 10 o'clock it was blowing moderately with a light roll of sea.

Genesee turned in three reefs before leaving the dock at the town house, while Beaver came out under full sail.

Immediately on her return, Beaver was hauled out and the bottom again rubbed down and polished, while a new pendant and spreader were fitted.

Tuesday was cool and cloudy, with a moderate wind from the west. The fleet started from the bay about 10 o'clock, working out by the Eastern Gap; steam yachts, steamboats, yachts, small and large, and even open boats. The judges went out in Pathfinder, while the tug Augusta was at hand to lend assistance if needed. When they reached the line Genesee was knocking about with one reef in her mainsail, while Beaver swung whole sail.

The conditions call for an interval of twenty minutes between the first and the preparatory signal, and another of ten minutes to the start. This makes a full half-hour after everything is ready before the yachts can cross the line, a wait that is not only unnecessary but most trying to the crews. The first gun was fired at 11 A. M. and the second at 11:20, the blue signal indicating all marks to starboard being set at the same time. The wind was then W. by N., or almost down the western leg of the triangle; a broad reach to first mark out in the lake, a beat to the second, and another reach home along the island shore.

Five minutes before the start Beaver set her little sprit topsail. The two kept wide apart, inshore of the line, and made no attempt to bother each other. They jibed over just before the gun, still at some distance from the line, Beaver having her spinaker boom ready to starboard. She crossed the line next to the buoy at 47s. after the gun, Genesee being 11s. later. Genesee set her spinaker and within three minutes shook out her single reef. Beaver went ahead and soon put clear water between them. Genesee took in her spinaker and set her balloon jib, starting to luff, but abandoning this and trying for a passage to leeward, which she failed to make. She then went at Beaver's weather again and worked up astern. Beaver had her headsails down to give a fair chance to her spinaker, now braced well forward, and she was in no shape for a luffing match. As the wind was, Genesee proved the neither made any mistakes. Genesee's crew showed the better judgment in choice of canvas in the early part of the race.

There was next to no wind early on Wednesday morning, a very light northerly breeze, and by 10 A. M. there was a flat calm about the starting line, with the smoke blowing slowly in different directions on shore and out in the lake. The preliminary gun was fired at 11:30, but there was no wind, and the yachts were notified by megaphone to stand by for orders, for the ten-minute preparatory gun. By noon the wind seemed to have settled about S.W., and at 12:11 the preparatory signal was given and the tug sent away to log off nine miles S. by W.¾W. The start was given at 12:21, Beaver going over first in the weather berth after a little maneuvering, both, of course, under whole sail. Going over with a little better way on, Genesee at once walked through Beaver's lee, amid cheers from the surrounding yachts. After getting her wind clear she footed ahead, while Beaver made up by better pointing and holding on. For a time Genesee's gain, though apparent, was very slight, both moving slowly; then she gained on Beaver as the wind grew still lighter, and again near the middle of the long nine-mile leg Beaver came up very close to her. The wind fell again and Genesee drew away as they neared the windward mark, where they were timed:

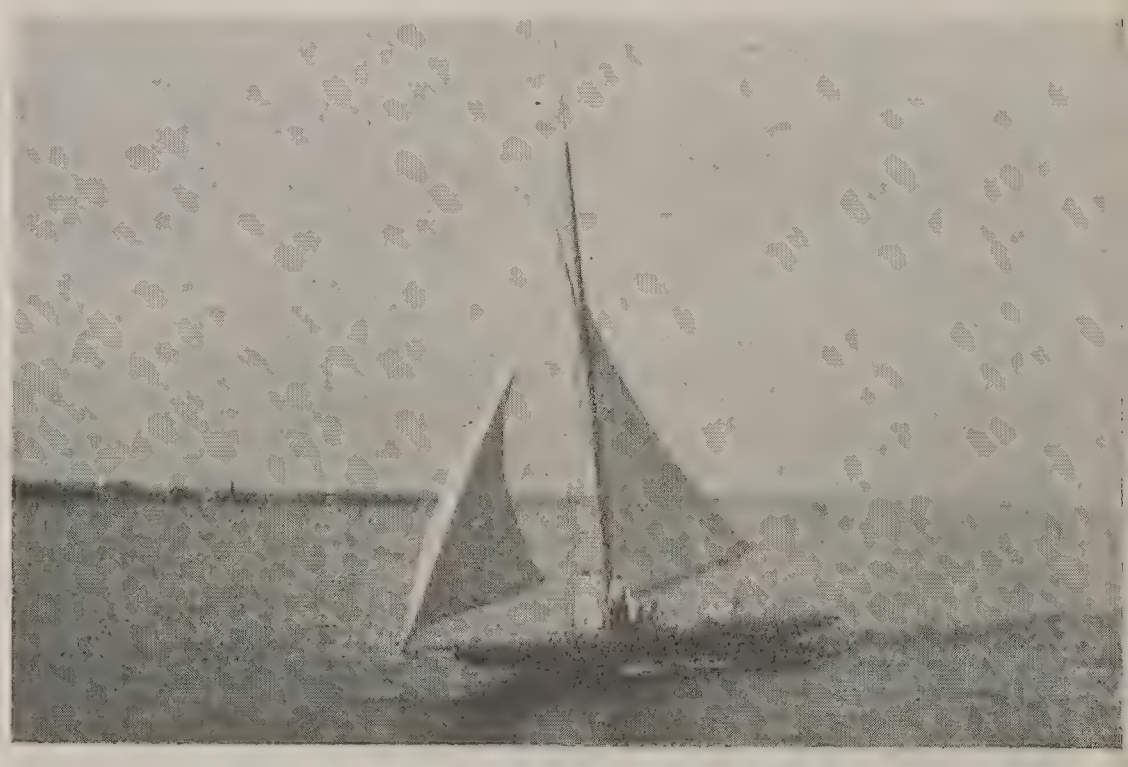
	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Genesee	3 15 19	2 54 19	0 01 19	0 01 19
Beaver	3 16 38	2 55 38	. . ..	. .. ..

It had taken nearly three hours to cover the nine miles, and in this time the boats were never much further apart than at the turn.

Genesee was slow with her spinaker, and it was set no sooner than Beaver's, which went up just as she turned the mark. There was a turn in the head of Beaver's, however, and it came in for a moment, being at once reset. As they ran very slowly with booms to starboard, Beaver began to creep up, and after about twenty minutes she was on



PATHFINDER, COM. F. W. MORGAN, CHICAGO Y. C.



TORONTO.

From Photos by Bruce, Toronto.

The assembly signal was given at 11 A. M., with an interval of twenty minutes to the preparatory and ten minutes more for the start. There was no sharp maneuvering, but just before the starting gun Genesee came for the middle of the line under a three-reefed mainsail, crossing soon after the gun, close hauled on starboard tack, the orders being for the course to be sailed with all marks to port. Beaver was but a few seconds astern, in a good berth on Genesee's weather quarter, under whole sail and moving much faster. As she hardened her sheets on the line there was a sudden snap aloft, and her throat dropped a little; she luffed up and a hand went aloft, then she lowered her mainsail and started home under her jib. The wire rope pendant of the throat halyard block had parted and the halyard block struck the starboard spreader and doubled it up. The damage to the throat might have been repaired, but the spreader was ruined.

Genesee kept on, holding the starboard tack for a long time, finally shaking out the reef, then going on port tack. The judges' tug ran out to the S.W. mark and awaited her, but she did not appear, and two hours after the start the tug started in, meeting Genesee as both neared the line.

After crossing the line Genesee reported that she had rounded the first mark, but after sailing more than seven miles to the eastward she had failed to find the second mark and had not rounded it. To the surprise of all on board, they were informed that the judges' boat had gone straight to the first mark and laid by it for two hours. The blunder was due in part to Genesee's compass being out and in part to the fact that Pathfinder, Thistle and other steam yachts ran out from the start to the second mark instead of the first. On sighting them, Genesee assumed that they were at the first mark and steered east, instead of west, where the judges' tug was waiting.

There was a noisy gathering at the town house as yacht after yacht came into the bay and the men rowed ashore. The Canadians were jubilant over the bad blunder by which their opponents had thrown away one leg after it had given been to them, and the Americans were looking for something to cover the plain facts of the case. Before long the rumor ran around that the marks had been wrongly placed, in spite of the fact that the course was laid out under the personal direction of the Chicago judge and that the first mark was known to be correctly located. This rumor went so far that the three judges finally took the tug and ran over the third leg once more, finding the second mark in its proper place,

better canvased, and she steadily drew ahead until near the middle of the leg she had a clear lead.

It was now a procession to the first mark, Genesee slowly increasing her lead. The wind was quite as heavy as Genesee wanted, for her whole mainsail, but too light for Beaver's small sail plan. There was no sea inshore to bother the boats. The first mark was timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Genesee	12 24 35	0 54 35	0 01 28	0 01 28
Beaver	12 26 03	0 56 03	. .. ..	. .. ..

Genesee luffed around the mark and started on port tack, blanketing Beaver for a moment as she passed close to windward. Beaver trimmed in and stood by on starboard tack, taking in her little topsail.

After a minute she came on port, Genesee tacking at the same time. They worked on together, never very far apart, and never near enough to bother each other, for the next two hours. The wind was light and there was a roll to the sea, which bothered the two at times. The fight was exciting, as there was evidently very little to spare, and a slight error or a little change in the wind might determine the race. At first Genesee held her own, but gained nothing; she footed faster, but did not point as high or hold on quite as well as Beaver. In the middle of the leg Beaver, with a freshening of the breeze, did her best work, and by a steady gain to windward was at least even or a little ahead. As they neared the second mark the wind fell a little and Genesee took the first place, turning with a lead of 52s., or a loss of 36s. in two hours of fair sailing. The times were:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead
Genesee	2 27 35	2 03 00	. .. ..	0 00 52
Beaver	2 28 27	2 02 24	0 00 36	. .. ..

The race was now over, as it was plain that Genesee could outreach Beaver in a whole-sail breeze—for her—and nearly smooth water. It was a hard fight, however, and a close finish, but 1m. 22s. apart in four hours' sailing. Beaver set her topsail for the reach home. The final times were:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Lead.
Genesee	3 25 10	0 57 35	0 00 30	3 55 10	. .. ..
Beaver	3 26 32	0 58 05	. .. ..	3 56 32	0 01 22

Before the fleet reached the Eastern Gap a strong breeze was blowing; Genesee beat in with jib stowed and all her reefs tied down.

The race was a most exciting and interesting one, especially when it is considered that there was no jockeying or close maneuvering, but plain, straight sailing on the part of each boat. Both were well handled, and Genesee's port or inshore beam and then out clear ahead. Genesee did not like this, as Beaver was quite as good or a little the better dead before the wind, and she took in her spinaker and began to luff, Beaver meeting her. They luffed out into Humber Bay, and finally Genesee squared away and took the lead, on the outside. As they neared the island the wind was nearly dead aft and shifting so that the booms were liable to come over at any time. There was another luffing match, with jibing and shifting of spinakers, in which Genesee gained a further advantage by clever handling, and they came for the line with booms on opposite sides and she in the lead. The finish was close enough to be exciting, there being but 39s. between them.

		Leg.		Course	
	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Lead.
Genesee	5 06 57	1 51 38	. .. ..	4 45 57	0 00 39
Beaver	5 07 36	1 50 58	0 00 40	4 46 36	. .. ..

As on the previous day, the breeze freshened materially before the fleet reached the Eastern Gap.

On Thursday the triangle was again in order, and with no more wind than on the previous day, the little that there was being about S.E., with perfectly smooth water and a sunny sky. The start was made at 11:14, with all marks to starboard, Beaver, with her little topsail set, again going over first and to windward of Genesee. With her crew to leeward, however, the centerboard boat soon footed from under Beaver's lee, the latter not having enough wind to give her a list. It was the same story as in the previous races, but in even a lighter wind, as Genesee footed away, Beaver made a determined but fruitless effort to hold her by better windward work. About four miles from the start the wind shifted a little to the south, allowing Genesee to lay her course for the mark. Beaver was not far away, but she lost the wind entirely for a time. She set her balloon jib and carried it nearly to the mark, but on a reach and with a streak of wind to help her. Genesee gained nearly ten minutes in three miles. As she neared the mark the wind headed her so that a couple of short hitches were necessary, but she finally rounded with the greatest lead she had had thus far, 11m. 11s. As they sailed over the first half of this leg, under equal conditions she would have beaten Beaver to the mark by three or four minutes, the greater part of her gain being due to chance. The times were:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Genesee	1 05 39	1 50 39	0 11 11	0 11 11
Beaver	1 16 50	2 01 50	. .. ..	. .. ..

The second seven miles was a free reach. Genesee car-

ried her spinaker for a time, but shifted to a balloon jib. Beaver set her spinaker well forward and made it draw over the whole leg, but she lost over a minute more. The second mark was timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Genesee	2 35 48	1 30 09	0 01 17	0 12 28
Beaver	2 48 16	1 31 26	. .. ..	. .. ..

They had the wind about abeam on the last leg, and considerably more of it; with almost a whole-sail breeze and smooth water, it was expected that Genesee would add a good deal to her already large lead, but on the other hand Beaver picked up nearly two minutes, the final times being:

		Leg.		Course.	
	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Lead.
Genesee	3 32 11	0 56 23	. .. ..	4 17 17	0 10 47
Beaver	3 42 58	0 54 42	0 01 41	4 27 58	. .. ..

After the finish the loser sailed up and cheered the winner, amid salutes from the large fleet in attendance.

The delivery of the cup took place in the evening at the island club house, the band of the Forty-eighth Highlanders being present and the handsome grounds being illuminated. A large party of American and Canadian yachtsmen, with many ladies, completely filled the club house in the evening, after the two crews and the judges had dined together as guests of Mr. MacDonald, the scrutineer on Beaver. Com. Plummer introduced Mr. John Shaw, the Mayor of Toronto, who welcomed the visitors in a short speech. The Commodore then tendered the cup to Com. Morgan, of the Chicago Y. C., who spoke briefly, being followed by Mr. Crawford, of the C. Y. C. race committee. Speeches were then demanded of Messrs. Hanley and Davis, Mr. Burroughs and Mr. Jarvis. The latter spoke of the good feeling which had characterized the entire contest, from the first negotiations to the last race, and of the close sailing of the two boats, widely different in model, promising that the Chicago Y. C. should not wait long for a challenge.

The contest was marked on each side by a devotion to the work and a personal attention to detail on the part of the principals which is rather exceptional. When Genesee was hauled out, Mr. Burroughs was present, working underneath the bottom in the dirt and slime from the oil works which befouls a part of Toronto Bay; and each time Beaver was hauled out, by night as well as day, Mr. Jarvis superintended everything, taking a hand himself in polishing the bottom. On each boat nothing was left to chance, but every possible effort was made to eliminate defects and to avoid all possibility of accident.

The handling of the two boats was very even, there being few mistakes on either side. The crew of Beaver was smarter with the spinaker and other light sails. Mr. Davis did excellent work as skipper throughout the races, though his opponent, Mr. Jarvis, is generally recognized as the best amateur on the lakes. In the first race on the first leg Genesee profited by using a balloon jib instead of a spinaker, thus being able to luff and get by Beaver, and on the second leg of the second race, after Beaver had passed her down wind, the race was won by Genesee's clever maneuvering in the luffing matches.

There was a general feeling on the part of the Canadians that the very light weather suited Genesee, while it gave no opportunity for Beaver to show herself at her best in a moderate or strong breeze.

As the Rochester Y. C. now holds the Fisher cup, it is probable that Genesee and Beaver may meet again this fall off Charlotte, as the R. C. Y. C. proposes to challenge.

The America's Cup.

During the past week Shamrock has been at the Erie Basin drydocks, as closely guarded as the conditions will admit, though visitors are able to look at her topsides from an adjoining wharf. It is expected that Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Will Fife, Jr., will be here by Sept. 1, as they sailed on Aug. 26 on the Campania. The yacht will not be docked until they arrive. Her mast was stepped on Aug. 28, and she will have her first sail on Aug. 31.

Columbia's steel mast was stepped on Aug. 24, having been repaired, and about three tons of ballast was stowed aboard. She was under way on Aug. 26, but her new steel topsail yard buckled at the slings, making almost a right angle. It has been decided to sail a series of trial races between her and Defender off Newport, as per the following official circular:

New York, Aug. 25.—Trial Races—The committee on the challenge from the Royal Ulster Y. C. have decided to hold trial races between Columbia and Defender at Newport, on Sept. 2, 4 and 6, and have placed the event in the hands of the Regatta Committee.

The courses will be both triangular and to windward, or to leeward and return, out from Brenton's Reef L. S.

The start will be at 11 A. M., wind and weather permitting. The races will be subject to postponement at the discretion of the Challenge Committee, or at the request of either of the competing vessels.

Sailing directions can be obtained at New York Y. C., Station No. 6 (Newport), after Aug. 29.

The America's Cup.—For this event the Regatta Committee have chartered the side-wheel steamer Republic, formerly of the Philadelphia & Cape May Transportation Company, and with a licensed passenger capacity of 2,500.

For each race, members will be provided with tickets at the club's expense, and may procure extra tickets for their friends at $5 each. Members' tickets will be non-transferable, and, as well as the extra tickets, will admit but one person each. All tickets will include lunch, exclusive of wines, etc.

Tickets will be issued according to priority of application, which should be made to Mr. J. V. S. Oddie, the Secretary of the club, who, at the request of the Regatta Committee, will have the management of the vessel.

S. Nicholson Kane,
Chester Griswold,
Irving Grinnell,
Regatta Committee.

Before sailing from the Clyde, the skipper of Shamrock received the following instructions:

Greenock, July 31.—Sailing instructions for the yachts Erin and Shamrock, while making the voyage from the Clyde to Sandy Hook:

1. Erin will only tow Shamrock in calm weather.
2. Whenever there is any wind Shamrock will proceed under sail.
3. Vessels will sail from the tail of the Bank, Greenock.
4. Vessels will proceed down the Irish Channel and rendezvous at Fastnet, if not in company (and report at Browhead if possible).
5. If vessels are in company, they will pass to north of Flores Island, in the Azores.
6. If vessels are not in company, they will proceed to Horta Bay, in Fairyland, and report, waiting arrival of either vessel.
7. If vessels are not in company when in vicinity of latitude 38 north, longitude 50 west, the Erin will wait for such a time as in the opinion of the captain of Erin is necessary and reasonable to allow Shamrock to join company. And after such time to proceed on voyage to New York. It is understood that ample time will be allowed Shamrock to join Erin.
8. Speed of towing will be regulated by the captains of Shamrock.

Glencairn III and Akabo.

Chippewa Yacht Club, Chippewa Bay, Aug. 14.—Capt. Duggan, Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, Dorval, Quebec—Dear Sir: The international races recently sailed by you and Mr. Crane were witnessed by a number of our members and closely followed through the public prints by the rest of us. We think we have a faster boat than Glencairn, and I write to ask if you can bring your yacht to Chippewa Bay for a race. To make it interesting we herewith offer to sail you a race over our regular course of about eleven miles, $300 a side, naming the Akabo, Mr. C. Allen Hayden, as our boat. The purse of $600 is yours if you win. If we win we will allow you $50 for your expenses, give $50 to the crew of the Akabo and the balance of $500 to some charitable object agreed upon by the officers of this club. In order to insure a good honest race, we make the condition that the time limit shall be two hours and fifteen minutes. I will add that our yachts have sailed the course in less than one hour and thirty-one minutes. Any date that may be agreeable to you between Aug. 25 and Sept. 2, both inclusive, would be satisfactory to us. Trusting you will accept this challenge, I am Yours sincerely,

Jas. G. Knap, Sec'y.

James G. Knap, Esq., Sec'y Chippewa Bay Yacht Club, Chippewa Bay, N. Y.—Dear Sir: In answer to your favor of the 14th inst., I fear it is quite impossible for me or my crew to sail the race you suggest at Chippewa Bay. If, however, you are anxious to try conclusions with Glencairn III., we should be glad to sail you a friendly race at Lake St. Louis on Saturday afternoon over the regular international course, either triangular or to windward and return. I would not be willing to make a bet such as you suggest, but would be glad to subscribe to a small trophy, to become the property of the winner. If you could arrange to send your boat down here for Saturday, Aug. 26, there is on that day an open race for the Lake Two Mountains Challenge cup, to be held on the Lake of Two Mountains, a fine sheet of water on the Ottawa, about fifteen miles west of the St. Lawrence Y. C. I have communicated with the officials of the Lake of Two Mountains Club, and have ascertained that they would be very glad to have entries from one or more of your craft. The race is open to all, but there will be nothing competing but our 20-footers. Yours very truly,

(Signed) G. H. Duggan.
Aug. 19.

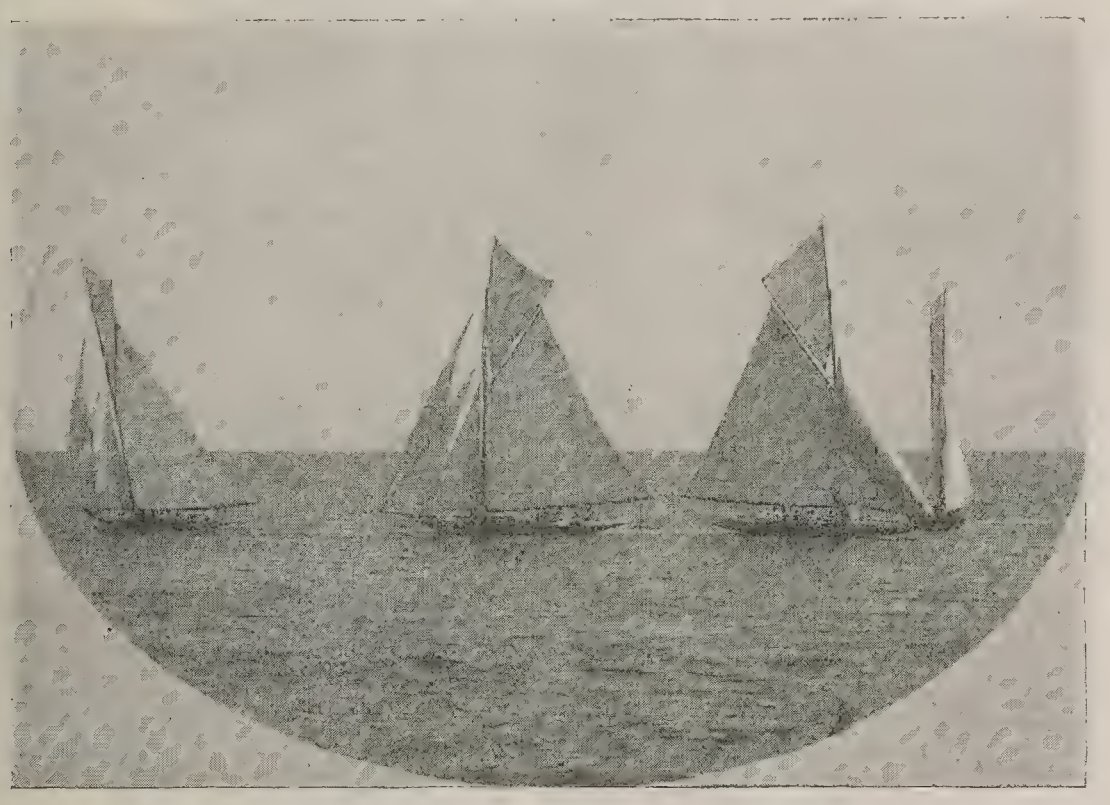
The American Bottle Fleet.

From the Army and Navy Register.

A very interesting report giving the operations of the "Bottle Fleet" for the past year has been prepared by the hydrographic office. It shows that during the last fiscal year 151 returns were made to the hydrographic office. There is no way of ascertaining the exact number of bottles cast adrift during that period, but it is thought to be a thousand or more, thus showing that only a comparatively small percentage of those released are recovered. A great majority of those that were picked up and sent back to Washington were found on the coast bordering the Atlantic. This undoubtedly was the result of the bottles being thrown overboard in the Atlantic by captains leaving ports in this country. The map prepared by the hydrographic office shows that with one or two exceptions all bottles cast adrift in the Atlantic between Florida and Halifax, within a few hundred miles of the coast, took a northwesterly course, winding up on the English or French coast. The lines described by them are practically straight, and show little variation. One bottle adopted a rather eccentric path. It escaped the currents followed by most of its fellows, and starting from a point opposite the Massachusetts coast, took a wider detour to the south. It passed within a few hundred miles of the Cape Verde Islands and then fell into the strong current that sweeps along the northern coast of South America. It had straightened out in the direction of the Gulf of Mexico, when it became stranded on one of the Windward Islands. It was two years and six months on its journey, during which it traversed 3,600 miles, an average of four miles per day. Decidedly the most remarkable drift of one of these bottles in recent years occurred last fall.

A messenger, known officially on the chart of the department as No. 26, was thrown overboard from the Hamburg-American liner Fuerst Bismarck May 1, 1898, about 350 miles southeast of Cape Race, and recovered, according to the letter of transmittal from the United States Consul at Hamburg, Aug. 1, 1898, at Twielenfleth, in the vicinity of Gluckstadt, on the Elbe. The distance between these two points, following the indicated route through the English Channel, is 2,400 miles, and as the bottle was at sea a total of but 92 days, this gives it a daily average of 26.1 miles as the lowest possible speed it could have traveled. This is far in excess of any similar drift hitherto reported to the hydrographic office the nearest approach to it being a daily average of 21.2 miles, which was attained by a bottle thrown overboard Dec. 25, 1895, about 200 miles distant from the point at which No. 26 was dropped into the sea, and recovered March 28, 1896, on one of the Shetland Islands. One of the bottles recovered last year had been afloat since Oct. 15, 1893, while another, also recovered last year, had been drifting since August, 1894, having covered 1,500 miles, at an average of one mile per day. In the case of the bottle from the Fuerst Bismarck, the officials were inclined to doubt the accuracy of the information contained on the slip sent in, and an inquiry was made of the steamboat officials in regard to the matter. Capt. A. Albers promptly looked into the affair, and reported that the date on which the bottle was thrown from his ship was correct, as shown by his ship's log.

The speed made by this "floater" is equal to that of the majority of slow-going sailing ships. In the early history of the investigation of ocean currents by this system a bottle was known to remain afloat for ten years. This is the most remarkable achievement of this kind on record. Of course there is no absolute rule by which the distance traveled by these messengers may be ascer-



HAMILTON. MYRTLE. TORONTO. WEIR.



BEAVER. TORONTO. WEIR.

From Photos by Bruce, Toronto.

tained, as one of them may be landed on a beach and be washed out to sea again before being picked up. Thus, it may go off on another long voyage and get no credit for its first trip. Occasionally bottles are fished out of the midocean, the discoverers sometimes thinking that they may contain messages from people in distress. An examination of the various drifts or bottles last year shows that near the equator the velocity of the ocean currents is much greater than in higher latitudes. This brings up the old question of whether or not a bottle is more subject to the action of the waters in which it is submerged or to the action of the wind. This is still a disputed point, some claiming that the influence of a steady current is stronger than that of the wind, while other take the opposite view.

Instances are on record of a bottle having moved thousands of miles in opposition to the direction of the prevailing wind. No cases, however, have been reported to the hydrographic office of bottles proceeding in opposition to the direction of the current; so it would seem that the theory that the force of currents is stronger than that of the wind is the right one. It is no unusual thing for a bottle to make a complete circuit of an ocean. One dropped overboard in the vicinity of Cape Verde Islands could do this by crossing the Atlantic, entering the Gulf of Mexico by the Strait of Yucatan, emerging again through the Strait of Florida, thence drifting northward and eastward of the Gulf Stream to the neighborhood of the Azores, and then back again to its starting point in the Cape Verde Islands. The length of time occupied in a drifting voyage of this character could hardly be less than two years, covering in the round trip about 12,000 miles.

During the year just closed the Russian Government, through Vice-Admiral Kaznakoff, requested permission to assist the American hydrographic office in its work. This being gladly granted the imperial Russian cruiser Duke of Edinburg was instructed to distribute bottle papers during two cruises, the first from Cronstadt to Windward Islands and return, and the second from Cronstadt to Cape Verde Islands, by way of the Mediterranean Sea and return.

During the coming winter some interesting experiments are to be made with floating receptacles, which are expected to develop much valuable information regarding the North Pole. The geographical society of Philadelphia has arranged to distribute a number of iron-bound, oaken casks among the sailors visiting the extreme northern waters, with directions to set them adrift in the Arctic Ocean north of Alaska and the Behring Sea. The expectation is that one or more of these casks will succeed in drifting across the Arctic to the north of North America and be recovered in the entrance to Baffin Bay or Davis Strait. The result of the experiments will prove of the greatest value to future seekers for the pole, as it will either confirm or deny not only the existence of a northwest passage, but will also tell whether or not it is possible for persons to reach the pole by drifting.

A Short Trip in 1620.

Speaking of short yacht voyages across the Atlantic, it may be worth while to recall for comparative reference that Gosnold the navigator made his midsummer trip from Martha's Vineyard to Exmouth, England, in five weeks, in the year 1620. That was a pretty good sailing craft of his for those days. Chas. Hallock.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Sept. 1-2.—Jersey City, N. J.—Twenty-fifth annual shooting festival of the Zettler Rifle Club at Armbruster's Shooting Park. G. A. Nowak, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—Sea Girt, N. J.—Meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association. De Lancy G. Walker, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—Denver, Colo.—Fourth annual tournament of the Colorado Rifle Association.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

The regular shoot of the Cincinnati Rifle Association was held on Aug. 20. Weather was very warm, and a light wind prevailed. Conditions were off-hand, at the German ring target:

Champion target:

Nestler	18	22	18	20	15	22	14	21	22	22—194
Roberts	23	24	21	20	22	21	20	16	24	13—204
Gindele	22	23	20	25	25	23	25	24	20	23—230
Payne	17	17	11	14	24	22	11	24	22	18—180
Hasenzahl	25	24	21	21	17	17	16	22	22	19—204
Bruns	14	15	15	14	16	18	20	22	15	14—163
Speth	22	12	16	11	14	23	22	13	19	23—175
Strickmeier	19	18	23	22	18	21	24	24	13	14—196

	Special Score.										Union Target.	
Nestler	18	21	20	21	15	15	13	16	21	21—181	16	21 21—58
Roberts	21	19	24	18	23	22	21	18	13	19—180	18	22 20—60
Gindele	21	22	21	24	22	22	19	18	23	21—213	21	18 22—61
Payne	19	16	20	20	16	19	21	19	17	19—196	16	20 20—56
Hasenzahl	20	22	19	21	25	23	22	15	22	22—211	15	22 22—59
Bruns	25	24	23	22	23	20	15	23	22	22—219	23	19 21—63
Speth	16	20	22	15	16	12	24	19	20	24—188	19	24 15—58
Strickmeier	23	16	21	15	21	22	20	23	22	25—207	22	20 1—43

Rifle Note.

The twenty-fifth annual tournament of the Zettler Rifle Club, to be held at Armbruster's Greenville shooting park, Jersey City, N. J., Sept. 1 and 2, has a most attractive programme. The ring target event, open to all comers, has twenty-one prizes, from $1 to $50; the bullseye target, open to all comers, has eighteen prizes, the first of which is $20; the target of honor, open to members only, twenty prizes; the special 25-ring target, open to everybody; the judges' target, open to judges only; and the ladies' target of honor, open only to femal relatives of club members, for prizes presented by the club. The shooting committee is H. D. Muller (chairman), B. Zettler (shooting master), G. A. Nowak (secretary), C. G. Zettler, F. C. Ross, L. P. Hansen, and A. Begerow. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock and closes at 6.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Aug. 30.—Elkwood Park.—Dewey handicap, 15 birds, $15; 1 o'clock.

Aug. 30-31.—Auburn Me.—State tournament on the grounds of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

Aug. 30.—Pottstown, Pa.—All-day shoot and clambake of the Schuler Shooting Club.

Sept. 2.—Elkwood Park.—Country Club handicap, 20 birds, $20; 11:30 o'clock.

Sept. 4.—Brockton, Mass.—Semi-annual silver cup handicap. A. A. Barrett, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—Meriden, Conn.—Labor Day tournament and sheepbake of the Parker Gun Club. C. L. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Schenectady Gun Club's Labor Day shoot. H. D. Strong, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—Providence, R. I.—Labor Day shoot and State pennant contest of the Providence Gun Club.

Sept. 4.—Dover, N. H.—Third annual tournament of the Dover Sportsmen's Association. John B. Stevens, Sec'y.

Sept. 4.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Labor Day handicap, 20 birds, $20 entrance; 10 o'clock.

Sept. 4.—Brooklyn, L. I.—Fulton Gun Club's Labor Day shoot.

Sept. 4.—Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 4.—Junction Park, Pa.—Junction Park Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 4.—Canton, O.—Lake Side Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 4-5.—Vincennes, Ind.—Vincennes Gun Club's amateur tournament.

Sept. 4-5.—Brantford, Ont.—Brant County Rod and Gun Club tournament.

Sept. 5-6.—Kalamazoo, Mich.—Michigan Trapshooters' League tournament.

Sept. 5-7.—Omaha, Neb.—Du Pont Gun Club's fourth annual tournament. G. H. Moore, Sec'y.

Sept. 5-7.—St. Paul, Minn.—St. Paul Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 6.—Elkwood Park.—All-day sweepstake shooting, and two special 5-bird events, $5 entrance.

Sept. 6.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—John Wright's live-bird shoot.

Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—One hundred live-bird match between Messrs. F. W. Moffett and G. A. Hopper.

Sept. 12.—Worcester, Mass.—Worcester Sportsmen's Club shoot. Mr. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Wyoming, Ill.—Wyoming Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 12-15.—Middleton, N. Y.—Trapshooting tournament on the grounds of Orange County Agricultural Society. John B. Rogers, Manager.

Sept. 13.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Long Branch Handicap, 25 to 30yds., 15 birds, $15; 1 o'clock.

Sept. 15.—Hackensack River Bridge, Paterson Plank Road, Heflick's Hotel.—Shoot of the Hackensack River Gun Club. John L. Chartrand, Sec'y.

Sept. 15.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest on John Watson's grounds.

Sept. 15.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Glenwood Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 16.—Elkwood Park.—Allaire handicap, 27 to 31yds.; 10 birds, $10; 1 o'clock.

Sept. 19-20.—Cherokee, Ia.—Cherokee Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. D. Anderson, Sec'y.

Sept. 19-21.—Hastings, Neb.—Amateur tournament of the Hastings Gun Club; $500 added; 2-cent targets. W. S. Duer, Manager.

Sept. 19-22.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's eighth international tournament; live birds and targets; $500 cash added.

Sept. 20.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Oakland handicap, 30yds., 7 birds, $7; 12:30 o'clock.

Sept. 23.—Elkwood Park.—Belmont handicap, 25 to 30yds.; bird allowance; 15 birds, $15; 12 o'clock.

Sept. 23.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

Sept. 23.—Hartford, Conn.—All-day shoot of the Colt Gun Club. L. H. Bradley, Secy.

Sept. 26-27.—Squaw Creek Park, between Niles and Girard, Trumbull County, O.—Tournament of the Rummell-Gaston Gun Club. Dr. James E. Gaston, Sec'y, Mineral Ridge, O.

Sept. 26-27.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 27.—Elkwood Park.—All-day sweepstake shooting.

Sept. 28-29.—Alton, Ill.—Third annual open tournament of the Piasa Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.

Sept. 30.—Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J.—Autumn handicap, 25 to 31yds.; 20 birds, $20; 1 o'clock.

Oct. 2.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

Oct. 3.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. A. R. Elliott, holder, against W. R. Crosby, challenger, for Review cup.

Oct. 4.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. A. R. Elliott, holder, against W. R. Crosby, challenger, for Republic cup.

Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds.

Oct. 21.—Yardville, N. J.—Cast iron medal contest—J. A. R. Elliott, holder, against C. Zwerlein, challenger.

Oct. 23-28.—Nashville, Tenn.—Belle Meade Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Sec'y.

Nov. 21-22.—Sioux City, Ia.—Second annual live-bird tournament of the Soo Gun Club; added money in every event. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

1900.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Associations Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June —.—Tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, first week in June. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The third annual tournament of the Piasa Gun Club, Alton, Ill., Sept. 28 and 29, has an attractive programme. There are eleven events on each day, with a total entrance of $18.50 each day. All averages will be figured on a basis of 350 targets for the two days, not including miss and out events. The division of moneys in the regular events will be: Twenty targets, 30, 20, 20, 15 and 15 per cent.; on 15 targets, 30, 30, 20 and 20 per cent. In the final miss-and-out there will be five moneys, Rose system. In lieu of added money, targets will be thrown at 1 cent, a most commendable departure from 2-cent targets and added money, since this is a saving of money to all winners instead of being a gain to the few who are the best shots. One-half cent per target will be deducted from purses to go into a purse for high average for the experts, to be divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., class shooting. Contestants making an average of 85 to 90 per cent. will be charged $1.50 per day; those making 90 per cent. or better will be charged $3 per day. This money will be shared equally among contestants who shoot through the programme but who do not share in high averages. Sergeant system will be used in trapping. Ammunition sent care of A. L. F. Goss will be delivered free on grounds.

The Labor Day shoots offer opportunities for wholesome diversion to those who seek rest and recuperation in an active manner. The Parker Gun Club, Meriden, Conn., holds a tournament, with a sheepbake added. The Brockton Gun Club, Brockton, Mass., gives its semi-annual silver cup handicap. The Schenectady, N. Y., Gun Club gives a Labor Day shoot, while the Dover Sportsmen's Association, Dover, N. H., and the Fulton Gun Club, of Brooklyn, L. I., also observe the day to the music of the gun. At Elkwood Park a Labor Day handicap at 20 live birds, $20 entrance, 10 o'clock, will be shot.

Under date of Aug. 28 Mr. N. F. Reiner writes us as follows: "Mr. H. G. Wheeler, the well-known shot of Marlboro, Mass., and Mr. E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., have practically been matched to shoot a 100-target match on the Providence Gun Club grounds, Providence, R. I. The shoot will be held in conjunction with a tournament some day (to be decided later) during the week of Sept. 11. This match will undoubtedly draw a large crowd of shooters, as both are very hot amateurs. Will send programme and particulars later."

The new repeating Marlin, grade D, which denotes the highly finished product in repeaters made by the Marlin Fire Arms Co., will be furnished in 26, 28 and 30in. barrels. The barrel is Damascus, is specially bored and finished, while the stock and fore-end are of the finest Circassian walnut, finely checked. Beautiful engraving on the frame adds to the attractiveness of the arm. The Marlin Fire Arms Co. on application will send their catalogue on receipt of three stamps.

There is $50 high gun money at the State tournament of the Maine clubs, on the grounds of the Auburn Gun Club, Auburn, Me., Aug. 30 and 31. There are ten events on the first and second day respectively. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Shooters may shoot for price of targets. High gun money and $60 guaranteed purse event each day open to all shooters; all others open to Maine shooters only. Rose system, four moneys. Dinner served on grounds.

Work has begun at Interstate Park, men and teams working on the preliminary breaking of ground. There will be a thorough fixing of level turf taking the place of crops and weeds. The material part of the work having begun, it will progress as fast as is possible. Those who take interest in the business features of this great enterprise will find them fully set forth in our business columns.

Under date of Aug. 25 Mr. John B. Rogers, Warwick, N. Y., writes us that "there will be a trapshooting tournament on the grounds of the Orange County Agricultural Society at Middletown, N. Y., during the four days of the fair, Sept. 12-15. There will be an Orange county championship, conditions of which I will send you later. Programmes will be ready Sept. 1."

Mr. R. C. Root, president of the Providence Gun Club, writes us as follows: "The Providence Gun Club will hold a shoot Labor Day, Sept. 4. The shoot for the State pennant will also take place, as the challenge from Woonsocket Gun Club has been accepted this date named."

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, in his recent contests at Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 23 and 24, lost the E C cup to Mr. W. R. Crosby, and held the cast iron medal against Mr. C. A. Young. In the E C cup contest the scores were 139 to 128. In the cast iron trophy contest the scores were 95 to 93.

The performance of Mr. O. R. Dickey in breaking 183 out of 185 at the Worcester Sportsmen's tournament Aug. 22, a fraction short of 99 per cent., is a matter for deep and quiet meditation on the part of those who contemplate sallying forth to pluck a high average.

Mr. Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., is next in line for a contest in respect to the E C cup, his challenge being put in for him in due form immediately after the contest was concluded between Messrs. Elliott and Crosby, at Atlantic City, Aug. 23.

In a practice shoot at Atlantic City, N. J., on Aug. 22, Mr. Charles A. Young killed 25 straight. Mr. J. J. Hallowell scored 24. Mr. H. M. Clapp, of Philadelphia, scored 24. The conditions were favorable for good scores.

On Tuesday of this week Messrs. J. J. U. M. C. Hallowell and Harold B. Money journeyed from New York to Maine to attend the State tournament on the grounds of the Auburn Gun Club.

The live-bird match, arranged to take place on Thursday of last week, between Messrs. F. W. Moffett, of Bloomfield, N. J., and G. A. Hopper, of Paterson, N. J., was postponed to Sept. 7.

The Pawling Rod and Gun Club, Pawling, N. Y., is earnestly preparing for its target and live-bird tournament, Oct. 6 and 7. This is an event which shooters should keep in mind.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott has fixed upon Oct. 3 and 4 as the dates for his contests with Mr. W. R. Crosby for the Review and Republic cups respectively, and Kansas City as the place.

On Sept. 12 the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, Worcester, Mass., will hold a shoot, at which some left-over events of Aug. 22 will be completed. Mr. A. W. Walls is the secretary.

Mr. Charles Zwerlein, of Yardville, N. J., has challenged for the cast iron disk, and the debate for it will occur on Mr. Zwerlein's grounds on Oct. 21.

Mr. W. Reed Quimby started early this week for an extended trip in the West in the interest of his house.

Bernard Waters.

Pawling Rod and Gun Club.

Pawling, N. Y., Aug. 26.—The scores of the monthly club shoot, together with the postponed cup shoot of July 29, are subjoined. Frank and George Stevenson, of the Crescent Athletic Club, gave us all a scare by their steady shooting, G. Stevenson carrying off the $5 cash handicap with a 20 and 4 out of his handicap of 6.

Old reliable Tallman came down with a lot of misfit shells and suffered in consequence. We pounded him right merrily. Holmes made 10 points on the members' cup, and if he holds his gait will become a factor in the total for the eight months. The same old wind blew, which made the targets fly like bats in a hurry. The scores:

Members' cup, 50 targets, 50 cents entrance:

			Points.
Tallman, 4	1011111111101101111101111—21		
	1111110111110111011011111—21		
	1111	— 4—46	3
Dutcher, 9	1111110110110111111110101—20		
	1001101111101111110101100—17		
	10111011	— 7—44	2
Holmes, 15	1111101010111010111111111—20		
	0100100111110111111111111—19		
	1111101111110	—11—50	5
Nelson, 9	1111011111111011111111101—22		
	0111111111011110111000110—18		
	111101110	— 7—47	4

Members' cup, 50 targets, postponed from July 29:

Tallman, 4	0011101111111111111111111—22		
	1101111111101001111111111—21		
	1100	— 2—45	4
Dutcher, 9	1010000101101001011010111—13		
	0001011101111011111111110—18		
	111111010	— 7—38	2
Fry, 16	1011010100000000000101000— 7		
	1011001111011000011111011—18		
	1100010011101111	—10—33	1
Holmes, 15	1110011111101101101111111—20		
	1101101101011111001010011—16		
	101011111111001	—11—47	5
Nelson, 9	1111110110001111011101111—19		
	1101010111001011100111001—15		
	101111111	— 8—42	3
*F Stephenson	1111100111111001110001001—16		
*G Stephenson	1101010010101100110001l0—15		

* Guests.

Five-dollar handicap event:

Tallman, 2	1111111101101001010111101	11	—20
Dutcher, 3	0001111010110100011110010	w	—13
F Stephenson, 6	0011101011101000011101111	111111	—20
G Stephenson, 6	0101111011101011111111111	011011	—24
G Holmes, 9	0010101111001010110011l111	w	—14
Fry, 10	1111011001101110110001010	10100100w	—15
Nelson, 3	1111011111101111110010011	111	—22

Sweeps:										
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	*	10	
Tallman	5	11	9	8	10	10	..	4	3	
Dutcher	7	11	8	8	7	5	9	1	7	
Nelson	8	12	7	10	7	7	6	3	7	
F Stevenson	7	9	8	8	9	9	..	3	5	
G Stevenson	7	11	8	9	9	9	..	0	9	
Fry	..	..	..	..	4	4	..	..	..	
Holmes	..	..	..	..	9	9	..	..	..	
Taber	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	

* No. 8, miss and out.

H. Nelson, Capt.

Cambridge Gun Club.

Cambridge, Vt., Aug. 24.—The Cambridge Gun Club held their annual tournament at their grounds to-day. It was not attended so well as formerly, probably on account of a rainy day before and threatening weather in the morning. The day, however, turned out fine for shooting, and all had a good day's sport. The visiting shooters were C. O. Barrett, Montpelier, Vt.; E. E. Morgan and W. Phelps, of Burlington, Vt.; W. Austin, Highgate, Vt.; A. Partlow, Johnson, Vt.; G. Soule and H. Soule, of Fairfield, Vt. The following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	5	10	15	20	*	15	20	20	25	10	at.	Broke.
Barrett	5	6	11	19	7	15	19	19	24	7	147	132
Morgan	4	10	13	16	7	10	19	17	..	7	122	103
Phelps	5	8	10	17	8	13	18	15	19	6	148	119
G Soule	3	5	9	13	5	13	11	20	..	7	120	80
Ellsworth	5	5	7	17	1	11	9	15	..	..	106	70
Ellenwood	4	7	6	7	3	9	11	15	..	3	118	65
Pease	..	7	13	15	1	12	13	..	..	6	91	67
Austin	3	9	9	11	5	7	..	16	..	5	100	65
H Soule	2	7	5	12	..	8	13	15	..	4	115	62
Rogers	2	4	8	9	..	..	..	15	..	..	70	38
Hatch	..	..	7	10	3	9	9	15	..	..	83	53
Simmons	3	..	..	9	..	..	..	16	..	4	55	32
Partlow	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	..	..	2	45	24
P Ellsworth	..	..	..	..	..	6	15	..	..	..	35	21
Thomas	1	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	4
Labounty	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	15	8

No. 5 was a miss-and-out. No. 8 a handicap.

E. C. Ellsworth, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Eureka First Annual.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 25.—The first day of Eureka Gun Club's first nual target tournament ended to-day very successfully and pleas- tly. Something like two dozen different shooters took part, out as many from out of town as from the city. Saturday is the g trapshooting day for the Chicago shooters, and the attendance morrow will in all likelihood be double what it was to-day. om out of the city Messrs. Henry, Haines and Jarvis came m Rockford, Ill. Mr. Vernon came from Freeport, Ill. Puck a well-known shooter, and as much may be said for Mr. W. D. ompson, of Tennessee. Mr. Henry Carson was on from Daven- rt, Ia., and F. C. Riehl, of Alton, Ill., upheld his shooting nors very nicely.

To-day there were about 6,000 targets thrown from the magau- p and the five expert traps, the twenty events being run off ry handsomely. A nice attendance of spectators was on hand, cluding several ladies. The Rose system was employed very tensively and gave great satisfaction. Professionals were barred. r. C. W. Carson, the secretary of the club, handled the cash ost systematically, each shooter getting his money on the min- e, accurately and without delay. Dr. Carson was assisted in the shier's box by Mr. Charles Antoine. Mr. H. B. Morgan ref- eed. The traps worked well, and in fact the whole shoot was smooth as one could ask, and marred by no kicks or grumbling. uring the day Frank Butler and Annie Oakley, of Buffalo Bill's ild West, paid the grounds a visit, Miss Oakley complimenting ry highly Mrs. Carson's shooting, that lady being one of the gular attendants at Eureka grounds. Another prominent visitor is John Watson, of Burnside. Mr. Watson is something of a e-bird shooter and a bad man on snipe.

The following are the scores of the day:

Events:	1	2	4	5	6	7	8	9	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Targets:	10	20	20	10	20	15	20	10	15	20	10	20	15	20	10	20	15	20
B Mack	5	15	10	9	14	..	15	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Steck	8	18	18	..	15	14	17	10	11	19	9	20	8	20	7	17	..	13
W Adams	8	17	16	9	19	13	17	9	10	19	8	17	..	17	7	18	14	18
C Riehl	7	15	18	7	17	14	18	8	11	14	7	18	9	15	9	18	..	14
F Carson	6	17	17	6	15	14	15	..	..	19	8	14	..	16	..	..	..	11
ick	20	..	16	8	20	15	19	..	13	19	..	18	..	18	..	16	..	19
rs Carson	13	..	11	..	11	9	..	5	13	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
G Lovell	5	12	13	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
S Boa	..	17	19	8	20	15	20	8	12	17	9	20	15	18	6	16	11	18
Porter	6	14	14	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stanley	5	15	16	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
B Morgan	7	16	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Goodrich	..	19	19	9	18	12	18	..	..	19	..	20	..	19	..	18	..	..
Morton	..	..	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	6	..	..	..
D Thompson	..	..	16	7	16	11	..	5	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Locke	..	..	..	8	16	11	19	10	10	17	8	17	10	14	..	14	7	10
Ruble	..	..	19	10	..	14	18	8	13	18	9	..	..	..	7	..	..	19
rnon	5	..	..	7	16	13	..	7	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Henry	..	..	..	7	18	13	19	7	..	18	9	..	9	20	9	..	11	17
aines	..	..	..	7	14	11	17	6	4	12	7	..	12	16	6	16	12	13
rvis	..	..	..	7	15	13	17	6	15	19	9	..	12	12	8	12	11	12
toine	7	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
ndermier	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	8	8	..	4	15	..	5	..	7	..
rto	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	16	6	18	14	15	7	..	..	..
ias	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
ias	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	9	11	17	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
aharri	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	7	15	15	10	..	10	15	..	..	..	..
Watson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	12	..	6	..	10	..	7	..	10	..
nnett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
nory	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
rd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	20	9	15	14	18	8	18	12	..
L Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
apel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	16	..	..	8	17	..	..
rde	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	20	6	18	10	18
vage	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
olliday	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	6	18	14	18
rnhardt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	15	..	..
rter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	..	..

Second Day.

Beautiful weather to-day, as yesterday, favored the Eureka Gun ub and added to the pleasure of an event pleasant in every way. e shoot did not turn out to be quite so large to-day as was pected, the top entry being twenty-two, although thirty-eight ferent shooters took part at one time or another. A little over 00 targets were thrown during the two days, not enough for the ib to make any money at 2 cents, with $100 added. The club ll play about even on the first annual tournament, its profit not ceeding $10 at the outside. This will not deter the members m giving a target tournament next summer, and these annual urnaments of the Eureka are to be a fixture, win or lose. The te chosen this year was well on toward the close of the shooting ason, and it was hard to get out much of an attendance.

To-day a few new men came from outside the city, Mr. H. W. ark, of Hinckley, Ill., Dr. Bell and Mr. Knoeser, of Hammond, d., among others. Mr. A. W. Adams, the worthy president of e Eureka Gun Club, who returned some ten days ago from his it East, was on hand and took a leading part in that necessary k of management which falls always upon a few. Dr. Carson the cashier's desk, with Charlie Antoine, did yeoman service, d as for the conduct of the shoot, it could not have been better. erybody declared that the day was as pleasant as could be, d although it was sundown when the tents were struck and the dwich man folded his pies and stole away, it was none the less ery happy and contented crowd which took the cars for town.

Among the good winners to-day were Puck, of Indianapolis, and ble and Cunnyngham, of Chicago, the latter having a stack of all envelopes due him toward the close of the day. Puck was ky enough to select a good partner, Boa, of Chicago, for the m race, and the two scored 49 out of 50, winning this competi- n. F. P. Stannard and his son, W. D. Stannard, put up a good ht at 46, but with that fell behind two other teams beside the nners, those shooting being of a pretty warm class in this con- t. The team shoot did not fill yesterday and was abandoned.

e following are scores of the day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Boa	9	20	13	16	..	..	13	18	..	13	20	..	19	15	18	..	18
Steck	10	18	12	15	8	19	14	20	9	13	17	9	17	14	16	10	17
W Adams	8	19	12	15	7	18	15	19	10	13	17	10	15	14	17	9	..
Roll	7	14	11	15	9	18	..	15	9	14	18	8	15	13	17	7	..
B Morgan	7	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Riehl	7	19	12	18	10	19	..	18	8	13	16	7	16	12	19	6	13
Carson	6	19	14	18	7	16	..	13	..	..	16	..	18	..	12	..	..
as	8	..	13	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Adams	9	17	12	18	10	19	..	..	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
ck	7	20	..	20	..	18	..	17	..	..	17	..	18	..	19	..	19
H Goodrich	..	17	..	19	..	19	..	19	..	..	17	..	17	..	..	..	..
W Stark	..	..	8	13	5	..	..	14	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	..	..	11	15	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	15	17	6	17	12	17	8	14	17	9	17	10	..	..	..
Ruble	..	..	..	20	..	19	..	18	..	..	20	..	17	..	19	9	20
ker	..	..	..	..	9	18	12	17	8	14	18	5	15	14	..	10	..
oine	..	..	..	..	7	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
nnyngham	..	..	..	..	8	19	..	19	8	13	16	9	17	13	15	9	19
s Carson	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..
Shaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	6	14	19	8	17	14	18	8	..
ndermeier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	7	16	..	14	..	14
rick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	14	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
ss	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	9	13	14	10	..	15	18	8	16
Stannard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	10	14	19	8	19	13	19	..	20
D Stannard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	10	12	17	..	18	12	18	8	19
Richards	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	14	..	9	..	13	..	..	..
zer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
dek	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
kson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
ding	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	7	15	1	13	6	11
k	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Morton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Rupel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	..	..	..	..
kdale	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	16	..	..	3	17
ters	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	13	6	..	..
vards	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
nwell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	5	..	..	
nhart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	10

vent No. 10.—Team shoot:

P Stannard	24	Dr Shaw	21
D Stannard	22—46	Riehl	20—41
Steck	22	Roll	20
drich	22—44	A W Adams	19—39
k	25	Dr Miller	24
	24—49	Parker	24—48
Adams	23	Cunnyngham	23
uble	24—47	Antoine	22—45

Canton Tournament.

The twenty-fourth annual tournament of the Canton Gun Club, for amateurs, was run off very smoothly on Wednesday of this week, about twenty shooters participating. The Sergeant system and bluerocks prevailed, and everything was nicely conducted. In the team race between Lewistown and Canton there were five men to a team, 25 birds per man, and Canton won handily with the score of 107 to 88. The following are the scores of the tournament:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	
Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	Av.
Gray	9	11	14	9	14	13	8	12	11	9	13	11	7	12	13	10	15	.844
Thompson	9	14	13	10	14	13	10	13	14	9	14	12	10	13	15	10	14	.920
Burnside	8	14	12	9	14	15	9	11	15	10	12	14	9	14	15	10	13	.906
Groat	7	11	8	8	11	13	5	12	9	8	10	10	7	14	10	5	11	.706
McQuaid	8	13	13	8	14	10	9	13	11	7	12	8	6	12	14	10	13	.804
W Hoff	7	11	12	7	11	11	4	14	11	9	14	14	8	15	10	7	13	.791
J Hoff	7	7	13	8	13	13	10	14	15	8	13	14	9	14	14	9	13	.862
Connor	10	14	13	9	12	14	9	14	13	9	13	14	8	14	15	8	13	.897
Hubbell	..	10	9	10	12	11	9	13	14	6	13	12	9	15	11	9	12	.801
Pugh	..	13	12	9	13	11	9	15	13	9	13	13	8	..	..	9	14	.870
Postman	6	14	15	10	12	12	..	13	12	6	..	..	3	..	..	..	10	.779
Reuhling	9	8	..	6	7	12	7	3	..	..	..	10	6	..	8	5	10	.587
Kerstetter	7	13	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	.800
McGuire	8	..	..	10	..	14	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.880
Butler	6	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	.566
Love	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.800
Bump	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.700
Moran	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	.700

Team shoot, Lewistown vs. Canton, 25 birds per man:

Lewistown.—Gray 17, Groat 17, McGuire 19, Butler 19, Love 16; total 88.

Canton.—Thompson 24, McQuaid 21, Kerstetter 22, Bump 19, Moran 21; total 107.

St. Paul Tournament.

The twenty-second annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club, of Minnesota, will be held at the Minnesota State Fair Grounds, Sept. 5, 6 and 7. Bluerocks, Sergeant system, magautrap, $300 added, targets at 2 cents. Mr. F. W. Ramaley is secretary. This shoot will be, as usual, a hummer. The programme calls for 160 targets per day. High guns take $276 in cash, prizes being distributed from $5 to $20 cash.

Minnehaha.

At the last club shoot of Minnehaha Club, of Minneapolis, the following scores were made at 20 targets: Symons 5, Bryant 10, Adler 7, J. Cooper 12, J. Mooney 10, Gus 9, Melich 13, E. Cooper 16, S. Cooper 12, Mrs. Melich 9, Hall 10, Heller 15, Adams 11, Paulson 3.

Five singles and 5 pairs: Symons 6, Bryant 5, J. Cooper 8, Mooney 9, Gus 7, E. Cooper 10, Mrs. Melich 3, Heller 8, Adams 8, Paulson 2, Korman 6.

Chicago—Milwaukee.

A party of six or eight Chicago shooters, representatives of the Sheridan Gun Club, leave on the evening boat for Milwaukee Saturday night and will shoot a little team race or friendly sweeps with the Milwaukee Gun Club, of Milwaukee. Among those representing Chicago will be R. Dwyer, A. C. Paterson, Wm. Bress, T. Barrett, J. Flanagan, W. Bieneweg. During the day Messrs. Paterson and Dwyer, of Chicago, will shoot a 50-bird race, $50 a side. In the team races between these two clubs thus far, Chicago has won two out of three contests. The coming contest was to have been seven-men teams, but it is thought the Milwaukee Club will be unable to produce that many men for its team.

Okoboji.

An Eastern contemporary locates the Budd & Gilbert tournament at "Okoboji, Wis.," this week. It will be a good shoot, without a doubt, but it might be stated that Okoboji is not in Wisconsin, but Iowa. There is but one Okoboji, and it is known as the lake near the place where Fred Gilbert was born, just as Des Moines was named after Charlie Budd.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 26.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day, several of our regular shooters being absent. Class A medal was won by Hicks on a score of only 18. Class B medal was won by Northcott on a score of 21. Class C medal was won by Smith on a score of 17. The two latter scores were very good for those classes.

The weather was nearly perfect, only an atmosphere which was rather hazy making a somewhat uncertain light.

Team shoot: Hicks 9, Northcott 9, Jones 4, Fanning 8, Pollard 4, Dorman 1; total 35.

Hellman 8, J. Wolff 3, Dr. Meek 7, T. Eaton 8, Cornelson 4, Graves 7; total 37.

Trophy shoot:

Dr Meek	11000011100011100000101111—13
Pollard	11110110011010111001000001—14
J. Wolff	11000110011001001111100001—13
Ford	10111010011011111001000100—13
Northcott	11101111110111111110110111—21
T Eaton	01110111111100101100011110—16
Hellman	10011101101100111011101110—16
Workman	11111000101001100110101111—15
Smith	10011111001111001011011111—17
Hicks	01110111110011110101111101—18
Cornelson	00001100011000001010101101— 9
J Fanning	10001011111011100011100011—15
Dr Graves	00001001010101100011000001— 9
Dr Mathews	10000011001111111111100001—14
Fanny	10111100110010111111110110—17

Sweepstake events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	15	10	10	5p	Targets:	15	10	15	10	10	5p
Dr Meek	7	9	..	..	..	..	Smith	6	5	..	..	..	..
Pollard	6	3	4	3	..	..	Hicks	8	9	9	8	8	
J Wolff	11	8	11	1	7	..	Cornelson	..	..	4	5	..	..
Ford	7	4	..	..	..	..	Fanning	..	..	9	7	7	5
Northcott	9	9	9	8	..	..	Dr Graves	..	..	4	3	4	4
T Eaton	..	8	7	6	10	..	Dr Mathews	..	..	6	5	..	..
Hellman	9	7	8	4	7	2	Jones	..	..	..	7	5	3
Workman	..	6	8	..	..	..							

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Arkansas and the South.

Kansas City Gun Club.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 25.—This organization is made up mostly of sportsmen who were actively engaged in making trapshooting history fifteen years ago, and numbers among its members many of the best shots of those days. It must not be inferred from this that they have not kept stride with the times, for such is very far from being the case, and the scores of to-day give ample evidence of this. J. B. Porter, the high man in the club race, is none other than the two-time winner of the Missouri championship. Frank Smith, the old-time veteran, is second with but a single loss.

The club race is 25 pigeons per man, and the last one is as follows:

J B Porter	11112211112112112122212112—25
J F Smith	21211121222211221211220012—24
S S Millett	22102112212111212121221102—23
F W Cockrill	02110122221122211111212122—23
A H Glasner	11210211111121222222111201—23
J W Bramhall	22222211222222222201100222—22
W S Halliwell	11210110212211222201102121—21
R Elliott	20100021000222210222102222—16

Capital Gun Club.

The reactionary effect of the tournament was in evidence to-day, as only one of the regulars, Fletcher, put in an appearance, and the balance of the gathering was made up of the newer element of the club. That youngster, Weigel, who has lately shown up so strong, was again in good form to-day, and by his excellent performance maintained possession of the club medal. He scored 45 out of his original 50, and then broke 4 of his allowance of 5, giving him a total of 49. Dr. Lenow had a possible chance to tie him by breaking all of his allowance of 9, but he was unequal to the occasion, and 7 was the best he could record.

After the completion of the club event Fletcher made the good score of 40 out of 25 pairs, which came very near being the local record.

The prairie chicken season opens on Sept. 1, and the next weekly shoot will likely wind up the target shooting season here. It is rarely the case that much shooting is done after the State shoot has been disposed of.

Litzke	11101100101110001100101101101110111101100110001011	—30
Morrison, 17	00000000010001100000100101001000011010110100101000	—14
	00000010100100011	— 5—19
Weigel, 5	11111111111111110011111111111111111011110111111111011	—45
	11011	— 4—49
Lenow, 9	11110111110111011111110001001011111110111111111111	—40
	011111101	— 8—48
G Thibault, 6	11111111100101101001010101111111101111111010111011	—37
	111111	— 6—43
Fletcher, 5	01111001111011111110111111100111111110111111111110	—41
	01111	— 4—45
Schinner, 13	11101111110101100111111011010111011001110110101001	—35
	1010010101101	— 7—42
Wing, 15	00011101101110011001000111111111001101011011000000	—27
	111110011010100	— 9—36

Omaha Tournament.

Recent advices from Omaha are to the effect that everything promises well for the tournament, which is scheduled to take place there under the auspices of the Du Pont Gun Club on Sept. 5 to 7, though the programme has not yet come to hand. Mr. W. D. Townsend writes me that the club will add $10 to each event, and further there will be $100 for average money, also some very valuable merchandise prizes. This club is amply prepared to take care of a big gathering of shooters, and it is very probable that such will be on hand on the opening day of the tournament. Last year the entries ran over seventy, and this year the tournament will be conducted on more liberal lines.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Aug. 26.—The main event of to-day's shoot was the free entry to the Grand American Handicap next year. There were ten contestants, and of these five scored the maximum of 10 points, namely, Blauvelt, Dr. Creamer, Lane, Woods and Waters.

Dr. Gardiner was accompanied by his wife, who shot in one event, but was handicapped by using a strange gun, she not having her own with her.

A two-men team race at 25 targets per man was shot, Drs. Kemble and Gardiner on the one side against Dr. Creamer and Waters on the other. In the first race Dr. Creamer's team won by the score of 42 to 41. In the second, Dr. Gardiner's team won by the score of 42 to 39. In the rubber, Dr. Gardiner's team won again.

The G. A. H. event resulted as follows:

Dr Gardiner	11111011011111101111111110—21	
	11111001111111110111111101—21	— 5—47
Woods	11111111101111110110111111—22	
	01111111111111111111111111—24	— 4—50
Waters	11110111111111111011111111—23	
	11101110111111111111111111—23	— 8—50
G Remsen	10010100011000010100000000— 7	
	11111111110011111111111111—23	— 5—35
Lane	00110100011111101011111111—17	
	11011111101110111101111111—21	—15—50
J B Hopkins	01011111111101111111111111—22	
	11100111001111100100111111—17	— 6—45
Dr Kemble	11111011111011101101110011—19	
	01101110110111110110101111—18	— 7—44
Dr Creamer	10111111011101101111101101—19	
	01011111110111111111111111—22	—13—50
Blauvelt	11111110111111001111101110—20	
	11110111110111111111110101—21	—18—50
W B Hopkins	10110110111111111110011111—20	
	11111111101111111111110011—22	— 5—47

Sweepstake events:

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	5	6
Targets:	25	10	15	15	15	Targets:	25	10	15	15	15
Dr Creamer	24	8	14	13	..	Chambers	..	7	14	15	..
W Hopkins	23	9	..	15	13	Waters	..	9	13	11	..
J B Hopkins	21	7	11	..	..	Wright	..	..	..	5	..
Woods	21	10	14	..	..	Schneider	..	..	..	13	11
Blauvelt	14	5	11	9	12	Mrs Gardiner	..	..	..	4	..
Bennett	..	6	13	13	..	Craft	..	..	..	13	13
Lane	..	7	..	..	..	David	..	..	..	9	
Tuttle	..	5	14	11	..						

Trap at Toronto.

TORONTO, Can., Aug. 22.—An enthusiastic company of sportsmen was assembled at Bluerock Park, just west of the race course, to witness what proved to be a close and most exciting bluerock contest. The match was at 100 targets, known angles, for the gold medal held by Mr. W. Felstead. The challenger was Mr. Albert Hulme, of the Stanley Gun Club. Both men went to the score in excellent form and shot with remarkable steadiness throughout the long match. Hulme made a straight 22 and led in the first 25. Felstead made a clean 25 and led by 4 at the 50 mark, and held the same lead at 75, finishing with the good score of 93 out of 100. Hulme made a good struggle in the last 25, but only succeeded in reducing the champion's lead by 1, scoring 90 out of 100. Mr. G. H. Briggs was referee, Mr. J. Douglas scorer, W. McDowall having charge of the shoot.

The day was favorable for shooting, though exceedingly hot. After the match, Messrs. Lucas, McDuff, Davidson and Ellison had a number of fancy shooting matches, such as picking gun up from boat, standing with back to the traps, etc., until birds were in air. The old veteran made lots of fun for the spectators by leading the party with a more difficult shot each time. The scores:

W. Felstead	11110111101111111111011111	—22
	11111111111111111111111111	—25
	01111111111111111110111111	—23
	11111111111111111001111111	—23—93
A Hulme	11111111111111111111111001	—23
	11111111111010111111111011	—22
	11111111001110111111111011	—21
	11111111111111111111111101	—24—90

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, Me., Aug. 26.—The Saturday shoot of the Auburn Gun Club was well attended, there being twenty-six shooters present.

The day was fair and cool, and the scores, although good, could not come up to those made on the preceding Saturday.

Hunnewell broke 89 out of 90 targets, also won the gold badge in the weekly handicap match of 25 targets. Twelve men tied for the badge in this event, the shoot-off being a hot one.

Hunnewell and Ashley were at last defeated in the 30-target race for the challenge cup, Norton and Conner being the victors, and winning it by 1 target. Following are the scores for the cup:

Norton	11111111110111111111111111111111—29
Conner	11111111110111111111011111111—28
Hunnewell	11111111111111111111111111111111—30
Ashley	11111111110011111111110101111—26

Other scores were:

Targets:	10	25	10	10	25	10	10	Targets:	10	25	10	10	25	10	10
Bickford	7	19	9	8	21	8	..	Emerton	3	15	6	6	17	6	7
Burgess	10	22	8	10	23	8	..	Fletcher	9	4	8	9	20	7	..
Libby	7	22	8	7	21	5	9	Tukey	6	18	6	7	..	7	..
Berry	7	21	8	9	23	9	..	Flanders	3	10	7	4	..	..	..
Arris	6	23	9	8	22	..	..	Little	9	8	..	..	..	..	..
Hunnewell	10	25	10	10	24	..	..	Cushman	..	19	8	9	17	7	..
Ashley	10	19	8	8	21	9	..	Collins	8	22	5	9	21	6	..
Norton	10	24	9	10	21	..	..	Merrill	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Cobb	7	24	9	9	23	..	..	Jones	6	18	..	..	..	8	..
Conner	10	24	9	9	24	..	..	Hacket	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
White	8	20	7	8	19	..	..	Dr Williams	6	..	5	..	22	..	..
Barker	9	22	6	7	..	..	..	Noble	10	18	..	..	..	..	..
Nason	8	23	9	7	..	..	..	Robinson	9	20	..	..	20	..	..
Merryfield	8	22	9	6	..	3	..	Snow	9	23	8	8	..	..	..

The Providence R. I. Gun Club's Labor Day target shoot, Sept. 4, commences at 1 o'clock. There are nine events, of which Nos. 3, 4 and 5, 50 targets in all, are for the team contest for the pennant. The total programme calls for 140 targets, with a total entry fee of $7.50. All sweeps are optional. Moneys divided 40, 30 and 20 per cent. Take Crescent Park or Riverside electric cars. H. J. Bain is the president.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

FITCHBURG, Mass., Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The third and last 50-bird match with the Leominster Gun Club was held Monday, Aug. 21, on the Fitchburg grounds, and the Leominster team won by 24 birds, making it three straight for them. It was very plain after the first match that the Leominsters had the stronger team. Their many years of shooting together enable them to pull themselves together to meet most any occasion, while the Fitchburg boys, never shooting in a match before, many were unable to do their average work. The matches were very much enjoyed by both teams, so much so that after the Leominsters had got the two out of three all were eager to shoot off the third match, and many regret that that was the last one.

While the Leominster team beat the three matches with a margin of 58 birds, the Fitchburg team are able to claim the highest individual score for the three, with 125 out of 150 shot at, while the Leominsters' highest score was 119 out of 150. "And we ought to be thankful for that."

After the match a special event was shot off at 10 reverse angles, Burbank and Stickney, of Leominster, and Cutler and Wilbur, of Fitchburg, making the squad. They walked from trap to trap, making dust of the targets for 22 straight. Then Wilbur failed to connect with the 23d, that being the only one missed out of the 40, a thing not often seen on reverse angles. Burbank, not being satisfied with that record, walked around in the next squad and broke 10 more, making it 20 straight for him. Out of 80 birds he shot at he broke 74, which was considered all right.

Below I give scores of the three matches, which some may like for reference.

First match, at Fitchburg, July 19:

	20 Regular.	15 Unknown.	15 Reverse.	
Leominster.				
Burbank	17	14	12—43	
Stickney	13	11	11—35	
Rice	15	11	9—35	
Wood	16	8	9—33	
Spring	15	10	12—37	
Powers	12	10	13—35	—218
Fitchburg.				
Cutler	19	11	11—41	
Converse	12	9	7—28	
Wilbur	15	10	8—33	
Dix	14	9	10—33	
Gilson	14	8	9—31	
Putnam	13	6	8—27	—193

Second match, at Leominster, Aug. 4:

	20 Regular.	15 Unknown.	15 Reverse.	
Leominster.				
Burbank	13	10	8—31	
Rice	18	9	12—39	
Spring	13	14	9—36	
Powers	17	14	9—40	
Wood	18	9	11—38	
Stickney	9	10	6—25	—209
Fitchburg.				
Cutler	19	15	9—43	
Converse	12	12	9—33	
Russell	17	11	9—37	
Wilbur	9	12	11—32	
Dix	13	8	9—30	
Gilson	12	5	8—25	—200

Third match, at Fitchburg, Aug. 21:

	20 Regular.	15 Unknown.	15 Reverse.	
Leominster.				
Burbank	18	14	13—45	
Stickney	15	9	12—36	
Powers	15	11	12—38	
Spring	16	9	9—34	
Wood	13	11	13—37	
Rice	15	11	9—36	—226
Fitchburg.				
Cutler	18	13	10—41	
Wilbur	12	9	13—34	
Russell	13	11	12—36	
Estabrook	17	9	8—34	
Converse	13	8	11—32	
Hawkins	10	7	8—25	—202

M. A. CUTLER, Treas.

E C Cup Championship.

AT Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 23, the contest for the E C cup between Messrs. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., the challenger, and J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., took place according to arrangements. This cup is emblematic of the target championship. Inlet Park baseball grounds were secured for the occasion. The gate receipts were very small. Some delay in adjusting the traps made the start later than the time appointed, which was 11:30. The traps worked very badly, breaking many targets and thereby making harder conditions for the shooters. It was necessary to lower the flights of the targets several times on complaint of people outside the park, who alleged that the shot flew over the high fence and struck people on the outside. The targets thus were thrown as low as the rules would allow; they also were fast, and the conditions were such as to try out the contestants in approved manner. The background was very unfavorable.

Mr. J. J. Hallowell acted as judge for Mr. Crosby, while the like office was filled by Mr. Ed Johnson, of Atlantic City, for Mr. Elliott. Mr. Edward Banks was trap puller. Mr. W. J. Black had charge of the indicator in such parts of the race as it was necessary to use it.

There was no wind, the high board fence which surrounded the grounds breaking all air currents. The weather was clear and sultry. The sun shone clear and hot.

Crosby was first to the score. Each man shot and walked to the next trap. Elliott missed his 14th, while Crosby missed his 21st, each making 24 out of the first 25 at known traps, unknown angles. In the second 25 Crosby repeated his previous performance, while Elliott lost 3. Thus Crosby led by 2 targets at the end of the first 50, known traps, unknown angles. Score, 48 to 46.

In the 50, expert rules, Elliott had a hard bunch of goose eggs in his third time up, missing 4 straight. He shot at a number of pieces during the race, and while he succeeded in breaking most of them he missed some, after which he steadied down to a more sure system of shooting at whole targets.

Crosby led also at this style of shooting. Score, 46 to 43.

In the doubles it was anticipated that Elliott would gain a lead, but he apparently was not in his best form, and finished with 39 to his opponent's 45. Crosby thus won by the score of 139 to 128. Crosby used 48grs. of E. C., 1¼oz. 7s and 44grs. E. C., 1¼oz. 7½, Leader shell, factory load. Elliott used his $28-Winchester pump gun, 40grs. Hazard Blue Ribbon, and 1¼oz. of No. 7s.

Immediately after the contest was decided, a challenge from Mr. Rolla O. Heikes was presented in due form.

Each contestant shot at 3 pairs alternately, when competing on doubles. The scores:

Known traps, unknown angles:

W. R. Crosby.....111111111111111111101111—24
1111111110111111111111111—24— 48

Expert rules, one man up:

3 1 2
01111 11111 11111 10111 11011—22
5
11111 11111 11111 11110 11111—24—46

Doubles:

11 10 11 11 11 11 10 11 11 11 10 10 11—22
11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11—23— 45
139

Known traps, unknown angles:

J A R Elliott.....111111111111101111111111—24
011111111111111111110011111—22— 46

Expert rules, one man up:

5421
11111 11111 00001 11111 11111—21
4 2
11111 01111 11111 01111 11110—22—43

Doubles:

11 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 10 11 11 11 11—23
11 10 00 11 11 11 01 10 10 10 11 10—16— 39
128

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Minneapolis Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 24.—At the Thursday's shoot of the Minneaplis Gun Club the honors of the day were very evenly divided, McKay winning first average, Jones second, Johnston third, Biffton fourth, Hays fifth, Mrs. Johnston and Ramaley tieing for sixth, Neeley seventh and Gilfillan eighth.

The weather was unusually fine and the targets were thrown good and swift.

A large number of spectators were present, among whom were several ladies.

Next Thursday will be the last regular badge shoot for four weeks, during the field season.

Several new members were elected and teams selected to compete at the State shoot Sept. 5, at the tournament to be given by the St. Paul Gun Club at the State Fair Grounds. The following are the summaries in the badge events:

Event No. 1.—Val Blatz diamond badge, 15 singles, unknown angles: Ramaley 11, McKay 14, Biffton 13, Neeley 14, Hays 12, Mrs. Johnston 12, F. Kennedy 5, Stone 9, Morrison 11, Gilfillan 11, Melich 9, Mrs. Melich 3, Cooper 9, Root 2, Poehler 2, Jones 14, Johnston 12, Nelson 12, Davenport 11, Cat 11. Neeley won badge.

Event No. 2.—Schlitz diamond badge, 25 singles, unknown angles: Ramaley 19, McKay 23, Biffton 19, Neeley 17, Hays 21, Mrs. Johnston 20, F. Kennedy 14, Stone 15, Morrison 14, Gilfillan 18, Melich 13, Mrs. Melich 12, Cooper 13, Root 8, Poehler 19, Jones 22, Johnston 22, Nelson 15, Davenport 18, Cat 18, Hoffman 14, Donaldson 22, Rouble 22. McKay won badge.

Event No. 3.—Paegel challenge badge, 25 singles, unknown angles: Ramaley 21, McKay 21, Biffton 22, Neeley 18, Hays 22, Mrs. Johnston 19, F. Kennedy 11, Stone 9, Morrison 13, Gilfillan 20, Jones 21, Johnston 22, Nelson 16, Davenport 16, Cat 17, Hoffman 17, Donaldson 23, Barber 7, Poehler 19, Cooper 13.

Biffton 5, Hays 4, Johnston 4. Biffton won badge.

Event No. 4—Club badges, 10 singles unknown angles,, 5 pairs known angles:

Ramaley	1101011110	10 10 10 01 10—12
McKay	1110111111	11 10 11 11 11—18
Biffton	0011111111	00 10 11 11 00—13
Neeley	1011111001	10 10 11 10 01—13
Hays	1101000111	00 00 00 11 01— 9
Mrs Johnston	1111110111	00 00 10 10 10—12
F Kennedy	1111101000	10 10 10 10 10—11
Morrison	1000110111	11 11 10 10 11—14
Gilfillan	1101001000	11 00 10 11 11—11
Donaldson	1011111111	11 00 10 11 10—15
Jones	1111100110	11 01 11 11 11—16
Johnston	1010111111	10 11 10 11 11—16
Nelson	1111001111	11 11 00 10 01—14
Davenport	1100111100	01 10 10 10 10—11
Capers	0110000100	01 00 00 01 00— 4

McKay won senior badge; Nelson won junior badge; Neeley won amateur badge.

Worcester Sportsman's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 25.—The tournament of the Worcester (Mass.) Sportsman's Club, Tuesday, Aug. 22, was budded for a grand success, but the fates were against us and meted out some of the most horrible weather possible, for a tempest of rain, thunder and lightning was given us in three instalments during the afternoon and made it impossible to complete the programme before darkness compelled us to quit shooting.

Thirty-six shooters took part in the day's sport, and some of the highest scores were made that I have ever known of on this ground. Dickey made the remarkable average of nearer 99 per cent. than 98 per cent., as he shot at 135 and broke 133, making an average of 98 14-27 per cent.

Wheeler was close behind him, and Griffith right after Wheeler. Jack Hull, of the Parker Gun Co., was on hand, but had little to say, as the Parker guns were doing their own talking.

The tenth event was omitted on account of darkness, and as it was the last 15 birds of the 100 which counted for the average money, and also the 25 birds, $15 added, was left over, the club will hold another shoot Sept. 12, and the 15-bird event and also the 25-bird event will be completed and the money paid to the winners. An additional $20 will be put in the programme and Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, the sportsmen's friend, will be on hand ready to spring something clever on the "boys."

The 100-bird race which was shot during the tournament of the 22d between E. C. Griffith and C. E. Forehand was a complete walkover for Grif, as he broke 94 out of his 100, while Charlie was getting but 79. Forehand has done but little shooting this season and was not in his usual form of shooting, and is not in Griffith's class when at his best.

Following are the scores of the tournament:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Dickey	135	133	Noonan	100	77
Wheeler	135	130	Burbank	65	60
Griffith	135	125	Vermont	80	65
Snell	115	105	Forehand	70	59
Leroy	135	125	McLellan	80	65
Herbert	135	127	Coffin	115	70
Eager	135	125	Crabtree	100	51
Allison	135	123	Sawin	55	46
Hoyle	135	119	Cutler	50	44
Hull	135	123	Parker	100	85
Whitier	135	110	Chapin	50	38
Reiner	135	115	Nichols	45	37
Davis	125	117	Kinney	40	21
Campbell	135	111	T Davis	15	11
Bain	135	118	Goodell	20	11
Getchell	135	117	Hutchison	20	14
Winchester	135	69	Emory	55	44
Williams	135	99			

We hope for a large attendance at the next shoot, Sept. 12.

A. W. WALLS, Sec'y.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Aug. 21.—The fourteenth of the series of target shoots for a Parker gun offered by the Mt. Penn Gun Club, of this city, was shot to-day on the Mt. Penn grounds. Thus far Yeager leads in percentage, having .89, while Capt. Ball is second with 85. Each man shot at 25 targets, with added targets as a handicap to the number broke. Scores:

	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.		Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Rhoads	18	1	19	Lyons	18	0	18
Ball	16	2	18	Yeager	22	0	22
Gilbert	16	4	20	Osborne	14	0	14
Hunsberger	15	0	15	Schauver	19	0	19
Dietrich	19	0	19	Laird	15	4	19

Pottsville, Pa., Aug. 21.—An interesting target match was shot here to-day on the grounds of the Pottsville Gun Club, the following scores being made in the principal event, at 25 targets: Battersby 16, Canfield 12, Moran 12, Robinson 13, Callery 9, Eisenhuth 4.

Reading, Pa., Aug. 25.—At a meeting of the tournament committee of the South End Gun Club, held this evening, the secretary, Peter Texter, reported as having received up to date three acceptances of the invitations to compete in the team shoot for the South End trophy. The clubs thus far who have signified their intention to compete for the handsome serling silver "Roman shield," valued at $45, are the Penn Gun Club, of Norristown, Independent, of Sinking Spring, and Mt. Penn, of Reading. It is thought that by the time of the next meeting, Sept. 8, there will be acceptances from the Phœnix, of Phœnixville; West Chester, Keystone, of Lebanon; Schuler, of Pottstown, and one or two other teams. The committee intends sparing no expense to make this shoot the banner shoot of the year for this season, and as the boys remember having a good time last year, they can all expect a still better reception this year. All shooters will be welcome whether a member of a gun club or not. At the next meeting of the committee the date will be selected.

DUSTER.

Norwich Gun Club.

NORWICH, N. Y., Aug. 21.—The Norwich Gun Club held their regular weekly shoot at Norwich, N. Y., Aug. 19. Unknown angles and the Sergeant system were used. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	20	10	10	10	5	Targets:	20	10	10	10	5
Case	14	8	7	7	4	Lake	13	6	6	..	..
Bradley	15	8	6	..	3	Coville	..	6	4	..	..
Brewster	12	6	4	..	2	Harvey	11	..	..	..	4
Rice	13	..	5	3	5	Sheff	19	..	..	..	..
Rathbun	12	7	..	3	..	Smith	15	..	..	..	..
Welch	18	6	..	..	4	Holley	13	..	..	..	..
Bonney	15	7	..	5	..	Brooks	..	8	..	..	..
Lewis	13	6	..	..	..	McNitt	..	7	..	..	..
Slater	13	..	5	..	..						

S. E. SMITH.

The Cast Iron Trophy.

THE cast iron trophy was the great event of the day shooting world, and Inlet Park baseball grounds, Atlantic N. J., were fixed for the scene of the contest. The dat Aug. 24.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, the holder, had consented to defe against a formidable antagonist—Mr. C. A. Young, of S field, O.

A baseball game occupied the grounds from 2 o'clock to when they were yielded to the shooters. Seven innings played, the time was up, and they promptly withdrew. The dary was already marked with flags, and white places marked the traps and scores were to be set. Each trap was fastened small platform, which was soon fastened down in place with s and the match was begun at 4 o'clock. It ended at 4:50.

The weather was warm and clear, though the light varied bright to shadowy as the big white clouds sailed by the fa the sun.

The pigeons were a superior lot of summer birds, flying in instances promptly when the trap was pulled, yet they wer from fast birds as a whole, and were easy to kill when st None of them had the superabundant energy to struggle fo boundary when hard wounded, as is the case with very s birds. Still, they were against shots who placed the center c load about where the pigeon was flying, which of itself is a factor in keeping birds within bounds.

There was no wind to help the birds, so that while the s were high, the most favorable conditions prevailed for high sc Elliott had much the best of the draw, most of them being quarterers, but when he got a corking fast driver he negotiat in as good time and judgment as he did the slow ones. He in much better form and time than did his opponent, and centering his birds better as a whole.

Elliott missed his first and then killed the rest of the 25 str Young held the lead to the 18th, when he lost a left-hand terer dead out; and the loss of his 21st, a twisting outgoer him one behind at the end of the first 25.

Elliott lost 3—his 11th, 15th and 24th—all dead out, in his se 25, while Young lost but one—his 23d—a left-quarterer from trap. Thus the latter was one ahead at the end of the 50th r

Elliott killed his third 25 straight, while Young lost 3, 2 of were dead out. The latter was not shooting in as good for in the previous part of the contest.

Elliott lost his 24th bird of the last 25, which would have a run of 50 straight had he killed it. He was shooting in fine Young lost his 19th, and had a very good piece of luck ir losing his 14th, an incomer, which apparently was unhurt, b a few yards in front of the shooter, between him and the trap began to pick its feathers under its wing, and while in this tion the dog darted at it and picked it up. The retrieving done by two dogs.

The trap pulling, a most arduous task, since there was n 2yds. stretch of the ropes when the traps were pulled, was skillfully done from start to finish by Mr. E. B. Coe, of more, while Mr. J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia, acted as scorer Mr. B. Waters as referee.

There was quite a large audience, of which a small perce were shooters, the bulk being left-over baseball enthusiasts remained over after the baseball game was finished, one admitting the holder to both the ball game and the trap cont

Elliott used 45grs. of Hazard Blue Ribbon and 1¼oz. of chilled in a Leader shell. Young used 3½drs. of Du Pont 1¼oz. of No. 7 in a Trap shell. The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. C

1 2 2 4 2 1 2 1 4 4 3 3 2 2 3 2 3 5 3 4 3 2 2 3 2
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Florist's Gun Club.

WISSINOMING, Pa., Aug. 22.—There was little wind, and weather was hot. The targets had a low flight and were th hard. The first 25 were expert, rapid fire system. The scores

Harris	0110000110001000101111103
Dorp	1101000010001000100111001
Daniels	0000100001100001111011101
Jones	1100110011000100010010113
Bell	0011001101110010010101117
Anderson	1111111010111111010111111
Cartledge	1101100111011111011100(
Park	1000111001011110011010
W H W	1111111111111111111111
Bulton	1001010011111111010111001
Smith	1111011011110101001110021

Twenty-five, magautrap, 15 singles, 5 pairs:

Harris	111111110101101	00 00 00 10 (
Dorp	111000100101001	00 10 11 00 1
Daniels	111000100001000	00 00 00 10 (
Jones	110000010100001	00 01 10 10 (
Bell	011010101011111	00 10 10 01 1
Anderson	111111111010111	11 11 11 11 1
Cartledge	011010110110111	10 10 01 00 1
Park	000000001101111	00 00 10 00 1
W H W	011111101111110	11 01 11 11 1
Burton	011110011011010	00 01 00 00 1
Smith	100110110110110	00 11 00 10 1

Dean match, 10 straightaway and 15 reversed:

Dr. Bell's Team.

Bell	1111110011011011011011111—19
Anderson	1111111111111011111111110—23
Cartledge	1111111111111001101011111—21
Park	1111111111111111101110111—22
Dorp	0111110101000010101100111—14

Dr. Smith's Team.

Smith	1000111011011111111011101—19
Burton	1110111101111100110011111—19
Harris	1101111111111111010111011—21
Jones	0100101100111101001111011—15
Daniels	1111110100000010010111101—14

East Saginaw Gun Club.

SAGINAW, Mich., Aug. 22.—The weather conditions for the of the East Saginaw Gun Club were good. No. 1 was a p event. No. 2 was for the gun club medals. Ed. Carpenter w Class A and H. G. Krogman in Class B. No. 3 was for the lay Brewing Co.'s medal. John M. Messner took the second in Class A and John Popp took the first heat in Class B. was a walking match. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2
Targets:	25	25	25	15	Targets:	25	25
G Lamb	10	8	13	..	F Baumgartner	..	17
K Mathews	9	10	13	5	E Hyde	..	13
J Ditz	11	11	11	..	F H Allen	..	19
Solms	17	18	14	..	Martindale	..	15
Brown	10	..	..	..	J Brechtelsbauer	..	20
J Popp	17	19	20	11	J E Morse	..	1
G Dambacher	11	18	17	..	Ed Carpenter	..	22
John M Messner	20	..	23	10	H Grant	..	..
B Bingham	10	10	7	..	G Rendert	..	..
H G Krogman	16	19	18	9	Chris Schmidt	..	..
C Sibmidi	15	..	..	..			

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 11. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

FOREST AIDS IN THE WEST.

THE interest in forestry and in tree planting in this country, to whose growth we have frequently referred within the past two or three years, is now greater than ever. This is due in large measure to the enthusiasm and intelligence of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, at one time member of the National Forestry Commission and now United States Forester. Mr. Pinchot has not been satisfied with carrying on his work in a perfunctory manner, but has been fertile in plans to interest farmers and land owners, lumbermen and miners, people in the East and in the West, in tree planting, by making them see that it was to their material advantage to take such an interest.

One of his most effective and wisest actions looking to this end was announced in circular No. 21 of the Division of Forestry, and was described in the FOREST AND STREAM in December last. This was a co-operative plan by which farmers, lumbermen and others in the wooded regions of the United States should be assisted in handling their forest land by the officials of the Division of Forestry without expense, and this plan met so hearty a co-operation that it has now been extended so as to aid farmers and other land owners who desire to establish forest plantations in the woodless regions of the West.

Although forest tree planting in the West has been carried on for many years, it has not always been successful. Its failures have been due largely to lack of knowledge as to what is required in a given locality—that is, to unintelligent planting. The average man, knowing nothing of trees, their habits and their adaptability to the places which are to be planted, is rather more likely to go wrong than right in setting out the timber on his claim. On the other hand, there are regions where tree planting has been extremely successful, and where this success has added enormously to the value of the land and has made the labors of the farmers much more profitable than they would otherwise have been.

The value—direct and indirect—of forests to farmers is fully understood by comparatively few people. In the wooded regious, where nearly every farm has its wood lot, this tract supplies most of the fuel used by the farmers, much of the wood for fencing and a considerable portion of the lumber used for building purposes. And when we consider that in the humid portions of America the total of the woodland is more than 200,000,000 acres we can form some rough estimate of the money value of its product. To residents of the woodless plains, and generally of the dry regions, all these things are even more valuable than to the dweller in the wooded country of the East, because they must be bought for money, and owing to their scarcity and the distances which they have to be transported their price is comparatively high. So that a successful plantation on the plains has in the fuel and in the fencing that it furnishes a high and direct cash value to its owner.

The indirect benefits derived from forests are less obvious, but they exist just as truly, for by conserving the moisture and tempering the winds, the bodies of timber tend very greatly to modify the local climate. Persons who remember the valley of the Platte River in Nebraska as it was thirty years ago, and see it as it is to-day, have there an object lesson in tree planting which is very forcible.

The recently issued circular of the Division of Forestry contains not only a sketch of Mr. Pinchot's plan, but also much information which is good reading for every land owner. In addition to this he announces the organization of a section of the Division which has been placed in charge of an expert tree planter, assisted by a number of experts residing in different States and so familiar with local conditions. This section will devote itself to investigation in tree planting and to the assistance of those who may avail themselves of the co-operative plan outlined. For areas under five acres in extent the Department of Agriculture will prepare plans for increasing the usefulness of the land to its owner by forest planting, without charge, but for larger areas the actual necessary expenses for traveling and subsistence of the Department agents must be paid for by the land owner.

Under a provision of Mr. Pinchot's earlier circular, issued in 1898, about 400,000 acres of woodland have received attention, while applications have been received for assistance in the management of about 1,500,000 acres and these are being attended to as rapidly as the small appropriation of the Division will permit. It cannot be doubted that a very large number of land owners in the West, as in the East, will take advantage of this offer, and it is certain that in this way the public interest in this very important subject will be greatly increased and the material wealth of the country largely added to.

FISHING.

TAKING it all in all, there is no other outdoor recreation in the world that begins to afford so much satisfaction to so many people as fishing. The fisherman numbers his thousands where the sportsman in any other field counts his hundreds or his scores. It is the most "all-round" sport known to man. It is as universal as the flow of the rivers and the ebb of the tide. Its speech is of every language, dialect and lingo. Its disciples belong to all races, all creeds, all colors, all ranks. The variations of the sport itself are as diverse as phases and shades of the human nature of its followers. What constitutes the enjoyment of fishing for one fisherman may be something very unlike that which gives pleasure to another; but travel the world over and you will find mankind—careless youth, lusty manhood and decrepit age—fishing, and fishing not for the fish alone, but for the fishing. That is true of your score fisherman emulous to outdo his last big string, and of your fisherman on the Seine tickled and exultant over a nibble.

Taken all in all there is no other common recreation which gives so much for so little as fishing. We hear frequent gibes at the expensiveness of the angler's trout, but in the aggregate the cost of fishing is ridiculously slight. The fisherman has yet to be found so poor that he may not fish. For the vast majority of fishermen the sport costs so little that the little does not count.

Go where you will, in one personification or another, you find the fisherman. His ubiquity on a holiday near a great city is marvelous. Fresh water, brackish and salt, all lure him to reward or disappointment. And if from the day's outing he does not return with some winning beyond the full creel or the empty basket, the default is not in fishing but in himself.

MAINE SUMMER PARTRIDGES.

A PRESS dispatch from Bar Harbor reports that Mrs. Jules Reynal, of New York, described as one of the Maine resort's "most popular summer visitors and the recognized leader of the fashionable set," has been made to pay a fine and costs of $254.98 for the unlawful possession of twenty-five partridges in the close season. This was the result of some detective work by State Game Warden Walter I. Neal, who had information that the serving of illicit partridges at the Reynal dinner parties had been going on for some time; so that the sum collected in fines was in the nature of a compromise. The Bar Harbor summer residents are not slow to express their indignation at what they consider the "outrage" of the warden's activity, and the offending and offended woman, it is reported, has incontinently left Bar Harbor in disgust and for good. The papers have given attention to this particular case because of the prominence of the parties involved; but it differs in no essential respect from the common, everyday disregard of the game laws by summer residents and summer hotels. The market afforded by these people for snared and summer killed immature game birds is one of the agencies with which not only Maine but many other States find it difficult to cope. We are accustomed to hear the grouse snarer and the chicken partridge killer roundly denounced; but the truth is that they are less to blame than the people who prompt them to their lawlessness by rewarding them for the game they take out of season. The consumer should be counted the principal in the unlawful transaction. He or she ought to know better and to be governed by a higher standard of ethics than one which permits encouragement of another to violations of the law. What can be expected of Maine summer partridge killers if New Yorkers constitute themselves summer partridge consumers? We commend the action of Warden Neal in having gone right to the responsible parties and not contenting himself with prosecuting the partridge killers. If this case had been one simply of the arrest and fining or jailing of an obscure Maine pot-hunter, it would have been passed over by the press without a word. Now that a "recognized leader of the fashionable set" has been punished for violating the Maine game law, the case is given wide publicity, and other leaders may discover that the law applies to them and be governed accordingly.

A FEATHERED TURNCOAT.

MARYLAND wardens have been enforcing the reedbird law, and now we are told by the shooters who have been arrested for shooting in close season that any protection of reedbirds in Maryland is a mistake since the birds are migratory, are fitted for game only for a short time while passing through the State, and when they reach the rice fields of the South they are killed by the wholesale on the rice fields. This illustrates one phase of the life of a bird which is an anomaly among our American species. The robin shares something of the bobolink's double character as a cherished song bird in the North and a prized game bird in the South; but more than this, the bobolink when it becomes the ricebird of the Carolinas is a positive nuisance, regarded as vermin and treated as such. So that we have the curious spectacle of a feathered creature which is welcomed and defended by the New England farmer and made the subject of verse by the New England poet; and a little later in its life, having run the batteries of sportsmen and market-shooters on its southern flight, is greeted with anathemas and bird shot in the further South, and at length betaking itself with hardly diminished ranks out of the country for the winter, to return in due time for another cycle of alternate regard, pursuit and warfare. From time to time inquiries are made for the bobolink as a bird which has disappeared from its old haunts; and there appears to be no question that in certain restricted localities where it was abundant it is not now found in the old supply; but on the other hand, the rice planters assert that they can perceive no diminution in the hordes of the bird, and that they are obliged to lay out as much as ever in the purchase of powder and shot and noise-producing devices and daily labor of gangs of men, women and children, to save the fields from the ruinous onslaughts of the birds. To the Northern farmer denunciation of the bobolink as a crop-devastating nuisance would be received with open amazement; while the Southern planter would find himself equally at a loss to comprehend the sanity of a plea for the bird's protection based on sentimental reasons. Between the immunity given it in the North and the warfare waged upon it in the South, the bird has held its own; and probably the Maryland sportsmen are right who argue that whatever happens to Maryland reedbirds does not materially affect the parent stock.

CAMP COMRADES.

As the years go by and separate us by distance or by death from the outing comrades of former years, we come to realize more and more strongly how much the element of human companionship has to do with the enjoyment of field and stream and the hunting trail. There are very few men who are so constituted that they can get the most enjoyment out of a solitary sojourn in the wilderness. However much satisfaction we may find in going alone during the day, we look for the cheer and comradeship of others about the camp-fire at night. We want some one to "talk it over" with; and the talking over makes up a large and important part of camp life.

Some of the firmest and most cherished of our friendships have been cemented—perhaps they may have begun—in camp; and one mutation of time we find it most difficult to reconcile ourselves to is that which comes when the old companion of our outings may no longer join us in them. Not infrequently to the FOREST AND STREAM comes the plaint of one and another thus bereft of their wonted companionship, and the pity of it is that only in rare and exceptional cases can the void be filled. Once the old associations are broken up, it is not easy to form new alliances. Most of lasting friendships are made in early life; it is much simpler for the youngsters to make up to one another than it is for their elders.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In the Mountains.

One by one our ambitions are fulfilled or abandoned. It was ten years ago that one was born in the writer's mind, that has but recently been fulfilled. The ascent of a high mountain was the literal fulfillment of this lofty ambition.

Spending a few days in a valley lying between the Holston and Iron range of mountains, in that point of the State of Tennessee that projects up between North Carolina and Virginia and prevents their touching elbows. I had mountains to the front, to the rear and in almost any direction.

A kind and candid native assured me that only darn fools climbed the mountains "for fun," and offered to take me up if I was fond of squirrel hunting. So squirrel hunting it was, and the Holston range was selected. Not anticipating any shooting on the trip, I had not brought any tools, so was compelled to borrow the necessary artillery. Two weapons were available, a heavy shotgun and a light rifle. I chose the latter. My guide urged me to take the shotgun, assuring me that squirrels were plentiful and the shotgun would yield better results, but after "hefting" it, and measuring the distance to the mountain top with my eyes, I refused to reconsider my first decision.

The start was made from the house early in the morning, and to my surprise I was allowed a horse to ride, the guide knowing a trail that could be ridden almost to the mountain top. Had it not been for this favorable condition not more than one-half of my ambition would have been accomplished that day, for I never could have made the entire ascent on foot.

Fifteen minutes of climbing put us in the laurel, and a half-hour later we were in the big timber. My horse was a practiced mountain climber, and followed carefully after the guide, leaving me nothing to do except to avoid limbs of the trees and to try to keep from slipping off over his tail.

Several times I dismounted and crawled up steep places full of loose rocks, while my guide hauled the horse over them, practicing new ways of falling, both up and down, and collecting a fine assortment of contusions, but neither the horse nor guide lost footing once, nor seemed to have the slightest trouble in getting over the roughest places. Our route led us along some steep places, where I could look down into the tree tops and safely estimate that one misstep of the horse would land our remnants at least a thousand feet below, but it was more fascinating than nerve trying. Our path followed for some distance along the bank of a stream that pitched and tumbled down the steep mountain side, just a succession of waterfalls and rapids.

After turning off from the stream and traveling some distance, my guide halted on a rough rocky slope and bade me listen. A distinct roaring and humming, like the blended noises of a busy city street, heard from the sixth or seventh story of a building, seemed to come from under the earth at our feet.

"That noise," said he, "is the stream we followed up for some distance, that along here has an underground channel. It runs underground for nearly a quarter of a mile, and can be heard on the surface all the way, but this is the only place our road crosses it."

Resuming our climb we soon began to see signs of really getting up in the world. The valley began to spread out wider and flatter at our feet, and the tops of the opposite range of mountains, instead of towering above, seemed just about our height. The timber also changed gradually from tall, straight, spreading monarchs of the forest to small, rugged, misshapen trees, struggling for very existence with the storms above and the rocks beneath.

Arriving at the crest of the mountain where it dipped down in a saddle-like depression, we left the horse and proceeded to make the last of the climb on foot.

The timber on the summit of the mountain was small and sparse, and looked as if it had struggled long and hard against the storms that swept over it.

A luxuriant growth of blue grass covered the ground as thickly as in the most fertile meadow, making an excellent grazing place for the hardy cattle that roamed at large on the mountain. In the valley we had left the trees in fresh spring foliage, leaves almost matured, while on the mountain top the buds were just beginning to swell. The earliest wild flowers were barely peeping out, and among them I recognized many that I had supposed would grow only in the valleys. May apples, wild violets and mint grew in profusion. Coming directly from the valley where the wild flowers were in full bloom, the contrast was very marked.

On the crest of the mountain the timber was especially thin, and in many places a large space would be free from trees, affording excellent opportunities to view the surrounding country. A grand view was had from the highest point, and here I spent some time in spite of the impatience of my guide, who was anxious to get to what he considered the real business of the day.

We had been followed up by two small dogs, insignificant looking things, but little larger than cats, which, to my surprise, were taken seriously by the guide. "The yaller one," he explained, "ain't much good; but the black and tan is the best squirrel dog on the mountain." He did not look it, but after events led me to believe that if there were any better squirrel dogs anywhere they were surely artists.

We walked along the top of the mountain, allowing the dogs to hunt the slopes on each side. I felt rather skeptical about finding many squirrels, but did not much care, as climbing to the top of the mountain had been my real object, and that was accomplished. The low, bare trees and a haze that had dimmed the intense brightness of the sun made me feel that the conditions were most excellent for good results with our guns if game was found.

Walking along on the top of the mountain I found the greatest surprise of the trip in a covey of birds—fine, strong-flying quail, on a mountain top. A herd of elephants would hardly have surprised me more, and yet my guide assured me that he often found birds up there.

It is a very short trip that even an experienced woodsman takes without the suspicion dawning upon him that there are really quite a lot of things that he don't know all and everything about.

The small pair of canines soon found game and notified us of the fact by a series of short, sharp barks. We found them on either side of a tree watching a squirrel that had located himself well up in a fork.

My guide left me on the upper side of the tree in the best position for a shot, and went on the lower side to "stop him if I missed." At the crack of my little rifle the squirrel pitched out, shot through the neck, and was brought in by my evidently surprised companion.

The dogs started off and in a few moments treed again. This time I held a little high and only succeeded in lifting a tuft of hair from the squirrel's back. My companion tried him running with both barrels without success. We were both loaded and ready for him when he reached a large dead tree, and fired together. Hard hit he managed to crawl into a hollow, well up, and there we finally left him, after firing a number of shots and throwing a volley of stones in a fruitless endeavor to dislodge him.

Another squirrel was soon found, which obligingly lay still on a limb after I missed him with the first shot, and was killed by the second. The next one was a long shot, but came down to my first invitation.

Exhausted by the rough climbing, I now suggested that we work down to the nearest water and get a drink. My guide then assured me that we were within a hundred yards of one of the best springs in the country, to which we directed our steps. There, not twenty steps from the highest point on the mountain, was a spring of pure, cold water, bubbling over a sandy bed from under a large rock. Here we rested and drank, while our dogs lay and cooled off in the stream below.

On the return trip to our horse the dogs tree again. Walking up to them we found a veritable covey. Two squirrels were up one tree and one up another close by. With two shots, right and left, I dropped a pair, and missing the third my man got it with the "scatter gun." We now had enough of both hunting and game, so started on the return trip.

Reaching my horse and mounting him, I traveled but a short distance before concluding that walking was healthier. On the very steep places he would put all four feet together and slide anywhere from 3 to 30ft., bringing up suddenly, with me on his neck. Dismounting, I proceeded to make the descent on foot, with little more muscular exertion and much less wear and tear on my nerves.

The next day I went into, instead of onto, the mountains after that ounce for ounce, and "inch for inch, the gamest fish that swims," the mountain brook trout.

After a day of unalloyed pleasure, a season of forgetting that this mundane sphere had a seamy side, that wickedness, sorrow or suffering existed, I met my companion at the foot of a spreading birch tree and there on a flat rock we counted out sixty of the dappled darlings, twenty of which were from my creel.

I am a lowlander by birth and breeding, but the mountains, under favorable conditions and circumstances, pay big dividends to the real sportsman. My companion on the squirrel hunt exacted a promise from me to return in the fall for a hunt in the famous Cross Mountain country, a little further back, and guarantees me a bear if I will bring a heavier gun. I hope to go, and will if I can cash my inclinations.

Lewis Hopkins.

A Midsummer Journey.—II.

The departure of the surrey was a token to us that pleasure must give way to business. Our wagons wheeled slowly through the unbent grasses and unbroken sagebrush to Currant Creek, which marks the line between upland and desert. On the way we met several parties of Utes, and of course guns and rods were kept out of sight. On approaching Currant Creek the highway drops 625ft. in half a mile, and slow, careful driving was required. The little flat at the bottom of the hill is a camp ground of no small merit. Three white-topped outfits were moving as we drove down. We were not after company, and went a quarter of a mile up stream into the willows before stopping to feed.

Currant Creek Valley was beautiful beyond description. It is from one-fourth to one-half a mile in width, the grassy plots being checkered with willows and service berries. Pines and cedars covered the hillside, and from this shade birds warbled at noontide as they had warbled with the dawn. I was not sorry that a lame horse rendered a halt until morning imperative. King, Sr., slept; Brimfull and Junior rode down the cañon to establish a grade, and I, despite warnings to the contrary, wandered up creek with my fly-book. To leave cañon fishing, with cascades and boulders, black holes and deep currents, and find level meadows, over-arching sod, wild flowers and rest was a most welcome transition. So narrow was the horizon that the snow-topped Wasatch to the west and Uinta to the east were completely hidden. Only the painted-cup, shoulder high, and the track of buck and bear in the white sand was a reminder that it was in the wild and wooly West. There was no great score made. Occasionally I would get a rise from a little spotted side, but for the most part I was contented to wander on until the shadows grew long and I knew that the smoke of the camp-fire would be signaling supper. About 7 o'clock Brimfull and King, Jr., returned. They brought with them a male golden eagle—extent wing to wing, 6ft. 11in. It was shot at a distance of 106 paces with the little Colts, and the height of the cliff from which it fell was estimated at 80ft. Junior swore by that Colts .22, nevertheless he traded it a week later with a hungry prospector for a half-interest in a copper claim.

Knight, Sr. and Jr., left us at Currant Creek. The boys went with them, and space is too valuable to tell of the three days' adventures of the remainder of the party to Ashley's Fork. Prairie dogs, burrowing owls and black buzzards were our only game, and we did not hanker for them. Allegiance to the Stars and Stripes prevents my giving our impressions of Ft. Duchesne and the colored cavalry. They were not first impressions, but the result of many summer trips to the post. I can, however, say a good word in the return letter.

It was late on the afternoon of the twelfth day from Provo when we crossed a sand ridge and looked down upon Vernal and the beautiful Ashley Valley—a valley that is yet redolent with tales of Indian raids and frontier duels, a valley that needs only some Joaquin Miller or Bret Harte to make its history the last tid-bit of border romance that our new West is to perpetuate. I fifteen miles the cottonwood ribbon curves amid lucerne and grain, orchard and bee garden. This is the great apiary of the mountains, rivaling even southern California in its output. A week of rest was delightful, and yet every day we were off looking at claims that finders would sell for little or nothing, and finding quartz-stained prospects which no money could buy. Almost every evening I cast my fly over the irrigating ditches of Vernal, and always a few trout would be my reward. Especially did I wonder at the great number of Eastern songsters that are making their homes in the newly planted orchards. So far as habitat is concerned, new editions of Cones and Ridgeway will soon become imperative. The eastern mountains, which belong to the plateau province, are wild and broken on their sides, but on their summits are moist, level parks, grass-grown, shaded with heavy timber, the home of deer and elk. On our rambles we saw few chickens, but scores of cottontails furnished us plenty of fresh meat. Either at Vernal or at Meeker is the best place for outfitting for a mountain excursion in this part of the Rockies.

One afternoon the Kings returned. They wanted Brimfull and myself to accompany them as far as White River and especially to make an exhaustive study of the gilsonite and asphaltum deposits on the old Uncompahgre reservation. So we started out, with Charlie Glines as guide, on a chase that will either make or break us. We drove for seventeen miles through farmland, only stopping to satisfy my taxidermical propensities. At Green River Ferry we had lunch. When we crossed the muddy stream we were in a new country. Greasewood and sagebrush, lofty mountains and rugged cañons, mighty dykes of porphyry, barren islands in a desert sea—that was all to attract the eye. Even water was a luxury, and yet this was the country that the Uncompahgre Utes strove so long to retain. About 5 o'clock Glines and I took saddle horses and left the party, ostensibly to hunt rabbits.

For myself I want to make a personal explanation. I am neither a guide nor a prospector. I have neither mines nor stock to sell, and I have no advice to give. Two or three incidents on this trip have shown me that many people have been bitten by salted propositions right in the country we were exploring, and I have concluded that any man with money is *non compos mentis* if he buys even a fractional interest of his bosom friend's holding without personal investigation of the property in question. So far as getting money back, I would rather trust a faro layout on "Barbary Coast" than advertised options in Utah and Colorado. Our route took us to great prospects. It was a matter of business, and the record here is merely incidental, though some points may be of interest to geological friends.

Well, Glines and I shot rabbits and rode southward to a series of dykes that from a distance appeared to be recent lavas. They proved to be porphyries, and I was not surprised to find them banded with gypsum and scarred with iron and copper streaks. By chance we stumbled upon a black vein, apparently bituminous coal, and we were filling our pocket with samples when a "woof" called our attention from things mundane, and we saw above us on a narrow ledge a bear that might have been either a cinnamon or a small grizzly. Our horses were more alarmed than we, and I shall never understand how the brute gave us warning unless it was a case of mutual surprise. I had only a shotgun, shells loaded with No. 3 and No. 8 shot. My partner had a heavy .44cal. revolver. Naturally I was foolhardy, and tickled ursus major with two barrels of my heaviest. They both took effect, but only served to increase his wrath. Lud! (as the old stories say) it was fun to watch that creature fall a dozen feet and then amble toward us. Charles is a splendid marksman, but to shoot from a bucking horse requires more than ordinary skill, and he did not succeed in bagging the game. My second volley may not have hit him, but it was an excellent bluff, for he turned tail, and Charles' horse, now brought under control, gave the rider a chance to plant a quietus in the right place. We had considerable trouble with the horses, both while skinning and while packing the hide. It was late when we arrived in camp at K ranch, and perhaps our bear had magnified our coal location, for between the two we managed to keep the crowd up until midnight.

K ranch is deserving of an historian. Midway between Green and White rivers it is a stopping place for the mail and a haven for travelers. Its small patch of lucerne and grove of cottonwoods invest it with a peculiarly peaceful charm, and the "K" brand is on all the cattle that roam the adjacent hills. K ranch can tell many strange stories. It is on the borders of Utah and Colorado. It has withstood Indian siege and cloudburst fury. After the Meeker murder, the White River Utes determined to wipe out the white settlers of Green River and Ashley. Here they held their council. Word was brought to them that soldiers were in pursuit and they changed their plans. The result was the Thornburg massacre and the escape of the Mormons. Hither, before the reservation was thrown open, the Utes would come and inquire as to trespassers on the gilsonite beds, and then a brave would visit the prospectors with intimation that the band was near and hungry for scalps, but for $20 would not put in an appearance until next sunup. I have great respect for these Indian police. They remind me much of the rattlesnake. By the way, in talking with an Uncompahgre Ute, I note the difference between them and the Strawberry Indians and Pah Utes in sign language. To denote a liar, forked tongue, the Pah Ute uses the first and second fingers of the right hand, while the Uncompahgre crosses the index fingers of each.

After supper one of our party threw a piece of the so-called coal into the fire, and in a few moments exclaimed that we had struck a bed of elaterite. To prove his assertion, he pulled from the coals a semi-plastic, sputtering mass. It was composed of bacon rinds from the grease in which the rabbits had been fried. There might be a moral to adorn this tale.

In our waking moments we heard the patter of raindrops on the canvas, and the sun came out of a threatening cloud bank. In spite of storms we left shelter to examine a claim far up the mountains. On our trip we saw many deer and some magnificent scenery. In the afternoon my friends went back to the coal prospect that Charlie and I had stumbled upon on the previous afternoon. I devoted my time to birds, and the rarest acquisition was Audubon's hermit thrush.

K ranch was behind us, and we traversed the deserts of the Centennial State. It seemed that we had chosen a rainy season for our trip. These mountain cloudbursts

have no regard for travelers, and they furrowed out gulleys that made great detours a necessity. When, at intervals, the sun broke out, we shot mountain hares, and amid the wild horses that roamed the mesa were bands of antelope. They were not very shy, and had the game law permitted, we should have enjoyed excellent sport. In one cedar thicket I found an ancient camp, and in it were a pair of Indian snowshoes, an old percussion lock smoothbore rifle barrel and a bone awl. Antelope and relics were alike forgotten when we struck the great black fissure veins that ran like section lines across the country. They varied from 20in. to as many feet in width. I admire the honesty of the St. Louis Gilsonite Company when it made application for a Government patent to the entire reservation and claimed that only one small vein of mineral could be found.

Our last camp was pitched between two veins of the gilsonite, and in the evening we started a hot sagebrush fire, and over it heaped a pile of the black stuff. It glowed, became plastic and gave off fumes like a Hunter's Point oil refinery. From the base of the pile molten streams gushed forth and ran like lava over the sand. We made volcanoes in miniature, and ran the liquid into molds where it cooled in black, shiny masses. A reheating gave a smokeless, incandescent result, almost like coke. Two days were spent in prospecting, and then, amid storms that dampened interest amazingly, B. and I returned to Vernal, while our friends journeyed on to Meeker.

SHOSHONE.

On Kansas Prairies.

LOST SPRINGS, Kan.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We are in camp in the midst of a great wheat field, but as it rained yesterday the grain is too wet to thresh, so I am sitting here under my own little tent with the fresh, pure air of the prairie drawing through. As my eyes wander over the fields, it is across acres almost unbounded of wheat and oats already harvested, to the great cornfields standing in all their magnificence, stretching away, rank after rank, field after field, until the eye is sated with their richness. Kansas is very rich this year, and the cornfields are beyond description, standing in great blocks up to 600 acres with tassels like an army of banners, with their luxuriant garment of richest green and silken tresses of gold and purple, softer and more beautiful than any that ever human hands have formed; while overhead from the edge of the prairie on one side to the edge of the prairie on the other reaches the bonnie blue sky of Kansas, unbroken save by a few white, drifting clouds—soft and fleecy enough for the wrappings of a new-born babe. Surely as I sit here, life is well worth the living to-day. The air is pure and clear, and I so love to be out in it. Although I have my own tent, yet even in that at night I feel too much shut in and so usually (unless it is stormy) take my blankets, climb up on the straw stack, wrap up in them, and with the stars for watchers and the sky for a roof, sleep as I have not been able to sleep in a house for years. But none the less my thoughts wander from the boundless level of these waterless plains back to the brooks and rivers, the woods and rocks and hills and valleys of my boyhood playground. And as the expression of these thoughts seems to lead others into pleasant ways, I have thought it were worth while to write them out.

When the rainy day came and with it the coveted permission to go a-fishing, there would be a consultation among the tribe which way to go. There were the Cowles Meadow and Running Gutter trout brooks, the old mill pond to the northwest, the Mill River to the eastward. The pond and river held goodly store of pickerel, sunfish, shiners, eels and bullheads, and were close by; but further away to the southeast, down in the big meadows, was "The Nook," where the waters of the Mill River join those of the Connecticut. Here, in addition to the fish mentioned, we caught dace and perch. It was, and must still be, a beautiful place. The great elms and maples gave a delightful shade. In places the grass-clothed banks sloped down to the water. When the south wind blew the great waves came rolling in from the Connecticut. The water, black and deep, held the fish so dear to boyish hearts; and tradition told of Indian ways, of the capture of otter and other wild creatures. The old men whom we sometimes found fishing there would tell of the days when the shad, the sturgeon and even the salmon were drawn from the waters, when in the woods the wild turkey and pigeon and gray squirrels were as plenty as heart could wish.

It was a long walk down there for short legs, and so one spring day, so early in the season that it was uncertain if the fish would take the bait, when the older ones decided to fish at "The Nook," and I was eager to go, the tribe decided I was too small to go so far. Appealing to the mother, she said I could go, and as her decision always settled any matter, I got ready and went. Trailing down a little brook that ran past the house, we went through fields of grass, which within the memory of men—then not very old—had been covered with a dense pine forest. The stumps still formed the fences around the fields; one of the pines was such a giant that its stump—stubborn and immovable—remained for years where it grew, and gave in its lifetime the name of "Pine Tree," later corrupted to Pantry, to the school district in which it stood. Along the railroad track, then down the "Meadow Hill," through "Little Ponsett," and so to the fishing grounds we found our way. Then the fishing began, with good success for the older ones; but the little fellow for a long time caught but one small dace, and so grew tired and discouraged, until at length Dave C——, the "Sam Lovel" of the neighborhood, came along hunting muskrats, and the older ones gathered around him for a pow-wow. I was too young to be admitted to their counsels, but could stand in the outer circle and listen. So laying down my fish pole, I went up to where they were gathered, and for a long time fish and fishing were forgotten, but when the council was broken up I went back to my fish pole. It was undisturbed, but the cork, used as a float, was invisible, so I proceeded to find what had become of it. At first I could not start the hook, so thought it had got snagged. As hooks were not so easily obtained in those days as now, to lose one was looked upon by the tribe as a bad loss, so I started slowly up the bank, which fortunately sloped to the water, and "snaked" out—not as I expected a water-logged stick of wood, but the biggest dace ever caught by any of our number. It came from the water as lifeless as a chunk of pork, but the fighting qualities of a fish in those days did not count to me, and I felt about the richest boy that ever carried a fish pole There was no more fishing for me that day, for I was in too much haste to show my prize and receive the congratulations of the home powers, and we were soon on our way, plodding up through the meadows homeward, passing on our way Dave C——, of whom I have spoken. But what so "successful as success," for from that time on I was a warrior in good standing, and never looked upon as too small to join the expeditions, however far afield or difficult they might be, and even Dave condescended to receive me into his councils, and afterward to friendship, that lasted as long as I lived in that vicinity.

The mousing hen seems to have set other hens a-mousing, so I will say, for an answer, that I have seen staid, well-fed New England hens try to do a great many strange things in an awkward way, but environments change habits, and Kansas hens early learn to roost high and wander far afield; and to husk shock after shock of corn with a trim built Biddy, keen-eyed, alert and watchful, pouncing with all the pent-up energy that Kansas climate gives upon each poor mouse as it appeared, was to me a source of keen pleasure.

PINE TREE.

Yukon Notes.

Lying Out at Fifty Below.

(*Continued from page 123.*)

MAC and I kept the trail as long as we could see, and made camp after dark. Sometimes we slept on the ice of the river, but never when we could help it. At other times we went ashore and with our snowshoes cleared away the snow from a space sufficiently large for our bed and fire. Then, while one of us got dry wood for cooking supper and breakfast, the other made the bed. We could not wait to eat first, for then we would have become numbed with the cold before arrangements for the night were completed. We had to go at the thing while still flushed with the exertion of the trail, fell two or three or perhaps half a dozen small firs, throw the coarser portions up to the windward side of our hole in the snow for a wind break, and the springy ends down on the bottom for the bed. Then on top of these latter we laid our caribou skins and blankets, and at the head put a 6in. log for a pillow. By the time the bed was finished and the coverlet turned down so that we should lose no time getting inside, there would be a goodly pile of dead spruce firewood, cut in cordwood lengths and split into pieces 4 or 5in. through, ready for the fire. A handful of the smaller chips and splints were gathered up and shaken to free them of the mineral-like snow which sifted into the grain like fine sand, and then the heavy gauntlets were taken off for an instant and a match rubbed over a knife or pistol handle and the flame applied to a bit of candle which was always carried for this purpose.

A bed for the fire had been arranged by laying some of the larger pieces of wood on the snow that still remained in our excavation, and on this the kindling was laid and the flame applied. Then larger splints were gridironed over the others and the flame carefully nursed, for the shivering devil over the fire realized that he was getting colder and colder each minute, and that if the fire failed him he might become too numb to start another. This might very easily happen with matches alone. At Lake Marsh Dr. Sugden told us of two men who arrived at his camp partly frozen one night in the hours just before dawn, who had tried to camp ten miles below, and who were so numbed that they could not strike a match.

Fortunately the spruce was very dry, and with the candle's aid we never failed starting our fire quickly Soon it would be giving out a comfortable warmth, and then Mac and I would crouch over the fire and revel in the heat and grow very sleepy, while the ice was melting in the kettle that was to furnish the water for our tea and mush and beans, and while our moccasins and socks were drying out. These made a formidable array hung on poles on the opposite side of the fire, for each of us wore three or four pair of heavy socks and two pair of moccasins—often twenty-four separate articles for the two of us.

How sleepy we were over the fire! Time and again my head would sink low and my eyes involuntarily close, only to be brought back to consciousness by Mac's warning voice, "Look out for that moccasin. It's scorching, man," or "Judas! there goes the mush kettle."

Thawing Out a Watch.

One of the last tasks before retiring was to thaw out our timepiece so that we could know when to get up in the morning. The period when it was light enough to see the trail was so very short that we had to be up in the morning several hours before dawn in order to waste none of the precious daylight.

I had left my good watch behind, and Mac's good watch had broken down, and the only timepiece we had between us that could be persuaded to go at all was a cheap open-face watch with a broken crystal. To keep the hands from breaking off we had improvised a case from an old condensed milk can. A hole had been cut in the bottom and a piece of ground glass from a camera let in and held in position by tin clips. Then the can had been split down and the sides bent around the back of the watch to hold it in place. The stem of the stem-winder projected through an opening at the side, and the watch could be wound and set without removing it from its case.

Unfortunately the watch would not keep running cold days, and it would freeze up and stop even though suspended by a string inside our clothing next our hearts. Before going to bed, therefore, the watch was brought out and toasted in the ashes of the camp-fire till thoroughly thawed, and then started and set by guess. It was often consulted during the hours of darkness. Matches were struck and the candles lighted under the bedclothes, and the poor old watch, pitiable as was the makeshift, was a real source of comfort and aid.

The reason that a cheap watch freezes up is that all such watches have soft bearings and a certain amount of lubricant is necessary to keep them running, which thickens and clogs the action. Only the best full-jeweled movements should be taken into cold countries.

The trip from the fire to the bed was never a pleasant bit of travel. As a preliminary, I dusted Mac's back and he dusted mine. Sitting by the camp-fire, as Mac once remarked, it was "50 below zero in your back and 1500 above in your face." When water simmers in one side of a kettle set by the fire and freezes solid in the other it is little wonder that a man accumulated ice on his back. The hoar frost on our rough coats was often quarter to half an inch thick, and it would never have done to have taken this mass of ice to bed with us.

When we were reasonably free from the ice, we crept over to the blankets and then inside, carrying with us parts of our foot gear that we were desirous of keeping pliable so that they could be gotten on in the morning, and wearing our fur caps, heavy gauntlets and a full outfit of socks and moccasins.

It was a cold, icy bed that we crawled into, but we knew that we should soon thaw it out. The blankets accumulated so much ice, from our breath chiefly, that we soon had to give up packing them on the sleds in a compact roll, and had to leave the stiff, board-like mass extended its full length, bending it once in the middle lengthways. It is hard to get used at first to sleeping with a great weight of blankets over the head. There is a very real sense of smothering and nightmare, of drowning in bottomless maelstroms, or death under avalanches of thousands of tons of soft, suffocating snow, and one wakes with a start to find that he has recklessly thrown the covering half off his body and is lying under the cold icicle-pointed stars at the mercy of his enemy, the frost.

Playing Dog.

One of the doggerel verses of the "Cheechako's Lament," printed in the Klondike Nugget, runs:

"We had no yelping malamoot
To mush along our sled,
So, with the gee-pole in our fist,
We played the dog instead."

Playing dog is the hardest kind of hard work. The sled runs easily enough over smooth ice or snow for short distances, but when the way stretches out ahead for scores and hundreds of miles, and the ice rises into miniature mountain chains abounding in precipices and pitfalls, and there are sheer lifts of half a dozen feet, and drops of the same distance, and detours along the shore have to be made over steep and slippery hills several hundred feet in height, or over fallen timber, it is a very different matter. The iron-shod oak sled itself weighs 30 or 40lbs., and with its load of 160lbs. it is considerable of a lift in rough places for one man. As a rule, each man wrestled with his own sled, and we only doubled up over the very hardest going.

Sometimes the sleds were jammed in narrow defiles among masses of upturned ice, and at other times were half-buried under the snow which rolled up over the projecting corners of the load and left a beautiful furrow in our wake. The snow was marvelously light and fine and dry, and back in the woods it never crusted, and rested as softly as sifted wood ashes, but out on the river it was packed by the wind till it would support the weight of a fox or a dog, but not a man or a sled.

The early part of our journey we did not have much experience breaking trail, but later on the tide of travel had almost entirely passed, and we had our share of path making.

La Grippe Under Difficulties.

As a memento of the flashlighting experience in the Indian cabin at Selkirk, I developed a full-fledged case of the grip two days later. Colds are almost unknown on the Yukon in winter. The air is pure as the atmosphere on the summits of the highest mountain peaks, and uncontaminated with germs of any kind. I remembered the coughing, feverish Indians and the unmistakable symptoms of grip only half noticed, and not before thoroughly understood, and I knew that if I had not gone into the cabin I should have escaped an experience in shivers and nausea which is a haunting nightmare even to this day.

There had been a day or two of unprecedentally mild weather, and under the influence of the Chinook wind the thermometer climbed until it reached the freezing point and even went a little above. After that it began going down again, and in forty-eight hours had about resumed its normal level of 20 or 30 below zero. There was a difference of something like 130 degrees between my temperature and the surrounding air. It was a battle royal between the frost and the fire, and never for one moment was there a truce. A warm place would have been very grateful where some kind of an equilibrium could have been maintained, but it was an impossible luxury, and there was nothing to be done but to worry through to the time when the disease should run its course. Aside from tea and bouillon made from capsules, I ate practically nothing.

It was hard to understand how Mac could relish the meals, mainly composed of scorched mush and burned beans and greasy bacon and flapjacks. We found it a practical impossibility to keep our mush kettle clean. A portion of the contents persistently clung to the sides and froze there, and could not be scraped off, and when we set about getting our water supply for the next meal by melting ice, the remnant of mush always scorched and contaminated the new portion. At times we tried melting several kettles of ice in succession, pouring off the brown, foul smelling water each time, without materially improving the flavor of the mush. The trouble with cooking beans arose from the fact that we never had the time to boil them the requisite four hours over any one camp-fire, and consequently had to carry on the process over successive fires. Between times they froze solid, and when put on the fire invariably burned before they thawed. Once or twice we baked our beans by burying them in the coals of the fire over night, but generally our fuel supply was too limited and our time too short to resort to this process. And yet to the healthy appetite, stimulated by the arctic cold, the food, poor as it was, was not only satisfying, but absolutely delicious.

Mac was very much worried over my condition, and wanted to go into camp till the worst was past, but the food question would not permit of this. We knew our

supplies would hardly last us to the coast, and it was essential that we should get as far as possible before they gave out.

Jan. 5 the grip was at its height, and the ice the roughest of any previously encountered. We were in the immediate neighborhood of Rink Rapids, where the current is swifter than for any considerable distance, with the exception of the stretch below Le Barge, called the Thirty-Mile River. Our advance was over a succession of long ice ridges, and one moment we were exerting our strength to the utmost to draw the sleds up one of the steep faces, and the next holding back desperately on the gee-pole steering stick to retard the progress down the frozen slant, or running and jumping to keep out of the way of the coasting sled. Frequently there were upsets at the bottoms of these ice ridges, and the sleds had to be righted and at times the loads rearranged. At night, when we came to look up our position on the map, we found we had gained only two miles all day. This was our poorest day's travel. The maximum was twenty-five miles, made when our loads had become much lighter, over a particularly good stretch of ice above White Horse Rapids. Our average for the journey out was something more than thirteen miles a day, measured by the map. As a matter of fact, the distances actually traveled were considerably in excess of the figures given, for the trail, as already stated, was very tortuous.

Meetings by the Way.

The first party to pass us was composed of A. T. Walden, of Boston, Mass.; J. E. Dauchy, of New York; E. H. Wells, of the Cincinnati Post, and C. J. Dumbolton, who was a Nebraska man, I believe. Dumbolton, who went by the nickname of Buckin' Joe on the Islander, was one of the few men in that boat who got through to Dawson.

Wells was an Alaska pioneer, having been a member of the Arkell expedition. Walden had been in the freighting business between Circle and Dawson, and between Dawson and the mines. He had with him a fine dog team, consisting of two Tanana dogs, three Malamoots and one Siwash.

Three months later Dauchy called on me in New York, and it is hardly remarkable that I did not recognize in the well-dressed man of the world the husky, fur-clad giant whom I had last seen with frost-covered eyebrows and mustache, trotting beside a dog team on the upper Yukon.

Men of a different stamp were Harris and partner, who passed us Jan. 4, ten days out from Dawson. We had a few words with them, and learned that they had gone from Dawson to the Stewart River in two days, and were endeavoring to break Jimmy Jackson's twenty-two-day record to the coast. As we learned afterward from "Black" Sullivan, they had good reason to be in a hurry, having, according to his statement, stolen the dogs composing their team.

Further on, one night when the moon was shining brightly, we heard a jingle of bells, and raising on our elbows in our blankets—the hour was close to midnight—we saw two dog teams in procession hurry past and disappear in the luminous darkness. It was an unusual circumstance, and later, when mentioning the fact, we were told that the teams were probably those of the ——— Kid and a stockman who followed him 110 miles to secure his arrest for theft.

At Fort Selkirk the stockman hid under his blankets his gold sack, containing $8,000 in dust, the proceeds of a herd driven in over the Dalton trail, while he walked across to the store to make a purchase of furs. Coming back, he casually kicked the blankets with his foot, to find the gold gone. The Kid was the only other man in the neighborhood at the time, and the stockman suspected him of the theft. He did not mention his suspicions to any one, however, or even the fact of his loss, but when the Kid started, the stockman's dogs were in harness and ready to move, and for four days he lagged on his heels and never let him out of his sight during the hours of travel. The Kid made record time, and traveled day and night, but he could not shake his pursuerer, and they reached the police post at the Little Salmon less than a pistol shot apart. Here the stockman called on the police to take a hand in the game, and the Kid was arrested. In real life such stories generally have unsatisfactory endings. In this case nothing could be proved, and the Kid got off scott free. In relating the story, my informant at the post added that the case was one where it was absolutely impossible to administer justice or get at the rights of affairs. "For all we know," he said, "the drover may have robbed himself. By his own admission he was only entitled to one-third of the sum he carried, having partners who were entitled to the remainder. He may have cashed the gold at some camp on the way, and gotten up his story, which I admit is plausible, to put him in possession of his partners' two-thirds.

"If this supposition is correct, I shall expect him to come in again next year, as a miner, and I shall be on the lookout to see if he strikes it rich. If he does, the police have some questions to propound that he may find it hard to answer."

Personally, my sympathies are with the stockman. It is a terrible responsibility to have to handle other people's money, and whether he yielded to temptation or not he will always suffer from the stigma of suspicion.

Near Rink Rapids we caught up with a party of good Samaritans who were making arrangements for taking a sick man out with them to the coast. The poor fellow, who was said to have consumption, had been deserted by his partner and was living entirely alone in a damp dug-out on an island. Later we learned that he reached the coast in safety.

Jan. 7 we found a shelter from the wind at the noon halt in a water-worn niche in the conglomerate rocks that form the west side of Five-Finger Rapids. The snow, propelled by the north wind, was flying in horizontal streaks through the rifts in the ancient dam, and though the rapid was ice-bound and harmless for the time being, we well knew its power for evil, and experienced something of the fairy story sensation of crouching in the anti-room of a hot-tempered sleeping giant who might awake at any moment.

Suddenly, and without warning, a dog team trotted around the corner of the rock and up to our fire, and then another, followed by two furred and snow-covered men whose appearance in a city at Christmas time would have attracted the children far and near. The men exchanged a hearty greeting and halted a minute to take a cup of tea with us. One was Dr. Savage, of Chicago, and the other was Mr. McNeil, who, at his trade of carpentering, had made $50 a day in Dawson for some months past.

Five minutes later they had taken the trail again with a cheery godspeed to their slower fellow travelers. Such meetings were common enough at this stage in our journey.

Five Fingers.

Four miles above Five Finger Rapids was a little settlement. Here four parties had been frozen in at the time the river closed and gone into winter quarters. Among them was Col. Samuel Ward, a wealthy lawyer and mine owner of Helena, Mont., who went to the Klondike simply because he could not keep away from a mining excitement of such prominence. In a nearby cabin lay Willie Byrne, waiting for the time when the ice would run again and he could take boat for Dawson City and so on to the outer world and his home in Chicago. We visited Willie, and talked with him, and left a remembrance of our visit, as was the custom. All the men going out had done something for the delicate little fellow, who bore his hardship and suffering so uncomplainingly.

Nigger Jim gave him $60 in nuggets, and others had been correspondingly liberal.

We heard from others how Willie had walked five days on frozen feet, and never knew the seriousness of his trouble till one of his toes came off through a hole in his moccasin. He thought his feet were sore from the travel, and he did not realize it was the frost in them that made them rigid at the ankles. Report said that the man who had charge of Willie was wild from fear of the cold and gave the boy no proper care.

At Five Fingers, where the boy's condition was discovered, the man tried to desert him, and would have done so had he not been taken in hand by the miners, who saw to it that privision was made for the lad's maintenance and traveling expenses back to civilization.

Just above the settlement we met two men of a rare and picturesque type. They were lean, rangy creatures, with the half wild look of domestic animals that have been turned loose to forge for themselves. Their clothing showed a curious knowledge of ways and means for fighting off the cold from the blanket footgear to the rude homemade fur caps, with their great flapping sides that were not called into use with the thermometer short of forty below.

The most striking thing about the men, however, was the color of their faces, which, instead of being the usual dark tan of most of the Yukoners, was an apoplectic red. I do not know the reason for this, but fancy that an experience with scurvy may have been responsible for the color.

We learned from the men that they were old cassiar miners and that they had crossed from the Stikeen River to the headwaters of the Hootalinqua and so on down to the Yukon over the ice. They had not seen a human being until within a few days since November, and they had been out of food, and knew what it was to starve more than once on the trip. Their names were Alexander McMillan and Joseph Pickett.

J. B. Burnham.

Pioneer Days.—XV.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Bennington.

Josiah found part of his regiment at Manchester, and there, also, not long after, detachments began to arrive from Charlestown, whence Gen. John Stark was sending them forward as fast as they could be supplied with their "much-needed articles: rum, kettles and bullets." Then, disregarding Gen. Schuyler's order to join him, Stark marched as far as Bennington, where he encamped at the request of the Vermont Committee of Safety, and so was ready to repel Baum's attempt to seize the public stores there.

Warner was with Stark, but the remnant of his regiment in which Josiah Hill was, remained at Manchester under command of Lieut.-Col. Safford. Therefore, Josiah had no part in the first conflict of that memorable day, which, though the troops were insignificant in numbers, was one of the decisive battles of the world, for it sealed the fate of Burgoyne's army.

The Hessian redoubt made upon the hill with infinite labor in a pouring deluge and the smothering heat of dog-day weather, was stormed by the raw Yankee militia with their bayonetless guns against the well-appointed, trained veterans, who were slain and captured till but few were left to be routed. Their Tory allies suffered as overwhelming a defeat, the Indians fled yelping from woods that were alive with terrible Yankee marksmen, the day was won and the victors scattered far over the field to gather the spoils of war. Then, when no one suspected the coming of an enemy, there arose a martial din of fifes and drums, and Breyman's fresh troops came marching along the miry highway with two field pieces belching fire and smoke and hurtling showers of grape from their brazen throats.

The scattered Yankees gathered in squads to meet them, but were forced to fall back, until Warner's battalion, hurried on from Manchester by Safford, stood like a strong tower to shelter them. Now the dispersed militiamen rallied and poured deadly volleys upon the red ranks of Hessians; riflemen swarmed like hornets in the woods on their flanks, and every bullet struck its living target. Again the Hessians were routed; their cannon were abandoned, hub-deep in the mire; their brave colonel mortally wounded was taken with many of his soldiers; many were dead and many wounded.

As the shadows of night fell and a halt of the pursuers was called, Josiah Hill, standing among the foremost, was thankful to be one of them to retrieve Hubbardton's day of disaster. Next day as he was strolling over the battleground he was accosted by a little gray-bearded man, begrimed with powder smoke, though the half-dried corn husk in his hat proclaimed him to be one of yesterday's assailants of the redoubt. There was, moreover, something familiar in the toothless grin of greeting when he shouted, "Why, boy, have you forgot your ol' mate, Sir Kenelm Dalrymple? An' who've you got tu be, n tu know ol' friends?"

There was much for them to talk of, but of all t news Kenelm heard, nothing astonished him so much Josiah's marriage. "Oh, boy, boy!" he sighed, "th come o' my not stayin' with ye!"

Strolling about among the prisoners, they saw in o group of Tories a tall, lank fellow, who kept his h drawn over his black brow.

"D'ye know this ol' friend?" said Kenelm, as going sly behind the fellow he twitched off the hat and revealed t sanctimonious visage of Anthony Capron. "I wish they turn him over tu us," said Kenelm, "but they've got nice pen built to fat such swine in—an' won't they git f though?"

Josiah had his desire of revenge more fully gratifi when, during the deep snows of the following winter, being now a sergeant, received the following order:

"Jan. 12, 1778.

"To Capt. Sam'l Robinson, Overseer of Tories:

"You are hereby required to Detach Ten effective m under your Command with proper officers to take char and March them in Two Distinct files from this pla through the Green Mountains to Col. Wm. Willian Dwelling house in Draper Alias Wilmington within th State, who are to March & Tread the Snow in Sd. Ro to suitable width for a Sleigh or Sleighs with a Span Horses on Each Sleigh, and order them to return Marc ing in Same manner to this place with all convenie Speed, By order of Council, Jonas Fay, V. P.

"N. B. You are to order 3 days provisions to each such men & the same to be cooked this day & to March 6 o'clock to-morrow morning.

"Attest: Joseph Fay, Sec'y.

"Jonas Fay, V. P."

To this was appended this order:

"To Sargant Josiah Hill, you are hereby ordered execute the within, and make due return thereof.

"Sam'l Robinson, Overseer of Tories."

Accompanied by a guard, Josiah went at once to t prison which had been specially built for the confineme of Tories—a double-walled log house, the space betwe the walls being filled with earth, and the place provid with an ample palisaded yard for the exercise of t prisoners, for they were treated with due regard to the health in this respect, as well as providing wholesor food, as may be gathered from an order to furnish the "a wagon load of sauce," presumably garden vegetable which is still "garden sass" in the parlance of ol fashioned folk. He presented the order to the keeper, w gave him a list of the prisoners, and he proceeded make the required draft.

"Naow, men, I'm tu give ten on ye a' strornary chan tu limber up your laigs an' git a maou'ful o' fresh air he said, addressing the motley crowd. "Don't holler for chance, 'cause I can't take only sech as is suited for t business. Anthony Capron, step out. Long-laigged a big-footed, you're built to order ezackly. Abram Benn step aout. Hot-tempered they say you be—stubbed, y sartinly be. You'll du. Peter Bell, step aout. You' gittin' tew logy, an' some o' your fat needs workin' off."

So he went on until the tally was completed, the m wondering on what disagreeable service they were d tailed. They were not long in doubt nor well pleas when they were set to trampling and wallowing throu the deep snow, when, if one lagged or shirked the for most place, when it fell to his turn, he got the prick of bayonet, while the guard marched comfortably in t beaten track at the rear.

"Capron, I'm a-cal'latin' for you tu hev you work ao what you owe me at tew shillin' a day," said Josiah, the other, short of breath and weary of limb, took his tu at the rear of the file. "Le' me see, twenty-five paou York money'd be five hund'erd shillin', tew'll go in th tew hund'erd and fifty times. By the Lord Harry, o winter hain't long enough. Wal, I owe you suthin' f takin' that gal off'm my hands."

Anthony Capron thought when he was back again in t Tory prison, with every muscle sore and every bo aching after three days of wading through the snow, th he was not very deeply in debt to the man he h swindled.

The Smooth-Bore.

Josiah served in one or another of the Vermont reg ments until the end of the war, and was retired from t service with the rank of captain. He bought a right land under a Vermont charter in the then almost uni habited township of Danvis, and again began pione life in the heart of a wilderness.

Again the quick resonant strokes of his axe we echoed from side to side of a widening clearing. Aga he rejoiced in the conquest of the forest giants, venerab patriarchs, concerning whose fate he felt no sentiment emotion. Again he let a flood of sunlight down upo fresh acres of virgin soil, and out of their roughne molded grain field and meadow; and again he reared t log walls of a new home, soon made truly a home b the presence of his wife. The brood of younger Torre found in it a home also, to which they gave willing ar helpful hands until they were well grown boys ar girls, able to shift for themselves.

Josiah was again an owner of oxen, also of cows ar a horse, and a flock of long-legged, bare-bellied shee ranging the woods as untamed as deer except when fe of wolves and bears became more terrible than fear man, or deep snow and starvation made shed, fold ar fodder more desirable than freedom.

The sheep and young cattle were turned out to rang the budding and blossoming woods, and their owner w out one day with his rifle to look after their welfar when he heard the scared bleating of the flock, mingle with the spasmodic jangle of the leader's bell. As th came tearing down the mountain path close upon t heels of the hindermost the cause of their flight, gaunt she bear, galloped at top speed, her faded, ragge coat fluttering like the tatters of a beggar. The shee swerved aside to pass Josiah when they saw him, but sh held straight on, and when he fired, inflicting a sligh wound in her head, she charged furiously upon him. H swung the gun aloft and brought it down with all h might. By good luck that he was truly thankful for h struck the beast a blow on the skull that checked her o slaught. Another brought her down quite stunned, s that he had no trouble to dispatch her; but it was th

last service of the rifle. The barrel was bent, the stock broken past mending, so that it was only a question of a new gun of some sort.

Arguing the question with himself, his wife the audience, he said: "If I got tu be sech a blunderin' ol' numbskull I can't git a bead on a bear's head three rod off, I better git me su'thin' I can shoot buckshot in—a' ol' Queen's arm or a 'paseraro,' mebby! By the Lord Harry, she wa'n't three rod, an' a comin' stret at me! But she was a-bobbin' up an' down, ju' like a sawmill gate. It don't signify, though, I'd ort tu ha' fetched her. Fact on't is, I guess I can't shoot a rifle no more—don't practyce none. Guess I'll git me a smooth-bore—it'll be handy for pigins, an' shoot a ball well 'nough for what bear an' deer an' varmints I run on tu naower-days. If the' was any sech thing as fixin' up ol' 'Sartin Death' I wouldn't think o' nothin' else, but she's past prayin' for," he siged ruefully, regarding the bent barrel, the broken lock and splintered stock.

The result was that after fully setting forth the case of each weapon he made a pilgrimage to the shop of Thomas Hill in Charlotta, the most famous gunsmith of the region, and after long consultation with that cunning craftsman, he ordered the building of a 16-gauge smooth-bore, with four-foot barrel, brass mountings, curled maple stock of rifle pattern, with patch box. He awaited the appointed time of completion with the degree of patience that usually attends the gun lover while he awaits possession of a new weapon, and knowing the value of a craftsman's promise, added a week's grace therto.

Then he haltered the two-year-old heifer that was to be the price, trade being then chiefly conducted by barter, and set forth on foot, leading the heifer.

The gun proved to be all that was promised and more than was expected. It was a beauty, according to the fashion of the day; it made a target almost as good as a rifle at twenty rods, and patterns with both coarse and fine shot that were all that could be desired. Josiah Hill was pleased enough with the gun to give it ungrudged praise, and proud to have so skillful and honest a workman as its maker for a namesake. So treading more lightly with this easiest of burdens on his shoulders he set forth on his homeward journey, now making a target of a white patch on a beech trunk, now of an unwary crow, now of a pigeon just arrived from so far south that it had green wild grapes in its crop, while in Danvis woods the vines were but just in bloom.

He was at the beginning of the last mile, when he brought down one of these travelers from afar, and debating a moment whether he should reload with shot or ball decided on the latter, so that he might as soon as he reached home show Ruby how well the new smooth-bore could fill the place of the rifle. As he was returning the ramrod to its pipes, his roving eyes caught the lithe movement of some animal where the next turn of the road closed the forest-walled vista. His first thoughts were that it was a deer, and that it was out of season. Then he saw that, thought it was of the color, it was not of the form of a deer. It was a panther sneaking along at a loose-jointed, cat-like trot, halting now and then to look backward with intent, alert eagerness; then resuming its slouching advance.

Josiah brought the gun to his shoulder, but could not find a certain aim at the distance, though that was not more than twenty rods. So he waited, with his head a little raised and gun muzzle lowered, for the animal to come within closer range. At fifteen rods it halted and looked backward again, and then as Josiah aimed at the curved side just behind the shoulder, it sprang lightly to the roadside, faced about, and swiftly climbed the trunk of a great maple to the first large limb that stretched out above the road, upon which it crouched, eagerly watching in the direction from which it had come.

A-layin' for suthin'—one o' my idgit y'erlin's, mebby," Josiah whispered to himself, the eye and aim following every movement, only diverted for an occasional quick glance down the road. The last of these revealed a glimpse of a checkered blue and white sunbonnet and the flutter of a brown homespun gown, and then Ruby appeared in full view, picking her way along the edge of a muddy road, not 30yds. beyond the tree where the panther crouched, watching her with cruel, eager eyes—ears pricked, the end of the tail twitching nervously, and hinder paws nestling under the belly for the leap.

"Ruby! Ruby! Stand still where you be, for God's sake!" he cried out in a sharp, strained voice that compelled her to stand stock still before she comprehended whose it was or whence it came.

The panther turned the glare of its yellow eyes full upon him at the sound; the long barrel trembled a little as it was brought to an aim; then became steady as a rock under the strain of the tense muscle; and obedient to the flash of priming spat out its shaft of fire. A yell of pain and rage shot through the boom of the report and echo as the panther, pierced through the heart, lurched aimlessly from its perch and came down a-sprawl and half lifeless midway between Josiah and his wife.

Still calm and collected, he began reloading as he stepped forward a pace, closely watching the great cat blindly biting and clawing the earth, and writhing and rebounding in all the lithe contortions of feline death throes. The last snarling gasp went out, the muscular limbs stiffened, quivered and relaxed, but he did not go nearer the motionless tawny form until his piece was reloaded. Then, with thumb on the cock and finger on the trigger, he advanced and stirred it with his foot. Not a muscle gave a responsive twitch, and he went over to Ruby sitting in a dumb daze, clutching the leaves with rigid hands, never moving until, when she saw her husband so near the terrible beast, she made an involuntary warning gesture.

"Thank the good Lord, Ruby!" he cried, all of a tremble now, and his voice shaking as he knelt down beside her; and she, with her head on his shoulder, fell to weeping.

"I do' know what made me, but I consaited you'd be a-comin', an' I was a-comin aout tu meet you."

"An' I was a-comin' jest in the nick o' time, an' blessed be this gun, for she saved ye. We'll call her 'Deliverance.' Ju' look what a beauty she be! There, don't ye cry ontu her—salty tears 'll rust her."

The smooth-bore, having done such saving service, was ever after a prime favorite, and a weapon of great renown in the township. Her owner achieved a wider fame as an expert marksman, woodsman and hunter. He was famous as the slayer of three panthers, and more deer fell to his gun than to any other. Many wolves and bears he trapped and shot, and as these larger animals became scarce he got at great pains a hound of Peleg Sunderland's noted breed, a gaunt blue-mottled dog, most melodious and far-sounding of tongue, and whose face grew more serious year by year with pondering on the wiles of the cunning fox.

Josiah Hill did not neglect husbandry for sport, and never became a shiftless hunter, good for nothing in aught else. Out of primeval roughness he wrought smooth fields, his well-tended crops were bountiful, his flocks and herds throve. No house was better provided nor more neatly kept than his, nor resounded more constantly with the musical droning of the great wheel and the livelier whir and beat of the flax wheel.

Neighboring homsteads drew closer around his own: those of Elisha Peggs, the shoemaker; the Lovels, the Goves, the Puringtons, the Bordens, and Briggses; the staid Quaker folk, the Bartletts—to all of whim he was a kind neighbor, helpful in sickness and the many privations of pioneer life; rough-tongued, but soft-hearted.

When Timothy Lovel fell sick of a fever it was Josiah Hill who rallied all the neighbors within two miles to do the sick man's haying, and Timothy, worried almost to death's door by the thought of his unfinished work, was made happy and set on the road to health, when told that it was all done, the log barn full of hay and five good stacks in the meadow. Every one had a logging-bee when the felled trees were ready for piling, but Josiah was first at all, organizing the work and keeping all hands at it till it was finished, before the inevitable black bottle went its rounds, oftener than necessary, and sky-larking and practical joking began too soon.

Once when early in the day Jerry Morrison was overcome in too frequent bouts with this sable antagonist and was laid behind a log heap to recover, some of the jokers of the company rubbed his milk-white oxen, the pride of his heart, as black as jet with smut from the charred logs. In due time nature's great restorer got Jerry upon his unsteady legs, and he meandered home, his oxen none the less tractable for their outward metamorphose.

"Say, Betsey, look a-here!" he called to his wife, as he came to an unsteady halt before his own door and brought his oxen to a stand with a "Whoa, Snowball! Whoa, Silver! Back, ish! If this 'ere's me, someb'dy or 'nother's got my oxen. If it haint me, where in thunder be I gone tu?"

In the October evenings every farm had its husking bee, an industrial merrymaking in high favor with the young folks and matchmaking mothers. The uncertain light sprinkled from the tin lantern, the deep shadows, the continual rustle of the corn leaves and husks were great aids to the bashful wooers.

When the young orchards came into bearing, paring bees became as common and as popular entertainments—a way of making work light with many hands.

Quiltings were more the affairs of matrons and maids, but the men were in demand when the "quilt was shaken," and dancing was in order. In winter there were spelling schools in the log schoolhouse that Josiah had been instrumental in building, and even taught school in one winter when no one else could be found better fitted for the place. In his youth he had learned to read and write, and had ciphered to the Rule of Three in the district school of his old Connecticut home, thereby being qualified to lead or drive the youth of Danvis one winter's journey in the path of learning. The schoolhouse was furnished with rough desks and seats for the larger scholars, while the smaller ones were provided with two long benches of slabs supported on rough-hewn legs driven into holes on the bark sides of the slab. There was a huge stone fireplace in one end of the room, by which an attempt was made to warm it, with the result of roasting those who sat nearest, while those who sat furthest were freezing.

In the bitterest weather there was a continual movement of the frozen and the thawed to and from the fire, occasioning considerable disorder. Nevertheless Josiah's scholars learned obedience as they stumbled along the rough pathway in pursuit of the three Rs. Abner Borden, standing in the reading class, balanced himself on one leg and slowly scratched it with the other foot as he spelled and respelled a puzzling word to himself.

"Skip it an' go 'long!" his next classmate whispered.

"Skip it an' go 'long," Abner repeated, in his high-pitched reading voice.

"Don't you know what b-a-r-r-e-l spells?" the master asked, when the laughter subsided. "What does your father put his cider intu?"

A great light broke upon Abner's intellect, and he blurted out, "Hunh! int' the bung!"

"Master, may I speak?" a scholar asked, eagerly, after a stolen glance out of the window one day in early winter, and getting permission, reported that he had just seen Mr. Briggs' dog tree a bear not forty rods from the schoolhouse. When the master was satisfied of the fact by occular proof, he sent the discoverer for the long smooth-bore, powder horn and bullet pouch, and when it was brought and carefully loaded he dismissed school for half an hour, and with all the scholars at his heels went out and shot the bear. He turned over the bounty and skin to the committee to be applied on school expenses.

Josiah had not been many years settled in Danvis when his old comrade Kenelm Dalrymple came to him broken with age, infirm and homeless; but the latter no longer when he came to this hospitable shelter.

"I useter 'most wish when I was wanderin' hither an' yon wi'aout kith or kin or friend, I could come tu my own ag'in," he said, sitting in comfort by the glowing hearth, with his pipe ablast; "but I guess I'm better off here 'an I would be in boughten clo'es, a-lordin' on't or tryin' tu, for I reckon a Yankee wouldn't make no great fist on't. Seventy-five or eighty year amongst 'em have pooty nigh made me one on 'em."

Then following Ruby with his eyes until she left the room, "You did make a lucky hit when you got her, boy! But I 'spect it all come o' my puttin' ye on guard ag'in 'em. It made ye kerful a-choosin'."

"The' wa'n't no ch'ice," Josiah protested. "We had tu an' so we did—that's all."

Yet Kenelm could scarcely believe that he was not entitled to some credit for Josiah's selection.

He could not be reconciled by any argument to his pupil's abandonment of the rifle for the smooth-bore, which he held in utter contempt, though he would sometimes condescend to use Josiah's, and always came home blaming its inaccuracy for the fair shots missed.

His days went by in tranquil enjoyment, and at last, as he dozed in his seat by the fireside, he passed into the profounder sleep of death, and came to his own in the land of the leal.

Josiah was the first captain of militia in his town, and held the office long, for though he was a martinet his company was the best drilled in the regiment—a distinction of which the members were too proud to depose their old commander, whose scolding had brought them to its achievement.

He started with them for Plattsburgh, but could get no further than Burlington, where he fretted and fumed till the roar of battle ceased, and the news of the glorious victory came; and wondered how it was gained without his aid.

He became the patriarch of a populous town whereof he was once almost the sole human inhabitant. The contemporaries of his early manhood were all gone, and to him alone were left memories of the old pioneer days, their hardships and the unsung deeds of humble heroes and heroines.

Through the mists of years the events of the past and his part in them loomed large to his vision, and lost nothing in the telling when there was no one left to dispute the garrulous tongue of old age. Yet if he was given to boasting, who shall say that even the humblest of those heroic pioneers had not a right to be proud that he was a founder of the Republic of the Green Mountains?

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

New Hampshire's Homecoming.

FROM the roar of the streets and the city's dull hum,
Hear the cry of her sons: "To New Hampshire we come;'
While an answer is echoed from black Sandwich dome:
"To the arms of your mother we welcome you home!"

To broad Winnepesaukee, with all her fair isles,
Where the legend relates that "The Great Spirit smiles,"
To swift Pemigewassett, which leaps from the hills,
As it garners the tribute of thousand clear rills.

To Connecticut's valley and Penacook's plain,
To Umbagog, asleep, on the borders of Maine;
To Chocorua's cliffs and Agischook's crest,
The sons of New Hampshire are coming to rest!

To bright Sunapee's waters, high lifted in air,
Where "the points of the compass" by mountains show fair,
For Cardigan, Kearsarge, Sunapee rise
To mark "north, east and south, as they point to the skies,

While Ascutney the circuit completes in the west,
Though she's not in New Hampshire, like all of the rest.
But in those old grants of her pioneer claim,
Which now of Vermont have adopted the name.

To Monadnock, whose rocks, from their girdle of green,
Look so quietly down on Ashuelot's fair scene;
To the rivers, whose voices persistently call:
Ammonoosuc, Contoocook, Souhegan and all.

To the cottage or schoolhouse on hill or in dell,
Where "the old oaken bucket" still hangs in the well;
Or the spring from the mountain flows limpid and clear,
To the trough by the roadside, the thirsty to cheer.

To the brooks which they fished and the hills where they strayed,
And rested their limbs in the broad chestnut shade,
While they watched for a sight of the squirrel's gray fur,
When the first frosts of autumn had opened each burr.

To the knolls where the mayflower opened its bloom
To fill the spring air with its fragrant perfume,
To the meadows, where tall yellow lilies were spread;
Or the pastures ablaze with their cousins so red!

To the holes of the woodchuck, the den of the fox,
Who sheltered his brush in a cleft of the rocks;
To all the loved spots to each memory dear—
The sons of New Hampshire call out "We are here!"

We answer their greeting: "Come, one and all,
From workshop and counter, from office and hall;
No matter how widely your footsteps may roam,
Dear sons of New Hampshire, we welcome you home!"

Aug. 31, 1899. VON W.

Crabs to be properly killed should, before boiling, be thrust through the mouth and body with a sharp steel at one blow.

When a lobster is required, insert a narrow-bladed knife into the third joint of the tail, severing the spinal cord; this will cause instant death and is much less cruel than to put it into the water alive, especially if it is not boiling, as the lobster then suffers a slow, lingering death.

Terrapin also should be mercifully killed before being cooked.

The eel tribe is said to be a terrible sufferer from man's inhumanity to fish. So difficult is it, apparently, to kill eels, that people have even ceased to try to kill them at all. If their heads were cut off before they were otherwise handled, they would at once be out of their misery.—Boston Transcript.

"Fain would I write a poem on the delights of fishing; but, ah me! I cannot find a word to rhyme with 'angle worm,'" sighed Pisistratus, as he gazed thoughtfully into the dark, sullen waters. "But why must you put that word at the end of a line?" queried Eucalyptus. "Because an angleworm is always at the end of a line," hissed Pisistratus between his set teeth; and for a long time it was so still that one could distinctly hear a peach blow.—Puck.

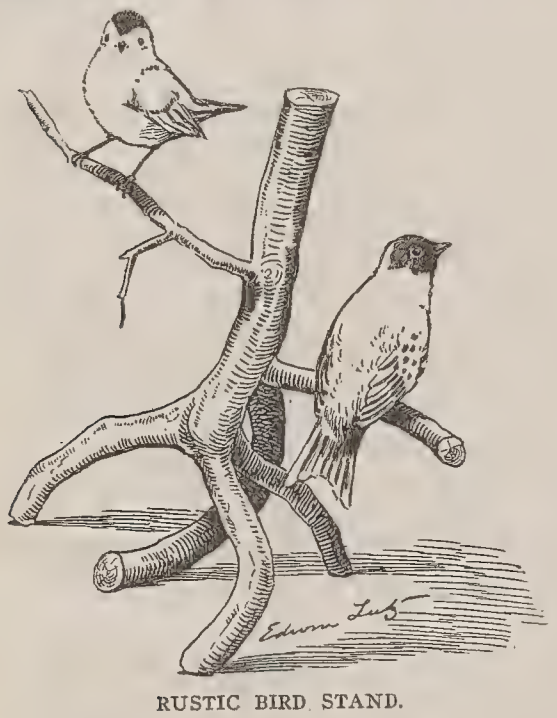
Natural History.

Snails on the Bill of Fare.

So little is known of the dietary of some of the commonest mammals of the United States, that we may confidently expect interesting developments when economic zoologists abandon their scrutiny of bird-stomachs and look more closely into the food habits of squirrels, mice, moles and shrews.

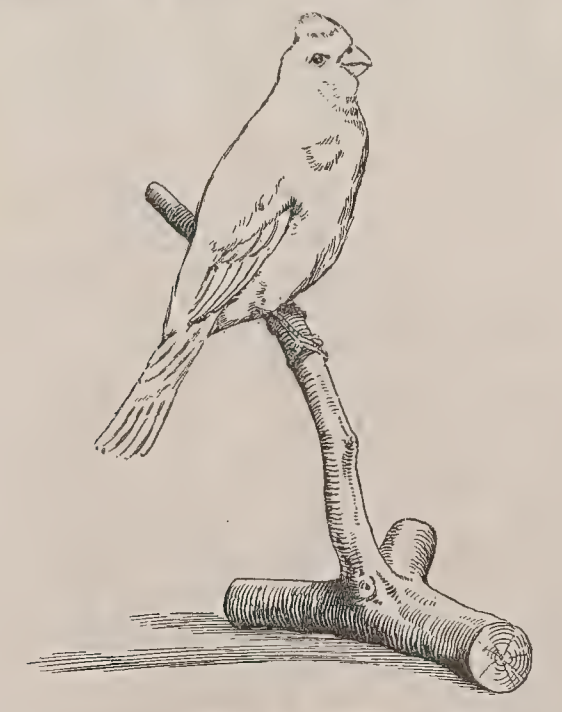
As the case stands at present, we have no recorded data which would either verify or disprove the assertion that certainly one-half and probably 80 per cent. of the species of mammals found east of the Mississippi are more or less addicted to eating snails. Such an assertion would excite no little surprise, if not incredulity, if made to-day before any gathering of zoologists. Five years ago I would have been among the most skeptical of the truth of such an assertion, but a more intimate experience with the smaller mammals which constitute two-thirds of the species found in the eastern United States has now convinced me that there is a large element of truth in it. This intimate acquaintance has been gained during several years of systematic trapping and preservation of squirrels, rats, mice, moles and shrews in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. In this pursuit many secrets, known best to foxes, cats, weasels, skunks, snakes and other creatures endowed with horizontal locomotion and extraordinary powers of scent, have been incidentally revealed. To this knowledge have been added interesting notes on the larger mammalia taken in part from personal observation and more largely with my friend and hunting comrade, Mr. Seth Nelson, of Round Island, Clinton county, Pennsylvania.

From a layman's standpoint, we might class our mammals, according to food habits, into the pseudo-scientific



RUSTIC BIRD STAND.

divisions of omnivorous, carnivorous, herbivorous and insectivorous, and place men and swine in the first class, the bear, fox and wildcat in the second, squirrels, muskrats and meadow mice in the third, and moles and shrews in the last class. The child of to-day is soon taught the inadequacy of any zoological classification based solely on food habits, but few grown-up and thinking people realize that the bear is less carnivorous than the shrew, the mole or possibly even the red squirrel, while he is par excellence an insectivore and a vegetarian. The fox does not belong at all in the same dietary class as the weasel, for two-thirds of its summer and autumn forage consists of fruit, berries and nuts. Red squirrels and chipmunks delight in flesh food, and are among the worst bird-nest robbers we have. Meadow mice (by which popular term are included four species of our commoner voles) are carn-



RUSTIC BIRD STAND.

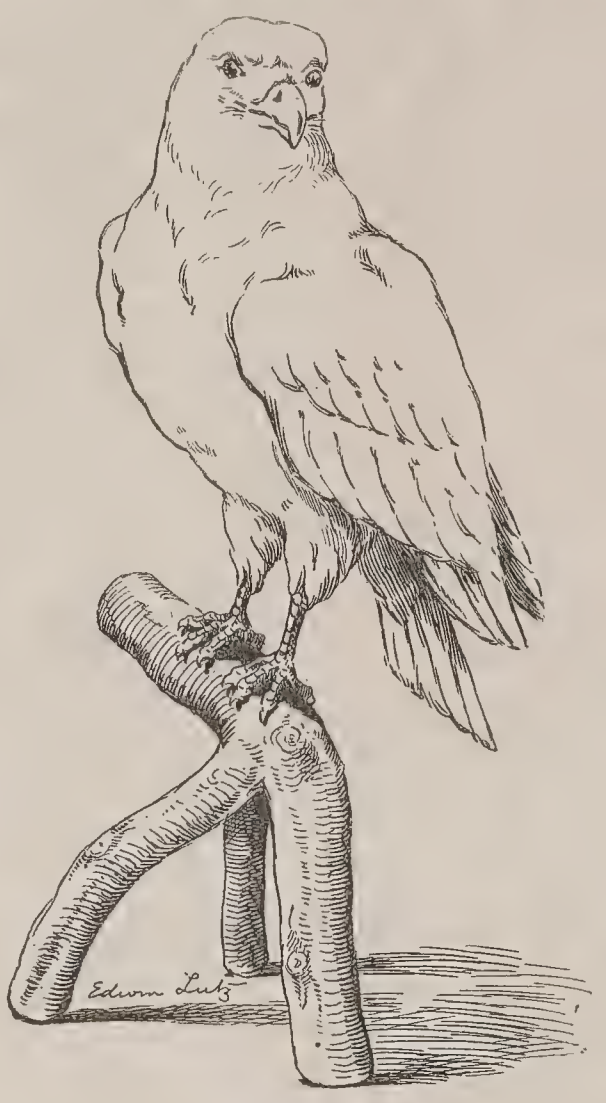
ivores, a wood-hunting species (*Evotomys*), frequently eating large numbers of insects and snails, while the muskrat eats large quantities of mussels.

Enough has been said to show that the subject is one of interest and that research into the mysteries of the mammalian menu will well repay the patient student, as well as place the conclusions of economic zoology on a more stable basis.

Man, the great omnivore, even in his so-called "best estate," has been known to eat snails. It has never been a modern American propensity, however. As to the eating of snails and other mollusks, by aboriginal Americans, we have circumstantial evidence in the great shell heaps and kitchen middens of the Eastern States.

In the ancient shell heaps of the St. John's River, Florida, Prof. H. A. Pilsbry, of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, finds three species of fresh-water snails and two of Unios to be most abundant. In Prof. Pilsbry's opinion, snail shells were collected by the Seminoles solely for eating, being boiled, and the animal extracted by twisting so that the shells are uninjured. If they had been roasted the shells would have quickly crumbled with exposure.

In the Tennessee shell mounds I have found only 5 per cent. of the whole mass to be unbroken Unios, and these confined almost entirely to the small rounded sub-circular forms. Water snails, or "wrinkles," are abundant, as are also land snails in such large numbers that it seems im-



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possible these could have got there by accident. Undoubtedly all these were chiefly used for food, though much of the matrix of comminuted shells was probably composed of Unios destroyed in the manufacture of shell beds, wampum and articles of apparel as well as in the search for mussel pearls.

In the Middle and New England States our common mussels, as well as some of the larger land snails, are found in the cave middens of the Delawares and other tribes of the interior. On the sea coasts aboriginal shell-heaps contain tons of the shells of oysters and clams used for the joint purpose of getting food, wampun, beads, pearls and instruments of daily use in camp and the chase.

It is asserted that much of the winter diet of these Indians consisted of the dried and smoked bodies of the mollusks whose shells are yet so perfectly preserved in the depths of those historic heaps.

Among the carnivora, the black bear is undoubtedly the largest feeder on snails. In hunting these incidentals to his insect diet in summer, a bear makes almost exactly the same kind of a trail through the forest as a conchologist in his overturn of logs, stones and leaves and the stripping of bark and moss from decayed stumps and trees. Any one who follows the trail of a foraging bear in the hope of adding to his shell cabinet will quickly realize what a thorough conchologist Ephraim is by the total absence of specimens where his nose has been rummaging. They appreciate the slimy *Limax* quite as much as the shelled species, and the fragile and tiny *Selenites* and *Vitræa* are no more beneath notice than the nimble ants that swarm under the same piece of bark. The raccoon is another omnivore whose predilection for water courses brings him in frequent contact with aquatic and moisture-loving species of mollusks. Whether it devours mussels the writer has no personal knowledge, but those living on maritime shores are reputed to eat the flesh of several species of the larger univalve and bivalve shells.* Mr. Nelson assures me that they eat the *Helicidæ*, etc.

The last remark equally applies to the highly omnivorous skunk. The otter sometimes eats mussels. I have found their remains on otter rocks in the lakes of northern New Jersey and Pennsylvania, whose valves had been crushed near the muscular attachment in order to get at the live animal. In this habit the methods of the otter are distinguished from those of the muskrat, the latter animal preferring to bring the live mussels to the shore, where they suffocate and open from exposure to the air, and are then easily eaten by the rats.

A fisherman of Porter's Lake, Pike county, Pa., told me he had seen otters swimming in the lake with mussels in their mouths.

Regarding the weasel, mink, marten, pekan, lynx, wildcat and panther, there seems to be no evidence that they eat mollusks under normal conditions.

The wolf, coyote, Indian dog and the red and gray fox eat land snails, mussels and maritime mollusks with avidity, especially when hunger-pressed.

The omnivorous maw of the opossum is probably a frequent receptacle for land and fresh-water snails, but no authentic instances of such have yet come to my notice.

The *Insectivora* are represented in the Eastern States by three species of moles and about ten species of long and short-tailed shrews, all of which probably devour land snails in small quantities. I have found freshly eaten specimens in the burrows of the short-tailed shrew

* Dr. Merriam, in "Mammals of the Adirondacks," states that the raccoon often subsists on mussels.

(*Blarina brevicauda*), the masked and the smoky shrew (*Sorex personatus* and *S. formeus*), where these animals were trapped. No definite data have come to hand of the use of snails by moles, but it may be confidently expected that evidence of this will be quickly forthcoming when they are studied. From the nature of their habits, Brewer's mole (*Parascalops breweri*) and the star-nosed mole (*Condylura cristata*) are the most likely to affect a molluscan diet.

Among the *Rodentia* we might look for the fewest instances of the mollusk-eating habit, but this is a mistaken view. Of the typical *Muridæ*, or mice and rats closely related to the genus *Mus*, most of the species are well known to be omnivorous, and the fact that they are known to eat snails would cause no surprise. In this group we may include several species of deer mice (*Peromyscus*), the wood rat (*Neotoma*), the harvest mouse (*Reithrodontomys*), two species of jumping mice (*Zapus*), and the rice field mouse (*Oryzomys*), all of which are native, and add to these four species of naturalized Old World *Mus*. Of these I have proof that the deer-mouse and the wood-rat devour several species of land snails of various genera, and no doubt it is only a question of time when all on the list will be found to do the same in greater or less amount.

Another large sub-family of the *Muridæ* in this region is the *Microtinæ*, including the voles and lemmings, commonly called meadow mice. Among these are two species which devour mollusks quite frequently, as can be determined by examining the burrows. Of these voles the pine vole (*Microtus pinetorum*) and the woodland or red-backed vole (*Evotomys gapperi*), are more subterranean and forest-haunting species than their near relatives, the common meadow or field vole, which I have not yet observed to vary its vegetable diet with such entrees. The species eaten by the pine and red-back voles are very much the same as those eaten by the deer mouse.

Closely related to these is the muskrat (*Fiber zibethicus*), which is the largest shell gatherer we have in our fresh-water streams, next to man himself. If we are to judge by the large quantities of mussels collected by these industrious animals and deposited in scattered heaps along the margins of fresh-water streams and lakes, they must subsist in certain localities very largely upon animal food during no small part of the year. In the Mississippi Valley drainage, where the *Unionidæ* are represented by an astonishing number of species and individuals, the



RUSTIC BIRD STAND.

operations of the muskrats can best be observed. They seem to show little preference for any particular species, but rarely handle those weighing over a quarter of a pound, the young of all species being preferred to the older ones. As their plan is to let the mussel do its own opening, it makes no difference how thick its shell. Exposure to the air for a few hours soon makes the most obdurate *Unio* accessible to the muskrat that takes the trouble to dredge it out of the mud and deposit it on some shady log, rock or sand bank and await developments. I have not yet observed an instance where the rat had forcibly broken the shell of a *Unio* or *Anodonta* to get at the contents. In bringing the mussels to the surface the rats are said to clasp them in their arms and swim along by means of the hind legs and tail. It is probable that



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they sometimes carry them in their teeth, as it would be impossible for them to place the shells on a slippery log overhanging the water unless they had free use of all four feet.

Unless disturbed, the rats devour the entire animal, as neatly cleaning away the muscular attachments as if done with a knife and at the same time leaving the ligamentous hinge intact.

Among the *Sciuridæ*, or squirrels, we have one species in the eastern United States to which my attention has been specially attracted as the ne plus ultra snail eater. Any one who has been following the discussions in FOREST AND STREAM regarding the carnivorous appetite of

he red squirrel, will not be surprised to hear that he occasionally stoops to eat a fat snail. So far as I have noted him, however, the red squirrel rarely picks up snails. They are a bit too terrestrial for such a high flyer, but they come right in line with his humbler cousin, the chipmunk. For years I have noted how frequently the fresh shells of our larger species of land snails could be found lying about upon stumps and rocks, their spires broken into and the animal deftly extracted.

Supposing the robber to be a bird, I often wondered why they chose such conspicuous positions for their meal, and why I had never seen a bird in the act. While overturning logs in a wood near Cresson, Pennsylvania, this summer, I found the burrow and storehouse of a chipmunk which contained a quart of the empty shells, and living ones of large, handsome snails of two genera. Upon the logs and on stumps in the vicinity were numerous similar shells, all eaten in like manner, viz., through a hole neatly gnawed in the apex, and often so small that it was a marvel how the snail could have been thus abducted through its back door. It then quickly dawned upon me that chipmunks, and not birds, were responsible for the majority of dead shells lying about the woods in conspicuous places with small holes in them. I once watched a catbird eat a large snail, which it accomplished by beating the shell to pieces and devouring both the house and its inmate, and it is a fair question whether any of these empty shells with small holes in them fell a prey to a feathered enemy. Having had my attention directed to these facts, there was no difficulty in confirming them and proving by numerous observations that the chipmunk is one of the greatest snail hunters in this part of the country.

Besides the mammals above noted, I know of none in the region covered by this paper which vary their staple diet with molluscan tid-bits. The small amount of attention given to the subject shows the possible surprises along this line of investigation.

SAMUEL N. RHOADS.

Eagle Crow and Osprey, also Scoters

THERE are eagles on Mt. Desert, quite a few, though a census has not been taken. A neighbor of mine has one half-grown captive which feeds on flounders. Flounders are so abundant here that I can fill a big basket in a tide with a hand line baited with clams. The gulls come up the head of Somes Sound and waddle over the ledges at low tide, making much noise with their cat calls; and now and then an osprey drops down upon a kelp bed and seizes a fish. The other day I saw one capture a prize which he was in the act of making off with, when a big eagle shot out from some cleft on Mt. Sargent and gave chase. The osprey dropped his fish and the eagle took it. It was highway robbery of the rankest sort, but ospreys are persevering, and soon afterward our victimized bird had another fish; and sure enough, the eagle, which had been watching from some point of vantage, gave chase again. But this time he failed, for a couple of crows suddenly took wing from some tree tops and headed him off, and the osprey had his fish to himself. Was this act disinterested, do you think? Was it pure sympathy for the abused and bereaved fish hawk? or did the crows stand in with him on a "divy" or a royalty or some other sort of reciprocity or a combine? Verily, the ways of birds are unaccountable to one who is not versed in the motives which prompt them. And do you know, I don't think that birds, or any other creatures, act always upon impulse. They are prompted by different motives at times, according to circumstances. All the same, why does the kingbird chase the crow and the crow chase the eagle and the eagle chase the fishhawk and the fishhawk chase the fish and the fish chase the etc.?

By the way, shooting coots and scoters over decoys outside of surf which dashes 20ft. high on the rocks on the coast is a sturdy and exhilarating pastime in its season for the storm-beaten gunners of Mt. Desert. The decoys tail in shore from boats anchored just outside of the combers which break on the ledges, and the ducks, which are searching the landwash in company with the gulls and kittiwakes, pitch down to them naturally, on the hypothesis that where the birds gather the food is. It takes good marksmen to wing shoot driving waterfowl from the crests of bounding billows. Ordinary duck shooting from points along sounds pales into insignificance beside this, for a fact. Perhaps I may be able to write something more descriptive by and by from my own experience. If the ducks were even fairly good eating sportsmen would swarm here, but they are rank and fishy. I would sooner eat a mud hen.

I started a spruce partridge yesterday in the woods. They are seldom seen on Mt. Desert, but the timber grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*) are abundant.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

MT. DESERT, Aug. 30.

Rustic Stands for Specimens.

THE ingenious taxidermists of the Museum of Natural History in Central Park have hit upon a novel way of mounting their stuffed birds. This new method does away with the clumsy wood turnings consisting of a circular plate, in the center of which rises an upright piece of turning, surmounted, T-shaped, by a block on which the specimen is stiffly wired. The new stands are made from the natural tree, utilizing knotty and tangled root stems, and those parts of the branches and twigs where the forked character is most decided. The greater number of these stands, as, for example, the ones on which the larger birds are set, take on the tripod form. To make one of this sort, that part of the bough is used where three branches shoot out at different angles from the same or nearly the same point; the three branches are then cut off at equal distances from the crotch, so that when inverted the branches serve as three legs, appearing not unlike a three-legged milking stool. The main branch of this stand affords a seat-like perch on which to mount the stuffed bird. In some instances, as in the case of the stands for the smaller birds, gnarly bunches of roots and distorted meshes of twigs have been used, the diverging rootlets and twigs lopped off evenly and making usually four or five legs.

Birds mounted on these rustic stands are bound to have a look of naturalness, as the curved and crooked branches afford a varied opportunity for placing them in life-like attitudes. Another way in which the natural wood has been employed is in the use of old tree stumps on which to mount large birds, such as herons, hawks, eagles and owls. An effective mount is that of a hawk set on a charred and blackened pine tree stump.

Thus far the only specimens treated by these methods are some of the birds in the assemblage known as the "seasonal collection of local birds," which exhibits birds for the time only that are actually in this vicinity. When the living birds leave us in the fall for their southern haunts their respective proxies are taken from our view and set aside, to be displayed again when they come back in the spring.

E. LUTZ.

NEW YORK.

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Movements of Western Sportsmen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 31.—Mr. Edmund Orgill, of "The Cedars," near Memphis, Tenn., is in Chicago to-day for a brief stop on the way home. Mr. Orgill has spent some weeks in a long trip to the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountains. He has visited the Catalina Islands, tried the sea fishing of the lower coast, paid a visit to Portland, Ore., and made a tour of the Yellowstone Park. Mr. Orgill said the thermometer went nearly to freezing and they had 2in. of snow while he was in the park, something different from the climate here or in Memphis. Mr. Orgill said that everybody in Memphis was well when he last heard from them, and adds that he has some very choice thoroughbred quail left on his place in Tennessee. The old pointer, Rake, over which Irby Bennett, Mr. Will Orgill and myself shot when I was at "The Cedars" once upon a time, is still living, hale and hearty. Mr. Orgill himself is now seventy-four years of age, and still looks fit for a day afield. As I have often said, there is not anything allowed at "The Cedars" which is not thoroughbred.

Mr. Cy Warman, author of "The Story of the Railroad," and well known as a writer of short stories in the leading magazines, paid this office a visit this week. Mr. Warman was just back from Dawson City, Alaska, and did not seem to think he had accomplished so very much of a feat in getting there and back inside of six weeks. He says that Dawson City is only ten days distant from Chicago, and that getting there is as simple as falling off a log. The White Pass railroad is to be extended below the White Horse Rapids, and after that is done it will be steam transportation all the way. According to Mr. Warman, Dawson is not a bad place to live, and the gold fields are hardly yet prospected. I regret to state that Mr. Warman threatens to write a book about Dawson, on the strength of his six weeks' trip. I tried to persuade him not to do this, but it was of no avail. As it is, I should say that this will be a very much better book than most of the hurried travel stories. I told Mr. Warman that he ought to go up there and live ten years before writing his book, but he said that he had not time.

Ex-Congressman Spooner, of Madison, Wis., with his son, Mr. Charles P. Spooner, outfitted in Chicago this week on their way to a trip to the Yellowstone National Park. They visit this wonderland at a very pleasant time of the year, and in common with all who have ever been there, will be glad that they made the trip.

Mr. Westinghouse, of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company, Pittsburg, Pa., is at present in Wyoming on a hunting trip east of the National Park.

Mr. H. O. Wilbur, of Philadelphia, with his friend, Mr. Edward A. Selliez, of the same city, paid the FOREST AND STREAM office a pleasant visit here this week on their way west for an extended hunting trip. They go into the Jackson's Hole country after elk, and will have a trip of a month in that country, thence returning east to shoot quail for a time in Nebraska.

Col. Dudley Ward, late of the Fourteenth Hussars, of the English Army, passed through Chicago this week in company with Mr. C. B. Sterling, of New York City, on a hunting trip in Montana. Nothing else but grizzly bear will satisfy Col. Ward, and I am sure I hope he may find one, though they do not grow on every tree.

Mr. Elmer E. Critchfield, of the Frank B. White Company, this city, came into the FOREST AND STREAM office to compare notes for a while to-day. Mr. Critchfield was on the Prairie River in Wisconsin last spring, and had very good success with the trout. He usually hunts deer each fall from Mann's Place, on Trout Lake, and is laying advance plans for his annual campaign at this writing.

Mr. Oswald von Lengerke, of this city, with his friend, Mr. J. L. Jones, also of Chicago, start to-night for St. Anne, Ill., where they will shoot chickens for half a day to-morrow.

Mr. Douglas Charnley, of this city, left this week for a trip of some duration at Lac du Flambeau, Wis.

Mr. N. B. Bortvin, of New Albany, Ind., outfitted this week for a trip at Woodruff, Wis., for which point he departed a few days ago.

Mr. George H. Gurley, of De Kalk, Ill., left this week for the Devil's Lake country of North Dakota, where he will shoot chickens and stay for the fall flight of ducks and geese.

Mr. F. B. White, of this city, returned this week from an outing at the Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River. He had good sport with muscallunge and bass, and says he would rather catch bass than 'lunge.

Mr. R. F. Seymour, a young but able artist of this city, is just back from a trip to the Yellow Dog River Club near Marquette, Mich. Mr. Seymour had very good fishing in Lake Independence, and caught in one morning more fish than he could carry—pike, bass and muscallunge, according to his story. This lake drains into Lake Superior, and though Mr. Seymour says that his guide told him he had taken muscallunge, it is fair to hold the question in doubt, for the supposition is there are no muscallunge in the Superior waters. Mr. Seymour had never before seen any muscallunge.

Mr. R. B. Organ, of Chicago, on a trip to Maksawba Club this week, caught twenty-three bass and one big wall-eyed pike. He reports the water low, but the fishing pretty good.

Mr. W. P. Mussey and wife, at Maksawba Club last week, caught fifteen black bass, one of 3lbs. and one of 4lbs.

Messrs. W. H. Haskell, W. P. Mussey, Jack Wiggins and one or two others leave to-morrow for Maksawba Club.

Mr. F. N. Peet, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, returned this week from a successful trouting trip on the Père Marquette, Michigan south peninsula.

Contents of a Frog.

My friend Mr. Organ, earlier mentioned as having been fishing on the Kankakee River, tells me quite a frog story. It seems that Mr. Organ and his pusher discovered a very large bullfrog sitting in aldermanic quiet under the shade of a tree which overhung the river. This creature Mr. Organ managed to hook under the chin with his bass hook, and after something of a struggle got him into the boat. An examination of this frog, which was about half as long as a man's arm, showed what appeared to be a couple of horns sticking out of the corner of his mouth. Meantime a faint squeaking was heard coming from the interior of the frog, and it was discovered that the old fellow had swallowed another frog, one big enough for good bass bait, and that the latter was not yet sufficiently acquainted with his surroundings to like the place. In the stomach of the bullfrog there was found yet another frog, partially digested, and a great quantity of grasshoppers, flies, crickets, etc., which showed that the big one had been very industrious in his time. A little further along on the bank they captured the mate of this frog, and in the stomach of this one there was also a partially digested frog. It need hardly be said that Mr. Organ revenged this death of good bait frogs by frying the legs of the cannibals which had eaten them.

Chickens.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 31.—To-morrow is opening day in Illinois and Wisconsin, and I presume that the trains out of the city to-night will carry several hundred people bound for shooting trips. The sale of guns and ammunition at the sporting goods stores for the past week has been phenomenal, and I think that there are more shooters going out this fall than at any time for the past six years. From all available reports it seems that this is a very good chicken fall, though later reports may not bear out this supposition. In Illinois there are certainly very fair numbers of these birds at this writing. In Lee county, about seventy miles west of Chicago, a good many birds bred this year, and there will be good shooting there, though that country is pretty hard to get into on account of the Farmers' League.

Near Bloomington, near Springfield, and other points in the central part of this State, there come quiet tips that there are birds enough for sport, and Champaign, Ill., also reports a decent showing. Near Davis, Ind., along the Kankakee marshes, I hear of a few coveys. Some birds are reported near Aurora, Ill., and along the Illinois River bottoms at different points the number of chickens on opening day will be in direct proportion to the activity of the sooners. A good many birds have bred in this State this year, and the season is thought to have been favorable.

In Wisconsin I am told that there are more chickens than at any time during the past ten years. The Horicon Marsh country has had a good head of game this summer, and near Berlin, Princeton and other Wisconsin points there should be decent grouse shooting. Wherever the wheat country runs up into the joining line of the hardwood and pine country there are some prairie chickens and very often sharp-tailed grouse in Wisconsin, with once in a while some ruffed grouse in the covers about the farms. Mr. Neal Brown, of Wausau, Wis., a gentleman whom I have never met, but who I am confident is the best kind of a man to meet, invites me to meet him at Babcock, Wis., to-morrow morning to properly celebrate opening day, and this I think I shall do. I have wired the Secretary of State for a shooting license, and if everything connects I shall probably have killed forty or fifty chickens by noon to-morrow, or anyhow maybe two or three. Good chicken country is more precious than much fine gold in these days. I have confidence that Mr. Brown knows what he is about in going to Babcock. He is to be accompanied by his wife, also a very good field shot.

Out in Minnesota the chicken crop, so near as I can learn, is about what it was last year. I wrote to Mr. Fee, General Passenger Agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad, for any possible tips on chicken country, and Mr. Fee replies, "Information comes from P. O. Stevens, game warden, that chicken shooting will be good along our line, from Lake Park west as far as Hawley, and up our Manitoba Division as far as Red River Falls."

I also wrote to Mr. Callaway, General Passenger Agent of the Soo line, at Minneapolis, and from him have advices which make me think that Fessenden, N. D., or Bordulac, N. D., or Valley City, the same State, are more than usually good chicken points for this fall. Barrett, Minn.; Kensington, Minn., or Elbow Lake, Minn., are all points about 150 miles from St. Paul, and the shooting at all of these points is said to be good on chickens and ducks. Fingal, N. D.; Wimbledon, N. D.; Courtenay, N. D.; Kensal, N. D., and Lidgerwood, N. D., are all good points for mixed shooting. From all I can learn, I would rather chance Bordulac or Fessenden than any of the points named.

A Worthy Dakota Official.

I was looking around this week, naturally, for chicken news, and also naturally it was pretty hard to get, for nowadays if a fellow has any good chicken country, he mostly doesn't like to tell any one else about it until he comes back, and the FOREST AND STREAM has the reputation of sending a good many people to the good things which now and then it uncovers. Being shy of a good chicken story, and somewhat perturbed in mind, I sauntered into my club, flung my hat and stick carelessly into the arms of the nigger, and asked the girl to fry me two eggs on top of the stove. As I turned to sit down at the table, I saw a friend sitting on the revolving stool next to me, and expressed to him my anxiety to get a good

chicken story. Now my friend is a very good fellow, but does not know one end of a gun from the other, hence I am disposed to believe what he says in regard to game, for he does not have to live up to the expectations of his friends.

"About chickens, is it?" said he to me. "Well, you know I don't shoot any, but you know I have a brother-in-law who is a shooter. He lives in North Dakota. The wife of my brother-in-law wrote to my wife this week, and from all I can tell they seemed to have pretty fair shooting out there in North Dakota. There are not as many birds as there used to be, but my brother-in-law and his son killed 460 chickens the first day they went out."

"What on earth is that you are saying!" said I, and I fairly fell off the stool. "You don't mean to say that they killed that many prairie chickens in one day and in this summer?"

"Why yes, of course I do," said my friend, serenely, and I could see that he really saw nothing unusual in the statement. I asked him if he did not think there might have been more than two guns in the party, and he said that perhaps the writer of the letter was inaccurate in that regard, but he was positive in regard to the 460 chickens in one day.

"Why, I tell you," said he, "you don't know how thick the chickens are out there. You see my brother-in-law is sheriff of that county, and he is also manager for the big ——— wheat farm. The birds come in on those wheat fields in great numbers. I have been out there, and I want to tell you that I have seen my brother-in-law bring in a wagon load of prairie chickens in one day. Early in the summer I have seen my own sons kill young prairie chickens when they rose by throwing clubs in among them. You know you can get close on to them then. Later in the fall they get together in big flocks, and then my brother-in-law says you have to be pretty careful when you go over the top of a ridge so as to get close enough to shoot before the birds fly. He is an awfully good shot, and so is his son, and they kill hundreds of prairie chickens. You needn't laugh at me. I tell you, I know what I am talking about. Of course, you see he doesn't shoot for the fun of the thing, but for what money there is in it. He makes a business of it in the early fall. Yes, it seems to me I did hear that it was against the law to send them out of the State, but, of course, you see, he being sheriff of the county, he stands in! He doesn't ship these as 'chickens,' of course. I guess he marks them as 'poultry' or something of that sort. He has been at it for quite a while, and makes a pretty good thing out of it."

"Well, B.," said I, as I turned toward him, "I think I have got my chicken story all right."

"Why, how is that?" said he.

"You say he is sheriff of the county?"

"Yes, sheriff of L. county" (I do not give the name of this county in full, for reasons which will be stated).

"And he kills more than twenty-five birds a day, you say?"

"Well, he'd think he was doing a pretty poor business if he didn't."

"And he ships them out of the State?"

"Sure! What would he want them for if he didn't? Say, what's the matter with you anyhow? Ain't this all right?"

"Well, this is a pretty good story," said I, "but it ain't quite all right. Now, please don't tell me the name of your brother-in-law."

Another friend who sat close to us at table pointed out to B. that he was talking too much about his brother-in-law. "Say, Hough," said B., "you mustn't say anything about this in the FOREST AND STREAM, you know, for I wouldn't have told you a word of this if I had thought you would get my brother-in-law into any trouble about it."

"That's right," said the other friend, also a newspaper man. "You mustn't print names."

Of course, under these circumstances, since this news was obtained from an innocent party, and hence practically confidential in its nature, I cannot give those details which I would gladly do. I want to say, however, that I have no doubt in the world that the details above stated are practically correct. I think I could without any difficulty have the sheriff of L. county arrested, and perhaps make for him very serious trouble, as I know my friend, Warden George Bowers, of North Dakota, would not tolerate this sort of think should he learn of it. The name of the man I purposely did not learn, and I contented myself with asking my friend B. to write a personal letter to his doughty brother-in-law and to ask him to please stop shipping prairie chickens out of the State of Dakota. B. promised to do so, and I hope he will thus make some sort of a fitting end to one of the weirdest Western chicken stories I have heard in many a day.

This is the way the law is not enforced in some of our Western States, and this is why so many shooters go out into the Western chicken country and come back disappointed. I have no doubt whatever that there is a big game fence run in that particular county of North Dakota, and I wish that I could do something at once honorable and effective toward breaking it up. Sometimes a fellow who is looking for a story gets more of a story than he wants, and I have some hesitation about printing even this blind rendition of the facts which my friend innocently gave me. I think I shall send both B. and his brother-in-law a few copies of the FOREST AND STREAM. If you seek a pleasant heathen, look about you! There is no need going to Africa or New Zealand if you want to do missionary work.

Notes of Travel.

It is curious and very interesting sometimes to observe how generally the FOREST AND STREAM is read in all those parts of the country which can produce a lover of the rod or gun. Sometimes persons ask me where the FOREST AND STREAM is chiefly circulated, and I always tell them "Everywhere." A while ago I was up at La Crosse on a fishing trip, and I met the night agent of the C., B. & Q. railroad at that point, Mr. Simonton, himself an enthusiast in shooting and fishing matters. Mr. Simonton and I had a very pleasant talk together. The next morning I put on my old clothes—and I always look particularly tough in old clothes—and took an early train up the river a little ways, going over the Milwaukee & St. Paul road. I had to get a permit for my boat, and as the agent in the window handed me out the necessary slip, made out in my name, he remarked calmly, "I thought it was about time you were coming up here to see about this bass fishing!" This remark occasioned me some surprise, coming as it did, but I learned that the young gentleman was not a detective, and only a reader of the FOREST AND STREAM.

That Upper Mississippi Valley country is a beautiful one, the river flowing by a series of lofty white-faced bluffs. The tallest of these, not far from Winona, is known as the Queen Bluff, and is said to be the highest point of land between the Alleghanies and the Rockies.

It is 8ft. higher than any other bluff on the river. Still another bluff is called the Chimney Rock. Yet another, near Winona, has been cut into for the last thirty years by a limestone quarry. A tall pinnacle of rock has been left by this quarry, and on the top of this the owner has attempted to roughly carve the face of an Indian. The outline is only half completed, but is visible at a distance of a couple of miles. If properly executed it will of course be a striking thing. I presume the face would be 20 or 30ft. across, though it looks much smaller from the river. "That feller," said Ash Spicer, my boatman, as he called my attention to this incipient work of art, "has been working at that thing for quite a while. Everybody says he is a bit touched in his upper story. He could sell all that limestone in the top of the bluff just as well as any of the rest of it."

One day out in Wisconsin my train stopped in a little village, and the car window was directly opposite the yard of a cottage where a little girl was playing on the grass. "Here, Dewey! Dewey! Dewey!" she cried, and repeated this call so often that I was curious to know who or what "Dewey" might be. I presumed he might perhaps materialize into a mastiff, a Great Dane, or at least an all-conquering bull terrier. I confess to a mild surprise when I saw the little girl dive under the house and bring forth a small and much scared cat. "Dewey is a reg'lar fool about the cars," said she, looking up at me and smiling sweetly.

Speaking of cars, while rambling along, I presume everybody has seen the warning sign boards posted along Western railroad crossings, bearing the warning legend, "Look out for the Cars!" It is reported that some roads once put up signs reading "Beware of the Locomotive," but this seemed to be so pedantic that it did not work. People got run over while they stood looking at the sign. I am told that in a certain session of the Iowa Legislature a resolution was introduced impressing upon that body the necessity of warning people to look out for the cars. The Legislature passed a law literally requiring the railroads to post signs to that effect; so the warning seems to be more legal than accidental in its phraseology.

Our friend El Comancno, author of the "Boy" stories in FOREST AND STREAM, is at present loose somewhere in the East. He writes me that he "has to take in New York and a few more country towns" before he comes back home to Chicago. He says, "I want to get back to where the country is civilized. This is a dead one." I infer that El Comancho has been listening to the meadow larks singing in the morning around Madison Square, and that he wants to get back here and have a look at the limpid Chicago River, and to hear the steady hoof prints on the sidewalks of a town which is the real thing. By the way, it may be news for FOREST AND STREAM readers to know that El Comancho's "Boy" stories are to be printed in book form.

Mr. Geo. Thorne, secretary of Montgomery Ward & Co., of this city, in company with his friend Mr. N. Munn, will start the first week in September for a big game trip of some duration. He wants either elk, moose or caribou, and has been looking at all sorts of country. Talking it over together with him I rather counseled him to take a Rocky Mountain trip, where he could be sure of getting an elk. He will either go east of the National Park or southeast of the Park into the Wind River country, which Mr. Wm. Wells has often told about. Mr. Thorne will probably have either Billy Hofer or Gardiner or Van Dyke, of Red Lodge, as his guide if he goes east of the Park, and he has also written Mr. Wells at Wells P. O., Wyo., for details regarding the length of time it would take him to make the trip into that country. With any of these guides and a couple of weeks' time in the mountains at his disposal, Mr. Thorne ought to be pretty sure of getting his elk. He looks forward with great enthusiasm to his mountain trip. He has never seen the Rockies, but has done a good deal of mountain climbing in Norway and Switzerland, and has made the ascent of Mt. Blanc. Methinks he will make some of those mountain men look down their noses before he gets through with them.

In Chicago.

To-day I was riding along on the trolley car through the foreign settlements penetrated by Wentworth avenue of this city, when chancing to look out I saw standing on the sidewalk a Mexican. He was a regular story-book Mexican, with tight buckskin trousers and very much of a hat. He was talking on apparently very friendly terms with a somewhat dirty citizen in shirt sleeves. Of course in a big city, one would hardly be surprised if he saw an angel, let alone a Mexican, so I let the Mexican go without mental query. Two blocks further on, however, I saw a genuine cowpuncher rolling along in company with two story-book Indians who wore better Indian togs than I ever saw west of the Missouri River. This was too much, and I sat up and rubbed my eyes. A few blocks further on there burst into view the big spread of canvas of Buffalo Bill's Wild West. That explained it. I had forgotten that this was circus week. All things come to Chicago. You can see better Mexicans, better Indians and better frontier stuff than you could ever see in the West. I have even seen the downfall of Nero pictured here in Chicago, and every one must admit that Nero could not carry a ward caucus in Italy to-day. Ancient Italy and the ancient Plains are pretty much on the same footing nowadays.

Minnesota Reserve.

Progress is still making in the preparations for the big trip about Oct. 1 in the interests of the Minnesota Forest Reserve. Practically all the preliminary work has been done, and it remains to be seen now what the members of Congress will do in the way of accepting the invitation of the gentlemen who have organized for this purpose. The Dewey exercises at New York and Chicago are the most serious of conflicting events, but it is thought a date can be determined which will enable the trip to be made without inconvenience to any who attend. If all the members of Congress knew in advance how delightful this beautiful lake region of Minnesota is during the fall they surely would put many things of importance to one side and accord themselves this pleasure.

Col. J. S. Cooper, of this city, prominent through his recent exertions for the Minnesota forest reserve, returned this week from a hurried trip to upper New York. Col. Cooper reports that the invitations for the Congressional party are now in process of engraving, and will be sent out at an early date. We shall therefore presently arrive at some interesting news regarding this movement, for now that the preliminary work has been completed it becomes a matter of great curiosity to know how many Congressmen will respond to the invitation to make the Minnesota trip this fall.

Out in Minnesota the situation in regard to the proposed reserve is much as earlier reported. Some parts of the State are in favor of the park and some bitterly opposed to it. At Walker, Minn., the majority of sentiment is in favor of the park. The Indian trader for the Leech Lake Indians is in favor of the idea. Citizens of Melrose, Minn., say that the lumbermen want that pine and are going to have it. Bemidji is divided, some citizens being favorable to the reserve and others against it. Sentiment is also generally divided as to the amount of agricultural land which would be included in the reserve. At Cass Lake there is bitter opposition to the park project. Duluth, of course, is more frantic than ever. The Pioneer Press of St. Paul commented on the matter as follows:

"That the opening of such a park in this section would bring a big summer population here there seems to be little doubt. Thousands of Illinoisans and people from Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska come up here and spend a goodly portion of the year. Lake Miltona, in Douglas county, is given as an illustration of the summer settlement of the country. Twenty years ago a party of Monmouth people, among whom were James H. Stewart, Dr. J. R. Webster, Hugh Henry and H. F. McAllister, journeyed 600 miles to Alexandria to fish. They discovered this chain of lakes, Miltona among them. They built there a club house, and ever since they have annually brought their families this long distance and spend the whole summer in the wilds. Others followed, and now Chicago and Kansas City have well organized clubs on the lake.

"It is the argument of the proprietors of the park that just such clubs and companies would populate a wide area; that little towns would spring up in the preserved timber where fish and game would bound to be taken only within the law."

E. HOUGH.
480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Boston and Elsewhere.

BOSTON, Sept. 2.—The coming of September has started the deer hunters. A number of Maine $6 non-resident licenses to shoot deer in September have been obtained, and the hunters are off. The opening of the deer shooting season, Sept. 1, in Canada and New Brunswick will also draw a number of early sportsmen. Mr. E. E. Hills and Mr. C. L. Howes started for Mr. Howes' camp on Lake Magaguadavic, New Brunswick, Friday. They intended to be on the deer grounds on the first day of the open season. They were to go to Prince William Station, a few miles from McAdam Junction, which station is but a short distance from the lake. Thence they go by canoes up the lake to their camp. Their guide writes them that deer are very plenty, coming down to the water every night and morning. Doubtless most of the early deer shooting will be done at the water, the hunter simply waiting in ambush for his prey.

Some good shore bird shooting is noted occasionally, but the boys are taking the lead. Master Merton L. Alden, son of Charles H. Alden, of Quincy, is a good deal of a Nimrod as well as boatman. He has won several races with his catboat, though only fourteen years old. This season he is shooting. The other day he made a trip to Paddock Island, off Hull, all alone. When he returned he brought seventy-two birds, all shot by himself. That he is a wing shot appears, when it is stated that he used but twenty shells that day. In the lot he had chicken plover, black and red breasted plover, nodies, summer yellowlegs, with a few peep. Some good scores have lately been made on shore birds at Chatham and vicinity. C. A. Brown is down there this week, and he almost always has good success. Robert Pierce brought up twenty birds yesterday. Mr. Houston took a couple dozen the same day.

The partridge shooters are making ready for the 15th, the opening day of the season in this State. It seems that the interest is unusually good, and reports mention more birds than last year, the dry weather being thought to have been favorable to the chicks. The dogs are being taken out for training, and the first day will be a lively one.

BOSTON, Sept. 4.—Reports from Bangor and eastern Maine suggest that the preliminary open season on deer is being thoroughly patronized by both residents and non-residents. Many licenses have been taken out by both, and those who desire to extend their summer outing into September may legally shoot a deer for camp use by paying for it. Saturday evening trains at Bangor from the west were well supplied with sportsmen, and some went in on Friday. But the Canadian Government is going Maine one better, in that the new regulations permit the sportsman to bring out his deer shot in September, as well as the rest of the open season, while in Maine the deer taken in September can be used for camp purposes only. I have not the new Canadian regulations from authoritative sources, but hunters understand, and it is published in the newspapers, that sportsmen going to Canada or New Brunswick to shoot will be permitted to bring back the carcasses of one or two deer, the only restrictions being that such export of deer will be limited to the open season and fifteen days thereafter, and the

porter will be required to get a permit from a collector customs at a customs port.
Boston and other New England sportsmen are de-ited with this new regulation, since it opens up to them reat tract of sporting country to early shooting and moves the old drawback to their comfort in the shape not being allowed to bring back their game. Several ters have already gone to the upper Tobique region.
The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Asso-ion is doing a good work this season. Being aware of many infractions of the fish and game protective s, the committee on publications has had prepared a e number of posters, some on cloth and others put in nes, setting forth the State regulation in plain type. far over 500 of these copies of the laws have been put in different post offices in the more remote districts the State. A great many more have been sent to the eral railway stations and put up. While it is the inten-of the Association to follow up this crusade of ters with punishment for breaking the game and fish s, it is intended that everybody shall be informed as he nature of the laws in the first place.
o the height of a tremendously successful fishing and ing season at the Rangeley Lakes has just been added excitement of a bad forest fire, which early last week eatened the whole region. It started in the section of ur Ponds, about three miles from Bemis, and but for tremendous exertions of hundreds of men it would e burned over the whole section of country to the t of Mooselucmaguntic and up to Rangeley Lake on north. At one time it threatened to go around to the tion of heavily timbered country on the south of ooselucmaguntic and run over the whole Richardson ke Country. Hundreds of men were hurried to the ne of the fire by the lumber companies and land owners railways, and their efforts prevented the spread of the to some extent till the rain on Friday and Saturday ped eliminate the danger for the time being. The rst feature of all is that it is claimed that the fire was work of careless or vicious sportsmen at Four Ponds. e timber land owners threaten a thorough investigation dire vengeance upon the guilty parties.

SPECIAL.

Breechloaders in the Civil War.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will please tell me if there were any breechloading muskets rifles used in the Southern army toward the end of the vil War, using paper cartridges, which might have been dered useless by any one opening the breech of a loaded ce and biting the bullet from the shell? I am ac-ainted with the ordinary weapon in use at that time ich was loaded by a paper cartridge rammed down the uzzle after the paper end had been bitten off to allow the from the cap to reach the powder, but know of no tridge used in a breechloader other than a copper rim or brass center fire similar to those now on the market.

STORLAX.

[Although precise information on this subject is not at nd, and might be difficult to obtain, yet the question y be answered in a general way.
Toward the end of the war there were in use in the rthern army a variety of breechloading arms, some of ich used paper cartridges, others so-called linen car-dges, and others still had the powder inclosed in a me-lic shell. There is little doubt that some of these arms und their way into the hands of troops of the Southern my, though in what quantity is uncertain. Among arms this sort were the following, usually named from the ventor or manufacturer: The Merrill, Sharps, Smith, arr, Burnside and Spencer. The last was in use to me extent after the close of the war, especially in the est. The Sharps, which was the predecessor of the er Sharps carbine—long used by the United States valry arm of the service—and Sharps rifle, which twen-years ago was in general use and was perhaps the best gle shot weapon of the day, used a so-called linen rtridge, and the breech block was provided with a little ife which, as the breech was closed, cut off the end of e cartridge, exposing the powder.
The Merrill carbine, we believe, was manufactured in ltimore, and perhaps on that account might have more sily gotten across the lines into the hands of Southern ldiers.
It may be that some of the old war veterans among our aders in the South can give us more precise informa-n as to the arms used in the Confederate army.
The method suggested by our correspondent for render-g the cartridge useless would have been as effective with e of the old-time metallic shells as with a paper shell, r the balls were easily removed.]

Forestry at the Paris Exposition.

DR. TARLETON H. BEAN, Director of Forestry, United ates Commission, Paris Exposition, says: Preparations r the exhibit of forest industries of the United States the Paris Exposition of 1900 are now rapidly nearing a se. The opportunity for the display of the wonderful sources of our country and for attracting favorable tention of European buyers is undoubtedly the best at has been offered. The exports of forest products ncluding furniture) from the United States in 1898 gregated $38,000,000. There is not the slightest ques-n that this may be greatly exceeded if the wealth of r resources and the excellence of our wares are properly ought to the attention of the people who will visit the aris Exposition. Not only exporters of lumber and aves, but also manufacturers of wooden ware are pecially invited to take part in this competition for vard. Every effort will be made to set forth the superi-ity and abundance of American products, and it is confi-ently expected that the efforts of Commissioner-General eck will be entirely successful through the co-opera-n of firms especially interested in our export trade.
Circulars containing general information as to loca-n of the grounds, character of the exhibit, system of stallation and labeling, details as determined by the rench classification, and blank applications for space, ay be obtained by request from the Chicago office of the nited States Commission.

Buffalo Jones' "Forty Years."

Hon. C. J. JONES, of Kansas, better known under his sobriquet of Buffalo Jones, is accustomed to do unexpected things. A good many years ago he captured by wholesale buffalo young and old in the Panhandle of Texas, and subsequently possessed the largest herd of domesticated buffalo and stock of crossbred between buffalo and domestic cattle in the country. Later he sold all his buffalo, and soon after took part in the great rush for land made by the boomers at the opening of the Cherokee strip in Oklahoma Territory, and was perhaps the first to reach the neighborhood of the town of Perry. Quite recently—in fact but little more than two years ago—he made a trip to the barren grounds of Canada for the purpose of capturing musk-ox calves, taming them and bringing them to civilization.

The last and not surprising thing done by Col. Jones is to write a book. It is called "Buffalo Jones' Forty Years of Adventure," which is still further explained to be "a volume of facts gathered from experience by Hon. C. J. Jones, whose eventful life has been devoted to the preservation of the American bison and other wild animals, who survived the perils of the frozen north, the land of the midnight sun, among Eskimos, Indians and the ferocious beasts of North America." This volume of nearly 500 pages, with very many illustrations, has just reached us. It bears on the title page the legend, "Compiled by Col. Henry Inman," but the book is Col. Jones'.

Col. Jones' volume is divided into two parts, the first being devoted to his early history and to his experiences in the Southwest with buffalo, antelope and Indians. The second portion has to do with his expedition to the arctic regions in search of musk-ox and his sojourn there for more than a year.

In whatever situation Col. Jones has found himself during the period covered by the narrative of this book he has shown himself a typical American of the most energetic type; sanguine, self-confident, not easily discouraged and a tremendous worker. Sometimes he was at the top of the wave and sometimes down in the trough of the sea, but whatever his situation he was always a believer in Jones. It is certainly a good thing that the story of his adventures should have been written, for it is brimming over with small happenings of one sort and another which throw light on the life of the old-time West; with matter which has more or less bearing on what Roosevelt has happily called the "Winning of the West," and on the character of the people who accomplished that winning.

The story of Col. Jones' capture of buffalo calves has more than once been told in FOREST AND STREAM, yet it may be well to quote from this volume portions of his journal printed in this book which tell of the capture of a herd of more than twenty adult buffalo, all of which unfortunately died shortly after capture, for the full-grown buffalo, it would seem, cannot be tamed.

It was in May, 1889, that Col. Jones started out with the idea of running down a herd of twenty-five or thirty buffalo, tiring them out, and then driving them to his ranch. When, however, he reached the buffalo ground he found the herd broken up into small companies, and it was decided to rope one by way of experiment. He describes how he and his two assistants captured and hobbled a cow in the following language:

"Lee Howard was appointed to do the lassoing, but it was to be on the foreleg only, as we all well knew that to attempt to catch a buffalo cow around the horns or neck would be as fruitless of results as to lasso a locomotive going at the rate of thirty miles an hour. De Cardova, the moment Howard had succeeded in roping the foreleg, was to 'heel' her (catch a noose around the cow's hindleg), and then stretch out so quickly she would not have time to gather herself in her surprise.

"Everything now ready for the attack, I took the hobbles, consisting of two log-chains, 2ft. long, with exceedingly heavy straps at the ends, having strong buckles. We cautiously maneuvered until within 150yds. of the cows, when at a given signal we dug our spurs into the sides of the horses and dashed frantically over a small hill which had hidden the buffalo from our view.

"Howard was on his horse Charlie, De Cardova, an expert roper, on Cannon Ball, while I 'held the fort' on Kentuck.

"Our opportunity had now arrived; we all realized it without a word or sign from any one. Howard's lasso began to swing around his head; Charlie appeared to, and I really believe did, intelligently know what was demanded of him, for the moment he heard the whiz of the rope above him he made a gallant spurt up to the cows, which were fairly plowing up the earth in their efforts to escape.

"Howard unfortunately allowed Charlie to crowd too close, and not being able to watch the eyes and quick motions of the three cows at one time found himself in a critical condition. One of the frightened beasts, the second cow from him on his right, made up her mind that 'leg bail' would not any longer serve her at this particular juncture, and acting upon her decision dashed furiously at the horse, but in the moment lost in changing her huge quarters half-way round was balked in her desire to disembowel the active animal. She got in just behind Charlie and in front of De Cardova, when seeing she would miss her original mark she threw her head around and struck Charlie a well-directed blow with the side of her horn, causing him to stagger for a few steps; yet he still dashed bravely on, the rope whirling in the air all the time.

"I had about made up my mind that Howard was really afraid to throw the lasso under the close circumstances in which he was placed, but was deceived; he was only waiting to make a sure thing of it, for in a few seconds away went the rope like a flash of lightning, while my heart alternately fluttered between hope and fear, and I almost held my breath, waiting for the result.

"No sooner did the lasso leave the skilled hands of Howard than Charlie was so suddenly stopped that he fell back on his haunches as if he were shot. The rope had struck its mark. How the great shaggy monster rolled over and over like a grizzly turning somersaults! But De Cardova, knowing his part in the tragedy full well, by a simple twist of his right arm placed his rope over her hindleg as he swiftly dashed by, before she could gain her equilibrium.

"Now for the crowning struggle! Each horse understood his duty, just what was expected of him, and pulled back, with his head to the enemy, like a bulldog holding on to the ear of an antagonist in the pit. Howard had caught the right foreleg around the fetlock, the exact place intended, and all the efforts of the cow to get on her feet were in vain; she was tighter than any vise could have held her.

"It was now my turn to finish the last act of the drama, and I was determined not to be behind in my part. I slid off Kentuck, but took care to hold fast to the rope, one end of which was tied around his neck; and as I approached the cow the vicious beast grew more desperate than ever in her rage, acting as if she were a carnivorous animal and wanted to devour me. She struck at me with her horns until her ribs rattled, as her head pounded her sides in her fruitless efforts to reach me; then she used her loose foot, kicking and striking until she was actually exhausted. I finally buckled the hobble on her loose front leg, but could not manage to get it on the hind one; so I took my lasso, threw it around the hindleg, ran the rope through the ring of the chain next to the foreleg, drew the two near together and fastened them in that position. I then had no difficulty in adjusting the hobbles firmly. Now everything was ready to turn her loose.

"The ropes slackened, she was on her feet in a moment, with her back bowed, tail curled over her back, nose almost touching the ground, hair all bristling in her rage, eyes green as goggles—in short, the very incarnation of fight to the death! She made all sorts of attempts to charge upon us, but would only tumble for her pains; and when she tried to run the only effect was to shake the ropes off her feet—which was just what we desired, only the boys had to ride forward and pick them off the ground withor dismounting.

"We watched her a few moments, then bade her farewell for a few days and returned to camp, where we discussed the advisability of hobbling instead of driving the remainder of the buffaloes into captivity.

"We started the buffaloes and followed them continually day and night for forty-two days, changing horses about twenty times. The buffaloes became very thin and footsore, and seemed so lame they could scarcely walk, yet would not allow us to approach nearer than 200ft., when they would start off and run with as much alacrity as though nothing was the matter with them. Often we could trail them for miles by the blood left in their tracks.

"I determined to single out, lasso and hobble them, as we had done with the cow previously (although it had died of a 'broken heart'). We finally succeeded in accomplishing this, employing the same tactics as before. Mr. Howard was always depended upon to make the first catch; he seldom miscalculated, and nearly always caught with the first attempt. We captured all except four, but one-half died within twenty-four hours after being hobbled. They usually took fits, stiffened themselves, then dropped dead, apparently preferring death to captivity. It appeared to me they had the power to abstain from breathing.

"We worried along with the remainder, but they eventually died before arriving at my ranch in Kansas. We were fortunate enough to bring seven calves safely in, all of which lived and helped to materially swell the herd."

Mr. Jones' trip to the North after musk-ox seems—perhaps because it was made into a land so little known—more full of danger and of hardships than any of those within the United States of which he tells us. Starting alone, he proceeded to ferry himself and all his supplies from the Athabasca down the McKenzie toward the frozen ocean. Many of the dangers that he must encounter were of a character quite unfamiliar to him, but he appears to have succeeded in overcoming them quite as successfully as he did those in the waterless Southwest. Finally with one white companion he succeeded in reaching the musk-ox country and in killing a number of the animals. He also captured five yearling musk-ox, and how he did it may be told in his own language:

"When I arrived at throwing distance one yearling stood alongside the old cow, his head close to hers. I whirled the noose in the air till it fairly hissed, and let it fly for the prize. The rope went fairly well to the mark, but a little too far, and hooked over the point of the old cow's right horn, where it hung up. The little dog was biting at the heels of the animals, which kept them twisting around in all directions, while our sled-dogs stood in front of the old cow, keeping up such a continual barking that it held her steadfast facing them.

"I paused a moment; just then Scrapper nipped the heels of the yearling that I was after, which caused it to make a bound forward right into the loop, knocking it from the cow's horn, when with a quick jerk I fastened it safely around its neck.

"Mr. Rea was on hand, and we commenced to pull the rascal in, in about the same style as if there were a hundred-pound trout at the end of our line. Now came the danger of the others escaping, as all the dogs left the old cow and made for the animals we had caught, as we anticipated they would; and for that reason we had spiked the old cow to the very earth by breaking her legs. She made several lunges in her frantic effort to escape, but finding she was doomed, she suddenly stood still.

"The other four yearlings, relying entirely on her generalship, waited and lingered with her. We drove the dogs off as quickly as possible, but not until they had made several bleeding wounds on the legs of the one we had on the line.

"Mr. Rea held the rope, while I threw a lasso on one of the animal's hindlegs, by means of which we soon stretched the stubborn little brute on the snow. We hastily tied all four legs together in the same style I used to tie a hog when a boy on my father's farm. Then I took the lasso and walked up until quite close, and as soon as one of the yearlings came darting around the cow I gave my rope a whirl and threw it over another, but the little beast went right through the loop, excepting its hindlegs. By a quick pull I caught it just above the ankles, and soon pulled it out in sled fashion. The dogs did not trouble it much, as they had learned in the melee with the first one caught what was expected of them.

"One by one we dragged the little beauties out and tied them, until we had four safely in the toils. I was so nearly exhausted that I could scarcely stand, and the dogs were making things 'red hot' for the last yearling.

Sometimes it would be fighting them; sometimes running around the old cow, becoming so frisky that I made several throws at it, but missed. Finally Scrapper nipped it so sharply it sought other protection, and came bounding over to me. I was sure it had selected me to take vengeance on, and made ready to jump aside to let it pass, but it ran to my left side, and as it did so I whirled around and laid the noose over its head without throwing it at all.

"As soon as it winded me it darted toward the old cow, jerking me headlong in the snow; but the dogs were after it, so it came bounding back. Mr. Rea grabbed it as it endeavored to pass between us, and threw it. I was soon on its neck; its legs were quickly bound like the others. Our dogs were then whipped off and made to lie down. I was completely exhausted, and was obliged to ask Mr. Rea to go to camp, half a mile away, and bring some water. He brought a small pail of cold tea, which revived me very much. Before leaving for the tea, however, he put an end to the cow's misery by sending a ball through her vitals.

"We had not taken time to size the animals up, and it was a very interesting hour of my life when I could quietly stand and see every twinkle of their eyes. The long shaggy fleece that covered the little creatures was of a browner color than that on the old bulls. They looked more like doll animals than like real live musk-oxen. Their short legs made me liken them to a little Shetland pony colt as compared with a racehorse. They had a tuft of long hair on the shoulders and also on their necks. The males had small sharp horns that pointed straight out from the side of the head and protruded about an inch through the thick mat of hair; while the females' horns were not visible at all, yet could be felt beneath the clump of hair. Though they seemed diminutive, they were deceiving in size and weight of their bodies. I had seen several of different ages, mounted in museums; but it is evident the taxidermist never had seen one alive, or these specimens would have been filled out more plumply, and their bodies taken almost exactly the shape of a barrel. The very little nutrition contained in the moss compels them to gorge themselves until they have assumed an abnormal shape. These we captured really resembled a domestic yearling calf in the springtime, that has been wintered at a strawstack.

"We now commenced to gather up the captives. We first took our long hemp rope, and tied five loops in it about 12ft. apart; we then fastened each end of this rope to large rocks, and drew it quite tightly. From the loops a small rope was attached, at the end of which was a swivel, which in turn was fastened to the small rope around the animal's neck, in order to prevent tangling or choking to death. While marching our yearlings up to the anchor line, we loosened only two of their legs, but when they were securely fastened to it, gave them the freedom of all their limbs, and the way they made the long line jerk and whirl for an hour or more was amusing. It was so long, however, that it relaxed at every surge of the animals, thus preventing the possibility of injuring, that would have otherwise occurred, as it yielded to every effort in their attempt to escape. I had handled buffalo so often that my premeditated plans for the capture of musk-oxen were very easy for us to put into execution.

"We moved our teepee over to the south side of the hill, within about 100ft. of one end of the anchor line, and watched the frisky little captives endeavoring to regain their freedom, until the sun had sunk in the west.

"No sooner had the king of day passed beyond our vision than we heard a pack of wolves just over the ridge. We knew what it meant—no sleep for us that night. As there was plenty of meat lying a little to the southeast of us, we had hoped they would be content to let us alone. Not so, however. It appeared as if they had not found the carcasses of animals we had killed, but drew nearer and nearer our little live ones, evidently wanting meat they had themselves killed.

"As night advanced the ravenous messengers of death came on. Our dogs were loosened upon the supposition they would be in no danger as long as we remained outside with them, but little Scrapper, one of our best shepherd heelers, anxious to measure his strength with them, dashed over the divide after one, where he had a "scrap" that the poor fellow hardly anticipated; that was the last we ever saw of him. Doubtless he was devoured in a minute by the pack we knew he had encountered.

"It was warm and pleasant that evening, compared with others we had experienced; so I took my stand at the end of the rope furthest from our teepee; Mr. Rea at the other. We both had our guns and plenty of cartridges, and one by one we rolled the white monsters over as they appeared. We never pretended to shoot when they were more than 40yds. away. Sometimes they would come singly, then in howling groups, two to a dozen in the pack.

"All night long—about nine hours of darkness—the crazy fools would trot up to be slaughtered; most of them running as soon as shot, unless we put a ball in their head or breast. Those wounded would drag themselves away, to be instantly devoured by the others. When morning came they were just as numerous as during the night, and the sun was high in the heavens before they commenced to skulk away or attempt to get under cover. About noon we determined to try to get out of the horrid place. We had killed twelve wolves outright, and twice as many more, wounded, had gone off, to be devoured by their companions.

"We tied one end of our anchor line to the carryall, I walking behind, holding the other. We set our only shepherd dog at heeling the yearlings up, as they were very stubborn at first, refusing to be led; but within an hour we succeeded in cooling them down somewhat. We fixed hackimos* in the mouths of our animals, so they could not pull very hard on the line, which saved me many upsets."

When the start was made, some of the animals pulled back on their haunches and stopped the whole train. At this juncture all I had to do was to point my finger at the refractory animal, when Don would fly at them, nipping their heels, at which they would take a spurt forward and I be pitched headlong in the sloppy snow; then they would change ends in order to fight the dog. Sometimes the animals would become tangled in the line; the hind one in front and the front one behind. It was certainly discouraging. If we undertook to untangle them we were sure to receive a butt or two that would send us rolling over. My shins that night were "as black as the ace of spades."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

We again slept during the middle of the day, and about 3 o'clock started on our journey. We reeled off from fifteen to eighteen miles during the day, and had the yearlings so subdued that they gave us much less trouble than on the previous days. The day had been dark and cloudy, and the wolves appeared much earlier than on the day previous, having no doubt followed us from the last camp. We did not have more than a dozen cartridges left, and depended upon our guns alone for meat for ourselves and dogs. The situation began to look serious. Our bread had been all gone for two weeks. We battled all night with the wolves and managed to keep them "from the door," and from devouring our animals. The weather turned quite warm during the night: we were having an old-fashioned January thaw, and all the musk-oxen worked diligently, filling themselves with such provender as they could paw out. The wounded one appeared convalescent and refreshed. We had secured two bulls and three heifers, and were now in high spirits over our golden prize; yet dreaded our possible fate, on account of the constant pursuit of the wolves and our short supply of cartridges.

We were off early that morning, bearing directly south for Doobaunt River, as only a few sticks of wood were left with which to cook meat and to melt snow for water to quench our thirst and refresh our exhausted bodies. We expected certainly to reach timber the next day. About 11 o'clock we halted, having worried along fully ten miles that morning. Here, after taking a slight lunch and drinking cold tea that we carried in a rubber bag (the life preserver I bought at Edmonton), we rolled up in our blankets, and I was soon dreaming of my far-away sunny home in Oklahoma. About 3 o'clock Mr. Rea woke up and went out to look after our animals. He returned and said, "Jones, we are ruined! some one has killed all our musk-oxen. They have cut their throats!" I awoke from my happy dreams, and thought him only joking. I raised the side of the tent, looked out, and saw it was too true! Then my heart that had been throbbing so buoyantly with joy in the past few days sank within me; a dizziness seemed to come over me, and I fell back on my blankets and was soon lost in a deep slumber. Mr. Rea said afterward that it was quite difficult to arouse me again.

We went out and inspected the situation of affairs. There had been twelve or fifteen Eskimos or Indians there on snowshoes, and they had cut the throats of all of our animals, leaving them lying dead with the ropes around their necks. We had only one dog (Don) left that would bark at the appearance of Indians, and he was so badly mangled by the wolves he could scarcely heel up the animals on the marches, and we had allowed him a caribou skin inside the tent to sleep on. Had he been outside, doubtless he would have given the alarm, and we would have saved the yearlings, or shared their fate ourselves. The marauders left a peculiar-looking knife on the snow near the animals, having a handle about 18in. long, made of caribou or some other animal's rib, or tusk, with a blade 4in. long, riveted to the large end of the bone. If we had known whether this knife handle was from a land or sea animal, I could have decided who had committed the dastardly deed—Indians or Eskimos. If it belonged to a sea animal, it would implicate the Eskimos; if to a caribou, more than likely the Indians.

We followed the snowshoe tracks for nearly four miles and discovered that the party had been following our trail and had retreated by the same route. We returned to our camp sad and weary, not able to tell if they were Eskimos or Indians. Apparently we were on the neutral grounds between the hunting fields and these two savage tribes. We had been warned time and time again by the Indians not to take any musk-oxen alive, but had paid no attention to them, as we were well armed, and knew they were cowardly and dare not open fire on us. We expected to guard our animals day and night while passing through the enemy's country. It did not enter our minds that there was an Indian within 200 miles of us, and we did not suspect the Eskimos of such treachery. We were so worn out and depressed in spirits that we rolled up in our blankets and slept until night was fully on, when we were awakened by the dogs barking and running around the teepee, occasionally screaming as though they were being devoured. We soon saw the wolves were closing in on them, and called all the dogs into the teepee. Then we took turns in keeping watch, in fear of being destroyed, as we had no cartridges to waste.

After the failure of the expedition, as above detailed, Col. Jones and Mr. Rea proceeded to Fort Reliance, and from there by long and difficult journeyings crossed the mountain, reached the waters of the Yukon, and at last took a steamer, which landed them in Seattle.

Col. Jones had been absent from home between fifteen and sixteen months, and it may be imagined that he was glad to return, and that his family were glad to see him.

* Hackimo, a headstall made with the rope after one end is fastened around the neck so that it passes through the animal's mouth, whereby it can be held with but little effort.

Camp-Fire Rules.

THE New York Fisheries, Forest and Game Commission fixed these rules for the conduct of campers and others on the State land:

Fires for clearing land near a forest must not be started until the trees are in full leaf. Before lighting such fires three days' notice, at least, must be given to the fire warden and occupants of adjoining lands. After such fires are lighted, competent persons must remain to guard them until the fire is completely extinguished, and the persons starting such fires will be held responsible for all damages, notwithstanding notice has been given to the fire wardens.

Fires will be permitted for the purposes of cooking, warmth and insect smudges; but before such fires are kindled, sufficient space around the spot where the fire is to be lighted must be cleared from all combustible material; and before the place is abandoned, fires so lighted must be thoroughly quenched.

All fires, other than those hereinbefore mentioned, are absolutely prohibited.

Hunters and smokers are cautioned against allowing fires to originate from the use of firearms, cigars and pipes; and all persons are warned that they will be held responsible for any damage or injury to the forest which may result from their carelessness or neglect.

Girdling and peeling bark from standing trees is prohibited. Fallen timber only may be used for fire wood.

Fish and game protectors and foresters, fire wardens and all citizens are requested to report to the Fish, Game and Forest Commissioners immediately all cases which may come to their knowledge, of damage or injury to forest trees arising from a violation of these rules.

By order of the Fish, Game and Forest Commission.

B. H. DAVIS, President.

Sportsmen and so Forth.

Editor Forest and Stream:

That which we call a sportsman by any other name might tell as much. It includes the following:

The man who always thinks his guides are over paid and who strives to beat them down to the ultimate nickel.

The man who, having engaged his guides, fails to come and never thinks of whacking up for the loss and disappointment he has caused.

The man who loses his nerve, misses his game and then condemns his gun.

The man who is morbidly suspicious that guides, hotel men and all parties concerned are putting up a job of some kind for his benefit.

The man who lies awake at night planning how to circumvent or get ahead of his brother sportsman.

The man who fires at the moving bush.

The man who revels in the destruction of animal life—who never knows where to stay his hand in the presence of game.

The man who stands proudly before the camera with his game trophy or string of fish and wants to know: "Who can beat this?"

The man who is always performing for the grand stand, claiming to have shot the biggest moose and caught the biggest fish on record.

The man who goes home in triumph with the game his guide has shot and outrivals Ananias.

Verily, the only true sportsmen are they who remain at home and read FOREST AND STREAM.

PESSIMIST.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Aug. 28.

New Hampshire Deer.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I recently wrote an account of a deer and a bicycle, and spoke of the frequency of deer being seen in this vicinity. Nearly every day recently some one speaks of seeing one or more deer on our roads. A few days since, one afternoon I went to a meadow a few minutes' walk from my house. I had an idea I might see a deer or two. The first thing I saw on reaching the edge of the meadow was a fine looking doe standing in the brook looking at me some 50yds. away. She stood perfectly still for some time, and then, as I moved a step or so nearer, she jumped out of the brook and with tail high sailed across the meadow, stopping again on the edge and looking back until I waved my hand, when she went into the woods. There was evidently a fawn somewhere near the doe I saw, as I found quite fresh tracks.

A few days since, some two miles from here, one of my neighbors was looking after some cows, when he ran onto a young buck. The deer started to run and came against a wire fence, falling over on his back, but was up and away in an instant.

Mr. Wentworth, of our Fish and Game Commission, is very energetic in looking up all cases of reported deer killing, and our deer are pretty safe. Some of our old croakers, however, are starting the old story, saying, "If them deer get much thicker they will be eating up our crops." I hardly think we need to worry for some time on that account.

C. M. STARK.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Autopsies of Salmon.

LAST year the Scotch Fishery Board published a very scientific and interesting series of papers on "The Life History of the Salmon," the details having been carried out by several of the best-known physicians in Edinburgh in the laboratories of the Royal College of Physicians. The pith of these observations is that the salmon ceased to feed before he came into the estuaries, and in addition he is said to suffer from acute catarrhal conditions of the stomach and intestines. The experience of all sportsmen in rivers will bear out the truth of the fact that salmon do not feed in rivers—that is, do no feed as they evidently do in the sea.

I have been examining salmon stomachs ever since this report was issued; last autumn on the Upper Shannon on chiefly large grilse, this spring on a few odd fish from the Hampshire Avon and the Dart, and all through the spring and summer on fish taken from the nets and sold in Billingsgate. More than 150 of these latter fish have been examined by naked eye inspection after freely opening the digestive tract from pharynx to anus.

The abstruse and extremely scientific examinations by the Scotch physicians made it very advisable to use naked eye inspections over very many cases, and above all to notice the interior of the digestive organs of other fish, as it at once struck one on reading the Scotch report that the observers had applied all their knowledge of the microscopical appearances of pathological (disease) states in human beings to explain what they found in microscopical examinations of the salmon. Simple reasoning would suggest that if salmon do not feed after entering the rivers, of necessity the conditions of the digestive

organs would deteriorate from the normal; the longer the fish were in the river the more would this be expected.

Every one is agreed that salmon run up the rivers to spawn, and also it is well known that no river could supply food to the natural run of fish that would enter a river, not even to the limited number that nowadays escape the nets. According to the Scotch physicians the salmon gets a desperate catarrh of his digestive tract before he leaves the ocean. Excepting that it is like the gastric catarrh of the glutton, there is no sense in this supposition.

The theory that the salmon goes to sea to feed up and recuperate after the spawning is over is almost impossible to controvert, and presumably after he has fattened up and regained strength, his or her sexual organs, beginning to reform once again, impel the fish to seek the rivers. If the stomach is to be diseased, it is much more likely that it will become so after a long residence in the river without food than when living in the open sea on the best of food.

The chance of nature sending the whole salmon tribe with acute intestinal catarrh up the rivers to accomplish the arduous duties of spawning is so absurd that it is impossible to believe such is the case. If naked eye appearances had been taken first, and the microscope had been left to a later stage in observations, a clearer conception might have been arrived at.

The autumn fish and early river fish examined by me were caught by rod and line, and in all cases these fish must have been in the rivers several days, if not weeks. The amount of mucus fæces in all these fish was, of course, slight, and the amount of mucus material in all parts of the digestive tracts was small but varied. In the case of some autumn grilse, which had evidently not been very long up from the sea, there was manifestly digested material in the appendages and fæcal material in the intestines.

The examination of over 150 fish straight from the sea, as caught by nets in the estuaries, reveals quite a new light on this supposed acute gastro-enteric catarrh. I am quite certain the natural healthy physiological conditions have been utterly mistaken by the physicians in Edinburgh. They state in the most positive manner that never have they found traces of any food in the interior of any fish, even if taken in sea near estuaries. I can state that I have turned out of the enlarged stomach of a salmon six herrings of large size in every stage of digestion, the one within the gullet having only its outer surface digested, each succeeding fish being more digested, till, just before the duodenum is reached, the attenuated spinal column of a 6in. herring remained to tell the tale. In every salmon that has contained recognizable food, it has always been parts of, or the whole of, a herring, just as in sea trout it is invariably sand eels. The wonderful descriptions of pus in the appendage tubes is nothing more than the digested meals of the feasts of the salmon undergoing absorption. I quite agree that the majority of salmon in the estuaries have ceased to feed, but the appearances which the Scotch doctors call acute catarrh are merely the rich digestive mucus idle from want of work, and as always happens in nature, quickly beginning to waste and degenerate from having no duties to perform. The thick juice in the pyloric appendages is merely the remains of the last meal, and has nothing whatever in the nature of the purulent catarrh in it. In autumn fish this juice has diminished much in quantity and consistency, and in fact a cæcal appendage often looks like a narrow tube of biscuits, the juice having shriveled up. The purulent appearance of the mucus in the first part of the stomach is undoubtedly due to bacterial changes brought about by exposure to fresh water and to air after capture. Even in these cases the mucus in the pylorus which has been kept from water and air by the firm contraction of the walls of this part is absolutely free from any bacterial contamination, and is a pure hysiological juice.

The digestive juices of all fish seem potent, but that of salmon seems very much so. The bones of all the fish eaten by them are digested before the small intestine is reached, and in well fed fish the fæcal remains are never much, showing how active is both digestion and absorption. The small size of the intestines will also be an extra proof of this. It may be of interest to say that what is described by many as the œsophagus of a salmon is really its stomach, as digestion begins just within the gullet where it arises behind the branchial clefts, and the digestion of every part of the fish food down to the spinal column takes place in this stomach, where the bend occurs and several inches of a tubular part commonly called the pylorus; here, the bones are finally dissolved so that excepting a stray part of a bone, all has been digested before the juices pass into the duodenum. The more recently that such has taken place, the more are the cæcal tubes filled with rich digested juices; or, as the Scotch scientists would have us believe, of dreadful purulent catarrh.

Of the fish examined, the majority have come from the Scotch estuaries, a few from Ballyshannon, and several from Norway. There are many further points bearing on this subject, which have been noticed; but sufficient, for the time being, to protest against physiological health appearances being mistaken for disease.—J. Kingston Barton, M. R. C. P., in London Field.

Trout of Lac a l'Eau Claire.

Montreal, July 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a photograph of a portion of a catch of speckled trout made in Lac a l'Eau Claire, St. Maurice county, by the Hon. Geo. W. Stephens, Mr. Albert E. Brown and myself, all of Montreal, in May, 1899.

This lake and the territory around it is the property of the Hon. Mr. Stephens, and has been protected, to a certain extent, by him, for over twenty years, and it is doubtful if its equal for producing the largest speckled trout can be found within the Province of Quebec. The largest fish shown in the photo weighed 8½lbs., and this is the fourth fish of over 8lbs. weight that has been caught in this lake since it came into Mr. Stephens' possession.

The twenty-two fish shown in the photo weighed 104lbs. This score will stand "some beating," I think.

Robert B. Ross.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Cass Lake Country.

From the Report of Fire Warden Andrews, of Minnesota.

The Itaska State Park.

In August I spent a day looking over the Itasca State Park in company with the superintendent, and walked several miles through thick primeval woods. I saw some handsome exclusively pine forest, also considerable forest of large-leaved trees mixed with pine, balsam and spruce. Though not as rich in forest as some other localities in the State, it is yet well enough wooden to make a desirable park, aside from the interest attaching to it as containing the source of the Mississippi River. Evidently there is much wild game in its limits.

The only means of travel through the park at present is by boat. Its benefit to visitors would be very greatly promoted by the construction of paths and roads; and as soon as practicable the State should employ a landscape engineer to lay out and construct a system of roads and paths. Such improvements would add immensely to the attractiveness and value of the park. Toward this park Congress contributed as a gift 7,000 acres on condition that the State would protect the timber; and the only means for its protection from fire provided thus far, besides what the superintendent can do individually, is through the fire warden law. Another portion of the park, comprising 2,452 acres, was bought by the State of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company at 50 cents per acre.

The State is to be congratulated on the wise and fairly liberal action of the last Legislature in appropriating $20,000 to purchase timbered tracts within the boundaries of the park which still belong to private individuals and which, through lumbering, were liable soon to become denuded of forest cover and in a way to expose the rest of the park to serious danger from fires.

Chapter 303, of the General Laws of 1899, making the above-mentioned $20,000 appropriation, further provides that in case said appropriation shall become exhausted, and it shall transpire that timber is liable to be cut from any land within the limits of the park, the attorney-general shall endeavor to secure from the owner of such land an option to purchase the same, for a term not exceeding two years, which shall contain an agreement that the timber thereon shall remain undisturbed. He may pay for said option, if secured, a sum not exceeding 4 per cent. per annum of such term, upon the value of said land as the same may be estimated by him. An appropriation of $1,000 was made to enable him to secure such option.

Cass Lake.

In my tour of inspection August last I took special pains to visit Cass Lake, situated about 200 miles northwest of Duluth, and found it to exceed my highest expectations in the beauty of its forest shores and availability for a health and pleasure resort. What attracted me particularly to Cass Lake was hearing that the new Fosston extension railroad, running west from Duluth, as a part of the Great Northern system, passed through a very fine body of white pine near the lake, being the only considerable body of pure white pine adjacent to any railroad now left in the State except one in the eastern part of Carlton county, on the same road. I felt that it was desirable for the State to procure and hold as a park such a forest of white pine, near a railroad, while it was possible to do so. This body of white pine extends about two miles east and west by about a mile in breadth along the railroad near the south shore of Cass Lake. Going straight north to Cass Lake from the railroad the distance is not over a mile. Half a mile from the lake the forest changes from white to red (generally called Norway) pine in pure stand; that is, without mixture with any other sort of trees. The surface then begins and continues to slope very gently half a mile to the lake over an east and west extent of about two miles. (I am speaking now of the south shore, the only part I visited, but other parts of the shore are very fine.) The trees on the south shore have been growing about a hundred years, are tall and hansome, average a foot and a half in diammeter breast high, and stand so thickly that a horse and buggy could not be driven through them. The soil is a sandy loam, the surface is free from underbrush and carpeted with pine needles. The clean, beautiful forest extends to within a step or two of the beach, which is of clean sand and just wide enough to be pleasant. There is not a weed or rush anywhere in sight. The water, which is remarkably pure, is shallow for a few hundred yards, making it an ideal place for bathing. The lake is ten miles long by eight miles wide, and contains two handsomely wooded islands, the larger of which is two miles across, and itself has a lake remarkable for its abundance of black bass. I have seen the most of the principal lakes in Minnesota, but have never yet seen any bordered with pine forest that could in any way match Cass Lake for availability as a health and pleasure resort. Fir forest is especially healthy. Scientific men have ascertained that the air of such woods is richer in ozone than that of open country. Twenty-five per cent. of the patients with incipient consumption who visit the Adirondack forests return cured. The State Medical Society should send a committee to visit Cass Lake to report on its advantages and help mold public opinion so the Legislature will make provision for the State buying a few thousand acres on the shore of the lake*. It all now belongs to the Chippewa Indians, and the Government estimators of timber now have their camps there in the midst of this beautiful south shore forest. They had dug a well, and I drank some of the water, which was cold and pure. These estimators were enthusiastic on the wonderful beauties of the place, and declared that it would be a shame to have the timber cut off. However, unless the State or the railroad company buys it to hold as a park, the timber land is liable to be sold in course of a year to lumbermen and the timber removed as soon thereafter as it suits the owner to cut it. Under the treaty it can only be sold in forty-acre tracts and to the highest bidder.

The president of Dartmouth College estimates that 30,000 people visit New Hampshire every year, attracted by its scenery, who leave in the State about $6,000,000 a year. Minnesota has no White Mountains, but this Cass Lake, with its thickly standing, clean and magnificent border of pine, is one of nature's gems, which probably, take it all in all, cannot be matched anywhere in our whole country. To cut the timber would simply ruin it for scenery and health. The State should buy it and manage it as a place of resort and rest for teachers and others who need the recreation it affords. What is everybody's business is nobody's business; and I fear this will not be done, unless people with influence wake up to the importance of very prompt and energetic action. I repeat—and I cannot emphasize the matter too much—that it would be simply wicked for the people of Minnesota to allow the south shore of Cass Lake to be denuded of its forest. He would be a true benefactor who would buy the tract and donate it to the State for park purposes.



A SHOW OF LAC L'EAU CLAIRE TROUT.

First row—6¼, 5½, 5¾, 5¼, 4¾, 5¼, 9¾, 4½, 8½, 7, 4—64lbs.
Second row—5¾, 4¾, 4⅔, 2, 2½, 4, 2½, 3, 3, 3, 4¾—40lbs.

* This was written in August last. A committee of the State medical societies visited Cass and Leech lakes during the following autumn.

Boy Killed by Alligator.

Jacksonville, Fla., Aug. 16.—Delano Wood, a lad of fifteen, was caught by an alligator at Trout Creek, Panama Park, six miles from here, while in bathing the other evening, and so badly mutilated and bitten that he died soon after being rescued by an older brother. The latter fought the 'gator with a club and finally blinded it, after being knocked down himself by the 'gator's tail.—New York Sun.

Canadian Angling Notes.

THE Messrs. Cove, of London, sons of the proprietor of the English Field, and Mr. Boulter are among the English sportsmen now hunting and fishing in the Lake St. John district. Lieut.-Col. Haggard, D. S. O., has folded his tent and done up his rods and sails in a few days from New York for his English home.

Mr. B. Tiffany and family have recently returned home from a two-weeks' sojourn at Lake St. John. Mr. Tiffany killed over thirty ouananiche at the Grande Décharge, besides a number of very large pike.

The trains on the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railroad have generally been very well filled during the last few days with anglers anxious to have a final tussle with the ouananiche before the close of the season on the 15th inst. As a rule the specimens of the fish now being taken are much larger than those caught during the heated term.

Mr. Bouchard, of the French sporting paper, Le Sport Parisien, has been on a visit to Mr. Menier's game preserve on Anticosti Island.

There is every prospect of a most successful month's trout fishing during September. The season closes on the 30th, and up to a day or two ago the heat was so intense that anglers began to fear it would be very late in the season before the fish would leave the deep holes and cold bottom of the water. A severe change set in on the last of August, however, and the temperature is nearly 30 degrees below what it was two or three days ago. A day or two more of such weather will materially lower the temperature of the water and send the trout to the shallows and to surface food. Already the fly-fishing is very good in many northern streams, and Mr. L. Jones, of the New York Journal, has returned with a fine catch of speckled trout from the Ouiatchouan. Local fishermen are leaving daily in large numbers for the trout waters, and the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Minto, accompanied by Lady Minto and the members of his staff, leave to-night for Lake St. John by special train. Those well-known sportsmen Mr. Edson Fitch and Mr. Pentland have left on a two-weeks' fishing and hunting excursion to the preserves of the Stadacona Fish and Game Club.

There are over a score of anglers on the territory of the Triton Club already, and several more are expected. Mr. Geo. E. Harb, the superintendent of the Waterbury Watch Company, has been whipping the waters of the Metabatchouan and Nonantum clubs with good success, and will wind up with three weeks' trouting on the Triton tract, where he will be joined by Mr. Chase, of Waterbury.

Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, who was on the Tourilli tract, has left for home, but may return next week, and has left his brother, W. Preston Harrison, and his friend, Graham H. Harris, behind him. The Mayor was fortunate enough to get a 5½lb. trout before leaving the woods.

I should advise sportsmen coming here for the September hunting and fishing, and intending to camp out at night, to bring a supply of warm clothing with them, as the weather at night is often quite chilly here this month. Dark Montreal, claret, grizzly-king, professor and scarlet-ibis are reported to have been very killing flies here during the past week. Anglers on our northern waters should never be without the Parmachenee-belle and some small Jack-Scots or silver-doctors.

Several moose have been seen lately about Riviere a Pierre and the Belle Riviere, and red deer are rapidly increasing. The indications of caribou are very abundant, especially on the Triton and Tourilli tracts and in the neighborhood of Lake Edward. The fish and game department of the local government is investigating the charges that American sportsmen killed moose in the Lake Temiscouata district before the season opened, and it is probable that prosecutions will follow.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Sept. 2.

The Spruce Cabin Inn.

I DON'T count any place good enough to spend a week with rod and reel or with my gun, unless it shall be off the line of the all too frequent railway. This is one reason why I always have such an unmitigated good time at Canadensis. The Spruce Cabin Inn at that point is three miles away from post office or railway station, in the very heart of that thirty-thousand-acre tract of wilderness in Monroe, where the stray troutsman is very apt to run across a black bear, near the deep holes along the valley fringed with rhododendron bushes. It was only last summer that my friend, Mr. Stokes, of the New York Stock Exchange, who spends the months of June and July at Canadensis, with a creel full of trout encountered a good sized black bear half a mile down Broadhead Creek, much to the disgust of Broker Stokes.

The fisherman had done well with his fly-book that dull morning, and it was early in June, and with his back up against an oak tree he fell sound asleep, leaving his creel a few feet away, for the wading soon makes one foot-weary. An unusual noise disturbed him—Stokes sleeps lightly—and jumping to his feet, his first gaze fell upon a black bear doing his best to get his nozzle into a small trout basket. The bear dropped the fish and stood up straight, with a well-pronounced "Whoop," unlike anything Stokes had ever heard in the New York Stock Exchange on the merriest days.

Mr. Stokes sides with the "bear" element of the stock market, and says he didn't dream that a live bear would so make his hair stand on end.

His first impulse was to frighten him with a look. But Bruin showed an incisive desire "to move immediately on the enemy's works," and Stokes, by this time, was wide awake, dropped his rod and line, crossed the creek in haste, jumped the fence, and made a straight wake for the house. He called it "double quick." The next day the two Price brothers, accompanied by Mr. Stokes, went a-bear hunting, armed with shotguns and rifles, but they only found a mutilated fish basket. Empty, of course, but the rod and reel were in good condition. Stokes still fishes Broadhead Creek, but never goes without a horse pistol, which looks like one of the Rough Rider rifles at San Juan. But there are not bears enough in Monroe county to scare the fishermen. The evening of my second visit to the Spruce Cabin the violets were in bloom, and there was a human tenderness of feeling and the perfume of flowers in the atmosphere; and when I rose in the morning, aroused by the chirping of a dozen red-breast robbins, the lilac tree was fragrant and beautiful with bountiful sprays of the white lilac. How sweet it smells!

Martin Price was in command of the hotel, as his brother, Wesley, was off electioneering to be treasurer of the county of Monroe, a desirable office in a worldly point of view. I told him he "had become such a fisher of men that I feared he would give up the trout."

This he strenuously denied. Milton had promised to teach me to catch trout with a fly. This was a new pleasure to me, as I had hitherto been content with a minnow or a worm as bait. Poet Chaucer says "Emily rose with the sun," but we beat the sun half an hour, and after a breakfast with coffee the color of Sammy Bettles' Quaker coat, trout, broiled and basted with butter, corn bread pone, maple molasses and hot cakes, we were off behind a pair of fine-stepping bays for a five-mile ride where I could find a clean sheet of water on which I could safely cast my virgin fly without the worry of finding an impending oak tree limb to catch my fly, or worse, impale my first fish. We fished. We had fun. My share of that morning's work was just thirty-three good sized, lovely, red-spotted trout. Whether my dear friend, Milton—John Milton Price—desired to flatter me, I know not, but "Milt" said, "I made those bran-new flies skitter along the water with the hand of a master," and as evidence of my skill there were the thirty-three beautiful fish I had bagged, and I promised Milton that I would henceforth abjure the red worm and the lively minnow for the cunning fly. We had a gorgeous day—a bridal of the very earth and sky; and we got home to dinner—I with thirty-three fly-caught trout. Pardon, dear FOREST AND STREAM, the seeming repetition of this number.

I can see the trout now running after those new flies. That simply knocked the worm out of the game. Who would fish with a worm after such a morning? Not J. M. S., certainly!

I have got a new rod and reel, to be devoted to Monroe county trout, and whenever I go you shall hear from me, for if I am at times reminiscential, I do not belong to the old staff of FOREST AND STREAM back to Hallock's time; and we yield to no magazine on earth a place equal to in our sporting affections FOREST AND STREAM.

Long may she wave, a blessing to the boys of the county and a genuine joy to those like me who are slowly climbing the long road that ere many years will cross the "great divide." J. M. S.

Carp in California.

IT has been observed frequently that the tendency of civilization generally, and particularly in wealthy America, is toward centralization and metropolitan life, and that means artificial surroundings, and a great many other results. I think it has been computed that only about 80 per cent. of the population of California lives in the cities and towns, but California is becoming more and more civilized, and is very young yet. After a while perhaps we will all centralize to such an extent that we can dispense with game laws, giving all outdoors over to undisturbed natural serenity. If this state of affairs can be brought about those of us who hunt, fish and fowl will find it easy.

On the other hand, if anything should happen to send any more people into the woods and mountains, chiefly for fish and game, some attention will have to be given to the propagation of things to hunt and fish for. The most successful effort at propagation yet noticeable in the State has been the supplying of the Sacramento River with carp and catfish. This principal stream is alive with carp from tidewater to three or four hundred miles into the mountains. The carp are good for hog feed and fertilization, but other fish have other various virtues that most people would prefer. Both the carp and the catfish were foreign to the Pacific Coast. RANSACKER.

Chicago Fly-Casting Record.

CHICAGO, Sept. 2.—These are the scores of contest of Chicago Fly-Casting Club held to-day:

	Long Distance Fly, Feet.	Distance and Accuracy, Per Cent.	Accuracy and Delicacy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting, Per Cent.
I. D. Belasco...	95	.....	.....	91 1-5
I. H. Bellows...	122	95 2-3	97 1-3	96
C. F. Brown...	85	95	92 1-3	85 13-15
H. Greenwood..	...	96	95	90 1-5
H. G. Hascall..	107	96 2-3	.....	91 2-15
E. Letterman.....	...	.....	.....	95 4-5
C. Lippincott...	...	94 1-3	95 1-6	97 1-15
H. Newkirk....	...	96	97	96 14-15
F. N. Peet.....	105	93 1-3	96 2-3	97 4-15
H. W. Perce...	...	80 2-3	91 1-2	96 3-5
G. W. Salter...	...	.....	.....	95 1-5

Holders of Medals.—Long distance fly, I. H. Bellows; distance and accuracy, H. G. Hascall; accuracy and delicacy, I. H. Bellows; bait-casting, F. N. Peet.

GEO. A. MURRELL, Sec'y-Treas..

Lake George Bass.

SILVER BAY, N. Y.—On Aug. 28 Mr. T. P. Hoffman, of Roseville, N. J., and Mr. H. E. Burr, of East Orange, N. J., had a fine catch of small-mouth black bass, the bait used being crawfish. The weights were 7¼, 6¼, 5¾, 5¼, 1½ and two weighing 1¼lbs. each. Caught at Silver Bay, Lake George.

"I guess Jim can get away for that fishing party all right." "What makes you think so?" "I was up to his house last night. His wife used to be an amateur elocutionist before they were married, and he asked her to recite! She'll never refuse him now."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Truth Triumphed.

From The Denver Evening Post.

A silent man stood thinking in the cañon of the Platte,
His thoughts seemed almost wrecking his dollar-fifty hat,
His hands were oft uplifted in sort of pantomime,
As though his active thinker was working overtime.
Along the shore he wandered with slow and measured pace,
A maze of thoughful wrinkles twined o'er his sun-tanned face,
For in his troubled bosom there was a vicious fight
As Wrong strove to deliver a knockout blow to Right.

All day with Job-like patience he'd cast his fly for trout,
But not a speckled beauty had let him yank it out,
And to his mind was clinging the boasts he'd made in town
Of what a string he'd show them ere yet the sun went down.
In his imagination he heard the laughing jeers
Of taunting, teasing townsmen vibrating in his ears,
And oft his glances wandered to ranch-boy sitting nigh.
Who had a string of beauties he knew that he could buy.

He was an honored deacon in Hill of Zion Church,
And never did a falsehood his pious lips besmirch,
And never had the tempter got in its work so pat
As at that trying moment up on the dashing Platte.
"No one will ever know it," the tempter whispered low;
"Go buy the jay-boy's captures and take them home to show,
And all your friends and neighbors will stand with staring eyes
And laud you as a troutist up to the arching skies!"

But Right by skillful sparring got in a blow at Wrong,
And down the grand old cañon he fishless trudged along,
And unto all his townsmen was brave enough to say
He never got a nibble through all the heated day.
He told about the jay-boy who yanked the beauties out
While he sat right beside him and never caught a trout,
Nor offered he excuses, but freely did admit
That as a trouting expert he reckoned he was nit.

The people stared in wonder and thought he'd gone insane,
The minister embraced him again and yet again,
The grocer on the corner assured him o'er and o'er
His credit would be gilt-edged in future at his store.
He soon was nominated for justice of the peace
And beat the other fellow as slick as axle grease;
And oft he kneels in secret and thanks the Master that
He didn't make a purchase from that jay-boy on the Platte.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 12-15.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Kennel Club's fifth annual bench show. Edward Meisenheimer, Sec'y.
Sept. 19-21.—Rutland, Vt.—Vermont Kennel Club's inaugural show.
Oct. 2-6.—Dallas, Tex.—Texas Kennel Club's second annual bench show. Sydney Smith, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-6.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's eighteenth annual show. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-13.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island State Fair Association. E. M. Oldham, Supt.
Nov. 15-18.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show. Marcel A. Viti, Sec'y.
Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 6.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials. William C. Lee, Sec'y.
Oct. 23.—National Beagle Club's tenth annual trials. G. Mifflin Wharton, Sec'y.
Oct. 25.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trials. E. Knight Sperry, Hartford, Sec'y.
Oct. 31.—Greene Co., Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's fifth annual field trial. A. C. Peterson Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Washington C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Nov. 8-9.—Lakeview, Mich.—Michigan Field Trials Association's second annual trials. E. Rice, Sec'y.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's first annual trials. George D. Maxfield, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 14-17.—Carmichaels, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's fourth annual trials. J. W. Simpson, Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.
Nov. 21.—Lawrenceville, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.— ——, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Hydrophobia a Disease Easily Cured.

BY BEVERLEY OLIVER KINNEAR, M. D.

From the Medical Record.

THE subject of hydrophobia has attracted much attention from the medical fraternity, especially during the last nineteen years. It may be fairly divided into three heads: (1) Is it a disease at all? (2) Is it a nervous disease? (3) Is it a disease due to an absorbed poison?

It appears to the writer that these three queries cover the present ground of discussion of this malady. The first question may be answered in several ways. Do those who take this stand infer that there is no poison generated in the mouth of the so-called mad animal, to be absorbed by the person bitten? Or do they infer that no such set of symptoms as compose an attack of the disease can be induced by the bite of an animal lacerating terminal nerves, causing an irregular cicatrix and thereby generating central nerve-cell irritation, and responsive muscular and sensation disturbance? Or do they mean that fright alone will excite all the well-recognized symptoms of an attack? Or finally, do they suggest that the statements of a host of honest and intelligent observers count for naught against their opinions, simply because they themselves have never seen a case of the disorder? It would appear unnecessary to enter into a discussion of this query more profoundly until these questions are answered.

Is it a nervous disease? Let us glance at the symp-

toms of a typical case as presented in the "Twentieth Century Practice of Medicine," in an article upon this disorder. First stage: "Loss of appetite and headache; agitated, depressed, gloomy; ill-tempered, apprehensive, irritable; sleepless, restless, with bad dreams; speaks quickly, with sharp articulation; aversion to fluids and often cannot take solid food; and itching and pain at seat of bite."

Second stage: "Breathing sighing and labored; muscles connected with medulla become affected, inducing spasmodic contraction of larynx and pharynx; hyperæsthesia of sight, feeling, touch, hearing, smelling may all occur; sensation of suffocation causes patient great anxiety; violent homicidal attacks come on, for which the patient expresses regret during quiet intervals; snaps with jaws, both tonic and clonic spasms; aerophobia, and sometimes delirium. The conjunctivæ are injected, pupils dilated, retina hypersensitive to light; pulse full, moderately strong and accelerated—weaker after paroxysms; skin moist and perspiring, and the respiration, during the paroxysms, gasping and irregular. There is also decided thirst."

Final stage: "Death may be preceded by general paralysis; it may take place from convulsive paroxysms and asphyxia, or from coma. The disease may be confounded with hysteria, tetanus, epilepsy, delirium tremens, acute mania and uræmia."

The testimony of symptoms in all these stages denotes nervous disease predominantly; while the injective conjunctivæ, the full strong pulse, the delirium and maniacal tendency, the hypersensitive retina, and death by coma or convulsions all signify to the writer a condition of hyperæmia of the brain and central nervous system.

During the past eighteen years I have speedily subdued delirium tremens, acute mania and uræmia temporarily, by contracting the arterioles in the spinal cord and brain and making the general circulation active. Many cases of hysteria can be rapidly cured by expanding the general circulation, thus inducing good nutrition of the body, and at the same time withdrawing the excess of blood from overstimulated nerve centers. Five of these disease are understood to be nervous, and only one of them—delirium tremens—is due to a poison absorbed. The uræmia of Bright's disease, with the resulting coma, is considered due to a poison acting upon the brain, but Bright's disease does not come under the head of nervous diseases.

According to this evidence, then, hydrophobia may be due either to a poison absorbed, or it may be caused by constant direct irritation carried from the seat of the bite to the central nervous system, giving rise to hyperæmia of nerve centers, and thus an increased function or abnormal action upon their part, inducing thereby all the symptoms of hydrophobia. The fact that there are, in many reported cases and among the early symptoms, itching, pain and heat at the seat of the bite, would tend to confirm the hypothesis that from the time of the bite by the dog there had been more or less constant direct irritation carried to the central nervous system. But the apparent truth which is brought out by the foregoing, to my own mind, is that in all nervous forms of disease the main factor inducing the symptoms is active hyperæmia within, and therefore excessive function of, central nerve cells.

Does the pathology of hydrophobia bear out the above conclusion? The post-morten examination in man shows general congestion in nerve centers and softening around the spinal cord. Ross, of Manchester, says that tetanus and rabies are alike, the lesions in the former being spinal, in the latter cerebral; and that the nerves leading from the congested centers are congested and enlarged.

Keirle ("Twentieth Century Practice," vol. xv.) says that the lymph glands are always enlarged in rabies. The under surface of the medulla is very vascular, the gray matter of the cord is hyperæmic, the larynx is red, the spleen is dark red, the liver is congested.

There is practically an immense amount of evidence proving hyperæmia of the nerve centers in hydrophobia.

There is also hyperæmia of mucous membranes and of many organs and glands, which last I have been for many years of the opinion may be due to excitement or hyperfunction of the vaso-dilator nerve centers, and that when conditions of hyperæmia or inflammations are shown by post-morten demonstration to have existed during life, it is a proof that vaso-dilator nerve centers distributed to the part affected are hyperæmic, and therefore abnormally active. If this is so, then the hyperæmia of glands, of organs and of mucous membranes noted in cases of hydrophobia would be simply another proof that the cause of the attack was central nerve-center excitement, or active congestion in the centers.

It appears that the conclusions we may now draw are as follows: (1) The majority of the symptoms denote central nerve-cell excitement. (2) Others testify to the writer, after many years of treatment of nervous diseases and conditions, that there is hyperæmia of the brain and cerebral nerve centers. (3) Treatment which will withdraw excess of blood from nerve centers and at the same time make an active systematic circulation will subdue and cure nervous diseases, whether caused by poison absorbed, by terminal-nerve irritation, by worry, pain or overexertion, mental or bodily. (4) Pathological conditions evidence hyperæmia of the brain and cerebral nerve centers, as well as hyperæmia of organs and tissues, which may be due to the same central nerve excitement.

If these four propositions be true, the next query which arises is, What is the best treatment, the most rapid and efficient to withdraw the excess of blood in active circulation from the congested brain and nerve centers, and which will at the same time so act as to expel from the body the poison of the disease, if the disease is due to a poison? If it is not due to a poison, how can we most speedily withdraw the excess of blood from the nerve centers and brain, without injury to the patient? Is it best to inject the hydrophobia virus which has presumably caused the disease, and thus secure a hoped-for immunity to the poison already absorbed; or will it be better to excite active secretion from some great emunctory organ, in order to expel the poison if there is one, or to attract so much blood to the secreting surface that any excess of blood must perforce be withdrawn from the congested brain and nerve centers—even if no poison exists—and their undue excitement be subdued, the symptoms banished and a cure effected? There appears to me to be no "halting between two opinions here." It will be far better to expel the poison and withdraw the excess of blood from the congested cerebral area, than to attempt to immunize the party bitten by the further absorption of the same poison which induces the disease. But has such a method ever been used successfully to cure hydrophobia? It most certainly has, and in a large number of cases.

It is hoped that by what has been set forth, and by what is to come, the attention of the profession may be drawn to that which seems to the writer a much more simple, physiological, effective and less dangerous method of treating and curing this much-dreaded disease, or set of symptoms—whichever one may be pleased to call it—than Pasteur placed before the profession and the public. There is no doubt that a large body of the medical fraternity consider Pasteur's treatment a cause of hydrophobia, instead of a cure; and that it is a danger to be guarded against rather than a cure to be relied upon.

Let us glance at the opinions of some eminent observers. Professor Peter, the greatest clinician France has produced in this century, a man described as the Sir William Gull of Paris—the able editor of the Medical Journal—writes: "M. Pasteur does not cure hydrophobia, he gives it." Another physician, Dr. Edward Berdoe, M.R.C.S., says: "So far as any good effects having resulted from the treatment, we know that it has undoubtedly led to the increase of hystero-epilepsy, a disease singularly like hydrophobia." Dr. T. M. Dolan, F.D.C.S., of Halifax, the erudite and independent editor of the Provincial Medical Journal, in his book, "Pasteur and Rabies," says: "Not only does M. Pasteur not protect from disease, but he has added a new terror to it by the introduction of paralytic rabies." Dr. Charles Bell Taylor, F.R.C.S., writes: "I regard the so-called wonderful discovery as the most extraordinary delusion which has afflicted men of science for centuries." Professor Von Frisch, of Vienna, makes the despairing admission: "The great hopes which the medical world has placed on Pasteur's discovery have not been realized."

"That the Pasteur system is unreliable is evident by the fact that more than 313 persons have died either under the treatment or in spite of it, and as it involves the infliction of infernal barbarities and torture, the sooner the public is made aware that a superior and more humane remedy for hydrophobia has been discovered, the better" (Herald of the Golden Age).

Dr. Charles W. Dulles, of Philadelphia, when appointed by the Pennsylvania Medical Society to investigate hydrophobia, stated as his opinion that a large number of deaths from that malady were directly due to inoculation with the virus of what ought to be called "Pasteur's disease."

The following well-authenticated case of Ethel Wilkins, which appeared in the London Globe, Nov. 12, 1895, tends to confirm the foregoing judgment: "In October, 1895, the child of the gardener on the Twickenham Park estate (age three years) was bitten on the face by a small fox terrier. The dog was immediately destroyed. There was no evidence that the dog was mad. The child was taken to a physician (Dr. Murphy) to have the wound dressed. At his earnest persuasion the anxious mother (being told that she would have the child's death on her conscience if she refused) allowed the child to be taken to the Pasteur Hospital and put under the regular treatment—inoculation with rabic virus twice daily for the first three days, and then once daily for twenty-one days. On the day she was discharged as cured (though there was no evidence that anything had been the matter with her) feverishness and other symptoms appeared. On Nov. 9 she was taken back to the institute, and the doctors then pronounced the case to be hydrophobia and hopeless. She was, however, inoculated twelve times that day—six times on each side. In forty-eight hours this child, three years old, received twenty-four inoculations. The 10th of November a witness reports seeing her strapped down on her bed; her hands (which had been left free) had torn her face in her agony."

Added to the foregoing opinions and statements, I have in my possession a carefully arranged list of 394 cases treated for hydrophobia by the Pasteur method, from August, 1885, to July, 1898, all of which were fatal. Some were bitten by wolves, some by cats and the vast majority by supposedly mad dogs. This "quadruple hecatomb," as it is called, is reprinted from a supplement to the Zoöphilist, June, 1898. It appears to be undoubtedly correct, as the journals from which the cases were taken are all given, with the dates of their issue. Pasteur's treatment then, according to these representations, has not only not lessened but increased the number of cases of hydrophobia; it has also introduced a new and terrible form of disorder—paralytic rabies. Further, it is essentially set forth as a preventive treatment only, but of little or no service after the attack has begun or well-developed symptoms have appeared; whereas, the treatment about to be placed before you is simple, is not injurious, may be used preventively, "and will cure if administered not later than the second day of its development, and frequently do so even if not given until the third day." This quotation is taken from some remarks by Dr. Montague R. Leverson, of Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn.

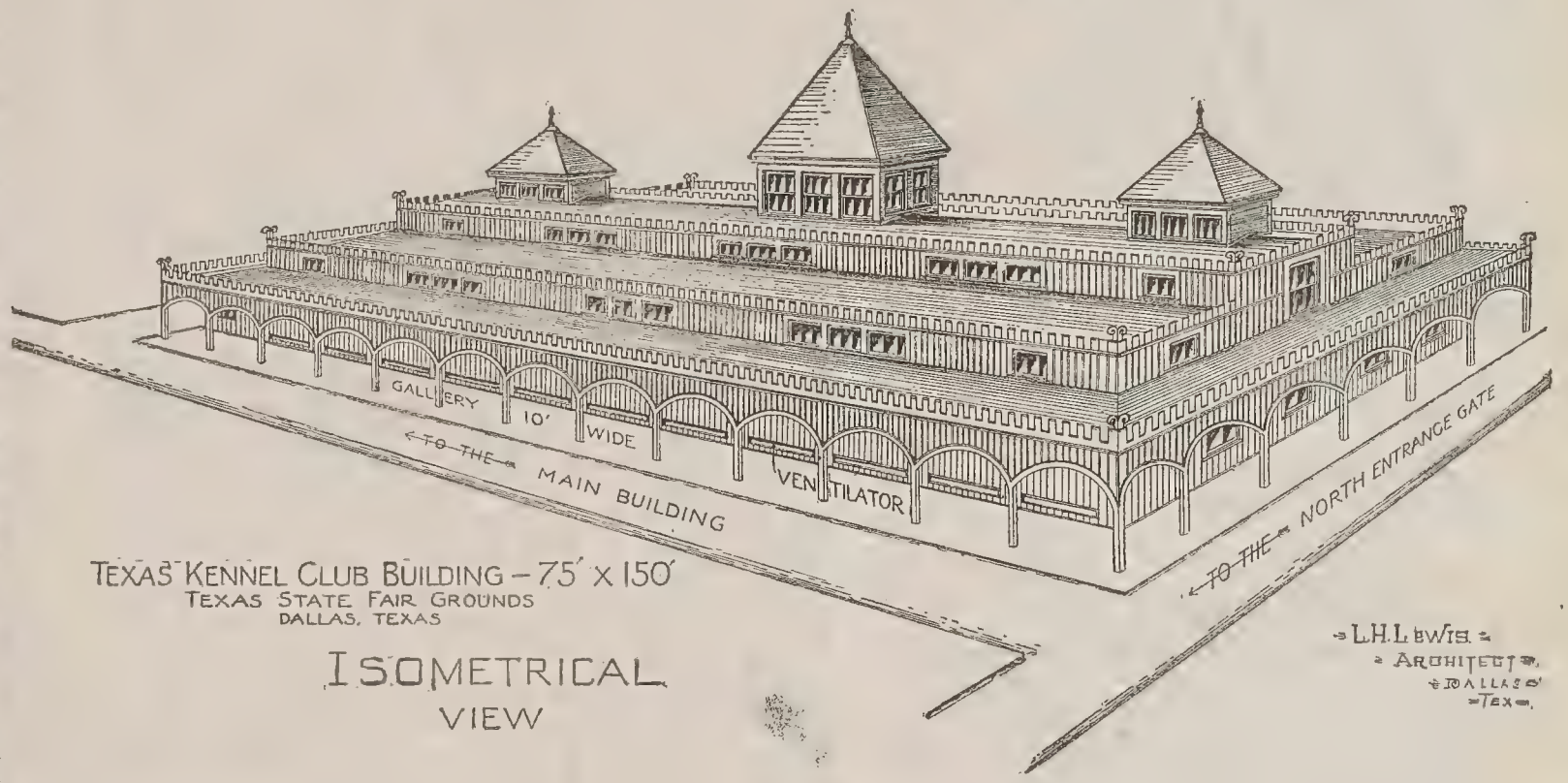
The treatment which I advocate is known as that of the "Buisson" bath. Dr. Buisson (doctor of medicine of the Paris faculty) was called in to a woman suffering from hydrophobia, just one hour before her death. She wished to be bled, and after the operation he wiped his hands on a handkerchief saturated with her saliva. He immediately noticed a small wound upon the first finger of his left hand, and thoroughly cauterized it upon arriving at his office. But on the seventh day pain developed in the wound and rapidly spread up the forearm, following the course of the radial nerve. As the disease progressed, the pain became intolerable; his eyes were extremely irritable, with dimness of vision; his hair seemed to stand erect; a current of fresh air prolonged the paroxysms; there were constant nausea and tightening of the throat, with excessive salivation and incessant expectoration; he had a horror of water, and a constant longing to run and bite. He continues: "For some time past I had been persuaded that a vapor bath was able to prevent, but not to cure, hydroprobia. My thought being occupied solely with death, I sought that which was the most prompt and least painful.

"Being the proprietor of a bath establishment, I resolved to die in a vapor bath (commonly called Russian). I took a Réaumer thermometer in my hands, fearing that the heat I desired might be refused me * * * and at 42° R. (127° F.) I was cured. I confess that at first I refused to believe in a cure which partook of the nature of a miracle. After the bath I dined and drank with ease, and went to bed and slept well. From that day to this I have felt no sort of pain or uneasiness." The report of his case was given to the French minister of public instruction. Thus this great discovery was simply blundered upon like many another one. "Subsequently over eighty people bitten by rabid dogs underwent his process, and not one died. The theory is simply that sweating (increased by hot drink) opens all the pores of the skin, and all poisonous matter in the blood or in surface wounds is forced out through the pores."

This statement is true, and poisons are eliminated by the sweating process, but there is a deeper truth involved by great activity of all the sweat glands and that is that no gland can secrete excessively, unless a much larger quantity of blood than in normal conditions is passing through it, since all glands, organs and tissues receive their nutrition from and deposit their refuse into the blood; in the former instance from the arteries, in the latter into the veins. Therefore, when there is an active sweating process carried on by the whole skin, there is an enormous and abnormal amount of blood drawn into these glands; consequently there must be a lesser amount than normal in other portions of the body. Thus, if there is an excess of blood in active circulation in the lungs, in the bronchi, in the pleura, the process of sweating will go a long way toward their relief, and the reason is very clear; because the sweat glands in order to sweat properly require such a large amount of blood that the excess of blood in the inflamed or congested area is withdrawn, the local congestion relieved, and the patient becomes convalescent.

Now as I have endeavored to show in the early part of this paper that in hydrophobia there is within the brain, the medulla and the nerve centers an excess of blood in active circulation, giving rise to the attack and the symptoms of the disease—so, when the Buisson bath is used and profound sweating results, not only is the poison, if there is one, eliminated, but also the excess of blood demonstrated to be in the central nervous system by the evidence of symptoms, and also pathological testimony, is speedily withdrawn from the congested cerebrum and centers, and as a result the symptoms are subdued and the patient recovers.

Thus this treatment not only can expel poison, but it also demonstrates a true physiological process, by which the excess of blood may be withdrawn from the abnormally functioning nerve centers. It is simply a beautiful instance of revulsion of blood from the brain and central nervous system to the skin, in the first giving rise to all the horrible symptoms of a greatly feared disease, and in the second this same excess of blood acting



TEXAS KENNEL CLUB BUILDING – 75' X 150'
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DALLAS, TEXAS

ISOMETRICAL VIEW

as a beneficent and life-restoring vitalizer. It is the difference between a fire in the right place and a fire in the wrong place.

Buisson says: "Vaccinate an infant and give it a vapor bath directly afterward, the vaccine does not take."

This treatment expels any poison, and at the same time overcomes the dangerous conditions induced by the poison, or by the reflex irritation from the location of the bite. Suppose there is no poison but only reflex irritation from the seat of injury—then at the seat of injury there must be some local congestion, which for a long time may not become apparent; when it does the symptoms of hydrophobia show themselves. The sweating, being profuse, in this case would not only relieve the congestion of the nerve centers but also relieve that existing in and about the original wound; thus not only the attack would cease, but would not again recur. My personal opinion is that in some cases there is a poison absorbed, but that in others, especially in cases of severe laceration, the resulting attack may be in the main due to reflex action from the irregular and congested cicatrix, the central nerve congestion being also partially due to the fears of the patient; while the animal which has bitten the sufferer may not have been rabid at all.

But, whichever may be the truth, the Buisson system answers positively all the indications for a radical cure of the disease, while that of M. Pasteur does not; and statistics show that whereas Pasteur refused to receive patients when hydrophobia symptoms had begun, the Buisson treatment cures hydrophobia when fully developed. A notable case is that of Pauline Kiehl, at Paris. She was bitten, with two other persons, by a rabid dog. The others died of hydrophobia. Pauline was taken to Pasteur, who refused to inoculate her on the ground that the hydrophobia had gone past hope. She was taken to the baths in Paris, Faubourg St. Honoré, where Dr. Léon Petit subjected her to the Buisson treatment, and she recovered. Both as a preventive and cure it is now well known in England, where, according to the Herald of the Golden Age, it can be administered at thirty-three different institutions under the superintendence of qualified medical men. It can also be procured at every hydrotherapeutic establishment in the United Kingdom and at over seventy places in India. The Governor-General of India has accepted it for all hospitals and dispensaries under the Government control, and in consequence thirty baths have been sent there from London. Likewise in America it has been tried with pronounced success, as the following cases indicate; and in no instance, as far as the writer knows, has it met with failure.

Rev. James A. Curran closes an account of a desperate case of hydrophobia under his care cured by a vapor bath, and says: "The sufferer has been in convulsions two days—accompanying these convulsions are evident signs of hydrophobia—is apparently at the point of death." (The Buisson treatment was tried with perfect success.) "His cure," he continues, "was remarkable as it was sudden—and he has continued well ever since." A full account of the case was published in the Sacred Union, Arlington, N. J., April 26, 1886.

Dr. Charles H. Shepard, of Brooklyn, reported the following case to the American Medical Association, at a meeting held June 1-4, 1897: "Dr. M. H. Hermance, of Brooklyn, saved a boy from the agonizing death of hydrophobia by the use of the vapor bath, which was applied while the patient was tied down to the bed. In about three-quarters of an hour after beginning operations a profuse perspiration was induced. When he began to sweat freely signs of returning consciousness appeared, which increased as the perspiration was continued, until in the space of about two and a half hours he was fully restored to consciousness, with a perfect relief from all his hydrophobic symptoms, the pain in the bitten hand and arm included, of which he had complained very much in the intervals of consciousness between his convulsions."

Dr. L. P. Haskell, of Chicago, reports the two following cures of hydrophobia which he witnessed at the sanatorium of the late Dr. M. P. Hanson, of Milwaukee. He says: "I had opportunity to see much of Dr. Hanson's operations and the great success he attained. His son owned a dog which was attacked with all the symptoms of hydrophobia. His paroxysms were violent. He was secured at the end of a pole by a lasso and taken into the hot-air room (175° F.). After raving a while he quieted down, went to sleep and was cured. I saw him three years later. About a year after this cure a man, living in a Wisconsin town, and his horse were bitten by a mad dog. The horse soon after died in great agony. Then the symptoms were manifested in the man, and a friend who knew of Dr. Hanson's experiment with the dog took the man to the sanatorium, and he was cured."

Dr. P. Canitz, of New York city, testifies to having cured five cases of hydrophobia by means of the Buisson bath. The disease, in three of these cases, had advanced to a stage ordinarily pronounced hopeless. Convulsions had become so violent that the patients had to be strapped to their beds, and in one case, in which treatment was delayed until after the fourth day of the attack, the patient was in the extreme horrors of rapidly approaching death. In all these cases the aggravated symptoms subsided during either the first or second application of the treatment, and after four or six days all signs of the disease had disappeared. Strapped to a steam lounge these patients were subjected to steam and hot dry air—the temperature being gradually increased until 140° F. was reached; then, still sweating profusely, they were wrapped in cold wet sheets (wrung dry) and swathed in blankets, with hot-water bottles applied to the feet, calves and thighs, and allowed thus to remain from one to two hours, when a tepid bath (90° or 92° F.) was given, followed by a cold spray douche. The sweating process was repeated daily and the full pack twice daily up to the period of convalescence, and the treatment in a milder form continued for several days subsequently so as to insure complete success. In no instance was there a relapse.

The frequency of the bath must depend upon the severity of the symptoms; and the maximum rate of temperature must be regulated according to the facility with which the patient perspires. The head must be kept cool with cold applications and the patient freely supplied with cold water to drink, avoiding all alcoholic stimulants and adhering to a light, farinaceous diet. If the patient is subjected to a bath on the first day of hydrophobic symptoms, probably the first bath would prevent its development, but even after the patient is apparently well the sweating process should be continued daily until all danger of recurrence is past.

"The efficacy of the Buisson treatment for hydrophobia is testified to," says the London Star, May 3, 1898, "in a letter from B. K. Illava, District Abkari, Inspector of the Bassein District, written to Mr. Malabari, of Bandora. It says: 'It affords me great pleasure to note the result and let you know the genuine efficacy of the Buisson bath you were kind enough to get me a loan of from Dr. De Monte, of Bandora, to be used for my uncle, Mr. Jehangir H. Kotwal, as he was bitten by his own bull dog that had gone rabid. If it were not for your kind advice and prompt loan of the bath he would have been a positive victim to the fell disease, as two cows, one dog, one Hindoo woman, by name Gungabai, aged forty, and a boy of ten years of age, who were all bitten by the same dog, died at different periods, all showing symptoms of hydrophobia.' Why be Pasteured and run increased risk of death?"

On May 6, 1895, Dr. Ganguli, of Dinageyur, India, treated four persons bitten by a rabid jackal on the 29th day of April, 1895. All these four are now in perfect health. One man, who was bitten by the same animal and did not undergo the Buisson treatment, died of hydrophobia. A Mohammedan, bitten by a rabid dog March 22, 1896, and treated by Dr. Dass, of Naraenganj, India, fifteen days afterward, is now in perfect health. Eight persons who were bitten by the same rabid dog and did not undergo the Buisson treatment, died of hydrophobia. A Hindoo bitten by a rabid dog on April 2, 1896, treated by Dr. Dass twenty-two days after the bite, is now in perfect health. Three persons who were bitten by the same rabid dog and did not undergo the vapor-bath treatment, died of hydrophobia.

William Tebb, Esq., of Rede Hall, Burstow, Surrey, England, writes from Bombay, on March 21, 1896:

"At Lucknow there is an encouraging report of the success of the Buisson system in preventing hydrophobia in several patients who had been bitten by mad dogs—while one unfortunate man bitten by one of the same dogs (who refused the treatment) died of hydrophobia. At Allahabad, the superintendent of the Government hospital said that five persons had been bitten by a mad dog, four of whom were treated by him with the vapor bath, and no harm followed; the fifth refused the bath and died of hydrophobia."

It is very clear from the symptoms that in hydrophobia the nerve centers are in a state of excitement; it is also very evident from some of the symptoms that there is excess of circulation of blood within the brain and nerve centers. It has been demonstrated to me long since that by methods which withdraw excess of blood in active circulation from the brain and nerve centers, in nervous diseases as well as in those like delirium tremens, and the blood poisoning in the coma of Bright's disease, due to a poison absorbed, the conditions treated will rapidly be subdued. Pathological investigation also demonstrates excess of blood within the brain and nerve centers, and the results of the treatment, as we see, prove that by flushing the sweat glands with blood hydrophobia may be cured, even in the advanced stages.

A very sensible statement by a contemporary writer illustrates the effect upon internal congestions of this method, and why they are relieved:

"Very few people comprehend why the hot-air bath is so potent in the cure of disease. The reason is simple and readily understood. Nature's method of protecting the body from the effects of heat, especially high temperatures, is by the evaporation of moisture from the surface of the body, and this moisture is provided by the perspiration, and the less clothing the more effectual the results, so the natives of hot climates who are nearly naked realize more fully the benefits of perspiration. Upon submitting one's body, divested of clothing, to the 150° F. and upward of heat, demand comes for relief; soon the pores are opened, perhaps to an extent not before realized for months or even years, as many persons have inactive skins, and when this is the case other organs, and notably the kidneys, must take on double duty, and are thus overtaxed and diseased. So now the pores are actively at work, and the poisonous, worn-out material is being eliminated from the body through nature's sewerage system—the pores. What follows as a sequence? Why, *as the blood furnishes the perspiration, it necessarily comes to the surface, and thus the circulation is equalized over the entire surface, and as the logical sequence of this all congestive tendency is relieved, thus establishing perfect equilibrium, which is absolutely essential to perfect health*" (Italics mine).

NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Dog Show.

THE prizes of the first annual dog show of the Philadelphia Dog Show Association, to be held Nov. 22, 23, 24 and 25, are $15, $10 and $5 in limit and open classes and $10 and $5 in novice and puppy classes. A very liberal number of classes will be opened and kennel prizes will be offered for the best exhibit of four in each breed. Over $5,000 will be offered in class and special prizes.

The following is a list of the judges so far announced: Chas. H. Mason—Bloodhounds, mastiffs, St. Bernards, Chesapeake Bay dogs, pointers, all spaniels, collies, bull dogs, Boston terriers, Airedale terriers, bull terriers, Scottish terriers, Skye terriers, Bedlington terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers,, Welsh terriers, Yorkshire and toy terriers.

G. Muss Arnoldt—Great Danes and dachunds.

Ronald Harwicke Barlow—Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, Black and Tan terriers and Italian greyhounds.

H. Clay Glover, D. V. S.—English setters, Irish setters and Gorden setters.

Henry G. Trevor—Poodles.

Winthrop Rutherford—Fox-terriers.

O. W. Donner—Irish terriers.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Canoeing.

THOUGH dating back to 1881, the second year of the Association, the constitution, by-laws and racing regulations of the A. C. A. are in the main as complete and thorough as anything of the kind in yachting, canoeing or boating. The general plan of organization which superseded the temporary scheme of the first year was framed on broad and progressive lines, and such changes as have been made necessary by new developments, such as the establishment of divisions of the parent body and the board of governors, with revisions of the racing rules to meet new inventions and conditions, have been in the main well planned. The trouble with the Association to-day—and it is a serious one—is not with the laws as they stand, but with the manner in which they are disregarded by those whose duty it is to execute them. Apart from some verbal and clerical errors, which are due to the slovenly and slipshod manner in which too many meetings are conducted, there is very little fault to be found with the laws as they now stand; and if they were faithfully lived up to there would be small cause for disputes and misunderstandings.

Unfortunately a great deal of the business of the Association is carried on by its officers in ignorance or wilful disregard of the laws, the result being equally bad in either case. When an officer desires to do a certain thing he too often goes ahead with it without taking the trouble to consult the year book as to his powers and duties, or if he does, ignoring the plain wording of the laws. We have no desire to criticise the present administration beyond others, as it is no more deserving of blame in this respect than its predecessors, but as the result of various circumstances connected with the past meet there is likely to be an attempt at a general overturning and amendment of all the rules. Such an attempt is most unnecessary, and can only do harm, as the trouble has long been not with the laws, but with their non-enforcement.

The success of the Association in the past has been due in no small measure to one admirable feature of its laws, by which the officers are enjoined to give the most public notice possible of all proposed actions, so that the members at large may know in good season of proposed changes of the constitution, racing rules, etc., of candidates for membership, and all similar business, and may if they desire make objection through the proper channels.

Of late years the tendency has been to disregard the laws in respect to this early publication, the officers acting independently and at their own discretion, regardless of the wishes of the individual members.

It rests now with the members themselves to say whether they are willing to give up the rights secured to them by the constitution and to leave the entire management of the Association in the hands of a few officers, or whether they will insist on the literal observance of the laws by which no important action may be legally taken without public notice in due season. If they are satisfied with the former course, then those important parts of the constitution, by-laws and racing rules which are now disregarded should be stricken out; otherwise every legal requirement should be literally and rigidly observed.

THE New York C. C. will hold its annual regatta on Sept. 16, starting at 2:30 P. M., at the club station, Bensonhurst.

Members of all canoe clubs near New York are cordially invited to be present and take part in any or all of the events. In order to amuse the ladies a number of extra events have been arranged, and it is hoped that the interest will never flag during the afternoon. The usual club dinner will be served at 7 P. M.

Events—1. Sailing, three miles, record event. 2. Paddling, decked canoes. 3. Paddling, tanden, open canoes, single blades. 4. Sailing, club fours, upset. In this event the boats will upset at a given signal. 5. Sailing, man overboard; second man in each boat to dive overboard at signal and remain stationary until rescued. 6. Masquerade tournament. A prize will be given for the most unique costume.

The regatta committee are Barron Fredericks, chairman; R. S. Foster, Louis B. Jennings.

British Canoe Association Annual Meet.

Falmouth, England.

July 29 to Aug. 10.

THE following account of the recent annual meet of the British Canoe Association was written for the Field by A. E. Wale, Esq., vice-commodore B. C. A. It will be interesting to American canoeists in comparison with the report of the A. C. A. meet in the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 26:

The B. C. A. camp at Mylor Creek, Falmouth, is now in full swing, and fourteen tents have been erected. As every one knows, the locality is almost perfect for canoeing, and endless excursions may be made to the many beautiful and interesting creeks. So far the weather has been magnificent, and a good sailing breeze has prevailed on almost every day.

On Friday last, at Malpas regatta, a race was held for prizes given by the local sailing club. After a long and light wind race Psyche won easily, with Crayfish second and Galatea third.

On Saturday last the first race of the meet for prizes given by the commodore took place. Only three craft were eligible to compete, as the conditions were that competitors must have been in camp for three days prior to the race. The prizes were meant to be a reward for early attendance, but unfortunately did not secure that very desirable result. With a strong southeaster blowing against the ebb tide there was a fair sea out in the roads, and all available reefs were got in before the start. Galatea (Messrs. Nisbet and Hodder) was first across the

line, and Psyche (Messrs. Fair and Huntley) second. Five minutes later Psyche gave up, rather waterlogged. Crayfish (Messrs. Clayton and Bean) was far away to leeward changing jibs, and did not hear the gun. However, the six minutes she lost at the start were easily spared, and she rounded the windward mark at the Ganges about 5m. ahead of Galatea. A broad reach to the eastern mark and a run home resulted in no other change, and the powerful ballasted Crayfish finished an easy winner, with Galatea 6m. astern.

On Monday six of the craft present sailed in a race given for them by the committee of the Looe regatta. Unfortunately for Crayfish she lost her centerplate just before the start, but made a very fair show with a floor board as a substitute. In the light wind the canoe Prucas IV. (Mr. Laws) simply lost the rest of the fleet, but the actual order of prize winning is not yet settled, pending official measurement.

Many very pleasant little cruises have taken place, and many more are on the programme. To-morrow, weather permitting, all hands are going to the Helford River, and will camp out for the night there. So far the attendance of men and craft has not come up to the expectations of those who have been to all the trouble of arranging this meet. Of the yawls present Crayfish, Galatea and Psyche are well known, while Portmanteau (Mr. Ogilvy) and Walrus (Mr. Arnott) are fresh to the meet. Among the canoes are Prucas IV. and Solitaire, and of course the two famous Lilys of our veteran commodore, Mr. Bartley.

So far the Falmouth meet has been favored with magnificent weather, and in this respect it seems likely to form a record in the history of the Association. Unfortunately, the number of members who have availed themselves of the chance of such a glorious holiday as we are now enjoying is rather disappointing. When one sees the crowds of young fellows who dawdle about a fashionable watering place, crawl round golf links or even the more energetic who can enjoy scorching in an atmosphere of dust along a crowded, sun-baked highway, it seems strange indeed that so few can be found to support the healthier and more enjoyable sport of canoe cruising and camping out. Whatever the reasons may be, the B. C. A. officers are working hard to find them out, and to make the meets better attended. How difficult their task is may be gathered from the opinions expressed at a recent representative gathering. About half of those present thought the fault was lack of racing; the other half were equally certain that it was due to the number of races held, which prevented men from finding time to cruise, fish, sketch, etc., without undue hurry from morning to night.

My hurried report last week dealt with three races; this one will deal with four more, and others are to follow, but first let me speak of one of the most enjoyable events the Association has ever held. This was the cruise on Wednesday last to Helford River, one of the most beautiful harbors in the West. Through the good offices of Mr. Cecil Lane we had received the offer of an excellent camping ground above Helford, and other hospitalities from Mr. Blaney, the vice-commodore of the Royal Cornwall Y. C. About 11:30 A. M. all hands got under way, and with a fresh S.E. breeze and a good ground swell in the bay made a fast and pleasant voyage to the new camp, about eight miles. Only two shore tents were taken, and one of these was carried in Prucas IV.; the other men slept in their craft. Soon after pitching camp we all sailed or paddled off to explore the many lovely little creeks which branch off the Helford River. To those who know this spot no words are needed, and to those who do not no words will convey a fair impression of its beauties. Of one creek near the camp, Abraham's Bosom, otherwise Port Navas, I will only say that it is well named; no shelter could be more perfect.

That evening Galatea, whose owner, Mr. P. Nisbet, had been recalled to London some days previously, returned to camp, and on Wednesday morning sailed back with him and Mr. Hodder to the Helford River. They had a rough and exciting passage, but their performance was eclipsed by our veteran commodore, Mr. Bartley, who about the same time paddled back to the head camp in his well-known Lily. About midday all hands went to help to work the seine net, owned by Mr. Blaney, and a very interesting afternoon was spent with it; bass, red and gray mullet, plaice, dabs, eels, smelts, sprats, cuttlefish, sea adders and other curiosities were hauled ashore. Afterward a very pleasant hour was spent on our host's yacht, the Eagle, and a big basket of fish was presented to us. All this meant that a late start was made for home, and it was 8 o'clock when we left the mouth of the Helford River, the flood tide nearly done, and a light head wind and heavy tumbling ground sea. Mr. Ogilvy, in Portmanteau, like a wise man, at once gave up the pretense of sailing, and rowed home, arriving first; Prucas came second, about 11 P. M., and the rest at nearly 12 o'clock.

On Friday, Aug. 11, a very quiet morning about camp was followed by a company cruise round to Falmouth Harbor, where the local sailing club's regatta was being held. A race for B. C. A. craft had been kindly given by the committee, and the course was entirely within the harbor, which meant a lot of dodging of the hundreds of craft anchored there. Galatea won first prize; Prucas IV., 4s. behind her time allowance, second, and Psyche third prize. In the evening the committee drew up the programme for the B. C. A. regatta, and announced the entries and time allowances for the Lough Erne challenge cup. These were as follows (rating being taken thus: L. O. A. + S. A. ÷ 6000, time allowance on scale of old Y. R. A. rating):

	Rating.	Handicap.
Galatea, P. Nisbet	.45	scratch.
Crayfish, H. Clayton	.45	scratch.
Prucas, G. W. Laws	.3	0 06 50
Psyche, D. Fair	.25	0 10 10
Portmanteau, Mr. Ogilvy	.23	0 12 10
Solitaire, A. E. Wale	.13	0 25 10

Saturday, Aug. 12, the day of our annual regatta, opened with a strong E.S.E. wind and brilliant sunshine as usual. Soon after 11 the craft competing for the challenge cup were afloat and ready for the gun, but just before the first one Psyche was seen to drop her mainsail and signal for help. Solitaire reached over to her and found she had carried away her sternpost rudder and was helpless. Solitaire then ran down between the guns to tell the committee to send a boat to Psyche's assistance, but nearing the rough beach hit hard on a sharp rock, and unknown to her skipper got badly holed. Two minutes later the second gun went, and Crayfish was first across the line, closely followed by all the others.

The course, which had been measured off with great care, was from the camp to the St. Just Buoy, a dead beat out; thence to a markboat off Messack Sands and back to the starting line, both legs being broad reaches, three times around. After a close start the boats soon spread out in short tacks, but in ten minutes Solitaire was so badly waterlogged that she had to retire and find out and start repairing her damage. This reduced the fleet to four. At the St. Just Buoy Galatea and Crayfish had a good lead on Prucas. On the reach to the Messack mark Prucas closed up the gap,, and if she had stayed instead of jibing would have caught Galatea before rounding the home mark. As it was there was little between them, but again Galatea made good work to windward, and held a long lead at the St. Just mark. Once round this, however, Prucas came flying along at such a speed as the writer had never seen a canoe or yawl equal, rounding the home mark with a lead of 40s. Once more Galatea's good weatherly qualities took her to the St. Just mark first, but the flying Prucas, on the two last legs, reached past her like a bird, and crossed the winning line 1m. 25s. ahead. Meanwhile Portmanteau had been going very well, and seemed to have a fair chance of saving her time; she failed to do this, but secured second prize. Crayfish, last year's cup winner, was doing the best she could with an old centerboard in place of the one she lost at Looe regatta, but was quite out of her proper form. The official timings were as follows:

	Start.	First Round.	Second Round.	Finish.	Rating.
Crayfish	11 40 45	12 14 15	12 47 30	1 21 10	.45
Galatea, 3d prize	11 40 48	12 10 35	12 44 40	1 17 15	.45
Prucas, winner	11 40 47	12 11 10	12 44 00	1 15 40	.3
Solitaire	Withdrew.				
Psyche	Withdrew.				
Portmanteau, 2d prize	11 41 00	12 15 30	12 49 53	1 24 20	.23

The most remarkable feature of the race was the very fast time in which it was sailed, viz., 1h. 34m. 53s. by Prucas, and by Galatea in 1h. 36m. 27s. As the record for the same distance in R. C. C. cup races open to racing machines is 1h. 50m., I believe, this time is all the more creditable to cruising craft.

After lunch a tug-of-war between the fourteen B. C. A. members and twenty-one Ganges boys resulted in a narrow victory for the B. C. A. The shore race in oilskins and sea boots was amusing to the spectators, but not satisfactory to those whose big boots would come off. It was won by Mr. D. Fair by a foot from Mr. Ogilvy.

The next sailing event secured five entries only: Galatea, Crayfish, Portmanteau, Walrus, Solitaire (who had quickly repaired her damage). A good start, and a fast race resulted in a win for Galatea, with Crayfish second and Solitaire third. There were no time allowances for this race, and the prizes were given by our old friend Mr. Aydon, whose presence in camp was heartily welcomed. Another sailing race over the same course (3 miles) took place immediately after. This was from moorings with sails down. Solitaire was much the quickest under way, but being moored a long way from the line only crossed 1s. ahead of Crayfish. Galatea again soon worked out the usual windward lead and won the race, Prucas being second and Crayfish third.

Monday, Aug. 14.—After some short excursions to various places all hands mustered at 5 P. M. for the annual meeting. After the usual passing of reports, which showed the Association to be in a sound financial position, Mr. T. H. K. Bartley was re-elected commodore, Mr. P. Oliver vice, and Mr. Harold Clayton rear-commodore. A long discussion on the question of a permanent headquarters for the B. C. A. then took place. It was then resolved that a sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. Bartley, Lane and Nisbet, be empowered to make all preliminary arrangements, and to select a site and report upon it to the annual meeting in London next spring. Such a home is not intended to interfere with the usual meets in any way, but to provide an attraction for those members who cannot take their holidays at the time our camp is held. Photographs and other particulars of camp sites for next year were laid before the meeting by Mr. Clayton, who advocated Strangford Lough, and by Mr. Thorpe (by letter), who strongly urged the attractions of Holland. The decision will not take place until the London meeting in the winter or spring. At 7 P. M. the annual dinner was held in the large marquee.

On Tuesday, the 15th, all hands went out cruising in search of camp sites, the most suitable one being discovered at St. Mawes, near Falmouth, and photographs were taken of it by Mr. Clayton. The weather still remains magnificent, and only two showers haven fallen in the last three weeks.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

SEPTEMBER.

6. Norwalk, open, Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
7 to 11. Interlake Y. R. A., meet, Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie.
9. Royal Nova Scotia, open handicap, Halifax, N. S.
9. Atlantic, Gould cups, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
9. Seawanhaka Cor., fall race, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
9. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
9. Hull, Mass., open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
9. Winthrop, cruise to Hull, Winthrop, Boston Harbor.
9. Wollaston, handicap, Wollaston, Mass.
9-10. Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, rendezvous and sail, Hull.
9. Wood's Holl, club, Wood's Holl, Quissett.
9. Burgess, 3d cham., Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
10. Penataquit Cor., knockabouts. Bayshore, Great South Bay.
14. Newport, ladies' cruise, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
16. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
16. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
16. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
23. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
23. Riverside, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
24. Williamsburgh, annual fall regatta, Bowery Bay, L. I. Sound.
27. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
30. Corinthian, knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.

OCTOBER.

3-5-7. New York, America Cup matches, Sandy Hook.

THE new 35ft. class of the Great Lakes, made up of the twelve yachts designed for the Canada cup contest, offers an interesting field of study for all advocates of the girth rule, especially those on the other side of the water. With the exception of the one detail of the measurement of a portion of the centerboard for girth, the rule is identical with the present linear rating rule of the British Y. R. A., and the class is only 1ft. smaller than the Y. R. A. 36ft. class. While in England the waterline length of a 36-footer is from 30 to 31ft., in the new 35ft. class it has been cut as low as 24ft., the majority of the yachts being from 27 to 28ft. We hope later on to be able to publish the lines of some of the best of the new class, with such information as will give grounds for a critical study of the interesting development of the rule. With the data now at hand it is impossible to discuss the question fully, but there are several points which show on the surface. Though plainly under-canvased, the keel boat Beaver was almost a match for the centerboard boat Genesee in the very light weather in which all the races were sailed; and if the claims of the Genesee crew of the ability of their boat in strong breezes be accepted, it may be assumed that the two radically different types are practically equal in speed. If, as seems probable now, Beaver represents the fastest type of keel boat which can win under the rule, it certainly has failed of the end looked for by many, as she is very little more than a fin-keel in internal space. At the same time, she is of a safe and generally seaworthy type for the lakes.

The centerboard boat Genesee illustrates very forcibly the point made by Mr. John Hyslop some time since through the FOREST AND STREAM, that while the measurement of girth does not of necessity place a premium upon a larger area of midship section, in certain types it actually imposes a penalty upon an increase of area. The hull girth of Genesee is the minimum, owing to her very shallow section, being but 11.75ft., or almost the exact figure of her beam, 11.63ft. If an attempt be made to improve her by deepening the body, giving a more roomy and abler type of centerboard boat, the result is an immediate increase of the girth factor. In the keel types the reverse of this is the case, any filling out of the section from the fin or semi-fin to a wholesome S form decreasing the girth measurement, though not to a material extent.

THERE is no doubt that Genesee, Beaver and Minota are very fast yachts, and would hurry some of the leaders in the classes about New York and Boston. It would be a most interesting experiment if Beaver could be brought to New York, and as she is for sale at a moderate figure, this would be easily possible if it were not for the foolish and cowardly Payne bill—now a law. Under this law, Beaver, if owned by an American citizen, would be compelled to enter and clear at every port, so that apart from the mere amount of the customs dues, it would be impossible to sail her day by day on Long Island Sound, as most of the time would be taken up in the formalities of the custom house.

Shamrock's Spars.

ON Friday of last week Mr. Barrie, the representative of Sir Thomas Lipton in New York, with Capt. Matthews, of the steam yacht Erin, went to Boston to charter the steamer Plymouth as an additional tender for the challenging fleet. With this charter Sir Thomas will fly his flag over a fleet of nine vessels in New York Harbor for the next six weeks. Many estimates are being made of the amount of money which he will spend in the attempt to secure the America Cup, but they are necessarily very vague. The total outlay on both sides will, however, run up to an enormous figure. The following, from the Tribune, gives some idea of the outlay in the one detail of spars for the challenger:

The unlimited expense which Sir Thomas Lipton is lavishing on his quest of the America Cup was in evidence again when two sets of rigging and four suits of sails were brought to port on Saturday and skilled workmen arrived from foreign yards to make the challenging yacht ready for the races. Three ocean liners brought the material and men from British ports. The Etruria brought the carpenters sent by Fife from the Fairlie yards, and they were taken to South Brooklyn in the steam tender Nonowantoc, which met the Cunard liner at her pier. Ratsey and Lapthorne, of Cowes, perhaps the greatest sailmakers of the world, sent over six skilled men in the St. Louis from Southampton. The St. Louis also brought several wagon loads of picked material. This included twelve bales of sails, one steel backstay runner, one gaff saddle, one throat bolt, one brass sheave, two galvanized iron sheaves, three steel and aluminum spars, two wooden spars and foreplates.

Besides the above, which were entered on the ship's manifest, the St. Louis brought over a lot more of interesting material for the Lipton boat. From the Woolston Naval Works, near Southampton, she brought the Shamrock's racing spars of aluminum bronze. They were carried on the upper deck, tightly lashed and wrapped in slats and canvas, where they could be measured by any of the passengers.

These spars are cylinders made of closely riveted plates. The two lashed on the starboard side were a topmast and jibboom. The former is 71ft. long. In diameter it is 14in. in the thickest part, and it tapers to 4in. at the truck. What is meant by "the jibboom" is not well understood here, because these 90ft. cutters do not carry jibbooms; but the spar that was shipped under this name is 55ft. in length, 5in. in diameter at its outer end and 12in. in diameter in its thickest part.

The main gaff, also of the same material, is 67ft. 6in. long. Where the peak halyards attach it is 12in. in diameter, and at the jaws end it is 7in. thick. At the peak it is only 5in. This spar and two club topsail spars were on the port side uncovered, and in places the brown paint has been knocked off, showing the white metal underneath. One of the metal poles, the club topsail yard, measured 62ft. in length, and in its thickest part is 10in. through. The club that will go with the same sail is 50ft. long and 9in. in diameter, tapering to 3in. at each end. It is not

certain that these two are not both clubs and that the yards are to follow.

The Atlantic Transport Line steamer Mesaba, from London, also arrived on Saturday, carrying still another set of racing spars for Shamrock. She brought one lower mast, a topmast, a spinaker boom, a club topsail yard and the club, two crosstrees, and two cases of metal fittings and consignments of rigging and blocks. All the spars brought in the Mesaba are of wood, and as most of them will probably never be used in this country except in case of the failure of the metal ones, they may be regarded as spare spars only.

The actual measurements of the racing spars which have arrived show that nothing was to be prejudged of the challenger's speed by the size or appearance of the outfit with which she raced with Britannia. When the challenger meets Columbia every sail she carries and every spar on board of her will be different from those she carried in England. Not only are they different in size, but also in material. Instead of being made of wood the spars are intended to be raced with are of a new alloy. The ingredients that go into this alloy are wholly unknown in this country, and it is a special discovery that has been utilized by Fife. What the virtues of the whitish looking product of the secret processes are, nobody in America knows, but it is safe to say that Fife has satisfied himself that this "aluminum bronze" gives a metal of great strength combined with great lightness.

All that is known of the product is that the huge mast composed of this material was handled with such extreme ease on its arrival in New York that its evident lightness was remarked by every one who saw it moved.

With the exception of this mast, the spars which are now going in Shamrock are not those with which she will race Columbia. The bowsprit which was put in place on Saturday morning is a heavy Oregon pine stick, which will be used merely for practice and will be replaced later on by a hollow bowsprit of aluminum bronze, which arrived here on Saturday.

If the length of Shamrock's mast from deck to hounds has been rightly measured at 79ft., her truck will be just 150ft. from the deck, and 9ft. higher than Columbia's present masts.

Lake of Two Mountains Regatta.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

The Lake of Two Mountains regatta, always one of the events of the season for the yachtsmen of Dorval, Pointe Claire and other places on Lake St. Louis, was sailed on Aug. 26, a large fleet being in attendance. The Lake St. Louis fleet cruised up to the Lake of Two Mountains, returning on Sunday afternoon. The principal race, for the challenge cup, had the following Starters: Glencairn III., G. H. Duggan; Glencairn II., W. C. Kennedy; Speculator, A. Hamilton; Strathcona, W. S. Clouston; Manitou, A. Drummond; Millie, Jeffries and Ives. Twenty-two-footers, Waldo, C. T. Williams; Bona Dea, J. Paton; Viking, L. J. Smith; Koorali, S. Finley. The course was a triangle of four and one-half miles, sailed twice. Glencairn led easily, with Bona Dea second, until just at the finish, when she was passed by both Strathcona and Manitou. The times were:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Elapsed.
Glencairn III.	4 10 38	4 47 17	1 12 17
Strathcona	4 16 19	4 56 36	1 21 50
Manitou	4 15 16	4 56 36	1 21 50
Bona Dea	4 16 44	4 57 16	1 22 16
Speculator	4 16 53	4 57 38	1 22 35
Millie	4 17 58	4 58 29	1 23 29
Glencairn II.	4 17 26	4 59 56	1 24 55
Viking	4 16 34	5 01 02	1 25 12
Ivaloo	4 18 54	5 02 33	1 27 33
Koorali	4 19 38	5 02 50	1 27 50

The starters in the cruising race were: Seventeen-footers, Habitant, Mr. Hemsley; Brenda, Prof. Capper; Turtle, Mr. Routh; Folly, A. E. Abbott; Lalage, J. B. Abbott; Otter, Prof. Durley; White Squall, R. Starke; Water Witch, H. Paton. Folly had a long lead at the end of the first round, but she broke her gaff and Turtle took first place. After repairing the gaff Folly finished second, the times being:

Turtle	1 28 52	Habitant	1 34 47
Folly	1 31 42	Boomerang	1 35 66
Lalage	1 31 42	White Squall	1 45 45
Water Witch	1 32 24	Otter	1 47 22
Brenda	1 33 50		

The visitors were entertained by the Hudson Boat Club, a dance being given in the evening.

Shelter Island Y. C. Fall Regatta.

GREENPORT—SHELTER ISLAND.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

The fall regatta of the Shelter Island Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 26 in a strong S.E. breeze, the yachts having all they could do to carry double-reefed mainsails. Dilemma, the first Herreshoff fin-keel, won from the new Herreshoff 25-footer Oiseau. Mira lost her bobstay, and her opponent withdrew, so the race will be resailed. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Class B—Sloops.			
Eidolon, James Weir, Jr.	2 34 02	Did not finish.	
Mira, Charles Poor	2 33 52	Withdrew.	
Special Class			
Dilemma, L. A. Fish	2 36 37	4 25 23	1 48 14
Lynx, R. B. Lynch	2 36 36	4 33 31	1 55 03
Oiseau, P. L. Maxwell	2 37 27	4 26 39	1 49 12
Class D.			
Marion, F. M. Smith	2 37 35	4 39 02	2 01 27
Ottalie, O. E. Lohrke	2 37 16	4 39 17	1 58 43
Martha D., P. L. Coe	Did not start.		
Thalia, E. F. Nugent	Did not sail		
Class E.			
Asthore, Charles H. Otis	2 41 08	4 51 34	2 10 26
Rover, J. N. Luning	2 42 00	Did not finish.	
Class 2—Cats.			
Vinata, T. M. Towl	2 41 32	4 56 11	2 14 39
Allair, George F. Little	2 42 00	5 01 10	2 16 48
Class 3.			
Mendota, C. F. Cartledge	2 40 33	4 55 10	2 14 13
Merula, F. W. Jenkins	2 41 04	5 01 09	2 23 24
Edna, Edward Burns	2 39 58	5 53 06	2 13 08
Rattler, D. Masters	2 40 27	4 58 45	2 14 53
Class 5.			
Francis, J. L. Cooney	2 45 49	4 15 55	1 30 15
Spook, J. L. Hutchenson	2 45 47	4 22 20	1 34 27

The winners were Dilemma, Ottalie, Asthore, Vinata, Edna and Francis.



GLENIFFER—SCHOONER.

Designed by G. L. Watson, for James Coats, Esq., 1898. See Forest and Stream, June 10.

Manhasset Bay Y. C. Fall Regatta.

PORT WASHINGTON—MANHASSET BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

The race of the reorganized Douglaston Y. C. on Aug. 26 was properly the first event of the Manhasset Y. C., the future name of the club. There was no wind in the early afternoon, and the race was not started until 3:55, the course being shortened to two rounds of a three-and-three-quarter-mile triangle. On the second round there was a fresh breeze. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cabin Cats—25 and 30ft. Classes—Start, 3:35.		
Grayling, H. W. Warner	6 01 36	2 26 36
Win or Lose, J. S. Appleby	5 39 30	2 05 50
Hypatia, O. C. Belding	5 59 39	2 24 49
Knockabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 3:40.		
Mongoose, S. Ford	5 49 03	2 09 03
Kitty, Hazen Morse	5 45 02	2 05 02
Spindrift, F. C. Pirie	5 49 58	2 09 58
Lassie, E. C. Wallace	6 01 02	2 21 02
Knockabouts—Seawanhaka Design—Start, 3:40.		
Thelga, A. Thayer	5 46 27	2 06 27
Midge, E. N. McLellan	5 50 41	2 10 41
Open—Jib—18ft. Class—Start, 3:40.		
Edwina, J. N. Gould	6 12 20	2 32 20
Nike, Guy Forbes	6 14 05	2 24 05
Fiddler, H. T. Vulte	Did not finish.	
Open Cats—21ft. Class—Start, 3:45.		
Palm, C. A. Miller	Did not finish.	
Ox, R. Bavier	Did not finish.	
Open Cats—15ft. Class—Start, 3:45.		
Lobster, T. J. S. Flint	6 20 08	2 05 08
Scout, H. E. Hall	6 21 44	2 36 44
Open Cats—Special Lark Class—Start, 3:45.		
Dodo, G. R. Moran	Did not finish.	
Old Squaw, S. F. Carstein	6 24 20	2 34 20
Dories—Start, 3:50.		
Tom Cod, Louis Harway	5 44 33	1 54 33
Ketch II., L. C. Ketcham	5 29 09	1 39 09
Periwinkle, H. N. Francis	5 45 52	1 55 52
Zena, F. E. Barnes	5 34 49	1 44 49
Rudder, J. R. Thomas	5 38 40	1 48 40
Dud, G. A. Corry	5 35 00	1 45 00
John Doty, C. M. Greene	5 41 35	1 51 35

The Regatta Committee included Messrs. C. P. Tower, T. F. Day and F. E. Barnes.

Williamsburgh Y. C. Ladies' Day.

NORTH BEACH—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

The Williamsburgh Y. C. sailed its annual ladies' day regatta on Aug. 26 in a fresh N.E. breeze, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Class A—Cabin Sloops and Cutters over 35ft.		
Portia, Brush and Fennel	5 06 47	1 21 47
Gypsia, McAleist and McKillop	Did not finish.	
Class B—Cabin Sloops and Cutters Over 30ft.		
Kelpie, F. W. Smedley	4 57 00	1 12 00
Class C—Cabin Sloops and Cutters Over 25ft.		
Rosa, R. Perino	5 03 00	1 18 00
Olympia, O. Read	5 24 10	1 39 00
Class E—Open Sloops.		
Lady, P. Hamburger	5 06 40	1 11.04
Flushing, C. Hartman	Did not finish.	
Class F—Cabin Cats Over 25ft.		
Cupid, T. Airey	Did not finish.	
Ripple, W. C. Hurst	Did not finish.	
Class H—Open Catboats.		
Marguerite, J. S. Poole	5 33 51	1 28 51

The winners were Portia, Kelpie, Rosa, Innocent and Marguerite.

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

The South Boston Mosquito Fleet Y. C. sailed the last of its series of handicap races on Aug. 26 in a light east wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ariel, W. J. Dinneen	2 24 05	2 24 05
Venture, W. C. Cherrington	2 17 51	2 26 04
Myth, James T. Powers	2 20 15	2 27 58
Romer, J. W. Reardon	2 22 58	2 33 12
Kismet, David Byford	2 39 58	2 40 28
Seaweed, S. C. Higgins	2 20 23	2 43 48
Alda, C. P. Mooney	2 30 37	2 53 26
Aurealis, R. F. Landers	2 16 29	2 55 58
Carrie M., M. C. Robinson	2 05 48	2 56 38
Nonpareil, W. F. Davis	2 42 44	3 09 30
Alcyone, J. Tuttle	Withdrew.	

Duxbury Y. C. Open Regatta.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

The open Y. R. A. regatta of the Duxbury Y. C. on Aug. 26 was sailed in a moderate to light N.E. breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
25ft. Class.		
Thordis, T. B. Wales	2 10 40	. . ..
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	2 17 04	. . ..
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	2 17 13	. . ..
Areyto, C. B. Baker	2 18 43	. . ..
21ft. Class.		
Heiress, Hayden & Parker	2 16 04	. . ..
Rooster, A. E. Walker	.. .. ..	. . ..
Cabin—21ft. Class.		
Arab IV., W. F. Scott	2 28 43	. . ..
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	2 30 24	. . ..
Privateer, A. H. Doble	2 36 33	. . ..
Dafilo, H. E. Fowle	2 47 18	. . ..
Halcyon, D. C. Winsor	2 48 17	. . ..
Scamper, Reed Bros	2 50 27	. . ..
Geisha, W. T. Whitmarsh	2 51 11	. . ..
18ft. Class.		
Lobster, C. C. Clapp	1 09 10	. . ..
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson	1 11 00	. . ..
Bobolink, Goodspeed Bros	1 13 38	. . ..
Special—15ft. Class.		
Rainbow, C. A. Ransom	2 20 42	. . ..
Olympia, H. L. Loring	2 27 55	. . ..
Frolic, J. C. Dows	2 29 41	. . ..
Veritos, Alex. Holmes	2 31 05	. . ..
Kittywink, H. M. Jones	3 32 08	. . ..
Scrap, A. B. Holmes	2 35 04	. . ..
Handicap Class.		
Quivet, L. A. Crowell	1 21 07	1 06 07
If, F. B. Norwood	1 23 33	1 07 33
Fedora, Henry Hunt	1 21 58	1 07 58
Dolphin, N. Morton	1 22 35	1 08 35
Emerill, W. Lowe	1 19 53	1 08 53
Yankee, O. C. Hunt	1 21 17	1 10 17
Caprice, Dr. Thomas	1 27 41	1 11 41
Winnituxet, Geo. Potter	1 22 55	1 11 55
Mildred, S. P. Moses	1 12 27	1 12 27
Dorothy, Russell Adams	1 30 53	1 14 53
Grace, Miles Weston	1 17 58	1 16 58

Savin Hill Y. C. Handicap Race.

SAVIN HILL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

The final race of the Savin Hill Y. C. handicap series was sailed on Aug. 26, the times being:

	Corrected.
Spray, A. L. Kidd	1 23 05
Romance, L. Sears	1 24 05
Bud, S. N. Small	1 25 10
Sylph, M. Morse	1 25 30
Jocque, W. Kelley	1 25 31
Annie Maud, F. O. Vegelahn	1 25 34
Butterfly, D. Silsbee	1 25 45
Kalitan, W. F. Patten	1 25 55
Terror, W. H. Baserick	1 29 55
Ariel, N. T. Robinson	1 31 04
Mistral, F. M. Williams	1 31 46
Icurez, C. H. Conant	1 32 20
Widgeon, L. Horton	1 34 29
Siko, J. D. McBeath	1 35 20
Raccoon, H. H. Chivers	1 39 02
Ethel, J. W. Damerall	1 42 15
Fly, A. A. Swallow	Did not finish.

Cohasset Y. C.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

The Cohasset Y. C. sailed a race on Aug. 26 in a light S. E. Wind, the times being:

	Finish.
Knockabouts.	
Eleanor, Moors	5 45 02
Heralda, A. Bigelow, Jr.	5 47 25
Kid, H. Bigelow	5 49 41
Barracouta, Burrage.	5 49 54
15ft. Class.	
Swallow, Richardson	4 27 03
Jap, Tower	4 31 48
Bee, Clark	4 35 19
Sea Gull, Higginson	4 39 07

Squantum Y. C.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

The Squantum Y. C. sailed a club race on Aug. 26, the times being:

	Finish.		Finish.
Tomahawk	4 54 28	Juanita	5 16 43
Zoe	4 53 41	Daffodill	5 14 06
Freckle	5 00 16	Maud	5 23 57

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH, Conn., Sept. 2.—The autumn regatta sailed here to-day was over a long course of fifteen miles and a shorter of ten miles, both being inner courses near the club house.

The sloop Palm won the prize for the best corrected time over the short course. The start was in an easterly breeze at 2:35 o'clock, the wind freshening at the finish.

The winners were: 43ft. class, undecided, boats having to be measured between Ledneh and Hussar; yawl class, Albicore; 30ft. sloop class, Alerion; 18ft. class, Nora; 21ft. catboat, Psyche, sailover; 18ft. catboat class, Kazaza; 21ft. racing knockabout, Spindrift first, Cockatoo second, Kittie third. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 2:35.			
Ledneh, C. L. Seabury	5 19 53	2 44 53	. . ..
Nina, Charles L. Poor	5 21 15	2 46 15	. . ..
Hussar, James D. Dane	5 20 53	2 45 53	. . ..
Yawl Class—Start, 2:35.			
Albicore, S. J. Hyde	5 31 46	2 56 46	2 56 46
Sultan, C. S. Summerville	5 35 55	3 00 55	2 57 32
Escape, George Matthews	5 46 44	3 11 44	2 58 08
30ft. Class—Cabin Sloops—Start, 2:45.			
Alerion, A. H. Alker	4 48 03	2 03 03	2 01 33
Lorelei, Al Petes	4 54 24	2 09 24	2 06 58
Margaret, J. F. Dingee	4 47 09	2 02 09	2 02 09
25ft. Class—Cabin Sloops—Start, 2:45.			
Cero, C. D. Malory	Did not finish.		
18ft. Class—Open Sloops—Start, 2:45.			
Ripple, Dr. J. A. Meek	5 48 33	. . ..	3 03 33
Nora, Lewis Iselin	5 09 54	. . ..	2 24 54
21ft. Class—Open Catboats—Start, 2:50.			
Psyche, H. B. Stevens	5 51 10	. . ..	3 01 10
18ft. Class—Open Catboats—Start, 2:50.			
Palm, Clark Miller	4 48 34	. . ..	2 03 32
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr	5 10 31	. . ..	2 15 31
Racing Knockabouts—Start, 2:40.			
Mongoose, S. Ford	4 51 20	. . ..	2 11 20
Indianola, L. R. Alberger	4 51 24	. . ..	2 11 20
Robin Hood, G. E. Gartland	4 55 29	. . ..	2 15 29
Kantaka, G. D. Bradish	5 04 13	. . ..	2 24 13
Kitty, Hazen Morse	4 48 20	. . ..	2 08 20
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie	4 43 51	. . ..	2 03 51
Cockatoo, H. L. Eno	4 48 11	. . ..	2 08 11
Kittiewin, W. L. Bull	4 57 34	. . ..	2 17 34
Impshi, E. C. Benedict	4 51 15	. . ..	2 11 15
Wyntje, F. S. Hastings	4 53 24	. . ..	2 13 24

Atlantic Y. C.

THE Atlantic Y. C. regatta was sailed on Sept. 2 over a triangle having two long legs and one short one. It was laid from off the club house to buoy off Fort Hamilton, to buoy off Coney Island Point, back to the starting line. Sloops sailed this three times, fifteen and a half miles; knockabouts and cats twice, and the canoes once.

The winners of the races were: Acushla II., walkover prize; Uvira, Awa, Eidolon, Genia, Bonito, Midge, Chinook (won the Weston cup), Qui Vive and the canoe Kosata. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sloops—All Classes—Start, 2:05.			
Acushla II.	4 05 25	2 00 25	2 00 25
Uvira	4 15 20	2 10 20	2 10 20
Zingara	4 16 35	2 11 35	. . ..
Athlon	Did not start.		
Daphne	4 18 15	2 13 15	2 13 55
Awa	4 25 47	2 20 47	2 19 37
Ondowa	4 25 18	2 20 18	2 20 18
Irex	4 24 52	2 19 52	. . ..
Newasi	4 46 10	2 41 10	. . ..
Eidolon	4 20 48	2 15 48	. . ..
Genia	4 52 08	2 47 02	. . ..
Narika	4 58 43	2 53 43	. . ..
Bonito	4 40 19	2 35 19	. . ..
Nomad	5 01 28	2 56 28	. . ..
Knockabouts.			
Thelga	4 53 20	2 43 20	. . ..
Midge, 21ft. class	4 52 03	2 42 03	2 42 03
Dot	5 13 26	3 03 26	. . ..
Chinook	5 07 35	2 57 35	2 36 00
Cyclone II.	5 10 28	3 00 28	. . ..
Pebble	5 03 58	2 58 58	. . ..
Cats—Start, 2:15.			
Oui Vive	4 13 00	1 58 00	1 52 03
Dorothy	4 08 01	1 53 01	1 53 01
Ellie W. Orr	4 41 10	2 26 10	. . ..
Canoes—Start, 2:20.			
Canoe	3 56 15	1 36 15	. . ..
Kosata	3 45 10	1 25 10	. . ..
Zip	3 48 15	1 28 15	. . ..
Toreador	3 48 55	1 28 55	. . ..
Aziz	3 49 15	1 29 15	. . ..

Columbia and Defender.

THE first of the trial races of Columbia and Defender was sailed off Newport on Sept. 2. The course was fifteen miles to windward and return, from Brenton's Reef Lightship to a mark east of the entrance of Buzzard's Bay. The wind blew from eight knots an hour at the start to twelve knots and fifteen knots, with a smooth sea. Columbia led from the start, and beat Defender over the thirty-mile course by 6m. 49s. The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Columbia	1 35 40	5 22 43	3 47 03
Defender	1 35 23	5 29 15	3 53 52

The official times at the outer mark were: Columbia, 3:50:03; Defender, 3:54:56.

Columbia made the beat of fifteen miles to windward in 2:14:23, and Defender in 2:19:33; Columbia's gain, 5m. 10s.

Columbia made the run home in 1:32:40, and Defender in 1:34:17; Columbia's gain, 1m. 39s.

The second race was sailed on Monday, Sept. 4, in a whole-sail breeze, over a triangular course of ten miles on a side, the first two with free wind, the last one a beat to windward. The race was like that of Saturday before, a lead for Columbia from start to finish, and she came in 10m. 7s. ahead, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Columbia	11 26 09	2 43 33	3 17 24
Defender	11 26 22	2 53 53	3 27 31

On the first leg Columbia's time was 0:58:36, Defender's 1:02:21; Columbia's gain, 3m. 36s.

The time for the second leg was: Columbia 1:03:08, Defender 1:05:17; Columbia's gain, 2m. 9s.

The time for the third leg was: Columbia 1:15:40, Defender 1:20:02; Columbia's gain, 4m. 22s.

Shamrock.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON, owner of Shamrock, with William Fife, Jr., the designer, and Thomas Ratsey, the sailmaker, arrived at this port on Friday of last week. On Monday the party took Shamrock out for a trial race off Sandy Hook. The yacht will remain at the Hook until the races.

Beverly Y. C. Sweepstake Race.

WING'S NECK—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed an open sweepstake race on Aug. 26 in a fresh N.E. breeze. Daisy was sailed by ladies—the Misses Stockton, her owners, having a friend with them. The times were:

	Elapsed.
25ft. Class.	
Blazing Star, O. M. Baker	2 59 58
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore	2 55 21
Nokomis, Alfred Winsor	3 05 11
Ulula, W. H. Winship	3 05 55
21ft. Class.	
Amanita, J. Crane, Jr.	2 17 07
Kalama, David Rice	2 17 18
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 21 27
Edith, S. R. Dow	2 24 22
Kittywake, S. D. Warren	2 25 56
Fourth Class Cats.	
Sally, W. S. Burgess	1 49 14
Elsa, C. S. Sargent	1 49 31
Howard, H. O. Miller	1 51 51
Maori, R. B. Bowler, Jr.	1 52 36
Fin, Howard Stockton	1 54 26
Daisy, Misses Stockton	1 58 12
15ft. Class.	
Teazer, R. W. Emmons	1 15 30
Vim, F. W. Sargent	1 15 31
Next, C. H. Jones	1 15 34
Peacock, R. Winsor	1 16 52
Uarda, J. Parkinson	1 16 55
Eaglet, R. L. Bacon	1 22 50

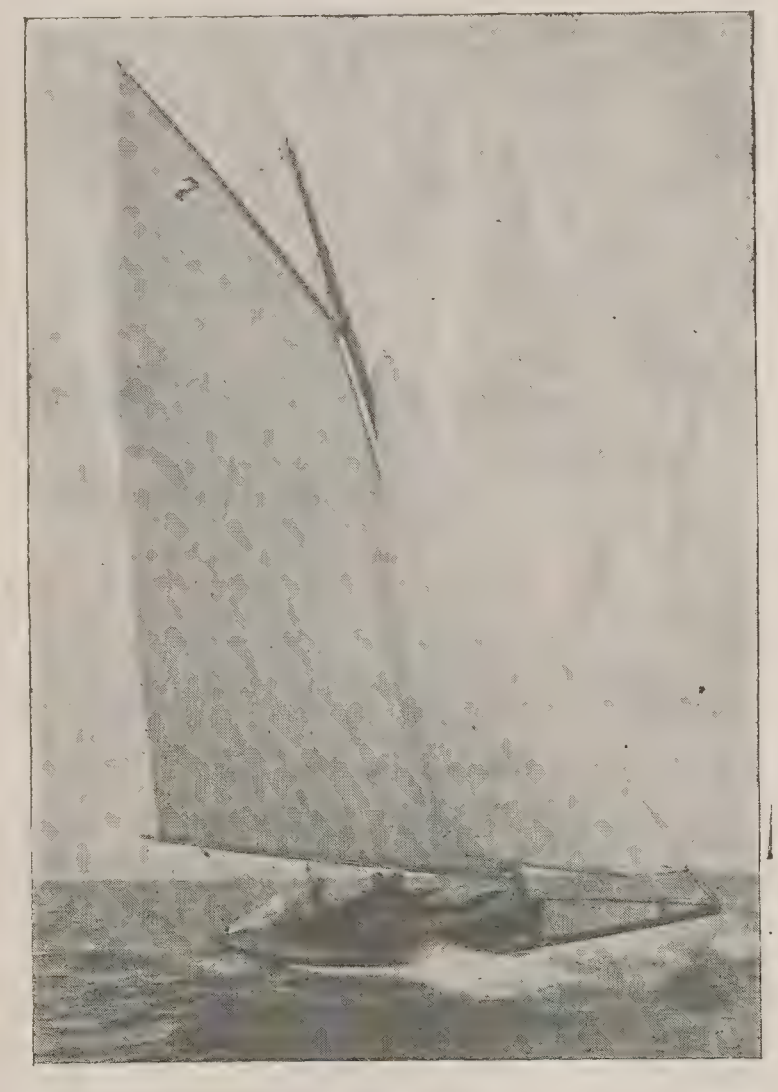
Judges: David Rice, E. N. Farnsworth, G. G. Amory.

Quincy Y. C. Handicap Race.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

THE Quincy Y. C. sailed a handicap race on Aug. 26, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Class A.		
Vexer, W. H. Shaw	1 25 30	1 29 30
Chatham, G. H. Carey	1 27 33	1 31 35
Dorothy, F. F. Crane	1 37 30	1 37 30



SPRY—KNOCKABOUT.

From a photo by W. B. Jackson, Marblehead.

Pokonoket, W. B. Vose	1 41 10	1 41 10
Canocan, J. C. Morse	1 42 20	1 42 20
Class B.		
Don, C. E. Pierce	1 37 25	1 44 25
Supero, C. H. Alden	1 56 10	2 00 10
Tantrum, E. Fitzpatrick	2 01 25	2 03 25
Robin, H. W. Robins	2 05 58	2 05 58
Kitty, J. A. Evans	2 03 38	2 07 38

Wood's Holl.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

THE thirty-eighth regatta of the Wood's Holl Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 26 in a fresh breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Class A.		
Dude, H. E. Hibbard	1 21 52	. . ..
Wise, W. F. Harrison	1 25 05	. . ..
Fourth Class—Catboats.		
Frolic, R. Veeder	1 21 25	1 21 25
Mary E., A. F. Crowell	1 25 10	1 22 40
Scup, P. S. Crowell	1 34 16	1 29 38

Wollaston Y. C.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

THE Wollaston Y. C. sailed a handicap race on Aug. 26, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ouissett	1 40 03	1 40 03
Edna	1 50 53	1 40 03
Beatrice	2 07 28	1 57 38
West Wind.	1 52 00	1 42 25

People in the country who are annoyed by flies should remember that clusters of the fragrant clover, which grows abundantly by nearly every roadside, if hung in the room and left to dry and shed its faint fragrant perfume through the air, will drive away more flies than sticky saucers of molasses and other fly-traps and flypapers can ever collect.—New York Tribune.

Hull Mosquito Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 26.

THE Hull Mosquito Fleet Y. C. sailed a race on Aug. 26 in a light air, ending in a drift. The second class boats were in doubt as to the proper buoy, so the committee separated the boats in two divisions, with a prize to each. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
First Class.			
Idler, R. Campbell	20 03	1 59 45	1 52 15
Shiyessa, A. Dougles	25 00	2 09 00	2 04 00
Jewell, E. E. Tilden	19 08	Did not finish.	
Second Class—First Division.			
Chiquita, C. Souther	..	1 59 05	. . ..
Zaza, Lauriat & Humphrey	..	2 04 18	. . ..
Second Class—Second Division.			
Barbara, A. F. Hayden	17 00	2 15 18	. . ..
Goblin, Canterbury	17 00	2 17 52	. . ..
Third Class.			
Mojave, C. F. Berry	16 04	2 47 22	. . ..
Ruth, H. Loring	Withdrew.		
Isidora, Cleverly	Withdrew.		
Esefsee, G. M. Smith	Withdrew.		
Rita, Charles W. King	Withdrew.		
Tech, F. H. Keyes	Withdrew.		
Fourth Class.			
Rabbit, Clark	Withdrew.		
Rhodera, J. Hooper	Withdrew.		

Spry.

THE knockabout Spry, designed and built by W. P. Stearns, Marblehead, for Messrs. E. I. and W. L. Cropley, was illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 18-25, 1899. As our weekly reports show, she has proved very successful in the racing.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 6.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—John Wright's live-bird shoot.

Sept. 6-7.—Portsmouth, Va.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club. W. N. White, Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—One hundred live-bird match between Messrs. F. W. Moffett and G. A. Hopper.

Sept. 12.—Worcester, Mass.—Worcester Sportsmen's Club shoot. Mr. A. W. Walls, Sec'y.

Sept. 12-13.—Wyoming, Ill.—Wyoming Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 12-15.—Middleton, N. Y.—Trapshooting tournament on the grounds of Orange County Agricultural Society. John B. Rogers, Manager.

Sept. 15.—Hackensack River Bridge, Paterson Plank Road, Heflick's Hotel.—Shoot of the Hackensack River Gun Club. John L. Chartrand, Sec'y.

Sept. 15.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest on John Watson's grounds.

Sept. 15.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Glenwood Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 16.—South Amboy, N. J.—Central New Jersey League contest, on grounds of the Columbia Gun Club.

Sept. 19-20.—Cherokee, Ia.—Cherokee Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. D. Anderson, Sec'y.

Sept. 19-21.—Hastings, Neb.—Amateur tournament of the Hastings Gun Club; $500 added; 2-cent targets. W. S. Duer, Manager.

Sept. 19-22.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's eighth international tournament; live birds and targets; $500 cash added.

Sept. 23.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

Sept. 23.—Hartford, Conn.—All-day shoot of the Colt Gun Club. L. H. Bradley, Secy.

Sept. 23.—Ridgewood, N. J.—New Jersey championship, Harold Money, holder, against Chris Wright, challenger, at 2 o'clock, Ridgewood, N. J.

Sept. 26-27.—Squaw Creek Park, between Niles and Girard, Trumbull County, O.—Tournament of the Rummell-Gaston Gun Club. Dr. James E. Gaston, Sec'y, Mineral Ridge, O.

Sept. 26-27.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 28-29.—Alton, Ill.—Third annual open tournament of the Piasa Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.

Oct. 2.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

Oct. 3.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. A. R. Elliott, holder, against W. R. Crosby, challenger, for Review cup

Oct. 4.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. A. R. Elliott, holder, against W. R. Crosby, challenger, for Republic cup.

Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds.

Oct. 11-12.—Newark, N. J.—On Smith Brothers' grounds; two days' tournament of the New Jersey State League.

Oct. 21.—Yardville, N. J.—Cast iron medal contest—J. A. R. Elliott, holder, against C. Zwerlein, challenger.

Oct. 23-28.—Nashville, Tenn.—Belle Meade Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds; $500 added. W. R. Elliston, Sec'y.

Nov. 21-22.—Sioux City, Ia.—Second annual live-bird tournament of the Soo Gun Club; added money in every event. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

1900.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Associations Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June —.—Tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, first week in June. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of John Parker's eighth annual international live-bird and target tournament, Sept. 19 to 22 inclusive, is now ready for distribution. The first page sets forth a very attractive lot of facts, namely, that $500 in cash is added by Peters Cartridge Co., and $300 worth of trophies; and one-fare railroad rates from all parts of the United States and Canada. Shooting commences each day at 9 o'clock. There are ten events on the first day, $10 added to each. Event 5 is at 25 targets, entrance $3, $10 added, for Peters Cartridge Co. individual target trophy. Six of the events are at 15 targets, three at 20, with entrance $1.50 and $2 and $2.50. The programme of the second day is similar in every respect to that of the first day, excepting that No. 5, at 25 targets, entrance $5, $10 added, is a two-men team contest, 25 targets per man, for the Peters Cartridge Co.'s international two-men team trophy. The third day's programme is similar to that of the preceding days, excepting No. 5, 25 targets, $3 entrance, $10 added, is for the Peters Cartridge Co.'s international individual expert trophy. The fourth day, live-bird day, has five events, as follows: No. 1, 5

birds, $3, divided, 60 and 40 per cent.; No. 2, 7 birds, $3, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; No. 3, 10 birds, $7, divided 50, 30 and 20; No. 4, miss-and-out, $3; No. 5 for the international live-bird championship trophy, value $150, at 25 live birds, $25 entrance, $100 added, divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Other events will be shot at the pleasure of the shooters. The Schmelzer cup, now held by Mr. C. W. Budd, will be shot for during the tournament, at 100 targets, $7 entrance. As an important notice the management sets forth the following: "A one-fare rate for round trip from all parts of the United States and Canada to Detroit can be secured, on account of the meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows. They will be for sale in Michigan from 16th to 19th, and outside State on 16th and 17th, all good until Sept. 25, but by depositing ticket with ticket agents in Detroit will be good until Sept. 30. Here is a good chance to take in the excellent bass fishing on St. Clair Flats, also a little duck shooting though rather early. Take car in front of Wayne Hotel and transfer to Jefferson avenue through car, which runs direct to grounds. Ship all shells, etc., to Hodgson, Howard & Marks, 93 Woodward avenue, and they will be delivered free of charge on grounds. First-class up-to-date meals at Rusch House on grounds. Fish, frogs and chickens a specialty. Shooters protected from weather. Plenty loaded shells on grounds. Extra live-bird sweeps shot every day, birds and traps ready for practice at all times through tournament. Practice shooting Monday, Sept. 18. All participants in shoot are cordially invited to partake of a trip on boat to St. Clair Flats Saturday, Sept. 23; boat will leave dock foot of Third street, near Wayne Hotel, at 8:30 A. M., returning that evening. American Association rules. No targets will be thrown over 50yds. Target moneys divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Those not classed as manufacturers' agents shoot over five traps, as per diagram. Events 1, 3, 5 and 8 each day are open events, no handicap, everybody shooting over three traps, Sergeant system, except event 5 on third day, for the expert trophy, when everybody shoots over the five traps, as per diagram. All of the target trophies become property of winner. The Gillman & Barnes' live-bird frophy must be won three times, not necessarily in succession; nobody has won it over once. E. D. Fulford's live-bird traps will be used. Those not desiring to shoot in sweepstakes in the trophy races can contest in same by paying for birds only, and same will count on average, and are also eligible for trophies. $100 average money will be divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. (not high guns) among those making highest average in all events during the four days except team race and miss-and-out. Class division in live-bird events. Plenty of help. Come and see a first-class up-to-date shoot. If anybody by his shooting first day proves that he is unfairly classified, the mistake will be rectified the next day. Address all communications to John Parker, 465 Junction avenue, Detroit, Mich."

Under date of Aug. 30, Mr. A. W. Walls, secretary of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, Worcester, Mass., writes us as follows: "In connection with the programme of the shoot of the Worcester, Mass., Sportsmen's Club, Tuesday, Sept. 12, there will be a 100-bird race for a purse of $50, one money, open to all shooters of New England. Mr. A. B. F. Kinney offers this purse to determine who is the champion 100-bird race shooter of New England for 1899. The race is to be shot unknown angles and will bring out all of the crack shots of New England, and there are twenty or more who can't be beat, and who will no doubt try to down the other nineteen or more. We hope to get them all together and watch the fun. Come over, Ed and Harold, and the rest of the good ones and show the New England boys what you would do to them if you could play in our yard."

We learn that Mr. Ed Johnson, the great master of the shotgun, met with a most grievous accident on Wednesday of last week while on the marsh shooting rail birds. By some means his gun was accidentally discharged as he picked it up in the boat, the load tearing through the muscles of his right arm, and there were fears that it would have to be amputated. We earnestly hope that the accident will develop none of the serious turns which are feared, and that this modest and excellent shooter will soon be as good as new.

The programme of the Glenwood Gun Club's third annual fall tournament and merchandise shoot at Newburgh, Sept. 15, provides eleven events, six at 10 targets, three at 15, one at 20; the eleventh is the merchandise event at 25 targets, $1.25 entrance. All the other events have a uniform entrance of $1. Targets 2 cents. Ten per cent. of purses taken for average money. Amateurs may shoot for targets only. Mr. C. Hoppenstedt is the secretary.

Mr. Chris Wright, famous as a trapshooter in and out of New Jersey, has challenged Mr. Harold B. Money for the E C cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, and his challenge has been accepted. Sept. 23, at 2 o'clock, on the grounds near the Rouclere House, Ridgewood, N. J., are fixed as the time and place. Mr. Zellwerger, proprietor of the hotel, will prepare the grounds so that everything will be ready for the contest.

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, has sent out invitations to his pupils to attend a pigeon brewing at Tom Morphy's grounds, Wednesday of this week. Mr. Morphy has promised to have on hand 1,000 of his best copper-distilled birds, while Mr. Wright has promised to have on hand enough shooters to put the pigeons out of business. Shooting commences at 10:30.

Mr. Geo. B. Thorpe, secretary of the Connecticut Trapshooters' League, Bridgeport, Conn., writes that "the Bristol Gun Club unfortunately will be unable to hold the usual Connecticut Trapshooters' League tournament this season, owing to mishaps to their trap pits and their inability to get the local members together to take charge of it."

In a brief note, under date of Sept. 2, the secretary of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, Mr. A. W. Walls, 6 Woodbine street, Worcester, writes us, "We expect a great shoot on Sept. 12. The boys will all be here." Write to him for programmes and for particulars of the 100-target race, $50 prize, entrance price of targets, for the championship of New England.

We learn that Messrs. Daly & Chanfrau have abandoned all shooting at Elkwood Park, and that this historic place in shooting annals will be devoted henceforth to golf. The new Interstate Park, with its special advantages, is recognized as a factor in the shooting world against which it is useless to cope.

The New Jersey State League, in a quiet but firm manner, has arranged to hold a two-day's tournament on Oct. 11 and 12, on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club, at Newark. The first day will be at targets, the second at live birds. The programme will be announced later.

The Bristol sheepbake, served by the Parker Gun Club, at its Labor Day shoot, was an event where everything was divided most equitably. It, however, is what is termed a barbecue in the West and South, but whatever the name, like the rose, the sheep is just as sweet.

Mr. L. Harrison, of Minneapolis, Minn., has returned to the East, and we are told with greatly improved health. He is one of the most popular of visiting shooters, and therefore the report that he will make a long stay in this neck of woods is received with pleasure.

Ballistite, a powder well known to English sportsmen, is now being introduced to American sportsmen by Messrs. J. H. Lau & Co., No. 75 Chambers street, this city. The special advantages of this powder, and the special offer concerning it, are set forth in our business columns.

The programme of the Rummel-Gaston Gun Club's tournament can be obtained of the secretary, James E. Gaston, Mineral Ridge, Ohio.

The next contest of the Central New Jersey League will take place at South Amboy, N. J., on the grounds of the Columbia Gun Club.

Mr. Joe George, of San Antonio, Texas, is again a welcome visitor in New York, where he will remain some weeks.

BERNARD WATERS.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Sept. 1.—At the meeting of the South End Gun Club, of this city, held this evening, the tournament committee reported as having selected Saturday, Sept. 9, as the date for their annual all-day target tournament, and also the second shoot for the intercounty team championship for the handsome sterling silver trophy, valued at $45, for teams of five men each, each man to shoot at 25 targets. The following clubs have already entered teams: Shuler Gun Club, of Pottstown; Penn Gun Club, of Norristown; Chambersburg Gun Club, of Chambersburg; Independent, of Sinking Spring; Phœnix Gun Club, of Phœnixville, two teams; West Chester Gun Club, of West Chester; Mt. Penn Gun Club, of Reading; South End Gun Club, of Reading, and it is thought the Keystone Gun Club, of Lebanon, and a team from Pottsville will also contest for the trophy. A fine programme of sweepstake events has been arranged for the day, shooting to commence at 9 A. M. Shells and lunch for sale on the grounds. The magautrap will be used in all events to throw the targets. The club has secured the services of Arthur A. Fink to manage the events. All shooters are invited to be present, and a good time is guaranteed.

Aug. 28.—The fifteenth target shoot of the Mt. Penn Gun Club, of this city, for a fine Parker gun, was held to-day, the event calling for 25 targets, handicap of added targets to the number broken. The scores were as folloys: Yeager 17, Rhoads 19, Ball 18, Lawrence 17, Dietrick 14, Osborne 10, Laird 16, Shaaber 15.

Aug 30.—At the annual meeting of the South End Gun Club, held this evening Joseph Downs was elected President, W. W. Essick, captain; Harry Ball, assistant. The club is in excellent financial condition.

Pottstown, Pa., Aug. 30.—The Shuler Shooting Club, of this place, held a successful target tournament and clambake on their shooting grounds at Sanatoga Park, near here, to-day. Sportsmen were present from Philadelphia, New York, West Chester Reading, Phœnixville, Royersford, Boyertown, Sanatoga and other places. The clambake was under the direction of Madison L. Dengler, of Reading, and was a success, the shooters certainly enjoying the clams and green corn. The shooting was under the direction of Capt. Slonaker and secretary Showalter, who deserve great credit for their good work.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	20	10	15	10	15	10	15
Keller	8	11	8	15	8	11	8	13	8	6
Miller	9	11	9	18	10	12	7	10	8	12
Holman	9	11	10	14	7	12	9	10	7	..
Schealer	7	13	10	..	10	12	7	9	7	..
Gill	8	11	10	..	6	11	7	..	..	..
Peters	9	13	9	..	8	9	7	..	..	..
Slonaker	7	11	8	11	7	..	6	5	7	12
Showalter	8	..	9	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Shaaber	..	..	..	14	9	13	8	14	8	14
Dietrich	..	..	..	17	6	8	7	13	9	11
Benner	9	12	10	16	9	13	9	13	..	..
Buckwalter	..	..	10	19	8	13	9	12	10	13
Johnson	..	..	..	12	10	13	10	13	9	11
Trumbauer	..	..	..	10	7	10	4	11	5	..
Glisson	..	9	12	16	10	13	9	13	..	..
Howard	9	10	7	13	8	11	9	11	9	10
Newhard	7	10	7	..	7	10	7	..	6	..
Dotterer	3	11	7	12	6	12	8	9	..	..
Essick	..	..	..	..	..	10	4	6	8	6
De Witt	6	13	8	..	8	10	..	11	..	9
Nuss	8	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

West Chester, Pa., Sept. 2.—Peters won the West Chester challenge cup to-day by breaking 24 out of 25. The scores follow: West Chester Gun Club's challenge cup, 25 targets: Harrison 21, Gill 22, Peters 24, Henry 18, Ford 16, Ferguson 22, Davis 17, Todd 11, Mowere 18, Jackson 18, Hoar 19, Murtagh 9.

DUSTER.

Leavenworth Tournament.

FIGURATIVELY speaking, the tournament given at this place Aug. 23 and 24 was not a success, so far as attendance went. The first day saw only twenty-two entries, and the second these had been reduced to fifteen; so that the shoot was by no means a financial success, for it is well to remember that there was $100 added each day, so that in this case the amount added exceeded the price of targets. However, Mr. Sexton writes me that he is very well satisfied with his outlay, as this gave him an opportunity to mingle once more with his old-time friends at the trap, while it was also gratifying to him to be able to more than hold his own in such a fast class as was here in evidence.

The programme consisted of ten 20-target events each day, $2 entrance and $10 added in each event. Rose system, five moneys, ratio 7, 5, 4, 3 and 2.

The shooting was done over a magautrap, and bluerocks of course were the targets used.

The out-of-town shooters consisted of Dave Elliott, Lil Scott, Chas. Wright, Chris Gottlieb, J. De Shong and Walter Howe, of Kansas City; Frank Hodges, Olathe, Kan.; Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.; T. J. Lytle, Atchison, Kan.; Harry Davis, Richmond, Mo.; W. S. Allen, Raymore, Mo

J. W. Sexton and H. W. Koohler were the promoters of this shoot, but notwithstanding that this entailed some additional duties upon them, they succeeded in outshooting all of the visitors. The general average table showed up as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Koohler	400	378	.945	Clapp	400	366	.915
Sexton	400	371	.927	Wright	400	361	.902
D Elliott	400	370	.925	Gottlieb	400	338	.845
Scott	400	368	.920	De Shong	400	337	.842

It will be seen by the above that of the eight who shot through the programme six made an average of over 90 per cent., which speaks for itself how hard the game was.

First Day, Aug. 24.

When looking at the average table for to-day it appears that the management has been somewhat selfish, for the table reads Koohler first and Sexton second, but when you put your money up in the target game it is a case where friendship ceases; so that the visitors submitted without a murmur. Dave Elliott led the visitors with an average of .915, closely followed by Scott and Wright in the order. All of this trio hail from Kansas City.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Koohler	20	20	20	19	18	20	19	14	19	18	200	187	.935
Sexton	16	18	18	17	18	20	19	19	20	19	200	184	.920
D Elliott	19	19	18	19	19	16	18	15	20	20	200	183	.915
Scott	18	17	19	20	19	16	19	17	19	18	200	182	.910
Wright	18	16	20	19	18	16	17	17	20	19	200	180	.900
Lytle	20	19	14	16	20	20	16	17	18	19	200	179	.895
Clapp	18	16	17	18	15	19	17	19	18	19	200	176	.880
Holmes	18	16	19	18	15	18	15	17	18	17	200	171	.855
Goff	17	16	16	16	18	18	20	15	17	17	200	170	.850
De Shong	17	16	19	16	18	17	15	15	17	15	200	163	.815
Gottlieb	17	18	18	17	17	18	13	16	19	19	200	162	.810
Reynolds	10	18	15	18	17	18	18	15	17	14	200	160	.800
Meyers	14	13	15	14	15	13	11	11	11	..	180	117	.650
Allen	..	..	..	..	19	18	19	19	19	20	120	114	.950
Hodges	..	..	..	..	16	18	18	17	18	19	120	106	.883
Howe	..	..	..	..	16	15	11	16	16	15	120	89	.741
Davis	..	..	..	..	14	18	..	17	17	16	100	82	.820
McElroy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	18	17	18	80	69	.862
Lindzy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	18	16	80	68	.850
Lane	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	14	60	48	.800
Keller	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	16	15	..	60	45	.750
C E McGee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	14	40	32	.800

Second Day, Aug. 25.

Koohler is again high man, though with a materially increased percentage, on this occasion it being .955. Dr. Clapp is second with .950; then come Sexton, Hodges, Dave Elliott and Scott, a single break separating each of these from the other.

Aside from the regular programme there was also a match shot between Koohler and Hodges, which resulted in a win for the former on a score of 98 to 94. Hodges started off poorly, as he lost 4 out of his first 25, but from thence on he shot a good steady gait, making one run of 55. However, it was out of the question to beat Koohler on this day unless one could break them all, as he dropped but 1 out of each 50.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Koohler	20	20	19	20	18	19	19	19	19	18	200	191	.955
Clapp	19	18	19	18	20	19	19	19	20	19	200	190	.950
Sexton	20	18	19	19	20	19	19	19	19	17	200	189	.945
Hodges	19	19	19	12	19	19	19	19	18	19	200	188	.940
D Elliott	19	19	19	20	20	19	16	19	17	19	200	187	.935
Scott	20	18	19	20	18	19	16	18	18	20	20	186	.930
Wright	20	18	18	19	17	19	17	19	17	17	200	181	.905
Gottlieb	18	18	18	17	18	18	20	14	17	18	200	176	.880
Allen	19	19	19	16	19	17	20	13	15	18	200	175	.875
De Shong	18	18	18	14	18	20	16	18	18	16	200	174	.870
Holmes	16	16	16	..	16	17	17	19	17	18	180	152	.844
Gray	..	19	18	20	18	..	17	..	18	10	140	129	.928
Goff	..	..	..	..	16	17	16	18	19	16	120	102	.850
Reynolds	15	16	17	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	80	61	.762
McElroy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	16	60	48	.800

Capital Gun Club.

The principals in to-day's competition for club honors were most of the novice class, and singularly enough one of this class developed such a stride that it was simply impossible to head him off, and he easily carried off the honors. He broke 42 out of 50 and then broke 8 of his first 10 in his allowance of 15; so this gave him a total of 50. Heretofore he had been breaking about 50 per cent. Weigel, the previous winner, broke 41 out of 50, but did not shoot his allowance. This was the nearest approach to Field's score of 42, so it will be seen that this youngster won strictly on his merits. This was the final medal shoot of the season. Henceforth the members will turn their attention to game, as everything but quail can now be legally shot in this State. About half of the club members are now off after chickens.

Field, 15.....1111111111011111111110011111110001101111101111111—42
1110101111 — 8—50
Schinner, 12..0010010111111001111111111011101101111111101111110110—38
111101100111 — 9—47
Stowell, 12....0110111000111101111011010111111111101101011011110—36
011101111011 — 9—45
Kirk, 5.....0111101111011011111111111111111010111010011101001111—38
11011 — 4—42
Weigel, 3.....1110111010111111111110100101101111011111111111111 —41
Fletcher, 5....1101101111000111101110011101101111001011101101111—35
11011 — 4—39
*Branch .....0111011100110111000111011001001011111100011111111 0 —32
Litzke .....1110010000011110001100000011000011101111111111000 —24

* Not a member of the club.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 2.—Nos. 2 and 3 are trophy events. No. 4 is the Mussey cup, handicap, 15 singles and 5 pairs.

In a team shoot, 20 targets, five men on a side, the scores were: Adams 19, Heikes 18, F. P. Stannard 17, Cunnyngham 16, Buck 12; total 82.

E. Steck 20, Antoine 14; W. D. Stannard 19, Dr. Miller 19, Sprague 7; total 79.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	25	25	25	20
A W Adams	12	21	20	24	17
W Sprague	8	10	11	..	..
O J Buck	11	15	20	21	14
C Antoine	14	21	22	21	19
Dr Miller	14	24	20	17	19
Cunnyngham	14	20	22	18	18

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	25	25	25	20
E Steck	12	23	21	23	15
F P Stannard	..	22	24	16	17
W D Stannard	..	23	21	20	19
R O Heikes	..	23	25	19	20
Arnold	..	..	5	..	..

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Sept. 2.—The following scores were made on our grounds to-day. A medal was won by Richards on a score of 21; B medal was won by Northcott on a score of 20; C medal was won by Kehl on a score of 15.

Northcott and Mrs. Shaw tied on a score of 20 for B medal, and after a spirited shoot-off Northcott won by the narrow margin of 1 target.

The small attendance is accounted for by the opening of the duck and chicken season, which a great many of our members are celebrating by taking a few days in field and marsh.

Trophy shoot:

Kehl	1110010000101001101111111—15
Northcott	1101111101011111011011111—20
Richards	1111111110111011110011111—21
Mrs. Shaw	1110110111111111010101111—20
Dr Shaw	1111111110101111011111001—20
Hellman	1110101110111111011100111—19
Cornelson	1100000011001100111111110—14
T Eaton	0001010101100011111101011—14
Pollard	0111110010010011101011100—14

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	15	10	*	
Kehl	10	6	5	6	6	..
Northcott	13	7	11	9	10	..
Richards	14	9	9	9	10	7
Mrs Shaw	8	8	10	..	..	..
Dr Shaw	13	9	11	8	14	8

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	15	10	*	
Hellman	10	..	13	9	13	6
Cornelson	10	..	10	6	9	2
T Eaton	10	..	10	8	5	7
Pollard	..	..	8	..	..	..
Dr O'Byrn	..	..	9	5	10	6

* Five pairs.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Portsmouth, N. H., Prize Contest.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—The scores of prize shoots which have been occupying the attention of the members of the Portsmouth Gun Club Saturday afternoons from May 6 to Aug. 26, inclusive, concluded on the latter date with the contestants quite closely bunched, and scoring as follows: W. I. Philbrick, shooting at 28 targets, wins first prize, the Remington hammerless shotgun, with a total of 342. W. Manson, shooting at 29, takes second prize, a Winchester take-down repeating shotgun, with a total of 328. W. H. Newick, shooting from scratch, 25 targets, wins third prize, a Winchester repeating rifle, his total being 320. H. E. Philbrick, shooting at 27, takes fourth prize, a fountain pen, with a total of 319. A. Stinson, shooting at 26, has a total of 313. A. W. Frizzell, shooting at scratch, has a total of 310. W. J. Lewis shot from scratch and had a total of 291. F. W. Manson, shot from scratch and had 274. W. E. Storer, shooting at 32, had a total of 253. L. Drew, shooting at 29, won total of 233. The two latter were at the traps for the first time this season.

Much interest has been displayed in the shooting this season, and a number of the new men have made rapid progress, especially Messrs. W. Manson, W. E. Storer and L. Drew, whose scores have been uniformly good.

The club is one of the live organizations of the State, and bound to be recognized in the sporting world. On Labor Day a large delegation from this club will be the guests of the Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association at their annual field day shoot. A general good time is sure to be enjoyed, as the Dover sportsmen are first-class hosts and spare no effort to make the day a pleasant one to all their guests.

At the last regular meeting W. I. Philbrick was unanimously re-elected secretary and treasurer for the coming year, and a committee appointed to select a new shooting grounds on the line of the electric road or near it. The other officers of the club are: President, W. H. Newick; Vice-President, H. E. Philbrick; Field Captain, F. W. Manson; Directors, W. E. Storer, A. S. White, C. Jackson, L. Drew and W. E. Chesley; Judges, F. J. Brown and J. Weston; Referee, E. P. Merwin.

W. I. PHILBRICK, Secy.

Springfield Gun Club Tournament.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly insert in FOREST AND STREAM a notice that the Springfield Gun Club will keep open house on Sept. 5 and 6, the occasion being its third annual tournament?

The members of the Springfield Gun Club have felt very much gratified over the success of last year's tournament and will endeavor to make this year's shoot equal it in every way.

A liberal programme has been selected—plenty of money, and it divided on the Rose system, so that all a visitor has to do is to shoot for it.

To our friends in Kansas City and St. Louis we know that a simple announcement of the dates will be sufficient to bring them here, but to those who were not fortunate enough to attend last year's shoot we beg leave to extend a most cordial invitation to get their gun and shells and join us in a two days' frolic. All the railroads entering Springfield have offered a rate of one fare for the round trip, so our friends can be sure of returning home.

HERBERT TAYLOR.

Bison Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 31.—The following are scores made in the regular weekly club shoot of the Bison Gun Club of Aug. 31. Event No. 4 was the badge shoot, and was won by E. C. Burkhardt, who scored 25 straight. Event No. 7 was at 7 live birds. E. C. Burkhardt did remarkably fine shooting, scoring 74 out of his first 75, and 95 out of 100. Also scoring straight in the live-bird event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	20	25	15	25	7
333	9	13	16	24	8	22	4
E C Burkhardt	15	14	20	25	13	20	7
O'Brien	8	10	9	18	9	19	7
Foxie	13	13	17	21	15	21	7
G S Wride	11	13	14	21	..	..	..
L Cannon	7	13	16	..	..	..	..
Bauman	12	9	14	..	..	..	7
Kennedy	9	12	17	21	13	21	4
W C Heinold	..	..	..	18	15	..	6
Norris	..	..	..	21	..	21	..
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	17	..

BISON.

Confabulations of the Cadi.—XIX.

IT came to the morning when that fourfold personage—paw, paw-in-law, grandpaw and ego—contemplated taking his departure at some hour of the day, journeying thitherward to his own sweet home. It will be remembered that he had been making a visit to his son-in-law's home, which was all the happier for his coming and much excited over his going. On account of this event the Cadi and his family rose at a much earlier hour, though they were early risers at all times. Hopie Jane and the children seemed to be nervously apprehensive that something dreadful was going to happen, and all were more or less fretful in consequence. The good mother found much difficulty in issuing commands and rebukes consistently with enjoying a good mouthful of snuff; and in the excitement of the forthcoming event the children either heeded not the words of their mother or forgot them a moment after they were uttered. The Cadi, however, was calm and collected; he assured his beloved brevet parent that he had risen earlier than usual so that thereby he would have more happy hours in which to enjoy said parent's society; he mentally reserved stating that paw by rising early could complete all arrangements for his departure and go, beyond peradventure. In the good Cadi's code of hospitality not only should the latch string hang on the outside of the door to welcome the coming guest, but it should also hang outside the door so that the parting guest might handily close it after him on his departure, thus making a true equation of "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

At breakfast the Cadi looked grave, and his good wife looked tearful. Every one had a fair allowance of corn pone and buttermilk, and paw in addition had, as guest of honor, a delicately cooked young rabbit. There was a respectful silence, though there was no falling off in rapid, two-handed action on the pone and milk, for breakfast in the domicile of the Cadi was not at all in the nature of a social function; it was treated as a necessary incident, to be dispatched with expedition, commencing when the corn pone and buttermilk were fairly set on the table and ending when they were eaten. This standard was conducive to rapidity and alertness, for if one dallied unwisely the main incident of the morning might be closed and the race finished before the laggard had time to realize what had happened. Father-in-law having but three or four teeth which articulated properly and being a guest also, was privileged to place an extra piece of pone beside his plate to finish at his own pace, while the children remained in their seats and watched him with gleaming envy, and swallowing sympathetically every time that he swallowed.

The Cadi and Hopie Jane arose from the table, swallowing their last mouthful of breakfast as they walked away, for there was no dawdling over morning papers, nor nibbling at tidbits, nor squeamish toying with knife or fork in the home of the Cadi; any one who hesitated was lost. It was miss-and-out.

Hopie Jane told paw that the harvest work needed attention and that she and the children would have to go out to the fields in consequence, and she charged him to blow the dinner horn when he got ready to go from them, so that she might return and bid him an affectionate farewell. He mumbled "All right" without losing a single chew on the rabbit leg which he was holding to his mouth in both hands, and Hopie Jane hurriedly stacked breakfast dishes at the foot of the table for future reference, intending to wash them later in the day. She cautioned the Cadi against any exertion, and told him to be sure and drink plenty of coffee, of which there was an abundance in the coffee pot for his special delectation. Then, after shooing the children together, and under pretense of being happy, as she went to the field, she sang in a voice made up mostly of false notes:

> "He promised to bring me a basket of posies,
> A garland of lilies, a garland of roses;
> A little straw hat to set off the blue ribbons
> That tie up my bonnie brown hair."

The morning was cool and mildly bracing. It was of autumn's best days, when the Cadi could bask in the mellow sunshine of the morning or repose sweetly in the shadow of the house during the midday hours, as was proper and becoming to an invalid philosopher who considered things both little and great as matter for abstract contemplation.

There were sere places in the landscape, mere patches here and there, significant of the great transformation scene of nature when she seems to die, but wherein she only prepares to rest in winter's mantle, to begin again in the spring, rejuvenated and beautiful. To Hopie Jane, however, all the mellow sunshine and falling leaves and strange migratory birds which ceaselessly hopped about or flew southward, were indicative of a time when malaria becomes a thing to be thought of, and she pampered the good Cadi with extra good corn pone and strong decoctions of what she truly believed to be coffe, to guard him against a disease so insiduous and so intractable. While the amiable Cadi took all these wifely attentions with the deference which he owed to her as the bread-winner of the family, he never failed to suggest to her that all her remedies were greatly assisted by an abundance of good hard cider, taken before and after eating in a manner which, he gravely assured her, the best doctors termed ab lib, a term they only used with the very best remedies. A reasonable amount between times, he further assured her, aided greatly as a preventive, besides being a tonic of inestimable goodness, all of which Hopie Jane assented to by word and deed.

It may be remarked, en passant, that many good people who are wiser than Hopie Jane assent to fallacies equally weak, believing in a universal panacea which makes them cool when they are warm, warm when they are cool, happy when sad, well when ill, witty when dull, etc., a nectar which is good in summer and better in winter and good in winter and better in summer—all as fallacious as well could be imagined.

Behold the afflicted Cadi and his aged friend sitting on the sunny side of the house after Hopie Jane and her cluster of olive branches had straggled away to the labors of the day. The Cadi sat in his easy chair. Opposite him sat paw on a log, with his feet resting on its side and his elbows out, his posture suggesting strongly a descent from arboreal ancestry, while ever and anon the gentle breeze toyed with his whiskers and sifted out the corn bread crumbs which had found lodgement therein at the morning meal. He thought that the Cadi was able to work, but he was awed somewhat by the greatness of him, so he compromised the matter by keeping the Cadi company in his long daily rests, incidentally taking a hearty pull at the cider pitcher whenever his dutiful son-in-law pushed it toward him; after this incident had happened two or three times, father-in-law would look at son-in-law with a very fishy expression of countenance, listening with painful intentness, nodding his head with peculiar unction at wrong junctures and moving his hands about in the meaningless manner in which a silly gosling, cast on its back in a hole by the wayside, claws the air weakly.

The Good Old Days.

The Cadi had regaled his parent with a long dissertation on the advanced state of the sciences at the present day, to which the latter gave frequent assent in a rather foggy fashion, at length breaking in with the remark that:

"It do seem to me, Cadi, as how these days hain't not no mo' like them good ole days when I was a boy. Them days was days all right. Everybody and everything was better and was different. I wish I was a boy ag'in, way back in them good ole days ag'in, with the corn huskin's and the fishin' and the good ole dog and the woods and the squir'ls, with a gun."

"Bother the good ole days, paw, and bother a squir'l with a gun," retorted his good son, with some impatience. "There weren't any good days then any more than there are good days now. They seem like good old days to you now because when you look backward through the years you come to yourself as a boy and see yourself in those years when you were free from care. They indeed were blithesome years as compared with the years of the present. Chasing butterflies and mastering tin horses, with board and lodging provided by your parents, made rather happy days; but your parents and elders had then all the cares and troubles that you have now, and they in turn looked back on the years of their youth as being the years containing the good old days. These years which you and I are now enjoying so well together will years hence be the good old days of my children and the children of others of the present day—and why? Because they are furnished with corn pone and a roof and clothes, be the same more or less, and because they have a lightning digestion and a keen palate for anything which is eatable, and withal a crass belief that the surface of things is as things really are. And moreover they don't know any better. We are prone to believe that, as we gain more knowledge of the world, it is changing, whereas it is really the same old world, the change being in our knowledge of it. You don't take as much interest in your old single-barrelled gun and the squirrels as you did when you were a boy and a younger man, but you will note that the young men of to-day shoot squirrels and enjoy what you enjoyed, and that in a way the good old days are still doing business at the same old stand. You are having good old days right now, but you don't seem to know it. Happiness is always like good fishing, or good hunting—always a piece ahead. In the good old days of which you sing so sweetly, you were then looking ahead, and if you were back again in them you would be still looking ahead. The present time is the time to be happy in, paw, and let past and future take care of themselves. Drive a nail, paw," and the Cadi pushed the pitcher toward his revered companion.

"Whew!" exclaimed father-in-law. "It mought be that you'r' right, but I'm an older man than you air 'n' p'raps I know a thing or two from sperience. Things has changed, 'n' I know it. And I'm having a good time too all the same," and here paw looked long into the pitcher.

"It is well, paw, after all, to look at it that way. If you could stand here double—as you are now and as you were when a boy—you would indeed see that there is a change; but you are wrong in thinking that the good old days are far away in the past. The good days are as we make them, and they can be the days passing at present. Stop living in the past or future. A man who lives that way passes through life without having lived in reality. Join a gun club, endeavor to be high gun at every shoot, and you will find something that will engage your time, money and best effort at the present. You might need a handicap at the start, but if you had a good one it would make things all the easier."

"What kind of a handicap is the best one?" queried paw.

The Hunch Handicap.

"The hunch handicap is the best," replied the good son. "Look at those pigs which have just come out of the woods and found their breakfast left by Hopie Jane in that trough. Do you notice how that end shoat has one forefoot in the trough and his shoulders braced against the others so that he can boost them all along in a row at will? That pig makes his own handicap and is sure to win out before the game is ended. That is the true hunch handicap. If you become a shooter, paw, never forget the hunch handicap. You will find that few shooters ever think they have enough handicap, and if you make good use of your foreleg and shoulder you may always win out."

"I swow, that's not a bad idee, as a gin'ral propersition," paw replied.

"My head is feeling light this lovely morning, Paw," continued the Cadi, sweetly, "and I will do something which will remind you of the good old times. I will sing you a song such as mother used to sing—"

"Scuse me, son Cadi," interrupted Paw, as he rose hastily. "My mommer had a bass voice much like yourn, and it uster be a awful grind when she sawed off a song. Blow the horn for Hopie, for I'm gwine home. I don't want no pies like mommer uster make, nor no songs that mommer uster sing."

BERNARD WATERS.

An Old Home Week Shoot.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Aug. 31.—On Aug. 29 Dunbarton decided to celebrate "Old Home Week." This is a farming town some nine miles in length by five or six in width. A few years since it was said that we did not have within our borders a railroad, a telegraph, a doctor, a lawyer, a pauper or a poorhouse. I am quite sure the same state of things prevails to-day. Our celebration was a most decided success. The village at the center overflowed with visitors—former residents and many prominent New Hampshire men, including Gov. Rollins, Senator Wm. E. Chandler and others. Dinner was served in the town hall for something over 1,100. As a member of the executive committee I proposed to get up a trapshooting contest as one of the events of the day, and something which I thought would be a novelty, as we have never had anything of the kind in the town before, and most of our residents had no idea what a bluerock target looked like. I heard a woman say when she first saw one: "Is that what the boys call a bluerock pigeon? It looks more like a pot cover." In getting up this match I said that I would do my best to make it a success, and that I would not ask any one in the town to contribute one cent toward any expense it would entail. Some of my friends, however, outside our town were generous in giving me some assistance. I think there has seldom if ever been a shooting contest held on grounds affording as fine a view. A short distance from where our traps were set a magnificent view of our mountains and valleys can be had. To the north Kearsarge and the Franconia ranges are plainly seen. Westward Monadnock, Ragged Mountain Sunapee and miles on miles of lesser hills, and the valley of the Contoocook. South, the double-headed Uncanunucs stand out clear against the sky.

The match, as I planned, was to be a tetam race between five men from our town and a like number from the neighboring town of Henniker. It was not very easy to pick up five men for our team. With the exception of myself and one other, none of those I could think of had ever shot in a target match. I got hold of four young fellows and tried to give them a few lessons in target shooting. The accuracy and almost unfailing regularity with which those fellows would shoot into empty space was not very encouraging. The only redeeming point was in the few targets needed. Ten or a dozen bluerocks would nearly always furnish twenty-five or thirty shots. I tried my men on targets thrown high, on targets thrown low, on slow and on very fast ones, with the most regular results. They would miss them just the same. I heard that our opponents were doing some work and making pretty good scores, but I also found out that they were throwing slow high targets. I made up my mind then to throw the targets in our match as hard as I could under the rules. I knew our men would miss the greater part, no matter how trapped, and all I could do would be to make the other fellows miss as many as possible. We knew we could not win under any conditions.

The match was to be called at 2 o'clock, and to be at 50 bluerock targets per man, targets thrown from expert trap, unknown angles, revised American Association rules to govern; class shooting. The following prizes were put up for best individual scores:

First, one 6¼lb. can Du Pont's Smokeless powder; second, 300 U. M. C. Smokeless shells; third, 25lbs. Tatham's No. 7 chilled shot; fourth, Powers' brass cleaning rod; fifth, 2,000 U. M. C. felt gun wads.

Some consolation prizes were put up for those not winning or being in team match.

The match was started promtply at 2 o'clock before a large crowd. As leader of the Dunbarton team I went first to the score and distinguished myself by missing 3 out of the first 5. There was a time when I asked no odds of any one anywhere at target shooting, and my record in different parts of the country bears out my statement. My day has apparently passed. Possibly lack of practice for a number of years may have something to do with it. Probably lack of skill in handling a gun with the precision of former days is the real cause. Every dog has his day, and I may have had mine. Yet the old spirit sometimes partially revives, and I do not at times like to think of myself as an altogether "has been."

In our match, prizes, bluerocks and such things were furnished free. The score is as follows, at 50 each:

Henniker Team.

Goss	01101101111111111111010111111111011111100110110100 10—37
Bouton	00111100101110110111000101000111010111111001110011—30
Chadwick	10111100111101110010111110111011100610011111011111—36
Chandly	01010010100100000110001001010000100011011011001000—18
Woodruff	10111000111110111011101111111110011101111011011—36

Dunbarton Team.

Stark	01001111011001111111111101010110100111011111111110—36
J Perley	11101100101110111011011111111011011110110111111101—38
Smith	00101010000010000001001000000010000001011011010100—14
Story	01000000001000010000000100010110000000100000000000— 8
F H Perley	10001101010011101010001101100111100011011110110111001—28

J. Perley won first, Goss second, Woodruff, Chadwick and Stark tied on third, Bouton won fourth, F. H. Perley won fifth.

Woodruff, Stark and Chadwick shot off. Chadwick out, Woodruff and Stark tied on 9 each out of 10. Second tie, Woodruff won.

Consolation prizes, $2 to first, $1.75 to second, $1.25 to third: Smith first, Storey second, Chandler third.

The small boy as a spectator was very much on hand, and although it was the first shooting match they had ever seen their criticisms of some of the shooters were freely given, and at times rather severe. The scores are all small—some ridiculously so—but it was hard shooting. Targets thrown at unknown angles at a distance of 64yds. by tape measure and an elevation of 9ft. I have in my time been at a good many shooting tournaments where there were some of the then most expert shots in the country present, and invariably where targets were thrown as we threw them on the 29th, high scores were scarce. Some of the members of the opposing team have been making scores of 43 to 47 out of 50 as targets usually are trapped.

Even in this back country town the wonderful shot who never misses, and who also is never seen, although often heard of, was spoken of. One of my neighbors came to me on the morning of the 29th saying, "There is a young man camping near my house whom you want on your team. He can break 25 straight bluerocks every time. (The young fellow, as I understood, was from Harvard College.) I sent an urgent message to this wonder, asking him to bring up his gun and show us how to break bluerocks, and saying that some of us had a few wads of greenbacks in our pockets he could easily win by breaking two or three strings of 25 straight as we were trapping. As usual he did not show up, although I was told he was among the spectators.

C. M. STARK.

Soo Gun Club.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Aug. 28.—On the afternoon of Aug. 24 the twelfth and final shoot of the summer series of the Soo Gun Club resulted as follows:

Trotter	10001110110111111111110110111110—22	
Hunter	11111101111111111111111111010011—26	
Meyer, 4	11110101110111011011111000101—21—	4—25
Huberg, 4	11101110100111110111111111111—25—	4—29
Geiser, 5	00111101111001101011001111011 1—20—	5—25
Chapman, 3	11101011111110010101111111111—24—	3—27
Milchrist, 10	01111110101110110111111101111—24—	6—30
Ellis	00011101101111101011111111111—23	
Kortright	10100101111001110111101001110 1—19	
Keefe, 2	01111111111111101111111111111—28—	2—30

A number of the boys shot up back scores with the following results:

Event No. 1.—Trotter (3) 30, Geiser (5) 24, Hoberg 18, Milchrist (1) 22, Keefe 23, Ellis (2) 23.

Event No. 2.—Trotter 29, Geiser (6) 30, Hoberg (7) 30.

Event No. 3.—Trotter 27, Geiser 24, Hoberg (1) 21.

Event No. 4.—Trotter 23, Geiser (1) 29.

Under the rules of the club committee, each member was compelled to participate in at least ten of the twelve contests, and as the leaders were so far in advance only ten members finished the series, and in the following order:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Leach	360	325	.902	Ellis	300	249	.830
Duncan	360	322	.894	Gray	360	298	.827
Hunter	360	319	.886	Hoberg	360	298	.827
Keefe	300	252	.840	Geiser	330	273	.827
Kortright	360	301	.836	Meyer	330	270	.818

The trophy and club championship was awarded to Leach, who won it fairly without the aid of a handicap.

WANECHA.

Trap at Sedalia.

SEDALIA, Mo., Aug. 26.—At the regular monthly medal shoot, held Aug. 26, Arthur Linabary, the youngest member of the club—not being quite fifteen years old—tied for the gold medal with Mr. Lucy on a score of 18 out of a possible 25. In the shoot-off Arthur won. Herr won silver medal. The scores:

J Linabary	12	Smith	16
Schnair	16	Roe	15
Fleming	14	Patterson	13
Lucy	18	Dr. Scales	15
A Linabary	18	Tnyman	13
Kerr	17		
Shoot-off:			
A Linabary	3	Lucy	2

J. LINABARY.

Budd—Gilbert First Annual.

Arnold's Park, Ia., Aug. 25.—The Budd and Gilbert first annual tournament, held at this place Aug. 23, 24 and 25, closed to-day. About fifty contestants took part in the shoot. About 18,000 targets were thrown from two sets of three traps, Sergeant system. The programme for each day was eight 15 and three 20 target events, with $7.50 added to the 15 and $10 added to the 20 target events. Two cups were given to the amateurs, one to those making an average of 85 per cent. and over, and one to those whose average was less than 85 per cent. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill., won the 85 per cent. cup on shoot-off, scoring 48 out of a possible 50. Kirsher won the other cup with a score of 45 out of 50.

Among the contestants and visitors were the Hon. Tom A. Marshall, mother, wife and daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Shattuck, R. O. Heikes, of the U. M. C. Co.; Mr. Stegge, of Waterloo; Abbott, Densel, Jack, Kibby, Dumm and Cook, of Marshaltown; Clark, of Nora Springs; Shelden, of Mason City; Baldwin, Bird and Church, of Fairmount; J. G. Smith, of Algona; Kirsher and Abraham, Des Moines; Gray, Duncan and Leach, of Sioux City.

The shoot was a success in every way, and will be repeated in August, 1900, with more added money. The cup winners, Mr. Marshall and Mr. Kirsher, both used U. M. C. factory loads; Marshall used Du Pont powder; Kirsher used a Parker gun and Hazard powder. Pop Heikes was not feeling well until he caught a good string of fish; he then got back in his old form and lined out a number of straight scores.

The shooting commenced at 9 A. M. each morning, and the programme was all finished by 4 P. M., giving those who were so inclined ample time for fishing, sailing and boat riding around the lakes. Dancing was in order each evening, Mr. Marshall being among those who seemed to enjoy everything in sight.

Lake Okoboji is one of the most beautiful lakes we have ever seen, and Arnold's Hotel is first class in every respect. The hotel management laid themselves out to make it pleasant for the visiting sportsmen, and did all in their power to make them comfortable, and Mr. McCartney and Mr. Myerly were on hand each evening, with their sail boats, and all who felt inclined were invited to enjoy a sail with them.

The writer was too busy to weigh the large fish, and would not dare to say who caught the largest one; but we think Pop Heikes caught the largest string.

Wednesday, Aug. 23, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	14	13	14	19	14	20	15	15	18	15	14	171	.95
Cook	12	13	14	17	14	20	13	13	19	15	12	162	.90
Marshall	15	12	15	19	15	20	14	14	20	11	15	170	.94
Densel	11	12	12	14	9	12	11	13	16	12	14	136	.75
Abbott	13	12	11	18	11	16	14	15	19	13	11	153	.85
Muir	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Kline	11	12	11	12	13	17	15	15	15	12	11	150	.83
Church	12	13	11	14	14	17	12	13	20	15	13	154	.85
Bird	13	10	12	18	14	16	12	13	14	14	12	148	.82
Baldwin	13	7	13	16	14	14	12	9	16	11	14	139	.77
McCartney	11	13	14	16	11	15	12	10	15	10	12	139	.77
Mrs Shattuck	12	13	12	17	12	16	13	13	18	9	14	149	.82
Patch	14	11	14	17	10	16	14	13	15	13	13	150	.83
Kirsher	10	9	11	14	11	13	12	11	16	13	10	130	.72
Heikes	14	13	14	18	11	19	12	13	18	7	14	153	.85
Leach	13	10	14	18	15	11	13	9	16	12	11	142	.78
Linell	13	14	13	18	12	14	12	13	17	12	13	151	.83
Mitchell	14	13	13	16	12	15	12	15	16	14	13	153	.85
Henry	14	14	14	18	13	19	14	15	20	14	12	167	.92
Sheldon	15	13	13	17	15	16	15	14	17	12	11	158	.87
Budd	15	13	14	18	13	20	12	15	20	14	13	167	.92
Gray	12	12	13	16	12	19	9	12	14	12	12	143	.79
Duncan	11	14	8	15	11	16	12	12	16	13	15	143	.79
Sitler	15	13	12	13	13	18	13	11	15	14	13	150	.83
S A Smith	9	10	12	16	12	18	10	9	14	8	8	126	.70
J A Smith	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Henshaw	10	11	13	16	13	15	14	12	18	10	11	143	.79
Abrahams	4	..	8	..	7	8	..	..	..	5	..	...	...
Dunn	11	8	11	13	..	..	10	13	11	13	12	...	...
Clark	11	13	13	16	13	18	13	15	19	13	15	159	.88
Hall	13	12	11	13	13	15	12	11	15	9	12	136	.75
J Kibbey	14	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Verheran	7	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	...	...
Shattuck	14	13	14	18	8	17	11	8	..	..	..	...	...
Conaway	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	...	...
L Henshaw	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Van Steenberg	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Coughlan	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	...	...
H W Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	...	...
Myerly	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	12	..	...	...
Rainmaker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	9	12	...	...
Thurston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	...	...
Miner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	...	...

Thursday, Aug. 24, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	15	13	14	17	15	20	13	15	20	15	13	170	.94
Cook	13	14	14	19	15	19	15	14	18	15	14	170	.94
Marshall	14	14	14	18	13	20	12	12	19	13	15	164	.91
Densel	13	10	12	17	13	16	12	11	17	14	8	143	.79
Abbott	9	12	13	11	15	17	12	12	14	11	15	141	.78
Hershey	13	13	13	16	12	19	14	12	15	13	14	154	.85
Klein	14	15	12	17	8	18	8	14	17	13	14	150	.83
Gray	11	12	12	15	8	17	12	12	17	12	13	141	.78
Duncan	13	10	13	14	13	16	11	13	17	10	9	139	.77
Baldwin	10	11	14	15	10	13	13	13	17	11	12	139	.77
McCartney	10	12	13	14	11	12	6	9	14	13	10	124	.68
Mrs Shattuck	12	15	15	17	15	14	12	15	15	10	11	151	.83
Patch	14	12	12	17	12	15	12	14	18	12	13	151	.83
Kirsher	12	12	8	17	11	16	13	10	16	9	14	138	.76
Shelden	14	11	14	20	12	14	9	12	18	13	13	150	.83
Leach	9	13	13	17	14	15	13	12	16	14	11	147	.81
Budd	15	14	15	19	13	17	13	14	19	14	13	166	.92
Henry	13	14	14	20	13	16	12	11	19	12	15	159	.88
Linell	14	14	13	20	11	14	9	12	16	10	11	144	.80
Henshaw	13	12	12	19	13	15	13	13	19	14	11	154	.85
Clark	13	15	10	16	13	16	11	10	18	15	10	147	.81
Hall	13	12	13	15	10	13	11	7	15	..	..	...	...
Heikes	14	14	15	17	12	17	15	15	18	15	13	165	.91
Shattuck	11	12	12	18	14	18	14	14	17	7	15	152	.84

Friday, Aug. 25, Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	15	14	15	20	15	20	14	13	18	14	15	173	.96
Cook	12	11	13	17	10	18	11	12	18	13	14	149	.82
Marshall	10	14	13	15	11	18	12	14	15	11	14	147	.81
Mrs Shattuck	8	11	11	16	11	14	12	9	11	10	11	124	.68
Abbott	12	12	9	17	11	18	11	13	12	13	12	140	.77
Henshaw	11	12	14	16	6	15	12	13	16	14	14	143	.79
McCartney	12	10	11	17	14	18	12	11	15	11	11	142	.78
Kirsher	11	13	8	16	15	17	9	8	16	15	11	139	.77
Leach	10	11	6	16	13	20	14	15	13	..	..	...	...
Linell	12	13	10	15	12	15	12	11	16	12	14	140	.77
Clark	14	11	11	18	11	18	13	12	17	9	13	147	.81
Shattuck	12	8	13	16	10	1	11	13	16	14	13	138	.76
Henry	13	11	9	14	12	14	11	13	13	13	14	137	.76
Budd	13	13	14	19	13	17	13	12	18	14	12	158	.87
Heikes	14	13	14	20	11	18	14	14	16	13	15	162	.90
Kline	12	8	11	18	12	15	10	14	12	12	14	138	.76

General Averages.

	1st Day.	2d Day.	3d Day.	Total.	Av.
Gilbert	171	170	173	514	.95
Cook	162	170	149	481	.89
Marshall	170	164	147	481	.89
Rensel	136	143	...	...	...
Abbott	153	141	140	431	.79
Kline	150	150	138	438	.81
Church	154	...	...	...	...
Bird	148	...	...	...	...
Baldwin	139	139	...	...	...
McCartney	139	124	142	405	.75
Mrs Shattuck	149	151	124	424	.78
Patch	150	151	...	...	...
Kirsher	130	138	139	407	.75
Heikes	153	165	162	480	.88
Leach	142	147	...	...	...
Linell	151	144	140	435	.80
Mitchell	153	...	...	...	...
Henry	167	159	137	463	.85
Shelden	158	150	...	...	...
Budd	167	166	158	491	.90
Henshaw	143	154	143	440	.81
Clark	150	147	147	453	.83

Shoot-off of those making an average of less than 85 per cent., 50 single targets, entrance price of targets: Abbott 42, Klein 43, McCartney 41, Linell 37, Henshaw 43, Clark 35, Mrs. Shattuck 35, Kirsher 45. Kirsher won cup.

Shoot-off of those who made an average of 85 per cent. or better, 50 targets: Marshall 48, Cook 41, Henry 42. Marshall won cup.

Notes of the Shoot.

Mrs. Shattuck on Thursday made a run of 47 straight, and was one of the greatest attractions at the tournament. Some four or five hundred people were on the grounds and took great interest in her shooting. She used U. M. C. factory loads, and made a number of straight scores.

Marshall and Kirsher were in good form. Their scores of 48 and 45 were good ones, as a high wind made the targets quite erratic in flight.

When Pop Heikes gets his hotel and shooting in running order the boys will all go to the grand opening.

On Thursday Fred Gilbert with his Parker scored 98 out of a possible 100.

Geo. McCartney is a great sailor, and knows how to run a hotel.

Abrahams is the best posted man at Arnold's Park, and was kept busy giving the boys pointers during the shoot.

Dago.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug. 27.—Herewith are the scores of the first and second diamond medal contests and the monthly class medal. The latter takes place the third Thursday each month.

As you will see, Wanda (Mrs. Lindsley) made straight scores on each shoot for the diamond medal. Small also made a straight score on the first shoot, but was not on hand for the final.

Capt. Du Bray tied Wanda, but magnanimously would not shoot the tie off.

Mr. Arthur Gambell was re-elected superintendent for another year at the last meeting.

Aug. 26.—Second monthly contest for diamond medal, 50 targets, handicap:

Kirsch, 7	01111001111111001111111001—18 11111011111010111110101101—19— 7—44	
Jay Bee, 8	00101101111111011111100111—18 11110111001100111111111001—18— 8—44	
Maynard, 6	11110111001100111111111001—18 11100101101011111110010101—16— 6—36	
Mackie, 6	11111111010101111100100111—18 11111101110110101110010010—17— 6—41	
Wanda, 20	01011101111001111110110110—17 11000111110111111101111111—20—13—50	
Gambell, 4	11111111110101111111111111—23 01111101111101111111111111—22— 4—49	
Teipel, 4	11111110011111101110110111—20 01111110011101111111101011—19— 4—43	
Stephens, 12	00111010011111111011110101—17 11101100111101110110111111—19—12—48	
Trimble, 2	01111011111111111111111111—23 11111111111011111111110111—23— 2—48	
F J Waddell, 12	11110011111111010100011101—17 11011011111110101111010011—18—12—47	
Du Bray, 8	11111111101111101110111111—22 01011111111011111111111111—22— 6—50	

Aug. 10.—First monthly contest, diamond medal, 50 targets, handicap added:

Gambell, 4	11101101111111111111111111—23 01111111111011011101111111—21— 4—48	
Squier, 2	01111111011101111011111011—20 01111010111011111111011111—20— 2—42	
Maynard, 6	11111100011111100111111111—20 11001111111001100100110011—15— 6—41	
Trimble, 2	10110111101011111111011111—20 11011110011111101111111111—21— 2—43	
Small, 8	11111111111111111011001111—22 11011011101111101111111110—20— 8—50	
Jay Bee, 8	01110111111101101100111110—18 11110111111111100110111110—20— 8—46	
Wanda, 20	11111011011010101110001101—16 00010111111111001010011110—15—19—50	
Jack, 10	11111101111111111001110101—20 11101111100100111100111111—18—10—48	

Aug. 17.—Club shoot:

Gambell, A	11-11111111111111111111111—25 11111111111111101111111111—24—49	
Nye, B	11011101111111111111110111—22 11111111111111111101111111—24—46	
Trimble, A	11111111111111111111111111—25 11111111110001101110110111—19—44	
Teipel, C	10111111101101111111111111—22 11110111111010011101001111—18—10	
Wanda, C	00110011010111110111110001—16 11011111111110011010000110—17—33	
Cook, D	10100111111011111111101111—20 11001110111101011111110111—19—39	
Jack, B	11010111111110111111001001—18 11100111111101011011011101—19—37	
Von Steinwehr	11011011111001101111111011—19 11111010111100001011011100—15—34	
Pease, C	11111100101101111111111111—21 11001111111111111110111111—22—43	

Winners: Gambell, A; Nye, B; Pease, C; Cook, D.

Brockton Gun Club.

Brockton, Aug. 26.—Within find scores of to-day's shoot. We had a good attendance and after the three first events the weather was perfect. Wm. Allison, of South Weymouth, and Leroy did equally well. Worthing is doing very well, as his scores show 87 per cent.; Miskay, 81 per cent. Barrett, Allen, Bartlett, Stork and Grant all shot well.

The first position in the medal contest was won by Stork and Worthing. In the merchandise event: First, Barrett, Leroy and Allison, each 30; second, Worthing, Grant and Bishop, each 28; third, Allen, 27.

The next shoot will be Labor Day, and a hot one. A new event will be inaugurated at 100 birds, handicap, known as the Brockton handicap trophy—a beautiful cup costing $35—to be contested for Labor Day and Memorial Day until one member has won it three times. If the weather is good I will have a good report send you. Nos. 3 to 6 were the medal events, Nos. 7 to 10 merchandise. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Leroy	8	8	8	10	9	1	9	10	10	1	10	9	8	9	18	9
*Park	5	9	6	7	7	..	6	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Barrett	6	6	7	9	8	2	7	9	10	4	7	9	9	8	14	..
Worthing	9	9	10	7	9	5	8	10	6	4	10	..	..	..	..	..
Carr	7	6	9	8	6	5	7	6	8	4	7	..	..	..	..	..
*Miskay	8	8	9	8	8	..	6	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Leonard	9	8	5	4	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wood	9	4	4	5	4	5	7	6	4	7	..	..	..	..	4	..
Clark	..	3	4	2	4	..	6	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bishop	5	8	8	7	7	7	8	7	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Grant	5	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	9	3	8	..	..	..	..	..
Mathews	..	..	1	1	3	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
Allen	..	..	9	8	9	3	9	6	8	4	8	8	..	6	16	..
Tisdale	..	..	7	6	5	..	4	9	7	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stork	..	..	8	9	8	8	..	9	7	..	6	..	4	..	..	..
Scott	..	..	6	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
*Allison	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	8	10	..	9	10	9	19	..
Wilder	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	3	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harlow	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	3	..	7	8	..	..	..	..
Bartlett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	9	9	6	..	..	..	..

*Visitors.

Rochester Gun Club.

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 23.—A very pleasant afternoon was enjoyed by the members of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club last Wednesday. The programme was a little more than the regular practice events—a 25-bird handicap merchandise event, in which there were sixteen entries, six of whom tied for first prize., and in the shoot-off Rullfison and Booker tied again and divided first. Five men tied for second place, and in the shoot-off Hadley won out. Paukner won third prize alone. Four men tied for fourth place; Glover and Weller won out. Kirchner took fifth all alone. The most interesting shooting was done by W. C. Hadley, who was in such poor health that he was compelled to have a chair carried from one shooting position to the other, so that he could rest between shots, and the way he snuffed them out was a caution. He says he could have broke them all, but wanted that second prize, which was a leather shell case.

Mr. Rullfison, who never shot over the traps before, only broke 2 out of his first 20, and then started in at a 70 per cent. gait and kept it up. The club will be well represented at the Dansville tournament Labor Day.

The club intends giving a similar programme every two week
Glover and Weller have agreed to shoot a match at 50 birds each for $25 a side, and will shoot as soon as they can the birds.

Events:	1	2	3	4		Merchandise.		
Targets:	10	10	15	10	25	Hdcp.	Tot
Borst	9	7	13	..	24	1	2
Weller	..	9	11	..	21	1	2
Peters	6	6	11	7	21	7	2
Rullfison	6	5	7	5	16	10	2
Broeker	9	4	..	..	18	7	2
Rogers	8	7	11	..	23	4	2
Smith	..	..	..	..	20	5	2
Morse	7	9	14	9	20	4	2
Ressenger	8	8	9	8	20	4	2
McChesney	9	6	..	7	17	7	2
Mosher	10	7	12	..	21	3	2
Hadley	..	..	..	..	21	3	2
Paukner	7	8	..	9	16	7	2
Glover	10	8	15	10	22	0	2
McCord	..	9	..	..	22	0	2
Worth	6	8	..	8	15	7	2
Kerchner	10	9	13	7	14	4	18

Parker Gun Club Tournament.

Sept. 4.—The Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Clu with a sheepbake added, was a success in every particular. Th attendance was large, the weather was cool and delightfully cle and pleasant, and the shoot ran off as smoothly as clockwor There was quite a representation from New York, Messrs. Mone Banks, Schortemeier, Dudley and Dr. Webber and his charmir wife, who had the pleasure of seeing her husband make the close kind of a competition with some of the best shots of Americ for up to the last programme event at 10 pairs he and Leroy we in the lead and tied on their averages, but the latter won out the finish with 19 out of 20; then Claridge broke his 10 pai straight, for which he deserved and received the most hearty co gratulation. A magautrap was used to throw the targets, and was kept busy working till about 6:30, one extra event beir shot off, No. 11, after the ten regular events were finished.

During the midday hours fragrant odors of baking sheep we wafted now and then to the noses of the shooters. In the re of the club house a long trench had been dug, and over the slo fire in it several sheep were cooking, which, with sweet potatoe fried sweet corn, excellent coffee, etc., were served a while aft midday on long tables set for the large company present. B sides the shooters there was a large attendance of spectators, gentl men and ladies, who enjoyed the day thoroughly.

The tournament was open to all. The programme called for 1 targets, with a total entrance of $18.50. Purses were divided by th Rose system, four moneys.

The cashier's department was run with admirable skill. Cas was paid in and paid out without friction, and the accounts the day closed out within a few minutes after the last gun wa fired.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Allison	14	18	14	17	12	17	13	16	13	12
Schorty	13	17	13	17	13	20	15	17	13	10
Parker	10	19	14	20	14	19	14	16	14	13
Leroy	12	17	15	19	15	18	12	19	15	19
Savage	12	17	12	16	14	18	11	16	14	12
Banks	13	17	14	19	10	19	15	18	15	17
Webber	13	20	14	20	13	16	15	18	14	14
Capt Money	12	20	12	18	13	17	15	18	15	12
Dudley	12	18	10	19	12	19	15	15	13	12
Edgarton	11	18	12	18	14	15	9	18	13	16
Dickey	14	15	14	18	15	17	14	20	15	17
Claridge	14	19	15	18	14	15	12	18	12	20
Harvey	10	12	12	17	14	19	13	16	12	11
Blaney	9	17	14	18	11	..	8	19	15	13
Bates	13	..	12	17	13	..	..	18	9	..
Egbers	10	14	12	14	10	11	9	10	7	12
Bristol	12	18	10	17	13	14	10	15	8	..
Robertson	12	14	12	19	10	14	12	15	10	..
Clark	12	19	13	19	12	16	10	19	11	..
Whitney	13	15	15	16	12	16	13	17	15	9
Jordon	15	18	14	18	12	16	12	15	9	17
Bartlett	12	18	13	15	11	12	13	16	13	13
Bassett	11	15	12	15	11	14	11	13	..	..
Hooker	9	11	9	10	11	..	..	..	..	..
Spencer	7	7	6	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
French	11	11	12	15	11	14	..	..	..	..
Capron	12	17	13	17	13	..	10	..	11	..
Gibson	12	19	14	14	12	..	12	..	..	..
Norwood	12	16	14	16	14	14	11	..	15	14
Ray	12	13	15	16	15	19	10	..	14	..
Hars	9	13	10	12	7	12	..	..	..	..
Roberts	10	16	13	18	13	18	..	..	..	..
Gaines	5	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bates'	..	15	..	..	13	..	12	..	..	..
Mills	..	16	13	17	11	..	13	..	..	..
Phoenix	..	15	9	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilcox	..	..	7	..	1	..	..	..	..	..
Fairchild	..	..	..	12	..	13	..	..	..	..
Neal	..	..	..	13	9	15	8	14	..	..
Cady	..	..	..	..	14	17	11	16	13	17
Servis	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Bradley	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Merriam	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	17	11	..
Washbutn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..
Terrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	3
Gibson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
Russell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9

No. 10 was at 10 pairs; No. 11 was an extra event.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Central New Jersey League.

Fanwood, N. J., Sept. 2.—Three clubs were represented in th contest of the Central New Jersey League, Dunellen taking premie honors on a rather low score. The light was bad, and the weathe was unfavorable. The next contest will take place at South Amboy on Sept. 16. The shoot to-day was under the auspices of th Climax Gun Club.

Dunellen Gun Club, of Dunellen—Brantingham 20, Lindzey 2 Giles 10, Fletcher 17, Hovey 16; total 83.

Columbia Gun Club, of South Amboy—Disbrow 11, J. Bloodgoo 19, Ivins 17, Green 5, Vanderveer 13; total 65.

Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield—Williams 9, Hunt 4, Terry 1 Ziglio 7, P. Jay 13; total 44.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Sept. 2.—The monthly shoot to-day of the Boiling Springs Gu Club was well attended, and was the first shooting of any im portance which this club has indulged in this summer. Th weather was not favorable for good scores, the light being dul from an overcast sky, and the targets were thrown hard. Dudle was high in the club event, with 43, an excellent performance con sidering the conditions. He and Huck broke 24 out out thei last 25 in the club event. There was quite a lot of sweepstak shooting besides. Scores in the club event follow:

Banks	10011010111111101111101111—19 11111001111011111001000110—16—3
Capt Money	10111101110111101111111011—20 11110011111100111111110010—18—3
Gardner	01111111011110110110101111—19 11010011011100111111100011—16—3
Dudley	11001110111111111101111100—19 11111101111111111111111111—24—4
Webber	11110010100011110111101111—17 11000111010101011100110 10—14—3
H Money	11001011111101111111111010—19 11111111110000110011000110—15—3
Lenone	11110111001010110110111101—17 11011000011011001010011101—13—3
Huck	10010011111011111110011001—16 11111110111111111111111111—24—4
Matzen	11100110011101011111111111—19 00010101100111001010111101—14—3
Krebs	00011100000101011100111011—12 01101100011000000001010101—10—2
Palmer	10110000101110110101111110—15 01010101011101101111110011—16—3
Waters	10001110111110011101111011—18 00101101111110111111101010—17—3
Hallowell	11101101111110101100010001—16 10101010011110111100011110—15—3

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 12. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

"It's indoors, sir, as kills half the people; being indoors three parts of the day, and next to that taking too much drink and vittals. Eating 's as bad as drinking; and there ain't nothing like fresh air and the smell of the woods. There 's always a smell from trees, dead or living, and the air is better where the woods be."

—Jefferies' Gamekeeper.

EGRET PLUMES.

THE question as to how egret plumes are obtained, long ago settled in the minds of those who had made any inquiry into the destruction of these beautiful birds, appears to have been revived again in England, by an amusing individual, who locates the scene of his experiences on the Orinoco River in Venezuela. He states, among other things, that the plumes used in the decoration of bonnets and dresses are not obtained by the destruction of the birds, but are collected in the swamps, where the birds breed, after the molt at the end of the breeding season. He declares that it would be impossible to shoot the birds returning to their roosts, as they would at once desert the trees where they were killed. He also says that on the banks of the Orinoco these birds have been domesticated for their plumes just as in Africa ostriches are bred for theirs. Incidentally he tells of one spot where forty pounds of the plumes were obtained, and speaks of two collectors who gathered one hundred pounds weight of the plumes without killing a single bird, and yet each plume weighs only a few grains, about as much as a spear of grass.

We are inclined to believe this writer a twin brother to another, who, a year or two since, told with great elaboration a tale of some one who was farming egrets in Algiers and was making great sums of money at the trade. When that story came out, requests for further facts and details were met by absolute silence, and nothing further has been heard of the Algerian twin. It is to be observed that the twins tell their stories always of distant localities, concerning which few persons have such positive knowledge as to be able to directly controvert them. If, for example, the Orinoco twin had allowed his imagination to play about Florida or Louisiana or the Texas coast, some one would have promptly arisen to convict him of lying; but the Orinoco is a long way off. It is certain that egret plumes, as handled by the wholesale trade, are always found fast in the skin of the bird's back. No other condition of egret plumes is known commercially. The Orinoco story has been contradicted by Mr. Alfred Newton, the eminent English ornithologist, and its life, like that of its Algerian twin, has been brief.

THE NEW YORK ZOO.

IT is a little more than a year since ground was broken in the New York Zoological Park, and the hope was then expressed that it might be possible to open the Park for the reception of visitors with the small beginnings of a satisfactory collection of animals during the autumn of 1899. This hope is justified by the event. The work has been pursued with so much energy as to show results very satisfactory to those interested in the Park, in buildings erected, dens built, grounds inclosed and roads and walks made ready for the public. In fact, the work is in so advanced a condition that the Zoological Society is now ready to receive the animals, which it will shortly exhibit to the public in a well-equipped park. It has already received some animals as gifts from persons who are interested in its plan and its purpose, and when the fact becomes generally known that the Park is ready for its inmates, it can hardly be doubted that a large number of gifts will be offered to it.

While the Society has as yet hardly begun to bring together its collection, it has already accumulated something over three hundred specimens, many of them of great interest and beauty. The tropical department of the reptile house is already being fitted up with plants, and with cases in which the snakes and lizards are to be confined with the surroundings of their natural homes, and gives promise of being a very beautiful and interesting place.

The number of wild animals, birds and reptiles in the possession of individuals in different parts of the country cannot be known, but it is undoubtedly very great—a squirrel here, a crow there, a hawk, an owl, a raccoon, a crippled duck that has recovered, or half a dozen snakes—animals of all sorts and conditions. Some of these are pets valued for themselves, or as objects of study; others collected more through idle curiosity than through any real interest, soon become a nuisance to their owners, who quickly lose pleasure in them and tire of the trouble of caring for them. Many such creatures—mostly small animals—might find a comfortable home in the Zoological Park, where there is room enough for them to live under conditions approaching those of nature, and where competent persons deeply interested in the welfare of the collections will devote all their time and energy to caring for them.

The knowledge that the Park is well advanced toward completion should bring out from persons possessing them a considerable number of our more common birds, mammals and reptiles, and it may even be that hunters, who, in their pursuit of big game, find at remote points captive specimens in the hands of settlers, may purchase these and present them to the Park.

It is well to remember that the Zoological Society wishes to receive for its collection specimens which are as nearly perfect of their kind as may be. Animals that have been crippled or broken down by accident, or by the incident of capture, cannot be accepted, but specimens that show no permanent injury will be very welcome.

With the largest zoological park in the world, most advantageously situated and supported by the wealth of America's greatest city, the New York Zoological Society will no doubt before long exhibit collections unrivaled anywhere in the world.

SNAP SHOTS.

Intelligent opinion of the Adirondack deer hounding situation, based on a close study of the ground, is that the law forbidding dogs promises to have much better enforcement this season than was given it last year. Among the reasons for this is the change of public sentiment affecting the law. The residents are being persuaded by the actual operation of the statute, where it has been enforced, that it is a good thing, for the deer are increasing. With time, too, they are outgrowing that spirit of resentment which naturally followed the forcing upon them of a law they did not want. A feeling has been powerful in many districts of the North Woods that the anti-hounding law was the work of outsiders, in the operation and fancied results of which they themselves were not duly considered. All that is now required to win cordial support of the system is a demonstration of its beneficial effects with respect to Adirondack dwellers; and this is precisely what time is working. Another influence has been the realization by some of the Adirondack protectors, like Mr. Beede, that they were not to be given the soft privilege of being a law unto themselves to enforce the statute or not to enforce it, as they had the notion. The outside clamor has been too much for them; they have fairly been forced into doing their duty. These conclusions are not to be accepted as applicable to the entire territory of the North Woods. There always have been, and probably always will be, diversities of sentiment and practice, governed by the varied interests or differing opinions respecting local advantages or disadvantages of hounding.

Some of the Maine visitors who have taken out licenses to kill September deer are reported to be coming out of the woods dissatisfied because of their failure to hang up venison in camp; and they appear to blame the State authorities for their ill luck. It is difficult to understand the logic of this. A license to kill deer is not at all an assurance that the licensee shall get his game; that depends upon his choice of country, his guide and himself. The Maine authorities simply provide the deer hunting country and turn the hunter free in it, and if then he fails to find his game it is no concern of theirs. There are deer in Maine in plenty; and in years past the game has been killed in large numbers in September. The license system which has gone into effect for the first time this season had its origin in a recognition of the September deer killing. It was a concession by the authorities that the game was taken in the close time by fishing parties for camp supplies; and most Maine visitors were familiar with the facts. In view of these circumstances the proposition now set up that the license is a fraud because there are no deer to be taken under it is difficult of acceptance. There are deer in Maine, and the visitor may find them if he goes into the deer country, and if the licensed guide he is compelled to employ is worth his wages.

If the Maine deer hunter who pays $6 for the deer he does not get is a disappointed man, what shall be said of the Scotch salmon angler who at the end of the fishing season finds himself out $2,500 for river rental, and no fish to show for it? The chagrin and disappointment of such a one can only be faintly imagined. The London Fishing Gazette describes his plight: "He paid the longest price in the market for the best chances. He spent his time and energies in the hope of making a record, or at least in enjoying every hour of his time to the full, and thought himself entitled to value for his money, and all he gets is innumerable blank days, relieved only now and again by a 'flash in the pan' in the shape of a tantalizing rise, or at best an occasional fish, and finishes up a most disgusting and disappointing season with only a fifth of the aggregate he bargained for, and probably not even that. He is indeed a disappointed angler."

From all accounts, the rentals of salmon fishing privileges in Scotland have been run up to preposterous figures. We read of anglers paying sums for the season which in rent mean from $55 to $75 for each fish killed, not counting the other expenses of travel, maintenance and attendance. The rentals have increased in many instances out of all proportion to the fishing returns. One Dee water, the Invercauld, which formerly brought £75 per annum, was leased last spring at £450, and the fish taken cost £15 each. In illustration of the uncertainty of the sport, another section of the Dee may be cited, for which in one season the lessee paid £200 and took from it 300-odd fish. The following year he had to pay £300, and his bag fell to 60-odd fish. The next year, as might have been expected, he let it alone.

The Adirondack wolf story has come around again this summer; and it runs that deer have been chased and killed by wolves. A few years ago we had this same tale, and it was then substantiated by a wolf pelt, which on being sent to the FOREST AND STREAM for identification proved to have been worn in life by a dog. The wolf may have returned to its ancient haunts in the North Woods, but the more plausible theory is that the deer destroyers belong to the species which the law makes owners responsible for if the animals are found running at large in the territory inhabited by deer.

Dr. Nicholas Senn, of Chicago, has returned from the Hawaiian Islands with a weird tale of the game conditions on the Island of Molakai, where, along with wild turkeys, goats, peacocks, pigeons, quail and pheasants, all counted as game for the gun, the deer are so numerous that when it comes to velvet time they kill the trees by rubbing their horns; and professional hunters from California have been imported to destroy the deer and save the forests. This fable teaches that when it comes to expert tall talk in hunting stories we have nothing to teach the native talent of the Hawaiians.

Commodore J. U. Gregory, of Quebec, calls our attention to an error in identifying the late M. Albert Menier, of Paris, with M. Henri Menier, his brother, who is the proprietor of Anticosti, and the promoter of stocking that island with game. The work of making a game preserve of Anticosti is now in progress. M. N. Le Vasseur tells us that the red deer already put out will soon be supplemented with another consignment; and beaver will be among the other species introduced. Anticosti will be represented at the Paris Exposition by an exhibit of the native woods.

Mr. Henry Talbott makes a vigorous and uncompromising defense of the carp in American waters, denying all the hard things that have been said about it, and claiming for it a place among the most valuable of our food species. We commend his argument to the consideration of those who have been unable to find anything of good in the imported fish.

The Sportsman Tourist.

After Salmon with Alaska Indians.

While en route to Cooke's Inlet, Alaska, about three months ago, I was obliged to wait at Sitka several days for a steamer up the coast. The delay had become tedious, and time began to drag heavily after the first day, which can be put in very well visiting the old Russian buildings, Indian Mission school and the Indian settlement; after that I was ready to clutch at anything to break the monotony; so when I saw some Indians getting their canoe, nets and other trappings ready, and heard they were going out after salmon, the first of the season, I hustled down to the beach and asked the chief mogul of the outfit, who I learned was called Sitka Jake, an old ex-chief of the Thlinklet tribe (who possessed the ugliest face I ever saw—one of those faces that would cook coffee) if I could go along with them. He grunted and still kept at work. I pulled out a couple of silver dollars and held them up, and he then condescended to grin and put up three fingers; so we closed the bargain at $3 and started off at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

I supposed we were only going to the mouth of a river about six miles distant and would return that night.

There were seven Indians in the crew. I made eight. The canoe, like all of their craft, was hewed out of a solid log, and was about 25ft. long and 5ft. wide in the middle. Five young bucks did the paddling, and from the time we started they did not stop until 11 o'clock that night, when they landed the canoe on the beach of a narrow inlet, and as nearly as I could calculate about thirty miles from Sitka. We started a fire, and while my companions chewed on their dried salmon and tough bread I got away with a little lunch I had, all with the exception of a little piece of raw venison, which I saved for breakfast. In the meantime old Sitka Jake had dug out of his grub basket two seal's feet—that is, of the coarse-hair seal, which is very plentiful all along the Alaska coast. These they proceeded to roast in the ashes until they looked black and greasy; then they split them down between the toes, divided and devoured them, and I think felt hurt because I did not indulge. I did want to be sociable, if for no other reason than that I was so distinctly in the minority; but I had to draw the line on seal's foot; and I thought then, as I saw them licking their chops (over what seemed to them to be a sweet morsel), of my friend up at Standing Rock Agency on beef killing day, watching the Sioux eat, when he casually remarked that, "If that was the Indian meal he did not want any of the mush." I took the liberty to ask Chief Jake, who was the only one who would "sava" at all, why they ate seals' feet. His reply was simply, "Injun eat seal's foot catch big salmon." So I concluded they were eating them to carry out some superstitious notion or custom, and not because it was particularly appetizing.

After this Indian meal was over they held a sort of war council around the camp-fire, jabbering away among themselves in their strange dialect. You could hardly call it a language, and I can best describe it by conparing it with three chokes and a swallow, and I had about concluded that I was to be "stuck for the drinks" or roasted for breakfast, when they coolly piled into the canoe, pushed off, and anchoring it about 100ft. from shore lay down in the bottom and went to sleep. I tried to make the best of it, but with no blankets, rain, wet ground and mosquitoes, sleeping was out of the question.

About 2 o'clock my partners began to grunt and stretch (a little cramped, I imagine), pulled in shore and made a bluff at breakfast. I found my piece of venison, which I cut into nice little steaks, and tried to fry it in a tin dish, but it was conspicuously lacking in tallow, necessitating my borrowing a little grease of the Indians, which I thought to be pork grease. With this I managed to fry the venison in good shape, but not until I took a mouthful did I discover that the pork grease was fish oil. Bah! I can taste it now. The Indians got the venison.

After this repast was over off we started. The night before old Jake had told me we were going back toward Sitka in the morning, which, I presume, meant just the opposite, as a Thlinklet or Ckilkoot Indian can't tell the truth. After paddling about two hours, the inlet or strait began to narrow down to about one-half mile in width. Suddenly something attracted their attention on the opposite shore, and they jabbered away again excitedly. I strained my eyes for the object of their attention, but no sign of life appeared—not even a fish jumped. All at once Capt. Jake hollered "Chuk, chuk" (which means go, go), and away we went, the old kyak fairly jumping out of the water, and I began to think the crew were going mad, when the canoe struck the beach. One Indian jumped out and grabbed the end of a rope about 150ft. long, which was tied to one end of the net; and while he held on to this the others pulled out, playing out the net, making a half-circle in order to bring the other end of the net and rope up toward the beach, about 250ft. away. Then all except two of the Indians waded out along the ropes and with their paddles striking the water and yelling attempted to drive what I soon discovered were salmon toward the center of the circling net, which was hauled in as far as possible. Then with a gaff hook arrangement the Indians dragged the fish up on the beach. I counted 134 salmon, of which not one would weigh less than 15lbs—big, gamy, beautiful fish, with bright silvery sides. It was fun for the Indians, and would have been for me if I could have caught them one at a time with hook and line. As it was, I could only look upon it as an experience, not sport. When we got them loaded into the canoe, I was seriously considering whether the boat would not sink with eight persons added to the cargo, and so told Capt. Jake; but he responded, "Injun want more salmon." I kicked like a mule, but they insisted on going through the same performance again as soon as they located another school of fish. Fortunately the haul was not quite so heavy, and the boat still floated after catch No. 2 was loaded into it; but I was sure that it would not carry us back to Sitka, and I contemplated seriously which was best to do, take my chances in the boat or on the isolated beach. I concluded that drowning was preferable to starvation, and consoled myself with the thought that if the boat capsized and I was drowned the Indians would not all escape; so I embarked with them. Why or how we ever made the trip back to Sitka without being shipwrecked is a mystery and a miracle. We went across a three-mile stretch of open sea, with a swell that would make an ocean steamer roll, and through a school of whales spouting and playing so close to our boat that the Indians became quite uneasy. One whale in particular, about 60ft. long, just to show us what he could do, came up within 100ft. of our boat, spouting water 30ft. high and then going under with a flop of his huge tail which made the water foam as does the propeller of an ocean liner. But, thanks to immortal destiny, at 8 o'clock that evening, thirty hours from the time I had started—cold, wet, cramped and hungry—I landed at Sitka, and all the gold in Alaska would have been no temptation for me to take another such trip. I admit I was looking for experience, but not in such chunks as I got on this expedition.

F. H. Russell.

Bee Hunting.

To the lovers of nature, ozone and hunting, and to the man who requires some motive other than these to take him from store, office or shop for the good of his health, bee hunting offers a field where each may enjoy himself in his own peculiar way. Coming as it does during the summer and early fall months, it is followed when other kinds of hunting are out of season. I have seen many description of bee hunting, but none that came very close to our mode of procedure here. I do not mean to say that our way is best, but it gives me the best satisfaction of any I have tried.

The first things to be considered are the tools to work with; these consist of two boxes, or rather a double box. The upper box, or catcher, is made about 4in. long, 3in. wide and 3in. deep. It has a sliding bottom of wood, which projects beyond the box far enough so that it may be readily drawn out; a sliding partition of glass about half-way between the top and bottom of the box, which projects the same as the bottom, and a fixed top of glass. Both of these slides work in grooves cut in the sides of the box. The bottom, or honey, box, is a plain wooden box with wood bottom, but no top, and is made about 2in. deep and just large enough so that the catcher will fit inside. There should be some cleats around the inside of the bottom box about ¼in. from the top for the catcher to rest on. Care must be taken to cut the grooves for the bottom slide of the catcher high enough up so that the slide may be drawn when the catcher is on the honey box; also that the catcher box fits the honey box loosely, so that it may be taken off without jar.

Tack a leather loop on the long sides of the box, the loop to be large enough to take in ½in. stick. Procure a tough piece of honeycomb and cut it to fit the honey box snugly, for if it is loose around the edge bees are apt to get down on the bottom of the box and bother you. Take a small bottle of honey, or if honey is not handy, take some granulated sugar and melt in hot water until about the consistency of honey. This makes a very good substitute. Take another small bottle with a little water in it and a pocket compass, and you are ready for business.

Go out into the fields and find where the bees are working, and when you have found one draw the bottom slide of your catcher box part way out and hold the box in your right hand; take your handkerchief in your left, approach the bee carefully, and catch him by clapping the box over him and at the same time bringing the handkerchief up against the bottom of the box. By looking down through the glass top of the catcher you can see if you have caught the bee. If not, try again. You will probably miss some at first, but a little practice will enable you to catch all you need. When you see that you have one in the bottom of the box, shut the lower slide, open the middle one and the bee will go into the upper part of the box, then you can shut the middle slide and you are ready to catch another. Repeat until you have three or four more bees.

Cut a stick small enough at the top to go into the loop on the honey box, and as long as you can have it and see into the honey box. When the stick is stuck up in the ground, leave a limb at the top about an inch long for the loop to rest on to keep the box from sliding down the stick. Point the lower end of the stick. Get on to a hill, knoll or any place where you can have as clear horizon as possible. Set up your stick and hang your honey box on it.

Take some of your clear honey, reduce it about one-third with water in your other bottle (this is done so that the bees will fill up quicker), pour some on the middle of the comb in the honey box. Take your catcher and get a bee into the lower chamber, place the catcher on the honey box and draw the lower slide part way out, cover the top of the catcher with your handkerchief to make it dark inside and the bee will generally go down on to the honey. I say generally, because sometimes a bee will refuse to work, but not very often.

After waiting a short time, close the lower slide and look through the glass on top of your catcher and see if the bee has gone down. If he has not, open the slide, cover her up and try again. You may have to try several times with some before they will go down, but when they do step back from the stick, reach out and lift the catcher gently from the honey box. If the bee flies off as soon as it sees the light, we generally consider it no good, but if she stays and gets a full load, she will likely come back and work. If the bee clears out at once you will have to let down another and try again. However, do not be in haste about it. Sometimes a bee will go back on, after she has looked things over a little, and work all right. We will suppose a bee has filled up all right. The next thing will be to see where she goes. This will be rather a hard task for the amatuer, for a bee on her first trip will circle a good deal before she gets straightened out on her true course for home. After the eye has had a little practice, however, you can generally get very near the true course the first time.

When the bee has gone, look at your watch, note the time and remember it or set it down. Then let down another bee, watch where she goes, and so on, until you have let them all go. Now look at your watch again and note the time. Timing bees I consider one of the most important parts of the sport, as by it I have found bees that I probably should never have found without it. For instance, suppose the bees have gone toward a house where you know tame bees are kept. You know about the distance you are from the house, and after a little practice you can tell about how long it would take a bee to fly that distance, deposit her load of honey and return to the box. Carefully note the time of several of the bees marked, as I shall hereafter tell you, and if you find that some are gone a shorter or longer time than you think it ought to take them, or if you find any great difference in the time of the several bees, it will be well to follow them up, and be sure whether they go to the house or not. I found a swarm of wild bees in this way this summer.

But while we have been talking about this part of the sport, our bees ought to be coming back. Note the time the first bee arrives. This will give you a rough estimate of how far you are from the nearest swarm of bees. After the bee has gone on to the box (which she probably will not do until she has done more or less fussing and bobbing around the box to see that everything is all right), carefully approach the box and mark her so that you will know her again. To do this I have a small bottle with some whiting mixed up thick with water. Take a spear of grass, dip in the mixture and just touch the bee where you want to mark her, being careful not to get any on her wings. Some I mark on the shoulders, others on the back, some on one side, some on the other, or on both, and so on. But as each marked bee goes, carefully note the time and direction, and if you cannot remember them all, set them down on a piece of paper.

You will find that after the bees have made two or three trips you can see where they go much more readily, as they do not do so much circling then. As each marked bee comes back, note the time, and then by comparing this with the time she went, you will find how long she has taken to make the trip, and so by noting the return of each bee you will find the one that makes the quickest time and is therefore probably of the nearest swarm. The quickest time that bees will make even when you are close to them is about five minutes. A bee will go a mile in from fifteen to twenty minutes, according to how hard the wind blows and how far she has to crawl to get in to where she deposits her honey. I never had bees work in less than four minutes, and they were fool bees that were hung up on the outside of a limb.

If the bees all go in the same direction you have but one thing now to decide, viz., whether they are tame bees or not. To determine this, you have two points to go on, namely, the direction they take and the time they are gone.

But if you have two or more times you have additional points, some of which are as to which line is the most likely to be wild, which line leads through the best country to follow them through, which works the quickest, etc. When you have decided on which line to follow and have watched them go several times so that you are sure of the direction, catch the marked bees that you know go on that line by carefully and quickly setting your catcher box over the honey box while the bees are filling up, draw the slides and let them into the upper part. After having caught all the bees going in the right direction, catch a few fresh bees and move forward as far as you can, and be sure you are keeping nearly on the line.

Set up your box and proceed as before. If the country you have to go through is open, you can gain up quite fast, but if it is through woods it is slower work. If the piece of woods is small and you judge by the length of time the bees are gone that they go through, go around or through the piece to the opposite side, get as near on the line as possible (here is where a pocket compass comes in handy), and let the bee go from there. If you think the bees do not go through the wood, get a cross line and that will very soon tell you whether they do or not. To do this it is better to catch new bees, if possible, as the old ones if they are taken so far directly off the line may not come back. Then go to a point as nearly at right angles to the line you have been following and as near opposite the point on that line as you should judge they would have time to go to, as you can set up your box and let the bees go from there. Wherever this new line crosses the old, there will your bees be. If the piece of woods is large and the time record tells you the bees are quite a distance from the edge of the woods, you have got more of a job on your hands. Try and find some open place in the woods on as high land and as near the line as possible (here the compass helps again), let your bees go from there. If the woods are thick and you cannot find any such place, I have a great many times climbed a small tree on top of a ridge or knoll and let the bees go from there.

If the bees are working well, when you get near enough so that they will work in eight or ten minutes, they will commence to gain up. That is, the other bees in the swarm will find out that the bees you have working are bringing in honey and will follow them back along the line till they find it, then they will go to work too, so that when you get close to the tree the woods will be full of bees looking for the honey. This is not always the case, however. Sometimes when you get quite close to a swarm they will not come back to you at all, thus leaving you in the lurch. I have had this happen to me several times in my experience, and it is considered a good sign, as the bees that do this generally have a large quantity of honey. As a general rule the less honey a swarm has the more eager they are to work, and vice versa.

If you get caught in this way, all you can do is to keep as near on the line as you can and go ahead, looking over all the likely trees until you find the right one.

When you get near enough so that your bees work in five or six minutes, you ought to be able to find the tree by going along the line and looking carefully over all the trees in range. Often it takes some little time to find them, especially if they go into the tree high up, but patience and perseverence will generally disclose them to you. Sometimes a pair of binoculars are a great help to you in seeing the bees if high up in the tree.

There are one or two things I have noticed that may help you in finding a bee tree. One is that you will nearly always find them near the border of the woods or some open place in the woods; another is you will nearly always find them near the water. In taking up a tree we save both bees and honey.

If there is anything in the above description of our mode of bee hunting that any would-be bee hunter does not understand, I should be very glad to explain more fully if he will let me know wherein the difficulty lies.

SHAWNEE.

A Midsummer Journey.—III.

THE parties on our homeward journey were Brimfull and daughter, the two schoolmarms, for whom I must purchase an edition of Seneca's "Camp Cookery" in large type; Shoshone, and a rustic damsel, concerning whom the following incident will tell more than a whole biography.

We arrived at Salt Lake simultaneously with the volunteers, and shared the honors of the fête. The aforesaid damsel had white skirts and other female paraphernalia to be done up ere she could make a respectable public appearance, so she sallied down Main street, and in the suburbs was arrested by the sign, "Whitewashing done here." She took in her bundle to get it whitewashed. Further comment is unnecessary.

I applied to Indian Agent Howell P. Myton for a permit to fish on the reservation, but received no answer, and our rods were not taken from their cases, nor did we shoot at a chicken. I did, however, secure a few rare birds for my collection. So far as "varmint" were concerned, we had more than our share of scorpions and rattlers, by which we were not molested on the outward trip. A magnificent drill of colored cavalry compensated for many annoyances that we have heretofore experienced at the post. Horse feed was the best that I have ever seen, and the entire trip was enjoyable.

Near the Duchesne one of our horses gave out, and a wily Ute came to our aid with a pair of bronchos, for which he demanded $100, but which he sold, after a day's palaver, for $20 and an old pair of chops. Five days of hard driving brought us home, and the main object of this epistle is to catalogue some of the birds secured during our month's outing.

Cathartes aura, Linn.—Buzzard.
Accipiter atricapillus, Wilson—Goshawk.
Buteo borealis calurus, Cass.—Western red-tail.
B. swainsoni, Bonap.—Swainson's hawk.
Aquila chrysaetos, Linn.—Golden eagle.
Speotyto cunicularia hypogæa, Bonap.—Burrowing owl.
Dryobates villosus harrisii, Aud.—Harris' woodpecker.
D. pubescens gairdnerii, Aud.—Gairdner's woodpecker.
Sphyrapicus varius nuchalis, Baird—Red-naped sapsucker.
S. thyroideus, Cass.—Williamson's sapsucker.
Melanerpes torquatus, Wilson—Lewis' woodpecker.
Colaptes cafer, Gmel.—Red-shafted flicker.
Trochilus platycercus, Swains.—Broad-tailed hummingbird.
Myiarchus cinerascens, Lawr.—Ash-throated flycatcher.
Carpodacus mexicanus frontalis, Say—House finch.
Spinus tristis, Linn.—Goldfinch.
S. pinus, Wilson—Pine siskin.
Chondestes grammacus strigatus, Swains.—Western lark sparrow.
Junco caniceps, Woodh.—Gray-headed junco.
Amphispiza bilineata, Cass.—Black-throated sparrow.
Melospiza fasciata montana, Hensh.—Mountain song sparrow.
Pipilo maculatus megalonyx, Baird—Spurred towhee.
Passerina amœna, Say—Lazuli bunting.
Lanius ludovicianus excubitorides, Swains.—White-rumped shrike.
Dendroica æstiva morcomi, Coale—Western yellow warbler.
D. auduboni, Towns.—Audubon's warbler.
Seiurus noveboracensis notabilis, Grinn.—Grinnell's water thrush.
Icteria virens, Linn.—Yellow-breasted cleat.
Troglodytes aedon parkmanii, Aud.—Parkman's wren.
Turdus fuscescens salicicolus, Ridg.—Willow thrush.
T. ustulatus swainsonii, Cab.—Olive-backed thrush.
T. aonalaschkæ auduboni, Baird—Audubon's hermit thrush.

These are not all the birds collected, but I have simply given species that I have not before noted in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM as coming from the Wasatch, the Uintas and the intervening valleys.

SHOSHONE.

Real Names and Others.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On returning from a long trip I find my file of FOREST AND STREAM awaiting me, and taking advantage of a day of enforced leisure, I run over the numbers, finding no end of things provoking question and discussion. Among them is your very interesting editorial on the desirability of using a "pen name" instead of one's own proper name in signing letters.

You made some good points, undoubtedly, and it is true that there are a dozen or two of such names, from Frank Forester and Nessmuk down to Podgers and El Comancho and Jay Beebee and Shoshone and Pine Tree and Kelpie and Coahoma and Ransacker, and all the rest, ever welcome and sure to be appended to literature we wouldn't miss. But there is another side to the question. There may be a deal more glory in a pseudonym, more halo about it, more literary character to it, but there are at times others than the author to be considered. Let me illustrate. Out in the Canadian Rockies a few weeks ago I met some delightful people from Toledo. They were not hunters nor fishermen, and unfortunately for me—and for themselves—they did not read FOREST AND STREAM. But they were good people nevertheless, and I wanted to ask them if they knew Jay Beebee. I knew him well once—by correspondence. That is, I knew one side of him—the one that was interested in domesticating ruffed grouse—or at least inducing that splendid bird to breed in captivity.

I have a file of letters from him on that subject, and over his own name, too, but out there in the Rockies I couldn't for the life of me remember anything but Jay Beebee, and I was helpless. That pen name was, and doubtless always will be to me, the name I shall most readily remember him by.

This was about the time, I should think, when he was writing No. 1 of his papers on "Toledo and Thereabouts," I am glad to see his handiwork again, and his "pen name" signed to it, but if I want to write to him I might have to do it by way of the office of FOREST AND STREAM, with a trifle of bother to others and some delay in time.

Now, here comes Pine Tree, with his "Memories of the Connecticut Valley"—particularly interesting to me, by the way, by reason of my knowledge of his old stamping ground—complaining in the very paper to which he signs his pen name, that another correspondent, whose letter in FOREST AND STREAM he has enjoyed, has signed himself with two stars. Pine Tree adds, "I wish he would not be quite so modest, but would give his name."

And are we so sure that we don't relish a good thing in our paper quite as well if it is signed by the writer's real name instead of another? Here in one issue of FOREST AND STREAM I find letters or articles by Rowland E. Robinson, E. Hough, W. W. Hastings, J. B. Burnham and A. N. Cheney. Now do any of us care to ask Mr. Hough to sail under other colors? Who isn't glad to know that it was Rowland E. Robinson who wrote "Sam Lovel's Camp" and "Uncle Lisha's Shop"? If W. W. Hastings had signed something else to that wonderful third number of his "Types of Sportsmen" should I have been any more certain to cut it out and put it in my pocket for quiet re-readings and send out for another copy for a particular friend? And isn't it good to know that about the keenest, most interesting and most veracious accounts of the Yukon country that have appeared anywhere are the work of J. B. Burnham? And as for Mr. Cheney—but the very suggestion that he should have hidden himself behind some other name is a bit ridiculous, isn't it?

The truth seems to be that the good hunter and fisherman and the good writer will win his audience no matter what his signature; that there is greater freedom for the writer under an assumed name, and greater convenience to his friends—and enemies, if he have any—if he use his own.

C. H. AMES.

The reference by Mr. Ames to Jay Beebe makes pertinent this paragraph from a letter just received from our Toledo correspondent:

"I am indebted to the FOREST AND STREAM, through Commodore Thompson Burton, of Youngstown, O., for a most enjoyable three weeks at Detour, Mich., in August, and for the acquaintance of a royal good fellow in Burton himself, between whom and the writer there sprang up quite a mutual admiration society. This is an illustration of the good things the FOREST AND STREAM is doing "on the side," as the boys say. Burton I had never met before, but I was attracted by his letter in the FOREST AND STREAM in June last, a correspondence followed, and the result was as heretofore alleged. He has bought a couple of adjacent islands in that delightful archipelago of the Soo River, just north of Drummond Island, and the Beebes are going up next summer to help him occupy them."

Natural History.

Dixie, a Florida Pet.

A SMALL boy from the rurals, a small box and a little impish black-eyed creature within the box.

"How much will you'ns gimmee fur my muskrat?" was the query put by the barefoot boy.

After many assurances as to its perfections, the trade was closed, and the little animal was ours.

Dixie was the christening we gave to this small creature, pronounced by the natives of the county to be a muskrat. He was the greatest curiosity in the way of a pet we had ever possessed. No one of the many visitors that came to see him had ever seen an animal like him. In size he was similar to a large rat, his head resembled a mink's somewhat, his tail was bushy, he was beautifully marked with white and black stripes, and in his forehead was a perfect triangle of white. His movements were similar to those of a squirrel, although he could not climb so easily; his long slender claws served him well as he dug for insects or worms, and his jet black eyes were as keen as an eagle's.

Dixie's introduction into the home was full of surprises and queries. Will he bite? What does he eat? Will he run away? and What is he? Immediately on being turned out of his box he commenced a series of acrobatic feats around the room, walking on his front feet, his bushy white tail standing erect, causing some one to call it a night-blooming cereus; others compared him to a railroad truck as it is trundled along empty. He glided or seemed to roll along rapidly and smoothly on his front feet as if on an electric current, then back again without reversing; backward and forward like a railroad engine at a switch. Around and around he played in a half-teasing manner, but as we learned from better acquaintance, it was his mode of defense, and he was trying to frighten the many strange objects away. His movements were so quick and stealthy that he would pass out of view, leaving only a memory of a whisk of white.

This cunning as well as impish little pet kept the cat and the kitten in peril many times, and while Mistress Tabby could have demolished him as easily as she would a rat, she did not have the authority, and Dixie would race her around the room until she would leave in disgust. The kitten soon saw in Dixie a playmate, and they rollicked like two kittens, first one and then the other inviting a tussle. Dixie would give a tiny little squeak, the only voice he possessed, and heard only when in pain, then a cry from the kitten, and both would play "quits"; to begin again the next moment, playing hide-and-seek around the portieres.

The next moment he might be seen frisking around the setter dog, circling round and round on front feet, that formidable tail erect, with the idea of frightening or teasing the big creature, who would skulk away as the temptation to snap at the impish little Dixie became too great to be resisted.

With that perverse nature that wishes coaxing and petting, yet insists upon pursuit, he would hide and scamper away when he would hear the call "Dixie, Dixie, Dixie." Let the person become indifferent and begin to read or write and Dixie would come and climb upon our laps—but never still an instant—to be pushed off, only to return as often and as quickly as he could make the ascent again. After these rollicking plays, the little fellow would slip off as stealthily as a fox, and we would find him dead asleep in some favorite dark corner, curled up, with his tail over his face.

Because this little creature was so pretty and showed so much reason he was allowed many liberties that would not have been given to a less attractive pet. He was too cunning to be resisted when he climbed stealthily to the chair at meal time and reached small bits of meat from the plate and scampered off to a secluded place to enjoy the morsel, then back again until the edict "enough" went forth. In all his eating he would seek a hiding place to enjoy it. In these hiding places would be found trophies in the shape of cut paper, feathers, fish heads and bones; where he had found them was hard oftentimes to determine. Dixie had a sense of reason that surprised us very often. After finding his way into the cupboard he seemed to divine that the key played an important part; his little mind resolved the matter over and he would work by the half hour with his paws and teeth at the key and door fastening.

Those who have lived or visited in Florida know the annoyance the roach is to the housekeeper, but in Dixie we found a roach catcher superior to all combined patented devices.

He loved to get out at night, and was small enough to slip through the slats of the French window shutters; when once out, his society would be missed during the rest of the evening, but about midnight a rustle of the shutter would be heard, a quick pattering of feet over the floor, and in a minute Dixie would be upon the bed, gently biting nose or ears, and playing like a frolicsome kitten. On such occasions he would be put into the closet, where he would get between the folds of some clothing and sleep till morning.

His drinking cup, always ready, served also as his bath. He would dip his paws into the water and wash himself much as a person would do, or as a raccoon does.

One night a cackling of the chickens announced an intruder, and on our looking into the cause of disturbance a whisk of white skirted by, and Dixie was found to be the culprit. It was his first and only offense, and he was soon forgiven.

With the instinct of so many animals, he changed his sleeping quarters very often. In daylight he preferred the bureau drawers and the hat box of the trunk. While any one was in the room he would slip in and out as if in play, but when everything became quiet he would stealthily hide himself among ribbons, collars, etc.; but let him hear approaching footsteps and his cunning little face would peep out; then if no objection was raised he would quiet down and go to sleep.

A few years ago a hunting party was out and saw one of these little animals skirt across the prairie in front of them and take refuge in a gopher hole. An intrepid member of the party ran his hand into the hole, felt a painful throb, and discovered that he had been bitten by a large rattler, from the effects of which he died in a short time. Some Florida natives claim that this pretty little animal finds a home with the gopher (a species of land terrapin), and as the gopher's home is known to be a favorite retreat of the diamond-backed rattler, we may picture these three odd and strangely different creatures inhabiting a common home and remaining friendly.

For the benefit of the reader who may not have guessed the classical name of Dixie we will add that he is the little striped skunk (*Spilogale putorius*), found in some localities on the east coast of Florida.

MINNIE MOORE-WILLSON.

The Beaver in the National Zoo.

DR. FRANK BAKER, Superintendent of the National Zoological Park, gives us some particulars of the beaver which were caught for the Zoo in the Yellowstone Park by Mr. E. Hofer. He writes:

"Nine beaver, captured by Mr. Hofer in the Yellowstone Park, were received at the National Zoological Park on Nov. 23, 1894. They were placed in an inclosure 100 by 230ft. in extent, situated in a rather secluded valley, which was supplied with running water and contained a considerable amount of underbrush and numerous small and medium sized trees. Two young were born there, which were first seen on July 5, 1896, when they were a little smaller than ordinary muskrats. They are now as large as the old ones. The fence around the inclosure, when the animals were put in, was a cheap, temporary affair, and they succeeded in breaking through this at one time in order to procure a supply of wood from the adjacent territory outside. One of them, apparently the father of the two young, escaped into Rock Creek, and although seen many times in the vicinity of the inclosure, and at other places along the creek, could not be captured. He was finally killed about six months later on the bank of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, several miles west of Georgetown. Two other male beavers were so seriously injured in fighting that they died, and two of the animals were found dead in the inclosure without any apparent cause. The remaining four of the original beavers, and the two young, are still here and in fine shape.

"I should add that the beavers promptly cut down all the underbrush in the inclosure, as well as all unprotected trees, and have been given from time to time many wagon loads of branches cut from trees of the species which seem to be most acceptable to them."

It is no uncommon occurrence for trout that have been hooked, and are being played, to be seized and made away with by larger fish, but an experience that has fallen to the lot of a well-known angler when fishing the River Char, in Dorsetshire, is surely without a parallel. He had risen and hooked a trout, about ½lb. in weight, when a full-grown otter, which had just previously been disturbed from the near bank, swam out and went down stream, but returned and seized the trout just as it was on the point of being landed. The struggle between the otter and the angler for the possession of the fish was naturally short-lived, and resulted in the smashing of the cast and the triumph of the intervening poacher.—London Daily Telegraph.

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Movements of Western Sportsmen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 7.—Dr. Amos W. Barber, of Cheyenne, Wyo., who was Governor of Wyoming at the time of the much-exploited cattle disturbances known as the Rustler war, was in the city this week outfitting for an extended mountain trip. He will start in from Red Lodge, Mont., work down to the south on the east side of the National Park, and cross over below the Park, coming out at Montpelier, Idaho. His companions will be Hon. Willis Van Devanter, Assistant Attorney-General of the United States; Hon. W. A. Richards, Commissioner-General of the United States Land Office, and perhaps other friends whose coming is less certain. Dr. Barber tells me that he has sent out guides over most of the country which he intends to traverse, and the guides report that there is plenty of game. One guide reports an abundance of elk and a few moose located. It is almost sure that the party will get all the game they want. As an instance of the popularity of the small-bore rifles for big game, I might state that all of this party will be armed with small bores, the Winchester .30-40 and the Savage being favorites. Dr. Barber thinks the party will probably meet with some bear, and he does not wish to take any chances, for he says that in his wanderings about in the Western country he has seen three men who had been badly mutilated in fights with grizzlies.

Dr. Charles Penrose, of Philadelphia, is out from a trip in the country east and southeast of the Yellowstone Park. He reports killing two elk, one moose and one big-horn, and eight bears. Three of the bears were trapped.

Among other callers at the FOREST AND STREAM office this week was Kid Gabriel, sometimes known as Jimmie Tough, a straight-up rider and pure cowpuncher, who hails at present from Malta, Mont. The Kid came in with some cattle, and will spend some time in the States, having a contract to break some horses down in Indiana. I need hardly state that we passed a very pleasant hour in talking over Western men and things. Oddly enough this cowpuncher is here almost at the same time with ex-Gov. Barber, of Wyoming, and both these men were in Wyoming during the Rustler war. Of course Gov. Barber was not supposed to be on either side in that war, but Kid Gabriel was on one side or the other, I forget just which!

Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., passed through this city this week with his special car, bound for Arizona. He says it is business this time, and not sport; but it will be a cold day in Arizona if Mr. Mershon gets no fun out of the trip.

Mr. Charles Christador, of St. Paul, was in Chicago last Wednesday, attending a committee meeting of the Minnesota National Park and Forestry Association.

Mr. H. G. McCartney, of Kabekona Camp, Minnesota, returned to his residence in Chicago this week. Mr. McCartney reports heavy rain and high water and the fishing temporarily disfigured.

Mr. Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., one of the best wing shots the world ever saw, paid the FOREST AND STREAM office a call this week. Mr. Heikes found me out of the city, and leaves a note in which he says he supposes I am out fishing. Such was very far from the case. I was only out chicken shooting. I wonder if Mr. Heikes thinks I do nothing but go fishing?

Mr. H. K. Wilson, of Chicago, left this week for a sojourn at Crooked Lake, Wis., where he will fish for bass.

Mr. E. A. Featherstone, of Chicago, this week went to Squirrel Lake, near Minocqua, Wis., where he should meet good luck with the muscallunge at this season.

Capt. Maus, of the U. S. Army, with his friend Maj. Maitland Kirwin, stopped for a time in Chicago this week on their way to Laramie, Wyo.

Mr. A. B. Eaton, of Chicago, left this week for St. Marie and the Nepigon country.

Mr. J. E. Williamson, of Evansville, Ind., is in town this week and visiting the sporting goods houses.

Mr. C. F. Wilcox, of Chicago, was up on the Horicon Marsh on opening day and bagged twenty-five birds, the limit, with no difficulty. He says that ducks were fairly abundant, and that eight other shooters, mostly from Horicon and Milwaukee, also killed twenty-five birds apiece.

Mr. John Whiting, of this city, was up on Grass Lake, of the Fox Lake Chain, on the morning of opening day. He says that the marsh was full of shooters. Mr. Whiting succeeded in killing four ducks, and he was shot four times himself. One fellow shot him twice, and this made Mr. Whiting mad, so he left the marsh and came home. From all I can learn, a duck hunt on Fox Lake is beginning to resemble a deer hunt on Long Island.

One of the most remarkable records of which I have heard this fall was that made by Mr. J. D. Adams, at Woman Lake, Minn. Ducks are very abundant there this fall, and one day Mr. Adams fired 241 shots.. I should add that he killed one duck.

Speaking of the above reminds me of a similar incident which is historic in the annals of the Maksawba Club, of Indiana. Mr. Chamberlin, one of the club members, was out snipe shooting one day, and apparently having very good sport. Later in the day Mr. Roll Organ went out on the marsh, and chancing to see a snipe pitch close in front of him, started off to put it up. His attention was called by loud cries from one side, and he turned to see Mr. Chamberlin gesticulating at him. "You, Organ!" cried the latter, "leave that bird alone! Don't kill that snipe!" Naturally, being thus admonished, Mr. Organ put the bird up and killed it just for the fun of the thing. This act nearly broke his fellow shooter's heart. Mr. Chamberlin sat down, and putting his head between his hands sobbed bitterly. "That's the meanest thing a man ever did, Organ," said he. "I have been chasing that bird and shooting at him all the morning, and I was having such a good time. Now, you have killed him, and spooiled all my fun!"

Mr. William Werner, 'Possum Bill, was out chicken shooting this week near Clinton, Ill., and the three guns of the party bagged over forty birds. I am glad Mr. Werner had a good time, for no man enjoys a day afield more keenly.

From time to time I have spoken in these columns of the fact that prairie chickens are sometimes seen within the city limits of Chicago. On Wednesday of this week Mr. Ira Eberheart, of Chicago Lawn, killed five prairie chickens. These birds were shot within twelve and a half miles of the city hall. On Tuesday morning the same gentleman killed two prairie chickens within ten miles of the city hall, and actually within the city limits. There is a certain town called Paris, which is putting on some airs about holding an exposition next year, but I have money to wager that the chicken shooting near Paris will not compare with that near Chicago, which is something of a World's Fair town herself.

Rather a pleasant angling experience was that of Mr. Harry Hascall, of this city, who fished the Pere Marquette River of Michigan in company with John Waddell, of Grand Rapids, a couple of weeks ago. Mr. Waddell killed one rainbow trout of 4lbs., and Mr. Hascall one of 3½lbs., and they had ten other fish, ranging from 1½ to 2½lbs.

Messrs. W. C. Gillespie and T. N. Jackson, both of Chicago, are now absent at Kabekona camp, in Minnesota. They will meet high waters, but the fish are biting a little now.

Mr. Geo. W. Davey, of Englewood, Chicago, has to his credit the largest muscallonge reported from the Woman Lake Chain of Minnesota this season. This muscallonge weighed 38lbs., and was a beautiful fish. On the same day Mr. Davey took another muscallonge weighing 19lbs.. Both were caught in Little Boy Lake. In the past ten days at Kabekona Camp there have been six muscallonge taken, whose total weight was 150lbs.

Chickens.

Sept. 9.—Rather to the surprise of most folks, the prairie chicken season this year seems to be a pretty good one. I hear in general terms that Dakota is panning out especially well, the crop being better than for several years. There is necessarily more or less inaccuracy in all this, for if a man gets pretty good shooting at one point he is apt to think it is good all over the State, and vice versa, yet the general consensus seems that the prairie chickens are holding out better than was expected. In Minnesota I presume much the same situation obtains as in Dakota. There has been good shooting in some localities and others have been disappointing. At Redwood Falls, Minn., the report is that results were not satisfactory; yet I learn that one party of four killed sixty chickens on opening day; that others brought in three dozen to a dozen and a half, and that very few came in without some birds. It is stated that people at Redwood Falls think the birds have migrated over into Dakota. It is more likely that they have migrated to the happier hunting grounds.

I cannot discover that the chicken crop in Illinois has been seriously cut down, and indeed am rather disposed to believe that these birds are more than holding their own. The fact is that the whole prairie chicken situation has undergone a great change. There is no great tract of country in the West over all of which the shooter is sure to get fairly good sport. Here and there there are bits of country where the birds have been fully overlooked or fully protected, and wherever they have been left alone they have shown their ability to take care of themselves. There is one thing certain, the prairie chicken is more and more respected every year. In the old seasons of abundance it was not prized as it deserved, but nowadays you hear more and more talk of it as a factor in shooting plans, and a bag of these birds is spoken of with great pride. Elsewhere I have reverted to the fact that some Chicago men have been so lucky as to get shooting this week in upper Illinois. In this district—as indeed all over the West—the best sport was had on the first day of the season. On opening day the birds are not broken up in their habits, and are comparatively easy to find. After their first day of experience in sporting life they hide out and lie close, not moving very much until obliged to feed. I have often noticed this to be the fact with the ducks on Horicon Marsh, which hardly fly at all on the second day of the season.

Progress of the Minnesota Park Movement.

Sept. 7.—An important committee meeting was held at the library rooms of the C. A. A. last evening, that of the invitation committee of the Minnesota National Park and Forestry Association, there being a full representation of the different sections concerned. This action practically completes the preparations for the Congressional trip, sets the date and arranges the details, so that the news of the matter is now pending until it may be determined how many of the members of Congress will actually take part in the trip. The date of the Admiral Dewey reception exercises at New York city unfortunately clashes with that set for the start on this expedition, and it is possible that the time of the start may at a later hour be changed, so that the party may leave the first week in October instead of the last week of September. Following is a synopsis of the proceedings of last night:

The chairman, John S. Cooper, presided.

Remarks were made by Mr. Cooper, Mr. Henry S. Fitch, Mr. Charles Cristadoro, Mr. John Whitbeck, Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, Capt. J. B. Clow and Mr. H. G. McCartney, relative to the various resolutions and motions introduced and open for debate. The following resolutions were unanimously passed:

Resolved, That the representatives of the Government of Minnesota and other gentlemen to be invited to go as guests from that State upon the expedition to the headwaters of the Mississippi be selected by members of the committee on invitation from that State.

Resolved further, That the invitations to be given to gentlemen outside the State of Minnesota to go as guests upon the expedition shall include the President of the United States and his Cabinet, the Senate and Members of Congress elect of the United States, together with such members of the Associated Press and the newspaper press as can be accommodated on the expedition, and also such other gentlemen prominently interested in forestry and national parks, not to exceed five in number, who shall be selected by the chairman of the committee on expedition.

Resolved further, That a chairman for each of the following committees shall be appointed by the chairman of the committee on expedition; each chairman of the respective committees so appointed being authorized to appoint other members of the committee to act with himself, viz.: 1. A committee on transportation. 2. A committee on finance. 3. A committee on camps, boats and guides. 4. A committee on camping parties.

Resolved further, That the committee on camping parties shall have the exclusive charge, and it shall be its duty to select one gentleman of approved experience for each camping or exploring party, such gentleman to go on the expedition and to be in charge of the respective camping or exploring party in his care during the expedition.

Resolved further, That the chairman of the committee on expedition shall take charge of the commissary department required for the expedition, with power to add such members to the committee as he may desire.

The chairman thereupon appointed Theodore P. Shonts chairman of the committee on transportation; Charles Cristadoro, chairman of the committee on camps, boats and guides; Henry S. Fitch, chairman of the committee on camping parties. The chairman announced that he would appoint the chairman of the committee on finance later and notify this committee of such appointment.

The following gentlemen were selected by the chairman of the committee on expedition as members of the committee on invitation thereto, such selections unanimously approved, the names of the members being as follows: Thomas Lowry and Thomas H. Shevlin, of Minneapolis; Gilbert G. Hartley, of Duluth; Channing Seabury, of St. Paul; Christian C. Kohlsaat, W. C. Brown, Henry S. Fitch, Oliver W. Nixon, Paul Morton, Theodore P. Shonts, George E. Cole, John C. McNulta, Benjamin Thomas, and J. B. Clow, of Chicago.

The form of invitation already engraved, together with the other printed matter, including maps prepared to be sent to each invited guest, was duly approved by the committee.

The invitations, handsomely engrossed on heavy cardboards, read as follows: "The Minnesota National Park and Forestry Association requests the honor of your company upon an expedition from the cities of Chicago, St. Paul and Minenapolis to the headwaters of the Mississippi River in northern Minnesota, leaving the city of Chicago Sept. 28, and the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis Sept. 29, and returning on or before Oct. 7, 1899."

The invitation will go out to-morrow, so that by next week there should be some idea as to the replies from the recipients. With these inclosures go also a tastefully printed folder descriptive of the purposes of the expedition and details governing the trip:

If you accept the invitation you will of course be our guest, and will need bring nothing more than for ordinary travel, except your rod and gun. Sleeping and dining cars will be provided, and can be used by all such guests during the entire expedition, who may not desire to camp out. All guests will be within reach of the telegraph, and can return by the regular trains at any time.

The guests upon their arrival in the wilderness to be visited will be divided into small camping parties, composed of such gentlemen as may be mutually agreeable, for exploration, fishing and hunting, each party to be under the care of a member of our organization, whose experience in the woods and on the waters will be an assurance of the pleasure, comfort and safety of the guests in his care.

Most of the region to be visited has been made accessible by rail only within the past year, and it is confidently believed that the gentlemen who form this expedition will have a most enjoyable outing.

A Compromise in Limits.

The Minnesota park project has been a chief topic of discussion all over Minnesota for the past two months, and public opinion has been much divided. Gradually there has arisen a feeling that it was unlikely a park so large as that originally suggested could be secured. Duluth and Grand Rapids were especially bitter against the first large draft of the plans. Moreover, there has come into play the conservative, common-sense side of the American citizen, and the safe, middle-ground position has grown in strength. Some of the leading men of Minnesota, among them Mr. Thomas Shevlin, one of the leading Western lumbermen, have thought that a smaller park could be put through, where a big one would fail and kill the whole enterprise. Not wishing to be stubborn or unyielding to the voice of public opinion from the region most interested, the members of the Association have conceded mile by mile of their coveted territory, until this past week they came out with a map, marked "Compromise Site for a National Park," which shows a region very much smaller than that first desired, and so modest in its demands that even Duluth and Grand Rapids are disarmed. Mr. Shevlin says that this region can absolutely be secured, and can be set apart by Congress without private opposition, and indeed this should go without saying, for every foot of the land thus marked belongs to the Indian reservations, four of which lie within the bounds—the Winnebigoshish, Cass Lake, Chippewa and Leech Lake reservations. This tract is irregular in its outline, and roughly speaking is about 40 by 32 miles in mean dimensions, giving an area of about one million acres, or in the neighborhood of 1,200 square miles, a reserve comparing very favorably in size with the Yellowstone National Park. These lines include some of the best of the upper Minnesota forest region, the Cass Lake country being considered about the cream of that region. There is some pine on this Indian land, and on this pine the lumbermen have set their eyes, but the Government can save this timber by setting it out of sale arbitrarily or giving the Indians an annuity which shall represent a fair interest on what they would receive were it sold under acts which now partially control it. Even this so-called compromise park will be a grand body of wilderness land, and it ought to be preserved forever, Indians and all, and that under the immediate supervision of the bluecoats of Uncle Sam. There is variety of scenery and diversity of topography sufficient to leave a record of what the Minnesota pine woods once were. Of the entire acreage about six or eight townships are covered by lakes or streams, and the sporting resources of the tract are as yet practically unimpaired. Should the Congressional trip be confined to this section alone there would be plenty to give the party the most delightful outing that even a Congressman ever had.

Itinerary.

At this writing the itinerary of the trip is not complete, as changes may necessarily come up at the eleventh hour. No less a person than Mr. Henry B. Fuller, the distinguished novelist, is writing the scenario of the trip for Col. Cooper. Mr. Chas. Cristadoro, of St. Paul, will arrange camp sites, and Mr. Henry Fitch, of Chicago, will have the pleasure of making up the several camping parties and putting them in charge of suitable persons experienced in outdoor life. It may be possible that only a few mem-

rs of the party will care to stay for an actual sporting ip, but any who wish to return earlier will be always ithin reach of the railway, and will be taken out at any ne they wish. Reports at this time are that there have en heavy rains in upper Minnesota, and the waters are gh, but it will be much later when the expedition reaches e woods, and by that time the conditions are likely to be proved, and the season should prove a very delightful e.

E. HOUGH.

80 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Boer Hunter's Farm.

THE Boers are well known as expert hunters and wonrful shots. Their range of vision is extraordinary. We ote from the London Field the following account of a sit to a Boer hunter's farm, which has double interest cause it illustrates so well the fact that the experience South Africa parallels so closely that of North Amerin the destruction of the game species of animal life:

Hearing that the "Flatfontein" hunters had returned m their annual trip into the hunting veldt, I decided to lk over to their farm and see the young game which ey had captured. To those unacquainted with South rica I would say that the Boers hunt in winter (May to gust), as it is then dry and cool. No rain falling ring this season, it is consequently healthy; they get ck to their farms before the wet summer season begins. On the morning of my projected trip I rose early, and er a cup of coffee and a light repast started off across veldt in company with a Dutch-speaking friend. It s the South African spring; the vast plain, so lately dry d brown, was now covered with the young green grass; trees were sending forth their leaves, and their blooms ed the warm air with perfume. The insect world, nured by the hot sun, was full of life and activity, and ery here and there that intense whirring note was heard ich is given forth by that insect so familiar to dwellers this vast land, and which, although so piercing to the , seems to harmonize with the quivering air of the rican summer day.

After a long walk we reached the top of the gradually ing plain, and saw before us, in the distance, the white lls of the Boer's house, close to which ran the small eam dignified by the name of river—a little shallow ulet of water, seemingly engaged in the hard task of eading its way through the loose sand in the river bed, l forming here and there sma'l pools, drinking places of trusty trek ox.

But what are these—these brown-looking animals feedleisurely away to our right? I look at my companion, uahhas," says he, and slightly altering our course, we d on with quickened steps to pass close by them; as we nearer we can make out the stripes encircling their ndsome forms. There are twenty of them all told, m the handsome full-grown black and white stallion to yearling filly with her thick soft jacket tinged with wn. They look at us unconcernedly, moving a few es out of our way. Roaming at large on the plains did their forebears before them, the halter and "reim" h which each is fettered shows that they have accepted inevitable, and have come under the sway of the everroaching human, not, however, without a sharp uggle in some far-off bush veldt. As we jump the clear ter at its narrowest part, we note an unusual activity the six acres or so of cultivated ground, which is as ch of the thousand or two acres which he possesses as Boar thinks it necessary to cultivate.

This disturbance is caused by the unseemly invasion a small army of young locusts, not long hatched, and o seem bent on devouring the small patch of succulent en stuff, the year's handiwork of the industrious Boer. Mynheer has armed himself with a long pole with a g at the end, and, together with attendants similarly ned, is flapping the ground and diverting the stream of usts into the hard pathway along which they clank, for the world like a Liliputian regiment of cavalry.

After exchanging salutations with Mynheer by raisour hats, my friend discourses with him about the usts. Mynheer is grave; the locusts are one of the gues sent by the Almighty, it would be useless to atpt to destroy them—nay, it would be courting further aster to enter into competition with the All Powerful. ter expressing these views, and calling to the kaffirs flap their weapons vigorously, he turns, and walks with to his house.

As we pass along we come to a shed near which are lysix young eland calves, all bulls; these are all very ng animals, and in poor condition. One cannot gine their growing into the mighty animals the old d bulls are. They have traveled from afar, and keep been scarce on the road home; however, they will n pick up, and are, I believe, all already sold. A clatng of hoofs, and a young Boer rides by on a black ding. "Salted," says my friend, "and worth £60, for has galloped down much live game." But neither his m nor his paces fill the eye, and from the English point looks he appears decidedly dear at the price.

We now enter the abode of our host. This consists of a lding of mud walls, which look red and hard; the roof hatch; it is refreshingly cool inside, but rather embarrassing, as the room has an excessively large table, and crowded with Dutchmen, no less than seven men, and two stout ladies.

One has to struggle round the table, shaking hands with h person in the most phlegmatic and insipid manner, mbling over the legs of the others meanwhile. At gth I subside into an antique chair, and sit, hot and ward, while the company present sit and stare hard at despised "Roinek." Although I am of quite medium at home, I feel conscious that each Boer present—, and woman also—looks capable of overcoming two h as myself.

After a tedious half-hour, we sally forth again, and sing round the end of the house, come upon a small elope calf, lying resting on the ground, tethered to a ll outhouse. This, our host tells us, is a "Moff tebeeste" (Anglice, Lichtenstein hartebeeste), which es the place of the ordinary kind (Khama) in South Africa. This little fellow looks well, is suckled by a , and our host expects to get a good price for it. hered out on the veldt some distance from the house two outcasts, a pair of young spotted hyenas, comnly misnamed "wolves" by the colonists. These miserables, tied to pegs driven in the ground with short chains, have no protection from the hot sun, and lie panting, snarling, and parched. At our suggestion a screen is put up for them to keep off the sun.

We now bid adieu to our host, and walk on to the farm of another hunter, where we see two koodoos and three "kringhats" (water bucks), as well as some more elands and quahhas. I may mention here that these latter are a variety of the Burchell's zebra, all of which are always misnamed quah-ha by the Dutch, and quah-ka by the English. The true quagga is extinct.

On our way home again we pass close by some yearling swart vet pens (black, white belly, i. e., sable antelope). We linger and watch these animals, one of the handsomest species of the antelope tribe, and in my estimation the best flavored. I shall never forget the dinner I made off a young bull after a two months' diet of tinned meat and coarse bread; but enough! Let us return to the specimens before us. One little fellow comes up to the wire to inspect us, and as we push our hands through and stroke his horse-like quarters, lowers his head and capers around shaking his short horns wickedly, reminding one that in a couple of years he will be a gentleman best kept at a distance.

These live things, survivors of a rapidly decreasing race, are only here saved from their usual fate of being slaughtered and eaten on the veldt, from the fact that the Boers have discovered that they are much more valuable alive than dead, and are eagerly sought after by dealers for sale to European zoos. In setting out on their annual trips the Boers require, for the capture of these animals, some good horses which have had the sickness from which so few recover, and which are then termed "salted." Some milch cows for suckling very young animals are also desirable, and generally taken. When a herd of antelopes or zebras is sighted, some sharp work follows—hard gallops, perhaps, through thorns and bush, or over rocky ground, till the younger members of the herd are overtaken and run to a standstill, when they are secured with ropes or reims. After a struggle they become subdued; and I have seen young zebras caught in the morning walking loose in the evening among horses, donkeys and other zebras, and allowing one to come up and touch them. I often wonder why Englishmen in Africa did not buy up and save in their own native wilds these rare and grand animals before it became too late. They could have been bred to good profit, to say nothing of the benefit of saving them as ornaments for future generations. However, although some suppose us to be a nation of sportsmen, we have allowed this destruction to take place until all, or nearly all, are exterminated; a sorry record, indeed, of our boasted sporting instincts to be handed down to posterity.

And now a long trudge homeward. Why is it that one generally walks over these far-reaching plains in silence? Is it that the mind is dominated by this far unending land, this land which stretches away on every side with vague sameness, and over which one walks always straight ahead, so different from the ever-changing rambles in the lanes of the old country?

KAFFIRLAND.

Maine September Deer.

BOSTON, Sept. 9.—The boys are still making some very good scores on shore birds. L. W. DePass was down to his camp at Plum Island over Labor Day, and made a score of twenty-three beetleheads and chicken plover. He also secured fully half a hundred small birds. His partner in the camp, C. W. Hodgkins, came up from the same place Wednesday. He had made a score of ninety birds in his stay of a week. Both gunners say that "We struck it just right this time." L. J. DePass is turning out to be a gunner, like his father, L. W. DePass. Though only twelve years of age, his father has bought him a nice little .16-gauge, of which he is very proud. He has lately made a trip to Plum Island, and shot about fifty birds. He is a wing shot, taking two green heron when flying.

But not all of the best shooting is done with either rifle or shotgun. The camera is coming more and more into play in that direction. Mr. J. G. Menzier, of New York, a visitor to Maine woods and waters for many seasons, has recently visited Boston on his way from his summer outing of seven or eight weeks. He went up the West Branch of the Penobscot and down the St. John waters. With his guide he saw 1,000 deer, and then stopped counting them. He carried no more deadly weapon than a first rate camera. As trophies, he brings back twenty-six pictures of live moose, some of them truly startling. One old bull allowed them to photograph him two or three times at one sitting—one standing, doubtless—the focusing and drawing of the plate shield not alarming him. Mr. Menzier spends his winters in Florida, and has made some excellent pictures of that country. Fly-fishing is his pastime, and his friends call him an expert.

The new law permitting the shooting of one deer in September, by paying for a license to do so, is popular with the guests at the principal resorts in Maine, so far, but how the purchasers of these licenses will feel about it later remains to be told. At Moosehead about sixty licenses had been sold the first week of September; five or six of them to ladies. At the Rangeleys hardly as many were sold relatively, and at the Aroostook county resorts the hunters are evidently waiting for the full open season more generally. At Moosehead and the Rangeleys the deer have been coming in plentifully, but the number scarcely equaling the number of licenses. Here it is that the discontent will come in. Hunters and novices will not get the game they seek, in a great many cases, and strangers will leave Maine with no favorable impression of her game laws. I speak advisedly of this phase of the matter, for I have already seen two disgusted hunters who paid for licenses and were out the first day of September. Neither saw a deer, though one of them hunted two days and the other four. They say that the law is unfair, and that they will pay for no licenses again. Mr. Gillam, of Philadelphia, a good shot and determined hunter, was at the Rangeleys early in September. He took out a license and hired a guide. The guide took him on a seriously long tramp, but not a sight of a deer was caught. Mr. Gillam was disgusted. The guide explained that doubtless the recent rain had driven the deer away. Mr. Gillam gave up his license and started for home, not caring to hunt further. He describes the license as a queer document. It presumes to describe the holder, gives his age and a general description. The design is that no one else shall use it to hold a dead deer. It must be fast to the deer till every trace is consumed, if the holder of the carcass would be safe from arrest. But what becomes of the paper after one hunter or the first deer is done with it?

I came across a hunter Saturday just returned from Maine. He had been on a fishing trip, somewhat extended. He stayed over into September, and took out a license to kill a deer. After hunting three days, he gave up in discouragement and came home. His idea is that hunting opportunities in Maine are greatly exaggerated. A deer is seen, and a great account is made of it. The newspapers devoted to blowing get hold of it, and it takes only one edition to magnify the one deer into a dozen. He wants no more licenses to shoot in Maine; believes that hunters generally would be willing to pay for deer, if they could get them, but paying for game before it is taken he thinks is rather tough and slightly un-American. Still, the reports indicate that a good many deer are being taken in September. Returned hunters say that they are nearly all taken at the water, or in the edge of the fields, where they come out to feed. They also say that deer are being shot by farmers and others and held ready for sportsmen who come along with a license. This is particularly true near the location of camps where a deer or two is wanted. It is pretty well understood that the sportsman is not at all sure of getting his deer himself; that he has paid for his license, and after he has hunted for a few days, why, a few dollars are no object for the possession of a nice deer to be used in camp. The transaction takes place in the woods, and outsiders are none the wiser. The license held by the hunter covers the deer. I hear it directly from a gentleman who has hunted several days in Maine, since Sept. 1, that a local hunter—the gentleman thinks that he holds the license of a registered guide, but is not sure of this—has a resident's $4 license, ready to cover any deer that he may be caught in the possession of during September, but that he is approachable to any hunter who happens to want the deer he has already. This first one sold, he will immediately kill another, and so on. None of these deer are brought out of the woods. The hunter is guided to them. Such are the workings of the September license law, as given to me by those who have been there.

The open season on partridges in Maine begins Sept. 15, under the law passed last winter; five days sooner than under the old law. Several Boston gunners are getting ready for an early hunt in that State. They hear that prospects are the best for several years, the dry season having been favorable to the broods. The open season begins on the same day in Massachusetts.

SPECIAL.

Hunting and Fishing in Canada.

MR. JONCAS, the Provincial Superintendent of Fish and Game, has received reports from almost every part of the Province of Quebec, telling him that moose and red deer are much more numerous than ever, and that the indications are favorable for a very fruitful caribou hunting season. Moose have already been killed this season in Temiscouata county, and several caribou in the county of Charlevoix. The Department of Lands, Forests and Fisheries is energetically protecting its hunting territories from poachers, and some fifteen cases of prosecutions against alleged offenders, accused of killing large game out of season, are at present pending in different parts of the Province.

A large party of prominent American anglers is fishing on the territory of the Metabetchouan Club, and some fine specimens of 2lb. trout have already been taken there this month. Mr. Flagg, the well-known New York lawyer, and his wife, have had fine sport, and so have Judge Kellog, of Waterbury; Mr. S. A. Burns, President of the Fourth National Bank of Bridgeport; Mr. Benham and Mr. Stevens, of Bridgeport. They have recently been joined by Dr. Civilion Fownes and Dr. Porter, of Bridgeport; by Mr. Jos. Davis, consulting engineer of the Bell Telephone Company, and by Mr. George S. Green, brother of Frank Green, of Manila fame. Mr. Geo. E. Hart, of Waterbury, who is now on the Triton tract, spent some days last week on the Metabetchouan tract, and enjoyed some very fine sport.

Mr. Geo. Porter, son of Dr. Porter, of Bridgeport, with his wife and four-year-old son, enjoyed a novel experience the other day while on a canoeing and camping trip from Lake Edward to Lake Kiskisink. A large bear and two cubs swam across the Bostonnais River one evening right in front of their camp. Next day an enormous bear that the guides estimated would weigh at least 500lbs. came down to the river side and deliberately got into the water for a bathe within 50yds. of them. They had only a shotgun with them, with which they fired some slugs into the animal, when he ambled off into the woods, apparently none the worse for his experience.

Among the many parties of hunters who have just taken out licenses to shoot caribou in the Lake St. John district are Messrs. G. N. Brownley, of Morristown, N. Y.; C. Curtis, of Buffalo, N. Y., and F. S. Pruyn, of Albany, N. Y. The Messrs. McClintock, father and son, are hunting in the Lake St. John country with Prosper Cleary as chief guide. A party of six New Yorkers have taken out licenses to hunt in the Metapedia Valley, and another party now in the same district after moose and caribou consists of Col. A. C. Chase, Rev. N. R. Lock, S. C. Hayden and N. W. Chase, of Syracuse, N. Y. Messrs. C. C. Shoemaker and B. C. L. Griffiths, of Philadelphia, and J. D. Thees and Geo. H. Diehl, of New York, are after moose and deer in the Temiscouata district. Several American members of the newly formed Caughwagana Fish and Game Club will arrive on their limits early in October after moose and red deer. The season for hunting in Ottawa and Pontiac only opens on Oct. 1. The Caughwagana Club controls the hunting and fishing over 244 square miles of territory on either side of the Magnacipi River.

Mr. Hooper, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, is expected up here very shortly after big game, and will hunt in the Lake St. John country.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Sept. 9.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Quail and Yellowlegs.

Stockton, Md., Sept. 4.—Some time ago I was asked to report on the quail in New York and Maryland. My experience with New York quail is limited to one small covey of about six birds, the only birds I saw during a residence of five years in Dutchess county. I have no doubt there are plenty of birds there, but I never saw them, nor did I ever meet any one who could report more than three or four to his credit on the opening of the season. This was near Millbrook, from 1889 to 1894. Mr. Foster, of that place, a perfect gentleman and splendid shot, will, I know, be pleased to give all information.

Now, when you ask me about the eastern shore, I am right at home; here as a boy I shot my first quail, and as strength came to my arms, hundreds of canvasbacks answered to the crack of my old muzzleloader; then Town Point, at the mouth of the Elk and Bohemia rivers, was the finest point on the headwaters of the Chesapeake. Then came my long exile to Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Arkansas, Kentucky, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York and then back at last to the eastern shore. Here I hope to die in the finest country God ever gave to man, where you can live the cheapest, where every luxury surrounds you, where no one seems to work hard, and all are happy and contented. My garden furnishes me with everything that will grow north of the frost line. The rivers and bays produce fish, crabs, oysters, clams, shrimp, terrapin and snappers, all for the taking. With my dog and gun I add quail, jacksnipe and woodcock to my bill of fare. The coast and marshes give me thousands of beach birds. And to all this the bay adds geese, brant, redheads and bluebills. Where else can you accumulate such an array of luxuries and pleasures?

I do not think our quail have done as well as they did last year. I do not blame last February's storms for it, although no doubt many of the birds perished at that time. The heavy snow soon melted off, and gave the birds a chance to feed, while many were fed by farmers and others interested. I am also sorry to say that a number were killed in the snow by boys and others. I blame an unusual northeast storm last June for most of the trouble; this lasted almost a week, and was accompanied by heavy dashes of rain, in which many of the early hatch were drowned. I find plenty of small birds about, but can hear of few full-grown coveys. Our season is late here, opening on Nov. 10, so by that time I feel sure we will have plenty of birds in good condition.

This summer we have had an old-time yellowleg season. The heavy rains and high tides made the marshes just right, and when the birds struck here they stayed. We have averaged about a hundred birds a day, that being our limit; any more we could not use or give away. We have had days when it would have been easy to kill three or four hundred. Very little bunch shooting has been done, all preferring to improve their marksmanship on hard singles and doubles. Take it all in all, we have had a grand time, and there are thousands of birds yet trading over the ponds.

O. D. Foulks.

Virginia Quail.

Lumberton, Sussex County, Va., Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Again I must crave space in your peerless sporting paper—the recognized organ of sportsmen in America and elsewhere—to answer numerous inquiries that have come to me as to the prospects for quail this season in Virginia.

The general impression seems to be that the blizzard of last February destroyed many birds. Such was the case in '95-6. But after most careful personal investigation and many consultations with the best sportsmen and guides in this part of Virginia, I can safely state that not one bird in a thousand perished in the blizzard in this section—except, of course, those trapped or shot by farmers' boys—in the snow. A very small per cent. Many fed the birds small grain, while the freeze lasted, but those who did not, assured me that the birds that were not fed came out in as good condition as those that were cared for. At all events, I have yet to find the man who picked up a dead bird in, or after, the snow.

The best proof of this fact lies in countless numbers of birds in the fields this season—which has been a favorable one for raising the young. "The oldest inhabitant" admits that he has not seen quail so plentiful since the golden days of his youth.

These observations do not apply to the mountainous northern and western parts of Virginia, where the snow was much deeper and was on the ground probably a week longer than down here, in our sheltered tide-water region, just between the warm brine and the sheltering shoulders of the mountains. This was the favorite hunting ground of the Nottoway Indians, from whom our long, devious river takes its name; perhaps because of the villages of that tribe dotted along its banks in the long ago, as implements of stone and pottery plainly tell. These villages were fed and clothed from the abundance of fish taken from the river, and the fur-bearing animals along its shores.

Trappers and hunters still take beaver, otter, coon, mink, gray fox, squirrel and muskrat, and many deer seek to elude the hounds in its waters. I recall as I write a pretty picture indelibly photographed upon the retina of my "mind's eye."

A noble buck, with the graceful branching horns of the Virginia deer, held high, swelling white throat, wide, quivering nostrils and big soft eyes, wild with terror, as he plunged into the swift dark stream—his last refuge—the hounds pressing close, bursting through the green branches and dropping into the water at his heels. He was wounded and labored heavily, and the dogs gained on him at every stroke, snatching at his flanks and then his throat. Finally, tossing his horns from side to side and spent with his efforts to free himself from his tormentors and the loss of blood, he began to drift down stream, when a hound gripped an ear on either side, and slowly and surely dragged the stately head with spurting nostrils under water.

Several dogs were badly cut in the struggle by the sharp hooks, but the victory was worth the battle wounds, and I can never forget the picture it made, set in its frame of deep green wood.

Not many years ago these deep forests had never echoed to the shriek of the locomotive, and when a pioneer lumber road—a narrow gauge branch of the Atlantic & Danville Railway—made its way through the "forests primeval" and startled the quiet homesteads, many of the oldest inhabitants had never seen an "engun," and walked miles to enjoy that long-denied pleasure.

Since then this road, which has recently come under the able management of the Southern Railroad Company, has brought many sportsmen to the haunts of the wild game, once so secure in their leafy fastnesses. Pope, Capron, Lawrenceville, Lumberton, Homeville and other stations along this line furnish fair accommodations and excellent quail and deer shooting, within easy walking distance, and guides and dogs are to be found of the best the country affords—"bred to the chase."

I "speak whereof I know," for I have had the opportunity here repeatedly of trying the old wager, "A partridge every day for thirty days," and let me add I never won it. Even the chosen people of old couldn't do it when quail rained from heaven. They sickened before the thirty days were over, so why should we degenerates try?

L. P. Blow.

The Capture of a King.

In the Valley of the Arkansas River in the bottoms until the lands were fenced and cleared for cultivation there was abundance of game. The timber was very heavy and the cane grew to a height of 20ft. and as thick as weeds in an abandoned field. It was next to impossible to kill deer in this wilderness, so when in the fall the deer in great numbers came out in the uplands to feed on the post oak acorns, those who love the splendid sport of deer hunting were in a seventh heaven of delight. One November it was my good fortune to be settled for the winter in a house overlooking the river bottom twenty miles east of the eastern border of the Indian Territory, and to have as companions three young men who, like myself, loved to follow the game abounding here.

Having five splendid hounds and the necessary guns and horses, and a colored man who was an A1 cook, we settled down for a winter of unalloyed happiness; and now, after the lapse of years filled with lights and shadows, with the work and the responsibilities which come to us all as the years go by, and time with noiseless tread steals away so much that it is sweet to keep, I wonder now why I did not appreciate even more than I did the happy days then spent in one of nature's favored spots.

We were hardly settled in our camp before we were told by a native that in the ridges a mile back of camp among the scrub oak, there was seen frequently a buck which for size outstripped anything ever known in that region. Upon investigation I found that this was true. Living near us and keeping "bachelors' hall" like ourselves, were two brothers, Joe and John Smith, who were ardent sportsmen, and who were eager to attempt the capture of this king among the deer. Getting all ready for our first hunt, we gathered at Smith's camp to spend the night, that with coming daylight the following morning we could make the drive. In order to reach the cover of the river bottoms the deer in leaving the hills were compelled to go about two miles east through an open timbered country and through a small farm, or else leave the hills and follow the foot of the river bluffs and pass around the north end of what is known as Grany Lake. In doing this they were bound to go through a pass which was only 100yds. wide. We decided before going to bed that Joe Smith should guard the pass, that John Smith and my brother John should take the stand at the farm and that I should "drive" the forest king from his cover.

The morning came cold and bright, there having been a freeze during the night. As soon as we could distinguish a light in the east we were astir; and mounted on a mule, which had probably done service in the War of 1812, judging by appearances; and surrounded by the hounds, wild with joy, I started northwest to where the haunts of the deer were; and the other boys made for the points agreed upon. I had gone half a mile from camp, when my two lead dogs left the path for a thicket and started a yearling deer; and reversing the usual course the deer crossed the path and ran south down an open ridge, giving an opportunity to see one of the prettiest short races I ever saw. Just as the deer and dogs disappeared over the hill that miniature cannon carried by Joe went off with a sound that fairly shook the hills around us; the roar of the chase suddenly ceased, and I heard that welcome sound, "Come on, I've got him." Giving the mule the spur, I rushed down at the rate of about three miles an hour and found that just as the deer had made a long leap to clear a slough Joe had shot and actually broken three of its legs. While we were getting him to the mule, about fifty mallard ducks came flying up the slough and we all took a pop at them, with the result that we added three ducks to our supply of meat. Hurriedly taking the game to my camp and giving Pete, the cook, orders as to how much we would want for dinner, I went to the place where I expected to find the big buck.

Just at the edge of the woods I saw a large deer track; and while examining it I noticed one of the hounds smelling around a large log. He raised his head and gave a long cry, which aroused all the others, and instantly they were running around, and very much to my surprise, from the top of a tree which had fallen the previous summer with the leaves on, bounded the much-talked-of buck. And truly, he was a magnificent creature. With flag erect and antlers thrown back, nostrils distended, he made direct for the cover of the river bottom. His starting was so unexpected and sudden that I failed to get a shot. The dogs were right on him, not 40yds. behind, and they were dogs—a ten-rail fence was nothing to them. When he reached the farm through which he intended to go, he leaped at the fence, but fell back, but managed to elude the grasp of his relentless pursuers, and making a detour of about a mile he struck out for the pass at the end of the lake. As soon as I saw where he was going, I stopped in the open and waited results.

I did not have long to wait. Nearer and nearer to the pass came the roar of the hounds, and although I was half a mile away my nerves were strung to the highest pitch and my heart beat like a triphammer. my suspense was short, for just as I mounted my r one after the other there came the reports of Joe's and all was still save a whoopee. "I've got him." he had. I hurried to the pass and found all the there. We had not been deceived in the size of the We put him on the mule and carried him to our ca and before we took out the entrails weighed him, an weighed 225lbs. and had eight prongs to each an Except for his great size there was nothing to disting him from any other deer. He was poor; if he had fat I am confident he would have weighed 250lbs.

Having accomplished our heart's desire for that we gathered around the dinner table, on which venison and duck, cornbread and hot biscuit, coffee wild honey. Thus ended our first day's hunt in forest of the Arkansas River valley, but not our las any means.

J. E. Loudo.

New York Ruffed Grouse.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ruffed grouse or partridges, as they are more comm styled in this part of the country, are somewhat plentiful this season than they have been for a few past. This is especially true of the Adirondack re where the birds have prospered finely thus far. broods hatched last spring came out early, and the gr of the chicks was rapid and healthy. In the early da July young birds were seen which, although still their mother's care, were far enough advanced to fl into the spruce trees when disturbed, and their was noticeably strong. The mother bird manifeste some extent the nervous anxiety which she is wont to play when an intruder invades the immediate loc which she and her brood are occupying, but while made some effort to attract attention to herself away from her little ones, she kept at a respectful dist and pretty well under cover, as if satisfied that her springs were getting so big that perhaps it was not n sary for her to make as much fuss as she deemed esse a fortnight or so previous. Is it not wonderful wha stinct and what a reckless disregard of personal s the mother grouse displays when she deems her b in danger? Her sudden appearance almost under feet running in dishabille with ruffled plumage, spread tail and fluttering, outstretched wings, is culated to attract and retain the attention at least mentarily, and ordinarily before a person recovers the surprise her little chicks are safely hidden. C sionally the maternal anxiety is so great that the bird remain within a few feet of the intruder for two or minutes before taking wing or otherwise beating a ret

During all this time she keeps up a continual cluc or "mewing" sound, as Thoreau termed it, which is peculiar and difficult to describe. The noise is different from any other which one hears in the w and is of such a nature as not only to startle but th person. There is something more, too, in the soun hold one's attention than there would be in a repetition of ordinary clucking. There is not only sistence, but insistence. The sound seems to carry wi something in the nature of a command, or at least mand. If Mrs. Partridge could talk and should claim, "Look at me! Look at me instead of my chic she would not express herself any more clearly than does now by her actions and voice. The little ones a peeping sound when first alarmed, but this is stantly hushed when they find a place of concealment, the great disturbance created by the mother bird us has the effect of causing the cries of the chicks to unheeded. One young bird in a brood which was flu early in July flew some 60ft., when he first took wing, alighting on a dead limb, perhaps 20ft. from the gro stretched his neck and looked with great apparent wor ment at two men who came along. He was about the of a robin. After maintaining his position a minut two he took another flight into an evergreen thick hundred feet away.

Four years ago ruffed grouse were very numerous i Adirondacks, and in certain parts of Oneida county adjacent counties, but during that fall the birds mercilessly slaughtered by the pot-hunters. In this c ty alone thousands of partridges were killed for market, most of them during the latter part of the son, when the leaves were off from the trees. The ceeding year there were some birds, but by no mean many as the preceding season. In 1897 grouse were ceedingly scarce, and it was a rare thing to see a y bird. Local hunters explained this state of affair the theory that the scarcity was due to the conti rains and cold weather which we had in the spring early summer that year, and which it was believed vented the hatching and rearing of new broods. year the shooting was not very much better, alth there was occasionally a brood to be found.

In view of the scarcity of grouse during the past seasons, it is gratifying to hear reports coming various parts of central New York stating that they now quite plentiful, by no means as numerous as were four years ago, but nevertheless enough to wa the hunter in expecting a reasonable bag of birds as ward for a day spent in the woods. In certain loca the broods are said to be larger than usual, a fact w will naturally be welcome news to all who enjoy the of shooting. The birds are more mature than they us are at this time of the year.

Another thing which hunters are congratulating t selves over is the fact that there are some woodcock in the country. During the past few years wood shooting in this part of the State has deteriorated rapidly, and it began to be feared that these birds forsaken and forgotten their old haunts. The presen dications are that there will be fairly good sport fall in some portions of this and neighboring cou where there are good woodcock grounds.

The oldest, most experienced and most successful h ers usually know from observation something abou condition of things before the shooting season o They have favorite hunting grounds and occasionally ing the summer months make it a point to visit pieces of woodland, without a gun, of course, and se themselves whether they contain any game birds. T

rs of inspection are very helpful when the shooting son begins, as the hunter knows just where to go to ain the best results. The information they pick up these observation trips is ordinarily reserved exsively for their own benefit, unless, as is now and then case, an intimation of what they learned is given to or two bosom friends. It is altogether likely that ne of these hunters who have been looking over the ntry this summer knew that there were woodcock but, but people who have been too much engrossed with er matters to investigate for themselves might have ained in ignorance of the fact for some time longer d it not been for certain parties getting mixed in their es. On Aug. 16 a hunter appeared in the village of eida and offered several woodcock for sale. He said killed twenty-four of the birds the day previous. He s surprised to learn that the season for shooting woodk began on Sept. 1, instead of the middle of August, d there were many people who were surprised that so ny woodcock had been found in this part of the State. e State game officials have been notified. A few days the proprietors of a restaurant in this city had a string woodcock hanging out in front of their place of siness, but the birds quickly disappeared when the men re enlightened concerning the game laws.

W. E. Wolcott.

TICA, N. Y., Aug. 28.

Vermont Grouse and Woodcock.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., Sept. 7.—I have heard frequent pressions among New England sportsmen that "game scarce" and "there are more hunters than birds." This ems to me due to too much of the "stay-at-home" habits. r the benefit of some of my fellow sportsmen who are d down by their business and professional duties in y life, I take pleasure in telling them of a beautiful odcock and partridge section of New England, which, if re generally known, would be more popular each fall n the trip South in winter for a few days' quail shoot-, and then, too, at so much more convenient a distance. e quaint little country town of Townshend, in the thern portion of the State of Vermont, on the V. C. R., is an ideal locality for the true sportsman who lues two or three days' nice shooting more than any er recreation of the calendar year. I have just enyed two days' shooting there, and aside from the undance of game, it is a most picturesque locality, with green mountains all about, secluding beautiful rugged lleys, the course of the West River in one and some untain stream rolling along another.

The coverts for both partridge and woodcock are ideal. rtridges are so well protected by the wooded mounns that they are inexterminable, and afford the sportsn abundant sport any September or October day he els inclined to tramp their favorite feeding grounds. e alder bottoms up and down the valleys are extensive d perfect woodcock ground. The birds are there, too, d if it were not for the excellent State game law prosions of Vermont, which limit the bag to five birds of ch variety to the gun daily, a good brush shot could bag ice the limit each day. Good woodcock shooting is d through September and during October and Novemr. Flight birds make very fast shooting.

As city sportsmen are frequently at a loss to know where go, let all who are interested to know of a spot where ey can count to a certainty on good woodcock and rtridge shooting make a memorandum of the name of vans Bros., at Townshend, Vt., who are both practical portsmen and having grown up with the country about em, know every alder bottom in their county, and by stinct seem to know just where to look for game at all mes of the day or season.

The shooting in September I have found to be good ough to suit any true sportsman, and if you can hold ur gun right on every bird located by the faithful gs, it is an easy matter to reach the limit of a day's g.

The Evans Bros. have a kennel of English setters, most good working and shooting dogs of the best modern rains, so that if a man hasn't a dog of his own to enjoy working, one can see many pictures of gamy points ith their well-handled setters.

I hope this letter will reach the eye of some sportsmen ho are longing for just this information, for there is better game section North or South for both woodck and partridge than is found in the vicinity of the leepy country town of Townshend, and when one knows st where you can for a certainty find both woodcock and artridge abundant, it is no common privilege to have ccess to it.

R. M. Palmer.

Bear Dogs.

PIERCE COUNTY, Wash., Sept. 1.—I have been hunting lack bear during the last eight years with dogs of all reeds. Some of the dogs were owned by myself, but most f them by other parties.

The dogs I now have for bear hunting are a cross-bred og, half foxhound and bull terrier. Full-blooded hounds o not make the best bear dogs. They can be trained to un bear and even snap at them, but as a general rule they ill do no more than bawl on the trail of bear. This will ever tree a bear, as bears only take to a tree when close ressed. When full-blooded hounds get a good cuffing rom a bear they seldom after that get close enough to get nother licking. The most essential requisite in a dog hat can tree a bear or put him at bay is a fast, vicious dog. t matters very little what breed dog he is. Of course, in reeding dogs to run game, we must get some "hunt" in hem, and there is nothing better to look to for this than he good, old, faithful foxhound. Bull terrier and foxound do not always make the best bear fighters. The cotch collie crossed with foxhound is about as good a ross as can be had for this purpose. They have endurnce, grit and are fast. In this timber country we have o have fast dogs for bear, as nothing but the fastest dog an stay close enough to a bear to worry him here, on ccount of so much fallen timber and underbrush.

A great many people think that a bear dog takes hold of bear and attempts to fight it. Any hunter, of course, nows better than this, as a bear can knock out a small ack of dogs in no time if they will only grapple with him a few minutes. The dog we aim to raise for bear is one that is quick and clever enough to snap at a bear and dodge his blow whenever he makes a sweep at him with his powerful forepaw. If a dog is struck by such a blow he is generally ripped open wherever the claws strike. I have a half-hound and bull terrier now that was unfortunate enough to get a gash a foot long in his side from a bear, and now he will not get close to them, but will run them. I do not think a dozen such dogs would tree a bear, unless it be a cub or an excessively fat bear, that could not travel long. Before this dog was whipped, he was as good as any of them. A friend of mine in Oregon has a cross between a greyhound and foxhound, and that dog is as good as anything I ever saw for working on bear.

A staghound ought to make a good bear dog, especially if crossed with a foxhound, but I cannot speak from experience with this dog. I would be pleased to hear what parties who have had experience with them can say in their favor as bear "treeing" dogs. The expression "treeing" when applied to bear, I use to denote either putting a bear up a tree, or holding him at bay. Some bears will not tree, but will stand off the dogs, moving on every now and then and fighting back. Sometimes a hunter can catch up and get a few telling shots at such a bear. I killed one here about a month ago ahead of the dogs, with a .25-35 Winchester smokeless rifle. It was an old bear, and weighed about 500lbs. I got him down with one shot in the region of the heart, and finished him by a shot in the back of the head, ranging forward. I generally hunt with the .30-30 Winchester, and find it a good hunting rifle for big game.

I am having great sport here after black bear. Run one or two every week. They are down from the snow-capped Cascade Mountains after the elder, huckle and other berries that ripen early in the foothills. The bears I have so far gotten this year all had exceptionally good fur for the season of the year, and of course I am having them tanned for trophies of the chase.

Ed. T. Fisk.

Not All of Hunting to Hunt.

In 1854 I, a beardless boy of twenty, with my young bride, came from Medina county, O., to Cass county, Mich., then a sparsely settled country. I bought eighty acres of heavily timbered land and built a log house; and we were soon settled down to housekeeping in regular pioneer style. We had a mud-and-stick chimney in one end of the house and a cooking stove in the other. I began a war against the sturdy forest trees surrounding our home. It was work in good earnest.

Although I was able to provide food and warmth we had no money with which to buy the dry goods demanded by an increasing family. There was no one in that vicinity who paid cash for work except Thomas Pound, who lived four miles from our home. He paid 50 cents a hundred for oak rails cut and split. It would be impossible for me to walk to and from his place and cut more than 100 rails a day; and I could not leave my timid wife alone at night. On the other hand, the agent at Three Rivers had offered to pay cash for deer at the rate of $10 for fawns, $12 for does, or $15 for a nice buck for shipment. It was now about Nov. 1, and I told my wife I believed I could provide three or four deer in less time than I could earn half the price of one by cutting rails. It was not necessary for me to say which employment I preferred. I had a good rifle, and was considered a "dead shot." She, like any other good woman, said she knew it was hard to split rails for 50 cents a hundred; but it would not take more than a week or two to provide immediate needs, and while rail-splitting was hard, it was also sure. But I argued that deer were plenty, and I believed I could kill a deer in less than a week. She replied that if I failed to kill the deer I would have to resort to rail-splitting at last. I agreed to it, and so the proposition stood, that if at the end of a week I had not killed a deer I was to split the rails. The hunt was to begin the next Monday morning. In the meantime I plied the axe vigorously preparing house wood to last during my hunt.

Four o'clock on the Monday morning found us up; and my wife prepared breakfast while I was casting bullets for my muzzleloading rifle. Fortune seemed to favor me, for about 4in. of snow had fallen during the night. Putting a lunch of johnnkcake and salt pork in my pocket, I shouldered my rifle and started as soon as the first beams of light shot over the tree tops, the wish of my wife for "good luck" sounding in my ears.

I had gone not more than 150 rods from the house when I saw a five-point buck coming bounding through the woods directly in front of me. He was coming toward me, and I stood with the blood tickling clear to my finger tips. When he was within 50yds. of me I called to him. At the sound of my voice he stopped, as if surprised to find any but himself out so early.

A quick sight along the rifle barrel, a sharp report, and the deer bounded into the air, turned half round and fell dead.

I was so elated that I started for home. As I came to the brow of a hill, and could plainly see the house through the leafless trees, there stood my wife in the doorway. She ran to meet me, and telling her of my marvelous luck I bade her return to the house and watch for my cousin Leonard, who was going that day to Three Rivers, while I would dress the deer and send it by him to the agent who wanted it.

Soon he drove up with his sleek ox team and gunboat. My wife hailed him. I had the deer ready soon, and my wife gave him a list of needed articles. I tried to continue the hunt so successfully begun, but before 3 o'clock I was at home and telling my wife for the fiftieth time how elated I had felt when I saw that deer coming toward me. Early evening brought my cousin Leonard with the goods sent for and $12 in cash. He said he had been glad to do the errand, and that agent Morse would be very glad of all the deer I could send him.

The happiness that came into our home with the ready money and the needed goods brought before my mind the words, "It is not all of hunting to hunt," and the story has since been told over and over to my bright-eyed children.

The following day I found a rain had made it impracticable to hunt, and contentedly split wood for use in the house until about 10 o'clock. Then I started again with the gun for a continuous hunt. After a tramp of a mile and a half I found a doe eating moss. My rifle brought her down, the ball going through the heart. I hung up the deer and had gone not more than half a mile when I saw across a ravine three deer on the sidehill. Aiming at the largest of the three, I fired, and almost instantly the deer started directly toward me, but before he got half the distance lay down and died. The other two came to within 10yds. of me before they espied me. Both escaped.

I returned home and continued the hunt on the morrow. By the end of the week I had killed five deer, one red fox and a wild turkey.

I think every one who reads this story of pioneer life will be willing to admit, considering the value of the venison, $15, besides our own meat, that it is not all of hunting to hunt.

Sullivan Cook.

Michigan.

That Adirondack "Kid."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following self-explanatory letter came out of the woods of northern Herkimer county to-day, and it makes me want to take its back trail instanter:

"Oh, say! Whoop! You know what I mean. I fixed him, and remembered about what you said of counting so not to get too excited and shooting around corners and places. I got my first deer all right and hit him where it belonged, too, right beside the head, with my .38, and you know what a slick gun that is for accurate shooting and hitting where it holds, so I knowed I just aimed right and didn't do any hitting-the-water-glance-uppy business like your little doe. [I killed a deer once by hitting the water on the nigh side. The bullet glanced up through the knee, heart and out the back at the top of the shoulder.]

"My deer wan't much for size, and of course it's in the red, mighty pretty to look at and thick-skinned like summer deer always are.

"You know how it is up to Little Black Creek Lake. There's a big swamp, a floe, a lot of ridges and gullies, some of them pretty broad across the back and clear along the top and edge, with bushes at the head, and old choppings where the spruce stood.

"Well, the parson and I—he's the same one was in the boat with me and a porcupine last year when we shot a hole in the porky and the boat too, so it sunk—went to the Black Creek Lake and smiled on the woods so as to sort of charm the deer. We camped at the foot of the little lake. In the morning we looked all around and then we got up to the ash ridge, along one side of which I went and he loped along the other. I seen a flock of partridges, but I don't shoot them, and I see a porcupine, which I did shoot on general principles; a big, red squirrel polkaed on a hemlock tree and then a big flock of bluejays had tantrums just because I winks at the big one with a feather out of its tail. Every once in a while I'd see the parson sneaking through the woods like an elephant, and just as quietly as a red squirrel on dry leaves. It did seem foolish to still-hunt on dry leaves, but we done it, and there ain't anything goes in still-hunting half so much as trying. I remember one time how I got a big partridge 'cross the creek way out in the middle of the lot by just trying. I walked round and round him, stopping once in a while to stand on my head and to roll over, not looking that way at all.

"Well, the parson walks on, with me opposite him, getting further apart all the while, till I couldn't hear a thing of him. The ridge broadened out there a good deal with a level top pretty underbrushy. I sits down for a minute where I could see every which way, and tries my sights. Then I didn't move for two minutes. I see a little sapsucker on a tree going up and up just like a stripe on a barber's pole. Pretty soon it flew away, and there wasn't a sound nor nothing in sight nor hearing. The wind stopped blowing, so the leaves didn't rustle, and then a chick-a-dee-dee bird sounded just once 'way down in the swamp. I could feel the quiet settling down in big lumps on all sides.

"All of a sudden my back begins to crawl, just as though somebody was about to dig his thumb and fingers into your back bone. Something was looking at me sure, and I knew better than to jerk my head around then. A couple of minutes, or weeks, after I slides my nose around, and just as I expected, ten rods off, was a deer, in the red, looking over the ridge where the parson ought to be. I hauled up and drew large pictures in the air with the muzzle of my rifle. I put it down and tried to imagine it was a rabbit. No go. So I recollected your scheme of counting ten, and I said one, two very slow, then four, five, six mighty fast, for the deer begun to wiggle away. With that I chuckled and then hauled up and bang!

"The doe jumped and I let fly again, and the deer ran in a circle. I fired some more, and when I was through the beast laid dead at my feet. Whoop!

"Well, I dressed him, and I carried him to camp after the parson came up, and we danced (the parson gently like). We ate venison in all styles fit for woodsmen, and there you are. The hull story.

"There are lots of deer hereabouts and many bears, too. I've seen lots of tracks of both. The boys say there never was so much game around the clearings. Hope you get up this fall—we'll try our luck together, eh?" Well, rather!

The kid waited a long while to get his first deer, but now that he has the hang of it he very likely will do for them right along, especially as he is a first-rate small-game hunter, and one of the best shots at cans, bottles and other natural woods targets in Herkimer county.

Raymond S. Spears.

New York City.

In the Chicken Country.

Webster, S. D., Sept. 3.—Chickens are not thick enough to bite you. Six and eight to a gun are the reports. But sportsmen are plenty. This little town has taken $150 in fees alone. Some towns have barred the tourist out altogether. Lots of ducks, sloughs full, and prospects fine. I have a notion about this chicken business, and am going to prove it this week.

Pink Edge.

The Man Target.

Malone, N. Y., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Following close upon the heels of the recent tragedy at Fulton Chain, an account of which was given in the columns of this paper, comes the report of another sad affair in this section that will in all probability have a fatal ending. The scene of the accident was at Trout Lake, near Parishville, and the victim was George Prentice, a well-known sportsman and hotel proprietor. Recently Prentice was fishing on East Brook, and on coming to a dam, started to carry his boat around it. While he was doing this, Lige Converse, who was on the lookout for bear, espied him in a stooping position and fired, under the impression that he was the animal he was seeking—with too good an aim, as the charge struck the unfortunate man in one of his knees, completely shattering the limb. As Prentice is a man of advanced age, his recovery is regarded as being very doubtful.

Forest and Stream's advice to be sure to know your game before you shoot should be posted in the hat or stuck on the gun stock of every man that goes into the woods for game. You may be prudent, you may think yourself discriminating enough to know your game, but in a moment of great excitement, when your nerves are at their greatest tension, a man to your distorted vision may seem a deer or bear, and then but a pressing of the trigger and you have a horrible memory to follow you through life. It takes but a moment to verify your eyesight, and although you fail to kill a deer on your outing this fall, you at least may know that you are not responsible through your carelessness for the death of one of your fellow men.

Kenewah.

Game in Ohio.

Cleveland, O., Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been a reader of your valuable paper for the past ten years, and have always admired the stand you have taken regarding the slaughter and sale of game. My boyhood days were spent on a farm, and from the time I was able to carry an old army musket in quest of squirrels, rabbits and other small game, up to my first perusal of Forest and Stream, I did not know what a "game hog" was, neither had it ever occurred to me that the game might some day become exterminated; and but for the fact that I have read and re-read almost every issue since then, I might still be of the same opinion; but "being a man" I am able to change my mind (thanks to Forest and Stream), and can truthfully say that it has made a sportsman of me, as well as a number of my good friends.

I am a commercial traveler and cover most of the "Buckeye State," and from numerous inquiries I find that the fall shooting will be about up to the standard. Quail are quite plenty in spite of the severe winter, and I see several coveys of half-grown birds every week from the car window. Rabbits are also in great abundance, but squirrels as yet are quite scarce, except in the southern part of the State, where they seem to be quite plenty.

I went out with a friend last Saturday to try to bag a few, but had poor luck on account of it being so dry. We saw perhaps twenty, but it was very difficult to get within range of the little rascals.

Ohio sportsmen, why don't we hear from you often? Surely there are enough of you here. Wake up and let us hear from you through these columns.

Wah Wah.

Wisconsin Resident Licenses.

Mr. Fred Mather sends us a note of a recent decision by Attorney-General Hicks, given the State game warden, on the new State game hunting license law, in which he holds that residents of the State may hunt any kind of game in their open season except deer and aquatic fowl without a license. We assume that this means the hunting of game without the employment of dogs.

Sea and River Fishing.

On an Ohio Reservoir.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Members of our hunting club have frequently expressed regret that our wives were not in the party and sharing the venison steaks, broiled partridge, fish and other good things our camp year after year has afforded. But the distance of 500 to 600 miles, together with the lateness of the season, with its attending changeable and often disagreeable weather, has sufficed to keep our families at home. Three of us—N. H. Gable, J. E. Bishop and the writer—put our heads together and planned a trip to the Mercer County (Ohio) Reservoir last week, and our wives readily fell into the trap. They will probably never forget it. Little Miss Bishop, Masters Que Gable and Paul Cunningham went along, and of course don't know but that they had a grand time.

We loaded a 16 by 20ft. tent, camp stove and bedding into a sample wagon, and climbed in, while the three women and little girl took to the surry for conveyance. It is thirty miles from Portland to Montezuma on the south shore of the pond. We were there before noon. We drove on east by north from that town some three miles, then past a farmhouse and down through a timothy meadow to the lake. We put our horses in the farmer's barn, spread a lunch under the shade of a lonesome ash bush, and between eating and looking for Bishop, who had left us at Montezuma to fetch a boat, wore away about two hours of the hottest part of an extremely hot day. I became uneasy at Bishop's long absence, and leaving the party, skirted the lake about a mile, but returned without seeing him. There were a good many crane along the shore and on logs out in the pond, and I saw a few jacksnipe. I then explored the shore in the other direction about half a mile, and soon after my return from this trip Bishop appeared around a point a half-mile away. He had started in a large flat-bottom boat, and after pulling out from Montezuma nearly two miles, found the boat so undesirable for our purpose that he turned about and exchanged it for the best one he could get. The pull was a hard one, as the water was only deep enough for a mile or more to float the boat.

By this time the women were looking down their noses, and my wife whispered to me that it would never do to stay there. We held a council, and decided, though we were at the nearest point to the stump fishing, and there was no danger from timber, pending a possible storm, there was neither shore fishing nor shade, two very desirable features of a pleasant camp. So we hitched up, and while the others went back through the village and down the west side of the inlet a mile or so to a grove, I rowed the boat around and beat their time a few minutes. There was already one camp located at the edge of the grove nearest the lake, so we pitched our tent in a small, open space on top of the little hill the grove covered. This spot was about 100yds. from the water and 40yds. from a dweller, who was engaged partly in farming and partly in fishing. The ladies brightened up when they alighted in the shade and took a look at the clean little wood lot with its farms on three sides and the lake on the other, and I felt real good at the prospect for a pleasant and cheerful time. It was now near the middle of the afternoon, and by the time we had the camp in order and supper over, it was night. The children caught a few small cat and sunfish, but Bishop and I waited for morning, when we expected to get some bass. We had some frogs, which are prime bait at this season. We also had fat meat and flipjack for trolling. We had caught bass out of this water and hoped to bring in a good string, while our still-fisherman, Gable, was expected to take a great quantity of small fish. The evening was very warm, and the ladies and children were all pretty well fagged out with the long ride in the hot sun and dust, so we got them to bed pretty early, and arranged our bunks under the ropes at one side of the tent. We spread some old awning over the ropes, scraped a quantity of dry leaves together, covered them with straw and spread our bedding on this. This looked all right, and after some camp chat and plans for the best possible results the next day, we lay down; but we had not closed our eyes in sleep when rain began to patter on the covering overhead. At first we paid little heed, thinking it only a passing shower, and if we had held to this idea we would have weathered the night in tolerable comfort, but the drops began to fall thicker and faster, and voices from the tent advised us, so we raised the wall of the tent and moved our beds inside, occupying a part of the side nearest us that had been overstrewn with odds and ends unloaded from the wagon. Our tent is 16 by 20ft., with 5ft. wall and made from 10oz. double twist duck. By the time we were again settled the shower was past, and the only discomfort we had to endure was the heat and the songs of mosquitoes. It was too warm to keep the tent closed, and when a big mosquito snored in the vicinity of my off ear I would try to swat him, only to yank my elbow, which was already tired, and be compelled to listen to his aggravating squall as he renewed the attack.

We were not very much refreshed in the morning, and the ladies acted as though, if called on to express themselves, they might vote the whole thing a bore. After breakfast we took lunch and water for three, and rowed off among the stumps and logs past the Eagle's Nest, and on east until we came to a derrick platform some three miles from camp. Here we left Gable, who preferred to still-fish from something stationary. We had noticed that Gable showed some nervousness on the water, but we did not know until that evening that there was good cause for it. Gable was at the front in the late unpleasantness, and was shipwrecked on the Gulf of Mexico. For several days he drifted before the wind with no hope of rescue. He don't like deep or turbulent water, and prefers to fish from shore. He is a small limber-jointed man, and I have often seen him where the water was shallow near shore walk out on a log and bending one knee, sit down on one foot with the other stretched out on the log in front of him. There he would sit until he either caught a string or satisfied himself that there was nothing there to catch.

The Manhattan Oil Company has drilled a good many wells in the reservoir. A large per cent. of them have been abandoned, and the piling on which the derricks were built alone remains. In some places the entire platform is intact, while in others heavy plank are nailed or bolted to the piling. We had been told that bass were being caught around these piling, and that it was a tip-top place to catch catfish. Bishop and I tried frogs around the stumps and piling, but got no strike, and about noon pulled up to where we had left Gable. He had a few small fish. We lunched and smoked, and waited for the wind to subside.

This reservoir is supposed to be the largest artificial body of water in the world.

We tried it again after the wind quieted down, but got no bass, and taking Gable in the boat we pulled for camp. It was pretty hard facing the ladies without those nice bass we had dished up for supper in our minds. But we put on a bold front and sat down to refresh ourselves from the things we had brought from home.

The air was cooler that evening. We were tired, and the ladies and children had become more accustomed to the surroundings, so we got a good rest, and when morning dawned made ready to try for those bass. Gable concluded to fish near camp, and got a boat from a fisherman near by. Bishop and I filled a couple of glass fruit jars with lemonade, and a basket with lunch and rowed out beyond the Eagle's Nest (which is a small island that was originally covered with large timber, in which eagles nested) and put in the day stump fishing, but returned at night without a strike. We stayed until the following morning before breaking camp. We met several fishermen, and heard the same story from all, "Not biting to do any good." The fact is, they have been caught in nets and shipped to Chicago, Dayton and Cincinnati, until there are very few left. Of course, "the law" forbids this. Mrs. C. says she enjoyed it. I hope she did.

G. W. Cunningham.

P. S.—I forgot to state that on the third night at 11 P. M., while we were asleep with tent open for air, a wind storm struck us very suddenly and came near carrying our tent away. We had to get out of bed, tie the tent to trees, make stakes and stake the walls down, all without light, and in a gale that threatened to uproot all the trees in the wood lot. The whole camp was ready to cut and run for it, except my little boy; he slept on. No timber fell on us, and things quieted down in about an hour. It was only an incident of camping in the shade in hot weather.

G. W. C.

Portland, Indiana.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac

The Damnation of the Carp.

The writer has been retained by some friends of th condemned, not to defend, but to secure if he may a ne hearing for this ichthyological Dreyfus. The carp h been accused of, and denounced for, sins enough to co sign the whole brood to eternal perdition. Every ye from some quarter comes the cry of "Conspuez carp," ar a hysterical echo goes up, "A bas le carp." It is popul in some localities, but not here, where it is believed th nine-tenths of the testimony on which the carp has bee convicted has been forged.

He is said to be German; to dig up wild celery roo and thereby starve out the canvasbacks; to drive out th bass and other game fishes; to eat the spawn of bass ar other river breeding fishes; to excavate river beds ar ponds and make them uninhabitable for other fish; t live only on filth; to be without an element of gameness to consist principally of bones and to be unfit fo human food.

He is not German any more than American, but naturalized citizen of both countries, his ancestors beir supposed to have emigrated from India or China somewhere in the far East where civilization started, ar no other family of the flood has been so widely di tributed, or has proved itself equal to maintaining ex istence, even thriving, under such various environment as this much-abused water sheep.

If the survival of the fittest proves anything, establishes his character as a philosopher, and holds hi up, a shining example of the superiority of a nature th makes the best of its surroundings. He has fed an enriched communities and individuals who, with that ba ingratitude to which we are all prone, reward him with swift kick and an unkind word.

Fortunately this wordy abuse cannot accomplish h destruction. "All the king's horses and all the king men" cannot rid us now of this most valuable addition t our preserves, and he will continue to feed our people an our game fish so long as we have waters fit for fish t live in.

That with his soft nose, much like the tip of an ele phant's trunk, he can dig up strong roots, or witho artificial teeth chew them after they are up, is not be lieved by anybody in the East, but was for a time seriousl contended by some Californians because the celery bec went soon after the carp were introduced. The re reason of that disappearance is now known to have bee due to an arch enemy of the carp, and his reputatio has been cleared of that offense.

From the blood-curdling accounts of his havoc amon game fishes, one would be led to suppose he was veritable shark, or worse, a bluefish, that charged amon the schools of bass, biting and killing out of pure wanto ness, and when the river comes down blood-red we some times wonder if it is only iron or if it may not be th sanguinary results of another crusade of the carp amon the bass. With that delicate sucker mouth, soft as virgi rubber, pointing straight downward, and no horns c teeth, there seems but one way possible he might injur any other fish. Certainly not by ramming, for his bow i so round and soft his opponent would think he had col lided with a feather pillow. But there is a way, an since there is a way he must be guilty; he might hold pebble in his lips, as the aboriginal helved his stone axe and getting above a poor bass pound him to death with i

It is heart rending to think of what slaughter one Sam son of a carp might do among the Phillistian army of th bass if he adopted this method and the bass submitted t be caught and thumped.

However, the principal count in the indictment is th charge of eating bass spawn, and on this point it i denied:

1. That anybody ever saw a carp eat spawn.

2. That anybody ever saw anybody else who had seen carp eat spawn.

3. That any bass would let any carp get close enoug to see the spawn.

4. That a carp could eat bass spawn if he had an un disturbed opportunity.

5. That any bass spawn were ever found in any carp.

6. A general traverse that any carp ever ate any bas spawn.

The heretofore insurmountable difficulty in the effort to artificially propagate bass has been the impossibility o stripping the milt from the live male, but principally the peculiar viscid character of the spawn which sticks i so tightly to the first object touched that it cannot be re moved or handled. It does not float freely as do thos others which our breeders have so brilliantly manipulated

With the spawn stuck fast to the pebbles of the spawn ing bowl which the bass builds for his nest, a carp migh be turned loose in a ten-acre field of them, and if there were nothing else to eat, he would starve to death o develop a gizzard like the Gillaroo trout, because he would have to swallow the pebbles with the spawn.

But when above that spawn you set a rough rider like the black bass, spoiling for a fight, never asleep, never relaxing his vigilance, afraid of nothing but a man and no to be driven away even by him, there is no carp living ha a ghost of a show of dining on caviar de bass. A bass has been known to hover over a spawn bed in a pool, with in 2ft. of shore, and refusing to be dislodged by pebbles or sticks, has been sniggled three times off his post and returned to the water at points away from the bed, only to return to his sentry duty undaunted. Rather than move, they permit themselves to be picked up by the osprey. A pound bass with his caudal fin in splints may be backed to keep away or kill the biggest carp that swims.

No pretense is made of any better opportunities for observation here than elsewhere, or that other experiences and conditions may not vary with other observers and localities, but granting that much, it is demanded that the verdict of guilty be set aside so far as Potomac carp and Potomac bass spawn are concerned.

It is believed that carp would not eat bass spawn if they had the opportunity; we are assured that with the bass on guard there are not carp enough between the four seas to disturb his charge.

So positive are we of this, that a medal will be given to that individual who will prove that one carp has eaten

one egg of a bass while the parent bass lived. This offer is in good faith and not intended for a jest, and no conditions are attached save that reasonably convincing evidence shall be adduced that a carp robbed a nest while the bass was on guard, and proofs that will convince the Fish Commission will be considered ample without regard to our own prejudices or opinions. Hampered with these as we are, the charge that carp eat the bass spawn seems to us absolute and outrageous nonsense.

The Potomac River was overstocked with carp long before a few big-mouth bass and crappie were put in. Today every trubutary of the lower river is bountifully stocked with the bass that range to 7lbs. in weight.

The United States is stocked year by year with black bass and crappie from the Illinois and Mississippi River bottoms, where there are more of these fish than can be found anywhere else, and yet above 80 per cent. of the fish there are coarse fish, carp, buffalo, etc.

The Fish Commisisoners of Michigan, Illinois and other States have again and again denied the foolish story, but apparently to no purpose. The Fish Commission of Washington has no opinion on the subject if one goes by their reports since the carp were introduced. They indorsed the carp when they first took the responsibility of introducing it. They can well afford to enjoy the wonderful success of that experiment in silence, undisturbed by the carpers whose name the fish has made a byword. The principal of these are the anglers and the newspapers. The carp does not take a fly or live bait, and is therefore of not much use on the angler's holiday. The fisherman comes in with a light basket and somebody or something must be to blame instead of himself, and when other excuses are exhausted he falls back on the carp.

But it is time the Commission did the fish and itself justice.

Without the carp there would be no bass in the Potomac, or but one big one in each pool. They would be driven to eat each other.

The carp is nearly the only fish food they have in the summer.

When the small-mouth bass was first introduced into the river it was full of minnows. They exhausted these, and the stock declined. The carp came and the supply of bass increased.

For the last two months young carp of 4 or 5in. have been the only bait used for bass between here and Alexandria. These were found in an old canal pool where hundreds could be taken at a haul up to ½lb. Ten times more bass have been taken with these than with all baits in a like period in any previous season, because the bass are wonderfully increasing in this section. Near every large city, especially in the West, carp is the best fish the seiner gets. Even here the shad sold as low as eight cents apiece, while carp are always good for two cents a pound. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are sold in every city of the West, and nearly as many carp sold as all other fish together. There is no fish to-day of nearly the importance to the public of the United States, and certainly none to which the angler for game fishes owes a greater debt. Suppose he eats dirt. If you take him away that's all the bass would have to eat through the fishing season. As to the charge that he is bony, he is not worse than the shad, and it is not found an insuperable objection to the latter fish, for there are many people weak enough to contend he is delicious in spite of splinters.

That the carp is unfit for food hardly requires denial in the face of his position in the inland markets. As to whether he is good eating is a matter of cookery and taste. The writer never ate one nor saw one dressed by an artist. Neither does he eat canvasbacks (at $10 a pair) nor mushrooms that may be had for the picking, but he is as sure carp are good eating as that these others are delicacies to some palates. If you have any bass preserve, hasten to stock it with carp if you want more bass, bigger bass and better bass, and above all, do not let any one impose on you with the idea that the carp is useless, worthless or dangerous. There is no one fish we could not better afford to lose; none lost, we could not sooner and more easily replace. HENRY TALBOTT.

A Massachusetts Bass Pocket.

SOUTH PORTSMOUTH, R. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Although I am more of a fisherman in salt water than in fresh, I often indulge in a trip for black bass; and am fortunate in being situated so I can enjoy this grand sport to my heart's content, as you will note by the following. I have recently become a member of the Newport Fish and Game Club, which controls all rights to the fishing in Lily Pond, situated back of Bailey Beach, which fronts a part of the celebrated Ocean Drive at Newport. The pond is heavily stocked with black bass, white perch, trout and landlocked salmon; and as no member is allowed to take home over five fish, and all small ones are returned to the water, the fishing improves yearly.

Then I am within two hours' ride by electrics of North and South Watuppa lakes. I think the length of the two is about seven miles, and they vary in width up to one mile, which is the extreme width. In depth they run from shoal water to 35ft. I think these ponds are as little known as any in the United States to the fishing public, but they are well known to local anglers, and unquestionably no better fishing is to be found in New England than at the ponds when the bass are in biting condition; and as a rule this seems to be daily, judging from the fishing had there by my son and myself during a week's stay. We left home Monday, Aug. 14, and reached the ponds to commence work at 1 o'clock the same day, returning Aug. 21. Our catch for the week was a total of 702 black bass, not counting yellow perch and white perch, of which we took a large number. I think I hear some reader saying "fish hog," and possibly I am. But I am not going to plead guilty, even after I tell my story, and here it is.

First, there was a record established for the ponds of a ten days' trip fishing there by two New York gentlemen. I plead guilty to going there with the expressed intention of breaking this record if possible. The record was 438 for ten days. Our catch up to Thursday night was 475, and total for the week, as stated, was 702 black bass. Now the question will no doubt be asked, What could possibly be done with this large number of fish? They were not sold, and all fish under 8in. are by the Massachusetts law required to be returned to the water, with which law we complied, and also returned many others. Fall River is a mill city, and of course there are many poor families who do not often enjoy the pleasure of a fresh fish dinner, or breakfast even, if they pay for it. The gentleman (and he is one) who furnishes bait and boats has an ice chest, and our catch daily was put in it, with the request that they be given to any one that needed a mess of fish. When we left there at 1 A. M. the 21st there were left about twenty fish; we brought some home, and have the pleasure of knowing that we contributed to the wants and pleasure of numerous families of the Mill City, as Fall River is often called. Now, brother fisherman, does this "let me out" on the charge of fish hog, or am I guilty?

Napoleon Fontaine, who has boats to let and bait for sale, is a "white man" in all respects, and will do all possible to point out the best fishing points and make one's stay pleasant. We were unfortunate as to securing extra large fish, but they are there, and plenty of them. Our largest black bass was of 2¼lbs.; we got many of 1 to 1¼lbs. weight. We tried about all baits with fair success, but found shrimp to be a good standby; shiners and dobsons also proved good. Good board can be had near the pond, and it is an ideal place for an outing. I am interested in no way in this matter, except to call the attention of brother anglers to good fishing, and to share a good thing with them. WM. M. HUGHES.

Off Cape Charles.

SOUTH BOSTON, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While many articles are published in your columns in regard to fishing and yachting, very few, if any, seem to reach you from this mecca of locations for yachting. Virginia, with its Chesapeake and broad expanse of sea shore, has few yachtsmen, nevertheless there are many who enjoy a very pleasant sail and more who enjoy fishing of which Northern fishermen never dreamed.

The Newport News Fishing Club consists of about twenty members, and it has been their custom for a number of years to celebrate the Fourth of July with a fishing cruise and to invite a few guests to enjoy the day with them. Sometimes they charter a schooner, but as a rule find it more convenient to go on a tug, and then they can tell just when they will return home in the evening. This year I had the pleasure of being a guest of the club, and one of a party of eighteen all told. At 7:30 A. M. lines were cast loose at the C. & O. dock, and the tug Hinton headed for Cape Charles. About five miles off the cape anchor was cast at about 9:30, and fishing began in earnest. The sea was rather rough, and for the sailors there were barrels of fun; but you can imagine how the staid landsman felt when our vessel rolled and pitched. Nevertheless it did not interfere with fishing, and by 11:30, when a halt was called to prepare dinner, at least 200 fine fish had been landed.

Soon after dinner a squall was seen coming across the bay, and the landsmen a-coming for the rail; but, alas! many never reached it. Our summer squalls never last long, and fishing was soon resumed. When the anchor was hauled aboard at 5 o'clock the party had over 500 fish to their credit, mostly croakers, with a good sprinkling of trout, spot and hogfish. Two sharks were caught; one a hammerhead, which is a very curious object, and the other a dogfish. Among the curiosities of the day was the catching by one fisherman of a croaker and a spot at the same time; none here have ever heard of such before. Mr. H. L. Edmunds made the record catch of the day, landing eighty-one. Many caught over twenty-five; the party would average over that number, though some were seasick and were not able to fish at all. I am a landsman pure and simple, and this was my first experience at open sea fishing; but give me my choice, I should spend all of my spare time boating and fishing. The man who has never tasted of the briny deep does not know what life has in it for him.

The club presented their commodore, Mr. C. B. West, with a handsome remembrance, showing their esteem. I shall tell you of some of the pleasures of sailing on Chesapeake Bay. H. P. W.

A Record Broken.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Colo.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose the following item, clipped from the San Francisco Sunday Chronicle: "The season's record for trout fishing at Lake Tahoe was broken last week by Henry Payot, of this city, and Mrs. Norman D. Rideout, of Marysville. Mr. Payot and Mrs. Rideout made a miraculous catch of fifty-nine trout, aggregating 90lbs. in weight, inside of four hours. The catch was made near the Rideouts' mountain home, Sunnyside, on the banks of Lake Tahoe, where Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot have been spending a fortnight as the guests of the Marysville banker and his wife. Mr. Payot is an enthusiastic sportsman, and the catch was the talk of Lake Tahoe, where the fishing has been unusually good this summer, although nothing approaching the Payot catch had been previously made. All of Mr. Payot's friends have been feasting on trout since the great catch was made, as it is difficult to dispose of 90lbs. even of the finest fish in the world."

There is some hair-raising sportsmanship for you! This same paper gives much space to sportsmanship and achievements of the kind quoted above. It recently devoted the main part of one of its pages to and illustrated the article eulogizing the sport of slaughtering mourning doves at their watering places. As this has been an exceptionally dry year, and watering places were scarce and far apart, the ambushers shot many thousands of turtle doves, without much exertion. RANSACKER.

Bass in West Virginia.

ROMNEY, W. Va., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Living on the South Branch of the Potomac and an ardent lover of both fishing and hunting, I have often read notes in your paper about the South Branch, and I try to tell your many readers something of our fishing and hunting. As most people well know, this stream at one time was the best black bass stream of the United States, but owing to so many fishing in it, and the laws never being executed, it is not so fine as it once was. However, if the water is clear and in good condition it yet affords some fine fishing.

This present season has been unfortunate because the river has been very muddy most of the summer, but some good catches have been made. One of the most disgraceful scenes ever witnessed by a true sportsman was seen here this spring. It was sixty-three bass caught on a tie raft in muddy water by cross-tie men engaged in floating these rafts down the river. The bass would jump on the rafts, when the men would run each end in to the banks, and two of them weighed 5½lbs., and eight or nine weighed over 4lbs., and all were full of spawn. And here you see the reason for our fishing not being what it once was. These men were brought up before a magistrate, pleaded guilty and were fined $5 and costs, which, considering the enormity of the offense and the fact that they sold the fish for 10 cents per pound, was a very light sentence.

We are expecting to restock the stream this fall with 125,000 small black bass, and with a more strict enforcement of the law, hope to bring our river back to its former standing as the best black bass stream in the United States.

As to hunting this fall, we have no squirrels, but the prospects for deer, turkeys, partridges and pheasants were never better. Of all citizens of another State a license of $25 is required. This was meant to protect the game; but I think if we could control some of our own citizens who pot whole coveys of partridges in the snow and bait turkeys to a blind and kill as many as eight or ten at one shot and kill half-grown wild turkeys in August, we would need no license for a real sportsman who comes out to hunt for fun and not for market. J. B. B.

Parasites in Fish.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I fish in a lake outlet and occasionally capture a bass or two, and I have frequently found imbedded in the flesh under the skin a little round, white substance; on removing this it would straighten out and appear to become a thing of life in the nature of a little white grub. I also find a great many little black specks both on the outside of the skin and in the flesh.

I have read an opinion of a physician in which it was stated that the food quality of the fish was improved by foreign matter of this kind. That relieved me so far that I can conscientiously feed them to the rest of my family, but I seem to require cumulative proof on this point.

The bass in our lake are fine and clean, and I never found any such thing in them, but I much prefer the stream fishing.

The still stretches in the outlet above the dams get full of weeds in summer.

I suppose it would not be wise to publish anything like this, as it might prejudice some people against bass, but I would very much like to know the cause of the appearance of such life in bass, and if you could find leisure some time to write me the cause and effect I would esteem it a great favor.

I would dislike to give up my fly-fishing in this stream, as it is the only one I can afford to fish in, but if the fish are not good to eat I am about ready to give it up, as I do not want to kill the fish and not use them, neither have I got to that gentle stage where I am willing to put them back. They come too slow and too high for that.

I have imagined that they were more infested in portions of the outlet that are muddy and weedy than where it is clear and rock bottom, but I am certain of nothing except their presence.

I have thought also that those that were not "grubby" fought much harder and longer than those that were. They are small-mouth bass.

BASS FISHERMAN.

GUELPH, Ont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The other day a friend of mine was trout fishing in one of the spring creeks in this vicinity, and among his catch was a trout about 10in. in length, having on it two lumps, one near the dorsel fin, the other just behind the gill. On examination the lumps were each found to contain a red, snake-like parasite, 3 or 4in. in length and probably 1-32in. in diameter. Are such parasites common in trout? They are the first noted in this locality. The water of the creek was pure, cold spring water. I have inclosed parasites for your inspection. W. H.

[Various parasites are known to infest the flesh and intestines of black bass and trout and game and food fish in general; but though not appetizing, they are considered harmless. Cook your fish thoroughly, make no deep scrutiny, give imagination no play, and enjoy the good things set before you.]

Leaping Bass and Pacific Salmon.

FAIRHAVEN, Wash., Aug. 31.—The New York press, including FOREST AND STREAM, seem to be considerably agitated about "the bass that jumped into the boat," an event reported from Oak Orchard Creek, N. Y., July 27 last. From the attention the incident has attracted it is evident that most people, and most anglers as well, are not well posted on the versatility of the black bass. I remember that it was a very common occurrence on the Niagara River above the Falls. At least half a dozen bass jumped into the boat while I was rowing along the shores of Grass and Connor's islands at various times in the seventies. One of them displayed such jumping ability as to throw himself fairly against my face. The act always occurred in shallow water, and it was always plainly to be seen that the bass jumped to escape the oars. The experience of Prof. Pound is entirely worthy of belief. It is not so rare nor remarkable as the catching of the Pacific salmon on the fly in the rivers of this coast. I have never been able to discover that they had an appetite for anything but to climb as far up the stream as the mountains will permit. In the salt waters of the Sound, the silver and steelhead salmon will take a spoon, and they afford grand sport where a rod is used. September and October are the months to catch them, and within eight miles of this city such sport may be had as to make it well worthy of a trip across the continent. COMOX.

"Go to school, sonny," said Uncle Eben, "an' git educated 'bout geography. It'll help you to un'stan' dat dis worl' would keep gwine round, even if you didn' happen to be on han' to push an' holler."—Washington Star.

Three Hours on Pewaukee Lake, Wisconsin.

"It is windy," said I, as we stood at Five Points, Waukesha, on Aug. 29. "Yes," breathlessly replied the Judge, as he recovered his hat. "Shall we go? Here, the shortest straw goes," so Judge King drew the shortest with a wink. Thus propitiating fate, we got on the electric car and threw out visions of the catch to the afternoon breeze.

It was good to see my portly and genial companion with his coat off, his hair flying, his kind eyes beaming contentment toward the hay fields and the cattle grazing peacefully.

"This will be the best day of all," he said, and such remarks, with a strong east wind, are always grateful, and when he called me from the contents of an azure-tinted envelope, "Here we are," I hurried expectantly with him down to the beach.

Here the boatman put off on us a water-logged craft as "the very lightest boat on the lake," but what cared fate for such a detail? We blistered our hands in turn in eager rowing to our particular ledge. A hasty anchor, and then the Judge began to count, "Four to nothing," and I began to make. Then it was a horse race for an hour, and I a neck in the lead. Then, varying awhile from the large bream or roach we had been catching, we began to land cat, and one bass, with much excitement, was hauled in. Here I stopped to see the sun set and the twilight edge into the rose tints and the distant sails begin to lift themselves on the horizon line and sway gently like enchanted wings—and the Judge counted on monotonously.

He was nearly up with me when I thought it a wise policy to drop the flag.

After convincing the Judge, between strikes, that we did not have sufficient bait to fish all night, we hauled up and pulled for the pier.

The car was waiting, and we went into Waukesha very joyously, the Judge smilingly repeating from time to time, "Forty-seven and 30lbs." Weighing them, however, amid a crowd of admiring spectators, we found that they turned the beam at only 25lbs. We hunted up all our friends, waked one or two people out of bed to make presents of fish, and the Judge wrote a very elaborate note to the Southern beauty at one of the hotels and sent up a full basket.

As I was preparing for bed, the Judge came tripping across the hall: "Just listen," he said, pointing to a room adjoining his; "that's the darndest snorer in Wisconsin."

EDGAR MAGNESS.

Salmon Fisheries in Norway.

CONSUL NELSON, of Bergen, sends a printed analysis of the report of the inspector of salmon fisheries in Norway, from which the following extracts are taken:

"As the result of a visit paid by Herr Landmark to the United States, a new departure was made in connection with the artificial hatching of salmon in Norway. Formerly the young fry were allowed to escape as soon as they began to require food, and, therefore, when in a very delicate and defenseless condition. They are now retained in captivity and fed four times a day, upon the raw liver of slaughtered animals, until the autumn, after the system which obtains in America. The results of the first year's experiment at the Government hatchery on the Drammen were satisfactory; on 280,000 ova treated, the loss was only 2 per cent., and in the middle of October about 211,000 fry were turned out; while the percentage of loss has been still further reduced of late years. A belief is prevalent among the coast fishermen that salmon and sea trout spawn successfully in salt water, and in this connection a series of experiments were conducted under proper supervision, from which it appeared that: (a) Roe taken from salmon captured in a river or from sea trout which have remained until the spawning time in sea water cannot be successfully developed in salt water; (b) salmon and sea trout roe impregnated in fresh water may be hatched out in brackish water containing a small percentage of salt, up to eight or nine per mille—that is to say, rather less than one-third of the salt contained in the sea water of the Norwegian coast."

San Fransico Fly-Casting Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 27.—Following are the scores made at the twelfth medal contest to-day, at Stow Lake. There was a light wind, and the weather was cloudy:

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	—Event No. 3,— Delicacy. Acc. %	Del. %	Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting%
A. E. Lovett	114	91.4	94.8	75.1	85.3	36
F. W. Brotherton	112	..	..	..	..	..
J. S. Turner	90	87.8	77.4	74.2	75.8	..
Chas. Huyck	92	94	87.4	63.4	75.4	..
C. G. Young	102	92.4	92.4	68.4	80.4	70 3-5
E. Everett	111	87	91.8	76.8	84.2	..
H. F. Muller	98	78.4	90.4	75.1	83.1	65
H. Batter	89	89	89.8	67.6	78.7	67
F. H. Reed	99½	85.8	93.4	75	84.2	63

A Name for the Brook Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If the boys have all got through guessing and trying to find a name for our common brook trout to take the place of the objectionable "speckled beauty," let the "old men" be heard. Now this fish is not a trout, but is a char, pure, unmixed. So we will take for the first part of the new name the word char. And as pure-unmixed is mere—pronounced "mer" (see national pronouncing dictionary, pocket edition)—we will take this mer for the second syllable. This gives us "charmer," a most appropriate name for our beautiful char—pure and unmixed, a thoroughbred charmer. I caught a nice basket of "charmers" the other day, etc. STANSTEAD.

A Lexington (Ore.) lawyer spends his "vacation" catching coyotes, for whose scalps the county pays. He has earned $209.50 in this way lately. "This probably beats practicing law," says the Oregonian.

It's rather lucky girls are angels without wings. If they had wings they'd likely be killed to trim hats with.—Puck.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 12-15.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Milwaukee Kennel Club's fifth annual bench show. Edward Meisenheimer, Sec'y.
Sept. 19-21.—Rutland, Vt.—Vermont Kennel Club's inaugural show.
Oct. 2-6.—Dallas, Tex.—Texas Kennel Club's second annual bench show. Sydney Smith, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-6.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's eighteenth annual show. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-13.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island State Fair Association. E. M. Oldham, Supt.
Nov. 15-18.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show. Marcel A. Viti, Sec'y.
Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—National Beagle Club's tenth annual trials. G. Mifflin Wharton, Sec'y.
Oct. 25.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut field trials. John E. Bassett, Sec'y, New Haven.
Oct. 31.—Greene Co., Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's fifth annual field trial. A. C. Peterson Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Washington C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Nov. 8-9.—Lakeview, Mich.—Michigan Field Trials Association's second annual trials. E. Rice, Sec'y.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's first annual trials. George D. Maxfield, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 14-17.—Carmichaels, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's fourth annual trials. J. W. Simpson, Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.
Nov. 21.—Lawrenceville, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.— ——, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

The Iowa State Trials.

EMMETSBURG, Ia., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The field trials which were concluded here to-day add another to the list of successful meetings in the West. The weather has been favorable, and men and dogs turned out at 4:30 in the morning ready for work. Everything moved smoothly, and if there had only been more birds the most critical of us could have found no fault with the meeting. The members of the club have entertained their guests handsomely, and the work of the meet passed off with satisfaction and good feeling throughout. The Derby had seventeen competitors, and there were twenty-seven to start in the All-Age Stake.

The game was not abundant. The supply has been materially affected by the wet weather of the spring, and there was scarcely enough to give material for all the heats. When flushed, as a rule, the chickens took to the corn, and then we had to hunt up another supply. Nothing but the early morning programme would have made the trials possible.

Three judges were provided because of the absence of Mr. Barker, who had been expected to officiate. Those chosen were Major J. M. Taylor, of Rutherford, N. J.; Dr. Hickerson, of Moberly, Mo., and Major Stuehmmer, of Emmetsburg, Ia. After Dr. Hickerson left us on Saturday, Mr. Jno. A. Gray, of Burlington, took his place. The field work of the meeting was excellent. The handlers were prompt in following instructions given them and their work was marked by restraint and quiet, which were much in contrast with the noisy handling we have seen at some other meetings. As for the dogs, they were notably well trained, and the winners in both stakes well deserved their awards. In merit the competitors will compare very favorably with those whose work I have followed in other trials.

The Derby.

Scarcity of birds made the trial short of the thoroughness and satisfactory, definite competition which all like to see, and which is so necessary to acceptable conclusions and decisions. There was a plucky lot of effort on the part of many of the competing dogs, notwithstanding the discouraging lack of success in finding, the meagerness of which is set forth in the description of the heats which follow. The work was not particularly notable for even commonplace good finish, the season for preparatory work being too short, and the birds too few for working opportunities. Seventeen qualified to start, about half of which were good material, and should be something above the ordinary with more age and work.

The weather was perfect, cooler than what had prevailed for some days, with clouds to break the sun's rays and a light rain betimes in the afternoon. The competition was run off so expeditiously that the Derby was ended about 4:30 o'clock.

The following was the order of running:

Mackley & Albaugh's l. and w. pointer dog Duly (Dick—Flora Temple), A. Albaugh, handler, with G. W. Kortright's l. and w. pointer bitch Queen Bee (pedigree not given), handled by owner.

Matt Kane's b., w. and t. English setter dog Rod K. (Rodfield—Louise), J. H. McPharlan, handler, with F. H. Perry's Irish setter dog Pat Grey (Don Pedro II.—Tiny Bess), Morris Riley, handler.

C. J. Pesch's b., w. and t. English setter bitch Pala Alto Dot (Bouser—Fly W.), owner, handler, with F. A. Warnke's b., w. and t. English setter dog Bismarck (Bouser—Fly W.), owner, handler.

E. H. Mathes' b. and w. English setter bitch Lottie Lorraine (Cincinnatus Pride—Brown's Queen Vic), owner, handler, with I. T. Carter's b., w. and t. English setter dog Oakley Hill (Rodfield—Louise), J. W. Carter, handler.

F. A. Warnke's b., w. and t. English setter bitch Queen W. H. (Bouser—Fly W.), owner, handler, with J. D. Henning's b. and w. pointer dog Queen's Dock (Dan of Kent—Queen of Lilitz), J. H. McPharlin, handler.

Hawkeye Kennels' l. and w. pointer dog Hawkeye M. (Brighton Joe—Jingo's Flora), M. Hamblin, handler, with E. D. Brown's b., w. and t. English setter bitch Vic's Vic (Cincinnatus Pride—Brown's Queen Vic), J. H. McPharlin, handler.

Mr. Canady's l. and w. pointer dog Two Spot (Jingo—Dot's Pearl), Wm. Elliot, handler, with E. D. Brown's b., w. and t. English setter bitch Brown's Flossie (Victor C.—Florence Mc), J. H. McPharlin, handler.

Hawkeye Kennels' b. and w. pointer dog Hawkeye Joe (Brighton Joe—Ightfield Chic), M. Hamblin, handler, with C. Towlerton's b., w. and t. English setter bitch Queen Lucifer (Prince Lucifer—Belle of Detroit), M. Jenswold, handler.

A. Williges' b. and w. English setter bitch Mollie (pedigree not given), J. H. McPharlin, handler.

First Round.

Duly—Queen Bee—They were started at 6:02 and were run thirty-three minutes. The pointer Duly was near a bird, which flushed wild ahead of him and passed near one which was flushed by his handler shortly afterward. Next he was out of sight for a moment beyond a rise of the prairie, and some birds were seen to fly. It was reported by a spectator who could see the work that Duly had pointed them before they flushed. Queen Bee was very ordinary in her grade of work, and as a matter of competition there was no merit in it. Duly lacked judgment in ranging, leaving much ground uncovered, as his casts were on straight lines, though he had good speed, worked to the gun and covered a good deal of ground. The work on game was limited to what has been mentioned.

Rod K.—Pat Grey—They were cast off at 6:38, and made a very poor showing. Some chickens were found under good conditions for work, but neither dog scored on them creditably. Pat was not working at all, while Rod was not doing much better—that is to say, he ran about faster, but without plan or purpose.

Palo Alto Dot and Bismarck were exceptionally favored with good opportunities, a number of birds in good positions presenting chances for points, but only flushes were made. Each ran about merrily within a limited area, but they were short of skill and knowledge, and therefore their performance was lacking in merit.

Lottie Lorraine and Oakley Hill were the first pair which showed any real ability. Lottie showed a disposition to unsteadiness to wing at times, though not so much as to be a distinct demerit. Each made a flush. Oakley wheeled to a point a moment after his flush, and the bird flushed wild. Next Oakley secured a point on a bird which Lottie was endeavoring to locate; catching sight of Oakley, she drew by him, refusing to back, and made a point close by him on the same bird. This was all the bird work which was done. Lottie was stylish when standing or when in motion. All in all, they made a very good showing.

Queen W. H. and Queen's Dock started merrily, the latter flushing twice and dropping to wing each time, then driving into the covey he flushed the rest, apparently unintentionally, though all the conditions of wind and location were in his favor. Toward the end of the heat, W. H. made a flush on a chicken, but she seemed to be using her nose trying to find, her effort being of work rather than of romping, so that on the score of diligence she was taken into the second series. Lottie had a pleasing, dashing style, but her work on game was very imperfect.

Hawkeye M. and Vic's Vic started next. Hawkeye was plainly not able to compete, and after a few minutes, and on request of his handler, the judges consented to his withdrawal. Vic continued alone to the end of the thirty minutes, showing good speed and range, though nothing was found.

Two Spot and Brown's Flossie made a good competition. The former was working on the trail of some birds skillfully, when they flushed wild. Flossie flushed a single, and Spot pointed the foot scent of the same bird. Both worked nicely to the gun, and had good speed and range.

Hawkeye Joe and Queen Lucifer were not successful in finding any birds, nor did they seem to care much for them, as they went aimlessly about, running in and out, and occupied their time limit without any useful result.

Mollie had a bye, but as she displayed no merit her handler asked to withdraw her, whereupon her trial ended, and the first round was ended near the noon hour.

Second Round.

The weather being so favorable, the judges decided to continue the running without any intermission for lunch in town, as was intended, and after the second series was made out the competition was resumed. Eight dogs were retained in this round, and they were run in the following order:

Oakley Hill and Duly were the first brace of the second round, and the scarcity of game made an imperfect trial. Duly loafed at times and worked at times, though his casts were taken with bad judgment, being in and out on straight lines. Hill finished the latter part of the heat in a good workmanlike manner as to range, style and seeking, though he began in rather an indifferent way.

Lottie Lorraine and Queen W. H. had the same luck as their predecessors in finding no game. Queen slowed up soon after starting, and made a very poor showing. Lottie, though she ranged fast and well, worked nicely to the gun. Her style was very lively and pleasing.

Vic's Vic and Two Spot were run an hour, their heat ending at 2:24. They were so even in ability that some work one way or the other was necessary to decide between them. It was necessary to put them down again later, as their heat had failed to produce the required data. In the later trial each made a flush. Two Spot next made a point. On some chickens which had been marked down, both roaded a long way and showed meritorious work, though they failed to locate. Their work on the whole was pleasing considering the extremely unfavorable conditions.

Brown's Flossie and Palo Alto Dot were run a half-hour without adding to their chances in the competition.

Third Round.

Four were kept in this series, out of which the winners were determined, as follows:

Oakley Hill and Two Spot suffered again from the scarcity of game, none being found, so that a decision was arrived at on general principles. Hill's seeking was well maintained throughout the discouraging proposition offered to him, and he stayed out at his work better than

did his competitor, and displayed a greater degree of intelligence than did Two Spot.

Vic's Vic and Lottie Lorraine concluded the third round with the usual result—no game found. General principles and what had happened in previous heats were necessarily accepted as data. There was but little difference in the performance of the two dogs. They were run about fifteen minutes.

Final.

Vic's Vic and Two Spot were put down to determine the matter of second and third place between them, and the heat ended in a quarter of an hour. No birds were found. Vic dallied on some foot scent and made a false point, and was not equal in pace and range to Two Spot.

The judges announced the winners as follows: First, Oakley Hill; second, Two Spot; third, Vic's Vic; fourth, Lottie Lorraine.

The All-Age Stake.

This stake was fairly well filled, having twenty-seven starters. The competition of it began on Friday morning, Sept. 1. Most of the dogs had very pretty names, and some had names which were long as well as pretty, but all had pedigrees which were very bulky. The day was notable for the effort of twenty-seven dogs in competition without a point to their credit. However, in this they all did not grade alike, for some were unfortunate in not finding birds, others seemed to be unfortunate in not being able to find any, while others again found them, but seemed to be better able to flush than to point. As a whole, the day was warm and a southeast wind prevailed, which no doubt was the cause of the poor work of the dogs, for it is rather more pleasing to lay the fault to the wind than to dogs or trainers. The wind was not particularly in the competition, but in a case of this kind the good of the public demands that the wind should bear the odium, particularly as it has no pedigree.

The following are the All-Age starters, with order of running:

Hawkeye Kennels' l. and w. pointer bitch Faustina (Ridgeview Faust—Peggie), M. Hamblin, handler, with W. H. Scott's l. and w. pointer dog Dot's Jingo (Jingo—Dot's Pearl), Wm. Elliot, handler.

C. A. Robinson's b., w. and t. English setter dog Sport's Gath (Marie's Sport—Mark's Fleet), A. Albaugh, handler, with G. W. Kortright's b. and w. pointer dog Tie's Duke (Tick Boy—Kent's Queen), Wm. Sanderson, handler.

James Ribley's lem. and w. pointer bitch Royal Chic (Jingo—Ightfield Dove), owner, handler, with C. J. Pesch's (agt.) b. and w. English setter dog Spark's Druid (Max Noble—Belle of Clairview), C. J. Pesch, handler.

Hawkeye Kennels' lem. and w. pointer bitch Lady Lea (Jingo—Ightfield Dove), M. Hamblin, handler, with J. W. Pederson's o. and w. English setter bitch Lady Fan of Zippo (Zippo II.—Lady of Gloss), owner, handler.

G. W. Kortright's b. and w. pointer bitch Tick's Dot (Tick's Boy—Kent's Queen), J. H. McPharlin, handler, with F. A. Warnke's b. b. English setter dog Mack (Samuel—Fly W.), C. A. Smith, handler.

L. Verveer's lem. and w. English setter dog Gay of Zippo (Zippo II.—Lady of Gloss), J. M. Hutchison, handler, with T. L. Wann's b. and w. English setter bitch Gretchen II. (Paul Gladstone II.—Gretchen), —. Alexander, handler.

P. McNally's o. and w. English setter dog Mark's (pedigree not given), owner, handler, with A. H. Nelson's b., w. and t. English setter bitch Sport's Destiny (Marie's Sport—Mark's Fleet), A. Albaugh, handler.

J. W. Blythe's b. and w. pointer dog Star Pointer (Hal Pointer—Parson's Trinket), Wm. Elliot, handler, with Hawkeye Kennels' l. and w. pointer bitch Ightfield Chic (Jingo—Ightfield Dove), Mr. Hutchinson, handler.

Dr. J. S. Henderson's b. and w. setter dog Sam Clark (Wahkonsa Jack—Wahkonsa Jill), J. M. Hutchison, handler, with Wm. Strathdee's b. b. English setter bitch Ruth T. Etol (Dave Earl—Brown's Queen Vic), —. Alexander, handler.

I. T. Carter's b., w. and t. English setter bitch Ten of Hearts (Zippo II.—Trilby), J. W. Carter, handler, with Samuel Maynes' b., w. and t. English setter dog Faust (Tory Gladstone—Wale's Bessie), Jas. Ribley, handler.

C. E. Still's b. and w. pointer dog Bill Still (Rant Ale—Nellie), owner, handler, with E. D. Brown's o. and w. English setter bitch Brown's Queen Vic (Antonio—Hunter's Nelly Bly), —. Riley, handler.

G. W. Kortright's b. and w. English setter bitch Queen (pedigree not given), Wm. Sanderson, handler, with M. Bruce's b. and w. English setter dog Fritz of Zippo (Zippo II.—Lady of Gloss), J. H. McPharlin, handler.

H. H. Jacobs' o. and w. English setter dog Dash (Pedigree unknown), owner, handler, with G. W. Kortright's b. and w. pointer bitch Tick's Pearl (Tick Boy—Kent's Queen), J. H. McPharlin, handler.

First Round.

Oakley Hill and Tick's Pearl were drawn to run first, but owing to the bad condition of one of Hill's eyes he was withdrawn, and it was decided that the bye dog, Dash, would run in his place. The latter, not being present, caused the postponement of the heat till later in the day. The next brace was then called, and started at 5:25.

Faustina and Dot's Jingo soon disappeared beyond a swell in the prairie, and a covey of chickens were seen to fly hurriedly from their vicinity. The judges could not see which dog was in fault, or whether both were equally guilty. Jingo scored a flush. Faustina led in the ranging for a while, Jingo following, but soon he began working independently.

Sport's Gath and Tick's Duke were distinctly opposite in all the details of their work, the latter being apathetic in the presence of game, displayed no nose on the numerous birds which were found, and was perfectly indifferent to them, capping the whole with slow speed and poor range. Gath on the other hand ranged wide and fast, and displayed good hunting abilities. He made a point on the foot scent of a bevy which had been flushed.

Royal Chick and Spark Druid were good rangers and had good speed, though the latter was the better of the two in these particulars. Their work was pleasing and very good, excepting that they were not tried on game, though Druid made a point on a turkey which Royal Chick scorned to back. One hour and eighteen minutes were devoted to them.

Lady Lea and Lady Fan of Zippo, while amply long on names, were somewhat short on performance, as after running about thirty minutes they could produce nothing better than a false point to the credit of each. As her name suggests high living, so was Lady Fan of Zippo troubled with much embonpoint, which unfitted her for the coarse effort necessary in hunting for chickens, so she limited her efforts within ladylike moderation as to range and speed. Lea worked pleasingly to the gun, covered a great deal of ground, is speedy and carries herself stylishly.

Tick's Dot and Mack were cast off at 9:30. Mack refused to leave his handler's heels, and after a short time the judges consented to his withdrawal. Dot continued alone to the end of the heat, slowing his pace toward the close. No birds were found.

Gay of Zippo and Gretchen II. began at 11:22. Gay opened his work with two flushes, one on a single bird, the other on the covey, Gretchen showing a disposition to chase. No more birds were found. Of the two, Gretchen was much the better in range, speed and judgment, she beating out a good area of ground and acting like a good hunting dog.

Marks and Sport's Destiny were cast off after lunch. The latter soon made two excusable flushes. Next Marks made a rigid false point, and sent on, he next roaded to a flush on a single bird.

Star Pointer and Ightfield Chic began at 3:23, and they worked diligently and well to the end of the heat, beating out a lot of ground and were plainly in hard luck in striking a section barren of chickens at the time. They worked industriously and made a good impression in their favor.

Sam Clark and Ruth T. Etol began their competition at 4:07, and at the end of their half-hour they had found no chickens, though Ruth made an excellent point on a flock of turkeys, which was equally well backed by Sam. Both made a good showing as to range, judgment and speed.

Ten of Hearts and Faust were of the conservative kind, livening up their walk with a trot betimes, but carefully avoiding a greater distance from their handlers than 25yds., preferring 10yds. as the most comfortable and acceptable. No merits nor demerits on game.

Bill Still and Brown's Queen Vic were particularly favored in good opportunities for point work under favorable conditions, but they both failed lamentably in execution, errors taking the place of what should have been finished good work. The cool and damp of evening had taken the place of the extreme heat of the midday time, and the range, speed and judgment in working out their ground promised well for the good performance of both dogs on game. Vic made the first error, a flush on a single bird; Bill made the second, a flush on a bevy of chickens, and next Vic, further on, flushed a bevy. The bevy flushes were errors without an excuse, for the hour, wind and other conditions were favorable for points.

Queen and Fritz of Zippo were cast off about 6:10. On the ground worked over in the morning, each made a flush. Fritz was the better ranger.

Dash and Tick's Pearl had the evening hour. Dash pointed on the trail of an old cock, and in trying to hit the trail right the bird flushed wild ahead. Pearl joined in the roading on the same bird. They were ordered up at 7:31. Their range and speed were ordinary.

Second Round.

Besides the eight dogs kept in the competition three more were reserved and ordered to be brought along for trial again in case the judges decided that they wished to give them further trial. There was no tarrying in the morning, the first brace being cast off at 5:52.

Gretchen II. and Sport's Destiny opened the second round, the latter exciting much hope by pointing, but it proved to be a lark. They were ordered up at 6:09. Destiny ranged well and worked with good judgment, excelling her competitor, which worked irregularly.

Ruth T. Etol and Tick's Dot began at 6:19. Dot pointed; Ruth passed and stole the point; nothing found, though birds were found a short distance further on, and Ruth scored a flush. Ruth ranged well and at good speed, far excelling her work in her previous heat.

Sam Clark and Lady Lea were turned out to work on the scattered birds, but aside from pointing on foot scent, nothing was done. They ran about forty minutes. Both were erratic workers.

Royal Chic and Sport's Gath had a heat which was short of a bird. Gath made a point which Chic refused to back; nothing to the point.

Spark Druid and Dot's Jingo began operations on a jackrabbit. Druid pointed it, and was steady to fur; Jingo started coursing, and gave a brief exhibition of a greyhound, turning the jack back near by Druid, who joined in for a few jumps. Both dogs made a fine display of range, speed and judgment.

Faustina and Dash made such a poor showing that they were ordered up in about fifteen minutes.

Star Pointer and Tick's Pearl fared in manner similar to Faustina and Dash.

Sport's Destiny and Ightfield Chic were given another trial, and both ran in much improved form. Chic came very near making two points, but the bird flew each time before she had quite settled to the point.

Lady Lea and Ruth T. Etol had the concluding heat of the trials. Ruth pointed and moved on; Lady made game at the same place and was steadying to a point when the bird flushed wild. This ended a trial which was remarkable for what was not done more than for what was done.

The party then went to lunch, after which the judges announced the winners as follows: First, Spark Druid; second, Dot's Jingo; third, Sport's Gath; divided fourth, Sport's Destiny and Ightfield Chic.

The Continental Field Trial Club announces in our advertising columns the conditions of its All-Age Stake and Free-for-All Sweepstake, of its fifth annual trials, to be run at Newton, N. C., Dec. 11. Entries to the All-Age Stake close Oct. 15. Entries to the Free-for-All close the night before the race. For entry blanks, rules, etc., apply to the Secretary, Mr. Theo. Sturges, 141 East Eighteenth street, New York.

West Canada Trials.

La Salle, Man., Sept. 6.—The West Canada Kennel Club's trials opened here under most favorable conditions, and those which were deserving of a larger attendance than appeared from the several States. If field trial promoters only knew the almost perfect conditions doubtless they would be tempted to select La Salle for future events. The birds were in great abundance, so that they furnished ample material for testing the work of the dogs and giving full play to each brace. No time was lost by want of material.

The affair was marked by good feeling and comradeship throughout. In some instances, indeed, it was difficult to tell who were the most pleased with the result, those who won or those who lost, who were free with their congratulations.

In the absence of the regularly appointed judge, President E. Hamber filled that role most successfully for the Derby, and Mr. D. E. Rose gave to the All-Age Stake the benefit of his full experience and knowledge in all that pertains to field trials and work on game.

Among those present were Messrs. E. Collier, T. N. Scott, H. G. Spurgeon, W. Pickering, A. S. Code, Pat Cooper and Messrs. Rawlston, White, Lemond, McArthur, Clarke and St. Clair. The award of the silver cup presented by Mr. Jno. Wooton, President of the Northwestern Club, to Mr. White's English setter, Manitoba Prairie, appeared well deserved. The All-Age collar and silver chain went to Mr. Code's Bang III. The weather was cool and invigorating, and the birds were active. The entries were:

All-Age Stake.

J. R. Waghorn's b. and w. pointer dog Go Bang, H. G. Spurgeon, handler, with Hamber and Code's b. and w. pointer dog MacHamber (Croxteth's Ned—Mamie), E. Hamber, handler.

C. W. Graham's b., w. and t. English setter dog Gladiator II. (Gladstone's Boy—Queen Novice), owner, handler, with A. Gale's l. and w. pointer dog Swift, owner, handler.

Hamber and Code's b. and w. pointer dog Bang III. (Rector—Dinah), E. Hamber, handler, with A. Gale's b. setter bitch Blackie, owner, handler.

J. Lemon's b. and w. pointer dog Sport (Buster—Belle), owner, handler, with A. Gale's l. and w. pointer dog Prince Ightfield (King—Frankie Paul), owner, handler.

The Derby.

The drawing was as follows; all were handled by owners:

E. H. White's b. and w. ticked English setter bitch Manitoba Prairie Bird (Brighton Monk—Manitoba Belle), with F. W. Scott's b. and w. pointer bitch Zulika (Sport—Tannie).

H. Cooper's l. and w. pointer bitch Modern Jess (——Lulu), with J. Lemon's b. and w. pointer dog Piccolo (Ned—Belle).

Fred McArthur's b. and w. setter bitch Nellie (Larry—Angela), with C. C. Bradley's l. and w. pointer bitch Princess Bonnie (Shot—Tannie).

A. Gale's l. and w. pointer dog Tobe.

The winners were, in the Derby: Mr. E. H. White's Prairie Bird, first; Mr. H. Cooper's Morden Jess, second; Mr. J. Lemon's Piccolo, third. In All-Age Stake: Messrs. Hamber and Code's Bang III. and MacHamber first and second; Mr. J. R. Wagham's Go Bang and Mr. M. J. Lemon's Sport, equal third.

Two-Stars.

[Details of the running will be given next week.]

United States Field Trial Derby.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following dogs have been nominated in the United States Field Trial Club's Derby, to be run at West Point, Miss., in January, 1900. The entries number sixty-eight:

SETTERS.

Luna (Tony Boy—Christina)—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch.

Joe Cumming, Jr. (Joe Cumming—Laura)—W. W. Titus' b., w. and t. dog.

Forest Hall Chief (Vallit—Maid of the Morn)—E. McKenney's b. and w. dog.

Forest Hall Victor (Vallit—Maid of the Morn)—E. McKenney's b. and w. dog.

Don Noble (Don P.—Tessie)—J. R. Blake's l. and w. dog.

Baltullo (Count Gladstone IV.—Rod's Petrel)—F. M. Stephenson's b., w. and t. dog.

Harwick Boy (Harwick—Spot's Girl)—Dr. C. I. Shoop's b., w. and t. dog.

Harwick, Jr. (Harwick—Spot's Girl)—Dr. C. I. Shoop's b., w. and t. dog.

Harwick's Girl (Harwick—Spot's Girl—Dr. C. I. Shoop's b., w. and t. bitch.

Lady Harwick (Harwick—Miss Tony)—Dr. C. I. Shoop's b., w. and t. bitch.

Verona's School Boy (Iroquois Chief—Lady of Verona)—Verona Kennels' b., and w. dog.

Trixie (Kingston—Duke's Ruby)—C. D. Stuart's o. and w. bitch.

Bona (Tony Boy—Christina)—H. Ames' b., w. and t. bitch.

Hurstbourne Cricket (Tony Boy— Cynosure)—Norvin T. Harris' b., w. and t. bitch.

Minnie W. (Duke B.—Miss Bess)—D. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. bitch.

Pride (Cincinnatus Pride—Brown's Queen Vic)—Jas. McKay's b. and w. dog.

Rajah (Cincinnatus Pride—Antonia)—J. A. Wilson's b., w. and t. dog.

Honest Joe (Cincinnatus Pride—Antonia)—J. A. Wilson's b., w. and t. dog.

Dewey (Harwick—Queen Esther)—S. A. Smart's b., w. and t. dog.

Della's Sport (Marie's Sport—Della K.)—H. K. Devereux's b., w. and t. dog.

Buccaneer (Antonio—May Win)—H. Pape's o. and w. dog.

Kalmig Doll (Cincinnatus Pride—Maud III.)—R. Kelly's b. and w. bitch.

Tona (Tony's Ben—Nellie H. II.)—J. M. Morgan's b., w. and t. bitch.

Pontiac (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryme)—Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. dog.

Sioux (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryme)—Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. bitch.

Ute (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryme)—Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. bitch.

Caddo (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryme)—Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. bitch.

Apache (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryme)—Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. dog.

Traddles (Whyte B.—Dolly Varden)—H. S. Bevan's b., w. and t. dog.

Dolly Whyte (Whyte B.—Dolly Varden)—H. S. Bevan's l. and w. bitch.

Bob Acres (Tony's Gale—Minnie T.)—George Crocker's o. and w. dog.

Miss Meadows (Tony's Gale—Minnie T.)—George Crocker's b., w. and t. bitch.

Chadwick (Tony's Gale—Lightfoot)—George Crocker's b., w. and t. bitch.

Miss Bangle (Tony's Gale—Lightfoot)—George Crocker's b., w. and t. bitch.

Peg's Girl (Kelp—Scuffle)—R. B. Morgan's b., w. and t. bitch.

May Hempstead (Kelp—Baby L.)—R. B. Morgan's b., w. and t. bitch.

Lillian's Boy (Rodfield—Lillian Russell)—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' b., w. and t. dog.

Lillian's Girl (Rodfield—Lillian Russell)—Jackson & Denmark Kennels' l. and w. bitch.

Gailor (Eugene T.—Gloster's Girl)—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog.

Rancoca's Pet (Eugene T.—Gloster's Girl)—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch.

Geneva (Tony's Boy—Lena Belle)—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch.

Belle L. (Tony's Boy—Lena Belle)—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch.

Miss Lee (Eugene T.—Trinkett)—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch.

POINTERS.

Plain Sam's Son (Plain Sam—Dolly Dee II.)—Verona Kennels' l. and w. dog.

——— (Duke of Dexter—Lucy Knowlton)—A. Q. Pitcher's l. and w. bitch.

Miss Madge (Adam—Sing)—F. R. Huntingdon's b. and w. bitch.

Staccals (———————)—W. A. Subilia's l. and w. dog.

Rip Rap's Pride (Rip Rap—Telmo Croxteth)—F. Kruse's b. and w. dog.

——— (Young Rip Rap—Lady Margritte II.)—W. P. Stoddard's b. and w. bitch.

Drillmaster (Jingo—Dot's Pearl)—O. W. Ferguson's l. and w. dog.

Pearl's Boy (Jingo—Dot's Pearl)—J. B. Turner's l. and w. dog.

Sam's Luck (Plain Sam—Eve)—J. R. Daniels' b. and w. dog.

——— (———————)—Ned Fay's b. and w. dog.

Brann (Von Gull—Baby Ruth)—W. F. Rogers' l. and w. dog.

Keth's Flake (Young Rip Rap—Lady Margritte II.)—J. W. Keth's b. and w. bitch.

By Jingo (Jingo—Dot's Pearl)—J. S. Crane's l. and w. dog.

Dot's Daisy (Jingo—Dot's Pearl)—J. S. Crane's l. and w. bitch.

Good Enough (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot)—Geo. E. Gray's b. and w. dog.

Dot's Rap (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot)—Geo. E. Gray's l. and w. dog.

Rap's Dot (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot)—Geo. E. Gray's l. and w. bitch.

Pearl's Rip Rap (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot)—Geo. E. Gray's b. and w. bitch.

Young Hal (Hal Pointer—Dympnia)—Dr. C. I. Shoop's b. and w. bitch.

High Point (Young Rip Rap—Lady Margritte II.)—F. M. Stephenson's b. and w. dog.

Rip (Rip Rap———)—Geo. F. Nesbitt's l. and w. dog.

Mahdi (Tippoo—Queen Kent)—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' l. and w. dog.

Dervish (Tippoo—Queen Kent)—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' l. and w. dog.

Khartoum (Rip Rap—Toxic)—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' l. and w. dog.

Soudan (Rip Rap—Toxic)—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b. and w. bitch.

Bedouin (Rip Rap—Queen III.)—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b. and w. bitch.

W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Manitoba Field Trials.

The running of the Manitoba Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual at Morris last week was most successful throughout. The winners follow. Full details of the work will be given in our next issue: Derby: Messrs. Avent and Duryea's Sioux, first; same owners' Victor, second; Mr. D. E. Rose's Bona, third. All-Age Stake: Messrs. Hamber and Code's Bang III., first; Messrs. Avent and Duryea's Prime Minister, second; Del Monte Kennels' Minnie's Girl, third.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

SEPTEMBER.

14. Newport, ladies' cruise, Newport, Narragansett Bay.
16. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, Long Island Sound.
16. Philadelphia, cup, Philadelphia, Delaware River.
16. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
23. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
23. Riverside, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
24. Williamsburgh, annual fall regatta, Bowery Bay, L. I. Sound.
27. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
30. Corinthian, knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.

OCTOBER.

3-5-7. New York, America Cup matches, Sandy Hook.

Columbia—Defender Trial Races.

NEWPORT.

Sept. 2, 4, 5.

There was a time in the history of the America Cup races when the trial races of the defending fleet were almost as exciting and interesting as the final contests of the national representatives; in fact, at times, as when Mischief, Gracie and Hildegarde sailed in the trial races of 1881, and again when Puritan and Priscilla were matched in 1885, the feeling between the adherents of the different American yachts has almost exceeded the interest in the international races which followed. This year, as in 1895, the trial races have been mere perfunctory affairs, useful in a way, but by no means exciting, as the result has been a foregone conclusion.

The trial race as a part of the international contests for the America Cup dates back to 1881. In the first match, in 1870, the entire fleet of the New York Y. C. was declared eligible to sail against the one English challenger in the single race allowed to her. In the following year four schooners, Columbia, Dauntless, Sappho and Palmer, were selected by the choice of the club to be in readiness, any one of the four to be selected on the morning of the race to meet the challenging yacht in each race of the series.

In 1876 but one yacht was chosen to defend the Cup, the schooner Madeline being selected on the basis of her public record as the fastest schooner in the New York Y. C. fleet.

When the sloop Atalanta challenged in 1881, the question of the fastest American yacht of her class was by no means an easy one, each of the existing yachts, Gracie, Mischief and Hildegarde, having many adherents, while the new sloop Pocahontas, especially built by the flag officers of the club to defend the Cup, was confidently expected to excel the older boats. Under such circumstances the first trial races were instituted, solely for the purpose of demonstrating the merits of the four yachts. The choice of the committee, now fully justified by subsequent events, was very severely criticised by many at the time, and gave great offense to the partisans of the other yachts.

When Genesta challenged in 1885, a trial race was a necessity, as two yachts had been built for the defense, while several of the older cutters and sloops were desirous of competing, though handicapped by their small size, being built to the 70ft. class. Except that the new iron sloop Mischief represented some important departures in model, ballasting and proportions and details of rig from the older sloops, the first trial race in 1881 was simply a local affair, limited to the sloops of the 70ft. class in the New York Y. C. fleet, all centerboard boats, of similar model and rig. In the trials of 1885, however, two new issues were presented, making the contest more exciting and far more valuable. In the first place, the question of local rivalry was involved, New York being pitted against Boston; and in the second place, the question of type came in for the first time, the New York boat, Priscilla, an enlarged Mischief, being distinctively a centerboard sloop, while the Boston boat, Puritan, was as distinctively a centerboard cutter, the first great step in that compromise of American and British ideas which has resulted in one common type, the modern semi-fin-keel cutter, on both sides of the Atlantic.

The following trials, in 1886, 1887 and 1893, in each case for the purpose of selecting the best yacht of a fleet, were marked by the rivalry between various designers; the rivalry of the East, represented by Boston and Bristol, against New York; and by important differences of type, the centerboard in various degrees of compromise, the keel type, and finally the fin and semi-fin types, being all represented.

These contests, hotly fought by all parties, with added labor and expense each year, proved to be most valuable in developing the speed of the competitors and in putting the chosen defender in the best possible form, both as to yacht and crew, for meeting the British challenger.

Since 1893 the development of the racing machine has reached such a point that building by individual yachtsmen has ceased, owing to the excessive cost and the uselessness of the yachts, and it has been simply a matter of one new syndicate boat each year for the defense. In the case of Defender in 1895, it was practically a certainty from the start that with her improved model and rig and the lighter construction obtained by the use of aluminum she would defeat her older sister, Vigilant; and the main end served by the trial races of the two was the improvement of Defender by actual racing against a yacht of her own class. In the present case the conditions have been the same; there was little question from the start that Mr. Herreshoff would be able to improve materially on Defender, and that the new boat would be finally selected in preference to the old one, as has been the case. The rebuilding of Defender, however, and the constant racing between her and the new Columbia has not only proved the superiority of the latter, but has been of inestimable value in developing by means of judicious experiments on sails, spars and all other details a higher speed than either could hope to attain without such trials. The earlier races between the two had made the selection of Columbia a certainty, so that the formal trial races, just sailed, are important only as they indicate a progressive improvement in her.

The series really included three races, sailed on Sept. 2, 4 and 5, though only the first two were considered official trials. For the first race, Mr. W. G. Brokaw, of the schooner Amorita, offered a handsome cup; for the second, Mr. H. B. Moore, of the steam yacht Marietta III., offered another cup, and the third race was sailed for a cup specially offered by Mr. William Goddard, of Providence, father of Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin. The races were under the management of the New York Y. C. regatta committee, Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell, who followed on the first two days on the flagship Corsair III., and on the third day on Marietta III. For the first time in the history of the Cup the trial races were sailed off Newport, for the very good reasons that the course, which is in itself an excellent one, can be reached by a short sail from the harbor, avoiding the tow of twenty miles that is necessary at New York; and both yachts were at all times within easy reach of the Herreshoff shops, at Bristol, for changes and repairs.

In all the trial races up to 1895 the competing yachts have been measured according to the rule of the New York Y. C., and the measurements have been made public at the time of the first race at latest, the corrected times of the yachts being announced immediately after the finish. This year, for reasons of state, in all the races of Columbia and Defender the rule has been violated, the yachts have not been officially measured, and everything relating to their measurements has been carefully concealed. The allowances of Columbia to Defender in the races of the season, including the trial races themselves, are as yet unknown, and it is quite possible that the exact times of the two will never be officially known and recorded, as the measurements have altered from race to race with the many changes of spars. As it was necessary in these races to have some nominal basis on which to award the cups, the following table was accepted by both parties:

Time Consumed in Minutes.	Allowance in Min. & Sec.	Time Consumed in Minutes.	Allowance in Min. & Sec.
2 00 to 2 10	3 00	2 70 to 2 80	7 40
2 10 to 2 20	3 10	2 80 to 2 90	9 00
2 20 to 2 30	3 30	2 90 to 3 00	10 30
2 30 to 2 40	4 00	3 00 to 3 10	12 10
2 40 to 2 50	4 40	3 10 to 3 20	14 00
2 50 to 2 60	5 30	3 20 to 3 30	16 00
2 60 to 2 70	6 30		

These allowances are purely arbitrary, and have nothing to do with the measurement rule and allowance table of the New York Y. C., under which all of its races are supposed to be sailed.

In the races Columbia carried her steel mast, the broken portion having been replaced, with the topmast stepped in the masthead and housing within the mast. Both yachts had been put in perfect condition, Defender being hauled out at Bristol and painted on the bottom with the Herreshoff green paint. Capt. Barr and the Deer Isle crew were on board Columbia, while Capt. Rhodes and his Scandinavian crew sailed Defender. Mr. N. G. Herreshoff sailed on Columbia in the first race.

First Trial Race—Brokaw Cup.

WINDWARD AND LEEWARD COURSE.

Saturday, Sept. 2.

The start for all the races was the Brenton's Reef Lightship, the hour being 11 A. M., but on Saturday morning it rained quite hard, with an easterly wind, and Mr. Iselin was unwilling to wet Columbia's mainsail, so the start was postponed until 1 P. M. About noon the rain ceased and the sky cleared, and mainsails were set and then the jibs went up in stops, and the two started out of Newport Harbor in a light breeze, accompanied by Corsair III., Marietta III., Nourmahal, Sapphire III., Polyanthus, Eugenia, Aileen II. and Ballymena. The wind freshened as they worked out, and at the lightship it was blowing about ten miles per hour, from a little north of east. A course dead to windward would have taken the yachts too close to West Island, so the course east by south was given as the nearest possible. Both set club topsails and baby jib topsails. The flagship marked the north end of the line, with the Brenton's Reef Lightship on the south end. The starting signal was given at 1:35, Defender, after some lively dodging between the pair, luffing sharp around the lightship within 40s. of the gun, and so close as to leave no room for Columbia on her weather. Columbia crossed 17s. later, in a very poor position astern of Defender, both being on starboard tack. Columbia went on port tack as soon as she was well by the mark, but Defender was about as soon as she was, and still in a good berth. For the next five or six minutes Columbia was sailed hard to get through Defender's lee, gaining a little, then she came on starboard tack with the right of way. Defender tacked too, and again threw her back wind into Columbia's sails, the latter soon tacking again. Defender followed, and the same play was repeated. About 2 o'clock the jib topsail sheet on Columbia parted, and the sail was lowered for a short time. She was doing a little better all the while, and by slow degrees at last managed to get her wind clear and to leave Defender hand over hand, slowly but steadily. After going on port tack, close under the shore, at 2 o'clock, both made a long seaward leg of nearly 50m., with all the wind they wanted for their club topsails and scuppers boiling. Columbia tacked first for the mark, and had to light sheets, while Defender fetched easily after tacking a little further to leeward. The times showed a good gain for Columbia after a fair fight, in which she started at a disadvantage.

	Mark.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Columbia	3 50 03	2 14 23	0 05 10	0 05 10
Defender	3 54 56	2 19 33	.. .. ..	.. .. ..

When they turned, the wind was not far enough aft for spinakers, and each set her balloon jib topsail; after about twenty minutes Columbia set her spinaker to starboard and within the next five minutes Defender broke out hers. The wind was light in spots as they ran home, and Defender possibly carried a little stronger breeze to the line. The final times were:

		Leg.		Course.	
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Lead.
Columbia	5 22 43	1 32 40	0 01 39	3 47 03	0 06 49
Defender	5 29 15	1 34 19	.. .. ..	3 53 52	.. .. ..

According to the official figures, Columbia won by 3m. 19s. corrected time; the elapsed time being 227m., for which the allowance in the above table is 3m. 30s.

Second Trial Race—Moore Cup.

TRIANGULAR COURSE.

Monday, Sept. 4.

Early on Monday morning the wind was N.W. and strong, but as it worked to the north it lightened, and though when the yachts got under way at 10 A. M. under lower sails it was a question which topsails they might need, it was soon evident that the big clubs were called for. The weather was fine and the day an ideal one for sailing. The triangular course was in order, and the flagship set the signals for the three legs, S.E.½E., W. by S.½S. and N. by E., the latter being to windward. The first leg was a reach on port tack, and the second called for the same trim of sheets on the other tack. When the preparatory signal was given at 11:15, both swung club topsails, with jib topsails in stops, and Defender had her balloon staysail set. This time Columbia was over in the lead, but 9s. after the gun, with Defender 13s.

astern in her wake, with jib topsails sheeted home and Columbia's balloon staysail set as well as Defender's. Each skipper was on his guard for a chance of luffing, but they straightened out on the true course to fight out the reach in straight footing. At the start the breeze was fresh and true, the yachts, served both alike, being heeled to the scuppers and moving very fast. As they worked out to sea the breeze became lighter and also headed until the ballooners were shifted for the working staysails. It was a steady gain for Columbia to the first mark, which they fetched after lighting sheets a little, the times being:

	Mark.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Columbia	12 24 45	0 58 36	0 03 36	0 03 36
Defender	12 28 34	1 02 12	. .. ..	. .. ..

They jibed booms to port and headed under the same canvas for the second mark, near Block Island, Columbia still gaining. Defender covered the last part of the leg with her spinaker set to starboard. The times at the second mark were:

	Mark.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Columbia	1 27 53	1 03 08	0 02 09	0 05 45
Defender	1 33 51	1 05 17	. .. ..	. .. ..

In the lighter wind of the second leg Columbia had made a smaller gain, in part due to the fluky wind.

The wind was now N.E. by N., and they set baby jib topsails, starting home on starboard tack, but so far apart as to make a stern chase for Defender. The wind was much lighter than at the start, and Columbia showed a good gain of 4m. 22s. in ten miles. The final times were:

		Leg.		Course.	
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Lead.
Columbia	2 43 33	1 15 40	0 04 22	3 17 24	0 10 07
Defender	2 53 53	1 20 02	. .. ..	3 27 31	. .. ..

The committee announced after the finish that no more trial races would be sailed; though, for reasons of state, the chosen defender will not be named until the week before the Cup races. A third cup having been offered, it was decided to sail for it on Tuesday, and to try a new mainsail of specially light cloth, just completed for Columbia; the third she has had.

Goddard Cup Race.

WINDWARD AND LEEWARD COURSE.

Tuesday, Sept. 5.

Tuesday was clear and pleasant, with a moderate S.W. breeze and smooth water. The committee went out on the steam yacht Marietta III. and decided on a course of ten miles to windward, S.W. by S. The committee boat lay N.W. of the lightship to make the line, and the two yachts worked about near her. When the gun was fired at 2:20, Defender was luffing under Marietta's counter with Columbia in her wake, but instead of crossing she ran along the line, tacked and went over near the lightship on port tack, within 41s. of the handicap gun, 2m. after the starting signal. Columbia followed the same course, but crossed some distance to leeward of Defender, and but 19s. ahead of the handicap gun. She found herself in a very poor position, and at once came about on starboard tack, Defender also tacking on her weather bow. With sheets hard down on each, Columbia started to reach through Defender's lee, and did so in a few minutes, going by the old boat and coming out clear on her lee bow. Defender went on port tack, for the Narragansett shore, and Columbia came about at once. With the wind heading a little, Defender was still in the lead, but Columbia footed by to windward at a steady pace. After a time Defender went on starboard tack, and when Columbia followed she was well to windward and in the lead. The breeze at the start was blowing about ten knots, but it was freshening all the time, and thus helping Defender. As they worked out to the mark, Columbia continued to gain, but not to the same extent as at the start. Near the middle of the leg Defender split her jib topsail and had to stow it, Columbia carrying hers for some five minutes longer, by which time it was not needed, as the two were well heeled under the freshening breeze. The weather mark was timed:

	Mark.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Columbia	4 00 40	1 38 50	0 03 04	0 02 33
Defender	4 03 13	1 41 54	. .. ..	. .. ..

They set spinakers to port for the run in, and were timed at the line:

		Leg.		Course.	
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Lead.
Columbia	4 55 06	0 54 26	0 00 38	2 33 16	0 03 42
Defender	4 58 17	0 55 04	. .. ..	2 36 58	. .. ..

The presumption is that Columbia wins the Goddard cup, but no official announcement has been made of the corrected times.

The performance of Columbia in the three races showed an increase of stability under the steel mast, as compared with her original work with the wooden mast. As compared with Defender, she is relatively faster in light to moderate winds, the old boat showing better as the wind increases. On Wednesday Defender sailed from Newport for New Rochelle, and Columbia sailed up to Bristol, where men were set to work at once replacing the light wooden bulkheads recently removed. Stores were also shipped and new sails taken on board, while others were sent ashore; her topsides were also repainted white. She left Bristol in tow of her tender on Thursday, called at Newport, and continued to New Rochelle, arriving on Friday and mooring beside Defender in her regular berth.

Defender went to City Island to paint on Friday, and Columbia was under way to try new headsails on Saturday. On Monday both took refuge from the gale inside of City Island.

Point o' Woods Y. C.

POINT O' WOODS—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Wednesday, Aug. 30.

The Point o' Woods Y. C. sailed a race on Aug. 30 in a strong S.W. wind. Winifred sprung her mast and Lapwing carried away the jaws of her gaff. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Idyl	2 18 50	4 45 25	2 26 55
Emilie B	2 18 30	Did not finish.	
Narayana	2 18 26	4 49 16	2 33 47
Lapwing	2 18 00	4 55 07	2 35 29
Sand Piper	2 19 00	5 33 37	2 55 04
Rover	2 18 50	5 36 10	3 07 04
Winifred	2 18 35	Disabled.	

Shamrock.

The arrival of Sir Thomas Lipton on the Cunarder Campania on Sept. 1 has given a new interest to everything conected with the coming match for the America Cup, as it has been followed by the trials of Shamrock under canvas in the waters in which the Cup courses will be laid. On her arrival at Quarantine at 7:30 P. M., the Campania was met by the steam yacht Erin, the tug Lawrence and various tugs, revenue cutters and other craft, all bearing people to meet the owner of Shamrock, and duly armed with special permits to board the steamer. Governor Roosevelt was represented by his military secretary, Col. George C. Treadwell, specially detailed to welcome Sir Thomas Lipton to New York. Mr. Edward A. Sumner, counsel for Sir Thomas in New York, presented to him an invitation from the officials in charge of the Dewey ceremonies for the steam yacht Erin to head the yacht division of the naval review, and also cards from fifty-six different clubs of New York, extending their courtesies during his stay. Sir Thomas was accompanied by Mr. Will Fife, Jr., designer of Shamrock; Mr. Thomas W. Ratsey, the famous sail maker, who has been here before with Thistle, Valkyrie II. and Valkyrie III.; Mr. J. C. Connell, of Glasgow, the well-known Scotch yachtsman, and Mr. Jesse Collings, M. P. After the steamer reached her pier the party proceeded to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where they spent the night. Early on Saturday morning Sir Thomas, Mr. Fife and Mr. Ratsey visited the Lipton fleet anchored off Tompkinsville, and after inspecting Shamrock they took up their quarters on board of Erin. Sunday was spent on board, as quietly as circumstances permitted, steamers and yachts coming in numbers to inspect the challenger. Monday morning was clear, with a fresh breeze outside the Hook. Shamrock was towed out by tug James A. Lawrence, passing the point of the Hook at 10:20 A. M., Sir Thomas, with Messrs. Fife and Ratsey, following on Erin. When she was off the Scotland Lightship the mainsail was hoisted, with the headsails, and she stood off to the eastward with a breeze of about fifteen knots from north to northwest. As she returned, her working topsail was set, with a baby jib topsail. After the trial she was towed into the Horseshoe for the night, while Erin came on up to Staten Island.

On Tuesday the Lipton fleet was again under way early, Messrs. Fife, Ratsey and Connell being on board Shamrock. The wind was S.E., about an eighteen-knot breeze, with a sea. In the course of the day she made two runs between the Scotland and Sandy Hook lightships, a distance of four and one-eighth nautical miles, being timed by the press tug, which follows her every day. On the first trial under spinaker she took 19m. 10s., and on the second, with the wind before the beam, she took 19m. 40s.

Both of these trials were made under the sails used in the race with Britannia, and it was expected that larger ones would be bent for a trial on Wednesday, but the yacht lay at her moorings all day, her crew being busy in moving from the steamer Nonowantuck to the larger steamer Plymouth, recently chartered in Boston. On Thursday and Friday she was under way again, with club topsail set and in light winds. The impression thus far is that she is relatively faster in fresh breezes than in light to moderate weather, but this opinion amounts to very little, as she will carry a much larger sail spread in the Cup races. There is as much mystery as ever as to her more important dimensions, the numerous positive and exclusive statements as to her draft varying from 20 to 23ft. It is not known when she will be docked, nor whether she will be visible when in the dock, a vague report being current to the effect that she will be covered with canvas.

The yacht lay at anchor all day Sunday, and also rode out Monday's gale in the Horseshoe. Her 111ft. boom and big gaff were shipped on Monday, and she started under her large sails on Tuesday.

The Lipton fleet now numbers nine vessels—Shamrock, Erin, Plymouth, steamer; Nonowantuck, steamer; James A. Lawrence, tug; Adelaide, tug; two launches and a barge for the extra spars.

Sir Thomas Lipton has created a very favorable impression on all who have come in contact with him; he has been specially courteous to the newspaper men whose duties compel them to interview him and to watch the work of his yachts.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian International Cup.

The Sailing Committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. at a special meeting on Sept. 6 decided to accept the challenge of the White Bear Y. C., of Minneapolis, Minn., for 1900. The club had received but two challenges, from the White Bear Y. C. and the Bridgeport Y. C., of Bridgeport, Conn. The Rochester Y. C. had made inquiries as to the terms of the challenge, and it had been reported that Mr. Regis H. Post, owner of Constance, would challenge again, but there was nothing official at hand from either party, and the choice lay between the two clubs named above. As the relations of the White Bear and the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. have been most cordial and this club had been passed over in the fall of 1898 in order to give the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. another chance for the cup, it was decided to accept the new challenge made by it on the day of the last race between Constance and Glencairn III. The committee decided that it was desirable that some steps should be taken to secure the construction of a better type of boat than that thus far developed by these races, the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., as the holder, having certain powers in the matter of amending the conditions.

The America Cup Races.

The first race for the America Cup between Shamrock and Columbia will take place on Oct. 3, starting outside Sandy Hook, off the Port of New York, from either the Scotland or the Sandy Hook Lightship. The races will continue on Thursday, Saturday, and if necessary the same days in the following week, until one yacht has won three races. The course for the first race will be to windward or leeward, fifteen nautical miles and return; for the second race it will be a triangle with ten-mile sides, and so on in alternation. In case a race is unfinished, the next trial will be made over the same course, varied only to suit the direction of the wind.

The entire steamboat fleet of New York, with many vessels from Boston and other ports, and at least two ocean steamers from England, will be on hand to follow the races. The charges on the public steamers run from $3 per trip for the Iron Steamboat Company's craft, to $5 and $6 for the large Sound and sea-going steamers such as the City of Lowell, Grand Duchess, etc. Advertisements of the different steamers will be found in the daily New York papers. It will be necessary to start from the Battery or other New York piers by about 9 o'clock in order to get to the line in good season for the start off the lightship at 11 o'clock. The distance is twenty miles, and even in the broader channels open to the steamboats there is likely to be more or less crowding and possibly delay.

Rhode Island Y. C. Annual Regatta.

PAWTUXET—PROVIDENCE RIVER.

Thursday, Aug. 31.

The Rhode Island Y. C. sailed its thirteenth annual regatta on Aug. 31 with a good field of starters. The wind was fresh from the south, and the times were:

FIRST DIVISION.

Class 3—Sloops or Cutters—30 to 25ft.

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Metacom, R. H. I. Goddard, Jr.	1 44 00	3 09 02	2 02 55
Nellie, John Oates	1 44 00	3 27 38	3 27 38

Class 6—Sloops or Cutters—18 to 15ft.

Opossum, J. L. Herreshoff	1 50 00	2 22 03	2 22 03
Columbia, Wood Bros.	1 50 00	2 31 43	2 31 08

Class 7—Sloops—15ft. and under.

Kid, W. H. Thurber	1 52 00	2 48 27	2 48 27
Rascal, H. E. Barlow	1 52 00	2 50 43	2 50 43
Earl, E. L. Fuller	1 52 00	2 55 13	2 55 13
Kitten, A. M. Potter	1 52 00	2 57 41	2 57 41

Class8—Special Class Fin-Keel Flush-Deck Sloops.

Breeze, W. G. Boelker, Jr.	1 54 00	2 41 11	2 41 11
Budget, Almy Bros.	1 54 00	Disqualified.	
Spree, Grant & Freed	1 54 00	Withdrew.	

THIRD DIVISION.

Class 2—25ft. Class Cats.

Curlew, A. F. Rich	2 06 00	3 16 10	3 16 10
Inez L., Whittaker	2 06 00	3 28 43	3 21 09
Yankee, G. Darling	2 06 00	3 29 32	3 21 29
Chick, B. Davis	2 06 00	3 32 33	3 26 27
Patience, Chas. Milwood	2 06 00	3 35 36	3 31 29
Phroso, Horace Peck	2 06 00	3 43 17	3 36 15

Class 3—21ft. Cats.

Marguerite, J. D. Peck	2 08 00	2 21 14	2 21 14
Colleen, M. Considine	2 08 00	2 26 04	2 25 08
Ida A., J. H. Foster	2 08 00	2 29 26	2 26 22
Mary L., Ed. Lyons	2 08 00	Withdrew.	

Class 4, 18ft. Cats.

Fedora, J. A. Hinckley	2 10 00	2 42 46	2 40 45
Dora, John Conroy	2 10 00	2 48 44	2 46 00
Skip, Thompson	2 10 00	2 52 11	2 52 11
Martha, F. J. Cole	2 10 00	Withdrew.	

Class 5—15ft. Cats.

Belle, A. Greene	2 12 00	3 13 34	3 13 34
Myrtle, H. Capron	2 12 00	3 19 09	3 17 30

Columbia turned the wrong mark, Budget started out of her class, and Colleen was protested for fouling.

Norwalk Y. C.

NORWALK—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, Sept. 4.

The Norwalk Y. C. sailed an open race on Labor Day in a fresh north wind, in which Marguerite lost her bowsprit and Little Joe her mast. The times were:

Sloops—Start, 1:05:00.

	Finish.	Corrected.
Emma L.	3 20 10	2 14 58
Adele	3 28 30	2 20 15
Defiant	3 29 10	2 24 10

Knocabouts—Start, 1:10:00.

Kestral	3 20 27	2 08 32
Walre	3 32 07	2 22 07
Marguerite	Disabled.	

Cabin Cats—Start, 1:20:00.

Kit	3 22 35	2 02 35
Dot	3 37 21	2 17 31
Ayli	3 56 00	2 31 20
Rajah	Disabled.	

SECOND DIVISION.

Knockabouts—Start, 1:15:00.

Dacoit	3 39 23	2 24 23
Jataska	3 41 05	2 26 05
Indianola	3 44 00	2 29 00
Kittiewink	3 45 16	2 30 16

Large Catboats—Start, 1:25:00.

Daphtne	3 06 34	1 21 34
Ethel N	3 04 55	1 42 02

Small Catboats—Start, 1:30:00.

Vision	3 29 17	1 55 27
Gladys May	3 30 46	1 59 33
Norma	3 30 45	1 59 51
What'tell	3 30 55	2 00 55

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Monday, Sept. 4.

The Cohasset Y. C. sailed a race on Labor Day in a half-gale and a heavy sea for small craft, the times being:

Knockabouts—Start, 9:35.

	Finish
Delta, R. B. Williams	11 19 09
Remora, Tower & Crocker	11 21 35
Nerid, W. R. Sears	11 28 45
Baracuta, A. C. Burrage	11 29 30
Monsoon, F. H. Knowles	11 31 15

15ft. Class—Start, 9:30.

Swallow, John Richardson	10 32 00
Bee, F. W. Clark	10 36 00
Jap, Benj. Tower	10 40 00
Sea Gull, Fred Higginson	10 41 00

Fish Boats—Start, 9:40.

Manuel Salvador	10 35 00
Charles Anderson	10 35 30

Single Dories—Start, 10:02.

Thos. Mannix	10 14 45
Antone Figueredo	10 15 12
Patrick Hannahan	10 19 20
Irving Sylvester	10 26 30

Double Dories—Start, 10:45.

Grasse & Figueredo	11 06 00
Mannix & Golden	11 12 00
Hannahan & Doegue	11 19 00

The judges, William Edwards and D. N. Tower, awarded the prizes at the club house in the evening.

Beverly Y. C.

WING'S NECK—BUZZARD'S BAY.

THE Beverly Y. C. closed its racing with two events on Sept. 2 and one on Labor Day. In the morning of Saturday a race was sailed by the 15ft. one-design class, in Cataumet Harbor, the wind being light N.E. The times were:

Teazer, Hollis Burgess	0 59 15
Eaglet, R. W. Emmons, 2d	0 59 45
Go-Bye, C. H. Jones	1 01 00
Flickamaroo, J. Parkinson, Jr	1 01 23
Peacock, N. F. Emmons	1 02 20
Next, S. G. King	1 03 00
Uarda, R. L. Bacon	1 07 32

The boats were drawn by lot and not sailed by their owners. In the afternoon an open regatta was sailed off Wing's Neck, the times being:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Blazing Star, C. M. Baker	2 52 30
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore	2 56 08
Nokomis, Alfred Winsor	2 56 57
Ulula, W. Winship	2 57 12

21ft. Class.

Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 14 11
Kalama, David Rice	2 17 05
Cyrilla, R. W. Emmons, 2d	2 18 04
Edith, S. R. Dow	2 22 18
Amanita 2d, J. Crane, Jr	.. ..

Fourth Class Cats.

Heiress, G. G. Amory	1 36 47
Sally, W. S. Burgess	1 38 51
Maori, R. Bowler	1 42 50
Elsa, C. S. Sargent	1 43 46
Howard, Howard Miller	1 44 22
Hope, J. H. Ellis	1 47 06
Fin, H. Stockton, Jr	1 47 34

15ft. Class.

Uarda, J. Parkinson, Jr	1 38 57
Teazer, R. W. Emmons, Jr	1 40 03
Next, C. H. Jones	1 40 18
Flickamaroo, N. F. Emmons	1 40 45
Vim, F. W. Sargent	1 40 58
Peacock, R. Winsor	1 43 05
Go-Bye, S. G. King	Did not finish.

On Monday morning there was a fresh N.E. breeze for the open sweepstakes race. The 25ft. class sailed by agreement a special race to take the place of one previously sailed, but unsuccessful. The times were:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Blazing Star, C. M. Baker	2 28 20
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore	2 32 28
Ulula, W. H. Winship	2 32 43
Nokomis, A. Winsor	2 32 54

21ft. Class.

Kalama, David Rice	1 55 14
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	1 56 45
Cyrilla, R. W. Emmons	1 57 20
Amanita, J. Crane, Jr	1 59 22
Edith, S. R. Dow	2 05 02

Second Class Sloops.

Thordis, T. B. Wales	1 51 48
Islander, Com. G. H. Richards	1 57 22

Fourth Class Cats.

Heiress, G. G. Amory	1 40 30
Sally, S. W. Burgess	1 45 04
Howard, H. O. Miller	1 46 13
Elsa, C. S. Sargent, Jr	1 48 37
Daisy, Howard Stockton	1 51 22
Fin, Howard Stockton, Jr	1 51 39
Hope, J. H. Ellis	1 55 20
Maori, R. B. Bowler, Jr	Disabled.

18ft. Class.

Esther, E. N. Farnsworth	1 44 51
Poltoos, Louis Bacon	1 47 03

15ft. Class.

Next, Paul Jones	1 41 53
Uarda, J. Parkinson, Jr	1 44 15
Peacock, R. Winsor	1 44 47
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr	1 44 50
Flickamaroo, N. F. Emmons	1 45 34

The pennant winners were: Blazing Star, Quarkeress, Howard, Esther Uarda.

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Monday, Sept. 4.

THE Duxbury Y. C. closed its racing season on Labor Day with a race in a reefing breeze from S.W., the times being:

Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Halcyon, S. C. Winsor	1 04 40	1 04 40
Fanny D., A. E. Walker	1 06 34	1 05 34
Scamper, Reed Bros	1 08 47	1 06 47
Random, G. P. Cushman	1 16 13	1 08 13
Challenge, E. B. Atwood	1 08 28	1 08 28
Lobster, C. C. Clapp	1 09 16	1 09 16
Grace, M. S. Westing	1 11 06	1 11 00
Dewey, F. O. Wadsworth	1 20 19	1 12 19
Old Honesty, R. Winsel	1 22 02	1 14 22
If, F. B. Norwood	1 23 41	1 15 41
Vigilant, A. M. Weston	1 24 08	1 17 08

15ft. Catboats.

	Elapsed.
Veritas, Alex. Holmes	1 20 13
Scrap, A. B. Holmes	1 21 51

Patchogue Regatta.

PATCHOGUE—GREAT SQUTH BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 2.

AN open regatta was sailed off Patchogue on Sept. 2, the starters being yachts from the various clubs on the bay. The times were:

Class A—Sloops.

Klondike, W. J. Hill	2 03 51

Class B—Sloops.

Squaw, H. S. Jewell	2 04 05
Osawana, J. H. Covell	2 05 49
Helen, G. H. Miller	2 09 28

Class C.

Exile, A. H. Deghane	Not timed.

21ft. Class.

Constance, R. H. Post	Not timed.
Giggle, R. H. Post	Not timed.

Class E—Catboats.

Wanda, J. R. Suydam	1 16 56
Beulah, E. H. & F. C. Southard	1 19 19
Mariam, G. M. Smith	1 19 54
Irene, Edwin F. Wicks	1 30 50

Class D—Catboats.

Mabel, C. H. Southard	2 02 06
Dolphin, G. L. Robinson	2 05 09

Class F—Catboats.

Little Minister, J. H. Southard	1 28 18
Fin, F. L. Harris	1 36 24
Naomi, W. D. Murdock	1 27 52

Wellfleet Y. C. Open Regatta.

PROVINCETOWN—CAPE COD BAY.

Tuesday, Aug. 29.

THE Wellfleet Y. C. sailed an open regatta on Aug. 29 off Provincetown, the Massachusetts Y. R. A. fleet competing, with some local boats. Meemer had for a competitor an open fishing boat, so that she practically sailed alone. The wind was fresh from the east. The times were:

30ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 20 40
Four Brothers	Not timed.

25ft. Class.

Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	2 04 52
Areyto, L. D. Baker	2 05 03
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	2 06 42
Little Peter, H. Moebs	2 08 50
Thordis, T. B. Wales	2 09 20

21ft. Class.

Rooster, A. E. Walker	1 27 25
Heiress, Hayden & Parker	1 27 35

21ft. Cabin Class.

Harriet, L. T. Harrington	1 29 58
Pivateer, T. B. Doble	1 32 36
Uncle Nat, Frank Crowell	1 33 49

Oyster Boats.

Harding	1 42 03
Williams & Kemp	1 47 31
Delory	1 47 50
A H Harding	1 51 02

Quahaug Boats—First Class.

Joe Delory	1 38 45
A S Atwood	1 39 16
B Pierce	1 47 50

Quahaug Boats—Second Class.

Chase	1 46 35
Rogers	1 47 16
W Delory	1 49 46

Handicap Class.

Milched	1 33 20
Quivet	1 45 20
Swett	1 51 10
Alice	1 57 02

18ft. Class.

Pompero	1 59 23
Trilby	2 00 03
Dorothy	2 01 52

After tub races and other water sports a dinner was given in honor of the visitors.

Lynn Y. C. Open Regatta.

NAHANT—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Monday, Sept. 4.

THE principal event of Labor Day in the vicinity of Boston was the open Y. R. A. regatta of the Lynn Y. C., sailed off Nahant. Before the start the wind was strong from N.W., but it fell, and after a time came out of the east, finally shifting to S.E. These different changes helped some yachts and hurt others, and made the race unsatisfactory. Ashumet had no competitor, so sailed alone for a cash prize, but the race does not count for her for Association points. The times were:

30ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ashumet, W. F. Bache	2 09 42	. . . .

25ft. Class.

Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	2 15 28	. . . .
Little Peter, Henry Moebs	2 15 47	. . . .
Eleanor, D. B. Clapp	2 18 06	. . . .

21ft. Class.

Heiress, Hayden & Parker	2 07 15	. . . .
Alpine, Robert Williams	Withdrew.	

21ft. Cabin Class.

Arab IV, W. F. Scott	2 14 32	. . . .
Harriet, L. F. Harrington	2 16 02	. . . .
Privateer, A. H. Doble	Disqualified.	

18ft. Class.

Dauntless, Benner & Patten	1 31 34	. . . .
Snap Shot, J. H. Perry	1 33 46	. . . .
Duchess, L. A. Hayden	Withdrew.	

Handicap Class.

Alert, John MacConnell, Jr	1 27 29	1 23 29
Alma, C. A. Heney	1 30 56	1 26 56
Irene, S. B. Howe	1 33 39	1 29 39
Trouble, G. F. Littlefield	1 36 06	1 31 06
Muriel, J. S. Smith	Withdrew.	
Romance, Loring Sears	Withdrew.	

The judges were Com. W. H. Russell, Com. T. S. Young, W. A. Estes, Arthur Larrabee and I. B. Mills.

Huntington Y. C. Annual Regatta.

HUNTINGTON—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, Sept. 4.

THE Huntington Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on Labor Day, the times being:

Racing Knockabouts—Start, 12:50.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marguerite	3 25 45	3 25 45
Alerion	3 23 05	3 21 15
Murmur	3 58 10	3 46 10

30ft. Class—Cabin Catboats—Start, 1:00.

Windora	3 36 00	3 36 00
Carita	3 47 10	3 43 04
Flyaway	3 53 40	3 50 10
Hannah	4 25 00	3 55 07

Open Catboat Class—Start, 1:05.

Elsie	4 06 55	4 06 55
Kenwood	3 57 55	3 56 41
Vera	4 06 46	4 06 45

21ft. Class—Open Catboats—Start, 1:05.

Kazaza	2 38 00	2 38 00
Junior	2 57 30	2 53 25

Rochester Y. C.

CHARLOTTE—LAKE ONTARIO.

Monday, Sept. 4.

THE Rochester Y. C. sailed a race on Labor Day for two classes, the larger under a sealed handicap, the smaller without any allowance. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Verona, R.E.Rogers	10 00 19	12 36 00	2 35 31	2 35 41
Pedro, L. Perry	10 06 45	12 49 36	2 42 31	2 32 51
Iris, F. T. Christy	10 00 40	12 52 19	2 51 39	2 39 39
Mydia, J. Robbins	10 03 12	1 02 15	2 59 03	2 42 03
Majel	Withdrew.			
Facile	Disabled.			

Fourth Class.

Itt, W. Cross	10 30 26	12 22 04	1 51 38	. . . .
Bell, George Culp	10 30 15	12 34 00	2 03 45	. . . .
Dora, A. T. Bennett	10 33 14	1 01 22	2 28 08	. . . .

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

ROCKAWAY BEACH—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 2.

THE Jamaica Bay Y. C. sailed the fifth and last of its races for the dory class on Sept. 2, the times being:

Start, 3:40.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
E., C. Hollis	4 51 40	1 11 40
O., F. S. Lafond	4 52 40	1 12 40
S., W. W. Scheffler	4 55 00	1 15 00
A., W. G. Gallagher	4 55 15	1 15 15
B., Dr. C. J. Pflug	Withdrew.	

The record for the series is as follows:

	Points.
O., F. S. Lafond	28
E., C. Hollis	8
B., Dr. C. J. Pflug	6
S., W. W. Scheffler	5
A., W. G. Gallagher	2
T., R. M. Kimball	1
D., B. F. Daly	0

Fleet Capt. Fred S. Lafond won the first prize, a silver wine cooler. C. Hollis won second prize, a silver inkstand. Dr. C. J. Pflug won third prize, an order for a yachting cap, with club emblem.

Monday, Sept. 4.

THE final regatta of the Jamaica Bay Y. C. on Labor Day was sailed in a strong north wind, which disabled several yachts and capsized the catboat Eunice, drowning one of her crew, a Norwegian named Edward Iversen. This fatal mishap spoiled what would otherwise have been a most enjoyable day, as the reception committee had made ample arrangements for the entertainment of the many members and guests, both during the races and in the evening. The times were:

Cabin Cats—Start, 2:20.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Orca, F. S. Lafond	4 20 10	2 00 10
Dorothea, H. M. Christopher	Did not start.	

Open Cabin Cats—Start, 2:25.

Lulu, G. Marion	4 35 45	2 10 45
Tessie, G. Becker	Withdrew.	

Open Cats—25ft. Class—Start, 2:30.

Mildred-Myrtle, C. W. Hay	4 31 50	2 01 50
Alta, F. G. Bush	4 36 00	2 06 00
Ella B., J. L. Brainard	Withdrew.	

OpenCats—20ft. Class—Start, 2:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lucy A.	4 42 25	2 07 25	2 07 25
Lochinvar	4 43 00	2 08 00	2 07 33
Josie P.	Withdrew.		
Sweetheart	Disabled.		
Eunice	Capsized.		

Penataquit Corinthian Y. C.

BAY SHORE—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Monday, Sept. 4.

THE Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. sailed a special race on Labor Day over a twelve-mile course in a strong north wind, the times being:

36ft. Class—Start, 1:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Muriel	3 27 05	2 22 05	2 22 05

30ft. Class—Start, 1:10.

Pinkie	3 32 11	2 22 11	2 22 11
Gayety	3 24 46	2 22 46	2 12 30
Three Brothers	3 45 00	2 35 00	2 31 38
Squaw	3 24 59	2 14 59	2 11 00
Adaline	3 24 49	2 14 49	2 09 40
Osawanna	3 34 45	2 24 45	2 18 33

25ft. Class—Start, 1:15.

Scrap	3 41 25	2 26 25	2 26 25
Rel	3 40 27	2 25 27	2 24 53

21ft. Cissa—Start, 1:20.

Constance	3 34 35	2 14 35	2 14 35
Surprise	4 02 01	2 42 01	2 27 05
Giggle	4 04 48	2 44 48	2 29 44

Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 1:05.

Mabel	3 10 35	2 05 35	2 05 35
Wanda	3 18 28	2 13 28	2 05 21

Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:20.

Beulah	3 46 54	2 26 54	2 26 54
Mariam	3 45 10	2 25 10	2 22 45

Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 1:25.

Mollie	4 07 04	2 42 04	2 42 04
Little Minister	3 59 16	2 34 16	2 30 54

Catboats—18ft. Class—Start, 1:25.

Defender	4 09 38	2 44 38	2 44 38
Little Lydia	Withdrew.		

Westhampton Country Club Open Regatta.

WESTHAMPTON—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 2.

THE Westhampton Country Club sailed its annual open regatta on Sept. 2 in a rainstorm with a fresh easterly breeze, the times being:

Class A.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bess, M. Fitzgibbons	2 09 34	2 09 34
Edna, Frank Sanborn	2 13 07	2 07 41

Class B.

Thetis, Dewitt Mills	2 18 45	2 18 45
Princess, Theodore Sayre	2 21 09	2 20 43
Idlewild, G. N. Halstead	2 12 37	2 12 11

Class C.

Julia, J. D. Marston	2 18 24	2 18 24
Pauline, Lindsey Fiske	2 17 17	2 16 36
Iris, W. S. Creebey	2 24 25	2 23 17
Lorna, Walter Condee	2 23 30	2 21 22
Breseis, Peter Tuttle	2 15 39	2 14 03
Lady Margaret, Walter Folke	2 16 44	2 13 56
Tanita, F. B. Lindsey	2 44 16	2 21 28

Class D.

Solah, W. Mills	2 39 23	2 39 23
Wyvern, W. C. Kimball	2 21 55	2 19 19
Defender, C. DeHart Brower	2 28 30	2 25 20

The sloop yacht Arrow, of Long Beach, L. I., was recently purchased by Walter C. Coffin, of New Rochelle, who started from Long Beach on Saturday, Sept. 9, for the latter place by way of Montauk Point, accompanied by Wm. A. Murray and Chas. Williamson. The yacht was becalmed all day Sunday outside Rockaway Inlet, heading east at night when a breeze sprung up. The wind freshened to a gale from S.E., and with no harbor near, the yacht was forced to anchor well off shore, near Quogue. Early on Monday morning she was sighted by the crew of the Quogue Life Saving Station, which put off, and after several very dangerous attempts reached the yacht and took off the three men, returning to shore in safety. Shortly after, the cables parted and the yacht was driven ashore and completely wrecked.

Seawanhaka—Philadelphia Interclub Match.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. of Oyster Bay and the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia sailed a match between the one-design knockabouts of the two clubs, similar to that of last year, beginning on Aug. 28. Each side entered four boats, the record being as follows:

FIRST MATCH RACE.

Course Three Miles to Leeward and Return.

Corinthian Yacht Club of Philadelphia:
Preparatory, 3:30. Start, 3:35.

	1st Mark. Finish.	Elapsed.	Points.
Kid	5 41 25	2 06 25	1
Grilse	5 43 10	2 08 10	1
Spider	5 41 20	2 06 20	1
Fareeda	5 42 08	2 07 80	1
Total			4
Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club:			
Stella	5 40 17	2 05 17	4
Dacoit	5 39 35	2 04 35	4
Imshi	5 40 15	2 05 15	4
Heron	5 46 22	. .. ..	..
Total			12
Seawanhaka			12
Corinthian			4

SECOND MATCH RACE.

Course Six Miles Triangle, Twice Around, Twelve Miles in All.

Corinthian Yacht Club of Philadelphia:
Preparatory, 2:40 Start, 2:45.

	First Round. 1st mk.	2d mk.	Fin.	Second Round. 1st mk.	2d mk.	Fin.
Kid	3 06 41	3 56 15	4 13 25	4 34 43	5 10 00	5 26 00
Grilse	3 07 42	3 48 50	4 06 47	4 28 10	5 03 50	5 19 28
Spider	3 07 30	3 48 00	4 05 30	4 27 12	5 03 50	5 19 32
Fareeda	3 07 35	3 48 53	4 06 00	4 27 35	5 03 50	5 19 25

	Elapsed.	Points.
Kid	2 41 00	0
Grilse	2 34 28	1
Spider	2 34 32	1
Fareeda	2 34 25	1
Total		3

Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club:

	First Round. 1st mk.	2d mk.	Fin.	Second Round. 1st mk.	2d mk.	Fin.
Stella	3 06 54	3 47 39	4 04 40	4 25 46	5 00 32	5 16 09
Dacoit	3 07 53	3 51 43	4 09 50	4 31 00	5 07 30	5 23 33
Imshi	3 07 00	3 46 40	4 04 03	4 25 20	5 02 20	5 17 45
Heron	3 06 09	3 45 48	4 02 44	4 24 18	4 59 59	5 15 34

	Elapsed.	Points.
Stella	2 31 00	4
Dacoit	2 38 33	1
Imshi	2 32 45	4
Heron	2 30 34	4
Total		13
Seawanhaka		13
Corinthian		3

THIRD MATCH RACE.

Course Three Miles to Windward and Return.
Preparatory, 2:40. Start, 2:45.

Corinthian Yacht Club of Philadelphia:

	First Round. 1st Mark.	Finish.	Second Round. 1st Mark.	Finish.
Kid	3 33 17	3 57 58	. .. ..	5 12 50
Grilse	3 35 28	3 59 31	4 46 18	5 10 17
Spider	3 32 25	3 56 52	4 46 00	5 10 06
Fareeda	3 34 15	3 57 32	4 42 19	5 05 24

	Elapsed.
Kid	2 27 50
Grilse	2 25 17
Spider	2 25 06
Fareeda	2 20 34

Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club:

	First Round. 1st Mark.	Finish.	Second Round. 1st Mark.	Finish.
Stella	3 29 50	3 54 40	4 39 44	5 03 23
Dacoit	3 31 44	3 56 26	. .. ..	5 11 43
Imshi	3 31 30	3 56 52	4 43 25	5 07 30
Heron	3 36 08	4 00 13	. .. ..	5 12 02

	Elapsed.
Stella	2 18 23
Dacoit	2 26 43
Imshi	2 22 30
Heron	2 27 02

	Points.
Seawanhaka	9
Corinthian	7

The total score was Seawanhaka 34, Corinthian 13.

Medford Boat Club.

THE Medford Boat Club celebrated Labor Day by a sailing race and other sports on Mystic Lake. The 15-footers sailed in a fresh north wind, two being disqualified, Coquette for fouling Eleanor, and Sally for fouling the judges' boat. The times were:

15ft. Class—Start, 2:19.

	1st Leg.	2d Leg.	3d Leg.
Eleanor	2 38 37	2 56 27	3 15 42
Princess	2 39 50	3 00 50	3 19 53
Goshawk	2 45 00	3 21 50	3 57 00
Sally	Disqualified.		
Coquette	2 38 00	2 56 17	Disqualified.

Paddling race, club fours—Won by the Tyogas, Capt. Morton M. Holbrook; Hoboes second, Capt. Howard R. Teel.

Swimming race—Won by Walter E. Chick, Percy W. Richardson second.

Tub race—Won by P. W. Richardson, Albert J. Parry second.

Hurry-scurry race—Won by C. A. Record, John Howard second.

Tilting tournament—Won by John Howard, P. W. Richardson second.

The judges were Philip J. Teel and Oscar Cunningham.

Larchmont Y. C. Fall Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, Sept. 4.

THE Larchmont Y. C., in addition to its annual fall regatta on Labor Day, had scheduled an open regatta for schooner and other classes on Sept. 2, but the only yachts present were the catboats Grayling and Windora. They were sent over a course of five and one-half miles, in a light to moderate easterly wind, the times being:

Start, 12:25.

	Finish.	Corrected.
Windora	1 33 30	1 08 30
Grayling	1 42 20	1 16 18

The annual regatta on Monday was sailed in a strong north wind, the smaller yachts carrying two reefs, while Ludeah and Willada were dismasted. Kenwood and Cero fouled at the finish, and one of Kenwood's crew, Mr. Dodd, was stunned by the boom and knocked overboard, being rescued by two men in the markboat. Amorita was disqualified for rounding the wrong mark. Vigilant sailed with the 75ft. schooners. The times were:

75ft. Class—Schooners—Start, 11:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Quissetta	3 56 40	4 21 19	3 53 19
Vigilant (cutter)	3 31 33	3 43 20	3 43 20
Amorita	Disqualified.		
51ft. Class—Start, 11:40.			
Syce	2 49 03	3 09 03	0 09 03
Jessica	3 13 08	3 33 08	3 13 08
Lotowana	3 27 36	3 47 36	3 47 36
Kiora	3 41 38	4 31 32	4 40 48
43ft. Class—Start, 11:40.			
Hussar	3 14 34	3 34 34	3 34 34
Fleetwing	3 54 04	4 14 04	4 14 04
Ludeah	Dismasted.		
Yawl Class—Start, 11:40.			
Albicore	3 42 49	4 02 49	4 02 49
Escape	3 51 20	4 11 20	3 51 50
36ft. Class—Start, 11:45.			
Anoatok	3 35 34	3 50 34	3 49 13
Possum	3 33 48	3 48 48	3 48 48
Oshima San	Withdrew.		
25ft. Knocabouts—Start, 11:50.			
Oisean	3 51 59	4 01 59	4 01 59
Alyce	4 03 19	4 13 19	4 13 19
21ft. Racing Knockabouts—Start, 11:50.			
Cockatoo	2 11 40	2 21 40	2 21 40
Spindthrift	2 10 10	2 20 10	2 20 10
Robin Hood	2 10 30	2 20 30	2 20 30
Kitty	2 11 30	2 21 50	2 21 50
S. C. Y. C. Knockabouts—Start, 11:50.			
Lucille	2 18 08	2 28 08	2 28 08
Thalga	2 20 41	2 30 41	2 30 41
Midge	2 22 10	2 32 10	2 32 10
25ft. Class—Cabin Sloops.			
Celia	2 16 51	2 26 51	2 26 51
Cero	2 37 56	2 47 56	2 47 56
20ft. Class—Open Cats—Start, 11:55.			
Windora	2 08 50	2 13 50	2 13 50
Grayling	2 21 20	2 26 20	2 24 32
18ft. Class—Open Catboats—Start, 12:00.			
Palm	2 34 54	2 34 54	2 34 54
Keneu	2 16 41	2 16 41	2 16 41
Kazaza	2 20 02	2 20 02	2 20 02

On Sept. 9 the race for the schooner cup was started in a very light breeze, but was called off by the race committee.

Indian Harbor Y. C. Fall Regatta.

GREENWICH—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 2.

THE fall regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 2, starting in a light easterly breeze that freshened later on. The times were:

Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 2:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ludeah, C. L. Seabury	5 19 53	2 44 53	. .. ..
Nina, Charles L. Poor	5 21 15	2 46 15	. .. ..
Hussar, James D. Baird	5 20 53	2 45 53	. .. ..
Yawl Class—Start, 2:35.			
Albicore, S. J. Hyde	5 31 46	2 56 46	2 56 46
Sultan, C. S. Summerville	5 35 55	3 00 55	2 57 32
Escape, George Matthews	3 46 44	3 11 44	2 58 08
30ft. Class—Cabin Sloops—Start, 2:45.			
Alerion, A. H. Alker	4 48 03	2 03 03	2 01 33
Lorelei, A. Peters	4 54 24	2 09 24	2 06 58
Margarete, J. F. Dingee	4 47 09	2 02 09	2 02 09
25ft. Class—Cabin Sloops—Start, 2:45.			
Cero, C. D. Mallory	Withdrew.		
18ft. Class—Open Sloops—Start, 2:45.			
Ripple, Dr. J. A. Meek	5 48 33	3 03 33	. .. ..
Nora, Lewis Iselin	5 09 54	2 24 54	. .. ..
21ft. Class—Open Catboats—Start, 2:50.			
Psyche, H. B. Stevens	5 51 10	3 01 10	. .. ..
18ft. Class—Open Catboats—Start, 2:50.			
Palm, Clark Miller	4 48 34	2 03 32	. .. ..
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr	5 10 31	2 15 31	. .. ..
Racing Knockabouts—Start, 2:40.			
Mongoose, S. Ford	4 51 20	2 11 20	. .. ..
Robin Hood, G. E. Gartland	4 55 29	2 15 29	. .. ..
Kantaka, G. D. Bradish	5 04 13	2 24 13	. .. ..
Kitty, Hazen Morse	4 48 20	2 08 20	. .. ..
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie	4 31 51	2 03 51	. .. ..
Cockatoo, H. L. Eno	4 48 11	2 08 11	. .. ..
Kittiewink, W. L. Bull	4 57 34	2 17 34	. .. ..
Impshi, E. C. Benedict	4 51 15	2 11 15	. .. ..
Wyntje, F. S. Hastings	4 53 24	2 13 24	. .. ..

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 9.

THE final regatta of the Plymouth Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 9 in a strong N.E. wind, two classes competing. A handicap was arranged for yachts of not over 25ft. l.w.l., limited to working sails, and there was a class of 15ft. catboats. The times were:

Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Challenge, E. B. Atwood	1 54 16	1 47 16
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	1 53 39	1 47 39
Dolphin, N. Morton	2 02 45	1 47 45
Rooster, A. E. Walker	1 48 39	1 48 39
Special—Catboats.		
Frolic, J. C. Dawes	1 31 55	. .. ..
Veritas, Alex. Holmes	1 32 56	. .. ..
Kittawake, H. M. Jones	1 33 52	. .. ..
Scrap, A. B. Holmes	1 37 30	. .. ..

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

THE Manhasset Y. C. sailed the first of a series of three races for the special lark class, for a prize offered by the Rudder, on Sept. 9. A six-mile course was sailed in a light breeze, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mascot, Thomas Chaplin	4 05 58	1 30 58
Old Squaw, S. F. Carstein	4 18 02	1 43 02
T. W. W., Irving Sands	Did not finish.	
Gloria, Charles Allen	4 23 55	1 48 55
Echo, Allen & Weatherley	4 38 50	2 03 50

Squantum Y. C.

THE Squamtum Y. C. sailed a race for the Burkhardt cup on Sept. 9, the times being:

First Class.

	Corrected.
Tomahawk, Freeman & Hallowell	1 19 15
Wild Duck, H. Flood	1 24 00
Hattie, J. E. Drew	1 48 00
Dafodil, G. Glover	1 50 26

Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead.

THE Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead celebrated Labor Day by a triple holiday, a race on Sept. 2 from Marblehead to Gloucester, a race on the following day to Hull and a race home on Monday. The times for the two races were:

Saturday, Sept. 2.

Schooners.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Puritan, J. O. Shaw, Jr	2 28 50	. .. ..
America, Paul Butler	2 51 25	. .. ..
First Class.		
Hera, H. B. Wilmarth	Not timed.	
Second Class.		
Halaia, Loud Bros	2 32 28	2 32 28
Vaudra, J. Crosby	2 48 50	2 35 30
Gossip, Quincy Bent	2 58 32	2 45 12
Jeannette, Walter Burgess	3 08 45	2 52 21
Saunterer, J. O. Parker	3 10 30	3 01 18
Hiawatha	Not timed.	
Machado	Not timed.	
Richardson	Not timed.	
Third Class.		
Iris, G. H. Mayo	2 56 50	2 52 46
Mistral, J. Little	3 01 15	2 57 11
Sally IV., L. F. Percival	3 05 00	3 05 00
Lillian, H. E. Whitney	3 52 00	3 41 50
Geisha, C. W. Jaynes	3 44 50	3 42 45
Amelia, C. H. Morse	3 57 00	3 42 46
Jack Daw, Foss & Hodgdon	Not timed.	
Brinda, H. S. Goodwin	Not timed.	
Lurline, W. A. Wilson	Not timed.	
Raceabouts.		
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 38 32	. .. ..
Persimmon, C. H. W. Foster	2 42 55	. .. ..
Handicap Knockabouts.		
Carina, J. P. Clark	3 10 15	3 01 00
Agnes, D. C. Holder, Jr	3 13 05	3 03 50
Suzanne, F. Brewster	3 04 37	3 04 37
Fifi, J. A. Jennings	3 19 38	3 05 41
Opitzah, S. M. Foster	3 17 00	3 17 00
Spry, Ripley Bros	3 17 30	3 17 30

Sept. 3 the fleet raced from Gloucester to Hull in a strong S.W. breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Puritan, J. O. Shaw, Jr	4 41 43	4 41 45
America, Paul Butler	4 44 13	4 44 13
First Class.		
Hera, H. B. Wilmarth	6 07 15	6 07 15
Second Class.		
Halaia, J. P. & C. E. Loud	4 54 14	5 54 14
Jeannette, Walter Burgess	5 44 07	5 14 47
Varande, L. Whiting	5 44 57	5 20 17
Saunterer, J. D. Parker	5 53 01	5 35 32
Hiawatha, Marchado & Richards	6 54 40	6 10 46
Third Class.		
Sally IV., L. F. Percival	5 51 31	5 51 31
Mistral, T. W. Little	6 27 55	6 13 51
Lillian, H. E. Whitney	6 50 45	6 18 45
Dragon, C. M. Barker	6 20 55	6 20 55
Isis, G. H. Mayo	6 40 33	6 40 33
Geisha, C. W. Jaynes	6 58 27	6 40 52
Raceabouts.		
Sintram, W. H. Fowle	5 27 18	5 27 18
Handicap Knockabouts.		
Spry, Cropley Bros	6 05 55	6 05 55
Carina, J. P. Clark	6 51 56	6 33 36
Opitzah, S. H. Foster	7 03 56	7 03 56
Agnes, D. C. Holder	.. .. ..	. .. ..

Monday, Sept. 4.

Schooners.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Puritan, J. O. Shaw, Jr	2 57 57	2 57 57
America, Butler Ames	3 32 43	3 32 43
First Class.		
Hera, H. B. Wilmarth	3 55 00	3 55 00
Second Class.		
Halaia, J. P. & C. E. Loud	2 28 00	2 28 00
Verande, L. Whiting	2 55 50	2 49 54
Jeannette, W. Burgess	3 34 46	3 25 52
Saunterer, J. D. Parker	3 35 29	3 26 35
Hiawatha, Machado & Richardson	4 16 32	3 54 17
Third Class.		
Sally IV, L. Percival	3 02 58	3 02 58
Mistral, T. W. Little	3 27 53	3 20 37
Isis, G. H. Mayo	3 32 27	3 32 27
Dragon, C. M. Barker	3 38 36	3 38 36
Geisha, C. W. Jaynes	3 53 27	3 44 19
Jackdaw, Foss & Hodgdon	4 15 40	3 57 30
Fifth Class.		
Carina, J. P. Clark	3 52 31	3 41 01
Spry, Cropley Bros	3 49 37	3 49 37
Opitzah, S. H. Foster	4 04 30	4 04 30

The winners were: Schooner class, Puritan; first class, Hera; second class, Halara; third class, Sally IV.; fourth class, Sintram; fifth class, Carina.

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 9.

ON Sept. 9 the Burgess Y. C. sailed its sixth annual championship race, in a light N.E. wind, the times being:

Raceabouts.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jilt, W. P. Gay	1 22 45	. .. ..
Pirate, B. B. Crowninshield	1 23 10	. .. ..
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	1 23 36	. .. ..
Tunipoo, J. L. Bremer	1 23 52	. .. ..
Peep, W. B. Stearns	1 24 04	. .. ..
Persimmon, C. H. W. Foster	1 33 39	. .. ..
Lizana, E. V. R. Thayer	1 33 52	. .. ..
Colleen, H. M. Sears	Withdrew.	
Knockabouts.		
Spry, Cropley	1 29 26	. .. ..
Susanne, F. Brewster	1 30 25	. .. ..
Opitsah, S. H. Foster	1 31 21	. .. ..
Handicap Knockabouts.		
Fifi, J. C. Jennings	1 39 15	1 35 15
Carina, J. P. Clark	1 38 36	1 38 36
15ft. Class.		
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman	0 37 10	. .. ..
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber, Jr	0 39 00	. .. ..
Polly, E. Wadsworth	0 39 34	. .. ..
Gunning Boats.		
Ha Ha, A. F. Whitmore	0 47 55	. .. ..
Squashseed	Withdrew.	
Sailoff—16ft. Class.		
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman	0 40 05	. .. ..
Cyclone, F. G. Macomber, Jr	0 40 35	. .. ..
Polly, E. Wadsworth	0 40 57	. .. ..

The championships go to Jilt, Ugly Duckling and Ha Ha.

Wollaston Y. C.

ON Sept. 9 the Wollaston Y. C. sailed a handicap race, the times being:

	Corrected.
Ziska, A. L. Baker	1 51 10
Gwendoline, A. E. Linnell	1 59 00
West Wind, William Chase	2 00 07
Beatrice, W. Given	2 05 48

Atlantic Y. C.

SEA GATE—NEW YORK HARBOR.

THE Atlantic Y. C. sailed a special race on Sept. 2 for cups presented by Rear-Com. Weston, the wind being fresh from E.S.E. The winners were: Acushla II., Uvira, Ana, Eidolon, Genia, Bonito, Midge, Chinook, Qui Vive and Ellie.

On Labor Day a race was sailed for the Adams cup, in a fresh N.N.E. breeze, the times being:

51ft. Class—Racing Trim—Start, 2:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Acushla	4 47 35	2 42 35	2 42 35

51ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Start, 2:05.

Uvira	4 37 03	2 32 03	2 32 03
Minerva	Did not finish.		

Special Sloops—Start, 2:05.

Athlon	Did not finish.		
Daphne	4 57 54	2 52 54	2 48 24
Eclipse	5 02 37	2 57 37	2 55 03

Special Sloop Class—Cruising Trim—Start, 2:05.

Aiva	4 42 12	2 37 12	2 35 14
Ondoiva	Did not finish.		
Penguin	4 50 50	2 45 50	2 45 50

36ft. Class—Racing Trim—Start, 2:05.

Irex	Did not finish.		
Newasi	4 56 34	2 51 34	2 51 34

25ft. Class—Start, 2:05.

Song and Dance	4 14 00	1 59 00	1 59 00

35ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Start, 2:05.

Genia	5 29 38	3 24 38	. .. ..
Zingara	5 05 00	3 00 00	2 58 03
Nemo	Did not finish.		
Eidolon	4 46 47	2 41 47	2 41 47
Narika	Did not finish.		

Knockabouts—Start, 2:10.

Pebble	4 51 23	2 41 23	2 41 23
Cyclone II.	Did not finish.		
Chinook	Did not finish.		
Dot	4 51 55	2 41 55	2 41 55
Gryphon	4 44 48	2 34 48	2 34 48
Hummer	Did not finish.		

Cabin Cats—Class S, T. V.—Start, 2:15.

Qui Vive	4 13 07	1 58 07	1 52 13
Dorothy	4 07 23	1 52 23	1 52 23

Open Cats—Class S, T. V.—Start, 2:15.

Baby	4 30 03	2 15 03	2 15 13
Ellie	4 38 49	2 23 49	2 10 47

Canoes—Start, 2:20.

Az Iz	3 49 18	1 29 18	1 29 18
Nipsig	3 47 20	1 27 20	1 27 20
Torredor	Did not finish.		
Zip	Did not finish.		
Pioneer	Did not finish.		
Kosata	3 50 30	1 30 30	1 30 30
Canoe	Did not finish.		

The winners were: Acushla, Uvira, Daphne, Aiva, Newasi, Song and Dance, Eidolon; knockabout, Gryphon; cabin cats, Qui Vive; open cats, Ellie; canoes, Nipsig won, Az Ix second. Ellie wins, subject to measurement.

On Sept. 6 a special race was sailed, again in a fresh breeze, but from the south, the times being:

51ft. Class—Racing Trim—Start, 2:05.

	Elapsed.
Acushla II., Hanan Bros.	2 52 35

51ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Start, 2:05.

Uvira, R. P. Doremus	2 39 25

36ft. Class—Racing Trim—Start, 2:05.

Possum, J. R. Maxwell	2 49 53

30ft. Class—Special—Start, 2:05.

Newasi, A. H. W. Johnson	2 58 40
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell	3 03 48

36ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Start, 2:05.

Eidolon, James Weir, Jr	2 53 49

51ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Special—Start, 2:05.

Awa, T. L. Arnold	2 46 59

Catboats—Start, 2:15.

Baby, W. L. Bass	2 28 35

Knockabouts—Start, 2:05.

Pebble, R. E. Spear	3 01 55

Acushla II. and Uvira, each alone in her class, were matched together, Uvira winning. A special race was started on Sept. 9, but failed for lack of wind.

Wood's Holl Y. C.

WOOD'S HOLL, MASS.

Monday, Sept. 4.

THE Wood's Holl Y. C. sailed a race on Labor Day in a light northerly breeze, the times being:

Class B Spritsails.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
White Dove, J. P. Sylvia	1 51 44	1 50 34
Ace of Clubs, F. L. Gifford	1 51 45	1 50 43
Emma, A. M. Ferris	1 53 17	1 52 14
Fish, F. A. Foster	1 54 24	1 53 08
Beauty, W. I. Nickerson	1 55 14	1 54 04
K. T., A. M. Ferris	1 56 33	1 55 17
Duchess, H. S. Crowell	1 58 31	1 57 38
Eel, F. R. Gifford	1 58 41	1 57 15
Carrie, H. K. Dyer	1 59 18	1 58 02
Isabel, J. J. Veder	1 59 16	1 59 16
Trilby, J. K. P. Purdum	2 01 15	2 00 21
Ump, J. R. Ferguson	2 08 12	2 01 56
Effie, H. E. Hibbard	2 03 20	2 02 17
Hard-a-Lee, R. L. Bacon	2 18 18	2 15 58

The last race of the season was sailed on Sept. 9 in a moderate N.E. breeze, the times being:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Blazing Star, C. M. Baker	2 07 19
Nokomis, A. Winsor	2 10 13
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore	Disabled.

21ft. Class.

Quakeress, W. F. Harrison	2 17 25
Amanita II., W. H. Crane	2 19 52

15ft. Class.

Teazer, R. W. Emmons	1 59 40
Next, C. H. Jones	2 03 57
Flickamorro, N. H. Emmons	2 07 32
Go-Bye, S. D. King	Disabled.

Judge, W. B. Trowbridge.

Hull—Massachusetts Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Friday, Sept. 8.

THE Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. sailed an open race on Sept. 9 at Hull, and at the same time a club race in the 30ft. class and the handicap class. Some of the yachts started with reefs in, but the N.W. wind fell quite light during the race. Hostess lost her rudder and withdrew. The times were:

First Special Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	2 24 05	. .. ..
Ashumet, W. F. Bache	2 24 55	.. .. ..

25ft. Class.

Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	2 11 10	. .. ..
Little Peter, Henry Moebs	2 14 20	. .. ..
Jeannette, Walter Burgess	2 21 05	. .. ..

21ft. Class.

Heiress, Hayden & Parker	2 10 20	. .. ..
Hostess, H. M. Faxon	Disabled.	

Cabin—21ft. Class.

Privateer, A. H. Doble	2 18 00	. .. ..
Arab IV., W. F. Scott	2 19 03	. .. ..
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	2 23 30	. .. ..

Handicap Class.

Jacobin, T. E. Jacobs	2 30 55	2 26 55
Shiyessa, Alfred Douglas	2 40 30	2 35 10
Nike, C. A. Cooley	2 43 25	2 35 25
Goblin, G. W. Canterbury	2 45 58	2 35 58
Zaza, J. T. Humphrey	2 46 35	2 36 35

The judges were L. M. Clark and T. F. Magiff.

On Sept. 9 the last open Y. R. A. race of the season was sailed at Hull, in a moderate east wind. The times were:

25ft. Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Little Peter, Henry Moebs	2 15 24	. .. ..
Hermes, A. W. Chesterton	2 19 30	. .. ..

21ft. Class.

Heiress, Hayden & Parker	2 04 43	. .. ..
Hostess, H. M. Faxon	2 06 00	. .. ..

Cabin—21ft. Class.

Harriet, L. T. Harrington	2 18 31	. .. ..
Privateer, A. H. Doble	2 18 47	. .. ..
Arab IV., W. F. Scott	2 19 43	. .. ..

18ft. Class.

Dauntless, Benner & Patten	2 10 07	. .. ..
Perhaps, J. E. Robinson	2 22 20	. .. ..

Handicap Class.

Zaza, Humphrey & Lauriat	2 36 10	2 15 10
Nike, C. A. Cooley	2 36 20	2 17 20
Shiyessa, Alfred Douglas	2 33 27	2 18 27
Barbara, A. F. Hayden	2 38 02	2 19 02
Spinster, L. M. Clark	2 33 07	2 19 07
Jacobin, T. E. Jacobs	2 25 27	2 19 27
Goblin, G. W. Canterbury	2 41 55	2 20 55
Darthea, W. B. Lambert	2 21 12	2 21 12
Chiquita, C. V. Souther	2 39 12	2 21 12
Lal, F. L. Dunn	2 42 45	2 23 25
Omeme, W. P. Barker	2 24 12	2 24 12

Arab IV. protested Privateer, and Nike protested Zaza. The judges were L. M. Clark, Vice-Com. Winthrop Thayer and T. F. Magiff.

In the afternoon the different club fleets came in for the annual Y. R. A. rendezvous. The Boston Y. C. fleet was timed:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jeannette, Walter Burgess	1 26 40	1 23 40
Kulinda, F. E. Streeter	1 29 53	1 25 53
Yram, H. W. Wesson	1 26 58	1 26 58
Columbine, E. F. Smith	1 30 00	1 30 00
Spartan, W. C. Lewis	1 36 20	1 31 20
Griselda, Charles Armstrong	1 48 45	1 43 45
Tourmaline, Langdon Hayward	Not timed.	

The prize was a silver cup, presented by Com. B. P. Cheney, and won by Jeannette.

The Winthrop Y. C. fleet was timed:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alert, John MacConnell, Jr.	1 00 35	0 52 35
Hector, A. W. Hubbard	1 08 20	0 54 20
Alma, C. A. Heney	1 03 05	0 55 05
Tabasco, W. H. Stimpson	1 05 05	0 55 05
Alruna, R. N. Clarke, Jr.	1 05 50	0 55 50
Hyperion, G. E. Leighton	1 06 20	1 00 25
Harolde, A. T. Bliss	1 10 25	1 04 25

Annisquam Y. C.

THE Annisquam Y. C. sailed the fifth race of the 15ft. class on Sept. 2 in a light N.E. wind, the times being:

Imp, Oscar Perkins	1 52 29
Gaboo, W. O. Adams	1 54 41
Scooter, D. H. Woodbury	1 54 58
Lynx, F. L. Cunningham	1 58 08
Gertrude, Harry Damon	1 58 58
Tabasco II., H. H. Wiggin	2 04 35
Wink, D. Langland	2 12 51

The last regatta of the club was sailed on Labor Day, in a moderate N.E. wind. Schatz, which has not sailed in the 15ft. class since the dispute of last season, won easily in the handicap class. The times were:

15ft. Class.

	Elapsed.
Gertrude, J. Whittemore	2 03 50
Lynx, F. L. Cunningham	2 05 20
Imp, O. Perkins	2 08 00
Scooter, D. H. Woodbury	2 08 23
Tabasco II., H. H. Wiggin	2 09 55
Wink, D. Langland	2 18 08

Dory Class.

Naomi, P. G. Sanders	2 11 38
Tabasco, A. E. Rowe	2 14 48
Serpio, H. B. Tucker	2 25 30
Bob Evans, L. F. Allen	2 28 44
Lola, Charles Daggett	2 35 18

Handicap Class.

Schatz, Bent Bros.	1 57 35
Cinch, J. R. Jeffery	2 02 55
Tibita, B. F. Smith	2 11 40
——, H. Haskell	2 24 42
Perhaps, W. S. Webber	2 15 15
Soubrette, E. Hodgkins	2 16 30
Ruth, B. Griffin	2 21 00
Cat, A. Griffin	Not timed.
Isabel, R. W. Bailey	Not timed.
Little Comrade, T. B. Haskell	Not timed.

Eastern Y. C. Fall Regatta.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 9.

THE fall regatta of the Eastern Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 9 in a moderate N.E. wind, falling to light, with a lumpy sea. Constellation picked up the wrong buoy off Eastern Point and gave up. The old 5-tonner Shona was matched against a modern 30-footer, and won. The new Gardner fin-keel Goldenrod, an enlarged Cartoon, sailed her first race. The times were:

First Class—Schooners.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marguerite	6 28 56	6 12 15
Hildegarde	6 35 08	6 35 08
Constellation	Did not finish.	

Fifth Class—Sloops.

Gaviota	4 17 57	4 12 57
Hesper	4 22 43	4 22 43

Seventh Class—Sloops.

Meemer	3 21 20	3 09 03
Halaia	3 25 11	3 21 40
Goldenrod	3 29 14	3 29 14
Cartoon	3 14 41	3 23 05

Seventh Class—Handicap—Sloops.

Shona	4 05 38	4 05 38
Zurich	4 38 00	4 36 19

Class prizes were given, and in addition Meemer wins the vice-commodore's cup.

Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead.

THE race of the Corinthian Y. C. of Marblehead, postponed on Aug. 26, was sailed on Sept. 8 in a light S.W. wind, the times being:

Raceabouts.

	Elapsed.
Pirate, B. B. Crowninshield	1 46 38
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	1 48 28
Tunipoo, J. L. Breamer	1 51 14
Peep, W. B. Stearns	1 54 00
Persimmon, C. H. W. Foster	1 54 11
Lizanna, E. V. R. Thayer	1 54 30
Colleen, H. M. Sears	1 57 00

Knockabouts.

Spry, Cropley Bros.	1 53 00
Opitsah, S. W. Foster	1 57 58

Class C.

Sally IV., L. M. Percival	1 46 40
Mistrel, T. W. Little	1 50 20
Geisha, C. W. Jaynes	1 57 10

Class D.

Fifi, J. H. Jennings	2 22 30

Bunker Hill Y. C. Annual Regatta.

BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Monday, Sept. 4.

THE Bunker Hill Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on Labor Day, the times being:

First Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elfreda, B. T. Hall	1 41 00	1 16 29
Bobby Shaftoe, J. T. Higgins	2 00 00	1 19 34

Third Class.

Sprite, P. J. Hinchey	1 08 30	0 49 30
Marion, Hinckley & Co.	1 11 00	0 51 29
Sea Fox, P. Aberle	1 12 30	0 52 30
Kenoza, J. Jacobs	1 16 00	0 53 41

The judges were Bert Green, J. Morris, Sig. Heintzelman.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club.

The twenty-fifth annual shooting tournament of the Zettler Rifle Club was held at Armbruster's Greenville Schuetzen Park and was one of the most successful rifle tournaments held this season.

Gus Zimmerman was defeated on all the targets. Louis Busse, of the Cottage Rifle Club, shot in excellent form and succeeded in making 3 straight bullseyes for a total of 75. This was the only clean score made during the festival. Summary:

Ring Target.				Ring Target.			
Louis Busse	75	71	70—216	William Hayes	71	71	69—211
M Dorrler	73	71	70—214	R Busse	71	70	70—211
H Holges	72	72	70—214	Gus Zimmerman	72	68—141	
L P Hansen	71	71	70—212	B Zettler	71	68—139	
F C Ross	71	71	69—211	H M Pope	70	69—139	

O. C. Boyce 71, C. J. Zittle 70, Geo. Schlict 69, E. S. Pellard 69, J. W. Christianson 68, Dr. Mehleg 68, W. A. Hicks 68, George Parkess 68, A. Gegrow 66, J. Goetz, 66, G. D. Weigman 66, S. J. Lyon 66, J. Bodenstab 66.

Premiums on Ring Target.—Louis Busse 353, M. Dorrier 353, L. P. Hansen 350, and H. Holges 350.

Target of Honor—H. Holges 71, M. Dorrler 66, George Schlicht 66, M. Hayes 66, O. C. Boyce 65, I. Martin 63, F. C. Ross 61, J. Bodenstab 60, G. W. Plaisted 60, G. Joiner 60, A. Begrow 59, E. S. Pellard 59, Gus Zimmerman 59,, R. Busse 59, H. C. Mehlig 58, F. C. Heinz 58, H. C. Zettler 57, C. Grosch 57; F. E. Chase 56, A. Kroonsberg 55, H. M. Pope 55, L. P. Hansen 55, S. J. Lyon 54, B. Zettler 54, P. F. Schmidt 54, H. D. Muller 54; M. B. Engle 53, F. Kroonsberg 53, C. G. Zettler, 52 T. W. Burton 51, G. D. Wirgman 50, W. A. Ballard, 50, G. Bermius 47, E. C. Goddard 47, C. Zettler, Jr., 47, W. A. Hicks 45, J. W. Christiansen 44, H. Koster 42, F. Hecking 41, F. H. Keller 40, F. P. McKenna 38, C. Reim 34, L. P. Grane 29, C. J. Watson 16, William Armbruster 14, F. Fabarius 13.

Bullseye Target.—F. H. Keller 23, George Zimmerman 24, H. Koster 40, B. Zettler 42, A. Begrow 42, Dr. Mehlig 43, J. Balland 43, M. Dorrier 43½, J. Oberst 45½, H. Heims 46, H. Holges 48, F. C. Ross 48, George Schlicht 51, L. Flack 55½, M. Hayes 56, H. D. Muller 58, Gus Zimmerman 59, J. C. Lyon 61, J. Hicks 61.

Ladies'Target of Honor.—Mrs. Gresch 67, Mrs. Wegman 62, Mrs. H. C. Zettler 61, Mrs. K. Zimmerman 61, Mrs. L. Kroonsberg 59, Mrs. rFed Ross 58, Mrs. Gus Zimmerman 52, Mrs. Schen 52, Mrs. J. Schmidt 52, Mrs. B. Zettler 49, Mrs. Charles Zettler 42, Mrs. Watson 46, Mrs. Hertz 45, Mrs. C. Knoblock 43, Mrs. M. Knobloch 40, Mrs. W. Knobloch 39, Mrs. Poinden 34, Mrs. F. Kroonsberg 33, Mrs. McDonald 26, Mrs. Godenstab 25, Mrs. Beimens 23.

Special 25-Ring Target.—F. C. Ross 71, A. Begerow 70, H. M. Pope 68, G. Joiner 67, M. Dorrier 67, M. B. Engle 64.

Judges' Target.—John Facklam 51, Capt. Ehlen 42, A. Range 40.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in competition with the Denver Rifle Club, on Aug. 20. Conditions, 200yds., strictly off-hand, at the standard target. Teams to consist of ten men each, 20 shots per man, but only eight men were on hand to shoot. We recommend that the eight highest men of the Denver Club be counted as the official team in this match. Weather conditions very warm and light wind:

M Gindele	9	7	7	7	10	10	10	10	10	7—87	
	8	9	10	8	10	8	9	8	9	9—88—175	
C Nestler	7	8	6	8	5	8	10	7	10	10—79	
	9	9	7	10	7	9	6	8	10	8—83—162	
E D Payne	6	9	9	6	8	7	6	8	8	8—75	
	10	9	8	8	6	8	7	7	7	10—80—155	
Wm Hasenzahl	7	8	9	8	9	8	7	9	10	10—85	
	6	8	7	8	8	5	8	6	6	8—70—155	
F Speth	8	9	6	5	8	9	6	8	4	5—68	
	9	9	7	8	8	8	7	6	8	7—77—145	
J Strickmeier	4	8	4	9	5	10	6	5	9	9—69	
	6	9	6	8	6	4	7	7	9	6—68—137	
F Bruns	10	6	9	6	8	5	5	6	7	3—65	
	7	5	9	7	4	6	5	8	6	8—65—130	
C Roberts	6	5	8	7	3	4	6	7	5	6—57	
	4	6	7	7	6	10	10	4	7	9—70—127	

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Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday was bullseye day for most of the clubs at Shell Mound range.

The Golden Gate and Norddeutscher clubs shot medal scores. Scores of Golden Gate, 10 shots, 25-ring target, two scores allowed: Championship class—Dr. L. O. Rodgers 218, 219; F. E. Mason 213, 219; D. W. McLaughlin 200. First Class—C. M. Henderson 205, 197; F. W. Henderson 205, 197.

Norddeutscher, 20-shot scores: First class—Henry Stelling 411, Second Class—William C. Morken 376. Third class not filled. Fourth class—August Homann 346. Best first shot, August Homann, 23; best last shot, J. Gefken, 22.

Scores of the Schuetzen Verein: John Utschig 239, D. Salfield 296, F. Hensel 439, D. B. Faktor 537, F. Schuster 613, A. Lemaire 746, F. Koch 747, E. Goetze 766, A. Bertelsen 777, R. Stettin 833, Capt. Thode 898, Charles Thierbach 918, W. Goetze 967, R. Heins 1002, Zecher 1065, E. Stettin 1145, J. C. Waller 1152, L. Haake 1223, George Schultz 1288, H. Stelling 1378.

Scores of the Germania Club: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 241, E. Goetze 478, J. Utschig 507, A. Jungblut 641, W. Goetze 478, W. Garms 752, D. B. Faktor 774, L. Haake 792, H. Stelling 824, D. Salfield 841, F. Schuster 939.

ROEEL.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an eloquent Q. C., "remember that my client is hard of hearing, and that, therefore, the voice of conscience appeals to him in vain!"—Tid-Bits.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Sept. 15.—Hackensack River Bridge, Paterson Plank Road, Heflick's Hotel.—Shoot of the Hackensack River Gun Club. John L. Chartrand, Sec'y.
Sept. 15.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest on John Watson's grounds.
Sept. 15.—Newburgh, N. Y.—Glenwood Gun Club's tournament.
Sept. 16.—South Amboy, N. J.—Central New Jersey League contest, on grounds of the Columbia Gun Club.
Sept. 19-20.—Cherokee, Ia.—Cherokee Gun Club's third annual tournament. J. D. Anderson, Sec'y.
Sept. 19-21.—Hastings, Neb.—Amateur tournament of the Hastings Gun Club; $500 added; 2-cent targets. W. S. Duer, Manager.
Sept. 19-22.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's eighth international tournament; live birds and targets; $500 cash added.
Sept. 23.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.
Sept. 23.—Hartford, Conn.—All-day shoot of the Colt Gun Club. L. H. Bradley, Secy.
Sept. 23.—Ridgewood, N. J.—New Jersey championship, Harold Money, holder, against Chris Wright, challenger, at 2 o'clock, Ridgewood, N. J.
Sept. 23.—Sinking Spring, Pa.—Tournament of the Independent Gun Club.
Sept. 26-27.—Squaw Creek Park, between Niles and Girard, Trumbull County, O.—Tournament of the Rummell-Gaston Gun Club. Dr. James E. Gaston, Sec'y, Mineral Ridge, O.
Sept. 26-27.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic Gun Club's tournament.
Sept. 28-29.—Alton, Ill.—Third annual open tournament of the Piasa Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.
Oct. 2.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.
Oct. 3.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. A. R. Elliott, holder, against W. R. Crosby, challenger, for Review cup.
Oct. 4.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. A. R. Elliott, holder, against W. R. Crosby, challenger, for Republic cup.
Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds.
Oct. 10-13.—Newark, N. J.—Smith Brothers' grounds. Live birds and targets.
Oct. 11-12.—Paris, Ky.—Hill Top Gun Club's two-day tournament. John L. Bosley, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Newark, N. J.—On Smith Brothers' grounds; two days' tournament of the New Jersey State League.
Oct. 13.—Batavia, N. Y.—E C cup target championship contest between Mr. W. R. Crosby, holder, and Mr. R. O. Heikes, challenger. Match begins at 3 o'clock.
Oct. 16-19.—Du Pont Park, St. Louis, Mo.—Fall tournament; three days at targets; one day at live birds; $300 to $500 added money. J. A. Corry, Manager.
Oct. 21.—Yardville, N. J.—Cast iron medal contest—J. A. R Elliott, holder, against C. Zwerlein, challenger.
Oct. 23-28.—Nashville, Tenn.—Belle Meade Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds; $750 added. W. R. Elliston, Sec'y.
Nov. 21-22.—Sioux City, Ia.—Second annual live-bird tournament of the Soo Gun Club; added money in every event. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.
Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

1900.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.
May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. E. S. Rice, Pres.
June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.
June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.
June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Associations Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.
June —.—Tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, first week in June. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.
Sept. 21-22.—Tyrone, Pa.—Tyrone Gun Club's target tournament. D. D. Stine, Sec'y.
Sept. 27-28.—Oswego, N. Y.—First annual tournament of the Riverside Gun Club. Robert Oligshaut, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Dr. James E. Gaston, secretary of the Rummell-Gaston Gun Club, writes us as follows: "Through our efforts on behalf of participants at our tournament of live birds and bluerocks, Sept. 26 and 27, we have been able to make such arrangements with the Erie R. R. Company that parties from Chicago who will call on Mr. A. M. Warrell, G. P. and T. A. of that city; or Buffalo parties call on H. T. Jaeger, G. A. P. D. at Buffalo; or New York and Brooklyn shooters call on Mr. J. Buckley, New York; or Cleveland men call on R. H. Wallace, G. A. P. D., of that city, they will give satisfactory rates from these points to Niles, O., which is very close to our shooting park, and connected by electric railroad. Cars run from Niles to our grounds at Squam Creek Park every few minutes. We are surprised at the large number of shooters from all over the country who have notified us of their intention of attending our tournament. We are straining every effort to have things run smoothly and every person satisfied. We will have unlimited numbers of selected live birds. If parties often or more from other points in the country than those mentioned will promptly notify me I will be enabled to secure special rates for them. Paul North and the magautrap will in combination run the tournament in first class shape."

The trapshooting tournament held under the auspices of the Orange County Agricultural Society, on the Fair Grounds at Middletown, N. Y., Sept. 12 to 15, inclusive, is open to the world. The programme each day is alike—ten events, 10, 15 and 20 targets, with a total of 145 targets and a total entrance of $18. Targets 2 cents. Those who wish may shoot for targets only. Ship ammunition, etc., to Mr. J. B. Rogers, the manager, Fair Ground, Middletown, N. Y. Trolley runs to the grounds. Rose system will govern division of the moneys. Two sets of traps, Sergeant system. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. The conditions for the Rogers trophy, emblematic of the championship of Orange county, are as follows: Each shooter must shoot at 100 targets, unknown angles. Entrace $5. The events will be called at 12 o'clock each day and will remain open until last squad is called to shoot. No one can enter but once. In case of a tie for first place contestants will divide first money and shoot 50 targets to decide who shall have cup. The cup becomes the personal property of the one winning it. The purse will be divided on the fourth day. Inter-State Association rules to govern.

Under date of Sept. 8 Mr. L. H. Schortemeier sends us the following: "I see that you have the dates Oct. 11 and 12 for the shoot of the New Jersey State shoot at Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark. Will you kindly add that on Tuesday, Oct. 10, a 100-target race will be shot on the same grounds, and on Friday, the 13th, a 25 or 50-bird contest will also take place. This will make the dates claimed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 10, 11, 12 and 13, at Smith Brothers' grounds, Foundry and Ferry streets, Newark, N. J.; first two days at targets and last two at live birds. Kindly mention that the traps are the old Carteret Lumbreyer-King automatic traps, and are fast. I will do my utmost to supply good birds. There will be two sets of traps on the target days. Sergeant system and a wagon to meet the boys at the Plank road, Newark trolley, Foundry and Ferry streets. Ask your readers to address communications to L. H. Schortemeier, manager, 201 Pearl street, New York."

Under date of Sept. 9 Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Park Association, writes us as follows of the gratifying progress and prospects of the great shooting institution: "Matters on the Interstate Park grounds are progressing very favorably. Men are at work plowing, mowing and sowing, and within a week work will commence on the foundations. Subscriptions to bonds are coming in in such a satisfactory manner that there is no doubt as to the outcome, and the next Grand American Handicap will see the event take place on the finest grounds in the world, especially adapted for that purpose."

We learn with pleasure that the injury to Mr. E. Johnson's arm, while very serious, is not of such a character as to make amputation necessary. There further is a probability that he again will be able to use it, and that his skill at the traps will not be impaired by the regrettable accident.

May 7, 1900, is fixed upon for the next annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

Under date of Sept. 9 Mr. Murl H. De Foe, Charlotte, Mich., writes us: "The Charlotte Gun Club is an organization composed of 100 charter members, and boasts of a team composed of as good shots as ever aimed over a trap. Regular tourneys are given every Tuesday afternoon. A State tournament will be given by the club in October, and all the crackerjacks have announced their intention of being present."

At Batavia, N. Y., commencing at 3 o'clock Oct. 13, the next contest for the E C cup, emblematic of the target championship, will take place between Mr. W. R. Crosby, the holder, and Mr. R. O. Heikes, the challenger. This will be a battle of the giants of the trapshooting world, both men being of the very first class of ability.

Mr. Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, has journeyed thitherward from his Memphis home and tarried awhile in New York last Friday en route to New Haven. He is a greatly changed man, inasmuch as he appears smooth-shaven, which, however, rather adds to his usual debonair appearance.

The shooting at Brantford, Ont., was particularly good, the highest average for the two days being made by Mr. J. S. Fanning, of Gold Dust fame, who scored .951 per cent. on the total of the two days. He made one run of 76. Second high average was made by Mr. Kirkover, who broke .932 per cent. and made one run of 56 straight.

Mr. Leroy Woodard passed through New York last Saturday, returning from the Interstate shoot at Portsmouth, where he made a close struggle for high average; but nevertheless he has been wonderfully successful in capturing high averages this season, as the records will show.

In a contest at 50 live birds between Mr. A. C. Paterson and R. Dwyer, the former won by the score of 43 to 39. There was a 7 o'clock wind. This is the second defeat Mr. Paterson has administered to Mr. Dwyer, the first one being at Milwaukee, Wis., on Aug. 27.

Mr. R. O. Heikes arrived in New York on Saturday of last week, and will spend a few days in this neck of the woods. He is the personification of good health, and is one of the few shooters who is always in his usual good form.

On Friday of this week at 2 o'clock there will be a live-bird shoot of the Hackensack River Gun Club at H. Heflich's Hotel, Hackensack River Bridge, Paterson Plank Road. The secretary is Mr. John Chartrand.

Mr. J. J. U. M. C. Hallowell journeys westward this week to take part in Mr. John Parker's international tournament, and others which follow thereafter in the middle West.

The Hill Top Gun Club will hold a two-days' tournament, Oct. 11 and 12, near Paris, Ky. The star event of the competition will be the Hill Top handicap, at 25 live birds.

The first annual shoot of the Riverside Gun Club, Oswego, N. Y., will be held on Sept. 27 and 28. Mr. Robert Oliphant is the secretary.

The Tyrone Gun Club, Tyrone, Pa., has arranged for a target tournament on Sept. 21 and 22. Mr. D. D. Stine, Tyrone, is the secretary.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Belle Meade Tournament.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 7.—The tournaments of the famous Belle Meade Gun Club, of Nashville, Tenn., are landmarks on the trapshooting roadway, and are matters of interest North and South. The last word from this enterprising body of sportsmen states that they will raise their own ante, as it were, though I do not know what that means, and will add $750 instead of $500. The following details are added by the management:

Below will be found the official programme of the second annual shooting tournament of the Belle Meade Gun Club, to be held from Oct. 23 to 28, inclusive, at the club's shooting lodge on Belle Meade Farm, five miles west of Nashville. Every detail looking to the largest and most successful shooting event ever held in the South is being carefully attended to. Two sets of Fulford's latest patent automatic pull traps, with underground system of loading and retrieving, and three sets of target traps set in the Sergeant system have recently been put up, which guarantees that all events advertised will take place promptly.

Covered wagons will leave the Duncan Hotel at 8 o'clock for the shooting grounds, going along the route of the beautiful Harding pike, and returning to the hotel in the evening. A barbecue and everything a shooter may wish for will be given free of charge on the grounds each day, there will be nothing for sale, and every effort will be made to add to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The event will be in charge of Messrs. Jack Parker, of the Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, and W. R. Elliston, of Nashville, which is a guarantee of its success.

The first three days have a like programme, namely: Ten 10-target events and twenty at 20 targets; $2 entrance, $20 added in each event, five equal moneys, 20 per cent. each. Class shooting.

A handsome gold medal goes to the one making high average for the three days.

Fourth Day, Thursday, Oct. 26.—Event No. 1, miss and out at live birds, $3 entrance, including birds. Event No. 2, Court House and City Hall handicap, 25 birds, $15 entrance, high guns, not class shooting; division of money as follows: To first thirty guns there will be five moneys, divided as follows: 30 per cent to first, 25 to second, 20 to third, 15 to fourth and 10 to fifth. There will be four moneys to every ten guns over thirty. Money will be divided equally among these four.

Fifth Day, Friday, Oct. 27.—Event No. 1, miss and out, $3 entrance. Event No. 2, Gerst handicap, 25 birds, $15 entrance; same conditions and division of money as Court House handicap.

Sixth Day, Oct. 28.—Event No. 1, 5 birds, $5 entrance, high guns. Event No. 2, Second Annual Belle Meade handicap, 25 birds, $25 entrance; same conditions and division of money as in City Hall handicap. To this event there will be a handsome silver loving cup given to the winner. All entrance includes birds and targets. There will be a shooting handicap from 26 to 32yds. in all live bird matches."

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Eureka Gun Club.

Chicago, Sept. 9.—The most exciting event was the team shoot, both sides scoring 93. It was decided to let the captains shoot it off at 10 each. W. D. Stannard scored 10, Dr. Miller 9. Mr. Steck shot at a great pace to-day, averaging 96 per cent. on the day. The scores in the team shoot follow:

W. D. Stannard 17, Dr. Morton 14, Dr. Carson 14, F. P. Stannard, 18, J. L. Jones 15, Lovell 15; total 93.

Dr. Miller 19, Ed Steck 20, Adams 13, H. B. Morgan 16, Walters 10, Cornwell 15; total 93.

This was a perfect day for shooting—clear, with but little wind. In the trophy shoot Ed Steck won Class A with 25 straight, Dr. Miller won Class B, J. L. Jones won Class C with 21, Lovell Class D. In the Mussey cup shoot Dr. Miller won on 24 out of 25.

F P Stannard	1111110111111111101101110—21
Cornwell	1001010100011110000111101—13
R B Mack	0111111010110100001111011—16
J G Lovell	1010010010100110111110001—13
H B Morgan	0110011011011101000110000—12
A W Adams	0011011100111111010111111—18
J L Jones	1101111111111110010111111—21
Ed Steck	1111111111111111111111111—25
Dr Miller	1011110101110111101111111—20
W Sprague	1010001000000011100000110— 8
Dr Morton	0000011011110011001100111—13
W D Stannard	1111111111111110011111111—23
A C Borroff	1100101110010111111111111—19

Mussey cup, 15 singles, 5 pairs, handicap:

F P Stannard, 1	111111111111111	10	11	00	10	10	1 —20
R B Mack, 6	011101101111111	01	00	10	10	10	100010—18
H B Morgan, 5	110111000011110	00	01	01	10	11	11110 —18
A W Adams, 0	111111110101111	10	10	10	10	11	—19
J L Jones, 6	101101111111111	00	11	00	10	11	001110—20
Ed Steck, 0	111101111111111	01	11	11	11	11	—23
Dr Miller, 0	111111111110111	11	11	11	11	11	—24
Dr Morton, 6	000101000111111	00	00	00	00	11	111000—13
W D Stannard, 1	011111111111111	11	01	11	11	10	1 —23
W Sprague,	010011100000110						

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Sept. 9.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day. The temperature was very uncomfortable, and just a slight breeze made the day an ideal one for shooting.

A medal was won by Richards on a score of 22, but only after a shoot-off with R. Kuss.

Class B medal was won by Northcott also on a score of 22.

C medal was won by Brabrook on the good score of 20—a very creditable performance for a Class C shooter.

Quite a number of visitors were present, including about a dozen ladies. All seemed to enjoy themselves.

Trophy contest:

Pollard	1110100110011111001101101—16
Kuss	0111111111101110111111111—22
Kehl	0010010000010101101010001— 9
Mrs Shaw	1011111101111010111101100—18
Dr Shaw	1011101111111011111110010—18
Northcott	1111111101111111111001111—22
Richards	1111111101111111111111100—22
Dr Meek	0111111111111001011101111—20
Hellman	0101111101101111111101110—19
J Fanning	1101110001011001111101110— 16
T Eaton	0111111100101110111111001—18
L Wolff	0010100011010010000101000— 8
Cornelson	1011010000000101000000111 - 9
Brabrook	1111111111010111110101110—20
S M Meek	0100111000110110110000101—12

Shoot-off for A medal, 15 targets:

Kuss	1100000111111111—10
Richards	1111111101111011—13

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Pollard	4	6	8	7	6	..
Kuss	14	10	11	4	..	..
Kehl	7	5	7	8	4	..
Mrs. Shaw	10	8	13	6	..	..
Dr Shaw	13	6	16	8	..	..
Northcott	13	6	13	8	8	9
Richards	12	7	12	6	8	..
Dr Meek	12	7	..	7	..	..
Polly	3	3	..	..	..	..
J Fanning	..	..	..	9	2	3 11

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Hellman	..	..	12	6	9	8
Eaton	..	..	12	6	7	7
J Wolff	..	..	4	..	..	..
Fitzsimon	..	..	3	..	7	9
Cornelson	..	..	..	4	3	..
Brabrook	..	..	..	7	9	..
Cobron	..	..	..	6	6	7
S M Meek	..	..	..	..	3	..
Parker	..	..	..	..	9	8

Trap at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Sept. 9.—The scores of the Garden City Gun Club, made to-day at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, follow:

J M Gillis, 2	121211*122122*212—15
J Watson, 1	110111221211202* —13
W B Leffingwell, 1	22121222221**2212 —14
E S Rice, 2	112121*2220*02021—12
F E Adams, 1	122211*12222*211 —14
J H Amberg, 1	212212111121212 —15
F Hollister, 1	2102210212112102 —13
H Levi, 1	2120222220101022 —12
H Odell, 2	2111021222121212012—15
E Sturtevant, 1	2202012121222222 —14
C Antoine, 1	2011021121101222 —13
M Goldsmith, 2	022110211220221102—13
*F Wilcox	01212001
*C L Day	000212121111020
*D C Turk	0022*11021

*Visitors.

Ties on 15:

J M Gillis, 1	011112112	H Odell, 1	22120120
J H Amberg, 0	1122112		

Same day, at 10 A. M., R. Dwyer and A. C. Paterson shot a 50-bird race for $50 a side:

R Dwyer	212012222*212022*2201*110—18
	2210121212*11221211101011 21 -39
A C Paterson	111211111**200111110122*1—19
	2121111212211221012221112—24 —43

IN NEW JERSEY.

East Side Gun Club

Newark, N. J., Sept. 7.—The first club shoot of the East Side Gun Club was held to-day on Smith Brothers' grounds. The point system governed. The scores:

Schorty, 18	1110111111110010111111111—21
Piercy, 18	1011101011011111010101001—16
Koegel, 16	1101100110010001110110000—12
Fischer, 14	1110101010000100111100101—13

Targets:	10	10	15
Schorty	8	6	13
Piercy	9	9	13

Targets:	10	10	15
Koegel	6	..	..
Fischer	4	7	8

Match, 25 birds:

Schorty	18	Piercy	17
Match, 25 birds:			
Schorty	15	Piercy	19

A live-bird shoot was held by the East Side Gun Club. The first event was at 10 birds, $5, all standing at 28yds. The three following events were each at 7 birds, $3. The scores:

Event No. 1:

Otten	2111201211	Furgenson	1211111110
Piercy	1221221110	Liethauser	2011122110
Larky	1201211021		

Event No. 2:

Otten	1212110—6	Larky	1210112—6
Piercy	0120212—5	Fischer	0122202—5
Furgenson	0221220—5	L Piercy	2221202—6
Liethauser	0111212—6		

Event No. 3:

Otten	0212112—6	G Piercy	0122221—6
Fischer	2212121—7	Larky	0211110—5
Liethauser	0101111—5	Furgenson	2120111—6

Event No. 4:

Larky	1112112—7	L Piercy	1021221—6
Furgenson	2222122—7	Larky	2111122—7
G Piercy	212112*—6	Furgenson	1111112—7

Trap at Lyndhurst.

Lyndhurst, N. J., Sept. 9.—The long delayed match between Messrs. Moffett and Hopper, fixed to come off to-day, was of the things which are not, for business prevented Mr. Hopper from attending. It was to have been shot on Sept. 6, but Mr. Moffett was absent on that day. Considering that the match was alleged to be for $100 a side, there was a calm indifference to forfeits and $100 and such other small matters of detail as appertain generally to important matches. However, several sweepstakes were shot, as follows:

Events Nos. 1 and 2, each 7 birds, two moneys, 30yds.:

	No. 1.	Ties.	No. 2.	Ties.
Canon	1122011—6	0	111211*—6	112222111211111
Moffett	2222021—6	2	2112200—5	
Heflich	2222222—7		2012222—6	22222222222121
Morfey	2022222—6	1	22222*2—6	2222220
Money	1111122—7		22*2112—6	21221121122212
Doty	022*212—5		2222222—7	

Event No. 3, 7 birds, $5, two moneys, 30yds. Event No. 4, miss and out, 2:

	No. 3.	No. 4.
Canon	1111212—7	112110
Moffett	212*222—6	222*
Heflich	1212222—7	12*
Morfey	10*2221—5	122220
Money	2112112—7	221212
Doty	222*222—6	
*Hall	1111112—7	1221
*Donovan	12*1101—5	
*Johnson	*001221—4	1111
Doty	22220	

*Shot for birds only.

The Target Championship.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received notice from Mr. W. R. Crosby that he accepts Mr. Heikes' challenge for the E C cup, and names Batavia, N. Y., Oct. 13, and 3 P. M., as the place, date and time for holding the match.

EDWARD BANKS,
Sec'y American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co.

Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

CHICAGO, Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through the columns of your paper devoted to Trap Fixtures I desire to claim in behalf of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association the week beginning May 7, 1900, for the annual convention and tournament.

E. S. RICE, President.

Interstate at Portsmouth.

PORTSMOUTH, Va.—There was not the attendance which was to be expected, though the number was not so low as to make the affair at all in the nature of a failure. The first day had an entry of thirty-eight shooters. Of these two were representatives of the Old North State—Mr. H. C. Bridges (Tarheel), of Tarboro, and Col. J. T. Anthony, of Charlotte. They took first and second place respectively in the day's events. Mr. Bridges made a total score of 141, and Col. Anthony 137 out of a possible 150 targets. Mr. B. Leroy Woodard, of Campello, Mass., with a total of 134, was third, while Mr. Hood Waters, of Baltimore, finished fourth with 133 targets to his credit.

Although the weather was uncomfortably warm good shooting was done. The intense heat doubtless interfered with the marksmen who participated, and also prevented many from entering who would otherwise have gone in. However, Manager Elmer E. Shaner, of the Association, said that the day compared favorably with any opening event of the season, and the members of the Portsmouth Gun Club, under whose auspices the tournament was given, are to be congratulated upon the success attained.

First Day, Wednesday, Sept. 6.

Among the contestants in to-day's events were shooters from New York, Baltimore, Richmond, Lynchburg, Westminster, Md., Tarboro and Charlotte, N. C., besides the local marksmen, who were out in force. There were some good scores made by others than those mentioned individually.

Mrs. Milt G. Lindsley (Wanda) must not be overlooked, however. She participated in several events in the morning, but was compelled to discontinue shooting on account of the heat. In the afternoon she resumed shooting, and made a very good average.

The equitable system, three moneys for 10 and four moneys for 15 target events, prevailed.

To-morrow the tournament will close with a live-bird shoot, open to all, given by the Portsmouth Gun Club. Following are the scores

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	10	15	20	15	15
Hallowell	8	12	15	11	12	6	13	17	12	15
Hood	9	13	19	15	13	8	12	17	15	12
Money	9	15	18	12	14	8	15	20	13	14
Le Roy	8	15	19	12	12	7	13	19	15	14
Anthony	9	12	18	14	15	10	14	18	14	13
Mooney	..	..	..	..	5	..	7	9	8	10
Collins	7	9	12	12	14	9	11	15	12	8
Butt	8	10	14	9	12	5	9	17	12	10
Grant	7	12	13	8	9	7	10	14	11	11
Gallagher	3	6	12	11	10	4	10	13	15	9
Malone	8	13	17	13	13	8	13	15	9	12
Mrs Lindsley	..	..	..	9	..	..	5	14	9	10
Mules	5	6	14	10	9	8	10	13	9	10
Bilisoly	5	14	13	11	11	5	9	14	8	14
Leland	9	14	17	13	13	9	13	20	13	12
White	6	9	13	8	6	6	9	13	6	9
Smith	10	12	13	11	11	9	11	16	10	13
Stewart	9	12	18	15	10	8	9	16	10	14
Harris	10	12	16	12	11	..	..	..	..	..
Fox	6	7	14	14	11	6	10	18	10	12
Oursley	7	15	16	11	11	8	13	17	12	15
Taylor	6	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hume	8	8	12	11	10	6	9	14	7	9
Tarheel	9	13	20	15	15	10	15	16	13	15
Bargamin	7	8	16	12	12	8	9	15	10	6
Winter	7	13	15	13	10	9	7	16	13	11
Fifer	4	10	..	14	..	5	..	..	11	..
Dr Robinson	5	9	..	8	..	3	..	9	8	..
Byrd	6	11	14	7	8	6	8	10	10	9
Moffett	..	10	11	4	..	5	..	..	..	13
Stearns	9	14	16	10	13	8	11	14	12	15
Cleaves	4	13	18	12	10	6	9	12	12	10
Semmes	..	..	..	..	..	4	10	11	15	10
Redd	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	16	10	10
Reynolds	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	13	..
Richardson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Keely	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	11
Schooter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11

Second Day, Thursday, Sept. 7.

The attendance was larger to-day, and the same interest was shown in all of the events. Tarheel failed to repeat his performance of yesterday, owing to the fact that he was suffering from a bad shoulder.

Dinner was again served the visitors by the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Wanda waited until the afternoon, when she again entertained the Portsmouth Gun Club and its guests with clever feats of marksmanship.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	10	15	20	15	15
Hallowell	10	13	17	15	15	8	11	16	11	11
Hood	10	15	20	14	14	10	13	19	13	13
Money	7	14	15	14	13	9	14	17	14	13
Le Roy	7	15	18	12	14	10	15	19	13	13
Anthony	10	13	17	15	11	10	11	20	14	14
Lupus	9	12	19	12	13	9	14	16	13	..
Tarheel	10	15	17	14	9	..	..	..	..	..
Leland	10	15	18	14	13	7	9	13	12	..
Nelson	7	13	18	14	14	6	14	16	14	13
Hammond	9	12	18	13	15	10	15	19	13	11
Collins	8	11	17	14	11	8	10	17	8	8
Mitchell	8	15	18	13	14	8	14	15	13	13
Tignor	8	10	18	13	13	5	11	13	9	13
Grant	6	9	13	12	10	9	12	14	8	10
Fox	9	12	13	13	12	8	14	16	14	8
Mules	8	12	13	12	7	2	8	12	9	8
Butt	5	11	15	10	10	4	8	13	6	8
Gallagher	8	12	17	10	12	8	14	20	14	10
Byrd	4	11	17	13	12	3	8	16	11	14
Malone	9	14	18	14	12	8	15	20	14	13
Oursley	9	13	18	14	14	9	14	15	13	..
Smith	9	12	18	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Mooney	8	10	11	10	11	6	8	7	9	7
Bargamin		811	16	8	12	8	12	13	12	9
White	8	7	16	8	9	6	9	10	10	9
Keely	8	13	18	11	12	10	12	14	..	..
Taylor	8	8	19	11	10	7	12	..	10	10
Bilisoly	5	11	16	10	13	6	10	14	13	8
Stewart	6	14	17	14	14	9	15	19	14	12
Moffett	..	8	19	..	11	8	..	..	..	..
Derby	..	6	4	4	6	3	..	..	..	..
Moore	..	..	..	7	8	8	8	14	6	..
Noel	..	..	..	..	..	4	10	9	10	9
Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	14	9	10
Redd	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	18	14	12
Grimes	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	14	10	9
Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	6	7
Clayton	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Peelle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	..
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	10
Hart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	9
Phillips	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Sept. 9.—The annual target shoot of the South End Gun Club, held to-day on the club grounds, was a success. The principal drawing card was the five-men team shoot for the championship of Berks and adjoining counties, and the South End Gun Club's sterling silver trophy. Six teams were represented in the shoot, Shuler team, of Pottstown, winning by 3 targets from Royersford by the score of 102 to 99.

Among the sportsmen present were Gilson, Irwin and Showalter, of Pottstown; Hallman, Dotterer, Stevens, Pechler, Hodge and Erb, of Phœnixville; Johnson, Schaffner, Price, Hagenboth and Buckwalter, of Royersford; Brey, of Zionville; Benner, Weand and Sheeler, of Boyertown; Heinly, Hunsicker, Spatz, Gundy and Young of Sinking Spring; Chas. Eshelman and Zigler, of Beckersville. The tournament was under the management of Arthur Fink, who deserves great credit for the manner in which the shoot was conducted, there being not a single delay to mar the pleasure of the shooters. Manager Fink was assisted by Capt. W. W. Essick, Frank Gerhard, Jack Shaater and Geo. Ritter.

The score of the trophy shoot was as follows:

Mt. Penn Gun Club, Reading.—Yeager 19, Rhoads 18, Dietrich 19, Ball 11, Shultz 18; total 86.

South End Gun Club, Reading.—Shaater 23, Essick 20, Matz 19, Eshelman 19, Yost 16; total 97.

Sinking Spring Gun Club.—Heinly 18, Hunsicker 17, Spatz 23, Gundy 15, Young 23; total 96.

Phœnixville Gun Club.—Dotterer 14, Stevens 23, Fechlert 15, Hallman 18, Hodge 16; total 97.

Shuler Gun Club, Pottstown.—Gilson 22, Benner 22, Brey 20, Sheeler 22, Showalter 16; total 102.

Royersford Gun Club.—Johnson 23, Hagenboth 23, Buckwalter 19, Miller 17, Price 17; total 99.

The conditions of the above team shoot were teams of 5 men each, each man to shoot at 25 targets.

Following are the scores of the other events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	15	7	10	15	20	7	10	15	10
Hallman	10	6	11	4	8	13	19	7	7	13	10
Miller	6	7	13	6	8	12	16	..	..	..	..
Fechlert	8	7	14	3	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Showalter	7	8	13	6	7	12	..	7	..	13	..
Dotterer	7	7	11	7	5	11	13	5	6	5	6
Irwin	6	7	9	5	6	14	..	5	7	10	..
Shaaler	10	7	13	6	9	12	15	6	9	11	9
Buckwalter	10	9	14	6	10	13	19	6	6	14	9
Brey	9	1	..	15	7	7	13	18	6	10	13	9
Sheeler	..	..	..	..	5	8	14	14	7	..	..	..
Shaffner	..	9	..	..	7	..	..	5	9	..	..
Weand	..	..	..	..	6	8	12	14	..	..	..	..
Johnson	..	..	..	..	7	9	12	18	4	10	15	7
Hagenboth	..	..	..	..	6	10	12	..	6	9	..	..
Benner	..	..	..	..	6	8	15	15	..	..	..	..
Jones	..	..	..	..	4	8	12	..	6	6	..	..
Dietrich	..	..	..	..	4	6	11	12	6	9	..	..
Stevens	..	..	..	..	4	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Erb	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Matz	..	..	..	..	6	4	11	..	4	..	..	..
Yeager	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	15	6	9	..	..
Gilson	..	..	..	..	7	6	9	16	6	10	11	7
Heinly	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	..	..	..	..	..
Spatz	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	17	..	10	15	..
Ball	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	12	5	8	..	..
Gundy	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	3	..	..	..
Geo Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miles	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	..	5	8	..	..
Ziegler	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shultz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	..	..
Rhoads	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	..	5	..
Marlin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
C Eshelman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..

West Chester, Pa., Sept. 9.—Ford won the challenge cup of the West Chester Gun Club for the fifth time this afternoon by defeating Hoopes in the shoot-off of a tie by the score of 8 to 6. In the general shoot each man broke 22. The score follows:

Challenge cup event, 25 targets: Ford 22, Hoopes 22, Gill 18, Mercer 15, Torpey 15, Hoar 15, Jackson 15, Howard 18, Henry 20, Peters 19, Davis 14, Ferguson 16.

Sinking Spring, Pa., Aug. 8.—At a meeting of the Independent Gun Club, of this place, held this evening, it was decided to hold the annual target tournament Saturday, Sept. 23, at Hainly's Hotel, Sinking Spring, where the club house and shooting grounds are located. Sweepstake events at 7, 10 and 15 targets, at reasonable entrance fees, will constitute the programme. Remember the date, Sept. 23.

DUSTER.

Brantford County Rod and Gun Club's Tournament.

BRANTFORD, Ont., Sept. 5.—There was a good attendance of shooters at the tournament of the Brantford County Rod and Gun Club, Brantford, Ont., Sept. 4 and 5, the competition being on targets. There were Messrs. E. Jarvis, H. C. Marlatt, Simcoe; Mr. H. Bangs, Drayton; Messrs. C. Quinn and E. Charles, Guelph; Mr. H. A. Horning, Waterford; Mr. J. Vanatter, St. George; Messrs. C. Summerhayes, A. B. Cutcliffe, W. Scott, C. Montgomery, T. Westbrooke and S. Smith, Brantford; Mr. G. W. Price, St. Williams; H. Kirkover, Fredonia, N. Y.; Messrs. E. C. Burkhardt, E. N. McCarney, C. S. Burkhardt and L. W. Bennett, Buffalo; Messrs. G. Robbins and G. Reid, Danville; Mr. J. S. Fanning, of Gold Dust Powder fame, Batavia, N. Y., and Mr. R. S. Cull, Waterloo.

Favorable conditions favored the tournament. The weather was perfect, the light and background good.

First Day, Monday, Sept. 4.

On the first day that sterling good shot and popular gentleman Mr. J. S. Fanning made a run of 74 straight, while Mr. Harry Kirkover, an amateur of the best class, made a run of 52. A magautrap threw the targets. American Association rules governed.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	10	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	25	20	10	25	20	20		
H C Marlatt	13	20	13	18	16	7	20	13	18	170	138
H Bangs	11	18	15	20	15	9	..	..	..	105	88
C Quinn	13	18	12	..	19	8	..	..	..	80	70
H A Horning	13	16	12	21	17	8	18	..	..	130	105
J Vanatter	7	..	..	..	8	3	..	..	..	45	18
C Summerhayes	12	16	12	25	20	8	23	16	19	170	130
E Jarvis	8	15	13	..	15	9	16	15	15	145	106
A B Cutcliffe	12	19	15	19	17	9	19	19	17	170	146
W Scott	12	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	29
G W Price	14	20	11	18	17	9	20	16	19	170	114
H Kirkover	14	19	12	24	20	10	23	19	20	170	161
E C Burkhardt	13	17	11	23	16	8	23	17	..	150	128
E H McCarney	9	17	14	23	18	8	21	15	..	150	125
C S Burkhardt	15	19	14	21	18	8	24	16	..	150	135
L W Bennett	12	18	11	23	17	9	21	18	..	150	126
C Montgomery	11	16	12	20	16	8	..	14	16	145	113
S Westbrooke	11	9	9	15	13	7	14	17	14	170	106
G Robbins	13	14	14	19	17	9	19	..	..	130	105
G Reid	11	18	11	21	18	7	19	14	14	170	123
J Fanning	14	20	14	24	19	10	25	20	19	170	165
E Charles	..	..	10	17	12	..	..	..	..	60	39
R S Cull	..	..	8	15	12	5	..	..	..	70	40
S Smith	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	5	5

Second Day, Tuesday, Sept. 5.

There was quite a lot of wind stirring, which made hard shooting to-day. Mr. C. Summerhayes won the gold medal for the best average for the two days, Fanning shooting for the price of targets only. His average, though, was high for the two days—.951; Kirkover a good second with .932. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	20	15	25	20	25	15	20		
Marlatt	18	11	21	14	17	12	15	140	108
Westbrooke	14	11	15	16	13	8	..	120	77
Montgomery	15	13	21	18	21	14	14	140	116
Summerhayes	16	13	22	18	19	13	17	140	118
Jarvis	12	12	20	17	20	10	..	120	91
Kirkover	19	12	23	19	21	15	20	140	128
Fanning	19	13	24	19	22	14	19	140	130
Reid	14	12	16	18	24	10	14	140	108
Price	18	12	21	17	20	13	18	140	119
Cutcliffe	14	9	21	15	20	10	18	140	107
Brunswick	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	35	27

The Tyrone Gun Club Tournament.

ALTOONA, Pa., Sept. 9.—This club will hold a two-day target tournament on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 21 and 22. The advance sheets for the programme announce twelve events for each day—seven 10-target events, entrance $1.15 each; four 15-target events, entrance $1.75, and one 20-target event, $2.30, a total entrance of $17.25. The second day will be a repetition of the first. Purses will be divided according to the Jack Rabbit system, surplus, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Targets will be thrown from a magautrap at 1½ cents each, the price of the targets to be deducted from the purse. Black powder and 10-gauge guns will be barred. Shells of all kinds for sale on the grounds. Ammunition, etc., shipped to D. D. Stine, secretary, Tyrone, Pa., will be delivered to the grounds free. A purse of $15 will be given to the visiting shooter making the highest percentage on the whole programme for both days. Members of the Tyrone Gun Club are barred from contesting for the club purse. In addition to the regular purses and the club purses, twenty-four merchandise prizes, aggregating in value over $100, will be given to the shooters making the highest per cent. on the whole programme of each day's shoot, twelve prizes to be awarded each day. Experts and manufacturers' agents will be allowed to shoot for targets only, and will be barred from contesting for purses or prizes. The winner of the club prize will be barred from participating in the distribution of merchandise prizes.

The Tyrone Club is making an effort to have a first-class amateur shoot, and while none but amateurs will be allowed to contest for purses, experts and manufacturers' agents will be perfectly welcome to shoot for targets, and will be given an opportunity to show up their various productions to their best advantage.

There have been so many systems of dividing purses used during the past year without all around success that the management of this shoot has decided to adopt the Jack Rabbit, which seems to please amateurs and bring more new shooters to the front than any other that has been tried. The club will receive the support of a dozen nearby organizations, and any shooters from a distance who come will find lots of company. Programmes can be had by writing to the secretary.

The Tyrone boys are a jolly lot of fellows and will do everything in their power to make things pleasant for visitors.

G. G. ZETH.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 7.—Herewith are scores of the eighth contest of the live-bird trophy; also some sweepstakes and the first monthly contest for the diamond target medal.

Although the day was fearfully hot, the birds were an exceptionally fine, strong lot—all selected dark birds. There are only two more contests for the cup, and the race is very close, there being seven men with a good chance. The four high men are only one bird apart. The medal (target) contest was only attended by three contestants; presumably the weather was too warm, the thermometer hovering between 100 and 102 in the shade.

The club is giving a tournament Oct. 31, Nov. 1, 2, and 3, two days live birds and two days targets, a notice of which will be sent out shortly.

Mosby-Graydon-Sullivan medal, 50 targets, handicap:

Trimble 2	11111111011111111111111111—24
	11111111111011011011111111—22—48
Maynard, 19	11111011111111111111111111—24
	11111011101011011111111110—20—50
Gambell, 4	11111111101111111110111111—23
	11111111101111111111111111—24—50

Sept. 6.—Fleischman-Peabody cup; 15 birds, $5, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Schuler, 30, 500	211121111021112—14
Nye, 28, 500	22*02222220*220—10
Dick, 29, 500	1212111202121*2—13
Du Bray, 30, 500	2222*2222220222—13
Stone, 30, 500	22101111*111021—12
Hughey, 29, 500	2202221212*2222—13
Ahlers, 29, 500	2211211110101111—13
Gambell, 28,	2112212210222212—14
Tuttle, 28	1011122210w
Avery, 30	202*222022w
Lindsley, 30, 500	2022220022222222—12
See, 30, 500	2222201202222222—13
Ja Bee, 30	020*1w

Ten birds, $5, 60 and 40 per cent.:

Du Bray	2212222222—10	See	2*11222112— 9
Schuler	212*121212— 9	Lindsley	2202222222— 9
Ahlers	1112121212—10	Small	1110110211— 8
Nye	2222222220— 9	Tuttle, birds	0002201221— 6
Dick	1121212122—10	Avery, birds	2222*000*0— 4
Stone	2201121011— 8		

Seven birds, $5, 60 and 40 per cent.:

Du Bray	2221222—7	Lindsley	1222222—7
Schuler	2112211—7	See	1212221—7
Ahlers	1121201—6	Fredericks, birds	222*121—6
Stone	2111011—6	Nye	2222222—7

Portsmouth Gun Club.

PORTSMOUTH, Va., Sept. 9.—Please find herewith the scores of the live-bird shoot given here on Sept. 8 by the Portsmouth Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Targets:	5	7	Targets:	5	7
Hurst	5	..	Nelson	3	6
Collins	4	..	Fox	4	4
Bilisoly	3	..	Tarheel	2	5
Taylor	2	..	Webb	..	5
Hammond	5	7	Keely	..	4
Gallagher	4	7	H Money	5	7
Malone	5	7	Hood	5	6
Stewart	3	5	Anthony	5	7
Mitchell	5	7	Mules	..	3
Mooney	3	4	Hurst	..	4
Butt	3	..	Wanda	..	6
Le Roy	5	6	Hallowell	..	7
Grant	3	4	Byrd	..	5
James	5	7	Brown	..	6

No. 3, miss-and-out:

Hammond	1110	Nelson	1122212
Gallagher	0	H Money	22220
Bilisoly	10	Hood	2112221
Hurst	1220	Hallowell	22220
Malone	2111222	Stewart	2222222
Le Roy	2222222	Anthony	1122212
Tarheel	0	James	1112210
Mitchell	2211222		

No. 4, 5 live birds, 40yds. rise:

Anthony	02112	Stewart	22022
H Money	12220	Hurst	02102
Hammond	10220	Tarheel	00102
Hallowell	02222		

No. 5, 5 live birds:

Wanda	110	Brown	121
Byrd	2101	Butt	221
Pinkey	0101	Taylor	121
Webb	2201	Armstead	012
Bilisoly	1002	Fisher	221
Holt	111	J Stewart	221

R. B. MULES.

Brockton Gun Club.

BROCKTON, Sept. 4.—Herewith are scores of our new event—the Brockton Gun Club handicap trophy. A perfect day and a fair attendance of shooters, while every shooter had friends looking on without number. There were hundreds. Tisdale started in with 10 straight; Barrett, 9; third event, Allen scored 10; fourth, Barrett, 9; fifth, Scott and Barrett, each 9; sixth, Stork and Scott, each 10; seventh, Barrett, 10; tenth, Taylor, 10.

Barrett and Scott each shot above his allowance and each scored 100; Taylor and Allen, each 94; Murdock and Donoghue, each 93.

In their effort to do well, most of the shooters fell far short of their usual average. In case of ties of three wins each the ties will be shot off. The next contest for this trophy will be Memorial day, 1900. Barrett, with 82 per cent. on the 100, was high gun. Our next and last regular shoot of the season will be Sept. 16. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Worthing	5	8	6	7	7	9	8	9	8	8	7	8	..	..	..
Stork	7	6	3	6	7	10	8	7	7	8	..	..	..	..	..
Leonard	6	7	6	8	5	6	5	4	4	5	6	7	5	1	..
Stanley	7	8	6	5	6	7	5	5	4	2	..	..	..	..	..
Barrett	9	8	8	9	9	8	10	8	7	6	6	9	5	..	..
Taylor	8	7	7	6	9	7	8	7	7	10	8	6	4	..	..
Carr	2	6	9	4	5	9	8	7	5	5	3	9	4	..	..
Scott	6	9	4	8	9	10	8	8	8	9	7	9	9	3	..
Tisdale	10	8	4	8	4	9	6	6	6	6	6	4	7	3	..
Allen	6	8	10	7	5	9	8	8	8	9	8	5	2	..	..
Donoghue	8	7	8	6	7	7	7	5	6	5	6	6	7	6	2
J W Murdock	8	7	5	7	8	7	5	5	4	5	4	..	..	..	..
Grant	8	7	5	7	8	7	5	5	4	5	4	..	..	..	..

Medal contest: Barrett won first with 30.

Merchandise: First, Stork, 30; second, Worthing, Barrett and Allen, each 29; third, Carr and Taylor, each 27.

A. A. BARRETT, Sec'y.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, Me., Sept. 9.—Sixteen members turned out to our weekly shoot to-day. Although this is not as large an attendance as we have been having, a good time was enjoyed by all. The day was perfect and the shooters unusually good-natured. Things were made lively by the "crack squad," and everybody went home happy. Alden won the gold badge in the 25-target handicap race.

Herewith are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	25	15	10	25	10	Targets:	10	25	15	10	25	10
Norton	10	23	..	10	..	..	White	6	17	11	7	..	8
Ashley	8	23	15	10	23	9	Emerton	7	19	11	6	20	6
Hummell	10	24	..	10	..	..	Fletcher	5	17	13	5	..	..
Conner	10	22	14	6	..	9	Collins	9	20	11	8	..	..
Cobb	9	22	..	..	..	..	Jones	5	12	8	..	..	..
Barker	8	20	..	8	..	..	Dr Williams	6	..	8	..	..	..
Leslie	7	15	..	3	..	..	Dr Cushman	7	19	12	..	..	..
Francis	7	23	13	8	..		Alden	4	19	..	5	..	..

The Omaha Tournament.

OMAHA, Neb., Sept. 8.—The fourth annual tournament of the Du Pont Gun Club, which was held here the past three days, did not draw as large an attendance as one would expect from the very liberal programme that the club offered. Four hundred dollars added money, a very handsome cup, several nice merchandise prizes and 2-cent targets should have drawn sixty to seventy shooters; but on this occasion there was only a few more than half that number present, so that in this respect the shoot can hardly be classed a success.

The lack of attendance is principally due to the fact that many of the trapshooters were off prairie chicken shooting, and from very reliable reports I learn that these birds are quite plentiful this season; in fact, much better than for three or four seasons past. Mr. J. E. Brook, of Atkinson, Neb., told me that on the Monday previous to the shoot he and Mr. V. W. McDonald, also of his place, had bagged seventy-six birds, and that good chicken shooting was to be had in any part of his county, notwithstanding that the sooner had been killing chicken for a month or more past. In the face of such reports, it is quite probable that this in some measure is responsible for the light attendance at this shoot.

However, it must not be inferred that because the club lost some money on this tournament it will be embarrassed to any extent, or that it will go out of existence, for such would indeed be a mistaken idea. The club is one of the most flourishing of the entire West, having now somewhere in the neighborhood of $500 in the treasury, so that it will continue to do business at the old stand as heretofore, despite the loss of a few dollars on this tournament. Even at the present, they are contemplating holding a live-bird tournament in November, in connection with the intercity team race between Omaha and Kansas City.

This tournament was held on the Omaha Gun Club ground, which is a public shooting park and one well equipped for an event of this kind. This park is located just across the river from Omaha, on the Iowa side, and about seven minutes' ride on the electric line from the business portion of Omaha. The targets were thrown from expert traps, and these were arranged on the Sergeant system, two sets being used. In this manner the programme was rapidly disposed of, so that the shooting was virtually over by 4 o'clock each day. The management of the shoot was under the supervision of H. S. McDonald, president W. T. Brewer and W. D. Townsend. The cashier's office was presided over by W. D. Burgess. Mr. C. M. Lincoln, of the U. M. C. Co., who, in connection with Frank Parmelee, has charge of this company's exhibit at the exposition, was present during the entire shoot and did yeoman service in many capacities, thereby contributing not a little toward the success of the shoot.

Non-Resident Principals.

Notwithstanding that the entries did not run very high, there were quite a number of out-of-town shooters present at some time during the shoot, this being attested by the following list: Alf Hodgson, Hawthorn, Ia.; M. Diefenderfer, Wood River, Neb.; Gus Sievers and Wm. Herman, Grand Island, Neb.; R. R. Kimball, Fremont, Neb.; C. R. Andrews, Hillsdale, Ia.; E. E. Hairgrove, Sutton, Neb.; C. A. Thurston and E. M. Calef, Onawa, Ia.; Lee Bailey, Norfolk, Neb.; Wm. Mitchell, Perry, Ia.; D. B. Carlyle, Jefferson, Ia.; J. E. Brook, Atkinson, Neb.; W. E. Smith, Cook, Neb.; J. M. Higgins, Kingsley, Ia.; W. A. Leach, Fort Smith, Ark.; J. Terryberry, Louisville, Neb.; E. E. Aney, Springfield, Ia.; A. S. Edwards, Ed Wallace and P. Storey, Glenwood, Ia.; A. M. Bernhard, Hastings, Neb.; Fred Eckstenkamp, Arlington, Neb.; M. Matson, Persia, Ia.; Dr. J. B. Hungate, Weeping Water, Neb.; Dan Bray, Syracuse, Neb.; Frank Crabill, Missouri Valley, Ia.; J. F. Beard, Herman, Neb.; Chris. F. Drier, Portsmouth, Ia.; P. Simpson, St. Edwards, Neb.; J. P. Vanderberg, Denver, Col.; Geo. Peterson, Coon Rapids, Ia.; Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.; J. J. Elliott, Onawa, Ia.; C. M. Otis, Tabor, Ia.; Geo. Rogers, Lincoln, Neb.

General Average.

As an inducement to have the contestant shoot through the entire three days' programme the club had hung up some very nice average prizes, nine for high and nine for low average. The high-average prizes consisted of cash, arranged on the following basis: $10, $10, $9, $8, $7, $6, $5, $5, and $5. First high average was won by Dan Bray, of Syracuse, Neb., who was the only shooter to make 90 per cent. for the three days. This entitled him to $10. Diefenderfer, of Wood River, Neb., and Grant, a local, tied for second, and as the class system prevailed they each got only $5, being compelled to divide second. This was obviously unjust, but only goes to demonstrate the inequity of the system. McDonald, another local man, got third, $9. R. R. Kimball, of Fremont, is fourth and got $8. Frank Crabill, of Missouri Valley, Ia., is fifth, and received $7. C. R. Andrews, of Hillsdale, Ia., got sixth, $6, while Brewer, of Omaha; Gus Sievers, of Grand Island, and Townsend, also a home man, who finished in the order, got $5 apiece.

In allotting the low-average prizes one begins at the bottom and works up. E. E. Aney, of Springfield, Ia., made the lowest average of the shoot. This entitled him to a Stevens rifle. J. Terryberry, of Louisville, Ia., is next lowest, and this won a Horton steel fishing rod. The other low-average winners—Leach, Brook, Smith, Loomis and Herman—each receive $5.

Thus it will be seen that every one who shot through received a prize to the value of $5 or more. In fact, there are two averages for which there are no claimants, as but seventeen shot through the programme, and two of these tied for one prize. It will be observed that Brook is credited with shooting at but 450 in place of 465. This came about by his losing the first target in the cup race, after which he withdrew, so that he virtually took part in every event. He claimed not to be aware that this was included in the average.

	1st day.	2d day.	3d day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Bray	137	154	128	465	419	.901
Diefenderfer	137	143	134	465	414	.890
Grant	141	143	134	465	414	.890
McDonald	131	146	136	465	413	.888
Kimball	136	146	130	465	412	.886
Crabill	137	144	130	465	411	.884
Andrews	139	137	124	465	410	.880
Brewer	139	148	119	465	406	.875
Sievers	137	144	122	465	404	.870
Townsend	128	136	135	465	399	.858
Herman	129	137	121	465	387	.832
Loomis	132	136	118	465	386	.830
Smith	123	139	106	465	368	.791
Brook	121	120	120	450	364	.808
Leach	118	118	120	465	356	.765
Terryberry	116	120	111	465	347	.746
Aney	114	133	96	465	343	.737

First Day, Tuesday, Sept. 5.

Mr. Alf Hodgson, of Hawthorn, Ia., was the chief factor in the tournament to-day, and engrossed the attention of every one present by his consistent and clever shooting, which will be seen by the appended table averaged an even 960 per cent. for the day, and in consequence he is easily in the van, while his five straight scores for the day are also the best in this respect. Grant, one of the local club members, was also in evidence, and ranks second with .940. This shooter has for a long time previous to the tournament been shooting very strong, and his showing to-day is only what was expected of him. Brewer, another home guard, showed good form, and is third in the bunch; his shooting too is high class. Fourth place is much disputed, for here we find Bray, Crabill, Diefenderfer and Sievers bunched together with the same total. Individually and collectively the shooting was very good, and the opportunity for great winnings was by no means good, while usually the money was pretty much cut up.

The conditions were favorable to good scores, as there was scarcely any wind, but again the shooters were somewhat handicapped by a torrid temperature, as the mercury was hobnobbing with the century mark. As a result the ice cream and mineral water man did a large and flourishing business.

The attendance was rather light, so that the programme was soon disposed of. The largest entry in any event was thirty-five, while the aggregate number engaged reached but one higher.

Two extras were shot after the conclusion of the programme; the first was at 20 targets, and in this Calef won first alone on the only straight score. The last was at 5 pairs; Townsend scooped first money in this on 9.

The programme consisted of ten 15-target events, with four moneys divided on the percentage system, 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15			
Hodgson	14	14	15	15	14	14	15	13	15	15	150	144	.960
Grant	13	15	14	13	14	15	15	14	13	15	150	141	.940
Brewer	13	15	13	15	15	13	14	14	12	15	150	139	.926
Bray	14	14	14	14	15	10	15	12	15	14	150	137	.913
Crabill	12	14	15	15	14	15	12	12	14	14	150	137	.913
Diefenderfer	15	13	12	14	15	14	15	13	11	15	150	137	.913
Sievers	15	13	15	13	14	15	13	14	12	13	150	137	.913
Kimball	14	14	13	13	14	13	13	13	14	15	150	136	.906
Andrews	14	12	14	15	15	11	15	12	13	14	150	139	.900
Hairgrove	12	15	15	13	13	13	13	14	12	14	150	134	.893
Loomis	11	15	14	13	14	12	14	12	15	12	150	132	.880
Calef	15	14	14	13	10	13	13	15	13	12	150	132	.880
Bailey	14	13	14	11	12	12	15	14	12	15	150	132	.880
Courtney	14	14	14	14	15	12	11	12	13	13	150	132	.880
Thurston	14	13	11	12	9	13	11	12	13	13	150	131	.873
Mitchell	13	14	13	12	12	11	15	13	15	13	150	131	.873
McDonald	13	12	15	14	13	12	12	14	14	12	150	131	.873
Herman	10	13	13	10	12	12	15	15	14	15	150	129	.860
Townsend	13	10	14	14	13	14	15	11	14	10	150	128	.853
Carlyle	9	12	13	15	14	13	14	11	13	13	150	127	.846
Brook	13	11	13	13	14	10	14	12	11	13	150	124	.826
Higgins	11	11	14	13	13	12	13	10	12	13	150	122	.813
Smith	13	12	14	13	11	12	12	14	10	12	150	123	.821
Beard	13	12	12	12	11	10	14	13	12	12	150	120	.800
Leach	12	10	14	13	11	14	9	12	13	10	150	118	.786
Terryberry	12	12	13	11	12	13	9	13	9	12	150	116	.773
Aney	13	11	11	11	10	9	13	12	12	12	150	114	.760
Edwards	7	11	11	11	11	12	13	15	10	13	150	114	.760
Matson	13	12	8	11	13	10	8	9	7	7	150	98	.653
Wallace	7	9	9	4	9	12	12	10	10	11	150	93	.620
Bernhard	14	12	14	13	15	13	11	14	14	..	135	120	.888
Eck	..	..	..	11	11	11	12	9	8	15	105	77	.734
Hungate	14	10	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	43	.716
Drier	11	10	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	29	.644
Berline	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	.666
Simpson	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	.800

Second Day, Wednesday, Sept. 6.

A few new shooters put in an appearance to-day, so that the aggregate attendance is a trifle larger than yesterday, but the increase is not very material. Dan Bray, of Syracuse, is high man with .933, and Peterson, of Coon Rapids, Ia., is second with .909. These are the only two who reached 90, but the conditions are in marked contrast from those of yesterday. The wind blew a fierce gale all day, and as the targets went out with this most of them went 90yds., and frequently they exceeded this, while during their flight they also cut up all scorts of queer antics, so that the scoring of them was frequently a matter of guesswork. Under such conditions consecutive scoring was almost impossible, but nevertheless Bray managed to bunch 40 straight in one group.

The programme to-day called for eleven events, each at 15 targets. One of these was a cup. On the programme this was No. 6, but in the table it is No. 11. Although the programme stated that all events were included in the general average, yet some were under the impression that this event was not included, and as there was nothing but the cup to be won in this event some withdrew after losing their first target, for this was virtually a miss-and-out race. Only two—McDonald and Smith—finished with straight scores, and in the shoot-off McDonald was only required to break his first target, as Smith started off with a miss.

Peterson was the most fortunate shooter, as he landed one first without a tie. This was in the third event and netted him $16.10. Top scores paid much better to-day, as it was quite a task to get them straight.

The weather was bright and clear, and the high wind tempered the heat somewhat.

An extra at 5 pairs was the concluding event of the day. This was well patronized, but all the money went to three men. Grant got first on 10, Kimball second on 9, and Beard third on 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15			
Bray	13	14	15	15	13	15	13	15	15	13	13	165	154	.933
Peterson	14	12	14	10	14	8	15	13	14	14	12	165	150	.909
Brewer	15	13	14	15	13	12	12	12	13	15	14	165	148	.896
Andrews	14	15	15	14	13	12	11	13	14	13	13	165	147	.890
McDonald	14	15	11	13	14	12	12	15	12	13	15	165	146	.884
Kimball	13	15	13	13	13	14	14	14	14	13	10	165	146	.884
Sievers	13	13	14	15	15	11	12	12	15	11	13	165	144	.872
Crabill	12	12	14	13	11	11	13	15	15	14	14	165	144	.872
Grant	15	13	12	14	12	13	13	12	13	14	13	165	144	.872
Diefenderfer	13	12	13	13	13	14	12	12	14	14	13	165	144	.872
Mitchell	13	15	12	12	13	14	11	14	13	12	14	165	143	.866
Calef	14	11	12	15	14	11	10	13	15	12	14	165	141	.854
Smith	11	12	14	10	14	8	15	13	14	14	15	165	139	.842
Hodgson	13	15	14	13	14	13	9	11	12	14	11	165	139	.842
Herman	13	13	13	13	14	13	10	14	11	11	12	165	137	.830
Loomis	11	13	12	12	10	12	12	12	14	14	14	165	136	.821
Townsend	14	13	14	15	13	10	10	13	13	8	13	165	136	.824
Ecktenkamp	12	12	12	13	13	10	10	15	12	14	11	165	134	.812
Aney	12	13	13	12	13	12	13	12	11	9	13	165	133	.806
Courtney	13	13	12	10	10	12	12	13	13	13	11	165	132	.800
Terryberry	10	7	12	13	11	14	9	12	9	11	12	165	120	.727
Leach	12	12	10	13	12	9	7	11	12	11	9	165	118	.715
Bailey	9	13	13	13	12	11	11	11	9	11	8	165	112	.678
Brook	13	12	10	13	12	14	10	11	14	11	..	150	120	.800
Clapp	14	12	15	13	15	14	13	13	10	13	..	150	132	.880
Edwards	12	13	12	12	10	14	10	11	9	..	..	135	103	.742
Elliott	12	12	..	..	..	12	14	11	13	11	..	105	85	.809
Hairgrove	14	14	10	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	7	90	71	.788
Higgins	13	12	10	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	12	90	70	.777
Beard	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	13	10	15	..	75	64	.853
Quimby	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	10	10	12	..	75	52	.693
Bishop	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	11	11	8	..	60	37	.616
Simpson	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	6	6	..		60	28	.456
Otis	12	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	37	.822
Vanderberg	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	..	..	10		45	31	.688
Curtice	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	10		30	20	.666
Fogg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	..	30	19	.633

Third Day, Thursday, Sept. 7.

The home contingent was in evidence to-day, as both first and second averages went to home men—Henry McDonald first with .906 and W. D. Townsend second with .900. These are the only two principals who made 90 per cent. Diefenderfer is just 1 break behind Townsend, and the same margin separaters Peterson from the former. These two occupy third and fourth positions respectively. The conditions were if anything a little harder than yesterday, as the shooters had all kinds of weather to contend with. Part of the time it was cloudy; then a few drenching showers fell, and finally this was succeeded by sunshine. There was also a marked change in the temperature. Coats, which had been divested on the previous day, were closely buttoned up, and even at this there was a decided chill in the air, for the wind, which now blew from the north, seemed to search out all the thin places in one's garments.

Straight scores paid well as a rule, it occurring on four different occasions that such a score netted the maker first without a divide.

The fortunate ones were Brook in No. 2, Diefenderfer in No. 3, Townsend in No. 4 and Crabill in No. 6. The opportunity was also presented in the last event, but no one was equal to it, so that the 14s cut up the first money in this event. The entries ran about twenty-five, so that the programme was soon disposed of, and the tournament was practically over by 3 o'clock:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15			
McDonald	15	11	14	14	15	14	14	14	13	12	150	136	.906
Townsend	15	13	15	12	11	14	14	15	12	14	150	135	.900
Diefenderfer	12	14	12	15	13	14	14	12	14	14	150	134	.893
Peterson	14	14	14	13	12	13	11	14	15	13	150	133	.886
Crabill	13	11	14	10	14	15	14	13	13	13	150	130	.866
Kimball	13	11	13	13	14	12	12	13	15	14	150	130	.866
Grant	12	13	14	13	13	12	13	14	13	12	150	129	.860
Bray	13	12	14	11	15	13	13	14	12	11	150	128	.853
Clapp	15	14	11	11	13	13	11	13	14	12	150	127	.846
Curtice	14	12	13	12	13	14	14	9	14	12	150	127	.846
Higgins	12	13	10	12	14	10	14	15	13	14	150	125	.833
Andrews	13	13	13	12	10	10	14	10	15	14	150	124	.823
Sievers	12	13	11	10	14	10	13	14	14	12	150	123	.820
Herman	15	11	12	12	14	13	14	10	10	10	150	121	.806
Brook	11	15	14	12	10	12	9	12	14	11	150	120	.800
Leach	11	13	14	12	11	13	14	13	9	10	150	120	.800
Brewer	11	14	10	10	14	13	13	10	13	11	150	119	.793
Loomis	13	12	11	8	12	12	12	11	14	13	150	118	.786
Terryberry	11	14	10	10	13	10	12	11	13	7	150	111	.730
Smith	11	10	10	7	9	11	11	12	12	13	150	106	.706
Aney	12	10	7	11	12	5	10	11	12	6	150	96	.640
Beard	..	..	..	14	11	10	14	12	10	..	90	71	.788
Storey	14	12	12	12	7	9	..	..	..	..	90	66	.733
Mitchell	13	10	13	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	75	58	.773
Rogers	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	..	15	15	60	55	.916
Matson	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15	13	8	60	47	.783
Otis	10	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	29	.644
Dering	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	12	9	..	45	28	.622
Brucker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	10	.666
Crittenson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	15	7	.466

Notes.

Mr. H. S. McDonald's win of the cup was a very popular one, as much of the energy and enterprise of this club is due to his executive ability. He shoots a Smith gun, Smokeless shells and Schultze powder.

Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Remington Arms Company, hustling representative and champion heavy-weight expert shot of the universe, set the boys quite a pace on the first day, as he scored 71 out of his first 75, getting four 14s and a 15 the first five times up.

Much praise is due Mr. Wm. Mitchell, of Perry, Ia., who unsolicited acted in the capacity of squad hustler—this too in an irreproachable and satisfactory manner, notwithstanding that he shot in nearly every event.

Mr. Dan Bray, winner of high average, is also live-bird champion of Nebraska, as he won the championship at Lincoln last May after a prolonged shoot-off. Bray shoots a Smith gun, Smokeless shells and Du Pont and Schultze powder.

The intercity team race betwen Omaha and Kansas City looks like an assured thing for the fall; at least so far as Omaha is concerned. Here they claim to be able to muster twelve men for a race of this nature.

Fred Quimby, of the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Company, shot in a few events just to show the boys that he was capable of breaking some targets himself. He would have done much better had he not permitted the targets to get nearly to the fence before shooting at them. Fred was evidently after showing off the killing power of Schultze—and he did it successfully.

The two Kimball brothers are tough shooting propositions. Grant finished third and R. R. fifth in the general averages. The latter, it will be remembered, won the interstate championship at St. Louis last May. On this occasion he shot out Gilbert, Budd, Porter and several other good ones.

Frank Parmelee did not take part in the shoot, as he had to be at the Exposition, looking after the U. M. C. Company exhibit. In conversation Frank said that he might put on a little war paint himself this fall and sally forth in quest of a few shooters' scalps.

Everything goes to indicate that the Hastings shoot will be one of the best held in this Western country for some time. Geo. Rogers, who is just back from Colorado, tells me that this State and Utah also will be represented at the shoot. Omaha expects to send two squads.

Geo. Rogers, of Lincoln, came over to take part in the shoot, but unfortunately he was taken sick and was unable to come to the grounds until the last day. When in good health George is somewhat of a factor himself in this shooting game.

The showing of Geo. Loomis at this shoot is something of a surprise. It has been a long time since his average has been so low. Somehow he could not catch his stride, and apparently was shooting in spasmodic time.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club.

FITCHBURG, Mass., Sept. 8.—Labor Day (Sept. 4) has come and gone, and again marks the closing of the trapshooting season for the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club. The day was fine and clear, with just enough wind to make the targets somewhat erratic and make high scores very uncertain, though some very good ones were made during the day. There was much interest among the shooters as to who would get the best average for the day's work, and thus get the gun which was presented to the club by Leroy, the Du Pont powder representative and crack target breaker. To make the averages for the day's shooting close and give all as even a chance as possible, targets were given according to the average of the season's shooting. The number of birds given is indicated by the number against the names, the first three men starting scratch, and others without numbers are visitors.

At noon it looked as though J. Taylor would be the owner of the gun, as he was shooting much above his average, and had he stopped after shooting at 100 birds he would have had it solid, as his average at that time, with his 22 birds handicap, was 87; but in shooting at 120 he lowered his average to 82½, which proved to be just a grain too low, as the writer puled in with 82 2-3 for 225 shot at and captured the deadly weapon.

It has been a very successful season, with an increased interest over last year and a marked improvement in scores.

Now we are looking forward to the time when we can go afield with dog and gun and hear the flutter of the partridge or the twitter of the woodcock when they rise. The time is near and we will soon hear of large bags being brought in. Be careful and not count toes instead of bills. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
Targets:		15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	10
Cutler	9	13	10	13	13	12	11	14	14	14	..	..	..	12	14	11	13	13	..
Wilbur	12	12	12	10	12	8	9	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Breen	8	13	10	7	6	8	12	8	7	10	7	12	9	10	10	10	..	..	..
Converse, 9	..	11	11	8	9	11	8	10	8	9	12	9	7	8	7	8	13	8	6 ..
Esty, 21		6	8	5	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Russell, 11		7	8	9	11	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Taylor, 22		8	12	10	9	11	12	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Levitt, 36		4	4	7	7	8	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gibson, 16		8	8	7	11	6	8	7	6	9	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Philbrook, 39		5	6	1	6	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Taylor, 23	..	7	7	4	11	8	8	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dix, 7		..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	9	8	6	9	5
Piper		8	10	9	8	12	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Burbank		..	..	..	..	..	..	5	2	6	3	3	3	2	6	11	..	..	..
Donovan		..	..	..	..	..	..	5	2	6	3	3	3	2	6	11	..	..	..
Ladeau		..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McDonald		..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sullivan		..	..	..	..	..	..	10	4	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Upton		..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	3	4	..	7	5	..	..	..	..	..
Stickney		..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	4	10	13	12	12	10	..	..	..
Protcor		..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

M. A. CUTLER, Treas.

Arkansas and the South.

St. Louis Doings.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 2.—The incentive for competition at Dupont Park to-day was the contest for the Jaccard cup, which brought out eight of the local contingent to strive for its possession. The winner proved to be H. C. Griesedick, who has cut such a wide swath among the local shooting element by capturing nearly everything that he has contested for. His win of to-day proved to be a double victory, as that tie between himself, Collins and Chase was also decided in this race, though unfortunately Chase, owing to illness, was unable to be present.

At present Griesedick holds both local live bird trophies, and henceforth they can only be wrested from him in individual contest, while should he successfully defend either of them once more he will become permanent possessor of them. At present he has two matches on, one with Jno. J. Sumpter for the Busch medal and one with Dr. J. W. Smith for the Jaccard cup. That with Sumpter was to have taken place to-day, but the principals finally agreed to a postponement of a week. This, as the conditions prescribe, will be a 25-bird affair, while the one with Dr. Smith will be a 100-bird race, though this will not be shot until the weather gets cooler. By defeating Conrades a week ago Griesedick scored his fifth win for the Busch medal, so it is only necessary for him to dispose of Sumpter to retire this medal. One singular thing about these contests is that no one has ever been able to win this medal but the present holder.

The birds in to-day's contest were a mixed, ordinary lot, while in addition to this the weather conditions were also against them. It was excessively hot and the breeze that was in evidence availed them but little, and the torrid heat robbed them of their snap and vigor. The score:

Griesedick, 31	1211112112112211212121212*1—24
Collins, 29	2221202121112112120111111—23
Dr. Smith, 30	11111101*2211222121112*222—22
Dr. Clark, 27	021211110*1212211211222222—22
Taylor, 29	222121222*1011212011211122—22
Denning, 28	1111121112212**212020211—21
Herold, 26	2120221101222*2101112*1220—19
J Cabanne, 28	22122202220202202220w

St. Louis Tournament.

Mr. J. A. Corray, manager of Dupont Park, St. Louis, claims Oct. 16 to 19 as the dates for holding his fall tournament. Three days' targets and one day live birds. There will be from $300 to $500 added money at this shoot. This will give the Western shooters who are going to Belle Meade an opportunity to stop off and take in this shoot en route.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Maine State Tournament.

To write up the Maine State tournament, giving simply the scores and a general mention of the whole affair, would convey to the reader but the faintest glimmer of what actually took place in the way of personal prowess and concentrated enthusiasm. As an illustration, there was Mr. R. Hunnewell, who won the first average and who never smiled (in his anxiety) for two days until he finished a winner. Since then his face is likened unto a luminous orb, and I doubt if artificial light will be found necessary at his home for months to come; and the musical cadences of his voice will be heard among the "men of Maine" for an extended period asking them to come right upto the soda water fountain and quaff to the dregs. So much for the winner. Mr. Barker, the secretary, simply smiles. His work is finished to a fine polish. His patience and persistent good nature carried every one right along.

Among the out-of-town and State shooters were the silent Griffetts, of Pascoag, R. I.; Ernest Chisholm, of Portland; Mr. O. R. Dickey, the shooter from Bosting; J. R. Hull, of Meriden, Conn.; J. J. Hallowell, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Leroy, from Campello, Mass.; Ben Norton, his smile and good nature, from New York; Harold Money, from Oakland, N. J., and your obedient servant, from Batavia, the seven last-mentioned being classed as experts and eligible to only a most pleasant meeting. And this is just as it should be at all tournaments.

About 1,800 targets were consumed in the two days, using one set of five expert and one magautrap, the latter being very popular.

A number of ladies were present, all of whom took the liveliest interest in the shooting, and this is another phase of these meetings as it should be. The presence of ladies controls, and there is a harmonious blending of the whole scene.

In closing, I beg to call attention to a salient feature of this Maine tournament, to wit.: The sapient caterer of the feast collected 50 cents per head from all before entering the banquet hall and thereby was enabled to balance his ledger account at the conclusion of the carnival.

Wednesday.

Wednesday's shooting progressed until dark, with all save one event of the first day's programme unfinished.

The weather and everything else was favorable to large scores. The sun, which had hidden itself behind the clouds in the early morning, came out bright and clear in season for the regular shooting events. Sixty entries in the first event. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	50	15	20	15	15	20	15	10
Hunnewell	10	13	44	15	19	14	15	16	15	10
Ashley	8	13	42	14	18	9	15	12	13	4
Norton	7	11	47	11	16	13	14	18,15		8
Cobb	8	10	40	10	18	9	12	15	13	9
Connor	8	13	43	14	20	12	13	17	13	8
Adams	10	12	40	14	..	14	11	17	..	8
Coleman	8	12	42	12	16	13	14	19	15	9
Arthur	10	13	46	12	19	13	15	18	13	10
Rich	9	14	46	13	19	12	15	15	13	18
Randall	9	14	45	13	..	15	12	15	14	7
Dickey	9	12	44	15	20	12	12	19	13	10
Hull	6	15	43	12	19	14	12	19	13	10
Hallowell	6	13	37	10	18	13	15	18	13	8
Leroy	10	15	45	15	17	12	15	19	12	9
Money	8	13	47	13	16	15	11	20	14	9
Greene	9	12	48	11	20	14	12	17	14	10
Stobie	9	11	46	14	16	14	13	14	14	9
Wyman (Tate)	9	13	27	10	10	12	10	8	..	7
Preble	10	14	44	15	20	14	15	14	15	9
Johnson	7	13	42	14	18	12	15	4	14	9
Swiveller	8	13	36	15	18	15	12	15	13	8
Norton	8	13	36	15	18	15	12	15	13	8
Parsons	8	6	30	8	17	12	11	16	..	9
Griffith	8	10	44	13	17	13	14	15	..	10
Campbell	8	9	28	11	..	7	14	13	..	..
Chisholm	9	11	33	11	17	12	13	14	..	..
Edwards	9	14	..	13	18	14	12	15	..	..
Gray	7	11	41	13	18	11	..	..	..	..
George	8	9	36	14	..	15	..	..	..	..
Taylor	8	11	45	15	..	14	..	..	..	..
Cain	9	12	40	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Moody	6	14	40	10	..	8	..	..	..	..
Cushman	6	10	45	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ray	8	14	39	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Doten (Herbert)	7	13	44	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bates	7	14	37	12	..	9	..	..	..	..
Jones	7	12	38	11	17	13	..	..	..	..
Thompson	9	9	36	14	12	9	..	..	..	..
Jordan	9	13	37	15	..	13	..	..	..	..
Thorndike	9	11	26	11	11	13	..	..	..	..
Merrill	5	9	45	9	16	10	..	..	..	..
Foster	5	9	41	12	15	..	..	..	..	..
Dwinnell	7	11	34	10	14	9	..	..	..	..
Davidson	3	13	38	8	18	9	..	..	..	..
Goude	4	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Burgess	9	9	42	..	13	13	..	..	..	..
Berry	10	13	42	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Noble	10	12	41	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fletcher	9	11	30	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Arris	5	12	37	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tukey	7	10	40	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Libby	6	13	47	12	18	..	..	..	..	..
Lord	6	12	39	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nason	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bickford	6	13	41	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gray	8	11	41	..	18	..	..	..	..	..
Charles	3	4	..	7	..	5	7	..	..	..
Giddings	8	..	37	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mooney	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Post	..	..	42	14	..	..	..	..	..	..

Following is the summary of the team shoot, 50 targets, regular, entrance fee $2.50, $30 to first, $20 to second and $10 to third, team match for Maine clubs only:

Portland No. 1.		Bath.	
Adams	40	Merrill	45
Coleman	42	Thompson	34
Arthur	46	Bates	37
Rich	46	Jones	38
Randall	45—219	Lord	39—193
Auburn No. 1.		**Auburn No. 2.**	
Hunnewell	44	Burgess	42
Ashley	42	Bickford	41
Norton	47	Noble	41
Cobb	40	Berry	42
Connor	43—216	Arris	37—203
Androscoggin, Lewiston.		**Auburn No. 3.**	
Cain	40	Libbey	47
Moody	40	Tukey	40
Cushman	45	Fletcher	30
Ray	39	Giddings	37
Herbert	44—208	Jordan	37—191
Waterville.		**Portland No. 2.**	
Stobie	46	Taylor	45
Greene	48	Chisholm	33
Tate	27	Gray	41
Preble	44	George	36
Johnson	42—207	Thorndike	26—181

Thursday.

Thursday's scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	50	15	25	15	20	15	20	15
Hunnewell	9	14	48	14	25	15	19	15	20	15
Ashley	10	12	41	15	21	14	17	12	..	..
Norton	8	13	49	12	21	14	18	..	..	..
Cobb	8	13	45	13	21	..	..	..	..	..
Connor	10	14	46	12	23	13	20	14	20	15
Adams	8	14	41	13	23	13	17	13	17	14
Coleman	9	12	42	13	21	14	18	10	18	14
Arthur	9	14	48	13	24	14	20	12	19	13
Rich	10	14	47	14	21	13	..	12	..	..
Randall	10	14	46	14	22	15	19	13	19	14
Dickey	10	15	46	14	24	14	20	14	16	13
Hull	9	12	47	14	22	15	18	15	20	15
Hallowell	10	13	48	12	24	11	17	15	18	14
Leroy	10	13	46	13	22	14	20	13	17	15
Money	8	14	45	14	20	11	13	14	19	15
Greene	10	13	47	14	24	13	19	14	13	14
Stobie	9	15	46	14	25	14	..	13	..	..
Tate	9	15	37	11	11	12	19	11	18	11
Preble	9	15	45	14	24	14	19	13	18	1
Johnson	9	15	27	14	22	11	19	14	13	12
Bates	9	12	32	10	22	14	17	13	18	14
Jones	8	15	40	8	19	14	12	11	17	10
Thompson	6	15	31	14	14	11	9	12	9	7
Merrill	9	13	44	13	21	15	15	12	16	11
Lord	9	11	43	12	19	13	14	10	17	9
Libby	7	12	46	9	21	..	..	..	..	..
Foster	7	7	38	9	19	..	17	9	17	10
Davidson	7	13	37	12	21	13	..	..	..	..
Dwinnell	7	10	41	11	18	..	..	..	..	..
Berry	9	13	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Swiveller	9	14	39	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Norton	7	12	32	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Parsons	7	11	34	11	18	..	..	..	..	..
Griffith	10	15	35	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
White	4	10	38	9	18	..	..	..	..	..
Gray	9	13	40	14	21	..	..	..	..	..
Chisholm	8	15	43	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Edwards	8	15	44	13	21	..	..	..	..	..
Taylor	10	15	45	12	23	..	..	..	..	..
Hunt	5	12	36	11	20	..	16	..	20	13
Charles	3	7	..	4	..	8	..	..	..	..
Moody	8	..	41	..	20	..	..	..	..	..
Campbell	7	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Herbert	10	14	47	13	21	13	..	..	..	..
Burgess	8	14	42	..	19	..	..	..	..	..
Tukey	8	12	34	..	22	..	..	..	..	..
Cushman	10	..	43	..	22	..	..	..	..	..
Jordan	8	13	..	13	..	12	..	12	..	..
Ray	8	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hall	7	10	..	13	..	10	..	11	16	..
Noble	9	4	43	..	18	..	..	..	..	..
Arris	8	..	43	..	18	..	..	..	..	..
Collins	..	..	40	..	20	..	..	12	..	..
Little	..	..	29	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Giddings	..	..	..	7	..	11	..	..	..	..

DICK SWIVELLER.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Fulton Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 4.—The Labor Day shoot of the Fulton Gun Club was well attended, twenty-six shooters participating. The weather was charming. The place was all that could be desired in a shooting ground, and the background was clear sky. The programme was departed from. A good lunch was provided. The scores were low, as nearly all were not thoroughly schooled in the perfect form which comes from long experience, but the enjoyment was 100 per cent. The cup event brought out, with others, two strong shooters into direct competition—Messrs. Phister and Van Allen, both of whom scored the full 50, the former breaking 48 out of 50 and 2 more out of his handicap of 4, while Van Allen scored 49 and only needed 1 of his handicap of 2 to shoot at to make the full 50. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	15	15	10	10	10
Van Allen	8	9	14	10	8	8	10	12	..	..	..	8
J Hopkins	7	4	8	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schneider	5	..	10	8	6	..	..	..	11	8	7	7
Cook	3	2	..	..	4	5	7	..	9	..	..	..
Horbett	2	..	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Hopkins	..	8	9	..	8	9	9	13	13	..	..	8
Schoverling	..	5	7	4	6	7	4	7	13	..	..	8
Dickinson	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Beltz	..	..	5	4	3	5	3	..	3	3	5	1
Pfister	..	..	12	8	10	9	9	13	14	..	..	7
W Woods	..	..	..	7	..	8	4	..	..	5	4	..
Montoux	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	4	0	3	..
Hunter	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schrading	..	..	..	3	5	4	..	..	8	..	4	..
J Woods	..	..	..	3	..	2	4	7	..	3	3	4
Clifford	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Goldstein	..	..	..	..	..	3	3	6	2	3	8	5
McIntosh	..	..	..	..	..	3	4	7	..	..	7	5
A Woods	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	7	..	..	..	2
Lammers	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Richling	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	3	3	4
Barton	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	7	..
McGuinniss	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	4
Giles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	4
Henry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..
Kessel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..
Laube	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	3
Osterhaut	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6

Cup shoot, 50 targets, allowance of extra shots:

Pfister, 4 .....1111111111111111111110111—24
1111111111111111111111110—24
0101 — 2—50

Van Allen, 2 .....1111111111111111111111111—25
1111111101111111111111111—24
1 — 1—50

Remainder shot 50 targets, as they had no chance to win with handicap. Scores:

W. Hopkins 42, Schneider 36, Osterhaut 32, Schoverling 31, McIntosh 31, Ellsworth 29, Blake 27, Giles 27, W. Woods 25, Barton 17, Stillman 16, Goldstein 16, Lammers 14, Dickinson 10, Beltz 10, Montoux 5, Clifford (w) 5.

Tie for cup, 25 targets, proportionate allowance:

Pfister, 2 .....0111111101111111101111111—22
Van Allen, 1 .....1111111011001111101111110—20

The Sergeant system of trapping was used.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 9.—There was a good attendance of shooters and the competition was enlivened by some team matches. In the first, at 25 targets, Dudley and Gardiner scored 23 and 22 respectively, a total of 45, to Webber's 22 and Hopkins' 19, a total of 41. The return match resulted as follows: Dudley 22, Gardiner 23, total 45; Webber 21, Hopkins 23, total 44. In a three-men team match at 25 targets, the scores were: Dudley 24, Gardiner 22, Tuttle 23, total 69; Webber 24, Hopkins 20, Chambers 15, total 59.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	9	10
Targets:	10	15	25	15	25	20	15	*	25
Dudley	10	11	24	12	23	..	..	21	..
Thornton	7	10	14	11	..	11	7	14	..
Wright	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lane	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dudley, Jr	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hopkins	7	15	23	14	19	..	..	21	..
Gardiner	..	12	21	14	23	..	..	17	20
Bennett	..	14	18	..	..	18	11	..	..
Chambers	..	13	19	12	..	..	..	21	..
Dr Webber	..	15	24	14	22	..	..	23	24
I Remsen	..	12	19	..	..	..	..	16	..
Tuttle	..	12	17	13	..	..	..	19	..
Lane	..	11	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	10	20	18	13	14	..
David	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	19	15
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	12

*15 single and 5 pairs.

Brooklyn Gun Club's Live-Bird Shoot.

Sept. 6.—The live-bird shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club was very pleasant in every way, though the attendance was not up to what was expected, due, probably, to the short notice given to the shooters, for the invitations were sent out only two or three days before the event took place.

There were three events in the programme, but two extra events of 5 birds each were shot before the regular programme began, and an extra event at 5 birds, $5 entrance, one prize, a beautiful scarfpin—a horseshoe set with diamonds—was shot after the regular programme was finished. The latter was practically a miss-and-out, for all ties on five shot a miss-and-out for the scarfpin, the single prize of the event. This evoked the keenest interest, and terminated somewhat unexpectedly as to the winner, as there were several seasoned and tried match shooters who were looked upon as the source of the winner. In the tie were Messrs. Morfey, Bissett, Doty and Mr. S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, L. I., who forthwith proceeded to shoot off, miss-and-out. Morfey retired on his third bird, and Bissett on the fourth. This narrowed the competition to Messrs. Allen and Doty, and the great performance of the latter in his recent matches made him the favorite. But Van Allen held the confidence of his friends, who knew his skill best, and the result justified it, for Doty missed his 6th, which left Van Allen the winner, and hearty congratulations from all present were his. Mr. W. Hopkins was another of the shooting surprises of the day, for out of 32 birds which he shot at he missed but 2, and the exceedingly clever manner in which he shot marked him as a true shooter. Capt. Money arrived late, and by some misunderstanding his gun and shells had not arrived, so he shot strange guns and any load at hand, with the usual gameness for which he is noted; but the change to a misfit gun made its misfitness felt in the scores, though he shot well at that. The first three events are the extras. The next three are programme events. The scores:

	Extra No. 1.	Extra No. 2.
Morfey, 30	22220—4	20222—4
Woods, 30	2111*—4	0*211—3
Waters, 28	01210—3	12222—5
Van Allen, 30	2222*—4	21200—3
W Hopkins, 28	10222—4	21012—4
G Hopper, 28	22202—4	20202—3
Dr Webber, 29	*1020—2	21211—5
H B David, 26		00120—2

Extra No. 3:

Morfey, 29	22222—5	220	Waters, 28 ....0w
Bissett, 28	21111—5	2110	Woods, 29 .....11011—4
Hopper, 28	22201—4		Capt Money, 30..11220—4
Van Allen, 29	11211—5	112222	Doty, 30 .....22211—5 122220
Wright, 30	01110—3		*Wright, 30 .....22220—4

*Re-entry.

The programme events follow. No. 1 was 5 birds, $3, birds included; No. 2, 7 birds, $5, birds included; No. 3, 10 birds, birds extra. Twenty-eight and 30yds., class shooting, two moneys:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Morfey, 30	2 2 2 2 2—5	2 0 0 2 * 2 2—4
Bissett, 28	2 2 0 1 0—3	2 2 2 1 1 1 1—7
Hopper, 28	2 2 0 2 0—3	2 1 0 0 1 2 1—5
Dr Webber, 28	1 2 1 2 1—5	* 2 2 2 1 1 0—5
Van Allen, 28	2 2 0 2 2—4	0 1 1 2 2 2 1—6
Waters, 28	2 0 2 2 1—4	2 0 1 1 2 * 2—5
Hopkins, 28	1 1 1 1 1—5	1 1 1 2 1 2 2—7
Woods, 30	1 2 1 2 0—4	1 2 2 2 2 2 1—7
Doty, 30	2 0 0 0 2—2	2 2 2 2 0 2 2—6
G L Shoemaker, 28	0 2 2 1 1—4	0 1 2 2 0 2 2—5
David, 27		* 0 0 2 1 0 1—3
Capt. Money, 30		1 1 1 2 2 1 0—6

No. 3:

Morfey, 29	2 2 0 2 2 2 0 1 2 2— 8
Bissett, 28	1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1—10
Hopper, 28	* 2 1 0 2 0 0 2 2 0— 5
Dr Webber, 28	2 1 2 1 2 0 0 2 1 0— 7
Van Allen, 29	2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2—10
Waters, 28	* 2 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 *— 7
Hopkins, 29	1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2—10
Woods, 29	* 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2— 9
Doty, 30	2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2— 9
G L Shoemaker, 28	0 0 2 0 2 0 2 2 1 2— 6
Capt Money, 30	1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2—10

John F. Weiler Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Sept. 7.—The live-bird shoot for a live deer took place at Duck Farm Hotel, the conditions being miss and out, Hurlingham rules. The scores:

Chas Zwerline..111	Jno Warford....0
Jno Warford...211	Jesse Hillegas..111
H W Haukee...01	Al Knause.....01
Geo Page.....120	Jno Weiler.....112
O Melot.....122	H Benning.....02
Jno Warford...111	Milt Brey.....111
James Smith...111	Jesse Hillegas..211
Chas Zwerline.221	Jno Bell.....211
Jno Warford....221	John Rehrig....0
O H Acker....211	H W Haukee..10
Jas Timmons...212	Milt Brey.....010
Geo Page.....121	C M Hillegas..220
Jesse Hillegas..120	Jno Weiler.....122
Jno Warford...211	Jno Rehrig.....1111212111112211121
O Melot 112	H W Haukee..120
Jno Bell.....011	Geo Page.....0
Chas Zwerline..10	

Miss-and-out for the deer:

Chas Zwerline.....	21122222112220	Jno Rehrig	1212111112211121
Chas Zwerline.....	12211112122210	Jno Bell.....	1210
Geo Page.....	11222111122110	O Acker	1110
James Timmons...	2122222212222221		

A sweepstake between the following:

Milt Brey	1111010100	Al Griesemer	1111111100
Jno Weiler	1110111100	E Newhard	0111111111

Sept. 4.—The John F. Weiler Club monthly shoot.

Live birds:

Jno Weiler	1111021121	O Griesemer	1212101201
O Acker	11111 1201	I Hahn	1111112111
J Flickinger.....	1210112200	C Kramlich	1111111111

Event No. 1:

C Hohe	0010100010010100010111110—11
I Hahn	1110011001001111000111001—14
O Acker	0111111110010000111111010—16
C Kramlich	0101010000111011111110101—15
J Flickinger	1000000000000000000000010— 2
Al Griesemer	1000000011011001010000001— 9

Event No. 2:

C Hohe	1101000111111100111111111—19
O Acker	1111011011011011100011100—17
O Griesemer	0001000010001100110111010—15
I Hahn	0101110100010110101110111—15
S Fry	0010011010111000001001001—10

C. F. KRAMLICH, Fin. Sec'y.

If Kipling does not write better poetry than he has been giving us lately he will be unable to save himself from being appointed the next poet laureate.—Boston Transcript.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

F. B. J., Clarkesburg, W. Va.—As bloodhound breeders do not advertise any stock, we presume they have none for sale, and regret therefore that we cannot give you the desired information.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE Simons rheumatic and gout cure is advertised in another column as something likely to interest sportsmen who have undergone exposure and may be suffering from the consequences.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 13. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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The greatest conqueror in the world never had so many triumphal arches erected to him as our middle-sized brooks have. Landor.

The Forest and Stream's Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons."

NAILS DRIVEN IN 1899.

WASHINGTON.

Laws 1899, p. 278.—Section 3 Every person who shall offer for sale, or market, or sell or barter any moose, elk, caribou, killed in this State, antelope, mountain sheep or goat, deer, or the hide or skin of any moose, elk, deer or caribou, or any grouse, pheasant, ptarmigan, partridge, sage hen, prairie chicken or quail, at any time of the year, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor.

THE FOOLISH MOMENT.

IT is a peculiar phase of mental phenomena that men, under certain conditions of time, circumstances and opportunity, will do recklessly foolish things. They will, at such moments, elect to jeopardize life or limb—their own or that of their fellows—in an attempt to succeed in some venture, whether trifling or otherwise, though success may bring nothing material with it. This seems to be a trait common to all humanity. Men of all kinds and degrees, be they wise or simple, taught or untaught, high or low in social or business station, have their foolish moments when heedless recklessness takes the place of sober reason and common prudence.

When time, circumstances and opportunity combine to afford play to the reckless proclivities of the individual, there are few, indeed, whose mentality has been so highly developed and disciplined that they are guided by reason rather than by impulse.

Thus it comes that a man, perfectly trained and disciplined in his special vocation, may go weeks and months in conducting it without an error. Every detail has been carefully thought out in advance; every rule of action has been carefully elaborated, and every act is conducted on a logical process of reasoning. Nothing then is left to chance or to the emotional impulse of the individual.

No man in a responsible position in business would abandon the discipline and rules which wisdom and experience had proved sound, and in their stead act on emotional impulses.

Yet the methodical man of errorless proficiency in his regular business and social routine, habituated to act by rule and reason, may, in some other environment, develop a penchant for foolish moments filled with the taking of foolish chances. His surroundings are novel, the stimulus to action is different from that to which he is habituated, and he becomes largely a creature of impulse.

Thus it comes about that the man of sound judgment when sitting in his office, pen in hand, may be a creature of reckless conduct when in the woods, rifle in hand; or when astride a bicycle speeding along city street or country road; or when in a boat in dangerous waters.

The man, rifle in hand, in the woods has an exhilarating stimulus in his new environment and purpose, something which exalts him far above his everyday temperament, and he is keyed up to a point of action far above the normal.

However, the reckless acts of the foolish moments always have in them something of a competitive nature or struggle for the mastery. The novice who is a big-game hunter, who sees the bushes move and recklessly takes the chances that the concealed moving object is a deer and not a cow, or a horse, or a man, is a creature of impulse. He has not reasoned out all the associated possibilities of mistake and death incident to the situation. He has deer in his mind and deer in his purpose, and with the stimulus of the pursuit impelling him he follows the dictate of impulse and shoots.

From the point of view of the man who reasons out the matter in another environment, the act was criminally thoughtless, and inexcusable. Yet under the same circumstances, the critic himself might have done the same thing. Under certain other circumstances, which appealed to the critic's spirit of competition or sport, he then might have his own foolish moment in which reason was abandoned and impulse made him reckless.

However, there is no excuse whatever for a man, habituated to the use of hunting with firearms, who shoots at an object whose wherabout is indicated by moving bushes. Long habit should make his acts a matter of reason, not of impulse. The tyro may be excused in a degree for acts committed from the excitement and heat of the moment, but there is no excuse for him for his neglect of learning all the safeguards to be observed in the use of a deadly weapon before he takes it in hand for dealy uses.

The bicyclist displays the same reckless spirit in another form. He may be pedaling along serenely for hours, when a combination of circumstances impels him to reckless action and then he proceeds on impulse. He darts in and out between carriages, missing wheels and wagon tongues and horses' noses by a hair's breadth, with no greater object than to get ahead of them at all risks and with no material gain to himself after he has done so. And still he may go weeks before the foolish moment comes to take the reckless chances which, if successful, may have no importance whatever. The boatman shoots rapids in a desire to accomplish where others have failed, and on impulse may do desperate deeds in the effort to succeed, and success may mean nothing more than the personal gratification of going safely through great danger or the evanescent interest of the onlookers.

Reason and calculation should eliminate the foolish moments and the reckless chances. The soldier, keyed up to a high tension for desperate deeds, would on impulse do all sorts of reckless things in all sorts of foolish moments, were it not for the disciplined mind of his superior, who acts according to reason. He is habituated from training and experience to disregard impulse even when the times are most exciting. Only by observing a similar course of study and discipline can the foolish moments and reckless acts so common to sport be eliminated.

THE RAIL.

IN the good old days of which the graybeards talk with so much regret, and about which the youngsters hear with envy and wonder, the opening of the rail season inaugurated the beginning of the fall shooting. In those happy days, the poorer shots often got from sixty to eighty birds to a boat, while the experts, when the tide was right and the flight was on, sometimes secured one hundred and fifty or two hundred.

For a number of years the rail shooting on many grounds in the Eastern States which formerly yielded abundant bags has been an absolute failure, so much so that many of its former devotees have altogether abandoned it. Five, six, nine, or at most a dozen birds to a tide, are not worth going for. The intervals between the rises are too long, and the shoring becomes monotonous. In the old days, before the marshes had been so much run over, one might often find there besides the rail other interesting birds, which added to the pleasure of the hours spent in the boat; a little bunch of winged teal, an early migrating brood of black ducks, a king rail, a little white heron, or a least bittern, might rise before the gun and add to the variety of the bag. But of late years there has been little of this.

This autumn, for some unexplained reason, the rail shooting all along the Atlantic Coast, while not nearly up to its old-time standard, has yet been so much better than that of recent years as to cause great surprise. We know of grounds, for many seasons almost barren, which this autumn have yielded bags of thirty, forty or forty-five birds—an increase in abundance for which we know of no cause, and which is hardly likely to be repeated another season.

There is no better school for the boy who is learning to shoot than rail shooting. The view is unobstructed, the birds fly slowly and straight; thus the beginner has plenty of time, and with proper tuition at once begins to kill birds enough to give him a little confidence in himself. Of course, there is a slight tendency for him to become too deliberate, and even to potter, but signs of his doing this should be watched for by his instructor, and promptly corrected. But as the rail are among the easiest to kill of game birds, they are the very best for the novice to practice on, and we should be glad to see all the rail grounds in the country absolutely reserved as a practice ground for the rising generation of those who use the shotgun.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE pathos of the letter from Harry Coons printed on another page is not lessened by the fact of his death in August last.

Harry Coons, to call him by his English name, was a full-blooded Indian of the Skidi tribe of the Pawnees. He received his education for the most part at the reservation school at the old agency on the Loup Fork, in Nebraska, and was a grown man when his tribe was removed by the Government to its new home in the Indian Territory. His suggestive letter tells us something of the conditions of Pawnee life when the tribe resided in Nebraska, and it was at this time that we first knew him and other Indian boys, while traveling with the camp in search of buffalo.

Subsequent to this period he served under Major North with the Pawnee scouts, where he was regarded as one of the most trustworthy and reliable men in that steadfast body. Of late years he had taken firm hold of civilization, possessed a farm, which he successfully managed, and at one time was stockholder and director in a local bank.

For a number of years he had been threatened with consumption, that fell enemy of the Indian race, which claims for its victims one-half of those who die. His trip to the North, made in the summer of 1898, and of which he writes in this letter, was undertaken in search of health.

Harry Coons was a man of determination, of unflinching courage and of great singleness of purpose. If he had lived fifty years earlier he would have been a great chief, for he possessed the qualities of mind which make chiefs. He was also a warm friend, and his death will be mourned not only in his tribe, but by more than one of his white friends.

We are advised by our Chicago correspondent of thirty-two acceptances of the invitation to go on the Minnesota excursion to inspect the region of the proposed national park. Seventeen States are represented; and if the public spirited promoters of the reserve project shall instil something of their own enthusiasm into their guests the result should be a powerful stimulus of general interest in the plan. If the people of the country realized what is the character of that Minnesota region and had a faint conception of all that the park would mean to the Mississippi Valley and the entire population, there would be no uncertainty as to the prompt action of Congress; the Minnesota forest reserve would be an assured fact.

The State of Washington has been so reckless of its game supply that the most stringent measures are now thought necessary to protect the remnant. An important provision in the new game code is one which embodies the FOREST AND STREAM Platform Plank, and absolutely forbids the sale of game. The text of the prohibition is given at the top of this page; and the statute contains a further clause forbidding the purchase of game. In this way an attempt is made to reach the special classes who provoke violations of the game law.

It takes people of all sorts to make up the world. There are some who never go shooting nor fishing.

If one is held up by a freight train wreck, how shall he employ himself during the detention? By writing for FOREST AND STREAM, of course, as did the author of the black bass paper signed Wadleigh Brooke, who writes: "The inclosed sketch was jotted down a night or two since on telegraph blanks and old letters as our train lay back of a very mixed up freight wreck, as a pleasant means of whiling away the time."

A most interesting bit of news in our fishing columns to-day is the report Mr. Livingston Stone sends of the capture of the first California salmon taken in the St. Lawrence River.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Yukon Notes.

(*Continued from page* 204.)

The Scurvy Sign.

When I said good-by to Col. Fred Mather in the office of Forest and Stream just before leaving for Alaska the white-haired old sportsman, whose circle of personal friends is only exceeded by those who have learned to love him from his writings, said several things which have lingered in memory. Next to his hearty "God bless you" at parting, and the old warhorse's wish that he were going too, I remember most keenly some gruesome details of prison experiences in the South during the war, in which scurvy figured, men's teeth dropping out and the calves of their legs sluffing off, and the like—the whole treated in a kindly half humorous way that in no whit detracted from the force of the picture.

The moral was: Take plenty of dried fruit, lime juice, vinegar, etc., and go light on salt meats.

We remembered the advice, and lost neither our teeth nor our limbs.

The Cheechakoes all had a wholesome fear of the disease, and the cases which occurred were confined either to men who were short of supplies or to the old-timers, who had gotten used to living on little or nothing, and who seemed to think things weren't just right unless they had a touch of scurvy in their systems.

Sore and swollen limbs are an indication of the disease, as are also brown patches on the skin; but there is one sure sign that never fails, and that is when the flesh loses its elasticity and becomes putty-like, retaining, for instance, the impress of a finger for some moments after the spot has been touched.

When a man gets in this condition there are various ways of treating him in use among the old-timers, all more or less of a kill-or-cure nature. Hughy Day, a mail carrier, says a decoction made by pouring boiling water on a mixture of quaking asp bark and spruce boughs is efficacious.

"The first year of the Forty Mile excitement," (1886), says Day, "I remember that a man named Holmes had the scurvy. We took and gave him his quaking asp and spruce drink, and then we bathed him and rubbed him with canvas till he yelled for mercy. It cured him, all right enough, and in the spring he pulled his own stuff to the mines."

A Modern Esau.

The day after leaving Five Fingers we found some very rough going late in the day. The pioneers of the trail had become discouraged by a more than commonly bad stretch of jammed ice, and had taken to the bank of the river. The pull was up an almost perpendicular bluff, over a series of icy ledges. Just as Mac and I landed the last sled at the top we were surprised to see an Indian youth appear, as though he had dropped from the clouds. The boy caught hold of the rope and gave a final tug to assist us, and then, as we continued on our way through a sparse popple growth, he trotted along between the sleds, stooping and pushing on the back of each in turn to help us over fallen trees or up the not infrequent rises.

"The boy seems willing enough," I remarked to Mac, "but if I wasn't looking I couldn't tell he was pushing, as far as the help he gives is concerned."

"Can't you see, man, he's sick?" Mac replied. "The poor devil's weak as a rat, and for my part I wish he'd leave the sled alone. Did you notice the color of his lips?"

I had. They were a chalky white, and had a burned appearance. Mac turned to the boy, who had not volunteered any information about himself, and learned that he came from the Indian camp at Cormack's, two miles away. Mac asked him if his people had meat or fish to barter, and the boy replied in the negative.

"No moose meat. No fish. No muck-muck," said the lad. "Injun go hunt. No come back."

My first impression of the boy had been that he was a runner sent out by the Indians to solicit trade, for on our way down the river the Indians at this point had been particularly noisy trying to get us to come ashore and buy their meat, but this supposition was no longer tenable.

As the next most plausible hypothesis I decided that the boy had come to buy flour or sugar, and resolved to be on my guard.

In coasting down a 50ft. bluff near the point where the trail again took to the surface of the river Mac's sled struck a tree and had a part of the top and several uprights carried away. The boy seemed sorry for us and did what little he could to assist in repairing the break. It was already growing dark, and finding an old camp site near by we resolved to stop where we were for the night.

I went off to get some wood, and on my return found the Indian still there. He had taken up his position near Mac, who was working over the broken sled, and his teeth were chattering with the cold, though the night was considerably milder than the average.

Mac was trying to get rid of him, much as he would have talked to a dog who had followed him unbidden. "Go home, now, like a good fellow," he was saying. "Ye'll get your death of pneumonia standing there in the cold. Go 'long, now, and clear out of here." The Indian avoided his look and said nothing.

Having split some wood and gathered up the chips and splinters I struck a match on the handle of the pocket revolver I happened to be carrying at the time preparatory to lighting the fire. The boy had observed the action, and a moment later was at my side.

"Gun, how much?" he asked.

"No sell," I replied; but a moment later an idea occurred to me, and I added, "You can have it for 5lbs. of moose meat." The boy shook his head sorrowfully, and from the longing glance he cast at the pistol I felt convinced he did not have the meat. It was plain that he would have given anything to procure the weapon. He inquired if I had a "machine" for reloading, and how many cartridges I had, and he seemed to be making a mental calculation of some kind.

When our meal was nearly ready Mac drew me aside and said that the boy had told him he was starving and had had nothing to eat for several days.

"It takes away my appetite to see him hanging around looking so hungry," said Mac, "and yet we can't tell whether he is lying or not, and for my part I believe we are more likely to starve in the end than he is. Now, I've got something to propose. There's that particularly bad lot of burned beans that you wanted to throw away, but that I thought we could get down some way or other. Shall we try him on them? What do you say, man?"

"It's a pretty good test whether he's starving or not," I replied. "If he can eat those beans, I'll guarantee he's no impostor."

And so the boy got the beans, and we watched him wade into the horrible half-charred mess and consume it till not so much as a bean was left. After that he got up of his own accord and went home, and Mac and I had our supper in peace.

The last thing Mac said that night before we turned in showed that he was still pondering over the case and trying to assure himself that we had not been improvident in parting with the beans.

"I know no common man could have eaten them," he said. "But I'm not so sure about this Indian chap. When these savages are real hungry they browse on the bark of trees, and perhaps the beans were a luxury to him after all."

I was hardly of Mac's opinion, and consequently the next morning when we came in sight of the Indian camp I was considerably shocked to find the boy and an old man waiting for us on the ice with pieces of meat, evidently intended for barter.

Though a self-confessed liar, the boy did not seem at all abashed, and he at once began bargaining for the revolver that had so taken his fancy the previous day. We were badly in need of the meat, and swallowing my indignation as best I could, I turned to the old man and asked him how much money he would take for the four lean ribs he held in his hand. He answered that he would not sell for money at all.

At our last camp Mac and I had decided to lighten our loads by getting rid of a part of the bedding and some small articles which were not absolutely necessary. Among the latter was a $7 hand satchel, containing my papers, besides hair brush and comb and a few knick-knacks. I unfastened the satchel from the sled and taking out the papers and the comb, signified to him that he could have satchel and contents for the meat. At first he shook his head. Then his curiosity got the better of the bargaining spirit and he put his dirty hand into the open satchel and drew out a key chain and ring with a few keys on it. Next he opened a small phial of sugar-coated laxitive pills, and smelt them, and last of all he rubbed the hairbrush over the back of his hand. He could resist the seductive argument no longer, and thrusting the meat into my hand he seized the satchel, turned, and hurried up the steep bank.

"He's like the monkey in the zoo, who's jerked a lady's hat through the bars of his cage," said Mac. "He's off now to find a quiet spot to pull his plunder to pieces."

The boy remained behind and again began his argument for securing the little gun. I looked at the piece of meat in his hand, which was about all gristle and bone, and told him it was no good, and that he must get something better if he wanted to talk with us. After a moment's hesitation he turned and made his way up the bank, giving us to understand that he would soon return. "Man, man! but he's a fraud!" said Mac, feelingly. "He ate our beans to economize in his meat, and now he's doing the same thing as selling us back our own food over again."

The boy returned a moment later with a fair sized piece of caribou haunch, and a trade was consummated. By throwing in a red blanket we succeeded in securing all the meat the Indians had shown. After that we continued our journey, but for some reason we did not take much satisfaction in our augmented larder.

There is a sequel to this story, otherwise it would never have been told. We learned afterward that the Indians really were starving at the time they traded us the meat, and it is very likely that, unknowingly, we took the last food they had in the world. The incident illustrates a remarkable characteristic that only those who are familiar with the North Pacific Coast Indian can understand. It is their inborn passion to acquire desirable objects for the purpose, later, of giving them away in a grand potlatch as a means of acquiring rank and position in their tribe. So strong is this characteristic and so deeply is it rooted that governmental intervention has been unable to stamp it out.

Our information came through the Northwest Mounted Police, who told us that a few days after we passed Cormack's word reached the post at the Little Salmon that the Indians were in a very bad way, and would die if they did not soon receive aid. Relief was sent, and it reached the Indians not a moment too soon, for they were weak and emaciated from starvation. We were told that they would not resist the temptation to trade for such desirable articles as we had shown them, even though it involved giving up the last hoarded remnant of their food. The hunters of the tribe had been gone for many days in search of caribou at some point up the Nordenskiold, and though no news whatever had been received from them, the remaining Indians, with characteristic happy optimism, had confidently counted on their return each day.

The Yukon Indian has no strong hold on posterity. The race is dying out, and the advent of the white man is hastening its extinction. The white man in this hungry country naturally takes to hoarding his food like a chipmunk, and it is little wonder that he cannot understand the Indian's recklessness of the future. In other matters he finds the Indian a shrewd, natural bargainer, and he has no scruples in trading him out of his food and his dogs, which are the next most important factor in the Indian's struggle for existence. Afterward, when the Indian in his extremity tries to trade back, nothing comes more natural for the white man than to view him as a lazy, improvident beggar, and kick him out.

Cabins on the River.

The Indians at this point occupied a couple of cabins, one of which had formerly belonged to Siwash George Cormack, the discoverer of the Klondike. Cormack was said to be a deserter from the United States marines at Sitka, and was a squaw man, having taken to himself an Indian wife. Apparently he was unable to quite reduce himself to the level of the Indians, for he exhibited various signs of civilized enterprise, operating as a trader in Harper's employ, and also opening a seam of coal in the bluff a few miles below his post.

For three days after leaving Cormack's, Mac and I saw no one to speak to. When we came to prepare our meat for cooking we found that it was frozen so hard it was impossible to cut it with our knives, and after a fruitless attempt to thaw it, which only resulted in burning the outside, we hit upon the plan of dressing out our steaks with an axe. The chunk was thrown on the ground, and with one moccasined foot on it to hold it still, the operator split off the smaller slabs by repeated strokes of the axe. The bone was but very little harder to cut than the rest.

The second day after leaving Cormack's, we found the recently deserted cabins of several parties of miners. Two of these, built side by side on a wooded flat that evidently was flooded at the time of the spring freshets, were of a kind that our ancestors in the stone age might have lived in. These primitive structures were two-thirds below the surface of the ground. The roofs had been made by a rude framework of poles covered by the earth taken from the excavations. Access was gained to each by a slanting passageway, and aside from the rude door and the wooden support of the roof there was nothing to give evidence that the builders of the dugouts possessed an axe. There was no window and no furniture of any description inside. For a bed a mass of earth 2ft. high and perhaps 5 by 7 in superficial area had been left at one side of the cabin, and this took up fully half the floor space. At the foot of the bed was a hole through the roof, and a pile of ashes and charred fragments of wood below showed that this had been the fireplace. Opposite the bed the wall had been nitched and a rude shelf constructed. The dirt floor was covered with chips, old shoes, broken suspenders, empty bottles and the like, a litter that no self-respecting bear would have permitted in his den. Mac and I left the place in a decidedly misanthropic frame of mind. The musty hole suggested the abode of brutes, and it would have fittingly suited our mood to find evidence of cannibalistic feasts or to see it occupied by creatures of the type of Swift's Yahoos or of Victor Hugo's Han, the "man beast of boundless savagery."

A little further on we drew up our sleds for lunch at the spot where a large scow had been wrecked in the ice. Above the hull of the boat a canvas water break 2ft. in height had been rigged. This was tacked to the gunwale at the lower edge, and had no doubt served to keep the waves in lakes and rapids from breaking over the heavily loaded boat. The ice, however, had ridden rough-shod over the flimsy construction, and it was like building up the perfect skeleton of an unknown animal from scattered remains to recall the fact that we had seen this boat twice the previous October on Lake Bennett.

Eagle's Nest and the Oxbow.

Isolated buttes are a feature of this part of the Yukon. Notable examples are Eagle's Nest, Tantalus Butte and Hoocheekoo Bluff.

The former is a mass of light gray rock rising abruptly to a height of about 500ft. It is smooth and regular in its general contour as an animal's skull, and only here and there have a few dwarf firs gained root.

Tantalus Butte was named by Schwatka, and if all of this traveler's other arbitrary names had been as appropriate, the majority of them would not have been consigned to oblivion, as is the case at the present time. The river makes at this butte from all points of the compass, lapping its base at one place and then running eight miles away before it again returns on the far side. Ogilvie says that it is only half a mile across the neck of land at this point. The distance appears to be greater, and as the country is pretty much on edge just here, we did not try to engineer a cut off, and traveled for two days in sight of the butte.

The Great Oxbow, just above, involves another annoying series of detours. As the country bordering the river here is very low and level, it would seem easily possible to make an advantageous cut off through the woods, which would reduce the twelve miles circuit to a mile or two at the most.

Major Walsh, the Governor of the Provincial District of the Yukon, told us, at the Big Salmon, that he had such improvements in view, and as a matter of fact his Indian scouts, acting under his instructions, had already made several important cut offs above and below his headquarters.

J. B. Burnham.

A Maine Head.

Lowell, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have mailed you under separate cover a photograph of a mounted moose head, which you may consider of sufficient merit to warrant publication. While there is nothing remarkable about the head itself, unless the length of the bell might be considered so, yet it seems to me that the appearance of the whole, mounted as it is upon a magnificently carved solid mahogany base board, is particularly fine. The photograph is by Mr. C. F. Morse and the carving by Mr. F. A. Sturtevant, both hunting companions of mine.

The spread of antlers is 48in., with 20 points, every one perfect, and are unusually even and well balanced. The bell measured when green 24in. (on the back), and is now 22in. in length. The animal was shot on the headwaters of the East Branch Penobscot in 1898, in the vicinity of Curren & Howe's Trout Brook Farm, the region which Mr. Burnham wrote so entertainingly about a couple of years ago.

Bay State.

[The head is illustrated on the opposite page.]

No Equity About It.—"Fate doesn't order these things with any degree of equity," said the young man with the up-and-down collar.

"Why not?" said the girl.

"For instance," said the youth, "the oyster retires for four months, but ice cream has an open season all the year round."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Mirrors of the Old Magnetawan

I HAVE long thought what a blessing it would be if the hosts of Pennsylvania and Ohio people, and others as well, could fully realize during the sweltering summer season how much they could add to their stock of health; how much they could add to their stock of delightful memories by a sojourn into the cool and refreshing climate of northern Ontario. Nearly every ordinary wage earner may do this, if economical. Twenty-five dollars will suffice for a two weeks' trip to the Muskoka country and insure the tourist good boarding, good bathing, boating and fishing, and an abundance of ozone-laden air so rich and bracing that, barring organic troubles, it would even bring one back from the jaws of death.

If the tourist will go as I have gone, far from the haunts of men to some sheltered nook on a Canadian lake—and these lakes are legion—carrying a modest and meager camper's outfit, there he may, like Abraham and Sara, dwell in tents and not be ashamed to have angels or even anglers visit him. He may do this at a cost so small that staying at home is pure prodigality. Fuel is free, game and fish are free and abundant, and I have never found so many luscious wild fruits and berries in any other region. I gathered last season, within easy reach of our camp, down the Severn River at the Ragged Rapids, abundance of red raspberries, blackberries, blueberries, wild strawberries, wild gooseberries, currants and service or June berries. The June berry was a theme of much discussion in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM during the early part of this year. On the hillsides of old Pennsylvania the tree often grows 30ft. high, but here it rarely attains 8ft. in height; but the berries if anything are superior. All these you may gather and relish them all the more keenly because you did gather them and know they are fresh and home grown. In fact, you may almost forage in the enemy's country, and at the end of your sojourn go home all sunbrowned and vigorous-looking on the outside, and so renovated and repaired on the inside that you forget that there was ever a half broken down man in the wide world. You will have gathered and stored enough vitality to last you until the warming sun again crosses the Tropic and warns you that the time of your migration again draws nigh; and you are disturbed and restless and your spirit longs for the land where cool, bracing breezes always blow and where valiant, lusty trout and bass are gamely vaulting for the early flies; where giant pike and mighty mascallonge bask by a fringe of wild rice, or northern rush.

On a certain morning in early July a party of happy-hearted campers drew away from the Pittsburg station and swept down the splendid valley of the Ohio River, passing so many ambitious towns and villages that are persistently pushing their borders toward Pittsburg that the Smoky City may soon have the modest village of Wheeling for a suburb. Our Lake Erie train soon draws us reluctant from the rock-scarred hills of the old Ohio, and we hasten northward over miles upon miles of the most splendid upland country on the continent. We are borne through the very heart of the grape growing district of New York, and when we remember how delicious are those selfsame grapes, we marvel that the orange, the olive and the pomegranate did not select this lovely land to perfect their rich fruits.

We hasten by Buffalo, on past the thunders of Niagara, waiting not to watch its wonders, for far to the Northland are visions of deep, shady pools, rushing, riotous rivers, and the recollections of their rush and roar leap over many leagues of glad green fields to tell us of the haunts and habits of lusty, hard-fighting bass, pickerel and mascallonge.

"And 'tis there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know.
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight in our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go."

I might add that our experience of last summer's outing hardly accords with those of the poet Kipling. We had entirely too much "starlight" in our faces, and just as much too little "new-pulled hemlock" in our couches—so much so that those old Laurentian rocks that form the framework of the region bred a supreme contempt from an undue familiarity with my dorsal vertebræ. By way of friendly advice to any one desiring to taste the rather hazy pleasures of a balsam bed, I would say: Be sure to prepare your bed carefully the very first day in camp, and have the work done in daylight. When you think you have gathered enough balsam boughs for your bed gather twice as much more. Lastly, cut the pine tufts from a goodly supply of pine branches, scatter these over your bed to the depth of 2in., and your sleep will be so restful that you will leap into the delights of the coming day as joyfully as into a paradise.

At 11 A. M. July 7 we reach the city of Toronto, which by interpretation means "Place of meeting," for it is here the Indians met and bartered with the pioneer traders. Twenty minutes later we boarded the Muskoka Express on the Grand Trunk Railroad, a magnificent train, equal to the very best we could find in the States. We are soon thundering northward at a splendid speed, passing through a region of fine farms, large orchards and extensive crops. The conductor screams "Allendale, fifteen minutes stop!" and we all rush out to catch a glimpse of the fair Kempenfeld Bay, which sweeps with a long, rgaceful curve around past Barrie, a mile or more away.

We rush by Rama, the Chippewa Indian reservation, seeing many "smoky" Indians lounging around the station anxious to go as guides down the lonely reaches of the Severn River.

We are now well into the Highlands of Muskoka, and the ozone-laden air leaks into the car windows, bearing a rich perfume that is distilled in the tops of the pines, hemlocks and balsams that cover this region for a thousand miles to the westward.

Of the many jaunts I took during a two months' vacation in Muskoka, the most unique and entertaining was a journey down the lonely windings of the Magnetawan River.

At Burk's Falls, 170 miles due north of Toronto on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway, we reach the eastern terminus of the navigable waters of this river. Here the waters from Doe Lake, Pickerel and Stony lakes come down over Burk's Falls like the "waters of Lodore," and form the water supply for the Magnetawan River. The water is of a dark brownish color, like stain of walnuts, due, perhaps, to the iron in solution having been acted upon by the tannic acid from pines and hemlocks.



BRED IN MAINE.

We stayed all night at the Daly House, near the Grand Trunk station, and our accommodations were the best I have found in northern Ontario.

At 7 A. M. we boarded the steamer Wanita for our trip down the river, and never in my life have I seen anything so wild and grand as the weird scenery of the lower Magnetawan.

Magnetawan in the Huron tongue means "wide channel," but surely it is a misnomer, for were the channel as wide as the river it would still be narrow. Meander would better indicate the character of the river, for it winds out and in, forth and back. Rarely can you see 300yds down until your view is cut off by a rounding bend. Here is a region almost free from the despoiling hand of man. The forest primeval stands on either bank of a very narrow river. The water has so undermined the banks that the trees lean toward the middle of the river until from opposite banks their tops almost touch. This is not all. There is such a perfect image down in the shadowland of these ebony waters that stately pines and balsams show almost as clear in the shadow as in the substance. Beautifully festooned above with the tapering tops of pine, hemlock and balsam, below the shadows festoon again in even more subdued and dainty colors, so that our good steamer Wanita seems to sail down an avenue in fairyland that has been canopied above and carpeted beneath with a tapestry of delicious green.

From out the tangled wildwood on either side dart scarlet tanagers, Baltimore orioles, screaming shrike, bluejays and fleet-winged hawks, and all may be seen as directly down in the water as up in the air. Wood and black ducks are continually rising and dropping into the marshes near the river.

Nailed to a tree in this primeval forest, and with not another sign of human habitation near, I spied a double flaming sign that could be read from both up and down the river:

CHARLES A. GEISLER,
CARPET AND WOOL WEAVER.

There seemed so very few people to use carpets, and fewer yet using them, that the sign seemed superfluous. A rosy-whiskered, wrinkled old Irishman by the name of Mitchell, game warden for the district, said to Mr. Wade, an Orillia banker: "Thon sign's no warse ner Geisler. The auld Dutch goose kapes botherin 'the loife clane out o' me about a bit uf a bull moose that's been a-comin in his garden and atin the praties and tomaties. Just luck at the chake of him, sindin' me a letter loike this." From a mine of smoking tobacco, buckwheat, and sunflower seeds located in his capacious inner coat pocket, he fished out a grimy letter, which read:

GEISLER'S BEND, 12 July, 1899.—Thier herr Gove-mint: You nit keep your Moose aus mein garten I sure shootin him. Your citizens, C. A. GEISLER.

Moose have been protected by law for nearly ten years in Ontario and are now fairly abundant in this district. This is surely a land of promise for moose, deer, bear, lynx, and an occasional timber or gray wolf. Splendid cover, sparse population and an efficient and well enforced code of game laws have done much to check the wanton destruction of the native wild animals.

Some twenty miles from Burk's Falls the Magnetawan widens to the distance of two miles or more, and here answers to the call of Cecebe Lake, which means "much duck," and the many fleet feathered messengers that keep beating up and down the lake attest that this lake is well named in the Huron tongue "Cecebe." Heretofore much of the country traversed by the Magnetawan has been low and swampy, but here the islands and shore line stand high up out of the water. Numerous islands well wooded with pine, poplar, cedar and hemlock enrich the scenery. As we rounded a rocky point a lone but not lonely fisherman exultingly held up a string of twenty-five bass. I have never been able to see how any intelligent angler can be so foolish and barbarous as to kill twenty-five fish. Twenty of those fish might and ought to have been returned to the water. How often, oh, how often in the days gone by have I seen splendid bass rotting in heaps—anglers unable to use their catch and too foolish and cruel to return the fish to the water. Again and again I have seen campers trying to give fish away to the farmers. Let farmers catch their own fish and return all you can't use to the water, and fishing here at least would be good for generations to come.

In Cecebe Lake we found bass, pickerel and perch fairly abundant enough to satisfy the wants of any intelligent angler.

What is good fishing? Fishing is best when there are just fish enough to keep the angler out in the open air all day in quest of fish. Enough to add a zest and pleasure to the exercise of rowing boats or walking here and there for his fish. Enough fish to keep him interested and not enough to satisfy his desire to feel those delightful sensations that come when the reel screams and the line pays out. This happy mean between the two extremes is the *summum bonum* of good fishing.

At the village of Magnetawan there is a waterfall that is passed by means of a system of locks. Magnetawan is a mere village of perhaps 100 houses. A mile below Magnetawan we swing into view of a splendid, newly built brick house. The steamer Wanita wabbles up to the landing to unload two or three thousand dollars' worth of fine furniture. All this magnificence in this almost desolate country leads one to suspect some sudden stroke of fortune. My wife said: "I suppose he is just home from the Klondike. You know the Klondike is not far from here." Just then a tall, fair, handsome young man of perhaps twenty-three sauntered down to the landing, threw off his belt containing a large pistol, lifted his white military hat to some lady acquaintance and asked the captain if all the furniture had come.

"You seem to have struck it rich," I said by way of introduction, to which he only smiled. "Been to Klondike?" "Yep." "How long ago?" "Oh, I left Magnetawan away back in spring of '94. That's pretty early for Klondike, isn't it? Well, I first joined the mounted police at Winnipeg and was sent into that country." "How did you happen on such luck?" "Oh, I don't know; accidental, I guess. I and Dack Henderson were riding down a draw when my saddle girth broke. Fixing it my horse pawed up some stuff that looked suspicious, and in two hours I gathered up these nuggets." Here he displayed a crude looking but valuable watch chain made of fifteen gold nuggets. "Dack got more'n me."

When the Wanita pulled away from the landing Capt. McArthur, of the steamer, said to me: "See you talkin' to young Elthon Jenkins. He come back here with $200,000, hunted up his old sweetheart, took her to Winnipeg, dressed her like a queen and married her. Lord! but she's lucky."

A dozen miles below Magnetawan we entered Ahmic Lake. This resembles the Muskoka Lakes. Bold and rocky and abundantly supplied with islands—an ideal lake for the canoeist and camper.

The hordes of tourists now overrun the Muskoka Lakes and the advance guard is here of a horde that will overrun this region in days not far distant, for there be many that already hunger and thirst after new lands to conquer; and here are all the delights that gladden the heart of the hunter, the angler and canoeist. There are bass, pickerel, perch and trout in the waters, and in the woods deer, moose, bear, lynx, wolves, beaver, otter; and to welcome the tourist into this promised land are the most genial and kindly people I have met in Canada.

The Kentucky Home Camping Club owns a splendid club house here and enrolls some of the brightest men from the Blue Grass State, and I was more than pleased to learn that this region had been blessed by the presence of such genial and delightful tourists as the Hon. William H. Graham and Gov. William A. Stone, two of the most brilliant of the many eminent Congressmen that have gone out from the Pittsburg district; Chas. W. Gering, of Allegheny, and many others.

Friday morning I jointed my new Bristol steel rod and rowed down to a bay below the Rocky Reef Camp. I baited with large angle worms and quietly trolled up and down from the reef to some weeds in the bay, using 40 or 50ft. of line. I have found a long line an effective way of taking bass and pickerel, especially the latter. Pickerel and bass are both timid, and the further you get your oars from your bait the less chance do you run of frightening your fish. In slow trolling the oars should be used carefully and quietly, so as not to jar the water. While fish are almost insensible to sound, they are keenly alive to the effects of the slightest jars. As a rule, fish are more ready to take a moving bait; especially is this true if the bait be floating down with the current. Fish lie with their heads up stream, and readily see a bait moving toward them. The bait comes to them in the same way as their usual food and is apt to be taken. In a couple of hours I caught thirteen fine bass and returned that same number to the water.

Be it known there is no bait equal to worms for these Northern bass. I do not mean the small earth worm, but the large dew worms that crawl out on the lawns after a heavy rain at night. You may then gather them by torchlight by the hundred. The mating season for these worms is in May and June. Then they crawl out and lie in pairs in the garden. This worm is fully 12in. long and as thick as a lead pencil, and I would strongly urge any one going into this region to carry with him a solid gallon of worms for every fortnight he fishes. The worms may be carried in any ordinary chip basket lined with mosquito netting to prevent their crawling away. Baskets are best, since the air percolates freely through the moss in which you must not fail to pack them. Occasionally dampen your moss and your worms will toughen and grow better. By occasionally changing the moss and removing dead worms, you may keep them healthy for at least six weeks.

I longed for some swift current where I might fish for pickerel, but of course didn't find any in Ahmic Lake. A Baltimore doctor showed me a dozen fine pickerel that were unusually dark in color.

When I was on Ahmic Lake there was much excitement about deposits of copper, zinc, lead and nickel that were being found by prospectors. Here the ancient Laurentian rocks, the oldest known formation—rocks that have been scarred and scraped by the icy ploughshare of the glacial period—begin to give way to the Huronian, which often bear rich deposits of mineral. I saw some splendid specimens of nickel ore, and the day may come when this will be a famous mining district.

In the afternoon we hailed the steamer Wanita and wound our picturesque way up the tortuous course of the Magnetawan, filled with sadness on leaving, but determined if possible to return next year for a whole season's sojourn in this pleasant land. JAMES M. NORRIS.

ALLEGHENY, Pa.

On the Chagres River.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Once upon a time—I can't say when, but a long distance from the dim future—I visited the fever-laden banks of the Chagres River, on the Isthmus of Panama and domiciled with a family from the far-off State of Maine. The male portion of the family was a "forty-niner," but digging gold was not his forte, so he had headed for home, but got only as far as Panama, when he found his pockets empty and could go no further. A position as section boss on the railroad was offered him, and he thanked his lucky stars and took the job, intending to leave as soon as his pockets were replenished; but he became attached to the place and sent home for a wife, who went down and ministered unto him, and they appeared to be happy, though they were both held fast in the clutches of the curse of that fascinating region from spring till nearly fall, and from fall till nearly spring. My visit happened in the season when the Chagres fever is on its worst rampage, and nearly every one I met appeared to be cased in white leather instead of human skin, but I, being one of the immunes, came off scot free. I felt that it was a dangerous game to play, but it was so beautiful and the birds and flowers were so interesting, that I was blinded to the risk. Then, too, I was domiciled to my liking, for being in the employ of the railroad my host was supplied from the North with everything he wanted for the table; the female part of the family was a refined and highly educated woman with catering powers that would satisfy an epicure; and as I was a guest of the company, I could enjoy their good things as long as I wished without money and without price.

Added to all this, the engineers had orders to let me off wherever I wished to stop on my shooting trips and to stop for me at the waving of my handkerchief at any time and place. So that everything, except the threatening fever, combined to make a prolonged stay desirable.

I was warned that danger lurked in the dampness of the early morning, and was cautioned against going out till the sun had dissipated the fog and dew; but I heeded not the wise advice. When the men were ready to start with their hand car for their section trip the fog was so dense that the car could hardly push through it—a London fog would blush to come in competition with it. I would seat myself comfortably on a cushion, and soon the hot sun would begin to clear away the fog, and as birds would show themselves I would shoot them and the men would pick them up. Some of them were a species of partridge and were feeding on berries on the small trees along the road. It was the most luxurious and aristocratic shooting that I ever indulged in, but it was a dangerous luxury if health was at all considered.

Wild animals prowl around the woods, but nothing in that line that a man need be afraid of. There was a strip of cleared land along the railroad above our house, and one day I was anxiously trying to get a shot at a new and desirable bird, when a tiger (as they call them) sprang out of the bushes on the other side and got a goat for a dinner from a herd that were feeding close to the bushes. I ran over as fast as possible and could hear sounds that were evidently not coming from a healthy goat but a few feet from me; but as I had only birdshot in my gun I did not care to interfere with his repast. The living members of the flock of goats ran as if a pack of wolves were at their heels as far as I could see them.

Another time I was sketching in the woods on the sloping side of a hill that was almost clear of underbrush when I heard a distant growl. In a few minutes it grew louder and continued to grow louder until it seemed to come from a dense jungle just below me; but as their "tigers" are never anxious to make a man's acquaintance, I sat still and waited developments. In a few minutes he appeared to be going off the other way.

While at this place I met with an incident that made me wish old bloody Spain at the bottom of the deep blue sea. Some natives came one day and lassoed a cow and then lashed her head up against a tall palm tree before our house and left her there six or seven days in a broiling sun without a mouthful to eat or a drop of water, and not one of us dared to interiere under penalty of being butchered. It is to improve the meat! and is a custom handed down from the bloodthirsty, cruel Spaniard, and will continue to be handed down through generations yet to come. My hostess said that a cow with a little calf was tied up near the house one day, and when the owner came the cow, being naturally solicitous about the calf, made some demonstration that he did not like, when he got a heavy club and beat her nearly to death; but the woman knew the consequences of any attempt to interfere with the brute.

Every South American republic is crusted over with just such Spanish cruelty and ignorance, no advance having been made since Spain owned them; and yet there are thoughtless beings who are heaping anathemas on our country for liberating a few of their miserable victims. What would be thought of an attempt to establish an S. P. C. A. in a South American town? DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Sept. 12.

In the Pawnee Country.

PAWNEE, Oklahoma Territory, June 15, 1898.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my letter to you last autumn from the Omaha Indian Agency in Nebraska, I spoke about our trip from the South across the country which our people—the Pawnees—once owned, and over which they roamed for generations.

It was one of our desires to visit once more the country where we were born and raised. I spoke to you in my other letter of visiting the place where I was born on the south side of the Platte River, opposite Fremont, Neb., and of visiting Pah-hoc-co (bluff in the water), that mysterious place where the spiritual animals are supposed to live—where the Pawnee people used to worship the Great Spirit through these animals. To this day the Pawnees talk about this place and hold it in great reverence, because they say it was the head lodge over all other lodges of spiritual animals.

My mother used to tell how after the Pawnees had made a treaty with the Government and had accepted for the first time a reservation upon the Loup River, they moved from lower Nebraska on to their new reservation. I was then about four years old, therefore do not remember the removal. They now built three villages—dirt lodges—between Loup River and Beaver Creek, one mile and a half apart. The lower one was the biggest, the upper one the smallest, consisting of only twelve lodges on a high bluff overlooking both valleys and the lower villages. Big Spotted Horse, my uncle, was the chief of this small band. It was the second year, I think, after the Pawnees moved here that their old enemies, the Sioux, came down in great numbers and attacked this small village on the bluffs. I can just remember it as if it were a dream. It is the first thing in my life that I can recollect—perhaps it was because I was scared. Mother used to tell me I was then about six or seven years old. The enemy attacked the village on foot and Spotted Horse rallied his few warriors to fight and hold it. Among the warriors was my father. The women cheered the men on to battle with brave words and war songs; but as the sound of the war whoops, the war whistles and the reports of the guns increased and the women saw one or two Pawnee warriors killed, they thought the battle was going against them, and, determining to save the children, took to flight and ran out of the village and down the bluff into the bottom toward the first main village. Mother had my sister, about three years old, on her back and me by the hand on foot running by her side. She said that soon I commenced to tire and that I told her to throw away sister and put me on her back. Years afterward she used to speak about this jokingly, and would say that if she had to throw away either child it would have been me, because I was a boy and would grow up to fight the battles for our tribe against our enemies and perhaps be killed anyway.

The Sioux could have overpowered or passed on either side of the few Pawnee warriors at the village and have overtaken the women and children and massacred them; but because they saw the Pawnee warriors coming in large numbers from the lower villages, they also took an opposite direction from us and began to retreat toward a cañon or ravine, where they had left their ponies. The Pawnees fallowed them up and succeeded in killing three Sioux, the Pawnees having lost four warriors, being all from Spotted Horses' band; but the little village was saved. Spotted Horse then decided to move to the first main village—that of the Skidi band—of which he finally became the head chief.

Spotted Horse was known both to Indians and whites as one of the greatest chiefs of the Pawnees. Among the Indians, before he became the head chief of one band, he was one of their successful warriors, going with his warriors into an enemy's country and defeating them and bringing home as trophies scalps and ponies, and so drying up the tears of those who had lost their relatives or friends by these very enemies, for this was their custom. Among the white people he was known as a great peace chief. He carried to his grave scars received from his own people in defense of the white men who were crossing the Pawnee country, and he induced his people to accept the ways of civilization. This chief was killed some time about 1864 by his old enemies, the Sioux or Cheyennes, on the Platte River above old Fort Kearney, Neb. He and two of his men were scouting for buffalo for his people, and while far from camp were attacked by their enemies. The chief and his two men, now fighting on foot, succeeded in reaching the river. While they were crossing on the ice over to a small wooded island their enemies, not wishing to follow them into the timber, fired their guns at them from the shore and the chief received his mortal wound, dying in camp a day or two afterward. The military authorities, upon hearing this, took his body and buried it at the fort with military honors. Thus ended the life of a great man.

In my visit of last July (1898) at the last home of the Pawnees on the Loup River, in Nebraska, I stopped at many historical places, remembered in my younger days. Where the two main villages stood not a trace remains except five round mounds where once the lodges stood twenty-five years ago. On a little knoll was one of the burying grounds. Here are buried my only two sisters, who died over thirty years ago. All about are corn fields, and there where the Indians buried their dead it is the same—corn and wheat fields. Over to the west on the bluffs, where Spotted Horse's village stood, is a pasture. Here the mounds of the lodges show plainly. On this bluff, as well as on those on the north side of Beaver Creek, north of where the Agency stood, the Indians buried their prominent men. What few graves I saw had been dug up and robbed, I think, of the few trinkets if any the dead had on.

The old people of the tribe say that their forefathers told them that the Skidi band used to live here once on a time, now over 400 years ago. Their words are verified by the round mounds to be seen all along these very bluffs, where the lodges once stood. There was a large round mound in the bottom just under the bluff, where they say the Skidi band used to make their medicine and once in a while sacrifice a captured enemy to Tirawa (Great Spirit) asking for his blessings. This mound has been ploughed up. As one stands here on this bluff overlooking the surrounding country, he sees to the north of Beaver Creek, where the Agency stood, Genoa, a town of about 1,500 or 1,800 inhabitants. Yonder stands the Genoa Industrial Indian School for the further advancement of Indian civilization; part of the old building is the very one where with other Pawnee children I first learned my A B Cs. There up the valley of the Beaver and here on the Loup the iron horse goes puffing along; everywhere are farm houses, corn and wheat fields, the work of civilization; but in the midst of all these beautiful surroundings my thoughts go back to the time when our people lived here last, when they were many and happy. I remember how they were removed to the far South, where under the changed condition of climate and from wild life into civilization, they have decreased to a few and a sad people. In their new homes the Government forced allotments on the Pawness, and by flattery and threats forced them to sell their last surplus lands, thus cutting off the unborn from their land and creating new conditions and repsonsibilities before they were prepared to accept them. Alas, what a sad history for the Pawnee, and indeed the Indian, since he came in contact with civilization. It is not denied that civilization accomplishes its great results; but what a cost it has been to the Indian, especially the Pawnee. It is a fact, and known as history, that the Pawnees were once a proud and powerful people, owning and roaming over a wide country. They say that before the white men came they knew no smallpox, cholera and other loathesome diseases—they knew no whisky. These and other changed conditions which came with the white men have caused more deaths and a greater decrease in the tribe than all their wars in former times. Thus, circumstances, destiny, or whatever it is, have placed the Indian where he now is.

After seeing our last homes, where we were born and raised, and visiting some kind friends we have in that country, we bade them and the country a last good-by.

HARRY COONS.

Why Don't You Go?

ALL the afternoon I have been sitting on the broad porch of a very civilized hotel, wishing I was back again in the country of the salmon and the moose, where one can live the life of a man and be deeply thankful for every breath he takes. Now I have been driven indoors by the chatter of a returned volunteer officer who is thrilling a group of girls with the story of his suffering in camp somewhere, being compelled to eat pork and beans and hardtack, and sleep in a tent, without even a cot under him. I have a great desire to kick this young man. I do not regard tent life as a hardship. Perhaps I should not be angry, because my camping is never enforced, and I can select my own tenting ground.

To my mind there is only one real camping country, and that is the great wilderness of the North. Wherever I go I carry in my valise a big map of Canada, and when my mind is disturbed I spread out the map of that earthly paradise and my heart flies away, like a wild duck in the spring, leaving every trouble behind. Land of the sunshine and the snow, how big and splendid and sweet you are, my sweetheart! Surely the God of all the earth never made any other country like you. After one has seen Canada, it's like having kissed the prettiest girl you ever saw. She spoils everybody else for you.

Devote ten years to the wilderness from Labrador to Lake Superior, and you will never care much for any other place on earth. You will only wish you had a thousand years to live, so you could really see the rest of that country. Nobody can tell you about it. You must see it for yourself. You must wake up in the tent and hear the salmon jump in the Mingan. You must drift down the dead water in the pitchy night, in the heart of the New Brunswick woods, and hear the bull moose roar and grunt, and rush at each other like devils, till all that

eeps the hair from bristling along your back is the ab-nce of the hair.

Go to lovely Lake St. John if you will, where you may tch the ouananiche unawares in front of the hotel. That too easy for me. I would rather try for him in Mis-ssini.

Watch the caribou as like ghosts they file up the rocky sses of the Bald Mountains. Try to determine by ex-rience the relative merits of a Miramichi pirogue and Ottawa birch-bark, and see, finally, that each is fitted its environment, the evolution of countless generations experience.

Seduce the guileless trout which still swim unharmed the lakes back of Georgian Bay and Superior. Swing ur legs to the "clitter-clatter" of snow shoes on the assy crust.

Encamp in a foot of snow, in an open tent, before a fire green birch logs, and learn what it is to be really warm d comfortable.

These are some of the things you can do, and thereby arn how you have wasted your previous life.

Some years ago the eminent card professor who settles sputes about casino and pinochle for the New York Sun dly queried, "Why will men waste their time over all ese foolish games when they might play poker?"

When I see men with time and money, who fool around ewport and Long Branch, and mountain hotels, who ear red coats and do various idle things, I wonder what ey are thinking of. They might be camping out with e best guide and cook in New Brunswick, with a mink atching to steal the grilse out of the spring hole close by.

When I come to my last camp-fire and no more behold e rising sun, I hope I shall go where they will have to rry me out in the bottom of a canoe. And whether ath catches me in my bed or in a foaming rapid, or no atter where, my last regret will not be that I leave wife friends, because these, please God, I shall see again. It ill be that never more, so far as I have any means of owing, shall my eyes behold the sweep of the dark een Northern hills or my sleep be sweetened by the rush the nearby rapids, or my senses lulled by the incense of e balsam and the spruce.

You men who never camped in Canada in the fall, I ll you, go! Don't waste any time practicing law, or aking money, or fooling with politics. You can get ck in time to vote. Go this week! Almost anywhere the Dominion will do. Some day you will get an ink-g of what you have missed. Suppose, when you die, e Lord asks you, "My child, what do you think of the aurentian lakes?" You will be compelled to reply, ashed, "Well, Lord, the fact is, I was so busy doing nith out of a little money I never heard of those lakes!"

FREDERIC IRLAND.

Natural History.

New York Zoological Park.

A visit to the park of the Zoological Society in New ork shows that within the last three months marked ogress has been made in the work being done there, and ves every reason to believe that before cold weather sets considerable collections will be exposed to the free in-ection of the people of New York. Even during the st summer, while the park was torn up and when there as nothing to be seen there but grass and trees and en ditches and buildings in process of erection, the rk was a favorite resort, as many as 10,000 people hav-g visited it on a Sunday. We may imagine that as the llections accumulate and are put on exhibition, and as e fact of their existence becomes better known, the park ill be one of the most attractive resorts in New York, t only to those who are interested in zoology, but also that great mass of the people whose pleasures are few ecause most pleasures cost money, and with them oney is hardly obtained and must be carefully expended.

The Zoological Society is already making the begin-ings of its collections, and has on hand something like o specimens of animals, large and small, with more ming. Of those at the park, most are American species, d we understand that it is the purpose of the society r the present to devote itself especially to gathering to-ether as complete a collection of American forms of life possible.

In the elk pasture are three superb specimens received om the Brooklyn Prospect Park. They were brought ence in two huge vans, the cow and calf in one, and the ll in the other. The wagons were driven into the pas-re, and first the cow and calf walked timidly down the ank to reach the ground, and, with head high and ears rown forward, moved off over the grass with the smooth ot that the hunter knows so well. The bull came next, acking out of the van clumsily and finally stumbling off e plank. After he had trotted a short distance he opped and bristled up the hair on his back while he oked about in search of his companions, and then, see-g them, his mind became more eaasy and he joined them d the three fed on quietly over the hill.

In the inclosure known as the moose range is a calf ribou, a gentle little animal, which should have a mate. one of the bear dens are four sea lions from Santa Bar-ra, Cal. They are the ordinary barking sea lion of the alifornia coast.

In the temporary inclosure behind some shops, where ost of the specimens are housed, and which is not yet en to the public, are two black bears, one of them from lorida, of immense size. Here also are two wolves, sev-al wildcats, a South American anteater and a great umber of smaller mammals, of Florida birds, of hawks nd owls, and of reptiles.

Besides the animals already on hand, a number of ante-pe are coming from the plains, several bears have been cured in the Rocky Mountain region, within two weeks me buffalo are expected to arrive from Kansas, and two f the largest polar bears known in captivity are on their ay from Europe.

The quarters for all these animals are in a forward state f preparation; the reptile house is completed, and one of s wings is now being fitted up with gorgeous tropical lants, among which the animals to be confined will have their homes. Each case for snake or lizard will contain rocks, earth, or sand like that of the animal's natural home, together with the plants which would grow there. Seen through the broad sheet of clear glass, the effect on the observer will be very much that of seeing the creature in nature.

The bird house is completed, but not yet furnished with cages. The huge flying cage, so large that it will contain several great trees, is being erected. The quarters for the wild fowl are completed. The beaver pond, otter pools, prairie dog inclosure, wolf dens, bear dens and homes for the small burrowing rodents are all either completed or lack only the fences which are to surround them. Besides this, all the larger inclosures for deer of various species, antelope and buffalo are erected and some of the shelter houses built. The foundations are laid for many of the roads. Through the whole a water system has been laid and tested. On the whole, there is every prospect that before the ground freezes the Zoological Society's park and its exhibition will be accomplished facts.

It is well worth the while of any one interested in these matters to make the trip to the park to see for himself what is going on. As has been said, it is already a favorite resort, and likely to become more so. It may be reached either by the Third avenue elevated and the trolley line, or by the Harlem Railroad to Fordham Station, whence twelve minutes' walk or a drive of half that time will bring one to the ground.

Big Game in Mexico.

Aztec has had nothing to say on this subject for some time past, mainly because he has ceased to be Aztec and has lapsed to his oiginal condition of Gringo. But my good friend Mr. E. W. Nelson, of the U. S. Biological Survey, has just bobbed up on the northern edge of the Sierra Madre de Occidente, and sends me the following breezy letter. To a man sweltering on the plains of Texas, and who has not smelled the pine woods for more than three years, such a letter and the editorial on "The Challenge" are tantalizingly refreshing. In the trip outlined by Mr. Nelson for the next two months he should certainly find the game he mentions. The location of bighorn sheep is particularly desirable, as there is little doubt that at present Mexico offers the best place for securing a head of this rapidly disappearing animal. I hope he will return another year to work the mountains of northern Coahuila; also that I may join him there. He writes from Nueva Casas Grandes, under date of Sept. 3:

AZTEC.

My Dear Aztec: Ya estamos! We came out of the Sierra Madre a few days ago after a pilgrimage of two months. Got plenty of deer, with a sprinkling of bears, wolves, coyotes and turkey. I have nine bear skins, both black and silvertip, four gray wolves and plenty of smaller stuff. I had some good times with the bears, of which I killed three still hunting and caught three in traps; so you see I had my share of the fun. Had two exciting chases on horseback after other bears that got away. In one case I tried to head off a big silvertip from a deep cañon, but he was too fast for me and passed about 20yds. in front of my horse's nose. I swung in behind him, and when he went over the rim I was only about 10yds in his rear. I sprang off my horse, but the excited beast wheeled in such a way that my foot caught in the stirrup. After a struggle I managed to get loose and rushed to the edge of the gulch, only to see my bear about 100yds away already and going still further at a rate that seemed to defy my 30-30 bullets. At least, he showed no sign that any of them overtook him, and quickly vanished from my agonized view. ?—?—?—? !—!—!—!—! I will not repeat my remarks! But it was great fun while the race lasted. As he raced by in front of me his claws (these silvertips have claws from 3 to 4in. long) showed up to great advantage, and as I turned in behind him the long hair on his back flapped up and down like a rug that was being shaken.

Not far from the same place I trapped the biggest bear of the season—a silvertip, weighing about 400lbs., though in his summer flesh. When fat, in the fall, he would weigh from 500 to 600lbs. This was a tricky fellow. As soon as caught he went about 30yds (it was in an open flat in the pine woods), lay down and deliberately gnawed in half the heavy sapling I had thrust through the ring of the chain as a drag. The interesting point was that he ate in half this 4in. pine pole just at the ring, which of course relieved him of both ends. Then Mr. Silvertip started off through the forest with only the weight of the trap on his foot. As fate would have it, however, he walked in the wrong direction for his welfare, for as I rode up to the summit of a little slope that morning, on my way to the trap, we met face to face. Tableau! He evidently recognized me as the owner of the rtap he was stealing, for he at once turned and galloped away. I put spurs to my horse, and in about 250 or 300yds. rounded him away from a deep cañon, after which I relieved him of further earthly trouble by administering a couple of Dr. Winchester's justly celebrated soft-nosed blue pills.

Two large bears escaped, carrying traps with them, which were never recovered, as the heavy daily rains destroyed all trails a few hours after they were made. I trailed one with a trap attached about two miles and a half, and when I was sure he was quite near a drenching shower came on that obliterated his trail. The deer hunting was fine, and we could have become typical game hogs if inclined that way. We leave to-morrow for a long trip across the plains of northern and northeastern Chihuahua in search of antelope on the plains, blacktail deer on the foothills and mountain sheep in the higher desert ranges. We expect to come out at Sierra Mojada, in western Coahuila, where we shall wind up our season's work and dispose of our outfit. This will cut us off from the pleasure of your company on a hunt in northern Coahuila, a finale I had counted on earlier in the season. We have been unable to cover as much territory as I hoped at the beginning, but we are getting some good things in the way of large game, of which series were much needed. Expect to wind up in November.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

A One-Winged Plover.

Manitoba, Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While locating a line for the Northern Pacific Railway eleven miles west of Portage la Prairie, our party found a three-quarter-grown upland plover with only one wing. The bird was examined by six men, and none could discover any evdence that it had ever had more than one. At the shoulder where the wing should have been was a slight lump and a few feathers about 2in. in length, but no sign of a wound or scar. The bird was in splendid condition and showed no alarm at being handled. When released, it walked leisurely away.

EDWARD F. BALL.

Game Bag and Gun.

The Buck I Shot.

This is a story of the mountains where the deer live and where I have killed my first buck—the theory that a woman cannot shoot a gun, silently stalk a deer or leave her cozy nest before dawn, to the contrary notwithstanding.

With sympathizing pity for those who could not, and scornful pity for those who would not, leave the unprofitable summer city streets, I took the "ram-you jam-you" narrow-gauge train from San Francisco to Ukiah. Thence we drove a day and a half up and up and into the mountains of northern Mendocino county, till we reached the hospitable ranch house of Jim White. His latch string hangs out for hunters of deer in summer, and of bear and mountain lions in winter—the last spot holding civilization's comforts before you reach the upper heights of the Coast Range.

A hunter himself, Jim was more than willing to undertake the placing of our camp on the summit of Bald Mountain, about fifteen miles as the crow flies and at least thirty as a horse walks, above his ranch.

I did not say much about my determination to kill a deer, for the mountaineers have quite St. Paul's idea that a woman's proper place is at home, and this is the country of the mountaineers, whose wives are held of small account unless they can tell of a record of ten or twenty years without going out of sight of their homes.

A mighty hunter and trapper, one Sure Shot O'Leary, was engaged to provide two pack mules and himself as guide. This Sure Shot was a wonder in his own way—not always our way. He quite refused all pecuniary reward; he was insulted that one could think his time, his services, his property, himself, were not waiting hospitably for any guest of the mountains. A judiciously, quietly given present of two yellow eagles did not wound his dignity nor define his services.

He brought his impedimenta and proudly showed his outfit, including a collapsible camp oven of his own invention and fastened to his pack saddles by diamond hitches. It looked to me like a brace of cowskin bags hitched on a small sawbuck converted into a saddle, and having a rope snarled around it. As he expected admiration, and was the only obtainable mule owning guide, I could not but exclaim upon the wonder of that diamond hitch.

A red-eyed, pinky white, crossbred bull terrier was with Sure Shot.

"What is his name?" I asked in my most conciliatory manner.

"Wall, marm, I call him Peter; sorter arter the Apostle, 'cause he's a good un in water and on land. And," he continued, looking affectionately down at the beast between his feet, "I've traded my watch for him that Bill Jacobs gave me for trapping 183 coyotes in three months. It was a good watch, but what do I want with a watch? I know when it's daylight, and I know when it's dark, and I know when I'm hungry. But that dorg there—wall, wait till I git him trained and he'll beat any dorg in Cal. 'dennin'' coyotes. And deer—wall, you'll see. There won't no deer git away from him, I'll warrant ye that."

It was a long rough trail to our camping place on the mountain and most of the way was too steep for riding, so I led my horse, who would hang the rear half of himself over the edge of the steepest cliffs. Mountain-bred horses are a trial for the first few days till you are sure they are only teasing and have too much regard for their own necks to tumble them down among the rocks 50ft. below the hand-wide path. There was not a house or fence or human being or sign that man had ever been in those resting primitive hills. Tracks of bear and wildcat, coyotes, foxes and coons, and countless traces of deer we saw.

Just before nightfall at the bottom of a cool deep cañon I thought I saw a rabbit feeding, but they told me it was a doe. I have not yet made up my mind that it was not a rabbit.

In tangled manzanita thickets the hen of the mountain quail fussed and called to her half-fledged brood tempting Providence with her noisy scolding. Doves and grouse and squirrels invited shots, but the law protected the grouse, and we did not want the others badly enough to shoot and scare the deer.

It was quite dark when we sat down by our crackling camp-fire to our beans and bread and butter and coffee. I was too tired to stay long away from my bed of sweet-smelling spruce brouse in the tent which had been pitched for Minnie and me.

"If you git scart in the night, you girls jist screech. I don't sleep much when there's any responsibility to look after," Sure Shot said.

It was lonesome, with the silence sounds of the mountains all about.

The last I heard was the voice of Sure Shot out by the camp-fire, where our men were smoking a last pipe.

"You ought to have been here thirty years ago, the first trip I ever made to this here mountain. Do you see that gulch over there—that one that looks all a shadow behind that whitish cliff? Wall, I was all tuckered out and hungry enough to eat raw rattlesnakes, and my moccasins were clare worn through from walking. I wanted to git up here and camp where I could keep my eye on Injuns. I wa'n't afraid of the cussedest Injun

living if I seed him fust. Wall, jest as I came up that gulch, jest a mile to the right in the open, I see twelve of the biggest bucks I ever seen in this State. They was bunched, and I blazed away, and thought I would git one—maybe two—of them, and I guess I fired ten times. When the smoke cleared up I couldn't see no deer moving, so I went over, and may I be tarnally horn-swaggled to glory if I hadn't plugged the whole of 'em—twelve deer, sir! They wa'n't all dead, but I finished 'em with my knife. One of 'em put up some fight and I clean forgot all about the Injuns. They was a dirty black lot in them days, though they do seem so tame now. Wall, sir, I sensed a something behind me—."

But I went to sleep somewhere about here in the tale, so I missed the best of it. However, as Sure Shot is still alive to tell about it I venture to opine that he killed the entire band. Between 8 and 9 o'clock next morning we were eating breakfast, when the hunters returned laden only with hunger and directions to Minnie and me as to the surest way to bring down four-point bucks.

Toward noon we two went to "stake out" our hunting ground. Neither of us said much in public about the four-pointer we were determined to have, but we were chatting about it and making ourselves happy in a raspberry patch beside a brook. I heard a crackling in the bushes and then a splash in the water about 30yds. away, and a great tawny buck was standing in the brook, with his head up scenting the air. Beyond him a yearling and two does were drinking. A slight breeze was blowing from them toward us, and we were quite concealed by the berry bushes, but the beautiful animal seemed to know instinctively that some intruder was near.

He need have had no fear, for I stood petrified, and my heart was in my throat. We must have made some sound, for they bounded away up the hill and were lost in the heavy woods. I turned to Minnie; she was as white as her collar and said I had even less color. Then we sat down and had a good laugh. We did not tell what we had seen when we returned to camp, but the lust of the chase grew in us every hour. We merely said we had chosen that side of the mountain for our morning's hunt.

"All right, you shall have that whole mountain for your own. Don't tire yourselves too much though, and I would not get up till it is quite light if I were you. There are plenty of berries up that way, but don't get frightened at the deer, and don't lose yourselves."

It was Minnie's brother. He had been hunting before. The nights are very cold upon Bald Mountain.

Very early next morning when Minnie whispered to me that she believed it was time to get up nothing but those deer we had actually seen could have moved me. It was quite dark, but along the line of the east was a promise that it would be light some time.

The men were still sleeping, so we had the first chance at the cold coffee before we started over the hill, which had been so generously given to us.

I carried the rifle and Minnie a pair of field glasses to distinguish between rabbits and doe when they were feeding in cañons.

Something was moving on the next ridge, but after straining our ears and eyes we found it was only Sure Shot's wandering buckskin mule trying to keep up his meek spirits on the blue bunch grass, with one flopping ear forward and one aft listening for Injuns of Sure Shot's tales.

Our berry patch was about a mile from camp, over the ridge of Bald Mountain, and half-way down into the cañon. The heavy silence and the clammy wind of early dawn made us keep close together. The snapping of dead leaves and twigs under our feet seemed loud enough to frighten the game for miles. When we had to pass under a madrone tree our treading on tiptoe the dry yellow leaves seemed to call an echo from every peak. We had come too early, but that was so much better than being too late, and you are in another world when abroad at 3 A. M. We crept cautiously up to the top of the ridge beyond the brook and sat down to wait.

It was growing light, and the fog clouds in the upper cañon were rosy. We heard several distinct shots. Squirrels were scolding, and a brood of quail fluttered and called. Watching in every direction, we fell to wondering if we would have to go home without so much as a sight of deer.

A strained intent look came into Minnie's face, and her eyes were fastened on a spot back of my shoulder. Following the direction of her eyes, I saw a buck feeding in the shadow of the tan barks which skirted the opening we were watching.

He was partly facing us, and much lower down, not 100yds. away, and in his feeding moving slowly nearer and out into the better light of the opening. I was almost afraid to turn and raise my rifle into position lest his keen senses should be aware of us. I took a long careful aim at the point of his shoulder where the light struck it and fired.

When the startling noise and the slight smoke of the nitro powder had cleared away no buck lay on the ground. We ran down the hill to where he had stood, and there was a great smear of dark blood and on the grass plashes of blood a few feet apart leading back into the woods and over a fallen trunk of huge tan bark. There in the brush lay my buck. He was a four-pointer, just what I had promised myself. The small head on the long, slender neck stretched on the dead leaves, the great brown eyes still soft and unglazed, and the free, wild grace of the body and delicately slender legs made me feel like a murderess as I trembingly stooped to feel if there was any life. I wonder if men who kill deer feel as I did. After all the trouble, packing over the mountains, walking for miles and miles, all the heat and rough living, I would have given a great deal to have been able to give back to my first deer the power to bound away in God's green woods.

As we started back the sun had turned the fog a shiny white in the lower valleys, and the whole mountainside was alive and awake with a thousand voices.

It seemed hours since we had picked our way over that trail through the deathlike silence and chilly gloom.

Sure Shot came in soon with no game and a wondrous story and Peter the dog close at his heels, one eye closed and his pinky white hide frescoed by tarweed, which he decently tried to wash off in our spring set aside for drinking. I asked how Peter had hurt his eye.

"'Tain't hurt; all them well-bred dogs have that way of looking," answered Sure Shot, as he wiped his pocket knife on the rear of his trousers preparatory to eating breakfast. He was very deliberate, but at last got his mule and the rope to go out to bring in my deer.

The vultures were circling around and around the spot, and the yellowjackets were humming and buzzing eager to dispute Sure Shot's right to fasten the buck on to the mule with what he explained was a "hog thief hitch." He was not half so patronizing when he found that the one shot from my little Winchester had gone through the heart and out through the short ribs.

He stepped off the distance from where the buck lay to the first stain of blood, and it was 87yds. The buck had traveled that distance and jumped a great fallen tree after the bullet had torn through its heart.

HELEN GREY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Movements of Western Sportsmen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 15.—Mr. Byron E. Veatch, member of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, returned this week from a trip of some duration at the Mason chain of lakes accessible from the town of Fifield on the Wisconsin Central Railroad. Mr. Veatch fished in all five of the lakes of this chain—Mason, Long, Connors, Pickerel and Price lakes—and also in the Flambeau River, and he is so infatuated with that country that he has purchased a building site there and will put up a summer place next season, building a log house after a design that he has seen elsewhere, and which will make a very commodious and handsome camp. Mr. Veatch brought home a splendid lot of fish with him, the largest muscallunge weighing 21lbs. and measuring 44in. During his trip he took many other muscallunge, and on last Tuesday was so lucky as to kill sixteen nice fish to his own rod. He had several fish in the neighborhood of 10lbs., and returned a great many muscallunge of smaller weights. Mr. Veatch tells me that on this trip he saw fifty-five deer, and believes that neighborhood to be one of the best deer countries in the fall. He reports partridges also abundant. As to bass and wall-eyed pike fishing, he says there is all of it that one could want. After traveling over a great deal of the Northern country, Mr. Veatch has settled on this spot as the best fishing place he has yet discovered. He speaks with especial praise of the gamy qualities of the muscallunge of that country, citing one 15lb. fish that sprang clear of the water six different times before being brought to boat. As to the edible qualities of these fish I can speak very intelligently and sympathetically. Mr. Veatch sent me out a muscallunge which weighed 11lbs., and I ate it for breakfast this morning with other things, and enjoyed it very much. This has been rather an off year for muscallunge in the West, and I believe that Mr. Veatch's catch is about the best that I have heard of this season.

Mr. J. Edmond Strong, of this city, came into my office to-day, asking for an itinerary for a good canoe trip, along in October, stating that he and a friend wished to find a country where they can get some good boating, shooting and fishing. They thought that they might like to try some Southern river, and I suggested the St. Francis River as a good place for fishing and wildfowl shooting. A friend who was present advised a trial of the upper Mississippi River, and to this seeming good counsel we at length settled upon Lake Itasca for the starting point. Mr. Strong and his companion will probably take canoes from this point and go in at Walker, Minn., portaging from the railway to Lake Itasca, and thence descending the Mississippi River for perhaps 200 miles, and crossing the very country which is so much in public view just now as part of the tract sought to be set aside as the National Park. Mr. Strong is one of our most genuine Chicago anglers, and he will have grand sport in the Minnesota wilderness at the time of his visit. There will also be abundance of wildfowl in that region in October, and on the whole these gentlemen should have a splendid time.

To-day Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., came into my office, and as usual when I see him coming I closed my desk, not because I fear he will take anything out of the desk, but in order that I might show him about the town, with which he is but partially acquainted. Mr. Mershon is just back with his private car from a business trip in Arizona, and was accompanied by his friend Mr. Watts Humphreys, one of the best lawyers and trout fishermen of Michigan. Both Mr. Mershon and Mr. Humphreys I have met on divers occasions in the Wolverine territory. With them were Messrs. E. R. Wheeler, William S. Baker and W. R. Thorsen, all of Manistee, Mich. These gentlemen have been out in the mountains of Arizona, not far from the Grand Cañon, and they report a very pleasant, though very hurried, trip. They saw plenty of deer and antelope, and contemplate some sporting experiences in that region later.

Messrs. Mershon and a few friends have been having some great fishing on Mr. Mershon's leasehold along the Cascapedia River. They made a hurried trip in August, after the close of the salmon season, and had magnificent sport with the smaller, but no less gamy, trout. In six days Messrs. Mershon and Humphreys, with their friends W. A. Avery and J. F. Keena, of Detroit, killed 1,276 trout. In one day Mr. Mershon had twenty-three trout ranging in weight from 2 to 2¾lbs. He took one which weighed 4¾lbs. Every member of the party had good success, and for once in a way the natives of that region, who are barred out from the fishing, got all the trout they wanted to eat.

My Michigan friends tell me that the wonderful Kinne Creek preserve yielded over 3,000 trout to the club members this season. The heaviest fish taken this summer was 3lbs., though a great many were taken of 1 to 1½lbs.

Grayling.

We are in the habit of supposing that the grayling is about extinct, yet to-day Mr. Mershon told me that he knew of one man who cought fifty-seven grayling in one day this summer, and they were very large, hardly any running below 10in. My informant would not tell me where this good thing was, except on condition th would go with him on a trip there next season. Lockwood, general passenger agent of the G., R. has often told me that he could assure me grayling o upper waters of the upper Manistee, not far from kaska. To-day Mr. Wheeler told me that he was p sure one could take grayling on the Manistee in neighborhood. I am glad also to state that the of quail and ruffed grouse in lower Michigan is rep to be generally good.

At St. Louis.

When I was a youngster I always used to think I w like to go "out West," and see the country. We al do whatever we really want to do in life, so part o early dreams come true. Later on in life, when I b to write about "Chicago and the West," I thoug would like to learn all about the Western regions t could. From the West of the present to the bigger bolder West of the past is but a step, so recently I begun to have a kind of hankering to learn somet about the old West that existed before our times. means that one must read books, and until one begi look into the subject he can have no idea wha of the great numbers of such books which exist to-d books dating back twenty-five, fifty or more than hundred years in their time of printing.

The largest and most complete collection of b on the early West is that contained in the Merca Library of St. Louis, Mo., and this collection is du the work of the librarian, Mr. Horace Kephart, never hears of any book on the West without sen for it and buying it. Mr. Kephart is to-day, wit doubt, the best posted man in America on early We life and history, and one of these days I hope he write a book on the actual West which shall b thoughtful and authentic as he alone can make i suppose it was a matter of course that I should eve ally drift down to St. Louis and meet Mr. Kephart, as I am always meeting the nicest people in the w It was he who got for me my old "Great West" boo replace the one I read to pieces when I was a boy. a matter of fact, I never met Mr. Kephart until week, and when I did meet him and saw him surrou by all these books on the early days—from 1600 d I thought his lines were surely cast in pleasant plac

I should say, if it were necessary for the reader of sportsman's journal to have it said, that Mr. Kepha not only an authority on rifles and rifle shooting, b himself a rattling good rifle shot. He brought ou me his collection of rifles, a whole armful of t apologizing because he could not carry any m Among his target rifles, hunting rifles, nitro rifles, sm bore and all other sorts of rifles, there were two whic handled with especial fondness, an old, old squirrel and a genuine old Hawken rifle, the latter in almost fect preservation, although it dates back to the early f tier days west of the Missouri River. Veritable treas these, and fit to belong to the man who has at his fing ends more actual information about the glorious time West than any other man you shall find.

Mr. Kephart has to do with books, yet he gat not all his lore from books, but on the contrary hunter of the most practical sort, and delights in notl more than a solitary camping trip. He is thorou posted on the deer and turkey country of Missouri, tells me that any time I want to get a turkey he can sure me of a successful trip within 150 miles of Louis. He says that he has known wild turkeys to killed within fifteen miles of St. Louis, less than years ago. It is his custom each fall to take a mo in the wild regions of the Ozarks, the St. Francis other good parts of the Southwest, and he usually meat. He tells me an odd incident of one of his camp trips. He and his party had gotten into a part of country where they were not wanted, and all at once woods were set on fire at several points not far f their camp, this fact being charged to their party some of the settlers who were injured by the fire. might easily prove the touchy situation in that cour and Mr. Kephart admits that when a certain long-ge stranger rode up to the camp he was a trifle une "Look here, man!" said the native, as he got d from his horse. "I declah, you all have plum' ru me! Weuns has to raise our hogs on the mast, and all done burned up the mast. I reckon I'm plum ruin What kind of a gun is that you got, man? Let me se Mr. Kephart, as it chanced, had in his hand a rifle a telescope sight. The native had never dreamed of s an object, and he spent an hour or two looking it and apparently entirely forgot the fact that he "plum ruined" by the fire. He went away expressing wonder at such a singular looking gun, but saying n ing more about his hogs.

Speaking of old Western days, the city of St. L was once the very heart of the wilder West, and it is full of traditions of those early days. Mr. Kephart his friend Mr. Lehman took me to see the old Fre Cathedral, which was built in St. Louis in 1834, and wh still stands in good preservation, bearing proudly inscription "Ad Honorem S. Ludovici." This was c the greatest building west of the Alleghanies. St. L is talking about holding a world's exposition wh shall show fitly h er commercial prominence, and doubt this exposition will have features showing early life and customs when St. Louis was the outfit point for the fur trade of the entire Northwest. That the day of the voyageur, the fur merchant, the hun the trapper, and when the old Louisiana Purchase still in doubt whether it was French, Spanish or Am can. They tell me that at St. Genevieve, not far fr St. Louis, the old French methods of life exist as t did fifty years ago. The bankers will lock the front d of the bank any time to engage in a game of poker in back room with a neighbor, and if a customer co into town after business hours either merchant or ban will open his shop for his accommodation.

Wanted a Church.

Speaking of the old French Cathedral reminds me another sort of church, of which I heard to-day. Mershon is a member of the firm of Mershon & Mor who make the portable houses advertised in the FOR AND STREAM, and he tells me they have had inquiries fr

parts of the country and from all sorts of people. ey sell a great many of these houses, for boat houses, y houses, servants' houses at summer resorts, etc., the firm was somewhat staggered not long ago at eiving an order from a man who wanted them to build a portable church. The dimensions he named were ond the ability of the manufacturers, and it is probable will have to try elsewhere for his church.

Yellowstone Park Animals.

Hon. John F. Lacey, of the old Sixth District of Iowa, o has, since his appearance in Congress, made so en- ble a record for himself in many matters pertaining to preservation of American wild animals and wild na- e, has just returned from a trip to the Pacific Coast l the Yellowstone Park. The Park never had a better nd than Mr. Lacey, and reference to the public records l show that it was he who introduced the bill in 1894 ereby it became a penitentiary offense to kill a buffalo hin the limits of the National Park. In a private let- from which I dare to make some extract, Mr. Lacey rs to the animals of the Park. He says the restrictions firearms have produced good results. He saw some r in the Park, and plenty of bear, finding bird life very rce, owing to the altitude. "The buffalo," he says, "is ctically extinct. There are somewhere from seven to nty-five still living. It is too high for buffalo breed- , and the herd is now so small that it is difficult for cows to defend their young against the wolves. The nagement dare not exterminate the wolves, because ground squirrels would then become so numerous as eat all the grass and starve the animals to death. They trying to reduce the wolves in number sufficiently so t they will not hunt in packs." Mr. Lacey says he nd the trout very abundant, and very few of them un- lthy, a great improvement over their average condition he time he was there twelve years ago. The percentage wormy fish is very much less now than it was then. to the elk, Mr. Lacey think there are no doubt between 00 and 30,000, though he saw no elk at the time of his t, as they were still back in the mountains, away from usual lines of tourist travel. The worst slaughter of , he says, is in the winter, when these animals drift over the Jackson's Hole country to escape the deep snows.

Minnesota National Park.

Mr. Lacey is one of the members of Congress whom rybody was most anxious to have go up into Minne- a with the Congressional party of exploration and in- tigation this month, and his inability to attend, by rea- of lack of time, is a source of much disappointment to concerned. Matters regarding the trip still progress, l at this writing it would appear that prospects are y flattering for a successful expedition. The invitations now all out, and there have at this date been forty- ht responses, of which sixteen have been acceptances. ere are over 400 Congressmen yet to hear from, and this number all likelihood would indicate a large num- of acceptances, perhaps so large that the party may ve much bigger than was at first supposed. Those mbers of Congress who have signified their intention attending are as below: Hon. J. D. Bowersock, of wrence, Kan.; Hon. R. P. Bishop, of Ludington, ch.; Hon. J. G. Cannon, of Danville, Ill.; Hon. S. A. venport, of Erie, Pa.; Hon. J. H. Davidson, of Osh- sh, Wis.; Hon. Wm. H. Graham, of Allegheny, Pa.; n. Joe R. Lane, of Davenport, Ia.; Hon. A. C. Lati- re, of Belton, S. C.; Hon. D. Meekison, of Napoleon, ; Hon. Geo. W. Prince, of Galesburg, Ill.; Hon. . W. Steele, of Marion, Ind.; Hon. J. B. Showalter, Chicora, Pa.; Hon. J. R. Thayer, of Worcester, Mass.; n. V. Warner, of Clinton, Ill.; Hon. G. A. Waymouth, Fitchburg, Mass.; Hon. Edgar Weeks, of Mt. Clemens, ich.

Most of the responses received as yet are from points in e Middle West, there having not yet been time to hear m the more distant portions of the United States. ould the total number of those joining the expedition t up thirty to fifty names, it will be quite enough to eguard success for the whole enterprise, for that would an an adequate and satisfactory investigation of the untry, which is all the projectors of the enterprise ever ked or wanted. There has been no scheme to put rough, and it has always been reiterated that if it should t appear proper and fit to Congress to set aside a large dy of this Minnesota wilderness, just as it did a large dy of the more remote and scarcely less interesting llowstone wilderness, then there would never be heard e first murmur from those who have begun the move- ent to that end. Sometimes it may be difficult for a blic man or a private man to believe that such a move- ent can be begun or carried on without some scheme dden behind it or boldly exposed through it. There is such scheme in this. The members of Congress who iss the trip will miss a pleasure, but they can still vote the matter when it comes up in Congress, and there ll be enough eye-witnesses to tell them how to vote. he Minnesota National Park and Forestry Association s never presumed to tell any Congressman how to vote. has only offered to lay the facts before him, or rather, rhaps, to lay him before the facts.

Col. Cooper, the tireless worker for this Minnesota re- rve plan, is to-day in St. Paul on business connected th the expedition.

Sept. 15.—Three more acceptances of invitations by embers of Congress arrived at headquarters of the innesota National Park and Forestry Association this orning, making nineteen acceptances at hand at this te, with still about 400 members to hear from. It is ought that the trip will be a success.

The meeting of members of the Association at the rlors of the Commercial Club, St. Paul, Minn., on the ening of Tuesday, this week, was a notable event, many rsons of consequence being on hand, among these Dr. A. Schenck, formerly of Berlin, now of the Vander- lt forests at Biltmore, N. C., and recognized as one the great authorities on forestry. Archbishop Ireland, Minnesota, and Bishop Gilbert, of the same State, ere also at the meeting, besides many members of the gal fraternity and of business circles. Col. Cooper, of icago, addressed the meeting, with other speakers, and e whole question of the reserve came into lucid and ffective handling. It has always seemed that Dr. chenck had about the most thoughtful and convincing position on this forestry proposition, and his address carries out his former theory, to-wit, that a forest reserve does not rob the settlers already on the ground, but gives them employment, and prepares the way for a yet larger and more useful population. Dr. Schenck said at the Commercial Club meeting that it was always to be borne in mind that forestry is not a sentimental art. It was useless to expect American lumbermen to observe the forester's precautions so long as it does not pay them to observe such precautions. When matters had changed so that it was money in the pockets of the land owner to cultivate trees upon land fit for little else, one could urge the owner to encourage forestry.

Dr. Schenck laid stress upon the contention that it was not possible, nor even desirable, that all lands once producing forests should be reforested. A great deal of that land, especially in America, had proved very good for agricultural purposes. Therefore, until agriculture in any section became profitable, it would be wiser to keep such lands ready for the plow instead of the axe.

On the other hand, no small quantity of the former forest is almost worthless for any other purpose than that of cultivating trees. Such lands, then, should be reforested. In Europe about one-fourth of the whole area of the country was under forest. In America it might perhaps be better, under existing conditions of population, fertility of the soil and the like, to increase that proportion to one-third.

The two principal obstacles to reforesting here were forest fires and over-taxation. There would be little encouragement for any one to start a fresh growth of timber if that timber was likely to be burnt down. And as to taxation, it was wise to remember that unless prices of lumber advanced remarkably the statement will hold true that the natural revenue from the growth of timber does not exceed 4 per cent. per annum upon the value of the land. Hence the highest reasonable taxation should not exceed 2 per cent. per annum. Any higher taxation would make forestry unprofitable.

It was becoming a strong government like that of the United States to preserve and increase the national forests. Weak governments had always been recklessly improvident of forest wealth. During the Revolution France had sold so many of the State forests that their relative area was reduced from 25 to 16 per cent. The first Napoleon had quickly arrested this extravagance. Bavaria had once been stripped in like manner by incompetent rulers. That waste is now being repaired at great expense.

Dr. Schenck recommended the policy of the Canadian Government, which sells the timber upon its lands, but does not sell the timber land itself. Thus the national forest can be readily perpetuated. If the 10,000,000 acres of forest in northern Minnesota could be preserved, it would form the most royal preserve in all the world.

Movements of Western Sportsmen.

Sept. 16.—Mr. John Sterneman, of Muscatine, Ia., passed through Chicago this week and outfitted for a trip to Eagle River, Wis., after muscallunge.

Mr. S. D. McLeish, of Evansville, Ind., left this week for a fishing trip on the Eagle waters of Wisconsin.

Mr. C. S. Petrie, fire marshal of this city, and one of the oldest of our old-time sportsmen, is lying at his home dangerously ill, and his condition occasions his friends some anxiety. Mr. Petrie is a man of fine physique and constitution, and it is within hope that he may soon be around again.

Removed.

The Economic Smokeless Powder Company, of this city, lately removed their offices to Hammond, Ind., to be in closer touch with their plant, and from their new place report a fine business and a trade which is on the increase.

Snipe.

Jacksnipe have appeared in some numbers in upper Indiana, and yesterday and the day before some very fair bags were made around Lake George, Hyde Lake, and near Lake Station, Ind.

Chickens in the Pine Country.

One of the most satisfactory trips of which I have had word was that made by Mr. Neal Brown and wife, of Wausau, Wis., whose party I joined this week at Babcock, Wis. We had a very delightful and fairly successful hunt, and I enjoyed it thoroughly, more especially as it was an entirely new thing in my experience. The State of Wisconsin is a grand one for sportsmen, offering the best of deer shooting, and angling in almost every line one could ask. It also has fine ruffed grouse shooting, some quail and woodcock shooting, some of the best canvasback shooting in America, and about as good sport on all around duck shooting as most of our Western regions can boast. I had also long known that some very fair prairie chicken shooting was to be had in the lower part of Wisconsin, but I did not know that these birds were to be found far up in the State in the pine woods country. I had always been used to shooting prairie chickens in the prairie country, where the wild grass lands were broken up by wheat fields. This was in the long ago, and more recently I had come to suppose that praririe chicken shooting in this country was resolving itself into a question of corn and wheat fields. It never occured to me that one could get chicken shooting, and very good chicken shooting, too, in just about such slashed-off country as one would expect to find good for ruffed grouse. I am continually discovering that I don't know everything in the world, and perhaps a great many persons do not know what good prairie chicken shooting there is in this part of Wisconsin.

I do not know just how far Babcock is north of Chicago, but I left Chicago at 10:30 in the evening on the Milwaukee & St. Paul road, and got there about 6 o'clock in the morning. The whole train was filled up with chicken hunters. The baggage car was full of dogs and the aisles of the sleeping cars were packed with guns and cases. I had supposed that I was about the only man who had ever heard of the chicken shooting in that country, but the officials of the road told me that a great many people were going up into that country this fall. I think fully a dozen men got off at points near Babcock, several going to Nekoosa. These men had been there before, and they told me that I would find the shooting not along stubble fields, for there were no stubble fields, but in stump grounds and heavily covered marshes. I found their statements correct.

Babcock is in a district which was lumbered off for its pine some forty or fifty years ago. Some of the hard wood has also been cut, and there remains rather a barren and desolate looking country, covered with fallen trees, burned stubs of pine, poplar thickets and wide expanses of grassy marsh running in between the ridges, which have been stripped of their timber. The town of Babcock itself was made a division point at the time the railroad went through. There was on auction sale of lots, one brief day of glory, and then Babcock settled back with a dull, heavy sag into a position from which it has never since attempted to emerge. A so-called farming community has tried to settle up that country, but the class of the population is like the soil itself, sullen and uncompromising. Every man hates his neighbor cordially, and hates himself as well. The ground, though underlaid with sand, is low and damp, and will not raise wheat or corn in any great acreage. There are but two products—hay and buckwheat. Miles and miles of good hay grounds lie waiting for the mower, and a few men are engaged in putting up hay on a considerable scale. How any farmer makes a living there I cannot tell, for in twenty miles of country I saw no crops except some straggling fields of buckwheat. Around these buckwheat fields the prairie chickens are concentrated more or less, but it is against the law to let a dog run in the standing crops, and the farmer of that country who sees a shooter come on his land usually goes into hysterics until the shooter leaves or gives him a dollar. It is a solemn, weird, doleful sort of country. You wouldn't see a smile there in a hundred years, and every one acts as though he wanted to make you unhappy because he is unhappy himself.

But, though this was once a country of pine, it is still a country of grass, and therefore you have the secret of the presence of the prairie chicken. There are literarlly scores of miles of breeding ground—a wilderness over which it is not possible to drive with a wagon, and with cover so dense that no dog can hunt it out completely and no man walk over it or ride over it with ease. In these wide seas of broken grass lands there is a splendid harborage for the pinnated and the sharp-tailed grouse. The latter birds are much the more numerous and outnumber the former about three to one. The local shooters call the pinnated grouse the "regular prairie chicken" in distinction from the sharp-tail. They tell me that the birds stay out in the grass country and live on grasshoppers until the time of the frosts, and then they begin to pack up and hang around these little stubble fields of buckwheat. I think the real cause for the packing up of the grouse in all the Western country is the fact that the grasshoppers are killed by the frost. The grasshopper is the favorite food of young prairie chickens.

Good Luck.

I have at divers times in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM reverted to my fondness for the meat dog, and mentioned my own luckiness in falling in with the same. Indeed, as I have remarrked, I am sure if I should fall off the bridge into the Chicago River I should come up with a meat dog in one hand and the best fellow in the world in the other. I did not fall into the river this week, but had much the rest of the experience. Mr. Brown, of Wausau, Wis., I had never met before, but he is surely the best fellow in the world, and his Gordon setter Jimmy is a meat dog, with the simple and direct habit of going where the birds are, and not wasting time in putting on any airs for style, speed and other frills and furbelows. Then again, we had with us young Varney, of Babcock, and his own meat dog, a long-eared pointer which he called Cub. Cub would hardly win on the bench, for he is about 8ft. long and has feet the size of a pie pan, but he could take those feet over the soft ground all day long, and he showed all the sagacity of the old-time chicken dog, which I have always thought was a most admirable animal. I am pleased to say also that Cub was broken to retrieve, a most valuable thing in this heavy grass country, and he saved us many a bird we otherwise would have lost, and never lost one which was knocked down. Indeed, he pointed once in the grass and caught a crippled bird which none of our party had shot. At another time, after we had about given up huntng for a bird which Mr. Brown had knocked down, Cub came along half an hour later, took up the trail and found the bird about 200yds. from where we sought for it, bringing it in still alive. Both these dogs did us grand service on our first day, the weather being moist and damp all day; but the next day came off very hot, so that both men and dogs were nearly helpless.

I found that Mr. Brown had arranged everything perfectly before I arrived at Babcock, and there was little for me to do except climb into the wagon and start out. There were three or four other parties which went out of town that morning, mostly of non-resident shooters, so that I think fully thirty or forty guns were in operation in that neighborhood. A local paper stated that by Sept. 1 there had been 235 resident shooting licenses taken out in that country, so it would appear that although this is a good chicken country, it is not being left altogether alone. We heard a great deal of shooting all day long, but most of the parties made the mistake of hunting all in a bunch, so that if a bird went up everybody shot at it. Sometimes we would hear a dozen shots fired in quick succession—enough to clean out a whole covey—yet when we met any shooters it seemed they had no more birds than we, and at the hotel that night we discovered that our party was high bag, getting twenty-four birds, the nearest to our number being nineteen. There were four guns in our party, yet every one knows that two guns will kill as many chickens as four. We usually hunted pretty closely together for the sake of companionship and did not hurry ourselves, but took things easy, so that I must say we had as pleasant a day as I ever passed in the field. Mrs. Brown has been using a shotgun for about half a dozen years, and she is a very clever wing shot. She killed fully her share of the bag. One could only compliment her very much on her pluckiness, for she walked all day through the tangled grass, which was sometimes up to one's chin and full of water, so that we were all as wet as though we had plunged into the river. Though rather slight of figure, Mrs. Brown seemed to stand it as well as any of us, and moreover absolutely do-

clined to accept any courtesies in the shooting which would not be extended to a man, always insisting that if a bird went up no one was to wait for her to fire. It is not often that one finds a woman shooter who can actually walk, actually shoot, and be a good fellow all day long, under all the changing conditions of weather and walking. Mr. and Mrs. Brown spend a great deal of time together fishing and shooting. Neal Brown himself is a 6ft. lawyer, an ex-member of the Legislature, a man of large affairs and a sportsman of large heart. He knows how to take life comfortably and get something out of it, and I am sure I don't know what more he could ask than he has.

When we got out of the wagon in the morning the grass was dripping wet and a few minutes served to wet feet and limbs completely. We hunted for an hour or so without success, and got ordered off from one or two farms. Then we put up a couple of old birds wild, and marked them both down. Mr. Brown and Varney went after one and got it, and Mrs. Brown and I hunted after the other for a long time without success. Finally, as we started away the bird rose out of the grass some distance from where we had marked it, and by the time we got done with it it was voted unanimously killed. Then we went on, and after a time Mr. and Mrs. Brown got into a flock of sharp-tailed grouse, knocking down four birds in about that many seconds. One of these birds flew some distance, and I had a race with a shooter from another party who cut in ahead after our scattered birds and did his best to rob us of our covey. He actually picked up our crippled bird first, but I took it away from him and carried it back to Mrs. Brown. All through the day we put up only four coveys of birds, and on two occasions, when we had our scattered birds marked down, we saw other parties break for them on the run and go to shooting among them before we could come up. Had we been left alone, I think we should have killed a dozen more birds, for the coveys were very large and full.

The prettiest shooting we had was just about noon. Varney and I were together on a bit of open ground when we fairly stepped into the middle of a big flock of chickens. One bird rose on the outside, and in some way Varney and I both managed to miss him. He killed with his second barrel and so did I, my shot being a peculiar one for prairie chicken shooting. The bird started straight up and was nearly 30ft. high when I shot him, though it was almost directly above me. I could see his neck stretched up and the whole expression of his countenance seemed to say that he wanted to get out of there as soon as he could. We marked this covey down and also marked the wagon load of hunters who stopped and made for it. Just at this moment Mr. and Mrs. Brown also walked into a covey and they killed four birds as quickly as one could snap his finger. Then we went to lunch, came back over the same ground, picked up a half dozen more birds, and by means of silver placated some farmers who kept on ordering us off the land. Once in a while we sat down and rested, and once in a while we got into the wagon and rode away. We only got out six or eight miles from town that day.

On the following day we made a long drive, going about fifteen miles out across Cranberry Creek. We located some splendid looking country, but got there too late. We learned that over 200 chickens had been killed in that neighborhood on opening day, and we thought if we were up there next year we would make for that part of the country at once. On this second day it was too warm to work very hard, so we took a good long noon hour, fried some prairie chickens over our camp-fire, made a pot of coffee and enjoyed ourselves in spite of all. We only killed six birds on this last day.

The general hostility of the citizens of Babcock and vicinity was rather amusingly exemplified at our hotel in town. The landlord was apparently suffering from a blighted life, and it was a source of great comfort to me to hear him and Mr. Brown argue their respective opinions as to the size and the excellence of the field lunches provided for our party. Next door to us there was a butcher, and the butcher kept a dog, and the dog kept on howling all night. Mr. Brown told the butcher he would shoot the dog if he could get to see him, and the butcher told Mr. Brown he would shoot him if he shot his dog, and Mr. Brown said he didn't mind about that; so we had quite a pleasant time. "I have lived in this Northern country too long," said Mr. Brown to me, "to pay any attention to people who say they are going to shoot me full of holes. You must expect that sort of thing, for it is part of the game. These folks around here have just got it in for the rest of the universe. They don't mean to be unpleasant. It is just a way they have."

A Genuine Wild Pigeon.

There is perhaps some news in this, our chicken hunt at Babcock, regarding this northern range of the grouse in Wisconsin. Still another bit of news, and rather an important one, came out during our little trip. We killed a wild pigeon! We have all read from time to time about the occasional appearance of the wild pigeons, but it is rather singular that the representative of the FOREST AND STREAM should personally fall across one of the few instances of the actual killing of this bird in recent years. Yet this is without doubt true. While we were cleaning our birds at lunch time on the first day, our guide Varney pulled out of his pocket some turtle doves which he had innocently been shooting that morning. Among these was a bird to which he called our attention, saying it was "too big for a dove" and he did not know what it was. "Why, that's a pigeon!" cried Mr. Brown. "It's a young wild pigeon." And so it proved. The bird was about two-thirds grown and the plumage was yet pale and devoid of the fine luster of the adult bird. The tail feathers were pulled out in the pocket of Varney's hunting coat, but I got them and have them now, with the skin of the bird, which I secured. I cannot give many details regarding the killing of this bird, except that it was shot from a tree early in the morning by Varney. There were a lot of doves hanging around a buckwheat field and some of these lighted on a tree. Varney fired at the largest bird he saw on the tree, and put it in his pocket, thinking that it was a dove. It was nearly twice as large and heavy as a dove when we came to place the two birds together. Mr. Brown tells me that he and his wife have seen these birds in northern Wisconsin within six years, and they were once abundant all over this country where we were hunting. The FOREST AND STREAM has always been very anxious to secure any positive proof of the appearance of the wild pigeon, and here is proof which is direct and unmistakable. It was the last feature needed to make my little Babcock experience a curious and enjoyable one.

I have written to Mr. Brown that I am afraid he has gotten into trouble, for we have promised to go on all sorts of shooting and fishing trips together in the near future, and Mr. Brown declares that he knows the best trout stream that ever was in the whole wide world. We are to look into that next spring, and may possibly visit our new-found chicken country again next fall. It seemed to me a fine thing to see these grand brown birds once more.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Arkansas and the South.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 15.—From reliable information, I am led to infer that the present chicken season is one of the very best within recent years. From nearly every section the reports are most favorable, and there are yet many points where good shooting may be had during the next few weeks. Up about Atkinson and Nebraska, and in fact in any part of Holt county in that State, I am told, the shooting has not been so good for some seasons. I understand that at this point one can easily bag twenty-five birds a day, notwithstanding that the sooner has been very active in this locality. It was in this vicinity that J. E. Brook and V. W. McDonald bagged seventy-six birds on Sept. 4. Mr. Brook tells me that the coveys are very large, and the birds all about matured, so that they afford excellent sport.

Messrs. Kingsbury and Pyper, of Council Bluffs, went to Neligh, Antelope county, Neb., about the same time and found the conditions much the same. In connection with a local shooter, they killed seventy-five birds. The weather was very warm, and for this reason very unfavorable. Mr. Johanas, of Omaha, found time to run up to Hershey for a day, and here in six hours' shooting he bagged eighteen; he too reports evidence of the sooner. Mr. M. C. Peters, of Omaha, has for the past ten years been doing his shooting in the vicinity of Pierce, Neb., and he tells me that the birds were more numerous this season than at any time since he has been going there; though he adds that they were very wild and hard to approach on the open prairie, due to the persistent shooting for months previous. His party, consisting of four me nand two ladies, bagged thirty-five in two days, though most of these birds fell to two guns. He says the birds were so wild that their dogs—of which they had four—were practically useless, and they did not secure a half-dozen points during the entire trip. The only shooting they got was in the high corn, where it was possible to get within range of the birds, but as the corn was nearly 8ft. high, it was mostly snap shooting.

Mr. Al Patrick, his two brothers and one other friend did their shooting in the vicinity of Verdigris, Neb., and this party brought back thirty-eight birds. At Inman the birds should also be in fair numbers. It was at this point that Mr. Jno. A. Kuhn and two others bagged forty-one birds.

Mr. C. C. Herman, of Kansas City, and Dave Hancock and Ed Conway, of Marshall, Mo., went to Wood Lake, Neb., and though they report good success, they say this was only accomplished by the hardest of work, and that they were compelled to go thirty miles from the railroad, owing to the inroads made among the birds by market-hunters, who were flocking to this country and rapidly diminishing the supply of birds. This party also report the teal duck shooting very fine on Marsh Lake, Neb., though they gave them no attention. All these points are on the Elkhorn Railroad.

Good chicken shooting is also to be had on the Burlington Route in Greeley and Custer counties, Neb. In going to the former, Greeley Center is the station to go to, and in the latter county Broken Bow is the objective point. This line also traverses some of the finest duck grounds in the entire West, among which Lakeside, Sheridan county, Neb., is one of the best. This is on the Sheridan line and right in the heart of a lake country. The finest of grouse shooting is to be had along the line at Wyola, Mont., on the Crow Indian Reservation. In order to shoot on the reservation one must get permission from the agent, but this, I am informed, can be readily obtained. A party of New York sportsmen were out there this week, and they report the shooting superb. There are many other points along this line where good shooting is to be had, and those interested have but to communicate with the passenger agent at Omaha, who will cheerfully furnish all information.

Two members of the Dupont Gun Club could not wait for the opening of the chicken season, but had to go out the last week in August. Such conduct is hardly to be expected from persons who are members of an organization whose object is the protection of the game. For personal reasons, I will not give any names, but it behooves the club to look into this matter and to purge the organization of such material. Either practice your doctrine or go out of business.

I also learn that a well-known Kansas City trapshot was out in Kansas shooting chickens in August. The argument he advances is that the birds were too old and too tough in October, and therefore not fit to eat.

Another party, consisting of E. E. Morris, R. M. Rigby and J. H. Starkie, of Kansas City, went to Hayes City, Kan., where, in connection with a local shooter, they killed quite a bag of birds. I am not certain that these parties knew that they were violating the law, but according to the *Game Laws in Brief*, it is illegal to kill chickens in Kansas until Oct. 1.

Russell Klein writes me from Spirit Lake, Ia., that the chicken shooting was very good in Dickinson county, and that the duck shooting was also very fine. A great many more ducks nested there this season than for years past, which he attributes to the very late spring. The ducks did not return until after the close season, and as they were not molested, many more remained with them than heretofore.

Reports of the Arkansas chickens are to the effect that they are by no means plentiful, which makes their extermination practically an assured thing, for it will be two years before the Legislature convenes again, and by that time the work of destruction will be complete. Hundreds of shooters were afield on opening day, and as most of the birds are confined to three counties it is easy to perceive that it will not take long to carry out the work of slaughter. Under the present statute chickens can be legally shot during five months of the year, from September to February, so that in the next two years all the good derived from the five years' close season on these birds will have been more than wiped out. It is possible yet to kill a few birds, and for the benefit of those who want to join in the slaughter, I would suggest Hazen and Devall Bluff, on the Choctaw & Memphis Railroad, or Stuttgart, on the Cotton Belt Railroad, or DeWitt, which is reached by a branch road from the latter place. Of course, it must not be expected that the birds are to be found adjacent to the towns, but from these points one can get to the best chicken country. Oct. 1 would be a good time for such a trip, as then one can legally shoot any game in Arkansas, and as all these places are located in good quail country, one could easily turn their attention to these, if the chickens should not pan out. While, if one goes to DeWitt, it is not a great distance to where good turkey shooting is to be had. These birds are quite plentiful along Bayou Meto Creek and also the White River. Devall Bluff is also on the edge of a big game country.

While the prospects of the Arkansas chicken are quite gloomy, all other game is reported very abundant. Quail fared exceptionally well this season, and from all parts of the State the reports are to the effect that this will be an exceptionally good year for sport with this bird. Then the turkey and deer should also have done better this year, because we had no overflow, so that they were not driven from the lowlands, and in consequence the bottom lands will afford much better shooting than heretofore. Of course, it is a trifle too early to say definitely just where to go for big game, though there are many places along the Iron Mountain Railroad where one can get good shooting. In one or two localities it is possible to combine both hunting and fishing, for as a rule bass are readily taken during October and November in the South.

Reports on the quail from Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa are similar to those from Arkansas, so that this fall should be fraught with much pleasure for those who are fond of such shooting.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Staples and Novelties.

EDGEWOOD, Ia., Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I am disconsolate, inconsolable, and it is your fault (perhaps). Last Christmas my wife made me a present of a year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM. I have received the paper regularly on Friday till last week. I did not receive it then, nor has it come since. Now please send me another copy of last week's issue, as I cannot miss a single one. My wife says I was cross all day Sunday on account of it. (Ladies take notice.) You are doing a grand work among sportsmen for moderation, and the influence must certainly be productive of good.

I have a few items which may interest readers of FOREST AND STREAM. I will classify them as we do our dress goods, viz., staples and novelties. To illustrate: If I go out hunting and a bird gets up in front of me and I hit him, that is a novelty; if I miss him, that is a staple.

Staples.

Quail are very plentiful, but occasionally a covey very small. I think the first setting was washed away by the heavy rains, and the second is late. Under the conditions this season, the change from Nov. 1 to Oct. 1 was an error, although in ordinary seasons it would be beneficial.

I have been chicken-shooting twice; got seven the first day and twenty the next. I flushed fully 100 birds the last day, a very good showing for a country that has been shot to a standstill for the past ten years.

Last season squirrels were very scarce, and we hunters agreed among ourselves that we would not shoot squirrels. Result: This year they are quite plentiful. Another argument in favor of protection and moderation.

Last winter we had an unlimited number of rabbits. This year they are very scarce. Will some one please explain why?

Novelties.

During a hunt last winter, one of the boys shot at an owl flying over. He did not get the bird, but he got a rabbit which it dropped that was not quite dead. The boys have said so much about shooting rabbits on the wing that it isn't safe to say anything now when Elmer is present.

A friend of mine near here found a nest of young squirrels last spring which he carried home and placed in a cage, where he still has them. One of them is an ordinary gray squirrel and the other is pure white, both in the same nest. Is this a common occurrence?

Last spring we had a very destructive cyclone, which passed about three miles south of here. It struck a barn and other buildings about five miles southeast of here, totally destroying them. A friend of mine, searching the ruins the next day, found four eggs, two of which were quail's eggs and the other two unknown to him. Having an incubator, he took them home, and upon testing them found young birds in the quail's eggs. The other two were fresh, and upon being placed in the incubator, after due time they hatched out two woodcock. These eggs were found right in the midst of the ruins, and with no nest anywhere near that was known of. In my peregrinations (not exterminatory however) around this vicinity, extending over a period of twenty-five years, I have seen but one woodcock. Where did the eggs come from? H. E. JAMES.

Oh, Dread Disease!—"Bickersniff's doctor has ordered him to cease riding in his horseless carriage for a while."

"What's the trouble?"

"He's used it so constantly that he has become auto-mobilious."—Philadelphia North American.

Anothe Summer Visitor Case.

FERRISBURGH, Vt., Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For several years past the shooting on our marshes has been spoiled by poachers long before the open season. The promising show of wood ducks and dusky or black ducks to be seen early in August failed to materialize on Sept. 1, and the scattered few then remaining gave evidence, in their wariness and wildness, of frequent molestation. Guns were heard morning and evening where there ought to be no shooting done; the suspected parties were summer visitors on the lake shore, but none of them were caught in the act. This summer promised a repetition of the old story; there were ducks and there was shooting, of which they were well known to be the object; but though boats were seen prowling morning and evening in the haunts of ducks, no one was caught in the act of shooting a duck, nor with one in possession.

Warden Ramsay, of Vergennes, was on the watch in the Little Otter Creek marshes; and one evening about the midddle of August saw shots fired from a boat at two flying ducks, one of which fell. The boat was in a sort of cul de sac of what is known as the Broad Marsh, and Ramsay getting his own boat in a course to cut off the other's retreat, soon overhauled it and proceeded to search it.

There was a muskrat and a few poor little sandpipers in sight, a rail in a coat pocket, and a black duck concealed under the seat on which the Rev. Mr. Ogilvie sat. The other occupants were Dr. Furness and their boatman, M. Durfee.

The professionel gentlemen thus taken red-handed begged to be allowed to pay the fine and go their ways of peace and healing; but Warden Ramsay was inexorable, and took them to Vergennes, where they were arraigned before a magistrate, pleaded guilty, paid the fine and costs and departed to their camp on Thompson's Point, wiser but not entirely happier men, though the Rev. Mr. Ogilvie thanked God that he did not live in Vermont. To this we all say a hearty amen, for we do not desire as residents, even for a little while, him nor any of his sort—persons who, in the guise of gentlemen, sneak out in close time to cheat honest sportsmen of their lawful rights.

Mr. Ogilvie took his punishment hard, and came out with a statement of the case in the Burlington Free Press, directly after the affair was made public, but it was a pretty lame excuse. It is noticeable that poaching clergymen when detected and punished take it with very ill grace, and no wonder, for it is a contemptibly mean business for an ordinary sinner to be caught in, and how much more so for a teacher of religion and morality to be engaged in. AWAHSOOSE.

A Maine Opening to be Filled.

MATTAWAMKEAG, Penobscot Co., Me., Sept. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After a silence of several years your quondam correspondent, Amicus, makes a bran new bow to brother Nimrods, and being in the State to which many eyes are turned and for which many hearts are yearning, I may be able to write a few words of interest to the hordes of sportsmen who will visit the State during the three months beginning Oct. 1. I have for a time been a resident of the State and am quite familiar with the hunting and fishing grounds. Indications point to a more successful game season than has been seen for several years. The game laws are about all that could be desired, and they are being enforced by an efficient corps of wardens, who show no favor to friend or foe, rich or poor. This is as it should be, and to-day we can truthfully boast of as fine a hunting and fishing country as can be found anywhere, while the facilities for getting here, the low rates for hotel or camp accommodations as well as other necessities of the chase, are proving great drawing cards. Probably the most frequented localities are to be found along the line of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, and the record of game taken out every year is something surprising, yet, in spite of this seemingly wholesale slaughter, the game is yearly increasing in point of numbers—to such an extent, in fact, that upon payment of a small license fee citizens of the State have been allowed to kill one deer for food purposes during the present month. Right here in Mattawamkeag is one of the most ideal spots to be found in the whole region. Within five miles of the village nestles among the hills one of the most picturesque little bodies of water imaginable—Lake Mattaceunk—where there are a number of well equipped camps. On the shores of this lake there have been seen the past summer a large number of deer and a few moose. The village can boast of first-class hotel accommodation. Being slightly to one side of the main wilderness, there are not so many sportsmen; and, as a natural consequence, those who visit this locality have a proportionately better chance of getting the full quota of game. Amicus extends a cordial invitation to brother knights of the rifle to come and see us, and will guarantee to a limited number of the craft a delightful locality, good camps, reliable guides and all the big game that the law allows. AMICUS.

Senator Chahoon's Bear.

SENATOR CHAHOON tells the following to the Plattsburg Press: "On Saturday, Sept. 9, Mrs. Chahoon and I took a little drive in hopes of getting a couple of partridges. We left our home in Ausable Forks in our buggy, with my bird dog and .12-gauge shotgun. We were driving through a swamp. Mrs. Chahoon held the reins, while I had the gun cocked ready for a quick shot, when about 30yds. in front of us four bears came into the road and looked at us for an instant and started up the road from us. The dog made chase, and was close to the bears as they entered the woods on the opposite side of the road. This was fun for the dog, and we sat laughing at his audacity, when from up the road we saw a procession of dog and bear coming toward us, the dog leading with the old she bear in close pursuit, and clearly gaining on the dog. The horse did not like this and started for home backward, but the buggy did not turn over, and as the bear and dog passed the buggy, the dog had less than 6ft. of lead, and as they passed I fired both barrels of No. 8 bird shot into the mother bear at a range of about 10ft. She showed no evidence of being hit, and kept after the dog for 10 or 12yds., when she turned abruptly into the woods. When the young bears were opposite the buggy they also turned into the woods. The dog turned and followed the old bear. At about 30yds. from the road, he stopped and began to bark. I jumped from the buggy to go to the dog, and when I was nearly to him, Mrs. Chahoon called for me to return, and when I got back she told me that another large bear had come into the road and stood on his hind legs and looked at the horse, while the horse stood on his hind legs and looked at the bear. As soon as the horse was quiet enough to hitch, Mrs. Chahoon and I went into the woods to try and drag the bear I had shot to the road, and while thus engaged Mr. Roberts came along with the stage and helped us to put the bear in the wagon. The ground where the bear was shot showed no blood or other evidence of being hit. Both charges struck behind the shoulder and were driven downward and part of them through the body. The bear showed no evidence of a struggle, and doubtless fell perfectly dead where she lay when I got to her. In all, she must have run 50yds. after the shot. We had a pleasant little drive, and Mrs. Chahoon thinks bird shooting in the Adirondacks is not entirely without interest."

Three Paragraphs.

I.

SOMEONE asked about breech-loading guns in Civil War times, the bullet of whose cartridge might be bitten off if so desired. Now among a lot of war relics I once saw a carbine (I believe) with a peculiar breech block. The front end rose up above the top of the barrel, the cartridge was shoved in base first, the block shoved down, and it was ready for business, after capping. The specimen leaked fire at the joint in a way to astonish the natives; otherwise, it looked serviceable.

II.

Have the painted tortoises of our Northeastern streams other enemies besides the destructive small boy? I never saw an empty shell.

III.

Old African hunters used to tell tales of the toothsomeness of some antelopes—e. g., the eland. If true, is there any good reason why they may not be utilized as game park stock in the South? Frost is not unknown to them, I think. We need a new kind of beef. Isn't it possible that it is being allowed to follow the dodo unheeded? A dodo drumstick, now, would have made a pièce de resistance at an ornithologist banquet. Why not save up a few eland steaks, then, for future generations? J. P. T.

New England Partridges.

BOSTON, Sept. 18.—The partridge gunners are out in good numbers. The open season began Sept. 15, both in Maine and Massachusetts. Expectations have been great, particularly in Maine, and dozens of gunners from this section have gone there. Locations were selected and the dogs in training a week or two ago. Gunners from this way propose to go by themselves and without guides, in spite of the not-well-understood guide laws passed last winter. Local gunners were also out in the home woods on Friday and Saturday, and a few birds were taken, but not as many as expected. From several sections come complaints that the broods had been broken before the opening. SPECIAL.

Next Sportsmen's Show.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The sixth annual Sportsmen's Show, under the auspices of the National Sportsmen's Association, will open at Madison Square Garden, New York City, March 1, 1900, and continue for seventeen days. New features and attractions are being arranged, and will be submitted to the public at an early date. The coming Sportsmen's Show will undoubtedly be the best that has yet been brought together, and will cover every branch of sport.

J. A. H. DRESSEL, Sec'y-Treas.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

History Repeated.

THE allusion of Tarpon to an old book entitled "Tales of the Ocean" has awakened my recollections of the same, which I read more than fifty years ago, and which was one of the number composing the library of the old red school house at New Platz Landing, now Highland-on-the-Hudson. With us boys the book was a great favorite. It told of Kidd, Lafitte, Gibbs and other piratical characters, giving vivid accounts of the buccaneers' cruelty at that period. It was very well illustrated with wood cuts, representing pirates striking off the arm of an important prisoner, whose name I fail to remember; huddling captives in the bow of their vessel and blowing them into fragments with cannon; shooting a prisoner out of a connon at the enemy; a pirate captain in the rigging casting a lock of his hair into the air with an invocation to Satan to accept the offering and henceforth aid him in the accomplishment of his schemes of diabolism; Capt. Kidd hung in irons, etc.

Some of the accounts were of a humorous character. One I remember very distinctly, and when I read in the newspapers of Admiral Dewey doing the same thing which was related of a sea captain long before the Admiral's time, I asked myself, without any attempt to belittle the famous Admiral, or bring in question his originality, whether he had not himself read that very book. Now what the sea captain did, and Dewey afterward, was this: Some sailor had thrown a big quid of tobacco on the deck, and the entire crew was ordered to remove it with heavy block-and-tackle, and with considerable trouble and ceremony. N. D. ELTING.

Sea and River Fishing.

The Uncertain Bass.

Varium et Semper Mutabile.

WHAT a shame it is that they have no anti-hounding law in France. If they had poor Dreyfus might have had what I believe is technically known as a "look in."

However, the case of "me frien' Alf," as Mr. Dooley doubtless designates the unfortunate Frenchman, has established the fact that in a Gallic court of justice (?) it don't make much difference when and how you offer your testimony, and upon this precedent I proceed to submit a little in support of the claim of one Shanganoss, who, many months agone, delivered himself in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM of some most truthful statements anent our old friend the black bass.

M. dolomieu, according to Shanganoss, is an uncertain critter, whose present appetite for feather hooks or the tempting minnow may not be prognosed according to any precedent.

Shanganoss is right. The day may be fair, the water just right, the lures enticing and the tackle of the best, but—no bass. Yesterday, the prototype of to-day, they took furiously; but to-day, alack, they will turn up their noses at every inducement one may offer.

Why is it? I don't pretend to explain. I don't know. Nor does anybody.

Twenty years ago I knew all there was to know about bass fishing. To-day I know absolutely nothing, and readily admit the fact. The Dutchman who said "that so long vat you lifs so more you findts py gosh owd" had never followed a bass river, or he would have been forced to modify his statement.

Your only safe premise as you load an after breakfast pipe preparatory to starting for a day on the river is that it is the unexpected which is going to happen. Indeed, it is generally when the prospects are brightest and the angler's hopes highest that his thud is the loudest as he falls into the slough of disappointment over the blankness of a day which promised so fair.

Once in a long, long time, however, while the same general rule holds good, the method of its application by our finny adversaries is along diametrically opposite lines. Everything may seem to be against you, and yet, as the country papers always say, in speaking of some rural festivity, "a good time is had." One day in particular I recall when our expectation was nil, and our sorrow was turned into joy, and this is how it happened:

The Iron Chancellor, the General Manager and I were engaged in deep consultation upon the hotel porch.

The Iron Chancellor, so called because of his resemblance to the great German, his talents and his tenacity of purpose, is a lawyer of prominence with a shocking fishing wardrobe. The General Manager (ætat. 13) is so known because of his thorough insight into the affairs of the great through line of railroad on which he resides. I am just the General Manager's daddy.

It was a crisp, cool Sabbath morn in late September. The day was exquisite, the air superb, but our hearts were filled with gloom because the morrow was to be our last day on the river, and we had hoped for a propitious one, so that we might put a fitting climax to a most successful fishing trip. But, alas for human hopes, Saturday had honored us with a heavy rain, which, up above the 'York State line, had well nigh attained to the dignity of a cloudburst, and our trusty boatman (have you ever noticed how boatmen and guides are always "trusty"?) had just come up from the boat landing to tell us, with tears in his eyes, that "She was up a foot, still a-raisin', and runnin' moss 'n' leaves." A sorry outlook, this, on a stream where, as a rule, a 2in. rise stops every bass from biting as certainly as would his own decease.

So with heavy hearts we deliberated on the advisability of driving in twelve miles to a small lake and spending the night and our last day there.

Then out spake the Iron Chancellor: "Darned if I do. The last time we were in at the lake I was led by the mosquitoes, the infamous grub and the fiendish coffee into an immutable resolve never to go there again. Let's take a good lunch and a bottle of claret and go up the river anyhow. We'll have the run down the rapids, the beautiful scenery, and, I know, lots of fun, though as far as the fishing is concerned, we might just as well leave our rods and tackle at home."

The prospect of running the rapids in flood and unlimited comestibles proved too much for the General Manager, and he voted "Aye," so there would have been a clear majority against me, even if I had cared to conduct a minority campaign, which I didn't, as the run down ten miles of the most beautiful river in the world appeals to me even more strongly now than when I first took it twenty years ago. Besides which, the Chancellor's remarks about the provender at the lake, were, if anything, too mild.

So it was arranged that Frank should meet us at Van Camp's Rock, ten miles up river, at 7:30 o'clock the next morning with the boat, and, *pro forma*, a can of live bait.

Bright and early we started on Monday morning. Tom and Jerry, the two big upstanding bays, took our buckboard along at a gait which put the ten miles of beautiful river road behind us long before we had wearied of the exquisite outlook across the valley to the mountains just beginning to assume their bright autumnal raiment, and almost before we knew it we were at the trysting place.

Frank was there before us, and shook his head gloomily as we appeared. "Up 2ft., at least," he said, "and runnin' full o 'trash."

We got out the rods, grubs and camera, stowed them snugly aboard the boat, and then dropped down a short rift into a big eddy, a famous place and the scene of many an exciting conflict, in which either the Chancellor or I had been at the butt end of the rod and an angry, leaping bass at the end of the delicate line and leader.

"Long we fished with our nicest art,
But there came not a nibble to gladden the heart,"

so we landed, took a lot of photographs, looked for fossils along the river bank, and then had lunch.

Now, whether it was inspiration or a mere lucid interval I do not know, but with no special theory in my mind I suggested over the first after-luncheon pipe that we

should pole up the rapid and take one try in the little eddy formed by Van Camp's Rock.

Frank looked at me reproachfully for a moment, but, as he is too good natured to mind poling a boat half a mile up a rushing, seething torrent, even if it be in compliance with a mere whim, he simply said "Come along," so forthwith we re-embarked and started up stream.

Just above the rock there is a curious backset or eddy, caused by the rushing river striking against the barrier, which whirls a portion of the water back up the stream, to properly fish which you must anchor your boat down stream and fish up. You lie snugly on the edge of the current and cast your line up into this eddy, which is only about 30ft. wide and about 150ft. long. The back wash carries your bait up stream and then out into the main down-river flow, by which it is whirled back to you again. Naturally, as the bottom of the river is a maze of enormous rocks, one loses a good many hooks, owing to the tackle fouling as your line comes back to you, and the place has a bad name on that account.

We started to anchor "bow and stern" across the eddy. I was tending the stern killick and my rod was lying athwart the boat, with about 10ft. of line and leader waving pendulous in the depths beneath with a beauteous blond "stone cattie" at the end thereof. Before I had made the anchor rope fast I heard click, click, br-r-r-r-r from my reel. Grabbing up the rod, regardless of Frank's muttered "Dast ole eel, I reckon," I reeled off several feet of line in order to give the fish time to turn and swallow the bait, and then struck.

Up from the depths he shot, a good 2ft. above the water, with that bull terrier shake of the head which a bass knows will dislodge a hook as no other ruse will, and then out into the rushing river. With such a current to help him the tussle was a protracted one, but finally I got him back into the eddy, the net was slipped under him and the spring balance applied.

"Three 'n' a half, strong, an' fatter 'n' lard," was Frank's comment.

Then the Iron Chancellor gave a whoop, which the General Manager echoed, as they each struck a good fish, both of which were finally landed—2lbs. to the boy's credit and 3lbs. 2oz. to the Chancellor's.

Then my turn came again, and forthwith there was a fight which would have satisfied even such gluttons as Mulvaney and Learoyd. Without a leap he bored out with resistless force into the surge, and then with a mad rush down stream, down, down, down, until I could see the spindle of the reel glinting through the few remaining turns of 100yds of line. Down went my thumb, but slowly to avoid a sudden stoppage upon the spool of the reel, and I mentally bade farewell to fish and tackle. But the line held, and away off down stream he came up into the air.

What Frank and the Chancellor said when they saw him I will not repeat, lest the Editor's blue pencil should be called into play. Fortunately, as I subsequently found by very diplomatic questioning, the boy was too excited to notice it.

Gradually, but with constantly weakening rushes, I worked his Majesty back up stream, the Chancellor performed most gracefully upon the landing net, and the stout old warrior was mine. The scales said 5lbs. 2oz. The Chancellor said, "I think we should take a drink on him." I said nothing, but silently admired.

To make a long story short, we took that afternoon out of that one eddy seventeen bass, and their actual (not guessed) weights on scales which had been carefully tested were as follows: 1¾, 2, 2⅛, 2⅛, 2¼, 2¾, 2¾, 3, 3⅜, 3⅛, 3½, 4, 4¼, 4¼, 4⅜, 4¾ and 5⅛.

I have never seen or heard of such another catch in Eastern waters. I know the guides around the boat landing said that no catch approximating it had ever brought in there.

But doesn't such sport under such adverse circumstances go to prove the truth of the statements of Shanganoss the wise? WADLEIGH BROOKE.

The Pacific Salmon and the Fly.

IF the stream has not been fished out long since by Podgers, Henry P. Wells, Kipling and the rest of them, I would like to cast a line over that (in more ways than one) much be-damned Pacific Coast salmon.

I drifted out here ten years ago and have fished persistently, in season, *bien entendu*, each succeeding year since my arrival. Before coming here I had fished the Ristigouche, Nepisiguet, Cascapedia and Charlo for salmon, and one season in Nova Scotian waters. My father, who had been a fly-fisherman for over fifty years, and who had to his credit, besides countless years of the best salmon fishing in Scotch, Irish, Canadian and New Brunswick waters, two seasons on the Wefsen, one of the best known Norwegian rivers, preceded me here, and on my arrival we two determined intsanter that we would demolish that hoary-headed fable that the Pacific Coast salmon wouldn't rise to a fly.

Well, we tried for three seasons—at least he did. About the third day out each year, an attentive observer might have noticed a spasmodic groping on my part in the general direction of my coat tails, and if his eyesight were very keen, he might have remarked a brown paper parcel, and if he looked closer he might have seen me extract therefrom a *Crangon vulgaris*—otherwise known as a shrimp. Thereupon, the fishing began to pick up on my side of the river.

Before, however, hauling down my colors as a fly-fisherman, I always deemed it my duty to give these untutored savages the choice of the contents of a dozen fly-books. I wooed them with everything from ouananiche patterns, which we used on the St. Croix in the seventies, up to Wefsen flies as big as hummingbirds and even as big as sparrows, flies indescribably gorgeous, adorned with $5 worth of the golden pheasant top-knots and enough bullion to deck out a drum major—and yet I never once caught a Pacific Coast salmon on a fly, when I was fishing for salmon.

I did, however, just twice in ten years' experience, catch a salmon on a fly, when I was fishing for trout

And thus it was:

In 1894 I was fishing the mill pond in the Garcia River, about 120 miles north of San Francisco, when I saw a large fish come up to the surface and "browse," i. e., he stuck his nose out of water and sucked in some floating object, probably a dead fly. I took off my cast of three small trout flies, and after assuring myself that my leader was strong enough to hold him, I rummaged through my fly-books and mounted a silver-doctor on a No. 4 hook, which I had used seven years before in Nova Scotia. I had him the first cast, and after a weak fight, lasting probably twelve minutes, I landed him. He was a spent fish in very poor condition, and his back and side bore the mark of a spear. I did not weigh him, because my scales were not large enough, but I estimated his weight at 7lbs, and judging by his length, I have no hesitation in saying that in good condition he would have weighed 10.

My second salmon was captured four years ago in the Lagunitas, a beautiful little brook only twenty miles from San Francisco; now, alas, not fished out, but netted out, by miscreants who come there each year before the season opens and seine every pool, taking even the fingerlings.

This salmon made a grand strike, and seized my tail fly, a royal-coachman tied on a No. 10 hook. It was at a place locally known as the Pot Holes, and I was perched on a rock with sheer sides, 6 or 7ft. above the water, with a 4oz. rod, drawn gut leader, no gaff, no net and not a blessed foot of ground in sight where even a congenial idiot would attempt to land a fish. And how he did rip around that pool, and how he sulked, and how he sawed that tapered casting line against sunken rocks and plunged and lunged and struggled for life and liberty! And how I held on, the sweat of mute agony exuding from every pore, for one whole hour and ten minutes to boot! Five times I had him on his side, the crimson stream from his gills painting the dark water; but just so surely as I got him there and started to prospect around the top of that rock, rip-p-p, away he would go again! Finally I saw that he was as tired as I was, so I dropped off into 4ft. of water, reeled him in gently to my chest, drew my hunting knife from its sheath, chopped him across the back, and lifting him by the gills, waded down stream until I found a place where I could get ashore. He weighed next day 9¼lbs. dressed.

Both these fish caught by me were salmon, not steelheads. I have caught hundreds of steelheads with the fly.

My conclusion is: That the Pacific Coast salmon does occasionaly and under exceptional circumstances take the artificial fly, but that they take it so seldom that it is not worth while to fish for them with it.

As to Mr. Wells' suggestion that possibly fishermen have not as yet discovered the right fly, I would mention that in 1890, 1891 and 1892, when my father and myself tried our experiment, we had a collection of upward of 1,500 flies to draw upon, and that this colection included not only all the standard Norway, Scotch, Irish and Canadian salmon patterns, but ouananiche flies, bass flies, Moosehead Lake trout flies, etc., and innumerable fancy flies of every conceivable size, shape, color and previous condition of servitude.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that we tried every fly we possessed, but, first and last, we experimented with several hundreds, including, for both of us were versed in the act of fly-tying, some especially designed confections in feathers, such as any right-minded woman would gladly pay her milliner $30 for. But the Chinook savages wouldn't have them as a gift.

MARIN.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Angling vs. Malaria.

"EVERY man at forty is a physician or a fool." It may be added "sometimes both." Washington and the entire tide-water region of the Potomac may be classed as malarial. Exactly what this means nobody seems to know. If Koch's theory proves to be correct, though there is an unaccountable lack of enthusiasm among his brother scientists, it is mosquitoes, and we shall at least have the satisfaction of a certainty regarding the vehicle.

Until its demonstration, or acceptance, the pests must be counted as two, instead of a joint stock affair, and we must be content to be bled by the one and poisoned by the other, as our forefathers were. They are at least associates, and the Potomac has plenty of both, and to spare. The mosquitoes are not of the largest, but they are a brave race, hunting in packs, and used a long-distance weapon before the Mauser was thought of.

A party of fishermen were caught one night at a little station some thirty miles down the river, and found no better lodging than the shack of a depot, which gave them shelter. It was too warm to smudge and seal the openings, but they did what was nearly as bad: they retired in slickers and rubber boots, and finally, worn out, slept. A commotion in the night, and the party awoke to find the General sitting bolt upright with his revolver in his hand. Demanding an explanation, he poured forth a voluble dissertation on mosquitoes, their relation to original sin and the doctrine of total depravity, with hopeful prophecies of their ultimate destination and their function in the scheme of eternal punishment. It was not orthodox, either from a religious or scientific standpoint, but it was interesting, both for its originality and its impassioned fervor, as if the speaker felt what and while he spoke, as well as for the quaintness of emphasis and gesture, the latter indeed so reckless at times as to inspire a dread in his audience second only to that occasioned by the invaders. Roused to a sense of their misery, there was no more sleep that night save for one only of the party, who was an immune. We have never been able to determine whether long exposure had inoculated his system or that he was fortified with an antidote that induced D. T. in such luckless buzzers as came his way, or if forty years of wind and weather had not left him pachydermatous and lance-proof; at any rate, he slept that night and laughed at his companions' misfortunes in the morning.

In the older histories of settlements along the river bank, the localities are spoken of as exceedingly healthy, except for a month or two in the late summer and early fall, when agues and fevers were prevalent. The same conditions obtain at the present day, and coincident with the decay of the season's rank growth, in the river and along its borders. Wherever it can be afforded, the dwellers on the river, all the way down, move back into the country for a couple of months, sometimes only three or four miles, which seems to be the limit to which the miasma may be wafted in dangerous volume. Even the cattle are taken back when possible, "to get away from the mosquitoes, which make them poor."

That this is not absolutely necessary is proven by the fact that many who cannot afford this expense remain, and apparently suffer no more than the nomads. But that there is some foundation for the belief seems probable, since it has stood for centuries unshaken, as did the belief that "de sun do move."

Since the reclamation of the Flats in front of the city, malaria is no more common or deadly in the contiguous localities than in any other city in the States. Along the Eastern Branch, between the Arsenal and the Congressional Cemetery, the families in the low-lying districts still suffer, and individuals may be seen with the unmistakable jaundiced ague signs, but these flats, too, are about to be reclaimed, and when this is done malaria will be driven from the borders. That it is not very bad anywhere along the Potomac, is amply proved by the anglers and hunters of Washington, who do with impunity what would be certain to result in great shakes elsewhere. They use, for 100 miles up and down the river, through all the long season and take not the slightest precautions as regards exposure. Out in the morning, when the mists hang low and heavy on the marshes, waiting before daylight for the ducks, or whipping the streams and pools before the morning sun has warmed from the air the swamp taste, that some claim to identify as the fever poison, and late into the night the enthusiasts stay, eager for one more shot or bite, with never a thought of the danger, which cannot be serious, for if pain attended the risk it would be avoided. A chill is nearly sure to follow a cold caught in the open, by the sedentary, as after a drenching, but the system seems generally able to repel the trouble, and a coldless trip is rarely followed by any malarial symptoms. The fact is that that man is far more likely to be sick who is disappointed of his holiday.

But it is also true that nearly all the anglers here do carry certain specifics which they firmly believe the source of immunity from ague attacks. It may be only a buckeye or a rabbit's foot, but it is generally quinine in some form or combination.

One has a little bottle of black pills of quinine, strychnine and iron, and he thinks one every night he's out will make him live forever. Another substitutes arsenic. Some use phenacetin and quinine, some valerianate of quinine, and many the ordinary sulphate pills or capsules; but the very best—that's ours—as a preventive or cure, is muriate of quinine and salol. Four-grain capsules, with two grains of each, make the standard dose, and its friends stand for it as a specific for any trouble, from congestion or grip to neuralgia. The muriate seems to leave less of the buzzing effect and deafness than the sulphate, and according to the absurd theory of the physician who recommended it to us, was much purer than the commercial sulphate, for the reason that in reducing the cinchona bark with sulphuric acid it might be adulterated with the cheaper willow bark, and salicylic acid precipitated with the sulphate, but that muriatic acid would not resolve the active principle in the willow, and consequently the muriate would be found to be pure. Just why a reliable firm would not furnish pure sulphate, which costs next to nothing, as readily as the muriate, or why the muriate might not be as well adulterated after precipitation by a dishonest dealer, is not quite clear, but the muriate was recommended, and is unanimously indorsed by those who use it, as, of course, are the other remedies.

My chum, fifteen years ago, moved to a house on the marsh, about three miles below Washington, for the fishing, and has for every season since that time put in two or three hours each day, and sometimes far into the night, with his rod, besides sleeping within two rods of the water's edge, and suffers no ill consequences from the exposure, unless he forgets the muriate and salol, which is on an average of once a year, and at that he has never lost a day's work that may be charged to malaria, since he found this remedy.

It is not meant to convey the impression that quinine forms a part of the regular diet of Washington anglers, but that, as nearly everywhere in the United States, it is a remedy almost as standard and popular as the *spir. fru.* with which it is usually taken. When one recalls that half the deaths in this great world are credited to malaria; that we use one-third of the quinine of the world, and that last year we imported above a billion and a half grains, it will be seen that our fishermen only get in line with the rest of the country when they pin their faith as a chill cure to the bitter bark. HENRY TALBOTT.

Carp Cookery.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Talbott is all right in his defense of the carp. The carp is all right if properly cooked. The way to cook him all right is told by Isaak Walton. Give heed:

"But, first, I will tell you how to make this carp that is so curious to be caught, so curious a dish of meat, and will make him worth all your labor and patience; and though it is not without some trouble and charges, yet it will recompense both.

"Take a carp, alive if possible, scour him, and rub him clean with water and salt, but scale him not; then open him, and put him, with his blood and his liver, which you must save when you open him, into a small pot or kettle; then take sweet marjoram, thyme and parsley, of each half a handful, a sprig of rosmary, and another of savory, bind them into two or three small bundles, and put them to your carp, with four or five whole onions, twenty pickled oysters, and three anchovies. Then pour upon your carp as much claret wine as will only cover him, and season your claret well with salt, cloves and mace, and the rinds of oranges and lemons; that done, cover your pot and set it on a quick fire, till it be sufficiently boiled; then take out the carp, and lay it with the broth in the dish, and pour upon it a quarter of a pound of the best fresh butter, melted and beaten with half a dozen spoonfuls of the broth, the yolks of two or three eggs, and some of the herbs shred; garnish your dish with lemons, and so serve it up, and much good do you." POLYCARP.

The Rangeley Lake Screen.

BOSTON, Sept. 16.—The newly organized Rangeley Angling Association gave a dinner in honor of the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners, at Rangeley, on Monday. Messrs. Carleton, Stanley and Oak were present. The primary object of the meeting seems to have been a hearing before the Commissioners in regard to screening the outlet of Rangeley Lake, to prevent the fish from going down into the other lakes of the chain. It will be remembered that Rangeley Lake is the uppermost of the five larger lakes of the Rangeley system. For a long time most of the restocking, with trout and salmon, done by the State, through the Commissioners, has been in Rangeley Lake. The Commmissioners have repeatedly stated that they put the fry into Rangeley Lake on the theory that the mature fish would distribute themselves in the lakes below. Under the same theory there is a law of the State requiring fishways at every dam. The law of fish migration, so far as understood, is that the parent fish seek the uppermost waters to breed, and that the young go down as they grow. Rangeley Lake interests have for a long time been jealous because of the fact, or possibility, that the lakes below were getting some of their fish; that is, fish hatched by their individual association as put in by the State. Hence comes the petition to the Commmissioners for the screen and the hearing. Report says: "There being no opposition, the Commissioners grant the request of the petitioners."

"There being no opposition!" A gentleman interested in the lakes below says that he knew nothing about the hearing, and he is ready to guarantee that others knew nothing about it. The president of the dinner occasion, after the Commisioners had reported their decision, said that $1,000 ought to be raised then and there to pay for that screen; and about $500 was actually raised.

SPECIAL.

The First California Salmon Caught in the St. Lawrence River.

CAPE VINCENT, N. Y., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first full-grown California salmon ever known to have been taken in the upper St. Lawrence was caught by Mr. Arthur C. Gardner, of Cape Vincent, N. Y., yesterday afternoon, Sept. 10. The fish was caught trolling with a common pickerel spoon bait, not far from the freight house of the R., W. & O. R. R. at Cape Vincent village. It weighed 10¼lbs., and measured 27in. in length and 16⅝in. around the body. Its stomach was full, containing a fish of the shad family 8in. long, and two minnows, which were too much decomposed to be identified. The fish was in prime condition and appeared to be in perfect health. It was a very handsome specimen.

The United States Fish Commission has planted California salmon in very considerable numbers along the Atlantic coast in the vicinity of the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and has also planted several millions in Lake Ontario. It is consequently a question, and a very interesting one, whether the individual just caught came up the St. Lawrence from the ocean or came down from Lake Ontario.

It is an established fact that the stomach of the California salmon begins to shrink when the fish leaves the salt water on its way up the fresh-water rivers to deposit its spawn, and soon becomes incapable of receiving food. No California salmon that had been to the ocean was ever found 300 miles above tide water, as this fish was, with any food of any size in its stomach, or with its stomach in normal condition. The fact then that the stomach of this fish of Mr. Gardner's was in normal condition and full of food seems to indicate that it came from Lake Ontario and not from the ocean.

The village of Cape Vincent is situated at the head of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, where the waters of Lake Ontario, narrowing at this point, form the St. Lawrence River.

The scientific name of the California salmon is *Oncorhinchus tshawytscha.* LIVINGSTON STONE.

Carp in California.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the above heading is a note in the Sept. 9 issue of FOREST AND STREAM that does great injustice to the California fishery authorities and conveys an entirely erroneous idea regarding the carp. Your correspondent says: "The most successful effort at propagation yet noticeable in the State has been the supplying of the Sacramento River with carp and catfish. * * * The carp are good for hog feed and fertilization, but other fish have other various virtues that most people would prefer."

The efforts of the California Fish Commission to increase the fishery resources of the State by the introduction of non-native species have not been equaled by those of any other commission. Why should your correspondent mention only the carp and the catfish as the principal acclimatized fishes, ignoring the phenomenal success which has attended the introduction of the black basses, various trouts, the striped bass, the shad and other fishes?

With regard to the food value of the carp, there are few fish that are not "good for hog feed"; but the implication that carp are fit only for such purpose is wholly imaginary. As is well known, the carp is one of the most extensively eaten fishes in the United States, the annual sales being upward of 5,000,000lbs. In California the carp is not in much favor as a food fish, but the catch for market in the past decade has been over 1,000,000lbs., with a value to the fishermen of more than $20,000. The sales in San Francisco alone during that period were over 500,000lbs., according to official reports. Perhaps the chief value of the carp in California is that it is the principal, and at times the exclusive food of the introduced striped bass, which is as abundant in the Sacremento basin as in any locality on the Atlantic coast.

S. M. H.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. F. L. Wright sends us from Geneva, O., a photograph showing the result of one day's hunt in Hartsgrove, O., by which they shot forty squirrels.

The Old Home Haunts.

THERE'S a sound that rings in my ears to-day,
That echoes in vague refrain,
The ripple of water o'er smooth washed clay
Where the wall-eyed pike and the black bass play,
That makes me yearn, in a quiet way,
For my old fly-rod again.

Back to the old home haunts again,
Back where the clear lake lies;
Back through the woods
Where the blackbird broods,
Back to my rod and flies.

I'm longing to paddle the boat to-day,
Throught water-logged grass and reeds;
Where the muskrat swims and the cat-tails sway.
Where the air is cool and the mist is gray;
Where ripples dance in the same old way,
Under the tangled weeds.

Back on the old oak log again,
Back by the crystal brook;
Back to the bait
And the silent wait,
Back to my line and hook.

I wish I could wade by the water's edge,
Where the fallen leaves drift by;
Just to see, in the shadow of the ledge,
How dark forms glide, like a woodman's wedge,
Through driftwood piles and the coarse marsh sedge,
And to hear the bittern cry.

Back where the tadpoles shift and sink,
Back where the bullfrogs sob;
Back just to float
In the leaky boat,
Back to my dripping bob.

Oh, it's just like this on each misty day,
It's always the same old pain
That struggles and pulls in the same old way
To carry me off for a little stay
By the waters' edge, in sticky clay,
To fish in the falling rain.

Back to my long black rubber boots,
Back to the old patched coat;
Back to my rod
And the breath of God—
Home—and my leaky boat.

—F. Colburn Clarke in Scribner's.

Tarpon and Shark.

J. Morris and Loren Hill (guide) had a peculiar experience with a tarpon and an immense shark near Punta Gorda. While they were playing a very large tarpon a shark came up and bit a half-moon weighing about 10lbs. out of the tarpon's belly. This killed the tarpon, but before it could be gaffed and pulled in the shark took out another half-moon a size larger. As they were hauling the tarpon aboard the shark bit off the tail, equaling one-third the length and about one-fourth the weight of the fish. The part that was left weighed 164lbs. They beat the shark over the head with the oars. The fish would have been a record breaker, and would have weighed about 220lbs. The scales were preserved and measured 3½in. by 4½in.—Savannah News.

Parasites in Fish.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have fished more or less summers in New Hampshire lakes, and have found a large per cent. of black bass taken weighing 1lb. or more infested by tape worms. It has spoiled my appetite for black bass, though some people eat the afflicted fish just the same. I should be glad to know if this is something common to the fish or peculiar to the locality; if such fish are a safe article of food, and if there is not danger in drinking the water of the lakes where they live.

R. D. M.

New Hampshire's Dry Brooks.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.—Sept. 12.—Lovely autumn weather up here, but the country completely "dried up." The trout have suffered severely. There will be few left in some of the brooks.

VON W.

NOTICE.

THE New York Clearing House has adopted new regulations governing the collection of checks and drafts on banks outside of the city. This entails a collection expense on those who receive such checks. Our patrons are requested, therefore, in making their remittances to send postal or express money order, postage stamps, or check or draft on a New York city bank or other New York current funds.

A 6ft. alligator crawled out of the little lake at the south end of Central Park, New York, Thursday, and badly frightened the women and children in the vicinity, some of whom imagined that it was a sea serpent. They were reassured, however, by one of the attendants, who explained that it was only a pet alligator, which somebody had gotten tired of and had surreptitiously slipped into the lake as the best means of getting rid of it. Every effort to catch the 'gator when it comes out of the lake for a promenade has proved a failure, and the Central Park authorities now propose to go 'fishing for it. Giving inconvenient and undesirable "pets" to city parks is a favorite method of disposing of animals that have become "elephants" on the hands of the owners. But the keepers and guardians of municipal menageries have long since cut their eye teeth with regard to such matters and have learned to beware these Grecks bringing gifts. How the owner of the New York 'gator managed to smuggle his 6ft. pet into Central Park lake without detection it is difficult to understand, unless he paid some of the attendants handsomely for the privilege.—Baltimore Sun.

A former Sultan—so runs the story—offered a golden ball for lying. Many lied to him, but the Sultan replied that he could himself lie better. Finally an aged man from Angora appeared before him with a large jar on his shoulders. "Your father," he said, "borrowed a jar like this full of gold from my father, and said that you would repay the gold to his son." "Impossible," said the Sultan. "If the story be true," replied the pilgrim, "pay your father's debt; if impossible, I have won the golden ball." The Sultan at once awarded him the prize.—London Truth.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 19-21.—Rutland, Vt.—Vermont Kennel Club's inaugural show.
Oct. 2-6.—Dallas, Tex.—Texas Kennel Club's second annual bench show. Sydney Smith, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-6.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's eighteenth annual show. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-13.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island State Fair Association. E. M. Oldham, Supt.
Nov. 15-18.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show. Marcel A. Viti, Sec'y.
Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—National Beagle Club's tenth annual trials. G. Mifflin Wharton, Sec'y.
Oct. 25.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut field trials. John E. Bassett, Sec'y, New Haven.
Oct. 31.—Greene Co., Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's fifth annual field trial. A. C. Peterson Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Washington C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Nov. 8-9.—Lakeview, Mich.—Michigan Field Trials Association's second annual trials. E. Rice, Sec'y.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's first annual trials. George D. Maxfield, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 14-17.—Carmichaels, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's fourth annual trials. J. W. Simpson, Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.
Nov. 21.—Lawrenceville, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.— ——, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Manitoba Field Trials Club's Trials

As has been the case at nearly every trial held at Morris, Man., birds were plentiful, although there was much less available land, the encroachments or agriculture resulting in larger and larger areas of wheat field where once was open prairie and good chicken ground.

Handlers and dogs had ample time to rest and prepare for the contest, there bing a good interval of time since the trials at La Salle were concluded.

The dogs were given good opportunities for competition, birds being plentiful enough for that purpose. The grass was very heavy in places, which added to the labor of the dog's work and also made a difficulty for the judges, as in the heavy grass the dogs were hard to see; but the sections where the cover was less heavy were kept to as much as possible.

Among the visitors was Mr. James L. Breese, of New York, who years ago was an active member of the Eastern Field Trials Club. There were also Major J. M. Taylor, of New York; C. E. Buckle, of Charlottesville, Va.; S. C. Bradley, of Greenfield Hill, Conn.; J. M. Avent and D. E. Rose, of Tennessee; A. S. Code, A. C. Reed, E. Hamber, W. C. Lee, J. Lemon and W. C. Denison, of Winnipeg; J. Wootten and W. C. Ellis of Manitou, Man.; E. H. White, W. S. Cottingham and Miss Blanche Cottingham, of Brandon, Man., and Mr. Flynn, of San Francisco.

The judging was done by Mr. W. W. Titus, of West Point, Miss., who has had much experience in the matters of field trials, and he gave gratifying satisfaction to the competitors.

The Derby.

There was a good support in the way of entries, and consequently there was a good trial. The Derby had twelve starters, the All-Age had twenty-one. The quality of the dogs was also of a good grade.

The Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. pointer dog Mahdi (Tippoo—Queen of Kent), C. E. Buckle, handler, with E. H. White's b., w. and ticked English setter bitch Manitoba Prairie Bird (Brighton Monk—Manitoba Belle), Wm. Pickering, handler.

John Wootton's b. and w. English setter dog Star Bondhu (Dick Bondhu II.—Bonnie Lit), owner, handler, with D. E. Rose's (agt.) l. and w. pointer dog Brant (Von Gull—Baby Ruth), D. E. Rose, handler.

W. Gould Brokaw's l. and w. pointer dog Fairview Tom (Sir Walter— Van's Pride), R. Storey, handler, with the Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. pointer dog Dervish (Tippoo—Queen of Kent), C. E. Buckle, handler.

W. Gould Brokaw's b. and w. English setter bitch Misfortune (———Queen), R. Storey, handler, with Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. English setter bitch Sioux (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Prynne), J. M. Avent, handler.

Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. English setter bitch Ute (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Prynne), J. M. Avent, handler, with D. E. Rose's (agt) b., w. and t. English setter bitch Minnie W. (Dude B.—Miss Bessie), D. E. Rose, handler.

D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. English setter Bona (Tony Boy—Christina), D. E. Rose, handler, with Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. English setter dog Victor (Val Lit—Maid of the Moon), J. M. Avent, handler.

First Round.

Mahdi and Manitoba Prairie Bird began the competition, commencing at 7:35 in the morning. The range of both was irregular and lacking in methodical judgment. They worked well to the gun, however, and both had good speed. Bird first made a point and nothing could be found to it. Sent on, she made a finished piece of work on a covey, locating and pointing it steadily and behaving well to wing. Mahdi made a bad showing on birds, first flushing a covey and then several singles, with an inclination toward unsteadiness.

Star Bondhu and Brant came next. They were cast off at 8:16. Each flushed a part of a bevy as a starter. They were narrow rangers and showed poor judgment in beating out their ground. Brant was steadying to a point

when the chicken flushed wild. Bondhu made a good point, but marred it with a chase when the bird was flushed, and her next effort was a false point. The heat was rather inferior in every respect.

Fairview Tom and Dervish were cast off at 8:52. Tom made a flush which was his worst error of the heat. Dervish made a very inferior competition, ranging poorly, flushing and being unsteady, though he did make one point. Tom ranged wide and at good speed, covering his ground well and doing good bird work. He made a good point on a covey, and afterward pointed a number of single birds well; always reliable to wing.

Misfortune and Sioux were cast off at 9:43 and ran about forty minutes. They were unfortunate in not finding any birds, though they worked diligently, ranging fast and wide, and with good judgment.

Ute and Minnie W. began at 10:29. Minnie made two flushes and a point and was reliable to wing. Ute refused to back and stole a point. Ute ranged fast and wide, while that of Minnie was very irregular.

Bona and Forest Hall Victor were started after lunch, at 3:47. Bona's work was very faulty. She flushed three times and false pointed three times. Victor made a good point, and displayed the better ability in locating, though in this particular his work was far from skillful. They ranged well and at good speed.

Second Round.

Fairview Tom and Sioux were cast off at 4:27. They were run about thirty-eight minutes. Sioux pointed and Tom backed for a moment, then moved on and no bird was found to the point. Next each made a flush and was steady to wing. Sioux next made a good find on a bevy, which he pointed well. Both ranged well in the beginning of the heat, but they narrowed down gradually to the fin-

Ute and Misfortune were cast off at 5:09. Misfortune soon made two good points; Ute backed to order. Misfortune next made a point on a single, followed by a point on a covey. Ute made a flush and a point, had the more speed, but there was not much difference in the area of ground covered, though Ute had the poorer judgment.

Minnie and Manitoba Prairie Bird were cast off at 5:40. Out of the many opportunities, Bird made one point and Minnie flushed repeatedly and inexcusably.

Third Round.

Sioux and Forest Hall Victor had good opportunities, but each started with a flush, and Victor made two chases. Sioux next made a false point. Working on further, Victor located and pointed the birds a few yards to one side, and birds flushed near to both dogs. The heat was lacking in steadiness to wing and good point work when there were good opportunities for it.

Misfortune and Bona were next, and the latter opened her competition with a flush and chase, and then she made two good points and was steady. Both made a point next and were steady. Neither worked up to their previous performance, going slow and showing a disposition to potter.

The judge announced the winners as follows: First, Sioux; second, Forest Hall Victor; third, Bona.

All-Age Stake.

Del Monte Kennels' o. and w. English setter bitch Minie's Girl (Antonio—Minnie T.), S. C. Bradley, handler, with Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. English setter dog Prime Minister (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryme), J. M. Avent, handler.

D. E. Rose's (agt.) l. and w. pointer dog Lad of Jingo (Jingo—Dot's Pearl), D. E. Rose, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' b., w. and t. English setter dog Sam T. (Luke Roy—Bettie B.).

G. O. Smith's b., w. and t. English setter dog D. Antonio (Dash Antonio—Imagination), Wm. Pickering, handler, with Thomas Johnson's b., w. and t. Engilsh setter bitch Nellie (Ponto—Bess), A. C. Reid, handler.

The Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' l. and w. pointer bitch Nana (Rip Rap—Toxic), C. E. Buckle, handler, with Hamber & Code's b. and w. pointer dog Bang III. (Rector—Dinah), E. Hamber, handler.

The Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b. and w. pointer bitch Ranee (Rip Rap—Toxic), C. E. Buckle, handler, with Del Monte Kennels' o. and w. English setter dog Gilt Edge (Count Gladstone IV.—Lillian Russell), S. C. Bradley, handler.

Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. English setter dog Topsy's Ranger (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler, with W. F. Ellis' b. and w. bitch Silver Lace (Val Lit—Cam Sing), owner, handler.

Thomas Johnson's b., w. and ticked pointer bitch Jubilee Princess (Rector—Dinah), A. C. Reid, handler, with W. F. Ellis' b. b. English setter bitch Maid of the Morn (Val Lit—Cam Sing), owner, handler.

Winnipeg Kennels' l. and w. English setter dog Duke's Rush (Duke of Manitoba—Cam Sing), owner, handler, with D. E. Rose's (agt.) l. and w. pointer dog Alex. C. (Glenbeigh—Saddlebags), D. E. Rose, handler.

Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. English setter dog Roysterer (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Prynne), J. M. Avent, handler, with D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. English setter bitch Pearl R. (San Gross—Donnasky), D. E. Rose, handler.

Avent & Duryea's b., w. and t. English setter bitch Rachel (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Prynne), J. M. Avent, handler, with John Wootton's b. and w. English setter bitch Bonnie Lit (Orlando—Lady Lit), owner, handler.

D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. English setter dog Lady's Count Gladstone (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), D. E. Rose, handler., a bye.

Prime Minister and Minnie's Girl made a very good competition. Ranging, pointing and speed were very good. They worked well to the gun and maintained their work from start to finish. They were cast off at 8 o'clock, and were run 45 minutes. The race between the two was very even, though Minister succeeded in finding the more coveys, and his point work was a bit more precise than was that of his competitor. The work of Girl was also of a very high order, and the brace made a most favorable impression on all who saw their work.

Lad of Jingo and Sam T. were cast off next; time 8:47. Sam started with a flush and seemed to be careless. Next they did some inaccurate work on birds. Sent on, Sam pointed a bevy and held his point most insistently after the birds had flown. Jingo was the better ranger. Sam's range was not conducted with the best of judgment.

D. Antonio and Nellie were diligent workers and seemed to have a pleasing amount of bird sense. While their speed and range were useful and well applied, they were not so dashing as were some of their competitors. Their performance on birds was good, both pointing and backing well, though D Antonio marred his work in one instance by flushing and chasing. Both worked pleasingly to the gun as a whole.

Nana and Bang III. ran a very superior heat as a whole, the former however, excelling in every particular, not only in respect to his competitor, but in some respects superior to the others in the stake. The heat lasted about forty-five minutes, and it was well sustained throughout. The work of Bang was of a high order. He ranged wide and fast, beat out his ground with judgment, and his work on birds had a precision and finish which were admirable. Nana in these respects was decidedly inferior. Her ranging was irregular and was conducted with far less judgment than was that of her competitor.

Ranee and Gilt Edge were the first brace after lunch, and they were cast off about 3 o'clock. The latter ranged well and was independent in her work. Ranee took matters easy at times and at times went out well. Each made a good point, and a flush was an error made by Ranee. Lace was very unsteady and unreliable. She flushed and chased on opportunity, and showed an intention to be unsteady, so far as actions could do so. Ranger's work on birds was commendably good. He showed that he was good at either finding or work on single birds. He did not finish strong in the way of ranging, while at the close Lace showed a disposition to work to the gun.

Jubilee Princess and Maid of the Morn made a good showing on birds. Maid found two coveys and did some work on single birds. Princess made a good exhibition on single birds. Both worked well to the gun.

Alex. C. and Duke's Rush were cast off at 5:45. The former was decidedly unsteady to wing, flushing and chasing repeatedly. Rush showed good purpose in working to the gun, though he was not so sharply accurate as were some of his competitors. Alex. made one point in the heat. They were ordered up at 6:49.

Royster and Paul R. were started at 6:44. The former took his ground with the better judgment and succeeded in finding the most birds. Both had good range and speed. Royster found a bevy. Each scored on singles, Royster the more. He was not steady at all times.

Sept. 8.—A rather late start was made, though the weather was favorable for the work. After a ride of a quarter of an hour from town the dogs were cast off.

Lady Rachel and Bonnie Lit were turned loose at 7:44. Lady made three good points and two flushes, while Lit made two points and two flushes. Lady was the better in pace, range and judgment in working her ground. Lit's work was mixed—good and bad.

Lady's Count Gladstone ran alone, he having been started while the brace mentioned above was running. His performance was considered sufficiently meritorious to warrant his retention in the second series.

Second Round.

Nine dogs were retained in this series.

Bang II. and Prime Minister were given a thorough trying out in an hour's hard run. The heat began at 8:01. In a second trial there is always a keen interest to observe whether a dog who has performed superlatively will continue his good work. A good performance may be a fluke or it may be a characteristic. Bang demonstrated that he is a class performer and maintained his good work of his first heat. His speed, judgment and range were very fine. He completely overshadowed Minister in the competition. The latter was near a bevy, which flushed, and the inference was that he flushed it. He made a false point, flushed a bevy up wind and made a good point on a bevy. Bang made a point on two coveys, and made two flushes on singles. Each was prompt and reliable on back.

Minnie's Girl and Royster were started at 9:42. The day was quite hot and the work was most distressing to the dogs at this hour. At the end of fifty-five minutes the heat ended and the work was suspended till later in the day—some time after 4 o'clock. Minnie made a point, nothing found; Royster backed well. The latter next made a false point and nothing was found. Both ranged wide and at good speed, seeking diligently.

Lady's Count Gladstone and Maid of the Morn were started at 4:20. Count was first to find. He found and pointed a bevy after taking a long cast, and was well backed. He next pointed a bevy which Morn had pointed and left, the latter chasing beyond control. The performance of Count was rather sound on the whole. Morn made a very poor showing.

Lady Rachel and Ranee were cast off at 5:02. They made a very poor showing in the way of ranging, neither displaying the judgment of the good seeker, though in this part of the work Ranee was much the better. Lady made a weak point and the birds were flushed by her handler after she had moved on.

Bonnie Lit had a trial alone. She made a flush and stopped to it in an indecisive manner, and her handler flushed some birds ahead of her. Her range and speed were very ordinary.

Third Round.

Minnie's Girl and Lady's Count Gladstone were cast off for the deciding heat at the evening hour after the sun had set. Girl made four good points on chickens. In the meantime, Bang was away with his handler in another direction, and though he was ranging well and fast, he found no birds. He sustained his effort to the end, while Girl fell off somewhat in range and speed.

The judge announced the winners as follows: First, Bang III.; second, Prime Minister; third, Minnie's Girl.

Notes.

The field trial men of Manitoba will make an effort to include Brandon sportsmen in the field trial interests, there being quite a number in that town and vicinity. It will be remembered that field trials were held there a few years ago. It is more of a foxhound fancy than of setters and pointers, though there are many there who are strong supporters of the dog and gun. To encourage the foxhound fancy, prizes will be offered in connection with the chicken trials, for contests of hounds in the hunting of wolves.

There was an abundance of chickens this year, the short season—Oct. 15 to Dec. 1—giving them ample opportunity to multiply and grow strong before the open season begins. The laws are better observed in game protection and there is a better public sentiment to support them in Manitoba than there is in the States. The rapid settlement of the land and the large areas taken up for agriculture will in time make a poor habitat for the chicken, and if he is not killed he will have to move on to places where he can better make a living.

The trainers will make a movement toward the States soon—that is to say, such of them as live therein will do so, and the next efforts will be directed toward preparing for the trials on quails, which are now next in order. Good work will be necessary to get the young dogs in proper shape for those trials, and unless the season is favorable it will not be possible at all.

There were not so many spectators at the trials as in some of the years past, though as a matter of course there must be years when the number will be less than the number which was present in some other years. As for the reasons of it, some would claim this thing, some that thing; but the reason is that it happened so.

Western Canada Kennel Club's Trials.

La Salle, Manitoba.—The weather was of the kind which is of the best for the work of dogs, though in the midday hours, from 11 o'clock to 3 o'clock or thereabouts in the afternoon, there was more or less of the heat, not uncomfortable, which is peculiar to the whole prairie region at this season of the year, and in these hours the chickens lie by and are much more difficult to find. Still birds were amply pletniful, and as to numbers were all that could be desired.

As is known, these trials are amateur, the conditions restricting entries to club members, and no professionals are allowed to handle in these trials. There were eight starters in the All-Age Stake and seven in the Derby.

There were present Messrs. F. McArthur, E. H. White, H. Rolston, J. Lemon, S. A. Ritchie, H. G. Spurgeon, A. Gale, E. Hamber, P. Cooper, W. Pickering, D. E. Rose, E. Colier, A. S. Code, F. W. Scott and others.

Mr. E. Hamber acted as judge in the Derby, while the office of judge was filled by Mr. D. E. Rose in respect to the All-Age Stake.

The Derby.

The drawing was as follows; all were handled by owners:

E. H. White's b. and w. ticked English setter bitch Manitoba Prairie Bird (Brighton Monk—Manitoba Belle), with F. W. Scott's b. and w. pointer bitch Zulika (Sport—Tannie).

H. Cooper's l. and w. pointer bitch Modern Jess (——Lulu), with J. Lemon's b. and w. pointer dog Piccolo (Ned—Belle).

Fred McArthur's b. and w. setter bitch Nellie (Larry—Angela), with C. C. Bradley's l. and w. pointer bitch Princess Bonnie (Shot—Tannie).

A. Gale's l. and w. pointer dog Tobe.

Zulika and Manitoba Prairie Bird began the trials at at 7:30. The former behaved very badly on game, first making a flush and afterward refusing to back Bird's good point, going by and stealing the point instead. Next Zulika made a flush when there was a good opportunity to point. The heat ended at the end of the half hour, Bird the better in every respect.

Morden Jess and Piccolo began their competition at 8:02 and were down thirty minutes. Piccolo made a good point and find, but in drawing closer she flushed. Jess disdained backing and was unsteady when the bird flushed. Piccolo made a good point next and Jess made some of a rather indecisive sort on birds. Jess had the better range, though that of Piccolo was not bad. There were abundant opportunities offered during the heat.

Nellie and Princess Bonnie were run thirty minutes and they made a very commonplace showing.

Tobe was started at 9:07. He flushed at such opportunities as he had and chased once. He ranged well, but his bird work was very poor.

All the dogs were taken in again except one.

Second Round.

Manitoba Prairie Bird and Piccolo started with less vim. The latter flushed; the former false pointed and was backed. Bird made a good find and point on a covey and behaved very nicely to wing. In range and speed neither worked up to the quality of their first heat.

Morden Jess and Zulika came next, the latter making a very poor showing. Jess made a good point on a single. She was far away the better of the two in the competition.

Tobe and Nellie made a very poor showing in the few minutes in which they ran, going very slow and close, without finding.

Third Round.

Manitoba Prairie Bird and Jess were started at 10:39. Bird did some good, steady work on birds, while her competitor was running with less merit than in the former heats.

The judge announced the winners as follows; First, Manitoba Prairie Bird; second, Morden Jess; third, Piccolo; owned respectively by Messrs. E. H. White, H. Cooper and J. Lemon.

All-Age Stake.

The entries were:

J. R. Waghorn's b. and w. pointer dog Go Bang, H. G. Spurgeon, handler, with Hamber and Code's b. and w. pointer dog MacHamber (Croxteth's Ned—Mamie), E. Hamber, handler.

C. W. Graham's b., w. and t. English setter dog Gladiator II. (Gladstone's Boy—Queen Novice), owner, handler, with A. Gale's l. and w. pointer dog Swift, owner, handler.

Hamber and Code's b. and w. pointer dog Bang III. (Rector—Dinah), E. Hamber, handler, with A. Gale's b. setter bitch Blackie, owner, handler.

. Lemon's b. and w. pointer dog Sport (Buster—Belle), owner, handler, with A. Gale's l. and w. pointer dog Prince Ightfield (King—Frankie Paul), owner, handler.

Go Bang and Mac Hamber ran till 2:31. Bang pointed

a single and next a covey, an outlying bird of which was pointed by Mac. Both dogs covered a great deal of ground at high speed, and were steady in their bird work. Their competition was of a good class.

Gladiator II. and Swift ran twenty minutes and were ordered up, their work being of a very low grade.

Bang III. and Blackie.—The former fairly smothered the latter in the quality and work of their heat. He found and pointed a bevy well, and was far superior in range, speed and good judgment in seeking.

Prince Ightfield and Sport.—The former was romping instead of hunting and made two flushes in his careless running about. Sport had a very sore foot on which was a cloth boot, and though he worked well, it was not up to the standard which he generally shows. He pointed a bevy and made two good points on single birds, and he sought diligently as well, on the whole making a very good showing.

Second Round.

There were five dogs in this series, and they were run in order as follows:

Bang III. and Go Bang.—The former fell off materially in the quality of his bird work, though he kept up his speed and range. He pointed a covey and was unsteady to wing; next he refused to back Bang's point on a covey, stealing the point when he should have backed; and next he flushed several birds and was unsteady to wing. Bang in the meantime made some excellent work on single birds, pointing them with admirable exactness and success.

Mac Hamber and Sport.—The latter succeeded in roading to a covey skillfully while his competitor drew away in another direction; next he flushed a single excusably. Mac next found and pointed a covey, and Sport made two points and two flushes. Mac was much the better on the work done.

Blackie was given a five minutes run, but showing that she had no chance to win, she was ordered up.

Third Round.

Mac Hamber and Bang III. were given a ten-minute spin, but there was nothing found. Both ranged well The heat and trials ended at 5:42.

The judge announced the winners as follows: First, Bang III.; second, Mac Hamber; equal third, Go Bang and Sport. The first two are owned by Messrs. Hamber and Code, J. R. Mayhew owns Bang, and Sport is owned by Mr. J. Lemon.

Notes.

To the winner of the Derby there was an elegant extra prize—a silver cup—donated by Mr. John Wootten, who has been enthusiastic in field trial matters these many years. Mr. W. H. White, of Brandon, Man., was the winner, with his good performer Manitoba Prairie Bird. He was the recipient of many hearty congrautlations. Mr. Code, of Winnipeg, was the fortunate winner of the All-Age special, a collar called the chain of evidence, the links of which are silver and so made that the winner of each year may have his name inscribed thereon, the winner now holding it but one year unless he can win it again.

There was a lot of good fellowship at these trials, and they deserve the most liberal support from sportsmen.

Canadian Kennel Club.

Secretary Donovan's annual report, read at the meeting Sept. 6, shows the club to be in a flourishing condition, with increased membership and full of influence. The officers for the new year are: Patron, Mr. William Hendry; Hon. President, Mr. Richard Gibson; President, Mr. John G. Kent, Toronto; First Vice-President, Dr. J. S. Niven, London. Vice-Presidents, Mr. F. T. Miller, Trenton, Ont.; Mr. Jos. A. Laurin, Montreal; Mr. E. R. Colier, Winnipeg; Rev. J. W. Flinton, Victoria, B. C. Secretary-Treasurer, H. B. Donovan, Toronto. Executive Committee, Dr. Wesley Mills, Montreal; P. G. Keyes, Ottawa; H. P. Thomas, Belleville; Geo. H. Gooderham, W. P. Fraser, A. A. Macdonald, Dr. A. Boultbee, F. W. Jacobi, Toronto; James Bertram, Dundas; C. W. Ford, Kingston; Rev. Thos. Geoghegan, Hamilton; Dr. H. Wallwin, Barrie. Delegate from Gore Kennel Club, Hamilton, F. C. Mills.

Eastern Field Trials Club.

Greenfield Hill, Conn., May 1.—The Eastern Field Trials Club takes pleasure in announcing the twenty-first annual field trials meeting, to be held at the club grounds, Newton, N. C.

Beginning with the Members' Stake on November 17, 1899, followed by the Derby, All-Age and Subscription stakes, open to the world.

The club will use every available endeavor to leave upon the the minds of all in attendance a pleasant remembrance of this meeting which the Club desires to make one of the most interesting outings of the season.

Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y and Treas.

Points and Flushes.

The Eastern Field Trials Club announces in our business columns its twenty-first annual field trials, to be held at Newton, N. C., commencing Friday, Nov. 17, with the Members' Stake, and with the open trials on Monday, Nov. 20. There are four stakes—the Members' Stake, the Derby, the All Age Setter and Pointer Stake and the Eastern Subscription Stake. The judges are Messrs. Arthur Merriman, Memphis; Theo Sturges, New York, and N. Wallace, Farmington, Conn. Entries of All Age Stake close Oct. 1.

It is a mistake to suppose that crabs will not eat offal. They are the scavengers of the deep. They will eat any kind of flesh. A dead body will fatten a hundred crabs. They are baited with putrid tripe. They will eat all summer, except when shedding or soft. The hard crab never sleeps, but always eats. Their claws may be called hands, but it is the sole business of these hands to convey food to the mouth when not in use for defensive purposes. Crabs will eat each other if confined in a peterboat in the water. It is wonderful how much they do eat, and a mystery what they do with it. Put a ½lb. crab in a livebox with an alewife in the evening and in the morning it will be found that the crab has eaten the fish, and it is still a ½lb. crab, plus possibly an ounce.—Baltimore Sun.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

SEPTEMBER.

23. Corinthian, Phila., knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.
23. Riverside, fall regatta, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
24. Williamsburgh, annual fall regatta, Bowery Bay, L. I. Sound.
27. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
30. Corinthian, knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.

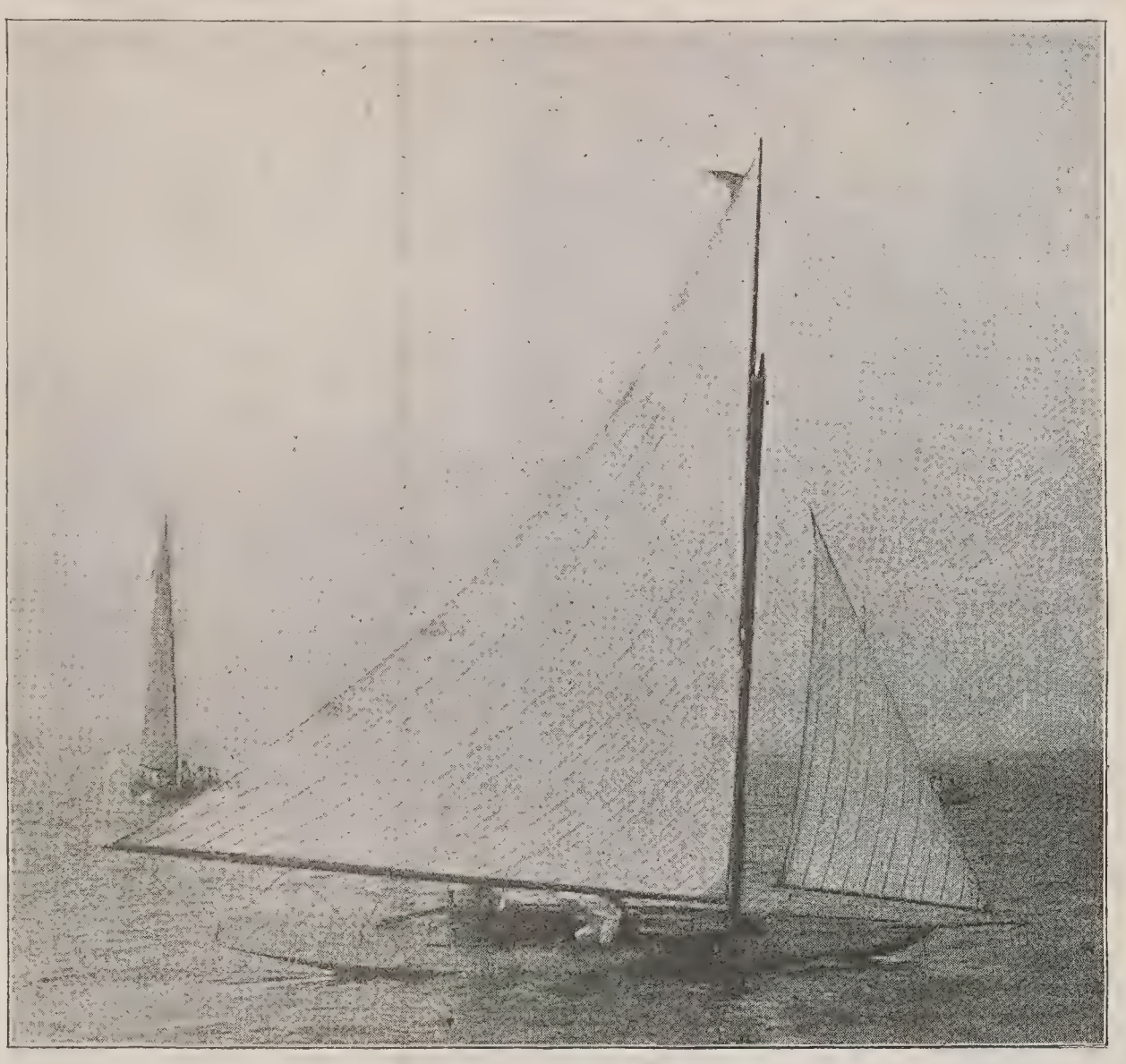
OCTOBER.

3-6-7. New York, America Cup matches, Sandy Hook.

Glencairn I.

In the development of the modern light displacement racing yacht that has come into such general use within the past three years, there are three very different boats that are of special interest—Sorceress, Question and Glencairn I. The first of these, designed by Mr. Linton Hope in 1894, and raced with such marked success in England, demonstrated the speed of the light displacement type in a new form, with the modern long ends. The second, designed by Mr. L. D. Huntington in 1895, and exceptionally fast under certain conditions, served to call attention to a new method of evading the waterline measurement. The third, designed by Mr. G. H. Duggan in 1896, as the representative of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. in its races for the Seawanhaka cup, represents the complete development and perfection of an entirely new principle in designing, both in the method of working and the end to be attained.

When the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. issued its challenge for the cup in October of 1895, after the successful defense of the cup by Ethelwynn against Spruce IIII., the club had in its fleet nothing in the shape of a modern 15-footer or half-rater. The racing yachts of the club were mostly from 21 to 30ft. l.w.l., and the smallest class, 18ft. R.L., was made up of skiffs, catboats and an odd lot of small craft, none of which were in any way available for the development of a 15ft. class. It was necessary to start at the bottom and to build up an entirely new class, which was done very successfully, sixteen new yachts taking part in the many races of the class throughout the season. Of this fleet seven yachts were designed by Mr. Duggan, in addition to two trial designs, which were not built from. The work of designing was begun very shortly after the challenge was accepted in October, and continued through the winter and up to the middle of May, Glencairn I. being the last of Mr. Duggan's boats.



GLENCAIRN I., 1896.

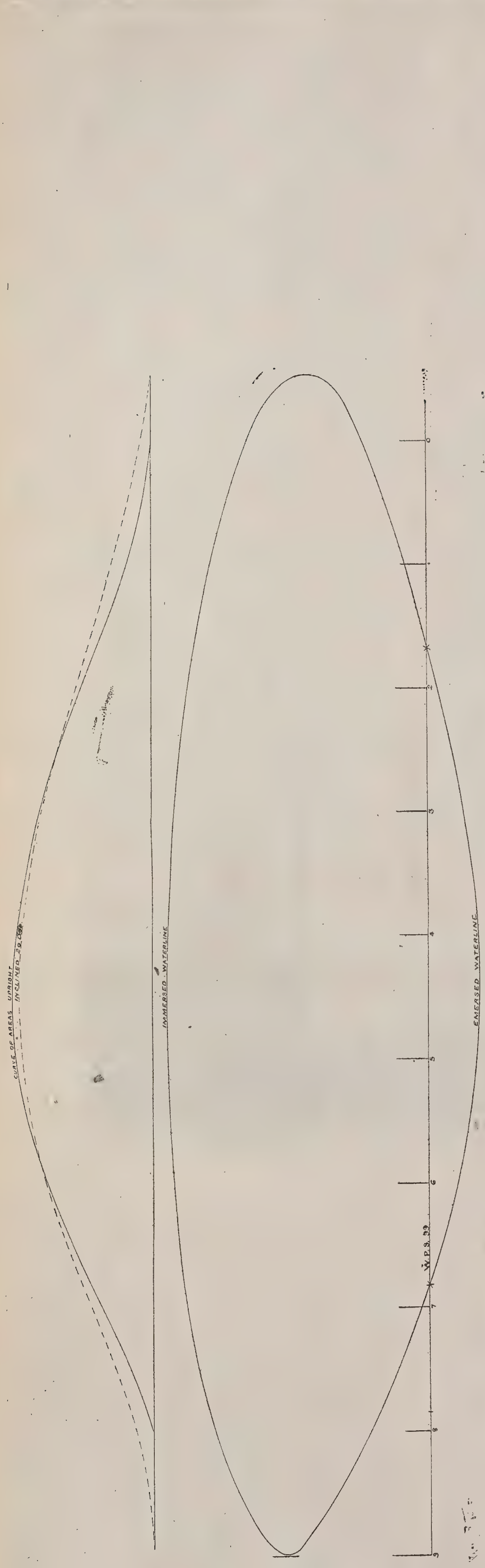
Ethelwynn, the head of the class in 1895, though of American design, was of the Sorceress type, with a waterline of nearly 15ft., a small sail plan and a very light bronze centerboard. Her midship section was of a flattened V shape, and her waterline, though comparatively full, ran to a point at the stem. In his first studies and designs Mr. Duggan started with this type of 15-footer, and some of his boats ran to a waterline of 14ft. 4in. His experience in various classes on Lake St. Louis had convinced him of the value of a large sail plan, and as the work of designing progressed, his efforts were more and more directed to the shortening of the L.W.L. as a means to an enlargement of the sail plan.

The performances of the 15-footer Question in some of the races during the season of 1895, when she showed exceptional speed in strong winds and rough water, had directed the attention of yachtsmen to her, and her peculiar form had been the subject of much discussion. It had been pointed out by different writers that while she measured but 15ft. or less when upright, she gained rapidly in effective length, as she was heeled to an extreme angle, with only the lower corner of her square form immersed, at the same time narrowing her beam and improving all of her immersed lines.

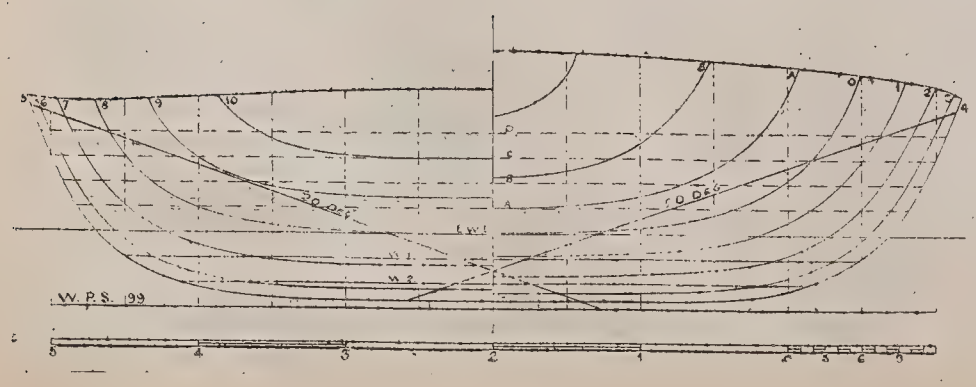
It was probably through this discussion that Mr. Duggan first saw his way to the shortening of the waterline as the yacht heeled, but whatever the source from which it was derived, this idea was soon developed into the leading principle of his designing work. In the earlier of the 15-footers the waterline was cut to little over 13ft., the sharp V at the stem being cut away. One change led to another, until in Sothis, designed for himself and Mr. Shearwood late in the winter, the extreme of but 12ft. 9in. was reached. The form by this time had changed from the saucer or flat V section to a perfectly flat floor with flaring sides, joined to it by hard bilges, the level lines above and below water being hard and blunt, but the inclined lines at an extreme angle of heel being very long and easy.

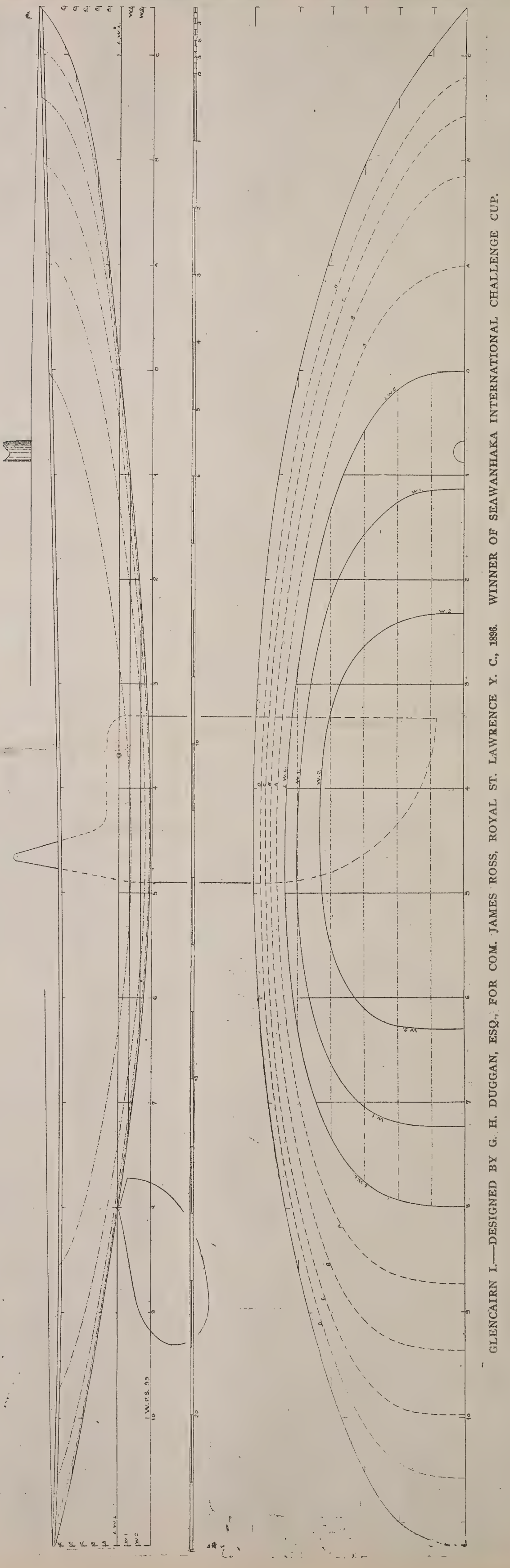
In spite of her extreme form, short waterline and large sail plan, 280 sq. ft., Sothis was satisfactory to her designer from the time of her trial trip early in the spring, and the first races showed her to be easily the best of the entire fleet. Her purely experimental features proved so successful that Mr. Duggan was tempted tho carry them to a further extreme in another design, at the same time correcting two faults disclosed in the first trial sails, a lack of freeboard and a very large cockpit. The new boat, ordered by Com. James Ross and named by him after a ship built by his father, in which he at one time sailed, was designed in the middle of May and built under Mr. Duggan's personal supervision at the Dominion Bridge Company's works, Lachine, by men sent from Toronto by the builder, Harry F. Hodgson, who had already built Sothis, Anita, Mischief and Otowynn. Prior to the designing of Sothis, the first vague ideas had been expanded and developed into an entirely new principle of designing, which has since been followed by Mr. Duggan, reaching its legitimate conclusion in the noted Dominion of 1898, illustrated in the Forest and Stream of Oct. 1, 8 and 15 of that year. In designing by this system the end in view is the production of a yacht with a very short waterline, as measured in the upright position at anchor, but with an excessively long waterline when heeled either by her sails or by the weight of crew to leeward. As a means to this end, at the outset, the upright position of the vessel is entirely disregarded and she is assumed to be heeled to an extreme angle, not less than 20 degrees. The immersed portion of the hull when in this position, practically one-half of the vessel from keel to gunwale, is treated as a whole, without reference to the other half, its load waterline (the ordinary immersed and emersed waterlines as usually plotted when a design is nearly completed) is plotted as soon as the sections are sketched in, and changes are made until this waterline is as long as possible for a given measurement in the upright position, as narrow, and as nearly symmetrical as it can be made. While in the earlier boats the lengthening of the inclined waterline and the symmetrizing of the two sides had been merely incidental, in the later, and especially in Glencairn I., the whole design was dominated by them. The waterline in measuring trim was cut to an extreme point, the bilge was hardened amidships and carried as far fore and aft as possible to obtain a long, narrow canoe hull of adequate displacement. In the upright position the length of the L.W.L. was 12ft. 6in., and the breadth on the L.W.L. was 5ft. 5in.; in the inclined position the length was 15ft., and the beam but 4ft. By means of different auxiliary lines not shown in the design, the immersed half of the hull was faired up and the areas of sections made to conform to the theoretic curve; in fact all the operations to which the hull in the upright position is usually subjected were carried out first on the inclined half. After this half-hull was designed the lines were completed by duplicating it on the other side and drawing in the overhangs in harmony with the other portions.

The consideration of the hull in the upright position, the starting point of a design according to the old method, came in last of all, being of little importance, as



IMMERSED AND EMERSED WATERLINES AT INCLINATION OF 20 DEGREES. CURVES OF AREAS OF SECTIONS FOR UPRIGHT AND INCLINED POSITIONS.





GLENCAIRN I.—DESIGNED BY G. H. DUGGAN, ESQ., FOR COM. JAMES ROSS, ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE Y. C., 1896. WINNER OF SEAWANHAKA INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP.



GLENCAIRN I.—SAIL PLAN.

the boat was intended to be heeled artificially by her crew to leeward in light winds; being nearly vertical only when under spinaker. As shown, the curve of areas was plotted, for both inclined and upright positions; the altered form of the displacement showing the gain in length and the easing and fining of the form through heeling.

When tried against the home fleet on June 17, 1896, Glencairn won very easily in a light air, as she did in several subsequent races, and in the many informal trials made day after day she proved the best of the class. She was not quite as fast as Sothis in light airs, and some of the class could beat her in a hard blow, but her whole racing record proves her to be a good all-round boat, and a most successful compromise between the two extremes. While she was primarily designed for light to moderate weather, as found in July and August both at Oyster Bay and on Lake St. Louis, with an extremely short waterline and large sail plan she was given generous topsides and good ends for hard weather. The leading feature of the scow type, the gain of effective length by excessive heeling, was carried to a greater extent in her than in the true scows; but unlike the scows, she had good freeboard and the general form of a yacht instead of a box.

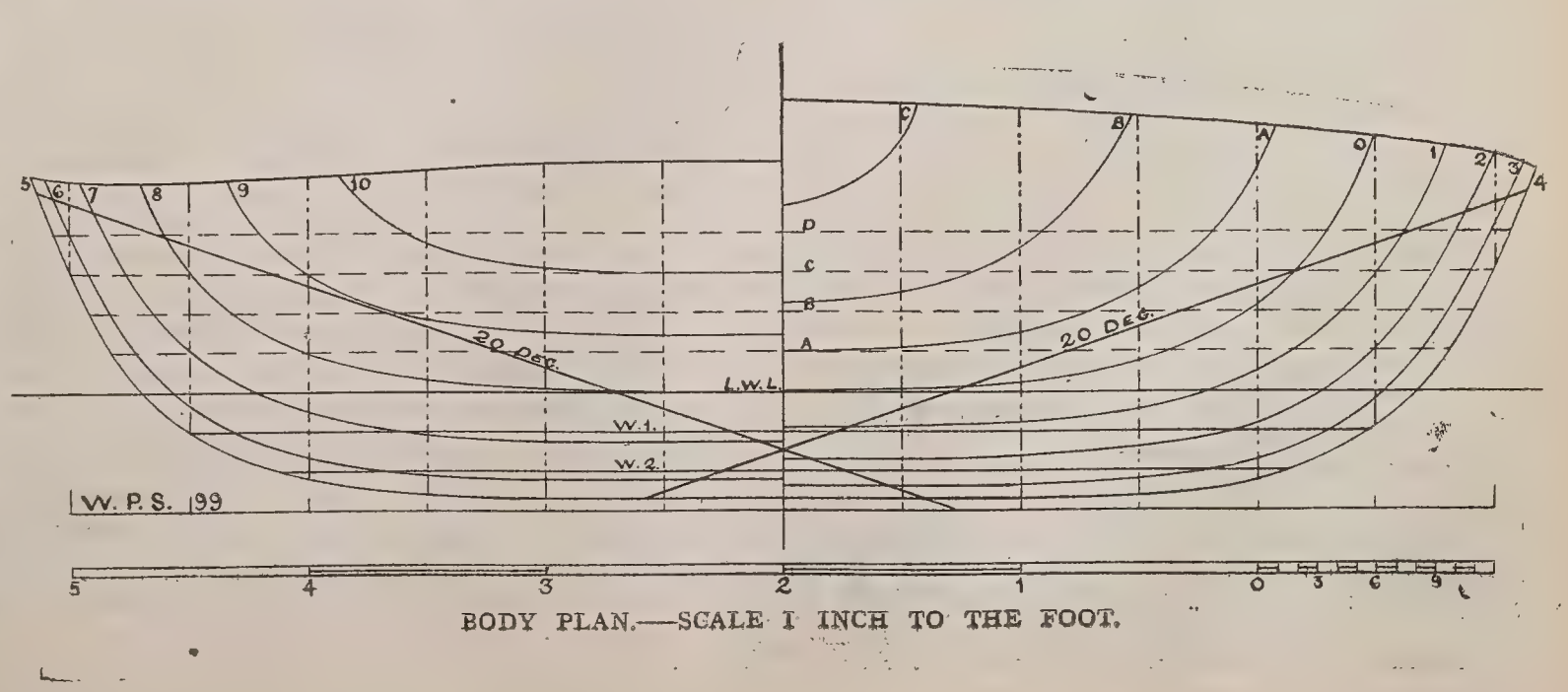
After demonstrating her superiority to the others of the home fleet, Glencairn was shipped to New York early in July, Mr. Duggan and Mr. F. P. Shearwood accompanying her, and after refitting and a week of trial sailing outside Oyster Bay, she was ready for the cup races. The defending yacht, El Heirie, illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 22 and Sept. 26, 1896, designed by Mr. C. H. Crane, the winner of a trial fleet of twenty-seven yachts, was even more closely allied to the scow type than Glencairn, with the narrow beam and very low freeboard of the type as then developed on Long Island Sound. She was, however, much longer on the waterline and carried a smaller rig than Glencairn. In the trial races she had demonstrated her superiority to the rest of the big fleet, though the fin-keel Riverside pushed her close in extremely light weather. El Heirie was very fast in the strongest winds of the week, and defeated the best heavy weather boat of the fleet, Paprika.

The first race, on July 13, was sailed in light to moderate winds, with smooth water, with a squall in the latter part, which compelled Glencairn to take in and afterward shake out two reefs, a maneuver quickly executed. The course was three miles to leeward and return, and at the end of the first round Glencairn led by 6m. 55s. At the second turn of the lee mark she led by 9m. 6s., and as the wind fell after the squall, leaving El Heirie becalmed, Glencairn finally won by 47m. 11s. On the next day, over the triangular course, and in light to moderate winds, Glencairn again won by 6m. 22s. On the third day both started under single reefs in a fresh west wind to leeward, shaking out the reefs on the first windward leg as the breeze fell. Glencairn had a lead of over 6m. at the end of the first round, but lost 2m. on the second run. However, she finally won by 5m. 50s., taking the cup.

In the following year the 15ft. class was superseded by the 20ft., in which Glencairn II., Dominion and Glencairn III. have defeated successively Momo, Challenger and Constance, retaining the cup at Montreal. The three later Duggan boats have been merely variations of Glencairn I., designed in the same manner. Glencairn II. was the fastest of a fleet of 20-footers designed by Mr. Duggan in 1897, practically enlargements of Glencairn I. with the form perfected; in particular, the bilge was hardened and emphasized as it was carried into the overhangs, so as to further lengthen the inclined waterline. Many minor variations of form and dimensions were tried in Rogue, Islander, Avoca, Glenowen and Glencairn II., the latter being about the average and the fastest all-round boat.

In Dominion, the defender of last year, the new principle of design was carried to a further extreme, the middle portion of the bottom being entirely cut away, so as to greatly improve the form of the immersed bilge, which was of sufficient displacement to float the vessel without aid from the other half.

In Glencairn III. a return has been made to the less extreme form with a flat floor, as certain objections were made to Dominion. In her the inclined waterlines are more symmetrical, and the form of the immersed bilge more perfect than in any of the previous boats, except Dominion, but the bilge has been softened, to gain speed in very light weather, and she lacks the all-round qualities of her older sisters. At the same time she is to the eye less like a yacht and more like the up-to-date scow or raft than



BODY PLAN.—SCALE 1 INCH TO THE FOOT.

any other Duggan boat. The dimensions of Glencairn I. are as follows:

	Glencairn.	El Heirie.	Ethelwynn.
Length—			
Over all	22ft. 11½in.	23ft. in.	23ft. 4 in.
L.W.L	12ft. 6 in.	15ft.	15ft.
Overhang—			
Bow	5ft. 5 in.	4ft. 9 in.	3ft. 10 in.
Stern	5ft. ½in.	3ft. 3 in.	4ft. 6 in.
Beam—			
Extreme	6ft. 4 in.	5ft. 6 in.	6ft.
L.W.L.	5ft. 5 in.	5ft. 9½in.	4ft. 9½in.
Inclined	1ft.	3ft.	4ft. 3 in.
Draft	5½in.	5¼in.	8 in.
Freeboard—			
Bow	1ft. 3 in.	8¾in.	1ft. 5 in.
Least	10½in.	8¾in.	10 in.
Counter	1ft.	8¾in.	11½in.
Displacement	975lbs	987lbs.	1022lbs.
Sail area—			
Mainsail	246sq.ft.	217sq.ft.	169sq.ft.
Jib	52sq.ft.	35sq.ft.	30sq.ft.
Total	298sq.ft.	252sq.ft.	199sq.ft.
Mast—			
From stem at L.W.L.	1ft. 2½in.	3ft. 3 in.	4ft.
Deck to hounds	18ft. 4 in.	16ft. 6 in.	22ft.
Boom	20ft. 2 in.	18ft.	18ft.
Yard or gaff	15ft.	11ft. 6 in.	.....

Glencairn I. was fitted with a leg-o'-mutton sail with a gunter rig, a yard up and down the mast, with hand-reefing gear on the boom. El Heirie carried the ordinary gaff rig, and Ethelwynn had a plain leg-o'-mutton rig, the sail hoisting on the mast with no gaff. The construction will be illustrated next week.

Heroism of a Yachtsman.

THE following distressful experiences of William L. Brooks, of Stamford, Conn., a prominent member of the New York Y. C., who was at one time owner of the schooner Clytie, have been furnished the FOREST AND STREAM, through the good offices of Mr. Chas. Hallock, who was at one time his shipmate on a previous voyage of a less trying character. Mr. Brooks is an athlete, and almost a giant in stature, a lifelong sailor, in the prime of life, and at all times resourceful in emergencies; which endowments combined could alone have saved any mortal under like circumstances. Hardly a worse place for such a happening could have been found on the Atlantic coast than the Race, or Gut, at the eastern end of Long Island Sound. Mr. Brooks' innate modesty would have prevented him from exploiting his achievement, but it is so wonderful as to be well worthy of publication. The disaster occurred on Aug. 9, and the letter, written to an intimate friend, was dated at:

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 21.—My Dear Old Chum: At last I get an opportunity to write you. I received your telegram at New London and almost turned back, but concluded to go on, and that P. M. got my little boat (a 14ft. craft with sail) out at the island and had the pleasure of catching twenty-one fine bluefish, getting in shortly after dark. I found the family delightful as usual. Com. Smith came along on his large schooner Viking, and he insisted on taking me on the cruise of the New York Y. C. with him, and I concluded to go. We went fishing, and again made havoc among the fish. Next day, to New London and aboard the Corsair, Com. Morgan's boat; had the pleasure of renewing old times with many of the captains of the fleet. Tuesday, proceeded to Gardner's Bay, where I again took up my residence on Plum Island. Wednesday, getting off early in my little boat, I went out to see the start for Newport from a point six miles away in Gardner's Bay. A magnificent fleet were there, and all passed very close to me, I being rather proud of my little ship, and being hailed by my friends as boat after boat passed. After all had departed, I sailed over to Orient, where I had supper with some friends, and about 7 started for the lighthouse, getting my lines out on the way. Having caught three fish and getting close to the island, I commenced to take in my lines. Thinking it would be hard work getting through the Gut in the early morning, I concluded to leave the boat on the north side.

I found the rip rough and noisy, tide runnig very hard, and had some trouble to keep the little boat from turning round and round. Suddenly I heard a louder noise behind me, and looking to see what it was, saw the bow of a large steamer coming straight for me within 15 or 20ft., pushing a wall of water on each side of her bow. Without time to yell, I dove and swam down, way down, hoping she would go over me, and expecting each kick would hit her wheel and be my last. When I could stay down no longer I started up, but don't know anything more about it until I found myself with my hand down the centerboard trunk on the bottom of the boat. Resting there in the seaway, I soon felt able to put my finger down my throat and get rid of the salt water, then tried to get the mast out, but failed. I was not far from the eddy, and hoped to swim the boat in to shore and right her, but the tide running very strong, I soon saw I was drifting out into the Sound and had to content myself by simply resting one hand on the boat and making as little effort as possible. So hour after hour passed, I calling Help! help! at regular intervals, but there was no one near. At last I saw a schooner coming right for me, and called long and loud, but on she came right over me, and I had to dive again. Coming up, I called and called and could not find my boat, but seeing the loom of the schooner, swam after her. After a while I caught hold of a fish line, following which I soon touched the boat. Pretty well played out, I was glad to feel the mast and sail floating alongside.

By this time the tide had turned, and we were again approaching the Gut, and the rips, whirls, etc., could be plainly heard. Soon getting into them, trouble commenced again. At one moment her stern, where I was, would be sucked down, and she would roll over and over. Meanwhile, I would right her and sit in the stern holding onto the sides with both hands, using my legs to balance her. This contsant exertion was commencing to tell on me, and the water very cold and always up to my chin, made my teeth chatter, so as to spoil the clearness of my contsant calls. Some vessels came, I thought, near enough to hear me, but no one heard. Finally I went to sleep, waking in the water and soon in my old place in her stern. I think she must have turned completely over more than one hundred times, which, I suppose, was good in keeping up the circulation. At last, when I felt my chances were very small, I saw the lights of another schooner, seemingly coming straight for me. I could see both her lights and thought this time I was a goner, but coming within say 5 or 10ft. she only washed me out of my boat and turned it over on me. I yelled and yelled, and soon saw signs that showed me that I had been heard, but she faded away like the rest, and I could hear nothing but the roaring tide. I kept up the call, louder if anything. Half an hour later I heard the flapping of sails, followed by the lowering of a boat, and was soon on board the schooner Georgia Berry, where I was stripped, put to bed and carefully nursed back into shape by Capt. H. S. Tuttle and his steward from Mt. Desert, Me. I cannot say too much for their kindness. Leaving the little ship, the water being rough, they kept their course for City Island, arriving at 12:30, when Capt. Tuttle kindly telephoned to Gus Hurlbutt, but he having heard from Plum Island, was already on his way to recover my body. My sister, B., wired to him at New London. He sent notice to B. W. At City Island Emerson met me and supplied me with money, etc., and escorted me to Stamford. After a few days in bed I am now in fine shape, none the worse for the experience.

If you had been with me, sitting in the boat facing me, we would have had no trouble. Am tired writing.

Love to you and yours, W. L. B.

Shamrock.

THE sudden and heavy blow of Sept. 11 caught the Lipton fleet in a bad place inside of Sandy Hook, where the N.W. wind had a clear sweep. The tug Lawrence was away for coal, and there was no steam on the Plymouth, when the wind freshened to a gale on Monday afternoon. The big derrick barge which carries the spare spars was anchored some distance to windward of Shamrock with one man on board, and but two men were on the yacht, the crew being on board of the Plymouth. About sunset the barge began to drag down on the yacht, and the two launches were sent from the Erin to tow Shamrock out of the way, but the wind and sea were so heavy that one launch was nearly swamped and the other could do nothing. Before the launches were able to lend any aid, the storm abated and the barge rode in safety to her anchors, but only a short distance from the bows of Shamrock. Had the two come together in the sea, it would probably have ended the Cup match of 1899. During the day Shamrock had shipped her big boom, 111ft. long, the other being taken on board the barge. The new gaff was also shipped, and it was expected that she would be under way on Tuesday. Her new mainsail was bent and hoisted on Tuesday morning, and the club topsail set above it, but she lay at her moorings all day. The mainsail is a very fine piece of work, a crosscut sail, and the topsail is also, to all appearances, a fine sail. On Tuesday afternoon Com. Morgan ran down to the Hook in Corsair III. and paid a visit to Sir Thomas Lipton on board of Erin.

Early on Wednesday morning the crew of Shamrock was busy making sail, and at 10 o'clock the yacht cast off her moorings and started under lower sails and club topsail, accompanied by the Lawrence and Erin. On her way out to sea she passed the new Oceanic, bound in, exchanging salutes. The day was clear and fine, with a light northerly wind and smooth water. After sailing about for a time near the Scotland Lightship, the tug Lawrence was sent off to mark a fifteen-mile course to leeward, S. by W., and the Erin took her position to make a starting line. The starting signal was given at 11:43, Shamrock going over with spinaker set, the wind blowing by this time over twelve miles per hour. Within a couple of minutes of crossing the line, Shamrock's new gaff buckled and broke about 15ft. from the inboard end. Her mainsail was lowered as quickly as possible after some difficulty and without tearing it. Later on the club topsail was lowered and she was towed in to her moorings. The injured spar was immediately taken on the tug to the Erie Basin Drydocks, and at the same time the old and shorter spar was taken up and lengthened, to be used temporarily. On Friday the yacht started out again with the old gaff, the wind being light from N. W. A course of ten miles to leeward was laid off and she started at 12:42, under club topsail, spinaker and baby jib topsail. The run of ten miles in smooth water and with a moderate breeze was made in 1:15:30. The beat home occupied 1h. 45m. 20s.

On Thursday afternoon Sir Thomas Lipton steamed up to New Rochelle on the Erin and dined with Mr. C. Oliver Iselin at All-View, the other guests being Com. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, Mr. Ratsey, Mrs. Cora Randall, Woodbury Kane, Newberry D. Thorne, Herbert C. Leeds, Colonel Delancey A. Kane and members of the Iselin family.

The London Times of Sept. 12, in connection with a long description of Shamrock, gives the following dimensions and elements as "absolutely trustworthy"; it is possible that they are correct, but much more probable that they are mere guess work:

Length, 127ft. 9in.; breadth, 24ft. 6½in.
Load waterline, 89ft. 2in.
Length of overhang forward, 17ft. 2in.
Length of overhang aft, 21ft. 5in.
Overhang aft, 21ft. 5in.
Draft, 20ft. 3in.
Area midship section, 130ft.
Coefficient midship section, 0.278.
Area of lateral plane, 970ft.
Coefficient of displacement, 0.134.
Area of load water plane, 1,493ft.
Wetted surface, 2,916ft.
Tons per inch immersion, 3.54.
Displacement, 160 tons.

On Monday morning Shamrock was towed out to the Scotland Lightship by the tug Lawrence, Erin accompanying them. The day was clear, with a light S.E. wind and smooth sea. While Erin lay off the Lightship to mark the line, the tug was sent away with a logline over her counter, to mark the turn, S.E. fifteen nautical miles. The start was given at 11:45, Shamrock going over with all windward sail set, her club topsail, a new one, being somewhat smaller than that used last week. Within a few minutes after she crossed the line the breeze had freshened to about eight knots, and as she beat out to the weather mark it increased to about double that strength. She moved rather slowly at first, doing better work as the wind increased. The mark was turned at 2:10, just 2h. 25m. from the start. The spinaker was set flying in a very short time, and she started home at a good pace. After two miles were covered the wind hauled to the south, and sheets were hardened for a broad reach, the spinaker being stowed. On this point of sailing she proved very fast, covering thirteen nautical miles in fifty-eight minutes. She finished at 3:24, her time for the run home being 1h. 14m., and for the entire course, 3h. 39m.



RONA.

Rona.

THE fine steel steam yacht Rona, owned by the late Baron Rothschild, has been purchased by Amzi L. Barber, of New York, who will rename her Sapphire IIII. Rona was designed by Mr. Watson and built by D. & W. Henderson in 1893 for Mr. A. E. H. Wood. She is 243.70ft. b.p., 30ft. beam and 18.25ft depth, with triple compound engines, 23, 38 and 64 by 36in. She has been refitted and altered by Day, Summers & Co., Southampton, and is now on her way to New York under the American flag. Her arrival in American waters will probably bring up the question of the actual scope of the Payne yacht exclusion bill, which has never yet been tested. If the bill fulfills the intention of the "born sportsmen" who framed it, there is a good deal of trouble in store for the owner, but it is probable that the matter will go to the courts before the exact meaning of the bill is made clear.

Atlantic Y. C. Gould Cups.

SEA GATE—NEW YORK BAY.

THE race of the Atlantic Y. C. for the Gould cups, postponed on Sept. 9, was sailed on Sept. 13 in a light N.W. wind. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Schooners—Start, 10:35.			
Ramona	4 17 07	5 42 07	5 42 07
Sachem	4 36 40	6 01 40	5 52 32
Katrina	4 07 55	5 32 55	5 09 41
Cutters—Racing Trim—70ft. Class—Start, 10:45.			
Wenonah	4 41 06	5 56 06	5 56 06
Cutters—Cruising Trim—51ft. Class—Start, 10:50.			
Mariquita	Not timed.		
Uvira	3 20 31	4 30 31	4 29 10
Eidolon	3 41 18	4 41 18	4 33 17
Sloops—Racing Trim—51ft. Class—Start, 10:55.			
Syce	3 10 04	4 15 04	4 15 04
Acushla	Disabled.		

Acushla lost her topmast and withdrew.

Larchmont Schooner Cup.

THE unfinished race for the Larchmont schooner cup was resailed on Sept. 12 with but three starters, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	4 25 32	4 25 32
Amorita	4 57 02	4 44 10
Quissetta	5 06 06	4 49 57

A race was also sailed between the new Ludeah and Hussar, the former winnig by 10m. 8s.

The most important item of news during the week is the announcement by Sir Thomas Lipton that Mr. Will Fife, Jr., will be in command of Shamrock in the Cup races. Without questioning the ability of the skippers of Shamrock and former challengers, it is very plain that these great yachts cannot be properly handled by a skipper whose time is fully taken up with the handling of the tiller. Mr. Fife is as expert as a practical yacht sailor as he is as a designer.

Columbia and Defender left New Rochelle late last week for Narragansett Bay. Columbia reached Bristol on Sunday, where she will ship a new suit of sails, after which she and Defender will sail several races. Sir Thomas Lipton has stated that Shamrock will be docked at the Erie Basin Drydock, South Brooklyn, on Sept. 28, where the public will be permitted to see her. It is also reported that Columbia will be docked at the same time, as the big dock will easily accommodate both yachts.

Com. Morgan was in Washington last week, and in conference with the Secretary of the Treasury in regard to the patrolling of the courses for the Cup races. The U. S. Government will lend all the aid possible, and definite plans are now being prepared by the New York Y. C. and the Government for the buoying and patrolling of the course.

The Newport yachtsmen who have made such a success of the special 30ft. class, have revived the scheme of a larger class, proposed a couple of years ago, and they are now conferring with Mr. Herreshoff. The proposed new class will probably be of about 65ft. racing measurement.

The Massachusetts Y. R. A. closed a very successful season with the rendezvous of the fleet at Hull on Sept. 10. After the review the fleet sailed over to City Point.

Columbia Y. C.

The Columbia Y. C. of Chicago sailed an open race on Sept. 9, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Class A—Start, 2:00.		
Tartar	6 09 18	4 09 18
Class B—Start, 2:00.		
Peri	5 50 08	3 50 08
Hattie B.	6 02 52	4 02 52
Wizard	6 04 37	4 04 37
Class C—Start, 2:00.		
Nymph	5 29 29	3 29 29
Vixen	5 57 56	3 57 56
Widsith	6 00 35	4 00 35
Class D—Start, 2:00.		
Spray	5 44 35	3 44 35
Alca	6 11 35	4 11 35
Class E—Start, 2:05.		
Atlantic	4 28 55	2 23 55
Class F—Start, 2:05.		
Wishbone	4 03 32	1 54 32
Vanity	4 06 04	1 56 04
May B	4 09 34	2 04 34
Red Bird	4 17 53	2 12 53
Query	4 02 57	1 57 57
"B"	4 36 18	2 31 18
Imp	4 38 07	2 38 07
Bud	4 54 08	2 49 08
Dewey	5 06 29	3 01 29

Hempstead Bay Y. C. Open Regatta.

FREEPORT—HEMPSTEAD BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 16.

The Hempstead Bay Y. C. sailed an open race on Sept. 16 in a very light breeze, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sloops.				
Quo Vadis	1 36 11	5 18 33	3 42 22	3 42 22
Mayita	1 36 40	Did not finish.		
Fleet Wing	1 37 48	5 34 33	3 56 45	3 46 18
Catboats—35ft. Class.				
Ellen	1 42 18	5 04 07	3 21 49	3 21 49
Beulah	1 46 00	4 51 05	3 05 05	3 04 18
Mabel	1 42 35	5 07 34	3 24 39	2 22 39
Dot	1 41 57	5 14 44	3 32 47	3 29 35
Mardi	1 46 00	5 12 29	3 26 29	3 22 51
Catboats—20ft. Class.				
Little Minister	1 46 00	5 04 57	3 18 57	3 18 57
Fellowcraft	1 41 43	Did not finish.		
Grace	1 45 00	Did not finish.		
Wenonah	1 46 00	5 05 20	3 19 20	3 16 39
Dolphi	1 42 50	Did not finish.		

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

PORT WASHINGTON—MANHASSET BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 16.

Two races for the Rudder cup were sailed on Saturday by the Manhasset Y. C., making three wins for Mascot. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
First Race—Start, 2:10.		
Mascot, T. Clapham	3 38 20	1 28 20
Old Squaw, S. F. Carstein	3 39 10	1 29 10
Uneeda, S. Jackson	3 41 45	1 31 45
Second Race—Start, 3:50.		
Mascot	4 37 02	0 47 02
Old Squaw	4 39 25	0 49 25
Uneeda	4 44 15	0 54 15

Chicago Y. C.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, Sept. 16.

The Chicago Y. C. sailed a special race on Sept. 16 in rough weather and a strong breeze. Vanenna sailed alone in the large class. The new Briar, Josephine, Prairie and Blade made up a class together. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Start, 2:35.		
Vanenna	4 19 17	1 44 17
35ft. Class.		
Josephine	4 53 20	2 18 20
Prairie	4 54 40	2 19 40
Blade	5 01 25	2 26 25
Briar	5 01 30	2 31 30

The Larchmont Y. C. will hold a series of three races for the championship of the season in the 21ft. knockabout class, to be sailed off Larchmont on Sept. 20, 21 and 22. A souvenir prize will be given to the winner of each race, and the yacht having the greatest number of points to her credit for the three races will be awarded the championship cup.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Pacific Inter-Club Yacht Association held its annual meeting on Aug. 30, electing the following officers: Pres., T. F. Tracy; Vice-Pres., E. N. Walter; Sec'y, R. R. l'Hommedieu; Treas., C. F. Michaels; Members of the Regatta Committee, L. Q. Havens, C. L. Tisdale, O. Eastwood and G. W. Robson. J. M. McDonough and Com. Allen M. Clay were elected Delegates to the North American Yacht Racing Union.

The Huntington Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., J. W. Shephard; Vice-Com., R. L. Cooke; Rear-Com., A. W. Palmer; Trustees, George Taylor, E. W. Sweet and A. B. Gildersleeve; Treas., G. R. Rogers; Sec'y, Z. J. Caril.

The Newport Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., J. M. Morrell; Vice-Com., C. A. Van Iderstine; Sec'y, H. D. Ackerly; Treas., B. W. Caril; Board of Governors, N. S. Askerly, J. W. Hiltman, J. H. Ireland, Edward Thompson and J. A. Berian.

Studio, scr., once well known about New York Harbor, was completely wrecked on Sept. 10 in the gale which struck Atlantic City. She was driven ashore while anchored, with no one on board. Her owner was Mrs. Mortimer Thorne.

The second supplement to Lloyds' Yacht Register contains numerous alterations and additions up to July 24, 1899. Shamrock's dimensions, as given by it, are: Length between perpendiculars, 105.50ft.; beam, 24.55ft.; depth, 10.55ft. Thames tonnage, 260. Steel frames and aluminum bronze plating.

Yachtsmen who are preparing for the fall shooting will be interested in the new catalogue of W. H. Mullins, Salem, O. In addition to the sheet metal dinghies made by this firm, light, strong and practically indestructible, the catalogue describes a variety of metal hunting boats adapted for all waters. While, small, light and of compact form, these boats have wonderful carrying capacity.

Frank Weston, alias Shaw, was sentenced to eighteen months in the House of Correction after pleading guilty at Lawrence, Mass., to stealing the yacht Takitesy from J. F. Appleton, of Salem. The detection of the thief is due to T. F. Day, of the Manhasset Y. C.

Conqueror, steam yacht, F. W. Vanderbilt, arrived at New York on Sept. 12 from Marseilles, via St. Michaels. She experienced heavy weather throughout the voyage, but sustained no damage. She left New York on June 10, since which time she has cruised in the Mediterranean.

Norna, scr., N. L. Weaver, was reported at Honolulu on Sept. 3 on her way around the world.

Canoeing.

Red Dragon Canoe Club.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Red Dragon Canoe Club of Philadelphia closed its racing season on the Delaware, at Wissinoming, Pa., Saturday, Sept. 16, under the most favorable conditions.

The boating season has been a most successful one for the Red Dragons, and the interest in the club has never been more manifest.

The damage by fire to the club house in the early spring was but lightly felt, and with its restoration came a desire to improve the entire club house. This was done, and the old mansion home of the Red Dragons was placed in the most presentable and comfortable shape that it has ever been.

The past season has been one of the brightest in the history of the club, and to Com. Joseph Edward Murray and officers belongs great credit for the success attained. One of the noticeable changes was the canoeing interest, which displaced the sailing and half-rater craze which has predominated for the past three or four seasons.

With the closing of the boating season comes the sport of trapshooting, and the gunning contingent are already preparing for the winter's shooting. New traps are to be added, and the filling up of the open space in front of the club house will afford a suitable and permanent shooting ground.

On Sept. 16 the Red Dragon Canoe Club held the final race for the Wilt novice trophy and the McFetridge paddling trophy of 1899. The novice paddling race was an easy victory for T. W. Cook, who made a total of 11½ points in the series, which consisted of two races with double blades and two races with single blade. Mr. Cook, who is a comparatively new member in the club, won first in the single once, first in the double once and tied for second in double, which gave him a total of 11½ points. As no one could win first place from him, he did not enter the final contest, which was a single-blade race. In the series good form was shown by Messrs. Titus, Davis, Rogers and Hemingway.

The McFetridge paddling trophy, representing the championship of the club, caused a hard paddled contest. Maurice D. Wilt was the winner, after one of the closest and most exciting races ever seen over the Wissinoming course. His opponent was E. W. Crittenden, whose marvelous spurt at the finish nearly won him the race. The time made by Mr. Wilt was 3:55 for the half-mile. Crittenden was but a few inches behind when the canoes crossed the line. Lloyd Titus was third, and E. D. Hemingway a close fourth.

A joint regatta was held at Burlington, N. J., on Sept. 4, by the Park Island Canoe Association of Trenton, N. J.; the Red Dragon Canoe Club of Philadelphia, and the Lakanoo Boat Club of Burlington. Many handsome prizes were offered, and the programme was extensive.

A number of races were arranged, in which the winners received points in the ratio of 5, 3 and 1, according to their finish. The winner of each race received a prize, and the club winning the greatest number of points during the entire regatta was presented with a handsome silver loving cup.

The conditions were favorable, and the races passed off pleasantly, all being well contested and interesting. The following is the order of races and winners:

No. 1, one-quarter mile, one man, double blade, juniors:

	Points.
B. F. Havens, P. I. C. A., first	5
H. E. Davis, R. D. C. C., second	3
L. R. Titus, R. D. C. C., third	1

No. 2, hand paddling race, one-quarter mile:

	Points.
E. D. Anderson, P. I. C. A., first	5
H. C. Allen, P. I. C. A., second	3
M. D. Wilt, R. D. C. C., third	1

No. 3, one man, single blade:

	Points.
H. C. Allen, P. I. C. A., first	5
M. D. Wilt, R. D. C. C., second	3
E. D. Anderson, P. I. C. A., third	1

No. 4, tail-end race, double blade:

	Points.
H. C. Allen, P. I. C. A., first	5
E. D. Anderson, P. I. C. A., second	3
Dr. Roberts, L. B. C., third	1

No. 5, tandem, double blade, junior:

	Points.
Woodin and Sterling Hewitt, L. B. C., first	5
Moorhead and Havens, P. I. C. A., second	3
Cook and Hemingway, R. D. C. C., third	1

No. 6, one man, double blade:

	Points.
H. C. Allen, P. I. C. A., first	5
M. D. Wilt, R. D. C. C., second	3
E. D. Anderson, P. I. C. A., third	1

No. 7, tandem, single blade, junior:

	Points.
H. E. Davis and T. W. Cook, R. D. C. C., first	5
Davis and Lea, L. B. C., second	3
Farman and Moorhead, P. I. C. A., third	1

Tandem, double blade:

	Points.
H. C. Allen and E. D. Anderson, P. I. C. A., first	5
E. W. Crittend and M. D. Wilt, R. D. C. C., second	3
Havens and Moorhead, P. I. C. A., third	1

Tournament:

	Points.
Davis and Hemingway, R. D. C. C., first	5
Titus and Crittenden, R. D. C. C., second	3
Hewitt and Horner, L. B. C., third	1
Hamilton and Wilt, R. D. C. C.	Disqualified.

Tandem, overboard:

	Points.
Dr. Roberts and Lea, L. B. C., first	5
Hemingway and Cook, R. D. C. C., second	3
Hewitt and Woodin, L. B. C., third	1

Swimming race, 100yds.:

	Points.
Clayton, L. B. C., first	5
Leigh, L. B. C., second	3
Farman, L. B. C., third	1

Total number of points to clubs: Park Island Canoe Association, 44; Red Dragon Canoe Club, 31; Lakanoo Boat Club, 24.

W. K. P.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Sept. 19-21.—Hastings, Neb.—Amateur tournament of the Hastings Gun Club; $500 added; 2-cent targets. W. S. Duer, Manager.

Sept. 19-22.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's eighth international tournament; live birds and targets; $500 cash added.

Sept. 23.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

Sept. 23.—Hartford, Conn.—All-day shoot of the Colt Gun Club. L. H. Bradley, Secy.

Sept. 23.—Ridgewood, N. J.—New Jersey championship, Harold Money, holder, against Chris Wright, challenger, at 2 o'clock, Ridgewood, N. J.

Sept. 23.—Sinking Spring, Pa.—Tournament of the Independent Gun Club.

Sept. 26.—New Haven, Conn.—New Haven Gun Club's all-day tournament; open to all; $15 added. J. B. Savage, Sec'y.

Sept. 26-27.—Squaw Creek Park, between Niles and Girard, Trumbull County, O.—Tournament of the Rummell-Gaston Gun Club. Dr. James E. Gaston, Sec'y, Mineral Ridge, O.

Sept. 26-27.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 27-28.—Oswego, N. Y.—First annual tournament of the Riverside Gun Club. Robert Oligshaut, Sec'y.

Sept. 28-29.—Tyrone, Pa.—Tyrone Gun Club's target tournament. D. D. Stine, Sec'y.

Sept. 28-29.—Alton, Ill.—Third annual open tournament of the Piasa Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.

Sept. 30.—New Brunswick, N. J.—Ten-men team contest; four teams; teams of Brunswick Gun Club and Reservoir Gun Club against teams of Climax Gun Club and Dunellen Gun Club.

Oct. 2.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

Oct. 3.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. A. R. Elliott, holder, against W. R. Crosby, challenger, for Review cup.

Oct. 4.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. A. R. Elliott, holder, against W. R. Crosby, challenger, for Republic cup.

Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds.

Oct. 10-13.—Newark, N. J.—Smith Brothers' grounds. Live birds and targets.

Oct. 11-12.—Reading, Pa.—Live-bird and target tournament of the Independent Gun Club.

Oct. 11-12.—Paris, Ky.—Hill Top Gun Club's two-day tournament. John L. Bosley, Sec'y.

Oct. 11-12.—Newark, N. J.—On Smith Brothers' grounds; two days' tournament of the New Jersey State League.

Oct. 13.—Batavia, N. Y.—E C cup target championship contest between Mr. W. R. Crosby, holder, and Mr. R. O. Heikes, challenger. Match begins at 3 o'clock.

Oct. 16-19.—Du Pont Park, St. Louis, Mo.—Fall tournament; three days at targets; one day at live birds; $300 to $500 added money. J. A. Corry, Manager.

Oct. 17-19.—Baltimore, Md.—Sixth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. J. R. Malone, Manager. 2

Oct. 23-28.—Nashville, Tenn.—Belle Meade Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds; $750 added. W. R. Elliston, Sec'y.

Oct. 31-Nov. 3.—Cincinnati, O.—Tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club; two days at live birds; two days at targets. Arthur Gambell, Sec'y.

Nov. 21-22.—Sioux City, Ia.—Second annual live-bird tournament of the Soo Gun Club; added money in every event. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.

1900.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. E. S. Rice, Pres.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Associations Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June —.—Tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, first week in June. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The New Haven Gun Club, New Haven, Conn., will hold an all-day tournament on Sept. 26. It is open to all. There are twelve events, 175 targets in all, and a total entrance of $18.50. Shooting commences at 9:30. Shooters may enter for targets only. Targets 2 cents. Added money $15. Take electric cars to Green, and transfer to Scheutzen Park. The secretary is J. B. Savage.

The Colt Gun Club, of Hartford, has been doing some good preliminary work in furthering the interests of its tournament, fixed to take place on Sept. 23.

The programme of the Cincinnati Gun Club's second annual tournament can be obtained of Mr. G. W. Schuler, 626 Vine street, Cincinnati. The dates are Oct. 31 and Nov. 1, 2 and 3. It is open to all. There are added moneys as follows: Fifty dollars to the first high gun and $25 to the second high gun shooting through all the target events of the first and second day. Each day there are ten events at targets. On the third day there are four live-bird miss-and-out events and one event at 7 birds, two moneys; one at 10 birds, three moneys. On this day the Cincinnati live-bird handicap, $500 purse guaranteed, is the main event. The conditions are 25 live birds, $25 entrance, birds extra; handicaps, 26 to 31yds. Regular entries for this event close on Oct. 23 and must be accompanied by $10 forfeit; the remainder must be paid before the last man has shot at his second bird. Post entry $35. Targets 2 cents, live birds 25 cents.

The different systems—Rose, equitable, Jack Rabbit and class shooting—are all explained and illustrated in FOREST AND STREAM'S score book, thus affording a ready reference for cashiers and all others who wish to learn these systems. The manner in which the score sheets are ruled is illustrated in our advertising pages, the heavy lines being distinctly advantageous in bad, dull lights, which are the lights most prevalent in the scorer's box. In addition, these books contain the rules of the Interstate Association governing target and live-bird shooting, the American Shooting Association rules governing the same, the Hurlingham rules, a form of club organization, and a sample of FOREST AND STREAM trap score type, showing the scores of Messrs. Marshall and Grimm in the closing contest of the last Grand American Handicap.

A truly remarkable score was that of Mr. Coburn in a recent match with Mr. Abbenseth, at Bergen N. J., and the wonder is how he could make it, for it is a truly difficult feat to shoot at 15 pigeons and lose 14. But this is how the story is told: "There was lots of excitement at the live-pigeon match between Contractor C. W. Coburn and Herman Abbenseth. The match was for $25 a side, each man to shoot at 15 birds. Abbenseth killed 4 out of 15 and Coburn killed 1. Coburn really killed more birds than did Abbenseth, but as he shot all except 1 before they arose from the trap, the referee refused to allow them." The referee often is a bold, bad man in "refusing to allow them."

Mr. Paul R. Litzke, our correspondent in the Southwest, in his newsy contributions in the "Arkansas and the South" column, writes us, under the caption "Here and There," that the St. Louis and Kansas City shooters are considering the matter of a challenge trophy, to be contested for by Missouri shooters. This is an admirable proposition. Its sterling good purpose is assured from the men who are endeavoring to establish it—Messrs. Chas. McL. Clark, of St. Louis, and Mr. Chris. Gottlieb, of Kansas City.

Dr. A. A. Webber and Dr. Joseph Creamer, two of the Brooklyn Gun Club's brightest pupils, wandered over to Dexter Park on Wednesday of last week as guests of the Erie Gun Club, the event being the solving of equations between the gun and live birds. In the main event, at 7 birds, Dr. Webber killed all, while Dr. Creamer had all but one. Although there were eleven others, Dr. Webber's score was the only perfect one, while that of Dr. Creamer was as good as the best after Webber's.

Under date of Sept. 18, Mr. H. Nelson, captain of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club, Pawling, N. Y., writes us as follows: "Owing to the Dewey parade, which comes on the 29th of this month (date of our regular monthly meeting), I am requested to call our September shoot for Saturday, Sept. 23, at 1 P. M. Members' cup handicap, 50 targets, 50 cents entrance; cash handicap, open to all, 25 targets, 50 cents entrance; sweepstakes at option of contestants."

The Dunellen Gun Club and the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, will each organize a team of ten men, and these two teams will contest against two teams, one organized by the Dunellen Gun Club, of Dunellen, the other by the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J. Sept. 30 is the date and the grounds of the New Brunswick Gun Club the place. This should be a most interesting contest.

The Philadelphia Trapshooters' League will hold its next team match on Saturday of this week on the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club, at Wissinoming, Pa. There are ten events on the programme of 10 and 15 targets, entrance 50 and 75 cents. Class shooting and three moneys if the enries are not twenty or over.

In the unfinished races of Aug. 22, shot off at the Worcester Sportsmen's Club tournament, Sept. 12, Wheeler made the extraordinary good score of 98 out of 100; and the hardly less extraordinary score of 96 was made by Miskay. Wheeler's average in the twelve events of 240 targets was .970.

On Thursday of this week the Cast Iron Stove pendant again comes into prominence, Mr. Charles Zwerlein, of Yardville, N. J., taking a try at it. It will be Mr. J. A. R. Elliott's busy day, for on the grounds at Yardville Mr. Zwerlein, always formidable, is still more formidable.

Under date of Sept. 14, Mr. J. R. Malone, Baltimore, writes us: "Please claim dates in your paper for the sixth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association, Oct. 17, 18 and 19, 1899. Two days targets, one day live birds; $200 given in added money."

The dates of the Tyrone Gun Club's target tournament have been changed to one week later, Sept. 28 and 29, on acount of those dates having been previously fixed upon by the Johnstown Gun Club and the Windbur Gun Club.

Quite a lot of interest centers at the Keystone League grounds, Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia, on Tuesday of this week, where Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and H. E. Buckwalter shoot at 100 live birds for $200 a side.

We are informed that work is progressing finely on the grounds of the new Interstate Park Association. The plowing and seeding to grass and all the preparatory work of surfacing are progressing energetically.

Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda) arrived in New York last week and will visit relatives in the East during some weeks. Mrs. Lindsley has been doing some very creditable shooting at the traps of late.

We learn that Mr. Edward Johnson, of Atlantic City, is recovering nicely from his serious accident and again will make it lively for any one who contests with him at the traps, in due time.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Chicago Sportsmen's Handicap Trophy.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 15.—The initial shoot of the series of diamond medal contests for the Chicago sportsmen's handicap diamond trophy came off to-day, and struck twelve the first thing. Twenty-four contestants and one visitor took part, and the handicapping and the shooting together were so good that there was not time enough left in the whole afternoon to get to a finish, no less than fourteen out of the twenty-four going into the 15 hole, thanks to summer birds and a short race. The weather was fine for the sport, and the birds all one could ask at this season, and it was at once apparent that this series of contests, devised by Manager Leffingwell, is destined to rival in popularity the two diamond contest series so successfully completed this summer. The open handicap idea seems a popular one here, and certainly under the conditions of these shoots the contestants have plenty to interest them. The capital prize is a grand thing, a medal worth $225, and the Watson high average medal is fit company for the biggest trophy. These and the liberal list below them make it well worth while taking the Illinois Central for Watson's every other Friday afternoon for the next six months.

In the shooting to-day Wilcox, Roll, Odell, Holly, Mussey, Leffingwell, Palmer, Shaw, Adams, Felton, Parker, Steck, White and Amberg all went out with 15, and after that they simply shot till the tinkle of the cowbells called John Watson home to supper, and he put up the shutters of the park for the day. It was discovered that after an argument running up to 20 birds, Wilcox, White, Roll, Felton, Palmer and Holly were still strictly in it. All these agreed to sleep on their arms until to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock, at which time the shooting in the ties on 15 will be resumed and the winner of the trophy for the first time be determined.

The ties on 14 included Crow, Boa, Von Lengerke, Gillis, Simonetti, Barto and Levy. With these also it went to 20 birds in the tie, and at that station Messrs. Crow and Von Lengerke agreed to divide, as it seemed doubtful if either would miss again this week. In the 13 hole there was only one man, Young, who took down the proceeds by himself and went home before candle light. Elias shot out Rice in the 12 tie.

Fred Gilbert was present and shot in with the boys, seeming to find it easy to reach 15 from scratch. There were only seven men who killed their strings of 15 straight without needing the handicap birds, and among these were two Audubon men, Wilcox and Felton. Col. Felton added to his performance by remaining in the tie till the shades of night came, and will be on the ground to-morrow by sunup. When I add that Col. Felton is old enough to be the grandfather of half of these Chicago shooters it will be evident what quality lies in the lake breezes of Chicago. It used to be one of John Davidson's boasts that "auld age ne'er chills the Douglas blood." The Colonel is something of a Douglas himself, it seems, and I am sure everybody hopes long may he wave. It may be of interest to reprint the rules governing this series of contests, which are worth copying by other live-bird cities. The rules follow below:

Rules.

1. There will be twelve contests, the first of which will be held on Friday, Sept. 15, 1899, at 1:30 P. M.
2. All contests thereafter will be held on the first and third Fridays of each month at 1:30 P. M.
3. Those wishing to participate in any shoot must be present and be prepared to shoot before 2 o'clock, and have their names entered as contestants. No entries will be allowed after 2 P. M.
4. All contests will take place at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., and Mr. John Watson will act in the capacity of referee and handicapper.
5. All contests will be at live pigeons at handicap distances of from 26 to 31yds., the scratch men shooting at 15 birds, and the others at from 15 to 19, as the referee may decide, and at the distance he determines.
6. The successful contestant is to receive a diamond trophy and to retain the same in his possession until it is won from him at a regular shoot. He will also receive 40 per cent. of the entrance money.
7. The second high gun in ties of 15 will receive $5 cash in each shoot, donated by Mr. E. S. Rice.
8. The one winning the diamond trophy the greatest number of times in twelve contests shall retain the same permanently.
9. All ties for the diamond trophy will be shot off the same day and immediately following the trophy contest, and each contestant shall shoot at 5 birds, subject to an equitable allowance of birds, but at the same distance he stood during the main event.
10. The high gun on ties on 14 will receive 30 per cent. of the entrance money, and the second high gun, 100 hand-loaded shells, loaded for pigeon shooting, donated by a contestant.
11. The high gun on ties on 13 will receive 20 per cent. of the entrance money, and the second high gun, 100 hand-loaded shells, loaded for pigeon shooting, donated by a contestant.
12. The high gun on ties on 12 will receive 10 per cent. of the entrance money.
13. All ties on 14, 13 and 12 will be shot off at 3 birds, and at the same distance as contestants stood during the main shoot.
14. A high average trophy, donated by Mr. John Watson, will be given the one winning it the greatest number of times. To be eligible for this medal, the participant must shoot in at least eight of the twelve contests. The medal each shoot will go, temporarily, to the one scoring the greatest number of consecutive kills, beginning with the first bird shot at.
15. The one winning the John Watson highest average trophy at a shoot is privileged to retain the same until the next regular contest.
16. The holder of the diamond badge and the John Watson highest average trophy shall, before the commencement of each shoot following the one when the trophies were won, deposit the same with Mr. John Watson, and by him be handed to the winners.
17. The contests are open only to residents of Chicago and Cook county, Ill.
18. The trophies are given by popular subscription, and each participant must pay the sum of $5. The amount thus paid in is to pay for the diamond trophy. Should there be any surplus after paying for said diamond trophy, the same will be disposed of in such manner as a majority of the subscribers may decide.
19. Each participant must pay the sum of $1 entrance fee in each contest. Birds extra. The money so paid will constitute the cash prizes other than the one made by Mr. E. S. Rice, as stated in Rule 7.
20. The rules governing these contests are those now in vogue at the grounds of Mr. John Watson.

Watson's Park Gun Club.

The Chicago sportsmen's trophy and John Watson high average badge; first contest, Sept. 15:

C S Wilcox, 30, 3	222121122222222 —15
Geo Roll, 30, 1	211212112111222 —15
H Odell, 30, 3	21*201211221212*11—15
F H Lord, 30, 2	11211*1211112221 —15
E S Rice, 30, 3	01101*011010122211—12
W P Mussey, 30, 2	01211*12221222112 —15
W B Leffingwell, 30, 2	2112111201111112 —15
S Palmer, 30, 2	222112121211212 —15
Dr S Shaw, 30, 2	1121202222111122 —15
Jim Crow, 29, 3	0021122120112120 11—14
F E Adams, 30, 2	211111211112222 —15
C E Felton, 28, 3	121111121121121 —15
J Elias, 29, 3	2120012200021211 01—12
J S Boa, 30, 2	22220022222222*222 —14
C Parker, 30, 2	222222222222222 —15
J M Gillis, 30, 3	1220210112212110 02—14
E M Steck, 30, 2	2122222220211122 —15
O von Lengerke, 30, 2	2022222202220222 —14
J L White, 30, 2	222112212100112 21 —15
R Simonetti, 29, 3	10*102211212121012—14
J B Barto, 30, 2	020110211212111 11 —14
S E Young, 28, 3	122220202*21010211—13
J H Amberg, 30, 2	*0212111111211111 —15
H Levi, 30, 3	1212221000100122221—14
Gilbert, visitor	222221121112222 —15

Ties on 15:

Wilcox, 30, 1	22212	11222	011222	12112	221001—4
Roll, 30, 0	12222	12121	21111	21112	01212 —4
F H Lord, 30, 0	21121	21111	21211	12111	12122 —5
Odel, 30, 1	*22*				
Mussey, 30, 0	220				
Leffingwell, 30, 0	12222	11211	11220		
Palmer, 30, 0	22221	22212	22212	22111	0110
Dr Shaw, 30, 0	0				
Adams, 30, 0	111*				
Felton, 28, 1	11122	102221	110122	022112	2**120—3
Parker, 30, 0	22222	22222	22222	22*	
Steck, 30, 0	12221	12212	12111	20	
White, 30, 0	22222	21122	22222	21211	22202 —4
Amberg, 30, 0	20				

Second ties:

F. H. Lord wins badge. Geo. Roll wins average badge.

Wilcox	00221	White	01121
Roll	22221		

Ties on 14:

Jim Crow, 29	111	112	111	222	121	122	11
J S Boa, 30	211	222	222	222	20		
J M Gillis, 30	112	0					
O von Lengerke, 30	222	222	222	222	222	222	22
R Simonetti, 29	210						
J B Barto, 30	112	112	112	121	211	0	
H Levi, 30	121	111	0				

Jim Crow and O. von Lengerke divided.

S E. Young being the only 13, he received third money.

Ties on 12:

J Elias	012 122	E S Rice	022 021

Mr. John Elias won.

Eureka.

Sept. 16.—Fourteen members and one visitor, Mr. S. B. Trimble, attended at Eureka Club shoot this afternoon. The day was not altogether favorable for target shooting, the light being not of the best, and the wind strong, so that the flights were unsteady, though most of the scores indicate that the boys found the curves capable of solution. In the trophy event the burly president, Mr. A. W. Adams, won the Class A medal, A. C. Borroff the Class B, R. B. Mack the Class C, and W. H. Cornwell the Class D. Mrs. Carson made the nice score of 19 out of the 25 in the medal shoot, and 15 out of 20 in one of the 20-bird contests which filled in the remainder of the day. Following were the scores:

Sundermeier	10011000011110011111111101—16
A W Adams	10110101111111110110111110—20
Mrs Carson	11101111010111111110010111—19
J L Jones	11101111001110101011000000—14
J A Lovell	01100011011101000111101 10—14
A C Borroff	01010011000001100111000011—11
G Prickett	11101000111111111101101101—18
Herron	11101011010111000011011 10—15
R B Mack	11111011101111111011100 11—23
Dr Turck	00110100001100110010111 110—17
C Antoine	11011100011111111110011111—21
L Antoine	01100011110101100011100000—13
S B Trimble	00111100001011100000001001—11
Cornwell	10100011111111111111111111—23

Events:	1	3	4	5	Events:	1	3	4	
Targets:	25	20	20	20	Targets:	25	20	20	2
Sundermeier	17	13	11	11	Herron	9	..	..	.
A W Adams	19	13	17	19	Dr Turck	10	7	4	
Mrs Carson	14	13	15	..	R B Mack	..	13	..	.
J L Jones	17	15	13	12	Cornwell	..	13	16	1
J A Lovell	17	7	12	13	C Antoine	..	18	19	1
A C Borroff	16	..	..	..	L Antoine	..	6	8	
G Prickett	18	7	15	..	Dr Carson	..	..	14	

Piasa Third Annual.

The third annual tournament of the Piasa Gun Club, of Alton Ill., will be pulled off Sept. 28 and 29. F. C. Riehl, secretary says that this is going to be one of the big shoots, and wants everybody to come. It is "everybody's shoot," the management states, a pretty big proposition at first sight, but it is as easy for the Alton boys to run a shoot for everybody as it is for anybody, so there you are. I wish to call especial attention to the fact that Alton is the town which claims as a citizen Mr. H. R. Wills, one of the best rifle shots and best fellows in the world, and I am advised that Mr. Wills has a sneaking idea that he could also hit targets. As a matter of revenge I hope some one w ill prove to Mr. Wills that he cannot shoot targets a little bit, unless they are tacked on a board.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Sept. 16.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day. The day was hot and a very strong southwest wind blew directly across the traps, making the flight of targets very erratic and the shooting consequently very difficult. Class A trophy was won by Dr. Shaw on a score of 23; Class B trophy was won by Pollard on a score of 20, and Class C was won by Fanning on a score of 19.

Team shoot, 10 targets, six men on a side:

Dr. Shaw 9, Hicks 7, Hellman 8, Dr. Meek 6, T. Eaton 6, Brabrook 9; total 45.

Richards 5, Kuss 8, J. Fanning 7, Mrs. Shaw 7, J. Wolff 8, Dr. Mathews 6.

The scores in the trophy shoot follow:

Richards	10110111111000111111111011—19
Dr Shaw	11101111111111111111110111—23
Mrs Shaw	11011001101101110011101 11—17
Pollard	10101110111110110111111111—20
Northcott	11101110100001101111111011—17
Dr Meek	00111010110011010110011 0110—14
Hellman	10001010100101111011001 01—15
L Wolff, Sr	01000001100101000010001 00—
J Wolff	00111011001110111111011 10—15
Kuss	11110111001111110111101 10—19
T Eaton	01110010110101111101111111—18
Brabrook	01000010011001010011111101—13
J Fanning	01111111101111011111011100—19
Dr Mathews	10011100001111111001100 11—16
T Hicks	11111110111111111111010111—22

Sweepstakes:	1	2	4	Sweepstakes:	1	2	4
Targets:	15	10	15	Targets:	15	10	15
Richards	10	8	10	John Wolff	7	..	6
Dr Shaw	14	10	10	Kuss	11	..	14
Mrs Shaw	7	6	..	T Eaton	9	..	9
Pollard	8	10	10	Brabrook	10	..	8
Northcott	11	10	..	J Fanning	9	..	12
Dr Meek	..	7	13	Hicks	..	..	14
Hellman	10	..	12	Dr Mathews	..	..	7
L Wolff, Sr	5	..	8	S M Meek	..	..	5

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Trap at Watson's Park.

WATSON'S PARK, Sept. 16.—Match at 25 birds, for $25; F. Gaekle vs. D. Carter:

F Gaekle	00122012002122010121121 20—17
D Carter	*02221112121111211111012—22

Ten-bird sweep, entrance $5, 60 and 40 per cent. First was divided; second shot miss-and-out, and Palmer, Leff and Amberg divided on account of darkness.

White	1002222122—8	F Gilbert	1210222222—9
Barto	0111121102—8	J H Amberg	1212022110—8
Wilcox	0022211122—8	F Lord	2021211*10—7
Palmer	2002222222—8	D Graves	2100120201—6
Roll	2111201212—9	Schloesser	2100020020—4
W B Leff	1022021122—8	Gaekle	2212202201—8

Five birds, $5; all ties divided:

Barto	20212—4	Lord	02101—3
Roll	02211—4	Palmer	22222—5
Rice	00121—3	Wilcox	12112—5
Gilbert	00222—3		

RAVELRIGG.

Trap at Sedalia.

SEDALIA, Mo., Sept. 9.—Inclosed please find scores for our regular monthly shoot for the Dickman cup. Owing to a street parade in the city our attendance was small, and our scores were not up to the standard on account of a very stiff wind quartering the traps.

The first event was a practice at 10 targets. The scores: A. Linabary 10, J. Roe 8, McClure 7, Kerr 10, Fleming 8, Smith 9, Van Ripes 8.

Cup shoot, 50 targets: A. Linabary 34, J. Roe 34, Smith 26, McClure 29, Kerr 25, J. Linabary 27, Fleming 32, Van Ripes 28.

In the shoot-off for the cup Linabary was 8, J. Roe 9.

New Jersey Rifle Association.

The Wimbledon Cup Match.

THIS contest, which took place at the eighth annual meeting of the New Jersey Rifle Association, but shot under the auspices of the National Rifle Association, took place at Sea Girt on Sept. 8. It was open to all citizens and residents of the United States. The conditions were: Distance, 1,000yds.; 30 shots; weapon, any rifle within the rules; cleaning allowed; position, any without artificial rest; 18-point handicap for military rifles; 6-point handicap for special military rifles. First prize, the Wimbledon cup. The scores:

First Lieut F C Wilson, 1st Batt Inf, Ga Vols	149
Priv W. C. Hudson, 4th Regt, N G N J	134
Col G T Cann, I G of R P, State of Ga	113
Sergt G H Doyle, 71st Regt, N G N Y	107
Lieut W W Cookson, 6th Batt, D C N G	101
Wm deV Foulke, Philadelphia Rifle Association	97

The Schuetzen Match.

All comers' continuous match; 200yds.; standing; number of shots, 7 on the Standard target, with 11in. bullseye (including the 7 ring). Any weight rifle, with any trigger-pull, palm or other rest allowed. When firing, the muzzle of the rifle must be kept outside the loophole of the shelter. The allowance for military rifles will be four points on each string. Cleaning allowed between shots. The aggregate of three scores to count for all prizes. Entries unlimited; fee, $1 each ticket. Prizes: First, $40; second, $20; third, $15; fourth, $10; fifth, $8; sixth, $7; seventh and eighth, $5.

				Total.
Dr W G Hudson	65	63	63	191
M Dorrler	64	64	61	189
L P Hansen	63	60	62	185
O C Boyce	60	61	59	180
N Spering	61	59	58	178
Ernest Fischer	61	58	57	176
C S Richmond	62	57	55	174
Emil Berckmann	60	58	56	174

A Philadelphia physician who died the other day left a will containing some queer provisions, including this one: "If my family never settled with Mr. Foster concerning the dog, I wish and want them to give to the boy Foster who was bit the sum of $10, but if they have settled with the said Foster, then they are not to pay any money to said boy. This is in fulfillment of a promise I made to them when I was in trouble concerning the dog."

Lost or Dead.

The Res Adjuticata.

A CORRESPONDENT sent us the following clipping, taken from columns of a contemporary. The first paragraph of it contains question and answer which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM Aug. 26, under the caption "Lost or Dead." The second paragraph contains the ruling of our contemporary, and places the matter *res adjudicata;* for we can readily infer that the ruling of "Recognized Authority" is final and better than the ruling of a gun, everyday authority, or a higher authority, or the highest authority, though we were under the impression that any authority, existing in fact, was recognized—without recognition there is no authority.

Our correspondent desired that we give our reasons for our answer as set forth in the following:

"G. H. S., Wichita, Kan.—In a recent issue of one of your contemporaries, the following query was propounded and answered, and as I do not fully agree with the decision given I send it to the 'recognized authority' for an answer: 'A shooter at the score calls out to the trap puller, "Are you ready?" and receiving the response, "Ready," he calls, "Pull," simultaneously with which, or a moment after, but before the trap is sprung, he discharges one barrel. What should be the referee's decision?' 'Ans.—If he does not fire his remaining barrel at the bird, or if he fires and the bird is not gathered within bounds, it is a lost bird. If he fires and the bird is gathered within bounds it is a dead bird.' Do you agree with the above decision?

'Ans.—No, only in part. If the shooter's gun was discharged before the trap was opened it was no bird. If, when the trap was opened the bird was a sitter and he fired and killed it on the ground it was no bird. If the bird took wing when the trap was opened and the shooter used his second barrel and the bird was gathered within bounds, it should be scored a dead bird; but if the bird was not gathered within bounds it should be scored a lost bird. There is no rule that we ever saw which requires a shooter to use his second barrel when the first barrel has been discharged before the trap was opened."

We contend that, under the circumstances specified in the foregoing question, it is a "lost bird" if the shooter does not fire his second barrel. We will support our contention with a pertinent line of authority and reasoning.

To us, the point seems so simple, so analogous to many other points of a related kind, and so fully covered by usage and the rules that the invoking of any authority, "recognized" or unrecognized, is unnecessary. It is possible that there are people who would find difficulty in understanding that two and two are equal to four, yet it would hardly be necessary to invoke the dictum of "recognized authority" to establish this simple point, nor would it hardly be necessary for the "Recognized Authority" to refer the matter to itself before the point could be well established.

Let us briefly examine the question on its merits, for the moment setting aside dogmatic assertion and consequent *res adjudicata,* and in their stead considering rules and usage and reasons supplemented with a little argument.

When Does Competition Begin?

There must be a definite starting point at which the shooter, who is ready to compete, begins his competition formally. There also must be a coincident point of time and circumstance at which official cognizance, in respect to competitor and competition, has its beginning. This point is when the shooter declares himself in the competition by the order "Pull." All the rules recognize that competition begins at this order, and they all caution the trap puller to heed it carefully. As governing him in this matter, the American Shooting Association rules set forth: "And it shall be the trap puller's duty to pull the traps evenly and fairly for each contestant, and instantly after the shooter calls 'Pull.'"

This command thus denotes that the shooter is ready, and that competition shall begin. The rules further impose that if the bird is liberated before the shooter gives the proper order, or if it is not liberated promptly after the order is given, the shooter may declare it a "no bird." All of which go to show that when the shooter calls "Pull" competitive action begins thereat. There are many other rules which recognize that the shooter is in competition when he calls "Pull," but enough has been adduced to illustrate the matter under consideration. Once in the competition, the shooter is responsible for his doings.

The rules thereon are all so mandatory that when the order "Pull" is given they impose that the contestant is irrevocably committed to the competition and must continue it to a formal conclusion. He cannot declare a "no bird" and consequently cannot declare no competition, because of any error or oversight on his own part. He is held directly responsible for his own competitive acts, be the same acts of omission or commission. Indeed, no one but himself can be held responsible for his competitive doings. Faults ascribable to his gun or ammunition, or failures caused by extraneous interference, are not chargeable to him under certain qualifications, and are therefore not pertinent to the argument.

Declaring a "no bird" under legal conditions, either by the shooter or the referee, is equivalent to declaring that at that attempt there is no competition, and that the shooter will begin the competition anew.

The Logic of Never Saw.

The "Recognized Authority" sagely and judicially declares: "There is no rule that we ever saw which requires a shooter to use his second barrel when the first barrel has been discharged before the trap was opened." This is its reason for deciding "no bird."

A decision founded on such a principle or on such an authority can hardly be accepted as sound. On the one hand is the dogmatic ruling, "no bird," which, on the other hand, is frankly admitted to rest on rather a cloudy source; that is to say, "on a rule that we ever saw." As a process of reasoning, the "Recognized" seems to reason on rather a sharp slant from a simple subject into vacuity.

Let us for a moment depart from the "Recognized's" logic, which proves one material point by citing another point which it never saw. Let us consider some rules which all can see, some usages which all know, and some principles which are necessarily inherent in the competition. Let us consider the rules first:

The shooter at the score calls "Pull," and fails to shoot because his gun is not cocked. Who is responsible for the oversight and the consequent loss? What is the decision? We might declare that it is "no bird," because "there is no rule that we ever saw" which requires a shooter to shoot with a gun which is not cocked, nor one which is not loaded; but unfortunately for the "no-bird" decision, there are rules which require the shooter to be responsible for what he doesn't do, as well as for what he does do in a competitive way, and the decision under them is a "lost bird." On this point Rule 18, of the American Shooting Association rules, declares: "If the gun is not cocked or the safety not properly adjusted, and the bird escapes, it shall be scored a 'Lost bird.'"

The intent to hold the shooter responsible for his own oversights, etc., is further shown in the same rules—Rule 22: "A shooter, having fired his first barrel and left the score, cannot return to fire his second barrel."

Thus, from the beginning to the end of the shooter's inning, he is held to a strict accountability for his acts of omission and commission. This is in accord with the spirit and purpose of the competition, and permeates the rules.

But let us assume that he does not shoot at the bird at all. What is the decision? "No bird"? Yes, if we rest it on the authority that there is "no rule that we ever saw" which requires the shooter to use his gun if he does not choose to do so. It is, however, a "Lost bird" under the rules, which take the shooter in hand for what he doesn't do but should do. Who is responsible for his failure to shoot? Why, himself. The Interstate and Hurlingham rules are alike on this point, namely: "If the shooter advances to the mark, and orders the trap to be pulled, and does not shoot at the bird, or his gun is not properly loaded, or does not go off owing to his own negligence, that bird is to be scored a lost bird." Note the strict accountability to which he is held after he "orders the trap to be pulled." His errors of omission and commission are then scrupulously charged to him. Under that rule he cannot fire off his gun before the trap is pulled without being responsible for it.

Now, "he advances to the mark" and calls "Pull," and discharges one barrel before the trap is opened. Remember that he does not shoot at any bird, because he cannot do so; there is none in sight.

The premature shooting is an error arising from excessive nervousness or misjudgment in pressing the trigger too firmly in preparing for the shot. Who is responsible for his error after he calls "Pull" and has declared thereby that he is ready and is in the competition? Himself, of course. It is his act, and with it is his responsibility.

On what ground, then, can the referee declare there is "no bird" and consequently no competition when the shooter has advanced to the mark and ordered the trap to be pulled, and committed the error? On what ground has the shooter a right to declare himself in the competition, and then, when he makes a harmful error, have the audacity to declare that the competition is then and there ended and suspended till he can correct his error, and commence anew fully prepared? Under what rule or usage—apart from the logic of things that he never saw—can a referee excuse any of the shooter's competitive errors? How, from any matter of reason or any matter of fact—apart from the logic of things unseen—can a referee, when the shooter is in competition, declare there is "no bird," basing his decision on a circumstance which occurred before the trap was opened? It is a physical impossibility, then, to shoot at the bird, and equally it then is a physical impossibility for the bird to fly. To be a "no bird," it must have an opportunity to fly, and to be exposed to the shooter's fire.

Suppose that, after the trap is pulled, the shooter flinches, and shoots into the ground a few yards in front of himself. He then has but one barrel to shoot at the bird. Who is responsible for his crippled ability? Suppose that he does not then shoot his other barrel and the bird escapes. What is the ruling? "Lost bird." But his responsibility at that moment was no greater than it was at any other moment after he had called "Pull."

The shooter who fires his gun after he calls "Pull," or when he calls "Pull," is not to be excused because he has but one barrel when the trap is opened. But, because he has committed an error thereby, he must stand to the responsibility of the act. The empty barrel is not a datum of the competition. The shooter's acts and their results are the data, and he must abide accordingly as they are for or against him, and by these acts and their results it is determined whether he wins or loses.

The "No Bird" Contention.

It has been advanced as an argument, on the matter under consideration, that the bird is on the ground when the erroneous shot is fired before the trap is pulled, and for that reason is a "no bird." The fallacy of this contention is easily shown, as follows:

First, if the bird is on the ground when the first shot is fired, and this before the trap is opened and after the shooter has called "Pull," the bird must needs be killed with the second barrel to make it a "no bird." If it escape, it is a "lost bird," according to Rule 10, Interstate: "If a bird is shot at on the ground with the first barrel, he may use his second barrel, but such bird if gathered is a 'no bird'; if lost, it is a 'lost bird.'" So also declare the other rules.

Second, if the birds in each trap are on the ground before a trap is opened, after the shooter calls "Pull," then all the birds in all the traps are on the ground before a trap is opened. Here we are confronted with the rather peculiar situation of five birds on the ground at once. But the principles of the competition, and usage and the rules, consider only one bird in the competition at a time. Before a trap is opened, the shooter does not know which bird will be released, and the rules particularly guard against his knowing which bird will be released; thus he cannot know which bird to shoot at before the trap is opened.

How, then, can the referee, under the rules, declare "no bird" when no bird had been exposed to fire, and the bird, further, had no relevancy to the shooter's nervousness or misjudgment? The shooter could not be allowed another bird on the ground of extraneous interference, for there was none; and it could not be a "no bird," because of the shooter's own error; and also because it is contrary to the letter and spirit of the competition that a shooter should be allowed to correct his own erroneous acts after he has directly engaged in competition; and it was a physical impossibility that it could be a "no bird" when it was safely inclosed within an iron inclosure, the trap, when the shooter made his erroneous act. Bird and wild shot were unrelated. The referee might say that he excused the shooter for the accidental discharge of his barrel, and though he would violate the rules if he so excused him, he nevertheless would be dealing with a matter of fact; but if he declared a "no bird" when the latter was safely within the trap when the accidental shot was fired, and when the shot had no significance whatever in respect to the bird, as it had not been liberated to be shot at, he would be dealing largely with a matter of fancy, not of fact.

If we assume that competition begins when the trap is opened—as some shooters contend—it does not in the least free the shooter from the responsibility of his acts. On the contrary, he is held the more closely to such responsibility. If his gun is not loaded when the trap is pulled or the shooter does not fire at the bird, the rule already quoted applies to him, as follows: "If the shooter advances to the mark and orders the trap to be pulled, and does not shoot at the bird, or his gun is not properly loaded, or does not go off owing to his own negligence, that bird is to be scored a 'lost bird.'" This is very much against the logic of the never-saw.

The error of discharging the gun unintentionally is analogous to the error of unintentionally misplacing the safety or not adjusting it correctly, or of forgetting to load the gun, or of standing at a nearer mark than the one prescribed, or of closing the gun after shooting, the second barrel being needed, etc., and all these competitive acts of omission and commission stand together in the shooter's responsibilities, or they fall together. Yet, as commonly accepted, the rules governing the shooter's doings stand as good law. Through past ages, the wisdom of the trapshooting world has formulated its rules and usages, covering the points which may arise in competition; and these rules which all can see are much better authority than the rules any one never saw.

We have gone into this subject at some length because it has afforded a subject of discussion to some shooters for some months, particularly in and about New York. Concerning it, opinions were much divided. We will give space with pleasure to the communications of those who wish to discuss the matter.

Trap Around Reading.

SINKING SPRING, Pa., Sept. 14.—At a meeting of the Independent Gun Club, of this place, held this evening, it was decided to hold a grand sweepstake target shoot on Saturday, Sept. 23, the programme to consist of seven 10 and 15 target events at a reasonable entrance fee. The club also decided to hold its annual fall target and live-bird tournament Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 11 and 12, on the club's grounds at Hainly's Hotel. The first day will be target events with added money. The second day the Independent Gun Club will furnish live birds for its events that are claimed to be some of the fastest and finest live birds ever trapped for a shooting match. The club has secured 400 pairs of fresh country birds that will be left to fly until the morning of the shoot, when they will be used. The live-bird programme will consist of the Independent introductory, 7 live birds, entrance $5, class shooting, and the Sinking Spring handicap, 15 live birds, $10, class shooting. Miss-and-out events and extra events to suit the shooters will constitute the balance of the programme. The Sinking Spring grounds are easily reached from Reading every 20 minutes by trolley line, taking the Womelsdorf car with the red flag on Penn street. Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, will manage, and any information wanted will be cheerfully given by addressing him at 426 Franklin street, Reading, Pa. The representatives of the sportsmen trade are invited to be present, as they can shoot for the price of targets and have fine accommodations for a display of their goods. In the live-bird events they can contest for the purses.

Phœnixville, Pa., Sept. 14.—West Chester turned the tables on the Phœnix Gun Club and defeated their team in a fourteen-men team race to-day on the Phœnix Gun Club's grounds at this place by the score of 258 to 248. Each man shot at 25 targets over the magautrap. The first match was shot at West Chester and was won by Phœnix. As both clubs have each won a victory, a third match will be shot, the place to be decided by toss. The scores of to-day's match follow:

West Chester.		Phœnix.	
Greene	23	Miller	22
Lumis	22	Buck	22
Henry	22	Pehlert	21
Ford	21	Holman	19
Torpey	21	Hodge	19
Gill	20	Ennis	19
Peters	20	Winstead	19
Sellers	20	Dotterer	18
Davis	18	Harris	18
Jackson	18	Pierce	17
Howard	15	Erb	16
Harrison	14	Stevens	15
Pechin	13	Dunlap	14
Mowere	13—258	Farley	9—248

Pottsville, Pa., Sept. 15.—An interesting live-pigeon shooting match took place here to-day. There were 5 live birds allotted to each man and Head and Walker grassed their full quota of birds. The scores: Head 5, Walker 5, Jenkins 0, Davenport 3, Hallihan 2, Stone 2.

West Chester, Pa., Sept. 16.—Henry won the West Chester Gun Club's challenge cup to-day by breaking 22 out of 25 targets. The scores follow:

West Chester challenge cup, 25 targets per man: Hoopes 13, Harrison 15, Todd 17, Davis 21, Nate 11, Peters 20, Ford 21, Gill 21, Henry 22, Hoar 19, Mowere 15, Howard 19.

Pottstown, Pa., Sept. 15.—The Shuler Gun Club received the South End Roman shield trophy, won at Reading in the team shoot on Sept. 9, and have placed it on exhibition in Custer's window, this place. Arrangements are being made to hold a shoot, when this handsome trophy will again be contested for by teams of five men each.

DUSTER.

Florists' Gun Club.

WISSINOMING, Pa., Sept. 12.—The weather was clear to-day, though there was a stiff wind, which made some added difficulty in the competition of the Florists' Gun Club's monthly shoot, the third shoot in the second series of monthly handicap contests. In the afternoon the strong wind caused the targets to make uncertain flights, making the shooting very difficult. The conditions for the contest were 25 targets, known angles, thrown from five expert traps, and 25 targets, unknown angles, thrown from a magautrap, handicap added to the score. At the known angles everybody, with the exception of the State champion, A. B. Cartledge, shot well. After the first 10 Cartledge became very erratic, missing 8 out of his last 15, George Anderson making high score. On the magautrap the shooting, with the exception of Wolstencroft and Park, was very erratic. This was caused by the high wind. For the 50 targets Wolstencroft broke the greatest number, Park getting into first place by having a longer handicap. The scores:

Twenty-five known, five expert traps, and 25 unknown, magautrap:

		Known.	Unkn.	Hdcp.	Total.
McKaraher	11111110011010011111111—20	13	16		49
Jones	11111110010000011110100011—15	15	20		50
Dorp	00100101111011101010111111—16	9	15		40
Craig	10111111110011011111011101—19	9	20		48
Wescott	01110000011111111101101011—16	12	19		47
Parsons	10011110111111111011001111—19	15	13		47
Smith	11011111011101111110110111—20	18	7		45
Bell	01111111111111111111010111—22	16	12		50
Harris	11111111110110110111111110—21	18	11		50
Anderson	11111111110111111111111111—24	18	6		48
Cartledge	11111111111000001001010111—17	18	9		44
W H W	11011111111111111111111101—23	23	2		48
Park	01111110111111111111111111—23	21	14		58

Twenty-five magautrap:		Points.
McKaraher	01010001011000111111011100—13	2
Jones	11110101100011101011010010—15	3
Dorp	00000011100101011000000011— 9	
Craig	00100100110100011010100000— 9	1
Wescott	00110101110100100001000111—12	
Parsons	00101110101111111100100101—15	
Smith	11110010111001111111011011—18	
Bell	10011100111111111001111000—16	3
Harris	01011100101101011111111111—18	3
Anderson	11101011111011101111100011—18	1
Cartledge	01010111000111101111111111—18	
W H W	11111111011111111111111110—23	1
Park	11101111100111111111111110—21	3

Points won to date: Anderson 5, Bell 5, Harris 5, Wolstencroft 4, Ball 4, Burton 3, Smith 3, Dorp 3, Coleman 3, Jones 3, Park 3, McKaraher 2, Cartledge 1, Craig 1.

Team match, 25 targets, unknown angles:

McKaraher's Team.		Craig's Team.	
McKaraher	13	Craig	16
Bell	17	Cartledge	16
Jones	16	Wescott	14
Harris	20	Smith	20
Dorp	19	Parsons	17
Anderson	21—106	Park	20—103

The neighbors were naturally interested in the scientific parent. "Why," they asked this person one day, "do you always give your son chloroform when you administer corporal punishment to him?" First, of course, the scientific parent laughed heartily at their ignorance and simplicity. This done, he said: "I wish to bring him up not to know when he is licked."—Detroit Journal.

Arkansas and the South.

Washington Park Gun Club.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 13.—A good crowd of shooters journeyed out to Washington Park to-day to participate in the regular monthly shoot of the club. The club had out an even dozen and there were also three vistirs present. Gregory captured the club event on a straight score, which exempts him from paying for his birds, as this is one of the incentives this club holds out to its members. The one making the highest score at each monthly shoot is exempt from paying for his birds, while in addition a very handsome cup is given to the one making the best general average and participating in no less than eight shoots. The conditions were ideal and the birds showed considerable snap and vigor, though there was no wind.

Bramhall showed the best form, as he scored 31 birds straight.

Frank Hodges, of Olathe, Kan., was one of the visitors present.

The scores:

Gregory	121112222222122—15
*Bramhall	222222211222212—15
Nels Jarrett	112111122120221—14
	102222211121221—14
D Elliott	2222221212212012—14
Rickmers	212221201121201—13
Howe	21*2212121201012—12
W S Allen	122001110111221—12
*Cockrill	0112220122111110—12
Planck	21*222200221120—11
Wright	222220222101002—11
Moore	021202111012201—11
*Hodges	21212*012110201—11
Kelly	020110101001001— 7
De Shong	000020211011010— 7
Nave	

*Visitor.

Intercity Team Race.

Arrangements are now pending whereby the first of a series of three team races between ten men from Kansas City and a like number from Omaha will be shot at the former place during the first week in October—either the 2d or 5th has been suggested, so that this event will either precede or follow the Elliott-Crosby matches, which occur on the 3d and 4th. At Omaha I was assured that they were ready and willing to shoot at any time and to either go to Kansas City or to entertain that delegation at home. While at Kansas City I was informed that the above date would suit them, and that negotiations would at once be opened with a view to having the Omaha shooters agree to come on one of these days. Probably in another week we will be able to speak definitely in this matter.

St. Louis Doings.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 9.—The Griesedick-Sumpter match for the possession of the Busch medal was shot at Dupont Park to-day and resulted in "no contest" after each had shot at 50 birds. The conditions are 25 birds per man, but in this original number each shooter accounted for 24, so that a shoot-off was naturally in order, which, however, failed to bring about a decision, notwithstanding that each shot at 25 birds. This time the contestants scored all their birds, so that the final score was 49 out of 50. Both lost birds were dead out of bounds. Sumpter lost a twisting outgoer, while Griesedick lost a rapid towering incomer. The birds for the first part of the race were a fair lot, but the latter half were very ordinary. Had Griesedick scored a victory to-day he would have retired the medal, as he has already won it five times. In about two weeks these shooters will meet again, and the result will probably then be more decisive. The scores:

Sumpter	22222222222222222*2222222—24
Griesedick	11221222122221112111*12222—24
Shoot-off:	
Sumpter	2222222222222222222222222—25
Griesedick	21221212112221222121222222—25

Omaha Gun Club.

Omaha, Neb. Sept. 9.—Every Saturday afternoon during the months of May, June, July, August and September the members of this club will gather to contest with one another for club honors, which is settled in a 20-target race during the afternoon. A shooter can at any time, by previously announcing it, shoot his score to count as the club event. Thus to-day Grant made but one straight score, but this came when it counted most, and thereby he carried off the honors of the day. On the other hand Loomis, who actually outshot Grant, is low man, for the time he announced his club score he could only break 14, though he made three 18s, a 19 and two 20s, and finished with 43 straighht. Parmelee was also unfortunate, as in four trials he broke two straight, but in his club score he got but 18. This shooter made one run of 50 without a miss.

The following are the scores shot during the afternoon, while the club event is given in full:

Loomis	18 18 18 14 19 20 20	Bates	18 19 15 .. ..
Grant	18 19 20 14 19	Lincoln	16 17 13 .. ..
Plumber	17 15 13 18 18 15 ..	Watson	9 7 9 .. ..
Parmelee	17 20 20 18	Kimball	19 18 .. ..
Brucker	14 17 15 13	Townsend	18 16 .. ..
Burgess	16 18 14	Litzke	17 .. ..

Grant	11111111111111111111—20
Bates	11111111111111011111—19
Kimball	01111011111111111111—18
Parmelee	11111110111011111111—18
Townsend	11110011111111111111—18
Burgess	11111111000111011111—16
Brucker	10111111011010111110—15
Plumber	11001101101111011111—15
Loomis	01111101000011111111—14
*Litzke	11111101110111111011—17
*Lincoln	01111101111011111101—16
*Watson	11011000100110010100— 9

*Visitors.

O. K. Gun Club.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 14.—The O. K. Gun Club, which has done no shooting since last May, as the members of this organization are opposed to shooting pigeons during the hot weather, resumed their regular monthly contests to-day, and on this occasion shot two scores, the first counting as the June score and the other for September. F. N. Cockrell was high man in the first trial, making a clean score. Gottlieb was but one behind. The second trial proved quite a surprise, as all of the best shots showed poor form, and those who do not rank among the high averages came to the front. C. B. Cockrell, J. W. McCurdy and Kit Colyer tied on 17, and the latter won by virtue of a forfeit, as neither of the others responded when called for a shoot-off. The birds were quite active, and to this may be attributed the ordinary shooting of some of the members.

The scores:

June Score.

C B Cockrell	12211222111212122111—20
Chris Gottlieb	22221222212222122202—19
C V Renick	12212222120211222220—18
C B Cockrell	12201022222122122201—17
J W Bramhall	21110201021122211112—17
J W McCurdy	12111121010111111220—17
E A Hickman	22222002222222020022—15
Kit Colyer	01002322211111001202—14
F M Berkey	10110111011110200220—13

September Score.

Kit Colyer	22211202021110121212—17
J W McCurdy	01111212121122202110—17
C B Cockrell	11210122222201201112—17
F N Cockrell	21120112221120011012—16
J W Bramhall	22112021120100221222—16
E A Hickman	11110022022202022222—15
Chris Gottlieb	01102022021221120121—15
C V Renick	21020022210110112012—14
F M Berkey	22012000221122020021—13

Here and There.

Mr. W. Fred Quimby, the affable representative of the American E. C. & Schultze Powder Co., has been spending a few days at Blue Lake, near Onawa, Ia., bass fishing in company with Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Townsend, of Omaha, Neb. Mr. Quimby will attend the Hastings tournament and will then make a tour of the Pacific Coast in the interest of his company, returning in time to be present at the Belle Meade tournament.

Mr. Herman C. Hirchey, of St. Paul, won the championship of Minnesota at the St. Paul tournament by scoring 44 out of 50 shooting at 26 single and 12 pairs and scoring 22 of each. His shooting on the doubles was particularly good, but Mr. Hirchey has often demonstrated that he is capable of some capital performances.

Mr. C. H. Curtice won the club trophy at the last club contest of the Dupont Gun Club, of Omaha, which is a 20-target event. On this occasion Mr. Curtice broke 19 out of 20 in a high wind.

There is considerable talk among the St. Louis and Kansas City shooters of establishing a challenge trophy for Missouri shooters. Mr. Chris. S. Gottlieb, of Kansas City, and Mr. Chas. McL. Clark (Chase), of St. Louis, are the chief advocates of this project, and any one interested should communicate with either of them. Such a trophy would materially increase the interest in live-bird shooting in the State of Missouri.

Paul R. Litzke.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hackensack River Gun Club.

Hoboken, N. J. Sept. 16.—The Hackensack River Gun Club held the third of a series of six live-bird shoots yesterday. A fine lot of birds were on hand.

We were favored with the presence of Capt. Money and his son, Harold Money.

No straight scores were made. Four tied with 9 for first money.

The return match between Wm. Hexamer and H. M. Heflich, at 50 targets, was postponed till our next club shoot, Friday, Oct. 20, business preventing Hexamer from being present.

A supper will be furnished by Mine Host Heflich after this shoot at the club's expense. All are welcome.

Club shoot, 10 birds, $5, two moneys:

*Capt. Money	1122211022—9	Fred Durr	210212110*—7
*Harold Money	2220222222—9	John Chartrand	11*1220222—8
H M Heflich	2222012221—9	H W Kramer	01*0021211—6
Frank Jack	*221010211—7	L F Kleber	1022002100—5
Leonard Stebzle	0*00*12000—2	E Weikert	111212220—9

*Guests.

Miss-and-out sweep for price of birds:

Frank Hall	211222222*0*	Capt Money	1221211222
Harold Money	1212112220*2		

Mr. Frank Hall pays for birds.

John L. Chartrand, Sec'y.

Central New Jersey League.

South Amboy, N. J. Sept. 16.—Five teams competed. The two New Brunswick clubs tied on 69. The shooting was extremely difficult, which accounts for the low scores. Each man shot at 25 targets, 125 targets to a team. There was a high inblowing wind and the targets were thrown far out. The two New Brunswick clubs will engage in a team contest with the Climax Gun Club and the Dunellen Gun Club Sept. 30 on the grounds of the New Brunswick Gun Club. There will be ten men on a side and each man will shoot at 25 targets, making a total of 250 targets for each team. This should be a very interesting contest. The scores:

Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick.	
Capt Bunk	18
Arthur	17
Nichols	15
Oakley	11
Vanderveer	8—69
Reservoir Gun Club, of New Brunswick.	
Bissett	21
McDowell	19
J Belloff	16
H Bloodgood	10
Cornelius	3—69
Dunellen Gun Club, of Dunellen.	
Hovey	16
Fletcher	16
Giles	14
Nelson	11
Osborn	10—67
Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield.	
T H Keller	18
Goodman	17
O Mundy	14
De Worth	6
W Mundy	5—60
Columbia Gun Club, of South Amboy.	
Disbrow	14
Ivins	11
J Bloodgood	8
Norr	6
Green	6—45

Morfey Against Heflich.

Lyndhurst, N. J., Sept. 14.—The somewhat novel match between Messrs. Heflich and Morfey was shot to-day, the latter killing his 25 birds straight to 20 for Heflich. Morfey shot a Winchester, Heflich a Burgess. The conditions were 30yds. and pump guns were allowed as many shots as they could use.. The day was one of September's best—clear, cool and pleasant, with hardly any wind blowing. As is usual at Morfey's grounds, the birds were good. Heflich's gun did not work well at times, which hampered him accordingly, and cut down his score appreciably in consequence. More than two shots in a narrow boundary is not such a distinct advantage as it would seem to be, for out of the 50 birds only 3 were killed with the third shot, and some were lost which had been shot at three times. This is the first of the two matches arranged between these two shooters. The second is fixed to take place on Wednesday of this week. The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

	1	5	4	5	3	2	3	1	2	2	1	3	3	5	1	1	4	1	1	5	1	3	2	2	
Morfey	1	2	2	1	3	1	2	1	2	2	1	2	2	1	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	3	2	—25
	1	1	1	5	2	2	4	2	5	3	1	5	3	3	2	3	1	2	2	4	2	4	4	4	2
Heflich	1	2	0	1	2	3	0	0	1	1	0	*	1	3	2	2	1	2	3	1	2	2	1	2	3—20

Freehold Gun Club.

Freehold, N. J., Sept. 15.—The scores made at the Freehold Gun Club's shoot to-day were as follows:

First event:	
R A Ellis	11011101001111011101011111101—22
Campbell	11100001011000111110110011010—17
W B Ellis	10111111101111000111011110010—21
J T Laird	11000111101110110100011111101—20
Arrowsmith	10100110100000011000111101001l—14
Vandorn	01111110011011011100011010100—18
Snyder	11000101011111111111111000000010—17
Hance	10101111101001110110110011011—20
Muldoon	10000100001000000001100110110— 9
Second event:	
Campbell	01111101111111111111101110110l1—25
W B Ellis	11011111101010101100111010110l—20
R A Ellis	11010101011100111111010111111111—23
J T Laird	11100011111101100111111111110110—22
Vandorn	011010111010000

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

The tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club Tuesday, Sept. 12, was one of the best ever held by the club. The attendance was good and the weather perfect.

In the unfinished race from Aug. 22, which was finished at this shoot, the following averages were made. Each shooter shot at 100: Wheeler 98, Miskay 96, Griffith 95, Ewell 93, Eager 93, Leroy 92, Herbert 92.

The story is best told by the appended scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	10	15	15	25	20	20	15	20	25	25	25	25	Av.
Wheeler	9	15	15	25	19	20	15	20	24	25	24	23	.970
Herbert	8	14	14	24	18	20	14	18	25	25	23	25	.950
Tucker	10	14	14	25	18	18	15	19	24	21	25	24	.945
Griffith	9	15	14	24	17	20	13	20	22	24	24	24	.941
Snell	10	14	15	23	19	18	13	19	25	25	19	25	.933
Leroy	10	13	14	22	19	18	14	19	22	25	24	23	.929
Dickey	9	14	13	25	18	19	15	19	21	24	21	24	.925
Hoyle	10	15	12	23	14	20	15	18	23	24	21	23	.908
Lambert	8	14	14	24	19	20	13	18	24	23	21	18	.900
Jordan	6	14	13	24	16	19	13	20	24	22	23	21	.895
Eager	8	9	15	23	18	20	14	20	19	22	23	23	.891
Davis	10	14	12	24	17	19	13	17	24	21	21	21	.887
Inman	6	15	13	23	..	..	..	..	22	23	21	23	.884
Nick	9	13	11	20	17	18	15	19	21	21	24	23	.879
Whitin	8	14	14	21	17	18	14	16	21	24	21	22	.875
Sawin	5	12	14	23	19	15	14	17	23	21	20	23	.850
Swiveller	7	15	13	20	..	..	..	..	19	23	18	17	.811
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	20	22	20	.800
Burbank	8	14	11	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.800
Coffin	..	..	13	17	14	16	13	..	17	20	23	19	.776
R C Walls	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	19	22	20	.760
Cutler	9	11	8	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.676
Underwood	6	9	8	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.600

"I reckon the most useless man in this world," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "is the fellow who has played just enough lawn tennis to spoil him for a harvest hand."—Chicago Tribune.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Sept. 16.—There was a fine gathering of shooters at Wright's shooting forum, a number of whom were visitors. main event of the day was the gun contest, this being the of the series of twelve. Dr. Gardiner, Blauvelt, Dudley, Creamer and David scored the maximum of 10 points. Pat and Amend scored 49 each. Messrs. Banks and Waters, members of the handicap committee, withdrew from the con both in respect to the gun and G. A. H. free entry event, th they were assured that they were acceptable in both capaciti handicappers and competitors.

Among the spectators was Mrs. Webber, who watched Dr. ber's good shooting with keen interest, and the day was all brighter for her coming.

A feature of the competition was the good shooting of Du who made a very consistent, high-class competition through

The scores:

Fifth gun contest:

Banks	10111111111111111111011111	—23
	01111111111111111110101111	—22
Waters	11111111110100101111011111	—20
	11111010111111001100111111	—19
H B Money	10111111111111111111011111	—23
	01111111011111111111111111	—23
Capt Money	11111110111111111011001111	—21
	01111111111111111111111101	—23
Gardiner	11111111111111111111011111	—24
	11111110111111111111111111	—24
F A Thompson	10010101101011111110111101	—17
	11111011101111111111110110	—21
Blauvelt	10110111011101110101011111	—18
	11111010110111111111011111	—21
Dudley	11111111111111111111110111	—24
	11111011111111111111111111	—24
G B Paterson	01101111111111010111111111	—21
	01101111111001101111011111	—19
Kemble	01110011111111111111101111	—20
	11101111101111010011101111	—19
J S S Remsen	11111011111101101110101111	—20
	11101101111111111011100111	—20
Creamer	01110111111111101111100111	—20
	00111111101111110011000011	—16
Woods	11111011101011111101111111	—21
	11111101101111111111111111	—23
J B Hopkins	11110111111111111111011111	—23
	01101111011101110100011111	—17
Webber	11111111111101111101010111	—22
	11111111111010011111111100	—20
Lane	10100000111011110111111011	—16
	11001110110101011110111011	—17
Smith	10101101111101110111101111	—19
	11111101111001101111111111	—21
G Remsen	11110101011110110110111011	—19
	11101111101111101011011110	—19
Amend	11111111111011111110111111	—23
	11111111111011111111111111	—24
David	11011001011010110101111111	—17
	11001111111111110011111110	—20
*Thornton	01111110110001111001011111	
	01010111110101111001101101	
*C M Tiffney	11011111100000110101110O	
	11100101110011011111110001	
Piercy	11100111110011111001010O1	—16
	00101111111011100110000011	—15

*Guests.

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	4	Events:	1
Targets:	10	15	25	Targets:	10
Banks	8	13	23	G Remsen	6
Waters	10	14	21	Dr Creamer	9
H B Money	9	15	24	Dudley, Jr	1
Capt Money	8	14	23	J S S Remsen	7
Gardiner	8	10	21	Aulthaus	7
F A Thompson	5	13	23	R Woods	..
H Blauvelt	6	9	15	Amend	..
Dudley	9	13	25	Dr Webber	..
Thornton	4	9	13	Piercy	..
Dr Kemble	10	12	19	Dana	..

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 11.—A number of clubs engag their regular monthly competitions at Shell Mound range y day.

The medal score of the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Clu as follows:

Dr. S. O. Rodgers 217, D. McLaughlin 216, H. Stelting 129, Budgar 201, F. W. Belknap 193 and 190, C. M. Henderson 20 194, J. E. Gorman 218, E. L. Moore 192. Pistol Class—J. E. man 94, and 91, Dr. Rodgers 81, D. McLaughlin 80, C. Hend 79, J. F. Briges 74, C. N. Moore 71 and 69, C. Roberts 73 a Major Tompkins 71 and 68. Record scores—J. W. Tompki and 86, C. Roberts 81 and 80.

The scores at the monthly medal shoot of the San Fra Schuetzen Verein were as follows:

Champion Class—F. Schuster, 429; first class, R. Stettin, second class, August Jungblut, 379; third class, Otto Lemcke fourth class, William Goetze, 393; best first shot, R. Stetti best last shot, August Jungblut, 23.

Good scores were made by the marksmen of the Ger Schuetzen Club. In the first champion class F. P. Schust cured 437 points; second champion class, N. Ahrens, 406; class, H. Stellings, 393; second class, A. Jungblut, 400; bes shot, J. F. Briges, 24; best last shot, Dr. Rodgers, 23. Bu medal scores: D. McLaughlin 222, D. B. Faktor 210. Cash competition: F. P. Schuster 74, D. B. Faktor 74, Dr. Rodge N. Ahrens 71. Ro

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

The regular shoot of the Cincinnati Rifle Association wa on Sept. 17. Payne was declared champion of the day; also wi the Dietrich medal for fifth and final time. Conditions, o at the German ring target, 200yds.:

Champion score:

Nestler	19	23	19	22	17	19	19	19	23
Roberts	21	23	19	22	24	23	20	21	24
Payne	24	21	23	20	20	21	25	20	21
Gindele	18	15	20	22	21	19	18	15	22
Topf	21	22	18	19	19	22	13	19	12
Drube	20	12	19	22	18	20	17	12	16
Strickmeier	24	20	24	18	22	19	17	17	18
Ehlerding	23	20	20	11	20	20	17	20	18

	Special Score.										Honor T	
Nestler	20	20	23	23	23	15	23	18	22	25—212	21	20
Roberts	18	19	24	21	10	22	18	24	21	21—198	19	17
Payne	21	25	23	24	22	18	22	22	22	14—213	23	22
Gindele	21	24	22	18	25	18	21	23	23	19—214	20	17
Topf	18	19	22	17	18	17	1	20	24	24—180	13	14
Drube	22	18	24	20	20	24	16	18	21	12—196	16	21
Strickmeier	21	22	23	20	24	21	19	19	21	19—209	24	21

The officinl tests of the Mauser pistol in behalf of the U. S ernment, made by J. D. Griffith, of Kansas City, Mo., a ported to be very favorable toward it. From 50 to 500yds. very accurate and very deadly. It fires 10 shots without rel and all can be discharged within three seconds with an ac which is remarkable. It is .30cal. The cartridges are loade nitro powder, the bullets weighing 85 grains. They consis lead core, surrounded by a nickel-plated copper jacket.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

I. F. Todd will oblige by sending his address for a letter aw him.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 14. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

No one among the lovers of nature recalls more fondly the scenes of childhood and youth than he who was once a farmer's boy but in youth or early manhood has wandered far from the farm and the paternal roof in quest of fame and fortune.

In all the varied scenes of the larger world he has come to know in later life, none have the charm of those his young eyes first beheld, and the sounds that grew as familiar to his ears as household words.

Alps or Andes rear their peaks of eternal snow in no loftier grandeur than did the blue hills of the strange, far-off land of the next county lift their tops to catch the autumnal snowfalls while the valleys at their feet were yet green with aftermath. The storm-swept ocean is not more majestic in its resistless rage than was the turbulent lake beating its rocky rim with a fury of small waves; nor is the Niagara's tremendous plunge more awful than was the downpour of the mill dam in a spring flood.

Nowhere are there scenes of more tranquil beauty than along this mill pond that loops pasture and meadow land in its placid curves, or where the quick stream comes clattering and flashing to it out of the shadow of the woods, or where, in the heart of the woods, the slow reaches crawl among the shadows and never wrinkle the reflections of bank and tree, or where noisy rapids toss the shivered doubles amid a confusion of foam bells and scattered sunbeams. Here the wood duck reared her dusky brood, in near neighborhood to the grouse and her callow family, and it was here, perhaps, that the farmer's boy got his first shot at each and knew the ecstacy of his first success, and in the pond caught his first big fish—joys that could never be quite repeated in a lifetime.

What a pleasant place was the hill pasture that slopes upward in grassy undulations to the woodside, where the ferns grow rank in the out-reaching shade, and sumacs and elders canopy and embower an old wall beneath a loftier growth of scattered hickories. Thither the boy felt himself always drawn in the drowsy August afternoons, though the cows were waiting at the bars, for he must know how the broods of young grouse were growing and whether the squirrels were coming out to the nut trees yet. What a thrill ran through his nerves when he heard the harsh barking of the gray squirrel in an outlying hickory, the dribble of chips through the leaves from a gnawed nut. And what an ecstatic shock, when by ones, twos and threes the grouse sprang from their interrupted feast on the drooping cymes of elder berries and burst through the green roof of sumacs, the young birds almost full grown and strong of flight, shaking thunder from their wings. How he planned what a glorious day that should be that he might have for his own, with the battered but precious old gun, the squirrels, and the partridges. How could he ever wait for it? He has learned to wait since.

There were the old woods that clothed the ledges and ravines of the hill beyond, where he first felt the exquisite delight of fox hunting when leaves were in the glory of autumnal color, and cliff and gorge rang with the wild music of the hounds; and where, in a January thaw, he first tracked the raccoon in the soft snow to his lair.

There, too, when the farm hands turned lumbermen for the nonce, he watched the warfare against the venerable pines and hemlocks, and beheld with sorrow their mighty downfall. Yet it was a boy's sorrow, not of a sort to spoil a youthful appetite whetted by exercise and the wholesome atmosphere of the winter woods. Such a one he brought to the cold dinner, served at noon around a roaring fire. It was the sweetest meal he ever tasted, and like great John Ridd, he thanked God for the room that was inside him, which was indeed marvelous, considering his outward dimensions. It was the first realization of a dream of camp life, and needed but little imagination to people the surrounding forest with terrible savages and wild beasts.

Amid all these scenes he dreamed day dreams of the great outer world that was to be his to conquer when he grew to manhood, which would make all things attainable—wealth and power and perfect happiness. Now he dreams of those blissful days of boyhood when he was happier than he ever could be again, and happily knew it not. No wonder that he holds dear those blissful days of boyhood and takes a sad pleasure in living them over in memory, a sadder pleasure in revisiting their scenes; for, alas! how changed must they be in this world of swift change.

Woods that once seemed to him as enduring as the stars, have utterly vanished, devoured by the insatiate saw mill, pulp mill and engine; and the once full streams are shrunken. The wood folk whom he once knew so well, are gone from their old haunts; the flowers and plants that he alone could find, grow and bloom no more in the sunburned, arid ledges that once nurtured them in perpetual shade. The leaves of nature's primer, wherein he unwittingly learned to read her secrets, and to love her, are torn and disfigured. But the old lessons are not forgotten, and he loves her still, never so fondly.

When it fell to the lot of the farmer's boy to continue upon the paternal acres and the boy's tastes are preserved in the man, he will still find days, though they be few, for the indulgence of them. With something of youthful zest he fishes in the stream where he caught his first fish, and hunts the infrequent grouse and wild duck in the old haunts that were populous with them in the old days. He has a handsome breechloader now, but it is not so precious a weapon to the man as to the boy was the battered fowling piece with its clumsy lock, altered by the neighborhood blacksmith from flint to percussion, its mended stock and crooked ramrod, and the shoulder of the coat is not worn through with carrying it as the boy's jacket was by the other. And the heart does not beat so high beneath the coat as it did beneath the jacket when autumn leaves are underfoot and the elusive odor of autumn woods teases the nostrils, for alas! youth comes only once in a lifetime.

There are farmers' boys of another sort, who spend their lives on a farm, who never see the beauty that is all around them. To them a tree is so much lumber, so many cords of wood, and nothing more; a moss-grown rock is rubbish or available material, as the case may be; the brook a convenience for watering stock. He would not spare for the woodcock's sake a rod of alder copse that the brook crawls through, any more than for beauty's sake he would save the willow that ripples the current with its trailing branches. His mission seems to be to destroy, not to preserve, the beauty of that portion of the world which has been committed to his care. He is above the weakness of indulgence in field sports, which he considers a mere pretext for useless idleness. Therefore he is quite indifferent to the protection of fish and game, for since he is virtuous there shall be no cakes and ale. He may be a better and more successful farmer, but not a wiser nor a happier man, than his brother who finds wholesome, harmless recreation with rod and gun in his own woods and streams, and though confessing to no sentimentalism, gets genuine pleasure from communion with nature.

MOSQUITOES AND MALARIA.

THE investigation into the function of the mosquito in the communication of malaria to the human family has been carried so far that the ascertained facts appear to furnish an apparent support of the theory. There is some satisfaction, however, in the assurance which the scientists now give us that we need not regard the whole mosquito tribe as malaria disseminators, for, so far as is now determined, the mosquitoes which transport the malaria parasite belong to the single genus known as *Anopheles*.

The theory that the mosquito is an agent in the spread of malaria is not a new one, and it had been generally noticed that at the most active period of mosquito life, malaria is also most prevalent. The subject has been investigated in India by Major Ross, and in 1897 this investigator traced the malarial parasite into the wall of the stomach of the mosquito, after it had fed on malarial patients.

Grassi, an Italian observer, studied the mosquitoes of different malarial sections of country and found that where mosquitoes of the genus *Culex* alone existed there was no indigenous malaria, but that this did occur where the large mosquito *Anopheles* was found. Two other Italian students endeavored to infect a man with malaria by having him bitten by mosquitoes, but were unable to accomplish this infection until they imported mosquitoes from a certain malarious district, and, these, when they bit the man, infected him with the type of malaria prevalent in the district from which they had come. The whole subject is one of such interest that it is certain to be studied exhaustively, and most interesting results will be obtained.

SNAP SHOTS.

The protest put out by Commodore Bliss, of the Interlake Yachting Association, against the presence at the meets of rowdy individuals, who, under ordinary conditions at home, would not be recognized as fit associates by decent and self-respecting men, is a word which is well spoken. There is no good reason whatever why the rowdy element in any branch of sport should be permitted to obtrude itself. Yachting has been cursed in past years by a class—more or less in evidence—of men who, taking advantage of the temporary escape from the accustomed repressions and restraints of their every-day surroundings, converted their "yachting" cruises into seasons of bestiality, disorder and uproar. They were a curse to the waters that gave them harbor and the communities they smirched by their intrusion, and not less a reproach and injury and insult to yachting. We use the past tense because, for the most part, and in most yachting circles, a new order has taken the place of the old, and as a rule such reproaches as those uttered by Commodore Bliss must be accepted as applying to specific districts and specific clubs and individuals, but not to yachting at large. There is then all the more reason why respectable yachtsmen should jealously protest the good name of their chosen sport and repress with harsh and vigorous and peremptory measures the disorderly conduct of those who are a disgrace to yachting.

The same rule applies to other branches of sport. The rowdy gunner who trespasses on posted lands, tramples the farmer's crops and shoot his live stock, tears down fences or walls, leaves open gates and bars, and insults the owner—this fellow is not a sportsman, as sportsmen understand the term, and yet with thousands of people he is the only type of sportsmen known and recognized. One blackguard shooter in a neighborhood will make a stronger impression on the community than a dozen decent and well-behaved sportsmen, and the pity of it is that the dozen have slight protection or none at all against the one. The profitable course to pursue, however, is to be strenuous in season and out of season in condemnation of the rowdy with the gun, and ready and active at all times and in all practicable ways to promote his repression in the interest of sport.

If we have no patience with the deer hunter who shoots a human being by mistake for a deer, what shall we say of him when his act is that of a drunken man? It appears to have been well established that a hunter who killed a man in the Adirondacks the other day by a so-called accident was under the influence of liquor. If, in addition to the possible heedlessness of sober hunters, the recklessness of drunkards in the woods must be taken into account, the prudent man will be content to do his deer hunting by proxy.

President Smith of the New York State League has taken commendable action in urging upon the members to use their influence in promoting the proposed national park in Minnesota. The subject is one which should engage the attention of all sportsmen's organizations, and we look to see the example of President Smith followed by many others. As is reported by our Chicago correspondent, the outlook for the viewing excursion is most promising; and since the Minnesota wilderness is in itself the most eloquent pleader for this enterprise of forest preservation, he must be insensible to the charms of nature and dull to the influences of the primitive wilds, who shall not return an enthusiastic advocate of the park.

In Long Island City the other night a man who was searching for something on a shelf knocked off a book, which fell and struck an old gun that had been lying on the shelf for years—loaded and waiting for a chance to do something. The gun went off and the bullet ploughed its way through the man. This shows the danger of keeping books in the house.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Vampires of the Tuasivi.

While this is a story of good hunting on the mountain peaks of Samoa, it is only proper that it should begin where the event itself really did begin—with the pigs of Vaiala on the ocean beach of Upolu. If the village swine had not put the idea into Talolo's active brain I might never have had the moonlight shooting at Suatele's clearing, on the very top of the mountain over which I had often watched the frigate birds disappearing every evening as the sun went down.

The Samoan pigs, native to the soil and in several particulars different from the civilized hog, were a great nuisance. Even a six-wire fence was of no sort of use in keeping them out of the compound which surrounded the consulate; in fact, the closeness of the lower wires seemed only to attract them to the more earnest effort to scrape through the barrier. As an abatement of the nuisance, I took a leaf from Robinson Crusoe's book and planted a hedge. My hedge was planted just as the great exile's was; 5ft. stakes were driven into the ground. Within a week they were all growing in the most equatorial luxuriance, and before the month was over the hedge was a wall of green already crowded with flowers. It was an interesting feat in horticulture; it availed to restrain the mature and elderly porkers, but the little pigs scraped through and laughed at me. It is really exasperating to be laughed at by a young hog. I found by actual measurement that a pig 2ft. long could scramble between two stakes in my hedge 4in. apart. Just how this happened I must leave to anatomists to explain.

Whenever official life and Samoan affairs seemed out of kilter, I called in Salatemu, because she seemed to be the most permanent and abiding of those whom I learned to recognize as the wives of Patu, the portly chief of Vaiala village, which lay about all sides of my compound, except the seaward aspect. She looked the situation over and referred the subject to her lord and master. Patu put his administrative brain to work upon the problem, and finally settled it. The tabu which he had set for all Samoans on the premises should be extended to all pigs as well. The owners of pigs should be notified that my premises were sacred, and any pigs found trespassing were to be killed ruthlessly. I have often wondered if Patu meant that I was entitled to shoot his trespassing Samoans as well as their pigs. At any rate I never tried it, for it is so dreadfully easy to stir up an international complication in that worrisome kingdom. The only stipulation that Patu made was the provision that I was to allow one of the villagers to enter the compound for the purpose of removing any pig which I might shoot. Thereupon Vaiala dined with great glee on the assassinated pork. I have some reason to suspect that the boys in Vaiala organized a system of stampeding the young pigs of the Matautu village, a quarter-mile along the beach, driving them into my compound for me to shoot and then holding their own feasts over the delicacy. Toomalatai, the one-handed chief of that neighboring community, made complaint that such a reprehensible game was being played. The only answer he got was that any pig in the garden was a pig shootable, and therefore shot, for close watching had convinced the Samoans that I never missed a shoat among my struggling flowers.

One morning while we were at breakfast, my own particular boy, Tanoa, came to me breathless with the whispered warning, "Tamaitai e, manuvaefa e tolu i le lotoa," conveying the information that three "four-legged animals" were in the garden, for Samoan courtesy will not admit of using "pua'a," the name of so vile an animal as the pig, in speaking to a superior. Tamoa had brought my single-barreled Winchester shotgun, already loaded, and two extra shells. The first pig was easy, for he stood and snouted at me. The other two were better shots, for the fate of the first pig sent them careering around in wild commotion, and it was quick work to break down the gun and reload. The last pig was killed just as he was struggling in the hedge, and another minute would have taken him beyond my right to slaughter. The usual shout arose in the village at the prospect of baked pork for dinner, and little Fuatino promptly appeared for the purpose of dragging out the slain, a considerable task for so small a girl.

After the commotion was over and I had settled down in my shady corner on the veranda, I was surprised by a warlike figure with a long gun sitting on the wrecked mast of the old warship Trenton, which lay at the foot of the flagstaff. It was my young friend Talolo, making a front after his own fashion. When he felt that he had produced the impression he sought to make, he came through the gate and took his seat on the floor of the veranda with his customary polite salutations. The gun he carefully stood under the consular coat of arms. Somehow, in his mind, that seemed to make it official and proper.

"What are you going to do with the gun, Talolo?" I asked. "Tau le taua? Are you going to fight the war?"

"Please, no." The lad seemed hurt that his intentions were misunderstood. "This the good season; no war in good season; bimeby the bad season come, then fight the war. That my shootgun. When I fight the war I have head-chopping knife and big rifle-gun and kill rebels. Mebbe Patu he rebel perhaps, then I kill the government. Always fight in rainy season, the Vaipalolo. You want go shotting for me for you to-night; go shotting pe'a?"

Any one who has passed a sleepless night listening to the vampires or flying foxes quarreling in the mango tree when the fruit was ripening would be glad to go on an expedition of revenge and extermination, or, as Talolo worded it, "To go shotting pe'a."

But lately there had been few vampires about the beach. The manager of one of the large German plantations had drawn on the resources of science and had inoculated them with the germs of mice typhoid, and they had died off very completely. But Talolo said the sickness had not extended back into the bush, and there were just as many as ever on the mountains where the berries were now ripening.

"Fa'amolemole, Tamaitai," continued Talolo, "smooth out the wrinkles of your heart, lady, I give for you for me my shootgun in love."

I had to spend a great part of my time in turning down Talolo's loving gifts, for he was an adept in the Samoan art of making presents in order to receive tenfold in return. The gift of his "shootgun" would mean only that I should give him my own light Winchester. There were several reasons why I shouldn't do that. One was that I should be helpless with a muzzle-loader "made in Germany" and with the bore of a lead pencil. The other was that the consuls visited heavily any traffic with the natives in firearms, and as one of the few white women in this outpost of civilization among the savages, I had no wish to add to the dangers of life. What these might become, I had already had a taste of in the last rainy season, when I was left alone in the house with a hundred stand of rifles, and Muliufi and his crowd of rebels had surrounded the place from midnight to dawn, hoping to get the weapons, yet afraid to face my rifle, as I patrolled the veranda against them.

But savage etiquette prescribed that I should look the odd gun all over and appear to return it reluctantly as too rich a gift for me to receive. After careful inspection, I gave the "shootgun" back to Talolo and made him happy by the announcement that I would give him a tin of powder, a box of caps and a supply of shot for his use on our trip after vampires that night, "as my servant shooting food for me," which is a way of getting around the law which even consuls have been known to wink at. Thus for about the thousandth time Talolo got not only more than he deserved, but twice as much as he expected. I knew, and he knew that I knew, that all of this provision he could save out would be used for the making of Mauser cartridges for the next war. But that is Samoa.

As our expedition was a hard one, I needed more assistance than Talolo could give, for I knew that I should be out all night after the vampires, which in other lands would be regarded rather as carrion than as game. Our shooting ground was eight miles away, nearly 4,000ft. nearer the sky and accessible only by a difficult trail. Accordingly, I must have Tanoa, whose affectionate middle-aged heart would be broken if I should count him out of any of my adventures. He was willingness personified, and could be of asistance if only he understood what was wanted. My maid, Tonga, was also to be of my party. Between them a sufficiency of supplies could be taken to meet my needs, and also to have some presents for the chief Suatele, at whose mountain-top home we should pass the night.

Talolo and Tanoa were sent on ahead with orders to await us at the end of the road, some three miles inland, with a boy to bring back my horse and cart. At noon Tonga and I, with the provisions, set out in the cart.

At the end of the road there was no gradual cessation of the means of travel. The road cut itself off square at the edge of unbroken jungle, and all that was left was the narrowest kind of a trail, where the bare feet of Samoans kept down the weeds which otherwise would soon obliterate the stony path long ago marked out as the Ala Sopo, the "cross-over road." It is little more than a foot in width, nothing but jagged lumps of lava, which may be easy enough for the tough bare feet of Samoans, but difficult for any shod foot. As usual in the islands, it follows the highest crest of the ridges. And it is hot—how hot can only be appreciated by one who is familiar with the cool shade of the American woods. Overhead and all around the monster trees interlace their obscuring leaves, and branch is tied to branch with long lianas. High overhead is a thick green ceiling which cuts off the light of the sun and lets all the heat sift through into green sweltering arcades, where no breeze ever penetrates. From the leaves above the moisture patters down on the leaves beneath, and as one mounts toward the summit the sudden afternoon showers come pelting down. Not a bird is ever seen in these solitudes. The mournful cooing of the manutangi dove faintly echoes along the tangle of trunks, but the bird itself is on the upper surface of the canopy, which the eye cannot pierce; the lupe pigeon sometimes sounds his long roll and Talolo fruitlessly points his empty "shootgun," but he knows that at this time of day he can see no game. In the path the muffled rustling of soggy leaves gives token of the presence of the blue pili lizards scuttering out from underfoot. Talolo does not mind the pili when they are underfoot, but he takes all a boy's delight in telling how his mother's brother was walking on this very Ala Sopo and a pili dropped on him from a tree and he died and then turned blue, for that is the superstition. And Tanoa tells weird tales of the aitu, ghost devils, that are known to haunt this spot. There is the lady devil who lies in wait for handsome young men to rub noses with them and then they die. There is Sooalo, who nets men and women from his tia or stone hunting platform which we must pass, just as a century ago he netted lupe. His body is buried on the very summit of Mount Vaea, but his soul has never found rest. Some of the tales pass my comprehension of the Samoan, but Tonga is ready to translate for me. "Fool man," she says, by way of comment on the wild tales of the woodland demons; because she has traveled, because she has been to America with Barnum's Circus and the Midway Plaisance, she would have me think that these old tales have no terrors for her. "Fool man," she says of Tanoa, but her lips are blue and her teeth are chattering, and she keeps close to me. The circus and the Midway cannot altogether destroy the faith of a lifetime.

We pass the tia of Sooalo in safety without being netted, we hear the roar of the Holy Cataract of the Vaisingano and escape the black-boy cannibals who have run away from the German plantations and have made their wild abode near that waterfall. We reach the bank of one of the confluent brooks of that stream and sit down to rest in a little open space, where my Samoans recover their spirits sufficiently to eat a tin of salmon apiece and to point out to me the path of the crowing snake, and speculate on the length of time since he last passed that way. Then on again up the steep mountain, until we reach the flat mile of summit of the pass. It rained yesterday; it is raining now; it will rain to-morrow; it always rains by daylight here, and the mountain top is a sour morass feeding the rivers that run north into Apia Harbor, and those that run south on the other slope to meet the sea in Safata Bay and at Siumu. The last stretch is the worst; the going is something frightful, now striding from one slippery root to another, and now missing the footing and plunging waist deep into yellow mud. There is just a mile of this, the Palapala Tele, which means the big muds. Every step is a burden of mire or the risk of a sprained ankle; it is just as hard for the Samoans as for me. At the further side of the morass we can look down for one brief glimpse on the long slope of jungle to the Southern Sea, the first view of the whole trip. Just here a dry trail picks itself out of the mud and makes off toward the east. A few minutes bring us to a clearing at the head of a picturesque valley with a waterfall dashing spray over the scene. At the end of the path is a 10ft. trunk of timber, half that in diameter, a thatched shed roofing it over to keep the rain out of its hollowed-out interior. All fatigue forgot, Talolo rushes onward and beats on the log with a stick, evidently trimmed for that purpose. The soft, yet distinct, notes of this wooden drum ring out over miles of mountainside to advise Suatele that visitors have arrived whose rank entitles them to smite his drum.

The house lies just beyond, the only native house in all Samoa which has its sides closed in. Here lives Suatele on the Tuasivi, the backbone of the mountain. It is right that his house should be closed in, for it is cold at this altitude, and when one comes from the sea it is hard to bear the lower temperature. But Talolo finds some dry wood and Tanoa gets out dry matches from my rubber-cased traveling bag, and soon we have a hot fire crackling in the open fire-box in the middle of the floor. It seems odd to write of the comforts of a bright fire in the tropics, but the chill of the Tuasivi is too great to bear in soggy clothing. Tonga lets fall a screen behind which I may change into dry garb, and then, as I lie on the only raised bed that can be found in any Samoan house, she kneads me from head to foot after the ancient Samoan fashion of "lomilomi," which is the most perfect of all massages, and the tired feeling leaves me altogether. Soon after this is completed Suatele comes back from his work in answer to the summons of the drum, and extends the courtesy of his mountain home. Savage though he is, it would be hard to find any man more polite in every little one of the oftentimes wearisome details of Samoan etiquette to a guest. There is none in all Samoa who can compare with him in this punctilio except Mataafa and his son Tupuola of Amaile. From the mystery of Samoan housekeeping he sets food before us, cold yams and taro, a fish toasted in its leaf wrapper and a piece of pork cut straight across the back behind the shoulders, which is the proper dainty for those of rank. Tanoa, already trained in foreign cooking, has warmed a tin of beans and beef and salmon for the people, together with a pot of chocolate, which all appreciate. The first duty of the occasion is complete when I have overborne all of Suatele's polite objections and have induced the chief to share my meal. When we have finished and the water for the washing of our hands has been passed, his people and mine cluster about the abundant supply and make their meal with Tonga as hostess of the feast.

It rains steadily till the moonrise, but at 9 o'clock the clouds suddenly vanish, not breaking away, but sinking down the slope to the lower levels and to the coast. The moon, just past the full, makes the scene as light almost as the day. It is time for our vampire hunting. Talolo has his remarkable German "shootgun" with its thread-like bore. I am armed with the only weapon I ever cared to use in that trying climate, a light, single-barreled Winchester. Tanoa has brought another of my breechloaders, which at my order he exchanges for Suatele's muzzleloader, so that the chief may have better sport. Tonga takes charge of all the ammunition except the shells. I think she intends to keep strict watch over its use in the hope of saving as much as possible wherewith to make cartridges for her warrior husband to use in the next war.

We have not far to go, only to the clearing outside the house. There is fruit growing there, and where fruit grows the flying foxes gather. They are there ahead of us, the night is filled with their squealing. Suddenly Suatele gently touches my arm to direct me toward the moon. The vampire was out of range, but for the moment the scene lasted it was a marvelous picture. The great bat was soaring somewhere between me and the moon, and for a second or more was outlined fairly within the bright disk of radiance. Every detail was in perfect silhouette, even to the eager head and snapping jaws, and the claws at the last joint of the wings seemed to catch on the very edge of the moon. It was only a glimpse, but while it lasted it was a perfect picture.

When the shooting began it was evident that Talolo had, through some mischance, told the truth as to the number of vampires on the Tuasivi. Really, I do the lad an injustice; he could not avoid lying about the ordinary affairs of life on the beach, but his bush information was always accurate. Talolo and Tanoa stalked their game and took none but pot-shots at the bats when feeding. Suatele tried to imitate me and shoot them on the wing, but without much success, and it was hard to say which caused him the most chagrin, the missing the vampire or the waste of so precious a commodity as powder is to the Samoans. In a little more than an hour's shooting we killed three score bats to four guns, and it was all done without leaving our stands. In size they averaged from 3 to 4ft. of wing spread, only one falling as low as 30in., and several spreading over 50in. The bodies of these large ones were about the size of black and tan terriers. They take a lot of shooting, for a charge of shot merely through the wing does little damage.

When our game was brought back to Suatele's house it was at once cleaned and skinned. As fast as each bat was dressed it was stuffed with leaves, tightly wrapped in leaves of another plant and buried. This, it was explained, was necessary to prepare them for food, as otherwise the taste would be too rank to be borne. As the rats abound on the mountain and have a lively appetite for meat of all sorts, it was necessary to set a

atch over this temporary cold storage of the vam-res we had shot. As Talolo emphatically declared they ere "Good for eat for 'me for you," it was quite sential that they should not be stolen by the rodent arauders.

My tramp had been such a hard one, and the cool ght was so unusual a luxury, that I was fast asleep ng before our game had been disposed of, and I ept soundly even without the steady roar of the surf eaking on the reef, to which I had become accus-med at my seaside home. It hardly seemed that I d slept at all when Tonga roused me in the gray of e dawn to come out and listen to the song of the a'oma'o, which is silent except at that hour. There no bird note that can compare with the beauty of this ountain bird's morning song. It fills the jungle valleys ith trills and roulades of melody for five minutes at a e of a plaintive composition that carries every fine ade of music. When one bird sings, all others listen, d not until one has finished its effort does another ne up. While we were listening to the dawn concert e heard the distant sound of shots, and Tonga told me at Suatele, fearing that I would not care to eat vam-res, had taken a boy and had gone off to shoot me me pigeons. While waiting for him to return, we ent part way down the southern slope to the waterfall f Papapapa, and had our morning plunge in a pool at was almost icy.

Suatele's fears were without ground. The vampires hen baked in wrappings of fresh leaves after the night's terment were as succulent as our squirrels, and as ainty a viand as could be desired, being both tender nd juicy. What with the pigeons and the vampires here was enough for me to take back with me a good pply for my dinner at the end of the long homeward amp down the mountain.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Happenings.

I.

Inclosed find a perforated penny and a 5-cent nickel. f you can plug the coins and pass them they are yours. I was at Greenwood Lake a while ago, and while not aving money to burn we had a little to shoot. There nothing new in shooting for or at money—what strange in this case is that we got a portion back. ertainly there was a return of a bad penny. It was laced in the withered knothole on that dead tree in front i the Lakeside House, and shot at from a distance of oft., with a .22 long rifle cartridge. The report of the ifle and stinging on my left shoulder were synchronons, nd the penny dropped at my feet. Can you tell what did ? I have a theory, but some of my profoundest houghts (to me) fall flat with others.

II.

I saw a shrike circling over the tree tops about Has-brouck Institute the other noon, and in each foot was lutched an English sparrow. Was the shrike catching neat, and will the little imps own all the buildings and rolley roads around that place if that shrike stays about?

III.

My people took our black field spaniel out a few days go for an airing and exercise. Well, he is more dog, ound for pound, than anything around. In a hilarious noment he essayed to climb up the glass hothouse roof t Peter Henderson's. He partially succeeded and nostly didn't. Then there was a crash of glass, a blend-ng of colors, and he was let in on the ground floor via he roof. He was a hybrid and an exotic among the plants, and the plants were damaged to the value of the dog. Flowers were cut, but the dog got away to run muck some other day.

While they were telling me of the escapade, Dusky winked at me and practically said: "I was right in it."

IV.

A neighbor moved away and another thought she saw Moses, the big tiger cat belonging to the departed, sitting on the fence. Appreciating the sorrow of the owner, and wishing to do a kindness to both cat and owner, she, by gentle persuasion, secured the cat and carried it to the supposed home. She was met at the door by the reality, and the real Moses resented the presence of the bulrush Moses, and there was nothing else to do but carry the alias back to the original local-ity. It belonged to another neighbor.

To Happen.

I am to spend the first two weeks of October deer hunting in the wildest portion of the Adirondacks, and I am to spend the little sum hoarded up throughout the summer for that purpose. If the two weeks in the woods as a reality are as enjoyable as the two weeks of prepara-tion, the pleasure will be great. Do you know what it is to anticipate a few days away in that delightful place? You look at the trunk and the various equipments, and wonder what you will carry. You get the trunk down, you pack it and unpack it, you discard some things and then decide to take them, you look for leaks in your old boots, count the number of shells on hand, wonder how much tobacco will answer, and whether you will require more than one "first aid" package or not. Then you write to your guide, making all kinds of prepara-tions, and worry yourself thinking that something will happen and the connections will not be made.

If the trip amounts to anything, I will write you and tell you about it. With a big hunting knife in lieu of shears, a packbasket for a paste pot, and a rifle for a blue lead pencil, I will clip from nature's book such writings as interest myself and may interest others, and will paste them on the walls of the camp as you would file away valuable documents, and with the lead of the pencil make such records upon birch bark and deer skins for parchment, that the grand combination, worked over by yourself and resubmitted to the printers for correc-tion, will make some new subscriber to your paper marvel at the triumph of "mind over matter."

W. W. HASTINGS.

Interior Alaska as a Game Preserve.

To the man who finds himself in the inhospitable in-terior of Alaska, the question of game becomes at once an interesting problem. The prospector is dependent for support on the provisions he carries with him, and even then he is deprived of fresh meat, unless he can find it in the country he traverses. It is more or less of a supposi-tion that the vast game preserves of the North are in-exhaustible, for great inroads have been made on its former state of plenty by the cupidity of the traders and the necessities of the Indian populations.

In the Yukon country are found quantities of moose, caribou, bears and foxes, but in the wilderness south, in the Tanana hills and over the vast region drained by the muddy Copper River and its tributaries, the dearth of game strikes one more forcibly than any evidence of its abundance.

In the early part of March we landed at Valdez, and a month later had crossed the glacier of that name. As we came into the slate-colored valley, one of our party shot a couple of mountain goats which he saw on the top of a shale-covered hill. That was our first taste of fresh meat, and rank as it was, it was a delicacy after thirty days of bacon and beans. The animal itself furnished us with a good-sized white-haired robe, which proved useful when the cold weather came.

Our anticipations from that time ran high as far as game was concerned, for our deductions had every appear-ance of being founded on logic; we could not have hoped to find any living thing on that thirty-mile expanse of snow and ice, but even there, ptarmigan were plenty, and the footprints of large bears were often visible on the trail. The day after the goats had been shot we saw a caribou on a green knoll some thousands of feet up a hillside.

The appearance of the Copper River country leads one to the impression that it could not be improved as a breed-ing ground. Seen from the high ridge which skirts the Klutena for a hundred miles, it presents a most beautiful view. Far away to the south rise Mountains Drum and Wrangel, their tops crusted with snow; to the east and the west appear glaciers innumerable, and to the north one sees the winding course of the Copper River set in an undulating country filled with small lakes and muddy tributaries of the glacial streams. The absolute solitude tends to increase the impression that game is plentiful, and the fact that the population consists of roving colonies of Indians confirms the impression. Long before we had seen any of these people, we learned that it was an un-written law among them to kill the first white man caught in the act of shooting a moose or a caribou. This gave us an inkling of the probable scarcity of fresh meat. We found afterward that the Indian lived almost entirely on salmon. King Salmon is responsible for the existence of a miserable people now fast dying out.

After our capture of the goat we traveled along the Klutena for fifty miles before we again caught sight of an animal, then on the banks of a clear stream called St. Ann's River we shot a brown bear. He fought viciously and was killed with difficulty. It is the custom of these animals to come to the streams to feed on the spawning fish, and they are to be found quite as often on the banks of these tributaries as in the berry laden bushes of the woods. Several men were injured seriously by coming on them unawares. We found in various spots antlers of moose and caribou, mostly in a state of decay. The valleys bore an air of forlorn loneliness, and in spite of the evidence of hundreds of rabbit skeletons in the low trees we did not once see a rabbit. It was evident that the coun-try had been overrun with them at a very recent period. Later we learned from an Indian that the cold weather of three years before had frozen every one of them.

The underbrush which covers the Copper River region looks at a distance like a green carpet, but in reality it is a tangled undergrowth, from waist to shoulder high. In ascending the various hills, this brush makes the journey a constant battle; in addition, scattered over the lowlands, are large trees, leveled by fire and lying in inconceivable confusion. There is no doubt that in many cases the fires which destroyed them were purposely set, and during the late gold fever flames were to be seen in the summer months on all the mountain sides, where they looked at night like the outpost lamps of a great city.

On one of our expeditions into the low hills, we found some twenty miles from the river a beaten moose trail winding up toward the high mountain tops. Though no animal was to be seen, the distinctness of the path assured us that it had been used by numbers and often. The large game have an enemy who preys on them more persistently than man, and that is the mosquito. To avoid this pest he goes into colder altitudes. The pests are so persistent, so numerous and so virile that all the large animals, with the exception of bears, climb to the high mountain tops and remain there from the middle of May till the middle of September.

The Indians with whom we came in contact on the Tazlina and Copper rivers were a dwarfed people, re-sembling the Japanese—harmless and honest. They were waiting, at our advent, for the approach of the salmon, and when it came they offered up thanks in true Chinook fashion. We found among them a few furs, notably some fine specimens of silver fox skins, which we purchased at a trifling price. The Indians informed us by gestures that they were caught to the far south, pointing to Mount Wrangel.

As we proceeded further north, we saw even less game than before, the high clay banks of the Copper River offering no subsistence for life. It was with great diffi-culty that we kept alive the one horse we had, and as the weather grew colder there was no way of procuring enough hay to last him through the winter. In the end we had to shoot him and use him for food.

The scarcity of game is explainable not by the lack of forage, however, but by the severe winters which often sweep down on that region. Many times the thermometer falls as low as 60 degrees below freezing for long periods, and the dark days and free course of the northern gales in winter, added to the hordes of mosquitoes in summer, prevent the multiplication of game which one expects to see on first entering the country.

PERCY LOUIS SHAW.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

Pet Deer.

ONE occasionally meets a person who hears with polite incredulity the theory that if a hunter picks up a fawn in the woods and fondles it a moment, if put down it will follow him home. I have told the truth so much that I know how it is generally received, and I have seen people who did not take much stock in my tales of the wonder-ful docility of a fawn captured wild in the mountains.

My two brothers had occasion to pass through a strip of woods to reach a strawberry patch in June, 1888. They saw a fawn in its bed, where, no doubt, the mother deer had left it.

It ran when they came near, but after a hard chase they caught it. They brought it home and we shut the gates and all stood around expectant, waiting to see it loosed and run. We felt misgivings about the fence being high enough, but decided to risk it. When released the fawn sidled up to the one who had carried it in, and I suppose we who had been expecting a chase looked foolish. We taught it to drink milk, and it thrived. The women folks named the new pet Diana (a most extraordinary name, you must admit), and for two years the deer was a delightful nuisance.

Diana never became thoroughly civilized in the matter of shelter. She would persist in lying out in the weather, and the colder the rain the more contented she seemed to be. I remember her lying in the snow upon which chilling rain was falling, neglecting to make use of the barn or any other sheltered place. Whenever the rain was over she would get up and shake herself and want something to eat. The deer hunter recognizes the fact that after a rain all the deer will be moving. After two years she put on so many airs that we accepted an offer of $10 and sold her to a deer hunter.

He put her into a pen on a hillside with a low fence on the upper side. Deer could jump in, but once in they were securely trapped. Diana was the cause of the violent deaths of a number of her visitors that fall, and the next year she went to the woods to be wild.

But in regard to the tameness of young fawns, an inci-dent related to a surveyor proves it better. As a rule the hunter who gets his clutches on a fawn thinks too much of it to try the experiment of letting it follow him home, but this surveyor was very far back in the moun-tains, where the corps could not even carry as much grub as they needed. Then, when a fawn was found on the line he was running he picked it up and petted it a little while and put it down, intending to let it stay where it was. The fawn followed him all that day, and while it was not afraid of the other men in the corps, it singled its captor out and was close at his heels the whole time. Those who know how a surveying party works through the woods will remember that no two of the party walk together. The rod man goes in front; next the men with axes; then the wizard who follows the course through the trackless forest; then the chain-carriers at either end of the chain.

When camp was made that night on the line, one of the men had so much pity for the little stray fawn that he walked over a high mountain to a mountain farm to get it some milk. It is safe to say that the whole corps would have gone hungry before they would have made the trip for themselves. For this act of humanity, the fawn naturally fell to him.

In a pet fawn, the observer has a good opportunity of studying the spots on the little animal and to note the changes. As fall approaches the spots gradually fade out, and no man can very well say what day the fawn ceases to be spotted. I am reminded of the fact that all artists are not naturalists every time I enter a barber shop in this village. On the wall is the picture of a park in winter—one of the yard-square cheap chromos. A herd of deer are depicted there, and a fawn eats out of a young female's hand, and notwithstanding that snow covers the ground and the trees are leafless, the fawn is spotted. The picture is much enjoyed by this hunting community.

On the whole, nearly every one has found petting deer very unsatisfactory sport. The bucks are dangerous and the does mischievous. One family living on the banks of a stream in September saw a fawn come down the river and enter a cluster of willows. The hounds came in presently, and the hunters, one of whom had shot at it and missed it, went away. The fawn was then found in a thoroughly exhausted condition in the willows, and was carried to the house. It recovered and became very tame. It re-mained with them a year and a half, and one fine day in early spring, after playing hard and running in the sun, it died. The owners were so much moved by its death that they never adopted another deer, giving as the reason that they had become too fond of the one that died.

The finest herd of pet deer probably ever owned in this county belonged to R. B. Kerr. There were seven of them, and they all but one met with violent deaths one fall, and that one went to the woods and never returned. Mr. Kerr is a bachelor, and the deer were his especial pets, and as they were very troublesome and would bring a good price in market, the other members of the house-hold had urged their extinction. He stood between them and death nearly the whole hunting season.

They were kept in the orchard, which was surrounded by a very high rail fence, built for the purpose. One day in the early fall the big buck of the herd had been chased by dogs and had run for his place of refuge. The gate was shut, but after he was safe in he ruffled up his hair and seemed to have an insane notion of jumping out. In trying he fell back with a hind leg through a crack in the fence, breaking it, and they gave him the mercy stroke.

One stormy night a great commotion was heard in the deer corral, and when morning came it was seen by the tracks that a marvelously big buck from the mountains had jumped the fence, and after stampeding the herd had returned to the mountains with a yearling doe.

The first snow Mr. Kerr took his big mountain rifle and went up into Cheat to hunt deer. He had not gone far be-fore he came upon the trail of eight deer, and he followed them faithfully all day. Near night he found he had circled back near his house and was just preparing to cease hunting when he saw a deer through the pines. He shot it and three others which appeared about as fast as he could load and fire. When he went up to his game, elated by his luck, he saw he had killed four of his pets.

The worst part of the occurrence was facing the family with the news. The one deer which remained was then killed, and the whole herd wiped out. It has been a standing joke for a generation, and when the hunters congregate, they tell the tale anew, generally adding a few deer to the total amount brought down on that day, but this account is the true tale of Uncle Bob Kerr's seven deer, as related by him to the writer the other day. It has long since ceased to be a sore subject to him, but at one time it was no laughing matter.

ANDREW PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

A Snake and a Man with a Hoe.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While reclining in my boudoir yesterday, wondering what I had better do next, Providence furnished entertainment. There was sudden and unannounced music a few yards away, just beyond the veranda of my mansion, that I recognized immediately. The music, a kind of noise, was furnished by a native of these hills, the diamond-back rattlesnake (*Crotalus horridus*).

My cat (an excellent cat) had found the reptile, and acted as though he would like to have it. The cat was standing upon a granite boulder, sprying and sparring among the ferns that grew thickly about the stone. Whenever Tom struck at the ferns, although he did so gently and with great consideration, the snake touched off his whizzing extremity. It sounded much like the dripping of water on a red-hot stove.

Upon investigation, I could see the snake between the boulder and the fence, and under the ferns. I was somewhat surprised by the size of him, for he would have filled a fair-sized water bucket. He was coiled, and his dart-shaped head and rattles stood erect and almost side by side. His head, with forked tongue protruding, moved alertly from side to side, while at intervals he played the tune that is always inspiring.

I found a hoe, which was rather short in the handle for the purpose, but I succeeded in stirring the snake up to the effect that I was astonished by his activity. He was almost as transitory as a Filipino, but probably not so constant to any one direction. In fact he seemed to have no definite intention of going away very far as long as the cat, my dog and myself surrounded him, and I never could be sure as to the exact whereabouts of his principal extremity, owing to his vacillation, and the protection he had in the fence, vines and boulders.

In fact, he vacillated so much that several times I suddenly gave him more room, and receded from him. I had on a pair of slippers, and although my feet are mates one of them—one of the slippers—came off by becoming entangled in the vines. Being somewhat aggravated, I decided it would be as well to kill the reptile; so I struck at his head with the hoe. Just as I struck, however, he took his head away, and all I got was most of the rattles that the hoe severed from the other extreme of his person. The snake recoiled himself, but when he shook his tail, and found it wouldn't whizz, he was unmistakably angry. He had gotten under the fence and I couldn't reach him without getting into briars and vines, which would interfere with the agility I wanted to use.

Leaving the cat and dog on guard I went into the house and got my .22 rifle. Returning, I could see the flat head of the snake in position for business, but the small pellet of base metal that I plunked through it caused him to subside like a Spanish gunboat. I then drew him out with the hoe and found he was an elegant specimen, 3ft. 10in. long, and about 6in. in circumference.

Placing a cord around his beautiful throat, I hung him up in a tree until he was dead throughout. Upon examining him from time to time, I became interested in his scaly skin and concluded to preserve it as a trophy. I never skinned any snakes before, and I am now of opinion that few people have any notable conception of the flexile possibilities. A living snake is something of a contortionist, but if you will flay a serpent and cause its entire anatomy to evolve through the hole in its head, you will realize that most other problems are simple, everyday matters.

It was along about sundown when I had that snake somewhat disassociated, having removed his skin, intact, by taking the snake out through his own mouth. I had first removed the deadly chemical equipment from his death magazine, and then simply turned him wrong side out.

Familiarity breeds contempt, especially for nice nonsensical distinctions, and some old superstitious. Snakes are as cleanly as fish, or more so. This one's flesh was as white as that of a brook trout; there was not a thing inside of him but one long, empty tube, heart and organs like lungs and liver, and entirely lined with fat. I removed the fat, and placing it on a fire, reduced it to a phial of oil that is almost as colorless as water and odorless.

Finally I coiled the reptile into an iron pan, placed it in an old oven and baked it to a nice aristocratic brown. Twent-four hours after either the cat or dog had seen it alive I placed it before them as a savory cold roast. Neither of them cared for any. They were even both afraid of it baked. They have the natural or the acquired prejudices of some people. Perhaps Coahoma can account for this.

At present writing the baked reptile is being devoured by a swarm of yellowjackets. They have removed every vestige of flesh from a part of the bony skeleton, which in itself is a wonderful thing. The skeleton is as white as ivory, and I have seen no more wonderful bonework than the vertebræ of a rattlesnake. The skin will be a beautiful thing when it is cured—that is, to one of cultivated tastes.

RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal., Sept. 6.

Growth of a Tortoise.

IN the report of the Australian Museum for 1897 is found an account of the growth of one of the Galapagos tortoises (*Testudo nigrita*) which is interesting. The specimen was brought to Sydney, New South Wales, by the American whaler Winslow in 1853, and at that time weighed 53lbs. At the time of its death in 1896 it weighed 368lbs., an increase of 315lbs. in forty-three years. This rate of growth is much more rapid than tortoises are commonly credited with.

The United States Fish Commission steamer Albatross, which sailed from San Francisco with the scientific party under Prof. Agassiz, bound for the south Pacific, was commanded by Commander Jefferson F. Moser, whose comprehensive volume on the salmon and salmon fisheries of Alaska was issued not long ago. The voyage of the Albatross will take her to regions where little or no deep sea investigation has previously been done, and most interesting results may be expected from it.

Game Bag and Gun.

DON'T SHOOT

until you SEE your deer—and see that it is a deer and not a man.

A South Carolina Hunt.

THE fact that I am fond of narrating my experiences with dog and gun is the only apology I have to offer for penc..ing these lines.

Fr..m the mountains to the sea in search of game may seem a strange move to the unacquainted, but such is the o..der of things at this period of time. The "happy hunting ground" is no longer in the hill country where the Indians found it, but in the swamp regions and low lands near the coast.

January, 1899, found the writer, with four companions, a party consisting of four tried huntsmen and Henry, leaving the mountains of North Carolina, bound for the sea coast region of South Carolina, and a deer hunt. We reached our destination, an old plantation on the Cooper River, twenty miles from Charleston, on the 5th. At the railroad station we met our host, Mr. S., as clever a man as ever trod the soil of the State of Calhoun, and a number of old-fashioned South Carolina negroes. These old negroes seem to be a distinct species, especially in the matter of dialect, for they use a brogue which a mountaineer can understand but little of. Just as the shades of evening are coming on we arrive at what we suppose would be a hut in the wilderness, but are surprised to find instead as our temporary abode an old-time mansion, and in its day a magnificent one. Upon inquiry we learn that this old mansion, which is now surrounded by a wilderness inhabited by wild beasts, and used only as a hunting lodge, was built about the year 1680 by a landgrave Smith, out of brick and other material imported from England. An inscription carved on a large granite slab mounting a little eminence in the front yard tells the story of the life and character of this early proprietor in the following words: "Here lieth ye body of the Right Hon-bl Thomas Smith, Esqr., one of ye landgraves of Carolina, who departed this life ye 16th of Nov., 1694, Govenor of the Province of Carolina, in ye 46 year of his age."

After a night's rest and listening to assurances from our host of a successful expedition, we early the morning after our arrival started for game.

Every hunting party has to have its fun, of course, in addition to the enjoyment we get out of the actual experience of hunting, and this amusement is usually at the expense of some member of the party. Henry seems to have been both by nature and circumstances well suited to "bear the white man's burden"—in this instance the practical jokes. His paternal ancestor was born and reared on the banks of the Cooper River, and though Henry had never before visited the scenes of his father's childhood, and though he was wholly ignorant of the art of hunting, he had heard his father tell so many stories of his exploits in this region with dog and gun that he was full of chivalrous desires and anxious to vie with the most experienced huntsman for supremacy. In fact, it is not believed that the descendants of Daniel Boone ever took more pride in the exploits of their ancestor than Henry on this occasion exhibited in behalf of the memory of the hunting record of his father.

We proceed but a short distance till we come to a pond upon which we observe swimming in nice style a diver or penguin. Instantly it occurs to us all that the honor of bagging the first game should belong to Henry, so with his double-barreled gun cocked and primed, we urge Henry on ahead to kill the duck, as all hands pronounce it. He approaches to within good distance and discharges both barrels, and when the bird no longer appears above the surface of the water Henry acts as if he believes, and we thought at the time did believe, that he had killed the object of his aim, and that it had sunk to the bottom.

When Henry finally discovered his coveted bird swimming in the pond 100yds. from where it was when he did his shooting, he was very much puzzled to know how this could be, and upon learning that the privilege which we had granted him of having the first shot was merely in aid of a joke, he did not feel quite so kindly toward us as he was at first inclined to feel. Humoring the joke for awhile, we go on.

"Boys," says Mr. S., "we will drive for bigger game to-day, but to-morrow we will go to the river and shoot ducks. I saw a large number over there no longer ago than yesterday, some of them a fine species known in these waters as the 'decoy duck.'"

"All right! All right!" says Henry. "I would like to get a shot at those decoys, for I am satisfied that is the kind of ducks I have heard my father tell about shooting when he lived here."

The hilarity that followed this exclamation was enough in this quiet region to frighten all the game for miles away, and Henry finally detecting from the meaning of the term decoy the awful mistake he had made, chimed in.

"Wild hogs are frequently found in these woods," says Mr. S., "and if any of you see a hog to-day you may be certain he is a wild one, and shoot him."

Henry, who had by this time become suspicious, took this statement as a further effort to procure a practical joke at his expense, by inducing him to shoot some farmer's hog; but remembering that he had heard his father give some of his experiences in chasing the wild boar Henry took occasion to tell us what he had heard his father say. He also ventured to ask some questions which showed that while he pretended to disbelieve the story as to the prospect of our encountering wild hogs he was nevertheless apprehensive that there might be some truth in it.

After a short walk further on, the hunters are soon stationed in their stands about 200yds apart, and then breathlessly await the approach of game. A half mile or more in our front we can hear the toot of our driver's horn and the occasional yelp of a dog. We wait for the nearer approach, but not patiently. We think we are anxious to see a huge buck with long horns come dashing up, but we are not certain. We have heard of the buck ague, and while we have some confidence in our ability to ward off and resist such a state of feeling or disease should we be threatened with it, still we are fearful. The noise made by the drivers and dogs presently becomes much more distinct, indicative of their approach at a rapid rate. A little nearer and we understand that a chase is on. A few moments more and the great commotion only a few hundred yards in our front reveals to us the fact that the game is nearing our stands. Stout hearts beat as they never beat before, for mingled with the voices of our excited drivers and the mouths of our faithful dogs we can hear the ferocious growl of the wild hog. Instantly the feeling in every man's breast is "I have got to face and fight a wild boar." Directly in our front is a dense thicket, and from this and through his stand each huntsman is expecting the savage beast to come. So ferocious is the sound, so exciting the chase and nervous the hunters, that the bravest of us are found mounting logs, and each about half way hoping that any other than himself will have to bear the burden of the onset.

Henry about this time is observed perched in the fork of a tree, and when questioned about it later, excuses himself by remarking that he remembered to have heard his father say wild hogs could not climb trees.

To our surprise, and somewhat to our satisfaction, no doubt, though we would not have admitted it at the time, the dogs overtake their prey just before emerging from the thicket, our drivers are soon in the midst of them, and the dogs, encouraged by their presence, lay violent hold of the hog, and though some of them are in a short space of time torn and bleeding from ugly wounds made by the tusks of the beast, they hold him with such tenacity that our drivers, with true huntsman's courage, plant a pole across the back of the animal and with the aid of the dogs press it to the earth, and while being so held, tie the legs hard and fast with a cord. This being done, the drivers announce the capture and the hunters approach. The hog by this time is lying in the grass almost concealed from view and perfectly quiet. His position was directly on a line between us and the captors. No sooner is the announcement made that the animal has been secured than Henry comes out of his tree and leads the van. Suddenly a great "Boo! Boo! Boo!" right at our feet announces to us one and all that Henry has in his haste and excitement walked almost into the mouth of the hog. The poor boy is so dreadfully frightened over the incident that it becomes a matter too serious for laughter. After Henry had somewhat recovered from his fright and had ventured close enough to examine the game, which he thought he had discovered was in no condition to do him any hurt, he remarked: "Boys, this reminds me of what I have heard my father tell about hunting wild hogs, and I would like very much to have the tail of that boar to carry home as a trophy." Now, the fun of this latter remark consisted in the fact that our game was not of the boar gender.

We all agreed, however, that Henry should have the tail of a live wild hog, provided he secured the trophy with his own hands. Henry hesitated, but finally agreed that if a knife was furnished he would do the work. The knife being procured, slowly and cautiously he approached his intended victim. Getting very near, and while in a stooping attitude reaching after his prize, one of the men in the rear gave a sudden "Boo! Boo!" and Henry fell forward, catching with his hands on the rump of the animal. At this sudden awakening the hog made a tremendous lunge, snapping and growling as scarcely beast ever did before. Henry with a bound scales the hog, grass and all, and the hog with another surge, as if encouraged by Henry's effort, breaks its fetters, springs to its feet and with the fleetness of a deer plunges into the thicket, and the chase is on again. This time it is short-lived, however, for very soon a well-directed shot from the gun of Mr. S. ends the life of the creature, and Henry in triumph claims the tail.

The tension on our nerves during the excitement of this chase had been so great that the relaxation consequent upon a rest was almost prostrating, and when what we intended as a little time for recuperation came to an end the shades of evening were coming on and we retired to the lodge for the night.

Seated by a dim firelight that night, some of our party sleeping, and no doubt dreaming of witches, hobgoblins and hog hunts, our host, much to my entertainment, related a number of incidents connected with the early history of this region of country. One of these incidents I will attempt to tell, and whether or not any virtue be discovered in my manner of telling, I hope the reader will bear in mind that the value of the story consists in its verity.

Legend of Goose Creek.

Nearby the old mansion which I have described in the first part of this article stands as another evidence of this ancient civilization what is known as the "Old Goose Creek Church." This old structure—it is now more than 200 years since it was erected—is of imported brick also, and though covered with moss and ivy is still in a fair state of preservation. For more than 150 years after its erection this old church was the place of worship for the highest type of Southern civilization, but its usefulness, consequent upon the new order of things brought about by the results of the War of the Rebellion, has long since passed away. From Charleston and other places, even to this day, though, once a year go the descendants of this ancient people to the old church for worship. On account of the associations and the legends that are told in

onnection therewith the place is regarded as a very acred spot.

After the death of Gov. Smith, whose biography is contained in the epitaph which is given verbatim in the first part of what I have written, a number of other persons of note from time to time occupied the old mansion which he had caused to be built, and among such occupants were Gen. Marion and his brother Samuel.

After Gen. Marion's death Samuel continued to occupy the house alone, and tradition says that the remaining brother lived from this time on with the implicit belief that the spirit of the dead General, like a guardian angel, continued to hover about the place, and many are the stories told as emanating from Mr. Marion himself of the midnight visits and communions had between the living man and the spirit of the departed brother. Whether or not these beliefs of Samuel were well founded, or whether they sprung from the hallucinations of a susceptible mind, we can of course only conjecture, but it is certain that their effect on his mind and character was very marked.

Samuel was by a number of years the junior of his brother, and at the time of which I write had hardly reached the meridian of life.

Though Mr. Marion was just the style of man calculated to charm and win the affections of the opposite sex, and though he had been what is popularly termed a ladies' man, he had never known from experience the sweets and bitters of conjugal life. He seems to have been one of those characters in whose breast will for years smoulder the fires of disappointed love. He seems also to have been, in his treatment of the fair sex, a very sensitive man.

Some years before the time of the chief happenings recorded here, Mr. Marion, the account says, was engaged to be married to a woman who was a relative and helpmate of a French schoolmaster in the neighborhood, but some unexplained disagreement had brought about an estrangement between them which had never been healed.

It is a part of the history of love affairs that reconciliations are as often brouhgt about by as strange fatalities as have part in the original match making.

Mr. Marion became suddenly very ill, and having a premonition that his earthly existence was nearing its end, he sent for his once affianced in order that he might relent and ask forgiveness if any was needed or wanting, and to bid her an affectionate farewell. She came promptly, and the result was of course a complete reconciliation.

After the scenes enacted as a consequence of this sudden healing of these long differences, the sanctity of which I do not feel at liberty to invade, and therefore out of deference not only to the memory of the participants, but for the sake of all lovers as well, I draw the curtain, Mr. Marion began in a calm manner to tell of his physical condition, and expressed the belief that the end was near with him.

"And now, my dear," he says, "much as I would like to remain with you on this earth for awhile at least, fate has decreed otherwise. I cannot, though, in my present state of mind, and in the face of the teaching that God is love, and that all creation is filled with His presence, help believing but that, when my body is returned to mother earth, my affections, which are but a part of my immortal nature, will live on and on throughout eternity, and that though we may be dead in the body we are still capable of making our affections known to those living creatures whom we dearly love. With this belief in my mind I want you to make me a promise. I ask of you that on next Easter Day, which is not very far hence, between the hours of 5 and 6 in the afternoon, you go all alone to the church, and for a little while at least occupy your accustomed pew, and if it is possible for the spirit of the departed to commune with the living I will at that time and place make myself known to you."

The promise was made, and after words of encouragement for the sick man, and an affectionate farewell, the lovers parted.

Mr. Marion died that night. The hour and manner of his death was never known, for the attendant being in the early part of the night advised by his patient that all was well, fell asleep, and not until the dawn of morning was it known that the sick man was dead.

They buried him in the churchyard, and as the mourners returned to their homes, only one among the number knew of, and pondered in her heart, the sleeper's last sad request.

When, after the lapse of only a few weeks, the time came for a compliance with the sad injunction, the lady in question was laboring, of course, under a state of great excitement. Timid to a degree uncommon for one even of her sex, and to the wonder and alarm of her friends reduced to a state of nervousness beyond which endurance does not go very far, when Easter morn came, faithful to her vow, she watched the old clock in the corner, and when it began to chime 5 she ventured all alone out into the yard, then into the road, and as the sequel will show, a little distance on, to the old Goose Creek Church.

What transpired in that old church that afternoon will, I suppose, never be known till all secrets are revealed. Whether or not Mr. Marion came in his spirit form and communed with his once beloved, or whether she realized his presence, has never been told; but when, after a diligent search, she was found about 9 o'clock that evening in her accustomed pew at the old church, stone dead, the sorrow of the occasion was largely merged in the wonder over the incident.

A well prepared note found in the lady's room, as if she had been anticipating what happened, told the story in full, and when the contents of this became generally known the wonder grew and has been growing from that day to this without any further or better solution.

Neighbors gathered to perform the last sad rites, and while dressing the body for burial they found tatooed on one arm the word "Ney." She was buried beside the one for whose wish she seemed to have voluntarily sacrificed her life, and the note in question was buried with her. It seemed to be the desire of the schoolmaster, her only known relative, that every trace and recollection of the affair should be blotted out of existence.

The French schoolmaster, being left alone in the world, migrated to other regions, and it is said finally located in Cumberland county, North Carolina, where for a number of years and up to the time of his death he continued his occupation as an educator, and where the people confidently believed, and do to this day believe, though he was known by another name, that he was the original and only Marshal Ney.

An Episcopal clergyman in North Carolina has lately written and caused to be published a book concerning this man in which it is proved to the satisfaction of the author, at least, that this character was Michel Ney, the celebrated French marshal.

A further account of our hunt and what we learned of the early history of the country we were visiting may be the subject of another letter.

WILLIAM WHITSON.

A Story of a Stutzen.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read with much interest and sympathy the reminiscences of an Old Sportsman, later of W. W. Hastings, and others who write so true from life, without much nonsensical poetry thrown in, I am led into temptation of giving the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a few of my own happenings of life across the ocean, and if this should not turn out as it ought to be regarding style and the manner of giving things in such a way, so as to be interesting to a majority of the readers, I beg pardon in advance, as I am only an adopted citizen.

In Austria a short gun, say about 26in. barrel, is called a stutzen; why I don't know myself. Father's old and new guns were sold. Among others there was the stutzen, which was not sold, as I loved the old gun dearly and had hid it away up in the garret, where even my older brother, in spite of the most careful ransacking among old boxes and spinning wheels and other old things, could not find it, and so it was given up as stolen or lost. I was trying to save a nice black setter puppy by taking it away to a farmer's boy friend, but the pup found its way home, and all my pleading did not prevent its being sold. I believe I actually cried a little over that pup.

Father had been forester to an estate belonging to Count W., and all this happened after he was dead and gone about four weeks. I was about fifteen years of age then, and having received many a valuable hint when roaming over the fields with him regarding the proper education of a bird dog I felt pretty confident and was determined to buy another pup as soon as the necessary cash was saved up, and to train him myself; but quite a few years elapsed before I could accomplish the buying, for good dogs were even higher in price than they are now. But I was going to tell you about the gun.

I had shot quite a few sparrows and starlings—the latter especially—about cherry time, for these birds are more fond of cherries than any other bird in the country, and could be shot those days in order to protect the fruit grower from their depredations. But my ambition was to kill a rebhuhn (not unlike our prairie chickens). These birds abound in Austria in clover, potatoes, rye and wheat fields. When flushed in front of the dog the old cock issues a warning cry, sounding like Ki-ri! Ki-ri! They are very swift of wing, but lie well to a dog, and are fine birds for the table. Having been compelled to go to school most of the time when father was out with the Herren from the city, I would not have been allowed to accompany them, as they would have only made a game carrier out of me. Some of these fellows were even too lazy to cock their own gun, and although they paid liberally for such services, I myself could never have a chance to shoot, being considered as a sort of inferior being by them, and perhaps by my own father—for the boys across the ocean are brought up very strictly in comparison with boys in this country.

But my opportunity came a few weeks before Christmas, when I stole out one foggy afternoon, the stutzen hanging on a strap over my right shoulder, the powder horn and shot pouch on the left. About gunshot distance, behind the house, was a brook running its course down toward the meadows, and following down stream I was soon in open country. About 300yds. to the right of the brook the ground rose, gently sloping toward a hill, on which was built one of those hut-like shelters for birds, erected every year in early winter, composed of limbs of the oak about 6ft. long and leaned together on a pole of about the same length, which is driven into the ground. The pole is set in the center and the limbs with leaves on leaning around it form a tent-like shelter, which is fastened on top and bottom with wire or strong cord in a hoop. This gives an excellent protection for the birds, as there are plenty of apertures at the bottom to let them in and out. The covering can be made so dense that the finest snow will not find its way through the branches, and in stormy and uncertain weather one was sure to find a covey (or kette) in or around it. Here I peeped. My expedition was a poaching trip pure and simple; and I was afraid of being arrested by a game warden, for I had neither gun nor hunting license. Sitting down and leaning against the hut, I was waiting for twilight, and as soon as I thought it was dark enough for me to see, and also not to be seen, I poured powder enough to be a good load on the palm of my left hand, and letting it slide down the one and then the other barrel, I put tow on top, and rammed it home with the ramrod until the rod would jump about half way out of the barrel, which my father used to say was a good sign of proper loading. Then I did the same with the shot. There was just a trifle of snow on the ground, and seeing no bird tracks I proceeded to tramp slowly along in a direction away from town. I was now all expectation and excitement, and hugged my little gun in a businesslike way with left hand on the fore-end and right on the trigger. Suddenly I was startled by the well-known cry of the old cock—Ki-ri! Ki-ri—and up rushed eight or nine black shadows following the cock, which was somewhat in advance. The gun was at my shoulder on the instant. I do not remember whether I closed one eye or shot with both open, or both closed, as some fellows say they do; but at the double crack of the old gun two of the shadows were on the ground.

I felt like giving a yell, but suppressed myself in time, thinking about the gamekeepers, who I was sure must have heard the shots and would come rushing forward. I seized my prey, and running down toward the brook and being once among the willow shrubbery I first proceeded to examine the much-prized birds more closely, and at that moment I was as proud as I had been at the time I got my first high boots, and as happy as a king, for a king is said to be happier than other people. After all the excitement and joy had settled down a little I was thinking how to solve the problem of what to do with the birds, for under no consideration could I have brought this poached game home to mother; it would have broken her heart to think me guilty of such a thing—poaching, an act which the father in his position as forester had spent his lifetime to prevent, and the son had committed. Never! But a happy thought struck me. There is my old nurse at the other end of the town; she will and must have them. Besides, I can tell her these are a couple of chickens presented to me by a boy friend of mine, etc., and even if she guesses the truth, she will not betray me. But what of the gun? I could not carry the old stutzen so far through the town without being seen. A hollow tree! That was the thing; and looking around for one I put her down into it, but in my thoughtlessness muzzle up, and what became of that gun will be related in some other chapter.

Now, putting a string on each bird's head, and taking off the old overcoat, I put the cord over my neck and let the birds dangle down on each side of the hips, and put the coat on again, hiding the birds completely. Arrived at the old lady's little straw-thatched house, I presented the birds to her as common chickens. Good old soul; she found out quickly enough after I had left, but never did anybody hear a word from her about it; and whether she ate them as game or as barnyard fowl, does not matter. I only know that next to my mother, she was the best old being I have known up to the present time. She had known the whereabouts of the old stutzen all the time, and had kept the secret. How many women are there that could immitate her? C. F. B

DANBURY, Conn.

The Railroad a Coming Influence.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems altogether appropriate that the railroads should interest themselves in game protection and propagation. Never before were their interests as public carriers so nearly identical with those of sportsmen.

Two seemingly diametrically opposed conditions exist for the railroads; they are steadily at work blazing new paths along which settlement may be made; driving new lines through forests, across plains and over mountain ranges. This is good business, for it opens up, develops, makes productive contiguous territory, thus increasing both freight and passenger traffic, and swelling the revenues. But they are equally industrious in seeking to enlarge their excursion and tourist business.

At first sight there may seem to be no incongruity in this, but a little thought reveals a different aspect. It is discovered that the railroads are rapidly encroaching upon nearly all sections that have thus far been considered difficult of access, thus opening them to frequent invasion by civilized man, who is, unrestrained, the most destructive creature afoot, especially of the natural, primitive or virgin conditions that have hitherto existed, and on which the railroads have so largely relied, in the past, to attract alike excursionist and tourist; those two moving portions of the pody politic, the one bent on quickly reaching and as quickly returning from a given point, the other bent on a more or less leisurely survey or exploration of a more or less extensive series of localities.

Not for a moment can the railroads be blamed for the damage wrought by their excursions. The censure rests wholly upon the blind stupidity that has permitted the individual to thus destroy. But it is reasonable to question whether such destruction of existing attractive conditions can continue without great detriment to passenger traffic; to question the congruity of thus building to walls that rest on a crumbling foundation.

Can the one thrive while the other wanes; or will the one cease as the other is destroyed, even as effect ceases upon the disappearance of cause? For travel abroad may be largely ascribed to the inducement latent in the purely virgin or markedly unique and foreign outside the little world that is the work-a-day matrix of the individual.

Travel is either by inducement or compulsion, for pleasure or business, and the former is, per capita per mile, vastly more profitable to public carriers than the latter, and if they can be made to see that increased attractiveness is always followed by a sharp increase of attention—that the converse is equally true and that both axioms apply forcibly to railroads—there is little doubt that they will interest themselves in working for increased attractiveness.

Is development, then, acting without restraint along present lines, diametrically opposed to increase traffic business? Does travel for pleasure increase or diminish with each added mile of railway constructed? That is the questions the railways are even now beginning to ask themselves; it is a business point of view. If passenger traffic may be increased with reasonable effort by increasing attractiveness, it seems pretty certain that efforts will soon be bent in that direction

And here it is well to explain that travel is, in this instance, used in a restricted sense, embracing only those jaunts of a few days, a week or two, a month perhaps, that the middle classes feel able to occasionally allow themselves; not to the continent-touring, globe-trotting and the like, so frequently indulged in by the wealthy, but which fall so infrequently, like bright shining days, into the lives of the less fortunate.

What, then, will draw the workers, the majority, out if alluring districts are to have their chief feature of attractiveness, their virginity, destroyed by this extension of commerce? Clearly there will be less and less inducement to travel, consequently less travel, unless a compromise be struck whereby development is restrained from thus destroying or artificial features of equal attractiveness be promulgated. What the nature of such a compromise may be; what that of these possible artificial magnets; what the railroads have, or have not, done to advance either; and by which they are likely to profit most—which prove the more attractive—these are pertinent considerations.

There is no sentiment in a railroad. Profit and loss alone appeal to them. If they take an active part in protection and propagation of game—subjects nearest a sportsman's heart, most often in his mind and on his

tongue—it must be because they see there a means of advancing their own interests, their passenger traffic. And if they enter the lists for this purpose it will be in the cold-blooded, level-headed, masterful way that has characterized their undertakings in the past. They have the capital, the brains, the unity of purpose, the persistency required by business interests, that make them determining factors in legislative halls; factors that have thus far been lamentably absent in the past consideration and promotion of these matters.

When they realize that it is to their advantage to push along these lines it may be taken for granted they will do so. They will see that our streams are stocked; that our game birds are artificially replenished; that our big game is granted the rest that alone can save it from positive extinction; and above all, that our open seasons are determined less by State boundaries than by common sense; and that politics—as pernicious in the enforcement of game laws as in the prosecution of railway business—ceases to wield so large and detrimental an influence in the matter of wardens.

Total divorce of these matters from the States will never occur. They are matters the constitution has given into their charge, and they cannot drop them. State hatcheries there will always be, and by the State legislatures all codes will be contrived. Railroads cannot, and will not try, to oust the States from this control. But they will, sooner or later, take such effective steps in quietly and unostentatiously influencing the legislatures, interesting and uniting sportsmen, that there will appear a consistency between State codes that is now so markedly absent. And there will cease most of the pernicious political influence and intrigue that makes enforcement a contemptable farce. This is the nature of the compromise that is almost certain to be struck.

Still, it is reasonably certain that it will not be struck until the railroads become convinced that artificial attractions are less attractive, therefore less productive of results—of profit in passenger traffic—than are the attractions such a compromise would conserve. Proof that this conviction is forcing itself upon them lies in the constant and increasing vigor with which they are and have been for some time past advertising contiguous fish and game territory—advertising that is more constant and effective than that turned toward any other feature of attraction.

Of the nature of artificial—or made—attractions it may be said that they seek either to amuse or instruct. They are quaint old towns, fairs of major or minor importance, picnics, conclaves, reunions, a hundred and one things evolved from fertile brains. Few are of universal interest; few demand more than a passing attention. They are seen once, twice, perhaps, and the visitor passes them by thereafter. They pall, grow stale—they are artificial. But the stream that turns the mill wheel—the great Yellowstone National Park, and all of camping, fishing, hunting and tramping that lie between—these are ever alluring. They always call and beckon us from a narrow life to an existence that seems to have no limits. Yet the call is weaker, fainter, and the realized pleasures fewer, smaller, for every bullet-bitten stag that leaves a lair unwarmed at night, for every leaping fish drawn from dim retreat, for every bird cut short in flight. It is life, intense and quivering, that adds the greatest beauty, that calls most potently. It is the friend, with his bright eye, cheery smile and warm hand clasp that draws us again and again to the mansion. We do not call repeatedly merely to admire the architecture. Santa Fe, without her quaint population, becomes a glaring stuccoed grave; the forest, bereft of life, a boundless tomb of shade.

Beyond our little world of humdrum daily life we find new worlds throbbing with sweet unfamiliarity. Take away the life that is the heart of it and much that drew us there is gone. So we go less often.

For this reason artificial attractions are less attractive than those of virgin nature, or even of those assured by compromise. Logically, therefore, the benifits accruing to the railroads from them are less, and it is only a matter of time until they clearly see it. With that discernment will come action along the lines defined.

On the surface this may seem a long way off, for scarcely a move has yet been made. A few isolated instances have occurred, but so far either of uncertain character or local importance. A California railroad has established a hatchery of its own, is stocking the streams along the line, or contiguous thereto, and is active in the enforcement of piscicultural protective laws. A mountain railway is about to interest itself in rectifying and strengthening the Montana code. Heretofore they have made little effort to conserve the virgin qualities or to create artificial ones. They have been content to take them as they found them; to accept, unquestioned, their growth or decadence.

But below the surface there is a force at work that will ere long show itself; how soon no one can say. It will be because business interests, not sentiment, demand it; and it will be the more effective because of that. Let us hope it will not be long delayed.

NORMAN N. SPEAR.

Opening Day in Massachusetts.

"THREE o'clock! Are you up?"

"Yes; I'll be right down."

And it didn't take long to dress, for the old hunting clothes were out ready to hand, the lunch was put up, and the coffee pot was on the stove in the kitchen.

In just an hour everything was stowed away in the buggy, and I was clattering down Main street to meet George and Tom, Sept. 15, and the law off woodcock and partridges in Massachusetts.

At about the same hour two members of our party were off out of town by another road. We had an eight-mile drive to the covers we had selected, but a more glorious morning one could not imagine—cold and clear, with the sky as full of stars as a good pattern from a choke-bore gun.

Just as daylight was making the stars creep back into the sky we drove up to an old barn and unhitched. A bite from the lunch basket was next in order, and then with shells in our pockets, guns in hand, and dogs whining their impatience to begin, we crossed the road and entered a birch cover.

George started the birds first, a bunch of five, but failed to get a shot. I swung around the lower edge of the cover and Lee pointed just as we went through a gap in the stone wall—the little 16-gauge grassed its first bird in great shape, and we scored one partridge.

Swinging around up the hill, Lee pointed, a woodcock flushed, and I missed with both barrels, as the cover was very thick. I marked her down well, and George soon had her pinned, but she flushed wild. After a short search George had another point, Tom pinning his bird in great style, and George scored.

Two birds, 6 o'clock!

From here we went back across the road, and Lee made a grand point on a pine knoll, and I killed partridge number two. A few moments later I heard George shoot, and when we came together we each had a bird.

The cover being pretty thick and the birds well scattered we went back to the team and drove on to another cover.

This proved to be worse than the one we had left. The country was very dry, and the birds were in the thickest swamps, and it was almost impossible to see them. George, however, secured two partridges before we got back to the team. It was now nearly noon, and as we had agreed to eat lunch with Bob and Cutler we started for the appointed place. As we were nearing the farmhouse we heard shots, and soon saw the boys hunting in some pines just under the hill. They had bagged five birds—two woodcock and three partridges.

We spent about an hour at dinner—and such a luncheon as was demolished at that gathering, and how we talked over each shot of the morning and compared notes! The camera came in handy then, and we were all photographed about the remnants of our feast with the guns and dogs.

Our next move brought us to a fine bit of cover, but it didn't pan out well. Bob and I tried a likely looking place along the road, he and Jake on the inside and I on the outside. I heard his call of "Mark!" just as a fine partridge came out to cross into another cover, but she never got there, and that made one more. George killed one more partridge, and then in the darkness we drove home again, tired but happy, with a bag of thirteen birds.

That may not seem so many, but to one who knows partridge shooting in the early season, when the leaves are thick in the trees, it was a good bag.

And then again that is not all; the day afield counts for as much more—the company of such good fellows and such good dogs, the old age and cares you leave in the woods—all is worth the going for. And when you lie down good and tired and sleep—what is there more?

NOXALL.

New Brunswick Notes.

AMERICAN sportsmen hunting in New Brunswick this season seem bent upon surpassing even the phenomenal record of success made last year. Among those who went on the hunting grounds Sept. 1, a large number have returned, and up to the present I have not heard a single case of failure.

No record heads have as yet been reported. One of the best so far brought out was the property of Sumner L. Crosby, of Bangor, who shot his moose in the Nictor Lake country. This head had a 53in. spread. Mr. Crosby also brought down two deer. Writing to a Fredericton friend, Mr. Crosby states that moose are as plentiful on the Tobique as deer are in Maine. Mr. F. W. Ayer, of Bangor, who, with his two sons, hunted in the Tobique country, secured two moose and a very fine caribou.

Mr. Fred P. Townsend, of Cooperstown, N. Y., has returned from McKeil Brook, where he has been sojourning with his friend, Billy Chestnut. During the fortnight they were camping out they saw seventeen moose, three deer and one caribou. Mr. Townsend secured the best specimen of the moose, while Mr. Chestnut gathered in the caribou.

The historic Jim Paul is now in the Canaan country with Dr. G. J. Van Vechten, of Oneonta, N. Y. Jim's first patron, Mr. James Mason, of Boston, secured a fair-sized moose. This party saw altogether about forty moose in the Canaan country.

Messrs. H. L. Batterman and H. F. Whitney, of New York, came in Wednesday from a fortnight's hunt in the Rocky Brook country, with Ed Church as guide. They secured one fine moose and two deer. Ed is a converted Maine guide, and a great favorite in this Province. He leaves again to-day for the hunting grounds with Mr. Loomis, of Victor, N. Y.

Mr. B. D. C. Foskett, of New York, would have been one of the happiest of men but for a trifling incident that occurred in the Keswick country. Mr. Foskett secured two deer and had his chance for moose, but on the momentous occasion when his bull hove in sight and Mr. Foskett had fastened the ivory bead on his shoulder there was no cartridge in the barrel, and the hammer came down harmlessly. Mr. Foskett takes his medicine like a man, and blames no one but himself. He thinks it was the only half-hour on the whole trip when his rifle wasn't ready. In November he will go in after that big bull again, and there will be nothing the matter with his gun.

Mr. E. S. Steinam, of New York, arrived to-day and goes into the Keswick country with Rainsford Allen as guide. With Adam Moore, in the Nictor country, are now Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Tower and Mr. Drear, of New York; Mr. L. Biddell and J. Biddell, of Philadelphia, and H. R. Hatfield, of Boston. Adam has a way of accommodating a good many guests at a time and making all hands happy.

An unusually larger number of sportsmen are going up the Nor'-West Miramichi by way of Newcastle. These include Whitney Smith and C. J. McIlrain, Jr., of Philadelphia; Fred B. Rice, J. Schenkelberger, E. W. Grew, Theodore Hoague, E. A. Pease, Dr. F. Boyden and Harry Pitman, of Boston; I. W. Morton and daughter, of St. Louis; Wiliam Crawford and W. G. Peckham, of New York.

Mr. J. H. Graham, of Boston, who has been moose hunting upon the Miramichi, with Henry Braithwaite as guide, arrived this afternoon. Mr. Graham got a fine moose head, and states that he saw seventeen moose upon the trip. Mr. Fowle, who was hunting with him, will remain in the woods another week.

Mr. Percy N. Graham, of Godalming, England, who hunted with Braithwaite last year, arrived to-day for another moose hunt with the accomplished woodsman.

Messrs. L. G. Loomis and S. W. Hill, of Victor, N. Y., left to-day for the Miramichi hunting grounds with Ed Church as guide.

Messrs. H. M. Neale, of Upper Lehigh, Pa., and John Neale, of Norwich, Conn., came in upon the Canada Eastern train this afternoon from a moose hunt on Cain's River. They had Chipman Bartlett, of Doaktown, as guide, captured a large moose and say that they will return for another next year.

Visiting sportsmen are not obliged to give a $100 bond as in former years. It is still in the law, but the Government is not enforcing it this year.

All American sportsmen wishing to hunt in New Brunswick should buy the FOREST AND STREAM's sporting map of this Province. It shows at a glance where the big game is to be found.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Sept. 23.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Minnesota Expedition.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—By the time this number of the FOREST AND STREAM is in the hands of its readers there will have started from the city of Chicago, bound for northern Minnesota, the most remarkable expedition of discovery which has ever assailed the head waters of the Mississippi since the time of strong-legged Zebulon Pike. Honest Zebulon had somewhat the advantage of these modern explorers, though much of his journey lay through a land of wild rice, wild pine and wild Indians, and he had no railway to whisk him along. All Minnesota was then a wilderness, and not even Zebulon could give a coherent account of all the features of the paradise he had seen. To-day we have changed much of that. We have farmed and logged most of Minnesota. Yet this expedition, which goes by rail directly into the country which honest Zebulon penetrated on foot or by boat only after the utmost hardships, will present to the eyes of this expedition very much the same aspect that it did to the hardy early explorers. There are parts of the Cass Lake and Leech Lake region which are to-day primeval. The lumberman has not yet reached them, and not even the hunter and the fisher have yet made them common. The members of Congress going now to see in person the region to which an earlier Congress sent Lieut. Pike for the purpose of spying out the land, will observe it to-day as then, a goodly land to look upon. It is the earnest hope of very many men and very many States that these members of Congress will set the seal of their approval upon this region and keep it forever as it was when Zebulon crossed it wearily by snowshoe and paddle.

This is too glorious a part of America to throw away. The lumbermen want the pine and it has been fate that they should have it. The ways of commerce are not to be denied. Yet it would not establish the lumbering interests one whit further nor settle the question of supply one whit more definitely were the lumbermen to include this last million acres of land with the other hundreds of millions of land that they have denuded of the timber. We are all hoping that the lumbermen will say to each other, and that the Congressmen will say to the lumberman: "Come, now, let us keep this last bit of the virgin forest as it was when the agent of the United States found it when he first went there and pulled down the flags of foreigners and put up over all the trading posts the Stars and Stripes! Let us leave this wilderness forever under the protection of the Stars and Stripes!"

That this expedition will be a success is to-day a foregone conclusion. At 9 o'clock this morning there were thirty-six acceptances from Congressmen on hand at the office of the recording secretary, Col. Cooper. There were twenty-two States represented. A large number of Congressmen have not yet been heard from; indeed, but little more than a hundred replies have been received. It seems likely that there may be fifty Congressmen who will make the trip, and possibly this number may be exceeded. Should there be only twenty-five or thirty there would be plenty to accomplish every purpose of the expedition. The acceptances come from pretty much all parts of the Union, from Vermont to Montana. The South is also well represented, and there will be members from Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, Maryland, North and South Carolina. In addition to the members of Congress there will be a limited number of men distinguished in public affairs and scientific attainments. There will be a small number of newspaper men admitted, and a few persons will go for the purpose of assisting in making the party comfortable for whatever stay they may make in camp. Out of courtesy to the Minnesota members of the association the Chicago delegation will be but small. Invitations are in the greatest demand, and the trouble is now rather that the party will be too large than that it will be too small.

There will be a general *rodeo* of Congressmen and other members of the party in Chicago, Sept. 28. These gentlemen will be the guests during Thursday of the Chicago Athletic Association, and in the evening the start will be made by special train over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad to the city of St. Paul. The first stop after St. Paul will be made at Walker, Minn. On Sunday, Oct. 1, the party will be on the shores of Leech Lake. They will be asked to take boats to a small island, in which island there is a beautiful little lake, which has as yet received no name. On the shores of this lake amid surroundings impressive and beautiful, divine services will be held by Archbishop Ireland, of Minnesota. This programme ought hardly to be announced, as it has not been arranged fully, but it will be in process of carrying out, no doubt, at the time FOREST AND STREAM for the week current is on the street.

The early part of the first week of October will be spent, it is hoped, by many members of Congress in the sport of shooting and fishing, for which such grand opportunity will be at hand. Unless present intentions should be changed, the party will pass through the cities of Duluth and Grand Rapids without making any stop. It is conceded by both of these cities that the "compromise site" for the National Park will meet the approval of Congress and that the proposition will go through without any

serious fight. Mr. Gilbert Hartley and Senator Page Morris, of Duluth, both agree that the measure will go through, and the Hon. D. M. Gunn, of Grand Rapids, has withdrawn his opposition. This compromise site covers the Indian lands known as Winnebigoshish, Cass Lake, Leech Lake and Chippewa reservations. The title to the standing timber on these lands can be attained by Congress simply and at comparatively little expense. It is not to be doubted that if the Indians are paid for their timber they would rather see it left standing than to see it cut down.

These Indians are not to be left out of the calculations by the entertainment committees. At Walker the white men and red men will join in the welcome. There will be Indian ceremonials and dances and the occasion will be one far out of the ordinary. In short, it will be an unlucky Congressman who is not of this party.

There is no doubt that this expedition would have attained very great and perhaps impossible proportions had it not fallen at the time it does. At this season we are having Dewey receptions in New York, the preparations for a big yacht race and arrangements for a fall festival in Chicago. Still more significant is the fact that many members of Congres are kept at home by duties of the fall campaign. A great many regrets come which mention this duty as the reason for not being able to join the expedition. The corresponding secretary has letters from the President of the United States, the members of the Cabinet, from many public men whose names are very familiar to all, and from many men of thought and science. It is a graceful act on the part of the secretary which suggests that these documents shall ultimately, on the disbandment of the association, become the property of President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway, without whose bold initiative and princely support this enterprise could never have gotten beyond its first inception.

To-day I went up to Col. Cooper's law office, and there behind his big table sat a very happy gentleman. A cigar was as usual screwed into the corner of his mouth, and as usual his knee was dancing up and down with nervous energy as he sat at his desk. Six feet tall, broad shouldered and clean built as a soldier, with light hair a little gray, a blue eye which needs glasses now and then, and a smooth-shaven face which this morning was beaming with happiness—there you had Col. Cooper, the responsible originator of this movement, and to-day the happiest lawyer in all Chicago. He was happy because he could see that this movement was already a success, whether or not the reservation shall ultimately be set aside. I confess I gloried in his success, for if one stops to think of it, it is a very great thing which he has done, to start this thing and thus push it forward to such prominence and magnitude. It is a work which has taken a great deal more time and energy than would ever appear upon the surface. I personally know that Col. Cooper has given up his entire summer to this work, and he has brought to bear upon it so large a grasp upon affairs, so thorough an acquaintance with public men, and above all so unflagging and unselfish an enthuiasm, that he has been literally a host in himself. He has met discouragements and hindrances, but has brushed them aside with unconcern. I think I never saw a better instance of a man getting what he wanted because he really wanted it. Others have helped him generously, nobly, but we should place credit for this enterprise where credit belongs, with this blue-eyed enthusiast, Col. John S. Cooper, of Chicago. This city has always been able to produce a big man when occasion demanded it, and Col. Cooper has been big enough for this enterprise. He was a happy man to-day and I am sure all his friends share in his happiness. This expedition is a success before it turns a wheel.

It Still Grows.

Later.—Sept. 23.—At 11 o'clock this morning there were forty-one acceptances from members of Congress received at the office of the corresponding sercetary of the association. Less than 150 members have been heard from, and should all receive and answer their invitations it would seem that at this ratio the party would surpass in numbers all anticipations of even the most sanguine sort. It is settled that the affair will be a success.

To-day I talked with Mr. H. G. McCartney, of this city, chairman of the camp site committee, and he tells me that one very strange fact makes the actual plans of the committee still somewhat problematical—no one can be found who knows much about that country! It is still too much of a wilderness. "Ask me anything about the Woman Lake region, below there," said Mr. McCartney, "and I can tell you all about it; but I can't find any one who can give chapter and verse on that Turtle River region and the lakes that run out from Cass Lake, either way. All we can promise is that we will go up in there and do the best we can, and we feel sure that we can at least round up enough boats and men to take out thirty or forty men on fishing trips and can give everybody a fish dinner out of doors. As to a big camp, that remains to be looked into. A good many are afraid to risk Congressmen out in camp, for fear that they will not enjoy camping, especially if it should come on bad weather. You must remember that we are going into a country that does not have hotels and guides waiting for visitors. It is all wild and rude. We don't know how many boats we can get. We are sure of two steamers at Cass Lake, one of which can carry a couple of dozen passengers, and the other about seventy-five passengers. These boats can take the party up the lake chain a distance of ten or fifteen miles from the stopping place on Cass Lake. The railroad has only been through there six months, so it is all wild right up to the tracks. Capt Clow is going into camp a couple of days in advance and will try to have some fish hung up by the time we get there."

Capt. Clow was in the commissary department in the Civil War and has fed 15,000 men, so he knows what that means. If the fish don't happen to bite very well, he would better move on up into the woods when he sees the cars coming with the big party, for a hundred hungry men will need a heap of duck and muscallunge. The committee has asked me to go along and help Capt. Clow get the camp supplied with game and fish, but this I cannot do, as I must keep closer to the center of the storm belt. But what a lark it would be to get mixed up with those mallards about now, in the wild rice lakes! I should like to shoot a couple of days for the sake of saving Congress, for I think I could get so many ducks in there that I would surely be elected an honorary member at least.

From the East.

I receive many letters from different parts of the country regarding this Minnesota expedition, but the following from Boston, written by Mr. C. Harry Morse, is of special interest. He writes:

"I have followed with great interest the movement for the establishment of the new forest reservation, and in this week's FOREST AND STREAM I find a new hope for the success of the project. This is no less than the fact that the Old Bay State will be represented on the tour of investigation by one of her very best sportsmen and out-of-doors men. The Hon. John R. Thayer is a lover of the woods and waters; a fox-hunter himself of the most vigorous type, and a persistent, hard worker for anything which he believes in. You are in great good luck to have Mr. Thayer a member of this exploring party. I have sort of jumped at the conclusion that the other Congressmen who have accepted will be equally impressed with the desirability of establishing this reservation, and hope it may turn out so. I know that an honest effort in such a direction, such as I am confident this is, will enlist the sympathy of John R. on the spot. And that means that he will work for it. I know that you are interested in the matter, the same as we all are, and that is my reason for writing."

Movements of Western Sportsmen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 22.—Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, will to-morrow go on a little snipe shooting trip, making his headquarters at the Maksawba club house, in Indiana. Mayor Harrison is very fond of snipe shooting and never loses an opportunity to indulge in his favorite pastime. He will meet at the club house Mr. W. H. Haskell and other members of the Maksawba Club and will remain there a few days if the shooting should be good. There is a good flight of snipe now in on the marshes of upper Indiana, together with a good many plover and numbers of teal duck, and unless the sudden change of weather to-day should drive the birds away there ought to be some shooting. We are having a very heavy, cold rain to-day in Chicago and vicinity, and what this equinoctial disturbance may mean to the shooters is yet to be seen.

Mr. W. P. Mussey will go to Maksawba Club to-morrow night and may perhaps be joined by Mr. Organ and other friends. There has been good fishing of late in the Kankakee, or in what is left of the Kankakee, and the members have managed to find some sport between the bass and the birds.

Our chicken season is well advanced now, and I presume it is safe to say that most of the big bags have been made. It is pleasant to be able to state that the chicken reports show about as many birds this year as last, and this would seem to indicate that there is gradually growing a better sentiment for game protection in the Western country.

Among the unlucky chicken hunters who went out early in the season from Chicago was Mr. Ernest McGaffey, who hunted in lower Illinois on a screeching hot day and only saw five birds, of which he killed four.

Mr. C. B. Congdon, of this city, has left for Eagle Waters, Wis., for a wrestle with the fiery and untamed muscallunge.

Mr. J. H. Smith, of Milwaukee, is among many others who have gone to try the fishing near Woodruff, Wis.

Four representatives of the glass house of Stewart & Co., of Marion, Ind., left this week for Woodruff and Minocqua, Wis., where they will fish and shoot.

Mr. A. D. Early, of Rockford, Ill., has gone to State Line, Wis., for a shooting and fishing trip this week.

Mr. C. N. Cleveland, of Chicago, leaves this week for a trip to State Line, Wis.

Mr. N. C. Beasley, of Big Timber, Mont., is one of the visiting sportsmen in Chicago this week.

Mr. A. H. Bogardus, Jr., of Springfield, Ill., is in town this week. He is not yet as big a man as his father, but is husky enough.

Mr. E. W. Purser, of San Francisco, Cal., is in Chicago this week with three friends, and the whole party is buying a full line of sporting equipment for their regular fall duck shooting trip, northeast of the Golden Gate.

Mr. W. G. McCarthy, of this city, is back from a chicken shooting trip in Minnesota. He had very good success.

Mr. Chas. P. Frame, of New York city, is among the guests of this season at Kabekona Camp, Minn.

Messrs. J. G. Peppard, Crispin Ogleby, H. P. Wright and J. W. Barney, all of Kansas City, are at this writing at Kabekona Camp.

Messrs. Geo. P. Miller, W. M. Miller and F. R. Bloodgood, of Milwaukee, Wis., are now at Kabekona Camp.

Messrs. Louis A. Ireton and E. W. Wright, of Cincinnati, O., are on the Kabekona register this week.

Messrs. W. C. Gillespie and A. E. Walters, of Chicago, are now at Kabekona Camp.

Mr. Geo. W. Lawrence, of Carthage, Mo., is spending a short time at Kabekona Camp.

At the above resort the duck shooting is reported now as very good on the rice beds, and the muscallunge are biting now and then. Messrs. Gillespie and Walters took two 'lunge, each of 22lbs., on Little Boy Lake last week. Bass fishing is very good. Messrs. Peppard and Ogleby caught 175 bass in five hours. (These fish are reported as returned to the water.)

At Fox Lake, Wis., ducks are coming in fairly well and the boys are having fun with teal. Redheads and bluebills are just beginning to appear and the northern flight is not yet in on Wisconsin waters. At Fox Lake the fall pickerel fishing with spoon hook is always something worth taking into account. This week Dick Newman got thirty-one pickerel on one day and Dick Hoover and Tim Kenney took fifty-eight the same afternoon. Fox Lake is a good deal of an all around sporting place, what with bass, pickerel, ducks, grouse, squirrels, rabbits, etc., and friend Hotchkiss, of the Representative, seems well located.

Messrs. James B. Clow, H. G. McCartney and L. W. Pitcher will leave next Tuesday night for the Leech Lake country, in the capacity of advance agents for the Congressioinal expedition, which will leave Chicago Sept. 28. Capt. Clow will stop at Walker, Minn., and will arrange for boats and guides. Messrs. McCartney and Pitcher will go on into the Turtle River and probably pitch the headquarters camp, which will be reached later by the expedition. Mr. Clow was making purchases of fishing tackle to-day, and I can testify that he is taking in enough spoons, gaffs, swivels, lines, etc., to supply the whole United States Congress if necessary. The State of Minnesota will, if desired, furnish tents, blankets, etc., for the camps.

Mr. Fred Kaempfer, of 88 State street, our modest and most prominent Chicago taxidermist, had the misfortune this week of coming very near to a complete loss of his well stocked store. Fire broke out in the night time, and it was only by great efforts that the birds and animals were rescued alive. The policemen and firemen were busy in carrying out parrots, monkeys, ferrets, squirrels and other portions of the interesting live stock which makes this place one of the features of State street. I am glad to be able to say that but few of the little creatures were lost, and the damage is less than was at first expected. When one stops to think of it, there is nothing much more horrible than the thought of creatures doubly imprisoned and left to perish in a city fire. I remember that my friend John McGovern in one of his novels speaks of the burning of a bird store in the great Chicago fire. The description is a good bit of writing, and I recalled it when I heard of the fire at Mr. Kaempfer's.

Western Game Prospects.

We are now just at the natural shooting season of the year, and some interest centers on the game supply. This is without doubt or question an era of non-resident shooting, and never in the history of the West has there been so much non-resident traffic as there has been this fall. Happily, this seems to be a good game year, the times being good in this respect, as in all business ways. As I have noted before, the chicken crop does not seem to be below the average of the last couple of years. The pinnated grouse is a doomed bird and is gradually passing away, but on the other hand the sharp-tailed grouse is not yet so closely shot down and there are still a good many sections of the country where there can be found pretty sharp-tailed shooting. The flight of ducks this fall, I should say from all available information, is not below that of last year. We have had a little rain in September and the birds seem to be coming in over this part of the West in numbers fully as great as at any time during the past few years. As to the flight of the wild fowl, however, it is very difficult to make prognostications. The Northern flight comes down in waves, and sometimes the first one is the heaviest of the season. We should logically expect better duck shooting thirty days later, but what it will be at that time cannot now be told. As to snipe in the Western country, that is another problem. A good many birds have come down now, but the fall flight of the jacks is always even more irregular and erratic than it is in the spring. Quail in all parts of the Middle West are a splendid crop this year. Illinois, Indiana and lower Michigan are alive with them. Ruffed grouse shooting in the West is much as it is in the East, a thing tantalizingly delightsome, now with abundant reward and now with hope deferred. I hear more of ruffed grouse shooting in this part of the Western country than formerly, though I am inclined to think that is because more men are taking to that form of shooting. The bird itself probably holds its own in the settled or semi-settled parts of the Middle West. It is very abundant in upper Wisconsin, and many thousands of these birds are killed each fall in that State and shipped to Chicago. These birds are usually killed in the pine woods country by shooters who tree them with dogs and shoot them from the tree. I think the ruffed grouse is growing in value in the eyes of sportsmen in the States of Wisconsin and Michigan.

E. HOUGH.

180 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Maine Forest Fires.

BOSTON, Sept. 23.—The forest fires are out, and the great danger to the hunting regions of New England is over. The abundant rains that have fallen, beginning on the 20th, have set aside all immediate danger, and with the ordinary rainfall of autumn all danger for the season. The timber regions have suffered greatly in Maine, and the suspense that has hung over camp owners, hotel men, and above all, timber land owners, has been great. Fires have been burning for weeks in many sections, and it has been only through watching day and night, and often tremendous effort, that they have been kept from spreading. A dangerous fire has been raging for nearly a week on the lower easterly shore of Moosehead Lake, claimed to have been set by the carelessness of sportsmen. Many acres have been burned over, and a great deal of game destroyed; to say nothing of the loss to the timber owners. A Bangor dispatch last evening says that the fire is entirely out. Great fires have been raging in the Chesuncook region, and hunters have been driven out of the woods. These fires are also out. In many sections in Aroostook county fires have been raging, and timber land owners have not been slow to accuse hunters of setting these fires. It is reported that they will make an effort at the next Legislature to have more stringent laws passed in regard to employing guides and the kindling of fires. It is even threatened to urge the passage of laws preventing all hunting during September and October. It will be remembered that this is the first season of the law permitting the hunting of deer in September by buying a license, and the timber land owners are down on this law, and will ask for its repeal.

BOSTON, Sept. 25.—Albert N. Burnham, of Haverhill, started out early in September. There were three others in the party; George. E. Fletcher, of Melrose; John Blount, of Everett, and Horace Aldrich, of Melrose. Their purpose was big game—deer, and possibly moose Their destination was Third Lake, in the northeast corner of the State, and less than forty miles from the headwaters of the St. Croix. Between Third Lake and that river is a watershed particularly smampy and covered with a dense forest of evergreen trees. Mr. Burnham left camp and his companions in pursuit of a moose, which an Indian had promised the day before to help him hunt. He lost his way; not findig either the Indian or the moose. Failing to get back to camp, he traveled for seven days through swamp and underbrush, all the time keeping

a course by his compass which should bring him out. He slept on the ground, without fire, and protected by the hide of a deer he had killed. On the meat of this deer he subsisted, his rations only varied by the raw breast of a partridge he had killed. He traveled on by daylight, camping at night, till his shoes were soleless and his clothing in tatters. He was in the woods alone for seven days, suffering the most terrible suspense, till at last, when about ready to die, he came to a clearing in the vicinity of Wesley, and was saved.

Protests are heard from every direction where there are timber lands of any value. A report from Bangor and Aroostook lumbermen says that the Fish and Game Commissioners will be asked by the united lumber dealers not to issue any licenses to hunt deer in September next year, since the Legislature does not convene till the winter of 1900, and hence there will not be a chance to ask that body to repeal the law till after another season of danger from forest fires.

A few good bags of partridges are being taken by Boston gunners in Maine. S. J. Jones, Fred Wilson and A. T. Butler were down in York county the other day, and brought back six partridges. They found no woodcock, though having good dogs for them. Androscoggin county gunners are still finding few birds. From the Rangeley region come reports of some good bird shooting. The Megantic region is also reported as panning out well for the partridge gunners. Club members are pleased with the better shooting than last year. Boston local gunners are getting a few partridges in Reading and in Essex county, but they say that it requires the best of dogs and great skill to bag them. At almost every point they appear very wild and as though they had been hunted for a month at least. SPECIAL.

Wild Rice Planting.

WE would be glad to have reports of experience with planting wild rice, for the information of others who contemplate engaging in the enterprise for attracting wildfowl.

Mr. R. C. Haarse, of Wisconsin, writes: "About four years ago several hunters, with myself, bought five bushels of wild rice and planted it in Beaver Dam Lake, in this State; but the water receded during the year, so that most of the places planted were dry by fall, and we supposed that none of the seed took root; but this summer we found quite a lot in bloom and seed where the water did not get too low, so it seems to take about three to four years before results show. A year ago we planted about fifty bushels in the same lake in 2 to 4ft. of water and expect good results in about two years. I will be thankful to learn what experience others have had."

Another correspondent—Mr. John H. Tennent, of Missouri—writes: "I regret to say that the wild rice which we sowed in our lakes was not a success. I believe the trouble was that we got it in too late. Our lakes froze up in November, and we did not get the rice in until January, as it was frozen up from November to January. It was very fine rice, and certainly should have grown; but we do not see any sign of it in the lakes at all."

G. A. L. is informed that wild rice may be purchased from Mr. Chas. A. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont.

Game in Orange County, N. Y.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Sept. 22.—The outlook for sportsmen in this section is very good. Woodcock shooting was better than it has been in several years. Partridges and quail are plenty. The unusual dry weather during the laying and incubating season was exremely favorable for hatching and rearing the young birds. It is generally believed that game is growing scarcer and scarcer in this section, but there is still enough left to furnish good sport for the gunners who visit this section. There are always plenty of rabbits, and it is said that the killing off of the foxes by the fox hunters and dogs is causing a considerable increase in the number of rabbits, and of course it saves some quail, woodcock and partridges.

T. H. G.

Dog.

Beneath this turf, that formerly he pressed
With agile feet, a Dog is laid to rest.
Him, as he sleeps, no well-known sound shall stir,
The rabbit's patter or the pheasant's whirr;
The keeper's "Over!"—far, but well defined,
That speeds the startled partridge down the wind;
The whistled warning, as the winged ones rise
Large and more large upon our straining eyes,
Till with a swoop, while every nerve is tense,
The chattering covey hurtles o'er the fence;
The double crack of every lifted gun;
The dinting thud of birds whose course is done.
These sounds, that to his listening ear were dear,
He heeds no longer, for he cannot hear.
None stancher, till the drive was done, defied
Temptation, rooted to his master's side.
None swifter, when his master gave the word,
Leapt forth to track the wounded running bird,
And bore it back—ah, many a time and oft!—
His nose as faultless as his mouth was soft.
How consciously, how proudly, unconcerned,
Straight to his master's side he then returned,
Wagged a glad tail and deemed himself repaid,
As in that master's hand the bird he laid,
If, while a word of praise was duly said,
The hand should stroke his smooth and honest head.
Through spring and summer, in the sportless days,
Cheerful he lived a life of simpler ways;
Chose, since official dogs at times unbend,
The household cat for confidante and friend;
With children, friendly but untaught to fawn,
Romped through the walks and rollicked on the lawn;
Rejoiced, if one the frequent ball should throw,
To fetch it, scampering gayly to and fro,
Content through every change of sportive mood
If one dear voice, one only, called him good.

Such was my Dog, who now without my aid
Hunts through the shadowland, himself a shade;
Or, couched intent before some ghostly gate,
Waits for my step, as here he used to wait.

—Punch.

New York League and National Park.

MR. C. W. SMITH, of Syracuse, President of the New York State League, has taken a lively interest in the Minnesota national park project. "We are all interested in such things," he writes, "because they give the people outing places in the wilderness for hunting and fishing. Upon the impulse given me last month on reading the first article in the FOREST AND STREAM, I wrote to Col. John S. Cooper, of Chicago, Secretary of the Association endeavoring to create the park, stating my official position, my personal sympathy with them, my individual desire and willingness to aid them in any way in my power, and asking that I, individually, be elected a member of their Association, and that the New York State League be recognized as in full accord with them. To-day I have received official notice that each and every member of each and every club composing the New York State League has been duly elected a member of said Association, without dues.

"This makes it binding upon us individually to do all we can in our power to obtain the aid and assistance of our members of Congress to put the thing through Congress this winter."

President Smith has been invited to go as one of the committee's guests on the excursion to inspect the country, but has been compelled by his business in the courts to decline.

North Carolina Fish and Game.

NEW INLET, N. C., Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The finest salt-water fishing I ever had in all my thirty years of fishing was with Capt. J. H. Wescott, of New Inlet Life Saving Station, to-day. All one has to do is to walk 90yds. from the house and capture large trout and bluefish as fast as they can be reeled in.

The recent storm of Aug. 16 has played havoc with the coast here. The New Inlet Hunting Club's property is almost a total wreck.

Plover and bay bird shooting I find excellent all the way from Nag's Head to Hatteras, where I had fine sport last week. I stopped while at Hatteras with W. H. Gaskins, who can take good care of a few sportsmen at any season, and is an excellent guide. The brant shooting is good there in December, January and February, and there is also good redhead shooting to be had in batteries.

Non-resident shooting is allowed afloat by paying a license tax of $25. MORE ANON.

Virginia Quail.

SOUTH BOSTON, Va., Sept. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the 15th of next month our quail season will open in all of its glory. For never in years has the bird crop been so plentiful as it is this year. And if we can keep out the market-hunters we bid fair to have a-plenty in the future. If Mr. Chas. J. Mean wishes to have some good sport this fall let him drop in here and I will guarantee him all the sport he is looking for, and we might even stir up a deer hunt in his honor. Turkey are comparatively scarce, as also are squirrel, as the negro and his dog make it rather warm for him.

H. P. WILDER.

Birds in Arkansas.

ALMA, Ark.—The people of this vicinity, as if by common consent, obey to the letter the game law, and never in the history of the country have quail been as plentiful as now, and when the open season begins, Oct. 1, there will be grand sport. I am informed that along the line of the Kansas & Arkansas Valley Railroad, between Vian and McKee, a distance of five miles, the roadmaster and a friend riding on an engine counted thirteen coveys of quail, and this is in the Indian Territory, where the birds are not protected by law. J. E. L.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Trout for Planting.

LAST year I was in the baggage car of an express train with several cans of yearling trout on my way to plant them in an Adirondack lake, when a gentleman came into the car to make some inquiries about his baggage, and noticing the fish cans he asked, "Are you taking another lot of minnow trout to feed bigger fish up in the lakes?" The phraseology of his question showed that he was not particularly familiar with the subject of fish planting; but I replied that they were yearling trout, and while some might be eaten by large fish I thought most of them would survive their enemies in the water. I would not like to quote all that he said, but he denounced the whole system of fish planting, saying it was a waste of time and money. He remained in the car until the cans reached their destination and were taken from the car, and then he got down on the ground and looked into one of the cans, and when he saw that the trout were from 7 to over 9in. long—a lot of selected fish—he expressed a desire to go out to the water where they were to be planted and fish for them at once; so if there are objections to planting trout fry there are also objections to planting trout that are above the legal size for catching.

A State official obtained and planted a lot of yearling trout in the streams near his home, and the next year I asked him if he wished to plant more of the same kind of trout, and he replied, very abruptly: "No; last year men followed the wagons to the streams, and were fishing for the trout before the water was clear after turning in the contents of the cans."

I have measured yearling trout reared by the Fisheries Game and Forest Commission of New York that were 10¼in. long, and trout that were 8in. long that were seven and a half months old, but of course these were exceptional fish. There is a vast difference in the size of a lot of fish of same age reared under similar conditions, for some grow faster than others, as the most vigorous fish get the most food and grow more rapidly. A catalogue and price list from a Scotch fishery, just received, gives the average of yearlings from the establishment as from 2½ to 5in. long, and worth $50 per 1,000. If selected, from 4 to 5in., $62.50 per 1,000, and if from 4 to 6in., $75 per 1,000, and in Scotland this price is at the hatchery, as it is a private establishment, furnishing fish for private waters.

It is doubtful if New York anglers fully appreciate the benefits the waters of the State derive from the annual plants now made by the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of upward of one and one-half million of fingerling and yearling trout, and about seven or eight millions of fry, and all the fish are delivered by the State free of expense at the railroad station nearest to the home of the person making the application. If the State of New York was permitted to sell trout, and could obtain Scotch prices, the yearlings would bring nearly twice as much as is expended annually by the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission for fish propagation and distribution, salaries, labor and clerk hire, and the 200,000,000 of other fishes hatched by the Commission would be clear profit. Naturally fingerling and yearling trout are more desirable for planting than fry just after they have commenced to feed through the mouth; but unfortunately all the trout hatched by the Fish Commission cannot be reared to the fingerling stage, for lack of room, water, and often the expense is so considerable that it becomes an important factor in the rearing of trout. People who have had the good fortunate to obtain fingerling or older fish for planting are given to looking with disfavor upon trout fry for the same purpose, but trout fry properly planted will give good results; but properly planted means a lot of work and trouble. However, if anything is worth doing it is worth doing well, and here is a case in point: A friend had applied for trout to plant some streams in the neighborhood where he lived and had been assigned a reasonable number of fingerlings and a much greater number of trout fry. The former pleased him and the latter did not, but I explained to him that it was utterly impossible for the State Commission to rear all of the trout it hatched to fingerlings, and the fry would stock the streams if planted as they should be. He asked me to assist him when the fry were sent, and to direct the planting, and this I did, but a short time previous to the shipment I went to the streams and examined them to their very sources. When the fry came the team was driven as near the sources of the streams as any road would permit, and then fences were taken down and the horses were driven through fields until they could go no further, and then the cans were carried one at a time to small tributary streams, with threads of water flowing from living springs, and the fry were planted a few in a place, so that bunching would not exhaust the food supply, and they were so far from the main stream that none of the fish that it contained could prey upon the fry, and there they were left to work out their own salvation. That they did this a period of three years proved, but not once in a hundred times is so much trouble taken to properly plant trout fry, for as a rule they are turned into a stream where other and larger fish prey upon them instead of placing them at the fountain head, away from other fish, and distributing them so that they will all get a fair supply of the food supplied by the stream. The fry that were planted as I have described stocked the streams quite as well as the fingerling fish, a less number, to be sure, stocked another stream, as time proved. Even fingerling or yearling trout should not be turned into a stream where larger fish abound. It may be more trouble to haul the fish to headwaters of a stream, where the volume of water is suited to their size, but if applicants are not willing to go to some trouble in planting the fish whch the State assigns to them they should not expect good results from fish planted at hazard. A British fish breeder of long experience adheres to the belief that the most economical method of stocking waters with trout is by putting down eyed eggs in artificial spawning beds, but that is more work and more trouble than to properly plant fry, and economical in the sense that is used abroad means that it is cheaper than to buy fry or order fish, and therefore the system does not come into competition with fish furnished free by a State or National fish commission.

Trout Perch.

Late one evening this week my physician came in to see me socially and talk about fish and fishing. Incidentally he mentioned that he had sent his man that day to get minnows for black bass bait, and upon his return he had found in the bait bucket a minnow, the like of which he had never seen before. As he was leaving he said: "I will send one of those minnows to you in the morning to have you see what it is." The next morning his man left a bottle with water containing a live fish, and at a glance I saw that it was a trout perch, the first that I had ever seen in this part of the State; in fact, I have not seen to exceed three or four in any part of New York. At one of the State hatcheries a trout perch was kept in alcohol for a long time as a curiosity, and when the State began the work of destroying the lake lamprey in Cayuga Lake by netting them as they ran up stream in the spring to spawn a single trout perch was taken one morning while I was there. Dr. Henning, in describing the fish to me, said it looked as though it might be a cross between a yellow perch and a sunfish. It has a head not unlike a pike-perch, except that it is a trifle more blunt. It has a silvery stripe along the lateral line, with round dusky spots above it. The tail is forked, and all the fins are transparent; but the one fin which will separate it from other "minnows" is an adipose fin, the same as the trout has, but smaller and transparent like the other fins. Jordan says it is a relic of some earlier fauna. It is a small fish, growing to a maximum length of 6in., and its distribution is given: "Kansas and northward; very abundant in the Great Lakes; in all streams tributary to Hudson Bay, Red River of the North and found by Dr. Eigenmann in the Saskatchewan as far as Medicine Hat; rare in streams south of Lake Erie." Dr. Bean does not mention the trout perch in his "Fishes of New

York," as it had not come under his observation when his list of fishes of the State was last printed.

Man Versus Woman.

A friend writing me this morning concludes his letter thus: "We spent two weeks at Charleston Lake; had good weather and a fine time. I especially enjoyed myself watching my wife fight the black bass. One day we took fourteen small-mouths, and my share was one small one. The total score for two weeks showed two to one against me." I was on one occasion fishing for perch with a lady, and we were fishing for perch because the wind was too strong to hold anchor on black bass ground, and we had taken refuge behind an island, which was near the shore. The lady was in the stern seat, the guide was on the middle seat and I was in the bow. The lady caught a yellow perch, and continued to catch one after another, until she had caught over 100 fish. All this time the guide and I were fishing without a single bite. Really, I ought to stop there and not relate the rest of the story, and I would were it not to show how peculiar a school of perch may be.

After a time the guide began to catch perch, and the lady's score began to fall below "one as soon as the baited hook was in the water." After a still longer time, the perch deigned to notice my hook, although the guide was taking the greatest number of any one. At the end I alone was taking perch, and the other occupants of the boat were sitting with hands idle. The school of perch where we anchored happened to be so that the edge of it was reached by the fair angler in the stern of the boat, and they gradually moved from the stern toward the bow.

Nevertheless, I have contended for years that angling was particularly fitted to be a pastime for women, and when one practices angling and becomes interested in it she becomes expert. This year I saw a lady depart on several occasions from a summer hotel on fishing bent, and I saw her fish on her return. That particular hotel boasted of some of the best anglers within or without the State—men who devoted nearly every week day to fishing, and who had everything that long purses could buy to aid them in their sport, but the lady caught the largest black bass taken by any one from the hotel up to the time I left there, and it was the largest bass of the season from the lake, and about as large as they grow there, judging from what have been taken during the past twenty-five years; but it was not alone in a single large fish that she excelled, for she caught many large ones, and except for her maid and the boatman, she fished alone as a rule; but one evening she returned, and her husband was with her, and when I asked him of her success, he smiled and replied that his wife caught the fish and he looked on.

Never do I talk or write of women anglers but a picture comes to my mind of what I once saw on a Maine lake. At a camp not far from Parmachenee Lake I met a lady whose husband was away in some back camp, and from this fact I assumed that she did not fish, and it seemed to be a most lonesome sort of place for her under the circumstances. I asked her if she would like to go in my boat one day when I was to fish the lake near the camp, and she said yes, but she would only be in the way, and she knew men did not care to have women about when they were fishing, and my flies might catch in her gown and I would wish her further away than the camp. She was so thoughtful about the comforts of others that I wished to make some return for her courtesies, and actually offered to teach her to cast the fly, but she said she would not impose upon me. I can say now, after the lapse of many years, that I would have been glad to take her fishing, and I did not feel that she would have been in the way, and I did not have a selfish feeling when I offered to take her for lessons in fly-casting. Well, one day I was returning to camp, and as the guide pulled around a point, I saw in the distance a woman standing up alone in a boat casting a fly so artistically as to make the picture that I referred to earlier in this note. Left alone in the camp, she had tired of reading, and had gone out alone in a boat to fish, and there was no more graceful caster in the camp than that lady. She said she did not pretend to fish, and was out more for exercise than for fishing, but she could cast and catch fish far better than some men I have seen, and yet fearing she would be in the way, she hesitated about going out to fish regularly at some of the good places more removed from the camp, and was cheerful and contented to remain at camp and do up smashed fingers and furnish tar oil to the unfortunates who had used up their own supply.

Photograph on Fish.

A gentleman writes me from Macon, Ga., as follows: "My interest in all things piscatorial, and a recent reading of some New York official reports, in which you have some artilles, is my reason for writing you.

"I note with interest observations of yours touching the changing hues of black bass, in which you seem to hold that the changing is a matter of will with the fish. Some years ago in a novel of mine, 'Sons and Fathers,' Gerald, a character, is made to photograph a picture upon the whitish side of a bass taken from deep water, and the statement is made that these fish, covered with a thin gelatine, are sensitive plates, so to say, and that exposed to the sunlight they darken quickly; which accounts for the fact that the back (top) of these, and probably all fish, is the darkest surface. Is it not possible that the final reduction to one hue of the many colored and barred fish observed by you in the tub of a boat was caused by the action of light upon the gelatine? The matter is not one of great importance, perhaps, but I should be glad to have your views upon it. It may be true that the degree of lightness in the hue of every family of fish is determined by the ability of the waters they inhabit to transmit light, and that the variation in localities is explained by the fact."

Mr. Edwards raised a novel question and a most interesting one. The mucous covering ("gelatine") of a fish comes from the pores along the lateral line, and it serves as a protection to the scales and skin. Once this mucous is removed, fungus sets in and death follows. This much we know, but what the chemical properties of this gelatine may be has not, so far as I know, been determined, nor has there been, until now, any need of a chemical analysis to determine it. The variable hues of fish I charge to a wise provision of nature, which enables the fish to put on a coloring similar to its environment, and thus be more secure from observation of its enemies. That this change is brought about by the chemical composition of its enveloping mucus is possible, and the subject is well worth investigating. The bass that I wrote about and to which Mr. Edwards refers were caught of various hues, and when confined alive in the well of the boat they all assumed the same hue. The well was dark and the fish were dark when taken out. This was the first time that I observed that black bass had the power to change external coloring and take on the color of their immediate surroundings, although I had often observed it in the brook trout, even in a more marked degree than in the case of the black bass. The next step in this matter will be to obtain a chemical analysis of the mucus covering fishes, and see if it is in the nature of a sensitive plate, as Mr. Edwards suggests that it may be, and until that is done, mere opinions on the subject will be valueless.

Trout with Extra Fin.

In a former note of perhaps a year or so ago, I had something to say about the monster hunt by Dr. C. G. Seligmann, of St. Thomas' Hospital, London, but his monster hunt was not of the kind that our newspapers refer to, as he is making a study of monsters in the salmon family. His work was interrupted by a trip to New Guinea, from which he recently returned, and now sends me a paper with an illustration of a brown trout with an extra fin. In a letter, Dr. Seligmann tells me the trout was caught by Mr. Frederic M. Halford, and the fin stands erect just back of the head and on a line with the dorsal. This extra fin has ten soft rays, and all the other fins of the trout are present and normal. In the illustration the extra fin has the appearance of a plume or cockade, and the doctor states that no similar malformation has been met with.

A. N. Cheney.

White Perch of Deep Water Lakes.

Among the game fish of this country the white perch is but rarely mentioned. However, under the right circumstances he shows good fighting qualities and makes a great battle.

While these fish are caught in rivers, small ponds and lakes where the waters are brackish, yet in these localities they rarely attain much weight and size, and being rather small are not sought after. In the places mentioned the early morning is the best fishing time. Shrimps are the best bait, if they can be obtained. Next in value are worms, pieces of fish or small strings of pork. Ascertain where the fish are rising; then get as near to the spot as possible, and without a sinker, save perhaps one small split shot, make repeated casts and strike quickly. Use a light rod and reel and a single gut hook of a medium size. If any of the small fry of live bait can be procured, the fish will take them readily. Late in the afternoon is also a good time for fishing.

In the large lakes the white perch are found in deep water, and are large, strong and full of fight. While a few are taken on a trolling spinner, only large numbers are taken when still fishing. A small sinker is placed on the line a little above the gut of the hook, the line allowed to reach bottom, when it is reeled in about a foot or pulled up this distance if a hand line is made use of. Then the fisherman, keeping his bait moving a little, waits for a bite.

Live bait, minnows, chubs, etc., rank first as lures; next is a good fat worm.

During the latter part of August of this year I was bass fishing in one of the large Maine lakes, having with me my son, a lad of fourteen. I used flies almost entirely, while the boy tried the spinner worm and live bait—the little chubs found in salt or brackish water—tough little chaps, tenacious of life, easily transported, but rather dark as regards their coloring. Good catches of bass had been taken, but always the majority, gently detached from the hook, were thrown again into the lake to grow larger and later to furnish sport to other followers of Walton.

While resting on one of the charming bits of green and rocks that give beauty to the waters, waiting for the fish to be done to a turn, I noticed in a little pool a tiny fish darting gracefully about.

Success came to me and I captured this specimen, a bright silver spark of life not known to me. The guide said it was an alewife and added that just at this season plenty of them could be found at certain hours of the day in the eel pots at the other end of the lake, just below the dam. Never had I seen such a sparkling bait or one that should be so readily taken—an ideal bait, except for the extreme tenderness and being very hard to keep alive. However, the next day before starting out, quite a number were secured. Many died in spite of my efforts to aerate and freshen the water in which they were placed.

We rowed directly to a favorite ground and selected a good position. It was 11 o'clock; there were clear skies and a gentle breeze was stirring the surface of the lake.

The lad used a light rod and reel and single hook. My rod weighed about 6oz. and I had a fairly light reel, a strong single leader and three single gut hooks in place of the usual flies. The live bait was hooked directly through the head, just in front of the eyes.

Many ripples about the boat made by fish breaking were noticed. The baits hardly touched the water before they were well taken. Each time I secured three fish, striking the first one well and allowing him to swim about until the remaining hooks held a fish. The lad was kept hard at work, securing a fish at each cast. Several boats were near us. I gave some of the dead alewives to a fisherman in the nearest boat, and out of the lot we were the only ones that luck smiled upon. Soon the little silvery baits were used, but now the perch were in a good biting mood, and worms, pieces of fish or pork, etc., were taken well, while the large body of fish seemed to keep between the boats, where the bait, I believe, truly had held them.

The fisherman to whom I had given all I could spare of the alewives, being the proprietor of a large hotel nearby, said he could use every fish I was willing to let him have. This being the case, we kept on fishing, and glorious sport it was.

The lad and myself took 267 white perch with rod and reel in the manner I have mentioned; also some ten or twelve bass, the largest one weighing an even 4lbs.

Every fish taken was immediately killed. This, in my opinion, should always be done, as it saves any possible suffering, keeps the fish in better condition and saves getting ugly, ill-healing scratches from the fins, particularly with white perch, for a prick from their fins seems rather poisonous.

The white perch are most delicious eating, and can be cooked in a variety of ways.

The only excuse offered for this article is simply this: That with light tackle, rod, reel, leader and hooks, live bait, especially a shining one like the little alewives, most excellent sport can be obtained, and that the white perch usually found in the deep waters of the large lakes can be lured to the surface and tempted into sharp biting moods. And with the remembrance of that morning and of its exciting sport, I would plead for him that his name be added to the list of game fishes, as his strong rushes for liberty, his sharp biting and his good fighting on a light tackle surely make him worthy of recognition; also with the hope that to my fellow sportsmen this description of method of capture may be of some value and interest and will at a future time give them pleasure in a trial in which I wish them all "Good luck."

F. M. Johnson.

Boston, Sept. 21.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

The Seven Locks.

A little more than a mile above where Cabin John's Run enters the Potomac, two others come in opposite each other—Rocky Run on the Maryland side and Dead Run in Virginia; neither is large or long. Locks Nos. 8 to 14 on the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, which runs close beside the river here, are so near together that the bunch has been long known as the Seven Locks. Comparatively easy to reach, yet away from the usual run of picnics and what our English friends call "trippers," this locality has been much fished, but like all the waters between Great Falls and tidewater has few record catches to its credit. Just why, no one seems able to guess. Perhaps the crowding into it of the sea fish which run up here in the spring and some of which may be found here at all seasons, may interfere with the spawning and rearing of the bass.

From Stubblefield Falls, a mile and a half above, to the breaks at Cabin John's is a long, level stretch of mostly deep water with muddy bottoms and rocky sides.

A day or two since we drove up, for our first trip this year, most of the way in an early morning rain, but we had that infallible fisherman's proverb for our consolation and hope: "If it rains before 7 'twill quit before 11." Besides, the weather bureau had promised fair weather for the next two days. As well admit here, it rained on us all the way home that night.

We reached the waterside before 7 and put up at Lock No. 10, the usual stopping place at this point, where visitors are expected and cared for. It was still raining, but we strolled about over a bare field where the soldiers had camped during the Civil War, when for months the bulletins read: "All quiet on the Potomac."

Nothing had grown here since but ragged pines and vagrant weeds, and in a gravelly gulch of reddish clay one of the party picked up, half-buried in the sand, a gold dollar, dated 1862.

It was a curious find, more likely a relic of the war than of any recent loss, for the little coin was no doubt more familiar then in this locality than it has ever been since.

A little later the clouds cleared away and we started for the river. The water was very low, the cove at the mouth of Rocky Run, where we find Bob's boats, is shallow, the rocks are many and it is a devious way the heavy punts must take to get to fishing water. Before we reach it we see breaks everywhere, principally carp, showing a great yellow broadside, a few bass and several ½lb. striped bass or rock fish, which seem to stay here all summer. At the first likely spot, a group of rocks out from the cove, a small-mouth black bass something over 1lb. snaps the No. 4 crow fly and makes a game fight, never showing till he quits at the net. A little way up the river is Plummer's Island, willow fringed, that feeds our hopes with promise of good sport, and above this a cataract from a canal waste that runs through Cat Hole, where the local fishermen get all their minnows; here, too, we are sure to find plenty of fish, but, alas for human hopes, especially the angler's, another shower starts, and such a rain! For an hour it poured and we could do nothing but sit huddled under a great plane tree covered with the Virginia creeper, wrapped in a mackintosh, and take our drenching. The tree was first-rate shelter until it became full and took to leaking, and then it was worse than the open. The drops which fell from it were each a spoonful, and where they struck the water, bubbles as large as a baseball floated for a few seconds, until they were exploded by another drop, which left a new bubble in place of the old.

At last the clouds break again, but that's more than the fish do all day. A rise in the river begins to show on the edges; there is a yellow streak creeping down the Virginia shore from Difficult Run, and warned by many experiences that it is useless to coax the bass to the surface under such conditions, the rod is abandoned for the camera. There are a half-dozen boats out, and they do not turn in till 6 o'clock, but there is only one other fish brought in, and that too was taken with the fly. Still-fishers had not a fish to their credit. Our experience is without a break, though of course others may have fared differently, that swelling water sends the bass to the deeps, and 1½ft. flood was on when the boats came in.

What can be the reason of this? The water was not muddy, its condition was easily 30in.; it may be it was muddy at the bottom, or that muddy water behind was pushing it down, but the surface water was not yet bad. Whether the fish in fright hunt their holes or lose their appetites, or whether the fresh flood brings them slathers of food from the overflowed margins of the little streams, which is daintier than anything we offer, is one of those things no fellow can find out; at least we cannot, and none of the books we have seen tell of it. In fact, the salmon seems to be differently affected, for a fresh "spate" is prime fishing on some salmon streams, but it is not so with bass in such streams and pools as we have had opportunity of trying, and rule No. 1 in Potomac bass fishing, so far as a half-dozen anglers may establish a rule, is that when the water comes up the bass go down, and on the first intimation of a freshet, one may as well up line and away. This,

of course, has reference to that part of the river above tidewater.

The sunfish is not so easily frightened, and will continue to rise as long as the water is clear enough for him to see a fly dropped in his lair, but he is very local in his habit in the up-river, not living in colonies as in the creek mouths of tidewater, where hundreds may be taken from a gravel bed. Above, a pair, at most a half-dozen, will be found under a willow or near a big rock, or in a shallow eddy at the foot of a little fall, and they are as quick as the bass to seize a fly far too large for them; it is a matter of admiration how often they hook themselves on a fly intended for a fish twenty-five times their size. They are mostly returned to the water, for they furnish lots of food for the bass, though one of our local fishermen cannot be persuaded they do not eat all the bass spawn, and it is part of his angling creed to religiously kill every poor sunny that comes his way.

It is growing a matter of wonder why the rock bass which have been several times planted in the Potomac—and indeed stragglers come with nearly all consignments of black bass from the West—are not more in evidence. With a mouth as large as the small-mouth bass, and a disposition much like the sunfish, he ought to be giving an account of himself. The waters of the Upper Potomac with its rocks and rapids would seem to be just suited for him, and he will prove when he comes to be to the fly-fisherman what the crappie is to the still-fisher—a welcome addition to his preserve and his basket. Of course, there are exceptions to any opinion on the subject of fish, and just as some trout fishers despise grayling that St. Ambrose eulogized, so some bass fishers have nothing for the rock bass but dispraise.

Rowland Robinson, who is always interesting—for he writes what he sees and believes, and we love these best even when we disagree—in Lippincott for 1882 (vol. 30, p. 13); writing of bass fishing, has his boatman say: "A cossed leetly rock bass. Put a wamm on de hook and ketch 'im off de water," and the author continues: "But the smallest minnow in the pail captures him, and the miserable, bony, greedy, big-mouthed, little thief is hauled forth without ceremony. How any one can praise him for anything but his moderate beauty—the only virtue he has—is a wonder to me. The despised sunfish is handsomer, a better table fish and as great a nuisance, yet nobody praises him."

What would J. Harrington Keene and Maurice Thompson et al. say to this? Both have said nice things of the sunfish, as have many others, and Thompson includes the rock bass in his praises for the pan fish and the skill which can take them.

The rock bass has a good deal of mouth, but not too much. His active habit gives him a firm enough flesh that "watery" does not fairly describe, and his skeleton shows no more bones than the other perches and basses, so that "bony" fits him less aptly than it might if his shoulders were not broader than the average. He is a daring, dashing, beautiful fish with a bad eye, and is only disappointing when after a struggle that promises better things, he shows up at less than a pound. He does not fight so long as the black bass, but is very interesting while he lasts, at least in some waters.

As we take our homeward way the flood is tearing down over the feeder dam, and from there to the foot of Little Falls the river is white with foam in striking contrast to the black waters above and below that lie dead in the gathering shadows of evening, the hills and the rain clouds. It ought to be a dismal drive for us through the pelting rain, but somehow is not, and one of our consolations is that a dayton is better shelter than a bicycle, of which there are many, whose bedraggled riders or pushers are pictures of misery.

To our shame, much of our comfort in this world of relation comes of the knowledge that somebody is worse off, and so discomfort for the other fellow, of which we can stand a good deal, scatters a certain amount of satisfaction, for, unconsciously perhaps, it awakens a realization of our better estate. On a sunshiny day these bicyclers would have laughed our vehicle and gait to scorn, but this was not their turn to laugh. HENRY TALBOTT.

A Sleeping Water.

THREE men of Passaic county, all of whom have had considerable experience in natural history, went to Hank's pond a few days ago, more for the purpose of watching certain phenomena there than in quest of sport. It has frequently been asserted that years of poverty follow years of plenty in all the realms of nature, and it has been said of late that Hank's pond at present constitutes a fine example of this. For a number of years there was no better fishing place in the State than Hank's pond. This sheet of water is located in West Milford township, within half a mile of Clinton reservoir. There are no habitations along its shores and as it is difficult of access it was fished very little. Its rocky bottom and bold shores almost preclude the possiblity of using a net. For all these reasons people have assumed that Hank's pond ought to afford good fishing at all times. But it has been stated that the pond at present contains very few fish. For the purpose of ascertaining this fact and inquiring into its causes the visit of the three men was made.

A conviction that Hank's pond is at present nearly barren of fish, despite all its manifest advantages, was arrived at in short order. Methods, both sportsmanlike and otherwise, were resorted to for the purpose of luring fish. The weather was all that could be desired and the water could not have been in better condition; but the fish taken were so few that it was soon apparent that the truth had been told when it was said that Hank's pond was barren. Even the murderous clothespin bait was resorted to and trolling it about the lake several times in the most alluring fashion resulted in only one small bass being taken.

A close examination of the water showed that it contained no small fish, on which the larger feed. Drawing the net was productive of bait only at the upper end, near a little lagoon, and at this place the only fish of any size were taken. It was apparent that the large fish had cooped the small fish all in the lagoon and were feeding on them. The cause of the absence of large fish was explained by the absence of food. The absence of the latter was explained by the absence of all vegetation in the main part of the lake. Acres and acres of arid bottom were passed over where formerly there was abundant vegetation; the latter had afforded food for the bait-fish, and with the disappearance of the plankton—by which is meant all the vegetable and insect life which supports the small fish—the bait fish had disappeared. The chain of facts was perfect. But what had caused the disappearance of the vegetation? That is more than the investigators could ascertain. The double curtain of water and mud precluded the possibility of any further investigation.

The aborigines frequently referred to waters as sleeping and the term has been generally misunderstood. It was applied by the Indians to different waters at different times, and it was not a permanent appellation. They denominated waters as sleeping where fish life had become almost extinct. They knew that in the course of a few years there would be a change and consequently they believed that the water was merely sleeping in order to gain rest. Hank's pond will probably awake some of these days; the vegetation will re-appear and then in the natural course of events the larger fish will be found there again.

Persons who are in the habit of roaming about Passaic county and skimming the open book of nature have remarked that Hank's pond has not "purged" or "worked" for some time. The process denominated as either purging or working is a phenomenon noticeable in all waters which sustain fish life. It is generally presumed that the process means the throwing off of objectionable vegetable matter by the water, but it is far from being anything of the kind. On the bottom of most waters there grow a number of so-called weeds, merely vegetable productions which require both earth and water in plenty to make them thrive. This vegetation ripens every year, and when it does so its upper part separates from the lower and the upper ascends to the surface of the water. In this upper part are to be found the seeds, and these are ripened by the sun. Some of these seeds and their pods are green, others white; the former predominate. This process of ripening the seeds is known as purging or working. The seeds when they are ripe fall to the bottom and bring forth new vegetation the following year. This vegetation and the numerous forms of insect life on it form the food for the small shellfish and other fish on which the larger fish feed. Consequently it will be seen that the process known as working and falsely denominated as purging is absolutely necessary to the well-being of every sheet of water. Because of the lack of vegetation and its consequent working, Hank's pond is not a good pond at present; it is only sleeping, however.—Chas. A. Shriner in Paterson (N. J.) Chronicle.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL Contests, Series 1899.—Contest No. 12, held at Stow Lake, Sept. 16 and 17. Wind, S.W., light. Weather, foggy, warm.

FIRST DAY, SEPT. 16.

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Delicacy, Acc %	Event No. 3, Delicacy, Del. %	Event No. 3, Delicacy, Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting%
Battu	104½	73 4-12	90 8-12	69 2-12	79 11-12	64 2-5
Brotherton	117	95	88	70	79	93
Edwards	101	96 4-12	94 8-12	67 6-12	81 1-12	87
Everett	110	92 8-12	90 4-12	76 8-12	83 6-12	..
Golcher	126	91 8-12	91	80 10-12	85 11-12	..
Lovett	120	93 4-12	95	72 6-12	83 9-12	..
Mansfield	120	95 4-12	93 4-12	76 8-12	85	86
Mocker	87	81	..	..	..	..
Muller	106	94	93 4-12	80 10-12	87 1-12	81
Reed	100	88 4-12	92	76 8-12	84 4-12	..
Skinner	92	93	94	75	84 6-12	..
Young	95	92 4-12	87 4-12	74 2-12	80 9-12	78 3-5

SECOND DAY, SEPT. 17.

Battu	99	91 8-12	85 8-12	66 8-12	76 2-12	..
Brotherton	112	91 8-12	86 8-12	73 4-12	80	80 4-5
Everett	109	95 8-12	89 8-12	71 8-12	80 8-12	..
Golcher	112	92	87	75	81	..
Haight	71	95 8-12	..	..	..	..
Huyck	84	89	70 4-12	55 10-12	63 1-12	..
Klein	75	89 4-12	78	60	69	..
Lovett	115	95 4-12	94	75	84 6-12	..
Mansfield	120	94 8-12	95 4-12	80 10-12	88 1-12	81 4-5
Muller	95	89 8-12	92	70 10-12	81 5-12	..
Reed	98	90 8-12	88 4-12	71 8-12	80	59 1-5
Turner	81	93 4-12	87	67 6-12	77 3-12	..
Young	92	94 8-12	90 8-12	79 2-12	84 11-12	68 3-5
Walker	..	..	..	..	..	62 1-5

Judges—Muller, Golcher, Everett, Brotherton. Referee—Mansfield. Clerk—Walker.

Re-entry days—Sept. 30, Oct. 1, Oct. 7, Oct. 8.

Angling in Lapland.

ENTHUSIASTS in the gentle art of angling will be interested in the records of a recent expedition to Lapland. It is an uncomfortable and expensive voyage, and the entire absence of any proper food in the country renders it necessary to take everything which the ordinary civilized being may require. But in these days of condensed nourishment of all kinds that is not a very formidable matter. On arriving at their destination the party of two rods and their followers found the river frozen so that they had to sit down patiently on the banks and wait for a thaw. When that came there was too much water, and fishing was an impossibility. But *"tout vient a qui sait attendre,"* and when the river got into condition they had grand sport. They fished for eleven days, and during that time the two rods got a total of 282 salmon and 155 grilse, in all weighing nearly 5,000lbs. The best day's catch for one rod was thirty-three salmon and twenty-two grilse, weighing 553lbs. in all. Still, fishing in those quarters is not all violets. Last year, for instance, the party took out some sheep, so as to be sure of fresh meat. Those gentle creatures were all devoured by wolves, so this year no live stock was taken. Friends suggested that such a course was imprudent, as the wolves would be sure to be waiting for the expedition in the hope of a good feed, and failing sheep they might go for the rods. However, their enterprise or their appetite did not go so far as that, and the party returned, happy in their catch of 5,000lbs. weight of fish in eleven days.—London Telegraph.

Santa Catalina Tuna Club.

THE Tuna Club has decided that the great interest shown in the recent tournament of the club justifies another in 1900. A large committee has been appointed, represented by members in Pasadena, Los Angeles, Cleveland, New York and San Francisco. The tournament will extend from the beginning of the white sea bass season, May 1, to Sept. 1, and to have the annual banquet on Aug. 15. The following cups and medals will be fished for: The Tuna Club cup, held by C. F. Holder, 1898, 183lb. fish, and by Col. C. P. Morehouse, in 1899, 251lb. fish. The Tufts-Lyon Company cup for black sea bass, held in 1898 by F. V. Rider, 327lbs., and in 1899 by T. S. Manning, 330lbs. The Van Nuys cup for largest yellowtail, F. V. Rider, 1899. The Tuna Club gold medal, for largest tuna, C. F. Holder, 1898, 183lbs.; C. P. Morehouse, 1899, 251lbs. The Rider-Macomber medal, for largest black sea bass, F. V. Rider, 1898, 327lbs.; T. S. Manning, 1899, 330lbs. The John F. Francis medal for largest yellowtail of the season, F. S. Garrish, 37lbs. Besides these there will be handsome rods, reels, gaffs, etc., all intended and devised to induce the anglers of the world to fish scientifically and use rod and reel.

New officers elected are: E. L. Doran, Vice-President; F. V. Rider, Secretary, and T. S. Manning, Franklin S. Schenck, C. P. Morehouse, R. A. Eddy, F. V. Rider, Charles F. Holder, Dr. H. K. Macomber, directors.

The King of the River.

[M. O. Lownsdale in Portland Oregonian.]

The ramping of waves o'er the glinting bar,
The champing of bits in the leaping tide,
The crool of the sea as, in wild devoir,
He drools o'er the lip of his river bride.
Call in the white heroes—call in—call on—
Call in spectral forms, in resplendent guise;
And up the foam-rift, till his quest be won,
The glittering king of the river plies.

The fast-running tide sweeps the phantom schools,
In scurrying lilt, thro' the river's port.
They glide into deep, opalescent pools,
Where militant knights, holding regal court,
Snatch life from the loveliness they behold;
And racing away from the hoarse sea-cries,
On Love's fretful pilgrimage, lo! the bold
Impetuous king of the river flies.

He leads a fair queen up the vine-clad runs,
Thro' cañons, o'er shallows, 'mid elkweed dank,
Where bear idly wallow, 'neath languid suns,
And flitting mergansers, from oziers rank,
Fling stridulous shrieks to the ech'ing firs,
Past crag and past scaur, ever on he flies;
Dim, perilous sluice-ways, thro' riven spurs,
The silver-mailed king of the stream defies.

In vain all the lures of the rustic churl;
In vain will the sweets of the morn beguile;
A myriad midges unheeded whirl
And dip to the wave in enticing wile,
When drowsily day, o'er the brawling bars
And ripples, reels faint and forsakes the skies,
Then Dian may see and the argent stars
The radiant king of the river rise.

Then sibilant larches, august of mien,
Breathe tremulant welcome, as west winds blow;
Breathe welcome and warning to king and queen—
"Beware, river lovers, of the firefly's glow!"
The ruffle of brake where the shy deer clings,
As herons and low-swooping eagles rise,
The fish-hawk aloft, flapping sunlit wings,
The vigilant king of the river spies.

He loiters where amnian sprites wage war
And, rioting wild over velvet meads,
Spring forth at new gorges and shout afar,
"All hail, Rainbow King! Rainbow Queen, Love speeds!"
But upward, still upward, the phantom holds;
And onward, still onward, with eager eyes,
Until his fair vision of love unfolds,
The siren-led king of the river hies.

Just out of the swirl of the veering stream,
In niches encaverned 'neath moss-fringed shelves,
Like gossamer floating in idle dream,
In weirdest haunt hewn by the river-elves,
A castle of crystal, whose turrets old
And battlements rugged like outworks rise,
In vesture of brilliants, of azure and gold,
The indolent king of the river lies.

He rides at his ease, while his lang'rous mate
Swings heavily down to the pool's low marge;
And faint from their far run, in listless state,
They dream o'er that desperate passion-charge.
White pines and red maples swoon low—swoon wide—
To veil the blue cheek and the Naiad eyes
So witchingly limned in the restless tide,
These palpitant chiefs of the river prize.

A dainty creation of gentle art
O'er royalty wantonly spreads her charms,
An iridal gleam! A mad thrill! A start!
He surges away, flashing dull alarms,
And strains at the rein like a wheeling steed,
Contemptuous, grim, with defiant eyes,
For Telephus' arm, Atalanta's speed,
The shimmering king of the river sighs.

He flaunts from the pool like a flying lance—
He spurns the rude steel in his armored guard—
A plunge! a wild reel! to his queen a glance!
A sweep of the net! and he stains the sward.
For goals may be won, yet Love glides away.
Sweet queen, hearken not to his life's faint sighs!
A gurgle! a quiver! Alas the day!
The masterful king of the river dies.

Female Nimrods.

Lady Hopetoun, wife of the Lord Chamberlain, is one of the cleverest of a galaxy of femals Nimrods, which includes Lady Sandhurst, Lady Beaumont and the Duchess of Bedford, and she can bring down anything from a partridge to a stag as skillfully as can most men. In Australia she used to practice regularly at the rifle range, and her score of "bulls" was the envy of many men shooters. Deer stalking is her favorite relaxation, and many a fine buck has fallen to her gun.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 2-6.—Dallas, Tex.—Texas Kennel Club's second annual bench show. Sydney Smith, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-6.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's eighteenth annual show. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-13.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island State Fair Association. E. M. Oldham, Supt.
Nov. 15-18.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show. Marcel A. Viti, Sec'y.
Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—National Beagle Club's tenth annual trials. G. Mifflin Wharton, Sec'y.
Oct. 25.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut field trials. John E. Bassett, Sec'y, New Haven.
Oct. 31.—Greene Co., Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's fifth annual field trial. A. C. Peterson Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Washington C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Nov. 8-9.—Lakeview, Mich.—Michigan Field Trials Association's second annual trials. E. Rice, Sec'y.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's first annual trials. George D. Maxfield, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 14-17.—Carmichaels, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's fourth annual trials. J. W. Simpson, Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.
Nov. 21.—Lawrenceville, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.— ——, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Thos. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

American Kennel Club Meeting.

THE regular quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club was held at the club's offices, 55 Liberty street, New York, on Thursday, Sept. 21. In the absence of the president, vice-president and president of the associate members, Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh was elected chairman. There were present: Associate members—A. C. Wilmerding and H. K. Bloodgood; American Pet Dog Club, S. C. Hodge; American Fox Terrier Club, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.; American Dachshund Club, Dr. C. Motschenbacher; Boston Terrier Club, C. F. Clarkson; Butterfly Bench Show Association, Dr. E. Waters; Cleveland K. C., C. M. Munhall; Collie Club of America, Jas. Watson; M. A. A. C. Rod and Gun Club, Wm. F. Hobbie; Metropolitan K. C., Jas. Mortimer; Pacific Mastiff Club, S. S. Mastick; Philadelphia Dog Show Association, L. A. Biddle; San Francisco K. C., C. B. Knocker; American Spaniel Club, M. A. Viti; Pointer Club of America, Geo. Jarvis.

The Vermont K. C., of Rutland, Vt., and the Georgia State Agricultural Society were duly admitted to membership. The credentials of Louis A. Biddle, filed by the Philadelphia Dog Show Association, and Col. J. Ruppert, Jr., from the St. Bernard Club of America, were approved and accepted.

The secretary's report showed that there had been received two applications for admission to membership; the credentials from one club of a delegate to the A. K. C.; the applications for the registration of nine kennel names; requests for the transfer of two kennel names; appeals from J. R. Thompson, Vassar, Mich., and J. Fred Rommell, Chicago, Ill., for reinstatement.

He reported the following cases now pending before the executive board: T. A. Howard vs. Geo. W. Clayton; A. H. Nelson vs. D. E. Rose; H. T. Cousins vs. W. S. McClintock; A. K. C. vs. G. H. Blackman; A. K. C. vs. Geo. S. Thomas; A. K. C. vs. G. N. Phelps.

Fred P. Kirby, as agent for Walter D. Griscom, has filed a complaint to the effect that the National Greyhound Club has failed to pay to him the medals won by his dogs at the Westminster K. C. show in 1898 and 1899. The rules hold the National Greyhound Club responsible for the former and the Westwinster K. C. responsible for the latter.

The secretary's report was accepted and filed for consideration later.

The treasurer's report showed the following conditions of the club's finances:

Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1899	$5,411.73
Receipts from Jan. 1 to date	7,611.43
	$13,023.16
Disbursements since Jan. 1	$7,529.68
	$5,493.48

The report of the executive board was accepted, as published in the June Gazette.

The Pacific advisory board reported that they had held a meeting on Aug. 1, at San Francisco, there being present Messrs. De Ruyter, chairman; Carlton and Norman. The committee nominated Dr. E. N. Lowry to the A. K. C. for membership in the P. A. C., vice G. W. N. Grey, resigned. It was resolved that the membership of the committee be reduced to five, in view of the difficulty of assembling a quorum. The resignations of Dr. W. R. Cluness and C. A. Haight were accepted. The report was accepted and placed on file.

Mr. Viti, of the Stud Book committee, reported that Mr. Schellhass, secretary of the committee, was suddenly taken ill on the morning of the meeting, and the report of the committee could not be read, as Mr. Schellhass had the papers. Mr. Viti reported on such business as he could from recollection. He reported that the committee had passed upon the list of prefixes, that it had sustained Mr. Blossom in his protest against the registration of a Gordon setter pup, applied for by Mr. Reynolds, which Mr. Blossom claimed as his property by the terms of the breeding contract.

The following kennel names were granted: Endcliffe, Geo. S. Thomas; Falmouth, H. P. Duval; Hastings, A. D. Cochran; Hazelhurst, J. X. Santree; International, Chas. N. Daly; Montebello, T. D. M. Cardeza; Niola, E. H. Ingwersen; North Fork, R. T. Judd; Prospect Park, H. C. Winther; Rock Ridge, W. G. Rockefeller; Westchester, J. A. Montgomery. The report was accepted and placed on file.

The disqualification of J. Fred Rommel, of Chicago, was removed. It was voted to suspend the officers of the National Greyhound Club until the medals were paid to Mr. Walter B. Griscom. The request of the Harvard College Library for a complete set of the Stud Book was granted.

The following are the amended rules proposed by the committee on rules, and accepted after a long and very full discussion.

Rule II.—Every dog shown under these rules must either be registered or listed with the American Kennel Club previous to being exhibited.

Rule V.—Striking out the words "together with a list of all prizes won by the dog" and adding a new paragraph "The name of a registered dog cannot be changed after having been published in the Stud Book."

Classes.

1. The puppy class shall be for all dogs over six months and under twelve months of age, and no entry can be made of one under six months or whose date of birth, breeder, sire and dam are unknown.

3. The limit class shall be for all dogs never having won four first prizes in said class at any recognized show, but no dog having acquired the title of champion shall be eligible to this class.

5. The winners' class shall be open only to the winners of first prizes at any show giving at least three of the before-mentioned classes, one of which must be the open class, and the winner of ten points in this class will thereby become a champion of record, be so registered by the American Kennel Club upon the application, and if registered in the Stud Book will be entitled to an American Kennel Club champion medal. Before awarding "reserve" in this class, the dog or dogs having been placed second to the winner on any of the regular classes must be brought before the judge for competition with the remaining dogs in said winners' class. No class winner can be withdrawn, or withheld from competition in the winners' class, and no entry fee shall be charged for said competition in this class. A dog that prior to Dec. 31, 1899, has won once in the winners' class shall qualify as a champion by two additional wins, and a dog that has won twice qualifies with one win in any winners' class. The winners' class can be divided by sex, provided the required three classes announced in the premium list are also divided by sex.

Cancellation for Violation of Rules.

When a puppy is entered, being under six months of age, or his date of birth, breeder, sire and dam unknown.

When a dog is entered in the limit class, having previously won four or more first prizes in said class.

When a dog has been improperly transferred by the show officials.

Rules Governing Clubs.

IX. No entry shall be accepted of any puppy under six months of age, or marked "date of birth, breeder, sire and dam unknown," either for competition or exhibition.

X. Striking out the first paragraph.

XI. Striking out the words, "together with a copy of the dog show rules and such other regulations as were announced in the premium list."

Penalties for Violations.

For accepting entries for puppy classes under six months of age, or marked "date of birth, breeder, sire and dam unknown," $5.

For failure to file with the American Kennel Club a marked catalogue certified to by the secretary or superintendent, making a return of all listings and fees for same within seven days after the closing of the show, $1.

XVII. Adding the words "governing clubs holding shows."

Sec. 4. Striking out the words "executive committee" and substituting the word "association."

Adoption of New Rules.

Puppies may be permanently removed from a show at any time after their classes have been judged, whatever those classes may be, provided, however, that puppies may be so removed only after the close of show in any evening.

A dog which has won a championship at a show under English Kennel Club rules cannot be exhibited in the novice class.

Standing Resolutions.

The following scale of points was adopted to regulate the values of winners' classes at A. K. C. shows; all shows to be rated upon the actual number of dogs entered, not including local classes: 1,250 dogs or over, 5 points; 750 dogs and under 1,250, 4 points; 500 dogs and under 750, 3 points; 250 dogs and under 500, 2 points; under 250 dogs, 1 point.

On the Pacific Coast.

Four hundreds dogs or over, 5 points; 250 dogs and under 400, 3 points; under 250 dogs, 1 point.

Specialty clubs holding shows confined to their own breed, 4 points.

New clubs holding inaugural shows, having no previous record, shall be rated 1 point as a minimum.

The secretary shall publish in the Gazette for December of each year the ratings of shows for the following year.

The report of the committee on rules proposing an amendment to compel superintendents of shows to bench all dogs of a breed together failed to pass.

On motoin of Mr. Mortimer it was resolved to create a winners' class for cocker spaniels other than black, to take effect after Jan. 1, 1900.

Dr. Foote's motion to refer to the committee on rules the matter of bench show committees offering money to exhibitors to induce them to show their dogs was carried, also Dr. Motchenbacher's, to provide two winners' classes for dachshunde, one for black and tans and another for any other class.

Dr. Foote's motion that a dog acquiring the title of champion shall be entered with that title on the entry and that it shall so appear in the catalogue was referred to the committee on rules.

Dr. Foote's motion that the matter of division of winners' classes be referred to a committee of three to be appointed by the chairman was carried.

It was declared that the rules amended at the meeting shall go into effect on Jan. 1, 1900.

Facts and Fallacies About Dogs.

ALTHOUGH the dog is very much legislated for nowadays and is generally kept under surroundings far different from those of a hundred years ago, he is undoubtedly better for the care bestowed upon him and the interest taken in his behalf. He is seldom treated badly now, though our police court reports every now and then go to prove that cases of cruelty to dogs are not altogether unknown. In most cases, however, the punishment dealt upon the offender is sufficiently stern to prevent a repetition of the offense. The "gentleman" who the other day kicked an unoffending three months old puppy and broke its thigh was justly sentenced to three weeks' hard labor; he ultimately gave notice of appeal, and even if successful in having his punishment mitigated to a fine will have received a shock which must be a lesson to him. And all our tendencies toward the dog have of recent years been to behave to him more kindly than was our wont. An old wooden cask turned on end and placed in the back yard was once good enough for his dormitory; now he must have a properly constructed kennel, with wooden floors and benching, a corrugated iron roof, and all other appliances for his comfort. That is, if he is not even more cozily kept in the house or in the empty stall next the pony in the stable.

With the increased and still increasing value of the dog, more is known about him in every way; his health is a matter of consideration, and when he seems out of sorts a veterinary surgeon is called in, or his owner in other ways seeks to have his favorite made well. Then most of the idiotic fallacies with regard to him have gradually been removed. The man of average intelligence does not believe that the shortening of his dog's tail gives increased strength to the back and loins; nor does he consider that a similar operation, by which a sinew is drawn out from the stern and called "worming," is a specific against distemper and rabies. But such ideas were quite recently prevalent among numbers of people. Some believed that the tail of the male pug was curled over the right or left side of the back, as the case might be, while the caudal appendage of the female was always carried on the opposite side, and so the sex might be determined by the carriage of the stern. The choicest puppy of the newly born litter could always be told by holding the little creature up by the tail. The best was supposed to stretch its legs in a peculiar way, and not to cry out, while the worst of the lot would just yell, and do nothing else. Then other clever dog fanciers would select as the most valuable puppy that which the dam was fondest of. To prove this the youngsters were taken from their beds and placed in another part of the room; then the dam was let go, and her favorite and therefore the best (?) puppy was that which she first took up in her mouth and returned to its old bed. Other fallacious ideas were that the puppy earliest born was the best, and that the one which first opened its eyes would be the champion, and so on, and so on. In my young days the terrier which had not a black roof to its mouth was supposed to be of plebeian parentage and ill-bred, while a similar slur was cast upon that which had dew claws on its hindlegs. A truly pedigreed water spaniel was thought only to be perfect when its toes were joined by a web like that of a duck or other water fowl, but whether this was a local or general idea I can scarcely tell. Some thirty years ago I was the owner of an old-fashioned, intelligent-looking liver-colored spaniel—not a show dog, but a worker, and as sensible and clever as they could be made. Dash was following at my heels one day, when a fine old fellow—a good sportsman in his day—came up to me. He was nearly ninety at that time, and died just after, "Eh, Mr. L!" he said, "you've a grand auld dog thear; I'll be bound it's web-footed. My father had yan just like it, and his was!" The poor man seemed quite disappointed when Dash's feet were examined and found to be exactly like those of any ordinary dog. But I could not persuade him that no strain or variety of the dog, spaniel or otherwise, had "webbed feet." A much more modern fad was that all St. Bernards should have double dew claws on both their hindlegs, it being considered by some persons that these deformities or excrescences—they are both—prevent the great dog from sinking in the snow when searching for lost travelers on the mountains of Switzerland. This idea, I fancy, is even still in vogue, and I know that in the earlier tabulated descriptions of the St. Bernard from five to ten points were allowed for dew claws on the hindlegs. Instead of being useful to these dogs when engaged in their errands of mercy, a more common-sense idea is that they are much in the way. In the earlier days of the popularity of the St. Bernard it was always interesting to observe the judge "looking for dew claws," and it need scarcely be said here that the exhibitor who had a dog which possessed them considered they were much in the dog's favor, while the owner whose dog did not bear the excrescences believed they were deformities and his opponent should be handicapped accordingly. Wiser counsels now prevail, and our St. Bernard club of to-day does not allow points for dew claws. And why at a time when such things were believed to be a sign of bad breeding in other dogs it should have been considered consistent with purity and blue blood in the St. Bernard is more than any one can understand.

For what reason the ears of pug and Dalmatian dogs were cropped in the old days is not quite apparent, though, with regard to the former, it has been said that the operation was performed for appearance alone, viz., to make the head seem more like a clenched fist than would be the case when the ears were on. The operation was conducive to deafness, and certainly did not add to the beauty of the creatures. Possibly the Dalmatian was originally deprived of his ears to make him match certain of his master's carriage horses, which at one period were, by the edicts of cruel fashion, treated in a similar manner. The barbarity of either custom need scarcely be

dilated upon here, and in the case of the dog cannot have led to anything but mischievous results, for, running at the horse's heels under his master's carriage, he could not avoid having mud and filth splashed or kicked into his ears, which would engender disease and deafness. Possibly the latter may account for the fallacy that the Dalmatian was one of the most stupid of the canine race—he was often very hard of hearing. That these dogs were originally cropped to prevent them having canker in the ear, as has been suggested, is one of the most grievious fallacies. Canker is internal, and more likely to appear in a dog with cropped ears than not; but of course the ears being cropped there can be no outer sores which are produced by shaking the head, and so flapping the ears and by scratching with the hindfeet. Bull terriers were doubtless cropped because in fighting dogs, which they originally were, the removal of the ears prevented an antagonist seizing them and thereby attacking a vulnerable part. When the show dog was made distinct from the fighting dog, a so-called "fashionable crop" was introduced to the former, the ears being in part cut off and treated "artificially and skillfully" to make them stand smartly erect—almost like a blunted needle at the point. A similar operation was performed on Black and Tan, or Manchester, terriers, upon English white terriers, and to a less extent upon Yorkshire terriers and upon Irish terriers. This barbarity continued in operation until quite recently (in 1895), when, following a conviction for cropping, the Kennel Club suddenly came to the conclusion—which the Irish Terrier Club had, to its credit, done years before—that the operation was useless and cruel, and they framed a rule which has led to its discontinuance. No greater fallacy ever existed than the belief that cropping the ears of dogs was to their advantage, either as a beauty mark or as a preventive of disease. The poor shepherd or farmer generations ago had some excuse for shortening the tail of the dog which assisted him with his flocks and herds, for by so doing he became exempt from taxation, so far as that identical animal was concerned. Hence we have a reason for the once common name of "cur" as applied to the sheepdog—a corruption of the word curtail, which in this connection "is a dog lawed or mutilated according to the Forest Laws, and is therefore prevented from coursing." Maybe therefrom we have the origin of the still existent docking of our terriers—not to keep them from coursing, for when used for this purpose their tails are left entire—but the countryman tried to escape the stringent tax by operating upon the dog which he kept to keep down vermin in a similar manner to that he employed upon his shepherd's dog. Perhaps some day our humanitarians will succeed in causing a general discontinuance even of this custom, which, though comparatively painless when performed in the right way and at the proper time, has been ruled to be illegal.

There are other silly notions as to dogs, notably where their howling is believed to be prophetic of death in the family to which the dog belongs. Then it must not be forgotten that until very lately it was commonly believed that dogs were more liable to madness at a certain period of the year than at any other. This was supposed to be between the end of July and September, when Sirius, the dog star, rises and sets with the sun. These were the so-called "dog days," when local magnates who considered the canine breed obnoxious would order a muzzling order within their jurisdiction until the supposed dangerous period had passed by. Such matetrs are, however, better ordained to-day, for the muzzling of dogs is only ordered when a case of madness has been known to occur, and instead of being discontinued by a certain sign in the constellation, is not withdrawn until all danger of the spread of the disease has passed away.—London Field.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

SEPTEMBER.

27. Taunton, ladies' day, Taunton, Mass.
30. Corinthian, knockabout, Essington, Delaware River.

OCTOBER.

3-5-7. New York, America Cup matches, Sandy Hook.

THE question of properly patrolling the course for the America Cup races was the subject of a meeting of the Cabinet at the White House on Sept. 20. President McKinley was in conference with Acting Secretary of the Navy, Allen, Acting Secretary of the Treasury Spaulding and Secretary of War Root. A fleet of torpedo boats and revenue cutters, under the command of Capt. R. D. Evans, U. S. N., will be detailed to patrol the course.

An indefinite rumor is current to the effect that Mr. Iselin and Sir Thomas Lipton have agreed, in the event of any interference, to start the race at some unknown time very early in the morning.

DURING the past week Columbia has been at Bristol trying different sails, under way whenever necessary, and receiving the final preparations. On Saturday she left for New Rochelle, arriving on Monday in tow of her tender. It is stated positively by various authorities that she will haul out on the Bristol railway for cleaning; that she will go into one of the drydocks at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on Thursday, and also that she will, on the same day, be docked with Shamrock at the Erie Basin Drydock, South Brooklyn. The first report is plainly incorrect, but up to the time of going to press on Tuesday it is uncertain which of the Brooklyn docks will be honored by her.

Mr. Will Fife was at the Erie Basin on Monday for several hours, and Shamrock will certainly be docked there on Thursday morning. It is stated that no attempt will be made to exclude the public.

On Sept. 24 Defender was placed out of commission at City Island. She left New London at 6:30 A. M. that day, and anchored off City Island before 1 P. M., her time for the eighty-four nautical miles being 6h. 30m., or a speed of thirteen knots.

Virginia, steam yacht, designed by G. L. Watson for Isaac Stern, of New York, was launched at the Bath Iron Works, Bath, Me., on Sept. 19

The Course for the Cup Races.

NEXT week, for a few brief days, the great affairs of the world will be set aside and sport will reign supreme; the "Ramapo Steal," the Presidential nominations for 1900, Captain Dreyfus and Jules Guerin, Oom Paul and the Uitlanders, and even Admiral Dewey, will be forgotten; and for the moment the attention of a great part of the world will be concentrated on the attempt of Sir Thomas J. Lipton to "lift" the America Cup.

The locality of this contest is practically the same as that of all previous races for the Cup as an international trophy, the waters about Sandy Hook and the Port of New York; but in every contest from 1870 to and including 1887 at least one race has been sailed over the inside course of the New York Y. C., of which the Sandy Hook Lightship is the outer mark, the inner being above the Narrows near the city; this year, as in 1893 and 1895, the course will be wholly outside Sandy Hook and on the open sea. The terms of the match call for courses of thirty nautical miles each, the first to be to windward if possible; if not, to leeward, a distance of fifteen miles and return; the second to be a triangle of ten miles to a side, the first leg to windward if possible. The accompanying chart shows the courses that can be laid out from the starting point, the Sandy Hook Lightship.

As the story of the races will be read by many who have never visited the beautiful harbor of New York, it may be well to give some details of the locality.

The city of New York is located at the joining of the Hudson or North River, and the short channel connecting New York Bay and Long Island Sound, and known as the East River. Until two years ago the city included practically only the long, narrow peninsula between these two rivers, but now it includes Brooklyn, Staten Island and even the shore of the Sound to the north as far as City Island, the well-known yacht station. The extreme lower end of the peninsula of New York, known as the Battery, marks the northern limit of the Upper Bay, and just six miles south of the Battery is the strait known as the Narrows, barely seven-eighths of a mile wide, between Fort Hamilton, on the Brooklyn shore, to the east, and Fort Wadsworth, on Staten Island, to the west. Between the Narrows and Sandy Hook is the Lower Bay, roughly about twelve miles by seven in extent, cut off from the sea by extensive sand shoals. Through Raritan Bay on the west the Raritan River enters, and through Sandy Hook Bay on the south the Shrewsbury and Navesink rivers. Much of the Lower Bay is very shoal, though the main channels are deep.

From the Narrows there are three ways to the open sea, first by the East Channel, now very little used, but which it is proposed to dredge in the course of the next two or three years to a depth which will make it the main approach to the city. Next, to the west, is the Swash Channel, used by all small vessels and the river and coasting steamers, the quickest and most direct way from the Battery to the lightship. Still further to the west is the Main Channel, now barely deep enough for the largest of the Atlantic liners, and with a sharp elbow, the Southwest Spit, for them to turn as best they may. The Main and Swash channels practically cross just off the point of Sandy Hook, the former continuing with a slight bend to the south, under the name of the Gedney Channel, and the latter, in a straight line, forming the South Channel. The Sandy Hook Lightship lies in the axis of the Gedney Channel, and four and three-quarter miles distance from the entrance buoy, while it is seven and one-half miles from the point of Sandy Hook. The Scotland Lightship, named from the wreck of the liner Scotland, over which it was located many years ago, lies in the axis of the South Channel, one mile from the entrance buoy and two and one-half miles from the Gedney Channel buoy. The Scotland Lightship is four miles from the point of the Hook, and two and three-quarter miles from the shore at the nearest point; the Sandy Hook Lightship is distant four and one-eighth miles from the Scotland, the bearing being W.S.W.15-16W. The distance from the Battery to the Sandy Hook Lightship by the Main Channel is twenty-four miles, and by the Swash Channel twenty-one and one-quarter miles.

The steamers which follow the races start from one to two miles above the Battery, on the North or East river, which distance must be added to these just given. Pier 1, North River, from which the New York Y. C. and various other steamers start, or where they stop for psssengers, is practically at the Battery. All the smaller steamers follow the shorter way through the Swash Channel out and in, regardless of tide, but some of the largest will have to take the longer way, by the Main Channel. With a start off the Sandy Hook Lightship at 11 A. M., it will be necessary to leave the city but little after 9 o'clock, in order to be at the line in season to obtain a place in the big fleet, and to observe the canvasing of the two yachts, the course signals, etc., so as to understand fully the meneuvering for the start. It has been frequently the case in the past that even steamers managed by the yacht clubs have been so delayed in leaving their pier that they have entirely missed the start of the race. On some of the public boats it is the custom to wait as long as possible, putting back to the pier after starting, and resorting to other similar tricks to catch the dollars of a few tardy ones who have missed the more punctual boats, so that those on board who may have been at the pier by 9 o'clock go down the Bay finally at the tail of the fleet, and arrive at the line after the yachts have started. A similar trick of waiting for a few more has been worked in the case of boats advertised to start at noon or 1 o'clock, for the convenience of those unable to get away from business for the entire day, but who desire to see the finish. By this system of delay the steamer is held so long that the fleet is returning after the race before she passed the Hook. It is well to remember that after the fare, of from $3 to $6, is once paid at the pier on boarding a steamer, the passenger has practically no redress if the steamer men are disposed to act dishonestly.

The waters outside Sandy Hook are admirably adapted for racing courses, being deep, comparatively free from currents, with a mean rise and fall of tide of but 4.70ft. The courses are almost entirely outside the ten-fathom curve, the depth varying from twelve to thirty fathoms, with no sandbars to disturb the tidal flow and no obstructions of any kind except the well-known Shrewsbury Rocks, just below Seabright, and extending about a mile from shore. The Navesink Highlands, just inside Sandy Hook, is a bold promontory nearly 200ft. high, but except for it the land is low, the hook itself is a mere sand spit almost level with the water, and the whole Jersey beach is low, the bluffs at Long Branch being only 30ft. high, while at a couple of miles inland the elevation is but 60 to 100ft. The Long Island shore is also made up of a succession of low beaches with a moderate rise to the center of the island.

The chart shows the largest sector of a circle which can be laid off from the Sandy Hook Lightship as a center with a radius of fifteen miles, also the slightly larger sector for a radius of ten miles, as required for the triangular races. The range of courses possible for the windward and return races is from E.N.E.½E., which would bring the mark close in to the Long Island shore near the Jones Inlet; to S.W. by S.½S., on the Jersey shore just above Asbury Park. If necessary, the windward leg for the triangular course can be laid a little outside of either of these points. With the wind anywhere from N. of E. to almost S.W., a good course can be laid off to windward, and with a N.W. wind a start to leeward can be made, as has frequently been done; the worst of the probable winds being N.E., in which case a fifteen mile course to windward or leeward cannot be laid out, and there is little to spare for a ten-mile leg to windward and no room for it too leeward. At times the start has been made from the Scotland, but very little is to be gained by the change. In many of the previous races the course has been either the extreme northerly one, the wind drawing along the Long Island shore, or the westerly one, parallel with the Jersey beach. In some cases the yachts have run straight off first before a N.W. wind, beating home. The following extracts from the almanac may prove useful for reference:

Sandy Hook.

	Time of Tide. High Water.		Time of Tide. Low Water.		Rise and Fall of Tide. High Water.		Rise and Fall of Tide. Low Water.		Sun.	
Oct.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ft.	Ft.	Ft.	Ft.	Rises.	Sets.
3..	6:23	6:38	0:09	0:32	4:07	4:05	0:01	0:01	5:58	5:40
5..	7:35	7:51	1:16	1:46	5:01	4:06	0:01	0:03	6:01	5:37
7..	8:52	9:11	2:29	3:09	5:02	4:05	0:01	0:04	6:03	5:33
10..	11:15	11:46	4:41	5:40	4:09	4:02	0:02	0:01	6:06	5:28
12..	00:51	1:18	6:51	7:48	4:02	4:07	0:04	0:00	6:08	5:25
14..	3:05	3:29	9:14	9:46	4:06	4:08	0:01	0:03	6:10	5:22

The time of high water at the Battery is about forty-six minutes later than Sandy Hook.

The new moon falls on Oct. 4.

The Interlake Y. R. A.

THE following report was sent to us for publication, and we believe that the matter with which it chiefly deals is one that should be made public in the interests of the sport. We can well appreciate the spirit which has impelled the writer to take up a difficult and distasteful task, which is sure to bring him much ill will and condemnation. The question is one which comes up at almost all large gatherings, the rights of the great majority of decent, gentlemanly sportsmen as opposed to a small but active hoodlum elevent. While no true friend of yachting or canoeing desires to publish to the world at large the dark side of the meets, the question constantly comes up, as we know from experience, whether the time has not come for a bold and open denunciation of an evil that is too great to be longer overlooked.

In a case like the present it is much easier to go quietly out of office, leaving all responsibility on one's successor, than to inaugurate a crusade on general principles. We hope that Com. Bliss' remarks will be read by all yachtsmen.

To the Members of the Interlake Yachting Association:

Gentlemen—While it has not been customary for the commodore of this Association to render any report concerning our annual meets, it seems to me to be necessary, from the fact that the office of commodore is only held for a year, and consequently faults are overlooked from year to year, and never corrected.

Our yachting etiquette is an almost unknown quantity. It is not followed up by individual clubs, consequently, when we have our meets, very few know enough to salute, when joining the squadron, report to the officer in command, observe the color-gun morning and evening or be prepared to receive the officers on inspection. On these points and many others we are absurdly weak, and our members should post themselves on yachting etiquette during the coming winter.

Another matter that is much more serious is our behavior at Put-in-Bay during the times set apart for our meets. From year to year this has improved, but there is room for so much more improvement that the writer almost dreads the task of detailing it.

In making the following complaints, it is not the writer's intention to give the impression that he is altogether free from having errors charged against him, and while making this admission he asks all to seriously consider the many small errors committed by them, before reading the following chapter of rowdyism and malicious mischief which at last developed into crime:

Unfortunately, those who behave themselves at our meets, though in the majority, are never heard of. The low-minded bumming element always is, and therefore the yachtsmen who attend our meets are all in the shadow cast by a lot of hoodlums.

The troubles have been laid to hired crews; to yachtsmen new in the sport, who imagine that drunkenness and all manner of lawlessness is part of the sport, and to those who are naturally loafers and "no good." In the writer's opinion the whole trouble starts in the individual clubs. We are all anxious to swell our membership, and the consequence is that care in the selection of material is partly lost sight of, and before it is realized a loud-mouthed, disorderly element has crept in that is difficult to be rid of. Though this element is small, still it is just enough to poison the sport and cause our most reputable people to look on all yachtsmen with a little suspicion.

This rowdy element usually has no steady employment, consequently when we have our meets they are ready to go and always disgrace the Association. If our individual clubs would only have the grit to drop those few yacht owners and crews whose boats are used for various questionable purposes, our meets would be improved. It should be the pride of each club to send their best repre

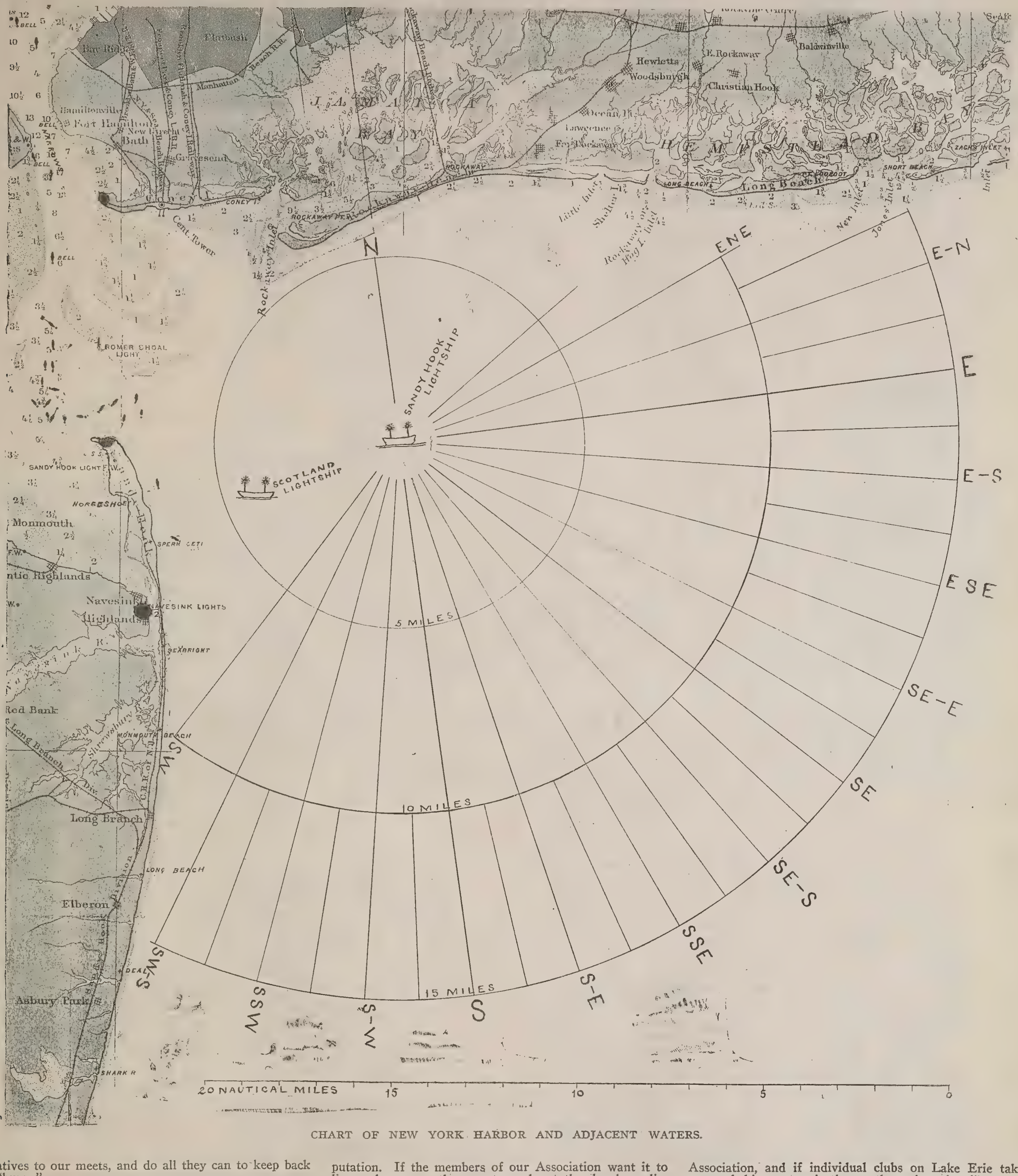


CHART OF NEW YORK HARBOR AND ADJACENT WATERS.

sentatives to our meets, and do all they can to keep back the "bums."

Those who were not at the meet for 1899, and previous ones, may not quite understand what has called forth this communication, and the writer will attempt to give the reasons:

Sunday, Aug. 6, rowdyism began to play its part and continued through the week. Complaints were made to the writer daily, but nothing could be done to stop the usual course of events outside of our programme.

It was reported that early in the morning boats would be seen putting off from yachts, bringing women ashore. Only a very few yachts were implicated, but they were enough to reflect on the entire fleet. During the nights dinghys would be cut adrift from yachts and they would be blown on the beach and rocks. Oars were stolen, rudders were stolen, flags were stolen, drunken crews were coming and going, shouting all the vile language they thought of. If ladies came aboard any of the yachts they were looked upon by the crews of some neighboring yachts as the butt of rowdy jokes, and at nearly all times the anchorage was uncomfortable for ladies to be near.

After a few days of stealing, drunkenness, running around with questionable company, and doing all they could to give our Association a bad name, the climax was reached by a report of the attempted outrage of two girls. The writer tried to get some information on the subject as to who the men were. This could not be stated positively, but "two yachtsmen" were blamed for it, and the Interlake Yachting Association has to stand the imputation. If the members of our Association want it to live and prosper, they must weed out the drunken, disorderly element in their clubs, and so keep that element away from our meets. If yacht owners must have hired crews, get decent ones. Set the example to them for good behavior and all will go well. If possible, yacht owners should make up crews of their friends, and in this way a part of the low element might be eliminated. The writer does not lay all our trouble to hired crews by any means. Owners of steam yachts and large sailing yachts who used to attend our meets have ceased doing so, on account of the vile actions and language of the crews on a few of our yachts near which they were anchored. All true friends of our Association should take this matter up. Of course the rowdy element will object, but before it is too late each club should do their utmost to get rid of the few who each year disgrace them and the Interlake Yachting Association.

In your minds, run over the members of your clubs and you will have no trouble in settling on the few disturbers at all of our meets. These disturbers should be made to realize the fact that they are being watched by their clubs and criticised by the public, and it is hoped that before the meet in 1900 they and their "bum boats" will have dropped out of sight.

It is hoped that this communication will start a storm of criticism from all members of the Association, and so aid in bringing our small rowdy element into a prominent and most unenviable position. This excitement will certainly be for the lasting good of the Interlake Yachting Association, and if individual clubs on Lake Erie take parts of this communication to themselves, it will not be regretted by our hundreds of true, clean yachtsmen.

Before closing, the writer wishes to thank the officers of the Association, the secretary, and members of the different committees for the effectual work they did in making our meet for 1899 a success, and suggests, to insure smoother committee work, that different clubs be given entire committees. For example: Let Toledo have the regatta committee, Detroit the entertainment committee, etc.

GEO. T. BLISS, Com. I. L. Y. A., 1899.

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

ROCKAWAY—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 16.

THE Jamaica Bay Y. C. closed its racing season on Sept. 16 with a special race for catboats in a light S.E. breeze, the times being:

Sart, 2:40.

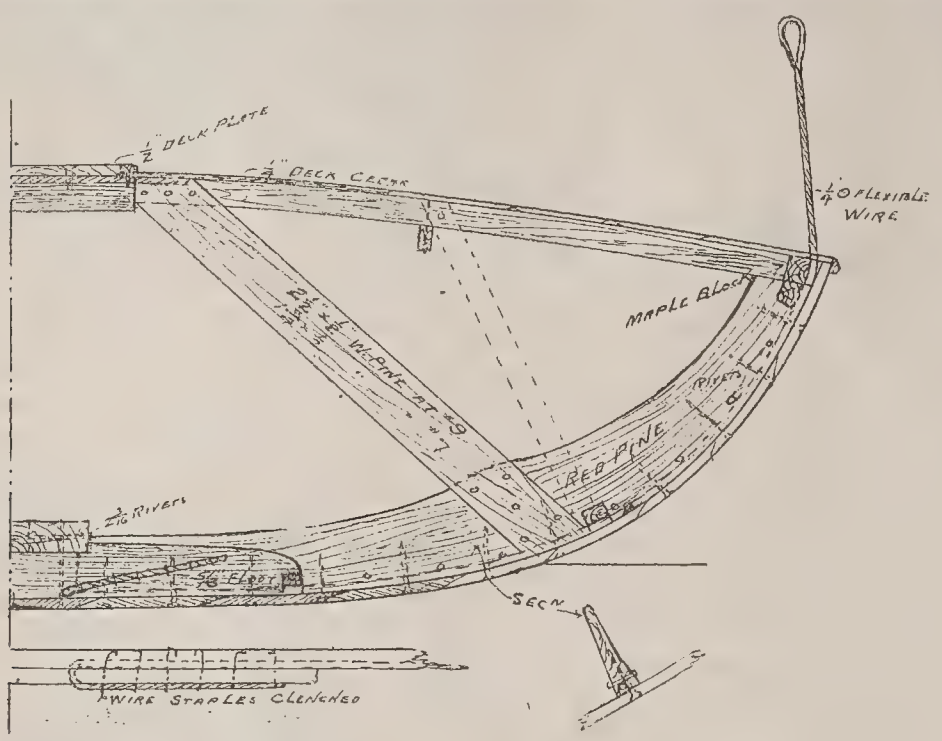
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Selfish	4 48 15	2 08 15	2 08 00
Aurora	4 50 15	2 10 15	2 10 05
Katherine	4 53 20	2 13 00	2 12 53
Alice-May	4 56 30	2 16 30	2 16 30
Mavourneen	4 58 00	2 18 00	2 18 00
Coquette	5 03 00	2 23 00	2 20 50
Uneeda	5 04 00	2 24 00	2 24 00
Mildred-Myrtle	5 05 00	2 25 00	2 24 20
Madelaine	Withdrew.		
Emma S	Not timed.		

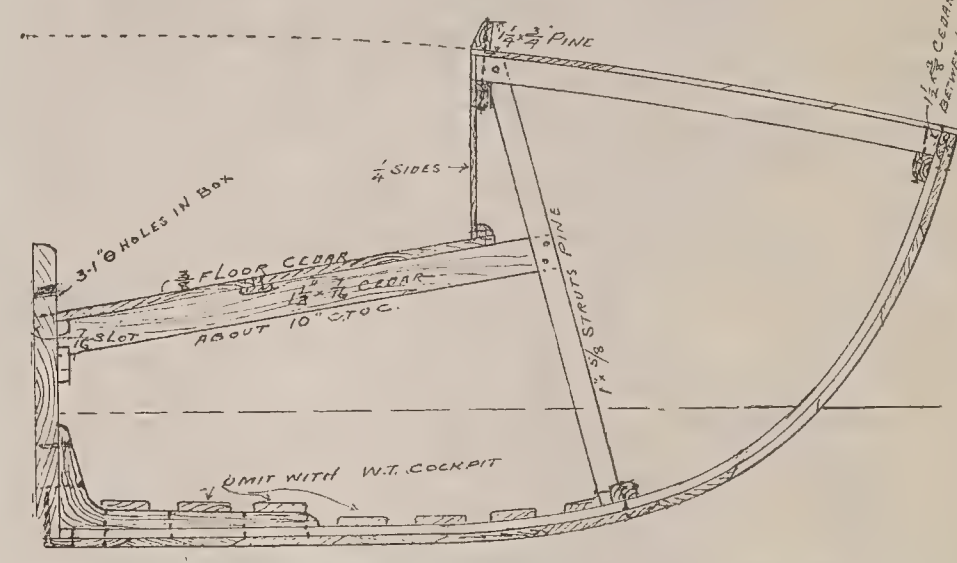
Glencairn I.

[*Concluded from page* 256, *Sept.* 23.]

The construction of Glencairn I. is so plainly shown in the accompanying illustrations as to require little explanation. Unlike the majority of designers, Mr. Duggan gives to the builder a construction plan showing every detail, and lettered and figured in a way that leaves little opportunity for error. Instead of the then usual construction, on a rabbeted keel, Glencairn has no keel proper, but a strake of planking in the center of the same thickness as the garboards, this being reinforced by the wide; very light, but adding greatly to the rigidity of the structure, when properly placed. These are used under the deck, being gained down into the deck beams and effectively stiffening it.

The water-tight, self-draining cockpit was used in Glencairn, as shown in the plans, in place of the open slatted floor of Spruce and Ethelwynn. The two travelers were of thin bicycle tubing, set in bronze casting at the ends. The rudder stock was of light steel bicycle tubing, ¾in. diameter, with a single blade of light steel plate. The rudder was far lighter than those used at the time on the American boats. The planking was of ⅜in. white cedar, ship-lapped, without ribbands inside





centerboard, one side of which is carried as far fore and aft as possible, with a short keelson on each end. On the fore end an apron is worked, in place of the usual stem knee. As proved by the many 15 and 20 footers built at Dorval, this construction is amply strong when properly backed up by a system of diagonal braces, as shown, and with adequate provision to take the very heavy downward thrust of the mast. In the present case the two frames forward and abaft the mast are sawn from knees and well braced from the bilge to the partner piece at the deck, the mast step being in part supported by four bolts from this partner piece. A similar construction is employed for the frame at station 7, carrying the runner plate. There are no solid chainplates, but steel wire rope is used instead, set in a groove in the outer face of the frame, the lower end reaching to the keel, where it is turned over and secured by riveted staples. The upper end of the wire, just above the deck, has a plain thimble eye turned in.

At the time that the first Canadian 15-footers were building there were none of the small fittings known as "canoe jewelry" to be had in Canada, and there was a sentimental objection to importing from the States such fittings as were made there for canoes and the small racing yachts. The work of supplying this need was taken up by Mr. Poe, an old canoeist, and manager of the Linotype Company of Montreal, with a shop fitted for the highest class of machine work on typewriters and the Linotype machine for setting type. The result was the assortment of blocks and other fittings which have since borne the name of Glencairn, light, strong and beautifully proportioned, and made of steel, aluminum, and aluminum and phosphor bronzes, according to the requirements of each case. A great deal of time was spent in learning how to make a small, light block that would stand the strain and carry a fine wire halyard without cutting or jamming, and other essential details also called for much study and experiment. So much time was devoted to the blocks, gaff and yard jaws, steel tube travelers, sister hooks, rudder head fittings, deck leaders, etc., that when it came to the turnbuckles it was decided to abandon them and use the plain thimble eyes in the wire "chainplate" and shroud, with a lanyard. This was done in the 15-footers, and answered so well that it was continued in the 20-footers, and even the big 35ft. Toronto of this year was rigged in the same way. With the number of novel and excellent fittings of the Duggan boats, there is to-day no sign of a turnbuckle about any of them.

In all of the early boats the "fishtail" type of rudder, as used on Spruce IIII., Sorceress and other English boats, was followed, though by degrees this has been abandoned for the peculiar shape, deep, narrow at the top, and broad at the bottom, shown in the plans of Dominion. The tiller is of the "dog's leg" type, first introduced in canoes about 1884, a light handle about 2ft. long being pivoted by a bolt to the upper side of the main tiller, thus allowing the helmsman to sit well out to windward and yet to reach the tiller easily. This same device, carried on all the 20-footers, was also employed on Toronto.

One feature of the construction is the liberal use of diagonal braces of ⅜ or ½in. white pine or cedar 2 to 3in. the laps. The spars were all hollow, made by the Yacht Company of Canada, the mast being but 3½in. diameter at the deck.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

There was a very large attendance at a special meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., held at the Windsor Hotel, on Sept. 20, to consider the advisability of rearranging the rules governing the races for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. cup. Mr. J. J. Riley, Jr., presided, and the meeting was a very enthusiastic and satisfactory one from beginning to end. The proposed changes caused much discussion, and were favored by every one, so that next year should see a better type of boat in the fight for the Seawanhaka cup.

This morning Mr. Duggan spoke very favorably of the change, and thought that next year there would be more interest taken in yachting than has been the case during the last two or three years.

At the meeting it was decided to leave the matter to the sailing committee. An early meeting will be called, when a special sub-committee will be appointed to consider the question, and to have full power to deal with the rules and all matters pertaining to the Seawanhaka international challenge cup races.

The discussion brought out the fact that the present rule taxes the sail area and the L.W.L. of the hull. It was pointed out that the taxing of the L.W.L. of the hull simply caused designers to make all sorts of mis-shapen boats, which would float on the least possible waterline, and yet give them as big a boat as they could design.

The meeting also appeared to be unanimous upon the point that a stronger boat was required. The question as to what thickness the planking should be, aroused much discussion, and ¾in. plank, with corresponding ribs, seemed to meet with much approval. Half-inch planking was the least any member suggested. After having the opinion of the general meeting, these matters were left to the special committee, which will discuss the matter.

Another point brought out was that, as in the old days, racing was not entirely centered at Dorval, and that, therefore, the club, in order to make itself of more use to the whole of the Lake St. Louis interests, should hold some of its races at the various points up the lake, and also over the international race course.

Mr. Walter Kavanagh spoke of the advisability of having a sub-station at some point on the upper part of the lake.

This suggestion was approved, and a special sub-committee consisting of the following gentlemen was appointed to look into the matter and make a full report at an early meeting: Mr. W. Kavanagh, chairman; ex-Com. R. R. Stevenson, and Mr. Boulton, Pointe Claire; Mr. J. Paton, Lakeside, and Mr. R. A. Mainwaring.

The discussion on this point brought out the further question of the advisability of having a steam launch for the use of the club. If the fleet is to be towed up to the various points, or the yachts which come down to Dorval after the races, some boat is necessary. This need has been long felt and the question has been one which has come up at every general annual meeting. For several years past committees have been formed to look into the question, but the financial part has been too much for the club to cope with.

An important matter mentioned last night was that several years ago when it became necessary to build new boats, there was practically no one in the vicinity who would undertake the work. Notices were sent out to the members asking that a company be formed. Somehow or other, however, the members did not then realize the necessity of the matter, and the scheme fell through.

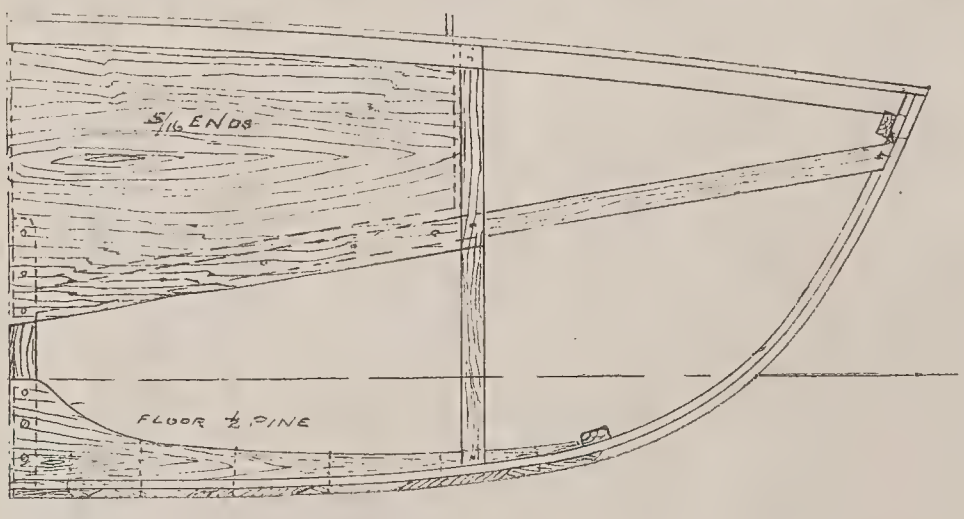
Certain gentlemen then thought that it was absolutely necessary to do something, and took over the yacht shed on a lease, from the yacht club, and boat building was done there. There now rises the question of getting up a company with sufficient capital to run the proposed launch. The matter was explained to the meeting, who realized its value. It was decided to form a company with $5,000 capital, and $1,100 was immediately subscribed at $10 per share. A sub-committee was appointed to get out a prospectus, and every effort will be made to make the affair a success.

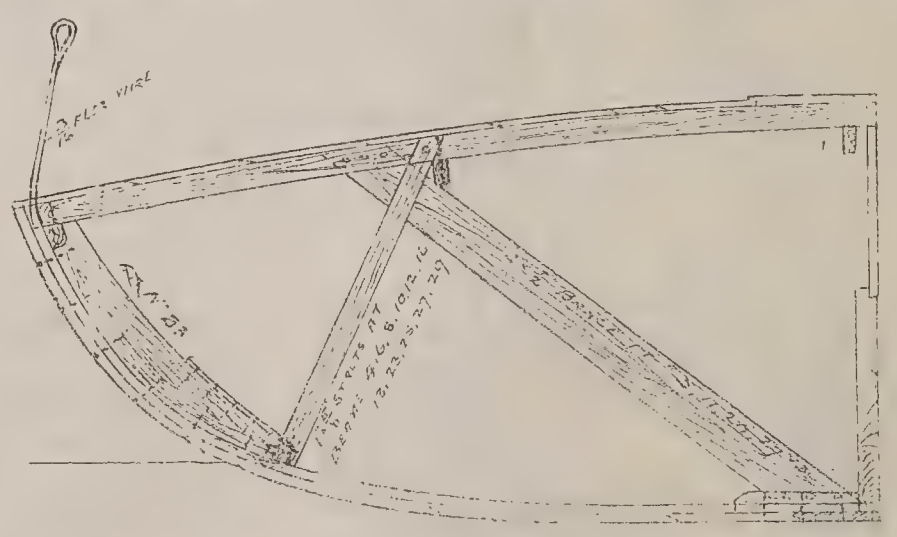
As a great many of the club members do not follow yachting, it was decided to make some arrangements for having golf links in conection with the club, and a special committee was struck to make a report on the matter.

An important notice of motion was made by Prof. Capper. It was to the effect that in future membership should consist of junior, intermediate and senior members, all members between 21 and 25 years of age being eligible for intermediate membership, for which the entrance fee would be $3 and the subscription $5.

As it was gtting late, notice was given to adjourn until Oct. 16.

The matter of the steam launch will be properly discussed at the annual meeting.—Montreal Witness.

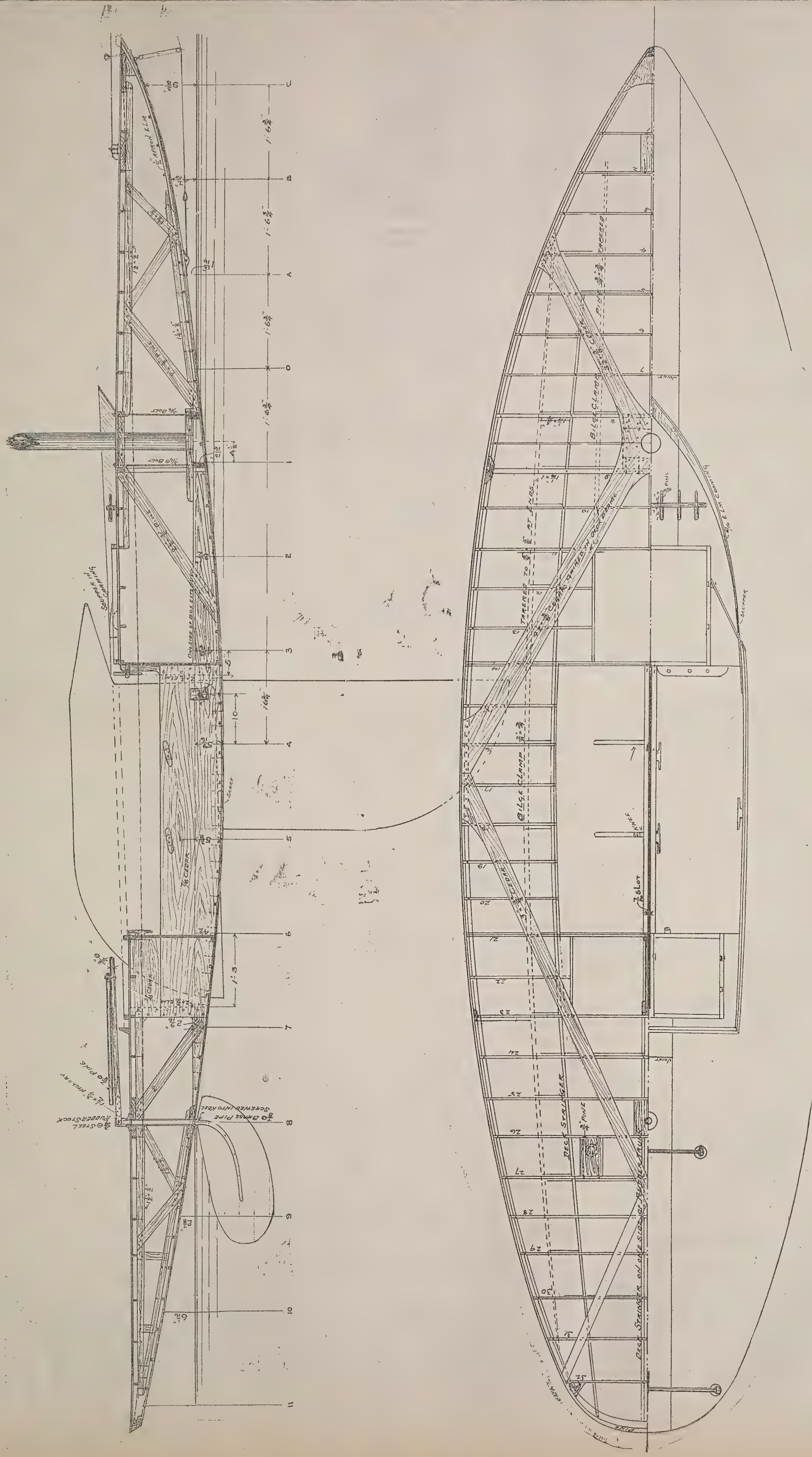




Shamrock.

During the past week Shamrock has been out four times, on three days doing a trial spin outside the Hook, while on one day she was compelled to return shortly after starting, as her bobstay proved defective. On Monday, as told last week, she sailed a windward and leeward course of thirty nautical miles in 3h. 39m. On Tuesday the weather was clear with smooth water, the wind being S. by E., about six to seven knots. The yacht started from the Scotland Lightship at 11:40, the Lawrence having been sent off S.S.E. ten miles. The wind fell from about seven knots to five as she went down the beach, and when off Seabright at 12:50 the club topsail was sent down and a larger one set. The wind backed a little, so that it was a short and long leg to the mark, which was turned at 1:18:30, or 1:37:33 from the start. The second leg was ten and one-half miles, to the Sandy Hook Lightship, a broad reach; and a big balloon jib topsail was set. The wind worked to the east and freshened to about twelve knots, and at 2:22:10 she was timed at the lightship, making 44m. 37s. for the ten and one-half miles. The last short leg was a close reach, the finish being timed at 2:44:15, making 22m. 5s. for the four and one-eighth miles. The time for the whole course, twenty-four and five-eighths nautical miles, was 3h. 4m. 15s.

After a rainstorm during the night, Wednesday morning was clear, with very little wind. Erin, with Sir Thomas Lipton on board, ran up to Staten Island, where the warship New York was lying, and took on board Rear-Admiral Sampson and Captain Chadwick. Shamrock's topmast had been housed during the storm, but it was set up in the morning, and when Erin returned after noon the two went out to the Scotland Lightship with a very light easterly breeze. By good luck it freshened to nearly ten


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4
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8
9
10
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1'-6¾"
1'-6¾"
1'-6¾"
1'-6¾"
1'-3"
6½"
10"
4½"
5"
4½"
4½"
4½

knots, and the yacht sailed about for a time, but no time trial was made.

On Thursday morning there was wind in plenty, over fifteen knots, but with rain, and the yacht did not leave her mooring. The westerly wind was still blowing fresh on Friday morning, and Shamrock got under way early, but as she went out by the Hook it was discovered that something was wrong with her bobstay, and she was towed in to her moorings, where the bobstay was unshipped and repaired.

The best work yet done was on Saturday, when in a fifteen-knot breeze she covered a course of thirty miles in 2h. 20m. 20s. The course was fifteen nautical miles due south from the Scotland Lightship, laid off by the tug Lawrence. The wind was E. by N., about fifteen knots, with a light sea. The start was made off the Scotland Lightship, at 11:55, Shamrock carrying a second club topsail and setting a large jib topsail. She soon left the press tug astern, and after a lively run turned the outer mark at 1:03:30, making 1h. 8m. 30s. for the fifteen miles, a speed of 13.13 knots. With the wind now forward of the beam and her baby jib topsail set, she covered the return course in 1h. 11m. 50s., finishing at 2:15:20, her speed average being 12.55 knots. After this she beat out toward Sandy Hook Lightship, and then returned. The wind was falling in this last trial, and she did not move as fast. On Monday she did not get under way, but it was proposed to make a final trial on Tuesday.

Riverside Y. C.

RIVERSIDE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 23.

THE Riverside Y. C. held a special race on Sept. 23, with a good fleet of starters, but the wind, though fresh at noon, fell before the finish. The times were:

Yawls—43ft. Class—Start, 1:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Albicore, S. J. Hyde	5 17 31	3 42 31
Sultan, C. S. Somerville	5 17 58	3 39 36
Consuelo, A. W. Cabot	Did not finish.	

Cutters and Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 1:35.

Vorant II., G. G. Tyson	5 18 46	3 43 46
Bonnie Bairn, M. Graham	Did not finish.	
Memory, E. H. Norton	Did not finish.	

Cabin Cats—30ft. Class—Start, 1:40.

Windora, W. L. Ward	5 18 04	3 38 01
Volsung, De Forest Brothers	5 33 19	3 53 09
Kit, T. H. McDonald	5 39 15	3 59 15
Dot, C. T. Pierce	Did not finish.	

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 1:40.

Marguerite, J. F. Dingee	5 20 54	3 40 54
Alerion, A. H. Alker	5 19 00	3 36 45
Lorelei, A. Peats	5 55 51	4 11 57
Alice, W. D. Hennean	5 34 21	3 45 36

Knockabouts—21ft. Class.

Robin Hood, G. Gartland	Did not finish.	
Spindrift, S. C. Pirie	5 49 07	4 04 07
Indianola, L. R. Alberger	3 27 22	3 52 52
Kittie, Hazen Morse	5 50 22	4 05 22
Murmur, B. Ward	Did not finish.	

Prior to the start Marguerite protested Alerion as being below the scantling limitations, but Alerion was instructed by the committee to start, pending a subsequent decision of the protest.

Knickerbocker Y. C. Ladies' Day.

COLLEGE POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Sept. 16.

THE Knickerbocker Y. C. sailed the last race of the season, a ladies' race, on Sept. 16. The times were:

46ft. Class—Start, 3:50.

	Finish.
Nautilus, J. J. McCue	5 10 34
Tempus, J. D. Billard, Jr.	5 19 24

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 3:50.

Porgie, J. J. Heney	5 20 35
Ouananiche, Rodman Sands	5 08 40

Open Sloops.

Flora, F. G. Panly	Walkover.

Cabin Catboats—30ft. Class.

Leisure, F. B. Myrick	Walkover.

Cabin Catboats—25ft. Class.

Kite, R. M. and S. H. Goddard	Walkover.

Special Lark Class.

Guess, H. De Witt Smith	Walkover.

Lark Class—Start, 4:00.

Gloria, C. W. Allen	4 51 39
T. W., W. B. I. Sands	4 56 58
Echo, P. R. Allen	4 49 36

The winners were: 45ft. class, Nautilus; 34ft. class, Ouananiche; open sloops, Flora; cabin catboats, Leisure; special lark class, Guess; lark class, Echo.

Northport Y. C.

NORTHPORT—HUNTINGTON BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 17.

THE Northport Y. C. sailed a race on Sept. 17, the times being:

Sloops.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rowena, J. W. Hiltman	2 59 26	2 59 26
Zaloma, W. W. Wood	2 45 20	2 38 00

Jib and Mainsail.

Osseo, M. P. Nash	Withdrew.	
Ranger, J. D. Cockcroft	3 18 32	3 18 32

35ft. Catboats.

Carita, G. R. Rogers	2 37 38	2 37 38
Bertha, A. B. Gildersleeve	2 57 43	2 55 10

25ft. Catboats.

Kathleen, Ackerly Brothers	3 05 11	3 05 11
Dandy, Temple Prime	2 44 32	2 44 32
Lassie, J. B. Morrell	2 53 42	2 50 58
Elberta, Elbert Arthur	2 44 40	2 39 13
Marjory, D. P. Morse	3 15 18	3 07 48
Curlew, C. A. Van Idestine	Withdrew.	

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

On Sept. 21 the steam yacht White Ladye and Erl King arrived at New York for the Cup races. Both of these yachts were here in 1895, though under different owners. White Ladye, then owned by Mrs. Langtry and under charter to the late Ogden Goelet, is now owned by Mr. John Lawson Johnstone, who earned a limited amount of fame as the purchaser of Britannia from the Prince of Wales. Erl King is now owned by Mr. A. J. Moxham, of Louisville, Ky., an Englishman and a British subject. Both yachts are under the British flag.

Niagara II., steam yacht, Howard Gould, arrived at New York on Sept. 19 after a cruise of five months in European waters. Mr. Hugh C. Kelly, Hon. Sec'y of the Royal Ulster Y. C., was a passenger on the yacht from Ireland.

It is reported from Southampton that Capt. Ben Parker, skipper of Meteor II., sailed for New York last Saturday by the American Line, presumably to sail on Shamrock.

Canoeing.

Amendments to the A. C. A. Rules.

WITH the beginning of next week the newly elected officers of the American Canoe Association assume office, and in the course of another month the annual meeting of the Executive Committee will be held. As we have frequently pointed out, all proposals for the amendment of the rules must be published at least two weeks prior to the annual meeting in order that they may be legally voted on. The following proposals for the amendment of the constitution, by-laws and racing rules have been sent to us for publication. We hope that they will meet with that consideration and criticism which they deserve from the racing men, and further that other similar amendments may be proposed in season. We shall be glad to give all necessary space for the thorough discussion of the subject.

Proposed Amendments to Constitution and By-Laws of the American Canoe Association.

CONSTITUTION.

Article VII.—Paragraph 3.—Amend by leaving out the words "A regatta committee of three members for the annual camp of the A. C. A." after the word "appoint."

Article VI.—Add "Section 9" as follows: "Racing Board. Each division in its proper turn, at its annual meeting shall elect in the same manner as its regular officers one member of that division, to serve on the Racing Board of the Association for a term of five years, or until his successor is elected."

For duties of Racing Board see Chapter 9 of By-Laws.

BY-LAWS.

Chapter IX.—Amend Paragraph 1 by adding the words "Racing Board and division" between the words "Duties of" and "Committee" in the title, making it read as follows: "Duties of Racing Board and Division Regatta Committee."

Further amend Paragraph 1 by substituting the words "Racing Board" for "Regatta Committee" as the last words of the paragraph.

Amend Paragraph 2 by substituting the words "Racing Board" for "Regatta Committee" wherever they occur.

Amend Paragraph 2 by leaving out the word "and" between the words "paddling" and "trophy" on the third line, and insert the word "sailing" after the word "club" on the third line, making this part read as follows: "Including the sailing and paddling trophy races, the three record races, the club sailing race," and insert after the words "Club sailing race" at the end of the third line the following: "The paddling races for one, two and four men, with single blades, and the paddling races for one and two men with double blades, and the relay race for teams of three men each, with double blades."

Insert after the words "three record races" on the third line the words "the free-for-all sailing race."

Proposed Amendments to Racing Regulations of the American Canoe Association.

Amend by substituting the words "Racing Board" for "Regatta Committee" wherever they occur.

Rule II.—Paragraph 2.—Amend by leaving out the first and third sentences beginning "No canoe shall be," etc., and "Members must paddle," etc., respectively.

Paragraph 3.—Amend by leaving out the whole of the first sentence, beginning "A canoe which is," etc.

Rule V.—Amend the first paragraph to read as follows: "Prizes shall be given as follows: A first prize in each race and a second prize in each regular event where more than two finish."

Amend Paragraphs 2 and 3 by leaving out these two paragraphs entirely and substituting the following: "Prizes shall consist of shields or some lasting memento, with the event, the letters A. C. A., the year expressed in four figures, the place of the meet and the words "first prize" or "second prize," expressed thereon. The prizes for any one meet shall be uniform in shape and design. Prizes donated for special races or competitions may be accepted at the discretion of the Racing Board. No prizes of money shall be raced for."

Rule V.—Amend paragraphs entitled "Races" as follows: Substitute the words "free-for-all" for the words "special trial race" in last paragraph.

Add the following at the end of the last paragraph: "There shall be a 'free-for-all' sailing race, with conditions as follows:" (See old year books for conditions of "unlimited sailing," except that the present limited sail area condition shall stand), "from which starters for the 'trophy sailing race' shall be selected as above."

Add the following: "There shall be paddling races with single blades, for one, two and four men in a canoe, and with double blades for one and two men in a canoe, and a relay race for teams of three men each, with double blades, one man in a canoe."

Rule IX.—Paragraph 2.—Substitute the words "that of a majority of the Racing Board present" for the word "unanimous" after the word "if" in the fourth line. Leave out all of Paragraph 2 after the word "final" on the fourth line.

Rule IX.—Add to last paragraph of Rule IX. the sentence following: "No man shall contest in any race until he has been two days in camp, excepting in war canoe races."

Rule X.—Substitute the words "fire a gun" in place of the words "say 'Go!'" on second line.

Add the sentence "In case of a misfire he shall say 'Go.'"

In the sentence beginning "The combined paddling and sailing race," etc., leave out all after the word "manner."

Rule XI.—Add a sentence at the end of the rule as follows: "All paddling races shall be straight away."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In accordance with Article XII. of the Constitution, notice is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association the following amendments will be offered to the Constitution of said Association:

Article VI., Section 4.—Change in line four the word "four" to "three," and at the end add "but in case of tie he shall not vote."

Article VI., Section 5.—In line eight strike out "regatta or."

Article VII.—In Twenty-first line before the word "accounts," insert "and Board of Governors."

ROBERT J. WILKIN, A. C. A., No. 47.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Sept. 26.—New Haven, Conn.—New Haven Gun Club's all-day tournament; open to all; $15 added. J. B. Savage, Sec'y.

Sept. 26-27.—Squaw Creek Park, between Niles and Girard, Trumbull County, O.—Tournament of the Rummell-Gaston Gun Club. Dr. James E. Gaston, Sec'y, Mineral Ridge, O.

Sept. 26-27.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 27-28.—Oswego, N. Y.—First annual tournament of the Riverside Gun Club. Robert Oligshaut, Sec'y.

Sept. 28-29.—Tyrone, Pa.—Tyrone Gun Club's target tournament. D. D. Stine, Sec'y.

Sept. 28-29.—Alton, Ill.—Third annual open tournament of the Piasa Gun Club. F. C. Riehl, Sec'y.

Sept. 30.—New Brunswick, N. J.—Ten-men team contest; four teams; teams of Brunswick Gun Club and Reservoir Gun Club against teams of Climax Gun Club and Dunellen Gun Club.

Oct. 3.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. A. R. Elliott, holder, against W. R. Crosby, challenger, for Review cup.

Oct. 4.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. A. R. Elliott, holder, against W. R. Crosby, challenger, for Republic cup.

Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds.

Oct. 10-13.—Newark, N. J.—Smith Brothers' grounds. Live birds and targets.

Oct. 11-12.—Reading, Pa.—Live-bird and target tournament of the Independent Gun Club.

Oct. 11-12.—Paris, Ky.—Hill Top Gun Club's two-day tournament. John L. Bosley, Sec'y.

Oct. 11-12.—Newark, N. J.—On Smith Brothers' grounds; two days' tournament of the New Jersey State League.

Oct. 12-14.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament under the auspices of the Kentucky Gun Club. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.

Oct. 13.—Batavia, N. Y.—E C cup target championship contest between Mr. W. R. Crosby, holder, and Mr. R. O. Heikes, challenger. Match begins at 3 o'clock.

Oct. 16-19.—Du Pont Park, St. Louis, Mo.—Fall tournament; three days at targets; one day at live birds; $300 to $500 added money. J. A. Corry, Manager.

Oct. 17-19.—Baltimore, Md.—Sixth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. J. R. Malone, Manager.

Oct. 21.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

Oct. 23-28.—Nashville, Tenn.—Belle Meade Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds; $750 added. W. R. Elliston, Sec'y.

Oct. 31-Nov. 3.—Cincinnati, O.—Tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club; two days at live birds; two days at targets. Arthur Gambell, Sec'y.

Nov. 21-22.—Sioux City, Ia.—Second annual live-bird tournament of the Soo Gun Club; added money in every event. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month. Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.

1900.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. E. S. Rice, Pres.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Associations Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June —.—Tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, first week in June. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The vicissitudes of time are more apparent in the affairs of the trap world than in those of any other. To many shooters of the present day, a mention of the Ridgefield, N. J., Gun Club would have no special significance in respect to the doings of the present, yet in its time it was a leader in its locality. The death of J. Remsen Beam, one of its members, who passed away at Newport, R. I., last month, has stirred the members to action to do honor to the memory of their dead friend. He was of prepossessing appearance, quiet and gentlemanly in deportment, and of such amiable character that he won the esteem and friendship of all his associates. As a shot he rated as a leader. When the club was first organized, about fifteen years ago, it was active in all competition, and it furnished a team for many matches. Its regular team members were Messrs. Frank Hall, captain; G. S. McAlpin, H. R. Goesser, A. B. Gladwin, J. M. Baker, John H. Sloan (substitute) and J. Remsen Beam. The latter was acknowledged to be one of the best shots of the State. Of late years, owing to ill health, he has given up participation in matters pertaining to shooting.

The programme of the shoots under the auspices of the Kentucky Gun Club, at Louisville, Ky., Oct. 12-14, can now be obtained of the secretary, Emile Pragoff, Louisville. The latter desires that shooters will inform him of their intention to be present, so that a sufficient number of pigeons will be secured for the handicap. Special rates to shooters at the headquarters hotel, the Galt House. On the first day there are twelve target events, four at 10 targets, $1 entrance; eight at 15 targets, $1.50. On the second day there is one event at 7 live birds, $3 entrance, birds extra; high guns. The second event is the Kentucky handicap, 15 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra; purses divided among the four high guns, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; handicaps 25 to 30yds. On Oct. 14 is the Kentucky State championship, open to residents of Kentucky only; 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra; for championship of the State and solid silver cup, which becomes the absolute property of the winner. This event will be class shooting; purses divided 35, 25, 20 and 10 per cent., and 10 per cent. to the club. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock each day.

Under date of Sept. 22 Miskay, with that delicacy of sterling ladylike character for which she is esteemed by all, enters a disclaimer to the high scores credited to her in the report of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club tournament, published in our issue of last week. She says: "I was present at neither shoot. The score in all its pristine glory and strength, should sufficiently attest to the unreliability of performance, but I feel it necessary to more surely negative my agency in the matter." We regret the error, but we cannot agree for a moment that the score is beyond the compass of Miskay's skill. We have a recollection in particular of the Interstate tournament at Haverhill, Mass., last year, where, on the second day, she scored an even 90 per cent., and in a field of forty-two shooters on that day she was beaten only by three by a narrow margin, as follows: Banks .923 per cent., Fanning and Dickey, each .912 per cent., and Miskay came next with an even 90 per cent. On reference to the copy we found that the name was Dickey.

In the conteest for the E C cup and the championship of the State of New Jersey, which appertains to it, Mr. Harold Money, the holder, defended it successfully against Mr. Chris Wright, challenger, by the score of 45 to 44, at Ridgewood, N. J., on Saturday of last week. There was quite a crowd present to witness the contest. After the conclusion of the race, Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, of Newark, N. J., challenged, and his challenge had an immediate acceptance. Morfey's grounds, at Lyndhurst, N. J., were fixed upon as the place, but the date was left over for future determination.

The grounds of the Interstate Park Association are progressing with astonishing expedition in the preliminary work. The grass, newly sown, is springing up thriftily on over half of it, giving it a most delicate green tinge, while the grass seed is sown in a large part of the remainder. There was on Friday of last week but two or three days' more work required to finish the taking away of crops, the plowing and sowing of the ground, and then all the preliminary work of that kind would be finished. With all the crops removed, the level stretch, free from all trees or obstructions of any kind, is a sight to fill the heart of any trapshooter with delight. Outlying on every side are the homes of thrifty farmers and townspeople, and noble trees, among which the homes nestle and which adorn also other parts of the landscape, give a most pleasing and picturesque setting to the grounds. Work on the fences and buildings will begin in the near future. The safety of the investment, with the special advantages which are offered in the way of interest, has brought out a most gratifying financial support.

The Junction Park Gun Club's programme for its one-day live-pigeon tournament, with optional sweepstakes, is fixed for Sept. 30. The shooting and handicap committee are Messrs. F. L. Williams, chairman; H. W. Nair, J. M. Aiken, Geo. E. Woodruff and W. M. Boyle, with Mr. W. J. Mac Crickart assistant. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Pigeons 25 cents. Lunch served on the grounds. Take Rochester & Beaver Falls Electric Company's cars direct to the grounds. The programme is as follows: Junction Park Club Introductory, 5 pigeons, $3 entrance, all at 28yds. rise; four high guns. Geo. E. Woodruff sweepstake, 7 birds, $5; all at 30yds., four high guns. Club challenge cup handicap, 15 birds, $7 entrance, 25 to 33yds. rise, four high guns. Bogardus sweepstake, 3 double rises, $3, all at 25yds, four high guns. Consolation handicap, 7 birds, $5 entrance; winners of money handicapped from 1 to 2yds. extra; four high guns. Miss-and-out, $1, birds extra; all at 28yds. rise. Miss-and-out, $1, birds extra; consolation handicap.

The trapshooters of Kentucky should repudiate the article which appeared in a Richmond, Ky., newspaper under date of Sept. 20, in so far as it relates to the killing of swallows from the traps. It states: "The sport was to be varied, clay pigeons, live swallows and live pigeons, all to the number of 2,000 or 3,000 having been generously provided," etc., and then relates how the swallows were shot. Section 8 of the Kentucky game laws, which any shooter can find on reference to the Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine, enjoins that no person shall at any time kill any thrush, meadowlark, finch, martin, swallow, woodpecker, flicker, oriole, redbird, tanager, catbird, bluebird, or other song or insectivorous bird, except where the same shall be destructive to the fruit or grain crops. We prefer to believe that the press account of the shoot is erroneous.

There will be a live-bird and target shoot at Alexandria, La., on Oct. 24 and 25, under the auspices of the Alexandria Rod and Gun Club, in connection with the Rapides Fair and Racing Association, Limited. The management sets forth the deplorable announcement and more deplorable apathy in respect to sportsmanship in the following: "The Association desires this shoot to be one that will be long remembered in sporting circles, and will endeavor to furnish quail for the live-bird events, and hopes to secure a sufficient number of quail for a very large crowd; in case of failure to get sufficient quail, will use live pigeons."

At John Parker's tournament, on the first day, Sept. 19, Crosby was first with .926 per cent., 162 breaks out of 175 targets shot at. On the second day Heikes was first with 142 out of 150 targets shot at, .946 per cent., while Crosby was only 1 behind this score. On the third day Gilbert was first with a score of 166 out of 175 shot at, an average of .948 per cent. In the totals for the three days Crosby was first with an average of .934, Gilbert second with .916, Heikes third with .908; McMurchy .891, Budd .888.

Under date of Sept. 20 Mr. Horatio Nelson, Dover Plains, New York, writes us as follows: "The Pawling Rod and Gun Club was unable to get grounds suitable for live birds, and we were compelled to fall back on targets for both days, Oct. 6 and 7; but I am happy to say that the club is taking steps to procure grounds near the station which will enable them to fit out for both live birds and targets. Then we propose giving a house warming to our friends which will be worth their while to attend."

Mr. A. R. Berry, assistant secretary to the Smokeless Powder & Ammunition Company, of London, Eng., arrived in New York on Friday evening last, Sept. 22. Mr. Berry has been for the past few weeks in the Dominion of Canada, having crossed the Atlantic to look after his company's interests during the annual meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association. He is now on his way back to England, but intends to stay long enough in this city to see Dewey and take in the first race of the series between the Columbia and the Shamrock.

The Carteret Gun Club, of Garden City, L. I., has bought the team of retrievers which was in use at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, when the historic grounds there devoted to the sport of trapshooting were given up for other purposes. The Interstate Park Association, with its many advantages and assured success, no doubt had much to do with the abandonment of trapshooting at Elkwood Park.

While we concede to no man a greater admiration for Admiral Dewey than we possess, for he is of the best stuff of which heroes are made—and his deeds bear this statement out—we are sure that he could get on a pigeon match with any pigeon shooter about New York, 100 birds, $100, 30yds. rise, if he will use the 13in. guns which created so much havoc at Manila. Sir use the 13in. guns which created so much havoc at Manila.

Mr. John S. Wright, the efficient manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, has decided to offer a fine prize of some kind, probably a diamond of $50 value, to be set in any form which pleases the fancy of the shooter who is so fortunate as to win it. It is to be competed for by the shooters within a radius of twenty-five miles of his club grounds as a center, and to have a handicap qualification in the series of contests which will be arranged for its competition.

We learn that Mr. C. McL. Clark (Chase), of St. Louis, Mo., arrived in New York on Monday of this week, and will remain in this hamlet till after the Dewey celebration and the yacht races. Incidentally, he has brought his shotgun along, and will do some shooting before he departs for the West. He has been doing some shooting of late which ranks as high class amateur performance.

Keep in mind the shoot of the Pawling Gun Club, Pawling, N. Y., on Oct. 6 and 7. The Brooklyn Gun Club has promised to send a large delegation thitherward on the evening before the shoot. There is every indication that it will be a great success. Whoever attends will be assured of a good shoot and a pleasant time.

In the contest for the cast iron car wheel between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and C. Zwerlein, at Yardville, N. J., Sept. 21, the former won by the score of 95 to 81, one less than the record of the grounds, 96, held by Capt. A. W. Money. Elliott let his first bird get off the reservation, and then shot in great form to the finish.

Mr. L. Harrison, of Minneapolis, was in evidence in the gun district last week, and mentioned that he would be an active participant in the shooting events about New York in the near future. This will be pleasing information to all the shooters about New York, for there is no one more popular.

A very fine lot of newly imported guns, works of art in design and fine finish, with a "balance" so nicely determined that the most fastidious cannot be otherwise than pleased, is one of the many attractions to be now seen at the great store of Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway.

The Fowler Gun Wad Co., of Moodus, Conn., sets forth in our advertising columns the advantages of its line of gun wads, which our readers would do well to read.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

New Jersey State Championship.

Sept. 23.—The contest for the E C cup, emblematic of the championship of the State of New Jersey, attracted quite a gathering of spectators to witness it. The weather was exceedingly pleasant and favorable for good scores, the light being good and no wind blowing to cause interference with saucers. On the whole, the targets were rather easy to negotiate, and while the scores made in the contest are good they are not remarkably high. The match was shot just outside of Ridgewood, N. J. Mr. Harold B. Money was the holder of the cup, Mr. Chris Wright the challenger. The race was close, Mr. Money winning by 1 target—45 to 44.

Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, of Newark, N. J., challenged the winner when the contest was concluded, and Morley's grounds at Lyndhurst, N. J., were fixed upon as the place for the next contest.

A number of sweepstakes were shot before the race began.

Mr. Edward Banks was trap puller. Mr. C. W. Dudley was judge for Harold B. Money; Mr. Arthur Bunn filled the like office for Mr. Chris Wright, and Mr. Geo. H. Piercy was referee. The scores:

C Wright	1111111110111111111010101	21
	1111111111110110111111111	23—44
H B Money	1111111111011011111111111	23
	1101111101111101111111111	22—45

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brookly nGun Club.

Sept. 23. The event of the day was the third contest of the series for the free entry in the Grand American Handicap. Five scored the limit, namely: Dr. Webber, R. Woods, Tuttle, G. Remsen and Smith. Lane was the only one who scored 49. The weather was pleasant and favorable for good scores. The handicap event was No. 4 of the programme, and the scores follow:

F A Thompson	1110111010111111111111101	21
	0111111111110111110101110	20— 5—46
A A Webber	1111111111111111111111111	25
	1110111111111111111111111	24— 3—50
R Woods	1111111110111111111111111	24
	1111111110111111111111111	24— 4—50
J Thornton	1011010111011010101011001	15
	1100011001001001110001000	10—10—35
W Hopkins	1111111100110111110110011	19
	1111001111100111110111011	19— 6—44
Chambers	1101001111110110111101011	18
	1111110111101111111111111	23— 3—44
Tuttle	1000001010101110101100111	13
	1111111111101101111101111	22—15—50
G Remsen	1111111111111111110111111	24
	0111111111111111010111111	22— 7—50
N J Lane	1111110101101011010100001	15
	0111111111111011101111101	21—13—49
B Amend	1111111101111101111101011	21
	1111110111101111111110111	22— 2—45
Smith	1111111011111111111111001	22
	1111111001111111111111110	22— 8—50

Sweepstake events:

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7
Targets:	25	15	20	*	*	*	Targets:	25	15	20	*	*	*
Lane	15	..	..	..	..	..	Webber	..	13	18	20	10	9
F Thompson	19	12	18	18	9	4	W Hopkins	..	12	17	20	6	8
Thornton	11	10	15	..	..	..	Charles	..	7	12	..	..	..
Woods	22	13	..	..	..	..	Ketcham	..	..	4	..	..	..
Remsen	..	11	18	..	..	..	Amend	..	..	18	20	7	6
Tuttle	..	10	18	8	8	5	Smith	..	..	..	22	..	..
Chambers	..	11	14	18	6	5	David	..	..	..	13	..	..
Wright	..	9	..	..	..	..							

*No. 5 was at 5 singles, 10 pairs; No. 6, 10 pairs; No. 7, 5 pairs.

Pawling Rod and Gun Club.

PAWLING, N. Y., Sept. 24.—Herewith are the scores of our monthly shoot, which we held yesterday instead of the 29th on account of Dewey Day.

It was a perfect day for targets—no wind and good light. The attendance was not what it should have been, but I can't blame the boys for wanting a crack at the "real thing" instead of asphalts. We are preparing a royal welcome for all who attend our shoot on Oct. 6 and 7, and only regret that we are compelled to disappoint some by making a change from live birds to targets on the second day. However, we hope to entertain our friends on new, well-appointed grounds, where we can have live birds as well as targets without let or hindrance.

Club cup, 50 targets, 50 cents entrance:

		Points.
Tallman, 2	0110111111110111111111110—21	
	1111111010111011101111111—21	
	10 — 1—45	3
Dutcher, 9	1111111111111110111100111	22
	1111100111111111111010111—21	
	111111110 — 8—50	5
Holmes, 12	1011000111011011100011101—15	
	0111111011111111101011111—21	
	100011001011 — 6—42	2
Selway, 11	1000101111000010000000001— 8	
	1111011000001000011110010—12	
	00010110001 — 4—24	1
Nelson, 8	0100101111110011111101111—18	
	1111111111111011111111111—24	
	11111111 — 8—50	4

Shoot-off for ties on 50:

Dutcher ..... 11111110 Nelson 01101111

Five-dollar handicap, 50 cents entrance, open to all:

Tallman, 2	0101011011111101101011111—18	
	11 — 2—20	
Dutcher, 3	0111101110101110110111111—19	
	110 — 2—21	
Lefurgy, 10	0110001101111100111101001—15	
	1011011011 — 7—22	
Holmes, 7	1110101000011100001101111—14	
	w	
Stark, 13	0010011010001111000111100—12	
	1100101001000 — 5—17	
Nelson, 3	1110111011111111111001011—20	
	111 — 3—23	
Fry, 12	1011101011001101000110110—14	
	110110101001 — 7—21	

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	20	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	*
Nelson	16	8	11	7	9	8	13	7	3
Tallman	19	9	13	9	13	8	11	8	..
Dutcher	..	6	12	10	13	8	13	7	2
Holmes	9	2	11	6	12	6	8	..	..
Lefurgy	..	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fry	..	3	7	5	..	..	..	..	..
Stark	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mather	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

* Miss-and-out for ties on 6, 7 and 8.

H. NELSON, Capt.

Colt Gun Club.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 23.—In the annual tournament of the Colt Gun Club to-day the following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	20	10	15	10	10	10	10
Bartlett	9	12	8	10	10	7	9	19	14	14	..	..	..	..
Harvey	8	15	9	9	13	9	10	16	13	15	8	7	7	..
Coats	8	12	8	8	12	7	5	18	9	12	10	9	6	..
Bristol	10	10	9	13	8	8	15	9	13	8	..	..	..	..
Egbert	7	13	7	8	12	5	7	14	11	14	7	9	..	..
Merrick	8	10	8	8	13	8	10	15	..	12	7	10	8	..
Barstow	6	14	10	6	12	10	9	18	..	10	7	8	..	..
Bishop	10	13	10	10	15	10	9	20	..	14	10	8	10	8
Colt	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
White	6	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Alger	6	..	5	4	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carter	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sam Colt	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
La Place	..	9	8	8	..	8	8	..	..	11	..	..	..	..
Pitkin	..	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mills	..	..	7	5	15	10	9	18	11	13	9	7	..	..
Neal	..	..	3	3	9	6	7	11	..	13	..	..	..	..
Olcott	..	..	..	7	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Downing	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	19	12	14	10	10	8	7
Blaney	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	13	12	13	9	9	8	10
Henry	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cook	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	12	14	9	9	9	9
Green	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	7	..	..
Craig	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Hermann	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	3
Bill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	5
D Glazier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	6
McGinty	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	10	8
Wadsworth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	1
Root	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
R Glazier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..

No. 9 was at 10 pairs.

Bishop made the highest average—.947.

L. H. BRADLEY, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Chicago Shooting Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 23.—The movement for a big Chicago shooting park is so far along that it may now be said to be a certainty that the park will be established. There are ninety shares sold at $100 each, of which more than three-fourths were taken up by parties resident outside of Chicago. The rest of the first 100 shares are so certain to be taken that arrangements are quietly going on for the securing of the grounds, it being considered that $10,000 will insure the project of fulfillment.

The grounds chosen for this park are located at Burnside, within a quarter of a mile of Watson's Park, a little nearer to the station and on the east side of the railway tracks, on the high knoll which rises up from the flat meadow, just across from the station of Burnside. There could not be a better site found around Chicago than this one, and it is understood that it can be leased or bought of the railroad, the Illinois Central, the idea now being to lease. John Watson has taken three shares of the stock, or rather he and his sons have done so, only one share being allowed to any one individual. It is thought that the local management will be offered to him. A meeting of the stockholders of the park project will be called for an early date, perhaps next week, after which the public part of the work will be begun. There is talk of golf and that sort of thing at or near the new park, where there is considerable open country.

Garfield of Chicago.

There were sixteen members and one visitor at Garfield Club grounds this afternoon, the visitor being Mr. F. Clark, of Marshall Field's wholesale house, this city, who shot in with the others as a novice in the game. The weather to-day was warm enough to be pleasant, and very much better than it was yesterday in the rain and mud. The wind was very light and the targets flew well, though a heavy smoke bank toward the city made the background none of the best. Four ladies came out to see the fun to-day, among these Mrs. Shaw, who as usual acquitted herself well at the score. This is the closing month of the target work in Garfield Club, and there will be only two more shoots. On Oct. 14 the club will begin its regular series of live-bird shoots, which will be kept up, alternating weeks, all through the winter season. This standard club was never in better condition for either summer or winter work.

It appears that Dr. Shaw has put his lasso permanently on the high season average medal, Class A. In his ten qualifying shoots he has run respectively 22, 22, 22, 23, 23, 23, 23, 24, 24, 25, or 231 out of 250—92 2-5 per cent.

To-day in the Class A medal shooting, Dr. Shaw, R. Kuss and C. P. Richards were tied on 22. They shot at 25 birds in the tie, and Richards retiring at the 15 hole with 14, Dr. Shaw went out with 23 in the tie. Mr. Kuss went into a trance and broke 25 straight, winning the pretty trophy for the week. In Class B Dr. J. W. Meek, the big and good-natured secretary, won with 19. In Class C Hellman won with 19. Following are the scores of the day:

Trophy shoot:

Dr Shaw	1111111111011111101101111—22
Mrs Shaw	1111101010111110101111100—18
Richards	1110111110111011111111111—22
Pollard	1010110000100011111001100—12
Dr Meek	1111111011101011110101101—19
C J Wolff	0101010111001010001010110—12
E W Eaton	1111100001111101111110111—19
Dr Royce	1111011001110001010101110—15
Kuss	1111111111011111111101011—22
T Eaton	0101101000001010111011011—13
L Wolff	0000101000100010010000101— 7
J Wolff	1110001111011111011011001—17
Hellman	1010101110110111011110001—16
Brabrook	1101011001111010111111111—19
Dr O'Byrne	0110101000100111011011110—14
Baker	0011101110111111011001001—16

Shoot-off for Class A medal:

Dr Shaw	11111111111111	1111111010—23
Richards	11011111111111	.....—11
Kuss	11111111111111	1111111111—25

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	15	15	10	10	Targets:	15	10	15	15	10	10
Dr Shaw	13	9	13	10	7	10	L Wolff, Sr.	..	2	..	..	..	..
Mrs Shaw	9	5	..	11	..	..	J Wolff	..	8	..	..	6	..
Richards	10	8	12	..	..	..	Hellman	..	..	12	9	9	8
Pollard	6	4	7	9	..	..	L Wolff	..	..	..	6	..	..
Dr Meek	11	4	..	11	7	..	Brabrook	..	..	..	14	7	..
C J Wolff	5	6	6	..	4	..	Dr O'Byrne	..	..	..	6	9	4
E W Eaton	..	6	..	9	..	..	Baker	..	..	..	9	3	..
Dr Royce	..	11	..	10	3	..	Clark	..	..	..	7	5	4
Kuss	..	13	12	14	9	8	Dr Graves	..	..	..	10	7	..
T Eaton	..	9	..	..	..	..	S M Meek	..	..	..	3	6	2

Audubon of Chicago.

Audubon Club, of Chicago, held its regular monthly medal contest this week at Watson's, the field consisting of H. B. Foss and J. Amberg, H. Levi shooting as a visitor. In a little practice scoring Amberg killed 9 and Foss 8, but in the medal contest Foss led out and retired 3 birds to the better of his opponent. Both stood at 30yds., Foss having 2 birds handicap and Amberg 1. The wind was strong, and the birds followed it briskly to the right quarter.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—This was almost a perfect day for target shooting—no wind and fair light. In the trophy shoot Steck won Class A, R. B. Mack won Class C, Mrs. Carson won Class D. Mr. Lovell did the best shooting, for him, of the season, scoring 23 in the trophy, and winning the Mussey cup on 23 out of 31.

In the team race the scores were:

Ed Steck 13, Dunbar 12, Mrs. Carson 12; total 37.

Cunnyngham 17, Lovell 14, J. L. Jones 11; total 42.

Trophy contest, 25 targets:

R B Mack	1111111111000111111001101—19
A Walters	1101011111110011111110100—18
J L Jones	1111110110001110100001010—14
Mrs Carson	0111111111101101111111111—22
Dr Miller	1011111110100110011010001—15
Spreyne	1111111100000001001101010—13
J G Lovell	0111111101111111111111111—23
Steck	1111101101111111110010101—19
W Dunbar	1110101101110100111011001—16
Dr Turck	000100011100010

No. 2 was the Mussey trophy.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25		Targets:	25	25	
Dr Miller	21	18	22	Ed Steck	23	22	..
A Walters	16	..	13	C A Dunbar	12	..	..
Mrs Carson	16	..	13	Cunnyngham	..	19	20
J L Jones	14	..	12	R B Mack	..	..	17
F Spreyne	16	..	14	Dr Turck	..	..	17
J G Lovell	19	23	20	Dunbar	..	..	17

Audubon Gun Club.

WATSON'S PARK, Ill., Sept. 23.—On Wednesday last the Audubon Club held its monthly shoot:

H Foss, 30, 2	1101 111111110 2011 —17—2—19
J H Amberg, 30, 1	11011 11 210 211*10 *—15—1—16
*H Levi	100 2 211*w

*Visitor.

RAVELRIGG.

Portsmouth Gun Club.

PORTSMOUTH, Va., Sept. 21.—The following scores were made to-day in the shoot of the Portsmouth Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4		Events:	1	2	3	4	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	T'l	Targets:	10	15	10	15	T'l
Gallagher	9	12	8	13	—42	Butt	5	9	7	6	—27
Byrd	7	12	9	13	—41	Schooler	4	4	4	10	—22
Pierce	5	13	5	10	—33	Stewart	7	13	5	12	—37
Ballentine	3	7	2	5	—17	Garrett	4	12	9	8	—
Redd	10	9	6	10	—35	White	6	6	9	11	—32

R. O. B. MULE, Sec'y.

Monett Gun Club.

MONETT, Mo., Sept. 15.—The first target tournament of the Monett Gun Club, held at the Driving Park in Monett, Aug. 24, proved a decided success. Visiting shooters from St. Louis, Springfield, Billings, Marionville, Verona, Stott City, Carthage and Fort Smith took part in the affair and kindly overlooked the little annoyances inseparable from a first shoot.

A jollier, better natured crowd of shooters never faced the traps. Messrs. J. M. Blythe, of the Simmons Hardware Co., and Herbert Taylor, of the Du Pont and Hazard Powder companies, were present and aided the management materially. The shooters of Monett feel very kindly toward these gentlemen.

The dinner served on the grounds by the ladies of the Episcopal Church was a most enjoyable feature of the day. A magautrap was used, and barring some trouble from loose connection in the wires worked well. The Rose system of division governed. Eight events, $5 added to each, was the programme. Scores herewith:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
Targets:	10	15	10	20	10	15	10	20	Broke.	Av.
Clas	10	13	10	19	9	12	9	19	101	.910
Taylor	8	11	7	18	7	15	8	17	91	.820
Dunkle	8	14	7	16	8	12	6	17	89	.800
Farrell	8	12	9	16	9	11	9	14	88	.800
Hess	9	14	7	16	8	10	8	14	86	.780
Jones	4	14	8	17	7	12	9	15	86	.780
Breese	8	11	10	14	9	10	6	16	84	.760
McIntosh	7	11	6	16	8	13	7	16	84	.760
Baldy	8	9	9	12	7	15	9	15	83	.750
Blythe	8	11	9	12	9	12	5	15	81	.730
Smittem	8	12	6	17	8	9	8	13	81	.730
Conners	8	11	8	18	8	8	8	12	81	.730
Doling	8	13	7	13	6	11	7	15	80	.720
Fay	6	9	8	15	8	8	6	15	76	.690
Smith	7	9	8	12	5	11	8	14	74	.670
Lister	7	6	5	16	5	10	8	17	74	.670
Greer	7	10	5	15	8	13	7	15	74	.670
C W Lehnhard	7	9	6	14	6	0	5	13	69	.620
Kirkpatrick	6	11	7	12	7	6	6	12	67	.600
Gouten	6	11	6	11	5	11	6	11	67	.600
Hendrickson	8	9	6	14	5	6	5	13	66	.600
Sidway	3	9	6	12	6	6	9	14	65	.590
Doggett	5	4	5	17	6	6	5	12	63	.570
Folger	5	10	4	11	5	8	5	12	60	.540
Ennis	2	6	7	10	7	6	8	13	59	.530
Kreyer	5	8	6	10	5	10	6	9	59	.530
Coffey	5	9	3	10	6	13	2	9	57	.510
Hunt	3	7	5	8	5	9	7	8	52	.470
Brown	2	6	3	6	7	6	1	7	38	.340
Davis	5	10	..	18	6	11	5	12	...	....
Gardner	4	5	4	4	1	9	5	..	...	....
Hubbard	3	6	5	11	5	..	..	..	...	....
Fitch	7	12	9	12	6	..	..	..	...	....
P J Lehnhard	7	9	8	..	6	..	..	..	...	....
Meens	4	5	2	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Wilhour	1	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Bedford	..	..	..	13	4	..	..	..	...	....
Stowe	..	11	0	..	..	..	..	..	...	....
Flemming	..	..	..	..	5	6	..	..	...	....
McKinney	..	..	..	6	12	..	..	..	...	....
Berry	..	..	..	5	6	..	..	..	...	....
Boone	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	...	....
Martz	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	...	....
Hollister	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	...	....
Floreth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	...	....

J. B. KREYER, Sec'y.

Elliott—Buckwalter Match.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 19.—Harry E. Buckwalter, of Royerford, Pa., recently issued an open challenge to shoot a live-bird match, 100 live birds, for $100 or $200 a side, with James A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., who is at present in the East, preferred, with a clause that the match must be shot on the Keystone League grounds, at Holmesburg, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Elliott, who had been spending a week on the Elliott farm in Maryland, at once accepted, and to-day these two well-known wingshots met in a live-bird match for $100 a side and loser to pay expenses of the birds.

The match really was to have been for $200 a side, but one of the Buckwalter backers failed to arrive in a certain time, and it was finally arranged for $100, so as not to have the match fall through.

The time set for the match to commence was 2 P. M., but it was 2:25 before a gun was fired. Buckwalter shot a few practice birds and seemed a little unsteady in his work. The non-appearance of one backer seemed to very much affect Buckwalter, and in the first 25 his shooting was away off, and he seemed rattled. On the second round, the 30th bird, a shower passed over the grounds and made the atmosphere cooler, and a fair wind sprung up, that assisted the birds and made shooting a little difficult. The birds on the first 25 were very poor flyers, and caused a slight delay, as nearly all had to be put to wing by the rolling of balls, although throughout the entire match no birds were called by the shooters.

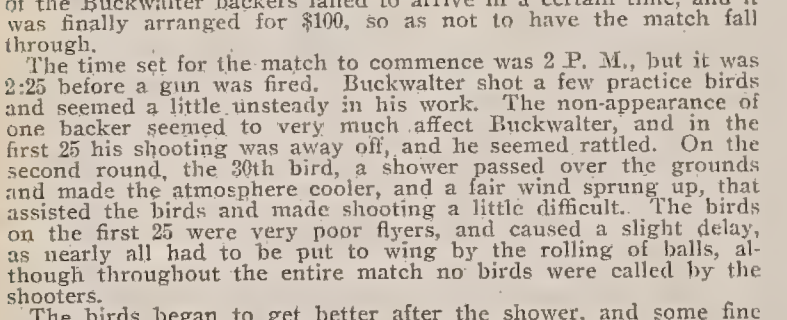
The birds began to get better after the shower, and some fine shooting was done by both men. The birds on the average were a fair lot.

Capt. A. W. Money, of New York, officiated as referee. In all Buckwalter had 4 dead out of bounds and Elliott 2, while Capt. Money called 3 "no birds" on Buckwalter and 2 on Elliott.

Buckwalter used a Parker gun and U. M. C. Smokeless shells loaded with 3¼-3½ Dupont, 1¼oz. No. 7 shot. Elliott used a Winchester "take-down" gun, with factory-loaded Leader shells, with 45 grains of Hazard Blue Ribbon, 1¼oz. No. 7 chilled shot.

The scores follow:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.



St. Louis Doings.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 17.—The largest affair in the nature of a live-bird shoot which was purely of a local character was concluded here to-day and clearly demonstrates that St. Louis can muster its quota of shooters who are willing to hazard a good sum of money in a contest of majestic proportions. This is just what the event of to-day must be termed, for it seldom occurs that any city can show fifteen entries in a 50-bird shoot where there are to be but three moneys, and such were the conditions of to-day's events. The entrance was $25, birds included, three moneys—50, 30 and 20 per cent.—class shooting, birds 20 cents apiece.

The contest was scheduled to begin at 1 P. M., but it was all of 2:30 before the first man was called to the score, so dilatory were the principals in putting in an appearance. Under the circumstances it was impossible to finish the event, and therefore it had to be carried over to the following day.

When operations were suspended, each contestant had shot at 30 birds, with the exception of Shott and Dexter, who withdrew, as they concluded there was no chance of them finishing in the money. Of the others who were still in the race, Griesedieck, Collins and Taylor had straight scores, while Dr. Burnett, Mermod, Sumpter and Chase had lost but 1. Prendergast, Dr. Smith and Heiligenstein had dropped 2, Kling 3 and Cabanna and Mallinckrodt had lost 4 and 5 respectively.

The finish on the final day changed matters somewhat, for all of the straight men met with reverses and only one of them—Griesedieck—finished in first money. This shooter failed to go straight only by the hardest kind of luck, for the bird he lost apparently had all the life knocked out of it, but by a final effort it revived and through stupidity on the part of the boy it was permitted to struggle over the dead line before it collapsed. The shooting of Griesedieck was clean and timely, and at all times he appeared to have perfect control of himself. In his present form he is well nigh invincible, and those who are at present matched with him will realize this before they have successfully disposed of him. His average on the last 500 birds must be a trifle over 97 per cent.

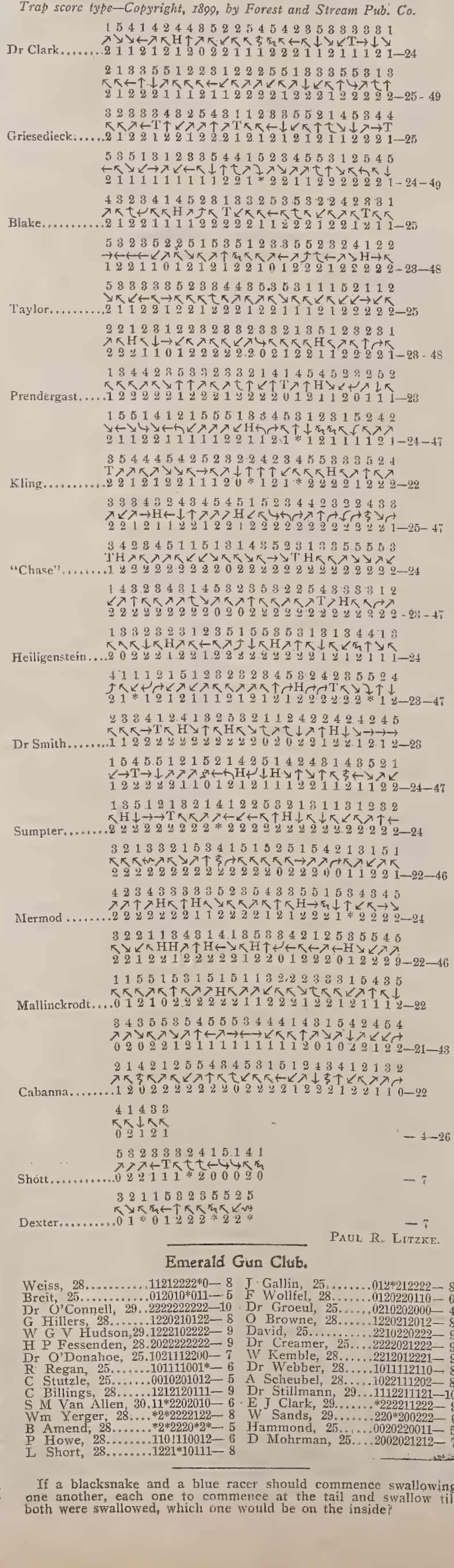
Dr. Burnett, who shared first money with Griesedieck, proved the dark horse and the surprise of the race, as he remarked prior to the event that he was going to participate simply to get the experience a race of this character would develop. In this instance it proved a very lucrative and pleasing experience, as he had the satisfaction to show his heels to shooters of much larger experience, as the Doctor's trapshooting career dates back scarcely six months.

The showing of Collins was very gratifying to every one interested, as it was entirely through his efforts that the event came about. He shot in snappy style on the first day, but on the second showed very ragged form, though the first bird that he lost was one of the best trapped. The 2 birds that Taylor lost were very ordinary ones, and should have easily been killed, though again some others that he scored had practically a license to escape.

First money amounted to $112.50. Thus Griesedieck and Dr. Burnett received $56.25. Second money was $67.50 and netted Collins and Taylor $33.75. Third money was $45, and thereby Prendergast, Kling, Chase, Dr. Smith and Heiligenstein each received $9. Altogether nine of the fifteen entries shared in a division of the purse. The birds were only an ordinary lot, so that but now and then an occasional one showed activity or vigor. The weather conditions were not favorable to them, and they were thrown on their own resources to outwit the shooter.

A. D. Mermod, of Cañon City, Colo., and Christ. Heiligenstein, of Freeburg, Ill., were the out-of-town principals engaged.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.



PAUL R. LITZKE.

Emerald Gun Club.

Weiss, 28	11212222*0— 8	J Gallin, 25	012*212222— 8
Breit, 25	012010*011— 5	F Wollfel, 28	0120220110— 6
Dr O'Connell, 29	2222222222—10	Dr Groeul, 25	0210202000— 4
G Hillers, 28	1220210122— 8	O Browne, 28	1220212012— 8
W G V Hudson, 29	1222102222— 9	David, 25	2210220222— 9
H P Fessenden, 28	2022222222— 9	Dr Creamer, 25	2222021222— 9
Dr O'Donahoe, 25	1021112200— 7	W Kemble, 28	2212012221— 9
R Regan, 25	101111001*— 6	Dr Webber, 28	1011112110— 8
C Stutzle, 25	0010201012— 5	A Scheubel, 28	1022111202— 8
C Billings, 28	1212120111— 9	Dr Stillmann, 29	1112211121—10
S M Van Allen, 30	11*2202010— 6	E J Clark, 29	*222211222— 9
Wm Yerger, 28	*2*2222122— 8	W Sands, 29	220*200222— 6
B Amend, 28	*2*2220*2*— 5	Hammond, 25	0020220011— 5
P Howe, 28	1101110012— 6	D Mohrman, 25	2002021212— 7
L Short, 28	1221*10111— 8		

If a blacksnake and a blue racer should commence swallowing one another, each one to commence at the tail and swallow till both were swallowed, which one would be on the inside?

Trenton Trap.

TRENTON, N. J., Sept. 21.—The Walsrode Gun Club's shoot at Hutchinson's Mills yesterday proved an event of exceptional interest. The electric trap, from which all birds were thrown, proved to be much superior to the ordinary devices.

Widmann won the gold badge with 15 strong. Woolverton won the silver badge with the same score.

Conditions: Unknown angles, 30 targets per man, first 15 for place; those breaking 10 qualified for the first class, those breaking less than that number shot for the silver medal. The scores follow:

Practice, 10 birds:

Taylor	0000001101— 3	Petitt	0111010110— 6
Woolverton	0011111111— 8	Mickel	1110111111— 9
Jaques	1101010100— 5	Barwis	0101111001— 6
Smith	1111111111—10	Smith	1100100011— 5
Mickel	1110011001— 6	Widmann	1011111111— 9
Barwis	1001110110— 6	Hall	1100010111— 6
Thomas	0111101011— 7	Woolverton	1111011100— 7
Titus	0000001100— 2	Sampson	0100111100— 5
Widmann	0010100111— 5	Jaques	1111101111— 9
Petitt	1010000010— 3	Thomas	1101101101— 7
Hall	0000001000— 1	Petitt	1110000000— 3
J. Taylor	1011111111— 9		

Badge shoot, unknown angles, for place:

W Widmann	111111111101111—14	Barwis	111101111010111—12
J Taylor	010001100011001— 6	Thomas	010111011110111—10
Woolverton	111011100001110— 9	Titus	000101100000101— 5
Jaques	011111011111100—11	Petitt	111100011011111—12
Smith	111110000101010— 8	Hall	000110111000101— 7
Mickel	001011011010100— 7		

Unknown angles, for gold badge:

Widmann	111111111111111—15	Thomas	111111111101111—14
Jaques	110111111111111—14	Petitt	111110011011011—11
Barwis	011111110001101—10		

Unknown angles, for silver badge:

Taylor	101101100010100— 7	Mickel	101100010000101— 6
Woolverton	111111111111111—15	Titus	001110101000000— 5
Smith	111111011011011—12	Hall	000000110101111— 7

Team shoot:

Widmann	110111110011111—12
Smith	100111110110110—10
Thomas	110111101101011—11
Petitt	001000111111110— 9
Barwis	101101101101011—10—52
Woolverton	111111101010000— 9
Mickel	1101001001101111— 9
Jaques	111010011110101—10
J. Taylor	001010011111111—10
Ackend	010000011011011— 7—45

Doubles:

Taylor	11 00 01	Woolverton	00 01 11 01 01 01 10
Widmann	10 10 10	Barwis	10 10 00 11 10 00
Watson	00 01 00 10 11		

Match race, loser pays for all birds:

Thomas	111111111110101—14	Woolverton	011010010111111—10
Widmann	111011110010110—10		

Widmann and Woolverton tied.

Shoot-off:

Widmann	110111110011111—12	Woolverton	111111101010000— 9

GEORGE N. THOMAS, Sec'y.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Sept. 16.—At the seventeenth target shoot of a series of twenty for a fine Parker gun on the grounds of the Mt. Penn Gun Club, of this city, shot to-day, Gilbert won by a total score of 25. The conditions were 25 targets per man, with added targets to the number broke as a handicap. The score follows: Yeager, scratch, 18; Ball, scratch, 16; Gilbert, handicap 7, 25; Rhoads, scratch, 19; Lawrence, scratch, 15.

Sept. 21.—The eighteenth and last of the series of shoots for the gun was shot to-day on the Mt. Penn Gun Club's grounds, this city. Alfred B. Yeager won the gun, although only eighteen shoots were held, as Yeager had too large a lead over the other entries. In all twenty shoots were to be held, but as the result is already decided these events will be discontinued. The score of to-day's events is: Yeager, handicap 6, 25; Dietrich, scratch, 22; Gilbert, scratch, 18; Rhoades, handicap 6, 22; Lawrence, scratch, 18; Ball, handicap, 5, 24; Osberne, scratch, 20.

The averages of the shooters in the eighteen contests follow: Alfred B. Yeager 88, George Rhoads, 85½, Harry Ball 84½, Cyrus Coleman 83 2-3, Charles Dietrich 83, Archibald Lawrence 82, Harry Gilbert 81½, Joseph Osberne 81, Abner S. Laird 76, William Hunsberger 73, Frank Boyle 52.

West Chester, Pa., Sept. 23.—Gill to-day won the challenge cup of the West Chester Gun Club, of this place, by breaking 23 out of 25 targets. The score: Gill 23, Peters 20, Henry 20, Hoar 19, Davis 19, Monere 18, Charles 17, Hooper 13, Jackson 13.

Sinking Spring, Pa., Sept. 23.—The sweepstake target shoot of the Independent Gun Club, of this place, held to-day at Hainly's Hotel, was a grand success. A number of out-of-town shooters were present, among them Brey, of Zionsville; Sullivan, of Harrisburg; Showalter, of Pottstown; Miller, of Phœnixville; Shaaber, Dietrich, Goodman, Yeager, Ball, of Reading, and Wertz, of Temple. Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, managed the shoot. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	5p	10
Showalter	9	9	13	8	..	..	8	4	4	..
Brey	10	10	15	10	9	13	8	9	7	..
Spatz	10	7	12	6	7	13	6	N	8	..
Gundry	6	5	11	w	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	9	8	13	7	8	..	..	..	..	..
Sullivan	9	10	12	10	7	14	6	10	6	9
Shaaber	..	7	14	6	9	9	7	10	9	8
Dietrich	..	10	12	7	7	11	9	7	..	8
Wertz	..	..	15	9	10	14	9	8	10	9
G Johnson	..	..	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ball	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Goodman	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Yeager	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..

DUSTER.

Fort Smith Gun Club

FORT SMITH, Ark. Sept. 16.—The regular weekly shoot of the Fort Smith Gun Club took place at the Fair Grounds Thursday.

There has been no shooting for a week or two past on account of absence of the secretary and other members of the club.

The club had for a guest Mr. Kirkpatrick, an enthusiastic devotee of the sport and a member of the Monett Gun Club, of Monett, Mo. Mr. Kirkpatrick is a new hand at the game, but handles a gun and conducts himself like an old-timer. He promises to bring down a good delegation to the regular tenth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association to be held at Fort Smith some time next July. He and other visiting sportsmen to said tournament will find that the Arkansas boys shoot for fun all the time. The money is a side issue.

Mr. Frank Coffey was the bright particular star of the occasion, and if his shells had not given out he would probably have broken Charlie Young's record of 211 straight. Frank broke 15 straight in the last event and was running all over the ground trying to get shells so that he could keep on until he missed, but unfortunately all the ammunition had been exhausted and another opportunity to break the world's record was lost forever.

The shooting on the whole was very yellow. Strange guns and No. 6s and 4s play the wild with averages.

There will be one more shoot at the grounds on next Saturday, which will terminate the trapshooting for the season in this city. Fall has come and ushered in new business cares, and the festive quail, prairie chicken and duck must have some little attention.

Following are the scores. Event No. 1 is 25 birds for the medals. The others are sweeps of 15 and 10 birds respectively. Coffey and Matthews tied on average, both breaking 76 per cent.; but as Coffey shot at 90 birds, as against 75 for Matthews, the former is fairly entitled to the honor of the day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	15	10	15	10	15	10	Targets:	25	15	10	15	10	15	10
Coffey	19	12	7	10	5	15	..	Kirkpatrick	17	11	6	11	7	12	..
Matthews	20	..	..	11	7	11	6	Durden	17	7	6	9	5	..	..
Leach	18	10	7	11	7	10	8	Webber	14	10	5	..	..	..	..
Trobridge	18	..	..	..	..	..	..								

Matthews won Class A, Trobridge Class B medal.

Jack Parker's Tournament.

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 23.—Jack Parker's eighth annual tournament, to which the Peters Cartridge Company generously added $500 in cash and trophies to the value of $300, was attractive enough to draw a big delegation of shooters from many parts of the United States and Canada. Sportsmen were present from Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Ohio, Minnesota, Wisconsin, New York, Connecticut, as well as Canada, so that the attendance can well be looked upon as a representative one. Also the caliber and character of the principals were of the highest standard in every respect. Much of this can be attributed to Mr. Parker's large acquaintance and personal popularity, which, if such a thing were possible, will only be enhanced as a result of this tournament.

Mr. Parker always had the reputation of being able to spring on the shooters something new at his tournaments, and the present shoot proved no exception to the rule, while, as on former occasions, it was indeed a difficult game to master by those who were forced to pit their skill against it. Then it inaugurated a style of shooting that should become decidedly popular, and doubtless will be so, as the shooters become more familiar with it. When targets are shot under this system it is possible to watch the shooting with some interest, and that tiresome and monotonous grind, grind is obviated to a marked degree; and doubtless the general public could witness a tournament conducted on these lines with the same interest as they now do ball games. I believe this style of shooting merits additional trial and careful consideration.

This system consists of five traps. Two of them, which are numbered 1 and 2, are placed at the regulation distance, 16yds. rise, while Nos. 3 and 4 are placed directly in front of Nos. 1 and 5 score, though 21yds. away. All of these traps throw outgoing targets. No. 5 trap is set out in the field 45yds. from No. 3 score, and this throws an incomer. The shooter always gets a bird from the trap numbered to correspond with the shooting position he occupies, but all the traps throw unknown angles, though of course the shooter always knows the trap. In case that a target breaks in trapping, the shooter must wait until it has been reloaded, which naturally occasions some delay, though this could be considerably obviated by arranging three traps on the Sergeant system, and having it understood that when the shooter is at either No. 1 or 2 score he will get a bird from either of these traps. Again, when the shooter is at either No. 3 or No. 4 score he could call for a target from the trap that corresponds with his score; but if the target is broken he could at once swing his gun over the other trap, which is the same distance. By this method the breakage would be practically confined to No. 5 trap, and there would be but little delay.

The chief feature of this system is that it diversifies the shooting and also makes it more difficult, thereby requiring a greater amount of skill and developing the shooting to a higher standard, the principal object for which tournaments should be conducted.

The tournament was held on what is known as the Rusch House grounds, where several of the local clubs shoot. Here two sets of traps were in position, one set arranged as above described and the others on the Sergeant system, from which bluerock targets were thrown. The experts shot all but the open events over the five traps, and the amateurs shot most over the Sergeant system traps, though occasionally they were called to shoot an event over the traps arranged for the experts; but then they only shot over the two traps set at 16yds. rise. In this manner the programme was shot out.

The background was fairly good, though to the right of the Sergeant system traps there was an orchard, the trees of which caused the contestants some trouble whenever they drew a target that took that course. The expert shooters, too, had their troubles, and these consisted of a cornfield that was located to the left of their traps. When a target from either No. 3 or No. 5 trap was thrown in this direction it was all the harder to score, as it flew among the stacks of cornstalks.

The live birds were shot in an adpoining field, where a set of Fulford traps were located, though these did not embody the underground system of trapping. These traps, as is usually the case, added not a little to the quality of the birds. There were several small buildings and several large tents with plenty of chairs, so that the contestants were well taken care of.

Mr. Walter Buck was cashier, and handled everything in his department with accuracy and dispatch. He was capable, courteous and obliging. Mr. Paul Weise had assigned to himself the unenviable task of squad hustler and general utility man, and that all for the love of Jack Parker, which of itself is a guarantee that his part of the work was well done. Dinner was served every day at the Rusch House, the proprietor of which is none other than Mr. Jake Kline, a sportsman well known to the shooters of Michigan and adjoining States.

The shooting grounds are quite a way from the city, though they are located by electric cars in about forty minutes' ride.

The trade was strongly represented, there being present at some time during the shoot the following representatives: John J. Hallowell, U. M. C. Company; Ralph Trimble, Winchester Arms Company; W. F. Parker, W. H. Lyon and A. W. du Bray, Parker Gun Company; E. S. Rice, Ed Bingham and Fred Gilbert, Du Pont Powder Company; Mr. Porter, Marlin Arms Company; Harvey McMurchy, Hunter Arms Company; Jack Fanning, Gold Dust Powder Company; Paul North, Chamberlin Target Company; R. O. Heikes, U. M. C. Company and American E. C. & Schultze Powder Company; Herman Hirschy, Hazard Powder Company; W. R. Crosby, Baker Gun Company; Col. A. G. Courtney, Remington Arms Company; Chas. Budd, U. M. C. Company, Hazard Powder Company and Parker Gun; John H. Mackie, Fred Tuttle, Harry King, Milt Lindsley, Frank See and Jack Parker, all of the Peters Cartridge and King Powder Company; D. M. Lefever, Lefever Arms Company.

Other visiting shooters were Dr. A. W. Williams, Hot Springs, Ark.; Chas. McL. Clark (Chase), St. Louis, Mo.; W. R. Elliston, Nashville, Tenn.; W. H. Haggard, Dallas, Tex.; A. D. Mumma, Dayton, O.; Tom Donly, St. Thomas, Can.; W. Schuler, Cincinnati, O.; J. Chamberlin, Dundee, Mich.; S. B. Kitchel, Coldwater, Mich.; W. R. Smith, Jackson, Mich.; H. Waruf, Kalamazoo, Mich.; W. J. Smith, Huntington, Ind.; Andy Lockie, Manteno, Ill.; C. D. Moon (Kid), J. A. Smith (Blossom) and Dan R. Scammon (Yank), Eau Claire, Wis.; D. Carpenter, Battle Creek, Mich.; S. A. Crowell, Hastings, Mich.; Kit Shepardson, La Grange, Ind.; Mr. Ayers, Hartford City, Ind.; C. J. Dalley, Baldwinsville, N. Y.; H. R. Glass, Napoleon, O.; Dr. R. B. Miller, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. D. A. Allen, A. Heitzman and H. H. Hess, Toledo; H. Sconce, Sidell, Ill.; Mr. Vivian, Columbia, Mo.; Dr. J. E. Gaston and Mr. Rummel, Mineral Ridge, O.

The contest for the Schmelzer cup was abandoned at the request of the shooters present, as it would have had to take place on live-bird day, and none of the shooters present cared to shoot targets on this day.

An effort will be made to have this contest take place at Belle Meade if the sanction of the donor can be obtained.

First Day, Tuesday, Sept. 19.

As in former years, Jack Parker's new game that he sprung on the experts on this occasion proved a most difficult one, and a hard one to solve successfully. This is evidenced by the returns, for in the six events where the crackerjacks were compelled to contest under these new conditions but one straight score was made, and this by McMurchy in the very last event, and then only a 15-bird race. Of the fourteen experts present to-day only one could make 90 per cent. Mr. W. R. Crosby, a gentleman from Batavia, N. Y., with a Baker gun, E. C. powder and Leader shells, is in the van with an average of .926. Gilbert, the Spirit Lake Indian, is second with .891, and McMurchy third, .886. Then comes Blake, who proved to be the best amateur in the bunch, and was largely in the shoot in many ways. In event No. 5, which was for the Individual International target trophy, he was the only one to go straight, which netted him the trophy and $22.20, first money. In this event experts and amateurs were on equal footing, all shooting from the regulation mark. Aside from this, on two other occasions he also landed first money without a divide, so that he was quite a few shekels to the good after his day's work. He has the longest straight run to his credit—something over 50.

Dr. Allen was another of the fortunate, as he made but one straight, but this came at an opportune time, and thereby he was well compensated.

Harry King made the only straight in event No. 2, though on this occasion he was only shooting for birds.

The weather conditions were of a most adverse nature—the light was bad, as it was cloudy and dark, while there was a gusty wind, that chilled and penetrated, as well as made the targets do many funny things. Toward evening a light rain fell, while it rapidly grew dark, so that it was impossible to finish the programme, and some of the amateurs did not get to shoot Nos. 9 and 10, but shot these the first thing next morning.

Events Nos. 1, 3, 5 and 8 were the open events; in all others the experts were compelled to shoot under entirely new conditions. Fifty-two shooters participated.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	20	15			
Crosby	15	14	20	13	22	13	17	15	19	14	175	162	.926
Gilbert	14	14	17	14	24	14	15	15	18	11	175	156	.891
McMurchy	13	12	19	13	22	12	19	14	16	15	175	155	.886
Blake	10	12	18	15	25	12	19	11	20	12	175	154	.880
Blossom	13	13	20	12	24	10	18	14	17	13	175	154	.880
Waruf	14	13	16	12	21	12	18	12	17	14	175	149	.851
Mackie	13	10	18	10	24	14	16	13	18	13	175	149	.851
Shepardson	14	13	17	13	18	13	19	13	14	14	175	148	.845
Sconce	13	13	15	14	21	11	18	12	17	14	175	148	.845
Heikes	12	14	14	14	20	11	17	14	17	14	175	147	.840
Budd	13	9	19	9	21	11	18	14	18	14	175	146	.834
Hallowell	8	12	18	14	24	12	17	12	15	11	175	143	.817
Yank	12	13	14	13	23	13	14	11	17	12	175	143	.817
W F Parker	11	11	19	10	20	15	17	12	14	13	175	142	.811
Ayers	13	13	17	12	21	12	18	11	13	12	175	142	.811
Kid	1	314	12	13	23	12	16	12	13	13	175	141	.805
Fanning	13	11	18	13	21	12	15	10	15	12	175	140	.800
Chase	12	12	17	12	22	12	15	8	15	11	175	136	.777
Trimble	12	10	17	10	22	9	14	13	15	10	175	132	.754
Courtney	12	11	17	11	22	12	12	10	15	9	175	131	.742
Rummel	9	10	18	11	18	12	18	11	8	13	175	128	.731
M J Smith	10	11	11	13	14	12	18	5	15	12	175	121	.691
Lockie	11	12	9	10	19	8	14	7	15	14	175	119	.680
Dr Allen	12	13	18	13	19	15	20	8	..	..	140	118	.842
Sanford	9	12	15	12	19	13	15	..	..	14	140	109	.778
Crowell	11	6	14	9	19	13	..	10	..	12	135	94	.696
No. 9	12	12	18	12	22	15	18	..	..	..	125	109	.872
Du Bray	..	..	17	9	..	7	12	10	18	11	120	84	.700
Mumma	10	10	16	12	17	11	..	..	..	..	105	76	.728
Tuttle	..	9	12	7	..	14	17	11	..	..	100	70	.700
Dalley	12	12	11	12	19	..	..	..	..	..	90	66	.733
Scott	..	14	16	13	..	10	..	..	..	12	90	65	.722
King	..	15	13	12	19	..	..	..	..	..	75	59	.786
R W Smith	..	10	11	13	..	11	..	..	..	..	65	45	.692
Haggard	11	9	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	44	.676
Chamberlin	..	..	..	10	14	9	..	..	..	..	55	33	.600
Lefever	11	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	34	.680
Caleb	..	..	7	..	12	11	..	..	..	..	50	30	.600
Ray	..	8	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	50	22	.440
Alban	..	10	..	8	..	11	..	..	..	..	45	29	.644
Osmun	..	..	17	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	26	.650
Johnson	..	..	..	..	6	8	..	..	..	..	40	14	.350
Guthard	..	..	..	..	9	13	..	..	..	..	35	22	.628
Bennett	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	..	..	..	35	18	.514
Cox	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	10	..	..	30	21	.700
Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	20	9	.450
Kitchel	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	15	13	.866
Mercier	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	.733
Lyon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	15	8	.533
Wills	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	15	5	.333
Cobb	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	15	4	.266
Joseph	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	15	4	.266

Second Day, Wednesday, Sept. 20.

A day's experience with Parker's new system has been very beneficial to the experts, and resulted in a corresponding increase in the averages of this class, so that these approach somewhat nearer their accustomed high mark. The first 20 straight of the tournament under this system was made by Gilbert in event No. 6, and later on this was duplicated by Heikes. Budd developed a great stride along toward the close of the day, as he finished with 56 straight, 35 of which were made on the expert set of traps. To Shepardson, however, belongs the distinction of making the longest consecutive straight run, as he succeeded in gathering 63 in this fashion, 25 of these being made in the team race, which was really event No. 5 on the programme, though not shown in the table, as it is not to be included in the team race. This permits Heikes to head the list with a single break, which is the margin he excels Crosby by, who is second. Sconce is third and is the best amateur of the day. Budd is fourth and McMurchy fifth.

The team race was the feature of the day, and proved to be quite a contest, though it was won by Crosby and Bingham without a tie on 49 out of 50, Bingham dropping 1 bird. Sconce and Blake were second with 48, each scoring the same—24. Shepardson and Trimble are third with 47, which must be attributed to Shepardson's straight. Fourth money went to McMurchy and Heikes and Fanning and Hallowell with 46. Budd and Gilbert got fifth on 45.

There were more shooters present, and the aggregate entry foots up sixty-two, but everything moved along nicely, and the events were promptly disposed of.

The weather continued unfavorable, it being cold and dreary, with a chilling wind, while in the fore part of the day a drizzling rain fell. There were no scoops recorded, and the financial returns were not very large. The only places that paid anything were straights and occasionally a fifth money.

Events Nos. 1, 3 and 7 and the team race were the open events. In the others the experts performed over five traps at varying distances.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	15			
Heikes	15	14	19	14	15	18	14	20	13	150	142	.946
Crosby	15	15	18	13	15	19	15	18	13	150	141	.940
Sconce	15	14	19	15	13	18	14	18	14	150	140	.933
Budd	15	12	19	13	12	18	15	20	15	150	139	.926
McMurchy	14	15	18	14	13	18	15	18	13	150	138	.920
Shepardson	13	14	15	13	15	18	14	18	15	150	136	.906
Blake	15	13	18	13	14	17	13	19	13	150	135	.900
Gilbert	13	13	19	13	12	20	13	16	14	150	133	.886
Elliston	14	14	17	14	14	16	12	19	12	150	132	.880
Mackie	15	14	12	13	14	16	15	18	15	150	132	.880
Bingham	15	13	18	12	12	19	10	18	14	150	131	.873
Trimble	15	14	19	10	13	16	15	15	13	150	130	.867
Dalley	14	14	16	12	13	13	14	19	15	150	130	.867
Chase	13	15	17	13	12	17	15	14	13	150	129	.860
M J Smith	13	14	15	12	14	16	13	18	14	150	129	.860
Ayers	13	14	20	14	11	15	11	19	12	150	129	.860
W F Parker	12	13	18	12	14	15	14	18	12	150	128	.853
Kid	14	13	16	12	12	17	14	17	13	150	128	.853
Yank	13	13	17	15	12	16	14	16	11	150	127	.846
Blossom	14	13	15	11	14	15	13	15	15	150	125	.833
Wood	14	14	14	14	10	14	13	17	14	150	124	.826
Fanning	14	12	17	11	10	16	14	18	11	150	123	.820
King	12	11	17	13	11	15	12	16	14	150	121	.806
Du Bray	9	11	17	10	15	12	12	17	11	150	115	.766
Courtney	14	10	14	13	13	12	14	16	9	150	115	.766
Hallowell	12	11	14	7	9	16	13	17	12	150	111	.740
Hess	14	15	18	13	9	16	..	18	13	135	116	.859
Carpenter	14	13	16	14	14	14	..	..	12	115	97	.843
Lefever	12	14	18	13	12	16	..	..	11	115	96	.834
Mumma	14	14	17	11	15	11	..	..	..	100	82	.820
Waruf	12	14	14	15	12	14	..	..	..	100	81	.810
Lockie	10	15	14	11	7	14	..	..	..	100	71	.710
Gaston	13	12	12	11	8	7	..	..	..	100	63	.630
Allen	..	..	..	..	13	20	13	13	15	85	74	.837
Glass	11	9	14	..	11	15	..	..	..	85	60	.705
North	12	6	13	11	..	16	..	..	..	85	58	.683
Marks	12	12	15	14	..	15	..	..	..	80	68	.850
Cromwell	12	12	15	15	13	..	..	..	..	80	67	.837
Miller	12	12	..	11	12	16	..	..	..	80	63	.787
Rummel	..	13	20	14	10	..	..	..	..	65	57	.876
A Reid	..	11	..	11	13	14	..	..	..	65	49	.753
Scott	13	14	..	13	11	..	..	..	..	60	51	.850
No. 9	..	..	..	..	13	15	13	..	..	50	41	.820
Caleb	..	..	..	..	14	19	..	..	8	50	41	.820
Shilling	..	..	..	..	10	..	10	17	..	50	37	.740
T Reid	10	12	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	50	35	.700
Tuttle	..	..	..	11	..	10	13	..	..	50	33	.660
Girty	..	..	..	..	9	..	9	14	..	50	32	.640
Gansley	..	..	..	..	9	..	7	10	..	50	26	.520
Moore	..	..	..	..	10	..	10	..	6	45	26	.577
Jack Parker	..	..	..	..	11	16	..	..	..	35	27	.771
Heitzman	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	26	.742
Hall	..	..	..	..	11	15	..	..	..	35	26	.742
Flanders	..	..	..	..	9	16	..	..	..	35	25	.714
Wolf	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	11	35	23	.657
Sanford	13	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	24	.800
Alban	11	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	30	24	.800
Lyon	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	20	14	.700
Klein	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	20	14	.700
Kitchell	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	.733
Morris	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	.600
Ray	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	4	.266

Team shoot:

Crosby	25	Gaston	23
Bingham	24—49	Rummel	20—43
Sconce	24	Scott	23
Blake	24—48	Marks	19—42
Shepardson	25	W F Parker	21
Trimble	22—47	Courtney	20—41
McMurchy	24	Chase	21
Heikes	22—46	Lockie	15—36
Fanning	23	Jack Parker	20
Hallowell	23—46	Mackie	16—36
Gilbert	24		
Budd	21—45		

Third Day, Thursday, Sept. 21.

That the acme of America's shooting talent is capable of mastering any system is demonstrated by the scores of to-day, for a glance at these will show that the shooting experts are nearly up to as high a standard as when the conditions are not nearly so difficult. Gilbert was the star performer of the day; he started off with a run of 77 straight, and made clean scores in six of the ten shoots, losing but 9 targets all day and having an average of .948. Rolla Heikes did nearly as well, for he skipped but 10 targets, though singularly enough he got but one straight score, while his average is .942. Crosby is third; he too started well, as he ran 56 straight before he missed one. Kid is fourth, and the only amateur to score 90 per cent., while 25 of to-day's targets were shot over the expert traps by this class.

The individual expert championship trophy proved to be the competition of the day, in which the showing of Kid was much admired. This youngster and that old veteran Heikes tied in this event on a score of 24, and in the shoot-off at the original number of birds the veteran won out by scoring 23 to his opponent's 21. Thus Heikes broke 47 to Kid's 45, a capital score for either, and a creditable piece of shooting. The younger shooter showed plenty of pluck and nerve in the shoot-off, but this style of shooting is not easily mastered, and especially by those who have practiced it but little. This of itself practically assured the success of the elder principal.

Shoot-off of tie between Heikes and Kid for expert trophy:

Heikes .....11110111111111111101111111—23
Kid .....11111111001011111111101111—21

This was the first nice day of the tournament, and the sunshine was very agreeable, while the wind that prevailed affected the flight of the targets but little, so that from a shooter's standpoint the conditions were all that one could ask.

More shooters participated to-day than on either of the previous ones, as there are 64 names on the entry book.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	20	15			
Gilbert	15	15	20	15	23	15	18	15	18	12	175	166	.948
Heikes	14	14	19	14	24	14	19	14	18	15	175	165	.942
Crosby	15	15	20	12	22	13	19	14	19	13	175	162	.925
Kid	15	14	16	14	24	14	16	13	18	14	175	158	.902
Budd	14	14	18	13	23	10	17	14	18	15	174	156	.891
Chase	14	15	17	13	19	12	16	15	19	14	175	154	.880
Blake	13	13	20	13	20	11	19	14	18	13	175	154	.880
McMurchy	15	12	18	12	20	14	17	14	17	13	175	152	.868
Sconce	13	13	17	13	20	15	16	14	18	12	175	151	.862
Dr Miller	13	14	18	12	17	13	18	12	20	14	175	151	.862
Blossom	13	13	19	12	16	13	19	15	15	15	175	150	.857
Fanning	13	10	18	10	23	13	17	12	17	14	175	147	.840
Bingham	11	15	17	9	23	13	16	14	14	14	175	146	.834
Yank	13	9	15	12	22	14	17	12	20	12	175	146	.834
Trimble	15	10	17	11	21	11	16	13	18	13	175	145	.828
Shepardson	12	13	15	12	20	14	16	13	16	13	175	144	.822
W F Parker	12	12	19	12	21	12	12	13	17	13	175	143	.817
Hallowell	13	8	19	13	19	11	14	14	18	11	175	140	.800
Hirschy	12	9	18	12	20	14	15	14	11	11	175	136	.720
M J Smith	15	14	18	10	18	8	15	11	16	10	175	135	.711
Courtney	13	10	15	10	21	11	14	11	17	13	175	135	.711
333	10	7	17	12	16	12	16	12	17	12	175	131	.754
Waruf	..	..	16	13	22	14	17	13	15	13	145	123	.848
Dr Williams	9	13	16	7	17	9	17	12	..	..	140	100	.714
Elliston	13	14	18	12	20	14	15	..	..	..	125	106	.848
Ayers	12	12	17	11	17	..	17	14	..	..	125	100	.800
Du Bray	12	12	15	11	20	11	13	..	..	..	125	94	.752
Mackie	13	9	16	11	17	11	13	..	..	..	125	89	.712
Caleb	13	13	16	14	..	12	17	..	..	..	100	88	.880
Catton	..	13	17	..	..	13	15	..	..	..	95	65	.684
Vivian	..	..	..	..	12	16	12	..	..	..	95	65	.684
Lockie	..	15	14	..	..	..	17	14	..	..	85	71	.835
Flanders	..	9	16	..	..	9	16	..	..	..	85	62	.728
King	..	..	..	..	..	17	11	16	13	..	85	57	.670
Allen	..	13	..	10	..	11	14	..	13	..	80	61	.762
Wood	..	..	..	13	..	13	18	13	..	12	80	61	.762
Cady	..	..	..	..	17	11	16	13	..	..	70	57	.704
Lorenzer	..	10	..	..	..	10	16	10	..	..	65	46	.707
Shaffer	..	9	..	..	..	11	..	..	11	10	65	41	.630
Eilbert	..	10	..	..	..	7	10	9	..	..	65	36	.553
Miller	..	6	..	..	..	11	11	6	..	..	65	34	.523
Gay	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	14	..	..	50	43	.860
Hayes	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	8	..	..	50	35	.700
Gertz	..	8	..	10	..	..	14	..	..	..	50	32	.640
Glass	11	7	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	26	.520
Gray	10	8	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	26	.520
Stotts	10	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	26	.742
Marks	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	..	..	35	26	.742
Ried	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	..	..	35	24	.685
Leakfelt	..	..	..	10	..	..	13	..	..	..	35	23	.657
Westbrook	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	..	..	35	22	.628
Knapp	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	..	..	35	19	.542
Anspack	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	6	..	..	35	16	.457
Jack Parker	..	..	..	..	..	22	..	..	..	..	25	22	.880
Webber	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	20	4	.200
Miner	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	15	13	.866
Squires	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	15	13	.866
Wills	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	15	12	.800
Gordon	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	.733
Shaw	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	.733
Cox	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	15	11	.733
Hart	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	15	11	.733
Mercier	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	.600
Alban	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	8	.533

General Average.

A purse of $100 was offered as average money, to be divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., which was won as follows: Crosby first, Gilbert second, Heikes third, McMurchy fourth, and Budd fifth.

Only nine shot through the entire programme, which is rather light, in view of the number of principals who took part. This, however, was brought about by the fact that the live birds were also included, if one wished to get an average.

Thirty-seven live birds constituted the pigeon programme.

	1st Day.	2d Day.	3d Day.	4th Day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Crosby	162	141	162	37	537	502	.934
Gilbert	156	133	166	37	537	492	.916
Heikes	147	142	165	34	537	488	.908
McMurchy	155	138	151	37	537	479	.891
Budd	146	139	156	36	537	477	.888
Sconce	148	140	151	34	537	473	.880
Chase	133	129	154	33	537	452	.841
Hallowell	143	111	136	33	537	423	.787
M J Smith	121	129	135	34	537	419	.780

Fourth Day, Friday, Sept. 22—Pigeons.

This, the last day of the tournament, was devoted to live birds exclusively, of which there were four events run off—a 5, a 7, a 10 and a 15. The latter was to have been a 25-bird race, but owing to the lateness of starting it, and the number of entries it became necessary to cut it down to 15 birds in order to finish it that day.

The entrance in this event was $25 and the score sheet showed twenty-eight entries, of which two shot for birds only, and these were not allowed to complete their scores when it became evident that it was impossible to finish the same as originally scheduled. Those who shot for birds only could but win the medal, so after they lost a bird there was nothing to continue for.

At the end of the 15th round it was found that five—Elliston, Crosby, Gilbert, Budd and Mackie—had accounted for all their birds, so they at once began to shoot off for the medal, miss-and-out. It was already quite dark, and really too late to shoot, but the management was determined to reach

turned and flew toward the shooter, who in the meantime had fired his first barrel; but his second, usually so effective, proved worthless this time, and the big owl of a bird flew away unharmed. Elliston had now only to kill to win; but would he prove equal to the occasion in the darkness, when one could only dimly distinguish the traps? He stepped calmly to the score, and after carefully adjusting his gun, gave the word, "Pull," which liberated a dark bird that started straightaway, flying quite low for some distance; when it gradually rose. During all this time the shooter stood at the score, holding his fire, and when he perceived the bird he squatted low, so as to enable him to more plainly distinguish it against the horizon, and when the same was nearly 60yds. away he fired, at which the bird collapsed, and the victory was won. Thus ended the most remarkable shoot-off that it has been my good fortune to witness.

There was $100 added to this event, so that the purse amounted to considerable. This was to have been divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent., but as 12 was the lowest score this was changed to four moneys, and the following divisions: 32½, 27½, 22½, and 17½ per cent.

There were two sets of traps in operation, one of the Fulford pattern and one of the old style ground trap. The main event was shot over the Fulford traps, while one or two of the sweeps were shot over the other set.

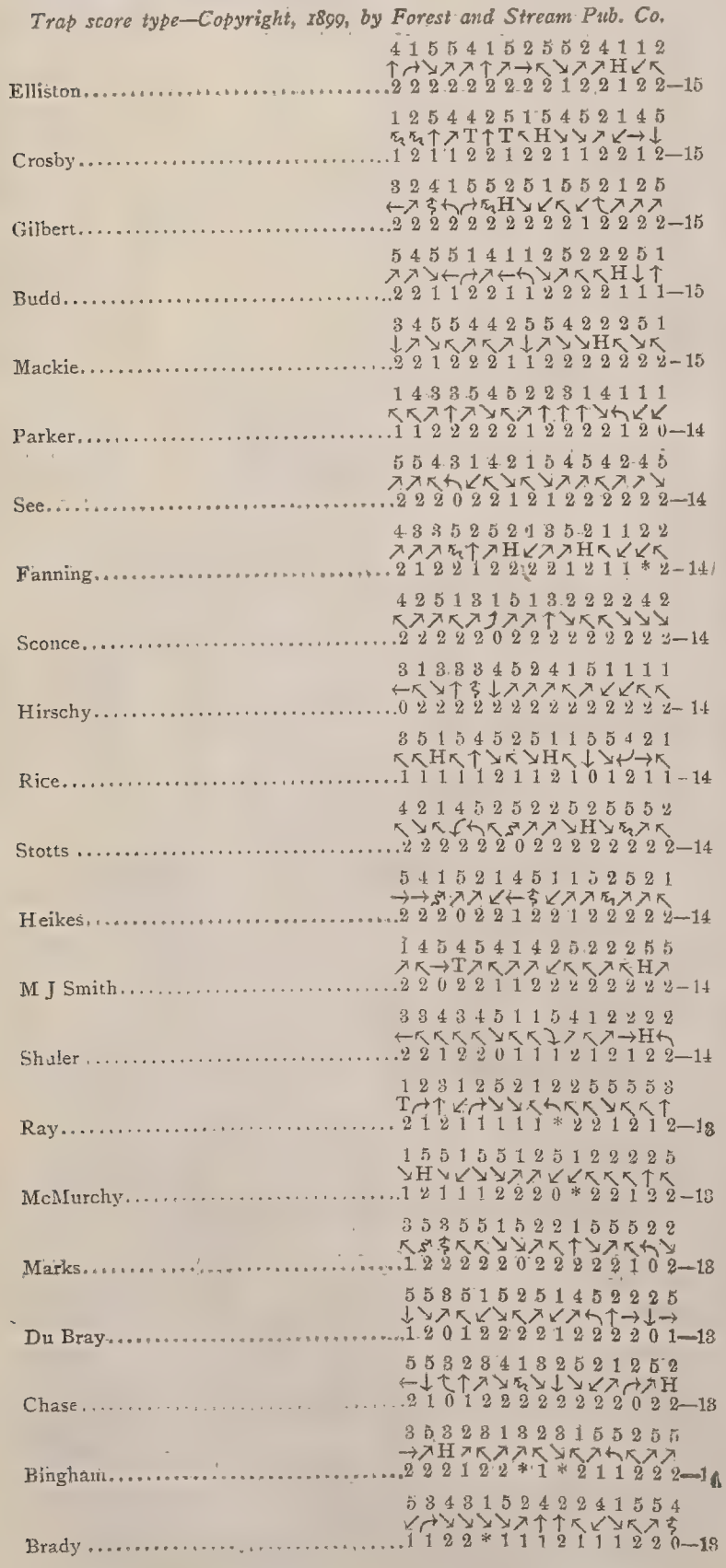
The birds trapped in the trophy contest were good, and there was some wind to aid them, though this did not come from the most favorable direction, as it blew diagonally across the grounds toward the score. The weather was threatening, cold and raw.

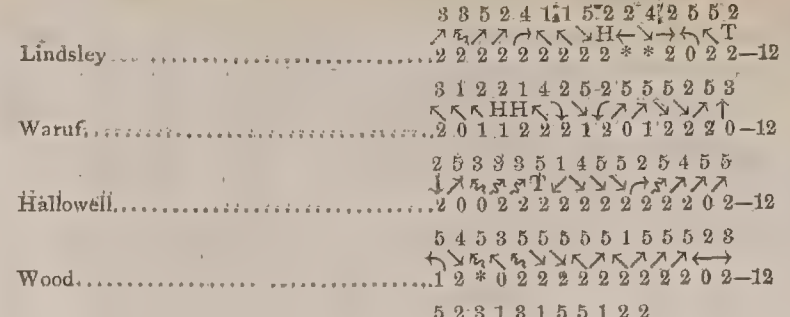
The scores made in the sweeps are shown in tabulated form, which also include the main event. Elliston and Crosby scored 59 out of 60 birds shot at during the day. Crosby ran his straight until he lost that one in the shoot-off, while he also lost one in the 7-bird sweep. None of the other shooters shot at as many birds as these two, though Gilbert did nearly as well.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Shot at.	Killed.
Targets:	5	7	10	15		
Crosby	5	7	10	15	37	37
Gilbert	5	7	10	15	37	37
Budd	5	7	9	15	37	36
Elliston	5	6	10	15	37	36
McMurchy	5	7	10	13	37	35
Du Bray	5	7	10	13	37	35
M J Smith	4	6	9	14	37	34
Heikes	5	7	8	14	37	34
Hirschy	5	6	9	14	37	34
Sconce	4	7	9	14	37	34
Mackie	3	7	8	15	37	33
Shuler	4	5	10	14	37	33
Chase	4	7	9	13	37	33
Hallowell	5	6	10	12	37	33
See	5	5	8	14	37	32
Ray	3	5	10	14	37	32
Lindsley	5	5	9	12	37	31
Brady	..	6	9	13	32	28
Fanning	5	6	..	14	27	25
Rice	5	5	..	14	27	24
Waruf	4	7	..	12	27	23
Marks	..	..	10	13	25	23
Donley	1	6	7	..	22	14
Bingham	5	..	..	15	20	17
King	..	5	7	..	17	12
Roche	..	5	6	..	17	11
Mitchell	..	2	9	..	17	11
Jack Parker	..	..	..	14	15	14
Stott	..	..	..	14	15	14
Wood	..	..	..	12	15	12
Shepardson	5	7	..	..	12	12
Gay	5	6	..	..	12	11
Osmun	5	5	..	..	12	10
Glenn	..	..	8	..	10	8
Mulliman	5	4	..	..	12	9
Wills	3	5	..	..	12	8
Glenn	..	..	8	..	10	8
Morris	..	7	7	..	10	7
W F Parker	..	7	..	..	7	7
Gray	..	5	..	..	7	5
Westbrook	..	4	..	..	5	4
Alford	..	3	..	..	5	3
Vivian	..	3	..	..	5	3
Dalley	..	2	..	..	5	2

International live-bird trophy contest:

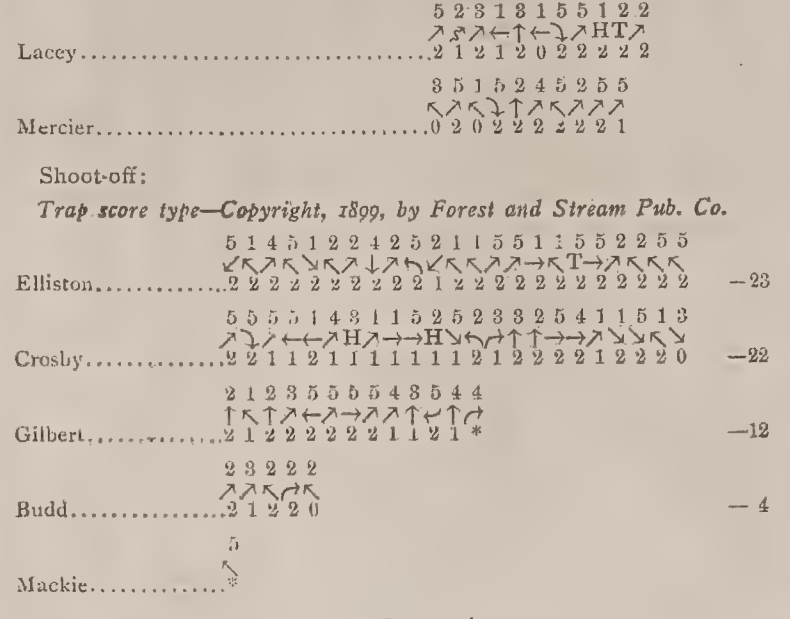
Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.





Shoot-off:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.



Items Strayed.

Blake, winner of the Peters Cartridge Company's International Individual Target Trophy, is a well-known Indiana shooter, who for obvious reasons does not care to have his real name mentioned in connection with his win. He shot a Smith gun, Smokeless shells and Hazard powder.

Capt. du Bray is still shooting his hammer Parker, and on the second day made a straight score on targets at the expert set of traps. The Captain frankly admits that this is not his forte, but it is evident that you can't keep a good man down. This gun is a marvel for beauty, artistic finish and workmanship, and attracted much attention.

Billy Crosby told me that he had only lost two pigeons out of his last 198, and that he never was in better form. From this he very likely will give a good account of himself in his coming matches with Elliott. His winning of first average at this tournament is the result of consistent performance. In his hands the Baker gun, Leader shells and E. C. powder are a winning combination, and that cannot be withstood.

John Mackie made a most remarkable kill of a pigeon in the championship race. This bird was by far the very best trapped during the entire shoot, and was off like a flash when liberated. The first barrel only brought a puff of feathers from it, but the second killed it stone dead in the air, not far from the straightaway boundary. The shot drew rounds of applause from the spectators. Mackie is developing very fast, and to-day is apt to make any of the experts look to his laurels.

Mr. W. T. Lyon, manager for Parker Brothers, came West on a little trip of recreation and incidentally stopped here for the tournament. Mr. W. F. Parker accompanied him. Mr. Lyon tried his hand at the expert traps, with very satisfactory results.

Milt Lindsley was present on live-bird day, but this is all the time he could spare. So great is the demand for King's Smokeless that it is difficult for him to leave the works.

This was Ralph Trimble's first tournament in some time, and the lack of training was very evident, especially when shooting over the expert traps. Consequently his shooting was not up to its accustomed high standard. Mr. Trimble now represents the Winchester Arms Company in this section of the country.

Harry King is another shooter who shows steady progress, and is now capable of some very good scores. In his very first trial he broke a straight.

Col. Courtney is much elated over Roll Heikes' victory in the expert championship race, as Heikes used a Remington gun, which the Colonel represents.

C. D. Moon (Kid), the youngster from Eau Claire, who tied with Roll Heikes for the expert trophy, did not appear the least bit perturbed in the shoot-off, and bore himself like a seasoned veteran. His score of 45 out of 50 is an excellent piece of shooting under such severe conditions. All of the Eau Claire contingent shot Winchester guns and Leader shells.

The International Championship Contest was first inaugurated in 1891, and since that time there have been nine contests for the trophy, and each has brought out a new winner. In 1891 Louis Duryea won it; in 1892 A. H. King, of Pittsburg, captured it; in 1893 Roll Heikes annexed it. Then in 1894 Richard Merrill showed up as the winner. All these contests took place on Des Chree Shos Ka Island, and were at live birds. After the shooting grounds on the island were abandoned, the tournaments were in Michigan, and it was illegal up to the present time to shoot live birds in this State, so all of the contests had to be on targets. The race was 25 targets, expert rules, five traps, 21yds. rise, unknown angles. The first of these contests took place in 1895, and J. H. Bosthe was the winner. Then in 1896 Thos. W. Latham won it; Tom Graham took it in 1897; Jake Klein in 1898 and in January of this year it was contested for at Tom Donley's shoot in St. Thomas, Can., on pigeons. On this occasion Bob Emslie, the well-known baseball umpire, won it.

In all these contests none of the winners were compelled to shoot so good a score as Elliston, the present winner, did. Dick Merrill came within 3 birds of it, as he scored 35 straight before he could dispose of Jack Parker, who had tied him on 25 straight.

Elliston's great shooting in that nerve-trying championship contest stamps him as one of the very best amateur pigeon shots of the country. His self-control and great judgment are mainly responsible for his victory. In this race he shot a Greener gun, Trap shells and Du Pont powder.

Paul North was present only for a day. The enormous demand for magautraps and bluerocks precluded the possibility of his staying any longer.

Fred Gilbert rounded to on the last day, and the stride he set for the others was just too rapid for them to maintain, though Pop Heikes came within 1 of it.

Mr. E. S. Rice reports nice progress on the projected Chicago shooting park, and that ere long the site selected would be made public.

A large delegation of visiting and local shooters accepted Mr. Jack Parker's invitation for a trip to St. Claire Flats on the steam yacht Roberta. This was a fitting finale to the great shoot.

Mr. Harvey Sconce, of Sidell, Ill., showed that he is capable of traveling in fast company. He finished just 4 birds behind Charley Budd, who won fifth in general average. Sconce shoots a Parker Gun, King's Smokeless and Peters' Victor shells.

Jack Fanning was singularly unfortunate at this shoot. He was just a bird or two shy in all the trophy contests, and on several occasions lost his last bird. This is not Jack's form, and ere long he will be at himself once more.

The moneys in the big live-bird event paid as follows: 15s, $42.40; 14s, $16.30; 13s, $24.45, and 12s, $28.50—another most forcible illustration of the working of the percentage system. Most of the 14-men were aware that by killing their last birds they were depriving themselves of dollars and cents; yet none of them was unscrupulous enough to drop a bird, nor did any of the other principals resort to this trick. The temptation was very great for some one to go in the 11 hole, which would have netted $65, as there were to be five moneys in this event, but as there were only four classes it had to be changed accordingly.

Uncle Dan Lefever wanted to mingle with the boys once. He says it is hard to realize that one is getting old. However, the old man is by no means a "has been," and as yet is quite handy with the gun.

Of course Harvey McMurchy was on hand, as he has never yet missed one of Jack Parker's shoots. Mac says that he is not out for business, as their factory is now simply taxed beyond its capacity.

Mr. Fred Tuttle, treasurer of the Peters Cartridge and King Powder Company, was on hand during the entire shoot. This is Mr. Tuttle's first tournament, as never before has he attended a modern shoot. He participated some, and did fairly well for a novice. Mr. Tuttle created a most favorable impression among the shooters.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Elliott vs. Zwerlein.

SEPT. 21.—Mr. J. A. R. Elliott again successfully defended the cast iron trophy in the contest with Mr. Charles Zwerlein, on the grounds of the latter to-day at Yardville, N. J. The morning was very unpropitious in respect to weather conditions. A heavily darkly clouded sky, with more or less rainfall, made promise of a rainy, gloomy day, but before noon the rain clouds passed away and the sun broke forth bright and cheery. However, the large crowd which was expected was effectually deterred from coming although there was a good representation from Philadelphia and a good local turnout to witness the contest.

The grounds were all that could be desired—level, with a good background and pleasant surroundings. Capt. A. W. Money officiated as referee, and Mr. Jacob Pentz officiated as scorer.

The contest could not be called close at any stage of the game after the first 2 or 3 birds had been shot, Elliott losing his first, according to the precedents in such cases made and provided by previous contests. This miss—the first—was not chargeable to error in aiming. There was some faulty manipulation in throwing the action to reload, and this prevented the second shot. Elliott shot in much the better time and placed his load better, as he centered his birds very accurately and drew steadily away, adding constantly to his lead, finishing with 95 to Zwerlein's 81.

The birds were a very mixed lot. The greater part were easy birds, but once in a while a first-class bird would be sprung, and there were a number of sensational kills made on such. Elliott had much the greater luck in the draw through the first half of the race, but whenever he got a fast, strong bird he negotiated it in as good time and precision as if it were an ordinary bird. In fact, he shot the race from beginning to end in a most finished manner.

There was a fairly good breeze blowing from left to right across the traps. The race began at 2:15. It was 2:40 when each had finished 25; 3:08 at the end of the 50th round; 3:34 at the end of the 75th and the race was finished at 4:02.

Had it not been for the faulty manipulation of his gun he undoubtedly would have gotten his first bird with the second shot. His 35th was a fast blue bird, which was missed with the first barrel and the second almost instantly followed and struck the ground to the right of the traps, and far under the bird. His 40th was hit with the first barrel, but there was no sign of a hit with the second. He than ran 52 straight, losing his 93d, just out. This bird was hard hit, and it was a piece of ill luck in losing this bird. His 97th was a fast blue, which was missed clean.

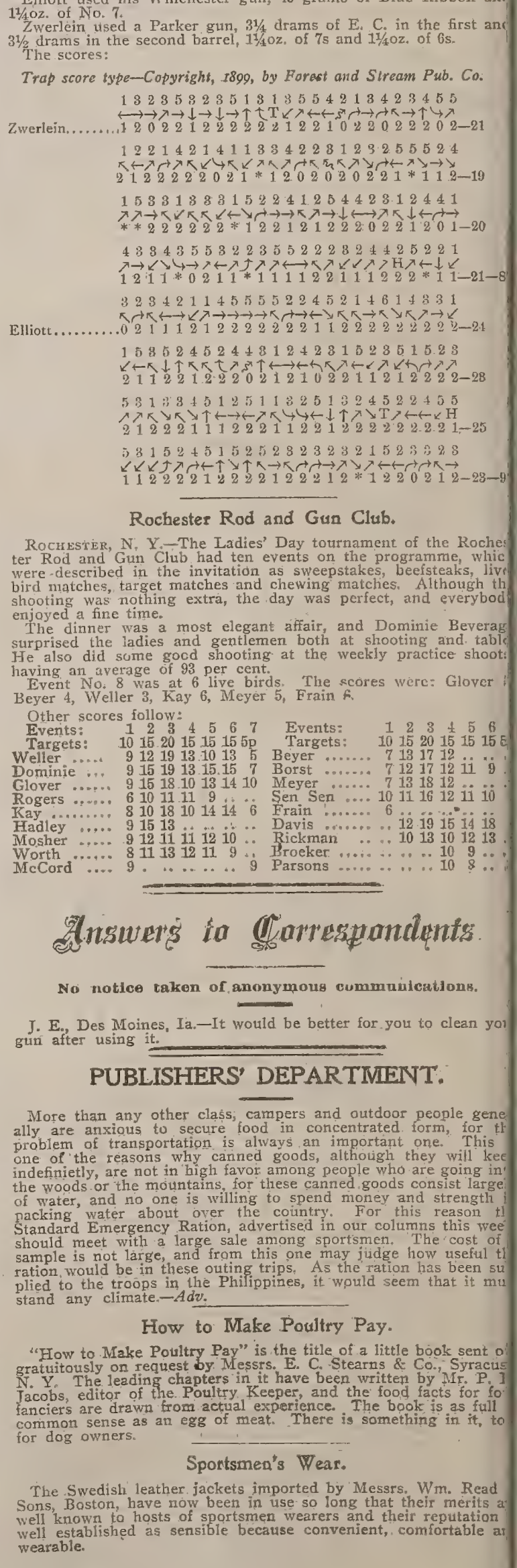
The retrieving was done by dogs.

Elliott used his Winchester gun, 45 grains of Blue Ribbon and 1¼oz. of No. 7.

Zwerlein used a Parker gun, 3¼ drams of E. C. in the first and 3½ drams in the second barrel, 1¼oz. of 7s and 1¼oz. of 6s.

The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.



Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The Ladies' Day tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club had ten events on the programme, which were described in the invitation as sweepstakes, beefsteaks, live bird matches, target matches and chewing matches. Although the shooting was nothing extra, the day was perfect, and everybody enjoyed a fine time.

The dinner was a most elegant affair, and Dominie Beverage surprised the ladies and gentlemen both at shooting and table. He also did some good shooting at the weekly practice shoots, having an average of 93 per cent.

Event No. 8 was at 6 live birds. The scores were: Glover 5, Beyer 4, Weller 3, Kay 6, Meyer 5, Frain 6.

Other scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	15	5p	Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	15
Weller	9	12	19	13	10	13	5	Beyer	7	13	17	12	..	..
Dominie	9	15	19	13	15	15	7	Borst	7	12	17	12	11	9
Glover	9	15	18	10	13	14	10	Meyer	7	13	18	12	..	..
Rogers	6	10	11	11	9	..	..	Sen Sen	10	11	16	12	11	10
Kay	8	10	18	10	14	14	6	Frain	6	..	..	..	..	..
Hadley	9	15	13	..	..	..	..	Davis	..	12	19	15	14	18
Mosher	9	12	11	11	12	10	..	Rickman	..	..	10	13	10	12	13
Worth	8	11	13	12	11	9	..	Broeker	..	..	..	..	10	9	..
McCord	9	.	..	..	..	..	9	Parsons	..	..	..	..	10	8	..

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. E., Des Moines, Ia.—It would be better for you to clean your gun after using it.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

More than any other class, campers and outdoor people generally are anxious to secure food in concentrated form, for the problem of transportation is always an important one. This is one of the reasons why canned goods, although they will keep indefinietly, are not in high favor among people who are going into the woods or the mountains, for these canned goods consist largely of water, and no one is willing to spend money and strength in packing water about over the country. For this reason the Standard Emergency Ration, advertised in our columns this week, should meet with a large sale among sportsmen. The cost of a sample is not large, and from this one may judge how useful the ration would be in these outing trips. As the ration has been supplied to the troops in the Philippines, it would seem that it must stand any climate.—*Adv.*

How to Make Poultry Pay.

"How to Make Poultry Pay" is the title of a little book sent out gratuitously on request by Messrs. E. C. Stearns & Co., Syracuse N. Y. The leading chapters in it have been written by Mr. P. H. Jacobs, editor of the Poultry Keeper, and the food facts for fowl fanciers are drawn from actual experience. The book is as full of common sense as an egg of meat. There is something in it, too, for dog owners.

Sportsmen's Wear.

The Swedish leather jackets imported by Messrs. Wm. Read & Sons, Boston, have now been in use so long that their merits are well known to hosts of sportsmen wearers and their reputation is well established as sensible because convenient, comfortable and wearable.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 15. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

THE WASHINGTON SALE LAW.

WE noted the other day that the State of Washington in its new game law had adopted the principle of the prohibition of the sale of game; and the sportsmen of that State have been much elated over the new rule, anticipating from its working substantial advantage in the effective conservation of the game supply. A Spokane correspondent writes in comment on what was said in our issue of Sept. 23, that the satisfaction over the enactment of the law has been short lived because of an opinion given by the deputy prosecuting attorney as to the scope of the anti-sale provision. The prohibition, this official decides, applies only to the game of the State and not to game imported from other States; and our correspondent asks what steps may be taken to secure the purposes designed by the enactment of the law.

It is clear that the opinion of the deputy prosecuting attorney is erroneous and would not stand the test of the courts. The text of the statute reads:

"Laws 1899, p. 278.—Section 3. Every person who shall offer for sale, or market, or sell or barter any moose, elk, caribou, killed in this State, antelope, mountain sheep or goat, deer, or the hide or skin of any moose, elk, deer or caribou, or any grouse, pheasant, ptarmigan, partridge, sage hen, prairie chicken or quail, at any time of the year, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor."

While the prohibition of selling moose, elk and caribou is clearly restricted to game killed in the State, the law in its application to antelope, mountain sheep or goat, deer and the game birds specified has no such limitation and covers all game of the several species, whether killed within the State or imported from elsewhere. This is the interpretation given to all statutes of like character in other States, and there is no question whatever that if put to legal test the Washington courts would rule that the law applied to all game, whether native or foreign.

The sufficient reason for making such statutes cover imported game is found in the long experience which has demonstrated beyond questioning the fact that unless the law shall be comprehensive in its scope the game of the State will inevitably be marketed with that which comes in from outside. An open game market will draw its supplies from all available sources. This has been shown, for instance, in New York. A law which permitted the sale of game killed outside of the State was under consideration by the Legislature a year or two ago. Deputy State Comptroller Gilman, speaking in behalf of the game dealers, told the Assembly committee that the New York city commission men never handled any game killed out of season in the State, but drew all their supplies from outside. He was confronted and his statement, impudent in its falseness, was refuted by documentary evidence produced on the spot by the game commission, showing by express receipts and sundry other vouchers, that game was killed in New York and shipped by a roundabout way to the city dealers, and it was notorious that this illicit marketing was continuous and of large proportions. The one only way to stop the killing of Washington game for Washington markets is to prohibit altogether the traffic in game without regard to the source of supply.

This is no new thing; the principle has long been recognized and acted upon; and the validity of statutes embodying it has repeatedly been upheld by the courts; one case in point is that of Phelps vs. Racey in New York. It is to be hoped that the sportsmen of Spokane may take early action to secure in the courts an interpretation of the new law.

There is added reason for solicitude as to the interpretation of this law with respect to quail, because three years ago the Spokane shooters imported a lot of live quail from Kansas. The birds were put out among the farmers, and have multiplied and established themselves. There is a law on them running to Oct. 1, 1901, but now that the markets are supplied with quail, it is of course impossible to determine whether the birds come from Nebraska or Kansas, or are some of these Washington quail introduced at the expense of sportsmen.

THE BLACKTAIL.

WHEN the snows have begun to whiten the tops of the tall mountains, and the keen frost is biting the ripened leaves of the mountain maple, turning them from vivid crimson to plain brown, the blacktail takes his slow way from the higher mountains toward the lowlands. He is loath to leave these upland meadows, where summer has been spent, where the grass is tender and juicy and flies and mosquitoes are little troublesome, but as the yellowing leaves of the aspens loose their hold on the stems and slowly twirl toward the earth, and the thickets where he has couched become bare, he feels that it is time to go.

Yet he does not hasten, and indeed he is in no condition for speed, for he is fat, round, heavy and lazy, though his muscles now are as strong as ever, and he is as well able to race through the timber and to climb the rocks. Yet he picks his way slowly down the hillside, ever letting the snow go a little before him, and making curious twisting paths over the white mantle which covers the ground, as he wanders from tuft of grass to bush, and again to thicket, and at last to the bare spot beneath the mountain cedar, where he makes his bed.

By this time his winter coat is thick and warm; not so long, to be sure, as it will be later, yet past the blue, and underlaid everywhere by a warmer covering of wool, which, if you had enough of it, you could spin into yarn.

Little cares the blacktail for snow or rain or mist or wind. He is one of the hardiest of our mountaineers, and may be found abroad in all weathers. And so, as you travel through the high mountains in the late autumn and early winter, you will see him—if your eyes are sharp—taking his deliberate way along the hillside, or may jump him from under the trees where he rests at mid-day, or may view him as he crosses some river on his way to his winter range. Sometimes he is a great buck with massive horns, followed at a respectful distance by two or three younger ones, who prance and play and hold mimic battles, with sharp clash of horns, which the senior gravely watches. Or he may have with him an old doe almost as large as he, but hornless, and following her will be the well-grown fawns, no longer spotted now, but gray like their parents.

Once the blacktail was simple and gentle, as all our game animals have been; and we recall the time when a friend walked up to a sleeping doe, so close that he could have put his hand on her; but like the rest of our great game, though more slowly than some, the species has learned to know man as its bitterest enemy, and to-day there are few or no places where he can be found in his old-time tameness.

The picture which we present to-day shows buck and doe in autumn, traveling along the hillside on the way to the winter range.

DOG LICENSES.

THE paper written by Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, of Cleveland, and printed on another page, contains many valuable data as to the relations of the dog to the community. To many of the recommendations advanced, owners of dogs will assent. There is a growing tendency to regard the dog as property for the protection of which the law should provide sufficient security. The destruction of valuable animals through spite or by virtue of unrighteous laws is of altogether too common occurrence, and there is much room for improvement here.

On the other hand, it should be remembered that the evils connected with the enforcement of dog licensing systems are abuses and do not necessarily belong to the license system itself. We cannot agree with Mrs. Bolton in her proposition that there should be no repression of the supply of dogs. It must be remembered that while the individual dog is a possession valued by the individual owner, dogs in general may be, and often are, decided nuisances in the community; and whatever may be said of a particular system adopted, its purpose, which is the limitation of the number of dogs maintained, is a commendable one. Doubtless the law which refers to a society the right to collect the dog tax and to take up and destroy animals which are unlicensed is unconstitutional, inasmuch as it gives to other than public officials authority to destroy property; and for this reason, even though the end sought to be attained is a just one, such a system should not prevail. On the other hand, it is to be said for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in this city, that its administration of the work of reclaiming strays and destroying dogs which are without owners has resulted in decided good to the community. No one who recalls the old times when the streets were overrun with vagrant curs, and contrasts the conditions then prevailing with those which now hold, could wish to have the old rule restored; and because the society does its work so well, we presume that no intelligent person aware of the conditions would wish to interrupt the present system.

There are sections of the country where the supply of dogs is so great as to be a serious drawback to agricultural interests. This is true particularly in some of the Southern States, which now support tens of thousands of worthless curs, in whose place there should be flocks of sheep. Probably the cost of these dogs means a million dollars a year when computed by the useful stock which might take their places. This is a subject which has been discussed in the press and in legislatures for a half-century, but some States like the Carolinas and Georgia are as far from rational settlement now as ever. In the last session of the Georgia Legislature a bill was introduced to levy a tax of $1 on dogs over six months old, and it was urged by the advocates of the bill that this would not only exterminate thousands of worthless dogs but would add a hundred thousand dollars to the public revenue. The measure provoked decided opposition; one amendment was that each family in the State should be allowed to own one dog exempt from taxation, and another representative of the dog districts proposed to amend the amendment by allowing each family to have two dogs free. One of the members, Mr. Hardin, in the course of the discussion showed that he had a lively appreciation of the sentiment of his constituents, when he closed the peroration of an eloquent speech in opposition to the measure, with the warning, "The dog war is actually on! The next gale that sweeps the deck of the grand old empire ship of the South will waft to your ears the wail of the statesman minus a job!" The bill was defeated, and Georgia maintains her dogs.

SNAP SHOTS.

Some uncertainty prevails respecting the lawfulness of caribou hunting in Maine this year. Prior to the revision by the Legislature of 1899, owing to an unintentional omission by the framers of the statute, no close season whatever was prescribed. The law as amended in 1899 and now in force provides with respect to caribou that "no person shall, within six years from October fifteenth, A. D. 1899, in any manner, hunt, chase, catch, kill, or have in possession any caribou or parts thereof." Beyond this clause, there is no reference whatever to a close season for caribou; and the manifest interpretation then is that the game may be killed at any time prior to Oct. 15. The prescribed close season will begin with that date. The Maine authorities, as Commissioner Carleton advises us, hold the view that caribou may not be killed prior to Oct. 15 of the present year, but we are unable to discover any ground for that theory in the text of the statute.

The Adirondack wolf supply this year has been a plentiful one in the stories which have come from the Northern Wilderness, and the reports have been marked by a wealth of detail which appeared to leave no ground for reasonable incredulity. For instance, it was said that Mr. Charles E. Moore, of Trenton Falls, had killed a wolf in the vicinity of Jock's Lake, in Herkimer county, and that he had preserved the skin as a trophy. Some years ago an Adirondack wolf skin sent to the FOREST AND STREAM for identification proved to be the pelt of a dog. Assuming that Mr. Moore's specimen might belong to the same class, we wrote to him the other day, and in response he says: "There is no truth in the report of my shooting a wolf. I have not been in the woods in twenty years. I do not know who started the hoax, nor where it originated." This is the usual result of investigations into the Adirondack wolf tales. If they have any foundation whatever, the fact will probably prove to be that the deer killing wolves are domestic dogs hunting alone or accompanied by their owners.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Old Boats.

PROWLING along the level shores of meadow, pasture and woodland, I sometimes come upon an old boat that, having outlived its usefulness, has been abandoned by its owner, apparently with as little sentiment and regard for what it has been as that with which a worn-out garment is cast aside. When it was hauled ashore for the last time at its accustomed landing by its master, who beached it with no securer fastening, the next spring or autumn flood crept up and dragged it away, to drift forlorn and unguided but by the caprice of wind and current.

Whoever chooses may appropriate it to whatever use he can find for it. Stranded or afloat, lonely, lifeless, it becomes the familiar of all wild creatures, who learn to be as fearless of it as of any other inert bit of driftwood. Muskrats board the water-logged derelict, and wild ducks swim as its consort.

After blowing hither and yon on many idle voyages, bumping its prow on various inhospitable steep shores, and scraping its sides against insulated trees till, beached far up on the flooded lands, it found a resting place at last among floodwood and driftweeds.

One knows at first sight that the poor craft is no truant, brought to a chance port without help of paddle, oar or sail, but that it came to such haphazard stranding through slow neglect and final abandonment, apparent enough in its worn and faded paint, in its rents and patches that have grown clumsier and more careless year by year, in seams that gape too wide for pitch and oakum to mend.

One feels a kind of pity as he contemplates these forsaken wrecks that once played their part in the life of men, and gave their share in some measure to its work or pastime. Each bears some plainly written fragments of its history whereof imagination may fill out the chapters.

Lying broadside to, among the driftwood of which she is a part, and a little below the lighter line of driftweed that hems the green meadow with a band of faded drab, is an ancient scow of primitive pattern. The straight lines of her battered, unpainted sides are not relieved by the slightest curve from bow to stern, from gunwale to bottom; the rigid inch and a half pine plank would not have yielded to such frivolity if her builder had demanded it, which he, of as plain stuff and angular mould, certainly never did. The flat bottom slants upward at the same angles to the broad, square bow and stern, which can only be distinguished from one another now by a hole for a jackstaff in the short forward deck and various cinder marks upon it—scars received in nocturnal warfare against the fishes. The thwarts are gone, one clumsy rowlock has been wrenched off, the other remains with the stump of its one wooden tholepin, that once held an awkward oar in place by a wooden loop. One of the crosswise bottom boards is gone, and in its place a parallelogram of green herbage is growing, wild grasses and English grasses, with groundnut vines binding them together and a sprawl of five-fingers holding up a humble offering of yellow blossoms. All the gaping seams are calked with spires of grass, and moss is gathering on the heel marks of the owners, who long since made their last voyage in this craft.

In the days of her life she was busy and useful. She assisted in the building of timber rafts and then towed them to the saw mills; voyaged to the grist mills with her owner's grain; cruised along shore, gathering driftwood for his kitchen fire; made trips to the lake for sand and on many another useful voyage pursued her slow course to the rhythmic thump, creak and splash of oars and heaved long sighs as her broad prow breasted the waters.

Parties of hay-makers took passage on her in droughty seasons, when the upland grass was scant, to mow the rank marsh growth. This they carried on poles and piled in stacks stilted above the autumnal overflow to await hauling by teams in winter. These marsh stacks loomed up on the flat, shorn expanse like mammoth muskrat houses. You may still find among the driftwood the shoes, worn smoother by long attrition than their first rude fashioning left them.

The sober craft indulged in occasional playspells, yet carried into them something of the staid and business-like character of her everyday life. In windless spring nights, when the marshes were flooded and fish swam where the haymakers plodded in September, she cruised over the same ground, her way lighted by a flaring jack, fullfed with fat pine. Behind her stood the spearman, his intent face illuminated by the red glare, his weapon in hand ready to spring to the deadly poise. Behind, in shifting light and shadow, sat or stood the paddler or poleman, steadily plying his chosen implement, to whose strokes the heavy boat moved steadily forward.

Frightened water fowl sprang to flight before it, brightly illuminated for an instant, then flashed out like sparks quenched in the darkness. A dazed muskrat floated motionless in the full glare of the torch, then dived with a sudden resounding splash that startled spearman and paddler from their silence.

Lighting the broad, glittering water circle, whose edge was gnawed at and bitten by reaching shadows, it crept along the shore, here naked, there fringed with unleaved trees that materialized in gaunt specters out of the mystery of darkness. Thus the old boat made her wandering voyage and gathered her various fare; then with light quenched went into the darkened homeward way.

In showery summer days, when thrifty housewives said it rained too hard for men to work out doors, and they could go fishing, the scow was moored, bow and stern, to stakes alongside the channel, where the crew angled in moist discomfort and a dreary monotony of sound, the steady tinkle of raindrops on the black water, the thin bass of the bullfrogs, the purr of rain on distant woods, among which the monosyllabic discourse of the anglers and the splash of their sinkers fell at intervals without jarring the dull concord, while the sharp metallic clatter of a kingfisher berated them for their misuse of his favorite perches, the fishing stakes.

In halves of broken hay days, during treacherous dog-day weather, the scow went trolling for pickerel, the channel's length from the falls to the broad blue bay of the lake, or with seine and elm bark ropes folded and coiled in a great heap on her wide stern, took chief part in seine hauling at the sandbar.

A staunch craft she has been, returning with resounding stroke and uncompromising bow the buffets of Champlain's white-capped waves. Now all her days of work and pastime are spent. A forlorn vagabond, she is no one's boat—any one's driftwood. Some further reaching spring flood than that which stranded her here may



A Relic of the Past.

set her afloat again to wallow gunwale deep through the troubled waters, and be beached on some other shore or cast piecemeal, here and there, in unrecognizable fragments. Wherever she voyages she will have no navigators but the idle winds and waves and currents.

In the shade of shore-lining trees that annually bathe ankle deep in the spring floods, when the pickerel swim among their bolls and the painted plumage of the wood drake floats double beside their gray reflections, one stumbles upon the half-stripped bones of an old trapping skiff. Though of almost as primitive mould, she is of very different pattern from the scow. Short and narrow, sharp at both ends, her sides of three-lapped streaks fastened to a few knees of natural crook, she was as cranky as the other was steady, and more heavily burdened with one person than the other with as many as



"In Shade of Trees."

could find room in her. Yet the trapper, standing upright, a little abaft midships, adroitly humored her cranky tricks, as with his long setting pole he drove her over submerged logs and coaxed her through intricate passages of the flooded wood, or with sturdy axe-strokes chopped notches for his traps, or set them as he squatted by log, feed-bed and house. Cruising within shot of a muskrat, duck or pickerel, he stooped and snatched his ready gun from the hooks that, with the leather flap that covered the lock, still hold their places.

In memory I follow him as I saw him on his solitary voyage fifty years ago. Now he coasted along a low, naked shore; now circumnavigated a low shaggy island of button bush, now thridded the flooded woods, always alert for promising places to set trap in, now stopping to set one, now to lift one aboard with its drowned victim,



"In Memory I Follow Him."

and then to reset it. His course was marked by the inconspicuous crotched tally sticks that an eye less practiced than his would scarcely notice. Now he braves the rapid water of the broad marsh and channel that the season of floods has merged in a lakelike expanse. He lands on a further shore in some warm nook, where the April sunshine comes and the keen April north wind does not. Here he skins his furry cargo, while the expectant crows, watching from safe tree tops, await their repast, and the thronging blackbirds gurgle above him, and the basking frogs croak a lazy chorus around him. Perhaps, as broken and useless as his stranded craft, he yet lingers somewhere on these earthly shores; perhaps has drifted to the unknown coast, from whence no returning voyager brings us tidings.

With the same surroundings, I find the decaying hulk of one of the most primitive of water craft embedded in alluvial mould and bed-embowered in royal ferns. Quite at one with the unwrought logs of driftwood that lie around it, is a log canoe. So clumsily made was she an Indian might have fashioned a neater one with fire and stone tools, though the maker of this had an axe, adze and gouge of steel, in proof whereof their marks still endure.

The butt log of a great pine, out of which a saw mill could have sliced material for a whole fleet of small craft, went to the wasteful construction of this one boat. When there was an end of chopping, hewing and gouging, the pile of chips was of greater bulk than the boat.

In spite of her crankiness and her troughlike model, it could be said in her praise that she was a solid, seamless shell, needing neither oakum nor pitch to make her water-tight, and the wholesome odor of the freshly hewn pine, sweating turpentine at every pore, was a pleasanter smell than that of paint. Her sort were the commonest craft on our waters when I was a boy, yet I do not remember one so new that it had not taken on the weather-beaten gray of age, so scarce and precious had suitable trees for making them become.

I recollect their accustomed navigators as men also bearing marks of age and long service—old men who were uncles to all younger generations. They were not fishing for sport, but engaging in it as a serious business of life, befitting their bent forms and intent faces.

"Ef you want tu ketch fish, you must bait your hook wi' necessity," Uncle Stafford would inform us as we gazed enviously over his gunwale at the fare of great pike lying thick on the canoe bottom. He used a lure composed of pork rind and red flannel, but no doubt necessity sharpened his wits to a proper judgment of the length of line and regulation of the speed of the canoe. This he paddled so noiselessly that the wary bittern was undisturbed by its passage. In autumn he prowled as silently over the same course, and the canoe, nosing her way along the same watery path, stole upon great flocks of ducks. Then, after a long aim, the iron-bound relic of 1812 belched out its palm's breadth of powder, shot and tow, and a roar that shook the shores with slow rebounding echoes. The old gunner shot for the greatest count with the least expenditure of ammunition, and rarely spent half a dozen charges in a day. He was a pot-hunter, but an abundant supply of game would have outlasted many generations of his kind. Happy he to depart while it still endured, with no guilt of its extermination on his soul.

Like him, her last voyage ended, his old canoe rests at peace with all things. In springtime the muskrat fearlessly boards her, the wood duck perches on her gunwale, the spawning pike and pickerel bask beside her, and now, when the thin autumnal shade blotches her weather-beaten gray with darker patches, the grouse drums on the moss-grown bow, the mink makes his runway along the rotting bottom, and the fox prowls near the shell of crumbling wood, unscared by the taint of recent human touch. Amid such sylvan solitude as the trees she was wrought from, made its slow growth, the old craft molders to the dust of earth, to live again in the lusty life of other trees.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

River Rambles in Florida.

There is a tempering for distempered lives
On the raw terms that nature has to give
To those who seek her meat.
Braving her harsher tempers one survives.
And keeps the terms of the life primitive,
To seek, to slay and eat.

IF one starts to wander about the half-settled regions of Florida he should be communicative and friendly with the natives he may meet, and these acquaintances will impart to him all the recipes, precautions and stratagems that appertain to his present state of life. The recipes are perhaps the most important, because neither reason nor instinct tells a man how to turn to best account and touch the keynote of the flavor of turtle, bird, fish or quadruped, while he is a dullard who cannot find out how to outwit his prey.

If you meet one of these gentlemen on the St. Johns River with a spider, a chunk of salt bacon, a little coffee and flour, and a tomatoe can, used for boiling and making coffee, you may know that here is a hunter or a fisherman out to stay. In case of rain the cracker keeps his flour dry with a palmetto leaf, and does not mind being wet himself. He is of a caste above that of the chronicler, and as I find there is no end to what a boat will carry I am constantly seduced by new thought of conveniences.

Instead of a palmetto fan to protect my flour merely I affect a tabernacle adapted as a canvas roof to the boat, so that I may be housed somewhat like Noah when the windows of heaven are open or the doors of day are shut. Drawn over supports and ridgepole this buttons about the gunwale and keeps out rain, mosquitoes and snakes. Ventilation is provided for by means of flaps of mosquito netting, which are tied back to protect from tearing before the tent cover, as it may be called, is taken down and stowed in the morning.

The stern of my 14ft. flat-bottomed boat affords good sleeping room. The bed adopted consists of a few light pieces of board cut to fit between the two rear thwarts, making a movable deck over the contents of the boat, upon which the bed is spread. To counterbalance the sleeper the cooking irons and other heavy articles are loaded forward. This is also a convenient ballasting for sailing when the navigator sits astern.

A sail is one of those indispensable things which once taken you will never be without. It is the true water horse, and having tried his service you feel ever after a deep-seated discontent when you are tugging for many miles at a pair of oars.

My mast unsteps at pleasure, and together with the sail and fishing rods is laid on the shore at night to be out of the way.

In May last I started on a cruise on the upper St. Johns—that is to say, above Sanford, which is the terminus of navigation for steamboats. The month is a most favorable time for good sailing winds.

I write in the singular, the word "I" not always being an egotistical word, but sometimes merely a lonely word.

The St. Johns River maintaining for the most part a north and south course, has a deflection above Sanford lying east and west for twenty-seven miles between Lake Monroe and Lake Harney. I started out, therefore, going east.



IN OLD NEW ENGLAND.

It is a fine segment of the river, giving a last review of the hammocks, meadows, cypress swamps and graceful groups of palmettos before the bottoms or prairies are reached beyond Harney. A few good locations for houses accommodate cottagers or cracker gardeners. The current has cut the bank in many places and undermined the outskirts of the groves, so that scraggy wrecks of live oaks and bare columns of palmettos fall away into the deep holes of the river. Here are favorite perches for the great blue heron, the water turkey and the osprey, and here in the deepest bends of the river are great places for speckled perch fishing in the winter and spring. They are also called goggle-eyes and calico bass—a large kind of bream, handsomely mottled and adorned with large and showy fins.

A businesslike breeze which kept my leg-o'-mutton a-walking induced me to keep sailing all day, as the best sport in sight, but I kept a spoon behind for any ready mouth that had an active tail behind it. The only strike, however, was from a long-billed garfish, which is the largest of the three species here. It is not often that a hook becomes securely set in the bony mouth of a gar, but this one in his first flirt to get rid of the spoon wound the line about his snout, which catching on the hooks made a good noose. The accidental arrangement held perfectly, and after rather unceremonious leading I hauled him into the boat. Though of no value, the beauty of his long armor-plated body of shining steel laid claim to my admiration. It proved to be a half-grown one, weighing 18lbs.

Arriving at the lower bar of Lake Harney rather late, I turned east into Deep Creek, which joins the St. Johns just below the lake, and camped upon a beautiful wooded piece of ground a quarter of a mile up the stream.

I had nearly come to cross fish off from my bill of fare for the first day; but just before I left the river a nice 2lb. bass took the spoon, and presently I proceeded to cook it by lantern light.

My arrival had scared away a limpkin, whose expostulating voice I could hear for some time a little way up the creek. The limpkin, bearing the aspect of a kingrail magnified to the size of a chicken, has a certain provincial stubbornness about asserting his personal rights, and I expected to see this particular bird come back again in the morning and raise his peculiar voice in criticism of my presence.

After supper I threw myself down for a smoke, fatigued, and yet with a deep-breathing refreshment and freedom. Who that has camped out has not observed that the first night in the open is imbued more than the later ones with the dominating pulse and the reverie of nature? She strokes your face as certain savages are said to do by way of welcome, and your countenance becomes molded to her, and from it is smoothed the knitting of the brow. As I reclined there in the first warm hour of dark I felt as if gently caught under a sumptuous net of trees and stars. To get up and erect the tent cover over the boat, and undress and go to bed seemed like a benighted concession to the besotted plans I had previously formed. The lantern sitting a few feet from me attracted a few kinds of little moths, and these, when all was quiet, attracted a circle of small toads, which came hopping up in deliberate conservative stages from all sides. They began leaping about the globe like ghoulish fairies, gluttonously lapping up the dusty moths. Often they missed them by reason of aiming unduly long and at last jumping only at the spot where the moth had been. They were a little dazzled by the light, maybe. It seemed like a dance of innocents, all unconscious of the moccasin that might in turn come and make a meal of happy toad. It was a mesmeric and confidential touch, such as the housed man contemplating the vast outdoors cannot comprehend, and in order to yield ungrudgingly to the influence I got my quilt and lay down on the ground again. I remembered having once killed a moccasin hereabouts, but that only made it less likely that there might be one here now.

A large barred owl alighted near me and began sonorously burring to its mate. Then, staring at me a moment, abruptly departed, as if conscience-smitten on finding that it was keeping some one awake.

In the morning my limpkin came back again and soon had exchanged the unmodulated notes he had inherited for gentle murmurings in the pot.

In the meantime I angled for a mudfish. I had long entertained the intention of taking plaster molds of the St. Johns fishes from which to make impressions at home, but this was the first time I had started out prepared, having sacrificed room in the boat to a tub of plaster paris. Deep Creek is the home of the mudfish. It may be mentioned that the many fishes of the St. Johns are subject to a certain system of distribution—certain kinds in certain localities. You have to know which pocket your uncle, the river, keeps your fish in if you are after a particular sort.

The fish pole was set out of the back of the boat, while I applied my main attention to sundry Delmonican arts. In the course of half an hour two mudfishes were caught, weighing about 3lbs. each. They are great pullers and like several other of the baser sorts of fishes very tenacious of life. They are batteries of vigor even after landing, so that it is impossible to hold even a small one with one hand while unhooking. The mudfish has sharp teeth and a wolfish head, set with two short filaments on the nose. Like a bass, it spreads its gills ferociously

when caught, and only lacks ignivorous powers to appear as terrible as it seems to wish.

The mechanical art of plaster molding is so simple and the results are so accurate and beautiful that it is strange anglers do not generally preserve mementoes of their record catches in this way. They would be valuable in illustrating our fish stories, which when related to the unworthy are so often discredited.

As I was immortalizing one of my mudfishes a large alligator drifting down the creek stopped and watched me coolly for a few minutes—the first big fellow I had seen on the trip.

A few hours later found me in the middle of Lake Harney, a promising breeze having failed, and my boat lying as idle as a painted ship. And the sun had set in the sense of sitting rather emphatically on the landscape and occupying the whole seat. I therefore pulled for the west shore and selected a shady place in which to make bread and wait for wind.

The lake is seven miles long and five wide, uniformly surrounded by sandy beach and fine hammock, and here and there is to be seen a garden and a house belonging to a native or a camp occupied by seine fishermen.

A book whiled away the time until the wind sprang up, and I then sailed to the mouth of the Econlockhatchee, three or four miles above the lake, and moored for the night.

I had now reached the upriver prairies, occupied by great numbers of cattle and also hogs turned out on the range. In years gone by there were large brakes of small canes on these bottoms, but many fires having surged over this country most of the canes were destroyed and gave place to several species of long and short grasses. The "Prare," as the crackers call it, is six to ten miles wide, overflowed in very rainy times, and the channel of the stream forming a ribbon only 60 or 70ft. wide, though extremely winding, keeps about the middle of the expanse. There are some scattered elevations bearing palmettos, like islands on the grassy sea, but only one, called Bear Bluff, on the river itself for a distance of fifty miles or more.

The shed boots and stems of palmetto, which furnish good fuel below, are no longer available, and the boat wanderer must carry light wood or an oil stove, the latter always a treasure to the camper.

Perceiving a school of mullet on the bar of Econlockhatchee, I took two of them with my cast net. Stewed for ten minutes under cover in a very little water and then seasoned, this rich-fleshed fish is better than if fried, and is a pleasant change from the usual fried fish of camp life.

In the fresh hours of the next morning the prairies were enlivened by a ceaseless chorus of the cheerful notes of meadowlark and redwing, and here were the black-necked stilts hovering anxiously, with their complaining outcry and dangling coral legs. The latter are the most characteristic birds of the prairies, where they make their home. Their superlative length of leg would naturally raise them above other birds of their dimensions, if they were only gifted with a little more deportment and dignity, but they are a little unfortunate in having a nervous and flurried temperament.

Water turkeys, Florida ducks, ibises, limpkins and a dozen kinds of herons were henceforth more plentiful, though all these birds are scarcer than they used to be.

Fringes of cane which have escaped being burnt out by the fires extend along the river just above Puzzle Lake, a small sheet which I passed through soon after starting onward. These accommodate colonies of boat-tailed grackles, whose handsoms basket-work nests are placed near together at an equal height, like a row of tenements. The little brown wives seem to do all the sitting, while the purple-black males, gallant and swelling, and twice the size of their mates, keep up a robust song, a mixture of harsh and rich notes, but a remarkable performance for any bird so much resembling a crow or jackdaw, although they have an inconsequent way of clattering the bill like a pair of bones at the end of the song. They are fond of periwinkles, and hunt about the banks for them, carefully carrying their long tails above the mud.

There are times when the bass fishing is extremely good along these brankes, but high water and a strong current prevailing at this time were unfavorable conditions.

Several days that followed turned out to be very hot weather, such as may or may not occur here in May. Heat is easily borne in Florida generally, but when all the birds are flying about with their bills open the thoughts turn to shade. Aside from this consideration I desired the trees for their own sake, having missed their character, their harmony and their air of hospitality out on the levels. I decided to go up the famous Snake Creek, where I could encamp over Sunday upon a shell-mound, under old hickory trees, even now in sight in the distance. The spot is a little way from the bass waters of Snake Creek, and accessible by means of a narrow channel or cutoff, which carries part of the water of the creek into the river at a point several miles below the real mouth.

This camping ground was the site of an Indian village of old, the shell mounds being the relic and the proof of the resting places of the aborigines. Their broken pottery lying about as thick as stones in a Northern field furnished me with props for leveling the feet of my spider.

Interest has led me to try the periwinkles, which constituted such an important item in the diet of the red people that they formed mounds acres in extent about every camping place composed of the refuse shells. Simply boiled, I found them flat and unenticing. I kept a few in vinegar several days and thought them slightly better, though they hardly fairly represented the primitive article.

There were evidences that turtles, both hard-shelled and soft-shelled, were making a nesting ground of the shell mound—many heads of both species came above water to observe me, the tracks were all over the shore, and there were places where raccoons had been digging up the eggs.

Great numbers of the latter animals find their living about and upon the prairies. During some of the hot days of late I had seen the raccoons sallying out of the switch grass to refresh themselves in the water. Their eyesight did not seem to be very sharp, as I could walk up within 15 or 20ft. of them while they were wallowing in shallow places and lapping the water. When they finally took the hint, however, their short legs moved like hummingbirds' wings.

I threw out a line to catch a softshell, though I saw that I would have to wait their pleasure, as all were shy of coming near.

The hardshell or coudah is graniverous, and does not bite a hook.

After I had supper, and with the moon shining overhead, I heard my fish pole rattle in the boat, and on laying hold of it found I had hooked a fine turtle. If it had been wise enough to pull straight off it could have parted my line, but its tactics were all spent in trying to get rid of the hook. Swimming round and round, it would try to release itself from the taut line with a claw, now and then plunging down under water when my presence seemed too obvious to it. The semi-obscurity of the moonlight rendered the situation a little difficult and interesting, but the tussle went more and more in my favor, and at last I drew the heavy creature, 25lbs. in weight, to land and decapitated it. Sunday being a feast day, I was now prepared to celebrate the morrow.

The softshell is the most edible looking of all turtles. Its smooth form is covered with skin as soft as kid, and as white as ivory on the underside. A skirt of leathery or gristle-like tissue about the bony structure of the carapace gives the turtle its name.

If roughly dressed and boiled the flesh becomes tough, and you get nothing but the soup, but if the meat is chopped up small it has a perfectly tender texture. It needs to cook but thirty minutes, and then, seasoned and thickened with flour, it is a dish for a Sydney Smith, who surely would have remarked after eating it, "I have dined to-day."

On Sundays, as on other days, I arise at the first sign of day, which seems a natural habit in the open. Then all the wild creatures that love light are moved by a touch of exhuberance, which has been interpreted as the overflow of their natures in praise-giving to the Creator. Their movements and sounds indicate that they are laying hold of the life of a new day with a zest quite apart from the urgencies of a precarious existence.

Even such saturnine creatures as the turkey buzzards perform marvelous geometrical quadrilles, circling exultingly above their roosts of the night before. This Sunday morning I witnessed a complex evolution of three of these sedate birds that was surpassingly pleasing to the eye. There were dozens of buzzards overhead, but this group earned the palm for grace and harmony of motion. At certain times they would fly all in one circle, with equal spaces between them; then with a military change each would strike a smaller circle of its own, and they would begin describing an interlocking design like a trefoil. For a time each bird maintained precisely the same relative place in its orbit as the others. Spread two fingers and a thumb into a tripod, and then rotate the hand, and this will illustrate. With another marvelous change, involving a slight interval before the second bird followed the example of the first, and the third that of the second, they adopted a kaleidoscopic movement, intertwining their orbits and swinging unceasingly about one another. It was beautifully animated, notwithstanding the stately soaring flight of the buzzards.

Later I took a walk to increase my acquaintance with this tongue of woods, of which the shell mound was the tip. I was prevented from going in one direction by a thick black bull with a double-ended anvil for a headpiece. The prairie bulls are seldom aggressive, but this one would bellow at the highest pitch of his voice the moment he caught sight of me, so that I concluded that he was a character. I took the other direction, and considered it glory enough when I captured a poor coudah and took it along for the sake of its handsome shell. I located the feeding place of a few Florida ducks, so I was primed for a little hunt on Monday morning, Sunday being a particularly favorable day for attending to such details.

Sometimes Snake Creek is probably one of the best places in the United States to look for the large-mouthed black bass, but I now found that they were not biting. During a two days' stay I caught but a solitary haggard individual with a long lean frame that would report better by the foot than by the pound. It seemed like a ghost from a vanished race, but I knew better than to believe the race had departed. Catfish were more easily caught, and furnished capital chowder. I was long among the despisers of this hulking fish, but that is one of the matters in which Floridian intelligence has converted me. The belly of the fish should always be cut away, but the rest of the flesh cooked into dry chowder is a dish that requires no apologies.

My wanderings included a visit to Luffman's Lake, on Snake Creek, and a visit to Cane Lake, still further up the St. Johns, before I began to descend the river. On the way down I found bass that would take the spoon, as if they were more willing to take the trouble of striking down stream than they had been going up against the current. I ran down to Lake Harney with an excellent breeze, and saw many more 'gators than I would have done if I had been rowing with my back turned and the oars telling the tale of my boat's approach long beforehand. I startled some from the banks, where they were sunning themselves, and was surprised several times by the leaps these short-legged beasts could make when they found my gliding boat close upon them. One alligator about 6ft. in length made a clean jump over a little sand reef and dove into the river like an acrobat, having cleared its own length or more. During my trip I obtained another item new to me concerning the habits of alligators. Awakened one morning by gruff bellowing, I looked out through the mosquito netting at the stern of the boat and saw a full-grown one 10 or 12ft. long lolling on top of the water and sounding his bull-like salute. I had formerly supposed that this was a land performance.

Going and returning, I passed a colony of water turkeys near Bear Bluff, there being seven or eight nests in a bunch of large willow bushes. Some of the birds dropped into the river, and observed me by thrusting their spike-like heads only above water, while the others took wing and soared high overhead. Unlike ducks, water turkeys become wet in water, and it may be that the portion of these that flew up were those that were sitting, to whom, for the sake of their eggs, wetness was an undesirable condition.

I followed the east shore of Harney on my return, and there I found more bass than I had in the river. The sandy shallows are frequented by innumerable bullhead minnows, one of the best baits for bass. The bass themselves could be seen rushing inshore to feed on the minnows. Generally they swam in small troups, the members of which would all strike at once, making one sound, but many simultaneous swirls in the water, and then immediately retreating from the shore again.

I did not wish to kill many bass, not having such an awful greed for fishes as Pharoah had for bricks, but I remained there for two days, and had very good sport.

There were two crews of seiners on the lake, with their usual following of fishhawks. The fishermen habitually throw back the useless gizzard shad when sorting the fish in the bags of their nets, and as many of these swim gasping on top of the water in an exhausted condition the ospreys find them an easy prey, and are quite heedless of the men in coming alongside to seize them.

My curiosity was piqued at seeing large birds sitting bodily in shallow water with only half the body out. I moved my boat toward one of them and found it to be an osprey, which apparently enjoyed soaking itself in this way.

At length, having spent three weeks on my excursion, I set sail for home. The winds were remarkably favoring throughout the cruise, so that I had rowed little in the course of 200 miles. I carried back a dozen molds as a beginning to my series of the St. Johns River fishes.

BENJAMIN MORTIMER.

Between Man and Man.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am among the large number of readers of your valued journal who appreciate it not only for its interesting forest sketches and lore of the woods, but for its high moral standards and influence. Along this line there is one phase of influence which deserves special mention, because, not always recognized. I refer to the relation between true sportsmanship and sociology. There is a direct tendency in the first to promote true views of the second. The very communion with nature, which, to the real sportsman, is far more than the taking of game or fish, does mellow his heart and tone up his being so that his sympathies are broader and truer for the experience. Then in the familiar intercourse of woods life, a man's a man if he be manly whether the opulent "sport" or the poor but noble guide. Aristocracy cannot live long in the woods. They are the natural home of democracy. The two can no more flourish together than trout and pickerel, and in the woods democracy is always the stronger. Hence, the sportsman worthy the name must always return from his outing with deeper feeling and higher regard for manliness wherever seen and however situated. From this point it is but a short distance to the clear recognition of human brotherhood, and the trail is not only well "blazed" but well trodden. So is prepared a kindlier feeling and truer relation between man and man, between employer and employed, whether in the forest, on the farm, in a factory, or in some other commercial line. For the guides, as a class, are as keen, true observers, as appreciative of true manhood, and as responsive to right treatment as any class of men on earth. The effect of their association with sportsmen is always natural and reciprocal, whether for good or evil, and it is generally good.

Since these things are so, there is cause for gratulation in the larger and growing attention given to forest sports in our country. They help to the abolition of class distinctions, and to a better understanding between labor and capital. In many ways they can modify social questions, and FOREST AND STREAM is *facile princeps* for their discussion on this line.

JUVENAL.

In Old New England.

THE elm is so closely associated with the homes of New England as to make it a part of them. Even the photograph of an old New England homestead seems unattractive without a background of arching elms. The farmhouse never seems abandoned while the avenue of elms leads up from the road to the front porch. One of the chief attractions of the Eastern States are the avenues of elms with their branches forming a Gothic arch over the path beneath. No tree is better adapted for such a purpose, with its graceful habit of growth, clean trunks and arching limbs. While affording sufficient shade, it still leaves a wide and unobstructed view along the way it shadows, and produces at all seasons an architectural effect of permanent beauty by the arched interlacings of the great bending boughs.

A writer in Garden and Forest described these old avenues of elms as one of the characteristic features of New England landscape.

"In all the older villages of New England these rows of elms glorify the village street and strike the stranger as singularly beautiful. Sometimes there is a double row with a wide, grassed space between, making even a more imposing and cathedral-like effect, as of a vast nave flanked by columns supporting a groined and vaulted roof. The tender wreathings of small branches and leaves about the massive trunks still further suggest the fanciful carvings of the Gothic architect, and indicate the source that inspired his fertile fancy. Nothing can be more pleasing and playful than the way nature fantastically weaves about the rugged and shaggy stems this graceful garniture of fluttering leaves and clustering twigs, which give the last touch of perfection to the beautiful picture. The openness of the foliage permits glimpses of the sky, while flecks of sunshine, straying through the leaves, encourage the growth of grass and flowers up to the roots of the trees. In the picture the nodding heads of dandelions gone to seed are seen, and along the pathway the sunlight emphasizes the dancing shadows of the lightly moving leaves above.

"An avenue of elms is never somber, however cool and shadowy it may be. It does not shut out the light and

r, but merely tempers them. In winter the intricate acery of twigs is revealed, and is of itself a beautiful ght. The massive shaft bursts into a sheaf of springing oughs, which again break into a shower of branches, with spray of twigs. The tree suggests a fountain in its anner of growth, particularly when swathed and dripng with snow or ice, and the aspect of one of these aisles a glittering, frosty morning is of fantastic loveliness.

"Who is there of New England birth to whom the elmaded way is not a vivid memory? As the wanderer turns to his home the first sight of the village street, ith its leafy canopy, thrills him with its familiar charm. owever simple the dwellings that border it, the sight of at accustomed way is beautiful, and dear the roof-tree r which he has longed during his pilgrimage, and to it e returns with a deep and satisfied sense of unchanged auty. Experience and travel dwarf many things to the ature eye, so that a home-coming, after a far journey, is t without its shadow of disappointment; but, wherever e may roam, whatever visions may have satiated his e, the sight of the elm-shaded paths of New England n never disappoint one of her returning children."

Forest Fire Destruction.

ditor Forest and Stream:

Your publication, in a recent number, of the "Campire Rules," as fixed by New York Commissioners, leads e to infer that the prevention of fires is the principal recaution taken in that State to obviate destruction by rest fires. It may be, however, that other measures e also practiced by the authorities.

California has laws prohibiting the setting out of fires, d I think some arrests have been made for the offenses acted against by the lawmakers, but this has not prented, and does not prevent, the destruction of a vast ount of timber in the mountains each year by forest s.

Conditions on the Pacific Coast doubtless differ marially from those of the Atlantic, but a State as old in perience as New York must have learned that mere gislation against either intentional or careless setting t of fires does not protect forests from fires. On the ntrary, if the preservation of timber or property is e fundamental object in view, the prevention of the dicious firing of forest undergrowth, at proper seasons, ill not protect, but will most certainly hazard both rests and settlements in them. To permit the accumulaon of trash in the forests year by year is not a rational y to protect them.

In so far as applies to the region of northern California, e subject is one with which all observant mountaineers e familiar; but, as far as any practical effort is made, it ould seem that legislators never conceive of any method forest protection other than the enactment of laws probiting about the only protection to California forests that possible. As a matter of unmistakable fact, the only actical protection for mountain forests is to keep down e accumulation of débris and undergrowth. The longer e is prevented the more complete is the destruction entually. Fire is the only preventive of wholesale conagration in extensive scopes of forest. It is the natural gulator of the wilderness, and the more necessary where w mills and settlements have changed natural conditions. It is about as reasonable to permit the accumulation jungle, trash and tinder in the forest districts as it is would be to pile the alleyways of a city with similar od for flames. Destruction might be guarded against r a time, but the longer the trash is permitted to inease the more complete the destruction that continually reatens and eventually results.

It has been particularly noticeable in the California erras that undergrowth and shrubbery of various kinds ave invariably and rapidly thickened about settlements. many localities where the country was open and covered ith tall grass, before pioneer settlement, it is now, herever uncultivated, covered by dense thickets of brush d vines. Where before settlement there was only large mber, or scattering trees, the thickets of chaparral, anzanita and dead underbrush are often impenetrable r long distances. This is accounted for by the pasturing browsing herds that denuded the land of grass after ttlement, and by the prevention of fires that the Indians e said to have formerly set out to facilitate the taking game.

In mountain timber, in addition to the accumulation om other causes, the process of cutting timber and mbering supplies large areas with inflammable trash, ineases and protects the undergrowth, affording here d there in almost every forest region a guarantee that a rge area of forest will be destroyed whenever a spark applied. Probably as much, or more, timber has been us burned by lumbermen than has been utilized.

In the Sierras of California, after four, or perhaps six onths, when not a drop of rain has fallen, there are ndreds of chances for fires to start, and no amount of gilance or legislation can prevent them ultimately. I ave recently seen about a thousand acres of heavy mber in an isolated mountain locality that was burned a uple of years ago. In this instance there had been no mbering, and the result was from the accumulation of ash and undergrowth fired by a hunter or camper in the yest season of the year. There were thousands of the nest of pines, firs and cedars piled in half-burned heaps, left standing, charred beyond recovery. Scarcely a tree the acre remained alive. A conservative estimate would that 30,000,000ft. of first-class timber was destroyed this one fire, and it was only a small blaze for a alifornia forest fire. No summer passes but such, and rger, fires occur, often obscuring the landscape and vering half the State with smoke for many weeks. The ly preventive to this wholesale and continued destruon has been the enactment of laws that there are not tectives enough on the coast to enforce.

The only rational system of forest protection for the acific Coast that would be practicable and efficient is prevent conflagrations by a systematic and judicious ring of thickets and trash accumulations at the right mes and seasons. To supervise this would require the ivision of the forests into districts to which efficient ardens or commissioners should be appointed. The alue destroyed by a single forest fire would employ a mall army of patrolmen for many years. As the case stands, the State has property of almost inestimable value, for the protection of which it does not expend as much as a small town would for a couple of fire engines and their crews, or a dozen policemen to guard its shops containing insignificant values.

CHARLES L. PAIGE.

CALIFORNIA, September, 1899.

Yukon Notes.

(*Continued from page* 242.)

ACCORDING to Dawson, the distance from Rink Rapids to the Little Salmon, while only twenty-seven and one-half miles as the crow flies, is fifty-three miles by the river. By the ice trail the distance was considerably greater than the last mentioned figures, and it required four days of hard work to cover it. We reached the Little Salmon four hours after nightfall on Jan. 11, and were much impressed after our lonely trip by the sight of two log buildings with light streaming from the windows, and a flagstaff, from which trailed a blood-red Union Jack.

Leaving our sleds on the ice, we hurried forward and entered the largest of the cabins. Seated around a table in the center, strewed with books, cards and papers, and illuminated by lamps burning kerosene, were several clean-cut, well matured and well groomed men of a distinctly official type.

They rose to greet us, and we were made acquainted with Inspector C. Starnes, of the Northwest Mounted Police; Hon. Mr. Justice McGuire, and Mr. F. C. Wade, Crown Prosecutor. Later we met Messrs. Bowles and Weinburg, of Seattle, who were traveling in company with the police at the time their partner, Freeman, was drowned. Besides these, a Mr. and Mrs. Jory were wintering at the Little Salmon, and there were three other men in the police party, making a total of eleven persons at this point. The river closed here Nov. 27, ten days later than at Fort Selkirk.

After a short conversation, we were given the freedom of the cook house and a good stove, and prepared ourselves a bountiful supper from our supplies. That night we slept in a heated apartment for the first time during the winter, rolling our blankets on the floor of the living room. We did not enjoy the experience. For a long time we were too hot to sleep, and rolled around like polar bears in a city zoo in summer. At length, however, tired nature got the upper hand, and we passed into a state of troubled dreams, and all too soon the post was astir, and it was time to get up. How unsatisfactory such nights are! Just when one really begins to rest, he finds that he must get about the day's business again, and he does not feel as if he had slept at all. One cause of our discomfort was due to the fact that our blankets thawed out and became saturated with water from the melted ice.

We breakfasted with the police party by Inspector Starnes' invitation, and a fine set of men we found them to be. Mr. Wade was an old Toronto University man (not very old either; his age was thirty-five), and he and Mac were soon deep in a discussion of memories of their Alma Mater. The Crown Prosecutor had been editor of the Winnipeg Press.

Judge McGuire was a man who was for some reason or other connected with decisions at the time of the Riel Rebellion, decidedly unpopular with the Indian and half-breed scouts accompanying the police. He had the reputation of being a stern and unyielding judge, but socially he was an extremely pleasant man.

Judge McGuire had been actuated by a fine sense of duty when he accepted the position of first judge of the Provincial District of the Yukon. Though well past middle age, he was the youngest available judge for the new district. A man was wanted at a time when, for parliamentary reasons, none could be appointed from outside the existing bench, and accordingly Judge McGuire left his comfortable home in Prince Albert, and his systematized routine of work, and faced the hardships of a new country at a time when the arctic winter was just settling down.

There was no possible recompense to him for the sacrifice he had made, yet he made it cheerfully, and was entering on his new duties with an interest that indicated how thoroughly the work would be performed.

After breakfast, when we left on our way up river, Judge McGuire accompanied us for a distance of several miles, and at hard places on the ice trail he boosted on the sleds with no uncertain hand. He was taking his morning constitutional. The Judge was a great walker, and on several occasions had traveled ten or twelve miles on these after breakfast spins.

The Day it Blew.

We were three days in making the distance from the Little Salmon to the Big Salmon. The distance, according to the map, is thirty-four miles.

The second day out we encountered a terrific wind which blew the trail full of snow and completely obliterated it. No traveling parties had passed for a week, and with a track to break, we missed them more than ever. Mac and I took half-hour turns at leading, and when the time was up we would fall back to the rear position pretty well exhausted.

An hour before sunset we saw on the opposite bank of the river a wooden door in the side of a mound of earth that looked like some of the vaults in Greenwood Cemetery. The place had a familiar appearance, and Mac and I called to mind how from our boats the previous fall we had looked at this same dugout and watched its solitary occupant standing in the doorway. The man, whoever he was, had been a taciturn individual with little to say in answer to our questions. Now we could see that he had gone and the place was deserted. A fresh wolf's track crossing to the very door was the only sign that life other than ours existed. Mac suggested taking up our quarters in the place for the night, but I had a prejudice against dugouts, and very foolishly refused, arguing that we had not made our full quota of miles for the day.

The hills were beautifully wooded just here, but further along they gave place to a bleak, open country, with only occasional strips of scanty timber, and at sundown we found ourselves bucking against a piercing gale, with no suitable camping place in sight.

Though we did not consult our thermometer, the temperature must suddenly have taken a considerable drop, for now the wind seemed to stop the flow of the blood and to harden and stiffen the muscles at the very time when we were exerting ourselves to the utmost. The sensation was terrifying, for it plainly indicated that a further increase in the cold or a lessening of our vital powers would result in death by freezing. We each felt the danger equally, and slipping from our sled harness, we set off in search of a spot where we might find fuel and a shelter from the wind. At first we were unsuccessful, and after twenty minutes' search we returned to the sleds, colder, if anything, than before, though we had been running all the time. On ahead the cut bank at the river's edge attained a height of 30 to 50ft., with no suitable break for getting up the sleds. Near at hand, however, there was a sag in the bank, and though the place appeared to be unprotected from the wind and barren of firewood, we determined to investigate it more closely. Behind, and only a short distance away, was a steep, stone-fronted mountain, and the prospect certainly was not encouraging.

As good luck would have it, however, there was a swamp hole between the river and the base of the mountain, and in the center of this, among the deciduous brush, we found a fairly thick growth of stunted evergreens. The snow was more than waist deep, but it felt warm compared with the air, as we made our way through it, occasionally tripping and falling. We broke a trail to the spot and hauled our sleds there, and then, a hundred yards further to the right, we found some dead trees, and cut them down for our fire.

By the time we got this wood to our camping spot we were pretty well used up with the cold and tire, and for the first and only time reduced to crawling as a means of making our way from place to place.

Soon, however, we had the fire going, and by the time its blaze illuminated the black, wildly swaying tops of the spruces we were ourselves again. The great volumes of wind passed over our heads, and in our hole in the snow, protected by our bough windbreak, we felt snug and comfortable once more.

Captain Ambrose.

The next day we lunched with Captain Ambrose. The fact that we had only eaten our own lunch an hour before did not prevent our doing full credit to the feast of bacon and biscuit which was set before us. We paid $13 for the meal and a few pounds of dog biscuit which our host graciously permitted us to purchase, and afterward we felt so strengthened and refreshed that we resolved to make the Big Salmon that night, a distance of twelve Alaskan miles.

Captain Ambrose was living with one companion in a nice little log cabin at the place where four of the police boats went to smash in an ice jam. A part of the cargoes had been rescued, and he was stationed here in charge of the goods. He was a very gentlemanly and affable man, and later we were surprised to learn that he was an uneducated half-breed Indian, who couldn't write his name or tell a single one of the letters of the alphabet.

Captain Ambrose, so they said, had discovered a gold mine at Rat Portage and sold out for a handsome figure in cold cash. With a fat bank account to his credit, he determined to gratify the great ambition of his life and become a steamboat captain. He accordingly bought a steamboat and installed himself as her first officer, and cruised around at random for a while, enjoying his new title. If he had been content with the steamboat, he might have been a *de facto* captain still, but he aspired to more, and became a high roller, with the result that he woke up one fine day to find himself just where he had been before he discovered the gold mine. That was about the time the Klondike began to be talked of. Ambrose had a superstition that he was a lucky man to find gold, and he thought if he could get to the Klondike he would soon have his steamboat and all the rest back again, so he applied to Major Walsh for a position with the police force that was being sent to Dawson. The Major heard that he was a captain, and engaged him in the capacity of boatman. When they came to embark on the lakes, Ambrose was put in charge of one of the boats, but a gale soon knocked out of his head any conceit that might have remained, and he went to his commanding officer and begged to be made a cook, or dish washer, or anything else than boatman, solemnly affirming that he knew nothing whatever of navigation, and was not and never had been a "water captain."

From Fifteen to Forty Below.

We had another uncomfortable experience with the cold before reaching the Big Salmon. Night overtook us before we had covered one-third the distance, and again the thermometer proved unstable.

Sunset came about 3 P. M., according to our time, and the night was very dark by 4 o'clock. The trail was fresh broken ahead of us, however, and we had little difficulty in following it.

The day had been very mild and still, but along about 9 in the evening there was a sighing sound in the neighboring treetops, and a tinkling of the brash ice on the river as the wind caught up the loose snow and swept it along, and simultaneously we felt the cold.

We were so sure we were near the temporary police post that we did not at first stop to put on our coats and sweaters, which were tied to the sleds, and then it was too late. The buckskin part of my gauntlets was worn thin at the ends of the fingers, and I could feel the frost nip through, and the right hand, which held the gee pole, becoming numb. Mac's hands were in the same condition. To get on our coats and sweaters necessitated taking off the bulky gauntlets, and it seemed certain our hands would freeze in the operation. Then too we did not feel like standing still long enough to change, nor were we sure that it could be accomplished with numbed hands, so we buckled down to work and made the best time possible for the post.

Some time before 10, six hours after nightfall, we sighted a boat turned bottom upward on the bank, and behind it several mounds of snow-covered dirt. Slipping out of our harness, we ran up on the bank and threaded our way among the caches of food and unlighted dugouts, whose occupants were either asleep or away, till at the very end of the gopher settlement we spied a light over the door of a dug-out, whose chimney was spurting a young volcano of sparks into the night air.

We entered, and were received in a hospitable way by the miner who sat smoking at one side of the fire. His partners, he said, were visiting at the police post, quarter of a mile further on. He offered us accommodation for the night, but Mac and I had a letter for Governor Walsh, and as the miner said travelers were accustomed to stop with the police, we decided to push on.

First, however, we thawed out a little by the fire. In the first stages of heat, we felt colder than ever, but before long the circulation was restored, and aside from the soles of our feet and tips of our fingers, which were slightly frosted, we were soon all right again.

Quarter of an hour later we were at the collection of tents that marked the site of the headquarters of the first Governor of the Klondike. We presented our letter, and listened to Governor Walsh's brother discoursing with Captain Bliss the vagaries of the Yukon weather. "At 8 o'clock to-night," he was saying, "the thermometer stood at 15 below, and now it's 40 below. To-morrow we may have a Chinook wind and a thaw." Mr. Walsh was joking, however, for afterward, in conversation with us, he said that he and every one else at the post was delighted with the climate, and that sudden changes like the one recorded were fortunately very uncommon. Governor Walsh called for Fiddler, one of the Indian scouts, and we were shown a tent, and by midnight we had cooked and eaten our supper and were ready for a well-earned rest.

Some Advice and a Banquet.

The following morning, after we had breakfasted and were ready to start, we were informed that Governor Walsh wanted to see us. We went to his tent, and the Governor said, rather briskly, "You fellows are going to have some rough traveling along the Thirty-Mile River, and will have to climb over hills several hundred feet high. I would advise you to throw away one of your sleds and cut down on your outfit as far as possible. It will pay you in the end." Neither Mac nor I disputed the point, and the Governor continued: "It is nearly 250 miles from here to the coast, but at the foot of Lake Lebarge and at Tagish Post, on the way, we have abundant supplies. We have not as much here as we want. Now I propose that you leave with me all your supplies over and above an amount sufficient to carry you to Lake Lebarge, and in return I will give you an order on that post, or the one at White Horse Rapids, or at Tagish, for an equivalent amount. This will give you depots of supplies along the way, and save you drawing the coast end of your grub over this part of your journey. Do you see the point?" The language was certainly plain enough, and Mac and I jumped at the opportunity of lightening our loads. When we had told the Governor we would take him at his word, he said:

"It will probably take you the best part of the morning to make your arrangements and have your papers attested. We have dinner at 12; I should be glad to have you dine with us." We accepted the invitation, and in company with Captain Bliss set out to make our inventory and separate our stores.

Later we sat down to a bountiful repast, which included besides pork, beans, dried fruits and the other stables, a large platter of fried eggs. The most sumptuous entertainer bent on dazzling his guests could not have provided anything more wonderful. Cleopatra's dissolved pearls were nothing very remarkable compared with those eggs, from our point of view. At Dawson two eggs and a slice of ham brought $5 in the restaurants, and elsewhere their weight in gold could not have procured them.

When the Governor came to help us a second time to the eggs, and we protested, he told us the story of the eggs, how the speculator who was conveying them through to Dawson was wrecked in the Thirty-Mile, and how, after having rescued a part of his cargo, he had persisted in trying to get on to Dawson over the ice. The man had no supplies to carry him through, and the order prohibiting any one from going down river with less than 600lbs. of food had already been promulgated, and accordingly he was stopped at the Big Salmon. The police had already spent hundreds of dollars providing for starving men in the interior, and they could not afford to care for more. It ended by the egg man persuading the officers at the post to buy him out. He received a fair valuation for his eggs, difficulties of transportation considered, and afterward he left for the coast to invest in a new cargo.

Governor Walsh.

The Governor of the Klondike was at that time fifty-five years of age. He was an erect, military looking man, without a superfluous ounce of flesh on his person. He had never known what it was to be very sick. In his boyhood he had been an athlete, and since then a good part of his life had been passed in the open air or under canvas, and physically he was sound as a two-year-old and fit for hardships of any kind.

On the side of experience, he had seen service in the three military departments—artillery, cavalry and infantry. His cavalry training was received in the Thirteenth Hussars, under Colonel Jennings, one of the heroes of Balaklava, who was afterward Deputy Adjutant General of the English Army.

The experience stood him in good stead, for when the Northwest Mounted Police, which is in reality a cavalry regiment, came into being in 1873, Major Walsh was its virtual organizer. During the years he was at the head of the Mounted Police, the fame of the organization spread over the world. With a mere handful of men he policed a country half as large as the United States, and policed it so well that the turbulent and savage element of the population never caused any very serious trouble.

Major Walsh turned back Sitting Bull and his braves into the United States when they had crossed the line after the Custer massacre, solely by the power of moral persuasion, and though a keen fighter, he has never used force when other means would avail.

This is one reason of his great power over the Indians. Some of the first Indian murderers captured by the police were taken by Major Walsh alone and unarmed.

Constable Barnes, at Lake Lebarge, tells of the day years ago when the young officer with half a dozen men passed out from the shelter of the cottonwoods on an Indian camp within whose confines were two desperate homicides. A council was held as to the best plan of action. The man with more discretion than valor advised a retreat, arguing that their force was too small, and saying that if they attempted the capture of the Indians none of them would leave the place alive.

"You are not in favor of going?" asked the young officer. The men nodded. "Then by the powers you shall not go," he said. "One man's enough for the job anyhow."

And with that he unbuckled his cartridge belt and revolver and threw them on the ground and started alone for the Indian camp. The men wanted to follow him, but he sent them all back to the cottonwoods, and half an hour later they saw him returning with the murderers, though how he persuaded them to come has never been explained.

Like the immortal hero, he "seen" his duty and he "done" it, and the *modus operandi* is immaterial.

Shooting Rapids in a Hurry.

"Major Walsh is a hustler and no mistake," said the constable at White Horse. "'E worked us twenty hours at a stretch crossing the lakes, and when we come to the cañon, 'e didn't waste as much wind as would start a cigar drawing, talking up the situation. 'E just jumped out of his boat and took a squint at the channel and then 'e come back and said, 'Are you ready, boys?' We says 'Yes,' though we didn't know at all what 'e was up to. 'Well, then, follow me,' says 'e, and with that 'e jumped into 'is boat and took the steering oar 'imself and shoved off, and three minutes later by my watch we was out in the open air again below that well hole, having shot the cañon as easy as falling off a log.

"Instead of running ashore and spending half a day figuring it out, 'e just kept right on below the cañon, till 'e came to the point with all the blooming flags on above White Horse, and then 'e run 'is boat inshore and we done the same.

"'Now, boys,' 'e says, 'out with the cargoes.' Well, sir, we had them boats unloaded in no time and the stuff up on the bank.

"'Cut 'em loose,' says 'e, and we cut and let 'em go, though we never expected to see 'em again. But blame if 'e 'adn't made 'is arrangements before, and when we got to the foot of the rapids there was men that 'ad been there and picked 'em up, and the boats was all drawed up on the bank ready for their cargoes."

In 1883 Major Walsh retired from the police and entered on a business career. He became interested in coal mining in Pennsylvania, and also at Roche Percé, in Northwest Territory, six miles from the Dakota border. Here on a great sandstone rock are written the names of Custer's scouts of 1871-72. Like Judge McGuire, Major Walsh had sacrificed personal interests at the call of his country. His great power as an organizer and long experience on the frontier made him the man best fitted in all Canada to bring order out of chaos in the Klondike.

The Last of the Buffalo.

"As late as 1877," says Major Walsh, "I traveled on horseback three days through a solid herd of buffalo, and never saw the outside. They just cleared our trail as we moved along, and every rise as far as the eye could see was black with their bodies. I had some half-breeds make a calculation of the number in the area between the Missouri River and a line fifty miles north of the international boundary, and between Fort Walsh on the west in the Cypress Mountains and a police post in the Wood Mountains on the east—a distance of 200 miles east and west. They estimated the number to the acre at various points in this territory, and from their figures I calculated that in the whole region there were over 350,000 head of buffalo. Inside of seven years they were all gone.

"Of course, they were pursued mercilessly and slaughtered, but from my observation I should say that the sudden annihilation was due in part to natural death, and that its first causes dated back before 1877. In other words, I do not believe all those 350,000 buffalo I had counted were killed by the hunters.

"As near as we could estimate, in 1877 only 30 per cent. of the herd were cows. The remainder were males. Bulls were never killed for meat if cows could be had, and the skin hunters had little use for them, as their robe after two years of age becomes coarse. The cow was furred all over, but the bull was shaggy on the neck, and consequently it was the robe from the female animal that was in demand. Of course the bull skins were used to a certain extent, but chiefly stripped of their fur for parchment, moccasin soles and the like.

"The demand of commerce was for the cow buffalo. The males in many instances wandered off and died. It was the cows that were exterminated by the hunters."

J. B. BURNHAM.

October Ducks.

O! the wind is fierce as it seeks to pierce
  This old frayed coat in vain;
And it cuts and stings as the drops it flings
  Of the first autumnal rain.

Though the plover tries, yet he cannot rise
  To breast so strong a gale,
For its slight form tossed in the clouds is lost
  And naught comes back but its wail

And the whitecaps chase in a mad, mad race
  O'er a stretch of wind-whipped lake;
As a flock of teal with a graceful wheel
  Decoy with a mallard drake.

It is royal game and it's all the same,
  If a teal or drake should drop;
For it's as you will—for they both take skill
  Or a teal or drake to stop.

CULPEPPER.

CALIFORNIA CLUB, Los Angeles, Cal.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Keyser.

IT has always been a wonder to me why Mauritius has never been given credit with a visit from St. Patrick, as it is a well-known zoological fact that a snake has never been found on the island. This was very forcibly brought under my notice during my residence in Durban, Natal, South Africa, where I made my headquarters while engaged in collecting living specimens of the fauna of that country. I sold some pythons to the captain of a small trading vessel bound for Port Louis, and on his return was compelled to take them back, as he informed me that the customs authorities refused to allow them to be landed, as there was a special law enacted many years ago forbidding the importation of serpents of any description whatever.

Some years subsequently I determined to go to Australia for wild animals for the Zoological Society of Philadelphia. Of course I took some Cape specimens with me for exchange with the zoological collections in Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane. Very naturally, there were some pythons among them, and as the vessel in which I engaged passage was to touch at Port Louis to take in a cargo of sugar I got my agents to write to their correspondents at that port to see the collector and inform him that I was coming with the snakes, knowing that it was contrary to law, but that it was a scientific venture, not a commercial one, and if possible I did not wish to land the serpents, but would try to arrange to keep them on board while the cargo was being shipped. If this could not be done I would take them outside the harbor and sink them, sooner than cause any trouble. On the voyage I found out from the captain that he had been a blockade runner during our Civil War, and his vessel had been destroyed by the United States cruisers off the port of Wilmington; consequently Yankees did not stand very high in his estimation.

We anchored off the bell buoy at the entrance of Port Louis Harbor during the night, and the next morning, when the pilot came on board, so soon as he caught sight of my cages stored under the longboat amidships, he exclaimed, "You have Mr. Thompson on board, and the collector wants to see him just as soon as he lands." Luckily, the captain did not hear him, and I busied myself looking after my live stock until the arrival of the port doctor, who duplicated the pilot's assertion as soon as he saw my animals. Unfortunately the captain was present, and immediately wished to know the reason of the collector's great desire to interview me. I immediately acknowledged that I had shipped the pythons, knowing them to be contraband, but trusted that my notification would serve so as to prevent any trouble, so far as the vessel was concerned; whereupon the skipper boiled over and read the "riot act" to me in the roughest kind of language. Fortunately the doctor espoused my cause, and finally persuaded him to wait and see what action would be taken by the customs authorities. In the meantime the tug had made fast to us, and we were quickly towed up into the harbor and made fast to the chain cables which serve instead of anchors for the purpose of securing the vessels while lying in the harbor. Of course I accompanied the captain to the Custom House, and just as we were about to enter requested him to say nothing to the officials about the snakes, but allow me to bring the matter to their notice. He reluctantly consented, with the wish that I had entered Tophet before taking passage with him. I kept in the background until he had finished making his entry, when I asked permission to interview the collector. The clerk passed into an adjoining room, and quickly returned and requested me to follow him. I found myself facing that official in his private office. On mentioning my name he instantly produced a key from his desk, and handing it to me said: "Your case, Mr. Thompson, was immediately decided on the receipt of your notification. You did exactly right in acting as you did, and here is a key to a room in this building, which I have caused to be emptied for your convenience, and should it be necessary to land the snakes while the vessel is receiving her cargo bring them here, and if any one finds fault with you for so doing refer them to me." Making due acknowledgments for his kindness, I turned to leave the room, when I found myself facing the captain, who had followed and heard the conversation. His countenance was a study, and fearing the scene, I quickly passed him and succeeded in getting outside before he overtook me, when he exclaimed, "You cursed Yankees can best the world beating against a head wind, and I take back all that I said. Come along, I want to introduce you to another one of your breed who has managed to wander to this out-of-the-way port."

Following him to the head of the quay, we passed into a large building, the lower floor of which was used for a dining room, bar and billiard hall, and pressing through a throng of customers, reached the bar, in front of which stood a short, thick-set individual holding forth in French—the lingo of the island—to a knot of his acquaintances. Instantly recognizing the captain, he greeted him cordially, and when I was introduced to Mr. Keyser as a fellow countryman he immediately order the barkeeper to set up the champagne. Taking us into his private office, he opened a box of Manila cheroots and insisted on filling our pockets with them. So soon as he found out that I had resided in New York city he fairly confounded me with inquiries as to the changes which had taken place since his departure.

Sauntering out among the billiard tables, he continued his inquiries, and on discovering that I had formerly belonged to the old Volunteer Fire Department, he suddenly seized me and attempted to hoist me up on one of the tables, shouting, "Say, you fellers wouldn't believe me when I told you 'bout how we chaps used to fight de fires in New York. Now, here's a cove as what did the same t'ing, and I wants you to look on to him." It required a strong effort on my part to avoid being lifted up and put on exhibition as he wished. More champagne was opened, and I finally managed to get away by promising to dine daily with Keyser during my stay in port. The next afternoon I learned that he had left a butcher shop in the Bowery and shipped on an East Indian clipper which was dismasted in a hurricane off Mauritius, and on being towed into Port Louis the ves-

sel was condemned and torn into pieces. Keyser secured work in the shipyard, and soon afterward got a couple of clerks to go his security for two casks of ale, with which he commenced business in a shanty standing on a corner of the lot, which was finally entirely covered by his establishment. The next day, meeting him at his door, dim recollections of Chanfrau, as Mose, "I kills for Keyser and fights for Liza," floated across my memory, and after dining I accompanied him to the race track just back of town, where they were preparing for their annual meet. There he explained to me a singular custom that was followed, different from any I ever met in my travels. The entire frontal of the outer side of the quarter tract is put up at auction at so much per foot, the highest bidder choosing his location, and the number of front feet he wishes to occupy, and the next highest bidder following the first bidder, and so on until the whole frontal has been sold. On the different allotments were erected such temporary accommodations as the lessee chose to build. Keyser's portion was one of the largest, and situated just at the winning post. A corps of carpenters were busy erecting quite a pretentious structure, which was intended to accommodate all of the owner's friends who might call on him during the races; and judging from its size, in comparison with the others, I concluded that he was one of the most popular citizens of Port Louis.

A few days after, meeting the collector in the street, he said: "Mr. Thompson, I wish to ask a favor of you. My children never having seen a snake, haven't the slightest idea of the appearance of one. Would it be asking too much if I were to request the privilege of taking them on board some day so that you could let them have a look at the reptiles?" I instantly assured him that nothing would give me more pleasure than to give an exhibition of snake charming for the special gratification of his progeny. I straightway bent my steps toward Keyser's hostelry, where I was so fortunate as to encounter the skipper, who naturally saw a chance to please his friends, and therefore entered into the scheme, with the understanding that he should have the privilege of inviting his acquaintances. Keyser overheard the conversation, and he also expressed a desire to enter into the transaction by furnishing a collation in the ship's cabin for the friends of the collector and the captain, provided that the public generally should be allowed a view of the performance after the invited guests had finished their survey. The affair was finally arranged by naming the time for the invited guests an hour ahead of the public exhibition, so that they would not be annoyed by the crowd. Keyser promised to have a notice in the daily papers inviting the general public.

The affair was soon noised abroad, and I found myself attracting close attention wherever I appeared. On the morning of the date fixed, I found that the skipper had cleared and scrubbed the decks, built a special ladder for the convenience of the visitors, taken off the main hatch and built a temporary rail around its combing, and it only remained for me to shift the cases containing the snakes immediately under the hatchway, so that every one would be able to get a fair view of them when taken out. So soon as the first boat load of invited guests arrived alongside, I descended into the hold, drawing the ladder down after me to prevent any venturesome visitor from getting down beside me. On removing the lids of the cases, I found that I would have my hands full in order to prevent an escape, as my pets had been closely confined for so long that they felt very much like slipping away when they were lifted up and allowed to coil around my body and limbs. No one except those who have undergone the experience can surmise what a dead, heavy weight there is to all the larger species of boas, therefore I shall be forced to leave to the imagination of my readers the strain I had to undergo for several hours, confined in a very small space, where the heat was suffocating, without the possibilty of getting a breath of fresh air. Almost exhausted, I determined to ask for an intermission, and was stooping to close the lid of a case, in order to do so, when my nose came in contact with a pint bottle of claret, suspended by a string. Instantly seizing it, I threw my head back and commenced drinking down its contents, when I caught sight of the collector's smiling face at the upper end of the line. Waving my hand at him in acknowledgment of his kindness. I emptied the bottle without removing my lips. Feeling much refreshed, I again opened the cases and continued the performance, until I was about completely exhausted, when I caught the sound of Keyser's voice, shouting, "Come! Get a move on you, *Passez.* Hurry up. Hustle, *Vite.* Push on, or I'll git after you wid a club." On glancing upward, I saw that the entire circumference of the hatchway was packed with the faces of a host of Chinese, Malagasys, Hindoos, Malays, Arabs, Singhalese, Kaffirs, etc. With the exception of Singapore, Port Louis has the most thoroughly mixed population that I ever saw. This was more than I bargained for, and losing all patience, the boxes were suddenly closed, ladder placed against the combings and I mounted on deck, in order to give Keyser a "blowing up," but he did not give me the opportunity, for he dropped into one of the fleet of boats alongside, and as he was being rapidly pulled away, called out, "Go down into the cabin. You's wanted there." I went down and found that a special collation had been set aside for my especial gratification.

The next day was the beginning of the races, which lasted only two days, and I found that Keyser had fitted up a portion of his stand for my individual accommodation, when I was expected to receive all who chose to call. Keyser was kept busy a greater portion of his time introducing me to a host of visitors, who appeared anxious to become acquainted with me, whom they seemed to think surpassed Van Amburgh in his palmiest days. On the second afternoon, at the close of the meet, Keyser came into my den with a bundle of newspapers and pointed out several articles describing my exploits with the pythons in terms which would even put "yellow journalism" to the blush, and announcing that I would be happy to receive the public generally during the racing meet at Keyser's stand. A few days after the vessel finished taking in her cargo of crude sugar and was towed out of the harbor for a departure for Adelaide, South Australia. Of course, Keyser was on board to see us off. When the tug prepared to cast us off, he wished me *bon voyage,* and I caught my last glimpse of Keyser standing on the paddle box of the fast receding steamer, hat in hand, waving adieux to his old brother "fire laddie." FRANK J. THOMPSON.

Natural History.

In a Seaside Pool.

IN a summer day's ramble on the seashore we discover among the rocks and pebbles a number of pools which have been left by the outgoing tide. Most of these are of small size, and they gradually leach away as the water recedes; but others, larger and deeper, and inclosed by solid ledges, remain until the tide again returns. Usually they are somewhat barren of animal or vegetable life, but often they teem with both, and thus furnish to the naturalist easily accessible and valuable facilities for observation and study.

It was at the edge of one of these larger pools that I paused in my stroll upon the strand and scrutinized the limpid water of the diminutive lakelet. The pool was perhaps 4 or 5yds. in width, and its greatest depth was not over 1ft. I had, therefore, a good opportunity to examine the water and the creatures it contained.

Its rocky edges were covered with a growth of algæ of most beautiful forms and colors, their red, purple, golden and green giving it the semblance of a gay parterre of flowers to which the translucent water added a charming effect. The bottom of the pool was covered with sand and small pebbles through which sprang up here and there a wavy mass of green and purple kelp and sea grass.

It was a beautiful pool, a charming ocean gem encased in its rocky setting, and I soon found that it furnished an attractive home for a variety of interesting creatures, for, as I scanned the quiet water, I discovered in a fissure of the rock a magnificent specimen of the rose sea anemone, one of the handsomest of the *actinæ,* which was unfolding and opening its tentacles like the petals of a huge flower in the sunshine. For a few moments I stood and gazed upon the beautiful sea flower and watched the movements of the tentacles until they were fully expanded, and then drawing close to the creature, I seated myself on a nearby boulder and awaited developments.

The anemone was now ready for its lunch, which it receives with the tentacles I have mentioned; it is gifted with a most insatiable appetite, and in its gluttony it seizes every living thing that comes within its reach.

The tentacles were alternately extended and contracted, then for a brief period they remained motionless, and then they were given a slight circular wave, which created a whirl in the water and swept it toward the anemone's mouth. For a while I watched these movements, but nothing approached the beautiful but treacherous creature.

At length a number of minnows emerged from their lurking place in the algæ and darted about in sportive pursuit of each other. Here and there they circled, sometimes in a compact body, then in little detached groups. All over the pool they wandered in their erratic movements, until finally they approached the anemone, and soon were swimming above and around it. It was a dangerous proximity for them, and to one it proved to be fatal, for as the little fish darted in pursuit of the others it incautiously touched a quivering tentacle; the response was instantaneous, for like a flash the fish was seized, the other tentacles were closed upon it and the unlucky minnow was engulfed.

It was "a touch and a go" for the fish, for there is but little chance for escape for any creature that the anemone can hold with its tentacles and swallow; it seems to possess the faculty of paralyzing its victims. Naturalists have released small fishes as soon as they were seized, but they had died a soon as they had come in contact with the detroyer. It has been proved that if the tentacles are touched in the water by the naked hand a burning, stinging sensation is felt, and this must have a powerful effect on small creatures.

Its diet is not limited to small fishes and custaceans, for it devours every living thing that it can overcome, and an instance is on record of one of these large anemones having eaten in less than an hour a mussel and a good sized crab. Of course the shells are not digested, but when the edible parts are assimilated the residue is ejected in a very simply way; the anemone turns its stomach inside out!

For a while I sat watching the beautiful rose-colored creature, hoping that it would again expand its tentacles, but it remained motionless; it was evidently enjoying the lunch it had so successfully captured, and for a while its appetite would not call for more.

As I again examined the pool I noticed that a spray of kelp was vibrating, and in a few moments a large crab emerged from beneath the plant and began to move about over the sand and gravel, evidently in search of food. While thus engaged it did not discover the approach of another of the same species which had left its lurking place beneath a bit of shale, and a challenge to fight was the first notice it received of the presence of the other.

The response was instantaneous, for no animal is more ready for a combat than one of these crustaceans. With pincer claws erect, they came together, and then ensued a battle, which, although of the most savage character, was ludicrous in no small degree to witness. Sidling around each other with astonishing celerity of movement and with pincers all the time open and extended, they danced and fought all over the pool; they were pretty evenly matched, both in size and in dexterity of attack, and the victory to one or the other would depend, evidently, on chance.

Back and forth they moved, then sideways, and then over each other they leaped in the water in their effort to seize each other in their powerful jaws. Now and then they stood erect on their hinder feet, regarding each other with intense yet comical malice.

It was a queer duel, but one of short duration, for with a sudden rush, one of the combatants penetrated the guard of the other and seized it by one of its legs, which it tore from the body with a dexterous wrench.

"To the victor belong the spoils," I thought as the crabs separated, the defeated one retiring to the further end of the pool, where it quickly buried itself in the sand, while the other returned to its lurking plac beneath the kelp and feasted at its leisure on the prize it had won.

I did not waste much sympathy on the cripple, for I knew that its leg would soon be replaced, for like the lobsters, who also have their battles, the crabs have the faculty of growing a new member if one is lost by accident. And this provision by nature is a wise one, for with their pugnacious habits these crustaceans would without such a means of replacing lost members soon be exterminated. They are always ready for battle, and no mercy is asked or given. It has been well said of them that "They are the marauders of the ocean community, merciless brigands, ready to do anything to secure their prey. They fight in deadly combat not only with their enemies or their prey, but with each other, and frequently without any pretext, save only for the love of battle."

When they have shed their hard shells to acquire larger ones, however, they are helpless, and woe betide them if an enemy overtakes them in their soft and tender mantle. At this stage their pugnacity leaves them and they retire to as secure a hiding place as they can find, and there remain until their armor is replaced.

The crabs in the pool before me were the species called the common rock crab, so termed because they seem to prefer a rocky shore; they do not limit their habitat to such localities, however, but are often found on sandy or gravelly bottoms. This species is found all along our coast, and is common even as far north as Labrador. Although it is sold in many of our markets, generally in a hard shell condition, it is not in great demand, the "blue sheddar" or soft shell crab being by far the greater favorite among epicures. That species is also found along our shore, from Massachusetts to Florida, but it is not at all common north of Cape Cod.

The duel between the crabs had hardly ended when my attention was attracted to a large starfish, which, emerging from the weeds in the pool, crawled over the smooth rock before me.

"There is a variety of life here, surely," I thought, as I lifted the starfish from the water and laid it on its back beside me. "And here is another destroyer, although one would hardly imagine that such a creature could do much harm."

It was a perfect specimen, and judging from its plumpness, it had recently made a hearty meal. The starfishes work terrible havoc among the oysters and other shell fish and mollusks, and by oystermen are regarded as the greatest of pests, the injury done by them aggregating millions of dollars annually.

It seems almost incredible that a creature with a mouth no larger than that of the starfish can destroy a shell-encased oyster, but that it does so is a fact too well established.

On finding an oyster, the starfish coolly proceeds to embrace the unfortunate bivalve with its arms, fastening itself firmly to it with the little sucking disks with which the underside of its body is covered; it then, after the oyster is securely imprisoned, begins to turn its stomach inside out, and soon the victim is completely enveloped by the protruding stomach. It has been stated that a poisonous secretion now exudes from the pores of the membrane which causes the muscle of the oyster to relax and the shells or valves to open, and in a short time the flesh of the helpless creature is sucked out by the starfish.

When the oyster is completely devoured, the stomach of the marauder is again swallowed, its arms relax from around the valves and the starfish proceeds on its way in search of other victims. If these rapacious creatures were few in numbers, the injury they do would be comparatively insignificant, but unfortunately they are very abundant, and as before stated, they are among the worst pests oyster growers have to contend with. A dredging device for catching them has been invented, however, and it has proved a valuable implement for keeping their numbers reduced. One can form some idea of their abundance when I state that one dredging steamer, working on beds near New Haven, Conn., and at Bayside, captured in eight weeks over 5,000 bushels.

The mission of the starfishes is not entirely a destructive one, however, for they are valuable animals in a certain way; they are among the scavengers of the sea, and they feed on all kinds of dead fish and other small creatures. The good they do in keeping the water pure is not at all insignificant. Although they have five eyes—one on the end of each arm—it is believed that they discover their prey by the sense of smell rather than by that of vision. The havoc wrought by the starfishes on the oyster beds is in some localities equaled by the injury done by the "drill"; in fact, some oyster growers dread this pest as much as they do the starfish. There are a number of species, but the *Urosalpinx cinerea* is the worst of all. They belong to the snail family, but are in the various species of different forms and characteristics. When one of these pirates finds an oyster it fastens its foot or creeping pad, the fleshy disk we see in the opening of the shell, firmly upon its victim, and then the point of the tongue, called the lingual ribbon, which is armed with three rows of sharp teeth, is brought to bear on the valve or shell of its prey, and with this, which is rotated back and forth in nearly a circle, a hole is soon drilled through the hard substance and the body of the oyster is reached. The drill now withdraws its boring appaaratus, and inserts its sucking tube into the hole, and the luscious flesh of the unfortunate bivalve is leisurely devoured. It does not limit its depredations to the oyster, but any shell fish, even its own species, is not unacceptable as a prey, specimens often being found with the tell-tale hole in their shells. It prefers the oyster, however, and so destructive has it been that it has actually depopulated entire beds in some localities, or forced the owners of the beds to transplant them on bottoms which were free from the pests. There is another and larger sea snail, called the conch, which also preys on the oyster. It is not armed with the toothed tongue of the drill, and in fact such an accessory is unnecessary to this marauder, for it plants the concave underside of its foot firmly on

the valve of the oyster, and by the exercise of a wonderful muscular power it simply crushes the shell to pieces. Fancy a snail strong enough to smash the hard valves of an oyster!

So we can see that the oyster has pretty hard times; it is surrounded by enemies at all stages of its existence, and were it less prolific that it is the race would soon be exterminated. Fortunately its reproductive powers are very great, the yield of eggs of a single good-sized one being, according to the estimate of scientists, upward of 60,000,000. With such a prodigious yield as that one would imagine that there is no danger of the depletion of the waters, but only a small proportion of the eggs become mature oysters. After they are floated out by the female, and later become the "fry" or larval oyster, they are constantly preyed upon by various fishes and mollusks. If they escape these numerous foes they are carried here and there by the currents of the water and by their own movements, for they have in that stage of existence the power of swimming in a slight degree until they assume the so-called "spat" form, when the shape and character of their valvular covering change. They then affix themselves to some object, and there remain during the remainder of their lives.

The growth of the little oyster is now very rapid, specimens ten days old measuring ¼in.; those forty-eight days measuring about an inch, and when eighty-two days old they are about two inches in length. Subsequently the growth continues with greater or less rapidity, according to the abundance of food, but generally a marketable size is attained in about three years. The table qualities of the oyster depend on the abundance of certain kinds of food, and that which is obtained in certain localities give special flavors and degrees of excellence. As all our oysters on the Eastern coast are of the same species, the Saddle Rocks, Shrewsburys, Providence Rivers, etc., would, if bedded in any given locality, be gastronomically alike; but it is the special food that is furnished in certain localities which give special varieties their degrees of excellence.

In this connection a brief sketch of the anatomy of the oyster will be of interest here.

As every one knows, the succulent mass of flesh is encased in two shells called valves. The deep or concave valve is ordinarily the under one when the oyster is in its natural element, and it is called the left valve, while the other or flat one is called the right valve. These are bound together by an exceedingly strong muscle, called the adductor muscle, and it is at the hinge end of the shell that the mouth is located. Now, if we lay an oyster on its left side and thrust a sharp knife between the valves, carrying it back carefully, so that the flesh will not be torn nor crushed, until the adductor muscle is reached, and cut, we find, on lifting the flat valve, that the soft body reposes motionless in the deep shell. On examining this, we discover a thin mantle or membrane, which covers the surface of the body and hangs over its edges. Lifting this mantle and cutting it entirely away with a pair of scissors we expose to view the oyster's gills, which are four in number, and which extend nearly around the body. These are covered with cilia, or hairs, arranged in rows, and these are constantly in motion, sweeping a current of water with its contents of food, etc., through the gills and water tubes into the mouth.

The gills are also the organs by which the blood of the oyster is aerated. Between the gills and the hinges are four flaps, called the lips; these are arranged, two on the right and two on the left side of the body, and between them, near the hinge, is the mouth. Now, if the delicate membranes which cover the internal organs are cut still further away the digestive appartaus—heart, etc.—may be examined, and the pulsations of the latter noted; these are not rapid, but they may be plainly seen.

The food of the oyster consists of infusoria and diatoms, and other minute forms of vegetable life; these are diffused through the water more or less plentifully, and they are, as I before stated, swept by the vibrations of the cilia of the gills into the mouth and thence to the digestive organs.

It is by transplanting the bivalves into waters which teem with the greatest abundance of this microscopic food that culturists are enabled to produce the most merchantable oysters. There is a period, however, when, no matter how abundant the food may be, they are not in proper condition for the table. At the times of spawning and immediately after it the body of the oyster becomes thin and transparent, while the reproductive organs increase in size and become developed to a corresponding degree; this occurs in the summer months. Unlike the European species, which is a hermaphrodite, the American oyster is of the two sexes.

In closing this brief sketch of the oyster and its enemies I must not fail to mention that destructive little creature called the "boring sponge." When young it attaches itself to the shell of the oyster or mussel and soon penetrates the outer coating; it then gradually forms a series of burrows or galleries, which in course of time completely honeycomb the shell, and finally cause the death of the victim. It is a common species on our coast from Cape Cod to South Carolina, and it sometimes increases in size until it attains a diameter of 6 or 8in., and a foot in length. One can form some idea of its burrowing capacity, when I state that pieces of submerged marble have been riddled by it.

This sponge is not merchantable—in fact, but few species on our coast are of much value, and those are found only around Florida. The most valuable varieties come from the Mediterranean, and there are over 300 species known to science. Some of these are of exquisite form, such as the "feather" sponge, the trumpet, peacock's tail, Neptune's glove and Venus' flower basket. Although they are generally attached to rocks at the bottom of the sea, they often affix themselves to marine plants, and even to various kinds of mollusks.

If we examine a sponge with a magnifying glass we find that it is a mass of fine flexible fibers, in which there are numerous orifices and pores, which communicate with each other by canals of various sizes or diameters. This tissue is filled with little spicules or spines, which are of a great variety of form, and which are often very beautiful as microscopic objects. The fibrous skeleton is surrounded by mucous matter, which is furnished with numerous cilia, by the agency of which a current of water which contains the food of the sponge is continually being carried through the canals in every direction. The water seems to be drawn in through the smaller orifices called "pores," and is expelled in continuous jets through the larger ones, termed "oscules." EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Crime in Brutes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with deep interest what your correspondents have recently had to say regarding the mental capacity of brutes, and concede that the evidence advanced amounts to a demonstration. At the same time, I think I can detect a selfish motive in the writing which would seek to involve these creatures in that moral responsibility by which mankind is held accountable for his "original sin," according to the theologians. There can be no doubt of the innate cruelty of the brutes in nearly all classes and orders of quadrupeds, birds, fishes and insects; and cruelty implies crime. Crime presupposes plan and premeditation. Inadvertence is not penalized, under the law. Our word "brutal" is synonymous with vice, wickedness and cruelty, and no more opprobious epithet can be applied to a man than to call him brutal. It is easy, therefore, to see how men and brutes stand relatively. The latter suffer much by comparison in the general arraignment; the animals have the greater obloquy. Indeed, a learned English biologist of the past generation named H. G. Torre, has incriminated them far beyond the scope of the decalogue: for he convicts them of no less than eighteen distinct crimes. The enumeration is interesting. They are, as stated:

Murder.—Practiced and inculcated by all creatures classed as carnivorous.

Parricide.—Young buffaloes destroying the old bulls; redbreasts destroying the old birds, etc.

Fatricide.—Cuckoos killing their brothers and sisters as soon as they are strong enough. Collies killing their cognates of the same litter.

Suicide.—Scorpions, snakes and lizards stinging themselves to death.

Theft.—Cats, dogs, magpies, ravens and crows steal and hide stolen goods.

Kidnapping.—Rooks and jays steal eggs and young from nests.

Highway Robbery.—Big dogs take food from small ones. Eagles rob ospreys of fish.

Cruelty.—Cats playing with mice, etc.

Drunkenness.—Instanced in dogs, hogs and monkeys.

Deceit and Simultation.—Hedgehogs, opossums, foxes, beetles, spiders, toads, etc., pretend to be dead. Partridges and other birds feign to be wounded.

Idleness.—Cuckoos, which will not make nests, nor provide for their offspring.

Polygamy and Incest.—All creatures which do not pair together.

Gluttony.—Hogs, buzzards and vultures, et al.

Selfishness.—Animals refuse to share with each other. Dog in manger, etc.

War and Fighting.—Constant among all animals.

Oppression and Ill-Treatment.—Storks, dogs, stags and other creatures which mistreat and kill the sick, feeble and wounded.

The foregoing enumerated traits and practices are sufficient in themselves to show that the brutes have a sense higher than mere instinct, and if they are not accountable with men for crimes which they have in common, it would seem as if they ought to be. If not, why not?

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Man, Snake and Toad.

WHILE indulging in one of my frequent spells of meditation evidences of man's fallacy crowded upon my mind. One was of the way people determine right and wrong in dumb animals.

Many, no doubt, will criticise my assertion, but upon considering the following reminiscence, they—perhaps—will call to mind many incidences of a like character wherein they appeared magnanimous, but in reality were they so? On a country road one day I heard a very peculiar sound, which directed my attention to a slight movement in the grass. I found a large garter snake holding fast to a strugglging toad, which was very slowly, but surely, disappearing into the snake's widely expanded mouth. Now, as it was, that snake was only partaking of an honestly earned, straight, legitimate meal; but against him my ire was aroused, and my sympathy was for the toad, which needed assistance then if ever. As a preserver, I struck the snake in twain, allowing the toad to go free, while the severed parts of the snake were writhing at my feet, beaten out of its meal, also out of its life; beaten out of what nature destined it should live on.

The poetry of my rescue of the distressed was lost when within a week I shot partridges and ate of them, thus doing just what I had killed the snake for doing.

There are comparatively few people who have never taken a life for a reason much similar to that narrated above, and have then dined on animal flesh the same day.

Surely it is hard for us to constrain ourselves to unconcernedly witness the stronger prey upon the weaker, but our trained emotion is not stirred when we are the aggressors; thus we appear in a false light to ourselves.

Nature is wonderful and pleasing to study, for something new is constantly presented for consideration.

CHAS. H. SMODELL.

STILLWATER, N. Y.

Creatures that Eat the Tortoise.

LAKE NEBAGOMAIN, Wis.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to one of the paragraphs of J. P. T. in your issue of Sept 23, I will say that the raccoon eats both the painted and the spotted tortoises, the little "skillypots" which live in the ponds and streams of the eastern United States. Where Coony is frequent and these pond turtles abound he will find many empty shells with the meat taken out in a clever manner with little or no injury to the shell. The scattering of the bones of neck, tail and legs and the tracks in the mud are evidence that Ole Mister Coon did the work, for if the tortoise had died and flesh flies, scavenger beetles and ants had emptied the shell the bones would not be scattered, partly chewed nor missing, and the "tenderloin," as epicures call those strips of flesh which lie between the ribs and the shell, would not be present, fresh and intact, as I have found them. No, "the destructive small boy" does not do all the killing of these two species of shellbacks, and it is possible that other animals prey upon them.

I have taken small ones, the size of a quarter of a dollar, from the stomachs of black bass, and even of brook trout. Their shells are very soft then, merely cartilage, and can be digested by a fish. I have found empty shells of the box tortoise, but all the bones were inside the shell, denoting that the animal had died and nature's scavengers had taken care of the flesh.

The question of J. C. T. brings up others in this line. Does any animal eat the smallest of our turtles, the little "stink-pot" or "musk turtle," *A. odoratus?* Then there are larger fresh water species than those named—the various "sliders," as those more southern red and yellow-bellied terrapins are called, which grow to be 8 or 10in. long and are sent to Northern markets, where the fish dealer sells them to the honest caterer, who mingles their flesh with that of the diamond-back terrapin for which he has paid $60 to $100 per dozen, and while "coons" may look alike, the slider takes on a terrapin flavor which only an expert may distinguish, and when it reaches New York, Baltimore or Philadelphia markets it is safe from the coon. This is the apotheosis of the slider.

For years I have wondered if there is now or has been on this continent before the advent of the white man any animal except man that can kill a snapping turtle after it gets to be 8in. long. I have seen brave dogs essay it, but they always lowered their colors and retired before an enemy so formidably entrenched and so powerfully armed.

FRED MATHER.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, on Tuesday evenings, Oct. 10 and 24, at 8 o'clock.

Oct. 10.—Frank M. Chapman, "Bird Studies with a Camera." Illustrated with numerous lantern slides.

Informal discussion of notes made by members during the past summer.

Oct. 24.—Jonathan Dwight, Jr., "Canadian Birds of August."

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Game Bag and Gun.

The Minnesota Congressional Expedition.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 29.—The movement for the Minnesota National Park, which was begun early last spring, and whose progress during the summer has been reported in these columns, reached its critical stage yesterday at Chicago. The enemies of the project were hoping that it would prove a fiasco. The friends of the enterprise hoped that it would be a success. By 9 o'clock of yesterday morning it was seen that the friends had won. The enterprise at this writing may be called an unqualified success in respect of all its definite purposes. It was never the intention of the Minnesota National Park and Forestry Association to attempt to dictate either to the people of Minnesota or to the Congress of the United States what should be done in regard to setting apart from settlement a larger body of land in Minnesota. It has been all along the avowed intention of this Association merely to take out into the region in question an adequate representation of Congress and of public men. After that, the duty of the Association was in its conception done. Further action was to be left to the members of Congress themselves. Yesterday morning at 9 o'clock it was proved beyond peradventure that this adequate representation was secured. Col. Cooper received and deserved the congratulations of his friends. Personally, he said, "I fought through the civil war, and I have been in many battles, and I have been glad to get out alive, and with success. I have had to do with some private affairs in which I was glad to be successful. But I want to tell you that never in all my life have I felt so relieved, so glad and so proud as I do to-day."

This enterprise needed some such enthusiast as Col. Cooper to plan, to hope and to dare for it. It is very likely that he himself did not know how big a matter he had undertaken. It is very likely that there has not been at any time in recent years so large a number of Congressmen assembled in any part of the country upon an unofficial occasion, unless it may be at the Dewey celebration in New York this week. Col. Cooper has conducted a successful competition with Admiral Dewey, and that is saying a great deal, as every American citizen knows. Well nigh two dozen members of Congress met at the Chicago Athletic Club in Chicago yesterday, and the number and character of this representation set the seal of approval upon the enterprise.

During the day the gentlemen of the party were entertained by the Chicago Athletic Association, and spent their time in the pleasant rooms of that club or in making purchases at the sporting goods stores. It was early apparent that the sportsman instinct of the average American extends also to the men highest in American affairs. There is hardly a gentleman along who is not a shooter or a fisher. We have men who were in the West in the buffalo days; men who followed the Sioux trail across Dakota when the Sioux had no reverence for persons; men who shoot quail in the South, or fish for trout in good old New England. The great North American Congressman himself, as viewed from the standpoint of this expedition, is not a solemn, august and forbidding personage, but simply a splendid, human fellow, like to us all and equal to us all in his liking for the outdoor air. These men who are going up into Minnesota are men who will love and understand that which they see. The forest reserve project is safe in their hands, whether they decide for or against it. They will see for themselves, and tell their associates in Congress of that which they have seen.

The Start West.

The start West was made at 6:25 yesterday evening. Mr. P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road, had provided with royal hospitality, free of charge, one of the most beautiful trains ever pulled out over that splendid road. There were four cars, sleepers, buffet car, etc., etc., all lighted by electricity, and each an edition de luxe of the highest railroad art. Mr. Eustis himself went with the party, and the best of care was taken of everybody in every respect. Mr. T. P. Shonts, president of the Indiana, Illinois & Iowa road, was master of transportation for the party, and all the details of baggage, etc., went on without a hitch. Nobody was left, and everybody had his dunnage on board when the smart special rolled out of the Chicago union station.

Personnel of the Party.

After the start was made, and after Col. Cooper had been reduced to a state of semi-tranquillity, a general count of noses was made and the personnel of the party was discovered to be as below: Hon. Jos. G. Cannon, of Danville, Ill.; Hon. James R. Mann, of Chicago; Hon. J. D. Bowersock, Kansas; Hon. Oscar Turner, Louisville, Ky.; Hon. Roswell P. Bishop, Ludington, Mich.; Hon. J. W. Fordney, Saginaw, Mich.; Hon. Wm. S. Mesick, of Mancelona, Mich.; Hon. James A. Tawney, of Winona, Minn.; Hon. Chas. F. Cochran, of St. Joseph, Mo.; Hon. John M. Allen, Tupelo, Miss.; Hon. Frank G. Clark, of Peterboro, New Hampshire; Hon. Fremont O. Phillips, Medina, O.; Hon. Athelston Gaston, Meadville, Pa.; Hon. Wm. H. Graham, Allegheny, Pa.; Hon. Theobold Otjen, Milwaukee, Wis.; Hon. James H. Davidson, Oshkosh, Wis. A number of Members of Congress will join the party at St. Paul. The following are other members of the party, and complete the entire list of those actually present upon the train:

W. F. Snyder, W. H. Synder, Sidney L. Wright, Eugene S. Pike, H. C. Robinson, Fred N. Stephenson, C. L. Bailey, R. P. Bishop, George A. Schilling, Henry White, Elbert Hubbard, H. P. Williams, Everett Sisson, J. A. Campbell, Theo. P. Shonts, Henry O. Fitch, L. W. Pitcher, Col. John S. Cooper, P. S. Eustis, D. K. Clink, John E. Williams, Dr. C. A. Schenck; K. T. Harris, Record; F. N. Wood, Tribune; John S. Spargo, Times-Herald; E. Hough, FOREST AND STREAM.

En Route.

The evening—and indeed one might add part of the morning—en route on the Burlington, was spent by the party in very pleasant fashion. It was an easily discoverable fact that the great North American Congressman is not only a splendid fellow, but also a splendid story-teller. It was no ordinary assemblage of minds which met on this train, and it was very much a privilege to be present. When the entire party is evidently out for pleasure, and no one is above a laugh and a joke, there is no triviality or flippancy in the general tone, and one may hear a great many things he is apt to remember. One of the best story-tellers of Congress is Hon. John M. Allen, of Mississippi, otherwise known as "private Allen," who in his long career in public life has never been known to be without a story, nor ever been known to repeat himself. The venerable Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, is one of the most respected members of the party. Hon Athelston Gaston, of Pennsylvania, is another gentleman well on in years. Hon. Chas. F. Cochran, of St. Joseph, Mo., may be called a Westerner or a Southerner, as you like, for he was born in Missouri and has spent his life in the West. Mr. Cochran saw Kansas in the "bleeding" days, and needs no one to tell him about the Western frontier. Mr. Cochran was formerly a newspaper man, and by this reason alone might be called not only great, but good. Minnesota is not new for him, for he has fished all of Iowa and Minnesota, including Spirit Lake in Iowa, the Alexandria chain in Minnesota, etc., etc. He is a shooter as well as fisher, a man of experience in the better sporting regions of the West. To show the stuff of which sportsmen are sometimes made, I might cite one instance in Mr. Cochran's life. He was thrown from a buggy at one time, far out in a prairie country, and distant from any surgical help. His leg was fractured in three different places, and the splintered bone protruded through the flesh, plowing into the ground where he fell. Mr. Cochran called for some water, sat up, and himself washed the ends of the bone clean, occupying himself in this way for fifteen minutes until he could be put into a wagon. Four times the doctors made ready to amputate the limb, but his own first aid to the injured had been so efficient that the wound healed, the limb was saved, and is to-day nearly as good as new.

Dr. C. A. Schenck, supervisor of the Vanderbilt forests, of Biltmore, North Carolina, is an interesting character. A German of fine family and of finished scientific education, he is by instinct and education not only a sportsman, but a lover of the woods for their own sake. As we strolled about the rooms of the Athletic Club in Chicago yesterday, Dr. Schenck would run his hand lovingly up and down the great oak panels, looking with absolute love upon the great planks of oak in the wainscoting. "I have told Mr. Vanderbilt," he said, "to use all the hardwood he could in his house, and to have all the carving done that he could. You Americans do not know how priceless is this wood, which you waste. In twenty years you will not be able to cut any such great slabs of wood as you see here. Your forests are passing away. In fifty years these panels, these carvings will have a priceless value." In person, Dr. Schenck is tall and slender, with European polish of manner and an open affability which is cosmopolitan. The party has a little fun with him now and then, because the Doctor thinks we ought to have a monarchial form of government here, where everything else is so nearly quite what it ought to be.

Col. Cooper and his friend Mr. Henry Fitch, of Chicago, kept an interested crowd convulsed with story-telling until a most disreputable hour this morning. I am quite sure that we should all be there yet had not the chief actors grown too hoarse to talk. The actual hours of rest were somewhat brief, for the Burlington special made no stops, and we ran into St. Paul about 7 o'clock this morning.

At St. Paul.

The party was met at the train by a large reception committee of St. Paul gentlemen, who went into charge with pleasant authority. The Merchants' Hotel was made headquarters, and after breakfast the reception committee took out all the visitors for a carriage tour of this beautiful city. There is a touch of fall in the air here in St. Paul, but the clear, cool atmosphere is like wine in its effect. This Minnesota country is a healthy land. It is a land of reserved power. The men here are hearty and strong looking, and you feel that they are able to accomplish, and accomplish without strain or effort. Of all cities in America, Chicago is the highest geared. Business life there goes on at higher pressure than it does at any point in the world. The streets of Chicago are filled with men hurrying, almost running, and their faces are strained, anxious, nervous. Here in St. Paul the streets are not so full; the men do not gallop, their faces do not look troubled. Yet as you meet them you feel sure that if they have not arrived they will do so. As to St. Paul itself, it has arrived distinctly.

This afternoon the Congressional party will be entertained in divers fashions. Among the features of the day will be a visit to the quarters of the Women's Federation, to which organization there must be given credit for the actual inception of the movement for a Minnesota forest reserve. It was something like ten years ago that the Federation of Women's Clubs of Minnesota filed their petition for such a reserve in the State of Minnesota. More rapidly than they dreamed there has grown the necessity for some such great playground and health-ground in our middle Western country. The best place for such a reserve—indeed the only place for such a reserve, unless we go into the abandoned and ruined pineries which the loggers have left behind them—is this region around Cass and Leech lakes. Now we are going up there to look at that country. I doubt not it will seem very beautiful to all who see it. Let us all hope that something may be done which will keep it forever beautiful, unhurt, unspoiled.

There will be a banquet here in St. Paul extended to the party this evening, and it seems likely that more than one hundred persons will be seated at table. Here we shall see the great North American Congressman in a different light, and one in which he shows to advantage, not only at table, but after table, and on his feet.

It is the intention to keep everything as informal as possible, and to cling closely to the idea rather of a pleasure expedition than of a public function. After the banquet the party will start north, at about midnight, and will reach Walker to-morrow morning.

Mr. F. I. Whitney, General Passenger Agent of the Great Northern Railway, will in his turn take charge in person of the special train which will carry the party north over the Great Northern. He tells me that there will be at least thirty or forty additions to the party at this city. We should reach the lake country something like seventy-five strong. This will mean that the expedition will not be unwieldy, and will yet be large enough to be successful.

Boats.

Word has been received from Mr. H. G. McCartney, advance agent of the expedition, now at Cass Lake, stating that twenty-five or thirty boats can be obtained. The largest steamer on that lake cannot run up the Turtle River, but the smaller can. There will be oarsmen enough to take out all the boats. Mr. L. W. Pitcher, of the camp committee, says that all the supplies are now on the ground at Walker.

The Weather.

One very important factor in the pleasure of this expedition will be of course the condition of the weather. To-day at St. Paul the sun is shining brightly and the weather may be called simply delightful for the purposes of this trip. Mr. McCartney wires that there was 2in. of snow at Cass Lake yesterday, but this blizzard which crossed Dakota and Minnesota earlier this week has now passed on rapidly to the east. It is very likely that by the time we reach Walker the weather conditions will be all that can be asked.

Plans at Walker.

Among the plans for the entertainment of the party will be a gathering of the population, white and red, at Walker to-morrow. There will be outdoor festivities, Indian dances, etc., etc., and it is certain everything will go merry as several marriage bells.

From Duluth.

The party is joined at St. Paul this morning by Hon. Page Morris and Mr. Gilbert Hartley, of Duluth, two of the most formidable enemies which this forest reserve enterprise has had. The general impression is that we have taken both these gentlemen into camp; and whether we have done that or not, they are both pleasant enough to take into the car and to classify as very worthy members of the expedition. At present it is thought there will be no stop made at Duluth or at Grand Rapids.

Friends of the Enterprise.

At the last moment there came, of course, word from several gentlemen who had earlier signified their acceptance of the invitation, stating that urgent business prevented their attending. FOREST AND STREAM in an earlier issue printed the names of a few gentlemen who had accepted their invitations.

The Afternoon in St. Paul.

During the afternoon at St. Paul, the Commercial Club took the entire party in charge and entertained them royally. The spacious club rooms were thrown open for a reception at 2 P. M., and the ladies of the Century Club, the Women's Federation and the Civic League acted as hostesses. A number of addresses were made by ladies prominent in these organizations, and here was had a history of the very earliest movement for this forest reserve. Suitable responses were made by members of the touring party, and adjournment was had late in the afternoon. Many of the parties scattered about the Twin Cities, and some visited Fort Snelling and other points of interest.

The Banquet at St. Paul.

At the banquet this evening at the Merchants' Hotel, St. Paul, over 150 persons sat at table, many of the most prominent men of the Northwest being present. The occasion was rather informal, as first planned. There is no better test of public opinion than the drift of thought on an occasion like this. It would appear that the adverse elements have been largely reconciled. Even Duluth, mollified by the concessions offered in the compromise site for the National Park, is essaying to clamber into the band wagon, which seems to be attaining an ominous and omnibus size.

At mid-banquet Mr. George Schrieber, of St. Paul, rose and proposed a toast to Admiral Dewey, which was drunk standing and with riotous applause.

Judge J. C. Flandreau, of St. Paul, was in the chair this evening, and he proposed the toasts most felicitously. Among others who responded were the following: Hon. Jos. G. Cannon, Illinois; Hon. John Allen ("Private John Allen," of Mississippi); Hon. C. F. Cochran, of Missouri; Alderman Henry S. Fitch, of Chicago; Hon. John S. Cooper; Emerson Hough, of Chicago, representing the FOREST AND STREAM; Congressman James R. Mann, of Chicago, and Frank G. Clark, of New Hampshire; Henry White, of New York, and George A. Schilling, representing the Knights of Labor; Rt. Rev. Archbishop Ireland and Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilbert, of St. Paul; Governor John Lind, of Minnesota; Mayor A. R. Kiefer, of St. Paul; Congressman Fred C. Stevens; Judge Page Morris and Judge Walter Sanborn, of the Court of Appeals.

Paddy Doran, of Duluth, a tenor of fine timbre, sang patriotic airs. Mr. Cannon spoke of Minnesota as the "ideal commonwealth." Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, made an eloquent address, instancing the greatness of America in all ways of world-thought. Mr. John M. Allen, of Mississippi, was received with tumultuous applause, and made a witty and characteristic address. Hon. C. F. Cochran, of St. Joseph, Mo., spoke on the American habit of wastefulness of resources, and the vast change. Mr. George A. Schilling, of the Knights of Labor, was introduced as an able controverter of the erroneous first impression that the movement for a forest reserve in Minnesota was a rich man's movement, and not one in which the poor man had had any part. He spoke on governmental and labor problems. Col. John S. Cooper, of Chicago, was given an ovation, and spoke eloquently of the origin of the reserve and its development. He said that the Members of Congress came here with free minds. He would ask nothing of them. He was glad the party was here to see for itself. It was not the intention to injure any private interests.

Gov. John Lind, of Minnesota, expressed his confidence in the success of the enterprise in all good ways. He approved a modest beginning, but a large eye for the future, and hoped to see eventually a large reserve. In this same country he had seen many deer, had caught many fish. He wished the party equal success. Gov. Lind's address closed the addresses of the evening and the hospitality of St. Paul, with sixteen minutes left to catch the train, northbound special, over the Great Northern.

At 11:38 o'clock the special train, consisting of five sleepers, two dining cars and one buffet and baggage car, left over the Northern Central for Walker, where to-morrow night members of the expedition will be entertained by a banquet.

Sunday and Sunday night will be spent at Walker, and on Monday morning the expedition will arrive at Cass Lake, where a unique entertainment is in store for the visitors. The Pillager Indians, who a year ago rebelled against the authority of the Government and caused a miniature Indian war, will entertain the members of the expedition with war dances, scalp dances and a general powwow.

E. HOUGH.

New Brunswick Notes.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Sept. 30.—A favorite camping site for sportsmen who tarry at Fredericton on their way to the big woods is the Barker House, one of the leading hotels of the Province. Mr. Coleman, the proprietor, is a man of imposing appearance and unique personality. Both Mr. Coleman and his hotel, however, are overshadowed and relegated to the rear in public esteem by a huge frog, which has been Mr. Coleman's playmate for the past twelve years. The frog was discovered at Lake Killarney, Mr. Coleman's summer residence, in the year 1887. It is alleged to have then weighed 9lbs. Mr. Coleman then began to train the frog to respond to his call, and by feeding him a mysterious cornmeal mixture from a pail with a shovel is said to have fattened the frog until he reached the phenomenal weight of 42lbs. Strangers came from far and near to see so great a prodigy. Mr. Coleman had completed all arrangements for shipping the giant frog to the Paris Exposition, when the huge batrachian was found one day this summer floating wrong side up in the lake. The hide of the animal was removed at once and expressed to Mr. Crosby, of Bangor, by whom it was mounted in a most lifelike manner and returned to Mr. Coleman. A bewildered sportsman, who arrived on a late train the other evening, was set upon by half a dozen stalwart coachmen, who shouted at him the names of the various houses they represented. "Gentlemen," said the stranger blandly, "I don't know one hotel from another; take me to the man that has the big frog!"

Just three days' hunting in the Canaan country enabled Dr. J. G. Van Vechten, the genial coroner of Oneonta, N. Y., to make the acquaintance of the biggest moose that has been seen in that region for some years. The Doctor, being licensed to officiate as coroner in the moose woods of this Province, at once proceeded to hold an inquest. By means of a timely combination of Jim Paul's birch horn and a .45-70 rifle the Doctor was able to ascertain that the antlers of the moose contained eighteen points and measured just 52in. across. It has always been the proud boast of Jim that he could call a moose "half a mile furder off" than anybody else. In this declaration he would seem to be quite justified, for the Doctor relates that this moose was so far away that

from his first answering grunt until his arrival at the inquest an hour elapsed.

Only one moose, up to the present time, has been harvested with a spread of over 5ft. This prize fell to the ready rifle of Mr. Guy Saunders, of Woodstock, as the result of a four days' hunt up the left hand branch of the Tobique. The exact measurement of the horns was 5ft. 2in.

There is a very perceptible decline in the use of small-bore rifles by visiting sportsmen this season. Many of those who have used the .30-30 and .30-40 now condemn them because of uneven results, and have gone back to their old standbys, among which the .45-70 seems to have the call. Some of our moose guides will not allow a small-bore rifle to be taken in on their grounds, claiming that during the past two seasons more moose shot with the .30-30 have been maimed and crippled (in some cases wandering off to die a lingering death) than have been killed outright.

Reference was made in last issue to Mr. Foskett's hard luck in meeting his moose when his rifle was not in commission. The fact was omitted by your correspondent that upon the moose starting Mr. Foskett succeeded in shoving in a cartridge and taking a flying shot, which though it drew blood, was thought to have only inflicted a flesh wound. To-day I am in receipt of a note from Dr. Morehouse, of Upper Keswick, who had been in to Grand John Lake for a short trip, during which he found Mr. Foskett's moose. The animal, of course, was badly decayed. The antlers measured 44in.

FRANK H. RISTEEN.

New Zealand Game and Fish.

THE story of stocking New Zealand with the game and fish of Europe and America has been told in our columns by Mr. Wakefield. In a recent issue of the Sydney Referee, which a correspondent sends us from that city, we find an interesting account of the experience of a Sydney sportsman in New Zealand.

The climate of New Zealand, says the Referee, is such that nearly all kinds of game—fur, feather and fish—will thrive. The Government has been for years aware of the fact, and with commendable enterprise has stocked field, forest and stream with the choicest specimens of game and fish, the result being that to-day one can get sport amid British and American game and fish at a price which would make sportsmen in the old land, who pay fabulous prices to rent deer forests and salmon and trout streams, turn green with envy. Mr. C. H. Gorrick, the well-known Sydney sportsman, who recently returned from a six months' tour of the North Island of New Zealand in the Monowai, relates his experiences as follows:

"Fishing in the Makakahi River, in the Forty Mile Bush district, for nearly three weeks (where brown trout abound), with fly only, I caught some baskets of trout that averaged 3lbs., the fish running up to 4lbs. in weight. This river is rather a difficult one to fish, as some of the best ripples and pools are unapproachable, owing to the precipitous banks running down to the water's edge, while in other places the banks are fringed with bushes, which overhang the stream, making it almost impossible to cast a fly without becoming 'hung up' in the bushes.

"Hearing that rainbow trout were to be caught in a stream about twelve miles distant, I hired a trap from the hotel keeper and started out. My first essay at the rainbows was not a success, as the day I chose was far from suitable; rain having fallen the previous night, the river was in slight flood, which kept the fish from feeding. But my next trip, about a week later, proved more fruitful.

"I commenced early in the day, with natural bait in the shape of a cicada (a small species of locust), fished dry—i. e., cast up stream and allowed to float down with the current. This lure proved most deadly, and at almost every cast I was into a rainbow. Never in all my angling experience have I found such game, fighting fish. From the moment he is hooked he commences to take long rushes that make the reel simply screech. At the end of this rush, which generally runs out from 20yds. to 40yds. of your line, he takes a terrific bound out of the water, jumping quite 6ft. in the air. This is generally a moment of intense suspense, as it is now, unless securely hooked, your rod suddenly becomes straight, and you have that sickening feeling that an angler generally experiences when he has lost a good fish; but should the hook be well home and your tackle strong the fight usually continues for upward of thirty minutes without a single moment's cessation. He bores, plunges, rushes, leaps, until at last he wears himself out and is quietly drawn into the landing net. Nothing is gamer than a rainbow trout, and nothing more handsome. Just landed he shows a blood-red bar about 1½in. to 2in. wide, running down his side from head to tail, and gradations of all the colors of the rainbow running off the red streak. By the way, not more than 20 per cent. of the fish that are hooked are landed. The name of this river is the Mangatainoka, and it is without exception about the very best river in the Forty Mile Bush. It is an ideal stream for trout, being composed of a series of deep pools (a sure 'lay' for a rainbow), with lovely ripples in which the fish usually feed and disport themselves. The scenery on this stream surpasses and defies description. Every kind of fern and bush may be found on its banks, and in some places completely shuts out the light, and forming a snug retreat for some old monster trout, who is secure from capture—that is, so long as legitimate lures are used. I am sorry to say, however, that sometimes a charge of dynamite is set in these pools, which kills and maims all the fish for 20yds. around. This is rarely done, however, and then only by some road-maker or other who wants a change of diet. The artificial fly on this river is very killing after sunset or when the water is beginning to clear after a flood.

"While in this district I also fished the Mangahau River. This stream is a much bigger river than either of the two before mentioned, and is heavily stocked with brown trout, which run from 1lb. to 14lbs.; but these leviathans are as a rule too cunning to be captured with artificial bait; but sometimes when extra hungry one is caught, generally on an artificial minnow. I caught some good bags of fish in this stream, my best being twenty-three fish, that weighed 71lbs.; the heaviest weighed 6¾lbs. All these were killed in bright sunshine, between 10 and 2 P. M., on the live grasshopper (fished dry).

"From here I went to Kumeroa and stayed with that prince of anglers, viz., Mr. J. I. N. Mackie. One of the best, if not the best, trout streams in the North Island flows through Mr. Mackie's property. He is a large landholder, and is acknowledged to be the best minnow fisher in New Zealand; but during the last two seasons he has given up minnow fishing and adopted the artificial fly. This lure he finds quite as killing as the deadly white bait minnow. The Manawatu is the name of this excellent river, and one has only to stay in one ripple to fill his creel, the rapids being in some places 200yds. across and the same distance in length, and each rapid is teeming with lusty trout of the brown species, which average 2½lbs. to 3lbs., but a 5-pounder is not unusual to find in one's basket at the end of a day's fishing. The fish here are quite equal to salmon in their sporting and fighting habits. Here I had the best sport.

"When the fishing season closed I moved up to the Wanganui district, for the purpose of having some deer stalking. After purchasing a license (which costs £1, and entitles the holder to kill four stags), a party composed of Messrs. Chavannes, Palmer and myself started out to the Khiwhike Mountains, which lie about twenty miles from Wanganui. We pitched our tent about midday, unpacked our rifles, ammunition and field glasses, and sallied out into the mountains in quest of stags. We all took different directions, and made for high points in the hills, where we could command a good view of the surrounding country and spy out the land.

"At this period of the year the stags are usually on the move all day (this being the rutting season), and their whereabouts are generally discovered by their roaring. I had not been more than ten minutes on my point of vantage, when I heard a stag roaring about 400yds. away from me in a thick patch of bush. I had the wind in my favor, and had not long to wait before his lordship moved his quarters, and started to come in my direction. I kept well out of sight, being hidden in some long grass, and waited breathlessly until he was within about 100yds. of me. At that distance he stopped for a moment to listen, and gave a splendid broadside shot. Aiming at the point of his shoulder, I pulled the trigger; the stag gave a bound in the air, and lay kicking on his back. I found my bullet had gone clean through both his shoulders, smashing his heart to pieces. After sticking him I gralloched him, and cut his head off, with the object of getting it set up. This stag carried a nice head of ten points, but turned out to be the worst head I got, the others being much better (the best carried sixteen points).

"I was shortly joined by Mr. Chavannes, who had been following a fine stag, but was unable to get a shot in before the buck entered some thick bush. We decided to wait on the edge of this manuka scrub on the off chance of the stag coming out the same side as he had entered by. While having a smoke we were suddenly startled to see him standing within 50yds. of us. So astonished were we that we simply stared at him, not for the moment thinking to shoot; but C. pulled himself together sufficiently to have a shot; but when the smoke cleared away the stag was standing in the same spot, apparently untouched. This gave C. a chance to put a fresh cartridge in his rifle, but the movement made in reloading set the stag off at a fast gallop, crashing through everything; but C. instantly had his rifle up, and made the prettiest shot I ever witnessed, putting a bullet from his .303 express right through the buck's head. This without damaging the antlers in any way. This proved to be the best head we got all the trip.

"I could tell you many such adventures, but this is a sample of the sport, and will suffice. We continued shooting in this part of the country for three days. We then had shot all the heads we were entitled to, so packed up and made back to Wanganui. We killed ten stags between us, viz.: Mr. Palmer four, myself four and Mr. Chavannes two, the latter only hunting for two days. We took all the heads into town, and they are now being set up as trophies. We also took in six carcasses of venison, and distributed it among friends.

"A license only entitles a shooter to kill stags, and all must carry a head of not less than four points; this to prevent young bucks from being killed. Does, of course, are perpetually protected—and rightly too. We saw quite 200 head of deer during our visit, and plenty of fine bucks among them.

"In the Wairarapa district license holders have been permitted to kill an unlimited number of stags this season, and over eighty good heads came into Martinborough (a small township) alone to be mounted, which goes to prove that now vast herds of deer are roaming over the back country in New Zealand. Good deer stalking can be had almost anywhere in the North Island of New Zealand, and all for £1, whereas in Scotland the prices paid for a deer forest are something enormous, while the trout fishing in New Zealand is the best in the world (quite a number of English visitors came out to New Zealand for the deer stalking and trout fishing this season).

"The New Zealand Government and Wellington Acclimatization Society deserve all sorts of credit for the way in which they have stocked the country with game. Last year the Government sent an expert to England, America and the Continent of Europe to bring out game of every variety, and fish from the various countries visited. Now the Government has set apart an island to breed the various game imported, and proposes to distribute it all over the province. Several varieties of quail, pheasants, ducks, deer, caribou and wapiti are now arriving, so in a few years New Zealand will be literally teeming with game of every description under the sun. At the present time I know of no place where such excellent sport can be obtained at such small cost. It only requires to be better known for hosts of Australian visitors to go over every season for the sport to be obtained, and this at such small cost.

"A month's fishing and shooting could be had for a nominal sum. The fishing license costs £1 for the season, while a license to shoot pheasants and quail cos but another £1, and as I said before a license to k stags but 20s."

Mr. Gorrick's bag from May 1 to 22 was as follow Quail, 90 brace; pheasants (cocks), 40 brace; pigeons, pair; wild pigs, 7 head; hares, 140 head; stags, 4 hea fish, about 1,000lbs. weight.

Specimens of each were brought over in the co chambers of the Monowai for disaribution among frienc

The quail to be found were in countless thousands so plentiful that few bother to shoot them. With rega to the wild pigs, Mr. Gorrick says that it is poor spo shooting them (with dogs), but if a spear was used, in India, it would be excellent sport and exciting wor

The rivers are stocked with trout, including Lo Leven, rainbow, brown and fontinalis or brook char. experience has proved that the different species do get on well together, each river is stocked with a separa kind. In the Mangatainoka, however, the brown a the rainbow get on together, although the brown speci don't breed.

Down in Maine.

BOSTON, Oct. 2.—The Maine angling season of 18 closed Saturday night. In some respects it was a r markable season. The number of anglers has increase while resorts that were formerly devoted to anglers most altogether have begun to be noted as summer r sorts where angling is indulged in after a fashion, but not the primary object of the summer boarder. Angle are feeling more and more that they are being driv out, and must seek regions more remote from the dr suit and the whistle of the locomotive. The season 1899 has taken more Boston anglers to New Brunswic northern Canada and Nova Scotia than ever befo while some have begun to seek Newfoundland for tro and salmon fishing, and are pleased with the results. is true that certain newspapers, devoted to boomi Maine fishing and hunting resorts, declare that the fis ing has never been better than the season just past; th more and larger trout and salmon have been taken. B a glance at their own files will show that they have sa the same thing every season for many years; hence t fishing must have reached a perfect paradise by the pr ent time, if their assertions are to be believed. A gr many fish have been taken the past season, it is true, the well-known Maine resorts, but the number of angle has been greater, while they have fished more earnes and with all the improved methods and greater skill th the years have been bringing out. If I read aright, t late September catches at the Upper Dam and oth celebrated Rangeley resorts were smaller this year, w smaller fish, than last. There is scarcely a report a trout above 5lbs. for the whole month of Septemb while on other seasons trout of 6, 7, 8, and even up 9 and 10lbs. have been taken.

My friend Wesley C. Hemmenway, of Boston, lov angling as well as the best of them, but he usually sta at home and attends to business while the "boys" the firm go fishing. He says that Mr. A. L. Picket, Nashua, N. H., has recently made a remarkable cat of black bass at Morey Lake, Fairley, Vt. He to thirty-one bass in about five hours' fishing, the larg weighing 4lbs. 2oz. The total weight of the catch w 55lbs. The fishing in that lake has been very much i proved by screening the outlet. Mr. Picket has a go photograph of the fish, that may be seen by broth anglers if they desire.

The full open season on Maine big game has beg Oct. 1 being the opening day, except on bull moo which may not be legally killed till Oct. 15, and on c moose and caribou, which are under a perpetual clo time. There is little doubt that deer are more abunda in that State than a year ago, while concerning b moose reports widely differ. I saw a hunter Saturd who is familiar with the Maine woods, having visit them every season for several years. He says that th are more bull moose in the vicinity of Moosehead, W Branch of the Penobscot and Allegash region than ev before. A bull moose is reported to have been seen the Rangeley section, not far from the carry betwe Rangeley and Mooselucmaguntic lakes. A number a reported in the vicinity of Kennebago Mountain, wh the Seven Ponds region has its usual number or mo Flagstaff Lake boasts several big moose. The Aroo took region has a great many moose, if we can belie the many reports.

Sept. 30.—The shore bird gunners have had a f season thus far, and most of them are at home after t first shooting. The flights of plover and snipe ha generally gone by, and it is still rather early for duc though sheldrake and coot are found in consideral numbers. L. W. De Pass has returned from shooti at his Plum Island camps. He shot thirty-one beet head plover and two curlews. Ducks are beginning bed, a local gunner having secured several black duc C. A. Brown is back from shooting at Chatham. He not work very hard, but secured about thirty "big bird He has a beautiful specimen of winter yellowleg, t result of this fall's shooting, as well as a fine beetle-he plover. He means to secure a mounted specimen every shore bird frequenting our coast.

The partridge gunners are getting only a fair showi of birds. Leonard Chapman, a boy of eighteen, livi with E. M. Gillam, has taken a number of partridges the Reading woods. He has also shot a fish hawk w a spread of 62in. to the wings. Of this he is very prou Gardy Eames, the crack wing shot of eastern Mass chusetts, got six or eight partridges the first day of t open season. Ed Eames, who was hunting at the sa time, secured almost as many. Mr. Hallowell, of Bo ton, got none the first day of the season. C. H. Tarb got five the first time he went out in Byfield, the ope ing day, I believe. He had a new dog, only a pup but he worked splendidly, putting up a flock of ni within a short time. The first barrel brought two bir a very lucky shot, and Tarbox is naturally proud of The other barrel brought one. The dog soon put t birds up again and the hunter took one with each ba rel. Considering this good luck enough for one day, called in the dog and went home. Mr. Foss, of Bost with his son, a boy of 12, is just back from a hunting tr

into the Moosehead region, in Maine. They found the partridge shooting very good indeed, getting all the birds they could want reasonably. But Mr. Foss is more particularly proud of the success of his boy. Last Christmas one of the boy's presents was a rifle, which naturally made him long for his fall trip to Maine. He has shot a fine buck deer. Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Roxbury, Mass., has recently returned from a hunting and fishing trip in the Rangeley region with her husband. She brought down a deer with a rifle, at a distance that almost staggers Mr. Lynch himself, who is a good marksman. Prof. J. F. Moody, of Auburn, Me., gunning at Hebron, in the same State, last Saturday, secured three partridges. He reports the birds very scarce in that part of the State. Mr. A. G. Bearse, gunning in the same town, has shot only two birds.

Miss Florence Lowell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has had an experience in attempting to photograph a cow moose. The party was camping on Mud Pond, Chesuncook Lake. Miss Lowell was out in a canoe with a guide, when the monster cow wheeled out of the woods and into the muddy water 3 or 4ft. deep. Here she stopped, evidently willing to be photographed. "Focus for 6ft.," whispered the escort, evidently intending to try for a near picture. The canoe was wheeled around, the lady making one or two snap shots; but before the right distance was reached the moose disappeared up the bank, making the mud fly in every direction. The plates when developed had only a distortion on them. The focusing was too short. Another report says that the cow charged on the canoe, bringing her hoofs down within 18in. of the gunwale before she whirled. But everybody would rather hear that part of the story from Miss Lowell herself than to take a doubtlessly exaggerated report for the truth.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Mr. J. D. Ke dall is Alive.

Many years ago, in the times of Eddie Price, and "before the Kankakee was finished," there lived in this neck of woods a gentleman by the name of J. D. Kendall, who was well known and much respected by many of our old-time shooters in this vicinity. In course of time Mr. Kendall moved out West, located at Salt Lake City, and got tangled up with a gold mine which has made him so much money that he burns wet dogs with it instead of fire crackers when he wants to celebrate the Fourth of July. Some of our old-timers remember Mr. Kendall very well, and a while ago Roll Organ, of this city, while in the West, met Mr. Kendall in person and was invited to take a fishing trip to the latter's trout preserve in Oregon. It happened that soon after this time the newspapers printed the account of the death of a Mr. Kendall, of Denver, Colo., and Bill Haskell, another old-timer of this city and a friend of Mr. Kendall, saw this notice and told Mr. Organ that his friend Kendall had passed away. This was denied by Mr. Organ, who said he had just left Mr. Kendall. "Well, I don't care if you did," said Mr. Haskell; "he's dead, for I saw it in the paper." Of course, anybody who knows Bill Haskell knows that it is no use arguing with him when he has once made up his mind. Several days were passed at the Maksawba Club, during which Mr. Organ tried to prove to Mr. Haskell that Mr. Kendall was still living, but it was no use. As a last resort, Mr. Organ wrote to Mr. Kendall himself, asking him to tell Bill Haskell that he was not dead, hoping that this might prove to the latter that he had been mistaken. This morning Mr. Organ received the following communication from Salt Lake City, signed by some of the most prominent sportsmen of that city, and attested by a notary public:

To Old Roll Organ, Fred Taylor, "By Crips" Brown, Bill Haskell, of Chicago, Ill., and others of their ilk: We, the undersigned citizens of good repute, and residents of Mormondom, do hereby declare that the report so industriously circulated at Chicago by the above named and other ill-disposed persons to the effect that "J. D. Kendall, of this place, 'an old sport' who formerly was so careless of his reputation as to associate with them at and about Chicago, is dead," is untrue; and we also certify that he is not only alive, but very much alive, and able to cast a fly or pull a trigger with any old sport that comes along.

S. McDOWALL. [L.S.]
I. M. DART. [L.S.]
W. W. CHISHOLM. [L.S.]
W. C. STAINES. [L.S.]
I. F. WOODMAN. [L.S.]
WM. M. BRADLEY. [L.S.]

State of Utah, County of Salt Lake. } ss.:

Before me, a notary public, appeared the above named affiants, who are personally known to me to be active members in good standing of the Ananias Club, and whose word is usually good if sufficiently corroborated, who state that said J. D. Kendall reports himself as alive, and they don't think it prudent to dispute the word of an athlete. Personally I have my doubts.

[L.S.] HARVEY J. JONES, Notary Public.

It would seem that while the notary public has his doubts about the matter, Mr. Kendall is convinced himself that he is still alive. But will this statement convince Bill Haskell that Mr. Kendall is still alive? Certainly not. Mr. Haskell having made up his mind that Mr. Kendall is no more, the incident in his opinion is to be regarded as closed. I have never met Mr. Kendall myself, and hence hardly feel qualified to express an opinion in this matter; but I have met Mr. William M. Bradley, the Salt Lake attorney whose signature I see appended to the above statement, and hence am inclined to think that Mr. Kendall is correct in his own inference that he is still alive.

Sporting Grounds and Civilization.

Among the great old-time sporting grounds adjacent to Chicago, as every one knows, are those along the Kankakee and Illinois rivers. These marshy lowlands were for years thought irreclaimable, and it certainly took considerable foresight to undertake making of them anything but a feeding ground for ducks and a spawning ground for fish. I have earlier mentioned the work of drainage which has been slowly progressing along the Kankakee Marsh for several years, but now it seems that the work is to be pushed so extensively and by means of such immense ditches that it seems likely the great Kankakee marshes will soon be but a memory. Certain men have long owned great tracts of this marsh ground, where they have pastured great numbers of cattle during dry seasons. It has been feared by some of these men that should the marsh be drained the pastures would be ruined. They have now concluded to reclaim 500,000 acres of this marsh land, and if this be successful we shall soon have little marsh left. Messrs. John Brown, Nelson Morris, B. J. Gifford, J. B. Carmen and others are joining for these operations, which will go on in Lake, Porter, Newton and Jasper counties, in the State of Indiana.

Everybody knows the great drainage ditch by which Chicago is to be connected with the Mississippi, by way of the Desplaines and Illinois River systems. Not liking the idea of the city sewage being turned into the Illinois River, a great many citizens of the Illinois Valley have taken legal steps to prevent the turning in of the water into the canal. A mass meeting of many hundred residents was held the other day at Whitehall, Ill., and a formal appeal has been sent to Governor Tanner and President McKinley, protesting at the completion of the canal and the turning in of the water until after the great Government dams on the Illinois River shall have been removed. It is thought that the sewage would collect in the back water above these dams and cause a prevalence of disease. If the dams are blown out we shall surely have a better waterway for the ascent of fish into our angling waters in northern Illinois, but the question remains whether the Illinois River will be a stream fit for game fish after it begins to receive the Chicago sewage. Thus it is that civilization and sporting grounds prove incompatible.

The same sort of thing comes up in the mooted town site of Cass Lake, Minn., which is located on an Indian reservation. At last accounts Secretary Hitchcock had stopped the eviction of these settlers, and promised the platting and opening for sale of a half-section of land on which the town is located. This is construed to be a further victory for the squatters, for they will have an undertsanding about the prices they will pay for their town lots when the auction begins. Home building, town building and city building man has a very hard heart when it comes to questions of rivers, lakes and forests.

At Johnson City, Tenn., there is a shooting club called the Barn Door Gun Club, whose president is ex-Governor R. L. Taylor, whose sympathies are known to be divided between a shotgun and a fiddle. This unique shooting organization will hold its first tournament on Sept. 4, and it issues an invitation which says: "Nobody is barred unless he is unable to hit a barn door." The worthy president does not state on which side of the barn, the inside or outside, the shooter is to stand while qualifying for admission.

The Fish Commission of Minnesota is having trouble this season with its planting operations. As is well known, the State work includes seining the cut-off pockets in which large numbers of small fry are found each year along the Mississippi River. This fall, just as work was beginning on the pockets, there came a rise in the big river, which flooded the low grounds and made it difficult to get fry in any quantity. Equally hard luck was experienced in the gathering of the wall-eyed pike spawn. The pike spawned in the Pike River this year on the rapids, leaving the customary spawning grounds where they have usually been taken for planting purposes. The best efforts of the Commission in collecting spawners did not meet with the success which they deserved.

The Minnesota Fish Commission has been obliged to put wire netting over some of its tanks, more especially those containing the much prized albino trout, which are the pride of the Commission. The kingfishers have shown a special fondness for the albino trout, which can be seen so clearly in the water that they offer a shining mark.

Game Around Chicago.

Our shooting season at Chicago is under way. The snipe are in, and the early teal and wood duck shooting is developing fairly well. There is not much water in the shrunken Kankakee, but wherever there is some wet marsh there are birds this week. I hear better reports from the Maksawba Club than anywhere else, but a great many parties are going out at the close of this week for the favorite points along the Kankakee. There are some snipe in along the Little Calumet. The fall bass fishing is now about at its best along the Kankakee River, and although I have not heard from the Fox River I think the bass ought to be biting there also now. Reports continue to hold up the original belief of a boom year in quail all over the middle West, especially in Illinois and Indiana. Lower Illinois is alive with quail.

Chicken Country.

Mr. Fred M. Stephenson, of Menominee, Mich., tells me that he found splendid chicken shooting this month in Minnesota along the Roseau ridges, some thirty-five miles northeast of Thief River Falls. He and his brother were in there with a good supply of dogs, and they had good sport. They killed forty birds in two hours and a half one morning, and one day killed even fifty, the legal limit for two guns, without any trouble.

E. HOUGH.

180 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Plucky Michigan Game Warden.

HARTFORD, Mich.—Thanks to the pluck and energy of our deputy game warden, we have a promising outlook for quail shooting, and have had a fair supply of the toothsome wood duck.

Wm. Palmer, of Hartford, has the proper grit for a game warden. In August last he heard the frequent discharges of guns in the direction of the Pau Pau River. Thinking the "sooners" were getting in their work on the young wood ducks, he proceeded to the river and found the young ducks flying up and down the river in wild confusion, while every little while some one fired at them from down the stream. Following the sound of the guns a short distance, he found they were on the other side of the river, but he was determined to identify the trespassers. Hastily undressing, he swam the stream and struck out on their track. He could hear them tearing through the bushes, and thought to overtake them, but Billy found that a man clothed only in his complexion was no match in the race through the brush for those clothed in the regulation garb of civilization. But their fright had been effective, and no further menace was offered the defenceless young ducks.

SULLIVAN COOK.

The Opening of the Season in New Hampshire.

AGAIN we can legally kill all the grouse, woodcock and such game that we are able to. The market-shooter still has his way, and is fully aware of it, and to all appearances will keep on as long as he can sell birds enough to pay for the killing.

I started out on the morning of the opening day with the same companion as on the first day of last year. This year our opening day did not resemble as much as last year, a typical, old-fashioned Fourth of July. Still we heard a number of shots in different directions. In one locality, some two miles west from where we were hunting, we heard quite a number of shots. Rowland Robinson, in his description of Granther Hill's comments, when hearing a number of shots, says: "There goes his gun again, but he hain't killed anything I know, by the way his gun sounds." This is about what my companion and I thought, perhaps not so much from the way the gun we heard sounded as from our opinion of the skill of the person we thought was doing the shooting.

I seldom put in a whole day during the early part of the season, and on the opening day this year we were out a little over half a day. We covered a good many miles of ground, and did not find birds at all plenty. Notwithstanding the usual report of "partridges being thick," we started but two broods of grouse—eight in one lot and six in the other—with an occasional single bird here and there. Our bag was exactly the same as last year—eleven grouse—not quite so evenly divided as on the previous time, as I killed seven of the number. The time has been when I would consider seven grouse for half a day rather medium results. To-day I think that number a pretty good bag, and am satisfied with a smaller number.

Our woodcock shooting during the middle of September never amounted to anything in my experience of over twenty years in this section. Occasionally a bird is found, but almost always in some very unlikely looking place.

Last season we had quite a heavy fall of snow much earlier than usual. This snowfall saved the lives of a good many of our grouse—fully one hundred in this immediate vicinity. One well-known market-shooter said to me that "That snow knocked him out of at least one hundred more grouse last season."

Our grouse are pretty wild, and can look after their safety pretty well, but two or three expert market-shooters hunting systematically together will take in many a wary old grouse who would easily escape from a single gunner.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Sept. 26.

Massachusetts Association.

BOSTON, Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The work of enlightening the general public as to our game laws has been prosecuted vigorously by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, and has resulted in many letters being received by the secretary disclosing the existing state of things in the Old Bay State in reference to fish and game protection.

Take for example the following, received yesterday, from S. Dennis: "I address you in behalf of the fish and game of this section of the State. A general lawlessness has prevailed in this neighborhood for years. Quail and other game birds are shot in defiance of law. Smelt are taken with nets. Seines and nets are used for perch. Fykes are set in Bass River and the ponds and streams connected therewith." This is a very clean-cut statement of conditions in one locality, and other letters of similar tenor show that it is not an isolated case. The board of management of the Association have long believed that more vigorous work should be done by the State, not only in the line of prosecutions, but in putting out native quail and stocking streams and ponds.

At a meeting of the board last evening the following resolution was unanimously adopted, viz., "That the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association earnestly desires a more efficient administration of the Department of Fisheries and Game," and the secretary was instructed to inform the Governor of its adoption by the meeting.

It is proposed to call another conference of representatives of sportsmen's and farmers' clubs similar to that of last year within a few weeks.

At the meeting last evening, Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, president of the Worcester County Game Protective Association, made a report of the successful work of that Association in liberating quail, but said in his opinion there would be no game birds in his county five years hence unless more stringent measures were adopted to preserve them. I inclose clippings from the Boston Herald, which may contain items of interest to your readers.

I send under another cover, sample of posters we have sent to postmasters.

H. H. KIMBALL, Sec'y.

Quail in Southern Virginia.

CHASE CITY, Va., Sept. 28.—There seems to be an impression throughout some sections of the North that there is a scarcity of game—especially quail—in Virginia this season, presumably on account of the cold spell of last winter.

I cannot speak in behalf of the entire State, but in this section—Mecklenburg county—there seems to be more than the usual amount of quail. Many coveys were late in hatching, hence they are not fully grown yet, but they will be all O. K. by the opening of the season, Oct. 15.

I saw one of our local hunters, who was out last evening at the request of a lady, who wished him to kill a few on her own farm, and he reports the following result of a hunt of one hour and a half: Flushed from ten to twelve coveys, in which were from twenty to thirty quail each; killed twenty-three birds with twenty-five shells (all he took with him). This is nothing exceptional in the way of a game preserve. The same result could have been obtained in many other fields around here. There is also the usual supply of deer, wild turkeys and smaller game.

W. D. PAXTON.

"I wish we had a horseless carriage," said the farmer's son.
"We have," replied the farmer; "and now that you speak of it, you might as well get it and bring a load of potatoes up to the house."—Christian Register.

The Minnesota Sale Law.

In the Minnesota law one clause provides that wild ducks may not be killed or possessed or sold between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1, and another clause forbids possession or sale between Jan. 1 and April 15. "The discrepancy," Mr. Sam F. Fullerton writes, "happened this way: You remember that fight we had against spring shooting here in Minnesota. Well, the House at first defeated the measure, and as a substitute adopted the language you find in the latter part of Section 10, stopping the sale. The Senate did away with spring shooting, but left the clause in regard to sale, thinking it would do no harm; and when a conference of both houses took place the entire section was adopted, although it is not necessary to have that part of the section relating to sale or shipment between Jan. 1 and April 15, for it is unlawful to have in possession at that time, as at all times between Jan. 1 and Sept. 1.

"The commission men are only beginning to realize what our new law is. You know quail, ruffed grouse and pinnated grouse are all in the list of birds that cannot be sold or shipped. We cannot begin to estimate the good this law is going to do in saving these birds. I believe that if the law is properly enforced Minnesota will always enjoy and have good shooting of these birds, for if we can stop the sale absolutely the problem of game protection is solved.

"Chickens are plentiful, both in Minnesota and Dakota. I had a pleasant shoot as the guest of State Game Warden Bowers, of North Dakota, and never saw grouse and chickens so thick. We got all we wanted without any effort. For three days we averaged thirty each day, and while there were four in the party only two did any shooting; but I am sorry North Dakota did not get its law changed so that the season would open the same as our in Minnesota—Sept. 1. We found lots of coveys too small to shoot, showing that Sept. 1 is the right time for the shooting to commence instead of Aug. 20.

"We like to see Forest and Stream keep up the good work. When you get every State to stop the sale of grouse, then we will have protection."

North Carolina Quail.

Mount Airy, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As I am constantly receiving letters of inquiry about birds in this section from gentlemen addicted to the quail shooting habit, and knowing that your paper is read by all sportsmen, I thought I would write you the facts as I know them. During the extreme cold weather of last February, owing to a high range of mountains which encircle four or five hundred square miles of our territory, we did not have over 2½in. of snow, and that entirely disappeared in three or four days. In every other part of this and adjoining States the snow ranged from 12 to 20in. in depth, and covered ground for two to three weeks. Great quantities of small game froze and starved to death. It was not the case here, as a number of gentlemen from Boston and other places who hunted here soon after the cold snap will attest.

The seasons have been most favorable for hatching out, and their increase has been remarkable, and the consequence is, from the most reliable information I have been able to gather, that there are more quail here than has ever been known before. Farmers tell me that the partridges (as they are called here) were more destructive to corn last spring than the crows.

I will be glad to give any information to parties who desire it, if they will take the trouble to write to me.

Geo. R. Quincy.

Hamilton, N. C.—There is more quail and turkey at this place this fall than for many seasons, and no better shooting section in the State than here—but very little posted lands, and all sportsmen welcomed. Good accommodations can be had in the village. Old Leggings.

Buffalo Hunting in 1836.

From the Village School Geography, published at Hartford, Conn., by Reed & Barber, 1836.

"The Indians who roam about over the Territories live by fishing and hunting. * * * When they wish to kill buffaloes they generally mount their swiftest horses and take a bow and arrows. Then they chase the buffaloes until they come near enough to shoot them. The Indians sometimes practice another method, by which they kill a great many at a time. They make them rush over high, steep rocks. One of the swiftest young men puts on a buffalo skin which has ears and horns. Then he goes and stands between a large herd of buffaloes and the steep rocks. Other Indians go behind them and yell, to frighten the buffaloes. There is no way for them to run but toward the Indian who has on the skin, and whom they suppose to be a buffalo. He runs on and they follow. When he arrives at the top of the rock he slips into a little crevice which he prepared beforehand. But the buffaloes that are in front are crowded on by those behind, and down they tumble over the tops of the rocks on the rocks and stones below. After an occurrence like this, wolves and greedy birds flock about and feast on the poor buffaloes that the Indians leave."

Memo.—The Territories enumerated at that date were Florida, Missouri, the Northwest Territory, which included Dakota, and Oregon. Buffaloes are mentioned as being very numerous in Arkansas in 1836, the date at which it was admitted as a State. Charles Hallock.

Vermont Game.

Sheldon, Vt.—Small game is more plentiful in this section than for several years past. The broods of young ruffed grouse average from ten to fifteen each in the moist covers. Migratory woodcock are thin in flesh, owing to the extreme dry weather in their Northern breeding grounds.

As nuts will be plenty this autumn, it means many gray squirrels.

Several coveys of quail are reported, the result of the plant made several years ago.

Foxes are numerous, and deer are seen every day by some of our farmers, and are quite tame.

Stanstead.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Small-Mouth Black Bass Grow to 10lbs.

There is not the least doubt in my mind that when the next century is as near its end as this one is there will be plenty of people who will declare that the small-mouth black bass does not and never did grow to weigh 6lbs., and for proof they will assert that Forest and Stream offered, more than a hundred years ago, a prize for a black bass of 6lbs., and it was never produced. There will be a small and select few who will swear that no such fish exists or existed, because they never saw one. I say small and select because there is a chance that most of the people who do not believe what they have not seen will be killed off within the next hundred years.

There will be also another lot of men at the end of the next century who will swear in the fashion of that day that the brook trout—"our common brook trout, the little fellows that grow right here in our brooks"—never grow to 4lbs. in weight, because a man by the name of Barnum, who was in the show business, offered $100 for a brook trout of 4lbs. and could not get it in all the United States. Of course he did get it, and I saw it, and he could have had any number of dead 4lb. trout, but it was live ones he wanted; but that will not make any difference at the end of the next century, for the same doubt will be expressed as is expressed now. However, I have got away from black bass, and will get back to them. I have declared in Forest and Stream that I have had reason to regret that I ever told any one that I caught a black bass of the small-mouth species that weighed over 8lbs., for it required too much proving; but I have come to expect that with a fair degree of regularity some one will ask if this species of black bass ever does grow to exceed 6 or 7lbs. The last letter on this subject I found on my return home last evening, and it is from Mr. Silas H. Paine, of the Standard Oil Company, and is as follows: "A few weeks ago two of the guests at the Silver Bay House, Lake George, caught four black bass; they were not weighed until about three hours after being taken from the water. At that time the largest one weighed strong 7lbs., the second 6lbs., the third 5¼lbs., and the fourth 4½lbs. Naturally I have been doing a little bragging about the weight of the fish, claiming the first mentioned to be the largest or nearly the largest small-mouth black bass ever caught. I have just struck a snag in the person of one of my associates in the office who does a good deal of fishing during the summer on the St. Lawrence, and always comes home with a good stock of stories, and who boldly denies that a small-mouth black bass ever was caught weighing 7lbs., and says the Lake George catch was not of that variety, but are known as Oswego bass. Will you inform me if the black bass in Lake George are what are known as small-mouth bass, or are they Oswego bass, and if they are the small-mouth bass whether there are any of the other variety in the lake at all?"

The black bass of Lake George are all small-mouth bass, and the big-mouth, called Oswego bass, when it should not be, does not exist in the lake. Forest and Stream's "Big Fish Record" has the details of the capture of a small-mouth black bass from a pond near Lake George, originally stocked with bass from Lake George, that weighed 10lbs. Two days ago a young man caught in Glen Lake, near Lake George, a black bass weighing 8¾lbs. There are no species of black bass except the small-mouth in any waters near Lake George. The10lb. bass is mounted in New York city—somewhere in Liberty street, I think. Two other bass of the small-mouth species weighing over 8lbs. each are also mounted in New York city. I weighed them all soon after they were caught, and know the weights and species to be what is claimed for them. The Smithsonian Institution (National Museum) in Washington has a small-mouth from Glen Lake that now weighs 8lbs., and did weigh 8¼lbs. when sent there.

One word about bass or other fish being weighed at the time of capture or hours afterward, for like Mr. Paine the point is often made that fish are not weighed until some time after they are captured. If fish are kept moist the shrinkage in weight is very inconsiderable between the time of capture and hours later. If the fish are allowed to dry and become hard the shrinkage will be greater, but it will not come within four miles of what I have heard claimed this very season on Lake George and elsewhere, when fish were shy in weight.

International Fisheries Review.

Last winter Mr. W. Weschniakoff, president of the Russian Imperial Society of Fishculture and Fisheries, St. Petersburg, Russia, wrote me asking my co-operation in establishing an international review of fishculture and fisheries as a permanent organ of International Fisheries Congresses. The Review has been established, and I have just received the initial number. It is published by the Russian Imperial Society, and edited by Mr. N. A. Borodine, Fish Commissioner of the Ural District, and is printed in German, French and English. Its mission is to give new facts pertaining to fish and oyster culture; data pertaining to fisheries—statistics, inventions, laws and fishing news; work of fishing societies; reviews of scientific investigations relating to fisheries; new books on fishing and fishculture, etc., etc. It has an intelligence department, giving titles and addresses of the Fishery Commissions of the world; a list of specialists in ichthyology, fishculture and fisheries, and a list of periodicals dealing with fisheries and fishculture throughout the world, in which Forest and Stream occupies a prominent place. A great deal of practical information is condensed within the thirty-eight pages of the first issue of the Review. In an article by Commissioner Borodine upon the artificial propagation of the Russian sturgeon he mentions that he first impregnated the eggs of sturgeon and hatched the young in 1885, and it occurred to me that this antedated the work of Dr. Dean in hatching the sturgeon eggs in the Delaware River. I am aware that Seth Green hatched sturgeon eggs in the Hudson River in 1875, but eggs and milt were secured by cutting open the fish and removing ovaries and milt sac, while Dr. Dean and Commissioner Borodine took eggs in the usual way that is employed by fish breeders in handling either species of fishes. In fact, Mr. Borodine says that "when the ova are ripe they flow from the fish quite easily," and this was true also of the fish handled by Dr. Dean. With Commissioner Borodine the sturgeon ova hatched in seven days with a water temperature of 19 to 20 degrees centigrade, and they were hatched in Seth Green shad boxes, no longer used in this country, where they were invented. It was found to be very difficult to rear the young sturgeon in confinement, as they were easily affected by changes of temperature in the water; but they are great feeders, and as a natural consquence grow rapidly, attaining a length of 5½in. in two months' time after they are hatched. I quote one paragraph: "Several thousands of sturgeon fry were put in a large box in the river, but most of them escaped through the small holes of the metallic grate. It is demi-fluidal consistence of the body of the young sturgeon that enables it to get through the holes, which are four and five times less than the thickness of the body. I draw all fishculturists' attention to this fact."

I smiled when I read what I have quoted, and I would like to add that if there is any fish born in water with a body of greater "demi-fluidal consistence" than the small-mouth black bass I have yet to find it out. So many years have elapsed since I found this out that it may be perfectly safe to tell it now. Some impregnated black bass eggs were gathered and placed in a box to see what they would come to, and as the water where the experiment was tried happened to be a trout brook, every precaution was taken to prevent the escape of the black bass when they hatched. The box had a wire bottom of very fine mesh, but over this cheesecloth was fastened. When the young bass hatched every one of the little beggars had a body of such demi-fluidal consistence that they went through wire mesh and cheesecloth to the last one. It is hoped that the trout for once got even with the black bass tribe, and finished them to the last one; any way I never have heard of any black bass in the brook, and now I believe there are some; but a brook is not a good place in which to experiment in hatching black bass eggs.

The Fly-Fishers' Club.

In this caption I use the definite article advisedly, for there is but one Fly-Fishers' Club, holding no tournament and giving no prizes, and it is in London. Every year for fifteen years, when, as an honorary member, I have received the annual report of the club, containing an account of the annual dinner, the speeches, etc., I have wished there were at least two and that one was in New York city. There is no good reason that I can see why there should not be a Fly-Fishers' Club in New York, and there is every reason why there should be, but I have said so half a dozen times already in Forest and Stream. New York is not as big as London, but it is big enough to support a club of this sort, and surely with town and country membership of a small part of the fly-fishers available for the purpose, such a club could be instituted and made to flourish so easily that every one would wonder that it had not been done before. The London club has grown from the start in 1884, and has been moving into larger and larger quarters, until now the members talk of having a club house of their own. The list of members in last report shows about 350 names. The membership dues for town members are $15, and for country members $7.50. The London club has a fine fly-fishers' library, which is being added to annually, so that the club possesses about all the literature on the subject that has been printed. There is also a fly-tying room, containing all the feathers and materials used in fly-tying, all properly classified and mounted. The report of a special committee for the collection of feathers and fly-tying materials would fill more than two columns of this paper. After showing diagrams of birds' wings—upper and under surface—with pointers to indicate portions, by names, useful to fly-dressers, typical hackles other than poultry are shown between glass sides; thus back, breast, crest, neck, rump, tail and every feather are displayed. Then shapes of cocks and hens, hackles and typical poultry hackles, dyed and undyed. Examples of special hackles, examples of wings. Body materials, floss, furs, gut, hair, india rubber, herbs, mohair, pig's wool, seal's fur, tinsel, wools, crewels, silks, etc., and finally the birds which furnish the feathers for the fly-dresser. The Fly-Fishers' Club professes to be a social club alone, but it has grown by evolution into an educational club. I notice that one of the rules of the London club is that no member shall engage a room for more than a month in advance, and I'll warrant that in a similar club in New York a country member could not get a room unless he did engage it a month in advance. A few years ago I found there was a decided feeling among some of the fly-fishers in New York with whom I talked in favor of a Fly-Fishers' Club in town, but no action was taken, and the matter was dropped. From time to time I have mentioned the matter to fly-fishers outside of New York, and not one but favored the plan, and I believe that to-day a club could be organized that would become permanent and a joy to fly-fishers all over the country as a common meeting place. All roads lead to New York in this country, as all roads lead to London in Great Britain; and as a Fly-Fishers' Club is bound to come, I hope it will be organized in New York before it is organized in some other town. If I mistake not Forest and Stream was in favor of such a club when on previous occasions I have brought up the subject, and probable Dewey would indorse it, and that would settle it.

It is not for would-be country members to take the initiative in organizing a Fly-Fishers' Club in New York, but I am satisfied that they would give substantial support to such a club if the fly-fishers in New York would afford them the opportunity.

Silkworm Gut.

When the late Dr. Garlick, the father of fishculture in America, produced gut from an American silkworm that was 9ft. long, the American eagle probably ruffled its feathers with pride and may have thought that he was *it* so far as gut was concerned, and I thought so too, but

the American eagle was wrong if he had any such thought. At the last annual dinner of the London Fly-Fishers, one of the speakers was Sir Thomas Wardle, and he spoke of two friends who were fishing with him on one occasion, referring to one as follows: "The other friend was a distinguished literary man, a learned professor in Baroda College, who had been very hospitable to me in India. Some years ago he was asked to go to India on Government service, to report on the silk industry of Bengal, and other subjects. He was sent into the jungles of Western Bengal to visit a missionary, the Rev. George Campbell, of Manbhum, interested in silk culture, and he suggested to that gentleman that it would be a very good thing if longer length of the silkworm gut were obtainable. Two years afterward the missionary sent him a collection of gut which absolutely astonished him. From two species of silkworms, *Antheræ mylitta* (the Tussar silkworm) and *Philosamia ricini* (the Erin silkworm of Assam), there were lengths of 15ft. to 21ft. [Hear, hear.] I have arranged the specimens in a little book and will be pleased to present them to the club." [Cheers.]

No wonder they said "Hear, hear" and cheered when Sir Thomas presented silkworm gut from 15 to 21ft. long. He further said that since his visit to India they had given considerable attention to the gut question, and were producing good gut of over 2ft. in length, instead of 1ft. as formerly. If London had not had a Fly-Fishers' Club those specimens of gut might have gone elsewhere, and New York fly-fishers do not know what they are missing every year by not having a club that such things could be given to.

Pacific Salmon.

A letter has come to me on the subject of Pacific salmon taking the fly from Cheneyville, La., written by Mr. J. Robert Mead, and I am obliged to him for the information in the letter, and also for making known to me that there is such a place on the map as Cheneyville. He says:

"I have just finished reading your article in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 2 on Pacific salmon and artificial fly, and am moved to write you in regard to it. I resided in Portland, Ore., for five years, and while there caught my share of salmon at Williamette Falls, near Oregon City, also a few in the Clackamas River, all of which were taken with the spoon. Judge Green and myself tried all manner of spoons, and finally had some made to order, which we found very successful. Blade of spoon 2½in., nickel plated, hammered. Triple hooks of extra strength with bright red and white feathers. I have known salmon to open their mouths (after being hooked) and bend the ordinary hooks almost straight. Would naturally suppose from the fact that red and white feathers are the best on spoons, that they would take a fly composed of those colors. I have personal knowledge of salmon taking the fly in the Clackamas River. One occasion I witnessed, and the other I was present, but was not an eye witness. The first was a fresh run Chinook salmon a little over 3lbs. in weight, and was caught half a mile below the dam near the mouth of the stream. The salmon rose twice, but was finally hooked foul back of the head. The other was caught thirty-odd miles up the river, and was fairly hooked in the mouth. Both fish were taken by Sidney Smith, then of Oregon City, but now of Portland, with a fly about 2-0 in size, known as the Mead. I have the honor to be the originator of the fly, and have found it a killer on all trout I have taken in Oregon and Washington. I am willing to go on record as making the statement that the Chinook salmon of the Columbia River and its tributaries have taken, and will take, the artificial fly under favorable conditions. In one day at Williamette Falls I killed twelve salmon with spoon that weighed 132½lbs. Wherever I have used the word salmon, I mean the royal Chinook of the Columbia River. As many as twenty-seven small salmon, 5 to 6lbs. each, have been taken with steelhead roe for bait."

As to feathers on spoon, I have long held the opinion that it made little difference whether the spoon had feathers or not. The first spoon made had no feathers and many modern spoons have none. It is the flashing of the metal in the water which attracts the fish, although the bright feathers may add to the attractiveness of the spoon. The Mead fly I have been familiar with since it was first made, and then I declared that it looked like the larva of the May fly in the water.

A. N. CHENEY.

Success with Bass Ponds.

PERHAPS some of your readers may be interested in the success of breeding black bass in a small way.

Some years ago I had about three acres of bog land, in which there were some spring holes dredged out. The land on three sides was high, hard ground; on the fourth side I dug a ditch about 3ft. wide, and down to the solid ground of the pond, building up a wall on each side with the tough bogs and with the grass side out. The whole width of the bank was about 15ft. With the sand dug from the pond, I commenced at the end of the ditch, where it joined the hard ground, and filled the ditch to the surface. This drove the soft mud and water before the sand, and as some of the mud remained they together formed a mortar, so that when the ditch was filled throughout this part was very hard. Although the muskrats have made many attempts to work through it they have not succeeded so far.

For an outlet I sunk a 6in. iron pipe lengthwise well down to the bottom of the pond, and at the inside end I made an upright box about 2ft. by 3ft., sunk well into the sand at the bottom of the pond, and about 2ft. higher than the bank, with cover and lock. Into this were put two screens of fine wire in summer, and in winter one of wire and one of solid wood, with ¼in. holes bored into it. This was to prevent the muskrats from gnawing through the wire screen. Back of the box and around the pipe we filled with broken glass before pounding the earth in place. At the end of this box and opposite the pipe was a square hole in the box about 4in. by 5in.

The depth of water in ponds is from 2 to 8ft. There is more or less grass, with water lilies, in the shallow water, which gives food and shelter to the young fish.

In the winter I put in nine yearling small-mouthed bass. The second year they spawned, but did not increase very fast, as the principal food they had was a quantity of grass pike that had come in from the creek through the outlet while the pond was being built. To remedy this lack of food in the pond, we drew a net about twice a week in the bay, where we caught killies, silversides and shrimp. The killies and shrimp bred, and some of the killies are now in the pond. The silversides could not live long in the fresh water, and were soon eaten by the bass. In about three years I found that this small pond was overstocked and did not afford food for the fish. I then built another pond of about nine acres in the same way as the first pond. This pond was open to the bay from fall until the following May. When the outlet was closed off by a dam we found that perch, pout, sunfish and alewives had run into the pond through the outlet and had remained there. After constructing the two ponds, I found that the bass would not leave the small pond, although the large pond had plenty of food. I caught about fifty of the largest fish and transferred them to the large pond, but found they returned almost at once, often as soon as they were placed in the water, near the connecting water. The only way to prevent this was to put up a screen between the two ponds and transfer them again. The next spring I counted thirty-one beds, and now have good fishing, and both ponds are well stocked with bass from fingerlings to fish of 2½lbs. The perch and pout and sunfish are of all sizes, but the alewives after breeding thousands the first year, and fewer the second and third, have now entirely disappeared. These ponds being fed entirely by springs and without inlet, most of the food consists of young sunfish, perch and killies, and the fish must be bred in the pond.

I believe that fish become attached to localities, as we always find them near the same place. One that we call the old bachelor can always be found alone under the roots of a certain tree, and if we feed him he never misses a meal.

E. D. WARD.

LONG ISLAND.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Hunting Creek.

HALF a dozen miles west of Alexandria a small stream takes its rise, called Back Lick Run, and after flowing some distance eastwardly receives a tributary from the north called Turkey Cock Run; the resulting stream is Cameron Run. A little later into this, from the north, comes Holmes' Run, rather the larger of the two, and below their junction the stream is Hunting Creek, almost as puzzling to the stranger as a London thoroughfare with its half-dozen names. Hunting Creek empties into a wide shallow cove in the Potomac, that is a tidewater marsh just south of Alexandria.

The upper lip of this cove is a little promontory, called Jones' Point, on which stands a Government lighthouse, which is the southern corner of the great square forming the District.

About this country cluster associations of the immortal George, Mt. Vernon lying close by on the south, and Washington's highway crossing the run. The Mt. Vernon Electric Road crosses the upper end of the marsh on a long trestle, and some fishing has been done about its piles from the wagon way of this bridge, which has been lately removed. The upper runs, which must be waded, are well stocked with the large white chub, and legend has it, once had trout, which is, however, unlikely, as the waters are warm always, easily muddied by freshets and do not carry the appearance of trout streams.

On the occasion of our last visit, a little while ago, we went down the night before to the lighthouse, the keeper of which is a boat builder, and engaged a couple of skiffs, which were to be at the Electric bridge early the next morning, as we desired to avoid the long paddle up the cove covered with the heavy moss.

We spent the evening about the shores of the Point, but it was ebb tide and the water too shallow inside the line of moss and spatterdocks to shelter anything but sunfish and the two perches. We caught some dozens of the little fellows with No. 12 flies, and did not expect better with so little room on a shore so much used.

When we came on the first car the next morning the skiffs were waiting at the bridge, and we set out at once, first threading the piles of the long trestle, hoping to pick from their shallows a good rock or black bass, as we had been told they were often secured here with bait. The wind was high, which interfered sadly with the management of the boats and with the cast, but by anchoring to the piles we succeeded in covering the water to our satisfaction, but if there were any fish there they made no sign. The weather had driven them too deep for the fly, or they were not hungry; at any rate, we found none.

Among the causes which interfere with fly-fishing, and which some experience leads to conviction is serious enough to warrant a closer study than seems to have been given, is barometric pressure. Common expressions found in all extended accounts of trout fishing are that the fish were "on the feed," or "not feeding," to account for good or ill luck with surface lures.

Of course the same thing happens with the bass, and there are times when they seem to be ravenous, and often times when they do not. Thunder is generally believed to send them to the bottom of the deeps, but some one makes a catch while the thunders roll, and straightway announces it's good weather for fishing. Sometimes a silent shower sends them scuttling, and between showers the lake will be alive with breaks. There is no fixed hour for their feeding, though where the flies are plenty they are usually lively, and the cold, east wind which is supposed to be fatal for fly-fishing may do no more than drive the insects to the shelter of the bushes, and the fish leave the surface when the bugs do.

A little swell in the river before a freshet and before the water becomes turbid will make them suddenly leave off rising. At other times they come and go, for no apparent reason to the angler, who is the victim of a puzzled disappointment over what he considers their vagaries. People of nervous temperament are susceptible to atmospheric conditions and changes, and it is not only the nerves of pain in a corn that gives notice of a storm. Sometimes the subject "feels like a rag."

The water too responds to the pressure of the air, and a falling barometer may be enough to make the fish uneasy. Of course it is not suggested that one may ever carry a pocket aneroid, and consulting it at the water side decide it is useless to wet a line to-day. For one reason, that a single observation carries no intelligence; if it stood at 28, that might be high, if it had been a few minutes before at 27.90, or low if it had stood at 28.10.

A series of observations are, of course, necessary, not only as to pressures, but as to the conduct of the fish, but that there is some relation, so far as surface fishing is concerned, there is no doubt, at least in the mind of the writer, who for ten years has believed this without being able to get any closer to a demonstration. It is one of those comfortable theories to which one may be devoted without fear of being disturbed, for opposition is so easily dismissed as ignorant prejudice.

The channel winds about through the marsh, which is filled with wild oats, moss, sedge, the little yellow water lily, the nelumbium and the marsh mallow, the latter with great flaring white or pink bells with scarlet centers, that we fondly believe furnish the gummmy confection that travels under the name, but that for years has been nothing but flour, sugar and gum arabic.

It was a report of big bass which took us here, and we avoided the perch and chub, the sunfish and roach with which the stream is filled. It is a long pull up the creek to the head of navigation, but we are out for the day, and resolve to do it well. Every grass pad and moss bed, every sandy riffle and log of wood, every bunch of brush and overhanging willow is faithfully tried and a fly dropped at the door by way of invitation as temptingly as we know how, but all to no account. A yellow perch sometimes trails the fly for 20ft., and then on the retrieve makes a mad rush as if he feared he would miss his lunch, but they do not fasten often. The long-eared sunfish are more sudden and generally take it at once or not at all, but our flies are too large for them, and we do not take many. We have a good many runs and get some bass, but while they are outside the limits of the law, they are not the kind we are after, and go back with the rest. We do not even raise a pike, which must be plenty here, but the heat is reason enough why they should not show, and they are probably deep in the shadow of the grasses.

Up the creek we go and down again, without a sign of the big fellows we are here for. Once more down in the cove, we skirt the lower shore toward Hell's Hole, long a famous place for rock and perch, but far too deep for the fly. The southern point is low-lying, swampy ground, and an effort had been made long ago to reclaim it, but the dikes were not substantial enough and the tides make in and out through the breaks. The whole swamp is locally known as the Dikes, and we follow the tide through, into the old ditches, and find a good many fish in the pools, but the water is too shallow and warm and the pools too small to expect anything of any account. Coming out at a lower break we find several parties of fishermen outside in the wide mouth of the little run which empties into the diked marsh. This cove is deep, with great beds of wankapins. The great rhizomes of this lily are sometimes exposed on the streets of Washington as an insect destroyer, under the name of Walker Pin roots. The origin of the name Wankapin is obscure; probably to distinguish this little yellow water lily from the large white nelumbium, called the water chinquapin whose acorn-shaped nut much resembles the common chinquapin of these woods.

In and out we worked among these beds, but far out the water was too milky for the fly, and well in too shallow, so we had to be content with a rush or two, that might have been the 5-pounder we sought, but we will never know. It was growing tiresome and the tide was going out as we beat back and tried to paddle through the moss across the mouth of the bay to the lighthouse. It is nearly a mile and a half, and with wind and tide against us we did not make over a mile an hour. It was a long day of hard work, and not a fish to carry home, but not without its pleasant recollections. The sunfish alone are enough to keep a fly-fisherman from getting lonesome. There are four species in the Potomac, though differences in waters and age give the impression of many more. The larger ones here are called bream, though a very different fish from the English bream. Ours is game, and first rate in the pan, while Palmer Hackle says of the other ("Hints on Angling," p. 149): "When you have succeeded in getting him out of the water be careful not to handle him, as he possesses a most filthy hide; but get the hook out of him in the quickest and best way you can. If he be alive and uninjured throw him in again; if not, either leave him on the bank for hawks and polecats or throw him into the first pig sty you happen to pass." He evidently regarded them as some people do cucumbers. Yet they do furnish both sport and meat to many fishermen, and not to boys alone, as the bream grows beyond a boy's size, reaching 20lbs.

HENRY TALBOTT.

Pacific Salmon and the Fly.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Upon my return from the North I found your issue of Aug. 26, and have read therein Podgers' contribution upon the question raised by Mr. A. N. Cheney and discussed by Henry P. Wells, as to whether the Pacific salmon can be taken with a fly, and in which Podgers submits his experiences. His story is certainly interesting to all fishermen, but did he catch any salmon in the Navarro River? That is the question. I am satisfied that he thinks he did, but I believe that he was taking steelhead trout, and not salmon. The writer has never fished the Navarro River, but has fished in the estuaries of similar coast streams to the north and south of the Navarro, and believes that he is familiar with the fish that run in these waters.

The steelhead (*Salmo gairdneri*) is the most common of all the Quinnat salmon (*Oncorhynchus tschawytscha*). The salmon of California does appear for a very limited time in the Navarro River late in November or during December, according to the season.

The steelhead trout, which is known to more people as salmon, enters the estuaries of all the coast streams as early as September, and is found in all the streams during the winter months. The steelhead is a large salmon-like fish, running in weight from a few pounds to 20lbs. The Quinnat salmon that enters Mad, Eel, Matole and Navarro rivers average 20lbs. in weight. The run of Quinnat salmon in Eel River greatly exceeds the run in any other California coast stream, save the Sacramento. Their run in the Navarro is insignificant,

while the run of steelhead trout is large. The fish taken in that river with nets are sent to the San Francisco markets, and very few Quinnat salmon are to be found in these shipments.

Now, the steelhead will take the fly both in the estuaries and in the streams from September to February, though very few of the large steelheads can be taken in that way, while I have never known but two Quinnat to be taken with the fly in Eel River. I have visited that stream several times, and have talked with many fly-fishermen who go there every year, and can only find authentic testimony of the captrue of two Quinnats with the fly. They will occasionally take a spoon, and I have seen many of them taken that way in Eel River and in the headwaters of the Sacramento and McCloud rivers, and in Battle Creek. I have never known a Quinnat to be taken with a fly in the Sacramento or McCloud River, or in Battle Creek, save a few grilse from the McCloud River, and they seldom exceeded 3lbs. in weight.

From Podgers' communication I am of the opinion that he caught steelhead trout, and not salmon, and would suggest to him that next time he catches fish in the Navarro River he send one of them to Dr. Jordan or Dr. Gilbert, of Stanford University, and let them determine the species, for even so accomplished a sportsman as Podgers could easily mistake large steelhead trout for salmon.

The steelhead which Mr. Henry P. Wells caught at Clackamas Station, Ore., must not be considered a fair test of their ability as fighters. The fish that he caught were certainly "lathy," and with us are termed "spent." They all take any moving thing in the water, but have no strength with which to fight. If Mr. Wells should take these fish when they first enter the coast streams from the sea, he would have an entirely different opinion of their fighting ability. They are then undoubtedly the grandest fighters of any species.

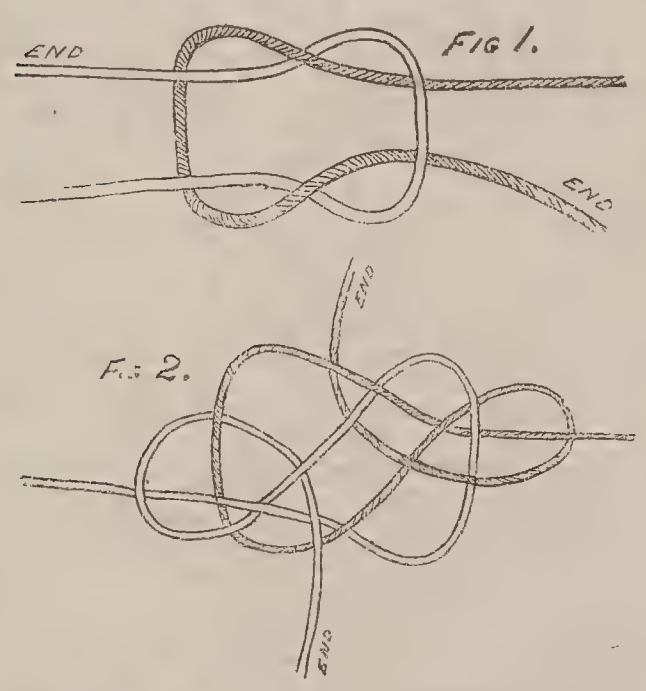
STEELHEAD.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

A New Knot for Gut Lines.

THERE is probably nothing new under the sun, and the inclosed method of knotting gut may be well known. I was tying salmon casts a day or two ago, and was struck with the clumsiness of the ordinary knot. The knot I inclose is, as you will see, a sort of double figure of 8 knot, and is less than half the size of the ordinary knot.

Fig. 1 shows two strands of gut forming the original loop. Fig. 2 shows the method of tying the knot. Take the end of the dark strand, pass it over dark main line, then under, and into the original loop from above downward. Take the end of the light strand, pass it under



the light main line, then over, and be careful to pass the end into the original loop from below upward.

It will be noticed that each operation is exactly the reverse of the other. Hold the two ends with thumb and first finger of each hand, and draw the main lines tight with the other fingers. If the knot is properly tied, the two ends will stand out at right angles to the main lines. When the knot has been made secure by holding each end between the teeth and tightening the main lines, the ends may be cut off flush with the knot. Of course, the gut must be well soaked.

Advantages of the knot are: 1. Very little of the gut is wasted in tying the knot. 2. The knot is smaller and more compact than the ordinary one. 3. The ends are at right angles to the cast, and so do not catch. 4. The ends can be cut off close to the knot without any risk of "drawing." 5. One end or both projecting at right angles can be left long for dropper fly. 6. There is a fourfold grip of the loops of the main line on each end, as will be seen in Fig. 2.—London Fishing Gazette.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 2-6.—Dallas, Tex.—Texas Kennel Club's second annual bench show. Sydney Smith, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-6.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's eighteenth annual show. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.
Oct. 10-13.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island State Fair Association. E. M. Oldham, Supt.
Nov. 15-18.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show. Marcel A. Viti, Sec'y.
Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—National Beagle Club's tenth annual trials. G. Mifflin Wharton, Sec'y.
Oct. 25.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut field trials. John E. Bassett, Sec'y, New Haven.
Oct. 31.—Greene Co., Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's fifth annual field trial. A. C. Peterson Sec'y.
Oct. 30.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. A. D. Fiske, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Washington C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Nov. 8-9.—Lakeview, Mich.—Michigan Field Trials Association's second annual trials. E. Rice, Sec'y.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's first annual trials. George D. Maxfield, Sec'y.
Nov. 13.—Egg Harbor, N. J.—New York State Field Ttrial Association's inaugural trials. F. F. Rick, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 14-17.—Carmichaels, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's fourth annual trials. J. W. Simpson, Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.
Nov. 21.—Lawrenceville, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.— ——, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

"The Wrong of Dog License."

MRS SARAH K. BOLTON, of Cleveland, O., who is well known as a writer on the dog, sends us a leaflet prepared by her on "the Wrong of Dog License," from which we quote the following paragraphs. It is Mrs. Bolton's desire to put the paper in the hands of owners of dogs and lovers of animals, and she will be glad to send it on request. Mrs. Bolton writes:

Every day in our cities there are scenes which would not be tolerated, if we witnessed them. Dogs loved and petted by many a child, noble creatures who would die to protect their owners, are terrified by having a net thrown over them, or a lasso, and dragged along the street, thrown by dog catchers into wagons, hurried off to pounds or shelters, and killed by gas or poison or drowning.

Several years since a lover of dogs, a member of the Cleveland Kennel Club, Mr. C. M. Munhall, realizing how the license law bore heavily on the poor who could ill afford to pay, and believing that the dog is "property" and that a city has no right to kill it, any more than a man's horse or cow, brought suit against Cleveland, and a "perpetual injunction" was granted by the court "restraining the city from killing dogs." The license law was of no effect after this decision was rendered. Mr. Munhall proved himself by this test case a public benefactor. Mr. Munhall says: "The course I pursued is the only way to wipe out such illegal laws." If other cities would follow his example, through some man or woman who is a friend to animals, we might be spared the yearly slaughter of thousands in some of our large cities.

A prominent vivisector in Cleveland has urgently advocated a dog pound to "prevent pet animals from straying into the colleges, and it would give the latter a regular channel through which their material might be derived."

Of course one of the chief reasons adduced for license is a revenue for the city or the humane society. In 1898 the Cleveland Humane Society, needing money, tried to obtain through the Legislature a dog license law, but was not successful. One of the most prominent judges in the city wrote me: "I have been pretty well informed that the dog license law will not pass the Legislature on account of the question of its constitutionality. I am glad to think that the poor dogs and poor people who take comfort in them, are shielded by the great constitution of the State of Ohio.* * * I do not believe in the bill at all. It is inhuman, and the idea of a Humane Society entering upon such a 'slaughter of the innocents' is repugnant to the purposes of the society itself. Our Humane Society is one of the best institutions in the city, but it would seem to me that funds ought to be raised in some other way than through a law which would result in destroying thousands of these companions and guardians of children, and faithful and devoted friends of mankind."

A letter lies before me from a well-known Ohio man who has sixty dogs in his kennels. He says: "I love dogs—all dogs—and believe that they have all a right to live, and that no law is a just one that allows them to be killed by any society or any person. I believe in humane societies for the good they do, and it is not good they do when they destroy the life of any dog or other animal, unless said animal has been hurt, or is diseased and cannot live.'"

One of the old arguments that license is necessary to prevent the increase of dogs is refuted by the experience of this city of 400,000 inhabitants. There is no surplus of dogs in Cleveland except possibly to a few persons who dislike animals. There are always some homeless creatures, but comparatively few where there is no license.

Whenever a tax is imposed some dogs will be turned upon the street, because many owners cannot or will not pay the tax. When the license reaches the exorbitant sum of $7.15 for female dogs, as in Hartford, Conn., or $5, as in Boston, many persons who would gladly keep a dog or give a stray animal a home find it well nigh impossible to do so.

A kind woman in Boston, seeing a dog catcher running after a homely little creature, who, frenzied almost to madness, sought refuge in her cellar, was so touched by the helplessness of the lost animal that she paid the $5 fee, and though not well able to do so, has paid it for some years, and been rewarded by a remarkable devotion.

What use for a license law which causes all this suffering? Does a city or a humane society need a revenue which comes from the death of devoted animals?

If we are anxious to prevent "mad-dog" scares, license and muzzling are not the remedies. There are not so many supposed cases of hydrophobia in Cleveland as in places where the license law is enforced. In Constantinople, where a man is fined $50 for abusing a dog, and not allowed to kill one, hydrophobia is said to be unknown. Fortunately, in America muzzling is not common, as most people know it is harmful and cruel, the dog needing the open mouth for perspiring as well as breathing, and that the muzzle promotes madness rather than prevents it.

"If license with its dog catching and killing has such abuses under city management, turn these matters over to humane societies," say some persons. This has been done in some cities, and if the cruel work be carried on as humanely as possible the results are appalling. In New York city, where the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals collects the license money and kills the unlicensed dogs, the increase of deaths is startling from the rigid enforcement of the law. In 1895 over 46,000 dogs and cats were killed by the S. P. C. A. In 1896 over 70,000. In 1898 over 91,500, about four times as many as when the city had charge of the license and killing. New York city, twice as large as Philadelphia, kills more than ten times as many small animals; New York city, six times as large as Boston, with half a million population, kills forty-five times as many small animals. Boston kills 2,000 unlicensed dogs during the three summer months; New York city kills cats and dogs the whole year through.

No persons can realize the pity and the horror of such killing unless they visit the Shelter at the foot of One Hundred and Second street, New York, and see the poor creatures in the pens, not for the most part "homeless or disabled past recovery," or diseased, but unlicensed setters, fox terriers, black and tans, who look up to you and whine piteously, asking for release from their prison and sure death. Alas! that so few have any time to visit the Shelter, or to ask if there is no remedy for this destroying of useful, affectionate creatures.

The Humane Society of Cincinnati, O., following the example of New York, obtained the license fees and killed the unlicensed dogs. A Dog Owners' Protective Association was formed, and one of its members brought suit to restrain the Humane Society from killing his dog, on which he had not paid the license. The dog license law with fees collected by the Humane Society was declared unconstitutional by the court, "because the dog is private property and cannot be taken without due process of law without violating both State and National constitutions." The law which gave the Humane Society power to collect license fees has been declared illegal not only in Ohio but in New York as well. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York declared in 1898 that the "Legislature cannot vest a society with power to kill or dispose of other people's property." The Legislature gave this power to the S. P. C. A. of New York city in 1894, four years previously.

A well-known humane official of New York State writes me: "New York city has a State law of its own which is practically the same as the one defeated. The New York city law is doubtless invalid, but they continue to enforce it, as no test case has been brought to determine its validity.'"

The Dog Owners' Protective Association of Cincinnati helped to obtain the passage of the O'Neil bill in the Ohio Legislature in the winter of 1897-8, which gave an unqualified property right in the dog. "Any animal of the dog kind shall be regarded as, and shall for all intents and purposes whatsoever be, property," and if killed or carried or enticed away, "damages by way of compensation for the dog, as well as exemplary damages, may be allowed." Whoever steals a dog is guilty of larceny. The O'Neil bill also repealed a most inhuman law on our statute books which permitted "any person to kill any dog away from home unaccompanied by his master." Nearly similar laws are among the statutes of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Minnesota and elsewhere. Such laws are a shame to a civilized people, and show how carelessly and unfeelingly we have dealt with the most devoted and truest friend of man, who would die for him as no human being would. Our humane societies could do noble work in effecting changes in these laws.

In Indiana a female dog over ninety days old is taxed $3, "more than a man is taxed on his fifty or one hundred ewes and lambs. Justice says such a law is a disgrace to all voters of our State," writes a man from Indiana. A lady from that State writes me: "Here in the city an additional tax of one dollar makes the keeping of a female dog a very great burden upon poor people. Even the rich are unwilling to pay $4 a year for tax on a dog. The result is, female puppies and dogs are dropped all over the city. We find them homeless and starving."

It is difficult to see why a dog should be taxed any more than a pet cat or a pet bird, but if licensed and the tax not paid, why the dog should be killed, any more than a man's horse or ox.

For whom are such cruel license laws made? For creatures without voice or vote, whose devotion has no equal, whose sensitive appreciation of our approval or disapproval is a marvel, who guard us and our children with their lives.

With all this affection and sensitiveness, found alike in the homeless waif and the household pet, we hunt them in highways and byways, and if their license fee has not been paid we kill them, without a word of compassion and without burial, and this in a Christian land!

There is a growing conviction that this wholesale slaughter is wrong, and that we have a duty to animals, as to orphans and aged, which we have never fully realized. In London, England, where the police gather

up over 40,000 unlicensed dogs yearly, which are killed with gas by the Humane Society, at the Battersea Home—the almost incredible number of 700,000 dogs since 1860—so heart-breaking has this killing become that a country home with several acres of ground has just been opened at Hackbridge, where large numbers of these animals can be saved and put into good homes. There is to be a cemetery in conection with the home, like the one at Victoria Gate, Bayswater Road, opened in 1859, and now nearly full. A touching place is this with its monuments to devoted friends. One stone bears the words, "To Faustie, faithful friend, lovely, loving and most dearly loved." Another, "Dear little dog; as deeply mourned as ever a dog was mourned." But the 700,000 unlicensed and homeless dogs have no graves to rest in.

The report of the Home on Battersea Road, for 1896, says, after the muzzling order of that year, about 700 dogs were gathered up each day for several weeks. "From morning till night the home was crowded with, not only dogs, but persons seeking for their dogs. All day long a string of vans laden with dogs might be seen waiting in the road to discharge their burden. In addition, police constables were constantly arriving on foot leading three or four dogs each." Men worked till midnight and even 1 o'clock at the home, and came again at six in the morning, for the destruction of these blameless, unmuzzled creatures. What a picture of an easily passed muzzling law, with little thought apparently by the council of the misery and death of the poor victims!

A speaker at a recent meeting in London said the Exchequer receipts showed that dog licenses produced in the year 1895-6 over £500,000, and added, "Where shall we find another class of taxpayers who contribute so largely to the revenue and receive so little in return?"

In Philadelphia, where 6,000 or more unlicensed dogs are put to death each year, the Journal of Zoophily, April, 1898, says: "It is a sorrowful necessity which compels us to take the lives of any of the number who are well and strong, and in a condition to enjoy life, and we wish we could do otherwise. Some of our colleagues are so penetrated with this feeling that they have started a temporary home for dogs in the upper part of the city, 3241 North Twelfth street, near Tioga, where those possessing any great degree of beauty or intelligence, or any valuable qualities, are kept until good homes can be found for them."

Boston (at Brighton, a suburb) has the Gifford Home for Animals, much like that at Hackbridge, to which Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford gave nearly $100,000. There are over 200 cats in the institution, happy and well cared for, and many dogs. Similar homes ought to be built in all our cities.

The Frances Power Cobbe Refuge, of Indianapolis, Ind., saves hundreds of homeless dogs and cats. Mrs. Mary O. Elster devotes her life to teaching that she may provide means for this beneficent work, while her husband, who is somewhat crippled, cares tenderly for the animals. To both this noble work is a labor of love.

"What shall we do with our surplus animals?" is the oft-repeated question. Repeal the license laws, let the poor keep their pets, and we shall have few surplus animals. Every family is better for having some pet animal to love. Where it is impossible to repeal license laws, let the license fees be given, not to city or humane officials, or to public schools to teach children kindness to animals, or public libraries to spread knowledge, but to build homes or find homes for unlicensed animals. For the really homeless dogs and cats, let us do our personal share in caring for them, and let homes be provided as for others of God's helpless creatures. When we find a homeles animal, let us advertise it in the papers, saying that we will give it to a good home, and then taks pains to find out if the home is a good one. Let agents be employed, not to kill homeless creatures, but to seek homes for them as we do for unfortunate children. A philanthropic woman gave several hundred dollars in the winter of 1898 to provide food for homeless dogs and cats in Boston, and an agent was hired to carry out her noble thought. We give to hospitals, to libraries, and to poorhouses. What do we give to animals?

Perhaps our Legislatures will sometimes grant money to humane societies as they do to schools and libraries, for the elevation of the people. Helpless children and helpless animals as well are in a large sense the wards of the State, and anything to better their condition should receive the sympathy and aid of the State.

The West Virginia S. P. C. A. has obtained from the Legislature an appropriation of $3,000 annually to aid the work of the Society.

Let the kennel clubs, or lovers of dogs, obtain laws through each State Legislature making the dog "property," so that nobody has the right to kill him, any more than a man's horse or his cow, and then test the license laws in the courts. The question of revenue from dependent creatures who look to us for safety and protection, and killing them by the tens of thousands because the money is not paid, is unworthy a Christian people. Each day the dreadful work goes on. While we walk in the sunshine and enjoy perchance homes of luxury, the dog catchers with their wagons are carrying the terrified and devoted friends of man to pounds or shelters, and to death. If a city of 400,000 population does not need and does not have license with its pitiful results, let other cities, even larger ones, try this humane policy.

Points and Flushes.

Vol. XVIII. of the Greyhound Stud Book, 1899, contains 387 pages of matter replete with information of interest to all greyhound owners and fanciers. The review of the coursing season of 1898-1899 is particularly interesting and instructive. The book is published by Horace Cox, London.

DON'T SHOOT
until you SEE your deer—and see
that it is a deer and not a man.

Yachting.

Fixtures.

OCTOBER.
3-5-7. New York, America Cup matches, Sandy Hook.

To all appearances the question of a clear course is likely to be no longer a factor in Cup races at New York. The subject has been taken up vigorously by the United States Government, and the Navy will be called on to carry out the rigid regulations laid down by the Treasury Department. The proposed plan is of course an experiment, of a sort never tried before, and further experience may be needed before it is perfected; but it promises to protect the two racing yachts and to keep a clear course. Its practical working will be watched with deep interest, as it is evident that without some such plan no important race can be sailed at Newport, Marblehead or elsewhere in waters convenient for the racing craft. One important point to be tested is the effect on the attendant fleet, whether the general view of the race will be as good as when every boat which chose to do so was allowed to hang close to the yachts.

Among other considerations, it must not be overlooked that the proper reporting of the race is of very great importance to all yachtsmen. To insure this and to remove one of the serious causes of interference, it would be well if an arrangement were made to carry some of the representatives of the press on a special boat of the patrol fleet, under the charge of proper officers, who, while using her at a safe distance, and as a patrol boat, would still place her so as to give the best possible view of the race to those who are compelled to see it as a matter of business.

THE special agreement between Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Iselin, that each boat shall abide by its own mishaps, one continuing over the course even in the event of the other being compelled to withdraw through an injury, disposes of much of the namby-pamby sentimentalism which surrounds this detail of yacht racing. Under the racing rules of all clubs and associations, a race starts as soon as the preparatory signal is given, after which time no one can interfere with it, and it must be sailed out under the rules. No race committee or similar body has power over the yachts to recall such as cross the line before the starting gun, or to peremptorily disqualify such as plainly violate the rules. It may be that special cases may arise, as in the fouling of Genesta and Puritan, in which the race is stopped through an injury involving both yachts, necessitating an entirely new start; but ordinarily after a race is once started by the sounding of the preparatory signal it must run its course until the competitors finish or withdraw or the time limit expires.

While in yacht racing, as in all sports, there is always an opportunity for the display of chivalry, and the true sporting spirit, there is nothing in the strict rules nor in the ethics of modern yachting which makes it necessary for one competitor in an international race to withdraw on account of a mishap to the other. On the contrary, as the chosen representative of his club and nation, it is the duty of each competitor to stick to the course under all circumstances, observing the rules both in spirit and letter.

As we pointed out not long ago, the challenger in the America Cup matches is sailing not strictly as the chosen representative of a club, but rather as an individual challenger indorsed by a club, and he has by custom a much greater freedom of action than the owner or skipper of a yacht chosen to represent a club from a trial fleet. It is an open question as to how far an individual may go in declining to take a race on technical grounds or in other similar matters without laying himself open to the charge of sacrificing the rights of his club. It is pretty safe to say, however, that in most international and even interclub matches the representative of a club has no right whatever to withdraw from a race unless instructed to do so by the members of the club regatta committee or similar body.

In such great contests as the present one, it is quite conceivable that peculiar circumstances may make it desirable in the interests of all parties—the two contestants, the two clubs and the spectators—to stop a race after it has fairly started and to order a new start. As the rules now stand, however, we cannot see that this can be done; there is nothing for it, even in the event of the injury of a competitor by outside interference, for which she could not be disqualified, but to allow the other yacht to continue over the course and to declare her the winner.

It is probable that in time the conduct of great international races will be placed in the hands of a special committee composed of yachtsmen of known ability and integrity and of various nationalities, for instance a committee of five—American, English, French, German and Canadian; this committee having far greater powers than those now enjoyed by the club regatta committee. In the case of a serious complication, such as that of the Valkyrie-Defender foul, and the charges of Lord Dunraven against Defender for violation of the ballast rule, the decision of such an impartial and disinterested body would carry infinitely more weight than that of any committee, however able and impartial, composed of the members of one interested club. The great cost of the modern 90ft. racer, the infinite labor imposed on both parties, the widespread interest in the races and the serious effect for good or evil on the mutual relations of two great nations, all make it desirable special efforts should be taken to secure absolutely fair and satisfactory races and to avoid all subsequent discussion and ill-feeling.

THE docking of Shamrock on Wednesday of last week was marked by a sad mishap, no less than the sudden and violent collapse of much advertised "world's scoop" of the Boston Herald. The trouble began on the previous day, when it was noticed that the keel blocks as laid for the docking of Shamrock indicated a rockered instead of a perfectly straight keel as shown in the Herald's design. By the time the yacht was half dry the impudent imposition had shrunk to infinitesimal dimensions, and when she finally stood exposed down to the lowest point of her keel there was an explosion, followed by a dull, sickening thud, as the remains of this "world-beating" fake fell to the ground. Profiting by the warning of the keel blocks, some of the many newspaper men present had armed themselves with copies of the "X-ray" design which was to bring confusion to Shamrock's owner, designer and builder, and show them that their efforts at secrecy were of no avail against the Herald. They were brutal and unfeeling enough to produce these and to point out how every important and characteristic feature of the yacht contradicted the alleged exclusive and exact design.

Instead of being short and straight, as pictured by the Herald, the keel is long, with a distinct rocker aft and a much stronger curve forward; the fore edge of the fin is much further forward and with a straight to it in place of a continuous curve, and the rudder post is much further aft. The topsides of the yacht were quite as different as the bottom from the alleged plans; in place of the excessively long overhangs, with a low spike-ended bow and a higher counter, the sheer being circular, with a ridiculously low freeboard and the lowest point amidships, the real yacht shows a noticeably high bold side, with short overhangs, round blunt bow, and straight sheer, the lowest point being well aft, as in most good yachts. Those elements such as draft, displacement, lateral plane, midship section and wetted surface, which in the fake Shamrock are less than in the sister fake Columbia, are in the true Shamrock considerably greater than in the true Columbia; and the reverse is true of the over all length. Even assuming that Shamrock would never be docked in public in this country, and that the whole extent of the fraud would not be discovered, the alleged design was so utterly unlike anything that Will Fife has ever done, and what any intelligent designer ever would do, that it could only impose on those entirely ignorant of yachting. It is a matter of surprise that a paper of the Herald's prominence will deliberately lend itself to such a palpable and obvious attempt at deception.

Shamrock and Columbia.

HARDLY less interesting than the racing itself, the docking of the two Cup racers last week made a fitting prelude, attracting thousands of curious spectators. It was expected that the two yachts would be docked in the same basin—at the Erie Basin drydocks—on Thursday, Sept. 28, and both parties agreed to this; but for some unexplained reason this programme was changed. Shamrock was towed up to the Erie Basin on Sept. 26, the original intention of another trial under sail on that day being abandoned, and she was docked on the following day. Columbia was under way on Sept. 26 on the Sound, and met with a mishap—her bobstay parting—so that she was compelled to forego further trials. By special permission of the Navy Department, she was docked in the new drydock No. 3 at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on Sept. 28. The programme is for the two to be floated on Monday, Oct. 2, and at the same time to be measured by Mr. John Hyslop, measurer of the New York Y. C., before leaving the basins, as the work can only be done satisfactorily in perfectly smooth water, undisturbed by wind and tide. While in the docks both yachts were freely exposed to view. The Erie Basin drydocks were open to all visitors, the only restriction being against cameras, which were checked by the watchman at the yard gate. It was more difficult to secure access to the Navy Yard, as the public are only admitted on passes furnished on written application by mail, a fact unknown to many, while there was little time to procure such a pass. In one way or another a great many managed to get into the yard, but many were turned away from the gates; cameras were as far as possible excluded. Both yachts were exposed, no attempt whatever being made to cover them with "petticoats" or other feminine adornments. Before the paint stages were in place there was practically nothing to interfere with the view, the few shores on each side being high up at the deck. The only difficulty in seeing arose from the fact that each yacht was down in a deep dock, where no one but those connected with her was allowed, and the view from the top of the dock, though showing all parts, was very misleading, especially as to the midship section and the depth of bilge. In spite of the barring of cameras, a number of photos were taken of each boat.

The work of preparing the keel blocks for Shamrock began on Tuesday, the outline of the lower side of the keel being laid down full size from the docking plan on the mould loft at the Erie Basin and a mould made which was set up on the keel blocks in the smaller drydock—the same one in which Genesta, Thistle, Pilgrim, Valkyrie II., Valkyrie III. and Defender have been docked in previous years. The extra blocking required for the yacht was laid near the entrance to the dock, where Thistle, Genesta and Pilgrim were located, and further down than the position of Valkyrie III. and Defender. The work was watched by a number of curious spectators, some of them newspaper men, and there was a great deal of amusement as the blocks were built up to fit a rockered keel instead of the straight one designed by the inspired author of the great "word's scoop." The blocks showed a decided round-up aft, the after block being about 6in. deep, while, as subsequently disclosed, the heel of the rudder is over a foot above the baseline. The lower side of the keel has a rocker for its entire length, rising each way from a point abaft the middle of its length. The blocks supported the keel for a length of about 25ft., and the forward block was nearly 2ft. high.

The Lipton fleet at the Basin included Shamrock, the crew steamer Plymouth, the big derrick barge with the extra spars, and the launch Killowen, the tug Lawrence being also in attendance at times. Shamrock and Plymouth were moored at the mouth of the drydock, and the crew on paint stages set to work on Tuesday to scale all the green paint from the topsides. This was nearly completed by Wednesday morning, but the men were at work smoothing up the topsides until about 10 o'clock. The gates in the caisson were opened just after 10 o'clock, and by 11:30 the dock was full. The caisson was then floated and warped clear of the entrance, and Shamrock was towed in by her crew. Under the direction of Mr.

McGillvary, foreman of the docks, who has performed a similar service for all the previous yachts, she was warped into place over the blocks, and after the caisson was replaced the pumps were started shortly after noon and the water was lowered a couple of feet, until the yacht grounded on the keel blocks. A diver was then sent down to make sure that she was squarely on the blocks, and after he came up the pumps were started anew and kept at work for nearly two hours. Mr. Fife and Mr. Ratsey were present from early in the morning, and Sir Thomas Lipton came along in the afternoon.

As the water fell the crew worked around the yacht in scows, sweeping the bottom with hard brushes. As the brushes were kept busy at and below the water, such dirt as there was on the bottom was largely removed before it came into view above water, but to all appearances there was merely a soft scum adhering to the bronze plating; nothing very serious, though an item in very light winds. When it came to the lead keel, which is not plated, but merely painted with a white enamel over red lead or a similar pink paint, a number of large barnacles were visible.

It is safe to say that all who saw the yacht as the water slowly fell and revealed her form were surprised; but in a very different way from what was anticipated. After all the efforts (and most successful they have been) to preserve absolute secrecy as to dimensions and model, it has been confidently expected that if shown at all to the vulgar eye Shamrock would disclose some new marvels in the way of naval architecture up to date. So far from this being the case, she is positively commonplace, an ordinary everyday Fife cutter, without a single novel feature about her. There was not a sign of a centerboard, a lifting fin, a plate fin, or any of the wonderful freak features that have been vouched for in the most reckless manner. It needed but a glance to see that at least nine-tenths of the published descriptions and dimensions that have appeared on both sides of the Atlantic during the past nine months were lies out of the whole cloth; deliberate impositions on a gullable and credulous public. The stories of 22, 23, 24 and 26ft. draft, with hundreds of others relating to other details, have been either rough guesses or deliberate lies, equally dishonest in either case. The alleged "lines" that have been so impudently vouched for are as utterly unlike Shamrock as they are unlike all of Mr. Fife's known work.

So far as the eye can judge of dimensions—and in a large yacht of this type it is not very far, much depending on the surroundings—the dimensions given recently in the London Times and printed in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 23, are possible, plausible and apparently nearly correct. According to the Times, the l.w.l. is 89ft. 2in., with a fore overhang of 17ft. 2in., and after overhang of 21ft. 5in., making 127ft. 9in. over all. The beam is given as 24ft. 6½in. (the same as in Lloyds' Yacht Register), the draft at 20ft. 3in., the area of midship section at 130sq.ft., the lateral plane at 970sq.ft., and the displacement at 160 tons.

As to one most important point, the draft, everything goes to show that it is very close to 20ft., probably a little over; the fact that the yacht grounded with 21ft. 6in. showing on the scale on the caisson of the dock, which was assumed by some to indicate that she drew that much water, is of no account whatever, as there are the keel blocks and the rise of the bottom of the dock to be deducted. The beam of such a large boat is very deceptive, the appearance depending on the fullness of the deck line toward the ends, but it is apparently somewhat over 24ft. The great freeboard has the effect of making the yacht look rather short as compared with the Herreshoff boats, and here again the over all length as given above comes in, under 128ft.

As she stands, with her deck below the level of the ground at the top of the drydock, Shamrock looks small and compact, of full model and with short overhangs. Seen thus, and Columbia being in a wider and deeper dock, the deck still more below the surrounding ground level, it is most difficult to compare the two fairly; and the chances are that all comparisons will be unfair to Shamrock. With a higher freeboard, due to the necessity of the ocean voyage, and a bulwark added to this, she is deeper and bulkier in the topsides than Columbia. At the same time, probably from considerations of weight in the ends and high up, Mr. Fife has been very sparing in the amount of overhang which he has taken. The consequence is that Shamrock looks full, bulky and heavy, but at the same time rather small and compact in hull, the long boom and bowsprit naturally tending to decrease the apparent length of overhangs and hull. It would appear that Mr. Fife had considered it necessary to carry a liberal amount of freeboard, for the sea work, and that both for strength at sea and to save weight where it tells he has cut the overhangs as short as he dared. With this freeboard and the short overhangs, the bow buttock lines are necessarily round and hard above water, giving the appearance of much harder and coarser ends than in Columbia, with her low freeboard, no bulwark and some feet more of overhang at each end.

To jump at once from the topsides to the midship section, the bilge is materially deeper than in Columbia, which again tends to round and harden the buttock lines and diagonals, the result being that all comparisons of the two by the numerous experts are strongly in favor of Columbia. There is no question that she has the finer and easier form, with longer and easier fore and aft lines, and that she uses her ends more effectively to gain length; her entire model in fact is the better for light weather; but it is probable that a critical study of the two from the bottom of the dock amidships and at each end, showing the midship section, bottom and bilges clearly (as they cannot be seen from the top of the dock), would give a different idea of the relative merits of the two. Columbia's topsides are such as to show her entire model at its very best, while it is probable that Shamrock's bottom in its essentials is very much better than it looks to be in connection with the high sides and short ends.

There is one peculiarity of both boats as seen from above which is puzzling. As one approaches Shamrock, lying bows on to the head of the yard, the most striking feature is the hard side abreast and just forward of the chainplates, from which point the bow runs away in almost straight lines, like a wedge. The middle body of the boat looks to be particularly full and round, while the bow is like a straight-sided wedge, thinning away quickly inseady of carrying a curve in all of the level lines. Whether viewed from amidships or forward, this hard place catches the eye, with the straight wedge of the bow joining it abruptly and unfairly. This point was commented on by all who saw the yacht on Wednesday as a marked defect. Strange to say, there is something of the same in Columbia, though to a lesser degree, the side showing hard at the chainplates and the bow looking straight and flat, as compered with the side amidships. It is not to be supposed that such expert draftsmen as the two designers have produced lines which are not perfectly fair and true on the drafting board, and the mould loft floor, and the most reasonable explanation is that the eye is misled by the lines of the plate edges and other external features.

With the topsides scraped bright and nothing to mark the forward point of measurement or the position of the load waterline it is very difficult, especially from above, to judge of the form of the level lines below water. The stem has a decided curve near the head, and carries a moderate curve to the waterline, then running straight for a short distance, after which it reverses easily at first and then with a long radius curves into the straight line of the fore edge of the fin. This edge runs aft at an angle of about 40 degrees, then rounds with a long radius to join the upturned end of the keel.

In the type to which both boats belong, although all the lines are continuous curves, and there is no break or angle between body and fin as in the extreme fin-keels, the two members, hull for displacement and fin for ballast and lateral plane, are sufficiently distinct to be identified individually. The "fin" of Shamrock is much longer than that of Columbia, apparently 6 or 7ft., the excess being on the forward end. In Columbia and Defender the mast is stepped almost over the point where the forward end of the fin joins the hull proper. In Shamrock the mast is stepped about over the middle of the straight part of the fore edge of the fin. This difference is due in part to the mast being 3ft. further aft than in Columbia, but in addition the fin extends very much further forward, the lateral plane being much larger.

Shamrock is a modern semi-fin cutter, of the same general type as Mr. Fife's later boats in the larger classes. The dimensions were of course specially selected to meet the conditions of the America Cup races, a waterline of 90ft., with a very light tax on sail and none on girth, displacement, draft or other vital factors of design. The hull above water is of the same type as Mr. Fife's linear rating rule boats, but modified as already described in the matter of freeboard and overhangs. The underwater portion of the hull is much the same as in the girth rule boats, the bilge is swept with a large radius and the floor, tangent to it, with a deadrise of nearly 25 degrees, is carried well fore and aft. At its lower edge the floor turns into the fin with a radius much shorter than that of the bilge. The beam at the waterline and above it is very far aft, but the underwater body shows the strong rake to the midship section which is characteristic of Mr. Fife's work. With possibly ten tons more displacement than Columbia, the body looks much fuller below as well as above water, but the bulk is well disposed of, both designers probably following about the same curve of areas of sections, and the diagonal lines are all fair. As they turn up in the comparatively short, high ends, they become very much harder than in Columbia, and there is far less gain of effective length by heeling. It is evident, however, that while Columbia conforms to a certain extent to the modern theory of heeling easily and gaining length, Shamrock is designed after the regular method—to sail as nearly upright as possible, her deep bilge, added displacement and deeper and probably heavier lead keel all helping her. There is even yet a good deal of uncertainty as to the value of the new principle in large yachts, and the present trial cannot fail to be interesting and instructive.

The fin of Shamrock, as already stated, is much longer than that of Columbia, as well as some 6in. or more deeper. The excess of length is mainly on the fore end; the after end has a sternpost of certainly not quite 45 degrees, a very moderate rake for a Fife boat. The rudder is wide and carries its breadth well down. The fin is cut very thin below the garboards, but it widens to at least 3ft. through the thickest part of the bulb, which is of course well forward and low down. With probably more lead, dependent on her construction, as yet unknown, the center of gravity of the lead is brought lower through the added length of keel than in Columbia. The afterbody is carried out to a handsome Fife counter, with a curved archboard set at the usual angle.

The topsides carry two strakes of aluminum plating, extending some 6in. or more above the deck by way of bulwarks. The rest of the plating is of a bronze alloy, probably manganese bronze, all in-and-out plated. The plating is beautifully worked, and the exterior surface of the yacht is nearly perfect. The garboards extend some 15 to 18in. down on the lead, the bronze sternpost running down and protecting the after end of the lead.

The deck is of aluminum, covered with linoleum of a similar fabric. It has the usual companions and skylights, a capstan forward and large bronze and teak kevels for the main sheet. The bowsprit is stepped in a short section of tube at the stemhead, and another some dozen feet inboard. The mast is of metal, probably nickel steel, flush-plated, a handsome piece of work. At about three-fourths of the way from deck to hounds, well below the jaws of the gaff, two spreaders are fitted to brace a masthead shroud on each side, and also a small platform, apparently a metal casting, in place of the A-strut. This platform, with a circular opening for the heel of the topmast when housed, carries on each of its forward corners a leader for one of the parts of the jib halyards, the halyards, when the jib is set, serving as the jumper stay on the fore side of the mast. When the mainsail is sent up a man stands on the platform to clear the gaff jaws as they pass the struts, and to make fast the parrel after the jaws are above these obstructions, the reverse maneuver being necessary when the gaff is lowered. With a complete outfit of metal spars, including duplicate masts, booms and gaffs, the topmast and bowsprit are of Oregon pine, and an extra topmast and gaff of the same wood were finished at the Erie Basin drydock while the yacht was in the dock.

The bowsprit is fitted with the conventional forged cranse-iron, with lugs for the bobstay and shrouds and the jib tack. There is also a short pole outside the cranse, as in American yachts, the topmast stay leading to the end and not to the same point as the jib tack. The bobstay is of wire rope, but after the mishap of last week two will be fitted. They will be set up with a turnbuckle in the usual way, with a strut from the stemhead.

The rigging of Shamrock has been criticised on this side as rough and clumsy, but however it may compare with that of Columbia, it is by no means bad work. The wire is probably the best made, the blocks look very small and light, and the parts are well arranged. The throat halyards reeve through two single blocks shackled to lugs riveted one on each side of the masthead, the gaff block traveling freely in the bight thus formed. The masthead pendants are fitted with a span aloft, one end fast at the upper cap, the other in the usual place, at the masthead, the pendant proper traveling on this span and distributing the strain along the entire masthead.

As soon as the dock was dry on Wednesday the yard men brought in long spruce timbers and built a strong staging all around the yacht, on which electric wires were quickly strung, so that work might go on by night. On Thursday morning three small dynamos were mounted on deck, and by means of flexible shafting and emery wheels the topsides were polished, the rivet heads and plate edges receiving special attention. The bottom plating, which was apparently fully finished in the shop, was polished by hand, the crew using some polishing composition and steel wool. The lead keel was coppered with the sheathing copper used on wooden yachts. All the time that the Lipton fleet was at the Basin a large gang of sailmakers was at work on the barge and on the deck of Shamrock. While a very large number of people visited the yard, it did not seem at any one time on several days that there were as many present as when Valkyrie III. was docked. As it happened, the Dewey celebration reached its climax just at the time that both yachts were docked, and it was naturally the more attractive to the general public.

The keel blocks for Columbia were laid in the new timber drydock of the Brooklyn Navy Yard on Sept. 27, under the direction of Naval Constructor Francis T. Bowles, the head of the yard. The short keel and great depth and length of the yacht made her very difficult to handle, compared with the vessels usually docked at the yard, with long straight keels and often with auxiliary docking keels as well, and every precaution was taken against accident. Columbia reached the yard about 8 o'clock on Thursday morning, being towed from New Rochelle, and she was warped into the dock and the gate closed. There was 26ft. of water in the dock at the start, and this was pumped down several feet before the yacht touched the keel blocks. A diver was sent down to make certain that she rested squarely on the blocks, and then the pumps were started anew just before noon, and by 2 P. M. the hull was bare. As the water fell the bottom was cleaned by the crew from floats, the bronze being coated with scum. The paint staging was quickly put in place and the crew set to work to polish the entire bottom. All the previous docking having taken place at Bristol, and the yacht then being hauled only partly out of water, the hull has been seen by comparatively few, but still its general form has been so frequently described that there was no such mystery about it as attended Shamrock. On the same waterline, both being designed just to come safely within the 90ft. limit, Columbia has a longer overhang at each end than Shamrock, decidedly less freeboard to the deck and no bulwark, about 4in. less extreme beam and probably about 6in. less draft, or a few inches less than 20ft. The angle of the sternpost is, if anything, a little greater, the bottom of the keel is nearly straight and much shorter, and the whole fin is shorter on the fore end, barely reaching to the mast.

The midship section shows a fairly straight topside, widest at the deck, but with little flare, a rather hard turn to the bilge and a moderate deadrise to the floor, with a quick turn of the garboards into the fin. Compared with Shamrock, Columbia has apparently some ten tons less displacement, the topsides flare less, the bilge turns more sharply and is not so deep, the floor is a little flatter and the round from floor to fin is sharper. The section of Shamrock is nearer to a fair and continuous S curve, while Columbia shows more of a straight flat floor, with a quick turn of bilge above it and of garboard below it.

With the lessened displacement, shoaler bilge and section generally, longer ends and lower freeboard, the mere running of fair fore and aft lines as practiced by all designers to-day gives to the hull of Columbia above and below water the smart clean-cut look of the small racing yachts in vogue several years ago, before the introduction of the scow type here. Bow and stern alike are long and clean-lined, and appeal to the latest ideals of what a racing yacht should be, while the freeboard, bulwarks and short ends of Shamrock suggest the fast cruiser rather than the extreme *fin de siecle* Cup racer.

From every point of view Columbia should and probably is the more perfect boat of the two. While Shamrock is based rather on the wide experience of her designer in all classes than on special experience in the 90ft. class, Columbia, apart from Mr. Herreshoff's experience in Navahoe, Colonia and Vigilant, is but a remodeled Defender, the most perfect 90-footer ever produced. Every detail of dimensions, form and construction is derived directly from a similar detail of Defender, modified if experience has shown that a change was desirable. In addition to this, Mr. Herreshoff has within the past four years experimented extensively on the effects of small changes of form in the 21ft. knockabout and raceabout classes, keel boats of the general type of Defender. In Shamrock the first question to be faced was the ocean passage, imposing limitations on the designer both in model and construction. The appearance of Shamrock indicates that, whether rightly or wrongly, her designer has conceded to the possible demands of Father Neptune a good deal in the way of freeboard and extent of overhang. So little is known of Shamrock's construction that it is impossible to say how much has been sacrificed to the sea voyage; but the general idea is that the necessary strength has been obtained by a system of secondary bracing, removed after the yacht reached New York, so that she suffers nothing in this respect. In general construction the two boats are closely on an equality. The various known defects of Defender have

pointed the way to material improvements in Columbia, and the skill of the Herreshoffs in all classes of light work has produced a most perfect craft. In the construction of Shamrock Mr. Fife had the aid of the master hands in the manipulation of modern materials and light scantling, the renowned Thorneycrofts. At the same time their work is confined to a field distinct from the sail yacht, torpedo boats and light-draft commercial steamers, of radically different form from the fin-keel cutter.

With a far more intimate knowledge of all conditions and details of Cup racing off Sandy Hook, Mr. Herreshoff has from the outset been at an advantage over Mr. Fife, whose American experience is limited to a few hurried visits to this country.

The hull of Columbia is plated from keel to deck with Tobin bronze, the workmanship being excellent. The side stops at the deck, with no bulwark and only a light steel angle bulb 1¾ x 3in. on top of the stringer plate and inside of the upper edge of the upper strake, the bulb taking the place of a rail. The stringer plate is 20in. wide amidships, and tapers to 10in. at the ends; on its inner edge is a plain steel angle 1¾ x 1¾in., against which the deck planks lie. It is merely an extension of the usual waterway of a steel vessel, but carried to an extreme. There is a saving of an appreciable weight of deck planking and a clean deck edge, with very little to catch the water when submerged, as it often is.

The bowsprit is short and light, a specially fine piece of Oregon pine, stepped in the two short tubes on deck. The head gear is all fitted with long eyes over the bowsprit end, there being no forging except a light steel band and a collar to prevent the bobstay from cutting into the wood. There is no turnbuckle on the bobstay, but the bowsprit is held at the heel by a metal fid. From the stemhead on each side of the bowsprit is a round steel bar, the after end of each bar passing through one end of the fid. By setting up the nuts on the ends of the bar the fid and bowsprit are forced forward, tightening the bobstay. The forestay is set up a dozen feet inside the stemhead, abaft the heel of the bowsprit. The mast is of steel, with the Oregon pine topmast housing inside of it, as shown in the photograph. The boom and gaff are also of steel, the former braced by a strut on each side, raking upward, over which is set taut a wire rope guy. While Shamrock steers with a tiller about 15ft. long, Columbia steers with a wheel fitted to a special gearing devised for her by Mr. Herreshoff.

While in the dock Columbia was painted white above the waterline and Shamrock received a new coat of that pea green which, with her particularly ugly and inartistic flag of light green and yellow, is supposed to vouch for Irish nationality in spite of her Scotch designer, her English builders and sail makers and her Scotch and English skippers and crew.

According to the present programme the measurement will be completed by Monday afternoon and the result in possession of the New York Y. C. officials by evening, but it will hardly be made public in time for publication in the present issue of the FOREST AND STREAM, which goes to press as the first race is being sailed.

While the chances are plainly in favor of Columbia holding the Cup, there are so many important factors which are necessarily unknown to those outside the yachts as to make the result by no means certain. The long experience of Mr. Herreshoff in the Cup defense warrants the expectation of a still better boat than Defender, and this expectation has been fully justified by the performances of Columbia in her many races and informal trials. Assuming that the two yachts were equal in design and construction up to the launching and fitting out, the subsequent trials of Columbia against Defender have been of immeasurably greater value in improving her than the few solitary sails of Shamrock, even when over measured and timed courses. The smaller displacement and finer lines of Columbina promise a higher speed in the average weather, and the known performances of the two boats strengthen this expectation, while it is probable that Columbia will be very fast in harder weather when Shamrock is expected to do her best work.

In the matter of rig there are many things to be considered. With a short baseline and small headsails, Columbia has the advantage to windward, but in reaching the big fore triangle of Shamrock is likely to show up near the front, and the center of gravity of her rig must be lower in proportion to the longer base. Most yachtsmen would at once select Columbia's sail plan as the more effective, but still there are advantages to the other. As to sails, it is known that both yachts are more perfectly canvased than any ever before known, but the materials and weights of each of the many mainsails and other sails without number are known only to those directly connected with the respective yachts. To all appearances so many experiments have been made in the sails that it is still a question which particular one out of three or four is the best for certain conditions, and the final choice may be a mere matter of chance. Of one great factor of the problem, weight of construction and ballast, little is definitely known. It is evident that Columbia has less displacement, and it is quite probable that Shamrock has relatively as well as actually more lead, her hull being the lighter. As Mr. Fife and the Thorneycrofts have kept their secrets admirably, there is nothing but to guess on the possible advantage of Shamrock in this respect. So far as strength goes there is no doubt that each hull is amply strong for the racing, whatever the weather. When it comes to strength of rig and gear the question is still open; Columbia has lost her steel mast, Shamrock has lost her steel gaff, honors are even as to bobstays, as each has sprung one. Each righ is largely experimental both as to arrangement and dimensions of parts, the work of the ablest men in the business and tested by more or less actual trial. It would be no great wonder if the mast went over the side on one or both boats within the first hour, and on the other hand each may sail the series of races without a serious mishap. The two principals have come to a very sensible agreement, that as construction is quite as important as any other detail of the designing, and each has gone as far as he dared, each shall stand by his own mishaps. This means that if one yacht breaks down and is compelled to withdraw the other is to sail over the course and the race is to count, of course provided she does not break down too.

The question of handling, on which the winning very largely depends, is still a doubtful one. It is a matter of "too many cooks" on both sides, a plan that has been followed with success on all the Cup defenders for many years, the only failure being in 1885, when Puritan fouled Genesta, owing to contradictory orders from different captains. In all other cases the American yachts have been sailed by an owner and skipper acting together, with a large force of Corinthian and professional aids. There has been a perfect concert of action between owner and skipper, mates and crew which has attained the best possible results, as in Mayflower and Volunteer under Gen. Paine, and Vigilant and Defender under Mr. Iselin's ownership. This year Columbia will be sailed in the same manner. On Shamrock there will be at least two skippers in joint command, Hogarth and Wringe being on equal footing. It is also stated now that Capt. Ben Parker, of Meteor II., will be on board. Mr. Fife will sail in the boat, and it is hardly probable that he will be a mere passenger. How these combinations will work in each case is as yet uncertain, while the success of the yacht depends largely on the thorough and effective cooperation of all the principals and crew. Taking the little that is really known by the outside public, even including expert yachtsmen, the many points on which even those on each boat must still be in doubt, and the varied chances of wind and weather, and the probable consequences of a failure of any one small but important detail of the big and light rigs, there is more uncertainity as to the final outcome than has ever before existed.

COLUMBIA.
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Conditions of the Cup Races.

On Wednesday of last week a meeting of the representatives of the Royal Ulster Y. C. with the officials of the New York Y. C. took place at the New York Y. C. house, those present being: Vice-Com. Lewis Cass Ledyard, Rear-Com. August Belmont, Secretary J. V. S. Oddie, Treasurer F. W. J. Hurst, ex-Com. Edward M. Brown, ex-Com. E. D. Morgan, Herman B. Duryea and Henry F. Lippitt, representing the committee on challenge, and Vice-Com. Sharman-Crawford, Secretary Hugh C. Kelly and Mr. McGildowny, of the Royal Ulster Y. C. committee.

Sir Thomas Lipton and Designer Fife were also present.

As the result of the conference several changes and additions were made, as follows:

The original agreement provides the following regulations as to signals:

The preparatory signal shall be given 15 minutes before the starting signal, and in case of a change in time of start, a preliminary signal shall be given 15 minutes before the preparatory.

At the starting signal a yacht may cross the line; the exact time at which a yacht crosses the line during the succeeding 2 minutes to be taken as her start, and the end of that period as the start of the one crossing after its expiration.

If a race is not started by 1:30 P. M., the regatta committee shall have the right to declare the race postponed for the day, and no race shall be started after 3 P. M.

The foregoing was modified as follows:

First—As to Signals.—A preparatory signal shall be given 15 minutes before the starting signal, and a warning signal 5 minutes before the starting signal. In case of a change in the time of starting, the same signal shall be used. The change is in the addition of the warning gun and the provision that in case of a change in the time of starting the same signals be used.

Second.—The provision that if a race is not started by 1:30 P. M. the regatta committee shall have the right to declare the race postponed for the day, and that no race shall be started after 3 P. M. was changed to provide that no race shall be started after 12:30 P. M. (half past twelve).

Third.—The provision for the presence on board during the races of a representative named by a competitor was changed by adding that a representative of the competing yachts should be present during all measurements.

Sir Thomas J. Lipton and C. Oliver Iselin also signed the following additions to the original agreement:

Inasmuch as we are of the opinion that the America Cup races are not less a test of the strength of construction of the competing vessels than of their sailing qualities, and it is deemed advisable to avoid the embarrassment in which a vessel finds herself when called upon to decide whether to withdraw from a race upon the occurrence of an accident disabling her competitor, it is agreed that in the races between Shamrock and Columbia, each yacht shall stand by the consequences of any accident happening to her, and that the uninjured vessel shall sail out the race.

On the subject of overcrowding by excursion steamers the joint committee agreed upon the following:

In case either contestant shall complain to the committee on challenge that his vessel has been interfered with by excursion steamers or other vessels in any race, the committee will take the complaint into consideration, and if it finds it well founded, will seek a conference with the committee of the Royal Ulster Y. C., with a view of arranging for the sailing of subsequent races without public notice.

The general conditions of the races were announced in a circular made public on Sept. 28, as follows:

The start will be made from Sandy Hook Lightship at as near 11 A. M. as will be practicable, the preparatory signal being given 15 minutes in advance.

But always with the understanding that should the direction of the wind prevent laying the course from the lightship, the starting line will be shifted to the nearest available point, and that in this case the preparatory signal will be given about half an hour before the time set for starting from the lightship, with a warning signal 5 minutes before the starting signal.

Courses.—No 1 (Letter C).—From the starting line to and around a mark 15 miles to windward or leeward and return, leaving the mark on the starboard hand. No. 2 (Letter D).—From the starting line, 10 miles to and around a mark; 10 miles to and around a second mark, and 10 miles to the finish line, leaving the marks on the outside of the triangle, to port or starboard, according as the vessels are sent around.

Starting and finish lines will be between a point on the committee boat, indicated by a white flag, and the mainmast of the lightship or other stakeboat if the start

is shifted from the lightship. These lines will be at right angles with the outward and home courses respectively.

Compass courses (magnetic) will be set before the preparatory signal is given.

Turning marks will be white flags carrying a red ball with horizontal white stripe. The position of each mark will be indicated by a two-masted tug lying about 100yds. beyond. The tugs will carry a red ball at each masthead, and will swing a red ball from the triatic stay. Should a mark be wrecked, its place will be taken by its marking tug, which will display a red flag with diagonal white stripe in addition to the other indications, and in turning the tug the directions for the mark will govern.

Starting Signals.—Preparatory.—A gun will be fired, the "blue peter" set and a red ball hoisted. Start—Fifteen minutes later a gun will be fired and the ball will drop. Handicap time—Two minutes later a gun will be fired and the "blue peter" hauled down.

Should a signal gun misfire a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given. At the finish a short blast will be given as each vessel crosses the line.

Special signals.—C, assent. D, negative. P, preparatory. *Recall, display of private signal. G, do you assent to postponing race until later in the day? H, do you assent to calling race off for the day? J, race postponed for the day. K, race postponed until later in the day. N, race postponed on account of fog. R, race is off. S, the start will be shifted from the lightship. T, accident. Should either vessel meet with serious accident prior to the preparatory signal she will display letter T, and shall have sufficient time to repair before being required to start, or should such accident occur during the race she shall have time to repair before the next race is started.

Preliminary.—Should the start be materially posponed (15 minutes or over), a preliminary signal will be made by the discharge of a gun and the disply of the yacht ensign 15 minutes prior to the preparatory signal.

Night.—After dark, the marking tugs, and at the finish line the committee boat (and the stakeboat, if the start has been shifted from the lightship) will show four red lights horizontally; the guide vessel will show four white lights in a similar manner—and the marks will hang two white lights vertically. Fog.—At three-minute intervals the marking tugs will give five short whistle blasts, with 2-second intervals between the second and third, and the fourth and fifth; and if the start has been shiftel from the lightship at the finish line the committee boat will strike five strokes upon the bell.

The races shall be sailed on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays until completed, commencing on Tuesday, Oct. 3. The racing rules, time allowances and system of measurement of the New York Y. C. shall govern. Best three out of five races, each 30 nautical miles in length, over ocean courses outside of headlands, and with a time limit of 5½ hours; the first, third and fifth races being 15 miles to windward or leeward and return, and the second and fourth being around an equilateral triangle, 10 miles to a leg. In every case the outward course shall be laid to windward, if possible, and from Sandy Hook Lightship. If a race has not been started by 1:30 P. M., the committee may postpone it for the day, and no race shall be started after 3 P. M. The committee may postpone the start in case of accident, or if the course cannot be laid from the lightship, as already stated; if in their opinion the space around the starting line is not sufficiently clear; in case of fog; and if both vessels assent to a postponement, in which case the time of starting will be fixed by the committee.—From the Mutual Agreement.

The committee boat will display the committee flag, and at the finish of each race she will also display a red ball. The courses will be laid by Lieut-Com. H. H. Hosley, United States Navy (New York Y. C.). The guide vessel will be under command of Lieut. R. T. Mulligan, United States Navy (New York Y. C.). On Starting she will display two speed cones, and when half-way down the course will masthead a third. When stationary the cones will be reversed. Should it be necessary to move the starting line from the lightship the emergency tug will act as stakeboat at the start and finish, and like the committee boat will display a red ball.

Instructions with regard to the maneuvering area and the methods adopted for preventing interference with the competing vessels will be announced later.

S. NICHOLSON KANE,
CHESTER GRISWOLD,
IRVING GRINNELL,
Regatta Committee.

The task of patrolling the course and keeping it clear for the yachts in previous years undertaken by the New York Y. C. has this year been assumed by the U. S. Government, under the law passed since the Valkyrie-Defender races of 1895. The following regulations were prepared by the regatta committee of the New York Y. C. and accepted by the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury after approval by Capt. Robley D. Evans, U. S. N., who will be intrusted with their enforcement. They have been issued in the form of a Treasury circular:

"Rule 1. Observe carefully the movements of the patrol vessels, and carry out promptly and cheerfully the instructions received from them.

"Rule 2. A clear space of half a mile about the starting line will be maintained until the race has been started. To accomplish this the vessels of the Revenue Cutter service will be formed in column extending from the vicinity of the starting line to the left in a direction four points from the wind. The torpedo boat flotilla will form a similar line, four points to the right of the direction of the wind. The two lines of patrol vessels will thus form a right angle. All vessels except the judges' boats must be kept outside of the patrol lines. The space inclosed in the right angle thus formed will be reserved for the competing yachts.

"Rule 3. If after crossing the line the competing yachts stand on the port tack the torpedo boats will form column and stand on course parallel with them. All vessels outside of the torpedo boats will take the same course. The revenue cutters will form line and head the same course as the competing yachts. All passenger vessels outside of this line will head in the same direction, and be careful to keep astern of the line of patrol vessels. The entire fleet of vessels will thus be heading the same course with the yachts, and will be entirely clear of them. When the yachts tack all patrol vessels will at once change course, and steer the course taken by them. Passenger vessels will do the same. The torpedo boats will find themselves in line in this case, and the revenue cutters in column.

"Rule 4. When the competing yachts turn the stakeboat for the run in all patrol vessels will head for the vicinity of the finishing point. The revenue cutters in column, inverted order, will head for a point half a mile to the right of the starting boat. The torpedo boats, in similar formation, will head for a point half a mile to the left of the starting point; thus a clear space 1 mile wide will be maintained astern of and to the windward of the competing yachts.

"Rule 5. All passenger vessels will be careful not to cross astern of the competing yachts on the run in, but will remain on the outside of the line of patrol vessels and avoid crowding about the finish line.

"Rule 6. If the race be to leeward and return, the patrol vessels will form two parallel lines one mile apart, torpedo boats to the right and revenue cutters to the left and in this formation head the course, followed by the competing yachts. Passenger vessels must keep outside of these lines and observe Rule 5. Until reaching the turn buoy Rule 4 will apply. When the yachts turn the mark and start on the beat back Rule 3 will be observed.

"Rule 7. Should the wind shift during any of the races, patrol vessels will immediately indicate the line to be formed, as in the rules above laid down, and passenger vessels must keep outside of these lines with as little delay as may be consistent with safety.

"All seafaring men will understand the difficulties in the way of keeping a triangular course clear, and it is hoped that the public will be patient with rules, which must from the necessities of the case bar them from following the entire course. The fact that the competing yachts will be faster on the second leg of the course with their sheets eased than a majority of the vessels carrying passengers, renders it impossible to allow these vessels to follow the entire course. Therefore the following rule becomes imperative, and must be carefully observed:

"Rule 8. When the competing yachts reach a point on the first leg of the course, to be determined by the officer in charge of the patrol fleet, the guard flags will be lowered to half mast and the steam whistles blown on all patrol boats. When this signal is made all vessels carrying passengers will run at full speed for a position to leeward of the last leg of the course, and as near the second stakeboat as may be without approaching it nearer than half a mile.

"The patrol boats will in this case establish a single line, revenue cutters in the lead to leeward of the line on which the competing yachts will run in, and all passenger vessels must find themselves to leeward of this patrol line before the yachts turn the second stakeboat. On the run in all vessels must be careful not to cross the sailing line of the competing yachts, either ahead or astern of them, but to keep to leeward of the patrol line until the race is finished.

"Rule 9. A blank cartridge fired from any one of the patrol boats will indicate that some vessel is persistently violating some rule. Prompt attention to this warning signal will obviate the necessity of sending the offender back to New York in charge of an officer of the Revenue Cutter Service, and the revocation of the license of the master.

"All patrol boats will display the guard flag—white, with red diagonal cross.

"All masters and owners of water craft of all descriptions are hereby warned that any violations of the foregoing will be under penalties for violation of the navigation laws of the United States, to wit: 'Fine and forfeiture of license.' O. L. SPAULDING, Ass't Sec'y."

In his instructions to Capt. Robley D. Evans, who will have direction of the revenue cutters and other vessels assigned to police duty in connection with the races, Assistant Secretary Spaulding says:

"You are advised that all arrests for violation of the navigation laws must be at once reported to the Collector of Customs at New York, in order that the penalty for such violation may at once be enforced. For example, a vessel violating the law on the first day of the race will be reported immediately, in order that action against the offending party may be taken before the second race shall be sailed."

The boats were measured last Monday by Mr. John Hyslop, and the details follow:

	Columbia. Feet.	Shamrock. Feet.
Length on l.w.l.	89.66	87.69
Length from after end of boom to forward point of measurement	181.62	189.13
Length from forward side of mast to forward point of measurement	73.35	79.46
Extreme length of spinaker pole	73.35	79.46
Length of gaff	64.95	67.64
Length of topmast	64.50	58.06
Less one-fifth length of topmast	51.60	46.45
Height from upper side of boom to topsail halyard block	134.75	128.28
Sale area (square feet)	13,135	13,490
Square root of sail area	114.61	116.15
Sailing length	102.135	101.92

Columbia allows 6.3 seconds.

Tuesday's Race.

The starting gun for the first race was fired at 11:02, and Shamrock crossed the line at 11:15:37, followed by Columbia at 11:16:20. The course was south by west from the Sandy Hook Lightship. Shamrock maintained her lead for several miles, but was overtaken by Columbia, which by 2:30 was leading by a half-mile. In the light winds each boat took the lead alternately, the contest resolving itself into a drifting match, until at 4 o'clock it was apparent that the course could not be covered within the time limit, and the race was declared off, Shamrock being at the moment ahead. They were then within four miles of the finish.

Two Russian wolves were received at the New York Zoo on Monday of this week, and the following night one of them escaped and disappeared. At the time of our going to press it was still at large.

This number has as a supplement the full-page illustration of blacktail deer, "Listen."

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at St. Stephen, N. B.

CALAIS, Me., Sept. 28.—Below I give you the result and scores of Interclub and International Club cup shoot, held on Broad Rifle Range, St. Stephen, N. B. Conditions were military target, 7 shots, 1 sighting shot, seven men to each team, three ranges; 200yds., off-hand; 400yds., prone or kneeling; 500yds., prone.

The scores:

St. Croix Rifle Club, Milltown, Me.: Total, 455 points; possible, 525 points. Eaton Rifle Club, Calais, Me.: Total, 432; possible, 525. St. Andrews Rifle Club, St. Andrews, N. B.: Total, 413; possible, 525. St. Stephen Rifle Club, St. Stephen, N. B.: Total, 389; possible, 525.

St. Croix Club.

	200yds.	400yds.	500yds.	Total.
T Ryan	20	24	23	67
L Frost	22	23	20	65
J G Beckett	23	25	23	71
Chas Seeley	20	23	25	68
W J Fowler	13	20	20	53
Jas McDonald	18	24	19	61
Wm Hendershot	21	25	24	70
				455

Eaton Rifle Club.

	200yds.	400yds.	500yds.	Total.
H Sheurdue	17	23	23	63
F N Beckett	20	20	19	59
Ferd Phalen	16	23	22	61
John Phalen	22	24	17	63
C F Hill	20	21	20	61
C F Tapley	18	23	23	64
I McKenny	18	23	20	61
				432

St. Andrews Club.

	200yds.	400yds.	500yds.	Total.
M N Cockburn	16	23	21	60
D C Rollins	16	24	18	58
R Worrell	15	21	20	56
N Treadwell	15	24	22	61
A McAdam	19	22	10	51
H N Bartlett	20	21	25	66
N S Fortune	16	25	20	61
				413

St. Stephen Club.

	200yds.	400yds.	500yds.	Total.
I D Chipman	19	23	19	61
W C H Grimm	11	22	19	52
H Miner	12	2	25	39
G P Ryder	18	20	20	58
A A Laflin	16	20	17	53
S H Stevenson	20	23	22	65
I Sampson	17	20	24	61
				389

Mr. J. G. Beckett holds the cup for this year, he having the highest score in the winning club—71 points. He also made the same score last year. I sincerely hope the scores may be of some use to you.

FRED M. HILL, Sec'y Eaton Rifle Club.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE regular shoot was held Oct. 1. The weather was good. Conditions were 200yds. off-hand at the German ring target.

The scores:

	Champion Score.									
Roberts	7	19	23	19	24	16	11	23	16	42—181
Weinheimer	23	19	18	20	22	21	21	6	10	19—179
Nestler	24	18	22	16	24	19	17	22	21	21—204
Gindele	20	21	21	24	20	24	21	21	23	23—218
Payne	18	21	21	16	19	19	15	19	19	22—189
Schotter	19	10	24	24	19	17	1	19	18	19—174
Drube	24	15	17	16	21	23	18	21	14	21—190
Bruns	17	15	20	19	21	24	12	16	19	17—182
Topf	15	11	22	17	18	21	14	12	16	23—169
Strictmeier	20	18	20	22	22	19	15	22	2	22—203

	Special Score.										Union Target.		
Roberts	20	23	21	19	21	23	18	17	23	23—208	23	21	19—63
Weinheimer	15	19	9	22	23	15	19	22	12	20—176	19	13	21—53
Nestler	17	21	22	23	18	21	21	18	19	23—203	21	22	23—66
Gindele	24	22	22	21	21	22	23	24	24	21—224	22	22	21—65
Payne	17	23	23	21	22	20	24	22	24	21—219	23	23	23—69
Schotter	19	20	24	24	17	14	21	17	21	23—200	16	15	21—52
Drube	22	22	23	23	17	23	20	17	15	21—199	21	21	22—64
Bruns	23	23	20	19	17	17	17	19	14	20—189	23	20	19—62
Topf	23	16	20	14	11	22	19	20	22	16—183	22	21	19—62
Strictmeier	18	21	18	23	15	18	19	21	17	18—188	21	18	23—62

The following scores were made in competition with the Denver Rifle Club Oct. 1; 200yds., strictly off-hand, standard target; teams consisting of 10 men; 20 shots per man:

Matt Gindele	10	1	9	9	7	10	9	8	10	10—92	
	9	8	9	10	7	9	8	8	7	10—85—177	
Ch Nestler	9	10	6	8	8	4	8	5	9	7—74	
	9	10	9	8	4	9	10	8	6	6—79—153	
E D Payne	9	6	9	7	7	7	7	8	7	9—76	
	8	8	6	7	10	6	8	8	7	7—75—151	
C Roberts	9	10	8	7	6	6	6	5	8	5—70	
	5	6	6	7	6	7	9	6	10	8—70—140	
A Drube	8	6	9	4	6	5	6	9	3	10—67	
	4	5	4	9	7	7	8	7	6	10—67—134	
J Strictmeier	9	7	10	4	7	8	5	5	5	8—68	
	8	6	3	9	10	5	5	7	5	6—64—132	
R Weinheimer	5	9	7	8	6	7	6	5	6	7—66	
	7	4	7	9	7	6	7	7	8	5—67—133	
F Bruns	6	9	5	6	4	5	6	7	8	8—64	
	7	4	9	6	7	6	6	6	8	8—67—131	
Schotter	10	4	6	5	7	6	5	6	7	9—65	
	10	8	2	9	10	6	3	8	6	5—67—132	
O Topf	7	8	6	3	9	6	6	6	9	6—66	
	3	5	8	4	7	9	6	6	6	5—59—125	
Total											1408

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 25.—The weather conditions at Shell Mound were good yesterday. The Golden Gate Club team of six men shot for the first time in the contest for the trophy offered by Outdoor Life, of Denver. It is proposed by the donor that this trophy carry with it the championship of the territory west of the Mississippi. Conditions: Team of six men, members of any regularly organized club; distance, 200yds.; standard American targets, 8 scores of 10 shots each; any rifle, but users of any form of palm rest penalized 5 rings per score.

Scores yesterday:

First 10: D. W. McLaughlin 88, Schuster 84, Faktor 83, Gorman 80, Mason 76, Rodgers 70.

Second 10: Mason 90, McLaughlin 86, Rodgers 85, Faktor 84, Gorman 81, Schuster 81.

All used some sort of palm rest exeept Gorman. Two scores per month will be shot during the rest of the year.

This club held its regular contests. Scores:

Rifle, 25-ring target, 200yds., one re-entry allowed: Mason 223, Rodgers 220, McLaughlin 218, Gorman 214, 211, Moor 212, 197, Belknap 209, 198, Waenne 205, 200; Jacobsen 201, 199, shot military rifle; Bremer 192, Bridges 186.

Pistol, 50yds., standard American target: Gorman 94, Dr. Rodgers 89, Jacobsen 87, Bridges 80; Roberts 80, shot revolver; Tompkins 77, Moor 73.

Norddeutscher monthly medal shoot: First class, Frank Rust, 414; second class, John Lankenau, 387; third class, not won; fourth class, John Woebke, 327; first best shot, Otto Lemcke, 23; last best shot, Frank Rust, 23.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein monthly bullseye shoot: George Schulz 75, F. Koch 217, D. B. Faktor 336, N. Ahrens 385, J. De Wit 397, J. Beutler 406, F. Schuster 448, S. Heino 459, H. Lilkendey 512, J. Lankenau 555, F. Brandt 631, D. Dunker 730, R. Stettin 750, D. Salfield 789, H. Helberg 898, Capt. Thode 994, H. Stelling 1,045, A. Lemaire 1,058, H. Zecher 1,258, F. Rust 1,272.

Germania Schuetzen Club monthly bullseye shoot: J. Gefken 182, L. Bandel 300, A. Zecher 387, J. Tiedemann 412, D. B. Faktor 416, F. P. Schuster 419, H. Stelling 552, J. Jung 558, N. Ahrens 595, D. Salfield 631, William Morken 712, Dr. Rodgers 808, A. Thode 844, R. Stettin 855.

Bushnell medal, only one score, 10 shots allowed: Dr. Rodgers 219, Schuster 215, McLaughlin 209.

ROBEL.



LISTEN!

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Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Oct. 4.—Kansas City, Mo.—J. A. R. Elliott, holder, against W. R. Crosby, challenger, for Republic cup.

Oct. 6-7.—Pawling, N. Y.—Tournament of Pawling Rod and Gun Club; targets and live birds.

Oct. 10-13.—Newark, N. J.—Smith Brothers' grounds. Live birds and targets.

Oct. 11-12.—Reading, Pa.—Live-bird and target tournament of the Independent Gun Club.

Oct. 11-12.—Paris, Ky.—Hill Top Gun Club's two-day tournament. John L. Bosley, Sec'y.

Oct. 11-12.—Newark, N. J.—On Smith Brothers' grounds; two days' tournament of the New Jersey State League.

Oct. 12-14.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament under the auspices of the Kentucky Gun Club. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.

Oct. 13.—Batavia, N. Y.—E C cup target championship contest between Mr. W. R. Crosby, holder, and Mr. R. O. Heikes, challenger. Match begins at 3 o'clock.

Oct. 16-19.—Du Pont Park, St. Louis, Mo.—Fall tournament; three days at targets; one day at live birds; $300 to $500 added money. J. A. Corry, Manager.

Oct. 17-19.—Circleville, O.—Fall tournament of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

Oct. 17-19.—Baltimore, Md.—Sixth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. J. R. Malone, Manager.

Oct. 21.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

Oct. 23-28.—Nashville, Tenn.—Belle Meade Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds; $750 added. W. R. Elliston, Sec'y.

Oct. 31-Nov. 3.—Cincinnati, O.—Tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club; two days at live birds; two days at targets. Arthur Gambell, Sec'y.

Nov. 21-22.—Sioux City, Ia.—Second annual live-bird tournament of the Soo Gun Club; added money in every event. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.

1900.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. E. S. Rice, Pres.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Associations Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June —.—Tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, first week in June. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association's tournament can be obtained of Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, 201 Pearl street, New York. The tournament will be held on the grounds of the East Side Gun Club, Foundry and Ferry streets, Newark, N. J., to reach which take Plank Road Newark trolley car from P. R. R. station, Jersey City, or east from P. R. R. station, Newark, to Foundry street, whence a wagon will carry the shooters to the grounds. The dates are Oct. 10 to 13. The first day will be devoted to targets, and there are eight events on the programme. Shooting commences at 1 o'clock. Events 3, 4, 5 and 6, at 25 targets each, make a 100-target event, entrance $5. Wednesday is the first day of the State shoot. There are twelve events, of which 7 and 8 comprise the individual championship match, and 9 and 10 the three-men team championship. The second day has a live-bird programme. No. 1 is at 7 birds, $5, birds included. No. 2 is at 10 birds, $7. No. 3 is at 15 birds, $10. In the two latter birds are extra. All live-bird events will be handicaps. The fourth day will be devoted to live-bird shooting. Interstate Association rules govern all contests. The Rose system of dividing purses will be used at this tournament. There will be three moneys in the 10 target events; four moneys in the 15 target events and five moneys in the 20 and 25 target events. The ratios will be: Three moneys, 5, 3 and 2; four moneys, 8, 5, 3 and 2; five moneys, 8, 5, 3, 2 and 1. In the live-bird events all purses will be divided class shooting. Two sets of three traps each, Sergeant system, for targets and a fast set King automatic traps for live birds. Targets 2 cents each. Live birds 25 cents each. Guns and shells addressed to Smith Bros., Foundry and Ferry streets, Newark, N. J., will be delivered at the grounds free of charge. A meeting of the members of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association will be held Oct. 11 at Smith Bros.', Foundry and Ferry streets, Newark, N. J., immediately after the close of shooting for the day. Lunch at all hours during the shoot.

The programme of the tournament under the auspices of the Hilltop Gun Club, Oct. 10 and 11, at Alfred Clay's, midway between Paris and Winchester, Ky., provides three live-bird events on the first day, as follows: No. 1, miss and out, $2. No. 2, 7 birds, $5, birds included, four high guns. Hilltop handicap, 15 live birds, $15, birds extra; money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; handicaps 25 to 22yds. Twelve target events are provided for the second day, eight at 15 targets, $1.50 entrance, and four at 20 targets, $2 entrance. Ten per cent. will be deducted from each regular event and will be divided among the four high guns shooting through the programme. Winchester, Ky., situated on the C. & O. and L. & N. railroads, will be headquarters for visiting shooters. Take 7 A. M. train to Austerlitz, only twelve minutes' run to the grounds. Return at 5:45 P. M. Guns and shells shipped to Alfred Clay, Austerlitz, Ky., will be well taken care of and delivered on the grounds the day of the shoot. Shooting to commence promptly at 9 o'clock each day.

Dr. D. A. Allen, of Toledo, O., writes us as follows: "In reading your report of first day at Parker's shoot, I notice your reporter made a mistake when he stated, 'as he (Dr. Allen) made but one straight,' etc. Now, by referring to the scores you will see that I made two straight scores in succession, Blake and myself being the only ones to make two straights in succession during the day; and next to Blake I made the longest run of the day. I don't know how many on last end of one score before the straights and first of the other after straights I broke, but should say that the run was over 40. The last race was shot after it was too dark to see the targets well. I also made two straight scores the following day. I did not shoot through the programme, as I was not able, having been out of health for two months and suffering at the time from ague, the weather being particularly unfavorable to this malady, and consequently was badly out of form."

The sixth annual field day and merchandise shoot of the Buffalo (N. Y.) Audubon Club, to be held on Oct. 12, has a very attractive programme, the grand merchandise event, No. 2, having 28 prizes and the club guarantees a prize to every competitor. There are also seven regular sweepstake events, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, a total entrance of $4. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Dinnner served free to club members. The secretary is Mr. Chas. S. Burkhardt.

Shooters should keep in mind the shoot of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club, to be held on Friday and Saturday of this week. The Pawling shooters make visitors welcome and hold the pleasantest of tournaments.

On Friday of this week, at Lyndhurst, Messrs. Harold Money and C. W. Feigenspan contest for the championship of New Jersey and the E C cup, which is emblematic of that championship.

In a match at 25 live birds, Sept. 27, at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., Mr. A. H. Johnson defeated Mr. B. B. Jackson by the score of 22 to 21.

The programme of the fall tournament of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, Circleville, O., Oct. 17, 18 and 19, provides both target and live-bird events. Shooting commences at 1 o'clock on the first day, and 15 target events and miss-and-out at live birds will be the programme for the afternoon. On Wednesday there are 10 target events, $1.50 and $2 entrance, and a special handicap event for a Marlin repeating shotgun, 50 targets, $1.50 entrance. To the four high guns, amateurs, $25 will be given, and to the two drawing the least money $5 each will be given. The third day will be devoted to live birds. There are four events on the programme, a miss-and-out, $2; 5 birds, $5; 7 birds, $5; 20 birds, $15. To the first high shooting through the programme events of the second and third days, $30; to the second, $20. Guns and shells sent to the secretary, Mr. G. R. Haswell, will be delivered on the grounds free.

The New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association held a meeting in the rooms of the Sportsmen's Association, New York, on Monday of this week. The South Side Gun Club, Climax Gun Club, Dunellen Gun Club, East Side Gun Club, Lyndhurst Shooting Association, Bergen County Gun Club, Endeavor Gun Club, Passaic City Gun Club and Boiling Springs Gun Club were represented. The programme for the tournament, Oct. 11 and 12, as reported by Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, was approved and adopted, and a vote of thanks was tendered to him for accepting the office of manager of the tournament. It was carried that the individual live-bird championship trophy and the three-men team championship trophy be contested for under the same conditions as governed them heretofore.

Stormy weather in the West last week seriously affected the attendance at several tournaments held in that section.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Sept. 30.—Twenty-two members of Garfield Gun Club faced traps to-day for the twenty-second trophy shoot of the season. Class A medal was won by R. Kuss on a score of 23. Class B medal was won by Dr. J. W. Meek on a score of 21, but only after a shoot-off with Mrs. Dr. Shaw and A. Hellman. Class C medal was won by W. A. Brabrook on a score of 14. The weather was chilly, and a north wind off the lake made one's teeth chatter. The Garfields close their target-shooting season after one more shoot and will on the following Saturday begin the regular bi-monthly shoots on pigeons. The club is in a very thrifty condition, being out of debt, membership full to the limit and nine applicants on the waiting list. Trophy contest:

Dr Meek	0111111111011111011111101—21
Kehl	0010010011100001100000001— 8
J Wolff	0000000100101000111001011— 9
Richards	0110101111111111111111111—22
J Fanning	0000111010001001100101011—11
Declerq	0110000011000100000010010— 7
Dr Shaw	1011110111110110111010111—19
Mrs Shaw	1111011111111011011101111—21
Pollard	0111110001100101000100000—10
Kuss	1110111111111101111111111—23
Hellman	1011111110111111101111101—21
S M Meek	0100010101110000001101100—11
Baker	1001110001110001101111011—15
E W Eaton	1101111101101010010001101—16
T Eaton	1100110000101010111100000—11
Dr Royce	0010101110010011000111000—11
Brabrook	1111110101101101000100010—14

Shoot-off for B medal at 10 targets:

Dr Meek	1111111110—9	Hellman	1010011111—7
Mrs Shaw	1100110111—7		

Eureka Gun Club.

Chicago, Sept. 30.—This was not a perfect day for shooting. The light was very bad, but some scores were very good. Mr. A. W. Adams made a straight 25 in the trophy event—No. 2. In Class B Dr. Miller won. R. R. Mack won Class C. Mrs. Carson won Class D.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
F P Stannard	19	20	21	A W Adams	19	25	22
A Sundermeier	19	16	15	Dr Miller	19	16	21
Cornwell	13	14	20	Mack	..	15	14
J G Lovell	18	..	19	Turck	..	15	14
W D Stannard	23	20	25	Morton	..	..	15
Mrs Carson	18	18	22				

Dupont Gun Club.

OMAHA, Neb., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed please find club scores of Dupont Gun Club in their weekly shoot, Sept. 23. Mr. Chas. Curtis' work deserves special mention, as when he shot his club score the wind was blowing a perfect gale—you could hardly stand up against it, and the sand came down the Missouri River in clouds. He would call "Pull" and a puff of smoke would tell where the target was when the shot struck it. All this would happen before a bystander could tell which direction the target had taken. He seemed to have a wire attached to them, and all he had to do was to press the button and the thing was done.

Mr. J. P. Sneeod scored 14 out of 15, missing only his first bird. The scores:

Gold badge contest, 20 targets:

Roberts	00011111111111110000—13
Bates	11110111011111111111—18
Mr Townsend	11011111111111111111—19
Kimball	11111111111111111010—18
Burgess	10111110111111110010—14
Plumber	00111111011110111111—16
W P Townsend	11111111111111111110—19
Curtis	11111111111011111111—19
Morrill	11110111110011111100—15

W. P. Townsend and Chas. Curtis tied for gold badge. Each will wear it half a week.

Townsend and Roberts against Curtis and Plumber for price of the birds:

Roberts	1*201*1212—7	Curtis	00020222*2—5
Townsend	2001*22112—7—14	Plumber	2122121220—9—14

Resulting in a tie. The tie was shot off, 5 birds per man, with the following result:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Roberts	22212—5	12221—5	12221—5
Townsend	22120—4— 9	11111—5—10	11*12—4— 9
Curtis	12221—5	22212—5	22201—4
Plumber	12202—4— 9	11122—5—10	11111—5— 9

Roberts and Townsend win by 2 birds.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Sept. 30.—Owing to the Dewey celebration, it was a comparatively light day on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club. There was a good stiff wind blowing, which made shooting quite difficult. No. 5 was at 15 singles and 5 pairs. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	25	15	15	25	10	10	15	25
Waters	8	23	14	9	21	6	7	14	22
Creamer	9	17	9	12	16	8	8	7	20
Kemble	7	21	10	11	18	7	8	9	17
Professor	..	25	10	13	20	10	7	..	..
Charles	..	12	8	..	..	..	2	9	..
Smith	..	..	..	14	19	8	..	17	21
Wigger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17

Portsmouth Gun Club.

PORTSMOUTH, Va., Sept. 28.—Following are the scores of the Portsmouth Gun Club's shoot to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4		Events:	1	2	3	4	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	Broke.	Targets:	10	15	10	15	Broke.
W Stewart	8	12	9	13	42	Noel	8	11	7	12	38
Butt	9	12	7	11	39	Gallagher	10	11	9	13	43
Bilisoly	8	12	8	12	40	Byrd	7	12	8	6	33
Miller	5	13	7	10	35	Garrett	7	9	3	5	24
J Stewart	7	11	6	11	35	Schooler	4	13	5	10	32
Grimes	7	10	8	11	36	Lee	1	3	1	2	7
Grant	8	11	8	10	37	Richardson	..	..	4	5	9

Arkansas and the South.

St. Louis Doings.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 23.—H. C. Griesedick and Jno. J. Sumpter shot a 25-bird race at Dupont Park to-day to settle the possession of the Busch medal, for it will be remembered that these same two principals met two weeks ago for the same purpose, but on that occasion the race resulted in a tie after each had shot at 50 birds.

The race to-day was again characterized by some very fine shooting, and was ultimately won by Sumpter by the close score of 25 to 24, Griesedick losing his very first bird and thereby the match. This bird was not a fast one, and it is possible that the shooter was a trifle too cautious. However, from this on he shot in his usual steady clip and really did much the cleaner work of the two.

For once Sumpter had his luck with him and actually gathered 2 birds that looked irretrievably lost. One of these, which appeared to have escaped his aim, flew almost to the boundary and then suddenly pitched to the ground dead. Again, one which was only slightly hit and was making frantic efforts to get beyond the wire, succeeded in breaking its own wing, which had doubtlessly been fractured by a shot.

A win for Griesedick meant much to him, as it carried with it the absolute possession of the trophy. He had already won it five times, and this was his first defeat of the season in an individual contest.

Mr. Griesedick at once challenged for the trophy, but in this he was a trifle too late, as Mr. W. S. Thompson had likewise done so, and this challenge reached the trustees first, so that he will be given the first opportunity. Mr. Sumpter is now in Hot Springs and will not be back for several weeks, so that it will probably be three weeks before the next contest takes place.

The weather was bright and clear, though a trifle warm, and with very little wind. The birds were a very good lot of summer birds.

The scores:

Sumpter	2222222222222222222222222—25
Griesedick	0111212222221222222222222—24

IN NEW JERSEY.

Morfey vs. Heflich.

Sept. 26.—The second match of the series between Messrs. Morfey and Heflich was won by the latter to-day with a straight score of 25 to Morfey's 19. Each stood at 30yds. and had as many shots as they pleased with their repeaters. The weather was calm and the birds were good.

The scores:

Heflich	1222112212132231121112222—25
Morfey	0123204202223222232220200—19

Fifteen birds, one money, $2:

Morfey	122*22222001120—11	Doty	222222022222212—14
Heflich	120222221211002—12	Shoemaker	2002*2*002*2022— 8

Miss and out:

Heflich	2222222 7	Morfey	1121120—6

East Side Gun Club

Newark, N. J., Sept. 28.—The main event of the East Side Gun Club's shoot to-day, held on Smith Brothers' grounds, was at 10 birds, $4 entrance, optional, three moneys, Rose system. This was the opening shoot of the fall season. The shooters were divided into classes as follows: Class A shooters stood at 29yds; Class B at 27yds.; Class C at 25yds. The birds were a very good lot, and a stiff 3 o'clock wind made the shooting all the harder. A. S. A. rules governed. The scores:

H C Koegel, 29	0022121211— 8	W Hassinger, 29	1002201201— 6
G H Piercy, 29	210222020*— 6	CW Feigenspan, 29	2220022*22— 7
E Waldman, 25	1022012112— 8	P Erhardt, 27	0220201212— 7
Dr Hanson, 27	1012120112— 8	F Passavant, 29	2012011111— 8
S Carter, 27	2220111110— 8	L Schortemeier, 29	2222220222— 9
WP Ferguson, Jr, 27	1210212211— 9	J Fischer, 27	0201101120— 6
Dr Mulvany, 27	10*1022111— 7	F A Seitz, 25	1022011200— 6
H Otten, 29	1212212211—10	F E Sinnock, 29	1120012222— 8
B Clinchard, 27	2221110012— 8	TH Lenthouser, 27	1221200202— 7
W S Connor, 27	1122010100— 6		

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Sept. 30.—The South End Gun Club, of this city, held a target shoot this afternoon. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15
Schaaber	10	12	8	12	6	10	..	..
Ball	7	13	..	..	6	14	7	11
Coleman	6	10	7	11	6	10	4	9
Eshelman	7	10	..	9	7	11	7	8
Osberne	3	..	7	7	..	..	6	..
Thompson	..	..	6	7	7	10	..	..
G Miller	..	..	6	9	..	..	..	..
H Miller	..	..	5	6	..	..	4	..
Meck	..	..	..	..	3	5	4	6

Sinking Spring, Pa., Sept. 28.—At a meeting of the Independent Gun Club, of this place, the tournament committee in charge of the club's second annual target and live-bird tournament, Oct. 11 and 12, reported as having secured 1,000 of the finest country birds to be had and guaranteed that the birds will be of the hardest flyers ever trapped for a live-bird shoot. Also as having heard from different shooters who are going to be present both days. Targets will be shot on Oct. 11 and live birds Oct. 12. Added money will be awarded in the target events. Arthur A. Fink, 426 Franklin street, Reading, Pa., is manager. All shells and guns sent care of Joel W. Hainly, Sinking Spring, Pa., will be delivered free of charge to the grounds. The live-bird events are open to the world, but in the target events the professional trade representatives can shoot for targets only. A fine space will be reserved for the trade to exhibit their goods.

West Chester, Pa., Sept. 30.—The West Chester Gun Culb, of this place, held a target shoot to-day for the West Chester Gun Club challenge cup. Gill won by breaking 22 out of 25. The scores: Ford 19, Gill 22, Peters 19, Henry 19, Davis 19, Hoar 17, Hooper 13, Charles 20, Mowere 17, H. Brinton 17.

DUSTER.

Junction Park Gun Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 30.—The Junction Park Gun Club opened the season to-day, and the members were out in force. Bill McCrickert, of this city, handled the birds, and owing to good work the shoot was a complete success. The events and scores made were as follows:

Junction Park Club's introductory, 5 live pigeons: Jeff 5, Seven 5, Hepler 5, Johnston 3, Evans 2.

Geo. E. Woodruff sweepstake, 7 live pigeons: Hepler 7, Evans 5, Seven 4, Johnston 3, Jeff 3.

Club's Dewey cup, 15 live pigeons: Seven 12, Jeff 12, Evans 10, Johnston 8.

Olympia medal, 7 live pigeons: Hepler 7, Lutes 6, Jeff 5, Johnston 4, Seven 4, Evans 3.

Rochester Tumbler sweepstake, 5 live birds: Evans 5, Jeff 4, Seven 4, Lutes 4, Braden 4, Hepler 4, Johnston 2.

Club's loving cup, 7 live pigeons: Seven 6, Jeff 6, Braden 5, Johnston 4, Lutes 4, Evans 4, Kingsbury 3.

Clinton Bidwell Trophy.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 30.—On Sept. 28, at the Bison Gun Club grounds, E. C. Burkhardt defeated Wm. McCarthy for the Clinton Bidwell live-bird trophy by the score of 21 to 18 out of 25. There was a high wind blowing and the birds were a selected lot of very fast bluerock pigeons, requiring the contents of both barrels to stop them within bounds. Burkhardt lost 3 just over the boundary, and McCarthy 2. This makes the fifth time Mr. B. has won the above trophy. The victor will next defend the trophy against Mr. R. C. Stacy, who has challenged, and the contest will take place on Oct. 5 next.

On Sept. 30 E. C. Burkhardt again defeated Wm. McCarthy in a match at Audubon Park. The contest was at 50 live birds each. The birds were similar to those furnished in the previous match on the 28th inst., and were again aided by a forty-mile breeze blowing from the score across the traps, making them mostly outgoing drivers and twisters. The score was 43 to 35 in favor of Burkhardt.

BISON.

Shooting Tournament.

HASTINGS, Neb., Sept. 27.—Herewith are scores of the shoot held here Sept. 19, 20 and 21. Mr. Chas. A. Young, of Springfield, O., won first average, with 451 breaks out of 480 shot at, using a repeating gun of his own manufacture and U. M. C. factory loads. His shooting on the magautrap was of a very high degree. Out of 275 targets shot at over this trap he scored 273. This certainly proves beyond doubt that the little Sparrow can build a gun as well as shoot one.

Mr. A. B. Daniels, of Denver, Colo., won second average, losing only 38 targets. He used U. M. C. loads. Mr. Daniels is a very clever shot and a perfect gentleman in every respect.

Mr. Dan Bray, of Syracuse, Neb., and Mr. F. S. Parmelee, of Omaha, Neb., were tied for third place with 40 misses each.

The entries averaged nearly fifty all the way through.

The targets on the Sergeant system were puzzlers, and straights were sure to pay well, 19 out of 20 winning first without a tie.

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Bray	14	17	13	16	15	17	14	18	13
Andrews	15	19	15	18	15	16	13	19	14
Townsend	15	14	14	18	13	18	14	19	12
Curtis	12	16	14	20	14	16	12	16	14
Brewer	12	18	12	14	11	18	14	19	13
Linderman	12	18	13	16	12	16	15	16	15
Sedam	14	14	14	18	14	17	13	19	14
Nicolai	13	19	14	17	14	17	15	18	14
Lamis	11	10	12	12	12	12	12	15	13
B 27	15	16	14	16	14	18	15	19	15
Hairgrove	14	17	14	17	15	15	12	18	11
Bailey	14	15	13	16	12	17	13	13	13
Thele	15	17	12	14	13	16	15	11	13
Bense	13	17	11	9	12	17	12	15	12
Bauron	14	19	14	15	13	17	15	17	13
Diefendiffer	14	17	14	17	10	17	15	15	15
Donthet	14	18	13	15	12	16	14	14	10
Painter	13	16	12	16	11	13	11	12	15
Evans	13	16	12	17	14	17	13	18	13
Daniels	13	19	14	20	14	19	15	20	14
Rogers	14	17	13	15	13	17	14	15	11
Duer	11	17	14	17	13	13	10	15	11
Young	15	15	15	17	15	17	15	19	15
Parmelee	14	18	15	16	13	19	14	18	15
Nielson	11	16	12	18	13	17	9	18	13
Herman	14	15	13	19	13	14	15	19	14
Sievers	13	15	14	18	13	15	13	18	12
Sandy	11	18	12	14	14	18	12	17	14
Walzworth	13	14	11	17	14	19	14	17	11
Crabill	13	12	15	17	12	17	15	19	15
Simpkins	13	13	14	14	10	12	10	17	13
Plumber	9	13	10	15	11	15	12	14	10
White	13	12	12	17	14	12	9	19	14
Hallister	12	15	14	19	13	17	12	13	14
Bernhard	11	17	14	18	15	18	14	15	15
Slosser	12	11	13	17	13	17	13	14	13
Heer	13	13	13	17	14	16	14	18	14
Shortgrass	14	17	14	19	15	18	12	17	13
Ruggles	14	13	14	13	14	14	12	15	11
Roberts	..	16	..	17	..	17	..	17	..
Quinby	11	13	13	8	7	..	9	..	..
McAuley	..	14	15	14	..	18	14	13	12
Bee	..	..	12	15	13	17	13	13	10
Carter	..	..	10	..	14	..	9	..	13
A Miller	..	..	..	..	15	17	12	15	9
Olmstead	..	..	..	..	13	..	11	15	15
Kimball	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	15
Reynard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15
Morrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Bray	15	18	15	18	14	18	15	18	15
Andrews	15	19	14	16	15	18	13	18	14
Townsend	15	16	14	19	14	13	14	19	13
Curtis	14	20	14	14	12	17	12	19	12
Brewer	15	18	10	17	14	18	14	18	12
Linderman	15	18	12	18	13	17	14	17	15
Sedam	14	19	13	16	13	17	13	18	13
Nicolai	15	20	14	17	15	17	15	17	15
Lamis	11	14	9	16	11	17	12	15	14
B 27	13	17	14	17	13	15	12	17	13
Hairgrove	10	14	13	16	..	..	..	..	..
Bailey	14	14	10	16	10	..	..	..	..
Thele	13	17	15	17	13	18	10	11	14
Bense	15	14	14	16	12	16	14	19	13
Bauron	14	15	12	17	12	16	13	12	14
Diefendiffer	11	18	15	18	15	19	14	18	15
Donthet	11	16	14	14	13	6	14	17	13
Painter	11	17	14	16	15	18	11	17	14
Evans	13	11	15	19	15	..	..	..	..
Daniels	15	18	15	17	13	19	12	19	14
Rogers	14	18	15	18	14	17	14	18	14
Duer	14	17	15	16	14	10	15	17	14
Young	14	20	13	19	15	18	15	18	15
Parmelee	14	18	15	18	15	18	14	17	13
Sievers	14	17	14	19	12	15	15	15	14
Sandy	13	15	15	18	13	20	15	15	15
Walzworth	13	16	15	20	15	15	12	15	13
Crabill	15	20	15	20	14	16	14	20	15
Simpkins	14	18	13	14	12	17	10	17	15
Plumber	9	15	13	15	14	12	14	14	13
White	11	13	13	14	14	15	15	16	12
Hallister	13	19	13	17	15	14	14	16	12
Bernhard	12	18	14	17	15	20	14	19	14
Slosser	14	16	11	15	12	12	12	16	14
Heer	14	15	15	17	15	20	15	19	15
Shortgrass	15	16	14	17	15	17	14	15	13
Ruggles	14	17	11	16	11	17	14	15	11
Roberts	15	14	14	16	12	16	14	19	13
Quinby	8	..	12	..	6	..	..	..	..
McAuley	12	16	12	17	13	16	13	18	14
Bee	13	16	13	15	13	15	15	17	13
Olmstead	10	..	15	..	13	..	13	..	..
Kimball	14	19	15	17	14	20	14	14	14
Eaton	11	18	13	17	12	12	10	..	..
Reynard	13	..	11	..	..	12	..	..	..
Jno Derr	..	..	..	17	12	15	14	18	12
Morrill	..	..	13	..	..	..	15	..	13

Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	25
Bray	15	19	14	19	15	19	13	16	15	18
Andrews	14	13	15	17	13	16	13	17	15	23
Townsend	13	16	14	10	12	17	15	15	15	23
Curtis	15	18	15	19	14	18	14	18	15	17
Brewer	11	16	12	18	12	14	13	13	11	..
Linderman	14	15	14	20	15	18	14	17	15	23
Sedam	14	16	13	17	15	18	14	11	13	21
Nicolai	14	18	15	18	13	12	14	16	13	23
Lamis	12	6	6	13	10	..	..	..	..	..
B 27	10	14	14	16	14	15	12	17	15	19
Thele	13	14	12	16	15	17	13	15	14	20
Bense	15	17	12	15	14	16	13	14	13	19
Bauron	13	14	13	15	11	14	..	..	..	..
Diefendiffer	15	19	14	20	14	16	13	18	15	22
Donthet	13	18	9	16	12	15	11	15	14	14
Painter	15	16	14	19	14	17	14	13	15	24
Daniels	14	18	14	18	15	17	14	16	14	22
Rogers	15	18	15	18	15	16	14	16	12	23
Duer	12	17	15	18	15	20	14	17	13	25
Young	15	17	15	17	15	19	15	18	15	25
Parmelee	14	18	15	18	14	17	12	19	14	20
Nielson	13	18	14	13	11	12	11	12	10	17
Sandy	14	17	13	16	10	19	11	15	13	19
Walzworth	12	19	15	18	13	16	12	19	11	20
Crabill	14	15	15	15	11	15	14	13	14	21
Simpkins	13	19	15	15	13	14	12	17	14	16
Plumber	13	18	13	13	15	15	11	13	11	..
Hallister	11	14	14	17	12	16	14	15	12	20
Bernhard	11	18	13	18	14	12	12	..	11	21
Slosser	12	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heer	13	18	14	15	15	19	15	18	15	22
Shortgrass	15	15	11	12	13	15	13	14	13	19
Roberts	..	19	..	18	..	14	..	17	..	23
McAuley	15	13	15	15	14	13	13	11	13	..
Bee	14	12	13	16	13	11	15	11	17	15
Kimball	15	15	15	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jno Derr	14	19	13	20	13	18	14	17	14	20
Morrill	14	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Hageman	..	..	..	16	14	18	15	8	14	..

W. S. DUER.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 25.—Herewith are the scores for the ninth contest for the diamond trophy. Willey, of Miamitown, won it for the month.

The Cincinnati shooters will be quite numerous at our tournament, from present indications. Quite a number having entered, all the way through the prospects are favorable for a large attendance.

The trophies are nearing the finals, the most interesting being the Fleischmann-Peabody live-bird cup. Two more contests will wind it up, the next taking place Oct. 4. See, Gambell, Schuler and Dick are all in a bunch, any one of them being liable to land the coveted prize, a handsome, large, solid silver loving cup.

G. W. Schuler, our captain, commonly called Billy, is having another trophy made, to commence when this is shot for. That it will be worth winning is assured, as Billy does well everything that he attempts. He will even shoot targets well some day.

Scores of ninth contest for the diamond medal, handicap, 50 targets:

Waddell	01111001111111111101111111—21	
	01111111110110110111111110—20— 8—49	
Robertson	01011111111101000001110 01—15	
	11101110110011010111111011—18—10—43	
Gambell	11111111011110111111111111—23	
	11011011110011111110011110—18— 4—45	
Small	01110101111111111101111111—21	
	11111011111101011111111101—21— 8—50	
Willey	11111111101101010101111111—20	
	10111111101110011111111110—20—10—50	
Seipel	01111011111111111111111110—22	
	11111100111110011111111—20— 4—46	
Jay Bee	11011111110100010010011111—16	
	01101110011111111110001111—18—12—46	
Ackley	00001001000001001101011 11—10	
	01011110101010100110100 01—13—14—37	
Ahlers	11111111101111011111111011—22	
	11101110100111010111111111—19— 7—48	

Tie:

*Gambell, 2	11110111110101111111101011—22
Small, 4	01011001110100111111100110—19
Willey, 5	11111111110101101111101 01—25

*Gambell broke 50 straight at the first contest of the month, entitling him to a shoot-off in the ties.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 27.—Below are scores shot here to-day. Shooting is becoming quite lively again, but there are several of the active members away yet. Nine of the Cincinnati members attended Jack Parker's shoot and gave a good account of themselves. All the cracks expressed themselves as intending to come to our tournament, so a good crowd is assured.

Event No. 1, miss and out, $2; birds extra: Robertson 9, Ahlers 9, Schuler 7, Romwell 2. Robertson and Ahlers divided.

Event No. 2, 15 birds, $5, 60 and 40 per cent.:

Robertson	1212222*2222210—13	Ackley	112102121011120—12
Gambell	212220*22222222—13	J B	2*22*2220222202—11
Ahlers	10111212101*121—12	Romwell	110001222002012— 9
Schuler	111*12101120021—12		

Event No. 3, same conditions as event No. 1:

Robertson	2212222222112212—15	Gambell	220222222222222—14
Ahlers	2121212122122 11—15	J B	222222101211121—14
Schuler	1121111210111 11—14	Ackley	2120111210*1222—12

Event No. 4, 10 birds, $5, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Robertson	2211222222—10	Zimmerman	1122221202— 9
Schuler	2121212112—10	Gambell	2222*22222— 9
J B	1111112221—10	Ahlers	*1*1211112— 8
Ackley	1101211212— 9		

Florists' Gun Club Shoot.

The regular monthly club shoot of the Florists' Gun Club was held yesterday on the club grounds, at Wissinoming, and despite the unfavorable weather a fair-sized crowd attended. The day was against the shooters, a brisk wind driving the targets in all directions, and the making of high scores was an impossibility.

The conditions of yesterday's shoot were 25 targets, from five traps, expert rules, 15 singles and 5 pairs doubles from magautrap. W. H. Wolstencroft, the Frankford crack, made a splendid score and carried off high honors for the day, but was beaten out on high score by B. Cartledge, who had a handicap of 14.

Points won to date: Wolstencroft 7, Park 5, Smith 5, Anderson 4, Jones 3, Dorp 3, Cartledge 3, Harries 2, Bell 1, Westcott 1.

Twenty-five expert rules, rapid fire, five traps:

The scores:

		Hdp.	Total.	Pts.
Westcott	0111000111011100011010000—12	11	16	39	
Anderson	1011111111010011011100110—17	18	8	43	1
Dorp	0100111100010000100110000— 9	11	18	38	
Cartledge	1111111110110111101111110—21	19	14	54	3
Harris	0101101011000011011110110—14	15	19	48	2
Bell	0100100101001100111101101—13	13	16	42	
W H W	1111111111111111111111101—24	23	5	52	3
Park	1001111111111111111011101—21	17	14	52	3
Dr Smith	1111111001111110111001011—19	19	14	52	3

Fifteen singles and 5 pairs, magautraps:

Westcott	0100110010010 11	00 01 10 10 10—11
Anderson	1011110110101 11	11 10 11 10 10—18
Dorp	0101110000010 10	11 00 01 00 11—11
Cartledge	1100101101111 11	11 11 01 01 11—19
Harris	1101101011101 11	00 10 10 00 11—15
Bell	0011001111101 11	10 10 00 00 10—13
W H W	1111111111111 01	01 11 11 11 11—23
Park	0111011111001 11	00 11 10 11 01—17
Smith	1111011111111 01	11 10 00 01 11—19

Piasa Gun Club's Tournament.

ALTON, Ill., Sept. 29.—Herewith are scores made at the tournament of the Piasa Gun Club this week. A bad storm and extreme cold weather cut down our attendance severely, but the shoot was a success in all other respects. The scores:

First Day, Thursday, Sept. 28.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	*8	9	10	11
Young	13	20	15	20	14	17	19	18	14	18	15
Gilbert	13	19	15	19	15	20	18	1	15	19	15
Herschy	13	20	15	20	15	20	19	7	14	20	14
Budd	13	18	15	19	15	17	16	17	14	19	14
Crosby	14	20	15	18	15	20	20	17	15	20	14
Lane	10	17	12	20	14	19	19	2	11	17	8
Howell	12	19	12	19	13	19	14	10	13	19	15
Scely	11	19	11	17	13	15	14	4	11	11	9
Riehl	10	15	13	18	9	13	16	2	13	18	8
Kessler	14	19	14	17	12	15	15	0	11	17	13
Heiligenstien	12	19	11	18	14	12	17	8	15	20	12
Schiess	13	13	15	17	12	17	17	3	14	17	11
Taylor	13	18	15	18	14	19	19	2	15	17	13
Craig	14	18	14	19	12	fi18	18	17	2	14	20	15
Todd	13	15	13	..	..	..	..	2	12	16	7
Pamers	14	19	14	17	11	19	19	11	14	17	14
Beall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	15	17	13

*Miss and out.

Second Day, Friday, Sept. 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Young	12	20	13	18	15	19	14	14	18	13
Gilbert	14	20	14	20	13	19	15	14	19	14
Herschy	13	18	11	18	13	19	18	14	19	11
Budd	15	20	13	14	9	15	15	13	18	7
Crosby	15	18	12	19	15	20	19	14	20	15
Lane	14	15	12	15	10	16	13	7	15	13
Howell	10	14	13	10	9	16	13	10	17	10
Heiligenstien	14	18	13	18	12	15	13	15	15	12
Riehl	13	13	14	14	12	16	10	5	19	10
Powers	13	18	10	20	13	14	18	14	17	14
Taylor	13	18	11	..	..	..	..	13	15	..
Craig	10	18	14	15	13	15	..	11	15	..
Schiess	15	16	11	18	12	12	..	14	16	..
Beall	..	14	11	14	13	..	..	..	..	..

F. C. RIEHL, Sec'y.

Rummel-Gaston Gun Club Tournament.

NILES, O.—Owing to miserable, cold, rainy weather in this p of the country, our tournament was not as successful as we hop To our own cost, we have learned by experience never to r bluerock and live-bird events; but next time we will know bet and bring events of such on separate days. We appreciate the h and patronage of the Cleveland, New Castle and Pittsburg bo also Fanning, of "Gold Dust" fame; Eggleston, of Warre Mackie, of the Peters Co.; Phillips, of North Benton, and P North, "Our Own" was represented by Hamilton Naylor, Ru mel, Gaston, Farmer Naylor and Seaborn. We believe we ha some good timber, when it is shaped.

A large number of live birds will be used during the winter local shots. The scores:

First Day, Tuesday, Sept. 26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	15	*	15	15	*	*
Rummel	9	13	14	..	9	7	..	..
Fanning	9	15	15	6	11	..	5	9
Mackie	9	12	13	6	11	..	..	..
Nutt	9	11	7	..	12	6	..	..
Shaner	8	11	14	6	14	13	..	..
Wilson	9	9	7	..	..	..	..	..
Atkinson	8	15	14	6	12	14	..	..
Eggleston	8	12	14	3	9	11	1	2
Farmer	7	11	13	..	10	..	..	..
Gaston	9	12	13	..	10	7	2	..
James	10	14	15	6	15	13	5	10
Elliott	9	15	13	3	13	13	5	10
W S King	7	13	14	7	15	..	..	..
A H King	10	13	11	7	12	..	..	..
A M Rand	6	11	7	..	11	10	..	..
Hopkins	7	13	11	4	11	14	..	0
North	8	14	12	6	9	..	..	..
Phillips	8	8	11	..	9	..	..	..
Andrews	..	11	11	..	11	6	..	..
W A Clark	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
Moore	..	..	..	5	..	10	..	..
G Naylor	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Morris	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
J Naylor	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
Hamilton	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	9
W G Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7

* Live birds: No. 4, 7 birds, $4. Nos. 8 and 9, miss and out, No. 10, 10 birds, $4, four moneys.

Second Day, Wednesday, Sept. 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	15	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
James	10	14	14	20	..	..	9	9	10	9	..	..	..
Elliott	8	13	15	17	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hopkins	6	11	13	15	..	..	..	7	9	9	..	..	..
Fanning	9	14	11	18	..	..	10	10	9	10	..	..	..
Elliott	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	6	..	..	..
Phillips	6	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rummel	8	12	10	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W G Clark	9	8	14	8	..	..	..	10	10	8	..	..	..
Hamilton	7	9	15	16	11	..	9	6	9	8	2	6	5
W H Lewis	3	8	8	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Murray	8	10	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cartwright	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilson	6	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eggleston	..	10	14	17	14	12	..	..	..	..	7	3	5
Gaston	..	..	8	..	11	7	..	..	9	..	2	4	2
Rand	..	..	10	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	7	3	..
Tulley	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wires	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Farmer	..	..	..	16	12	7	..	..	..	..	7	6	4
Nicholas	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Casey	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Nonny	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Seaborn	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..
Naylor	..	..	..	..	8	10	..	..	..	7	7	6	5
Morris	..	..	..	..	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	2	3
Saffold	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wirick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	..

*Live birds: No. 7 was at 10 birds, $4. Nos. 8, 9 and 10 w at 10 birds, $5. Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14 were miss-and-outs. In 10 the handicaps were as follows: Fanning, 33yds.; Hamilton, Naylor, 31; James, Clark and Eliott, 32; Gaston and Hopkins, In No 14 Seaborn was at 26yds.; all the rest at 30. One yd. added after each kill. Seaborn's last kill was at 31yds.. Naylor's 38, Farmer's at 37, Gaston's at 36 and Eggleston's at 30.

Lost or Dead.

SHELDON, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When a person is perfectly sure of the ground upon which he stands, he often t to strengthen and fortify his position by argument. While writer is perfectly sure that his new equitable system for di ing moneys is unlike and much superior to any other system use, he feels sure of his position and does not care to discuss matter; but in the question whether "lost or dead bird," as sented in FOREST AND STREAM, I am not so sure about my p tion. Admitting that competition begins when the shooter "Pull," there is no law but what admits that the bird is just dead if killed within bounds by the use of the second barrel being clean missed by the first barrel as it would have bee killed by a shot from the first barrel. Such being the case, ha the shooter the right to use the first barrel as he chooses—fir into the air, fire it into the ground, either before or after the is sprung, and trust to his skill to kill the bird properly with second barrel?

But here comes in another question: Supposing he so fires his first barrel and the puller through some defect is unable pull off the trap, or if he springs the trap and the bird, thro disease or physical causes, is found to be dead, and of co unable to fly, how is it then declared against the shooter "no bird" or a "lost bird"? If a "no bird," does the shooter h the use of both barrels at the next bird? Is a bird in the before it is sprung considered as a bird on the ground after trap is sprung? N. P.

[As to the first part of our correspondent's letter, a shooter fire off his gun as he pleases, but in a competitive way he m abide by the results of his own acts, as our correspondent soundly intimates. In the last paragraph he introduces ano question—one fully covered by the rules. If the puller fails spring the trap properly, the shooter has still the privilege of fusing the bird, whether his gun is not cocked, or not loaded, what not. The rules enjoin that the bird must be delivered p erly when the shooter calls pull. He has the use of both ba at the next bird, because the first trial was no trial, and the petition begins anew. A bird sitting in the trap after the is sprung is considered as being on the ground.]

The last wonderful tale being told among the Burmese Rangoon is concerning a monster egg. A few months ago Shwebo the villagers heard a strange and mysterious voice in jungle uttering in Burmese the words "I am going to lay," w were repeated frequently several times a day for many d Eventually the egg was laid, and its size is said to exceed of ten large paddy baskets. Nobody will go near this egg, which now come the words "I am going to hatch," also repe many times every day.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. L. B., New Orleans.—Can you give me the address of reliable breeders of deerhounds? Ans.—We know of no deerhou advertised for sale.

Clarion, Vandergrift, Pa.—In a shooting contest there is a and second prize. A, B and C shoot as follows: A breaks 78 78 and C 72. A and B tie and shoot off for first prize, B being winner. Who is entitled to second prize, A or C? Ans.—C.

S. B. B., Rutherford, N. J.: 1. Will rice grow in water th slightly salt, like the headwaters of the Hackensack meado 2. What is the period of gestation in a bitch? Ans: 1. 2. From fifty-eight to sixty-five days; generally about sixty-t days.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 16. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE.

AND now it is the summer boarder who must answer for depleted game covers. The men and women and children who invade the rural districts in the summer season constitute a factor with which in growing degree we must reckon, when we are seeking to account for barren covers. They do not shoot and do not in this way actively destroy the game, but their presence in the game country has a directly inimical effect upon the supply. Wandering through the woods they alarm the grouse, interfere with the breeding, and spoil the sport. This is a complaint frequently heard, and one which is by no means fanciful. Nor does any remedy suggest itself. The hosts of the summer boarder are growing; places which never knew him before know him now and will know him for all time. Many a resort once famous for its game and resorted to only by those who were in search of game has come to be a fashionable center. The rough accommodations which sufficed for the sportsman have given way to pretentious caravansaries; and the man in search of grouse or deer might as well look for them in the streets of his home town. There are whole districts of the Adirondacks where a dense summer population has completely changed the aspect of the country as a game region, and where even the deer hunting has come to be a fashionable function, engaged in for no other reason than that it is "the thing."

When one has been deprived of his shooting in this way he finds no special mitigation of his chagrin in the reflection that the rule of the greatest good to the greatest number demands that if a hundred can find varied pleasures in the wild territory contiguous to a summer resort it is not for him to complain because his autumn shooting has been destroyed and his own peculiar pleasure marred. This may be true, but it does not give him back his birds.

The fact is that we sportsmen as a class and in so far as our sport goes stand with faces opposed to all the development and settlement and wilderness reclamation which in our other relations of life we are wont to applaud and advance. The sportsman of to-day, of just this day in particular, is confronted by conditions which perplex and alarm him. He sees his own hosts growing, and the field open to him more and more rapidly narrowing. His swamps are drained, his woodlands felled, steamboats invade his sequestered lakes, hotels occupy his camping sites, the railroad shrieks through his deer country, and where he once enjoyed the quiet of nature is now the shingle mill or the discordant saw. With all this the problem of shooting territory is growing more and more pressing.

The solution of the question is found by an increasing number of shooters in abandoning the old line of effort, which was to provide for a public game supply, and in resorting to the expedient of individual game protection for individual benefit. In other words, shooters are despairing of saving game by game laws and are saving it by trespass signs. Whatever may be the merits of the system when considered from the standpoint of public interest, the fact is that the provision of a private game preserve or a posted stream is the end to which the most determined and effective individual effort is now directed. We were talking the other day with a New York business man who used to be known to the readers of this journal as a staunch advocate of game protection and an ever-ready complainant when the local game protectors were lax in their service. But for months and years he has been unheard. Why? Certainly not because the reasons for complaint have been removed; but if the game laws have been violated and the game fields have been denuded, nothing of this has perturbed his spirit. His name is on the list of members of a shooting club which has a large territory of owned and leased lands within easy distance from town. Here every year hundreds of live quail are imported for stocking the fields. Bass and trout waters yield an abundant reward to the angler. Wardens patrol the club premises the year round, and in the shooting season the force is doubled. This erstwhile contestant with other unattached sportsmen for a share of the game, this advocate of protection who long made the fight of the public his own fight because it was his fight, needs now maintain the contest no longer. When he wants to go shooting, he repairs to his comfortable club house, his dogs quarter bag producing fields, and he may shoot up to the limit set by the rules, with the gratifying assurance that he is getting his quota of birds this year and will have the quota the following years. So far as he is concerned game protection is a dead issue.

The same thing came out the other day in the talk of a Massachusetts man, who, having commented despondently upon the inconsequential results of a local game protective association movement with which he had been associated, and upon the apparent uselessness so far as game protection in his State was concerned of contributing a dollar to a league of American sportsmen, set forth the peculiar attractions and advantages of a New England mill site, with its availability for a trout preserve, with partridge shooting in the adjoining covers. And a trout preserve it will be made.

The rule of the greatest good to the greatest number is a fair-sounding proposition to which in a general way we all assent; but in the other rule of looking out for number one is found the motive for most of the actions of imperfect humanity. The game preserve is an institution directly in line with the observance of the rule of number one.

ARE THE GEYSERS DYING?

OF all the wonderful, beautiful and interesting things seen by the visitor to the Yellowstone National Park none is so startling as the geyser in eruption. In this national pleasure ground, geyser phenomena are to be seen on a scale larger than anywhere else in the world. There are a half dozen distinct geyser basins, in which a number are grouped, besides many individual geysers, as well as many groups of hot springs which show every evidence of having been active in the past, but which are now quiescent. We are all familiar with the old-time pictures showing the eruptions of Old Faithful, the tall, thin spout of the Bee Hive, the gigantic convulsions of the Giant and the Giantess, and we are likely to think that such expressions of activity will continue to take place forever. It is by no means certain that this is true.

We are told that within the past few years a great change has been noted in the action of the geysers of the Park, and that there appears to be a distinct decline in their activity. The observations made are said to have been superficial, but the conclusions drawn from them indicate that many of the geysers are dying, and that their places have not been taken by others of equal force and activity.

In a paper recently read before the American Association for the Advancemeint of Science Mr. Erwin H. Barbour gives it as his opinion that the activity of the Yellowstone Park geysers is declining at an extraordinary rate, and he believes that if the decline of activity which has been noted during the past four years should continue for eight or ten years longer, the features which most interest the geologist will disappear.

The first thing that impresses the visitor to the Yellowstone Park, if he enters it from the north, is the great lime formation, known as the Mammoth Hot Springs. In these springs, which, when the Park was first discovered, flowed at almost all points, the activity is said to be now not one-tenth what it formerly was. The well-known Minerva Terrace has become extinct since 1895, while from several other important terraces the discharges have almost ceased. Roaring Mountain, which formerly bellowed, grumbled and muttered continuously from its dark cavity, is silent now. Steam issues from it, but no sound.

In the Norris Basin, geysers that were once important have ceased to play, while in the Lower Basin the beautiful Fountain Geyser is extinct, and the Paint Pots, which used to be watched with so much interest, occupy a much diminished area, and that portion which was pink has ceased to bubble. In the Upper Basin many well-known and beautiful geysers appear to be extinct. Among these are the Splendid and the Bee Hive. The Grand Geyser, which used to spout frequently, now does so only at rare intervals.

Mr. Barbour's warning will very probably lead to the setting on foot a series of careful observations on the geysers and hot springs of the Park. It may be hoped that their present inactivity may prove to be only temporary, for if the National Park should lose its geysers one of its features most attractive to the general public would be lacking. The lover of nature would take not less pleasure than formerly in wandering through its charming fastnesses, but the great public which longs to behold wonders that are startling would find in the Park much less to marvel at.

SNAP SHOTS.

Our Boston correspondent reports that there is much dissatisfaction over the Massachusetts law which forbids shooting on Sunday, though why there should be more cavil at the statute now than in past seasons is not explained. The 1899 law quoted is new only in respect to the Sunday gunning penalty; the prohibition itself was contained in the 1882 revision of the Public Statutes, and presumably had been the Massachusetts law from time immemorial. The amendments made from year to year have been designed to provide more effective punishment for violations; and the reason given for this by the Game Commissioners has been that the Massachusetts Sunday gunner, in the vicinity of towns at least, is a decided nuisance, which under the old law they found it difficult to suppress. Of the magnitude of the nuisance and the intolerable nature of it abundant testimony can be given by the dwellers and land owners in the neighborhood of the factory towns. The Sabbath observance phase of the subject—if it has any such phase—we do not discuss; but as a game protective measure pure and simple, and as affording land owners some protection against the invasion of three-dollar pot-metal gunners, the law has a good purpose and quite sufficient justification; and these points should be given consideration in making up an estimate of its wisdom. As for "the partridge and quail gunners," reported by our correspondent, who say that if they are interfered with by the authorities "it will be a trial of the best man, the gunner or the officer of the law," this is bravely spoken, but it is hoodlum talk and much more worthy of the sand-lots or the Haymarket than of Washington street, Boston.

In the use of the long quill feathers now so much in demand for women's hats, those of the eagle are especially desired. Those of either wing or tail are used, and it is not uncommon to see a woman passing along the street bearing on her hat the single tail feather of a war eagle, much as the Indian warrior of old times used to tie an eagle's feather in his head. However, the supply of eagles does not at all equal the demand for these quills and almost any long feathers are used. Among these are the primaries and tail feathers of the turkey buzzard, a bird which, as Mr. Lucas has pointed out, has hitherto been little pursued to satisfy the whims of fashion. We may wonder how long this demand will keep up, and whether it will result in the extermination or marked decrease in the numbers of buzzards. The use of the feathers of this malodorous and notorious fowl on the heads of women who are endeavoring to be fashionably important is not without its humorous side.

For a behind-the-time folk commend us to the good people of Pike county, Pa. They are well meaning and hospitable, and have grouse and deer and bear, not to mention some of the toughest hunting country on the face of the earth; and withal they are so old-fashioned and unprogressive that they shoot their game under a law which is no longer in force, but which they observe because of an apparent inaptitude to catch up with the times. Pike county was given open seasons for deer and game birds by an act of 1878; that law has been repealed, and the Pike seasons are those of the Commonwealth at large; but Pike county newspapers have this year, as before, published the old law as still in force; and at last accounts the Pike hunters, native and visitant, were booming away at game out of season. Thus it comes about that those who are behind the times are ahead of all the rest.

The well-known English writer on ornithological subjects, W. B. Tigetmeier, has published a book on the house sparrow, which he calls "the avian rat." This is perhaps the most felicitous description of the bird ever invented.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Tempest in a Stubble Field.

Several years ago, while pursuing a course of study, it was my custom to recreate every few days by a bout with the birds. In a good quail country, not too constantly shot over, it was frequently my luck to make a fair bag in an afternoon without tramping further than a pleasant constitutional. Not owning a dog, I sometimes borrowed a neighbor's, but more frequently shot without any dog.

The available dog was well bred, but miserably broken, and after a particularly trying time with him, it generally resulted in my leaving him to enjoy the seclusion of his kennel during two or three trips and going it alone. This working alone made me expert in marking down dead birds and locating the survivors, and I soon became quite independent of that supposed necessity, a dog, and could find and bring to bag birds in any but the heaviest cover. My sister became interested in my shooting, and begged for permission to accompany me on some short trip. Knowing where there was a covey of birds near town, I promised her the desired pleasure the first pleasant day mutually convenient.

A cool, bracing afternoon was selected, and the start was made about 3 o'clock. Just as our expedition was getting under way we met an intimate girl friend of my sister coming in for a visit, who, with very little persuasion, was induced to join us.

A block from the house we were hailed by two young ladies—sisters—from the porch of their home, who bid for an invitation to join the hunt, received it, and quickly fell in line. This performance, with slight variations, was repeated until four more girls were added to our party. It struck me then as rather strange that so many pretty girls happened to be so situated as to notice our departure and be ready to join us without any of the usual feminine procrastination and special preparation of toilet, and it was not until several days thereafter that I discovered it to have been what the street calls "a put up job." My sister had talked of the anticipated pleasure of a real quail hunt, her girl friends had begged her to get them permission to accompany us, and they had put their curly heads together and evolved a plan. They rightly feared objections on my part to starting with a large party, but well knew that I was at their mercy after the start was made.

Out of town we filed, looking like a "select school for young ladies" taking the air, and soon reached the field the birds used. There was a gate quite convenient to us, but of this fact I made no mention. Climbing the fence, I laid down the two top rials and invited them one by one to "come on." With more or less effort they all finally reached my side of the fence. There is another thing a woman cannot do besides throw a stone; that is climb a fence.

All safely over, we started down through the field, with the gun in the center and the girls forming the right and left wings. For a few moments they tiptoed along, expecting to find birds every step, and not doing so fell to criticising and reproaching me because they did not. Upon my assuring them that I often walked miles before finding birds, they jumped to the conclusion that there were no birds in that field, dismissed the subject of birds entirely from their minds and resumed their ordinary walk and conversation.

As they strolled carelessly along, chatting and laughing as only a healthy, happy lot of girls can, suddenly, without a moment's warning, we walked into a fine covey of big, strong-flying birds, that burst out of the stubble and weeds with a roar like a foghorn. Every one of the girls screamed as loud and long as she could, and they fell into each other's arms for protection.

A good deal shaken by the awful row they were raising, I missed clear with my first, but pulling myself together killed a long shot with the second barrel. I did not hear the report of either shot fired above the lamentations of those fear-stricken damsels, who never ceased to scream until compelled by exhaustion.

Marking down the birds, I was glad to see them settle on a little piece of flat ground covered with clover on the banks of an alder-grown branch, scattered as nicely as though placed to order. I foresaw a real "hot corner," and was ungallant enough to wish my fair companions all back in town.

At first I thought it possible that they would desire an immediate return to their homes after their awful fright, and determined to discover the gate to them, and do all else in my power to accelerate their retreat. But in this I was disappointed, for as soon as they ceased to scream and recovered breath sufficiently to talk, they at once fell to assuring each other how "perfectly delightfully fascinating" they considered the sport of bird hunting, and how glad they each and every one was that she had been fortunate enough to come.

Concealing as well as possible my disappointment, we resumed our hunt in the direction of my dead bird, and when I found it there was another scene. The girls seemed as much surprised as though I had found a large and well assorted box of caramels in the field at my actually killing and finding a quail.

They inquired very earnestly as to what had killed it, some not knowing (small wonder) that I had fired my gun, and others, knowing that I had fired, but "supposed it was only to make the birds fly fast."

They were overjoyed that "we had killed one," and finally grew so enthusiastic that I felt as though my recent thoughts had done them injustice, and that they had some pretty blue sporting blood after all; but just then a girl with abnormally developed tenderness in the cardial region proceeded to express her opinion to this effect: "It is a dear, sweet, darling little birdy, so there! And I think it is really too bad, and real cruel besides, to kill the poor little innocent, pretty thing, I do, indeed."

This sentiment met with a warm reception from my fair companions, and started a condolence movement that rapidly assumed alarming proportions, and would have resulted in having me then and there tenderly bury the "poor little bird" had I not, in a determined manner, put it in my shooting coat pocket and ordered a general advance on the survivors.

Another fence had to be crossed before we arrived at the clover field where the covey had settled, and when this was reached the girls held a consultation, which resulted in their ordering me to climb over, walk on slowly, and remember a celebrated Biblical character—Lot's wife. Obeying this order implicitly, I was soon joined by my fair companions, who had each in her own way surmounted the fence difficulty, and we entered the clover field in good order. I kept them well together until we had reached a point where I felt sure there was many a brown beauty lying close, ready to flush, until we were fairly in the midst of my expected warm corner, when one of the girls caught sight of a beautiful spray a goldenrod just ahead, and with a cry of delight rushed to it.

There was more of it in sight, and apparently forgetting that we had any other object in view than gathering goldenrod, they all scattered with exclamations of delight toward the nearest spray.

Thoroughly provoked, I shouted at them remonstrances in about the tone one would use to unbroken and headstrong puppies in the field, but before my vigorous protest could make any impression the first truant reached her flower, bent over to grasp the stem, when whir-r-r! from immediately under her face flushed a brace of birds. With a shriek of terror, she fell over backward, while the birds flew straight at me. Wheeling around, I let them pass over my head and then drew on them.

There were several girls in the general direction they were taking, and as I raised my gun they one and all threw themselves down, screaming, and imploring me not to shoot. I promptly discharged my duty to them by feeling profoundly sorry for the fright they were suffering, but as they were in no real danger, and my sporting blood was up in the nineties, and rising, I proceeded to make a pretty right and left on the birds, killing both.

Crowding in fresh shells, I was in time for another bird flushed by a girl on my right that was in fact almost stepped on by her as she turned at the report of my gun to run back.

Evidently badly frightened by the unusual scene in his covert, he made off with the speed of a meteor from the immediate neighborhood of the screaming girls. Clean killed, he was propelled by the momentum of his flight fully 25ft. before striking the ground. The next, a pair, came from the rear, and I could only persuade the slowest of them to stop.

By this time the girls were demoralized beyond the hope of doing anything with them, some running erratically around, others prostrate on the ground; but all shrieking and protesting, so I left them to their own devices, and paid strict attention to the business in hand, shooting at every bird that flushed when my gun was loaded. It veritably was a warm corner—the warmest ever known.

The birds had not run and were lying close, flushing just about as fast as I could work my gun, with no lost motion.

A girl on my left started to scramble to her feet, and flushed a bird that flew toward the girl in front. When I fired and killed it nearly on a line with her she dropped as though shot, raising her scream—which had been going constantly since the shooting began—several notches, which brought it about to "high C"; this started a bird from the grass at her feet that flew to my right and was killed over the heads of more protesting Dianas. A bird then flushed independently, near me, and flew toward the branch a few yards distant. As I swung around and brought my gun to bear on it a poor little frightened girl, who had crept up almost to me from the very line of his flight, and who, as she admitted afterward, really thought that my shooting was being done with an utter and reckless disregard for the personal safety of my companions, turned and fled toward the branch (continuing) shrieking.

Holding on the bird that was flying in a line with her retreat, and waiting until it got well above her head, I fired and killed. As my gun spoke the fugitive reached the banks of the stream, and there ran on a pair of birds that flushed from under her feet. Feeling sure that I would fire at them immediately, she chose what seemed to her the lesser danger and pitched headlong over the steep bank into a patch of willows on the water's edge. One glimpse of a pair of French heels was all I had, as I killed with my second barrel one of the birds she had flushed.

Unquestionably, it was my duty to go immediately to her assistance; but it was birds we had come out after, birds we had found, and birds I honestly considered my first duty. In any event, no partiality should be shown, and the condition of all my fair companions indicated that when succor was attempted at all it would have to be on a wholesale plan.

The fun was fast and furious for a few moments longer and the shooting under less difficulties, as every girl was now flat on the ground, doing nothing more distracting than screaming, and I had become entirely accustomed to that.

The last bird killed flew over my shoulder and was shot too close. It fell squarely upon the head of the original sinner, the first girl to run out after the goldenrod, who was seated on the ground bent over, her hands pressed tightly over her ears, and like her companions voicing her displeasure.

Evidently believing the blow from the falling bird, which was rather swift in its descent, to be a shot striking her, she promptly proceeded to improve so much upon the performance she had been giving that several of her nearest neighbors became dissatisfied and discouraged with their own efforts, left off entirely and went to her assistance.

Waiting a moment and no more birds flushing, I proceeded to draw a long breath and look around. The apparent slain lay thick about me. It seemed I'd lived a long time in the few moments just past, and a suspicion crept over me that the few moments to follow would probably seem longer.

Not a reckless nor careless shot had been fired, and no better score had I ever made shooting from one stand at quail, and yet, in spite of these facts to my credit, I felt that I would probably be censured by my unreasonable companions. Somewhat embarrassed and not sure as to what was the best course to pursue under the circumstances, I concluded to cross to the other side of the stream and retrieve the three or four birds that had fallen over there, thus giving my companions an opportunity to recover their composure. The bank of the stream had been hollowed under by the water, and when I dropped over, there sat the girl who had fallen (or jumped) over earlier in the action, as far back up in under the bank as she could crowd, with her hands pressed tightly to her ears and her eyes shut. She had stopped screaming, probably from exhaustion. I touched her on the arm, and she opened her eyes with a startled look, which changed immediately to one of injured indignation when she recognized me.

Considerably disheveled, and with her becoming turban hat tilted rakishly over her left ear, the dignified and haughty air that she at once assumed was not so crushing as might have been under more favorable circumstances and conditions.

When I had found a sloping place and helped her back up the bank, without a word of thanks she walked away to join her companions, while I continued my way across the stream to seek my birds.

I did not hurry the search, as it was borne in upon me that my conduct was being freely discussed and frankly condemned by a "committee of the whole" on the other side. I even entertained serious thoughts of deserting entirely under cover of the thick growth along the bank of the stream; but the thought of the killed birds scattered around over that lovely bit of clover more than the duty owed my fair companions restrained me. Returning at last, I found the young ladies all gathered together, apparently too much interested in conversation to even be aware of my existence.

The temperature seemed to have suddenly fallen almost to freezing. My polite request that they assist me in finding my dead birds elicited no other response than a positive refusal to "assist me in any way," spoken by my sister.

Making the best of a bad matter, I searched the ground over carefully, finding in all nine birds, which certainly did not represent all that I had killed. The greatly injured and deeply offended young ladies then informed me, the sister acting as their spokesman, that they desired to call off the hunt and return to town, and wished me to lead the way, after removing the loads from my gun. This was painfully arbitrary, but after such shooting as had just fallen to my lot I could afford to be generous and submit gracefully to the will of the majority.

Removing the cartridges and shouldering my gun, we marched for the gate, as I was afraid to set them at any obstacle in their present humor.

Not one of them so much as noticed me the entire return trip to town. At my earnest and humble request they allowed me to be heard in my own defense before we reached the point where we separated, and I made a strong argument, but so far as appearances indicated their verdict remained unchanged. They one and all looked the belief that I was a wild, reckless, unmitigated, deceiving villain—so there!

The next hunt was made with the worthless, headstrong dog that was mentioned before, and he seemed by comparison pretty good company. We had some misunderstandings, and even a personal difficulty or two; but I did not have the misfortune to fall so low in his estimation as I had succeeded in doing in that of my companions of the higher order of intellect, for we did manage to come in on speaking terms.

Lewis Hopkins.

A Delinquent Narrative.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A kind of literary piracy has been designated by some mild critic as "unconscious assimilation." As it is applied to persons who write things the phrase is quite as specific as it would be to say that those who eat, drink and respire unconsciously assimilate, for the mental process of digestion and appropriation is quite as common as the gastronomical or the respiratory. It would doubtless be impossible for any civilized person to speak or write a dozen sentences without assimilating somewhat.

Thus and therefore we are all assimilators, but as to the conscious or unconscious part of the process of appropriation, as nearly as I can assimilate the theory, there is opportunity for the compilation of more words than I can afford to have published, at my own expense. It would seem that much depends upon the diet assimilated, for I have heard it said, or seen it stated very wisely, that the ox is a product of the pasture—a conjecture that ought to meet with general appropriation, particularly with those who hunt, fish and fowl. Exterminatory peregrinators who have "roughed it" by camping out, and who have tried to assimilate the results of the chase, cooked by themselves, must have succeeded, or perished from the face of the earth. And yet there may have been instances when they did both, simultaneously.

"The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deem it meeter
To carry off the latter,"

and

"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed
That he hath grown so great?"

are mere fragments of ancient lore, but they go to show that even the ancients realized that

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will—
The scent of the roses will cling to it still";

also that

You may bake, you may batter the fowl as you will—
The mud-hen's aroma will cling to him still.

It is perhaps a somewhat extravagant appropriation of space here to admit that the last couplet is an off-hand result of assimilation, not wholly unconscious. I am not good at "these numbers" or rhymes, and I identify them so that no Ignatius Donnelly will tamper with them some

three hundred years hereafter. The verses all go to show, with notable unanimity, that the savor of fish and fowl is somewhat profounder than the cuticle thereof.

With further regard to this problem of assimilation, be it known that I deal with the topic understandingly. When I was younger than at present writing, and more confident than at this time, I was jungle beater and quarry jumper for a daily journal in a populated town. I did my work so well that, if I could have controlled the convocation of politic editors who garbled my returns, the journal would have attained large and conspicuous reputation. Those autocrats persistently refused to assimilate fresh diet until I lost ambition and began to shrivel to conventional dimensions. It was to avoid the assimilation of which I was conscious, that I permitted the journal to proceed with clam-like velocity to an obscure destiny, while I departed at right angles, with zig-zag variations.

The experience convinced me of the unmistakable tendency of assimilation to make typical mutton of all sorts of sheep, and other quadrupeds. This is perhaps the natural, or the most comfortable, condition, where the taste for fish, fowl and 'possum has been forgotten or despaired of. They have an old civilization in the Oriental quarter. Thousands of Chinamen came to California with no ambition beyond rice and rats; and it has taken these renegades half a century to interpolate two or three alternatives, such as shrimps and cats.

After an interval of reflection, I now recall to mind that I commenced this writing to contribute some fish or snake history to the worthy of our day and generation. But I fell to thinking, which often interferes with expression, and lost confidence in the value of the truthful things I was about to unwind. I was about to launch the first of a series of careful statements about men I have hunted with, when overtaken by thought and very swiftly convinced that I was a victim to that magnificent new malady, unconscious assimilation. Mr. Fred Mather hit upon a phrase that almost copyrights the entire commonwealth, and I shall refrain from sizing up against his works.

But yet I never could control the desire to trample grass if there was a trespass sign up, unless some personal inconvenience was impendent. And this reminds me that apology is due to your several correspondents who disagreed with my say about Sportsmen. I sincerely extend to them my regrets that the editor prevented me from pulverizing them. However, editors are entitled to some discretionary power, for if there is anything in this unconscious assimilation theory it is a wonder they are not all in asylums, such as are not, necessarily, sanctums.

RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal.

A Week on the Upper Penobscot.

"WHAT is the programme for next week?" asked Hal Godwin, meeting me one day about a week before the B. Outing Club went on its summer outing.

"Let you know to-night," I replied. "Come around as early as you can."

We were four—Hal Godwin, George Morris, Charlie Leighton and myself—bound together by a common pleasure in outdoor life. It is true Hal's preference was canoeing, that Morris and Leighton found more pleasure in hunting or fishing, while my special hobby was tramping. Yet as each recognized the other's preference as a perfectly sane one, peace and harmony reigned among us.

About three years ago this common interest in outdoor lift had led to the formation of the B. Outing Club. It was an exclusive affair, limited to "present company." We generally arranged for four outings a year—one for the fall hunting, another for the winter fishing, a third for the spring salmon fishing, while the fourth was a week's camping out in the summer with plenty of canoeing and fishing thrown in.

Each one of these outings was under the entire management of one of the members. He decided where the club should go, always subject, of course, to the approval of the others—an approval which, during the three years of our existence, had never once been refused. He was also "commodore" during the time away.

It had fallen to my lot to make arrangements for the summer outing on which we were to start the next week, and the club was to meet that night to talk over affairs and make arrangements about impedimenta.

"I'll bet it is a canoe trip down the Penobscot," interrogated Hal, as soon as we had gotten together.

"I hope you don't intend making us tramp it up Katahdin," Morris put in.

"No. It is neither of those," I hastened to add. "My plan is this: Take two canoes with camping outfits by tram and team up to the West Branch of the Penobscot; let Hal and Leighton pole the canoes about five miles up, where there is a clearing, with three or four houses, Morris and myself will relieve them there and pole up to a pond about twelve miles above the Fork. I know of an ideal camping place at the upper end of the pond close under the Falls. There are several trout brooks running into the pond, and if these do not satisfy the 'Waltonians' we can get plenty of pickerel about a half-mile from camp. When we break up, we can easily run down to Oldtown, take a train there and come home in style."

"One moment," broke in Morris, who was getting suspicious. "You spoke of only two at a time in the canoes—one for each. What do you propose to do with the other two?"

"Tramp."

"I thought so," he muttered. "Well, I'll have to do it. But if I get nervous prostration through over-exercise in the hot sun, I'll——"

"Never mind, Morris," Hal broke in. Then, with a dig at Morris' failing, "Just think of the appetite you will have for that supper of fried pickerel, baked potatoes and hot coffee."

A growl was the only answer. Morris had started in a couple of years ago to make sport of my tramping expeditions. Since then I am inclined to think he has become gradually won over, and now takes almost as much pleasure in legging it as I do, though he will not say so.

The following Monday morning a lot of camping outfit, two stout yet light canoes and four enthusiastic "rusticaters" were left by the early train at Mattawamkeag.

They were received into a couple of teams and started on the second stage of their journey. This was about ten miles, and took a couple of hours. It was about 9 in the morning when the canoes were launched at Medway and the final stage of the journey begun. Leaving Leighton and Hal to pole up against the current, Morris and myself started on our six-mile tramp.

The road we took ran parallel with the river, now along the very edge, now turning abruptly away and passing over some rocky hill that had rudely brushed aside the rushing waters.

"There is good beginning," Morris said, pointing to the leaping waters of the Nickatons Rips, as we came out on the river bank a few minutes after seeing the canoes start.

The bed of the river made a decided drop. Here and there huge rocks brought down from the quarries above by nature's quarrymen were piled up. In and out among these the water dashed, increasing in momentum, till with a final splash that would push back some eddy trying to escape from its prison into the swifter stream, it would go on its way, sparkling and foaming from the very exuberance of life.

The boys were ready for their "beginning." Paddles were exchanged for the iron-pointed pick-poles. A quick succession of strong shoves send the canoes well ahead despite the rapid water. Care is taken to keep the canoe head pointed directly in the stream. If it but turns so that the current strikes on the side, unless the canoeman is quick and strong, a wetting, a loss of baggage and sometimes a broken canoe is the result. Nothing of this sort happens to our comrades. They are accustomed to this kind of work. A few minutes of hard but skillful use of the pole and they "rest from their labors" on the quiet water above.

Leaving them there, we follow the roads into the wood on the onward march.

It is a splendid day for either tramping or canoeing. Slow-moving masses of clouds are an ever-shifting curtain beneath the sun. Now and then through some rent, stray glimpses are caught of the world above. The same gentle breeze that rolls on the clouds above reaches down and fills the wood with nature's music.

And the wood! There is always an inspiration here for the seeing and feeling soul. A spirit fills these quiet aisles. It speaks to our restless spirit fresh from the hurried struggle of competitive life and whispers, "Peace, be still." Calmness, peace, joy, fill the soul. Oh! keep away all thought of those days that will come only too soon—days of toil and strife. Live for awhile in the present, full of nature's presence.

A deer dashes across the road, frightened and expecting every moment to hear that report it heard last winter when mother was killed. It passes on, the rustle and crackle of branches and twigs dying away in the distance.

The six miles are covered all too quickly. The sight of the clearing and the houses brings our thoughts out of the skies to the earth. We had to wait about an hour before the canoes arrived. After a cold luncheon an exchange was effected, Morris and myself taking our turns at poling, while Leighton and Hal took to the road, ready for "whatever may come."

"Look out for the logs ahead," shouted Morris, who was a little in advance, shortly after getting under way.

A drive that for some reason or other had been held back too long was "hung up" on the rips just ahead. Logs, telegraph poles, ties had drifted together, forming all sorts of fantastic figures. Had it been a "jam" some carrying would have been necessary. As it was, there were openings here and there through which the deeper water flowed, where we could pole up.

There is an excitement in pushing a canoe up against the swift water. That element of danger which gives a zest to all sport is wanting to some extent here, it is true. Yet sufficient damage will result from the lack of skill and judgment to make it an interesting undertaking.

I had an experience on these very rips that came near being exciting enough.

Shortly after Morris had warned me about the logs, I heard him shout again. Looking up, I saw him jump for a rock. Reaching it safely, he let his canoe drop down and around, bringing it up on the other side of the rock on which he stood.

A large log had succeeded in getting afloat and came down, sweeping the whole channel; now floating crossways, then one end striking some obstacle the other would swing around and lead the way till it in its turn met a rock, when the first would take precedence.

I realized in a moment if that log struck my canot it was "all wet" with me and everything else there. Yet I was helpless. The channel was free from rocks. Nothing to break the onward sweep of that "demon of destruction."

A moment and it was all over—not the water, but the danger. For some unknowable reason, just before the log reached the canoe, it swung around end foremost. And in that position it swept harmlessly by the side of the canoe.

A short, hard struggle of the kind that makes this sort of thing disagreeable to the lazy man, and we were paddling quietly along in the smooth water above.

Another ten minutes of hard "picking" about a half-hour later was rewarded by the sight of the pond ahead. We found our comrades waiting near the mouth. Taking them in, we started on the last half-mile of our journey.

The pond is formed by the West Branch, suddenly widening to a half-mile for about a mile. On the right as you enter the Millinockett stream flows in, with large masses of grass at its mouth, where the pickerel like to lie in wait. Further upon the other side several brooks add their waters. These furnish splendid grounds for both trout and pickerel. The latter especially are quite plenty. Moreover, these are favorite places for deer. Go there any evening at sunset or any morning just before sunrise and you will see some "beauties." Especially at sunset they like to loiter around the open feeding grounds at the mouth of the brooks.

As we paddled up, enjoying the quiet beauty of wood and water, a breaking of twigs on the left told us we were not alone. The glimpse of a white brush told the whole story. Here was hunting in plenty. Everything was favorable for bagging game—everything but the law. It was close time, and I believe those deer knew it too. During the few days we remained, we saw no less than twenty of them at different times.

We pitched our camp in an old field about a hundred feet from the Falls, that mark the upper end of the pond.

"Now you have us here at last," yawned Morris, stretching lazily back after finishing half a pound of steak that night; "what are you going to do?"

"Take you down to the brooks to catch some pickerel."

"All aboard for the banks," came the cry.

We all obeyed the summons willingly. Our efforts at first among the lilypads and grass at the brooks were not very satisfactory. A paddle across to the other side was more successful. We took back a dozen splendid fellows.

The paddle back in the early evening was a fitting close to our first day. The clouds that had been so welcome earlier, had dissolved; a few torn remnants in the west—that was all of that huge gray curtain of the morning. And these seemed to belong to some other creation. Georgeous gold, deep crimson, deep purple—all thrown together recklessly, yet making a harmonious grouping. Trees and water took on the same hues, while on Old Katahdin rested a crown of glory rivaling in beauty the exquisite coloring of St. Mark's.

How quiet nature's performances are! The stillness of the dead pervades the abode of the living.

Only a few moments and it was over—and we were at the camp.

For a couple of days we lived quietly on—just enjoyed living. An occasional trip down the pond after fish or for a paddle—this was about all that broke the existence of those days.

It was the third or fourth day, I have forgotten just which, that brought a most effectual stirring up. The day was a little dull overhead, and we had gone down after some fish. A nice string rewarded us. On the way back Leighton offered to show us a spring of fresh, cool water. Running the canoes ashore, he and I stepped out to fill a small can we always carried for water. A few steps brought us face to face with a bear.

It is difficult to say who was the most taken aback. Leighton was the first to get his wits together. Stepping quickly backward, he took the rifle from the canoe—and Bruin was ours.

For a few moments we could scarcely believe our good fortune. But there was the bear. And that speedily convinced us.

Our good fortune brought the evil with it. It was now necessary for us to break camp as soon as possible in order to keep our game fresh. Much as we disliked to, we pulled up stakes early the next morning. Everything was packed snug, the canoe nicely trimmed for running, and bidding good-by to "Bear Camp," we pushed off.

The run down was an unexciting one. Down over the Rocky Rips, through the "hang-up," using a pole here to snub, a paddle there to guide. A little after noon we pulled into town, sorry to get back, and with plans all laid for the fall hunting.

A. B. HUNT.

Yukon Notes.

(*Continued from page* 286.)

Patching Hose.

"IT was so extreame cold that the fire almost cast no heate, for as we put our feet to the fire we burnt our hose before we could feele the heate, so that we had work inough to do to patch our hose." So writes Gerrit de Veer, chronicler of the polar voyages of Barentz the Dutchman, who lost his life while trying to find the Northeast Passage to India in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

The sock question is a bond of union for all men who have been in cold countries. The returning Klondikers could sympathize with the difficulties of Barentz's party drying and patching their hose. Most men on the Yukon made no allowance for loss by burning, which is sure to result even when the greatest care is exercised in drying socks at low temperatures, and as a consequence were reduced to straits for footgear.

The demand for moccasins in Dawson raised the price early in the winter to $7 a pair, and the kind sold had bedticking uppers, and further up the river men were glad to get socks for $5 a pair.

Mac and I had eight or ten pairs of good socks apiece on leaving Fort Selkirk, but by the time the Big Salmon was reached there was scarcely a whole sock in the lot. The night after leaving the police post we happened on a deserted cabin at the foot of the Seminow Mountains, and took advantage of the shelter for repairing our footgear. We built a fire on the dirt floor of the cabin, but as there was only a small stovepipe hole in the roof the place smoked abominally. We were obliged to leave the door wide open to get any relief, and even then we could not stand upright without danger of suffocating. The only clear strata of air was next the floor, and on the floor accordingly Mac and I took up our positions, squatting Indian fashion on our haunches.

The draft from the door made the candle flicker and burn lopsided. Often entire heels or toes were missing. It taxed our ingenuity to repair such holes, and the matter generally ended by cutting the sock short off at the burned place and sewing it up without regard to the fit.

It was midnight before we finished, and we were ready to admit, with the old navigator, that we had "work inough to do to patch our hose."

Cassiar Bar.

We made the distance from the Big Salmon to the Hootalinqua River in a little more than two days. By the map it is thirty-one miles. The traveling was better than any we had previously encountered, and our load was reduced to one sled, with the extra man pushing behind on a 6ft. pole.

Eighteen miles from the Hootalinqua we passed the historic cabins where the pioneers of 1886 lived while working Cassiar Bar. The total output of this bar is stated to have been as high as $40,000. Ogilvie says that four men working thirty days cleaned up $6,000. Its richness only lasted a year, and in 1887 $10 a day to the

man was its best record, while at the present time it is a sucked orange.

A short distance above on the west side a small stream empties into the river. As far as is known this stream has never been prospected with modern bed rock methods, and it seems an interesting possibility that this may be the source of the cassiar gold.

A Maine Man from Texas.

We reached the Hootalinqua the evening of the day we passed Cassiar Bar, and spent the night with a man named Kelly, who was wintering in a cabin on an island.

After a few words with Mr. Kelly, I said in an aside to Mac that I was confident our host hailed from the State of Maine, whereupon Mac asked the direct question, and was told that Mr. Kelly came from Orange, Texas.

Mac had the laugh on me for the time being, but I felt sure that my diagnosis was correct. Later Mr. Kelly talked of lumbering and tote roads, and snow and river driving, and then the conversation turned to game, and he talked of moose in a way that a Texan might have talked of deer or perhaps antelope, but no other cervidæ. Mac remarked that he seemed to know a good deal about Northern game, to which Mr. Kelly replied that he guessed he should know something, seeing he was born and brought up in Maine and had spent much of his time in the lumber woods. He had lived in Texas for eight years, but his down East habit of thought and speaking had not lost its savor in any degree.

Mr. Kelly found appreciative listeners, as he discoursed on various subjects included in the length and breadth of the continent, but what he had to say about Maine was of the most interest. The following story has to do with Alaska. Its primitiveness commends it:

The Man Who Nearly Burst.

"I was off on a trip this winter with a young fellow who had a bad attack of indigestion," said Mr. Kelly. "It was as a result of eating my biscuit, I guess, though the grease cakes he ate for breakfast had soaked up a frying pan full of grease, and that may have had something to do with it. Grease don't suit everybody, taken wholesale, though to tell the truth it makes my mouth water now to think of those cakes.

"The biscuit, however, was another matter. My baking powder had gotten wet and the flour had been to the bottom of Lake Lebarge and was lumpy, and as perhaps you've observed, my stove had a hole in the oven and wasnt' much good for baking. As a result, when my biscuit were done you could have knocked a man down with them.

"Each of us ate our share, and then we turned in for the night. I felt nice and comfortable and rested well; but along about sunrise when I woke up, I found this young fellow rolling around on the ground, saying he thought he was going to die. He said he felt sure he was going to burst, and that he couldn't hold together much longer.

"I laughed at him and told him men didn't die that way, but he said he knew better; that back East where he was born he had often heard his folks tell of one of their pioneer neighbors who'd had the same trouble he had and who'd have died if they hadn't bound him round with basswood bark and saved his life.

"The young fellow said he wasn't afraid to die; he wouldn't mind being shot, or drowned, or anything of that kind; but it was the disgrace of the thing that hurt him; if his folks heard he'd died by bursting they'd be covered with everlasting disgrace.

"I asked him if he'd taken any medicine for his trouble, and he said he'd taken some cholera cure mixture. I didn't wonder then that he felt bad, and I said to him: 'It's those biscuit, and you've got to get rid of them.' He groaned when he heard biscuit mentioned, so I didn't say anything about grease cakes. I took a stick and wrapped a bit of tissue paper around it, and I told him to poke that down his throat and sort of tickle. He did as I directed, and it wasn't long before he got rid of the biscuits, and after that he felt better."

A Gritty Actor.

Through Mr. Kelly we learned of an acquaintance on the trail for whom we had always had a warm feeling, as a result of observing his pluck and good temper under the most adverse circumstances. This was a Mr. Ehrhart, an actor from New York. When Harrington and I left the Grand Central station the previous August our train had been crowded to such an extent that we gave up our seats and eventually found a position on the platform of one of the cars.

Mr. Ehrhart was out there smoking a cigar, and it did not take us long to make his acquaintance and to learn that he was also on his way to the Klondike.

He wore very narrow, light-soled russet shoes, and he had the appearance of being a man who had never known what it was to rough it, and though a big, manly looking fellow, his hands were white and soft, and didn't look as though they would make a success handling an oar in the rapids or later on a pick or shovel in the mines.

Again at Victoria we fell in with Ehrhart and found that he was booked for the same steamer as ourselves. On the way up to Skagway he associated himself with a party whose leading spirit was a Dane who had packed on the trail to the Cryolite mines in Greenland, and who was as tough and seasoned as hard work could make him. Ehrhart had expected a friend from the East, but for some reason the friend did not materialize.

In company with his new associates he started in packing on his back. He had a heavy outfit and the party had made the mistake of tackling White Pass.

On the Hog Back and at other points on that terrible trail we ran across Ehrhart and his partners, and always found him doing his share of the work. It was a revelation to see how he could work, and it made me think of some big-framed pale-looking bookworms at college who had taken up football and played like fiends, winning on their nerve over mere muscle and "beef."

The last time I saw Ehrhart was one black winter day when I crossed the summit of White Pass through nearly a foot of new-fallen snow. I took a short cut through the cañon to the head of Summit Lake, and traveled most of the distance without meeting a soul. When nearly at the lake I turned a corner of the rock and came suddenly upon Ehrhart resting, the familiar pack on his back braced against a shelf in the ledge.

His smile was as bright as ever, but he did not look well. Most men on the trail had already selected their winter quarters and given up all idea of going down river till spring, but Ehrhart was not built that way, and preferred to keep at his work of bucking the line till the game was called.

Now at the Hootalinqua we heard that ill health had compelled him to make a temporary halt, but that he expected soon to keep on over the ice for Dawson. His party had broken up and he was alone. Mac and I sympathized with his hard luck, and would have tried to see him if it had been possible, but he was some distance up the Hootalinqua at a little settlement of miners who were off the main route of travel, and we could not afford the time.

A Mistake in the Trail.

The following morning Mac and I took the trail of the Henning party, who had camped just ahead of us the night before. To the south was a beautifully shaped mountain with a long graceful ridge rising from the east, only to fall away in a steep precipice to the west. The outline was not unlike that of Noon Mark, at the south end of Keene Valley, in the Adirondacks.

The wind and snow had obliterated all previous trails, and only the newly made sledge tracks of the party just ahead were to be seen. They had crossed from the west bank of the river to the east, which was the natural course, owing to the fact that the river was still open in places on the west side.

Early in the forenoon Mac and I got into a discussion over the trail. We had camped somewhere in the neighborhood the previous autumn and were unable to locate the old camp site. Then, too, things had an unfamiliar appearance and the ice was smoother than it should have been over the swift current of the Thirty-Mile River, as the stretch between Hootalinqua and Lake Labarge is called.

While we were still arguing the matter we came upon the Henning party at lunch on the river's bank. They were also in doubt as to the trail, and as the result of a conference between us we came to the conclusion that in some way or other we had gotten switched off onto the Hootalinqua.

After the lunch was over we took the back trail several miles and then cut across a low point of land to the west and found ourselves on the main river. Dawson says that at their juncture the Hootalinqua is 575ft. in width, while the Lewes is only 420ft. "The valley of the Hootalinqua is evidently the main orographic depression which continues that occupied by the Lewes below the confluence. The Lewes flows in through a narrow gap, closely bordered by high hills and nearly at right angles to the lower course of the river."

Though a narrower and shallower stream than the Hootalinqua, it carires a much greater volume of water, owing to the fact that its current at this point is nearly six miles an hour, while that of the Hootalinqua is less than three.

The Henning party camped in the first timber after reaching the Lewes, but Mac and I kept on several miles further. We had heard that Mr. Rafael, a White Pass friend of ours, from Philadelphia, was occupying a cabin just above, and we were anxious to pass the night there and to have a friendly chat with him. The river was open from shore to shore, owing to the current, which in places ran at a speed of ten miles an hour, and we had to climb out of the bed of the river over hills three or four hundred feet in height, breaking trail at the same time.

After two miles or more of this kind of work the blazed line again descended to the river, but the moment the trail went onto the ice it was lost and no trace of it could be seen in the drifting snow. Darkness overtook us while we were picking our way over a treacherous ice floe that rocked with the surges of the rapid, and we had to go into camp in the nearby timber without seeing our friend.

The Thirty-Mile.

A half hour's pull the next morning brought us in sight of the cabin, and though we had just finished our own breakfast, nothing would do but that we must sit right down and begin over again. We were equal to the occasion, and did justice to the delicious biscuit and salmon (prepared with fat salt pork) and other dainties set before us. "Pa" Rafael and his partner, who was also a Philadelphia man, were excellent cooks and had made a study to secure the best results from a limited commissary department. The Thirty-Mile was one of the most dreaded parts of the river. Long detours overland were necessary, and in places where the trail went over the ice there was always danger of breaking through. T. D. Patullo, Gov. Walsh's secretary, nearly lost his life in this way, and several pitiful stories were told of Dawson refugees who had gone through the treacherous ice and perished.

In places there was a narrow rim of shore ice from 2 to 6ft. wide at the base of the bluff bordering the river. This ice at the time we passed slanted toward the water at angles which sometimes were as great as 45 degrees. It was next to impossible to draw a sled over the slant unless supported at both ends, and men could only get footing with difficulty. A single misstep was likely to throw the man who made it into the rushing water, and the chances were good for drawing in his partners, too.

Old man McNeally, the leader of the vanguard, working down over the ice, managed alone to get his sled by most of the dangerous places, but he traveled very slowly and was a week in going the same distance Mac and I could in a day. Once as he was crossing a narrow place, edging the sled along a few inches at a time from below, the ice his feet were resting on gave way and the sled pushed him down into the water. At the last moment he got a new foothold under water, but he was in such a perilous position that he thinks he would have drowned had not two police constables come along and rescued him.

From Buluwayo to the Klondike.

We spent a night with McNeally in his tent. The old man, who must have been about seventy, was hospitable and ready to have us share his tent, but he was very reticent at first and had little to say. By and by, however, he joined in our talk and began taking a friendly interest in our movements. He asked our names, and on hearing mine wanted to know if I was any relation to Charlie Burnham, the South African scout, who was then on his way to the Klondike. He told us several anecdotes of Burnham, and then warmed up enough to give some of his own experiences. It was a stirring recital. He had been to every mining excitement of any prominence in the last fifty years in the United States, Australia, New Zealand and Africa. He had struck it rich three times, but each time he had lost everything "trying to get more," as he laconically phrased it. Once it was at Florence, Idaho, once at the Cassiar diggings, in British Columbia. As a boy of 18 he had had 150 men working for him in the eastern Rockies.

He told of river-bed mining, where a season's work in building coffer dams was swept away by the early floods in a few hours' time, with never an ounce of gold secured; and he talked of lucky finds in deserts, on high plateaus and in geological formations where experts said gold could not exist. Once, after a season of unproductive prospecting, he threw a stone up in the air, phophesying that where it fell he would find gold. His partners laughed when they saw the stone fall on a mossy hillside among a lot of boulders, but McNeally went to work with something of the same spirit that a bull paws dirt over his back or a stag fights the brush, and cleared away the rocks and moss and muck, and "right under the grass roots," as they say, he got some surprising colors. Other claims were taken up alongside the one he recorded, but all of them were barren. McNeally sold his for a few thousands, however, enough to provide him with several seasons' grub stakes.

In 1892 he was on the gold coast in Africa and there contracted a fever which had bothered him more or less ever since. He was getting along nicely in Buluwayo, but the news of a new gold country was too much for him, and there was nothing else to do but to pull up stakes and travel half way around the world to it.

Food Economics.

McNeally was one of the old-timers who have learned the secret of living without eating. He had passed a year in the bleak interior of British Columbia with only 80lbs of flour and a little salt and a few balls of grease and meat. Of course he got some game. The meat balls were made, as I recollect the conversation, from offal of one of the Hudson Bay stock yards boiled and the fat skimmed and saved. A few shavings from the periphery of one of these balls were put in the frying pan and water added, and the whole thickened with a spoonful of flour. This was a meal at times when there was no game in the larder.

It is said of other old-timers that in periods of scarcity they went to bed and initiated the bear's method of killing time. In this way they could pass a whole winter on the food that would only last an ordinary man a month.

A Mythical Outfit.

McNeally, as near as we could estimate, had with him not much more than a couple of hundred pounds of food, which was certainly a meager grub stake. He could not have taken more, however, very well, for he had all he could do to drag what he had. At the time the ruling had gone into effect requiring every man who went into the country to have at least 600lbs. of food. Later the requirement was raised to 1,000lbs. How McNeally got by the police posts was an enigma to us, but later, at Lake Bennett, we were told by Mr. Casey, the townsite promoter, the following story:

He said McNeally, who was a friend of his, came to him one day in a great stew, remarking that the blood-police had just passed a law which would forever shut him out of the Klondike. "They want me to carry 600lbs. in there," said McNeally, "when any one with a pair of eyes can see that no man born of a woman can draw such a load over their blooming rough ice. Now what would you advise me to do?"

Casey pondered a minute and then an idea struck him. "I have it," he said, taking McNeally impressively by both shoulders; "you can get your papers if you do just as I tell you. Cache your sled somewheres in the woods before you get to Tagish Post and go to Inspector Strickland and engage him in conversation. You are an Irishman and should have a limber tongue. Tell him you are just from South Africa, or any other blooming thing you can think of, and when you get him good and interested tell him you want to pay the customs duties on 600lbs. of grub. See how that works."

McNeally took the advice, and when he had the Inspector interested in his story he remarked incidentally as if he had just thought of it, that he would like to pay the duty on 600lbs. of food. The Inspector turned to one of the customs men standing near, directed him to make out the papers, and then he resumed his interesting conversation with the old miner, who he could see was a man of parts. It never occurred to him to ask whether the 600lbs. of food were, as he certainly would have asked if he had not had his mind absorbed in the conversation. With his customs papers for 600lbs. of food in his hand McNeally could snap his fingers at any subsequent official who asked where the food was. The official was left to suppose that it was following on the trail or to formulate any other hypothesis that would give him an excuse to get rid of a troublesome matter if he was ever in future called to task by his superiors.

The story may or may not be true, but it is a fact that McNeally in some way or other got the start of 30,000 men, many of whom would have jumped at the opportunity of going through light to Dawson.

J. B. Burnham.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

Pet Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps I can add something to Mr. Andrew Price's interesting communication in yours of Sept. 30.

I remember one 'Lish Bryner, a typical mountaineer of Fayette county, Pa., who, thirty years since, kept a ragged, gaunt pack of hounds, about the stoutest and best deer hunters of the mountains. He had a pet deer—I suppose about a year old—that ran at large about his farm in entire harmony with his hounds. Now, as any native hound will run a deer trail more readily than any other (I think this is true of all hounds that have not been carefully broken from such trails), how came it that 'Lish's hounds let the pet alone? Did they distinguish her scent from that of a wild deer?

Another bit was amusing. A German was met coming down the railroad track with a small animal under his arm, which he said was a fox that he had jumped on in a fence corner, and as it is not the habit of foxes to be so sleepy examination was in order, when, behold! he was carrying a fawn and had it nearly choked to death in fear that it would bite him!

I remember Dr. Hill's noted old Bulger running a pet deer and snapping a hindfoot off (i. e., snapping it into a jelly) just as it rose to clear a fence.

Tame deer are mighty inconvenient pets in a hound country, and any kind are detested by a fox hunter (so are goats). One year the mountain parts of Fayette county were so infested with deer that at last we gathered up all the half-hounds and running curs we could find, and harried the woods in our neighborhood night after night, until we ran the pests out of the country, and could have a fox chase with safety.

"Hounding deer" is a high crime with you sportsmen, and it may be destructive of deer for all I know; but did it never strike sportsmen what a beastly business it is to wound a deer that escapes into the brush, cannot be found, and dies and rots there? In my experience in running deer with hounds I never knew an instance where it appeared this had happened. We always had one or more hounds that would lead to the game, if, on their coming in, we had reason to suppose they had run into the deer. I am not arguing the question of hounding, pointing out the wrong of the outlawing any dog found on the trail of deer. An active spaniel, Bassett, beagle or any trailing dog to follow up wounded deer would relieve the "sportsmanlike" method of killing deer from the disgrace of **wounding animals and leaving** them to rot in the **woods.**

"Cur" Dog.

I must dissent from the statement you extract from the London Field that "cur" is derived from "curtail," as the term "curtal dog" is frequently applied to the bobtail sheepdog in Shakespeare, Drayton and other early writers, and as "curtal" was constantly applied to shortened animals, men and implements, as "curtal friar" (hair cropped), and "curtal axe" (short-handled), and as "curtal" is still given in Webster for a horse with a cropped tail, is it not more reasonable to derive the word "cur" from the old English "curtal," despite the professors who go to the Danish "Kurre" (only the name "dog" in general), when so obvious a derivation is right under their noses? W. WADE.

OAKMONT, Pa., Oct. 2.

The Wild Pigeon of Colorado.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the matter of the wild pigeons.

For ten or twelve years past there have been from fifty to one hundred wild pigeons on the Crystal River, about thirty miles south of Glenwood Springs, Colo. I have seen them nearly every summer in July or August. Saw them last the middle of this month.

They frequent two localities about ten miles apart, and so far as I know are not seen anywhere else.

I think they have doubled in number, and I never heard of one being killed.

As they are high up in the hills—about 7,500ft. above sea level—where the snow gets deep in winter, they must migrate, but what brings them back every year to the same localities is a mystery, as there is, so far as known, no food there not common to the Rocky Mountains.

They do not flock to any considerable extent—usually three or four together—but the whole area occupied by each bunch does not exceed one or two miles square.

Scrub oak acorns and berries are all the food in these places. When frightened they rarely fly more than a quarter of a mile. D. C. BEAMAN.

DENVER, Colo.

[The bird here described is probably the band-tailed pigeon, or white-collared pigeon, which ranges from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific.]

Wide Range of the Ruvetto.

IN an interesting monograph on the Atoll of Funafuti, Mr. E. R. Waite speaks of a large fish known to traders as the oilfish, known to the natives as palu. This is said to weigh sometimes 150lbs. and to grow to a length of 6ft. It lives in very deep water and is usually caught from 120 fathoms down to 200 fathoms, and is fished for only at night. It is highly valued by the natives of Funafuti. Every portion of it is edible, and the flesh if left uncooked never putrifies, but merely dissolves into oil.

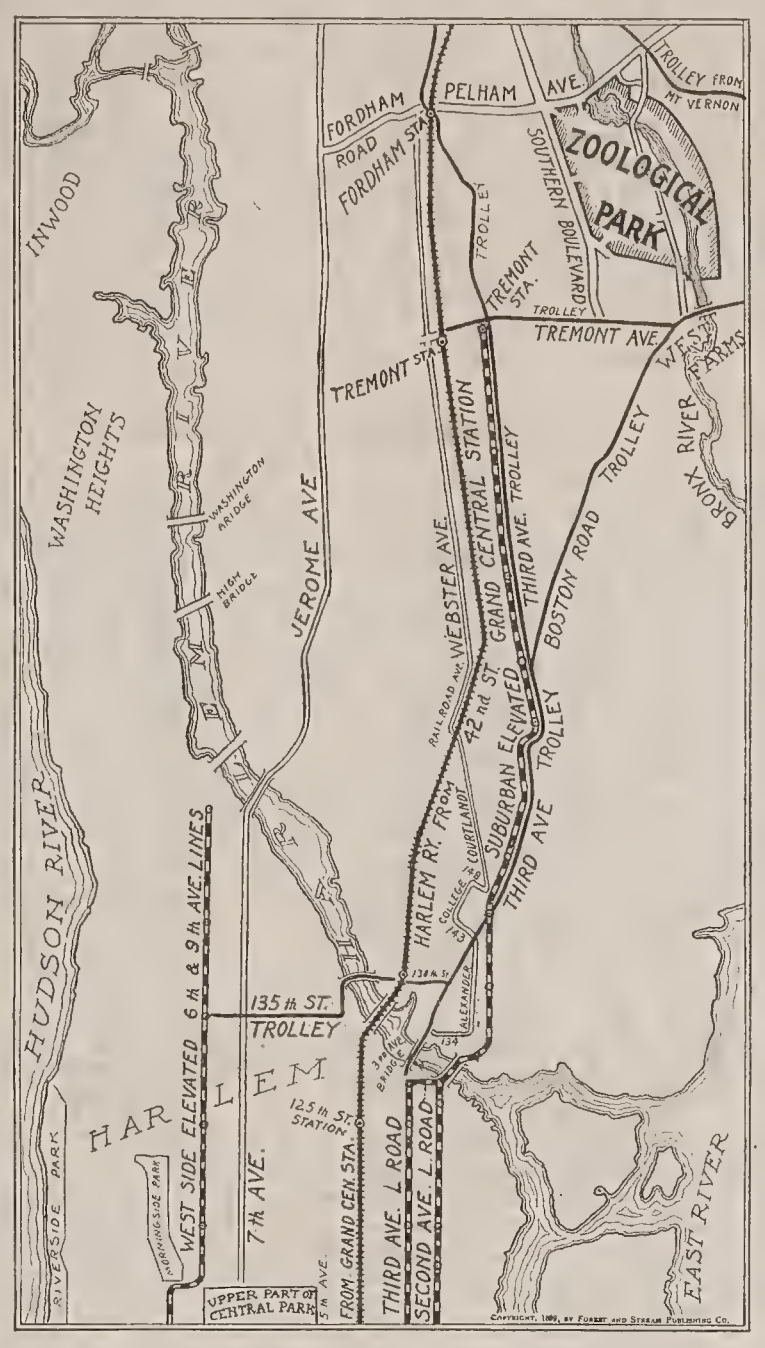
The last expedition to this island secured a specimen of this fish, which is found to be nothing more than the escolar, known to the Italians as Ruvetto. It it a North Atlantic fish, found in the Mediterranean, at Maderia and at the Canaries. Here in winter it occurs in great schools, and the fishermen take it with hook and line at a depth of about 100 fathoms. At Madeira it has been found at depths as great as 300 and 400 fathoms. It occurs also in the waters of Cuba, and we are told that there it can be caught only on dark nights in September and the early part of October at a depth of 300 fathoms. The fish is rarely seen in the market on account of the difficulty of capturing it. It has been taken on George's Bank. Its discovery at Funafuti vastly extends the known range of this fish.

Routes to the New York Zoo.

HARLEM RAILWAY from Grand Central Station, Forty-second street, to Fordham Station. Eight minutes' walk to the right along Pelham avenue to Southern Boulevard and main entrance to the grounds. Round trip from Forty-second street, 25 cents.

Second or Third avenue Elevated Railway to Tremont Station, thence by trolley either to Pelham avenue or by trolley along Tremont avenue to Southern Boulevard and short walk to lower entrance to the grounds.

Sixth or Ninth Avenue Elevated Railway. Take the trolley at 135th street and change at 138th street and Third avenue, either to the Fordham car for main entrance



to grounds or to a West Farms car for lower entrance to grounds.

Trolley car can be taken at Third avenue and the Harlem River. Fare, 5 cents.

When going by elevated and trolley buy an 8-cent transfer at elevated station.

From Mt. Vernon and New Rochelle leave trolley at Pelham avenue and walk west to entrance to grounds at Bronx River.

Cycle Routes.—1. From West Side of town, take Seventh avenue to Harlem River, cross to Jerome avenue, thence to Fordham road, turn right and on to Pelham avenue, then to main entrance at Southern Boulevard. 2. From the Third avenue bridge take 134th street left on Alexander avenue, left on 143d street, right on Collegs street, right on 148th street, left on Courtlandt street, cross railroad to Railroad avenue, to Webster avenue, direct to Pelham avenue, where turn right to the main entrance to grounds. Asphalt all the way except a few blocks on Railroad avenue.

Field Columbian Museum Lectures.

CHICAGO, Oct. 8.—A course of lectures upon science and travel has been arranged by the Museum for Saturday afternoons in October and November at 3 o'clock. All of these lectures will be illustrated by stereopticon views. The lectures are given in the Museum Lecture Hall. Entrance doors will be closed at ten minutes past 3 o'clock. Admission free.

Oct. 21—"A Cruise Among the Antilles—Puerto Rico," Dr. C. F. Millspaugh; Oct. 28—"A Cruise Among the Antilles—Cuba," Dr. C. F. Millspaugh; No. 4—"Some Curious Insects," Mr. E. B. Chope; Nov. 11—"Fishes and Fishing on the Pacific Coast," Dr. S. E. Meek; Nov. 18—"The Katcinas of the Hopi Indians," Rev. H. R. Voth; Nov. 25—"The Eskimo," Dr. George A. Dorsey.

The Ground Sloth.

IN a communication recently published in the Revista del Museo de la Plata, Dr. R. Hauthal expresses the belief that the ground sloth, whose skin and other remains have been found in a cave in Patagonia, was a domestic animal of the pre-historic Indians of Patagonia, and that the cave where the specimens were discovered was the stable in which this herd was often sheltered. The author expresses the belief that all the remains are pre-historic, and that the animal is extinct to-day.

Nest of the Little Tern.

IN a recent number of the Irish Naturalist, Mr. Patten publishes an interesting note on the little tern, and thus, so far as this bird is concerned, corrects a quite common impression that terns and gulls make no nests, but lay their eggs on the bare sand or earth. Mr. Patten shows that the little tern digs out what is really a conical pit about 2in. deep in the sand, in which the eggs are deposited. The deepest part of the nest contains broken shells in which the eggs lie with their points down. The eggs of this bird being very large in proportion to the mother, this is evidently the way in which they should lie to be most easily covered.

Zoological Society Opening.

IT is announced that the New York Zoological Park will be formally opened to the public Oct. 25. Among the large animals recently received there are elk, buffalo, polar bears, a pair of Russian wolves, and many others less in size.

The Russian wolf which made its escape last week from an improperly secured pen has been recaptured, and without injury.

Rhode Island Bird Protection.

MR. THOMAS B. STOCKWELL, Commissioner of Education of the Public Schools of Rhode Island, has issued a circular calling attention to the great destruction of birds, and to their value both from the material and the æsthetic point of view. He alludes to the general reawakening of an interest in nature study, and urges that the children be encouraged to observe and study the birds.

A Bob White Snap Shot.

MR. G. HILLS, of Hudson, N. Y., sends us a photograph made by Mr. John Crawford, of a quail in shrubbery, "one of a brood of fifteen that were hatched within five minutes' walk of the court house."

Game Bag and Gun.

More About the Stutzen.

THE old gun was, as I thought, safely concealed in the hollow willow tree, and would have been, had I been able to get it before the first snow or rain had a chance to fill up in the barrels. It must have been fourteen days or nearly as long before I had a chance to bring the Stutzin home unobserved. Having tasted of the forbidden fruit, my appetite was sharpened for more of it; but the next time it was my desire to get a hare or two. These animals are in that country of considerable weight and size, ranging from 10 to 18lbs. They always sleep in the open, taking advantage of and having their burrows in the strip of grassy sward which forms a boundary line between the fields of two different owners, and which is generally 2ft. broad. These small strips of unplowed land take the place of wire fences in that country. Fences, especially barbed wire fences, are unknown there; and I hope fervently they will never be introduced. In very cold weather the hares have the habit of coming to the immediate vicinity of villages and towns to gnaw the bark of small fruit trees, and do considerable damage, for the gnawed and stripped trees generally die. This habit makes them also an easy prey for the hunter, who, hidden to leeward, can easily bag them, although this manner of killing is not at all sportsmanlike.

I had hardly arrived at the place of my eager expectations when I heard the voices of two gamekeepers well known to me. I had just time to take the stutzen out of its hiding place and to sneak off as quickly and noiselessly as I could. The moon was about half full and shone now and then through slowly passing clouds; and after about ten minutes' swift running I made a halt to examine the gun. The hammers opened hard and stiff, the barrels had a coarse feeling like sandpaper. This indicated rust, although I could not see it in the uncertain moonlight, but could perceive the folly and carelessness committed in leaving the gun muzzle up in the old tree. Considering what to do, I heard the two keepers talking in a loud voice, and to judge by their conversation they were bound toward the Upper Inn, a hostelry about two miles away at the north end of the town. Jumping hastily back a few yards, where an old gnarled apple tree afforded me a hiding place, after what I thought was half an hour's time of waiting I started in the opposite direction, determined to shoot off both barrels and reload afresh. But three or four caps snapped without igniting the load, and to my chagrin I found that I would have to give up hare shooting for this evening, so I struck out for home, where with not a little trouble I succeeded in hiding the stutzen in its old place in the garret.

There was an old locksmith in the next block from where we lived who was known to be very skilled in repairing guns and pistols—in fact, about everything made out of iron. Paradox as it may seem, in his idle moments he used to make door mats out of long rye straw and did it neatly and substantially. In that part of the country houses are built in a peculiar and novel manner. In almost every one of the stone or brick houses a hall runs through the center of the house, with the rooms arranged on either side of it, and this hall has either a brick or stone flagging. Soon after my unsuccessful hare shooting expedition I asked mother whether I should not take some rye straw over to old man Eger and have some mats made for the house floor, as it is called, and she consented. This was my opportunity. Making two bundles of straw, I put the gun into one and carried them over to the old man, who was very much surprised, and asked me what kind of grain we threshed out of old shotguns. I told him how I found the gun in the garret and asked him to do me the favor to put it into shooting condition, but to take care, as it might be loaded; that I had shot out of it I kept to myself. He readily consented, even promising to be mum about my possession

of the arm. But in that respect he was by no means like the old nurse—in fact, he babbled, as we shall see in the course of this narrative. He seemed to take more interest in the gun than in the matting to be made, for he examined it very carefully, with repeated shakings of his wise old head, and finally said: "I'm surprised that this gun is in such a neglected condition. If your dead father could see it he would turn around in his grave. Dont' you know, boy, that this is the first gun your own grandfather bought for his son (your own father) when he was a boy of your age? I was with the old man and your father the time he bought the gray horse; and the gun was bought the same day. Oh, if this gun could talk; but I remember that ever since the breechloaders came out your dad never used it much. This was forty-eight years ago, my boy; forty-eight years." His honest blue eyes had a sad look. Nevertheless, he proceeded to push the screw end of the ramrod down, and brought forth the wadding until he had both loads removed. "Now, boy, these loads may have been in the gun five or six years for all I know; but I am wondering how your father put a loaded gun away; it was not his custom to be so careless with weapons. Come to-morrow evening and get it." But by to-morrow evening half the little town knew of the heavy charge found in B.'s stutzen, for Eger had found occasion to talk about it to his chum, the one-legged harnessmaker next door, while imbibing their morning drink of birshwasser.

The stutzen stayed in my possession until I left the country in 1880, then was left behind in my older brother's keeping. Since then I have had different guns, cheap ones and good ones, but none of them so dear to my memory as the old stutzen, although I love any and all shooting irons. C. F. B.

DANBURY, Conn.

New Brunswick Notes.

Two years ago, largely upon my advice, Mr. Fred Talcott, of Providence, came to New Brunswick for a moose hunt. Mr. Talcott was unsuccessful that time through mistaking the horns of a big bull in the tote road for an upturned root; but he returned in 1898 and bagged his game. This year, however, Mr. Talcott covered himself with glory, for he not only shot a very fine moose but called the animal himself. It does a man—especially a sick man, who is denied the campfire's cheering glow—good to receive a letter such as this from Mr. Talcott:

"We went, my friend Mr. E. L. Johnson, of this city and myself, from Blackville, up the South Branch of the Renous. Our men were new at the work of guiding, and I relied upon my own calling. Monday night, the 25th ult., I was out alone on a small beaver meadow, and at about 5:15 heard an answer far away in a swamp. The old fellow came along, making at times a great smashing, and reached the edge of the clearing in about an hour after dark. From my position it was about 100yds. across the open to the bushes, and there the bull showed a tendency to pause. Afraid to sound the horn at so short a range, I crawled into a small brook at hand and mussed up the water like a wading animal. That started my friend, and he came with a rush to within 20yds. and stopped again. I could not make out his shape definitely, and waited about ten minutes, hoping he would turn sideways. He was a noisy old chap, and roared as I have never heard any other moose. My position was certainly a puzzling one. I paddled the water again; then dropped the horn and held the rifle ready, expecting him to appear on the bank above me, but instead of doing this he circled and crossed the brook to my side and gradually worked away. I went back to camp, reproaching myself for not taking the uncertain shot offered, instead of wainting for a sure thing. The next morning at daybreak Mr. Johnson and I were at the same place, and in half an hour I had called the moose back again, and we killed him. He had a twenty-point set of horns, measuring over 50in. wide in the main blades and 46in. across the front prongs, and 13ft. 3in. around the points. He stood 6ft. 7in. at the shoulder, so the boys claimed. I think they allowed that he walked on his toes. We succeeded in bringing out all the meat, as we had a team of horses near where he fell. I am glad to get such a head, and especially pleased to have called him myself. It has been one of the ambitions of my life to go out alone and call a moose. A pleasant part of the trip was the way the Blackville people treated us—not in so pretentious a way, but just as well as New York treated Dewey."

Up to the time of this writing the sportsmen who went in from Fredericton this fall have maintained their extraordinary record. Not one as yet has come out without his complement of horns. The few cases of failure I have heard of have chiefly occurred in the Tobique country, which has been in places overcrowded. Occasionally one hears of a sportsman who declines to shoot unless he can secure a notable head. Such is the statement made of my friend, Carl Pickhardt, who hunted this year in the Trowsers Lake country. Mr. Pickhardt had three chances at moose, but none of them having remarkable heads he refrained from bloodshed. Mr. Pickhardt took home, however, an unusually good caribou head.

Mr. E. E. Adams and wife, of Rockville, Conn., passed through St. John on Monday after a most enjoyable trip in the Northern woods. Mr. Adams had a moose head of which he was justly proud.

One of the best moose heads that has been taken for some years in the Gaspereaux country is the property of Mr. John W. Murray, who lives in that locality. This moose put up quite an exciting fight before he was brought down, and left Mr. Murray a trifle shy in the item of pants. His horns are very shapely, and have a width of 58in.

Mr. W. T. Fowle, of Woburn, Mass., returned the other afternoon from his annual hunt in Braithwaite's land. Mr. Fowle's immediate vicinity as he passed through Fredericton was adorned with the decorative features of a moose and a bear.

Mr. E. S. Steinam and friend, of New York, are expected out to-morrow from Grand John Lake. No recent word has been received of them, but at last accounts they had hung up their full allowance of deer and caribou.

Among successmul moose hunters on the Tobique in the region of Nictaux Lake are Thomas Martindale, of Philadelphia, and G. P. Camman and friend, of New York. These had as their guide "Uncle" Adam Moore, of Scotch Lake.

J. H. Ross, of Chicago; E. P. Hetherington and J. S. Walker, of Minneapolis, formed a party which had an unique experience on the hunting grounds of Cain's River. They were encamped at the mouth of Otter Brook. One morning they were awakened by a tremendous splashing in the river. Rushing out, they met almost face to face a large herd of caribou charging up the bank. At sight of the Western folks the caribou formed a circle, during which time Mr. Walker developed sufficient presence of mind to secure his rifle from the tent. With this he shot a very fine buck with antlers numbering thirty-three points. At the report of the rifle a renewed splashing was heard in the river, while the caribou hastily departed. Proceeding to the bank, Mr. Walker was fortunate enough to shoot, as the animal started up the opposite shore, a large black bear. Bruin had evidently stampeded the herd.

Charles Frioroclan, of Boston, and Mr. C. S. Pierce, of Worcester, Mass., arrived to-day from Arthur Pringle's hunting grounds, on the Norwest. Each secured a specimen head both of moose and caribou. Mr. Pierce's caribou had thirty-three points, and his moose head measured 53in. Mr. J. S. Ehrich, of New York, also brought out a fine moose head. Dr. B. S.Thorne, of Havelock, in a short trip to the Canaan, shot a moose and caribou. O. H. Humphrey, Jas. E. Cox and W.F.Dunphy, of Waltham, Mass., have gone into Grand John Lake for a caribou hunt. The party will return in about ten days if Shamrock beats Columbia. However, they may take to the woods. FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, Oct. 8.

Massachusetts Game.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose an interview with myself in Sunday's Telegram. It is correct except as to one point—the season which, because dry, has been favorable to partridge and quail, has not been good for keeping woodcock here. The interview follows: A. B. F. KINNEY.

Mr. Kinney says he makes his statements as president of the Worcester County Game Protective Association. This gives them added weight, and they will be subjects of serious comment among sportsmen.

"At the opening of the bird season, Sept. 15." said Mr. Kinney, "I spent two days visiting different covers. I shot twenty-five years ago, and I shoot to-day. The covers I visited are around Sutton, and they are perfectly familiar to me. In all I visited four towns and forty or more different covers. I drove around in a team, and was accompanied by John M. White, of Sutton.

"I make this statement from observations of twenty-five years. Where there is one partridge to-day, there were twenty-five partridges fifteen, twenty or twenty-five years ago.

"I went into the same covers I did then. There should be partridges there if anywhere. It it not the fault of the covers being thinned out. As a matter of fact, the covers are thicker than ever. Some that were cut off are up in sprouts. It is clearly not because timber has been cut off. Nowhere else in the State are there thicker and better covers than in central Massachusetts.

"Now, what is the cause of the scarcity of birds?

"The answer is easy. Where there was one good brush shot twenty-five years ago, there are now twenty or twenty-five; where there was one good bird dog in Worcester twenty-five years ago, there are now twenty or twenty-five, and while there was one breechloader twenty-five years ago, there were many more muzzleloaders.

"There are three causes then—better brush shooters, better firearms and better bird dogs. Naturally, there are more of all.

"The better brush shooters have been developed from work at the traps and a healthy love of outdoor sport.

"There is another factor to be considered in the shooters out after birds now. That is the man who hunts for market purposes. He is out to kill without limit. It is a business. There is none of the sport before him as he seeks birds.

"This must all be remedied or in a few years the partridge will be wiped out. The question is how it shall be done.

"I believe steps should be taken to prevent this extermination, either by limiting the number of birds to be shot in a day and the season, or by shortening the season, or by both.

"The number of birds allowed to be shot in a season could be placed at a figure to be decided on. The season should at least be cut down to six or perhaps four weeks. It could begin say Oct. 1, and last until the middle of November.

"We have got to do it, not only to increase birds but if we are to save what are already here.

"You will still find the man in the brush hunting who maintains there are as many birds as twenty or twenty-five years ago. It is not so. My observations, as the result of twenty-five years' hunting allow me to form an intelligent judgment.

"What few flocks found are large, but they are not numerous.

"Market hunting must be stopped, and the season shortened. Otherwise it will be a question of only a few years before the partridges are cleaned out. I am talking of birds within a radius of fifteen miles of Worcester.

"Worcester sportsmen are kicking at the close season law on Sunday, but it has been in force for a long time in other States. In Connecticut no one is allowed to shoot over five birds in a day, or thirty-five in a season, and the law is not off until the middle of October.

"In regard to the number of birds, it is different with quail; although the same season that has been beneficial to partridges this year has been detrimental to them, there seems to be plenty. Worcester County Game Protective Association has liberated birds from year to year and added to the number by putting out 750 this season. It looks as if there would be reasonably good shooting when the quail season opens on Oct. 15.

"The woodcock season is on, but few birds have been shot. This was because woodcock cleared out to a wetter place. Most of the woodcock shooting this year will be at flight birds. Take Paxton as a northern point, and the southern part of Worcester county is the best shooting place for flight birds in New England. This flight of woodcock will last only a few days, as long as the weather is favorable. The start also depends on the weather.

"Worcester County Game Protective Association has decided not to release any more English pheasants this year on account of sportsmen shooting some of those already put out. There have been seventy-five young birds and twenty-five old ones set free. The young thrived and did well. The trouble is they have taken to covers with young partridges. This accounts for their getting shot. It is almost impossible to tell a young pheasant and partridge apart as they rise from a cover. All pheasants shot have been killed innocently, and in each case the sportsman has come to me and told about it.

"It is in view of the fact that they are taking to these covers with young partridges, that the Association has decided to withhold the 100 pheasans scheduled to be put out before Nov. 1, and they will not be set free until spring. They can then mate and bring up broods, and nine-tenths will be located before the bird shooting season opens in the fall, and we will know where they are."

Boston and Maine.

BOSTON, Oct. 7.—Shore bird shooters in this vicinity and all along the south and north shores are a good deal concerned over what they regard as a spasmodic attempt at enforcing the Sunday non-shooting laws. Last winter the Massachusetts Legislature passed a new law making every Sunday in the year a close time on game birds. The new law reads:

Chapter 116, Acts of 1899.—Every Lord's day shall be close season. Whoever hunts or destroys birds or game of any kind on the Lord's day shall be liable to the penalties imposed for violation of the law during other close seasons, and such penalties shall be in addition to those already imposed for violation of the laws relating to shooting upon the Lord's day.

Sportsmen have felt that no attempt would be made toward enforcing this law, and about the usual amount of Sunday gunning has been done. So far no arrests have been made. But Chief Wade, of the District Police, has lately been called upon to enforce the law. Willingly, or otherwise, he sent a squad of officers, under the leadership of Capt. Proctor, last Sunday, to patrol the shores of Massachusetts Bay, in the police steamer Lexington. The boat sailed from 5 o'clock Sunday morning till dark, but either by reason of the weather, or because the gunners had had a warning, no arrests were made. The territory watched extended from Rockport on the north shore to Plymouth on the south shore, but only two suspicious cases were observed, and these were not arrested. It is understood that this patrol of the shore is to be kept up, and that later, when duck and coot shooting is on, the Sunday shooters, out in boats, will be in danger. The partridge and quail gunners, some of them, say that they shall continue to shoot on Sunday, and that if the State wants to patrol the woods there is an opportunity; in which case it will be a trial of the best man, the gunner or the officer of the law. To say the least, the gunners are much displeased at what they regard as a foolish attempt to bring them under laws long since obsolete.

Moose seem to be working down nearer the settled towns in Maine. Dr. Daintree, of Lewiston, has word from a farmer in Webster that a big moose has been down among his cattle. The same gentleman has a letter from his guide, in the Millinocket range, stating that he has come across twenty-two moose and 150 deer in that section this season. The doctor is a noted moose hunter and will be among them as soon as the law permits, accompanied by Mrs. Daintree. Another moose has been killed by a Maine railway train, other than the one killed by the Bangor & Aroostock, Sunday, Oct. 1. This time the narrow gauge, from Hiram Junction to Harrison, is guilty. Mr. Samuel Scribner, who was on the train at the time, says that the moose was inside the railway fences and trotting along when the train appeared. Then he kept running ahead of the train. Several times it was slowed down, in order not to kill the animal. At last the moose ran into a clump of bushes, and the engineer thought he had disappeared. All steam was put on, when suddenly the animal attempted to cross the track ahead of the engine. This time he was too near, and two of his legs were broken. The trainmen decided to kill him.

A Bangor special says that the provision men are much displeased with the new law concerning the selling of game in open season. That law provides that marketmen shall have not more than three deer exposed for sale at any one time; that they shall keep a record, open to the inspection of wardens or the Commissioners, showing of whom the deer was purchased, at what time and other details; that they shall sell only at retail and to local customers, and for this privilege pay an annual license fee of $5. In addition to this, they cannot sell partridges at all. The report says that the Bangor marketmen have entered into an agreement not to sell deer at all. Hence Bangor will have to go without venison, which has heretofore been very plenty in that city in open season, while, through evasion of the non-transportation law, Boston market is likely to be fully supplied. The report also suggests that the marketmen of other Maine cities are likely to join them, and not handle venison at all. Possibly this is one of the first steps upon the FOREST AND STREAM's Platform Plank—"Stop the Sale of Game at all Seasons."

Oct. 9.—The smelt fishermen are at work and good success is reported all along the shore. Many dozens are being taken off Quincy, Hull and Nantasket. A party of fishermen for smelt went down to Scituate Saturday evening, to return to-day. They had reports of the smelt biting well. Sunday evening I saw five smelt fishermen at the Southern Union Station, with their rods and baskets, waiting to take the train for Quincy. It is a curious fact, although Chief Wade is patrolling the

shore with police boats, to catch Sunday gunners, the smelt and cod fishermen are not molested. Well, there is no law against fishing on Sunday, either in Maine or Massachusetts, except the old common law providing against all sorts of work and play, while both States have special laws against Sunday shooting. Is such legislation consistent?

Worcester county partridge hunters are having fair success. Charles S. Dodge has taken seven this season. A party composed of Dr. H. H. Gabelar, B. J. Bertels, H. H. Capen and A. D. Putnam got eleven birds in two days' hunting last week. E. C. Stevens, of Boston, was out after birds Saturday.

The Robinson party, of Boston, is absent on its annual trip to the Megantic Preserve. In the party are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sanborn, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Traiser and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Robinson. Mr. H. E. Hills has returned from his fishing and shooting trip to Lake Magaguadavic. He got no deer, but partridge shooting was fair. One long shot at a deer was all he had, though seeing several. N. G. Manson is out from Camp Leatherstocking, Richardson Lake, Me., where he has spent the summer with Mr. Will Jones and family. He has made lots of improvements to his beautiful establishment—new music room, boat houses and wharves. He got no deer, though having a license to shoot one in September. A number were seen, but generally small, while they wanted a big one, since the family at camp was large. They put off shooting till it was too late to get any at all, although hunting pretty hard the last days of September. The $6 license is posted in the camp; an instance of where the State got the money, but the hunter did not get the game. There are hundreds of like instances.

If returns amount to anything, deer shooting in Maine has not been up to that of a year ago, thus far in the open season. No deer have been received in Boston yet, though a number of hunters have returned who stayed for a few days in the open season. The papers have very few accounts of deer shot by Maine hunters themselves up to date. The hunters say that deer are plenty, but hard to get.

Oct. 9.—At Upper Dam the September deer shooters were Louis Chadwick, Upper Dam; Mrs. Dr. Downes, of Germantown, Pa.; H. F. Stevens, New York; J. J. G. Williams, Philadelphia; E. V. R. Thayer, Boston. At Kennebago Lake the successful licensed September deer shooters were Dr. G. D. Rosengarten, Philadelphia; Robert Mallory, New York; E. C. Luther, Pottsville, Pa.; Arthur Swan, Stockbridge, Mass. At Carry Ponds deer were taken by Mrs. G. W. Hutchins, Waterville, Me.; N. Merrill, Solon, Me.; Geo. Dobson, Seneca Falls, N. Y. At Spackman O. R. Holt, of Boston, got his deer in September. From Moosehead Lake there are accounts of about a dozen deer killed in September, including one each for J. B. Webster, Bangor; Mrs. E. H. Outerbridge, Staten Island, N. Y.; C. V. Fitch and W. G. Beal, Boston; Miss Alice Taggart, New York; Walter Kidder, Montclair, N. J. Of the many hundreds taking out licenses to kill deer probably not one in ten succeeded in getting the game. SPECIAL.

Minnesota Congressional Expedition.

Festivities at St. Paul.

EN ROUTE, Minn., Sept. 30.—The festivities at St. Paul yesterday were fully up to the reputation of that splendid town, and beyond the expectations of the Congressional party. The gathering of the women's clubs during the afternoon was a pleasant event. Condé Hamlin, of the Commercial Club, made the address of welcome, and Charles Cristadoro presided at the meeting. Addresses were made by Mrs. William Ely Bramhall, Mrs. George C. Squires, Mrs. Condé Hamlin, Mrs. James and Mrs. Channing Seabury. For the guests, Dr. Schenck spoke briefly and Judge Flandreau and J. Adam Bede made brief addresses for Minnesota. Full credit was given to the women's clubs of Minnesota for the organization of the idea of a national park in the pine woods of Minnesota.

The hospitalities of St. Paul were concluded by a grand banquet in the evening at the Merchants' Hotel, at which over one hundred sat at table. Judge C. E. Flandreau presided handsomely, and at the head of the table in the seats of honor were Governor Lind of Minnesota, Mayor Kiefer, Col. Cooper, of Chicago; Congressmen John Allen, of Mississippi, and C. F. Cochran, of Missouri; Judge Sanborn, of the United States Courts. Archbishop Ireland, of Minnesota, was also in a place of honor, associated with Congressman Cannon, of Illinois; General C. C. Andrews, Fire Warden of Minnesota, etc. Near by were Congressmen Stevens, McCleary and Eddy, of Minnesota, also Congressman Page Morris, of Duluth; ex-Lieutenant Gibbs, Mr. George R. Finch, Senator Buckman, Mr. Joseph A. Wheelock, Mr. George A. Gifford, Mr. F. I. Whitney, general passenger agent of the Great Northern Railroad. The menu was elaborate and the gathering a distinguished one.

Most post-prandial talk is tinted with a certain perfunctoriness, but the speaking of this evening was looked forward to with a certain eagerness, the public being anxious to know what the Congressmen probably thought about this question of a forest reserve. Congressman Joseph Cannon, of Illinois, left the matter still somewhat in doubt. Mr. Cannon referred to the earlier reservation of 18,000,000 acres of Western forest lands, and also touched upon the dead and down timber act of Minnesota, which he said no doubt covered a multitude of trees not dead and down. He said that before the representatives in Congress could act they would need a full education on the Minnesota problems. A modification of the Indian treaties might be necessary. Mr. Cannon said that he doubted whether Congress would do anything unless it could be shown that the forests at the head waters of the Mississippi were necessary to the preservation of the stream.

Archbishop Ireland, of Minnesota, made an eloquent address of welcome and eulogy to the distinguished guests, and came out distinctly and strongly in favor of a national park. "There is something more to be sought than the mere commercial valuing of this timber," he said. "The esthetic and the beautiful have their claims. Moreover, we can assure the gentleman from Illinois that it is necessary that these forests be preserved, or the whole volume of the Mississippi River will be changed. We feel that all that is necessary is for the gentlemen to look at this country and they will see their duty plain before them."

Mr. Allen, of Mississippi, made a brief and characteristic address. He said that if Minnesota was following the way of the South, the pine forests would soon be gone.

Mr. Cochran, of Missouri, left no doubt as to his position in the matter of a forest reserve. He made the most thoughtful speech of the evening. "It is a sin that this Government has permitted such wanton wastes of its great resources," he said. "The sweeping away of the forests would change the rainfall, alter the climate and cause destructive floods. What forests we have left in this virgin country should be preserved," he said. "I want to say to you clearly and unmistakably that it must be a very extraordinary bill in favor of forest preservation which I will not support and vote for in the Congress of the United States."

George A. Schilling, of the Knights of Labor, said that this park would be a poor man's park and not one belonging merely to the rich. Colonel Cooper, of Chicago, said that he was satisfied with the prospect. He had only wanted to get the gentlemen up into the country and let them see for themselves.

Governor Lind, of Minnesota, came out unmistakably in favor of the park. He pointed out the State of Minnesota purposed a string of small State parks between Lake Itasca and Leech Lake. He hoped that Congress might add to this reserved State land some of the Indian lands which remained under the control of the United States Government. Governor Lind, however, seemed to be afraid that Congress might make too big a concern of it. He counseled moderation, and thought that 50,000 or 60,000 acres would make a magnificent park. At the conclusion of Governor Lind's address it was discovered that the time was short before the starting of the northbound train which was to carry the party to Walker, and a considerable list of speakers for the evening were left undrawn upon, among them being Mayor Kiefer, Editor Hubbard, of the Philistine; the Minnesota Congressmen. Judge Sanborn, James R. Mann and Alderman Fitch, of Chicago; Congressman Clark, of New Hampshire; H. E. White, of the American Federation of Labor; Bishop Gilbert and others.

The Great Northern Train.

Mr. F. I. Whitney, general passenger agent of the Great Northern Railroad, was in charge of the magnificent train which carried the party out of St. Paul. There were two dining cars, a baggage car, a special car and six palace sleepers, and the whole went through on a special schedule, which brought the party into Walker, on the shores of Leech Lake, at so early an hour in the morning that many of the tired banqueters had not yet opened their eyes. There were on this train in all 105 passengers. Of these there were twenty-one members of Congress, their names being as follows: Joseph G. Cannon, Danville, Ill.; James R. Mann, Chicago; J. D. Bowersock, Lawrence, Kan.; Oscar Turner, Louisville; Roswell P. Bishop, Ludington, Mich.; J. W. Fordney, Saginaw, Mich.; William S. Mesick, Mancelona, Mich.; Charles F. Cochran, St. Joseph, Mo.; John M. Allen, Tupelo, Miss.; Frank G. Clark, Peterboro, N. H.; Fremont O. Phillips, Medina, O.; Athelston Gaston, Meadville, Pa.; William H. Graham, Allegheny, Pa.; Theobold Otjen, Milwaukee; James H. Davidson, Oshkosh; James A. Tawney, Winona, Minn.; Joel P. Heatwole, Northfield, Minn.; Fred C. Stevens, St. Paul; Frank M. Eddy, Glenwood, and L. Fletcher, Minnesota. Those who joined the party at St. Paul were Mr. Charles Cristadoro, George R. Finch, D. B. Finch, Hon. George M. Nelson, General C. C. Andrews, Channing Seabury, E. P. Bassford, C. P. Stine, H. P. Hall. Duluth sent down Gilbert Hartley, W. E. Culkin, P. Donan, B. L. Taylor and M. Bonnell. Senator Albert Schaller, of Hastings; Senator Young, of Appleton, and O. M. Lord, of Minnesota City, also joined the party, and from Minnepolis there came Senator S. A. Stockwell, Messrs. Thomas H. Shevlin, Thomas Lowry, Drs. R. O. Beard, J. W. Bell, H. M. Bracken, McDonald, Crafts and Westbrook. The Chicago delegation remained solid, among these being the following: Colonel John S. Cooper, W. F. Snyder, W. H. Snyder, Sidney L. Wright, Eugene S. Pike, H. P. Robinson, George A. Schilling, H. P. Williams, Everett Sisson, John A. Campbell, Theodore P. Shonts, Henry S. Fitch, L. W. Pitcher, P. S. Eustis, D. K. Clink, John E. Williams, E. Hough, all of Chicago; Fred N. Stephenson, Menomonee, Mich.; C. L. Bailey, Mancelona, Mich.; R. T. Bishop, Ludington, Mich.; Henry W. White, New York; Elbert Hubbard, East Aurora, N. Y.; Dr. C. A. Schenck, Baltimore, Md., and K. N. Harris, of the Chicago Record; F. N. Wood, of the Tribune, and John S. Spargo, of the Times-Herald.

In addition to the above, the following Minnesota gentlemen were discovered on a later count. Judge C. L. Brown, of Morris; S. W. Leavitt, of Litchfield; E. L. Read, of Anoka; H. F. Brown and Larry Kennedy, of Minneapolis. The whole contingent of 105 travelers retired at a late hour, but this fact was due to their own high spirits and not to the arrangements of Mr. Whitney, who handled his large family with true railroading *sang froid*.

The Day at Walker.

WALKER, Minn., Sept. 30.—The morning dawned bright, cool and beautiful at Walker, and the party scattered like a bevy of quail, eager for exercise in the keen, refreshing atmosphere. The Hotel Pameda, under the charge of that good-natured hustler, Mr. Patrick Henry McGarry, was made headquarters for the visitors, and a remarkably good hotel it is, too, here at the edge of the world, in a community not yet out of its swaddling clothes. There is a little detachment of soldiers at Camp Bacon, at Walker, and weekly inspection was in progress when the party, or part of them, reached the village of Walker after a sandy walk of more than half a mile from where the train was stopped. Captain Mercer, the Indian agent, took some of the distinguished members of the party out to the agency in a steam yacht, and showed them how this part of the United States machinery works. A committee of citizens, headed by Messrs. Charles Kinkele, P. H. McGarry, John King, L. W. Case and A. G. Burnhard, editor of the Pilot, the local newspaper, took the bulk of the tourists in charge, and gave them a splendid outing on Leech Lake. The craft employed was a big house-boat, double-decked and commodious, which was towed by a tug. It was the intention to visit Bear Island, where just a year ago there occurred the sanginary encounter between the troops and Chippewa Indians, in which half a dozen officers and privates were killed. There was in progress, over on this island, a council of the Chippewas, gathered for the purpose of electing representatives to send to the Great Father. The Indians understood that the Great Father was sending representatives into their country, and naturally this was a great event for them, and they wished the party to join them at their meeting. There was good deal of a sea on, however, and it was found impossible to make Bear Island with the house-boat, so a landing was made about twelve miles from Walker, on Otter Tail Point, the site of a little Indian village.

Now in the West.

We were now in the West. All around was an untroubled wilderness. The great sea of Leech Lake showed no white sails, and on its shores there were the cottages of no summer dwellers. Tall pines, great oaks and wide branching maples with reddening leaves covered the bold shore line of this inland sea. Hauled up on the beach were the high-prowed canoes of the Chippewas, and clinging hard to the earth, back among the groves which crowned the summit of this beautiful island, were the squat houses of the children of the soil, oval, bark-covered lodges with frames of poles, such as their forefathers builded when they lived to the east on the shores of the Superior. In the center of each bark lodge, and beneath a hole in the center of the dome-shaped roof, smouldered the household fire, and around the fire was a platform of boards serving for beds and resting places. The scheme of the interior of the Chippewa bark house is much the same as that of the conical tepee of the Sioux or Blackfoot, except that the Chippewa is a woods Indian and has much timber at his disposal, and is moreover civilized enough to know the use of a board. The Chippewa does not use pine boughs for his bed, but substitutes pine boards, covered with the cheap cotton comforter of the modern dry goods shop. The dress of the people is semi-civilized, and I saw no real blanket Indian, although some of the women wore shawls or blankets about the heads. The platform, or bed, in these bark lodges was usually covered with a beautiful matting woven of bulrushes, stained in the crude, barbarous colors which one sees in the Navajo blankets and in the finest Oriental rugs. The people seemed unwilling to part with these mats, and only a few were offered for sale. I secured a very beautiful one, only partially completed, about a foot or so of the weaving having been finished, with some 6ft. of the stained rushes hanging free and unwoven. This mat I fancied for a hanging screen, but the Indian women had never heard of any such thing as that, and thought me jesting when I made signs that I wished to buy it. They could not understand what any man could want of a mat which was not yet done. The visitors secured only two or three of these mats, which seemed to me very beautiful examples of native art.

The Squaws Fooled the Artist.

The party scattered among the native houses with the customary enthusiasm of tourists, to whom this sort of thing is a novelty, and it is a question which was most amused, white man or red. A number of cameras were brought into play, and no doubt some good pictures were secured. This brought out several interesting incidents, of one of which I was a witness. A couple of ancient Indian squaws, wrinkled into a picturesqueness simply admirable for photographic purposes, were sitting on the ground near the house-boat as it lay at the beach. Each was smoking a cigar, which had been the gift of some tourist, and the combination of lady and cigar was a bit fetching, it must be admitted. The two were talking together in their own language, looking at the camera fiend as he completed his preparations, and now and then one of them laughed heartily. Some of the bystanders were saying what a joke it was on the Indians, not to know that they were about to be photographed; but just as the artist removed the cap from his lens, both squaws threw themselves flat on the ground, and lay there, shaking with laughter at their own joke. The artist did not get his picture.

The Chippewas.

The Chippewa Indian as a boat builder is a success, and I have never seen a more beautiful birch bark canoe than one which I saw just completed on the shore at this vilage. Every line was a perfection of grace, and the workmanship was beautiful. These Indians weave their own gill nets, and we saw drying on their racks a great many whitefish which they had taken. Their birch bark vessels, wild rice trays, etc., are also very neatly done, and they seem thrifty, healthy and contented. In stature these people do not seem so large as the plains Indian, but they have the reputation of being fighting men. Of all the tribes of the West, the Sioux have perhaps been the most warlike, yet it is historical that these same squat Chippewas drove the Sioux out of their ancient homes into the forests of Minnesota, and forced them westward out into the plains. The natural hunting grounds of the Chippewas, a hundred years ago or more, lay along the shores of Lake Superior, but they coveted this beautiful ground around Leech Lake, which the Sioux held as their own. Here on the shores of "Ga-sa-ga-squa-ji-mai-gog-sa-ga-aigan," as the Indians called this great body of water, there was the finest hunting to be found anywhere in the Northland, and the fishing there was easy and prolific. The Chippewas concluded to annex this country for themselves. The Sioux at this time were armed with only bows and arrows, but the Chippewas had obtained firearms from the French traders. The Chippewas, or Ojibways, moved westward, and fought the Sioux in a series of bloody battles. At this very spot of Otter Tail Point, in 1774, there took place the decisive battle which broke the spirits of the Sioux and sent them westward out of their ancient territory. It was at night that the Sioux tried a surprise, setting out from the mainland with a flotilla of canoes. They were met by the Chippewas, who headed them off and surrounded them. It is supposed that the

firearms gave the invaders the advantage, but at any rate the Sioux were killed in hundreds, and the victory rested with the people from the Great Water, who have ever since then held the land they thus gained by conquest.

The Chippewas still want this land. They want it as their fathers left it to them, with its trees, its fish and game still abundant. In all the wild lands of our great Northwest, there is no more beautiful spot than this. Leech Lake itself is invested with ancient legend by the Indians, who tell that long ago an Indian maiden was visited by an emissary of Hiawatha, the tribal deity, and instructed to strike a certain rock with a spear made of the sacred pipestone. She did so, and a great spring gushed forth, which in time formed this great lake. To escape drowning the Indian maiden climbed out of her boat at Bear Island. This was the central stronghold of the Pillager band of the Chippewas, who held this point last fall against the troops who came to take away from them their chief, who had refused to go again to Duluth because his white brothers had once made him walk home when he went there. To make it short, the troops have never yet caught the chief, and never yet punished the men who did the killing last fall at this storied locality, so much prized by the tribe.

In the Way of Ignorance.

At the Indian village the party made many purchases of miniature birch bark canoes, bows and arrows, etc., and the community sold out about all it had to offer. I do not know how much the village took in by way of actual cash, but it seemed to me that if those people could have their country left to them unspoiled, so that the white men could come and see what a wilderness actually was and is and can be, they would make a living more easily from the sale of their little wares than they ever did before, and could yet feel that they were not outcasts. It all reverts to the old misunderstanding of the one race by the other, as witness one little incident to-day. One gentleman, whom it is best not to name, saw a pair of snowshoes hanging in the woods, and he wanted them. Generous to a fault himself, it is not to be supposed that he would take anything not belonging to him, or refuse to pay for what he took. Yet he did not know that the woods are the household of the Indian, that the man who cached the shoes there knew perfectly where they were and left them there because he wanted to do so. The Indian, who chanced to be head man of the tribe, followed the gentleman to the boat and claimed the shoes. Not understanding him, the latter refused and carried off the shoes, exulting in his capture. Two days later, at Cass Lake, it was learned that this incident had caused great dissatisfaction among the Indians, and the latter gave it out that if this man ever came back among them he would not be safe. This trouble was the result of no intent, but of ignorance, and the old, unreasoning contempt of the Indian because he is an Indian. I am very glad to say that a collection of some twenty dollars was later raised by the party and sent back to the chief with full explanation, and I think the gentleman was later advised of his mistake, which he himself would be first to rectify.

Remarkable Banquet at Walker.

The party was entertained at luncheon on Otter Tail Point with some of the ladies of Walker as hostesses and the house-boat was towed back to town late in the afternoon. In the evening there was served at the Hotel Pameda a banquet which made one of the most remarkable features of the entire trip. It should be remembered that Walker is less than three years old. Around it stands the unbroken forest. On the beach of the lake, at the foot of the bluff, where the village of the white man stands, there lie not only the steamboats of the lumbermen, but the birch canoes of the Indians. At the banquet table itself there were 115 persons who sat at table, and this number was exclusive of many of the expedition who remained at the cars too tired to attend. Part of the gentlemen were in evening dress. There were ladies present, as beautiful, as *au fait* as any you shall see in a metropolis in the East. The big dining hall was decorated with the Stars and Stripes. Several United States Army officers in full uniform were present. Some of the party present were dressed in business wear, or the rough garb of the cruder way of the woods. Three paces from the door of the banquet hall was the hotel bar, with gambling rooms in which games of roulette, faro, etc., were continually going on. Gazing in through the doors at this spectacle were woodsmen in Mackinaw jackets, spiked shoes and overalls, Indians with braided hair, half-breeds with swarthy faces. Now and then, interrupting the voice of the speakers, arose the shouts of an excited and semi-demented half-breed, who was accusing another half-breed of treachery to his tribe. There was present in the black coat of civilization an Indian preacher, educated in the colleges of the East. There were present members of the Congress of the United States, some of the ablest and most brilliant minds of the entire country. I question whether any man there present ever looked upon a scene more strange, more incongruous, more suggestive or more inspiring. Here was the West, and here were those who had come to sit in judgment upon the West, to decide whether all of it shall be wiped out and destroyed, or whether a part of it shall be set aside forever under the Stars and Stripes, which stretched above the heads of the banqueters this night, under that strong arm of Uncle Sam, whose jury had come here to learn and pass upon the facts.

The village of Walker, in proportion to Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, did a dozen times as much as even the royal efforts of those cities.

Mr. A. G. Bernard, editor of the Walker Pilot, was toastmaster of the evening. Owing to the length of the programme, but a few speakers were called upon—Judge McGarry, Mr. Schilling, Mr. Allen, Colonel Cooper, Mr. Cochran, Mr. Cannon. It is impossible in the FOREST AND STREAM space to give even a brief synopsis of all these addresses, but to my own notion that by Mr. Cochran was the ablest effort and most fitting to the occasion. Mr. Cochran has evidently taken his part in this expedition seriously. He reviewed to-night the story of the Louisiana Purchase, the history of the country threaded by the mighty Mississippi. He shed the light of a full information upon the subjects connected with this work and brought out the enthusiasm of the entire audience by his clearly expressed conviction that this remaining pine land ought to belong to the people and not to the lumbermen. Every allusion by this speaker or by the others to the formation of a national park and to a successful completion of this enterprise brought out ringing and long continued applause. Colonel Cooper also met an ovation when he spke, albeit with a voice hoarse with cold and a face pale with the fatigue he had undergone. Mr. Allen, of Mississippi, as usual had his audience with him at every point. I regret that I cannot more fully go into this banquet at Walker, which was a very striking and most satisfactory occasion. The little town received the compliments of every one upon the train.

This is what the West can do. It can offer you birch bark and steamer, dress coat and overalls, wild rice and oratory. There is no land like the West. I think many of the party are deeply touched by the scenes of this trip. Thus Mr. Cochran, who was a frontiersman in the buffalo days, an employee of the old Ben Holliday stage lines, a rancher, a lawyer, a newspaper man, a State Senator, a Congressman, said to me in course of conversation: "There never was a country like the West. If I knew any place upon the globe like the West of my early days, I would resign my seat in Congress to-morrow, sell out everything I have and start for that country as soon as I could go, even old as I am to-day."

It is a little part of the old West, a small portion that remains, which the gentlemen of Congress are asked to leave so that their children will have a notion of what this West once was. It is for them to say whether the people or the lumbermen shall own this land.

At Cass Lake.

Colonel Cooper wished to take the party to Bemidji and out to the end of the Itasca Lumber Company's logging road. It was also thought that perhaps a party could be made up to take the twenty-five mile ride by wagon to Lake Itasca. All these plans were cut short. Even at Walker there was spread a strong rumor that some of the party wished to go back directly to Minneapolis from Walker. A compromise was made, and at 1 o'clock A. M. the train left Walker for Cass Lake, where breakfast was had on board. Cass Lake is a raw and straggling little villge only a few months old, and is located on the reservation. It is the town which this summer gave the United States Government so much trouble, the result being that the Secretary of the Interior has set aside a quarter section for auction sale to be held open to Cass Lake residents next November. Cass Lake, it may be added, is hostile to the forest reserve movment, and has ambitions to become a lumbering center. Indeed, such are the beautiful and wonderful workings of the justly famous "dead and down timber act," one might very well suppose that Cass Lake was already a lumbering center. It has a big saw mill, a mountain of sawdust 50ft. high, booms holding large rafts of logs and a number of steamboats used in logging purposes. No one need be told that the lumbermen are after this Indian pine land. I myself saw in the woods many and many a stump of a tree that had been untouched by fire. I saw logging camps which must have held fifty men. Give the lumbermen a few more years and you would not know this Chippewa reservation from the slashed lands of Michigan or Wisconsin.

At Cass Lake we met for the first time the camp committee, who preceded the expedition from Chicago—Mr. H. G. McCartney, Captain Clow and son—and saw visible proof of their activity. These gentlemen had established a beautiful camp on the high bluff bank of an island in Cass Lake, known usually as Big Island, but unmarked on the maps. This island was reached by steamer only after a tempestuous voyage, for the weather had now changed and a strong, cold wind was blowing. Less than half the party made the trip, but were very well repaid. A more beautiful spot than this island never was discovered. The lumberman's axe has not entered here, and the groves are as God made them. Giant white pines, magnificent Norways, many hardwood trees and dense thickets on the lower grounds cover this beautiful spot. The island itself is apparently three or four miles in length, and two or more in width. Camp was pitched on an open spot among the big Norways, at the top of the bluff on the lake shore, and a more ideal camping ground never was seen. Mr. McCartney had handsomely completed all details. A long table of rough boards extended some 50ft. in front of the camp. Big iron broilers lay over long fires built between logs. Delicious whitefish, purchased from the Indians, were broiled to a turn. The potatoes grantly and bright the sun shone o'er fair tin cups and new spoons. Those who came over to the island said they would not have missed it for many a dollar.

The Guide Got Lost.

There had been a few boats portaged over into the little inland lake upon this island, a sheet of water perhaps a half-mile across, and some attempts were made at fishing, but the high wind prevented any success, only a few small bass being taken. Accompanied by Mr. Fred N. VanDuyse, of the Pioneer Press, I started out to find this lake. We were led by one of the local guides, who said he would take us there directly, but somewhat to the chagrin of the latter, he missed the lake by about a mile and a half, and turned up completely lost on the shores of Cass Lake, about two miles from camp. My friend and I had to conduct him to his lake ourselves, which we did by following the shore line of the big lake, until we came to the portage path, wading in the icy water part of the way. Wishing to get some fishing for muscallunge on the following day for one of the members of the party, I here captured one of the boats on the little lake, portaged it over into Cass Lake and by the help of two men got it around to camp after a very tempestuous voyage of about five miles. Very little of concerted plans were carried out during that day, and it might be said that none of the party had any sport, the weather being very bad and the preparations being confined to a trip to the island, rather a picnic than anything else. Yet the utmost jollity prevailed, and nobody was heard to complain, there being in evidence the usual rejuvenating influence of a pine woods trip. I have earlier mentioned the fact that a Congressman is a very human sort of being, and does not necessarily go about with folded arms and unfurled, thoughtful scowl. We had only one man in our party who looked like a Congressman, and he wasn't. In the morning, as we lay around a little group of Indian houses on the shore, waiting for the steamer, some one picked up a big horned owl that an Indian had killed, and began to pull out the quills and tail feathers. Some one else stuck a feather in his hat, and this became infectious. Young Mosher, a reporter for the Globe, of St. Paul, gravely offered a plume to one of the Congressmen, who as gravely accepted it and stuck it in his cap. Soon every one of the Yankee Doodle party had a feather in his hat, and the Congressmen and all sat in the presence of the Indians, and every man had a plume on his head except the Indians. Now that was rather a singular and pathetic thing to see. Here was the savagery of civilized man sticking out, and in the very face of the men we were asking to become civilized like ourselves. It was sad as to the savages who are trying to be civilized, and not free from sadness as to the white men who were longing to be savages.

A Split in the Party.

CASS LAKE, Minn., Oct. 1.—This afternoon, while the party was well scattered over the island, there came word by boat from the train that all should hurry back to the railroad, for that the entire party was to start back to Minneapolis. Col. Cooper, Mr. Cochran and others returned to the cars, though yet others remained out in the woods. At evening it was discovered that six of the ten cars were gone, with over forty of the party, about fifty-five men remaining with the four cars left. Some of the baggage of those remaining had been carried off by the departing ones, who had gone to Duluth, and thence home, and much confusion ensued that night in essaying to make those remaining comfortable; in the general shifting about of berths, baggage, etc. There was a great amount of outspoken criticism on this action of a part of the party, and some of the Congressmen privately voiced their wonderment. Col. Cooper was perturbed, but with characteristic good humor treated the matter as a "tempest in a teapot." Mr. Whitney, of the Great Northern, evidently regretted the matter, but explained that he could not stand in the way of those who wished to return home. The party of "quitters" or "cold feet," as they were called by the remaining members of the party, were led by Mr. Thos. Shevlin, of Minneapolis. Among those who returned were Congressmen Cannon, of Illinois (who was ill); Heatwold, Fletcher and Eddy, of Minnesota; Fordney and Mesick, of Michigan; Drs. Wesbrook and Bell, of Minneapolis; Thomas Lowry, George R. Finch, Senator Young, etc. Many of this party are business men of large affairs, who were in a hurry to get home, and who took little interest in the sporting side of the excursion. The incident, though smoothed over as much as possible, unquestionably did a great deal to shorten the trip and rob it of its full measure of pleasure, if not of its full effect. Mr. Shevlin came in for severe criticism by members from his own State. There was a story out that he, being a lumberman, did not wish the Congressional party to see too much of this country, and he was accused also of insincerity in his connection with the enterprise. Sober judgment cannot approve of this supposition, for conduct so clumsy would be sure of its own detection and its own condemnation. It seems more likely that Mr. Shevlin was hurried and busy, and too impatient to think carefully of the others of the expedition who had come such great distances to see the country. Mr. Shevlin has been one of the largest financial contributors to the trip, and his influence is of value, so that this action was regrettable, though by no means fatal.

The Christening Party.

Oct. 2.—The "stayers," or "thoroughbreds," of the party, as they now styled themselves, were at last rewarded with a perfect day, and they deliberately set about availing themselves of the sporting resources within their reach. Another fish dinner was prepared on the big island, which drew a considerable number of the tourists. As this island and its beautiful little lake had neither received a definite name, it was decided to make up a christening party. With this party were members of Congress Stevens, of St. Paul; Otjen, of Milwaukee; Col. Cooper, Mr. Whitney, of the Great Northern; Gen. Andrews, Senator Schaller, Dr. McDonald, Dr. Schenck, Mr. Clink and others. Congressman Stevens made the address in appropriate speech. Dipping a vessel of water from the lake, he poured back the contents and christened the lake by the name of Helen. Congressman Cannon's daughter is named Helen, and there lives in Chicago a descendant of Lewis Cass whose name is Helen. The island was named Cooper Island, and the bestowal of the name was greeted with cheers. These names will be official on the maps and in the Great Northern literaure from now on. The names were cut deep into a pine tree, and Messrs. Stevens and Otjen said they would have the christening confirmed by the Interior Department at Washington.

The Angling Parties.

Other steamboat parties were made up, the most important being that bound for Moose Lake, fifteen miles away. With this party were Congressmen Graham and Gaston, of Pennsylvania; Clark, of New Hampshire; Allen, of Mississippi; Cochran, of Missouri, and Tawney, of Minnesota, all of whom expressed a desire to catch some fish. Several of the members of the party were put off near an Indian village and secured birch canoes for voyages up the Turtle River. The Congressmen above mentioned, with three guides, and accompanied also by Mr. Stevenson, of Menominee, Spargo, of the Times-Herald, and myself, made the portage of three miles from Turtle River over to Moose Lake. It was an easy wagon trail. There had been a rumor circulated to the effect that heavy windfalls had made this trail impassable, but we did not find this to be the case. Mr. Stevenson and his guides even carried a boat across the trail, and Mr. Cochran, who has one limb which he describes as not of the best, made the walk with no serious consequences.

We were now getting a taste of the fishing of these great fishing waters. After leaving the steamer at the Indian village, the Moose Lake party divided out among the rowboats. Mr. Cochran, of Missouri and myself sort of drifted together, and we sort of picked out the best guide there was, young Zembrick. I am sure that I got the most genuine thoroughbred in the whole party

h Mr. Cochran. He is a shooter and angler of experi-nce, and has the genuine love of the outdoor air. Better ompany no one ever had on a fishing trip, and if he and have real good luck in the future we will see Moose ake again one of these good days. We trolled on our ay up the Turtle River to the portage, and it soon be-me evident that pickerel was to be the order of the day. t the mouth of the river there were three fish on at the me time in different boats, and a dozen strikes in less an five minutes. We soon had the bottom of our boat ell covered, and at last Mr. Cochran struck and cap-red the largest fish taken during the day, a pickerel eighing 8½lbs. on the scales. Mr. Cochran is a quiet gler, and his methods are deliberate, showing no ex-tement or haste. I think Mr. Cochran is the only man ever saw who could look dignified with an owl ather stuck up the back of his head, a cigar in one rner of his mouth, and a big pickerel at the other end his line.

A Grand Bass Lake.

We have found Moose Lake a beautiful body of water couple of miles in length, and about the best bass ke I ever saw in my life. None of us was well fixed r bass fishing, for we had all been prepared for mus-allunge. There was not a casting outfit in the party, nd in our boat we had only trolling tackle and big oons, with the alternative of some very small spoons, hose hooks would not properly hold a bass. We had ve strikes and lost five fish in as many minutes after arting away on this lake; but after awhile began to do more successful business. We caught a great many ickerel, and lost a great many more of the more active ass. I never saw bass fight better than they did in this ke, and I never saw pickerel fight so well. Mr. Allen, f Mississippi, joined our boat about 1 o'clock, and we ansacted business with the fish with considerable suc-ss. By some misarrangement we had no lunch, some f the guides and others there present having swiped the asket. We suspected Fred Stephenson of having pro-ded well for his guest, for he looked smiling and said wasn't hungry. Messrs. Stevenson and Tawney went r up the lake, but our boat stayed near the end of the ortage, and we were always in sight of the boat which rried Messrs. Clark, Graham and Spargo. At about o'clock we landed at a little camp, where one of the uides had been shooting and fishing for some days revious. Here we found some raw potatoes and the iscarded end of a piece of bacon, and I expect you ever did see Congressmen eat fried potatoes the way Ir. Cochran and Mr. Allen did; and they liked them, oo. We had no tea or coffee, but there was plenty of ater in the lake, and we got along very well. Mr. ochran rose still higher in my estimation as a thor-ughbred when he proposed to me to stay over night the little dog tent that we found, and have a full day's shing the next day. All, however, were haunted by the ear that this would delay the party at the cars, so nally it was decided not to tay over at the lake.

The above-mentioned gentlemen caught on Moose ake that day, and in Turtle River going up, between oo and 700lbs. of fish, mostly pickerel. Mr. Tawney and Ir. Stevenson brought out ten bass which weighed over olbs., the largest weighing 4¾lbs. These are all big-outh bass, but they were all fat and full of fight. What ne could do in that lake in a day's fishing, with proper utfit, is something which I should not care to prove, ut I know very well that Mr. Cochran and I could have barrel of fun there.

Good Sporting Country.

We were now in a fine sporting country. Our guide aid that there were a great many moose in that region, ut that the Indians did not kill very many, as they were o lazy to carry out the meat, and would not kill a moose nless it was near their camp. Deer of course are very umerous. Within a few miles of Moose Lake there is nother lake of the Turtle River chain, where we were old there is a splendid island camping place. Near by his are heavy rice beds, where the ducks feed in great umbers, and one can also get here fine muscallunge fish-ng. This is the place which Mr. Cochran and I have icked out for our camp in case we should ever go in here again. No one on this whole trip caught or saw muscallunge, nor was any muscallunge fishing done in he proper localities. The guides speak of this fish as eing "slow fishing," but mention fish taken up to 30lbs. his season.

The Prettiest Picture.

A slight rain came on toward evening of this day, and he party waited at the Turtle River end of the portage ntil after dark for the arrival of the steamer, the return rip being made down Cass Lake in the dark. We picked p scattered members of the party here and there going down in the night, and it was during this work that we aw the prettiest sight of the whole trip. There was a ail from shore, and we stopped to take on a passenger, who came out from the wild rice in a birch bark canoe driven by the steady hand of a woodsman. There was a antern in this canoe, and as he approached, the pas-senger, who proved to be young Mosher, of St. Paul, icked up the lantern and held it high in order to see clearly in making the landing on the steamer. He was quite unconscious of the fact that the light of the lantern brought into splendid relief against the black shadows behind him the full outlines of the canoe and its oc-cupants. I never saw so striking a combination of lights nd shades, and this is one of the pictures of the trip which will linger very long in my own memory, at least.

Returning and Adjourning.

We reached the Cass Lake landing at night, had a muddy ride and walk over to the cars, and a hearty din-ner. The train then pulled out for Minneapolis, the ex-pedition now being officially declared homeward bound. Until midnight jollity reigned, and toasts and votes of hanks were made the order of procedure. Mr. Whitney was formally thanked as the representative of the Great Northern road, which had made the pleasant trip a pos-sibility and a success. Col. Cooper was called upon, and Mr. Clark, of New Hampshire; Mr. Tawney, of Minne-sota; Mr. Allen, of Mississippi, and many others kept the packed audience convulsed. Mr. Tawney escaped to his berth, but a committee in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms was sent after him, and he returned, partially dressed and without a collar. He was then called at bar and asked to explain how he dared come into the House without a collar. These proceedings were kept up until all sorts of hours in the morning, and marked the official adjournment of Congress for the term.

The Party at Minneapolis.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 3.—The party arrived at an early hour in the city of Minneapolis, and went in a body to the West Hotel. The Minneapolis Club had planned a banquet for the members of the party for the evening of Oct. 4, and as the arrival was a day ahead of time these plans were disarranged. Mr. Shevlin arranged for a late luncheon or dinner at the Minneapolis Club, and during the day Mr. Thomas Lowry took the party out for a trolley ride over his lines in the Twin Cities.

At the dinner party Mr. W. H. Eustis, ex-Mayor, was toastmaster and presided happily. At the request of Col. Cooper, Mr. Cristadoro read a number of letters of regret from prominent gentlemen all over the country who were unable to join the expedition.

Mr. Eustis spoke of the early history of the Louisiana Purchase, mentioning the fact that under the administration of Thomas Jefferson a committee had been appointed by Congress to investigate that unknown region and to secure its purchase from the French. That first purchase had been a great thing to the United States, and that first committee had builded better than it knew. Here now was a second Congressional committee investigating the upper waters of the Mississippi. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Eustis, "if you set apart a porttion of this region for the American people you also may be building better than you know."

Col. Cooper made one of his happy addresses, recounting the chances, the changes, the compromises, the little jealousies and bickerings which had come up in connection with this enterprise. Col. Cooper made a noble address, and left no doubt as to the sincerity and steadfastness of his purpose from the start.

Mr. Cochran, from Missouri, made the speech of the evening. He said he thought that the agricultural lands of several Western States would in the future be less thickly settled than they were now. The population of the country would drift into larger communities, located largely along the river valleys. He thought that much of the Northwestern land could be classified as unessential to agriculture. (Applause.) He thought the cutting off of the American forests had not been unpatriotic, but had been done through ignorance, and the United States should have looked to the reforesting of the denuded tracts. Even France in the wild days of the revolution spared her forests, and the Communists who went into the Vendee to pillage and destroy spared to the general people the bridges and the forests. "This is one of the worthiest and most beneficial movements ever started in this country," said Mr. Cochran, and he was greeted with a burst of applause.

Mr. Eustis called upon Mr. Clarke, of New Hampshire, alluding to the fact that New Hampshire had given many noble sons to the West. Mr. Clarke said: "I was ignorant of this country, but I have been learning all along. It grows on me, and I propose to learn all I can. New Hampshire has sent her sons and her institutions all over the West, and I feel at home here. I am with you in any honorable undertaking you may attempt. I am going to meet you all again to dedicate this beautiful park begun by Col. Cooper, of Chicago."

Mr. Allen, of Mississippi, addressed the meeting half seriously and half in fun. He said that it was generally known that as Private John Allen, of Tupelo, Miss., he had been able to prolong the Civil War a couple of years, and since then he had kept the country safe, and had been prominent in international affairs. Yet as showing the quality of fame, he would cite the fact that his name had appeared on a menu as "Col. Joseph Allen, of Cupola, Alabama, and he believed in future he would be known in that way. Mr. Allen said he had intended to make a speech about Col. Cooper, but the Colonel had relieved him of that necessity. (Laughter.) Referring to Mr. Clarke, of New Hampshire, he was reminded of the story of the New Hampshire man who was ill, and who was asked to prepare for another world. "Well, I have been farming here in New Hampshire all my life," said he, "and if the next world has anything worse than that to offer, let her come!" Mr. Allen said that he was much concerned about the headwaters of the Mississippi, because that river ran through his own State. The Mississippians did not want much water, but they wanted it good. He was satisfied that it would be good, because his friend Mr. Shevlin had told him that the word Minneapolis was derived from two Greek words, "Minne," meaning beautiful, and "Apollinaris," which means water. Mr. Allen concluded by saying, "In the words of the exhilarated farmer, 'if you want anything, just draw on me.'" He said, "I might have been dining with President McKinley and Admiral Dewey, but I came here instead, and I have had the most delightful time of my life." Mr. Allen said that he had heard the list of regrets, and that the men who did not go ought never to be heard from. He had come to the place he thought best, and was satisfied that it was the best place.

Mr. Mann, of Illinois, was called upon, but stated the hour was late and he would speak but briefly. He called for three cheers for the National Park of Minnesota, for Col. Cooper and for the railroads which had been so courteous and generous. These salutations were given with a will.

Mayor Gray, of Minneapolis, said that Congress had always done everything that Minnesota had asked. He hoped this movement for a park would be kept free from politics or a low commercialism, and that it should always be remembered that its origin was due to the women of Minnesota.

Mr. Stevens, of St. Paul, made a good direct speech and concluded by saying, "Gentlemen, in some form this movement will be successful."

Mr. Gaston, of Pennsylvania, said that he would do all that he could to further the interest of the movement.

Mr. Thomas Shevlin, of Minneapolis, was called upon and made an interesting speech. He said that he had always been a destroyer of forests and not a protector. His chief aim in life had been to make money. He said that in five years more the pine of this region would all be gone. If it was thrown open on the markets he said he would get his share and take care of himself. As Col. Cooper had first outlined this park it took in nearly a third of the State and was unreasonable. He was willing and eager to see the pine lands of the Indian reservations set aside, and would do what he could to help in this enterprise. At an earlier hour in the evening Mr. Shevlin arose and toasted the "New park, the greatest in the world." Mr. Shevlin rose for a second talk a little later, and his remarks were listened to with the keenest interest.

Mr. J. Adam Bede, of White Pines, Minn., editor of Bede's Budget, one of the most renowned humorists of his State, and a genius withal, made one of his laughable speeches. After this the Eastbound party hastened to the Burlington train, which started them for Chicago at 9:30 P. M.

Disbandment at Chicago.

Last evening was spent by the party on the Burlington special train pleasantly, but with a certain soberness of thought in view of the approaching parting, for many of the party felt much drawn toward each other by the friendships made under such surroundings.

Votes of thanks were passed to the Burlington and Great Northern railroads, and it certainly is to besaid that these railroads did their part nobly. Acknowledgments were also made to Mr. McCartney and Mr. Clow, of the camp committee; to Mr. Pitcher, for his assiduity with cigars; to Mr. Chas. Cristadoro, for his unflagging zeal and great executive usefulness. These gentlemen have each in his way been powers behind the throne.

Permanent Organization.

A permanent organization will be formed of all of those who made this trip, this movement being in the hands of Mr. John A. Campbell, of Chicago, who will correspond with the members later. After the formation of the park the party will meet again for a trip over the same country.

The Results.

The inception and progress of this project for a Minnesota national park has been followed step by step in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. The purpose of the Association was really completed with the end of this Congressional trip. It never was intended to push this matter in Congress, but to leave it entirely in the hands of the Congressmen who had seen the country. Yet this trip was undertaken for results, and it is natural to surmise what these results will be.

The story of the trip itself may forecast something of the probable Congressional action. These members have seen the workings of the dead and down timber act, and they have seen the Indians and the Indian lands. No one can tell what the entire body of Congress will do, but I can say this, that one of the members of Congress told me that he intended to introduce at the next session—and support to the extent of his ability—a bill which will practically suspend as by injunction the present cutting of timber on the Indian lands, pending a thorough investigation by a special committee of Congress. This gentleman is in favor of the park, and he will not be alone.

The Opposition.

A member of Congress said to me that the main opposition to the park project would come from Mr. Nelson and Mr. Morris, the latter the Duluth representative, who fought the park in its first form, and the former the father of the dead and down timber act.

The Indians.

It is likely that the Indians can be persuaded to sell their timber in such form that it can be used for park purposes. It will be necessary to sign another treaty with them before this can be done, and these Indians have the best of cause to be very much afraid of treaties, for the treaties of the past have often been but farces. There are several sorts of titles which must be handled in setting apart a continuous body of land in area of the extent last suggested. It is thought these can all be reconciled. The Indians will be contented provided they are left alone where they are and are not obliged to move. They fought for this country and won it, just as we are fighting to-day for country across the seas. It is theirs, and should be left to them. The white men can share with them the sky, the lakes, the beautiful forests of one of the most remarkable regions of America.

A Loophole.

I have noticed somewhere in the comments of this proposed park the statement that if it were established it would probably be found desirable to cut some of the larger timber. I ask careful attention to that statement. In France or Germany that might do, but this is America. The dead and down timber act was supposed to allow the marketing of a limited amount of otherwise useless timber belonging to the Indians, but it really meant wholesale fraud and a general marketing, for as Congressman Tawney remarked, there is not one in a thousand who can tell the difference between a live and a dead log after it gets in the water. Permission to cut some of the large trees, if given to any lumbering concern, would mean license to cut anything in sight. We are not marketing any of the trees of the Yellowstone Park, or using its geysers for commercial purposes. The Government of the United States can afford to buy and keep this country as it is to-day, and to give it to the people as the one portion of our territory most nearly approaching in primeval beauty this magnificent land when nature was its only sovereign and the wild beasts and the wild men its only citizens.

Atmosphere.

A special car party, traveling with the private car of General Manager Whitman, of the Northwestern Road, and made up of Mr. Whitman, Messrs. L. Wolff, C. J. and Fred Wolff, are just back from a shooting trip in South Dakota. They were gone a week or more, and got forty birds. They report the atmosphere as bracing and all that could be asked.

E. HOUGH.
480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Some Old Weapons.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am surprised that your correspondent, C. F. B., who seems to be of Austrian birth, did not understand the word "stutzen." It is given in the German dictionaries as "a rifled gun," but said to be a provincialism. It evidently refers to the length of the gun, and not to the rifling, and comes from the old Scandinavian word "stib," "stybbe," or "stubbe," found in the Anglo-Saxon Danish, and Icelandic languages, corresponding with the Latin "*stype*," and the basis of our words "stubbed" or "stunted," meaning something short and stiff.

Another correspondent recently speaks of an old breech-loader, which he could not identify, and in which the breech block opened on a hinge, but which leaked gas fearfully at the joint to the barrel. It was the old "Hall carbine," built at Harpers Ferry, between 1830 and 1840.

Each member of Congress had one, at the time of the appropriation for them, and one member, who was not a sportsman, gave his in charge of my father, who had the reputation of being a pretty good shot. I could beat the old gentleman at the target with it, however, and it was practically in my hands for two or three years. It was in some respects a convenient weapon for military purposes, as it could be loaded without rising, when one was sitting or lying down, and without exposure to the enemy.

The ½oz. ball which it carried was too big for squirrel shooting, however, as it tore the game all to pieces, and the sights were so coarse and clumsy that it was not possible to "draw a fine bead" on the head of the game. I remember, though, shooting a red squirrel, "end on," once with it, when all I could find of him afterward was part of the skin, with the tail and paws attached. I afterward tried it with shot, but not with great success, as it "scattered" in an outrageous manner, probably due to the rotary motion given the shot by the rifling.

We have had a slight touch of equinoctial, and the ground has been moistened a little, but I see no noticeable rise in the brooks or river. One of my young friends was good enough to bring me a nice, plump, young, gray squirrel last week, which my daughter fricasseed, and which we relished hugely. It is the only game I have heard of so far in this region, but the newspapers report deer quite abundant in the northern part of the State, and I think it probable that Mr. Stark or some other one of your New Hampshire correspondents may soon give us an account of a successful hunting expedition. Alas! I can only look on, read and enjoy the stories of success, and comment and criticise occasionally, when something awakens my memories of the past.

Thank Shoshone for dubbing me Nestor. Since I can no longer play the part of Achilles or Ulysses, I am very well contented with that cognomen. VON W.

Central New York Game.

ITHACA, N. Y.—The shooting season has sufficiently advanced to show that a pretty fair supply of ruffed grouse is to be found in local covers. In fact, the birds are more numerous than they have been for at least three years. It is unnecessary to specially mention the many good covers hereabouts in which a number of birds should be taken daily. Suffice it to say that almost any road leading out from Ithaca will bring one into likely covers. Spencer Summit and Van Etten, points on the Lehigh Railroad, south of the city, are surrounded with especially favorable covers, out of which good bags can be taken daily. Indeed, were it not for the merciless daily shooting of a couple of market-shooters who operate in that locality, it would fulfill the claim of being the best grouse grounds in this part of the State.

There is considerable quiet rejoicing among local gunners over the return of the woodcock. There are a few to be found on the oldtime grounds, but probably in no wise up to the expectations entertained earlier in the season. John McCormack, one of the best-informed and most active sportsmen of the local brotherhood, during the course of a recent entertaining talk on shooters and shooting, said to the writer that the long continued scarcity of woodcock is an astonishing factor in the problem of the central New York game supply, and can be acounted for in no other way, so far as his experience extends, than by ascribing it to the close, hard shooting out of these birds on local grounds from year to year. It is the man who wants the last bird, and who keeps on shooting until he gets it, who in large part is responsible for the sorry state of things now existing. The late John Doty—honest, brave, rugged John—was wont to stoutly contend that this wild savagery in shooting, this fierce appetitie for the total extermination of the woodcock, simply left no birds familiar with and attached to local covers, to return and bring with them new comers. Depleted and barren covers were the result.

Now, McCormack may be wrong; Doty's hypothesis, theory, or whatever you may elect to call it, may be at fault; but the one vivid, indisputable fact stands out clear and distinct above all discussions pro and con, namely, that the woodcock have practically gone the way of the buffalo, the pigeon and so many other forms of wild life. Ten or fifteen years ago Ellis Hollow, a low, swampy reach of ground, twisting out southeast of Ithaca, had a state reputation as a fairly ideal woodcock cover. The birds were there in great abundance. One would need a pocket full of shells to go in there for a little shoot. To-day that great outlook of country is in the main untenanted, and echoes only the forlorn note of a straggling longbill. There were other good local grounds, over which enjoyable shooting was to be had, but the glory of all these has departed, and to get two or three birds out of them now one must work with the patience of a prophet and with the vim and masterful energy of a hod carrier. The annihilating methods of the game hog, to speak without equivocation, have simply blotted the woodcock, as a game bird to be considerably reckoned with, out of local existence. Were it not for the impregnable habitat of the ruffed grouse, coupled with his matchless wariness, he too would be only a tenderly cherished memory. All of which renews the strength and timeliness of FOREST AND STREAM'S platform "Prohibit the Sale of Game." Agitate that in and out of season, and then keep on agitating it until the end of time, "avows the consensus of intelligent, far-seeing, local sporting opinion," and perhaps through this medium—and assuredly through no other present visible agency—will the sportsman be able for years to come to temperately enjoy the shooting privilege, with its appreciated rewards.

Greater uniformity and stability of the game laws is another imperative requirement. The many and frequent changes have a misleading tendency; they shake the average man's confidence in the integrity of the sentiment back of the law, and create disrespect for it among those who recognize the value of a good law righteously enforced. Generally speaking, the game laws of New York are not permitted to remain undisturbed long enough for the country people to become acquainted with their provisions. The law as it applies to ruffed grouse does not protect the birds in this section of the State—and the same factors are at work in all parts of the State, it may be naturally inferred—to the extent that it should. To permit the open season on grouse to continue through December invites a slaughter that might well be avoided. The back-country farmer is ready and alert to take advantage of the December snows, when the grouse take to the trees promptly, and he pot-shoots them without any compunction of conscience. The local markets during a period of December snow bear testimony to the force of the above statement. Then the farmer comes to town with his bunch of grouse, and continues to come as long as the snow lasts and the birds tree good. It is during that month that the annual cleaning up of the grouse supply occurs. A fine fall of snow, a $10 breechloader and a vigilant-eyed party turned loose in the woods, is a combination which the grouse in a tree is unable to regularly circumvent.

Better, however, than to attempt to regulate these matters, to clear the vision of the politicians to a sensible view of the situation—better than all this is the simple, straightforward adoption as the law of the State, of the Nation, of FOREST AND STREAM'S "Prohibit the Sale of Game" clause. That will clear the atmosphere, stop the clamor, save the game, and yield an enactment easy to enforce. M. CHILL.

A North Dakota Hunt.

FORT RANSOM, North Dakota.—On my deer hunt I had with me two weapons I never worked before—a small kodak and a .30-40 smokeless Winchester. For over twenty years I never used but a .44-40, a very handy rifle in thick timber, and I don't think I ever lost a deer I struck with this rifle. I sold it this summer, with the understanding that if I went to the woods I was to have the use of it. A week before I intended starting I bought the .30-40, and the day I started a friend handed me the kodak, loaded with twelve rounds. I fired eight times with the kodak, and eleven times with the .30-40. I killed four deer. The rifle being strange to me, I did not get onto the first deer until the fifth shot, and when it landed it was enough—the bullet struck him close to the heart. The first thing I noticed as I got up to him was the small hole where the bullet entered. I turned him over to find a hole I could stick my four fingers into. So I made up my mind the rifle would do its work if the man behind it was all right.

Hunting was bad, as there was no snow. One night about bedtime it snowed a little. Next morning we were up in good time, but after breakfast it turned warm. The snow would not last until noon. I struck a track before I had my smoke finished, so had to put my pipe in pocket. The track was fresh, and I made haste. Slowly, as the snow was going fast, I followed out to an opening, and there stood not over 50yds. from me a beautiful buck. I raised my rifle to drop him in his tracks; but he would not have it that way. He made a bolt for the timber pretty lively, broadside on. I tried to catch him behind the shoulder, but it struck a little too far back. However, the next brought him down stone dead. The bullet holes were 3in. apart. I hung him up where he had fallen. Coming home to camp, I took a shot at the Chippeway Indian burying ground on the banks of the river, with an old log house in background, where an Indian killed another Indian, supposed to be accidentally. No one has lived in it since. .30-40.

My First Turkey.

IT was my good-fortune to have spent my boyhood upon a farm amid the hills and valleys of northwest Arkansas, and nowhere is the air purer or the winds more refreshing, and in truth it is a place where the love of simple, healthful pleasures of rod and gun can be indulged in to satiety by him who loves these, the purest and most harmless of all sports—it is an ideal place.

My father's house was always a stopping place for those very genial and useful members of society, the Methodist circuit riders. When at breakfast one day my mother announced that she wanted "the boys" (meaning my brother John and myself) to knock off work at noon and go squirrel hunting in the afternoon to kill some squirrels for the preachers who were coming that day to begin a protracted meeting, you may rest assured that there were two boys who watched the sun as he climbed to the meridian, and finally, when that sweetest of sounds, the old-fashioned dinner horn, sounded, we lost no time in answering the call. In those days I knew nothing of breechloaders, but did my hunting with a small, old-fashioned percussion cap, double trigger rifle, running 120 bullets to the pound. A hasty dinner, a rubbing out of the rifle, and with my dog Jowler in front and John, who was too small to handle a gun, but was useful in "turning the squirrels and carrying the game," bringing up the rear, I was soon in the forest, intent on the very pleasant, if rather colossal, task of feeding three Methodist preachers, the number assigned to our house during the meeting. I will not attempt to describe that particular hunt, but when the sun began to sink behind the western hills a count showed that we had ten nice fat squirrels. This being all we cared to carry, we started for home, taking a shady path down a small creek, and when about half a mile from home we saw two fine wild turkeys fly across the valley and light on a hillside near where we were. In a very short time Jowler was barking furiously, and the "put put" of a turkey told us that he had treed one. Hastily cocking my gun, I slipped in under the high bank of the creek and waded down opposite to where the dog was standing, and peeping up the hill I saw the turkey almost directly over me. Hastily slipping my gun up the bank, I drew a quick bead on the turkey's breast and fired. There was a crash and a thump on the ground, and the turkey rolled down the hill right against me. I dropped my gun and grabbed her by the neck with both hands, and yelled "I've got her." It was a very large hen, and very fat. Talk to me about the joys of triumph. Never in all my life have I felt happier than on that beautiful June evening when John and I walked into my father's yard, I with my gun and ten squirrels, and he with that splendid bird on his shoulder, and we walked out under a shade tree and cast at the feet of those three venerable ministers "my first turkey." J. E. L.

Deer in Southern New England.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the Journal, of this city, for Oct. 3, I think, was an account of deer shooting here in Rhode Island. The deer—a doe—was shot by a fox hunter of Exeter, in the western part of the State, and weighed 132lbs. The Fall River, Mass., News said the other day:

"One of the interesting items of recent information is as to the appearance of deer in southern New England. The Hartford Courant comments editorially upon the fact, saying that several deer have been seen this fall in the vicinity of Winsted, and that others have been reported in Middlesex county. The Springfield papers report that Deputy Sheriff Bouton, of Belchertown, had seen deer as he was driving between that place and Granby. In Massachusetts all seasons are closed seasons on deer. There is satisfaction in this fact. It would be too bad if huntsmen should destroy or even molest these gentle denizens of the forest, which are welcome to our woodlands and which we hope can find sufficient shelter and nourishment to enable them to endure our winters. Certainly they could gain nothing in this respect by migrating northward. Let them live and multiply under the protection of law." W. A. S.

Catskill Deer and Cows.

FROM the Catskill Mountains comes the news that the deer which are overrunning Ulster and Delaware counties in large numbers, under protection of a law which forbids all persons to shoot them during five years from the time when the law went into force, have exercised a pernicious influence over the cows of those counties. It is reported that the deer, having lost all fear of the proximity of man, have frequented the pastures and barnyards, have sought the society of the mild-eyed and normally phlegmatic kine, and have caused those usually sedate animals to imitate the frisky habits of their somewhat remote cousins of the forest.

It is said that the Ulster and Delaware county cows have learned to leap with ease and agility over fences which formerly were sufficient to keep them within territory assigned to them, and that they have been roaming over the country with the deer and helping to do injury to crops.

Thus do we see that it is not man alone who is easily lured from the path of rectitude by the deceitful charms of a bad example.—Albany Journal.

Elk in the Olympic Forest Reserve.

D. B. SHELLER, forest superintendent, is taking up the question of preserving the scattered bands of elk in the Olympic reserve.

"My instructions from the Interior Department," said he yesterday, " are to co-operate with the State game warden in the enforcement of the State game laws; but I have not yet had a chance to confer with Mr. Little. My opinion, however, is that some measure of discretion is vested in the Commissioner, and my interpretation of that discretion is to allow no hunting in the reserves.

"There are only two or three bands of elk in the State outside of the Olympic reserve, and those can be reached by trails over which you can drive a wagon, so it is only a question of a very short time when those bands will be exterminated.

"The reserves should be maintained for the preservation of the timber, and also as preserves for game, and until I have some different instructions from the Department my policy will be to allow no hunting whatever."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

An Extraordinary Buck.

DUNBARTON, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose clipping from Manchester, N. H., Daily Union: "Mr. Bombard, of Cleveland street, shot a magnificent buck weighing 175lbs. while in Canada last week. The buck's antlers spread about 6ft." Of the numerous incredible reports of game, I think the average reported for the daily newspapers is never equaled. Just think of a buck with horns spreading 6ft.

I saw a somewhat similar account last winter in a New York daily. A deer was seen on the track just in front of a train. There was quite a race between the engine and deer, the latter keeping but a few feet ahead until, reaching a pond by side of track, the deer jumped into the water and swam across. As this was said to have happened during the latter part of January or early in February and in the northern part of New York State, the remarkable part was finding in that region at that time an open pond. C. M. STARK.

Game in Texas.

HIGH ISLAND, Tex., Sept. 29.—The guides tell me the feed is as good as they have ever seen it. Our lakes have been protected as against tide water, and the millet

will thrive, the ground become more firm and game more plentiful, especially canvasback and blackhead. Teal and sprigs are now coming in. Our guides, I think, were quite proper when they, a few days since, suggested that large barrels be sunk in the marshes (these barrels could be bailed out when water reaches them) and the blinds placed about them. A man (a 300-pounder) could then rest on his feet and against the barrel with ease, and turn at any direction he thought proper for shooting and not be compelled to sit or kneel down.

C. T. Cade.

An Incident of the Filipino War.

As an illustration of the strange happenings of war I tender to the readers of Forest and Stream a paragraph of family history.

At the battle of San Thomas the First Montana Infantry, to which my son, Bruce Belknap, belonged, was fighting in the jungle, and a Mauser bullet, which had torn its way through a mass of tangled foliage until its force was greatly lessened, was seen to burst a hole through a large drooping leaf a few feet in front of him just as he staggered back from the force of its blow, delivered directly over his heart.

In his breast pocket he carried a big thick letter from his sister-in-law, Mrs. Byron Belknap, in which she had written: "I hope you will get hit—just a little—so you will have something to tell of when you get back home."

This, together with his clothing, formed a pad where the deadly missile was stopped in its flight, and only a dark contusion upon his breast remained to show how narrowly he had escaped its breaking through into "the bloody house of life."

The bullet he afterward found in his pocket.

Orin Belknap.

Valley, Washington.

Three Very Much Alike.

North Ferrisburgh, Vt.—The Forest and Stream is a very welcome visitor each week, and to say that we enjoy it is expressing our feelings in a very mild form. H. B. C.

Framingham, Mass.—In renewing my subscription for the twenty-third time, am free to say that I have had my (nearly) one hundred dollars' worth "full measure and running over." Am now in my seventieth year and virtually "laid on the shelf"; but I shall surely continue to look to your pages for entertainment, information and instruction till the end comes. F. C. B.

Chillicothe, O.—I do not know of any bill I pay so cheerfully and gladly as I do my annual subscription to dear old F. & S. I get larger returns, better value, more pleasure and benefit from the investment than any other I make. I would sacrifice every other magazine and paper I take before Forest and Stream.

L. B. Y.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Successor to Boy with Pinhook.

That there is a demand for fishing stories in the daily papers cannot be doubted, for if it were not so the papers would not print them, and they are generally very readable, and often amusing to the angler of experience to see how much is made out of so little. Some of the fishing articles show plainly that the writers have fished a little in boyhood days or associated with those who have, or perhaps they were born in the country and have a hazy recollection of the streams and ponds of their childhood, and when they sit down in a city office to evolve the story, it is really wonderful that their creative powers are so highly developed, and commendable that they build so well upon such slight and shaky foundations. It is not my desire to be hypercritical, but I often think that if these men who construct the stories I refer to and embroider them with such painstaking care could have actual fishing experience for a few years they would make the best angling writers in the world, for they are close observers and have excellent memories, with wonderful powers of description, and if they could actually fish themselves instead of hearing about it at second hand, there are plenty of them who could then sit down when there was a column or so to fill and write a fishing story that would not only be flawless technically, but charming and fascinating to a degree that the average angling writer with lifelong experience could not hope to equal unless he were peculiarly gifted.

One of the greatest bear hunters (in a metropolitan newspaper) of modern times, a man whose reputation is broader than this country, is a very dear friend of mind, and while I never asked him the question, I doubt if ever he saw a bear outside of Central Park. He was once fishing with me, and I introduced him to a man who had killed bears in the woods with powder and ball, and knew nothing whatever about killing them with pen and ink. For an hour my friend sat and listened to the stories of bears that the man had killed, but he made no memoranda then or afterward of the incidents related. Later his paper had columns of bear stories built upon what he learned in that hour's time, but they were constructed skilfully and accurately on facts; but he is an artist in his line of exceptionable ability, and has hunted bears in his paper for more years than most men hunt them in the woods.

The impulse which moved me to write this note was the reading of a fishing story sent to me marked. I saw the story in the paper the day it was issued and glanced at it and passed it by, but when it came clipped and marked, I felt bound to read it in its entirety. On the whole, it is a good story, on the order of a sequel to the boy with a pinhook who catches more trout than the man with modern approved tackle, although in this case the boy has been graduated from the pinhook class and has risen to the dignity of fishing for trout with "minnys," but this was made necessary because "minnys" will not stay on pin hooks. The New York sportsman meets the boy in Maine, where he "was fishing from a bridge on shore. We were using quite different rods and tackle. Mine was a 6oz. rod with silk line and flies of the most approved tying, while he was dangling from the end of a 25ft. peeled spruce pole——" and there I stop, for while there can be no possible objection to spruce trees growing to a height of 25ft., and being cut down and peeled, I think the writer ought not to burden a boy only twelve years old with such a battering ram. If he will measure off 25ft. and go into the woods and select the slenderest spruce tree of that length he can find and measure the butt, I think he will revise his story and put the "rod" into the custody of a steam derrick or a pile driver, otherwise that society which looks after abused children will appear to him through its agent to know why he is so cruel as to make a twelve-year-old boy fish with a ship's mast when alders are probably growing contiguous to his scene of action.

That boy should be cared for tenderly, for he is a marvel, not that he catches so many trout, for they all do that, but as a minnow catcher he is more remarkable:

"'What kind of bait yer usin'?' he asked as the boat touched the shore.

"'I fish with flies,' I answered with dignity.

"'H'm! Yer'll never ketch trout in this pond with them things,' he said, with authority. 'Gimme yer net and balin' dish till I get some minnys.'

"I passed him the tin pail and landing net, and he went to a little cove round the point of the ledge, threw a muck worm into the water to entice the fish, and in ten minutes came back to me with about thirty minnows swimming in the pail."

To the writer of the story that was a mere incident leading up to catching "thirty-four trout weighing from ½lb. to 2½lbs. each," but really it was little short of a miracle, and the writer did not appear to know it; far more marvelous than what follows, and which is supposed to be the grand climax where the red fire comes in. Landing nets are not made for holding fish so small as bait fish or minnows, and I have never seen a landing net that would hold minnows, although because of this it does not follow that there is not one that will hold minnows in its meshes. But admitting that a net used as a landing net will hold them, to catch thirty in an open lake in ten minutes is more of an achievement in my estimation than to catch the thirty-four trout mentioned afterward. But it is a good story, and has a real out-of-doors flavor now that the trout season is over and winter is at hand, and I enjoyed it down to catching trout with a fly, in spite of the boy's ultimatum that it could not be done.

Mysis in Maine.

Prof. C. Dwight Marsh, of Ripon College, has been investigating the vegetable and animal life in the deep waters of Maine, and has made some interesting discoveries, which he has made public in part as follows: "Beneath the waters of our American lakes there are swarms of a living mass whose existence is not recognized by most people. * * * There are also countless numbers of minute animals, most of them belonging to the crustacea. In this inexhaustible field for research I have been at work for a long time past, and now give the result of my investigations, believing that the work of the fishculturist will be aided and scientific storehouses enriched thereby.

"I have pursued my investigations for the most part in the waters of Green Lake, a long, narrow body of water something over seven miles in length, with a maximum width of less than two miles. In the general manner of its vegetable life Green Lake resembles in a striking manner the Great Lakes. * * * In the deepest depths investigated, I discovered some animals which are never found near the surface. In the Great Lakes, for instance, is found in abundance a beautiful crustacean known as the *mysis*. This little animal seems to form the chief food of the lake trout. The *mysis* is not known to occur in any of the smaller lakes of the United States, except in Green Lake, where I discovered it. It would seem probable then that Green Lake is especially well adapted to the culture of lake trout, and might be made the home of this coveted fish."

Shorn of its Latin name, *mysis* is the oppossum shrimp, so called because the females carry their eggs in pouches between the thoracic legs, of which there are seven or eight pairs, and in general the diminutive animal resembles a fresh-water shrimp with an elongated tail. This shrimp to my knowledge exists in one lake in New York, having connection with the St. Lawrence, a lake over thirty miles long and noted for its lake trout fishing and the flavor of its fish when cooked. I know of its presence in the water only through finding the shrimp in the stomachs of captured trout, and have often wished to know more about this crustacean, how often it breeds, how many eggs a single female produces in a season, but have never been able to find anything in detail concerning the shrimp in such text book as I have examined for its life history. In an article I once wrote on fish food, I intended to mention this shrimp, and even secure a figure of it for reproduction, but I could find nothing about it, and my own knowledge of it was so limited that I omitted it entirely. If Prof. Marsh would furnish further information in regard to this shrimp in the line that I have indicated, it may prove most desirable to transplant the shrimp to furnish food for lake trout and landlocked salmon.

Green Lake, where Prof. Marsh prosecuted his investigations, I understand to be the Green Lake now famous for its landlocked salmon, and from which the United States Fish Commission secured many eggs for hatching and afterward the young salmon are distributed in other waters. My recollection is that Green Lake is a stocked lake, stocked with salmon, and that from the first the fish have grown remarkably in its waters. The problem of food for our fishes is so important and one that has received so little attention in comparison with other brands of fishcultural work that I am sure Prof. Marsh will prove a public benefactor if he continues his investigations on the lines he indicates and makes them known very generally.

I had written thus far when I referred to the newspaper clipping again. It says: "Prof. Marsh, of Ripon College, Maine," plainly enough, but it occurs to me that the only Ripon College I ever heard of is in Wisconsin, but if the Green Lake he investigated is, as alleged, the Green Lake in Maine, I will not object to the change in the location of the college should it prove that there is no Ripon College in Maine.

Death of Mr. J. M. Buxton.

Some years ago, perhaps six, perhaps ten, I received a letter from Vancouver, British Columbia, signed J. M. Buxton, asking for information in regard to some fish. I replied and thus inaugurated a correspondence that has continued at intervals until quite recently. Mr. Buxton was greatly interested in everything pertaining to fish and fishing, and particularly was he interested in investigating new species, and was always more than kind to send me specimens of fish about which there was doubt. I have quoted from his letters in this column on several occasions, and assisted him in acquiring text books that might aid him in identifying the fishes of his region. In his last letter he sent a drawing, description and scales of a fish of which Dr. Bean desired specimens, and I wrote for them, but had no reply, until his silence was explained to me this evening by a letter from his legal representative, who writes that Mr. Buxton died suddenly on Aug. 27.

New Fish in Richelieu River.

A partial desk cleaning this evening revealed letters that gave me the shivers down my back, and some that will haunt me, and others that will, I fear, cause a coolness to come between the writers and myself, all because they are unanswered. One from my friend Chambers is more than a year old (I hope he has forgotten the precise date), although it has in blue pencil on the envelope "Angling Notes," which should have called it to my attention some time when I have been digging into the pile. He says: "I have just cut the above from the St. Johns News, published at St. Johns, on the Richelieu River, between Montreal and Lake Champlain. As no description of the fish referred to is given, I wonder what it can be—smelt, tomcod or the young of frost fish?" The "above" reads:

"It is said that a new variety of fish, something like the sardines that make their home in the lower St. Lawrence, have been caught in the Richelieu this summer. They probably come from some of the tributaries of Lake Champlain, which have in latter years been stocked with spawn by the United States Government, but unless the wholesale seining as still practiced in the Richelieu is put a stop to, they will be speedily drained out of this beautiful stream. Fishing in the Richelieu is for the speculator—not for the many anglers."

My opnion is that Chambers hit it about right in the fish he guessed first, the smelt, for it cannot be the tomcod, nor can it be the frost fish (not, in this instance, another name for the tomcod, but the round whitefish), although it is barely possible that it may be the branch herring or "saw belly" from Lake Ontario.

It is more likely to be the smelt than any other fish that comes to mind, and if it is, it simply confirms what I said in this paper a year or two ago might be true, that the Lake Champlain "ice fish," which is the smelt, runs into the lake from the St. Lawrence through the Richelieu River.

The smelts in Lake Champlain grow larger than in any other known waters. The officers of the National Museum in Washington had never seen such large smelts as were sent from Lake Champlain. The St. Lawrence is said to have two runs of smelt, one of fish of ordinary size and the other very large fish, but these runs take place in the autumn, and Chambers' letter is dated in July. Now, the question arises, if the fish were smelts, were they on their way back to salt water after spawning in the lake in the spring? Smelts on Long Island Sound run into the streams and spawn in the night and return to the Sound before daylight of the morning following. I know that when I brought this matter up before, it was contended that smelts remained in Lake Champlain throughout the summer and instances were cited of their capture, but where do the great body of smelts retire to after they appear in the winter and the fishing season through the ice comes to an end? The express agent at Port Henry told me that every winter tons of smelts were shipped away during the fishing season from February until the ice practically breaks up, or becomes unsafe for the fishermen, and the fishermen have again assured me that they do not take smelts at any other season. Where do they go? Last spring I made further inquiries as to the possibility of them spawning in the streams flowing into the lake from Port Henry to Westport, where they are caught through the ice, but the fishermen all declare that they do not spawn in the streams, for they would know it if they did. To be sure, we know that it is not necessary for them to enter the streams to spawn, for in New Hampshire they were found by accident to have spawned in the lake where the water was from 30 to 40ft. deep. Last spring the smelts did not enter the Long Island streams to spawn, either on the New York or Connecticut side of the Sound, but they must have spawned somewhere, and that somewhere was probably in deep water off shore, perhaps near the mouths of the streams which for some reason they would not or could not enter. A year ago the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission planted 5,000,000 Long Island smelt fry in Lake Champlain, and it remains to be seen if they will enter the streams of Lake Champlain to spawn when they grow to suitable age. Those who have produced evidence that smelt have been caught in Lake Champlain during the summer months have not mentioned any considerable number as having been so taken, and that there are vast schools in the lake in winter, when many are caught with hook and line, cannot be disputed. Now where do those not caught go to if not down the Richelieu to the St. Lawrence? There must be some connection between a run of big smelts up the St. Lawrence in the autumn and the catching of big smelts in Lake Champlain in winter, which the presence of a few smelts in the lake in summer will not explain, so I am still of the belief that the great bulk of the Lake Champlain "ice fish" run into the lake from the sea, and return again to it through the Richelieu River. There is no other fish that I can recall that would fit the description of the fish in the newspaper clipping from St. Johns so closely as the smelt or "ice fish" of Lake Champlain.

Red Trout in Canada.

Four years ago I went to the Triton Club in the

Province of Quebec, and made a two days' journey from the club house in search of a "red trout with a forked tail," said to inhabit one of the lakes in the preserve of the club, and I found only the common *fontinalis* in breeding colors. From that time to this I have heard more or less about red trout with forked tails in Canadian waters, but four other trips to Triton Club has not brought any red trout with forked tail within the radius of my personal observation. That some of the Canadian waters do furnish red trout with forked tails, I have proof positive in the discovery of the Marston trout, and in another trout, the identity of which has not yet been revealed with certainty. Also Mr. G. M. Fairchild, of Cap Rouge, Quebec, has sent me the skin of forked tail red trout from entirely new waters, so far as I know, for such a fish to hail from, and to-day Mr. George Hart, of Waterbury, Conn., writes me: "I have just returned from Canada, where I have been for five weeks. We had awful weather, and out of the five weeks, not six days of fine or clear weather, and on Sept. 22 at Lake Light it snowed. Had fair sport fishing, and visited many of the lakes of the Triton Club. Moose and caribou signs were plentiful, but we killed no game. In a small lake near Lake Light I caught a trout that looked like the American saibling, and I sent it to Prof. Garman, Museum Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Mass., for identification. It was the most beautiful fish I ever saw. I never have seen such coloring in a trout. I caught it in deep water. It had a forked tail, and the under half of the body was a bright pink, and it had scales like a salmon and head not like a trout or any other fish I have ever seen. Garman writes that he will report soon on what it is. I caught trout up to 5lbs. in weight. I went away sick, and although the weather was the worst I ever encountered, and I was most of the time in a tent, I came home feeling finely, in good health, and was hungry as a bear all the time, and I hope to keep in this condition until spring, when I will try it again."

Lake Light, near where the forked tail trout was caught, is on the Triton Club tract nearly north of the club house, and I sought the forked tail red trout at a much greater distance away at the south and east. Another of the forked tailed red trout came from a lake south of the Triton Club, and still another from waters between Quebec and Montreal, and to the north, and other forked tail red trout have been found south of the St. Lawrence. I did not intend to say anything about these red trout at present, as the whole matter is under investigation so far as it can be investigated with the limited materials at hand, but if specimens of the fish could be obtained, not a single fish from each locality, but several specimens, the matter could be settled beyond question, for it is risky at best to attempt to classify a fish from a single example. I have not yet seen a specimen that it was safe to pronounce a saibling from the skin or single fish in decayed condition. It may prove that the Marston trout is more widely distributed than is now known, or it may prove that some at least of the fish are *Stagnalis,* but what is wanted is specimens of the fish in condition to be examined and not skins or outlines on bark or written descriptions. Seven different people have held out inducements that they would procure specimens of the forked tail red trout, a sufficient number to remove all doubts as to species, but as yet not one has procured the specimens.

Preserve Specimens.

If those who fish the waters where the fish are to be found would provide themselves with formaldehyde for preserving the fish they would materially aid the ichthyologists who are waiting to tell us just what the fish may be. Formaldehyde is a solution similar to formalin (and that will also serve the purpose), and comes in 40 per cent. solution, and is diluted with twenty times its own bulk with water. One pint of formaldehyde (or formalin) with the water added will make twenty-one pints of preserving fluid. Put the fish in the solution, where they should remain a few days, and then they can be taken out, wrapped in cloth and shipped and kept for months. The solution is irritating to the eyes and nostrils from evaporation if the operator works over it long, but this is the method in vogue at national museums for preserving fishes when it is desirable to preserve their colors.

A. N. Cheney.

The Ways of Trout.

At one of the best of Canadian club preserves the experience with trout this summer has been a singular one, and it will be interesting to all of the club members if some one of your readers who is posted on the habits of brook trout will explain the phenomenon. The fishing of this preserve is in a large number of small lakes, which are unusually well stocked, and the membership being small, with the daily catch limited to twenty-five fish for each rod, it has been very evident that the trout have been rapidly increasing for the past few years. The spring fishing was all that could be desired, and if any one failed to reach the limit each day it was something remarkable. The first few days of August were of the same kind—the fish rising well to the flies and the sport first class. There came a sudden change, and from that time to Sept. 15 it was surprising if any one came in after a day's fishing with a half-dozen. It was only by hard and patient work that enough were taken to supply the table at the club house. Such a state of affairs has never been known in previous summers, and it really looked as if the fish had suddenly emigrated to some other waters. The conditions did not appear to differ from those of preceding years, but work as they might the best anglers of the party came in day after day with little or no catch, and often without so much as a nibble by way of encouragement to try again.

I always make it a point to examine the fish when they are dressed, in order to learn what they are taking for food. During the four weeks all of the fish taken were very thin and lanky in appearance, and not one of them had the least evidence of food in it, and the stomachs were contracted, and with two or three exceptions perfectly white and clean—the exceptions contained a small quantity of green vegetable substance. The two layers of fat which are always present in ordinary times were entirely gone, and the fish appeared to be in a starving condition. The water was very warm, having a temperature at the surface and near the shores as high as 70 degrees during the hot days, and not below 66 degrees at night or when the days were cool and wind strong.

At last there came what we hoped was the grand change, and the idea that there were no trout was suddenly put to flight, for one evening, from 6 o'clock until dark, every lake seemed to be in a boil with jumping fish, and the sport was fast and furious. Anything that had any resemblance to a fly was seized as quickly as it struck the water, and all who were fortunate enough to be out at that time had as lively an hour as could be desired.

The writer, with three others, was in camp several miles from the club house, and we fell asleep on the balsam spring beds full of expectations of a great day coming, which became a certainty when we turned out at daylight, finding everything white with a heavy frost, and went to the shore for the morning ablution. The air was decidedly sharp and chilly, but the water felt like a warm bath. We paid little attention to this, however, for a matter of far greater interest was the sight of thousands of trout rising all over the lake. We hurried through breakfast, and were soon out in the canoes, only to find that the fish had done the same thing, for not a fin did any one of us raise for the rest of the day, until again in the evening there was another lively hour. After that day, however, the same old programme was resumed, and the fishing was as bad as ever, and continued so up to the time we came away.

Now, what was the cause of this long period of fasting on the part of the trout? Not the want of food, for there was any quantity of flies on the water, and swarms of minnows in it, and if any one can explain why for over a month the fish gave themselves a period of starvation in the midst of plenty, and at the same time treated us with a most disappointing experience in angling for them with every known device and all of the skill we could command, it will be, as I said, a most interesting bit of reading and information. It has since been learned that the same state of affairs was found all through the various club preserves in the Laurentian district, above Quebec.

Here is another question: Many of the fish taken last May were full of spawn, the eggs being large and to all appearances just as they are in the fall, when the fish are seeking the spawning beds; were these eggs carried through the winter, or is it a common thing for trout to spawn in the spring months? It was observed that the spawn was found in none but large fish of nearly 2lbs. weight or over.

B.

Available Trout Waters.

Many hundreds of fishermen come to Canada from all parts of the United States each year, and many thousands of fish are taken, but there is still a country to the north here which is as unknown to the average fisherman today as was the Grand Discharge and all the Lake St. John region twenty-five years ago.

The territory referred to is that part of the Laurentian Mountains north of Montreal, and extending back across the head waters of the Ottawa, and so on to James Bay. But there is no necessity of extending one's travels to a point so distant as this. The Canadian Pacific Railway has a branch road which extends northward to Labelle, a point sixty miles from Montreal. Step off at any station within twenty-five miles of the northern terminus of the line and make your way east, west or north and you are at once in a country of fish.

Do not attempt to look for anything like a complete map of this territory, for the very simple reason that none exists. Within a few miles of the railway line, on each side, an endeavor has been made to fill in the blanks upon the map with lakes, rivers and mountain ranges, but even these are very incomplete. Some day, perhaps, the Provincial Government will send in a party of engineers with the idea of giving them a few years of constant employment, jotting down a description of the country, but that day is yet far distant.

The lumbering industry, which was the main reason for the railway's construction, has only tapped the very edges of this vast wilderness, while the French-Canadian farmer is just beginning to settle down beside the streams in the valleys near by. With the exception of these few habitants, and the small towns which have grown up beside the railway track, there is but one place of any size. This is Ste. Agathe, which is situated some forty-five miles from Montreal, and is much frequented by Montreal people during the summer months. With these exceptions this vast district is as absolutely without inhabitants as when the pioneers of the great fur companies passed through it on their northward way, upward of a hundred years ago.

The network of mountain streams, rivers and lakes which nestle in these Laurentides (the geologists tell us it is the oldest rock formation on earth) are absolutely beyond calculation. Of course the lakes within easy distance of the railway are known, and in a number of cases locally celebrated for the fish they contain, but beyond the comparatively few Montreal sportsmen who frequent the country, and the native habitant, who indulges in a fish occasionally, the trout is left alone in his mountain lair. And such trout! Here is a lake fed from mountain streams and within an easy half-day of the railway. It winds in between the mountains and is perhaps a quarter-mile wide by three miles long. Try it from the short—a boat is not a necessity, only it is an accessory so far as comfort is concerned. One cast of the line—snap—you have two fish on your leader. One will go ¾, while the other weighs not an ounce less than 2lbs. In this lake the trout run as high as 3½lbs. As to the fly on the line? Why, any fly will do—and so will a worm, a caterpiller or a grasshopper. It's all the same to them.

In this lake there is absolutely nothing but brook trout—not a chub, nor even a minnow—and judging from the trout themselves, one would say that they began life at a little less than ½lb. in weight. The fact of the matter seems to be that the trout while small remain up the streams which feed the lake, and only venture down when of sufficient size to take care of themselves. No one ever caught a better bred or handsomer brook trout in any Adirondack stream, and it would be a poor day's fishing that would not give you a hundred such fellows.

The particular lake referred to is leased from the Government of the Province for the sum of $10 a year, and the five gentlemen who have secured the right have also the leases of six smaller bodies of water all within a radius of three miles. The method of forming a small fishing club has been found by experience to be the most efficient, and at the same time the inexpensive means of taking a holiday during the spring and autumn months. The French-Canadians in the neighborhood, who are woefully poor and glad indeed to work for a dollar a day—never having been introduced to the lavish methods of American sportsmen—will construct a modest log house sufficient for all needs for a matter of $50 or $60. This is then furnished with the necessary bed clothing, cots and cooking utensils. To this you must add a couple of boats of the flat-bottom variety, built at a cost of about $10 each right here in the neighborhood. Or if you prefer a birch bark canoe, that is also obtainable. A convenient farmer, who can drive you to and from the railway station, as well as furnish you vegetables at short notice, is duly appointed guardian. For a reasonable sum he looks after the house for you and sees that not too many people fish on your lakes without permission.

In this manner a small-sized club can, after the first cost, obtain magnificent fishing at a sum not to exceed $10 a year each. In the club I have mentioned the cost is a trifle above this figure, owing to the number of lakes under lease.

Though as yet I have only referred to the brook trout, one must not go away with the impression that these waters hold nothing else. As a matter of fact, there are lakes here which contain gray trout in any quantity—and these fellows run all the way from 2 to 15lbs. each. Then again, there are lakes which have bass and pickerel, and big lusty fellows they are.

There are hundreds of just such bodies of water as I have described, all within a day's journey of the city, and while most of the unused ones, and I might say undiscovered ones, are at present hard of access, owing to the undergrowth on the mountains, this can be remedied in a short time by a couple of lively axemen, who will cut you a trail from the nearest road.

One thing which must be taken into consideration, and which will prevent fishing through midsummer, is the mosquito and the black fly. Up to July 15 these pests are not ordinarily troublesome, but from that date until Sept. 1 it is well to give the country a wide berth. Even with these disadvantages there is probably no other place in Canada where good sport can be had so near civilization and at so moderate a cost.

C. F. Paul.

Trout Fishing on Rapid River in '74.

It should be understood at the start that Gethro was an old hand at fishing, and naturally when it came to the question of a honeymoon I followed him into his favorite haunts. Umbagog Lake being his first choice, we started from Bethel, Me., one warm morning in August for Upton, a drive of twenty-eight miles, and one of the finest in the country. We follow Bear River for miles in and out among the hills, stopping to see the wonderful Screw Auger Falls and Moose Cave. Then a climb to Grafton Notch, with Saddleback Mountain on one side and Goose-eye on the other, filled me with admiration; but the climax was B. Hill, two miles from Upton. Nothing out of doors could be grander than that view.

We arrived at Upton in time to take passage on the little steamer Diamond for Umbagog, and had a delightful sail up the lake. We landed at Sunday Cove to fish for big trout; there was a deep hole in the lake near Sunday Cove, from which Gethro the year before had taken a 4lb. trout, but now the fish had all left for parts unknown. We spent the day rowing to different points, trying our luck—without success, however. At 3 o'clock we got on the steamer again, intending to go back to Upton for the night, as all our baggage was there. The steamer was anchored at Cedar Stump, and the engineer, who was guide as well, had gone with Mr. E. E. Steadman to Smooth Ledge to see if they could catch the big trout that had run off a few days before with a silver-doctor and several feet of leader in his mouth. At 5 o'clock Mr. Steadman and his guide came down the carry with a fine string of trout. Such a string I had never seen before! I was so excited I insisted I would not return to Bethel without a string equally as large, especially as Gethro was called a champion fisherman. In those days we had to walk a four-mile carry, which was a mass of boulders, covered with green moss. The trees had been cut, otherwise it was as nature made it, and such terrible walking never was known! The guides tried to discourage me, but I was determined I could walk the carry, for I knew the trout were at the other end.

A guide came down from Middle Dam to take passage on the steamer for Upton; we persuaded him to return with us, so a small rowboat was left for us at Cedar Stump, and we started for Middle Dam—Mr. Steadman and his trout for the return trip to Bethel. Gethro stopped at the Hop Yard and caught a few trout, then at Smooth Ledge (another trout pool on Rapid River) he caught eight beauties. Trout are said to be more brilliant in that water than in any other pool on the river.

We arrived at Middle Dam Camp a little before 8 o'clock, tired and hungry, but not too far gone to feel interested in a smudge at the end of the piazza, over which stood the horse and cow, to rid themselves of the mosquitoes, which pest reigned supreme at that season.

After regaling ourselves with one of Asa Frost's delicious suppers (he was a fine cook), we sat by a large open fire, while the men had their evening smoke, and planned the morning work. We agreed to get up at 4 o'clock and go down to the Dam. I had been in bed about five minutes, it seemed to me, when there was a rap at the door, and our guide said it was 4 o'clock. I insisted his watch was wrong and I would not get up for all the trout in B. Pond (and there were many in those days), but Gethro knew it was the early bird that caught the trout, as well as worm, and he went down to the Dam to get the big string of trout we had walked so far to

catch. He was repaid. When I appeared at 7 o'clock there lay twenty-seven trout—such beauties! none under a pound and the largest 3lbs.! Gethro stood up to his knees in water; a few yards below him the guide with his net. As Gethro cast into the middle of the stream, often hooking two fish at one strike, an old guide who sat on the rocks watching the performance said: "They seems to be a reg'lar flight er the critters." Gethro wanted me to try my luck. I had never thrown a fly, and like everything else it needs practice; but I managed to get one into the water, and the second the fly touched the surface a trout had it and was off. I was told to play the fish till the guide brought the net. I could not wait for all that ceremony, so I snatched my trout out, doubling my rod terribly. The two men nearly had a convulsion; they thought the rod would snap, but I thought I should lose my trout, and I did not wait for the proper way. I ran off, dragging him into the bushes, where I was sure he could not get away from me. I dropped the rod, seized him with both hands, took him off the hook myself, and ended his life.

We had caught all the fish we needed for ourselves and friends, and after a breakfast of trout baked in cream we packed our finny prizes for the walk back to Cedar Stump. I was so lame I could not walk, and Bony was called to carry me down. (He was so named because he ate fish, bones and all.) I was strapped on to his back. My whole duty was to look out that the branches didn't sweep me off his back, or the black flies devour me. Reins were not needed to guide this remarkable horse; he picked his way among those boulders as man could not—never stumbled. But the pitching down and back was very peculiar—quite seasickening in effect. Occasionally I would exclaim, "Oh, Bony! do wait a minute till I regain my equilibrium," which language he always understood, and cheerfully waited. He often made the journey over the carry with people strapped on his back; no less a personage than Gen. Ben Butler had been carried in the same manner a few days before.

At last we reached Cedar Stump. I was taken off dear Bony's back, and I bade him an affectionate farewell and told him I would drink his health from Cold Spring nearby. I was dying of thirst, and proceeded at once to the spring, a little in advance of the men, who were collecting materials for a fire to cook our lunch before the twelve-mile row down the lake. As I neared the spring a man was lying down, drinking. I had often seen Gethro do it, so thought nothing of it. As he finished and moved, behold! a bear before my very eyes! I stood gazing at the shaggy creature, when the guide, a few feet away, called out, "I smell a bear." I thought it was rather circus-like in odor in that lovely dell, but did not connect it with bruin. I could not move—whether fear or interest held me, I was unable to say. After a satisfactory gaze at me, the bear with great dignity marched into the bushes. The guide was much excited and wanted to chase him with his gun, but I told the guide it was my bear, for I saw him first, and as bruin was polite enough to leave me unharmed and enough water in the spring to quench my thirst, I should protest against molesting him. The guide, too, belonged to us, for in those days we actually bought guides.

We had what I call a wild lunch—no dishes to cook in, but trout and thin slices of salt pork stuck on a green stick (which would not burn easily), and frizzled, and delicious water from Cold Spring, the quality of which cannot be excelled.

We found our little rowboat just as we had left it the night before. I was so tired I was made to lie in the bottom of the boat and an umbrella spread over me to keep me from being sun-burned, for I was already a wreck from lameness and the miserable black flies. We arrived at the mouth of the Cambridge River as the sun was going down behind Squaw Mountain, and I forgot all my ills in my admiration of the surroundings. I cannot describe the grandeur. Please, readers, all go there and see for yourselves the beauties of nature in that region.

When we reached Upton we found an audience ready for us—guides who had been to B. Pond and Parmachenee Lake with Gethro in the old days, and who thought him a wonder because he could throw a fly so far, and several woodsmen who had many a time enjoyed his good stories round the open fire. In we stalked, carrying the big string of trout. "There! I tole ye so! The biggest ketch yit!" said one of his old friends.

The next morning we were up before the lark even, because we must reach Bethel early—before the heat should wither our trout—and as the driver said it was a "dreffu han'some drive down to Bethel." I suspect by "han'some" he meant the downhill drive as well as early morning scenery, and with our own horse we were able to make the trip more rapidly than the stage. The news of our good luck had preceded us, and never were mortals more warmly welcomed than we that morning by our friends at the Bethel House.

To-day Cedar Stump carry is much like any other piece of wood road, and a span of horses attached to a three-seated buckboard makes the journey from Middle Dam to Sunday Cove, morning and afternoon. Middle Dam of '99 is quite different from Middle Dam of '74. The lake, mosquitoes and flies can be found the same. The old log cabin, Asa Frost, the man of the place, the dear horse and cow, as well as most of the trout, have disappeared. ELC.

Muscallonge at Hay Bay.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At Hay Bay, Ontario, near Napanee, on Oct. 2, the several boats that were out trolling took thirteen muscallonge. Messrs. Maxwell and Peal, of New York, were credited with five. The writer, with a friend, staying at Mr. Spencer's at Hayburn, captured seven, using steel rods successfuly in preference to hand lines. The October season seems to be the best for this noble fish. A.

If you have the *Game Laws in Brief* you have the authority on fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It will tell what you want to know; and what it tells you may depend on. Time, money and pains are expended to make the *Brief* an accurate and safe guide.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

Uncle Sam's Little Fishes.

THE resources of the United States have been exploited in nearly every direction. Maps have been made of the land, topographical, and the strata studied to great depths and charted, so that for much of the United States one may know not only the elevation of the surface but what stones he may expect to find on boring to any reasonable depth beneath that surface in almost any locality. Its waters have been measured and sounded and charted. Its minerals are located, measured and valued.

Agriculture has a separate portfolio, and no scale too small to claim its attention if it threatens a crop. Soils are studied, and climates and rainfall; bugs and blights are constantly under the microscope.

A Fish Commission has been appointed and directed to study the fisheries and propagate and distribute fish to suitable waters in our borders, and has done this so successfully and economically as to awaken the admiration of the world in the gigantic results, that stock not only our pools and streams but oceans with millions. All this to our credit and glory. To our shame no provision has ever been made or the slightest attention paid by the Government to the needs of these little fishes. There is a marine station where investigations are going on into the forms of this lesser life, but there is nothing being done, nor has there ever been in the more important fresh waters of the country. Millions of fish are hatched every year at the various stations. What do they eat? What do they need? Where will each sort thrive best? Who knows? If bolting cloth be carefully shrunken, stretched over a net frame, let down to the bottom of a body of water, marine or fresh river or lake, and drawn up, there will be found in the net a mass of microscopic living forms. It will not contain quite all in the vertical section through which it was drawn, for the resistance of the close net will cause some water to overflow its edge, and fine as are the silken meshes some forms are minute enough to pass through.

This infusorial life, which contains both vegetable and animal forms, as well as some almost impossible to classify, is called the plankton, and aside from its interest as an integral part of the economy of life, has as well the charm of the unknown. Its students are explorers in a densely populated but almost undiscovered continent, the country of the Lilliputians. Illinois and Michigan stand out bright examples by the encouragement they have given to such men as Kofoid, Reighard and Forbes in their investigations of the plankton and the food of local fishes, but no other State has done so much. The interstate rivers have received absolutely no attention. Even the Potomac, important as its waters are by reason of its nearness to and use by a capital where gather the representatives from every corner of the land, stands unsurveyed.

Nobody knows anything about the life in its waters. The Hydrographic Office did collect samples a couple of years ago at various points, which the Marine Hospital Service examined, but only for bacteria of typhoid and kindred diseases, and the result was such a revelation that the Secretary of the Treasury has ever since been asking for authority to examine all interstate rivers in the interest of the public health. It is impossible to understand why such authority is not given; perhaps because it comes in the form of a suggestion and does not appear in the estimates for appropriations, and as it is not pushed never is considered by the proper authorities. Departments are always slow to ask for appropriations in new directions, and this is as it should be. Expenses grow all too rapidly with strictest economy, and it is the province of the Legislature, the people, to direct new enterprises that necessitate the expenditure of public moneys.

But here is a case where the public is ignorant not only of the importance of the subject but of its very existence.

That standing water has some wrigglers of course is common knowledge, but most of us not only never saw these, but never even met any one else who knows anything about this lesser world, peopled with a thousand forms, with species as distinct and as easily identified as in the larger fauna of the earth—an unseen world, in which the struggle for existence is as hotly waged as among the higher forms, for if their destruction was stayed but for a few weeks the ocean would become solid, the waters of the earth would disappear.

That no effort should be made to know something of this life, which teems in every drop of the Potomac, and which furnishes the milk for every suckling fish, is negligence so gross as to be in the nature of a national disgrace.

The Fish Commission does what it can without specific authority or appropriation. At Put-In-Bay Prof. Reighard, with volunteers, is conducting investigations. In Indiana some observations are being made, and a limited exploration is being conducted on the Monongahela. The Potomac remains a no man's water, unexplored and unknown.

The pollution of our rivers has destroyed the fisheries of many States. A factory assumes the right of using a public stream as a sewer, and throughout its course the fish disappear and there seems to be no redress. One of the reasons why the public is powerless to put a stop to these outrages is our crass ignorance. To show cause for complaint the public must show damage, and that has heretofore been impossible, because we could not tell how the refuse of mills and mines affected the waters. Sawdust may cover the spawn beds and, slow to decay, accumulate from year to year. It is visible and grows offensive to man, and therefore has always come in for the principal burden of execration. But there are chemicals which may work worse harm; astringents and pugnent acids may irritate the delicate gills of the mature fish and drive them away; may strangle the young fry; may blight the spawn; may destroy the riparian vegetation which sustains the minor forms so necessary for the sustenance of the fry; may so modify the condition of this wealth of small life as to destroy nature's balance, and if the volume of the plankton is undisturbed its elements may be so changed as to lose its value as fish food.

How do the various pollutions affect the waters of our pools and streams? Until this question can be answered we are helpless. It can never be answered until the waters have been measured and strained, and their contents counted and named and pictured.

Ehrenberg, who practically broke the ice for the study of the infusoriæ, could not distinguish the animal from the vegetable forms; but he left a startling idea of the miraculaus reproduction of a single form in an estimate which showed that undisturbed an individual in less than two months might outnumber all the peoples of the earth. It is well to map the stars and count the glittering glories of he sky, but here is a question directly concerning the daily life and sustenance and health of our people, about which collectively we know little—individually, save for here and there a student, we know absolutely nothing.

What is wanted is a knowledge of these forms and their place in the great chain of human life.

Some are more deadly than the fabled Upas tree. Destroy them all, and not only the fish but man would die. They must be identified and tagged.

In his last annual report to Congress the Secretary of the Treasury said (page LXI.): "It is also recommended that a commission of medical officers of the Marine Hospital Service be authorized by act of Congress to investigate the sources of pollution of streams and other water supplies of towns and cities, where it affects the people of more than one State."

This is well, but more is needed. This proposed commission of medical officers it is only intended shall devote its efforts to an investigation of those forms of bacteria which directly affect human health; waterborne germs of typhoid and other diseases that threaten life. The relations which they bear to the normal plankton may be far too remote to lead to any information on the subject of the fishes and their needs. There may well be pollutions which will not directly affect man and yet be fatal to fish life.

What is needed in addition to the investigation demanded above is a coincident study by infusorial experts like those of Illinois and Michigan into the effects which the various pollutions have upon the plankton and through this upon the fishes of our rivers.

Give the Fish Commission the necessary authority and funds to do this, and take away the burden and discredit of our ignorance; increase the sum total of human knowledge, and for a more direct reward than mere scientific progress, desirable as this may be, secure the more practical result of increasing the efficiency of our tremendous operations in fish hatching and the pecuniary benefits which must follow in greater returns for the appropriations already authorized.

HENRY TALBOTT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Illinois State Fish Commission.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27.—The Illinois State Fish Commission, under guidance of Dr. Bartlett and President Cohan, of the Commission, touched at Peoria, on the Illinois River, with their steamer Reindeer this week. The Commission is now engaged in a large distribution of young fish, and Mr. Cohan sends me the following synopsis of the plans:

"There are large tanks aboard the Reindeer, and these receptacles contain about 5,000 game fish, two-thirds of them being black bass. There are some rock bass, some croppies, and a few ring perch in the collection. These fish were taken with a net, ranging in length from 30 to 100yds., as required for use. The vessel has been operated with a crew of eight men in Lost Lake, below the Copperas Creek Dam, and there have been not less than 100,000 fish, other than those selected for distribution, captured and liberated in the river. As the lake is drying up, this transfer saved them for future use.

"The fish reserved as desirable for distribution are graded according to size and age. There are some adults, and others of less maturity. The water in the tanks is kept in a condition suited to the health of the inmates by a system of pumps, the water being literally aerated. In sending the fish out from Peoria the trains will be taken advantage of. But in using the rail in this way it can only be at night. An attendant is sent out with each shipment, and it is his duty to keep the water aerated by hand, so that there is no stagnation detrimental to the health of the fish. The pumping and draining of the Reindeer's tanks is according to an ingenious system invented by Commissioner Bartlett, and it is found to be very effective.

"A very good idea of the importance of this work may be had from the fact that, according to the conservative estimates of the Fish Commissioners in charge, the shipment aboard the Reindeer just now will, in the course of two brief seasons, yield not less than 10,000lbs. of the finest fish food for those residing on the banks of the Illinois River and its tributary streams. During the season now about to close the Fish Commissioners of Illinois have saved not less than 150,000 bass for distribution, and these fish were taken from lakes cut off by low water, and in which the fish must soon have perished. The operations are to be continued until the advancing winter closes the river channels with ice and prohibits navigation until spring.

"The points which it is intended to reach in making shipments from Peoria before the departure of the vessel are Monmouth, Hillsdale, Milan, Aurora Lakes, Clinton, Lake County and Kankakee. The idea is to place a liberal share of the bass in the Kankakee River if the supply holds out." E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

NOTICE.

THE New York Clearing House has adopted new regulations governing the collection of checks and drafts on banks outside of the city. This entails a collection expense on those who receive such checks. Our patrons are requested, therefore, in making their remittances to send postal or express money order, postage stamps, or check or draft on a New York city bank or other New York current funds.

My First Trip to Tea Creek.

TEA CREEK is the coldest, the clearest, the cleanest trout stream in the mountains of West Virginia. I had heard of the rocks as big as a house, of the Falls, and the fine trout waiting to be caught. Now that we have visited the place and a fall chill is in the air, we will put the memories of those swift waters, burnished rocks and cool shades, with the "sunlight glimmering through," away until the days are long and the roads hot and dusty. Still, those mountains and streams are lovely in the fall days, when men hunt deer in this region. The upper slopes of the mountains are timbered with pine, the green of which contrasts strangely with the varied hues of the lower mountains.

In July a man came from New York to fish in Greenbrier River. But the bass seemed to be not at home. We suggested a visit to Tea Creek for trout. The road leads over Laurel Mountain, ten miles away, where it ends abruptly, and the tourist goes on foot down Williams River three miles to Tea Creek House.

This lodge in the wilderness was erected many years ago, and a man was stationed there to prevent squatters locating on a 50,000-acre tract of valuable timber land. It is famous as a camp, from the number of hunting and fishing parties who have sheltered there for two generations. Several years ago some gentlemen had the house furnished with camp equipage, including bedsteads and a cooking stove, at considerable expense, as these articles had to be carried several miles by men or horses. Some persons have stolen the lids of the stove and burned much of the furniture.

Sam Gay and his family, the most hospitable people in the world, live where the road ends. We left the team at his place and started out afoot, with rather heavy packs of camp duffle, including a heavy camera and tripod, ready to do and dare, and promptly missed the trail by about 10ft. and followed a cattle path into an impenetrable jungle of marsh grass high above our heads, where we were constantly running into mud ditches called "sloos" in the vernacular of the country. The famous "dead water" of Williams River is here, and the usually clear mountain stream is no better than a lowland bog at low water. After a deal of exploring around, getting very hot and uncomfortable, and wondering if we were to spend the night in that morass, we located the road and crawled into it by means of the trunk of a fallen pine, my friend losing his spectacles in that bit of escalading, which was destined to be the last of this little series of misfortunes. He showed real grit during the remainder of the toilsome tramp, and while not assuming a boastful tone, remarked that he could stand as much of that sort of thing as anybody.

This delay caused us to reach camp too late to fish that evening. We met a depraved looking man diligently rubbing snuff, who was moved to inquire if John T. McGraw was represented in the person of either of us. (Mr. McGraw is a wealthy land owner who owns vast tracts in these mountains.) The Tug wanted to negotiate for what remained of the furniture of Tea Creek House. This moved us to stow away in the woods our camp supplies during the next day's fishing.

Tea Creek is a most peculiar stream, in the color of its water, due to a discoloration of its bed, which makes the water appear to be of an amber color; but when dipped up it is found to be as clear as crystal. Being spring water, it is cold, and tumbling down a mountain over huge stones, it is most picturesque. The stones are scoured and kept spotlessly clean, which is remarkable when it is considered that there are but few streams that do not deposit sediment at low water.

We saw a stone weighing at least a ton that had been shattered by a blow near the center as though by the blow of a Titan. Fissures radiated from near the center where the force of the blow was spent. In flood the stream moves stones of a ton, and one of these had been dropped 2ft. or more, with the effect stated.

Another peculiarity is that the first mile or two is of no use for trout at low water, they having retired to the pools among the big rocks further up. We did not know this, and wasted our hopes and two valuable hours in careful fishing where there were no fish. We had grown discouraged and sat down for consultation. The camera I carried decided us to push on and see the wonders beyond, for we had almost given up the idea of fishing. I started in to make the best of what I considered hard luck, and began to look out for scenes. My friend pushed on, and when I caught up in the course of a half hour he had three of the prettiest trout I have ever seen, all taken from one pool at the foot of a long flat rock, where the creek runs in a rift that may be stepped across.

We found a succession of pools from there on and had good sport. For the first time in my life I experienced the delights of fly-fishing. I had always heretofore used bait, as being most conducive to successful fishing. I now believe in the bi-angling doctrine, or the use of fly or live bait, as the occasion warrants, indiscriminately. I have since caught a number of bass with flies and am proud of this accomplishment.

I cast into a pool beside a big rock. Instantly there was a commotion in the water, but the line came in empty. The next cast brought a repetition, and presently I saw there were two trout hooked—one on each fly! They were landed successfully, one 9in., the other 7½in. After that I grudged the time to set up tripod and camera.

In places one travels from one big rock to another, like walking from one housetop to another. Of course there are many fine pools at the base of these rocks. The stream appears to have a fall of 200ft. to the mile, more or less, and at 2 o'clock in the evening we supposed we had passed the falls, when in reality we had only come within a half mile of them, as I have since been informed.

There is a wonderful pool below the Falls big enough to float a ship, and there the trout have their fortress. The trout will make a final stand there, to be found when improvident fishing shall have exterminated this beautiful fish in waters not so well guarded by nature. The beauties associated with "waters that run among the hills" will always be found here in a surpassing degree.

The next morning we fished in Williams River. Big trout rose frequently, but were wary.

Three of the Hammonds, from Bug Run, passed carrying rifles and knapsacks. They are a tribe of Tugs, veritable wild men of the woods, refusing to work, depending on hunting and fishing for subsistence.

We returned on the now familiar road to Gay's, where we were served with an excellent dinner. After keeping our horse two days (during which time he had eaten an embroidered pillow-slip off the clothes-line, being the same horse which has heretofore had honorable mention as a polo pony), and extending us every hospitality, Mrs. Gay refused to accept compensation! This generous hospitality is not unusual in some of our mountain homes.



THE CREEK HOUSE.

Two deer had come into the buckwheat patch near the house that morning, a buck and a doe. The buck had a big head of horns.

The house is high on the mountain facing the Black Mountain across the Williams River Valley. A breeze was stirring continually that July day, and the sun's warmth was grateful. The glamour of those high mountains was on us as we descended old Laurel Mountain a thousand feet to the foothills bordering the Greenbrier River.

NORMAN PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

On Canadian Lakes.

EARLY in July I accepted the invitation of a Canadian friend to spend a few days with him at his summer home on one of a chain of small lakes in Ontario. It was a revelation to me; for, though I had heard of the place, I had no idea of its beauties and attractions. The lakes are about twenty in number, ranging in size from one to twelve miles in legth, and from a few rods to three miles in width, and most of them filled with small islands—one of them having over three hundred—and here is the ideal cottage and canoe life. No palaces like those of the St. Lawrence, but real cottages in every variety of genuine cottage architecture. Quaint and pretty in their detail, located on the rocky points and islands, they make a picture which seems like the realization of an ideal. On one of the islands, in the middle of the largest lake, is a pavilion, at which one of the Canadian military bands gives frequent evening concerts, and at one which we attended more than three hundred canoes gathered about the island, each with its one or more lanterns, making, with the music, an impression on eye and ear that required little to complete one's idea of what fairlyland might be—and such canoes and canoe handling! The canoes are the perfection of the boat building art, and so light, graceful and fine lined as to make the Adirondack or St. Lawrence skiff look like a freight car, and with the single-blade paddle handled with a skill and certainty that seems almost marvelous. The gentler sex could not be classed as passengers, for the large majority of the Canadian girls wield the paddle with quite as much skill and grace as any of the young men, and are as much at ease in a canoe as the Yankee maid on a bicycle.

One of the inducements to go was the promise of good black bass fishing, and I soon found that the lakes are swarming with great lusty, hard-fighting fellows, who make it extremely interesting for light tackle. The moment they are struck they come raging out of the water, and unless the hook is well fastened it comes back empty the next instant; but if it holds, the individual with the rod is bound to be kept busy for the next few minutes, and be entertained with an exhibition of rushes and leaps, contesting for every inch of line, until the fighter has exhausted the last ounce of strength and is drawn to the landing net, where he is almost sure to make one more supreme effort; and many a one parts company with the angler right then and there, leaving him with a very tired wrist and an opportunity to make some forcible remarks, while his opinion of the fighting qualities of the black bass rises several points. In these lakes a 5lb. bass is no rare fish, and our host made a practice of keeping nothing under 2lbs., returning all smaller ones to the water, for a chance to grow and become of some account, as all self-respecting bass should be ambitious to do. The programme was often varied by the vicious strike of a 'lunge, as he pounced upon the bait, and many a bass rig came to grief when this occurred, for the 'lunge has a trick of his own that clean cuts anything in the line of leaders except such as are made of wire; but if through good fortune the tackle holds, there is a battle royal on hand for the fisherman, and I know of no sport more exciting than the combination of a 10lb. muscalonge with a 7oz. fly-rod. It is a proposition in which the chances of victory and defeat are about equal, and no rest for either party until fought to a finish.

The Canadian game laws are good, and if respected and enforced will preserve these wonderfully stocked waters against depletion for all time; but there's the rub—the observance and enforcement of the statute. It requires every non-resident of the Province to take a license for fishing, for which a fee of $10 is to be paid. This provision is waived on condition that the visitors employ Canadian boatmen or are guests of a Canadian house. It also limits the catch to fish of over 10in. length, and not more than twelve bass to be taken by each fisherman each day. It would seem that in consideration of waiving the legal license fee the spirit of fairness alone would prompt the strict keeping within the limit of the number prescribed. A dozen good-sized bass each day certainly should be enough to satisfy any fisherman. On our way up we stopped for a few minutes at a small hotel just at the time when a party of its guests came in after the day's fishing and spread the day's catch on the lawn in front of the house. There were five of our countrymen in the party, and they displayed 150 bass, and stated that they had fished every day, except Sundays, for three weeks, and this was the smallest lot they had brought in. Many of them were handsome fish of 3 to 4lbs., but the large majority were under 1lb.! Think of it! over 3,000 fish taken from this one little lake by one party. It seemed hardly possible; and when I asked what became of so many fish I was told that they were nearly all given to the oarsmen, who either sent or took them to the markets of the nearby towns, where they were sold. Another party of six more Yankees (as we are called) arrived at this house on the following day. The strange part of it is that the boatmen, who make a part of their living by rowing and paddling the visitors, seem to be as enthusiastic as their employers in the effort to catch all of the fish in the lakes, and a strong rivalry is evident as to which boat brings in the largest number. A kind Providence, however, interfered with the slaughter, for after two or three days more of such great fishing the water of all the lakes began to bloom, and became so thick with a marine pollen that it was impossible to see into it more than a few inches, and consequently the taking of a fish soon became a rarity, and if enough were caught for the luncheon each day it was unusual good luck. It surely is a blessing that nature interferes to some extent to preserve the fish; but how long will they last at such a rate of destruction, and why is it that men who are noted for their far-sightedness in other respects, who are regarded as intelligent thinking men—why is it that they seem to throw aside all of these qualities when they find themselves in water that affords them such glorious sport, and immediately engage in a contest among themselves to demonstrate which can do the most to destroy it? What satisfaction is there in killing small fish after they have given all the sport in their little power, when by returning them to the water they will not only perpetuate the species, but afford a deal better fight when they have attained a better size? If the law restricting the number is to be disregarded and "count" is the main object, why not go a step further, and laying aside the rod and reel, take a net?

B.

Riparian Rights.

WILLIAM H. TOWNSEND was the owner some years ago of a lot at Milton, N. Y., on a stream emptying into the Hudson River. Winslow M. Bell and A. E. Bell at the same time owned and occupied lands upon the stream just above Mr. Townsend, having a mill for the manufacture of plush. There was a discharge from the mill into the stream twice a day of water used in dyeing cloths. Different colors, pink, red and green, appeared. A suit by Mr. Townsend in the Supreme Court to restrain the continuance of such use of the stream was first tried in 1891. A dismissal of the complaint was reversed by the late General Term, which ordered a new trial. The case came before the General Term a second time, when it appeared the trial judge had refused to find whether or not the use of the water of the stream in question by the defendants was a reasonable one. On the third trial the complaint was again dismissed. The Third Appellate Division recently ordered a reversal of that decision with a new trial, holding, in an opinion by Justice Putnam, that the discharge of this colored water constituted an unreasonable and improper use of the stream, which entitled the lower riparian owner to an injunction restraining its continuance.—New York Times.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

THE medal contests of the San Francisco Fly-Casting Club for the season of 1899 practically closed with the re-entries on Sept. 30 and Oct. 1.

The club medals will be awarded as follows:

LONG-DISTANCE (single-handed rods, length limited to 11ft.).—Championship medal, W. D. Mansfield; first-class medal, A. E. Lovett; second-class medal, T. W. Brotherton.

ACCURACY.—Championship medal, C. G. Young; first-class medal, Chas. Huyck.

F. H. Reed, with the highest score in the first class in accuracy on Saturday, and Chas. Huyck with the highest score in the first class in accuracy on Sunday, cast off yesterday for the first-class accuracy medal. On the first trial they tied; on the next trial Huyck won by a small margin.

DELICACY.—Championship medal, W. D. Mansfield and C. G. Young; first-class medal, H. F. Muller and A. E. Lovett.

LURE-CASTING.—Championship medal, W. D. Mansfield and T. W. Brotherton.

The general average medal was won by W. D. Mansfield, with a total of 496 points (about 10 per cent.) over the next highest contestant.

The Smyth medal for the greatest improvement in any one of the fly-casting events will go to T. W. Brotherton on improvement in long-distance.

The race between T. W. Brotherton and E. Everett for this medal was very close. At the time the classification scores were completed, it seemed almost certain that Everett would win, but the wonderful strides made by Brotherton in long-distance during the last five contests raised his average improvement in long-distance over 24ft. Everett's average improvement was about 16ft.

The longest cast made during the season of 1899 is the cast of W. D. Mansfield, 133ft., which stands as the world's record, and was made at Stow Lake, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, July 30, 1899.

H. F. Muller and A. E. Lovett will cast off for the first-class delicacy medal next Saturday. Following are the scores:

Sept. 30.—Wind—Heavy, southwest. Weather—Warm.

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 3, Del. %	Event No. 3, Net %	Event No. 4, Lure Casting%
Battu	90	93 8-12	93 8-12	59 2-12	76 5-12	63
Everett	100	..	..	..	..	..
Everett	103	..	..	..	..	..
Lovett	112	95 4-12	91 4-12	72 6-12	81 11-12	..
Lovett	113	95 4-12	92 4-12	75 10-12	84 1-12	..
Mansfield	100	..	..	..	..	..
Mansfield	103	..	..	..	..	..
Young	93	94 8-12	90 4-12	70 10-12	80 7-12	69
Young	95	95	92 4-12	71 8-12	82	66 4-5
Reed	93	90 4-12	96	62 6-12	79 3-12	..

Oct. 1.—Wind—Variable. Weather—Warm.

Battu	86½	89 4-12	91	72 6-12	81 9-12	59
Battu	..	..	..	..	..	64 3-12
Brotherton	..	86	79	70 10-12	74 11-12	91 1-12
Everett	97	86	85 4-12	72 6-12	78 11-12	..
Everett	100	85	91	74 2-12	82 7-12	..
Lovett	115	94	95	70 10-12	82 11-12	..
Lovett	108	91	92 8-12	77 6-12	85 1-12	..
Mansfield	94	96	88	70	79	75
Mansfield	104	93 4-12	90 8-12	71 8-12	81 2-12	92
Reed	94	83	87	80 10-12	83 11-12	56 3-12
Turner	90	93 8-12	82 4-12	75	78 8-12	..
Young	95	93	90 4-12	75 10-12	83 1-12	55 2-12
Young	..	..	..	..	..	62

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 10-13.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island State Fair Association. E. M. Oldham, Supt.

Nov. 15-18.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show. Marcel A. Viti, Sec'y.

Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—National Beagle Club's tenth annual trials. G. Mifflin Wharton, Sec'y.

Oct. 25.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut field trials. John E. Bassett, Sec'y, New Haven.

Oct. 31.—Greene Co., Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's fifth annual field trial. A. C. Peterson Sec'y.

Oct. 30.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. A. D. Fiske, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Washington C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Nov. 8-9.—Lakeview, Mich.—Michigan Field Trials Association's second annual trials. E. Rice, Sec'y.

Nov. 12.—Bicknell Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's first annual trials. George D. Maxfield, Sec'y.

Nov. 13.—Egg Harbor, N. J.—New York State Field Ttrial Association's inaugural trials. F. F. Rick, Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 14-17.—Carmichaels, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's fourth annual trials. J. W. Simpson, Sec'y.

Nov. 17.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 21.—Lawrenceville, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.

Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

"The Wrong of Dog License."

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 7.—Under the above caption there appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 7 a most interesting plea for the freedom and cherishment of the dog—man's best friend. While I have a deep affection for the dog myself, I also have a profound respect for the rights and comfort and freedom of my fellow man, and on this ground, Mr. Editor, I wish to offer some points for the consideration of the distinguished lady who so ably and kindly makes a plea for the dog's preservation.

First of all, I wish to declare that I believe dogs never can be recognized legally as property unless they are kept within certain limits as to numbers, and certain limits as to multiplication of the species. The dog is a very prolific animal. His fecundity is astonishing. Under the favorable conditions afforded by man's protection and a certain food supply, he multiplies far beyond what society can tolerate and far beyond the needs of society, whether in this relation we consider the dog as a protector or a companion.

Of the thousands of dogs bred, probably 80 per cent. are worthless curs. The remaining 20 per cent. are, we will assume, well bred and valuable, from the standpoint of the useful or the beautiful, the working dog or the guarding dog, or the handsome dog, ornamental to the home or companionable to the family. It is chiefly on the credit of the latter class of dogs that the 80 per cent. number of curs and worthless dogs are tolerated and allowed to live.

The case of Mr. C. M. Munhall, to whom Mrs. Bolton pays so high compliment, was not exactly prompted by a realization of "how the license law bore heavily on the poor who could ill afford to pay," but I think there was some realization of the manner in which it bore upon himself, for he kept a kennel, and sold dogs when opportunity offered. The opposition which he evoked against the law was not so much from a matter of sentiment as from a matter of business.

The kind lady calls attention to how dearly owners love their dogs on the one hand, and that if a tax of $1 or $5 is imposed many of such owners would turn their dogs into the streets, to the tender mercies of the dog-catchers or to the pangs of starvation. It seems to me that the fair advocate makes an inconsistent argument on this point, for if the dogs were loved so dearly, they would not be turned out of doors for the sake of a dollar; and if it is pleaded that the owners could not afford to pay the dollar, the same plea serves to prove that they could not afford to feed and house a dog.

It is hardly to be assumed that a license law, which has been found necessary in England and America, has not at its foundation some necessity for the public good. It is necessary first of all to restrict the multiplication of curs, else they would soon overrun the land. The dog in a state of nature meets so many checks and has so many difficulties to overcome in the struggle for existence that he is kept within bounds from natural causes, though under favorable conditions he will even then multiply in certain favored sections where food is abundant and a protecting habitat is afforded, beyond the increase of any other animal.

In domestication, were it not for the destruction which the public has found necessary to visit on him and the checks put upon his multiplication, the dog would soon be as great a pest as are rabbits in Australia.

The tax in Connecticut is subjected to severe strictures by the kind lady. I think that if she will consider that the proceeds of the dog tax are largely set aside to reimburse farmers for the loss of sheep destroyed by sheep-killing dogs, she will admit that it is not entirely unjust. All sheep-growing sections are afflicted with one of the greatest banes of the industry, namely, the sheep-killing dog. In making the plea for the dog, some consideration should be given to the rights of man. Supposing that the 91,500 dogs said to be killed in New York in 1898 were alive to-day, many of them homeless vagrant dogs, polluting the streets and food exposed on the sidewalks. Supposing further that the thousands of dogs destroyed in previous years were allowed to live their vagrant lives. What then? New York to-day might be good enough for the dogs to live in, but it would not be good enough for man. And yet, to him who journeys through New York's highways and byways, there is no apparent dearth of dogs, for there, as here in Philadelphia, they are in plenty and far beyond the number which is for the interest of the public if we consider the matter of decency and proper sanitation and the good health of the people as matters of paramount importance.

In New York as in all other great cities there are thousands of poor people who find difficulty in obtaining food for existence, and yet the millions of dollars worth of food consumed by the dogs is never considered as being of any moment in the life of the poor people. The purchase of the cheaper meats for dog food makes competition for them, and the demand establishes the price. The poor people have to compete and make up the difference in price from this competition.

In Constantinople, where a man is fined for injuring a dog and where it is said they are not allowed to be killed, the dog is not preserved from any humane impulse concerning him. In that city, where the great sewer systems of Anglo-Saxon civilization have no existence, the dog serves the purpose of a scavenger, and is valued for that purpose. We have a remotely similar case in the United States, where in many sections the turkey buzzard is protected by law on account of his services as a scavenger, and it is against the law to injure or kill one. The dog of Constantinople and the turkey buzzard of America are esteemed for precisely the same reason, so that it is hardly a parallel case to refer to those dogs as being pertinent to an argument bearing on dogs in America.

The fair advocate quotes the folowing: "A speaker at a recent meeting in London said that the exchecquer receipts showed that the dog licenses produced in the year 1895-96 over £500,000, and added: 'Where shall we find another class of taxpayers who contribute so largely to the revenue and receive so little in return?'"

In reply, where is there another class of owners which owns animals which destroy so much property of others? In many sections of the United States thousands of sheep have been destroyed, and in some sections sheep growing has been abandoned on account of the depredations of sheep-killing dogs.

Many owners are too poor to feed their own families properly, and they leave their dogs to such predatory means of livelihood as the neighborhood affords.

Many owners keep dogs that are vicious, and while such dogs may love their owners and may even fight for them on occasion, there is little merit in such dogs' love if on the other hand they bite their owners' neighbors.

This leaves out of account the intolerable nuisance of dogs in a great city, where in barking all night they may and do bring discomfort to a whole neighborhood, or the offensiveness of dogs kept in large apartment houses; nor is it necessary to touch upon the fallacy of the argument which attaches great worth to a dog because he is a guardian to the family; for in a big city like New York, where law and order reign, there is no need of the dog as a guardian. And many dogs will run away on proper occasion when there is danger in sight; and the devotion and love which they have for their masters to-day is the same love that they will transfer to a new master to-morrow; and many dogs will manifest a devotion whose commencement is in a nice piece of steak or a flattering pat on the head.

Now I like a dog as well as any one, but I do not believe that the dog's best place in the esteem of the public can be secured by reviling the public and lauding the dog. It is better to start with the fair understanding that the public has some rights in the matter, and that the dog has some objectionable traits. It may be a great, a very great, hardship on an owner to pay a license to keep a dog, but it is not so great a hardship as it is for a poor peddler to pay a license for the privilege of making a living, to say nothing of hack drivers, pilots, etc., who have to do the same thing. There is much in the way of our own kind which needs humanitarian attention; and there is much in the lives of many dogs which is better in the way of food and home than there is in that of many of the poor in the great cities. The life of the dog is not all somber. The life of all organic beings is not all joy.

LUCIUS A. CHILDRESS.

Championship Field Trial.

THE annual championship field trial will be held at West Point, Miss., during the week commencing Jan. 29, 1900. Entries close on Jan. 1. In addition to the regular purse of the entry fees, there will be the Duryea Cup, awarded to the winner, making the prize the most valuable one ever competed for at any championship trial.

EDWARD DEXTER, Pres.
W. B. STAFFORD, Sec'y.

My New Deer Dog.

HE was given to me. As a general rule a donation of dog should be treated with great caution and more or less diplomacy exercised toward the dog donator. In this case, however, the donor was a friend of long standing. In fact he stood 6ft. 1in. in his socks, had been a companion of my boyhood and was apparently to be trusted. He was much addicted to hunting, and his now matronly better half used to score points on him by spreading around the story of his preparations in the way of luggage for his wedding trip. His baggage, she said, consisted of one heavy trunk containing one shirt, two double-barrel shotguns, one hunting coat (very dirty), one pump gun, one pair overalls (badly dilapidated), two take-down rifles, one pair spike-nailed shoes, several hundred assorted cartridges and one pair socks. This seems to me a little exaggerated. His wife said it was not at all like her idea of a masculine trousseau.

But we seem to be getting away from the dog—and he was a dog. Any one could have told that at second glance. He was highly bred, too, but what his breeding actually was seemed more difficult to determine. The cocker part of it was evidently a bench show gold medal, and the Gordon setter part was also something expensive. His head and tail proved the cocker hypothesis, and his hair and color the Gordon; but the rest of his breeding was somewhat misty. Probably bull terrier with a dash of dachshund would account for some of it—but this is immaterial.

He was given to me as a young dog of great promise—and he certainly was. In his dumb way he was ready to promise anything, but he seemed forgetful. Upon starting him down a brushy canon in quest of the wary buck, he would rush ahead of my steady old deer dog, full of importance and excitement, his head up, with pug nose erect in such a manner as to convey the idea that a whole flock of old bucks was lying a few yards away and he alone knew it. He would dash off in this way for at least 60ft., and then stop as if an idea had suddenly struck him. After sniffing the air for a second or two he would turn and come tearing back to me with an all-satisfied look, as if there were nothing to expect in that quarter, after which he would sociably sit down beside me for a while and hunt fleas. A short rest would be followed by a sally in another direction, and the same performance gone through, altogether making such a noise that an elk crashing through the brush would not have attracted one's attention. His affection for me was something touching. Nothing could drive him away, and I think his failure to prospect any distance into the brush was due to his fear that something might happen to me. He would sit down beside me at times, wag his short tail, scratch, pant and gurgle till in sheer desperation I would draw a bead on him and only refrain from pulling the trigger because he was so confoundedly comical. Every time he sat down it was in some new way. He was not particular what part of him sat. He seemed to be absent-minded, and would occasionally attempt to sit on his head.

My friend said that he promised to be a good deer dog, but in the several times I took him out he never once remembered that promise. The only time he ran a deer was in a fit of abstraction. He saw a yearling doe running, and took a cross cut after it, but the moment he got a scent he promptly drew off and returned to my side to renew his acrobatic exercises. I tried the camera on him, but no one plate could grasp enough of his idiosyncrasies to be more than a dismal failure, and a composite print looked like a fake.

This reminds me of another dog. Some friends of mine were camping in a beautiful redwood grove near a railroad station along a wagon road extending up a mountain. Among other things, they were possessed of an antiquated barouche, an old horse and a dog. The breed of the dog was just or'nary small yaller, but he was bright as a new dollar. The old horse would be attached to the antiquated barouche by "the man with the whoa" at the nearest ranch and left standing in the road for the use of the ladies, generally unhitched. This old horse had a bad habit of falling asleep in harness, and the wag of the party lamented the fact that a mistake had been made in his sex, as he was evidently intended for a nightmare. One day some of the folks were going to catch a train, and as usual were behind time. They ran from the camp, rushed to the carriage and jumped on the steps. This wild charge aroused the horse rather suddenly from his peaceful slumber, and he started off with a jump, throwing those already on the steps into the dusty road, startled but unhurt.

He was really frightened, and the shrieks of whoa were misunderstood, for he tore up the road with the speed of his youth, the yaller dorg after him. The party changed their minds about catching the train, and started out to catch the horse. They tramped that road till long after dark, but found nothing, not even a trace or a buckle—not even the dog. The search being resumed the next morning, with outside assistance, they came to an old unused side road up the mountain with a dilapidated bridge across it. The day before they had scorned the idea of a horse and carriage being able to cross this bridge, but this morning they concluded to look that way in desperation. What was their amazement after a few moments' walk to find the cabriolet standing in the old road, the horse unharnessed and tied to a tree, and the dog watching him with a supremely self-satisfied smile. They said they knew the dog had sense enough not to bring the horse back over such a rickety old bridge, but they failed to see why he did not lead him back along a side trail. Probably he did not like leaving the carriage behind. These facts are absolutely true as far as known, but it strikes me they gave the dog credit for a little too much, because the knot in the rope by which the horse was tied was not the kind the dog could tie, and he was a pretty smart dog, too.

But to resume. After trying in vain to give the cocker-Gordon-bull-terrier-dachshund to several personal enemies and wishing to spare my friends, I took him to town and turned him loose, hoping somebody would find him and have better success in discovering good qualities than I did. I am lying in wait with a gun for my friend, the donor.

JAY EM.

"It 'pears to me," said Uncle Eben, "dat de man wif de rustiest razzer is mos' allus de one dat does mos' braggin' 'bout de cyahvings he's been mixed into."—Washington Star.

Brunswick Fox Trials.

THE eleventh annual field trial of fox hounds will be held at Barre, Mass., Oct. 17-20. The Derby, open to all fox hounds whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1898, will be run on Tuesday, Oct. 17. Entries will close at 10 P. M., Oct. 16. The entry fee is $2. The All-Age Stake will be run on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 18, 19, 20, and is open to all fox hounds. Entries close at 10 P. M., Oct. 17. The entry fee is $3.

The trials will be judged by Messrs. Eugene Brooks, J. H. Van Dorn, C. J. Prouty and Bradford S. Turpin.

All fox hunters are invited to be present and enter their hounds. Shooting at foxes driven by hounds entered in the trials will not be permitted, but those sportsmen who desire to hunt in New England style will be allowed to do so on grounds distant from those selected for the trials. BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

ROXBURY, Mass.

Yachting.

The America Cup.

Columbia and Shamrock.

THE contest now on for the possession of the America Cup is remarkable, as compared with all previous matches, for the many surprises and contradictions which it presents. To say nothing of the many professional writers, expert and otherwise, the opinions of recognized experts among designers, sailing masters and practical amateur yachtsmen as to dimensions, merits of design, probabilities of success under different conditions, and actual positions and performances in the races differ so greatly as to indicate that all are equally at sea. It is doubtful whether so much has ever been written concerning any previous race, and it is certain that there has never been so large a proportion of the criticism, description and comments that is incorrect, misleading or entirely false.

The conditions of news-gathering have never been so unfavorable as at the present time. Until very recent years the fleet of Cup defenders has been visible while under construction, and even when exact dimensions have been concealed it has been possible for writers and yachtsmen to see the yachts while building, and to study them in such a way as to arrive at some intelligent and sensible conclusions. After the yachts were launched they were docked at intervals during the season, and even the Cup challengers were docked publicly some time before the races. In most cases the yachts were hauled out on marine railways (many of them were docked on the old Screw Docks on South street, New York), where they could be seen readily from all sides. As the result of the consequent inspection, description and discussion, a fairly accurate knowledge of the characteristics of each yacht was current before the date of the races. When the races came off, the representatives of the leading papers were carried on the committee steamer, where they were in the best possible position for viewing the yachts, and where they knew in advance the various details of the day's work, the causes of delays and postponements, the courses as finally decided on, and such other points as are absolutely indispensable to a thorough understanding of the race from the start.

At the present time the dimensions and details of design of each yacht are guarded with the utmost secrecy, and the yachts themselves are as far as possible hidden from view. The fact that no one can confidently convict them by presenting the true figures is taken advantage of by many dishonest and unscrupulous writers to present dimensions and even alleged designs which are false in every way and which lead to serious miscomprehensions on the part of those who are unwary or credulous enough to put faith in them. While some actual facts are published, they are so mixed in with errors and falsehoods that it is impossible to distinguish them. As it is to-day, any paper which wishes to make a pretense of publishing the news of the Cup yachts during their construction must either organize a very costly and perfect detective system or must resort to bold and audacious fakes.

When the time comes for launching it is possible to see a certain part of the hull, even of the underwater body, but only for a moment, and under the most disadvantageous conditions. The topsides are, of course, revealed and free even to the camera after the yacht is fairly launched, but the bottom remains a mystery up to the last days preceding the races. When, of necessity, the yachts are finally docked, the work, owing to their great draft, can be done only in two or three places; if at New York, at the Erie Basin Drydocks and in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. It is practically impossible to exclude the public from either place, and though all cameras are rigidly prohibited at the private docks and to a certain extent in the Navy Yard, the ever alert photographers have managed to secure many and some very good pictures.

The view of the yachts, however, as seen in a large drydock, is most unsatisfactory and deceptive. In both docks only those immediately connected with the yachts or the docks were allowed below, and the many thousands who journeyed to Brooklyn came away either disappointed or mistaken. In each case the yacht, Columbia or Shamrock, lay well down in a deep, narrow dock, her deck below the level of the surrounding ground. The topsides, the sheer and the keel contour were plainly visible, but very little more of the form. As soon as possible after the docks were dry the yachts were surrounded with paint stages, which interfered greatly with the view, but even before the staging was in place it was impossible to see anything of the true form of the bilge and midship section below water. It was amusing to hear the opinions of men who really are experts, as they described and criticised the bilge, deadrise and hollow of one boat, and compared them with the same parts of the other, sometimes illustrating their opinions by sketches of the two sections. After looking at the two for hours, studying as far as possible the form of each as compared with the previous work and known methods of each designer, and then listening to the diametrically opposite opinions of men who should be capable of describing and criticising the points of a model, we are firmly of the opinion that even the best judges have been completely deceived in their opinions as to the true form of each yacht and the value of each of her special features as compared with those of the other. As to ourselves, we frankly confess we are still in the dark as to the real points of difference in the midship sections of Columbia and Shamrock, as well as to the respective displacements, though it seems that Shamrock is materially greater. Taking the upper portions of the hulls, as seen fairly well from the dock wall, and better when the yachts are afloat, that of Columbia speaks for itself, as to the admirable combination of length, power and clean form. As to Shamrock, whose whole upper body has been freely criticised as hard, blunt, unfair and amateurish, we are willing to trust more to what we really know of Mr. Fife's work for the past twenty years in numerous successful yachts than to the impression thus received. It is evident even from Shamrock's performance thus far that the great difference ascribed by many of the more expert critics to her as compared with that of Columbia does not really exist. The fact seems to be that even the most expert critics are not yet educated up to a point where they can fairly estimate the points of design, actual or relative, of a modern 90-footer, when confronted with these great machines for the first time, and under unfavorable conditions; and that their opinions are not to be accepted as conclusive.

When it comes to the actual races, while the club extends the courtesy of its members' steamer to the representatives of the principal papers, they are no longer carried on the committee boat, the one place from which it is possible to view the race to advantage with a thorough knowledge of all the conditions. The view from any large steamer, however well handled, is most unsatisfactory as a basis for an accurate and critical report. Even when the vessel herself is well berthed in the big fleet, which is sometimes impossible, it often happens that the crowd on board is too great to admit of free movement, and at an important point of the race, such as the start and turn, one may be caught on the wrong side of the ship, with a fine view of tugs, steamers and steam yachts, but far from the two racers. So far as the average spectator is concerned, there are many steamers which give a good general view of the race from start to finish, except when some other boat intervenes at times; but when it comes to watching every move of the yachts for five or six hours, without missing a detail of the handling and maneuvering, and from a position in which the relation of the two can be fairly estimated, the best of the steamers are very unsatisfactory. In many cases the daily papers employ their own tugs, but these, of course, are kept well within the guard lines, and from their low decks but a limited view is possible at a distance of several miles, even though they are fast enough to make the most of their opportunities. From any outside boat, whether tug or big steamer, it is difficult to catch and read the course signals so as to know at the start where the yachts are going, and it is almost impossible to tell the distance, much less the time, at the line. It is, of course, impossible to carry on any one boat the vast army of reporters, photographers, pigeon fanciers, telegraphers, cinematescopists, viatagraphers and others engaged in the gathering of news, but if it is desired that these great races shall be adequately and faithfully reported both for the information of the many here and abroad who are unable to see them, and as a matter of history, some provision should be made as in former years to carry a limited number of reporters on the committee boat, where they can know what is to be done and see what actually is done.

One of the many surprises of the week, and a most disagreeable one, came with a record of "three straight" on Saturday night. Some have confidently predicted, as in former years, "three straight races" for Columbia; a few have ventured to forecast the same for Shamrock; but no one went so far as to predict the disappointing reality of "three straight" flukes for the first week, three October days with hardly the shadow of a breeze. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday the result was the same—the two yachts went out in as perfect condition as was ever known in any race, the great fleet of torpedo boats, revenue cutters, ocean steamers, Sound and river boats, tugs, steam yachts and even a few sailing yachts, followed over the long course from the city to the lightship, rolled around all day, and came in at night tired and disappointed with the same story of "No race."

The work of the three days is not of sufficient importance to call for a long detailed story, but it may be better summarized in comparatively few words. In one sense it was most satisfactory, as it was in a measure so indecisive that each side was able to take unlimited consolation from the superior performance of its favorite boat. While there were some situations so plain that it is hard to understand how they can be denied, there were times without number when it was a matter of honest doubt as to which yacht was doing the better work and which was ahead. There are so many uncertainties and possibilities in the problem as it now stands that it would be safer and perhaps wiser to reserve all positive opinions and conclusions for another week, or until one or two races have been sailed; but even at the risk of having to revise our opinions, we shall venture to set down several conclusions.

The present defender of the America Cup may fairly be taken as the one great standard in yachting the world over; she represents the result of the experience of many successful designers and owners in previous international battles, notably of the late Edward Burgess and General Paine; and more directly the wonderful work of Mr. Herreshoff in the production of Vigilant and Defender, and of Mr. Iselin in the general management of the Cup defense in these yachts. In her now unquestioned superiority over Defender, Columbia represents the best that America is capable of, the result of nearly half a century of international supremacy in yachting and of twenty years of most marvelous progress and evolution. In type she is a semi-fin, as adopted by common consent by both nations; in design and construction she is, detail by detail, an improvement on Defender. Her canvas was made by the Herreshoffs, as was that of Defender, and it has been considered to represent the best American practice. Her crew is composed of precisely the same material, prepared in the same way, as in Defender, the Deer Isle fishermen, trained to yacht work by a season of hard drill. The management of the yacht is directly in the hands of her managing owner, Mr. Iselin, assisted by Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, as was the case in Vigilant and Defender; certainly a combination that it would be hard to equal from the ranks of American yachtsmen. Her skipper, though of Scotch birth, has grown up in this country, making a place for himself by hard work and skillful sailing at the top of his profession. Whatever may be said of the handling of Columbia, for which he is only in part responsible, no one has questioned his skill as skipper of Minerva, Gloriana, Wasp, Vigilant and Colonia in many seasons of hard racing.

In comparing the two boats it may be said of Shamrock that she has decidedly the better sails throughout. Mr. Ratsey's work is as good to the boat as it is beautiful to look at. Both boats have been well handled; the weather has been of that trying sort when the best of skippers may differ as to what sail to set or what course to take at any particular time, the only test of each man's skill being the final success or failure of his maneuver. Columbia has been sailed much as her predecessors, carefully and skillfully; with light and shifting winds and calm spots on either hand, she has taken the usual chances, and sometimes has been caught becalmed, but on the whole her work has been good. Shamrock has been much better sailed than any English yacht seen here for some years; the odd combination on board of her seems to work remarkably well; she has been sailed steadily from the start, as carefully as small yachts, making the most of every change in the wind and with sheets carefully and skillfully handled. The steering, the sail setting and the trimming have all been well done. While she is far ahead of her predecessors in these matters, the maneuvering has been a great surprise to American and Canadian yachtsmen. Twice in particular she has broken tacks and left Columbia after catching and leading her, and she has indulged in some vagaries of canvasing, as in starting down wind with a baby jibtopsail, the other yacht carrying a ballooner, that are extraordinary to the American mind.

Taking the actual work of the two, there has been a great deal of drifting, in which no comparison was possible; a great deal of rank fluking, one lying becalmed while the other held a nice breeze; and some reaching of an indecisive sort. What sailing there has been under even conditions has been with booms squared or dead to windward, in all cases with a very light wind, and with more or less roll to the sea. Off the wind the two are very even; it will take more trials in a long steady run under proper canvas to show which is the faster. The one point most plainly in evidence after the three days is the superiority of Shamrock to windward in a light breeze and smooth water or a moderate roll of sea. At this game she can leave Columbia, slowly it is true, but so steadily and surely that it is hard even for those who wish to do so to deny it. The result off the wind is so nearly even and on the wind is so clearly in Shamrock's favor that it seems certain she will win in a fair windward and leeward race in which they can cover the course in five or even five and one-half hours.

After being told with more or less authority during the last few months what Shamrock is and is not, the partial trials thus far are confusing to the experts and amusing to others. It was natural to assume that she was of practically 90ft. l.w.l.; any yacht designed for the Cup to-day naturally would be. The measurer's tape, applied under the watchful eyes of Mr. Herreshoff and Mr. H. F. Lippitt, showed her to be 89ft. 8in. The master mind which can predict a winner on the basis of a difference in the fourth decimal place in a coefficient appears to have been wrong in this case by over 2ft. The hull, which has been so roundly criticised, with its unfair bow, hard blunt lines, lack of length when heeled, and heavy quarters, is somehow capable of being driven as fast in light winds as the longer and fairer form of Columbia. There has been no question among experts that the rig is all wrong; the sail plan shows the long baseline and the short perpendicular which has on this side been proved inferior, especially in very light weather, to the lofty and narrow rig; and with the mast far aft, the forestay brought outboard to the stemhead, as in the old cutters, an excessive area of head triangle and a particularly larger staysail, it has been asserted that Shamrock could not do good work to windward, though she might reach. Thus far there has been no reaching to speak of, but she has done clean good windward work alongside a yacht of known quality.

The experts who followed the yacht day after day on every trial under sail were agreed on several points. It was conceded that she was fast on a reach, but off the wind she was particularly slow and sluggish for a 90-footer, and at all times she sucked after her a huge quarter wave that held her back. In the running thus far she is at least the equal of Columbia, while the quarter wave apparently pushed quite as much as it pulled.

The story of the loan, as it was reported, of the noted English skipper, Ben Parker, by the Emperor of Germany to Sir Thomas Lipton has been told, retold and officially contradicted throughout the season, and at last partly forgotten. Somehow or other, Capt. Parker turned up in New York on Sept. 30, slipping in unobserved while all the town was busy over Admiral Dewey, and he has been on the yacht ever since, acting in conjunction with Captains Hogarth and Wringe. The exact details of the management of the yacht are unknown. Sir Thomas Lipton does not sail in her, but follows on Erin. Mr. Fife, who was to be in charge as representing the owner, was unwell on Thursday and Friday while the yacht was in the dock, and on Saturday was compelled to take to his bed at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he has since been confined by a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. He has not only been unable to take any part in the races, but has been in great pain, his feet and legs being badly swollen. It is improbable that he will be able to leave his bed for some time. In his absence, Mr. Cornell has taken his place on the yacht. The two captains, Hogarth and Wringe, are in joint command, dividing the duties and authority between them, and Capt. Parker is aiding them. The combination is a curious one, but it appears to work well thus far.

The measurement of the two yachts took place on Monday, Oct. 2, both being measured at the Navy Yard. Shamrock was towed to the yard early in the morning, and on the arrival of Mr. Hyslop, about 8:30, the representatives of the two tossed a coin for first turn, Columbia winning. She was then afloat in the new drydock, and her crew set to work to strip her of all



COLUMBIA IN DRY DOCK NO. 3, BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.
From photo copyrighted by J. C. Hemment.

movables. It was nearly noon before the measurement was completed, the spars being first measured, and the sail area calculated, after which the waterline was measured, all the work being done under the inspection of Mr. Herreshoff, representing Columbia, and Mr. Connell, representing Shamrock. The waterline measurement was taken with all hands on board, including Messrs. Iselin, Duncan, Thorne, Woodbury Kane, Herbert Leeds and Capt. Barr and Mate Allen. Lem Miller, who has sailed so long in other ships as mate under Capt. Barr, was also on board, being shipped for the races. The measurement of the waterline, completed at noon, showed only 89ft. 4in., so the crew was sent to the St. Michaels for more lead, 1,700lbs. being shipped aft. A new measurement was taken, giving a waterline of 89.66ft. This so delayed operations that it was after 1 o'clock before Columbia left the dock, Shamrock immediately taking her place. Mr. H. F. Lippitt, as the representative of the New York Y. C., joined Messrs. Herreshoff and Connell in watching the measurement. The final results were as follows:

	Columbia. Feet.	Shamrock. Feet.
Length on the load waterline	89.66	87.69
Length from the after end of the main boom to the forward point of measurement	181.62	189.13
Length from the fore side of the mast to the forward point of measurement	73.35	79.46
Length of spinaker pole	73.35	79.46
Length of gaff	64.95	67.64
Length of topmast	64.50	58.06
80 per cent. of topmast	51.60	46.45
Height from the upper side of the main boom to the topsail halyard block	134.75	128.28
Square root of the sail area	114.61	116.15
Sailing length	102.135	101.92

It has been taken for granted from the first that both yachts would show just as little as possible under the limit of 90ft. l.w.l., and as Shamrock had undoubtedly the larger sail area it was assumed that she would allow time to Columbia. To the surprise of all hands, Shamrock showed 2ft. 3½in. under 90ft., and actually receives time, though but six seconds, from Columbia. Her sail area is greater by 355sq.ft. After the measurements were taken the two towed down to the Hook for the night.

First Race—Windward and Leeward.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, OCT. 3.

A sharp, keen nor'wester blew all day Monday, chilling the many spectators about the dock where the yachts were measured, but on Tuesday the temperature was higher and the weather much milder, the sun shining brightly. The wind was N.E., and blowing over a dozen miles an hour in the early morning, but falling toward noon. The whole of the Upper Bay was filled with vessels between 9 and 10 o'clock, everything which could carry passengers being under way, from the big coasting steamers La Grand Duchess, Ponce, Miami and Jefferson, down to small tugs and steam yachts. The steam fleet was out in full force, the new yachts Niagara, Josephine II., Aloha, Aileen II., Corsair III., Sapphire III., Eugenia II., Aphrodite, Kanawha II. and many older ones. Torpedo boats dashed about through the fleet, and the new revenue cutters were out also on patrol duty. With a good ebb tide the big fleet steamed out of the Narrows and down the Swash, or the East, channel, reaching the Sandy Hook Lightship a little before 11 o'clock. The racing yachts came out with club topsails set, the committee tug Luckenback anchored off the Lightship, and the torpedo boats and revenue cutters, Capt. R. D. Evans being on the bridge of the cutter Manning, began to jostle the crowd away from the line. The pilots as a rule endeavored to give all the necessary room to the racers, and though it was necessary to warn some more than once there was as clear a space for the start as any one could ask.

The course signals read S.S.W., and the markboat was sent off with the float and ball. A second tug, showing two red balls on her stay, was ready as a pilot boat for the yachts, the steel booms rendering the compasses almost useless. The first gun fired at 11:15, with the preliminary at 11:10. There was no quick work for the line, the start being slow and tame; Shamrock led over the line at 11:15:37, with Columbia following at 11:16:20, of 43 seconds astern. Columbia made an American start, breaking out her balloon jibtopsail and spinaker at the line. Shamrock prepared for a down-wind start by setting a small jibtopsail, and though her spinaker boom was ready to port the sail was not hoisted. If she was looking for a luffing match she did not find it, but to the surprise of all the spectators she ran along slowly without spinaker or balloon jibtopsail, though both sails were drawing on Columbia. Shamrock lufted out a little, and Columbia ran up on her port side. At 11:20 Shamrock broke out her spinaker, following which Columbia lowered her working headsails to give a full chance to the two balloon sails. It was twelve minutes after the start before Shamrock hauled down her small jibtopsail and set her ballooner in its place, Columbia meanwhile having caught her. The wind was light at the start, some ten knots, and falling all the time, the yachts holding their headway, but moving slowly. Columbia ran evenly with Shamrock for a little while, but under the same canvas the green boat drew ahead until she had opened a clear lead. The wind was variable and fluky, and the sailing was no test of the boats. Shamrock managed to get over a quarter of a mile ahead by dint of slow gains, but a little after noon, when off Seabright, Columbia caught a stray bit of breeze from S.W., her spinaker quickly came in, her boom jibed to port, her staysail was broken out, headsheets were trimmed, and she reached inshore and around Shamrock, the latter still holding a very light northerly breeze, until she was as much ahead as she had been astern. Shamrock caught the new breeze several minutes later and also took in her spinaker and jibed over, setting her staysail, though both still held to the balloon jibtopsails. The westerly breeze was very light and fluky, and about 12:30 Shamrock was tempted into trying to run, with her spinaker to starboard, but this did not pay, and the sail was soon stowed. They worked out to the mark, about three miles offshore, near Deal Beach, Columbia gaining steadily, until she turned at 1:37:57, with a lead of 2m. 1s., Shamrock's time being 1:39:58. In addition, Columbia had made up the 43s. that she was astern at the line.

The wind was now nearly down the course, light, but fairly true and steady, and the beat home promised to be exciting and instructive. They came on port tack around the mark, but Columbia soon came about. Then followed a series of very short tacks, forced by Shamrock. While she gained very little through mere speed in tacking, she was working out all the time and footing well, so that when they gave up the very short tacks and settled down to straight sailing she was soon gaining inch by inch on Columbia. For nearly forty minutes they held on, tacking together at times, with the wind about the same for both, and at the end of this time Shamrock was clearly on Columbia's weather and the leading boat, having made up a full two minutes. At 2:20 she made a most extraordinary maneuver. Columbia was standing inshore, where the chances were best of finding more of a breeze, which threatened to drop out where they were. Shamrock, now on Columbia's weather and on the same tack, came about and left Columbia going to the eastward offshore. With a little shift of wind to help her and to head her rival, Columbia screwed well out on this tack, and when Shamrock came back to the inshore tack again she was in Columbia's wake and a long distance astern.

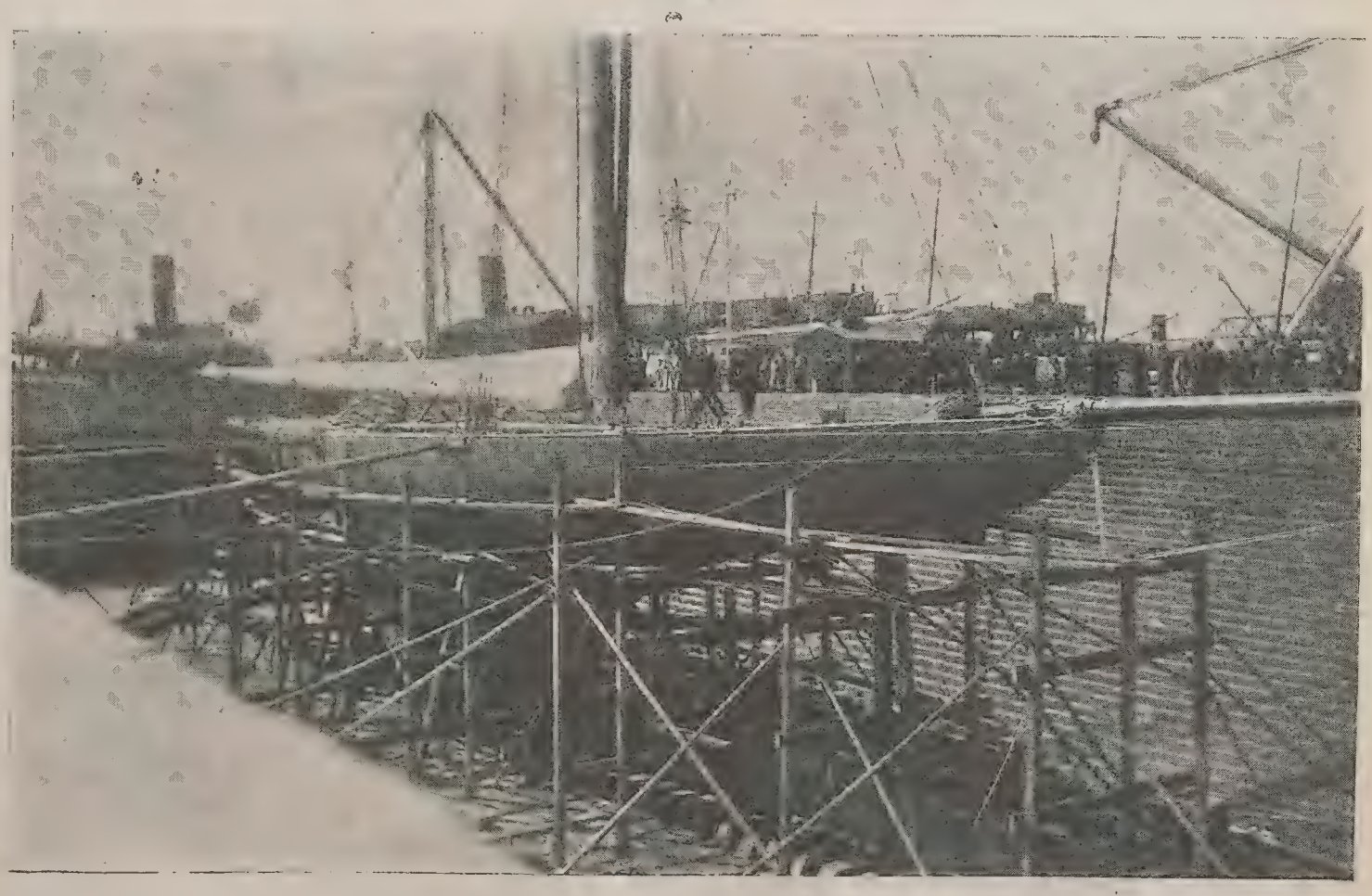
The advantage was now with Columbia, and though it began to be doubtful whether they could finish in time she made the most of it. The two were skating on thin ice, hunting here and there on the chance of finding a streak of wind and avoiding the many calm spots, and luck counted for more than judgment. Columbia had the luck for a time, her casts inshore paying well, but she tried it once too often and was hung up hard and fast in a calm spot, while Shamrock caught a bit of wind a little further out and sailed along to windward at a good speed.

The wind had now fallen so light and ran in such streaks that the race had lost all interest, especially as the time limit was rapidly running out and the yachts had covered barely half of the home leg. The two worked in under the Jersey beach, moving slowly and failing to find the breeze they looked for. Columbia after dropping far astern picked up again, and when the race was called off by the committee at 4:45 she was but a little distance from the leader. Both lowered their headsails and passed their hawsers to the tugs. The attendant fleet started home as fast as steam could carry it, many of the boats racing all the way in.

There was a great diversity of opinion as to the merits of the two boats and of the handling. When Columbia gained on Shamrock on the beat in Capt. Barr was all right, as big a man as Admiral Dewey, but when she was caught later on in the calm streak he was, in the opinion of some patriots, a worse man than Aguinaldo. Granting that the whole day was very much of a fluke, it still remains that the honors were very even off the wind, while Shamrock did some very fine work on the wind within the first half hour or so or turning. It may be said of this trial, as of the two which followed, that in every previous Cup race—unless possibly in 1895—under the same conditions of light fluky weather the American yacht, while no nearer to covering the course within the limit, would still have been several miles ahead of the British yacht.

SECOND DAY—THURSDAY, OCT. 5.

Both the yachts lay at anchor inside Sandy Hook on Wednesday, Columbia's crew, under the direction of Mr. Iselin and Capt. Barr, being busy bending another mainsail and a new club topsail. Nothing special was done on Shamrock, though all her gear was carefully overhauled. The start was called for 11 A. M. on Thursday, at which time the wind was still very light, but N.W. by W., so the signals were set for a leeward course, S.E. by E. The start was an easy one, Columbia leading over the line at 11:00:53, with Shamrock at 11:01:05; both with balloon jibtopsails set and spinaker booms to port, Shamrock breaking out her spinaker on the line and Columbia about a minute later. Columbia gained from the start, and opened up a clear lead, which



SHAMROCK IN ERIE BASIN DRY DOCK.
From photo copyrighted by J. C. Hemment.

she gradually increased, both moving very slowly. Finally Shamrock began to luff, Columbia accepting the challenge. The wind fell and left them drifting for a time, Columbia being once caught aback and turned fairly around until she was heading home. This occurred at 2:20, and a little later the wind went round to S.E., still very light, and the pair trimmed in for a beat out to the mark. At the start Columbia was still ahead and to windward, having the advantage of position. A beat of an hour followed, in smooth water, and with a very light but fairly steady wind. At the end of this time Shamrock was so far ahead that Columbia, coming up on port tack, was compelled to go about under her lee bow. Just after this, there being no prospect whatever of finishing in time, even if they could turn the outer mark, they both gave up and started home at about 3:45.

THIRD DAY—SATURDAY, OCT. 7.

On Friday the weather changed, a moderate gale sweeping up the coast and bringing rain with a strong N.E. wind. It was so rough in the Horseshoe that Columbia was towed up to Bay Ridge early in the morning, though Shamrock rode out the blow in safety. Saturday was clear and bright, however, with a fifteeen-knot breeze from N.N.E. in the early morning, but by 11 o'clock it had fallen to twelve knots and was still decreasing. Again it was necessary to lay the course to leeward, S.S.W., the same as on Tuesday. The two yachts set club topsails shortly before 11 o'clock, Shamrock's being smaller than that previously carried, but as the wind was plainly falling, she lowered it at 10:55 and set her large club instead. The gun was fired at 11:20, Columbia going over with a lead of 17s. at 11:21:02. As on the first day, while Columbia broke out her balloon jibtopsail at the start, Shamrock crossed the line with her baby jibtopsail set, looking for a luff that never came. With her spinaker boom down to starboard, but no sail set, Shamrock luffed out across Columbia's stern, but the latter, with her ballooner drawing, also broke her spinaker and drew ahead. Columbia still had her jib set, but the balloon jibtopsail was doing its work, while Shamrock carried her jib, staysail and baby jibtopsail. At 11:34 Shamrock shifted her working staysail for a ballooner, and then took in her small jib topsail and replaced it with a ballooner. The spinaker was not broken out on Columbia until 11:40, Shamrock's following. For the first time in an international yacht race the British yacht has essayed to set her spinaker in stops; to-day the upper stops were too heavy and failed to break out, so that it was necessary to lower the sail until a man on the crosstrees could reach and cut the stops.

There was a heavier roll to the sea than on either preceding day, but the yachts seemed to feel it about equally. Shamrock gradually drew ahead, and just before 1 o'clock jibed over, Columbia following. Shamrock had held close in toward the Jersey beach, much further from a straight line than Columbia's course. She set her working headsails when still far from the mark, hurting the draft of her ballooner, still the most useful sail. As they neared the mark Columbia improved her position, but Shamrock was clear ahead. She made a very wide turn, however, while Columbia, beautifully handled, cut in between her and the buoy. The times were: Shamrock, 1:36:25; Columbia, 1:36:39. There was but 9s. between them, showing a gain of 26s. in fifteen miles of slow running.

The windward work began with Columbia in a poor position, taking Shamrock's back wind. They started home on starboard tack and held it for a couple of minutes, Columbia being first about. Shamrock did not follow for another minute, and she was no sooner on port than Columbia went on starboard. Five minutes of quick short tacks put Shamrock well out on Columbia's weather bow and in an excellent position, which she continued to improve, working steadily away until after about 45m. she had a lead of about half a mile.

The wind was falling very light and running in streaks and patches, as on Tuesday, so that it was evidently Shamrock's play to stick close to Columbia, risking no flukes, and to keep constantly between her and the lightship, while the indications were that the wind would shift further to the eastward or offshore. So far from doing this, Shamrock deliberately left Columbia, broke tacks and went fluke hunting inshore, with the result that Columbia picked up a little of the promised easterly breeze and was soon the leading boat. After thus losing her place, Shamrock did all that she could to regain it, and finally came up so near to Columbia that, as they both lay well inshore near Seabright, the shadow of Shamrock's big club topsail was visible for half an hour on Columbia's mainsail or headsails. They were now hardly more than drifting, and it was evident that the race could not finish in time. When it was called off at 4:30 the two were so nearly even that it was a matter of doubt which was ahead. Columbia was a little to windward, with Shamrock on her lee bow, and with the odds in her favor when the difference in time of starting and allowance is considered. As in the first race, the latter part was a matter of luck which showed nothing more than that this challenger is strong where all others have been weak—in very light weather. In the running there was little to choose, but in the windward work, as long as the wind held true the advantage was all with Shamrock.

So far as is now known, the dimensions, especially the extra beam and draft, the added displacement and more powerful form of Shamrock, with a lower center of effort and center of gravity of rig, a lower center of gravity of ballast and probably more ballast, promise to make her a very dangerous boat under lower sails or a reefed mainsail; and at the same time it has been proved that she is at least as fast as Columbia in very light weather. The strong point of Columbia is probably in good working breezes when she can carry her club topsail comfortably, at which times her lessened displacement and longer and finer lines will make it possible to drive her at a higher speed than the shorter, broader and coarser boat. At the same time it must be remembered that the many strong criticisms of Shamrock's underwater body are more than offset by her work in the three trials; if her design were as defective as it has been declared to be, it is hardly possible that she could hold Columbia under any conditions.

The work of the guard fleet has thus far been most successful, there having been no interference whatever with either yacht. A number of vessels have been warned off the course, some of them under circumstances which have led to formal complaints being lodged against them by the officials, on the strength of which it is threatened that the licenses of their pilots will be revoked. It is rather amusing that among the small number of steam yachts which have been warned off the course by the guard fleet are White Ladye, Mr. J. L. Johnston, and Erin, Sir Thomas Lipton. The attendant fleet has divided each day, part going down the Jersey beach to the westward of the racers and part keeping out to sea. Each division has been distant from one to two miles from the yachts, except at the start and turn, and with a continuance of the present arrangements it seems probable that all danger of crowding or interference of any kind will be avoided. The fleet is a very large one, but being so scattered as compared with previous years, one does not easily realize its vast proportions. Apropos of the oft-repeated suggestion of going to Newport to avoid crowding, all the regular passenger steamers that ply about Narrangansett Bay and to Block Island and Nantucket are on the course off Sandy Hook, gathering in the dollars, while some quite small steamers have come from the Delaware River, bearing out our argument that it is impossible to avoid the steamer fleet as long as men come from a distance to see the races and are willing to pay good prices. The attendance from distant points—Montreal, Toronto, Chicago, New Brunswick, Toledo, Cleveland and other Western and Southern cities—is very large, and the interest is increasing rather than the reverse as the close matching of the yachts is disclosed.

On Saturday evening Mr. Iselin went to New Rochelle, leaving Columbia in the Horseshoe, near Shamrock. Sir Thomas Lipton and his friends remained on board Erin, in company with the racers. On Sunday afternoon the representatives of the two clubs met at the New York Y. C. house to consider a proposition from Sir Thomas Lipton to sail the races every day after Tuesday. Owing to contracts and arrangements already made for Tuesday and Thursday, it was finally decided to adhere to the present plan of alternate days until after Thursday, when a race will be sailed on each week day unless either party objects. The following was drawn up, to be inserted in the conditions of the races:

The foregoing agreement [the condition of the challenge] is further modified by mutual consent as follows:

Strike out the clause beginning "the first race shall be sailed on Tuesday, Oct. 5, 1899," and substitute the following: "The races shall be sailed on the following dates until the series be completed, viz.: Oct. 10, 1899; Oct. 12, and on each following day except Sunday; provided, however, that immediately on the conclusion of the race of Oct. 12 and of each subsequent race the regatta committee shall inquire of each contestant whether he is willing to start the next day, and should either contestant reply in the negative one day shall intervene before starting the next race. Sunday shall not count as such intervening day.

New York, Oct. 9, 1899.

On behalf of New York Y. C.: Lewis Cass Ledyard, vice-commodore; J. V. S. Oddie, secretary; F. W. J. Hurst, treasurer; Edward M. Brown, H. F. Lippitt.

On behalf of the Royal Ulster Y. C.: R. G. Harmon-Crawford, vice-commodore, R. U. Y. C.; H. M. McGildowny, R. U. Y. C.

If it is agreed after finish of a race to sail next day, the code letter L will be flown on the committee steamer; but if otherwise, the letter M.

On Sunday Sir Thomas Lipton was a guest of Col. Butler Ames on the old America, sailing about the Lower Bay. The day was cloudy, with a fresh N.E. breeze and rain at night, continuing through Monday. Columbia's crew unbent her mainsail, and both it and her club topsail were recut.

Tuesday, Oct. 10—3 P. M.—A dense fog closed in on Monday evening, and held up to noon on Tuesday, with no wind. A small fleet of steamers went out to the Lightship, and at 11:15 the committee boat set the signal, "Race off." The fleet steamed in to the port of the Hook, where the two yachts, with their tenders, were lying. There was no preparation on either for a race. A meeting was held on board the flagship, at which Sir Thomas Lipton requested that a race be ordered for Wednesday, but the regatta committee declined to accept the proposal, so the next trial will be on Thursday, Oct. 12.

A Puget Sound House-Boat.

THE illustration is from a photograph of the only house-boat on Puget Sound, a body of water peculiarly adapted to house-boating. There are houses built upon rafts of no pretensions of navigability, and floating "shacks" of all kinds used by the fishermen in the rivers, harbors and inlets, but this is the only vessel of the kind capable of navigating the waters of the Sound at all times of the year in almost any kind of weather. It was built during the winter of 1896-7 by H. L. Merrill, city clerk at Fairhaven, Wash., and C. S. Rice, of the same city. The hull is 38ft. long, 10ft. beam amidships, depth 3½ft., and the roof of the house rises about 3ft. above the deck, allowing 6ft. 2in. standing room inside. The hull is flat bottomed with a skeg running aft from amidships. The frame is of 2 by 8in. timbers, 2ft. apart, double planking on bottom and sides, making it stiff and tight. The house is 27ft. long, conforming to the shape of the hull, with double walls of cedar siding on the outside, and matched ⅜ cedar on the inside. The house is partitioned into four rooms—kitchen, dining room, bunk room and toilet, the three main rooms being 8 by 10. Four swinging bunks and two couches running the full length of the dining room afford sleeping accomodations for six people. There is a range and sink in the kitchen, water tank, ice box and all the comforts and conveniences of a modern home. A small pipe conducts the rain water from the roof into the water tank. The boat draws only 8in. of water. It can be towed on tide with a small boat for short distances, can be sailed before the wind, but when on a cruise it is generally taken in tow by the small passenger steamers running to various points on the Sound, and the expense of moving is thus merely nominal. The summer months are generally spent among the islands, and in the fall it is taken to the flats.

It furnishes an ideal home for the duck shooter, as it can be stationed convenient to the shooting grounds, and is easily moved from place to place. There is probably no place in the United States where there is such a variety of scenery and sport as on Puget Sound, and the house-boat is an institution in every way adapted to the highest enjoyment of it.

FAIRHAVEN, Wash., Sept. 21.



NIAGARA, A PUGET SOUND HOUSE-BOAT.

Canoeing.

The A. C. A. Executive Committee.

COM. MACKENDRICK has named Saturday, Oct. 28, as the date of the annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association, the meeting to be held at the Toronto C. C. house, Toronto. Messrs. C. B. Vaux and H. M. Dater have been appointed an auditing committee for the report of the secretary-treasurer. Messrs. D. B. Goodsell, of Yonkers; Herbert Begg, of Toronto, and R. Easton Burns, of Kingston, have been appointed as regatta committee, the latter as chairman.

GALT, Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having had the privilege of moving at the executive committee meeting, held in Buffalo in 1898, a resolution recommending the regatta committee to hold the races of the Association on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of the last week of the annual meet, which met the approval of the executive committee, and believing that the incidents of 1899 have emphasized the advantage of holding the principal races during those days, I propose to offer the following addition to the by-laws:

"That Chap. IX.—duties of regatta committee—be amended in the second paragraph by inserting after No. 6 the following: 'No. 7—The races required by those by-laws to be held at an annual meet shall be called on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of the last week of the annual meet.'"

J. N. MACKENDRICK.

American Canoe Association.

Proposals for Membership.—Associates: Miss Florence Presbrey and Miss Clara Presbrey, canoe Izan, Taunton C. C., Taunton, Mass.; Mrs. S. Gardner Raymond, Mrs. Wm. H. Samson, Mrs. Bernhard Lierching, Irondequoit C. C., Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Oct. 11-12.—Reading, Pa.—Live-bird and target tournament of the Independent Gun Club.
Oct. 11-12.—Paris, Ky.—Hill Top Gun Club's two-day tournament. John L. Bosley, Sec'y.
Oct. 11-12.—Newark, N. J.—On Smith Brothers' grounds; two days' tournament of the New Jersey State League.
Oct. 12-14.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament under the auspices of the Kentucky Gun Club. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.
Oct. 13.—Batavia, N. Y.—E C cup target championship contest between Mr. W. R. Crosby, holder, and Mr. R. O. Heikes, challenger. Match begins at 3 o'clock.
Oct. 16-19.—Du Pont Park, St. Louis, Mo.—Fall tournament; three days at targets; one day at live birds; $300 to $500 added money. J. A. Corry, Manager.
Oct. 17-19.—Circleville, O.—Fall tournament of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.
Oct. 17-19.—Baltimore, Md.—Sixth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. J. R. Malone, Manager.
Oct. 18.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Handicap at 25 live birds, $10 entrance; also sweepstakes.
Oct. 21.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.
Oct. 23-28.—Nashville, Tenn.—Belle Meade Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds; $750 added. W. R. Elliston, Sec'y.
Oct. 25-26.—Rochester, N. Y.—Eighth annual fall tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club.
Oct. 26.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Fall tournament of Mt. Kisco Gun Club. Open to all. Cash and merchandise prizes. R. W. Gorham, Sec'y.
Oct. 31-Nov. 3.—Cincinnati, O.—Tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club; two days at live birds; two days at targets. Arthur Gambell, Sec'y.
Nov. 21-22.—Sioux City, Ia.—Second annual live-bird tournament of the Soo Gun Club; added money in every event. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.
Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.
Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.

1900.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.
May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. E. S. Rice, Pres.
June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.
June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.
June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Associations Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.
June —.—Tournament of Ohio Trap-Shooters' League, first week in June. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The seventh annual fall tournament given by the Baltimore Shooting Association, Oct. 17, 18 and 19, has two days at targets and one at live birds. The shooters will be handicapped by distance as follows: Amateurs, 14yds.; semi-experts, 16yds.; experts, 18yds. Two sets of traps, Sergeant system, will be used. All target events are known traps, unknown angles. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only. Four moneys—40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.—will govern the division of the moneys in target events. Shells shipped care of Alford Sporting Goods Co., 212 East Baltimore street, will be delivered on the grounds. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. There are twelve target events on the first two days respectively, two at 10, six at 15, and four at 20 targets. Entrance based on 10 cents per target; $100 added each day. On the third day there are three live-bird events on the programme—the Baltimore introductory, 7 birds, $7, and the Suburban sweepstakes, 10 birds, $10, three moneys each event, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., high guns, 30yds.; the Pimilco handicap, at 30 birds, $20, handicaps 25 to 33yds., two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent., class shooting. Birds are included in the entrance in each event. The tournament will be under the management of Messrs. H. T. Ducker, James R. Malone and J. C. Hicks.

In the race home from the yacht race on Tuesday, Oct. 3, there was rather a critical moment for some of the shooting experts when the steamboat Monmouth ran into the steamboat Onteora. In the party were Messrs. U. M. C. Thomas and C. M. Landon, of the U. M. C. Co.; Mr. A. R. Berry, assistant secretary of the Smokeless Powder and Ammunition Co., London, and Mr Edward Banks, secretary of the American E C and Schultze Powder Co. Messrs. Landon and Banks were on the forward part of the main deck when the collision occurred. The whole port side ahead of the paddle wheel was shattered or splintered, and the bow of the boat was borne under water so far that Mr. Banks was suddenly more than waist deep in water and would have been swept overboard by the rush of water had it not been for the help of a nearby stanchion, to which he clung. He had pocketfuls of water and a wet camera, all of which were trifles compared with the saving of the affable and accomplished gentleman. Messrs. Thomas and Berry were watching the race so enthusiastically that they paid no heed to the collision.

The eighth annual fall tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, Oct. 25 and 26, Rochester, N. Y., has a similar programme each day, namely, ten events, 140 targets in all, with a total entrance of $14. Targets included in all events at 2 cents each. Five per cent. of the purses will be deducted for average money, to be divided each day 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. For general average the club gives $7 to first, $5 to second and $3 to third. No one barred from the sweepstake events. Manufacturers' agents will not be allowed to shoot for average moneys. Shooting begins at 9:30 each day. Lunch served on the grounds. Take Park avenue cars. The committee is as follows: Messrs. John F. Norton, R. C. Kerchner, Geo. Borst, J. L. Weller, A. H. Mosher and F. E. McCord.

A Cincinnati correspondent writes us as follows: "The scheduled event for the Fleischman-Peabody cup the first Wednesday in November will necessarily be postponed one week on account of the tournament. Last Wednesday's (Oct. 4) contest the standing of the leaders was in their five best scores—75 birds: Frank See 68, Gambell 68, A. C. Dick 67, Schuler 67, R. M. Burton 65, Hugheey 65, W. H. Little 65, Lindsley 64, H. Burton 64; and there's many a slip 'twixt, &c. Schuler has ordered a very fine medal to take the place of the cup now being shot for, the first contest to take place in December."

Mr. W. R. Colville, of the Du Pont Powder Co., while in New York last week visited the Interstate Park grounds, near Jamaica, L. I., in company with Capt. J. A. H. Dressel. He expressed himself as being highly pleased with them in every particular. They now are entirely cleared of the crops and seeded down, presenting a beautifully level appearance. They could not serve the intended purpose better if made to order. The architect's plans for the casino we learn are well advanced toward completion.

In the contest for the Review cup, at Kansas City, on Oct. 3, between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and W. R. Crosby, the latter won by the score of 98 to 97. On the following day they contested for the Republic cup, which Elliott won by the score of 100 to 91, Crosby losing 2 dead out. All the details are set forth with painstaking care by Mr. Litzke under the caption "Arkansas and the South."

The portrait of Capt. John Philip Sousa, "The March King," published in our columns this week, is from a photograph which we received through the courtesy of Mr. H. S. Humphrey, Indianapolis, Ind., who has attained a high degree of skill with the camera. It shows the great leader at the traps at a time when he was a guest of the Limited Gun Club.

Mr. S. R. Berry, assistant secretary of the Smokeless Powder and Ammunition Co., London, England, sailed on the Teutonic on Wednesday of last week, after a short visit in New York. He regretted that he could not remain longer to witness the yacht races. During his short stay he made many friends, who wished him bon voyage and a return to Yankeeland again.

Mr. H. B. Nicholson, secretary of the C. L. R. & G. C., Crown Point, Ind., writes us as follows: "The Cedar Lake Rod and Gun Club have named Oct. 28 and 29 as the days of their next tournament, the same to be held on the club grounds at Paisley (Cedar Lake), Ind. Programmes can be had by writing the secretary."

We profoundly regret the death of John Plankinton, Jr., of Milwaukee, Wis., who passed away recently from an acute attack of typhoid fever. He was less than twenty-one years old when he passed away, and had a large circle of friends who grieve for one who had so many noble qualities and bright prospects in life.

Wet, cloudy and dismal weather, with a bad light, were the conditions which governed the contest for the championship of New Jersey, of which the E C cup is emblematic, at Lyndhurst, N. J., on October 6, between Messrs. Harold Money and C. W. Feigenspan. The former won by the score of 46 to 43.

Dr. A. A. Webber, the champion pistol and expert trap shot, has been wearing goggles as a result of the accident which injured his eye at the Hell Gate Gun Club's shoot. For a time there was danger that the eye might not be saved, but it is a pleasure to relate that such danger is all past.

Mr. B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Co., under date of Oct. 6, writes us as follows: "Mr. Edw. S. Lentilhon's nephew had his new Remington gun stolen. Two hundred dollar grade, No. 100,197, hammerless, ejector. Will you kindly mention same in your paper and it may help to recover it?"

In the club shoot of the East Side Gun Club, Newark, at 25 targets, Geo. Piercy was high gun on a score of 21. In the sweepstake events, Mr. L. H. Schortemeier cut out the work for the competition.

Mr. R. W. Gorham, secretary of the Mount Kisco (N. Y.) Gun Club, informs us that his club's fall tournament, open to all, will be held on Oct. 26, and that there will be merchandise and cash prizes.

Mr. H. W. Levi, of the Garden City Gun Club, won the Chicago Sportsmen's trophy in the contest for it at Watson's Park, Oct. 7, the manner of it being all set forth in "Western Traps" this week.



CAPT. JOHN PHILLIP SOUSA.

On Oct. 18 there will be a 25-live-bird handicap at Morfey's shooting grounds, Lyndhurst, N. J. The entrance will be $10. Sweeps will also be shot at the pleasure of the contestants.

Mr. R. S. Waddell, of Cincinnati, O., and Mr. E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., were among the distinguished men who were in evidence in the gun colony last week.

The shooting season of the Crescent Athletic Club opened last Saturday. In the October cup event Mr. L. Rhett scored 25, the limit, with a handicap of 6.

The Garfield Gun Club, Chicago, has begun its series of live-bird shoots, two each month, fourteen in all, closing in May next.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Chicago Sportsmen's Trophy.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 7.—The fourteen entries for the Chicago Sportsmen's trophy contest, second of the series, yesterday, found fine weather and birds which were soft marks. This is really the poorest shooting month at pigeons of the year, as the birds are moulting now and do not fly well.

Nearly everybody went straight in the first trials of the 15-bird race, only two men—Dicks and Parker—falling back of 15, the former with 12 and the latter with 13. The shoot-off was the main thing and turned out an unexpected winner, H. W. Levi, of Garden City Club, who by means of his handicap shot out such old-timers as Geo. Roll, Joe Barto, Eddie Steck, J. H. Amberg, W. B. Leffingwell, etc. At the 15 hole, or third frame of 5s in the ties, Dr. Shaw lost a bird, and this left only six men in—Elias, Amberg, Roll, Barto, Levi and Young. The end of the next frame saw only three left in—Roll, Levi and Young—Elias having dropped out on his last bird in this string. Of the remaining three Roll had no bird allowance, Levi had needed his extra tie bird three times and Young had used his extra bird twice. In the following frame Roll lost his second bird and Young lost his first two. This left the race for Levi if he could kill straight after his missing his second bird. Levi pluckily killed on out straight and won the handsome badge. Roll and Young divided the money on second honors. Roll won high average badge for the second time. Scores:

Geo Roll, 30, 0	121221111221112	—15
C S Wilcox, 28, 2	12212120111101111	—15
C B Dicks, 28, 2	22112111111001000	—12
W B Leffingwell, 28, 1	02212211121111111	—15
Dr Shaw, 30, 1	221111111211121	—15
J L White, 28, 1	122111221121121	—15
Parker, 29, 1	11202122111012O1	—13
J Elias, 29, 3	22111212212101121	—15
J H Amberg, 30, 1	211112221121112	—15
J B Barto, 30, 1	222121222121222	—15
H Levi, 30, 3	212212221112111	—15
S E Young, 28, 3	22111210212100111	—15
Ed Steck, 30, 1	212112122121212	—15
S Palmer, 30, 1	21121221212011111	—15

Shoot-off:

Roll, 30, 0	12122	11221	11122	11221	20111 —4
Wilcox, 28, 0	22211	0w			
Leffingwell, 28, 0	1110w				
Shaw, 30, 0	12112	11112	2121*		
White, 28, 0	12222	22210			
Elias, 29, 1	22212	21112	22122	20210	
Amberg, 30, 0	22111	22122	11111	2010	
Barto, 30, 0	21222	21121	12121	2220	
Levi, 30, 1	111202	210111	11222	221202	202122—5
Young, 28, 1	22211	221011	12211	21112	002221—4
Steck, 30, 0	2*				
Palmer, 30, 0	12211	2*			

Levi won diamond badge. Roll and Young divided $5. Roll won high average badge.

Birds for Belle Meade.

Mr. Robert E. Cox, of this city, who is to provide the birds for the big Belle Meade shoot, writes me asking me to come over and look at his lot, as he has nearly 10,000 now in stock and is very proud of their quality. I hear Belle Meade orders fully 10,000 birds, and they will be a good sort.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Oct. 7.—The following scores were made on our grounds to-day. The weather was ideal for shooting, but unfortunately a farmer chose to-day to burn an old straw stack a short distance to windward, and a heavy fog of smoke drifted across the traps all afternoon. Notwithstanding the smoke, R. Kuss won A medal with a perfect score—25 straight—while W. Northcott was a close follower, winning B medal on a score of 24. C medal was won by Brabrook on a score of 17.

Jack Fanning, of Gold Dust fame, paid us a visit and solved the smoke problem to the extent of 21 out of 25. Dr. C. Shaw, a brother of our Dr. Shaw, was also a visitor from Woodhull, Ill. This closes the season of target shooting, and on Saturday we begin on a series of live-pigeon shoots. The series will consist of fourteen shoots, two each month until May. The scores:

Twenty-third trophy shoot, 25 targets:

Kuss	1111111111111111111111111—25
Richards	1100011111111111111011111—21
Dr Meek	1100100111111111111110100—18
Mrs Shaw	1000110111110001001110111—15
Dr Shaw	1111011111111011111111111—23
Pollard	0101100010001111010001100—11
S M Meek	0100010001110010110011101—12
Kehl	1100111100000010011001011—12
T Eaton	1001001101101100000011011—12
L Wolff, Sr	1100000100100001111000000— 8
Northcott	1111011111111111111111111—24
Hellman	1111110110111111110100111—20
Boa	1111110111111110101101011—20
T Wolff	0010110001000100001101000— 8
Fanning	1111111101111001111101111—21
Thomas	1010011100100101100111101—14
Rundell	0000010010000000000100000— 3
Brabrook	0101010001111111101111011—17
Hicks	0111111111110011111111111—22
O Byrne	0101101000001000000000010— 6

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	4	5	Events:	1	2	4	5
Targets:	15	10	10	10	Targets:	15	10	10	10
Kuss	14	9	9	..	S Wolff, Sr	..	4	..	..
Richards	14	7	4	8	Northcott	..	8	10	10
Dr Meek	13	7	..	..	Hellman	..	8	6	9
Mrs Shaw	10	7	..	..	Boa	..	..	9	7
Dr Shaw	11	10	..	..	F Wolff	..	..	2	..
Pollard	8	3	..	..	Fanning	..	..	9	10
S M Meek	6	3	..	..	Thomas	..	..	6	6
Kehl	7	5	..	..	Brabrook	..	..	8	..
Pollard	7	..	..	..	Hicks	..	..	10	..
T Eaton	..	5	3	..	C Shaw	..	..	3	..

The shoots will be held on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month.

Trophy shoots to begin at 1 o'clock and no entries permitted after 3 o'clock.

A shooter must participate in at least eight shoots to be eligible to win a prize. Eight high scores to count only.

Trophy events to be 10 live pigeons. An entrance fee of $2 will be charged (birds extra), and the money, if twenty-five entries or under, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; if over twenty-five entries, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., and the club to add $5 to each purse. Members will be placed on a handicap of distance only, 25 to 31yds., sliding handicap, to be rearranged after each shoot. Pigeons trapped in trophy events at 15 cents each.

All members are requested to note the fact that no entries in trophy events will be received after 3 o'clock.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Eureka Gun Club.

Chicago, Oct. 7.—In the trophy shoot, No. 2, Cunnyngham won in Class A, Dr. Miller won in Class B, J. L. Jones won in Class C and J. G. Lovell won in Class D.

Event No. 3 was the Mussey cup. J. G. Lovell (4) tied A. W. Adams (2), each scoring 24. In the shoot-off at 10 targets Adams broke 9 to Lovell's 6.

The team race, six men on a side, 20 targets, resulted as follows: Steck 15, Adams 17, Miller 17, Walters 16, Sundermeier 8, Dunbar 9; total 82.

Cunnyngham 18, Antoine 15, Bennett 15, Jones 15, Borroff 18, Lovell 14; total 92.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
J G Lovell	16	21	24	Dr Miller	..	18	20
Mrs Carson	18	14	..	C Antoine	..	17	20
Ed Steck	19	19	23	V Cunnyngham	..	24	21
A W Adams	20	23	24	Dr Morton	..	15	11
A Sundermeier	16	15	17	Dr Carson	..	18	19
Dr Turck	19	19	15	A Walters	..	13	..
J L Jones	17	23	19	J P Bowles	..	5	..
T W Bennett	16	18	17	A G Holmes	..	17	19
Mack	..	17	13	Dunbar	..	12	..

Trap Around Reading.

PHŒNIXVILLE, Pa., Oct. 6.—Stephens to-day won the gold medal at the second monthly medal shoot of the Phœnix Gun Club, of this place. Stephens and Buckwalter both shot from scratch, and each scored 24. In the shoot-off at 5 targets Stephens broke 5, while Buckwalter could only get 2. The shooting was over the magautrap, 25 targets per man. Score:

Medal shoot, handicap: Stephens, scratch, 24; Buckwalter, scratch, 24; Holman, 4, 21; Dotterer, 5, 20; Phlet, 6, 20; Hodge, 5; Ennis, 6, 18; Edwards, 6, 18; Miller, 7, 18; Harris, 9, 15; Erb, 10, 14; Tracy, 12, 12; Farley, 15, 9.

Cumbola, Pa., Oct. 4.—John Thomas to-day defeated Patrick Brennan, of St. Clair, in a live-bird match for a $20 purse. Brennan killed 2, while Thomas killed 3. Each man shot at 5 live birds, one trap.

Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 5.—W. C. Grube, of this city, to-day defeated E. F. Smith, of Fairville, in a 10-live-bird match for $15 a side on the shooting grounds at McGrann's Park. Grube killed 8 to Smith's 7. As soon as the match was completed Smith promptly challenged Grube to shoot another match at any number of birds for any sum. Grube at once accepted and proposed to shoot it at once at 20 live birds each, for $25 a side. This time Smith won by the score of 18 to 17 for Grube, although Grube had hard luck by having 3 drop dead out of bounds. The two then decided to shoot another match Oct. 12 at 25 live birds.

Royersford, Pa., Oct. 7.—Buckwalter to-day won the Corrigan medal by breaking 21 out of 25 targets at the monthly shoot of the Twin City Gun Club, of this place. The score: Buckwalter 21, Miller 19, Johnson 15, Poinsett 14, Corothers 7, Emmers 3.

The Twin City Gun Club have decided to hold a target shoot Oct. 21 for a fine $250 gun.

West Chester, Pa., Oct. 7.—The challenge cup of the West Chester Gun Club was to-day won by Hoopes, a new shooter. The scores are very low. Hoopes and Sellers tied on 17. In the shoot-off Hoopes won, breaking 6 to Sellers' 5. Score:

Twenty-five targets per man: Hoopes 17, Ford 15, Gill 15, Hoar 16, Howard 16, Sellers 17.

DUSTER.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, Oct. 7.—This was an off shoot. A few scores were made as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	10	20	25	5p	15	25
Gardner	12	..	16	21	..	13	22
Mrs Gardner	5	..	7	..	..	..	..
Althaus	6	..	13	19	6	13	14
Ashley	15	..	20	22	8	14	..
Bennett	12	9	15	..	10	..	..
Brigham	9	9	10	16	4	10	12
Paterson	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Siedell	..	..	4	9	..	8	14
Thompson	10	14	15	17	4	11	12
David	..	..	..	16	6	11	16
Amend	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Wright	..	..	..	..	..	..	14

GEO. B. PATERSON, Sec'y.

Arkansas and the South.

Elliott-Crosby Matches—Review Cup.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 3.—The first of a series of two matches between these two well-known experts was shot at Exposition Park to-day and resulted in a win for the Farmer Boy after a close and stubborn contest, which the final score shows was won by 1 bird. That each of the contestants was in the best of form is evidenced by the great score each put up, the aggregate showing Crosby 98, Elliott 97. The local man maintained the precedent he has so often established of losing his first bird, and though Crosby shortly afterward lost his 3d, he was never able to take the lead, as he lost his 13th and 85th, the latter costing him the race. Crosby, after missing his 3d, ran 57 straight, at which juncture his 61st fell dead out of bounds, after which he killed out. Crosby's best runs were 57 and 38, the latter remaining unfinished, while Elliott made the best run of the day—71. Both shooters used the first barrel with great precision, and the second was largely used for safety.

The birds were a very good lot, mostly blue of color, and as a rule good flyers. The weather conditions were good, though the light wind which blew right quarterly across the traps did not aid the birds materially.

Mr. Jno. J. Hallowell, of the U. M. C. Co., acted in the capacity of referee, Mr. W. V. Rieger was trap puller and Mr. James Whitfield, of the Kansas City Star, was official scorer. Through the courtesy of the latter we are able to give the flight of the birds.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

J A R Elliott....* 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—28
2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2—25
1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2—25
2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1—24—97
W R Crosby.... 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2—24
1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1—25
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 * 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2—24
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25—98

Republic Cup.

Oct. 4.—To-day Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and W. R. Crosby met again in a pigeon contest, though this time the possession of the Republic cup was at issue. This brought about a most remarkable contest, and resulted in Elliott retaining possession of the cup, as he put up a perfect score, running his 100 birds straight without a skip. Notwithstanding Elliott's great performance, Crosby also gave a good account of himself and actually missed but 1 bird, though the score only credits him with a total of 97. Two of his birds fell dead out of bounds.

In accomplishing his feat of to-day Elliott established a new record, as this is the first 100 straight birds which have ever been killed with a repeating gun, though it has twice before been accomplished in matches.

In November, '92, Mr. E. D. Fulford, in a match with J. L. Brewer, scored 100 straight. In July, '94, Elliott also succeeded in duplicating this feat. Fulford's score was made under Hurlingham rules and Elliott's under American S. A. rules. Each used double-barreled guns on these occasions.

Thus by his score of to-day Elliott is the only man in the trap-shooting world who has ever made such a score twice. Both of these feats were made on the same grounds, as his contest with Dr. Carver also took place at Exposition Park.

The prevailing conditions were not favorable to the birds, as a light drizzling rain fell, but that again made the light bad, so while the birds were not as fast as yesterday, the shooters had the light and a bad background to contend with. Crosby's best run was 48 straight, as he too ran straight up to the 49th round, but thenceforward dropped 1 in each string of 25.

Mr. Chris S. Gottlieb acted as referee, J. W. Bramhall as trap puller and Mr. James Whitfield as official scorer.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

W R Crosby,...2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1—25
2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 0—24
1 2 1 2 2 2 * 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 24
2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 * 2 1 1—24—97
J A R Elliott....2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—25
2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2—25
2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1—25
1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1—25
2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 - 25—100

Crosby used a Baker gun, E C powder in a Leader shell. Elliott used a Winchester repeater, Leader shell and Hazard powder.

St. Louis Tournament.

The programme for this has not come to hand yet, but Manager Corray writes me that there will be $225 added money, which, as I understand, will be added in the target event. The idea is to have two days' target shooting, with ten events, mostly 15 targets, and add $10 in each event, while the additional $25 will constitutue an average fund. The last day will be given over to live-bird shooting, and the chief event will be 25 birds, in which a valuable cup will be put up for competition. This should make quite an interesting programme and one that should draw more than its share of patronage, especially as it should catch some of the Western shooters en route to Belle Meade. This is to be a three-day affair in place of four, as originally announced.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Trap at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 6.—On Saturday, Sept. 30, the Baltimore Shooting Association held their first contest for the Pentz pin, a handsome pearl scarf pin presented to the association by Uncle Jake Pentz, of Shooting and Fishing. Ten birds were shot at by each contest, and the scores were: Dixon, 28yds., 10; Fox, 30yds., 10; Collins, 28yds., 10; Malone, Dupont, Coa, Hood and West killed 9 each; Judge, 5; Hicks missed his 8th bird and withdrew. A miss-and-out match followed and was won by Hicks and Fox, who divided the money on the fifteenth round.

Considerable interest is taken in a match in which Malone and Fox on one side and Hicks and Ducker on the other will shoot a race at 100 live birds per man for $250 a side. A forfeit of $50 has been posted by each side and the time for the race will probably be the last week in October at the Baltimore Shooting Association grounds.

On Tuesday, Oct. 3, at the Baltimore Shooting Association grounds, Ansley H. Fox and J. Mowell Hawkins shot a match at 25 live birds for $25 a side. Fox won, score being 23 to 22 in his favor. Immediately after this race, Fox was challenged by Dixon to shoot a similar race with the exception that Dixon was to stand at 28yds. and Fox at 30. The race was shot at once. Fox won, killing 25 straight to Dixon's 23. Fox killed his last 45 birds straight. Capt. Robinson, of the Baltimore baseball club, then shot a 10-bird race with Brodie, of the same club, Robinson winning—8 to 7.

On Wednesday, Oct. 4, at the Monumental Shooting Park, the third contest was held for the American Shot and Lead Co.'s live-bird handicap medal. This shoot was won by Hawkins, who killed 15 straight in the race and then won the shoot-off with Hicks by killing 5 to Hicks' 4. Hawkins shot from a 29yd. mark, while Hicks shot from a 30. There were sixteen other contestants for the medal. This medal must be won three times to become the personal property of the winner. Hicks, Fox and Hawkins have each won it once.

HAMMERLESS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

East Side Gun Club

Newark, Oct. 5.—The club shoot at 25 targets, handicap, was the main event of the day. Targets were thrown hard and a stiff wind in the latter part of the day and a stiff inblowing wind did not make them any easier later in the day. The scores follow:

Seitz, 12	1111111001000010000000000— 9
Ehrhart, 12	0111011000100000001101100—10
Schorty, 18	1011111110111011110001101—18
Piercy, 18	1111111101001111110111111—21
Feigenspan, 16	1111000111011111110100101—17
*Sinnock	1111111111101101010111111—21
Dr Davis, 12	1011010110011011111011110—17

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Piercy	12	10	15	14	11	10	15	14
Sinnock	11	..	..	..	12	10	9	14
Feigenspan	12	9	10	11	11	10	12	10
Schorty	12	12	10	12	13	11	9	13
Davis	9	11	5	6	..	..	..	..
Seitz	10	..	..	..	..	..	5	6
Ehrhart	6	..	4	5	..	10	..	..

*Visitor.

Championship of New Jersey.

Oct. 6.—The contest for the E C cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, had most unpleasant weather conditions. There was a slow, persistent rain falling most of the day. There was a raw atmosphere and a dark, bad light. Messrs. Harold Money, the holder, and C. W. Feigenspan, the challenger, were the contestants. The former won by the score of 46 to 43. On the first 25 he broke 24 to Fiegenspan's 23, and on the last 25 he broke 22 to his opponent's 20. Mr. Arthur Bunn was referee. Mr. W. R. Hobart was judge for Mr. Feigenspan, while Mr. T. Morfey was judge for Harold Money, Capt. A. W. Money pulled the traps. The targets were not thrown hard. The scores:

C W Feigenspan	0101111111111111111111111—23
	0011111111111110111100111—20—43
Harold Money	1101111111111111111111111—24
	1011101111111111101111111—22—46

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Morfey	14	..	24	19	20	Bunn	23	22	22	18	23
H Money	23	21	..	23	23	Capt Money	20	22	22	20	22
Feigenspan	21	21	21	20	25						

Walsrode Gun Club.

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 4.—In the practice event the following scores were made:

Bennet 8, Woolverton 5, Taylor 9, Francis 9, Ross 3, Thomas 9, Bennet 9, Francis 8, Petitt 1, Taylor 4, Worthington 2, Petitt 4, Worthington 5, Bennet 8, Taylor 3, Titus 3, Thomas 9, Barwis 4, Francis 2, Petitt 1, Petitt 2, Taylor 4, Thomas 3, Bennet 7, Petitt 2, Taylor 0.

Team shoot:

Team No. 1.

Ross	1111111110111111110111—18
Barwis	1011110011101101010100—12
Worthington	1100011111010111110l—14
Petitt	0000001100110100l010— 7
Woolverton	0001100010001111111l—11—62

Team No. 2.

Thomas	1111111111111111110—19
Bennet	1111111110111011110l—17
Taylor	1000100000000100010— 4
Titus	0001100000000010000— 3
Jackson	0011001100000101100l— 8—51

Twenty-five-target race:

Reed	0101000000110110111100001—11
Thomas	1111111111010100111111111—21
Bennet	1110111100111111011111110—20
Reed	0000011010001000100000110— 7
Lutis	1111111010w — 8
Ross	01101w — 3

Match race:

Maddock .....10000—1 Ross .....11010—3

Ten-target race: Petitt 2, Ross 6, Reed 5, Woolverton 6, Worthington 3.

Fifteen-target race: Woolverton 5, Thomas 12, Ross 11.

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 7.—To-day there was a contest between eleven men of the Cleveleand Gun Club and eleven men of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club, whose guests the former were. The conditions were 100 targets, shot in a series of 20-target events. This resulted in a victory for the visiting sportsmen, as also did the first race, shot in Cleveland.

Before the contest the visitors were entertained by the Audubon Club's committee, which met them at the boat with a tally-ho at 7:30 A. M. They were driven to The Lincoln for breakfast, after which they were treated to a drive through the parks, arriving at the grounds at 11 A. M. The match was then shot, when all lunched at Audubon Park Hotel. Afterward several target events were shot, the visitors again showing their superiority with the gun.

The fourth event was at 7 live birds.

After the shoot the party was banqueted at the Ellicott Club, when several of the visitors returned home. C. F. Lambert, of the Haverhill Gun Club, of Lynn, Mass., was present at the shoot.

Event No 2 was the club badge shoot. H. D. Kirkover, E. C. Burkhardt and H. C. B. tied for Class A Badge, Kirkover winning in the shoot-off. E. Reinecke won Class B. There were no contestants in Class C. The annual field day and merchandise shoot of the club will take place on the grounds on Thursday, beginning at 9:30 A. M. The manager of the grounds is contemplating a three-day (midwinter) tourney, to be held in January. Date and particulars will be announced later. The scores follow:

Cleveland Gun Club.

Redwing	14	14	17	19	15—79
Haycox	16	16	16	19	16—83
Forrester	16	16	19	19	18—88
Hogan	16	18	14	16	15—79
North	15	16	16	16	16—79
George	18	16	16	17	13—80
Wheal	18	14	13	18	17—80
Stanley	19	20	20	20	19—98
Goss	15	18	16	19	18—86
Snow	19	19	18	19	19—94
Elliott	20	18	18	19	19—94—940

Audubon Gun Club.

Talsma	18	19	14	16	13—80
Hammond	16	19	19	13	17—84
Carroll	14	17	17	17	14—79
C S Burkhardt	17	20	16	15	14—82
Reinecke	17	18	15	19	18—87
Kirkover	18	18	16	18	16—86
Kelsey	19	18	19	17	20—93
Stacey-Bennett	13	12	17	18	16—76
Norris	18	20	17	14	19—88
E C Burkhardt	15	20	17	19	19—90
McArthur	17	17	14	16	14—78—923

Sweepstake and badge shooting:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	20	25	20	*	Targets:	20	25	20	*
A J Braden	14	17	14	6	Haycox	13	16	..	..
Lang	11	16	11	4	North	15	17	..	5
Grant	15	20	17	..	Kirkover	19	21	17	6
Lambert	13	21	18	5	Reinecke	15	20	..	..
Forrester	19	24	16	5	333	11	..	..	5
Elliott	19	23	19	6	Dr Carroll	16	20	..	5
Stanley	17	24	18	5	Bennett	17	18	..	..
E C Burkhardt	19	21	19	7	H C B	17	21	..	3
Hammond	19	..	..	..	Goss	15	..	17	7
Norris	17	20	18	..	J D Denny	6	8	..	..
Redwing	16	20	18	..	McArthur	17	17	..	..
Snow	18	22	18	..	F C C	12	..	9	..
George	16	20	..	..	J O'Brien	9	..	..	..
C S Burkhardt	19	17	..	7	Kerew	..	12	..	6
F D Kelsey	17	20	..	..	McCarthy	..	..	13	7
Foxie	10	13	..	7					

*Seven live birds.

Pawling Rod and Gun Club.

THE tournament of the Pawling Rod and Gun Club, Oct. 6 and 7, was unfortunate in respect to weather on Friday, the first day, for there was rain and dark clouds and a bad light—so much so that a number of New York shooters who intended to be present abandoned the purpose and did not go at all. This club has been unfortunate in its tournaments of the present year, but it has leaders in its membership who pluckily continue the good work.

To us the programme seemed a bit high as to entrance moneys, there being twelve events on the first day calling for 210 targets, on a basis of 10 cents a target, or a total entrance of $21. On the second day the total entrance was $19, or $40 for the two days. However, all who were present enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Mr. Otis Arnold acted most efficiently as cashier, assisted by Mr. Ross Chapman. Mr. Mort Haines was referee, and the Captain, Mr. Horatio Nelson, was squad hustler.

Friday, First Day, Oct. 6.

There were nine contestants all told on this day. The weather was wet and raw. The targets were far from easy to negotiate. No. 6 had $5 added and No. 12 had $10 added. No. 9 was the merchandise handicap. Ten events were shot in addition to the regular programme. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	25
Egbert	8	11	14	11	10	15	11	7	13	12	13	18
W Hopkins	8	13	16	12	9	14	13	13	12	10	16	21
J Hopkins	8	13	17	10	8	11	9	9	..	..	..	..
Dutcher	12	12	18	11	11	14	12	15	19	9	16	21
Tallman	12	10	14	13	14	18	13	14	13	15	18	22
Nelson	12	11	14	10	11	15	13	6	12	13	13	19
Van Allen	..	..	..	11	14	18	14	11	16	..	..	..
Holmes	..	..	..	10	11	9	11	9	10	11	..	19
Fink	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	0	0

Saturday, Second Day, Oct. 7.

The weather was clear and bright, with a strong, fluky wind blowing betimes, which made the targets fly irregularly. Eight events besides those of the programme were shot. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10		15									
Van Allen	8	8	14	14	17	11	12	18	9	13	11	24
W Hopkins	10	7	15	14	16	11	13	18	9	11	11	20
I Tallman	6	9	13	13	17	14	12	23	9	11	14	24
Dominie	5	8	13	10	19	10	12	23	7	14	13	23
Dutcher	5	8	13	9	14	14	11	15	7	12	12	15
Egbert	8	8	11	12	17	12	14	22	9	6	14	19
J Hopkins	3	..	..	..	13	..	..	20	..	..	..	..
Foster	7	9	12	11	14	12	9	..	8	8	..	19
Nelson	4	7	10	10	6	..	..	15	7	6	..	..
Warner	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..
Waters	..	..	..	..	15	11	11	17	6	19	..	13

Bison Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 5.—The contest for the Clinton Bidwell challenge trophy to-day resulted in a win by Stacy, who defeated E. C. B. in this match.

C. S. B. has challenged Stacy for the cup and the match will be held on Oct. 19.

The score in the 25-live-bird match was a tie, each killing 22 birds. E. C. B. lost his first bird in the shoot-off, which was a miss-and-out. The day's scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	15	15	25	Targets:	10	15	15	25
Ed Saul	8	8	13	20	E C B	..	13	14	22
Stacy	7	11	14	21	O'Brian	..	13	12	21
Foxse	8	12	13	21	Dettron	..	14	13	20
U C H	4	..	12	20	Bauman	..	10	11	19
Cannon	..	12	13	21	McCarthy	..	13	12	21
Mack	..	12	13	19	Siegrist	8	12	13	20
M C Carney	..	12	14	21					

In the live-bird event the scores were: Stacy, 26 out of 30; Foxse, 21 out of 25; Mack, 3 out of 5; E. C. B., 27 out of 30; Dettron, 2 out of 5; McCarthy, 16 out of 20; Siegrist, 3 out of 5.

Portsmouth Gun Club.

PORTSMOUTH, Va., Oct. 5.—The scores of the Portsmouth (Va.) Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4		Events:	1	2	3	4	
Targets:	10	15	10	15	Broke.	Targets:	10	15	10	15	Broke.
Stewart	8	14	8	12	42	Noel	4	11	8	13	36
Byrd	5	12	8	12	37	Redd	5	9	5	8	27
Miller	9	6	10		34	Butt	7	13	8	13	41
Pierce	6	9	5	10	30	Bilisoly	6	13	9	12	40
Gallagher	8	14	7	14	43	Ballentine	4	5	3	6	18
Garrett	6	8	6	8	..	Lee	4	4	2	5	15
Mooney	4	8	6	8	26	Schooler	7	10	5	9	31

R. O. B. MULES, Sec'y.

John F. Weiler Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Oct. 3.—At 25 targets to-day the following scores were made: E. Ulmer 7, H. Erdman 5, O. Engleman 11, L. Straub 8, O. Acker 15, F. D. Lauer 21, J. W. Binner 11, O. Griesemer 13, C. H. Desh 8, C. Kramlish 18, J. Market 4, A. Griesemer 11, L. Straub 15.

At 10 live birds the scores were: O. Engleman 5, E. Ulmer 8, A. Acker 7, C. Leiberman 6, J. Flickriger 6, L. Straub 7, J. W. Binner 10, O. Griesemer 8.

At 5 live birds the scores were: L. Straub 2, O. Griesemer 4, O. Acker 1, A. Weiler 3. Again at 5 live birds the scores were: L. Straub 5, A. Grieseman 3, O. Acker 2, A. Weiler 1, E. Ulmer 3, H. L. Minnich 1.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Many readers will be interested in the fact advertised in another column that the estate of Herbert of Muckross is soon to be sold at auction. Perhaps no estate in all the world is better known than this, which includes practically the entire points of scenic attraction at the world-famed Lakes of Killarney, and this sale must therefore be of great interest to the thousands of American tourists who visit Killarney each year. It has been known for some time that the estate was to be sold, and it had been reported that a syndicate of rich Americans had combined to take it and so save the beautiful place. It has also been said that Sir Thomas Lipton had bought it privately. It now appears that neither of these was true and the estate is to be sold by auction.—*Adv.*

The crisp October air and the yellowing foliage reminds us that the ducking season will soon be here. It is time, therefore, for each man to begin to look over his outfit and see what he needs for the late autumn and winter shooting. In these days no man can kill ducks without decoys, and good decoys at that, and it is said that among the best of these are the Sibley decoys, advertised in another calumn.—*Adv.*

The capture of a 33lb. striped bass on a 7oz. Leonard rod is something that ought to have a fuller notice than mere mention in William Mills' Sons' advertisement. Such a feat, we take, is quite unexampled and must have filled the heart of the successful angler with varied emotions, of which pride and joy were the last. Only those who are familiar with the fighting qualities of the striped bass can realize what this contest must have been.—*Adv.*

The new catalogue of the Marlin Fire Arms Co., dated Sept 18, 1899, is something of a departure from the usual form of such catalogues and an improvement. The colored cover shows a man standing over two pointing setters and is very effective. The catalogue is divided into three sections referring (1) to details of the weapons manufactured by the Marlin Fire Arms Co., (2) information in regard to the arms and ammunition used in them, and (3) hints for those who use these weapons. Whether one proposes to purchase a Marlin or not, the book is useful and interesting. It will be sent on application to any one sending two stamps for postage.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 17. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

FORESTS AND FOREST FIRES.

THE damage wrought by forest fires, though it is known to be great, is very hard to measure, or even to estimate. Yet in statistics brought together by the Division of Forestry at Washington we have some hint of the loss that these fires cause to the country. The records indicate that the direct loss from this source is not less than $20,000,000; but to this must be added the still greater loss that is only to be guessed at in the injury from diminution of the water supply, the burning of the soil, the killing of the young trees and the loss of gain which the young forest would make year after year, which last may amount to several hundred board feet per acre each year. It may be possible with continued investigation to reach a closer estimate of this total loss, but already it may be assumed that the average yearly loss from forest fires in the United States is probably more than $50,000,000. The matter is one of such great interest to the people at large, and above all to those inhabiting States or Territories possessing great forests, that it is worthy of the closest attention.

In a recent article in the National Geographic Magazine Mr. Gifford Pinchot has most interestingly discussed the effect of forest fires, not as agents of destruction, but as modifiers of the composition of the forest and of its mode of life. In this relation the forest fire has been little studied, and information concerning it is to be found only in the forest itself, sometimes on the surface and at others buried far beneath the soil. All the forests that we know, or have any record of, have been themselves the successors of others which at intervals have been burned down, and from whose ashes others have arisen. Often in the forests of to-day we can find traces of fires which took place a hundred years ago, and sometimes still further back.

It has long been believed, and is now fairly well established, that a very large portion of the treeless area of North America has been kept bare of timber by fire, and the readiness with which trees grow and seed themselves on the prairies when these grass lands are protected from fire is good evidence in favor of this belief. The oak openings and the so-called fire glades in timbered regions are due to the same causes.

The different sorts of trees found in a forest have different powers of resistance to fire. These resisting qualities are of two principal kinds, the one adapted to protecting the individual tree solely through its own powers of resistance, the other to provide for the continuance of the species without regard to the single tree.

Examples of the first sort are found in the Western larch—the extremely thick bark of which is almost fireproof, and is so good a non-conductor that it protects the living tissues of the tree, even against fires hot enough to scorch the trunk fifty or seventy-five feet above the ground—and in the big trees of California, whose bark is a perfect protection against fire. The longleaf pine has in addition to its thick bark another means of protection. The very young trees commonly grow amid thick grass and during the first four or five years of their life reach a height of but four or five inches. But while the stem during this time makes little growth, the long needles shoot up and bend over so as to reach the ground in a circle about the stem. This barrier of green needles burns only with difficulty, and besides this it shades out the grass about the stem, and so furnishes a double fire resisting shield about the young tree.

The second method of protection against fire, which has to do with the continued propagation of the species even after the individual trees have been destroyed, is exemplified by the lodge-pole pine, a species of wide distribution in the Rocky Mountains. This thin-barked tree is readily destroyed by fire; but nevertheless it is gaining ground through this very agency of destruction, and replacing over great areas the thick-barked species like the red fir and the Western larch. For several years after they are matured the lodge-pole pine hoards up the ripe seeds in its cones; and as fire seldom burns down the trees, merely killing them and leaving them to fall when their roots have decayed, the cones are not burned, but remain uninjured to distribute their seeds, from which a new growth of trees springs up, in an increased ratio to the remainder of the forest.

The distribution of the red fir, which is the most valuable commercial tree of Washington, is governed so far as we know at present by the action of fire. Other trees, like the hemlock and the white cedar, have been destroyed and their place has been taken by the red fir.

All this, of course, does not imply that these costly fires which constantly devastate the West are desirable, but the study of the general effect of fire on the forest is most interesting, and is likely to be of the highest economic value.

SPORT AND DRESS.

THE development of sport has had a tremendous influence upon dress and the tendency has been in the direction of the rational and convenient. Yachting, lawn tennis, wheeling, golf, each in turn has encouraged the simple and useful in pattern; and it were difficult to determine whether man or woman had gained the more, the one with his knickerbockers and the other with her shortened skirts. Both have renewed their youth with their short clothes.

The requirements of fashion with respect to clothing are hardly less rigorous in sport than in respect to the uniforming of employees, or than those social rules which "call in" the straw hat in autumn or formulate the etiquette of everyday dress. And there is excellent reason in this. The special wheeling suit, for instance, is demanded and is the fashion, because it is the one style best adapted to the purpose; with it the management and propulsion of the wheel are accomplished with less exertion and fatigue than when the rider is clad in his ordinary cumbersome clothing. Nor is any caprice of fashion likely to bring into use in the realm of outdoor sports garments which interfere with comfort and convenience. The dudes of fashion may suffer tortures if they must to be in style, but when it comes to sport considerations of utility control.

The sportsman's wear bought in the gun stores and the fishing tackle shops is an evolution of experience in the field and on the stream. From the cap and the shooting coat with its many pockets to the wading trousers and the waterproof shoes, in material, pattern and make, each article is the product of common sense as applied to equipment for a particular purpose. The well-dressed sportsman is the one who is clothed in the garments most convenient for the pursuit of shooting or fishing. Fashion determines here, as in other fields, but the fashion is one which grows out of approval of those forms which have been adopted only because contributing to comfort.

The clothes do not make the sportsman, but they do add to his satisfaction in the field, so soon, at least, as the painful newness has worn off. The older the shooting suit, with its many signs of wear as so many evidences of long experience, the more grateful it is. Indeed, only when the freshness has been dulled with the service of years and weathered with the sun and the rain and mud and sleet and hail and snow and crock and smudge and smoke and stain and grease and grime, when the garment has become in fact "the old hunting coat" and is invested with the reminiscences and associations of the years, does the muse compel to verse in its praise. We have had poems on the old hunting coat; did any one ever dream of apostrophizing the new?

There are those—you meet such men now and then—who entertain the common notion that the hunting coat makes the sportsman; but while they rig themselves out in the most approved dress, and parade the field as perfect paragons of the latest thing in style, they show themselves perhaps only shams and duffers as sportsmen and shots. The costume serves to intensify their verdancy. A greenhorn in "correct styles" is several shades greener than a greenhorn in an ordinary everyday suit of clothes.

To dress correctly, or as nearly to the correct thing as opportunity affords, is to begin right, but after all it is the beginning only. Not until one has outworn sundry suits of hunting toggery shall he have acquired that fund of field lore and the wisdom of the woods which cause the rest of the camp-fire company to grow still and give attentive ear when he begins to talk.

There is ease and freedom in the old suit. Bring it out from its long concealment; put it on for these glorious autumn days and revert to the old-clothes stage of real living in the field.

A CONNECTICUT ST. GEORGE.

THE world dearly loves to be humbugged, if only the delusion has to do with snakes. There is the old belief, for instance, concerning the deadly character of the flat-headed adder of New England. The New York Herald had a highly sensational story the other day from Danbury, Conn., relating the heroic adventure of the adder, as described by a Dr. Allan P. McDonald. The report describes the occurrence as "an encounter with a venomous snake in one of the busiest streets of the city." It appears that as Dr. McDonald was driving past one of the Danbury hat factories he discovered a "large snake coiled upon a window sill ready to strike." Shouting to several people who were approaching, he warned them of their danger and soon had the street cleared for action. Approaching the snake, he discovered that it was a flat-headed adder, "one of the most venomous snakes of this neighborhood, and now almost extinct except in the mountains." The physician studied the serpent's movements for several minutes, and was convinced that it was lying in wait for a victim. The snake in turn noticed the physician when he was within several feet of the window, and its raised head followed his every motion, but it did not have the snake sense to know that the man, too, was out for a victim. The Doctor summoned a posse of laborers and posted them along the curb; then repairing to a neighboring foundry he armed himself with a hefty iron pipe and "began the battle." The spectators looked on, spellbound with terror, and nobody daring to volunteer to assist the physician when the deadly nature of the snake became known. Again and again the doughty Danbury St. George advanced to the attack, and again and again "the dangerous motions of the snake" caused him to retreat. As the iron pipe descended for the final blow the snake sprang toward it and the affrighted man's arm quailed so that the stroke fell short. But "before the snake could glide near enough to reach" the devoted Doctor its back was broken with a quick blow, and the viper was dispatched, whereupon the spectators applauded lustily and Danbury breathed freely once more. The snake measured 2ft. in length and was half as large around as a mans wrist. When we remember that the flat-headed adder of New England is a non-venomous snake and not nearly so dangerous to human kind as are the pugnacious bantams Dr. Jones writes of, we might be inclined to ridicule the Danbury incident and to belittle Dr. McDonald's feat. It is pitiful indeed that at this age and in a community of schools a professioinal man should show himself so ignorant in such a simple thing. On the other hand, we might not perhaps reasonably require of a Danbury physician that he should be so far in advance of the communty in which he lives as to encounter with equanimity a 2ft. harmless snake in the street. Moreover, if Dr. McDonald actually believed himself engaged in desperate conflict with a deadly serpent his conduct under the circumstances had just as much of the heroic in its as if the reptile had been a rattler.

The guide registering system of Maine was designed in part to insure that sportsmen would be provided with guides who were safe companions in the woods. Now that a Maine visiting sportsman has been killed by his registered guide in mistake for a deer, it is manifest that the license does not work altogether in the way anticipated. The fact is that no system ever has been devised or ever can be, short of absolute prohibition of the use of a gun, to restrain the trigger-finger of the fatuous shooter who will not wait to make sure of what he is shooting at. There may be deer galore in Maine woods; but there are deer hunters galore there too; and the degree of hunting caution demanded is correspondingly higher to-day than ever before. In a deer country thickly populated with human beings there is always the possibility if not the probability that a moving object is a human being; and if it is of a dun color that it is a man in a hunting suit instead of a deer in the blue. One expedient for reducing the peril of Maine hunting is to make provision that the guide shall leave his own rifle at home. That would with some parties cut the armament in two and lessen the danger of fatality by one-half.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Communication of the Jungle Lodge.

(Not from any one Samoan, nor in any one day spent far afield in the mountain whither the chance of the rod and gun called me, did I learn these arcana of the wildwood. Here a little and there a little, in forest camp or by brink of mountain streams, from one and from another of my wild companions, I grew to learn the mysteries of the jungle. The scenic setting is my own; the English is also mine; yet I have essayed to render as faithfully as I could the words that were told me. For the facts I am indebted to my faithful companions of many a forest day, to Laulu and to Tanoa, and to the graceful young Talolo, who led me through many woodland paths.)

We are the brethren here of the forest and of the stream. Under waving branches and at the brink of mountain brooks we have learned the arcana of the wildwood. We need no sword of tilers, for the woodland paths are free to all who choose their secluded ways. We are free of nature's secret work; we are the lodge of the wilderness duly constituted. Therefore this of all others is the place to report the communication of the lodge of the jungle.

The place of meeting is well set. The officers and the fellows of the craft are coming. Far in the eastern sweep of the mystery of the broad South Sea is the sunrise; in its distant riddle of the west is the sunset; behind us the dark and northern stretch of ocean; before us awaiting our further effort is the trackless jungle of the mountain. Over sharp blocks of basalt, spewed long ago from the peaks when Samoa was yet ablaze with volcanoes, the narrow path leads on the knife-edge of the mountain spurs. On either hand the cool depths of green and humid shade of sharply carved valleys hide the dashing streams, whose roar resounds through the air now as a bold outburst of sound, again as the merest chatter and faintest murmur from the homes of the fishes. Here a giant banyan covers half an acre with its spreading expanse of monster branches, each borne up by supporting trunks, which enter the soil and become new trees themselves. In its vistas and arcades grows the rich grass which makes a master's carpet of velvety turf. In the inmost tabernacle rises the massive heart trunk of the colony of growth, a trunk flanked and buttressed by planes and slabs of timber standing on edge from the parent trunk. The rocky path swings aside to lead the brethren of the craft to rest and refreshment under its grateful shade. From untrodden depths of the waste of woods a tiny stream babbles into hearing and forms a wee pool, where the fishes leap. The lodge is set beneath the tree, and by the laughing mountain brook. Its obligation is a simple one, and easy to remember and to fulfill; brethren of the wilderness shall take with them from the mother lodge of all the world not so much as a single one of its living creatures, to be sold to uninitiate men. All else they may snare and take for their own sport, with net and spear, and rod and gun, and any gin they please. The one watchword in every tongue of man and beast and bird is the ancient word "good hunting."

The brethren gather to the opening of the lodge. From the sea a small party is toiling upward, glad to rest beneath the banyan. In the party are Samoans, to whom the jungle is home. Just as soon as they have left the roads of Apia and the marks of foreign settlement, the death and taming of the wildwood, they have hung about their necks fragrant garlands of the flowers of the frangipanni and the moso'oi, the rich ylang-ylang. Every bare head is girt with a leaf of the wild ginger, the 'avapui, and its spicy fragrance hangs in the air. Behind each ear is tucked away a brilliant blossom of the hibiscus, with its flaming red. Thus the brethren of the jungle lodge prepare themselves for the communication. With them is one white face, a Papalangi, one free of the wilderness from the snows of the north to the liana tangle of the equator. Apia is left behind; with it is left behind the cares of a world that knows not the woodland life—we are free brethren of the wilderness in the mother lodge of the world. At the banyan shade we find the lodge room swept and garnished, awaiting our rest from labor. Its smooth carpet is hemmed in by a wall of lush herbs, which are good for the creatures of the wilderness, good for food, good for scent, good to look upon. Burdens are laid aside, weary limbs stretch out for repose upon the turf. Thirsty lips seek the pool where fishes play. Here is a sign to test the brother of the wilderness. Watch him drink and then you will know if he be indeed a brother under the one obligation. He does not bend down to the water; he seeks no leaf to carry the fluid to his parched lips. The true brother stands at the margin, and cupping his hand scoops the stream up to his lips, sending it flying through the air in a sparkling curve, until it vanishes in his mouth; it is an old sign; it was honored when the world was young. The initiates of the wilderness recognize the sign of brotherhood. When doughty Col. Gideon wanted brave men for a forlorn hope he set them at the stream to drink, and because he wanted brave and wholesome souls he chose the brethren of the wilderness, who established themselves as free of the craft by the way they slaked their thirst. It is in the Bible for all to read; it is clear only to those who work the wood degrees.

While the brethren rest another brother comes that way. His bare feet make no sound upon the stony path; his body sets no crackling bush agog. Silent in the hum of nature the brother makes his way down from the mountain heights which we are soon to tread. Without a note of warning he stands within the lodge, prepared to labor with his brethren in the mother lodge between the valley and the mountain top. He proves his right to labor with the brethren. Were he to meet them on the open beach he would give a cheery greeting of "Talofa, ali'i," love to you, and he would be answered, "Talofa lava," love indeed. But in the jungle with his brethren he gives the true and ancient hailing sign as he stands at the edge of the master's carpet and listens to the rippling of the water, which he may not touch until he has established his brotherhood. "Ua sao le vao," he cries, "free is the wildwood." And the brethren recognize his claim to brotherhood, and every brother for himself gives back the ancient accepted answer, "Ta fia ola," "there let me live." That is all there is of ritual, as simple as nature herself, but a pretty idea of savage folk, is it not?

What food there is is spread upon clean leaves, and then is shared to all alike, the brethren of the jungle seating themselves in order on cushions of the great leaves of the mountain palm, whose trunks grow in shapely columns from the rocky soil. When food is dispatched, even to the last item of dripping joints of sugar cane and the spicy stems of succulent herbs, which await the plucking on every side at the edge of the shade of the spreading boughs of the banyan, then cigarettes are made of the sun-cured leaves of the native tobacco, wrapped in the soft, dried leaf of the banana, and fire is made in jungle fashion—by the brisk rubbing of dry sticks. When the pungent wreaths of blue smoke begin to float in the breathless atmosphere the craft recount the tales of the wood and stream.

While the talk passes idly from one to another and all is still save the hum of liquid island speech, the younger brethren of the forest shyly glide upon the sight, the serving brethren of the lodge. In the pool, where the babbling stream is hemmed between great rocks and forms a quiet backwater, the gaily colored fish come to the shining surface and blow tiny bubbles, that slowly float down stream until, caught in the flow of the brook, they break at the sheeny edge, where the water flows over the containing wall of rock, or, seized in some gentle eddy, float backward to the brink and join the other bubbles, which mark the breath of other fishes. Or as the dancing insects flit above the watery surface, the more adventurous fishes leap in quick pursuit, and falling back with a flash of color and a gentle splash, mark the placid surface with concentric rings of ripples. At the edge, where the grasses and other herbs dip their leaf tips in the pool, the dusky crayfish dart from rock to rock, dun flashes in the spots of sunlight, never daring far from the protection of the stones.

Overhead there is cooing of the most frequent bird of these tropical forests, the manutangi, the bird that cries, the friend and pet of every Samoan woodsman, never killed by any chance of hunting, but often taken to hang at home in the thatched huts for the pleasure of the people, to delight them with its cooing from the glint of dawn until the set of sun. More rarely is heard the note of the lupe, the South Sea Island pigeon. It may be in the very summit of the banyan itself, but its note sounds always far away and faint upon the listening ear, such a tone as though some skillful drummer far away were beating the long roll on a deep-toned drum. To hunt it in the old days before the gun was known was in itself the highest secret of the craft; to know its habits and its secret lurking places, to watch the whole night through and to lure its daybreak flight to the waiting nets, where none but the surest eye and cunning hand could intercept it as it dashed across the view. The sly rail dodges with a quick hop and skip into sight upon the green turf of the jungle lodge, and dodges back again in shy surprise. Time and time again it runs further and further into open sight; it gains confidence in the idle men, and by little and little makes its way with little side steps and halts and eager runs until it comes to the remnant of the meal and satisfies its hunger with a constant accompaniment of little chirps and fluttering of its stunted wings. If there chance to be a gap in the green ceiling of the banyan branches overhead the watchful eye may now and then spy the lofty passage of the giant tropic bird, the tava'e, the swiftest in flight of all feathered folk, thinking nothing in its sweep from sea to sea of scaling the mountain summit jutting into the upper air. This mighty courser of the sea and sky is in high regard with this island people; he has the gift of the fair wind for the course of their canoes; by prayer as he passes overhead they may obtain the favoring breezes.

The turf bends and sways as though the winds, unseen and unfelt, were reaching down into this silent shade. Every movement of the spears of grass betrays the noiseless gliding of the lizards, which chase along the moist soil and on the trunks of the banyan in pursuit of their insect food. The eye may catch them in their quick passage, but that is more than the most agile hand may accomplish. Always close to the reclining men, they are swift to elude the most cautious movement for their capture. Just out of reach they rest on some bending stalk of grass, 6in. of dark blue length, gleaming and watchful eyes, darting tongues, a wire spring for agility when they take fright at any untoward movement. In the forest tales in the jungle lodge this blue lizard, the pili, is credited with the ancestry of the chiefly stock. He married in the beginning of time the fair daughter of the King of Manu'a, and bred the chiefs of the several islands; the very race of kings derives its power from this early lizard god. Even in the incandescent crater of Kilauea on Hawaii, thousands of miles away across the summer sea, it is fabled that Pili came from his Samoan home to wed with the goddess of the living fire, with Pele, who sits in the flame of the Halema'uma'u, surrounded by her sisters, the Hioakas. More agile still is a tiny gecko lizard, the mo'o, scarcely as long as the smallest finger of a man, red and brown glints of quivering movement as they glide in and out of vision, and adventure dizzy leaps from the tree trunks to the thick grass beyond. Still closer companions of the waiting men are the threadlike leeches of this soggy soil. It keeps one busy plucking them from the flesh, as they measure their crawling over the body, stretching inch by inch as the common measuring worms progress. The Samoans have the idea that the leech is one of the risks of the forest; that they do no harm to the skin, but if a man sleeps out of nights he will wake in the morning to find the leeches at his eyes, where they hang for two days at a time, blinding the sufferer, yet not to be removed except at the risk of destroying the sight.

This jungle woodcraft takes note of other forest things—things that are never really seen, but are always a dread evil to be watched against. In the deepest valleys are cannibal slaves who have run away from the plantations, black savages from the wilder islands kidnapped by the white men and set to forced and irksome toil. Winning by some lucky stroke their freedom, they form camps in the bush and issue by stealth to maraud the plantations of their peaceful neighbors, and to kill a man for food if they can catch him unawares. Samoans, when they go to the forest, have no liking for these "mea 'uli." the "black things," as they call them, but rather supreme dread of their dangerous attacks.

Nor are runaway wild men the only thing to dread. The mountains are full of malevolent spirits, the "aitu," fierce natures ready to wound and destroy mankind. Chief of these is Nifoloa, who has a set of long tusks, with which he bites the courage of the bravest and sends them pining home to die, and without avail of medicine. There is Nafanua, who lurks beside the paths, and hiding behind a tree thrusts his spear into the back of the passing hunter; he feels a sharp twinge of pain, and he goes home to bid his friends good-by and die beyond the hope of cure. There is So'oalo, the ghost of a chief who died a century ago, a great netter of pigeons in his day when he worked the woodland degrees, but now his malice intervenes to drive away the pigeon before the hunter at dawn. Another to be dreaded is a lady ghost; she appears in the guise of the fairest of maidens, and only to the bravest of the young chiefs, who straightway sicken and die for love of her.

But the period of rest and refreshment has gone by; the work of the wood remains; it is time for the lodge to rise, and the brethren to resume their operative tasks. Those who are bound inland gird themselves to essay the mountain trail; the other wayfarer sets his face down hill and seaward. The communication of the jungle lodge is closed; the last words are the simple ritual of the savage woods, "ua sao le vao," "the wildwood is free," and back floats through the dreamy air the accepted reply, "ta fia ola," "there let me live."

Llewella Pierce Churchill.

In the Aroostook Country.

I had been looking foward to the time when I would be able to leave the engrossing and perplexing office duties, city noises and dusty streets for the pure air and quiet and stillness of the woods, lakes and springs at the headwaters of the Aroostook River, in Maine. Aroostook county, which is larger in area than the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island combined, is an ideal country for moose, deer, trout, togue and salmon; and owing to the better protection of game in Maine than in Canada, deer and moose are becoming more plentiful. The reader can form some idea of their numbers when I say that I have seen as many as twenty-one deer in the water at once. I also saw three moose, a cow, a calf and a spike bull feeding in the river together.

I hear and read the many glowing reports from New Brunswick and other parts of eastern Canada; but to a person who wishes to make a two or three weeks' trip and who wishes to avoid red tape, expensive licenses, custom houses, their duties and necessary bondsmen, and the obvious delays, I think the average sportsman would be much better satisfied with a trip up the Aroostook. A person can leave by fast express train from New York city at 3 P. M., travel with the most improved degree of comfort all the way to the northern end of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, and inside of twenty-four hours cast his flies in the salmon pool on the Aroostook. The river from Oxbow up is beautiful; the shores are not mountainous, but are hilly and sloping, and the stream runs rapidly. Its waters are cold, and as the river bottoms are rock or gravel the waters are clear. A succession of rapid-running streams from ponds and lakes make the river that drains 400 square miles of forest. This vast region extends in a westerly direction from the Canadian border to Chandler and Churchill lakes and in a northely direction from the East Branch of Penobscot to the Allagash Mountains.

Our trip up the Aroostook was one of unalloyed pleasure. The weather was pleasant, the scenery was very fine, and moose and deer could quite frequently be seen feeding on the shores, or reaching down under the still water for lilypad roots, which the moose seem to be particularly fond of. These large roots resemble banana stems, from which the small lily vines grow, and I have heard old woodsmen say they had seen deer eat the big roots as well as the small vines and leaves that grow from them. After two hours' canoeing we reached one of William Atkins' camps, where we had supper. We found Mr. Atkins everything that could be desired, as host and sportsman. His camps, of which he has about twenty, located on fourteen different lakes, ponds and streams, accommodate in all about thirty persons. When we were there there were four ladies and sixteen gentlemen sportsmen, and some of the ladies could cast a fly in excellent style. On the evening of our first day there, while the guide was getting fire and the supper things ready, I made a cast of a scarlet ibis and a brown hackle and took one salmon and twelve trout. We made it a rule not to keep any more fish from the water than we needed to eat, as we had no ice—and I have never seen really good hunting or fishing where it was customary to use cracked ice. On this occasion we took sufficient fish to make our supper that evening and breakfast in the morning, as we wished to make an early start up the river. After supper we sat around a log fire, talked of hunting and fishing incidents of the past and made plans for the following day. Receding further back from the fire as the heat increased, my hunting companion, Frank House, remarked that an Indian had said, "White man make big fire and freeze to death; Indian make small fire, keep warm all the time."

We were up at daybreak, had breakfast and made an early start, paddling leisurely up the still water, stopping occasionally to look at deer or moose feeding on the river bottoms. We reached the home camps at Millnockett Lake before sundown, and after exchanging greetings with Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, we feasted on venison tenderloin and retired for the night.

The log camp to which I was assigned was furnished with a spring bed, hair mattress and roughly built stone fireplace, and had a general air of comfort. We found log camps located at Beaver Ponds, Island Pond, Moose Pond, Chandler Brook, Millimigassett Lake, Munsangum Lake and Sewell Deadwater.

Our first trip was made over a good trail to Beaver Ponds, where we arrived at noon on Sunday, and after lunch we paddled our canoe through this beautiful sheet of water, which is about one mile long and half a mile wide, with nine islands, of from a half acre to five acres

in size, wooded, and all forming one of the prettiest ponds in Maine. We only saw five deer during our tour through the islands, and they were all does, and we retired to our cabin, had supper and retired to a bed of fresh boughs, surpassing in exquisite perfume any of the artificial odors yet devised by the skill of mankind.

Monday morning I commenced the hunt and was determined to get a fine head or not to shoot at deer at all. The day was clear and warm, and excepting that the woods were very dry, from a continued warm term, nothing but a little rain could be desired. Deer seemed very plenty; they were everywhere, and we had seen sixteen before noon; but all of them were does or fawns or very small bucks. While there is an abundance of deer to be seen in the water feeding, it is not so easy to find a large buck with a good head. The old bucks are very shy and keep well up on the hardwood ridges and are very hard to approach near enough to get a good shot; they are continually on the alert. I was pretty tired and returned to the log cabin to rest and lunch. The invigorating air soon stimulates one, and the charm of woods life is found in its freedom and vigorous open-air life man leads when hunting or fishing. After a camp-made meal of good biscuit, fried bacon and hot coffee, we were refreshed and ready to continue our hunt. As I was removing the stains of our midday meal I saw a large deer step out of some brush, and stalking up to within 100yds. or so, fired at him as he stood facing me with his head up in that graceful pose that is natural to a buck deer. The bullet, that was shot from a Savage repeating rifle, entered where the neck joins the shoulder, breaking the second rib about the middle and tearing his lungs in shreds. The killing power of this small-bore nitro powder rifle is terrific. When we dressed him we found his body was a mass of blood. Although I have killed thirty-five or forty deer, I never shot one with such terrible effect. This was the largest deer I have ever killed, or that I had ever seen. I shot one at Harvey Bonney's camps in the Adirondacks that weighed 204lbs.; but we believe this one to be larger. Two men were unable to lift him, and as he fell in fallen timber we had to drag him about twenty paces, so we could dress him, after which we prepared the head for the taxidermist. It is one of the most perfect symmetry, with twelve points, six on each side, with points exactly alike in form and feature, with the curves of both antlers precisely alike. He had shed the red coat, except a few long hairs, and the hair of the gray coat was short and fine and made a very desirable specimen. I was naturally well pleased with the success. We had venison tenderloin fried for supper. The frying-pan comes so handy in the woods that almost anything that requires cooking is generally fried. Sometimes we would get a suitable fire and get a green wet twig and make the branches into a fork to broil fish or venison; but I rarely have found the change of cooking worth the extra trouble, and a wood fire is not generally suitable for broiling.

After supper we sat around the fire a while and then retired to our bed of boughs, well satisfiged with the success of our day's sport. We were up early the following morning, carried all the venison we could over the trail to the home camps at Millnockett Lake, and hung the remainder pretty high up for safety, and returned the following day for the parts we had left. It is no easy task to carry a big fat deer, even when quartered, over a rough trail through the woods. We concluded to fish and make photographs of moose and deer for a few days, which we did. The weather then became cloudy, and we went out and hunted for partridges. They were not very plentiful, but while the dry season made it hard to approach deer in the woods, the noise we made traveling in the dry leaves and twigs caused the birds to move about and made it easy to find them, from their rustling the leaves. One can hear a very little sound in the stillness of the woods. On our return home from partridge shooting we met a young miss and her father, who with two guides had been hunting and fishing. The young lady said she had shot a large deer, and held in her hand a very large owl she had shot about an hour before we met them. We had all the venison we required, and it was easy to get all the fish we wished. We had been shooting partridges for several days. The weather had not cleared off bright enough for getting photographs. It was too early to kill moose legally, and we were a little undecided what to do, when presently I heard a loon, and looking overhead I saw it flying high up in the air. Shooting loons is a tough proposition, but I decided to try for them. I had noticed they generally went near the sheltered shores, so I hunted around after them quite a little and shot several times, saw the bullets make the spray and even the feathers fly; but the result was a total failure to kill any. The clouds cleared away again and we tried for more photographs again. It seemed easy to get them; but the good results are difficult. The shaking of a camera in the canoe or on the shore may spoil them; the focus may be wrong; ofttimes the distance is too great; or the sun may not be right. However, I succeeded in getting eight good photographs of deer and four of moose. We noticed some fox sign on a trail, and hunted them for some time; but these sly creatures are hard to approach in the woods and our efforts to find them resulted in failure.

We had now spent twelve days at the headwaters of the Aroostook. I had got one handsome trophy, and my wish was to get bear or fox on my way down the river.



SALMON POOL—AROOSTOOK RIVER.
Photo by Wm. Simpson.



VOYAGEURS IN THE AROOSTOOK.
Photo by Wm. Simpson.

We made a speedy start after breakfast and went down stream, stopping long enough to get six nice trout, frying-pan size. I saw a large osprey flying, and after shooting four times I succeeded in breaking his wing with a ball from my rifle. It was a very large specimen, and I sent it to the taxidermist, which with a handsome 5lb. brook trout made quite a list, and which I expect will be added to others I have already in my home.

Brother sportsmen, there is a lot of benefit from a few weeks spent in the mountains in recreation; and it is some satisfaction to have a few trophies, fairly hunted, to call up the memories of these pleasant trips. I know of no better woodsman in Maine, or hunting companion, than Frank House or George Cole. They are good natured, good company, patient and tireless, obliging and thoughtful. I have hunted, fished, trailed and camped with them, and if you wish to know a man clear through and through, camp with him in the woods for two weeks. One of the chief attractions of these mountains and wooded ridges is the true democratic mode of life. Here every man stands for what he really is, and here the doctrine of simplicity and truth is common practice.



THE OSPREY'S NEST.
Photo by Wm. Simpson.

WILLIAM SIMPSON.

NEW YORK.

NOTICE.

THE New York Clearing House has adopted new regulations governing the collection of checks and drafts on banks outside of the city. This entails a collection expense on those who receive such checks. Our patrons are requested, therefore, in making their remittances to send postal or express money order, postage stamps, or check or draft on a New York city bank or other New York current funds.

Summer Sounds.

LAY SPRINGS, Ala., lies on the eastern slope of Lookout Mountain. From its situation it rather resembles an inverted punch bowl dropped between two well foliaged ridges. On this bowl a merry company of campers gathered during the last days of July. The first sight of the tents from a hill through a long shaded vista was cheering; and then to be soon about stretching another tent all one's own, and for rain or shine, for burned cornbread and spilled water in the fire, or for delicious hoe cakes and grilled bacon—this gave a zestful first impression.

Before the initiatory supper was done a few of the more cheerfully disposed stars came out and blinked between swift rolling clouds until the dishes were washed and stowed away. Then, after having groped through that dark, laurel-hung, dangerous looking path to the chalybeate spring and returned, it began to rain; slowly, monotonously, as though raining for an effect of lonesomeness. This was heightened as I sat in the dim rays of my little photographic lamp, shining but from one side, and not a sound except the screaming scheech owl from the dell below and the slow patter on the canvas.

It is very good to wake up in the woods. This is usually very early, and proceeds from the first notes of the birds. Here it is at this season the cardinal whose flutings open the chorus. His is the reveille call, and he enjoys the distinction as though a paid piper of the king. Once or twice I heard at least four males in envious emulation. The summer tanager has closed his singing season, but can soon be heard in scolding monosyllables; then the wood pewee utters his salutation; the preacher vireo begins his continuous prosing sermon of the day, and I fall back on my cot awhile when the chickadee drops into his long-noted plaintive sighing.

After breakfast Ring and I go for squirrels in the ridges. The long walk through odorous woods, fresh and still, broken, perhaps, by a sight of the shy day flower (*Commelina virginica*), the rich downy foxglove or the Indian pipe, thrusting its ghost-like presence upon me in some of the deeper shadows—this is always the greater pleasure. If a squirrel or two can be bagged it helps my prospects for dinner, for all kinds of primitive and delightful exchanges obtain in our little community and a young squirrel from me to my pleasant friends next door means fried chicken, baked apple and home-made light-bread for my board. This is literal, indeed, for my dining table consists of two stakes driven into the ground near the fire and a board laid across.

When I give presents of apple sauce or rice cakes, hydrangea leaves, like the vine leaf of Continental al fresco dinners, make admirable substitutes for china and delft ware.

To cook one's supper at nightfall and see the stars come out; to get out of butter and scour the neighborhood in search of some; to buy roasting ears and then have your money threateningly returned to you because of mountain hospitality; to have it rain before the dinner fire is made and wet all the wood in the country—are not such pleasures worth three times the price of board at a respectable hotel or at the deceiving farmhouse where lodgers are held in durance to the tyranny of "fresh eggs and Jersey butter"? I cannot refrain from some further mention of my adopted companion, ever faithful Ring. A cross between pointer and bulldog, he combined both the elements of affection and persistence. Soon divining my affinity for dogs he left his old master entirely and professed unqualified and constant allegiance to me. Not demonstrative or fawning, it was touching to see his reverent devotion as he followed me all day and lay at my tent door all night.

But such elemental virtue as prevailed in our colony could not last always. It is one of the sad facts of existence that no spot of the world is free from the evils which haunt humanity. It is said that gossip sometimes came into our camp and even sat about the fires under the heavens, but she was restless and nervous in the open air and would soon hurry back to the chimney corners of civilization. Then again, eatable things placed in our cold storage boxes at the spring began to mysteriously disappear. Our camp "nigger" was laid under grave suspicion, and a young squirrel which had been treasured through a meal or so being taken at last brought down condign punishment on his head. He was expelled, but, like the cat,

" came back" and hung around the scene of his depredations all day. That night lights were put out promptly and a guard placed in various heavy shadows awaiting the return of the bandit. It gave a queer sensation to be suddenly halted as one forgetfully poked around in the dark.

At daybreak next morning he was captured after a spirited chase, in which the dogs gleefully joined. A grave council followed, our captive being tied to the stake after the best Indian models. He whimpered and moaned so effectivelly that the ladies pleaded with us stern warriors not to shoot, hang or burn him. Being persuaded, the last we heard of the redoubtable 'Lias was the spatter of his bare feet through the spring branch on the road to the nearest town.

EDGAR MAGNESS.

ALABAMA.

An Adventure with Smugglers in Alaska.

AWAY up north on the Pacific coast, where the Portland Canal separates the cold, green, mountainous shore of British Columbia from our own interesting Territory of Alaska, is a sheet of water about fifteen miles in width, and protected either by mainland or islands at all points save from the south. This is Dixon Entrance.

On the British shore is the little town and Hudson's Bay Company post of Fort Simpson. On the American side, just east of Cape Fox, there still remains on a small island the old log buildings of Fort Tongas, one of the first garrisons occupied by our troops after the purchase of this valuable country from Russia in 1867. Facing the ocean on this same bit of land is the deserted Indian village of the Tongas tribe, with its motley line of grotesquely carved and painted totem poles, typical of all Siwash (Indian) villages along the coast. When a Siwash wishes to proclaim himself a delate tyee (very big man), he erects before the door of his shack one of these totems, generally his own design, that often costs the sum of $600, or its equivalent in blankets and skins.

This entire settlement is now installed at Ketchikan, about sixty miles to the north, and the old fort is kept up and used (under the pretext of a trading store) as a place where cultus (bad) whisky can be bought at exorbitant prices by the Siwashes, in defiance of the law and the revenue cutters. There is always a demand for this article, I am sorry to say, by both white and red men in this section, and the officers are not sufficient in numbers to successfully cope with the smugglers. Only words of praise can be said for the efficiency of the former, who have much more territory than they can effectually cover, and it is with them also this narrative has to do.

The events below occurred last fall, while three of us were voyaging from Port Essington, at the mouth of the Skeena River, British Columbia, to Ketchikan, Alaska, a distance of nearly 150 miles. It was no doubt foolhardy to undertake such a journey with no chart and little knowledge of the coast, but we were really forced into so doing. Contrary to expectations, it was found on arriving from the interior, where we had been many months prospecting, that it would be impossible to reach our destination by steamer without going south to Victoria, which meant "hyiu" money.

Necessity caused us to select the proposition demanding the least outlay, so we invested in a 32ft. skiff, rigged with a mast and sails and two pairs of long sweep oars. It was not bought on account of a sound bottom or graceful lines, but because she was the only one for sale. After the purchase, some one calmly volunteered the fact that the salmon fishermen had already condemned her as being too water-soaked and rotten for safety. Loaded with a month's provisions, we started north, and on the morning of the fourth day pulled away from Simpson, having come a distance of perhaps sixty miles.

Rain was falling softly, and signs of storm were in the air, but we had decided to make a run for it, and only when too late to turn back did we realize our mistake. Fifteen miles across the surface of uneasy water, an indistinct mass of blue marked the mountains on the American shore, and a long pull it looked to Mr. Attwood, better known as the Major, and to the writer, each of whom labored with a heavy oar. As the wind increased, the taunting waves frequently pelted us with spray; and Bill, our partner, who hailed from Montana, and who was more at home on a horse, sat serious and resolute at the helm, for it was his initial experience on the briny, and proved a rather heroic one. Later in the day, when an exceptionally heavy sea combed over and threw him from his seat to the bottom of the boat, together with a half-barrel of water, he jocosely remarked, "You may call this fun, fellers, but give me the hurricane deck of a bronco!"

It is unnecessary to give in detail this day's trip, which might well make a story of itself, but I can truthfully say that it was an experience none of us care to repeat. After five hours' battling with the elements we heard the pounding of mighty breakers on the Alaskan shore, and through the fog and blinding sheets of rain could just discern high ledges besieged by mountains of white, angry billows. From that moment, none of us expected to make a landing or save our outfit, but merely pulled away with a firm resolve to put up a good fight when the time came to swim.

Fortune favored us, however, and wind and sea both aided our little craft to safely round the point of a small inland some distance off shore, where we found a quiet harbor nestling under the high cliffs. Only a long ground swell was felt, and much fatigued, now that safety was assured, we rested on our oars, while gust after gust of driven rain tore through the hemlocks behind us. In the shelter close at hand, kittiwakes and herring gulls loudly clamored a welcome, and a flock of Siwash ducks eyed us with suspicion and distrust from a distance. Truly it was a wild and eventful introduction to Alaskan soil.

The island was a small affair, very rocky and densely wooded, and with much undergrowth. Our tent was pitched some way from the water, at the head of a deep cut or fissure in the ledges, which formed a natural giant stairway to the landing where we beached our boat. Only food and necessary articles were removed to the camp, but fortunately the Winchesters had been brought up to clean and dry. From water-proof dunnage bags we obtained dry clothing, and with the dying embers of our camp-fire we fell asleep, only to be awakened a few hours later by the sound of voices close at hand.

The storm had ceased, and by listening intently we found that the persons—for there were a number of them—were commenting on our tent, so we hailed them in a friendly way, only to receive a surly response. Then one of them, evidently a Swede, asked in none too polite a tone who we were and what we were doing. This was explained, together with how we got there, and where we were bound, and finished by asking them to come up to the tent. After a short consultation among themselves, of which we caught but an occasional oath, the men charged us with being "infernal revenue officers, laying for smugglers," whereupon we naturally deducted that they were themselves engaged in that shady occupation.

We, of course, protested our innocent intentions, which had no other effect than to call forth a volley of curses and threats. Bill's wrath, which had been steadily rising, was now at danger point, and in true hot-headed Western style he told them plainly to "get out" and that "right smart," or he would open up with both six-shooters, which he always wore, as he said, out of respect for the good old days. At this sound of definite trouble we followed his example and threw ourselves at full length on the ground, while Major and myself hastily pumped a cartridge into the barrel of our repeaters, and lifting the wall of the tent, peered out into the darkness.

Whether "Old Montana" would have made good his words, I was most anxious to see; but as he hesitated, I remember thinking at the time that he was waiting for them to fire the first shot. We could not see his face, for his head and shoulders were outside of the door as he lay, still wrangling with the quarrelsome marauders, who, as near as we could place them, were clustered at the bottom of the ravine. Of a sudden a shot rang out, but so unexpectedly that it left me uncertain whether or not they were the first to fire. At any rate, it was a signal for a general fusillade, the effects of which may still be seen in the canvas of my little wall tent, and durin which we missed out hot-headed partner, Bill. Our volley, apparently, failing to injure any one, for which my friend and I were very grateful, nevertheless caused them to beat a hurried retreat; and the air was filled with vile language only too common in such uncivilized country. We listened to their wild scramblings down the rocky fissure to the beach, urged on by the whip-like reports of Bill's revolvers, and finally heard them rowing away up the coast.

Soon after lighting the lantern, our aggressive companion returned, fairly bubbling over with joy and satisfaction at this little brush, and cooly informed us that he had "sure winged one of the varmints" as they unceremoniously tumbled into their boat. We talked the little engagement over from all sides, and came to the conclusion that we should see more of them again, which luckily proved to the contrary, although through them we were soon put to much annoyance. Our rest during the remainder of the night was naturally more or less broken, for we were on the qui vive lest they return and resume the attack.

Next morning, while rustling wood for our early meal, Major discovered a whisky cache of four kegs and many bottles, which our midnight visitors had evidently come to secure. His shout brought us to the spot, and while reviewing the night's adventure a white steam vessel came in sight flying the Stars and Stripes, the first banner of our country we had seen since our departure into the interior, nine months before. Although none of us had ever seen a Pacific Coast revenue cutter, this was easily recognized as one, and it was with much interest that we watched her heave to, a short distance above us, and saw two boats put off a few moments later, full of men, and headed in our direction.

Hastening to the beach, we hailed them. They laid their course directly for us, and as the foremost boat grounded, the officer in charge, dressed in a fatigue coat, leaped ashore. Without giving us a chance to speak, he peremptorily ordered us to stay by the boats, and taking several marines, made straight for our camp, which was investigated with careful scrutiny. Then we saw them disappear in the direction of the cache. Shortly the officer returned, and with a serious countenance placed us under arrest for violating Uncle Sam's whisky law.

The whole thing had been done with such dispatch and abruptness that it fairly struck us dumb with amazement. Bill, whose tranquillity nothing seemed to phase, was first to recover, and while a number of tars were occupied in transporting the liquor from its hiding place to the boats, he told the officer all about ourselves and the trip, as well as the adventure of the previous night. I also produced a letter of introduction which I happened to have upon me from the management of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company at Montreal to the officers of its posts throughout the Northwest, thinking it would convince the commander that we were perfectly respectable, and might lend weight to our story as well. It must be owned, however, that our appearance belied us.

We pressed him to run across the Entrance to Simpson, where we told him our recent friends could prove that we had embarked the previous morning without a particle of liquor aboard. Or, I told him that if we were taken to Ketchikan, where my brother was, or if he was given time to come down to Mary Island (the headquarters of the customs service), we could be identified, to all of which he apparently turned a deaf ear. We were not very apprehensive, however, for we could see that the man was at least partially convinced of the truth of our statements by the questions which he occasionally asked.

Bill treated the entire proceedings as a huge joke, and kept up a running fire of small talk with the sailors in the boats, some remarks of which I remember as being exceptionally funny and full of dry wit. All this tended to brighten a situation that might prove in the end to be a serious matter—in fact, the officer plainly told us that he was afraid we would have to accompany him to Sitka.

He treated us now, however, with the utmost courtesy, and after loading the confiscated spirits, he allowed us to pack our dunnage away in our little skiff, which was rowed with us to the ship and hoisted upon the deck by the starboard davits. At that time Major called the attention of several officers to the fact that it would have been impossible to have brought that load of spirits over in our boat during yesterday's storm; and one of them said that that was precisely the trouble, for they didn't believe we crossed the Entrance at all in that rough weather—which showed that a few of them at least thought we were telling untruths in regard to the whole matter.

We breakfasted in the cabin, and were then permitted on deck, although I noticed one or more of the self-appointed guardians stayed with us continually. The vessel steamed slowly by Tongas Island, rounded Cape Fox and proceeded northward to Mary Island, where we were told, after some delay, that the ship would go at once to Ketchikan, it being on the way to Sitka, and the officer was to use his own discretion as to whether or not we should be released.

An hour and a half's hard steaming brought us in sight of the little white hamlet so typical of the Alaskan coast. Here, after much trouble, for the tide was running swiftly, we secured a berth at the steamer's wharf. During this operation we had been taken below, and a little later there were ushered in to us, not only my brother, but two friends from Massachusetts, whom I never expected to find in that out-of-the-way portion of the globe; and after a surprised and hearty greeting, for my arrival was entirely unexpected, we told our story. Starting with the trip across British Columbia, by pack train, we hastily sketched the canoe voyage down the Skeena River to Port Essington, and our subsequent journey up the coast to where we were captured in the false position of smugglgers.

All three helped in telling the narrative, and when it was finished the officer quietly told us that (just as we had already surmised among ourselves) four men in an open boat, one of whom was wounded in the leg, had informed them that morning off Fort Tongas about being attacked by a party of smugglers on that island, and also that if they went at once to the spot they would find both lawbreakers and whisky together, which is a condition that is necessary in order to arrest and convict parties that follow this illegal business.

The one in charge then told us that he had believed our story from the first; and he actually apologized for the necessity of coming to Ketchikan to prove our statements. We parted the best of friends, and during our stay in that neighborhood found them to be royal good fellows. Afterward we spent many pleasant evenings together, when the good ship Rush was in port, and the real offenders, who had long been under suspicion, were finally obliged to leave the country, though never receiving the just deserts they so richly merited.

F. E. TAYLOR.

Another Reverie of a Bachelor.

LYING on a bed of hemlock under the little A tent, you draw the blanket closer and listen to the raindrops pattering on the canvas a few inches above. What ecstacy of comfort beneath that blanket, what sweet memories live in the music of the raindrops of rainy nights long ago, when you slept on the couch in the garret over at "Cousin Jim's house," after all day "hauling to mill" or hunting rabbits in a drizzling rain. You had a warm supper by the kitchen stove, and you and Cousin Jim ran up the steep garret steps, undressed in no time and were under four heavy comforts, lulled by the music of falling raindrops blended with the thump of larger drippings from among the leaves of the old elm tree whose branches partly sheltered the low roof. Was ever eiderdown more gracious than those four old home-made quilts? Was ever music more sublime or soul more thrilled?

You think of long tramps when on the chase, in later days, and of the lullaby of the raindrops on shanty roof or tent fly, while the last flickering embers of the campfire were being quenched, and ensued darkness and chilly blast without; but within was warmth and comfort between the blanket and the hemlock—comfort within while cold and discomfort are so near, without, that one must guard the comfort as if it sought to steal away and admit the chill and dampness. Aye, the nearer these, the more marked the contrast—the sensation of present security from them. For all things, joy and sadness, good and bad, even wet and dry, are by contrast.

> Minstrel touched zithern chord, in days of old,
> And kings were pleased—brave knights more valiant grew;
> Fair goddesses and mighty gods did list
> In former days the lyre.
> The piper's note, o'er dell and highland moor,
> Wafts, to cause lassies' hearts, in joy or pain,
> To quicker bound or only throb and sigh.
> Toiling peasant on Alsatia's slope
> Looks out o'er valley broad with shaded eye
> To see whence cometh note of shepherd's flute,
> Salmanca's light guitar—Italia's harp—
> Woos maid with moonlit face—speeds dancers gay.
> Mingled with cannon roar, is martial strain,
> And legions march to death, nor count it loss!

And as the world grows older come yet grander strains, thrilling alike the souls of yeoman and lords, yet will there not ever be gentler sound than the pelting of the raindrops, now more steady and strong upon the canvas as we awake from our first dream, draw the blanket now close over our ears and settle again for sweeter repose than comes to any but nature's child, in thankfulness that pain comes so near, while happiness, partitioned off by but the thin texture of the canvas, is yet securely ours.

TRIPOD.

MISSISSIPPI.

A Second Edition of the October Brief.

AN unexpected demand has exhausted the first edition of the October Game Laws in Brief and Woodcraft Magazine. A second edition is now preparing and will be ready in a few days.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

"Boyhood Days in Florida."

II.—The Last Stage of the Journey.

From the town of Sanford a primitive, rickety, narrow-gauge railroad ran to the eastern shore of Lake Jessup, ten miles away, and it was over this road that the next stage of my journey was to lead me.

Long before train time I was down at the edpot waiting impatiently for the moments to pass. Around the platform the usual contingent of loafing darkies were scattered. Some of the more energetic were assisting the freight agent in loading the cars; others were whittling; but the larger part, in the negro fashion, were merely basking like alligators in the sunshine. The train that was to convey me to Lake Jessup was a mixed one, consisting of about ten box cars, several flat cars and a combination baggage and passenger coach. The engine, a wheezy, topheavy piece of machinery with a smokestack built on the balloon plan, was getting up steam in the yard above. It soon moved down, emitting groans and squeaks as it came, and was coupled to the train. I was at a loss at first to understand why the engine was coupled to the train "head on," but we had not traveled far before the wisdom of this policy became plain. There was no need of a cowcatcher in front. We could never have overtaken a cow, but there was the greatest danger of a cow overtaking us from behind.

But at last came the familiar "All aboard." The tiny bell on the engine rang vigorously; there was the sound of escaping steam, followed by a series of jerks and jolts that threatened disaster to long-necked passengers, and we were off. And such a ride. If an accident had happened no one would have recognized it. If we had been on the ties themselves the journey could not have been rougher. Continued shrieks from the engine, the hiss of escaping steam, and the constant banging of the cars was enough to make one believe that the devil himself was at the throttle. And when we slowed down for stations, as we did on several occasions, the passengers barely escaped serious attacks of nervous prostration. A series of sudden bumps and jolts forewarned us that a station was at hand, and then we just held our breath and seized the arms of our seats, not daring to guess what the next moment might have in store for us. And so through the thick pine woods, over swamps, and past stations with their groups of idle, curious darkies, we bumped and jolted until at last the waters of Lake Jessup lay spread out before us. And oh, the relief to escape from that dangerous prison! to breathe that soft, clear air, to hear the swish of the water along the shore and the wind in the trees, and to view with my own eyes that mysterious land whose charms and beauties I had pictured so often! At the wharf near by lay the steamer that was to carry me to the other shore of the lake, a distance of about eight miles. Up on the pilot house I read her name, "Seminole," a name that to my boyish fancy appeared most thoroughly in keeping with the place and surroundings. She was a small single screw boat and from appearances had evidently seen hard usage. Just at present her crew were busy unloading a cargo of oranges to be taken back to Sanford on the return trip of the train. Making my way on board, I watched the men at their work, listened eagerly for any news I might chance to gather of the place to which I was bound, and chafed at the delay in the departure of the boat. Occasionally the sight of a flock of ducks set my heart beating fast, or the vision of a huge heron or fish hawk filled me with excitement. Some coots, too, playing in the neighboring marsh, came in for their share of attention, and it seemed as though I could never wait for the time to come when I should get my gun out of the trunk and start on my campaign of destruction. Wouldn't my friends at home be envious when I told them how thick and varied the game was down here, and wouldn't I make jealous my big brother for whom I had tramped many a weary mile, carrying, and at that time glad of the privilege of carrying, his bags of woodchucks and squirrels? But no more of that for me. In my own eyes I had already become myself a mighty hunter, and I pictured how, on my return to my New England home, I would call in the assistance of my younger friends to do for me the "dirty work," which I proposed to do no longer. And wouldn't I make their eyes sticks out with stories of my hunting experiences in that far-away paradise? In my boyish eyes I was already a hero among my old friends, whom I pictured gathered around me in groups listening breathlessly to my tales of adventure and fairly tumbling over each other in their eagerness to do my bidding. Such are ever the dreams of youth.

But the boat was now ready to start. Weird noises were issuing from the dark recesses of the engine room, and I peeped cautiously inside. But the knowledge that we had begun to move overcame even my curiosity to watch the working of the engine, and I hastened to the front of the boat to catch the first glimpse of the new country, now so near at hand. The lake was just rough enough to give a comfortable motion to the boat, and the wash of the water against her bow was one of the sweetest sounds I had listened to for many a day. The lake itself seemed alive with ducks, and my excitement was rapidly growing to fever heat. But just now my main interest was centering on the shore that we were approaching. The huge bony cypresses, rich with their burden of hanging moss, and the tall, graceful palmettos stretched away along the edge of the lake as far as the eye could reach, hiding behind them all that mysterious region in which I was soon to revel to my heart's content. At length the Lake Jessup landing came into view, a long, uneven and bedraggled looking wharf running out about 100yds. from the shore. The boat drew nearer and my eager eye soon detected white faces among the group that were awaiting our arrival. Among these no doubt was the man who was to pilot me to my new home. I watched them closely as the boat was being made secure to the wharf. As I stepped across the gangplank a jovial looking fellow made his way up to me and greeted me most cordially. He proved to be Gus Nelson, the boss of the orange grove on which I was to make my headquarters, and one of the finest fellows, as I afterward learned, that ever lived. We strolled up the long wharf until we reached the store at the further end. A typical country store it proved to be, combining a postoffice, store and general waiting room. Barrels and boxes and rubbish of all kinds lay scattered about everywhere, and the single glass showcase was so besmeared with grease and dirt that it was almost impossible to tell just what it concealed beneath it. But in spite of these unattractive surroundings, we managed to enjoy a lunch of crackers and cheese and fruit, and then we were ready to start on the last stage of our journey.

In front of the store a heavy wagon was waiting. The baggage was placed aboard. Gus took the reins and the horses started. Seated beside my new friend, I remained for a time in silence; but gradually all the boyish questions that were burning within me began to make their way out. My companion was generous. At times he could scarcely conceal his mirth, but he was always civil, and to me information from such a trustworthy source was little less than inspired. Once his good nature got the best of him. A huge buzzard drifted lazily over our heads, and to my eyes he appeared about the size of an ostrich. In my excitement I almost fell out of the wagon, and then, being utterly ignorant of the characteristics of this scavenger, I ventured some remark about the fine shooting those birds must furnish. That was too much for my friend, and he broke into a hearty laugh. He tried to explain to me that people never shot buzzards; but that served only to lower the people in my estimation. Inwardly I made up my mind that these natives didn't appreciate their advantages anyway, and it was some little time before I became convinced myself that buzzards were not exactly the kind of game I was after.

Our road wound through a rich hammock of cypress and palmetto trees, the former covered with dense moss. On the ground was a dense undergrowth of palms and shrubs and vines intermingled in wild confusion and presenting an almost impenetrable barrier to the foot of man. The delicious odor of the wild orange and magnolia, mingled with that of numerous wild flowers, filled the air with a rich fragrance. Bright plumaged birds flitted about among the vines and trees, while the natural stillness of the woods was constantly broken by the chatter of a squirrel, the rapping of a woodpecker or the harsh cry of a hawk circling far above our heads. My dreams were at last being realized. This land must be all that I had pictured it. Even the fountain of youth seemed a possibility in such surroundings. From the swamp our road led us up onto a stretch of higher pine land, a sandy soil free from the rich vegetation of the hammocks. Then we plunged into another swamp, to emerge at last in fairly open country, with orange groves on both sides of us. The large grove on my left, my companion explained, was the one on which I was to be located. Through the tops of the rich green trees I could detect the roof of the packing house, from which the musical notes of a darky's song floated out to us. A short ride brought us to the further end of the grove, and there, nestling deep in among the fragrant and shapely orange trees, I spied the "Lodge," my future home.

A. E. Stearns.

A Trip on a Bait Fisherman to the Magdalen Islands.

We were bowling along the high and rocky coast of Nova Scotia. The sails were taking every advantage of the strong east wind, that sang a wild song in our rigging and dashed spray flakes in our faces. The white, choppy sea was hemmed in by a narrowed horizon of clouds, save to leeward, where the black coast loomed more or less distinctly, as bay receded or promontory advanced. The Frances E. Conrad was doing her prettiest, for her captain and namesake was at the wheel. Our little crew of four were on the alert, especially Louis, who was developing dinner in the galley. As the guest of the captain, I was going through the usual experience of a sea novice, admiring, wondering and repressing a still somewhat rueful stomach. It was the end of April, but an ulster was very comfortable, especially when the sun's warmth was intercepted by a thick cloud.

After dinner the wind increased, the clouds gathered in heavier masses, and the sea tumbled higher and whiter. About 5 we headed for shore, making Shoal Bay in a driving fog about dark. The bay is long and narrow, but the water is deep. Conrad knew the place well, and we swept along fearlessly between the high spectral shores. Two rivers have their estuaries at the head of the bay. We bore up for the East River, but in the darkness kept too close to the point, coming to an unexpected standstill on a mussel bank, where the quickly falling tide left the Frances in a very ungraceful attitude. Not until the second tide did we slip off, and glad enough was I to get out of the scuppers.

We rafted a freight of lumber down the river from the saw mill, and with quite a deck load set sail in the early morning. We touched at Crow Harbor and thence to Port Mulgrave, where, with the gathering fleet of fishermen, we were detained a week by head winds and an ice-blocked gulf. These ice breezes were cold and chilling; besides, the sun was unable to pierce the dark gray canopy of clouds. However, I had a little shooting, exploring and some excitement in being lost on Cape Porcupine; and with baseball, reading and visiting the other vessels, the week slipped by.

Saturday morning I was aroused by an unusual stir on deck. The sun was streaming down the companionway, men were shouting, blocks were creaking and everything betokened a welcome move. Hurrying on deck, I found an animated scene. Sails were flashing up into the bright sunlight and anchors reappearing from the dark depths below, encouraged by the weird but untranscribable shouts and songs of the sailors. It is a merry race to see who will get away first. In a few minutes the narrow strait is thronged with the slowly moving fleet. The wind is light, but dead astern, and every scrap of canvas has been spread. Wing and wing we creep along. Now the Frances is forging ahead with quite a puff, and we shout laughing good-bys to the Souvenir and Katy E., becalmed a few rods away. But presently our sheets are loosely flapping, and Conrad is chafing as the fickle breeze leaves us to strike up a lively flirtation with our rivals. Only a big grampus has been steadily progressing, heedless of wind or tide.

By noon the wind was quite steady. Five vessels remained in our company, the others having kept nearer the Cape Breton coast. We had met occasional ice pans, but toward evening they became quite numerous and the lookout had to be very alert and the helmsman prompt. Sometimes the Frances had her black sides scraped by these little white orphans of winter. At dark we were on the edge of the pack, where we stayed all night. In the morning I was awakened by a heavy thump against an ice pan. The fog was dreadfully thick, but the sun soon ate it up. At 10 we entered the pack that touched the horizon. Progress through the winding passages was necessarily slow. Flocks of brant and duck were making their spring migrations, and a seal bobbed up from the water now and then. The sun filled the ice pans with a white blaze, and the schooner's four-knot gait was just right for a proper appreciation of the scene, to say nothing of the satisfaction of leading the fleet.

By and by the channel came to an end, and the sky suggesting a speedy termination of the fine weather we returned. As we passed the Souvenir and Katy E., Capt. Leslie, of the former, sang out that they were going to harbor in the pack. But we steered for Souris, P. E. I., where, anchored outside the breakwater, the gale gave me a very miserable Sunday. Monday noon we set sail, but the wind was very light and by sunset we had made only twenty-three miles. The pack ice had drifted away. The next day the sea was almost as motionless as the sky, and the occasional ice pans suggested the scattered cirrus in the fathomless depths overhead. The stars slipped into their places in the trembling ether, and their wavering reflections looked at us from the dark waters that crooningly laved the vessel's sides. Louis and Bridle were playing a vigorous duet on fiddle and bread pan near the galley, with Larry on the fok'sle, swallowing doughnuts. Conrad was playing some homesick melodies on the little organ in the cabin, and Lynds was at the wheel. As for me, I was permitting the mystic beauty of sky and sea to fill and overflow my mind, albeit with a doughnut in each hand. Ah, me! the stupendous and the trivial Louis would cook the bread pan heaping full of doughnuts, but

> Like the snowdrops in the river—
> A moment seen, then gone forever,

Larry took them in somewhat as a whale does animalculæ. Bridle added the zest of a gourmand. Conrad and I could do our share, but when we went for a second supply the pan contained nothing but our own disappointed reflections.

Thursday morning we reached Grindstone Island. It was good fun landing. The great billows went rolling in to dwindle to a fringe of foam far up the beach. On the boat swept, up and down on the long swells with a spasmodic uncertain progression as we neared the shore. Suddenly the boat scrapes the bottom and we scramble overboard and drag her beyond the reach of a pursuing giant. We delivered some freight here, and also at South Beach, and then sailed for Amherst Harbor. The channel is narrow, with shoals on either side, and only vessels with a light draft can use the passage. Conrad followed the maneuvers of a vessel ahead, and we entered safely with just one scrape to startle us a little. About eight vessels were at anchor, though sometimes double that number resort to the islands.

Saturday morning a great flotilla left the harbor; some distance in the lead a big seine boat skimmed easily along, urged by the power of ten muscular rowers, and in its wake came the fleet of whale boats, manned by the hardy French-Canadian inhabitants of the islands. Presently the lookout in the seine boat sights a school of herring, and the long graceful boat fairly flies over the water. There is some quick maneuvering as the fish are headed off, and the Frenchmen, trimming their sails and bending to their oars, swoop down to the seine like a flock of hungry gulls. The herring are dipped from the seine with a huge dip net and dumped into the boats, which hold from twenty to thirty-five barrels. Just awash they creep back to the waiting vessels, and soon four of them are ranged alongside the Frances, and in a few minutes the deck is knee deep with the slippery, squirming fish, the men in their oilskins ploughing right through the mass. From the fore shrouds I gazed at the novel scene. Part of the deck is reserved for salting; the herring are thrown into a small inclosure, mixed with salt and there shoveled down the hatchway, where they lie in bulk, as they are to be used to bait lobster traps.

To get aft I had to perform some original gymnastic feats, especially dangerous over the yawning hatchway with a brisk fusillade of herring coming over both bulwarks. Conrad was having a big palaver in the cabin with the Frenchmen, bargaining over the price, which they usually take in provisions and merchandise. After that was settled Louis' resources were taxed to the utmost to appease their appetites.

It would take too much space to recount my pleasant rambles in the quaint little town or about the wildly picturesque islands. Great flocks of brant and duck were seen every day, and Bird Rock is a notorious resort for gannets, puffins and auks, sometimes literally covering the rocky protuberance. Sea trout are plenty, and ducks, teal, plover and yellowlegs furnish in their season good sport and plenty of it. Indeed, any one who delights in the wild grouping of land and sea (and in the Magdalens it is sometimes rather uncouth) would find the islands a delightful place for a summer outing. There are no hotels, but the people are polite and hospitable, the accommodations are clean and the food very good. Amherst Island is the best for camp life, for insects are numerous and rapacious on the other islands, although mosquitoes are comparatively few. The lack of harbors makes yachting rather too risky, but the yacht could be safely anchored in Amherst Harbor, and cruising from island to island accomplished in whale boats.

One evening I returned from a trip to the interior, and found that the Frances had left the harbor to take in the balance of her cargo. She was anchored under the lee of a high cliff. No boat coming ashore, I put up at a cosy boarding house. The next day the wind had increased to half a gale. I climbed the hill, and crawling to the edge looked down on the Frances, riding comfortably in the shelter of the cliff. The Souvenir was also there. But the next day the wind came from the opposite direction and so strong that it was hard work crawling to the edge of the sandy bluff. Lying flat I looked down on the vessels, wildly tossing and pitching and straining at their anchors. The half-mile between their sterns and the

shore seemed but a span, thinking of what would happen should those hawsers snap. They didn't. But in the storm of 1873 thirty-one American mackerel schooners were driven ashore and became total wrecks. The shore that had at first been their their protection became, when the wind suddenly changed, a fearful and fatal danger.

The herring have been very plentiful, 1,500 barrels being sometimes taken at one catch. The Frances, full to the hatches, took advantage of a good breeze and sailed on Sunday. We had to lay to for three hours during the night in a short but violent wind, but in the morning we were beating into Aspy Bay. A thick curtain of fog enveloped the land, but it soon disappeared, and a beautiful scene was disclosed. The high and thickly wooded shore stretched away on either hand, terminating on the right in towering Cape North. The forest, dressed in the fresh green of spring, was lit up by a dazzling sun. A scrap of fog still lingered along shore, but presently it vanished and the picture took a new interest by the discovery of a large barque headed for shore, to which it was dangerously near. The lifting of the fog had apparently averted a wreck, for she immediately came about. She passed close to us, but we saw no one on deck except the man at the wheel and a dog. The dog, with his paws on the rail, barked loudly at us, but the man did not answer our hail.

During the next week I became a staunch admirer of Cape Breton scenery. From Cape North to West Point, P. E. I., via Canso and thence to Boston, is quite a cruise but I have only space for a slight description of a lobster factory. A small sloop comes up the harbor and makes fast to the wharf. Her skipper climbs ashore and I learn that he has 3,000 lobsters on board. The manager buys them and they are piled on the wharf and kept wet and alive. It is a gigantic pile of clawing crustaceans. They are boiled by hundreds in immense caldrons, thence hoisted upstairs to the packing room, where they shed their shells for the last time. Forty or fifty people—men, women and young folks—were at work transferring the meat from the shells to the cans, about four lobsters filling one can. Everything was very cleanly.

Ah, but the cook house! Can I ever forget it or its kind matron? To appreciate this picture as we did, it is necessary to have lived as we did. To ease Louis' work Conrad and I had taken our meals in the forecastle. This on a sixty-six-ton schooner is not very commodious. It is low and rather dingy; besides, there is the peculiar compound odor found on ships, and especially fishermen. Conrad's supplies were liberal, and of the best, but, of course, there was not much variety. Moreover, the butter and sugar had given out, and we had been using molasses as a substitute for several days. But the cook house was large and airy and well lighted, and if we could see all the studs and planking, wasn't the floor as clean as a table and not a mote of dust visible? There was a table and about a dozen chairs, the big range and the cooking utensils. The stove glistened and the pots and kettles bubbled and sang, and when the oven door was opened an odor came forth fit to make the gods hungry.

The long table was hardly big enough to hold its delicious burden. Such fish I have never tasted elsewhere. The meats and biscuits and jam were superlative; perchance it was their environment of corned beef and bread and molasses. We had to refuse an invitation to play baseball and stayed contentedly in our rocking chairs until it was time to return to the Frances—that is, bed time.

One more picture: A dense fog, so thick that we cannot see the length of the schooner, with horns and conches blowing all round us on the smothered vessels. Not a breath of wind, but the ocean laboring in such a tremendous swell that all hands excepting Larry are seasick. Up, up, up, the Frances seems to climb to heaven, only to slump with sickening motion to the depths below, while spars are creaking and sails flapping in a weird uproar. In a certain sense seasickness is the only thing in which I can hold my own on board ship, and I smile to see Conrad and Bridle in a similar state. But the wind comes, the fog lifts, the hard granite coast of Whitehaven is plainly visible, and blessed sight, the welcome form of a cook house, that Conrad says is almost as good as the one I have just described.

HALE HOWARD RICHARDSON.

The Horn Snake Cycle.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In various parts of this country workers in the field commonly believe and talk of a snake which stings with a sting in its tail. It is called in western Massachusetts the stinging adder, in the Catskills the horn snake, from the tip of its tail being coated with a horny covering. Truthful men tell of having seen and killed this snake, others equally truthful of having seen the snake sting through the leg of an old-fashioned leg boot, or strike so hard with its sting as to stick fast in and hang from a scythe snath.

Thus the evidence for the existence of such a snake is very considerable in amount, goes into particulars, is clean cut and comes from truth loving, intelligent people without an end to gain by lying, who are not romancers by nature and who are telling of what they honestly believe.

If such a snake does not exist, this furnishes a very curious case of human delusion.

Of course there is the imaginary "hoop snake," but I have never known any but very unintelligent people believe in that, while intelligent people believe in the stinging adder.

I should, however, like to be allowed to inquire through your columns if any of your readers has ever seen a snake that stings with a sting in its tail, or has ever known of anybody to be stung by one. ELIOT NORTON.

Homing Pigeon Registry.

WE have many notices of carrier pigeons gone astray or killed. Th owners of such birds may be reached by communicating with the homing pigeon registers, which are: C. E. Twombley, 32 Hawley street, Boston; or Chas. H. Jones, 10 South Broad street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Autumn Breezes.

SOMEWHERE near the beginning of Caius Julius Cæsar's "De Bello Gallico" occurs the statement, in indirect discourse, that to those whom they wish especially to punish for their cussedness the gods are accustomed to grant thirty days of grace, in order that, collection being forced, men may suffer the more from the put-off-ed-ness of the penalty. To the truth of the assertion I can testify as I write from a cot and am forced to admit that there is no fool like an old fool. None the less, my horse is more to blame than I, as my narrative will prove.

As a matter of fact, there are some men who have not sense enough to grow old. Every FOREST AND STREAM bears evidence of the fact. I am one of the guilty. Why! Some of us, year after year, will welcome the first violet of spring and follow a rabbit's track in the light December snow with the zest and pleasure that we had when

"All the world was green
And every bird a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen."

So when the crisp, bracing breezes of September dispelled the sultry heat I found the temptation to go to the lake irresistible.

The mountains were just beginning to change the dull green of summer for the red and gold of autumn. In the quiet waters the naked peaks, dotted with snow banks left over from last season, were invested in softer tints. Beyond the water's edge were farms, stubble fields and the hum of the threshing outfit. Hamlets, so far removed that naught but their picturesqueness remained, set in verdure, encircled. Close at hand the tules were brown and amid them the leaping bass gave promise of rare sport. Now, the bass is a queer fish. In June, when the breeding season is on, he goes into deep water; but in autumn he seeks the shallows and the rushes, and I have found in his carnivorous paunch young blackbirds and half grown mud-hens. That he relished birds I did not know until quite recently, but observation has proven to be a very eccentric creature as regards his diet. Trout, too, are fastidious when meal time comes. They will eat young mullet and chubs and minnows and their own fry; but let a carp get half way down the gullet and it is disgorged instanter. In spite of arguments to the contrary, I confess that what a hungry trout refuses is not good enough for me. The thousands of acres of destroyed feed and befouled waters tell why the ducks miss us in their migratory flights, and the lake trout are all but exterminated. Carp alone are responsible, and yet carp and thugs and rattlesnakes have their counsel for the defense.

In the rushes it was impossible to cast a fly, but here and there, where an opening gave a few square feet of clear water, I could drop a minnow. Generally the little chap would enjoy his fancied liberty for only a brief moment. Then would come the tug and the reflexive strike, so different from the gentle twist of the wrist to which the trout fisher is accustomed. I lost many fish from striking too gently, but when a good sized bass was hooked fairly he combined all the work and pleasure that I wanted in bringing him out from the rushes to the side of the boat. Boys in neighboring boats, by the use of angleworms, caught large messes of small catfish. The flesh of our imported "bullhead" is very insipid. I would not take one home as a gift. Lengthening shadows, red-splashed mountains and the chill of evening called a halt, but not a retreat. It was the opening, and not the closing, of my season.

Visiting the river a few mornings later, I found that while it was altogether too late for trout fishing with flies, minnows were as seductive for the 2-pounders as they had been with the bass. Never have I so enjoyed the autumn angling. Yet it was only preliminary to the bringing out of the gun, for our duck and snipe season opened on Sept. 15.

As an experiment the change of opening from Oct. 1 to the present date is a lamentable failure. The spring was very late, and young teal and mallards were scarcely able to fly. In many cases pot shots were taken at broods floating on still ponds and the survivors would rise, circle and drop back into the same spot. It is not exaggeration to say that hundreds of young ducks were clubbed to death on the opening day. On Salt Lake, but not on Utah Lake, I am happy to say, a great amount of shooting was done on the 14th, and I have not heard of any arrests being made. The ducks killed were those that had bred and summered in this vicinity. There has been no severe weather to bring the south-bound flight. With the limicolæ the case was entirely different. Never have we enjoyed better sport with jacksnipe, plovers and curlews.

Out one morning long before daylight and up into the heart of the mountains in quest of grouse! Ah! This is the sport that turns the dial back a score of years and makes one thrill with the exuberance of youth. As I rode through the cañon amid the rustling leaves, the wild hops and the purpling grapes, where the sounds were those of the woodchopper and the creaking drags, I let my horse walk and fell into a morning dream.

Somewhere in the Connecticut Valley, where the shadows of Holyoke fall athwart its old walls and Mount Tom stands like a sentinel on the opposite shore of the beautiful river, is a famous female seminary. It was old when Vassar and Smith and Wellesley were unthought of. Now, the young ladies in this far-famed institution were all of them exceedingly pious and learned, well fitted to become schoolmarms and ministers' wives, but under the stringency of the then existing regulations it became necessary for them to have relations of the masculine persuasion in order that they might enjoy the society that they craved. So it came to pass that a majority of the juniors and seniors at Williams and Amherst, and many of the theologians at more remote Andover (all being young men of proven integrity), had cousins at Miss Lyon's noted school. This made possible botanical trips in the spring, chestnut parties in the fall and sleigh rides—oh, such sleigh rides, when the snows of New England drifted above the old rail fences. That such sleigh rides were sometimes taken surreptitiously but added zest to the endeavor.

It was with an Amherst man and our mutual cousins that I made a trip northward in those halcyon October days to Northampton and Amherst and North Amherst, with its white church, mill pond and comfortable farm houses, to Mount Toby, one of the three guardians of the middle valley. It was nature in her autumn loveliness rather than the companionship of the hour that made it a red letter day in a varied life. Chestnuts in gold vied with maples in scarlet to panoply the old mountain. As we climbed we saw beneath the valley and its hamlets, its stately rows of graceful elms in the sere and yellow leaf. As we rested our eyes peered in every copse for the rare Hurtford fern, the blue-fringed gentian and the carpeting of wintergreen. We listened to the whirr of dusky partridge, to the subdued echos from the farms below, to the faint song of coming winter in the half-bared boughs. But when we reached the summit and looked down upon the mighty ox-bow, on the brown and gold of mown and harvested fields, on the lazy smoke from ancient chimneys, and on a score of white, heaven-pointing spires, it seemed as though Olympus had been reached. Then kind Mother Nature touched my eyes and I loved her, and since then she and I have been very, very close friends.

Of all this was I reminded as I went into the core of the Wasatch, and, reaching the summit, saw to the west the valley, rivaling in its beauty the Connecticut Valley of long ago, and to the east billow upon billow of pine-clad mountain chain. The shooting was unusually poor. Only one little ruffed grouse came to my bag. As we descended, however, we found plenty of squirrels gathering acorns in the oak brush.

At 2 o'clock we came back to the mouth of the cañon and I proposed an hour's skirmish through the wheat stubble. For a half hour we rode, seeing nothing to blaze at, and I became quite careless. Suddenly, from our very feet, came a whirr, and a bevy of sharp-tailed grouse sailed majestically around us. There was no time to dismount, so I dropped my reins on my colt's neck, leaned over and let drive. My horse whirled as the grouse dropped. I dropped also, and unfortunately I have been obliged to keep down every since. However, I hope to get out again by the time the ducks and geese drop in. Until then, vale. SHOSHONE.

In the Alaskan Sheep Country.

HAVING recently returned from an extended trip through southwestern Alaska, I am frequently questioned as to the hunting and fishing, and some of my experiences may interest others. I am convinced that this region in many respects is the best hunting and fishing ground on the American continent—that is, the southwestern coast, including the islands and the immense territory tributary to Cook's Inlet, all of which has a splendid climate, tempered by the warm Japanese current. The interior, or over the coast range, is colder and does not afford so good hunting, although there is a vast unexplored region between the lower Yukon on the north and Cook's Inlet on the south, which hunters who have been far up the Sushetna River say contains large herds of caribou. But for moose, mountain sheep and bear, the Cook's Inlet region is the place. Deer are more plentiful on the islands south of Sitka, keeping away from the mainland on account of the large wolves, which do not take to water and are not found on the islands.

Water fowl of all kinds are seen between Sitka and Cook's Inlet, especially in Prince William's Sound and along the mouth of the Copper River, the latter of which has formed an immense delta many miles in extent, where thousands of wild geese, ducks, swan, snipe and plover come every season to hatch their young in the swamps and marshes back from the beach. Many specimens of ducks that are never seen in Eastern waters are among them. The parrot duck, more commonly known as the sea parrot, seems to be most plentiful, and is a very handsome bird. I shot several before I discovered that for eating the common black crow was preferable.

Birds of the grouse family are common and some of them are similar to the Eastern partridge. At Kodiak Island, back from the coast, I saw flocks of fifty or a hundred having so little fear a true sportsman could hardly have the heart to kill them. These are sometimes called "fool hens," but are really ptarmigan.

Mountain trout are very plentiful and are caught in the large streams near the coast and inland lakes, weighing as high as 12lbs.; but what are called brook trout are small and look somewhat like and are about as gamy as the common chub in Eastern brooks. This I attributed to the extreme icy coldness of the water. They might be rightly styled "fool trout," as after fishing faithfully for two hours in a stream at the head of Cook's Inlet where a beaver dam had checked the current, making a large, clear pool, and in which were countless numbers of these trout, trying all kinds of fly hooks and the most tempting morsels of moose meat (no angle worms in Alaska), in despair I fastened a piece of red flannel on the hook, which they grabbed voraciously.

For sea fishing no other waters in the world offer such inducements either for sport or commercial purposes. I found great pleasure in trolling for sea bass around the small islands close to the shore. They weigh from 1 to 5lbs. and look very much like our fresh water rock bass, and are very gamy.

In trolling one never knows what he is going to catch, as it is not at all unusual to get a halibut, shark or large salmon. This in most cases means the loss of your spoon, and in one instance it came very near meaning the loss of the irrepressible small boy on our boat. He insisted that his fond parent should let him hold the fish line while we were anchored in Yakatut Bay. He succeeded in hooking a whopper of some kind and in entangling his legs to such an extent that I think he would surely have been drawn overboard but for the fact that he possessed a good pair of lungs and knew how to use them, bringing reinforcements, and with the aid of a knife the line was severed, releasing the unknown and saving the boy.

Other species of fish are found in abundance all along the Alaska coast, such as codfish, herring, mackerel, salmon, halibut and shallfish of every description except oysters; but, as is well known, this is the great breeding ground and home of the salmon, the canning of which is at present the largest industry in Alaska. Salmon commence to run about the middle of May, going up the streams to spawn about June 15. The first run is the red mon, halibut and shellfish of every description except mon, then the humpback; lastly the silver salmon.

Some think the red salmon is the best, which is not so,

The pink or silver salmon are much fatter and are finer in flavor than the red. The humpback and dog salmon the natives will not eat, but thousands of cases are packed every year by irresponsible packers, and in order to deceive the public herring oil is put in the cans. It is generally supposed that cleanliness is observed in the canneries, which is quite true, but I would advise lovers of canned salmon to keep out of a canning factory when in operation; otherwise the unsavory odor and vision of dirty looking Chinamen will return at the sight of a salmon can.

The common whale is plentiful along the coast from Sitka westward, but I saw more in Prince William Sound than in any other place. The sperm whales, so much hunted for commercial purposes, have all been driven north to the Bering Sea and Arctic Ocean. It is not an uncommon sight in these waters to see the black whale attacked by the thrashers. These are about 25ft. long and very powerful. They will come straight up out of the water 15 or 20ft. and let their whole weight drop on the back of the whale, in this way often killing them.

Fur bearing animals, such as the sea otter, sable, black and silver-gray fox, are getting very scarce in Alaska, and in fact all over the world. The native Indians can no longer make a living by trapping. Raising foxes on some of the smaller Aleutian islands is quite an industry and is very profitable. The fur bearing seal are seldom found south of the Pribilof islands, in Bering Sea.

The spotted or hair seals are plentiful everywhere. The skins are cheap. The Indians use them for moccasins, caps and mittens. When they wish to be especially gay they sport a vest made from these skins. I bought two of them from a Siwash squaw at $1 each, but never having found a disinfectant powerful enough to take away the smell of fish oil, I have not worn them regularly as yet. Recently I did put one of them on to exhibit to a small circle of friends. The room being rather warm, the circle suddenly expanded and then disappeared entirely. The buttons, however, were much admired; they were nothing more nor less than the seals' teeth ingeniously fastened in true Indian style and were in as much demand as if they were made of brass and on the jacket of a real Santiago hero.

But to return to hunting. Cook's Inlet is the place for big game, and Sunrise City, at the head of Turnagain Arm, which is the northern extremity of Cook's Inlet, is the best place to stop, so far as pleasant surroundings and accommodations are concerned; and this is the center for big game hunting, such as moose, caribou, mountain sheep and bear.

While crossing Turnagain Arm this summer in a small steamer we were accidentally stranded—that is, we were obliged to wait for flood tide, which, by the way, runs from 30 to 40ft. high, as when the tide goes out of the arm it looks like mud flats. It was late in the evening, but light enough for us to discover two moose in a little opening near the shore. There were six of us on the boat, and all hungry for moose. We found on board a small Marlin rifle and a Colts revolver. With this equipment we paddled ashore and after some reconnoitering Nate White and myself were detailed to skirmish ahead, but cautioned particularly not to create a stampede of moose in the direction of our unarmed reinforcements. We crept up reasonably close, one on either side of a rise of ground, until we got sight of one of the moose again, and then opened a fusillade. The moose trotted leisurely almost directly toward my friend White, although badly crippled. He would have escaped into the thick spruces but for a bullet from White's revolver which struck him back of the shoulder. He proved to be a monster bull moose and required the united forces of all hands to drag him down grade to the beach with a rope about his neck. In the meantime the other one had disappeared in the growing darkness. I saved the scalp, and the head is now being mounted.

I also brought out three other heads and scalps unmounted, one the record moose head of the world as to size, beauty and massivness, spreading 73½in., with thirty points on the blades; width of blades, not taking in the points, 19½in.; weight of horns and skull without the scalp, 105lbs. This, together with the others, I am now having mounted.

While I was at Sunrise City the Indians brought in several moose calves, having killed the mother moose. The calves lived only a few days, having nothing but condensed milk. To me it seemed outrageous that this should be allowed, even in Alaska.

I had quite an experience while at Sunrise City hunting mountain sheep. We saw them first early in the morning near the summit of a mountain range, which in places was covered with snow and in other places with a kind of frost grass and moss. The same Mr. White who figured in the moose hunt, and who had hunted mountain sheep for four or five years, said he was going after them, and asked me to accompany him. I shall never forget that day. From Sunrise City we went straight across country to the foot of the mountain through dense timber, over old logs, ridges and across gullies until my sporting blood had nearly lost its fever, but on going up a little rise or foothill we caught sight of the sheep again, and this spurred me on.

They were at least three miles away; but three miles steeper than a roof, under the burning sun of a hot day in July, across banks of dazzling snow that blinded one's eyes and produced a pain that was almost unbearable, was worse than an endless road on a level stretch. By going not to exceed 50ft. at a time, part of the way on hands and knees, and then resting, we managed to reach the top of the mountain at noon, only to find that the sheep had disappeared.

Going along the ridge a couple of miles and examining carefully the patches of snow, we at last found that they were headed north. We followed this faint trail about five miles until the mountain ended abruptly, necessitating a halt on our part, but not so with the sheep. I told White we would surely find them about a thousand feet below with their necks broken if there was any way of our getting down there, but this not being his first experience, he was inclined to scan the country below.

Let me confess that just here I lost interest in mountain sheep, forgot I was tired and forgot everything, in fact, I was so enraptured with the magnificent scenery that presented itself from this point. Cook's Inlet and Turnagain Arm lay apparently at our feet 5,000ft. below. To the north and east hundreds, and I might say thousands, of snow-capped peaks rose against the sky—peaks and mountain ranges without names, in between numberless valleys unexplored, and here and there huge glaciers wedged in mountain passes. To the westward beyond Cook's Inlet as far as the eye could reach a long stretch of green timber, interseprsed with little open natural parks, extending up and back to the snowy range of mountains, which was studded by two volcanic peaks—Ilami and Redoubt—puffing forth now and then little volumes of smoke, all making a combination of scenery so grand and magnificent that everything I had seen before sank into insignificance in comparison.

So much for scenery. We finally discovered the sheep about 2,000ft. below us to the left in what appeared to be a glacier basin, which had an entrance on the north side, and I would have staked my last dollar that no living thing without wings could get out of it except through this entrance. By making a long detour we finally entered this natural corral in high spirits, satisfied that the most difficult game to capture known was at our mercy. Even White was chuckling in his sleeve at the march we had stolen on them. We approached cautiously. We had just come within easy gunshot when the sheep spied us. Instead of circling about and coming down the cañon, as we confidently supposed they must do, I am obliged to say in strict adherence to truth that those sheep simply took wings and went up what appeared to be a perpendicular wall of mountain rock 2,000ft. high. Both of us were too astonished to shoot until they were far out of range. I felt that they deserved their freedom, having never before witnessed such an incomprehensible sight, and I shall never hereafter discredit any story regarding these mountain climbers.

Crestfallen, disheartened and disgusted we started back toward Sunrise City. I always thought going down a mountain was easy, but I believe it was more tiresome in that instance than going up. To shorten the distance I proposed to my friend White that we slide down across a bank of snow about 200ft. wide that stretched out before us, but not being as tired and reckless as myself, he preferred going around. With the gun under my arm, the barrel firmly gripped in my hands, and the breech settled in the snow to serve as a sort of rudder and brake, I cut loose. I am not going to do that again, either. That mode of transit, though rapid, has disadvantages. Go around at all hazards. Somehow I shipped my rudder at the first send-off, but not until it had swung me entirely around and I found myself going like greased lightning keel first, with the gun far in the rear. I clutched wildly at the snow, but it was of no avail. Everything was going my way. I finally landed in a clump of bushes about ten seconds ahead of the gun, sustaining no serious injury except my wounded feelings, which attested the fact that snow can become quite hot under certain conditions.

Before proceeding any further I registered a solemn vow never to be inveigled into hunting the innocent mountain sheep again in Alaska. F. H. Russell.

Natural History.

Collecting Menagerie Animals.

I.—From Parrots to Rhinoceroses.

Previous to 1860 nearly the whole importation of wild animals into the United States arrived at Salem, Mass. Up to that date almost the entire trade with South America and the West Coast of Africa was carried on by vessels hailing from that port, and strange to relate, the collector of the port and his immediate assistants handled the animal branch. Residing in Boston about that time, I frequently made short trips to Salem hunting living zoological specimens. One of my favorite modes of procedure was to arrive in the town during the night, and early the next morning pass through the various alleys and back ways of the municipality, when I would be able to hear the sounds made by the various specimens of the parrot family, which had been brought home by the crews as presents for their relatives and friends. The location was mentally marked, and after breakfast a call was made at the front door, when I generally succeeded in making a purchase. Of course I soon became well acquainted with the collector, from whom I purchased specimens of all the larger kinds of beasts and birds.

Gradually the trade drifted to Boston, when I made it my business to make the acquaintance of all the shipping masters in the port, and I soon made it to their interest to introduce me to all the captains and mates bound for ports where they would be likely to pick up wild animals, birds and reptiles. On the day of sailing I would be on board and make myself acquainted with the sailors, from whom I generally got my supply of parrots. I had a contract with a dealer in New York, who took all that I could get, allowing me $1 per head commission. So it is easy to figure that whenever a vessel arrived with each sailor bringing one or two parrots my commission amounted to quite a sum.

Another source of supply was the different sailor boarding houses; but I am sorry to say that this was not a very satisfactory branch, as a greater portion of the birds had been educated to use the vilest kind of phrases. I well remember running across one, whose cage was set behind the bar of a noted resort, which used the most complete collection of oaths that can possibly be imagined. I wrote to my customer about him, and he replied that he would not have the bird at any price. A short time subsequently I was surprised at the receipt of the following telegram: "Express blackguard parrot immediately." I did so, and some time afterward going to New York I wished to know what had become of the bird. The dealer burst out laughing, and said: "One morning a young gentleman came into my store and said that he lived with two maiden aunts who had become affected with the parrot mania, and he wished to purchase one which could swear like a trooper, as he detested the birds, and wished to cure his relatives of their maniacal desire. I telegraphed you, and on the arrival of the bird it was turned over to him at a good round price. A few days subsequently he stepped in and said that he thought the bird was a fraud, as it had never spoken a word since its arrival. I requested him to have a little patience until it became accustomed to its surroundings. About a week after he made his appearance with the bird and his face wreathed in smiles. It seems that during the morning one of the aunts had addressed some endearing terms to her pet, and in return received a volume of phrases such as are heard generally in places similar to the one in which it had long resided. The result was a near approach to a fainting fit, and the instant banishment of the culprit. The young man insisted on my sharing a bottle of champagne with him, and ordered decapitation for the naughty offender."

The New York dealer once wrote to know if I could get him any live wood ducks. I immediately began to visit Faneuil Hall market, to see if I could find any carcasses on sale among the poultry dealers. After several visits I ran against a quantity of bodies at one of the stalls, and tried to arrange with the dealer to secure me some living specimens, but could get no satisfaction out of him, as he evidently thought that I wished by some means or other to interfere with his business in that line, as his was the only stand in the market which kept that species of duck on sale. Fortunately one morning in passing I saw them unpacking a barrel of the carcasses, which bore a label of the American Express Company. During the day I called at the office and was informed that the birds came from Burr Oak Station, on the Michigan Southern Railroad, and were consigned to a clerk in the post office, who sold them to the dealer. On interviewing the clerk he told me that the birds were netted by his brother and proffered to write immediately and ascertain if he would be willing to keep them alive until I could reach him, so as to properly crate and ship them. A short time subsequently I was notified that it was too late to do anything that season, as the flight was about over; but during the next fall there would be no difficulty in supplying me. I immediately wrote to New York and received an order for the entire catch. Whereupon I closed upon that basis, and the next fall, on notification of the close of the catch, I made the trip to Burr Oak and found 300 pairs awaiting my arrival. The netter's house was situated on a wooded knoll, around which ran a creek, on the banks of which were three nesting beds, all being in full view of the house, so that the owner could sit at a window and see whenever the ducks were feeding up to the nets. For my especial gratification he removed the bait from two of the beds, thus forcing the ducks to frequent the remaining one, so as to insure a good catch, and one afternoon during my stay I was so fortunate as to catch forty-six black ducks at one pull. I arrived in New York without a loss, and the wood ducks were all shipped to Europe, where they were distributed among the various fanciers and zoological gardens. Consequently to-day they can be procured from thence with less difficulty than in this country. At present I have a price list of the Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris, in which 100 pairs are quoted at 35 francs per pair.

As time progressed, I found my trade again shifting from Boston to New York, where a majority of my customers were located, thus forcing me into direct competition with them. After due consideration, I determined to go abroad, and picked out South Africa as my destination, trusting to secure specimens which would be new to the home market, as I had met with but few beasts and birds hailing from that region. I had to wait for some time before I could hear of a vessel bound for that region, but finally hit on one loading flour at Long Wharf, Boston. I secured passage for Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay, and was promptly on board on the morning appointed for sailing. I found the mate in trouble, and hurrying to get away from the wharf without the captain, who resided on Cape Cod, and in driving to the railway station had been upset and unfortunately broken his leg. This was during the Civil War, when sailors' wages ran high, and every man before the mast had received two months' pay in advance, consequently the officer was anxious to haul out and anchor in order to prevent desertions. Just as the tug made fast to us, and the mate was superintending the casting off of our lines, an express wagon drove out on the wharf and a party on it sang out, "Pass down the line!" It was immediately done, and made fast around a seaman's chest, and the party used it hand over hand to get on board. The driver of the wagon called out: "Captain, I hope you will have a quick trip." Casting his eyes aloft and taking a survey of the vessel's rigging he answered, "I'll make the old sugar box sail if there's any sail in her." And he did make her sail, for he made the voyage out to Algoa Bay in fifty-one days. He had always been in the Mediterranean fruit trade, consequently was a driver, and it was a most fortunate thing for the owners that he had been selected to fill the position of the crippled master.

Immediately after my arrival I began to look around for natural history specimens, and soon found out that the sole source of supply was from farmers, who brought them into the morning market, where they were sold at auction by the market master. As my line of business was something new in the community, it was soon noised that a crazy Yankee had arrived, who was willing to purchase all kinds of *feræ naturæ*. Consequently I was able to pick up a number of specimens at what I considered fair prices, but they were nearly all hay eaters, particularly the various species of antelopes peculiar to that region, which had been captured while young and kept as pets. Among them was a pair of bush bucks, the only ones that I ever secured during all my South African tours.

I returned by the same vessel which had carried me out, and on my arrival in New York disposed of my entire stock to the dealer for whom I had formerly purchased parrots. A few days after the sale I was hastily summoned to the store, and found that a pair of baboons had been sold, the purchaser of which wished collars and chains put on them. In making the attempt one keeper was severely bitten and another had nearly all his clothing torn off him. I had experienced trouble in caging them for shipment; but succeeded in mastering them without any serious mishap. They had not forgotten the lesson, and I surprised the purchaser by passing my hands into the cages and affixing the collars and chains. If he was surprised I was much more so

when I saw him pay $1,000 for the two animals. I was convinced that I had parted with my collection for far too little money, and I was still further enlightened on the subject some ten days afterward, when the dealer smilingly showed me a communication from the zoological gardens of Antwerp offering him 2,500 francs for the pair of bush bucks.

I watched anxiously for the sailing of another vessel for South Africa, and finally secured passage in one bound for Cape Town. On my arrival there I found that little or nothing could be done in my line in that vicinity, and I was puzzled where to go next, when I fortunately made the acquaintance of a Yankee skipper who sailed a small vessel up and down the East Coast. He persuaded me to take passage with him for Durban, Natal, which port he represented as being a good one for my business. On my arrival there I found a pair of cheetahs on sale, which I immediately purchased, and a short time afterward managed to get three lions. I remained about six months and secured a very good collection, and then sailed for home, where I arrived with scarcely a loss, and profiting by my former experience received much better prices than on my first venture.

While preparing for my next rip I received orders for two hippopotami, or rhinoceroses if the hippopotami could not be obtained. In order to gain time, I took steamer for England, and on my arrival in London visited the establishments of the various dealers in wild animals, for the purpose of procuring either hippotami or rhinoceroses, but I learned nothing until the morning I was to leave for Southanmpton to catch the steamer for Cape Town. Happening in at Jamrack's, he informed that he had just received a letter from his son in Calcutta, who would return in a sailing vessel via the Cape of Good Hope. Then he read a list of the stock he intended bringing with him, and among them were two rhinoceroses. Of course I had not informed him that they were the very animals I wanted, and simply remarked, "If it were not for the vile roads in my country I would like to purchase the rhinoceroses, but they were so heavy that it would be almost impossible to wagon them." He immediately said, "Let me sell them to you."

"How much would you have the nerve to ask me for them?"

"I'll furnish the two for £600."

I immediately accepted the offer, and he frankly acknowledged that if he had suspected that I really wished to purchase the animals he would have named a much higher price for them. They arrived in New York in good order, and singular to relate, years after, when in charge of the zoological gardens of Philadelphia, I assisted in making a trade with a showman for one of the same animals, and to-day Pete the rhinoceros is one of the leading features in that famous collection.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

My Little Bantams.

THE world is constantly reminded that it is not value, quantity or even usefulness of a thing that enables it to secure attention which becomes the synonym for pleasure. Little things possess attractiveness which on cultivation and acquaintance may give as great reward of pleasure as that experienced by lovers of fine horses or short-horns, or by the autocrat who marshals his hosts at will. It is all the same.

Pleasure, being merely a gratfication of the senses under the will, makes the sources of enjoyment as variable as tastes and inclinations of individuals. The Frenchman with his army of well-drilled fleas, no doubt feels quite as much pleasurable pride and holds as large a measure of military glory as any duplicated Napoleon or second Alexander. And it would seem among the possibilities that education in this line may be carried far enough to enable cadet canary birds to experience as much pleasure in witnessing their insurgent brothers tumble over on touching off the field pieces, as is attributed to Gen. Otis on seeing his explosive shells mow down the Filipinos.

Birds are remarkably bright, and receive instruction readily. They have no difficulty in making their wants known, and some can be taught to articulate and apparently to understand the meaning of words in human language. It is quite evident that all domestic fowls and quadrupeds understand the meaning of much of the language addressed to them by their attendants. Birds, however, more than beasts, possess the faculty to speak the human language and to understand that spoken.

Some years since an amusing incident occurred with an unsophisticated squirrel hunter who was not aware that birds in this neighborhood sometimes talk. While he was in the act of drawing a bead upon a crow the bird cried out, "Don't shoot me, damn you!" He lowered his gun, and in breathless agitation reached the nearest house, saying, "I came very near shooting the devil down in the woods, but he said 'Don't shoot me, damn you,' and I got out of that locality as quick as could." The bird was a favorite of the neighborhood and had been taught to say these words for his own protection.

When birds are compared and measured by commendable faculties, no species has greater claims than the one on which was conferred the honor of illustrating the goodness, mercy and solicitude of Divinity for the Wayward City.

The hen is not only a model of careful anxieties, love and protection, but is by nature exceedingly intelligent. She recounts her young, and when one is missing she calls aloud and searches for the lost. She is so partial to her own that she detects and resists with unerring sagacity additions and substitutions to her family. How her little brain accomplishes so many wonderful manifestations of superior intelligence is as much a mystery as the phenomenon miracle that perpetuates her species.

Some years since the writer had two blue blood game hens hatching the same day. The hens were sisters—iridescent black. Their chicks were alike, all black, with a white downy spot on the breast. The first hen taken off the nest had five young, while the other hen, still on the nest, had six. The doubtful undertaking was to kidnap the chicks of the mother still on the nest and have the hen taken off adopt the six incubated by her sister. A chick from under hen No. 2 was quietly and unnoticed placed with those of the hen having five. In a few minutes the mother became disturbed in mind, raised her feathers and walked around, passing her head close to the chicks, showing as a hen only can that things were not satisfactory. In another minute she picked up a chick and killed it at one dash and outcry of anger.

In the evening she was placed in a box and three additional chicks with her own were put under her for the night. In the morning when taken out with eight young she became furious and killed two and badly injured the third before the massacre was stopped. Those killed and injured were no doubt chicks belonging to the other hen, although the closest observation could reveal no difference in the two broods.

Not long since a neighbor brought in six motherless bantam chicks a day or two old to place with a bantam hen having a like number of the same age. The mother accepted five of the strangers colored as her own, but the white one she stubbornly refused to admit to association



THE BANTAM MOTHER.

with her family, and made it necessary to keep it out of sight to save its life. In this instance the objections must have been founded on "color line," as it is not likely the mother reasoned abstractly far enough to anticipate unpleasant gossip from its adoption. There seems to be good reason to believe that while birds are all partial to nice and fashionable plumage, they alike detest any deviation from standard colors. In the fall of 1880, while waiting for wood ducks on the border of a pond, thousands of starling came in yelling and screaming and acting in the air with as little sense as an infuriated mob of human beings. They thundered around the pond for some time before the cause of the disturbance was ascertained. They were after a white starling, which they seemed determined to kill. The persecuted bird not likely had committeed any offense, but like humans they mobbed it altogether on account of color.

Hens are not all in the same degree of exclusiveness; but enough so to maintain and enforce hereditary and constitutional requirements, being in favor of educating and taking care of their own to the exclusion of all others.

A hen is a hen, regardless of size. The brain, with its activities and power, bears no relation to the magnitude of



COL. DEWEY.

the birds. A bantam mother is just as much a typical mother as one of ther larger sisters. Bantams are hereditary pets and wonderfully pleasant schoolmasters; and if any one desires to lengthen out his days, obtain information and amusement combined, and feels assured he will not become muddled in trying to solve the problem of matter and mind in the order of evolution, let him attempt to rear a few bantams and he will be satisfied with the reward and quite certain he has not discovered the philosopher's stone.

The bantam mother shown in our illustration with a brood of ten little chicks is just off the nest. The hen weighs 8oz. and the young ½oz. each. Three weeks ago these bright little fellows were nothing but eggs; now each is an intelligent being. See! One picks up a crumb too large to swallow and starts off on a run, fearing a brother or sister might come in for a share of it. The mother says she has found a good morsel; instantly all make a rush for the prize. She sees the shadow of a pigeon's wing and says "Hawk." They instantly drop down and lie motionless until told the danger is over. How did selfishness find its way into the egg? Who taught the mother's language? It is astonishing that so small amount of brain only a few days old should be able to carry on so many amusing pranks bearing no relation to experience or observation.

Bantams are not reared without much care and unremitting attention. They are little gluttons, and at the mother's bidding gladly eat anything they are able to swallow, making their infancy fraught with many perils. It is for this reason better to take them from the hen as soon as off the nest and restrict them to soft diet for several weeks. Early this summer nine youngsters were taken from the mother and placed in a small back yard full of bushes, vines and other undergrowth. While we were fixing them in their new location a lady, seeing what was being done, volunteered the prophetic statement, "You are having all your trouble for nothing; the rats will take every one of them in little or no time." The reply she received was: "Here is a cat that will attend to that matter." The lady smiled, saying: "Doctor, you know a cat is the most treacherous animal ever made, and will eat up every one of the little ones before you know it." This compelled a response that "Cats were very much like women—good ones are very good and bad ones are very bad."

There was abundant reason for confidence in the cat. Last summer—1898—he guarded most faithfully a brood of young bantams and a covey of young quail at the same time in this inclosure, until they were full grown, without the loss of a bird.

Assisted by Tommy nine young bantam orphans were placed in a sunny spot with water and food near by; and naturally enough a voice came from an old doctor saying: "Now, Pussy, don't you hurt these little baby chicks, but watch the rats; they will kill them if you are not watchful." Of course the cat made no response of approval except to purr and rub his sides against his master's legs more vigorously.

It was, however, felt that all was right; and on return after an absence of several hours, Puss was found on duty and manifestly much gratified that he had already captured a rat. From this time on every rodent that entered the back yard in daytime and could not give the countersign became a prisoner after the administration order. And it is a matter of record that in two weeks six large rats came to an untimely as well as timely end in attempting to molest the guardian's charge; and the family of little orphans remained free from disease or accident untile matured all right.

It bacame quite instructive to witness the interest the cat really showed in various ways for the welfare and protection of his subjects. When the chickens were being fed he would take a position at the proper distance from the plate on which the bantams received their food, looking as sleepy and indifferent as possible; but what was passing in his mind, however, can be surmised only by following actions. When the bantams received a fresh supply of food the English sparrows would gather in and sit around on the bushes, awaiting a favorable opportunity, English-like—to "Jack Spratt the platter." Quite often a hungry one would crowd in among the chicks to share their meal. This was what the cat was waiting for. At the right time he would leap upon the group and pick up the sparrow, and walking off a short distance would take a lunch. He never made a mistake nor accidentally injured any of the pets, although the performance was almost a daily occurrence.

There are several varieties of bantams. The illustrations here given were taken from the partridge game, probably the most hardy, pugnacious and pompous variety ever produced in this section of the United States. Notwithstanding the warlike propensities of the males, they are undoubtedly the most thoroughly domesticated, gentle and affectionate of all the birds known. The males usually weigh about 1lb. and the females 8 to 10oz. at maturity.

The warlike disposition or love for battle being hereditary, it is distributed to members of the same brood in various degrees of intensity. Some of the males devote themselves entirely to war, while others are more for peace and domestice quiet. And like the pugnacity of human and other animals, that of the bantam manifests itself at the earliest periods of existence. Some young bantams only a few days old will take the position and go through all the bodily motions of a gamecock in battle, if one simply places a hand before them in a menacing manner.

With a brood in the spring of 1898 there was one that manifested an unusual degree of pugnacity at a very early age. This trait increased with growth, and at maturity made him so fearless and full of fight that he received the sobriquet of Col. Dewey. He is now a beautiful bird of two summers, weighing only 1lb. Though small, he feels as large and expansive as a coming empire, with a bearing so highly military and self important that an eclipsing shadow is cast over the polished manners of successful and well paid United States admirals.

But with all his desire to subjugate he has never shown any disposition to kill or destroy liberties of others in kind of his own.

His disposition to fight, however, regardless of law, constitution or acts of Congress, has given him great notoriety, and he is known all over the city as the bird with the ultimatum for war. He knows no arbitration or peace commission, golden rule or right of discoverey; but insists that pedestrians on the streets are semi-barbarous insurgents, incapable of self-government, and "must be killed or captured," and with these he combats, ending each engagement with crows of immense conquest and slaughter.

His bravery is as sound as a gold standard dollar and is not tainted in the slightest degree with heroism which prefers warlike assaults upon defenseless women and children to those of a responding battery. Still, it is evident that his bearing is particularly pompous and imperialistic when he can start peaceble females on the run sufficiently to bring out those high notes of despair heard on the appearance of a mouse.

Various attempts have been made to bring about friendly relations between the Colonel and his monstrous 16lb. cousin; but all negotiations so far have failed. In the meantime the Colonel has given his friends to understand he is an American Bird, independent and opposed to foreign alliance; that he needs no protection nor alien assistance, and like Admiral Sampson, home production can lay out anything that carries a foreign name.

A battle is expected—a battle of 1 6to 1—an honest victory, with the weapons furnished by nature, as no stock is taken in the priestly assertion that "God is always on the side of the longest guns and strongest powder."

N. E. JONES, M. D.

In a South American Forest.

FROM a letter written by a young friend of mine, Mr. Samuel M. Klages, who has been for the last year and a half in the wilds of Venezuela, collecting natural history specimens, I select the following extracts, which I believe will be interesting to readers of FOREST AND STREAM. The letter is written from Suapure, in the valley of the Caura. F. J. CHAPMAN.

"This place is in striking contrast with the neighborhood of Ciudad Bolivar. There the soil is arid, and low woods—and little of that—are to be found. The hills are particularly barren, being little else but piles of stones, sand and boulders, supporting a rank growth of weeds and sand-loving maré and chaparral trees. Birds are, as I found, few in species (we took 95 or 100 kinds only) and not at all striking in appearance or typically tropical, except the few kinds of parrots and parroquets, and some water birds. The mammals were scarcer in proportion than the birds; the only families found to be represented are the *felidæ*, the opossum, rats, rabbits and sloths. With insects it was the same way. There were a few of the gorgeous things peculiar to the torrid zone, but the great mass of the species were small and dull in hue.

"Here the face of the country, the vegetation and the animals are almost totally different. The little house we live in for the present is situated on a steep hillside overlooking the beautiful, mirror-like Caura River and the magnificent forest on the other side. Fifteen or twenty miles west is the beginning of a mighty chain of mountains, the peaks of which reach high above the clouds. These mountains—and indeed the whole country—are clothed with a truly tropical forest, the grandeur and luxuriance of which are indescribable. The trees grow so close together that there is a continual struggle to reach the light and live. Consequently the soil being of marvelous fertility, we have not only a forest of thick trees, but the latter are extremely tall. Between the trees the ground is occupied with much vegetation of smaller size and adapted to the shade. Countless varieties of plants, some of them of great beauty, make the sylvan depths a veritable paradise. Palms, giant ferns and many plants with large dark-green, shining leaves, vie with each other to excite the admiration of the beholder of these marvels of God's creation. From dizzy heights, from the branching-out place of low palms, from the rough bark of trees—everywhere that a foothold offers—hang orchids, many of rare loveliness, and many of amazing size.

"Nor is this forest a place replete with vegetable life alone. The ear informs one of the presence of innumerable birds. One species whistles a bar of three notes in the most entrancing silvery tones, and loud enough to be heard a quarter of a mile. The vast arches of these forests resound with the songs of this species; but it was a long while before I learned to detect the whereabouts of the mysterious whistler. It sits perfectly still, except for a jerking of head and tail while whistling at great heights, and being of a dull gray color and little larger than a robin, one is apt to find himself completely baffled in the effort to discover the bird, although it repeats its cry very frequently. Quite startling is the booming, hoarse scream of the great blue and scarlet macaw, as it wings its way above the tops of the Titanic trees or perches far aloft on some fruit-bearing branch. It is a good gun that will kill these big parrots at such heights.

"Occasionally the woods are made to re-echo with a sound which is the most hideous ever heard in South America. Indeed, in volume and horribleness of tone it excels the roar of lions, as I have heard them roar in menageries, far beyond comparison. The sound can be heard distinctly for miles. This is produced by the howling monkey, an animal with long, gaunt limbs; ugly, bristling, reddish-brown hair; a large skull, and jaws furnished with sharp, canine teeth. I have a skin of this animal hanging over my head drying, and the skull is close by on a drying cage. The vocal organs of this creature are really wonderful. The larynx alone is as large as a man's fist, and in the throat, placed so as to catch, reverberate and intensify the noise formed in the larynx, is a great cavernous formation of bone, nearly spherical in form, and having an opening large enough to admit three fingers at a time. The size of this bone is about the same as that of the larynx. The noise he makes is about like that made by boys in the States with a 'devil's fiddle' at a country wedding. Imagine a dozen or fourteen strokes of the 'bow' and then a wind-up consisting of a prolonged hollow roar, such as the howl of a whirlwind were it confined in a great cavern. The specimen at hand was espied as it was clambering along the topmost boughs of a gigantic tree, whose branches interlocked with those of the surrounding trees. Manifestly the animal was alarmed, for it ran from limb to limb, edging toward some dense foliage, and I made haste to prevent its escape; but the No. 10 gun belched forth three times before the big, heavy beast let go and crashed through the branches to the ground.

"Butterflies of gorgeous and strange appearance, and a great many kinds, flit about in the forest and hover along the banks of the little streams. There is an ox-cart road which runs through miles of the richest part of the neighboring forest, and it is my great delight to wander along this path with Ed, now shooting a new and strange or beautiful bird, and anon catching a butterfly of rare loveliness or oddity. Every day in the woods means the acquisition of some new species and new and interesting facts. The people here are not uncivilized, as I had expected, although the preponderance of the population are Indians. About the only industries are the raising of sugar cane and the manufacture of rum and sugar."

American Woods.

Part VIII. of Romeyn B. Hough's series of "American Woods" has been issued and is ready for delivery. It is a continuation of the species of the Pacific Slope, and among the interesting woods represented in it are those of the California fan palm (*Washingtonia filamentosa*) and the mission cactus (*Opuntia tuna*), which are objects of special interest to all interested in woods.

Birds and Agriculture.

GLOUCESTER.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I note your editorial referring to birds as seed and insect destroyers in aid of agriculture.

I am sorry to state that I cannot agree with your conclusions. In my observations of birds I have failed to find any proof that they are beneficial to agriculture. Thus far I have refrained from publishing my views for fear that it would lessen protection. Birds should be protected for sentimental reasons, and the time is not distant when this idea will prevail.

Scientists fall into many errors when reporting the food of birds.

While farming in Maine I had 10,000 head of cabbage destroyed by the green worm, the larva of the cabbage butterfly. A large flock of robins lived on the chrysalids for many days, but enough were left to start business the next spring, and I lost my cabbage as before. That fall the ichneumon fly that now keeps the cabbage in check made its appearance. Nearly every chrysalid contained the larva of the fly. The robins were now destroying my allies, but if a scientist had killed and examined robins he would have found the cases of the chrysalids, and would have published to the world how many thousand chrysalids a robin would destroy in a season. Then he would have figured the eggs that would have been deposited had there been no robin, and the result would have surprised the natives, while the whole thing would have been a farce.

As to weeds: Nature provides seeds for the birds, and enough more to enable every kind of weed to occupy every nook and corner of the earth.

Any weed would take possession of the world in spite of birds if it was not crowded out by stronger plants or by cultivation.

Turn out to common a grass field and weeds will crowd out the grass; shrubs will crowd out the weeds and forest trees will crowd out the shrubs. Birds do not keep weeds in check, but instead help the increase by scattering undigested seed. M. A. WALTON.

Eagle and Child.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I find in one of my newspapers this: "An incident which recalls the wild stories of Switzerland and Tyrol occurred last week near Mansfield, Conn. A very large eagle swooped down upon a party of children, fastened its talons in the clothing of an infant and actually succeeded in carrying the child some distance, when it alighted, apparently for the purpose of securing a better hold. The other children followed and attacked the bird, finally beating it off after several of their number had been badly scratched and torn by its beak and claws."

Anything in that? AZTEC.

Game Bag and Gun.

Sport with a Friend.

"HELLO, old man."

"Al, how are you?"

"Fine as ever" (giving my hand a wrench), "and just crazy to go gunning. Got a few days off and thought I'd drop over to see if you didn't want to take a trip with me. If you don't want to go"——

"If I don't want to go! That's good. Thought you knew me better than to make such talk as that."

"Well, how the deuce did I know but you'd changed some in a year? But where can I get a gun?"

"Bother the gun; I'll look after that."

"And shells?"

"Plenty of shells. Plenty of everything except game. You'll find little enough of that."

"Well, never mind the game. We can have a good time without it. Parade the fixings, now, and we're ready."

It was but a small job to "parade the fixings," and twenty minutes after my friend had so unexpectedly bounced in upon me, when I thought him forty miles away, we were off for the woods, guns on our shoulders.

Our first objective is a swampy corner, adjoining a big strip of pine on the opposite side of the river. Entering this after a brisk walk, we separate to cover as much ground as possible, for we have no dog. A few years ago many a bird had fallen to our guns in this same corner. But now how changed. In those few years the breechloader has been busily at work, leaving a broad wake of death behind it. Foot after foot is passed over without raising a single bird. At length we find three near the upper end of the cover, but they separate and fly wildly, no one can tell where.

It is useless to try to follow them, so we make for a woodcock run near by. One ought to have a dog to hunt such a cover as this; but we have none, so in we plunge ourselves, Al on the right, I on the left, moving slowly, as before. Slowly? Well, I rather guess! The idea of a man hurrying in a place like this! A network of stems and twining vines in all directions, thick canopy of foliage overhead, and little boggy spots, soft as pudding, waiting for you at every step. Just as you get knee-deep in one of these, or are worming your way through en extra thick clump, your hat coming off and your barrels caught in a regular Japanese puzzle of stems and branches, whizz! up goes a bird, and you might as well be handcuffed as for getting a shot.

Between us, we probably flush a dozen birds in moving the length of the thicket, but without firing a shot until we near the upper end, when, warned by a sharp "Look out!" from Al, I see one coming and bring it down. This raises our courage so that we determine to try the thing over again, Al declaring he shall do some firing this time if he has to go wholly by sound.

Sure enough, we hardly go ten steps after turning, when I hear him let go. I begin to get excited and make the wildest kind of a snap at the next one that rises on my side. Over toward Al she goes unharmed, and he salutes her. A moment later, and bang! again. "I don't expect to get 'em, but I'll make a few clearings in this beastly run," I hear him mutter. He has my brother's heavy fox gun, loaded 4½dr., 1⅜oz. With this charge it always reminded me of Mark Twain's "Old Allen" revolver: "If you didnt' get what you fired at, you generally brought something else." This hadn't proved the case with my friend thus far, however, if a big swath of alder tops at each shot be excepted.

But down toward the lower end of the patch Al scores a kill. Then, as we step out in the open, a bird rises, affording the first clear shot. I fire too quick and tear a big hole in the air behind her; but Al's shot brings her down. We now have two and one respectively, and under the circumstances we decide that we don't care for any more.

Taking an old road leading off through the pines toward the river, we move leisurely along it, keeping a sharp eye out for "drummers," which are often found here crossing the road. None are seen to-day, but presently we hear a gray squirrel barking not far ahead. Al creeps up and gives him a stiff charge of 6's, which stops his chatter but doesn't bring him down. When I reach Al he is standing under a small clump of pines among which we both plainly saw him disappear.

"It's a regular pudding," said Al; "step around there and scare him out and I'll soon have him in with my long-bills." And as I move around to the opposite side of the clump he stands ready for him when he comes out. But the fellow doesn't seem in a hurry to come out. Several minutes I smash noisily back and forth in the underbrush. Still no squirrel. Evidently he is on to the game, and, still keeping on opposite sides of the clump, we move slowly round it, once, twice, half a dozen times, straining our eyes into the thick tops in a vain effort to discover his hiding place. It begins to look as though that if there was any "pudding" in the scrape it belonged to the squirrel.

Not to go into details; this squirrel proves to be one of the kind that knows a good thing when he has it, and no amount of pounding and clubbing those trees, supplemented by half a dozen shots that tear great holes up through the branches, is sufficient to drive him out. After fully half an hour of this sort of thing, we are forced to go off beaten, and the last letter I got from Al he wanted to know if I "supposed that squirrel had come out of those pines yet?"

It is now near noon, and as we have brought no lunch we conclude to go home for dinner. A bridge spans the river near by, and crossing this we push down the other side of the river. Paying our respects to a bushy patch that lies in our way, I bring down another long-bill, while Al knocks over an old drummer that has been hanging around the spot for years, after which we set off at a double-quick for home, reaching there in time for dinner.

After dinner we strike out in an opposite direction. But I think my readers will agree with me that this story is already too lengthy, and the account of our afternoon experiences, if this escapes its deserts and doesn't pick up in the waste basket, had better be reserved for a future number. TEMPLAR.

CORNISH, Me.

Capturing a Buck on Foot.

A JOLLY party of men were drawing in the last load of hay from the deerfield on the Moore place, at Chilson Lake, Ticonderoga, the other day, when a good story was told my the pitcher, old Amasa Hall, one of the Hall boys, famous in this locality fifty years ago for their success in hunting and skill as lumbermen and river drivers. Alanson Moore was on the load, and the two hands engaged in "raking after" were his brother Herbert and the writer, one of their summer guests, who was trying to hurry up the haying, so that the boys would have more time for fishing with him. Both the Moore boys are well-known sportsmen, 'Lanson caring for hunting and trapping, while his brother seems to prefer the pursuit of the wily black bass in his lair down among the mossy rocks in the clear waters of the lake. The writer having observed that he had seen a fine buck crossing the road the day before, the talk drifted to hunting subjects, and Alanson said: "Amasa, tell how you caught a deer on foot once, and beat a hound running."

"Well," said that worthy, resting for a moment on his pitchfork handle, "it was this way: I was out one day by the mills on Chilson Hill, and saw a fine buck cross the road on the dead run. He was headed right over Bear Mountain, and somehow the crazy idea struck me that I could catch him. I was a pretty good runner in those days, and once made a half a mile on a track in two minutes and five seconds. Well, the buck kept along the ridge for a while, and finally got near Andrew Stowell's big sugar orchard. There I met a fellow neighbor with a gun, and said to him, 'Let me take that rifle and I'll get the deer.' He ripped out something like 'I don't allow no man to shoot my gun; I'll kill him myself.' With that he too started on a dead run, gun in hand; but, Land o' Massy, it wasn't no kind of use for him to try with me, for I just run right away from him, and I'll bet I went down that old mountain 20ft. at a jump.

"The buck kept giving me a pretty good chase, but I knew the ground, and felt sure that he was headed for a big tamarack swamp over by Put's Creek.

"Finally some one came along and told Anson Moore, the boy's father, you know, that I was having a time of it after a deer on foot all by myself, and he, like a kind neighbor, put out his old hound on the track to help me. Well, the dog finally got along my way, but I soon ran ahead of him, because I hunted by sight, and was catching a glimpse of the game every few minutes. I ran by sight and the dog by scent, and he would sometimes lose the track for a few minutes altogether.

"Finally I saw that the deer was getting 'tuckered out,' and that gave me more ambition. It seemed to me that if I could run that deer down alone there wouldn't be much more left to live for.

"As I said, the buck began to weaken a little, and finally I headed him off, and drove him straight into a big swamp, where he got stuck in the mud up to his shoulders. He was an ugly fellow, and had big horns, but by clambering out on some old logs I got him by the horns and held him fast. I hadn't even a jack-knife with me, and couldn't do anything but just hang on like grim death, hoping that some one would follow the dog. Finally the hound came along, and he tried to tackle the buck, but I kicked him off and sent him home

howling. Finally Anse Moore came along and shot the deer. I then cut his throat and had my buck.

"It isn't much of a story after all, but of course I had to run like the very devil to keep in sight of that critter. Probably I was about half crazy at the time. If I had my rifle I could have killed the animal during the first fifteen minutes of the run."

Thus saying, the old veteran of the Civil War straightened himself proudly up, and driving his long pitchfork into a large haycock lifted it bodily from the ground and sent the fragrant mass aloft, nearly covering Alanson, who was afraid of the "pizen ivy" found in some portions of the hay. The loader, as soon as he recovered from the shock, retorted, "Yes, the Halls were all great men, and there is a little story about their feats in the lumber woods that mustn't be forgotten. One day an uncle of mine cut down an awfully big pine tree, and after sawing off the largest log handed his son, a big fellow, his dinner pail and told him to eat and remain sitting on that log until he got his team to snake it out of the woods, because the Halls had said that they would have that log of timber if it took them a month, day and night. The boy ate his dinner, and when his father came for the timber was still obediently sitting upon the log. Judge the old man's surprise when he went to hitch on and found that all that was left of the beautiful pine log was the shell. It was in the spring, during peeling time, and the Halls had probably hitched on to the timber while the boy was dozing over his good luncheon, and had dragged it clean out of its shell without his noticing what was going on."

"Well," said Amasa, "our folks did know a few tricks about lumbering. That deer story is all right, and happened just as I told it." PETER FLINT.

Out with the Muzzleloader.

A GOOD friend of mine, without any apparent intention of doing me an injury, recently loaned me a muzzleloading shotgun with a Londan brand on it and a look about it that was purely businesslike. And to bring the old days back from the veil of memory and show an enthusiastic young M. Chill some vivid touches of the ancient times, the dingy old weapon was filched out of a dark corner of the garret, carefully wrapped with sundry newspapers, and one gray, misty morning last week the young boy and the old boy in the mettlesome fashion we have of doing things carried the gun up beyond the massive walls of Cornell and proceeded to "load up." Perhaps you have forgotten what a delicate, sometimes prolonged, task that is interspersed with those punctilious little details which develop cold fingers and a hot temper when the frost is on the meadow. But in this instance there was a delightsome rattle of shot in the greasy leather pouch, and the fantastically figured powder flask coaxed sunny days of the long ago into the foreground; and the old brown cap box was fished out of the right-hand vest pocket, two percussion caps adroitly abstracted therefrom, and after jarring the powder into the nipples fully, just as the fashion of old was, the caps were affixed to their places, a final look given to see that everything was at the "safety notch," and the walk resumed.

This was not intended as a shooting trip, a foraging excursion, but rather a sort of loafing jaunt, a raid on nature's wealth, with the old gun and its creaking paraphernalia as company. Incidentally Master Louis and papa, too, perhaps, entertained the vague notion of getting enough red squirrels for an evening stew. When we had fairly hidden ourselves in the first piece of woods the sun thrashed itself out of a swirling mass of clouds and permitted its radiance to fall here and there athwart the interlacing tree tops, inviting Reddy to come out and have a chew of the toothsome beechnut. Presently a clamorous squeaking of the sly rodent's vocal apparatus heralded his nearby presence, and then a moment later the muzzleloader spoke twice in a very sharp tone of voice, but the saucy little chap only guffawed derisively, flirted his silken brush, swung himself with heroic daring into a neighboring tree top and disappeared. Comforting ourselves with the reflection that we didn't care much for squirrel stew anyhow, we loafed around in the city of low-spoken inhabitants for some time without another wild voice to disturb our thoughts.

Moving further along we came to some sparse second growth timber, where nature's early autumn brush had already painted the foliage into many colors. Here is the charm of the primrose, the delicate tracing of canary yellow, the deeper tint of sulphur yellow, with the blending of carmine and yellow into the maroon yellow of society's best favor; and the warth of the reds is everywhere, from the matchless carmine down through the gradations of claret, cherry, crimson, vermilion, to the entrancing carnation. The elegance of the greens is no longer in one shade. Flashes of brilliant green are interlarded with splashes of beautiful olive and Quaker green, the modest but ever restful sage and tea green, with variations from all these, which make them unapproachable in the domain of artificial still-life color effects. And we feast our eyes upon wild confusions of orange brown, coffee, amber, seal, japan and Vandyke brown, upon the umbers and siennas, upon the cold, frigid tracings of blue in many tints, until the University clock, just beyong the rang of gently sloping hills, reminds us of the luncheon hour. Then out on the faded moss, under the deep blue of the sky and the glow of the sunshine, we ate our sandwiches and rested—and were boys together. Later on the big boy—just for a day—taught the little boy how to shoot, how to know the hang of a gun, how to carry it, how to respect it, and how to fear it. As the afternoon advanced and the homeward walk proceeded another brave but unavailing attempt to bag a squirrel was made. Failing this, we watched the graceful convolutions of a brigade of crows as it swept by in mid air, speaking a language characteristic of these shrewd, machinating wearers of faultless black. Far in advance, on easy, soaring wing, sped a great hawk, with his Machiavelian cast of countenance plainly outlined against the vast azure canvas above. Loafing some more, breathing afresh the pur, dry air of the high hill country and growing apace in newness of life, we at length slid down into the snarl of city traffic and the turmoil of ungrateful commercialism.

We had a day of rich, full breath afield, out in God's own country, where the sunshine is untaxed, and where the throbbing of nature's heart may be heard and sensed in all its wondrous charm. And the tousled old muzzleloader made the glad experience seem somewhat akin to that of the far-off days when we were all younger.

But it was the writer's first home-coming from a tramp afield for more than a decade when a winsome, sweet-faced, dark-eyed little woman of gracious presence and a lovely spirit of domesticity, failed to welcome his return. On the shadowing hillside a green grave and the voices which tenderly whisper in the swaying elm above it tell why. M. CHILL.

ITHACA, N. Y.

New Hampshire Game.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The statement of Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester (in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM), regarding Massachusetts game, is applicable to nearly all parts of New England.

For something over twenty-five years I have hunted a great deal over this section of New Hampshire. In some seasons I would average four days out of every week. In those days it was easier to start from forty to fifty grouse than to find five or six now. For a number of years after I began hunting systematically the birds apparently held their own, with the exception of now and then a season when woodticks killed off the young ones. I owned at the time the only trained dog in the town, and did not know of one in any of the adjoining towns. None of my neighbors made any pretense of wign shooting. I could leave a number of woodcock in certain covers, knowing that no one else would be likely to disturb them, and it was the same with the grouse. Unfortunately, this state o fthings changed. Some of my neighbors found that they could occasionally kill a grouse or woodcock on the wing, and they kept at work, and kept improving. Twenty years ago I could not have named any one else in this section whom I thought could kill one grouse out of six that they shot at on the wing. To-day there is hardly a man or boy about here who owns a gun who is not more or less some sort of a wing shot, and many of them are quite expert.

As Mr. Kinney says, "There are just as good covers to-day as twenty years ago." In this region I think there are more good grouse grounds. Old growth timber has been cut and the ground grown up with birch and small pine and such growth. The covers are all that could be desired, with the exception that they hold no birds, or at best only a few.

Mr. Kinney asks, "Why this scarcity of birds?" and answers, "To-day better brush shots, better firearms, better dogs," and last (but by no means least) he names the market shooter. Mr. Kinney is correct in his statement, but I think he should give the first place to the market shooter. The latter is certainly entitled to it; he surely has earned it, as an exterminator of all kinds of game, whether feathered or furred, in all parts of the country. Some twenty years since a neighbor of Mr. Kinney's was at my house about the middle of October. We hunted three days, and in that time killed more grouse than we would be likely to to-day in a month of hunting. Looking over the miles and miles of good looking grounds we could see from the hills my visitor remarked, "You do not half hunt this region; you ought to kill 500 grouse every fall. I could."

There is one thing the incessant hunting of the grouse in this section has done. It has made what birds are left very much wilder and better able to look out for themselves. Formerly our birds would give a dog a chance to work up to them. To-day nearly all get up the instant they hear anything coming. They are very much like deer which have been continually still-hunted for a number of years.

As for woodcock, we never depended on them as much as on grouse. Still in times past I could find quite a number of local birds in a number of covers I knew of. To-day I occasionally find one and sometimes two in such places. Some seasons we get some flight birds, but they are rather uncertain.

Various plans are being proposed to better protect what birds are left. Limiiting the number of birds to a gun I do not think would work. A few might regard such a law; the majority would not, or only to the extent of never telling of having exceeded the limit. Shortening the season would to some extent be a benefit; yet under such a condition the market shooter would put in every day, all day and part of the nights if possible, and would kill as he does now—ten times as many birds as the average sportsman. A close time might work if it was made to last for a generation. A close season for a few years would be about as beneficial as has been the closing for a few years of certain New Hampshire trout brooks.

Mr. Kinney says that some men say there are as many birds as there were twenty years ago. I hear such things said in this section, and invariably those who say so are market shooters. Perhaps those who make the above statements believe what they say. Probably they do not. It is evident that they do not want any more restrictions. Such statements remind me of what I heard about the deer in northern New Hampshire.

At one time deer hunting was allowed, I think, all through the winter. At any rate parties would go up the east branch of the Pemmigewasset River after a heavy crust had formed, and kill a great many deer. These deer were openly shipped to any market, I was told. I know of one house in that region where they claimed to have had seventy-five deer hanging in the barn at one time; also of thirty-two being hauled out of the woods by one party, all of the killing being done by crust hunting. When I was first in the above region it was some years after such proceeding had been stopped, and I heard two men talking about it. An old fellow said: "I don't see no good in these game laws; deer ain't half as thick as they were when we could kill them when we wanted to." I asked him how he knew, and if he still went up the branch every winter looking for yards, as he formerly did. He said: "No, I haven't been up there since they stopped us from killing, but I know they ain't so thick."

Of the numerous plans for game protection, it looks to me as though the FOREST AND STREAM'S platform plank to stop at all time the sale of game would be of more practical benefit than anything suggested. There will be more or less opposition to such a measure whenever it is tried to be passed. The market shooter does not want it. The dealer does not, and neither does the man who never uses a gun, the latter saying that if he cannot buy what game he wants there might as well not be any.

It looks to me as though the point to be settled regarding the sale of game is who is to be considered.

First.—The men who hunt for sport, who have taken pains to learn to shoot, who are the promoters and backers of the game protective associations, who are satisfied to go out now and then during the season, and who are satisfied with a few birds (few of this class are able to make big bags).

Second.—The men who shoot for the market, who want to be out every day and all day, who want every bird in every cover they hunt through, and who usually stick to it until they get the last one. The dealer who cares only for the profit in handling game, and who prefers a snared grouse to one shot. The man who is too lazy to hunt and prefers the easier and surer method of buying what he wants.

One side have had their way for a long time, and the results are reported from all parts of the countryq. Why not give the other side a trial?

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Oct. 12.

The Megantic Preserve.

BOSTON, Oct. 14.—The Megantic Club preserve seems to be giving excellent results as a hunting resort this fall, as well as it did as a fishing resort through the season. Mr. C. H. Fairbanks has just returned from his annual trip to that "happy hunting ground," where, with Mrs. Fairbanks, he spent a delightful vacation. He killed two buck deer and Mrs. Fairbanks shot a handsome doe. One of the bucks taken by Mr. Fairbanks was a record breaker, weighing, when dressed, 263lbs. He had a beautiful set of antlers, one with five prongs and the other with six. They saw other deer in good numbers, and might have taken them, but two were all Mr. Fairbanks cared to kill. Their hunting was principally done at Chain of Ponds. On their way out a beautiful little fawn appeared beside the road and looked inquisitively at the team. Mrs. Fairbanks talked to it for perhaps a minute before it started back, and even then its curiosity got the advantage of its fear, and it stopped. Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks went back and it stood again within a few feet of the road and allowed them to talk to it. They both say that they could not have shot that little fellow, and Mrs. Fairbanks was almost sorry that she shot the larger one. Dr. Gordon is also out from the Megantic preserve, and brings a buck the next in record to that of Mr. Fairbanks; dressed weight, 233lbs. A Montreal taxidermist pronounces the head one of the best he has ever mounted. Dr. W. G. Kendall, of Boston, also brings out from the same preserve two bucks.

Partridge shooting at the Megantic preserve is excellent. Mr. Fairbanks says that he got all he wanted, at least a dozen. One hunter had over a hundred at his cabin at one time, belonging to himself and a couple of sportsmen. Mr. L. Dana Chapman, secretary and treasurer of the club, has been sure all the season that partridge shooting was to be good, and members speak in terms of delight concerning the sport of that kind they have had. One of the guests has also killed a big bear, and bear meat has been on the bill of fare at the club camps. Mr. Fairbanks, after getting his deer, was ready for bear hunting, but was not successful in that direction.

There are glowing accounts of big game in the Moosehead Lake region, Maine. Mr. Calvin Astin, Brighton; George C. Moore, North Chelmsford; Harry B. Moore, Brookline, Mass., and George Greeley, Bangor, Me., have been at Seboomok for a week's hunting. They had fair success. Mr. Bateman, of Boston, has returned from a hunting trip to the Megantic preserve. He had great success, getting two handsome buck deer. He could easily have taken others, had he desired. Partridge shooting he found to be excellent.

Oct. 14.—Another terrible hunting tragedy must be recorded. Specials to the daily papers from Bangor, Me., tell of the accidental shooting of John B. Dumond, of Boston. Mr. Dumond was well and very favorably known in political circles. He had been a member of the Boston Common Council, and later a representative to the General Court from Suffolk county. Here he had made himself famous as the author of the Dumond liquor law. With a party of legislative friends—Senator C. H. Irmes, of Boston, and Representative C. H. Krebs, of Boston—he was at William Wood's camps at Messer Pond, 28 miles from Grindstone Station. This time the press dispatches say it was a registered guide who did the shooting—William Hobbs. The party separated in hunting deer. Hobbs mistook Dumond's fawn-colored hunting coat for a deer and fired, with fatal results. Mr. Dumond lived only half an hour after the shooting—not long enough to get him out of the woods. He was especially fond of shooting and fond of camp life; fond of accompanying his friends into the woods. A shadow of gloom has fallen over Boston sportsmen to-day. Where is the safety, if a registered guide is to shoot down a sportsman mistaken for a deer. Alas for the color of the hunting coat! What shall we wear? Oh! Every registered guide and everybody who goes into the woods with a gun should religiously mind the FOREST AND STREAM'S admonition: "Never shoot till you are absolutely sure of what you are shooting at!"

Then I would add, on my own responsibility: Keep whisky out of the woods. SPECIAL.

Nearly Every Number Since the First.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Oct. 9, 1899.—I inclose $8 for two years' subscription to FOREST AND STREAM. This will complete my file of FOREST AND STREAM, including nearly every number since the paper was first published. CHAS. D. BUTLER.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Wildfowl.

Stockton, Md., Oct. 10.—Since my last writing I have received no less than fifty letters inquiring about land for sale down here. So to save myself from endless writing, I will say there are no farms here on the bay for sale. Back in the country quite a number can be found, and very cheap; but away from the water I consider them dear at any price. There is an island here for sale, but it has no advantages over the main land, and is just as far from the gunning grounds. Many have tried to live there, but all give it up as a dismal, lonely failure.

Already a few ducks are in the bay, sea coot, sleepy coot and shell ducks, also a few bunches of geese. There appear to be less black ducks on the marshes than usual; they must have hatched badly or they have been killed off; however, many will come down from the North later on. There has been no shooting on the bay yet; nearly all wait for election day, and then open the season on shelducks. No one here shoots either coot or south southerly ducks, not even the colored population. There is an odor about them while cooking that hangs to the stove, the house, the dishes and even the table long after the offending fowl has been safely covered with earth, for I have never seen cats or dogs hungry enough to eat these fishy, oily, high-smelling birds. There is an unusually heavy crop of grass on the shoals, and I look to see a great season with the wildfowl. Last season was a banner one—more ducks and better shooting than for many years. The prospects are that this year will be even better, for the grass is much thicker this year, and every spot seems to be covered.

I have been busy getting my boats in order, and patching up and painting decoys. There is something about the mending and painting of stool ducks that makes me linger over the task far longer than the work really calls for. Here is one all full of shot. Poor Mr. —— tried to pot a redhead; this was all he got. That goose decoy with a broken neck. My! what a shot that was—70yds. at least. The old gander, with his 14lbs. of flesh and fat, dropped like a plummet on the stool, smashing its neck like a match stick. And so it goes, shot marks, broken bills, chipped sides, lost heads—each and every one has its own memory. I have one decoy with the top of its head gone. I covered it up with paint and let the old head stand. S. did that. How we all laughed! "Gentlemen," said he, "that is drinks on me; here, help yourselves; I am out." Little we thought then that in three short months he would indeed be out—out of all our lives and the lives of nearer and dearer ones. A true sportsman, kind and considerate, with a pleasant word for all, he has passed out into the great beyond, with its unknown limits that we too must explore. I wonder can he see me here with this broken decoy? Does he know I have left this splintered head in his remembrance? Who can say? O. D. Foulks.

Rhode Island Game.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Taking into account the technicalities of the law, the open season on game in this State began on Monday, but as the law is interpreted Sunday was the opening. In other words, though Sunday hunting is made punishable on the law book by fine, nevertheless the first instance of prosecution for the offense since the days of witches has yet to come before the bar of justice. Sunday, Oct. 1, dawned an ideal autumn day, crisp, sharp, frosty, with just enough tingle in the bracing atmosphere to make the sportsman's blood rush wildly through his veins as he climbed out of the wagon and stretched his cramped limbs in the first weak rays of the morning sun, preparatory to a day's tramp over the meadows and hillsides behind the dogs.

In the quail he was disappointed. The heavy snows of last winter worked such havoc among the ranks of the cheery little whistlers as they will not recover from in several seasons to come.

Partridges seemed fairly plentiful. Indeed, this king of the American game birds appears to hold its own in spite of all that can be brought to bear against him. In the heaviest winter snows, when all else is hidden under the glistening white mantle, he roosts in the tops of the trees and pecks a livelihood from the leaf buds.

When the little Bob White drops before the swarms of gunners that infest the woodland, the lordly ruffed grouse springs into the air with a whirr and shoots off like a 13in. shell, so that none but the experienced sportsman may expect to pull him down with an ounce of lead. Of course, at this time there are some chicken partridges that are not very strong of wing, but if we place against these the dogs, rank and headstrong from months of inactivity, and the hunter who has probably not held a gun to his shoulder for ten months, the scales will not be far from even.

Rabbits are as yet not to be counted. The underbrush too thick to shoot them, and their flesh is worthless until snow flies.

The squirrels are quite plentiful, probably owing to the fact that this is an unusually good year for chestnuts; but squirrel shooting is no sport until the leaves are off, except an occasional chance shot at one as he skips along a fence or swears at the hunter from his perch in a lofty tree. Taking all into consideration, the season that opened six days ago looks remarkably bright, and from now until New Year's Day the farmer would do well to keep his choice stock away from any suspicious looking bit of woodland that may shelter a man with a gun.

Striped Bass Plentiful.

A large number of striped bass have been recently seen in the sluiceway of Kelley's bridge, at Warren, R. I., at slack water. Schools of the fish, some of which would tip the scales at 10lbs. or more, lazily swam back and forth in the tideway for a half hour at the turn of both the ebb and flood tides. They refused all kinds of bait temptingly offered them. These fish have probably been as plentiful in numbers hereabouts as ever, but are much smaller than formerly.

The largest striped bass ever caught in those waters of which there is any record was taken by the late James Bishop, of the Barrington bridge, forty years ago, and weighed 54lbs. Moses T. Child, who has caught more of this kind and other kinds of fish than any other living angler of this vicinity, caught one on the same tide at Kelley's bridge, near by, which weighed 46lbs. Mr. Child, when a youth, while fishing at Kelley's bridge in the early morning, surrounded by a dozen large bass scattered on the grass by the roadside, was accosted by Daniel Webster, who was riding along the road en route from Providence to Newport. Mr. Webster, who was an enthusiastic angler, was so captivated by the beauty of the fish that he made an appointment with the youthful angler to have bait and a line in readiness for him on his return the following morning. Young Child was the only one who kept the appointment, though Mr. Webster subsequently sent an apology, but, as Mr. Child says, no compensation for the bait.

While gunning in the wilds of Exeter Sunday morning R. J. Sherman discovered and shot a fine deer. On several occasions its presence in the woods has been reported by different persons. The animal is a large doe which tips the scales at 122lbs. A deer is rarely found in the Rhode Island woods, and the news of its capture brought many people to view the specimen. R. J. Sherman is a hunter of great skill. Up to date he has shot four foxes this season. W. H. M.

Canadian Notes.

The weather during the last week or ten days of the fishing season was quite favorable to trout, but very unfavorable to anglers. An unusual amount of rain fell, and the streams were so high that very few fish were raised. The slaughter of trout upon their spawning grounds was, happily, very small indeed. No less than a dozen poachers were recently caught red-handed netting trout in the lakes about Murray Bay and St. Alexis, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. All were prosecuted, pleaded guilty and were fined. Proceedings are also to be taken against a number of people accused of netting salmon in the Saguenay district, where extra guardians have been posted by the Government. The Hon. Mr. Parent is sparing no pains to provide adequate protection of Quebec's fish and game, and proceedings are about being instituted against people said to have been concerned in the illegal slaughter of moose in the Temiscouata country. Rev. Dr. Rainsford has brought to the notice of the Government the wholesale slaughter of moose and caribou in the Metapedia valley, and measures are being taken to prevent a repetition of such destruction.

Deer are reported exceedingly plentiful this season, on the south of the St. Lawrence particularly. Moose and caribout are plentiful in Pontiac, the Lake St. John country, the Metapedia, Temiscouata, the Saguenay and Lake St. John districts.

Senator Edmunds is hunting in "the Gardens" of Charlevoix, and Chas. Wolcott and Henry Cabot, of Boston, in Gaspé. Mr. Chas. Miller and party, of New York, killed three moose and several deer in Pontiac. Mr. Johnson, of Bridgeport, has secured both a moose and a caribou on the Triton tract, in the Lake St. John district, and several fine heads of large game have recently been brought out of the Tourille tract, in the same district. E. T. D. Chambers.

Cuban Quail Fields.

Havana, Cuba, Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a large immigration from the North is expected to come here with the snipe this winter, those of them with shooting propensities and who may be readers of Forest and Stream may be interested in game news in anticipation of their coming

I wrote you some time since that in the month of October the law is off here for quail, and from then to March 1. But the quail, or a large proportion of them, are too small to shoot in October, and I with other friends of law and order—at least of the laws of nature in reproduction—have made some efforts to modify the game law so as to protect the quail in October, and as compensation to the sportsmen extend the shooting season to April 1, because quail do not commence to pair off until that date.

These recommendations are taking their course through the red tape methods of Spanish legislation still in practice here, so that no definite action has been reached, and the shooting season is now open here, and already about 200 licenses have been granted to sportsmen to carry and use their breechloading shotguns and rifles, at $6 each, American money.

Well, this indicates some progress in common sense, because formerly we were charged $8.50 gold for the right to carry a gun and $8.50 more to shoot with it; total $17 per annum, or during the open season ostensibly. But this does not in reality prevent many from shooting on one pretext or another through the whole year, both quail and deer.

It is something wonderful the disrespect that these people have for laws, and it will require one or more generations to change them in this.

Although I myself hold the baby quail in respect, I went into the country with my gun and dog to see for myself if the extremely dry summer has advanced the broods in their development. I raised, i. e., got up, five broods in all, and in one only were the young birds half grown, and in the other four broods they were about the size of sparrows, which circumstance confirms all my previous observations in other years. I shall not go out again until November, although I know that 200 guns will be sacrificing the broods by killing the parent birds during October.

The cattle farms in the near vicinity of Havana are gradually becoming repopulated with cattle, and the high grass of our intertropical climate is being browsed down to the favorable conditions for quail and snipe, so that I am anticipating an enjoyable outing during the season now opening, and of which I will write you later.

The snipe (*Gallinago wilsoni*) do not visit us until you have had a sharp frost up North, when they usually come down in considerable numbers, and in wet seasons when the ground is soft in parts of nearly every farm. they become widely distributed; but this year of unusual drought they will find so few soft soils in which to feed that I anticipate they will continue on to the swamps on our south coast, but few tarrying within reach of our city sports. However, as we are now having showers nearly every afternoon, if they continue we may find some feeding grounds nearer to us sufficiently soft for them. I hear that deer are increasing in numbers in Cuba and furnish good sport for those who prefer this game; but as the Cubans hunt in parties and are excitable, I consider quail shooting a safer sport. Also we have wild guinea fowls, and I last winter several times brought in four to six in a days' sport.

In any case permission from the owners of the farms is required and is not easy to get unless he is an acquaintance of the shooter, although many of them are lying waste for want of capital to rebuild the necessary domiciles and cattle and implements for reconstruction. It will require time to heal the deep and destructive financial and social wounds this island has suffered, and much longer because of the suspicions and race antagonisms and social and political habits and customs so difficult to eradicate and substitute modern usages and ideas in their place. Dr. Erastus Wilson.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

News from Jackson's Hole.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 7.—Game is more abundant in the region adjacent to Jackson's Hole, Wyo., according to all available reports, than has been the case for several years, and recent returns seem to verify this assertion. Several parties have been in, and among these I note one from New York, one from Philadelphia and two from Chicago.

The Thompson party, of New York, was heard of by gentlemen from this city a couple of weeks back. They had forty horses and a big outfit of guides, etc., and were bound on a big trip. They were then going in, and I can not say what luck they had.

Messrs. H. O. Wilbur and E. A. Selliez, of Philadelphia, earlier mentioned as westbound, returned to this city this week, and they report a grand time. Each man killed two fine elk and both were very much content. Mr. Wilbur killed one seven-point elk, and on the very next day got an eight-point bull, a beauty. Mr. Selliez got one curious specimen, an elk with nine points on one side of the head, but with the other split down and spoiled. To match this, he later killed a fine symmetrical six-point head and was willing to call it square. Both these gentlemen purposed a quail hunt somewhere in the West, but I do not know at this writing just what they concluded to do, though I think they returned to their native city after a brief stop here.

Mr. L. M. Hamline, of this city, some weeks ago started for a trip through the Yellowstone Park, taking only one guide. He returned to the country south of the Park and was spoken by other men of a Chicago party two weeks ago. At that time he had killed one elk and two antelope and was not ready to come home.

By all odds the best hunt made in the Jackson's Hole country this fall, and probably the best ever made in that country by non-residents, is that this week completed by a party of Illinois gentlemen—Mr. Harry W. Loveday, State game warden of Illinois; Mr. C. B. Dicks and Mr. Sam Simon, of Chicago, and Mr. Jas. R. B. Van Cleave, of Springfield, Ill. These gentlemen were gone just forty days from Chicago, and they had a grand time. They had a good outfit, four guides and a cook and a couple of dozen horses. The party was led by Jim Simpson. They killed eight elk, ten antelope, two deer, three mountain lions, three mountain sheep and one grizzly bear, the latter, however, only a cub, and caught in a trap. They had a dog which treed the lions. Mr. Loveday is credited with the best elk head, a magnificent specimen, but each man got a good head. All this plunder will be brought on to Chicago as soon as it can be got out by the guides, and the well-known Chicago taxidermist, Fred Kaempfer, will mount the whole aggregation of heads, certainly a notable collection. All the guides in that country said that this much game had never been killed by any one party in that region on one trip.

I talked with the Chicago men over the arms they used on this hunt, and am told that the .30-30 "did not seem so good as the .30-40." "You have got to be more particular where you hit an animal with the .30-30," said Mr. Dicks. Mr. Loveday shot a .40-65, and this gun seems to have "stopped an animal, wherever it was hit."

Waning of the Marsh.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14.—Prowling around among the gun stores this week to see who is going hunting and what luck everybody is having, I noticed two very contradictory circumstances. The ammunition trade was never better, and a great many parties are going out shooting; but upon the other hand, there does not seem to be very much game coming home with the shooters. A few years ago it was quite possible to take a run out from Chicago and come back in a couple of days with a decent bag of birds, but nowadays not one shooter out of a dozen has half the old luck.

I was talking with Abe Kleinman the other day—and everybody knows Abe Kleinman to be one of the old-timers among the Chicago game shooters. Abe was busy pushing wads into shells, and as usual he was mad. "Shooting? No," he said; "nobody gets any shooting any more. You fellows are all the time hollering about protecting the game, but there ain't any game left to protect in this country any more. If you want to have any game, you'd better stop the ditches on the marshes. If you dry up all the marshes you can't expect to have ducks or snipe. The way things are going now it won't be long before the whole Kankakee marsh is dry as a bone, and you can't get any shooting down there now, only once in a long while."

Some one remarked that out near Hyde Lake, just south of Chicago, there were a few jacks being killed, but this gave Abe no pleasure. "Yes, put that in the paper," he said. "There ain't more'n about 400 shooters out there every day now. We ought to have a few more."

What Mr. Kleinman says, and he is really an authority on game supply, too, has a great deal of significance. Our marshes in this part of the West are all being re-

claimed, and of course this means that they are ceasing to hold their former stock of game. In the gradual adjustment of things, I can see that the sport of the upland has for some time been gradually growing in proportion to the sport of the marsh. Ten years ago in this city, or shortly after I first went to work on the FOREST AND STREAM here, nearly everybody went duck shooting and did not care so much for grouse or quail. Now, as I have often said of late, I think one sees less preparation for wildfowl shooting and more parties outfitting for upland shooting. Some game will linger for a long time around the cultivated regions, though of course the ducks, geese and snipe are bound to go when the country settles up. The Bob White quail is going to be the salvation of the Western shooter. This bird is more abundant this year than ever all over lower and middle Illinois, and more and more our shooters are going in for quail shooting. I rather look to see more men own bird dogs the next few years than have for several years past, and I believe this fact to be due not merely to the prevalence of easier times.

Parties and Their Luck.

Among Chicago parties who have been disgusted with the poor sport left in this part of the country and who have gone far away to get some shooting, is the De Golyer-Cook party, several gentlemen of this city and of Michigan, who were at one time owners of the famous De Golyer marsh, on the Kankakee, where they had a fine club house and about the best mallard shooting on the river. A wealthy Chicago pork and beef packer bought their marsh, drained it and ruined it years ago, and since then the gentlemen have been going up to North Dakota, usually to Dawson. Last year Dawson was no good, as the water was too low, but this year Mr. E. C. Cook sends back word that the lakes have all filled up and the ducks are there. This is the same party who were sued some time ago by Dakota farmers for setting some stacks on fire through a prairie fire which they were alleged to have set out by accident. The suit cost them over a thousand dollars, and I am not sure it is ended yet, though these shooters seem not afraid to go back to the same grounds again.

Mr. A. D. Curtis, of Menominee, Mich., asks me where he can get good duck and goose shooting in South Dakota. I understand that there is good stage of water in the lakes near Preston, S. D., and would advise a trial of that point, or of Waubay, or, say, Webster, all of which points are said to be good now, though I have no more direct personal information about them.

A number of members of the Poygan Gun Club, of the Lake Poygan marshes, of Wisconsin, have left Chicago for a stay at this prolific shooting ground. This club is mostly made up of Chicago shooters. The sport there is at times very good indeed.

From Horicon marsh and the Diana Club, of that region, I hear that there has been some little duck shooting and some very fine sport on snipe.

About as good a bag as I learn of made near home this fall is that picked up by Billy Cutler and H. Levi, of this city, who returned a few days ago with seventy-two snipe and twenty-four teal. They shot near Lockport, Ill., hunting the spring marshes back of that town.

Mr. C. C. Hess, of this city, reports some snipe, but nothing startling, in near Lorenzo, on the Kankakee marsh, reached by the Santa Fe railway.

Fox Lake, Wis.—and by no means let this be confused with Fox Lake, Ill.—keeps up its records as a sporting region. The town fisherman, Dick Hoover, this week on one day caught thirty-five pickerel, four bass and a pike. One pickerel weighed 12lbs., three weighed 10lbs. each and others were good fair fish. Squirrels are now ripe at Fox Lake, and this little corner is worth pasting in one's memory for a quiet, decent little trip one of these fall days.

Around Lake Minnetonka, Minn., a few snipe are now coming in, though of course a shooter would hardly expect to find very many in so thickly settled a part of the country. Near the Narrows there is a bit of ground where one may get a few birds now and then, and at scattered places all around this great inland sea one may find a wisp here and there. Squirrel shooters are out around Minnetonka also, and are having a little sport. No ducks to speak of are reported from the neighborhood of St. Paul, Minneapolis, but some snipe are in on the Minnesota river bottoms.

Dakota Chicken Law.

I hear that North Dakota shooters, or some of them, are dissatisfied with the dates of the chicken law, which closes Oct. 1. They think that is too soon to end the season, and indeed if one wants good fun with grouse October will offer it better than September, provided one can find the birds on any proper sort of cover. The August date seems to many too early, and I believe that two months, beginning with Sept. 1, would see less birds killed than the present season of forty days. That is to say, it would do so provided that everybody observed the opening day and there were no sooners in the land. That state of affairs, however, is something that never did exist in any chicken country.

The Far West.

Mr. A. C. Smith, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, came into my office the other day and asked what I thought about a trip out into Colorado at this season of the year, in the neighborhood of the North Park. He was afraid of being snowed in, but I told him that he could have no pleasanter experience than that, for the mountains are more delightful in winter than at any other time, in some regards. We talked over outfits, and I gave him the tip to get some Gold Seal leather-top rubbers and plenty of German lumbering socks, and also to take in with him a pair of snowshoes for each man of the party. I am inclined to think that he and his friend will just about do this, too, and I am sure I envy them their luck.

Mr. Itha H. Bellows, president of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, is a sort of combination sportsman. He can cast a fly further than anybody in town, and is now claiming to have killed the biggest bear that ever was seen in the mountains. Mr. Bellows was out in Colorado this fall, in this same North Park region, and was hunting in company with two local hunters, when they saw this bear. Mr. Bellows won the first shot, but only broke a foreleg, and this started the bear up in a rage, but only in time to receive the other two bullets in the back. The bear then slid or rolled down hill, and was shot into by all three again, and when reached by the party was quite dead. It had slid down over very rough country, and it took the men a long time to get the skin up hill. Mr. Bellows brought home the skin, which is indeed very large. It was a black bear, however.

Speaking of angling and bear hunting, reminds me of a little incident which happened to a party of Chicago fishers who were up in Wisconsin, near Mercer, some few years ago, among the party being Billy Burroughs and A. C. Smith. Coming back to their camp one day they found a tent smashed in and saw that a bear had been fooling around there. None too happy at this discovery, they none the less went to bed and slept all night. About daybreak they heard a sort of scratching noise on the tent, and Mr. Burroughs slipped out of the tent with a shotgun in his hand. He was a bit surprised to see a big black bear standing up alongside the tent and softly scraping his paw down along the side, as if puzzling how to get into the place. Mr. Burroughs was afraid to shoot at the bear with the shotgun, but stepped back and got a rifle and came out again. The bear had obligingly stopped at the edge of the wood, a few yards away, and Mr. Burroughs promptly killed him.

Speaking of Western regions, I am reminded by a late newspaper item of the regular Indian-settler-game butchery war which comes up every year around the Wyoming region visited by the Indians from the Snake reservation. At these particular times Uncle Sam can use a good many regulars in his business, and it was proposed to remove the garrison from Fort Washakie. The citizens around Lander and other Wyoming points have protested and have secured a promise that the troops shall stay. They say that if the soldiers go the Indians will leave in a body and butcher game in numbers even greater than before. There is a little border war pretty near due out in that neck of woods between the whites and the Indians over this very game question.

The Great Father.

By the way, speaking of Indians, government and that, it was something of an occurrence, methinks, from an Indian point of view, when President McKinley this week received a party of Chippewa Indians at Aitkin, Minn., in the course of his Western trip. To the Indian the Great Father is a far-off and mysterious being. I wonder what they thought when they were told that the Great Father had come out there to see them? Probably that the Great Father was a little bit crowded for time, for a man in his high position as chief of all the peoples. The head man in an Indian tribe doesn't have to hustle quite so hard.

Wet Warden.

Game Warden G. E. Ratto, who works in the dark and bloody ground around Calumet Lake, at the southern edge of Chicago, has some rather exciting times with the law breakers he meets there. These men are usually foreigners—Polacks, Sclaxs, Bohemians and God knows what, with names ending in 'itski, 'owski and 'onski. One of these men was out shooting the other morning before sunrise, which is against the law. This man's name was Schranski, and he knew no law. He shot a few times and incidentally shot a fisherman, who was also breaking the law by using a net. Warden Ratto attempted to restore peace by arresting Schranski, but the latter fled and stood off the warden with a gun when chased from his boat into shallow water. Ratto called for help and was assisted by his deputy aid, and the two took in Mr. Schranski, who was very much annoyed at finding this was not the land of the free he had supposed it to be. Mr. Schranski had shot nothing of consequence—only one mud hen and the fisherman above mentioned.

Quail in His Dooryard.

A friend of mine writing from upper Indiana has occasion to make the following remarks regarding the quail crop in his immediate vicinity: "Quail are abundant. While dictating this letter I looked out of my window, and on the green lawn I saw three full-grown birds scurrying through one of my flower beds. In a potato patch back of my house a week or two ago a full covey was seen, and even the old back cat and the mother cat each lugged one into the kitchen, knowing that their mistress was sick and needed a bird; but I think I was more inclined to obey the law than to be humane, for the birds were uninjured and I let them both fly away. One of the boys came in from our yard a day or two ago and said that in a bunch of willows near the fence for over a week there had been at least thirty quail. So you see we have them right around us, and you cannot help but have a good bag when you come up for the promised shoot in November."

"In Possession."

I wish some one would tell me what "In possession" means. We see that term used a great deal and very elastically, in game law matters. I recently saw in a Colorado newspaper an item to the effect that a rancher of Routt county has several elk in possessiion, and that he has paid taxes on them as so much live stock. He thinks he needs no further title to their retention and classifies them just as he does his cows and horses. Yet in the Colorado statute there is a specific clause stating that the State retains all title to the game and fish in the State, and that no title, right or interest therein can be acquired by private party. This doctrine that the State owns the game is one of the foremost tenets of the Minnesota law also, and is coming into recognition as one of the sanest of protective measures. It is sustained by many decisions.

An odd instance of this same old question came up last week in this same State of Minnesota. I see no special reason why the facts should not be known, though it is true that I was a guest at the banquet where these facts first came into prominence. This was at the Minneapolis Club luncheon given in the afternoon to the Congressional party on its return to Minneapolis from the Minnesota trip. The menu was good in its way, and the second course brought to each guest a nicely cooked brook trout, about 10in. long. This was the first week in October. The Minnesota law says: "No person shall * * * have in possession or under control for any purpose whatever * * * any variety of trout between the 1st day of September and the 1st day of May following." According to this it would surely seem that in serving to the honorable members of Congress of the United States an illegal fish, and that in the good old protection State of Minnesota, the mother of them all in good game laws, some one had indeed blundered.

On the morning following the Minneapolis episode this matter came up for discussion among some of us on the train during the ride to Chicago. Mr. Bishop, of Ludington, Mich., said that the trout were all of the same size, and no doubt came from some hatchery, either the State hatchery or some private ponds. In the latter case, thought Mr. Bishop, it would be perfectly legal to kill these fish at any time of the year, as they were not any longer animal *feræ naturæ*, but were reduced to possession and to a domestic state as much as poultry or cattle. Mr. Bishop declared it was good law which thus gave title to the individual, and said that no law could take this title away from him.

The main opponent to Mr. Bishop in this argument was Hon. C. F. Cockran, of Missouri, who went into the matter so clearly and fully that I am sure I wish I had space to reproduce all he said. It was the best little argument on both sides that I ever heard on this question. Mr. Cockran cited a very important case which involved much this same idea of the title of the State following property with police powers. He said he was once engaged with five other lawyers to give a decision in a Kansas case, where a brewery was closed up under that State law, it being claimed that this was confiscation of property and illegal, because the product was not sold in that State. None the less it was on trial decided that the State could hold that it was against public policy—against the good of the public—to allow the manufacture to continue. Mr. Cockran said that the State—any State—could surely stop the sale of fish or game as against any possible private title, simply on these same grounds—those of its being contrary to public policy. The State could be judge whether the food supply of the State—its fish and game—would not be endangered by acts which offered it for sale the year round. "You can eat that privately raised fish on your own table, perhaps," said Mr. Cockran, "but you cannot sell it, for there you run into the realm of the State's authority. The State is to be the judge whether it will have any portion of its food supply sold, and at what time, and in what method. No private title can stand against this supervisory power, and this statement I can show you to be upheld by many good decisions. The State is the judge of the emergency as to whether its food supply is endangered."

Mr. Bishop was not convinced, but was staggered, and I am sure was in the wrong of this, as both he and Mr. Cockran would all the more readily admit had they perhaps had occasion to go into the matter of game laws more fully than their experience had ever asked of them, though both were lawyers of good practice. I was surprised to see with what earnestness Mr. Cockran went into this thing—just as though he had studied up on some game law case, which really he had never done at all. It was simply a good elucidation of the principles of law, by which he arrived at the same conclusions as have been reached in many game law suits of which he never heard. According to his view, the men of Minneapolis had no right to serve trout to the Congressmen, even in their eagerness to give them the best of the land. It would appear as though a special dispensation would be in order. I may state that about everybody went away with his trout in possession, though for my own part I never cared to eat October brook trout; anyhow not while I have a copy of the Brief in my valise.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New York Fish and Game Protectors.

Jno. E. Leavitt, Johnstown, Fulton county.
M. C. Worts, Oswego, Oswego county.
F. S. Beede, Keene Valley, Essex county.
F. E. Courtney, Wells, Hamilton county.
George Carver, Lyons, Wayne county.
Thomas Carter, Bridge street, Buffalo, Erie county.
T. H. Donnelly, Perry, Wyoming county.
Geo. W. Earl, Port Leyden, Lewis county.
L. S. Emmons, Oneonta, Otsego county.
Spencer Hawn, Cicero, Onondaga county.
Geo. W. Harmony, Lockport, Niagara county.
E. A. Hazen, Hammond, St. Lawrence county.
James Holmes, Apalachin, Tioga county.
Carlos Hutchins, Indian Lake, Hamilton county
Robt. S. Jones, Hardenburgh, Ulster county.
Willett Kidd, Newburg, Orange county.
Jas. H. Lamphere, Weedsport, Cayuga county.
D. H. McKinnon, Masonville, Delaware county.
John B. McCook, Ozone Park, Queens county.
B. H. McCollum, Oswegatchie, St. Lawrence.
Jos. Northup, Alexandria Bay, Jefferson county.
F. M. Potter, Chautauqua, Chautauqua county
Samuel Pearsall, Camden, Oneida county.
W. L. Reed, Canandaigua, Ontario county.
B. Salisbury, Ellicottville, Cattaraugus county.
N. A. Scott, Greenfield Centre, Saratoga county.
J. F. Shedden, Mooers, Clinton county.
Geo. B. Smith, Horseheads, Chemung county.
H. L. Wait, Gray, Herkimer county.
Albert Warren, Williamstown, Oswego county.
Alvin Winslow, Stony Creek, Warren county.
Isaiah Vosburgh, Saranac Lake, Franklin county.
A. D. Wellman, 116 Hayward avenue, Rochester.

OYSTER PROTECTORS.

Edgar Hicks, West New Brighton, Richmond county.
John Ferguson, Patchogue, Suffolk county.
Selah T. Cook, Bay Shore, Suffolk county.

Syracuse Sentiment.

YOUR magazine is becoming more entertaining with every number, and one who does not enjoy it and look forward to the next with anticipated pleasure surely has no element of the sportsman in his makeup. W. A. B.

Maine Partridges.

PARTRIDGES are reported scarcer in some parts of Maine this year. Mr. M. Hardy writes from Brewer: "In spite of what the papers say, partridges in this part of the State are extremely scarce. Up to Sept. 15 I was in the woods with my son on a canoe trip for fifteen days. We traveled 150 miles by canoe and half as far on foot. In all this time we saw a single partridge, and that was one flying across the lake. Neither did we see a single sign of one, nor where any of the campers had picked one. We met a good many campers, but no one had seen a single partridge. Near Bangor I have known of one man killing seven in a day, but the average is not one for a day's work. It has not been the market-hunter, nor the snarer, which has caused this, nor is there any snaring in this whole region, as very few have been killed for market, as it does not pay.

North Carolina Quail.

WINDSOR, N. C., Oct. 12.—Quail are plentiful this season, owing, no doubt, to the dry weather in hatching time. A great many of them are small, however, for the season, and will not be large enough to afford good sport for some time. I should say about Nov. 15.

A good many turkeys, but deer are very scarce.

A. S. R.

DILLSBORO, N. C., Oct. 12.—There never were so many birds as this season has shown in this section. The bird law ends Oct. 15 and goes into effect March 15. Parties desiring to hunt would have to bring their own dogs. Will be pleased to furnish information to parties wishing it.

R. H. JARRET & SONS.

Sea and River Fishing.

A Plea for the Single Hook.

IT may be hard in a way, but nevertheless it is true that as we leave boyhood's days behind us, with the changing scenes of life, and the results of added experience, the simple foods once appealing so strongly lose their power of pleasing. The liking for the sweets seems to fade away, and after the years have gone we learn to enjoy the very things that in youth we could not have appreciated. If rheumatism or gout gives us no twinges, a canvasback cooked to the turn, a glass of Burgundy rightly warmed, a Camambert just soft enough, and an appropriate salad most certainly have their charm beyond the well-done beefsteak, potaties and pie that satisfy the schoolboy. Yet perhaps there exists a marked difference in the appetitie of the two ages.

Then it was quantity; now it is quality. In a great measure, then, will this apply to our fishing experiences. I doubt much if the thrill of keenest pleasure is to-day more marked even in the handling of delicate rod, reed and tackle than came when, with the pole cut and fashioned by the jack-knife, heavy, stiff, hard to wield; the line a cheap affair; the hooks durable, but not dainty; no reel at all; a mass of squirming worms that served as bait, we captured a very hungry fish and success was ours in the landing high on the bank, behind us.

To-day, in order to awaken this same thrilling, we must make the fight and capture as hard as possible. Our skill is put against the strength, activity and sharp tricks of the game fish. So it appears to me—and I hope and believe to many of my fellow anglers—that the pleasure is keenest when we try not for numbers captured in any manner possible, but for the delicacy of capture, that alone can come when the chances are taken with light gear. Information obtained from several dealers in tackle shows that this tendency is already a marked one. True, indeed, the shops are filled with a host of cunning devices—imitations of live baits, with sets of hooks (generally three in number); bunches of hooks, and a sharpened, pin-like blade to pierce the living minnow and hold it securely; spoons, with a cluster of hooks, each covered beautifully with brilliant feathers, but all appearing somewhat like an ornament of tiny sword points. Each and every one of these when taken makes it an almost impossible thing for the fish to escape, or even holding him so securely in so many places that when the net lifts him from the water then indeed it becomes a task to disentangle from meshes the points of the hooks; and delay becomes a feature. On the other hand, with the simple single hook, we gain in time, and on a good ground obtain more fish. But above all this, which some may call inconvenience alone, comes the intense satisfaction of being better fishermen, and of a contest in which much finer skill is required.

Personally, I even like to use the single gut hook, as with it the excitement of the moment is enhanced. The single hook, the small fly, the light rod and reel and line, certainly give fair fighting.

Men who are honest sportsmen care alone for the excitement. They never kill more fish than they can make use of. The largest number of fish, after being taken, are thrown back. Is it not a shame and a sin to see a large catch of beautiful fish caught by any method and landed hastily, a simple trial of obtaining numbers, so many that they cannot be used, carelessly thrown away to lie and rot, doing tremendous harm to the fishing at that place and reflecting no credit on the fisherman? Even the guides think ill of this sort of procedure. Often have I had my guide strike the net against the side of the boat or make a dart at a good fighting fish in order to stir him up a bit into action; and I have had him release the fish as soon as he had been landed.

The years to come that may be granted to me in which I may be able to do my share of fishing, the more money I hope to expend, will be spent in obtaining the best, simplest and lightest tackle for all fishing, as sharper and keener are the joys of fair battling.

When in the deep woods, where fish as food is a necessary thing, it is wise and best to have different and plenty of appliances in case fish do not bite well.

The lad counts his hour as a happy one when the large string taken shows his playmates that he has done better work than they; but the tired-out man of the world appreciates the skill that enables him to outgeneral the fish in the scientific handling of dainty tackle. To him the woods mean rest; the air the new life; the beauty of the shading tints of green, the maiesty of the golden sunsets, the clear skies, the changing clouds, the quick-running waters of the mountain stream, all—all give an ever-changing picture that brings sweet peace and comfort; while in the activity of exertion comes physical tiring that in sweeter sleep gives back a building up of the vital forces and enables him again to devote himself with renewed zeal to his life's work. As the years pass that turn to gray the hairs or make an easier task of counting the few that may be left, they bring also the knowledge that truth and right are the qualities that appeal the more strongly. So let us in our woodland life ring true and be the true fisher, giving a better chance of escape to the gamy life, battling for liberty. To be the man who is right, who never wantonly kills, one who despises the tricks and the unsportsmanlike resources of the pot-fisher, the man who reaps his reward in the simple knowledge that he has given fair play, and that when victory is his, he has deserved it honestly.

Let each and every one of us, true lovers of nature and of sport, make capture harder for us and a chance for liberty greater than for the fish.

F. M. JOHNSON.

St. Andrew's Tarpon and Sharks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For a number of years past I, with a party, have made annual trips to St. Andrew's Bay, Fla., to fish for tarpon, and while our party has not taken the fish in such numbers as reported from some other points along the Gulf, the sport has been satisfying, and in none of our trips have we returned without taking more or less of the silver king.

This year we went about the middle of July and met with about our average success. Rev. J. S. Foster, one of the party, had an experience new to all of us. He had hooked a tarpon, about 6ft. long, and after playing the fish to the point of exhaustion had brought it to within 20ft. of his boat, when a shark 12 or 14ft. long appeared upon the scene and proceeded to cut the tarpon in two near the dorsal fin, and not satisfied with this perfrormance, took a large mouthful out of the remaining portion, thus leaving Mr. Foster to land only the head and a badly mutilated portion of his catch.

This was the first occurrence of the kind happening to any of our party in all the years fished here. The sharks seemed to be more numerous and larger this year than I have ever observed them before.

The youngest member of the party, Frank Berry, aged thirteen, succeeded in hooking a handsome specimen of the tarpon and after a struggle of near an hour, and although the little fellow was frequently off his seat and on his knees in the bottom of the boat, he pluckily stuck to his task and succeeded in bringing his fish to gaff. His father and some others of the party hovered near by, but did not interfere, as every one was anxious that Frank should have the undivided honor of the achievement. The fish measured nearly 6ft.

The smaller fish, such as Spanish mackerel, bluefish, channel bass, sea trout and cavalli, are abundant in the bay and may be taken in great numbers by those who do not care to tackle the larger game.

After a couple of weeks of uninterrupted and healthful sport the party returned with complexions a little mutilated by the sun and water, but full of pleasant memories and a determination to try it again next summer.

After a month at home I concluded to try it again, and returned about Sept. 1., in company with Sidney Lucas, of Nashville. We fished one day in North Bay, had several tarpon strikes which resulted in loss of hooks and broken tackle, so we went to our usual place, Red Fish Point, opposite the town of St. Andrews.

Here we found the tarpon in great numbers and continually rising and showing their dorsal fins and silver sides, but they did not seem eager to take our live mullets, and the first day only gave us two or three strikes each. The strikes we had did not come with the dash that hunger would give, but rather a listless, indifferent sort of nibbling. On the second day I succeeded in hooking a large one, and found it to be one of the most active and vigorouos that had ever fallen to my rod.

After playing him for an hour and having him thoroughly exhausted, the boatman started for the shore, some half mile away, where I wanted to land the fish without injury for the purpose of mounting. Everything was going nicely, the fish towing along easily, the water becoming shallow as we approached the beach, when of a sudden the fish made a turn and dash for the deep water, taking out in spite of my efforts 70 or 80yds. of line, and making two leaps in the air equal to those made when first hooked.

I told the boatman the fish had his second wind and we would have to go over the fight again; then we saw a large shark attempting to get hold of the tarpon. Their heads were not far apart, and they whirled over once or twice, when the shark dropped back toward the tail of the tarpon and succeeded in taking out a piece from the belly that would have weighed 12 or 15lbs.

Meantime the boatman was making every effort to reach the scene, but got there only in time to drive off the shark. We took the mutilated fish aboard the boat, and after reaching the shore I opened the fish to ascertain upon what the tarpon were feeding, and found the stomach well packed with a small fish, the local name of which is "fat-back," and which I learned are used in making sardines at some points on the Gulf coast.

On careful observation I found that there were vast schools of these little fish where the tarpon were showing themselves, and that the porpoises, sharks, tarpon, mackerel, cavalli and indeed all the predaceous fish were apparently rounding them up and devouring them by wholesale. My efforts to take another tarpon only resulted in hooking seven sharks in succession, of an average weight of about 100lbs. each, which used me up so thoroughly that I abandoned the sport and went ashore.

One of the sharks furnished me a degree of malicious satisfaction, as he came up so easily and was managed with so little effort. I took it to be a small one, but found it to be the largest one of the lot and hooked in the stomach, with that organ partly pulled through the mouth, turning him inside out.

The shark is very swift and strong and makes a continuous pull, going to the bottom when possible, making it hard work to handle them.

One day after our noonday lunch on the beach, and as we were about entering our boats, my boatman called my attention to a rattlesnake about 60yds. out in the bay, but my inexperienced vision failed to locate the reptile. However, on reaching the point in the boat we found a rattlesnake about 2ft. long, head straight up a couple of inches high and the rattles erect. The snake appeared to me to be somewhat distended with air along the length of the body and was swimming easily on top of the water. A blow from an oar soon disposed of it. I learned from my sailor that they often cross the bay from one side to the other, and this was verified by Capt. Ware, an old sailor and resident of St. Andrews. This was all new and curious to me, and may be so to some of your readers.

D. B. CLIFFE.

FRANKLIN, Tenn., Oct. 13.

ANGLING NOTES.

Striped Bass at West Island.

LAST year I happened to meet Mr. John Manning, of Troy and Saratoga, on the train as he was returning home from the West Island Club, Buzzard's Bay, and he showed me a photograph of the record striped bass for the season at his club, which he had the good fortune to land. This year I again met him on his way to the club early in July, but he thought he was going rather too early for big fish. I did not happen to see him after his return until Oct. 6, when, on my way to New York, I found him on the train, the place where we usually exchange fishing gossip, and he told me that the fishing at West Island was unusually early, and that the fish struck in without the previous notice that they generally give by appearing at Gloucester, Newport or elsewhere before they came to the island. He equaled his catch of last year by catching a striped bass of 40lbs., and eight in one day that weighed 109lbs., and eight another day that weighed 100lbs.; but his largest fish was not the record fish, as two bass weighing 55 and 56lbs., respectively, were caught at the club in one day. He says that the best bass fishing at the club is usually in August, but this year they were surprised by the appearance of the fish—and big ones—in July, apparently coming in from the sea.

Striped Bass in the Mohawk.

It may not be generally known that salt-water striped bass are caught in the Mohawk River, but such is—or was—the case a few years ago. I confess that when Judge Yates, of Schenectady, told me of catching striped bass in the river near the city where he lives I was puzzled for a moment, for certainly no fish, not even flying fish, can surmount the falls at Cohoes, and a salt-water fish must pass over or around the falls to make their presence known in the Mohawk at Schenectady. Small striped bass have long been known in the Hudson, and they reach the Mohawk through the locks of the Erie Canal. When talking to Mr. Manning of his fishing at West Island, I was reminded of the striped bass in the Mohawk, and now ask a question that it has never occurred to me to ask before: Has any one seen any evidence that the striped bass in the Mohawk develop ova or spawn in the fresh water? While it is a simple matter for the small bass to work their way up through the locks, it is a question if they return to the sea by the same route. To be sure, the falls route is generally open (it was not the past summer), and they may go back that way; but the question is: Have any been caught above the falls with developed eggs?

A Doe on a Gaff Hook.

Charles Clements, of Lake George, was out in his boat fishing on Saturday, Oct. 7 (at least he was in Dunham's Bay on his way to the open lake for the purpose of fishing), when he saw a deer swimming across the bay, and rowing after it he caught the animal in the neck with a gaff hook and subsequently killed it. The details of the killing I do not know, and do not wish to know. I saw the deer this morning (a yearling doe), and I saw where the gaff hook had entered the neck, and I could imagine the rest of the tragedy, if I could persuade my imaginative work in that direction, but I will not. It is all right, I suppose, to gaff a swimming doe and kill it if a man likes that sort of thing, for the law does not forbid the use of gaff hooks for holding deer to be killed, and this particular unfortunate was swimming across Dunham's Bay in the open season for killing deer. I have shot deer ahead of dogs (but never swimming in the water), and have shot them by jack light, and now, as I look back upon the jack light episode, I think I must have been ripe for any crime; but to-day, with more gray hairs in my head than any other color, I doubt if I would kill a deer if it would stand still within shooting distance and I had a loaded rifle in my hand; so I question if I am competent to say anything about the ethics of deer shooting or deer killing; not that I object to deer shooting as a sport, though I have now no desire to engage in it myself, but it does seem to me rather horrible to gaff a young doe swimming in the water and then butcher it. There is no question but what I am clearly in the wrong in having any such feelings in this matter of a swimming doe and a gaff hook, for I heard two men say this morning that Clements was a lucky man. The elements of my composition appear to be such that if I had heard that the deer, after being gaffed in the neck, had kicked Clements out of the boat and escaped herself I think I would not have been curious enough to inquire whether Clements got ashore or not.

I was trout fishing in Canada in September, and one morning a bull caribou dumped himself into the lake where I was fishing, as they usually dump themselves into the water when they take a swim, and proceeded to cross. We paddled after it to get a nearer view, and my guide said if we had an axe we could kill it. I never told him so, but if we had had a dozen axes in the canoe we would not have killed the caribou, although we would have been very glad of the meat, as we were out of pork and bacon. Now, to show the eternal fitness of things, some

friends came in from the club house that very afternoon and camped, and the next day they sent us a hindquarter of caribou that had been properly shot and decently killed. So we were possessed of a clear, clean conscience, so far as murdering caribou in the water was concerned, and we had meat in our larder.

Output of Fish in New York.

The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York report that for the year ending Sept. 30, 1899, the hatcheries of the State have turned out 150,290,370 fish of various kinds. This is something over 38,000,000 less than were hatched the year previous. Of the various species of trout the number is about the same each year; for, except lake trout, the stock fish are under control, and their eggs can be secured. The decrease is divided chiefly among herrings, lobsters, smelt, ciscoes and tomcods, the eggs of which can be secured only when the fish put in an appearance for the hatchery men to capture at spawning times. The pike-perch output last season was greater than ever before, twice as many eggs being secured as in the year previous. The smelt catch was almost a failure, because the fish did not enter the streams. The shad output was 14,313,800, the whitefish 27,675,000. These fish being perhaps the most important of the commercial fishes of the State, it is gratifying that the number hatched was so large. It is a serious disappointment when fish are not obtainable to furnish eggs for hatching, but it is something which the Commission cannot control.

Salmon in Cayuga Lake.

Mr. H. A. Surface, of Cornell University, has sent me the first of a series of papers he has prepared on the subject of "Fishes Found in the Cayuga Lake Basin," which is in the nautre of an introduction to the series, and my attention is at once called to a paragraph or two from which I quote in part to ask a question:

"In migrating fishes mainly follow the larger waterways, although Dr. Evermann, the ichthyologist of the United States Fish Commission, one of America's ablest scientists, has recently written us that he considers canals, especially when of long standing, nearly as serviceable as natural waterways in aiding the spontaneous distribution of fishes."

That is quoted chiefly to again call attention to the fact that the building of the Erie Canal brought the black bass to the Hudson River and into waters of the middle and eastern parts of the State, and the bass availed themselves of this means of distribution as soon as the canal was built.

To continue the quotation: "It is only by availing ourselves of the principles governing the natural habits, conditions and requirements of fishes that we can hope for any degree of success in the artificial propagation or introduction of desired species, or the extermination of those that are known to be obnoxious.

"As an application of these principles let us inquire why certain kinds of fishes are not here? The salmon has been here, and as far as this region is concerned has become exterminated, and cannot return, owing to the Baldwinsville dam without a fishway."

From personal conversations with Mr. Surface, I assume that his papers will be devoted more particularly to fishes at present found in the Cayuga Lake Basin, and fishes that have become extinct will receive but passing notice, as is the case of the salmon which I have quoted; but I desire to ask that he will in some subsequent paper make known all that he has been able to learn about salmon once inhabiting Cayuga Lake, and I assure him that it will be of interest even in this day. There are now on file in Albany plans for a fishway in the dam at Baldwinsville, the plans having been prepared by Mr. Rogers, of the Rogers Fishway. It was clearly the intention that a fishway should be built in the Baldwinsville dam, and only two years ago I thought I discovered that there was money available for this purpose, but upon consulting with the State Engineer I found that not only had the apparent surplus been used but more money had been required to complete the dam without considering the construction of the proposed fishway.

"Salmon Preservation."

Under this heading, Land and Water, London, reviews at considerable length in its last issue the report of the Inspectors of Fisheries for England and Wales for 1898, with tables showing the number of boxes of salmon sold at Billingsgate Market from 1889 to 1898. These tables show a great fluctuattion in the annual supply, but in this year the falling off has been about one-half. Commenting upon this Land and Water says: "This is very serious, indeed; and worse is behind, for the Inspectors of Fisheries, instead of making any suggestions for a cure, seem to us to go out of their way to sneer at the methods of artificial breeding that we hoped would become as popular in England as they have in the United States. This is what they have to say in condemnation of the methods that have certainly succeeded most remarkably in the United States:

"'In connection with this subject we may here call attention to the increasing expenditure which, it would appear from the returns of Boards of Conservators, is being incurred in the artificial hatching of salmonidæ, both migratory and non-migratory. Where artificial breeding is restored to for the purpose of introducing a new strain, or for restocking waters which have become depleted or which have not hitherto contained a particular species, no exception can be taken to the practice, provided, of course, the necessary precautions are taken against the introduction of undesirable varieties, and provided, also, that the expenditure is not incommensurate with the results that may be reasonably anticipated. But where the intention is to keep up the breeding stock by means of artificial hatching, rather than by affording facilities for the access of fish to their spawning bed, by restricting overfishing, and generally by protecting the breeding fish and their progeny, we have the gravest doubts as to the wisdom of such a policy. On this point we are constantly met by a reference to the system which is alleged to be adopted with such success in other countries, and particularly in Canada and the United States of America, and to the results attributed to artificial fishculture there. We propose at a future date to go more fully into this question as a whole, but pressure of work forbids our attempting to do so on the present occasion.'

"In support of this view in regard to salmon they make extracts from Canadian and United States official publications, and we cannot help thinking that it would have been far better to have left the subject entirely alone than to have treated it in the inadequate manner they have. Their opinions against relying on the artificial rearing of young salmon have already been largely quoted; consequently we feel bound to reproduce the evidence on which they appear to rely, and we cannot help believing that it will be thought very inadequate as against the salmon, especially after Mr. Morton Frewen has made us acquainted with the grand results achieved in the United States by means of artificial hatching and rearing of fish, especially of salmon. The first quotation is from Prof. Prince, Canadian Commissioner of Fisheries, who says:

"'No greater error can be given currency than that which by some authorities has been urged as at once safe and satisfactory, viz., the removal of all protective and preservative restrictions, close seasons and the like, and the extension of artificial fishculture. Experience in various countries has proved the truth of the opposite view, and has shown that fishculture must be regarded as a supplement to fishery laws. With strict and proper fishery regulations there is no more valuable or beneficial adjunct than an efficiently conducted scheme of artificial propagation.'

"But our inspectors are not satisfied with their chosen extract, and proceed to criticise it in the following manner:

"'In the first part of the above expression of opinion we most fully concur; but the concluding portion seems to us to be subject to some modification. It is obvious that any "scheme of artificial propagation," to be beneficial, should be efficiently conducted; but the questions of the degree of efficiency requisite to secure beneficial results, and of the expense at which such results can be obtained, are essential to an accurate determination of the value of artificial propagation, of the extent to which it should be relied upon, and of the purposes to which it should be applied. These are questions which we must reserve for future consideration. But in the meantime we desire to refer to the extreme caution which should be exercised in the introduction of new varieties of fish and to the possible abuse of artificial propagation when applied to this object. In last year's report Mr. Freyer called particular attention to the mischief which has resulted from the indiscriminate introduction of carp into American waters. During a recent vacation in Canada and the United States, Mr. Freyer devoted some time to an investigation of various questions connecetd with fish hatching, and among other evidence and expressions of opinion on the part of authorities entitled to speak on the subject, his attention was called to the second report (for the year 1895-96) of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests of the State of New York, in which reference is made incidentally to the injury caused by the undue multiplication of carp, and more particularly to the increase of black bass, a fish whose introduction into English waters has been very frequently advocated.'

"Then they proceed to quote several pages written by Hon. A. N. Cheney, from 'The Black Bass and Their Distribution in the Waters of the State of New York.'

"These remarks are very interesting, but they have no relation whatever to salmon culture; although they prove that much injury has been done to fisheries by the introduction of black bass, there is not a single word of refutation of the array of facts in favor of artificial salmon rearing that Mr. Morton Frewen lately paraded in the Nineteenth Century Magazine, and which have also appeared in Land and Water four weeks ago."

It is quite true that nothing which is said in "Black Bass and Their Distribution" can have any bearing upon salmon centers, and why the article is quoted in this connection I do not even now fully understand, nor do I know just what use is made of it in the report of the British fishing inspectors. I never have written a line that could be used to bolster the theory that artificial fish propagation was unnecessary to keep up our supply of food fishes. That artificial propagation has restored our fisheries when practically exhausted we have only to point to the restocking of the Atlantic coast rivers with shad, the Great Lakes with whitefish and the Pacific coast streams with salmon.

It is also true that at one time a national Commissioner of Fisheries hoped to make fish so plentiful by artificial means in the waters of this country that prohibitive or restrictive laws would be unnecessary; but that such laws are necessary in connection with artificial culture we have only to examine for proof the statutes of the different States, which provide a closed season for our fresh-water fishes during the spawning seasons. Fishculture and fish protection are both necesary to keep up the supply of fresh-water fishes, and there is no good reason that I can see why they should not harmonize. Why there should be the slightest objection to a method of fishculture that hatches over 90 per cent. of the eggs of the salmon, as against only 2 per cent. of impregnated salmon eggs by actual count when deposited naturally by the fish, I do not understand. Without adequate protection of breeding salmon when they are in the shallow water selected for their spawning beds artificial propagation would be of no avail, but this is so self-evident that it needs no defense from any pen, and the dream that fishculture might eventually supplant all protective laws was but the desire of an enthusiast to furnish cheap food at all seasons, and I doubt if any of the salmon family entered into this scheme even in his mind.

Land and Water states that "One hundred hen fish of 20lbs. each will supply 2,000,000 eggs, but only about 10 per cent. of these eggs hatch out, whereas by artificial means 90 per cent. hatch out."

The 10 per cent. figures are probably estimated, and are much too high, for in the work of rescuing salmon eggs naturally deposited in the York and Dartmouth rivers in Canada it was found by actual count that but 2 per cent. of the eggs were impregnated.

On the Ristigouche River it requires 210 days to hatch salmon eggs in the water of the hatchery, which is probably colder than the river water for a longer period; but say that 2 per cent. of impregnated eggs are buried in gravel of the spawning beds for five months, and for thirty days after hatching the fry are practically anchored to the bottom with a large umbellical sac, will one-half of 1 per cent. of the original eggs hatch and become fry that "swim up" and feed through the mouth? From 95 to 98 per cent. of eggs taken artificially are hatched, and the fry are not turned out until the sac is absorbed and they feed through the mouth. So with fry. On one hand by natural processes there is probably a fraction of 1 per cent. to begin the struggle of life, and on the other by artificial methods about 90 per cent. In this country, however, it is not the policy to plant fry when the fish can be reared to fingerlings (eight months old) or yearlings. In Maine at the U. S. Fish Commission's salmon stations, 87 per cent. of fry have been reared in ponds to two years of age. Last month I planted a carload of fingerling salmon from Maine, two days and two nights on the journey practically without the loss of a fish. To show that salmon fry will stock a river in which they were previously unknown we have only to refer to the Hudson. The fish were established, but dams and falls cut them off from their natural breeding grounds in the headwaters.

For sixteen years I have planted salmon fry or older fish for the United States Fish Commission, or the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, or both, and what I believe to be necessary to create a salmon river or preserve the salmon in a river are artificial propagation, protection, restrictions as to netting, and removal of natural and artificial obstructions between the sea and the headwaters where salmon naturally spawn. Omit any one of these things and the work will prove to be a failure. Propagate and protect, regulate and remove, and salmon can be preserved; but what a Herculean task it is to do all these things, and do them well.

On this side of the ocean no salmon river is guarded more carefully than the Ristigouche, but one year when I was fishing there one of the guardians was seized and bound while the poachers drifted through several pools. Of course the guardian was in league with the poachers. Another time the pools directly under the lodge of a lessee were drifted by poachers while the lessee slept; but things are better now under new management. Of the four things I have mentioned as necessary for the preservation of salmon the least difficult is to propagate and plant the fish; all the others will require constant and hard fighting to accomplish. Every dam and fall that salmon cannot pass over will need a fishway over it, and every owner of a dam will contend that a water power is of far greater consequence than all the food fish in the stream.

Really I do not know which is the more difficult to enforce—netting regulations in the lower part of a stream or spawning bed murder in the upper part; but both ends of the stream will have to be watched night and day without ceasing.

In the issue of Land and Water from which I have quoted is a paragraph about shooting a salmon. It says that a sportsman (mark the term, for I do not use it, and wish it distinctly understood that I am quoting it from the English writer who furnishes the information) was patrolling a beat at the mouth of a salmon river on the lookout for a hare. Fish were running up stream with a rise in the river. As he rounded a bend, with his chokebore at full cock, his eye caught a break in the surface of the river, "and with the strong instinct of the sportsman upon him he let drive and hit a magnificent salmon of about 30lbs., which was running at the time. The fish commenced floundering about, when another well-directed shot found its liver and turned it over on its side." The fish was got ashore and "divided among some workmen." Now, had it been a poor devil of a workman that had slaughtered a magnificent salmon running up to spawn, because the instinct of the pot-hunter was strong in the workman, he would have been hauled up and fined; but being a "sportsman" the act is paraded in the newspapers as something to be proud of, when really the man should have been ashamed of his wanton act, and if he had got what he deserved it would have been a fine, with quite a different newspaper notice.

Salmon Fishing Wisdom.

"'A salmon does not take the fly as a trout does, and never rises to one while it is passing up or down stream,' says an experienced angler, for this kind of fish. 'It is only while the salmon is lying at rest in pools, the reposing water at the foot of some rapid, or the silent starting place of such a rapid, that it will respond to the fisherman's cast. Salmon may be moving along by the thousand in the deep stretches of a stream that extends perhaps for a mile between rapids, but the angler might drop his flies above them for a month without being rewarded by a single rise.

"'The pool is the place to whip, and the time early morning and late afternoon. If the epicurean denizen of the pool is so inclined there is sport ahead for the angler. He drops his fly lightly on the water, and then the salmon in the humor will rise to it and seize it at once."

Thus the sporting department of a newspaper gives instruction in the art of salmon fishing. If I were to continue the advice in the same vein I would suggest that if the salmon fly does not drop lightly on the water the first time the angler should have another trial, for if the water is thick and the fly is tied on a 2-0 hook you cannot always drop it like thistledown, and there may be a decided plunk first off, and the fisherman should not be declared out on account of the plunk if he previously announces that he intends the fly to fall lightly.

Then, too, if for any reason a fisherman should whip one of those reposing pools at any other time than early morning or late afternoon, which he might do if he had a good excuse, and should hook a salmon, he should tail it and put it back in the water. This fishing by rule is tough, but once embarked on a sporting life, the rules must be observed by the rule fisherman or he will run up against something not provided for in the canon. It is like playing a system; you must stick to it or you will lose, although you may lose any way. When a fisherman gets out his book of instructions, as it were, on the art of fishing, and how and when to do it by hard and fast rules, I am apt to think of old George Holland in the play of "Rosedale" at Wallack's old theater, with his book of instructions on dancing, which he studied during the figures of the dance, with the result that he was never in the right place at the right moment, and his instructions were always about four minutes late for each figure. Rules in fishing are good up to a certain point, and then the angler would better depend upon himself and study the conditions as he finds them.

A. N. Cheney.

Introduced Trout in New Zealand.

Even some of the most successful examples of acclimatization have their drawbacks. We have heard much of the wonderful growth of trout, and various species of *Salmonidæ* in the rivers of New Zealand, where they have flourished to a degree almost unknown in their own country. I now hear whispers that this innovation is not so advantageous as its promoters would wish us to believe. The trout have flourished exceedingly in New Zealand. They have almost rivaled salmon in size, and have even been mistaken for them; their great progress depending upon the abundance of food they have in their new location, feeding upon the smaller fishes, chiefly, I believe, those belonging to the genus *Galaxias*, the native Kokopu. These, it is now said, the trout are exterminating. If this occurs, and they lose their ample supply of food, they may be expected not to flourish to the same extent; and I hear suggestions that it may be necessary to introduce and to acclimatize minnows in order to feed the trout.—W. B. Tegetmeier in London Field.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Do Trout Find Their Way to Water?

I HAVE read many articles on this subject and will not dispute that a large percentage do, but not all, by any means.

Many readers of FOREST AND STREAM who visit the Adirondacks each season have noticed how dry the brooks are this year. The largest are very low and the smaller ones in most instances are completely dry.

Where are the trout? Have they found their way to the lakes and rivers? Some have, and a great many have not. Those that have escaped the drought have the larger fish to contend with. Do pickerel catch trout? I have often examined the stomach of pickerel, but have never found a brook trout among its contents, and should like very much to know if any readers have, for it has been a long argument among my friends.

One brook I took particular notice of in Washington county, a clear mountain stream running into Lake George. This brook I should say was about four miles long, being fed by many smaller streams, cold and clear, about 3 to 4 ft. deep and affording a splendid place for trout. I have never seen it average less than 3ft. before this past season. Sept. 18 there was no running water and the pools were filled with trout. These pools were from 20 to 30ft. apart, being the deepest places in the brook, and the favorite places for the trout to hide. There were in these pools trout from 4 to 8in. and numberless smaller ones. I watched the brook each day, and the larger fish seemed to disappear. I know positively that no one had fished there, and I came to the conclusion that the water had become so dead that it was impossible for the trout to live, or the water was so shallow they had made a meal for the hungry mink and muskrat.

When I left that section there was only a few inches of water left in these pools, and whether the last few rains were enough to save the remaining small fish I do not know, as I returned Sept. 25.

In my opinion it will take some time to overcome this summer's drought, and the trout fishermen of next season will be somewhat disappointed.

GEO. V. WAKEMAN.

"California Salmon and the Fly."

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Oct. 7 my communication, under the head of "Pacific Coast Salmon and the Fly," should read (and was written) in the second paragraph as follows, speaking of the fish found in the Navarro River: "The steelhead (*Salmo gairdneri*) is the most common of all. The Quinnat salmon (*Onchorhynchus tschwytscha*), the salmon of California, does appear for a limited time," etc. You will note that your issue makes me say, "The steelhead is the most common of all quinnat salmon." As the steelhead is a trout and the quinnat is a salmon, you will understand that I should like to have the readers' attention called to the error in printing the communication. STEELHEAD.

Black Bass Spawning in North Carolina.

WINDSOR, N. C., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I took two black bass in the river here to-day, both of which were found to be full of spawn. This may be usual at this season of the year, but I have caught a great many for twenty-five years, and never noticed the presence of spawn in October. A. S. R.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 15-18.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show. Marcel A. Viti, Sec'y.

Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—National Beagle Club's tenth annual trials. G. Mifflin Wharton, Sec'y.

Oct. 25.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut field trials. John E. Bassett, Sec'y, New Haven.

Oct. 31.—Greene Co., Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's fifth annual field trial. A. C. Peterson Sec'y.

Oct. 30.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. A. D. Fiske, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Washington C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Nov. 8-9.—Lakeview, Mich.—Michigan Field Trials Association's second annual trials. E. Rice, Sec'y.

Nov. 12.—Bicknell Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's first annual trials. George D. Maxfield, Sec'y.

Nov. 13.—Egg Harbor, N. J.—New York State Field Ttrial Association's inaugural trials. F. F. Rick, Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 14-17.—Carmichaels, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's fourth annual trials. J. W. Simpson, Sec'y.

Nov. 17.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 21.—Lawrenceville, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.

Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Reasoning Powers of Dogs.

THE question has been discussed at intervals ever since man began to keep the dog, whether the latter possesses any reasoning powers. The opinion used to be universal, and even quasi-religious, that a dog's cleverness was attributable to instinct only; but of late years there has been a tendency to concede something more to the dog. Having kept dogs all my life, it is to me beyond belief that a man who has kept a pet, or has walked about with his eyes open, or has read or heard trustworthy tales of animals, holds that dogs have only instinct and not reason. I am firmly convinced that they really understand much of what is being said, and also, which is more to the point, have a way of communicating the same to each other.

But dogs not only understand what is being said at the time, but also retain it in their memory for further use.

If I should say in the presence of one of my dogs, "I must wash Lady," and I go and get the tub and have it all ready, there can be found no Lady; or if I should say to my wife, "Give Little Miss those bones from the dinner table," Miss looks at me and makes all sorts of capers, as much as to say, "You are so good," and trots along after the dishes, and sits down with patience until she gets the bones. If I should change any of my dog boxes there is certain to be trouble. They know their own box, and you cannot console them very easily. Only the other day I made a change in this respect. About 11 o'clock at night I was awakened with a misunderstanding in the yard. I found Robbie had ordered the two puppies Ginger and Princess out of his box, which I had given them, and here he was covered up, as he used to be, and the puppies lying on the outside. I cuffed Robbie and put him in his new box, where he has remained since; but he don't speak to his neighbors now, and he was very friendly before I made the change.

A lady of Pomeranian fame, in England, tells a story which is very interesting. She says: Among the many excellent qualities which my Pom Montezuma possesses is gallantry. One afternoon, as I was reading in the dining-room, I heard a crunching sound which puzzled me. Upon looking, I found the dogs eating sugar, and wondered how they obtained it. Not seeming to notice, I watched, and presently saw Monte go toward the sideboard and return with a piece of sugar, which he gave to Niminy-Piminy; a second time he fetched a piece for Bebe; then he got a piece for himself. I thought it time to remove the sugar basin, which the housemaid had put on the plate basket under the sideboard. It is a common practice of his, giving his best bone to Niminy, an exceptionally unselfish action on his part, for is not a bone the dog's tit-bit par excellence?

It is related that a black retriever had several times presented its owner with very handsome puppies. She was, however, so unfortunate once as to have a litter of thirteen of all colors. Her shame at this mistake was shown by her desire to get rid of them. To effect this she began by overlaying them, one after another; but finding this a slow operation, she proceeded to drown them. She was seen by her owner and his man carrying one of her pups to a pond in the field, where she deliberately dropped it in the water. Having missed some of the pups, the man raked the pond, and found three more of them. By these means she disposed of the whole litter. She wagged her tail in a satisfied way, seeming pleased that she had by this means wiped out her disgrace. Previously she had been an excellent mother, and has since brought up many satisfactory puppies. REHAM.

Eastern Field Trials Club.

GREENFIELD HILL, Conn., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you list of entries for All-Age and Subscription stakes. We can safely predict the hottest competition in our club trials this year in the history of our club. The breeding of dogs is of the best. The large entry and the interest shown by the sportsmen in entering dogs in open competition display a disposition in the right line. To give the dogs a chance to enter in competition is good for the breed. What do we know about the great dog that is written up by some stay-at-home? The time is at hand when skill, strength and intelligence must enter into open competition to prove what can be done and which are the better. The Members' Stake starts Nov. 17. Special prizes are donated by several members of the clnb to the first, second, third and fourth winners. The stake will be in the highest degree of sportsmanship good for every lover of competition to see.

The Derby starts Monday, Nov. 20, followed by All-Age and Subscription stakes. Every effort will be shown to make all in attendance to the club's twenty-first annual meeting enjoy the meeting. Newton is on the Western North Carolina Railroad. St. Huberts' Inn will be headquarters, with good accommodations. Saddle horses may be engaged by applying to secretary.

I start for Newton, N. C., next Monday to make necessary arrangements for the meeting.

S. C. BRADLEY.

All-Age Stake.

Ladies' Count—J. Douglas Law's black, white and tan setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).

Paladin—E. H. Osthaus' liver and white pointer dog (Rip Saw—Cricket).

Falmouth Dixie—H. R. Duval's liver and white pointer dog (Rip Saw—Blodwen).

Falmouth Suffolk—H. R. Duval's liver and white pointer dog (Rip Saw—Blodwen).

Falmouth Nassau—H. R. Duval's liver and white pointer dog (Rip Saw—Blodwen).

Macclesfield—C. T. Barney's liver and white pointer dog (Roderick—Rose).

Barber—Miss C. Parsons' black, white and tan setter dog (Antonia—Laskie).

Master Rush—A. J. Clark's liver and white pointer dog (Rush of Lad—Topsey M.).

Sam T.—George Crocker's black, white and tan setter dog (Luke Roy—Betty B.).

Gilt Edge—George Crocker's orange and white setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Lillian Russell).

Minnie's Girl—George Crocker's orange and white setter bitch (Antonio—Minnie).

Roderick Dhu—C. L. Shoop's black, white and tan setter dog (Thiers—Queenie).

King's Rod—J. J. Rooney's blue belton setter dog (Kingston—Mark's Ruby).

Bang III.—J. L. Breeze's black and white pointer dog (Rector—Dianah).

Count Danstone—W. J. Baughn's black, white and tan setter dog (Count Gladston IV.—Dan's Lady).

Donoko—H. Parsons' black and white setter dog (Antonio—Laske).

Furlough Mike—Geo. J. Gould's liver and white pointer dog (Duke of Hessen—Furlough Chin).

Albert's Mark—W. Gould Brokaw's black, white and tan setter dog (Antonio—Hooser's Nell).

Roland—Pierre Lorillard Jr.'s black white and tan setter dog (Eugene T.—Lou).

Pink's Boy—Pierre Lorillad Jr.'s black, white and tan setter dog (Gleam's Pink—Bell of Pawling).

Jack—Pierre Lorillard Jr.'s black, white and tan setter dog (Eugene T.—Maud).

Nana—Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Toxic).

Ranee—Charloteesville Field Trials Kennels' black and white pointer bitch (Rip Rap—Toxic).

General Gladstone—L. E. Seay's black, white and tan setter dog (Gladstone Boy—Buena Vista).

Lad Jingo—W. P. Austin's liver and white pointer dog (Jingo—Dot's Pearl).

Lady's County Gladstone—G. G. Williamson's black, white and tan setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).

Alix C.—R. E. Rose's (agt.) liver and white pointer dog (Glenbeigh—Saddle Bags).

Dave Earl—Fox & Blythe's black, white and tan setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.— Dan's Lady).

Oakland Drake—H. B. Gilbert's black and white setter dog (Dick Noble—Jennie Stevenson).

Col. R.—H. R. Edwards' black, white and tan setter dog (Harwick—Trap, Jr.).

Uncle B.—H. K. Devereaux's black, white and tan setter dog (Harwick—Dan's Lady).

Jonny Jingo—Geo. E. Gray's liver and white pointer dog (Jingo—Pearl's Dot).

Prime Minister—Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryme).

Lady Rachel—Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan setter bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryme).

Roysterer—Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan setter dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Pryme).

Joe—Avent & Duryea.

Fred B.—Dr. J. Spencer Brown's black and white pointer dog (Rap—Lady Grace).

Ponce—Luke W. White's (agt.) orange and white pointer dog.

White Line—S. Dillion Ripply's setter dog.

Belle—Wm. Tallman's (agt) liver and white setter bitch (——— —Sunset).

Dick—Wm. Tallman's (agt.) liver and white setter bitch (Dick Noble—Donna).

Donna—Wm. Tallman's (agt.) liver and white setter bitch (Dick Noble—Donna).

Gough—Wm. Tallman's (agt.) liver and white setter dog (——— —Sunset).

Admiral Drake—Wm. Tallman's (agt.) black, white and tan setter dog (Bald Rock—Nellie M.).

Total number of All-Age entries, 43; setters, 29; pointers, 14.

Subscription Stake.—Entries closed Oct. 1; $50 subscription; dog to be named night before running. Subscribers: Edmund H. Osthaus, H. Rieman Duval, Del Monte Kennels, W. J. Baugh, J. B. Bisbee, Pierre Lorillard, Jr., Charlottesville Field Trials Club, Fox & Blythe, Geo. E. Gray, Geo. E. Gray, Avent & Duryea, Avent & Duryea, Avent & Duryea.

SIMON C. BRADLEY,
Sec'y-Treas. Eastern Field Trials Club.

The Wrong and Right of Dog License.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your valued journal of Oct. 7 contained a most interesting letter upon "The Wrong of Dog License," by Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, of Cleveland, O.; and again in your issue of Oct. 14 appears a reply to that humane and kindly woman's letter from Lucius A. Childress, of Philadelphia, Pa., all of which makes exceedingly interesting reading to the friends and owners of dogs.

As a lover of dogs and a friend of all dumb animals, permit me to say a few words upon the subject of licensing dogs. In the first place, I desire to state, without any feeling of egotism or boasting, that I have spoken, written and worked for the humane treatment of animals ever since I was old enough to wear trousers, but I must nevertheless protest against the owning of dogs by people who cannot afford to give them enough to eat and a proper home. By the latter is meant, of course, those persons who live in tenement houses or reside in homes of squalor and poverty. If a man is too poor to pay a license of $1 per year (the fee exacted here in New York) for his dog he is hardly able to pay from $6 to $20 per year for the food (medical attention, due to the visits of a veterinary surgeon when the dog is ill) and soup; sulphur to place in his drinking dish, etc. My 60lb. water spaniel costs me about $20 a year—a small dog would cost less and a larger one would cost more—but they all cost money, and if I could not afford to give my four-legged friend and companion enough to eat I certainly would be most inhumane in keeping him, hungry and unhappy. I therefore firmly believe that the dog license law is right and just.

The people who advocate the abolition of the dog license should go to the pound, or "Rest," as it is called, and see the wretched half-starved and diseased dogs that are brought there and put to death quickly and painlessly.

Now, dog catching, like "dog keeping," requires money, and if Bergh's society did not collect a tax upon dogs they would have no funds to carry on the work of collecting and putting to death homeless and diseased dogs which are a menace to the public. I consider it, therefore, a most humane and praiseworthy work, this catching and putting out of existence useless, diseased and hungry dogs, 70 per cent. of which are poor mongrels, of no earthly value to any one and would not be owned by any one but the poor, who cannot afford to give the animals enough to eat.

In conclusion, I would give a word of advice. It is this: If you do not love your dog do not keep him, and if you are too poor to pay a small yearly tax for the privilege of owning a dog do not have one at all. No man ever lived who was fonder of a dog or a horse than I, but I would not keep any animal if I could not afford to give it enough to eat.

G. FOSTER HOWELL.

Connecticut Field Trial Entries.

New Haven, Conn., Oct. 16.—The entres for the Connecticut Field Trials at Hampton, Conn., Oct. 25, are as follows:

Baby—E. B. Clark's black native setter.

Prince S.—Chaplin Kennels' blue belton setter.

Ruby and Dan—Wm. G. Comstock Jr.'s black, white and tan setter.

Doll Gladstone—Wm. G. Comstock Jr.'s black, white and tan setter.

Rowdy Roy—Bassett & Reeves' black, white and tan setter.

Tilda—F. G. Goodridge's black, white and tan setter.

Conquer—Hiram Dawson's black, white and tan setter.

Jack—F. H. Burke's lemon and white setter.

Blade's Ruby—F. M. Chapin's black, white and tan setter.

American Boy—F. M. Chapin's black, white and tan setter.

Joe—W. H. Stoher's orange and white setter.

Bess—O. D. Redfield's black and white setter.

F. M. Chapin's Blade's Ruby and O. D. Redfield's Bess are the only two for the Derby class. To give the sportsmen of Connecticut an opportunity to make every entry possible we have voted to receive entries in both classes up to Oct. 24. A number of entries have been promised and we hope the sportsmen of Connecticut will come forward and show their good dogs and enjoy a pleasant day afield.

John E. Bassett, Sec'y.

The Irish Wolfhound.

Behold this creature's form and state;
Him nature surely did create
That to the world might be exprest
What mien there can be in a beast.
More nobleness of form and mind
Than in the lion we can find;
Yea, this heroic beast does seem
In majesty to rival him.
Yet he vouchsafes to men to show
His service and submission too.
And here we a distinction have:
That brute is fierce—the dog is brave;
He hath himself so well subdued
That hunger cannot make him rude;
And all his manners do confess
That courage dwells with gentleness.
War with the wolf he loves to wage,
And never quits if he engage;
But praise him much, and you may chance
To put him out of countenance;
And, having done a deed so brave,
He looks not sullen, yet looks grave.
No foundling playfellow is he;
His master's guard he wills to be.
Willing for him his blood be spent,
His look is never insolent.
Few men to do such noble deeds have learned,
Nor having done, could look so unconcerned.
—Catherine Phillips (1660).

Points and Flushes.

Entries to the International Field Trial Club's All-Age Stake close on Nov. 1. Forfeit $5, and $5 additional to start. Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont.

The Baltimore Sun of recent date contains the following:

"There is a woeful lack of good dogs and many buyers are in the market for broken setters or pointers and find the supply less than the demand. The same conditions existed last year. Because of the scarcity of birds in previous years few dogs were broken. Lots of young and untried ones are on the market, but shooters whose vacations are limited do not want to bother breaking dogs. Owners of broken dogs do not like to lend them, because they may be spoiled, and as shooters know they may as well stay at home as go hunting without good dogs, the sportsmen afield are not likely to be so numerous as they would be if more good dogs were at hand."

Yachting.

The committees of the White Bear Y. C. and the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. have settled the general conditions for the match of 1900 for the Seawanhaka International Challenge cup, the main points being as follows: The series of three out of five races will take place on Lake St. Louis, beginning on Aug. 3. Instead of the race committee of the defending club, as has always been the case in the past, three judges will be appointed to have charge of the match, as was done this year with the Canada cup. One judge will be appointed by each club, the two choosing a third. The challenge is nominally in the 25ft. class, but a special agreement has been made to the effect that the sail area shall be limited to 500 sq. ft., as in the present 20ft. class; and that there shall be no time allowance. This virtually means that the yachts will be designed without regard to hull dimensions; simply the hull which can be driven fastest by 500 sq. ft. of sail. Some scantling limitations will be adopted, probably a limit of ½in. for planking and ⅝ for deck; the centerboard if of wood may be ballasted only to overcome flotation; if of steel, it may not be over ½in. thick, and if of bronze ⅜in., and may not weigh over 360lbs. The opposing yachts must be named fourteen days before the first race. The complete details will be made public after they have been accepted by the two clubs. The change promises to make some interesting racing and to produce a better type of boat than the latest of the scows.

The dullness of the past week has been enlivened by several bitter personal attacks by different daily papers upon Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, the "managing owner" of Columbia, and his friends who sailed with him; and also by a revival of the discussion of the propriety of having a captain of Scotch birth upon the American yacht. There is no particular reason why any newspaper man should entertain a special affection for Mr. Iselin, or should go to any trouble to defend him, but at the present time he is at least entitled to fair play; and the charges mentioned are most absurd and unfair, and palpably inspired by mere malice.

Mr. Iselin occupies his present position as "managing owner" of Columbia, in which yacht he is said to hold a moneyed interest, though nearly all of her great cost is borne by Com. Morgan, for the reasons that he has proved himself capable of this sort of work, and is so situated that he can give his time to it. When it was necessary to defend the Cup in 1893 against Valkyrie II., Mr. Iselin organized a syndicate to which he contributed at least as much money as any of the other members and contracted with the Herreshoffs for the yacht afterward famous as Vigilant. By common consent of the only parties who had any rights in the matter—the members of the syndicate—he was selected to represent them both in the business part of the enterprise and the actual sailing of the yacht. In him was vested nearly all the responsibility for the working up and sailing of the yacht, and it is a matter of history that he made a brilliant success of the enterprise.

When it became necessary to build a new defender in 1895 to meet the third Valkyrie, and when Com. Morgan assumed the financial responsibility, it was most natural that Mr. Iselin should be at the head as the practical man of the new venture. In this, as in the preceding one, he was no mere figurehead, but a most active and most energetic factor, working hard from the very inception of the idea to the time when Defender sailed up the bay after the last race with an ensign from each spreader as a token of victory. After giving all due credit to the designer and builder of Defender for his individual skill and daring in a novel construction, there is still much to be said for the "managing owner" who backed him up in every possible way.

When the last challenge was received and it was again a case of one new boat for the defense, Mr. Iselin was, by virtue of his experience in this special work and his willingness to undertake it, the best man for the place. He was not selected for his courtesy toward newspaper men, the strict propriety of his language, or his Chesterfieldian manners toward his equals and his inferiors alike; but because he had demonstrated his fitness for the special and difficult task in hand. His reputation as a keen—not to say over-keen—racing man was made twenty-five years ago in the old Mary Emma, when the stirring sport of sandbag racing, with a free fight ashore for the prize after it was won afloat, was still in its glory. Since then he has done what some good sportsmen would not have cared to do in crowding the spirit of the rule through the building of Vigilant to carry a ballast crew; and he has done what most men would not have dared to do in the reckless driving of Vigilant at the imminent risk of her stick, in the final race in 1893.

The uniform success of the American yachts in the defense of the Cup in 1885, 1886, 1887, 1893 and 1895 has been due above all else to the personality of a bold, skillful and intelligent owner, and this Mr. Iselin has proved himself to be; a fitting successor to Gen. Paine. The work on the American boats in all of these years has been done on a plan distinctly different from the English, in which the owner is a mere figurehead, the designer's work is practically ended with the completion of the vessel, and the skipper is in sole and undivided command after the yacht first begins to race. In the Cup defenders from Puritan to Defender, both owner and designer have worked together in the general planning of the yacht, the experimental trials, the trial and the Cup races; and with them in all the racing has been a competent skipper. The exact relations of the three have varied in different cases, but practically they have in every case worked together in harmony on an almost equal footing. With them have been several good amateurs, intimate yachting friends of the owner; not passengers, but men who were there to do anything to help the boat. This combination, strengthened by some good professionals as petty officers and a carefully picked and drilled crew, has worked well in every case from 1885 to the present time; it was all right in Vigilant and Defender when they won, and those who now ridicule and denounce it have offered no proof that it is not perfectly proper and not likely to prove successful in Columbia.

On the other hand, the much lauded combination on the Scotch-English-Irish boat of three skippers working together without owner or designer on board is a novel one, with possibilities of failure that must be apparent to all. To practical yachtsmen it seems in every way less suitable than that of owner, designer and skipper; one important point being that the successful handling of one of these great machines, with hulls and spars of novel materials and the lightest possible construction, is a matter of engineering rather than of true sailorizing; requiring the skill of the designer quite as much as that of the professional skipper and helmsman.

We can see no necessity for the public discussion of Mr. Iselin's personal characteristics and standing as a yachtsman at any time; but after accepting him when victorious in Vigilant and Defender, it is most absurd as well as unjust to condemn him by wholesale because Columbia has not won a race when none has been sailed within the time limit.

There is one detail of the matter which is amusing to the impartial spectator; after practically ignoring the newspapers for years, Mr. Iselin has at last recognized them very fully in giving out a special interview in reply to these attacks, in which he asks for support and encouragement. What he says is in itself sensible and much to the point, but it would have been far more consistent if he had continued to ignore all newspaper comment, hostile or otherwise.

There is a very beautiful sentiment underlying the objection to Capt. Barr and the claim that only "Americans" should be identified with the defense of the America Cup; but the idea will not work in practice at this end of the century. A nation which placidly consents to be ruled by the Irish has little right to object because a naturalized citizen of Scotch birth is employed on an American yacht. The sentiment of complete independence of foreign aid finds its warmest supporters among those prominent in the shipbuilding industry, who will without hesitation buy their designs in England, have the detail drawings made there when it can be done at less expense than in their own offices, and who welcome British shipwrights of all grades from yard superintendents down to platers and riveters, regardless of the alien labor laws. There has never been a time when America was independent of foreign brains and muscle, as witness Henry Eckford, John Ericsson, George Steers and even the founders of the Herreshoff and Iselin families; and there never will be, however great a superiority we may in the future demonstrate over European nations. At the present time the treasurer of the New York Yacht Club, and probably the ablest it has ever had, is an Englishman; while the fleet captain was born in Ireland. The late J. R. Busk, owner of Mischief when she defended the Cup in 1881, was an Englishman by birth, and we believe always retained his nationality.

If Capt. Barr had been selected on account of his nationality or through favoritism, the case would be different; but he has won his present high position through sheer merit. He came to New York fifteen years ago as a boy in the forecastle of a small cutter; brought up to fishing and yacht sailing and with limited opportunities for acquiring an education. With nothing to help him but his own industry and perseverance, and no frends save those he has made by faithful service under one employer after another, he has worked up from the command of the little Shona to Minerva, Barbara, Wasp, Navahoe, Vigilant and Colonia and last Columbia. His standing in his profession to-day is higher than that of any of the men of his age who started with far greater initial advantages. Why he was selected by Mr. Iselin in preference to some of the older men is a matter of which we have no knowledge; but it is one in which his nationality is not concerned. He is now an American citizen, his home and his future are in this country, he is in many ways of a higher type of manhood than many of foreign birth who occupy important legislative and executive positions, and the attacks upon him on account of his nationality are inconsistent with the acceptance of the naturalization laws and the existing system of local government in American cities.

Before blowing Mr. Iselin for selecting a forein-born skipper, it should be remembered that he was the first to man an American yacht with a distinctly American crew, an experiment which in Defender involved much extra labor and some risk of failure. In all Cup races prior to 1895 the American yachts have been manned by Scandinavian crews; and it has remained for Mr. Iselin to prove, as he has done, that quite as good raw material may be found in the American fisherman.

The America Cup.

Columbia and Shamrock.

After twelve week-days, in the course of which seven trials have been made, the first race of the Cup series is still in the future. The three failures of the first week have already been recounted, bad enough in truth, but far better than the four of last week. On each of the first three days the spectators were treated to a view of the two yachts under sail, the start of the race, and several hours of mixed sailing and drifting; not what they wanted to see, but still better than nothing. Last week, however, even the slender consolation of a pleasant sail and a view of a start was denied them; the attendant fleet, smaller each day after Tuesday, groped its way slowly and cautiously from New York down the bay to the Sandy Hook Lightship, rolled around in a thick fog bank for an hour or two with whistles blowing on every hand and the siren on the point of the Hook groaning dismally, and at the code signal R all turned and headed for home. Four times was this repeated, with but slight variation of programme.

On the first day, Tuesday, the fog which came up on Monday night was very thick in the morning, with no wind. There was still quite a fleet of yachts and steamers, with all of the guard boats. When they reached the Lightship about 11 o'clock the fog was less dense than up the bay, but still so heavy that neither yacht had left her moorings or even lifted her sail covers. The smoke and steam from the fleet rose vertically or at times tailed off about south, but there was nothing that could be called wind. After the "race postponed" signal was set the fleet steamed slowly in to the point of the Hook, where the yachts and their tenders are moored. This place, by the way, is not the "Horseshoe," which lies some three miles further up inside the Hook, but is the little bight formed by the extreme point of the Hook, opposite the old fort. Here were Shamrock and Columbia, with the tenders Plymouth and St. Michaels, the big derrick barge with Shamrock's spars, and the two tugs. After luncheon the regatta committee met with Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Iselin, the two latter being anxious to try again on Wednesday, but the committee would not consent. Later in the day a second meeting was held on board the Corsair, Com. Morgan, Rear-Com. Belmont, H. B. Duryea and Mr. Sharman Crawford being present. It was decided to adhere to the revised programme of the next trial on Thursday and after that a trial every week day. In the course of the afternoon a light S.W. wind came in and the fog lifted; Columbia set her mainsail and a new club topsail, the largest she has, just made for her by Wilson & Silsby. About 4 o'clock she got under way for a short sail to try this canvas. When the fleet reached the Upper Bay the sun was shining brightly and the weather was hot enough for midsummer.

Nothing was done on Wednesday on either boat except that Columbia's crew was still busy with her sails. The weather was the same as on the preceding day, clear and bright in the city after the early morning, but foggy and calm off the Hook. The fog shut in early in the evening, and by Thursday morning was thicker than ever. The fleet, now greatly reduced in numbers, groped its way out to the Lightship, where the two yachts were already under sail. There was no wind, no prospect of any, and the fog was too thick to make it safe to start if there had been; after waiting for nearly an hour, the letter R was sent up at 12:07, and all went home as best they could. The fog was so thick in the Upper Bay that the shores were not visible in passing in the Narrows, and the first

glimpse of sunlight was met just below Governor's Island; over the city the sky was clear.

The fog caused two collisions in the fleet, besides much trouble and delay to vessels on the Hudson and the Sound. The steam yacht Erin has carried many guests each day, they being taken down to her at the Hook on a small steamer from the city. On Thursday morning the steamer Wm. Fletcher had a large party, including Lord Charles Beresford, on board, bound for Sandy Hook, where the Erin was lying. Just off Governor's Island she came in collision with the Thirty-ninth street ferry boat West Brooklyn, the two striking heavily and the Fletcher driving her bows under the guards of the ferry boat. There was some alarm and confusion at first, but the two were separated and towed off, both considerably damaged, Sir Thomas Lipton's guests being transferred to the tug Atwood. Just as the fleet was starting home from the Lightship the steam yacht White Ladye came in collision with the revenue cutter Manning, of the guard fleet, the yacht's bowsprit sweeping away the port rails of the cutter's bridge, her dinghy and davits, and tumbling a rapid-firing gun, a relic of the Viscaya, to the deck. The yacht lost her bowsprit and other parts of her headgear, but no one was hurt and the hulls were uninjured. The responsibility for the collision has not been determined.

Friday brought no change of conditions, the same calm weather and the same fog through the night and morning. This time the fleet steamed direct to the point of the Hook, where the two yachts were lying at their moorings with sail covers on. The regatta committee tug was out at the Lightship until about noon, when it ran in and signaled that the race was again postponed.

Friday night was comparatively clear through the evening, and though the fog shut in after midnight it was less dense than on the previous days. At 9 o'clock there even a light draft of wind from S.E., shifting a little later to S.W., and the oyster sloops and other small craft in the bay were visible with sails filled and good way on. With a bright sun above and weather like summer, there were hopes of a race, and many more people were present on the steamers, a number of the larger boats going down. All went well on the way, a nice little breeze from the southward was coming in, and all hands felt certain of at least a start. When the Lightship was in sight the fog was still pretty thick, the two yachts being dimly visible with mainsail and club topsail set and headsails in stops, but there was no wind. The usual wait followed, and just after noon the signal was set and the fleet started home.

The continued failures have brought serious disappointment to thousands of people who have planned for months to see the series of races. Many from nearby points have arranged to take their vacations during the race week, or to get away on those days set in advance for the races, and they have used up their time during the two weeks with no better result than three half-races. A large number have come from a distance, some from England, Ireland and Scotland and many from the West and Canada. They have spent two weeks in New York, and have paid out a good deal of money in steamboat tickets alone, and yet have had to leave without seeing one race. Saturday marked the limit for a large number. They stayed over from Tuesday to Thursday with every confidence of a break in the weather. On Thursday they decided to risk one more day, and after that, unless they took the steamers on Saturday morning, they again decided to risk a final day and start for home on Sunday. There was quite a large Canadian contingent on the New York Y. C. steamer Republic, which had been faithful through all the seven dreary trials, but they gave up on Saturday, and all left that night. Most of the Royal Ulster party are still here, those officially connected with Shamrock having engaged passage long ago by the Oceanic on Wednesday, Oct. 18. Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. Ratsey and Mr. Fife, who is still quite ill at his hotel, will, of course, remain indefinitely. It is a curious thing that the majority of those who have from the first planned to see these races will not do so; on the other hand, many who had originally no intention of seeing them have had their interest awakened by the continued delay and incidental discussion of the merits of the boats, and are prepared to take advantage of the first change of weather to run on to New York for at least the concluding races.

The problem of a clear course seems to have been disposed of by the prompt and perhaps arbitrary action of the Government in patrolling the course and preferring charges against all offenders. One of these, the captain of the steamer Glen Island, has already had his license revoked by the Treasury Department, and others will be similarly punished. There has been, apparently, but little deliberate violation of the regulations; though through ignorance or carelessness some yachts and steamboats have broken through the lines. Whether through the fear of punishment or a higher motive, the steamboat men have accommodated themselves to the situation and in most cases kept well within bounds. There has been no time when either yacht was interfered with. Such boats as have broken through the lines have been driven back before they were near the yachts. The lines themselves have been so drawn as to keep the inshore and offshore divisions of the fleet so far apart that they have little effect in breaking or banking the wind. On one or two occasions an unexpected change of course on the part of the yachts has caused the fleet to scurry away in haste, to its own temporary inconvenience, but without harm to the racers. It is probable that through the disorganization of all plans by the long delay and the consequent falling off in attendance, many of the smaller steamers and tugs have given up; and even though a large number of people may turn out for the final race or two, they will find room on a comparatively small number of large steamers such as the Peck, Lowell, Monmouth, Columbia and Republic. All set pans both on the part of the steamboat owners and their patrons, whether individuals or clubs, have been disorganized; and the business is likely to readjust itself on new lines, a certain number of large steamers and some of the medium-sized ones following every day, at lower prices than first arranged.

The prices as first set ranged from $20 to $10, $6, $5 and down to $1 on the smaller steamers, for a single day. For the sum first mentioned, one could boast that he had been on the same steamer as Mr. Marconi, the wireless telegraphy expert. He could send some silly message by wireless telegraphy to friends ashore and have it printed next day with his name in a morning paper, and he might possibly have his photograph taken and similarly be made known to the world.

The steamers charging $5 per trip were practically equal to the higher priced ones so far as viewing the yacht race was concerned, and as a rule they were not overcrowded even on the first days. In some cases these steamers sold series tickets at reduced rates. The steamers which charged $3 were in most cases very much crowded at first. By the middle of last week the steamboat business had gone to pieces and the prices were broken. Many boats after the failure of Thursday sold tickets at reduced rates for Friday and good for Saturday if no race was sailed on the former day; and some continued to carry Thursday's passengers free for the other two days. One of the largest of them, which started at $5 for a single trip, has announced a rate of $3 for the balance of the races.

As a rule the patrons of the steamboats seem to have been fairly treated, though some which have advertised to be at the line in good time have missed several starts. One notable exception is the steamboat Georgeanna, of Philadelphia, chartered to some unknown parties and run as a $2 boat, though some tickets were sold for less money and some were distributed free. The boat, in charge of Alexander Sterck, an alleged licensed captain, left late on the morning of the first race, with a large party on board. As soon as she was clear of her dock different gambling layouts were set up in all parts of the boat and the passengers were invited to play. When the Hook was reached, long after the rest of the fleet had gone to the line, the captain refused to go any further, and ultimately a fight ensued between the deluded passengers who had been first swindled and then robbed, and the gamblers who had possession of the boat. These, it is charged, numbered about sixty, the whole affair being apparently a deliberate scheme of robbery. The ensign was set Union down as a signal of distress by some of the passengers, and they in turn were assaulted by the gamblers in the effort to restore it. Before the boat was inside the Narrows on her return in the afternoon, word was sent to the police, and the captain and some of the alleged gamblers were arrested at the dock. The captain is now under examination, charged with having no license and with being in league with the gamblers.

The New York Y. C. has provided well for its members, the Republic, a large and fast side-wheel steamer, running down every day and carrying members free, while tickets are sold to members for the use of their friends. An orchestra and an excellent luncheon by Maresi have served to divert all hands from the serious side of the question.

The unprecedented vagaries of the weather have broken the proud record held by Marblehead since 1886, when Galatea and Mayflower waited there day after day through the latter part of September for the breeze which never came. The following table, compiled by Mr. Emery, the Weather Bureau expert, shows what might reasonably be expected at this time of year:

OCTOBER, 1889.

Date.	Velocity at 11 A. M.	Velocity at Noon.	Velocity at 1 P. M.	Velocity at 2 P. M.	Velocity at 3 P. M.	Velocity at 4 P. M.
3	6	9	14	11	11	14
4	8	7	14	17	21	23
5	4	10	11	9	9	14
6	16	13	10	9	8	9
7	19	20	18	18	19	20
8	16	15	15	15	16	15
9	12	15	19	19	17	17
10	12	16	20	16	19	18
11	9	8	12	15	16	16
12	7	7	11	11	10	12
OCTOBER, 1890.						
3	10	6	9	16	14	11
4	13	16	15	12	17	17
5	22	21	21	15	16	16
6	8	7	9	9	9	13
7	16	17	14	14	19	17
8	17	16	17	13	12	13
9	9	6	5	5	4	3
10	8	9	6	16	9	10
11	17	19	20	15	13	15
12	10	9	11	9	10	11
OCTOBER, 1891.						
3	4	4	6	8	8	6
4	8	8	12	10	9	10
5	5	7	8	15	28	29
6	10	10	9	9	9	8
7	18	18	15	13	16	17
8	15	16	18	17	16	17
9	13	12	10	7	4	6
10	10	9	10	10	13	12
11	9	8	10	12	14	22
12	27	23	23	21	19	22
OCTOBER, 1892.						
3	16	15	15	18	18	17
4	13	16	14	14	13	15
5	16	20	20	19	20	20
6	18	21	19	19	17	16
7	10	11	14	13	12	9
8	4	3	4	4	5	10
9	10	11	12	10	14	15
10	9	8	9	8	10	10
11	9	11	11	11	7	7
12	8	9	8	7	5	5
OCTOBER, 1893.						
3	6	6	7	9	10	8
4	8	9	8	7	6	7
5	7	8	8	7	4	4
6	5	9	11	12	11	12
7	14	15	12	13	13	12
8	5	5	6	6	6	7
9	9	16	19	15	21	18
10	13	14	15	12	12	12
11	4	4	4	7	7	8
12	6	5	7	7	8	8
OCTOBER, 1894.						
3	14	10	11	6	5	9
4	6	9	9	10	10	8
5	18	20	21	18	19	17
6	14	16	15	14	15	15
7	5	6	7	7	5	5
8	13	13	13	15	12	13
9	15	13	12	10	11	11
10	26	29	29	26	24	21
11	30	30	27	27	21	23
12	9	11	11	10	10	11
OCTOBER, 1895.						
3	9	11	9	7	10	11
4	22	20	20	24	19	20
5	14	11	11	16	13	15
6	13	11	11	9	9	9
7	5	6	8	10	9	5
8	12	13	14	20	27	25
9	12	14	19	18	16	19
10	6	6	6	5	7	6
11	16	16	19	24	30	34
12	23	24	14	10	10	14
OCTOBER, 1896.						
3	7	6	5	8	8	7
4	15	14	14	20	15	22
5	13	14	15	14	15	13
6	9	10	8	9	7	6
7	19	19	26	23	25	23
8	22	23	25	24	23	24
9	13	11	9	9	10	8
10	18	18	16	14	14	17
11	30	28	27	28	28	31
12	29	29	29	27	27	25
OCTOBER, 1897.						
3	11	11	12	15	13	13
4	7	8	8	8	5	6
5	6	6	6	7	8	7
6	10	10	10	13	7	5
7	5	5	6	4	7	7
8	8	5	8	4	7	12
9	15	19	21	22	24	22
10	7	5	5	6	11	9
11	6	5	6	10	13	22
12	29	28	13	15	15	12
OCTOBER, 1898.						
3	6	7	6	6	9	7
4	10	6	11	8	4	7
5	21	20	20	20	15	17
6	12	16	14	17	14	13
7	12	12	12	11	11	12
8	5	5	6	5	7	10
9	7	7	6	10	8	10
10	9	8	11	13	12	14
11	19	23	24	24	28	31
12	15	17	17	16	16	15

From the above it will be seen that the present prolonged period of almost complete calm is abnormal and unprecedented, and that moderate to fresh breezes, largely from N.W., might confidently be expected. At the date of writing, the fog is shutting in thick for the seventh night, with an increase of humidity and no wind, while the reports from all parts of the country give no promise of any change for the next few days.

First Race—Windward and Leeward.

EIGHTH DAY—MONDAY, OCT. 16.

Columbia Wins by 10 Min. 8 Sec.

THE outlook on Sunday evening from the Highlands was promising, a light westerly wind having driven off the fog so that the Scotland Lightship, nearly four miles away, was plainly visible. About New York it was very discouraging. At 10 o'clock the moon was shining brightly in a sky that was apparently cloudless, but the fog was so heavy that the moisture condensed as it touched the trees and fell in great drops like a heavy rain in summer. There was no wind and little promise of any. The morning was worse than ever, save for a light N.E. breeze over the city, the fog was thick, with an excess of moisture that almost amounted to rain, and there were no signs of the sun. The chances of a race seemed so small that few turned out, about sixty being present on the big Republic, with small parties on the Plymouth, Shinnecock, Dolphin, Mount Hope, Grand Republic and a few other steamers, and about fifteen steam yachts.

The yachts left the point of the Hook about 10 o'clock, towing out to the Lightship, where the wind, about S.E., was blowing six or seven miles an hour. The fog still hung over the water, but objects were visible at a distance of a mile or more. The committee boat, with the mark-boat, guideboat and the extra tug, was at the line about 10:20, and the course signal was set at 10:30, the wind then being east, making a windward course. The yachts carried whole mainsails and club topsails, the latter being smaller than in the first trials.

The preliminary signal was given at 10:45, and the preparatory at 10:55. Shamrock came for the line ahead of Columbia, both on starboard tack, the baby jib topsails being set in stops. When the gun fired at 11 Shamrock was near the line, with Columbia just astern of her, both moving slowly. Shamrock crossed first, at 11:01:03, and Columbia, luffing well out on her starboard quarter, went over three seconds later and a short distance astern, with much the better start. The wind had freshened to eight or nine miles an hour, with fairly smooth water, and the conditions were perfectly fair and good of the kind, for a light weather race. The start was a very tame one, in no way exciting, but nevertheless interesting from the clever berthing of Columbia on Shamrock's weather.

Though they moved slowly, Columbia was sailed from the time she crossed the line, going away with sails drawing and a show of life. She began to weather out on Shamrock at once, and as the event proved, had her beaten within five minutes, for the rest of the day it was a procession, and a rather slow and stupid one to the spectators, whose appetites had been whetted by days of disappointment and the favorable showing of Shamrock at different times. To summarize briefly what scarcely deserves to be told in detail, Columbia, well handled throughout, made a steady gain for the whole fifteen miles of windward work, making nearly ten minutes in three hours' sailing, while off the wind she gained a little more. The many tacks and rapid changes of position made it impossible to estimate any very small gain or loss from time to time, but at no time was it certain that Shamrock was holding her own. Her work was of a very different order from that shown on several occasions in the first three days, when she pointed high, footed fast, and fetched well to windward; now she most noticeably failed to point, while she failed to hold on beside Columbia. It was impossible to see who was at the tiller, but she was not sailed as in the first trials. Her trick seemed to be to foot ahead without regard to windward position.

The wind at the start was flawy and headed one and the other in turn, but it was evident that Columbia was climbing out steadily on Shamrock's weather. Shamrock was the first to tack, at 11:15, Columbia at once following, being now on the weather bow instead of where she started on the weather quarter. Shamrock footed ahead very fast, and was soon in the lead in mere distance, but woefully to leeward. At 11:33 she came on starboard tack, but Columbia was about on the instant, and further ahead than on the first tack. They held this leg for twelve minutes, when Shamrock went back to port tack, Columbia following, but before she was fairly about Shamrock was back to starboard. Before Columbia was on starboard Shamrock was back on port, and as Columbia came about again Shamrock went on starboard. This fool business kept up until within seven minutes the pair had made six tacks, Shamrock always leading. Whether or no she gained any in mere quickness in tacking, at the end of the bout Columbia was quite as far ahead as at the start.

Shamrock, after holding one tack nearly five minutes, came on starboard, and Columbia, now nearly lost in the mist and safely ahead, at once went about, determined to keep in the weather berth and between her rival and the mark. The guide tug, running off slowly on the true course, was visible from each yacht as they worked out for short distances on one side or the other of the straight line.

Though too far astern to be in any way affected by Columbia, Shamrock continued to lead in short tacks, but the other invariably came about on the instant. At 12:20 Shamrock stowed her baby jib topsail, but set it again at 12:35, the change apparently having small effect. At 12:27 she again took it in, only to reset it ten minutes later.

They worked on out to the mark with a breeze of never over ten knots and a moderate sea, Columbia showing the same steady gain as at the start. Near the mark she for the first time made a tack on her own initiative. At 1:48:19 she bore away around the mark, lighting sheets and smartly setting her spinaker to port, the balloon jib topsail being also broke out. She was four minutes from the mark on her way home with all kites drawning when Shamrock, on port tack and still bound for the mark, passed close by her; turning at 1:58:06, or 9 min. 47 sec. astern.

Shamrock set her spinaker and balloon jib and fell in for a long stern chase, which was devoid of interest to the spectators, as the real race was over and only a rank fluke or a breakdown could alter the result. The wind held fairly steady and the run in was made with the two so far apart that the rear boat was almost lost in the fog at times. Columbia finished at 3:54:59, being greeted with a salute of hearty whistles from the fleet of about forty steamers, tugs, steam yachts, revenue cutters and torpedo boats. Shamrock finished at 4:05:10, 10 min. 11 sec. after Columbia, the official times being:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.
Columbia	11 01 06	1 48 19	3 54 54
Shamrock	11 01 03	1 58 06	4 05 10

Shamrock received quite as noisy a salute as Columbia from the entire fleet. After the finish, in addition to the ensign on the jack staff, Corsair sent up the American flag at the fore and main trucks and the fore and main gaff ends, five in all, as she steamed homeward. The two yachts were taken in tow by their tenders, and the first race was at last over.

SECOND RACE—TUESDAY, OCT. 17.

The second race was started promptly at 11 o'clock Tuesday, the boats crossing the line:

Shamrock	11 00 15
Columbia	11 00 17

Shamrock had the weather. Columbia broke out a baby jib topsail as she crossed the line. Shamrock held her lead on the starboard tack for five minutes, when they went about and headed for the southeast. Columbia gained and at 11:24 was leading by 300ft. At this point Shamrock's topmast broke and her club topsail came down with a rush. Columbia put up into the wind to render aid, but not being needed she went over the course, while Shamrock was towed back.

Columbia finished at 2:35:50, or two hours within the limit, her elapsed time being 3 hrs. 35 min. 18 sec., unofficial.

The Chesapeake as a Yachting Ground.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries form one of the greatest and most interesting yachting and fishing grounds in America, being well protected from the ocean storms and having so many rivers and inlets in which a boat can find safe anchorage in case of an unusually severe storm. Our Northern friends could spend many a winter there before they could say that the ground was old to them, besides its being so near the Capital and furnishing them almost unlimited social privileges, together with the very best of cruising, all in the same field. The residents along the shores are as a rule well-to-do people, who own boats of some kind or other, and would take pleasure in showing the sights and helping the cruiser to enjoy himself. There are many places of interest to the patriotic American. Among others is Yorktown, to which even our largest steam yachts may go with ease. Then there are the Old Beacon, Homestead, and in Gloucester county several old and picturesque places. In the fall one can enjoy duck hunting to his heart's content; and fish and oysters are here all the year round.

Among the boats used in these waters, most common are the Pequosion canoe, made from three trees; one forming the keel and the other two on the sides to bring them up to the desired height and out to the desired width. The canoe is sharp at both ends, and rigged as a jib and mainsail boat. These craft are good, firm and are safe, stiff and speedy. A few of them are yawl rigged, especially in the larger sizes. They run from 20 to 33ft., though a few are built up to 42ft., with 8 to 8½ft. beam. Then they have what they call the pingie-built sharpie, built of hewn or dug-out logs in any size up to 100 tons. These boats are as a rule slow, but some are very nice cruisers, with very fair lines, and can go almost anywhere they please. The Rev. Thomas Dixon now owns one of them, and I think finds it a very satisfactory cruiser.

To get the full benefit of the waters of the Chesapeake one does not want a boat of over 5 to 6ft. draft, and no one should try to see all in too short a time, or they will not be able to enjoy what would otherwise be in store for them. My motto would be, Do well what you do in pleasure, as well as in business. Hoping that this will be the means of some of my brothers seeing the bright side of life in this weary world of ours, and that they may give those who are not able to go the benefit of their trip through these columns, I await their reports.

H. P. WILDER.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of North America was held on Oct. 14 at the Manhattan Hotel, New York, with President L. M. Clark in the chair. The present officers, President L. M. Clark, Secretary F. B. Jones and Treasurer N. D. Lawton, were re-elected for 1900. The question of a measurement rule was discussed at length and it was finally decided to retain the girth rule for the coming year. A committee of five was appointed to revise the racing rules.

Idler, schr., once famous about New York under the ownership of the late S. J. Colgate, but for many years owned in Chicago, has just been sold to A. R. Rumsey, of Cleveland, the head shipping master of the Lake Carriers' Association. Mr. Rumsey, who is now wealthy, was a common sailor on the lakes until recent years.

Norna, schr., N. J. Weaver, is still working her way round the world in spite of various difficulties of a financial nature. She was last reported as at Honolulu the middle of last month, where she was detained on an attachment at the instance of Walter Percival, of Singapore, who advanced $2,500 on a bottomry bond. Her owner, N. J. Weaver, who was once a member of the Atlantic Y. C. for a short time, though never an officer, as claimed, is well known to the police in connection with various doubtful operations. The yacht started on an alleged voyage of scientific research, but she has been in constant trouble at one port or another. No yacht club, we believe, now recognizes Mr. Weaver as a member.

The first official trial of the new model testing tank at the Washington Navy Yard took place on Oct. 7, a model of the new cruiser Denver being tested. The plant includes, besides the tank proper, some very beautiful machinery for making the wooden models. These are about 20ft. long, built up on the "bread-and-butter" plan, of 2in. planks, and hollowed out. The model is cut by machinery from a temporary planked model built from the lines. It has been found that paraffin wax, the material used in Europe for towing models, is not suitable for the warm climate of Washington, so the plant has been adapted to the construction of wooden models.

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Committees.

TORONTO, Ont., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly publish in FOREST AND STREAM, the official organ of the Association, the following appointments:

Regatta Committee for 1900.—R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Chairman; Herbert Begg, Toronto, and D. G. Goodsell, Yonkers.

Ladies' Camp Committee.—Henry M. Carpenter, Sing Sing, Chairman; Mrs. Robert G. Baker, Toronto, Northern Division; Mrs. Charles Forebush, Buffalo, Central Division; Mrs. F. S. Huntington, Milwaukee, Western Division; Mrs. C. W. Lansing, Worcester, Mass, Eastern Division; Mrs. C. B. Vaux, New York, Atlantic Division.

Auditors for Board of Governors' Accounts.—Henry M. Dater, New York; C. Bowyer Vaux, New York.

Official Corn Roasters.—L. W. Seavey, New York; J. N. MacKendrick, Galt.

Camp Surgeon.—T. R. Richardson, M. D., Toronto.

W. G. MACKENDRICK, Com.-Elect.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly publish the following proposed amendments to the Constitution of the American Canoe Association, viz.:

Article III. omit the words "the constitution" and insert instead "Article IX."

Article VII., change the words "Article III." to "Chapter III."

Article XIII., add the words "or member of a committee or board" after the word "officer."

HENRY H. SMYTHE, A. C. A., 1308.

His Wonderful Papa.

Papa went a-fishing
With his pockets full of bait;
He went all by his-lonesome,
And the luck he had was great.

He came home, bringing with him
A string of fish that weighed
Just twenty pounds, he told us,
And a lovely meal they made.

Papa went a-fishing
Upon another day;
And mamma she went with him—
He couldn't say her nay.

They came a-trudging homeward
All tired out at night;
And mamma told us papa
Had never had a bite.

My papa's broken records
Of nearly every kind—
A greater man than he is
It would be hard to find.

He's always doing wonders,
But here's what bothers me:
He never seems to do them
When folks are there to see.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

"I was at Tampa when a negro teamster was instantly killed by an army mule, and it furnished a good illustration of the wonderful memory that a mule has.

"The negro teamster used to pound that mule unmercifully. Instead of using strategy and coaxing his mule into submission, he used to beat it hard enough to kill a horse. Well, for two months the teamster didn't drive that mule. But the mule never forgot him. He never made any attempt to injure his new driver, who knew enough to treat him decently. But one day the old teamster came back. The mule remembered him. He waited with as much docility and patience as an ox until he was harnessed, and then, when the old teamster was off his guard, he let fly with both heels, caught that negro in the pit of the stomach and stretched him out as dead as a hammer. The other teamster was standing right there by him, but that mule didn't make any attempt to kick him. He had just been laying for the fellow who walloped him two months before, and when he had finished him he was satisfied."—Buffalo Horse World.

My friend had a lovely collie, and as he was a farmer he found the dog very useful in many ways, particularly as an errand dog, in which capacity he excelled. His farm was two miles from the railroad depot, and one day he wanted to send a calf off by rail to 'Frisco. So he labeled it, called the dog, and said, "Station, Charlie;" and the dog started off, driving the calf. But when they got half way, the obstinate animal refused to budge, and Charlie, after trying all he knew, trotted back to the farm. Going to the dairy he dipped his tail into a pan of cream, then went back and got in front of the calf, and the result was that he led him in triumph to the station.—Asian.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 9.—Yesterday was the warmest day ever known in October in this vicinity. Shooters at Shell Mound were stripped to their shirts. The temperature was over 90 degrees. The attendance, however, was as full as usual.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club.—Two ten-shot scores allowed; 25-ring target for rifle at 200yds., standard American for pistol and revolver at 50yds. Scores:

Rifle Class—D. W. McLaughlin, 225, 220; F. E. Mason, 222, 214; Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 221; J. E. Gorman, 220, 202; F. W. Belknap, 219, 209; C. M. Henderson, 201, 201; E. N. Moore, 204; E. Wanne, 189, 178; J. F. Bridges, 174.

Pistol Class—Dr. L. O. Rodgers, 93; J. E. Gorman, 93; J. F. Bridges, 80, 74; E. N. Moore, 79; C. M. Henderson, 78, 74; M. Tompkins, 76, 75; C. Roberts, 71, 71; F. W. Belknap, 64, 63; D. W. McLaughlin, 92, 90.

Monthly medal shoot of the Germania Schuetzen Club—First champion class, J. Utschig 428; second champion class, F. Rust 402; first class, J. Gefken 409; second class, J. F. Bridges 390; third class, J. Beuttler 327; best first shot, E. H. Goetze, 24; best last shot, J. Utschig, 24.

Bushnell Medal—F. P. Schuster 220, J. Utschig 214, D. B. Faktor 213.

Competition for Cash Prizes—E. H. Goetze 74, D. W. McLaughlin 73, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 71, J. Utschig 71, D. B. Faktor 71, F. P. Schuster 70.

The Independent Rifles held their monthly medal shoot with the following result: Lieut. Moenning 39, H. Kuhlke 38, Corp. P. H. Schonig 36, Corp. C. Frederickson 33, H. Gaptgen 34, R. Bither 32, G. Kellenberger 29, C. Iverson 31, H. Marzolf 29, F. H. Lann 24, C. Granz 21, Dr. W. A. Meierdierks 20, F. Wild 16, C. H. Meierdierks 14, H. Felix 14, J. Heinbockel 7. The prizes will be awarded at Saratoga Hall next Saturday evening.

At the monthly bullseye shoot of the Norddeutscher Scheutzen Club the following scores secured the highest prizes: F. P. Schuster 303, August Hohman 423, John DeWitt 686, Otto Lemcke 810, John Gefken 810, John D. Heise 819, Frank Koch 890, Capt. Frank Thode 1,018, D. Salfield 1,199, H. Huber 1,250, D. Schinkel 1,373.

ROEEL.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Oct. 16-19.—Du Pont Park, St. Louis, Mo.—Fall tournament; three days at targets; one day at live birds; $300 to $500 added money. J. A. Corry, Manager.

Oct. 17-19.—Circleville, O.—Fall tournament of the Pickaway Rod and Gun Club. G. R. Haswell, Sec'y.

Oct. 17-19.—Baltimore, Md.—Sixth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association. J. R. Malone, Manager.

Oct. 18.—Lyndhurst, N. J.—Handicap at 25 live birds, $10 entrance; also sweepstakes.

Oct. 21.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

Oct. 23-28.—Nashville, Tenn.—Belle Meade Gun Club's tournament; targets and live birds; $750 added. W. R. Elliston, Sec'y.

Oct. 24—Huntington, Ind.—Erie Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 24-26.—Montgomery, Ala.—Capital City and Montgomery clubs' tournament.

Oct. 25-26.—Rochester, N. Y.—Eighth annual fall tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Oct. 26.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Fall tournament of Mt. Kisco Gun Club. Open to all. Cash and merchandise prizes. R. W. Gorham, Sec'y.

Oct. 27.—Columbus, O.—Sherman Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 28-29.—Paisley, Ind.—Cedar Lake Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 30-Nov. 2.—Rockford, Ill.—Rockford Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 30.—Lebohner's Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Live-bird shoot, open to all. Four events, at 3, 5, 5 and 7 birds. Geo. C. Lebohner, Station E, Brooklyn.

Oct. 31-Nov. 3.—Cincinnati, O.—Tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club; two days at live birds; two days at targets. Arthur Gambell, Sec'y.

Nov. 1-4.—San Antonio, Tex.—San Antonio Gun Club's tournament.

Nov. 21-22.—Sioux City, Ia.—Second annual live-bird tournament of the Soo Gun Club; added money in every event. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

Dec. 5-8.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Thomas Donley's third international tournament. About $1,500 guaranteed. Targets and live birds.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.

1900.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Associations Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of Ohio Trapshooters' League. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Baltimore Shooting Association has made rules governing the competition for the Pentz pin and Macalester cup. For the former the following applies: It shall be contested for by members only in a series of seven live-bird races of 10 birds each. The series, which began Sept. 30, continues on the second Saturdays of October, November, December, January and February, and the final race is to be shot March 10, 1900. The contestant scoring the highest number of points in any five races of the series is to own the pin. Each bird scored as dead constitutes a point. If there are any ties at the end of the series of seven races they will be shot off at 10 birds April 14, 1900, until the winner is declared. If there are not five entries in each of the races of the series the event will be postponed until the following Saturday. The handicaps will consist of distance and a number of birds allowed. Messrs. Malone, Hicks and Mann will do the handicapping, and are empowered to change the handicaps at any time they see fit. A majority of the handicap committee shall decide finally all questions. The foregoing will govern the Macalester cup, except as to dates and the number of races. For this cup there will be seven races, the first to be held Oct. 21, and continuing every third Saturday of November and December, 1899, and January, February and March, 1900; the final race of the series to be shot April 21, 1900. All ties are to be shot off April 28, 1900.

In the fore part of the present week bids were opened for the construction of the great fence which will surround the boundary of Interstate Park where it adjoins the highways. This fence will be 10ft. high, over a mile long, closely boarded, and the material will be of good quality. The grass, sown late in the fall, is growing with luxuriance and vigor. Within the next two weeks the architect's plans for the Casino will be completed in all the details ready for the builder. The financial support is most gratifyingly strong, and it is now but a question of construction to prepare the grounds and buildings for the greatest shooting events America has ever had.

A letter from Mr. W. R. Elliston, secretary of the Belle Meade Gun Club, informs us that the Schmelzer trophy will be contested for on the second day of the tournament, Oct. 24, and on the first day, Oct. 23, Messrs. De Bow, of Nashville, and Elliott, of Kansas City, will contest for the cast iron medal. In consequence of the large number of letters received from all sections and the general interest manifested, additional traps for live birds and targets have been installed, so that now there are three sets of traps for live birds and four sets for targets. Mr. Elliston states that from present indications it looks as if 100 or more entries will support the tournament. Mr. John Parker, we have been informed, well known and popular, will assist in managing. He has had great experience in all that pertains to the skillful conduct of a tournament. The fame of Gen. Jackson's beautiful home and stock farm, Belle Meade, is surpassed only by the fame of his illimitable hospitality. There is much of interest there besides the tournament. There are the fine horses for the admiration of lovers of the horse; fine dogs, among which are the celebrity, Dash Antonio, and his son Fitz; and there are the beautiful springs of pure water, which, with lovely women and fine horses, have done much to make Kentucky's fame world wide.

The officers of the Walsrode Gun Club, Trenton, N. J., are: President, Dr. Elmer Barwis; Vice-President, Frank J. Eppele; Secretary, George N. Thomas; Treasurer, Dr. James I. Woolverton. These officers, together with William B. Widmann, Chas. O. Lutes and Edward Titus, constitute the Board of Governors. Mr. Widmann is chairman of the board. Following are the members: Jenkins, Taylor, Clarence Jaques, Police Justice Charles G. Cook, Thomas Harrison, Dr. E. H. Ginnelly, W. M. Petitt, C. L. Francis, John Ginder, J. Sterling Worthington, James D. Hall, Fred Smith, Charles Cole, William M. Mickel (field captain), Charles E. Stokes, Charles H. McDermott. Associate members: Dr. C. H. Dilts, William Dickinson and Frank Bowers. In the gold badge contest at the monthly shoot, Oct. 11, Mr. Wm. Widmann was the winner, on a score of 14 out of 15.

The Baltimore Sun has the following: "The scheduled prices for the use of a gunning craft, equipped with sinkbox, decoys and a crew of three men for duck shooting on the Susquehanna River flats daily during the month of November follow: There are three days each week—Monday, Wednesday and Friday—when it is lawful to shoot ducks an the flats. The season begins Nov. 1, and this year the 1st falls on Wednesday, which is a shooting day. For the first day an outfit to accommodate from 1 to 6 men can be had for $50; second day (Friday), $35; third day (Monday), Nov. 26, $25; fourth day, Nov. 8, $20. Any other shooting day in the month, $15. The shooters supply their own ammunition and food, pay their own railroad fare to and from Havre de Grace and tip the crew for supposed extra attention."

Mr. C. C. Beveridge, called Dominie for short, has proved beyond peradventure that a steady diet on yellowleg chicken is the best method of training for a warm competition at live birds. He has not been doing much shooting lately, though dieting as aforementioned; but witness his performance at the N. J. S. S. A.'s tournament last week, where he killed 7 straight; then in the 15-bird individual championship event he again killed straight, the only one out of fourteen contestants who did so, and now has the title of live-bird champion of New Jersey. The proceeds of the next contest of this kind go to the Dominie, and he has already cautioned his host of friends to keep the event in mind and save money to enter.

Mr. Paul R. Litzke, in his interesting news budget, "Arkansas and the South," mentions this week that the Kansas City team of ten men is organized for competition with a like team from Omaha, in furtherance of which invitation will be sent to the latter team to appear on Nov. 23 to join issue and later in the day to participate in a banquet. He further mentions that there is a probability of a contest for the individual target championship trophy between Dr. A. U. Williams, the holder, and Mr. C. E. De Long, the challenger, both residents of Hot Springs, Ark. Also that Messrs. Buddard and Gilbert have claimed Aug. 28 to 30, 1900, for their second tournament at Lake Okoboji, Ia.

Mr. Geo. C. Lebohner, proprietor of Lebohner's Dexter Park, Jamaica avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn, has issued invitations to the first open live-bird shoot arranged since he took charge of Dexter Park. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock, Oct. 30. There are four events on the programme, class shooting; all contestants stand at 28yds. The first event is at 3 birds, $2; the second and third are at 5 birds, $3; the fourth at 10 birds, $7, birds extra at 50 cents a pair in the first three events; they are included in the entrance to the fourth event at 60 cents a pair. Added money as follows: If ten or more entries, $10; fifteen or more, $15; twenty or more, $20. If there is spare time extra sweepstakes will be shot.

Mr. Thomas Donley has fixed upon Dec. 5 to 8, inclusive, for his third annual international tournament, at St. Thomas, Ont. Both target and live-bird events will be in the programme, with about $1,500 guaranteed. The main event will be 25 birds, $25, $750 guaranteed. Mr. John Parker, the expert transhooter, who is now in the South on a business trip in the interests of his company, will be the manager. Mr. Donley was the only Canadian who ventured to compete in the Grand American Handicap this year.

Dr. A. A. Webber, the famous pistol and shtogun expert, is rapidly recovering the use of his right eye, which was grievously injured at the Hell Gate Gun Club's shoot a few weeks ago. The eye is still weak, however, and a rest is enjoined, so Dr. Webber and wife have arranged to take an outing of a week or ten days in the wilds of Luzerne County, Pa., where the ruffed grouse fly merrily through the mountain cover, and the sad-eyed woodcock dart through the wildwood shadows.

Col. T. Martin, of Bluffton, N. C., was among the contestants at the N. J. S. S. Association's tournament, on the second day, when live birds were the attraction. As a testimonial to the esteem in which he is held as a live-bird shot, he and Mr. Harold Money were placed at scratch, 31yds., and they gave a good account of themselves at that, as the scores will demonstrate.

The next regular live-bird shoot of the Hackensack River Gun Club will be held on Friday of this week, Oct. 20, at H. Heflich's Hotel, Hackensack River Bridge, Paterson Plank Road; Hoboken, Jersey City and Rutherford cars pass the grounds. After the shoot there will be a supper at the club's expense. The secretary is Mr. John Chartrand, Hoboken, N. J.

On Oct. 10, at Memphis, Tenn., Mr. John Parker, of the Peters Cartridge and King's Smokeless companies, shot a friendly live-bird race with Mr. Abe Frank, on the grounds of the Memphis Gun Club, at 25 live birds. The race was remarkably close, Mr. Frank killing straight, while Mr. Parker lost but 1 bird, his 24th.

Under date of Oct. 14 Mr. Fred Gilbert, the expert trap shot, challenged W. R. Crosby to contest for the target championship trophy, the E C cup, and duly qualified by forwarding a deposit to Mr. Edward Banks, secretary of the E C & Schultze Gunpowder Co.

On Oct. 12, at Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia, Messrs. H. B. Fisher and L. Finletter shot a two-men team race against Messrs. J Rothaker and T. S. Dando, 100 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, $200 per team. The former won, 177 to 170.

Mr. John J. Sumpter, of Hot Springs, Ark., retained possession of the Busch medal in a contest with Mr. S. A. Thompson, at St. Louis, Oct. 7. Each shot at 25 live birds. Sumpter scored 23, losing two dead out, and Thompson scored 21, losing 3 dead out.

In the contest for the E C cup, emblematic of the target championship of America, between Messrs. Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., and Mr. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., the latter won by the score of 132 to 130.

Mr. D. C. LeFevre, of Buffalo, N. Y., informs us that the Burgess Arms Company, of Buffalo, N. Y., has sold its entire gun business and patents to the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn.

Mr. J. D. B. De Bow has challenged Mr. J. A. R. Elliott to contest tor the cast iron medal, with the request that some day of the Belle Meade tournament be fixed upon for the contest.

Mr. James Atkinson, of New Castle, Pa., made the excellent average of 92 per cent., at the shoot of the Warren Gun Club, Warren, O., Oct. 12, breaking 161 out of 175 shot at.

Capt. A. W. Money shot in great form at the Carteret Gun Club's opening day of the season last Saturday, killing nearly all the birds he shot at during the day.

BERNARD WATERS.

Abe Frank vs John Parker.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct. 10.—The match between Mr. Abe Frank and Mr. John Parker was close, there being but 1 miss in the race, as shown by the scores herewith. The match was at 25 live birds and was shot on the grounds of the Memphis Gun Club. Both shooters used Ideal shells, loaded with 3drs. of King Smokeless and 1¼oz. of No. 7½ shot, and both used Parker guns. The scores:

A Frank	2222222222222222222222222—25
J Parker	2221111121211121112212201—24

Rothaker and Dando vs. Fisher and Finletter.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Philadelphia, Oct. 12.—There was a very interesting team race, two men on a side, this afternoon, on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League. The conditions were 100 live birds each, 30yds. rise, $200 a team, each man to pay for his own birds. There was no wind. The day was ideal. The birds were mixed, good and poor.

Messrs. J. Rothaker and T. S. Dando were against Messrs. H. B. Fisher and L. Finletter. The latter team won by the score of 177 to 170.

Rothaker shot inhard luck, at first having several fall dead out of bounds, and this seemed to take his nerve, and he lost steadily, while his partner kept killing them all. Finletter made high score for his team, getting 90 out of 100, losing 2 dead out. His highest runs were 18 and 15. He shot a steady race, however, and was admirably backed up by young Fisher, who surprised some of the crowd by scoring 87 and losing 4 dead out of bounds. He also made second high run, killing 41 straight from his 45th to his 88th bird.

Dando and Fisher drew the hardest birds, the latter getting the worst, but had lots of luck in gathering his birds. Rothaker and Finletter drew many easy birds, and most of those missed were comparatively easy ones.

Finletter won the toss and sent the opposite side to the score first. Rothaker opened the ball and all killed their first 5 except Dando, who missed a hard right-quarterer. Fisher and Rothaker each scored 19 out of the first 25, the former losing 3 dead out and Fisher 2. Finletter got a lead by killing 24 to Dando's 21. Finletter's 14th bird, a hard left-quarterer, dropped dead out. Rothaker went to pieces in his second 25, losing 9, while Fisher scored 21. Dando held up his side by killing his 25 straight, while Finletter lost 6. This gave Finletter's side a lead of 2 birds on the 50.

Dando kept up his good work by killing his next 25 in fine style. Fisher also improved, and did the same. Finletter outshot Rothaker by scoring 23 to his 20, and at the end of 75 birds Finletter's side led by 5 birds. All hands took a brace, and the last 25 birds was a pretty race. Dando kept up his great score and killed straight until his 81st bird, a hard, low-flying dark bird, which died over the boundary. He killed all the rest, running out with a score of 95. Rothaker also improved and shot 16 straight, and then lost 5 in his last 11 birds. Fisher ran his straight up to 41 birds, losing his 88th bird, a difficult towering incomer, and lost 2 afterward. Finletter finished strong, killing all of his 25, but lost 1 dead out of bounds.

Mr. H. Febeger acted as referee. The contest began at 1:15, and in one hour 100 birds had been shot. The second 100 were finished at 3:10, the third at 4:10, and the race was concluded at 5:10.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Fisher and Finletter.

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L Finletter.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	—24
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	2 1 3 4 3 1 5 4 2 4 1 3 4 3 3 1 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4	
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	2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2	—24—177

Rothaker and Dando.

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J Rothaker....	2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 1 * 1 2 2 0 2 * 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 0 1	—19
	4 5 2 3 3 5 1 5 3 2 4 1 5 2 5 1 3 2 4 3 2 4 4 2 5	
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T S Dando.....	1 * 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 * 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 2	—21
	2 3 1 5 4 4 1 1 1 5 1 3 3 3 3 1 5 5 5 1 1 5 3 5 2	
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	1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2	—25
	4 3 1 5 1 5 5 5 3 4 2 3 2 3 5 5 3 2 2 2 1 5 3 3 5	
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	1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2	—25
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	1 1 1 2 2 * 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2	—24—170

Warren Gun Club.

WARREN, O., Oct. 14.—On Thursday, Oct. 12, there was an invitation shoot held on the grounds of the Warren Gun, Club. The visiting shooters were Jas. Atkinson and H. P. Shaner, New Castle, Pa.; E. W. Hull, Akron, O.; F. H. Snow, Brooklyn, O.; Mr. Dunn, Akron, O.; Dr. Gaston, Mineral Ridge, O.; Messrs. Lyman and Smith, Kent, O.; Egley, Young and Douds, Canton, O.

The regular programme consisted of ten 15-target events, and a two-men team event. The attached sheet shows the results of the events. Mr. Shaner's 25 straight in the team shoot landed the prize for New Castle, with an aggregate of 47 out of 50.

Upon completion of the programme several extra and novel events, evolved by the fertile brain of Mr. H. P. Shaner, were run off, adding pleasure to the occasion.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke	Av.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25			
Atkinson	15	12	14	14	13	13	14	15	14	15	22	—175	161	.920
Shaner	15	13	11	12	13	12	13	13	12	14	25	175	153	.874
Hull	15	10	14	15	15	12	14	11	13	13	21	175	153	.874
Snow	14	15	12	11	14	13	15	11	14	13	20	175	155	.885
Ewalt	14	13	15	14	11	12	11	13	13	14	23	175	153	.874
Jones	13	14	13	15	13	13	14	14	15	14	23	175	161	.920
Dunn	9	10	11	10	14	12	11	..	..	..	..	105	77	.733
Schoonover	11	13	10	12	..	10	12	12	11	..	..	120	91	.758
Gaston	7	6	10	13	11	7	8	..	..	..	..	105	62	.590
Lyman	..	..	13	9	15	14	12	11	..	..	..	90	74	.822
Smith	..	..	13	13	12	13	14	13	14	13	..	120	105	.875
Egley	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	13	12	..	60	46	.766
Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	11	10	..	60	46	.766
Douds	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	10	13	..	60	46	.766
Nonneman	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	..	..		30	23	.766

C. L. SCHOONOVER.

The Target Championship.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have to-day received a letter from Mr. Fred Gilbert containing a challenge to Mr. W. R. Crosby for the E C inanimate target championship cup now held by him.

Mr. Gilbert incloses $25 as forfeit to bind the match under the conditions governing all contests for this cup.

Mr. Crosby has been duly notified of Mr. Gilbert's challenge.

EDWARD BANKS, Sec'y.
The American E C & Schultze Gunpowder Co., Ltd.

Sodus Rod and Gun Club.

SODUS, N. Y., Oct. 5.—Sodus Rod and Gun Club held the fall tournament Oct. 5 and 6. They were favored with fine weather and a large number of shooters, representing different clubs in this State. Five dollars in gold was donated by Mr. E. N. Snider for the one making the best average; $2.50 in gold by James Harris for second; $2.50 in gold by W. W. Wood for third, and $2.50 by J. Van Tassel for the poorest average. Also a fine line of merchandise, valued at $105. Following scores were made:

First Day, Oct. 5.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	10	15	20	15	20	15	20
McCord	10	14	9	15	19	13	18	15	19
Deruno	8	12	8	12	17	14	19	11	19
Wride	10	11	9	14	19	13	17	13	20
Byer	10	14	9	15	17	15	18	15	18
Fowler	6	11	9	14	14	10	..	14	..
Uncle Ben Catchpole	8	13	9	12	..	13	..	12	..
Granger	8	13	7	15	15	9	16	13	18
Hopkins	7	13	7	15	15	9	16	13	18
Turner	4	10	4	6	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sutton	..	..	8	10	9	8	..	..	..
Castle	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	.
Weeks	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..
Courntey	..	..	..	..	18	14	20	14	18
Hunter	..	..	..	..	11	..	13	8	..

Second Day, Oct. 6.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	10	15	10	20	15	25	10	15	20	20
McCord	15	9	14	10	19	14	24	10	13	18	18
Deruno	14	9	14	9	16	11	20	7	13	16	14
Wride	14	10	8	8	18	13	25	9	13	15	17
Byer	15	8	13	10	19	13	23	9	14	18	18
Courtney	13	9	12	8	20	14	21	9	14	18	17
Granger	11	10	11	7	13	13	22	8	11	16	11
Wadsworth	10	9	15	10	19	13	25	10	11	17	14
Hopkins	14	7	10	8	13	10	14	6	13	17	16
Fowler	10	9	13	7	..	10	..	7	..	..	13
C De Ville	13	7	10	8	11	12	..	4	10	..	10
Bennett	15	9	13	7	..	11	..	8	14	..	..
Killick	12	8	11	10	..	10	..	9	10	..	..
Sen Sen	14	10	13	4	13	12	19	4	9	18	17
Rayman	10	8	6	9	8	5	..	7	7	7	11
Glover	15	8	15	8	18	15	19	10	15	18	18
Rickman	11	9	13	9	..	13	..	8	..	..	15
Borst	13	10	10	10	18	12	19	9	..	..	17
Seelinger	12	9	..	..	..	10	..	9	..	..	10
Worth	10	10	15	8	16	10	17	8	12	15	18
Gibson	..	8	14	9	..	10	..	8	12	..	14
Uncle Ben Catchpole	..	9	13	9	..	13	..	9	..	..	13
Turner	..	6	..	9	..	6	..	6	..	..	13
Miller	..	7	..	5	..	..	..	6	..	13	8
R De Ville	..	7	..	4	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Castle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	12
Tinklepaugh	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11
Atkinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Horn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Harris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Foley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
W E Allen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Weeks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Platschart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
C Allen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
Hamby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
Pettitt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13

No. 11 was the merchandise event.

Averages: F. E. McCord, first, $5; L. V. Byer, second, $2.50; G. S. Wride, third, $2.50; Fred T. Hopkins, poorest, $2.50.

H. L. KELLY, Sec'y.

Trap Around Reading.

SINKING SPRING, Pa., Oct. 12.—The attendance at the two days' shoot of the Independent Gun Club, of this place, held Oct. 11 and 12, was very light, although the shoot was a success. It was the club's second annual target and live-bird tournament. Targets were used the first day, while live birds were shot at the second day. The live birds were of an excellent quality, of strong flyers. The day being warm made the birds a little sluggish, although there were but three "duffers" throughout the day. Capt. Hunsicker, of the Independent Gun Club, had charge of the target events, while Manager Fink, of Reading, looked after the live-bird events on Thursday. Buckwalter made the best average at targets.

The out-of-town sportsmen present were J. H. Miller and Buckwalter, of Phœnixville; Gundy, of Womelsdorf; Geo. Johnson, of Fritztown; Wertz, of Temple; McShane and Cowan, of Philadelphia; Kerr and Adams, of the South End Gun Club, Reading; Ritter, Hill, Haas and Fink, of Reading. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	15	10
Spatz	10	8	8	9	12	6	10	6
Wertz	7	8	9	8	12	9	10	10
Buckwalter	9	9	10	10	11	10	15	10
Miller	6	8	9	9	11	8	8	9
Gundy	9	5	..	..	..	..	..	7
Hill	4	5	3	7	9	5	..	7
Johnson	7	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
Hunsicker	..	..	..	6	..	7	..	7
Ritter	..	..	..	10	..	7	..	9

Independent introductory, 5 birds: Adams 5, McShane 4, Kerr 5, Spatz 5, Fink 4.

Suburban handicap, 5 birds: Adams, 29yds., 5; McShane, 28yds., 5; Kerr, 29yds., 4; Spatz, 29yds., 5; Fink, 28yds., 5.

The following miss-and-out events were also shot:

McShane	0	2	6	0	0	1	Kerr	..	..	5	..	..
Spatz	2	0	6	2	3	0	*Adams	..	..	1	..	..
Cowan	1	6	2	3	4	..	Kessler	..	..	..	0	..
Hill	..	6	4	..	..	..	Haas	..	..	..	1	..
Adams	..	..	0	..	..	..	*McShane	..	..	3	..	..

*Re-entry.

Three-cornered match, 9 birds, $5 a side: Cowan 9, Spatz 8, McShane 5, withdrew.

DUSTER.

E C Cup Championship.

Oct. 13.—The E C cup contest for the championship of America, at targets, was shot at Batavia, N. Y., on Oct. 13, between Messrs. W. R. Crosby, the challenger, and R. O. Heikes, the former winning by the score of 132 to 130. The weather was pleasant.

In his contest for it at Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 23, Crosby scored 139. The scores follow:

Known traps and unknown angles:						
Crosby	11101	11111	11111	11111	11111	—24
	11110	11011	11011	11101	11111	—21—45
Heikes	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	—25
	11111	11111	10111	11111	01111	—23—48
UnKnown traps and unknown angles:						
Crosby	11011	11111	11111	01111	11111	—23
	10111	11111	11111	11111	11111	—21—47
Heikes	10111	10011	11111	11111	11111	—22
	11011	01110	11111	11111	11111	—22—44
Doubles:						
Crosby	11 11 11 10 10 10 11 11 10 11 11 10 10	—20				
	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 10 11 10 01	—20—40				
Heikes	10 10 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 11	—22				
	11 10 10 11 10 11 10 10 11 01 01 10	—16—38				

Portsmouth (Va.) Gun Club.

PORTSMOUTH, Va., Oct. 12.—The scores made by our club to-day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4		Events:	1	2	3	4	
Targets:	10	15	10	15		Targets:	10	15	10	15	
Stewart	10	13	7	11	—41	Lee	3	5	4	5	—17
Byrd	6	13	7	12	—38	Mules	5	9	2	4	—20
Gallagher	9	13	10	14	—46	Ballentine	5	9	2	2	—18
Pierce	7	9	7	6	—29	Bilisoly	8	8	9	10	—35
White	8	10	7	8	—33	Schooler	9	13	9	10	—41
Noel	9	7	5	8	—29	Kirn	7	6	..	..	—13
Redd	7	11	9	5	—32	Garrett	..	13	4	7	—24

R. O. B. MULES, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

New Jersey State Sportsmen's Tournament.

The two days' tournament of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, Oct. 11 and 12, was favored with good weather—calm, still days, with a good light, all favorable to good scores. In point of attendance, it was not up to what was expected. Extra events at targets were shot before the regular programme of the first two days and after it was finished. The tournament was held on the grounds of Smith Brothers, Foundry street, Newark. Mr. L. H. Schortemeier was manager.

On Oct. 11 the Association held a meeting in the home of Smith Brothers, Foundry street, Newark, N. J. There were present: Maplewood Gun Club, W. R. Hobart; Climax Gun Club, Neaf Apgar; Bergen County Gun Club, E. A. Jackson; South Side Gun Club, I. H. Terrill; Endeavor Gun Club, Edward Banks; Newark Gun Club, Jacob Pentz; Boiling Springs Gun Club, Harold B. Money; East Side Gun Club, H. C. Koegle; Dunellen Gun Club, W. M. Hooey; Lyndhurst Shooting Association, T. W. Morfey.

The minutes of the last meeting were approved as read by the secretary.

The treasurer's report showed a balance of $118.84 in the treasury, with no outstanding indebtedness.

Officers were elected as follows: President, Capt. A. W. Money; First Vice-President, M. Herrington; Second Vice-President, H. C. Koegel; Third Vice-President, F. C. Bissett; Secretary, H. B. Money; Treasurer, I. H. Terrill. Board of Directors: The president and secretary, ex-officio, with Messrs. George Piercy, N. Apgar, E. A. Geoffroy, Walter Smith and John G. Lindsley.

The president ruled, in reply to a question by Mr. Koegel, that the cup, concerning which there had been some previous debate at other meetings of the Association, had been won fairly by the Lyndhurst Shooting Association.

Tuesday, Preliminary Day, Oct. 10.

Events 3, 4, 5 and 6 were at 25 targets each, which was to have been a 100-target event, handicap, but it was finally made four distinct events, the 100-target race being abandoned. Shooting on this day began at 1 o'clock. Events 9 to 14 were extra.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	15	15	25	25	25	25	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	25
Morfey	14	11	22	21	24	18	8	9	4	..	..	..	..	..
Piercy	15	11	22	22	22	21	15	13	15	12	..	..	..	..
H Money	15	15	20	24	24	23	15	12	13	13	15	14	23	22
Schortemeier	12	8	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
P O N	14	11	20	20	18	24	13	13	10	11	10	11	14	..
Webber	11	10	..	19	15	17	..	11	12	..	..	..	..	..
Sanders	10	10	21	20	21	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Geoffroy	15	10	22	15	19	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dominie	12	10	21	20	..	..	13	15	10	13	14	..	..	..
Van Allen	..	11	23	22	23	21	11	12	12	13	..	..	..	..
Bissett	..	..	17	18	13	14	13	9	12	12	10	8	18	15
Capt Money	..	..	..	..	21	22	14	13	11	12	12	11	23	19
Gardner	..	..	..	..	13	..	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fulford	..	..	..	..	25	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Davis	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	7
Schoemaker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	9	7	12	11

Wednesday, Second Day, Oct. 11.

Extra events were shot before the regular programme began and nine were shot afterward. Nos. 7 and 8 were the individual championship match, entrance price of targets. Nos. 9 and 10 were the three-men team championship, 30 targets, entrance price of targets. There were but three teams entered, as follows:

Boiling Springs Gun Club—Capt. Money 28, H. Money 29, T. Morfey 25; total 82.

East Side Gun Club—H. C. Koegel 24, G. Piercy 26, E. A. Geoffrey 23; total 73.

Dunellen Gun Club—N. Apgar 27, F. C. Bissett 25, W. M. Hooey 18; total 70.

The scores in the individual championship were: Dominie 37, Piercy 46, Herrington 40, H. Money 45, Morfey 44, Capt. Money 44, Apgar 44, Bissett 27, Hooey 36, Wilson 41, Schortemeier 45. The non-residents who shot in this event, but who were ineligible for the cup, were Van Allen 37, Swiveller 41, Banks 45, Keller 35, Fulford 35, Chase 36, Waters 38.

The regular programme events were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	15	15	20	20	15	15	10	10
Dominie	8	9	10	7	17	13	14	11	10	9
Piercy	10	10	13	13	16	18	13	13	8	8
Herrington	8	9	12	12	16	16	12	13	6	8
Van Allen	9	8	13	13	18	17	9	13	6	7
H Money	8	8	14	14	18	16	14	15	8	9
Swiveller	7	7	13	11	17	18	11	10	9	9
Morfey	13	9	15	12	19	18	12	13	8	9
Capt. Money	6	7	13	14	19	16	14	14	8	10
Schortemeier	6	8	14	14	18	15	8	12	7	9
Apgar	8	9	11	12	17	19	14	13	9	8
Bissett	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	13	12	6	6
Hooey	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	10	8	7	5
Davis	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	..	..	..	..
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..
Banks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	9	6
Keller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	9	6
Fulford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	5	6
Chase	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	9	11	9	7
Waters	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	10	10	9
Koegel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	9	6
Geoffroy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	7	6
Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	3	5
Sanders	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9

Thursday, Third Day, Oct. 12.

The weather was exceedingly pleasant, much like that of the summer time. There was a good attendance to participate in the live-bird contests, among whom were many famous shots, Mr. Schortemeier acted as referee.

In the first event, at 7 live birds, $5 entrance, three moneys, out of the twenty contestants nine tied on straight scores, while five tied on 6 and four killed 5. The scores follow:

H Money, 31	2222222—7	Otten, 28	1112021—6
Koegel, 28	2211211—7	Bissett, 27	2121201—6
Van Allen, 28	2112222—7	Ferguson, 27	2221210—6
Piercy, 29	2111212—7	Steffen, 28	1211220—6
Capt Money, 30	2222221—7	P O N, 29	2022202—5
Hassinger, 28	1211112—7	Doty, 30	11222*0—5
Col Martin, 31	2122212—7	Woodruff, 29	2*12022—5
Dominie, 28	2222122—7	Grieff, 29	22*0222—5
Geoffroy, 29	1121222—7	David, 27	2*21200—4
Morfey, 30	2222220—6	Hooey, 27	0010221—4

In the three-men team championship three teams entered, representing the Boiling Springs, East Side gun clubs and Lyndhurst Shooting Association. The race was very close, the first-mentioned two tieing on 28, with Lyndhurst but 1 bird behind. The tie was shot off on 3 birds, and four attempts were made before a conclusion was reached. Each scored 8, 8, 9 and on the fourth attempt the Boiling Springs team scored 9, 1 better than the East Side, and won the trophy. Harold Money killed straight in the ties:

Boiling Springs Gun Club.		East Side Gun Club.	
Capt Money	2211222111—10	C Feigenspan	2222222222—10
G H Piercy	2222221212—10	H C Koegel	2102222222— 9
H Money	2222*02222— 8—28	E A Geoffroy	212122111*— 9—28
Lyndhurst Shooting Association.			
C C Beveridge	2221222222—10	T W Morfey	2220*20222— 8—27
A Doty	2202222222— 9		

Ties, 3 birds:

Boiling Springs Gun Club.				
Capt Money	011	121	221	121—11
H Money	222	222	222	222—12
Piercy	222	2*2	111	211—11—34
East Side Gun Club.				
Feigenspan	222	2*2	222	222—11
Koegel	222	222	222	220—11
Geoffroy	202	121	222	112—11—33

The individual championship had fourteen competitors, and of these Dominie (C. C. Beveridge) killed straight alone and took the honors. Harold Money was next with 14. Nearly all the contestants retired on the first miss, it being practically a miss-and-out. The scores:

Dominie	222122222221222—15	Piercy	2222220w
H Money	2222222221212220—14	Doty	222*w
Geoffroy	212121111111120w	Erb	2120w
Hassinger	222122222122110w	Capt Money	210w
Koegel	222122222*w	Morfey	20w
P O N	22222220w	Bunn	0w
Canon	21102010w	Bissett	0w

Event No. 2 was at 10 birds, $7, birds extra, four moneys, handicap. Doty, Col. Martin, Piercy and Van Allen killed straight, while there were seven who tied on 9, and three on 8.

Event No. 2, 10 birds, $7, birds extra, handicap:

Morfey, 30	2222220222— 9	Van Allen, 28	2222212222—10
P O N, 29	2022220222— 8	Geoffroy, 29	1211211210— 9
Doty, 30	2221222222—10	Koegel, 28	2202222122— 9
Bissett, 27	2022121110— 8	Erb, 28	1111111101— 9
Col Martin, 31	2222121222—10	Pony, 27	2021200222— 7
Wanda, 27	2002002202— 5	H Money, 31	22122222*2— 9
Steffens, 28	1210111112— 9	Capt Money, 30	1122012121— 9
Piercy, 29	2222222221—10	Woodruff, 29	2121121020— 8

Friday, Fourth Day, Oct. 13.

The main event, which began at 1:15 and ended at 4:25, was the 25 live-bird handicap, $10 entrance, birds extra, four moneys, class shooting. In this Harold Money and S. M. Van Allen tied on a straight score, Capt. Money being alone in the 24 class. The scores follow:

H Money, 31	2222222222222222222222222—25
Van Allen, 28	2222222222222222222222222—25
Capt Money, 30	2212212*2221221222121222—24
Zwirlein, 29	1121202122022212222222222—23
Woodruff, 30	2120122222212202121121122—23
P O N, 29	0222222222222012212222220—22
Morfey, 30	2222022222022222222222*22—22
Sampson, 28	1012221222211220222211222*—22
Ferguson, 28	1202222221211021020221212—21
Castle, 26	1012101112111010111122111—21
Dr Hudson, 27	1222122200211011120211110—20
Koegel, 29	1211100222222021011111022—20

Miss-and-outs preceded the main event, resulting as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Schortemeier	5	2	5	3	4	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
P O N	4	6	5	2	8	2	0	0	2	4	2	4
Van Allen	3	6	4	3	..	..	0	1	..	..	..	..
Capt Money	..	..	..	..	4	3	5	2	0	2	0	0
Woodruff	..	..	..	..	8	2	5	2	1	4	4	4
Koegel	..	..	..	..	8	3	5	2	0	4	4	..
Sampson	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	1	1	4	4	..
Zwirlein	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	1	2	0	3	4
H Money	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	2	1	2
Castle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	1	..	0
Morfey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	1	4
Moffett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0

Arkansas and the South.

St. Louis Doings.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 7.—John J. Sumpter managed to retain possession of the Busch medal, for which young S. A. Thompson had challenged him. While it was generally conceded that this youngster had ventured out of his class, he nevertheless gave a good competition, and made Sumpter extend himself all the way, for it was not until the 15th round that the latter could obtain any advantage, and though Thompson was ultimately beaten 2 birds he actually missed but 1 of his 4 lost, as 3 of these were dead out of bounds. Sumpter's 2 losses were also due to the same cause. This makes Sumpter's second win of the trophy.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

	3	1	5	2	3	5	4	2	5	1	2	3	1	5	4	3	1	5	4	2	1	5	4	1	5
	↑	↖	T	↙	↗	↖	↗	↑	↗	↙	↗	↖	↖	↑	↗	↗	↗	↑	↗	↗	↑	↗	↖	↑	↙
Jno J Sumpter	2	2	*	2	2	*	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	—23
	5	2	4	1	5	2	3	1	5	3	4	1	2	4	1	4	5	2	5	2	1	4	3	1	4
	↑	↖	↗	↑	↑	↖	↗	↖	↖	↑	T	HT	↖	↙	↖	↖	↖	↑	↑	↖	↗				
S A Thompson	2	2	2	1	1	2	2	1	2	1	2	*	2	*	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	—21

Intercity Team Contest.

So far as the Kansas City sportsmen are concerned, everything is now arranged for the team contest between a ten-men team for their city and a like team from Omaha. A meeting of the Federation of Gun Clubs of Kansas City was held at the Midland Hotel Tuesday night, and it was then decided to invite the Omaha team to visit Kansas City Nov. 23 to 25 and meet the local club in contest. Nov. 23 will be given over to sweepstake shooting, and on the remaining two days the team race will occur. The principals in this will shoot at 50 birds, and the affair will be for the price of birds only. It is the intention of the Kansas City sportsmen to entertain the visitors with a banquet, and in view of this the following were appointed to act as entertainment committee: A. H. Glasner, E. F. Sweeney, J. B. Porter, C. C. Herman and J. W. Bramhall. Mr. James Whitfield was appointed to act as secretary, and he will look after all the correspondence, while Messrs. G. M. Walden, R. S. Elliott and James Whitfield will constitute the committee, who will select the team. In addition to the regular ten men there will be a like number selected to act as alternates. The only thing that now remains to make this event a fixture is the acceptance of the Omaha shooters. The time chosen for the contest is opportune, as the birds at this season of the year should be strong and hardy.

Challenged.

Dr. A. U. Williams, of Hot Springs, the present holder of the individual target championship trophy, has been challenged to contest for it by a fellow townsman of his, Mr. C. E. DeLong. Just when said event will occur has not been settled yet, though Mr. DeLong's forfeit is now in the possession of Mr. J. B. Speers, treasurer of the State Association, and he having therefore complied with all the conditions imposed on him, it is now up to the Doctor, and it only remains for him to name the date.

Claimed.

Both Charley Budd and Fred Gilbert requested me to claim date for their second annual tournament at Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia., next August, the dates being 28 to 30. This, they say, is done to avoid any possible conflict, and the time chosen is such as will enable those who attend the shoot to indulge in some chicken shooting, for the season on these birds opens in Iowa Sept. 1. Aside from this the inducements they will offer this year will be far superior to those of their first efforts, as the added money will be considerably increased, and it may possibly reach the sum of $1,000. There is no more beautiful place for the holding of such an event than Arnold's Park and Okoboji Lake.

Here and There.

Mr. Chris S. Gottlieb writes me that he finds it will be impossible for him to attend the Belle Meade and Cincinnati tournament, as he had planned earlier. Chris' smiling and genial countenance will be greatly missed, while the absence of so strong an arm and true an eye will remove a great factor from the competition.

Shooters universally who had the pleasure of Mr. Chris L. Funk's acquaintance will regret to learn of his untimely and tragic demise. Mr. Funk was assaulted by footpads in his native city, Pueblo, Colo., which resulted in his death. Mr. Funk was of a genial and magnetic nature, and possessed the happy faculty of making friends of all with whom he came in contact. In his death Colorado loses one of its best shots and noblest sportsmen.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garfield Opening Live-Bird Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 14.—Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, to-day held its first live-bird shoot for the season, a very pleasant and successful affair, and unmarred by hitch or hindrance. There were sixteen entries for the trophy event, and it was hotly contested, with the result that Workman, Leffingwell and M. H. Shaw start even for the race for the season medal. The trophy event was followed by a warm sweep at 6 birds, $2, seven men tieing straight. This tie was shot off miss-and-out, and was won on the 14th bird by Kuss. The ties on 5 divided. At the conclusion of this race it was so dark that the shooters could hardly see, and it was necessary to trap white birds, in order to help out their eyesight and settle the tie. The birds to-day were very good summer birds, with an occasional young one which hesitated at the traps. The weather was cool, with a hazy light, and a freshening wind blew from left to right across the score. Three ladies were present, and one, Mrs. Shaw, took part, her score of 9 in the trophy event being a very creditable one. Following are the scores:

Trophy contest, 10 birds:

Kuss	1212212101— 9	Dr Shaw	2202222222
Dr Meek	2121*12211— 9	J Wolff	1111112222
Workman	2211122111—10	T Eaton	1101102101
Kehl	22*212200*— 6	M H Shaw	2222221212
Barnard	1121212101— 9	Hellman	2011*1*11
Nusly	220102*110— 6	Russell	1110010102
Gardner	1112002001— 6	L Wolff, Sr	0102002010
Palmer	1212222*22— 9	Mrs Shaw	1202212112
Leffingwell	1122212222—10	Dr Royce	2111201102

Sweepstake, 6 birds, $3: Kuss 6, Palmer 6, M. H. Shaw Barnard 6, Nusly 6, Leffingwell 6, J. Wolff 6, Eaton 4, Dr. S 5, Kehl 4, Russell 3, Gardner 4, Dr. Royce 6, Dr. Meek 5.

Garden City Gun Club.

The live-bird shoot of the Garden City Gun Club was set Watson's this afternoon, and it was confidently expected tha least a dozen shooters would appear. Only two members, ever, turned out, and the meeting was a failure, some shoo perhaps being called away to other grounds. The two mem on hand were Messrs. J. H. Amberg and H. Levi. Mr. Am has been quite ill for some days, but was well enough to ki out of 20 very fair birds, Levi scoring 15. The light was brilliant, and the wind was fresh. Score:

H Levi	01120212111100122220
J H Amberg	21121122112221111202

Live-Bird Season Open.

Although we shall not have any really good birds here next month, it may be said that the live-bird season at the l clubs is now open, and we may expect more and more prac matches, sweeps, etc. Nothing startling is on the string her the moment. Next Wednesday Audubon, the old-time gun of Chicago, has its regular meet, at Watson's, and on the follow Friday the sportsmen's trophy contest takes place—third of series. This event is apt to bring out about as many shooter any we have. As Garfield does not conflict, but splits weeks the Sportsmen's trophy, several of the Garfield men will no d be on hand for the latter contests, thus giving such shoo a chance for a good sweep each week, one on Friday and one Saturday.

Belle Meade.

Belle Meade, of Nashville, attracts earnest attention here, and programme is a liberal one. Our shooters pick Elliott to win cast iron badge over Mr. De Bow. As to the Schmelzer trophy, targets, that is anybody's race in the aggregation which will be hand at this tournament. Three sets of traps for live birds and for targets looks as though the Tennesseans intended to set a pace for competitors in the tournament line.

E. HOUG

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Florists' Gun Club.

WISSINOMING, Pa., Oct. 10.—The monthly club shoot, 25, kn angles, from five expert traps; 25, unknown, from magaut resulted as shown in the scores below. There was no wind, the weather was warm. This was the last of the series of for club prizes. The total for the series is as follows: Be W. H. W. 7, Jones 6, Dorp 6, Park 6, Harris 6, Smith 5, Karaher 5.

Twenty-five, known:

		Hdcp.	Total.
C D Ball	1011111101111110011111111—21	18	9	48
*Chlay	1101101110111111110111100—19	19		38
A B Cartledge	1101111101101111011111111—21	20	9	50
Wescott	1011100101011111111011100—17	22	18	58
Anderson	1111111010111111100111101—20	18	6	44
Ellis	0010010000100100001000110— 7	7	20	34
Harris	1011110101111111110000110—17	18	10	45
*Loomis	0101111111010110111111111—20	21		41
Bell	1111011111110111111111111—23	23	11	57
Webster	1101100111111010111101111—19	21	19	59
J Hamell	0111000101001100101111011—14	15		29
McKaraher	0101111110011111101101011—18	23	15	56
Daniels	0011101011011100011101101—15	16	19	50
Dorp	1110011111101110111010111—19	14	17	50
W H W	1111111111111011110111111—23	25	3	51
Park	0111110010111011111111111—20	24	10	54
Smith	1010111111100111111111011—20	20	8	48

Twenty-five, magautrap:

C Ball	0110110011111100111111110
Chlay	1111011110011110111110101
A B Cartledge	1111111101111110100011111
Wescott	1111111110111111111111101
Anderson	0110111011111111101010101
Ellis	0001000001111100000001000
Harris	1011111110001111111000111
Loomis	1111100111110101111111111
Bell	1111111111111111111111001
Webster	1111111011111001101111111
Hamell	0110011101010101011111010
McKaraher	1111110110111111111111111
Daniels	1111101110100011101100101
Dorp	1111000101100000011011111
W H W	1111111111111111111111111
Park	1011111111111111111111111
Smith	1111101111011110101111011

*Visitors from Oil City Gun Club.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, Oct. 14.—The weather was fine, and there was a la assemblage of amateur shooters present at our weekly shoot. scores were:

Targets:	25	15	15	25	25	15	*	15
Waters	21	12	..	23	21	13	17	10
Dudley	22	11	..	25	23	13	22	12
W Hopkins	..	11	12	20	24	11	..	13
J B Hopkins	..	13	9	24	22	11	18	..
Brigham	..	..	5	..	12	8	..	7
Van Allen	..	..	11	..	..	..	20	13
Chambers	..	..	7	..	16	13	21	..
Tuttle	..	..	6	..	17	10	..	..
Wright	..	..	..	12	10	..	..	..
Sandiford	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Siedel	..	..	5	..	..	..	5	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	12
David	..	..	10	..	..	..	15	7
G Woods	..	..	5	..	13	12	14	8
Paterson	15	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Professor	..	..	10	..	..	10	15	9
Murphy	..	..	..	..	..	1	4	..
G Allen	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..

*Fifteen singles and five pairs.

G. B. PATERSON, Sec'y

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Wm. Hart & Co.'s new illustrated catalogue, with full instr tions for skinning and preserving, is now ready. Send two star and get one.—*Adv.*

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 18. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons."
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACE.

THE unfortunate outcome of the America Cup races of 1895 gave occasion to a comment on the part of an English yachting journal to the effect that international contests were undesirable and detrimental to sport through the ill feeling engendered by them between nations as well as clubs and individuals. We were almost willing to accept this opinion at the time, and it has been forced upon us more forcibly since then in the lamentable bickerings over smaller international contests.

If such is really the rule, as proved by a full generation of international races, the present contest is a notable exception, as it has from first to last been marked by good feeling and fair sportsmanship on both sides. The challenge was accepted freely, the negotiations were conducted in a fair and business-like manner, the races were sailed without a protest or even an excuse for making one, and the result has been accepted without complaint or excuse not only by the challenger and his yachting associates, but by the British press as well.

We hope that this means far more than that those directly connected with the races for the time being on both sides are gentlemen and sportsmen; and that it inaugurates a new era in the chief event of the most scientific and intellectual of all sports, yacht racing.

On the part of the holders of the Cup, it has been proved in the present and the two preceding races that they have abandoned all ancient traditions and all claims to special advantages against the challenger, and that they are prepared to lose the Cup when they are no longer able to retain it by superiority of design under equal conditions. As soon as this is fully recognized abroad, the feeling engendered by the one-sided conditions of all the earlier Cup matches and intensified by the illegal tampering with the deed of gift in 1887 is likely to disappear.

On the part of that public opinion which, in spite of its dense ignorance of yachting usage, is nevertheless an important agent in fomenting international ill feeling on the occasion of a Cup race, there has been of late years a marked improvement. Those who not long ago considered it perfectly fair and sportsmanlike to match a single challenger with the largest fleet that could be gathered to oppose her, have at last begun to appreciate the fact that the mere continued possession of the Cup was a discredit as long as the conditions were not absolutely the same on both sides.

There is just now little prospect of a race in 1900, but we hope that Sir Thomas Lipton may adhere to his expressed intention of challenging again in 1901. If he does this with a yacht that is plainly faster than the new defender of the year, few on this side of the water will grudge him the possession of the Cup.

FALL.

SUMMER is gone like a tale that is told. The thistledown drifts down the north wind, the bloom of the goldenrod is faded on its browning bulbed stalks, the constellations of blue and white asters are thinning and fading in the cool, damp shade of the woodside. Under skies of cold steel-blue or somber gray, and over naked woods and fading yellow stubble and fields where green is growing brown with successive frosts, the straggling legions of crows move steadily southward, outstripped by swifter squadrons of wild geese making their aerial march to the wild clangor of clarions.

All sounds proclaim the season. The woodland echoes speak with changed voices, for they come with fuller, less broken tone from the naked woods and rocky hillsides than when each leaf seemed to give back its quivering ripple of sound. The brooks babble in muffled tones under the drift of fallen leaves that covers them and now clogs some tiny waterfall and now sets free the dammed current.

The mellow baying of the hound, the frequent report of the gun, the solemn boom of falling trees are befitting sounds; and the subdued hum of the vagrant bumblebee, quite bereft of its roistering summer swagger, the faint, slow creak of the cricket, and the bluebird's sad song of farewell are sounds that belong only to fall.

The sere and silent marshes are of uniform dun hue save where a veil is woven over them by innumerable spiders, and shines all day in the sun like unmelted hoar frost. The muskrats are laying their last thatch of sedge in the roof of their huts, unseen by day and unheard but as they stir the dead stalks of tangled weeds along the borders of their watery paths. A grebe wrinkles the glassy channel with its wake and sinks noiselessly beneath it as the prow of a late angler's skiff comes nosing its course around the nearest bend.

After a few days wherein the stripped earth dreams of its bloom and leafage and song which seem so possible to this genial air and summer sky, the way of the swimming waterfowl and the boat will be a crystal-paved way for the feet of the skater.

The grebe sounds the depths of far-away southern streams where water plants grow all the year round, and the angler sits by his fireside with pipe and glass, telling tales of his summer's fishing. The wind moans among the naked trees and brings from afar the sad song of the sea to the pines; it whistles dismal tunes to the bleached grass that such a little while ago listened to the blithe songs of the lark, bobolink and sparrow whose nests its greenness sheltered, and drifts the dead leaves into the hollows of the frozen earth.

Then from the gray roof of the sky that rests its arch upon the mountains, the snow descends and covers the earth's unseemly nakedness, and the freshness of the spring, the bloom and fruitage of summer and the glory of autumn are but dreams of the past and the future.

THE SIDE-SADDLE.

AN Ohio health society has recently taken strong ground against the use by women of the side-saddle. It expresses the view that the side-saddle is uncomfortable alike for rider and horse, and unsafe; that the natural way for women as well as for men to ride is to bestride the horse; and urges that hereafter women shall ride in that manner, wearing the ordinary riding trousers and the divided skirt.

This is certainly good doctrine, and we wish the Ohio health society all success in its efforts to bring about this reform. The side-saddle is uncomfortable for the horse and for the rider. Hardly one woman in ten can sit straight on it, and the result is that the saddle drags off to one side and is very likely to gall the horse's withers.

Far more important than this, however, is the danger to which every woman is exposed when she mounts her horse. However skillful a horsewoman she may be, her seat and her safety depend absolutely on the integrity of the saddle girths. If these break, a fall is inevitable for her, and hampered as she is by skirts she can do nothing to save herself. If she is not a good horsewoman, if she depends on her reins or on her stirrup to hold her in the saddle, her case is just so much the worse. For if the stirrup breaks, and she becomes frightened or loses control of the horse, it takes but a little while for her to be shaken out of the saddle.

Most girls and women are not at home on a horse's back, and a bolting or shying horse is likely to unseat them. If unseated they have not the chance afforded to every man who is thrown from his horse, that of simply rolling out of the saddle and striking the ground. Instead of that a woman may be hung from the pommel by her skirt and may be dragged about and shockingly mutilated by the horse's hoofs, where a simple fall from the horse would have given her no more than a jar. Cases of this sort occur with such frequency that it appears singular that no one has as yet preached the abolition of the side-saddle as a reform whose importance would justify a crusade.

The natural way to ride a horse is astride the animal. It is in this way that men ride everywhere; the women too among savage or semi-civilized people, and children of both sexes everywhere. The little girl, when she gets her first pony, bestrides it bareback, as her brother does, and gains confidence in herself while riding in this position. The young woman on the distant prairie, who is obliged to ride ten miles into town for her mail, rides in this way until she reaches the very outskirts of the town, when she changes her position and uses the horn of the man's saddle for a pommel. In proportion to its use we believe the side-saddle to be responsible for more deaths and accidents than any other implement which is employed in connection with outdoor life. Its use should be abandoned, and no doubt will be before very long, for this is an age of progress in outdoor matters, and women are eliminating from their lives many of the antique conventionalities, which have nothing to recommend them except long-established custom. There are to-day many young women who during their travels and their hunting trips in the West never think of using side-saddles, and there is thus, in some of the larger Eastern towns, a nucleus of women who understand that the man's saddle means freedom from fetters that they have always borne, and from limitations which are not only irksome but positively dangerous.

No woman who has ever ridden a bicycle need be ashamed to mount a horse astride, and it may be hoped that the day is not far distant when nine-tenths of the women seen on horseback will be riding in the natural, comfortable and safe way.

SNAP SHOTS.

In an interview with Commissioner Babcock of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission last week, Governor Roosevelt is said to have insisted that the Adirondack protectors who are remiss in their duties should be removed at once. The names of the culpable officials were not given, but the Commissioner might well enough make a beginning with Protector Fletcher Beede, of Essex county. He may not be worse than others, nor as bad as some; but there is quite enough in his record to offset the "pull" he is presumed to have on account of his brother, Assemblyman Beede. We took occasion last year to direct attention to Mr. Beede's worthlessness as a protector of game. He appears to be quite as inefficient this season. Whether by reason of stupidity, helplessness or cowardice, he gives the deer hunters in his district free range; stops his ears to the cry of the hounds, shuts his eyes to the sight of dogged venison, and ignores alike the hounders and the statute which forbids their hounding. We understand that the theory commonly held by those who know the protector is that he gives the law breakers immunity because he is afraid of them and lacks courage to arrest them. Whatever the explanation of existing conditions in Essex county, a remedy should be found for them. If by reason of being the brother of his brother Mr. Beede must have a place, by all means give him one, but let it be one in which the enforcement of the game laws can not be made a farce by him.

Is there anything in it? askes a correspondent who sends a newspaper report of an eagle having carried off a child. The story is one which is frequently told; it is almost as much a part of the annual lore of the press as is the hoop snake and the horn snake; and the horn snake's cycle brings it around about once in six months. Despite the frequent reports of children borne to the clouds by eagles, we have always received the tale with incredulity. It is very ancient. Alexander Wilson, who wrote in the early years of the century, relates, in illustration of the "intrepidity of character" which distinguishes the bald eagle, an incident which happened in his time. Near Great Egg Harbor, in New Jersey, a woman who was weeding a garden had set her child down near by, when a sudden and extraordinary rushing sound was heard; and startled by the child's screams "she beheld the infant thrown down and dragged some few feet and a large bald eagle bearing off a fragment of its frock, which being the only part seized, and giving way, providentially saved the life of the infant."

The hard fighting which is now taking place in South Africa between the British forces and the Boers of the Transvaal Republic lends an especial interest to Mr. Frank J. Thompson's account of life years ago in the land of the African Dutchman. Probably no American knows these people so thoroughly in their homes, on their farms and on the veldt, as Mr. Thompson. And it is very interesting at this time to have the glimpses which he can give us into their patriarchial and in some respects primitive mode of life. In another contribution shortly to be printed, Mr. Thompson deals more directly with these people and offers us much information that is of the highest interest.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Types of Sportsmen.

IV.—Joe Hager.

One drowsy midday in summer many years ago—away back in paper collar days—an old white-haired and bearded man came down the Harvard Turnpike from the hills beyond. Beside him, and with an oft-repeated look of affection from one to the other, there trotted a tawny-colored setter dog. As they passed the roadside hazel bushes the dog moved beneath them, and the quiet of the Bob Whites, bluejays and catbirds was disturbed. "Don't bother the birds now, Argus; it's too early in the season," said the master. "What we wish is to find a home, and if the good people down there in the valley will allow of it we will stay with them for the rest of our days." And they did so.

Part way down the slope and nestled among the huge elms a cottage with a small stable adjacent boded cheer for man and dog, and with respectful manner each approached the hostess as she busied herself in spreading huckleberries in pans and exposed them to the hot rays of the sun. The old lady was somewhat startled by the sudden appearance of strangers. "Land sakes! who be ye, and whose dorg is that?" He replied, "They call me Joe Hager, and the dog is mine, and I am his; we are friends and wish to be friends with you; we are homeless and looking for some place to call home, so can you tell me as to whether we can find some little hut or cottage in the village, and can I, do you think, procure work to pay my way?" "Gracious me! Come into the house. You look all het up and hungry. Keep that dorg away from them there berries. Well, let him come in too, only keep an eye on to him. My name is Stockwell—Aunt Eliza Stockwell, they call me when they don't call me an old fuss and sich things. I may be fussy; I'm a widder, and my only child, my boy, I fear is dead. He went out with the 6th Regiment, and they say he is missin'. He was a good boy, but he would go, and I didn't blame him for leaving me alone when he was needed. I'd go myself if I were a man. If my boy did a soldier's duty and faced the right way and died for his country, I cannot complain; but I loved him, and cannot hear from him."

Tears flowed from the old people's eyes, and Joe Hager was very much upset and finally said, "I have an object in coming to this village. When the war broke out I was a practicing physician in Boston; I saw the campaign banners of Lincoln and Hamlin, Douglas and Johnson, Bell and Everett, Breckenridge and Lane. I heard the bands play at rallies, and I heard the throb of the drum and saw the flags whipping in the wind. I could not go as a soldier, so I went as a surgeon, and I knew your boy, and here is a ring which he gave me to pass to you. Cheer up, my good woman; he died in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, and as a brave man should. I did what I could for him, and told him that if I survived I would see you and convey to his mother his last words. I was wounded the same day and went into the hospital and was delirious; sick for months. During that time I lost or forgot your locality, but I found the ring on a locket chain which has been around my neck for years. I traced his company to this town, and knowing his name I intended to seek you, and it happens that you are the first one I meet."

The message was sacred to the mother, and to her let us leave it. It sufficeth to say that she was a Spartan mother, and in Joe Hager she found the link which connected her with her loss, and henceforth the friendship existing between them was grand to see.

Aunt Eliza assisted in renting a small cottage near the village church, and inasmuch as she owned it it was a simple matter to induce the agent to fix a low rental. After a few days some things came in on the afternoon freight train, and among them was a case of books, a gun, a fishing rod, a case of surgical and scientific instruments, and some furniture; and these, together with what Aunt Eliza gave and a few purchases, caused a little home to blossom out into an asylum, where in after days children of the village flocked for sympathy, for assistance in difficult studies, for the relief of pain or a burdened conscience. Here the good and the bad boys gathered, and the good boys stayed good and the bad grew better. To demonstrate: They were playing ball in the street, and a dispute arising little fists were doubled up, and the oaths flew thick and fast. The old man came out, and raising his hand said, "Boys, that is too good a name to use in the trivial game of ball; it is a name to be used quietly either in church yonder or in your simple prayers at night. Kindly don't repeat it, and use some simple words to express your indignation if you must lose your tempers."

One day the boys carried one of their number to him and said that a rusty nail was in his foot. Among the metatarsal bones was a bad wound, and Joe Hager, holding the foot tenderly, inserted a small splinter of smooth pine to obtain the direction and depth, and then telling the little fellow to grit his teeth and have courage, he met the end of the pine splint with a lance thrust from above, and forced through from top to bottom some antiseptic solution, which carried off all deleterious substance, and in a few days the boy was barefoot again and kicking a football.

In the field at the rear of the house he taught me to shoot, and many an hour did he spend tossing up objects for me to practice on, and noting points for correction.

Happy the lad who went fishing with him, and often one could be seen on the way to the brook looking up into the old man's face with the same spirit that animates the countenance of the little drummer boy in that fine painting of "The Spirit of '76."

Aunt Eliza and Joe Hager's interests in each other grew apace, and caused much comment among the garrulous neighbors; but Aunt Eliza said, "They needn't fret; I ain't no Cleopatra and Joe Hager ain't no Marc Antony."

Joe Hager's common sense of propriety and regard for the rights of others was unusual. His love for mankind, his sympathy for the unfortunate and his readiness to help and to defend them were demonstrated in the case of "one more unfortunate" "who loved not wisely but too well," and when bitter words of reproach were spoken a little well-worn Bible came forth from his pocket, and the admonition in regard to "casting the first stone" was pointed out to the speaker. When the Baptist minister called with the object of increasing his flock, the old gentleman was non-committal. Taking a book from the shelf he asked if he might read from Leigh Hunt. Consent granted, he read what may well be reprinted and re-read at this time:

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Joe Hager told the village boys what caused the war, and as we sat on his door step evening after evening the subject became more interesting until it became necessary to go back in history to the landing of the Pilgrims, and from that back to the Spanish occupation of more southern coasts. When Richmond fell he shared the jubilee, and taught us how to fire the anvils. We drilled a small hole to meet the large square one reaching up from the base, and then placing another anvil on top with a leather patch between, we fired the powder with a long heated rod; then the glass broke in the neighborhood and the homeless dog mourned his loss. No one was more pleased than Joe Hager when the strife was over—none more in favor of confederation of the world—and he advocated universal peace eloquently.

Then came over the wires the report of the assassination of President Lincoln, and as Joe Hager passed a group of idlers sitting on the steps of the village store Phin Holden, a rank Copperhead, remarked: "Served him right." It was too much for the patriotic old man, and with flaming eye and bitter tongue he reproached the speaker. Holden, angered at the old man's words, arose to strike him, and then what a transformation took place! An old man renewed his youth. Stepping aside to avoid the blow, one hand reached the ear of Holden, and a quick pull on the upper works and a foot interposed below landed the freak on his head in the road, and Argus, the dog, believing his master to be in danger seized the most available portion of Holden and shook him vigorously. Joe called the dog away, and Phin looked to and asked Jerry Hurley for sympathy, and got it as follows:

"Ye dom Copperhead, do yez think bekase Oim a Dimecrat and an Oirishman that Oim a thraitor and a sneak? The worst Mick living doon by the thrack bees more of a man than ye is. Ye is only fit fur 'laping the bounty,' and when yez war drafted yez promised Dick Kinsley three hundrid dollars to take y'r place, and not wan penny did ye pay, and Dick died in y'ur place. G'wan wid ye, ye dom skunk. Joe Hager is a good man, and he is koind to the children; and w'u'd Oi raise me hond to kape him from killin' yez? Not Oi, sor! And if Oi iver hear wan more wurred from ye ag'in the did Presidint or that ould mon Oi'll smash the dom head off yez betwane me two fists and the strate beyant, and l'ave ye to die; and may the dog die too that w'u'd rowl in yez carrion. Gintlemin, twinthy-wan years ago Oi left the ould sod to come here, and Oi love me home as a mon should, but Oim thrue to this country besoides, and yez all know that they would not enlist me whin Oi thried, with wan leg too short and meself siventeen years too ould."

The old surgeon helped the boys to rig the springboard at the "big spring hole," and taught them how to dive and swim, and often could be seen with some white-skinned little fellow standing in the stream regardless of wet clothes, while he supported the little form with his extended palms. We boys tramped the trodden paths beside the meadow brook many, many times with him, and the pickerel, perch, bream and pouts that came to us were, at his suggestion, given to sick people or to some poor family.

In the wanderings he gathered wild flowers, and his botany class of boys and girls dissected them, and all parts were described and names given them.

Once, while squirrel hunting with him, a half-dozen young grays disappeared suddenly, but we found the next hole high up on the tree trunk. He "boosted" me up, and upon reaching the nest I could see down in the hollow trunk the silvery backs of the squirrels. I called down to him, "Catch them in your game bag, Uncle Hager," and he said, "Don't put your arm in there; you will be bitten." "What have I got a doctor with me for? Hold back, Uncle." He did so, caught five of the six as I threw them down, and I caught as many painful bites. He said, "No one but a crazy boy would do that," and I think he was right. I wouldn't do it to-day; but fools step in where angels fear to tread. We tamed the squirrels, and they played around his cottage for a long while afterward.

In the days of grouse hunting he could be seen leaving the village dressed roughly, but with gray hair and beard white and glistening in the sunlight. His dog trotted cheerfully along beside him, and upon his return at night or the next day some one in the village with delicate appetite was sure of the capture of the day. It was his delight to dress and cook partridges at Aunt Eliza's cottage, and frequently were there children invited to the feast following.

I left the village about this time, and for a few years came reports of the old man's kindness and love of the woods. Then came the news that he was dying. They were cutting ice on the overflow meadows, and two of the village boys went out in a feed box in lieu of a boat to push shoreward the floe of ice, and upsetting were thrown into the chilly water and were drowning. Burly and rugged men stood helplessly, while the old doctor, in his love for the little fellows, slipped over the icy edge and waded in water up to his neck to save them. One was secured easily, but the other had gotten under the floe in his struggles, and the brave old man sinking beneath the ice rescued him from his perilous position.

The shock and effort were too much for Joe Hager and he died of pneumonia in Aunt Eliza's best room in a few days. Sorrow came over the village, for all had learned to love him. They closed the school on the day of his funeral, and the sobs of the children went out on the chilly air of the wind-swept cemetery.

His faithful dog did not long survive him. The land adjoining the cemetery was owned by Aunt Eliza, and she caused the burial of the faithful brute to be made over the wall within a few feet of his master's grave.

I passed through the cemetery a few years ago and found his resting place, and over him the children had erected a stone bearing this inscription:

JOE HAGER,

Age 76.

"Greater love hath no man than this:
That he lay down his life for his friends."
—St. John 15 1.

W. W. Hastings.

Alaska Before the Spring Rush of 1898.

Forty-Mile, April 1, 1898.—I inclose you a photograph of a dog team and its Malamoot Indian driver "at home." This was taken at Forty-Mile Post, Yukon Territory. This Indian is known under the soubriquet of "Monkey," and I am quite sure that his looks do not belie his nickname. He was raised at St. Michaels, 1,700 miles down the river. St. Michaels is an island sixty miles from the mouth of the Yukon River in the Bering Sea, and is the transfer station for all passengers and freight from the ocean to the rivers.

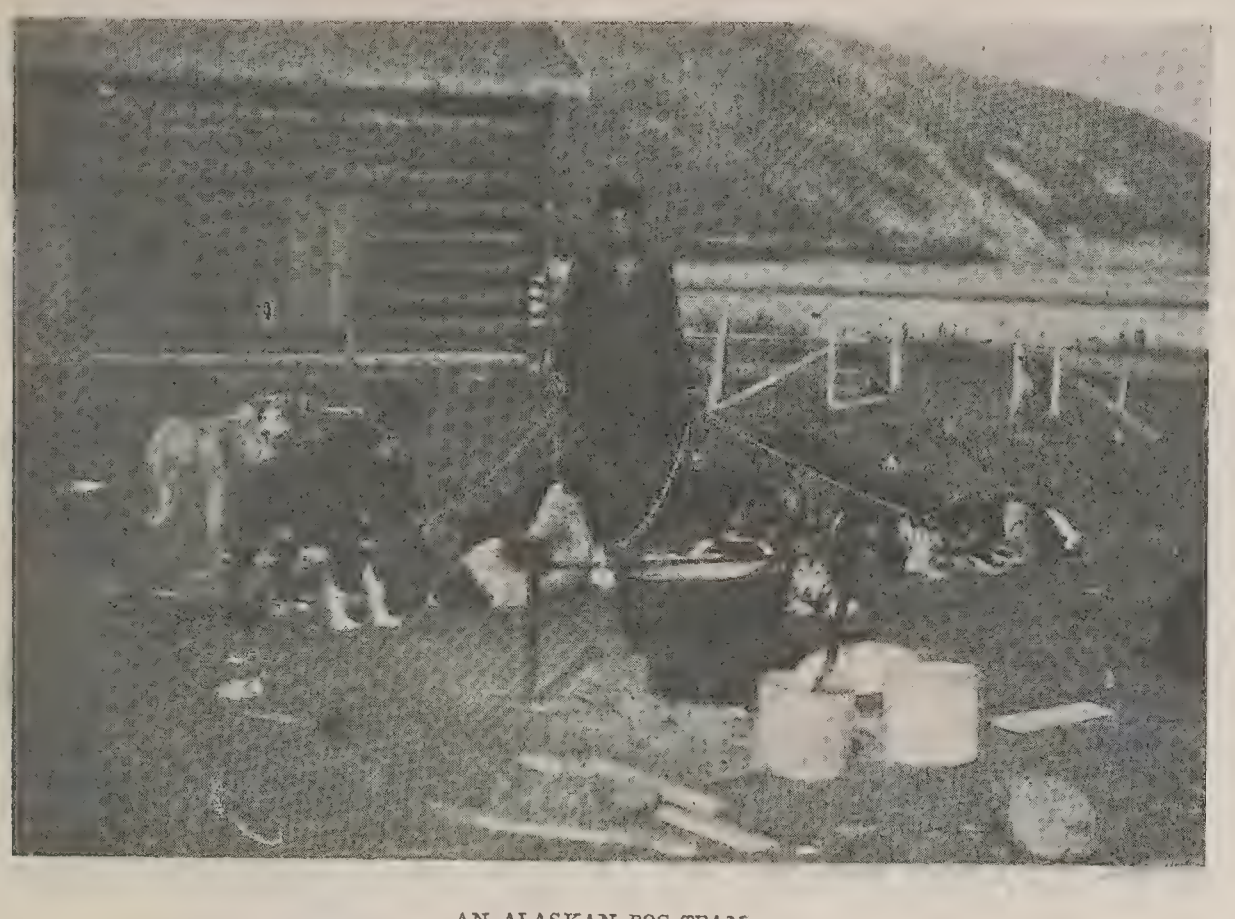
Some of these dogs are what we call Malamoots and some of them Siwash. They are all part wolf, and will steal anything from a lash rope to a loaded dog sled. I have seen Doc (the dog with the black spot on his back lying down) come trotting into the yard at 5 o'clock in the morning, when everything was perfectly quiet, carrying half a slab of "sow-bosom" (as the boys here call it) in his mouth. When he had eaten all he could manage (which was about half), he deliberately took the remainder around behind an old cabin, laid it on the ground and calmly laid himself down beside it, using the bacon for a pillow, and proceeded to have a quiet snooze. Unfortunately for him, however, Monkey happened to pass by just then, and notwithstanding the piteous look with which Doc regarded him, seized the bacon and laid it up on the roof out of danger until feeding time, looking at me with a grin and remarking, "Dog hi yuh muck a muck," which, liberally translated, means "big lot good stuff to eat," which was his idea of the transaction.

The distinction between the Malamoot and the Siwash dog is that the Malamoot dog proper comes from the lower Yukon River, while the Siwash is the upper Yukon River Indian dog. Usually the Malamoot is white or grayish with some black or white, while the Siwash is mostly black with a little white in places. The black dog with the white front feet on the left of the picture came from Fort Hamlin, 560 miles below here. I got him when a pup of four months from Chief Stevens, an Indian near Fort Hamlin. The dog's name is Steve, and he is "the thief of the world." Innocent looking as a babe, extremely affectionate, and withal will steal everything he can lay his paws on. He took the liberty one day of going into a squaw's cabin while she was hanging out clothes and had left the door open, jumped up on the table, seized his prize, and decamped with it out the open door before she caught sight of him. She saw him just as he turned the corner of the cabin, and realizing what he had done, started after him pell-mell. Then ensued a foot race for the woods in which Steve won out and departed to devour the "spoils of war," while Malamoot, or "Pie-Faced Annie," returned to her cabin to find that Steve had seized as contraband 2lbs. of butter in a tin, which left her just $2 out, butter being $1 a pound. It is very easy on looking at her to see where she got the nickname of Pie-Face, as she has got an extremely large, flat face with a little flat nose resembling nothing so much as a hump on an apple pie, wedged into the middle of it. Like a good many of the Lower River Indians, her face shows unmistakable signs of Japanese blood.

But I was speaking of dogs. They have the precedence over human beings in this country, in that they have the right of way everywhere. Every man is obliged, and expected, to build a cache to put his stuff on, as the dogs run everywhere, and if you should do such an unpardonable thing as to kill one you are liable to arrest by the Northwest Mounted Police and to have to pay a fine of $200; in default of which you would most likely have to saw wood for the police barracks for six months. Why, if a Cherchocko just from the States comes down the river and leaves his boat for an hour or two tied to the bank of the stream, he is liable to return and find half his bacon missing, and notwithstanding the fact that he finds dog signs about, he has no redress, and has nothing left to do but to "look pleasant." The better rustler a dog is, however, the more valuable he is. Some of them are extremely valuable. In the winter of 1897 and 1898 dogs sold all along the river for from $150 to $200, and some of the larger and better ones fetched from $250 to $300. In December of 1897 Capt. Barnett paid John Shuman, a Porcupine River Indian, $1,200 for a dog team of four dogs, only to be sure this was the best team in Alaska or the Yukon Territory. They were bought near Fort Yukon, and their first trip was 990 miles, from Fort Yukon to Skaguay. They come from Hudson Bay Company stock on the Mackenzie River, and are called "Huskies." They are a short-tailed dog, built like a running horse, and stand as high, or nearly as high, as a

Great Dane. There seems to be quite a difference in the ideas of a good many old-timers regarding the feasibility of raising sled dogs with either long or short tails. Without tails, when you have a team of seven dogs you can hitch them much nearer together and they are thus much nearer the sled and consequently can pull the sled much easier. On the other hand, in extreme cold weather both the regular Malamoot and the Siwash dogs sleep with their noses covered up with their tails, thus affording them quite a protection.

I have owned dogs sent in from the States and also native dogs. Dogs sent in from the States are all right for short distances. Most of them are stout and hardy and look as if they could stand most anything, but at the same time if you are going to take a trip of 600 miles, never take the "outside" dog; always take the native, as they can stand hardship much better than the other. A native dog will kill a dog from the States on a long trip. Their feet never get sore and even when the thermometer is 70 degrees below zero they never freeze. We feed the dogs once a day, along toward night, always carrying a dog kettle to cook the feed in, on all our trips. We generally use bacon and flour for feed, preparing it as follows: We cut the bacon in small pieces, cook for an hour, then stir in the flour and cook for twenty minutes, then let it cool for one-half hour and then feed. We keep up the wolf strain in our dogs by catching a wolf pup in the spring and breeding them next spring to the bitches. In this way we keep up the wolf stock, and have dogs that can stand the cold climate and the terrible hardships required on a long trip.



AN ALASKAN DOG TEAM.

I would say to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM that Alaska is not all alike, but the different parts of the country differ as much as Key West and the North Woods of Maine in the United States. One thing I have been informed of which always seems rather curious is, that taking the extreme Western coast of Alaska at the Straits, with Asiatic Siberia only twenty-six miles across, as the Western boundary of the United States, the center of the United States would lie 200 miles west of San Francisco, or in the Pacific Ocean. C. JAY.

Collecting Menagerie Animals.

II.—Among the Boers.

(*Concluded from page* 328.)

ON my arrival in Durban, Natal, I rented a small place on the outskirts of town, built some sheds, purchased wagons and oxen, and made all my preparations for a trip to the interior. As it was necessary that I should take up the country all the lumber required, I was forced to buy Baltic deals—equivalent to our joist—and have them sawn into boards, etc., suitable for making the cages. I never started on a trip with less than two wagon loads, and as a Cape wagon is a huge affair, drawn by fourteen oxen, and constructed to transport 5,000lbs. of wool, one can easily imagine that my lumber bills amounted to quite a figure, besides the amount invested in rod and hoop iron, nails, etc. I always took two carpenters, in addition to my keepers, teamsters, etc., so that my outfit and traveling expenses each trip made quite a sum.

My first trip had convinced me that I could not make a success by simply wandering about and trusting to the chances of picking up specimens from the Boers, who had captured them while young on their hunting trips. I therefore managed to get the addresses of parties who kept stores in the vicinity of the game regions, and forwarded them lists of animals, with the prices affixed, which I would pay at their doors. They would then communicate with their customers, giving them the sums they would allow in barter, which is the mode of conducting all mercantile business in the interior. The principal articles obtained from the Boers are wool and skins, which once a year they take to the nearest store and trade for all the commodities needed for the next twelve months. One can imagine the profit in the business from the following transaction: At one store I had agreed to take five white-tailed gnus which a Boer brought in, and for which I was to pay £5 per head. While I was busy securing them in temporary quarters the Boer passed into the store, completed his bartering and came out with the proceeds in a small bundle, which he carried under his arm.

Of course, my wagons could not carry all the animals which I obtained on each trip; therefore I was compelled to hire those belonging to Boers to assist me in transporting them down to the coast, where they generally succeeded in getting return loads for some store located in their neighborhood. Consequently, my train of wagons on my return trips frequently amounted to six or eight, creating quite an excitement as they passed through the various villages in the vicinity of the coast.

I will endeavor to relate some of the incidents which occurred during my various trips up into the interior. My little place at Durban was but a short distance from the target range, and one afternoon on hearing the roar of elephant guns in that direction I determined to introduce my Winchester rifle, the first one ever taken to South Africa, to the notice of the old hunters who I suspected were practicing at the targets. On my arrival at the grounds I found my surmise to be correct, and joining in the sport I was so fortunate as to make the best score. During the practice I carefully kept the rifle as much out of sight as possible, but at the conclusion there was a general desire shown to inspect the gun which had surpassed the old regular standbys of the crowd. After a critical examination, the sweeping verdict was that it was simply a Yankee gimcrack, fit only for small game, and so valueless for killing hippopotami, elephants, etc. Whereupon I immediately offered to wager the champagne for the party that I would kill the first hippopotamus at which I might fire. The bet was immediately accepted, and one of the party suggested that we at once adjourn to the hotel and have the wine, as the result was inevitable. I protested, and finally succeeded in getting a grudging assent given to defer the settlement of the wager until a trial was made.



THE ANIMAL WAGONS AT DURBAN.

It so happened that nearly two years passed before I had an opportunity of testing my conceit. I was up among the branches of the Limpopo River, when my oxen went astray, and lying under one of my wagons, pulling at a pipe, I was anxiously awaiting the return of my teamsters, who had gone off hunting them, when one of a party of Kaffirs, who were following my party for the purpose of getting the refuse of the carcasses that I killed for my own men, came running up and shouting, "Lumvubu, n'kos," which translated simply meant, "Hippopotamus, boss." On questioning him, I learned that he had found one in a pool but a short distance from my camp. Taking the Winchester, I followed him to the stream, where he pointed out the spot where he had seen the animal rise in order to breathe. Stepping back so as to conceal myself among the bushes, I found a convenient fork for a rest and sighted the rifle for the center of the pool. I had but a short time to wait before the hippopotamus' nose was raised above the surface of the water, when he received a shot directly through his nostrils, which prevented him from again closing them. After some terrific floundering the animal slowly sank to the bottom, and I went back to the wagons, after giving the Kaffirs orders to notify me as soon as the body rose to the surface. I had not long to wait, and quickly had the body drawn to the bank and the head cut off, giving the remains to the hungry Kaffirs. As I could not preserve the entire head, I had the flesh and muscles removed, keeping the skull only. Suddenly it flashed across my mind that there was no mark of the bullet to show how the animal had been killed, as he had been wounded merely in the muscular portion of the nose, all of which had been cut away. I felt much disappointed, but determined to try and get another chance. The vagrant oxen were found that afternoon, and I told the Kaffir contingent that I would remain in camp a short time longer if they would find me another hippopotamus. On the second afternoon they brought the news of another find, when I carefully fired, so that the ball would pass through that portion of the skull between the eyes and the nostrils, which might be closed, but the water would pass behind them into the nasal passages and from thence into the lungs. My surmise proved correct, and the skull was carefully packed in Guinea grass and lashed to one of the wagons for transportation down to the coast. On the night after my arrival at headquarters I had the Kaffirs carry it into town to the hotel where the hunters were accustomed to spend their evenings, and unpacking it they instantly saw how they had been outwitted, and unanimously pronounced it "a cursed Yankee trick." However, they called for the wine, and just as the fun was at its height there was a rap on the door, and on opening it a Kaffir's head was thrust in, with the remark, "It is very cold for naked men to be waiting on the outside for their boss, and couldn't they have a bottle of rum to raise their corporeal temperature?" One was passed out to them, and a short time subsequently I started for home, and after proceeding but a short distance came across my native contingent on their way to the lock-up in charge of a policeman. On inquiry I found that they had managed to get into a fight with some of their countrymen; but when I told the officer the cause of their inebriety and offered to become surety for their good behavior he laughingly released them, and I hurried them home.

The first hippopotamus ever brought to the United States came in charge of a party of the name of Cushing, who purchased it in London. On its arrival in New York it was stored in a building at the southeast corner of Broadway and Lispenard street. On the next corner above stood the Florence Hotel, which was headquarters for showmen. Of course, the arrival of such a rare zoological specimen caused quite a stir among the managers of the different traveling shows, and Cushing had but little trouble in securing an engagement at a good percentage of the receipts. I was a frequent visitor to the basement, and on one occasion took an artist friend with me, who wished to make a sketch of the animal and its Egyptian keeper, who had taken care of it from its capture. Very naturally he plied him with divers questions, and I was much amused with the answer to the following: "How large was this animal when it was captured?" "Leetle, so, keg beer," holding his hands about as far apart as the distance between the two heads of a keg. After experiences proved that Ali's estimate was very nearly correct, as I frequently encountered them riding on the backs of their swimming mothers.

Near the mouth of the Umgeni River, but a short distance from Durban, there was pair of hippopotami which had been preserved by the sugar planters of that vicinity in spite of their destruction of the cane. It so happened that one of the community received a visit from a friend fresh from England, who, as soon as he saw the hippopotami, was frantic to have a shot at them. As his sole weapon was a common fowling piece, the planter laughingly consented, chuckling at the verdancy of his visitor. But it happened that he was so closely concealed that the female passed within a few feet of the muzzle of his gun, so that when he fired a single shot reached the brain and dropped the animal in her tracks. The exultation of the "tenderfoot" was dampened by the dejection of his host and neighbors, while the newly made widower became as mad as a March hare, and furiously charged everything that crossed his path. After several days of such violent behavior he suddenly disappeared, and a short time afterward reappeared, accompanied by a fresh frau, to the great delight of the whole neighborhood. To accomplish this remarkable feat he had had to ascend the river some fifty or sixty miles or descend to its mouth and then pass up the coast to St. Lucia Bay, at either of which points were herds of hippopotami in their native state. I have always been puzzled how he made a success in so short a space of time. Did he vanquish some unlucky spouse and ruthlessly seize on to his better half, or did he happen to meet one of the opposite sex who had not yet entered into the "holy bonds of matrimony"? In fine, how did he manage to convey to his newly acquired bride the impression that his hearthstone was bare?

When I first arrived in South Africa I was quite anxious to procure some Cape ant-bears, traces of which could be seen very frequently; but the parties to whom I applied said that it was impossible to dig them out of their holes, as they always made their lairs in sandy soil,

and as soon as the attempt was made to dig them out they would burrow away faster than they could be followed with pick and shovel, and thus always escaped. Cogitating over the matter, I conceived a plan which I thought would prove successful, and made one of my neighbors promise to inform me as soon as he discovered another den. But a short time elapsed before I received notice, and going to the entrance of the hole I thrust in a bamboo rod until I could feel the animal. The rod was then withdrawn and laid on the ground so that its tip would be just over the animal. Ten paces were then stepped off and a ditch was sunk at right angles with the trend of the animal's hole; the Kaffirs were started digging from the entrance. In a short time the ant-bear unexpectedly to himself tumbled into the transverse ditch and was secured before he could make a fresh excavation. By this device I captured several, but they all died in transit to Europe and I gave up the job. A short time afterward I refused to purchase one which was picked up by a homeward-bound captain who was lucky enough to land it in London in good condition and received a long price for it from the zoo.

Several times I assisted the Boers in the capture of entire litters of the Ethiopian wart hog, which was effected in the following manner: As soon as the lair, which was generally a hole in a bank or an ant heap, was discovered a party would go to it, and while some attended to the digging the others would station themselves on the surrounding ant heaps and shoot the old ones, which would make a fighting charge through the grass as soon as they heard the squeals of captured youngsters. Should the shots not prove immediately fatal it required some pretty lively dodging to escape being badly hurt by their enormous tusks.

I confess that I never had any hairbreadth escapes from lions, as I generally hunted them in the company of the Boers, who are capital rough riders and excellent rifle shots. Their mode of procedure was to badger them with dogs and shoot them from the saddle. Should the quarry prove to be a female in milk, immediate search was made for the litter, which would be picked up and reared by hand. In one of my trips I was lying in my slowly moving wagon on an intensely hot day, when I heard a hubbub among my Kaffir contingent, and called out to January, my body servant, to know what was the matter. His answer was, "Lions, boss." Seizing my Winchester rifle, I sprang out and caught sight of the Kaffirs massed on a slight eminence near the road, shouting, beating their assegais against their shields and raising a terrific din. On reaching them, I caught sight of a pair of lions at a comparatively short distance, slinking away from the body of a freshly killed Burchell zebra. The pinging of a bullet from my hastily fired rifle hastened their departure into a convenient thicket, and the Kaffirs instantly secured the carcass.

Of all the fiery, ill-disposed animals which I met in my wanderings, I must confess that the Cape buffalo bore the palm. Shortly after my arrival in Durban one was brought in from a neighboring farm, where it had been reared by a cow; but as it grew in age it increased in irritability until it became a terror to the neighborhood. The owner sold it to a captain, and after a deal of trouble managed to box it. It was lightered out to the vessel after she had anchored outside of the bar, and as the crew were busy getting ready to make sail there was a crash and every man suddenly had business aloft, while the buffalo took charge of the deck. After promenading for a while he took a header over the bulwarks and swam over half a mile before reaching the beach. He charged up the main street of the town, putting everything to flight, and did not stop until he reached his old home, where he was shot a few days afterward.

I made frequent hunting trips into Zululand in the company of some Boers who lived in the Transvaal, just across the Buffalo River from Newcastle, Natal. One was made especially for getting buffalo hides, and we hunted in a country governed by a queen, and for the privilege gave her a half-bushel of salt. Whenever a buffalo was killed the skin was carried into our camp by women, but their husbands were always sure to be on hand to collect and divide the double handful of salt which was paid for the service. On our return trip one of the Boers had a narrow escape from a buffalo bull which charged into our party as we were passing along the banks of a stream. He was forced to plunge headlong into the water and swim underneath it for some distance in order to escape a vicious lunge of the brute, which was shot by the other members of the party.

When I first went to Natal, it was a common practice to make trips across the Tugela River into Zululand for the purpose of hunting elands in order to secure the meat for salting and biltong, which consists of strips of the flesh hung up and dried in the sun. On one of our expeditions we were accompanied by a young German, who had recently arrived in the colony. We were very lucky, and in a comparatively short time had our wagon loaded with meat and started on our return. One afternoon, as we were hurrying along in order to reach a good camping spot which we knew was but a short distance ahead, the new arrival stopped to have a bath in a convenient pond instead of continuing with the party. It was nearly dark when we reached camp, and completely so by the time we had finished supper. Much to our surprise the newly arrived did not put in an appearance, and several shots were fired to serve as a guide if he had happened to have lost his way. Waiting for the moon, which was about full, to rise, we armed ourselves and started on the back track to try and find out what had become of him. When we reached within a short distance of the bathing place the absentee was descried perched in an enormous euphorbia tree, while underneath a huge buffalo bull was playing sentry. A cautious advance was made, the sentry was dropped in his tracks by a volley from the party, and the prisoner released. On reaching terra firma he was found to be clothed in nothing but his shirt, while the rest of his clothing was in shreds at the foot of the tree. His story was that he had just time enough to scramble up the tree in order to save his life. For several days afterward the tortures the poor fellow suffered were indescribable, as the euphorbia is a Brobdingnagian cactus, teeming with countless spines.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

A Camp Tid-Bit.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems that friend Ransacker has "got 'em again." Somebody must have been poking him up in his mountain lair with something sharp to cause such an emission of spitting and clawing as appears in this number of FOREST AND STREAM. But whoever is at the bottom of this ebullition of humorous bad humor is entitled to the thanks of FOREST AND STREAM readers, for Ransacker is unique and interesting, whether he appears in the role of Jupiter Tonans in a mimic thunder cloud or as the genius of "gentle spring" in the "sunshine of a May morning."

I do not offer any apology to Ransacker for being thus personal in my remarks, because I have a grudge to settle with him of long standing.

Some months ago I was invested by FOREST AND STREAM with the high dignity of special judge to sit on the trial of Raccoon versus Man. I had scarcely begun to feel at ease in contemplating the prospective adornment of the "judicial ermine" and how well I should become such adornment, when comes a withering blast from the cynical pen of Ransacker, suggesting a doubt of my qualification for the responsible duty assigned to me, because my "judicial poise" might have been disturbed by the "whicker of the coon in my cornfield." This it seemed to me was a far-fetched notion, and a baseless attack upon an innocent man—a very innocent man, seeing that I never owned a cornfield in my life and never heard a coon "whicker" either in my own or any other cornfield; and as to my "judicial poise," if I ever possessed such a commodity it must have been "unconsciously assimilated," perhaps from Ransacker himself.

In consideration of the foregoing, I feel warranted in treating his innuendo with "silent scorn," as you perceive. More recently I was called upon by Ransacker to account for certain eccentricities in the behavior of his dog and cat, in exhibiting marks of a repulsive feeling when presented with a nicely baked rattlesnake. I can only account for their perverse conduct on the theory of bad raising.

That crotalus is good to eat when properly cooked and under a thin disguise of cognomen, as here used advisedly, I have perfectly authentic evidence in the statement of my friend and brother tripodist, Charley Barton; and be it known that all those who go down into the great woods behind the tripod and there "behold the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep (woods)" may be implicitly relied upon in the matter of veracity. Mr. Barton relates that not long ago, being engaged in making a survey among the heavy canebrakes of Sunflower county, a large rattlesnake was killed by one of the party. As it was desired to secure the skin, the snake was divested of that garment, which he no longer needed. The flesh of the snake looked so inviting that it was cut up into sections, and one of the negroes was directed to carry an armful to camp. Just before reaching camp the negro lightened his burden by dropping some of the sections of snake. The remaining portions were duly fried by the camp cook and placed before the party of hungry engineers. Each one eyed the mess askance, and manifested a diffidence about showing greediness for the decidedly novel dish. But Barton, being the instigator of the plot, said he determined to eat a piece "if it killed him," which he proceeded to do, when all the others followed suit.

The dish proved so toothsome that it was all eaten, and the negro who brought it to camp was sent back to find the portions he had dropped on the way.

In all seriousness, the above was related to me by Mr. Barton as true, and he is a sober-minded man, who never takes liberties with the truth under any circumstances.

COAHOMA.

MISSISSIPPI, Oct. 15.

Snails in Cuban Style.

BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article in your issue of Sept. 9 on "Snails as an Article of Diet" reminds me of something I saw in Cuba last winter. I was up at Alto Songo in the Province of Santiago. There were quartered there at the time two companies of colored troops. Their white captains, gentlemen from Mississippi and Texas, respectively, were our hosts. It is almost needless to say that nothing could exceed the generous character of their hospitality. One of them—the Mississippian—was very fond of hunting, and reported wild guinea fowl abundant in the vicinity. We planned an early morning hunt for them, but were delayed in our start till the sun was too high and the shy birds had left their morning feeding grounds and were safe in dense cover, where it was almost useless to try to follow them. So we were fain to try for mourning doves.

I got just one shot—my only one in Cuba, as it turned out—and surprised myself by grassing my bird in the most approved manner, for he was quartering swiftly over some small trees, and I had but a glimpse of him, and I hadn't pulled trigger for a long time at anything flying.

Rejoining the Captain, who had three or four birds, we remounted our horses and rode slowly back up the long slope to Alto Songo, I all the while taking in with keenest interest the sights and sounds so novel to me.

The dense growths of tall bamboos—most graceful and plumy—were a delight to me, and no less did I admire the great groves of the royal palm and the thick, green foliage of the mangos.

Animal life seemed mainly confined to birds, and these were far less abundant than I had hoped and expected to find.

All the morning, however, I had heard at short intervals a peculiar, plaintive cry or whistle which I found was made by a blackbird—to me very like our common American blackbird, for which I should have taken it but for its note.

We passed a large number of workmen—Cubans—who, under the direction of an American, were engaged in clearing out and making over into serviceable condition an old road that here crossed the island. They had cut the short brush which cumbered the ground and set it on fire, and behind them long winrows of it were here and there slowly burning. My companion stopped to try to buy from an old Cuban workman a handsome Spanish machete which he was wielding. I rode slowly on, and presently was aware of a continuous crackling and popping in the slowly burning brush. At the same time I discovered a good number of blackbirds in close attendance on the windward side of the fire. They would follow up the creeping flame so closely as to be in some apparent danger of being burned. I was, of course, curious to know what caused this temerity and what they were after. They were so intent on their work that I could ride very near to them, and I discovered that they were picking from the charred twigs the land snails that adhered to them in fabulous numbers, and which had been nicely roasted by the fire. A diet of roasted snails, then, was what attracted these island epicures—the blackbirds. They could not be suspected of having had much experience with this sort of food, one would suppose, but had evidently been quick to discover it and to avail themselves of it after the fires were started.

Was it the bursting of the snails under great heat that caused the snapping and popping I had heard in the burning brush? I certainly must suppose it was, unless some one can show that snails will not so explode when the fluids in their inmost whorls are turned into steam. I don't doubt that roasted snail is good eating or that in life the univalve, clinging closely by suction to the twig, is hard if not impossible for a blackbird to get at. There are many species of these land snails in Cuba, and they are found in wonderful abundance. It is fair to suppose that the Cuban blackbirds join in the general approval of Gen. Wood's wise and energetic efforts at Cuban road-making.

C. H. AMES.

Forests and Forest Fires.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your edition of Oct. 7 an article written by Mr. Charles L. Paige, of California. It is too long an article to quote from extensively, and I will only quote one paragraph:

"In so far as applies to the region of northern California, the subject is one with which all observant mountaineers are familiar; but, as far as any practical effort is made, it would seem that legislators never conceive of any method of forest protection other than the enactment of laws prohibiting about the only protection to California forests that is possible. As a matter of unmistakable fact, the only practical protection for mountain forests is to keep down the accumulation of debris and undergrowth. The longer fire is prevented, the more complete is the destruction eventually. Fire is the only preventive of wholesale conflagration in extensive scopes of forest. It is the natural regulator of the wilderness, and the more necessary where saw mills and settlements have changed natural conditions."

It must be that Mr. Paige is not familiar with timberlands or their handling, or he never would advocate burning them over to prevent fires. It is impossible for a fire to run in a forest without injuring the living trees, causing the bark to stick, and eventually meaning their death, although not, perhaps, immediately.

If Mr. Paige's plan was adopted, for instance, in the Adirondacks, what would be the result? There would be nothing left there, for it would be impossible to burn underbrush except in a dry time, and in a dry time there would be nothing left but rocks and gravel.

In the Adirondacks there is an accumulation of rotten wood which, when dry, resembles peat. This is from 1 to 3ft. deep in different places, and if a fire starts in a dry time it will run under the roots of the trees and tip over large quantities of fine timber, which would be entirely destroyed.

I am the owner of quite a tract of land in the Adirondacks, and I was camping in the woods this season during the dry time. All that saved the Adirondacks this year was the fact that we did not get a high wind, for fires were burning all around in the woods, which had been set by hunters, also by people maliciously inclined. These fires were quite extensive in some cases, but if we had had a high wind, the same results would have occurred that happened in Wisconsin several years ago. I employed more or less men constantly for three weeks, staying with these fires to keep them from spreading on my land. The largest one of the fires near my land burnt over a space of about 500 acres, and just crossed my line.

The New York law relative to fires is a good one, but does not go far enough. They have a system of fire wardens, which is a great help to subdue fires and prevent their spreading; but it should be made illegal for any one to set a fire on any other person's land for any purpose whatever, without a permit to do so, and then he should also be held accountable for any damage that might be caused thereby if a fire is allowed to spread after being set under a permit for camping or other purposes.

Lumbermen are now very careful about fires, and go to great expense to prevent them, some keeping watchmen to go about their woods continually for that purpose.

The danger of forest fires is now from hunters, malicious persons, and settlers. I think more fires are caused by settlers building fires that get beyond their control than in any other way.

FRANK A. CUTTING.

Off for the Ten Thousand Islands.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., Oct. 16.—The Kingfisher is in commission. She sails to-morrow on a two months' cruise south'ard.

I am hoping the international race will have been sailed by that time, so that we may know whether the Cup will go or stay.

The Kingfisher, in company with Maud, will spend a short time on Okeechobee, afterward going to our old cruising ground, the Ten Thousand Islands. We hope to find old man Gomez hale and hearty.

Will try and keep FOREST AND STREAM well posted, at least when we are where postals can be forwarded. Expect to do a little shooting and some fishing, and to get lots of fresh air.

TARPON.

Game Bag and Gun.

Adirondack Deer Hounding.

r Forest and Stream:

is generally admitted that the law which forbids the of dogs in hunting deer has been and is unpopular ost parts of the Adirondacks.

e natives in the central and eastern portion of this n believe in the use of dogs, and liked the old law stood until three years ago, except that many were sed to the early opening of the season, and it was y generally believed that a limited hunting season in ber would be better both for the hunters and for the .

ere was consequently a strong public sentiment ist the law which first came into force three years prohibiting hounding. It was contrary to all ideals me rule, for it enforced a principle antagonistic to convictions of nine out of every ten men lived and hunted in the Adirondacks, and over it entailed hardship and pecuniary loss many of the backwoods settlers, who were ved of the means of securing a very desirable on of their food supply, and who had ten, twenty or fifty dollars of their capital invested in dogs which the passage of the law lost all commercial valuation. the first the law was not enforced. The game pro- rs realized the hardships which a thorough and ef- e execution of their powers would entail, and in cases it was more than their positions were worth ick up against public sentiment and antagonize the nunity in which they lived by a strict enforcement of cxt.

e protectors themselves were not apt to be in sym- with an innovation which made illegal the method unting which had been pursued as far back as the t inhabitant could remember, and the necessity of h innovation was by no means apparent, and it is wonder that the non-hounding clause in the law ves only a perfunctory and superficial attention.

t it be noted that what has been said and what is to w has no bearing on the merits of the law.

rsonally, the writer believes that the time has come e Adirondacks, as it has elsewhere, when such a law t only admirable, but necessary for the continuance y satisfactory game supply.

blic sentiment in the Adirondacks is slowly but y coming around in favor of the law. Particularly he outskirts of the woods, where there are witnesses very act of hounding who may, through personal ity, cause the hounder to suffer, the deer have in- sed, and they are found to-day in places where they not been seen for ten or fifteen years. There could o stronger argument in favor of the law. With public iment aroused by so favorable an object lesson, it ld seem the protectors' golden opportunity to step in by a sharp, vigorous campaign clinch the matter and tually put an end to general hounding. Early in the on there was reason to believe that such a policy ld be inaugurated. To-day, however, as far as his ob- ation goes, the writer is convinced that little or noth- has been done to put the law on a proper basis of rcement. Apparently the law will continue as here- re to be a dead letter throughout a large part of the ting country. The following facts apply particularly Essex county and its protector, Fletcher Beede, of ne Valley.

r. Beede has a large territory to look after. Essex an area of 1,800 square miles. Deer are found over a e portion of the county, and the western side con- s the roughest mountain area in the State. Beede's, ch is a postoffice at the head of Keene Valley, is, how- , at the geographical center of the region, and for the of not appearing to be unfair to Mr. Beede I shall cite cases where the law is being violated within a short distance of his home.

certain outsider whose name can be given if required ticipated in a hounding expedition within three miles Game Protector Beede's home, guided by a man who said to be a deputy for Mr. Beede. The outsider, had previously hounded in the Adirondacks, was un- re that the law had been changed, and wrote to the le to procure dogs and arrange for the hunt. The sider had only a day for the trip, and was horrified n back in the woods to learn that the law was being ated. The guide, who supposed all along the out- r knew and was intentionally evading the law, tried ssure the outsider by saying that there was no danger rrest, as he was the man who made arrests and no one would trouble them. The hunt was terminated then there, however, and the guide did not receive his ex- ted bonus.

he hounding in Keene Valley itself was never good. nearest free territory of much consequence to Pro- or Beede's home is in the neighborhood of North dson, which is about half a day's drive to the south- d over a well traveled road. At this point I am of opinion that a protector who had the sand to enforce law could arrest twenty-five men any Sunday with icient evidence to secure their conviction, and not k over two miles in making the arrests or be at any e more than a quarter of a mile distant from his buggy. other days of the week he would find men breaking law, but more are out on Sunday, and they are bolder ause of the confidence which numbers give.

On Sunday, Oct. 8, three deer were killed by hounding hin a radius of three-quarters of a mile of the old dge across the Schroon River, just below the old Sharpe ce. There were eight hounds at the old Sharpe place t day. One deer was killed on Lindsay Brook, a short tance from the main road, one on the main river on George Shaw place, and one on West Mill Brook, ar Mrs. McAuley's. Much of the venison is sold. Early the season venison brought fancy prices; now it can bought cheaper than beef. Some of it is as cheap as cents a pound. There are two organized sets of men o do the hunting. If the hounding is to be stopped se men must be taught a sharp lesson. Among them- yes they say Protector Beede is afraid to go off the aten road to make an arrest. They know he is capable of doing it, for Protector Beede has high abilities as a woodsman, and he knows all about hounding and just where to go to get his men.

Last November I camped in an old lumber camp three miles up West Mill Brook. The hounds were running every day and frequently jumped the deer I was still-hunting. At the "Roll Bank" and other stands were a full quota of watchers. It was known that my sentiment was in favor of upholding the law. The cabin which I occupied and other buildings and the buildings at two other camps were burned between that time and the present hunting season. Apparently I was *persona non grata.*

My sympathy is and always has been with the native hunters, for though I think the present law is best for the game, I am a believer in home rule, and I think the natives should have been consulted in making their own laws.

The hounds and shooting can be heard from the road, and every one knows that the hounding law is practically a dead letter. When I came out with a small buck killed as the law provides I passed a fur buyer in the outskirts of Elizabethtown (the county seat) bargaining with a farmer for some coon skins and several moth-eaten deer hides. I drew up and asked him what he would give for a deer skin.

"Where's your hide?" said the man.

"In the bottom of the wagon on the deer," I replied.

One of the bystanders asked when and how the deer was secured, and on my replying that he was killed still-hunting there was a general laugh.

"Yes, you'd say so," said the man who had the skins for sale; " we all understand about that. Yesterday they ran a nice buck across my place with a couple of hounds, and to-day the butcher is peddling his meat. The hounds had nothing to do with it, though. It's against the law to hound."

And again the laugh went round. It did not require a diagram to explain the joke. The Yankee has an elastic conscience where game laws are concerned, and so long as he doesn't get caught illegal hounding is a subject for jest. I knew better than to attempt to prove that I had still-hunted my deer, and I joined in the laugh. Ten years ago, when they allowed still-hunting, before the hounding season commenced, I killed a deer when the woods were dry and noisy and the leaves still on the trees preventing one seeing game at any distance. It was taken for granted that dogs were used, and I got no sympathy trying to prove that I had killed it fairly and squarely as the law provides, and there was a tendency to set me down for a combination of Puritan and hypocrite.

I could give other instances of hounding at North Hudson and around Elizabethtown, but let the above suffice. At Meigsville and in parts of Lewis there is systematic hounding at the present time, and the further one gets back in the woods the less the law is observed.

At the Sportsmen's Exposition in New York in March the Saranac guides stated that hounding began in parts of their territory in July and continued until December. It is not quite as bad as this in Essex county, and though some hounding has been done during the summer in the localities mentioned, general hounding did not begin until very recently. Decisive action now would put an end to it. Game Protector Beede is a man whose training and aptitude as a woodsman well fit him to be the instrument. He has been lenient long enough, and public sentiment will back him in carrying out the law he has sworn to enforce; but if he does not enforce it it is high time he was convicted of being a traitor to his trust.

J. B. BURNHAM.

A Camp Hunt in Texas.

NOVEMBER will be a month bright with delightful memories to a party of nine Texas sportsmen as long as "fond recollection" does her office. Yes; there were nine of us, besides the colored contingent—Sam Johnson, a first-class cook, and two chore boys. Sam we knew quite well, having had him with us on three camp hunts before this one. His face was as black as Erebus or ebony, while his teeth and eyes were as white as milk. When Sam wished to express surprise, wonder, joy or almost any deep or sudden feeling, he did so by rolling up those big white eyes. At such times they resembled goose eggs immersed in a bucket of tar. Simp and Joe were about the color of a Texas saddle, or an Irish potato with the peel on. They fed and otherwise attended the horses, brought wood and water, helped Sam about the cooking, and in fact were expected to "be ready for every good word and work," as our minister would say. They were both hungry and lazy from the beginning to the end of the hunt. I have seen both Simp and Joe eat until they could contain no more, but they said it still tasted good, and they ceased only from lack of room. They were very respectful in their bearing toward Sam, never failing to address him as "Mr. Johnsing." This they did for more reasons than one. He had charge of the commissary department as well as the sutler's stores.

Our camp was pitched on the Trinity River—or rather on the shore of a beautiful lake of clear, fresh water "down in the Trinity bottoms." The solitude of this almost ideal camping place was disturbed only by the cry of the laughing owl, the howl of the timber wolf, or angry spitting of lynxes in their quarrels over their quarry—or something else. Yes; I had nearly forgotten the noises (I cannot describe them) made by raccoons, loons and other amphibious and aquatic creatures that helped to make night weird and ghostly to the novice. All our party, however, had grown accustomed to these things, and gave them no more thought than to the cricket on the hearth at home—i. e., all the white folks. Simp and Joe were very nervous for a night or two, and the Doctor had them frightened almost to death the first night in camp, telling them all sorts of unconscionable yarns, about our camp being right on the spot where a whole dozen horse thieves had been lynched years ago by the rangers, and that those strange noises were made by their unhappy spirits. After the duties of the first evening in camp were done, and the three darkies were gathered in the tent set apart for their use, I overheard Sam pacifying their minds and telling them that the Doctor "was jess a-foolin' wid ye all, fur dem noises ain't no speerits, but jess dem laffin' owls and sich varmints as dat. You niggers are de biggest fools I ever hearn on not to see dat de Doctor was jess a kyarin on to see you niggers look scairn."

We reached the lake about 4 o'clock Monday afternoon, and proceeded as soon as possible to spy out the land. Leaving the darkies to erect the tents, get supper and do such other duties as the occasion demanded, we tied up all the dogs but three old ones, which we knew would find their way back to camp after a chase, and with eager and hopeful hearts we laid out the plans for the first drive for a deer. The Doctor was unanimously elected "Captain of the Hunt" for the entire trip, and he decided that the drive north of the lake be made that afternoon. Ed B. and the Doctor were to take their stands at the north end of the lake; Jno. G. and Uncle Peter were to take positions on the slough to the east of the drive; Bob and Conrad were to take their stands on an old tie-cutter's road on the north; Caldwell and Perry were to see to it that no deer escaped on the west, and Uncle Jerry was to take the dogs Hoopie, Blue Buck and Old Belle and make the drive. All this planning was executed while horses were being saddled, shells stowed in pockets, etc., and in twenty minutes after we arrived at the camping place we were making for our respective places on the drive. Uncle Jerry was so impatient to begin driving that he did not give the boys time to reach their stands before he had the dogs into the thickets, where in a few minutes they struck a running trail, and in a short time they had run our first deer into the river, no one being lucky enough to get a shot. Old Belle and Blue Buck quit the chase at the river and came to Uncle Jerry's horn. They were soon in full cry after a doe and two fawns, which, instead of running off straightaway, doubled and tacked and twisted about in the thickets until Uncle Jerry got a shot and killed one of the fawns; and Old Belle brought the doe to the Doctor, who tumbled her over in nice style. As it was now getting dark, horns were blown and responded to by others, until the entire party had gotten together, and all set out for camp, not more than half a mile away.

Sam soon had the fawn dressed and a goodly portion of it cooking for supper. We had shot enough squirrels on our way down to feed twice the number composing our party, and what with venison, squirrel, canned goods and the provisions brought from our homes, we had a supper good enough for kings.

As we sat by our camp-fire telling stories, smoking and joking, recounting experiences of former camp hunts, etc., the Doctor playing upon the superstitious fears of the darkies, we were saluted by the shrill clarion-like notes that came to us from away up the river from the throat of old Hoopie, bringing the deer back that he had followed since the first "jump" that afternoon. We all rose to our feet and listened. Nearer and nearer he came, uttering as regularly as the ticking of a clock that shrill note that seemed to set every laughing owl for miles around to practicing all sorts of fiendish cachinations. When the faithful old hound reached a point opposite our camp, some of us blew horns, some called, and somebody fired a gun. The old fellow understood the signals and was soon whining and fawning about us round the fire, seeming to to say: "I did my best. I stuck to him until you called me off Why didn't you kill him? I am hungry. Where's my supper?" Old Belle and Blue Buck got up from where they were lying near the fire and went up to him and in dog dialect told him, I presume, of the success of the drive after he left us. I say I presume they told him, for after they had gone up to him, rubbed noses, sniffed a little and wagged heads and tails a few seconds, Hoopie walked straight over to where the doe was lying on the ground, smelled it over a moment, walked back to the fire, and looked at us inquiringly as much as to say "Whose shot did it?" then walked over to Sam to receive his supper. It isn't every old hunter even who can go to sleep early the first night in camp. The anticipations of to-morrow, the novelty of the situation and other things combined to make one somewhat wakeful. That first night, or more than half of it at least, was spent in conversation, more or less fragmentary and disjointed, some admonishing the more wakeful and talkative of the lateness of the hour, and the necessity of early rising in the morning; and then themselves becoming interested in some joke or story they would become thoroughly aroused and join in the talk until admonished in their turn of the lateness of the hour and the necessity for an early start in the morning, etc., etc. Well, if you have ever been on a camp-hunt you know how it is yourself. Finally, the last man to "hush up" finished his remarks, and sleep came to "knit up the raveled sleeve" of many a hunter's yarn and refresh us for exciting experiences on the morrow. I suspect that if any dreaming was done by any of our party that night, dogs and guns and deer and horns each played some part in the fabrication of the visions.

At the first peep of day Sam was calling "Breakfast! Breakfast!" and in an incredibly short time nine hungry hunters with tin plates filled with venison steaks, fried squirrels and other substantial appeasements of appetite were eating as voraciously as if they were half-starved. The air was frosty, the sky clear and no wind blowing. Sitting by our camp table busy like the rest with the breakfast before me, I counted five squirrels in sight, while dozens and scores were barking and chattering in the woods around us. I verily believe that one could have killed several hundreds of them within a half mile of our camp. We were in the midst, or rather our lake is in the midst, of a pecan grove of many acres, and the nuts were ripe and very abundant. The squirrels had evidently congregated here because of the abundance of their favorite food.

The meal dispatched, the Doctor sounded the call to horse. Selecting six of our seventeen dogs for the day's use, and rehearsing the Captain's plan for the morning's drive that all might thoroughly understand it, we set forth for the day's sport. How exhilarating the crisp and balmy air! There was just enough of the frosty feel to make the blood tingle and the pulse thrill. My stand that morning was on a knoll at the edge of the bottom something like a mile from camp. This knoll, or ridge, was a favorite runway for deer driven from the thickets of the river bottom, and making for the dense thickets of a creek bottom two miles north of our camp. Seated on a chunk of dead wood, my back against a large oak tree, the woods all around me as still as a tomb save for the chattering of squirrels and the scratching in the leaves of an occasional thrush, no wind blowing, I heard for half an hour the finest chase it has ever been my privilege to en-

joy. Those six dogs, blue bloods all of them, and as musical as dogs' tongues ever get to be, swept round and round, in an almost complete circle of a mile or may be something less in diameter, and repeated it, while it seemed that no one of the pack ever lost place or cry for a minute of the time. Swerving off toward the river at last they were growing less and less distinct to me when I heard the report of a gun in front of them, followed quickly by a second. Straining my ears to catch the mellow notes of Ed B's horn, I was not long kept in suspense, for the three long blasts were soon heard rolling and echoing through "the dim aisles of the grand old woods," telling the other eight of us that he had made a kill. I knew Ed was to have "the wolf-trap stand" that morning, and from my position on the ridge I knew the deer was making for the river by way of "the wolf-trap stand." I kept my position, knowing the plan was to make another drive in the same territory. For an hour I sat and waited for other developments. I suspect I had dropped off into a nap, for all on a sudden the dogs were raising pandemonium about two hundred yards in front of me, and startled and "rattled" I sprang to my feet, slipped the slide of my 12-gauge Parker hammerless, and stood expecting every fractional part of a second to see a deer break cover and furnish me with a target. But imagine my chagrin and disgust with myself when the dogs ran within a hundred feet of me in full cry, and going like mad. After they were gone I walked down to where they had run as they passed me, and there in the soft mould were the biggest tracks of a deer I think I ever saw in Texas. Did I explain why I didn't shoot when Uncle Jerry came up?

Did I ever tell the boys how that deer got past "hog pen ridge" without getting killed that day? Don't ask me. Of course I had more sense than to "own up." Every man in that party would have scouted the idea of my being asleep. They knew the Doctor better than that. He must have passed out before the Doctor got there. Well, I am of a different opinion. I think the late talking the night before, the warm sunshine, the hearty breakfast, and the hour's wait between races are responsible for that nap, and the consequent escape of that old buck. If Ed, Jno. G., Bob, Conrad, Perry Caldwell, Uncle Peter, or Uncle Jerry should ever read these lines I wish them to accept this as my first honest confession of an almost unpardonable sin with deer hunters, that of going to sleep on a stand. The boys had out of respect for my prowess and skill made me "Captain of the Hunt" too. Wasn't it too bad? However, I'll tell you how several other deer didn't get away in my next, provided this does not find its place in the waste basket. THE DOCTOR.

CARROLLTON, Ga

Florida's Game Supply.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose the leading editorial from the Times-Union and Citizen of yesterday, by which you will see that a general interest is being taken in the matter of the preservation of game and in birds of plumage which is quite encouraging:

The entire collection of Florida wild animals belonging to the late Dr. Needer has been purchased and removed to your Zoological Park, so if you have any old friends among the 'gators or eagles, snakes or bears, etc., you may meet them there some time. I am glad they are to have so good a home with plenty of room.

The collection of stuffed animals which so well represents the natural history of Florida will remain with us in the care of the St. Augustine Institute of Science, and we shall hope to make it of additional interest and attraction. DEWITT WEBB.

From the Jacksonville Times-Union and Citizen, Oct. 17:

Enforce the Law Strictly.

Reports have reached the Times-Union and Citizen that the law in this State for the protection of game, plume and song birds is being violated so openly as to argue indifference or connivance on the part of the officials intrusted with its enforcement or the punishment of its violation. We know that the Governor is entirely in sympathy with the letter as well as the spirit of the statute, while both are thoroughly in accordance with public epinion. There can be no doubt, under these circumstances, that negligent officials would be promptly brought to book, and this paper will not hesitate to call names and put these parties on their defense, if these reports do not cease.

It is in no spirit of fault-finding that we have decided upon this step—it is with deep regret that we acknowledge such steps are necessary. The Floridian has so long been in the habit of killing game wherever found that he believes the indiscriminate use of a gun is one of his inalienable rights—he is apt to conclude that the preservation of the game is "a bait for tourists" only; he votes, and his views are apt to have weight with those who must look to him for office. Nor is it only a good joke when a few good fellows in a neighborhood take a sly hunt "which is nobody's business, you know."

These practices must be stopped. In a majority of our counties game, in both fur and feather, is getting so scarce that immediate steps must be taken, or there will remain no remnant of the plenty that a few years ago was a source of revenue to many, of attraction to strangers, and a pleasure to us all. Let us realize this and govern ourselves accordingly. In Maine the effect of protection is being felt already, and there is more game in her forests and streams than has been found in either for twenty years previously. In other States the sight of a deer is becoming common, and the farmers of Long Island complain that they are a nuisance to crops and fruit orchards.

Florida has such wide stretches of primeval forests that it seems almost impossible to rid them so soon of their old inhabitants, but we, who know by sad experience, fully realize that the movement for the protection of our valuable wild animals, fish and birds did not come too soon. Where is the American who does not regret that the movement did not protect the buffalo? Where is the Floridian who does not know that the flamingo, the pink curlew, the paroquet are almost extinct—that certain varieties of fine fishes are growing exceedingly scarce in the St. Johns, where they once lived in the greatest abundance, that the deer are being driven into remote corners, and that by virtue of all this the State is less attractive to visitors, less pleasant to us, and a valuable food supply will soon be cut off?

Let us work together to enforce the law before it is yet too late. It needs but combined effort for a few years, and we can accomplish all the objects contemplated. We ask, therefore, the aid and sympathy of all good Floridians, while we promise our best efforts shall be used to stop the practices which are both unlawful and hurtful, and the officers whose easy indifference has allowed these evils to exist shall be reported to the Governor and given the opportunity to prove their innocence or confess their guilt. We invite the attention of our correspondents throughout the State; from henceforth there shall be no tolerance of this violation and contempt of the law.

New Brunswick Notes.

THE types wrought fearsome havoc with an honored name last week. There is only one Charles F. Reardon, of Boston, Mass., slayer of record caribou. To spell his name so that it looks like that of some Filipino renegado is a thing that should be frowned down upon with no uncertain sound. Mr. Reardon is a typical Irish sportsman, which is the same as saying that he is *sui generis.* His annual hunt with Arthur Pringle this fall was prolific of results. The Savage rifle, wielded by a scientist, proved fully equal to the task of lowering Mr. Reardon's complement of moose and caribou.

There are still to be found loitering in the amen corner earnest and able exponenets of the .30-30. Here, for example, is the solemn testimony of William G. Reed, of Boston:

"It may please you to know that I had a very successful hunting trip with Alec Ogilvy, Jr., last month. I left Boston Sept. 12, and we got to Island Lake on the 16th. Rain interfered on only one day—we hunted all the others. On the eighth day I killed a fine caribou, not unusual for size, but with a remarkable set of antlers. Two days later a bull moose answered Alec's call, and he died within 50ft. of where the caribou lay. I used my Winchester .30-30, U. M. C. ammunition. I struck each animal but once—saw only the horns of each to guide me in aiming. Fired from the canoe both times. When the caribou was hit he fell into the water, where he kicked around until Alec, holding the gun over him, sent a bullet through his heart. When the moose came all I could see was the tips of his antlers each side of a small spruce. I missed him three times. He then turned, exposing the side of his head, when I struck him under the left ear, smashing his lower jaw, cutting his jugular, with other damage. He started off, went about 30ft., and fell. Alec sprang ashore with my rifle and gave him his quietus. I am more than ever convinced that the .30-30 is all sufficient. Place the little bullet right, and the game is yours."

Mr. Reed brings this question to a focus in his last sentence. What the big-bore apostles claim is that in bush shooting, or firing from a canoe, you can seldom place the bullet in the right place. Secondly, they allege that with a large caliber, liberally supplied with powder and lead, you don't have to put the bullet in the right place in order to stop your game. That most learned of woodsmen, Henry Braithwaite, will tell you that a moose or caribon hit by one of the large calibre arms will come to an immediate standstill, no matter where the bullet collides with his anatomy. Mr. Charles Phair, of Presque Isle, who is an artist with the rifle, as well as with the shotgun, was formerly an ardent advocate of the .30-30. He is interested with his father in a large lumbering business. To supply fresh meat for the men a great many sheep are killed each fall on Mr. Phair's farm. Last season Charlie decided to test his .30-30 on the family sheep. In no case did the bullet pass clear through a sheep, and in no case (though he killed over twenty) was he able to "stop" a sheep with a single shot! This don't prove that the small-bore will not kill a sheep, but it does justify the contention of the big-bore men, who say that it gives uneven results.

That most ardent of sportsmen, Jerome Bradley, of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., is so pleased with the Nepisiguit that he cannot be persuaded to try any other section. His third annual trip was a most successful one. His party of three brought down three very large moose heads, besides three caribou. Contrary to past experience, they only saw three bears, and were not fortunate enough to secure any of them.

Prof. Woolsey, of Cornell University, who has been hunting up the Tobique, left for home on Friday. He was accompanied by the heads of two moose, one of which he shot and the other found in the woods.

S. F. Weaver, of Philadelphia, who had as guide the genial Boiestown vocalist, Aleck McCoy, came down from Beaver Brook Lake the other day with goodly specimens of moose and caribou. Mr. Weaver is reported to have seen seventeen moose and several bears on this trip.

Mr. McIntyre, of Dayton, O., had a most successful and enjoyable hunting trip with Ed Norred, of Boiestown. Mr. McIntyre brought out one of the largest moose ever seen in that part of the country. The animal was estimated to weigh 200lbs. more than the moose shot by Dr. Bishop, of Boston, in that region last season. The antler spread was 53in. Mr. McIntyre also gathered in a caribou with antlers numbering eighteen branches. He thinks New Brunswick the best big-game country in the world.

Of the many sportsmen who have this season made Fredericton their base of departure, few have been followed by as many good wishes as Messrs. L. G. Loomis and T. W. Hill, of Victor, N. Y., whose cheerful ways entirely captured our people here. Hence there was much satisfaction when it was learned to-day that these gentlemen had arrived from the Crooked Deadwater with two moose and a caribou. Mr. Loomis also bagged an otter. The able Ed Church was their pilot through the placid windings of the Crooked.

Dr. Boynton and party, of Philadelphia, emerged the other day from the Grand John Lake with three fine caribou heads. This region at the head of the Nashwaak has not panned out as well as expected for moose this fall, but seems to be alive with caribou.

Mr. E. N. Graham, of Godalming, Eng., who has been hunting with the veteran Braithwaite since the first of the month, is now marking time, having sect quota of moose and caribou. The former is a 46i the latter has thirty-four points. This makes th moose hunts in which Braithwaite has officiated a There has been no break in his record of succes

Our leading analytical chemist, Alonzo Stap gards the world in general with a bland smile th He went out to Little River partridge shootin dentally taking along a prescription of bucksh possible bruin. When about a mile from the se he encountered a bull moose, which showed a d dispute the right of way. Availing himself of t tection of a friendly tree, Alonzo applied to the double dose of buckshot, and had the satisfa bringing the monster to the ground. The head is the handsomest seen in Fredericton this seaso spread of 52in. and twenty-four points. Alonzo ridge hunt has been indefinitely postponed.

The season thus far has been notable for ideal weather—a long procession of sunny autumn da pered by the most lenient of midday breezes, and by cloudless evening skies.

FRANK H. RIS

FREDERICTON, Oct. 21.

The Maine Hunting Seas

BOSTON, Oct. 21.—Occasionally a sportsman g from Maine or New Hampshire with a deer or as a rule the hardest of hunting has been done. first place the weather has been excessively dry States, with the forests carpeted with leaves as powder, making it almost impossible to approa within shooting distance. One hunter says that he seven deer during two days' hunting in the region, but only caught glimpses of them. One fired two or three snap shots, but calculates that about as near to the deer as though he had turned the other way. Mr. Kimball, of the market, has turned from his annual hunting trip to the Maine Though the law was off on moose but six days ag 15—he got his moose and two deer. His frien written him a long congratulatory letter, hinting, other things, that he bought his game of the right A few deer are already coming into the Boston but not as many as a year ago. A moose has al received in Faneuil Hall Market. It was labeled t 1,320lbs., but a gentleman who has seen moose asked the marketmen what they were talking about asked him if he knew anything about the weight o and on his saying that he had considerable to them, they admitted that the weight was atta prevent people from asking "fool questions." Th doubtless weighed less than 500lbs.

A wave of terror has swept over the sporting fr the result of the terrible shooting of Mr. Dum have heard gunners say that nothing would no them to go into the Maine woods, though they ha planning trips in that direction. Many hunters kept at home, no doubt. In every quarter blame is upon the registered guide who did the shooting suggested that he is to be arrested and doubtle for manslaughter.

Good results on big game are reported from th North of Bingham, Maine. Six or eight sportsm Massachusetts and Rhode Island have secured de within the open season, including C. S. Howar ford; D. E. Riggs, South Essex; B. A. Walker, M S. N. Snow, Providence, and R. A. Thompson bridge. It is also reported that a couple of hunte been treed by a bull moose, a few miles north of E Specials to the newspapers say that over 400 de already passed through Bangor since the open begun.

Oct. 23.—Sportsmen in this section are still m turbed about the enforcement of the Sunday laws shooting and fishing. Under the old form of the parties fishing are being arrested, as well as for s under the new law of 1899. The old statute agai ing reads: "Whoever attempts to take or catch on the Lord's Day, by using any hook, line, net o or any other implement, shall be punished by a exceeding $10." Under this law several boys w rested in Lynn a week ago yesterday, and brough the magistrate. They pleaded that they did not kn they were breaking any special law; had always fi Sunday. At Hingham and other points in that sec smelt fishers are a good deal alarmed. One hotel at Hingham says that it makes a difference to $40 or $50 every Sunday. He has been in the habi tertaining shooting and fishing sportsmen. Thr belonging in Malden were on their way home last from a shooting trip along the shore from E Saugus. They had fair game bags of ducks, etc. den stepped up and asked them what luck they h Not knowing the officer, they said "First rat opened their game bags for the inspection of a hunter, as they supposed. Immediately he arreste for Sunday shooting. They contend that they s birds on Saturday and were merely taking them h Sunday. It will be for the officer to show that th were not shot as the hunters claim. Complaints a bitter against what the hunters and fishers rega spasmodic enforcement of the Sunday laws. N this complaint come from a "hoodlum element," most of the comment I have heard comes from s the most respectable merchants and business me men, of irreproachable integrity, who are unable other time than Sunday for shooting and fishing. new enforcement of Sabbath observance laws st the cheap, hoodlum element only, they would n but that element can fish and shoot every other da week, while tired business men, with only Sun recreation, must be deprived of the privilege alt They promise to fight the Sunday laws in the Leg this winter.

The big-game hunters are going and returning. the successful Boston hunters may be noted E. W gett, from The Forks, Me., with one deer; J. A. from Parlin Pond, Me., one deer; A. S. Aller Moxie Pond, Me., one deer; Walter D. Noyes, N Me., one deer; A. J. Johnson, from Jackman, M deer. The following Massachusetts parties have h home their deer the past week, passing through F

ere they were registered: A. S. Wattles, Miss E. ttles, C. C. S. Stinchfield, O. L. Belcher, John G. L. Foote, J. L. Roberts, F. J. Newell, F. S. E. C. Chesterfield, R. O. Framfore, W. E. Ed- W. H. Thompson, J. F. Mills, J. W. Lutz, W. H. J. W. Penniman, F. W. Pulney, Charles Strout, Loomis, John Foster, John Jinkinson, S. B. J. B. Carpenter, Robert Glover, S. B. Lane, A. W. l, John F. Priest, Harry D. Priest, A. B. Harlow, G. A. Alton, W. A. Alton, L. E. Anderson, Merritt, Lynn; H. D. Brown, I. H. Pomeroy, ter; E. G. Curtis, West Newton; E. R. Saunders, S. B. Miller, Lawrence; G. Brooks, C. K. Falks, gs, H. L. McDonnald, Wm. Harley, Haverhill; utnam, Fitchburg; A. D. Monteith, Dedham; M. ey, E. E. Hawker, Chelsea; C. Howe, Leomin- J. Bigelow, Worcester; G. Williams, Newton; A. ston, Dr. R. Magee, Cambridge; W. D. Noyes, ones, Woburn; T. B. Currier, M. A. Turner, e; E. H. Whitehead, Medford; J. Moore, Ply- R. H. Nickerson, Dorchester.

Mr. D. H. Blanchard yesterday, a gentleman be remembered as having done much for the best nd game legislation. He is much concerned in o the all too frequent shooting of men mistaken game, particularly in Maine. With many others es it to be the duty of the Fish and Game Com- of that State to take the matter in hand and to erybody who shoots carelessly to justice. If the s not law enough already, let the Legislature pecially stringent laws, sufficient to punish those ure or kill others by careless shooting; punish r manslaughter or murder. I have talked with orting gentlemen, and they heartily agree with nchard.

SPECIAL.

If It Is Born in One.

SPRINGS, Kan.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have count my success in hunting and fishing not by unt of fish or game secured, but by the associa- d surroundings which attend the taking of the And so I look back upon a hunt, the result of o far as game was concerned, was the securing of muskrat, as one of the pleasantest of many pleas- s in Kansas. Muskrat hunting was, as with most ecticut River boys, one of my old-time pleasures. e very scarce on my old hunting grounds at and I had watched and waited for a bit of the sport in vain.

ne winter morning I awoke to find everything with a soft snow. At noon it stopped coming, air was full of fog and all things were dripping isture. Such a day is common in New England, in Kansas. It was too wet for my work in the so I decided to take a stroll. Of rabbits we had no one cared for squirrels; it was too late in the for quail and too early for ducks. But a tramp the gun would be only hard work, so I shoul- and started down toward the river. Along a hedge that way I found where a couple of coyotes had e the snow had fallen, so I started after them, put- a couple of shells loaded with coarse shot as I followed them down to where they had been rabbits, but soon found where they had left at d and it was useless to follow them.

ed back down the river to where a great cotton- aned out over it, some 30ft. above the water. r was mostly ice-bound, but under and below the s an open place; so I sat down here and waited ever might come, for it is one of my day dreams hall yet secure a beaver or otter in one of these streams. The melting snow kept up its soft spat- e chickadees came and asked me what I was wait- the fox squirrels barked from the timber across r; the crows scolded at the silent form of the and gradually my mind went back to my old New l home, to the sandy plains of New Jersey and ck again to the great trees that grew along the hey had seen the deer and buffalo, the Indian and boy; it may be even Leather Stocking and Hard ad camped in their shade. Surely they had seen cave loaded with rich furs from the hunting- of the upper prairies pass down to the markets of souri, while now they looked only upon the white o-called "improvements." So musing, the mo- rew into hours, until the premonition that game r came over me. I had seen nothing as yet that to shoot; but glancing to the lower end of the ater, there I saw the v-shaped ripple so familiar and soon I saw the head of a muskrat. It was a ot at a small moving target, but the old Reming- e to my shoulder, the sight came in line with the ry head and the silence was broken by the sharp the report. A moment later the little body floated on the water. I had made a long dead shot and ud of it.

he next thing was to get my game. The river bank y high and steep and slippery, or "slick" as the on is here, as only Kansas 'dobe can be, and a misstep would send me down into the deep strong of the river and very possibly to be drawn under the ny death. But my hunter's blood was up and I that specimen. A moment's delay, and it would r the ice and lost; so risking all, down I went, f course or I should not now be writing this; the water and drew ashore my prize, the first ost the last muskrat I have shot in Kansas. To t I had risked as much as many a hunter does for game. It was worth on the market 10 cents, and my friends who do not care for the hunt, if they n me would have called me gentle names, but to o is born with the hunter's blood in him it matters be the great bear of the north, a muskrat in Kan- single red squirrel in Eastern woods, if to obtain ticular game is the object in view. The same risks run and successful pursuit be just as gratifying in ance as the other. Altogether that pleasant after- ill linger in my mind as long as eye can sight a my finger press a trigger.

PINE TREE.

REST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. ndence intended for publication should reach us at the Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Illinois Test Case.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 19.—I met our State game warden, Harry W. Loveday, yesterday evening, and he tells me that the fight is now on under which the Illinois game law is to be tested by the non-resident shooters who come over from Iowa to shoot ducks in the neighborhood of the preserves of the Carthage Gun Club, the Crystal Lake Gun Club, etc., in Illinois. Mr. Loveday showed me a letter from Mr. J. W. Gordon, State's Attorney of Henderson county, who said that Warden De Hague had just made an arrest which would test the law. Mr. Gordon wrote that the case would be taken at once into the Circuit Court, and that the first phase of the fight would be habeas corpus proceedings. Warden Loveday says the matter will be pushed, and Mr. Gordon will have all the assistance he requires. Collections have not yet been made on the subscription paper which was a couple of months ago passed among Chicago sportsmen for the purpose of raising funds to help prosecute this fight.

Buffalo Jones.

I ran across Buffalo Jones by accident to-day in an office near my own, and learn that the author of "Buffalo Jones' Forty Years of Adventure" is now on his way home from New York, after delivering his consignment of buffalo at that city. Mr. Jones picked up these animals at different places, mainly the Goodnight ranch, of Texas. Mr. Jones is looking very well, and he tells me that his book is proving a great success. It contains the record of what has certainly been a life of more than ordinary activity, restlessness and adventurousness.

The newspaper clipping says that there were four buffalo bulls, two cows and a yearling in the shipment which came from the Goodnight ranch of Texas. Each animal was sold at $500. It appears that Mr. Jones has an interest in the Goodnight herd. The original completed Buffalo Jones herd numbered 120 animals. It is said that the total of semi-domesticated buffalo is now nearly 600, including all the animals in captivity, and not any of the few supposed to be still in wild state. Mr. Jones regretted he would be too late to head the Dewey parade with a team of buffalo.

Death of Robert D. Schultz.

Mr. Robt. D. Schultz, of Zanesville, O., died at that city, Oct. 14, from a sudden attack of neuralgia of the heart. Mr. Schultz was a millionaire, largely interested in business enterprises in that city, and was one of the most prominent sportsmen of his State. He was a large-minded, large-bodied man, the soul of honor and charitableness, and his loss is mourned by hundreds of friends in all parts of the country. Mr. Schultz was just back from a two months' trip to Colorado with his friend, Mr. Seib, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and both men reported a fine time, and Mr. Schultz was looking well. His death was a great shock to his friends. Mr. Schultz was one of the original "Saginaw Crowd," and he had taken a trip with that fine body of amateur sportsmen out into Dakota every year, with one of two exceptions, since 1884. His warm friend, Mr. W. B. Mershon, says that he thinks Mr. Schultz's death will put an end to the Dakota trips. This is the second death within three years in the membership of the Saginaw Crowd, the first one to drop out of the ranks being Mr. Fred A. Ashley, of Saginaw. All business seemed to be stopped in Zanesville on the day of Mr. Schultz's funeral, and the streets were packed with friends. Many came from New York, and other distant cities, and there was apparently no one in town who did not share in the deep sorrow at his loss. As a sportsman Mr. Schultz was liberal, unselfish and justice loving—one of those who really believe in fair play in every walk of life.

Chicago Sportsman Goes Gold Hunting.

Mr. Victor L. Cunnyngham, a young gentleman quite prominent among the sportsmen of this city, left this week via New York on an expedition to South America in search of gold. He goes as the representative of a Chicago syndicate who propose to invest in that country on the strength of stories told by a returned miner. Mr. Cunnyngham will cross Colombia and seek out a distant valley in the Andes, which is reputed to be very rich in the precious metal. His many Chicago friends wish him the best of fortune.

Not Peaceful.

It is understood that the word "calumet" in the Indian language signifies the pipe of peace, but peaceful is the wrong name for the Calumet Lake region along the southern edge of Chicago. As I frequently have occasion to report, this is the scene of more illegal shooting and fishing than almost any district of equal size in the State of Illinois, being infested by all sorts of foreign law-breakers, as well as a few who are not foreign. This week wardens Ratto and Kleinman arrested three prisoners and had them fined. Henry Thomas was charged with shooting before sunrise. He was fined $15. Louis Jackson and Henry Marion were shooting song birds, and it cost the two $15. Hardly a Sunday goes by without a half-dozen arrests in that busy neighborhood.

Movements of Western Sportsmen.

Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago; Hon. Hempstead Washburne, ex-Mayor of Chicago, and Hon. Bill Haskell were all down at Maksawba Club last week. They had nothing very startling in the way of luck, but got a few snipe and a few ducks. They tried the fishing, and caught a very decent lot of bass, one weighing 4¾lbs. The same party will go down to Maksawba the latter part of this week.

Mr. R. B. Organ, of Maksawba Club, advises me that friends of his have found unmistakable evidence that the natives have been dynamiting fish in the Kankakee River. Several fish—carp, bass and pickerel—were picked up as they floated down stream dead or stunned.

Mr. R. A. Shaler, of this city, is now at Horicon Club in Wisconsin, duck shooting. This makes his second trip of the fall, and he has had very good luck.

Mr. Joel Kinney, of this city, is back from a three days' trip on the Horicon marsh. He got forty-eight ducks and a lot of snipe and rail.

Mr. L. R. Brown, of Chicago, is absent at Horicon marsh for his second trip of this season. He had very good luck in September.

Dr. H. C. Buechner, of Chicago, is another member of Diana Club, who is this week shooting on the Horicon marsh.

Mr. F. R. Bissell, of this city, who usually shoots at Water Valley, Ind., reports the water low and duck and snipe shooting poor. He says that a great many quail are being killed in that country now.

Mr. William Werner and Mr. W. P. Mussey, of this city, had planned a quail shooting trip to Holland, Mich., this week, but Mr. Mussey was unable to get away, and the enterprise had to be abandoned.

Dr. J. D. Hammond, of this city, is back from a shooting trip on the best of the club marshes of Lake Erie near Toledo. He went as a guest of some of the members. The party met clear, warm weather, and did not have so good sport as they might have had, but made some very decent bags of black mallards and teal.

Mr. A. Roth, of this city, has returned from Neepeenauk Club, of Wisconsin. He met pleasant weather, but not so many ducks as he would have liked.

Messrs. Charles L. Hutchinson, Chauncey Blair and Robert Forsyth, all of this city, returned last week from a bass fishing trip at Pelee Island, of Lake Erie. They report very good luck and a pleasant time.

Mr. J. Dyer, of the U. M. C. Co., and Mr. Charles Sylvester, of the Winchester R. A. Co., met this week in their calls on the trade of this city. As witnessing the *entente cordiale* existing between these two gentlemen, I may say that I saw the U. M. C. man borrow the lead pencil of the Winchester man to write an order with it. This was at Spalding's, and the two were at the time victims of Pop Hirth.

One of the Sights of a Great City.

I am told that one of the sights of the city of Venice is the daily congregation of the pigeons at St. Mark's Square, where the birds are regularly fed and not allowed to be molested. I have never been in Venice, though I expect to go there when I get $5 more saved up; but I have often had occasion to remark that one does not need to go outside of Chicago in order to see the world. The other day I was attracted by a crowd standing at the corner of Clark and Madison streets, in this city, and as I passed by I found that the center of attraction was a busy group of perhaps a score of pigeons, which were picking up the grain spilled from the nose bag of a cab horse. The birds were in the center of a circle formed by the spectators, and were apparently perfectly fearless, though not 2ft. from the edge of the lined-up crowd. It was a pretty sight, and a curious one, and I imagine no one there was the worse for it.

Does It Scream?

Perhaps the best serial story now running in the American magazines is the one entitled "To Have and to Hold," written by Miss Mary Johnston, of Virginia, and now current in the Atlantic Monthly. In the opening chapter of the October issue there is the description of a heavy storm, and the writer says that during the storm matters were made more frightful by a "catamount which screamed and screamed." There is some uncertainty as to the animal mean by the catamount, and of course every one recalls the discussion in the FOREST AND STREAM as to whether the panther every really does scream. It it difficult to change popular belief, however, and I imagine that the "womanlike wail" of the panther has come to stay in our literature. Not but what Miss Johnston may have a hundred screaming catamounts in her story if she likes, for it is too good to deserve criticism from the most captious. It takes one back to the time when old Virginny was young Virginny, and full of wild men and wild beasts.

[There is no denying that the panther screams.]

News from the Gros Ventre.

I have received to-day the wedding cards of Miss Edna Pettigrew, of Jackson, Wyo., and Mr. Wm. Wells, of Wells, P. O., Wyo., announcing the marriage as having taken place Aug. 15. Mr. Wells is very well known to almost all the men who go West after big game, and I am sure all will wish him and his wife a very long and happy life in their mountain home.

News from Minnesota.

Latest reports from Kabekona camp in Minnesota say the weather is fine and duck shooting and bass fishing good. Mr. Frame, of New York, caught twenty-one bass in five hours; total weight, 77lbs. Twelve guests were in at that writting: Messrs. Geo. P. and Wm. H. Miller and Mr. F. Bloodgood, all of Milwaukee; Mr. and Mrs. Hepburn, Chicago; Chas. P. Frame, New York city; Edward B. Ellicott and Chas. S. Reed, of Chicago; C. V. Edmund, Louisville, Ky.; J. M. Kulp, Washington, D. C. No muscallunge reported, as the parties are all having good time enough at bass and birds.

News from the Kankakee.

The Kankakee River is not much good for bass this fall, thouhg a few are being taken. A week ago a few woodcock were seen near Davis. Two weeks ago Mr. C. C. Hess, of this city, made a decent bag of snipe at Lorenzo. There are a few snipe in now, but I cannot say much in encouragement of those who expect very big bags. Try Shelby and Koutts.

Movements of Western Sportsmen.

Oct. 21.—Dr. J. N. Crouse left for Tolleston Club yesterday evening for a try at the ducks to-day. He says that a good many ducks are reported in on the Tolleston Club marsh, and he anticipates some shooting.

Dr. H. C. Beuchner is back from the Horicon marsh. He reports thousands of ducks in on that fine preserve, but the weather too warm and mild to set them working.

Mr. S. E. Young, of this city, says that there are a few ducks along the Grand Calumet River near the Calumet Heights Club.

Mr. A. Van Sant, an attorney of this town, with three

friends, has just returned from a three days' hunt at Koutts, Ind. They killed two prairie chickens and that is all they got in the three days. The once famous Koutts snipe marsh is perfectly dry and no snipes or ducks were to be seen.

Mr. Frederick M. Otis, Harry Littlefield and Myron James, cow punchers from Buffalo, Wyo., arrived in the city this week after a thirty-three days' horseback ride. This is a good performance for their horses, for the distance is about 1,200 miles, and they claim that their traveling time was less than thirty days, an average of over 40 miles a day.

Mr. A. Hirth, of Spalding's gun and tackle department, with his young gfriend, Master Bert Heide, leaves to-day for a day's visit at Calumet Heights Club, just south of this city, where the two will be guests of one of the club members.

Mr. George Thorne, of Montgomery, Ward & Co., whom I mentioned earlier as absent in Wyoming on a big-game hunt, has returned, and I understand he is somewhat disappointed with his trip. He was lucky enough to kill one bear, but no deer or elk, the party being so unforunate as to get in behind a hunting party of Indians who had pretty much cleaned up all the game.

Where Are the Ducks?

Dr. Alfred Hinde, of this city, came into my office today and asked me where he could go to get some duck shooting somewhere near Chicago. I had to tell him that I did not know where he could find what he wanted. Ten years ago it would have been pretty safe to say, at this time of the fall, that the Doctor could have safely risked a trip to any of the better known points on the Illinois or the Kankakee rivers, for though he might not have made a very big bag, he could have counted on seeing a few birds, at least. To-day the Kankakee marshes are nearly dry, and I should not like to send any one there with the idea that he might get much shooting. The best of the Illinois River marshes are preserved. Fox Lake, Illinois, is shot out and has been for years. The best part of Lake Koshkonong is preserved and Dr. Hinde himself told me that on Lake Poygan and the Winneconne marshes of Wisconsin, where he formerly shot, there were very few birds this fall. I told him there were some birds on Horicon marsh, but that is a preserved marsh. I mentioned the Preston Lake country, of South Dakota, where Dr. Hinde formerly shot, but that seemed a good way off, and a bit uncertain at that. So did Dawson and Devil's Lake, of North Dakota, though I hear there is good shooting there this fall. I had to admit to Dr. Hinde that duck shooting in this part of the West seems to be pretty much a minus quantity this fall. I advised him to wait and go to Texas in the winter. It may be that we will get a flight of Northern birds ahead of some storm this fall, but they have no place to stop in this region, and if they drop in for a day or two will probably be gone before a shooter can get down to where they are.

Dr. Hinde and I both concluded that shooting in these days was a matter of non-resident sport, and under a license at that. He does not approve of exacting a license of non-residents, but I can't see that the matter is vital, for the game is going fast enough, not only in Illinois, but in Dakota and Texas, and the harder it is to get the better chance it will have. Men nowadays travel any distance to get shooting, and even these long trips are disappointments, though made to the best grounds of the West. According to Dr. Hinde we are bound to come to the Old World system of game preserves before long, and this I think is no doubt true. The American public will see fences erected around the game, and the greater part of the American public will be outside the fence, and it will be there because it belongs there. The shooters of America have squandered their resources, and it is ancint history that the spendthrift eventually goes broke. If the citizens of this country wanted their game they could always have it, and if we should begin now to enforce our game laws, or to respect our game laws, there is game enough left in this country to give abundance to all sportsmen for all time to come, so that they could alway have an open shooting country and not one of either barrenness or bars. Apparently we do not want an open shooting country, and so we will not have it. What we want is some philosopher who can explain to us how we can both eat our cake and keep it.

Toledo and the Au Sable.

The city of Toledo, O., sends a great many men annually up to the famous Au Sable River, of Michigan, where some of the anglers have established camps for regular occupancy each summer. The Au Sable is an old-time stream to some of the Toledans, as, for instance, Mr. J. W. Oswald, who first went in there twenty-two years ago. Dr. and Mrs. Barber are "regulars" on this grand trout stream, and they take their children in with them. Messrs. John A. Waite, Chas. Reynolds, Joseph Spencer, Clarence Brown, A. L. Mills, A. W. Houston, F. L. Geddes, Harry Astley, T. C. Stevens, Judge Jos. Cummings and Judge John M. Kenyon are others who are well acquainted with the Sable from the grayling days to those of trout. Judge Kenyon is a veteran rod maker, and Oswald has taken a professional photographer's pride in making pictures along this beautiful waterway of the pine woods. The Au Sable has this year been perhaps the best trout stream in Michigan, and if not everrun with inconsiderate fishing should keep up its reputation for many years to come.

Would Go Again.

Hon. Athelston Gaston, Member of Congress from Meadville, Pa., who was one of the Congressional party who made the trip into Minnesota the first of this month, writes me that he notices in the FOREST AND STREAM mention of an organization of those who made the trip, with a view to a later trip into that region next year or later. Mr. Gaston says he wants to be counted in on that proposition, and adds that he hopes to be in better health next time. There is no question that there is plenty of sport to be had in that reservation country if one had time to exploit it fully, and I hope this may be done next year or soon thereafter, and that within the confines of a national park in Minnesota.

E. HOUGH.

430 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

In the Northwest.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Bacon put it on record that reading maketh a full man, writing an exact man and speaking a ready man. So far so good; but he might have added travel a well-informed man. It is only by moving about that the truth regarding game distribution in North America to-day may be fully grasped. The widespread belief in the East that big game is becoming extinct did not tally at all with my own experience in wild Canada, and I was inclined to doubt it, until I paid a visit some few days ago to northern Washington, where I found, alas! that, so far as parts of the United States are concerned, it is unfortunately but too true.

At the Colville Mission, in northern Washington, they proved to me that within the last ten years great tracts of country have been absolutely cleaned out. Mule deer were once extraordinarily abundant, but to-day are few and far between in the neighborhood of the mission—in fact, all along the S. F. & N. below Marcus, Wash.

Yet in British Columbia there are big stretches of mountain range where the game is but little interfered with, and I think it will be many a long year before our wonderful game resources are seriously depleted. The game laws are sensible, and moreover are actually enforced, which is the vital point.

The new Crow's Nest line through the Rockies opens out a country at present swarming with game, and containing a population so scanty and so very busy with other more engrossing concerns—mining, to wit—that there will be no very heavy toll taken of nature's cattle.

In the Rockies are found moose, caribou, elk, sheep, goat, bear and mule deer. In the Columbia valley mainly deer, and in the Selkirks, goats, bear and caribou. The mallard shooting along the swamps of the Kootenay is as good as anything in the Northwest, and the same may be said of a few scattered lakes in other parts of the Kootenays, but as a rule ducking grounds are rather limited.

Possibly, however, the fishing is even better than the shooting. In most of the streams of southern British Columbia the rainbow (*S. purpuratus*) is to be found, and in his own waters he can give points and a beating to any other fishes, excepting always the sea salmon of the Atlantic and his landlocked relative. I have never played such trout as we get here. Our old friend *fontinalis* is not in it at all. One day last week I kept tabs on a 2lb. rainbow I had on. It took eight minutes to kill him on a powerful 11oz. rod, and he jumped eleven times. They like a small fly, about No. 8 hook is right, and in ordinary fishing you lose at least one out of three fairly hooked.

Then we have lake trout, and a landlocked salmon called, I believe, *Oncorhynchus kamloops* by Jordan, though the men who make a specialty of fin rays and vomerine teeth are yet squabbling over his exact status. Meanwhile fishermen are getting fine sport and can afford to wait patiently the outcome of the struggle.

ST. CROIX.

NELSON, B. C., Oct. 8.

Arkansas and the South.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 20.—Judging by the encouraging reports that come from all sections of the State this is going to be one of the very best game seasons we have had in quite a while. Deer and turkey are reported in increased numbers in all sections, while our quail crop should be unusually large, so that there is plenty of sport in store for the shooters of Arkansas and those who contemplate a trip to this State. McCrory, on the Bald Knob branch of the Iron Mountain R. R., should be a very good place for deer, turkey, duck and squirrel. Along Bayou DeView, which is a tributary of the White River, and its branches and a part of this famous river bottom there should be an abundance of mast, and as a natural consequence plenty of game. If any one wishes to try this section they should go to McCrory and from there by team to Bayou DeView, a distance of about five miles. In addition to the Bayou there is a big cypress-brake nearby and here the duck shooting is frequently very good, while up toward the head of the Bayou there is a flat open country that is grown up in switch cane which is always a favorite resort for deer and turkey. Further down this line, on what is known as the valley route, in the vicinity of Walnut Lake, is also a good point for big game. After one gets to the lake he should go up it about three or four miles and this will place him right in the game country. The only shooting to be had at this point consists of deer, turkey, squirrels and a few ducks. If one cares to go even a little further south, Hudspeth, Chico county, would be a good place, along Bayou Mason and the brakes that abound in this section. Deer and turkey are yet quite plentiful, which invariably the duck and squirrel shooting is also good. Another good point is St. Charles on the White River, or DeWitt or Gillette. All of these points are in Arkansas County and to reach them one should go over the Cotton Belt R. R. to Stuttgart and then take a branch road that runs to both of the latter places, while in order to get to St. Charles one should go to DeWitt and from there by team to St. Charles, a distance of about twelve miles. The best place in this county should be along Eses Bayou where it runs into Big Lagrue. This should be one of the best points for big game in the State. The bass fishing should also be good in Big Lagrue. DeWitt and Gillette are located on the edge of Grand Prairie, and while they are within easy access of big kame country they are right in the very midst of the finest quail shooting to be found in any part of Arkansas.

There are still some chickens in this neighborhood, but these are very scarce and have been practically exterminated by this time, so that they can not be considered a factor in making a trip to this country. All the above mentioned points are in what is known as the bottom land. However, there are places among the hills where good shooting can be had. Mena, in Polk county, is a good place and this is right among the hills, and in one of the wildest sections of the State. Here one will find deer and turkey and an occasional bear. Mena is on the Pittsburg & Gulf R. R., in the northwestern part of the State, not very far from the Indian Territory line.

The best season of the year for a trip of this kin about the 10th of November until the middle of Decem at which time we are usually favored with good weat The shooter contemplating a trip of this kind and is also fond of fishing, I would advise to bring his with him, as the bass which are very pletiful in our la and bayous usually bite good during the month of vember. I have heard of some very large catches on Cache and St. Francis rivers. The weather during present month has been very warm, while during Sept ber it was unusually cool, so cold in fact that we had first flight of northern ducks, and I know of a few m ards that were killed in the vicinity of Little Rock, du this period, while several good bags of teal were recor

PAUL R. LITZK

A Letter of Frank Forester's

PROBABLY no man ever did more for true sportsm ship than Henry William Herbert, "Frank Forester." inclose a letter which has been in my possession for s time, which I value very highly, as it is thoroughly c acteristic of the man. Col. Trumbull, to whom the le was written, was the artist who painted so many portr of the officers of the Revolutionary War.

H. N. MUNN

THE letter sent by Mr. Munn has added interest cause Col. Trumbull, to whom it was written, was famous painter of Revolutionary portraits, whose torical pictures are in the Rotunda of the Capito Washington, New York City Hall, Yale College elsewhere. Born in 1750, Trumbull was by fifty-s years the senior of Herbert, who was born in 1807. date is given in the letter; but the reference to Huddart, in whose school Herbert was a tutor, indic that it was written between 1830 and 1835. It reads:

My dear Colonel:

It is with the greatest regret that I am compelle write this apology to you; but the fact is that on Satur while out shooting a pliable bough lashed me with s violence in the eye that I am neither comfortable no to be seen, nor dare I venture to face the weather. have avoided writing this until the very last mom trusting that I should have been well in time to acc pany you; but sorry I am to find myself to-day far little well to venture on the journey. I will, howe exert myself to the utmost to come up to New Ha on Friday week, or (if anything should occur to pre that, which I do not foresee) I will undoubtedly be v you on to-morrow fortnight. I must beg you to al me to postpone the settlement of my little debt to to the same time, as the same cause which hinders from going with you has precluded the possibility of seeing my paymaster, Mr. Huddart. Pray believe

Ever your most sincere and obliged

HENRY WM. HERBER

74 MERCER STREET.

A Birthday.

I HAD a birthday lately. I used to have such thi once a year, when I was younger, but lately they app to come every full of the moon. I started out to celeb with Lou G. for company. Lou is an old buffalo hu —old in experience, but not in years. Given 87 acres in one piece of land in South Dakota, with du and chickens squandered through it, one had a chanc celebrate with freedom.

A word as to the color of the clothing I wore: D green describes it. Did you ever notice that ther no such color in nature as the popular dead grass cl ing sold in gun stores? Grass, even when the s falls on it, is somewhat green; some of it is dead brown, but not all. I have a suit of the dirty gr shade the market-hunter's duck boat is painted.

Dike a man in the "braw new claes" usually s and if he won't show yellow why my eyes deceive But this shade cannot be seen readily, even by the green head, as he goes rubber-necking along in middle of the day.

We had a long spring wagon, in which we had pl of room for our feet, and our five dogs could lie d on hay and not get underfoot. About two miles out old mallard got too familiar, and Lou said, "I knoc the snow out of him." There, boys, a new term is vented. Knocked the tar, stuffing, and all that does go any more. The dead-center shot makes the feathers fly like snow. It's clean, poetical and desc tive.

Along toward noon we put up a bunch of chickens, I sat in the rig with my gun ready. I had the pleas of seeing one drop on each side of me, as they flus wild and split as they passed the team on hurtling wi to sail over the hill out of sight. Lunch behind wheat stack, a whiff, a ten minutes' nap, and Lou sa "Better get your hook in the water if you want to ca anything"—good advice, that, in many things, includ love, business and hunting.

After noon the sky was overcast, and the day bec ideal; the dogs did grand work, and we gathered th in as the man swallowed the thermometer—by degr

An Indian had put up his tepee near the lake, and j about set of sun we struck great luck hard by it. I won if two things will not disappear together—the Indian the game he hunted. To me the somber, prison-l stone castle of the town bears little of the lines of bea that the tepee does when seen from a distance. But men are not alike. I would rather, as did the Doug "hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak.

Take this one day, for instance, and what could h been more enjoyable? A good team, some good d and that fine bird, the chicken—in quantity enough please, but not to satiate—a companion who co instruct even an old-timer like me; and nothing lacki What did I learn? Why, just how to kill a cripp duck on the water the first crack when only his h shows. How many, many shots I have fired at that h and neck, which is larger than a ten-bore shell, and h missed; not missed, but failed to kill; splattered the s all over him too. "Now," says Lou, "see the whole d over the gun. You are not shooting at him, but un him. Shot goes in a streak a yard or so long. If the fr

end does not catch him the middle and the rear end will hit the water, bounce or glance, and catch him certain."

You try it. My word for it, the idea is a good one and new to me.

I asked myself this question at night: What was lacking on this birthday? I could find no flaw. And how many such perfect days of full enjoyment are given a man in a year—say a lifetime even, if you will—when you enjoy every moment, and not a single thing agley? I have seen few enough. PINK EDGE.

In the Deer Woods.

PORTLAND, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is fitting that your columns should be advised of the intents and purposes of a party of nineteen nimrods who left here the morning of the 2d inst. This party went by special car over the Pennsylvania, C., M. & St. P. and N. P. route to Helena, Mont. Their time limit is forty-five days. There are some very good hunters in the party, and if they succeed in reaching a big-game country they will no doubt bring home something to show for the trip. As for me, I feel as I imagine a hunting dog feels when chained to his kennel while neighboring dogs are barking in the nearby woods. All I can do is to live over the past and plan for the future. Dr. Mackey is the only member of my club who went on this trip, and now when I meet the other boys something is said about a trip to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan in November. Of course I am getting the buck fever pertty badly, and may break "the chain" ere the deer season opens.

I never had the buck ague—these shakes that cause a shooter's gun to wobble all over the mark—and when I read of a hunter having one of these nervous chills I think of a day's shooting near Witch Lake, between Floodwood and Republic, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul's North Star road. The day was an unusually exciting one, albeit I did not have an unusual amount of game to show for it.

Some of your readers have been over the ground, and know where the spring is at the east side of the railroad, a mile south of Witbec Station. At this point I left the railroad and started east, but ran on to fresh tracks on the first high ground I struck, and spent some time looking from the top of a stump over a burned section that lay to the east. After satisfying myself that the deer were not in the clearing, I went on a few steps, and was letting my nerves down to their normal pitch, when they were set tingling by a large buck breaking cover to my right and going at racehorse speed across my front. He was following an old graded timber road, while I was on a hill some 25ft. above him and about 75yds. distant. He laid his antlers back over his shoulders and gave me the prettiest exhibition of speed I have ever seen in deer. I shot three times, but must have overshot him. Then he was lost in a turn in the road.

I thought of Mark Twain's jack rabbit. Of course I found fault with myself, and said that I should have held lower and further forward; but the next thought was that it was no use to speculate, for I would never have the same opportunity again. So I went down into the old road and followed it to where it turned to the left, then started east across a deep basin that was spanned by fallen timber. I was about midway, and picking my steps among the slick poles some 15ft. from the ground, when a deer broke brush on a hillside in front of me. This was a second surprise. This deer was not more than 200yds. from where I had just fired three shots from my .38-40. The hill was covered with small brush, and I could see the outline of the deer at the summit. I fired at what I thought was its shoulder and saw it go over the hill. I then finished my trip over the dry basin and found plenty of blood where the deer had stood. I trailed that deer by blood drops more than a mile. Finally I came to a ridge that was paralleled on the right by green timber; but the ridge and to the left had been cut over. I trailed up the end of the ridge, and near the top came to a large pine stump. Here the deer had doubled on its trail, and I concluded it had lain down not far away. To get a view I stepped on a spur root, then on top of the stump, bringing up my gun to a "ready." Here was my third surprise of the morning. Lying on top of the ridge and at a spot which proved to be just forty-five steps distant was a large buck, and he was looking at me. There was nothing to screen him but a few small sprouts. His right shoulder was toward me, and his right eye was the most tempting mark I ever drew bead on. I hit his eyeball in the center. I had no time to think how cruel it was. It was a morning of surprises. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

The New Jersey Snipe Law.

NEW JERSEY, Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Perhaps you can inform the public of the meaning of the game laws of New Jersey, made by the great minds of the sportsmen and statesmen who hold forth at Trenton.

In the spring when the breeding time is on, and the birds have mated, wild and thin, not being in a condition to eat, the game laws of New Jersey permit the killing of the English snipe, but in the autumn the season closes on Oct. 1. A very few birds were killed during that month on the meadows of the upper Passaic River, Pine Brook (of Frank Forester's fame), Hanover Neck and Whipping meadows. The past few days the above named stretches have been fairly alive with birds. I believe a bag of twenty-five could be easily made in one day by a moderate shot. They are big, fat, lazy fellows, and have to be fairly kicked out of the grass. The game wardens are on the alert, and quite rightly, for it is their place to enforce the law, right or wrong. Are there not enough sportsmen in New Jersey to see this law repealed?—for it is simply an outraging one. H. N. MUNN.

DON'T SHOOT
until you SEE your deer—and see
that it is a deer and not a man.

Greater New York Robin Shooters.

HAD the librettist of "Mikado" been a resident of Fort Hamilton when he wrote the Dicky Bird song, with its chirp, chirp suggestion, his lyric might have touched the highest point of realism.

It is no operatic influence, however, which endears the dicky bird and his fellow chirper, the robin, to the residents of Fort Hamilton. It is guns. On account of the tales of danger which come floating into town no attempt has been made to investigate, but if reports be true, a trip to market is a hazardous experiment and a peep over Knoth's back fence, certain suicide. A pen picture of daily life in Fort Hamilton is vividly portrayed on the page of a houseowner's diary. He writes:

Thursday, Oct. 19.—Had a narrow escape this morning; at 7:30 was awakened by the rattle of musketry on my left, rather heavier than usual; went to the window and raised the shade and just as I did so a double charge of buckshot carried away the sash. I was uninjured, except for a cut on the head and black eye. Neighbor Thompson was in the yard next door with a smoking gun in his hand. "Beg your pardon, old man," he said, laughingly; "did I hit you? Awfully sorry, you know. There was a robin on your window sill." Think I will buy a gun like Thompson's to-day and shoot robins on his window to-morrow at dawn. 6:30 P. M.—Some of the feathers of my wife's theatre hat were clipped off clean by a round of shot on the street at noon. I told her to leave the hat as it was. It would be a good thing. Have bought a gun like Thompson's.

Now it will be seen what a state of affairs exists in Fort Hamilton and all because of the robins. Before consolidation, when New Utrecht and all other places on the road to Coney Island were independent towns, the authorities permitted unlimited bird shooting. Every fall robin potpie was plentiful in the homes of suburbanites who knew how to shoot. When Brooklyn absorbed the outlying towns, the law which forbids discharge of firearms on the city streets, albeit they are cornfields or uplands, went into effect and for a while the birds lived in peace instead of pieces. With this fall a revival has arrived, and the householders who came from the city and who are unused to buckshot have filed objections of a most strenuous character.

It must not be supposed that the people object to robin shooting on general principles. They don't. It is only when the shooters hit other things beside robins that the news residents make trouble, and here is where Knoth's back fence gets into the game. William Knoth keeps the Park Hotel on Fort Hamilton avenue, near Sixty-seventh street. Round about it is a summer garden, where the mounted police of the Fort Hamilton precinct are said to cool their fevered brows on torrid days, while their steeds cool off in the wagon shed. From the fence which encircles the garden it is stated an excellent view may be obtained of several shattered window panes and a variety of clipped twigs, for Knoth's Hotel, according to the accounts of nearby residents, is the rendezvous of a band of bird hunters. Every morning, so the residents declare, a small army of shooters gather near the gas tank close at hand and commence to bang away at robins, sparrows and everything else that flies. As might be supposed, the windows, not being good dodgers, suffer most. If any one happens to be behind a window when a load of buck shot travels that way it is hard luck. Knoth, it is said, is well supplied with shotguns, and every one who visits his hotel is invited to have a whack at the robins. The residents of the neighborhood have notified the Fort Hamilton police, but as yet the authorities have not given the order to "cease firing."

An old veteran of New Utrecht, who is accustomed to shooting robins every year and whose place of business is in the city, out of range, is indignant at the summary action taken by the people.

"What if they do shoot off guns indiscriminately down there, he argued, "it's a good idea. What is it that suburbanites complain of most after six months' existence out of town? It's nothing to do; lack of excitement. Say, what better excitement does a man want for himself and children than dodging shot? It makes a man thoughtful and courteous, too. If he knows there is a strong possibility that he will be shot in a few minutes do you suppose a man will neglect to bid his wife good-by when he leaves her in the morning? No, you can just wager he won't. So that helps. As for the danger, while I admit a man is much more likely to be hit who isn't aimed at than one who is, I don't believe that the proportion of people injured in Fort Hamilton is more than one in ten. Children are not nearly so likely to be shot as their elders, because they are shorter and the bullets fly over their heads. On Sundays I really think, though, some check should be put on the sport when it is carried to excess on the streets. I would not blame any mother for being angry if after she had dressed her children up in their best for Sunday school an ounce of buckshot, striking the road, dashed dirt all over them. There is right on both sides in this as in everything."

Meanwhile the robins flourish. They seem to thrive on bullets and their saucy "chirp, chirp" is heard daily in the woods and fields.—Brooklyn Eagle, Oct. 20, 1899.

Rhode Island Notes.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* S. L. Peck, of East Providence, killed another fox on the 18th in Rehoboth. This makes six foxes that Mr. Peck has killed this season.

Messrs. William E. Viall and W. B. Hazard, of this city, have just returned from a successful week's hunting trip in the Adirondacks, and among other evidences of their good luck and marksmanship have brought back two handsome bucks, weighing about 150lbs. each, shot near Great Moose Lake. W. H. M.

Shooting Resorts.

WE exercise a good deal of care to publish in our advertisements of shooting resorts only such announcements as are responsible. In this way we seek to make our resort column advertisements such as may be depended upon by those who are looking for desirable shooting ground. Of most of the points named we can give additional information and shall be glad to do so upon request.

California Game.

REDLANDS, Cal., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The long, hot, dry spell that for months has prevailed in this section has at last been broken by a cold rain in the valley and snow in the adjacent hills.

Notwithstanding the heat, shooters have been out for quail. On Sunday last L. D. and W. C. Whittemore, Will Martin and Bruno Breakhill killed fourteen quail and eighteen rabbits. Six other shooters got twenty-four quail. Two shooters, whose names I refrain from giving because they violated the Riverside county law, killed fifty quail near Moreno. They violated the law which limits the bag of quail to twenty to the gun, and also violated the anti-exportation clause by bringing their game to Redlands.

Two of the Whittemore brothers saw an immense flock of ducks pass over Redlands yesterday. They are reported numerous near the coast. A flock was near Lakeview a few days since. REELFOOT.

Loading Buckshot.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you by even mail a No. 12 shotgun shell loaded with buckshot for deer shooting. The peculiar loading of this shell may interest you. I have never read in your paper of a similar method of holding the shot, nor have I ever before seen it, and it may be a valuable suggestion to many of your readers who contemplate deer hunting this season with a shotgun. The buckshot are first chambered, four to a layer and three layers, then paraffine is melted and when very hot it is poured in the shell over the shot. When it cools it forms a nearly solid mass. A young man who has used this load says it will open at about 30yds. and at a distance of from 45 to 60 will put from 8 to 10 shot in an object the size of a deer.

B. W. SPERRY.

Pheasants for Indiana.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 7.—Fish and Game Commissioner Z. T. Sweeny is preparing to stock the State with Chinese pheasants. As a beginning he has purchased 100 pairs from a pheasantry near Cincinnati, and these will be distributed in fifty Indiana counties. Domestic hens are to be employed in hatching eggs of these pheasants, for whose protection during the winter particular care is to be taken. Next year the State will make more extensive purchases. Mr. Sweeny says these birds are as hardy as quail, and he expects in a few years to make Indiana a great pheasant State.

A Camp Wood Fire for Broiling.

"A wood fire is not generally suitable for broiling."

So—friend Simpson? Easy to make it so!

Throw a big log across two little logs, a few feet apart. Slant a few stakes against one side of the big log and build your fire on them. Slant your broiler against the other side. The coals fall through the stakes and broil your game, and you likewise if you make too big a fire.

Would that I had right here the trout I thus broiled far up the Tusket River in Nova Scotia! "De breed am small, but de flavor am delicious!" J. P. T.

Fined for Killing a Moose.

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 21.—Alfred Muller, a restaurant keeper of Brooklyn, N. Y., was to-day fined $500 for killing a moose out of season. The game was killed at Shin Pond, on the line of the Bangor & Aroostook R. R. Muller was arrested Tuesday by Warden Neal.

"Jack, the Young Ranchman."

MR. GEO. BIRD GRINNELL, whose books on Indians are well known, recently turned his attention to a new field, and has written for boys a book with the above title, which has been published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., of this city. The volume purports to give the experiences of a New York boy on a ranch in the Rocky Mountains, and to describe certain phases of life in the cattle country as it existed twenty years ago, before the extinction of the buffalo, and before the wild Indians of old times had been brought together and confined on their reservations.

The plan of the book is simple. Jack Danvers, the hero, goes out to the Rocky Mountains with his uncle, who owns a cattle ranch there, and is put in charge of Hugh Johnson, an old Kentuckian, most of whose life has been spent in the further West, trapping, hunting and fighting Indians. With Hugh he rides about over the prairie, learns how to sit on a horse, to throw a rope, to shoot a rifle, to study the habits of game, to hunt, and generally to practice the craft of the old-time men who used to travel the prairie and the mountains. Incidentally he comes to learn something of the cattle business, sees the branding and breaking of horses, and accumulates a small stock of tame wild animals, captured while young, of which the most important and most interesting is a wolf.

Mr. Grinnell's long experience of Western life should enable him to picture that life truthfully, and his knowledge of game and hunting ought to make him a competent instructor of youth in these matters. The story of Jack's adventures is simply and plainly told, and while the boy has no thrilling adventures of the dime novel style, his life as portrayed here is full of interest and excitement. In the course of his summer he succeeds in killing a number of different sorts of game, chief among which is a mountain lion. Wolf coursing with greyhounds is one of the sports in which Jack takes part, and it was by digging out a wolf's den that he obtained the puppy, which he finally tamed and brought back to his Eastern home. Something is told of the Indians, traces of whose former presence are often seen.

In one of Jack's adventures he discovers a mysterious cave, the contents of which we shall not reveal.

Scattered all through the volume is more or less of the natural history of the regions treated, and the ways of the coyote, the antelope and some other mammals and birds are pleasantly touched on.

The tone of the book is wholesome. There is nothing in it that can harm any boy. Its hero is a fine manly little fellow, who develops rapidly under the good influence of the old man Hugh. The volume is good reading for a boy who has a bent for an outdoor life and a fondness for hunting.

One is impressed by the amount of information imparted on every page of the book, and this information is of a kind interesting to the most casual reader. The story is so told that all the way through one feels the reality of the pleasant life. Jack's faithful friend Hugh is a delightful character, with his quaint manner of speech, and his evident pleasure in "Son's" progress in prairie craft. He watches over him, advises and teaches him, and sometimes scolds a bit; as after the adventure with the mountain lion, where Jack's thoughtless rashness had brought him into a position of some danger.

The book is one that old and young alike may enjoy and value as a picture of what ranch life was to a boy a few years ago. It has one point in common with the dime novel; every boy who reads these chapters will immediately have a longing—but in this case a healthy longing—for the free, glorious life of that wonderful Western land.

The book is handsomely illustrated by eight drawings by Mr. E. W. Deming, which picture with singular fidelity the country of the high and dry plateau of the central Rocky Mountain region. H. G. P.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Water Fleas.

Prof. C. Dwight Marsh writes me from Ripon College, Wisconsin, as follows:

"Newspaper reports are not always to be trusted. Green Lake is in Wisconsin instead of Maine, and Ripon College is in the same States as the lake. I wish the papers had made no worse mistakes than in locating me; but I am sorry to say that they have made me responsible for some very strange statements.

"The work that I have been doing is on the crustacea, which, as you probably know, form the ultimate source of food for our fish. I also have in hand a somewhat extended study of the plankton, which I hope to have in shape for publication before the summer of 1900. I take pleasure in sending you a copy of my last paper on the Green Lake fauna."

So, after all, the mysis was not in Maine; but Green Lake, Wis., or Green Lake, Me., what I said of the opossum shrimp stands in all other respects as I wrote it. The paper Prof. Marsh sends me is exceedingly interesting, although it says very little in detail about the mysis and its life history; but the experiments, as I have read them, have sent my thoughts off in an entirely different direction from what I had anticipated.

The investigations relate to limetic crustacea, which for convenience and to avoid specific names as far as possible I shall group as water fleas. First let me quote a little as to where Prof. Marsh found the crustacea: "In general, we may say that depth rather than extent of surface controls the character of crustacean fauna. This is strikingly shown in a comparison of Green Lake with Lake Winnebago. Lake Winnebago is situated about twenty-five miles from Green Lake, and is about twenty-eight miles long by eight to ten miles broad. Through its whole extent it is very shallow, being for most part from 10 to 30ft. in depth. Its crustacean fauna consists of those species characteristic of shallow lakes, being very different from that of Green Lake. * * * What depth may be considered as characterizing deep lakes it is difficult to state with certainty, and I suppose it is doubtful if an exact limit can be fixed; but I think it is about forty meters."

This would be, approximately, 130ft.; but deep-water crustacea are found in shallow lakes that have "immediate and constant connection with the deeper lakes," as there is migration into them of forms characteristic of deep water. The lake that I previously referred to as the habitat of the opossum shrimp is about 200ft. deep, and as I then said had communication with the Great Lakes. Naturally I have assumed that such investigations as Prof. Marsh reports would be of the utmost value in determining the food supply of our fishes, and be a great aid to those engaged in fishculture; but now it appears to me that the angler is to be benefited directly when in pursuit of fish as a sport, when these investigations are worked out to their ultimate conclusions, by showing him where and at what times to fish to meet with success. Prof. Marsh investigated both the vertical and horizontal distribution of crustacea in Green Lake, but I quote only from his conclusions as to vertical distribution. It seems to be necessary to use the specific names of the water fleas, as they have no common names for each species; but what I wish to show will not be obscured because of this necessity:

"I had supposed that there was a general movement of the whole body of crustacea in such vertical migrations as existed. It is evident that this is not the case, for the different kinds have their individual peculiarities of distribution.

"In the case of *Diaptomus* there is little or no vertical migration from any cause.

"*Epischura* avoids bright light, and has a preference for warm water, and shows both seasonal and diurnal migrations.

"*Limnocalanus* is repelled by bright light and by a high temperature, hence its diurnal migration is more pronounced in cold weather.

"*Cyclops brevispinosus* occurs most abundantly between five and twenty meters in depth. I have no evidence in regard to its diurnal mirgrations.

"*Cyclops fluviatilis* has no diurnal migration, but in its seasonal distribution shows a preference for the warmer water.

"*Leptodora* is a surface form. I have no conclusive evidence in regard to its diurnal migrations.

"*Daphnia kahlbergienses* apparently moves toward the surface at night.

"There is no appreciable difference in the seasonable distribution of *Bosmina*. There is a distinct diurnal migration due to its attraction to light.

"*Daphnella* has a diurnal migration, due to the fact that it is repelled by the light.

"I cannot make out from my collections that the winds have any effect on the vertical distribution of entomostraca. The distribution when the surface is roughened by waves seems to be practically the same as when it is smooth. Neither is there any marked difference between dark and moonlight nights.

"It must be remembered, however, that all my collections were made at five-meter intervals, and that there may be migrations within these limits of which I have no indications. I know, for instance, from surface tows that the immediate surface is almost entirely devoid of entomostraca in the day time, but is populated in enormous numbers in the night.

"There is evidently a very marked diurnal migration of most of the forms at the immediate surface, but it would take a series of collections at very short intervals to determine the limits of the general movement."

Tables are given showing the per cent. of the various forms obtained at the different intervals of depth, but I have quoted enough to show how these investigations may naturally benefit the angler. All sorts of reasons are given why fish bite one day better than another, or at one part of the day better than another part of the same day, and fish are at one time in one depth of water and at another time in another depth. Temperature changes are often quoted to account for good fishing or poor fishing; but it is extremely doubtful if changes of temperature influence the movements of fish as much as food conditions. Here we find daily migrations of food important to all our fresh-water fishes, particularly the so-called game fishes. Some forms of food seek the light at the surface; other forms avoid it, so that fish may feed at or near the surface at dawn or evening, and be obliged to seek the depths at other times to obtain subsistence. The fly-fisher examines the viscera of his fish to find upon which of the winged insects the fish are feeding, for the time; but other forms of food are not so often sought in the same manner, and the lake or pond fisherman trusts more to what some one else has done or his own previous experience without being governed particularly by food conditions, even if he knows or thinks anything about them. The black bass is generally understood to be the most capricious of our game fishes, and those who seek this fish usually carry a greater assortment of baits than for any other fish, and even then the fisherman may return from a day's fishing with basket empty. The possibilities of the future are that instead of providing a long list of baits of various kinds, the angler will be provided with a chart showing the depths of water, and another chart showing the distribution of food in the water, vertically and horizontally, and still another chart showing the migrations daily of the various fish foods in the water. Because I have carried a thermometer and a plumb line on fishing expeditions to take the temperature of the water and find the depth of water and character of the bottom I have caused much amusement to fishing companions, and I wonder what they would say to food charts, migration and distribution, if it comes that they should be added to one's fishing paraphernalia? Stranger things have happened than this, and this is an age of investigation and progress. To be sure, to know just where and when to find one's fish will rob fishing of its speculative charm, and will be too near fishing by rule to please some anglers who like to find out from personal experience and trying, where to fish and when to fish, and which baits to use to meet with success. These possibilities have suggested themselves to me as I have read the careful investigations of Prof. Marsh. Though fishculturists will be the first to avail themselves of the results of his work, the angler may come in later and get information that will insure a full creel and make fishing with hook and line approximately an exact science.

Fly-Fishers' Club Again.

While writing the above note a letter came to me from the post office written by my daughter, now in London, from which I quote: "Last night Mr. Marston called and took us over to the Fly-Fishers' Club to show us the new quarters of the club, at No. 8 Haymarket, so we could tell you about them. Why is it that the fly-fishermen at home have no club similar to this?" Any one can search me, for I do not know why we in this country did not organize a similar fly-fishers' club years ago. There is nothing in the rules of the London Fly-Fishers' Club about the admission of women, and until my daughter wrote that she had been to the club did I know of one visiting it; but the letter suggests to me that if a club should be organized in this country, with an annex for women, relatives of members, and put some women on an organization committee, one would probably have a club before the trout rise to the fly next spring.

Purely Personal.

Another letter from the other side concludes in such a way that I cannot resist quoting its conclusion. It is from Admiral Beardslee, and written from Brussels: "With the idea that while knocking about Europe as I have been doing for a year, I should lose a large proportion of my mail, I stopped nearly all of my papers and periodicals on starting, among them the Forest and Stream; and in regard to it, I feel that I have made a mistake. I miss it very much, and do not find it on sale here. I shall return home in November, when one of the first acts will be to renew my subscription." That is a sportsman's tribute to Forest and Stream, for I had said nothing about this paper to cause the Admiral to refer to it in his letter. Perhaps because I have been writing for the paper twenty-four years next March over my own name or a pen name, and Admiral Beardslee has been writing for it for possibly nearly the same length of time at intervals over the name of Piseco, that in an interchange of letters Forest and Stream would naturally come into the mind of one or both, for he has often mentioned it in letters to me from various portions of the globe. I can understand the feeling he has for the paper, as often, for weeks at a time, I have not opened it; but the time comes always when I do open and look through each number, and I always buy it when away from home and find it on sale, knowing my own copy is waiting to be read on my return.

Tuberculosis in Fishes.

The following letter requires no introduction, as it is a query which clearly explains itself and is addressed to the State Board of Health of New York, from Hamilton, in the same State:

"Will you kindly inform me if tuberculosis is sometimes found in fishes? A certain proportion of pickerel caught in the State reservoir in the town of Madison, near here, have white bunches on their gills, to which the term 'tubercle' seems most applicable. These tubercles vary in size from that of a pin head to that of a small lead pencil, occurring sometimes singly (only one in a fish), sometimes in groups. Would a person be in danger of contracting the disease from handling the fish, even though not touching the gills? What would be the danger of eating the cooked flesh? Of course no one would care to eat them knowing them to be diseased, but might through ignorance. If desirable I can send a specimen of diseased gill if furnished with instructions for mailing. Yours, very truly, Henry Earle Rice."

This letter came to me for a reply, and very promptly I wrote that "tuberculosis" such as described, whatever it might be, could not be communicated by a cold-blooded animal to a warm-blooded animal, and probably it was a parasite not dangerous to the human family. As I read this over to affix my signature, it occurred to me that such a light and airy reply might not be suitable for so serious a query, and I sent the letter off to Prof. Garman for more serious consideration, and he writes me: "The inquiries concerning the diseased fish are not to be answered in a very positive manner. From time to time emaciated fishes, more or less blue from imperfect oxygenation of the blood, with gills partially to almost completely eaten away, have been sent to this museum in attempts to determine the cause of the trouble, and if possible to ascertain what remedies might do away with their causes. Most often it has been the case that stomach and intestines contained nothing to aid in a diagnosis. The lack of flesh was due to the lack of nutrition, which in turn was due to lack of food and impure blood, the latter taking precedence in impure water and the former in case of absence of prey. In impure water the impure blood accounts for the disease; in case of simple starvation the impurity of the blood is secondary. When weakened and diseased the fishes had become the prey of parasitic enemies, *Saprolegnia* or whatever, which decay quickly and rarely reach us in condition for determination.

"These parasites account for the ulcers and sores over the surface, and for the destroyed gills; but they commonly are consequents that would not obtain if the fish were diseased; they are not the causes of the distress. In most cases where the trouble affects more than an occasional individual, when it becomes at all general, it is due to impurity in the water and to lack of food; the latter condition in cases primarily being induced by the former. However they are affected, the dying fishes, and the dead ones, become the food of the parasites.

"In regard to tuberculosis, I know of no evidence of its occurrence in fishes.

"The description given by our friend would apply to fishes preyed upon by certain parasites, whatever the original cause of disability. For myself, I should have no fear that the disease of the fishes was tuberculosis such as affects mankind, or that, whatever it is, it is transmissible to man."

Every man who has anything to do with planting fish should commit to memory: "See that fish when planted have an abundance of suitable food, or do not plant them." Slowly but surely the people are coming to understand that fish require food and an abundance of it to be in good condition for catching or eating, and food is just as necessary for the good health of fish as it is for the good health of man. Many of the ills of fishes are traceable to lack of proper food or to some act of mankind akin to it. One of the best trout streams in New York, with water as nearly pure as any brook water can be, had a reservoir constructed near its source, flowing land cleared for the purpose of forming the pond. It was believed that the reservoir would become a great trout pond, but the dead and decaying vegetation in the overflow destroyed the food, the trout became sickly, infested with parasites and died. The water itself had a stench that would drive a dog out of a tan yard, and though the reservoir was built to furnish a village with drinking water, until it was aerated by flowing over miles of the brook's bed it was the vilest looking stuff that was ever called water; it not only destroyed the trout, but, so far as I could find, killed everything in it. So far as appearances went that pond produced in fishes all the diseases that they are heir to.

Owl Hooked by Angler.

Years ago I wrote a note giving a list of things not fishes hooked by anglers when fishing. I cannot now put my hand on the list, and I cannot remember what it contained, but a friend in England sends me an item which he says may furnish an addition to the list, for it seems that he remembers it. He cut the item from the London Telegraph, and it states that an angler fishing the River Tyne and making a few last casts at dusk hooked a heavy object in midair, which proved to be an immature tawny owl. It does not say whether the owl took the fly or was foul hooked on the back cast. I cannot recall whether I had an owl in the list or not, but I do remember that I had a deer as one of the things hooked by a fly-fisherman. In this case a friend of the late Dr. Up De Graff cast his fly over a deer that was crossing the stream as he was wading it for fly-fishing, and the deer took flies, leader and reel line, and disappeared in the brush.

Red Trout.

The red trout with forked tail, which I mentioned recently as having been caught in a lake of the Triton Club, Canada, by Mr. George Hart, of Waterbury,

onn., and sent to Prof. Garman, of Museum Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, for identification, has been pronounced by Garman as follows: "Your trout agrees best with that described by Sir John Richardson under the name *Salmo* (*Salvelinus*) *nitidus*, from Prince Regent's Inlet of the far North. It is somewhat closely allied to *S. rossii*, but differs in the sinuous outlines of the under margin of the tail, according to the figure given by Richardson, and to some extent in coloration. As you say, the color approaches to that of the imported Sunapee saibling; but these beautiful colors are present in most of the charrs, at or near the breeding season, to some extent at least."

Prof. Garman uses the term "imported Sunapee saibling" because, I presume, he discovered no difference between the saibling from Germany and those found in Sunapee Lake, and certainly the first lot of saibling eggs from Germany were sent to New Hampshire, hatched and planted in the waters of that State. If the same fish had not subsequently been found in Flood's Pond in Maine, with no suspicion that German saibling eggs had ever been taken to that State, the question of have we a native saibling would still be clouded. Dr. Quackenbos, who at first contended that the Sunapee fish was introduced, has become convinced, since the discovery at Flood's Pond, and also of the same species of fish in still another body of water in New Hampshire, that the Sunapee saibling is native to this country. Jordan contends that the saibling found its way from Europe to America through the arctic seas ages ago, and thus accounts for the structural similarity; but I do not propose to open on this subject again.

The trout skin (one-half) sent to me by Mr. Fairchild was given to him by Mr. Ranet, of St. Raymond, Quebec, who says: "The trout was caught by one of our guides in one of the lakes of the North Branch Tourilli Club, North of Quebec." To me it appeared to be the skin of *Salvelinus alpinus stagnalis*, and Prof. Garman, to whom I sent it, says of it practically what he says of Hart's trout, so that they are evidently one and the same. *S. stagnalis* and *S. rossii* are two specific names for the same fish. Jordan and Evermann call the fish *Stagnalis* because it was so described by Fabricius in 1780, while Sir John Richardson did not call it *S. rossii* until 1835. Its common name is Greenland char. Sea run specimens of the fish are plain silvery, like all other trout that go to salt water. The Northern charrs have had more specific names attached to them than would fill a page of my manuscript. One has been described and named twenty times, another seventeen times and *Stagnalis* seven times—one less than our common brook trout. An ordinary explorer would get lost wandering around in the multiplicity of specific names, species, sub-species and varieties, but as I said in a previous note, what is now desired is specimens in good order, not one but several from each locality where forked tail red trout are found in the Canadian lakes and ponds.

Influence of Food.

Mr. LeGrand C. Cramer, of Troy and Lake George, met me on the train a few days ago and told me that "Min" Wood, of Lake George, had brought him the day before four black bass weighing 7, 5¾, 5½ and 5lbs., and said "That is what food does for fish." If I refer often to Lake George it is because it is under my observation, and I know more about its fish and how it got them and the food they have, etc., than I do of other waters not so closely observed, and this must be my excuse for dragging this lake into FOREST AND STREAM so often. It is not many years ago that the record black bass from this lake stood at 6½lbs., and I say this knowing that larger ones were claimed at that time, but there was nothing to prove that 6½lbs. had been exceeded on the scales. The latest introduced crawfish; shrimps and whitefish were also introduced by the United States. Now the record is 7¼lbs. (this of my own knowledge, though larger fish are claimed), and this season alone I think something like a dozen 7lb. bass have been taken from the lake, and the food did it.

A. N. CHENEY.

The Massachusetts Commission.

BOSTON, Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At last there are to have a change in the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission. It is something the sportsmen of the Commonwealth have endeavored to bring about for a long time. The terms of Messrs. E. A. Brackett and Josiah C. Young expired on the first of the present month. Mr. Young was not a candidate for another term, and there were a number of gentlemen who were ready and willing to fill his place, and considerable work was done by their friends in their behalf, and some really excellent material was brought to the attention of the appointing power. This week Governor Wolcott settled the matter by reappointing Mr. Brackett and nominating Captain Joseph W. Collins, of this city, to the other place. The latter appointment appears to be an ideal one, in that Captain Collins has all the justifications for the position. He is a native of Maine, and for many years he was a fishing skipper from Gloucester. Many years ago he attracted the attention of Prof. Baird of the Smithsonian Institution and in 1879 he became a member of the United States Commission, and made a very elaborate inquiry and report of the fisheries of New England for the tenth census, under the direction of Prof. Goode. In 1880 he was on the staff of the United States Fish Commissioner to the international fisheries exposition at Berlin, and later he represented the United States Fish Commission at the World's Exposition at Chicago. His last scientific work was to prepare and represent the exhibit of the United States at the international exhibition in Bergen, Norway, in 1898. In all these positions he showed a knowledge of the subjects intrusted to him and an executive ability of high order, and it seems plain that the people of this Commonwealth are to be congratulated that such a man has been secured for the Commission. That there is a large field open to him, no one who knows how the Commission has been conducted in recent years, can have the least doubt. It is understood that Captain Collins will be made chairman of the Commission, and it is to be hoped that his first official act will be to establish headquarters in the State House, where those who wish may consult him when they desire to do so. The laws relating to the protection of fish and game, as they stand on our statute books, are fairly good, and we trust and believe that under the administration of Captain Collins new life and vigor will be put into their execution.

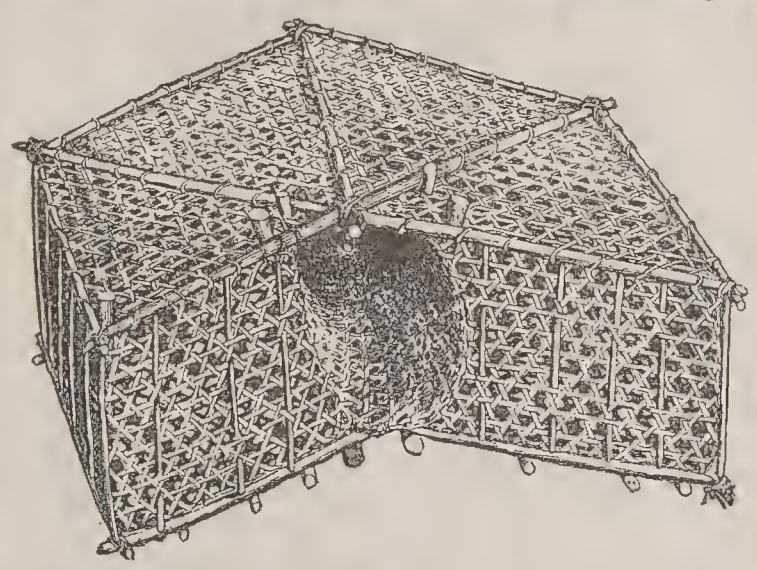
WILLIAM B. SMART.

Fishing in Porto Rico.

MR. W. A. WILCOX, agent of the United States Fish Commission to investigate the fishes of Porto Rico, has made a report which contains an account of fishing methods and fishery statistics at the several ports. It is issued as an advance report from the Commission's Report for 1899. Fishing for sport, says Mr. Wilcox, may possibly receive more attention in the future than in the past, as a large number of mountain streams and lakes are more or less supplied with fresh-water fish, while numerous species are available in salt water. Many of the species are brightly colored and curiously marked, and make a very attractive appearance when first caught. Many of them have fine edible qualities. The fishing for a livelihood is not carried on to a large extent anywhere in Porto Rico, and scarcely at all for sport. A few fishermen at the several ports make a living by fishing, plantation work, and labor at the docks on vessel cargoes. The professional and semi-professional fishermen number nearly 800, and employ about 350 sail and row boats. The local fisheries yield numerous species of fine edible fishes. In view of the large amount of dry and pickled fish imported, it is at first surprising that so little attention is given to this business. As a rule the local demand is indifferently supplied with fresh fish, usually at high prices. Ice is never used, and only the few fish taken of large size are dressed. None are canned, and the only attention given to curing is when an extra large catch is made, a few being then poorly cured for the home use of the fishermen.

In past years the best of the business was monopolized by the few persons interested who had means to buy the exclusive right to fish at the most favorable localities, such as near the outlets of streams and and at other desirable places along the coast. Rights were advertised and sold at auction by the authorities. At some ports the local authorities imposed a special tax on all fresh fish landed.

Under Spanish rule all fisheries were in charge of an officer known as the captain of the port. Any person wishing to engage in the business was obliged to procure from him a license and be enrolled in the reserve naval force, licenses being granted only to subjects of Spain. Boats were numbered and a record kept of licenses, men, apparatus, and to some extent of the products. Unfortunately for our knowledge of the former extent of the local fishing industry, the records of the captains of the ports were either destroyed or carried away by those officials at nearly every port when the change in government took place.



A PORTO RICO FISH POT.

With the change of government, the granting of exclusive fishing privileges in the waters of Porto Rico and its adjacent lands was abolished by an official order.

The apparatus consists of a limited number of nets, trawls and trolling lines, and many wicker-made pots or traps. It is of the most primitive character, and is made by the fishermen.

Hoop nets are of funnel shape, the large end being oblong, 6 by 4 ft., and 6ft. in depth, of 1in. stretch mesh. The netting is fastened at the large end to a piece of poma rosa wood, such as is used for hoops on hogsheads. These nets are used at holes or indentations in the banks, against which they are placed; the ground in the vicinity is pounded or punched with feet and pole and the fish frightened into the net.

Cast nets, with the local name of nasa de arco, are also used in small streams and along the sea beaches. They are funnel-shaped, the large end being 6 to 10 ft. wide, tapering off through its 6 to 8ft. of depth to a point to which a line is attached; the netting is 1in. stretch mesh, with the bottom leaded. In its use the net is gathered up on the arm of the fisherman, the narrow or pointed end being held in one hand, while the net is partially opened by holding the lead line between the teeth and grasping it with the other hand at a point conveniently distant from that where it is so held, as with a dexterous whirl he casts the net from him over the water. If properly thrown, it spreads wide open before striking the water, and in this position sinks to the bottom, after which it is immediately drawn in and the catch removed. Cast nets have a value of $5, and yield a variety of small fishes and shrimp.

At Palo Seco fish pots are set in the river and bay and outside of the harbor. When used in the river they are attached to the shore by a line; when used outside they are weighted with stones and anchored to a buoy, although when well water-soaked they need no weights. This is one of the few localities in which pots are baited; the fishermen report using in them burned bones, hoofs of cattle, and sour or decayed oranges. These pots are similar to the New England lobster pot, and differ in general construction from those in common use elsewhere around the island. They are 4 to 10ft. long by 1½ to 5ft. in diameter, with funnel entrance at one end only and a trap door on the top, by which the catch is removed. They are made of bamboo splints. Pots are left anchored over night, and the catch is removed in the morning.

Gill nets are about 600 ft. in length by 12 ft. in depth, with mesh of 2in. bar. They are drifted with the tide in the bay. Often the water near the nets is pounded with poles to drive fish into the meshes. Hemp twine from Spain is used. For haul seines No. 8 twine is used in the wings and No. 5 in the bunt. The fishermen pay 75 cents a pound for this twine, buying a few balls at a time.

Trolling hooks are used outside of the harbor of San Juan as far as ten or twelve miles, but fishing with them is not followed with any regularity. In troll fishing large fish are caught, the largest being the arbujo, which is taken in deep water at all seasons and is said to weigh as much as 50 or 100lbs.

Fish weirs or traps are used in the Bayamon River by building a hedge of canes across the stream with a gateway for passing boats. The hedge is made with indentations or pockets at various places on each side. Fish in their movements up or down stream enter these pockets and are taken out with dip nets. In some streams hedges have no pockets, but instead, funnel-shaped cones of bamboo or cane splints are inserted at various places. Fish seeking a passage through the hedge enter these cones and become wedged, few escaping.

Fishing is carried on at all seasons, fish being most plentiful during July. Dynamite has sometimes been illegally used to kill fish in some streams and in the bay.

Turtles are found at all seasons at Arroyo, being most plentiful from September to the last of December, during which time they deposit their eggs in the sand of the beach. The catch is small, and made only when turtles are found on shore. The value of the fishery lies chiefly in the shell of the hawksbill, for which the fishermen receive $3 a pound, Spanish money. The largest shells weigh from 5 to 6lbs.; the meat is sold to the natives at 4 to 6 cents a pound.

In the latter part of November, 1898, this section was fished for turtles by the crews of two small cat-rigged vessels from the English island of Tortugas, who used large-mesh nets, to which wooden decoy turtles were attached, the nets being set near the coral reefs off the harbor of Arroyo. The vessels remained two weeks, and is was reported that a fair catch was made.

Between April and September trolling lines are used, chiefly for kingfish, which are said to weigh from 20 to 30lbs. on the average, some being much heavier. Among the other fish taken in trolling are the capitan and barracuda. Trolling is done between sunrise and 8 or 9 in the morning.

Fish pots are used in from twenty to twenty-five fathoms of water. They are lifted once a day in removing the fish. The pots are of larger size than at most places, being 6ft. long, 3ft. wide and 18in. deep. The frame is of mangrove wood, and the body of split wild cane, woven in 2in., six-sided meshes. The body and frame are fastened togethed with calabash roots that are very strong, and after being water-soaked, pliable. A small door in the back of the pot permits the removal of the catch. No bait is used in the pots, as its presence attracts the numerous sharks, which often destroy pots containing fish. These pots have a wide mouth, the entrance narrowing as it passes with a curve into the pot. Fish entrapped do not often escape, and serve as decoys to other fish. From six to twelve pots are used by each boat.

Eastern Fish in Pacific Waters.

THE following tables give an interesting and instructive exhibit of the success which has rewarded the enterprise of stocking the streams of the Pacific Coast with species transferred from Eastern waters. The stocking was done by the United States Fish Commission.

Statement of the pounds of striped bass and of shad caught in the waters of California and handled by San Francisco dealers, 1890-98:

Striped Bass. Year.	Pounds.	Shad. Year.	Pounds.
1890	*5,000	1893	929,136
1891	*25,000	1894	270,807
1892	*50,000	1895	146,399
1893	80,793	1896	306,245
1894	149,997	1897	*375,000
1895	252,177	1898	435,718
1896	363,747		
1897	*393,000		
1898	421,663		
	1,741,377		1,963,305

*Estimated.

Mr. Cheney, the State Fishculturist, whose contributions for so many years to FOREST AND STREAM are well known, has no equal as an authority on fish and fishing. The annual State reports of the Forest, Game and Fisheries Commission, which are prepared by Mr. Cheney, are the most elaborate and handsomely illustrated works of that character ever attempted.—Town Topics.

If you have the *Game Laws in Brief* you have the authority on fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It will tell what you want to know; and what it tells you may depend on. Time, money and pains are expended to make the *Brief* an accurate and safe guide.

NOTICE.

THE New York Clearing House has adopted new regulations governing the collection of checks and drafts on banks outside of the city. This entails a collection expense on those who receive such checks. Our patrons are requested, therefore, in making their remittances to send postal or express money order, postage stamps, or check or draft on a New York city bank or other New York current funds.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 15-18.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show. Marcel A. Viti, Sec'y.

Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 23.—National Beagle Club's tenth annual trials. G. Mifflin Wharton, Sec'y.

Oct. 25.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut field trials. John E. Bassett, Sec'y, New Haven.

Oct. 31.—Greene Co., Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's fifth annual field trial. A. C. Peterson Sec'y.

Oct. 30.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. A. D. Fiske, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Washington C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Nov. 8-9.—Lakeview, Mich.—Michigan Field Trials Association's second annual trials. E. Rice, Sec'y.

Nov. 12.—Bicknell Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's first annual trials. George D. Maxfield, Sec'y.

Nov. 13.—Egg Harbor, N. J.—New York State Field Ttrial Association's inaugural trials. F. F. Rick, Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 14-17.—Carmichaels, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's fourth annual trials. J. W. Simpson, Sec'y.

Nov. 17.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 21.—Lawrenceville, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.

Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

National Beagle Club's Trials.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I., N. Y., Oct. 23.—The first day's trials of the National Beagle Club's field trials were held here to-day. The first event run was the Futurity Stake, in which two dogs started: Dr. Bohannon's Wise and G. D. Tilley's Ichabod. After half an hour's work the judges decided in favor of Ichabod. Charles R. Stevenson's Dorey's Woodman and Geo. R. Post Jr.'s Somerset were the first pair put down in the open class A, which had fourteen entries. Dorey's Woodman was awarded the heat. In the second heat Geo. F. Reed's Prompter won over Geo. A. Clark's Murray. The next pair were to have been Windholm Kennel's Robino II. and John Caswell's Ranter, but no game could be found, and this heat, with the four others scheduled for to-day, had to be called off.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. H. Rieman Duval, of East Islip, L. I., informs us that, in the entries of the Eastern Field Trials Club's All-Aged Stake, in our columns last week the sire of his dogs as given was erroneous. It should have been Rip Rap instead of Rip Saw.

Monk of Zion (A. K. C. S. B. 31,110), whose portrait we publish this week, is a son of the famous Monk of Furness, and is a handsome dog, as also was his sire. He is owned by Mr. F. I. Richards, of Providence, R. I., who purchased him recently from Dr. W. L. Gardiner, of San Antonio, Tex. Monk has had a thorough field experience and is prized highly for his merits.

Mr. C. T. Brownell, of New Bedford, Mass., reports that he has sold twenty-one of his Gordon setters through recent advertisements in FOREST AND STREAM. He has been an advertiser in this journal for many years, and his success is evidence of what good stock and good advertising will accomplish.

Eastern Field Trials Entries.

EAST ISLIP, Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Bradley's letter in your issue of the 21st inst. gives Rip Saw as the sire of my entries for the All-Age. Is not this your error?

I very distinctly gave Rip Rap as the sire of my dogs. I have never bred to Rip Saw, which perhaps is my misfortune, but it is my desire to have the entry correct.

H. RIEMAN DUVAL.

[Secretary Bradley gave Rip Rap as the sire. We regret the error.]

Yachting.

IMMEDIATELY after the last race the daily papers made arrangements for a new challenge on the part of a wealthy soap boiler, the head of a large English company, but the gentleman thus selected in spite of himself for yachting honors promptly declined. It seems now that Sir Thomas Lipton has no intention of challenging before 1901; it is, however, very probable that Columbia, if not Defender as well, will visit the Mediterranean next spring and British waters later in the season.

IN spite of his very costly experience in yachting, it can hardly be claimed that Sir Thomas Lipton is as yet a yachtsman, his connection with the sport as a club member and yacht owner dating back hardly a year. At the same time he has shown himself far superior to many old racing men in the rare accomplishment of losing gracefully. However ignorant he may be of the technical side and the usages of yacht racing, it is evident that he possesses the spirit of a true sportsman in accepting his defeat calmly and graciously, with a frank admission of the superiority of his adversaries and their vessel. He has not, when beaten, quarreled with the weather or the course, trumped up imaginary protests, or endeavored in any way to excuse his defeat. The fact that he has had no good cause for complaint is of no consequence, as a bad loser can always find causes which are sufficient, at least for him and his friends. After the high hopes of success which he undoubtedly held, the disappointment of three straight races for Columbia must have been most bitter, but he has shown no signs of it in either word or action.

WITH some few individual exceptions, the daily press has, as a whole, made but a sorry showing in the late races. The races themselves have largely been treated as secondary, the one great point of each journal being to score a "scoop" of some kind over its rivals, to get out more extras in a given time or to collect a larger crowd in front of its bulletin board. In the disreputable strife of big type and "scare heads" the yellow, pink, green and characteristically colored journals have scolded, slandered and abused those connected with the two yachts, especially the owner and the skipper of the American representative. With some skillful and honest work in the reporting of the races and the interviewing of the principals, there has been much that was incorrect or untrue, and more that was unreliable; so the result is only bewildering to one who reads more than one paper. The pictorial reporting of the races has been marked by some very good work in the quick reproduction of photographs of important incidents on the day after they occurred; and by some very bad work in the way of fake drawings, showing the yachts in positions which never existed.

The "expert" business, both in technical description and criticism, has been done to death by writers who have generalized on the slender basis of a few alleged facts, these being in themselves insufficient, if not purely imaginary. The hysterical hue and cry over the poor handling of Columbia and the certainty of the loss of the Cup shows the true value of this expert criticism.

Now that Shamrock has been defeated and it is necessary to "make the punishment fit the crime" in showing how it all happened, the blame is laid to what is called her "bulldog" model. We are familiar with various feline varieties of yachts, but the canine term is unknown to us; we can only conjecture that it is used in some connection with the alleged heavy and blunt lines of Shamrock. Without attempting with the very limited data at hand to assign the reason of Shamrock's defeat, it seems to us that the model or the form of the hull had very little to do with it. So far as the mere speed through the water is concerned, the "bulldog" model in both light and heavy weather moved at so nearly the speed of Columbia as to indicate that there is much less difference than commonly imagined in the relative fineness of form and easy lines. Down the wind there was little difference, and on the wind, in smooth or rough water, Shamrock footed faster than Columbia. The one fatal defect of the challenger was in pointing; she could never be made to look where Columbia was going.

This is less a matter of model or form than of balance; of the proper disposition of the fin, the centers of effort, lateral resistance and buoyancy, and the placing of the mast and mechanical details of the rig. So far as good windward work is dependent on the actual form of the lines, all of the older Fife yachts are remarkable for the way in which this form helps out a very moderate amount of lateral plane; when Minerva defeated the American 40-footers, she did it with less draft and far less flat keel and deadwoods through the perfect form of her bow.

If the form of Shamrock were so radically wrong as some consider it to be, it is hardly likely that she would show the speed on end and through the water which she has under different conditions. It is idle to attempt to discuss the merits and defects of a vessel of which so little is really known; but it seems probable from the failure of Shamrock to windward that her most serious fault is in the balancing. It is also possible that much of this may be due to mechanical defects in her rig through which her beautiful sails were hindered from doing good work. In the last race both boom and gaff buckled so as to spoil the mainsail, seriously handicapping the vessel as a whole. There is no question that the engineering problem, the great one in these huge boats, has been better worked out in Columbia than in Shamrock; and that the greatest difference in the two lies in the spars and the gear that holds them.

As it happened, the special agreement as to breakdowns was called into service in the second race, and it possibly did some good in a way in stopping a lot of outside discussion. At the same time we have been unable to see the necessity for any such agreement. Yacht racing is governed almost as much by its unwritten as by its written laws, and one of the first of the former, based on an accepted principle in all sport, is that each competitor shall abide by his own accidents and that no competitor is under obligations to withdraw because of an accident to another. This has been the everyday practice in yacht racing from the birth of the sport, and to yachtsmen it is as binding as any rule printed in the book. There are occasional cases where a man rightly withdraws because of a mishap to his opponent; but in general, the rule that each stands by his own accidents is accepted without question. Had the principals in the present case been desirous of acting in the opposite way, either withdrawing in the event of an accident to the other, it would have been necessary to make a special agreement to that effect; but as the case stood, it was unnecessary and undesirable. Where precedent and usage are so plain as in the case in point, it weakens rather than strengthens them to make a special agreement. If the rules of yacht racing are to be extended to cover specifically every point on which a popular delusion exists, they will be complicated to such a degree that even experienced yachtsmen will be at a loss to interpret them.

BEING in no way informed at the outset as to the dimensions and the materials and methods of construction of Columbia and Shamrock, and mistrusting much that was published about the former and all the exclusive information about the latter, we have not ventured to predict in advance the winner. Even as a matter of naval architecture alone, it might have been difficult to do so with the complete design of each yacht before one for inspection and comparison; and it would be absurd without such designs or at the least an exact knowledge of dimensions and weights. As we have often pointed out, yacht designing is so much a mixture of naval architecture, practical experience and horse sense, with subsequent good handling and some chance thrown in to influence the result, that predictions made on insufficient data and a long time ahead are most likely to prove false.

Falling back on the inalienable right of hindsight, there are certain considerations which have led us to look, not for three straight races in a series of five, but for the final victory of the American representative. Going back to the season of 1893, the two rival designers, Herreshoff and Fife, were about on an equality in practical experience in the 90-foot class. Each had turned out many fast yachts of all sizes below 50 feet; and Mr. Fife had gone higher; but neither had yet attempted a modern racing 90-footer. In that year Mr. Herreshoff turned out Navahoe and Colonia, both failures in a way, and Vigilant, a very successful yacht, the defender of the Cup against Valkyrie II. Mr. Fife made his entry in the big class with Calluna, a decided failure. Two years later Mr. Herreshoff, working from the known qualities good and bad of his first three boats, and influenced in no small degree by his experience with Vigilant against Britannia in British waters in 1894, produced Defender, for the defense of the Cup against Valkyrie III. Judged by her proven superiority to Vigilant, the latter being in better form than in her first two seasons by virtue of important changes of ballast and sail plan, Defender showed a wonderful advance in speed; and she easily defeated Valkyrie III. At the same time Mr. Fife produced his second large racing cutter, Ailsa, a successful boat as commonly rated. While she has raced a great deal in British and Mediterranean waters, her class has not been kept up to a standard which would test her as Defender has been tested against Vigilant, and it is impossible to say just how she would compare with them in her original cutter rig, she being now a yawl. Being built for the ordinary home racing, of composite construction, she was in no way the radical and instructive experiment in new metals, bronze and aluminum, that Defender was.

When the two designers started in last winter on the great work that has just culminated, Mr. Herreshoff had behind him Defender, a known quality, and back of her Vigilant. In designing Columbia he has worked directly from Defender, both in model and construction, to produce a still more perfect yacht for the same conditions. The dimensions were slightly increased, the outline of midship section and lateral plane slightly altered, and changes made in the construction, but there is no indication that he has departed widely in any detail from the older boat. In designing Shamrock, Mr. Fife was dealing with an entirely new problem, the rule and the conditions being materially different from those under which Ailsa was designed, while a new and very much lighter construction was absolutely necessary to success. The experience of recent years in the 65-foot linear rating class under the girth rule was of little value in the matter of dimensions and construction, however useful as far as form went; and Shamrock is largely a new, original and of course experimental creation.

By the time that Columbia was ready for trial, Defender was also in commission, having been rebuilt and newly rigged, with a steel mast and enlarged sail plan, and manned by a skillful skipper and crew. The two started in July and were regularly raced for three months, many minor changes being made in each. When Shamrock was completed she sailed a farcical trial with Britannia, an old and much smaller yacht in unknown racing form, and then came to New York, where she has been out less than a dozen times under her racing rig for practice trials of a crude sort.

It was just possible that, with his recognized skill as a designer and the aid of Thorneycroft in the mechanical details of light construction, Mr. Fife had fairly outdone Mr. Herreshoff in the important matter of carrying more ballast on a lighter hull; but taking Columbia and Defender together, the chances were against such a conclusion. It is not necessary to discuss the relative skill of two designers who stand at the very head of their profession, but the advantages, in a thorough familiarity with the rule and the conditions of Cup racing, and in the previous construction of two successful Cup defenders, were strongly on the side of the designer of Columbia.

The America Cup.

Columbia and Shamrock.

ON the day when the two yachts were measured, Monday, Oct. 2, New York had its first taste of winter weather, a fresh N.W. breeze sweeping over the East River to the discomfort of all connected with the slow and tedious work of measuring. On Saturday, Oct. 21, when Columbia was towed up from Staten Island to New Rochelle with her flags aloft in token of victory, and Shamrock was towed from Sandy Hook to the Erie Basin to fit out for her homeward voyage, the wind was again to the west of north, and with the sharp chill of winter in it. Between these two dates New York had been treated to all varieties of warm and calm weather, some days being bright and sunny, with a temperature almost fit for July, and others dreary, with a warm, dense fog such as is sometimes met with in June. Except for moderate breezes on some of the off days early in the month, the only windy day was on Oct. 20, when a cool northerly wind of about fifteen knots gave one good race. On four different days the yachts were started over the line but were unable to finish, the wind being at no time strong enough to make a satisfactory race, even with a much longer time limit. On two of the sailing days there was a light but satisfactory breeze, giving a fair test of the yachts in very light weather.

With all the drawbacks of such weather, the contest of 1899 has been the most satisfactory and conclusive ever sailed for the America Cup. Unlike all the earlier contests prior to 1893, the conditions have been absolutely fair, placing the challenger on a perfect equality with the defender, both sides building under the same rule and with the same initial advantages at the start, and the courses being in deep water on the open sea, where local knowledge was of no special importance. With his yacht designed for well known rules and conditions, and on the course several weeks before the first race, the challenger

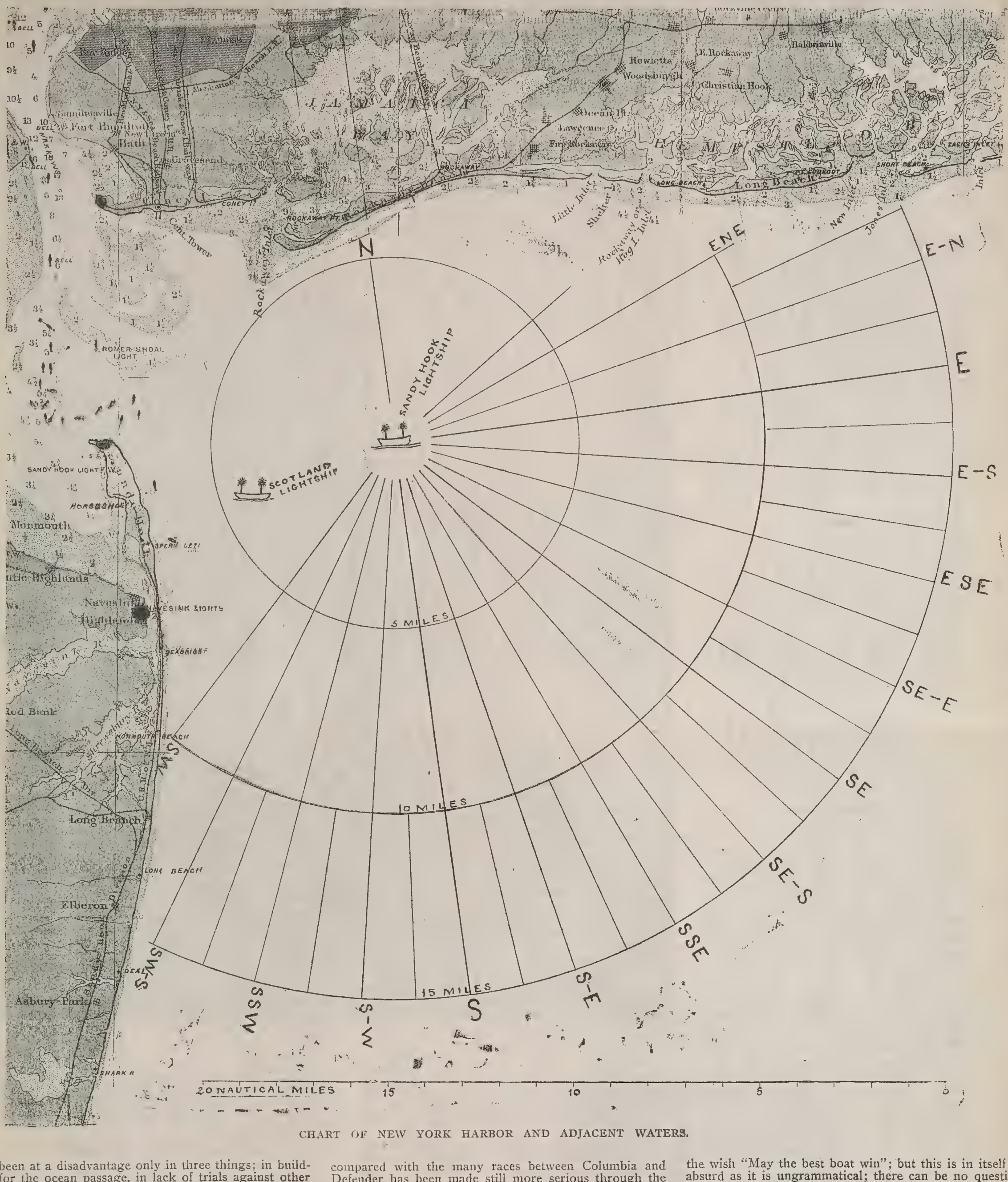


CHART OF NEW YORK HARBOR AND ADJACENT WATERS.

has been at a disadvantage only in three things; in building for the ocean passage, in lack of trials against other yachts, and in the illness and consequent absence of the designer at the important point—the racing.

The first of these amounts to very little, especially as it is more than probable that the defender was also built with a view to an ocean passage and some racing in the Mediterranean next year. It has long since ceased to be a question of matching a sea-going yacht with a harbor racing machine, as in the early defense of the Cup, and with both yachts of the same type and of all metal construction, as in recent years, there is little difficulty in obtaining the necessary strength for the Atlantic passage by a secondary system of bracing, removable for racing. The second point, the lack of thorough trials, has unquestionably been a serious detriment to the challenger, as shown in the marked improvement of both Columbia and Defender in the course of the season; it is, however, a disadvantage inherent to the case and not imposed by the defending club. It is now said by the Shamrock party that Sir Thomas Lipton attempted to purchase Valkyrie III. for the purpose of trying his new yacht against her, but that Lord Dunraven refused to sell her for such a use, although she is rotting at her moorings in the Clyde. With no competitor of her own class and little time prior to her departure for America, Shamrock came to this side an untried boat. Such solitary sails as she has had here, while serving a good purpose in familiarizing her crew with their surroundings, have amounted to little as a means of discovering defects. The loss on this score as compared with the many races between Columbia and Defender has been made still more serious through the illness and absence of Mr. Fife at the very time when his aid was most essential. His connection with Shamrock practically ceased with her docking, as he has since been confined to his room and for a part of the time so ill he could be consulted only on important points. It is difficult to say how much his absence has cost the boat, but in these great craft the question of engineering comes first, and the designer is the one person qualified to deal with the vital details of strain on the gear and the strength of the various wood and metal spars. However extensive the experience of the professional skipper, it is not to be expected that he will possess the same knowledge as the designer in the matter of the various new metals which enter into the construction of these modern racing machines. One serious trouble with Shamrock has been the breaking or buckling of her spars, both gaff and boom failing to hold her mainsail at times. How much of this might have been prevented by the personal presence of her designer muct always remain an open question; but it is certain that on the other hand the presence of her designer on board of Columbia has been of material help in this detail.

Apart from these drawbacks, due to accident rather than design, and regretted by both sides alike, there have been no ifs nor buts about the series of races; they have in spite of the weather been sailed to a point where it is plain that the fastest boat has won, and won fairly on her merits. We have heard often of late from both sides, the wish "May the best boat win"; but this is in itself as absurd as it is ungrammatical; there can be no question of relative excellence between two yachts which are equally bad and useless. Of equally extravagant cost, equally impossible draft, and equally useless type, the only possible point of superiority is in the speed under the conditions of the Cup races; and this simply means that the *faster* yacht is of necessity the *"best."*

There have been times without number in the Cup and other international races when the question of type added greatly to the interest of yachtsmen in the result, and when it was a matter of serious importance whether a yacht which was manifestly of a superior type as concerns seaworthiness, accommodation and other old-fashioned and now obsolete essentials, would also prove the fastest in racing; but at the present time the leading yachts of both nations are so similar in type and so generally unfitted for anything but match racing that the only issue is that of speed.

In the case of Shamrock and Columbia there is a practical identity of both type and dimensions that eliminates all issues but that of speed under the Cup conditions; and in this Columbia has been proven incontestably superior both in light and heavy weather. In many previous races the mere holding of the Cup has left grave doubts, the result being decided in light weather and over unfair courses which were greatly to the advantage of the defending yachts; and there has been a feeling even on the part of some Americans that under more equal conditions the result might have been different. In the present case

there is no room for such doubt, but it has been made plain that Shamrock is inferior to Columbia in both light and heavy weather in the supreme test of windward work. That she is inferior off the wind, as has also been proven, is of much less importance; as is the one point on which the least doubt is possible, that of speed on a reach.

The one plain point of the week's racing is the poor windward work of Shamrock in both light and moderately heavy weather, and this has been shown so plainly that it must be accepted even by those who cannot yet reconcile it with her apparently good showing by the wind in light weather in the first three trials. In each of these, as long as there was a working breeze, she seemed to point high and to fetch where she looked; but in the race of last Monday in very light weather, she did nothing of the kind. After this it was not surprising that she failed to point is stronger breezes.

The management of the races, like the preliminary and final negotiations for the challenge, have been carried out fairly and ably by the holder of the Cup, and no ground of complaint has been given to the challenger; while on his side he has accepted everything in the spirit in which it was offered. Most of all, Sir Thomas Lipton, if new to sport, has proved a good loser; taking the result calmly and philosophically and without the grumbling and kicking which has characterized so many international contests of late years. A great deal has been said on this point in praise of Sir Thomas Lipton and to the detriment of previous challengers; but it must be remembered that with the exception of Lord Dunraven no other has had the same good grounds for satisfaction with the conditions given him and the cordial and courteous treatment. Not only have the conditions one and all been absolutely fair and just, but they have been given freely and as a matter of right, and not doled out grudgingly under the guise of "generous concessions." It is safe to say that if some of the previous challengers had had one-half of the rights now given to the owners of Valkyrie and Shamrock, they would have accepted their defeat quite as graciously as the latter.

First Race—Windward and Leeward.

EIGHTH DAY—MONDAY, OCT. 16.

Columbia Wins, by 10 min. 8 sec.

The story of this race was told in detail last week; we now give the summary for the sake of a complete record of the series. The race was sailed in foggy weather and smooth water, the wind being east and the course 15 miles to windward. The times were:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Columbia	11 01 06	1 48 19	3 54 59	4 53 53	4 53 53
Shamrock	11 01 03	1 58 08	4 05 10	5 04 07	5 04 01

In this race the two were more nearly on an equality in the matter of canvas than in any of the trials; Columbia had had an extra row of reef points put in, just above the boom and concave to it, so as to take in the slack in the middle of the sail, and these points were tied in. The weather was damp and foggy and the effect on the American canvas seemed to be to shrink it just enough to make it sit well; Shamrock's English canvas, on the contrary, though all right in clear dry weather, was probably harder through the wetting, and in poorer condition.

Second Race—Triangular Course.

NINTH DAY—TUESDAY, OCT. 17.

Columbia Wins—Shamrock Disabled.

There has been a general desire among the patrons of the club and excursion steamers to witness a triangular race, many holding back at the outset for the second race; but Tuesday broke with the same fog that had discouraged so many on the previous trials and had kept so many home on Monday. The wind was still from the eastward and light in the early morning. There was quite a fleet of steam yachts and some of the larger steamers about the line a little after 10:30, by which time the course signals were flying, the first leg being E. by S., or to windward, 10 miles, the second S.W. ½ S., and the third N.N.W. There was more sea than on any previous day, a lively swell rolling in from off shore and jumping the yachts out until the fore ends of the fins were almost visible. Both showed club topsails, Shamrock's, though larger than Columbia's, being her second and not the big one seen once or twice in the previous light days. Columbia had her baby jib topsail up in stops, but Shamrock had none aloft, being afraid to risk the additional strain in the sea.

The two-minute interval with down-wind starts has robbed the starting of all interest, the game usually being to cross the line last, thus saving some seconds of time; but to-day the pair were out for the weather berth and first place, and the maneuvering began nearly ten minutes before the start, the two being to the eastward or on the course side of the line. They stood along on the wind with Columbia to windward, circling about in evolutions too complicated to be clearly described in words, each trying for the weather berth. They separated, one going on each side of the Lightship, then swung off, each in a large circle, coming together again just before the gun to the westward of the Lightship, with Shamrock in the lead and on Columbia's weather. She crossed at 10.00.15, with Columbia two seconds later under her lee quarter. As she neared the line Columbia broke out her baby jib topsail and carrying more way began to forge through Shamrock's lee. Both were on starboard tack as they crossed, but as Columbia quickly worked clear ahead and threw her back wind into Shamrock's sails the green boat came on port tack, just after the two-minute handicap gun. As Columbia swung about a few seconds later she was on Shamrock's weather quarter instead of to leeward, and whatever advantage Shamrock held at the line had already disappeared. There was now a 10-knot breeze or rather better, and the two, heeling to about the same angle, were jumping into the sea. Shamrock was sailed with a good full and romped ahead as on the preceding day, while Columbia was held high; but the white boat was holding on and going right where she looked, while the green one already out ahead, was well to leeward and falling off all the time. Though Shamrock was doing better work than on Monday, it was poor compared with Columbia, and within five minutes it could be seen that she was losing ground. In spite of her footing, she was crabbing off to leeward while her rival was holding on in a wonderful way.

For the first fifteen minutes Columbia gained steadily, then Shamrock with sheets a little harder seemed to pick up a little and almost to hold her own. Her mainsail was not sitting well and it seemed as though the pull of the topsail yard was throwing the head of the sail off; the main sheet was trimmed so hard to hold the gaff and topsail that the lower part of the mainsail was spoiled. The superiority of Columbia was shown within the first twenty minutes, and it was only a question whether Shamrock could be driven faster by any different trim of sheets or combination of sails; if not, she had no chance. With both on the port tack, Shamrock was in a position to come about at any time and try to force Columbia, and it seemed likely that she would do so if she considered that the maneuver would be successful. All eyes in the fleet were watching to see her tack and try it when at 11.24.30 her topmast went at the cap, the port shroud giving way in the splice at the hounds. She at once luffed up and hung in the wind, Columbia immediately luffing and then filling away on the other tack. The Erin and her tug came to her aid and men were sent to the gaff end and down along the wreck to clear it. Though the topsail yards swung against the mainsail for some time, the sail was not torn. Of course there was no chance of continuing and Shamrock passed a line to her tug and started for the Hook. Her topmast was broken at the cap, her metal topsail yard was broken and her best metal gaff sprung. The topsail was torn, but not badly. Fortunately nothing struck the deck and no one was injured.



SHAMROCK.
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Columbia took in her baby jib topsail and continued on, turning the first mark at 12:39:28. On the second leg a No. 2 jib topsail was set and as the wind fell lighter and the sea smoothed down, she set a balloon foresail when within three miles of the second mark. She was timed here at 1:33:27, or 54 minutes for the 10 nautical miles. After jibing she set her balloon jib topsail and carried it half way home, by which time the wind headed enough to cause her to shift to a second jib topsail. She was timed at the line at 2:37.17, making her elapsed time 3:37.00.

It is impossible to say just how Shamrock stood at the time of the breakdown, but she had already lost all the advantage of the start, and it is probable that if she had tacked she would have gone under Columbia's stern.

After the finish it was announced that the next trial would be on Thursday.

Shamrock was towed into the Bay and up to Erie Basin, where her tender, Plymouth, joined her. All hands set to work to get the broken spars ashore or on to the spar barge, and to ship the new topmast, made at the Basin, while the yacht was in dock, together with a new wooden gaff. The gaff carried in the races was the short steel one, lengthened after the long one broke. It was damaged when the topmast broke, but was used to the end of the races. The topsail was sent aboard the Plymouth, where Mr. Ratsey's men attended to it.

One of the amusing incidents of the day was the chase and capture by the patrol fleet of the steam yacht Vamoose, and the sending of the yacht back to New York with a naval officer in charge. The Vamoose, which was flying at the same time the burgee of the New York Y. C. and the big red flag of a press association, forced her way within the lines and when hailed by one torpedo boat tried to get away, but was chased and brought to by a shot from another. She was sent up to the revenue cutter Manning, where an officer was put on board and she was started home.

By dint of working until late at night, the new spars were shipped on board Shamrock and she also took on board some new ballast. Her crew very obligingly gave the exact weight as 3,380lbs. of lead. This necessitated a new measurement, and Mr. Hyslop, with W. Butler Duncan, representing Columbia, Jesse Connell, representing Shamrock, and Mr. Herreshoff, were at the Basin shortly after 7 A. M. on Wednesday. The new topmast was the same length as the old, 58.06ft., but the waterline now measured 88.95ft., an increase of 1.26ft., or 15in. Without casting discredit on the information so generously given by the crew to the reporters, of the exact number of pounds of lead added, it is a plain fact with an angle of not over 15 degrees between the waterline and the stem and horn timber respectively, as in all the yachts of this size and type, an addition of 15in. to the waterline length infers an added immersion of nearly two inches. To accomplish this, instead of 1½ tons it would require about 7 tons, and it is probable that Shamrock took aboard nearly this latter amount. Why she did so is a mystery, certainly not because she needed any addition to her stability, being quite as stiff as Columbia. To all appearances the result was that she trimmed by the head in the later races, but with no improvement in the pointing.

At 10 A. M. her tug passed a line on board and the challenger was towed down to the Hook, but she did not get under way. As the result of the added length, Shamrock had to give to Columbia 16 seconds time, instead of receiving from her 6 seconds.

Third Race—Windward and Leeward.

TENTH DAY—THURSDAY, OCT. 19.

Thursday brought a most welcome change of weather to the faithful few who started for the tenth time in the hope of seeing a spirited race, something in proportion to the size and cost of the yachts. The sun was shining bright, there was a light breeze from N.W. and withal it was warm and pleasant for the late fall. The only course possible was to leeward, S.E. by S., and the usual signals were given at 10:45, 10:55 and 11, the latter for the start. The wind was blowing six to eight miles per hour, with little sea. This time Shamrock was anxious to work off her time at the start, and there was some lively maneuvering within the last five minutes, but at a long distance from the line. Columbia tired of it first and started for the line at gunfire, crossing at 11.01.33. Shamrock, following astern, was caught by the handicap gun and lost two seconds, her crossing time being 11:02:02. This, however, placed her 27 seconds to the good in a close finish, or 11 seconds more than her allowance to Columbia. Both carried club topsails of good size, with balloon jib topsails in stops, Columbia breaking hers out at the line and Shamrock following at almost the same time. Spinakers were set to starboard in stops, but they were not broken out. Columbia luffed out as she crossed and Shamrock did the same, so that before long the spectators were treated to the long-expected spectacle of a reach. They lowered the working headsails and reached along, heading about South, under balloon jib topsails, mainsails and club topsails. The guide tug, on a straight course to the mark, was well to the eastward of the pair at 11:30,



COLUMBIA.
Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

though they should have been square in her wake. They held this course until 11:45, when Shamrock started main sheet and squared her spinaker boom, which had been run forward, breaking out her spinaker at 11:51; Columbia following each maneuver. In all the work thus far, slow as it was, the gain had been on the side of Columbia. They ran along in a lighter breeze and smooth water until 12:45, when Shamrock in answer to a little shift jibed over and reset her spinaker to port, Columbia following three minutes later. Nearly an hour of drifting followed. Columbia now working ahead; at 1.33 they jibed booms to port as the wind shifted to the west. A little later they set spinakers to starboard. Before the mark was reached they took in spinakers and set baby jib topsails. The turn was very slow, Columbia almost drifting up to the mark and luffing round at 2:24:45, while Shamrock though not far away did not turn until 2:31:03; to all appearances the new lead had anchored her most effectually in light weather. When Columbia turned she started home on port tack with the wind still from the west, allowing her to head well up the course. Shamrock, on the contrary, held by the mark on starboard tack for eight minutes, to her serious detriment. The wind was so nearly on Columbia's beam that shortly after 3 o'clock she set her No. 2 jib topsail in place of the baby; at 3:38 she set her balloon foresail and at 3:50 she broke out her balloon jib topsail. With the wind thus easing until Columbia laid her course in on the port tack, all of Shamrock's starboard tack was a loss of distance. At 4 o'clock Columbia was nearly a couple of miles ahead, and when the race was called at 4:24, she being then three miles from the lightship, she still held her lead. The wind was very uneven and fluky all the way in from the turn, and Columbia perhaps had the better of the little flukes, but she had fairly outsailed Shamrock on the way out, and it was plain that with her added ballast the latter had no chance of winning in the weather in which she showed to such good advantage in the first three days.

ELEVENTH DAY—FRIDAY, OCT. 20.

Columbia Wins by 6 Min. 18 Sec.

Friday morning was cloudy, with a moderate northerly breeze that at last promised to hold. When the fleet reached the Lightship the wind, now N. by E., was blowing from 15 to 16 miles an hour, with the sea covered with whitecaps. The only possible course was to leeward, E. by S., and the tug was sent off in that direction. With plenty of wind and sea, the yachts were canvased in curious fashion. Both had poor mainsails, Columbia's being loose on the leach, while that of Shamrock showed a hard ridge just inboard from the leach, making the sail in two parts.

As they worked about in readiness for the first gun they had only whole mainsails and jibs set, but Columbia sent up her working topsail and staysail in stops. Five minutes after the preliminary gun, fired at 10:45, Shamrock set a working topsail that was far too large for the space between topmast and gaff, a sail that could only hurt her on the wind, though it might do no harm before it. At the same time she sent up her staysail. Columbia did not break out her working topsail until well on her way. It seemed that Shamrock's gaff was sprung on the outboard end, where it had been lengthened, and that the boom also buckled, so that the mainsail, whatever its own merits, had no chance in the strong wind. It was again a case of getting off last, and Columbia won; with five minutes to go the pair left the line and sailed to the north, circling about with Columbia always in the weather berth; with three to go they started for the line, Shamrock ahead and crossing 34 seconds after the gun. With her rival once timed, Columbia was in no hurry to cross, but luffed along the line until 11:01:35, or a minute and a second to the good of Shamrock, who was thus compelled to finish more than 1 min. 17 sec. ahead in order to win. With a down wind start the odd minute counted for nothing in a 15-mile run; but it might be very useful at the end of a close bout to windward.

This time there was no luffing, but each steered a straight course with spinakers drawing to starboard, Columbia breaking hers out just after crossing and Shamrock following a moment or so later. Shamrock's spinaker was sheeted and tacked down in the usual way. The upper stops failed to break for 10 minutes, but it made little difference in such a breeze.

Columbia either through accident or design did not get her sail down, but carried it literally as a balloon or a parachute, with tack and clew high up in the air above the line of the jib, making a great bag of the sail. When it was in the proper position it was plainly pulling like a tugboat, but it was constantly lifting and then falling to leeward over the luff of the jib, the boom rearing and fetching up on the headstays. She ran with the spinaker in this position until 11:40, when it was sheeted down in the usual way. It is no rarity to see a sail in such shape for a few minutes as it lifts and then falls, but it is something new to see it carried thus for three-quarters of an hour and doing good work most of the time.

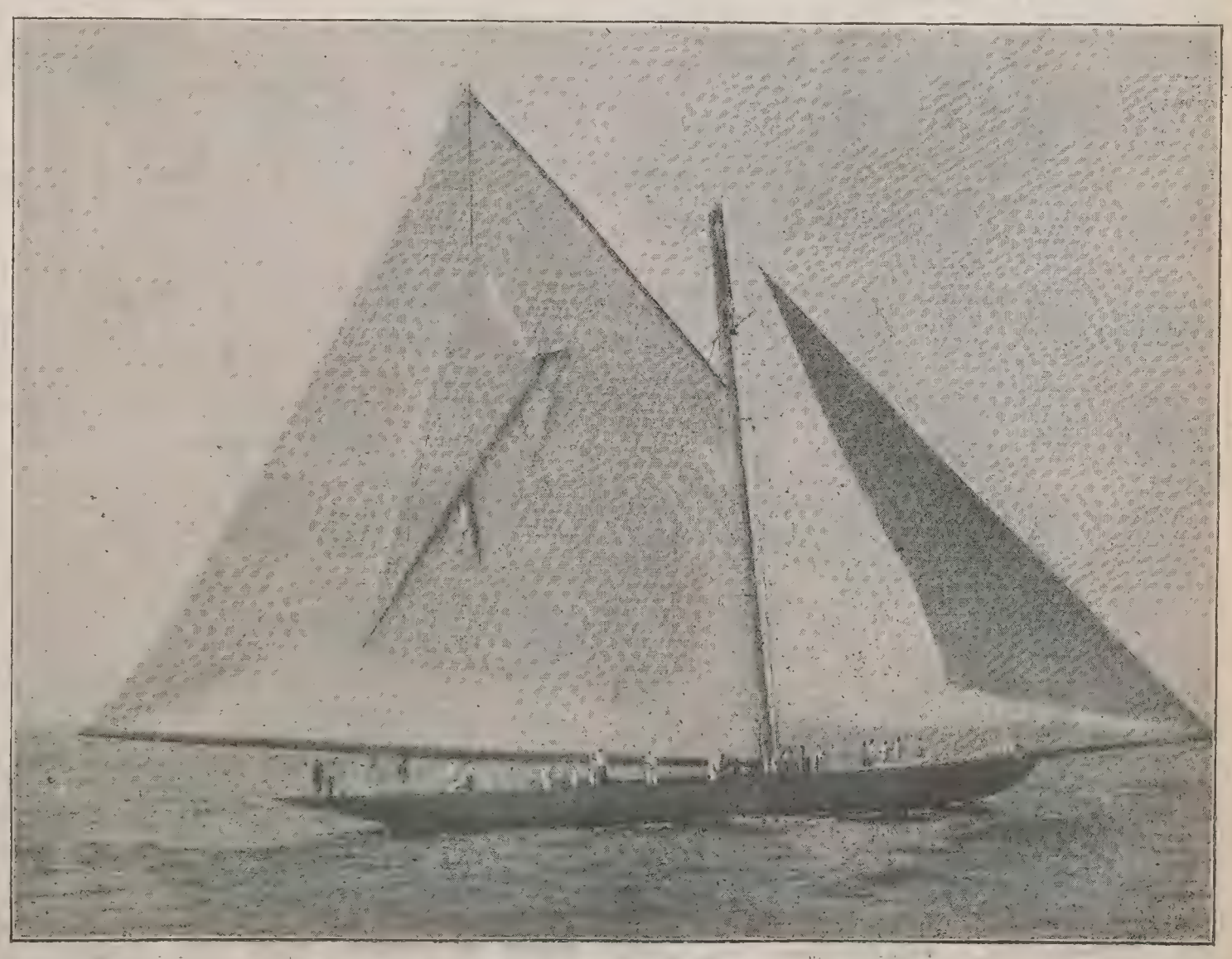
The first of the very many changes of sail throughout the race was made at 11:09, when Shamrock broke out her baby jib topsail, then a minute later Columbia sheeted home her working topsail, set in stops. At 11:19 Shamrock shifted to a balloon staysail, with no apparent advantage, as Columbia was easily holding her own or a little more. There was no attempt at a luffing match to-day, Shamrock steered a straight course for the mark and Columbia kept in her wake at first and then a little to leeward. At 11:25 Shamrock lowered her jib and after twelve minutes broke out a No. 2 jib. They had run very evenly from the start, any slight gain being on the side of Columbia. At 11:40 she hauled in spinaker tack and sheet and in a few minutes she was clearly gaining on Shamrock. Columbia had her staysail down for a time, and when at 11:53 Shamrock set her working staysail again in place of the ballooner, Columbia broke out a No. 2 staysail, a new thing on a Cup defender, considerably smaller than the regular working staysail. She was now almost up with Shamrock to leeward, but the green boat pulled clear for a little time; just after noon, however, Columbia made a new spurt and placed herself fairly on the lee abeam of Shamrock. She stopped here but a few moments, for at 12:10 she had opened clear ahead, with the mark little over a mile away. At 12:17 she took in her spinaker and hauled down her working topsail, while Shamrock took in spinaker and baby jib topsail. They turned the mark slowly, close together and with sheets off, the times being:

	Turn.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
Columbia	12 19 00	1 17 25	0 01 18	0 00 17
Shamrock	12 19 17	1 18 43	.. .. ..	.. .. ..

The average speed down wind was nearly 12 knots.

There is little to be said for the work of either boat at the turn. They were slow with their sheets and lost way as they passed the mark and came on the wind on starboard tack, Shamrock to leeward. They luffed several times to get in sheets and Columbia was caught by a sea and put in irons, her jib and staysail being hauled to windward before she paid off. This gave Shamrock a chance to get well clear to leeward, and she started off with more of an advantage than her position at the turn entitled her to.

Columbia carried a bare stick aloft, with her three lower sails, while Shamrock's topsail, now a bag, held her back and reminded one of the famous last race of 1885, when Genesta carried a similar sail for twenty miles to windward and was beaten by Puritan. They heeled about equally in the wind, now blowing about 15 miles an hour, but Shamrock was doing the same poor work to windward. She footed out from Columbia and got her wind clear, but while the white boat was pointing high and holding to windward the green one was looking another way. At 12:31 she took in her topsail, but by this time Columbia was well ahead. Shamrock went on port tack at 12:39 and Columbia tacked with her on her weather bow. Columbia was now so far ahead and gaining so fast that it made little difference to her what the other boat did, but she continued to tack with her at intervals. About 1:15 Shamrock started in at the old game of two tacks to the minute and Columbia was willing to play with her, but lost no time by it. At 1:40 Columbia was at least three-quarters of a mile ahead; the wind fell a little and she sent up her working topsail in stops, but the sail was never broken out. Shamrock a few minutes later felt the need of more canvas and sent up a No. 2 club topsail. She



SHAMROCK JUST AFTER THE ACCIDENT, OCT. 17.
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carried this quite as easily as Columbia did her three lower sails, proving that the added ballast might as well have been left ashore for heavy weather and far better for light. It helped her, however; for one thing it pulled up the end of the gaff, which had sagged down, and made the mainsail sit better, while the extra sail helped to drive her. She also caught a slant of wind from inshore that let her up and gave her quite a lift out on the leader. They worked on for the line, the wind holding fresh and steady; each tacking at short intervals. Columbia came up and crossed at 2:40:00 and Shamrock finished after a couple of extra hitches near the line at 2:45:17. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Columbia	11 01 35	2 40 00	3 38 25	3 38 09
Shamrock	11 00 34	2 45 17	3 44 43	3 44 42

The elapsed times on each leg were:

	Leeward.	Windward.
Columbia	1 17 25	2 21 00
Shamrock	1 18 43	2 26 00

Columbia leads by 1 min. 18 sec. off the wind, 5 min. on the wind, and 6 min. 18 sec. elapsed time over the course. She sailed a safe and easy race and was never pushed from start to finish. Those on board were little afraid of Shamrock, to leeward or windward, after the preceding days, and realized that the only serious danger lay in a breakdown. This they tried to avoid at all costs. On the way down both boats were strung over with backstays of various kinds, in numbers never seen before, like a big cobweb.

When Columbia finished she was greeted in the usual noisy fashion by the steamers around the line; the same hearty welcome meeting the loser. Corsair ran up a big ensign at the fore and main trucks, one on the jack staff on the bows and one at the end of each gaff. The winner was of course heartily cheered by the surrounding craft. When Shamrock finished the Erin was still some distance from the line, but she steamed up to the middle of the fleet and Sir Thomas Lipton led in three cheers for Columbia; while the American ensign was run up at the fore and main trucks. The Corsair drew up alongside of the Erin and Commodore Morgan led in cheers for Sir Thomas Lipton. After the yachts were at their mooring, Sir Thomas Lipton hurried on board the Corsair to congratulate the owner of Columbia, the interview, according to the report of the Times, being as follows:

Arriving at the Sandy Hook anchorage, Sir Thomas at once left the Erin on his launch and, accompanied by Sir Henry Burdette, Arthur Hill, and Charles Russell, visited the Corsair to extend his congratulations to the winner.

The party received a most hearty reception. Commodore Morgan met Sir Thomas at the gangway and embraced him enthusiastically.

"I congratulate you with my whole heart," said the visitor. "You have won the cup and won it fairly."

"Sir Thomas," replied Mr. Morgan, "while we are glad we won the cup we are sorry that it was you who lost it. If you have failed to win the cup, you have won the love and respect of every living man and woman in America."

Mr. Iselin, who was standing by Commodore Morgan, seemed overcome by emotion as he grasped both Sir Thomas' hands and said: "I can't find words to thank you for all you have done for me. Your conduct has wiped out all the bitterness that had arisen through international yacht races. Your personal kindness and consideration toward me have placed me under eternal obligations. I never met a truer sportsman or a fairer man. I will never forget you." The health of the Shamrock and her owner was drunk amid a great burst of enthusiasm.

After returning to the Erin, Sir Thomas, referring again to his plans, said: "I can't say what will happen now. I must take time to consider. While I can supply the means to furnish another boat, I have got to have a designer, and Mr. Fife, poor fellow, is ill. I don't know what his condition may be later.

"I have met the better boat. This was a Shamrock day, but, after all, she was beaten fairly. I am glad we had to-day's race, because it stopped any excuses that might have been made. I say that up to now the better boat has always won. I don't see why innuendoes should have been made in the past.

"I am not leaving the country for some weeks, and I have it in my mind now to come again, but first I have to talk with my club representatives. I would not let my business interfere with it, and am willing to challenge again unless some one else wishes to do so. I must take a few days to consider this before saying anything positive."

Shamrock remained at the point of the Hook over night, towing up to the Erie Basin early on Saturday with her various tenders. Columbia stopped but a short time at her moorings off the Hook, and then continued up to Tompkinsville, where she anchored for the night; Mr. and Mrs. Iselin with their friends coming up to the city. On Saturday morning she was taken by the Corsair and towed up to her New Rochelle moorings, off Mr. Iselin's house.

The New York Times prints the following interview:

Sir Thomas Lipton spent Sunday on board his steam yacht Erin. During the greater portion of the morning he was busy with his secretaries, but in the afternoon he took a rest. He saw few visitors, although hundreds of small boats floated around the big yacht. Some of the most venturesome went up to the gangway and sent cards on board. The owner of the unsuccessful cup hunter talked freely to a reporter, and chatted for more than an hour about his plans for the future.

"I will not challenge for the cup next year," he said in reply to a query. "You see the time is all too short to design a boat, built her and have her tuned up to concert pitch to race next fall. I will, however, issue a challenge for 1901, and will complete the arrangements for it in a day or two. The matter must be discussed fully with the committee of the New York Yacht Club.

"I have accepted Commodore Morgan's invitation to dine to-morrow night at the Metropolitan Club. I expect to meet Mr. Iselin and the members of the committee there, and we will doubtless talk the matter over then.

"Will Fife design the new boat? Most assuredly he will, but in his present state of health I do nor care to approach him on the subject. There will be plenty of time for that, however, after the challenge is issued. My new boat must be between fifteen and twenty minutes faster than Shamrock, and she must be an improvement on Columbia, which means almost a miracle, for she is a marvelous boat.

"If any other yachtsman wants to challenge for the cup I will willingly step aside, but in any event I will stand willing to give every assistance in my power to the man who tries to lift the cup. The Shamrock and my crew will be at his disposal, so that he can have a trial horse whose powers are known. If my challenge is the one accepted, I will have Shamrock in commission, and will use her in tuning up the new boat.

"I have heard that Columbia is going to try her luck on the other side in the spring. Now, if she were my boat I would take her over at once. You can take my word for it that she would sweep everything before her. There is not a boat on the other side that can compare with her in any kind of weather.

"I sincerely hope Mr. Morgan will bring her over and show what a real Yankee racing yacht is like. It will teach many of them a lesson. If Columbia does come over, I can assure her a cordial welcome and plenty of chances to meet our best boats. I will put Shamrock in commission and will race her against Columbia in the English circuit.

"Shamrock and Erin will sail a week from Tuesday. I want to see her safely off and then will leave the following day on the American liner St. Louis. Mr. Fife will also sail on the St. Louis if it is possible. He is anxious to get home, but even if his physician permits him to leave, he will have to be carried down to the steamer.

"Poor fellow; he is in a bad way, and up to the present time I have not mentioned the Shamrock's defeat, although I know that he is cognizant of it. I spoke to him for a moment Saturday night about refitting Shamrock for sea, but said nothing about being beaten.

"The way I have been treated since I have been here has touched me deeply. I came to make an attempt to take away something you prize highly, yet I was treated most generously, and, to cap it all, I am to receive a loving cup. I can't express my feelings, but I shall prize it above all things. It proves that I was right when I said before I sailed that any yachtsman who came over would be treated with every courtesy.

"There have been many wild guesses as to the cost of the Shamrock. I can say now that the boat itself as she floats to-day, without any expense for bringing her over here, racing her, or cost of crew, is between $400,000 and $500,000, but I have not a single regret."

Messrs. Fife and Ratsey will sail on the Majestic on Oct. 25; if Mr. Fife is able to be moved to the steamer.

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

THE seventh general meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers will take place in New York city, beginning at 10 A. M., Thursday, Nov. 16, 1899. Through the courtesy of the president and managers of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers the meetings will be held in the auditorium of No. 12 West Thirty-first street, the sessions continuing through Thursday and Friday, Nov. 16 and 17.

There will be a banquet at Delmonico's at 7 P. M., Friday, Nov. 17, to which members and their guests are cordially invited. Tickets, exclusive of wine, will be $5 each, and they can be obtained at the society's office on Nov. 15, 16 and 17.

The council will meet at No. 12 West Thirty-first street, New York, on Wednesday, Nov. 15, at 3 P. M.

List of papers to be read before the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers at its seventh annual meeting:

Thursday, November 16.

1. Coaling Vessels at Sea.—By Spencer Miller, Esq., associate.
2. Causes for the Adoption of Water Tube Boilers in the U. S. Navy. By Engineer-in-Chief Geo. W. Melville, U. S. N., vice-president.
3. Suggestions as to Improved Appliances for Launching Ships' Boats. By John Hyslop, Esq.
4. The Electric Plants of the Battle Ships Kearsarge and Kentucky. By Naval Constructor J. J. Woodward, U. S. N., member.
5. The Increasing Complications in War Ships, and How Simpler Arrangements Might Be Adopted. By Geo. W. Dickie, Esq., member of council.
6. Beam Formulæ Applied to a Vertically Stiffened Bulkhead, with Some Results. By H. F. Norton, Esq., member.
7. Notes on Sheathing the U. S. S. Chesapeake. By Naval Constructor Lloyd Bankson, U. S. N., member.

Friday, November 17.

8. System of Work in a Great Lake Shipyard. By W. I. Babcock, Esq., member.
9. Overhead Cranes, Staging and Riveter Carrying Appliances in the Shipyard. By James Dickie, Esq., member.
10. Designs for the Denver Class Sheathed Protected Cruisers. By Chief Constructor Philip Hichborn, U. S. N., vice-president.
11. Novelties in Ship Fittings. By Assistant Naval Counstructor R. M. Watt, U. S. N., member.
12. Progressive Speed Trials of the U. S. S. Manning. By Prof. C. H. Peabody, member of council.
13. Tactical Considerations Involved in Torpedo-Boat Design. By Lieut. A. P. Niblack, U. S. N., associate.
14. On the Action of the Rudder, with Special Reference to the Motion of the Ship while the Helm is being put Over. By Prof. Wm. F. Durand, member of council.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of Forest and Stream. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Canoeing.

The Executive Committee Meeting.

THE business meeting of the year, the annual meeting of the Executive Committee, will be held on Saturday, Oct. 28, in Toronto, the Northern Division being in charge of affairs for 1900. The main work of the meeting will be the selection of a camp site and date for the next meet. As the result of the meet of 1899, many changes of rules have been proposed, but fortunately few of them can be carried out. The trouble during the past year has been not with the rules of the Association, which are in the main good and comprehensive, but due to the general practice of officers and committees of overlooking or disregarding the rules.

If all officers and members of committees were content to study the rules and live up to them, and also to pay due regard to the experience of former years and the long-established precedents of the Association, there would be little cause for new legislation in either the constitution, by-laws or racing regulations. It would be a great mistake at the present time to load up the book of the Association with special legislation to prevent the recurrence of the mistakes of the past year, as most of them were based on a disregard of the rules and precedents or a failure to enforce existing rules.

The A. C. A. has probably the best machinery of all yachting or canoeing organizations for the attainment and maintenance of a high standard of excellence in its racing rules. The regatta committee of three which has had the arrangement of the year's programme and the management of the meet races is called on at the end of its term of office to make a report, in which it is expected that the committee will embody its own conclusions as to possible changes of programme and amendment of rules. In addition to this, all proposed amendments from members must be sent to the regatta committee and embodied by it in the report. The report must then be published in the official organ of the association at least 14 days before the annual meeting at which the amendments will be passed on. By this plan it is possible for every individual member of the association to know what amendments are proposed; to discuss them in point, and to advise the officers of his division of his opinion.

The one weak point of this plan is that the regatta committee fails to fulfill its duties in making a full and comprehensive report and to have its report published in season. The report of the 1899 regatta committee was received on Oct. 16, so that it could not have been published within the 14 days prior to Oct. 28. As it contains no proposed amendments, either from the committee or from members, it will be impossible to vote on any amendments to the racing regulations at the meeting on Saturday. As the report relates only to routine matters, we have reserved it to appear with the other reports in the record of the meeting.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 14.—The regular shoot of the above Association was held to-day. Conditions were 200yds., at the standard target, 7-ring, black:

Champion score:										
Drube	7	4	6	5	9	5	8	6	7	8—65
Uckotter	6	6	8	4	7	6	6	3	6	7—59
Nestler	6	9	7	8	8	10	9	8	5	8—78
Gindele	8	7	9	9	9	7	9	8	7	9—82
Weinheimer	8	10	8	6	6	8	8	5	6	8—72
Bruns	6	6	4	8	5	5	5	6	5	8—58
Roberts	4	9	9	7	7	7	7	6	6	9—71
Topf	5	7	6	7	6	5	10	7	6	8—67
Johnscher	10	10	10	10	5	5	9	5	7	2—73
Hasenzahl	10	6	9	8	8	9	8	9	9	8—84
Trounstine	7	10	7	8	9	4	10	7	8	8—78

	Special score.										5-shot score.				
Drube	8	7	8	9	5	6	7	8	8	10—76	9	9	8	9	5—40
Uckotter	5	10	7	10	7	6	9	7	6	7—74	7	8	4	5	8—32
Nestler	10	10	6	9	10	7	9	7	9	7—84	5	10	7	7	4—33
Gindele	7	7	6	10	10	10	9	10	9	9—87	5	9	10	10	9—43
Weinheimer	8	5	8	7	4	10	5	8	9	10—74	7	5	10	5	9—36
Bruns	7	9	9	8	6	8	8	8	7	10—80	6	5	8	8	7—34
Roberts	6	6	8	8	10	10	7	6	7	9—77	6	6	8	8	10—38
Topf	6	10	6	9	8	9	4	5	7	7—71	8	5	4	7	10—34
Johnscher	6	6	6	8	10	7	6	10	10	8—77	6	6	6	8	10—36
Hasenzahl	9	4	7	9	6	7	9	9	7	5—78	9	6	7	9	8—39
Trounstine	9	8	8	7	6	7	6	9	8	10—78	9	6	8	5	6—34

Conlin's Gallery.

JAMES CONLIN has established himself at No. 513 Sixth avenue, New York, on the west side of the avenue, between Thirtieth and Thirty-first streets, where he has an open rifle and pistol range which is the longest in the city. The French revolver match for the Gaston Rennett medal, between twelve amateurs of New York and a like team of Paris, will be shot at an early date.

Commended It to His Physician.

Forest and Stream Pub. Co.:

For the inclosed please enter my name for subscription to Woodcraft and forward immediately the present issue.

I am one of your subscribers and readers who has at last broken the chain, and Thursday I am off. For three years past all my shooting has been done in reading your paper, and for all that pleasure I thank you very much. Many nights I have read myself to sleep with your delightful tales when nothing else would drive out of my mind thoughts and troubles of business.

I don't mean anything uncomplimentary in likening your paper—rather, my paper—to a soporific. Quite the reverse, I assure you.

Let any one try it whose head is on fire with details and torments of business, so that he thinks sleep a thing only for childhood. If he has ever loved to shoot and loved the woods his mind will soon cease to whirl, and peace will soon be followed with quiet sleep. I have done it.

I have commended it to my doctor to add to his list of medicines. He tells me one thing is better, and that is the reality.

GEO. A. HOLDEN.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Oct. 25-26.—Rochester, N. Y.—Eighth annual fall tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Oct. 26.—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Fall tournament of Mt. Kisco Gun Club. Open to all. Cash and merchandise prizes. R. W. Gorham, Sec'y.

Oct. 27.—Columbus, O.—Sherman Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 28-29.—Paisley, Ind.—Cedar Lake Rod and Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 30-Nov. 2.—Rockford, Ill.—Rockford Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 30.—Lebohner's Dexter Park, Brooklyn.—Live-bird shoot, open to all. Four events, at 3, 5, 5 and 7 birds. Geo. C. Lebohner, Station E, Brooklyn.

Oct. 31-Nov. 3.—Cincinnati, O.—Tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club; two days at live birds; two days at targets. George McG. Morris, Sec'y.

Nov. 1-4.—San Antonio, Tex.—San Antonio Gun Club's tournament.

Nov. 21-22.—Sioux City, Ia.—Second annual live-bird tournament of the Soo Gun Club; added money in every event. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

Nov. 22.—Ridgewood, N. J.—All-day shoot at live birds. H. Blauvelt, Manager.

Dec. 5-8.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Thomas Donley's third international tournament. About $1,500 guaranteed. Targets and live birds.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.

1900.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Associations Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of Ohio Trapshooters' League. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

From an exchange we learn that at Charlottesville, Va., on Oct. 19 a meeting of the Gun Club of the University of Virginia was held for the purpose of organization, and resulted in the election of John W. Daniel, Jr., of Lynchburg, as President; A. M. Alston, Vice-President; J. F. Taylor, of Lynchburg, Secretary and Treasurer; Advisory Committee: P. E. Dupont, of Greenville, Del., and W. S. Hoen, of Maryland. The prospects for the club are unusually bright this year. Several interesting contests are being arranged, one with the Hill City Club, of Lynchburg, next week, and another with the University of Pennsylvania's team in November.

Mr. Frank Butler was a visitor in Sportsmen's Row, New York, last week, but his stay was short, as he journeyed westward on Friday. He expressed pleasure after the fatigues of an eight-months' engagement with the Wild West show. He and Mrs. Butler (Annie Oakley) will enjoy several weeks' shooting in the West before returning to their home for the winter, in Nutley, N. J. Mr. and Mrs. Butler hope to take in the Belle Meade shoot this week, and the Cincinnati shoot the week afterward.

Col. J. T. Anthony, of Charlotte, N. C., put in his appearance on Sporting Goods Row on Monday of this week, Oct. 23. The Colonel was just from the tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association, and being so close to New York, could not help running over to see how things were going on. He found shooting matters a little dull, but still hopes that he may be able to take a fall out of some of the New York cracks before returning to Charlotte and the quail that haunt her suburbs.

One of the very best shots in the City of Rochester, N. Y., was in the city last week. This was Mr. E. C. Meyer, who is a prominent member of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, and who filled the honorable position of president of that club when the New York State of 1898 was held at Rochester under its auspices. Mr. Meyer is a keen sportsman, and a rattling good shot, and has done much to keep the Rochester Rod and Gun Club in the front rank during the past few years.

The tables of weights and measures, which we are enabled to publish through the courtesy of the Ideal Manufacturing Co., contain information of inestimable value to all sportsmen. It is entirely reliable and authentic, as the certificate affixed to it will show. No shooter need to be groping in the dark as to the proper load, and its strength, if he will take the trouble to study these tables with the care which they deserve.

Drs. Kemble and Creamer, of the Brooklyn Gun Club, are quite formidable competitors when they forsake the inanimate target for the live bird. On Tuesday of last week they participated in the shoot of the Emerald Gun Club, and were well up among the leaders. In a miss-and-out Dr. Kemble and the Jamaica crackerjack, Mr. S. M. Van Allen, raced neck and neck to the 11th round, when the Doctor missed.

The average of .960, made by Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, on the first day of the St. Louis tournament, was remarkable shooting under unfavorable weather conditions. Mr. E. D. Fulford was second with .906. Out of 150 targets they respectively broke 144 and 136 on this day. Mr. Fred Gilbert was high on the second day with .946, making one run of over 70. Messrs. Budd and Elliott were second with .920.

The plans for the Casino, the immense structure which will be erected for the convenience and comfort of the shooters at Interstate Park, are nearly completed; the foundation plans for the mason work are quite so. They show ample room for rifle and pistol galleries, bowling alleys, billiard and pool tables, shuffle board, kitchen, storerooms, etc., all as complete as could well be imagined.

Mr. Wilbur F. Parker, of the firm of Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn., took a run over to this city on Monday last. He was too busy while in town to see much of the city outside of Chambers street, where his firm's New York business is transacted. If he will call around at lunch time, when desks are usually unoccupied, it is his loss, as well as that of his many city friends.

At Tom Morfey's shoot on Wednesday of last week a remarkably fine lot of birds were trapped. Out of some 350 odd, there was hardly a sitter. Only two balls were thrown, the birds flying promptly and fast. Mr. Harold Money, the scratch man, was first in the 25-live-bird handicap, with a score of 23, which indicates excellent shooting under the circumstances.

Mrs. M. F. Lindsley (Wanda) has returned to Cincinnati after an all too short stay in her real home—the State of New Jersey. Milt Lindsley, however, had to be considered, so she departed for the village on the banks of the Ohio. The big live-bird shoot at Cincinnati will in all likelihood be Wanda's next public appearance.

Mr. O. E. Peters, of the Peters Cartridge Company, was met on Broadway one day last week in company with Tom Keller, who represents Mr. Peters' interests in this city and vicinity. Tom was so busy talking shells and loads that he had barely time to recognize even his warmest friends and admirers *en passant*.

Mr. E. G. Frost, secretary of the New Utrecht Gun Club, was in New York last week. He has been absent in Massachusettts during the past three or four months, attending to business matters. The ruddy glow of good health upon his cheeks would indicate plenty of outdoor exercise, the best of nature's tonics.

Mr. W. Fred Quimby, of the E C & Schultze Co., arrived in New York last week after an absence of several weeks on a business trip to the coast. He expressed himself as being much pleased with results, and reports general revival of business.

Dr. J. W. Smith, the famous St. Louis shooter, won the cup in the 25 live-bird handicap at St. Louis last week, making a straight score from the 30yd. mark. Burnside and Gilbert, the latter at 32yds., also killed straight, but were not eligible to the cup competition, it being restricted to competition by shooters of the State.

Mr. Edward Banks was one of the fortunate few who witnessed the final race between the Columbia and Shamrock, and he solemnly avers that, notwithstanding the color of the hull and flag of the latter, she could not be classed as green goods.

Mr. W. B. Leffingwell was the victor in the contest for the Chicago sportsmen's diamond trophy at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., on Saturday of last week, defeating ten competitors, who were seriously contemplating doing the same thing.

The October cup of the Crescent Athletic Club was won last Saturday afternoon by Mr. Henry Kryn, scoring 23 out of 25, with an allowance of 7. Mr. C. G. Rasmus won the trophy, scoring 24 out of 25, with an allowance of 7.

Mr. R. Phister, with an allowance of 4, scored the limit at the Brooklyn Gun Club's prize handicap shoot last Saturday. He was alone in scoring the limit. Every one but Mr. Phister knows he is an excellent shot.

The next E C inanimate target championship trophy contest is fixed to take place Oct. 30, at 2.30 P. M., at Batavia, N. Y., between Mr. W. R. Crosby and Mr. Fred Gilbert, the challenger.

Mr. H. Blauvelt will arrange for a live-bird shoot Nov. 22, at Ridgewood, N. J. The programme will be announced in ample time for the information of shooters.

In the shoot at the Rusch House grounds on Oct. 18 the well-known shooter, Mr. J. A. Marks, won the valuable meerschaum pipe with a score of 47 out of 50.

Mr. H. C. Brigers, of Tarboro, N. C., who shoots under the nom de fusil of Tar Heel, was among the leaders in the competition at Baltimore last week.

BERNARD WATERS.

St. Louis Tournament.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 19.—The tournament given by Manager Corray at Dupont Park was very lightly attended, and the few that were present were mostly out-of-town shooters, as for various reasons the local shooters were unable, or rather failed, to give the shoot any support. There was present but one of the home shooters—Dr. Smith, who shot through the programme. Others shot from time to time, but the aggregate support was very meager. Why such a state of affairs should exist I am not in a position to state, though it may be due to the fact that this shoot was promoted by an individual and not by any of the organizations which are created for a similar purpose. However, meager as the attendance was, Mr. Corray carried out everything which the programme proclaimed, and added every dollar promised, so that those who did participate have nothing to complain of, and from what I could learn every one went away well satisfied.

The visitors present consisted of J. A. R. Elliott, of the Winchester Arms Co.; E. D. Fulford, of the Remington Arms Co. and the U. M. C. Co.; Fred Gilbert, of the Du Pont Power Co.; H. C. Hirschy, of the Hazard Powder Co.; C. W. Budd, of the Parker Gun and U. M. C. Co.; J. S. Fanning, of the Gold Dust Powder Co. Then there were Tom Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill.; Guy Burnside, Knoxville, Ill.; Chris Heilegenstein, Freeburg, Ill.; Riehl, Howell and Schiess, Alton, Ill.; Mr. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill (a brother to the noted William); C. E. De Long, Hot Springs, Ark.; W. A. Vivian and Dr. Lockridge, Columbia, Mo.; C. F. Lambert, Haverhill, Mass.

The general averages run as follows: Elliott .940, Gilbert .920, Budd .906, Fulford .903, Marshall .893, Hirschy .883, Fanning .873, Burnside .853, De Long .840, Howell .813, Dr. Smith .810, Crosby .763, Riehl .733. This represents the showing of each contestant in the two days' target programme, which called for 300 shots.

The average fund was created by taxing the trade representatives $2.50 per day extra, but as there were only six present, this amounted to only $30. However, Mr. Corray made up the difference.

First Day, Monday, Oct. 16.

J. A. R. Elliott was the only shooter who participated in to-day's events who could negotiate the targets with any degree of success. He was largely in the money divisions, and carried off a nice roll for his consistent performance. He has five straight scores to his credit, and also a consecutive run of 69, which was the best in this respect; his average of .960 is a great one under the existing conditions. Fulford finished second with .906, and is the only other contestant who made 90 per cent. Gilbert, Hirschy and Budd are tied for the next position, and these are the average winners of the day. There was $20 set aside for this purpose, and this was divided Rose system on the following ratio: 5, 4, 3. Thus Elliott got $5.55, Fulford $4.45 and Gilbert, Hirschy and Budd $3.30.

Fanning's showing in the regular events was not up to his standard, but when these events had been disposed of two 20-bird extras were shot, and in both of these he ran straight.

The weather was clear in the morning, but after dinner it elouded up, and finally it began to rain very hard, so as to put an end to the shooting at about 4 P. M. All day long the wind blew a howling gale, and this played havoc with the flight of the targets and the scores of the principals.

There was $10 added in all the events but No. 4, and No. 8. There were four moneys, and this was divided Rose system, ratio 5, 3, 2 and 1.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Elliott	13	15	15	15	15	14	14	14	15	14	150	144	.960
Fulford	13	11	12	14	15	14	15	13	15	14	150	136	.906
Gilbert	13	13	14	13	12	15	15	11	14	14	150	134	.893
Hirschy	14	12	14	13	13	13	14	11	15	15	150	134	.893
Budd	11	14	14	15	12	13	13	14	15	13	150	134	.893
Marshall	14	12	12	13	13	15	12	14	12	15	150	132	.880
Fanning	12	12	11	14	14	14	13	13	14	13	150	130	.866
Burnside	14	14	12	11	13	14	15	10	14	10	150	127	.846
De Long	10	12	14	12	14	14	8	12	12	14	150	122	.813
Howell	12	7	13	10	14	13	12	14	11	11	150	117	.780
Dr Smith	10	12	12	12	11	11	11	9	13	15	150	116	.773
Crosby	13	11	11	13	12	11	12	12	10	11	150	116	.773
Lockridge	13	12	13	13	9	14	11	12	10	6	150	113	.753
Kessler	12	7	13	9	15	13	9	9	13	12	150	112	.746
Riehl	8	8	9	11	8	11	12	8	12	13	150	100	.666
Vivian	5	10	8	11	11	14	7	..	..	..	135	66	.492
Schiess	..	..	..	..	9	12	13	9	13	12	90	68	.755
Kling	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	12	13	13	75	62	.826
Spencer	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	15	13	60	52	.866
Taylor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	30	26	.866
Heilegenstein	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	10	.667

Second Day, Tuesday, Oct. 17.

The total absence of any wind made the shooting much easier to-day, and there is a marked improvement all along the line. Gilbert is high man with .946. Budd and Elliott are tied for second and third with .920, and Marshall is fourth, .906. The $20 average netted each as follows: Gilbert, $6.25; Budd and Elliott, $5 each, and Marshall $3.75.

Gilbert showed excellent form, and made one run that exceeded 70, for in addition to the regular programme there were two 25-bird extras, in each of which he scored straight.

The programme was identically the same as on the previous day, only that on this occasion there was no added money in events No. 4 and No. 9.

The weather was bright and clear, and perfect in every respect from a shooter's standpoint.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	14	13	15	15	14	14	14	14	14	15	150	142	.946
Budd	15	14	15	11	13	14	14	13	14	15	150	138	.920
Elliott	15	13	14	13	14	15	14	14	13	13	150	138	.920
Marshall	12	14	15	14	15	13	14	13	12	14	150	136	.906
Fulford	14	14	14	14	14	14	11	13	14	13	150	135	.900
Spencer	14	11	12	15	13	15	14	13	12	14	150	133	.886
Fanning	13	13	13	13	13	12	14	14	13	14	150	132	.880
Hirschy	15	14	14	14	11	15	12	13	11	12	150	131	.873
De Long	14	13	9	15	12	15	14	11	14	12	150	130	.866
Burnside	14	13	13	15	9	13	14	12	13	13	150	129	.860
Howell	12	10	13	13	15	11	12	12	14	15	150	127	.846
Dr Smith	14	11	12	11	13	13	14	12	13	14	150	127	.846
Riehl	12	14	13	12	11	12	11	12	12	12	150	121	.806
Heilegenstein	7	13	13	13	13	12	12	12	10	10	150	116	.773
Crosby	11	14	14	9	19	13	19	11	11	12	150	113	.753
Schiess	12	11	12	12	11	11	10	9	10	13	150	111	.740
Markle	10	13	7	11	10	9	9	8	10	11	150	98	.653
Lockridge	10	8	12	13	7	12	15				105	77	.733
Starkloff	10	12	7	8	11	13					90	61	.677
Dr Cummings	10	12									30	22	.733
C Cummings	6	7									30	13	.433
Taylor	13										15	13	.866
Beal	11										15	11	.733

Third Day, Wednesday, Oct. 18—Pigeons.

There was but one event to be disposed of to-day, and this was a 25-bird handicap, in which the prize was a very handsome cup donated by Deihl Brothers for the Missouri shooters to contest for. The other principals who resided outside the State shot for the money only. The entrance was $15, birds included, at 25 cents apiece.

There were nineteen entries, and of these ten were residents of the State. Dr. J. W. Smith, a local shot, was the only one of these to put up a perfect score, and thereby he gained possession of the cup, which is subject to a challenge from any Missouri shooter, and which he stands ready to defend at any time. The conditions require the challenger to put up $50 against the cup, and the contest must be at 100 pigeons per man, loser to pay for the birds and winner take money and cup.

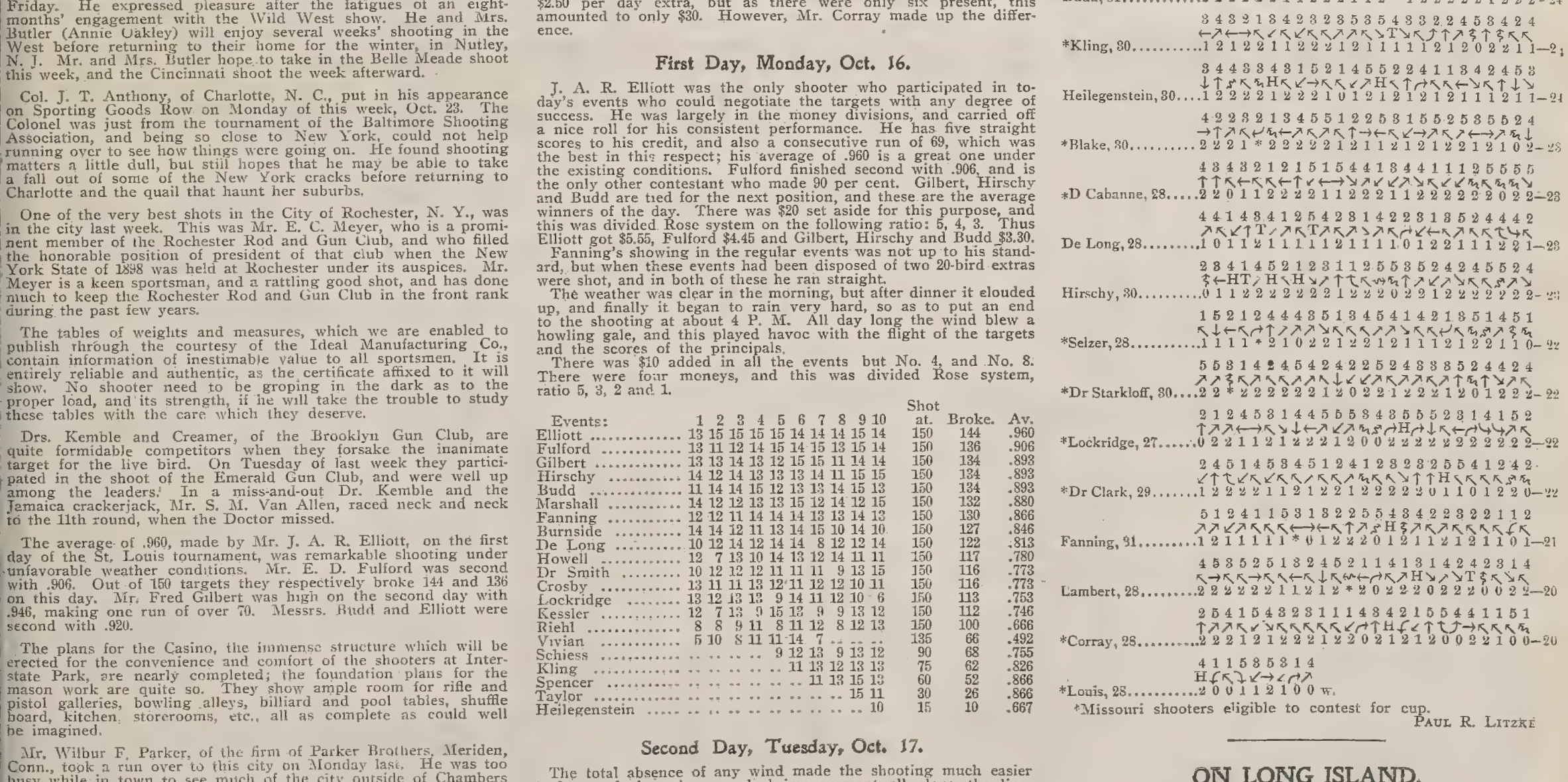
Dr. Smith, the winner of the cup, shot a nice steady race, and showed excellent time and judgment throughout, using his first with great precision and was equally as effective with his second when necessity required it. At no time was there any doubt as to his gathering his birds, for not a single one was slobbered. Taking his shooting from all points of view, I have never seen him display such perfect form.

Burnside and Gilbert were the other straight men. The former was favored by a good mark, but, irrespective of this, he also was equal to all occasions, and negotiated slow and fast birds in a very clever manner, so that good shooting is mainly responsible for his good score. Gilbert was scratch man, but this apparently did not worry him to any extent, so that by close attention to business he readily accounted for all of his birds, though this was only possible by some great execution with his second. Marshall, Budd, Kling and Heilegenstein finished with but a single loss, the two former's birds being dead out of bounds. Blake, Cabanna, De Long and Hirschy scored 23. Of these, Hirschy drew by far the hardest birds of any of the contestants, and made many very fine kills. Selzer, Dr. Starkloff, Dr. Lockridge and Dr. Clark scored 22. These are all who shared in a division of the purse, as there were but four moneys, divided on the percentage system, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. After the final division was made, straights paid $22.15; 24s, $12.40; 23s, $8.40, and 22s, $4.15.

The birds were a very ordinary lot, which showed an occasional good one. There was nothing in the elements to improve their quality, as the sun shone bright and warm and there was a total absence of wind.

Several miss-and-outs were shot after the main events, and in these Budd, Gilbert, Marshall, Blake, Prendergast, Burnside and Heilegenstein shared in the divisions.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.



*Missouri shooters eligible to contest for cup.

PAUL R. LITZKE

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, Oct., 21.—Herewith are the scores of the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot, it being the sixth contest for the Francotte Gun.

The wind was blowing a gale from the northwest, and made the shooting very difficult, as the scores show.

Event 4 is the handicap event. In column 5 are the handicaps and in column 6 are the totals:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	50			25
Dudley	11	14	..	37	3	40	7
J Hopkins	7	13	..	31	9	40	..
W Hopkins	12	9	..	37	6	43	23
Blauvelt	8	5	..	25	15	40	..
Paterson	11	..	..	30	9	39	..
Babcock	9	10	13	..	..	..	..
Jones	8	9	..	..	..	..	..
Woods	9	..	11	46	4	50	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	50			
Kemble	..	9	8	31	9	40	13
Creamer	..	11	8	27	13	40	9
Meeker	..	1	7	..	..	..	11
Lane	..	..	8	29	14	43	..
Remsen	..	..	14	39	5	41	..
Wright	..	..	..	26	13	39	8
Amend	..	..	..	38	2	40	17

G. B. PATERSON, Sec'y.

Fulton Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 21.—There was quite a wind blowing. In the club shoot there were four contestants, as follows: Goldstein 6, Daly 6, Duke 21, Snyder 19. Goldstein and Daly shot a match at 25 targets, with results as follows: Goldstein 12, Duke 8. Several 10-target sweepstakes were shot, the scores of which were:

Duke	6	6	9	8	6	Daly	2	3	5	3	3
Goldstein	3	2	5	5	5		–	–	–		

DUKE.

Handicapping in Sports.

THE difficulty of discovering some way of giving an inferior opponent a reasonable chance of succeeding against a better, and at the same time of giving rise to an interesting competition, has long occupied the minds of those who have had the control of our sports and pastimes. When one competitor has once proved his or its superiority over another, it is simply a farce for the two to any more compete upon equal terms, except under certain conditions, when a change of surroundings may be thought to equalize matters. We last week chronicled with regret the death of Maj. Egerton, the official handicapper, and it was that gentleman's lot, week by week, to frame one or more handicaps, or, in other words, to estimate to the best of his ability the merits of various horses, and to give effect to his ideas by apportioning to each weights which would, in his opinion, bring them together, pounds or stones being the medium of putting a good and bad horse on something of an equality. If we refer to the "Sporting Dictionary and Rural Repository," published by Mr. William Taplin, in 1803, we shall find a curious description of handicapping. Says this old writer, "Matches between horses are made in the following way: A, B and C put an equal sum into a hat, and C, who is the handicapper, makes a match between the horses of A and B, who, having perused it, put their hands into their pockets, and draw them out closed. They then open them, and if both have money in their hands the match is confirmed; if neither has money, it is no match. In either of these cases the handicapper, C, pockets all the money in the hat; but if one has money in his hand and the other none, he that has money is entitled to all the deposit in the hat." Mr. Taplin's directions for handicapping convey very little meaning to racing men of to-day, while matches on the turf have so far fallen out of fashion as to be hardly worth thinking about.

Some years ago the veteran, and still living, trainer, Mr. John Kent, wrote to a daily paper to express his love for matches, and suggested that the resuscitation of match-making might make the Newmarket meetings far more interesting than they are; and we must all admit that handicapping is the essence of match-making. Handicapping, however, in the form of apportioning weights to race horses is but one form of the attempt to bring together competitors of various calibers. In pony racing days it was so many pounds for an inch in height, and weight, in fact, has always been the basis upon which handicaps for racing purposes have been raised. Before quite quitting the subject of racing, it may be mentioned that, in the earlier days of steeple chasing, sundry fruitless attempts were made to bring horses of various capabilities together. The "hunter" was introduced; certificate from a master of hounds was required; the conditions of individual races required that no horse competing should have been in a training stable within a specified time, and so on, or should not have run in open races; but, as most of our readers know full well, every attempt to bring the hunter and steeplechaser together has been attended with failure.

In the old days of yachting, when cutters, schooners and yawls sailed in the same race, a laudable, and on the whole a successful, attempt was made to give the various rigs a fair chance by making schooners and yawls sail at less than their real tonnage under Thames measurement, while in the case of vessels of various sizes, time allowance has for time out of mind been adopted to place the small vessel on an equality with a larger one, and it must be confessed that some of these forms of handicapping have not been unattended with success.

As opposed to horse racing, handicapping in "man racing," as the late Mr. Frederick Swindell was accustomed to designate pedestrianism, has consisted in start, the scratch competitor being made to concede a certain number of yards, or, in some cases, seconds or minutes, to some presumably weaker opponent.

In sculling, too, the system of stars holds sway in some competitions, while at billiards points are given by the reputably stronger player to a weaker one, unless a cramp game be played, which, however, is seldom or never seen in tournaments. Lawn tennis and golf, too, boast their different systems of handicapping; but cricket and football stand out among our amusements as those in which players compete on equal terms, and it is perhaps for that, among other reasons, that they are so popular. It would appear to be a fact, however, that, as a general rule, handicaps do not afford the interest of contests which take place on level terms. It is not easy to discover the reason in all cases, we admit. Of two horses with no weight on their backs, one will, save in the event of a dead heat, be superior to another, just as one man will outrun another on the path; but the apportioning different weight to various horses does not appear to detract so much from the interest in a horse race—take, for instance, the principal handicaps of the season—as it does in some other amusements; nor is yachting interfered with by reason of time allowance. If, on the other hand, a pedestrian with a start wins a race, people say that he was possibly underrated by the handicapper; while, if the receiver of points in a billiard match wins, one of the most common remarks is that the giver of points over-estimated his powers.

It will thus be seen that in our love for contests there are called into play three kinds of handicapping, using the word in its widest sense. In the first place there are the regularly appointed handicappers, such as was Maj. Egerton, and as are now those who frame handicaps for lawn tennis, billiards and other amusements; secondly come those allowances which are fixed by rule—as the time allowances in yachting; while thirdly come those contests in which the parties thereto arrange their own terms, as in the case of so many matches on the turf and games at billiards. The fact remains, however, that competitions fought out upon equal terms are productive of the greatest interest. Capt. Greer, for instance, must feel much more delight in the St. Leger victory of his horse Wildfowler than if he had been let in at a stone too little in some handicap, and this is the secret of the important position occupied by the weight-for-age races. The University boat race would be robbed of more than half its interest if Cambridge, by reason of her numerous defeats, were ceded, say, three lengths' start; while the most unsuccessful county would not care to start next season's cricket with some allowance given in consideration of this season's failure. As a medium for speculation, any contest may be welcomed; but as a sporting event there must be a limit, and in the best form those competitions only which are decided on level terms are regarded in the highest light.—London Field.

"Ideal Table" Comparing the Weight (by Grains) of Bulk Measure of Black Powder with the SAME BULK MEASURE OF Smokeless Powders.

These tables do not compare the relative strength of Black with Smokeless Powders. For such information correspond with the Powder Manufacturers.

The figures in the first column are the graduations on the Ideal Measures, Models 1899, which are for grains weight black powder only. The other columns are comparative weights for same bulk measure.

	Graduations on Measure for Black Powder. GRAINS.	E.C. SMOKELESS No. 1 Shot Gun, and SCHULTZE. GRS.	E.C. SMOKELESS Shot Gun, No. 2. GRS.	VELOX Smokeless Shot Gun. GRS.	DUPONT'S Smokeless, .30 Cal. GRS.	DuPont's Smokeless Shot Gun and No's 1 & 2 Rifle. GRS.	HAZARD'S Smokeless Rifle Nos. 1 & 2. GRS.	HAZARD'S Blue Ribbon Shot Gun. GRS.	HAZARD'S Smokeless .30 Cal. GRS.	GOLD DUST Smokeless Shot Gun. GRS.	LAFLIN & RAND 45 Springfield, & Shot Gun Smokeless GRS.	LAFLIN & RAND Smokeless Sporting Rifle. GRS.	LAFLIN & RAND Smokeless 30 Cal. U. S. GRS.	ORIENTAL Smokeless Shot Gun. GRS.	TROISDORF Smokeless Shot Gun. GRS.	TROISDORF Smokeless Rifle. GRS.	KING'S Semi-Smokeless F. F. G. GRS.	KING'S Smokeless Shot Gun. GRS.	WALSRODE Gray Shot Gun. GRS.	WALSRODE Green Shot Gun. GRS.
SMALL MEASURE	2 equals										1½	2					1½		2	
	3 "	1				1	1	1			2½	3					2½	2	2½	2½
	4 "	1½	1½			1½	1½	1½			3½	4					3	2½	3	3
	5 "	2	2	6	4	2	2	2	3½	4	4	5	4½	2	2	1½	4	3	4	4
	6 "	2½	2½	7½	5	2½	2½	2½	4	5	5	5½	5½		2½	2½	5	3½	5	5
	7 "	3	3	8½	5½	3	3	3	5	6	6	6½	6		3	3½	6	4½	5½	5½
	8 "	3½	3½	10	6	3	3	3	6	7	6½	7½	7		3½	4	6½	5	6½	6½
	9 "	4	3½	11	7	3½	4	3½	6½	8	7½	8½	8		4	4½	7½	5½	7	7
	10 "	4½	4	12	8	4	4½	4	7	9	8½	9½	9	4½	4½	5	8	6½	8	8
	11 "	5	4½	13½	9	4½	5	4½	8	10	9	10	9½		5	5½	9	7	8½	8½
	12 "	5½	4½	14½	9½	5	5½	5	9	11	10	11	10½		5½	6	10	7½	9½	9½
	13 "	6	5	16	10	5	6	5½	9½	12	10½	12	11½		6	6½	11	8½	10	10½
	14 "	6½	5½	17	11	5½	6½	6	10	13	11½	13	12½		6½	7	11½	9	10½	11
	15 "	7	6	18	12	6	7	6½	11	14	12½	14	13½	6½	7	8	12½	9½	11½	11½
	16 "	7½	6½	19½	13	6½	7½	7	11½	15	13	14½	14½		7½	8½	13½	10½	12	12½
	17 "	8	6½	20½	13½	7	8	7	12	16	14	15½	15½		8	9	14½	11	13	13½
	18 "	8½	7	22	14	7	8½	7½	13	17	14½	16½	16		8½	9½	15	11½	13½	14
	19 "	9	7½	23	15	7½	9	8	13½	18	15½	17½	17		9	10	16	12½	14½	15
	20 "	9½	8	24	16	8	9½	8½	14	19	16½	18½	18	9	9½	10½	17	13	15	15½
	21 "	10	8	25½	17	8½	10	9	15	20	17½	19	19		10	11	18	13½	16	16½
	22 "	10½	8½	26½	17½	9	10½	9	15½	21	18	20	19½		10½	11½	18½	14½	16½	17
	23 "	11	9	28	18	9½	11	9½	16	22	19	21	20½		11	12	19½	15	17	18
	24 "	11½	9½	29	19	10	11½	10	17	23	20	22	21½		11½	12½	20½	15½	18	18½
	25 "	12	10	30	20	10½	12	10½	18	24	20½	23	22½	11	12	13½	21	16½	18½	19½
	26 "	12½	10	31½	21	11	12½	11	18½	25	21½	23½	23		12½	14	22	17	19½	20½
	27 "	13	10½	32½	21½	11½	13	11½	19	26	22½	24½	24		13	14½	23	17½	20	21
	28 "	13½	11	34	22	11½	13½	12	20	27	23	25½	25		13½	15	23½	18½	21	22
	29 "	14	11½	35	23	12	14	12½	21	28	24	26½	26		14	15½	24½	19	21½	22½
	30 "	14½	12	36	24	12½	14	13	22	29	25	27½	27	13½	14½	16	25	19½	22	23
	31 "	15	12½	37½	25	13	14½	13½	22½	30	25½	28	28		15	16½	26	20	23	24
	32 "	15½	13	38½	25½	13½	15	14	23	31	26½	29	29		15½	17½	27	21	23½	25
	33 "	16	13½	40	26	14	15½	14	24	32	27½	30	30		16	18	28	21½	24½	25½
	34 "	16½	13½	41	27	14½	16	14½	25	33	28	31	30½		16½	18½	29	22	25	26½
	35 "	17	14	42	28	15	16½	15	26	34	29	32	31½	15	17	19	30	22½	25½	27
LARGE MEASURE	40 "	19½	15½	47	32½	17	18½	17	30½	38½	33	35½	36½	17	18½	21½	33	24	28½	30
	45 "	20½	17	53	36½	19	20½	19	34	43½	36	39½	40½	19	21	23½	37	27	31½	33½
	50 "	22½	19	58½	40½	21	22½	21	37½	48	40	43½	44½	21	23½	26½	41	30	35	36½
	55 "	25	21	64	44½	23	25	23	42	53	44	47½	48½	23	25½	29½	45	32½	38½	40
	60 "	27½	22½	70	48½	25	27½	25	45½	58	48	52	53	25	28	32	49	35½	41½	43⅓
	65 "	30	24½	76	52½	27	29½	27	49	63	52½	56½	58	27	30	35	53½	39	45	47½
	70 "	32	26½	81½	56½	29	32	29	53	68	56½	60½	62½	29	33	38	57½	42	49	51
	75 "	34½	28½	87½	60½	31	34	31½	57	73	60	64½	67	31	35	41	61½	45	52½	55
	80 "	36½	30½	93½	65	33½	36½	33½	61	78½	64½	69½	72	33	37½	44	66	48½	56½	59
	85 "	39	33	99½	69	35½	38½	35½	64½	83½	68½	74	76½	35	40	47	70½	51½	59½	62½
	90 "	41	35	105½	73	37½	41	37½	68	88½	73	78½	80½	37	42½	49½	74½	54	63½	66
	95 "	43¼	37	111	77	40	43¼	40	72	93½	76½	82½	85½	39½	45	52½	78½	57	66½	70
	100"	46	39	117	81	42	45½	42	76	98½	81	87	90	41½	47	55	82½	60½	70	73½

This is to certify that we, the undersigned, manufacturers of the various powders designated in the Ideal tables of powder as here presented, have tested the Ideal Measures, Models 1899, with our powders, and find, when the Measures are set in accordance with these tables, they are correct for our various powders, and we cheerfully recommend these Measures and Tables.

E. I. Dupont De Nemours & Co.,
Hazard Powder Co.,
American E C & Schultze Gunpowder Co.,
Laflin & Rand Powder Co.,
United States Smokeless Powder Co. (Gold Dust),
Economic Smokeless Powder Co. (Velox),
Oriental Powder Mills,
King Powder Co.,
Troisdorf (by request of F. W. Groos, Agent),
Walsrode (by request of Schoverling, Daly & Gales, Agents).

"Ideal Table" comparing the weight (in Grains) of Drachm (measure) of Black Powder with SAME MEASURE of Smokeless Powders.

The figures in first column are the drachm graduations on the Ideal Measures and are *for black powder only*. The figures in second column simply state how many grains Troy or Apothecaries' weight there are contained in drachms and fractions thereof, avoirdupois weight.

The other columns are comparative weights in grains for the same bulk measurements as black powder.

Graduations on Measures for Black Powder. Avoirdupois. DRAMS.	Troy, or Apothecaries weight. GRAINS.	E.C. SMOKELESS No. 1 Shot Gun, and SCHULTZE. GRS.	E.C. SMOKELESS Shot Gun, No. 2. GRS.	KING'S Smokeless Shot Gun. GRS.	KING'S Semi-Smokeless F. F. G. GRS.	ORIENTAL Smokeless Shot Gun. GRS.	TROISDORF Smokeless Shot Gun. GRS.	DUPONT'S Smokeless, Shot Gun. GRS.	GOLD DUST Smokeless Shot Gun. GRS.	HAZARD'S Blue Ribbon Shot Gun. GRS.
1 equals	27 11/32	12	10½	17	22	11½	12½	11½	26	11½
1¼ "	34	15	13	21	28	14	15½	13½	32	14
1½ "	41	18½	15½	25	33½	17	19	16½	39	17½
1¾ "	48	21½	18½	29	39	20	22½	19	46	20
2 "	55	25	21½	33	45	22½	25½	22½	53½	23
2¼ "	61	28	24	37½	50½	25½	28½	25	60	25½
2½ "	68	31	26½	41½	55½	28½	31½	27½	66	28½
2¾ "	75	34	29	46	61½	31½	35	30½	72½	31½
3 "	82	37	31½	50	66½	33½	38	33	80½	34½
3¼ "	89	40½	34½	54	72½	36½	41½	36	87	37½
3½ "	96	44	37½	58	78	39½	45	39	94	40
3¾ "	102	47	40	62½	84	42½	47½	42	100	43
4 "	109	50	42½	66½	89	45	51	44½	106	46
4¼ "	116	53½	45	70½	94½	47½	54	47	113	48½
4½ "	123	56½	47½	75	100	50½	57	50	119	51½
4¾ "	130	60	50½	79	106½	54	61	53	126	54½
5 "	137	63½	53	83	113	57	63½	56	133	57½

On the Rules of Sport.

UNDER the above caption the Sun of Oct. 19 published the following excellent editorial on the Columbia-Shamrock second race. It is presented to our readers for the recognition of the universal principle of sport, concerning which it treats. It has a direct bearing on the matter of trapshooting, since the principle that a contestant must abide by his own errors and accidents is universal. The editorial is as follows:

"The manner in which Columbia's sailing over the course after Shamrock's accident has been attributed to the 'special agreement' made prior to the contest, between Mr. Iselin and Sir Thomas Lipton, that each yacht should abide by its own accidents, shows that ideas on sport are hazy. This agreement in itself had no force. The rules covering sport of all kinds, from yachting to mumble-the-peg, make precisely this provision regarding accidents, and sport could't go on without it.

"If a man falls he loses the race; if the knife-pegger's blade breaks he loses his hand. A race once on, every competitor must accept his fortune. The Iselin-Lipton agreement was all well enough, but the fact is that competitors should be compelled to accept, as a matter of course, whatever advantage may arise from a rival's mishap, in order that no one in such a situation shall be weighted with the burden of deciding whether to accept it or not. If a contest is marred by accidents, another one can be arranged; but the contest so marred should be carried to the end without prejudice.

"When Sir Richard Sutton, after the Puritan had disqualified herself by carrying away the Genesta's bowsprit while maneuvering for the start, refused to sail over the course alone, he went to the extreme of a sportsman's privilege in courtesy. That collision happened, though, before the race had really begun. If it had occurred after the line had been crossed, the only thing that would have given Sir Richard the right to withdraw would have been the utter hopelessness that the Genesta, without her headsails, could complete the course within the time allowed.

"If any other rule than this were tolerated sport would inevitably degenerate into trickery, victors would be robbed of laurels rightly won, and bad feeling and undeserved discredit would flow without limit."

Arkansas and the South.

Dr. Smith—Griesedeick.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 14.—Dr. Smith and H. C. Griesedeick sh a 100-bird match at Dupont Park to-day for the possession of t Jaccard cup, which was held by the latter, but which he was co pelled to relinquish to the Doctor, as he proved to be his mast in the event of to-day, and won by the very fine score of 95 to This cup must be won three times to become the property of a one, and prior to this contest Griesedeick had two wins to credit, so that had he been able to retain it he would have tired it from competition. Dr. Smith's victory also gives him t wins, and he is now practically in the same position as Grie deick, so that another win will entitle him to permanent poss sion of the cup. Whether he will be able to achieve this future alone will tell, though his chances are very good, as now is in excellent form.

Smith's best run was 28 straight, and Griesedeick's 37. Sm lost 2 dead out of bounds and Griesedeick 4.

The birds were a good average lot. The weather was warm a bright.

Dr J W Smith	2222122222212222221211222—25
	222*121121211222221112121—24
	1222012122122*22212222211—23
	2212022111202122222222222—23
H C Griesedeick	2121211122101211121122222—24
	1212222222122221212222220—24
	11211222112*122122*12222*—22
	2222220101111111211221*112—22

Kansas City vs. Omaha.

Mr. James Whitfield, who is acting as secretary for the Kan City sportsmen in arranging the team match between these t cities, tells me that the Omaha sportsmen have practically accep their invitation, and that the contest would very likely take pl on Nov. 23 to 25. He also tells me that in order to make event all the more attractive it has been proposed that they c in the Republic cup, and put it up in open contest, which can done by guaranteeing $1,000 in this event. This, he thinks, likely be consummated and the cup made an object of competiti in a 25-bird event. PAUL R. LITZKE

Mr. Pierce Barnes, a lawyer in New York, had occasion, counsel for a Western railroad, to ask a section foreman for formation regarding the killing of a bull on the line. He receiv the following vivid reply:

Coon's Hole, Minn, 6, 8, '92.—To Mr. Pers Barns, the hon. co sel to —— —— Railroad At St. Paul: Dear Sir.—Your hum servant, Andy Slattary, section foreman at the Falls below, kno but very little with regards to the killen of the bull. But how ever what right had he over here when he lived two miles bay the right of way, but never the less he came in company alo with two of his female sex and in the hight of their jollity they l the fence and they were cavorting the whole of the afternoon and down the right of way, and presently along comes No. 7 a hits the little bull a whelt in the tail and knocks him to the p below and breaks his bones to atoms, and the bull is dead. That all I know in regards to the killen of the bull. Your hum servant at the Falls below. ANDY SLATTARY, Sect. 3

Near Warren, Conn., is posted on a meadow fence the followi "Notis—Know kows is aloud in these medders, enny man womun letten thare kows run the rode wot gits inter my medd afoursed shal have his tale kut orf bi mee. Obadiah Rogers."

Kentucky Gun Club Tournament.

Louisville, Ky.—The three days' tournament of the Kentucky Gun Club took place in Louisville on Oct. 12, 13 and 14, and passed off to the satisfaction of all of the participants. The weather was delightful, the attendance good. Numerous sportsmen from all over the State of Kentucky and many from adjacent States met with a hearty welcome from the genial members of the club.

The presence of many of the fair daughters of Kentucky added to the charm of the occasion. Fine shooting, good cheer, and jolly good-fellowship were the leading features of the meeting; and taken altogether it was a very enjoyable holiday.

Many distinguished visitors added to the interest of the gathering, and some of the leading stars of the shooting firmament participated in the shooting. Among them were Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., who shot through the programme, with the exception of the last day. He not being a Kentuckian could not take part in the event of the Kentucky championship.

The score book shows that he occupied his usual position in the result—first in every event he took part in.

Mr. J. D. Gay, of Clark county, Ky., was shooting as well as ever; after five annual attempts he succeeded in capturing (by a straight score of 25 birds, and the only one made) the championship of Kentucky, the trophy of which was a very handsome silver cup and the larger share of the purse.

Mr. H. J. Lyons, the leading light of the club, in the same event, acquitted himself very creditably, as usual, getting 24 out of 25, and divided second money with Mr. R. M. Powell, of Henderson, a very quiet, retiring spirit, who killed his 24 out of 25 birds in a masterly manner.

Mr. Joe Coyle, of Lexington, got 23 out of 25 birds, and being alone at that score, got a proportionally larger share of the purse than in the preceding score. By a score of 22 the fourth and last money was divided between Tom Clay, of Bourbon county; Sam Hutchings, of Louisville; N. T. Harris, of the Hurstbourne Farm, in Jefferson county, Ky.

There were twenty-one entries in the championship event. The efforts of seven of them were rewarded as stated above, and the fourteen remaining got what the "Connaught man shot at"—nothing.

Below find the full score of the two most prominent events—the Kentucky handicap, Oct. 13, and the Kentucky State championship, Oct. 14; also a report of the first day's sport, which was devoted to targets, Oct. 12, showing results and averages:

The club has been filling up its ranks with several new members, many of whom made their first appearance in public, such as Dr. A. M. Cartledge, who shoots with a confidence that assures him a place in the front rank in a very short time.

Dr. F. W. Samuel, an enthusiast with the sport, will soon occupy a similar position.

Mr. G. Rob Hunt also made his first appearance, and gives hopes of rapid promotion in the art of shooting.

There were also present a quiet spectator—Mr. D. S. Brewster, the representative of the great Atlantic Powder Co., owned and controlled by the well-knowkn Du Pont family, of Wilmington, Del.

A few well-known old-timers—almost shades of the past—made their appearance here and there, and I had the pleasure of greeting Mr. Andy Meadors, of Nashville, Tenn.; Capt. G. G. Berry, who some years back was an active leader both at the trap and in the field, was a passive observer.

Another old-timer, whose name always stood very near the top on all the scores of the great clubs, made his appearance in full undress uniform under a new nom de plume, or, as you wish, nom de guerre, viz., Robinson Crusoe, and although classed as an "antique" he is liable to beat anybody any day, any place, for any amount, and is still in the ring where there is any first class shooting.

First Day, Thursday, Oct. 12.

The scores on targets were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	15	10	15	10	15	15	15			
Elliott	8	13	10	14	15	14	10	13	10	11	15	14	160	147	.918
Gay	8	14	8	14	13	13	9	13	10	13	14	14	160	143	.893
Lyons	7	7	8	14	13	10	8	12	8	..	..	..	...	...	....
Shepherdson	10	14	7	15	12	12	5	13	9	13	12	12	160	134	.837
Hallowell	9	13	10	12	13	13	8	9	9	13	13	8	160	129	.818
Pragoff	7	13	9	15	12	13	8	13	8	13	10	14	160	135	.843
Morton	6	12	..	..	12	12	8	11	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Greenwood	7	10	8	11	13	14	10	14	9	13	9	14	160	132	.825
Fallis	8	13	10	14	13	12	9	14	8	11	10	13	160	135	.843
Le Compte	8	9	6	11	10	11	5	5	5	8	9	10	160	97	.606
Meadows	8	11	7	11	11	12	7	10	5	9	8	11	160	110	.687
Abell	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Ireland	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Robertson	7	14	9	10	..	11	6	..	..	13	..	..	...	...	....
Chadwick	9	14	10	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...	....
Link	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	13	...	...	....
Bennett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	...	...	....

Second Day, Friday, Oct. 13.

The Kentucky handicap was at 15 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra; handicaps 25 to 30yds.; four high guns. Purse divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The scores:

Stillman, 26	1220*0210122020— 9
Fallis, 30	222222222222222—15
Hallowell, 30	222222222222222—15
J. D. Gay, 30	022222222211112—14
D. L. Miller, 28	022012211222210—12
W M Tally, 28	212021220222212—13
H Ballard, 30	221122222221222—15
W Fawcette, 28	211112210122220—13
R Grigsby, 27	220222222222202—13
Parker, 27	112222222022222—14
J. A. R. Elliott, 32	112212222222222—15
N T Harris, 29	2222200222222*2—12
H J Lyons, 30	20222220222*221—12
W R Allen, 27	222101222112221—14
Le Compte, 26	202112121212212—14
S Hutchings, 30	222222222202222—14
W C Churchill, 27	221221221221212—15

Third Day, Saturday, Oct. 14.

The Kentucky State championship, open only to residents of Kentucky, was at 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, for the championship of the State and a solid silver cup, which became the absolute property of the winner. The purse was divided 35, 25, 20 and 10 per cent., and 10 per cent. to the club; class shooting. All stood at 28yds.:

T H Clay, Jr	2222212220222102222222*122—22
H J Lyons	2222222222202222222222222—24
J D Gay	2212222222222222221222212—25
R G Fallis	2220222220222222202202222—21
W A Fawcette	2222200212222221222222020—21
E Pragoff	212202*21*1222121222*2221—21
G R Hunt	0222020220222100*00012*02—13
R Grigsby	220*2222202222*0
Joe Coyle	22222222222222*2022222222—23
Guy Grigsby	2112222202202212011121110—21
D L Miller	1220210122122102212120101—20
W M Talley	1222020102122222221220010—19
Sam Hutchings	2220222220222202222222222—22
R A Powell	2211222222120222221122222—24
W C Churchill	1112012012222101212111101—21
W B Allen	122*1211201221210221110 11—21
W P Woodcock	22222112100*20w
N T Harris	2*2122*222*22222222222222—22
Le Compte	2222221222022220*111212101—21
A M Cartledge	0200012222222022022020*202—15

The following guns, shells, and powders were used by the contestants:

T. H. Clay, Jr., used Winchester gun, Leader shells, Hazard powder; H. J. Lyons, Parker, Leader, Du Pont; J. D. Gay, Parker, Leader, Du Pont; R. G. Fallis, Greener, Trap and Smokeless, Schultze and Du Pont; W. A. Fawcette, Parker, Trap, Du Pont; E. Pragoff, Lefever, Leader, Schultze; G. R. Hunt, Scott, Leader, Schultze; R. Grigsby, Parker, Leader, Schultze; Joe Coyle, Parker, Victor, King's Smokeless; Guy Grigsby, Parker, Leader, Schultze; D. L. Miller, Parker, Smokeless, Schultze; W. M. Talley, Greener, Leader, Du Pont; Sam Hutchings, Parker, Smokeless, Du Pont; R. A. Powell, Winchester, Leader, Austin; W. C. Churchill, Greener, Leader, Du Pont; W. B. Allen, Greener, Leader, Schultze; W. P. Woodcock, Parker, Leader, Schultze; N. T. Harris, Parker, Leader, Du Pont; Le Compte, Greener, Leader, Du Pont; A. M. Cartledge, Francotte, Leader, Schultze; F. W. Samuel, Francotte, Leader, Schultze.

Y. K. W. (a visitor.)

Baltimore Shooting Association's Tournament

The sixth annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association was held on Oct. 17, 18 and 19. The out-of-town shooters present on the first day were H. L. Smith, of Martinsburg, W. Va.; J. W. Smith, Dr. Baughman and Ausler, of Westminster, Md.; J. L. Pentz, of Harper's Ferry, W. Va.; J. B. Albert, F. Latimer and T. P. Stearnes, of Newport News, Va.; Springer, Coulbourn and Taylor, of Salisbury, Md.; Tar Heel, of Tarboro, N. C., and Dominie, of Newark, N. J.

The attendance was not what the management expected in point of numbers, and was not what it should have been.

First Day, Tuesday, Oct. 17.

There was fair weather in the early part of the day. Later there was a drizzling ran and a bad light. The scores and handicaps follow:

Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	20
Lupus, 16	9	14	19	12	17	15	12	20	13	19
Leland, 16	7	8	15	12	15	12	14	20	12	18
J W Smith, 16	8	12	14	13	17	10	11	15	10	15
H C Smith, 16	8	11	18	12	19	14	10	19	13	20
Ausler, 16	7	11	18	11	17	12	13	14	12	15
Hood, 18	9	14	19	14	20	14	15	17	15	18
Fox, 18	9	13	19	13	18	15	15	18	14	17
Malone, 18	10	15	16	13	16	15	12	19	11	17
Tar Heel, 18	10	15	19	14	17	14	13	16	14	20
Collins, 16	8	11	16	13	17	9	12	17	8	17
Coulbourn, 14	8	10	18	12	18	12	12	17	14	16
Stearns, 14	5	13	14	14	13	12	10	16	11	15
Latimer, 14	9	10	16	13	18	14	15	18	11	12
Albert, 14	7	13	18	13	17	13	13	15	9	18
Springer, 16	8	13	19	13	11	12	13	18	14	13
Dominie, 16	9	14	18	14	20	12	15	18	14	16
Dupont, 18	..	..	..	..	16	14	13	17	11	14
Pentz, 14	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	16	9	15
Dixon, 16	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	19	11	17
Taylor, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	14	17
Hill, 14	3	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Edwards, 14	6	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sampson, 16	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	..	..	..

Hood Waters had high average in the first day's shooting; Fox second and Tar Heel third. The last squad shot in a very bad light, and two events of the programme were unfinished.

Second Day, Wednesday, Oct. 18.

Better weather favored the second day of the tournament, and there was a better attendance. The leaders contested closely, and shot well. Dr. H. E. Lupus was in excellent form, and finished in the lead for the day. He broke 180, Hood 179, Fox 179, Malone 175, Col. Anthony 169, Leland 165, H. L. Smith 165, Coulbourn 159, and J. W. Smith, 159.

The squad composed of Hood, Fox, Malone, Lupus and Tar Heel shot with admirable precision, and smashed targets in a way which is rarely excelled.

Col. J. T. Anthony, of Charlotte, N. C., was among the leaders in the programme up to near the finish.

Following are the scores and handicaps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	15	10
Hood, 18	8	14	19	14	18	15	15	19	14	19	14	10
Fox, 18	9	15	18	14	17	14	14	20	15	18	15	10
Malone, 18	10	11	19	13	19	14	14	19	15	19	14	8
Leland, 16	8	14	14	13	14	15	13	19	12	18	12	8
Anthony, 16	6	14	18	15	17	12	13	20	15	18	12	8
Lupus, 16 and 18	10	14	18	15	19	13	15	20	14	19	14	9
H L Smith, 16	9	15	16	11	20	11	10	18	15	16	14	10
Coulbourn, 16	9	13	12	12	19	8	8	18	13	19	15	9
J W Smith, 16	8	11	19	14	16	11	12	16	14	15	12	10
Tar Heel, 18	8	10	19	15	19	14	12	18	14	18	..	..
Stearns, 16	10	13	16	12	15	14	14	14	12	14	..	..
Albert, 14	6	8	15	11	19	13	13	16	15	10	..	..
Collins, 16	6	12	13	11	14	13	11	13	11	12	..	..
Pentz, 16	5	12	16	11	17	9	7	10	..	..	..	..
Latimer, 16	10	13	17	14	16	13	9	1*	8	..	..	..
Dominie, 18 and 16	8	13	17	14	15	15	15	19	15	..	..	..
Bond, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	12	12	16	5	6
Taylor, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	16	10	12	8	9
Burnham, 16	..	..	..	..	..	18	14	14	11	9	..	..	..
Willis, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	11	16	5	6
Dixon, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	18	15	7
Andrew, 16	..	10	..	..	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Springer, 16	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	13	..	..	..	..	..
Hill, 14	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	14	17	9	..
Nelson, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
Barrett, 16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..
Darling, 16	..	..	..	7	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	.

On the two target days 8,460 targets were thrown.

Third Day, Thursday, Oct. 19.

This was live-bird day, and shooting was kept up till dark. The experts shot well. Mr. Malone killed 79 out of 86 shot at; Mr. Fox killed 73 out of 80; Mr. Wm. Wagner, of Washington, killed 29 out of 30.

The first event was the Baltimore introductory, 7 birds, $7 entrance, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; 30yds.

Malone	2212121—7	Hicks	2222220—6
Dupont	2111122—7	Fox	1100212—5
Anthony	1221011—6	Dixon	2022011—5

The second was the suburban sweepstakes, 10, birds, $10, high guns, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Fox	1222222222—10	Dupont	2211122211—10
Hicks	2222222222—10	Malone	1012111121— 9
Anthony	1222111112—10		

Miss-and-outs, $2 entrance:

Hicks	7	3	6	5	9	Wagner	7	5	3	6	9
Malone	3	5	5	6	9	Greene	4	2	1	5	8
Fox	7	5	6	3	7	Hood	6	4	..	4	1
Coulbourn	0	..	..	2	1	Dupont	..	3	..	..	..
Anthony	4	4	6	1	7	Leland	..	2	..	..	..
Steubener	7	1	2	4	8						

Miss-and-outs, $5 entrance:

Dixon	14	4	3	6	..	Hood	14	..	..	..	..
Malone	13	3	5	8	7	Clarke	2	2	..	8	8
Fox	15	4	1	8	2	Dominie	2	..	..	..	..
Hicks	7	2	..	..	..	Anthony	15	4	4	5	7
Dupont	6	1	..	..	..	Stump	..	..	4	..	..

As the result of the work of three days, Ansley H. Fox won high average for those who shot through the entire programme at both the target days, and yesterday at live birds.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Chicago Sportsmen's Trophy.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 21.—Nice weather greeted the shooters who met at Watson's yesterday in the contest for the Chicago sportsmen's diamond trophy. The air was bright and clear, with a faint wind blowing from left to right across the score. The birds were fairly good. Only eleven men turned out for the shoot, and matters were concluded very promptly both in the main contest and in the ties. Mr. W. B. Leffingwell and Mr. C. S. Wilcox were the only two tied on 15, Wilcox killing straight and not using either of his 2 allowance birds. In the shoot-off Wilcox missed his third bird, which fell dead out of bounds. Leffingwell killed his 5 and won the badge. Wilcox won the high average medal, and the two were begging everybody to photograph them as the "champions of all champions." Wilcox did really very good shooting, killing 27 out of 28 birds during the afternoon, with the lost bird dead out.

In the ties on 14 Roll and Parker divided at the 9th bird. Levi killed 3 straight and shot out Barto in the tie on 13. Steck killed 3 straight and shot out Young in the tie on 12. The following are the scores:

H Levi, 28, 2	00022121022112211 —13
G W Roll, 31, 0	112221221121011 —14
Dr Shaw, 30, 0	202111212111222 —14
W B Leffingwell, 28, 1	1122222122212202 —15
S E Young, 30, 3	21*12*221001220220—12
F E Adams, 28, 1	2221011022121111 —14
J B Barto, 30, 0	222202202122122 —13
C Parker, 30, 1	2122222122*22220 —14
C S Wilcox, 30, 2	211222122212212 —15
E M Steck, 30, 0	10*122212102222 —12
J L White, 30, 1	122212121*211201 —14
Ties on 15:	
Leffingwell, 28, 0	11212
Wilcox, 30, 0	12*11
Ties on 14:	
Roll, 31	112 211 110
Shaw, 30	w
White, 30	22*
Roll and Parker divided.	
Adams, 28	111 212 01*
Parker, 30	111 212 102
Ties on 13:	
Levi	121
Barto	220
Ties on 12:	
Young	022
Steck	112

There was some practice by those present before the shooting of the trophy race, and after that event a $2 sweep at 5 birds was made up. The same sweep was repeated to settle the ties, and divided at the close of the second set of ties, the 4s shooting in the first event, shooting miss-and-out in the second event, three men dividing the money. Score:

Sweeps, 5 birds:

Parker	11100—3	22122—5	White	02122—4	12111—5
Wilcox	21221—5	12011—4	Young	20111—4	21010—3
Steck	21022—4	11121—5	Leffingwell	12*11—4	10111—4
Roll	11102—4	11112—5	Adams	11221—5	w
Barto	11122—5	12110—4	Levi	10110—3	21*22—4

Audubon Club Day a Blank.

Only one member appeared last Wednesday for the regular Audubon Club live-bird shoot, Mr. J. H. Amberg, who, having no contestant, could not win anything. A good many shooters are now out of town in the field.

Garfield Gun Club.

This is the off-week in the Garfield Gun Club live-bird shoots, and Garfield grounds will be unoccupied to-day. The regular shoot will come off next Saturday.

Chicago Shooting Park.

No meeting of the stockholders of the proposed Chicago shooting park has been called as yet, but it is anticipated at an early day, as all the shares are reported sold. The matter of site will come up at this first meeting. Mention has already been made of the Burnside site, near the Illinois Central station, a very desirable one. Another excellent site, still nearer to town and also on the Illinois Central Railroad, is suggested and will come up for consideration. This is the strip of vacant ground near Parkside and Bryn Mawr, lying south of the old World's Fair grounds. There is quite a strip of commons here, and it is much more readily accessible than even Burnside. It lies a little to the east of the main line of the Illinois Central, and on the South Chicago branch of that line. It would be very difficult to divorce the Chicago shooters from the Illinois Central Railroad, on which they have been so long accustomed to travel.

Mt. Sterling "Hard Times" Shoot.

The Mt. Sterling Gun Club, of Illinois, holds a "hard times" shoot next Wednesday, Oct. 25, this being the fourth annual tournament of the club. The average entrance fee is 50 cents, a few very stiff ones at 6 bits, and targets are sold at "one penny." The club signs itself, "Yours for Better Times."

"Pairs of Doubles."

I wish some one of great wisdom, the grave and reverend Cadi, for instance, would tell me how many birds there are in a "pair of doubles." We often see in programmes events listed as "5 pair of doubles," or "5 pairs of doubles," etc. Is it logically to be supposed there are 2, 4 or more birds in a "pair of doubles"? I just want to know, you known.

E. Hough.

480 Caxton Building, Chicago, Ill.

[As to the "pair of doubles," it probably is a derivation from a still more universal expression which comes in use under certain benign auspices, namely, "a pair of twins." We are always happy in giving information to those who wish to learn.]

Eureka Gun Club.

Chicago, Oct. 21.—Very few members were present at the Eureka Gun Club's shoot this afternoon. The total number was twelve. During the latter part of the day a chilly breeze sprang up, which kept the boys, when not shooting, around a very efficient sheet-iron stove.

The light on the whole was bad, the sky being very thickly covered with clouds, and there being a big smoke bank in the distance. In the early part of the shoot it tried to rain, but did not succeed.

The flight was exceedingly good, notwithstanding all these difficulties.

Mrs. Carson did some very good shooting, as she always does.

In the trophy shoot Chas. Antoine won Class A on a score of 19, Dr. Miller won Class B, also on a score of 19. In Class C Mack tied with Parker, and Mrs. Carson came out on a tied 19 with J. G. Lovell in Class D.

In the shoot for the Mussey cup Dr. Miller and Ed Steck each won it three times. In the final shoot Ed Steck came out ahead. Many regret Dr. Miller's losing, as he had led all summer. One visitor was present, a Mr. Miller, of Urbana, Ill.

There is but one more target shoot this season. The live-bird shooting commences on Dec. 2 and continues every two weeks. The club donates $40 for prizes. No entrance fee is charged. Entrance for sweepstakes, $1, divided by the Rose system, 5, 3, 2 points.

The trophies for the summer shoot are to be on exhibition at the club house on Saturday, Oct. 28, and are to be delivered the same day.

Following are the scores in the trophy shoot:

A W Adams	11100111011111110001111001—17
Mrs Carson	01111011111110100101111111—19
Dr Miller	01011111111110001111110111—19
T W Bennett	00010111111000111111111101—17
J G Lovell	10111011101111111001011111—19
J L Jones	10110101001001001111111100—14
Ed Steck	11111010101101011100111 1—18
Sundermeier	11111100101101101111000100—15
R B Mack	11000011111111110010111111—18
Chas Antoine	10111101111110101001111111—19
Mr Miller	10111010111110101111111110—19
C C Parker	11111111011101011001111001—18
Dr Morton	001000111111100

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	4	5	Events:	1	2	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
A Adams	21	14	14	..	J L Jones	20	..	17	..
Mrs Carson	17	..	22	17	Sundermeier	14	13	11	..
Dr Miller	22	21	22	..	C Antoine	..	22	..	..
Bennet	21	19	22	15	C C Parker	..	17	20	21
R B Mack	13	..	..	..	J L Jones	..	17	..	..
Lovell	16	21	16	18	Dr Morton	..	11	11	..
Ed Steck	20	23	17	20	Miller	..	14	..	..

No. 2 was the Mussey cup; No. 3 was the trophy shoot.

F. J. Baum.

Bison Gun Club.

Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 20.—At the regular shoot of the Bison Gun Club to-day at its park, corner of Babcock and William streets, Stacy defeated C. S. B. for the Clinton Bidwell challenge trophy. The match was at 25 live birds. Stacy killed 22, while C. S. B. killed 20. C. S. B. won one and tied one of the two other miss-and-out events, having a clean score. Following is the score of the day's shooting:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	10	15	7	Targets:	15	15	15	10	15	7
Cannon	10	8	8	..	9	..	Bauman	14	13	..	..	12	..
O'Brian	8	11	13	..	9	4	Heinold	11	13	..	..	15	..
66	12	12	13	..	13	7	Swope	..	..	..	8	..	..
C S B	14	14	..	..	9	5	Forbes	..	..	..	4	..	..
Appel	11	12	12	7	10	3	Howard	..	..	..	8	..	..
Stacy	12	10	..	..	10	5	Leslie	..	..	..	..	11	..

Miss-and-outs: C. S. B., 6 out of 6; 66, 5 out of 6; O'Brian, 3 out of 6; Stacey, 6 out of 6.

Event No. 2, miss-and-out: C. S. B., 14 out of 14; Stacy, 13 out of 14; 66, 6 out of 7.

"I'll bet I know what's one 'White Man's Burden'!" exclaimed the bad boy.

"Willie!" exclaimed his elder sister indignantly, "if you don't stop peeking into the parlor when Mr. Jones calls I'll never give you the money to buy any more marbles."—Chicago Post.

A Trapper's Story.

Mr. George E. Bartlett, who is well known to shooters as a Marlin expert, has shown himself facile with rhyme and rhythym, as the subjoined verse abundantly demonstrates. Mr. Bartlett, by the way, has had a life experience which should give him material for yarn-spinning galore. "I came from the West," he told us the other day, "where I served fourteen years in Dakota as Deputy United States Marshal. I was a scout at Pine Ridge Indian Agency, South Dakota, at the time of the ghost dance war in 1890-1891; and I enjoyed the Indian name of Wounded Knee, having been wounded in the right knee while engaging in a fight with horse thieves. The famous Wounded Knee fight between Big Foot's Band of Sioux and the 7th U. S. Cavalry occurred in front of my trading post, Dec. 29, 1890, when 410 Sioux were killed and forty-three United States soldiers.

"I drifted East with a theatrical company called the Great Train Robbery melodrama, in which I was engaged to give an exhibition of rifle and revolver shooting; also to furnish a band of eight genuine Cheyenne Indians to give color to the plan. We visited New Haven in January, 1898, at which time I engaged with the Marlin company. The recent visit of the Wild West show here has caused me to resurrect some almost forgotten verses which I have written from time to time in memory of old John T. Nelson, whom the Sioux call Fills the Pipe or Cansasa Opagi. Old John was for seven or eight years representing the character of an old-time scout, guide, interpreter and hunter with the Wild West show, and the stories he would tell the unsophisticated tenderfoot who happened by his tent in the show grounds would put to blush the greatest liar that ever cast a line in Long Island Sound."

A Trapper's Story.

'Twas a trapper's camp, in a shady nook,
Near a winding stream you would know at a look;
For skins were scattered over the ground to dry,
And wild game was hanging in the trees near by;
A trapper sat there by a fire so bright,
Watching the shadows of approaching night,
When from around the bend, borne up by the gale,
Came a donkey's bray—a sonorous wail.
And a lone trapper, leadin' an ancient jack,
Stopped before the camp-fire and undid his pack.
"I reckon," said he, "that I'll stay here to-night
If you ain't no objections, I'll make it all right."
"You bet," came the answer, with a pleasant grin,
For it was Nelson's camp, and the host was in.
Thus the tired trapper, wearied by his tramp,
Took up his lodging in Nelson's camp,
And soon his host's welcome he was made to feel
By a pleasant engagement with a wholesome meal.
He talked of the past as all trappers do—
Their future—but another pelt, maybe two—
He talked of hunting buffalo, elk and deer,
And the crude hospitality of the mountaineer;
Of men who desperate danger would dare,
And in mountain jungle killed the grizzly bear.
Of the story-teller—for above the rest,
Stood he who told the biggest yarns, and told them best.
Of all those who were for tales or prowess famed,
Then asked Old John if he knew the ones he named.
Of course he knew them well, each and every one;
You would have thought he had lived since time begun.
And straightening up and throwing back his hair,
Said, "Pardner, ever know John Nelson out there?"
A pleasant gleam shot from the stranger's eye
As he relit his pipe and made this reply:
"Do I know John Nelson? Well, you can jest bet;
And he's the biggest liar I ever met.
It's about his doings you want me to tell.
Well, let me see, I reckon I may as well.
See, I knowed all them old chaps from years ago;
An' he's about the likeliest one I know,
An' he had the jaw-breakinest Injun name,
But we'll call it Fills the Pipe, that means the same.
You'd like it sorter as the story goes on,
But seein' you knowed him I'll jest call him Old John.
An' Old John had sand; he would stand like a pine;
An' I never seen him worsted but this one time.
An' he'd a heart in him bigger'n a wolf;
There wasn't a better hearted man this side of the Gulf.
An' about ordinary things John wouldn't lie,
An' in business matters he was square as a die.
But when the day's hunt was done, an' John was through,
An' his traps all set, an' nothin' else to do,
He'd kinder square hisself like he'd cum to stay.
First he'd light his old pipe; then he'd fire away;
An' of all the big lies that ever you heard,
He could grind them out, and never want for a word.
There was never no fights but he'd been in 'em;
Was allers at the death and helped ter skin 'em.
He had been a ranger, courier and guide,
A hunter, trapper, an' trader beside;
He had been a scout under Buffalo Bill,
Was an old mountaineer with a hand an' a will.
We was camped up in the Dakota Black Hills;
Was all trading that winter, Petes, Jims, Johns and Bills,
With a band of Injuns that was camped near by;
An' they was gettin' bad, acting devilish sly.
An' although we traded with 'em every day,
We didn't know what time they might fire away,
An' clean out our camp, for all along the range
There was talk of war, and it wouldn't a-been strange
If they had turned loose; but us boys up there,
Was allers ready an' wasn't easy to scare.
Well, things stood this way when Old John went below.
We tried ter git him ter stay, but no, he must go.
Didn't care for Injuns; he wasn't afraid;
Goin' after supplies and have suthin' ter trade.
With all our talk we couldn't git him to stay;
So he took his pack horses and started away.
After he'd been gone about three or four days
The devilish Injuns begun to change their ways;
They would come up ter our camp an' hang around,
An' lean up against trees an' set down on the ground.
An' laugh an' joke, for they seemed ter be afraid
That we'd all go away, an' they'd lose all our trade:
So they held a pow-wow in their Injun way,
An' promised us a good winter's trade if we'd stay
So some more of the boys went down after goods,
An' the Injuns moved back from the edge of the woods,
After the Injuns had moved, an' the boys had gone,
We made up our minds to have some fun with Old John
We 'lowed that he orter be on his way back.
Narvous, uneasy, watching every sign and track.
An' the boys he met would say it was all right;
Everything was quiet, wouldn't be any fight.
Fer to allers be on the lookout is hard,
An' we counted on this throwing him off his guard.
So we agreed, us boys, ter take turn about,
Keepin' watch from the mountains—a sort of lookout.
Think 'twas the evening of the third or fourth day
We seen him near a creek 'bout three miles away,
An' stop down there, turn his ponies out ter grass;
We could tell it was him by the aid of our glass—
An' soon we see a fire burn kinder bright,
An' we thought he was fixin' ter camp fer the night,
So's ter let his tired ponies graze around,
'Cause he was allers ter home when the sun went down.
Well, then we all dressed up in our Injun clothes,
With war bonnets an' feathers, paints, arrers an' bows.
See'n' we had sech things as these all ready made;
We had ter take sech things in our Injun trade.
Well, we boys agreed on a plan ter begin,
Then we all started out ter take the old chap in.
An' we soon made a sneak on the old man's fire;
(We liked the old cuss if he was sech a liar.
We only wanted ter sorter let him know
That all gewhollipers he told us didn't go.)
His fire was well started, his packs undone,
An' he'd gone after some water and left his gun.
That's what we wanted—we hadn't come ter fight—
An' was middlin' anxious 'bout his gun that night;
Fer I'll tell you he didn't nuss that old gun,
An' carry it 'round the country jess for fun.
He'd use it, stranger, but we kinder stole 'round,
An' when he come back we started up with a bound.
He didn't jump nor holler, nor stand an' stare,
But he jess reached fer his gun, but it wasn't there.
Stand still, Fills the Pipe, said Pete in regular Sioux;
An' I tell you, stranger, he understood it, too;
We hadn't no trouble in talking, you see,
For he could talk Injun an' so could we.
But we hadn't come ter talk—that wa'n't our plan—
An' what little talk there was, was done by one man.
They called him Pete—I've forgot his other name—
But no matter, the story goes on jess the same;
An' he looked like Settin' Bull, this grizzly Pete,
When he told Old John we wanted suthin' ter eat.
So John begun cooking, in a hurry, too;
An' ter keep from laughin' was all we could do;
For he muttered English, an' cussed every breath,
But we set sour an' grim like a circle of death,
While John got supper—an' it wasn't the best,
But the coffee was good—didn't care fer the rest;
An' as we didn't know what Old John might do,
We made him set down an' eat supper, too.
Well, when we got through we kicked the packs all round,
And scattered his tin dishes all over the ground.
Well, pardner, we jess acted Injun, you see,
An' you know how cussed mean an Injun can be.
So, after we'd done all the meanness we could,
Pete told John to dance a war dance, and do it good.
Yes, of course, this kinder surprised the old chap,
But we picked up some tin plates an' begun ter tap,
An' Pete wet the feather end of his arrer
An' told John ter dance if he would see to-morrer.
I guess he'd 'a' run, but ther' wasn't a chance,
'Less he run ag'in arrers, so he had ter dance.
Wall, we hollored an' sung, an' beat the tin drum,
An' ter see him hoe it down I tell yer 'twas fun—
War dance—Pipe dance—Omaha—he done 'em all,
Wasn't choice 'bout partners; didn't wait fer the call.
Well, sir, we danced Old John till his legs got numb,
Then at a sign from Pete we all went as we come.
In a rush through the brush—a double-quick run—
Not because we was afraid, fer we had his gun—
But we all scooted out an' run a keen race,
Three miles fer camp, an' got everything in place.
We had jess put our Injun trinkets away,
An' got into clothes we wore every day,
When Old John rushed into camp all out of breath.
Course we was glad ter see him; yes, tickled ter death—
We shook his old hand with a terrible grip,
An' asked him all sorts of questions about his trip.
"Oh! I've had war with the Injuns—bet yer life,
I'd explored the flume but fer my gun an' knife.
Wait till I picket an' put away the packs,
An' I'll tell yer all about it—tell yer the facts."
Guess we could have stood it—but John couldn't wait,
So he rattled away at the follerin' rate:
"Lord, but they whooped it up ter me for a while,
But, boys, I fixed a few of 'em so that they'll spile."
Here one of the boys asked, "John, where is your gun?"
"Oh, it's lost, I reckon; I come on the run;
I've been flying, an' my pack wasn't well tied,
So if I've got half my goods I'll be satisfied."
Well, he'd got through, an' we was all in the house,
An' every one was listening as still as a mouse,
While Old John told of his wonderful hard fight
He'd had with the Injuns down on the creek that night.
"Well, I'd been cooking an' had jess got through,
When here come a war party, and the arrers flew.
I'll jess tell you, folks, I thought I was gone.
I sez, 'All's over now, the ghost's callin' you, John.'
But I grabbed the old gun and sez: 'Here she goes!'
An' you bet that one of them turned up his toes.
This kinder stopped 'em for a minute, you see,
So I made a spring, an' got behind a big tree;
An', Lord! how their arrers come whizzin' by!
The tree was filled with feathers till I thought 'twould fly;
But I kept a-poppin' to 'em jess the same;
An' they soon found out I could play at their game,
An' I reckon they thought that it didn't pay,
Fer they soon picked up their dead an' scampered away."
"Dead?" sez old Pete, with a sly wink in his eye,
"Yes, dead," sez Old John. "Do you think I would lie?
I tell you I killed three, an' wounded four,
An' if they hadn't skipped out, I'd 'a' had some more.
It's lucky my hosses was down on the creek,
Fer if they'd 'a' seen 'em, they'd whooped 'em off quick."
Well, sir, he filled us so full of his lies that night,
That we all went ter bed, an' left him in the fight
In a few days all the rest of the boys come,
An' they give the whole darned snap away to Old John.
Lord! but he was hot—but didn't raise no fuss,
But when one of us would laugh, whew! how he would cuss.
Pardner, maybe you knowed Old John—knowed him well:
But this is one of the yarns that he'd never tell."
"Hold on there, stranger, you've gone far enough;
I'm tired of list'nin' ter this cussed stuff.
I'm Old John Nelson—Old John as you say,
An' never seen yer in my life 'till ter day;
An' while you've been gullin' me here to-night,
I've had a mind ter invite yer out ter fight.
Not because you've called me a liar, oh, no!
But 'cause you've beat my best lyin' record so.
To tell the truth I did kinder aspire
Ter be the great chief an' champion liar.
An' I've held the belt for many a day,
But you knock me out in sech a easy way,
That I give it ter you; wear it with pride,
Fer you're the lyinest liar that ever lied."
"All right, pardner; maybe I did get it mixed;
It was some other Nelson—that's easy fixed.
But I guess you're tired an' would go ter bed;
Wrap in this robe—take my saddle fer yer head;
It's a right good piller—I've used it a sight.
My coat an' boots will do me fer to-night."

Geo. E. Bartlett.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Jeannette Gun Club.

Oct. 20.—The club shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club was held at the Guttenburg race track to-day. The birds were a fast lot. Some excellent kills were made by J. Lott, Otten, Brunie and Karstens. Class A medal was won by Otten, Class B by J. Bohling, Jr.

In the team shoot Otten's team won on the score of 22 to 20.

H Otten, 28	1221121121—10	Karstens, 28	2212110110— 8
J Bohling, Jr, 25	2012122222— 9	Ferguson, 25	0200011011— 5
J Mohrmann, 25	2111001120— 7	C Bohling, 28	0220011001— 5
Job Lott, 33	1222222002— 8	W Ralphs, 28	0110110022— 6
C F Peters, 25	2022021100— 6	W P Rinckhoff, 30	1111200201— 7
C N Brunie, 28	1212201110— 8	Steffens, 33	0122112020— 7
J Kroeger, 28	1222001121— 8		

Team shoot:

Otten	22202—4	Steffens	21121—5
Job Lott	02222—4	Brunie	20101—3
Karstens	11200—3	Kroeger	22122—5
J Bohling	12022—4	Peters	02021—3
Mohrmann	12101—4	C Bohling	11000—2
Rinckhoff	01120—3—22	Ralphs	00201—2—2

Trap at Lyndhurst.

Oct. 18.—An excellent lot of birds were offered to the shooters at Tom Morfey's grounds to-day, and pleasant weather favored the competition. The main event was at 25 birds, $10, birds extra, three moneys. This was won by Mr. Harold Money by the score of 23, losing his first dead out. Piercy was second with 22.

A number of miss-and-outs were shot:

No. 1, miss-and-out, $2:

Morfey	22222112222—11	Money	22221222220—11
Tierny	120w		

No. 2, 10 birds, $5:

Morfey, 29	2222202202—8	Bruyere, 28	111*201211—7
Piercy, 28	*2*2111022—7	Bunn, 28	1201210121—7
Money, 30	1222220222—9		

No. 3, 10 birds, $5:

Morfey, 29	222222*222—9	Sanders, 27	2201210221—7
Piercy, 28	2222*21122—9	Bunn, 28	1201020212—7
Money, 30	2220211222—9	Bruyere, 27	11*2201122—7

No. 4, 25 birds, $10, three moneys, birds outside purse:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Morfey, 29 ↗↗↗↗→↗↖↗↙↖↑↗↗↗↗↗↗↖↖↗↗↖→←↗ 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—21

Piercy, 28 ↙↗↓↓↙↗↗↗↗↖↗↗↖↗→↙↗↖↘↗↖→←↗ 2 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 * 1 1 1 1—22

Money, 30 ↗↖↗↑↗↗↗↙↗↗↓↗↖↘←↖←↗↑↳↖↗↗↖ *1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1—22

Heflich, 29 ↖↖↗←↗↗↘↖↗→↑↗↗←↗↙↗{H↖↖↗↑↙↓ 1 1 1 1 * 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 * 1 1 1 * 0 1 0—20

Bruyere, 26 ↗↙↘↖↗←↗↖↗←↓↖↗↘↘↗↖↗↗→↗→↑↑↑ 1 0 * 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—21

Sanders, 26 ↳↗↗↗↗↑↗↗←↗ 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 0

Bunn, 27 ←↗↗↗←→↗↗↘↗↙↗↙↖↗↗↗↑←↗↙↗↗↗↖ 1 1 1 * 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 2 1 0 0 1 1 2 1 1 1 0—19

Hackensack River Gun Club.

East Rutherford, N. J., Oct. 20.—The club shoot of the Hackensack River Gun Club had four visitors—Messrs. Barbier, Ayers, Stoude and Hall. Messrs. Jack and Heflich scored 7 points each. The scores:

		Points.			Points.
Barbiers, 28	1012022012— 7	..	Heflich, 30	1222222222—10	7
F Jack, 28	1111110*11— 8	7	Chartrand, 28	2*111211*1— 8	6
W Ayers, 28	201*110022— 6	..	Weickert, 28	2121202111— 9	6
H Stoude, 28	0002021112— 6	..	Haw'nst'n, 26	1211102020— 7	4
F Hall, 30	2020212111— 8	..			

Five birds:

F Hall	22200—3	Barbier	00101—2
H Heflich	22222—5	Hawenstein	22020—3
F Jack	1*111—4	Ayers	11011—4
J Chartrand	22*11—4	Dr Weickert	21210—4

Match, miss-and-out:

Heflich	222222222—9	Hall	12222222*—8

Match, 10 birds, for birds:

		Tie.			Tie.
Hawenstein	22000*1*22—5	020	Ayers	00*222*202—5	010

Inanimate Target Championship.

New York, Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. W. R. Crosby informs me that he accepts Mr. Gilbert's challenge for the E C inanimate target championship trophy, and names Batavia, N. Y., Oct. 30, and 2.30 P. M. as the place, date and time for holding the match.

Kindly make a note of this in your current issue and oblige

Edward Banks, Sec'y,
The American E C & Schultze Gunpowder Co., Ltd.

In a pretty Wisconsin town, not far from Milwaukee, there is a "spite fence," which cuts off a view across a number of beautiful lawns. The man who lives on one side of it evidently feared the fence would bring down on his head the condemnation of his neighbors. Not wishing to be unjustly blamed, he has therefore painted on his side of the fence, in letters that can be read a block away, these words: "He built this fence. I didn't do it." The man on the other side also had no idea of letting a false impression get out. Accordingly he has painted on the other side of the high barrier: "I had to do it."—Kansas City Star.

Answers to Correspondents

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Whitney.—Will Mr. William Alfred Whitney please send address to this office.

The America Cup, or the America's Cup, as it is properly called, was given by the Royal Yacht Squadron in 1851 as a prize for one race open to yachts of all nations. It was not given by the Queen, and is not a "Queen's cup."

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 19. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

SAM'S BOY.

THERE could not be a happier theme for loving delineation by the pen of Rowland E. Robinson than the telling of how Uncle Lisha set about teaching Sam Lovel's boy "the art of being a boy," and a Danvis boy, it is to be remembered. Nor could any story be told in FOREST AND STREAM more certainly assured of a sympathetic, appreciative and delighted reading. Mr. Robinson has sent us the opening chapters. They are in his best vein. We shall begin their publication in our issue of Dec. 2.

CORNELIUS W. SMITH.

CORNELIUS W. SMITH passed away at his home in Syracuse, N. Y., on Saturday, Oct. 28, aged fifty-four years. His death was caused by heart disease, and was very sudden. Mr. Smith was a successful patent lawyer, and like so many of his fellow members of the bar, he found his recreation in angling. No angler living in Syracuse, where for many years an irrepressible conflict has been waged between the law-abiding fisherman and the netting pirate, could avoid having a lively and personal interest in the cause of fish protection and the making and enforcing of adequate laws to accomplish protection. For a long period Mr. Smith labored hand in hand with the members of the Anglers' Association of Onondaga county in their effort to protect the local waters from the illegal nets; and when, a few years ago, the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was reorganized and given new life, he entered into the movement with interest and devotion, which were unremitting in the service to the end. As a member of successive committees on legislation he was one of the few members of the organization who did the actual hard work; and his counsel was valued by his associates because it was based upon a familiarity with the subject gained by careful study and matured consideration. At the last meeting of the League, Mr. Smith was made its president for the current year. His death will be sincerely mourned; but the influence of his life will not abruptly end. What he did as a member of the League he did not for himself, but for others; such example of an exalted sense of the citizen's duty to the community as was afforded in the game and fish protective services of Cornelius W. Smith may well be an incitement to others who are thoughtful for the public good.

THE SIDE-HUNT.

THIS is the season of the side-hunt, the side-hunters and the side-hunted. The side-hunt is a competitive slaughter by a company of shooters divided into rival squads, each of which endeavors to kill more game than the rest. The side-hunters usually comprise all of the male population who can muster arms, from the doddering pensioner for total disability to the callow youth who has never ere this handled a gun afield. The side-hunted include all forms of animal life large enough to be seen through rifle sights or over the rib of a shotgun. The stake is usually a dinner or supper, at which is served such of the day's ingathering as may be fit to eat, the losing side paying expenses. In many districts the annual side-hunt is an established custom, which has been followed from remote times, and holds a place of merited popularity as an occasion of good-natured rivalry in which the victors may crow over the losers and the jovial incidents of the day and night afford material for frequent rehearsal. Side-hunting is essentially an old-fashioned custom, and it is also of those old-fashioned institutions whose reasonableness, justification, excuse for being, has been outgrown in the newly developed conditions of the times. Whatever may have been the merits of the side-hunt as hunted by our fathers, it is to-day in most localities altogether wrong, foolish and indefensible.

The side-hunt is wrong because it is a competition in the slaughter of wild life. All the tendency of the times in growing sentiment, conviction, legislation and practice is in the direction of restricting the destruction of game and limiting the amount which may be taken by an individual in a season. But the spirit of the side-hunt is in direct opposition to this doctrine and practice of moderation. Because it is thus in conflict with the recognized sound principles of wise game conservation it should be abolished.

The side-hunt is wrong because it is foolishly destructive of wild life. The "game" listed in these hunts comprises not only such birds and animals as have a recognized place among the legitimate spoils of sport, but often include as well those species which should be spared and given immunity, either because they are useful to man, or at least because, being absolutely worthless when dead, the killing of them is necessarily useless and wanton. When a sportsman sets out for quail or partridge or duck or deer or prairie chicken or hare, he goes for game and game alone, and does not kill indiscriminately and wantonly other birds and animals which come across his path. The side-hunter on the contrary pots everything. It all counts. The slaughter is indiscriminate. If there exists any reasonable defense of the wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter of the wild creatures of the field and wood, we have never read it in print nor heard it propounded; and until defense shall be produced and made good, the side-hunt, which is only another name for such indefensible slaughter, must be reckoned equally without excuse and subject to reprobation.

The time has come when the side-hunt should be condemned by public opinion and prohibited by statute. The game laws should take cognizance of it and forbid it.

A COUNTRY ROAD.

WHEN the Man with the Hoe, homeward plodding his weary way and trudging along the turnpike, observes in the dust a circular scratched depression, in size and shape like the crown of the hat of the barefooted boy who always catches the trout the city angler can't get; and sees leading to this depression and across it and beyond it interminably over the hills and far away a ribbon track in the earth, he says to himself "dusting pa'tridge," and "one of them wheel fellers." And then, perhaps, he reflects that when the rider who had made the ribbon track come upon the partridge which had made the dusting bed, there were a surprised man and not less an astonished bird.

The wheel has given such an engine for approaching the wild creatures which haunt country roads as man never has enjoyed since Adam went out from his Garden. It moves so silently and glides so swiftly—in steadiness and speed like the wind—and comes so suddenly and unexpectedly that the surprised and dazed bird is for the instant too bewildered to make flight. When one is walking through the woods or wandering along the woods-bordered road, his coming is noted by ear or scent or eye, and the wild thing has abundant time to take its bearings and make deliberate choice of direction of flight. But with the wheelman's approach the case is quite different. The apparition is so sudden and the instantaneousness of it is so overwhelming that even the wary partridge forgets its cunning, and becomes even as the stupid domestic hen, which is wont to scurry every which way in the road before its final desperate whirr to one side—or the other. Nor is the surprise of the encounter always wholly on one side; for the eye of the wheelman, however keen, is apt to be engaged with the scene before him in its larger aspects, so that such a detail as the form of a grouse does not disengage itself from the mass until the bird flushes with startling wing beat. But if the game be seen from a distance and all unalarmed and unsuspecting give the rider opportunity of approach, the experience is likely to be one of the well-remembered pleasures of wheeling.

The average rider does not carry firearms; he is one of those who do their hunting without a gun, and to him come the rewards of that mode of intercourse with the wild beings of field and forest. These may not always be "game;" the denizens of the country road are extremely cosmopolitan, and for the most part, it must be confessed, do not hold an exhalted rank in the social scale which obtains among the folk of feathers and fur. The man awheel may run into partridge or quail, or, if he be traversing Maine roads, an antlered buck; but on the average country road he is much more likely to surprise woodchucks and chipmunks and snakes. Nevertheless if he be the philosopher we count him, intent upon getting out of his ride all that is in it, he will be grateful even for the humblest of these creatures which cross his path.

Partridge and cyclist both may well affect such a charming bit of country road as Mr. Davison has pictured for us. Nor is the scene a fancy picture, nor the incident fictitious. The rider is Mr. J. L. Davison, of Lockport, N. Y., who has for these many years been a well-known contributor to our columns; and his bearing down upon the partridge was an actual experience in one of his wheeling trips. It is here so admirably depicted, he tells us, that a camera could hardly have photographed it more faithfully. It is an enticing scene: the winding road bordered on either side by fragrant shrubs, and with its graceful curves and gentle grades and ever-changing vistas and play of light and shade, affording never-failing interest and piquant pleasure, with the culmination in such meetings with the wild creatures which are wont to haunt the path. All this the picture tells; and it tells us too that in about thirteen seconds the unsuspecting bird in the immediate foreground is to have one of the most exciting moments of its life.

SNAP SHOTS.

Complaints of the inefficiency of the mail service reach us this autumn more frequently than ever before. Such complaints are as annoying to us as the failures of our correspondents or readers to receive their mail are to them. Such complaints indicate carelessness or blundering somewhere, and when they are received we try to ascertain who is responsible, in order that the fault may be corrected. We are no more infallible than other people, but it must be said that the blame for these failures very seldom rests with this office, but must be usually charged to the post office authorities. The officials of the New York Post Office assure us that they do the best they can with the very limited facilities at hand, but that in view of the recent great increase in business they are absolutely swamped by the amount of mail matter that passes through the office. They have no room for the mails, nor a force sufficient to handle them. Appeals to the Post Office Department in Washington have hitherto failed to give them the relief for which they ask. It would seem from this statement that the Department in Washington is responsible for the greater part of the annoyance caused by the failures in the mail service, and that it is to the Department that appeals must be made for relief. The Post Office Department can only be reached through Representatives to Congress, and it is to his Congressman that the man who fails to receive his paper on time must appeal. This certainly seems like going a long way around to correct an abuse, but we can see no other present remedy.

An Indiana party of big-game hunters, who returned the other day from a trip to the Rockies, bringing home little game, are quoted as saying that they were repaid for the journey by the scenery. Of course they were. That is one of the considerations in hunting and fishing trips which make our experiences with rod and gun what they are. It is not all of fishing to catch a string of fish, nor all of shooting to get the game. The man who can go to the Rocky Mountains for the first time, in pursuit of game, and securing none, can return home altogether chagrined and disappointed, must have fixed his gaze wholly upon the earth and failed to lift his eyes to the everlasting hills. In the fond memory of the mountains which goes through life with him who has camped in their sublime solitudes, the actual game secured has not by any measure the first place. No hunter of antlered trophies may seek them in the Rockies and missing them count the expedition an entire failure. To have looked upon the mountains, to have pitched tent amid them, this is to have been rewarded for the trip.

At last it seems as if the English were going to take some steps to protect South African game, though for a number of species this protection will come too late. A project is on foot—to which it is intimated the Foreign Office will lend its countenance—to establish reserves where game shall be absolutely protected and shall have the opportunity to re-establish itself. It is proposed to hold a meeting in London in January next to discuss this subject and to determine if practicable what measures shall be taken to bring about the desired result. Meantime, well-known big-game hunters are actively interesting themselves in the project, and one of these is starting for South Africa, taking with him a naturalist, in order to study the actual conditions on the ground. It is certainly high time that action should be taken in this matter. South African game has too long been regarded solely from the commercial point of view—the money value of hides, horns or ivory when removed from the carcass. It should be protected before, like the American buffalo, it has been exterminated.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Boer Life and Characteristics.

In order to properly understand the peculiarities of Boer life it is necessary that one should bear in mind that for a long time past they have lived an almost entirely pastoral life, depending on their flocks and herds for nearly every article which they might need. Some time previous to 1840, a large number of the original Boer inhabitants of the Cape Colony became weary of British rule and migrated across the Orange River, the northern boundary of the Colony, into a district inhabited by Kaffirs, from whom they conquered a large territory, which they called the Orange Free State, and established a republican form of government. Some years subsequent the Boers went to war with the Griquas, a nation of natives who called themselves allies of the British, and the Queen's sovereignty was established over the Orange Free State. This caused a number of Boers to cross the Vaal River and found the Transvaal Republic. A few years after the government of the Free State was restored to its inhabitants, who again established in a republican form. In arranging their boundaries with the Griquas there was a dispute, and the Griqua chief appealed to the British, but they refused to mix in the business. Subsequently the famous Kimberly diamond mines were discovered in this disputed territory, when the British reopened the question, hoisted their flag over and took possession of it. When the Boers first conquered the region known as the Free State a portion of them fought their way down to the coast and established a port of entry at what is now Durban, Natal. This was opposed by the Cape Colonists, who finally conquered the country and annexed it. Afterward it was made an independent colony under British rule, thus compelling the Boers to pay tribute, as every foreign article which they used had to pass through British custom houses. Nearly every store in both the Orange Free State and Transvaal was either a branch of Cape or Natal establishments, or owned by English colonists, who received their stocks direct from England or the Cape and Natal concerns. The mode of conducting the business was entirely by barter. Once in a twelvemonth the Boer would load his entire product of wool and skins on his wagons and transport them to the nearest store, which was frequently a trip of several days. The merchant would then sample the wool, a price would be fixed for it, and weighed on old-fashioned balance scales, the weights of which were frequently large stones with the pounds marked on them with white paint. After the entire weight was figured up the Boer and his family would pass into the store, where the merchant would open a package of sweets for the especial delectation of the females. I have frequently seen a large jar of preserved ginger placed on the counter, and the women would help themselves by thrusting in their hands and drawing them out besmeared with the syrup, which they would remove by licking. The Boer had to take every article in the original package, as nothing was ever cut or divided. For instance, all articles used for dresses or clothing (such as calicos, etc.) had to be taken by the piece. So one can easily imagine that it did not take long for the Boer to barter away his produce. Of course there were some articles for which there was no demand. For instance, shoes, as the Boers make all they require, and from personal experience I can assert that they are very comfortable and durable articles. A Boer's tan vat is a curiosity and a marvel of simplicity. It consists of two square frames of small poles lashed together by four short pieces at the corners, so that the upper frame stands about 2ft. above the lower one, which rests on the ground. A rawhide is lashed to the upper frame, so that it bags about 18in. in the center for the purpose of holding the tanning liquid, which is largely composed of the juice of a plant which grows wild in every direction over the veldt. All the veldt schoens (grass shoes) are of a russet color and made without a welt, as the uppers project out to the edges of the soles and are sewed to them with very fine strips of antelope hide which have been thoroughly soaked in grease.

Like our Western ranchmen, the Boers are not bothered with fences. Their stock have free range—generally under the care of Kaffir shepherds and herdsmen—but are always driven home at night, where they are confined in kraals, which are generally square inclosures of sod walls, which serve the double purpose of confining the stock and drying fuel, as all the manure is carefully scraped up and placed on top of the walls until it becomes sufficiently dry for combustion. It is almost entirely the sole article of fuel with the Boers, as nearly the entire country is treeless and very similar to our rolling prairies.

The walls of a number of Boer houses are built of sod, and I have frequently seen them lacking window frames and sash, as in some sections timber is so scarce that it is difficult to obtain enough for the rafters to support a thatched roof. A large number of them consist of only two rooms, one for a sleeping apartment, with curtained beds, and the other for a general living room and kitchen. The gardens are inclosed by a sod wall, in the base of which, in the immediate vicinity of the house, square openings are left to serve as hens' nests. A Boer considers it beneath his dignity to walk, and generally several horses are fastened in front of their houses, to be used on every occasion. If they have a journey to make two horses are used. One is ridden for two hours, while the other is led; then both are knee-haltered and allowed to browse for a short time, when the saddle is shifted to the led horse and the trip resumed. They always ride at a canter, and calculate to make about six miles per hour. Their mode of computing distances is by the hour. If a Boer is asked the distance between two points he will always answer, "It is so many hours," and by allowing six miles for each hour one can easily figure the distance. Once in my wanderings in the Orange Free State I knew that I was in the vicinity of a village called Boshof, and happening to meet a Boer in the road asked him the distance. His answer was, "One hour for me and two for you." He was on horseback and I afoot, and I instantly figured it to be six miles. In riding at full speed across the veldt, a Boer invariably throws his feet out of the stirrups and leans back in his saddle. Then, should his horse fall from getting his front feet into a hole made by the numerous burrowers, his rider will slide off feet foremost instead of pitching headlong, as is usually the case. It frequently happens that a Boer wishes to lay off a portion of his farm for one of his children, when he makes a large pile of stone to serve as a beacon mark for a corner. From thence he canters off for a short time, stops and erects a second beacon, and again canters off at right angles, and so until he reaches his starting point, thus establishing the boundary lines. Their wagons are huge affairs, drawn by fourteen oxen, which are called "a span," and the greatest laggard is sure to be named England, and catches more than his share of flagellation. The leaders have a piece of rawhide tied to their horns, by which a Kaffir boy (called a "forelooper") leads the team in whatever direction they wish to travel. There are generally two drivers, seated on the front of the wagon, one furnished with a heavy, short, rawhide whip for the purpose of castigating the wheelers, while the other handles another of sufficient length to reach the rumps of the leaders. I often attempted to crack one, but invariably became entangled in the lengthy thong. Several times I have seen the drivers kill doves alongside the road with them. As a greater portion of the territory occupied by the Boers is subject to disastrous droughts they are forced to build large dams, which fill during the rainy season and serve for watering the stock during the dry one. But some seasons the rains fail, and then the Boer is forced to load all his movables into his wagons, abandon his home, and trek to the banks of the nearest river, where he lives in and under his wagons, with his cattle and sheep herded roundabout, until the rains release him.

Their diet is very simple, and all of their bread is made from unsifted flour, as their mills are rough, homemade stones, driven by horse power, and one frequently serves for several families, being moved from one homestead to another as needed. Wherever it is possible to irrigate they have excellent gardens, growing a profusion of vegetables and semi-tropical fruits. Instead of salting their meat, it is made into what they call biltong, which is simply strips of fresh meat hung up in the bright sunlight until it is thoroughly cured and dried. Of course they have an abundance of milk, and it is a universal custom that whenever a guest enters one of their homes hot coffee is immediately served. I have had it offered when I was sure that it was not used daily, but purposely kept for such occasions. One item in my stores for my up-country trips was a good supply of Holland gin, which was always produced whenever I happened to meet a Boer. I usually passed a coffee cup with the bottle, so that it was difficult to gauge the amount imbibed. The Boers have adopted the Kaffir custom of inventing nicknames, and always spoke of this incident as "taking a pull out of the square-rigger." My Boer title was the "Hyaena man," as they thought it queer that I should pay them for the greatest nuisance and pest with which they were afflicted. They are superior rifle shots, and I have frequently seen them kill antelopes while riding at full speed across the veldt. A common feat is to cripple several head of game with a single shot, which is accomplished whenever a herd dashes across a Boer's path. The muzzle of the rifle is lowered so that the ball will strike the ground a short distance from the herd and in its ricochet break the legs of several of them.

Their religion is the Dutch Reformed Church, and their annual sacrament is the cause of huge gatherings. As the churches are usually situated in their far-apart villages, the merchants calculate to do a thriving barter business, but the landlords fail in filling their hotels, as a Boer, when away from home, generally uses his wagon as he would his house. I was surprised to find many Highlanders officiating as Boer clergymen. One particularly never failed to call on me whenever I passed through his village, and if I failed to produce the "square-rigger," he was not backward to ask the why and wherefore. One of the last acts performed each night by the head of every Boer family is to assemble all the members, including the help, and read a chapter or two from the Bible. In connection with this proceeding, I once had a queer experience. I had accompanied one of the up-country merchants, who acted as my agent, to a Boer's house one night. For supper we had lamb stew served in an enormous pewter dish, of very singular form and ornamentation. At bed time, when all were assembled for the usual service, a Kaffir girl entered the room bearing the same easily recognized piece of tableware and proceeded to wash the feet of the entire family in it. A Boer seldom or never wears stockings; therefore footbaths are nightly occurrences. My friend seized my arm with such force that the marks of his fingers could be seen for several days subsequently, and I thought he would have swooned.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

I had another queer experience in connection with the coffee-serving custom. I was visiting a Boer in company with another, when the two daughters of our host left the room to prepare the beverage. When they returned they were followed by two Kaffir girls bearing the coffee pot and cups. They were about twelve and fourteen years respectively, and the sole articles of wearing apparel they wore were: One had a red and the other a blue woollen string tied around their waists. I felt as if I had been suddenly seated on a paper of pins, but on glancing around I saw that no one seemed astonished, and instantly concluding that it was one of the customs of the country, managed to present a composed front and gulped down the beverage.

F. J. T.

Mr. Cheney's suggestion of a fly-fishers' club for America, with headquarters in New York City, is one which should receive cordial indorsement. There is abundant material for such an institution. We have urged Mr. Cheney to take the initiative and put his project into practical realization.

The Saginaw Crowd.

Usually when a fellow comes back from a hunting trip and has been unsuccessful, he keeps still about it. It is the exception to see in print an account of a shooting or fishing expedition wherein the handsome maiden does not marry the brave and of poor but honest parents handsome young man with the curly mustache; but to vary the monotony I am going to tell how thoroughly the Saginaw Crowd got skunked this year on the pilgrimage to North Dakota.

It was the fourteenth annual pilgrimage at that. Of course, we had a good time and lots of fun; we always have that. We came back feeling hale and hearty, and with appetites sufficient to devour anything from a terrapin to an United States Army ration. But the comparison in shooting between the days of the early '80s made us wonder if it would be very long before everything was killed off excepting the Mongolian pheasant and the English sparrow.

Our car pulled out of Saginaw over the M. C. R. R. on the evening of Oct. 7. I was the only home representative of the Saginaw Crowd with it. Avery, of Detroit, and I had the car to ourselves. No, by no means by ourselves, for our better halves were with us, taking the opportunity to go to Chicago to do shopping, a job that is generally considered most attractive for woman and most damnable for man.

Bright and early the next morning our transfer was duly made, and we were joined by the remainder of our party, our old friend Bob Schultz, one of the original Saginaw Crowd, from Zanesville, O., with two friends, strangers to the rest of us, and supposed to be "tenderfeet," both from Columbus, O. One was the Hon. James Meek, very appropriately named as to appetite, but decidedly improperly named whenever his partner made a misplay or he caught an adversary cheating at that innocent game of Old Maid. The other was Judge Stevens. At first we called him plain Sam, but later on his judicial qualities developed so that we could not refrain from giving him his proper title, that of Judge. He was a judge of good chewing tobacco and of a properly concocted cocktail. A few moments later our friends from New York, Dan and Joe, put in an appearance, and our party was made up. Their trunks were quickly unpacked and the contents stowed away in the two chiffoniers that are most conveniently arranged in the drawing room of our car, and the trunks were left at the depot for the return. We had the whole day in the city, and in the afternoon, just before train time, had a very pleasant call from Mr. and Mrs. Hough.

Long before daylight Monday morning our car was safely sidetracked at Dawson, our old stamping ground. We were up bright and early. Jake had a good breakfast for us, and Harry got out the decoys and truck from the lockers underneath the car. Devore and Gokey put in an appearance. We plumped down our little $25 apiece for North Dakota licenses. We were told that there were plenty of hunters, scarcely any geese, the sharp-tailed grouse has been pounded to death, but there were a good many ducks, and not nearly as much water in the lakes as the year before. I knew at once what this meant—that duck shooting was going to be tedious and uncertain.

Nevertheless, we sallied forth—or fifth, whatever you have a mind to call it—Avery, Joe and myself in one wagon behind Sam's team of farm horses. After looking over the ground we concluded that the Green Pond Hole in the sloughs back of Sam Devore's house was about the best place. We see lots of ducks, and as we drive along the banks hundreds of mallards get up. We have a Bond sectional boat with us, and put it together. It is dragged to the edge of the water. Joe is a little leary about crossing with us, so we fix up a blind for him in the rushes on the edge of the water. The mud is awfully sticky, but as he is provided with a tin cartridge box—one of the kind of which the lid springs up like a "jack in the box"—it makes a revolving seat of just the right height; it is water tight, too, so the cartridges keep dry. This is one that I had had some time and loaned it to Joe. I did not know the catch was out of order; Joe found it out in about a minute. He was new at duck shooting, likewise was his dogskin coat. Good dinners at Delmonico's and late hours at the office in the morning had rendered him a little corpulent. The joints of his legs neatly incased in creased hunting pants were not as supple as they became after he had been in our company a week or ten days.

With rushes well stuck up in front of him, he seated himself on the revolving box cover. I had scarcely turned my back before I heard a splash, an exclamation and a cry for help. The box had shut up and dumped Joe, and his pants were so tight he could not budge without help. I jerked him up and adjusted the box. The new hunting coat was plastered with mud, and Joe had no confidence in his ability to master the art of duck shooting; but he was chuck full of sand, intended to stick it out; and he did stick it out, and did up some old fast-flying singles later on with the precision of an expert and an old-timer.

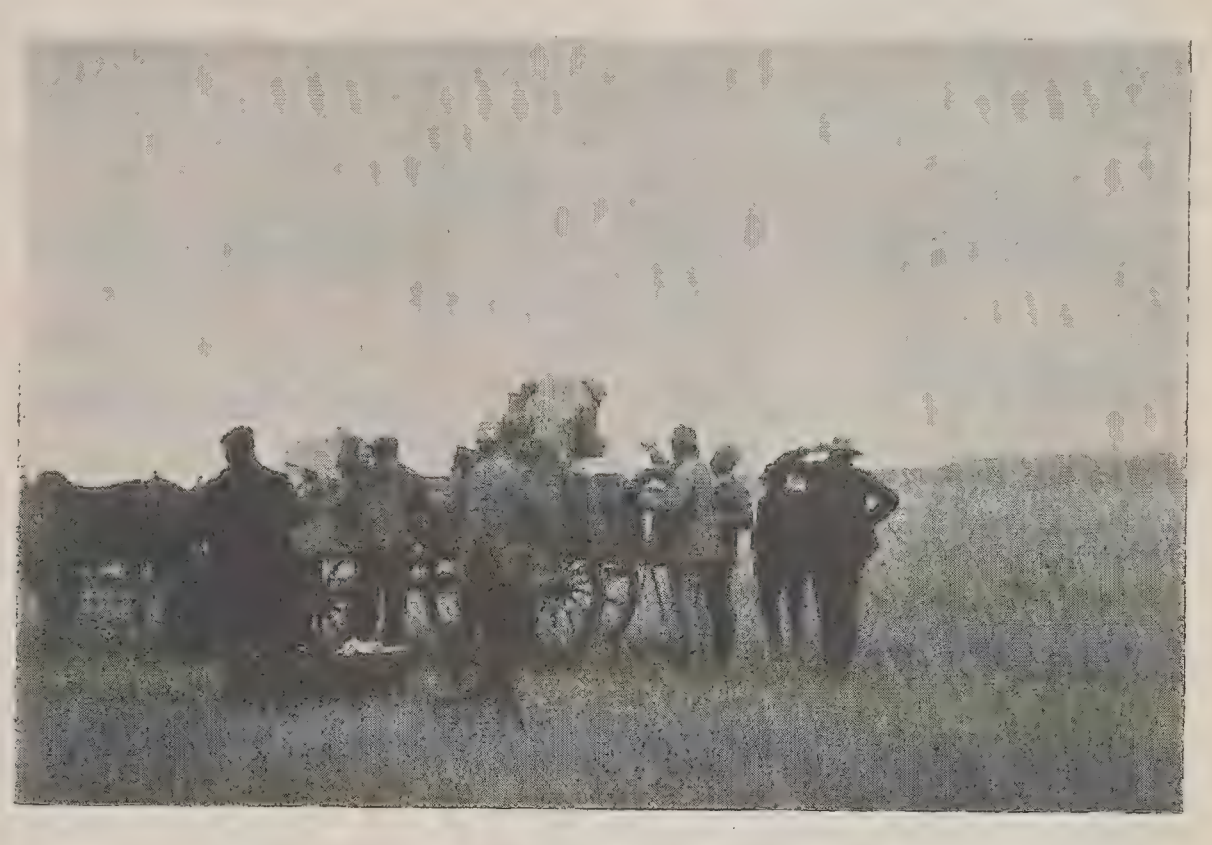
We landed our boat in what appeared to be water, but lo and behold! there was but a skim of water overlying 3or 4ft. of sticky mud. It was useless, we found, to stay in the boat, and to reach the other shore we must get out and tow it. Fortunately we had our mackintosh wading pants, and we made the trip across to the other side safely, but about bushed.

You have all been through this sort of thing. There is no use telling you what we did. You know we put out the decoys, hauled the boat in the rushes and went to work. As we had not fired a shot up to this time, the ducks were not disturbed. They began flying by in ones and twos and little bunches; they were mostly mallards, and we had a bully good time. In fact, the shooting was too good and the mud too sticky to quit at noon time and go to the wagon for lunch. We made several good shots, but made many mighty poor ones. I shot a 16-gauge Scott ejector that weighs 7lbs., with full choked barrels, and was swinging 1oz. chilled No. 6 back of 3drs. of E. C powder. I had no cripples. Avery was shooting his load with the same kind of stuff in his 12-guage, and whenever it did get on to an old mallard he simply folded up and came down and stuck fast in the mud. But what a job it was gathering up the birds! We drove them out pretty well, and about half-past three we

concluded we had enough of it, and packed up and waded ashore. Joe had shifted his position two or three times, and was worrying a good deal about our ability to get back. I knew pretty well how to do it this time, though we were mighty tired when we reached the haystacks, behind which the wagon was stationed with the lunch box; but the lunch tasted good. We had a nice lot of birds, nearly all mallards, and we concluded to wait and see if there was not a little night shooting, and were on the point of giving it up, when just at dusk on the brow of the hill the birds began coming over, and for a few moments how they did pitch in! In almost the time I am writing this I had knocked down thirteen ducks that I picked up, quite a number of them canvasbacks. The



PULL UP THE SLIPPERY HILL.



THE HAND-OUT AND QUICK-LUNCH HOUSE.

other boys seemed to have gotten out of the line of flight a little, and I could see by the flash in the darkness they were not shooting as fast as I was; but it was a mighty nice ending of a day's duck shooting. We had forty-five nice birds between us; several of them were canvasbacks, and most of the rest were mallards.

Before starting out in the morning I had made a wager with Bob that our wagon would have more birds than theirs when we came in that night. Dan was very anxious to share this bet; it was only $5; he was avaricious, and was certain four of them could do up three, and Bob reluctantly said he could be counted in on it. We counted up; we had forty-five and they had just four birds, and I immediately made a demand for the payment of the bet. Bob was willing to pay his $2.50, but Dan demurred; in fact, went completely back on it, and we concluded to try him then and there.

Here is where the Judge's good qualities came in play. While he rendered a decision against us and in favor of Dan we forgave him on our way back from the Bad Lands. He showed so much forethought and good judgment, and saved our lives two or three times in the cold



AN OCCASIONAL BITE OUT OF THE LUNCH BOX.

ride home on account of having purloined the only bottle of whisky there was in the party, taking it in the dead of night out of Jim Meek's satchel, not allowing a soul to taste of it until it was needed as a medicine toward the end of that mighty cold seventy-five-mile drive we had later. I say for this kind and humane act we apologized for all the unkind things we have said about his decision.

We all went to bed feeling happy, for we had enough canvasbacks for a good dinner the next day, and expected some shooting anyhow. There were a few geese, but they were mostly the white ones, and not enough to pay to bother with.

The second day at Dawson was a disappointment. We started out to find some sharp-tailed grouse, and drove miles; it ended up after ducks, and our total bag that day was but eight grouse and one duck.

We came to the conclusion that the ducks were shot out. Every one knows the place; dozens came there to shoot, and with the decreased water supply the birds were simply pounded to death, and had gotten out of there, so we concluded to shorten our stay and get into the Bad Lands, so as to be ready for the deer when the season opened, Oct. 15. We had one more day at Dawson, with mighty poor success. It was the morning of our third day there. Getting up early to write a letter home, I overheard Dan's soliloquy. Dan and Bob had had six weeks together the year before in the mountains of Colorado. The stories they told showed they had had a mighty fine time. At any rate, they were old cronies of years standing, and had been sitting up until 12 and 1 o'clock at night relating their Colorado experiences: How Capt. Myrick did this, and what a wonder Joe Crandall was, what a climb it was to the Rim Rock—in fact, we had Rim Rock and Joe Crandall, Joe Crandall and Rim Rock until it was beginning to be a little bit tiresome, and when along about midnight, with tears in their eyes and their arms around each other's neck, they would make new vows of eternal friendship, I thought it was time to have the lights put out, for they had gone through this same performance the night before—not that they drank much of anything, for we had a very moderate crowd in that respect; but old friends will once in a while overstep the bounds of prudence, and Dan had had a little beer with Bob and then had taken a nightcap out of the medicine chest bottle, and thus did he soliloquize the next morning as he appeared in the bath room in his long night robe and his hands pressing his temples:

"D—d—d whisky. No, whisky is all right in moderation, but d— the fool that drinks it." Then another squeezing of temples and a buzzing between his teeth like a buzz saw striking a knot, and then a souse into cold water.

He did not know I heard this, but I related it at breakfast table, and the boys concluded that we would hear less of the Rim Rock in the future.

The Judge asked if the grapes were out of my back yard, for I had stocked the car with fruit, vegetables, watermelons, green corn and everything under the sun, and informed them on every occasion that I knew the vegetables were fresh and nice, for I had grown them in my own garden, and it got so the Judge rather rubbed it into me, for he thought my back yard must be a "wonder," and the grapes were the last to be mentioned, Assuring him that I had grown them in my back yard, he seemed relieved and no more was said on the subject at that time.

On the morning of the 13th we were in Dickinson, and our old friend Paddock, the best of guides, met us with horses and teams all ready for an early start. The wagons were soon loaded with our camp equipment; in the rear end of one was placed our mess chest, which is a creation of my own, and I think a dandy, notwithstanding it was made just a little too large to go in the car door, and Bob had put in a good half day the day before in getting it out on the car platform. It is made something like the letter L, and just fits crossways in the wagon box. The upper part of it consists of sixteen drawers; they are dust-tight and all covered by a thick lid on hinges, which, when it lets down, makes a good table. The under part consists of two bins: one to be filled with loaves of bread, etc., the other will hold your butter crock, bushel of apples and lots of other truck. The drawers are designed to hold your sugar, tea, coffee, pepper, salt and a thousand and one things that are so necessary to the cuisine in camping out, and also enables you to get a lunch while on the road without bothering to unpack or unload anything; you simply step to the tail of the wagon, unlock the front of this chest, and there you have right before you all of your canned stuff, bread, butter, tea, coffee, sugar, etc. The chest is made of three-ply veneer, thoroughly shellacked on the inside and well painted on the outside; so it neither swells nor shrinks, stands both water and dust. No patent has been applied for; the whole thing cost about $15, will last a lifetime and is a great success.

Jake, the cook, got in one of the baggage wagons, and everything is so well arranged that the two wagons were loaded with all the camping equipment, provisions, bedding, tents, etc., not forgetting three cot beds, and started on its long journey into the Bad Lands promptly at 8:30 A. M.—not bad, was it?

We then had time to look around, for we could overtake the baggage wagons if we did not start for two or three hours yet. We made a visit to our old friend Dodd, the taxidermist; saw the many fine specimens he had in his little shop. The town was full of Indians in their great blankets and squaws with their papooses on their backs—a regular old-time spectacle. The Judge never had been West before, and all this was new and interested him. Harry, our porter, had to stay and take care of the car, and we at last started ahead. I rode in the buckboard with Paddock; Bob thumped a fractious pair of bronchos hitched to a double seat, with James and the Judge as riding companions. Young Wallace Paddock engineered the third outfit, with Joe, Dan and Avery as partners. Two saddle horses were hitched alongside, and gaily did we leave the little town, beginning our seventy-five mile drive. The day was fairly pleasant, but the roads very muddy. Oct. 2 a snowstorm covered the ground 6in. deep; it no sooner melted than it set in to rain, and it had poured for forty-eight hours just previous to our getting there. We knew this meant slow driving, and perhaps would delay us on the road. I kept looking for the baggage wagons. Hour after hour went by, and it dawned on us that the horses attached to those two wagons were mighty good ones, and the drivers were thumping them through, for it was nearly 3 o'clock before we overtook them, and then at Indian Springs, twenty-eight miles on the road—a mighty good drive.

Every one was feeling first rate. We concluded to shove on about five miles further and camp on Knife River; and our first night in camp was a novelty to Joe and the Judge. There was no wood in sight; a little bend of what was usually a dry river bed, but was now well filled with water, was our camping spot. We had only a bundle of wood with us, just enough to fry the bacon and boil the coffee, but not enough for a camp-fire. It was already dusk; the horses were picketed out and Jake was busy with supper, when Avery asked if we were not going to put up the tents. I replied, "No; what is the use of putting up tents? Is not the starry heavens above us sufficient covering? Joe shuddered, and Avery remarked he thought it would rain before morning. I said, "Let it rain. It does not pay to unpack those wagons and put up the tents." "All right; we can stand it if you can." Joe did not like it a bit, but the sleeping bags were gotten



JOE ACTIVE AND AT HIS BEST.

out, also the cot beds, and in no time the chamber work was done. A nice, comfortable double cot was turned over to Avery and Joe, and they snuggled in together spoon fashion in great shape. I went and tucked them in with a rubber blanket over them, and Joe admitted next morning that he had slept better than he had ever slept before in his life, and it was the first night he had ever slept without a covering over him. I heard a few drops of rain splatter on the outside of my bed toward morning, and I could almost feel Avery grin, for I knew he was just hoping it would pour to pay me for not having the tents put up; but it was only a few splatters and gone, and we were busy packing up and loading the wagons, and had breakfast just at daylight, and got a good early start for the forty miles remaining of our drive.

The drive was not disagreeable. With frequent stops to try one another's cigars and an occasional bite out of the lunch box, we made the day pass pretty decently; but the roads were very slippery still, and at about 2:30 we reached the drop-off to the Bottom Lands of the Little Missouri. Far below us the winding stream could

be traced, and as I stood on the brink I pointed out to the new comers where we had first camped in 1884, and where we had camped last year, and the year before; and we concluded that the last camping place was the best of all and we would go there again.

Paddock rather shook his head, and said things did not look right to him. The hillsides were one mass of mud, and he was afraid we would find water on the Bottom Lands. The wheels were lashed, some of the tender ones getting out and following in the rear, and others assisting in getting the cavalcade down the mountain side, for it is a veritable mountain here. Lashing the wheels in place did very little good, for the slippery mud made an excellent toboggan slide, and it took good steering to prevent going over the edges around sharp turns; but at last we were all down, and the head wagon came back to meet us in the sage brush plain, with the unwelcome news that our old camping ground was one mass of slippery slime, with pools of water standing around it, and also with the information that there were no deer tracks worth mentioning in the mud. This of course would be true, for if the bottom lands were wet the deer had moved higher up into the draws. However, it was then 3 o'clock, and we must find some drp spot to camp.

Going further down the river near the place where we had camped years ago, we found it dry, and all right, but it was without the protection of the cottonwood grove and quite exposed to the wind; besides, we must clear away some of the sage brush. The gale was howling by this time, and the little fire that Avery unthinkingly started pretty nearly proved serious. In an instant our canvas coats and slickers were in use by all the party beating out the flames. How they roared! The sage brush seemed to be like tinder, and the flames mounted 20ft. in the air. Fortunately, however, the wind was right away from our tents. toward the bluff of the river, and on one side was a little run or gully, so that after all it only burned a small three-cornored piece, for we had it well threshed out and prevented it from spreading. After the cinders had blown away—and it took but a puff of the sharp wind to accomplish that task—it really made us a very good, clean frontage for our camping ground. The tents were pitched in the usual semi-circle toward the fire, with the army cook stove in front. From the ridge poles of one to another and to a tree that was over the dining table a clothes line was tightly stretched, on which we hung gasoline torches or lamps. Those make the finest outdoors light for camp of anything, and with a little care are very easily and safely transported and taken care of.

The river was muddy, and how to provide drinking water was going to be a conundrum. We brought along a barrel and sunk it in the edge of the muddy water, which before long filtered through and settled, and that portion of the programme was not one to worry us.

"We went to bed early; rain again to-night," my pocket diary says.

On Saturday, Oct. 15, the deer hunting season opened in North Dakota in 1898, and my memorandum states that we saw three or four deer that day. Avery and I each had a snap shot at one in the brush, but it was only a snap shot. Cold and blowing a gale, rain, mud and water everywhere. By night flurries of snow were in the air, and we were certainly in a very disagreeable situation, and had seen enough to know that the deer had moved out of that country; they could not stand the flood.

The next day, the 16th, my memorandum says, "Cold, very windy." Avery and I hunted three bottoms, started two deer, only a snap shot in the distance. Avery also had a snap at one, and saw another. We waded the river twice, were cold and wet. The Judge had taken a long trip in the other direction, going down the river, whereas we went up stream. He had not appeared when we got back to camp. The guide reported he had left him some miles below, apparently all right and headed for the camp. We began to worry about him, but along about an hour after dark he came in, seemingly happy and all right. He had seen one deer, and that was all; had not even had a shot at a grouse.

On the 17th my pocket memorandum book contains the following brief history of the day: "Skunked; out of meat; no grouse; looks like snow; break camp, and have a desperate time getting up the hill; the H A H Ranch at dark; Avery and I hunted the draws on our way out; we got a shot at a bunch of three deer running about 300yds. away, and missed." Indeed this is a regular bad luck trip all the way through. As Jake puts it, "It is bootiful skenery, dis country, must be more den a dousand years old," and we agree with him.

There is lots of "skenery," but no deer standing for us to take a pot shot at them, and when it comes to a 200 or 300yds. snap shot we do not seem to be in it this time. Yet we have all been out when things went luckily and many of these hard shots have proved lucky ones after all.

We all went to bed at the H A H Ranch and had a jolly time of it. The floor was hard, but we made the best of it. Mr. Converse, one of the owners of the ranch, came in some time during the night, but we did not see him, for we got away in the morning before he was up. The cowboys were good to us. We used their cook stove, lamps and cooking utensils. The nightly concert of "snorers" did not keep the rest of us awake very long.

On the 18th my memorandum says we started at 7; would have gotten away at 6 if the horses had been found. We lunched under a cut bank near Indian Springs, but there the Judge saved our lives by producing the last bottle; he had stolen it from honest Jim Meek and put water in Jim's bottle instead, and even a little of it was left until we reached Green River. It was snowing by that time, had been very cold all along the way, and we were stiff and sore and numb when we arrived at the car at 7:30 that night. How good the car looked! The train was late; we do not know how much, and do not care how much. The music box was started up, Paddock and our friends came in to say good-by to us, and as we had by this time all had a chance at the bath tub and had a shave we were feeling quite respectable and at peace with the world.

The Last Day's Shoot.

We pulled into Dawson at noon; we should have been there at 3 o'clock in the morning. It had been snowing and blowing as hard as could be all forenoon, and I should say on a level the snow was fully 4in. deep. Of course, we thought this would be a good goose day, but Devore came in with his fur cap on as our car was left on the side track, and his face had such a hopeless expression that we knew the shooting was pretty slim. He said he did not know what had become of the geese. Some of the white ones were flying in all directions, but had no regular feeding place, and in fact there were not many of them anyhow, but that the boys had been having big canvasback shooting the last day or two on Isabelle. We hustled him around for a team and a load of decoys, and Avery and I donned our wading pants, put on our heaviest sweaters, dogskin jackets and leather mittens, and asked for volunteers willing to go with us. First one and then the other backed out; but our old standby Joe, allowed that it was no worse a blizzard than they had in New York a year ago, and he stood that until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, and he thought it would be no more of a hardship, and he would enjoy it more than he did the late dinner at Delmonico's that night of the New York blizzard. He did not look as much like Klondikers as we did, but he certainly was donned becomingly, and we had not been out of the car many minutes before he shivered as audibly as a pointer dog. Harry's team slashed through the snow at a good rate, and we were soon at the pass, but the slough seemed to be empty. A flock of Canadian geese occupied the middle of it, but there were no ducks in sight, so we pulled across the prairie to Isabelle, only a short distance. The snow cut your face if you turned toward it. The report of a gun could not be heard very far, but we did hear them plugging away, and could count several teams and could see the shooters' blinds; in fact, we estimated before the afternoon was over there must have been at least forty guns around the shores of Lake Isabelle.

The canvsbacks were stirring, and as we drove along the bluff past where Leo and Patterson had out a big bunch of decoys we saw them neatly turn over three from a flock that swirled by them. We went on to the northwest corner of the lake, as it seemed the only vacant spot that looked at all promising. In attempting to get down the bank we struck snowdrifts 10ft. deep. Think of that for Oct. 19! We found an old blind, and straightened up the brush and fixed it up the best we could, and got our bunch of decoys bobbing and turning on the water in front of us. The shore of the lake was piled with windrows of slush, snow and ice, so that when a duck struck he sometimes completely disappeared in the mush. We spread out a blanket and then a mackintosh to kneel on, and a tin box with a revolving top gave us a pretty decent position.

Joe had looked at these preparations, and we could see that his courage was beginning to ooze a little bit. He finally asked whether we would stay long enough for Harry to drive him to the car and come back after us, and as we told him we were going to see it out and stay until dark he concluded the car was good enough for him, and we did not blame him a bit, for it was colder than the mischief. I told Harry to bring back a couple of boxes of 4s, for I did not think the 6s would make much of an impression on the canvasbacks; but the little 16-gauge did curl them over. We had mighty nice shooting for a time, sitting back to back with our feet in the ice and water. They would come up and then swirl past in ones, twos, threes, and sometimes a bunch of half a dozen or more. Most of it was long shooting and hard shooting, as canvasback shooting is always hard; but we had great fun, and we would take the numbness out of our toes by running along the shore to pick up a duck that the wind would drive in. After missing one or two, one fellow was seen coming into the decoys, and I told A. to watch me mash him. I would show him how to do it, for, said I, "with this stiff wind the shot will drift, and you have got to make allowances for the bird as well." The old drake was plowing the air, and as he came up within nice shooting distance I gave him both barrels and never touched a feather. Neither of us said a word; but I turned round to my companion and said, "If there is anything in my flask that will warm your spirits take it, but don't tell the boys at the car." Another bunch came up and we each got our right and left. A pair came up and we got them both; in fact, we did some mighty good shooting. We got our mittens full of water, but our spirits still kept up, for we were having big fun. At 5 o'clock we pulled out and went back home and we had thirty-five ducks, twenty of them great big nice canvasbacks, as heavy, plump, well-feathered birds as you ever saw. Passing round the lake, there on the bluff stood the rest of our party. They had come out expecting an evening flight, but as there were nothing but canvasbacks, and they had been flying all day, there was no evening flight, and the boys were all disappointed.

Either the mixture of Avery's Canada whisky with my rye or the wind and snow cutting me in the face made me see double, for as I passed round the hillside I swore that Bob Schultz was there twice; and there must have been something in it, for when I got home a letter was returned to me from Dawson, wherein my little boy had said, "Father, there is a screw loose somewhere, for we received two postal cards from you to-day, each saying exactly the same thing." Now the proposition is, if there were two postal cards, I believe there must have two Bobs.

The boys were disgusted with the outlook; Dawson was simply shot to death. The only water on which there were ducks was Isabelle, and all the hunters had congregated there. Now, what was the prospect for the future? If it still stormed we might get a little shooting by hard work and sitting in the cold, as two of us had that day; if it came off warm and pleasant and no wind there were no ducks and there would be no shooting. Let's go home. It was put to a vote and carried unanimously, so we sent for the train order, and long before daylight the old car was rumbling eastward.

W. B. MERSHON.

If you have the *Game Laws in Brief* you have the authority on fish and game laws of the United States and Canada. It will tell what you want to know; and what it tells you may depend on. Time, money and pains are expended to make the *Brief* an accurate and safe guide.

Natural History.

A Wild Garden.

THE Proceedings of the Indiana Academy of Science for 1898 have just been received from the State printer, and present interesting evidence of the growing importance of Indianapolis as a scientific center and of the excellence of the work done there.

The volume in hand is one of 300 pages, containing ninety articles, which cover a great variety of subjects. Some of these are on mathematical, physical and chemical subjects, but quite a number have to do with other matters which have more or less bearing on natural history. One of these is a brief but very interesting description of a Garden of Birds and Botany which has been instituted by Mr. W. W. Woollen. This is a tract of forty-four acres northeast of the city of Indianapolis on the south bank of Fall Creek. Twenty-nine acres of the garden are woodland and the remaining fifteen are under cultivation. In the forest the native wild plants have never been disturbed, but everything grows in a state of nature. Mr. Woollen's idea is to preserve these natural growths and he hopes also that there may be brought to this garden, and there planted and preserved, every tree, shrub, vine and plant not now represented there, which grows or has heretofore grown in Indiana. In other words, that the garden shall represent the botany of Indiana. It is intended also that the birds and wild animals in general shall be protected and shall here find a safe home for all time. The idea is a delightful one, and might well be imitated near other American cities.

An interesting paper treats of the blind rat of Mammoth Cave. Mr. Carl H. Eigenmann, who has studied this *Neotoma* in its home, and possessed one in captivity, found that during the daylight hours it was disposed to be quiet, remaining in its nest, but that at night it frequently moved about its cage. This cave rat has been supposed to be blind, though it possesses lustrous eyes of large size. Mr. Eigenmann found, however, that turning on electric light near its face caused a twitching of the eyelids, so there is no doubt that the light was perceived; but how clear its vision is has not been determined. Its hearing is acute.

Mr. J. R. Slonaker has studied the eyes of this rat and compared it with that of the gray rat. The lens is found to be enormously large in proportion to the eye, and the pupil capable of very wide dilation, as with most nocturnal animals. So far as the histological structure of the eye goes, Mr. Slonaker infers that the cave rat can see as distinctly as the common gray rat.

Seaboard Air Line.—III.

Full Report to Oct. 26.

THERE has been the usual heavy travel this autumn. The few localities that still remain untouched by the march of improvement—nature's waiting rooms, one might call them at this season—have fairly swarmed with feathered tourists, fluttering about with much jumble and twitter of small voices in the underbrush for days before departure.

At this writing these sunny spots, so full of bird life but a few weeks ago, are mostly untenanted save by a few darting juncos.

Our redhead woodpeckers have put by large store of nut and acorn rations for their winter campaign. All the old knot holes are filled, and judging by the ceaseless work of these birds, every crack and crevice in bark or tree trunk in the woods must be packed also. They have a graceful way of taking a chesnut. Hovering over a cluster of grinning burrs, they select one, and with a quick motion pick the nut from its satin-lined pocket, often without disturbing its fellows, though at times a trifle too much energy sends the two remaining nuts rattling down. I saw an English sparrow try the trick several times. He always secured a nut, but goodness, he upset four or five for every one he secured. Even after he had taken one he did not know what to do with it, sometimes carrying it to the ground and jabbing it in an aimless sort of way, or dropping it in flight. He followed the redheads on their rounds as though trying to fathom the mystery, but never seemed to get beyond the initial act. Our mocking birds left early in September, though numbers of brown thrush, swamp robins, veery and their immediate relations remained among the low bushes to rustle the dry leaves till well on in October. The flight of hawks—Sept. 25 to 28—was much below its average numbers. We had an unusual visitant all through September in the shape of a large gray parrot, evidently an escaped cage bird. It was odd to hear him mumbling to himself in the tree tops, and there was something quite uncanny in his loud "Hello! hello! hello!" as he sailed about the woods, in lumbering flight. I imagine he was nipped by the hard frost we had about two weeks ago, for I have not heard of him since. I have no doubt he must have been surprised, and can fancy him expressing his feelings by a reversal of his favorite exclamation. Bluejays plentiful; have just left. One gorgeous chap took a fancy to the heavy-leaved top of a sassafras and day after day his rich notes welled out from his tower of rich orange colored leaves in strange contrast to his ordinary performance.

Let me tell those who have never heard a bluejay sing—aye, sing—that there is a great treat in store for them. Bluebirds in fair numbers came late and are still with us. But why enumerate? All my friends were in evidence from the tiny midget to the big gray goose. Heavy gangs of the latter have swung swiftly along, far overhead, traveling by special, as it were.

Oct. 19, while at sea, some ten miles outside Sandy Hook lightship, our craft was boarded by a dainty white-throated sparrow, who accompanied us to the stake boat, and from his perch on the bow fender saw Columbia turn. He voyaged back with us as far as Navesink Highlands. Dusk was settling over the waters, and as the Highland light flashed out, our little guest took his departure, rising high in air and heading for the land—a fitting incident to close a superb autumn day. There were but eight in our party, and as several had already

ccumbed to the ocean swell—that deadly heave which ten reveals the otherwise well-kept secrets of humanity I was almost alone with my little friend. He was not the least tired, and as he flitted about the forward deck, parently finding things, he took time to confess to me hat the northwest breeze had carried him too far to lee-ard"; but I suspect that he was too good an American forego the opportunity offered him to see the yacht ce. I noted at odd times during the day other land rds fluttering about the excursion fleet, but was unable identify them.

The migrants have mostly passed, and a great part of e bright sunshine of autumn has gone with them. eadow lark, starling, highhole and robin are doing all their power to liven things up, but the woods and the ier tangles are dreary. One hears only the faint tap of ling leaves as they alight in showers upon the crinkled mains of their dead companions.

At night a shroud of silent fog wraps all nature; the ht air is from the southeast; I can hear the faint far-ay wail of the siren at Sandy Hook—it must be thick there. I wonder how fares my little white-throated low voyager?

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

AY RIDGE, N. Y.

Beneath Salt Sea Waves.

EAST WAREHAM, Mass., Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and ream:* In your issue of Oct. 7 I read the very in-esting communication from Mr. Samuels, entitled, "In Seaside Pool." Having handled oysters and clams for re than thirty years, I can say that his observations on rfish, conches and borers are borne out by my own perience. By "conch" I suppose he means what we stermen call a winkle. He might have added that these ellfish are provided with a rasp with which they can tter away the edges of such shells as may be too strong them to break; the valves of a bull-nosed quahaug, instance, capable of sustaining 150lbs. pressure. The nkle will saw off the shell for three-quarters of an h in length, making an aperture through which the tim's flesh is slowly drawn, decomposition setting in fore the meal is finished. Often the quahaug in its ort to close the shells against intrusion will break them, pecially if any piece of grit is lodged between the ves. When the winkle is through, the empty shells nain attached by the hinges, and quite widely opened. examination where quahaugs grow in any abundance ll show that a large percentage are killed by winkles, o species of which, with long spirals, inhabit Buzzard's y. One of these has a row of points or spurs following ones can stand considerable drilling, but persistence makes them poor, and finally causes their death.

The caulker snail is always looking for seams in any armor; throw down a bucket of oysters or quahaugs in the water, or near it at low tide, and these little black fellows are all over them in a few minutes. If any unfortunate has a puncture or crack in its shell the caulkers set to work, and slowly, but surely, suck all the juice out, and eventually the flesh. Make ever so slight a break in the shell of any species, and unless it can close it against leakage it is gone. Oysters escape better on quite soft bottoms where they can sink down till only their bills show, then they are not disturbed by borers or caulkers. Occasionally they settle unevenly, and have to build out on one side, their shells assuming a try-square shape. In very soft mud they may not be able to build up as fast as they settle; in this case they die. Sometimes our oysters take in lodgers, a little crab making its home in their mantles, living altogether inside their shells. This crab also lives with other tenants, of which more later on. Again the oyster begins life as a wanderer; affixed to the back of a spider crab, with several of his kind, he leads a romantic existence, until the spider sheds his shell; at this time the oysters may be as big over as half-dollars, and the crab must experience great relief on being rid of these unwelcome guests. A worse misfortune overtakes poor spider when he unwittingly thrusts one of his sharp toes between the valves of an unsuspecting quahaug. These close like a vise, and the clam must be pulled out of the sand before he can proceed, and the uncomfortable clog hangs on till the toe breaks off; before this happens he may pick up one or two more, it being no uncommon thing to see a spider with three. Angler fish and quahaugs are two of nature's steel traps. The first is so by nature, with malice aforethought; with the last it is a matter of accident confined to the various species of crabs, the spider and horseshoe mostly, and occasionally to birds; I have myself seen a loon killed with a large quahaug impaled on his bill. This bird was shot from the deck of a schooner as it was swimming along by. It could hardly hold its head up enough for breath, and was quite spent.

The oyster crab before mentioned also lives in the big horse clam of the Pacific Coast; a thick bed of these shellfish grew in the flats along the shore of North Bay, Puget Sound, east of Heron Island. Half of these clams had crabs in them, sometimes two crabs to a clam. It would seem that they must be born in the oyster or clam, and do not go and come at will, for once out of an oyster they would never get back. However militant crabs may be, some of them are chivalrous and will defend a companion who is unarmored, and run for safety carrying the soft-shelled one too. Still, I am much inclined to



A SUCCESSFUL DEER PHOTOGRAPH.
Photo by Mr. C. A. Taff.

e convolutions, the other a smooth shell. Some people nsider them one variety, the first mentioned males, the t females. My observations point to a different conclu-on. During the latter part of summer the females awn; they produce a tough, leathery string, about 2ft. ng, on one edge of which are thickly grafted little uches, about the size of a silver quarter, and three-teenths of an inch deep. These are filled with a trans-rent jelly, in which may be seen the germs of future nkles. On the outer edge of each pocket is a semi-oval t of thinner material, through which the young eventu-y make their escape. One end of the string is an-ored in the bottom to a depth of 6in. or more; on this rtion the pouches are wider apart and not fully de-loped. The spawn is usually placed where the tide will t leave it dry, and is white at first, changing to yel-vish and brown.

The oystermen pull up all they find to prevent their owing. When boys, we used to pinch the pockets with r fingers till the outlet burst and their contents escaped. All of this string of pouches is produced inside the nkle's body, and can be withdrawn by a pull; then it ll be found completed up to the end, with no unfinished ckets on the string. When this is done I do not think e can pick up the work again, but probably could make new one.

The borer makes a cluster of little pockets like melon eds placed in the shells of oysters and clams, or under elving stones, with toadfishes for neighbors. The rer destroys innumerable small oysters. The large think that this service is only rendered by the male crabs to those of the gentler sex, in the performance of certain offices of nature which an armored condition would preclude.

Mr. Samuels' anemones remind me of some flowers I once saw protruding from their serpentine shells attached to a partially sunken log. I was shooting wild ducks on a tiny lagoon that made in from Puget Sound, and was using this log for a blind, having piled up some boughs, behind which my gunning boat was hauled. This little lagoon, or "squim," was shaped like a triangle, the apex of which ran back into the high timber; the front was shut off from the Sound by a beach over which the birds came. I was up in the apex where it was shaded by the giant firs; the water was 3 or 4ft. deep, and the log was propped off the bottom by its broken limbs.

The shooting was slow, and during an interval my attention was caught by what appeared to be several pink and white flowers growing below the surface. On examination I could see that they grew out of a shell about as large as a lead pencil, which was plastered on to the bark of the tree. On thrusting my wiping stick down they quickly withdrew, being alarmed at the least agitation. After a bit they would come out again. They were very bright colored and pretty; among them were a number of jelly-like masses fastened to the log by one end; they were about 1in. in diameter and 2in. long, very diaphanous, and while evidently alive, were more like fungoids than animals. They had a perceptible organism, however.

Although I watched these curiosities so intently that several widgeon and bluebills came to my decoys and got off without harm, I did not see them catch any food.

A similar misleading appearance is presented by the foliage-like cilia on the end of a goduck's snout, which looks like a bunch of leaves growing on the bottom; a slight disturbance will cause these to disappear. The body of this clam is out of proportion to its shells, which are fluted like a pecten's, but not so decided; the wonder of it lies in its rubber neck, which is sometimes 2ft. long. Specimens of this shellfish weighing 16lbs. have been dug, but they affect hard clay banks, where one has to use a pick and bar to mine for them; again, they will be found in water sand and can only be come at by sinking a pipe around them and exhausting its contents. However caught, they are very good eating.

WALTER B. SAVARY.

The Horn Snake.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now comes Mr. Eliot Norton and stirs up the stinging snake myth again, affording another opportunity to the "snake editor" to lay a ghost that hath oft been laid before. This necessitates a repetition of the exorcism that was set forth by the writer several years ago in FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. Norton has found a number of intelligent and honest people who firmly believe in stinging snakes—having seen them with their own eyes, etc. I have had exactly the same experience. When investigating the subject of stinging snakes—their existence or non-existence—I found that several highly intelligent and highly educated gentlemen of my acquaintance treated the question as not debatable, as they themselves had seen numerous specimens of the stinging snake—had seen them perform their peculiar antics, and, especially, all had seen the sting itself repeatedly thrust out at the end of the tail. All of which leads to the conclusion that the human mind has an instinctive proneness to overcredulity regarding snakes, their functions and attributes. The word "instinctive" is used advisedly.

Throughout the whole domain of animated nature the snake is regarded as par excellence the enemy of man. This feeling is doubtless an inherited instinct, that survives from a very remote period in the mutual relations of man and snake, when the former was comparatively defenseless against the latter, and when the serpent probably constituted man's most formidable enemy. Hence arose the prevailing disposition on the part of humanity in general, and especially the more ignorant, to destroy all snakes indiscriminately, large and small, venomous and non-venomous, with a superstitious vindictiveness. This instinctive aversion to the serpent tribe is a strong argument for the theory that the human race originated in a warm climate, where snakes do most abound. The common attitude of the human family toward the snake tribe is one of aloofness—to avoid any sort of contact—to keep at a safe distance—with the natural result of what may be called "willful ignorance," and an indiscriminate condemnation of the whole tribe. The usual source of information about snakes is therefore "hearsay evidence" embellished by luxuriant imaginations.

But to return to the particular subject in hand. The writer, after much diligent effort, secured two specimens of the much-dreaded "stinging snake," one nearly dead but still able to wriggle his tail in a lively manner, while the other was very much alive. These specimens were recognized without hesitation by all the experts as being the genuine article.

Upon the first hasty examination of the wriggling tail of the half-dead specimen, I could almost have sworn that I saw the sting, quickly thrust out and withdrawn, thus showing the influence of mental predisposition or credulity.

It is perhaps needless to add that the snake had no sting, no semblance of a sting, and no place in his anatomy to accommodate such a weapon.

The live specimen was kept as a pet, and a subject of study, for about six weeks and then released. He was found to be exceptionally passive and absolutely inoffensive. When carrying this snake on my arm through the village to set him at liberty at the river's margin, I encountered a man who was a stranger to me, who showed a great deal of excitement at sight of the snake. He danced about and exclaimed, "Why, man, that's a stinging snake! If it pops its sting in you it will kill you!" etc., etc. He told me in a very animated manner that he had seen one of those snakes thrust its tail through a cypress board. Now here was very direct evidence of a most concrete sort of the peculiar endowments of the "stinging snake," and from an "eye witness." When I had succeeded in convincing him by ocular demonstration, and much against his will, that the snake had no sting, and was otherwise harmless, he admitted that the snake he had seen with its tail thrust through a board was dead when he saw it and that the board was split; but he was told that it had thrust its tail through the board, etc.

An investigation of the habits of the so-called stinging snake indicated that its food consisted (probably wholly consisted) of animals whose habitat is soft mud and ooze, such as mud eels, newts, etc. The specimen under my observation showed a marked disposition to burrow its head down into mud and to conceal its head in any situation when disturbed, at the same time showing considerable agility in the movements of its tail. When released in the edge of the water, instead of swimming away, it burrowed through the soft mud and so went out of sight. An acquaintance informed me that he had discovered one of these snakes with a large eel in its mouth.

It is possible that in seizing its prey and withdrawing its victims from the mud its tail is used to "get a purchase" on root or snag to aid in the operation. At all events, the disposition to burrow downward, accompanied by adroitness in the tail movements, is probably the sole foundation of the stinging snake myth.

COAHOMA.

MISSISSIPPI.

HOLYOKE, Mass., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent's inquiry in current issue of FOREST AND STREAM concerning a snake that stings with its tail is worthy of more than passing notice, considering

the fact that so much ignorance prevails, not only concerning the actual structure and habits of serpents in general, but of the distinctive characteristics of our native ophidians. It is the writer's intention to prepare a few notes for early publication in your columns setting forth fundamental facts concerning this branch of zoological science which will serve as a base of reasoning when dealing with these creatures, and thus aid even superficial observers of animal life in arriving at the facts concerning their structure and habits, their uses and their dangers.

But the question asked by Mr. Norton may be answered in a few words, since practically all our native serpents have been carefully observed and studied by persons eminently qualifid for this work. There are no snakes, native to the United States at least—nor probably elsewhere in the world—that, scorpion-like, sting with their tails. All recognized venomous serpents inject their poison through fangs located in the mouth, and directly connected with specialized glands which secrete the poisonous fluid. Most of the fangs of venomous serpents are located in the anterior portion of the mouth, and are either movable or permanently erect; but a few species are known to science in which the poison is ejected through or along a posterior fang or posterior grooved tooth or teeth. These latter snakes are called opistoglyphs, and the species already studied are not particularly dangerous to man or the larger animals, though frogs, toads and lizards bitten by them readily die. Four species of opistoglyph snakes have been found within the United States—one common to our entire southern border, two found only in the extrtme southern corner of Texas, and one species from southern Arizona.

But to return to the snake with the armored tail. Although many serpents have a somewhat pointed horny tail cap, this is no more offensive than one's finger nail—no more capable of "stinging" than a snake's tongue. Some herpetologists have tried to show that this horny extremity—when occurring on the *Crotalidæ* (rattlesnakes, moccasins, etc.)—is really a rudimentary rattle, but there is much evidence to the contrary. We find a pointed horny tail cap on two common native snakes, which, at a superficial glance, much resemble each other, but which in reality are widely different. These are the venomous copeprhead and the harmless "flathead" or "puff adder." On the copperhead the tail tip is deflected to one side, while on the "puff adder" it is in line with the body. Doubtless the "horn snake" or "stinging adder" mentioned by your correspondent is none other than *Heterodon platyrhinus*—our friend the "puff adder," the "hog nose," the "blowing viper," etc.—to whom we paid a slight tribue in FOREST AND STREAM for July 15, but which will doubtless continue to be maligned and stoned as long as ignorance of things herpetological continues—which promises to be for centuries to come. DR. J. HOBART EGBERT.

A Successful Deer Photograph.

WHITINSVILLE, Mass., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you by even mail a half-tone plate of a photograph of a buck that I obtained in August last. The plate was made from an enlargement, and shows the fact to some extent.

It was necessary to use the bromide enlargement for this purpose, as the negative was reported "lost," together with another of a smaller buck which I had given to a photo goods dealer to have enlargements made. I do not think I shall see either negative again. I now consider myself fortunate to have the enlarged prints, as I have no contact prints from either.

I have tried for several seasons to get a good photograph of a deer—one wherein the deer would show plainly and not require to be pointed out. I have obtained a number first and last, but this one is far ahead of any of them and I would like to see it shown in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM.

The subject, position and background are unusually good. The camera was a 4 by 5in., 11½in. focus, with diaphragm shutter set for one-fifth second, distance 60 to 75ft., about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I had a rest in the bow of the canoe to set the camera on so there would be no movement other than the motion of the boat. It turned out that I gauged the stability of the buck to a nicety, as immediately after the exposure was made he turned and walked out of the water into the woods. There was hardly a half-second to spare.

I find a good many things combine to prevent a good photo of deer in the summer—the chief thing is the red orange coat of the animal, which turns out to be dark in the picture, though it is bright enough in the original. In the present case the bright afternoon sun shone full on the deer, and the result is far better than usual; besides, the background being very dark helps to bring the deer out prominently. C. A. TAFT.

Loading Buckshot.

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The method of loading buckshot mentioned in your issue of the 28th by Mr. B. W. Sperry is one that I tried myself some years ago, but did not find very satisfactory.

If, as I understand him, he suggests loading them in the shell he intends to use, he will find that the wax will be shattered by the explosion, breaking it from the side of the cartridge, and the shot will scatter as bad as ever.

Another method, which I used with more success, was to take an empty cartridge and ram a wad down to the bottom of it; then load it up with buckshot in the manner he describes and pour in the melted wax. After it has cooled and solidified thoroughly, cut the cartridge away from around it. Then the shot and wax can be put into the shell to be used, as you would a bullet. This method, however, has the disadvantage of being very uncertain, in some cases the load not breaking up at all, but going like a bullet, and in others not showing on a target any appreciable difference from a loose load. I can recall two instances in which the whole load only made one large hole, the first at a target at 40yds., and the other at a bear cub in a large live oak. In neither case had the shot separated at all. R. F. BANKS.

Game Bag and Gun.

Mr. Mulate's Big Moose.

"MR. EAMES J. MULATE returned to Mommenttown Monday, after a three weeks' hunting expedition to Canada. Hudson's Bay was the northern terminus of the trip, in which region Mr. Mulate encountered three snowstorms and a temperature of 12 degrees above zero. Mr. Mulate killed a moose weighing about 1,300lbs., whose horns measured from 53 to 55in. from tip to tip. Five shots were required to bring it to bay. Smaller game was shot and trapped, but of this no account was taken. About 325 miles of the journey was made in canoes and on foot. Mr. Greeley Bate was with Mr. Mulate, but was not so fortunate. Mr. Bate did not return with Mr. Mulate."

The above silly story is copied from a recent issue of a prominent Baltimore newspaper, with the names only changed.

Mr. Mulate, if one is to believe his statement, made a trip from Maryland to Hudson's Bay (325 miles of the journey by canoe and on foot) and got back in three weeks, with a moose weighing about 1,300lbs., with elastic "horns" measuring all the way from 53 to 55in.

Such a journey as Mr. Mulate says he made could not be accomplished by an ordinary mortal (but then, to be sure, Mr. Mulate is no ordinary mortal) under four or five months, and instead of the journey being 325 miles by canoe and on foot, more than 1,325 miles would have to be made in that way, and at an expenditure probably ten times greater than Mr. Mulate's. Only one moose to show for such a remarkable journey, made in such record-breaking time, would seem but poor recompense. The Province of Quebec permits of two moose for each person composing a hunting party, and as Mr. Mulate and his companion probably had a guide apiece, they were consequently entitled to eight moose, instead of only one.

The above remarkable newspaper yarn is of a piece with a similar one printed in the Sun, of this city, three or four years ago, extolling the prowess of a certain silversmith's clerk, who had just returned from a hunting trip with a moose weighing 1,500lbs., and "said to be the largest moose ever shot in the State of Maine." Four men fired thirteen shots at this fabled monster, and yet did not stop it. The moose was found dead the next morning a few rods away. The carcass was shipped to New York, so the story ran, and distributed among admiring friends. An inviting morsel, truly, after lying all night with its entrals unremoved. This alleged sportsman boasted of killing six deer himself—two at one shot—regardless of the fact that he was entitled to shoot but two.

Had this imitation sportsman been satisfied with simply printing his remarkable yarn without photographic embellishment, it would have been absurd enough to sportsmen, but he actually had the nerve to print a picture of the 1,500lb. moose on a raft, with the hero beside it, of course. The carcass did not come as high as the fellow's knee, and was of a four or five year old bull, weighing probably 600lbs.

Your correspondent knows of a resident of New York City who has just returned from Canada with the heads of three large bull moose. None of them, however, weighed 1,500 or even 1,300lbs., and he was not compelled to shoot them thirteen times each, or to go to Hudson's Bay after them either. 303.

Eastern Massachusetts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About now look out for game. It don't last very long in this part of the country, and the early bird catches the worm. By Dec. 1 it is rather cold to be out with a rig on that's fit to shoot in, unless it be foxes. We ought to have close season on birds about Dec. 1, as there is chance to pot-hunt with the snow on. Ruffed grouse, or partridges, as we call them here, seem to be as plenty as usual. The markets quote them as very scarce and pay $1.75 per pair, which is the highest price, I think, on record. I don't know how it is, unless snaring has been suppressed to quite an extent by the State game association. They are doing effective work by having wardens out all the fall. If we could stop the sale of game we would strike the nail on the head. Birds at such a price makes too much of an inducement for the market hunter.

We have a case in the district court at present for snaring partridges, and it is reported that another arrest was made yesterday of an old professional Boxford snarer that has the reputation of sending off "two bags of birds a week to the market."

Quail were badly winter killed and are very scarce. I started one covey of about a dozen good-sized birds and shot five of them. Four of the five were male birds. I then left them alone. I am satisfied if I don't shoot another one this fall. I hear of some very small birds being seen—hardly large enough to fly. I think in such cases the old birds' nest was destroyed by the mowing machines in July, and they made another nest and hatched a late brood. I have heard of only one other quail being killed in town this fall. Two good men with good dogs hunted all day yesterday and didn't find a bird.

Woodcock have been scarce. I shot a few native birds, but there seems to be no flight of the Northern bird along yet, and there ought to have been in this moon. Hunters get $1 per pair in Boston for the birds, which is high.

Rabbits seem to be more plentiful than for years, but the hills seem to be full of old burrows made by skunks and woodchucks, into which they scurry pretty lively after being started. If we can keep the ferret fiends away there will be plenty of this game left over.

Gray squirrels are fairly plentiful, this being a bearing year for nuts. Have heard of a raccoon being killed in Middleton. I think a man with a good dog could find good hunting in the Andover woods. The fox hunters have had very good luck so far, as I suppose, but I am not much of an authority on this sport. It seems to me about like going buffalo hunting on Cape Cod, but I admire the pluck and perseverance that goes to make up a sucessful hunter. We have three up at this end of t town that can hold their own in any crowd—Dr. E. H. Niles, E. H. Langdon and Arthur Beckford. Mr. Langdon hung another large fine red to his belt a few days since. Then there is Capt. Martin and D. S. Brown, o Tapleyville, who think the sport about to their liking an get their share.

The leaves are well off the trees and owing to the dr weather the swamps are quite free from water, so tha the hunting conditions are unusually good.

On the coast they are having good coot shooting, bu it is poor sport to shoot the old fool fowl. They don' seem to know anything. They will decoy to anythin that floats, from a chip to a barrel with a boat hitched t it. Shoot half the flock and they will then go 100yds and bite again at the same bait. They are hardly fit t eat unless you know just how to cook them, and so toug you have to skin them to get the feathers off. I didn' hear of many snipe on the flight here, neither have I see any geese going south yet. JOHN N. BABBITT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—The majority of the ducks workin on the Calumet Marsh now are mallards, and in th gamble of shooting chances in so much shot a country, on might on almost any day of the week pick up a half-doze or more mallards along that marsh. The dam at the rail road crossing is backing up the water, and while it ha ruined our little snipe corner, it is slowly improving th ducking ground.

Near the End.

It is likely that we are near the end of our snipe seaso now, as we have had very heavy cold rains for the las three days, which has probably sent the birds on South I think they came down during the late moonlight night and fine weather. Most of the birds killed this week hav been very poor of flesh.

The Quail Season.

However disappointing may have been the duck an snipe season this fall, the quail season will more tha make up for it. Quail have never been more abundan in the West than they are this year, and it is pleasing t feel that there may be abundance of sport for the nex few months in one part or the other of the South o West with these birds, which offer what I have alway thought to be the finest sport of America. If you g grouse hunting you get rough walking and a few bird If you go snipe shooting you get wet and muddy. If yo go duck shooting you get up early in the morning. Bu when you go quail shooting, provided that you have plen of birds, and provided also that you have good dogs, yo have abundance of good, clean shooting of a natur difficult enough to offer sport. Moreover, if you kill good bag of say a couple of dozen quail, you have not got great pile of meat to reproach you.

It will be easy to direct shooters to good quail countr this fall, for the birds are abundant from this latitud south, all the way from Ohio to Kansas, and as far sout as the Gulf. I would say take the Illinois Central roa south, for instance, or say the Monon in Indiana. Any where a hundred and fifty miles south of Chicago ought t bring one into good quail country around the smalle villages. I have reports from lower Michigan which stat that the quail crop is in some places very good, though i others the birds seemed to have winter-killed a little b last year.

To-day I have met in town friends just up fro Tennessee and Mississippi, and these tell me that th quail crop, or the "bird" crop, as it is called in th South, is something extraordinary. At Woodstock, Luc and Millington, all points not far from Memphis, th birds are very numerous indeed. Mr. Wilbur A. Jones, c Port Gibson, Miss., tells me that in his neighborhood th birds are very abundant.

Speaking of the South, I am reminded that Memphi shooters have within the last week or so been having ver good duck shooting, also at Beaver Dam and Bear Lak south of Memphis.

In the West.

A party made up of Messrs. T. P. Hicks and Sila Palmer, with Lieutenant of the Warren Avenue Polic Station, this city, left some time ago for Tracy, Min They have apparently had very good success, for the have sent home a great many ducks to friends in the city Returning from Minnesota, these gentlemen came as fa toward home as Milwaukee, but then started back, an are now in northern Wisconsin somewhere after big gam This makes the matter of their license foot up a very pret figure. It is getting so these days in the West that it cost something to own and operate a shotgun.

Mr. Fredric W. Jenkins and his friend, Mr. C. H Hotchkiss, both of Binghamton, N. Y., reached Chicag this week and called at the FOREST AND STREAM office t ask where they were going. They had had all their plan made for a trip in Routt county, Colo., where they ha been invited to join a rancher who was to take the out. At the last minute, however, these plans fell through and the gentlemen when they reached Chicago were u decided as to whither they should head. I told them to g out to Mr. William Wells' hunting lodge, at Wells' Pos Office, in Uinta county, Wyo. They were headed that wa when last seen, and I trust will have a pleasant trip. I they do not on such short notice catch Mr. Wells himsel they should certainly be able to find a guide in that terr tory, where they would be near to very good game cou try, and unless the cats have got all of Mr. Wells' dog they ought to have some fun with lions and lynx. presume they may get some snow before they get out, bu they both looked as if they could stand it. They hav both hunted in Canada and New Brunswick, and eac has killed caribou and moose, so that the sight of th Rocky Mountain big game ought not to jar them.

I was talking with George Thorne, of Montgomer Ward & Co., this city, the other day, and he tells me tha on his Western trip he went in at Libby, Mont., an hunted in the Kootenai country. He says he is fairly we pleased with his trip, in spite of the fact that he did no kill very much game. The bear he got was a black bea but a very fine one. They ran across the bear in a thicke

d Mr. Thorne jumping up on a log got a running ot, catching the bear squarely through the heart. He ys it made quite a fuss in the thicket for a while, but nt only a few steps from where it was shot. He used 30-30, and in this case that weapon proved good enough a bear. I have been talking with a good many hunters ely who have been out after big game with the small- re rifles, and I think the general agreement among them that the .30-40 is a better weapon for very large game in the .30-30. For instance, Mr. Jenkins, of Bingham- n, tells me that he killed two moose in two shots with .30-40. Indeed, I am not sure but it was three moose three shots. Nearly all agree that the .30-40 is a terrible apon. I have never shot the .30-40 myself, and have ly to say regarding the .30-30 that it is the sweetest ooting weapon I ever put to my face.

Speaking of bears naturally reminds one of our old end Capt. Bobo, of Mississippi, the man who out of all nerica is best entitled to wear the name of the Big Bear lief. I wish I might give only the best reports of pt. Bobo's health and happiness, but I am told to-day t he is having very bad trouble with his right eye, which s become involved with inflammation from a little nor. It is sad to think of Bobo not hunting bear, but I nk he is not hunting this fall. There never was a ger-hearted man than this same Bobo, and his like in canebrake never crossed a saddle.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. my, was in Chicago this week on his way West for a le hunting trip near the ranch of Buffalo Bill. It ght be supposed by some that during these days of war n, Miles would be chained to business at Washington, t he knows very well that the boys can take care of this o-for-a-nickel war, and meantime he can take a little cation on his own hook. Our war does not seem to be very big one compared to the one in South Africa, at y rate.

Speaking of wars and rumors of wars reminds one that ne awfully good fellows turn up in the Army in the hting times. Here was Johnny Roberts, who used to the Roberts Resort up at Neenah, on Lake Winne- go. Johnny had all kinds of money, and he devoted nself seriously to having a good time. He was over Cuba last year knocking around, and he spent some time Florida in one place or another since then. Then he ms to have suddenly concluded that times were dull this country, and I have just heard that he has enlisted d gone to Manila.

The Gaylord Club.

The Gaylord Club, of Wisconsin, is one of the pros- ous sporting institutions of the Western country. In president, Mr. Fred M. Stephenson, of Menominee, ch., it has a typical Western sportsman, though I might d that the type sets a rather hard pace to follow. Mr. ephenson is a splendid shot with rifle or gun, a skilled ster with bait-reel or fly-rod, a fiend to walk, and a se student of the things of the outdoor air. He has veled pretty much everywhere, owns pine lands in chigan, Wisconsin, Louisiana and Texas, is a coffee nter and vanila grower in Mexico, and for all I know s a cucumber garden in the Arctic Circle. Moreover, he an epicure as may classify under the definition of our end Bill Werner, the chef, "An epicure is a man who n eat anything without getting sick." But what I rted out to say was that the Gaylord Club is carrying t its plans in very sane and generous fashion. Situated ar some very good trout streams, it has established a ut hatchery of its own, which is rapidly developing into e of the best in the State. Deer and trout bid fair to be undant for a long time around the Gaylord Club.

E. HOUGH.

80 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Coon Season is On.

BOSTON, Oct. 28.—A. W. Hayford is another success- l Boston gunner. He has been on a trip after big game Millinocket and the lakes and waters above. He saw great many deer, and could have obtained a number of es, but waited till the day before his departing for me, when he killed two handsome bucks. Partridge ooting was excellent. He met another hunter, who had en still further up the line of the railroad after moose. e had seen a very large number—eighteen or twenty— t all cows. Another hunter, who has been into the me section after moose, was rewarded by his guide get- g an answer to a call, after the fourth night at that st thrilling amusement. The bull came down bellowing d grouting, and the hunter was ready. The water lashed and the bushes opened on the bank. The hunter d his rifle at his shoulder, with trigger-finger strained most to pulling, as a big animal hove in dim sight. Don't fire!" whispered the guide. "It is a cow!" That e hunter was disgusted goes without saying. But after he was grateful to the guide, who had saved him from e heavy fine attached to the killing of a cow moose at y time in Maine. Mr. Walker, of Boston, has suc- eded in getting a fine moose in the neighborhood of shland. He saw others, including a great many cows. is idea is that moose have increased; cow moose pecially. Messrs. A. L. Belcher, C. C. Stanchfield and T. Prescott, of Boston, are out of the woods with six ndsome buck deer, taken in the vicinity of Lobster ke. They speak in the highest terms of the hunting in at vicinity. They met a moose hunter who was very dignant at what he considers the height of hunting im- dence and unfairness. His guide had industriously lled and called for moose till at last a bull came down, d the hunter was about to fire, when bang went the rifle another hunter, not far away. He did not hit the oose but scared him away. With his guide paddling as st as possible, the first hunter pursued the other canoe, ith the intention of giving the second hunter a piece of s mind. But the pair disappeared in the darkness.

Coon hunting is good in Maine this fall. A peculiar ature is that one does not have to go back into the big me regions to hunt coon. They are more abundant in e farming regions in Androscoggin and lower Oxford unties. A Boston drummer, on a business trip, stopped Lewiston the other day, and had an invitation to join a coon hunt that night. The temptation was too great. hey went down to a farming section near Sabatis, where the coons had been feeding on sweet corn all the fall. They had a dog with them noted for finding and treeing coons. They wandered over stubble fields and through patches of wood for an hour or so, when at last the dog barked and went for a big oak not far away. The hunters made for the same tree, and it was plain, from the antics of the dog, that the game was in it. The tree was too big to fell, and there was nothing to do but to wait till daylight, to see to shoot. A big fire was built, and the hunters disposed of their tired limbs around it as best they could. Somewhere near morning the Boston drummer says that he had fallen partly asleep, when thud went something to the ground. It was the coon, tired of waiting for the hunters to depart. The dog was after him and soon had him up another tree, where, with one of the hunters, he stood guard till morning. At daylight the coon was shot. But the first tree had not been deserted, and three other coons were shot from it. The drummer did his part, bringing down one of the coons with a shotgun. He says that waiting all night at the foot of a big oak tree in an open pasture is cool and dewy—no pun on the Admiral intended—work, but somewhat exciting when it gets light enough to see the little, bright eyes through the branches. Boston markets are receiving an unusual number of raccoons this fall.

BOSTON, Oct. 30.—Again the newspaper reports are noting more sportsmen than ever before in Maine, and the amount of game secured is greater than last year. Every year the same story is told, and it may be true and it may not. It certainly comes from sources that take little pains to be accurate, and have no interest except to boom the regions about which they write. It is claimed, however, that statistics compiled by the railroads show that the month of October, up to and including last Friday, included shipments of deer into and through Bangor to the number of 1,034, with 53 moose. This number is considerably greater than for the same period last year. The deer are reported to have generally been of medium size, and largely does, though a few fine bucks have been seen among the number. This is not unusual, the big bucks coming after the snow falls, when it is easier to find them. The moose are running about up to the average, none being booked above 800lbs. SPECIAL.

Slaughter vs. Sport.

From the Pittsburg Daily News, Oct. 21.

Now that the hunting season in this State has been opened with so much vigor and enthusiasm, the prospects for "big bags" never having been better in late years, a country editor who is in a position to judge calls attention to a perversion of the sport, which, if persisted in, can have but one effect: the depopulation of our woods and forests of almost all kinds of game. Hunting matches, in which the participants take sides to see which can slaughter the greater quantity of game in a given time, are now "all the rage." To add zest to the sport, after the butchery is finished the contesting teams sit down to a supper paid for by the losers. These matches have become very common, especially up in the northwestern region of the State, and reports of the wholesale killings of game are frequently chronicled in the country press.

The idea of setting out as one of a party of hunters whose avowed object is to slaughter more game than another party for the purpose of avoiding payment for a supper is abhorrent to the instincts of every true sportsman. The man whose object in hunting is simply to kill every wild thing in sight is a butcher, not a sportsman. Wise laws for the preservation of game in Pennsylvania have been passed by the Legislature, but they will be of little effect if these disgraceful hunting matches are to continue. Go into a piece of woodland where one of these hunting matches has recently been conducted, and you find yourself in a silent region from which birds and animals have fled. Those not laid low by the bullets of the wholesale hunters have been frightened away by the shouts and bombarding, and may never return. Thoughtlessness is responsible in great measure for this deplorable condition of affairs, but the carelessness of some hunters is no less than criminal. Any gentleman whose attention is called to the mischief he is working would doubtless be considerate enough to give up this kind of sport, but sterner measures may be necessary with some of the others. For it is apparent that among these wholesale hunters there can be very few real gentlemen and genuine sportsmen.

An Indiana Party in the Rockies.

PORTLAND, Ind., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The party of nineteen that went from here the first of the month to hunt near the Yellowstone National Park returned on the 24th inst. They made a tour of the Park by stage coach, then undertook to reach the elk in the mountains. They got near enough to see a very large herd moving about in the timber some miles above them, but a snowstorm caught them and they were compelled to retrace their steps. Dr. Mackey says they shoveled snow 2ft. deep to pitch their tent, and at times were in snow to their shoulders. An old scout undertook to break a trail for some of the boys, but his pack mule got into snow to his neck and refused to go further. They got two antelope and some small game, and say that the sight-seeing paid them well for the trip. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

A Tame Deer Chase in New Jersey.

THE village school at Holmdel, near Matawan, was disturbed and broken up Thursday morning by the sudden appearance of a deer. The deer jumped through a side window of the schoolhouse and landed in front of the teacher's desk. All the pupils ran for the doors and windows, making a hasty exit. The deer stood in wonderment and waited for an opening through which to leap. Outside could be heard the baying of a pack of hounds, and as the deer listened he darted about the room. Several hunters in scarlet coats came into the room and drove the deer out. This animal was the property of P. F. Collier, who had loosed it for a chase.—New York World.

The Mind and the Trigger Finger.

One hears, or has heard, a great deal about the physical side of shooting; the other side, the psychological, is far less frequently touched upon, either in print or in the conversation of shooting men, for the average shooting man is not much given to introspection with regard to the mental and instructive forces which are called into action during an ordinary day's sport with the gun. In dealing with a purely subjective matter, such as that embraced by the title, one must perforce assume a certain position of dogmatism, and thus leave one's self open to the criticism of those who chance to take different views.

Shooting, to be dogmatic from the first, makes a far greater call upon the collective faculties than any ordinary occupation, and, more than this, a greater call than that which is necessary successfully to pursue any other kind of sport. Any one who masters the manipulation of a fly rod and has made himself familiar, by hearsay or reading merely, with the tactics essential to success, can go to the water and not only hook his fish, but land them as well. When doing this he exercises the senses of sight and touch, the mechanical function of casting the fly, and the judgment which prompts him to play and land his captives. Again, any one who masters the physical art of sticking in the saddle, both on the flat and over his fences, and has sufficient nerve to ride across country, possesses all the acquirements necessary to ride to hounds. The hunting man exercises the senses of sight, hearing, and touch, the quality of pluck, and, if if he is to be anywhere near at the kill, judgment. Though he needs pluck or nerve, which the fisherman does without, the tax upon his senses and his judgment is inferior to that which is imposed upon the judgment and the senses of the angler. The latter's whole mind is centered upon fly or float. He holds himself, by continuous sense-concentration, ever ready for instant action—on a decision to be made in a fraction of a second may depend the hooking or the loss of a fish. The hunting man when exercising his judgment has time to deliberate; the fisherman seldom has.

Shooting, unless it be of the tamest kind, exercises the senses in a high degree. Hearing is a sense dispensed with by the angler—that is to say, he puts no tax upon it. On the other hand, the shooting man's sense of hearing is continuously strained to catch the slightest sound which may tell of a coming or a rising bird. That instant, instinctive jump of the gun—it seems almost as though the volition which causes it is in the gun itself—which greets a sudden sound tells of the high state of tension to which this particular sense is subjected. No less a strain is placed upon the sense of sight. Taking sight and hearing together, then, the tax made upon the senses of the shooter is far greater, as well as more continuous, than that made upon the senses of the hunting man or the angler. In the matter of touch the gunner requires "hands" quite as much as the rider or the fisherman; in the matter of judgment he makes fully as large a draft upon his calculating faculties as does either of his fellow sportsmen—probably larger. And beyond this he exercises yet a further faculty, as, dogmatically, we shall see.

A novice capable of sticking on can ride to hounds; the same novice, having made himself conversant with the ordinary procedure of the angler, can go to the stream or the river and catch fish, though he may never before have caught one in his life; the same novice may make himself at home with the handling of a gun, and may read every word that has ever been written on the subject of shooting, yet let him go into the field for the first time, and he probably will not be able to stop one driven partridge in fifty, or perhaps one rocketing pheasant in a hundred. And this brings us at last to the purely psychological side of shooting. At first glance it would seem as though the only things necessary to make a man a good shot are practice and simple judgment; but this is not the case. One sees a large number of men who have shot for many years, and yet are rank bad shots at the best. Their faculties are fully developed; they may excel perhaps in things other than shooting; they may even have shot all their lives; and yet they have never been able to acquire the power of stopping their birds.

The shooting tyro begins by missing bird after bird. Before very long he can, we will say, kill one bird in three flying straight away from him. But though he can do this, he may not be able to stop one crossing bird in a score. Shooting at the bird going away from him he exercises a simple mechanical function; he raises the gun, covers the bird with the sight, pulls the trigger, and the bird drops. Shooting at a crossing bird he must use judgment, and straightway he endeavors by the use of judgment to find out what particular allowances are necessary to meet that ever-varying quantity, the sum of the speed, distance, and angle presented by the different individual birds which come within range. Judgment, or rather conscious calculation, of the sum of distance, velocity, and angle is, however, only exercised in the early stages of the gunner's career, if he has in him the making of a good shot. Before long he begins to feel, to appreciate instinctively as it were, the point at which his charge must be placed in order to stop the bird, just as he can feel that he has shot behind a bird, or over it, or under it, as the case may be. In short, he crosses the line which divides conscious from unconscious calculation. This unconscious calculation is, to all intents and purposes, a latent instinct roused into being and quickly developed by a special call imposed upon the mental faculties to make extremely rapid calculations in order to bring about a special result. Though the result one aims to achieve is constant in itself, the means necessary to bring it about vary with each particular bird shot at, and the variation is wellnigh infinite. In a day's partridge driving seldom do two birds present the same combination of speed, angle and range before the sportsman's aim.

We hear it said of a good shot that he has "got the knack of stopping his birds." But what gives him the power of stopping them is something more than mere knack. It is knack that enables him to bring his gun to bear like lightning when taking a snap shot. Any one can acquire the knack of rapidly handling a gun. With the physical act of instantaneous sighting knack ends. In the moment of time which is allowed for a snap shot the gunner's mind unconsciously calculates distance and ve-

locity, and his muscles obey his mind. Ask him what calculating process he goes through when he stops a rabbit flashing across a 10ft. ride 30yds. away. He cannot tell you. He shoots by instinct, by unconscious calculation—and kills.

I belive I am right in saying that every first-class shot is also a very quick shot. If this is not strictly accurate, at all events the rule holds good in most cases. The necessarily limited experience or observation of a single individual is never of much worth as a basis for forming general conclusions; but I may say that never yet have I met with an instance of a good shot being otherwise than a quick shot, or of a slow shot being a good shot. The slow shot uses conscious calculation; so long as he remains on the wrong side of the line dividing conscious from unconscious calculation he will never shoot anything but badly. If he has been shooting for some seasons and has failed to develop the power of unconscious calculation, nothing can ever transform him into a good shot, any more than a man born without an ear for music can ever be transformed into a good musician. In both cases Nature withholds a certain faculty without which the attainment of efficiency is impossible. When once one has come to shoot instinctively, which means also quickly—killing one's birds almost at the moment they rise, and making every shot practically a snap shot—a return to deliberation and conscious calculation—shooting slowly, that is—would mean a large falling off in the proportion of kills to misses if systematically pursued. In the case of a good shot the first, the instinctive aim, is the aim most likely to kill. Every foot he follows a bird will decrease his chances of killing it; the longer he pauses the less instinctively will his mind act, for conscious calculation must, to a certain extent, make itself felt with delay. Who has not, let us say, kicked up a rabbit, raised the gun deliberately, followed the rabbit for 20yds. or 25yds., felt dead sure of the shot, pulled the trigger, and, to his astonishment, missed? The easy shots, the shots one takes one's time about and feels certain of, are often the shots one misses most easily. And let me say in a concluding sentence that I am fully aware both of the controversial nature of what I have written, and also of its weak points when put to the test of argument. It is merely the opinion of an individual.—London Field.

Jersey Ways Just Like Some Others.

PATERSON, N. J., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly permit me to take exception to the statement made in your last issue by Mr. H. N. Munn that the sportsmen of New Jersey have anything whatever to do with the framing of the fish and game laws of the State. It is true that sportsmen anuually go to Trenton and submit their views, to which the committee listens with more or less patience. After this useless formula has been gone through with, Mr. Hayseed from Wayback county goes to the committee and delivers himself as follows: "There is a whole lot of game and fish and a whole lot of different seasons. I have a blacksmith, a good friend of mine, who wants to shoot snipe in September and only in that month, and if you will conform to his views I will vote for your bill. That is all I ask, and because it is so little I think I ought to have it." Mr. Hayseed is followed by a dozen or more others each demanding something particular, and the result is the kaleidoscopic variety of fish and game laws to which people point when they argue that New Jersey is not in the Union. The Senate of New Jersey some years ago passed a bill permitting the use of nets at all times of the year in all the fresh waters of the State for the taking of pike, the reason therefor being that a nephew of one of the Senators had a small pond from which he wanted to take pike for breakfast once in a while. CHARLES A. SHRINER.

Tricks.

ST. JAMES, Minn.—There is a column in FOREST AND STREAM called "That Reminds Me." I have often thought a good one could be started on "Tricks." So many little things are known by certain readers that are not known by others, that an exchange might be made with profit to all. I have learned one lately I consider good. If not new to all, at least it was to me and may be useful. Skunk odor is hard to get off, but it can be done almost instantly with the common carbolic acid sold in the drug stores. Also two teaspoonfuls in half a pail of water will kill the fleas on a dog instantly and without harm to the dog. I have been frozen out in Assinaboia and have run down here to catch a few ducks before winter sets in. PINK EDGE.

Remembrance and Appreciation.

IRONTON, Ohio, Oct. 24.—We are having glorious autumn weather, and report comes of a fair game crop. The law is fairly enforced here, and a sooner is very sly. Giving the right to kill rabbits at all times causes the untimely death of some quail.

I was sick and confined to my home. A brother sportsman rang the bell and asked to see me at the door. He handed me a small package, saying, "Jim, put that where it will do you the most good." "That" had a beautifully mixed plumage, white and brown and gold; and on a slice of toast was fine. The gift pleased the eye and afterward the palate. JAMES DUPUY.

Southwest Florida.

FORT MYERS, Fla., Oct. 23.—A bear and two cubs passed within a mile of Fort Myers to-day. One cub was captured by a school teacher—Sellers, by name.

Quail are more plentiful than for years. Turkey are being killed within three miles of town, although the closed season is not yet off. Deer very plentiful.

The prospect is that this will be the best season for shooting that Lee county has known for many years.

English snipe coming in thick. Duck shooting good at Lake Flirt. W. F. M.

What He Cannot Understand.

A SHOOTING friend says he can't understand why it is that he can stand on the shore and pump lead into a block of wood floating 200yds. away until his arm gets tired, but can't hit a bunch of geese at the same distance. X.

Game in Pennsylvania.

THE gunning season this year in Pennsylvania opened with good prospects for Nimrod's disciples, especially in Monroe and Pike counties. Pheasants are numerous, and a number of deer and a few bear have been kicked up by sportsmen in their tramp over the barrens and swails in pursuit of game.

Good reports come from Spruce Cabin, located on the well-known "Broadwater" Canadensis, reached via Cresco on D., L. & W. Ry., and a number of sportsmen, some with their families, have already arrived to enjoy the fine facilities of this mountain resort.

Among recent arrivals who bagged considerable game were Eugene Smith, Hoboken; Prof. T. H. McCoal, Philadelphia, and T. F. Rose, Camden, N. J.

READER OF FOREST AND STREAM.

Long Island Duck Shooting.

DUCK shooting is reported at its height on the Great South Bay of Long Island. Almost all the varieties found in these waters are now there—black ducks, redheads and woodbills.

Sea and River Fishing.

Bermuda Fish in the Aquarium.

IN the New York Aquarium the fish that are admired most and excite most interest on the part of the public are the brilliantly hued and curiously shaped denizens of the tropical waters of Bermuda. Here are pictures and descriptions of the most characteristic of these species now to be seen in the Aquarium tanks.

First in point of attractiveness of color and in general interest is the angel fish. It is of a flattish shape. The back and the ventral fins are each prolonged into a graceful winglike appendage; hence, of course, the name. Any attempt to give a definite description of the colors of the gaudy angel fish would be futile, as its constant movements, together with the peculiar effects of the downward falling light, give rapid changes in hue, making an exact delineation of its colors difficult. However, the predominating colors are a bright green and a cobalt blue, the green on the body running off into blue patches around the head and gills, and the blue on the tail and wings blending in places to a delicate purple and pink. The tips of the wings and the fringe of the tail are a bright yellow. The angel fish is considered fine eating. Its name certainly would look well on a menu.

The first thing that strikes one on seeing a school of four-eyed fish is that a lot of animated peacock feathers are passing before our vision. This fish has the usual, although small, pair of normal eyes. The so-called third and fourth eyes are merely two large spots of shiny black and are on that part of the body just back of and opposite to where the real eyes are placed. The eye-spot, or ocellus, as it is technically called, of the four-eyed fish resembles the eye-spot of a peacock's feather, and the markings of the fish consist of lines of color branching from a central shaft and running gracefully backward like the barbs of a feather.

The squirrel fish is of a uniform bright pink, with a metallic sheen. The eyes are large and red and surrounded with blood-red rings—deep blood red; the eyes seem to be suffused and ever on the point of shedding tears of blood. This fish has long, stiffly set, erect and pointed fins and a two-forked tail.

The trigger fish is of a dull brown color, but is of interest on account of a sharp spine on the top of the head just above the eyes. This spine is capable of an u and down trigger movement and is used for defensive ar offensive purposes.

The surgeon fish is similar in color and general a pearance to the trigger fish, but it has two spines, lanc like in form, and placed one on each side of the bo near the root of the tail. These spines are folded sheaths when the fish is in a peaceful mood, but in contest are raised at right angles to the body and us

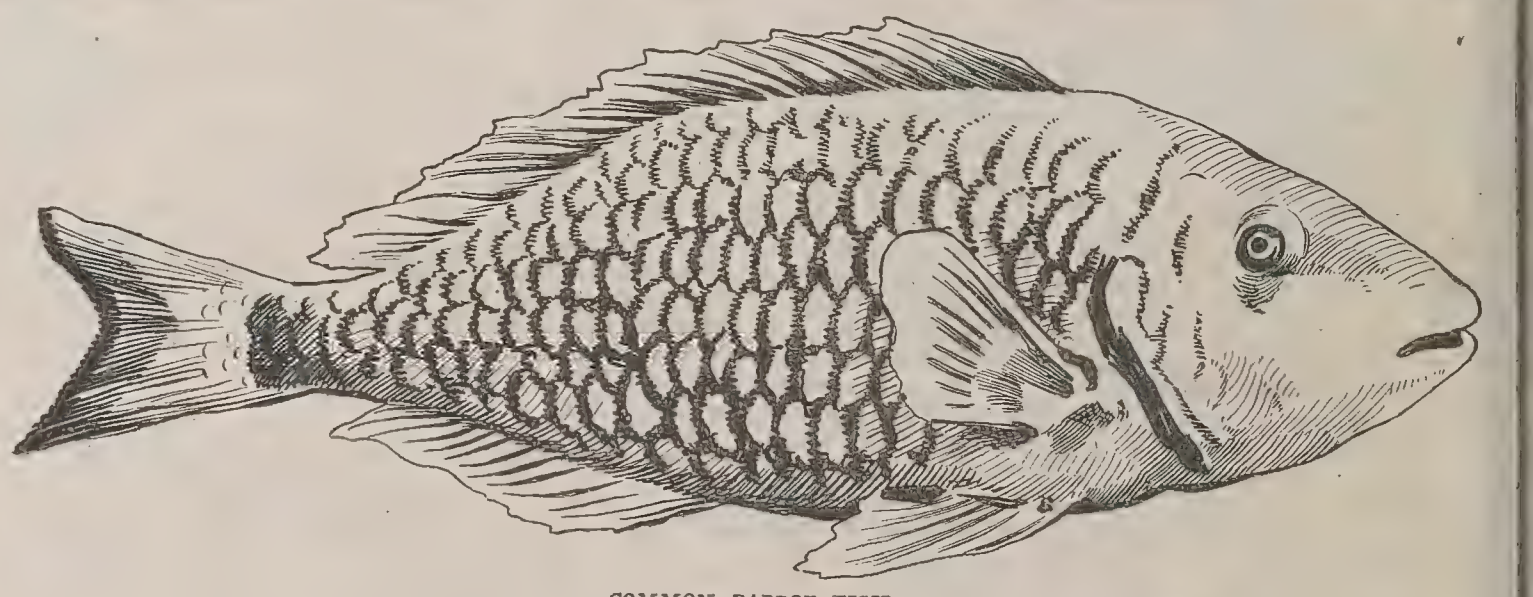


FOUR-EYED FISH.

to slash about and cut the opponent. The erect spine also preclude any possibility of their owner going dow the throat of a bigger fish, as they will catch in the mout or the throat of the eater.

The grouper is a sad looking fish, with its large dow ward sloping mouth. They have a fondness for groupin themselves in rows, military fashion, heads all facing th same way. The grouper has the power of suddenl changing color; but the usual markings are brown an dull white in irregular broad vertical bands. It is a excellent food fish.

The trunk fish has an angular body, with quick-movin paddlelike fins and a rudderlike tail. This fish, with it odd shape, its unfishlike outer covering, and wit



COMMON PARROT FISH.

the mechanical movements of the fins and tail, look like a miniature submarine boat.

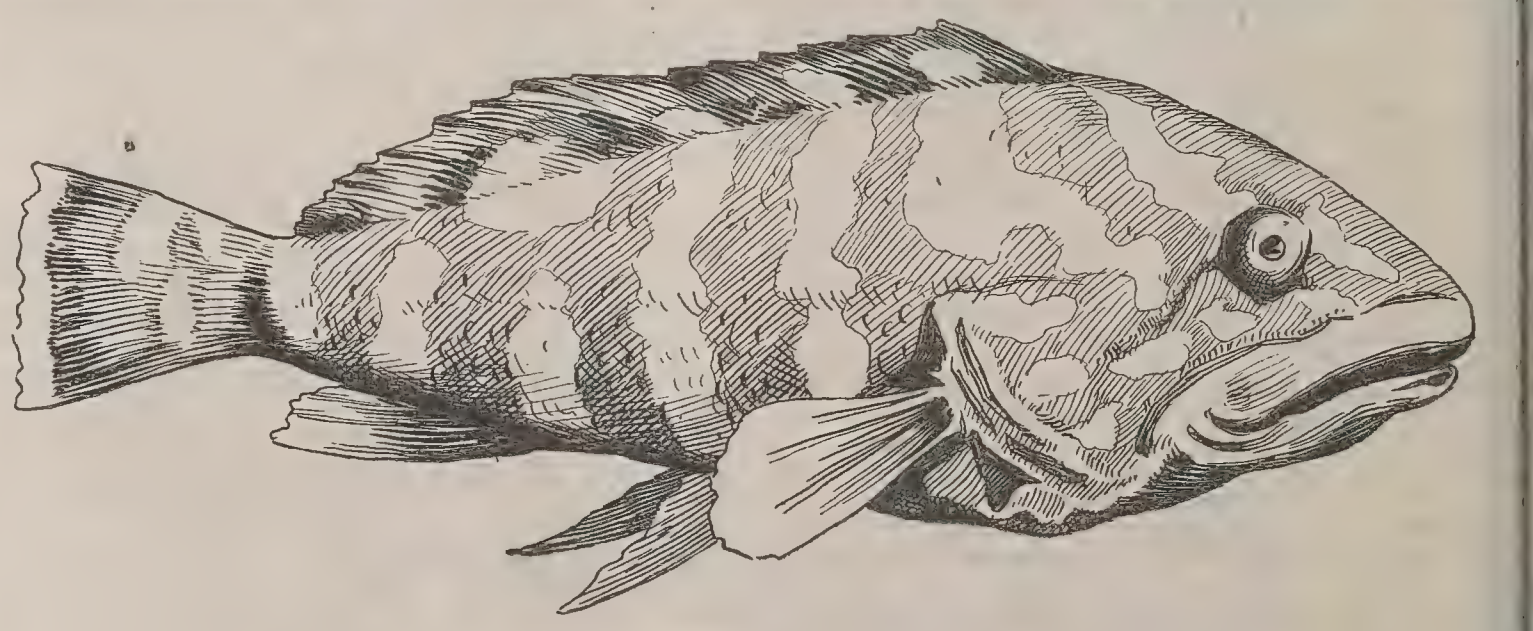
The cow fish gets its name from the possession of tw horns, projecting forward, at the top of the head. Wit the exception of these horns, it resembles in appearance as it does somewhat in habits and manners, the trunk fish

The blue parrot fish is a small fish beautifully marked On the back are four bars of pure white alternating wit bars of intense black. The ground color of the rest o the body is orange, which is besprinkled and marked wit dots and wavy lines of a bright blue.

The common parrot fish has scales of the tints o mother-of-pearl. Each scale is bordered with black. Th tail and fins are of a brilliant orange. The edge of the tai is fringed with black. Similar in shape, but very much larger, is the green parrot fish, of which kind there ar two fine specimens on view. The color of these is o a uniform green, with a suggestion of cobalt blue, a colo that sometimes goes under the name of Nile green.

The silver bream's charm is in its sober tone of silver gray, with a few delicate stripes of a darker color. A dark spot near the root of the tail is a characteristic and distinguishing mark.

While the artist was sketching the sergeant-major among the people passing by two made similar observations regarding fish. One called it a prison fish, the other



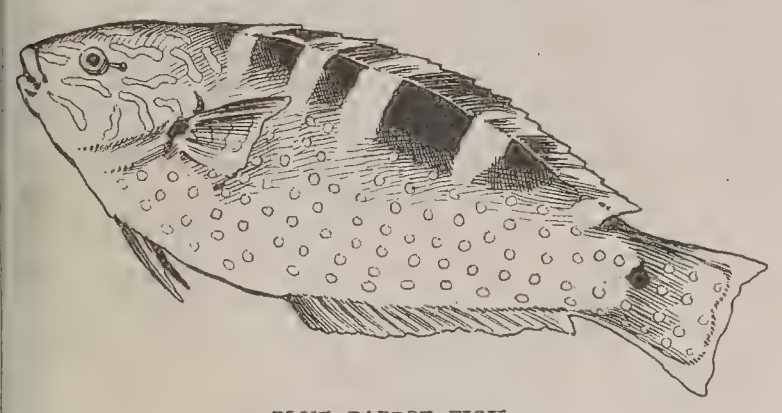
GROUPER.

said it looked like a convict. The fish is certainly easily identified by the five up-and-down bars of black on each side of the broad flat body. The color not covered by the bars is of a metallic green.

E. LUTZ.

CONCERNING the food qualities of some of the species described by Mr. Lutz, James Macdonald Rogers writes in the Popular Science Monthly:

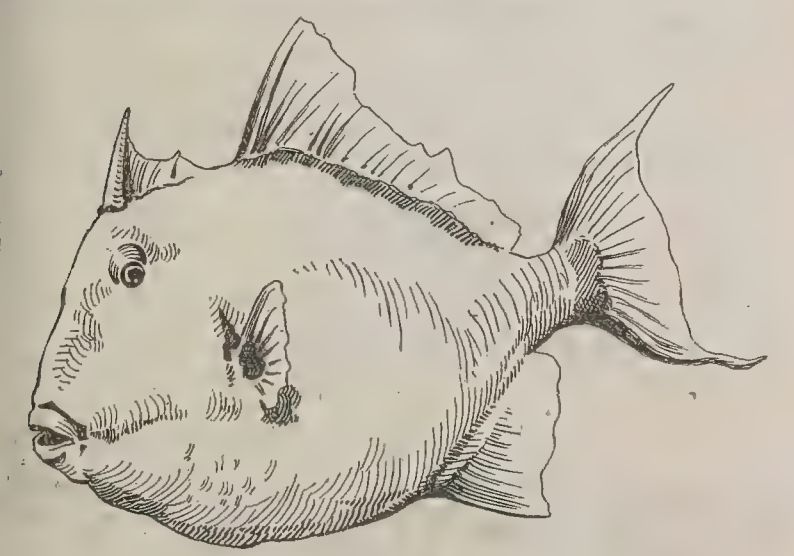
Considering the number of unwholesome fish abounding in these waters, and the numerous cases of illness caused by them, I was surprised on investigation to find that so little appeared to be known or written on the subject. During my three years' cruise in the West Indies



BLUE PARROT FISH.

the study of those fishes reputed to be poisonous was forced upon me by reason of the numerous cases of illness among the sailors of my own ship. When it is asserted that there are no less than sixty varieties of noxious fishes to be found in Cuban waters alone, it seems desirable that those who are about to settle in these parts should have some general idea as to what fish to choose and what to avoid.

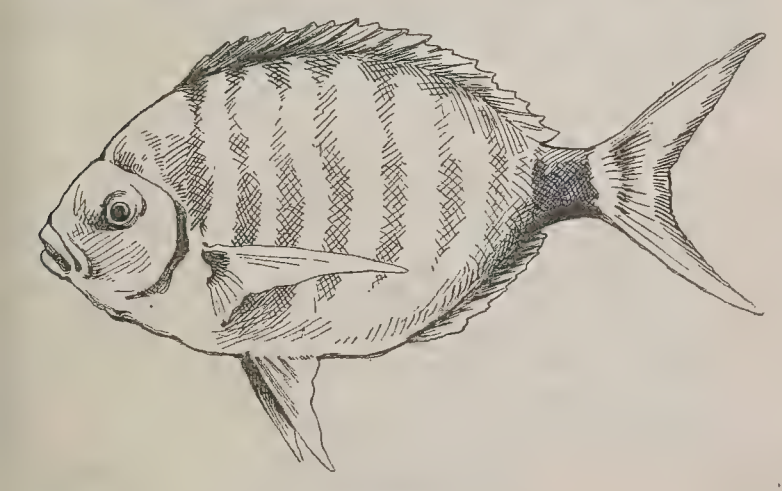
One of the commonest fish in these seas is the barracuda (*Sphyræna barracuda*), which can be easily recognized by its elongated body, covered with cycloid scales. The color is dark olive green on the back, fading to a lighter green on the sides, while its under surface is silvery white.



TRIGGER FISH.

The mouth is wide and curved with long and sharp teeth. These fishes are large and voracious, often attaining the length of 6ft.; and as they are usually found close inshore, amid the heaviest surf, they are as much feared by fishermen and bathers as the shark. The poisonous symptoms caused by this fish are peculiar, and were strongly marked in the case of a friend of mine, who was a solicitor, living in Barbados. His face swelled up and became tubercular like a leper; afterward, general muscular tremblings and acute pain about the body, particularly in the joints of his hands and arms, came on. The nails of his feet and hands became black and fell off without any pain, and his hair also fell out.

The "yellow-tailed sprat" (*Clupea thrissa*) is common

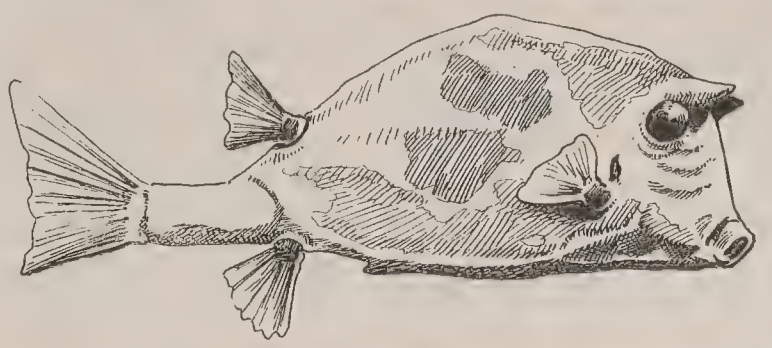


SILVER BREAM.

in the West Indies, and may be recognized by having its last dorsal ray prolonged into a filament. A black spot behind the gill cover is said to distinguish it from a somewhat similar fish, the "red-eared pilchard," which has a yellow spot behind its gill cover. The eating of this poisonous "sprat" is said to be followed by most violent symptoms and rapid death. The common saying in the West Indies, that if you begin at the head you never have time to finish the tail, is almost literally true. Most of the cases of fish poisoning which I have met with in the West Indies have been due to eating various kinds of "snappers," especially the "gray snapper." The tropical species are very numerous and difficult to differentiate, owing to their frequent change of color, according to age and surroundings. In 1897 at St. Georges, Grenada, twelve persons who partook of a large gray snapper were attacked with severe symptoms of fish poisoning. A few hours after the meal all these were suffering from pain and fullness in the stomach, followed by persistent vomiting, severe cramps, watery evacuations, weak, thready pulse and labored respirations.

The horse mackerel, green cavalla and the jack are often found most unwholesome when caught in West Indian waters. The "jack" (*Caran plumieri*) is found to be poisonous in some seasons of the year, and it is said that at such times two small red lumps appear in its gills. Toadfish, or *Tetrodons*, are occasionally met with, and are to be avoided as being extremely poisonous, especially if the roe or liver be eaten. The *Diodonts*, "trunkfishes," are not nearly so poisonous as the *Tetrodonts*, but they are found to be very noxious at certain times, or in certain localities, more especially if the gall bladder, liver and intestines are not removed before cooking. It is reported that those persons who had eaten them suffered from loss of sensibility, cold sweat over the whole body and stiffened limbs. Death followed in some cases.

The "prickly bottle fish" (*Diodon orbicularis*), met with in the Gulf of Mexico, is said to be injurious when eaten. The *Ostracion triqueter*, called in the West Indies "fair maid," "platefish," "trunkfish," is often eaten with no ill effects by the negroes, who, after cleaning it, bake it in its hard shell-like covering. There is, however, a gelatinous matter near the tail which is called "the jelly," and a similar substance is found near the head. When only part of this jelly has been eaten its effects are a peculiar vertigo, nausea, vomiting, pains all over the body, more especially in the limbs. The "filefishes," or "trigger fishes," when found in the tropics where they feed on coral polypi, have the reputation of being most unwhole-



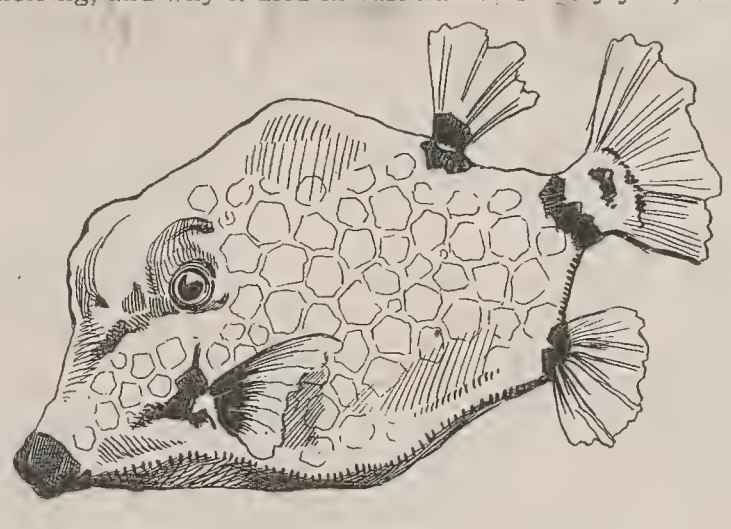
COW FISH.

some. Dr. Gordon, of Montego Bay, Jamaica, records a case of death from eating the flesh and liver of a species of coast conger (*Gymnothorax restratus*). In spite of treatment, the man died after a lingering illness. Space will not permit me to dwell, in this article, on the remaining noxious fishes, but it is to be hoped that enough has been written to teach people to be cautious in their selection of fish when in the West Indies.

ANGLING NOTES.

The "Sawbelly."

IT is unfortunate that one should write upon a certain subject for publication and afterward forget entirely where the story was printed, but this evening I find myself in that situation. To the best of my recollection some one asked me about the fish locally known in Lake Ontario as the "sawbelly," its other names being alewife or French herring, and why it died in vast numbers every year, both



TRUNK FISH.

in Lake Ontario and in the St. Lawrence River. My reply was that in all probability the fish died because of change in temperature of the water, and I presume this reply was given in FOREST AND STREAM, as I am not in the habit of replying to queries in any other journal; but I cannot at this moment find the note. I have watched the herrings as they came to the surface in the St. Lawrence and died without a mark to indicate disease of any kind, and they acted as other species of fish do when they come out of the cold depths into warm surface water. Recently I visited Cayuga Lake to see Mr. H. A. Surface, who has been investigating the fish fauna of the Cay-



SQUIRREL FISH.

uga Lake basin, and he told me that lake trout had been taken in the lake at a depth of 350ft. filled with the "sawbelly," proving that they resort at least to this depth, and very likely they may yet be found still deeper in the lake when the traps are placed deeper to discover the fishes which inhabit 400 to 500ft. of water. The "sawbelly"

coming out of the deep, cold water in the spring into the warm surface water perish in such quantities that the dead fish line the shores, and fears have been entertained that such masses of dead fish would endanger the public health.

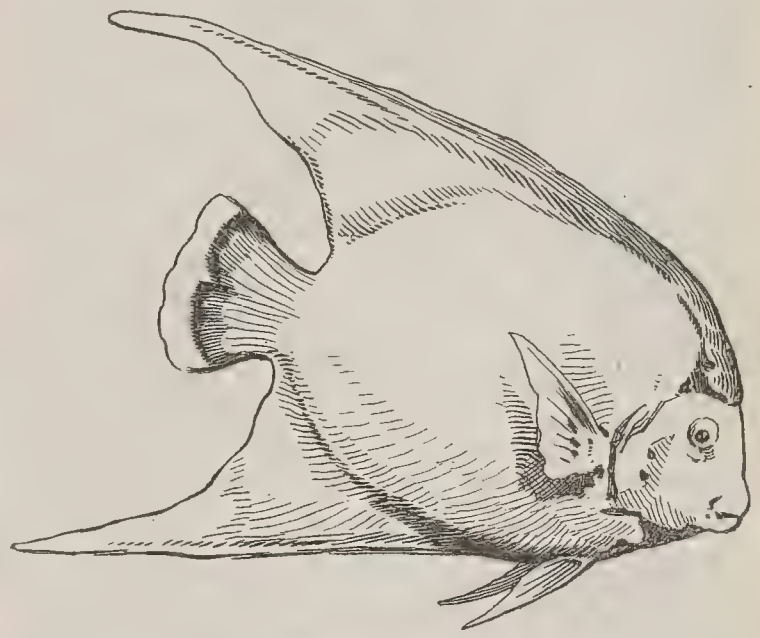
At this point I was reminded that last summer I cut an item from a newspaper in regard to this very fish, and upon searching for it I have found it. It has the headlines: "Dead Fish in Lake Ontario. Tons of a Variety



SERGEANT MAJOR.

Resembling the Sea Herring Found on the Shore," and the clipping reads as follows:

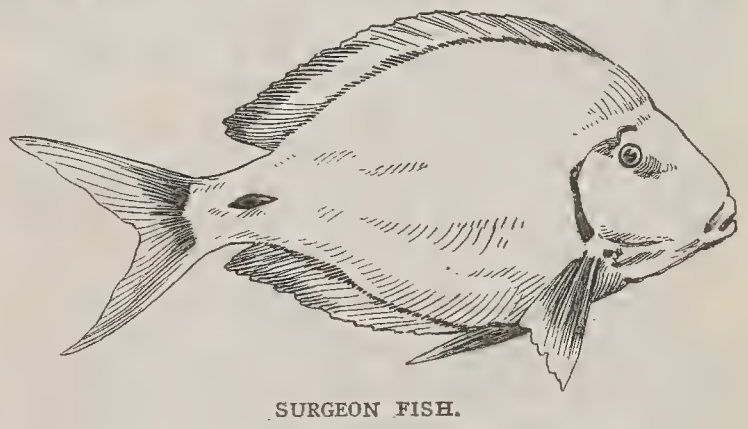
"Charlotte, N. Y., July 11.—The cottagers along Lake Ontario between here and Sodus have, it is estimated, buried 100 tons of dead fish cast up by the waves already this season. The fish resemble very closely the salt water herring. As a result of this resemblance some persons have advanced the theory that the fish are herrings that have ascended the St. Lawrence River and have been unable to live in the fresh waters. Others think that



ANGEL FISH.

the fish are fresh water herrings, and that they have been killed by the rigors of winter or by some parasite. A third theory is that the authorities in stocking Lake Ontario with whitefish made a mistake and instead put in some spawn of a salt water fish, either alewives or herring, and that these fish lived and bred, but are soon killed off by the fresh water."

The fish very closely resemble the salt water herring, because that is exactly what it is—a landlocked form of the French herring or alewife—and they probably did ascend the St. Lawrence River at some period; but it was so long ago that no living man knows when. The authorities did not make any mistake and plant this fish for whitefish, for the authorities (which means the Fisheries Commission of the State or the United States Fish Commission) had nothing whatever to do with it. Nature did the planting several hundred years, possibly, before a



SURGEON FISH.

fisheries commission was ever dreamed of. Mitchell described the fish in his report of the fishes of New York in 1814, fifty years before the State had a fish commission and forty years before a fish was hatched artificially in this country. Cuvier and Valenciennes described it in 1847, and Jordan described it from Cayuga Lake in 1876.

Fish commissions are a convenient vehicle on which to unload all the sins of omission and commission which exist or are imagined in the fish world. The report of the whitefish-sawbelly mistake of the authorities in Lake Ontario now appears in a cycle of three years, whereas it used to be annual and charged direct to Seth Green, and there seems to be a chance that it will die out, as a friend of mine says, "eventually, if it ever does."

Mitchell described the brook trout the same year that he described the "sawbelly," and his name, *fontinalis*, sticks to the trout yet; but his name for the "sawbelly," *Clupea vernalis*, was not long enough for those who came after him, and it is now *Pomolobus pseudoharengus var. lucustris* (lake variety of false herring), and that is probably the reason why so little is known of the fish, as the length of the name rather discourages investigation of the fish itself. It has been charged that the "sawbelly"

served no good purpose whatever in the St. Lawrence, as it was not particularly a food for other fishes. This may be true in part so far as it relates to black bass, but the "sawbelly" does serve as food for lake trout, as the experiments made by Mr. Surface go to prove, and the salt water form of the branch herring is classed as a food fish, and, by the way, fresh water fishes do not keep as well salted as do fishes from salt water, although perhaps I have not used exactly the right terms when I say keep as well, and it would be better to say that fresh water fishes are not so well constituted for salting as fishes from the sea.

Lake Lampreys.

The State of New York made a small appropriation to destroy the lake lampreys in Cayuga Lake, and at the same time to study the habits and migrations of some of our food fish. The lampreys were caught in a weir as they ascended the inlet streams to spawn, and unmolested their spawning beds are made so closely one to another as almost to cover the bottom of the stream between rapids. I think I never have seen spawning beds of any fish so closely grouped as those of the lamprey, and this fact alone shows how abundant they become when war is not waged against them. There is one thing the lamprey (young ones) is good for, and only one, so far as I know, and that is to serve as black bass bait. The biological department of Cornell University has made some valuable discoveries through Mr. Surface in this work of destroying lampreys, and one thing that has been found is that the lamprey attacks fish in water 350ft. deep in the lake. When the result of this work at Cayuga Lake is made known in a report, as it will be in the annual report of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, I believe it will be patent to all readers that there is great need in this State of a systematic scientific inquiry into the habits and migrations of sea fishes, and into the food supply of the food fishes, and it may result in the establishment of a biological station under State auspices.

Fly-Fishers' Club.

The suggestion to organize a fly-fishers' club in this country—and the only place is New York city—is not a new one. I know that I urged it in this column a few years ago, and FOREST AND STREAM advocated it editorially, and I think that other fly-fishers wrote supporting the proposition to promote such an organization. Letters were received at the time by the writer from prominent fly-fishers in Canada and in this country, and all were of the opinion that New York was the proper place for such a club, and that it would be supported by fly-fishers in the United States and Canada. However much the fly-fishers of the country may be interested in forming a club, the initiative must be taken by anglers in New York city, for without their active support the plan must fail, no matter how warmly it may be supported by would-be country members. A week or two ago I mentioned that the London Fly-Fshers have outgrown their club rooms and had moved to new and larger quarters—in fact, they have been growing and moving ever since the club started in 1884, and the last issue of Land and Water has something to say about the last move: "May good fortune attend the Fly-Fishers' Club in their new premises in the Haymarket. In the old club rooms on the Embankment they grew to maturity, and it is as a highly successful concern that they move westward. Very handsome accommodation is now provided, and I am particularly pleased to see that a room has been specially set apart for fly-dressing, where the amateur fly-tyer will have every opportunity for practicing the art. I am also pleased to see that the list of members includes most of the well-known salmon and trout anglers throughout the country. * * * The annual dinners of the club since its establishment in 1884 have attracted fishermen and naturalists from English, Irish and Scotch districts, as well as from Canada, America and the Continent, and there is a long list of honored names among the presidents of these feasts—such names as the late Marquis of Exeter, the Marquis of Granby, the late Sir James Gibson Maitland, Sir Ford Worth, Sir Samuel Montague, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Mr. George Rooper, Mr. William Senior, Mr. H. M. Halford, Mr. R. B. Marston, Mr. A. N. Gilby, Mr. Orchardson, R. A., and Dr. Hamilton. Lord North, an enthusiastic fisherman, is to preside at the house warming."

The London club was organized largely at the instance of Mr. Marston, editor of the Fishing Gazette, who was most ably supported in his endeavors by Mr. Senior, of the London Field, and it has grown to its present proportions largely through the instrumentality of these two men, without, apparently, interfering with their other duties, and it must be that we have in the city of New York ten times that number of men who would give enough of their time for the preliminary steps to insure a club of the same character in this country.

Ouananiche in Triton Club.

Nowadays I am rarely surprised at anything I may hear about fish or fishing that at first blush seems to be unusual or impossible; but I must confess to surprise when Mr. William F. Rathbone informed me last week that there were ouananiche in the waters of the Triton Club in Canada, and for once I reserved to myself the right to doubt it. His information on this subject was not at first hand, and that is why I doubted that ouananiche were in the waters of a lake near the club house, as we have caught ouananiche together in Lake St. John waters. His information came from a gentleman who was so positive that he was right about it that he offered to bet five to one that he was right. Mr. Rathbone had just returned from the club when I met him in Albany, and I think he was as much surprised at the information as I was. The same day that I met Mr. Rathbone I went to Syracuse and saw Mr. G. F. Gregory, president of the Triton Club, and he was another surprised man when I told him, for he knew nothing of the presence of the salmon in club waters. This I do know: That three or four years ago I had some correspondence with Mr. Seaton, the sercetary and superintendent, about introducing the ouananiche into club waters, and I advised against it, and subsequently in conversation with Mr. Seaton at the club, he told me it had been decided not to attempt to introduce the fish. Now there are a number of surprised men waiting to hear of proof that the ouananiche has invaded the club waters on its own account, and I presume the columns of FOREST AND STREAM will be open for such explanation as may be given by those who know. The information came to Mr. Rathbone from a gentleman connected with the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. My own idea at this writing is that some one has in some way confused the new trout caught by Mr. George Hart in a lake near the club house with the ouananiche, but certainly Mr. Hart is not responsible for the error.

Eels.

When I wrote of eels and their habits in FOREST AND STREAM last summer a friend read the article and said to me jokingly, "Your story is chiefly about eels in Europe and little about eels in this country. Is it possible that our Yankee eels have never done any of these strange things you tell about?" What I now have to say relates to Yankee eels, and I learned of it at the Rockland hatchery of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission in Sullivan county last week. The water supply for the hatchery comes to the building through a 4in. iron pipe under ground. Near the foundation there is a T in the pipe by which the water is lifted through a pipe of same size to the proper height to feed the troughs, and a valve in the T to flush the pipe. When the valve is opened to flush the feed pipe it discharges under the hatchery building, which is merely a gravel bed so that the water sinks out of sight as fast as it is discharged. Just before my visit the foreman, Mr. Charles B. Laraway, had opened the valve to flush the pipe, and the water had discharged as usual into the gravel bed under the building. The next morning he discovered two big eels on the lawn in front of the hatchery building and about midway between it and the stream, and the eels were headed for the water.

It was hard sleddin' for the eels, for they have had a drought there, as elsewhere, and the ground was dry and dusty, but they were making fairly good time for the water. The eels had come through the pipe (they were each nearly 3ft. long, Laraway tells me), and had been discharged with the water under the building on the gravel, and when the water disappeared they were left high and fairly dry, and it was a groundhog case to get to water. There is no pond accommodation at the hatchery for eels or any other fish, and they had to light out for the stream, perhaps a thousand feet away. That they knew where they wanted to go, and also knew the direction to reach it by the nearest route, their positions when found gave proof, and if the going had not been so dry and dusty they might have made the trip before Laraway caught them.

While on the subject of Yankee eels, let me say that I have called the attention of the chief game and fish protector of the State to some eel weirs illegally maintained in the southern part of the State. I saw two from the cars as the train passed, and learned by a little questioning that there are others of the same kind that cannot be seen from the cars in passing, and one of the game protectors will examine them to see wherein they fail to comply with the law. In fact, before this is in type the examination will have been made in all probability. Not that I desire to have any one punished for catching eels, but as there is a law on the subject of eel weirs, it should be enforced, and if the law does not serve the purpose of catching eels, amend it so that it will. The first weir that I noticed was in the West Branch of the Delaware River, near Walton Station of the New York, Ontario & Western Railway, and the next near East Branch Station of the same road, in the East Branch of the Delaware. The eel weir law is found in Section 143 of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Law of New York, and reads as follows:

Section 143. Eel Weirs.—Eel weirs of which the laths are not less than 1in. apart, may be maintained at any time in any of the waters of this State not inhabited by trout, lake trout, salmon trout, or landlocked salmon, except in the Chemung River and its tributaries in the counties of Steuben and Chemung, and except in waters in Cayuga county, and except in the Susquehanna River; provided, that there be a clear passage at low water mark at some point in said weir of not less than 10ft. in width for the passage of boats and fish. Eel pots of a form and character such as may be prescribed by the rules of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forest may be used in any waters not inhabited by trout, lake trout, salmon trout, or landlocked salmon. Except as herein provided the use of eel weirs and eel pots in any waters of the State is prohibited. Whoever shall violate or attempt to violate the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of $60 for each and every eel weir or eel pot built or maintained in violation of this section, and $10 for each fish caught therein in violation of this section. The provisions of this section shall not apply to Long Island. (As am'd by Chap. 405 of Laws of 1898.)

The weirs that I noticed failed to comply with the law, in that they did not have an opening 10ft. wide for the passage of boats and fish. The weirs were V-shaped, projecting down stream and without a break from shore to shore, except at the basket at the apex of the V. It was my good fortune to meet on the train a man who has had experience with eel weirs in that region, and he told me that ordinarily the 10ft. opening was left as the law directed, but so arranged that a plank could be inserted at night and the opening closed. He also said that in all his experience with eel weirs it was the rarest of exceptions to take black bass or other game fish in the weirs. There is no sort of question about the destructiveness of the eel, as it gorges itself on trout eggs when it has the opportunity; and its habits are such that it should be taken by all legitimate means at all times when the means adopted do not cause the destruction of other fish, but the eel weir law seems to be a liberal one, as it stands, and to fence in a river from bank to bank is clearly illegal. Salmon have been planted in the West Branch to my knowledge, for I went there with a carload of fingerling fish, and large trout have been reported to have been caught in the East Branch, but I am not prepared to say that either branch is inhabited by the fish mentioned in the statutes that would make the erection of any eel weirs illegal. If I made the laws, I would make one that permitted the use of eel pots in any waters, particularly waters "inhabited by trout, lake trout, salmon trout or landlocked salmon," for it is in such waters that the eels do the greatest harm as spawn-eaters, but the eel pots would have to be of such "form and character" as to take nothing but eels, and pots are so constructed that they will take nothing but eels. As eels never spawn in fresh water, they have no period of fasting, and consequently prey upon fish eggs throughout the spawning season of all of the salmon family. As the mature eels go down to the sea to spawn, the elvers run up into fresh water to grow to maturity, and a constant war should be waged on eels in trout waters, but the great trouble is to find men into whose hands it is safe to place devices to take eels, for it seems to be a failing of the human family, or members of it, that when they are permitted to take eels or other deleterious fish they at once enlarge the field of operations and take every blessed thing that swims with fins and is good to eat, or that can be sold at a profit. A man who is trustworthy in every other respect has to be watched when he has a license to take eels to see that he recognizes the difference between an eel and a black bass, or a trout of some sort.

Whitefish on Worm Bait.

Once in a while I find myself in Syracuse, but never, if I can help it, without previously preparing to sit up until most any time in the morning. Last week I was not prepared, and I tried to sneak into the Gates about 11 o'clock P. M., and get to my room unobserved, but my friend Gregory had his eye on the entrance door as though he were watching a runway, and nailed me before I got to the desk. "What are you doing in the city at this hour of the night? I supposed you were out at your farm."

"I would have been, except that I heard that you had wired for a room, and so I wanted to visit with you." I threw up both hands, and then I took them down and lighted a cigar. We talked fish and we ate something, for Gregory always keeps his friends who talk fish in condition, so far as the inner man is concerned, but he never sleeps himself at night, and so it never occurs to him that any one else has the sleep habit. The trouble is that when I sit down and talk of fishing with Gregory, I forget about sleeping, and he never forgets about eating, so we get on famously. We had talked about Triton Club affairs, of which club he is the president, and we had talked of the past season's fishing, when he said, "You cannot guess where I went fishing last week, nor what I caught."

"Oneida Lake; black bass."

"No; reservoir; whitefish, with worm bait."

"Don't you mean aquarium goldfish with three tails?"

"No. I am not joking. I was actually fishing for whitefish with worm bait."

"No need to go to a reservoir to do that; there is water in the canal, and you can fish there for whitefish, salmon, tarpon, jewfish or anything else you previously indicate, or if it sounds better, you can say you are fishing for all of the fishes in Jordan & Evermann's Synopsis."

"But I not only fished for whitefish with a hook and line and rod and worm bait, but I caught twenty-eight whitefish and brought the whitefish home, and I, with my friends, ate the whitefish, and they were as good whitefish as that big whitefish you brought here last fall that you got out of a net."

By this time my cigar had gone out, and I slowly relighted it and looked Gregory squarely in the eye, but he met my steady gaze fairly and appeared to be perfectly balanced as usual, so I said, "You mean it: tell me about it."

A friend of his in charge of the reservoir in question had told him that while fishing in the reservoir for black bass, he had caught a whitefish, and invited Gregory to visit him and try the fishing. It seems that the reservoir is fed from a lake about twenty-five miles away, which lake contains whitefish, and it is supposed that young whitefish from the lake had found their way through the feed pipe into the reservoir, as there is no other way of accounting for the presence of whitefish in the reservoir. Gregory armed himself with tackle and bait—earth worms—and fished near the place where the feed pipe enters the reservoir, for it was there that the whitefish seemed to congregate. When the baited hook was lowered into the water the angler could feel that something was working at the bait. It was scarcely a nibble, as a nibble is generally understood, but as though something were mouthing the bait without jerking. When this had gone on for a time, the angler would strike at a venture, and usually a whitefish would be hooked, and when once hooked the fish furnished fair sport, as the mouth of the whitefish is so tender that a hook is easily torn out. At times there would be a bite from a black bass that left the angler in not the least doubt as to the kind of fish at the other end of the line, and then there would be a bite from a yellow perch, and all three species of fish seemed to be in about the same locality.

It is unusual for whitefish to take a hook, still they do it on occasion in some waters, though they cannot be considered a hook-and-line fish any more than the shad, which take the fly on occasions. Once I printed a letter from Dr. Elisha Sterling, of Cleveland, O., in which he described whitefish fishing in the Soo Rapids. The tackle was two small hooks whipped to gut one above the other, and the bait was flour paste mixed with cotton wool to hold it on the hooks. As I now remember, whitefish were taken in considerable numbers in this manner in Sault Ste. Marie.

Then, again, they were taken at one time, and for all I know, they are yet taken, with hook and line in Lake Superior. The whitefish came into shallow water to feed on thin, white worms found in the yellow clay of the bottom, and by gathering a quantity of these worms and putting them on hooks which were allowed to rest on the bottom the fish were caught, and caught, too, in quantities to warrant pretty general fishing where the worms were found. In Chazy Lake, in the Adirondacks, of New York, whitefish are caught through the ice in winter by fishing with a baited hook at the bottom, and occasionally one is taken with hook and line in Lake Champlain, where the fish are known as lake shad, but as a rule when whitefish are taken on a hook it is more by accident than by design on the part of the fisherman. But Mr. Gregory's experience may act as an incentive for anglers who live near whitefish waters to fish for them with hook and line and worm-baited hook. In waters inhabited by whitefish—and it is now conceded by our ichthyologists that the fish of the interior lakes of New York are the Great Lakes whitefish, as the Labrador whitefish is identical with it—the fish are found in vast schools in the autumn and winter, and there will be no lack of material on which to practice. Fine tackle should be used, and by fine tackle I mean delicate, not elegant, with small hooks and thin gut, and if this style of fishing should prove successful, and in the light of Mr. Gregory's

experience I cannot see why it should not, the fishing will furnish sport of a new character, and the fish will furnish a table luxury not to be excelled by any fresh-water fish that swims, and in the autumn the whitefish is at its best when cooked directly after it leaves the water, as it is one fish which loses its delicate flavor when transported any considerable distance from the water where it is caught.

A. N. CHENEY.

Pacific Salmon and the Fly.

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having noticed several articles on Rudyard Kipling's salmon story and your comment "that it was up to some other angler" as to catching salmon with a fly, I will endeavor to explain what I know about it.

In the year that Mr. Kipling caught the salmon in the Clackamas River, which he says was with a spoon, the conditions at that time were such as might not happen again for some time.

In the first place the Government has a hatchery at the point where the fish were caught and had built a rack across the river to stop the chinook salmon from ascending the stream, as they do every fall, seeking the headwaters to deposit their spawn on the shallow rapids or riffles, where the female fish digs a hole with her nose, and turning on her side, with a vigorous movement of the tail, endeavors to deposit the eggs in the hole, and is followed by the male, which does likewise with the milt. This is nothing new to anglers who have fished on the streams of the Pacific Coast, and is simply an explanation for those who have never been out here. The rack stops all fish ascending or descending the stream. The fish naturally become very plentiful below the rack, and the employes of the hatchery go out with a net and catch what salmon they need, strip them of their eggs, and remove them to the hatchery and proceed with the hatching.

Now as to the fish which Kipling caught with a spoon, and which the writer of this article and Dr. F. Cauthorn, ex-president of the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club; Mr. Harry Eldridge, C. F. Sliter and numerous others have caught with a fly, I will explain that they were not chinook salmon, but were spent steelheads (*Salmo gairdneri*). They had been up the stream, had evidently deposited their spawn and were on their way back to the ocean, where they are supposed to seek salt water to recuperate. Getting back as far as this rack, they were held there, and naturally became actually starved and would take anything; and I believe that a red rag on the end of a hook would have answered the purpose as well as anything else.

The conditions were very fine for a man landing them for there is an island just above the rack and the stream runs very swiftly on each side, the island terminating about 200ft. above the rack. A person hooking a fish could run up and down the island, the fish only going up against the swift water any distance when he was desperate, and could only go down as far as the rack; and a man with a good long line would have a chance to rest when they would go down that far and balk.

But I do not mean to belittle the sport, for sport indeed it was. The fish were from 2 to 3½ft. in length and weighed from 15 to 40lbs., and it took a person from twenty to forty minutes to land one if he was lucky enough to do so. I landed six and lost eight the same day, and, it is needless to say, was completely tired out after it was all through, although not at the time being conscious of fatigue. Cauthorn landed four, and how many he lost is not definitely known, because fishermen are apt to exaggerate some. Another one of the party hooked eleven and failed to land any, once having his line snapped off at the reel. He got disgusted and went up stream and fished for trout a while, but could not resist the temptation and came back and tried it again, this time hooking a large one, and after playing it for about thirty minutes lost it. He threw down his rod, vowing that he would not fish another minute, and he kept his word.

The fish that were caught were in my opinion not fit to eat, being too poor, but a person not used to fishing might think they were all right.

I trust that this may answer your query and fully explain the conditions as they existed that year and have not since, as regards full grown salmon, although a great many have caught young salmon at the falls at Oregon City with a fly.

THURSTON L. JOHNSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 7 I noticed an article on "Pacific Salmon and Fly" over the signature of Steelhead, in which the writer refers to my previous communication to the FOREST AND STREAM giving my experiences in fishing for salmon in the Navarro River, and suggesting that what I called salmon were steelheads. After reading his experience in fishing for salmon in the waters of California, I think it is quite possible that his conclusion is correct. The distinction, he explains, is not generally noticed, as we are so much in the habit of calling the fish salmon without investigating the points of difference in the variety. To the non-scientfic fisherman this nice point of difference does not detract from the sport of catching them, for they are fully as gamy and afford as much sport as would result from capturing the bona fide salmon.

But when it comes to a question of Pacific coast salmon taking the fly, I am willing to admit that Steelhead has apparently the best of the argument, and that is the question under discussion. Steelhead's experience is certainly greater than mine, as I have fished for salmon only in the Navarro and the St. Cloud rivers. In the latter I only used salmon roe for bait, never having tried the fly there except for trout. Whether the so-called salmon I caught in the St. Cloud were real salmon or steelheads I am not sure, since reading Steelhead's article. Whether it is the salmon proper that I have been catching can be easily settled by acting on his suggestion and submitting a specimen to Dr. Jordan the next time I visit the Navarro, if I be successful. I am curious now myself to learn what variety I have been catching. Not that it will detract from the sport if I find that my salmon are proven to be steelheads, for I shall enjoy the fishing just as much, and it is only the question under discussion whether the Pacific salmon do or do not take the fly. From Steelhead's experience I am beginning to waver in my belief that they do—at least only in exceptional instances.

We hear often of the hook-nosed salmon. Are they steelheads or salmon proper? I have caught them with the spoon, but I do not remember to have caught them with the fly. A prejudice seems to exist against the hook-nose, but why I have never discovered. I noticed that when the seine had been hauled on the Navarro, and the wives of the saw mill hands came down to the beach to purchase their Friday dinner, they universally spurned the "hook bill," and one day when I landed with my catch a lot of little hoodlums guyed me, and exclaimed, "Come here, Jimmy, and see the city feller; he's got an old hook bill." It occurred to me that I would try the experiment of having him cooked for dinner. He proved to be as sweet and nice a fish as I ever ate, and I made up my mind that the prejudice was all nonsense, and unjust to the fish.

By the way, it rather takes the starch out of a fellow after fishing all day, and coming in with half a dozen 10 or 15 pounders, to see a seine hauled and a wagon load landed, and see the laborers' wives come down and each select one of the finest and pay 10 cents for it. At least such was the case last time I fished in the Navarro. But recently they have found a market by sending them down to San Francisco; at that time there were no facilities of doing so.

As a matter of curiosity, I would like to ask Steelhead whether the fish caught with spoon and trolling off Santa Cruz are steelhead or salmon; everybody calls them salmon, but since reading Steelhead's article I begin to doubt there being the real salmon.

In all my fishing I have given little heed to the scientific question of variety or the differences between tweedledee and tweedledum—as great a shock as the confession must be to the scientific sportsman. I don't mean to admit that I don't know the difference between a chub and a trout; but when I hook a 10lb. steelhead and he is giving me lots of fun I do not lose my interest in him by stopping to consider whether he is a real salmon or only first cousin of the aristocrat. He has all the habits. He fights as well, eats as well, and I stand up for him, even if he may be considered a little off color by the scientific fisherman, who scorns to fish with anything but a Leonard rod and a $12 reel, and babbles of the Ristigouche as the fisherman's Mecca. There is a good deal of good fishing outside of the Ristigouche, and good rods that Leonard did not make, and good flies that have not high-sounding names; and here, too, is where I am going to shock the scientific fisherman by declaring that I never want a better fly nor any other variety than a red hackle with a peacock body, and a miller, for all-round work. I have tried all the fancy varieties, and settled down to these, and I never get left.

I remember reading in the FOREST AND STREAM an article anent salmon fishing, and suggesting that a larger fly would perhaps be an inducement to them. I tried that dodge. I had Conroy make me up a lot of large flies, assorted, and with as great an assortment of colors as you see in a woman's bonnet, but although I tried them all I never had a rise. All the salmon (I beg Steelhead's pardon for so calling them) were caught with the old reliable brown and red hackle, and I bless the man that invented them and the chanticleer that grew the hackle. The time was when I spent money on a gorgeous array of flies, and expensive fly-books, but I have discarded the lot and left them to the moths. In all books of flies there is one or more of the red-ibis. I have heard fishermen say they have caught fish with them, but in thirty years' fishing I have never caught a fish with one, and likewise with many of the other fancy flies, the like of which are never seen in nature, and which trout look upon with wonder and omit the experiment of trying them. All of those beliefs will of course shock scientific fishermen, who will set me down as unworthy to be called a true sportsman. Nevertheless, I manage to bring home a basket pretty well filled without a financial transaction with the small boy with the proverbial tow string and pin hook, or without calling at the market on my way home.

PODGERS.

For the Single Hook.

DR. JOHNSON'S plea for the single hook in FOREST AND STREAM under date of Oct. 21 strikes a responding note in the hearts of all true lovers of the angle. I use the words "true lovers" advisedly, referring, of course, to sportsmen who fish *con amore*, and not to the fish hog or pot-hunter. The man who uses the barbarous devices one sees advertised, and that are to be found on the shelves of all fishing tackle dealers, when three or four gangs of hooks, like grappling irons, hang from the end and each side of the bait, is not in our opinion a sportsman.

Our idea of piscatorial sport is killing fish when all the skill and good judgment on the part of the man holding the rod is called into action. We have heard of men dumping a half-barrel of handsome trout on the manure heap behind the barn, and on reaching home have boasted of their great achievement, as if quantity was the factor by which the prowess of the angler was measured. Would that men who handle rod or gun could be educated to feel that there is something grander, and that will contribute more to the pleasure of their angling and hunting hours, than the mere "slaughter of the innocents." When they become imbued with this sentiment there will be less need for legislative enactments for the protection of our fish and game, as every man will become a law unto himself. There is little pleasure in the easy achievement of any purpose, and to kill a bird or a fish with all the odds in our favor, and when no skill or good judgment is called into play, is certainly not a very praiseworthy achievement. If "meat" is all we are after, why not procure it at the market and save the expense of a trip to the woods? No man is worthy the name of sportsman who will kill a deer with a handful of buckshot, or a trout with a dozen hooks attached to a single line, the opinion of others to the contrary notwithstanding. The lordly salmon, plucky trout, gamy black bass, wary grouse and swift-flying little Bob White are all, with fair play, capable of taking care of themselves, and to kill any one of these in a sportsmanlike manner will produce sensations that will linger with us long after we have returned from our vacation and to the routine of every-day business life.

The rod and gun hanging on the wall of our "den" in close season, when the game is safe from honorable pursuit, awakens many fond reminiscences of pleasant hours, provided they recall no mercenary or shameful recollections.

Our vacation this season was spent in the Moosehead Lake region, Maine. My friend and I killed fifty-seven trout that weighed from 1 to 3 6-16lbs. These were square tails, and were all taken on the fly, except five, and those on a single hook. One day when the fish would not rise to the fly I put on to my leader a single-hook trolling device, and let it spin on the swift-running water below the dam. In about a minute I saw a large trout dart out from under the foamy water that tumbled over the dam. I struck, and away he went down stream to the merry music of the reel. When I commenced to reel him in I saw to my surprise that the fish was coming up against the current broadside, indicating that when he struck he had missed the bait, but in turning the hook had hit him amidships, half-way between the head and tail. This was a case where the fish had the advantage, and to land him called for very careful manipulation and skill on the part of the angler. He was an elegantly shaped male fish and weighed 3 3-16lbs. I know there are men who go into the country with rod and gun who see nothing beyond the game they are in pursuit of. To us it is not all of fishing to fish, or of hunting to kill. The green fields, bright sunshine, autumn foliage, mountain, lake and river—all contribute to the pleasure of the hours we spend by stream and afield, and we rejoice in a love for the beautiful.

GEO. H. BURTIS.

WORCESTER, Mass.

Trouting in Nova Scotia.

IT was August—a good time to be out of the city; moreover, it was vacation time—we could go. Where? Momentous question! Everything depends on the answer. It is soon decided, and Nova Scotia is the objective point. We go to Portland and thence along the Maine coast in steamers that permit a "stop-over" at different places. Eastport is the home of the herring-sardine industry. The canning factories are a revelation—to over-sensitive stomachs they are more—an abomination. But city epicures like the product with a French label.

In landing at St. John, N. B., we went down 8 or 10ft. from the steamer to the dock. Next morning we went down about the same distance from the dock to the steamer. The tides are phenomenal.. The harbor is mud at low tide. At Cape Blomidon the tide has been known to reach 8ft., and a tide of 40 to 60ft. is frequent.

We have passed the bold, rocky and picturesque isle of Grand Manan, so attractive to artists and all lovers of nature, and in crossing over from St. John to Annapolis Basin, N. S., we find more attractions of the same sort. We go through Digby Gut for two miles, and on either side the cliffs rise from 400 to 610ft. in height. The current is fierce and the passage full of interest. Thus, as so often in the voyage of life, we enter a smooth and beautiful haven—in this case Annapolis Basin. All the way now we are on historic ground. The Basin witnessed a naval engagement between British and French as far back as 1707; the surroundings of the harbor bristle with military interest, and the railway from Annapolis Royal to Halifax passes through Evangeline Land. Here two things specially rouse the traveler's interest—the towering crops, attesting the enormous fertility of the soil, and the many dykes to protect those crops from ocean tides. It is a beautiful, attractive scene, but over all like an autumn haze rests a tone of melancholy from the fact underlying the poet's immortal work. At Middleton a stop was made, and inquiry for trout revealed a local sportsman ready to close his store for a day to show the Yankee stranger the best sport the adjacent streams afforded—that might not be much, however, as the season was really over. The courtesy was appreciated, but the opportunity was not taken.

Reaching Kentville, we found a place remarkable for two things: Natural and picturesque beauty of location for almost every home, and an almost universal neglect of these natural advantages, giving the whole place an unkempt appearance. The people were very cordial; indeed, with their simple habits of life, we found all Nova Scotians ready to bestow time and courtesy upon the stranger. Nor was it for gain, as the question of remuneration did not often come up, and when it did the charge was as modest as the maker. After the manner of the Eastern form of request, the people seemed to "delight themselves" by serving us.

But this writing was to describe a trouting experience. That must be given or readers will accuse us of plagiarizing the joke of the American humorist who lectured on "The Babes in the Wood" and only stated his subject occasionally, that his hearers might know what it was.

Kentville is the best place from which to reach Gasperaux Lakes. They afford fine fishing in season, and sometimes late in the season. We found it so. The best guide of the region was engaged, a quiet, gentle man, as became a true disciple of Walton. The guide was honestly doubtful, but would do his best. That was satisfactory, for this region was the best accessible from the railway, and time did not permit extensive wanderings. A long row of a dozen miles in a heavy logging boat, and then we fished, not like the Galilean fishermen, "all night and caught nothing," but till night with the same result. The next morning other places were tried, and still no trout. The guide said "We'll try one more place, and if that fails we'll give it up, for we can't get them anywhere." For a long time we tried this place with no response. Finally, when we were just about to start for home in despair, a brook trout weighing ¾lb. surprised us all by coming aboard at the end of my line. "I guess we'll stay here a while longer!" An hour's more of fishing gave us several pounds of beautiful trout, and we were satisfied.

"Herewith I enter the lists as the champion of Nova Scotia," wrote Charles Hallock in 1873, and in humble following such illustrious example so now subscribes himself

INTERVALE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Work of the Illinois Fish Commission.

The annual report of the Illinois State Fish Commission, or rather the report from Oct. 1, 1896, to Sept. 30, 1898, which was printed this year, has been sent to me by President N. H. Cohen, of Urbana, Ill. It is a work of considerable interest. It would appear that the Commission feels itself rather put upon the defensive, more especially in the matter of the grand, noble, delightful and overwhelmingly beautiful and useful work of animate nature known as the German carp. President Cohen goes on to write on these two points:

"We have been very severely criticised by a great many, in that they claim we are neglecting proper protection for the game fish and are to a great extent overlooking the interests of the angler, some going far enough to undertake to maintain the position that the use of the seine should be prohibited entirely in all the waters of the State, that it was the cause of great destruction and would in time wholly deplete the river. This position is true in part, but only when applied to the smaller streams and inland lakes of the State, and in that matter is fully covered by the laws upon our statute books now, but when applied to greater rivers is entirely at fault.

"We have frequently received severe criticism as to the practicability of the introduction of the German carp. Perhaps we do not need to go to any greater length in the discussion of the subject than to give here letters from the largest fish dealers on the Illinois River. Carp are accused of driving out all of the game fish and destroying the young of all other fish. The best argument to refute that theory will be a plain statement of the conditions that exist.

"On the Illinois River carp are more plentiful than ever, growing to immense size and the increase in numbers wonderful, while there are more black bass and croppie on the Illinois River this season than for many years before, and we cite many instances in lakes along the Illinois River where very large hauls of carp have been made, one in particular aggregating 30,000lbs., and yet that lake has furnished the best bass fishing on the Illinois River. This instance is not an exception, but repeated many hundreds of times in greater or less degree along the whole length of the river. Here it may be well to note one very particular and unusual phase of the fish business this season to show the relative supply: Carp at some times has brought a better price on the fish boats than the best table fish we have, viz.: the black croppie or strawberry bass. Croppie were so plentiful that the local demand would not take them up, while carp, equally plentiful, found a quick market at 1 cent per pound higher price; most of the carp being bought, however, for Eastern markets."

I beg to call attention to the fact that these carp are sent to the Eastern market. We do not eat them in the West. And I beg also to say that the carp situation in other streams is not what is on the Illinois River.

I am disposed to think that the Fish Commission of Illinois has done the most expensive and the most practical work in distributing and multiplying native fish that has been done anywhere in the West, if not in the entire United States. For Dr. Bartlett and Mr. Cohen no one can have anything but the warmest personal regard, but as I have often told them both, the sportsmen of Illinois have never appreciated their labors in the carp proposition. Both these gentlemen say that they find it necessary in their work to be on good terms with the market fishermen, and this brings up again the old talk about short fish found in the hands of Chicago wholesale dealers. This is what the Commission has to say on the short fish question, which is really a very important one from the standpoint of the angler:

"We have had a great deal of trouble in Chicago, and at times both the wardens and ourselves have been placed in a very peculiar position, with positive evidence of violation of the law, and yet fully convinced that no intent of such violation existed. For instance, a fisherman at some of the rivers or lakes makes a catch or purchases fish, packs them in a box or barrel and ships them to the Chicago market. Of this shipment some of the fish will probably be under the prescribed size, and can not lawfully be sold or offered for sale. The commission merchant or wholesale dealer takes off the top of box or barrel and exposes them for sale, the retail dealer buys them in bulk, and removing them from their shipping case at his own place of business openly offers them for sale, regardless of size. Now if a warden comes along and inspects the fish, he finds the small fish, and the dealer is arrested and probably fined for offering undersized fish for sale, when so far as knowledge and intention is concerned he may be innocent.

"Your Commissioners, with their attorney, have had several meetings with the wholesale dealers of Chicago, and have canvassed the matter with them very thoroughly, and while a large proportion of them seem to be perfectly willing, not only to obey the law but to assist us in enforcing it, there have been quite a number who have objected and given us a great deal of trouble, by getting the retail dealers into offering undersized fish for sale.

"This would seem easy to overcome by reaching the wholesale dealers directly, but unfortunately we have found that in the majority of cases the retail dealer would rather fight a case against himself than to risk the enmity of the wholesale dealers and the possibility of cutting off the supply by appearing against them."

Naturally the report of the Fish Commission includes the yearly statement of the deputy wardens all over the State. I am pleased to observe that our friend, George Kleinman, of South Chicago, Cook county, seems to have as good a record as any warden. He has a record of thirty-three arrests, thirty-three convictions, eight discharges and two jail sentences. Close in the same class is J. R. Ratto, also of Cook county, who made thirty-five arrests, had thirty-one convictions and four jail sentences.

The Age of Small-Mouth Black Bass.

Col. James A. B. Van Cleave, of Springfield, Ill., in a letter to the Illinois Fish Commission, has given some rather interesting data in regard to the age of small-mouth black bass. Col. Van Cleave is one of the most ardent anglers we have in the West, and his favorite fishing grounds were long at Miltona, Douglas county, Minn. Here for some time Col. Van Cleave made a practice of tagging and returning to water numbers of the bass which he had taken, and from his experience in these matters he adds the following:

"During nine years I placed my German silver badge on nineteen hundred and thirty-five bass, sixteen hundred and seventy-six of which are of the small-mouth, the rest being the large-mouth variety. Of the whole number captured and recorded, one hundred and nine have been retaken and re-recorded, a great many of them having been through my hands twice, many of them three times, while one was five times captured, three times in one season, being caught twice in one day by a guest who shared the boat with me.

"I prepared German silver oblong plates ½in. long with a hole in one end. Upon one side my name was stamped and upon the other the serial number of the plate. Each plate was numbered consecutively, as were the pages of the book in which the record was kept. Immediately after catching and carefully weighing the bass it was placed in the large live-box of my boat, and when convenient a small hole was made in the point of the heavy cheek piece or gill covering of the bass and the plate attached with a short copper wire, the ends of which were carefully clipped off and the fish returned to the water."

Col. Van Cleave concludes that bass are quite migratory in their habits, especially after the spawning season is over. He has retaken the same bass 3¾ miles away from the place where it was first taken. Once he captured a 2¼lb. bass in Lake Miltona which he had taken the season before in Lake Ida. This lake is six miles distant, the two bodies of water being connected by a river about two miles in length.

Col. Van Cleave does not agree with Dr. Henshall in his conclusions on the weights and ages of the black bass, and thinks that Dr. Henshall overestimates the rapidity of growth of that fish at least under environment like that of the Northern waters. He states:

"I conclude that when a bass gets to weigh 2lbs. he does not gain to exceed 3oz. a year, and that after he gets to weigh 3lbs. he does not gain more than an ounce a year, and almost ceases to gain in weight. A 4lb. bass in Lake Miltona does not gain perceptibly in weight, and consumes years of time to gain each additional ounce, having reached absolute maturity. I believe that a 4½lb. bass in Lake Miltona and its contiguous waters to be not less than twenty-five years old, and I believe that if I had sufficient time to properly digest the records I have made I could conclusively prove that it is nearer fifty years old.

"While fishing with Governor Tanner, of Illinois, in Vermont Lake, two miles north of Lake Miltona, in the summer of 1897, I caught with hook and line a small-mouth bass that weighed 4¼lbs. When baked and on the table it proved to be so old that the flesh, though fat, was absolutely strong, sinuous and unpalatable, and all its bones, especially the rib bones, instead of being round with square sides, were flat, heavy and strong, and resembled a sheep's ribs in shape and condition. I believe that bass was forty or fifty years of age."

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Bass for the Potomac.

WEDNESDAY of this week was a great day for anglers at Occoquan Creek, as a result of the diligent labors of the United States Fish Commission in stocking the Potomac River with big-mouthed black bass. Not only the main stream, it is said, but all of its tributaries, from the falls to lower tide water, are swarming with these magnificent game fish. The weather was typical of an Indian summer day, and the bass were biting well and running from ½ to 3¾lbs. in weight.

Within the distance of half a mile no less than thirty anglers, male and female, chiefly from Alexandria and the District, were out in boats and upon the gray rocks which margin that romantic stream, and every one had a string.

As many as 200 fine fish were basketed, it being the accepted code of the craft to return to the water all captures under 10in. long. Messrs. Henry Talbott, Kent, Middleton, Murphy, Grimes, Hamill and other known experts were participants, Mr. Talbott having a representative of the New York FOREST AND STREAM as his guest. Mr. Talbott has devoted a good deal of time to promoting the work of stocking the streams, and it was an occasion of pride to him to be able to point to such gratifying results. No such sight was ever witnessed at Occoquan on any week day before.—Washington Star, Oct. 27.

A Big Muscalonge.

APPLETON, Wis.—On Sept. 30 at Big Lake, Wis., in the Manitowish waters, Will Stoppenbach, of Appleton, Wis., hooked a 11lb. mascalonge in the back, and after a deal of struggling landed the fish. The fish struck a fellow angler's spoon, leaped, struggled free, only to be impaled on Stoppenbach's hook. The motions of the fish in the water, hooked midway between head and tail, were, as may be imagined, very curious.

John Parmalee, of Chicago, on Sept. 23 hooked and landed a Big Lake, Wis., mascalonge, which weighed 41lbs., length 54in. I saw and lifted the fish—a beautiful speciman. S. J. R.

The passengers on the steamer Mohican, on Lake George, witnessed an interesting spectacle on the trip up to Caldwell yesterday morning. Near Black Mountain a moving object was seen some distance ahead crossing the lake. As the boat drew nearer it was found to be a splendid specimen of the deer family. The deer did not appear to be frightened in the least, and passed within a few feet of the bow of the boat. Had Capt. Finkle been so disposed he might have captured the deer without much difficulty.—Glens Falls Star.

DON'T SHOOT
until you SEE your deer—and see
that it is a deer and not a man.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 15-18.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show. Marcel A. Viti, Sec'y.
Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 7.—Washington C. H., O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Nov. 8-9.—Lakeview, Mich.—Michigan Field Trials Association's second annual trials. E. Rice, Sec'y.
Nov. 12.—Bicknell Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's first annual trials. George D. Maxfield, Sec'y.
Nov. 13.—Egg Harbor, N. J.—New York State Field Ttrial Association's inaugural trials. F. F. Rick, Sec'y.
Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 14-17.—Carmichaels, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's fourth annual trials. J. W. Simpson, Sec'y.
Nov. 17.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.
Nov. 21.—Lawrenceville, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.
Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Philadelphia Dog Show Association.

THE Philadelphia Dog Show Association has received the following special prizes since their prize list went to press: Mr. J. A. Caldwell, Jr., offers a silver cup for the best brace of smooth-coated American-bred fox terriers owned by a member of the American Fox Terrier Club, and also a mug for the best brace of fox terriers, smooth or wire, owned within a radius of twenty miles of Philadelphia. Mr. George S. Mott offers a silver cup for the best kennel of four pointers owned by a member of the Pointer Club. Mr. L. A. Klein offers a silver medal to the breeder of the best Dachshund in the show, and also a silver medal for the best Dachshund, dog or bitch, under eighteen months of age. These medals are open to all.

A selling class has been added to the prize list, open to dogs of any breed. The prizes are $15, $10, and $5, the price of the dog not to be over $75. This class is known as 203 A. A Pomeranian puppy class has also been added. This class is 192 A, and has prizes of $10 and $5.



MONK OF ZION.

A very large number of prize lists were mailed, but the demand for copies still continues, and there is every indication that the number of entries will be decidedly large.

The judge of French bull dogs was not announced in the prize lists, owing to the uncertainty of Mr. Foxhall Keene's presence in this country at the date of the show, and he having sailed for Europe, the breed will be judged by Mr. Chas. H. Mason.

Exhibitors who desire classes added or divided by sex should communicate with the committee at once, as it is quite likely a number of new classes will be added. The committee are desirous of doing all they can in the way of adding classes, and if exhibitors will avail themselves of the provision of the rule on page 4 of the prize list, the committee will be glad to open any number of additional classes.

This is the only show in America, barring the Westminster Kennel Club, where prizes of $15, $10 and $5 have been offered in limit and open classes, and $10 and $5 in puppy and novice classes.

The club medal is an exquisite piece of workmanship, very unique and artistic in design, and entirely different from any medal that has ever been offered before. These medals will be offered for the best four dogs of every breed, and no additional fee will be charged for competing for kennel prizes.

The hall in which the show is to be held is one of the handsomest in America, and has been used exclusively for private balls, dinners and lectures, and it is a decided concession to have secured it for a dog show. It is, without question, the most magnificent hall in which a dog show has ever been held. It is centrally located, and is as well known locally as any building in Philadelphia; which facts, together with the large amount of local advertising

the show is receiving, guarantees a very large attendance.

Exhibitors should recollect that the entries close upon Wednesday, Nov. 8.

All inquiries should be addressed to the office of the Association, Room 320 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.

The Connecticut Field Trial Club.

THE trials were run at Hampton, Conn., Oct. 24 and 25. The competitors in the All-Age Class ran as follows:

Wm. G. Comstock's black, white and tan English setter Doll Gladstone, with Hiram Dawson's black, white and tan English setter Conqueror.

F. M. Chapin's blue belton setter American Boy, with Dr. James E. Hair's black, white and tan English setter Albert Daisy Queen.

F. H. Burke's orange and white English setter Jack, with The Chaplain Kennels' blue belton setter Princess.

Wm. G. Comstock's black, white and tan English setter Ruby's Dan, with Bassett & Reeves' black, white and tan English setter Rowdy Roy.

F. G. Goodrich's black, white and tan English setter Tilda, with Dr. James E. Hair's blue belton setter Hyland Flee.

W. H. Stoehr's orange and white English setter Joe, a bye.

In the All-Age Class Doll Gladstone was awarded first prize, $44.25; Rowdy Roy was awarded second prize, $26.55; Ruby's Dan was awarded third prize, $17.16.

DERBY CLASS.

F. M. Chapin's black, white and tan Blade's Ruby, with O. D. Redfield's black, white and tan English setter Bess.

Bess won first; Blade's Ruby won second.

The Connecticut Field Trial Club held its annual field trial Oct. 24 and 25. The judges were N. Wallace, of Farmington, Conn., and Arthur Sharpe, of Taunton, Mass.

There was a very pleasant gathering at Whittaker's Hotel, and the judges announced that the field was superior to anything they had seen. Plenty of birds and a very pleasant, enjoyable time was had by all.

The club organized with the following officers. E. K. Sperry, President; John E. Bassett, Secretary and Treasurer; Dr. James E. Hair, First Vice-President; F. M. Chapin, Second Vice-President. For Board of Governors, Wm. G. Comstock, E. S. Gordon, W. S. Hawley.

The club received seventeen charter members, and is open to entries of all dogs from the New England States for future trials.

B.

Judge Cornell's Lost Pointer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have had the bad luck to lose from my city house one of my best pointer dogs, and I will be greatly obliged if you will publish this notice in your paper. The dog ran away from my house on Thursday, and a reward offered in the New York papers has failed to produce the dog. I would pay liberally for his return. He is a large, white pointer dog, with evenly marked lemon and white head and ears, is well broken on quail, and answers to the name of Dick.

ROBERT C. CORNELL.

33 Irving Place, New York.

The Western Massachusetts Fox Club.

THE twelfth annual hunt will be held at Westfield Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 15 and 16, 1899. The hunters' horn will sound at 5 o'clock on Wednesday morning for breakfast. At 6 o'clock carriages will be ready at the Park Square Hotel to carry the hunters to the grounds.

The annual club dinner will be served to members and guests at 6:30 on the evening of the first day's hunt.

C. M. GOODNOW, Sec'y.

WESTFIELD, Mass.

Points and Flushes.

Monk of Zion (A. K. C. S. B., 31,110), whose portrait we publish this week, is a son of the famous Monk of Furness, and is a handsome dog, as also was his sire. He is owned by Mr. F. I. Richards, of Providence, R. I., who purchased him recently from Dr. W. L. Gardiner, of San Antonio, Tex. Monk has had a thorough field experience and is prized highly for his merits.

Mr. E. Knight Sperry, of New Haven, Conn., deserves a great deal of praise for the able manner in which he has persistently built up the Connecticut Field Trial Club from a small beginning.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The address label on the wrapper shows the date of the close of the term for which the subscription is paid. The receipt of the paper with such dated address label constitutes the subscriber's receipt for money sent to us.

Subscribers are asked to note on the wrapper the date of expiration of subscription; and to remit promptly for renewal, that delays may be avoided.

For prospectus and advertising rates see page iii.

NOTICE.

THE New York Clearing House has adopted new regulations governing the collection of checks and drafts on banks outside of the city. This entails a collection expense on those who receive such checks. Our patrons are requested, therefore, in making their remittances to send postal or express money order, postage stamps, or check or draft on a New York city bank or other New York current funds.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Yachting.

THE past year has witnessed a very great change in the American steam yacht fleet, many of the older yachts having been purchased by the Government for use during the late war and new ones having been built to take their places. The Cup races at New York brought out the steam fleet in large numbers, both old and new yachts being present, and the many days of enforced idleness waiting for the wind to move the two racing yachts afforded excellent opportunities for studying the steam fleet. The races came so late in the season, after the usual time for laying up, that many of the steam yachts were present for only one or two days at the start, when they were partly lost in the big fleet of steamboats, while attention was riveted on the racing yachts. The new Idalia, Alberta and Eugenia II. were thus hardly seen at all. During the second and third weeks quite a large fleet of steam yachts was still in attendance, with few steamboats, and there was ample opportunity to study them both at rest and under way.

The handsomest yacht in the fleet, in our opinion, is the May, the flagship of the Corinthian Y. C., of Philadelphia, a comparatively old boat, built in 1891, but thoroughly artistic and graceful both in her general outline of hull and rig and in all details. While small according to modern ideas (but 766 tons), and less imposing than the new ones of 1,500 to 1,800 tons, she looks the ideal of a pleasure yacht where such craft as Mayflower and Nahma are suggestive rather of a magnificent sort of ocean steamer. Larger and newer than the May (of 1,023 tons and built in 1893) is the Rona, now Sapphire IIII., a very handsome craft. Still larger and newer is the Varuna, of 1,564 tons and built in 1896, the first, if we remember, of the new type, with an upper deck, the cabins being on the main deck. This type, as seen in Varuna, Margarita, Nahma and Mayflower, from its size and the extent of the upper works, is suggestive of the passenger steamer or royal yacht, and not in accord with the conventional idea of a steam yacht; but in all of these boats the design is worked out so skillfully that the light and graceful characteristics of the steam yacht as distinguished from commercial vessels are retained.

These three yachts, all, by the way, designed by Watson and built on the Clyde, are in our opinion the handsomest of the fleet. There will be some who disagree with this opinion, which is largely a matter of taste; but when the other extreme is considered, of the ugliest, it is not difficult to pick a trio which will be accepted by most impartial judges. These three are new, launched within a year, and, we are sorry to say, of American origin. Their names are Niagara, Josephine II. and American. They have been planned deliberately to suit their respective owners, they have been built at great expense, and they are supposed to represent the progress of naval architecture in one of its important branches in America; to rival the best work of foreign nations. Whatever may be said of their speed, accommodation or the elegance of their furnishings, judged by all yachting standards they are complete failures so far as appearance goes. They are lacking not only in that artistic finish of design which is associated with the word yacht, but judged merely as vessels they are clumsy, heavy and unshipshape to the eye. The Niagara is particularly heavy and clumsy in appearance, devoid of the life and grace seen in the largest sailing ships. The Josephine II. looks like a deliberate caricature of the Mayflower type, with the upper deck and the break aft, but with a lack of harmony of parts and finish of detail. Words fail us in describing the American. She must be seen to be appreciated. The only modern floating thing to which both she and Niagara can fairly be compared is the type of auxiliary produced of late years by the Navy Department of the United States—the Annapolis, Newport and others of their class—something unique in ugliness and absence of shipshape appearance.

It is most unfortunate that just at this time, when so successful in the engineering side of naval architecture through the achievements of the Oregon and other steam fighting machines, the United States should present as its latest achievement in sailing craft, both in the yacht and navy fleet, vessels whose appearance would make any of the old-time shipwrights turn in their graves.

The new Corsair III., the flagship of the New York Y. C., naturally attracted much attention at the races from her prominent position and the manner in which she is kept up; but in addition she has much to recommend her in appearance, being shipshape and handsome. With her were two older and smaller sisters, also designed by Mr. J. Beaver Webb, the auxiliaries Intrepid and Sultana, both fine looking ships. The essentials being all right, it is much a matter of taste between the work of one skilled designer and another, and whether a man prefers a Watson boat to a Webb boat, or the reverse, the latter show up well in any company they meet.

The new Aphrodite, the latest and largest of the Bath steam yachts, was present every day and showed to good advantage. So far as the avowed object of surpassing the later Watson boats in appearance, her builders have not succeeded, nor are they likely to very soon; but they have done much for which they are to be congratulated. From all accounts the yacht is a success, so far as performance goes, both in speed and accommodation, being specially well arranged and fitted up. In looks she is not only a great improvement on the older Bath boats, but she is in many respects a handsome vessel. The general outline of hull and rig is good, and she presents a very pleasing appearance under way. Her worst defect is the hideous bath-tub stern, to which her builders fondly cling. Besides this some of the smaller details are faulty. The best thing about her is the indication that her builders have at last realized that such vessels as Sagamore, Eleanor, Illawarra and Peregrine do not represent the highest possible point of steam yacht design, and that they have evidently set out to improve. With what they can now do in hull construction, engines and internal arrangements, if they will get some one to teach them how to design and build a yacht counter and will study the best foreign designs for details, there will remain no reasons why they cannot turn out really first-class steam yachts.

The new Seabury boat, Kanawha II., the largest yet built by the firm, does credit to her builders in the matter of appearance. She is an improvement on their older boats, devoid of the rank crudities of design which afflict so many American steam yachts, and without pretending to rival the Watson boats she shows up very well in proportions.

Among the smaller boats, the new Aileen II., designed by Gardner & Cox and launched this season, is a very handsome little craft, both in general features and in detail, the best boat of her kind that her designers have yet turned out.

The present tendency of all departments of naval architecture seems to be to develop the material and mechanical ends, the structure of the hull, the engines and boilers, the battery in a war vessel and the cabins in a yacht, at the expense of that shipshape appearance which was once esteemed by all shipwrights. This is well enough in the case of a battleship or cruiser, where spars and sails are abolished and steam reigns supreme; but we hold that in any vessel which carries sails the appearance of hull and rig as a whole may and should be considered as a prime essential. There is no valid excuse for a man who terms himself a naval architect turning out a steel box, however fast, tight and roomy, with misfit ends, broken sheer and spars stuck in at random.

We live in a utilitarian age, it is true, and there are in every vessel certain essentials which must have the first places; but there is no excuse for neglecting or slighting those conventionalities and traditions of the shipwright's art which once made every vessel with spars a thing of life and beauty as well as of mere utility.

THE whole trend of events in yachting at the present time points to the retention of the 90ft. class and possibly its continued life next season. If, as he now says, Sir Thomas Lipton will be back in 1900 with a new challenger, he will probably do all that he can to race Shamrock next season in order to discover her defects as a guide in designing the new boat, and also to have her as a trial yacht when the new one is launched. Already several new yachts of the same nominal size are proposed in England, and some of them will be built, but no yacht thus built for the home racing is likely to be as costly and consequently as fast as one for the Cup races. If Columbia should cross next spring she will be in still better shape, almost as a matter of course, than in her first season, and she will probably outclass everything new or old on the other side—in fact, the old boats Ailsa and Meteor II. are now yawls.

It is a self-evident proposition that if the 90ft. class is to be retained at all it should be kept alive year by year and not allowed to die entirely betwen the Cup challenges. We have little faith in the permanent success of the class as an establishing institution in yachting, either in England or on this side; but just now the outlook is rather promising for several years of continued racing.

THE proposed new yacht club is something of a novelty and may if really started fill an actual want about New York. There are at the present time but two clubs with houses open all winter in New York city, and most of the suburban clubs close their houses on the water in September, their members being dispersed until the yachting season reopens. With the heavy expenses incidental to racing clubs, the dues of the New York and the Seawanhaka Corinthian yacht clubs are necessarily too high to attract yachtsmen merely for the winter privileges, valuable as they are in each club. The proposed club will be under no expenses for waterside stations or for racing, but will be run on the same basis as the purely social clubs, to give a meeting place for men of similar tastes. It need not conflict with any existing yacht clubs and it should offer certain advantages which would attract members of all clubs, both within and about the city, and those from a distance who are in New York at intervals and wish to meet with fellow yachtsmen.

Interlake Yachting Association.

THE communication from Com. Bliss, of the Interlake Y. A., which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 30, calling attention to the disorderly accompaniments of the Association's meets, has naturally attracted much attention and provoked some very hostile criticism. We have read a number of extracts from local papers, and even those which condemn Com. Bliss admit that the charges are practically true. The two points made in answer to the statement are that the guilty parties, though owning and sailing yachts and members of local clubs, are not "true yachtsmen," whatever this may mean, and do not properly represent the Association; and that the whole matter should been kept from the public and only mentioned at the Association meeting. The first plea amounts to nothing, as every yacht club is morally responsible for acts committed under its flag. The second has been answered by Com. Bliss, who shows that the evil has become too firmly rooted and the clubs too apathetic in quietly accepting it for any less radical remedy than publicity to be effective.

Following the first letter, Com. Bliss has just sent out a second, which we give in full. Though the issue is mainly a local one, of immediate interest only to Lake Erie, the subjects treated are common to all sporting organizations. Wherever large public meets are held, even where the disorderly element is in a very small minority in point of numbers, there is always the question of discouraging and controlling drunkenness and rowdyism. With this matter disposed of, there still remains the question of arousing a strong interest such as will lead men to do their best for the sport, to pay their dues, enter and race their yachts, and take part in the general social life of the meeting. There is a good deal in Com. Bliss' last letter which applies to most gatherings of yachtsmen, whatever the locality:

To the Members of the Interlake Yachting Association:

Gentlemen—This second report is in no way an apology for the first, but a second chapter held back until the first had done some work, not of reform, but purification.

For several years three questions have been growing graver and more threatening, and on their solution depends the success and long life of the I. L. Y. A., or its speedy disintegration. They are as follows:

What can be done to shake off, not reform, our rowdies; get rid of our amateur degenerates, and so bring the I. L. Y. A. up to a level it should reach and hold?

To do this the writer endeavored to bring the actions of our rowdy element at all of our meets before their respective townspeople, who in turn would be justly indignant at their respective clubs for allowing such an element to represent them abroad. The different clubs would see what their duty was in order to preserve their standing with their townspeople. The result would be that our clubs would spot their undesirables, and what is more to the point, the undesirables would know it, and realize the fact they could not dodge it. They would then hold a very disagreeable position in the estimation of their clubs and the public. Such is the answer to the first question, and the reason for the first report and its broadcast publicity.

The second question is what can be done to make our meets more popular with our yachtsmen and yacht owners?

The third: What can be done to put the I. L. Y. A. before the people in its high and proper place, as encouraging the finest sport to be enjoyed, and being championed by our best citizens?

These two can be condensed to one, viz.: What is the object of the Interlake Yachting Association?

Its prime object is yachting, its encouragment of racing and cruising, and raising the standard of our clubs, and consequently the standard of our yachtsmen. This would place the I. L. Y. A. ahead of every yachting organization on Lake Erie in our own and the public's estimation. Just how to do this is a matter we must solve, or disband the I. L. Y. A. Let the question rest for a few moments and hastily consider our meets from 1894 or 1895 up to and including the last in 1899.

Our meets up to that of, and perhaps including, 1897, were well attended. Unfortunately our undesirable element was very prominent and succeeded in giving yachtsmen such an unsavory reputation that our attendance began to decrease. It was only a few years ago that our anchorage would be crowded with yachts of all descriptions, and prominent among these were several fine sailing and steam yachts, which were on hand, with parties of ladies and gentlemen who had come to enjoy the races and other pleasant features of the meet. The stay of these latter craft was made unendurable by the actions of a lot of yachtsmen about the village of Put-in-Bay and the anchorage Nothing was done to look after the pleasure or comfort of these yacht owners and their guests. There were no possibilities at that time of social features. The natural consequence was that these yachts left the bay after a few visits, their owners vowing never to return during a meet of the I. L. Y. A.

Many yacht owners were at those meets to race. They brought their friends to help sail their yachts. They were those who wanted the outing. They were looking for sport, fresh air, invigorating breezes. They were not out for a week's drunk. They had their races, but also had to come in contact with a few most undesirable, so-called yachtsmen. For these there were no social pleasures, so they began to disappear, not rapidly, but their attendance has been growing less. Happily, our rowdy element also decreased to a great extent. From the year 1896 the attendance at our meets has grown alarmingly less. At the last our number of yachts had gradually dwindled to about thirty.

The absence of visiting cruising yachts was most noticeable, showing a great lack of interest among the owners of our finest yachts.

The absence of racing yachts was another hard blow to the I. L. Y. A., and those who had worked to have the meet of 1899 well attended.

With the non-attendance of yachts, however, our number of undesirables had decreased.

We must not overlook a great point to the credit of the I. L. Y. A. While during our meet the undesirables were making nuisances of themselves, our great majority of yachtsmen were enjoying greater social pleasures than ever before. The improvements of hotels at Put-in-Bay now make it possible for the friends and townspeople of our yachtsmen to attend our meets, and this year there were more ladies and gentlemen at Put-in-Bay (friends of yachtsmen) than ever before. The party we gave at the Hotel Victory was beyond compare. It was well attended and beautifully managed. The yachtsmen were most generous in introducing the visiting ladies to their friends. It was a most glorious success, and like our preceding parties at the Victory, added wonderfully to the general benefit and contentment of our yachtsmen.

Let us return to the question how to make the sport and our meets more popular with our racing and cruising yachtsmen, and so put the I. L. Y. A. at the head of all yachting organizations on Lake Erie? We should all endeavor to answer this question, but before doing so observe the following:

In planning our meets we want a locality which the majority of yachts, large and small, from Buffalo to Detroit, can reach. We should not have a series of races or cruises which will exhaust our yachtsmen, take too much time or cause them to return to their homes worn out. Our measurements should be fair to all, for just classification. There should be social features, and our respective townspeople promised an enjoyable time.

The fine fleet of cruising yachts, both sail and power, on Lake Erie, and the wishes of their owners, as we want them to have their yachts at our meets, deserve great attention. They will cruise most any place, but don't care to be "on the go" all the time. After seeing a race in the morning and returning to their anchorage, time hangs heavily on their hands, and at this point the conditions of our racing and cruising yachtsmen at our meets become identical, and it is just at this point where something is and always has been needed to entertain our yachtsmen and put restraint on the actions of many.

The writer suggests one more trial at the Bay, and the following idealized meet, with our rowdies absolutely minus. Remember, this is only a suggestion, intended to invite criticism from the members of every club making up the I. L. Y. A. Let us have our next meet at Put-in-Bay. Some months before you start see that your dues to your clubs are paid up. This will help put your clubs on such a sound financial footing that there will be no temptation to elect doubtful members for the sake of their dues. Then see that your club dues to the I. L. Y. A. have been paid. Discourage any tendency, should it appear, of your members using their different expeditions as opportunities for getting full. Encourage social life about your clubs. If you don't like it, don't keep it from those that do. Those who enjoy it are the ones that pay for it. They bring a good class of people to your clubs, and do all they can to give their guests a good time. They make enthusiastic friends, and do a great deal to keep the sport we champion before the public in an agreeable light. Work up on yachting etiquette, attend the meet, and if you are a boat owner or captain of a hired crew at least call on or leave a card for the commodore, giving official notice of the arrival of your yacht.

Now, to our meet. Don't come to it or bring friends under the impression that this will be the last opportunity that season for a week's spree. If you cannot keep your hired crews in line, discharge them. You will find plenty of good fellows to help sail your yacht home. Do everything to get the splendid fleet of sailing, racing, cruising and power yachts of a few years ago to attend this meet. Assure them that the days of stealing, drunkenness and rowdyism about the anchorage and among the yachtsmen are at an end. Urge your townspeople to be on hand. Make strenuous efforts to get your young friends of both sexes there with the certain promise of a royal good time. Take them sailing and then visit on your friends' yachts. See that they attend the parties given by and for the yachtsmen. Do all you can to show them that yachting under the management of the I. L. Y. A. is the only sport worth following, and that our yachtsmen are gentlemen. Give careful attention to our programme. Endeavor to follow out every item presented by the different committees. Have your yachts measured before leaving home. Enter them early. Do all possible to have everything pass off smoothly.

Such a meet as this would put the I. L. Y. A. and its members a long way up the ladder, and we can do it. We are not so dreadfully far from it now. The opening night of our last meet our smoker was held. It was well attended, and we had a jolly good time. Our party at the Victory was all that could be desired. Our regatta programme was well arranged and everything pertaining directly to it well carried out. Our several committees worked splendidly, and the meet, though sparsely attended, was a success, just as all others have been. Its good effects, however, were killed, just as those of all others have been, by those who want no etiquette, no restraint, no social features, and have no respect for law, decency or order.

Our annual meeting takes place in December, and our new regatta committee will want to know what kind of a meet our members want in 1900. Whether racing or cruising, where they want it held, and what features, outside of racing events, their programme will include. It is suggested that each of our individual members plan the meet that to their mind will do yachting and the I. L. Y. A.—or we might call it the Lake Erie Yachting Association—the most good. Send these plans to the writer. They will be carefully filed and handed over to the new regatta committee for a foundation with which to strengthen the I. L. Y. A., and give us a splendid meet in 1900. We will make it a glorious entry, of yachting on Lake Erie, into the next century, and a cheerful farewell to our mistakes of the few last years of the past.

Very sincerely,

GEO. T. BLISS,
Commodore I. L. Y. A., 1900.

The International Races.

DEFENDER has already been laidup at Hawkins' yard, City Island. It will be remembered that after her victory over Valkyrie III. in 1895 Defender was moored afloat at New Rochelle, just inside of Glen Island, and left there until last winter, suffering more or less deterioration meanwhile. This year for the first time these big boats will be hauled out for the winter, high and dry, the marine railway at City Island now being capable of handling them. The work of dismantling Shamrock was begun at the Erie Basin early last week, her mast being removed and replaced by a smaller one of wood, with a mizen.

On Oct. 23 Com. Morgan entertained Sir Thomas Lipton at the Metropolitan Club, some fifty guests being present, including Sir Henry Burdette, the Hon. Charles Russell, Hugh C. Kelly, H. MacGilldowney, Col. Sharman-Crawford, William Gibson and John Young, of Sir Thomas Lipton's party, and S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold, Irving Grinnell, Lewis Cass Ledyard, August Belmont, H. F. Lippitt, Edward M. Brown, C. O'D. Iselin, Herman B. Duryea, F. W. J. Hurst, William Butler Duncan, Jr., Herbert C. Leeds, Woodbury Kane, Newberry Thorne and J. V. S. Oddie, of the New York Y. C.

On Tuesday luncheon was tendered to Sir Thomas Lipton and his party by the Transportation Club. On Tuesday evening the crews of the two yachts were the guests of the Yacht Masters and Engineers' Association in South Brooklyn at an entertainment arranged in their honor. The Yacht Masters and Engineers' Association, organized in 1894, now numbers among its members the leading yacht captains and engineers in the parent organization at New York and the Boston branch. In 1895 the Association entertained the crews of Defender and Valkyrie, and this year a similar entertainment was aranged. The large autditorium of Prospect Hall, in South Brooklyn, was decorated with yacht flags, that of Shamrock having a prominent place. The two crews marched into the hall together at about 8:30, Columbia's crew coming down from New Rochelle on the St. Michaels. The early part of the night up to 11 o'clock was devoted to a smoking concert, a very good vaudeville entertainment, including biographh views of the Dewey parade and of the yacht races. The dinner was served in a lower hall, some 300 being seated. At the head of the room were Captains Hogarth, Wringe and Barr, with President Pruette and other officers of the Association, and Mr. David Barrie, representing Sir Thomas Lipton. Mr. Iselin sent the following telegram:

New Rochelle, Oct. 24.—Yacht Masters and Engineers' Association, Prospect Hall, Prospect Avenue, Brooklyn:

Although unable to be with you to-night, I join in your good cheer and wish all my men who served me so faithfully and their plucky opponents the best of luck.

ISELIN.

Capt. David A. Kerr, steam yacht Intrepid, was toast master. In the party were fifteen of the Boston captains, who had come on purpose for the occasion. The dinner was enlivened by songs and recitations and afterward by toasts and speeches from the captains of the two yachts and others. It was nearly 3 A. M. when the party broke up, after a very pleasant night.

On Wednesday quite a party sailed on the Majestic for Liverpool, among them being Mr. Fife. As he was very anxious to return home he was taken in a coach to the pier and carried aboard in a litter, being intrusted to the care of the ship's surgeon, Dr. Donie. He is recovering slowly but is still very weak, having been unable to take any food during his illness. Mr. Ratsey sailed with him; also Mr. Jesse Connell, Vice-Com. Sharman-Crawford, Secretary Hugh Kelly and Mr. McGildowney.

Columbia is still at New Rochelle, most of her crew having returned home. Shamrock and Erin were to sail in company on Oct. 31.

A Social Club for Yachtsmen.

THE membership of the majority of the yacht clubs about the west end of the Sound and the waters of the Hudson and New York Bay is made up largely of yachtsmen living in New York city through the winter, the club houses being closed and the club life virtually suspended from October to May except for an occasional business meeting. The project of a winter club house in New York as a home and rendezvous for yachtsmen has been under discussion for several years, with the result that the following circular has just been sent out to yacht clubs throughout the country. It is purposed, if the scheme proves practicable, to secure a suitable house in New York, to run after the manner of a social club, with no conection with yacht racing, but bringing together the followers of the sport. The house will be fitted up with special meeting rooms for the use of the different suburban clubs whose business meetings are now held at hotels in New York.

Dear Sir: A proposition to establish in New York city a social club, the membership of which shall be restricted to persons who are members of recognized yacht clubs, has been discussed informally during the past season. It was brought before the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound at its annual meeting, and the Association gave its approval, to the extent of requesting its executive committee, acting as a special committee, to take the matter in hand, investigate questions of cost, possible membership, etc..

It is the intention, if such a club be organized, to promote social intercourse among yachtsmen in general, to give its members the facilities of a first-class city club, and incidentally to afford accommodations for the meetings of members, board of governors, trustees, etc., of yacht clubs, that are commonly held in New York city.

The committee has ascertained that the present house of the New York Y. C., which is to be vacated in the near future, can be secured if it is desired. It has also ascertained that a house suitable for the purposes of such club, convenient of access from the Grand Central Railroad station, can be leased at a reasonable rental.

It is also estimated that with membership fees of $25 per year for resident members and of $15 a year for members residing beyond a radius of fifty miles from New York, such a club should have a membership of at least five hundred.

The committee desires to know if the proposition as thus briefly outlined meets with your approval and if you will join such a club, provided that at least five hundred members can be secured.

An early reply will promote the convenience of the committee.

Executive committee Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound: Chas. T. Pierce, chairman, Riverside Y. C.; Frank Bowne Jones, Indian Harbor Y. C.; Stuyvesant Wainwright, American Y. C.; Frederick M. Hoyt, Stamford Y. C.; C. H. Crane, Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.; E. M. Maclellan, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; Chas. P. Tower, secretary, New Rochelle Y. C.

The Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts.

THE October meeting of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts was held on Oct. 19 at the Parker House, Boston, with President A. H. Higginson in the chair and the following delegates present: Columbia Y. C., Edward Dillehant; Lynn Y. C., Lincoln S. Coffin; Manchester Y. C., A. H. Higginson; Mosquito Fleet Y. C., S. C. Higginson; Old Colony Y. C., W. F. Scott; Quincy Y. C., H. M. Faxon; Savin Hill Y. C., J. E. Robinson; South Boston Y. C., J. T. Hurley; Squantum Y. C., A. T. Hill; Winthrop Y. C., A. T. Bliss.

A number of proposals for amendment were presented and discussed, the result being that the following amendments were adopted:

Rule 3, entries—To amend Section 1 by inserting in the fifth line, "and must be accompanied by certificate of official measurement."

To strike out Section 5.

Rule 15, prizes—To amend Section 1 to read: "Prizes and places shall be awarded to boats regularly entered and not defeating competitors."

Rule 26, protests—To amend by adding a new section, to read: "No appeal from the decision of the judges shall be made later than fifteen days thereafter."

To amend cabin-yacht limitations by adding: "If the required headroom is obtainable under this rule, additional height of cabin trunk is allowed."

To amend sail area by inserting: "Sailmaker's certificate of area of sails aft of the forward mast shall be required, subject to remeasurement by the official measurer under protest, and the actual number of square feet shall be marked on such sails over the maker's name."

The following proposed amendments were rejected:

Rule 11, sails—To amend by adding a new section to read: "In the 21ft. cabin class only working sails shall be allowed."

Also to strike out, "In no case shall the area of the mainsail and maintopsail exceed 80 per cent. of the entire area allowed."

To amend by adding to exceptions, "21ft. knockabouts, conforming to the limitations of the Knockabout Association, may race in the 21ft. cabin class."

The official record of the year's racing has just been issued in a neat pamphlet by Sec'y Bliss. The Association fleet now numbers eighty-five yachts of 30ft. down to 15ft., divided as follows: 30ft. cabin class, 4; 25ft. open class, 4; 25ft. cabin class, 17; 21ft. open class, 10; 21ft. cabin class, 12; knockabout class, 10; 18ft. open class, 17; 15ft. open class, 11. The Association ended its season with the usual rendezvous at review, at Hull, two hundred yachts being present. During the season twenty-five races have been sailed under its rules.

The executive committee awards a bronze medal and pennant to the yachts winning the highest percentage in their respective classes, as follows:

Class B, 30ft. Cabin Yachts.—Meemer, Com. Roland C. Nickerson.

Class D, 25ft. Cabin Yachts.—Hermes, Com. A. W. Chesterton.

Class S, 21ft. Cabin Yachts.—Arab IV., Willard F. Scott.

Class L, 21ft. Open Yachts.—Heiress, Charles Hayden and Arthur H. Parker.

Class T, 18ft. Yachts.—Dauntless, R. M. Benner and Patten. Perhaps, J. E. Robinson.

Knockabout Class.—Pirate, B. B. Crowninshield.

Association Percentages, Season of 1899.

	Starts.	Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.	Blanks.	Total Percentages.	Associat'n Percentages.
Class B—30ft. Cabin Yachts.							
*Meemer	9	7	1	1	0	765	.85
Ashumet	9	4	2	3	0	530	.60 5-9
Emma C.	3	0	0	2	1	30	.06 2-3
Elfreda	2	0	0	1	1	15	.03 1-3
Class D—25ft. Cabin Yachts.							
*Hermes	20	10	4	2	4	1265	.63 3-4
Little Peter	18	5	7	2	4	945	.52 1-2
Eleanor	15	4	1	1	9	520	.31 2-3
Thordis	6	2	1	3	0	305	.30 1-2
Jeannette	10	1	3	3	3	305	.30 1-2
Areyto	4	1	1	2	0	180	.18
Early Dawn	2	1	0	1	0	125	.12 1-2
Class L—21ft. Yachts.							
*Heiress	20	14	3	0	3	1580	.79
Hostess	8	4	2	0	2	515	.51 1-2
Rooster	4	1	1	2	0	180	.18
Bud	4	0	2	2	0	140	.14
Thelma	6	0	1	0	5	110	.11
Class S—21ft. Cabin Yachts.							
*Arab IV.	18	9	2	2	5	1095	.60 5-6
Harriet	15	5	6	1	3	845	.56 1-3
Privateer	19	5	8	1	5	955	.50 5-19
Spartan	3	1	0	1	1	115	.11 1-2
Dafila	6	0	0	4	2	70	.07
Class T—18ft. Yachts.							
*Dauntless	7	5	0	0	2	515	.73 4-7
*Perhaps	7	4	2	0	1	515	.73 4-7
Helmi	4	1	1	3	0	200	.50
Duchess	4	0	1	0	3	50	.12 1-2
Class X—15ft. Yachts.							
Ray	3	3	0	0	0	300	1.00
Attilla	1	0	1	0	0	50	.33 1-3
Bess	2	0	1	0	1	50	.25
Knockabouts.							
*Pirate	5	2	2	0	0	300	.60
Persimmon	2	1	0	1	0	115	.46
Tunipoo	5	1	2	1	0	215	.43
Lizana	4	1	0	3	0	155	.38 1-4
Colleen	4	0	0	3	0	55	.13 3-4
Hazard	3	0	0	2	0	40	.13 1-3

*Championship winners.

The book contains the official decisions of the Association in different cases of protest referred to it.

The present year has been rather a trying one in the Association, as the changes of rule during the winter aroused some opposition; and apart from all question of good or bad legislation the Boston fleet has been for a couple of years in a transition period which has of itself hurt the racing. All things considered, the racing has been quite as good as was to be expected, and the rules are now in such shape that there is plenty of inducement to build to the racing classes.

Clearing the Yacht Course.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—The following query is made by a reader of the Evening Post:

"Now that the yacht races are over, and Columbia has successfully defended our cup, is not the question pertinent as to the legal right of the Treasury and the Navy Departments to order the arrest and cancellation of certificates or licenses of pilots and masters of vessels who, by crossing certain prescribed lines of water, might interfere with the racing yachts? Is it not something quite new to detail naval men to act ac stewards of races, and send gunboats to clear a race track? And would the Government be sustained in an action brought against the Departments for damages resulting from losses accruing to such cancellation and interference? Of course, Government has jurisdiction over all vessels under its flag wherever they may be found, but it seems somewhat doubtful if such an authority extends to infractions of the rules of a yacht club. Every sportsman and every one possessing a particle of pride in our success in the international contest would readily condone almost any action in this regard, but in the legal point of view the case might be quite different if the issue were presented. Indeed, it does seem to the writer, a very old sailor and yachtsman, that Teddy Roosevelt might with equal propriety appear with his Rough Riders on a Long Island race course as Fighting Bob appeared with his torpedo boats on a yacht course on the high seas outside of national jurisdiction."

The Navy Department was not concerned in any way in the preliminaries or details of the recent yacht races. All arrangements for keeping the course clear were made under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of the Treasury, who may be said to have borrowed Capt. Evans and his craft from the Navy Department, for the time being, to execute the Treasury regulations. There is nothing more out of the way in this act than in the loan of the revenue cutters in certain emergencies by the Secretary of the Treasury to the Secretary of the Navy, to perform what is technically naval service. The regulations which Capt. Evans was designated to enforce have been adopted, not for the purpose of interfering with any one's private rights or in the interest of any form of sport or coterie of sportsmen, but for the protection of the public who go to witness the sports and who are practically helpless in the hands of the masters and pilots of the vessels on which they go. Congress, therefore, some years ago enacted a law "to provide for the safety of passengers on excursion steamers," which may be found in the twenty-ninth volume of the statutes at large, page 122. It declares:

"That in order to provide for the safety of passengers on excursion steamers, yachts, oarsmen and all craft, whether as observers or participants, taking part in regattas, amateur or professional, that may hereafter be held on navigable waters, the Secretary of the Treasury be, and is hereby, authorized and empowered in his discretion to detail revenue cutters to enforce such rules and regulations as may be adopted to insure the safety of passengers on said excursion steamers, yachts, oarsmen and all craft, whether as observers or participants, taking part in such regatta."

This discretion is about as broad as words can make it, and, in view of the purpose Congress had in mind in investing the Secretary of the Treasury with it, the courts would probably give the statute a very liberal construction. It is impossible on such occasions as an international yacht race, in which so many thousands of people are interested, to keep good order and insure the safety of everybody without doing some things that appear more or less harsh. Where human life is at stake, and great multitudes of people are massed together, the importance of the regulations for safety will often excuse, in the eyes of the courts the infliction of penalties upon persons wilfully disobedient which would not be tolerated under conditions ordinary and normal.—New York Evening Post.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association.

The Executive Committee Meeting.

Toronto, Saturday, Oct. 28.

THROUGH the kindness of Mr. Charles Hallock we are able to print an old picture, taken in 1874, which is of especial interest just now, at the close of the twentieth year of the American Canoe Association. Some few of the older members may recognize it, but to most of the thousand members it will be necessary to introduce it as the portrait of the founder of the Association, N. H. Bishop. Throughout the year 1879, and on to the summer of 1880, Mr. Bishop labored unceasingly for the formation of the American Canoe Association, all the work being done personally in the third story of his home at Lake George. Aided by a small printing press which he



N. H. BISHOP.

operated himself, Mr. Bishop sent out the first call to the canoeists of America, in answer to which a little party of thirteen gathered in August, 1880, at Crosbyside, Lake George, and adopted the first constitution of the Association. Nearly all of Mr. Bishop's time for two years was given to this work, hundreds of letters being written by him to canoeists in the States, in Canada and in Europe, while all of the plans for the first meet were made by him.

At that time Mr. Bishop was greatly interested in two subjects—canoe cruising and the study and charting of American waters; and it was always his intention that the one should be auxiliary to the other. In his own long cruises he occupied himself with the collection of facts and statistics concerning the waters and the adjoining country, and he was in close communication with the Coast Survey. As planned by him, the Association, in addition to cruising and racing in canoes, was to enlist the services of each member in securing information about the waters of his locality and in correcting and improving maps and charts. Though no longer an active canoeist, Mr. Bishop is still alive and well at his home on Lake George.

The annual meeting was called to order at 11:30 A. M. on Oct. 28 by Com. W. G. MacKendrick in the Toronto C. C. house, Toronto. There has been a general reluctance on the part of members to accept the office of Secretary-Treasurer of the Association this year, as it is pretty well understood how much work has been done by Mr. Forbush in the past year, both in the way of routine work throughout the season and special work of all kinds while in camp. Com. MacKendrick has been unable to find any one willing to accept the position. Mr. Herbert Begg, of Toronto, who was present at the meeting, was chosen secretary pro tem. The roll call showed the following officers and members of the executive committee present:

Com. W. G. MacKendrick, Librarian W. P. Stephens. Atlantic Division—Vice-Com. H. C. Allen per R. J. Wilkin, Ex. Com. C. V. Schuyler, H. H. Smythe proxy. Central Division—Vice-Com. John S. Wright, Purser C. F. Wolters, Ex. Com. F. G. Mather, C. P. Forbush. Eastern Division—Rear-Com. L. A. Hall. Northern Division—Vice-Com. J. McD. Mowatt, Rear-Com. E. C. Woolsey, W. J. English proxy, Purser J. E. Cunningham, Ex. Com. D. J. Howell. Western Division—Vice-Com. Wm. C. Japp. Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, J. N. MacKendrick. Mr. Hugh Neilson, one of the old A. C. A. men, was also present during the meeting, with ex-Com. Thorn.

The minutes of the previous meeting at camp on Aug. 15 were read and approved, with a correction to the effect that Mr. Smythe should not be recorded as voting for the resolution favoring a meet in the Western Division in 1901. The report of the Secretary-Treasurer was then read, and the following paragraph was referred to Messrs. Forbush, Hall and Mather as a special committee: "I understand that Com. Thorn and Vice-Com. Morse have an agreement with the Western Division to refund to it $100 from the receipts of this year."

The report of the regatta committee was read and received, also the report of the Board of Governors.

No report was received from the transportation committee. The division reports were then called for, that of the Atlantic Division being read and accepted. The reports of the Central and Northern Divisions were read and ordered returned for correction, as the statements of members did not agree with the list of the Secretary-Treasurer. The Eastern Division sent no report, and a motion was carried to the effect that the Purser of the Eastern Division be ordered to forward his report immediately, and that the other officers of the Eastern Division be requested to make sure that this is done. The new Western Division sent no report. Mr. J. N. MacKendrick made a verbal report as chairman of the committee on the ladies' camp. Messrs. Hall, MacKendrick and Mather were apopinted a committee to revise the associate membership list.

The following ladies were elected associate members: Miss Florence Presbrey, Miss Clara Presbrey, Taunton, Mass; Mrs. S. G. Raymond, Mrs. Wm. H. Samson, Mrs. Bernhard Liesching, Rochester N. Y.; Mrs. F. B. Huntington, Mrs. A. W. Friese, Detroit; Mrs. W. G. MacKendrick, Toronto.

A short recess was taken, during which luncheon was served in the club house. When the meeting reconvened the report of the special committee on the subject of the official organ of the Association, Messrs. Dunnell, Forbush and MacKendrick, appointed in October, 1898, was called for. Mr. Forbush reported that the committee had done nothing. A discussion followed, the members expressing themselves as greatly dissatisfied with the work of the two publications which in 1898 and 1899 had agreed to perform certain things in return for the exclusive title of official organ. The following motion, made by Mr. Wilkin and seconded by Mr. Smythe, was adopted unanimously:

"Resolved, That as there is at present no contract with any other journal as official organ, the FOREST AND STREAM be considered an official organ of the Association."

Ex-Com. Thorn then spoke on the subject of the new Western Division and its prospects of success. Mr. Wilkin, seconded by Mr. Smythe, moved a vote of thanks to ex-Com. Thorn for his personal efforts through which the new division was organized. The report of the camp site committee was then read and accepted, and bills ordered paid from balance now in hand.

The following motion, by Mr. Stephens, seconded by Mr. Hall, was carried unanimously: "Resolved, That it is the sense of the executive committee that the basis of representation for the division executive committees, as referred to in Article VI., Section 1, of the Constitution, shall be the annual reports of the division pursers for the preceding year, as published in the Year Book." The special committee on the arrangements between the Western and Central Division as to transfer of money with members from the Central to the Western Division, reported that this was a matter concerning only the two divisions, and the paragraph alluding to it was ordered stricken from the report of the Secretary-Treasurer.

The subject of the place and date of the next meet was then taken up, and it was decided to hold the meet on the Muskoka Lakes, the exact site not yet being selected. On motion of Mr. Stephens, seconded by Mr. Hall, it was decided to hold the meet from the first to the third Friday in August.

The following amendments to the constitution were then adopted:

Article VI., Section 4.—Change in line four the word "four" to "three," and at the end add "but in case of tie he shall not vote."

Article VI., Section 5.—In line eight strike out "regatta or."

Article VII.—In twenty-first line before the word "accounts," insert "and Board of Governors."

The proposed amendments, as published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 30, 1899, were then taken up. That relating to a racing board was not adopted. Mr. English asked for a definition of a war canoe to prohibit canoes with square ends. It was decided that the definition of a canoe in Rule 1 covered the case. On motion of Mr. Wilkin it was resolved to insert the word "may" in the minute book to conform to the wording of Rule V., line 12, in 1899 book, the omission being a clerical error.

After much discussion of the final clause of Rule V., relating to the trophy and trial races, the following, proposed by Mr. Stephens and seconded by Mr. Wilkin, was carried unanimously, to substitute as a final clause the following: There shall be a race for the paddling trophy, a race for the sailing trophy, and if more than nine entries

for the sailing trophy are present, there shall be a trial race, from which the competitors shall be selected as prescribed. In the paddling trophy race the number of the contestants shall be unlimited. The conditions of the sailing trophy race shall be: Sailing canoe by A. C. A. rules, no limit to ballast, course nine miles, time limit three and one-half hours. Accredited representatives of foreign clubs, not exceeding five in number, shall be eligible to start. The total number of starters shall not exceed fifteen, and the ten or more entries (after deducting the foreign entries) shall be selected from competitions in the trial race as follows; the regatta committee shall nominate two, and the balance (after deducting foreign entries) shall be taken from the leading men at the finish in their order.

An amendment by Mr. Smythe, to the effect that the trial race be made mandatory in all cases, was lost.

After discussion the following words were dropped from Rule IX.: "And the decision if unanimous shall be final, but in case it is not unanimous." Rule X. was amended, the pistol being substituted for the word "Go" in starting the paddling races and the combined race.

Mr. Smythe made a motion that all prizes not awarded be destroyed, which was carried. It appeared in the discussion that at times prize flags and other prizes not won in the races have been distributed as souvenirs to members.

Mr. Smythe also made a motion that the dates of expiration of terms of officers be published in the book. Carried.

Mr. J. N. MacKendrick spoke of the expense and uselessness of the present headquarters tents, etc., and after discussion it was decided that a simpler arrangement was desirable.

Mr. Herbert Begg was nominated by Mr. Stephens as Secretary-Treasurer and was unanimously elected, after which the meeting adjourned.

Secretary-Treasurer's Report.

Buffalo, Oct. 26, 1899.

To the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association:

Gentlemen—I herewith present my report of receipts and disbursements for 1898 and 1899:

Receipts.		Expenditures.	
Board of governors	92.65	Office expenses	$126.13
Atlantic Division	84.60	General expenses	42.00
Central Division	410.00	Camp expenses	79.80
Eastern Division	93.90	Camp site committee	321.82
Northern Division	120.90	Regatta committee	107.76
Western Division	10.00	Board of governors	142.65
Camp fees	266.00	Transportation	22.70
Visé of certificates	14.50	Entertainment	25.00
Launch	1.75	Signal officer	8.00
Entertainment	20.50	Loan	20.00
Code books	2.00	Balance in cash	240.94
Loan	20.00		
	$1136.80		$1136.80

Up to date I have not received the report of the Eastern Division. From the report of the Atlantic Division I find that the Association is entitled to 60 cents additional. From the Central Division I claim that, according to the report as presented, the Association is entitled to $10, being the amount sent by the Western Division for purpose of taking vote; also $21.96, amount of interest accrued, making $32.56 still due, making a total with cash on hand of $273.50.

The following bills are still unpaid:

From camp site committe:	Bickford Bros	$132.37
	Rathbun Co. balance	28.64
From regatta committee:	Flags and supplies	129.70
		$290.71

The camp site committee is entitled to credit on its report for about $50, this being the amount allowed by Mr. Devlin for mess tent floor; and a like amount should be charged to camp expenses, as through an arrangement made by Com. Thorn the price of tent floor was offset by board of bugler, barber, crew of launch, camp help, etc.

During the year I have enrolled 400 new members in divisions as follows: Atlantic, 41; Central, 70; Western, 84; Eastern, 29; Northern, 176. This shows a discrepancy from reports of divsion pursers, and I would recommend that my successor take up this matter and investigate for the purpose of correcting his list or lists of divisions.

I would also recommend that members in good standing be given an annual membership card similar to that formerly issued by the L. A. W.

The arrangement with Land and Water as the official organ was very unsatisfactory, as this company failed to mail regularly the magazine, and the work on year book was not good. I believe that it would prove far more satisfactory for the commodore and secretary-treasurer to manage and print their own year book. Respectfully submitted,

(Signed) C. P. FORBUSH, Sec'y-Treas.

Report of Board of Governors.

Brooklyn, Oct. 28, 1899.

The board of governors, since the last report of the executive committee, has held two meetings, one at Buffalo, Oct. 17, 1898, and the other at Hay Island, in Canada, Aug. 16, 1899.

At the meeting in Buffalo the report showed a balance in the treasury of $1,172.49, being an increase from the year before of $147.36.

At the meeting held at Buffalo the board of governors made a careful estimate of the probable receipts and reached the conclusion that they would be for 1898-99 as follows:

Central Division	$200.00
Eastern Division	85.00
Northern Division	30.00
Atlantic Division	60.00
Camp dues	125.00
Total	$500.00

And as there had been a balance left by the administration of 1898 of $92.65, the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the commodore must limit his excess of expenditures to receipts to 90 per cent. of the above amount; and in case an exigency arises in his judgment for a further expenditure he must obtain the consent of the board of governors.

In addition to this resolution, another was passed extending the balance left over from the administration of 1898 of $92.65 to the administration of 1899, as a loan to meet the current expenses of the year 1899, pending the receipt of money from the several divisions. This was given with the understanding that the same should be refunded as soon as practicable, or not later than Sept. 15, 1899.

It is pleasant for your board to report that as early as July 14, 1899, did the general officers return the loan of $92.65, but within six days after they paid over their percentage from the receipts of $50.

The amounts were deposited in the Brooklyn Savings Bank in the name of the Association, and 10 cents collection charges were made by the bank in the taking of amounts.

From the annexed statement it will be seen that the interest for the year has amounted to $40.65, which leaves a balance to the credit of the Association on Oct. 1, 1899, of $1,355.50.

The board of governors congratulate the Association upon so healthy a condition of its reserve funds, but again sounds the note of warning against any action being taken to reduce the same. The reserve fund, as its name indicates, is to be held only as a reserve for some great emergency or for some extraordinary expenditure that might be necessary to save the Association in years to come.

There is no disposition to increase this reserve over the present amount, but during the past several years, as heretofore stated, the increase has not been uniform or continuous, and consequently because we have had three good years let us not be careless with this fund, which is our sheet anchor to windward, to hold us steady in the advanced position the Association has reached.

At the meeting held at Hay Island in accordance with the constitution, the officers were elected as follows: Pres., R. J. Wilkin; Recorder, C. V. Winne.

This is the fourth time they have been re-elected. The board of governors wish to acknowledge the uniform courtesy they have received at the hands of the several officers of the Association during the past year. All of which is respectfully submitted

(Signed) ROBERT J. WILKIN, Pres.

The board of governors in account with the American Canoe Association:

1898.

Oct. 1, balance Brooklyn Savings Bank	$1172.49

Receipts.

Sixteen per cent. of net receipts as provided in resolution of Oct. 17, 1898, less 10 cents collection charges	49.90
From secretary-treasurer, advance repaid	92.55
1899.	
July 1, interest accrued	40.56
Oct. 1, balance in bank	$1355.50

Respectfully submitted, ROBERT J. WILKIN, Pres.

Audited and found correct—C. Bowyer Vaux, Henry M. Dater.

Atlantic Division.

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 1, 1899.

Receipts.

Balance from purser		$206.22
Dues, 1896	1.00	
Dues, 1897	2.00	
Dues, 1898	5.00	
Dues, 1899	232.00	
Initiation fees	44.00	
Camp dues	16.65	
		$506.87

Expenditures.

Stationery, printing and postage	$85.99	
Division meet	179.00	
A. C. A., 30 per cent	84.60	
Balance Oct. 1, 1899	157.28	
		$506.87

Membership Oct. 1, 1898	220	
New members, 1899	44	
		264
Resigned	2	
Dropped	31	
Died	2	
		35
Membership Oct. 1, 1899		229

(Signed) A. H. WOOD, Purser.

Audited and found correct—G. L. Wallington, W. A. Holcomb.

Central Division.

Receipts.

Balance from purser		$412.34
Dues, 1897	1.00	
Dues, 1898	23.00	
Dues, 1899	261.00	
Dues, 1900	1.00	
Initiation fees	134.00	
Interest on $366	21.96	
		$854.30

Expenditures.

Expressage, purser's books	$1.30	
Stationery, etc	32.45	
Trophy	7.50	
Postage	16.60	
Telegram, Land and Water	.50	
Printing	2.25	
Stenographer	8.00	
A. C. A. total receipts	420.00	
Balance to purser	365.70	
	$488.60	
		$854.30

Membership Oct. 1, 1898	235	
New members	134	
		369
Transferred to Western Division	106	
Resigned	3	
Died	4	
		113
Oct. 1, 1899		256

(Signed) WALTER MACK CLARK.

Audited and found correct—E. W. Reyburn, Robt. J. Hotchkiss.

Northern Division.

Toronto, Oct. 1, 1899.

Receipts.

Balance from purser	$98.99
Dues, 1899	245.00
Initiation fees	158.00
	$501.89

Expenditures.

Printing and stationery	$30.05
Postage	10.48
Prizes	30.50
Sundries	8.34
A. C. A., 30 per cent	120.90
Balance in bank	291.62
	$501.89

Membership Oct. 1, 1898	95	
Reinstated	6	
New members	158	
		259
Resigned	3	
Dropped	14	
Died	3	
		20
Membership Oct. 1, 1899		239

(Signed) G. WALTER BEGG, Purser.

Audited and found correct—H. K. Tilley, C. H. Wilson.

Toronto, Oct. 23, 1899.

Camp Site Committee.

Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 28, 1899.

Receipts.

Rent of camp outfits	$448.65	
Received from secretary-treasurer	321.82	
Received from Com. Thorn	5.00	
Lumber sold	96.00	
Two tents sold	20.00	
	$891.47	
Account due Beckford Bros	$132.37	
Account due Rathbun Co	28.64	
		$1052.48

Expenditures.

Transportation expenses, freight and telegrams	$27.63
Use of sled	34.50
Labor and sundries	19.90
Rent of tents, cots and mattresses	85.88
Labor	206.90
Wharf	45.00
Lumber, flag poles, etc	442.85
Sundries—pump, telegrams, sink, etc	31.00
Transportation—men and lumber	26.40
Bickford Bros., rent of tents	132.37
	$1052.48

(Signed) JOHN S. WRIGHT, Chairman.

Regatta Committee Report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 12.—Com. F. S. Thorn, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—Your regatta committee for 1899 respectfully report as follows:

Schedule of events was published in FOREST AND STREAM the first week of April, and also in the May issue of Land and Water. Several changes were made on the suggestions of members, and the official programme is presented herewith:

Record.	Combined.	Sailing.	Paddling.	Total.
J. R. Stewart, Wasp	3	2	2	7
L. H. May, Aziz	2	3	1	6
J. W. Sparrow, Eel	1	1	3	5

Event No. 1.—Record Combined—Thursday, Aug. 10; start, 10:07. Wind west, light:

	First Round.	Finish.	Points.
Wasp	10 29 29	10 53 45	3
Aziz	10 34 50	10 59 13	2
Eel	10 35 05	11 00 47	1

Event No. 2.—Record Sailing—Thursday, Aug. 10; start, 2:25:30. Wind west, light:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Points.
Aziz	2 57 30	3 15 51	3 37 22	1 01 52	3
Wasp	2 57 53	3 17 32	3 40 26	1 04 56	2
Eel	3 02 12	3 28 18	3 56 05	1 20 35	1

Event No. 3.—Record Paddling—Friday, Aug. 11; start, 10:27:32. Calm:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Points.
Eel	10 32 20	0 04 48	3
Wasp	10 32 21	0 04 49	2
Aziz	10 33 00	0 05 28	1

Event No. 4.—Novice Sailing—Friday, Aug. 11; start, 2:45. Wind west, moderate:

	1st Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hoonyali, F. G. Palmer	3 01 05	3 18 18	0 33 18
Toreador, A. E. Pawla	3 03 30	3 23 40	0 38 40
No. 12, A. G. Behn	3 12 00	3 43 00	0 58 00

Event No. 5.—Trophy Sailing.—Saturday, Aug. 12; start, 10:22. Wind fresh, with sea:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	4th Round.	5th Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mab	10 38 26	10 51 20	11 04 53	11 14 51	11 32 27	11 48 34	1 26 34
Marie	10 43 43	Withdrew.					

Event No. 6—Dolphin Trophy— Tuesday, Aug. 15, 10 A. M. No starters.

Event No. 7.—Man Overboard Race—Friday, Aug. 11:

F. C. Moore	1
J. R. Stewart	2
F. G. Palmer	3
G. W. McTaggart	4
H. L. Quick	5
J. W. Sparrow	6

Event No. 8.—War Canoes—A. C. A. Championship—Monday, Aug. 14:

Ah-Yaw-Dwa-Wah, Bohemian A. A. A.	1
Britannia, Britannia Club	2
——, Dorval Junior	3
Hi-Yah, Toronto C. C.	4
Fag-A-Bealath, Ottawa	5
Cataraqui, Kingston Y. C.	6
——, Brockville Rowing Club	Disqualified.

Bohemian A. A. A. crew: Capt. Frank Black, Fredk. Timleck, Wm. Daniels, J. Monahan, Wm. Timleck, Frank Nicol, A. Doran, J. Hilliard, N. Abbott, G. Guilboard, A. Champagne, Q. Wadham, F. Robinson, H. Winifred.

Event No. 9.—Open Canoe Sailing—Saturday, Aug. 12; start, 2:46. Wind west, fresh, with sea:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mab II., C. E. Archbald	3 09 46	0 23 46
Triumph, R. W. Pierce	3 13 53	0 27 53
Isis, J. R. Stewart	3 17 51	1 31 51

Event No. 10.—Combined race—Open canoes; Saturday, Aug. 12; start, 4:05. Wind fresh, west, with sea:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mab II, C. E. Archbald	4 35 18	0 30 18
Isis, J. R. Stewart	4 40 12	0 35 12

Event No. 11.—Atlantic Division Cup—Wednesday, Aug. 16; start, 3:38. Wind moderate, southwest:

	Finish.
Aziz, L. H. May	4 50 45
Hoonyali, F. G. Palmer	4 52 30
Pioneer, F. C. Moore	4 54 00
Torment, L. B. Palmer	4 59 40
Question, H. H. Smythe	5 02 55
Foggy Dew, H. L. Quick	5 05 35

Event No. 12.—Central Division Cup:

Charles P. Forbush	First.
John S. Wright	Second.

Event No. 13.—Western Division Cup—Wednesday, Aug. 16; start, 3:53:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Norma, F. B. Huntington	0 04 17	0 24 00
——, W. M. Clark	Withdrew.	

Event No. 14.—Northern Division, Orillia Cup.—No entries.

Event No. 15.—Gardner Cup, Paddling, Western Division—Saturday, Aug. 12:

——, W. M. Clark	First.
Jack, F. B. Huntington	Second.

Event No. 16.—Northern Division War Canoes—Monday, Aug. 14:

Ah-Yaw-Dow-Wah, Bohemian A. A. A.	1
Britannia, Britannia Club	2
Hi-Yah, Toronto	3
Fag-A-Bealath, Ottawa C. C.	4
——, Brockville Rowing Club	5
——, Dorval Junior	6
Cataraqui, Kingston Y. C.	7

Event No. 17.—Trophy, Paddling—Tuesday, Aug. 15; start, 4:42:

——, J. Smith	1
Lady Ruby, W. T. Lawless	2
Minawas, E. B. Nellis	3
——, J. McD. Mowat	4
Alligator, Chas. Eastmond	5
——E. McNichol	6
Red Dragon, M. D. Wilt	7

Event No. 18.—Half-Mile Double—Wednesday, Aug. 16:

J. Smith	1
E. B. Nellis	2
E. McNichol	3
Frank Taylor	4

Event No. 19.—Half-Mile, Single—Tandem:

Frank Taylor and J. Smith	1
C. Cooch and R. Craig	2
J. McD. Mowat and A. D. Cotter	3
E. McNichol and H. Blatchley	4

Event No. 20.—Relay Race—No entries.

Event No. 21.—Half-Mile Single—Wednesday, Aug. 16:

J. Smith	1
Frank Taylor	2
E. H. Richards	3
E. McNichol	4

Event No. 22.—Novice—Tuesday, Aug. 15:

R. H. Parmenter	1
Herbert Blatchley	2

Event No. 23.—Fours—Monday, Aug. 14:

Britannia—Percival, Lynch, McNeil, Stott	1
Toronto—Begg, Blatchley, Gay, Richards	2
Ottawa—Clayton, Patterson, Stewart, Woolsey	3
Kingston—Mowat, Cotter, Britton, Bayley	4

Event No. 24.—Tandem Overboard—Tuesday, Aug. 15:

Toronto—Nichol and Begg	1
Kingston, Britton and Parmenter	2

Event No. 25.—Tilting Tournament—Tuesday, Aug. 15:

H. L. Quick and M. D. Wilt	Winners.
W. T. Lawless and H. C. Allen	Second.

Event No. 26.—Upset—Tuesday, Aug. 15:

W. T. Lawless	1
R. H. Parmenter	2
L. B. Palmer	3
L. Furnier	4

Event No. 27.—Hurry-Scurry—Wednesday, Aug. 26:

R. H. Britton	1
R. H. Parmenter	2
E. McNichol	3

Event No. 28.—Ladies' Paddling—No starters.

Event No. 29.—Ladies' Tandem—No starters.

Event No. 30.—Swimming—Tuesday, Aug. 15:

W. T. Lawless	1
Chas Eastmond	2

Event No. 31.—Extra Race, Gananoque Banner—Monday, Aug. 14; start, 11:27; course, 4½ miles. Wind northwest, fresh:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mab	11 49 15	12 02 43	12 16 40	0 39 40
Aziz	11 50 25	12 03 05	12 19 09	0 42 09
Wasp	11 51 32	12 05 40	12 19 45	0 42 45
Foggy Dew	11 51 05	12 06 08	12 20 05	0 43 05
Ellen L.	11 52 35	12 08 10	12 21 48	0 44 48

Pioneer	11 52 10	12 07 00	12 21 54	0 44 54
Hoonyali	11 52 40	12 08 11	12 22 30	0 45 30
Question	11 53 50	12 08 50	12 23 50	0 46 50
Toreador	11 52 52	Withdrew.		

Event No. 32.—Tail-End Race—Wednesday, Aug. 16:

R. H. Parmenter	1
E. McNichol	2
G. W. McTaggart	3
R. W. Pierce	4

Thanks of the committee are extended to C. F. Wolters, clerk of the course; Commodore-elect W. G. MacKendrick, starter of the paddling races; Messrs. R. J. Wilkin, J. N. MacKendrick, R. Easton Burns, H. C. Morse and W. J. English as judges at the finish and turns, and all other members who lent their assistance and advice.

Aug. 12 Mr. E. A. Burns, of Toronto, was appointed to take the place of John W. Ely, of Rochester, the absent member.

One red, one green, one yellow and one A. C. A. burgee are in the possession of Signal Officer Walter Mack Clark.

All the cups were left in the possession of Com. Thorn and Sec.-Treas. Forbush.

The patent log was left with Sec.-Treas. Forbush.

The official launch, under command of Wm. Robinson, of Kingston, Ont., was entirely satisfactory.

Some thief "lifted" the first prize for the trophy sailing, won by Charles E. Archbald, and the committee secured a new one and forwarded it to Mr. Archbald.

Accounts to the amount of $129.70 for prizes, etc., remain unpaid to date.

Recommendations.

That all record races be abolished. The number of entries is always small, and the events prove dull and uninteresting. The conditions under which they were inaugurated no longer exist.

Establish a record sailing and also a record paddling prize, to be awarded the sailor and paddler winning the highest averages during the meet.

That all events for the ladies be abolished.

Respectfully submitted,

F. B. Huntington,
E. A. Burns,
Al. T. Brown,
} Committee.

Regatta Committee Itemized Account.

Two telegrams to Land and Water	$.65	
Expressage on regatta "stuff"	.50	
Repairing log	.60	
Record book for races	.60	
Postage on circulars, etc	1.86	
Three yards canvas	.40	
One-fourth yard rope for buoys	.60	
		$5.21
One A. C. A. cut	1.00	
126 cloth numbers	5.00	
500 race programmes	10.50	
		$16.50
121 flags and mounts—prizes	100.35	
Two silk war flags—prizes	8.00	
One silk war banner—prize	15.00	
Supplies for buoys, etc	6.15	
		$129.50
J. M. Larhay, pilot	2.00	
Wm. Robinson, launch and engineer	71.50	
Archie Steele, boatman	12.75	
Board for help—Robinson and engineer	13.30	
		$99.55
		$250.76

The Sportsmen's Show of 1900.

General Manager J. A. H. Dressel sends out the following prospectus of the Sportsmen's Show, to be held under the auspices of the National Sportsmen's Association in Madison Square Garden, New York, March 1 to 17, 1900:

Preparations are being made to make this, the sixth annual Sportsmen's Show, the grandest of any yet presented to the public. New and attractive features are now being arranged for, and exhibitors are taking space months ahead of the opening of the show. This year the boat exhibit will be made a feature, and some new and handsome designs in canoes, yachts, launches and motors will greet the sportsmen.

Special attractive features are being arranged for the aquatic sports, which will take place in an immense tank about the same dimensions as was built for the Sportsmen's Show last year. There will be contests in swimming, canoeing, tub races and water polo, which proved so interesting and attractive.

A big game park, containing deer, elk, buffalo, caribou and moose, will form a most complete exhibit of live game animals, besides which there will be exhibited in large cages, made especially for them, mountain lions, cougars, bears and a larger variety of these wild game animals than has ever before been exhibited. There will be a most complete exhibit of live game birds, including quail, ducks of every variety, pheasants, swans, geese and other rare specimens. The fish exhibit will be made the most attractive of any yet given, and will be under the direct supervision of our State Fish Commissioners.

The Indian village will occupy a very large portion of the Garden near the lake. The camp will be a faithful representation of an aboriginal village, with birch bark tepees inhabited by Indians and their families, clothed in picturesque habiliments of savage life, and engaged in canoe building, trap making, etc. The squaws will make basket and bead work.

The Association championship and other events at inanimate targets will be held on the roof of the Madison Square Garden, same as last year, and under the same management. Revolver and rifle ranges will be under expert supervision, and new inventions in powder, revolvers and rifles will be there for inspection. The decorations will be something entirely new and artistic. There will be log cabins, spruce and pine trees, which will add to the forest effect.

The Wild Lands of the United States.

We read about the continual inroads made by the settlers upon the Government lands, and indeed we generally consider that there is really no very great part of unsettled country left in the West. Yet I notice that the Commissioner of the General Land Office reports that we have still left in the United States 929,308,068 acres of unappropriated public lands. There were fewer homestead entries this year than there were last. It would seem as though Uncle Sam had still a front door yard big enough for a social game of croquet.

The Commissioner of the Land Office recommends the enlargement of the Yellowstone National Park and the Mt. Rainier National Park in Washington. He especially recommends greater protection against forest fires. It ought to give one a certain respect for the forest fire danger when he reads that the average annual loss from this source amounts to $20,000,000, or as much as we gave for the Philippine Islands, and more than people once thought all Alaska was worth.

In the matter of forests, I see that Gen. Andrews, State Fire Warden of Minnesota, is still writing of the proposed National Park of Minnesota, and I observe him quoted to the following effect:

"If this region were made a park the mature trees would be cut from time to time on forestry principles, yielding an important revenue, and the forest would remain unimpaired. The pine has been estimated and a fair value of the land could easily be determined. Under the existing treaty the Indians have a right to allotments of eighty acres to each Indian without regard to age or sex, but not on 'pine lands,' and, as I have recently learned, as much as 151,346 acres have been allotted of the land proposed for a park to 1,579 Indians. It is thought by many that this would not be objectionable, as many of the Indians, in case a park was created, would be wanted for boatmen and guides. A thousand guides find employment in the Adirondacks. Moreover, the Indians, though they cannot sell, have a right to lease their allotments.

"It is believed that soon after the meeting of Congress a joint resolution will be passed, stopping the sale of pine on the land in question and appointing a committee to investigate and report on the park matter."

E. Hough.

480 Caxton Building, Chicago, Ill.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 23.—A good shooting day greeted the numerous marksmen at Shell Mound range yesterday, and some good scoring was done. The Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club did especially fine work in their six-men team shoot for a trophy offered by Outdoor Life, of Denver, Colo., which carries with it the championship of the West. The original conditions were: Eight scores, only one per month; standard American target, 200yds., off-hand; teams of six men from any bona fide rifle club. As the Golden Gate Club received notice too late to begin at specified time, it was agreed to allow them to shoot two scores each month for the last four months of the year. It will be observed that the team made a total of 515 rings in the second score, or an average of nearly 86, which is certainly good work.

Scores: June competition—Capt. Dr. L. O. Rodgers 87, D. W. McLaughlin 86, F. P. Schuster 86, F. E. Mason 79, C. N. Henderson 71, J. E. Gorman 85; total 496. October competition—D. W. McLaughlin 83, F. P. Schuster 85, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 84, F. E. Mason 89, C. N. Henderson 88, J. E. Gorman 81; total 515.

Regular club scores: Rifle, class medal, one or two 10-shot scores, German 25-ring target—Dr. L. O. Rodgers 222, F. C. Mason 217, J. E. Gorman 204, C. N. Henderson 202-185, F. W. Belknap 204-194, E. N. Moore 198, J. F. Bridges 199.

Pistol, 50yds., 10-shot scores, standard American target—Dr. L. O. Rodgers 94, J. E. Gorman 87, D. W. McLaughlin 89, J. F. Bridges 84-74, F. E. Mason 89, C. N. Henderson 81, F. W. Belknap 73, E. W. Moore 71.

Germania club scores:

Competition for cash prizes, three shots, German 25-ring target, re-entry: F. P. Schuster 73, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 72, John Utschig 71, L. Bendel 72, W. Goetz 68, L. Haake 68.

Bushnell championship medal, single entry, 10 shots, German 25-ring target: D. W. McLaughlin 223 rings, J. Utschig 223, F. P. Schuster 220, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 217.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein monthly bullseye shoot: First, H. Huber, 336 points; second, William Garms, 350; third, J. Gefkin, 428; fourth, R. Stettin, 452; fifth, A. Lemaire, 533; sixth, O. Bertelsen, 540; seventh, F. P. Schuster, 589; eighth, D. Salfield, 599; ninth, J. Utschig, 619; tenth, L. Haake, 646; eleventh, J. Woebke, 715; twelfth, H. Stelling, 737; thirteenth, F. Rust, 840; fourteenth, J. Peters, 856; fifteenth, H. Hellberg, 906; sixteenth, H. Zecher, 925; seventeenth, F. Pape, 1108; eighteenth, J. Lankenau, 1122; nineteenth, H. F. Lilkindea, 1138; twentieth, F. Brandt, 1189.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club monthly contest for class medals, 20 shots, German 25-ring target: First champion class, F. P. Schuster, 448 rings; second champion class, not filled; first class, C. F. Rust, 414; second class, D. Salfield, 381; third class, not filled; fourth class, John Woebke, 346; best first shot, J. Lankenau, 24; best last shot, F. P. Schuster, 25.

Roeel.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

The regular shoot was held Oct. 29 at 200yds. off-hand at the German ring target. Following are the scores:

Ring target:

Gindele	21	21	24	20	21	21	21	21	19	23	212
Uckotter	15	22	21	20	16	19	23	18	24	23	201
Nestler	24	21	24	24	19	19	19	21	20	15	206
Drube	18	24	19	20	21	20	21	23	20	21	207
Weinheimer	21	19	18	23	16	24	21	23	15	16	196
Hasenzahl	20	23	22	22	24	21	19	21	16	17	205
Bruns	20	19	22	18	21	21	21	19	19	22	192
Jouscher	18	15	19	21	23	17	21	17	19	4	174
Payne	24	21	21	21	24	24	21	23	22	21	222
Topf	20	7	16	19	0	18	19	24	5	8	136
Roberts	25	19	23	21	18	18	22	23	20	22	212
Strickmeyer	19	22	19	22	18	23	22	19	17	20	201

	Special Target.										Honor Target.		
Gindele	22	24	24	24	22	21	24	23	22	23	229	22	17	22	61
Uckotter	24	19	22	22	14	23	23	19	23	20	210	22	16	23	61
Nestler	23	21	22	22	22	24	21	16	21	23	215	23	17	16	56
Drube	19	24	16	20	21	21	24	24	20	20	209	22	19	18	59
Weinheimer	25	18	20	20	21	22	16	18	22	17	199	17	22	24	63
Hasenzahl	23	24	21	24	22	24	24	19	21	25	227	15	25	21	61
Bruns	17	24	23	23	24	23	21	22	15	18	210	22	19	15	56
Jouscher	17	24	24	21	23	15	24	22	21	18	209	13	14	22	49
Payne	20	23	22	21	23	24	25	25	21	21	225	20	14	22	56
Topf	23	8	18	20	16	21	17	18	14	10	165	20	7	15	42
Roberts	15	22	22	22	22	18	23	24	21	21	212	13	23	17	53
Strickmeyer	21	22	18	21	22	17	22	22	20	17	204	14	21	16	51

Mr. James S. Conlin, whose fame in connection with gallery rifle and pistol shooting is a part of its history in New York, has issued a card informing his patrons that his new gallery at 513 Sixth avenue is now ready for their accommodation. Mr. Conlin claims that his new gallery surpasses any public gallery in the city in length of range, good light and ventilation, with perfect firearms and great variety of targets.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 1-4.—San Antonio, Tex.—San Antonio Gun Club's tournament.

Nov. 21-22.—Sioux City, Ia.—Second annual live-bird tournament of the Soo Gun Club; added money in every event. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

Nov. 22.—Ridgewood, N. J.—All-day shoot at live birds. H. Blauvelt, Manager.

Dec. 5-8.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Thomas Donley's third international tournament. About $1,500 guaranteed. Targets and live birds.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.

1900.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trap-Shooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Associations Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Tournament of Ohio Trapshooters' League. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

In an exchange a communication from Princeton, N. J., relates that, "the University Gun Club will enter a team this year in the intercollegiate gun shoot for the intercollegiate championship, which will be held on Nov. 18, at Wellington, Mass., under the auspices of the Harvard Gun Club. The prizes will be a silver loving cup to the winning team and small individual cup to each member of the team. A cup will also be given to the person making the highest individual score. Under the present association three shoots have been held, of which Harvard, Yale and Pennsylvania each won one. The University Gun Club will hold two matches this fall against the University of Pennsylvania, one to be held in Philadelphia, the other on the home grounds. Several members of the last year's team have returned to college, and the team is practicing daily on Stockton Field."

On Oct. 24, in a contest between teams of the Hill City Gun Club, of Lynchburg, Va., and the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, the former team won, the scores being as follows: University—John W. Daniel, Jr., 37, P. F. Dupont 27, W. S. Hoen 30, E. M. Daniel 31, J. F. Taylor 30, W. McH. Alston 26; total 181. Lynchburg—Thomas F. Nelson 42, W. P. Clark 36, C. W. Scott 43, W. W. Dornin 47, W. L. Mooreman 41, T. H. Fox 39; total 248. The University of Virginia contemplates arranging for medal contests. The officers elected for the present session are: President, John W. Daniel, Jr., of Lynchburg, Va.; Vice-President, W. M. Alston, of Allegheny, Pa.; Secretary and Treasurer, J. F. Taylor, of Lynchburg, Va.; Advisory Committee, P. J. Du Pont, of Greenville, Del., and W. S. Hoen, of Richmond, Va.

Mr. H. L. Born, the secretary of the Greenfield Gun Club, of Pittsburg, under date of Oct. 28 writes us as follows: "An interesting team race between the Greenfield Gun Club, of Pittsburg, and the North Side Gun Club, of Allegheny, was shot Thursday, Oct. 26, at the grounds of the latter club, resulting in a decided victory for the Greenfield shooters. The teams were composed of six shooters, each man shooting at 50 targets, a total of 300 per team. The Greenfield team broke 279, which gave them the excellent average of 93 per cent. Fleming and Rahm made the highest scores, each breaking 49 out of 50. Born and Clark 47, Holmes 45 and Parker 42. A return match will be shot Thursday, Nov. 2, at the Greenfield grounds."

In the Banner-Leader, of Ballinger, Tex., there recently was an account of a team shoot between a team of the home club and teams from San Angelo and Coleman. In the matter of vanished hopes, the historian of the occasion graciously touches upon them as follows: "The day and the occasion are long to be remembered as cementing the ties of friendship and fellow feeling. True, we lost, but we lost to a worthy antagonist, and there is no cause for shame in the defeat. We just didn't shoot good enough." There is a manly frankness in that which is worthy of careful study and remembrance.

The Westchester Gun Club, of Westchester, Pa., and the Phœnix Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., in their contest for the championship of Chester county, on Oct. 27, were in the third and final competition for the honors had things gone right, each having previously won one contest of the series. But the score book of each club showed each respectively to be a winner, so there will be another contest. To a man who would deeply ponder over this point for sixty days it might occur to his think tank that an official scorer in such matters would be a good thing.

The Belle Meade handicap at 25 live birds was a closely contested event at the Bell Meade tournament on Saturday of last week. It was won by Mr. R. S. Pierce, of Wytheville, Va., who had to kill 60 straight to win, the special prize being a loving cup. Mr. F. C. Rich was but 1 behind the victor. Mr. Pierce is a friend of Mr. Chas. Macalester, of Baltimore, Md., who spends a great part of the hunting season at Wytheville, and it was under Mr. Macalester's able chaperonage that Mr. Pierce ventured down into Tennessee and carried off first honors.

Mr. H. H. Blauvelt, Ridgewood, N. J., has issued invitations to his live-bird shoot, fixed to be held on Nov. 22, on the grounds near the Rouclere House, commencing at 10 o'clock. There are three events on the programme, namely: No. 1, 5 birds, $3, birds extra; all at 28 yds.; three moneys. No. 2, 7 birds, $5, birds included; 28 to 31yds.; three moneys. No. 3, 10 birds, $10, birds included; 26 to 31yds. Miss-and-outs will be shot if there is time to spare for them. Birds 25 cents. The main line of the Erie R. R. is the best route.

We learn that Mr. Charles E. Willard, of the International Smokeless Powder and Dynamite Co., is this week in the vicinity of Chesapeake Bay with Mr. J. J. Summerville, of Woodbury, N. J.; Capt. Robley D. Evans, who is ex-President Cleveland's favorite shooting companion, and Lieut. Comley, who was navigator on the Indiana during the late ocean tournament, and now on the receiving ship Richmond. Birds are reported plentiful in that region, and we learn that the party expects a thoroughly enjoyable time.

In the club contest of the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., on Oct. 26, Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, standing at 29yds., was first in Class A with 10 straight kills. Mr. W. J. Ferguson, Jr., was first in Class B with 10 straight, and in Class C Dr. Davis killed 9 and was the leader in his class. Mr. F. A. Sinnock, a guest, killed 10 straight in this event, standing at 29yds., and 10 more straight in other events. The birds were a good lot, but the summer weather which prevailed put them out of their usual good form.

The Schmelzer trophy contest at the Belle Meade tournament on Oct. 24 had good competition. Mr. Rollo O. Heikes was the victor in a well-contested race. The conditions were 100 targets, reverse angles, and the great war horse smashed 90, with the redoubtable Mayor of Keithsburg, Ill., Hon. Thos. Marshall, only 1 target less. Gay was 87, Young 85, Hallowell and Fanning 83 each, Elliott 82, Gilbert, Hirschy, Shepardson, Allen and Fulton 81 each.

The Nashville American of Oct. 24, in an otherwise very good report of the Belle Meade shoot, says: "The last event of the day was the live-pigeon shooting. In the first match Gen. Jackson defeated Col. Work, of Cincinnati, breaking 10 out of a possible 10, while Col. Work broke 9." We have heard of targets being broke and shooters being broke, but a pigeon—that's another story.

J. S. S. Remsen, the president of the Brooklyn Gun Club, spent the greater part of last week gunning for broadbills and coots in the Great South Bay off Bayshore, L. I. The weather was too fine for good bags to be made, but Mr. Remsen returned to the city on Friday afternoon well pleased with his outing. He reported lots of ducks and lots of hunters after them.

Mr. John C. Hicks won the gold medal at the Monumental Shooting Park, Baltimore, emblematic of the live-bird championship of Maryland and the District of Columbia. He stood at 30yds. and killed 14 out of 15. Then in the shoot-off he killed 25 straight before he could shake off his closest competitor, Dixon.

One hundred targets, $100 a side, were the conditions of the race between Messrs. W. G. Harris and W. R. Elliston on Oct. 25, at the Belle Meade tournament, Louisville, Tenn. The former won on a shoot-off at 25 targets by the score of 24 to 23. In the main race they tied on 89.

As will be seen in Mr. Paul R. Litzke's very full report of the Belle Meade tournament, Mr. Fred Gilbert won high average in the total of the target events. He made a fine run of 108 straight on the first day. Heikes made a run of 96 on the second day. On the third day Jack Parker ran 112 straight, while Mr. J. D. Gay on the same day ran 99 straight.

Birds must be scarce in New Jersey when Justus von Lengerke and his dog can occupy two whole days in pursuit of them and return to New York with only five ruffed grouse and two woodcock. It is a fact that the results of the present hunting season to date have been a disappointment, at least so far as northern New Jersey is concerned.

"Hunting and Fishing in the South" is the title of an illustrated book of 64 pages issued by the Southern Railway Co., sent free to those who apply for it. As its name implies, it is devoted to information of all kinds valuable to men who hunt and fish.

Gun below the elbow is the condition governing the manner of holding it at the shoots of the Phœnix Gun Club, and all stand at 25yds., yet President David Freleigh accounted for all but one of 15 at the club shoot at Dexter Park last week.

In this department will be found the official notification from Mr. Edward Banks that the championship contest between Messrs. W. R. Crosby and Fred Gilbert, the challenger, has been postponed to Saturday of this week.

In the contest for the Cast Iron medal at Belle Meade, Oct. 26, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott defeated Mr. J. D. B. De Bow, the challenger, by a score of 99 to 93. The birds were a poor lot, the weather was warm and there was no wind.

Mr. Paul R. Litzke informs us that a big tournament will be given at Memphis, Tenn., next February on entirely new lines, and that Hot Springs, Ark., contemplates a big midwinter shoot.

Mr. W. L. Colville, of the Du Pont Powder Co., was in New York early this week after some lively and successful travel in his business territory, which comprises a very large district.

We are informed that the morning of Nov. 18 is fixed for the team contest of the Princeton, Yale, Harvard and University of Pennsylvania gun clubs at Wellington, Mass.

The Jacksonville, Fla., Gun Club, recently formed, held its first merchandise shoot with great success on Oct. 24. Fifteen new members joined the club on that day.

The Mount Vernon (O.) Gun Club will hold a live-bird shoot on Thanksgiving Day. On Nov. 24 it will have a game supper, preceded by a three days' hunt.

Mr. R. W. Gorham, secretary of the Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Gun Club, informs us that his club hopes to invite its friends to a live-bird shoot this month.

Dr. Wm. Wynn, of Brooklyn, A. Eddy and T. Blankley killed 9 out of 10 live birds in the club event of the Fountain Gun Club last week.

Evansville, Ind., is to have a gun club, if recent press reports are true, and a tournament will be one of its first serious efforts next year.

Mr. Paul R. Litzke gives a very complete report of the Belle Meade tournament in our trap department this week.

The Kansas City Schuetzen Verein is the title of a gun club recently organized in Kansas City, Mo.

BERNARD WATERS.

A Canadian Match.

MONTREAL, Oct. 26.—An old-fashioned out of date everywhere excepting among the Canadian habitants pigeon shoot took place yesterday afternoon, the 25th, on the Bout de l'Isle grounds near this city, between W. L. Cameron, ex-champion of the Canadas, and Mr. Laurin, of this city. Conditions, $50 a side, 35 live birds, at about 24yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, and the birds to be thrown from two plunge traps. The birds for the most part were a miserable lot of duffers, which would hover in the air in a dazed condition when thrown from the traps. Occasionally one would have life enough to make a break for liberty, and would generally escape scott free. The shooters, puller and umpires were surrounded by the crowd, who were either standing or sitting on the grass and filling the air with vile tobacco smoke and exclamations of "Mon Dieu!" "Sacre a la mort!" "Bon! Bon!" etc. The most amusing incident was Laurin's No. 12 bird, a young white innocent, which, evidently taking the shooter for a friend, quietly and confidently flew directly for him, unharmed by the two shots fired in his direction, and settling down by Laurin's feet, allowed itself to be caught. Then a grand pow-wow took place, caused by Laurin's friends trying to find a shot mark on it. At last it was declared a lost bird, and the sport went on.

Below are the scores. After the 31st bird Laurin's friends threw up the sponge:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

W. L. Cameron.....T↖HHH↙HHH↗↖←←←↙↖H→HHHHF HH
1 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 2 0 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1

←↓HHHH
0 1 1 1 1 1 —21

Mr. Laurin.....TTTTT↖HHHH←↓→↗T↙H↗T↖T←H↗H
1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 2 0 2 1 1

↓←H↖HH
1 0 1 1 1 1 – 22

STANSTEAD.

Mount Kisco Gun Club.

MOUNT KISCO, N. Y., Oct. 26.—The scores made in the tournament of the Mount Kisco Gun Club are appended. The weather signs looked very much like rain in the morning, which kept a number of our shooting friends away, but later it brightened up and we had a good day. Van Allen secured the cash prize in event No. 5, Gorham not shooting for the money; he also won the gun case in event No. 7 in the shoot-off with Gorham. Dr. Egbert, of Holyoke, Mass., tied Apgar for the coat which was the prize in event 13. The latter withdrew, leaving the Doctor winner.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	15	10	25	15	20	10	10	25	20	10	15	20	*
Van Allen	10	8	13	8	22	13	16	8	8	19	17	8	..	..	..
Egbert	9	4	12	6	19	8	13	5	3	20	13	9	12	15	6
Dutcher	7	6	10	7	20	11	15	9	9	20	11	9	11	16	5
Bailey	3	5	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bailey	3	5	8	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gorham	6	2	10	7	24	..	16	7	9	..	..	..	9	..	6
Betti	10	9	10	8	19	11	..	..	..	16	11	..	9	10	..
Sutton	8	5	11	4	13	8	7	9	7	12	..	..	11	12	7
Hendrie	5	7	10	7	21	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	13	..
Apgar	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	19	9	12	17	8
Bryan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	9	..
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	10	..
Dichl	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
Fowler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	4	

*Five pairs.

R. W. GORHAM, Sec'y.

Jacksonville Gun Club.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla.—On Tuesday, Oct. 24, the newly organized gun club held their first merchandise shoot, and a fine attendance was noted. Handicaps ranged from scratch to 15 in the 25-bird event. Scores were as follows:

	Hdcp.	Total.		Hdcp.	Total.
Gato 8	8	16	Lorraine 19	4	23
Green, ... 7	15	22	Ingram 15	10	25
Frazer 17	12	25	Bauskett 21	4	25
Muller 11	10	21	Long 17	10	25
Haney 6	12	18	Anderson 7	12	19
Sammons 22	7	25	Walters 10	12	22
Ivers 17	7	24	Marvin 15	8	23
Hyde 10	10	20	Gould 20	7	25
Bours 15	5	20	Liell 6	15	21
Pons 19	8	25	Goldsberry ...12	10	22
Vincent 24	0	24	Stripling 14	10	24

Handicap, high guns, to win, twelve prizes. In the shoot-off Sammons won first, Ingram second, Long third, Frazer fourth, Gould fifth, Bauskett sixth, Pons seventh, Ivers eighth, Stripling ninth, Vincent tenth, Marvin eleventh, Lorraine twelfth.

During the early part of the shoot Dr. Vincent was so unfortunate as to have his gun burst in his hands, but luckily escaped without injury. He used Mr. Sammons' gun through the rest of the match, and finished well. The club booked fifteen new members on this occasion, and is in a fine condition.

Belle Meade Tournament.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 28.—The second annual tournament of the Belle Meade Gun Club cannot be termed a success, as the attendance was very light, and the division of the money in the target events—five equal moneys—has created no end of dissatisfaction, for in adopting this system this part of the tournament was shorn of its competitive features and resolved itself into a haphazard lucky-chance business, so that the scrupulous shooter of marked ability had but little chance to win his entrance money, to say nothing of his other expenses.

Gilbert, the winner of high average, scarcely won enough to pay his transportation to and from the grounds, to say nothing of his hotel bill, shells and other incidentals. Not even the lucky shooter won enough to pay expenses, and of course a shoot of this kind failed to give satisfaction. With the classes of shooters as were present here, about 85 per cent. were constantly shooting into the money, so there was little but the added money to shoot for, and 3-cent. targets made big inroads into this.

The pigeon events were all high guns, and generally only six or seven of these, so that on the quality of birds furnished here and the weather conditions prevailing it required straight scores to get a part of this. The programme catered directly to the crackerjack element, and while a majority of them were present, there were not enough to make a successful tournament in point of attendance.

In order to make a shoot a success, you must cater to the rank and file, and if you would draw this element you must make it possible for some of them at least to win some money. In the first place, never run your shoot over four days, and then do not have more than 170 shots on your programme. Furthermore, do not have all 20-target events. One day pigeons as a rule should suffice. There is but one system which should be in vogue for dividing money in target events, and this is the Rose, which can readily be adjusted to suit any case. High guns is the proper method to employ in pigeons, but the scope of these should be broadened to suit the caliber of your contestants. Two moneys for over five entries or three for ten would be a good ratio for the average shoot.

Last year the tournament was run on similar lines, and on that occasion I called attention to the fact that it is impossible to draw out the amateur shooter to compete on equal footing with the paid shooters, especially when your programme is so long and you endeavor to hold a six-day shoot. It is well to remember that you can only get so much shooting out of a crowd. If your attendance is large it will take a little longer, but with an attendance no larger than the one here it soon resolves itself into a drag. It was hard work to get entries after the fourth day, and in order to prevent the shoot from fizzling out entirely the management changed the Belle Meade handicap from high guns to class shooting.

The method of running this tournament was very bad. True, there were plenty of traps, but there was not sufficient force to run them, so that with even a light attendance the shoot dragged continually, and had it been much larger it would have been hard to complete the programme. In this respect the tournament was in marked contrast to that of a year ago, when there was plenty of competent help everywhere.

Among the shooters present were J. S. Fanning, of the Gold Dust Powder Co.; J. A. R. Elliott and Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Arms Co.; Col. A. G. Courtney, Remington Arms Co.; Charley Budd, of Parker Gun Co.; E. D. Fulford, Remington Arms Co. and U. M. C. Co.; H. C. Hirschy, of the Hazard Powder Co.; Fred Gilbert and E. du Pont, Jr., of the Du Pont Powder Co.; Chas. Porter, of the Marlin Arms Co.; R. O. Heikes and John J. Hallowell, of the U. M. C. Co.; Jack Parker and J. H. Mackie, of the Peters Cartridge and King Powder Co.

Other than trade representatives were Kit Shepardson, La Grange, Ind.; W. G. Harris, Gallatin, Tenn.; R. S. Pierce, Wytheville, Va.; A. S. McDonald, Bristol, Tenn.; J. E. Bradshaw, New York; Dr. R. G. Fallis, Louisville, Ky.; J. D. Gay, Pine Grove, Ky.; Chas. McL. Clark, St. Louis; W. A. Fawcett, Bardstown, Ky.; O. E. Porter and Chas. Reif, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Chas. Young, Springfield, O.; Tom Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.; Mrs. and Mrs. Shattuck, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. and Mrs. Butler (Miss Annie Oakley), W. S. Allen, Raymore, Mo.; F. N. Cockrell, Kansas City, Mo.; Chas. McAlister (Haywood), Philadelphia, Pa.; Emil Werk, Cincinnati, O.; M. M. Wall, Auburn, Ky.

It is not necessary to go into a description of the grounds, as this was thoroughly covered a year ago, and virtually the same arrangement prevails. The ride to and from the shooting grounds, which is always one of the features of these shoots, was marred in its pleasure, owing to the dusty condition of the road.

Jack Parker managed the shoot, and found it anything but an enviable task, with the assistance he received.

First Day, Monday, Oct. 23.

THE race between Fanning and Gilbert for premiership to-day was the most interesting feature of the shoot, and notwithstanding that Sharkey got a running start and was 4 birds to the good after the first event the Iowa shooting machine succeeded in evening up matters, and thereby shared the honors with Fanning. To accomplish this it required a percentage of 965. This feat was only brought about by Gilbert's great run of 108 straight. He lost the second target in event No. 4, and then scored consecutively until the 11th round in event No. 9. This is by far the best run of the day.

Fanning and Gilbert each have six straights to their credit, though Fanning did not bunch his as successfully as his rival, and consequently made no long runs.

Budd is third with an even 950 per cent., after which comes Quaker Gay, the tall and nervy shooter from Pine Grove, Ky. While he is one of the simon-pure shooters, he has over and again demonstrated that he is capable of setting the pace in any class. Like Gilbert, he got off on the wrong foot, but thence afterward his misses were few and far between.

Fulford and Marshall are tied for fifth position with 935. Some idea of what kind of a proposition the principals had to contend with is evidenced by the fact that nearly half of those who shot through made an average of 90 or better.

The five equal divisions brought about some queer results, while as a rule first and fifth moneys proved the most remunerative. Hallowell was not strong in general average, but when it comes to raking in the shekles he is easily high man, as his 17th in event No. 6 won the best pot of the day, $12.40. While he was fortunate in this instance, he also won a nice piece of money by good shooting. This occurred in an extra after the conclusion of the programme; in this he ran 15 straight on reversed angles and scooped first, $10.80, without a divide.

The weather was ideal, and the atmospheric conditions balmy and warm. During the forenoon there was some wind, though this gradually died out, and consequently cut but little figure in the result. Only thirty-two shooters participated, but of these twenty-four shot through the programme. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Fanning	20	20	18	20	17	20	20	19	19	20	200	193	.965
Gilbert	16	19	20	19	20	20	20	20	19	20	200	193	.965
Budd	19	20	20	19	20	19	18	19	18	18	200	190	.950
Gay	16	20	20	18	18	19	20	20	20	18	200	189	.945
Fulford	1	720	17	20	20	19	18	20	18	18	200	187	.935
Marshall	17	20	19	17	18	20	19	19	20	18	200	187	.935
Heikes	18	18	19	18	16	18	20	20	18	20	200	185	.925
Hirschy	19	20	18	19	17	18	19	16	19	20	200	185	.925
Young	18	18	19	19	19	20	18	19	19	15	200	184	.920
Elliott	19	19	19	16	18	19	19	19	19	17	200	184	.920
Shepardson	18	19	17	18	19	19	16	20	17	17	200	180	.900
Haywood	20	18	17	18	16	19	17	16	19	17	200	177	.885
Campbell	15	17	16	19	19	18	19	18	17	17	200	175	.875
Hallowell	19	18	18	18	18	17	16	17	17	16	200	174	.870
Shattuck	17	17	15	17	19	19	17	17	19	17	200	174	.870
Elliston	17	18	17	17	19	19	18	13	19	16	200	173	.865
Harris	15	18	14	18	18	18	17	16	17	19	200	170	.850
Mackie	17	16	17	19	14	14	16	16	20	19	200	168	.840
Mrs Shattuck	16	17	17	20	19	15	13	13	18	17	200	165	.825
Courtney	15	19	19	18	13	18	17	16	17	17	200	165	.825
Parker	14	16	13	14	17	18	19	15	19	18	200	163	.815
Chase	19	17	14	16	1	714	17	14	15	16	200	159	.785
Watkins	13	15	16	16	10	14	16	17	17	12	200	144	.720
Pierce	14	13	12	17	14	6	17	9	15	15	200	132	.660
Legler	..	..	20	19	18	19	19	17	18	17	160	147	.918
Riehl	..	..	16	14	16	12	15	17	17	17	160	124	.775
Carr	..	..	14	19	11	14	17	..	..	..	100	75	.750
Palmer	..	..	9	8	8	14	14	..	..	..	100	53	.530
Cullom	..	..	..	12	12	14	..	13	..	..	80	51	.637
Sinclair	..	..	..	..	..	14	19	18	..	..	60	51	.850
McDowell	..	..	..	19	11	15	..	..	..	..	60	45	.750
Bradshaw	11	10	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	60	34	.566

Second Day, Tuesday, Oct. 24.

To-day's results are practically the same as those of yesterday—a bunching of the crackerjack element at the top of the list, among whom a little shifting of positions took place; but aside from this there is little of interest in the shoot, which has been virtually deprived of competition by the five equal money division under which it frequently remunerates the participant most to get into fourth or fifth place. Only for the contest among the leaders for the possession of the medal, which goes to the one making the best general average, the shoot would resolve itself into a scramble for the places that pay best.

Gilbert and Young are high to-day with .960. Heikes is third with .955; Elliot fourth, .935; and Budd and Hirschy are tied for fifth and sixth places. Heikes made one run of 96, which was the best of the day; he was also fortunate, as his straight in event No. 8 was the only one, and netted him $11.55. Jack Parker had similar good fortune in event No. 4.

The weather conditions are still ideal, and such under which big scores are common.

The Schmelzer cup race was started to-day, but was not half finished.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Young	20	17	18	19	20	19	20	19	20	20	200	192	.960
Gilbert	19	18	20	19	19	20	19	18	20	19	200	192	.960
Heikes	18	20	19	19	17	20	20	20	20	18	200	191	.955
Elliott	19	20	19	17	20	17	17	19	20	19	200	187	.935
Budd	19	19	19	15	19	18	19	19	19	19	200	185	.925
Hirschy	19	18	18	18	19	19	19	17	19	19	200	185	.925
Gay	17	19	18	19	17	18	19	18	18	20	200	183	.915
Marshall	18	18	15	18	18	18	20	18	19	20	200	182	.910
Fulford	20	20	17	17	18	18	16	17	19	19	200	181	.905
Fanning	17	19	18	15	19	20	19	18	20	15	200	180	.900
Shattuck	14	15	20	14	20	17	17	18	20	18	200	173	.865
Parker	16	20	18	20	16	15	18	17	16	16	200	172	.860
Hallowel	18	19	16	18	17	17	16	17	15	19	200	172	.860
Chase	17	16	16	19	18	19	18	16	18	19	200	171	.855
Harris	19	14	18	15	17	15	18	19	19	17	200	170	.850
Haywood	16	18	16	18	18	15	14	14	18	18	200	170	.850
Shepardson	15	16	18	16	19	16	19	16	16	17	200	168	.840
Campbell	16	16	14	15	20	16	18	16	18	19	200	168	.840
Cockrell	14	19	17	16	15	17	15	16	18	16	200	163	.815
Riehl	16	17	16	15	19	14	17	16	17	15	200	162	.810
Allen	17	14	15	15	17	18	17	16	14	16	200	159	.795
Pierce	15	12	14	17	14	18	16	17	16	17	200	156	.780
Gerst	12	16	16	15	16	17	18	14	16	14	200	154	.770
Courtney	16	14	17	12	18	15	13	11	16	18	200	150	.750
Mrs Shattuck	17	16	18	13	..	..	16	..	..	..	100	80	.800
Dupont	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	14	12	16	12	100	70	.700
Meaders	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	15	17	13	80	63	.787
Mackie	11	16	17	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	80	59	.737
Bennett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	15	..	60	45	.750
Bradshaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	20	16	.800
Elliston	16	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	32	.800
Green	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	20	18	.900
Legler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	20	19	.950

Third Day, Wednesday, Oct. 25.

The inequity of the five-equal-money division was never more thoroughly demonstrated than to-day. The scrupulous shooters of marked ability received but little reward for consistent performance. Some idea of this may be formed by giving the winnings of the five high men: Gilbert lost 5 targets, put in $20 and drew down $21.60. Fanning got out $20.30. Parker $21.15, Heikes $20.35 and Young $24.20. Then, on the other hand, Shepardson, who lost 24 more targets than did Gilbert, drew out $35.65. This shooter played the 16 hole most of the time, and once landed there alone, which netted him $12.10. Jack Parker struck a remarkable streak, and ran 112 straight, which he might have increased to 132, as he did the following morning by killing straight in his last event. This he was unable to do, as he did not get to shoot his final event. Gay, too, had a streak, as he ran his last 99 straight.

The programme events were not begun until nearly noon, for while the Schmelzer cup event was in progress there were no springs for the other set of traps, and these had to remain idle. Then when everything got to running along smoothly, the shooting on one set of traps had to be stopped to enable Elliston to shoot his match with Harris. This prevented the completion of the programme, so that Parker, Fanning, Mrs. Shattuck, Riehl and Allen finished on the next day, while a number of others withdrew.

Bright, warm sunshine and no wind were the conditions. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	19	20	20	20	19	18	20	19	20	20	200	195	.975
Fanning	19	20	19	20	19	20	19	19	20	19	200	194	.970
Parker	19	19	18	18	20	20	20	20	20	20	200	194	.970
Heikes	19	20	19	20	19	20	20	20	19	18	200	194	.970
Young	20	20	19	19	20	20	18	19	19	18	200	192	.960
Hirschy	20	20	18	20	20	19	17	19	19	19	200	191	.955
Gay	18	19	18	18	19	19	20	20	20	20	200	191	.955
Budd	19	20	17	20	18	19	19	19	18	20	200	189	.945
Elliott	18	20	20	18	20	19	18	19	19	18	200	189	.945
Marshall	19	19	17	19	18	17	19	19	19	16	200	182	.910
Riehl	18	20	18	18	16	16	19	18	18	18	200	179	.895
Allen	15	15	20	18	18	19	19	17	19	18	200	178	.890
Campbell	18	19	18	19	17	17	17	17	18	17	200	177	.885
Mrs Shattuck	18	18	16	19	17	16	15	19	16	20	200	174	.870
Fulford	16	13	17	18	19	19	17	20	17	18	200	174	.870
Hallowell	16	16	18	17	19	19	17	17	19	14	200	172	.860
Courtney	19	18	17	18	14	18	18	13	16	20	200	171	.855
Shepardson	16	18	16	16	16	16	18	16	19	19	200	170	.850
Haywood	19	16	17	18	18	17	16	17	11	20	200	169	.845
Watkins	18	17	13	18	20	17	18	16	14	16	200	167	.835
Meaders	18	15	18	17	15	18	17	18	11	19	200	166	.830
Pierce	11	17	16	18	18	17	16	17	18	16	200	164	.820
Pooler	16	17	14	18	17	18	17	18	11	17	200	163	.815
Chase	14	17	16	18	17	16	15	16	17	15	200	161	.805
Legler	18	19	19	18	19	18	19	20	20	..	180	...	....
Gerst	17	17	17	20	16	18	18	16	17	..	180	...	....
Bennett	15	15	15	13	19	15	14	16	..	..	160	...	....
Cockrell	12	18	17	17	15	20	..	..	..	..	120	...	....
Cullom	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	16	14	..	60	45	.750
Harris	17	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	35	.875
Dupont	15	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	33	.825
Sinclair	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	15	..	..	40	33	.825
Bell	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	19	.495
Marks	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	8	.400

Fourth Day, Thursday, Oct. 26.

The City Hall and Court House handicap, a 25-bird event, was the feature of the shoot to-day. The entrance in this was $15, including birds, and high-gun system of divisions prevailed.

There were six moneys, but as there were eleven straight scores of 25 these shooters divided this money equally, namely, Chase, Allen, Pierce, Gilbert, Hallowell, Heikes, Fanning, Cockrell, Fallis, Gay and Green. This netted them $26.25 apiece.

The weather was decidedly against the birds, and this in a large measure accounts for the high scores. There was not a breath of air, and in addition the sun shone warm and bright—just such weather as prevailed all during the shoot. There were some good birds, but they were the exception, and were few and far between.

Chase, 28	1212212222222221222222222—25
Allen, 28	2212112212221212212212222—25
Pierce, 26	1211211111221211111122212—25
Gilbert, 31	2221222211122221222222222—25
Hallowell, 29	2222222222222222222222222—25
Heikes, 31	2222222222222222222222222—25
Fanning, 31	2122212121222221121222211—25
Cockrell, 28	2212222121221221122211212—25
Fallis, 28	2222212222222222222222222—25
Gay, 30	2222212112222221211211212—25
Green, 27	2211121212212222112221212—25
Meaders, 27	1111122120222221211111122—24
Sinclair, 26	1122*1112112111111211110—23
Mrs Shattuck, 26	2112021111111*112211221012—22
Wall, 26	2210201212101021112122211—21
Rainey, 26	2212012110112211*11122101—20
Haywood, 29	2220122122122222210w
McDowell, 27	2202202010102121110121122—19
Reif, 27	*112221211112022021 —15
Parker, 30	2211212111112122 0 —16
Marshall, 30	2221122222220 —13
Elliston, 30	2222211222220 —12
Hirschy, 28	2212211211 0 —10
Page, 27	1222122012 0 — 9
Werk, 27	2122212221 0 — 9

Young, 30.....222222220 — 8
De Bow, 30.....21220212 — 7
Annie Oakley, 26.....20220102201 — 7
Moore .....11121212000 — 8
Cullom .....2021*1210122 — 9
Budd .....21110 — 4
Courtney .....002222 — 4
Elliott, 31.....21* — 2
Riehl .....12* — 2

Fifth Day, Friday, Oct. 27—Gerst Handicap.

The Gerst handicap was identically like the one of the previous day, in so far as conditions and entrance were concerned. The result, too, was practically the same, for only straight scores got a part of the purse.

Haywood, Gilbert, Fanning, Dupont, De Bow and Hirschy are the ones that carried off the money, each being remunerated to the extent of $36.45.

The birds were somewhat of an improvement, as there was a good breeze, which had a tendency to make them a trifle more active; but the sun was just as warm and bright as heretofore.

This event had twenty-six entries that contested for the money. Aside from this, there were several miss-and-out events, but all of these were long drawn out affairs, and when a division was declared rarely paid entrance money.

Haywood, 29.....2111122121221121222212222—25
Gilbert, 31.....2122221221112212121212122—25
Fanning, 31.....1111222112121111112222221—25
Dupont, 26.....1121211211111122112212222—25
De Bow, 30.....1112221111111211211221121—25
Hirschy, 28.....1121122112222222222222122—25
Chase, 28.....2222222222222*2222111122—24
Allen, 24.....2122202122221111211112212—24
Elliott, 31.....2222222112122222202122122—24
Green, 27.....2111212221111122211111202—24
Budd, 31.....2111221*121222112222211112—24
Elliston, 30.....2121222202112222222222222—24
Sinclair, 26.....2212220211111122122222122—24
Cockrell, 28.....2221212212121111202021122—23
Fallis, 28.....2222222222222222022202222—23
Heikes, 31.....2212222222222221202222202—23
Young, 31 .....0222222222222222220222222—23
Gerst, 27.....1112111212011221112110121—23
Legler, 28.....1112122122202111120212121—23
Gay, 30.....2121212112122120222212022—23
Fawcett, 28.....1211121222112222200222222—23
Pierce, 26.....1110111021112211221211111*—22
Harris, 28.....2112211122211212212020 2*—22
Page, 27.....1222211211011022211011221—22
Marshall, 30.....2222122012222020222222221—22
*Shattuck, 28.....2020111222122121110222122—22
*Mrs Shattuck .....1021211022110212222222111—22
Gen. Jackson, 26.....2111021211112122222010102—21
*Miss Oakley, 27.....0120221220

*Birds.

Sixth Day, Saturday, Oct. 28—Belle Meade Handicap.

This was the final event of the tournament, and the one in which the most interest centered: for, in addition to the purse, there was a very fine silver loving cup to contest for, which naturally added zest to the competition.

Twenty-five shooters materialized for this race, which called for an entrance of $25, birds included. But it was changed from a high-gun event to class shooting, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20.

The weather was very unpropitious, as during nearly the entire contest a drenching rain fell, which had a very depressing effect on the pigeons, and made sitters of a great many, naturally adding nothing to their quality.

When the race commenced there was a stiff wind blowing, and for a time it looked as though the birds were going to be fast, but the wind soon abated and then it rained all the harder.

As two sets of traps were used, the contest proper was soon disposed of; but as eight of the principals finished with straight scores, a lengthy and stubborn shoot-off followed. The straight men were Pierce, Riehl, Budd, Allen, Gilbert, De Bow, Elliston and Fulford, while Heikes just failed to be one of these by losing his last bird.

Those interested in the cup agreed to shoot it off, miss-and-out. When this began it was perfectly calm and raining hard, so that the birds flew in most slovenly fashion.

Fulford was the first to fall out. He drew a bird that flew a few yards and lit, and in order to make a no bird of it, attempted to kill it on the ground, but overshot it a trifle, and when it fluttered in toward the dead line he failed to touch it with his second barrel, so that it got out of bounds.

Elliston was the next victim, and went out on a rather slow-flying circling incomer from No. 5 trap.

De Bow lasted until the 14th round, when he drew a very swift right-quartering outgoer from No. 5 trap. It carried both loads out of bounds.

The next unfortunate was Gilbert, who was put out of the race by a very fast twisting, towering outgoer.

Allen added another 25 straight to his score, but missed his 26th, a slow circling incomer that towered rapidly.

At the 31st round Charley Budd came to grief on a bird very similar to Gilbert's.

This left only two inexperienced shooters, Pierce and Riehl, to dispute for the cup, and the suspense lasted only a few rounds longer, as Riehl failed to negotiate a low-flying incomer that deceived him into the belief that it would alight before it got to him. He held his second too long, so that when he finally did shoot, the bird was right at him and a most difficult shot to make.

Thus it devolved on Pierce to kill his bird to win, which he did in the most unconcerned manner, and thereby won the cup. Pierce claims to be a mere novice in the pigeon-shooting game, but has all the prerequisites of the successful trap shot, being very cool and collected at all stages of the game. He was very fortunate in the draw, but also killed the good birds he got about as easy and clean as the duffers. He shot a Purdy gun, Schultze powder and Trap shells.

Straights paid $29.25; 24s paid $20.05; 23s paid $31.25. Although it required a score of 23, eighteen of the principals got a part of the purse.

Chas. Budd won this event a year ago, and Fulford on that occasion was also in the tie.

When the winner had been decided Gen. Jackson filled the cup with sparkling champagne, and it was passed around. The scores:

Pierce, 28.....2122222111112111111121121—25
Riehl, 27.....2222222222222212221222122—25
Budd, 30.....1111222222112112212121112—25
Allen, 29.....2222222221222221222221222—25
Gilbert, 31.....2222221122222222222122122—25
De Bow, 30.....2121112121111121222122222—25
Elliston, 30.....2221212222222222222222222—25
Fulford, 26 .....2222222212222221222222222—25
Heikes, 30.....2221222222222222222222220—24
Gay, 30.....122222121*121122222212211—24
Green, 28.....2221122210111111211122211—24
Sinclair, 27.....1201222222212211212122212—24
Fanning, 31.....0122222222122122222222222—24
Marshall, 30.....2222222022222222222222222—24
Hirschy, 24.....1122102222222222222222222—24
Werk, 27.....0021222211122222222221221—23
Cockrell, 29.....0122120222122222222222222—23
Fallis, 28.....2222222*2022222222222222—23
Chase, 28.....21222211222202*2222122120—22
Harris, 28.....2020222221221220222222212—22
Haywood, 30.....2112222221201220222200*w
Elliott, 31.....1121222220022212220w
Dupont, 28.....2*1122122211120011*w
Wm Jackson, Jr, 26.....2202222201110*w
Fawcett, 27.....00221202*w

Shoot-off, miss and out:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Pierce.....2 5 3 3 4 4 2 4 5 5 4 5 5 2 2 4 2 4 4 4 2 5 3 4 3 1 / ↖ ↖ H H ↗ ↖ ← H ↙ ↗ ↖ H ↖ ↗ ↖ H H ↗ H ↖ H ↖ H ↗ ← / 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 — 35

Riehl.....3 2 2 3 2 5 1 1 5 3 5 5 3 4 1 5 1 3 2 1 4 5 3 4 4 5 3 / ↗ ↖ ↖ ↙ ↖ ↖ ↙ ↖ ↗ ↗ ↙ ↑ ↙ ↝ H ← ↖ ↖ ↖ H T H → ↯ / 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 ↑ 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 0 — 34

Budd.....5 3 1 4 2 2 4 5 5 2 1 4 3 4 1 1 5 2 4 4 5 2 4 4 5 / ↖ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↙ ↖ ↗ ↗ → ↙ ↗ ↑ H H ↑ ← ↗ ↖ ↖ ↗ ↘ H ↗ ← ↘ / 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1

5 5 5 1 2 3 / ↘ ↓ ↗ ↑ ↗ ↰ / 2 1 1 1 2 * — 30

4 4 3 5 1 5 3 2 1 5 2 2 2 1 4 5 5 2 4 3 1 3 4 4 3 / ↘ ↘ H ↗ ↖ ↙ ↖ ↰ ↘ ← ↖ ← H H T ↖ ↗ ↑ ↖ ↰ T H → ↖ H / 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1

2 / ↙ / 0 — 25

5 5 1 4 3 5 2 3 1 4 1 3 3 2 1 3 2 / H ↗ ↖ ↘ → ↗ ↖ → ↖ ↰ ↖ ↑ ↑ H ↖ ↘ ↰ / 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 0 — 16

4 3 4 4 1 1 4 3 3 3 2 2 4 5 / H ↗ ↑ ↘ ↙ H ↗ T ↖ H ↑ H ↗ ↗ / 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 * — 13

1 5 2 2 4 1 4 5 / ↖ → ↯ → ↓ ↗ ↗ ↴ / 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 — 7

4 4 2 2 2 / ↗ ↗ ↗ ↗ ↰ / 2 2 2 2 * —

Elliott-De Bow—Cast-Iron Medal.

The match for this trophy took place on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 26, commencing at 2:06, Elliott winning the toss and going first to the score. The race was soon devoid of all interest, as Elliott assumed the lead at the 22d round and continued to increase it as the race progressed, winning handily by the score of 99 to 93. The birds were very poor, and Elliott's score of 99 is therefore nothing remarkable for a shooter of his ability. He lost his 10th bird dead out of bounds, and then ran the remaining 90 straight. The gathering of his 22d was the rankest kind of luck. This bird was the poorest kind of a duffer and floated in toward the shooter with the speed of an ice wagon, and to the surprise of every one he missed it clean. There is a set of target traps located inside the boundary, and this fool of a bird actually flew into this screen, and here the shooter was able to catch it, so that what would have proved a lost bird under ordinary circumstances had to go as a kill. When you hear any hard-luck story about that dead out of bounds spoiling a 100 straight just remember this bird.

Elliott's best kills were his 13th, 47th and 70th. The latter was the best bird trapped, and an exceptionally good shot. His lost bird was a good one, and died out of bounds.

De Bow shot a very good race for a man of his experience, and handled himself very well, though he was a trifle slow and methodical in going to the score. However, he was simply outclassed, and especially on this sort of birds, as Elliott in his present form will miss but few of this class.

To De Bow's credit it must be stated that all of his lost birds with the exception of one were very good. His 46th, a slow-flying incomer, was badly slobbered and died out of bounds. His best run was 30 straight; his best kills were his 12th, 30th, 41st and 53d.

The birds were poor, and it was very warm, without any wind, so that big scores were to be expected. Elliott had 8 sitters in his lot, and De Bow 4. Elliott shot a Winchester gun, Hazard powder and Leader shells. De Bow shot a Parker gun, Hazard powder and Winchester Pigeon shells. Mr. R. O. Heikes was referee, and the writer scorer.

Match between J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, and J. D. B. De Bow, of Nashville; 100 pigeons per man, $100 a side and the cast iron medal; loser to pay for the birds.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

J A R Elliott...4 3 5 2 1 2 1 4 2 4 4 4 5 5 4 5 1 3 2 5 3 1 1 2 2 / ↖ ↖ ↗ ↖ ← ← ↖ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↘ ↘ ↯ ↖ T ↘ ↖ ↘ ↰ ↘ ↗ ↙ ↘ ↘ ↙ / 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 — 24

3 2 4 2 3 4 2 5 2 1 2 1 4 2 3 4 4 5 5 3 1 2 2 3 2 / ↗ H → ← ↖ ↘ T ↘ ↖ ← ↓ ↑ → → ↖ ↘ ↘ ↗ ↖ H H ↖ ↖ ↘ ↖ / 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 — 25

1 3 1 3 3 4 4 2 3 4 2 4 4 5 5 1 1 4 2 5 5 4 1 2 4 / ↙ ↖ ↖ ↑ ↖ → ↓ ← ↯ ↗ ↖ ↖ T ↖ ↗ ↓ ↖ ↗ ↑ ↯ ↘ ↰ ↖ ↖ ↗ / 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 — 25

4 2 5 1 2 2 4 2 3 4 2 1 4 4 5 5 1 1 4 1 2 3 2 5 1 / ↖ ↖ H ↖ ↖ ↗ H ↙ T ↖ ↖ H H ↘ ↖ ↙ ← ↗ → → ↰ ↑ ↖ ↖ ↘ ↖ / 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 — 25—99

3 1 4 4 5 5 1 1 4 1 2 3 2 5 1 2 5 4 5 5 1 1 2 2 2 / T ↗ ↘ → ↗ ↗ H ← ↖ ↖ ↖ T ↯ ↙ H → ↗ ↗ ↘ ↗ ↗ ↰ ↯ ↯ ← / 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 0 0 2 2 — 22

J De Bow.....

4 2 5 2 3 3 1 4 4 5 5 1 1 4 1 2 3 2 5 3 5 1 5 4 5 / ↘ ↖ ↘ ↖ ↯ ↗ ← ↗ → ↗ ↗ ↙ ↗ ↰ ← T ↖ ← H ↖ ↗ ↵ ↗ T ↘ / 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 * 2 1 2 — 24

5 1 2 2 4 2 5 2 3 3 5 2 1 2 1 4 2 4 4 2 5 3 5 1 5 / ↗ ↗ ↰ ↗ ↘ T ↖ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↘ ↘ ↘ → T ↗ ↘ ↖ ↑ ↗ / 2 2 2 0 1 0 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 0 1 2 2 1 1 — 22

4 5 3 3 2 4 5 2 3 3 1 5 2 1 4 1 4 2 3 4 4 5 5 4 1 / ↖ ↘ ↘ ↖ ↖ → ↘ ↖ ↑ ↗ ↖ → ↖ ↙ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↖ → ↘ ↖ ↗ ↖ ← ↗ / 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 — 25—93

Schmelzer Cup.

The Schmelzer cup is subject to a challenge, but only one individual contest has ever taken place for it. This occurred at Leavenworth in August, 1895, and J. W. Sexton, the holder, successfully defended it against Lou Erhardt, winning by a score of 92 to 88. The conditions prescribe that the cup must be won three times in open competition before it can become the property of any one.

The conditions of this race called for 100 targets, reverse angles, entrance $7, targets included. Three dollars of this entrance went to the holder of the cup, and $2 for birds, while the remaining $2 was divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Thus Heikes wins the cup, Marshall first money, $17.50; Gay second money, $10.20, and Young third, $6.80.

The conditions on the first day were perfect, but on the second day there was a sharp wind that affected the flight of the targets somewhat. Heikes shot a single-trigger Parker gun, Schultze powder and Smokeless shells.

This contest was started on Tuesday, Oct. 24, immediately after the conclusion of the regular programme. But owing to the bad working of the traps, and an even worse set of trifling negro trappers, only the first two squads succeeded in shooting half of their race, while the remaining squad of five, composed of Shepardson, Courtney, Parker, Allen and Riehl, shot but their first string of 25. At this juncture Marshall was in the lead, with 45 out of 50, and Heikes was second, with 44. Marshall showed great form at the start, as he ran his first 34 straight, but the bad light when he shot his second string made it hard to see the targets, and therefore he lost 5.

The first thing the next morning the contest was resumed and, resulted in Heikes winning the cup by a score of 90, Marshall getting first money on 89, Gay second on 87 and Young third on 85. Roll Heikes shot in slashing style, especially after the first string of 25, or rather after the 14th round, for prior to this he lost 5, and from thence on only a like number.

By his win of this trophy Heikes becomes a new champion, and gains a title he has never held before, that of reverse-angle champion. He has taken part in the four contests for this cup, but this is the first time he has ever won it.

This cup was first put into competition at the Schmelzer tournament in July, 1895. On that occasion J. W. Sexton, of Leavenworth, won it by a score of 90. In September of the same year the second open contest for it took place at Detroit, and here Capt. Bartlett and Jack Parker tied on 92. This tie was later on shot off at the Rochester tournament, with the result that Parker won by 85 to 80. In September, 1896, J. W. Sexton won it for the second time in open competition at Kansas City, on 87. Then at the midwinter shoot at San Antonio, Tex., in January, 1897, R. O. Heikes, Charley Young and the late F. V. Van Dyke tied for it on 83. This tie was never decided, and no other contest took place for it until May, 1898, when Charley Budd won it at Des Moines, Ia., on the extraordinary score of 96. In September of that year the cup was again shot for at Kansas City, and here Budd scored his second win, with 87. No contest has since taken place until the present one.

Heikes .....111001011011101111111111111101111111111111111111111—44
1111110110111111110111111111111111111111111111110111—46—90
Marshall .....111111111111111111111111111111111111011110111100011—45
111111111111111001101111110110101111111111111111111—44—89
Gay .....111111011111111111111111111101111011101110101111011—42
111111111111011101111111111111101010111111011111111111—45—87

Young .....111111011111111001110111111111011011111111110111101111—42
111111110111111111100101101111111111111100111111111—43—85
Hallowell ....111111011101111111111011110111111111011110000111011—41
101111111111011000111111011111111111011101111111111—42—83
Fanning .....011011111111110101111111101111101111011101111111111—42
111111110011111111011110011101101111011111111111111—41—83
Elliott .....011110101101111101111111111111111111111111101111001111—42
001101101101111111110111011111111111111101111100111—40—82
Gilbert .....111111111100100111011111011111111111101011110111111110—40
110111111011111111011100111011111101111111011111110—41—81
Hirschy .....101111011111110111101111111101110111111111111101111110—42
110111111010010100111111111010011111111101111111111—19—81
Shepardson ..111011100101111111111111111011111111111001101011001111—39—81
110911111111111111101101110111111111001101011001111—39—81
Allen .....111110011100011111101111111110111101101011010111111—38
111011111111111101110011111111110101111111111011111—43—81
Fulford .....111101011111111011101101010111111101111011101111111—41
011100011111111111111111111111011011100101111111110—40—81
Budd .....110111101101111111111100110111111011110111111111001—40
101111101110101111111100111101111011111010111110111—39—79
Chase .....111010111111101110111111011111111101100111011111111—41
111111101000111011111111100110111011011111100110—37—78
Parker .....111110111111110100111011110011011110011000111001O—34
101111101111111101111011011111111111111111111101—44—78
Riehl .....100111000101111100111001111101010110001100011111—32
101111111111111111111111100110111111111111111101111111—45—77
Courtney ....101010001111000110011101111001101111011101011001—31
111011110111011111111190010011101111111111011111111—40—71

Harris-Elliston.

Considerable rivalry exists between the two Tennessee shooters, Messrs. W. G. Harris and W. R. Elliston, and for some time there has been a match pending between them. It was shot on Wednesday, Oct. 25. The conditions of this were somewhat of a revelation, in so far as target matches are concerned, as they prescribed 100 targets per man and for $100 a side, and to the writer's knowledge this was bona fide, as the money was actually put up, and as soon as the referee's decision was announced it was turned over to the winner. My reason for mentioning this is that one frequently hears of such matches, but rarely sees them, and invariably these turn out to be for about $10 a side, or more frequently for the price of targets only.

This proved a most decidedly interesting contest, and the closeness and the big stake made it very exciting. The first string of 25 resulted in each scoring 22, and the next string brought about a similar result. In the third string Elliston gained a little advantage, as he broke 24 to his opponent's 23. However, he did not retain this lead long, as he lost his 77th and then his 80th, which gave the lead to Harris; but the latter lost his 83d, 86th and 88th in rapid succession, so with only 12 more to shoot Elliston had a lead of 2, but he in turn missed his 89th and 94th, and as Harris broke out the race resulted in a tie, with a total for each of 89. This was immediately shot off at 25 targets, and here Harris won by 24 to 23. Harris lost his 4th and Elliston his 14th and 22d.

The match was shot in the most rapid manner, as each of the principals shot their 100 targets without any intermission, and it only required twenty minutes for this. Each showed plenty of nerve and pluck, and if either was unduly concerned over the result it was not betrayed by any exterior emotion.

Harris had one weak bird, which was a very slow straightaway or one that quartered slightly to the left, for of the 11 he lost 5 were of this kind, and many similar birds were only broken into one or two pieces. No. 1 trap threw an extremely low bird, in fact too low, and had this been rectified, as it should, Harris would have beaten his opponent at least 2 birds in the original contest. Had he been defeated it would have been solely due to lack of experience and the fact that he had no one to advise him. It was evident, too, that his friends were ignorant as to the shooting game, or else some one would have been there to supply his wants and not compel him to carry about his shells, etc.

Elliston was not hampered in this manner and was fairly beaten. He had no particularly weak bird, but slipped one here and there irrespective of their flight. The weather conditions were favorable, as there was little wind and a good light. The targets were thrown about 50yds., but nevertheless the score must be classed a very good one, as it is entirely different when there are 200 shekels of the realm between one and every target from what it is if one is only engaged in an ordinary sweepstake scramble.

The Hon. Tom A. Marshall was chosen referee and Mr. Jno. J. Hallowell scorer.

Harris shot a Lefever gun, Leader shells and Schultze powder. Elliston shot a Parker gun, Du Pont powder and Winchester Pigeon shells.

Match between W. G. Harris, Gallatin, Tenn., and W. R. Elliston, Nashville, Tenn., 100 targets per man, for $100 a side; stake $200; loser to pay for targets:

W G Harris.....11 11 11 10 11 01 11 01 11 11 11 11 10—22
11 11 11 11 11 11 10 01 11 11 11 11—22
11 10 11 11 11 01 11 11 11 11 11 11—24
11 11 11 01 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 11—21—89
W R Elliston .....10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 01 11 11 11—23
11 11 11 01 11 10 11 11 01 11 11 11—21
10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11—25
01 11 01 11 11 11 01 11 11 01 11 11—20—89

Shoot-off:
Harris .....11101111111111111111111111—24
Elliston .....11111111111101111111110111—23

General Averages.

Aside from the glory that one gets from being high in such a field of shooters, there was also a medal to strive for. This was won by Gilbert, who lost but 20 targets out of 600, and thereby has the great percentage for so many of .966; Heikes is next with .950; Young, third, 946; Fanning, fourth, .945, and Budd, fifth, .940. The standing of the others who shot through is shown in the table below.

In contemplating these big averages, it must be born in mind that the conditions throughout were ideal and in every respect similar to those that prevailed at Peoria and Sioux City, where similar big scores were recorded. Then, too, the targets were not thrown very hard, but at a nice uniform speed of about 50yds.

Gilbert, the winner, also won the medal here a year ago for a like performance. On this occasion he shot a Parker gun, Du Pont powder and Leader shells. The averages were as follows:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Third Day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	193	192	195	600	580	.966
Heikes	185	191	194	600	570	.650
Young	184	192	192	600	558	.946
Fanning	193	180	194	600	567	.945
Budd	190	185	189	600	564	.940
Gay	189	183	191	600	563	.938
Hirschy	185	185	191	600	561	.935
Elliott	184	187	189	600	560	.933
Marshall	187	182	182	600	551	.918
Fulford	187	181	174	600	542	.906
Parker	163	172	194	600	529	.881
Campbell	175	168	177	600	520	.866
Shepardson	180	168	170	600	518	.863
Hallowell	174	172	172	600	518	.863
Haywood	177	170	169	600	516	.860
Chase	159	171	161	600	491	.818
Courtney	165	150	171	600	486	.810
Pierce	132	156	164	600	452	.753

Target Championship Postponed.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—I have just received notice from Mr. W. R. Crosby that his match with Mr. Fred Gilbert for the E. C cup, originally fixed for this date, has been postponed until Saturday next, Nov. 4, at 2 P. M. The change has been made to accommodate Mr. Gilbert, as he found it impossible for him to arrive at Batavia in time for him to shoot the match on an earlier date.

EDWARD BANKS,
Sec'y The American E C & Schultze Gunpowder Co., Ltd.

The natives of Kottiar are in the habit of digging every year in the summer-dry banks of the Vergel River for fish, which they dig out by hundreds, just as they would potatoes. The mud lumps are broken open, and the fish, perhaps 8in. or 10in. long, will always be found alive and often frisky, as if just removed from its supposedly native element—water. In the dry bed of several African rivers a similar practice is often pursued. A kind of mud fish buries itself while the bottom is still moist and remains there all the summer, waking up when the rains commence again.—Fishing Gazette.

Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

THE sixth regular team shoot and tournament of the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League was held Oct. 21, on the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club, at Wissinoming, Pa. The seventh and final shoot of this series will be shot later in November.

In the team match the conditions were 25 targets per man, handicaps added to the score. The Silver Lake Gun Club's score of 82 was limited to the possible 75, thus tieing with the Florists' Gun Club. The scores:

Silver Lake G. C. Team No. 1.	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
O'Brien	23	2	25
Winchester	23	7	30
Edwards	22	5	27
	68	14	82
Florists' G. C. Team No. 1.			
Harris	19	10	29
Westcott	17	6	23
Dorp	18	5	23
	54	21	75
Southwark G. C. Team No. 2.			
Fisher	17	4	21
Ford	21	5	26
Burt	18	9	27
	56	18	74
Florists' G. C. Team No. 2.			
Smith	14	8	22
Bell	19	9	28
Webster	14	10	24
	47	27	74
Clearview Gun Club.			
Fisher	17	3	20
Urian	19	5	24
	53	11	64

Glenwillow G. C. Team No. 1.	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Pepper	20	6	26
Morison	8	11	19
Kirk	19	8	27
	47	25	72
Silver Lake G. C. Team No. 2.			
Reed	18	5	23
Peden	18	6	24
McAfee	20	3	23
	56	14	70
Glenwillow G. C. Team No. 2.			
Cowan	16	4	20
McFalls	18	4	22
Free	19	7	26
	53	15	68
Independent G. C.			
Longnecker	17	5	22
Franklin	22	3	25
Ridge	16	3	19
	55	11	66
Clearview Gun Club.			
Miller	17	3	20
	53	11	64

The six contests of the series result in the standing of the teams as follows:

Silver Lake No. 1	9	5	10	6	10	10	50
Glenwillow No. 1	9	5	10	8	8	8	48
Independent	10	6	10	8	8	5	47
Florists' No. 1	6	5	9	9	7	10	46
Southwark No. 2	3	10	6	8	10	9	46
Silver Lake No. 2	6	3	10	10	9	7	46
Florists' No. 2	5	5	10	4	..	9	36
Glenwillow No. 2	5	7	10	..	6	6	34
Clearview	2	10	10	3	..	4	29

In the individual match the conditions were 30 targets per man, 15 known and 15 unknown angles, handicap added to the score:

	K. A.	U. A.	Hdcp.	Total.
Edwards	12	12	6	30
Ridge	10	12	8	30
H Fisher	13	13	4	30
Burt	13	5	12	30
Ford	13	7	10	30
Felix	11	12	7	30
Winchester	12	15	3	30
Franklin	12	15	7	30
Puff	9	11	9	29
McFalls	10	10	9	29
O'Brien	15	11	2	28
Smith	10	10	7	27
Landis	13	12	2	27
J Fisher	10	9	8	27
Redifer	12	11	3	26
Miller	8	5	12	25
Morison	9	4	9	22
Longnecker	11	7	3	21

In the six individual matches of the series of seven the standing of the contestants follows:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	Total.
H Fisher	30	30	25	30	30	30	175
O'Brien	30	27	30	27	30	30	174
Ridge	30	30	30	30	21	30	171
Edwards	28	30	30	25	27	30	170
Felix	30	29	22	30	29	30	170
Winchester	30	22	30	28	28	30	168
Franklin	29	30	26	23	29	30	167
Longnecker	30	30	28	28	30	21	167
McFalls	30	28	28	22	29	29	166
Redifer	28	27	24	30	30	26	165
Ford	27	29	28	30	18	30	162
Puff	27	26	26	24	30	30	162
J Fisher	25	30	24	27	28	27	161
Burt	30	23	26	29	21	30	159
Smith	22	30	22	30	26	27	157
Morison	17	30	30	19	30	22	148
Landis	30	30	29	..	30	27	146
De Houpt	30	28	27	30	29	..	144
Life	29	26	29	26	29	..	139
George	30	22	23	30	26	..	131
Senat	18	30	30	30	22	..	130
Miller	27	28	30	19	..	25	129

The six highest scores of the seven will count in the decision for a place.

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	10	15	25	10
R G C	14	..	..	13	..	..
Longnecker	14	..	..	..	..	..
Edwards	13	..	..	..	..	..
Ridge	13	14	..	11	18	..
Van Loon	9	..	..	..	..	..
H Fisher	9	..	..	..	..	..
Harris	..	11	5	8	20	5
Wescott	..	7	6	7	14	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	10	15	25	10
Dorp	..	10	6	8	17	7
Webster	..	6	7	10	..	8
Bell	..	13	8	13	23	8
Franklin	..	..	7	..	..	..
Freer	..	..	..	8	..	..
McFalls	..	..	..	10	21	..
Peden	..	..	..	13	..	..

Trap Around Reading.

PHŒNIXVILLE, Pa., Oct. 27.—The West Chester Gun Club, of West Chester, Pa., and the Phœnix Gun Club, of this city, met to-day over the traps of the Phœnix Gun Club in the third and final shoot of a series of interclub shoots for the championship of Chester county. Fully 250 people were present when the match began, and were treated to a fine, exciting contest, as the match was not fully decided until the last shot was fired, and then it was not satisfactory to either side, as Phœnix claim they won according to their score book by the score of 229 to 227, while West Chester's score book shows a victory for West Chester by 1 bird over Phœnix. After a short talk among the shooters the majority favored calling the match a darw and shooting another match, to decide the championship at West Chester, as each club has won a match. The conditions were twelve men per team, each man shooting at 25 targets over the magautrap. Pehlert, of Phœnix, and Green, of West Chester, were high scores with 24 broke out of 25.

West Chester, Pa., Oct. 28.—Ford is the winner of the challenge cup of the West Chester Gun Club. But five men were out to shoot to-day. Gill won to-day's match, and tied Peters for second place for the challenge cup. Ford won the cup the greatest number of times. Scores:

Challenge cup event, 25 targets: Gill 23, P. Brinton 18, Ford 18, Morton 14, C. Brinton 22. DUSTER.

Portsmouth Gun Club.

PORTSMOUTH, Va., Oct. 26.—The weekly shoot of the Portsmouth Gun Club resulted as follows:

Events.	1	2	3	4	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	10	15		
Bilisoly	8	14	7	10	50	39
Schooler	7	12	7	10	50	36
Noel	9	11	9	9	50	38
Stewart	9	10	8	12	50	39
Byrd	8	11	8	12	50	39
Butt	8	13	8	14	50	43
Mooney	4	6	4	3	50	17
Redd	10	10	5	11	50	36
Cleaves	7	9	10	11	50	37
Garrett	6	10	5	12	50	33
Ballentine	..	8	3	..	25	11
White	7	11	7	..	35	25
Pierce	4	..	..	..	10	4

WESTERN TRAPS.

Live-Bird Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 28.—We are now well launched on the winter live-bird season, Eureka Gun Club holding its last target shoot to-day. Eureka will shoot live birds at Watson's, splitting dates with Garfield, which shoots on its home grounds, but claiming each Saturday following the Sportsmen's trophy shoots, which fall at Watson's on alternate Fridays. With these two strong clubs shooting, with Garden City and Audubon also in the field, and the big Sportsmen's trophy contests, we will be pretty fairly busy here this winter in live-bird affairs. I regret to state that we have lost a good deal of ginger in this town of late in live-bird matters, and have not seen a good stiff live-bird race for so long that we forget what it would look like. Nor is anything very important in this line on the tapis at present, so it looks as though most of our sport in this regard for a while would be in the form of sweeps, where the shooter expects to go out and pay about so much for his afternoon's fun.

Garfield Gun Club.

Garfield Gun Club held its regular live-bird shoot to-day in spite of weather, which bid fair to be very unpleasant, and had a very good turnout of members. It rained all day to-day up to 12 o'clock, but the weather then grew colder and the rain stopped. The prairies were none too pleasant, but of course the club grounds were comfortable and the shooting really offered no discomforts. The wind was stiffish, from left to right, and the birds were very good, with very few dwellers. The prevailing flights were right quarterers or right quartering incomers. The day being very cloudy, the light grew poor toward evening, and the last events were shot practically in the dark. Messrs. Royce, Stuchlick, Fanning and Splan shot a 5-bird sweep together practically in the dark. Mr. Royce got 4, Mr. Stuchlick 3 and Mr. Splan only 1 bird, but Mr. Fanning surprised everybody by killing 5 straight in the dark and promptly declared himself ready to meet all comers in pigeon races to be shot after 9 o'clock at night. Messrs. Stuchlick, Fanning and Splan were not content to give it up even yet, and they went on shooting till it got so dark that no one could tell whether a bird went out or not. They shot at 15 birds in all and only killed 2 between them, and finally agreed to give it up. In the trophy shoot Dr. Meek and Mr. M. H. Shaw were the only ones to kill 10 straight. Workman and Eaton killed 9, and then came a strong following of 8s. This is the second trophy contest of the season. The following are the scores:

Trophy contest:

Workman	1121101111— 9	Dr Royce	1210121*22— 8
Dr Meek	1111112211—10	W A Jones	1201212120— 8
Kehl	1110022122— 8	Dorman	1*11012121— 8
Dr Shaw	20*1210112— 7	Stevens	0201111221—8
M H Shaw	2222212212—10	Cornelson	21021**221— 7
L Thomas	10000101*2— 4	Bernard	2211120120— 8
J Gardner	2220011112— 8	T Eaton	2211121011— 9
A Hellman	0101000100— 3		

Sweep, 6 birds, $2:

Workman	1*1110	Stevens	221122
Kehl	01002*	Cornelson	1222*2
Dr Shaw	2100w	Barnard	012**2
M H Shaw	212112	Eaton	*21110
Thomas	001102	Stuchlick	211202
Dr Royce	*02210	Gardner	210*11
Jones	*10111	Fanning	112212
Dorman	*111*2	Splan	002022

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Oct. 28.—This was not a perfect day for shooting The sky was thickly overcast with clouds, and a strong, cold breeze kept the targets down. Notwithstanding this, the scores were very good.

The prizes for the summer trophy were on exhibition at the club house, and also the Mussey cup.

The club allowed the winners of the trophy shoot to choose their own rewards. They chose as follows:

Mr. F. P. Stannard, who won Class A on 23, 24, 24, 24, 24, 23, 23, 24, 22, 23, or 234 out of 250, an average of .904, chose a set of Rogers Bros. silver tableware.

Mr. R. B. Miller, who won Class B on 22, 23, 22, 20, 22, 20, 22, 25, 24, 20, or 220 out of 250, an average of .880, chose a pair of field glasses and a set of gold cuff buttons.

Mr. R. B. Carson, with 20, 21, 18, 19, 19, 22, 20, 19, 17, 18, or 193 out of 250, an average of .772, in Class C, chose a diamond set locket.

Mrs. Carson, who won Class D, with 18, 21, 19, 20, 18, 21, 19, 22, 18, 19, or 195 out of 250, an average of .800, also chose a jeweled locket.

There were only twelve members present to-day, the majority of this flourishing club being out of the city in the field.

Mrs. Carson was rather disappointed at the scores she made to-day, thinking it did not do her credit, as having won in the trophy shoot. Following are the scores:

Team shoot:

Antoine	00110111111110111111011111—20
Stannard	11111111111101111111111111—24
Bennett	01101110111010101000011111—15
R B Mack	10001001110001110111100001—13
Mitchell	11110111100010010000001101—13—85
Dr Miller	11110111111111111111111111—24
Adams	10001111110100111010111001—15
Lovell	11000001100110011111111111—16
Sundermeier	01000010100001111101011110—12
Mrs Carson	11000101011010001111111111—16—83

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

F P Stannard	11111111111101111111011111—23
Mrs Carson	00101110000001011111101111—14
Bennett	10110111111111111111100001—19
J G Lovell	11011010101011111010101111—17
Dr Miller	01110111100111111111111111—21
Dr Morton	11001000001010010011000011—10
A W Adams	01111000110011011111111110—17
Sundermeier	10110000110110100100111000—11
R B Mack	10111011100111101111111101—19
C Antoine	11100111111111111111011111—22
Mitchell	11101010010001010110101010—13

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	Events:	1	2
Targets:	25	25	Targets:	25	25
F P Stannard	23	22	Dr Morton	19	15
Mrs Carson	13	11	Dr Miller	..	14
Bennett	18	12	C Antoine	..	19
Lovell	17	13	Mitchell	..	13
Sundermeier	12	13	Mack	..	12

FRANK J. BAUM.

Trap at Baltimore.

AT Prospect Park, Baltimore, Md., on Oct. 23, the annual tournament of the Prospect Park Shooting Association was held, the attendance being light. The day's programme called for 195 targets, to which there was added $10. Mr. Hood Waters was high average for the day with 184, Mr. James Malone second with 179, and Mr. A. H. Fox and Dominie tied on 178, for which the high average money, $10, was divided into $5 to first, $3 to second and $2 to third. In the following scores the figures after the names denote the handicaps:

Targets:	15	20	25	15	20	25	15	20	25	15
Fox, 18	15	19	24	12	16	23	15	18	22	14
Leland, 16	15	19	22	15	12	19	13	16	20	14
Malone, 18	13	17	21	14	17	24	15	19	24	15
Waters, 18	14	19	22	15	20	25	14	18	23	14
Dominie, 18	14	15	24	14	20	24	14	18	22	13
Darling, 14	12	15	..	9	9	..	..	..	..	..
Freimuth, 16	12	17	21	13	15	18	10	14	19	11
Regester, 14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pentz, 14	11	18	19	12	16	22	15	17	20	11
Jack, 14	..	..	18	5	11	18	8	..	17	10
Phelps, 14	..	..	18	15	9	21	11	18	18	13
Kroh, 14	..	..	..	..	12	21	13	19	25	15
Prospect, 14	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	17	19	13

"You referred to your friend as a dead game sportsman?"

"Yes; he always buys his birds in the market house. Dead game is his specialty."—Washington Star.

IN NEW JERSEY.

East Side Gun Club

Newark, N. J., Oct. 26.—The East Side Gun Club's regular club shoot was held on the grounds of Smith Brothers, Newark, to-day. The weather was more like that of August, being warm, clear and still, the absence of wind and warmth favoring the shooters. The birds were fairly good, the conditions considered.

C. W. Feigenspan in Class A and W. J. Ferguson, Jr., in Class B were first in their respective classes with 10 straight, while Dr. Davis was first in Class C with 9, losing one dead out of bounds:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Class A, 29yds.:			
C W Feigenspan	2221212222—10	.....	2222122—7
G H Piercy	2201112112— 9	12*2101—5	2221210—6
W. Hassinger	1211201111— 9	2211012—6	2112222—7
L H Schortemeier	0222222112— 9	.....	*222220—5
F Perment	1110121021— 8	.....	.....
Class B, 27yds.:			
W J Ferguson, Jr	2121121111—10	2222202—6	2222212—7
J Fischer	2211212220— 9	.....	.....
Dr G V Hudson	10101*2111— 7	1122111—7	.....
B Clinchard	2120211010— 7	.....	.....
Dr Mulvanay	0120222110— 7	2021122—6	2211112—7
Class C, 25yds.:			
Dr Davis	1*21121222— 9	.....	.....
C Wagner	1101211101— 8	.....	.....
Guests:			
F A Sinnock, 29	1212222222—10	.....	.....
H Kroger, 29	2202221211— 9	.....	.....
C F Pearsall, 27	2*11020011— 6	1101211—6	.....
H S Croft	.....	112122*—6	.....

No. 1 was the club shoot; No. 2 was at 7 birds, 28yds.; No. 3 was at 7 birds, 28yds.

Miss-and-outs:

	No. 4.	No. 5.		No. 4.	No. 5.
Piercy	20	211*	Schorty	222222	2212
Hassinger	221112	2212	Sinnock	222222	2212
Feigenspan	20	222*			

Walsrode Gun Club.

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 25.—In a 10-target event, magautrap throwing the targets, the following scores were made to-day. Practice event:

Thomas 6, Norton 9, J. Taylor 4, Mickel 7, De Forest 7, Petitt 6, Barwis 3, Grant 2, J. Taylor 8, Norton 7, Britton 2, Smith 7, Grant 6, Petitt 2, Mickel 7, Woolverton 8, Thomas 8, Petitt 3, Norton 9, Harrison 8, Mickel 5, Wilson 5, J. Taylor 5, Barwis 7, De Forrest 8, Grant 9.

Team race:

Norton	1000100100—3	Harrison	1110101111—8
De Forrest	1011011110—7	Thomas	1101011011—7
Mickel	1001011111—7	Woolverton	1100101111—7
Barwis	0101001111—6	J Taylor	1010111100—6
Wilson	0110001011—5	Petitt	1010000101—4
Britton	0101001110—5—33	Grant	1010011001—5—37

Twenty-five-bird race:

Norton	1111101111111111111110111—23
Thomas	1010111011111101110111111—20
Harrison	1011110101011011111011111—19

Twenty singles:

De Forrest	0111101010111010010—11
J Taylor	1011010111111011110—15
Petitt	1000111001110101011—11
Wilson	1100101001100110010—10

Race against score; 12 doubles:

Norton	11211 11 11 11 11 01 11 11 11 01 11—22

Trap at Lakewood.

Lakewood, N. J., Oct. 25.—On the Lakewood shooting grounds to-day, in a sweepstake at 25 targets, the following scores were made:

E Murphy	1011111111111110111011111—22
W L Bull	1111111110111011011111011—21
R Parker	1111111100001111111111110—20

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 28.—As the field shooting is in full blast the attendance at to-day's shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club was not so large as usual. However, we can hold our own with any club in this section of the country.

The main contest of to-day was the fourth monthly shoot for the Grand American Handicap free entry, and there were seven competitors. Hopkins and Lane scored the limit, 10 points. The light was excellent when the first 25 targets of the 50 were shot. As the second 25 were started the sky became suddenly darkly overcast, and the light then was very bad.

Two team shoots were shot between Dr. Gardiner and B. Waters on the one side and Dr. Webber and G. Remsen on the other. Each man shot at 50 targets.

First contest—Gardiner and Waters 45, Webber and Remsen 34.

Second contest—Gardiner and Waters 41, Webber and Remsen 37.

A team match was then shot between Dr. Webber and Waters on one side against Dr. Gardiner and Remsen, the latter winning by a score of 39 to 37.

The G. A. H. contest resulted as follows:

*Waters	1111111011111111111111110—23
	1110001111111011010101101—17—40
Gardiner, 4	1011111111011101111111001—20
	1111000101011111111111011—19—43
Webber, 5	1111111111110011100111011—20
	1111011101101111011011111—20—45
Remsen, 5	1111111101111011111011100—20
	1111001000111111011101101—17—42
Lane, 14	1011111011100001111110101—17
	1111111111111010110011101—20—50
Smith, 8	1110111111111111111110111—23
	0111101110110111111000001—16—47
Amend, 2	1001111111111101011111111—21
	1111101011111111111111111—23—46
W Hopkins, 6	1111111111111111111111111—25
	1111100111011111111101101—20—50

*For targets only.

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	6
Targets:	25	15	10	15	25
Waters	20	11	7	13	24
Gardiner	21	13	8	11	21
Wright	19	9	..	..	..
Lane	..	..	7	..	..
Dr Webber	..	..	7	12	17
Meeker	..	..	..	2	8
Remsen	..	..	..	15	21

Events:	1	2	3	4	6
Targets:	25	15	10	15	25
Lincoln	..	..	..	7	..
Wright	..	..	..	8	..
W Hopkins	..	..	..	11	..
Charles	..	..	..	8	14
David	..	..	..	..	13
Brygham	..	..	..	..	13

Lakewood Shooting.

LAKEWOOD CITY, Oct. 20.—Event No. 1, 50 clay birds, magautrap:

B Empson	1111111110111111111111111—24
	1111111011011111111111110—22—46
R Parker	1111110111111111111111001—22
	1111111111111110001111111—22—44

Answers to Correspondents

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

BLACK BASS STOCK.—Fayetteville, N. C.—I wish to secure some small-mouth black bass and rainbow trout for my fish pond, and write to ask if you will kindly give me names of a few persons having them for sale, as I know of none. Ans.—We do not know who can supply the bass. This note may draw out the information. The following breeders of brook trout may possibly supply the rainbow trout: Brookdale Trout Co., Kingston, Mass.; Plymouth Rock Trout Co., Plymouth, Mass., or the Crystal Spring Trout Farm, South Wareham, Mass.



Supplement to Forest and Stream.

A COUNTRY ROAD.

Drawn for Forest and Stream by W. P. Davison.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 20 No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The Forest and Stream Platform Plank.

"*The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons.*"
—FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1894.

"SAM'S BOY."

IN our issue of Dec. 2 will be begun the publication of a new series of "Danvis" chapters by Rowland E. Robinson, telling how Sam Lovel's boy acquired the "art of being a boy."

BRITISH FOX HUNTING.

A REVIEW of the fox hunting situation in England, with a list of hunts, towns convenient to the hunting grounds, the number of couples of hounds kept by each hunt, their masters, huntsmen, whips, kennels, hunting days, etc., published in a recent number of the London *Field*, shows that the so-called "sport of kings" is in a gratifyingly sound and flourishing condition. Few American sportsmen have any adequate conception of the magnitude of the fox hunting interests in England, of the vast sums of money expended in maintaining them, and of the general agreement everywhere there as to what constitutes the ethics of the sport. Old family packs, which have been kept up to a high standard of efficiency through many generations, are still preserved intact, and a number of new packs have been established. In the readjustments for the present year, such vacancies as have occurred in the masterships have been promptly filled, there always being others ready and competent to take the place of those who retired.

Some of the fox hunting statistics will give a partial idea of the magnitude of the sport in Great Britain at the present day. Of stag hounds, there are in England 487 couples, and of these the Devon and Somerset Hunt have fifty couples, the greatest number used by one hunt. The master of them is the Earl of Coventry. To Ireland 111 are credited; while Scotland has none.

In foxhounds the greatest numerical strength appears, there being 6,215 couples owned by the different hunts in England, and of these the Blackmore Vale Hunt leads in the number owned, ninety couples being credited to it. Scotland has relatively the insignificant number of 365 couples, fifty-seven of which belong to the hunt of the Duke of Buccleugh. Ireland has 895 couples, the Meath Hunt owning the greatest number of couples—sixty-four.

Harriers are also strong in numbers, but they vary a great deal in size and "sortiness," as a general resemblance in type and breed characteristics is termed. They are classified as Stud Book, cross-bred, pure, modern, Welsh, mixed and old English harriers, and dwarf fox hounds and Southern cross, harriers with fox hound cross, harriers and beagle cross, black and tan and Old Southern, harriers and small fox hounds, the extreme variation in height of the packs enumerated being from sixteen to twenty-eight inches. Of this very variable lot, classed as harriers, England has 2,025 couples; Scotland, the small number of sixty-seven couples; and Ireland has 391 couples.

As to beagles, they seemingly are out of favor in Ireland and Scotland, no packs being credited to those countries, though England has of them 746 couples.

Thus the list gives the large total of 11,302 couples of all kinds of hounds used in packs, and affords data from which to gain an idea of the magnitude of the fox hunting interests which are maintained by the sportsmen of Great Britain. These packs are hunted from two to four days a week in proper season, as a general rule, and this in turn necessitates the maintenance of large stables of horses to properly mount the master, huntsmen and whips of the various packs. Frequently, when hunting, one or two horses are held in reserve for them. Many such stables have from fifty to one hundred horses.

A notable feature of the sport is the sustained and enthusiastic interest and active participation in it by its devotees from youth to advanced age. The passing of the years neither lessens their hunting ardor nor impairs their stamina and dash in the difficult cross country riding after the swift hounds. A case in point, one of many, is that of Mr. John Crozier, Master of the Blencathra Hunt at present, as he has been for the last sixty years, he succeeding his father as Master in 1839; at his age, men are more prone to the telling of what they have done than to be up and doing with the best in the activities of sport.

Wire fencing in a number of sections of Great Britain offers a serious modern problem for the hunters, for it interferes to a serious extent with the riding and best enjoyment of the sport. A long purse, however, is a great aid in such matters, and it is suggested that the hunts pay for the taking down of the wire fences in the fall and the putting up of them in the spring. There is less of friction between farmer and hunter in England than there is between the same classes in America, though when crops are ridden over in the former country, which is not a common incident, there is likely to be dissatisfaction at the act. Still no class is more opposed to unnecessary damage to the farmers' interests than are the hunters themselves.

The foregoing will give the American fox hunter a general idea of the high degree to which fox hunting is organized and specialized in Great Britain, and the distinct manner in which it is conducted as compared with fox hunting in America. From the breeding and weeding out of the packs with a view to secure good voice, uniform speed and "sortiness," to the breeding of hunters which are weight carriers, jumpers and good runners, every detail of it has strict attention; but while England may surpass America in the matter of equipment as it pertains to fox hunting, it cannot surpass us in the matter of enjoyment.

A TYPE THAT HAS PASSED.

THE rhyming story concerning old John Nelson, printed in our issue of Oct. 28, recalls a picturesque figure of old times who may have been familiar to many of our Western readers. Whether the story told is actually true or not makes little difference. It might have been, and it is certain that John Nelson bore the reputation, which he deserved, of taking great delight in imposing on people. Even now it is difficult to restrain a smile when we recall one of his methods for astonishing those who did not know him well. He would appear to be seized with a violent fit of coughing, which would end by his blowing from one of his nostrils a bullet, and as he picked this up from the grond and held it in his fingers, looking at it, he would gravely tell the bystander that this ball had been in his head since 1856. Those who had much association with him have seen him produce that bullet in just that way a dozen times.

John Nelson was an old-timer and probably was on the plains nearly twenty years before the coming of the railroad. His wife was an Ogallala Sioux woman, and his children probably now live on the Pine Ridge reservation. He was a fairly good example of the old-time mountain man, slightly modified, of course, from the types of which we have examples in those delightful books on the old West written by Ruxton, Garrard, Kendall, Gregg, and later by Parkman.

Most of these old-time mountaineers were mighty men of their hands, reckless, daring, and withal so trained in the outdoor life of mountain and plain that they were as crafty as the panther and as astute as the savage. In their dealings among themselves and with their employers they were usually honest and honorable, but they possessed a keen sense of humor and delighted in "fooling" the pilgrim, whose newness to the West made him incredulous concerning many strange matters which to them were commonplace, and whose thirst for information led him to ask what they termed "fool" questions.

Old Jim Bridger was typical of this class, and perhaps the best known; another was Kit Carson, who received so much newspaper notoriety; but neither of these was any better equipped for living his life than hundreds of others whose names have seldom or never been heard of. Another contemporary of Bridger, who recently died, and was as good if not a better man, was old Jim Baker, who passed his last days on Snake River, in northwestarn Colorado.

Many of the mountaineers devoted the earlier years of their life in the far West to trapping the beaver. Later, when the beaver became scarce and its fur ceased to be fashionable, they developed an adaptability in other directions. Some became guides and scouts at army posts, leading through unknown regions small bodies of troops engaged in mapping new territory, or guiding and scouting for other commands of troops in the Indian wars of the times. Others still took service with the different traders, who had already pushed their stores far out into the Indian country, and collected furs for their employers. Loading with trade goods his wagon hauled by bulls, and taking with him his Indian wife and children, the solitary trader journeyed over the country in search of the camps of friendly Indians. When he entered such a camp, he took up his residence with some chief or principal man, and from his lodge traded his goods for robes and furs or dried meat. The lives of these wandering traders were full of incident, yet very little concerning them has a place in literature. Even the fact that they once existed as a considerable class has been forgotten, if it was ever known. Yet their doings are truly a part of the history of the old West, and for that reason deserve to be recorded, though indeed it is now almost too late to gather from original sources the material for such a volume. Perhaps some of this history may find a place in the promised volume of Mr. Ripley Hitchcock's "Story of the West," which is to be devoted to the trapper.

Of the men who took part in that old life, which to commonplace dwellers in the East, and in the present West, for that matter, would now seem so marvelous if the half of it could be told, a few of those still living may be recalled by name. Old Bill Hamilton was recently living on the Stillwater, in Montana; John Baker, a brother of Jim, lives, or did very recently, on Snake River, in northern Colorado; Wm. Rowland, who was with Gen. Stansbury when he surveyed the Great Salt Lake about 1850, lives on the Muddy, in Montana; Henry Choquette, employed by the American Fur Company on the upper Missouri River in 1844, and John Monroe, who was reared in the Piegan camp, live in northwestern Montana. A few others of more recent date occur to us, but they are very few.

When it is remembered that the old-time West disappeared forever twenty years ago, it is not strange that but few of its heroes are left alive to-day. Their lives were full of danger and hardship, yet though frequently engaged in fights with the Indians, and even sometimes quarreling among themselves, these dangers did less to thin their ranks than hardship and exposure, which oftentimes shortened their lives and caused their death at a comparatively early age. The period at which they chiefly flourished was from 1835 to 1860, and to-day one may count almost on the fingers of one hand the men of his acquaintance who yet survive from that period. Even these are growing old and in the natural course of events must soon pass away. When the last of them shall be gone, the sole living links which bind the present to that heroic past will have been broken, and the prowess of the men of those ancient days will be but a memory indeed.

SNAP SHOTS.

A fact of exceeding interest in its bearing on fishculture and the restocking of exhausted rivers is the appearance of salmon in considerable numbers in rivers running into Lake Ontario from the south. Persons whose memories go back forty or fifty years recollect distinctly when salmon were more or less abundant in the Salmon, the Oswego and other rivers which they ascended to spawn. The building of dams destroyed the salmon fisheries. At very rare intervals within the past twenty-five years an occasional salmon has been taken by the net fishermen in Lake Ontario, but within that time such a thing as a run of salmon in any of these streams has been absolutely unknown. Nevertheless, for some days past large numbers of salmon have been seen jumping and playing in Salmon River, in Oswego county, N. Y. The fish are seen below the dam at the Box desk works, and are stopped by this dam, which they constantly try to ascend. A number have been caught and are said to weigh from eight to ten pounds. An effort will be made to make some changes in the dam, which it is hoped will permit the fish to ascend. The appearance of these fish should afford great encouragement to those interested in restocking our old salmon streams. It will be very interesting to know from what plant these came.

Charles F. Imbrie, of the firm of Abbey & Imbrie, died at his home in this city, last Friday, Nov. 3, aged fifty-one years. Mr. Imbrie had an acquaintance with anglers the country over, and the announcement of his death will be received with widespread regret. In business life he was known as an energetic and successful man, with varied interests; and his many-sidedness is well illustrated by the fact that he found recreation in such diverse fields as the practice of angling and the study of political economy.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Palolo Anniversary.

JUST about this time the ardent sportsman will be reckoning up the days and the stars and the blossoms of the trees according to a legendary schedule in order to determine the coming of the Palolo—that is, if he is a South Pacific sportsman. There is a close season on palolo. The open season lasts less than three hours in the year, and no one ever took palolo out of season. It is not that the primitive islanders of the South Sea have any game laws, nor if they had any would they be at all likely to observe them. Nature herself regulates the preservation of this game. When the close season is on the palolo is shut up in a box as tight as a drum, and the very keenest search fails to disclose a single specimen in the reef pools, which at the appointed time will writhe with them. Something like a game law, that is, for it is automatic and self-administering, with no need of game wardens and penalties.

Worms are intimately associated with fishing; in many cases a necessary preliminary. But to go fishing for worms is a novelty in the line of sport, and one for which it is absolutely necessary to go to the uttermost parts of the earth and to be there promptly on time. That is all that the palolo is—a wriggling worm of the sea. But the South Sea people know no greater delicacy. Its coming marks for them the beginning of the year. They travel long distances to reach the reefs where the palolo is known to come, and more than one savage battle has arisen because access to a favorite reef has been forbidden by earlier comers.

The habitat of the palolo is restricted to the South Pacific and to a circumscribed area within the torrid zone. It is unknown outside of certain coral reefs in the three central archipelagoes of Samoa, Fiji and Tonga. Even within its area the worm is by no means widely distributed, for it is only certain narrow strips of coral reef which afford a home for the animal. Thus on the whole of the north coast of Upolu there is only one strip of the fringing reef, less than half a mile in length, where the worm is ever found. The line of separation is drawn as sharply as though by a wall; but the most careful examination of the reef corals reveals no apparent distinctive difference which might account for this phenomenon on the score of difference of surroundings. Furthermore, the coral beds in which palolo are known to thrive present the most wide differences among themselves in the matter of the genera of corallines and corals that form the reef. It is a mystery, but where all connected with the life history of the animal is so mysterious one additional puzzle makes little difference.

This South Sea worm has taken its place in systematic zoology, and may be found in the larger cabinets, with its double Latin name attached. Gray, the English zoologist, identified the worm from preserved specimens, placed it among the annelids, and erected for it a special class, *Corallicolæ*, in which it is represented by the unique genus and species *Palolo viridis*. That does all very well for systematic purposes of science. When it comes to the life history of the worm the primitive savages of the islands may be in dense ignorance of its scientific name and place in the scale of nature, but they know the really essential point of when and where and how to get the worm, and biology as yet knows no more, if so much. This account of the palolo is derived from personal observation and from careful talk with the oldest Samoans, who yet retain the knowledge that belonged to their race before the white people came upsetting things in general.

The most striking of the mysteries of the palolo is its period. Other animals know no calendar; the palolo keeps account of time, and makes its appearance with strict attention to schedule. For a small part of just one day in the whole year it comes within sight of men and then goes into retirement for another year. There is a mystery that will call for much study how a marine worm can reckon the days and months and never fail to appear at its appointed season.

White people with their calendars compute that the palolo is due at dead low water in the night of the third quarter of the moon nearest the first of November. But as that reckoning involves both the solar and the lunar months it is apparent that it will be bringing the palolo earlier and earlier each year. But the palolo does not do any such a thing; it follows its own schedule and adjusts lunations to the sun and to the sidereal year with the utmost precision. The white men have never yet been able to predict when the palolo will apply the correction for the difference between the lunar calendar and the sun's year, and for that reason the calendar computation finds itself sometimes a full lunation ahead of the worm.

The Pacific islanders are wiser. They are very wise indeed in regard to anything to eat, and their computation of the palolo is never known to fail. A very wise old Samoan gives this method of forecasting the single day of this strange fishing: When the aloalo comes into flower with its gorgeous cardinal spikes of bloom on bare branches overhanging the sea; when three other shrubs which it would be hard to identify for any foreigners but the botanists are covered with blossoms; when the trees are putting forth their new shoots, then you may know that the palolo moon is near. Then you scan the heavens for further signs. When the "carrying pole," which is the Belt of Orion, has set; when you can no longer see the constellations known to native astronomy as the Man and the Duck—then you may be sure that the palolo fishing is close at hand. Now you watch for the moon. When you have had the right signs on the trees and in the sky, the moon enables you to fix the exact day of the fishing; the new moon, which follows these signs, is the one on which to reckon, and its third quarter is the time for the mysterious worms to come to the surface.

It is only the very sage Samoans who can forecast from these elements. It is an art now rapidly passing away. The modern islanders, who have lost much of the wisdom of the sky and the forest, keep a careful count of the days since the last palolo. That is a duty of the principal talking man of each village. For his fishing calendar he has a small basket, which is hung out of the way on one of the rafters of his house. For his further provision he has nine black pebbles, nine red and green feathers of the island parrakeet, and three leaves. Each day after the palolo he drops into the basket one of the black pebbles. On the ninth day the last pebble goes into the basket, and on the tenth day all the pebbles are turned out and a feather put in their place. Thus a feather is put into the basket every tenth day, as reckoned in the interval by the pebbles. On the hundredth day he turns out nine feathers and nine black pebbles and puts a leaf in their place to denote a hundred. When the basket holds three leaves, five feathers and four pebbles the palolo is due next morning. This interval of 354 days is good for two years. On the third it is necessary to reckon 384 since the last palolo fishing.

These are the methods by which white and savage men keep the reckoning. How the worm itself down deep in the coral knows when its one day has come around, what force of nature brings it up to spawn on that day, and no other, is a mystery all unsolved.

The worm is of about the girth of a thick twine. Its length is much dependent on circumstances, for it is very fragile, and drops asunder at the joints when caught, so that it is difficult to estimate what the original length was. Specimens which have been carefully floated out have measured more than 30in. Whether long or short, the girth of the animal seems constant. Museum specimens are invariably in fragments, and therefore are of no assistance in determining this point.

The head of the palolo is involved in considerable doubt. Gray, who established the place of the animal in zoology, pictures its head as marked with three spines, of which the central one is a little the longest, the three being arranged like a trident projecting forward from the top of the head; eyes are represented at the base of the spines; behind the spines is an oval depression, into which projects backward a short spine. This seems to be a mistake of some sort, for careful observation has failed to show a living palolo with a head corresponding with that description. Really the head of the worm is a blunt termination and distinguished from the other segments only by its greater length and the absence of the lateral bristles. The rings of the body are flattened out into a slight keel at each side, and on these keels each segment has a bunch of bristles at each side, apparently for use in swimming. There is a breathing hole in the middle of each segment, the series showing as a line of dark dots along the worm from tip to tail. The last six segments taper down to the tail, which is ornamented with two long and two short spines. The males are white or reddish; the females range from dark green to black.

If this were all there is to the palolo it would amount to no more than a curiosity of zoology. The South Sea Islanders, however, have neither knowledge nor care for these details and problems. To them the sea worm is the raw material for such a gorge as is dear to the savage nature.

When the white men's calendar and the count of leaves and red feathers and black pebbles and the wisdom of the stars and the blossoms all agree that palolo day is at hand, the Samoans who live on beaches where the worm does not rise paddle off to visit more highly favored communities. Very few come to Apia, for its fishery is but small, and there is not room for a hundred canoes in the pools of its scanty half-mile of productive reef. In Savaii there is an abundance of the delicacy, and on the south coast of Upolu there are famous fisheries.

The night before Palolo it is just as well to go to bed early, for it is going to be an early start in the morning. The Samoans go promptly to sleep, with the exception of one detailed to keep the watch. At 3 o'clock his shout rings out as he calls the rapidly falling tide and the rising into view of the coral patches, for the moon at its last quarter has little power to illuminate, and does no more than make ghosts and phantoms of things seen. The signal is passed from house to house, until the village is fairly ringing with glad acclamation. Each Samoan brings his paddle from the house with him, the canoes are drawn up in line beneath the cocoanuts at the edge of the beach and the launching is simple. Little time is lost in getting under way, and the fleet heads out directly for the well-known fishing ground. Samoan canoes draw little, and if only there is as much as 6in. of water it will serve as a channel. Thus the fishers edge themselves into pools within the reef, where they hope to find a bounteous supply. And still the tide goes out as if it were never to come back, and more and more of the reef appears on every side. Some have made a miscalculation. Instead of being in a pool they find themselves high and dry on the coral, with the tide still falling. Then they must carry the canoe from pool to pool in search of water to float it, and all the while their friends are jeering them. It is a noisy gathering. If they are not poking fun at the unfortunate or scolding those who trespass on some favored pool they are at least singing. And still the tide goes out.

Only a few feet away are the seaward breakers. Steadily the great waves sweep in relentlessly from the sea. They comb over and beat in thunder and tumult on the coral wall. The air is filled with their salt spume; yet not a ripple passes the barrier to disturb the fishing fleet under the protection of the great wall of the barrier reef. The thin edge of the moon is riding higher, but the pallid light, which makes even the brown faces seem green, is not from the moon; it is the blanching eastern sky that goes before the dawn. The pools grow smaller and smaller, and the struggle grows greater to get within some pool and not be left behind on the coral as the tide goes out. But now the older men shout for silence, and the command of the aged has weight with these skylarking savages. The old men are scanning the surface of the pools, and now and then they sweep with their nets. The tide goes out no more—no more of the reef darkens the surface; it is slack water. It is now but a question of moments until the worms come forth.

There is only one sort of net that is any good for palolo—a piece of mosquito netting drawn over a forked twig or a looped bamboo and of about the size of a pocket handkerchief. With this the surface is skimmed, and the water can flow off sufficiently rapidly to preserve the worm in large pieces if not entire.

It is dead low water. The tide must surely turn this very minute. There is no wind at that time of day. The dawn calm broods over the sea. Not a ripple shimmers the water. There is not a sign anywhere of living thing in that water. You can feel the tension of the scene, and though it is your first palolo fishing, there is a contagion in the enthusiasm of those about you. You strain your eyes at the surface of your pool and sweep it with your net. Lucky if you are not cheated by some dark twig of coral, to the destruction of your net. There is not a living thing in that water, and you feel the chill of the summer morning and wish that you had not come. All at once, and at once from every side of you, you hear the shout, "Ta palolo! U-U-U! Ta palolo!" ("Struck palolo! Oh, ho! Struck palolo!")

You feel like paddling to see the find, forgetful that the tide has locked you in your own pool and that you have not Samoan feet to run unhurt over the jagged coral. All of a sudden you bethink yourself to look at your own pool, bare as you knew it to be. Bare? did you say? Why, it's fairly alive with masses floating up from the coral grove over which you are poised. You sweep your net and find that you have a bunch of wrigglers in it. Details are impossible in the obscurity, but you are moved to raise the Samoan cry, and on your own account you shout, "Ta, palolo!" Better rest content at that, for it is only long years in the South Sea can teach the way to give the rest of the call. Now, never mind the shouting—scoop! Palolo comes but once a year—scoop! Don't discourse to anybody about the zoological mysteries, but scoop. Fill your bucket with the worms and let them writhe and wriggle while you scoop more to bear them company. Scoop as fast as you may, the same spot yields just as many worms, no matter how quickly you can get your net cleared. This lasts for about half an hour; certainly not longer. That is, it takes the worms that length of time to get clear of their coral nests. After that time you can scoop your pool quite clear and no more will come into view. If left to themselves in the pool the worms remain on the surface between one and two hours in a living scum. Then they sink to the bottom and are lost to sight in the tangle of the coral before the sun rises, all the islanders being convinced that the first ray of sunlight kills any belated worm.

While you are scooping you will make your first essay at tasting the savage delicacy. It may well be said that the eating of worms is an acquired taste, and it is just as well to make the first experiments under the cover of darkness. At any rate, you have carefully picked out one of the least of these worms, my brethren, and have inserted it gingerly over the lips. To your surprise—and most likely to your disappointment—everything seems just as it was before. You taste nothing beside a little salt water, and there is no fierce lashing about of the worm in your mouth and midst, as you have foreboding-ly imagined. But that's not the way to eat palolo. It should be served raw, of course. Sunlight is fatal to palolo, and for that reason the islanders cook only so much of the catch as they find themselves unable to consume before the sun rises. But cooked in leaves, it is coarse, and not at all to be considered. It is like the oyster, and cannot bide the fire. Take a handful of the worms freshly caught, and let the sea drain off; now "scoop" them up and leave the rest to nature. After they have passed the palate, the tongue begins to smack of the flavor that in our knowledge is associated with the sweet scallop, and that's what the palolo tastes of.

Any one can acquire the taste for palolo. But it is not to be recommended, for it's a long and weary way to the South Sea, and it is hardly worth while cultivating a taste that can be appeased only once a year, and that in the gray of the dawn 10,000 miles away.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

The Side-Saddle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Although for feats of horsemanship unfit,
Some things about the saddle I do remember yet."

Therefore please let me suggest that you make the proportionate danger to a woman from a broken saddle girth, as compared with the danger to a man, more than it really is. In either case the rider is mighty apt to get a fall, and how serious the results of that fall will be depends pretty much on how one alights. The only serious accident to any of my family from riding was the breaking of an arm of my son by a fall resulting from a broken girth.

Again, the danger of a woman's skirts being caught by the pommel can be greatly lessened by a strip of elastic from horn to horn, thus making a slide to carry her skirts free, and the open "safety" stirrup often acts well in case of being thrown and prevents her being dragged.

This, however, is all I can think of in mitigation of your condemnation of the side-saddle, and every other consideration is against it. With the best men's saddles (all of English make, I must confess) with the detachable stirrup leathers, I believe it is impossible for a rider to be dragged by a foot, no matter which way he is thrown or which foot is caught in the stirrup iron. At least I have known several cases of a rider being thrown, or his horse falling with him, and in every instance the stirrup leather came off, with the stirrup on the foot. A young girl known to me often rides a small horse of mine, to which she is much attached, and always riding astride; and while she prefers her own western saddle, I have persuaded her to use my English one, just to set my mind at rest about a dragging accident.

But is not riding astride by ladies much more common than your editorial would indicate? I know three young ladies and girls, very well bred, raised in the far West, who always ride thus, and this summer in Northampton, Mass., I several times saw a lady astride of her horse, and I am told that this is not uncommon in Boston. Most certainly there is nothing in the remotest degree immodest about it. The divided skirt is a mystery to me, but I know that in her ordinary skirts a lady can ride astride gracefully and well, with no appearance of either immodesty or ungracefulness; for only a few weeks since I saw a young lady who was driving one of several teams

a driving party, come down from her seat and take the ace of the mounted aide-de-camp who was riding, and me, she looked just as she did when regularly got up r riding. Let any sensible woman once try riding tride, and the vastly superior comfort and convenience that position over hanging on by a side will brace her to a height much above any considerations of "looks," d she will have the safety consideration as a make-ight.

W. WADE.

AKMONT, Pa.

A Boston correspondent, C. H. A., writes:

Your editorial on "The Side-Saddle" is admirable. The le-saddle is a humbug and a senseless thing. In the and Cañon and the mountains of southern California t summer women always rode astride, and no one ever ught of it, except a few novices among the ladies mselves, and presently they had things far more im-rtant and interesting to think of.

The guides won't take them any other way, and are rfectly right. If it be said that to ride astride is very ing to a stout woman, it should be replied that so is rseback riding to such a person anyway. It should be nply the question of whether they want to ride at all not. If we can only ever get womankind to have sense d sand enough to do a few of these obviously sensible ngs! All sensible men just want them to, but they are re afraid of women than of the very evil one.

saw a young lady the other night riding astride on boulevard in Newton, and she had a firm seat and ked more than all right.

The gratifying announcement comes from Cleveland t the Health Protection Association of that city pro-ses a crusade against the side-saddle.

Cruising on the Gulf Coast.

ORT MYERS, Fla., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* e Maud and Kingfisher, cruising yawls, arrived here day at 9:30 A. M. We have been out fourteen days, l nearly every hour has been jib and dandy weather, l so we have made short runs and have left the birds ne. We go from here up the Caloosahatchee and shall to get to Okeechobee; but the insects may head us off. case that happens we will hunt salt water again, and ll events you shall hear from

TARPON.

Natural History.

Careless Ornithology.

SOME one has said that it is better to know a few ngs which are so, than a good many which are not so. would seem as if many who wrote about birds preferred tell us things which are not so, instead of taking the uble to find out whether the things they write are so or . Here are some examples noticed within a few weeks:

From the Phillips Phonograph: "Mr. Holt's camp many mounted specimens of game. In one corner of camp is a very large American eagle which was cap-ed by an old hunter in the upper part of the lake ion. His wings have a spread of 12 feet. He is a e bird."

From the Bangor Commercial: "There is a possible uel to this story in the reported fact that a certain rchant at Manchester Corners caught a young loon or ke driver."

The Outlook of Sept. 30 has this about chimney swifts: n't this a beautiful nest? There are four little speckly, ckly eggs under me."

n a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM one of your tributors, in speaking of the recollections of his boy-od, tells of seeing the fishhawks carrying food to their ing in their beaks.

Now it would have been a very easy matter for these iters to have found out that the eagle very rarely ains the spread of 8 feet; that a loon and a "stake ver" are not only not the same bird, but about as ferent from each other as two birds well can be; that eggs of the chimney swift are always pure white, and t a fishhawk never carries food in its beak, but always its claws.

ohn Burroughs, in the August Century, in one of his rming articles on "Wild Life," in speaking of the ckadee says: "Branch-builders and ground-builders easily accommodated, but the chickadee must find a ity, and a small one at that. The woodpeckers make a ity when a suitable trunk or branch is found, but the ckadee with its small, sharp beak can only smooth and pen one already made." Now any oölogist will tell you t the chickadees can and do make their own holes, just woodpeckers do. While it is possible that in some cases y may avail themselves of some natural cavity to help ttle, still in the many holes I have seen made by them I 've never known one to do this; while I have several es seen woodpeckers pick through to get at a natural low. The fact which Mr. Burroughs states, that their ks are sharp and strong enough to "smooth and pen" a natural cavity, proves that it is fitted to make hole without having any natural hollow to help them. e fact is that they can, and do, make their own holes t as the nuthatches do, and not only do they do this, but the fall they dig the holes to serve for their winter re-at, in quite solid wood, instead of availing themselves woodpeckers' holes and natural cavities.

n the September number of Self Culture, Mr. Oliver vie, in an article entitled "Songs, Habits and Haunts American Birds," in speaking of the bittern, says: ew naturalists indeed have actually seen the bittern gaged in its serenades. I have heard them many a ie, but never saw the bird performing them. A natural-friend of mine, a civil engineer, recently had the good tune to see one of these birds engaged in 'pumping,' having come in easy range of his telescope. I will scribe it as nearly as possible in his own words. After nding in an apparently meditative position for some ie, it would slowly raise its head and stretch out its k until its bill pointed nearly straght upward, when it mmenced by several times opening and shutting its big beak with a snap that was plainly heard, though 500 or 600 feet distant. It then uttered the characteristic notes, and truly it sounds much like pumping."

Having had opportunity to look at one in a trap, as long as I wished, and to see it go through the whole performance within a few feet, I can confidently affirm that the bittern does not make any noise at all with its beak. It does not snap it. If it did any one can see that it would not be possible to snap it so loud as to be heard for 500 or 600 feet. Neither does it stretch its neck straight up when it makes its noise. It crooks the lower part of the neck outward, and points the bill upward as this engineer states. It then makes a kind of hiccoughing noise, like hic, hic, hic, opening its bill each time, but not snapping it. The noise it makes very nearly resembles that made by a person commencing to vomit. After making this noise five or six times it begins its regular booming. When it is making its first noise one can see the feathers of the throat puff slightly, every time it makes the noise; but when it booms its throat seems to be inflated to twice its natural size. While I have never but on this occasion had a fair chance to see the whole performance, I have a great many times, in the evening and night, been so close to them as plainly to hear them hiccoughing, but I do not think it can be often heard over 100 to 200 feet away.

The instances cited above are only a part of those I have noticed in various publications since Aug. 1. It seems quite important that when so much attention is being given to ornithology those who write on such subjects should be sure of their facts before they give them to the public.

H.

New York Zoological Park.

ON Wednesday, Nov. 8, there was opened at Bronx Park, in New York city, the largest zoological gardens in the world. This is the culmination, long delayed, of something like twenty-five years of work by persons in New York who were interested in this subject, and who believed that in New York, if anywhere in the world, a large and complete zoological park should be established. A reference to the files of the FOREST AND STREAM will show as far back as the later '70s editorial articles advocating and urging action such as has been only recently taken.

The new park belongs to the New York Zoological Society, which was incorporated by special act of the Legislature April 26, 1895, with purposes to establish and maintain a zoological garden in the city of New York, to encourage the study of zoology and to furnish instruction and recreation to the people. The act authorized the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund to allot and appropriate for the uses of the society, under certain expressed conditions, any of the lands belonging to the city north of 155th street. As a condition of the grant of land and the maintenance of the collections and the park by the city, the Zoological Society was required to raise $250,000, of which amount $100,000 was to be in hand before the society entered into occupation of the park. This fund was to be expended in the erection of the necessary buildings and inclosures, and in the purchase of collections, as well as for the general purposes of the society, but as stated, the city was to prepare the ground of the park, to maintain it in good order and to bear the expense of caring for the collections.

The society having been incorporated, it was necessary before anything more than its business organization could take place, to determine where its park should be located. In only two or three of the larger parks on the outskirts of the city was there spare room enough for such a collection as was desired, and it was felt that the society must start its gardens in the right way with plenty of room, for when a grant had once been accepted there would be small prospect of its ever being increased.

For the most part the zoological gardens of the world are small. The well-known Zoo of London has an area of 30½ acres; that at Amsterdam of only 25; that of the Société d'Acclimitation at Paris of 50 acres; that at Berlin of 60. In our own country, the Philadelphia Zoo occupies 33 acres, the Cincinnati Zoo 36, while the National Zoological Park at Washington, maintained by the Government, and with an area of 168 acres, has until now been the largest zoological garden in the world. The New York society's park, however, is more than one-half larger, covering 261 acres.

Experts from other cities were invited to come to New York and look over and report on the different parks, and when this had been done, after long consideration and careful study Bronx Park was selected for the location of the gardens. The situation has many advantages. It is adjacent to the Botanical Garden, in North Bronx Park; its topography is diversified, yet it has no steep hills; it is already well wooded with large forest trees; it has passing through it more than one natural water course.

After the ground for the park had been selected, or rather while its process of selection was going on, the board of directors were engaged in the work of raising the money for the fund of $100,000 which was needed before the park could be turned over to them. This was accomplished, the city authorities signified their approval and in due time the land was handed over to them. In July, 1898, ground was broken, and for a time little else was to be seen in the park besides buildings in course of construction. By this autumn, however, order began to be evolved out of what had been chaos, and within the past few weeks the work has gone forward with especially rapid strides. The water and sewerage system, long in process of construction, was at last completed, tested and buried out of sight. Recently the last touches were put on the more important buildings that have been erected. The animals began to arrive a few weeks ago, and the number already received is very large, although of course as yet only a beginning has been made.

As has often been announced, it is the purpose of the society to begin its collections by paying especial attention to North American forms of life, and this has been done up to this time. Thus we find at the park a considerable number of our larger and more striking mammals, and among them those especially interesting to sportsmen. Western game animals are prominent in the collection so far as made.

As is well understood, the two principal entrances to the park are on the east and west sides, the former being approached from the village of Fordham and the latter from West Farms. West Farms is reached, as is explained in the map, by the elevated railroad and trolley road, while the Harlem Railroad brings the visitor from the Grand Central station to Fordham, from which point a ten minutes' walk or a shorter drive takes him to the Fordham entrance. At this entrance a pavilion is erected, and after passing through this, if one keeps to the right the path cuts the deer range in two. To the left is a very pretty group of axis deer from India—a buck, two does and a fawn, all of them spotted with white like the fawn of the Virginia deer, or like a calf elk. To the right is a paddock in which a mule deer buck feeds alone.

If one keeps to the left he passes the large range of the waterfowl, where ducks and geese of various species are to be confined. Within this range are many little islands surrounded by streams, and on the islands are shelters in which the birds may be protected from the weather and where they may breed. South of this is the tremendous flying cage, not yet completed, in which, when the time comes, many large birds such as herons, ibises, flamingoes, snake birds, etc., will be confined. This cage is so large that it completely incloses three considerable forest trees. Just beyond this cage, and to the right, is the bird house, fitted up with cages inside and out. Within the smaller and more delicate birds will be housed, and also in winter many of the species which in summer will occupy the flying cage. The exterior cages will be devoted to the hardy raptorial birds, such as eagles, hawks and owls. The walls of the interior of the bird house are attractively painted with representations of outdoor scenes.

Further along the path, still to the right, comes the moose range, in which are confined a young moose and a young caribou. They are odd, ungainly little creatures. It is hoped that before long their numbers may be added to. South of this range is that devoted to the elk, which contains ten or more fine specimens. There are two magnificent bulls, two young bulls, a calf and five cows. All of them are in fine condition and form a beautiful picture as they feed or rest in their large pasture. East of the elk range are the wolf and fox dens, occupied by a pair of gray wolves, a pair of Russian wolves and others of the smaller *Canidæ*. The Russian wolves are interesting for the differences from the American wolves which they show. This is seen chiefly in the shape of the head, which seems to be much broader and more massive in the European than in our species. East of the southern end of the elk range is the pond for ornamental wildfowl and for certain aquatic carnivores, such as the mink and the otter. Some of the aquatic rodents will perhaps be put here later. South of this pond and extending to the eastward is the antelope range, where are seen five beautiful young animals. A small colony of prairie dogs unconfined is living in the antelope range, and across the path north are the quarters where the prairie dogs are under fence. Further east, and bounded on the east by the Boston Road, is the buffalo range, containing seven fine animals—two old and large bulls, two younger bulls and of cows an old one, a two-year-old and a yearling. They seem in good condition and have their winter coats on. Northwest of the buffalo range and beyond the rocking stone are the bear dens, which seem to be a center of interest for all visitors. Here there are two or three black bears, a grizzly cub, and two supposed grizzly cubs from Alaska. These are all in one den, in which there is abundant room. The next one is occupied by a group of California sea lions, and the next by two fine polar bears, said to be the largest existing in captivity. Although young ones, they are very much larger than any of the other bears here. The sleeping rooms for the bears have the appearance of being hollowed out of the rock. Each inclosure is fitted up with one or more standing trees, and in each there is abundant room for the animals to exercise. North of the bear dens is the large beaver pond, as yet unoccupied. It should form an admirable range for these animals.

Among the other animals to be mentioned are a tiger cub about as large as a half-grown panther, a South American anteater, some monkeys, a peccary and coons, wildcats, badgers, foxes, skunks, woodchucks and many other animals. There are besides not a few birds, many of them of species that the average man never sees very close at hand.

Of all the exhibits in the park, perhaps none will be of such general interest as the reptile house. This is true, not only because snakes and reptiles have an absorbing interest for the average human being, but also for the reason that they are less known and their modes of life less understood than those of mammalian quadrupeds. In the alligator tank, among a lot of good-sized comrades, lies the monster of the house, an alligator more than 12 feet long. Not far away from him in one of the upright wall cases is a python 22 feet long. Ranging down from these giants are lizards, snakes, turtles and batrachians of all sorts and sizes, the total number of specimens here being more than 500 and representing more than fifteen species of turtles, thirty-seven of snakes, eleven of lizards, and fourteen of batrachian. The smaller snakes are shown in small clear glass cases, which are fitted up with earth, rocks, small trees and plants, in close representation of the homes which they naturally inhabit, while the large snakes are in the permanent wall cases, which are very much larger, but are fitted up in the same way. The effect is very beautiful and attractive, and the visitor is greatly impressed by the good judgment that has been shown in the arrangement of the collection.

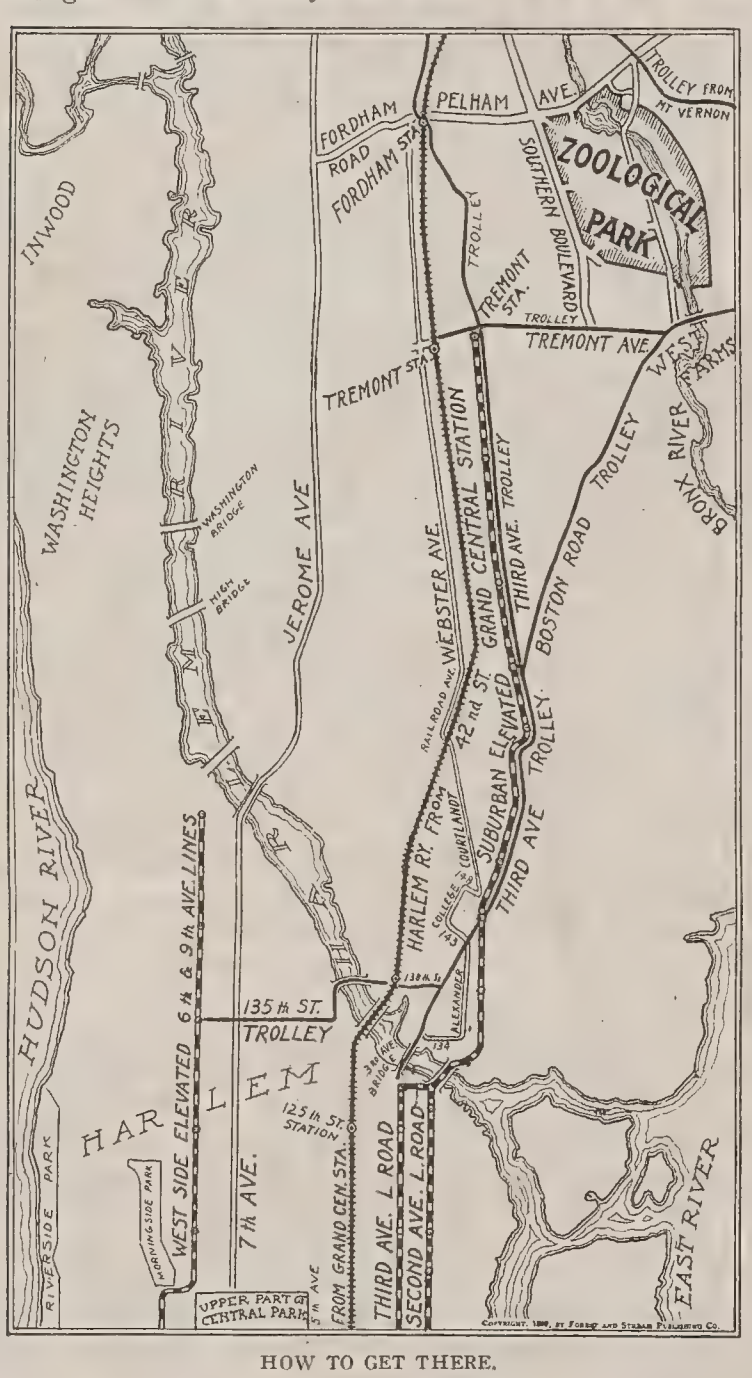
The tank for the turtles is not less interesting. A long tank, perhaps a foot deep and 3 feet wide, bordered on either side by 4 or 5 feet of clean sand, is divided in ten or twelve compartments by gratings in the water, and plate glass divisions above. Old logs lying in the water give the turtles an opportunity to come up on to the sand; plants grow in the sand and in the gravel at the bottom of the tank—in fact, all the surroundings are those of the home of a water turtle. Among the species here represented are two which are very interesting; one is Blanding's tortoise, a form intermediate between the box tortoises and the water turtles, and equally at home on the land or in the water. Another is Muhlenberg's turtle, a small water tortoise with a very limited range, found only in a small area in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Besides

these there are mud turtles, snappers, leatherbacks and other turtles in goodly numbers.

The batrachians are not represented by frogs and toads alone, but there are mud puppies with their bright red gills, an axolotl (*Amblystoma*) of the white form from Mexico, and at least one specimen of *Amphiuma*, or two-toed Congo snake, a curious creature which is of especial interest for its snakelike form with its rudimentary limbs. Adjoining the main hall of the reptile house is a greenhouse fitted up with tropical plants, brought from Florida for this purpose, in which certain heat loving species will be confined. We believe that the reptile house for many visitors will be the prime center of attraction.

The visitors to the opening went to the park on trains leaving the Grand Central station over the Harlem Railroad at 1:35 and 2:15 P. M., and reached the ground half an hour later.

The energy with which the labor of raising the necessary money and of pushing the construction work in the park has been carried on gives a guarantee of the earnestness of the managers of the Zoological Society, and especially of their executive committee. This is no mere temporary effort, but is a serious and well considered plan to give to the first city in America the greatest zoological garden in the world. In this attempt the society is entitled to the support of public opinion, for the garden is for the benefit of the whole public and is not for gain. For five days in each week and on all holi-



HOW TO GET THERE.

days it will be open to all who may care to visit it, and it is not too much to say that as its existence becomes more generally known it will be visited by millions of people, to many of whom it will reveal glimpses of a new and hitherto unimagined world. Since it is for the benefit of the whole people and is free alike to the well-to-do, to those in moderate circumstances, and to the very poor, whose pleasures are few, it should appeal especially to the wealthy and to those whose circumstances place them above the need of such a pleasure ground. The society has collected, as stated, a large amount of money, but it has spent all this in the work already done in the park, the results of which to-day are visible to all beholders. It greatly needs more money, and it appeals to the wealthy to give this money, pointing to its purposes—as expressed in its charter and its by-laws—and to what it has already done as guarantees that this money will be wisely expended—that is to say, for the general good and not for any selfish end.

Besides this, the society needs active annual members. The fee for such membership being but $10, and carrying with it certain privileges, it should appeal to many citizens and the roll of active membership of the society ought to be greatly increased.

Furthermore the society desires to obtain additional specimens of quadrupeds, birds or reptiles for its collection. The numbers of wild animals secured from time to time by persons who should be sufficiently interested in the New York Zoological Park to be willing to contribute to its success must be each year considerable, and such specimens confined in the park would lead a more natural and healthful existence than they ever could in private hands, and besides, would give pleasure to a great number of people.

The opportunity thus presented to citizens of New York and others to help on the good work which has been so splendidly inaugurated by the New York Zoological Society is a great one, and we may fairly hope that among these there are many who, by gifts—whether of money or of specimens—and by interest actively expressed in the work, will strive to push forward an undertaking which cannot fail to do good in a thousand ways.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.



The California Mountain Quail.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As far as my reading reaches, it seems to me that in California we have a bird that has received much less notice than it deserves. I refer to what is known as the California mountain quail. I do not know that the bird is found elsewhere than upon the Pacific coast, and here it is only found well up in the foothills and mountains.

The mountain quail of California is about as large again as our more common bird, the valley quail, and is, in my opinion, the most beautiful of American birds. Its plumage is made up of the richest combinations of browns imaginable, with ribbed or checkered dashes upon its breast nearly crimson. From the very top of its head a cluster of minute and glossy black feathers spring into a graceful crest about 3 inches high, drooping at the top forward, like the smaller crest of the valley quail. It is of trimmer figure and better plumage than the latter, though the valley quail is itself a beautiful bird. Its flesh is as white as that of the domestic chicken, in this respect differing from any other bird with which I am familiar.

The mountain quail is much more musical in its notes than any game bird known to me, its regular call being a round mellow whistle, that varies so greatly in scope and tone that the bird is a rare ventriloquist, and one not easily located in its native haunts. Besides the regular call, the bird has a great variety of trills, chirps and clucks that it makes use of upon occasion. It is naturally much tamer than the valley quail, but when disturbed a few times it becomes much more difficult to approach, as it is a rapid runner, and takes to brush ravines and the roughest ground. In the same cover it would, I believe, be a better bird to shoot over dogs than the valley quail, or the Eastern Bob White.

Probably efforts have been made to propagate the California mountain quail in other parts of the country, and it would be interesting to hear from him in other places. Merely as "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," aside from his game qualities, he is worthy of great attention anywhere.

CHARLES L. PAIGE.

CALIFORNIA.

NOTICE.

THE New York Clearing House has adopted new regulations governing the collection of checks and drafts on banks outside of the city. This entails a collection expense on those who receive such checks. Our patrons are requested, therefore, in making their remittances to send postal or express money order, postage stamps, or check or draft on a New York city bank or other New York current funds.

Game Bag and Gun.

The Adirondack Deer Law.

COL. WM. F. FOX, Superintendent of Forests, has at times mentioned as the author of the present York law which forbids the use of dogs in hunting

Col. Fox was seen at his office in Albany by a re sentative of FOREST AND STREAM last week and rema that he was not the author of the law, and, furthern he thought it was not framed so as to produce the results.

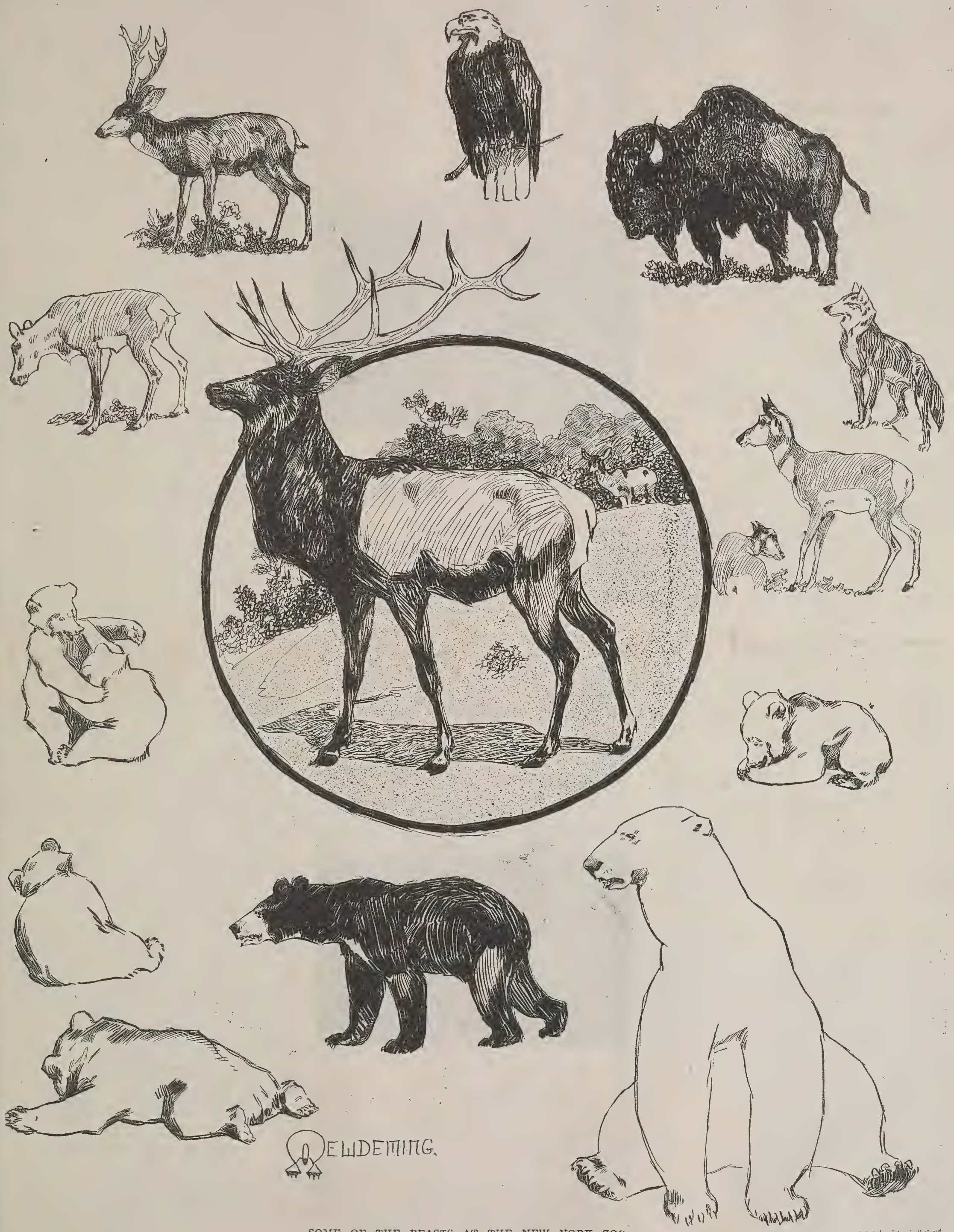
"The thing that needed correction in the deer law my opinion," said the Colonel, "was the time of o ing the season rather than the method of hunting. early deer shooting should have been stopped.

"No man who has the interest of the deer at heart advance any tenable argument for having the seasor gin in August. The venison is not in fit condtion t eaten, the meat is sure to become fly-blown and sp before all of it can be used, and the old evils of the ing system still apply. The deer are shot around lakes and ponds just as they were when jacking wa vogue, and the same undue proportion of does are k

"The does have their fawns with them, and the mot death too often involves that of the young, who have yet learned to care for themselves. This is a violatic all the principles of game protection and sportsman The State might as well pass a law permitting the rob of spawning beds as to permit the shooting of nur does in August. Through the escape of wounded and starvation of fawns, it is not unreasonable to esti that for every animal killed at this time of the year or more perish of which no record is known."

Col. Fox cited the fact that no other State or C dian Province opens the deer season as early as York, and intimated that the law as it stands was fra in the interests of the summer people instead of for protection of the deer. He stated that Oct. 1 was enough, in his opinion, for the season to commence, that six weeks—reaching into the first tracking sno instead of twelve, as at present, was long enough. Fox's father and grandfather before him lived and hu in the Adirondacks. He is a good sportsman himself, there are few men living who know the region bette fact, taking the entire Adirondack forest, no one kr it so well. In concluding he said:

"Personally, I should like to see deer shooting sto altogether for five years; since that is not likely to want to see a more intelligent law as to the opening duration of the hunting season. But if the deer a be killed, I see no great objection to the use of ho under certain restrictions, provided the season is



SOME OF THE BEASTS AT THE NEW YORK ZOO.

later and shorter. Hounding is a time-honored method of hunting. The stag and the hound have been prominent in literature and art from the days of the earliest civilization. The important thing to determine now is when the deer shall be killed rather than how they shall be killed. It is difficult to enforce a law where local opinion is strongly against it. As a compromise in settlement of the vexatious differences which exist, I would suggest a short season, a late season, and let every one hunt as he pleases.

"You will understand, however, this is one man's opinion only, and that I am not authorized to speak officially for the Commission." B.

In a Goose Pit.

GRANBY, P. Q., Oct. 30.—I have had a new experience in shooting, and think that perhaps it might interest some of your readers.

On Oct. 10, 1899, H. E. Hibbard, Pete Largie and I arrived at Isle au Reaux, which is situated some twenty-six miles below the city of Quebec. We were called the next morning at 3:30, had breakfast, and embarking on a one-horse "charette," with decoys, bushes and straw, we drove down the island about a mile and a half to where a pit had been dug the day previous. While the guide tied the live geese decoys, we placed branches over the pit and straw on top of this, so that when completed it resembled the rest of the field of oat stubble.

The four of us got into the pit, which was barely large enough to give proper elbow room to three. We were settled down and all ready just as day was breaking. We could hear the wild geese calling on both sides of the island, our decoys answering occasionally. We had been there about half an hour when a flock of about a dozen appeared over the woods, heading for us, honking in great style. You should have heard our decoys answer them. The flock was a little high, so they circled twice and then came in right toward us, setting their wings and dropping in quite gracefully for so large a bird. Our instructions were that after they had alighted each should pick a bird and then shoot together, then as they arose give them the other barrel on the wing.

They had no sooner dropped than I had two in line, one about 20 feet away, the other about 60 feet. Pete said he was ready, Hen nodded and the guide appearing prepared, I said "Pull," although I then had a bead on the furthest one only. We were sitting down when we fired first barrel, but jumped up and fired at the others as they were going away. Hen feathered his nicely, and we saw it dropping slowly out toward the water, but did not recover it, although later the guide went in search. I got a bead on one as it was going away, but unfortunately pulled the wrong trigger, and although I quickly pulled the right one, I did not get a feather.

We got out of the pit quickly, picked up Hen's bird, which was shot well—or badly—through the body, also my bird through the head and neck.

The guide had got nothing, and on inquiry of Pete, we found he had not fired at all. He was ready all right, but we shot quickly and on the quick jump up for second barrel he was too much crowded, he said. Subsequently, after all was settled down again and he had looked over the decoys, he said it was lucky he had not fired, as he had had one of the decoys covered.

I picked up the two birds and was looking them over when the guide said some more were coming, and asked who would run with the two and hide them in the woods a couple of acres away.

In place of sending him, I foolishly volunteered; and while I was running to cover a band of seven came over, but as they no doubt saw me running and the others scrambling into the pit, they did not decoy.

The guide uses an old muzzle-loader, and was standing up in the pit when another flock of about thirty came over the woods. Hen told him to sit down, but he went on ramming down the load, saying he was not yet loaded and wanted a shot himself. The result was that we got no geese out of those two gangs, whereas we should have had a half-dozen at least. I duly returned to the pit, where we four sat cramped up for a time, but no more geese coming over, the guide said he would go down and search for the one Hen had feathered.

He was not gone more than ten minutes when we heard our decoys making a great racket. A lone gray goose came sailing in and dropped down about 20 yards away. As Hen and I each had one goose, I suggested in a whisper that Pete shoot it, while we would cover her in case Pete missed. Pete thought this a good proposition and immediately bowled her over. We brought her into the pit and waited for more. She was a very pretty goose, but weighed only 4 pounds, while Hen's weighed 8½ and mine 10½ pounds.

At about 9 o'clock Mr. Roberge came up with the team and took me for a ride around the island. We saw several bands on the rocks and on the water, some of them flying up, out of which the boys in the pit secured two more. One band of about seventy-five came over the pit. The guide had not been satisfied with the pit, and was digging another about a hundred yards further back. When they appeared he jumped into his partly dug pit, but, of course, was not hidden. They circled twice, coming very close to Hen and Pete; but as their instructions were not to shoot until the birds lit, they let them go over. When they were leaving the guide foolishly fired at them, but got nothing. Had he been in the blind instead of digging another pit, there would have been less talk and more dead geese.

I returned from my trip around the island about 11 o'clock. We then went to dinner, leaving the guide alone. On our return we found he had three more and had wounded another, which he secured later in the day.

In the afternoon a single goose twice came over, but would not decoy, and although she offered an easy wing shot, we foolishly did not accept it, much to our regret, as no more came that day. That afternoon I went with Mr. Roberge to visit his eel pots, and helped him secure fifteen nice big ones of from 3 to 5 pounds each.

The day had been bright and mild, with hardly any wind after 10 o'clock. The geese could be seen on the rocks near the water sunning themselves, while other bands were out on the water some distance. There was no way of approaching them. There were probably 100 on the south side and seventy-five on the north side of the island.

The next day we were up at 4 and got into the pit at daybreak. We waited patiently for a couple of hours, but none showing up, we sent the guide down on shore to see if he could not start some of them flying, but they simply swam further out on his approach. At 9 o'clock we returned to the house, as we were going to spend the rest of the day on Isle a la Madame for ducks.

The guide discovered that he had left his bag of shot at the pit, and a boy was sent after it, who reported that eighteen wild geese got up from among the four decoys



IN THE PIT.

we had left there. In the evening when the guide went after his decoys he claimed there were about twenty-five wild ones with them.

In going to Isle a la Madame there was a fair breeze on that made our small sail boat rock somewhat, enough to make Hen say he preferred to be on land. As a proof that he was scared, he sang a couple of hymns, something I never heard him do before. Pete kept very quiet, but when a whitecap dashed some spray on him he commenced baling, looking quite anxious the while. He said he was not making as much noise as Hen, but that he was doing a powerful lot of thinking.

We put out our decoys at high tide, but could not get into a satisfactory blind, and although some 300 to 400 ducks got up in a cloud some distance off, and several flocks came over us, they would not decoy. I gave my bushes to the others and started off to explore the island, thinking perhaps I could find some snipe or plover. On the further side I got two plover and lost one in the water. I then returned to the blind, which the tide had



THE DECOYS.

left about a quarter of a mile from the water. As Mr. Roberge was to meet us with the boat at low-water mark we moved over there with the decoys. On our way a small flock of plover got up, and Hen went after them. At the report of his gun another flock got up not far from Pete. I told him to leave his share of the dunnage on the rocks and go after them. He seemed anxious enough to try the shooting, but his load being all Nos. 2 and 3, he said, "Pshaw, I'll tear them all to pieces." As he had never done any trap or wing shooting, I said, "You will, eh! We'll see?" He fired only once and claimed that he had shot at a big rock, simply to scare the flock up so they would go over to Hen. We asked him if he had "torn the rock all to pieces," and thereafter worked this "roast" on him on all possible occasions. I joined Hen after the plover. At the wind up he had fifteen and I had seven.

The next day we spent in the pit, but as it was an ideal Indian summer day the geese would not fly, so we got nothing, the result of our hunting being nine geese and twenty-two plover for four guns, a great difference from the three days spent there last year, when three guns got eighty-one geese.

The island is something over two miles long, and contains over 500 acres above high-water mark, of which 275 are cultivated. Two hundred and fifty years ago it belonged to the Jesuits. It has been cultivated for probably a hundred years. There are barns, a large factory, granary, root house, workshop and place for salting eels and fish. There is a telegraph station, where the Government cable lands, thence wire over the island, thence cable to Gros Isle quarantine station. There is a ridge running almost the whole length of the island, rising abruptly some 40 feet on both sides, being from one to four acres in width. It was up on this ridge that we had the pit. Mr. Roberge has owned it now twelve years, during which time he has allowed only three days' shooting each year the past three years. Every year the fields are gleaned by the geese. He has been offered $25 for two guns to shoot on it for one day, but refused, so we were very fortunate in getting an invitation. The island is for sale, and can be bought for $5,500. I believe that a club can be formed of say twenty or twenty-five members, and make an ideal shooting box, where three guns could shoot for two days a week from Sept. 15 till the ice takes, say Nov. 15 to Dec. 1, and have good shooting year after year.

Mr. Roberge makes from $700 to $800 per annum out of his dairy, sheep and eel pots, hence there would not need to be any annual dues; in fact, I believe it could be worked so as to return interest on the investment to any club taking hold of it.

I will be pleased to give further information to any one desirous of forming a club, in which event I must be counted in as one of the charter members.

J. BRUCE PAYNE.

He Was Cute, but I Got Him.

HARTFORD, Mich.—Several years ago a farmer named Charles Andrews, who lived north of Hartford, Mich., came to me and told me there was an old turkey gobbler living on a corn field near the woods west of his house; but the old fellow was so cute he couldn't get a shot at him.

Early in November the first good "tracking snow" fell and early morning found me on my way to Andrews' corn field, determined to bag the old gobbler. I arrived soon after sunrise. Looking around, I saw plainly where the game had been scratching and eating corn. Looking toward the heavy timber west of the field I saw a turkey fly directly west and light in a large burned swamp. It was one of our Michigan swamps, where tamarack, oak and elm had been burned out by the roots and fallen together, making the swamp nearly impenetrable.

I knew at once that the wise bird had learned that the swamp was a safe retreat for him. Filled with burned logs and pools of water, it would have stopped most hunters, as the old fellow knew, but he did not know me. Marking well the spot where he had lit, I made a start for it, knowing he would have to fly when he went out, for turkeys dislike wading. I tried to get as close to the spot as I could, for I knew he would not fly unless he saw I was coming directly upon him. After creeping through tree tops and climbing over and crawling under logs until I thought I was near the place, I climbed up on a large elm log and looked around for the bird. I had stood on the log but a moment when I heard a rustling in the fallen timber about 50 yards to the left. Turning quickly I caught a glimpse of the turkey running among the brush, and a moment later I heard the swish of his wings as he started toward the corn field I had just left. I fired both barrels, but he was safe, as the shot fell harmless. I went back, keeping the line of his flight until I neared the clearing where the corn field was located. I saw the marks of his wings on the snow and the tracks where he had lit and run toward the field. At the edge of the clearing I saw where he had lit upon a large red oak log, and from that he had flown. I felt sure that he was too wise to take the chances of going near the farm house, and carefully noting the tracks upon the log, I saw that he had turned around and flown back into the wood toward me.

I knew he could not have gone past me in the heavy timber without my hearing him. I scanned every tree top within sight, thinking he might have lit in some giant oak or elm, but I could not see him. Although I was greatly astonished, I knew that he had not vanished into air, but was trying to outwit me.

Within about 50 feet of where he had stood on the log were two large buckwheat pines, very tall and thick-limbed from the ground to the top. I looked the nearer one over carefully, but failed to see anything resembling a turkey, though it was quite impossible to see through the dense foliage. However, a careful survey of the other pine disclosed a pair of red legs up some height, but not a feather was to be seen. Bringing the Parker to my shoulder I aimed well above the visible legs. The report of the gun had scarcely ceased when with great pounding of wings and crashing of boughs the turkey came down.

When I returned home with my bird I found that he weighed 21 pounds. My friend Andrews thought I ought to divide with him, since he had furnished the corn to fatten the turkey, but we compromised and he took a pan of rainbows and pitcher of cider.

We had a great feast and I never was more proud of any game taken than of that same old gobbler.

SULLIVAN COOK.

The Vermont Game Season.

MILTON, Vt., Oct. 30.—Shooting in this part of the State has been fairly good this fall, much better, in fact, than last season. The dry weather of the past summer was unusually favorable for grouse, and they are with us in good numbers. The new law will be without question a great thing for the grouse crop, as it prohibits their sale, and also limits the number to be taken in one day to five birds. In spite of the scarcity of nuts this fall, the squirrels are plentiful, and some good bags have been made. As to ducks, but little shooting has been done, as the flight has not arrived yet, owing to the mildness of the weather thus far. The deer season is now on in full swing, and the State is being pretty well covered by both the residents and out-of-the-State visitors. At this writing but few deer have been brought in. The open season for deer is regarded with little favor in the State, and the next Legislature may see its repal.

KENEWAH.

In the Quebec Moose Country.

Oh, my! we were glad to get that letter. Hop and I were endeavoring to decide where to hunt big game in the autumn, and this letter from Mr. F. inviting us to spend September upon the preserve of the T. Fish and Game Club of Canada was a most welcome surprise and gratification. From June till September seemed a very long time to wait; but then there was much to do and think about during unemployed moments of the interim; for instance, a new rifle, with its various debatable points, was to be considered and decided upon, some new tackle purchased and all the possibilities of an invasion of the wilderness to be provided for. So our pleasure began with the arrival of the kind letter, increased with our preparations and was probably at full tide when we and guides arrived at the first camp, completely equipped with all of our vacation yet before us. The memory of it all is as the shadow of a friendly tree.

A ride of thirty-six miles north from Quebec by train brought us to Sam R.'s, where we procured provisions and conveyances, then fifteen miles over roads and lanes through an interesting country, which became less and less populous though more and more rugged and beautiful, until we arrived by sunset at Camp Grose, on the Little Saguenay. This was a picturesque spot, which an artist, now well known, purchased from the Canadian Government, and here he resorted to sketch and inhale the inspiriting atmosphere of the beautiful encircling hills. We had picked up our four guides on the way, three of them being French to the backbone and one Irish, with a French accent—withal a fine lot of sturdy men. We were up and off in the early morning long before the sun overtopped the hills, and although the guides were heavily laden with our full larder, etc. (each one carrying about 200 pounds suspended from his forehead and resting upon his back), they drove us ahead of them at a good pace. We were fresh from our desks and our new moccasin boots were evidently a blamed poor fit, for they wobbled as they would and as we would that they would not; therefore, toward the end of the eight miles of carry we were weary. It was this portage that Mr. Frederic Remington described in December, 1898, Harpers' as a "lung buster." We were diverted, however, by the collection of some partridges and by seeing the fresh tracks of a caribou; but as Hop said, "The world would revolve with less effort if we only had our boots full of feet." I suggested that he keep an eye on the importunate guides, who seemed disposed to walk over our dead bodies, and if they stopped for breath we would likewise throw our machinery out of gear and oil up. Presently a tremendous crash in my immediate rear indicated that my suggestion had been conscientiously carried out; what a confused mass of rifle barrel, fishing rods, boots and things he was when we found him; but he was whole, and asked, "Won't the hills on the golf links be easy when we finish this training? We won't need a caddy, will we?" Within a few days we were equal to any portage; but in the evening of this first day Camp Crapaud was a most welcome haven, and the supper, promptly prepared, was an appropriate concomitant which aroused our enthusiasm for the Canadian guides, whose versatility, activity, good nature and, later on, unflagging interest in the chase won our warmest commendation. The fact that they carry no weapon helps to concentrate their interest in the hunter's shooting and provides against the guide taking a shot before his employer, as happened to my knowledge in Maine.

This camp and the subsequent ones (excepting the more pretentious upper and main club houses) which are distributed through the tract of 2,000 square miles, were log houses 16 x 18 feet, furnished with four bunks (bedded with balsam), stoves, cooking utensils, etc. In each were found tents for the guides, who sleep in the open air. From camp to camp requires from five to eight hours, the time depending upon the division of land and navigable water found on the way, so that with our early start we reached the succeeding camp in time to catch trout for supper and the morrow's breakfast. One of the guides, Livette, who, by the way, guided Mr. Remington, had trapped the fur-bearing animals of this country for thirty years and knew the size and habits of the trout in every lake and river we traversed. A long route of probably 200 miles, requiring about twenty days of steady work, had been planned for us in order that we might acquire a knowledge of the greater part of the reservation, and in consequence we moved from camp to camp, sometimes making two in a day, without much delay; therefore we took no pains to lure the larger fish from their retreat; but it was a rare occurrence when our flies, cast in any water, did not find a cordial and interesting welcome, although the fishing season was over. No other fish than trout are found and fishing is from canoes entirely, owing to the dense wood on the shores.

Ducks were spasmodic and usually came along when we were armed with rifles and not ready for them; but we managed to sample both the black and wood varieties.

Partridges frequently arose from the trail, and by permitting themselves to be decapitated by rifle balls formed a delightful addition to our bills of fare.

On the second day out Hop, while fishing, heard the cracking of timber near by and presently a large bull caribou, accompanied by a smaller one, passed an opening some 75 yards away. A hasty shot failed to interest them and they passed from view.

When five days out we entered a neighborhood which was popular with these animals and had been hunted over by club members for only three seasons. Unfortunately, the equinoctial storm now arrived and asserted itself vigorously. Nevertheless, Livette and I visited an obscure lake some miles away after a most arduous effort, for these woods have never been cut or burnt, and when trees fall they so remain till decay consumes them. Beautiful moss soon covers them, as it does everything, and this, when wet, offers a treacherous footing. There was no trail in this instance, and I had the satisfaction of seeing a primeval forest, even though under unfavorable circumstances. Approaching the lake were caribou paths and tracks so numerous as to suggest a cow pasture, and as we reached the shore we saw, some 400 yards away, a spike bull in the act of swimming across. As a result of shooting in the Maine woods my rifle and expectations were gauged at 100 yards, and I hesitated long enough to decide that our wet and bedraggled condition forbade a long wait for another shot, and then, guessing the distance, banged away at the protruding head. The youngster ascended the bank on the other side and waved his white flag as a sign of his perfect health!

On the following day we traveled, mostly by water, seventeen miles. After midday luncheon we sent two guides ahead with the cumbersome baggage, while Hop and I with the other guides remained behind to draw some trout from a lake of good reputation. We had fair success and toward evening pursued our way toward the next camp, with a sharp lookout for ducks, which Livette expected to find for us. I had sent my rifle (now properly adjusted to 300 yards) on before us and had my shotgun cleared for action, when, while traversing and admiring a most beautiful lake, I saw two bull moose emerge from the timber and walk along the shore in the shallow water. They were about 300 yards away, and my shotgun was about as much use as a canoe paddle, so Hop loaded his rifle and when ready opened fire and bagged the leader, a five-year-old animal with a good head and delicious steaks.

Rain now fell by night and by day, and though we visited a number of caribou lakes, always returning wet through, and saw many tracks and signs around them, the animals were absent and evidently seeking shelter in the bush. We continued to get trout and partridges throughout our travels, and through mist and rain saw much impressive scenery; but our movements were hampered by the floods, and at times the guides had to fell trees in order that we could cross some of the torrential streams. At one camp we met friends who had slain two bears, and by dovetailing our larders we got up a dinner that successfully distracted our attention from the raging storm without. These friends will forgive me, I am sure, for claiming that the meat of the moose was superior to that of the bear.

Now, as to the .30-30 rifle, which is often discussed in the Forest and Stream, Accuracy is not an issue, I know, but I take pleasure in saying—since I feel an attachment for this weapon—that we frequently shot the heads off partridges at 30 and 40 paces, and in one instance I decapitated a duck (which was slowly swimming straight away) from a canoe at 75 yards. Hop broke the hind leg bone of his moose square off at 300 yards, and after approaching to short range put two balls straight through its body. What more than this is a rifle expected to do? S. W. L.

Baltimore, Oct. 20.

Metalluc Pond.

The summer sun dropped behind the mountain, apparently received into the very depths of the forest, and left behind a fading wake of gold and crimson. Metalluc Pond, even with its carpet of lilypads and its muddy, slimy shores, never looked so wild and beautiful. The mountain tops to the east were brightly tinted by the last rays of the dying day, and the deep forests to the west looked black against the ruddy sky.

As we three pushed out from the mouth of the creek Metalluc Pond, in all its glory, burst upon our view. From far into the forest came the weird, solemn hoot of the barred owl, with now and then the chattering of the moosebirds among the spruces. Occasionally a solitary black duck, "darkly seen against the crimson sky," whistled down and joined his comrades, splashing and quacking at the lower end of the pond. Silently we watched and listened. The wildness and beauty of the Maine woods, especially at this secluded pond, seemed singularly impressive. We were gazing at and listening to nature in her wildest form, undisturbed and rarely visited by man.

Suddenly the guide perceived on the left hand shore two deer feeding on the lilypads and grasses. With the skill of an Indian our faithful guide paddled us silently toward the unconscious deer. As we approached, one proved to be a large buck with enormous antlers and the other a timid doe of a peculiar reddish color. Not until we were within 50 yards did the beautiful creatures with troubled aspect walk nervously up and down the shore and finally bound off into the dark, mossy forest.

Until far into the night we sat around the camp-fire, and gazing into its dreamy depths listened to the wild tales of the guide. The occasional hoot of the owl constantly reminded us that we were at Metalluc Pond, where once dwelt the old Indian chief whose name the pond still bears. After his tribe had scattered, as the legend goes, he lived alone with his wife and daughter by this lonely pond. Long before game laws and game wardens were ever thought of Metalluc roamed the forests, hunting and trapping at will. Many a noble moose, the "king of the forest," and graceful deer fell in its tracks before the famous hunter. It was here that Metalluc fought with and overcame a moose, but in the battle he lost his right eye. Some years after he was stalking in the woods not far from his hut, a twig chanced to snap in his left eye and put it out. By his wonderful knowledge of the region he managed to crawl to camp. Thus the mighty hunter spent his later days in total blindness.

As the first gray streaks of dawn appeared in the east we arose from our beds of fir boughs, and after a hearty breakfast and a few necessary preparations and a farewell look at old Metalluc, we penetrated the forests to the west of the pond. For ten miles we tramped, and with the aid of compass, logging roads and deer runways, we struck, soon after noon, the Lake road, which connects Andover with Lower Richardson Lake. About 2 o'clock we arrived at our log camp, a mile from the Arm of the Lake.

Some time after this memorable visit to Metalluc in the open season we again penetrated the forests; this time with rifles and equipments for deer hunting, and again, as before, we pushed out of the slimy creek at sunset and beheld again the majestic mountains tinted by the sinking autumn sun. The owl still hooted in the forest; the ducks still quacked at the lower end of the pond, and to make the scene complete, two deer were leisurely feeding in the water on the left-hand shore. This time we paddled on to the deer with a deadly purpose, and I took aim with the rifle, not with the field glass, and we paddled away with one of the noble creatures lying in the canoe.

My one ambition was realized! I had shot a deer! And what is more, it occurred at Metalluc Pond, the most ideal, the most fitting spot for such sport.

Several weeks have elapsed since those memorable visits to Metalluc Pond, but the memory of those deep primeval forests, the autumnal sunsets, the tinted mountain peaks, the sounds of bird and beast at twilight, the little hut of logs and bark, the cracking camp-fire, and finally the gentle deer on the margin of the pond—all these, together with the feeling within of freedom and happiness, will always abide with me.

J. S. Seabury.

The Essex County Protector.

In our issue of Oct. 28 we printed a communication from Mr. J. B. Burnham respecting the official record of District Game and Fish Protector Fletcher Beede, of Esseex county, in the Adirondacks; and in our comments on the statements therein made we said that Protector Beede was inefficient and deserved to be removed.

In reply to this we have received a communication from a correspondent, who tells us that he is assured that the criticisms upon Mr. Beede are not sustained by the facts, inasmuch as the protector is honestly and faithfully and successfully doing his duty. Our correspondent writes, after an interview with the protector:

"He doubts Burnham's information about the Sharpe place being correct, but says if Burnham will catch one-quarter of the men he thinks a protector with sand ought to catch in one day, and will do it in two months, he will donate him his year's salary. He says he has been there himself, and has had a man whom he has hired and paid out of his own pocket on the branch for nearly two weeks. Moreover, that Cogswell, a special State protector, has been at Dan Lehman's camp on Black Brook, not an hour's drive from the Sharpe place, and has been there since August, watching the neighborhood. Cogswell has now, and has had for some time, twenty-eight specials in the district, but they haven't convicted any one. Beede says Pond told him to be sure of his cases before acting, and he has lost only one case this year, and that a deer case, although in some he had to have a second trial, because of the jury's disagreeing.

"He has arrested and convicted seven men for illegal fishing, and has had several deer cases. One man, Kelly, being fined, paid $133.45 for a deer killed out of season; another, O'Neil, he arrested for same cause, but was beaten in by the jury. Fred Smith, of North Elba, he arrested, but the case has not come to trial yet; this also is a deer case. Last Tuesday he arrested Barney Fields for hounding; trial comes off to-morrow. He came from Mud Pond to-day from serving papers on H. B. Jones and party, who were hounding there. He lay out in the woods four nights before getting evidence against them all sufficiently strong to convict. I asked him about Sunday, the 8th, and he says he was at Boreas River, where he lay out three nights in the woods watching a party there before he was convinced that they were not using muzzled hounds, but were driving the deer with men. He claims he has lain out night after night this summer and fall, and has averaged three nights a week since June, driving from one suspected locality to another. He has a lot of cases that he is still working on, but in which his evidence is not strong enough to suit him to bring to trial. Pond told him some time since that he had had more cases and fewer defeats than any protector in the State, except one. This speaks pretty well, seems to me, for his vigilance.

"He bewailed the fact that he was getting to be the most cordially hated man in the county by the hunters and their friends; but try as he would he couldn't entirely stop hounding; nor could any one man cover the 1,800 square miles with eighteen towns, each town having deer and hunters in them, and stop illegal killing.

"He says he has done his best and checked it to a great extent, and that the rumors of hounds being used are greatly exaggerated. When asked about the deputy at Keene who wanted to hound for an outsider, as reported by Mr. Burnham, he says he has no deputy there, that he has hired and paid himself a man who runs a meat market there to assist him sometimes, but he is quite positive that that man not only wouldn't hound, but also that, until the past week, he hasn't been away from his business a day. Beede says he will take great pleasure the first chance he has in serving a subpœna on Mr. Burnham and find out under oath just what information he has, and he may get some cases out of it, although he doubts his having anything more than rumors and hearsay.

"After listening to Beede I am convinced that the reports about hounding are greatly exaggerated, and I know there is less dynamiting and illegal fishing and bird shooting and selling than for years."

Tricks.

Wet rubber boots are a hard thing to dry out unless you know how.

Suspend the boot upside down by a string stretched from two points, clothesline fashion, hanging the boot on it by another string about the foot and heel. Make a frame of stiff paper big enough to fill the leg and keep it open. Open the frame wide at the bottom, which will reach up well in the boot leg. Set a lamp under the boot and the hot air will go up into the boot and dry it as dry as a cork leg in about thirty minutes. Set two lamps if you want to. You will not burn the boot, and you cannot beat the plan. Pink Edge.

Quail by the Clothes Line.

A ham curing establishment in Trenton, N. J., issues as an advertisement a card showing 489 quail strung on a clothes-line, the result of ten days' shooting in North Carolina. The correspondent who sends us the placard says: "By this mail goes a picture of slaughter which might be used for educational purposes. Doesn't it seem appropriate that the donors are in the pork business?"

New Brunswick Notes.

On Monday last Billy Chestnut and Harry Atherton invaded the Upper Keswick hunting grounds in company with Rainsford Allen and the reformed Maine guide Ed Church, who went along to help consume the provisions. At early candle light Friday evening the burghers of this place were aroused by the rumbling of a ponderous farm wagon that trekked slowly up the front street and then outspanned in front of the drug store of Prof. Mack. Seated on a high pile of straw were the returning hunters, while the interior of the wagon was decorated by a huge bull moose and a medium-sized caribou. Both moose and caribou had been shot on the morning of that day.

Messrs. B. D. and D. H. Longenecker, of Brooklyn, arrived from the Cains River solitudes yesterday afternoon, where they had been hunting with Frank Bartlett. They brought out a moose and two caribou.

The question of the weight of a large black bear was approximately adjusted by the city hay scales this week. James Parks, of the Narrows, brought in the carcass of a bear that had formerly displayed a fondness for mutton. The dressed meat of the animal weighed 240 pounds.

William Crawford, of New York, went home the other day from a successful hunt on the Nor'-West. Mr. Crawford obtained a large moose. While in the woods he saw nine moose, fifteen caribou, three deer and a bear.

Mr. A. P. Allison, of Chicago, if he has the ordinary American fondness for records, ought to be well pleased. In one day's hunting in the northern part of this province he secured a bull moose, a bull caribou and a very large black bear.

The Bangor Commercial records that a party of sportsmen which arrived there on Saturday from Newfoundland brought twenty-three caribou heads and hides as trophies of a trip in that region.

Ed Church is strictly impartial on the subject of ammunition. Last week he lowered a moose with seven shots from a .45-90 rifle. When Billy Chestnut picked up the empty shells they were found to include a .45-70, .40-85, .40-82 (smokeless) and .40-65! Church claims that all these things are good for moose in his rifle.

It was a mistake on the part of your correspondent to say that having shot his complement of moose and caribou, Mr. P. N. Graham was "marking time" in Braithwaite's land. On the contrary, the guide took Mr. Graham up the North Pole Branch after bears and they gathered in a specimen of that kind of game measuring nearly 7 feet in length. Henry's next party, which goes in to-day, is composed of Dr. S. T. Davis and Mr. A. G. Kepler, of Lancaster, Pa. By addressing W. T. Chestnut, of this city, either Braithwaite or Church can be secured for a snow hunt in December.

Mr. A. H. Jackson and friend, of New York, recently came down the Nepisiguit with two caribou and three bears.

George Armstrong's patrons seem to be specially favored this season. Dr. C. B. Tiley, of New Haven, Conn., took out about the best moose head of the lot, the spread being 58 inches, blades 13 inches and points 26. Mr. Orren Scotten, of Detroit, also secured a 58-inch head under Armstrong's guidance, as well as a good specimen of caribou. Mr. W. E. Halsey, of Brooklyn, scored a 57-inch head. Other fine specimens were taken out by E. Childs and C. M. Camp, of New York.

Mr. E. L. Ellithrop, of Pittston, Pa., appears to be endowed with that mysterious quality known as hunter's luck. The first day he was at Adam Moore's camp he shot the biggest moose that has been taken on the Nictor this season.

Among successful moose and caribou hunters not heretofore referred to may be mentioned Prof. Chas. E. Wait, of Knoxville, Tenn.; C. J. McIlvain, Jr., of Philadelphia; F. W. Ball, Newark, N. J.; Dr. John Bryant, Boston; John Caswell, Prides Crossing, Mass.; A. W. Hooper, of Winchester R. A. Co., and his friend Dr. J. E. Stetson; Dr. Ward Brinton, New York; John Roberts, Bar Harbor; C. A. Eaton, Lawrence, Mass.; D. S. Burley, Newburyport, Mass.; Dr. H. M. Neale, Upper Lehigh, Pa.; Benj. Curtis, New York; R. L. Pierrepont, Brooklyn; W. G. Peckham, New York; Dr. J. Madison Taylor, Philadelphia; C. M. Hapgood, Easton, Pa.; John E. Toulinin, Boston; D. E. Skinner, Detroit, Mich.

Mr. S. L. Crosby writes me that he has received from J. G. Prouty, Spencer, Mass., two very fine heads of caribou shot in Newfoundland, and that up to date he has received about fifty caribou heads from that island. Mr. Crosby adds: "Moose heads are coming in rapidly from New Brunswick. We are also getting a good many from Nova Scotia and Quebec, but no extra fine ones. Maine, too, is showing up nobly. More moose have been killed than for the same period last season, and some of the heads are really fine."

Mr. A. Lichtenein, of New York, has returned from a four days' trip in the Keswick country, with Rainsford Allen as guide. Despite the liquid nature of the weather, a large caribou was secured by Mr. Lichtenein.

Information from apparently reliable authority has been received that a moose with a horn spread of 72 inches has been killed by Messrs. Holman and Hiram Good, two noted hunters of Maple Ridge, near Milville. As a rule these mammoth moose exhibit a shrinking modesty in the presence of the tapeline. Further particulars are awaited.

Henry Braithwaite tells a good caribou story with regard to his recent trip: "I went over to a small clump of spruces in the middle of Squaw Barren to call caribou. At the first squawk I saw a big pair of horns walk out of the bushes about 300 yards away. It was a bull caribou and he came straight for us, followed by a cow. Mr. Graham wanted to shoot, but I told him to wait, there was no hurry. When the caribou got up about 70 yards away Mr. Graham opened the ball. He didn't hit the caribou just right, so I threw down my horn, jerked the case off my rifle and took a hand in. The caribou sheered off and we had a running fight of it till he reached the woods. The ground was all tracked up and I was afraid of losing him, so followed him up real sharp and at last found him lying dead in the bushes. I then went back to the clump of spruces where I had left the horn and rifle cover, and I'll be hanged if there wasn't another big bull caribou in possessioin of the premises. He was smelling over the horn trying to figure out which end to blow to bring back the cow we had scared away!"

Willie and Mosey Chase, aged fifteen and twelve years respectively, were out partridge shooting on the bush end of their father's farm in the parish of Sheffield. A bull moose appeared and scared Mosey up a tree. Willie stood his ground, rammed down the family bullet on top of the load of shot and brought the moose to the ground by breaking his shoulder. With a second shot he killed the moose entirely. Then Mosey came down the tree and ran for a horse, wherewith the carcass was dragged home in triumph. Some folks talked of prosecuting Willie for shooting a moose without a license, but these were soon snuffed out. It was agreed that when a moose had a little boy up a tree his big brother had a right to shoot.

F. H. Risteen.

Fredericton, Nov. 1.

Long Range Shooting with the Shotgun.

The hitting of an object at long ranges has ever appealed more forcibly to the imagination than has shooting at closer quarters. From time immemorial an indescribable charm has attached to the practice, and whether with sling, long bow, cannon, rifled firearm or shotgun there has through all ages existed a desire to send a missile to the furthest possible limit. But this has not been a mere aimless wish, for men have ever striven to hit the mark in such long range practice. Toward the successful accomplishment of the endeavor science has lent invaluable aid; arms of all kinds, great and small, have been so perfected that the shooting at distancees unthought of in former days has now been rendered remarkably precise. Such remark, however, is applicable only to arms throwing a single projectile, for in the matter of range the shotgun has for long remained practically at a standstill. This appears all the more singular if we compare such inaction with the progress made in the mechanical construction of the weapon. So far as mechanism is concerned, the history of the shotgun during the past few years reveals one continued process of evolution. The breechloader, hammerless action (which term by the way is somewhat of a misnomer), cartridge ejecting mechanism and single triggers are striking testimonies to the inventive genius of our gun makers in the last half of the nineteenth century. But this is not all; remarkable strides have been made in the matter of the propulsive agent as well as in all the other components of the charge. The ignition and combustion of the powder is now perhaps more regularly effected and controlled than ever before, while the method of wadding the charge is so exact that far less variation in driving power is exhibited now than was the case when old hats, gloves and newspapers were commonly requisitioned as gun wadding.

Whenever the question of increasing the range of the shotgun is mooted we are certain to be reminded that limitations exist in the matter of driving a charge of loose shot, the conditions governing its flight being so totally different from those connected with the flight of a single projectile. Thus we find that in the march of progress not alone has the rifling of firearms been improved, but the form of the bullet has been considerably altered so that it may lend itself more and more to long range shooting and accuracy of flight. Accuracy of flight and lowness of trajectory are inseparably connected, and thus, *pari passu*, with each increase in the range of a rifle we see a corresponding flattening of the trajectory.

The method of boring shotgun barrels known as choking is certainly a great advance, and when just now it was remarked that the shotgun had remained practically at a standstill in the matter of range, due cognizance was taken of the choke. Indisputably, the choke is an advance on the cylinder, but with proper accessories, shot concentrators in one form or another, our forefathers accomplished with their cylinders just about as much as we with our chokes can do now. Moreover, it is certain that the choking of guns in some form or other was practiced early in the present century. All praise, notwithstanding, to the enterprise of certain of our gun makers, notably Meesrs. Greener and Pape, for re-introducing and perfecting the choke-bore. I, in common with many wildfowlers, owe much to their enterprise in this respect. Still, I hold the opinion that there is yet room for improvement in the boring of shotguns designed for long range shooting. By reason of the severe treatment received in passing the choke, a considerable percentage of the shot pellets so lose shape as to be robbed of at least half their effectiveness. The length of range of small shot increases or falls in exact proportion to the time it can be kept together on leaving the muzzle of the gun. The longer the charge travels as a compact body, so much the longer will the velocity of individual pellets be maintained when disintegration of the mass takes place. At best, however, the extreme choke effects its object in clumsy fashion, for by crushing so many of the pellets out of shape the general efficiency of the charge is appreciably lowered. Ideal shooting would be that in which every shot pellet placed in a cartridge case could be recorded within a certain clearly defined space on a target. The alterations of shape or defacement of the pellets from friction or other cause would be so slight that all would travel at practically the same velocity. Consequently, stringing of the shot would be reduced to the minimum and more satisfactory shooting result at long ranges. It may be urged that, as duck guns will kill fowl at, say, 120 yards, this surely might be considered a sufficient distance at which to shoot. But, in admitting that duck guns will stop birds at that or even greater ranges, I must say it is only occasionally they do so, even when aimed at large gatherings of fowl, and assuredly there is room for increasing their effectiveness and reliability at distances much shorter than the above. If this cannot be secured by barrel boring pure and simple, we must then look to its accomplishment by means of some accessory.

In some respects the wire shot cartridge and similar devices are much superior to the choke, inasmuch as they minimize that friction and pressure exerted on the shot which so reduces its effectiveness. In fairness to the choke it must, however, be remarked that to some extent friction and pressure is observable in the cylinder; it, indeed, would appear to be inseparable from the discharge of shot in loose form. The wire cartridge undoubtedly tends to preserve the rotundity of the pellets, for, in addition to the protection afforded by the wire casing, the pellets are largely relieved from indentation, one by another, by the packing of fine dust, which fills every interstice of the cartridge. This same remark applies also to the packing of solid grease which fills the tallow cartridges described in the "Instructions to Young Sportsmen," by Col. Hawker.

Apart from the foregoing considerations, there can, I think, be no reason for doubting that if gunners more earnestly considered the question of the flight of shot, long range shooting would be more often successful. In taking a long shot, how many, for instance, give a thought to the question of trajectory? Aim well ahead they may, but the necessity for aiming high is often enough forgotten altogether.—Henry Sharp in London Field.

In Rhode Island.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The poultry raisers in the south county are experiencing considerable trouble from the depredations of foxes. One raiser of turkeys has but nine left out of a flock of seventy-six young ones. It was only a very few years ago that a limited number of these canny animals were to be found in the wooded places of Rhode Island, but now they are exceedingly numerous and cause much perplexity to farmers. The animals came over first from Massachusetts, where numbers of them had been let loose by sportsmen in order to propagate the species and thus make good hunting. It was not known that the increase in numbers would be so astounding, and that the boundaries of the Old Bay State could not inclose them. Of course, the bushy-tailed, sharp-nosed little animals, that are traditionally cunning and keen, knew a good thing when they saw it, and thus left Massachusetts to come over into the promised land of all good things, Rhode Island, so that now "the woods are full of them."

Although it is somewhat early in the season for wild ducks to come near the shore, there is considerable fun among the large numbers to be found in Mount Hope Bay and in the upper part of Narragansett Bay.

Dr. Nelson R. Hall and Chauncey Driscoll, of Warren, returned from a three weeks' hunting tour in the Maine woods Friday, bringing with them two deer and the heads of two moose. The moose shot by Mr. Driscoll is one of the largest killed in Maine this year, the antlers measuring 44in. across, with webs of the horns 8in. wide and seven and eight tips respectively. The party employed the veteran guide, Maurice York, and hunted in the vicinity of Little Millinocket Lake.

The big moose was tracked all day, and after the hunt was practically abandoned the guide gave the moose call, which brought the big fellow from a neighboring thicket but a hundred feet distant. Driscoll lodged a bullet in the animal's spine, which laid him low. Driscoll saw sixteen moose during the trip, and Dr. Hall but one. There were 111 deer sighted by the party during the trip, four of which were killed.

The first cases brought to prosecution by Game Commissioners under the new law were those on which Albert Buffington and Albert H. Smith were arraigned last Thursday in the District Court at Harrisville, before Judge Remington, in which they were charged with snaring. They were arrested in Gloucester. Both pleaded guilty and fines of $20 and costs were imposed.

The Commissioners are working on a new line this season. Heretofore offenders have been pursued and prosecuted by constables deputized for the purpose and known as such. This year the Commissioners have adopted a policy of having the work done by deputies who are unknown, and having everybody interested keep as quiet as possible about what is being done. The deputies have been following illegal shooters so closely that there has been scarcely any shooting in the closed period this year. The snaring has been about as it has been in preceding years.

The Commissioners meet with an obstacle to successful work in dealing with snaring because of the law, which is now peculiar to Rhode Island, that allows a man to set snares on his own land. Such laws have now been abolished in every other State, Connecticut being the last to discard it. The Deputy Commissioners engaged in obtaining evidence are likely to make a number of other arrests within a few days. W. H. M.

The Old Farmer's Almanac is Abreast of the Times.

Boston, Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you by this mail a copy of "The Old Farmer's Almanac" for 1900, with a marked reference to an article on game, and also inclose herewith a proof coy of the same:

INCREASE OF DEER IN NEW ENGLAND.

The increase of deer in the New England States in recent years has presented a point of great interest to persons fond of forest life. In Maine the increase has been remarkable, and within that State there is now an immensely greater number of deer than there was say thirty years ago.

The chief cause of this increase is undoubtedly the enforcement of proper laws regulating hunting. Having been for some years protected from indiscriminate slaughter, deer have multiplied to an extent beyond the most sanguine expectations. By the laws referred to it is sought to protect them from being hunted after the snow has become too deep and heavy for their escape, and to continue this protection through the breeding season and until the fawns are grown large enough to take care of themselves. The open seasons vary somewhat in the several New England States and adjacent British Provinces, which have open seasons, but generally they may all the said to be included within the period from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. Even in the open season one person may kill but a very limited number. These laws are not only on the statute books; they are enforced and meet public approval. The enforcement of the various game laws, supported by a hearty public sentiment, will early result in there being still greater numbers of deer and of the many other kinds of game, for the support of which in luxuriant abundance the beautiful country of New England is so well adapted.

It seems to me that it would be worth while for you to reprint it with credit to the Almanac, as showing that the farmers now appreciate the work we are all engaged in. James Russell Reed.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

Where the Snipe Were.

HICAGO, Ill., Oct. 28.—I have for some time been men- ng the fact that this is a very poor fall for shooting nd Chicago, the water being very low all over the natural snipe country in this vicinity. I had no rior purpose in this, and was not trying to steer any ers away from Chicago, but was sincere in my ques- as to where the snipe were. This week, as it hap- , however, and by reason of the good old FOREST AND AM luck, I suppose, I rather unexpectedly found the ver to the above question myself, and made a bag nipe which, though not extraordinary of itself, is the est I have heard of being made here for the past few ks. This was on the Grand Calumet River, on the ting grounds at the Calumet Heights Club, about y miles from Chicago.

his lucky little shoot came about, like most things, in ther unexpected manner. To begin with, I was taking old friend, Mr. Hirth, down to the club to give him ok at the premises, and we fell in with a very nice pany of the members, among others Messrs. Marshall, de, Head, Lamphere, Norcum, Harris, Knowles, tle, Greely, Gillespie, Haskell, Carlisle, Dr. Harlan, as well as the wives of several of the members. We been having a beautiful fall in Chicago up to this , and the weather was delightful, so that everything he club appeared at its best. We all took the 4:20 n on the B. & O. from Brookdale, Chicago, this g the best way to get to the club in the evening. We hed the club station just before dark, and Mr. Hirth the Other who accompanied our party expressed r curiosity and delight at finding so wild a region lose to Chicago, this being the "Chicago Wilderness" which I at one time wrote at some length in the FOREST STREAM. It is indeed a weird looking country to be lose to civilization, and in less than five minutes' walk n the station one would think he was in the middle of ountain region and not within a few rifle shots of one he biggest cities in the West.

fter dinner was over the shooting members met and owed the club custom of drawing for blinds, this being fairest way to allot the shooters where the territory omewhat limited and the better points somewhat well wn. First choice was drawn by Messrs. Wilde and lan, who chose a blind known as Sardine Point, where Wilde had made a very good bag of ducks the day re. The "Second Bend" blind, where Mr. Gillespie seen a good many mallards, was the second choice, was taken by Messrs. Turtle and Lamphere. I drew third choice, and took what was known as Lloyd's nt, Mr. Gillespie saying he would join me at this t later in the morning. Others scattered up and down river for three or four miles, and bets were freely red that a couple of dozen of ducks would be brought the club house next morning. This club does not ally show very large bags, but one can nearly always a little sport of some sort or another, as you shall rtly see.

Ve were to hunt ducks, and duck shooting if it be e after the orthodox fashion, as every one knows, ans that one must get up at an unholy hour in the rning. I have always firmly held to the belief that any n who would get up at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning go duck shooting was largely devoid of what we call d horse sense. Yet in spite of this firm belief on my t, I usually find myself among those who start out on gray dawn on the shivery business of sitting in a d and waiting for the morning flight. It was so on occasion. We all went to bed, at all sorts of hours, my last mental decision was that I pitied the man o was foolish enough to go duck shooting before sun None the less, at about 3 o'clock in the morning, while rything was dark and beastly cold, I turned over in as though awakened by an alarm clock, and on listen- , heard certain whisperings and shufflings of feet which icated that some of the other boys were turning out. is was too much, and forgetting all my resolves to be sible, I rolled out and joined the other imbeciles for -o'clock breakfast. Then came a mile walk by star- nt across the sand hills, in a nipping morning air.

t was not yet dawn when I reached my stand, and be- n to look around to arrange my blind and make my- f comfortable. This point is at times a very good one, ng situated at an elbow of the river which sometimes ches a part of the flight from the Tolleston Club rshes when the shooters of that club set the birds ng. The first flock I saw came from over toward lleston, and I could see them passing wide, and out of shot, looking dim and ghostly in the morning twilight. arried down some pieces of bark and made myself a t in the rushes, not building any blind, and then began patient wait for the birds to come in. This morning ght was like most morning flights. Nothing more came m Tolleston way. Presently from up the river I saw ee little teal coming, which, however, swung far to t and gave me no chance. Then a solitary mallard me from the same direction, and dropped into open ter about 200yds. to my left. Nothing happened after s, and presently the great red disk of the rising sun peared across the marsh, and I knew that I ought to seeing some birds if I was to do so at all. An hour ssed, and then another, but still I was waiting, and still gun barrels were as clean as when I bought them. ie sun shone directly on the water in front of me and ade a very blinding reflection, and I lay down to escape s. Perhaps I had been in this position for five minutes en I heard a soft whisper of wings, I could not tell st where. Then I heard a startled quack as I sat up, d as I got the sun out of my eyes, saw a nice pair of allards just out of range. They had come over the bluff rectly behind me, and thus I had lost the only shot ich offered at my blind during the morning. I stayed ere until half-past nine in the morning, and then passed set of resolutions confirming my original position, that y man who would get up to go duck shooting in the rning was a crass idiot, and that so long as I lived I ver would again, etc. (But I will!)

It being rather cool, I thought I would go back to the ib house and eat another breakfast just for luck, but as I wandered over in that direction I met one of the members, Mr. Macmichael, who told me that he had seen a few jacksnipe on the marsh, and he thought we might kill three or four if we went down in that direction. We sat down to talk it over, and as we did so I looked back and saw a flock of about fifty mallards swinging round and round over the very point which I had just left. Had I stayed in my blind five minutes longer I would surely have got a couple of mallards, for they came directly across the blind. But such is luck, and when I heard of the jacksnipe I did not begrudge the mallards. Mr. Macmichael and I went down to the territory he had located, and found some very soft wading in a country too boggy to cross. We killed three or four snipe here, but had bad luck at getting them, and as the morning had now grown warmer, we compromised matters by sitting down on the railroad embankment and thinking it over. Just at this moment we were met by old Blocki, a quaint character who keeps the boats and dogs for the club members, and whose little domicile lies close under the bluffs on the edge of the crooked Calumet.

Blocki is a little bit old, and a little bit broken of speech, and a little deaf, but he has the hunting instinct of all these marsh people. "Oh, you shentlemens vas hunting snipe?" said Blocki. "Vell, chust across yonder I see more as a dozen snipes dis mornin'."

He pointed across the little pond formed by the dam at the railway bridge, and showed a partially submerged bit of marsh which was accessible only by boat. Mr. Macmichael was nearly beaten out by his hard morning's work, and he urged me to go and exploit this with Blocki. I had about a dozen duck shells in my pocket, so I stepped into the boat and Blocki carried me over. "Vell, dere vas two, alretty," Blocki said, as we drew near the island on the other side of the pond, and as he pointed I could indeed see two jacksnipe feeding along on the mud bank. We went in close, and as I stood up six or eight snipe sprang and began to twist around in the air, and I had killed one and missed two in about two seconds.

This was the answer to the question as to where the snipe were. I had not gone 50yds. from the boat before I found that there was a fine body of birds in on this measly, unsuspected little corner of marsh. The shooting ground was hardly 300yds. wide and a quarter of a mile long, a part of it being too deep and soft to wade, but I believe there were two or three hundred birds in that little corner. The wind came in such a direction that one could not walk with the wind, on account of the deepness of the marsh. I had to hunt across the wind, and as the birds were lean and wild and just in from the North, the long side shots which I got were not the easiest thing in the world for No. 6 shot, which was the best I had in the shop at that time. I only picked up six jacks, and lost a couple or more, when I discovered that I was out of shells, so I crossed the pond again with Blocki, and learned that Mr. Macmichael had gone back to the club house, and that my shooting coat had gone back with him in the wagon. This meant a two-mile walk, and I begrudged the time under the circumstances, but there was nothing else for it, so I hustled up to the club house and got some more ammunition. I told Mr. Hirth to bring himself and the Other with a good lunch down to the Blocki boat house at about 1 o'clock, and then I pulled my freight at double-quick across the sand hills to get back into my warm corner. Blocki was gone, so I got a boat and went over alone. I had plenty of ammunition now, albeit only about half a dozen fine shot shells. Not another soul could be seen far or near. I had found out where the snipe were, and it only remained to open up negotiations with them.

I made two trips up and down the mud beach and saw enough to convince me that if any one had been there with the proper shells and the wish to see how many birds he could kill, he could probably have bagged sixty to one hundred snipe there that day, had he wanted to work that hard. It was hard walking and hard shooting, and about an hour and a half more of it got me all the birds I thought I wanted. I usually stop when I kill twenty-five birds of any one kind, law or no law, and I intended to stop when I had killed twenty-five of these jacks on this day, but I lost several birds on marsh where I could not get them, and lost my count, so when I rounded myself up at the boat I found that I had twenty-nine birds. I quit then and there, and started back toward the boat house.

For the last quarter of an hour of this shooting I was within shooting distance of Dick Turtle and his friend Lamphere, who were just coming home from their duck hunt, but neither of whom had any rubber boots along, and so could not join me, although it must have been very trying to stand in the boat and watch another follow knocking down snipe almost within gunshot of them. I offered them my rubber boots, but the latter were in pretty bad shape, for I had been in up to my waist, and my hip boots were full of mud and water. It was a hardish snipe hunt, but that was where the snipe were—more snipe, I think, than there have been on any marsh around Chicago this fall. As bearing out this assertion, I may state that Mr. Turtle went down on the same marsh that afternoon and killed twenty-five birds, and on the second day after that he and Mr. Lamphere went down again and shot there all day. This time, however, the birds were beginning to move out, and they only got forty between them in the whole day's shooting. Since then a cold rain has set in, and I presume the birds have all left that part of the country. It was just one of those little bits of jacksnipe luck which come now and then, often enough to keep a fellow hoping. As I have said, so far as I know the two days' bags made on this marsh are the best that have been made by any Chicago shooters near town this fall.

From Marsh to Hills.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 3.—The first snow of the season fell here yesterday—not very much of a snow; indeed only a few weary and disconnected flakes which drifted down for a few hours in a half-hearted way, as though not trying very hard to make much of an impression on the course of human events. Still it was our first snow, and has the usual signficance of the first snow in sportsmandom. We are now to move from the marshes to the hills. The duck is dead, live the grouse.

I presume that the first of the week saw pretty much the end of the snipe season, and the best of it came just at the close, after the unexpected fashion of this erratic bird. I have already spoken of a brief flight which came in on the marshes just south of Chicago, and am now inclined to think that quite a body of birds were scattered over whatever wet marsh there was below and to the west of town. I heard of some birds killed out near Wheaton, and on Oct. 28 there was a nice flight in around Blue Island. I am advised by Mr. Gustav Eberwein, of that suburb, that he knew of bags made as high as 34 and 42 last week near Blue Island, and some of the local shooters also got a mallard or so now and then while after jacks, among these Mr. Eberwein himself. By this time, however, I think the cold rain, followed by snow this week, must have sent about the last of the snipe on their twistful way to the southward. Of duck shooting we have had nothing worthy of the name hereabouts this fall

Deer Country.

Indications all point to a heavy traffic this fall bound for the deer country of upper Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota. Our deer territory is now all sewed up in the non-resident license bag; not that the sanctity of the bag will prevent its being ripped this year as last, in divers and sundry places, by those who think a license law is wrong, or at best ought to apply to the other fellows and not to them. There was probably never a law on the books of any State which was violated more generously than the Wisconsin deer law last year and the year before that. Yet I believe that all this talk about the game laws, even the abuse of them, has given the subject a much needed advertising, so that lawbreakers need to be more secret than formerly. The dates of the season are better known and better observed than ever before, and perhaps even the local hunters who have been accustomed to kill meat when they wanted it will be found a trifle more reticent than before and not quite so frequent with their secret, dark and midnight interviews. There will be deer enough to give sport to a great many this fall. Parties will not bring back so very many deer as was once the case, perhaps, but everybody who goes will be pleased except those who have been to the same place before and made bigger killings. Everything is relative, and the man who knows no better than what he has wants no better. I can remember that when I was a boy I lived in a country where it was as much of a distinction to kill a wild goose as it was to be elected to the State Senate, and where I thought I was really a great man when I killed my first goose. Yet since then I have killed a score or so of geese in one morning and experienced not half the pleasure in the feat afforded by the solitary gander of a scarcer day. It would appear that this must be the history of our Western game; we will value it when it is nearly gone, and not before. It surely rises steadily in popular appreciation every year.

In regard to the favorite deer regions, they are this year, as last, such points as Philips, Rhinelander, Fifield, Iron Mountain, and others in that latitude, and all very readily reached from this city. I got on to a very nice bit of deer country last spring while out trout fishing. Take the Milwaukee road to Merrill, or the Northwestern to Parrish, Wis., and then take wagon to Dudley P. O., about eighteen miles from Merrill; thence take the woods road up the Prairie River, some six or eight miles above Dudley's place, and turn out to the left among the hard wood hills which rise up boldly at that point. In there you will find some grand country for still hunting, and it is not quite so much hunted as some of the better known localities. I stumbled upon this while hunting trailing arbutus, and saw so much sign that I made inquiry. Farmers near there told me they had no trouble in getting all the deer they wanted there each fall. I had the runways all located along a big cranberry marsh, in the hope that I might get up there this fall myself, but I am not sure that I care enough for a deer to pay $25 for a license. I know very well I could get a deer in there without trouble, always provided some enthusiastic deer hunter didn't get me first. There has this fall, as for the last few years, been great danger in going deer hunting in Wisconsin or Michigan.

During the Congressional trip into Minnesota I became convinced that there is a grand game region in about Walker and Cass Lake, especially the latter point. It is Indian country, and I presume is proof to the public except under permit from the agent. Even with such permit there might to some timid souls seem something of a spice of danger in going out into the woods there, where the Indians last year killed several soldiers and have never since then been absolutely brought to book for it. These Chippewas and Pillagers are none too friendly just now to the whites, and of course do not understand what all this sudden interest in their country means. In many ways they have been smoothed up the wrong way the last year or so, and I presume may feel a trifle ugly. There is plenty of room up in there for a fellow to lie undiscovered for a few years if anything did happen to him. Not that this should be seriously considered a bar to a trip there if all else were in line. I should dearly love to get into that Chippewa reservation about twenty miles from Cass Lake settlements, and have a moose hunt this fall. That is a moose country not yet much advertised except in a general way, though I presume it a safe wager that one could get his moose there if allowed a decent preliminary tour by his guide to locate the game before the law opened. The Minnesota moose season is so very short that it works its own destruction. Of course, it gives no chance for what I have always thought would be the best and most sportsmanlike way to kill a moose—to start him and follow him on foot, camping in the snow on his trail till you get him. This is the Indian fashion, and I should like to have a go at that some day in the Cass Lake country, though it may be a long time before it snows enough the first week in November up there to make this sort of a hunt possible. If the moose law were observed by whites and Indians both as it now stands, the moose would have a good chance to live forever, for the brief season comes, of course, too late to find the moose along the streams in the water and too soon to track them in the snow. What one's chance is to get a moose in a week of still hunting over dry woods, one may easily determine for himself by mixing up numbers in a hat, or trying to draw the capital prize in a lottery. Of course he may get his shot, but then he may not, and the may not is the more likely.

The South.

Within the next thirty days some of our shooters will be making plans to go South for trips, and as times are very good now in this part of the country since the revival of business interests we may look for more than the usual rush to Southern shooting grounds. The turkey country of Missouri is a tempting thing this fall, and the ducks of Arkansas are very fair to look upon. I infer that in the neighborhood of Little Rock the duck shooting has been very fair this fall, as witness the following notes from my friend Joe Irwin, of that city, who is still able to be about with his little Smith gun. If he and Mr. McMurchy do get together down there for one of their seances with the mallards, the only thing that will save the mallards is a cold wave to send them out further to the South. Mr. Irwin describes the country something like that where I once shot with him—an old cypress swamp in the middle of a strip of woods. He says:

"While the weather has been very warm down here so far this fall, yet the mallards are here in goodly numbers. On Friday last with a friend I drove ten miles up the river to a little lake in the woods, where we arrived about 8 A. M. My friend put on his wading pants and went to the lower end, while I took the boat and two dozen Acme decoys and my Chesapeake dog and pushed across into a pocket in the bear brass, where I put out my decoys. With gun and caller I got into a good blind. My friend soon had a flock up and a few calls headed them for the decoys, and then the sport began. Every few minutes a flock would come over the trees and in gunshot, and some fifteen or twenty mallards lay in my boat before 11 o'clock. My Chesapeake did some of the most difficult retrieving I have ever seen done. This bear grass has a saw edge that cuts like a knife above the water, but he retrieved these ducks from that mass of reeds and rushes without a scratch apparently. My friend was meanwhile pounding away in the lower end. After a time the ducks gave my blind the go-by. Although I tried my most persuasive notes on them with the caller, they would settle half way between us; but by 4 P. M. we had a fine bag and hitched up and drove home to supper that evening.

"The bass fishing with live bait and spoon is very fine just now. Two members took thirty yesterday at the Old River Club, twelve miles out, and a number of fine strings were taken at Cache River Bridge, forty-five miles east, last week.

"I am expecting Harvey McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., down here soon, and we will have a great time if present conditions continue."

If any Chicago shooters have a fancy for a Florida trip this winter they might with profit look up the proposition which comes from Mr. C. B. Davids, of Winter Park, Fla. Mr. Davids wants to get up a party to be guided by himself and brother, starting out from either Tampa or St. Petersburg and working north through the best game and fish country. He figures on deer, alligators, quail and oysters—a very decent layout of game, one would say—and is confident that the party could have a splendid time. He wants to enlist enough capital to build the needful boat—about $150—and wishes to charge but a couple of dollars a day for himself as guide, dogs included for deer or birds. I have no doubt this would give a party of winter tourists a very fine outing, and those purposing a Florida visit this winter might very well write Mr. Davids.

Illinois Test Case.

There was some talk a while ago about the testing of the non-resident clause of the Illinois game law, and as was earlier mentioned in these columns a fund was raised for the purpose of making an arrest and pushing the case in the courts. This arrest, as also mentioned, was made in Henderson county, and the defendant, a non-resident by the name of Eberle, was sent to jail to see how he liked the martyr business. Habeas corpus proceedings were inaugurated and change of venue taken. The case comes up for trial here in Chicago, before Judge Kohlsaat, on Nov. 6. The legal battle will be carried to the upper courts, and we shall at last see what we shall see.

War Along the Des Plaines.

There is a merry little war just now in progress along the Des Plaines River Valley, below Chicago, where the drainage ditch crosses Will county. This county holds some pretty fair shooting ground, and this has been eagerly taken up, chiefly by two rival shooting clubs—the Lockport Gun Club and the Will County Fish and Game Protective Association. The former is made up mostly of townsfolk and the latter of farmers, the admission fee to the latter body being but nominal. The race for shooting territory between these two organizations has resulted in the leasing of pretty much all the farming country thereabout, sometimes one body getting a farm under its lease, sometimes the other, so that often the shooting grounds are not consecutive, but intermingled, and consequently difficult to keep in mind. It seems that the two clubs differ as to the shooting rights on the farm of one Williams, and the matter has gone so far that each club has hired wardens who patrol the grounds and glare at each other when their employers are around. The drainage board of the big ditch has something to say also about the disposition of some good shooting ground along its right of way, and both clubs are trying all their blandishments to get the board into line with promises to lease its marsh regions to the good and glory of the shooting club interests. Such is one of the forms of the preserve idea in good old Illinois, long the home of about as stubborn free shooting propaganda as could be scared up of a summer day. It would appear that the non-resident license idea and the preserve idea have hit us to stay. It has taken a town meeting to satisfy the Lockport boys about their position in this question, and I imagine a great deal of local bitterness will ensue for a time.

Duck Island Club.

Duck-Island Club, whose preserves are near the Illinois River, south of Peoria, continues to show about as good a record as any of our ducking clubs, some very decent bags having been made there this fall. It is now about mallard time down in that neck of woods, and Uuncle Abner Price has just packed his old gun and started for the club marshes. He will bring back ducks if anybody does.

Quail.

The vicinity of Bloomington, Ill., is one of the best quail districts of this State, and was at one time about as good chicken country as any of this part of the country. A great many quail are bagged each fall at and near this town, and it is a point well known to Chicago shooters. Mr. W. P. Mussey left for Bloomington last Wednesday for a quail shoot of several days, and has not yet returned. He should have good success.

Dr. Morris, of Dixon, Ill., has just returned from a quail hunt of a week and reports very good luck. He shot at a point about forty miles north of Jackson, and averaged forty birds a day during the hunt. I tip Alma, Mich., as a good point, also.

Deer.

As I write I just receive word from a friend in Wausau, Wis., that a great many deer are being killed around that point. One deer driver put four deer into water for his watchers, but not one of them was able to kill his meat. Thinking of the dog clause in the law, perhaps.

Low Trajectory.

Mr. D. H. Armstrong, of Grand Rapids, Mich., passed through Chicago this week at very high velocity and making a very low trajectory. He belongs to the National Projectile Works, of Grand Rapids, and I presume that is why he was going through so fast that no one got to see him very well.

Mallards.

Fox Lake, Wis., seems to have had a few mallards in during the last week, and I am advised that a local hunter, Van Meigs, was lucky enough to kill eighteen of these handsome birds one day, besides a couple of smaller ducks. He apparently got a good shot into the brown on his first flock, for it is stated that he killed seven as they rose and one with his second barrel. I used to kill them "as they rose" that way myself, sometimees, when I was younger, and I always tried to catch them on the rise just before they got off the water. Anyhow, he got the mallards, and ducks are ducks these days.

At Water Valley, on the Kankakee River, Dr. Hinkins, of Chicago, one day this week killed five mallards and a teal or so, which likewise is considered a good bag in these days.

Successful Photographer.

Mr. George Shiras, 3d, of Pittsburg, Pa., passed through Chicago this week on his way to Wisconsin, deer hunting. Mr. Shiras is the author of some of the finest big-game pictures ever made. He works by night and with flash light, saying that a daylight picture shows not half so shapely as a flashlight at night. Mr. Shiras has heretofore photographed mostly deer, but he now wants to make some pictures of ducks on their feeding ground at night, thinking that this would be a unique and interesting subject. He, however, does not know just where to go to find the ducks. I have no doubt that he will eventually get them and succeed in his purpose. Few gentlemen have done more with the camera in sport than he.

E. HOUGH.

180 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Maine Big Game Season.

BOSTON, Nov. 5.—Newspaper men are sometimes fortunate as big-game hunters. Mr. W. C. Harding, foreman of the Boston Herald composing room, is one of that class. He is just out of the Maine woods, with all the game the law allows—a bull moose weighing 620 pounds and two buck deer. Going into the woods from Patten, Aroostook county, he struck Sawtelle Brook, Sabois Farm. Here he had the good luck to see a big cow moose feeding on the marshy borders of the stream when he had a well-loaded camera in hand. He says that he was more excited than if he had seen a moose that he intended to shoot. He jumped out of the canoe into the soft mud and came near going under, camera and all. He managed to wallow, however, till he got near enough to her ladyship for a couple of good snap shots. Just then a big bull appeared, and Mr. Harding got a couple of good snap shots at him. Then he signaled to his guide to bring his rifle. All the time neither of the moose seemed to be alarmed. He thinks that he was so covered with mud they did not see him. Rifle in hand the hunter had time for careful aim, giving the bull a bullet from which he was soon down. Mr. Harding shipped this moose home to Boston, being the first hunter in that section to take out the special license for shipping game out of Maine, provided for last winter. The films containing the exposures on the moose were not developed at this writing, but Mr. Harding feels confident of some good, live moose pictures. He shot his moose in the same section last year.

Mr. George. H. McIntosh, of Boston, has killed a fine moose on the East Branch of the Penobscot. The day before Mr. W. J. Marsh killed a mate to it, the heads being especially fine and much alike. Mr. W. C. Wigg has also taken a big moose at Roach Pond. Mr. I. H. Young, of Quincy Market, has just returned from a hunting trip on the Machias River, Me. He secured a buck deer that dressed 210 pounds and a doe that dressed 176 pounds. These deer he brought home to Allston, Mass. He thinks the buck the largest brought out of Maine this year, weighing about 300 pounds as it ran.

BOSTON, Nov. 6.—That there has been a rapid increase in cow moose is testified to by about every hunter who goes into the moose regions this fall. They all complain that they see many cows, within reasonable shooting distance, but few bulls. This is true of New Brunswick as well as Maine, though those who write to draw hunters may not care to have the statement published. Mr. Geo. H. Lanphier, who has carried the FOREST AND STREAM to Boston readers for a number of years, has returned from his annual moose hunt. He saw seven cows, but not a bull; hence he returned empty handed. He says some of the cows were monsters. They allowed him to approach pretty near to them without becoming alarmed.

Now it is stated that the average size of the moose shot in Maine this season is 800 to 900 pounds. This is hardly true, for not a moose has yet been in the Boston markets this fall that actually weighed over 600 or 700 pounds. There is more solid lying about the weight of moose than almost any other fish or game subject. Reports from Bangor say that there is a great increase in the number of women who come into Maine to shoot deer this fall. So far, 150 deer have passed through that city that have been shot by women. Contrary to the usual impression, the guides say that generally these deer have been actually shot by the women to whom they are accredited. I know of one plucky lady who stayed out all night on the shores of a pond, watching for deer to come down. About 11 o'clock she was rewarded by seeing a good buck appear. But it was night, and the accuracy of her aim was doubtful. The deer escaped, but not the courage of the lady, who was determined to shoot one. At 3 o'clock in the morning it began to rain, rendering the watching exceedingly uncomfortable, and the camp was sought, about a mile away. Still the lady persevered, and the third night was successful. There is certainly a chance for women to shoot deer in Maine, if they have the pluck and endurance, but it is no child's play, and means great patience, with a deal of hard tramping.

From every hunting section comes the same report the deer taken are small and generally does. But this will change. The season of snow is near at hand. Many Boston hunters are waiting anxiously for the telegram from their guides saying that snow has come. The next train will take them. Tracking will be good, and the big bucks can be selected by their tracks. Over fifty deer have been landed by Boston sportsmen the past week; some that would scarcely dress 40 pounds. Another fifty has passed through Boston for the week, to the credit of Massachusetts hunters. Mr. F. C. Clark of Plymouth, who has just returned from the Schoodic region has an exciting experience to tell about the shooting of a female bear, with his .30-30 rifle. The ball passed completely through the animal, evidently in a vital spot, but still she went some distance into a thicket.

Richard Knight, a young man of nineteen, steward at Poland Springs, went into the woods at Bemis, Me., two weeks ago, hunting with two other men. The men soon became separated. Since that time nothing has been seen of young Knight, though every possible step has been taken to find him. Parties have been organized, including men from Portland, Mechanic Falls, Poland Springs, Auburn, Lewiston and Rumford Falls, some days to the number of 200 to 300, and the woods have been scoured for miles around. But, up to the date of this writing, no traces have been found. The Rickers, of Poland Springs, have offered a reward of $300 for his recovery, dead or alive. Capt. F. C. Barker, of Bemis, has offered a reward of $100. The Portland & Rumford Falls Railroad has forwarded the searching parties free, besides offering a reward.

SPECIAL.

A Firm Stand on the Plank.

DRACUT, Mass., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a constant reader, very fond of the rod and gun and something of a natural history man, I would like to answer one of the perplexing questions of how better to protect our fish and game. There are all kinds of theories advanced and I will give one that is original with me, and shall use plain talk in explaining. My idea has been founded and proved by constant watching and work. I find that thousands of dollars are yearly spent following illegal fishing and hunting, while the real game hog, the exterminator of our game and fish, is allowed to pursue his wanton destruction of our true sport, protected by our law. That man is the market-hunter. Who is the man? He is not by any means the tradesman, or the merchant, or the laborer, but the man on whom we spend a great deal of money watching during the closed season and the rich man, or retired gentleman, so called. While the tradesman at his bench, the merchant in his store, and the employees love to fish and hunt, they are handicapped by the market-hunter.

Now I contend that there is only one way to stop this business; that is to pass and enforce a law to prohibit the sale or exposing for sale of certain kinds of game. Of course that will make a howl with some people, who are living on game from the market at the expense of others who cannot have it, except by going out and enjoying the best of all recreation, hunting and fishing for their own table. When we have such a law we can all eat game with the satisfaction of knowing that we are not being robbed by the game hogs.

The market-hunter is almost invariably of a class of men who live through the closed season doing just enough work to keep body and soul together, and spend their time marking places and breeding grounds for a general round up as soon as the law is off, and not always waiting for that. The rich man market-hunter is the worst of all. As a gentleman of leisure, he spends all his time in the covers, killing everything that gets up before him; and when the season will not permit him to find any more, he will pack off to the Southern States to resume his slaughter for market. Why protect such men and destroy the sport of true sportsmen?

Some may ask, "Must I go without game; I can't shoot." Answer—Learn how, or do as your neighbor does who can't shoot—eat pork. Others should not be denied the pleasures of the ballroom because you can't dance. We will all be able to shoot if we take the game hog out of the field, and to do that we must stop the market-hunter.

C. FRANK SCOTT,
Deputy Fish and Game Commissioner.

[Deputy Commissioner Scott's suggestions are all the more interesting and significant because manifestly he is an observing and reflective student of the game problem who has formulated for himself, independently, the FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank.]

"Not All of Hunting."

MY "fowling piece" is but an old model Remington breechloader. The barrels are getting pitted with rust. In one of them is a slight dent, made by some former owner hitting some substance harder than the game he struck at. The stock was cracked in the same way, so I have had it replaced by a homemade one. It is 10-bore, and so gets decidedly heavy before the end of a day's tramp. It has hammers, for I like to see them work. I use black powder, for I like to see the smoke. But when the old gun and I go a-hunting we have lots of fun. Sometimes we find the game scarce, wild and hard to get; sometimes we find it plenty and easy to secure. Sometimes I hit and sometimes I miss; but this is never the old gun's fault, for it shoots where I point it. But game or gameless we always have a good time together, my old gun and I.

PINE TREE.

Birds in Virginia and North Carolina.

SOUTH BOSTON, Va., Oct. 29.—A few days ago I had occasion to go over into Granville county, North Carolina, a distance of about twenty miles, and while on the trip I flushed not less than thirty large coveys of birds. In some places they were so bold as to rise and fly only ten or fifteen steps; in fact, one covey in particular had to be flushed three times before we could get a chance to shoot at them. At another place in the near vicinity of this spot, known to the writer, there are ten or fifteen large coveys that have ample protection and are large and well fed birds. Virginia and North Carolina will be the banner quail States this fall. H. P. W.

A Runway Incident.

SOUTH BOSTON, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed so often in your columns comments on carelessness of irresponsible persons with guns, that it brings to my mind an incident which happened to a party from this place not long since. The hunters had been on the stands since daybreak, and one of them being very thirsty, started out in quest of a spring. In doing so he walked out of the timber very close to another hunter, only to find a gun leveled directly at his head. Both men tell me that they feel nervous to this day when they see each other; one to think how nearly he came to being shot, and the other how nearly he came to shooting his friend. H. G. W.

Deer Mortality in North Carolina.

COUNCIL'S STATION, N. C., Oct. 30.—Deer, turkeys and quail are plentiful this season in this section, though a good many deer have died during the summer and fall of some disease. I can count about twenty skeletons in the woods near me; they are yet plentiful, and I have heard of no recent carcasses; have heard of some dead ones near Fayetteville, N. C., sixty or seventy miles away. I would like to hear from sportsmen in other sections where this game abound. J. P. C.

Sea and River Fishing.

A Trip to Honey Brook.

Of course every New York man who is fond of fishing and hunting has some good friend living near his favorite grounds who along about May 20 every year writes something like this: "Trout are biting fine; bring a dozen brown midges and a box of lalycapop." The city man's mind sees visions of former days full of sport with a tried companion, whose name, aim and character are always True, and he writes: "Will come on the Owl Saturday morning. Meet me at T. at 3 A. M. and will start for the Boreas. I have some ball cartridges for your shotgun and I'll bring my Savage for the 15th, so that we may try for a deer."

It is not necessary to tell any sportsman how business is rushed or put off when one is thinking about his happy hunting grounds in the Adirondacks. Preparations for a long summer outing are quickly made and the New York Central coaches, full of happy anglers with their rods, creels and nets, contained at least one man who had shaken the dust of the town from his feet until October. The suffocating tunnel, reminiscent of what he has suffered for days, perhaps, is quickly passed, and the journey up the Hudson is begun. The brothers of the rod and reel fraternize comfortably and the approximate location of each man's destination is divulged with customary caution. At Poughkeepsie the usual cold chicken, coffee, milk and sandwiches are eaten. The stout, jolly conductor with his inseparable lantern is seated in his accustomed place at the north counter, and the gaudily uniformed genius of the "palace" car is telling him the latest railroad joke. Your genial friend, who punched your ticket so many times, and finally, at loss what else to do, lately decorated your hat with a long brown slip, seems in no hurry, and orders a second coffee. You glance at your watch, and thus doubly encouraged, try a second cup yourself. You determine to eat and drink more slowly in future, and gaze with undisguised contempt upon your fellow passengers, who in their efforts to secure a meal are making anacondas of themselves. But, see! The great man has set his cup down to stay with an emphatic crash. He glances slyly at his big silver watch and shuts it with a snap which makes you jump as he shouts "All aboard!"

You halt a few minutes in East Albany to give the engine a drink and slowly steam into the old depot at Troy. "All out here. Lake Champlain train on right." It is about 12:30 and you feel rather sleepy. As the crowd begins to gather, many familiar faces appear, and you know that you are approaching your native county. Bustling Assemblymen and politicians are getting home from the Legislature and a number of wealthy merchants and farmers whom you know nod kindly and enter into a pleasant conversation about crops, weather and local politics.

Along about 1 A. M. a train backs into the station and you see the very Pullman car that came from New York surrounded by a bunch of yellow Delaware & Hudson coaches, all drawn by a giant engine.

We are off for the North now in earnest, and Whitehall is the next station of consequence. Lake Champlain new appears beneath the stars of the cool spring night glistening in the moonlight. The long tunnel is passed, and after a short nap a voice shouting "Addison Junction!" brings you to your feet. A kind traveler takes your grip and you follow with your rods, guns and other duffle. Out in the gloom near the platform a dark object is trying to quiet a fiery little broncho mare from Nebraska who doesn't like locomotives. I make a break for the silent man, grasp his hand and throw in my traps, and we are off before the smart stage can even look at us. Trixie keeps her steady gait for a few minutes or so, and we can now plainly see the ruins of old Ft. Ticonderoga, with frowning Mr. Defiance on the left

At about 4 A. M. we pull up before a neat cottage on the outskirts of T. village, and while I am made comfortable with a nice breakfast Tim piles in my traps, and with a triumphant flourish over the last buckle joins me for a cup of coffee. Few of the residents will be up for an hour yet. We must be off, and those great mountains off north must be penetrated by nightfall. There is good trout fishing all around T., both in Lake George and in the creeks flowing from the mountains, but we will have none of it. We are off to a fabulous land teeming with fish and game and about thirty miles distant.

True knows every yard of the country where he lives, but this new ground is familiar but to few. A city man happened to go there seventeen years ago when a college student. He had always wanted to revisit the locality where he used to catch a ten-quart pan full of large trout daily for the party of eight or ten on his hands, and True had been informed by local authorities that the city chap would know "where they were if any one did."

As we pass through the foothills of the Adirondacks the steep pitches of the rough roads often compel us to walk and rest our horse, which follows us with deliberation. Pretty soon the rain begins to fall softly, and it is strange how little both care for it. Root's hotel is where we stop and feed our little mare and take a trout dinner in this famous old inn. In the winter the country people used to drive twenty-five or thirty miles after chore time to the dances that were held in "the hall," where Laffy Spaulding, a well-known "caller" (still living in Crown Point), used to hold forth with his band, leading with his old violin.

The rain continues, but nothing daunted we press on until about 4 o'clock, when a little rivulet is forded and the city man says: "True, put on a snell and try for our supper here, while I let the horse blow and pull an umbrella over myself."

Finally the horse attendant awakes from his reverie and asks, "How many have you got?" "Thirty-five," is the terse response, and the angler, who had been a graceful object in his black velveteen shooting coat, came out showing a string of nice fish.

The little mare now starts in for the finish and her masters are happy at the prospect of a trout supper. A large pond is passed, and a mile further on the city man grows thoughtful over a certain pair of bars leading down into a hollow.

"The road used to be here," he says; "but where is it now?"

The rig is drawn carefully through a potato patch, and finally an unused trail comes into view. After a few turns True commands "Pile in and ride." This is very delightful to the wet and weary angler. It doesn't last long, however, as a rough corduroy bridge full of dangerous holes appears. The mare is an interesting sight as she goes over the treacherous timbers feeling her way from log to log like a cat. The rough road full of miry holes and rough stony places is finally mastered as we emerge into a large clearing of about 150 acres. This was once the well-tilled farm of a famous lumberman, now sleeping with his fathers in a little New England hamlet. Here are the charred ruins of several fine barns and a large dwelling house. A single thunderbolt one summer's night reduced this fine establishment to ashes and Mr. D. could never be persuaded to rebuild. He had made money and decided to pass the rest of his days in civilization where lightning rods exist. With a few loose boards and a stake or two we improvise a shelter on the sharp slope of a hill overlooking a fine creek which contains in its dark, cool waters our principal food supply, and will serve to keep our meat fresh indefinitely. Two poles rest on the slope, and down below about 15 feet two strong forked stakes are driven and a pole 12 feet long placed in the crotches. Boards are laid on and the whole covered with two large overlapping rubber blankets, making as dry a tent as one could devise. Under a big pine log there are plenty of needles for the fire, and by peeling off the wet outside plenty of splinters are readily cut. The fire is soon blazing, the fish in the big pan with the slices of fat pork are sizzling and a delicious odor arises from the blackened coffee pot left by some kind-hearted hunter or trapper. A shout comes from the old broken-down dam which lies at the head of a deep pool. True is wild, and the city man runs with a strong net and lifts out a big 3-pound speckled trout and carries it to the camp, which, being in charge of a supper, he cannot leave for long. The fish is put into a bag of "skeeter" netting and placed in a cold spring. More shouting from the fisherman, but the cook is obdurate and tells him to net his own game.

Trixie stands at the end of a new clothesline as near camp as she can get and lifts her graceful head from the grass in astonishment at the noise from the pool.

No veteran camper need be told about the delights of a trout supper after a day's work in the high altitudes of Boreas River. Preparations for sleeping are hastily made and a lot of green spruce boughs effectually close in the open sides of our shack. The blazing fire forms our front protection, and we throw lots of water between it and our house to prevent accident. Some deer hunters, alas! last fall were not so thoughtful, and one snapping cold night in September our house was burned to the ground.

Breakfast is over by 5 o'clock, things are stored away and the mare fed. We decide to go up stream afoot as far as possible and fish down. We walk through the dense, moss-carpeted forest, full of the deeply worn trails of deer. An occasional splash in a deep bend of the creek indicates the position of a buck fighting the tormenting flies, standing in the cool water, and a sharp whistle is his challenge to the intruders upon his privacy.

Both anglers have crossed the brook a few minutes later, when right from under a bush at their feet a fine young buck springs and is off like a flash. We find quantities of trout, but owing to the coldness of the water the large ones would not rise. So we return to the camp, determined to try our luck below the dam, where the fish are more presentable.

A scene of desolation awaits our return. In spite of Trixie's best wishes, a stray red cow of the usual mountain breed has taken a fancy to investigate our little camp, and there is nothing left. The pork, butter, potatoes and corn meal are of course gone. The coffee had been strewn about, the pickles wasted, and True always insists that the ravenous beast deliberately ate up a cut glass salt bottle in cold blood. There is nothing to do but take our weary way to civilization, as represented by "The Branch." So we arrive at the residence of Mr. Covill, where we are hospitably entertained and sleep in the new barn on the hay loft.

Next morning a hasty glance at our stores revealed two boiled eggs, two small cucumbers, a little salt and three crackers. This we divide and eat as we sit on the tongue of an old mowing machine under the farmyard shed. It is 4 o'clock, but Covell, who retired at 8 P. M., has already arisen and is off to his work on some one's farm. Of course we couldn't wait to have a regular breakfast, and as our time is limited we take to the Branch like a couple of deer. There are a few large trout in the holes, and we soon have a good basketful.

True is a fast fisher and his companion cannot keep up with him, unused to the rough country and weak from lack of food. A long, shallow pool is reached and a few trout are taken at the eastern end. True then crawls around the boulders and makes a cast in the swift water. The tip suddenly drops from a strike, and an instant later the head of a monster trout appears above the sparkling rapids. The old "cornstalk" has been for three days soaked by the rains and it yields at the tip from the enormous and sudden strain. There is a mighty splash and the city man sees a broad tail strike the surface almost a yard behind the angle of the line and water.

"Did you see that?" asks True.

"I should say so," is the reply. "Three-pounder if an ounce. You were rattled, old man; be calm, like me."

"Well, I'll tell you," says True; "I thought at first that he was one of those little fellows until I saw him above water, and then it was too late to do anything. Well, let him go. Some good fellow will get him some other day."

Not caring to fish after the bad luck, the city man suggests the trial of a little stream that meets the large creek just above the scene of the recent struggle, saying that many years ago it had given him a mess about every day for a week. True rather demurs at the size of the brook, which is only a rivulet, with a dreadfully rooty and rocky bed, but finally agrees to walk up the trail along its banks for about a quarter of a mile, when he condescends to drop in a hook, which is immediately seized by a good-sized trout. He pockets the prize, nods approvingly and says: "Let's go up about half a mile further; then we'll fish her clean down to the creek." The word clean doesn't mean that we were after fingerlings.

Pretty soon a bear trail is discovered, and bits of raspberry leaves, slightly chewed, show where the animal has been feeding. Whenever a log lay across the path bruin would invariably crawl over it, never going around, and although the log might be supported by large stones or rocks 2 feet above the ground, he would never pass under. Trapping has given these animals almost an additional sense—reason. Pretty soon we come to the large timber near a cedar swamp—the source of the stream—and while busy catching the fine 8-inch fish (for they average very evenly), a great splashing and floundering is heard in the stream between the men. True calls: "Did you fall in?"

"No; did you?" is the reply.

"That was our bear, then," says True.

Both approach, and there, sure enough, bruin had been wallowing in the cool water under a birch sapling, while huge tracks on the sand showed his hasty exit. Some berry bushes on the left bank had been badly flattened where he had just dined. The two anglers continue down stream, with various adventures of the ordinary piscatorial character, until nightfall. Four fish are often caught at a cast from the two rods, and the baskets groaned.

The little mare is glad to get her grain. A hasty supper is taken at a good Scotchman's house, and we start forth on our twenty-five-mile trip for the Vineyard Farm, where the city man is to spend his vacation.

Through the dark night, over rough roads, our sure-footed Trixie picks her way. Each man takes turns sleeping on the other's shoulders, and by 3 A. M. the old log farmhouse is reached. Don, the country-bred "bird dog," comes rushing forth in wonder at the strange arrival, but is soon quieted, and the men are busy with their catch, which is soon safely packed in the ice house in milk pans hastily snatched from the drying rack. As the household awakes a large pan of dressed trout is found by the cook on the kitchen table, with the message, "True and I arrived at 3 o'clock. Cook these for the guests and let us alone until we want to get up. More fish in the ice house if wanted." PETER FLINT.

Pike vs. Muscalonge.

THERESA, N. Y.—I was much interested in Mr. Talbott's article, "The Damnation of the Carp," in the Sept. 16 number. I wish that he could as easily convince me that the lake pike (commonly called pickerel) that was introduced in Indian River here fifteen years ago has not nearly exterminated muscalonge, which was plenty before "the pickerel's" introduction. While now there is an occasional large muscalonge, there are still fewer small ones taken, and I attribute the cause to the "pickerel."

I had poor luck on my trip. I saw only two ducks—water is too low and weather too warm. I did not wear a coat on the water or in the woods during the three days. There are plenty of grouse and gray squirrels. I know a young farmer who got sixteen grouse and eight squirrels last week without a dog, and he does not hunt all the time. While on the river to-day two pickerel (*Esox lucius*) tried to jump into my boat. I would not "take in" the largest in the river to have it, but would row a week to get the largest muskalonge (*Esox nobilior*) that I still think is in the river or lake, although not one has been caught this season. J. L. DAVISON.

Clarence Goes Fishing.

LITTLE Clarence (with rising inflection)—"Pa?" Mr. Clippers—"Uh?" Little Clarence—"Pa, if a man fifty years old marries a girl of seventeen, and his son, aged twenty-five, marries the girl's mother, don't that make the old man the son-in-law of his own son, and the father-in-law of himself; and—and, pa, can I go fishin' all this afternoon with Johnny Jumpup if I won't ask you any more questions?" Mr. Clippers (hastily)—"Great guns! Yes!"—Puck.

ANGLING NOTES.

Scientific Information.

A FRIEND that I have never seen in my life, a newspaper writer himself, acquired the habit a few years ago of sending me newspapers and newspaper clippings containing matter relating to fish and fishing. This little attention was continued for more than a year before there was even an exchange of letters, but with considerable regularity there came to me the bundle of newspapers and clippings with the blue penciled "F. M. W." or "Frank M. Wooley" on the margin. His own contributions to the press would be indicated, but anything that had a fish flavor he considered might be of interest to me, and I have received all sorts and kinds of fish stories. In some instances I have recognized my own work, dressed over to suit the publication in which it appeared, or to conceal the source from which it was borrowed without credit. One evening last week I received a package in the familiar handwriting on the wrapper in blue pencil, and glanced over the contents, but found nothing of interest to me, and put them in the waste basket. The next morning the maid happened to single out one of the sheets, because, perhaps, it bore more pencil marks than the others, and asked if I meant to throw it away. It related to exchanging fish with Europe, and the item had been copied from the Scientific American, and I read it more carefully and preserved it simply because it came from a paper of the standing of the Scientific American and contained such gross misinformation. The statements seem to have passed unchallenged, as the article is copied apparently in its entirety, without comment, but if FOREST AND STREAM should go so wide of the truth in an article on shooting, fishing, yachting or any other subject in its particular field it would be commented upon without gloves. Of course, FOREST AND STREAM could not make such a stupendous blunder, and give absolutely false information, and one naturally looks to the Scientific American for facts, not fables.

American Fish in France.

The article opens in this wise:

"Many tourists who will attend the Paris Exposition next summer need not be surprised to find on the bills of fare of the leading European hotels such items as 'American black bass,' 'American salmon,' or 'American mascalonge.' It should not be hastily concluded that these items are put there for deceptive purposes, or that they refer to canned or dressed American fish. They are in reality true statements of facts, and indicate the growth of our fishing interests under the wise and progressive supervision of the United States Fish Commission. During the past summer American fish fresh from the water appeared on the tables of European hotels devoted specially to catering to American tourists. In order to appreciate the full meaning of this, it is necessary to glance at a feature of the work planned years ago by the Fish Commission."

Reduced to fewer words, this feature of the work of the Commission consisted of scientific study and experiment and investigation of food plants of inland waters, causes of famine and years of plenty in the fish supply, the transplanting of young fish fry to waters far removed from their natural habitat. "This experiment proved of great commercial value to the country. Inland waters that were almost destitute of fish are now teeming with millions of artificially propagated fry. In some of the new waters they have been transplanted to, the food fishes have been found to thrive better than in the streams where they were found. The extension of this work to foreign waters was anticipated by the Fish Commission years ago purely as a scientific test. Consequently, when they received intimations from leading ichthyologists abroad that an exchange of native fry would be agreeable, preparations were immediately made to send out fish to European countries."

Ichthyologists and fish breeders, fry and food fish are a little mixed in that paragraph, and it would seem that the only fish transplanted were stream fish. Ichthyologists as a rule are not interested in the transplanting of fish fry, and exchanges with foreign Governments, fish breeders and acclimatization societies are made in the form of impregnated ova, but that is a minor matter. To continue:

Landlocked Salmon in Scotland.

"The first experiment was made in Scotland with our landlocked salmon. The inland waters of Scotland presented conditions somewhat similar to those in which our salmon loved to disport, and besides, there was a species of Scotch salmon native to the streams and lakes of that land. Young fry of our landlocked salmon were shipped to Scotland some ten years ago, and in that time they have multiplied rapidly, much to the detriment of the Scotch salmon. The American salmon proved larger and stronger than their native cousins, and the Scotch salmon is almost threatened with extinction by the growing rapacity and multiplication of the American landlocked salmon. On the whole, however, this is not to be regretted, for the American species furnish more and better food than the Scotch salmon."

I have a friend who has the habit of relating jokes in his letters, and at the end of them he writes, "Ha! ha!" to indicate that the reader must laugh, but that last paragraph requires no "Ha! ha!"

If the Scientific American pays good money for such rot as I have quoted, it pays for a gold brick of huge dimensions. Any boy who has read FOREST AND STREAM for a year will probably know that Scotch salmon, Irish salmon, Welsh salmon, English salmon, Canadian salmon and American salmon (if the quoted writer means the United States), the few that there are, are one and the same species, and that the landlocked salmon is also the same fish that resides in fresh water instead of going down to the sea on occasions. Scotch anglers will receive a shock if they should find out what the quotation charges. As the "Scotch salmon" grow to over 70lbs., and the largest landlocked salmon on record weighed under 30lbs., the scientific writer is a little bit off in his comparison of size of the two fish, and as one fish holds to the fresh water and the other is anadromous, the war of extinction must have been carried on in the columns of some scientific paper led astray for the moment. It is barely possible that at some time a few landlocked salmon eggs were sent to Scotland, but there is no record of the exchange that I can find in the Government reports, and certainly there is no mention in foreign exchanges of the presence of the fish in any European waters except where they are native—in Sweden.

But the best of this remarkable article is yet to come—best in that it is more outrageously incorrect than what I have referred to:

Black Bass in France.

"A shipment of American black bass fry was made to France for stocking the rivers and streams, and, like the American salmon in Scotch waters, they have flourished so marvelously that to-day they are quite common articles of diet at the French hotels and restaurants. The French streams, since the introduction of the American bass, have doubled in their productive value, and there is every reason for the French anglers to be grateful to our American Fish Commission for stocking their waters with a new species of food fish. The French streams were practically deserted when the fry were introduced, and they had little difficulty in taking quick and complete possession of the waters."

Had they been introduced there is no question, if their health had remained good, about their taking quick and complete possession if they had wanted it.

The most determined efforts to introduce the black bass abroad were made in England and Germany. The Marquis of Exeter and Mr. R. B. Marston took over several shipments of adult black bass to England, and Count von dem Borne did the same for Germany, but I can find no record of black bass going to France. Count von dem Borne wrote me that he sent black bass to France, but to-day one hears nothing of the fish in England or Germany, and Mr. Marston admits that his experiment was a failure, and they do not want the bass over there, even if each fish is delivered with a muzzle over its mouth, for they are afraid of it.

But to resume the extracts from this most remarkable article with surprises in every paragraph:

Mascalonge in Germany.

"Other varieties of fish have been shipped to France and other countries as scientific experiments. The American rock bass has been introduced in several English streams, and the American brook trout is to-day in flourishing condition in the clear, cold streams of Russia and other northern countries of Europe." (As a real fact, not an imaginary one such as our friend has been treating us to, the American brook trout can be found in Europe, if it is planted in a pond with a fence around it, but when planted in a stream it disappears, never to return, so I have my doubts as to those cold, clear streams of Russia being able to hold the fish when the bars are down.) "The waters of Switzerland abound with many of our common river and brook fish, which make the angling there superior to anything in the past. It is even reported" (he is getting cautious at the end of his article) "that the fine American mascalonge has found a satisfactory home in the Rhine and the Danube."

That is a fitting climax to his American fishes introduced into European waters. The Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York is the only commission that has practiced the cultivation of the mascalonge, and I happen to know that the eggs of this fish have never been sent to Germany from that Commission.

Of the various fishes I procured to send to Count von dem Borne at his request, I was satisfied that he had exhausted the list when he asked me to send him some dogfish (*Amia*), but never in his wildest flights of fancy over the introduction of American fishes into the waters of Germany did he even remotely refer to taking the mascalonge across the sea.

Fish from South America.

One more extract and I will have finished with this remarkable production. Referring to an exchange of fishes with foreign countries and the fishes that have been brought to this country, it says: "The Scotch salmon has been tried here, but holds out little promise of success in waters where the American salmon lives. There is reason to believe that we will be more benefited by introducing the young fry of South American fish in our Northern waters than any that can be brought from Europe. The condition of ichthyology in the countries south of us, however, is such that it is difficult to secure the fry without sending an expedition after them."

Can any one tell what ichthyology in the countries south of us has got to do with the introduction of fish, and the kinds of fish it is proposed to introduce from South America? At the first meeting of the Fishcultural Association Governor Horatio Seymour thought we might introduce fish from China, but the Scientific American man could have given Governor Seymour cards and spades and a beating when it came to introducing foreign fish and sending them abroad.

Never in my life have I seen what purported to be a serious article upon the subject of fish or fishing that was so crammed full of ignorance and misinformation as this scientific article. If it had been signed A. Ward, I could have understood that it was meant for humor.

In a recent book review I read: "There can surely be no lover of good literature who does not take delight in a well written book on angling; a treatise on that exquisite art that is at once a school of philosophy and a whole system of education, and the closer recreation of the contemplative man."

The reviewer possibly did not know that some articles, akin to the subject of angling, that are intended to be educational, are more laughable than any comic opera ever placed on the stage in any land. If I possessed complete knowledge of the subject of "exchanging fish with Europe" and had set about writing an article to show how inaccurate I could make it, I doubt if I would succeed as completely as the writer in the Scientific American has succeeded in an article supposed to give facts. There is one peculiarity about his article, or several, that shows his unfamiliarity with his subject. All the fish planted, exchanged or with which the waters teem, are fry, and never eggs or fish older than fry. The exchanges seem to have been made with ichthyologists, and his fish are always stream fish, from brooks or rivers—never from lakes or ponds.

Pond-Reared Salmon in France.

After all is said, visitors to Paris may eat salmon the parent stock of which came from the United States, but they will not be landlocked salmon caught in wild waters in Scotland, but Pacific salmon reared in ponds in France. Dr. Jousset de Bellesone, Director of Fishculture of Paris, has reared at the Trocadéro Aquarium quinnat salmon, rainbow trout and our native brook trout. The Pacific salmon have been reared for five generations in fresh water by a system of pond culture not practiced in this country. I have used considerable space to dissect the misleading article, chiefly because of the source from which it was given to a confiding public, and also because the fishcultural work of to-day does not need to be bolstered up by misstatements of what it has accomplished to show that it is of vast benefit to mankind in increasing and preserving the food supply.

Our writer says: "The Commission may some day add to our fish diet some new species that will prove of enduring value." This is said as if the Commission manufactured new species out of sawdust and leather, as dolls are made, and deserves to be set alongside of the statement that the Commission is making a boneless shad by crossing the shad with the jellyfish. This latter statement was accepted as gospel by the public prints a few years ago, and was no more ridiculous than the assertions I have quoted.

Commercial.

To-day for luncheon I ate fresh salmon that came from the Pacific coast in a refrigerator car, and was retailed within fifty miles of Albany at 20 cents per pound when cut into steaks, and the whole fish could have been bought at a less price. The fish was not equal to Atlantic salmon from Canada in season, but it was in good condition, and of good flavor, and well worth 20 cents per pound. This information, which is reliable and can be verified in many Eastern fish markets, is worth more than all the alleged information in the article from which I quoted in the previous note, and shows the strides made in this country in fish propagation and fish transportation to furnish fish food at a reasonable price.

Sport.

On a recent journey over the N. Y., O. and W. Ry. I met the auditor of the road, and he asked me about constructing rearing ponds for trout fry, as the road proposes to construct such ponds in which to rear the fry obtained from the State until they are fingerlings, eight months old, or yearlings, before planting them in the public waters of the region through which the road runs. This road has always assisted the State authorities in distributing fish by hauling the State fish car and men free, and has taken a lively interest in planting fish in the waters of Sullivan and Delaware counties. The officers realize that the State cannot rear all their fry to the age of yearlings, and also that yearlings produce better results when planted. Instead of finding fault with the State because the State hatcheries do not furnish water for rearing fish, the officers will apply for fry and rear them at their own expense, and thus turn them into public waters to furnish sport for the general public, and therefore I consider this railway a public benefactor, and mention the fact here that other railroads may follow the good example.

Making a Trout Pond.

Scarcely a year passes that I do not have half a dozen letters, more or less, in regard to making a trout pond by damming a stream, and if I had made a collection of such letters received, say during the past ten years, I doubt if any two of them would be alike. As a rule the first thing is to find out what the inquirer really has to start with, for the letters tell me nothing to base an opinion upon that is good for anything, and at best my reply is only an opinion about something I have never seen. After an exchange of letters, wherein I become the questioner, I offer such suggestions as appear to me to cover the case.

This month I received a letter on this subject which was quite out of the usual, for it related the existing conditions so that one could frame an intelligent reply, and I give it here, premising that it is written by one of the officers of the Review of Reviews:

"The editor of FOREST AND STREAM has told me that you might possibly give me some information concerning the stocking of a particular stream with trout. This stream is the old Horseneck Brook, running by Greenwich, Conn. I have built a house on a hill overlooking it, and put a dam at the mouth of a deep, wooded glen, almost a ravine, which will back the water up 800 or 1,000ft., making the water 5 or 6ft. deep, and a pond not over 75 or 100ft. wide anywhere. The brook flows over a very stony bottom, and is very much shaded at the bottom of the glen.

"It never runs dry, as there are two large lakes at its source. I would own about 1,500 to 2,000ft. of the stream, and would want to screen it at the dam and my upper boundary. The fall is rather rapid, and the bed of the stream is full of big boulders. I am told that the brook used to be a celebrated trout stream. I am undecided about going to the expense of putting in five or ten thousand yearling trout in the pond made by the dam, and would like to ask if you could, from these meager details, give me any advice on that score, and what time of the year you would advise as the best to put trout in. I think the temperature of the brook never goes above 65 degrees; probably not above 60 degrees."

Instead of being meager, the details are quite complete, judging from queries that usually come to me. The correct temperature for trout; a shaded stream where the fish can hide; sufficient depth of cool water; vigorous water that is well aerated from flowing over boulders in a rapidly descending stream; flow of water sufficient to renew the volume in the pond before it becomes dead—in fact about everything necessary to know, except that important item, food for the trout. Having once been a trout stream, it is fair to suppose that the water contains a certain amount of fish food, but to make sure, fresh-water shrimp should be planted in the fall, and if the pond contains no cover for the fish, build "hides" for them of rough boards, i. e., a table with short legs anchored to

the bottom by placing stones on the top of them, and put the yearling trout, not over 2,000, in in the spring. It may be necessary to plant water grasses along the border of the pond to harbor the crustacean food, but this should be undertaken with great care that the grasses do not spread and choke the pond. Water starwort, water thyme, crawfoot, great water moss, are some of the water plants, but there are dozens of others that might be planted if they are under control, but unless they are the owner of the pond may rue the planting.

I think it was Francis Francis who said trout should be entomologists, but whoever said it declared a truth, for insect food not only improves the condition of the fish, but causes them to more certainly rise to the artificial fly, and insect food should be provided artificially if it is not already in the water, and this can be done by securing the larvæ form of some insects, and if more convenient the winged form of others. Trout must have water to live in, and they must have food in abundance if they are to thrive and be in the best condition.

Fish Matters in New Zealand.

When Mr. L. F. Ayson, Fish Commissioner of New Zealand, was in this country, he told me, among other things, that he would take home with him 2,000,000 impregnated eggs of our common whitefish, and he has just sent me his report, made to the General Assembly after his return home, and from it I find that about 65 per cent. of the eggs were hatched and liberated as fry. He says that what he considers a serious mistake was made, in the light of more recent development, in the early days of fish acclimatization in New Zealand, by planting trout of the same species (he refers to the fish we call the brown trout) in nearly all the New Zealand waters. That now the waters are swarming with the European brown trout, while it would have been wiser to have confined them to certain waters and planted in others the American brook trout, the Loch Leven trout and the common whitefish of this country. So far as the whitefish are concerned, it is not too late to plant them, for the trout will not interfere with them, but I am satisfied that the brown trout and the *fontinalis* will not thrive together in the same water. Only last week in Sullivan county, N. Y., I heard bitter complaints that the brown trout was driving the native trout to the wall in some of the streams in that region.

Commissioner Ayson alleges further that it is his belief that the early importations of brown trout ova were crossed with the bull trout (*S. eriox*), resulting in a strain of coarser fish, in many waters over which he has jurisdiction. While we in this country may not have suffered in like manner, there is to me a mystery about our importations of Loch Leven trout. Certainly all that I have seen of Loch Leven eggs have, when hatched here, turned out to be brown trout. Dr. Quackenbos, who procured Loch Leven eggs from Sir James Maitland at Howietown, while he was on a visit to that establishment, and brought them to this country and planted the fry after they were hatched in New Hampshire, is sure that he secured the real thing, a fish quite unlike the brown trout. I fear the people of this country are too prone to try experiments with new species of fish by planting them in waters already inhabited by native species, when it would be wiser to adhere to the old species, and by introducing new blood improve the race and add to the numbers.

The State of New York is exercising considerable care in planting species of foreign trout in new waters, for it is difficult to get fish out of a stream or lake after they are found to be undesirable or unfitted to the water.

Of the steelhead trout, Mr. Ayson says: "The steelhead (*Salmo gairdneri*) is a very fair variety of sea trout, inhabiting a wide range of the Pacific Ocean. There is a controversy going on in America as to whether this fish is not a rainbow trout with sea-going proclivities, and as rainbow trout have been successfully introduced into some of our rivers I think we should try to solve this problem with the fish we already have in this country before attempting to import ova of the sea-run fish of America. If we can solve this problem here, where there are no steelhead, it will be of great interest to the scientific world."

The problem has already been solved, and the steelhead is not a sea-run variety of the rainbow. It is true that at one time the rainbow was said to be the young of the steelhead, but that belief no longer exists, and both fish are put down as distinct species. The steelhead since Mr. Ayson's visit to this country has been found to breed in fresh-water ponds, in confinement, and the rainbow is caught in salt water, where it probably finds its way through the river, so both fish resort to salt water on occasions.

Whatever young salmon may do in the smolt stage in New Zealand, Europe or elsewhere, I know beyond question that in the State of New York when young salmon go down to sea as smolts they are two years old, and I know for the reason that Mr. Ayson refers to determine the species of steelhead and their relation to rainbow trout by planting the salmon fry where they were previously unknown, and observing that they did not go down to sea until they were two years old, although in November of the second year I saw some putting on the smolt livery of silver.

In his report Mr. Ayson refers to the whitefish work of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission of New York in Canandaigua and Hemlock lakes, but for the moment I did not recognize the lakes as Canadaque and Herman.

A. N. CHENEY.

"Fishing" in Hell Gate.

CHARLES FLANAGAN and Felix Talbot, of Astoria, were out fishing last night in Hell Gate, and anchored their rowboat about a mile off Bowery Bay beach. At a little after 7 o'clock the men got up their anchor and were about to seek another location when the boat was upset and the men thrown into the water. They managed to get hold of the upturned keel of the boat and clung there as they were driven along by the wind and tide. They passed several boats in their enforced trip up into the Sound and while they called loudly, no one seemed to hear them. When the tide turned they had drifted to College Point, and then they began to drift back, getting to Hell Gate again at about midnight.

Just at that time the tug Olympia was passing down the river, and when off Ward's Island, near 112th street, the captain, Charles McLaren, heard faint cries. He turned in the direction of the sound, and finally reached the upturned boat. Ropes were thrown to the two men on the keel, but their arms were so stiff they could not help themselves. Then the tug drew nearer, and the men were lifted off, with their arms nearly frozen stiff. They were taken into the cabin of the tug and landed at East Twenty-ninth street, whence they were taken to Bellevue Hospital, where Talbot is sick with pneumonia.—New York Evening Post, Nov. 3.

Cornelius W. Smith.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The announcement of the sudden death of Cornelius W. Smith, of Syracuse, President of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, which occurred on Oct. 28, was read with profound regret by his many friends throughout the State. Mr. Smith was born in Trumansburg, N. Y., May 19, 1845. He was a son of N. B. Smith, a noted patent attorney in the early days of Syracuse. Personally, Mr. Smith was genial and whole-souled, and his kindly manner won for him a host of friends. He possessed a most evenly balanced temperament, and the petty worries and cares of professional life did not appear to disturb in the least the harmonious makeup of his nature. He was rarely, if ever, known to lose patience, no matter what the provocation was. He stood well to the fore in his profession. He was well posted in legal matters, and carefully prepared his cases before arguing them. His judgment and opinions on contract law especially were frequently sought. Since the new bankruptcy law was placed on the statute books he had devised, after careful study, a system of blanks which greatly facilitate work in bankruptcy cases.

Mr. Smith was an enthusiastic sportsman. He was active in the New York Fish, Game and Forest League, and for a long time served efficiently as chairman of its Legislative and Law Committee. This position is one of the most important in the gift of the League, as it devolves upon this committee to present to the Legislature the recommendations of the organization for new protective legislation and to secure the enactment of desired game laws. It is largely owing to Mr. Smith's efficient work in this position that the fish and game laws of the State are so satisfactory to sportsmen to-day. At the last meeting of the League in December, 1898, Mr. Smith was elected President of the organization, an office which he was admirably qualified to fill. He was President of the Carpenter Brook Fishing Club and a member of the Onondaga County Anglers' Association.

His genial presence, keen perception, sound judgment and warm friendship will be greatly missed in the councils of the New York State sportsmen.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Oct. 30.

Fishing in Minnesota.

FEW if any waters have I visited with greater pleasure when looking for excellent fishing, grandness of scenery and everything combined, than Prior and Spring lakes, Minnesota, lying in a belt of timber land about thirty-five miles southwest of St. Paul. It is only a few steps from one lake to the other, so if the angler does not find the fish biting well in one he may try the other, sometimes with surprising results, as I have found many times. Some days a good catch is made in one lake, while scarcely a fish is taken from the other, and so it is in this way changed around.

It is claimed by some fishermen that the bass, which are the principal fish angled for in these waters, run larger and more gamy in Spring than in Prior Lake, but having taken big fish from both waters, I don't see why one should deserve the title as the better of the two. If a strike is made by a big bass in Prior Lake I think it will be found equally as interesting to land as if hooked in the former one, and of course the angler can't tell just where the big ones are wating to grab the lure.

I visited the above waters in August, 1899, in company with an old angler companion, and for a week we shared the pleasure of camp life there. Besides the grand sport of fishing, we occasionally went frogging, and on the still evenings took long moonlight paddles across the glass-like water, Indian-fashion, in a little canoe, and it was surprising the swiftness that we could put the little skiff to.

We fished only on the proper days, when bass were biting, which were "dark and cloudy," and were never disappointed, always returning with two or three nice ones not less than 3 pounds apiece. We didn't make a business of pulling all the fish out of the water we could get hold of, or fishing from sunrise till the close of day, but when we wanted two or three we went and got them and didn't have any to let rot or throw away.

Frequently, while casting off the shore, we hooked small pounders, which were returned to the water as soon as possible, as my companion said, "to let grow a little," and only those that knew how to shake their heads, pull hard and make the water foam about them were saved.

About these lakes is one of those beautiful woodlands that have no attraction for gay summer people, the kind who like to hear a brass band or orchestra play in the evening, and wear gay clothes in the day, and the angler going to camp about them may wear clothes as ragged as they make them and no one will criticise him or think that he ought to do otherwise for their sake or his own.

Henry McKennett, or Mr. McKennett, as I may more respectfully refer to him, owner of a large, neatly kept farmhouse, situated between the two waters, accommodates hunters and fishermen, furnishing them with boats, rods and tackle. Besides the hotel, as folks call it, the proprietor has erected near the shore of each lake several cozy little cottages, each containing two rather spacious rooms, the windows and porches of which are properly screened to keep away the mosquitoes and other insects which are most always quite numerous in summer time. The proprietor is one of those Izaak Walton sort of fellows who like to have a rod in hand and be a-fishing most all the time, and he takes special pleasure in showing visiting anglers where to cast for the big bass, and he knows where to find them, too.

Most all the big fish taken out of these waters are with a frog as a lure, which is used in preference to artificial flies. Croppies, sunfish, pickerel, bullheads, etc., are numerous about both lakes, but few people, unless it be women, care to angle for them after becoming acquainted with the gameness of the black bass. Henry and I never care to fish for anything less gamy, and both think, as he put it one day, "I would sooner fish a week and at the end of that time only catch one big bass than a day and get all the smaller fish ever seen."

Croppies are excellent eating, and although I'm not fond of their capture, I don't despise them for a morning or even a noontime or evening meal. Occasionally when the sun had either disappeared or was setting, throwing a mild heavenly light over earth and sky, my companion used to get me to paddle him out on the water, while he handled the trolling line. We never went very far before hearing a floppering a few feet behind the canoe, and would in this way pull in another and another until we had reached the number we had gone out to secure. They always seemer to bite quite freely on such evenings, and those were the only times we cared to go after them. Martin, as my companion is called, knows how to turn them loose from the frying pan, and when a couple of nicely cooked croppies were set before us at the breakfast table, together with some cream potatoes, a few slices of buttered toast and a good cup of Mocha and Java coffee, what more could a fisherman ask for, or a king either, as an angler once said?

Spring Lake is two and one-half miles from the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul station of Prior Lake, to Mr. McKennett's, the ride through the meadows and fields being a most welcome one after leaving the train. He meets his parties at the above station upon short notice.

A few years ago quail used to be quite numerous about this neighborhood, but now it is very seldom that a covey is found. Ducks, snipe, partridge, etc., are still quite plentiful in season, but the main thing is the fishing, and as before stated some big ones are taken there.

SHEE-ROO-KEE.

Farewell to the Rod.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On and after Oct. 15 the rainbow trout of British Columbia are supposed to be protected from the fisher, yet I fear the close season is more honored in the breech than in the observance, and no doubt many a spawning fish is filched from the beds by hungry prospectors and vagrant Indians. This, however, would be no excuse for decent sportsmen to ignore the law, and so the man who, preferring quality of sport to quantity of fish, casts his fly on the face of the waters, shelves his rod by mid-October, no more to take it down, except for an occasional loving overhaul, until next spring. Happily, spring comes earlier with us than with our fellow-fishermen of eastern Canada; on Vancouver Island trout fishing is in full swing by March, and even up here in the mountains it begins early in April, so that for more than half the year the rod may wave over the clear, green streams of British Columbia, as good waters as any trout fisher need desire.

But all this is merely introductory. The fact is, I am about to do a very unusual thing, perhaps even a very unwise thing, and confess to a blank day—and may a kind and considerate providence grant me many another. Last Saturday afternoon was one of those still, mellow, glorious opportunities a man cannot afford to miss. It was neither Indian summer nor brown October—for in British Columbia we have neither the one nor the other—but just simply a fine autumn day in the mountains, something you may hardly equal and certainly not excel anywhere.

So I took my rod and went for a stroll down the Kettle River, a fair stream with an abominably unpoetic name. The big cottonwoods were liveried in gold and russet, contrasting most effectively with the deep blue-green of the bull pines; leaves drifted down as each wind from the hills passed across the valley, but in the rank matted undergrowth of the river bottom the purple asters nodded as yet untouched by the frost. On such a day it is not necessary to catch fish to enjoy fishing. The mere wandering through scenes of amazing beauty should be sufficient enjoyment; in fact, an artist or a poet would no doubt extract far more enjoyment from such a day than would the best fisherman of us all, provided such a one thought only of flies and fish. At this point the Kettle River is less than two miles from the international boundary line, which follows its never-varying course up the side of a steep range southward to the river, climbing to the line of almost perpeutal snow, on the summit of the divide between the Kettle and Columbia rivers. This hillside on Saturday was green and gray with pine and granite; to-day it is white from crest to foot with the first of the winter's snows, and ere long the dun mule deer will be forced into the bottoms, and we shall get a few.

Putting my rod together and looping on a cast of flies, Palmer, Seth Green and Montreal in the first instance, I followed the river, casting over all the likely looking pools and runs, but it was useless; not a fin stirred, and a stranger would have pronounced the stream an empty one. But I knew better. Fish are there by the thousand, and next spring they will leap at the fly as gallantly as ever, though for the present their appetites have failed, and other things seem more important than chasing moths and ephemera.

Of fish I got none, not even a rise rewarding a four-mile tramp, yet I am glad I went fishing on that last day of the season. I found coverts well stocked with ruffed grouse, and on the way back a short cut over a spur discovered a draw in which a pack of Columbian sharptails are living, so that the chances are that before long the breechloader will afford as much delight as has the fly-rod. I was almost going to write "more," but that would be impossible.

In a couple of weeks the rifle will be in greater demand

than the shotgun, but as yet the deer are scarce along the river bottoms. On the high divide to the eastward of the Kettle Valley caribou and bear are fairly abundant, and each of its kind is good. The caribou bulls are as large as those of Newfoundland, and the bears, according to the bar-room hunters, never make more than a single bite of a man. Well, perhaps time will reveal much, and some day I hope to tell FOREST AND STREAM all about a successful bear hunt up among the peaks of the divide. ST. CROIX.

COLUMBIA, B. C., Oct 16.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 15-18.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show. Marcel A. Viti, Sec'y.

Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 12.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's first annual trials. George D. Maxfield, Sec'y.

Nov. 13.—Egg Hardor, N. J.—New York State Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. F. F. Rick, Sec'y.

Nov. 14.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's tenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 14-17.—Carmichaels, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's fourth annual trials. J. W. Simpson, Sec'y.

Nov. 17.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 21.—Lawrenville, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.

Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Dogs That Go Into Society.

"EVERYTHING is perfect that comes from the hand of the Creator," wrote Jean Jacques Rousseau, cynic and skeptic though he was; but a certain class of his fin-de-siècle countrymen, and particularly of his countrywomen, are doing all they can to belittle the famous writer by the peculiar efforts they are making to beautify and bedeck God's handiwork, and by imposing upon certain of the four-footed beasts quasi-human habits which ill-become them and, in the end, simply tend to make them look ridiculous. I refer to the craze just now raging in Paris for creating a class of so-called "fashionable dogs"—an aristocratic canine society made up of chiens du monde as distinguished, not only from the common curs of the street, but from the well-fed, well-kept, naturally clothed companions of the bourgeoisie and professional and business people. It is not enough to possess an animal of pure breed and faultless manners; he must be of blue-blooded canine stock, perfumed and pampered with luxuries and dressed à la dernière mode de Paris, in costumes to suit the weather, the particular season of the year, and even in accordance with the etiquette of certain social functions which he may be called upon to attend. To meet the requirements of this new state of society which has arisen in the fashionable world of dogs the "Canine Costumier"—or, in plain English, the dogs' tailor and dressmaker—has become an absolute necessity, and one of the leading ladies of the "movement" assures me that very shortly these aristocratic pets are also to have their Directory—giving their names and addresses, their pedigrees, distinguished qualities and reception days!

Any visitor to Paris wishing to convince himself of the absolute correctness of these statements and to verify the details which follow has but to step into the Galerie d'Orleans, at the Palais Royal. There he will find displayed in two windows of the "Tailleurs pour chiens" an extraordinary collection of ornaments and costumes, which go to form the outfit of the up-to-date society dog of "la Ville lumière"! For some years past the ancient glories of the magnificent Palais Royal have been gradually passing away. In the earlier days of the republic it was the home of almost all the fashionable jewelers of Paris, the arcades literally blazed with diamonds and precious gems, and the person in search of a handsome present invariably turned his steps that way. Now the place is dreary and deserted, almost all the jewelers have moved to the boulevards and the Rue de la Paix, a few dealers in mock diamonds remain, and the most striking feature of the once famous Galerie d'Orleans is the tailor for dogs! Sic transit gloria mundi, and the indulgence of fads and fancies takes the place of deeds of charity and chivalry in these days, when gold is a god and the love of luxury a prevailing passion.

Probably no city in the world possesses so many dogs as Paris. Walk the Champs Elysées or the Bois de Boulogne in a morning and you will find such a crowd of canine pets as you could meet nowhere else. Every lady who pretends to any position at all owns one or more, and upon them she spends as much money as would keep a family of poor people. Philanthropists and moral philosophers complain that toy dogs are taking up attentions which should be bestowed upon children, and those who have the future of the country at heart sigh at the spectacle and tremble when they think of the decreasing population. It is useless to preach to these people. They simply reply that they might do worse with their wealth, and that they ought to be rather complimented than otherwise for putting so much money into circulation.

Leaving these social and economic considerations aside, let me detail for you some of the features of this extraordinary craze for dressing up society dogs. A few years ago the classic wrap in blue or brown cloth, hemmed and braided and bearing the arms of the initials of the owner, was regarded as a piece of extravagance; but this is looked upon as a very commonplace covering in aristocratic canine society to-day. Now, in the shops of the Galerie d'Orleans you will find complete trousseaus for dogs of all sizes and all classes—toilettes de reception, mantles for cold days, and waterproofs for rainy days; dust coats for excursions, plaids for railway journeys, and gray linen suits for the seaside. And the imagination of these people who are so anxious to make the life of dear little doggie a really happy one does not stop here. This year they have gone one step further in rendering the sublime handiwork of the Creator ridiculous by providing their pets with sets of fine linen. No society dog which really respects itself would think of possessing less than a dozen undergarments of lawn if it be in good health, or silk or surah if it should be subject to colds or nervous complaints! Then if the "poor darling" should be troubled with watery eyes, a dozen embroidered cambric handkerchiefs become an absolute necessity. And this is not all. His delicate little feet must be kept dry by boots, made to measure, of leather, or India rubber, to suit his particular temperament.

But, says my reader, surely these are exaggerated cases, and such foolishness cannot have taken any great extension. I made particular inquiries upon this point and found that the dogs' tailors in Paris can now count upon something like 5,000 or 6,000 regular customers from whom they receive orders for "garments" of one sort or another several times a year. One of the tailors took me into his confidence so far as to say: "For the most part our clients belong to the higher classes of society—people who can afford to pay high prices and who pay ready cash. The business is, therefore, a very profitable one, because the materials used do not cost very much and we sell them at a large profit. For instance, I recently had a very remunerative order from the daughter of a diplomat in Paris. She was about to be married, and I made a set of gala clothes for her dogs to match the liveries of the lackeys in her father's household. As the bride entered the residence after the ceremony, her three dogs were awaiting her at the top of the grand staircase dressed in these costumes with bouquets of orange blossoms attached to their collars and held in a silken leash by one of the footmen. The effect was marvelous! Then again, the daughter of a rich banker, recently married, had another idea. I made to measure for each of her dogs—she had half a dozen—regular bridesmaids' costumes of white faille embroidered with lace and garlanded with orange blossoms, while on their feet they wore small slippers of white satin, also specially made to measure!"

These details naturally exicted one's curiosity to the utmost, and I was led to ask for a complete description of the trousseau of a really select society dog. First of all, I was informed, the collar has been changed from a mere steel or leather circle of servitude into a purely decorative article. That most in vogue just now is the shape of a man's collar made of white celluloid with a bow in red celluloid fixed in front, while a little silver or gold Swiss bell is attached to take the place of a pin. Then on the left "ankle," in the case of a really fashionable lady dog, a gold bracelet, ornamented with colored stones (in some cases real emeralds and rubies are used) must be worn. This also may have a gold or a silver bell attached to it.

Now comes the trousseau proper. This is composed of undergarments for night and day in lawn or silk for summer and fine flannel for winter. Then there are the pocket handkerchiefs, in linen embroidered with lace, which are placed in a pocket on the left side of the overmantle and bearing the arms or initials of the owner. The boots and shoes are of various patterns and materials—kid, calfskin, patent leather, or India rubber. The latter find most favor, and they are laced or buttoned au choix. Bow-wow has his boots put on when he goes out and they are taken off for him at the door as he comes in, so that he does not dirty the carpets or the staircase after his promenade in the Bois.

As to costumes, your well-bred lady of the canine aristocracy is furnished with a morning gown for the house made of muslin or surah for the hot summer months and of flannel for the winter. The costume de ville is made of all sorts of materials to suit the weather and the occasion, and just now it is adorned with a fashionable collet and Medici collar. The robe may be trimmed in colors to match those of the dress of the dog's mistress. Then we have the seaside costume made of white piqué or of other light stuffs, and completed with a small sailor's hat to shield the delicate eyes of "tou-tou" from the glare of the sun. One fanciful Parisienne has determined to complete the costume during her visit to Trouville this summer by having a small parasol made of red silk which will be held upright in a ferrule fixed in position upon the dog's back. This will also serve as an en-tout-cas in case of showery weather, to keep the glossy hair of the "precious beauty" dry.

Could the ingenuity of woman with nothing better to occupy herself find anything more to ameliorate the condition of the canine race? Scarcely, you say. But we have not yet quite completed our survey of the creature comforts of the Parisian society dog. Let us not forget the toilet requisites, for these include quite a collection of combs, fine and coarse, of brushes, of fancy soaps and of perfume bottles. Then there is doggie's cot, upon the arrangement of which just as much care and luxury are bestowed. The most favored form at this moment is the Chinese pavilion upholstered in silk and covered in its exterior with white skin. Little windows are fixed in the walls for the double purpose of affording amusement for the spoiled inhabitant as well as giving him the fresh air necessary for his well being. The price of these luxurious little habitations for the "mashers" of modern dog society ranges from $25 to $100. As to the complete trousseau—upon what the tailor called a "modest scale"—the following figures were quoted:

Collar with imitation stones	$2.50
Bracelet with imitation stones	1.75
Half dozen undergarments	12.50
Half dozen pocket handkerchiefs	1.25
Two double pairs of boots (four feet)	5.00
One morning costume	3.50
One walking costume	7.50
One traveling costume	5.00
One seaside costume	5.00
One costume de ceremonie	12.50
One winter coat with fur collar	8.50
	$65.00

Add to this $35 or $40 for a cot, and you have at once a bill of $100. And this the tailor assured me was a very ordinary sum to spend upon a dog's outfit in Paris. Many ladies will pay as much as this for the collar and bracelet alone, ordering gold to be used and inlaying it with real stones. These luxuries in the way of jewelry have naturally greatly increased the number of dog stealers, who now and then make a splendid "haul" when they take a guardian unawares and run off with a fashionably dressed society pet. One's sympathies in this case are almost irresistibly on the side of the thief.—New York Times.

Massachusetts Fox Hunters.

THE greatest military event in the annals of Blandford since the good old "training days" transpired to-day. It was the first day of the first annual hunt of the Blandford Fox Club. The armed forces of the town were mobilized to the north of the Center at early dawn. All day the whole north end of the town bristled with firearms like a buckwheat field with stubble, and the whole horizon was filled with the banging of shotguns, the hoarse, red-bearded, warlike admonitions to the hounds, and the continuous music of the dogs' voices. One accomplished fox was shot at a dozen times, and carried his tail with him at night. In the evening the forces again mobilized at the Mountain House—the hard-legged hunters who had borne the labor of the day, and with them about thirty associate eating members—to enjoy an excellent dinner. On the floor by the hearth of the main room of the hotel were thrown three fluffy, red pelts, the product of the day's campaigning. It was a very pleasant occasion—a day of healthful sport and tramping in the cool, crisp, blue-skied fall day, and an evening of wholesome social intercourse for men who have far too little of it in their lives. The first Blandford hunt was a success, and the club which instigated it has proved its right to existence.

The shooting began with the first light of the day, and within the first hour two of the foxes had been killed. They were slain together by the veteran hunter, L. C. Nye, who got the second by making just one step from his tracks after getting the first. Mr. Nye and his family undoubtedly hold the long-distance fox hunting record which has been established since that veteran fox hunter and all-round athlete, Mr. Samson, of the Old Testament. He shot his first fox at the tender age of nine, and has let but one year go by since then without having at least one to his credit. That was last year, when the grip kept him indoors. He is now just past his seventeth birthday, and is still looking for fox. So far he has recorded 300 dead animals, and has done away with fifteen in one season. The third fox was taken at just nightfall by George Lloyd. The wind was a little high to-day, interfering with hearing the dogs, and with the shooting, and to-morrow, when the hunting will be in the south part of the town, is expected to bring better results. There must have been some eight or ten animals run by the twenty hounds to-day, and in addition there were several mysterious scents taken, which were supposed by the wise to be wildcats.—Springfield Republican.

The members of the Blandford Fox Club got two foxes on their second day's hunt. About twenty-five men and twenty dogs started on the hunt at 6:30 o'clock. The day was not quite so good as the one before, on account of the rain, which set in about 4 o'clock. The two foxes were shot by C. N. Lewis and T. J. Cooley, of Westfield, and there is a possibility that there was another shot by a small party which did not report last night. An exciting incident of the day was the holing of a fox on Merritt Hill. A party started to dig him out, when an excited hound burrowed down the hole and got stuck there, and at last accounts the hunters were working to uncover their dog.

A Solomon Come to Judgment.

SQUIRE HENRY GRELLE, of Beltzhoover, Pa., does not like lawyers. He believes that they stir up too much trouble by dragging musty old books into his office and insisting that he follow the precedents they dig from them. He has the full approval of his constituents. His justice is the sort that is equitable between man and man, and not that misnamed stuff that depends on the technicalities of law books for a standing.

One of Squire Grelle's early cases was brought against a friend of his, who was accused of cruelty to animals. The man had been bothered by a vicious dog, and he shot at it. The bullet cut a piece off its tail, but did no other harm. The trial attracted a large crowd. There was conflicting evidence as to the dog. Some of the witnesses said it was a gentle animal, and others declared that it ought to be killed.

"I will reserf my decision until next weeg," said the squire, after he had heard the testimony.

He was not satisfied as to the dog, and while he had the case under consideration he made some inquiries in the neighborhood. He learned that the dog was bad. But the maiming of it by depriving it of part of its tail was undoubtedly a cruel act, and he did not see how he could get over that, even to favor his friend.

When the day came for him to give his decision it was evident to the crowd that had gathered in his office that he had made up his mind. He called the defendant up.

"You admid shooting this dog?" he asked.

"Yes, I do, squire; but the dog is—"

"Dot will do. Sid down!" And he called the owner of the dog forward.

"Your dog is a bad dog," he said to him.

"No, he isn't squire," said the man; "he's as gentle as—"

"Dot will do. Sid down. I haf my mind made up. I fine the defendant $1 and gosts for shooting dot dog."

There was applause from the side of the room on which the friends of the dog were gathered.

"Order! Order!" commanded the squire. "I haf not vinished. I will fine the defendant $1 and gosts for shooting dot dog, but I will gif him one more shot at the dog."—Pittsburg Times.

Points and Flushes.

Judge Cornell writes of the recovery of the pointer dog Dick, noted in our last issue as missing: "I am glad to announce his return. He had been brought to my house from the kennels at Mount Vernon, and not knowing the house, the moment he got a chance to run out he made for the Grand Central Depot, with the intention, no doubt, of going back to the kennels. As he had no ticket he was nabbed by an official at the depot, who took him to his home in Morrisania, and there he was found."

Dr. F. J. Tompkins, of Lansingburgh, N. Y., writes us concerning the weight of the heaviest dog recorded. We regret that we cannot furnish the information. Perhaps some of our readers might give pertinent information on this subject. The Doctor concludes his letter as what you think of a dog that weighs 265 pounds, honest measure."

Canoeing.

THE annual meeting of the American Canoe Association, the full report of which was published last week, disclosed a fairly prosperous state of affairs. Within the year the Association has enrolled a new division, composed of canoeists of the Middle West, formerly the Western Canoe Association; the membership is good, about 1,300; and the Association has a balance of over $1,300 in bank, with no outstanding obligations. With so much in its favor at the present time, there is, however, still plenty of room for advance and improvement in various details of the organization.

That the Association is not only out of debt, but in possession of a substantial sinking fund in case of need, is due mainly if not entirely to the board of governors, a body created in 1893 to control the general finances of the Association, with a view to the avoidance of such deficits as had occurred at times. Not only was the general plan of this board ably conceived, but the personnel has always been high, including some of the oldest and most devoted members, and its work has been in every respect beneficial. It has restrained some executives and aided all; and it is to-day an indispensable part of the A. C. A. machinery. Under it the policy of the Association has been to limit the yearly expenditures to something less than the estimated receipts, not for the sake of accumulating a surplus, but to avoid the other extreme, which at times has threatened serious disaster and imposed a great amount of labor on a few faithful officers in clearing off the debts of their predecessors. That there is a surplus is a matter for congratulation, though merely incidental.

WHILE there is no fear at present for the future of the Association, there are some details disclosed by the reports which are far from satisfactory. The office of secretary-treasurer involves a good deal of work at best, and when the incumbent is of the right sort, as was decidedly the case this year, he will find plenty to do, both in office work and while in camp. A great deal of the work done by the retiring secretary-treasurer was thrown on him by the neglect of other officers and members of committees. To mention only one detail, the reports of division officers and committes, on which the secretary-treasurer must base his report, were nearly all delayed to the last few days preceding the meeting, one division failing to put in any report at all. The business year of the Association closed on Oct. 1, four weeks prior to the meeting, and as a matter of fact the actual business of the year ends with the meet in August, so that there are two months in which to close accounts and make up reports. There are some small accounts, especially those of the camp site committee, which it is difficult to close; but most of the reports, especially those of the division pursers, might easily be in the hands of the secretary-treasurer by the first week in October. If this were done the secretary-treasurer would not only be saved much unnecessary work, but he would be in a position to put in a much more complete report than at present.

It would be interesting and of value to the Association to compare the reports of 1899 with those of previous years, but this is not easily possible. The reports are not made out in the same manner by all officers, and in some years they are incomplete or involved. We find the following in the Year Book of 1895, made by Secretary-Treasurer George P. Douglass, and appended to his full report:

Gross cost of 1894 meet	$1,052.00
Net cost of 1894 meet	285.67
Gross cost of regatta	71.54
Net cost of regatta	16.54
Net profit on Year Book	178.92

This statement is remarkable not only for its favorable showing as to finances, the surplus being increased by over $300, but it tells to the members just what they should know—how much the Association is paying for its fun.

It would be impossible for any one but an expert in A. C. A. finances to compile such a statement for the present year, and those intervening back to 1894; but this is just what is wanted to show how well the business is managed from year to year. All that can be said as to the year just closed is that the expenses seem to have been very heavy, and the surplus for the year very small, being only the $50 demanded by the board of governors. Just why this is so we are unable to say after a study of the reports. There was no Year Book to count this year, either as profit or loss; the receipts from camp fees were larger than usual. The largest expenditure was on account of the camp site committee, and the items for both labor and material are heavy, especially as prices range in Canada; but it is a fact that the committee experienced great difficulty in obtaining labor, and had to pay high wages. It must be said that never in the history of the Association has the work been as satisfactorily done as by Mr. Wright, who practically was the camp site committee, a fact to which all present at the meet bore willing testimony. The arrangements were such as to provide both tents and cots for rental at a moderate expense, and all reasonable expectations were more than fulfilled.

There is no question that the Association expends a great deal of money in the arrangements for a camp of two weeks at which the members pay for their transportation, lodging, board and all expenses. Why the meets cost so much, especially when there is no special steamer needed, is a hard question to solve, but it is an important one. Theoretically the Association merely provides a meeting place or camp site, the members pay to get there, pay for their tent floors and labor, pay for their meals and pay the camp fee of $1 as well. Practically it costs the Association from $1 to $5 or more for each member in camp.

FOR some years past up to 1898 the Association has published the Year Book itself, with advertisements in the front and back. This has entailed some extra work on the secretary-treasurer, but has when properly managed netted an average of $150 profit to the Association. Two years ago the officers entered into a contract with a certain sporting publication, by which, in consideration of it being endowed with the sole right to the title of "official organ," it was to print and mail the Year Book free of expense to the Association, and also to publish a certain amount of canoeing news each month, and to send a copy of the journal free to every member of the Association. As a plain business proposition it was evident from the start that no established paper could, as a matter of business, afford to give away at least a thousand copies per year with no compensation save a possible small profit on the Year Book; and such proved to be the case. The canoeing news which served to leaven a large mass of advertisements consisted of the ordinary official announcements and such personal and club items as canoeists chose to contribute, finally dwindling down to a department title and some comic almanac jokes. The Year Book, though it cost the Association nothing, was the worst ever published—in small type and of such a size that it cannot be filed or bound with the uniform series extending back to 1888. Before the year was out the concern begged off from its contract.

Last year, in spite of this experience, a similar contract was made with another monthly journal, which immediately proceeded to array itself in large type with all the dignity of "the official organ of the American Canoe Association." The experiment resulted much as before—the Year Book was not mailed to any members prior to the meet, and the complaint is generally made that members have received neither their books nor the monthly copies of the journal. A motion was made at the meeting in camp, after hearing the complaints of members, to terminate all business relations with this concern, but it was withdrawn for the time, as the Year Book had not been delivered. At the recent meeting the officers announced that their dealings with the concern had been must unsatisfactory, and recommended that the agreement be terminated.

In 1895, when it was desirable to have some direct and speedy means of communication between the officers and members, the FOREST AND STREAM was chosen by the executive committee for this purpose, both as being a weekly journal and as the leading supporter and exponent of canoeing in America. The title was purely an honorary one, conferred for the purpose of giving due authority to the official notices, and it was of no pecuniary advantage to the FOREST AND STREAM. During these many years the FOREST AND STREAM has published promptly all the official notices of the Association, including the names of applicants for membership, the proposed amendments to the rules, and similar matter which it has been necessary to present promptly and publicly to members. It has also published a long and detailed account of every meet and every business meeting of the Association, reporting them at its own expense. Acting solely on their individual responsibility, the A. C. A. officers of 1898, without authority from the executive committee, pretended to withdraw the title of official organ from the FOREST AND STREAM and to confer it exclusively upon one other journal, omitting the name of the FOREST AND STREAM from the Year Book of 1898. While doing this they modestly suggested that for the good of the Association the FOREST AND STREAM should still continue to publish the official notices, which otherwise could only appear irregularly and at long intervals. As a part of this policy, continued through the past year, the officers of the A. C. A. have used their influence to divert all canoeing news from the FOREST AND STREAM except at times when they specially desired to give publicity to some announcement.

After the complete failure of the two monthly papers to live up to their contracts, the whole scheme has been abandoned, and the Association will resume the publication of the Year Book itself. Without in any way making amends for the illegal and discourteous action of its officers, it has now passed a resolution that the FOREST AND STREAM is still an official organ. This in itself is superfluous, as the action of the executive committee in 1885 has never been rescinded and still stands.

The question of a canoeing journal is an important one, both here and in England. Both countries have at times had admirable monthly papers or magazines devoted exclusively to canoeing; and both have failed to support them. For some years past the canoeing department of the Field, under Mr. Baden Powell, has been the best representative of British canoeing, and for nearly twenty years the FOREST AND STREAM has represented the sport in the United States and Canada. While on the one hand few will subscribe to large weekly papers solely for the sake of the canoeing news, on the other it has been repeatedly proven that the sport cannot sustain a paper, even a small monthly, devoted to it alone.

If canoeing news is to be published at all in the present condition of the sport, it must be in some large paper with many other and more profitable departments. The FOREST AND STREAM still proposes to continue its canoeing department and to publish such canoeing news as can be obtained at a reasonable outlay compared with the return. How much this may be depends largely on the Association and on canoeists themselves in lending their aid. It must be recognized that there is not at the present time one-tenth of the amount of interesting canoeing news that there was a dozen or more years ago, and also that it is much more difficult to obtain the little that there is. When the master minds of canoeing—Butler, Barney, Gibson, Vaux, Ford Jones and Oliver—were working to improve the canoe and its fittings, they took a delight in making known to all canoedom the lines of their new canoes and the details of their new rigs. In contrast to this spirit is that of some later canoeists who, happening to own fast canoes, have guarded them as though their values would depart if their lines were once known to others. The practical improvement of canoes, rigs and camp equipment has almost ceased, and it is now difficult to obtain for publication the details of such small improvements as are still made.

There is a portion of the canoeing fraternity, by no means a minority, which would like the Association to furnish it free of cost a weekly paper containing lines of canoes, plans of rigs, detailed descriptions of cruising waters, and interesting logs of cruises, while at the same time it is unwilling to part with any of its own knowledge for the benefit of others or to take the trouble to write of what it knows. It will probably be a long time before this demand is gratified, and those canoeists who wish to read canoeing news will find it necessary to lend a hand in contributing a part of it themselves. We are always ready to publish news of the right kind; we do not care for photos of convivial camp groups, each member armed with a bottle; for cruises which are interesting only to the participants and not to the canoeing reader; nor for mere formal lists of persons present at canoe meetings and dinners; but we always have space for live news, for details of practical building and canoeing, and especially for the discussion of the rules, actions and general welfare of the American Canoe Association. If the canoeists of America—and especially the members of the A. C. A.—are willing each to do his own small share toward the cause of a canoeing journal which shall fairly represent the sport, we are willing to do ours.

THE most important matter before the late meeting, the amendment of the racing rules, resulted quite as well as could be expected—that is, in but a few changes. The representation at the meeting was not as large as it should have been, but fourteen being present out of some twenty-five or twenty-six members of the executive committee, some of these being proxies. As some of the members were more or less new to the meetings, and reluctant to speak, most of the motions and discussions fell to half a dozen of the older members. At the same time out of a large number of matters brought out in the course of the day's session, most were very fully discussed before a vote was taken or they were abandoned without being seconded.

The proposals for the amendment of the racing rules, though published four weeks prior to the meeting, and involving some important changes, brought out no discussion in print prior to the meeting. Those who were so very active over the faults of the existing rules and the necessity for their amendment in camp seem to have quited down before the time came for the proposal and discussion of amendments. None of the proposers of the amendments were present to explain and advocate them, and it was left for Mr. Smythe to explain them as best he could.

The proposal for a "racing board," as published, seems to have been understood in different ways by different readers. As we understood it, the idea was to create a body with the same duties and functions as the present regatta committee, but elective instead of appointive, and with one member retiring each year. Some of those at the meeting had an entirely different view, that the races at the meet were to be managed by the division regatta committee, and that the proposed racing board was to be purely advisory, to suggest changes of rules, programme, etc. Owing in part to these two different views and to the inability of any one present to explain exactly what was intended by the amendment no action was taken on it; as an additional reason the regatta committee recently named by Com. MacKendrick promises to be satisfactory as far as the immediate future is concerned.

The amendments as published were appended to the report of the regatta committee, though not embodied in it, and it was decided that they could legally be acted on. As was to be expected, after the disturbance of last August, a number of amendments were proposed designed to place the regatta committee directly under the control of the executive committee, or to specify minutely the racing programme. These were opposed by several, on the ground that with a competent regatta committee they were unnecessary and with a poor committee they would still fail of their end, as they would probably be disregarded. The trouble in the present case was largely a personal one between the regatta committee and the so-called Sailors' Union, neither party paying overmuch attention to the rules of the Association. None of these amendments were passed.

The much-disputed point of the trial race was settled by a rewording of the present rule, making the trial race compulsory in the event of nine entries for the trophy. This was a compromise with those who demanded that there should be a trial race, though only one man was entered for the trophy. In itself it is an absurdity, as there is no need of a trial race to select fifteen starters from a field of ten entries. As far as the incidental point of more sailing races on the programme is concerned, a committee which knows its business will probably give them without being compelled to do so by the constitution, and on the other hand will omit them when but two or three sailing men are present to race.

The programme of the meet races must necessarily change from year to year to meet the altered conditions of canoeing, one class of canoe going out and another coming in; so that it is impossible to embody the racing programme as part of the constitution, by-laws and racing rules, as some would like at the present time. The racing programme is prepared early in the season and published in the FOREST AND STREAM; all who do not like it have the opportunity to file public and timely objections; and it is reasonable to presume that such objections will be considered by the regatta committee. By this means it is possible to vary the programme as circumstances may require, and yet to comply with the expressed wishes of the racing men. If the racing men decline to make known their opinions of the programme, or the regatta committee refuses to act upon such suggestions and criticisms as are thus presented to it, no amount of legislation will make the matter right.

THE statement was made at the meeting that such prizes as were prepared but not won and awarded at different meets had been given away as trophies, and that members were in possession of prizes which they had never won. It was ordered that in future all prizes not

won and awarded to the winners should be destroyed.

The discussion as to the camp arrangements, led by Mr. J. N. MacKendrick, brought out a general expression of opinion in favor of simpler and less expensive and elaborate arrangements in the way of numerous headquarters tents and similar accessories of the camp. and will probably result in a saving of money in the future.

Atlantic Division A. C. A.

The following committees have been appointed to serve the Atlantic Division for the season of 1900. A meeting of the executive committee and a conference of the committee chairmen will be held some time this month:

Regatta—M. D. Wilt, chairman, Philadelphia, Pa.; W. A. Furnam, Trenton, N. J., and Chas. Eastmont, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Transportation—Jos. O. Rickey, chairman, Trenton, N. J.; Henry M. Dater, Brooklyn, N. Y., and A. S. Fennimore, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entertainment—H. D. Hewitt, chairman, Burlington, N. J.; Walter F. Smith, Trenton, N. J., and H. W. Fleischman, Philadelphia, Pa.

Camp Site—Jos. A. Fritz, chairman, Trenton, N. J.; J. Hal. Lukens, Burlington, N. J., and T. W. Cook, Philadelphia, Pa.

Signal Officer—A. L. Hattersley, Trenton, N. J.

Yachting.

The success of Columbia has settled most satisfactorily the nasty comments which have been current since the first of the season upon the selection of Captain Barr as her skipper, and the more recent attacks upon Mr. Iselin and his amateur associates. The "three-skipper" theory that was so warmly advocated a few weeks since by various American papers has received a quietus, and is likely to be heard from no more. The American plan of sailing these great yachts by the aid of a commission composed of owner, designer, sailing master and several expert amateurs, as tried so successfully in Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer, Vigilant and Defender, has again succeeded in Columbia. The true value of the expert criticism which has backed up the three-skipper plan is shown by the fact that one of its earnest supporters wrote of "Haff, Terry and Grayling," assuming that the latter was a yacht skipper instead of one of the most noted of the older racing schooners.

Apart from the widespread and almost universal interest in the recent races as a mere matter of sport, there is a large and growing interest throughout the country in the technical issues involved in the construction of such yachts as Columbia, Shamrock, Genesee and Beaver. The number of yachtsmen (and especially of intelligent young amateurs, who aspire at least to a full knowledge of their own craft, if not to the ability to design and construct them) who are interested more in the technical points of design than in the mere sentimental and political side of the races, is greater by a hundred-fold than in the days of Puritan and Genesta. The stuff that has been printed this year, in greater volume than ever before, in answer to this demand for information, is calculated to do very much more harm than good through the errors and misstatements which are its chief characteristics. The magazine articles on yachting, of which the number is legion, are all pretty much of one type, beginning with the musty fable of "Your Majesty, there is no second," and following this up with the useful information that the schooner America was modeled after a duck and the "sloop" Columbia after an American clipper ship, the secondary statements being just as reliable and important as these primary ones.

The technical and scientific journals as a rule are no more accurate than the popular magazines. The terms "fin-keel," "bulb-fin," "semi-fin," "centerboard type," etc., are handled glibly enough, but with no regard to accuracy. Among the many articles of this type which have come under our notice is an editorial in a recent issue of the American Field, in which the old America is described as a centerboard yacht, and a representative of the American centerboard type. After this it is not surprising to find that the writer of the article in question is of the opinion that had Columbia "been relieved of the dead weight of her keel" and had she been a centerboard boat she would have attained a speed of thirty miles per hour.

The current issue of the Scientific American has an article on yachting on the Great Lakes which is misleading in the extreme in its statement that certain of the Lake yachts are modeled after such famous craft as Gloriana, Vigilant, Volunteer and Puritan. The cutter Neva, now of Chicago, mentioned as modeled after Gloriana, is utterly unlike that noted craft; the Detroit yachts City of the Straits and Alice Enright, described as similar to Volunteer, are no more like her than are dozens of other centerboard sloops and cutters of thirty to forty feet; the Commodore Gardner, said to be like Vigilant, is a small fin-keel yacht, of a totally different type from the big Cup defender, and Vencedor, which is classed with Gloriana and Wasp, is a counterfeit of the bulb-fin Niagara, with nothing about her in proportions or type to suggest a relationship to the two keel cutters.

Presented in pleasing form, with some good photographic reproductions of noted yachts to give "an air of verisimilitude," and embellished with picturesque incidents of an imaginary sort, these technical fables pass as truth with many who are honestly seeking for information, and who are thus misled and deceived by authorities which pose as trustworthy.

There is at the present day no lack of accurate and reliable information on the leading technical topics presented in popular form by the current periodicals, but the subject of yachting is a notable exception. The same journals which present to their readers the views of recognized experts in such subjects as electricity, railroad and civil engineering, when yachting is in fashion, as it has been this year, are satisfied with any sort of crude rehashing of ancient fables and modern fiction. There has never been a time when reliable information on the leading technical topics of the day was so easily accessible to the general reader in the reviews, the monthly magazines and the semi-technical periodicals, but one may look for a long time before finding anything trustworthy on the subject of yachting.

In default af any official announcement from Com. Morgan and Mr. Iselin, it is impossible to say whether Columbia will be sent to the Mediterranean next spring and later to British waters, and the positive reports now current that she will and will not are equally unreliable. It is probable, however, that the trip will be made, with Capt. Barr, of course, in command. What she will race with on the other side is another matter. If Shamrock were improved and Valkyrie III. fitted out, the three would make some good racing; but the other yachts, Meteor II., Ailsa, Satanita and Britannia, the first three yawls, would have no chance against either of the three even under the girth rule by which the excessive draft of Columbia, Shamrock and Valkyrie would be taxed.

The international series of 1895 and 1899 have involved an expenditure of at leas. a milliion dollars and have, outside of the trial races of Vigilant, Defender and Columbia, resulted in five international races in all, in two of which the result was effected by accidents. This is at the rate of at least $200,000 per race, making it an expensive sort of sport. In return for this outlay, while the relative improvement of Defender over Vigilant and of Columbia over Defender has been pretty accurately gauged, but little is really known of the possibilities of either Valkyrie III. or Shamrock. Before any more money is wasted in building new 90-footers, it would be well worth while to give the designer of each of these boats a chance to alter her and to try her again if the owners of Columbia are willing to meet them. We have no idea that either can be made equal to Columbia, but they could probably be so much improved as to give good sport and to win some races in a continued series. The owner of Defender is well able to send her abroad to accompany Columbia, and in the hands of Mr. Duncan and Capt. Rhodes, with her old crew, she would be quite able to take care of herself in the quartette.

The continued racing of these four great yachts through next season would be of inestimable value to their designers and to the yachting world as well, and unless the present owners of Valkyrie III. stand in the way it should be quite practicable. It seems certain that the few races of a Cup series are not enough to give a thorough test of any yacht's merits. It is through the local trial races rather than through the international Cup races that the true merits of Vigilant, Defender and Columbia are known. In view of the enormous cost of these vessels, it is most desirable, in the interests of scientific designing, that they should be raced until the true merits of each are established.

The Eastern Challenge Cup.

Boston, Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose herewith a copy of the announcement sent by the Eastern Y. C. to members of the New York, Larchmont, Seawanhaka Corinthian, and Atlantic yacht clubs relating to the Eastern challenge cup, which may be of interest to you. The conditions governing challenges and racing were presented by the regatta committee at the fall meeting of the Eastern Y. C., and were adopted.

Although at present I am not in a position to say anything definite about yachts to be built, such information as I have leads me to believe that the prospect for the building of challengers and defenders is very good.

Edw. B. Roberts, Sec'y.

Eastern Y. C., Oct. 25.—To the Officers and Members of the New York, Seawanhaka Corinthian, Larchmont and Atlantic Yacht Clubs: Gentlemen—At the fourth regular meeting of the Eastern Y. C., held last evening, the regatta committee, under instructions from the Council, presented the following schedule of conditions to govern races for the Eastern challenge cup; this schedule was adopted by the club, and the secretary instructed to give notice of it to all concerned.

It is the hope of our regatta committee, and the club generally, that competition for this cup will promote the building of a popular class of yachts which will be seaworthy, strong, fast and easily managed, and will be comfortable cruisers, which after a few seasons' use will still be good serviceable yachts, even if no longer at the top of the class.

The Eastern Y. C. cordinally invites you to challenge for the cup, and hopes that you will approve its plan, and show such approval by building challengers.

William S. Eaton, Jr., Sec'y.

Conditions to Govern Races.

1. The Eastern challenge cup is presented by the Eastern Y. C. as a perpetual challenge cup for competition by the New York, Seawanhaka Corinthian, Larchmont, Atlantic and Eastern yacht clubs, and such other American yacht clubs having stations on salt water as may from time to time be added to this list by consent of a majority of the clubs already upon it.

2. The yachts in competition shall always be single-masted vessels, with or without centerboards, with a waterline length of not less than 39 or more than 46ft., in racing trim without crews aboard; the half sum of this waterline length plus the square root of the sail area shall not exceed 51ft., taking as the sail area the space included within straight lines running from the mast at top of boom, thence successively to the outer edges of the outermost sheaves at boom end, gaff end, topmast head, bowsprit end, and thence to the point of beginning, when the mainsail is dry and fully hoisted. The outhaul of the spinaker boom when swung forward from the mast shall not extend beyond the outer point of measurement on the bowsprit. No sail except the main topsail shall be permitted to extend beyond these lines of measurement.

3. The ballast shall not exceed 55 per cent. of the actual displacement in racing trim without crew aboard, and shall not be less than 22,000lbs., including inside and outside ballast, with its bolts or other special fastenings, and metal in fins or centerboards.

The load waterline plane shall not exceed 80 per cent. of its circumscribing parallelogram.

4. The frames, beams and planking or plating shall not be constructed of any materials other than wood, iron or steel.

5. A builder's and designer's certificate of compliance with the conditions of clauses 3 and 4 by all intended competing yachts shall be furnished to the club holding the cup before July 15 of the year in which the yachts are to race.

6. All challenges shall be in writing and received before Jan. 1 of the year of the proposed race by the club holding the cup. Before April 1 of that year the club holding the cup shall determine and announce the particular conditions to govern the races, which shall be held between Aug. 1 and September 30.

7. Before July 15 each challenging club shall notify the challenged club, in writing, of the name and ownership of the yacht they have selected to represent them; and before Aug. 1 the challenged club shall notify each challenging club, in writing, of the name and ownership of the yacht they have selected to defend the cup.

8. In case there shall be more than one challenge for one year, the challenging yachts shall sail a series of races, under the management of the club holding the cup, and the winner of the series, or of a sail-off in case of a tie, shall be accepted as the challenger for the year. Such selected challenger, or the sole challenger, shall contest for the cup in a series of races—best three out of five.

9. The races between the challenging yachts and between the final challenger and the defender shall be alternately to windward or leeward and return, and an equilateral triangular course, the total length of a course to be not less than 24 nautical miles. These races shall be sailed without time allowance, in waters to be determined by the club holding the cup, and under their management and rules, so far as they are not in conflict with these terms.

10. Before the final races for the cup are sailed between the challenging and defending yachts the clubs represented by them shall exchange models of the said yachts, such models to be not smaller than a scale of ½in. to the foot.

11. The clubs which are parties to a challenge may agree upon any terms not inconsistent with clauses 2, 3 and 4; and, excepting this clause, and clauses 2, 3 and 4, these terms may be amended in any year between Oct. 1 and Dec. 1, by vote of a majority of the clubs then named herein. By unanimous vote, at any time, of all clubs, all these conditions, or any part thereof, may be changed.

12. If for any reason the club holding the cup at any time should be dissolved, the cup shall revert to the club which last previously held it.

Approved Oct. 24, 1899.

New York Y. C.

The fifth general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Oct. 26 at the club house, with Com. J. P. Morgan in the chair. Sir Thomas Lipton was proposed for honorary membership by Com. Morgan, seconded by Vice-Com. Ledyard, and unanimously elected. Secretary of War Root and Capt. R. D. Evans were also elected to membership, subject to a vote at the next meeting. Votes of thanks were passed to the Dock Commissioners and to private parties for courtesies extended during the Cup races. The Cup committee made a very brief report, to the effect that "Columbia having won three out of five races of the international series, the trophy remains with the New York Y. C." A committee including Vice-Com. Ledyard, Rear-Com. Belmont, Messrs. Lloyd Phœnix, Philip Schuyler and Geo. L. Rives, was appointed to draft resolutions thanking Com. Morgan, Messrs. C. Oliver Iselin, W. Butler Duncan and others connected with the successful defense of the Cup. The following nominating committee was appointed:

Messrs. C. Oliver Iselin, Seymour L. Husted, Jr.; Henry F. Lippitt, Oswald Sanderson, Harrison B. Moore, Philip Schuyler, Edward M. Brown, Arthur Ingraham, Francis H. Davies and J. Searle Barclay.

A letter was read from Sir Thomas Lipton thanking the club for the privileges of its stations and club house. Sec'y James Craig, of the Royal Ulster Y. C., presented to the club a set of framed photos of the new R. U. Y. C. house, and a vote of thanks was passed. The following applicants were elected to membership:

J. Willis Martin, Charles F. Stoppani, Joseph Stoppani, Charles R. Porterfield, Benjamin Blossom, John E. Knapp, Clarence L. Collins, Commander Charles T. Hutchins, U. S. N.; Lieut. William J. Maxwell, U. S. N.; Alphonse H. Alker, J. Arthur Hinckley, E. N. Sells, Commander L. C. Logan, U. S. N.; Lieut. Chester Wells, U. S. N.; Lieut. J. R. Brady, U. S. N.; Lieut. Edward Simpson, U. S. N.; Frank J. Gould, Naval Constructor Thomas F. Ruhm, U. S. N.; Surgeon W. S. Elliot, U. S. N.; Ensign F. E. Rigely, U. S. N.; Paymaster R. T. M. Ball, U. S. N.; Capt. George C. Reiter, U. S. N.; Henry J. Robert, Pay Inspector I. G. Hobbs, U. S. N.; Mortimer L. Schiff, and Eugene Lentilhon.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 31, a reception was tendered by the club to Sir Thomas Lipton at the club house, a number of members, including Mr. Iselin and his associates on board Columbia, being present.

Sir Thomas Lipton.

On Nov. 1 Sir Thomas Lipton sailed from New York on the American Line steamer St. Louis, being escorted to the pier by a brass band and a delegation of distinguished citizens. Before leaving he was presented with a loving cup by some of those who had been his guests on the Erin; and another loving cup, to be paid for by popular subscription, will be made and forwarded to him. Shamrock, in her ketch rig, was towed from the Erie Basin Dry Docks to the anchorage grounds near Bedloe's Island, where the Erin laid, on Monday night, the two being ready to sail on Tuesday, but an easterly storm kept them in harbor. On Wednesday they got under way, but the storm was not yet over, and they anchored off Staten Island. On Thursday they started at 8 A. M., and passed out to sea, Shamrock in tow of Erin being reported off Fire Island at 1:10 P. M.

William H. Webb.

THE last and one of the greatest of the old-time shipwrights who made the United States famous in all the waters of the world died in New York on Oct. 30. We are indebted to the New York Times for the following:

William H. Webb, in his day one of the best known steamship builders in the United States, and up to the time of his death one of the foremost figures among the authorities on marine architecture, died suddenly yesterday at his home, 415 Fifth avenue. He retired from shipbuilding years ago, but continued to interest himself in large financial enterprises. His father, Isaac Webb, had been a shipbuilder before the days of steam navigation, and the son was a pioneer in the construction of steam vessels of large burthen for freight and passenger service.

He was born in this city June 19, 1816. He was educated privately and in Columbia College Grammar School, learned the shipbuilding trade in his father's yard, and as early as 1840 had established a shipyard of his own on the East River, between Sixth and Seventh streets. From this yard a large number of steamships were turned out under contract and sent to all parts of the world. The United States, a vessel of 2,500 tons, was one of these, which made an international reputation. She was bought by the Russian Government and converted into a sloop of war just prior to the Schleswig-Holstein war. This steamer was launched at the Webb yard in 1845. In 1865 Mr. Webb built the Great Admiral under contract with the Russian Government.

During the Rebellion no shipbuilder in the North was more active in assisting the Union cause. He gave the advantage of all of his experience to the Secretary of the Navy, and designed several of the first men-of-war built after Fort Sumter was fired upon. A number of the Webb ships were bought and used in maintaining the blockade of Southern ports.

What was looked upon as the biggest achievement of the Webb yard, however, was the building and equipment of the ironclad ram Dunderberg for the French Government two or three years prior to the Franco-Prussian war. The experience of the Civil War here had entirely revolutionized the prevalent ideas of war ships, and old captains say that at the time she was set afloat the Dunderberg represented the very highest type of offensive and defensive naval architecture.

The last big steamship built by Mr. Webb was for his old personal friend Charles H. Marshall, and bore the latter's name. She was launched in 1869. After that, having accumulated a large fortune and being already an old man, Mr. Webb retired from the business. Four or five years lated he erected the Hotel Bristol, at Forty-second street and Fifth avenue, partly on the site of his former private residence.

After his retirement from the shipbuilding business Mr. Webb became interested in a number of other commercial ventures. He helped to organize a guano company, which was very successful, and was active in the Central American Transit Company, which ran a line of ships to Nicaragua.

At the time of his death he was a director in the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company and was heavily interested in real estate. He founded the new Ship Builders' Home in Fordham and devoted a liberal share of his fortune to endowing it. He hoped by this means to revive the industry of shipbuilding in this country, and in the language of the charter "furnish gratuitous education in the art, science and profession of shipbuilding."

The capacity of the home is 400, including the young men students and the aged, decrepit or invalid men who have devoted their lives to the profession. Mr. Webb was a member of the Union League, Republican Club, the National Academy of Design, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, American Museum of Natural History, American Geographical Society, the New England Society and the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

He leaves one son, William E. Webb. Another, Marshall Webb, died about a year ago.

Long Island Sound Y. R. A.

A GENERAL meeting of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound was held on Nov. 3 at the Manhattan Hotel, with Mr. C. T. Pierce in the chair. The following report of the executive committee, adopted at a meeting on Oct. 27, was read:

A year ago your executive committee recommended the adoption of the so-called "girth rule" of measurement for yachts of over 30ft. racing measurement, that rule having already been adopted by the Yacht Racing Union of North America. In making this recommendation the committee acted in harmony with what appeared to the members to be the prevailing sentiment among yachtsmen, and the Association took action with the recommendation. Unfortunately for the successful appreciation of this girth rule in racing on Long Island Sound, two important clubs, one of them represented in this Association, refused to adopt it, and conducted their races under the local waterline and sail area rule. As a consequence, there was great confusion and embarrassment during the summer of 1899.

The committee believes that it is of paramount importance that there be absolute uniformity in the methods of ascertaining racing measurements, and therefore, while reserving opinion as to the merits of the girth rule of measurement, it recommends that this rule be rescinded, and that the Association readopt the load waterline and sail area rule for all classes.

For the same reason, a desire to bring about uniformity of measurement and classification, the committee recommends that yachts of over 30ft. racing measurement be made with crews aboard; also that classifications above 43ft. be re-established on these lines: Schooners, first class, 95ft. class, 85ft. class, 75ft. class, 65ft. class; sloops, etc., 70ft. class, 60ft. class, 51ft. class.

The yawl rig is evidently growing in favor. A number of yawls have been built during the year, and others have been purchased and brought into the fleets of clubs affiliated with this Association. During the last summer there were several very interesting races for the yawl class. In view thereof this committee recommends the creation of separate and distinct classes for yawls, namely, 43ft. class, 36ft. and 30ft. classes.

The committee recommends making distinct enumerations of the separate classes of cabin and open yachts. This will be merely making a distinct statement of a condition already existing.

The committee recommends that the 25ft. load waterline class of the knockabout yachts be abolished, as the class does not appear to have gained the support that was expected of it, and it is unadvisable to maintain classes which exist practically on paper only.

The committee recommends that the racing division provided for in Rule 3 of the Rules of 1899 be abolished, as the division has only a fictitious existence.

The committee recommends that in all regular races in regular classes time allowance be abolished. At present there is no time allowance for new yachts. We have been gradually working toward the abolition of time allowance for several years, and the committee believes that nothing will be gained by waiting longer. As a matter of fact, shown by the records, the races won on time allowance are very few, as compared to the whole number of races sailed.

The committee recommends that all starts be "one gun" starts, so-called, as such is already the practice in nearly all the clubs affiliated with the Association.

Finally, the committee recommends that those restrictions governing the construction of the 21ft. load waterline knockabout yachts be made uniform with those of the Knockabout Association of Massachusetts. This is desirable in that many more yachts of that class have been built under the Massachusetts restrictions, and in that many Long Island Sound yachtsmen apparently desire liberty to purchase Eastern-built yachts, without prejudicing their chances of winning races in our waters.

The following amendments were adopted:

Rule 2, relating to the measurement of yachts of the 36ft. class and all larger classes, was amended by striking out Classes 1, 3, 4, 6 and 8, and amending Clause 7 so as to read:

Yachts of all classes shall be rated for classification and time allowance by racing measurement, which shall be determined by adding to the load waterline the square root of the sail area and dividing the sum by two.

Clause 9 was amended so as to read:

If a yacht, after having been officially measured, be increased in any dimensions that are a factor in determining her racing measurement, the yacht must be remeasured before starting in a race.

The other proposals of the executive committee were adopted.

The Canada Cup.

ACCORDING to the Chicago papers a challenge for the Canada cup from the Royal Canadian Y. C. is a certainty for next year, Mr. Will Fife, Jr., being engaged to design the challenging yacht, while Mr. C. C. Hanley has been retained by the Chicago Y. C. to furnish a defender. This news is rather premature, as no steps toward formulating a challenge, much less building a yacht, have as yet been taken by the Canadians. While they are anxious to challenge, there is no one but Mr. Jarvis to take the lead in providing and working up a challenger, and as the task is likely to demand undivided attention for several months, to the exclusion of all business, he is reluctant to undertake it. Thus far nothing has been done toward retaining a designer, and the probabilities are that after his success with Beaver the choice would fall on Mr. Arthur E. Payne. Those who know Beaver best are fully satisfied with her provided certain alterations are made.

Apropos of the late races, the Canada cup is still in Toronto, owing to a dispute between the Chicago and the Rochester yacht clubs. After being formally presented to Com. Morgan, of the Chicago Y. C., on the evening after Genesee's third victory, the cup was intrusted by him to the care of Com. Plummer, of the R. C. Y. C., to have a suitable inscription engraved on it. The Rochester Y. C. and the owners of Genesee wished this inscription to state that the cup was won by the yacht Genesee, of the Rochester Y. C., for the Chicago Y. C., while, as the report goes, the Chicago Y. C. wished to omit all mention of the Rochester Y. C. The Rochester men also desired that the cup might be exhibited in Rochester before being forwarded to Chicago. As a result the cup is still in the possession of a Toronto jeweler.

Capt. James Crandall.

AFTER spending a long life at sea Capt. James Crandall was drowned on Oct. 30 off Eastern Point, only a short distance from his home. Capt. Crandall was a Seventh Day Baptist, and after resting from his labors Sunday started out as usual Monday morning in his small sloop to look after his lobster pots.

While he was sailing near Black Ledge the three-masted schooner Wandrian, with coal, from New York for Nova Scotia, came into collision with the sloop and sank her almost instantly. Capt. Crandall could not swim and kept up for only a few seconds. A boat was lowered from the schooner, but no trace of the Captain was found.

The Wandrian put back into the harbor and reported the accident. The Wandrian's captain says that he was on the wind, close hauled and headed for the Race. The sloop was seen sailing close by, and the Captain supposed the schooner would clear her, but suddenly the sloop appeared to swerve from her course and the collision followed.

Capt. Crandall was born at Magouk, Conn., seventy years ago, and was one of the best known skippers on the Atlantic Coast. He had commanded some of the fastest sailing craft afloat. His first charge was the sloop yacht Gertrude. He then changed to the Widgeon, in which yacht he made two trips to Europe. He was sailing master on the schooner Magic previous to her defending the America Cup. For nearly eighteen years Capt. Crandall was on the Fleetwing.

Capt. Crandall, Capt. Thomas Beebe, of this city, and Capts. Wood and Hazleton, of New York, were sailing masters of the Fleetwing in the race with the Henrietta and Vesta, from Sandy Hook to the Needles of Cowes, for a purse of $30,000. During the trip the Fleetwing encountered a gale that swept Wood and Hazleton and several of the crew overboard. The Henrietta managed to escape the gale and won the race.

Capt. Crandall's latter days were spent on fishing vessels, and during the last few weeks he had confined his fishing to local waters. Capt. Crandall leaves two daughters, who reside in the Pequot Colony, and a son, George, who is captain of the Thames River steamer Gypsy.—New York Herald.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Wanda, steam yacht, Stanley Tweedy, of New York, was docked on Oct. 24 in Crane's sectional dock, Erie Basin, for painting, preparatory to laying up. In launching the yacht next day, after painting, she fell and stove in her starboard side, breaking off her masts and smokestack and injuring her deck houses against the side of the dock. She was raised by the Chapman-Merritt derrick Reliance. The damage is estimated at $10,000 to $12,000.

Eugenia II., steam yacht, has been sold by J. G. Cassatt to Mrs. A. S. Van Winkle, of Bristol, R. I.

The annual meeting of the Inland Lakes Yachting Association was held at the Hotel Pfister, Milwaukee, on Oct. 28. Lake Geneva was selected for the next annual regatta, to be held during the last two weeks in August. It was also decided to hold future annual meetings after the wind-up of the annual regatta. A motion to allow each club to enter two boats in each class of regatta events was lost.

The Old Mill Y. C. held its annual meeting at its home, No. 165 Clymer street, Brooklyn, on Nov. 1, and elected the following officers: Com., G. A. Cooper; Vice-Com., Adam Bliethick; Rear-Com., Augustus Eberhardt; Sec'y, Henry Teare, Jr.; Rec. Sec'y, Joseph Buehler; Treas., H. W. Walker; Steward, George Rowbotham; Sergeant-at-Arms, William Myers, and Measurer, Andrew Portavecchia. The new Trustees chosen were D. S. Van Wicklen, Thomas Bird, Charles Terry, Otto Krisch and E. Boyle.

The Knickerbocker Y. C. has just purchased of the Stovier estate, at College Point, L. I., the grounds which it has leased for several years. The property is about 200 by 300ft. and cost $6,200, which sum will be raised by subscription, two members having already subscribed a large portion of it. This gives the club a permanent home in a location which experience has proved is a very desirable one.

The annual meeting of the Jamaica Bay Y. C. was held at the headquarters, corner of Broadway and Kent avenue, Brooklyn, on Oct. 28. The annual report stated that the club had acquired thirteen new members in the past year and had paid off $3,500 of the bonds. The following officers were elected: Com., H. F. Hewlett; Vice-Com., Benjamin F. Daley; Rear-Com., Oscar M. Lipton, all re-elected; Fleet Capt., L. R. Jaeger; Treas., M. H. Christopher; Chairman House Committee, George A. McDermott; Chairman Regatta Committee, John C. Lefferts; Chairman Membership Committee, C. V. Dykman; Chairman Entertainment Committee, Cornelius W. Hay; Board of Directors, John J. Jones, Theodore B. Englehardt, and John B. Sabin; Rec. Sec'y, Charles P. Daley; Fin. Sec'y, A. C. Christopher.

The Lakeside Yacht and Boat Club, of Syracuse, opened its new club house at Lakeside on Oct. 30.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. held a metting on Oct. 26 at the Windsor Hoetl, Montreal. The questions of a new measurement rule and of scantling restrictions were discussed at length, but both were left to the coming sailing committee. The agreement made with the White Bear Y. C. settles these points so far as the international races are concerned, but the club is desirous of amending the rule for the benefit of the local fleet. The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, To make an arrangement with a company to build and repair yachts, rent storage shed from the club, and provide a steamer for towing yachts to races to be held at various points on Lake St. Louis and taking out members wishing to watch the races.

The report from the committee on upper lake station read:

Resolved, That for the present no definite action be taken until the arrangements re the steamer be further advanced;

That new measurement rule be left to incoming sailing committee;

That the action of the special committee on White Bear agreement be confirmed.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Iroquois Rifle Club.

THE Iroquois Rifle Club commences its four-day tournament—its twelfth annual—on Nov. 7, in the indoor rifle range, 1717 Jane street, Pittsburg, Pa.

The programme is arranged as follows:

Tuesday, Nov. 7.—Members' Match.—Open to members only Commences at 3 P. M. Each contestant to fire 50 shots off-hand in 10 targets of 5 shots each, with .22cal. rifles, on the reduced standard American targets. The member having the highest total score to receive a gold medal; all other contestants will receive consolation prizes, awarded according to scores made. Contest to be governed by the club's rules for indoor rifle shooting. Wednesday evening, Nov. 8, 1899, commencing at 7 P. M.; Thursday, Nov. 9, from 2 P. M. to 10:30 P. M.; Friday, Nov. 10, from 2 P. M. to 10:30 P. M.

All Comers' Matches.

Continuous Prize Match.—Open to all. Entrance per target of 3 shots each, 35 cents, or 3 targets for $1. Re-entries unlimited. The best three targets of each shooter, made during the three days' shooting, will count for prizes, of which only one is obtainable by any one competitor. In case of ties the next best single target will count for place. To be shot on the reduced standard American target, having a 1in. bull, with the 7-ring in the black; $120 in 25 prizes.

Bullseye Match.—Open to all. A bullseye target, consisting of a 3in. cartoon, will be used in this match. Entrance, $1. No re-entries. Each contestant is entitled to three shots, the best single shot by machine measurement to count. Two prizes will be awarded in this match: a fine silver plated .38cal. Smith & Wesson

revolver, donated by W. S. Brown, and $25 in gold, donated by the members of the Iroquois Rifle Club; the man making the best score to have choice of either prize, second best score to take remaining prize.

Rifle.—Any .22cal. rifle having any sights, except telescopic, will be allowed. In the bullseye match, however, to place all shooters on an equal footing, the size of aperture in front sight must not be larger than that generally used for ordinary target work. A front aperture having a diameter larger than ⅛in. will not be permitted on this target. All shooting is off-hand at 18yds. distance, and all shots must cut through the ring to count in the next. Shooters are not permitted to place butt of rifle under coat, vest or suspender. Targets can be shot on any of the open matches at any time during that prescribed for these matches.

Under date of Nov. 6 Mr. James S. Conlin, writes as follows: "The first week of the opening of my new gallery, 513 Sixth avenue, it was visited by quite a number of friends and expert marksmen of New York and vicinity, and some fine scores were made. Thursday evening a number of the crack revolver shots will commence to practice for the French match, which will be shot about the first of the year."

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 21-22.—Sioux City, Ia.—Second annual live-bird tournament of the Soo Gun Club; added money in every event. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

Nov. 22.—Ridgewood, N. J.—All-day shoot at live birds. H. Blauvelt, Manager.

Nov. 23-24.—Chatsworth, Ill.—Chatsworth Gun Club tournament.

Nov. 28-29.—Chicago.—Deer Lick Gun Club's live-bird tournament.

Dec. 5-8.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Thomas Donley's third international tournament. About $1,500 guaranteed. Targets and live birds.

Dec. 16.—Batavia, N. Y.—E C cup contest for championship at targets, between Messrs. W. R. Crosby, holder, and Mr. Fred Gilbert, challenger.

Dec. 31-Jan. 1.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Amateur tournament of the Wisconsin Gun Club. P. Himmelstein, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.

1900.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Edward Banks and a friend of his'n went quail shooting at Jamesport, L. I., on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, at the invitation of Mr. W. D. Vandenhove, of New York, who owns a large farm in that section and also all the affection of the residents. Mr. Banks killed quail with the same neatness and dispatch that a shoemaker exhibits in driving pegs in shoes. Mr. Vandenhove has a dropper which will find and point birds with a precision which would discourage the best dog "bred in the purple," that ever happened. By the way, the term "bred in the purple," as applied to dogs seems to have fallen into a languorous desuetude, and the dog which can work well, purple or no purple, is gazed upon with a kindly eye. 'Nette is not strong on purple, but she is very able in finding and pointing birds and working with exquisite judgment to the gun.

From the Menosha Breeze, published in Wisconsin, we learn the following interesting information concerning the shooting of targets from the magautrap: "What are known as clay pigeons are disks of clay about 3 inches in diameter, and an inch thick, hollowed out on the under side. They are thrown out by what is known as a magau trap, manipulated by a man who sits in a small half-underground building constructed by solid timber and rendered proof against shot. * * * The manner in which the disk sails resembles the flight of a pigeon, hence its name. * * * The shooters stand on a semi-circular platform about 40 feet back of the little house, and getting ready to fire call 'pull,' and away sails the pigeon." And there you are.

Mrs. L. Schortemeier, wife of the expert trap shot, is doing some great work at the rifle range these days. In October, at the range of the Hudson Rifle Club, she won the diamond pin on a score of 231, in off-hand shooting, the possible being 250. On Nov. 1 she scored 232, but Miss T. Brown on that day scored 239, and she is now considered a formidable competitor for the trophy, the pin aforementioned, which is worn from month to month by the one who can win it in the previous month's contests.

From an exchange we clip the following: The Gun Club of the University of Pennsylvania has broken ground for a new club house on the west abnk of the Schuylkill, south of the South street bridge, and expects to have the building through in time for the contest with Princeton on Nov. 8. It may be that in the future a rifle range will be added to the club's properties.

The high average of Mr. Rolla O. Heikes, .958—163 targets out of 170 shot at—at the Cincinnati tournament last week was a performance of extraordinary merit. Fulford was then in seventh place with .888, but on the second day he made the extraordinary average of .982, missing but 3 targets out of 175, tieing Heikes for the high average of the two days.

The daily press has taken up the matter of shooting pigeons in matches with repeating shotguns. If two men agree to shoot a match, gun below the elbow, or above the elbow, or with single-barreled gun or double-barrel, or repeater, whose business is it? It then is a private affair and not a public custom.

The Lincoln, Neb., Gun Club will vacate its grounds, used recently, and the old grounds west of the viaduct will be again leased. The club contemplates making extensive and permanent improvements upon them, and for this reason preferred the grounds which it could lease for the longest time.

As will be seen by the official notice published in our trap columns this week, the match for the E C trophy and the target championship, which was arranged to take place on Saturday of last week between Messrs. W. R. Crosby and Fred Gilbert, is again postponed. It is now fixed to take place on Dec. 16.

In the first contest of the Crescent Athletic Club for the November cup, last Saturday, Mr. C. G. Rasmus, having 8 extra targets to shoot at, scored 23 out of a possible 25. Mr. Edward Banks, scratch, was second with 21. There was a high wind, which made difficult shooting.

The Quincy, Ill., Gun Club is endeavoring to arrange team contests with other clubs in its vicinity. There was a possibility that the Mt. Sterling Club might send a team to contest with the Quincy team some day this week.

Mr. J. J. Hallowell's run of 70 straight on live birds at Cincinnati in the tournament there last week, is not to be classed as a matter which is as easy to accomplish as stabbing oysters with a fork.

In the Spring Hill Gun Club's shoot on Friday of last week Mr. Geo. Mayer killed 10 straight in the main event at 10 birds, thereby winning the club trophy.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, arrived in New York early this week from the Cincinnati tournament, and will remain in this vicinity several weeks.

Owing to Tuesday being Election Day in this neck of the woods, Forest and Stream goes to press a day earlier than usual.

The sportsmen in the vicinity of Walton, N. Y., are agitating the matter of forming a gun club.

Bernard Waters.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Chicago Sportsmen's Trophy.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 4.—The fourth contest in the series for the Chicago sportsmen's trophy was shot off to-day, having been postponed from Friday on account of bad weather. As it was, the event brought out but a small attendance, although the weather to-day was perfect, clear and cool, with just enough wind to make good birds very lively. Under these conditions there were only ten entries, and out of the ten only one, Dr. Shaw, managed to land in the 15 hole, though needing his handicap bird to do so. This was a lucky place to-day, and the tall and bewhiskered Garfield Club man, who had distanced his competitors also by a run of 12 straight kills, won not only the trophy and first money alone, but also took the high average medal, on which latter he has a very good string for the series. In the ties on 14 Amberg and Parker divided money and shells after shooting 3 birds. In the ties on 13 Hollister killed 9 straight and took the money, Young and Barto dividing the shells. A 5-bird sweep at $3 followed the capital event of the day, Roll winning first, Hollister and Palmer dividing second after shooting 3 birds. The following are the scores:

Dr Shaw, 30, 1	122121222111*111	—15	
S Palmer, 30, 1	22012220210222222	—13	
C S Wilcox, 30, 2	111012111220*0w		
F H Hollister, 30, 1	22212*1*11202121	—13	
S E Young, 30, 3	12121020202222002	—13	
H Levi, 28, 2	1*2121120012112221	—14	
J B Barto, 30, 1	22222*22*2222220	—13	
J H Amberg, 30, 1	2211121120122102	—14	
C C Parker, 30, 1	22012212222222201	—14	
Geo Roll, 30, 0	222222202211121	—14	

Ties on 14:

Amberg	111—3	Roll	102—2
Parker	212—3	Levi	101—2

Ties on 13:

Palmer	222 0	Young	122 212 02
Hollister	111 212 111	Barto	121 121 *1

Five-bird sweep, $3, two moneys:

Palmer	0222*—3	Parker	12012—4
Hollister	1*122—4	Roll	21222—5
Barto	21120—4		

Ties on 4:

Barto	20	Parker	212
Hollister	112		

Garfield Gun Club.

Garfield Gun Club held its semi-annual business meeting on last Wednesday night to close up the affairs of the season, which has been a very successful one. The list of seventy-five still remains full, one or two applicants being admitted to take the place of one or two withdrawals from the membership.

A review of the season totals shows Dr. S. Shaw winner of Class A medal, W. Northcott of Class B and J. C. Fanning of Class C. It was thought at first that W. A. Brabrook had won in Class C, but revision of the totals gives the medal to Mr. Fanning.

During the season just past Garfield Club threw 36,976 targets, out of which 22,543 were broken, the club average being .6096. In the trophy shoots there were thrown 11,710, out of which were broken 7,309, a club average of .6241.

A review of the club averages of Garfield Club for six years back shows that in 1893 the club average was .7183, in 1894 it was .7129, in 1895 it was .7131, in 1896 it was .6696, in 1897 it was .7205, in 1898 it was .7144. The following is a list of individual averages for the past season:

	No. of Shoots Attended.	Targets Shot at.	Targets Broken.	Per Centage.	Per Cent. Ten Best Shoots.
E S Graham	8	200	175	.875	....
R Kuss	10	250	218	.872	.872
T P Hicks	9	225	194	.862	....
Dr S Shaw	22	550	469	.852	.928
O von Lengerke	2	50	42	.840	....
C P Richards	21	525	432	.822	.880
J S Boa	2	50	41	.820	....
A W Fehrman	4	100	81	.810	....
E E Neal	3	75	60	.800	....
A Hellman	23	575	422	.733	.828
W Northcott	20	500	359	.718	.840
Dr J W Meek	22	550	389	.707	.828
N M Nusly	7	175	123	.702	....
M J Lowry	1	25	17	.680	....
N H Ford	9	225	151	.671	....
S E Young	13	325	214	.658	.692
E W Eaton	5	125	83	.664	....
J H Workman	16	400	258	.645	.700
F S Baird	1	25	16	.640	....
Mrs Dr S Shaw	21	525	333	.634	.740
Dr A A Mathews	6	150	95	.633	....
J F Fanning	16	400	252	.630	.732
J Wolff	11	275	170	.618	.644
T L Smedes	10	250	154	.616	.616
T W Eaton	13	325	200	.615	.664
C W Stiger	5	125	74	.592	....
Louis Thomas	3	75	44	.586	....
R H Trail	1	25	14	.560	....
Geo C Cornelson	12	300	166	.533	.592
B F Rhodus	5	125	68	.544	....
F G Barnard	4	100	54	.540	....
W A Brabrook	17	425	224	.527	.628
John D Pollard	17	425	221	.520	.628
M H Rundell	1	25	13	.520	....
Dr W S Royce	14	350	180	.514	.580
W H Riddiford	4	100	50	.500	....
Jas Gardner	2	50	25	.500	....
Frank Smith	12	300	145	.483	.516
M H Shaw	1	25	12	.480	....
W A Stuchlik	5	125	60	.480	....
C J Wolff	3	75	35	.466	....
Dr C H Craves	8	200	88	.44	....
Dr T A Davis	2	50	22	.440	....
F M Fish	1	25	11	.440	....
W A Jones	1	25	11	.440	....
S Palmer	2	50	21	.420	....
W H Baker	4	100	40	.400	....
Dr C C O'Byrne	6	150	58	.386	....
C H Kehl	17	425	147	.345	.456
S M Meek	6	150	51	.340	....
L Wolff	10	250	75	.300	.300
Geo De Clercq	1	25	7	.280	....
A W Fanning	1	25	6	.240	....
Geo Riddiford	3	75	11	.146	....

Garfield Gun Club is invited to send a team of six men to go as guests of the Illinois Gun Club, of Springfield, Ill., to the tournament of the latter club, Nov. 29 and 30, and to shoot a friendly race at live birds on Nov. 29. Garfield Club will accept this invitation, and the personnel of the team will probably be Dr. S. Shaw, Dr. J. W. Meek, Messrs. S. Palmer, T. P. Hicks, R. Kuss and E. S. Graham. This should make a very enjoyable little race indeed, and is shot purely as a sociable affair and for the sport and pleasure of it.

Eureka Gun Club.

Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, begin their regular winter live-bird shoots at Watson's, Dec. 2. The secretary has not yet gotten together the announcements of winners, averages, etc., for the season, as Eureka did not close its target season until the last week in October.

E. Hough.

480 Caxton Building, Chicago, Ill.

Rochester Tournament.

The fall tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, held on Oct. 25 and 26, brought out some of the best shooting talent. Mr. W. R. Crosby carried off the honors the first day, missing only 4 targets out of 140. The average prizes were won as follows: Byer first, Glover second, Mosher third, and McCord fourth. Thursday, Glover won first average money, with Byer and Wride tied for second. McCord third and Mosher fourth. In the general averages for the two days Glover stood first, Byer second and McCord third.

Among the visiting shooters were Messrs. Willey, of Dansville; Crosby, of Batavia; Morris, of Baldwinsville; Rickman, of Greece; Austin, of Charlotte; Wadsworth, of Wolcott; Killick and Burnett, of Lyons; Wride, of Sodus, and Porter, of Meriden, Conn. The weather could hardly have been improved upon for shooting Wednesday, but on Thursday there was a strong wind, and the scores were not so good. The record of the two days follows:

First Day, Wednesday, Oct. 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Shot
Targets:	10	15	10	20	10	15	10	15	20	15	Broke.	at.
Blondy	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10
Gibson	6	10	9	15	6	11	6	12	16	13	101	140
Willey	8	14	7	18	8	11	8	15	18	12	119	140
Glover	9	14	9	19	10	12	9	15	19	15	131	140
Byer	9	13	10	19	9	14	10	14	19	15	132	140
Crosby	10	14	9	20	10	15	10	15	20	13	136	140
Morris	8	14	7	16	7	13	7	14	20	13	119	140
McCord	8	14	8	20	9	12	8	12	18	12	121	140
Mosher	8	15	7	15	9	14	9	14	18	13	122	140
Rickman	8	10	8	15	9	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Borst	6	11	8	15	8	8	..	..	16	..	...	...
Thomas	5	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Jones	8	12	10	..	8	13	..	..	..	..	...	...
Sen Sen	..	11	9	19	10	9	9	14	13	14	...	...
Austin	..	..	..	16	8	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Roberts	..	..	..	13	..	11	..	..	..	..	...	...
Hadley	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	12	..	..	...	...
Case	..	..	..	..	7	..	9	..	..	12	...	...

Second Day, Thursday, Oct. 26.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Shot
Targets:	10	15	10	20	10	15	10	15	20	15	Broke.	at.
Byer	7	13	9	20	8	14	7	12	18	14	122	140
Crosby	10	15	9	17	10	13	9	14	18	14	129	140
Willey	10	11	8	15	8	13	8	12	16	9	110	140
Morris	9	14	8	13	8	13	9	12	15	12	113	140
Glover	9	15	10	18	10	14	9	14	17	15	131	140
Mosher	8	14	8	14	10	12	9	12	16	12	115	140
McCord	9	14	9	17	9	15	7	10	15	12	117	140
Killick	9	14	5	..	9	14	9	..	..	..	...	...
Wride	9	11	7	17	10	14	10	11	20	13	122	140
Gibson	8	11	..	..	..	..	5	9	..	11	...	...
Porter	12	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	...
Wadsworth	..	..	9	..	10	13	..	..	..	..	...	...
Burnett	9	10	10	..	8	13	10	..	..	..	...	...
Worth	..	..	8	12	7	11	8	..	14	..	...	...
Borst	..	..	..	19	9	8	6	..	17	11	...	...
Sen Sen	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	12	19	11	...	...
Kay	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	12	...	...

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Nov. 4.—A few of John Wright's shotgun chorus were present at the shoot to-day, and a stiff 9 o'clock wind made things interesting for those who attempted to make a blending of target and shot. It was an off day in the Brooklyn Gun Club contests, and might be considered a practice shoot. Mr. C. M. Lincoln, who has been absent many weeks at the Omaha Exposition in the interest of the U. M. C. Co., was present and shot in a few events. The high wind blew a lot of goose eggs into the scores, as the following will show:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	15	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Dr Gardiner	9	13	..	11	16	21	22	21	22	21	22	..
Meeker	4	3	2	6	..	10	..	18	..	..	21	..
Waters	9	10	..	12	..	20	22	..	18	18	..	..
Harrison	13	..	6	10	13	21	21	23	23	21	22	..
Dr Webber	13	11	..	14	..	21	..	24	23	..	23	20
Lane	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Amend	..	6	6	..	..	20	20	20	..	23	21	16
Wright	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hopkins	..	..	8	..	20	24	..	22	..	..	..	23
Brigham	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	14	14	..	..	9
David	..	..	..	..	..	18	18	..	..	..	..	..
Lincoln	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	16

Event 6 was a team race between Dr. Webber and Hopkins, who scored 45; Harrison and Amend, who scored 41, and Dr. Gardiner and Waters, who scored 41. The ties shot off and tied again on 41. Again the tie was shot off, Hopkins taking Amend's place, the latter having an accident happen to his gun. Waters' score of 18 then lost the race.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Shooting at Dexter Park.

Oct. 30.—The invitation shoot under the new management of Dexter Park, Brooklyn, was slimly attended. No doubt the game season had much to do with this. Following are the scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
S M Van Allen	200—1	220—2	222—3	102—2	20212—4
W A Noe	202—2	000—0	222—3	...	*0*01—1
W S Sands	222—3	222—3	222—3	...	022*0—2
Chambers	111—3	201—2	22*—2	210—2	10121—4
Tuttle	000—0	112—3	211—3	121—3	*1001—2
Timmons	202—2	202—2	220—2	022—2	22222—5
Dressel	...	...	120—2	...	.....
Dr Stillman	...	...	...	...	*2011—3

	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
S M Van Allen	*0212—3	02222—4	0222022212—8
W A Noe	12012—4	21222—5	112*212122—9
W S Sands	22220—4	*2222—4	0202222222—8
Chambers	22122—5	22111—5	1212221101—9
Tuttle	20*11—3	12202—4	0111121111—9
Timmons	1022*—3	22222—5	2212*22222—9
Dressel	10102—3	.....	.....
Stillman	20221—4	.....	.....
Ashley	....	12*02—3	*222222000—6

No. 9, 5 birds: Van Allen, Chambers, Ashley, 5; Sands 4; J. O. Pillion 3, Tristram 2.

The Target Championship.

New York, Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have received notice from Mr. W. R. Crosby that Mr. Fred Gilbert had notified him late last week that he could not be on hand to shoot the match for the E C championship trophy set for Saturday, Nov. 4. Mr. Gilbert's inability to be present was, I understand, due to the large number of entries in live-bird events at the Cincinnati tournament last week. Mr. Crosby notified Mr. Gilbert that he was willing to postpone the contest until Dec. 16. Mr. Gilbert accepted the postponement by wire. The match is therefore finally set for Dec. 16, 2 P. M., at Batavia, N. Y.

Mr. Crosby has now gone out West to his home in O'Fallon, Ill., where he will devote the next few weeks to taking a well-earned rest and incidentaliy pointing his gun at other than inanimate targets. Kindly note change of date in your paper and oblige.

Edward Banks, Sec'y,
The American E C & Schultze Gunpowder Co., Ltd.

Audubon Gun Club.

Buffalo, Nov. 4.—In the shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, held to-day, Mr. E. C. Burkhardt won Class A badge, scoring 23 out of 25. Classes B and C were not represented. This event was No. 3. On Tuesday next, Election Day, there will be an open shoot at the club grounds. Both targets and live-bird sweepstakes will make up the programme. Shooting will begin at 10 A. M. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	15	25	15	Targets:	15	15	15	25	15
A C H	9	10	11	18	12	Garbe	8	..	..	..	..
E C Burkhardt	12	12	10	23	13	Herbert	6	4	5	..	5
C S Burkhardt	8	9	10	18	12	Warren	..	..	..	17	..
Cullen	11	8	6	13	10	Leuschner	..	..	12	19	..
Ashley	10	9	6	19	9						

Cincinnati Gun Club Tournament.

THE second effort of this progressive organization, the Cincinnati un Club, in conducting a tournament was a most satisfactory ie, and but for the adverse nature of the elements on its final urnament days the club would have made quite a record for self. Therefore it should not be held responsible for the little mplications that arose on the last day of the shoot. They can ly be charged to prevailing conditions.

Every precaution had been taken to avoid just such a state of airs. Had the club been favored with anything like a fair day r its concluding events, they would have been disposed of on hedule time, notwithstanding that the entries exceeded then the ost sanguine expectations. Of course it was disappointing to any that this event had to be carried over until the next day for conclusion, but considering the fact that it is out of the estion to expect active, vigorous birds to be trapped in a blind-g snowstorm, and that the club possessed no facilities for pro-nging the light of the day, the delay was unavoidable. The day, o, was much shorter owing to these conditions.

There is no better equipped shooting organization anywhere, nor ill you find a more active, energetic or obliging set of officials, an those who had this affair in charge, and these ad very wisely secured a most adequate and competent rps of assistants. The chief workers and the most active ones conducting the club's affairs were Messrs. J. B. Mosby, Max leischmann, G. W. Schuler, A. C. Dick, R. S. Waddell and rthur Gambell. These are entitled to the lion's share of the edit for the success of this shoot. Furthermore, all of them ok an active part in the tournament, regardless of the fact that eir duties necessarily handicapped them to a great extent.

The club is superbly equipped, and on its elegant grounds are be found two arrangements for target shooting. At one place e magautrap is used, while at the other the Sergeant system. his makes a capital arrangement, and also gives diversity to is kind of shooting. Both of these arrangements are under round, and when one is at the score the targets apparently rise om the bowels of the earth, with no screen or anything else to terfere with one's view. All target shooters readily appreciate is capital style of shooting.

Their methods of trapping pigeons is also a most approved one—set of Fulford's traps, embodying all the features shown in Mr. Fulford's sketch for this purpose, so that it is simply im-ossible to improve on the equipments of this club.

The pigeon retrieving is done by dogs, and among the half ozen used for this purpose, and which belong to different mem-ers of the club, there are some very good performers. The most ctive one is a young puppy, the property of Mr. Gambell, and is apable of most sensational work. Being a lank, lean, clean-cut ungster and full of ambition and vigor, he made many marvel-us catches of flying birds by great leaps in the air, thereby en-bling shooters to get credit for a kill which otherwise would ave had to be recorded as lost; for no man and few dogs would ave gathered these birds.

The office was in charge of Mr. R. C. McConaughy, a gentle-an well known for his ability in this particular capacity. There none more capable. Mr. F. D. Prich assisted in this capacity, nd was also compiler of scores, so it will readily be seen that the ub had spared no expense in arranging for this event.

Non-Resident Contestants.

Among the non-resident visitors were the following: Messrs. . D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y., Remington Arms and U. M. C. com-anies; J. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City, Mo., Winchester Arms Co.; . O. Heikes, Dayton, O., and John J. Hallowell, Bridgeport, onn., U. M. C. Co.; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia., Du Pont owder Co.; H. C. Hirschy, St. Paul, Minn., Hazard Powder Co.; ack Parker, Detroit, Mich., Peters Cartridge and King Powder o.; C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia., Parker Gun Co.; Col. A. G. ourtney, Syracuse, N. Y., Remington Arms Co.; E. S. Rice and d Bingham, Chicago, Ill., Du Pont Powder Co.; J. S. Fanning, an Francisco, Cal., Gold Dust Powder Co.; R. L. Trimble, ovington, Ky., Winchester Arms Co.; Paul North, Cleveland, ., Cleveland Target Co.; Will K. Park, Philadelphia, Pa., Sporting ife. There was also Messrs. R. S. Waddell, Fred J. Waddell and uther Squires, of the Hazard Powder Co., who represent this ompany and reside here; the King Powder and Peters Cartridge o. representatives who belong to the home contingent are: Milt indsley, Harry King, J. H. Mackie, Frank See, W. L. Richmond, red Tuttle and R. L. Myers.

The so-called lambs consisted of the following: Messrs. Tom . Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.; F. C. Riehl, Alton, Ill.; Guy Burn-de, Knoxville, Ill.; E. E. Neal, Bloomfield, Ind.; D. A. Myers nd C. D. Tillson, Greenfield, Ind.; Lou Fisher, Lakeview, O.; . B. Stipp and C. E. Raridon, Bedford, Ind.; Ed Voris and Mac tillwell, Crawfordsville, Ind.; D. W. Willey, Miami, O.; S. T. allory, Parkersburg, W. Va.; E. H. Tripp and T. H. Parry, In-ianapolis, Ind.; Chas. Young, Ben Downs and L. S. Job, Spring-eld, O.; A. Livenguth, Lafayette, Ind.; C. W. Brooks, Lancaster, .; J. I. Vanse, Schooleys, O.; Ed Martin, Muncie, Ind.; R. S. hoades, Columbus, O.; T. S. Bibbee, Elba, O.; Chas. Dugan, ichmond, Ind.; H. W. Cadwallader, Danville, Ill.; Ben Eick, terling, Ill.; Harry W. Smith, Springfield, Ill.; De Long Miller, ouisville, Ky.; J. L. Alabaster (White), W. Bruce Leffingwell, Uncle John Watson, Chicago; F. D. Alkire, Woodlyn, O.; T. H. lay, Austerlitz, Ky.; Andy Meaders, Nashville, Tenn.; Ben eipel, Covington, Ky.; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Shattuck, Minneap-lis; Harvey Hill, Aurora, Ind.; E. M. Fish (Kabo), Eau Claire. Vis.; Dr. J. S. Williamson, Milwaukee, Wis.; Joe Coyle (Nye), exington, Ky.; Tom Donely, St. Thomas, Can.; F. M. McKay, linneapolis; F. E. De Wuse, Chillicothe, O., and D. D. Gross, ondon, O.

First Day, Tuesday, Oct. 31.

The conditions of competition were extremely hard, as the targets ere thrown very swift and low. In addition to this, the light was ery deceptive, it being cloudy; so it was difficult to locate the rgets properly against the board fence background. Then, too, e shooters had to combat with two styles of shooting, as both the agautrap and expert Sergeant system are in vogue on these rounds. This adds to the complication, for every one knows at the flight of the two styles differ very materially. The former ever attains that great burst of speed, and though the targets ay be thrown as far they do not traverse the distance so rapidly, d this difference all too frequently misleads the shooter, who be-eves that the target is a slow one, and it will take him some time discover that his lead is not sufficient, especially when the ents vary as they do here.

The odd events were shot over the "maggie," and the even over e expert traps. What effect this complication had on the work of e shooters is evidenced by the score, and this shows that only e of the participants, Heikes, could negotiate them with any eat degree of success. With most of the crack experts on hand, d many of the acme of the Simon-pure class competing, only ur reached 90 per cent. It is thus evident that the shooting was ry hard.

Heikes to-day simply outclassed the other contestants, and is sily the chief factor in the shoot. There is nothing like getting good start, and this is what he did, as he ran his first 66 raight, and thereafter skipped one now and then, so that at the ish his aggregate losses amounted to seven for the day, which ves him the capital percentage of .958.

Elliott is second, 7 birds behind Heikes, which is also very good. Gilbert and Neal are tied with .905. These are all that reached per cent. Neal is an amateur, and showed the best form of is class.

A rather singular thing occurred in the sixth event. Heikes ade the only straight, and Young the only 19, thus they took rst and second money without a tie, $27.20 apiece. That each ceived the same amount is due to the four equal divisions. Per-aps some may surmise that these shooters combined, or that oung dropped for place, but for the benefit of these I will state at Young missed his first bird, and also shot in the first squad. eal made the only straight in event 7, which paid $15.95, and sher the only one in No. 10, which remunerated him to the ex-nt of $16.45.

Sixty-two shooters participated, and 7,770 targets were thrown.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
eikes	15	15	20	15	14	20	13	18	15	18	170	163	.958
lliott	13	13	17	13	15	18	13	20	15	19	170	156	.917
eal	15	12	19	13	15	15	15	18	14	18	170	154	.905
lbert	15	15	18	14	14	18	13	17	15	15	170	154	.905
nning	13	14	20	12	15	16	14	18	12	18	170	152	.894
oung	13	14	17	14	15	19	14	15	12	19	170	152	.894
lford	15	13	16	14	13	18	14	18	11	19	170	151	.888
irschy	12	12	19	10	13	18	13	20	15	18	170	150	.882
lkire	13	14	1	914	13	17	14	17	10	17	170	148	.870
imble	12	15	18	15	14	12	14	18	14	16	170	148	.870
ipp	11	12	20	15	12	17	12	19	12	17	170	147	.864
ehl	14	14	16	12	13	15	12	20	12	19	170	147	.864
allory	12	13	19	13	14	17	13	18	14	13	170	146	.858
Bibbee	14	12	18	13	12	15	14	19	13	15	170	145	.852
McKay	13	12	16	14	13	17	12	19	12	16	170	144	.847
Budd	13	11	18	15	13	14	12	17	12	18	170	143	.841
Barry	14	11	17	13	13	17	11	16	14	16	170	142	.835
Parker	12	14	17	13	11	16	12	18	13	15	170	141	.829
Teipel	13	11	17	15	11	17	13	17	15	12	170	141	.829
Meaders	12	12	17	13	14	17	9	19	9	17	170	139	.817
Mrs Shattuck	13	10	17	14	12	15	12	18	11	16	170	138	.811
Fisher	13	13	17	10	13	14	10	16	12	20	170	138	.811
Squires	14	12	12	13	12	17	11	16	12	19	170	138	.811
Courtney	13	15	17	12	11	17	11	14	12	15	170	137	.805
Shepardson	13	14	18	14	12	14	10	15	12	14	170	136	.800
Burnside	15	11	19	11	13	18	10	15	13	11	170	136	.800
See	14	13	17	12	13	15	10	13	12	15	170	134	.788
Livenguth	14	11	15	10	10	16	12	15	13	17	170	133	.782
Marshall	15	12	15	19	12	16	12	16	9	15	170	131	.770
Mackie	13	10	18	10	12	13	12	17	12	11	170	128	.752
Job	11	13	15	14	6	13	11	18	8	17	170	126	.741
Hallowell	12	13	18	9	13	13	13	12	8	14	170	125	.735
North	9	9	17	11	10	16	10	19	8	12	170	121	.711
J K	9	12	12	10	13	16	11	16	12	10	170	121	.711
Stipp	8	14	17	10	13	13	11	12	9	11	170	118	.694
Myers	12	9	11	9	11	13	11	14	12	14	170	116	.682
Downs	10	12	17	8	8	13	12	15	8	..	150	103	.686
Wilson	11	8	10	7	9	7	7	..	9	7	150	75	.500
Hill	14	11	17	10	10	..	12	..	10	..	110	84	.763
Martin	14	11	12	..	12	..	11	..	13	..	95	73	.768
Shattuck	10	11	..	..	14	..	8	..	10	14	95	67	.705
Cad	..	..	..	..	..	17	12	16	11	14	90	70	.777
Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	12	9	11	90	54	.600
Willey	..	..	11	..	12	..	12	17	11	..	85	65	.623
S P Life	11	11	14	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	80	54	.675
Brooks	11	..	11	..	10	..	7	..	12	..	80	51	.637
Corbett	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	19	11	15	70	55	.785
Ellis	9	10	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	65	44	.676
Maynard	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	16	11	16	70	52	.720
L C Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	14	12	..	50	36	.720
Theo	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	10	..	50	32	.640
Gambell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	35	29	.828
Waddell	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	..	..	35	28	.800
L R Meyers	..	..	14	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	35	22	.628
Steinman	8	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	20	.571
Ahlers	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	23	.766
F J W	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	10	..	30	21	.700
O'Hara	11	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	30	19	.633
Ackley	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	9	..	30	18	.600
Tillson	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	16	.533
Hutchinson	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	8	.533
Dugan	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	15	7	.466

Second Day, Wednesday, Nov. 1.

Fulford's shooting was of a high degree of excellence, and surpasses anything that has been accomplished on the circuit lately. As an evidence of this one has but to glance at the average table, and there he will perceive that his nearest competitor, Trimble, is 10 birds short of his magnificent total. This piece of shooting simply overshadows the performance of the rest of the principals, and engrossed the attention of every one present. To break all but 3 targets out of 175, thrown as they were here, is a feat worthy of special mention, and the performer well merits all the glory and honor that he may derive from such an accomplishment. It is true that this total has been exceeded on several occasions, but I question if this ever occurred where the targets were thrown so hard.

Fulford's consistent execution to-day enabled him to tie Heikes for general average. This percentage of .982 I predict will stand as high-water mark for some time. This also embodies a run of 84 straight; he lost his 2d, 70th and 155th targets. Fifty-one participated, of which thirty-one shot through the programme.

Trimble is second with .925, a marked improvement over his work of yesterday, and more like his old-time form. Tripp is third with .920, and as he is one of the Simon-pure class, considerable credit may be derived from this, as he has outshot most of the good ones at a game in which they should be particularly strong.

Heikes, Young and Gilbert are all bunched together, and have an average of .914. Hirschy comes next, and then Fanning and Elliott. These are all who reached 90 per cent. This number, though, is far in excess of yesterday, and can be attributed to better shooting, as well as to a familiarizing of the ground and traps.

The fortunate ones to-day were Heikes, Young and Fulford, and these struck several remunerative places, though I am pleased to add only by good shooting. Heikes made the only straight in event No. 4, and this netted him $18.45. In event No. 6, the 25-bird race, Young and Fulford were the only straights, and got $13.40 apiece. As a final, Fulford landed the only straight in event No. 10, and drew down $14.15.

Hard, swift targets; bright, balmy sunshine, and only now and then a gentle breeze, were the conditions to-day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	25	15	15	20	15			
Fulford	14	20	15	19	15	25	15	15	19	15	175	172	.982
Trimble	13	18	15	18	15	22	14	15	20	12	175	162	.925
Tripp	13	20	13	18	14	23	13	15	19	13	175	161	.920
Heikes	15	18	13	20	14	21	13	13	19	14	175	160	.914
Young	14	18	14	17	13	25	13	13	20	13	175	160	.914
Gilbert	15	15	15	19	15	24	12	14	19	12	175	160	.914
Hirschy	14	18	14	19	12	22	14	13	20	13	175	159	.908
Fanning	14	17	13	19	13	22	14	15	18	13	175	158	.902
Elliott	14	18	14	18	15	21	13	13	18	14	175	158	.902
Neal	12	20	14	19	13	25	12	12	17	14	175	157	.897
Budd	14	19	13	19	15	21	12	13	18	13	175	157	.897
Riehl	15	15	13	19	12	22	13	14	19	14	175	156	.891
Meaders	14	15	11	17	13	24	14	14	19	14	175	155	.888
McKay	13	19	15	15	14	22	14	13	18	12	175	155	.888
Marshall	11	18	14	19	14	22	12	13	16	14	175	153	.874
Bibbee	14	16	15	19	14	20	13	13	18	11	175	153	.874
Gambell	14	17	12	16	14	21	13	14	18	13	175	152	.868
Mallory	13	19	13	19	14	23	12	10	17	12	175	152	.868
Squires	13	19	10	17	9	23	15	14	19	12	175	151	.862
Rhoades	12	19	14	18	14	23	8	12	17	14	175	151	.862
Teipel	15	16	12	18	14	18	11	14	18	14	175	150	.857
Fisher	15	19	15	14	13	16	15	12	18	12	175	149	.851
Parker	11	16	12	18	11	21	15	14	17	13	175	148	.845
Mackie	12	18	11	18	13	23	12	11	15	14	175	147	.839
Stipp	13	15	12	17	13	21	12	13	20	11	175	147	.839
Alkire	15	17	12	17	14	22	14	15	17	14	175	147	.839
Cad	10	14	14	18	13	20	14	13	17	14	175	147	.839
See	12	16	13	18	14	18	14	11	18	12	175	146	.834
Ahlers	13	15	11	15	13	22	14	15	14	11	175	143	.817
Courtney	10	18	13	16	11	19	13	12	17	13	175	142	.801
Burnside	13	16	13	18	11	23	13	7	17	11	175	142	.801
Parry	9	18	11	17	13	17	12	13	17	11	175	138	.788
Hill	15	18	14	14	11	18	12	10	17	8	175	137	.782
Hallowell	13	16	12	16	13	19	9	8	17	10	175	133	.760
North	10	16	11	17	10	21	9	11	14	11	175	130	.742
Shepardson	12	16	13	17	10	18	8	9	16	10	175	129	.737
Livenguth	13	w	10	18	12	16	12	10	18	8	155	117	.754
Brooks	5	15	12	12	9	..	9	9	12	11	150	94	.626
King	..	..	13	19	11	18	14	13	19	13	140	120	.857
Mrs Shattuck	..	..	12	19	10	19	13	10	19	..	125	102	.816
Willey	11	17	12	12	12	..	11	..	..	..	100	75	.750
Kabo	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	13	13	18	11	90	76	.844
J K	10	18	12	15	10	..	..	..	..	..	85	65	.764
O'Hara	..	..	8	10	9	12	..	..	..	..	75	39	.520
Maynard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	17	14	65	56	.861
Richmond	..	..	12	15	..	..	11	10	..	..	65	48	.738
Theo	13	..	12	..	..	..	11	11	17	..	55	39	.780
Martin	13	..	12	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	45	36	.800
Harrison	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	11	.314
Waddell	13	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	30	24	.800
Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	..	..	30	21	.700

Third Day, Friday, Nov. 3—Pigeons.

Live birds were medium, and two events were run off to-day. The first was a 7-bird race, entrance $7, two moneys, equal moneys, class shooting. This, as is frequently the case where this system is in vogue, resulted in paying better to those who missed a bird than those who finished with a perfect score, as the 7s got $4.30 and the 6s $8.30. The next was a 10-bird race, entrance $10, with three moneys, 40, 30 and 30 per cent. This brought about a similar result, as the straight men only received $5.85, and 9s got $12.05 and 8s $10.70. Thus those who took part in both of these events and scored all their birds were out just $6.85. Nothing could more strongly condemn such a system. There was also a miss-and-out at $5. Though it had but thirteen entries, it was divided after the seventh round, at which time only four had dropped out. Schuler, Neal, Tripp, Voris, Young, Dr. Williams, Donely, Robertson and Hill went the route and drew down $7.20. Neal, Tripp, Young, Dr. Williamson and Robertson shot in every event and scored all their birds, 24 all told. There are a number of others who shot in the two sweeps and scored straight in both—to their loss.



CINCINNATI GUN CLUB'S HOUSE.

The birds trapped during the day were very ordinary, which is evidenced by the scores; but the elements are in some measure responsible for this. The weather was dark and threatening, while occasional showers fell. Add to this a raw atmosphere and one can readily conceive that the birds would not be very active.

The sensational feature of the day and the tournament was the barring of Kit Shepardson, of La Grange, Ind., for deliberately dropping for place. This party has been doing this trick some time, and at Belle Meade practiced it very successfully. As soon as the opportunity presented itself here he resorted to it again, though on this occasion he reckoned without his host, and the rebuke he received will most likely lead to his perpetual disbarment, as it should. He had been repeatedly cautioned in this matter by people who had only his best interest at heart, but he heeded not their advice, so he only got what he deserved.

The dropping occurred in the 10-bird event, and he and Lou Fisher were keeping tab, and naturally they were aware that the 9 hole was the most remunerative, so when he came to shoot his final bird he deliberately missed it; but previous to this he had told several parties of his intention. Nevertheless, his efforts at deception were so crude that all who saw the shot made realized at once his object. On all his other birds he shot in slashing style, while in this instance he was unusually slow, but finally managed to shoot several feet behind it with his first and away over it with his second. Complaint was immediately lodged with the board of directors, and these at once met and decided that hereafter he would not be permitted on the Cincinnati Gun Club grounds. His entrance fee was refunded, less the price of the birds, and he was requested to depart.

It has since developed that Fisher was virtually as guilty as Shepardson, as he too dropped his last bird, and to the close observers it looked very much as though this was intentional, as he too changed his style of shooting and his time. Furthermore, he was barred out at Circleville several weeks ago for this very same offense. This will doubtless prove a wholesome lesson, and will do much to purge the sport of the unscrupulous shooters.

True, the system is at fault; but nevertheless there is a principle involved, and the scrupulous shooter must be protected against the blackleg. To my mind there is nothing more contemptible, and the pickpocket ranks higher than the dropper, for the former can be reached by the strong arm of the law, while no criminal case can be docketed against the latter, and therefore he does not run as much risk.

The scores:

	7 Birds.	10 Birds.
Neal	2222222—7	2212222222—10
Tripp	2122221—7	2111121111—10
Fanning	2111111—7	1111212112—10

Gilbert	1212221—7	2212221222—10
Riehl	2222221—7	2212211222—10
Young	2222222—7	2222222222—10
Elliott	2212212—7	1222222222—10
Dr Williamson	2222222—7	2222222222—10
White	1221222—7	2212111221—10
Marshall	2222222—7	2222222222—10
Burnside	1112111—7	1222211222—10
Robertson	2222222—7	2222222222—10
Eick	2122221—7	2222121221—10
Smith	2122221—7	2222102111— 9
Meaders	1122212—7	2121210212— 9
Bingham	1222221—7	22222222*2— 9
Kabo	2121222—7	1212222022— 9
Shepardson	2222222—7	2222222220— 9
Hallowell	*212212—6	2222222222—10
Heikes	221211*—6	2222222222—10
Hirschy	2222*22—6	2122122222—10
Voris	11121*2—6	2222212221—10
Ahlers	2202122—6	1212112121—10
Budd	1122022—6	1112111222—10
Mrs Shattuck	1121011—6	1112122221—10
Stillwell	0222222—6	1220122221— 9
Vances	2220122—6	22112121*2— 9
Jay Bee	2212022—6	0021222222— 8
Alkire	2022222—6	22222202*2— 8
Dick	2122021—6	22*1222202— 8
See	1222222—7	2220*22212— 8
Rhoades	1202202—5	1112212221—10
Leffingwell	2221221 —7	20210*1212— 7
Nye	2222222 —7	20222220*2— 7
Rice	1012210 —5	0122111102— 8
Mackie	2222222—7	2222*020w
Ritter	2112222—7	.....
Werk	122020 w	121100210 w
Immel	12*1211—6	.....
Parker		2122211221—10
McKay		1222222222—10
Fisher		2222222220— 9
Waddell		*202112212— 8
Shuler		2122210012— 8
Ackley		1101211120— 8
Hill		0101111111— 8

Final—Handicap.

One popular feature at most tournaments is to make the closing event on live birds, a 25-bird handicap, and such also was the case here. This race was well patronized, considering the good entrance fee—$25, birds extra—and doubtless this would have been an affair of much significance, and some classic competition would have resulted but for the adverse weather which was the club's portion on the day of this event. An abundance of good birds had been provided for this race, but the nasty weather that prevailed simply robbed the birds of all activity, and what would have been a high test of competitive skill resolved itself into a very ordinary affair, as the birds, with the exception of one or two rounds, were very poor. Through this the competitive feature of the shoot was largely marred, and the element of luck was a big factor in it. For the shooter who was fortunate in drawing the standard bird it was an easy matter to kill, while on the other hand those who drew the occasional good ones were those who suffered the most losses. Of course, some of the dubs were missed, but as a rule the fast bird stands by far the best chance of escaping.

The best evidence of the quality of the birds is the uniform high scores, and there is no one familiar with pigeon shooting but what realizes such scores would have been an impossibility on birds of superior quality. Fifteen of fifty-five entries, or more than 35 per cent. of those engaged, finished with a straight score of 25. This, as has frequently been the case where the equal-money divisions prevail, was the least remunerative hole, and the straight men actually lost money, for they drew out but $22.40 for an investment of $31.25. The seven 24s got $48, the fourteen 23s $24, and the 22s got exactly what the 24s received, as there was a like number of these. Thus it will be observed that, though it required a score of 22 out of 25, only ten of the principals fell by the wayside, and one of these only because he failed to complete his score. Robertson was unable to return on the final day to complete his score and thereby forfeited his entrance and his interest in the race. Some of the shooters claimed that it was impossible for them to remain over another day, and these were finally permitted to shoot out their scores so as to enable them to leave.

This was obviously unjust, for when these shot their last birds the weather was such that it was a difficult matter to induce the birds to fly, and their quality is best indicated by the fact that of the fifty-four birds shot at, not one was scored lost. When this shooting was done it was snowing very hard, and the birds were naturally in a bewildered state. The following are those who shot out: Elliott, Tripp, Voris, Mrs. Shattuck, Clay and Stillwell. The first four finished straight. Clay got 24 and Stillwell 23. The same significance cannot be attached to these scores as to the others who remained and finished the next day, when it was clear and bright and a good wind prevailed. Sixteen birds were shot on the first day and the remaining 9 on the next day.

It was the writer's intention to keep the flights and the number of the trap in this event, but this was abandoned after the 5th round, as sitters, hoverers and incomers predominated to a great extent.

In addition to the fifty-three entries there were two forfeits of $10 by Messrs. John Watson and Alf Clay.

Hirschy, 30	22222222222222222222222222—25
Dick, 29	12122222222222222222212222—25
Eick, 29	12122222222222222222212222—25
White, 28	12211222222122222122212222—25
Gross, 28	22222222222222222222222222—25
Mackie, 29	22212222222222222222222222—25
Budd, 31	22112222222222211211111122—25
Gay, 30	21221222222222222222222222—25
Williamson, 29	22222222222222222222222222—25
Fanning, 31	22222122222212222222222222—25
Hallowell, 30	22222222221212222222222222—25
Tripp, 30	21122122121222211211211222—25
Mrs Shattuck, 27	22121211222212221111222222—25
Voris, 29	22122222212222222212222222—25
Elliott, 31	12222122222112221222212222—25
Heikes, 31	22222222222222222122221022—24
Teipel, 29	11211111121111201122122221—24
Burnside, 29	20122212211211122122122222—24
Kabo, 29	21222212121222202112222212—24
Marshall, 30	22222222222222222222*2212—24
Miller, 28	21220212222222222222222222—24
T H Clay, 29	22222220222222222222222122—24
Neal, 30	22222220222222202222222222—23
Riehl, 30	22221022122 12*22111122221—23
Gilbert, 31	02222222222111222220222 12—23
See, 29	22022121222222222022222222—23
Lindsley, 29	22*22222222222*22222222—23
Courtney, 30	01111122111210221221221 12—23
Werk, 28	222*22221212222211221 1012—23
Leffingwell, 28	2222120*21221221222122222—23
Vanse, 29	22122122212 22*212122202222—23
Alkire, 30	22222222222220222222202222—23
Rhoades, 29	02222222221202222222222222—23
Stillwell, 28	22222222222022022212222222—23
Young, 31	22222222222222222222220220—23
McKay, 29	22222222222202202222222222—23
H Smith, 28	22222222220222202202222222—22
Schuler, 29	22211211210222210212221 10—22
Nye, 29	22220220222222202222222222—22
Bingham, 30	22*02222222202122222222222—22
Ahlers, 29	12122112222212*121*202122—22
Ackley, 27	11121012*12221102122111112—22
Hill, 29	12111120112212022101122 12—22
Jay Bee, 28	22202122120221202121222220—21
Donely, 28	11011222111122221122200*2—21
Parker, 30	22211201*11221211212010 22—21
Small, 28	11201112111101211*2122200—20
Burton, 28	22022202222222222222*0w
Stephens, 23	22222220220222222221020w
Waddell, 28	12121100212011121*w
Rice, 28	20111210112110211 0w
Robertson, 28	2222220222222202w
De Weese, 28	220220200w

General Averages.

In order to maintain the interest in the shoot, as well as induce more shooters to shoot through the programme, the club very wisely put up average money to the amount of $75, which was to go to the eight high guns in the following ratio: $15, $13, $10, $9, $8, $7, $7 and $6. The competition for this was spirited and interesting.

Roll Heikes secured a lead of 7 birds on the first day, and it was generally conceded that he would finish first, barring accidents, though it was possible for Elliott, Neal or Gilbert to overhaul him. However, no one for a minute surmised that Fulford, who was 12 birds behind, would accomplish this feat; but nevertheless this is just what he accomplished by virtue of his superb finish, and thereby he and Heikes took first and second high-gun money, which amounted to $14 each. Gilbert and Elliott tied for next place, and collected third and fourth high-gun amounts, $19, thus giving each $9.50. Young wins fifth, $8; Neal sixth, $7; Fanning and Trimble are tied for seventh and eighth, and they divide $13 between them. Trimble also finished with a rush, for at the close of the first day he apparently was hopelessly out it:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Fulford	151	172	345	323	.936
Heikes	163	160	345	323	.936
Gilbert	154	160	345	314	.910
Elliott	156	158	345	314	.910
Young	152	160	345	312	.904
Neal	154	157	345	311	.901
Fanning	152	158	345	310	.898
Trimble	148	162	345	310	.898
Hirschy	150	159	345	309	.895
Tripp	147	161	345	308	.892
Alkire	148	157	345	305	.884
Riehl	147	156	345	303	.878
Budd	143	157	345	300	.869
McKay	144	155	345	299	.866
Mallory	146	152	345	298	.863
Bibbee	145	153	345	298	.863
Meaders	139	155	345	294	.854
Teipel	141	150	345	291	.843
Squires	138	151	345	289	.837
Parker	141	148	345	289	.837
Fisher	138	149	345	287	.831
Marshall	131	153	345	284	.823
Parry	142	138	345	280	.811
See	134	146	345	280	.811
Courtney	137	142	345	279	.808
Burnside	136	142	345	278	.805
Mackie	128	147	345	275	.797
Shepardson	136	129	345	265	.768
Stipp	118	147	345	265	.768
Hallowell	125	133	345	258	.747
North	121	130	345	251	.727

Gossip.

Mr. E. D. Fulford and Roll Heikes, who tied for general average in the target events, each shot Remington guns, Schultze powder and Smokeless shells. Heikes also used his Remington when he won the Schmelzer cup, and not his Parker, as I erroneously stated in the account of this race. The truth of the matter is he uses two guns, but he shoots targets with the Remington and pigeons with the Parker.

Mr. Fred Gilbert, after killing straight in the four previous handicaps—one at St. Louis and three at Belle Meade—failed to do the trick here, and finished with but 23. Nevertheless, it is quite a feat to do it so often.

As a final, Pop Heikes and Mr. Emile Werk shot a team race with Messrs. Hallowell and Schuler. The former pair got 46 and the other 47. Heikes scored 22, Werk 24; Hallowell 25 and Schuler 22. Hallowell lost the first bird he shot at here, and then ran 70 straight.

Mrs. Shattuck's target shooting on the first day was of a high character of excellence, as the conditions were very trying. True, her percentage is not very high, but it will be seen by consulting the score that it exceeds many of the percentages of the male competitors. Her scores on pigeons were much higher, but I do not look upon this as a performance of superior merit.

Mr. E. H. Tripp was the only participant who shot in all live-bird events and killed straight. This aggregates forty-nine. Fanning also accomplished this, though he shot at 7 less birds.

Uncle John Watson came down from Chicago to shoot in the handicap, but very wisely stayed out of the contest, as the weather was very conducive to pneumonia. Uncle John contemplates holding a shoot at his park next month, and was about feeling the pulse of the shooters in respect to it.

Mrs. Milt Lindsley (Wanda) was on the grounds each day, but only shot in a few target events. Mrs. Lindsley looks much improved by her sojourn in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Butler (Annie Oakley) were present, but as Mrs. Butler was indisposed she did not participate, though it was her intention to shoot in the handicap. Her past season was an unusually trying one, and she is completely fagged out from excessive hard work.

Quaker Gay materialized for the handicap, and gave his usual good account of himself, as he went down the line without a skip, but this was a rather commonplace performance in this particular instance.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

The Interstate.

At the close of the ninth season of unbroken triumph, and with an ever expanding horizon, it is gratifying to be able to state to the lovers of manly and clean sport that the frontier limiting the usefulness of the Interstate Association is nowhere yet visible, and we are assured from a retrospective view of its history that our horoscope shows no mirage for the future. As usual, we are compelled to reiterate that the season just closed has not only been successful, but the most successful in our career, and we will be pardoned for a modest amount of elation.

Our tournaments are neither staled by repetition nor withered by custom, and each and all feel that our work will grow indefinitely. It is not now a question of how many tournaments we can handle successfully, but one as to where they shall be given. The interest the Association has fostered shows no signs of abatement in growth. We have many applicants for the right kind of clubs who want us to hold tournaments under their auspices, and the only question is: How shall we farm our opportunities so as to accomplish the most good for the greatest number? We are glad to receive these applications, of course, but they entail on us a burden gratifying to be borne, but nevertheless one that threatens to severely tax our strength, and were the organization less perfect would challenge our ability to perform. As the Interstate Association has never crossed a river until it came to it, there need be no fear that ways and means will be devised to meet any emergency. It is gratifying to be able to state that correspondence shows the field to be practically illimitable and patrons of the Interstate Association hold all the trump cards.

It is unnecessary to repeat arguments in favor of adhering to our tried and proven methods of conducting our business. They have not been found wanting, and though the organization will always give an attentive ear to suggestions, and even invites honest criticism, it must be said, in justice to ourselves, that nothing has yet been suggested that offers any improvement on our tried methods, which so far have afforded "the greatest good to the greatest number." The growth of interest can be noted, but not measured, and this growth is not only to be perceived yearly, but from week to week.

The work accomplished during 1899 is so fully detailed elsewhere that to descant on it here at length would be superfluous.

The Grand American Handicap.

The inaugural tournament for 1899 was the seventh annual Grand American Handicap at live birds, which was decided at Elkwood Park, near Long Branch, N. J., April 11, 12 and 13. The Interstate Association guaranteed $1,500 (and all surplus added) in the main event, which was shot under the following conditions, viz.: 25 live birds, $25 entrance, 50yds. boundary, with a dead line at the 33yd. mark, handicaps ranging from 25 to 33yds., high guns to win, and moneys to be divided in accordance with the number of entries received.

In addition to guaranteeing $1,500, the Interstate Association presented to the winner of first place a sterling silver trophy commemorative of the win.

The system of dividing the moneys which prevailed in 1896, 1897 and 1898 was adopted again for 1899, the divisions being graduated up to 260 entries for this year's event. A slight change, however, was made in the division of the surplus, which was, of course, as usual, added to the purse. Instead of two moneys for each additional ten entries over and above sixty, the number necessary to fill the guarantee, there were three additional moneys for each ten entries over sixty. The entries numbered 278, of which number 251 were regular entries at $25 each, eleven were penalty or post entries at $35 each, and sixteen were forfeits at $10 each, making the total purse amount to $6,820. The purse, under the system of division of moneys adopted by the Interstate Association, provided for sixty-three moneys. There were six straight scores of 25 made, which took the first six moneys—$2,430.30—a total of $405.05 each. Twenty-five tied on 24 out of 25 and divide the next twenty-five moneys—$2,626.25—each shooter receivin $105.05. Forty-nine tied on 23 out of 25 and divided the next thirty two moneys—$1,763.45—each shooter receiving $36. The six me with straight scores of 25 shot off the tie, miss-and-out, for th silver trophy. This was won by the Hon. T. A. Marshall, on th 33d round.

Two hundred and eighty-five shooters took part in the tourna ment, and $11,470.10 was divided in different purses. The tota number of live birds trapped was 8,467.

In the Oil Country.

The second tournament was given at Oil City Pa., May 17 an 18, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club.

Best averages first day: F. H. Snow, first, .939; L. B. Fleming second, .903; C. A. Smith, third, .884.

Best averages second day: F. H. Snow, first, .866; L. B. Flem ing, second, .830; W. L. Colville, third, .666.

General averages both days: F. H. Snow, first, .903; L. B. Flem ing, second, .866; B. H. Norton, third, .678.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament wa thirty-three. Average entry first day, 19.2; average entry secon day, 17.7. The total amount of money divided in purses was $5,35.40 6,560 targets were trapped during the tournament.

The Green Mountain State.

The third tournament was given at Bellows Falls, Vt., June 1 and 15, under the auspices of the Bellows Falls Gun Club.

Best averages first day: B. Leroy Woodard, first, .947; E. C. Griffith, second, .923; M. F. Roberts, third, .876.

Best averages second day: B. Leroy Woodard, first, .923; E. C. Griffith, second, .911; C. O. Barrett, third, .900.

General averages both days: B. Leroy Woodard, first, .935; E. C. Griffith, second, .917; C. O. Barrett, third, .867.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was fifty-six. Average entry first day, 28.5; average entry second day, 18.4. The total amount of money divided in purses was $582.70. 8,665 targets were trapped during the tournament.

In "Little Rhody."

The fourth tournament was given at Providence, R. I., July 19 and 20, under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club.

Best averages first day: B. Leroy Woodard, first, .935; O. R. Dickey, second, .917; W. F. Parker, third, .911.

Best averages second day: W. F. Parker, first, .941; B. Leroy Woodard, second, .935; J. S. Fanning and L. H. Schortemeier, third, .929.

General averages both days: B. Leroy Woodard, first, .935; W. F. Parker, second, .926; J. S. Fanning and L. H. Schortemeier, third, .900.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was ninety-one. Average entry first day, 57.8; average entry second day, 45.5. The total amount of money divided in purses wa $1,090.50. 17,305 targets were trapped during the tournament.

Among the Pines.

The fifth tournament was given at Portland, Me., Aug. 9 and 10 under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

Best averages first day: J. S. Fanning and L. H. Schortemeier first, .931; H. B. Money, second, .914; B. Leroy Woodard and E. C. Griffith, third, .908.

Best averages second day: B. Leroy Woodard, first, .965; L. H. Schortemeier and E. A. Randall, second, .931; O. R. Dickey J. S. Fanning and G. R. Hunnewell, third, .920.

General averages both days: B. Leroy Woodard, first, .937; L. H. Schortemeier, second, .931; J. S. Fanning, third, .925.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was sixty-two. Average entry first day, 46.2; average second day, 36.4 The total amount of money divided in purses was $902.60. 14,430 targets were trapped during the tournament.

The Old Dominion.

The sixth tournament was given at Portsmouth, Va., Sept. 6 and 7, under the auspices of the Portsmouth Gun Club.

Best averages first day: H. C. Bridgers, first, .940; H. B. Money, second, .920; Col. J. T. Anthony, third, .913.

Best averages second day: Hood Waters, first, .940; Jas. R. Malone, second, .913; B. Leroy Woodard, third, .906.

General averages both days: Hood Waters, first, .913; Col. J. T. Anthony, second, .906; B. Leroy Woodard, third, .900.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was fifty-two. Average entry first day, 30.2; average entry second day, day, 17.7. The total amount of money divided in purses was $535.40. 9,730 targets were trapped during the tournament.

Recapitulation.

In the table as outlined below will be found a summary of the work accomplished during the season of 1899:

Shooters taking part	579
Live birds trapped	8,467
Targets trapped	56,690
Money divided in purses	$15,102.80

The schedule for 1899 called for fewer tournaments than any preceding year, yet the totals as above given show that it was the most successful season in the history of the Association. At the end of nine years interest has not only not flagged, but has grown to such an extent that the results attained are phenomenal.

It has been an arduous undertaking, but it has succeeded—won by honest hard work.

Season 1900 Tournaments.

Clubs contemplating holding tournaments, and desiring the assitance of the Interstate Association, should have their applications in the hands of the manager by Dec. 15, 1899, in order that they may be presented to the tournament committee for action thereon at the annual meeting of the Association, Dec. 21, 1899.

Communications relating to inanimate target tournaments should be sent to the manager's home address, Elmer E. Shaner, 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa.

THE INTERSTATE ASSSOCIATION.

Answers to Correspondents

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

A. K., Detroit.—The cup raced for by Shamrock and Columbia is known as the America Cup. Its name will not be changed in the event of it being won by a foreign yacht.

G. W. R., El Paso, Tex.—1. What is a Chihuahua dog? Is i only a common cur dog, starved and stunted with poor whisky; or is there a real Chihuahua dog? 2. To what family does the prairie dog belong? 3. To what family does the Gila monster belong? 4. Where can I obtain the number of pellets per ounce of Tatham Bros'. shot, from size 1 to 10? If I had better address them, what is their address? Ans. 1. The Chihuahua dog is a recognized breed. 2. To the squirrel family, *Sciuridæ*. 3. To the family *Helodermatidæ*, which takes its name from the genus; the name of the Gila monster being *Heloderma suspectum*. 4. You will find the information in the *Woodcraft Magazine and Game Laws in Brief*; price 25 cents, which is published by Forest and Stream Pub. Co., or you can obtain it by address the manufacturers at New York.

N. E. S., Ossa, Mass., Nov. 1.—I live in the country where it i rather wild, and where we have some foxes and skunks, a few minks and plenty of muskrats. Last year an otter was seen in the river near here. I should like to do some trapping during the winter, and think that I could earn a little money in that way Will you please tell me what is the best book, telling about how to trap small animals and how to prepare their skins for market I have skinned muskrats, but the man at the store here said the besides the steel traps commonly used, various forms of dead skins were badly made, and would give me hardly anything fo them. Ans. The best book for your use is the "Trapper's Guide," price $1. This tells something about the animals you mention, and about how to prepare their skins for market. It also describes falls employed by trappers where it is not convenient to use steel traps. Of course, you will require some practice before you can become a successful trapper. The best trappers are those who have had the most experience.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 21. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

SAM'S BOY.

ONE of the best things ever written by Rowland E. Robinson is the new serial "Sam's Boy," which will be begun in our issue of Dec. 2. It will take the readers of "Uncle Lisha's Shop" and "Sam Lovel's Camps" back among the Danvis folk.

THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

THE meeting of the National Horse Show of America, which opened in this city on Monday last, and is in progress while we write, promises to be one of the most successful ever given. For a number of years this show was obliged to depened for its financial success largely on the caprice of fashionable people and their followers, and to attract such people it was thought necessary to resort to more or less catchy devices, which partook in some degree of the character of the circus.

Horse shows are given for the purpose of showing horses, not in order to show how speedily the firemen can hitch up a team nor to give exhibitions of polo rough riding or cavalry drills. It would seem as if this country were by this time large enough to furnish a sufficient number of spectators actually interested in horses to pay the expenses of such a show without the managers going into the circus business.

This year such side shows are not needed to attract the public. In other words, there is a very large attendance of people who are anxious to see good horses, and who go there for that purpose, and no other.

The increasing popularity of the horse—notwithstanding the various mechanical means of traction which are taking his place—means a better understanding of him and an increasing appreciation of his good qualities. The time is coming when—at least in cities and thickly populated districts—the horse will be used purely as a luxury. He will be the property only of the well to do, and when this is the case, all horse owners will be more or less horse judges.

It is in this direction that the tide is tending now. A greater number of people than ever before attend the horse show because they are interested in horses and anxious to see good ones, both for their pleasure and to cultivate their tastes. A still greater number no doubt go there because it is regarded as the proper thing to know more or less about a horse, and they are anxious to do or to appear to do the proper thing. Nevertheless an intelligent knowledge of the horse is growing.

SPARE THE PASSENGER PIGEON.

AMONG the many notices of the occurrence of the passenger pigeon which appear in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, a considerable number are no doubt based on misinformation, and so are valueless. Individuals unfamiliar with the wild pigeon imagine all the pigeons that they see to be the bird about whose rarity so much has been written, and perhaps a few report having seen the bird purely as a matter of vivid imagination. They are seized with a flight of fancy, and report a flight of pigeons.

Yet there is no doubt that passenger pigeons are occasionally seen, and unfortunately there is no doubt also that the average man who carries a gun if he sees one of these birds will kill it. It may be hoped that to-day there are fewer who would do this than there were a year ago, and that to-morrow there will be fewer than there are to-day; in other words, that consideration for the rights of others is increasing and that selfishness is growing less. The change is slow, to be sure, but there is a change.

It is greatly to be desired that sportsmen who see what they take to be wild pigeons will promptly report the occurrence to the FOREST AND STREAM, at the same time giving as full details as possible, so that, if practicable, the bird may be identified. It is but a few weeks since one of our most valued correspondents forwarded to us the supposed wing of a passenger pigeon, which on examination proved to be only the wing of a domestic pigeon somewhat resembling that of the wild bird in color.

The passenger pigeon is one of those birds which is very close to the border line of extinction. It ought to be protected by law in all States, and, what would be much more effective, a public sentiment ought to be created against killing it or indeed any of its kind.

A SOUTHERN NATIONAL PARK.

THE latest national park project, following upon the Minnesota reserve scheme, is a timber and game preserve for the South. The territory suggested lies in western North Carolina, where there are vast stretches of unbroken wilderness along the line of the Great Smoky Mountains, on the Tennessee border. Much of the region remains to-day in its primitive condition, but the inroads of the lumberman promise rapidly to denude the forest areas and to destroy both its beauty and the rare advantages it now offers health and rest seekers. The movement to establish a national park here is well under way. The Asheville Board of Trade is agitating the plan, and its special committee on parks and forestry has called a convention to be held in Asheville on Nov. 22. Petitions are circulating, which will be presented to Congress, asking that a committee representing that body may be provided to investigate the subject of a Southern National Park and to determine the feasibility of establishing such a preserve in the southern Alleghanies.

All that has been said in behalf of setting aside the national parks we now possess, and all that has been urged in support of the Minnesota forest reserve, applies with force to this new proposition. The region is one which should be preserved in its virgin wildness. The establishment of such a reserve would mean the possession of a priceless legacy for the generation of to-day to bequeath to those which are to follow.

The wide-reaching benefits of such a mountain reserve may not be overestimated. The immediate district surrounding the park would be benefited in a degree much less than the advantage secured for the entire Southern country; for this North Carolina region is easily and quickly accessible from the entire Atlantic seaboard, and from the South and Southwest to New Orleans. The support of the park project should be equally widespread.

SNAP SHOTS.

Ambitious deer hunters who, a week or two since, visited this office in search of advice as to where to go on Long Island to kill deer, were warned that hunters were more numerous there than deer, and that, as at present carried on, deer hunting on Long Island is a sport rather more dangerous than grizzly bear hunting in the Rockies. This dismal warning was confirmed on the first day of the season, when a hunter had his head blown to pieces by a charge of buckshot at short range from a gun in the hands of his hunting companion and friend. As the story is told, the two men were concealed near one another when a deer came by, at which one of them fired, and then sprang into view to watch the deer. His companion seeing the movement and taking it for a deer, fired and killed his friend. So long as people continue to fire at moving objects which they imagine to be game, these accidents will continue to occur, and it is difficult to write about them in a strain of justice, because the remorse of the unintentional homicide is likely to be so great as in some degree to claim our sympathy. It may be assumed that in the course of time laws will be enacted which shall make such carelessness a felony and provide a proper punishment for it. In the meantime, persons of good sense will be likely to avoid those places where such accidents may be expected to occur, which means, of course, places crowded with hunters—so miscalled. Measured by the annually exacted price of human lives Long Island deer hunting is a costly institution which ought speedily to be abolished. Stop the deer hunting for good and all; make a State deer park of the territory available for that purpose and use the permanent Long Island deer supply thus assured for stocking the Adirondacks, the Catskills and other districts, where there is still room to hunt game without killing human beings.

A lot of prize fighters have got themselves incorporated as the "Sportsman's Fund of America," the purpose of the organization being to "provide for the destitute, the sick and the dead of the sporting fraternity throughout the United States," and ultimately "to provide a home for retired and destitute sportsmen." The term sportsman is a broad one, and there is no law to prevent the bruisers and rib-smashers from appropriating it if they choose to do so; but what is wanted in New York to-day is not a home for the destitute "sports," but a law and its execution to drive them out of business. Meanwhile if these gentry would undertake to build a "home" in which to immure their whole tribe beyond peradventure of ever being heard from again we would all of us contribute with alacrity and generosity.

The opinions of those who are most directly concerned with the preservation of our game supply are coming more and more to acceptance of the principle that the marketing of birds is a chief factor in the problem. The New Hampshire Fish and Game Commissioners recognize in the open market of Boston a grave hindrance to protection in their own State.

Our St. Augustine contributor, Didymus, who recently discussed so effectively the exterminatory peregrinations of a bird butcher in his State, may now profitably give his attention and enlist the attention of others to head off another Florida bird-destroying enterprise, of which we have report from Long Island, N. Y. The party consists of O. H. Tuthill, Robert Willmouth, Benjamin Molliter and Coles Powell. They sailed last week in the sloop Inner Beach bound for Florida by the inland passage. Their mission is to kill birds; it is to be a bird skinning and stuffing expedition. The Brooklyn Eagle says that "the men go to shoot all kinds of water birds, for which there is an unprecedented demand this season by millinery manufacturers. After being killed most of the birds will be skinned and stuffed roughly with cotton, and every week shipments will be made to New York." As this is contrary to the Florida law which is intended to preserve the birds, the Long Islanders should be summarily turned back.

The agitation as to the preservation of deer in the Adirondacks is certainly worth keeping up. Last week we printed the report of an interview with Col. Wm. F. Fox, Superintendent of the Forests, on this subject. Col. Fox's intimate familiarity with the North Woods and the game conditions there prevailing entitles his views to great weight. We gave also in this connection a statement on the part of Protector Beede in reply to criticisms we recently published on his way of conducting his office. It has been represented to us that hounding is practiced in all districts of the Adirondacks; that it cannot be effectually suppressed with the force of protectors and specials now available; and that the Essex county district is therefore no worse than some others. In the face of all this, however, Protector Pond is reported as repeating this season the optimistic statement made by him last year under like conditions, that as a rule the hounding law has been well observed in the North Woods.

The progress of the case made to test the constitutionality of the Illinois non-resident shooting license law is reported in our game columns to-day; and as will be seen the result of the case bids fair to establish anew the complete control of its game by a State. The power to exercise such control lies in the State's ownership of the soil and the resulting exclusive right to the game on the soil. The contention of those who uphold the constitutionality of non-resident hunting laws is that just as a farmer by virtue of owning his farm may exclude others from entering upon it for shooting, so a State by virtue of owning the entire territory within its boundaries may exclude non-residents from shooting or fishing within its domain.

We print elsewhere a note from the New York Fish and Game League, inviting into its membership all who are interested in the attainment of its special purposes. The League offers an opportunity for practical work, under the guidance of those who have had long experience in this field; and it deserves the support and co-operation of all protective clubs and societies throughout the State.

The Minnesota Supreme Court has decided that it is legal for the Indians to hunt on their own reservations regardless of the game laws, provided they do not store their game to be sold to traders contrary to the law. This ruling appears to be in direct conflict with the findings in similar cases brought in other States.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Equipment of Old Times.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Sitting here in my den, smoking my first after-dinner pipe, I am led into a train of reflection on the changes, improvements and cheapness of sporting articles, compared to their cost when some of us were younger and game was more plentiful. These thoughts are suggested by the advent of a young gentleman—a grandson of ten years—who just rushed into my snuggery in high glee to show me his new gun, a reward for proficiency in his school studies. He is too young to own a gun by half a dozen years, but he had fairly earned it by hard study.

To gratify him I looked over his gun; a double-barreled 16-caliber, and was surprised to find it possible that such a finely finished gun could be sold for the price ($20). It was fully equal in finish to guns that I own for which I paid five times that price. In fact, my collection embraces some famous old Tom Moore and Westley Richards muzzleloaders that were once my pride and glory, the cost of which would now purchase a whole armory of guns that look as well and no doubt shoot as well. There they rest on their racks, relegated to the past as "has-beens," to be scorned by the farmer's boy, and would not bring $10; and yet what famous old shooters they were in their day. Even yet I have an affection for them, and I carry it so far as to take one of them out occasionally as a reserve gun for a long shot at ducks when the breechloader has failed to do its duty.

In my collection I have an old flintlock Joe Manton that was my father's. It was the apple of his eye, and many is the back-load of wild pigeons that as an urchin I have toted home that he shot from the great flocks of thousands that used to fly over. Then I have one of the early day Colts army pistols that I carried on many long marches in Arizona when it was necessary to be ever on the alert for the wily Apache. Nothing serves better to show the stride of improvement than a comparison with the neat, light Smith and Wesson of the present day, with its handy cartridge in lieu of the loading with flask and bullet.

Who does not remember, among the early-day repeaters, the "Cochran patent," a flat disk perforated with six chambers, with a percussion nipple opposite each chamber? The disk was moved by hand at each shot. These arms had a short run, as they had a habit of communicating the fire to the adjoining chambers, and in consequence would all go off in succession, shooting a complete circle, as illustrated on one occasion when an officer friend, having taken a great fancy to one I owned, stumped me for a trade for one of a small-sized Colt. The exchange being made, he went down by the mule corral at the lower end of the camp to try it. It took that occasion to show its quality by every charge going off at once, barely missing some brother officers and killing a mule. I was not much more fortunate in my trade, for the first time I fired my little Colt the cylinder and barrel departed, leaving only the stock in my hand. The odds were about even, the only difference being that my brother officer had to pay Uncle Sam for one mule expended in target practice. Such were the idiosyncrasies of the early-day repeaters—quite a contrast to the perfection of the present-day weapons. And the improvement in all sporting paraphernalia have been as great.

Take fishing rods, for instance, and reels. My father's best fishing rod was an unjointed bamboo, which stuck out behind the wagon when we went fishing. There were no reels in those days—at least they had never reached us in the country—and we made our own lines of twisted horse (tails) hair, and right good ones they were, elastic and never tangled. We made our own flies also, laying the old red chicken cock under contribution for his long neck feathers, and the plumage of birds; and the trout, less fastidious than at the present day, did not object to them.

It has always been a source of great regret that my father could not have lived until the present day, so that I might have had the satisfaction of presenting him with a full fisherman's outfit of these times—a split bamboo, silk lines, reel and creel—and also that my dear old mother could not have lived to be the recipient from me of a box of tea from China. Their happiness would have been complete.

Speaking of split bamboo rods, they, too, have followed the cheapened methods of manufacture. I paid $25 for my first and $2 for my last; and it is a bold assertion to make, but I do say it, that in point of utility I do not see any great difference. I know I shall be hooted at and called no sportsman for such a statement, but the proof is in the fishing. It did not break and I caught as many fish with the $2 rod as I did with the $25 one. The trout did not apparently note the difference. My real standby, however, is an old greenheart rod that I have used for thirty years and that has a record of over 25,000 trout, many salmon (steelheads) and innumerable bass; but at last it shows signs of the heavy work that a salmon gives a light rod. It is sprung badly, and on looking at it the other day I was forced to the conclusion that its days of usefulness were over and it must be relegated to the attic with the old muzzleloaders, powder flasks, wad cutters, percussion caps and a chest of drawers full of obsolete sporting paraphernalia that at some later day the rising generation will amuse themselves by overhauling and have a deal of fun criticising grandpop's old traps.

Taking my semi-occasional walk through the market to-day, to look at the fish and game, I was surprised to see the small quantity of the latter and inquired of a dealer why. He informed me that the restrictions put on the export of game by the Supervisors of the adjoining counties and the preserving of the marshes by the shooting clubs had knocked out the market-hunter to a considerable extent and the receipts of game were small. Ducks were selling at $16 a dozen, quite a contrast to old-time prices, when a pair of mallards or canvasbacks brought but 40 cents and teal $1 per dozen, at which time salmon were 5 cent per pound, and in still earlier days but 3 cents; and I have seen cart loads unsold dumped into the bay. These were called poor man's beef.

At the rate the canneries on the coast above are packing them, it won't be many years before a salmon will be a curiosity. I saw a ship loading to-day with 150,000 cases for Liverpool, and this is no uncommon thing. The only wonder is that there are so many fish left at the present time in the Northern rivers, especially as as those caught are spawning fish. Think of the millions that are destroyed. One cannot but have sympathy for the next generation, for by the time it comes along the show for game and fish will be mighty slim. However, we old fogies will all be tucked away by that time, and like Bret Harte's Chinaman when curled up on the floor by a biff on the pit of his stomach, will take no further interest in the proceedings. All the game will be wiped out by this generation before we go. The next will have to fall back on Filipinos and such like live game. There's very good shooting down that way just at present—no close season. The only drawback is they have a bad habit of shooting back again, which is objectionable. What a lot of high cost breechloaders there will be in a few years reposing on brackets in attics which there will be no use for—no game left to shoot, and a deer or moose will be one of the menagerie curiosities, with the hippopotamus.

PODGERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 8.

Yukon Notes.

(*Concluded from page 304.*)

Changes in the Yukon.

THE other day I received some letters forwarded from Dawson City which had been two years all but two months in reaching me. Apparently they are getting postal matters straightened out on the Yukon. For seven months I heard nothing from my family, and when I came East I came to the wrong place and lost a day in seeing them because I was unaware that their plans had been changed and that they had passed the winter in another town. Everything has changed on the Yukon now. They have a railroad that carries goods across White Pass to the navigable waters of the Yukon for $6 a hundred where we had seen the rate $100 a hundred. There are fine river steamers on the lakes above White Horse and on the river below, and the route that caused so much agony and sweat but two short years ago is now opened to tourist travel. The telegraph has at last reached Dawson, and never again will the great log city—the greatest the world has ever seen—be cut off from communication with the outer world, as it was all through the winter of 1897-98. How like romance does the story of the first newspaper to reach Dawson when the river opened in '98 read! Already we begin to doubt the historic fact that $15 was paid for it on the river's front, and that the man who bought it earned hundreds of dollars reading from it the account of Dewey's victory to eager audiences who paid a dollar a head admission to the hall which he had hired to read it to them. We begin to doubt that snowshoes were ever $40 a pair at the Pelly, or that our simple meals of mush and bacon and scorched beans cost as much a day as we could have lived at the Waldorf-Astoria for. Yet a glimpse at the expense account in my notebook substantiates the latter fact. On the last of our journey we ran out of supplies and in three instances had to purchase limited amounts of food from persons who happened to have a surplus. For this food we paid from $1 to $1.50 a pound. The sellers had no scales and they guessed the weight of the food, and they did not always guess it to our advantage. A small cup was considered to hold a pound, whether it was beans or rice or flour, and it was always struck measure. It was surprising how small some of the cups really were. A man could hunt through house furnishing stores a long time before he could duplicate those cups.

To aggravate the high prices for the cheapest staples, we had insatiable appetites. Each of us ate our own weight in food in thirty days. Double the army ration would not have satisfied us. We were exposed to Arctic temperatures day and night and never thoroughly warmed, and an excessive amount of food for fuel was required. At the start we tried putting ourselves on rations of 3lbs. a day, but the plan was not a success. We felt empty and tired and unequal to the work demanded of us, though earlier in the year a less amount had amply filled our requirements.

We craved fat more than anything else. I have seen men eating their bacon raw in order to lose none of the fat, and from freshening our bacon in water at the start and frying it to a crisp, we came to barely brown it on our trip out over the ice. We could have eaten blubber or tallow candles.

One of our greatest dainties was raisins dipped in the grease of the frying pan when it was about the consistency of butter. A raisin with a chunk of pure grease on it the same size was a tid-bit that made one's mouth water in anticipation.

Supper and breakfast were eaten by the light of the camp-fire, which was the next worst thing to no light at all. We only saw what we were eating at one meal in the day, and at the others it was perhaps as well that we didn't.

Hughy Day, the Mail Carrier.

At White Horse we made the acquaintance of Hughy Day. Day is the man to whom the honor for bringing out the first news of the Klondike is said to belong. Six weeks before that July day in 1897 when the Portland brought the first fortunate Eldorado and Bonanza miners to San Francisco, setting the world wild with their story of the great gold strike, Hughy Day poled up the river in a Porterboro canoe and carried the news to Juneau.

The first reports of gold strikes are always sensational and Day's news did not receive the credence to which it was entitled. It was one man's say so, and though Day was known to be sober and reliable, most men waited to hear the report substantiated from other sources. And so it happened that the world at large knew nothing of the Klondike till nearly a year after its discoverey.

Day, though a young man, is an old-timer on the Yukon. He crossed Chilcoot Pass for the first time in '84. In 1885 he was one of the seventeen men who comprised the entire white population of a vast territory on the upper Yukon. Of these, three were Indian traders and the other fourteen miners. Day has made nine round trips from Forty Mile and Dawson and three from Circle. He believes in shaving off the mustache in winter to facilitate eating and talking. It is neither pleasant nor safe to have one's mouth frozen fast and to have the words locked in and the food locked out. Forty below zero is cold weather, and you can tell when it is forty below or colder by the white steam which the camp-fire gives off in place of smoke. In the winter of '96-'97 Day made three trips out from Dawson, and this, with one the following summer and one the winter of '97-'98, comprised his experience as a mail carrier.

Day said that the best time for traveling with dog team was in February. In the latter part of this month the sun begins to take effect on the snow and to form a crust, and the wind also helps pack the snow. With one man ahead on snowshoes to break trail and one to follow to hold up the sled fast time may be made. Day has averaged fifty-three miles a day traveling in this way, and covered sixty-eight miles in a single day between Miller and Forty Mile on the route between Dawson and Circle.

Day's tent and stove were marvels of lightness. Together they weighed only 21½lbs. The tent was a 7 x 7 A tent. The stove would burn 18in. wood and weighed only 6½lbs., including the pipe. It was made from two coal oil cans riveted together, and though it had no oven and could not be used for baking, it was satisfactory in other respects and warmed the tent very nicely. The average Yukon stove weighs from 25 to 40lbs., according to size and whether or not asbestos is used as a lining.

Day was traveling with Wm. Kinney, who owned the dog team and had just refused $1,500 for it. The team consisted of two full-blooded Malamoot, one Siberian and two other half-breed Malamoot and Siwash dogs. They fed the dogs on bacon, salmon and grits and rice. Day said that the bacon was first-class dog food, but heavy to pack. Salmon is better and very much lighter. King salmon are best. Dog salmon run late and are full of water, because there is no time to properly dry them before cold weather sets in.

Day was only thirty-six years old at the time I saw him, but he had had adventures enough to fill several books. He told us some of his hairbreadth escapes, but afterward said he was afraid it would worry his mother in Juneau if she heard of them and got the idea that his business was risky, and he asked not to have them repeated. As a sample of the hardships the pioneers had to put up with, he stated that in 1885 the miners on the Yukon, besides their flour, had only 30lbs. of bacon and what sugar could be held in a pocket handkerchief to last them during the winter.

At White Horse Rapids.

An ice jam at the foot of White Horse had backed up the water to such an extent that the rapids themselves had disappeared. It would have been hard to convince a man watching the oily black flow of the water between the basalt cliffs for the first time that the place was the famous rapid that had wrecked so many lives and fortunes. The construction of a dam and a lock at this point would make the navigation safe and easy. The neighborhood had changed a great deal since we saw it last. Work on two tramways was progressing, and already little settlements had sprung up at the foot of White Horse and the head of the cañon. Mr. G. A. Kline, of Tacoma, was building the best of these tramways. Practically his entire construction force were professional men or men with specialized training. Handling pick and shovel as day laborers were two experienced physicians, one marine chief engineer with papers of unlimited tonnage, two machinists, one Salt Lake City ex-police captain, two well-known caterers and restaurant proprietors from Salt Lake City, two expert bookkeepers and stenographers and an ex-mine superintendent. I believe Mr. Kline said there was only one man in his employ who had not left a good job when he came to Alaska. These men expected when they left home to handle pick and shovel, but they little thought this was to be their Klondike. It is to be hoped that some have dug to gold since then and found some substantial reward for their pluck and enterprise.

Sailing Over the Snow.

Mr. Kline believed that snow boats modeled after the plan of ice boats could be used to advantage for transportation on the lakes at the headwaters of the Yukon. "Back on the prairie in Dakota, near the Minnesota line," he said, "we were once snow-bound fifty miles from home. No horse or conveyance could get through the drifts, and the prospects for walking were not particularly bright. In this emergency one of the party rigged up a boat just like an ice boat, except that in place of steel runners he used wooden ones 3ft. in length cut from the front part of an old pair of skees. The snow was hard packed and the wind high. We made a bee line for home and reached there in such a short time that you would hardly believe me if I told you. Lots of the farmers were living in dugouts approached by a kind of otter slide where they went in. Once we sailed right over the top of one of these houses.

"The wind here in Alaska is all from the south. Every tree is bent down stream. It is a fair wind for men coming in, and they should take advantage of it."

Further on we saw sails frequently used on sleds with very good results, and Mr. Kline's suggestion often recurred to mind as a practical possibility.

Men with One Idea.

We traveled from the cañon to Marsh Lake in one day, but the day following we encountered a terrific wind and did not reach Tagish Post till forty-eight hours later. This was the headquarters of the Canadian Customs Department, and at that time the most important police post above Dawson. It is only seventy-five miles from Dyea, on the salt waters of the Pacific, and in that seventy-five miles, including White and Chilcoot passes, from 40,000 to 50,000 men were camped waiting for an opportunity to go through to Dawson. In view of the impatient spirit that characterized the majority in this waiting army, it is a significant fact that the number of men who actually journeyed down river into starvation land from the time the jams formed in November until the last of January, when we left the country, might almost be counted upon the fingers of one hand. First were the Government messengers, John Peché, Andrew Flett and Toissant

Colin; then the men who crossed from the Stikeen, McMillan and Pickett; then McNealey, and lastly Mr. R. H. Doud, of Boone, Ia., whom we met on Lake Labarge.

The last four men are in a class by themselves. Doud had started from Bennett with a party of fifty, and the deflection of these man had in no way affected his serenity of mind or altered his purpose. If I am not very much mistaken, all four of these men had in them the stuff from which the highest type of heroes is made. They were one-idea men, and personal suffering and danger did not weigh in the balance with the end they had set out to accomplish. The average man quails at the thought of starvation as he would from the terrors of the Spanish Inquisition, and it is only here and there that men can be found who are ready to meet dangers singly. Doud, like McNealey, was an old man. Both were quiet men, shrewd, but generous hearted, and as I think of them now, they suggest such types as Cooper's spy or Sydney Carton in Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities."

Atonement by Proxy.

The high wind of the preceding two days had been followed by a breathless calm the evening we approached Tagish Post. The black firs stood in motionless ranks behind the white parapet at the water's edge, and above the stars twinkled in a perfectly cloudless dome of regal purple. Far off in the darkness we heard the crisp metallic tread of some one approaching, walking rapidly with the rhythm of Kipling's "And for one the creak of snowshoes on the crust." The man proved to be a Tagish Indian, a member of a small but interesting tribe who form the connecting link between the coast Indians and those of the interior. Some fellow tribesmen of his were recently executed in Dawson for the murder of a prospector on the McClintock, no great distance from Marsh Lake. Their ideas on the subject of retribution, as brought out at the trial, were of a primitive kind. Several years before some white men had killed a relative of one of the Indians, and it seemed only natural for them to square the score when they got an opportunity to kill a white man without particular danger to themselves. Three Indians were convicted of the crime and two sentenced to the death penalty. The third, a boy, was let off with a term of imprisonment. The ringleader of the affair was a smart, intelligent Indian, but he failed to comprehend the equity of the sentence.

"Me kill one white man, you kill one Indian," he said. "You kill boy. Him no good."

From the Indian standpoint this was a fair proposition, and no doubt the boy would have thought it all right that he should suffer, a propitiating sacrifice for the others, but the authorities at Dawson only smiled and the Indian was told that the boy instead of being killed was to be released after a term of imprisonment. The man looked across at the lad, who was standing near by, and, grinning, remarked, "Him no live six months," whereupon the boy was visibly affected, though he had heard stolidly the proposal that he should be killed instead of the older Indians.

The Indians' reasoning seems childish and ridiculous, but it only proves that all mankind are the victims of custom. We submit to many obligations that are only less onerous in degree than giving up our lives as atonement by proxy. The other day a farmer said to me:

"I don't know whether you know it or not, but the minute you take cows off an old dry pasture and put them on your meadows they get unruly and make no end of trouble breaking fences.

"I think any one can learn sense by studying human nature in cows," he added. "They are contented with a little, but when you give them the very best they get swelled heads and want to roam all over creation."

Human nature as exhibited by Indians is a trifle more complex, but it helps us learn sense just the same.

Frozen Beans and Frozen Noses.

At Tagish we fell in with McBeth, the dog driver and Canadian Government mail carrier, who volunteered to give us a lift to Bennett with his team. We also met an acquaintance of the previous fall, Mr. Curtis, who asked permission to join us for the trip out. Curtis had a way of preparing beans for winter expeditions that commended itself. He would boil a large quantity of beans and then freeze them in square chunks of a size sufficient for a meal. These were packed in a sack for convenience in carrying, and in camp all that was necessary was to thaw the portions out in the frying pan with a little water, a very few minutes' time sufficing to put the beans in condition for eating.

Curtis and Mac and I left the post early the following morning in advance of the dog teams. Mac and I felt like men relieved from burdens and we seemed to walk on the toes of our moccasins and not in the old flat-footed way that we had dragged our sleds for nearly four hundred miles. My nose had been slightly chapped by the wind on Marsh Lake, and just before starting I rubbed it with a little Cuticura salve. By and by Curtis noticed this and he stopped and impressively picked up a handful of snow.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Your nose is frozen," he replied. "Don't be alarmed. I can restore the circulation in a minute."

I dodged the handful of snow and explained the matter, feeling my nose meanwhile to assure myself that there were no hard spots.

All three of us had stopped and were facing each other, and the circumstance revealed the somewhat singular fact that both Curtis' nose and Mac's were actually frozen.

When I told Curtis the fact, he thought at first I was joking, but soon both he and Mac were vigorously rubbing the imperiled members with snow, and by degrees a rosy tinge returned, and finally a few drops of blood welled to the surface of the abraided skin.

Not till then could they feel any sensation in their noses, and they were glad to be informed that the rubbing had gone far enough.

We traveled that day until about 2 o'clock, and then pulled up and had dinner and went into camp for the night. The following afternoon we reached the settlement of Bennett, and we felt once more in touch with the outer world. It requires a course of training to follow a dog team. The pace is a constant jog trot, and a single day of it makes a man who is unused to this kind of travel very sore and stiff.

Approaching Chilcoot.

At Lake Bennett the sled was left behind, and with our few remaining belongings in packs, strapped to our backs, Mac and I set out on the final stage of our journey to salt water. Feb. 3 was a beautiful light morning at Lake Bennett, but the coldest day of the winter, as recorded by the police post thermometer. We could learn nothing of the condition of the pass, and felt a little uneasy about crossing on account of the low temperature.

As we crossed the carry between Bennett and Lindemann we noted that a great deal of the scanty timber along the trail had been cut, and was being collected at various points for purposes of speculation. This meant real hardship for the poorer class of miners who were making their way to this point with a view of camping here till the river opened. One man told us that he had to go a long distance to get his fuel, and soon would be unable to get any at the rate it was being cut. With economy the trunks, roots and branches of one tree lasted him a day. The wood is mostly jack pine, which does not last long in a stove.

As we trudged along we thought of the fate of the first white man who tried to cross Chilcoot in winter, after having journeyed up the river from the mining country. It was in 1886, the year of the Forty-Mile excitement. The discovery of coarse gold had drawn to that point more men than could be supplied with food another year unless word could be gotten to San Francisco and an extra amount sent in by river boat when the Yukon opened. Capt. Williams volunteered to carry the message out. He traveled up the frozen river to its source, and worn out and weakened by starvation, essayed the final stage over the divide to the Pacific. Some faithful Indians stayed with him, and when at last he sank helpless in the snow they put him on a sled and dragged him along. Williams' brave spirit passed away before the goal was reached, but the letter which he carried with him went on to its destination, and his mission was not in vain.

We crossed Lake Lindeman on the ice and began climbing the steep ascent to Deep Lake. All along the trail men were sledding in supplies, but their caches were all a long way north of the summit, and they could tell nothing of the state of the trail beyond. They united in saying that no one had been across for two days, and it was the general opinion that the weather was bad on the ocean side of the pass. To check the sleds on the steep descents the packers bound chains around the runners where they would take hold of the snow, but at some of the turns wrecks on the rocks below showed the precaution had not always proved successful.

As we ascended, the snow steadily grew deeper, and before long the tents that were pitched beside the trail were often sunk in pits that hid them from view. One of the mounted police who happened along told us of a storm he had encountered in crossing White Pass the week before. Thirty men were cooped up for the night in a small wall tent that was so packed there was scarcely room to turn around. One of the occupants of the tent was ill with pneumonia, and during the night he died. As soon as the fact was discovered the body was rolled outside and the dead man's place taken by one of the living. Our informant also told us of a barber who had tried to cross White Pass to Bennett earlier in the season and who was found frozen stiff a short distance from the summit. This man had on, besides his trousers, only a slicker coat and cotton undershirt. The poor fellow did not realize the fact that a few short miles carried him from the comparatively mild climate of Skagway into a country of arctic temperatures.

We passed Deep Lake and crossed Long Lake on the ice, and after following a narrow defile through a country black and barren beyond description, came at last to Creater Lake, just below the summit. For the last eight miles there had been no firewood on the trail and no permanent camps. The whited, treeless landscape called to mind photographs of the surface of the moon. There was nothing homely or terrestrial about the frosted rock clefts, and the gaping crater bowl with its skeleton-white broken rim, and the quiet that brooded over the place was uncanny. Even the islands in the lake had a character all their own, different from anything we had seen.

On the last steep pitch from the lake to the summit, we met a party of men who had just come from Sheep Camp. They reported a terrific wind on the ocean side of the pass.

The Summit of Chilcoot.

Once on the summit we could well believe their words. Below us was gray vacancy, and from the flue-like hollow of the pass was shot upward with a series of pulsating blasts volleys of snow and débris from the lower levels. The huge timber jacks which had just been erected for the support of the aerial tramway were plastered on the south side with a curiously honeycombed fretwork of ice, which made them look more ponderous than ever, and the frozen surface at our feet and on either hand was grooved and worn as though etched by the sand blast process.

Mac and I turned our backs to the wind, and holding on to the life line and sticking our toes into nitches cut in the snow we began the descent. They say that to reach Sheep Camp from the summit, a distance of four miles, all you have to do is step off. In the first half-mile there is a drop of 1,100ft., and the angle commonly exceeds 45 degrees. We could hardly, though, have fallen to Sheep Camp against that wind, and before we had gone far we decided it would have been much easier to travel up hill with it than down hill against it.

Fortunately, however, it decreased for a time as we descended, and not till we had gotten below the Scales, where the trail more nearly approaches the horizontal, did we again feel its full force. Here the wind buffeted us just as the surf buffets a bather, and at times we were lifted from our feet and thrown to the ground with stunning force.

On all sides packers and workmen on the line of the tramway were hurrying to shelter, gray, spectral figures with only their eyes showing through the opening in the face masks. It was practically impossible to communicate with these men on account of the wind. All with common impulse were moving down toward the refuge at the timber line.

When we reached the Seattle House in Sheep Camp and stopped for rest and refreshment, we found there the body of an Indian woman and her ten-year-old child, who had met their death by freezing just below the Scales. They belonged to a party of Tagish Indians, and had fallen behind the others, and blinded by the snow, had missed the trail. Their bodies were found only a few rods from the beaten path, in plain sight of the army of packers, and only a short time after they had stumbled and fallen in the snow for the last time. The woman and child were already dead, but the baby, which the woman carried, was alive and well, for with the mother instinct she had taken off a large portion of her own scanty clothing and wrapped that round the baby.

On the Coast Once More.

It was not yet 4 o'clock, and we could have gone through to Dyea that night, but Mac and I decided to stop at Sheep Camp over night and secure a well-earned rest. In the morning we tramped the few remaining miles, and found that our actual traveling time from navigable waters of the Yukon to the salt waters of the Pacific was only nine hours. We were both in splendid physical condition, and instead of suffering from our trip out over the ice, had actually profited by the experience. Both of us had gained very considerably in weight. I forget Mac's figures, but for my part I had jumped from 145lbs. to 165. The editor of FOREST AND STREAM, who noted the improvement, said I should advertise Alaska as a health resort. As a matter of fact, if a man don't freeze or starve to death, he will grow fat in that country in cold weather.

At Dyea and Skagway we noticed a great change in temperature. There was scarcely any snow on the ground and there was no ice in the adjacent waters of Lynn Canal. We were told that the coldest weather to date had been ten above zero. The Japan current is, of course, responsible for this condition of affairs.

Skagway and Dyea have a serious drawback as winter resorts in the high winds that blow almost continuously. It is March there the year round, and owing to this fact and the salt air, Mac and I felt just about as cold on the coast with the thermometer just below the freezing point as we had at any time in the interior.

A dry cold is never hard to bear, provided one exercises freely and is fairly well clothed. The cold that penetrates to one's marrow and makes a man feel thoroughly miserable is only to be found in a moisture-laden atmosphere. At Seattle one of the reporters who interviewed us on landing, and who heard that we had traveled up the Yukon without stove or tent, asked me if I had not suffered severely from the cold, whereupon I told him that I had not suffered so much from the cold the entire time I had been in Alaska as I did on the occasion of the Grant Day celebration in New York in 1897.

As a result of the milder temperature on the sea coast the skin on our faces and hands began pealing off, and before long we had a new growth, which was lucky, for it removed some of the camp-fire burns upon which soap and water made no impression.

At Skagway we saw Baskerville, but personally I failed to see Herrington, owing to the fact that a steamer was likely to sail at any moment, and I was very anxious to get back to civilization with a scheme which, had it succeeded, as it almost did, would have proved of benefit to the entire party. Sheriff was wintering at Portland, Ore.

After I left, McKercher and Baskerville joined forces and went into the newly discovered Atlin mining country, where they just missed making a rich strike. Herrington went through to Dawson. At the present time Baskerville is the only member of the original party who is still in Alaska. The last I heard, he was doing well and liked the country.

Personally, I fully expected to be back in Alaska within a month or six weeks of the time of leaving Skagway, and I have never ceased to regret that causes beyond my control prevented the return.

One more incident remains to be told, and then I am through with these random notes. On our way over the three miles of salt water that separate Skagway from Dyea, the captain of the tug engaged in ferrying passengers across told us that a steamer, the Clara Nevada, lay at the next wharf to the one at which he was accustomed to land, ready to sail for Seattle. I determined to catch this vessel if possible, and as soon as the tug had made fast at her pier Mac and I started on the run toward the other boat, which we could see had steam up and was almost ready to start.

The rise and fall of the tide at Skagway is considerable, and the piers are very long. Several minutes were taken up in reaching the shore and crossing over to the neighboring pier, and just as we gained it we heard the steamer whistle, and shortly after saw her cast off and steam away into the offing.

A few seconds more and we would have gained her. First-class fares to Seattle were fifty dolars, and had the captain of the Clara Nevada seen us he would undoubtedly have waited and taken us aboard.

Naturally I was very much disappointed at missing the steamer, but a week later, when I reached Seattle, my feelings underwent a change. News had just been received that the Clara Nevada had been lost on the passage down the coast. Persons living near Burners Bay had heard an explosion and seen a fire at sea, and the next day the shore was strewn with the wreckage of the doomed vessel. Not a soul among the passengers or crew escaped. I am thankful to the Providence which spared me, but when my conscience is particularly acute I sometimes remember the old couplet:

"God took the good, too good to stay,
And left the bad, too bad to take away."

J. B. BURNHAM.

The Twenty-Second Time.

AN Illinois subscriber who, under date of Oct. 27, sends $4.25 for a new year of FOREST AND STREAM and an October *Woodcraft*, adds this postscript: "This is the twenty-second time I have subscribed for your paper; and it's all right. I'm an old sportsman myself, but the thing is about played out, and the next best thing is to read FOREST AND STREAM and make that do."

A Glimpse of Porto Rico.

LIKE a gem in its deep blue setting lies Porto Rico, the easternmost and the smallest of the four Great Antilles. It is a volcanic island ninety-five miles long and thirty-five wide, and has an area of 36,668 square miles, or not far from that of the Yellowstone National Park. It is densely settled with a population chiefly white, and is very productive.

Mr. Robert T. Hill, of the United States Geological Survey, recently submitted to the Department of Agriculture a paper on the forest condition of Porto Rico, from which much interesting information may be gleaned. We learn that practically its whole area is now, or has been, devoted to agriculture or stock raising. The principal agricultural products are sugar, coffee and tobacco, which are chiefly exported, but besides these there are the farms on which are grown the crops which subsist the population.

Although Porto Rico has actually been almost deforested, this would hardly be suspected by the average traveler. The coffee estates and farms have a forested appearance, because coffee requires shade, and can only be grown either among natural trees or those which have been planted. Moreover, as the coffee bush looks like underbrush, the coffee estate has the appearance of an open forest with much undergrowth. Sugar and tobacco, of course, can only be grown where the forest has been entirely cleared off.

Since coffee and tobacco take a great deal from the soil, there are large areas in Porto Rico, formerly devoted to the growth of the staples which will no longer produce them, and which have grown up to grass. Such areas are often occupied by farms devoted to cattle raising, of which there are many engaged exclusively in this industry. In all there are 26,650 farms in Porto Rico, or nearly 7.4 to the square mile.

Notwithstanding what has been said, there are certain small areas of forest in Porto Rico, though these have no great export value, although they are of the greatest importance to the inhabitants of the island. The large trees are, most of them, hard, heavy woods, which are used in construction and for other purposes. Some of them would make beautiful cabinet woods.

There are many species of palm upon the island, and as these trees are perhaps the most used by the natives of all the forest products, it is necessary to mention them. Combined in them are sustenance, clothing and utensils for the natives of the tropics. In Porto Rico the leaf of the palm is largely used for thatch and sheathing of the houses of the poor, and its broad leaves for washtubs and other domestic utensils.

The Palma Moriche (*Cocos mauritia*) grows in damp, marshy soil from sea level to an altitude of 834ft. In this palm the Guarannos Indians, who inhabit islands in the mouths of the Orinoco, find all that is necessary for food, drink and clothing; for building their houses and furnishing them; for making their boats, ropes and sails for their navigation, and apparatus for fishing and hunting. Concerning the uses of the Moriche or Sago palm, it has been said that "when the heat of summer has parched everything about this tree, travelers find at its roots water always cool, which escapes from subterranean veins. The most tender part of its fruit center serves as a garden vegetable to the natives, and from its young shoots they draw the cords which form their fish nets and from which they weave their hammocks. It is a refreshing nourishment before its fruit is matured, and when ripe it makes oil, soap and pastes, which are sweetened with honey. With the dry leaves of this plant the Indians cover their huts, from its sprouts they manufacture mats, blankets, hats and sails for their vessels. The trunk contains in its upper portion a sweet juice, from which a kind of wine is produced. From the trunk, boards and sometimes small boats are made. A natural texture which covers the cluster of fruit before it matures serves as caps for men and as skirts for married women. The palm, which does not bear fruit, furnishes a mealy pith, which is called *yuruma*, used for making bread and also pottage or soup. A thick, white worm is found in the rotten medulla, which is eaten and considered a great delicacy."

The yagua, or cabbage palm, grows on the plains and in the forests. It is very useful for covering houses, is tall, of ash color, and has the figure of a well-formed column; its pedestal is perfect, the trunk being larger in the middle and tapering to the point where the leaves appear and form a cornice, from which springs another column no less perfect, about 7ft. high and 2½ft. in circumference, of an emerald-green color, smooth and lustrous. The upper column of the yagua palm is denuded of its bark every month, and this is called *hoja de jagua* (lamina or leaf of the yagua). The bark is flexible, very durable, and serves to cover houses and divide their interiors, to make chests and boxes for storing clothing and for transporting rice and coffee. On a journey the leaves are taken as a protection from heavy rains, and they serve many other uses.

The palm most highly prized by the Porto Ricans is called the "Palma de gravia" (or grana?), the "Royal palm." Growing to 100ft. or more, its slender trunk is crowned near its summit by leaves. A great shoot, delicate and pointed, from 10 to 12ft. in length, constitutes the upper end of the trunk. At the base of this terminal portion a fruit cluster from three to four hands in length, divided into different branchlets, grows out about once a month. This cluster is full of a green, olive-shaped fruit, larger than the filbert, the interior nut being covered with a green substance. This fruit of the royal palm is very useful in fattening swine, which is the only use made of it. In the other islands they extract an oil from this fruit which is very good for lights and other uses. The central part (the heart) of this palm is cooked and eaten like cabbage, and is sometimes prepared as a salad. The Indians call it the "pira" (pile or pyre). In Porto Rico it is rarely used, although it has an agreeable taste.

The palms called "coyures" are taller even than the royal palms; the fruit grows in clusters, but is smaller, and the hard, round nuts, much like the above, serve as food for swine. At the foot of the trunk of this palm is formed a tuft like a pedestal, composed of a mass of small roots, from which grow thick fibers. These reach to the upper portion of the palm and form the stem through which the sap passes. The negroes extract from this palm a vinous liquid which is very agreeable and healthful. It is used as a specific in cases of fever.

The palm called "corozo" (oil palm) is very common. Its tall trunk is entirely covered with sharp thorns three fingers in length. At the top it is crowned by very long fronds. Its fruit is in small clusters, composed of nuts as large as eggs, whose yellow covering is very hard and bursts when ripe. The inner nut is white, divided into three parts, less solid than the outer shell. Its taste is agreeable, but it sours in a short time. In Porto Rico the corozo serves as food for swine, but foreigners extract from its nuts an oil which is medicinal, and useful for many purposes.

The coco palm is found in great numbers on the plains and coasts, and is a profitable plant for cultivation. The external sheath of the cocoanut is composed of a multitude of fibers which form a nap of a reddish color, which is excellent for calking boats, as it resists water better than tow, and endures longer. The Indians make a cordage from this fiber, and sails for their boats, and in the dockyards of Guayaquil, Ecuador, they use no other calking material in repairing vessels. Beneath this exterior fibrous covering is another, the color of chestnuts, which is very hard, and, although elastic, is easily broken. A fine oil is made from the meat of the cocoanut, which is used for lighting and cooking. The Indians make an intoxicating drink from the sap of the cocoanut tree, which at first has a bitter-sweet taste, afterward becoming sour. In Porto Rico the nuts are utilized by drinking the water from them when young, by making sweetmeats from the meat, and by manufacturing drinking cups and other utensils from the outside shell. From the trunks of the trees the best palm boards are made for houses, because of their resistance to the inclemencies of the weather. There are masses of fiber at the base of the leaves, which appear like bunches of tow or bast. These are the fibrous remains of dried leaves which have lost their fleshy portion, and appear like pieces of cloth woven from thick tow. This is used for filtering and sifting.

Hardly secondary to the palms in point of usefulness is the bamboo cane. This beautiful plant may be seen everywhere, growing in graceful, feathery clumps. Its stem is used for fence posts, telegraph posts and construction of the huts of the peasant. The individual joints are also used for utensils, flower pots, and for propagating the cocoanut seed.

Among the most useful of the plants found is the "emajagua," or "majagua." This is a small tree, or rather a shrub, from the short trunk of which sprout forth many long, straight twigs. From the fiber of these twigs ropes are made for all uses, especially for the rigging of native boats. Formerly this was the only cordage employed for the latter purpose, as it is very durable, although rough and difficult to handle.

No less useful and common is another small tree known as the higuereta (*Racinus communis* Linn.), also called the Palma-Christi, which abounds on the coast. This tree is smaller than the last mentioned and has many knotty and twisted twigs, the leaves being divided into five lobes. It produces a bunch of berries similar to the coffee, which, when boiled, yields very clear oil. This serves as an illuminating oil, giving a clear light without odor and without smoke. It is also much used as a purgative, as a remedy for fevers, and the Indians apply the leaves for relief from headache. Only the negroes make any use of it in Porto Rico. In some gardens of Europe this plant is cultivated as an ornament.

The tamarind is found in the plains and in the forests. It grows equally well on the warm coasts and in the cool mountains. The tree is very large and spreading. Its trunk reaches 10ft. in circumference. The wood is hard and red in color. The fruit has a pleasant taste, neither sweet nor sour. Diluted with water, it forms a delicate and wholesome beverage like that of the lemon, and is considered by some even more agreeable. Sweetmeats are made of the fruit; also remedies for fevers, vicious humors, scurvy, etc.

Porto Rico is especially well adapted to the growth of citrous fruits. The wild or Seville orange in the country is an indigenous tree, which would prove a source of considerable revenue if properly appreciated by the makers of jam and marmalades. Of the cultivated oranges there are two principal kinds which the people call "naranjos" and "chinos." The former term is applied to oranges in general, and the latter to an especially fine and sweet variety. No attempt has been made to cultivate the orange as an export product. Such trees as exist are the result of casual planting for shade, ornamental and family use, just as an American may set out an occasional peach tree in his yard. The art of orange culture as practiced in Florida and California is unknown. When one considers the perfection and abundance of the Porto Rican orange and the demand for that fruit in this country, it is obvious that its culture offers a most profitable opening to the American investor. Limes, lemons, grape fruit, shaddock, tangerines and other varieties of the citrous family can be cultivated with profit.

Although the banana is not properly a tree, still it is the most useful and the most cultivated fruit of the island, constituting the staple food of the inhabitants, especially the working classes. One is hardly ever out of sight of these plants, as they are grown around every hut and upon all the estates. They grow to a height of from 12 to 15ft., and their trunk is a large roll of leaves in sheathlike form, one within another, having neither wood nor bark. The leaves are green, smooth, lustrous and beautiful. Each stalk of the banana plant yields one bunch of fruit; this contains from 80 to 100 or more bananas. When the fruit is cut the plant is also cut, although it is renewed from the foot stalk three or four times, each shoot producing its bunch of fruit each year.

The species of banana called platanos or hortones are the most common and useful. When green and roasted they serve as bread; when ripe they are eaten raw, fried in butter, prepared in the Spanish dish called the olla-podrida, and baked. A very strong vinegar is also made from them. There are several other varieties of banana ("congos," "guineos," "cambures," "dominicos" and others) which are raised in the immediate vicinity of the houses; these plants differ from the hortones, being lighter green with smaller, sweeter fruit, more mellow and delicious in taste. All these species of banana are bundant and delicate in taste, according to the quality of the soil in which they grow. Generally, they are planted in a rich, humid soil, and require no other cultivation than to be freed from the weeds surrounding them.*

Notwithstanding the abundance of the banana in Porto Rico, no fruit is grown of the variety acceptable for export to our banana merchants. This is due to the fact that large and perfect bunches are required for this purpose, which the natives have never taken the trouble to produce.

Coffee is cultivated with great ease in all parts of the island, although in greater abundance and of better quality in some parts than in others. It grows rapidly and begins to yield in three years. The stem grows to a height of from 9 to 10ft., and is ordinarily from 4 to 6in. in diameter, the bark being whitish and smooth, the branches delicate and long, and the leaves, arranged in pairs, are always green, bright and smooth, without odor, and with no special taste. The flowers resemble the jessamine, and are fragrant. The fruit is somewhat like the cherry. This is gathered by hand, the exterior pulp removed, leaving a thin scale around the seed, which is taken off in water troughs or by pounding in wooden mortars.

The coffee of Porto Rico is highly appreciated for its flavor by foreigners, who mix it with the Asiatic and South American products. For this reason it is preferred to that of the other islands, and is much sought after. The production is considerable, with the prospect of rapidly increasing under the change of government.

Traces of the former culture of the cacao plant, the cultivation of which has been almost entirely abandoned, is still found in many places. It is now cultivated only as a curiosity, and in so limited a quantity that it scarcely supplies the demand. It begins to bear fruit three or more years after planting, according to the quality of the soil in which it grows. The branches are bent toward the earth, and need only be cleaned from the weeds in their immediate vicinity. They require much irrigation and warmth.

The yucca (manioc), which is commonly cultivated throughout the island, is a small tree, from 7 to 8ft. in height and from 3 to 4in. in diameter. Its bark is reddish, its branches are crooked and knotty, its leaves dark green and cut like the fingers of the hand, and its flowers are yellowish and drooping. The roots of the yucca, which the negroes call *magnoc* and the Portuguese call *mandioca*, are grated and pressed to extract the juice, which is a virulent poison. From the grated root, which is like sawdust, the cassava bread is made and baked in a slow fire. The poisonous juice after boiling loses its bad qualities and is used as a flavor or sauce in serving fish.

The Antilles are comparatively free from harmful animals and poisonous plants, but there are a few species of the latter with which the traveler should become acquainted in order to avoid unpleasant consequences. Three of these are alleged to be especially injurious—the guao tree, the manchineel bush and a small herb called the tibey.

The tree called guao (*Comocladia*), called by the Mexicans teilathiam, although useful for the juice extracted, is poisonous; it is alleged that it benumbs the person who rests under its shade and causes the hair of animals to fall off which rub against its trunk. It inflames for some days the hands and eyes of carpenters who work it. It is employed for making beds, because it drives away the chinch (or bed) bug, and its juice kills the wood borer which grows in articles made of wood.

The alleged effects of the guao tree upon man and animal have just been related, but more serious still are said to be the results of resting in the shade of the manzanillo or manchineel. This tree spreads throughout the seacoasts and river banks, is covered with regular leaves, its stem almost 2ft. in circumference, its bark smooth and delicate, the flowers rose tinted; it is loaded with small applelike fruit of a pleasant appearance and odor; the leaves resemble those of the pear tree; the entire tree is full of a milky juice, which exudes in the heat of the sun. According to current belief, as frequently related to the writer, the incautious traveler, attracted by the beautiful appearance of the manzanillo, reposes in its shade, soon finds himself poisoned, and if the lacteal substance falls upon him from the leaves, or if he touches the leaves, he suffers as from an application of some blistering substance. It is also said that a fish which eats the fruit becomes infected, the gills becoming yellow and black, and one who eats the fish in this state is said to fall into a profound lethargy, with a general relaxation of alll the limbs, according to the quantity of fish he has eaten. This effect, according to popular belief, continues twenty-four hours, and frequently results in death. The use of brandy or other spirituous liquors or the drinking of sea water is considered beneficial as an antidote.

A small herb called the tibey, the flower of which resembles the lobelia, grows in the meadows and pastures of the island. Its poison is said to be so active that a horse or other animal eating of it dies in a short time. The natural instinct of the animal teaches it to avoid this dangerous plant as soon as the odor reaches him.

The cowhage abounds upon the limestone soils of Porto Rico. This is a tropical climbing plant, with beanlike pods, very much resembling huge brown caterpillars. They are covered with a multitude of fine poisonous hairs, which, when disturbed, irritate the skin like the sting of nettles.

*Oviedo says "that the banana was brought to the island of San Domingo from the Gran-Canaria in 1516 by the padre friar Tomas de Barlanga, of the Order of Predicadores, and that from there they have been conveyed to the other islands and to the Continent, and that they originated in India, where they are called musas."

Eight Years of Satisfaction.

CHERITON, Va., Nov. 12, 1899.—Forest and Stream Publishing Co.: Inclosed please find check for $7.50 to insert my ad, again this year. Your paper has done me more good than all the other advertisements that I ever had. For eight years we have advertised with you, and the trade your paper brought me eight years ago, when our firm was Cobb & Spady, comes to my place now as regularly as the seasons come around. S. LUCIUS COBB.

[He must have been satisfied, to have advertised eight years; and they must have been satisfied, to have gone there eight years.]

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Natural History.

Facts and Myths.

EAST WAREHAM, Mass., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading over "Beneath the Salt Sea Waves" I find I may give a wrong impression where I say "All of this string of pouches is produced inside the winkle's body and can be withdrawn by a pull." That is true in a sense, but it is not all produced like an egg or fœtus before any part is extruded; the winkle buries herself and begins at the bottom to deposit her anchorage, and works gradually up and off, producing the string by degrees; and at no time will there be more than three or four sections in her body. This can be pulled out, as written.

Following my article is the "Horn Snake" by the always interesting Coahoma. So many times we are just on the point of discovering a true myth. I was once told that a man of my acquaintance had dug swallows out of the mud. I went to see him, and I think my interview was reported in FOREST AND STREAM a good many years ago. I supposed (?), of course, that he was clearing out a ditch in the spring and had dug up a colony of hibernating birds, but it was not that way. He had seen a flock of swallows flying over the mill pond in the late fall. They had disappeared as if by magic, i. e., "had dived into the water." Next spring the pond was drawn off, and he saw some hogs rooting among the stumps and lumps that characterize the bottoms of artificial ponds, and found dead birds that the swine were eating—*Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

Once in my life I met a man who had seen a stone just after it had been split, thereby releasing a toad that had been imprisoned for countless centuries. He saw the impressions made by the toad, and I tried to find what became of that interesting reptile. He could only tell what he had seen—and he had not seen the toad.

I saw on exhibition in Tacoma a slab of stone which had been split to show the petrified remains of a fish about 8 inches long and very perch-like in its general appearance. Several were shown, and they came from the Bad Lands country, I think.

How many have heard the common black snake make his tail buzz? He can do it, and it is loud enough to attract one's attention for several yards.

Why is it a small green snake common to Massachusetts cannot run on a carpet? I took one into my house years ago for the baby to play with, and it could only wiggle on the carpet; on the ground it was all right. After the little girl was tired of her new pet we let it go.

Once while fishing I caught a very small bullhead. The bushes were so thick I could not swing him up enough to get him out without some maneuvering, the fish meanwhile flopping round on the edge of the stream. When I did get a lift on him I brought up a striped snake also, which was trying to swallow my prize.

WALTER B. SAVARY.

"A Country Road."

Editor Forest and Stream:

In publishing such a charming picture as that which appeared in your last issue, and which you call a "Country Road," you have done us all a favor such as even FOREST AND STREAM rarely does.

There must be many a man whose heart was filled with sympathetic emotion when he looked at this bit of nature in black and white, and many in whom reminiscences of kindred scenes were called up by your print. And there may be those among your readers who will care to hear the experiences of others, and to them the writer offers this account of what happened to him one fine October day in 1898, and which has always seemed as noteworthy as it was unusual.

Of all thoughts connected with Bar Harbor that of seeing large game is perhaps most foreign to the average "tourist" who goes there to cool off in the sultry dog days and whose chief idea of the place is complicated by dinners and balls, by golf and by dancing, and who little dreams that there is another and entirely different world of life and sense and spirit for those who, making their happy summer homes there, linger on till chilling winds of autumn redden the trees and send away the birds of fine plumage to other more congenial climes.

But wait till those winds do come and then you know the island at its best, when with an atmosphere full of ozone you wake in the bright sunlight to find all physical labor a delight, and with a longing to fight the northwest wind as it flings itself fiercely on you when, fast broken, you tempt the outer air. On such a day start on your bicycle and take the road to Somerville, ready and eager for the windy fight which in other places would surely discourage all but the most professional "scorcher." Grind away at your pedals, westward, ho! Take easily the big hills on the road (once christened by an aggravated lady the Himalayas), climb them afoot or awheel, as best suits your wind and muscle, knowing that when once you have reached that haven for cyclists, McFarland's, three miles out of town, there are no more weary struggles for many miles, and that you have nothing before you but down grades and easy levels, and naught to keep you back but the headlong wind plunging and tearing at you as you fight your way toward the land where it lives. Keep on thus with me till we get to the "Norway" turn, but drop behind me then, if you please, for I want to go on silently and alone for another mile westward till I come to a stretch of road where the woods are thick and where no houses of men disturb the unbroken wilderness flanking beautiful Sargent's Mountain; for there it was on that bright October day the writer saw what he fears he may never have the happiness to see again, but which he heartily wishes some one else may be lucky enough to gaze at.

Through the thick woods the narrow road (every inch of it known to the writer) winds now up a trifling hill, now down, but always the best going for wheels on the island, till you reach a point where you can see that it turns rather abruptly to the left a couple of hundred yards away. Something unwonted at the far end caught the eye, but before even a thought as to what it was could be formed the swift bicycle turned the smallest little curve and shut out the sight, only to bring it back a moment later, when vision told that at least the unusual appearance was caused by animals of some sort—cows, thought the writer; now lost again, now seen for a moment till the way straightens, and there, less than 100 yards off, walked out into the road from the side where they had been browsing, with eyes intent and ears straining to catch the least sound, with nostrils vainly trying to snuff the scent blown far behind the rider and his wheel, a splendid buck in his best, and close beside him a beautiful doe; and there they stood through the lapse of time that the wheel consumed in taking itself and its burden so close to them that it almost seemed as if one could "catch them with their hands," and then, curiosity satisfied, and caution, but not alarm, aroused, they turned and trotted down the road a rod or two and then crashed into the sheltering woods.

Was not that a pretty sight to see so near a watering place? And is it not a pleasant thought that deer still linger close to balls and golf clubs and dinner dances? Not preserved or tame deer, but *Cervus* himself in all his natural ways, in his own chosen home, where he and his forbears have passed their successive generations. And is it not a still more pleasant thought to realize that, thanks to the sound wisdom of the Game Commissioners and to the good sense of the island community, these deer at least are forever safe from .30-30s and that men are not among the wild animals whom they must learn to dread?

QUILIBET.

An Australian Pigeon Post.

PERHAPS no other member of the feathered community has won so much fame for such extraordinary instinct, amounting almost to intelligence, as the homing pigeon. Only those who have participated in the hobby of homing can fully realize the fascination it possesses, and the ever-increasing interest that surrounds the birds. There is something noble about the appearance of the broad-chested, bright-eyed messenger of the air, as he skims through space, with scarcely a perceptible movement of his pinions, and alights at the entrance to the home he loves so well, after having flown hundreds of miles, looking as fresh as he would after a morning flutter around the loft. It is pleasant to note the intense satisfaction when he gets inside among his mates. Every feature of the sport is full of interest, and there is no better illustration of the fancier's enthusiasm than to watch him sky-gazing for hours at a time, starting up at the sight of every flying creature in the hope that it may, when closer, develop into the bird he is so anxiously waiting for.

The purposes for which the homer has been utilized are numerous. Before the electric telegraph connected so many country districts with the centers of population, the birds were used all over Europe for conveying news, and even now some English sporting papers maintain large lofts of homers for carrying results of racing events from outlying places. Extensive experiments have been tried in order to test the capacity of the homing pigeon as a medium for conveying naval and military dispatches in time of war, and the results in many instances have been highly satisfactory. But of all the accomplishments credited to the homer, probably none has been of such practical benefit as that of a number of birds of the Great Barrier Island Pigeongram Agency. These creatures are trained to carry messages to and from the Great Barrier Island and Auckland, New Zealand, and the system has expanded so much that it has now become a very important means of intercourse between the inhabitants of the island and their friends and business connections in the city. At the time of the wreck of the steamer Wairarapa* on the Great Barrier Island, it was four days before news of the calamity reached the capital, and this fact gave rise to the pigeongram system. At first but a few birds were available for the purpose, but in 1896, with the increasing population on the island, it was found necessary to reinforce the feathered army, and at the present time large numbers of messages are daily sent from the island to the metropolis, and vice versa, by this means. In the first place, 2s. per message was charged from the island to the city, and when a team of birds had been trained to fly from Auckland to the island, messages were sent at a cost of 1s., and the messages to the city were reduced to 6d. each. The reason of the extra expense from Auckland to the island is the difficulty experienced in getting birds to leave the city on their journey across the water. No messages for the island are sent from the city after 10 A. M., as the island is often enveloped in a fog after that hour. Some idea of the dispatch with which the birds deliver their messages may be gained from the fact that they average (bad weather and head winds taken into consideration) from sixty-five to seventy minutes, which journey is about fifty-seven miles. One bird will carry as many as four messages at a time.

The New Zealand Graphic gives the following information on the subject:

The messages are written on tissue paper (quarto size) with carbon leaf, the tissue paper being perforated down each side, and on being folded is sealed with the pigeongram stamp, which secures the privacy of the message. The messages are then wrapped round the pigeon's leg and covered with a water-proof legging. This protects it from wet in case of bad weather, or from the bird pecking it off during transit. To open the message the receiver cuts through the perforation. There are just 100 birds engaged in the service. At both termini the usual trap for homers is used, on entering which the wires fall back and strike an alarm. This notifies an attendant, who removes the messages, and the bird is permitted to enter the main loft.

As an evidence of the appreciation of the service the agency has been subsidized by a steamship company, by mining companies working at the island and also by merchants in Auckland.

F. T. C.

VICTORIA, Australia.

*A ship of about 3,000 tons. Nearly all the passengers were lost.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Pigeon History in New York.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There has been no flight of pigeons in this part of the State for over twenty years, the last being in Ulster county in the town of Hardenburgh, in the early seventies.

In the forties these birds were quite abundant in this country in the fall, and I know of their being taken with net sin quite large quantities, but they were never killed with use of a cannon.

The last flight of pigeons in this county that I ever heard of came in the spring, and they nested in Missouri, then came to Michigan and nested again, and finally nested in the month of June in the Catskills, and the last time I ever knew of their nesting was in the early seventies between the Willewemoc Club house and the Beaverkill in the month of June, while I was at the lodge, and I never knew or heard of their nesting in this county, nor have I ever known of any being taken with nets since 1850, and I have never seen or heard of a flock of pigeons of any size in this county for over forty years.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

How Bats Catch Insects.

IN the October number of the Zoologist is found a very interesting paper by Mr. C. Odham on the method by which bats secure their prey. It appears that when walking these animals carry the tail curved downward and forward, so that the membrane which connects it with the hing legs forms a sort of pouch or bag. If the bat meets with a large insect, it quickly seizes the creature, and resting on its folded wings, brings its feet forward, and then bending its neck and thrusting its head beneath its body pushes the insect into the pouch. When once in the pouch the insect rarely escapes, although it may struggle violently. Subsequently the insect is taken from the pouch in the same way and devoured. It is assumed that the same mode of capture is employed when the bat is on the wing, and the observations of a correspondent of the author confirm this.

Passenger Pigeons Seen.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Wm. M. Paden, M. D., F. M. Kiser and I were east of town quail shooting on the morning of the 4th inst., when our attention was drawn to three long, drag-shaped lines of birds flying south, which we soon made out to be passenger pigeons. We estimated them at 700 or 1,000 birds, and were close enough to be positive regarding their identity. Any other sportsman noticing pigeons will please report through the FOREST AND STREAM.

C. L. S.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

A REGULAR meeting of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History on Tuesday evening, Nov. 28, at 8 o'clock.

Nov. 28. William Dutcher.—"Home Life of Birds Through a Camera." Illustrated with lantern slides.

William P. Lemmon.—"Notes on the Taking of a Duck Hawk's Nest on the Palisades." Illustrated by a series of photographs.

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Game Bag and Gun.

Cows and Licenses.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Jeremiah Shea, of North Providence, was accompanied to the District Court last Monday morning. He had been caught hunting rabbits with a ferret, by Game Warden Nicholas F. Reiner, and it was on a private complaint of the warden that Shea was brought into court. To Judge Sweetland he admitted his guilt, and was fined $5 and costs. He settled.

On Saturday last a party comprising W. H. Cole and A. H. Cole, of this city; Charles T. Chase and wife, E. E. Dodge and wife, J. J. Arnold, E. W. Brown and William Pratt, of Saylesville, and H. D. Jourden and Miss Nellie Wood, of Grafton, Mass., returned from their annual trip to camp on the Macwahol River, Aroostook county, Me., after two weeks' absense. Three deer were shot by the party. A. H. Cole secured two and E. E. Dodge one. Mr. Chase shot a very handsome fox. The very dry and warm weather was unfavorable to securing more large game.

The members of the Camp Comfort Club, of Central Falls, who have been in Maine for the last fortnight, furnished the papers with material for long stories during the past week. There is a law in Maine prohibiting the transportation of game out of the State unless the game is accompanied by the owner. The officers at Bangor found a quantity of deer and moose marked for Pawtucket, and as there was no one on the train to claim ownership it was held up. This fact was sent out in the press dispatches, and a big seizure was chronicled. The members of the party had separated and had agreed to meet in Bangor. The game had been sent by express, and the members of the club followed later. The game was marked for Pawtucket, and there was nothing else for the wardens to do but seize it. When the party arrived at Bangor there was no further trouble. They were well known by the game wardens, and they continued on their way with the fruits of the chase. The members of the club are too well known in this vicinity for any one to suspect that they had been trying to evade the game laws.

The character of the hunters of a vicinity is established by the conduct of the meanest man in that vicinity who carries a gun. It does not matter how many good men go into the woods to hunt, if there is one who commits depredations the entire class of hunters has to suffer. This is the reason why so many hunters find their privileges abridged and why so many farms are posted to-day. It was not many years ago that the hunters were allowed to roam unrestrained wherever

they pleased, and were kindly received by the farmers. All is changed now. The man with a gun is looked upon with about as much fear as a highway robber, and well he might be.

At first the farmers had little to complain of at the hands of the hunters. Sometimes a careless man would fail to replace the bars of the pasture after passing through, and the cows would wander off, or perhaps in his unthoughtful moments he would pull down a stone wall in his endeavor to dig out a rabbit. Occasionally some wild youth having become disgusted at his success as a marksman with a partridge as a flying mark, would send a charge of shot into a barnyard biddy. These little misdemeanors have nettled the farmer until he has declared that he would allow no one to hunt on his land without a permit, and as a result the number of posted farms has increased rapidly and the hunter who has behaved himself finds many of his favorite haunts closed to him forever.

Having stopped hunting on their land, the farmers thought that their troubles would cease, but now a new element of danger has asserted itself. Men with guns walk along the highway, and for want of something better to shoot at fire into the herd of cows. At Limerock during the past week a young bull was killed in one pasture and a cow was so severely shot that it died from the wounds after suffering several days. In Attleboro, just over the Pawtucket line, another cow was shot while standing in the dooryard. With their property thus destroyed, one can hardly expect the farmers to welcome them to hunt on their property. They are not safe, it seems, on their own land, for in several instances three or four men, armed with guns, have driven into a yard and loaded vegetables and fruit into their wagons. In Lincoln these depredations have been so flagrant that the farmers are to petition the Town Council for protection.

It would seem that there are so many men at large with guns, and that so much damage has been caused, that the suggestion offered by Senator Freeman, of Central Falls, at a hearing before the Legislature last year in regard to the game laws, that every man who carries a gun should be required to take out a license, would have to be adopted. Such a license is now required in several States, but in these States the money received is devoted to replenishing the game supply. In this State it would have to be adopetd for the protection of the farmers, and they need protection when such acts of vandalism are committed as have been done during the past week. The law-abiding sportsman must suffer for the wrongdoings of the irresponsible handlers of guns.

The first arrest in years under the law that prohibits hunting with ferrets was made last week, and the man caught was fined for having a ferret in his possession, there being no direct evidence that he had hunted with it. The rigid enforcement of the game laws under the new system will meet with the hearty approval of all sportsmen, and it should meet with liberal contributions for the promoting of this work. The State makes no appropriation therefor, and what work is done must be paid for by private subscriptions. W. H. M.

EAST ROCKAWAY, L. I., Nov. 13.—The pot-hunters have been more numerous and aggressive this year than ever before. There is little or no game to furnish an excuse for roaming over the fields, but they have actually come out from the city in droves. Men husking corn in fields have been peppered with bird shot and cattle have been stampeded. Ducks, chickens and pigeons have suffered severely. In many cases flocks of pigeons kept by farmers have been nearly all killed. There should be a provision in the game laws providing a heavy penalty for the willful shooting of domestic animals and fowls.

In Rangeley Deer Woods.

RICHARDSON LAKES, Me., Nov. 4.—The season is now becoming wintry, with slight snow flurries and strong gales from the northwest. The lakes are very low, owing to the absence of heavy rains and the drawing off of large quantities of water for the Androscoggin River to supply the manufacturing mills at Lewiston. But an abundance of water still remains for the latter purpose, and probably not half of the available water has been drawn off from the Rangeley waters, owing to the admirable system of catchment dams which have been constructed. The average drawing down from the high water levels may be computed at 8 or 9 feet, with a possibility probably of an ability to draw nearly as much more in case of necessity.

The open season for deer killing has now been on since Oct. 1, although a large number of deer have not been obtained in this locality, despite quite a sprinkling of hunters. In September we had five special licenses, at $6 each, and obtained but two deer. Since Oct. 1—the open season—our number of hunters has been three, and we have killed but one deer.

About two weeks ago we observed an animal swimming in the water about a quarter of a mile from shore. Manning a boat, we soon overtook it and found it was a yearling doe, which, after some exciting work, as the deer was very active, we succeeded in capturing alive, and brouhgt it ashore. We confined it in an inclosure and supplied it with boughs to browse upon, and some boiled potatoes and oats, which it fed from during the first night, and fed regularly until yesterday, when we let it go back to the woods. It was very shy at first, but rapidly became tame, and when we let it go it seeemed loath to leave its pen, commencing to feed near as soon as liberated, and allowed us to approach quite near, but gradually worked its way into the forest and finally disappeared from view.

One of our party had a curious experience two or three years ago in this locality. He shot at a buck a considerable distance away, and observed it to fall, and when approaching discovered that in falling the buck had imbedded its horns in the ground and at the same time had thrust the front part of its head beneath a shelving rock, from which it was impossible to withdraw it, although the buck was not fatally wounded, having been struck in the shoulder, where the bullet remained, without passing through or breaking the bones. The struggles of the deer to disentangle himself were immense, but without avail, and his throat was cut after some difficulty. The deer's head was so firmly fastened beneath the rock and so held by its horns, that after its death it was so difficult to remove it that it could only be accomplished by digging out the horns. That the deer could never have liberated itself was quite apparent.

Several years ago, in January, while coming up the lake on the ice to camp, we observed something on the ice about a mile ahead, which we thought might be a broken boughs, as they often blow out on the ice when it is clear. As we came nearer we observed it had some movement, and upon a near approach we discerned it to be a large buck, stranded by his inability to stand on the slippery ice. He made desperate efforts to get on his feet as we came nearer, but the moment he got up his legs would divide and down he would go. How he got out so far, at least half a mile from shore, was a puzzle, and indicated the great tussle he must have had.

He probably had stepped out at first from the woods on some snow ice, and made a little progress on the lake, when his footing gave way; and in his misguided, struggling efforts he had worked away from shore instead of toward it. He was pretty thoroughly exhausted, although belligerent toward us still. His efforts to get up were incessant, but his legs would divide in a moment, which must have been very unpleasant to him. We concluded to give him a new start in life, so throwing a halter over his horns, we dragged him over the ice with our young and well shod nag to the shore, and then by hand and other efforts some 20 feet inland. Even then he seemed unable to get on his fet, so wounded in sinews he must have been from his battle on the slippery ice. We held on, however, until he got on his legs, and saw him well off on his tottering limbs, although his progress was slow and undoubtedly agonizing.

While I have killed many more than a score of deer in this locality, I find that their shooting is attended with a great deal of exercise. I may not be a very good hunter, but I find that I have to travel altogether more than a hundred miles for every deer that I get.

It seems that I am likely to get a deer about every time I go out, but I do not, nor one in a dozen times.

But the interest is unflagging. The pleasure of being out in the forest compensates for all exertions, and exertion is a pleasure. The forest, never tame, is always exhilarating, and leads on with its varied attractions. With a good compass and a tolerable knowledge of the localities about, it is a supreme satisfaction to be alone for a while and to be lured on by a charm which is indescribable to those who have not experienced it.

The object which fascinates the mind is before you, no matter whether you accomplish it or not. It may prove aimless as your rifle with good opportunity, but little does it count, for expectation is rampant, and hope lures on to the satisfaction of wholesome fatigue.

J. P. W.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Illinois Law Sustained.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 10.—The Illinois non-resident license clause has been sustained, or, more accurately speaking, partially sustained in the issue joined in the matter of the writ of habeas corpus asked by Frank Eberle, of Burlington, Ia., in the United States Circuit Court, Judge C. C. Kohlsaat presiding. Judge Kohlsaat to-day denied the writ and Eberle was remanded.

Frank Eberle, as earlier stated, is a resident of Burlington, Ia., and a member of the Crystal Lake Club of that city, whose grounds are located in Henderson county, Ill. Members of this club have held that, since they are taxpayers in this State, they are not amenable to the non-resident license clause of the Illinois game laws. Mr. Eberle offered himself as a sacrifice for the good of the cause, and taking himself over to the club grounds, proceeded to hunt without a license, was arrested, and on refusing to pay his fine was sent to jail. Sheriff J. P. Morrey, against whom the writ of habeas corpus was directed, came with Eberle to Chicago, and they return to Henderson county, enjoying those same intimate personal relations which have existed for some weeks between them. Mr. Eberle seems to have put his finger into the mill to see whether it is working or not, and at this writing it would seem that it is.

This is probably but the skirmish of the legal battle which will follow, and the case will not be dropped until it has been taken to the Court of Appeals, and perhaps to the Supreme Court of the United States. The decision of Judge Kohlsaat, which was handed in to-day, does not specifically pass upon the question as to the application of this statute to non-residents who pay taxes in this State, it appearing to his mind that the petition as written does not bring up that question. The full text of the decision is given below:

In the U. S. Circuit Court, Northern District of Illinois, Northern Division.

In re Eberle. 25,348. Kohlsaat, J.

This matter comes before me upon the petition of Frank Eberle for release upon habeas corpus from the custody of the Sheriff of Henderson county, Ill. This petition shows the following facts:

Petitioner is a citizen of the State of Iowa, and resides therein. He is a member of and stockholder in the Crystal Lake Club, an Illinois corporation authorized to acquire and own real estate in Illinois, and to use the same as a game and fish preserve; the charter of which corporation grants to the members thereof the sole right and authority to hunt and fish upon the lands owned by it. Subsequent to the incorporation of the club, the Legislature of this State passed a law regulating the manner and seasons in which hunting and fishing should be preserved in this State, in which the privileges of residents of this State were distinguished from those of non-residents, in that the latter were required to pay a license fee of $10, which license fee was not required of residents. Petitioner was hunting upon land belonging to the club during the season when residents were permitted to hunt, when he was arrested upon a criminal capias upon the charge of being a non-resident and hunting without a license. At the trial he was adjudged guilty of the said violation of the statute and was sentenced to pay a fine of $25 and costs and to stand committed until the same was paid. He is now in custody in pursuance of said sentence and judgment.

Petitioner alleges that he was hunting upon land belonging to himself and the other members of said club jointly; that the portion of the statute under which he was found guilty and sentenced is illegal and void, as being in contravention of the Constitution of the United States, and especially of Section 2 of Article 4 of the Federal Constitution, which provides that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of the several States"; and Section 1 of the fourteenth amendment to said Constitution, which provides that "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without the process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

The decision of this matter depends upon the nature or status, under our laws, of animals *feræ naturæ*, and the rights which individuals, whether citizens and residents, or non-residents, may have therein or thereto.

In the case of Geer vs. Connecticut, 161 U. S., 519, this matter is quite elaborately treated, and the right of a State to regulate and control the manner in which wild game may be appropriated by individuals is sustained upon two grounds; 1st: the sovereign ownership of animals *feræ naturæ* by the State in trust for the benefit of its citizens; and 2d: the police power of the State which flows from its duty to preserve for its people a valuable food supply. In this case is cited with approval the case of Magner vs. The People, 97 Ill., 320, which is the leading Illinois case upon the question. In the latter case it is held without qualification *that there are no individual property rights in wild animals* within the State; that *"to hunt and kill game is a boon or privilege granted,* either expressly or impliedly, by the sovereign authority—*not a right inhering in each individual;* and consequently nothing is taken away from the individual when he is denied the privilege at stated seasons of huntng and killing game * * * the ownership of the sovereign authority is in trust for all the people of the State, and hence, by implication, it is the duty of the Legislature to enact such laws as will best preserve the subject of the trust, and secure its beneficial use in the future, *to the people of the State.* But in any case, *the question of individual enjoyment is one of public policy, and not of private right."*

In the case of People, etc., vs. Bridges, 142 Ill., 43, it is said, "We think the rule will not be questioned that a general statute regulating the killing of game, or restricting the right to kill it to certain portions of the year, applies as well to the game which a particular land owner may chance to find on his own premises, as to that which may be found on the land of others, or upon lands belonging to the public."

But petitioner says he is not challenging this right of the State. That admitting that the State has this power, yet he as a land owner can not be placed upon a different footing with respect to hunting game upon his own premises, from other land owners, simply on the ground that they are residents and he is a non-resident; and that the attempt to thus discriminate against him deprives him of an equal protection of the laws of this State.

I find that the petitioner has not brought himself within the rule he seeks to invoke. In his petition he states that he is a member of and stockholder in an Illinois corporation, which corporation is the owner of the land on which he was hunting at the time it is alleged he violated the statute. Without, therefore, determining whether a non-resident land owner would be relieved from the provision of the statute in question, when shooting wild game upon his own premises, I deny the petition on the ground that the allegations thereof do not entitle petitioner to the relief prayed.

The above decision, while not claiming to settle once and for all the question of the constitutionality of our non-resident license clause, offers some most interesting reading, more especially in reference to the Geer case and the Magner case, where there are laid down some principles of game protection which ought to be common knowledge to every citizen of this country. I have taken the liberty of underscoring a few of the sentences which appear to be most in point, and on referring to them I am surprised to see how closely this doctrine coincides with that independently discovered and laid down in this informal conversation by Hon. C. F. Cochran, of St. Joseph, Mo., whose little argument with Mr. Bishop, of Ludington, Mich., during the Congressional trip into Minnesota last month, I reported crudely in these columns at that time. If we could only get all American and non-American shooters to read and remember such principles as these, the task of game protection would be far less. The old American idea is that the individual owns all the game he can kill, wherever he can kill it, and that he can do with this game just as he pleases. If some of these individuals would listen to such men as Judge Kohlsaat and Mr. Cochran they would do so to their own advantage. The idea that the State owns the game and may control it is the one vital, essential and fundametnal principle upon which all our modern game legislation must be built. Year by year the decisions in support of this doctrine become more numerous and more strong. Let us hope that the Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court of the United States will reiterate so clearly this same doctrine that we shall come to hear less and less in Illinois and elsewhere the weak and egotistical claims of the individuals who at heart do not want to pay any license, who do not want to have any close seasons, who do not want any restrictions whatever upon their own selfish intentions of going out and killing all the game they can wherever and whenever they can, and at the least possible expense to themselves. When we meet in society, at the club, in the home, in the field, when we meet anywhere and in any capacity the man who is selfish and who wants it all for himself, we resent his selfishness and we rebuke his personality. The man who does not believe in game laws is such a selfish person, and in time he shall have his rebuke. The shooting license idea sits hard on all of us, but it ought to sit on all alike, and whether we like it or not it is clearly within the province of the State to impose this upon us for the good of all. The State of Connecticut for the East, and the State of Illinois for the West, have given the two strongest renunciations of that doctrine, and the thing to do is for

us to take our medicine, and to realize that we cannot both have our cake and eat it, as in the reference to the public food supply the judicial decision above quoted almost specifically states.

Non-Resident Deer Hunters.

Our deer season is now on both in Wisconsin and Michigan, and we can even at this time tell something in a general way as to the numbers of deer hunters who have gone into our North woods this fall. The conclusions are somewhat contrary to what would have been the natural supposition. There has been a great deal of shooting done this season, which means that there has been a great deal of non-resident sporting travel. Yet, so far from there being more deer hunters this fall in Wisconsin and Michigan, it seems almost certain that there are fewer this fall than last. The railroad men do not attempt to explain this, except on the general supposition that the license law is keeping out more hunters this year than last.

At the office of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road it was stated that the number of deer hunters sent in over that line are much less this fall than formerly. Points on this line which are reported as especially good for deer hunting are Floodwood, Mich; Lena and Wausaukee, in Wisconsin. Lena is toward the southerly edge of the deer region, the country being cleared or burned largely to the south of that. Those who go in at Lena usually take wagon fourteen miles west to Kelly Lake, near which the deer hunting is reported to be good. Wausaukee is a point near the grounds of the Wausaukee Club, and this has long been held good deer hunting region. One can go north on the other line of the St. Paul road, reaching Minocqua, Star Lake, etc., and also be in very good country there. In fact, pretty much all our Northern muscallunge country is good deer country.

The Wisconsin Central Railroad sent out one party of twenty-five from Chicago this week. This railroad states that its best points are Prentice, Fifield, Butternut, Phillips, etc. A great many deer come out from Phillips every fall, and indeed every one of the towns above named is centrally located for a grand deer range.

The Chicago & Northwestern road also carries many hundreds of deer hunters north each fall, and its several branches tap magnificent deer country. Inquiries at a late hour do not enable one to judge very clearly whether or not the traffic of this fall on the Northwestern equals that of last year.

Doings of Western Sportsmen.

Much to the surprise of every one, there has been quite a little flurry of ducks in over this country within the last week, and there has been shooting wherever there was water enough for a duck to wet its toes.

Mr. Abner Price, of this city, earlier mentioned as having gone to Duck Island Club, near the Illinois River, for a shoot, has justified the prophecy made at that time regarding his prowess as a duck shooter. Mr. Price brought back ducks enough to last all winter. On one day he killed forty-odd, on the next day fifty, and on the next fifty-seven, nearly all mallards at that, and certainly a wonderful bit of sport for this day and age in Illinois.

That old and very much beloved Chicago sportsman, Mr. F. A. Howe, formerly for many years president of Tolleston Club, has enjoyed several days of good sport this fall in his favorite pastime of duck shooting. A few days ago he made a bag of over sixty ducks on the club marsh, one of the best of which I have heard for a long while. If any man deserves good shooting it is Mr. Howe, and everybody will wish him many such days in the future.

Mr. William Kent is another Tolleston member who has been mingling with the mallards to some extent recently. On one day about a week ago he made a bag of over seventy ducks, which is something like the good old days.

Down at Swan Lake Club, in the Illinois River country, they have had a good flight within the last week or so, and Mr. Thomas Parker, a member of that club, tells me that he brought back seventy-six birds as a result of his trip last week. He averaged about twenty-five birds a day. Swan Lake Club is naturally about as good a mallard country as ever lay out of doors.

On last Monday Messrs. Ira Morris and H. Levi, of this city, killed forty ducks on the big Nelson Morris ranch north of Demotte, Ind. This is the country where there was formerly situated the preserves of the De Golyer Club, of which mention in these columns was frequent some years back. Mr. Morris bought and drained the ground, and the gentlemen above mentioned say that the old marsh was dry as a floor, excepting one little slough well inland from the river.

Mr. W. H. Haskell went down to Maksawba Club today, and was to have been accompanied by Mayor Harrison, though the latter at last word was not perfectly sure he could start. There ought to be a few ducks to be picked up along the Kankakee, although the water is very low and the marsh dry in that vicinity.

Several very fair bags of ducks have been made in the Fox Lake and Grass Lake country in upper Illinois within the past week, and a number of parties started for those parts to-day. It is shot so much that a trip there is very much of a gamble, though now and then one may blunder into a decent bit of shooting there.

Quail are everywhere this fall, and nearly every one who goes out is successful. Messrs. Morris and Levi, above mentioned, bagged eighty-seven quail in a few days' shooting east of Roselawn, Ind., and that country is reported to be very well stocked with quail. It was mostly cornfield shooting, and the birds are described as very abundant.

Mr. O. von Lengerke, of this city, is just back from a trip near Dowagiac, Mich., where, during his shoot, he bagged thirty quail and thirteen partridges.

Mr. Thomas Parker and a friend or so will next week go to Swan Lake Club and remain two or three weeks shooting quail on the club reserves. Swan Lake Club has a preserve of a mile square which is said to be splendid quail country this fall.

Almost any point fifty miles south of this city, either in Indiana or Illinois, is offering good sport on quail this fall. One can hardly go amiss if he will go south on any of the Southern through lines and get off in a good farming country anywhere from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles south of here. The season has been good for these birds, and thus far the weather has been very pleasant, so that our shooters are enjoying the sport very much.

The deer season proceeds amain, and some of our Chicago hunters are beginning to come back with substantial trophies. Mr. Robert Shaw and party, of this city, who have been hunting at Mercer, Wis., brought back six deer, and they report a splendid time. They were at George W. Buck & Son's camps.

Mr. Frank Baker, of this city, this fall made a little antelope hunt out on the Laramie plains of Wyoming, and he has just had mounted four very nice antelope heads as evidences of his success.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Green, of this city, leave within the week for their place at Grove City, Fla., where they will spend the winter shooting and fishing.

Mr. Chas. Levings, of this city, is a gentleman very well posted on Florida localities. Four years ago Mr. Levings made a trip in a sail boat, going from Chicago by way of Canal,, the Desplaines and Illinois rivers and down the Mississippi River to its mouth, thence to Key West. Here he and some friends built a larger boat, which they still own, and now and then they take her out during the winter time and skirt the Florida coast, enjoying themselves as only those can who are favored by all the fortunes of this beautiful winter country. Mr. Levings I discovered to be somewhat of a traveler. He was telling me the other day of a trip he made some time ago into the Ottawa River country of Ontario. He is now just back from a trip of several weeks in the Yellowstone region. On this trip he tells me that his camp cook was an Austrian nobleman by the name of Von Wagner. Count Wagner lives in a cabin on Hell Roaring Creek, which comes into the Yellowstone River close to Billy Hofer's territory at Gardiner, on the northern edge of the Yellowstone Park. The Count has some fine furniture in his cabin, and even his frying pans bear his baronial crest, but he was glad to work for $50 a month as cook, and he was a pretty good cook, too.

The Stake Stove.

It was Mr. Levings, by the way, a civil engineer, a mountain traveler and a compact camper, who was the inventor of the handy camp cooking device which has been advertised by the Seymour Manufacturing Company, of Chicago, this fall, in the FOREST AND STREAM, and to which, I believe, I have earlier alluded. This "stake stove," as Mr. Levings calls it, is in principle very much like the "gun barrel stove" which my old camping friend and I used successfully for so many years, the idea being simply that of an iron upright driven into the ground, supporting a series of revolving rings and hooks to hold the coffee pot, broiler, frying pans, etc. In my own stove we had a heavy spike, with the rings supported at the top, but Mr. Levings simplifies all that by using a light piece of metal for his support, and making his kettle holders on the principle of a flying jenney, which grips the stake wherever it is placed, and is the steadier the more weight it has placed on it. The Levings outfit is only about one-fourth as heavy as our old gun barrel stove, and packs much more compactly—so small is it, indeed, that one can grip it all in one's hand when it is packed in its canvas wrapper. It is so cheap, too, that even newspaper men can afford it. I have tried all sorts of camp cooking outfits, and I must say that, for speed, fuel-saving and general sweetness of working, I would not care to camp out without a stake stove of this sort. You need next to no fuel, you do not burn your fingers, and best of all, you never spill the coffee. When a dish gets too hot, you swing it to one side, and you can operate two or three vessels at once as easily as you could take care of one tilting and hot-handled spider under the ancient ways of open-fire cookery.

Adventures of Mr. Scott.

A good many people go through life with an unappeased desire to meet such big wild game as moose and bear. They prowl around through the woods all their spare time, year after year, and hire guides and charter special cars and spend all sorts of money to gratify their ambitions, all to no avail. If you are looking for adventures you cannot find them. But what shall we say of the case of Mr. Fred Scott, of Pittsburg, who this week came down from northern Minnesota, where he had been on an iron prospecting trip, in the neighborhood of Two Harbors, Grand Marais, etc.? Mr. Scott had not lost any moose nor lost any bear, and was not looking for the same, and was not prepared for them. Yet one day he was treed by a big bull moose and was only rescued by a hunter who responded to his calls after he had been up the tree for three or four hours, according to his story. Not satisfied with this, Mr. Scott on another day started a bear from a hollow log, and he and his guide thought they might capture the bear. The result was the bear came very near capturing Mr. Scott. He shows some scratches to substantiate the stories he has told to some Minnesota men, and will go back to his home with the firm belief that Minnesota is a very wild country.

Bohemian Joe Burned Out.

The hunting ranch of Joe Vdzorak, more commonly known as Bohemian Joe, was destroyed by fire one morning this week. This resort was situated on Calumet Lake, and was well known by those who patronize that weird region. Several guns and all the household furniture were destroyed. The shanty was a landmark.

Mr. J. H. Amberg, one of our prominent Chicago sportsmen, left this week for a visit to New York city, where he will see the horse show and have a look at any trapshooting grounds which he may have time to visit.

Mr. Charles Antoine, of Von Lengerke & Antoine, this city, is also absent in New York city this week.

One Answer.

One answer to those who complain of the scarcity of game is to be found in the game markets. There would not be any game markets if the people did not want them. I have heard more than one sportsman and more than one so-called sportsmen take objection to the FOREST AND STREAM doctrine, "Stop the sale of game," and say, "Suppose I was not able to go out shooting and kill game for myself; how could I get a bird to eat for myself if I did not buy it?" The answer to this lies in each man's heart, and depends on the amount and quality of his human nature. The really wise and sportsmanlike answer to this last question is that it is not in the least necessary for you to eat game if you cannot go out and kill it. You can get along without that. But you cannot get along with it. If you want to buy a bird when you can't kill it, then you have got to face the high fences of the rapidly growing game preserves. You can take your choice, and you will come out on just that side of the fence where you really belong. I am naturally of a sweet and angelic disposition, but I am sometimes irritated when I hear men objecting to all kinds of game laws, objecting to game preserves, and objecting to the closing of game markets, and still expecting to have back the open shooting country of this once glorious Western region of America. Yet none of these men will escape actual justice. They will all come out where they belong.

City Shooters.

Yet it is a bit pitiful to see the way in which the people hang on to their love of the outdoor air and their wish to get out where they can shoot at something. I take great interest, while about town at different times of the day and night, in watching the different sorts of city shooters who are on their way out in a more or less pathetic attempt to get a little sport. Last week, one time at midnight, when I was going home from my office, I met a party of four or five young Germans, working men, I take it, who were headed toward the Dearborn Station for a late train south. These young men wore their rubber boots and shooting coats, and they carried their guns in limp canvas cases. They had with them two or three dogs of a fearful and wonderful make, apparently a blend of harrier, beagle and dachshund, which waddled gravely along behind fully conscious of their own importance in the campaign. Rabbits, mostly, I thought, as I saw this party, with perhaps a squirrel or so, and a few mud hens if possible. But they were bound to have a good time, I was satisfied. Very often out at Woodlawn, toward the southeastern part of the city, where I live, I see parties of similar make-up taking the Illinois Central or the trolley roads leading out to the southern edge of town. They come back Monday morning, a little muddier, a little more weary, perhaps, their gun cases as limp as ever and their shooting coats still more limp than when they started out. (For it is not wise to go on a shooting trip without abundant luncheon.)

This morning as I sat at breakfast I saw a sportsman go by on his way to the train. I don't know who he was, but he was a sportsman. He was an old man, sixty years of age, I should think, with gray hair and gray beard, yet his figure was straight and active, his face keen and his step quick and strong. He had on rubber boots, an old shooting coat, and a well-worn corudroy cap. These are just such clothes as you shall see on many men, but there is a difference in these clothes as carried by different wearers. This man, I am sure, was no novice. His get-up was businesslike, and he walked as though he was going somewhere and had been used to getting somewhere. Now, where he was going I wot not, but I wish him joy, even though I fear he will meet disappointment anywhere near this city at any time this week. This man I am sure was one of that great middle class of shooters who cannot afford long and expensive trips, but who dearly love a day afield now and then. For the sake of all these I wish we had the good old times back again and that they could be kept forever as once they were.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Cayuga Lake Wildfowl.

ITHACA, N. Y., Nov. 10.—The duck shooting at the "foot" of Cayuga Lake, near Cayuga village, Seneca Falls, and other nearby hamlets, has been pretty stiff kind of sport thus far, and the market-shooters have got into the game with athletic activity and a most deadly kind of pump gun precision.

Mallard, black duck, teal and redhead have been found unusually plentiful, and some large bags for this section of country have been made. The best day's work for one gun—thirty-two redhead ducks—was made by a Seneca Falls market-shooter. The commoner varieties of ducks are so plenty that the relentless market-shooter scarcely bothers to waste ammunition upon them. The slaughter, as carried on by these market-shooters, has already aroused public indignation, and protests have appeared in such influential papers as the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, changes in the game law being advocated. All this argument is good enough in its way, but let it be understood that the only change that can be made really effective is FOREST AND STREAM'S straightforward and comprehensive platform, "Stop the Sale of Game." Then, like Othello in the play, the pump gun market-shooter will presently find himself minus an occupation.

On the Ithaca marshes the ducks have thus far been few and far between. The local gunners, however, are waiting patiently for an arctic wave or two to drive the birds in.

Either ruffed grouse are unusually plenty this fall or the market-shooters have grown more active than ever. The local markets have certainly displayed more grouse than for several years past. And the birds seem large and of prime quality. Four members of the South Side Gun Club were out one day recently in the vicinity of West Danby and bagged nineteen grouse.

M. CHILL.

Long Island Snipe.

QUEENSWATER, L. I., Nov. 13.—A well-known gunner who has heretofore made a very comfortable living shooting bay birds says that notwithstanding the glowing accounts of the snipe shooting in this vicinity, it is a fact that snipe are rapidly becoming extinct. This is especially true of the big yellowlegs, and other varieties which are of the greatest value to the market-hunter. They are hunted so persistently both in season and out of season they have very little chance to live long enough to raise a brood.

QUAHOG.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

An Ontario Deer Hunt.

On October 18th Sol, Al, Meyer and the writer took the morning train for Montreal on our way to Labelle for our annual deer hunt. At Place Viger Station we met the others of our party—Burns, of Montreal; Hibbard and Truax, of Farnham; Lefebvre, Beaulne, Taylor and MacFarlane, of Waterloo, or in all a party of eleven.

On board the train we also met a hunting party from Malone, N. Y., and Huntingdon, bound for Cameron Lake. The two parties practically took possession of the car, where stories of previous hunts were recounted, more or less truthful, while hope and enthusiasm beamed on the countenances of all.

We passed the night with mine host Nantel, at Labelle. It took three teams to take our party with duffle to the club house at Lake Chapleau, where we arrived at noon, wet and tired, but still full of enthusiasm. The rain poured down in torrents the whole journey; the roads were execrably bad, while our wagon broke down three times, necessitating a considerable amount of walking.

After a good dinner we got into our dry hunting togs, and the rain having held up a bit decided on going out for a bit of exploration on the still-hunt.

MacFarlane and Lefebvre went one way; they succeeded in jumping two deer, but did not get a shot. Beaulne went with one of the guides, putting up a deer at which the guide fired twice, wounding it; but although they found blood they did not secure the deer.

Early the next morning, the 20th, we started out to hunt the point opposite the club house with the dogs.

One of the boats had drifted away to the other side. I was told off with Sol and two guides with the dogs. On arrival at the other side one guide with the dogs, as well as myself, debarked. The guide was to hold his dogs until after all had been properly placed on their runways, about three-quarters of an hour wait. While he was helping me to tip the water out of the boat, one of the dogs got away. As he could not call him back, I told him to follow his dogs and keep them quiet, while in lieu of a proper dish I proceeded to bail out the boat with my hat.

I had barely started at this when I heard the dogs in full cry, they having picked up a fresh trail close to shore. Of course no one had time to get placed on the runways; those going to the furthest and best runways were very wroth.

Sol, with the other guide, had gone around the point to the upper bay, near Lac Noir, Burns and Taylor being on the runway near that lake. I rowed my boat round to the point, drew it up to shore and awaited developments. The dogs had long since gone out of hearing. Suddenly I heard a shot, followed by several more.

Soon after I saw Sol's boat putting out toward where the deer landed. They were talking loudly, probably making excuses for their bad shooting. Just as they arrived at the shore I noticed the boat suddenly turn and the oars threw up the water, showing great speed and excitement on the part of the occupants of the boat.

Several shots followed; then they disappeared from my view.

Shortly after I heard a Comanche yell, which I learned later had been delivered by Sol upon finding his deer dead in the woods abount 100 feet from the water. To say that he was delighted expresses it mildly. His song was louder than ever. "Les sables de mon pere." "I got him," he cried.

We all met at the club house for dinner, but had only one dog, the other two having disappeared.

We decided to run Marie Louise that afternoon.

At the dinner table Sol was bragging about his deer, declaring that no one could shoot like he could, and offering to bet that during the afternoon no one could get another deer.

I put up a dollar against his that we would get a deer. He said he would help even if he lost his dollar. I told him that he would be put on the Barrier runway, where the brook connects the two lakes. The bushes being thick on both sides, it would be necessary for him to shoot quick should a deer show up.

"Do you think a man who shoots eleven times at one deer can't shoot quick?" he retorted, referring to the fact that he had wasted that much ammunition in the morning.

The guide was instructed to wait one hour after we left, then to put in the dog near Gregoires' clearing. I put Al and Hibbard on the old wood road between Lac Chapleau and Marie Louise, returning with the boat to the gate, where I was to watch in case a deer took to the water. I was there fully a half hour before the guide showed up with the dog. He evidently thought he was late, so put the dog in near the gate. The dog soon had a deer going, which first seemed to come toward the gate, but swerved off toward the runways occupied by Taylor, Burns, Truax and Meyer. It swerved from them, however, and led off toward Marie Louise, but no one got a shot; hence we returned to the club house about 4 P. M. without a deer, and I lost my dollar.

The next day we decided to run the big point on Lac des Mauves. I placed Hibbard and Truax on two good runways near the bay leading to Trout Lake, while I took up my position in the boat on the opposite shore, where I had about one chance in a thousand.

About an hour after I heard the dogs coming our way. I heard two shots fired quickly; a minute after another shot. Truax did the shooting. His first shot turned the deer, a magnificent buck; at his second shot the deer stopped on a side hill in plain sight. Truax supposing he was hit and down, was congratulating himself, when the dogs appeared. The deer bounded forward. Truax firing a parting shot. None of his three shots had touched him, much to his chagrin, for which he was kick-himself for days after, especially that he did not shoot again when the deer was standing.

Shortly after I heard some fifteen shots lower down, where the other boys were posted. Silence having reigned for nearly an hour, I took Hibbard and Truax aboard. We rowed around the big point in search of the others. About 1 o'clock we saw the other two boats coming out of the lower bay. We turned and headed for a point, where we all debarked to partake of our lunch.

It appears that down in that neck of the woods where they had all the shooting a doe had come along by Lefebvre, who missed it. This one swerved, going toward Meyer, who fired at about 200 yards, also missing. He left his runway, where he had been placed, to see what had become of his bullet. While there he came to the conclusion that it was a better position than the one he had left. He was located there but a few minutes when he heard the dogs coming Sol's way. The deer stopped about 50 feet from Sol, who took careful aim, pulled the trigger, but no report followed. He had filled the magazine of his rifle, but had forgotten to pump a cartridge into the chamber. He said, "I worked that thing mighty quick and fired as she ran away."

Having killed his deer, he proceeded to load his gun, stood it up against a tree and started dressing the deer. While engaged in this he heard another shot some distance away, but paid no attention to it. Suddenly he heard a patter on the leaves. Looking up, he saw a deer suddenly stop in the act of jumping over him. On the impulse of the moment he made a jump for the deer; then thinking of his gun he jumped for it; but before he could secure it the dog had taken after the deer, and both were out of sight.

He finished dressing the doe, finding that his first shot had hit her in the neck, cutting a great gash. He had resumed his stand but a few minutes, when he again heard the dogs. A noble buck was coming down the hill, nose well forward, horns laid back, steering straight for him. When within about 30 feet he stopped behind a big ash tree. He was completely hidden except every little while he would poke his nose out. Meyer, with gun at shoulder, waited his reappearance. Suddenly the dog came over the hill, spied the buck, and gave cry. Instantly the buck made a bound. Meyer being in waiting and properly prepared, gave him a well-aimed shot, the buck dropping all in a heap. Practically he shot him on the fly. When the boys congregated there they found Meyer covered with blood, perspiring freely, and with a very exalted opinion of the Northern Woods as a place to hunt deer. From the shooting he had heard he naturally supposed everybody was getting deer as he was.

MacFarlane had shot a partridge with his rifle, but when he went to pick it up the bullet had made it about a yard long, so he left it. Lefebvre had fired three shots; Sol one. Total result: An eight-point buck and a three-year-old doe for Meyer.

Opposite the point where we had lunch was another long stretch of land jutting out into the bay from 50 feet to five acres across. The year previous we had hunted this, and although we had several shots, no deer were secured, principally, I claimed, because the dogs were put in, giving only running shots. I proposed, therefore, that five of the party go down to the lower point, near the mainland, spread out and still-hunt it up, three go about half-way down and place themselves on runways, two remain in a narrow place near the point, the others remain in the boat, but under no consideration use the dogs. This was thoroughly understood and agreed to. The five who were to walk up the point had started in when Lefebvre went further down with the dogs, put them in and started a couple of deer, which first ran up the point a bit, then doubled back on to the mainland, the dogs running them away out of sight and hearing, the result being that after waiting about two hours, the others came up, saying two of the dogs were lost and no deer for our trouble. By the way, the two dogs did not turn up until the day before we left, much to the disgust of the party and Lefebvre's chagrin, who on several occasions was properly roasted for having disarranged a prearranged programme.

The next day we concluded to hunt the big point again. The other guide had brought along his mongrel, so we had two dogs. McFarlane, Truax and myself went to the extreme part of the upper bay, getting on the runways—MacFarlane near Chapleau, I in the middle, and Truax near Lac Noir. The runways near the water were considered the best. After waiting about half an hour, we heard the dogs. At first I thought they were going to Truax, but they ran across to swing in to McFarlane. He saw it coming right on his runway. He had both rifle and shotgun on his stand. Thinking the deer would pass within about 20 feet of him on the runway, he picked up the shotgun. At that instant she stopped, out of range for the shotgun, evidently saw him, swerved, and the first I knew she made a magnificent jump over a great log and stopped about opposite me. I was fairly well hidden among some logs. She stopped behind some trees, offering only a good neck shot, upon which I took aim and fired, but missed. On the report of the rifle she turned, ran back, turned at right angles and followed the runway just the other side of me. It was fairly thick there, but as she stopped between two trees, showing a part of the shoulder, I again took careful aim and fired. She dropped in her tracks, the bullet having entered near the left shoulder, piercing the neck and coming out on the other side. I quickly pumped in another cartridge, waiting should she rise again, but soon saw that she had her death wound. Another reason for waiting was that the dog was still some way behind, and might be bringing another. When he came up I called to MacFarlane and Truax, who helped me dress her and haul her to the boat. MacFarlane declared he had no more use for a shotgun deer hunting; that if he had only taken up his rifle it would have been his deer instead of mine.

As this was quite early in the day, the guide not having put in an appearance, I told MacFarlane and Truax to resume their runways and I would take the dog back into the woods to try and start another. I worked up the point to opposite the club house, putting up one deer on the pine knoll, but the dog would not pick up the trail. The boats from the other bay were returning, so picked me up and returned to the club house for dinner.

After dinner we told the guide we were ready. He whistled for his dog, which came not, but had gone home some two miles distant. As it would take too long to go after him, we concluded we would do some still-hunting over the ridge off the upper bay. Mr. Walt. Taylor, who, by the way, is seventy-three years old, but a keen sportsman, thought he could not do so much walking. I told him that he might as well come with us, that he could keep near the edge and possibly pick up some partridges. After landing we divided up pretty well. In going over a small ridge well covered with fine spruce, I heard a woodpecker kicking up quite a noise. I thought something must be wrong, but look ever so intently, I could not discover anything. I carefully resumed my march, when I saw an immense owl fly away, lighting on a big birch.

Returning to the still-hunt in company with MacFarlane, we had proceeded but a short ways when we heard considerable yelling on the lake. I set it down that the boys were amusing themselves, and paid no more attention. We spent some two hours in the woods. I got on to seven different fresh tracks, but never saw a deer. Finally coming to a swale and windfall, I told MacFarlane to keep up on the ridge and I would go down in the swale and jump the deer up to him. He saw two that I sent up, but did not get a shot. In due course we got back to the lake, where we found that the others had been plenty of fresh sign, but none of our party got a deer.

On arrival at the club house we found Mr. Taylor greatly excited, much disappointed and calling himself all kinds of names.

It appears that one of the colonists was setting traps around the lake, when down in the further bay an immense buck took to the water. He was steering straight for Taylor's point, the boat after him, with the colonist yelling for some one to come out and shoot him. Mr. Taylor had only buckshot, but patiently waited for the buck to come within range. Then buck and boat disappeared on account of the sun shining in Mr. Taylor's eyes. When they reappeared out of the streak of sunlight, he perceived that the boat had headed off the deer and was driving it away from him, the man all the time yelling for help. Taylor, standing back in the bushes, called, "Drive him in here," but no attention was paid. "Drive him in here and I'll shoot him," yelled the old man. No attention being paid the old man, or papa, as we called him, got excited and yelled, "Drive him in here and I will give you ten dollars." No attention being paid, papa got wild, and with the full force of his lungs yelled, "Drive him in here. I'll shoot him; and if ten dollars is not enough I'll give you the deer, too." But the man kept circling the deer with his boat, all the time calling for some one to shoot him. The wind was blowing pretty strong against poor papa, whose voice did not reach the boatman, the result being that poor papa was disconsolate and could not be comforted.

In place of firing a shot, getting into his boat and going out, or showing himself on the shore or in some way attracting the boatman's attention, he came to the conclusion that the boatman was acting as guide for some other party, and was endeavoring to attract their attention, and would not drive the deer to him anyway. Meyer and Lefebvre had gone to look over some timber lots, where Meyer fired two or three shots at two deer, but did not get any. The result of the day, therefore, was the one deer I got in the forenoon.

Meyer, however, brought in two partridges. Lefebvre was loaded with buckshot in his double-barrel hammerless, when they saw the birds. He borrowed a bird shot shell from Meyer, slipped it into his right barrel, at the same time saying that he must be sure and fire that barrel, yet he was so excited that he fired the wrong barrel and missed his bird. It flew only about 40 feet, and Meyer shot it, much to Lefebvre's chagrin.

The next day we put the dogs in near the discharge, placing ourselves in an extended line over the mountain. While going to our places, five of us climbing the hill in a bunch, we jumped two deer. Burns was lower down, and I believe got a glimpse of them. He motioned to Truax and Hibbard, who were both still lower down, but they not seeing anything, walked cautiously. Hibbard, who was way down near the bottom, saw Truax bring rifle to shoulder, aim and fire. Almost immediately the deer swung around a point in full view, but going very lamely. Hibbard covered her in case she showed more life, but she dropped near him. As soon as Truax fired she bounded and disappeared over the brow of the hill. He took it for granted that he had missed. Pretty soon he came in view of Hibbard, looking at the trees critically. Hibbard hailed him, asking what he was looking for. He said he wanted to see where the bullet went, as he thought he had again shot too low. "You had better look in the deer for your bullet," said Hibbard. "No; I must have missed her," replied Truax. "No; she is right down here," said Hibbard. "What?" and it took him a mighty short time to cover the distance where he beheld his game. Naturally he was delighted, as he was afraid he had queered his luck when he missed his buck a few days before.

After we were all placed on our runways the dogs were put in, and soon had a deer going. MacFarlane fired three shots at her and Al one. They were confident she was hit, but the dogs came along and away she went. About this time I heard Meyer fire a shot from his shotgun barrel, which it appears was at a doe within 40 feet of him, but missed. He claimed his shell was not good, as it squibbed. Shortly after I saw Burns, who had not been properly placed, move over toward me. I was behind a windfall. He did not see me, although he came within 100 feet, standing out in plain view. Almost immediately I saw a deer coming over the mountain, making for my runway. The direction she was taking she would come to the right of me. I shifted my gun, as she was then too far off, but Burns fired at her on the run, missed, the deer saw him, swerved, going down another gulley out of sight. I left Burns there and moved off for a bit of still-hunting.

About this time Beaulne, who was some distance away, spied a feeding deer slowly approaching him. She was some distance off, so he calmly waited, claiming she was in view about twenty-five minutes. When she got close enough—we will not say what distance—he fired, hitting her near the shoulder, breaking a leg. She went on the run down the mountain, Lefebvre joining in the chase, and although Beaulne told him it was his deer, and that she was hard hit, Lefebvre wildly fired buckshot after her. She ran down near MacFarlane, crouching down below a log. Mac fired twice at her. She showed two bullet holes through her ears, the result of his shooting. She had then practically dropped through exhaustion, and was soon dead. This gave us two deer for the morning hunt.

After lunch we visited another point, spreading ourselves near a little lake and way over the mountain; I being on the last stand, was in view of Lac des Mauves. While going to our stands we put up two deer; as a matter of fact, the first I had ever seen wild in the woods, except when the dogs were after them. We got a second view

later, and although I took a snap shot, they disappeared. We heard the dogs once, but no one saw a deer.

The guides subsequently came up to me, when I told them to go around the little lake and try to put up another one to run it down to the other boys. I told MacFarlane that I would move over after them, wait till they started one, and if not would work down to the boats. I took a stand which I took to be near the upper end, but east of the little lake. I sat down for twenty minutes, but hearing nothing of the dogs, I started down, keeping the little lake, as I thought, on the left. In this way, by bearing to the left, I would either strike the little lake or the brook of its outlet, which would lead me to the boats. I came across two small brooks that appeared to me to be running the wrong way, but as there was a swale with thick timber on my left, I thought these were feeders to the little lake. I kept on, always bearing to the left, until finally I came to the conclusion that I was off my course. I climbed a pretty steep ridge, and momentarily was gladdened with the sight of what I thought was Lac Chapleau, but on closer examination I found that it was a blue mist resting on the valley below, while no water at all was in sight. I moved along another ten minutes. The woods began to appear strange to me, while ridge and valley commenced to look very much one like another. I ascended another ridge, saying to myself that if I did not then come in sight of water I would give my woods call.

No water appearing, I called, and called again.

No reply could be heard. I then noticed what a strange, lonesome silence pervaded the whole woods. The woods were thick. I looked for a decent tree to climb, but could not readily find one.

Then I fired a shot, and heard a reply way behind me. I thought to myself that some other of the party had become lost, and as misery likes company, I concluded I would look him up, which I proceeded to do with all dispatch.

After climbing a few more ridges I again called, and was answered. Finally getting a view of the lake, it appeared to me that the lake was in the wrong place, but I was satisfied to get back.

After getting out on the lake I located a big pine that I had come to in my wanderings, and concluded that instead of having the little lake on my left in the first place, I was then past it. My continually steering to the left would soon have brought me out to Lac Barrier. The day was cloudy, I had no compass and got turned round.

The next day we were going to put in the dogs near the Southeast Bay of Lac Chapleau, running toward Lac Noir, and another unnamed lake that empties into Lac Noir.

We left three on runways near Lac Noir, the rest of us getting across quite a large brook on a log. The guide was leading; I was the last. After we had passed the brook a piece, the guide suddenly turned round, saying one should remain there. As I was the last one, I dropped out. I gathered some gum on a convenient spruce tree and then looked around to find a proper stand. I finally found a place about a hundred feet from the brook, crouched down near a big log and awaited developments. I had been there about ten minutes, the guide still going on placing the rest of the party, when I hear a squirrel signal that something unusual was transpiring behind me. I looked around cautiously, and was considerably surprised to find a deer looking me up. He ran down by me, stopped within 30 or 40 feet, where I drew bead on him, and remembering that on short distance one is likely to overshoot, I drew fine behind the shoulder and fired. He immediately turned on his back tracks, ran about 50 feet and stopped again, offering only a small neck or paunch shot. I accepted the neck and missed. He ran another 50 feet, offering again practically the same shot. This time I tried the paunch as far forward as he would allow, but he ran another 50 feet or so on to the top of a hill under some spruce, offering only his rump. As the tail was down I could hardly get a bead; in fact, after getting on the bullseye, had to look over to be sure it was the deer and not a log. On the last run he had the tail down, so I knew he was hit; in fact, I thought I had hit him all three times, but although I thought I had a fine bead on him, the fourth shot simply set him running again. After waiting ten minutes I, like Truax, started to find where my bullets had gone, but could not find them, although subsequently some of the boys found where one had gone through a 6-inch balsam.

Finally I arrived where he last stood and heard him run again, but did not see him. Picking up his tracks I soon found blood. Another 50 yards I found where he had been standing. There was a great splotch of blood showing frothy. I followed on by the blood until I came to a big log covered with moss, which point seemed to be the converging point of a number of runways, and there lost the trail, as there were several fresh tracks there.

When the other boys came up, although I had been searching diligently for nearly an hour, they joined me. Lefebvre finally picking up the trail beyond the log. That was followed within 50 yards of the lake in swampy ground and again lost. I stepped to the shore and took a look out, but could not see him. We had practically given up the search, so I hailed the boat, about 300 yards away, to come after us. When it pulled up to the shore I stepped in, and glancing near the shore discovered my young buck within 10 feet of the boat.

On examination we found that the first shot had taken effect behind the shoulder low down, piercing the liver. The third had passed through the paunch. The other two were misses.

After lunch we were to try the point again where Truax and Beaulne got theirs. We spread out about as before, only I went across the valley to some evergreen timber, and there sat down for one hour. Sol was on the ridge across the valley from me. I was dozing when I heard a shot from his direction, which momentarily put me on the qui vive, but noticing a raven making quick tracks over Sol's head, saying "Quart! Quart!" or "Pork! Pork!" I concluded he had been firing at it. Beaulne was just a little ways from Sol when the shot was fired. Sol says Beaulne was asleep, which Beaulne denies. However, Beaulne saw Sol telling him that Meyer had fired a shot, but he was sure Meyer did not get the deer, as he now had buck fever, the proof being that when with Lefebvre he had chances at two deer that he missed. The day before he had fired at another at close range, but missed. He now felt satisfied that Meyer had the fever so strong that he could not shoot another. Sol said: "That raven was coming along over the trees; suddenly she stop; she smell gunpowder or something, but I shoot on her, when she got away, saying 'Pork! Pork!'"

In the meantime I thought I would go over my ridge, work down a bit on the still-hunt, then work back, and possibly drive a deer up. I started in very cautiously, probably taking fifteen minutes to cover a hundred yards, not making the slightest noise.

I noticed a windfall ahead, scanned it over very carefully, but could not see anything. I had not taken ten steps when I heard a crack. Looking quickly I saw the white flag going over the fallen tree to my left. From past experience I concluded that it was no use to follow a deer on her tracks, so made a detour. After going very slowly another hundred yards, where I could look down the valley, I thought I could see her standing about 250 yards away. Not being sure, I went a little further, took another look, but thought even then possibly it was one of my companions sitting down near the big tree. Going still further where I had a bit better view, I saw her raise her flag. I knelt down, raised the sights two notches, took careful aim and fired. She jumped, ran in a bit of a circle rather toward me, then swung down over the ridge toward a swale. I was cool as far as any tremble was concerned, but my blood was tingling in my veins, my face burning, and I am sure was redder than it was the first time I kissed a girl, playing forfeits. Slowly, noiselessly and almost breathlessly I made another detour, carefully scanning every object, but could not see her. Suddenly she whistled three times quickly, paused an instant, then whistled once more. I could just distinguish a part of her rump, showing a bit of white streak. She was, I estimated, about 125 yards, so lowering my sights to point blank, I took careful aim, and although I was tingling with excitement, my blood seemed burning in my veins, yet in drawing a fine bead the rifle was as steady as if I was shooting at a mark. On the report of the rifle she made a tremendous jump, ran over the ridge and disappeared. The guide was even then calling for me nearly half a mile away, but I paid no attention. Carefully going down to where she had been standing when I fired, I found three chunks of white hair with flesh adhering, also a piece of flesh about an inch long and half an inch wide on a leaf, while all around showed considerable white hair. Carefully picking up the tracks, I followed, finding a little blood at each jump. During all this time the guide was calling. It took me about twenty minutes' careful tracking to arrive on top of a ridge, from which point I carefully scanned the dense swale below me, but could not discover anything. While standing there, scarcely breathing, I heard her whistle several times below me, but the bushes were so dense I could not make her out. Suddenly I saw her running. She appeared to be quite strong, and as she disappeared I fired a parting shot and retraced my steps to the boat. I came to the conclusion that I had hit her on the downward shot just at the end of the tail, the bullet cutting off the small pieces of it, or white hair just under the flank, taking the piece of flesh and making only a flesh wound. I think I underestimated the distance—drew too fine. Had I raised my sights one notch I am satisfied she would have been my meat. I came to the conclusion, however, that while shooting deer before the dogs, or in the water, or ordinary still-hunting might be classed as sport, none of them held a candle to deer stalking, and hope next season to be able to try it again.

This gave to date seven deer for the party of eleven.

On the morrow we started for home, intending to hunt Cote à Beaulne and Laperle on the way out. It was a five-mile walk to Cote à Beaulne. At Lac Desert we picked up Lefebvre, Sol, Al, Meyer and Burns, who had been at a wedding and dance the night before. They had danced in a little log hut until 2 in the morning, then walked a mile over the mountain to Lefebvre's barn, where they had slept in the hay. They claimed they had had a great time. Meyer had a split lip which Sol claimed he received when trying to kiss the bride, but Meyer says that when dancing Sol acted like a jumping jack, that during one of the dances when the fun was fast and furious, Sol bobbed up serenely in an unexpected quarter, his head striking Meyer fairly on the mouth, thus splitting his lip. Be that as it may, they claimed the rest of us had missed a lot of fun.

Striking in behind Beaulne's barn, we spread ourselves over the runways, I going the furthest, being near Lac Desert. After waiting nearly an hour we heard the dogs coming rapidly along. I heard two or three shots; shortly after heard them talking, some one asking for a knife. I went down and found that MacFarlane had at last got his deer, making a nice standing shot, hitting her just above the brisket, face toward him, and dropping her in her tracks. While congratulating him, we heard the dogs again, instantly spreading ourselves, but no one got a shot, although Sol said he once had a deer covered, but did not pull soon enough.

Leaving Al and Burns to look after the deer, the rest of us started on our tramp to Labelle. It was raining hard. The roads were heavy, walking being a real hardship. When we arrived at Laperle there was not enough grit left in any of us to stop and hunt there, so we plodded on.

Beaulne and Papa has gone ahead with a two-wheeled rig and most of the baggage, while another rig with the lunch and some of the deer had also gone. The lunch was to have been left at Dr. Brisson's; but when we arrived there, wet, weary and forlorn, there was no lunch, as this party asked them if the "chasseurs" had passed. Supposing Beaulne and Papa were meant, they said "Yes," so the lunch had been taken on to Labelle. However, we had some bread and milk there, and as I had a blister the size of a postage stamp on one of my heels, I arranged for a rig to take three of us in.

The others started to finish the sixteen-mile walk, but happily when Beaulne learned that the lunch had come right through he sent a large team to meet us, in which we all embarked, sending back the small rig to pick up Al and Burns.

We all arrived at Nantel's Hotel about 6 P. M., very tired, very wet, and most of us very hungry.

Early the next morning we took the train for home. Meyer gave his doe to Lefebvre and I gave my young buck to Burns, so that nine out of our party of eleven each had a deer.

At home venison was distributed among our friends, some of whom were sarcastic enough to ask if we had bought it. Others kindly thanked us, at the same time saying it was the sweetest venison they had ever eaten.

On the whole, although we had a number of rainy, disagreeable days, we were thoroughly satisfied with the trip, which no doubt will be long remembered by us all.

A Montreal daily paper had published a report that a party of four—three English and one French—had been drowned up North on the Red River. Some lover of sensationalism coupled our names with this report, the result being that the day previous to our arrival people were lamenting our early demise, while other unpityingly said that it served us right for being so foolish as to go hunting.

No accident befell any of our party, but we all came back much healthier than we left. One and all, I have no doubt, will be glad to repeat the experience next year.

J. Bruce Payne.

Another Pet Deer.

Some things have been written lately about deer in general and pet deer in particular. All beasts of the field have been tamed of mankind, but none, in my opinion, offers a more interesting study than the deer. For a century it has been the noblest game obtainable over a great part of the United States, and with its related species over the whole world. Its habits and great reproductive powers, aided in some degree by laws, have prevented its extermination.

The poet has written of the beauteous eye of the gazelle. The form and movement of the deer has been a synonym of grace in all generations of writers. I once reared a young doe, and I heartily accord with all that has been written concerning the beauty of the deer and the real affection with which it regards those in whom it places its confidence. I do not even now believe I would find it in my heart to shoot a female deer, even for food; and I am quite sure I would find no pleasure in it.

In the matter of preserving and increasing the number of deer in our forests, there is a fatal dereliction regarding the slaughter of does and fawns indiscriminately and on every occasion. It is a matter of which our game laws take no note, in most States, and perhaps in all. I believe that therein—with proper enforcement of the present laws, or even without other law—lies the secret of the preservation of the deer. Of course the necessity of this has long been recognized on the other side of the Atlantic, but it may be it will only be recognized here when, like them, only the wealthy and aristocratic may engage in hunting at all.

Personally I am opposed to hounding, as being destructive of the quiet in which deer thrive, to say nothing of the number killed aside from still-hunting; but I am free to admit that many business and professional men of city and country would never see a deer under present conditions unless the hounds brought it in. They have not many days to go hunting, and the elderly, portly gentlemen who have amassed sufficient wealth to go hunting can never compete with the lean and tireless mountaineer in a hill-climbing, still-hunting expedition.

Still, hounding might be endured under restrictions, if there was less pot-hunting of young does and fawns. Surely the life of such a beautiful creature is more than meat. It would be refreshing to hear of a single instance of mercy being shown, and the guilty man would probably feel a delicacy in confessing to such weakness.

My elder brother and I picked up a fawn in the woods while on a berrying expedition in strawberry time. She grew and thrived, never being subjected to injurious handling—she always objected to being touched by any one but myself—and was as large and perfectly developed as a deer in its natural state. This is unusual in domesticated deer, and was often the subject for comment among old hunters who had seen deer, wild and tame. She jumped fences for amusement, and rather enjoyed a short run before the hounds, which she easily distanced for a mile or two, and would make straight for home as a house of refuge. The house dog was her friend and protector, and the two would lie near together for hours.

I remember with what delight I discovered she would follow my trail. It was the first time she had leaped the yard fence. I had gone to look at my line of traps and returned to find her gone. She had followed my trail into the woods. Returning, I found her tracks in a soft place. After that she was never confined, and I frequently tested her trailing powers. From some elevated point I would watch her galloping on the trail head to the ground for a few steps, then running on a hot scent, following every winding of my path, made perhaps an hour before.

When she came to where I was she would express satisfaction in the meeting by standing near to be caressed and then selecting a place near by with great care to lie down, unless I moved on, when she would follow at heel as faithfully as a dog.

No animal of so light a frame can compare with the deer for strength and poise. They are built for speed, like the racing yachts, and there is no question that in speeding like an arrow through woods they surpass all their kind.

My first photographic attempt was a picture of this deer as she lay on the shady side of the house on a warm day in early spring, all four legs sprawled out in a way that in any animal but a deer would be ungraceful, but a position I thought was particularly fetching. I have a faded print of that picture yet—it was never clear cut—but the dim outline serves to fix in mind a happy companionship.

The eccentricities of pet deer are found to be annoying to all but the one person who stands between the pet and the outraged neighbor who would deal summary vengeance for the wreck of kitchen garden or flower bed. Out of fondness for the creature, he soothes his friend and repairs the damage if possible; but the deer can never be taught to respect property rights.

We have yet to hear of a tame deer that lived out its days in peace. In its natural wild state every man's hand is against it; domesticated, its chances for survival are small. Only the wealthy could give adequate protection to a favored pet of the deer kind.

As remarked before, it is only when reared in his bosom, as the Arab's steed in his tent, there is a bond of affection between man and the beast only second to the human affection.

About a year after I had parted with it I heard that it was being mistreated by being confined in a pen, and I rode a dozen miles one day to rescue it at any cost. I knew she would follow me home. The poor creature had been removed in a wagon fifteen miles from home, and had returned in the general direction to within six miles in an air line, but had attached herself to a farmhouse as headquarters in her wanderings. She was gradually working out the problem of where her home and friends were, as I believed then and still believe. I have tolerably authentic information that she was shot by a hunter when not more than two miles from home, although I never saw her after I started to school in the fall more than a year before.

The day I went to find her I saw the place where the deer had been penned, and it was a sorrowful sight to me. She had walked round and round a narrow inclosure until a deep trench had been worn. But she had been released from this confinement—to a creature of a deer's spirit worse than death—and that day could not be found about the place. I never saw her afterward. Pity for her sad fate serves to keep in memory this beautiful and devoted creature, and the wish is framed in my mind that men would seek less to destroy the innocent, defenseless beings that abound in our fields and forests. To me it is more pleasure to see wild creatures disporting under the greedwood tree than the savage delight of laying them lifeless. The woods that afford pleasure to the lover of nature would be barren indeed without the charming animal life that abounds so freely where man has extended his dominion least.

Finally, it is but just and right to have regard for the rights of every living thing; and as man is given dominion over the creatures he should temper his power with justice and mercy.

"Who knoweth the spirit of a man that goeth upward or the spirit of a beast that goeth downward to the earth?" NORMAN PRICE.

MARLINTON, W. Va.

New Hampshire Birds and the Boston Market.

HUDSON CENTER, N. H., Nov. 4.—The bird shooting (especially the grouse) has not been what was expected up to the present time. Large bevies were reported as late as Aug. 1 from every section of the State, but from Sept. 15 (our opening day) up to the time of writing we can learn of no large bags being taken.

We regret to say that there has been more complaints of snaring in the southern part of the State than for years. A number of parties have been convicted and fined heavily, fines being paid and prison sentences suspended during good behavior. The cause for this increase in snaring, in our opinion, is the high price paid for grouse in the Boston market, $2 per pair, which is the highest price we have ever known to be paid for them. One of these parties arrested and being convicted after paying his fine, said "That he set snares enough in one day in '97, so that when he went to them the next day he took from them seventeen grouse."

One of the most difficult measures we have to guard against during the session of our Legislature is to keep a snaring bill off our statute books. We think that if Mr. Kinney, of Worcester, Mass., would take into consideration the fact that they allow them to snare in Massachusetts, and as I understand give the right to others, he would agree with me that this, with an open market, is the reason of the decrease of game in both Massachusetts and New Hampshire. We are at the present time more strongly of the opinion than ever before that if the sale of game is not stopped it will be but a short time when there will be very few game birds to be protected. N. W.

Bird Notes from Massachusetts.

WORTHINGTON, Mass., Nov. 6.—I never saw birds as scarce as they are this year. I have shot but four grouse, and all the gunners say the same, that they find but few birds. We do not find our best woodcock covers along the rivers, but on high ground among alders that have a few springs in them. I have never found many woodcock in July, but have always found them and their nests on high, dry ground.

I saw an article in FOREST AND STREAM a few months ago about night hawks, and in it was one thing that surprised me very much; it was that the night hawk "always has its nest on flat rocks" (or something like this; I have not the paper at hand). Now when a boy I found hundreds of their nests, and never found one on a rock or stone, but always found them among the cobble or flint stones washed out of the river, as we have them along our rivers. A. C. S.

[Observations made in the Laurentides and among the Hampshire Hills in Massachusetts and in the Green Mountain range usually discover the nesting places of the night hawks on the gray rocks. Practically there were no nests, the eggs being dropped on the bare surface. But the beds of old moraines or bars in rivers afford nesting places equally secure from notice, the eggs being scarcely distinguishable from pebbles.—ED.]

Stuck to Post with Hand Shot Off.

ALTOONA, Pa., Nov. 3.—Fainting from loss of blood and in terrible pain, Telegraph Operator Howard Lowman stuck to his post for six hours to-day at Garway Station, which is at a lonely spot on the mountain. Lowman had fired at a squirrel and his gun burst. He telegraphed to the superintendent: "Left hand shot off; relieve as soon as possible." Asked if he could hold out to take care of trains until afternoon, Lowman replied that he would stick to his post until relief came. When a train reached Garway the crew found Lowman half-conscious.—New York World.

The New York League.

As the date for the annual meeting of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League is approaching, we wish to urge upon all clubs, associations and organizations within this State who are interested in the protection and preservation of our fish, game and forests, who are not already enrolled in the league, the great desirability of joining hands with us in order to secure yet more united effort in the attainment of these objects. The initiation fee of $5, including, as it does, the dues for the year commencing on the first Thursday after the first Monday in December, when our annual meeting takes place, gives to each club of fifty members or less the privilege of sending two delegates to the annual meeting, and where the membership is over fifty one additional delegate is allowed for each additional fifty members or fratcion thereof.

At present the game laws of our State, while by no means perfect, are in very much better shape than they were a few years ago, and we claim with reason that the league has had a most decided influence in helping to bring about this improved condition.

The constant tinkering by the Legislature with the game laws is, however, a serious menace to fish and game protection. Bills are constantly being introduced which, aiming to grant exceptional privileges to certain localities, create a general feeling of distrust and seriously interfere with the enforcement of good measures.

The careful weighing of the merits or faults of proposed game legislation by the persons most interested, the indorsement of what is deemed desirable and the opposition to what is deemed objectionable, is, after the election of officers for the ensuing year, the main business that comes before our annual meeting, and after the adjournment of the said meeting our legislative and law committee keeps careful watch of all proposed legislation affecting the game laws. Applications for membership should be made to the secretary, who will furnish blanks and information. ROBT. B. LAWRENCE, Prest.

ERNEST G. GOULD, Sec'y.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y.

In New England.

BOSTON, Nov. 11.—The late flight of woodcock along the Massachusetts coast towns has been better for the gunners than usual. Not all have taken note of the fact that the weather has been unusually fine and warm for several days; just the weather to cause the "flight birds" to linger. Some good bags have been made, however. Mr. W. H. Reed was out election day, and found that others had also cared more for trying the woodcock than voting. He got one very fine bird. His hunting companion got two, while the day before he got three. Mr. R. L. Jones, out the same day, bagged three birds, and Mr. P. T. Murphy got four. This they all consider good shooting on fall flight woodcock. Partridges they started in fair numbers, but the best dogs in the world cannot approach them so as to give the gunners a shot. They are off before the dogs get near enough for the gunner to catch more than a fleeting glimpse. Gunners say that they grow more and more wary each year.

Maine hunters continue to return with glowing accounts of deer and moose met and slain. Now and then a big black bear is brought home to Boston. One was sent to Clinton Market the other day, said to have been taken by a hunter from this State. The salesman had a chance to let it, to hang up in front of a market, for $1 a day, but preferred to sell it for $30.

Messrs. F. E. Whiting and W. H. Woods, of the Boston Herald Company, are just out of the Maine woods from a successful deer hunting trip. They went to Jo Merry Lake, and found deer very plenty, but still running mostly to does. They tried for bucks, but had to be satisfied with a couple of does each.

Still no traces of the missing hunter Knight, lost in the woods off from Bemis, Me., have been found. A posse of searchers, to the number of 500 or 600, was raised in the towns and cites below, and forwarded by train last Sunday. Though forming in line and marching over every rod of ground, no traces could be found. Another searching party is to hunt to-morrow, while a number of experienced guides are searching the woods individually every day. Men well acquainted with the woods in that part of the country say that there is little chance that he will ever be found alive. They believe that he has been injured in some manner, and died either from his injuries or hunger and exposure. It is also suggested that the falling leaves may have covered his body to the extent that searchers would not see it unless actually stumbling over it.

BOSTON, Nov. 13.—Shore shooting at the best points along the Massachusetts coast is improving. Black duck are coming into the creeks and inlets and the gunners are making some good bags. At Chatham better shooting is reported, with good shooting at Monomoy. Coot shooting is beginning at both these resorts, as well as at Annisquam, Plum Island and all the points along the north shore. Old and experienced gunners expect this sport to be at its height within a week.

Gunners who go to Maine have been holding back of late, waiting for snow. Fallen leaves and dry weather have made the hunting of deer very hard for a couple of weeks, with the result that fewer deer have been taken, according to Bangor and other game shipping point reports. It is even stated the month of November thus far is behind a year ago in the amount of game shipped out of the State, though October was considerably ahead. Snow, which is at hand already in some sections of that State, is expected to change this, however. Still, over thirty Boston hunters have brought deer out of Maine, via Bangor, the past week, with fully as many more to the credit of sportsmen living outside of Boston. To these numbers may be added as many more deer brought out from other sections of Maine. Among the number of hunters several ladies are noted, with deer to their credit.

After a close time of ten years, Waldo county, Me., has been thrown open to the hunting of deer during the month of October. In that time it is stated that about fifty deer were killed. It is also understood that the same month will be open to deer hunting next year, although it is in the power of the Fish and Game Commissioners to prevent hunting there, if they believe that the supply of deer is endangered.

I. N. Goldsmith, of Boston, has returned from a hunting trip to Cedar Lake, Aroostook county, with two deer. He was accompanied by W. I. Wood, of Portland, and Mr. Germaine, of Fisherville, Mass. Both got two deer.

Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston, will start the 20th on a second trip after Canadian big-game specimens for the Paris Exhibition. He will be accompanied on this trip by W. S. Hinman and C. C. Williams, both of this city. Dr. Bishop's object is to add to the beautiful specimens he secured on his first trip, early in the season; the horns then being generally in the velvet. This trip will be for fine specimens with fully developed antlers. His permit from the Canadian Government allows him to take game for the Paris Exhibition at all seasons. He designs to lay out the exhibit there in the form of a forest, with the mounted specimens placed in the most natural manner.

SPECIAL.

The Adirondack's Northern Slope.

"VERY well, John, we will visit you about Oct. 20 if all goes well, and we thank you very much for the kind invitation."

Thus began our annual preparation for a hunt and rest in the Adirondacks, as John invited us to spend our vacation with him at a camp where he employed some fifty Frenchmen cutting pulp wood on contract. The 20th came very slowly, but at last it did come, and we boarded a train of the narrow gauge Chateaugay Railroad at Lyon Mountain, and after a slow ride of about thirty miles greeted John at Peet's Camp.

My chum being well acquainted with this section of the woods and with the choppers, I was at once "made acquainted" and ushered into the long log cabin, where the pipes I had brought with me were given out and a general smoke was indulged in. In an hour we were ushered into an adjoining camp, called the "hash" camp, where a rude table with seating capacity for twenty-five stood literally loaded with hearty food—baked beans in tin plates, boiled potatoes in the "jacket," fried pork, stewed venison, roast partridge, bread and butter, cakes and relishes.

After supper we again retired to Camp "Smoke," where the evening was spent in story telling, playing "chips" and smoking.

The next morning Old Sol came beaming over the mountain tops, starting Jack Frost from the valleys in the shape of banks of mist, a sure indication of a perfect day in the woods. After loading our game bags with lunch we started on our first day's hunt. We fairly crept up the mountain side among the beautiful virgin forest trees, down valleys, across ravines, coming to deer tracks occasionally and frequently flushing a partridge to keep our circulation good.

Is it true with all hunters that when they are hunting for deer plenty of small game is flushed, and vice versa? This has been my experience. When hunting for deer there seemed to be a quantity of birds because you did not want to shoot them. Thus we spent the forenoon without even starting a deer, to our knowledge. So, resolved to pick what birds we could rather than go to camp empty handed, we succeeded in bagging ten nice plump partridges and also in working up a most ravenous appetite for supper.

The next was another beautiful day—so still a shot could be heard to echo and re-echo from hillside to valley, the extreme quietness broken only by an occasional chatter of the squirrel or shrill yell of the bluejay. This morning we again started early and went in the opposite direction from the day before. We had gone scarcely a mile up the side of a steep mountain when, on looking across a deep ravine, what was our agreeable surprise to see five nice plump deer busily engaged in picking their breakfast from a clump of raspberry bushes. My chum singled out the one he was going to try for and I leveled on the next in size. After a whispered "One, two, three," away went our bullets and away went some of the deer. Only three went far, however, and I am not quite sure but they are going yet. The other two stayed. Mine dropped in his tracks with a bullet in his heart and his companion floundered about with both shoulders broken. Another bullet put an end to his misery and also satisfied our desire for deer this season, we both having resolved five years previous to shoot only one deer each per season under any circumstances.

Twelve o'clock found us in camp with our game, thanks to John and another good man. After dinner we went out for birds and succeeded in bringing home four more partridges and a few ducks.

It is a lamentable fact that hounding on the northern slope of the Adirondacks is still indulged in—in fact, only one day of the ten we spent in the woods passed without the barking of a hound, and some days two or three were heard. Is there no way to stop this unlawful slaughter to deer?

There seems to be a general impression among sporting gentlemen that the poorer class do not care how soon game in the Adirondacks becomes extinct, or they would not violate the law so much. This is not true, however. The poorer class—those who have homes in the vicinity of the mountains, who are industrious and in every way worthy citizens—mourn the loss of deer more than any one else. It is the "tough" hunter who is too lazy to work for a living and who has come to think the woods are his own, who does the slaughtering, without regard to man or his law. Is there no way our game warden can put these fellows to flight? Has he constables enough, or what is the matter with our wood detectives?

Being a native of the Adirondacks, I am sure I am not alone in feeling as I do, but that I voice the desires of many. G. W. HILLIKER.

Adirondack Deer Hounding.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just read the letter written by a friend of Game Protector Beede, which was called out by my communication to FOREST AND STREAM three weeks back, and note the threat contained therein to have me subpœnaed to furnish evidence because I have over my name dared to call attention to the way the hounding law has been evaded in Essex county. If Mr. Beede avails himself of this

club he will not get any evidence that will convict, for the simple reason that my trips to the deer territory have been for purposes of recreation and not to secure evidence of illegal hounding, and that I have taken good care to give the men who were using dogs as wide a birth as possible. I am perfectly willing to pass Mr. Beede's statement that my knowledge is nothing more than rumors and hearsay, and let the matter rest on the letter of his spokesman, who, while he admits the fact of hounding, only produces evidence of two arrests which are specifically stated to be for this cause, both made since the publication of my letter.

J. B. BURNHAM.

P. S.—Lest my letter be misconstrued I want to state that I believe at the present time Beede is doing good work. The fact that he has at last made arrests at Mud Pond is evidence of this. As I said before, game protectors have everything to contend with, and particularly because of the strong public sentiment in favor of hounding which exists throughout the Adirondacks. Beede is an expert woodsman, and is capable of making his territory a model one in the observance of the game laws, and I trust we will now see this end accomplished.

Seasonable Hints.

IT is a good thing to remember that moccasins, and particularly oil-tanned moccasins, burn very easily, if they are hung too near the fire when drying. A comparatively low temperature will take the life from buckskin or leather and render the footgear useless.

Men who have walked the city streets in shoe leather cannot very easily accommodate their feet to moccasins, and frozen ground soon makes shore feet. A good plan under any circumstances is to take along cork insoles or insoles cut from leather, or even from the leg of an old rubber boot. It is better to wear insoles than to be obliged to go back to heavy shoes, which are necessarily noisy in the woods.

A friend tells me that a cure for toothache which has answered in his case is to soak a rag in whisky and place it in the ear on the side effected. The effect is stimulating to the nerves and lessens the pain.

J. B. B.

North Carolina Quail.

KITTRELL, N. C., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Nov. 6 Mr. G. A. Fales, of Boston, Mass., and Mr. A. F. Adams, of Newton, Mass., started seventeen coveys of quail in their day's tramp. They stayed in the field until 3:30 P. M., when their cartridges gave out, and then returned to the house with a bag of forty birds—all quail.

On Nov. 7 they again started out, well supplied with ammunition, and returned this time with a bag of sixty-one quail, having started twenty bevies during the day.

There are more quail here than ever this year, and also large numbers of wild turkeys.

The weather is delightful, being cool and clear.

DE FOREST & BUNCE.

Vermont Game League.

THE annual meeting of the Vermont Fish and Game League was held at Burlington on Wednesday evening of last week.

Then and Now.

I wish I had been grandpa's child,
That I could have had the joy
Of fishing in those good old days
When father was a boy.
For then the fish grew bigger far
Than they do nowadays,
And literally packed the streams—
At least, so father says.

They never caught a sucker then
That didn't weigh a ton,
And pickerel were longer than
A modern Armstrong gun.
They used to yank out halibut
In hundreds from our bays,
And chad ran up the banks to bite—
At least, so father says.

They never thought of using bait
To lure the wily trout;
They reached a bushel basket down
And simply yanked them out.
And in about an hour or two
They'd fill up several drays,
And show them through the neighborhood—
At least, so father says.

In short, they caught so many fish
That 'fore their sport was through,
The stream where they were fishing would
Go down a yard or two.
And not an angler failed to come
Home loaded in those days—
A habit father still pursues—
At least, so mother says.

—Cornish Telegraph.

In Pine Tree's Country.

WITH much interest I have read the communication and narratives of Pine Tree; much more interesting to me because I have hunted over most of the territory described by him, and now know why the Bloody Brook is called by its gruesome name. Many a nice woodcock have I shot on Cowle's meadow swamp, partridges in the large tract of forest between Northampton and North Hatfield, wood ducks on the romantic Mill River, and foxes in the meadows along the Connecticut.

C. F. B.

FIVE memberships in a fully equipped game club in the Province of Quebec, within easy access of New York city, can be obtained by the right kind of sportsmen. Moose, deer and partridge hunting. Trout, bass, pike and pickerel fishing. For particulars address A. I., FOREST AND STREAM.—*Adv.*

DON'T SHOOT
until you SEE your deer—and see
that it is a deer and not a man.

Sea and River Fishing.

Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

The Close of the Season.

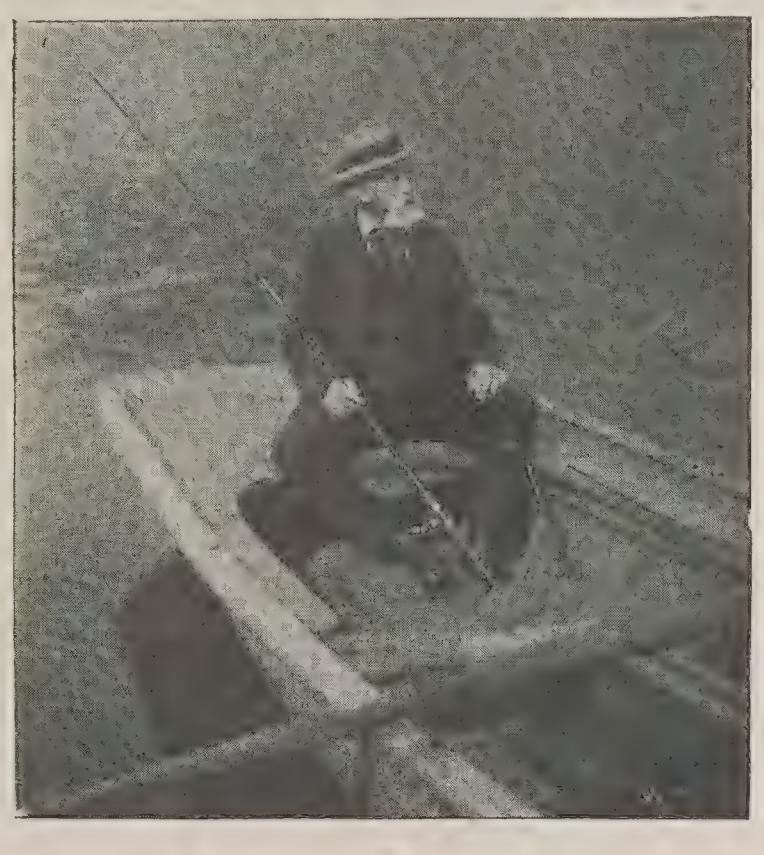
IT is time to put away the fly-rods. The water has chilled with the early frosts; the flies have disappeared off the face of the water; the moss beds where the bass hid are decaying masses of slime, and worse still the fall rains have muddied the streams past any hope of fly water till winter is with us; the bass are huddling to headwaters for winter quarters. So the flies have been packed way, fly-rods put up save those destined for the repair shop, and lines overhauled for their winter rest.

Wild stories of seventy-two mallards and 180 ortolan to two guns on the Patuxent, only a few miles down the Potomac—birds blown in by the late coast gale—gets in emergency orders for shells, and the hammerless is tenderly wiped and oiled in anticipation of future game dinners.

Not that fish may not be taken yet in these waters; that may be done with bait and sometimes with a spoon scraping the bottom as late as December, depending on weather, but to one who cares only for surface fishing the season is over.

But when it is learned that veteran author and angler Charles Hallock is in the city—the father of FOREST AND STREAM—the privilege of a day with him outweighs all objections to bait, and he was persuaded to go down to Occoquan Falls to see what the Fish Commission had done for the lower Potomac.

Then came the question of bait, always more serious than the actual labor of fishing. Neither mad toms nor branch chub nor goldfish were to be had; only gudgeons and pike smelt, and the latter were too small. There was



CHARLES HALLOCK ON THE POTOMAC.
Photo by Henry Talbott.

nothing left for it but the gudgeon or smelt, as they are called here. They are one of the best live baits, but soft. Their scales are put on with mucilage, and a poor quality at that, and they will not stand casting.

Three buckets of these were obtained—beautiful silvery fellows 5 and 6 inches long—and a depot porter was bribed to ice them. When we had ridden thirty miles by train and three by wagon they were still in first rate condition. But trouble was ahead. We dared not trust them in the river over night, for only an evening or two before enterprising boys had looted a minnow box and left the hopeless fisherman baitless. It is a temptation, for minnows are scarce here and hard to get. We borrowed a tub, brought it into the hotel kitchen and filled it with water from the well. The tub was clean, the water about the same temperature as that in the buckets, but very hard. The smelt were carefully put in this and seemed to enjoy their enlargement. At bedtime none were dead, though three or four were swimming on their backs, but we could not have expected less. The next morning two-thirds were dead as the proverbial herring, and another vow was registered to leave bait fishing to those who knew more about it, though Taylor, from whom we secured our gudgeons, sometimes loses half his catch between the net and the livebox. The bruising in the net, or crowding in the can, or simply picking them up, seems to be fatal; they will stand neither travel nor handling. But they are bright and silvery on the hook and will always be a popular bait when they can be saved. Well water is not always fatal, but this is hard and is possibly less aerated than may be necessary.

We had slept well, for our talk had been exhausted over the cigars by the fireside. Only those who have had the privilege can appreciate the delight of listening to reminiscences like Mr. Hallock's, extending as they do over nearly half a century, and so much of the continent from Florida to Alaska, when waters were virgin and the forests almost untracked. We caught trout in the Nepigon and ouananiche in the St. John; traveled from the Rangeleys to the Yukon, and always, whether in forest or by stream, upon the map of memory each place was marked by its own peculiar fin or fur or feather. Mr. Hallock may well be considered the dean of our craft, and his acquaintance covers nearly all the noted anglers since the fifties who have fished in American waters. Notwithstanding his devotion to the chase, and its lovers, he makes of it no "pent-up Utica." For several years he has been engaged in researches upon the ancestry of our aborigines, that puzzle picture whose many blanks increase the difficulties, but add to the interest, in permitting excursions into that dreamland of conjecture where the most practical sometimes love to revel.

It is worthy of note how the habit of observation grows on one, and developed in one direction unexpectedly affects our relations with our whole surroundings. Training the eye to note the slightest evidence of organic remains in the shingle of a creek bed, may lead the palæontologist to a facility in the detection of four-leaf clovers that deceives the unappreciative into the false notion of intentional indulgence in a childish and useless pastime, when in reality it is but the accident of a habit of noticing small differences. We waked from our first nap with a commotion among the chickens, which we had seen earlier in the evening, and appetite had marked them for our own; now visions of a barmecidal feast of shadows for the morrow disturbed us, but it was only a family quarrel and soon subsided. Expecting comment on the homely incident, it was a little startling to hear only "Pretty eyes." The inspiration for the observation had been earlier in evidence and there was no room for argument. He had seen a four-leaf clover. When we waked again it was time for breakfast.

A hundred yards from the hotel we take a boat. The water is cloudy and a dense fog is on the little river, but we cross and try at the foot of the Palisades opposite.

Mr. Hallock catches the first bass, as he should, but we do not find many below, and later on move up past the old water mill toward the foot of the falls. Here a surprise awaits us. It is the middle of the week and few fishermen are expected save on Sunday; but the morning train has brought a load, and from every rock there sprouts a rod. There were nearly three dozen anglers, native and imported, and all were getting good strings. Once we saw in a little eddy four bobs within a square yard.

There was no question of the great plenty of bass here nor of the popularity of the sport or of the resort. Two evenings later there were more than 430 bass on the porch of the hotel for the day's catch, and not all the bass caught come to the hotel. This is but a single point, and every station along the Virginia shore has yielded surprising quantities of bass this season. In the Maryland runs still more remarkable catches have been made, but these are inaccessible for a single day's fishing.

It is a demonstration of the wonder working results following the efforts of the Fish Commission. Comparatively few of the large-mouthed bass were planted in the tributary runs of the Potomac; at the most a few thousand, and these within the last six or seven years. Some of these were known to be lost, as one lot dumped in this same Occoquan from the 50-foot bridge on a skim of ice by a heedless messenger. But the conditions of this tide water river, with its shallow bays and embouchures of many tributaries, seem to have exactly suited this bass, and particularly the abundance of food, of which he secures a fresh consignment with every tide. So the bass have multiplied and grown as they probably have in no other water in the country.

They have been found above 8 pounds in weight, and as for numbers, more adult bass were taken with hook and line at Occoquan this year than all the yearlings ever put in the river.

And it is not alone the anglers who have benefited by this introduction of the bass, for the net fishermen have taken advantage of the fall run and shipped many barrels of these fish, mostly intercepted at the mouth of small runs. So great a showing has been made this year that it is to be expected a slaughter will be inaugurated in the spring in water so poorly policed as is much of the lower Potomac. It is to be hoped that the great territory and the unlimited food supplies will so far operate to the increase and growth of the bass as to withstand these raids and leave the anglers' stock unimpaired. The coming of the bass has already made a difference in the fishing at well-known points.

At Four-Mile Run, where in the great bay at its mouth it was formerly easy on almost any evening to get a hundred perch and sunfish with small flies, they cannot now be found. That they are not all eaten is apparent, for within a fortnight thousands of inch-long sunfish have been dipped, to stock an artificial pond, but the ancient colonies are deserted. As for perch, on some tides the surface of the pools are alive and noisy with their snapping, but the little coves where they used to feed undisturbed are empty and we have not been able to find them regularly this summer in the shallows where they were wont to be as "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa."

A still more remarkable change has been noted at Choppewamsic. Here the pool had been for years a noted place for jack fishing, and no other fish was caught except perhaps an occasional yellow ned. Three seasons ago we found bass here, but our catches even with the fly were still more than half pickerel (*Reticulatus*), especially at the beginning and close of the season. Some of these were quit large—more than 2 feet in length and weighing above 3 pounds. This year it was all bass from beginning to end. No large pickerel were caught or even seen, and less than an average of one of the small ones taken for each day's fishing.

The bass may not have destroyed the pickerel, but he has crowded the latter out. The carp, too, which were formerly so plenty here, have practically disappeared. Although a 20-pounder occasionally makes his noisy flounder yet, it is but seldom, and the feeding places they once kept muddy are now clear and full of bass.

In warm waters the bass is king. HENRY TALBOTT.

New Hampshire Drought and Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The last season in New Hampshire has been an average one for lake and pond fishing. The brook trout fishing, which ends Aug. 1, has not been so good for years, but the drought has been the severest in the memory of the oldest people. Brooks that have never been dry before have gone dry, killing the trout by thousands and practically depleting many of our best streams.

Our commission is making every effort to take all the spawn possible, and with the two million spawn purchased we intend to give our streams a better stocking than ever before the coming spring. With some of our brooks drying up occasionally and the increased number of fishermen, this is the only way we expect to have trout fishing in New Hampshire. N. W.

The Catching of Micropterus.

BY DR. CHARLES T. MITCHELL.

Inscribed to my fellow anglers.

ANGLING friends, again I greet you,
Greet you with my songs and stories,
Songs and stories of my idlings,
Of my boating and my fishing,
Of my hours of recreation,
Of my moments of reflection.
In this pleasant summer season,
When the days are warm and lengthened,
When the earth is bright and joyous,
And the sky is painted bluest.
In this season of vacation,
When we weary grow of working,
Take a resting spell from labor,
Spend the days in lightsome leisure.
Songs and stories of our lakeshore,
Fragrant with the water's odors,
Sparkling with the love of sporting,
Sung to music of the wavelets,
Keeping time with ripples breaking
O'er the bright and shining pebbles
On the shores of Chosen Water.*
When all Nature beckons, calls us,
Calls us from our business places,
From our homes in heated cities,
From the weary round of fashion,
To the cozy lakeside cottage,
Nestling 'neath the leaves and branches,
'Neath the vine-clad swaying branches
Of the elm trees, graceful bending,
Of the pine trees' cooling shadows.
When the sun is full of brightness
From its rising to its setting,
Filling all the earth with gladness,
Lighting up all dark recesses;
And the dancing lights and shadows
Fall in flecks and gleams upon us,
Through the drooping leafy branches,
As we walk in shaded pathways,
Far along the coving shoreline,
Tramp along the winding roadway,
Up the hillside, down the valley,
Through the glen's romantic archways,
Midst the growing ferns and mosses.
And the sky is often cloudless,
As the full moon sails across it,
Floats in dreamy mood above us,
Casts a silvery sheen about us;
And the moonlight and the starlight
Fall reflected in the water,
As we linger near the margin,
On the sultry summer evenings,
When the air is soft and balmy,
Laden with a sleepy mildness,
Fragrant with the clover blossoms,
With the odor of the grasses;
Tempered by the gentle south wind,
Cooled by frequent summer showers.
When the hills are green with verdure
Of the growing vines and cornfields,
Dotted yellow by the grainfields,
Ripening in the golden sunshine;
And along the country roadsides,
Cloudy with the dust of travel,
All along the old rail fences,
In the most neglected corners,
In the tangle of the forest,
Bloom the wild flowers in profusion,
Striving for the sunny places,
Breathing forth their sweetest perfume,
Filling all the air with fragrance.
Blushing as you look upon them.
When our little friends, the warblers,
Flit in silence through the tree tops,
Busy with their tiny nestlings,
Filling gaping mouths with food stuffs,
Teaching them the art of flying.
And the wild ducks seek the marshes,
Seek the inlet's swampy borders,
For their mating and their nesting;
Where are water lilies blooming,
Where are reeds and rushes growing;
Feed upon the wild rice ripening,
Plume and oil their silken feathers.
When the game birds in the uplands,
In the cover of their choosing,
Bring forth broods of downy fledglings,
Lead them out into the open.
Guard them from the owls and foxes.
When the swallows twitt'ring, flying,
Skim low down above the water,
Circle in their flight while feeding
On the insect life about them,
As the evening's dewy vapors
Gather on the leaves and grasses.
When the fishes from the deep pools
Seek the shallows of the margin,
Where are schools of minnows swimming,
Where are wary crayfish hiding,
Where are luckless insects floating,
Feed and gorge themselves upon them.
When at day's decline the outline
Of the west hill falls in shadow,
And the sun is slowly sinking,
Hiding in the deepest valleys,
Gilding all the sky with crimson,
Tinging all the clouds with golden,
Lighting up the whole horizon
With the grandeur of its painting,
And the hush of twilight deepens,
Deepens all the evening shadows,
Broods in silence all about us,
Soothing all unruly wavelets,
Calming all the undulations,
Beating down the swells that linger,
As if pouring oil upon them.
Then one feels that old-time passion,
Often latent in his bosom,
Since the days of boyhood's playtime,
Childish days long since departed,
Youthful days not yet forgotten,
Welling up with impulse bursting,
All the bonds of habit breaking,
And we yield to Nature's prompting,
Take our rod and go a-fishing,
Spend a little time in casting
With the lightest of fly tackle,
For the gamiest of all fishes,
For the bronze-back Micropterus,
Fiercest fighter of all fishes.
In my boat of pine and oakwood,
From the truest model fashioned,
With responsive oars I row me
Out upon the calm lake surface,
Shimmering in the setting sunshine;
Out a little from the shoreline,
Out beyond the slanting shadows,
Where the bottom, gently sloping,
Sinks abruptly from one's vision,
And the rocks upon the bottom
Seem as floating dimly past you
As you slowly glide above them,
As you silent float beyond them.
In my hand my favorite lancewood,
Trimmed with shining bands of silver,
Bound with silken cord in spaces,
Strength'ning its elastic fibers,
Holding rings through which the line slips.
At the butt the reel is fastened,
Furnished with a clicking movement,
That its music may be cheering,
As the silken line runs through it.
Leader made of gut of silkworm,
Fine as spider's web seen floating
In the sunshine of the autumn,
In the days of Indian summer.
Winged flies from Nature's patterns,
Brightly colored, deftly fashioned,
Like real insects flying,
Buzzing in the drowsy sunshine,
Sporting in the dreamy twilight.
From above the dark'ning water,
Flutt'ring in the breath of evening,
Down upon the trembling surface,
Fell the flies as falls the snowflake,
As a tinted leaf in autumn,
As the thistledown in summer
Falls and floats upon the water.
In a moment, in a twinkling,
As the flies were slowly sinking,
I could feel as something tugging,
Feel the slack line quickly tight'ning,
As the Indian bowstring tightens;
See the bending of the rod tip,
As the Indian bow in shooting,
Like the rainbow after raining,
As the strain increased upon it.
From the tugging and the straining,
I was sure 'twas Micropterus,
Biting at my hook of feathers,
Thinking it some insect floating
In the still transparent water.
With a gentle strike I hooked him,
Gave him line to ease the straining,
And the clicking reel made music
As the line ran swiftly through it.
Rushing wildly to the surface,
In his effort to escape me,
Leaped he straightway far above it,
Leaped with all his force of muscle,
In the fierceness of his struggle;
Then with other tactics strove he
To outwit the angler's cunning,
And obtain his wonted freedom.
But the hook was firmly fastened,
In his bony jaw was buried,
Nor his surging, nor his leaping,
Brought the freedom that he longed for;
But, instead it served to weaken
Both his muscle and his courage,
And in spite of all his gameness,
He must yield to skill and prowess.
Carefully I reeled him toward me,
Keeping taut the line upon him,
Let it neither slack or loosen,
Lest by chance he might escape me.
Through the shallowy depth of water
I could see him slow approaching,
Broken was his warlike spirit,
Weary was he from exertion,
From the tireless strain upon him.
Straight into my net I led him,
Safely in my boat I placed him,
And with quiet exultation,
With a smile of joy and triumph,
Looked with admiration on him;
Praised him for his form and beauty,
Praised him for his gamy tactics,
Gave him all the honor due him,
"Fiercest fighter of all fishes"
In the lovely Chosen Water.

Pratt Cottage, Pearl Beach, Canandaigua, Lake, August, 1899.

*Indian name (in English) for Canandaigua Lake.

New York Fish and Game League Meeting.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., Nov. 7.—To the Officers, Trustees and Directors of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League: You are hereby notified to attend a meeting of the said officers and trustees of the League above named, on the 23d day of November, 1899, at the Yates Hotel, at the city of Syracuse, at 12 o'clock M.

All clubs, associations and organizations within this State organized for the purpose of protection of fish and game and forests are urged to become members of this League, in order to secure united effort in the attainment of these objects. Applications for membership should be in the hands of the secretary (who will furnish blanks and information upon request) on this date. They will, however, be received at any time.

This meeting is called for consideration of introductory and preliminary work of the annual meeting of the League, to be held at the place aforesaid on the 7th day of December, 1899, and for such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

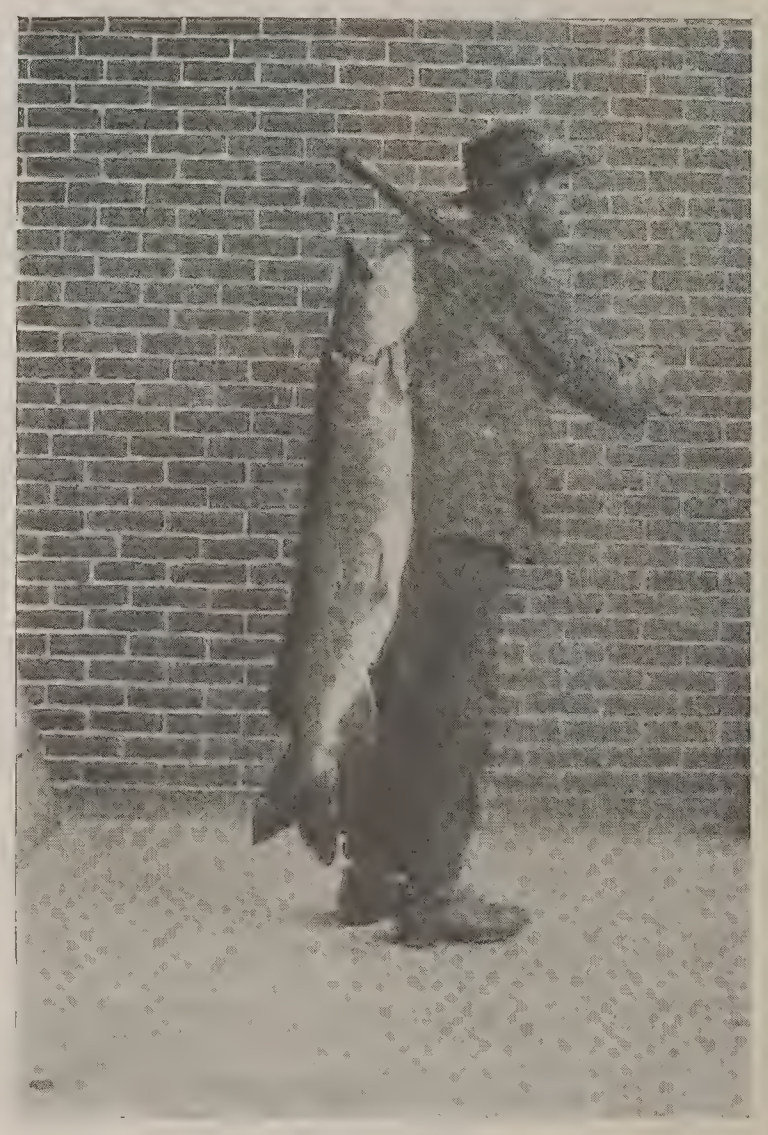
By order of
ROBERT B. LAWRENCE, President.
ERNEST G. GOULD, Secretary.

Muscalonge from Red Lake.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 3.—I mailed you a photograph of a 42½-pound muscalunge that I caught a man carrying through the streets of Theresa day before yesterday. I stopped and took him into a store, had him mount a pair of scales, and found that he tipped the beam at 170½ pounds. Then, after depositing the fish in the window of the post office, I marched the man and stick back to the scales, and found they weighed 128 pounds, which made the fish weigh 42½ pounds. Then I got a tailor's tape line and measured the fish, which was 49 inches long, 23½ inches girth and 11 inches across end of tail.

Mr. Hiram Townsend made the photo with his kodak.

Last evening I learned that a still larger fish was taken ten days ago, also from Red Lake, weighing 46



A MAN AND A FISH.

Wm. Sharp and his 42½-pound muscalonge, caught in Red Lake, Theresa, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1899. Length 49 inches, girth 23½ inches, width of tail 11 inches. Weighed by J. L. Davison. Photo by Hiram Townsend.

pounds. I was unable to learn that a small muscalunge had been taken this season, which still more convinces me that the lake pike (pickerel) have about cleaned out the muscalunge from the river and lake, as you will remember I claimed in my letter to you a few weeks since. The muscalunge have gradually decreased as the pike have increased in number and size.

I understand that these waters are to be restocked with muscalunge and black bass the coming year; but I doubt that it will do any good unless something else is put in for the pike to feed on, as, for instance, the German carp, as Mr. Mr. Henry Talbott proposes.

I found the "Grouse" supplement and editorial in my FOREST AND STREAM to-day, and it is good.

J. L. DAVISON.

The Antelope Park Club.

MR. D. C. BEAMAN, of Denver Colo., sends us the prospectus of the Antelope Park Club, organized to furnish its members, their families and guests a permanent outing place at reasonable expense, where the very best of stream fishing may be enjoyed every year, as well as good grouse and deer shooting while such game lasts in Colorado.

The club now owns in fee simple, free of all encumbrance, 160 acres of land in Antelope Park, twenty miles above Creede, Colo. On this property is about one-fourth of a mile of the Rio Grande River and about three-quarters of a mile of Clear Creek. Both streams rank with the best fishing streams in the State. The other property consists of a two-story stone and log building, a two-story and attic log building, a log kitchen, a log store house and some log stables. The property is that formerly owned by the Denison Rod and Gun Club, commonly called the Texas Club, and cost them over $3,000.

The Antelope Club is a corporation (not for pecuniary profit), and owns the entire property. It is proposed to secure the fishing privilege (under the new game law) on several miles of the river above and below the club property and stock both streams every year with at least 50,000 fry, so that the fishing will always be the very best and constantly improve. The number of members is limited to thirty. The membership fee is fixed at $50.

Mr. Beaman will give further details on inquiry.

Fishing North of Lake Superior.

A WISE law limits a fisherman's catch of brook trout to fifty in any one day within the bounds of the Province of Ontario. Had no such restraint been in force, I fear a good many more than that would have been taken by four rods one August afternoon in this present year of grace. Port Arthur is in the midst, or rather on the western verge, of an angler's paradise, and within a few miles there are three excellent trout streams, so that when my good fortune caused me to pass a week or two there this summer, I was not slow to renew my acquaintance with my old friend Fontinalis.

One day's sport will, I venture to think, bear relation, as any moderately good fisherman may do as well during July, August or the first fifteen days of September. Our party consisted of Mr. Neil McDougall, at present Government road inspector for a district as large as some petty kingdoms, an old Hudson's Bay officer and a famous fisherman; Dr. William H. Clark, pastor of the Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Detroit, who holds the 1898 record of fifty trout from one pool, and who may have duplicated it this year for all I know to the contrary; Mr. J. W. Crooks, a business man of Port Arthur, and a keen, successful rod, and, lastly, the writer.

On the morning of Aug. 8, notwithstanding a very threatening sky, we drove six miles along the old Dawson road, the same by which Lord Wolseley's troops marched toward the Red River in 1870, and which was also followed by the Canadian volunteers when they suppressed the second rebellion in the '80s—to a point distant but a few rods from a very trouty stream known as Six-Mile Creek. Here the horses were left, and a faint but good trail followed for some miles up stream. McDougall and Dr. Clark elected to fish the lower stretch, while Crooks and myself went to a place known as Silver Hill, five miles from the Dawson road.

At 2 P. M. we wet our lines for the first time, and at 5 o'clock we each had the limit, and our creels were quite heavy enough, considering we had to walk five miles back to the horses, through wet bushes, for it was now raining heavily. All my trout were caught on the blue dun and cow-dung, tied on Nos. 7 and 8 Limerick hooks. The fish were not heavy, but of a fair size, and the fishing most interesting, as the stream is a difficult one to cover with the fly, and the trout are as game as they make them.

McDougall and Dr. Clark had done as well as ourselves, and the boy had not slept all the time, either. The total catch was 230 trout; they made a handsome dish on our return, and were much appreciated by our friends.

The accompanying photograph shows my three companions at their usual off-time practice of swapping fish stories. As far as I can make out, McDougall is describing an old he-snorter he got in July on Nipigon; Dr. Clark is making a mental resolve to go and do likewise next year, while Mr. Crooks looks on condescendingly, preparing meanwhile to cap the climax by telling all about that 25lb. laker he hooked one fall out in the bay.

This, by the way, is not to be taken seriously, for I never expect to go out with three better fishermen, or more truthful ones to boot, than my companions of that grand day's fishing on Six-Mile Creek.

ST. CROIX.

TORONTO, Sept. 8.

The Genesis of Sportsmanship.

THE present is an iconoclastic age. The spirit of investigation is abroad in the land. The light of the nineteenth century has blotted out the myths of a less intellectual and more intolerant age. With thinking people fiction is no longer allowed to masquerade in the garb of historical fact. No longer is the Christ hidden until discovered by Martin Luther; nor is it now believed that purity was unknown and without a defender until the days of Henry VIII.

Although contrary to popular belief, that branch of sportsmanship which revels in the handiwork of the Creator—that seeks Him in field and forest, by lake and stream—has been in and of the world since the days of Tubal Cain, brightening its shadows and lightening its burdens. It is and has been peculiar to no class, condition or country.

The crown of royalty may adorn his brow, the judicial ermine clothe his body; his voice may be heard in control in the halls of legislation and his brilliant attainments may add new luster to the professions; his sword may carve out new nations and his iron will rule them; his pen may be the lever to move the world upward to better things, and his pencil win undying fame in the world of art; he may explore new fields in the domain of science and immortalize himself by new and brilliant discoveries—be these and more besides and yet be proud to claim and enjoy fellowship with the army of sportsmen upon less distinguished plane—men whose heart pulsations are manly beats and whose sentiments are kindly, pure and ennobling.

It is well known that all the children belonging to the great family of sportsmanship, while clearly akin, were not brought forth at a single birth, nor are they the progeny of the same parents.

A superficial investigation will demonstrate the fact that many of them were born at different times, under different circumstances and in different places—some having direct paternity and a particular time and place of birth, and others being an evolution from the necessities or civilization of mankind.

The time and birthplace of angling, one of the principal subdivisions of sportsmanship, like that of Homer, are lost in the twilight of fable. Good authorities claim it had its origin in primitive times when primitive methods were employed merely to supply the wants of man with food; but in a more intellectual age it is a higher view to accord it a more æsthetic origin.

Mathematics, being an exact science, came into the world with an advancing civilization, and there being so many analogies between an exact science and angling, and the exact truthfulness of anglers, that they seem clearly to stand in relation to each other as parent to child, if not that of twin brothers.

A few of the many examples which readily suggest themselves from our schoolboy experiences are herewith given in support of our hypothesis.

Geometry, like the angler, treats of lines, surfaces and solids.

A demonstration is a course of reasoning which establishes a truth. The angler is certainly a demonstration; but if his acquaintances, who may be less intellectual, refuse to believe, why should he be blamed? And who will say he will not eventually triumph?

An hypothesis is something upon which a demonstration may be founded, and here again mathematics and the angler touch elbows.

A theorem is something to be proved by demonstration. Who will say that the angler does not give theorem many a tumble?

A problem is something proposed to be done. And do we not know that nearly every angler is a problem, and that he is often "done"?

A proposition is something proposed to be done, or demonstrated, and may be a theorem or problem. The modern angler is all three—he proposes, does and demonstrates.

A corollary is an obvious consequence deduced from something that has gone before. The angler's "full creel" and "biggest fish" prove his close-up relationship to the corollary.

A scholium is a remark on one or more preceding propositions. As the angler is not slow to remark on the propositions which he encounters and elucidates, a very great harmony is seen to exist between the angler and the scholium.

An axiom is a self-evident proposition. Who will be so rash as to contend that an angler is not a full-fledged axiom?

But let us put some of these principles to the test and further prove the striking relationship existing between mathematics and the angling fraternity.

Anglers in the same camp or in the same boat, like the equal things of axiom 1, are equal to each other.

All worthy anglers proceed along parallel lines and they will not conflict or interfere with each other, however

A fishing trip may be projected any number of times long the trip may be extended.

in all directions.

The fisherman is easily reduced to lowest terms when the trout refuse his fly.

The sum of all the fish which any fisherman takes is not so great as the story he tells.

A fisherman, like extension, has length, breadth and thickness.

The sum total of a fisherman is equal to all his parts.

No fisherman can prolong his trips indefinitely.

The fisherman's story has no weight, but only magnitude.

The want of success may make the contents of the fisherman's creel less without making his story smaller.

The sum of all the angles of a worthy angler is equal to his circumference multiplied by his height in inches.

No mathematician has ever succeeded in extracting the square root of any fisherman, and it is now an open question if he has any.

GEO. MCALEER.

WORCESTER, Mass.

Quail Shooting in Cuba.

HAVANA, Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Agreeable to the promise made you in my last letter, I proceed to give you some of my experience afield in this other planet so near to your own that the late little unpleasantness was sure to come, in view of the natural expansion of human populations and their material interests.

Luckily, the expansive wave from the active north has not to clash with powerful counter waves of various national interest, as must occur in the virgin African continent, and the local population of this island is not sufficiently numerous to maintain for long their unprogressive habits and customs, which must ere long be overwhelmed by the new civilization that is beginning to overflow upon it, and among the new comers there will be some that may be interested to know something about opportunities for the use of gun and dog here.

Well, from Nov. 1 abundance of quail are to be found in our fields sufficiently grown for shooting, and snipe begin to come to us about the same date.

November here, I got out my shooting traps, and my alarm clock announcing to me 5 o'clock A. M., I made ready for the 6 o'clock train for a half hour's ride out of the city in exploration of fields well known to me in other seasons, the uplands, interspersed with frequent sloughs, swamps and lagoons, where formerly, in high rubber boots and up to my knees in quagmire and soft mud, I had often made good bags of snipe; but now, alas! judge you of my surprise to find even the lagoons as dry as the hillsides, and I wandered in vain, seeking for soft places.

One luckless snipe alone, occupied in the same enterprise, I met with, and asked him to tarry and condole with me this dearth of feeding grounds for snipe near to us. The quail, on the contrary, were at home to us (me and my dog, and Sancho Panza, my biped retriever). We reached the field, and Dash located the first covey about 7 o'clock. It had been raining during the night, the grass and bushes were wet, the scent good and Dash did some good work in trailing from the next field. They flushed a little wild, but I scored a right and left as my first salutation of the new season, and I followed up the direction they took, and after looking over several fields finally struck a trail on a hillside where the grass was thin. The birds were running. Dash persisted on the trail, and at last came to a stand. I flushed the bird quite under my nose, and, being somewhat flurried, shot wild, but feeling chagrined, sent after him from the left barrel—with negative results, however. The bird continued its flight until out of sight, seemingly laughing in scorn at my lack of skill, and in fact Dash appeared to participate in the bird's disdain. But the incident indicated that we had found the field where the covey had got down, and soon Dash found another trail, and after following it some distance the bird flushed and tumbled to my right barrel, to the very evident satisfaction of the dog, and he manifested it in renewed activity. He soon struck another scent and followed it persistently at a steady walk until the bird flushed a little wild, and I sent after it my compliments in the contents of both barrels, which it did not apparently deign to notice in the least, but I felt so confident that its seeming indifference was only assumed that I followed it with my sight until it alighted, and followed it up. Having surely fixed upon the spot, I felt surprised at first that it did not rise; but Dash soon pointed the bird, in which the life was quite extinct.

It was now about 8:30 o'clock, and the rain of the night before was threatening to be renewed. A dark cloud was rapidly approaching upon the wind, and the thick foliage of a nearby grove of mango trees tendered us its shelter. Because of the threatening aspects of the morning I had prudently taken along an umbrella, which, together with the foliage, shielded me from a lengthy shower, and when this had passed, being shod in rubber boots, I again took to the fields; and when far from shelter it came on to rain again during an hour's time, and I under such shelter only as an umbrella can afford. From my waist down to my boots I had absorbed considerable moisture. By 10 o'clock the rain had ceased, and I took my course in the direction of a small village, where I expected to breakfast. En route we struck another covey of quail, and I scored two more birds and several misses, after which, while crossing a dried-up slough near to the village, I was startled by the well-known chaiche! chaiche! and a long beak rose from the canebrake, and was whirling away at break-neck speed, but not so fast but that an ounce of lead from a 12-bore Parker overtook him.

Reader, after such a tramp, under such circumstances, did you ever realize the real solid comfort of arriving at a country grocery to rest and exercise a voracious appetite upon such edibles as it is able to cook for you, completed by canned goods, beer or wine, according to taste? They are all good under such circumstances.

After resting till 1 P. M., the weather had cleared, though still cloudy, and I again took to the fields, and from that hour until 4 P. M. we were able to find three separate coveys, that furnished us with good sport, and seven more birds, making a bag of thirteen quail and one snipe for our day's sport.

By going further away from the city more birds can be found. Indeed I have brought in bags of forty and forty-five quail in other years. This year we shall have to do without snipe, as there are absolutely no feeding grounds for them; at least on this north coast of Cuba, although I presume there will be plenty of them in the great swamps of the south coast.

DR. ERASTUS WILSON.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 15-18.—Philadelphia, Pa.—The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show. Marcel A. Viti, Sec'y.

Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 14-17.—Carmichaels, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's fourth annual trials. J. W. Simpson, Sec'y.

Nov. 17.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first annual trials. Simon C. Bradley, Sec'y.

Nov. 21.—Lawrenville, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. O. W. Ferguson, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.

Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

North American Field Trial Club.

The Derby.

WINDSOR, Ont., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inaugural trials of this club opened with a Derby with an entry of nine starters and a large and enthusiastic crowd of sportsmen present. Unfortunately the weather was not favorable for good work, as the day opened with a cold, strong north wind blowing. However, the quality of work done by the puppies was of the highest order; with the exception of one or two dogs, they were fit to run in any company.

The winner, Bella Pointer, was a phenomenal puppy, being very accurate in her bird work, snappy and a high-headed, wide, free and independent ranger. This puppy will be heard of again.

The second winner, Duke of Vassar, was also a puppy of high quality, and did some excellent bird work; he is a good, high ranger, and only needs work to make him a dangerous competitor in any class. Both of these dogs are black and white.

The third winner, Dan Thiers, is a black, white and tan setter (one of the large kind), a slashing good goer; cuts out his fields well and carries a high head. His work was far above the average. Kate Thiers, a black, white and tan setter, a litter sister of Dan Thiers, is a very attractive bitch, having a good way of going; she is a persistent hunter, and only wants steadying up to make a good one.

Dash Trilby ran a good race, and only needs experience on birds to place her in a high class. Lady Vassar II., a puppy nine months old, made a good showing for her age, and bids fair to make a hot Derby entry for next year. Counter Mark, a litter brother of Dan and Kate Thiers, did not appear to be in form.

There were thirteen bevies of quail found here this day.

The order of running:

Marcon & Morton's Bella Pointer (Hal Pointer—Bell of Hessen) with J. Baugham's Duke of Vassar (Hal Pointer—King Bow's Vic).

J. B. Dale's Dan Thiers (Thiers—Dido III.) with W. E. Warner's Lady Vassar II. (Jack Pot—Lady Vassar).

R. Baugham's Dash Trilby (Dash Antonio—Forrest May) with G. M. Hendry's Dash II. (Dash Antonio—Forrest May).

Dr. Wm. Revell's Bob White (Jack Pot—Lady Vassar) with Marcon & Morton's Kate Thiers (Thiers—Dido III.),

J. B. Dale's Counter Mark (Thiers—Dido III.) with Lady Vassar II.

The winner of first prize gets a silver medal, presented by A. J. Green, Windsor.

The All-Age.

The All-Age was run on the 3d and 4th inst., with an entry of sixten starters. Although the weather was not favorable, a heavy rain falling on the 3d, and a strong north wind on the 4th, a large and enthusiastic lot of sportsmen and spectators was present. The work done by the dogs was of the highest order, and they proved themselves fit to run in any company. The winner, Duke of Vassar, is a snappy, high-headed, free, independent ranger, and will be heard from again. This is the same dog that won second in the Derby.

Sportsman, by Lock, was second; he is a handsome black, white and tan setter, did some excellent work and showed himself a bird finder; was accurate in his points and backing, and a good ranger.

For third place, Don, English setter, is a slashing good goer, cuts out his field well and carries his head high. His work was far above the average.

For fourth place Highland, English setter, is a fine, attractive dog, has an excellent way of going, and only requires a little work to make a high-class shooting dog.

The winner of the fifth place, Dan, is litter brother of Don, the winner of the third place; he ran a good race and has good ability as a bird finder and covers his ground well.

The sixth place was won by Miss Mischief, English setter; she is a wide ranger and fast mover, and only requires experience to make a grand shooting dog.

The winner of first prize gets a very handsome silver cup, presented by H. B. McKay, of Detroit, to be won three times by the same owner; also a rich piece of silver and cut glass, presented by Walker & Sons. The judge was John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich. The order of running was:

M. K. Cowan's setter dog Sportsman (Lock—Juno) with Victor Chauvin's setter dog Thorne (Dash Antonio—Maggie).

J. Baugham's pointer Duke of Vassar (Hal Pointer—King Bow's Vic) with Marcon & Morton's pointer bitch Bell Pointer (Hal Pointer—Bell of Hessen).

Marcon & Morton's setter bitch Dido III. (Cincinnatus—Daphne) with R. Baugham's setter bitch Miss Mischief (Dash Antonio—Patty B.).

Marcon & Morton's setter bitch Lady Rodfield (Rodfield—Mark's Nellie) with W. J. Camplau's setter dog Don (Toledo B.—Rose).

H. K. Cowan's setter dog Hurricane (Frank—Finglas' Fawn) with H. T. W. Ellis' setter bitch Maggie Murphy (Duke of Manitoba—Hickory Link).

W. C. Donaldson's setter bitch Nellie Brady (Dash Antonio—Nellie Breeze) with T. W. Brooks' dog Rex (Bob Anderson—————).

A. J. Green's ——— (Prince—Quail) with Victor Chauvin's setter dog Highland (Mingo, Jr.—Lonewalk).

George Mair's pointer dog Watford Boy (County Graphic—————) with Wm. J. Campeau's setter dog Don (Toledo B.—Rose).

R. M. MORTON.

Points and Flushes.

The famous black poodle champion Milo (A. 30101), owned by the Meadowmere Kennels, Southampton, L. I., died on Tuesday of last week. He was by Bob-Sylvia, and was bred by M. C. Lepage, Paris, France. He was whelped Feb. 11, 1888, so that he had reached an age which was old, as the ages of dogs are measured. He had a remarkably successful bench career.

Yachting.

THE daily papers on both sides of the ocean are each week nominating new challengers for the America Cup, but thus far all those mentioned have declined the honor thus thrust upon them. It seems probable that there will be no race in 1900, but that Sir Thomas Lipton will return in 1901.

THE Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound has taken two important steps at its recent meeting, in returning to the old Seawanhaka rule, and in finally abolishing time allowance within the classes. For the past year the Association has been nominally committed to the girth rule, adopted in October, 1898, by the Y. R. A. of N. A. While the old Seawanhaka rule was retained by the Sound Y. R. A. for the classes below 36ft., the girth rule was adopted for the 36ft. and all larger classes. The largest club in the Association, the Seawanhaka Corinthian, refused to acept the girth rule, and has sailed all of its races this season under the old rule; while the Larchmont Y. C., not a member of the Association, but an important factor in the Sound racing, has also refused to adopt the girth rule. This being the case, there has been practically no racing under the new rule and it has been a mere dead letter. The Atlantic Y. C., not a member of the Association, but now the only racing club of any size below Hell Gate, has tried the girth rule through the season, but also abandoned it. As most of the yachts in the Sound clubs are under 36ft., there has been no opportunity to test the rule in any way.

It cannot be said that the girth rule has had a fair test about New York, or that it has been rejected on account of proved defects; no yachts have been built under it and there has been merely a pretext at racing a few old boats. At the same time it is quite plain that the rule can never be adopted about New York or Boston.

When the rule was up for discussion before the Y. R. A. of N. A., two arguments were made for it, that it had worked well in actual practice in Great Britain, and that its adoption here would be a great step toward the union of yachting interests of the two great yachting nations, and would lead to the ultimate adoption of one better rule by both if this one proved unsuitable. We urged at the time that the test of the rule in Great Britain was by no means thorough and conclusive, and failed to prove in the face of certain obvious defects, that the rule was adapted to American yachting. That this view was correct is borne out by the result on the Great Lakes, where a dozen yachts were built under the girth rule for the 35ft. class, the winner being a shoal draft skimming dish. While in our opinion it is still an open question whether this type, as represented so well by Genesee, is superior to the English keel type, as represented by Beaver, under all-round conditions; the fact is incontestable that the rule permits the building of a type never contemplated in the most remote degree by its framers, and which they would not for a moment admit. The success of Genesee proves that the British designers, in framing the rule in 1894, failed to recognize one of its most potent possibilities; at least in the hands of American designers.

It has already been proved that the measurement of girth is not, as the British designers intended it should be, a strong inducement to fill out the section to a point that would be appreciable in added accommodation as compared with the fin type. Further than this, Genesee proves the additional point we made a year ago against the rule, that while the girth measurement as applied to the keel types does not induce a man to improve his model, when it is applied to the shoal centerboard types it offers strong inducements to cut down the depth of body and to make a yacht of limited headroom and easily capsizable.

The plea of uniformity in measurement on the part of England and America was plausible and inviting enough, and under the circumstances it was worth while to take some risk to profit by a peculiarly favorable opportunity for bringing together the British Y. R. A. and the American clubs. The one weak point was in the power of the young Union to induce the American clubs to accept the girth rule after the Union had formally adopted it as a law. The Sound Y. R. A., which is the parent of the Y. R. U. of N. A., went as far as it could in at once adopting the new rule and in urging its use upon its component clubs; but with small result. A year's trial has shown the impossibility of forcing the adoption of the rule about New York; while Boston from the first has declined even to attempt it. Under these circumstances it was useless to continue in a nominal adherence to the rule.

As far as the Lakes are concerned, it is plain that they were very much better off with the old proviso limiting the coefficient of midship section than under the girth rule; but having adopted the latter and built a number of yachts under it, they cannot now afford to change, unless for something very much better than either. The fact of the matter is that American yachting is no nearer to the much-needed new rule of measurement than it was a year ago, or two years ago.

IT would be hard to say how many years have elapsed since the FOREST AND STREAM began its attack upon the twin evils of time allowance and slovenly methods of starting; advocating, at a time when all such innovations were most unpopular, the adoption of the English methods of class racing by yachts of uniform measurement; and timing the start of a race from the gun instead of allowing ten to fifteen minutes' interval during which each yacht was timed separately. It is most gratifying to find that to-day both of these important principles are generally recognized throughout the United States, so much so as to be considered as American institutions. The Y. R. A. of Massachusetts some time ago gave a quiet and decent burial to time allowance, and now the Sound Y. R. A. has followed its example, to the lasting good of yacht racing.

THE knockabout idea, one of the best introduced in recent years, has been the victim of all sorts of perversions and misconceptions, but none worse than that of the Sound Y. R. A. of last year in establishing a so-called knockabout class with an allowance of 1,000 sq. ft. of sail for 25ft. l.w.l. It was evident when the class was established that the resulting boats could be but racing machines in disguise, and in no sense knockabouts. There is nothing surprising in the fact that after a fair trial the class has proved a failure and has been abandoned.

Columbia.

NOTHING positive is as yet known of the future movements of Columbia, and the New York Herald, in an article which we herewith reprint, states that the plan of sending her abroad has been abandoned. The Herald says:

At the finish of the last race between the yachts Columbia and Shamrock, just at the moment when scores of steam whistles and thousands of hearty cheers were telling the story of the home boat's successful defense of the Cup, both Mr. Iselin and Capt. "Nat" Herreshoff made significant remarks.

Mr. Iselin crossed Columbia's quarter-deck to where Mr. Herreshoff was standing, and shaking the designer's hand heartily congratulated him upon the result of the match.

Then Mr. Iselin, looking earnestly into the face of the designer, said deliberately:

"Mr. Herreshoff, this is my last America Cup race."

Capt. "Nat" returned Mr. Iselin's earnest gaze and replied in his quiet way:

"And it is also my last, Mr. Iselin."

From 1893 to 1899 Mr. Iselin and Mr. Herreshoff have been associated in the defense of the old trophy which Sir Thomas Lipton wanted to "lift" so badly. First it was with Vigilant, in 1893; next with Defender, in 1895, and then Columbia. All these winning boats were designed by Capt. "Nat" Herreshoff, and Mr. Iselin was the managing owner of each. This record needs no comment.

It required nearly a year to build Vigilant and get her into racing shape. Defender took a similar period, and it was about fourteen months from the time that Columbia's model was decided upon to the last of her races with Shamrock. The strain on both the designer and the managing owner, particularly in the late match, was so great their intimate friends may not now be surprised to hear that they have sailed the last of their cup matches.

Whether the decision made by Mr. Herreshoff means that he will not design another Cup defender has not and possibly may not be easily ascertained, as he is a man of very few words and keeps his own counsel; and it is not at all probable that Mr. Iselin will talk of his future plans. But there the case stands. The remarks quoted were made as given, and have been since repeated by those who heard them.

Should these gentlemen not change their minds the New York Y. C. will find it difficult to replace them in the event of another international match.

Unless Com. J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. C. Oliver Iselin change their minds the successful Cup defender Columbia will not be sent abroad this winter or next spring.

It may have been the intention of the owners of Columbia in the early summer to give her a sea rig during the winter and send her to the Mediterranean, but that decision, if it were every fully reached, has been reconsidered, and the big cutter will remain on this side of the Atlantic.

Columbia is now dismantled and lies at anchor off Hawkins' yard, City Island, where she will be hauled out in a short time alongside of Defender, there to remain until needed. Every precaution will be taken to protect Columbia from the weather, and she will be housed over, and the curious who might visit City Island for the sole purpose of studying her model may save themselves the trouble of the journey, as the new boat will be hidden from view immediately after she is taken from the water.

The mast of Columbia was removed several days ago, and with the other spars was sent ashore, where all will be looked after by Mr. Hawkins. The sails, running rigging and movable deck articles have been stored in one of the many buildings on Mr. Iselin's grounds, at New Rochelle, that they may be under observation at all times.

Mr. and Mrs. Iselin will go to Europe early in December, and may remain away all winter.

Veritas.

THE keel sloop Veritas was designed in 1897 for James G. Averell, Esq., of Rochester, N. Y., by W. P. Stephens and built by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co., at Ogdensburgh. She was designed for the then existing 22ft. class of the Lake Y. R. A., the measurement being by Seawanhaka rule, a total of four persons being allowed on board, but the waterline being measured without the crew. The order was for a cruising yacht, capable of making the circuit of the lake and with room for three persons, at the same time to be fast enough for the regular class racing. The S section was adopted in preference to the fin-keel as giving more depth of body and foot room and an abler type of boat than any of the fin-keels then in the class, such as Koko. The design is interesting mainly as a study in the employment of very full level lines as a means to the saving of measured waterline. At that time the fastest yachts of the same sail area were of the 25ft. special class, Smuggler, Nameless, and the fin-keels El Chico and Nemadjy, all carrying 625 sq. ft. of sail on a water line of 25ft. and a draft of over 6ft. It was determined to try the same area with 6ft. less waterline and over 1ft. less draft. The dimensions of Veritas are:

Length—		
Over all	30ft.	1 in.
L.W.L.	19ft.	3 in.
Overhang—		
Bow	4ft.	10 in.
Stern	6ft.	
Beam—		
Extreme	8ft.	3 in.
L.W.L.	7ft.	6½in.
Draft	5ft.	
Freeboard—		
Bow	2ft.	7 in.
Least	1ft.	9 in.
Counter	2ft.	1½in.
Displacement, long tons	3.52	
Ballast, lead keel, long tons	1.75	
Displacement per in. of immersion, lbs.	554	
Midship Section—		
Area	12.48 sq. ft.	
Coefficient	.33 1-3 per cent.	
From Station O	10.48 sq. ft.	
Lateral Plane—		
Area hull	56.41 sq. ft.	
Area rudder	7.34 sq. ft.	
Area total	63.75 sq. ft.	
Coefficient, without rudder	.58 sq. ft.	
C. L. R. from Station O, with rudder	11.32 ft.	
L.W.L. Plane—		
Area	106.48 sq. ft.	
Coefficient	.73 sq. ft.	

All measurements are for fresh water.

The yacht has proved very satisfactory in three seasons' use, having cruised from end to end of the lake, carrying a party of three young Corinthians with as much comfort as can be expected in so small a craft. She has also sailed a good deal in the home races of the Rochester Y. C. at Charlotte and in the L. Y. R. A. races at the different lake ports, and has won a number of prizes. The sail plan and details of construction will be given next week.

A well-attended meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts was held on Nov. 2 at Young's Hotel. The meeting, which was a special one, was called for the purpose of acting upon amendments to the by-laws, racing rules and limitations of cabin yachts.

The proposed amendments, aiming to alter the sail area of 21 and 25ft. cabin yachts, to amend Racing Rule XI. by adding new section to read, "In the 21ft. cabin class working sails only shall be allowed," to amend Racing Rule XXVI., Section 3, relative to protest by adding "or has altered or added to her sails so as to increase her sail area," and to amend by-laws, Article XIII., meetings, Section 2, by substituting "two-thirds of the," in place of the word "five."

All the proposed amendments, with the exception of the last two, were voted down; the one relating to sail alterations passing, and that of meetings the words "two-thirds" were changed to "a majority."—Boston Post.

An Inland View of Yacht Racing.

A READER of the Mail and Breeze writes us that he is deeply interested in the yacht race which they have been trying to sail for the last week over near New York, but that he is bothered by the nautical terms and wants some explanations. He says he sees by the papers that when the yachts got ready to start the weather was full of "flukes." He seems to be bothered with this expression. What is a fluke, and how did they happen to get in the weather? He also remarks that the account says that the "Columbia's clothes stood perpendicular to the head and did not sheet home to the gaff." He desires to know what clothes the reporter is talking about, and what he means by sheeting the gaff. "Furthermore," says the inquirer, "I see that the Columbia turned around on the Shamrock's beam and then jibed over. Then the Shamrock jibed a spell, and afterward tacked and eased off her sheets. What were they jibing each other for? Were these the same kind of jibes Shakespeare speaks of in 'Hamlet'? Then the accounts goes on to say that the Columbia 'tacked' on the Shamrock's beam and broke out her balloon jib topsail. What did the Columbia tack on the beam of the Shamrock? If she was near enough to tack anything on the beam, why didn't she nail it on while she was about it and not monkey with tacks? If she wanted to put anything onto Shamrock, she should have put it on to stay, as it seems to me. A little further on the account goes on to say that both yachts began breaking tacks. What did they want to break tacks for? What the American people want to know is, Why didn't they



SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB.

sail, and not fool around breaking tacks? Of what interest is it to the people of the great and bully West to hear about breaking tacks? It seems to me to be mighty small business for the representatives of two great nations to go to breaking tacks at a time when we want to know who can get there first. Some information on this subject will be appreciated."

This paper is no expert on maritime matters and never claimed to be. We have tried to get some comfort and information out of Webster for the benefit of ourselves and our inquirer, but the information isn't as satisfactory as it might be.

To begin with the first question in regard to the "flukes" in the weather, Mr. Webster says that a fluke is a flat, trematoid worm, with a lanceolet body and two suckers. If Webster is right about this and the weather was full of flukes, we gather that it was full of worms and suckers. We have no doubt there were plenty of suckers in the crowd, but weather that is full of worms is a new variety, and we thought we had seen about every variety of weather out here in Kansas that ever came down the pike. Webster also defines a fluke as one of the lobes of a whale's tail and also as an instrument for cleaning out holes. If the reader can get any comfort out of these definitions he can do better than we can.

Speaking of "jibing," Webster is more satisfactory. He says to jibe is to change the ship's course or shift the boom. Out here in Kansas we are not much up on jibes, but we know a few things about booms, and how to shift 'em. We started to boom out here and afterward shifted it over onto the fellows in the East, who put up their money in boom additions. Many of them were never able to shift it back.

Webster says "tack" means to change the course of a vessel and "beam" is one of the strong timbers placed across a vessel to support the sides. There are your definitions. If you can figure anything out of them you are welcome to do it. How the Columbia could turn on the Shamrock's beam without getting on top we don't know, neither do we know why, when Columbia had the Shamrock under it didn't keep it there. Webster gives us no light on the subject of "breaking tacks." Why they wanted to "break tacks" we can't say, but suppose there was nothing else on hand at that particular time and they wanted to keep the men busy. The account also says that both of the yachts "luffed" several times. Mr. Webster says that "luff" means to sail close to the wind. Why they would want to sail anywhere else than close to the wind we are unable to say. One would naturally think that a couple of vessels that go entirely by wind would want to sail around somewhere in the immediate vicinity of the wind, and that the smart thing to do would have been to get up next to it as early in the game as possible.

The descriptions given by the press reporters of this attempted yacht race are not satisfactory to the great body of the American people, who would not know a yacht from a canvas-covered ham. We are interested in hearing that the American yacht beat the daylights out of the yacht owned by the British nabob, and we want the story told in a way that we can understand.—Topeka Mail and Breeze.

Columbia's Crew.

STONINGTON, Me., Nov. 4.—Deer Isle to-night gave those of her sailor sons who defended the America Cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's boat and crew a mother's welcome home, for the islanders are justly proud of the husky lads who manned so well the fleetest yacht ever built to defend the blue ribbon of the sea.

The last sixteen of the thirty-eight members of the crew arrived this morning. The northeast wind and driving rainstorm had knocked the plans of the townspeople for their welcome all askew, and the plans for a parade of the crew, assisted by the school children and the sailors from a revenue cutter, were abandoned.

A band of twenty-five pieces had been brought from Belfast to play for the street parade and also to give an open air concert, and a band stand had been decorated with spruce and fir boughs and red, white and blue bunting. The rain drenched these patriotic fabrics and the wind spoiled them as they hung limp and bedraggled. Up the street an arch was built of evergreen, decked with bunting, and this also suffered from the elements.

To add to the discouraging outlook, Capt. F. P. Weed, who selected the crew for Mr. Iselin, was called yesterday to the upper end of the island, where a relative lies dangerously ill, and could not be here to help welcome his boys.

When the rain ceased the band gave a concert, after which there was a reception in the opera house. Here a reception committee, consisting of ex-Senator E. P. Spofford, W. B. Thurlow, S. B. Thurlow, Harry Gray, P. G. Merrill, Joseph P. Eaton, S. W. Barbour and George Beck, welcomed the Columbia's sailormen. A feature of the reception was the presentation to each man of the crew of an emerald and gold badge in the form of the burgee signal in the Iselin colors, red and black, and on back of each was engraved "Columbia, 1899, from Mrs. Oliver Iselin." These beautiful souvenirs were presented to the men by ex-Senator Spofford in a felicitous speech. A speech was also made by Alexander B. Eaton, Rockland.

After this came dancing, and the men of the Columbia's crew stepped as lightly as they ever stepped upon Columbia's deck when getting a sail up in stops. They wore their sailor clothes, with their blue sweaters that bore the word "Columbia" across the chest.

The dance was over by midnight, for Deer Islanders are respectful of the Sabbath.

The names of the crew with the posts they occcupied on the Columbia, follow:

William D. Scott, second mate; Rollins B. Staples, quartermaster; Charles H. Scott, quartermaster; William Haskell, quartermaster; Roswell Fifield, quartermaster; Everett J. Thompson, No. 1 masthead man; Samuel P. Bray, No. 1 bowsprit man; John E. Gross, starboard masthead runner; John T. Marshall, lazarette; Theodore Thompson, sail locker; Lafayette Thompson, starboard staysail sheet; Warren Bray, starboard jib topsail sheet; Arthur Young, assistant on topmast backstay; Cyrus Thompson, port masthead runner; Daniel Hall, No. 1 capstan man; William Young, second on starboard runner; Charles F. Gray, on spinaker lift; Edward T. Carman, second masthead man; Ernest Haskell, spinaker; Leslie W. Gray, topmast backstay; Montford Haskell, bowsprit; Alfred Pettee, port staysail sheet; Charles Barter, mess; Herbert Bray, port jib topsail sheet; Florestan McAuley, starboard jib sheet; Charles Bray, port jib sheet; George Stinson, bowsprit; Philip Haskell, mainboom port lift; Edward Greenlaw, mainboom starboard lift; John F. Eaton, bowsprit; William Eaton, bowsprit; Nelson Thompson, starboard jib sheet tackle; Augustus Thompson, topmast backstay; Nathan Law, halyard man; Edward Wood, capstan man; John Billings, spinaker sheet; Jason Gross, port forestaysail sheet tackle; Lyman Gray, backstay.—Boston Globe.

The Quincy Y. C. Challenge Cup.

THE Quincy challenge cup will absorb a great deal of the interest in local yachting next season. Already one challenge has been received from A. H. Higginson on behalf of the Manchester Y. C., and it has been rumored that another one is soon to come.

Mr. Higginson will undoubtedly make a strong bid for the cup. He is going to have a "trial horse" for his boat, and will spend the last three weeks before the cup races in the waters of Hull Bay, where he will be on the scene of the struggle and where his boat can be better tried out for her work than in any other place.

He talks quite freely of his coming challenger, and makes no secret of her proposed lines. The new boat is to be an improvement over last year's Hostess. She is to be a little more beamy, more powerful and quite a little longer on top. Mr. Higginson said in speaking of her: "Imagine a boat of extremely light construction, great beam, great power, very long and quite wide at the ends, and you have her."

This improvement over Hostess is all right, but what is Mr. Faxon going to do all this time? If there are going to be any improvements over last year's defender, it is quite likely that he will be in on the figuring. He will also have the benefit of Hostess for a "trial horse," and is in a better position to improve over her than any one else.

There is no doubt that the races for the cup will be close and exciting, but it will be very hard for any one to take that cup away from Quincy. If there are any tide rips around that bay which Mr. Faxon does not know they have been introduced very recently. Consider again that he is one of the finest small-boat skippers in this country, and figure the chances of "lifting" the trophy.

Of course he has not stated positively that he would build a defender, but when the time comes it is safe to say that he and Mr. Arthur Keith will get their heads together and talk improvements.—Boston Globe.

The Lake Yacht Racing Association.

THE annual meeting of the Lake Y. R. A. was held in Rochester on Oct. 26, the following delegates being present: President Alfred G. Wright, of Rochester; Secretary Frank M. Gray, of Toronto; T. B. Pritchard, J. E. Burroughs, Rochester Y. C.; George H. Gooderham, G. T. McMurrich, J. S. MacMurray, Royal Canadian Y. C.; H. H. Thomas, Queen City Y. C.; J. H. Fearnside, Royal Hamilton Y. C.; H. H. Gildersleeve, Kingston Y. C.

The only amendments to the rules related to the knockabout class, the following words being added to Rule 3, Section 2, "except in the case of the knockabout class"; thus allowing the yachts in this class to be measured without crew on board. It was also provided that the limit of sail for this class should be 650 square feet. The secretary was instructed to inform the Association's delegate to the Y. R. A. of N. A. that the Association was opposed to any present change in the girth rule until it had been more fully tried. The following officers were elected: Pres., Com. Richardson, Buffalo Y. C.; Vice-Pres., Com. R. A. Lucas, Royal Hamilton Y. C.; Sec'y-Treas., F. J. Campbell, Royal Canadian Y. C.; Members of the Council, John T. Mott, Oswego Y. C.; T. B. Pritchard, Rochester Y. C.; Com. Black, Kingston Y. C.; Owain Martin, Queen City Y. C. Æmilius Jarvis was chosen as delegate to the Yacht Racing Union of North America, and J. E. Burroughs, J. Frank Monck and F. J. Campbell were chosen as delegates to the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes.

After selecting Buffalo as the place for the 1900 meeting, the meeting adjourned.

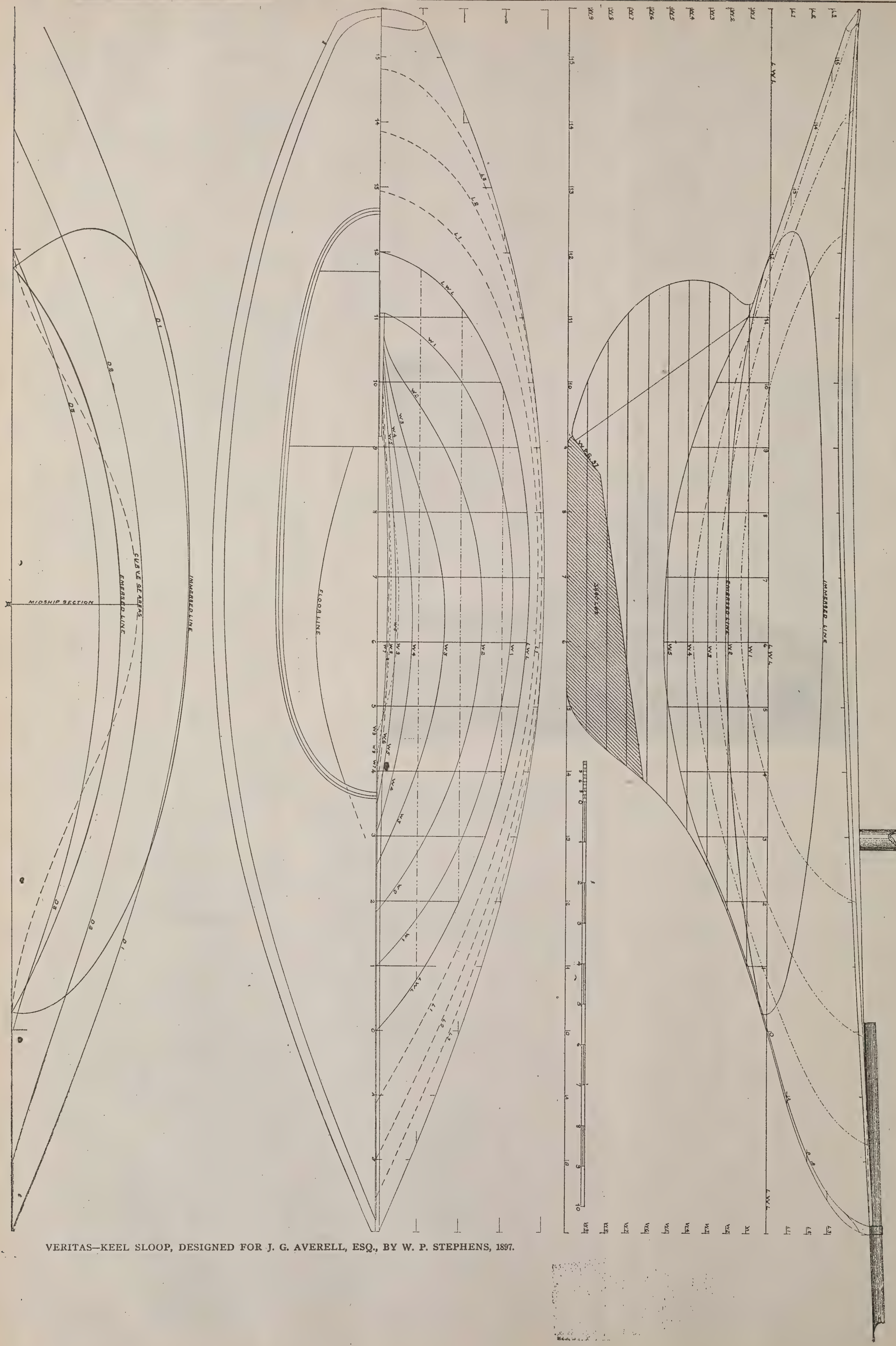
In the evening the visitors were entertained at dinner at the Livingston Hotel. The Association is now in a very prosperous condition, one evidence being the absence of amendments and proposed changes at the meeting. As the result of wise management and good legislation in the past, there is at present very little need for changes.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

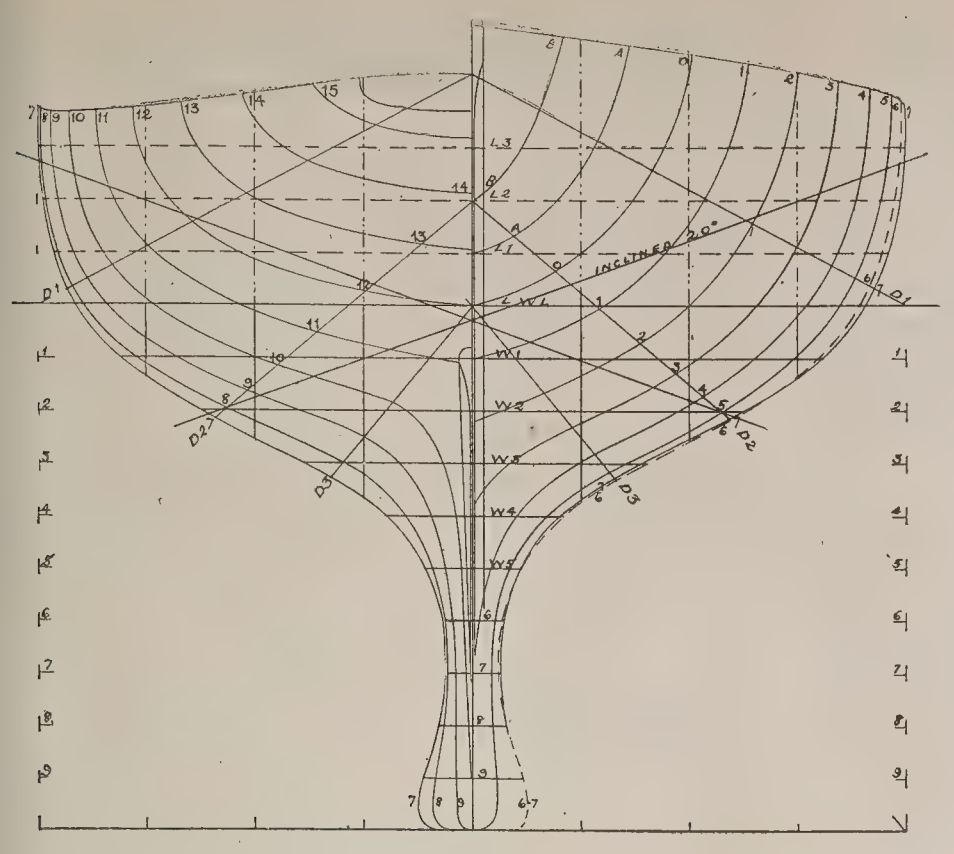
FROM Boston, by way of New York, the Hudson River, the Erie Canal and the Great Lakes, 2,000 miles, is the trip just completed by Alderman Frank T. Fowler's sloop yacht Mirella, which entered Chicago River just at daybreak during the fierce northeaster of Nov. 1. She was in charge of Capt. Walter B. Howes, and had John King for a crew. The little craft, which measures but 31ft. on the waterline, had made the long journey in eighty-one days, part of which time she was windbound on the Lakes, and part of which was spent in unshipping the rigging at Albany to allow the passage of the Erie Canal, and in shipping again at Buffalo. Alderman Fowler bought Mirella two years ago, when he was summering in Boston. She was then one year old. After using her this summer he decided to bring her to Chicago and show yachtsmen here a thing or two about sailing.—New York Times.

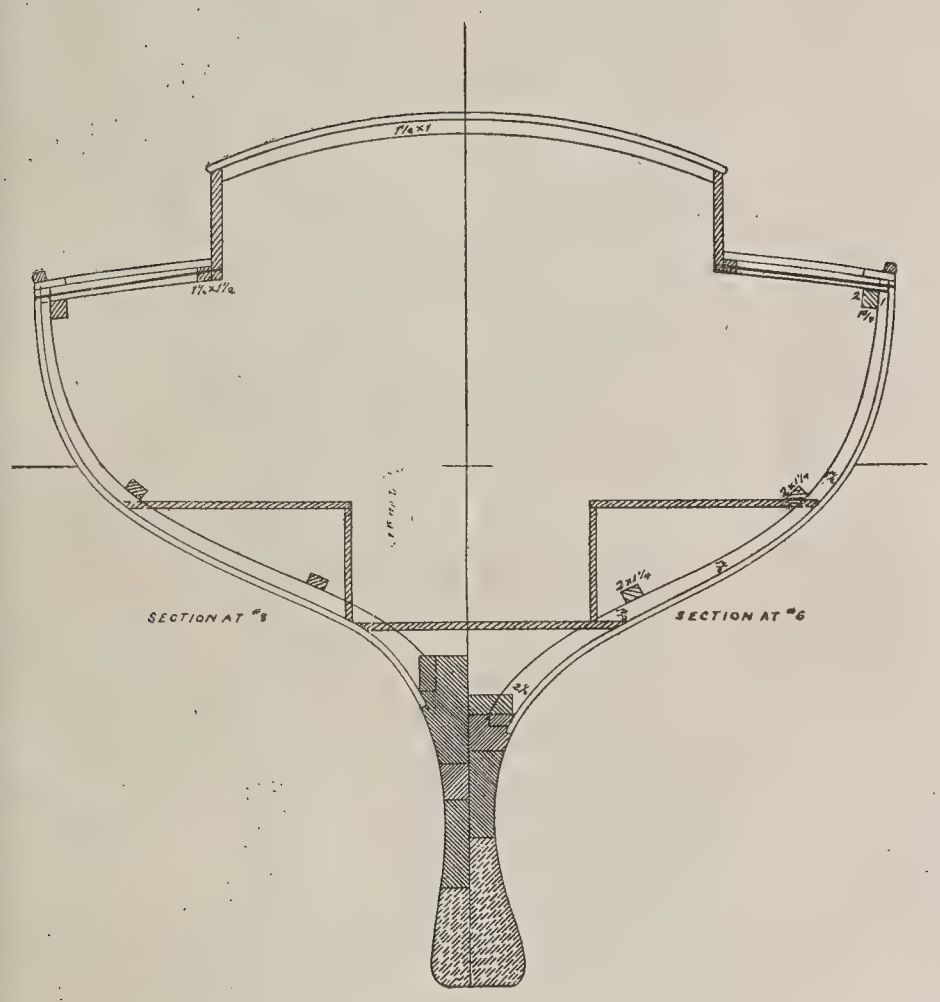
The Field office, London, will shortly issue a new book on yachting by Mr. Dixon Kemp, a dictionary of general information.

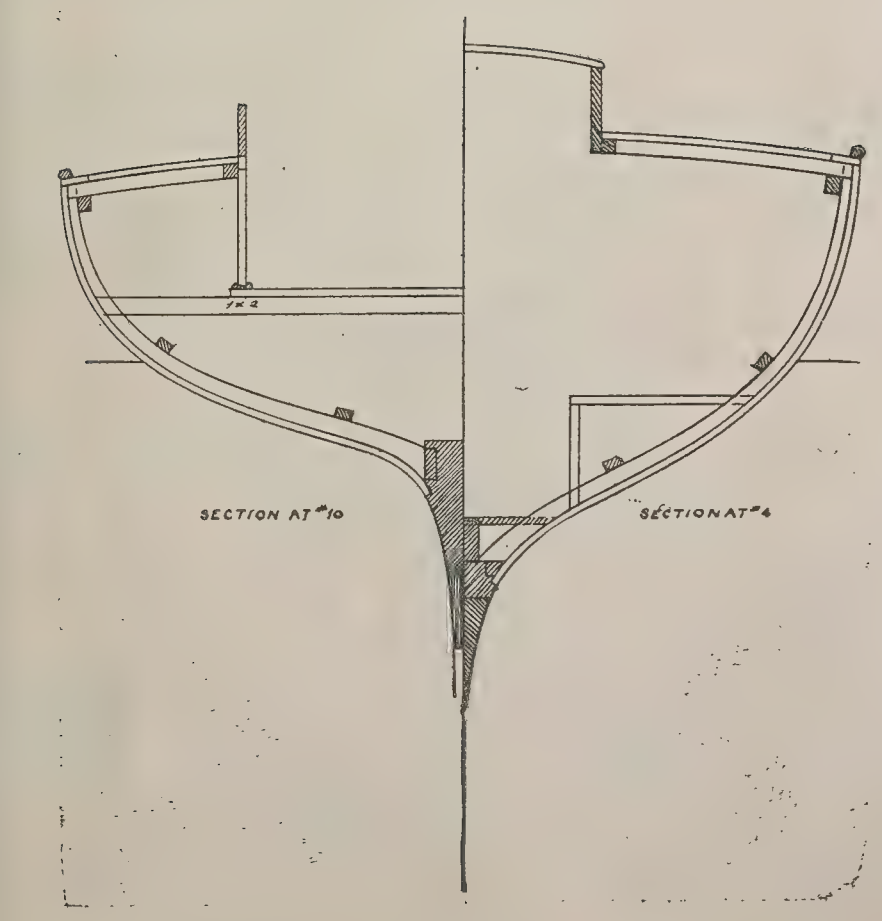
At Lawley's the 100ft. composite schooner designed by C. H. Crane for G. L. Day, of New York, is fast nearing completion. She will be one of the finest cruising schooners in this country—a fine big-bodied boat, with ample accommodation below. Hull and deck are planked and caulked, and her hull is partly painted. The workmen are now busy putting in her fittings below decks. She will have two decks below. The upper of these, just below the main deck, will be laid out for staterooms, saloon, galley, pantry, etc., while below will be places for storing sails, clothing and chains, and a machine for making ice. The bulkheads and partitions will be of pine, painted white, and will be trimmed in butternut, mahogany, maple and black walnut. The interior arrangement is excellent, places being provided for every modern yachting convenience. There are plenty of staterooms, a large saloon taking in the full

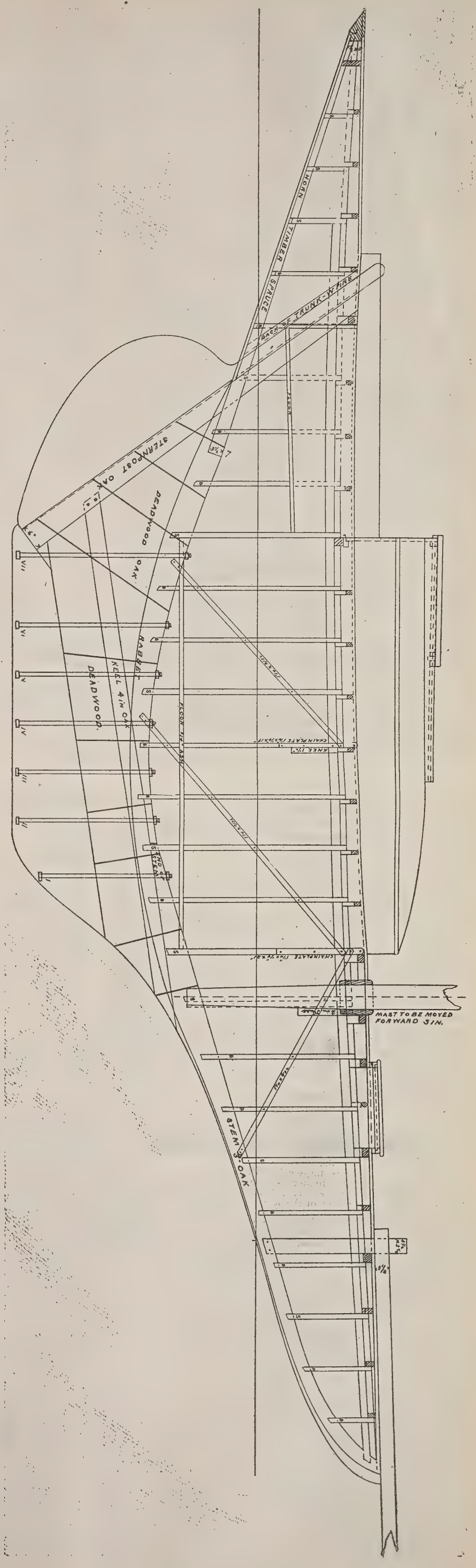


VERITAS—KEEL SLOOP, DESIGNED FOR J. G. AVERELL, ESQ., BY W. P. STEPHENS, 1897.


INCLINED 20°
L WL
W1
W2
W3
W4
W5
D1
D2
D3
D4


1"x1"
1"x3/4"
SECTION AT #8
SECTION AT #6


1x2
SECTION AT #10
SECTION AT #4


HORN TIMBER
SPRUCE
BACK OF TRUNK-W. PINE
STERNPOST OAK
DEADWOOD
OAK
RABBET
KEEL 4 in OAK
DEADWOOD
KEELSON
CHAIN PLATE 1/4"x3/4"x1'
KNEE 1'0"
CHAINPLATE 1/16"x3/4"x3'
MAST TO BE MOVED FORWARD 3 IN.
STEM 3" OAK

beam of the boat, a fine galley, a pantry and plenty of room for the crew. In the same shed the keel is laid for a 25ft. knockabout. A similar knockabout has already been completed and is now in the boat shop. Another from the same lines is to be built, also a 21ft. knockabout. The torpedo boats are taking shape, but the work on them is necessarily slow. Boilers are now being put together, preparatory to being set up.—Boston Globe.

T. R. Webber, who designed and built the successful Surprise and Hussar for James D. Baird, is at work on a new yacht for the same owner, a centerboard boat of 51ft. r.m., about 44ft. l.w.l., 70ft. over all, and similar to the older boats in model.

The schooner yacht Chiquita went ashore off Miller's, Ind., on Nov. 2, and the body of D. S. Way, of Charlevoix, Mich., her owner was found lashed in the rigging. Those known to be dead besides Mr. Way are his wife and Rollin Frazine, of Charlevoix. The yacht was bound to Florida by way of Chicago, the canal, the rivers and the Gulf of Mexico. She left Charlevoix early last week, put into Holland and sailed from there Saturday for Chicago. She was caught by the gale on Wednesday, was sighted in distress off Whiting, and the alarm was given to the life-saving crew at South Chicago. In the night the yacht must have been driven ashore, for at daybreak on Nov. 3 the wreck was discovered three miles from the mouth of the Grand Calumet. Search is being made for the bodies of Mrs. Way and Franzine.—New York Journal.

Supervisor-General Dumont, of the Steamboat Inspection Service, has received from Inspector Starbuck at New York the latter's decision in the case of R. B. Brooks, of the steamer Idlewild, one of the steamers charged by Capt. Evans with having violated the rules of the recent yacht race. The local inspectors revoked Capt. Brooks' license as master and pilot of steam vessels. Inspector Starbuck reverses the decision of the local inspectors, and says that after carefully examining the testimony in the case he is satisfied the local inspectors misunderstood the rules governing the races.

At Embree's yard, at Quincy Point, work has been started on a schooner of 35ft. waterline for J. L. and L. H. Sturtevant, owners of the 25-footer Redskin. Judging by the moulds which are now set up on the keel, the boat will be much like Golden Rod, built this summer at the same yard for George E. Bruce. She is very long over all, with a blunt bow, flat floor, easily rounded bilge, and straight topside. She is an enlargement of the Cartoon type, and has its characteristic features. The schooner is 65ft. over all, 35ft. waterline, and 16ft. beam. She will have a fin, a casting of about two tons, in which will play a centerboard with a drop of about 3ft. The centerboard will carry 4,800lbs. of lead. The draft with centerboard up will be about 5ft. The boat is to be strongly built, and have good accommodations under a cabin house. Embree has an order for a 55--footer from a New York man as good as placed, and is expecting plans and specifications any day. Golden Rod will come up to the yard the last of this week and be hauled out. During the winter she will be given a new fin with less depth, as the boat now draws too much water for the places her owner desires to visit. The boat has been gotten into better shape than in her first Eastern race early in September, and is now said to be going fast and well. Hauled out at Embree's are the steam yacht Pilgrim and the sailing yachts Eleanor, Freyja, Countess, Eidelweiss, Posy, Tantrum, Medora and others.—Boston Globe.

Mr. R. T. Pritchett, the well-known marine artist, has just published a most interesting book, the result of his long voyages in foreign waters, added to his wide experience in Europe. The title is "Pen and Pencil Sketches of Shipping and Craft All Around the World"; rather a lengthy and comprehensive one, but the list of contents justifies it. The artist has caught with his pencil almost every sort of craft—Britannia and Vigilant, the Norwegian herring boat, the Nile dehabeah, the sampan, junk, koleh, the chasse-maree, the proa, and numerous others. Each is the subject of a spirited sketch with an excellent technical description. The book contains many illustrations, and is not only interesting to the yachting reader, but valuable as a reference in maritime matters. With the exception of the very small type, it is well made throughout. It is published by Edward Arnold, 37 Bedford street, Strand, London.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Armbruster's Greenville Park.

Jersey City, N. J., Nov. 7.—The seventh grand annual individual rifle championship match for 1899, at Armbruster's Greenville Park, Jersey City, was well patronized by some of the best of shooting talent. The event was open to all comers. Favorable weather prevailed. The conditions were 100 shots per man, 25-ring target, 1¾in. ring, distance 200yds., entrance $5. After deducting the expenses of the targets and suppers, the balance of the entrance money to be divided half winners and half losers.

Landlord Armbruster provided a good supper, and the winners feasted at the expense of the losers.

Mr. Michael Dorrler, the famous rifleman, established a new world's record, scoring 2246 points on the German ring target in the 1002-shot championship match. He also made the best 10-shot score—232—but no contestant was eligible under the rules to win two prizes, so it went to Mr. George Schlicht, who made 231. Six of the first eight, including the first three men, used Peters cartridges, which are loaded with King's Semi-Smokeless powder. The scores:

M Dorrler, Jersey City, N J	2246
F C Ross, Brooklyn, N Y	2208
Dr W G Hudson, New York city	2182
George Schlicht, Jersey City, N J	2170
L P Hansen, Jersey City, N J	2152
H M Pope, Hartford, Conn	2125
G Jorne, New York city	2113
E S Pillard, New Britain, Conn	2117
N Spearing, Philadelphia, Pa	2115
L Buss, New York city	2109
L J Maurer, New York city	2051
E C Goddard, Philadelphia, Pa	2000
C F Zettler, New York city	1992
G P Williams, Newark, N J	1944
G D Weigman, Newark, N J	1942
R J Young, New York city	1918
T H Keller, New York city	1878
A Begerow, Newark, N J	1870
George Dorr, Jersey City, N J	Retired
J D Lyon, Collinsville, Conn	Retired

Iroquois Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 7.—The twelfth annual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club began to-day. Each contestant fired 50 shots in 10 targets of 5 shots each on the reduced standard American targets. L. P. Ittel won the gold medal. His score of 471 is the highest made in a similar match in the club's history. The shooting in general this year was better than ever before. The scores:

L P Ittel	45	46	49	45	47	50	49	47	47	46—471
R R Phillips	47	45	45	43	43	49	43	45	45	50—455
Harry Sperling	40	37	42	48	44	48	46	47	40	46—447
O L Jacques	44	42	47	45	42	41	37	43	47	42—430
R Rahm	41	37	47	42	41	39	42	49	45	41—423
H B Fayette	48	36	42	43	43	37	43	42	41	38—414
G O Andrews	40	42	39	45	40	40	33	48	40	43—410
B Kennard	39	44	37	38	42	32	40	47	46	39—404
H L Cheatham	42	42	33	37	45	41	37	41	38	46—402
R Hoffman	45	39	42	35	41	42	37	42	41	34—398
J Bergman	40	40	39	38	43	37	40	38	43	38—396
W Riebling	39	37	46	40	36	34	34	44	41	41—392
C Freedman	35	31	33	43	38	37	48	40	41	45—391
H L Born	43	41	40	39	31	38	42	34	35	41—381

On the 8th inst. the all-comers' match will begin on the all-comers' targets, entries unlimited. The prizes are cash, ranging from $20 to $1. On the bullseye target only three shots are allowed, the best single shot to count.

Harry Sperling, although his first three targets were not up to the standard, shot very well.

On Friday Mr. L. P. Ittel, who took first place on the members' medal match, also took first pdize on the continuous match. Mr. R. F. Phillips took second on both. Shooting this year was an improvement over last year. O. L. Jacques did some very fine shooting. Mr. George Foerster, although not a crack shot, worked very hard for the financial end of the tourney. There were forty-four entries in the bullseye target event, O. L. Jacques taking first prize, which was $25 in gold, and Harry Sperling second prize, a fine silver plated revolver valued at $35. Scores in the continuous match:

L P Ittel	30	30	30—90	A G Andrews	28	26	20—74
R F Phillips	30	30	30—90	G Sperling	27	24	22—73
C P Mayer	30	30	30—90	James A Smith	26	23	23—72
H Sperling	30	29	29—88	L O Schmidt	25	22	22—69
Jacques	29	29	28—86	James Wilkinson	24	23	22—69
W M Brown	30	28	28—86	J Klapka	23	23	22—68
R Brahm	30	28	28—86	Willets	28	16	14—58
H B Fayette	28	28	28—84	Heil	20	18	16—54
John Bergman	28	28	27—83	Brownsville	19	18	16—53
J Leppy	29	27	25—81	Scottdale	18	17	17—52
W Riebling	28	27	26—81	Monongahela City	18	17	16—51
H S Boen	29	27	25—81	Washington, Pa	17	17	16—50
S W H	27	27	27—81				

Scores on the bullseye target of the best 10 shots:

	Degrees.		Degrees.
Jacques	2¼	C P Mayer	13¾
H Sperling	5	Robert Hoffman	22
S W H	9	R F Phillips	26½
L A Schmidt	9¾	L P Ittel	27
Fayette	10½	James A Wilkinson	27½

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE above association held their regular shooting day Nov. 12. The weather conditions were favorable. Hazenzahl was high on the ring target with the score of 220. Jouscher was high on the honor target with 65. Conditions, 200yds. off-hand at the German ring target. The scores:

Ring target:

Nestler	24	25	19	22	23	22	19	16	18	18—206
Jouscher	20	16	17	19	24	16	14	17	14	20—177
Weinheimer	16	17	20	14	22	14	15	20	21	23—182
Payne	24	24	18	20	22	18	19	21	16	17—199
Gindele	21	22	22	21	20	23	25	23	20	22—219
Topf	8	23	15	17	18	20	19	14	2	10—141
Hazenzahl	21	22	22	24	19	18	25	23	21	25—220
Roberts	23	20	19	21	18	9	19	23	21	20—193
Drube	16	17	19	13	20	16	15	17	14	18—165
Strickmeier	19	11	24	19	24	24	20	20	22	23—206
Bruns	21	16	16	16	23	20	21	20	19	23—195

	Special Score.										Honor Target.		
Nestler	24	19	22	25	25	22	22	17	19	24—219	20	20	22—62
Jouscher	20	20	23	24	24	18	23	23	13	22—210	20	21	24—65
Weinheimer	19	22	25	18	20	22	21	12	22	21—192	20	21	12—53
Payne	21	17	25	16	22	21	24	25	21	23—215	20	20	21—65
Gindele	24	20	22	24	22	23	25	22	20	21—223	21	..	18—39
Topf	25	18	19	18	14	14	23	24	20	15—195	23	18	0—41
Hazenzahl	19	24	21	22	21	25	24	24	21	18—219	22	22	21—65
Roberts	22	12	17	19	24	24	22	22	21	20—203	20	21	20—61
Drube	23	20	17	16	22	16	19	17	18	17—185	22	16	19—57
Strickmeier	18	24	22	18	20	19	21	24	23	20—209	23	24	13—60
Bruns	23	17	21	19	21	23	19	20	22	23—208	21	23	19—63

At the annual meeting of the Columbia Rifle Club, Rochester, N. Y., held Nov. 6, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, C. H. McChesney; Vice-President, D. S. King; Secretary, E. S. Osborne; Treasurer, S. B. Williams; General Shooting Master, I. H. Andrews; Board of Directors, C. L. Gifford, G. F. Loder, A. A. Mosher, G. A. Bowman, C. H. McChesney, E. S. Osborne and S. B. Williams.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 21-22.—Sioux City, Ia.—"Grand Interstate Handicap" live-bird tournament, open to the world, under auspices of Soo Gun Club. E. R. Chapman, Sec'y.

Nov. 22.—Ridgewood, N. J.—All-day shoot at live birds. H. Blauvelt, Manager.

Nov. 23-24.—Chatsworth, Ill.—Chatsworth Gun Club tournament.

Nov. 28-29.—Chicago, Ohio.—Deer Lick Gun Club's live-bird tournament.

Nov. 28-29.—Springfield, Ill.—Merchants Thanksgiving tournament, under auspices of the Illinois Gun Club. W. Colvin, Sec'y.

Nov. 30.—Newark, N. J.—Smith Brothers' grounds; 25 live birds, $10 entrance, and miss-and-outs.

Nov. 30.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Fourth annual Thanksgiving Day tournament of the Bison Gun Club. F. P. O'Leary, Prest.

Dec. 5-6.—Rahway, N. J.—Live-bird shoot of the Rahway Gun Club. Clarence Lambert, Mgr.

Dec. 5-8.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Thomas Donley's third international tournament. About $1,500 guaranteed. Targets and live birds.

Dec. 16.—Batavia, N. Y.—E C cup contest for championship at targets, between Messrs. W. R. Crosby, holder, and Mr. Fred Gilbert, challenger.

Dec. 31-Jan. 1.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Amateur tournament of the Wisconsin Gun Club. P. Himmelstein, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.

1900.

Feb. 13-17.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Third annual midwinter tournament; $1,000 added; 2-cent targets (Rose system) and live birds (high guns). Capt. A. R. Smith, Sec'y.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Kansas City Star, concerning the inter-city contest, has this to say: "The Federation of Gun Clubs of Kansas City met at the Midland Hotel last night and repudiated the team selected by the committee appointed at a former meeting to shoot a rival team of Omaha wing shots, and a new committee, composed of Messrs. George Stockwell, Chris Gottlieb and F. N. Cockrill was appointed to name a new team and alternates. They selected the following regulars and alternates, and their action was promptly ratified: Regulars—J. B. Porter, R. K. Campbell, Geo. Stockwell, J. M. Curtice, Ed Hickman, Dave Elliott, C. Gottlieb, F. N. Cockrill and W. S. Allen. Alternates—J. W. Bramhall, Dr. Planck, A. E. Thomas, Nelson Jarrett, L. W. Scott, W. M. Howe, E. F. Swinney, R. P. Barse, C. E. Wright and F. J. Smith. A proposition to leave the individual members of the team selected open to challenge for their positions was protested by the committee on team. The team and alternates are requested to meet at Elliott's store on Wednesday evening to select a captain, and the committee on entertainment is requested to meet at the same place at the same time. The entertainment committee is composed of E. F. Swinney, C. C. Herman, J. W. Bramhall, J. B. Porter and A. H. Glassner."

Mr. Thos. Donley, of St. Thomas, Ont., writes us as follows: Thos. Donley's third annual tournament is to be held at St. Thomas, Dec. 5, 6, 7 and 8. Sixteen hundred dollars guaranteed and surplus money in all events will be added to the purses. This will be the biggest and best tournament ever held in Canada. Herewith is the programme of my shoot: First day, Tuesday, Dec. 5—Event No. 1, 10 targets, $1.20 entrance, $20 guaranteed; event No. 2, 15 targets, $1.80 entrance, $30 guaranteed; event No. 3, 20 targets, $2.40 entrance, $50 guaranteed; event No. 4, 10 targets, $1.20 entrance, $30 guaranteed; event No. 5, 15 targets, $1.80 entrance, $30 guaranteed; event No. 6, 20 targets, $2.40 entrance, $50 guaranteed; event No. 7, 10 targets, $1.20 entrance, $20 guaranteed; event No. 8, 15 targets, $1.50 entrance, $30 guaranteed. Second day, Wednesday, Dec 6—Event No. 1, 5 live birds, $3.75 entrance, $75 guaranteed; event No. 2, 7 live birds, $5.25 entrance, $100 guaranteed; event No. 3, 10 live birds, $7.50 entrance, $200 guaranteed. Third day, Thursday, Dec. 7—The same programme as on Tuesday, Dec. 5. Fourth day, Friday, Dec. 8—Twenty-five live birds, $20 entrance, $700 guaranteed, and surplus added as in all events, and also International trophy, valued at $250.

The programme of the Merchants' Thanksgiving tournament, to be given under the auspices of the Illinois Gun Club, Springfield, Ill., Nov. 28 and 29, providedes competitin at both targets and live birds. From the proceeds of the tournament the club will provide Thanksgiving dinners for inmates of the Home of the Friendless, the Old Ladies' Home and other Springfield charities. The grounds will be open at 9 o'clock. Competition is open to all amateur shooters. Guns and ammunition expressed to Mr. Geo. E. Day, the treasurer, will be delivered free on the grounds. The club announces over $300 in merchandise prizes, and the first contest for its $100 silver challenge trophy. There are seven events for the first day, of which No. 6 is a team shoot between the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, and the home club. Six events are on the programme of the second day. Of these the last event is a consolation shoot, open only to those who have not won a prize in the tournament higher than fourth. The programme mentions that any information can be obtained by addressing the president, Mr. H. M. Smith, Springfield, Ill.

Those who contemplate attending the tournament of the Soo Gun Club, Sioux City, Ia., should write to the secretary of the club, Mr. E. R. Chapman. It is fixed to take place on Nov. 21 and 22. There are three events on the first day's programme. No. 1 is at 7 live birds, $5. No. 2 is at 10 birds, $10 entrance, $20 added. No. 3 is at 15 birds, $15 entrance, $30 added. There are two live-bird events for the second day. No. 1 is at 7 live birds, $5. No. 2 is at 25 birds, $25 entrance, $50 added. The division of the money is as follows in the different events: Seven birds, two moneys; 10 birds, three moneys; 15 birds, four moneys, equal 25 per cent.; 25 birds, five moneys, each 20 per cent. Birds, 20 cents; targets, 2 cents. On each day there also will be six 15-target events, $1.50 entrance, handicap. Purses divided in target events, 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. In live-bird events the handicaps are from 25 to 33yds., and the handicap committee is Messrs. Fred Gilbert, Geo. R. Slocum, W. D. Townsend, J. W. Boyd and John Baldwin.

Mr. F. P. O'Leary, president of the Bison Gun Club, Buffalo, N. Y., writes us that on Nov. 30 the fourth annual Thanksgiving Day tournament of the Bison Gun Club, open to the world, will be held. A solid silver loving cup will be given to the winner in the 25-live-bird race. He adds: "This being our regular Thanksgiving Day tournament, we will have five events, 20 targets each, and one event, 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, handicap 27 to 32yds. To this the Bison Gun Club adds a handsome solid silver loving cup, which becomes the personal property of the winner. Targets 1 cent each, live birds 35 cents per pair. The programme will be mailed about Nov. 20. We now have assurance of at least twenty entries for the live-bird race."

Mr. Aaron Doty, one of the expert trap shots of America, has challenged Mr. J. A. R. Elliott to contest for the Republic cup at Lyndhurst, N. J., on Dec. 2, and Mr. Elliott has signified his willingness to meet the challenger. As an evidence of good faith a check for $50 is deposited with FOREST AND STREAM as a qualification of the challenger. Mr. Elliott's record is a most formidable one for this season, for in five matches he scored 487 kills out of 500 birds. On the other hand, Mr. Doty is one of the hardest propositions at the traps in the East. Mr. Elliott expects to attend Tom Donley's International the week afterward.

In a match between teams of the University of Pennsylvania and Prnceton University, at Fernwood, on Nov. 8, the former won by 8 targets. The conditions were: Teams of five men, 30 targets per man, unknown angles, thrown from three traps, the men shooting in two squads of four each and one squad of two, two men from each team making the squad. Baldwin and Singer did the best work for Pennsylvania and McMillan for the Princeton team. The scores were: University of Pennsylvania—Cooper 18, Carlisle 20, Parish 22, Baldwin 26, Singer 26; total 112. Princeton—McMillan 25, Carman 19, Elbert 17, Laughlin 23, Spalding 20; total 104.

If live birds were as cheap in the East as they are in the West, the trapshooters of the latter section would be able to engage in the sport much more extensively than at present. The Sioux City Gun Club has this to say as to prices: "Four thousand live birds will be required for the second annual fall live bird shoot of the Soo Gun Club, Nov. 21 and 22. The club is having the birds caught now for the shoot, paying from 50 cents to $1 per dozen for them. They come principally from South Dakota and Nebraska."

The target tournament of the Interstate Association, to be held at the new grounds, Interstate Park, on Long Island, in the week commencing June 11, is already engaging the attention of shooters. The famous West Virginia squad, which made such an excellent record last year, has entered and been booked as squad No. 1. Its members are as follows: Messrs. F. E. Mallory, S. T. Mallory, Dad Bower, I. F. Mallory and L. E. Mallory, Jr. Squad No. 2 will have to be active to get themselves booked in second place.

All matter intended for publication in this department should be addressed to Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to the editor of it, as he flops to Newton, N. C., for a month, there to take notes of dogs poking their noses over hill and vale in quest of the merry Bob White and the honors which come with successful competition; in other words, to attend the field trials where the swell dogs and fly birds afford competition.

Mr. T. H. Keller, the ubiquitous representative of the Peters Cartridge Co. in New York, is rapidly developing into an expert with the rifle. At the election day shoot at Armbruster's Greenville Park, Jersey City, N. J., he scored 1878 on the German ring target. This is not bad for one who has recently taken rifle shooting up, and shooting between busy hours.

Mr. Chas. Antoine, of the well-known firm of Von Lengerke & Antoine, of Chicago, departed for the great city by the lake front after a brief stay in New York. He complained that the exactions of business greatly interfered with his privileges as a shooter, his firm having so many orders to fill that there was no spare time for practice at the traps.

The Rahway Gun Club will hold a two-days live-bird shoot, Dec. 5 and 6. There will be three events each day. The birds will be 20 cents each. Visitors from New York can take the P. R. R. to Rahway; thence by trolley to the club grounds. Mr. Clarence Lambert (Pony) is manager and Mr. W. R. Hobart is to be the handicapper.

Mr. F. Meade, of Knoxville, Tenn., a famous trapshooter of that section, was in New York early this week en route to Europe, whither he sailed on the Oceanic on the 15th inst. The party consists of his wife, father and mother. They will spend the winter in Italy, previous to a tour through all Europe, and a visit to the Paris Exposition next year. Though Mr. Meade had thought he would forego any shooting this year, he took a hunt near his Knoxville home and bagged a number of quails.

The programme of the Deer Lick Gun Club, Chicago, O., has eight events for the first day, Nov. 28. Of these, four are at English sparrows—5, 7, 10 and 5 sparrows, the entrance being respectively $2.50, $3, $4 and $2. There are four events at pigeons, 5, 7, 10 and a miss-and-out, respectively $3, $3.50, $5 and $2 entrance. On the second day, there are twelve target events on the programme—180 targets all told—with a total entrance of $20. Mr. A. C. Griffin is the secretary-treasurer.

Feb. 13 to 17, inclusive, are the dates claimed for the third annual midwinter tournament, to be held at Hot Springs, Ark. The added money will be $1,000 and possibly more. Targets, 2 cents. The Rose system will govern target events. High guns will govern the pigeon competition. Capt. A. R. Smith is the secretary.

The contest for the special prize, a gun case, at the Brooklyn Gun Club's shoot last Saturday, developed a warm finish between Messrs. C. C. Beveridge and W. Hopkins, three ties at 25 targets being shot off before the winner was determined. There were 125 targets shot at all told.

Mr. C. C. Beveridge (Dominie) shakes the dust of New York city off his shoes for a few weeks, he taking a flight northward through New York State till the holiday season begins. His shooting eye seems to grow sharper and more deadly with the passing of the weeks.

We regret that an error occurred in our report of the Kentucky Gun Club tournament in respect to the ammunition used by Mr. Norvin T. Harris, of Lyndon, Ky. He used U. M. C. shells and Schultze powder. It was erroneously given as Leader shells and Du Pont powder.

We are much rejoiced to learn that Mr. Edward S. Johnson, of Atlantic City, N. J., has nearly recovered from the serious shooting accident of last September and is now able to shoot again, though whether or not with his former great skill is yet to be determined.

On Smith Brothers' grounds, Foundry and Ferry streets, Newark, N. J., there will be a live-bird shoot on Nov. 30, Thanksgiving Day. The main event will be at $25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra at 25 cents. Miss-and-outs and sweepstakes will be shot.

We are informed that the post holes are all dug and work begun on the great fence about Interstate Park, and that bids for the foundation work of the great casino are in, and under consideration. The work is being pushed energetically toward completion.

Mr. J. H. Cameron, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., was in New York last week looking calm and successful after an extended run through his vast sales territory in the North.

In a contest at 25 live birds, $25 a side, between Messrs. E. C. Burkhardt and McCarthy, on the grounds of the Bison Gun Club, Buffalo, Nov. 10, the former won. Score, 23 to 22.

Mr. J. J. Hallowell, of the U. M. C. Co., was of those who arrived in New York last week. He tarried but a short time before going to Philadelphia to make his parents a visit.

In the competition for the Arkansas championship, between Dr. A. U. Williams and Mr. C. E. DeLong, the challenger, at Hot Springs, Ark., the former won. Score 41 to 38. Date, Nov. 9.

In the contest for the November cup of the Crescent Athletic Club at Bay Ridge, Mr. Edward Banks, the scratch man, won on the very good score of 24 out of 25, on Nov. 11.

BERNARD WATERS.

Riverton Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 10.—The first day's shoot of the Riverton Gun Club was not supported strongly in the way of entries. The events of the first day numbered three, as follows:

Six birds, $5 entrance, handicap:

J Hicks, 28	222222—6	R Welch, 29	221101—5
H Thomas, 29	202221—5	Y Dolan, 29	201222—5
H Bucknell, 29	122022—5		

Sixteen birds, $10 entrance, handicap rise; club members having bird allowance more in 1yd.:

Y Dolan, 29	2212121122111122—16
H Bucknell, 29	1121121202221112—15
H T Thomas, 29	2111122210121021—14
J C Hicks, 28	212122202222120 —14
R Welch, 29	00121221w

Twenty-six birds, $25 entrance, those handicapped 29 and 29yds. 1 extra bird:

H Thomas, 29	01112222222222222222222202—24
R Welch, 29	11211122022221212112111222—25
H Ducker, 28	11211111111211211102211001—23
H Bucknell, 29	01111110211*1111121212111—23
J Hicks, 28	00222221112222222222222202—23
Y Dolan, 29	11122022122211222112220002—22

To-day the Riverton 50-bird handicap, $50 entrance, will be held. Handsome cup and cash prizes will be awarded.

The 50-bird handicap, arranged to be shot on Nov. 11, was declared off for lack of entries.

Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 11.—Some very superior shooting marked the competition of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club to-day. Donald Cameron, a visitor, scored 15 straight at targets and straight at live birds in the 5-bird event. Thus his record so far as he shot to-day was perfect.

Event No. 3 was the club badge shoot. E. C. Burkhardt won Class A badge and Jacobs won Class B. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	25	15	*	Targets:	15	15	25	15	*
Fannings	14	14	18	..	5	E W Smith	..	11	18	..	..
E C Burkhardt	15	12	23	13	..	C B	..	..	14	..	5
C S Burkhardt	11	9	18	11	4	Jack	13	..	18	..	4
Leuschner	11	12	19	13	4	Edwards	..	..	16	12	..
Jacobs	12	..	18	..	..	Cameron	..	..	..	15	5
Warren	12	..	17	11	..						

*Five live birds.

Felix—Brower.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 7.—The election day shooting on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League at Holmesburg Junction was matches between Messrs. A. Felix and John Brower for $100 a side and a match between T. Radcliff and C. Gibbons at 50 birds for $50. The scores:

A Felix	22222	22222	21210	21222	*2222	—23
	22220	22222	22222	22202	22222	—23
	22222	22222	22222	22022	22221	—24
	22020	22122	22222	22222	22221	—23—93
J Brower	20220	22222	20222	12200	22222	—20
	21020	1*121	11222	20222	22221	—21
	02022	11212	10222	02222	22022	—20
	22020	22202	22222	222*2	22102	—20—81

H. Henry, referee.

T Radcliff	01021	01010	21111	20120	22012	—17
	10111	22012	02020	00212	02222	—17—34
C Gibbons	20022	22122	20212	20222	22022	—20
	22021	20220	22200	22222	02222	—19—39

Bison Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 10.—Good scores were a feature of to-day's shoot of the Bison Gun Club, and favorable weather added to the pleasure of those in attendance. In the afternoon Messrs. E. C. Burkhardt and McCarthy shot a match at live birds, the score being 23 to 22 in favor of the former. On Thursday of next week a match at 25 live birds, $25 a side, is arranged to take place between Messrs. McCarthy and O'Brian. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	20	25	25	Targets:	15	15	15	20	25	25
Cannon	5	13	9	14	21	17	E C B	12	12	15	..	..	20
Stacey	14	12	11	15	..	19	Foxie	..	11	..	12	..	..
Cooper	7	12	..	..	..	..	O'Brian	..	..	6	..	21	13
McCarthy	7	6	12	..	21	16	333	..	..	..	19	16	16

Miss-and-out at live birds: McCarthy 5 out of 6, E. C. B. 8 out of 8, Foxie 8 out of 8, 333 2 out of 3, O'Brian 4 out 5, Stacey 6 out of 7.

Confabulations of the Cadi.—XX.

The Most Ancient and Honorable Guild.

ONE day was much the same as all other days in the life of the good Cadi. He arose in much the same way and at the same hour, sat down to his meals in the same position, made about the same number of motions in the same way with his knife and fork, arose from the table and walked thence with the same sturdy purpose meal after meal, day after day, to find the most comfortable seat in sunshine or shadow, according to the exigencies of the temperature. One meal being finished, he sat placidly till the next meal was announced by one of his heirs, or by the silvery voice of his spouse, his beloved wife patient Hopie Jane. Whether or not he had any companion to share his rest, he seemed to be calmly resigned to the inactivity imposed by his ill health, and as is commonly the case with invalids who are philosophical as to their mentality and pastoral as to their surroundings, his facial expression was one of benign vacuousness, giving no index whatever of the maelstrom of mentality whirling behind it.

While sitting on a log, a fence, a stump or a chair, though his exterior was reposeful and resigned in appearance, his thoughts might be rapidly skimming through the stars, or dwelling speculatively on what Hopie Jane might have for the next meal or on some new hocus pocus by which he might obtain another barrel of cider on credit; for the most delicately adjusted minds cannot wholly ignore the affinity of abstract contemplation for pork and beans, with some kind of liquid wherewith to float them. If the cares of contemplation betimes weighed too heavily upon the Cadi he jabbed a dose of morphine into his biceps and a new and more beautiful world thereafter soon dawned to him.

He and Moke had a friendly trait in common which endeared them much to each other. They could sit longer in the same spot hour after hour without stirring, save a lazy blinking of the eyes now and then and a reaching for the cider pitcher, than any other loafers in the whole neighborhood. Thus they had that quiet enjoyment of companionship,

"Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd,"

if one can consider idleness and great stomach capacity as coming from soul inspiration.

One morning, after many moments of contented rest and silence, Moke remarked to the Cadi:

"I notice that I am losing a great deal of my skill in shooting, and I think it will be only a short time now till I am classed with the Has-Beens.

"Indeed?" remarked the Cadi with a rising inflection.

"Yep, I'm afraid it is so," Moke added in a tone of lazy regret.

"It is a matter of astonishment to me," continued the wise Cadi, reflectively, "when I consider the abrupt and unwarranted manner in which men snatch a membership in the Most Ancient and Honorable Guild of Has-Beens, the greatest Guild and the most imposed upon in the world's history. Now, a man may be personally no good on earth. He may be devoid of skill and nerve and knowledge, yet when the proper time comes he will regretfully declare that he is a Has-Been, for there is a certain degree of prestige in once having been eminently something or other, and it is deemed worth while by a great many men to assume and to maintain that once upon a time back in the procession of the years they possessed the qualities which time would ripen to a degree qualifying them for membership in the Most Ancient and Honorable Guild of Has-Beens. It is a matter of deep concern to the esprit de corps of real Has-Beens, if they look dutifully to their own interests. From the time of Adam to the present day, the world has seen the most marvelous growth of this great and good order.

"There were genuine Has-Beens in all ages and in numbers beyond computation. There are plenty of men whose capabilities are so absolutely worthless that they are ineligible to anything, past, present or future. Such men crave the honorable membership. The truly deserving candidate, however, is elected by the acclamation of his fellows and is somewhat loath to accept the honors conferred upon him. His feeling of unworthiness is so great that he will protest against this popular testimonial to his merits. This most ancient order is not to be entered unworthily. Some men are so modest that they will never bring themselves to believe that they are properly eligible to membership, while many others only discover their eligibility many years after it is discovered by their friends and acquaintances. A few men of good sense perceive that they have graduated into the Guild regularly on their merits. There is a large number of impostors, however, constantly endeavoring to sneak into our great Guild, on no other qualification than their own declaration that they are Has-Beens, being prompted thereto perhaps not by past deeds, but by their pride in their great natural fitness or the force of foreordination.

"The true, genuine Has-Been is still a man of spirit and still a man of ability, though his ability may be impaired. Your impostor is as he was always. Place a broken-down race-horse beside a broken-down cart-horse and there will be differences apparent to the most untrained eye. One has been a racer; the other has been always anything but a racer. As for yourself, friend Moke, I think that you have some of the qualities of a Has-Been, but none of the history—that is to say, as you are now, so you were always."

"It seems to me that you are taking a very roundabout way to tell me I never could shoot a little bit," Moke replied in a gentle, hurt tone as he reached for the cider pitcher with much firmness of purpose.

"You shoot at present just about as well as you ever did," the Cadi replied. "You are losing interest as you grow more rotund about the waist and more flabby of body and wit. You seem to be quite willing to be classed as a Has-Been on your own initiative. And after all it may be wisely ordained for the best interests of the human race that men believe that they are Has-Beens, regardless of whether they ever were qualified or not. Quien sabe? I have not the slightest doubt, my good friend, that after you have asserted a few hundred times that you are a Has-Been, and after a few more years have passed, you will have gathered up statistics sufficient in force and volume to prove your claim, regardless of the facts in the case. The illusion may cheer up your later years, after you have, from your indolence of mind and body, given up active sport with dog and gun. You then will look back upon the past as at a time when you too were a merry man and a superior performer at the traps or afield, in the skillful use of the gun."

"How about yourself, friend Cadi?" queried Moke.

"There was a time in my life, not so many years ago at that, when I considered myself as good as the best in the matter of skill with a shotgun; but, since ill health has overtaken me, I am not so good a man as I was, save in my ability to swallow, my throat being as efficient in that respect as it ever was. I am not a Has-Been, but I am not in my usual good form. There is a difference between the two qualifications."

"What is the limit to your unusual bad form—that is, where does the bad form end and where does the Has-Been begin?" and Moke grinned with the pleasant expression of a wolf showing his teeth.

"It would be quite as reasonable to ask me where this sunshine ends and where this wind then begins," and the Cadi with an effort swung his arm around in the air and sunlight to emphasize his point. "They are unrelated qualities. A man out of form may be in the zenith of his powers of mind and body. A true Has-Been is a man of permanently impaired ability."

"Well, with all due deference to you as a shooter out of your usual good form, I think that I could defeat you in a match at 25 live birds, for the price of the birds and, say, $10 a side just to make it interesting, and just to see how much of a never-waser I am at the present time;" and Moke affected a serious air, as if he had the most unlimited faith in himself and his proposition.

The Genesis of a Match.

"However much you may have missed what constitutes the beginning of the Has-Been, you have hit the nucleus of at least ninety matches out of a hundred. It is a good old time-honored starter, and the average shooter takes to it as kindly as you do to cider. It is a good, standard topic to interest lookers on."

"Well, what is it?" asked Moke.

"A bluff," replied the Cadi quietly.

"Humph," ejaculated Moke.

"Exactly," commented the Cadi. "That is the manner in which the bluff is continued. Now, if there were two or three of our friends here, and two or three of our friends' friends also here, I would not like to have you defy me in that manner. I would probably reply with a counter-bluff. You then in turn would rejoin, and probably add that you would make a little bet that I would not dare accept your proposition. The eyes of our friends and our friends' friends would be critically upon us the while, and, having carried the bluff so far, neither of us could retreat without at least an appearance of surrender, and with it an admission that the talk of a match had been all bombast and bravado. We, however, would have too much pride to admit that the bluff was not a genuine thing. To bear out our affectation of superiority and faith in ourselves, we would go further and further into the bluff till at last the match would be really made, and you would then wish that you had tried the bluff on some other fellow who would refuse to make any matches because he as a boy had promised his school teacher that he would never make a match as long as he was out in the cold, cold world alone. Now, if I had accepted your bluff and we had shot the match, what would be the result? If you lost it you would have to eat hay for a month or two; and if I lost it I do not know whether I ever would eat anything again within the present year. A man may lose all his credit at the grocery and still have something left to draw on in an emergency; but when he loses his credit and his money too, he is in a very bad way. The loss of $10 would come near to putting me out of my home, to say nothing about my business," and the Cadi half closed his eyes, meditating on the instability of all earthly matters.

"Is a pitcher of cider ever any factor in making matches?" asked Moke innocently.

"Never mind about that; that is another story," replied the Cadi. "It has more to do with color than with competition.

"'Nose, nose, nose, nose!
And who gave thee that jolly red nose?
Sinament and Ginger, Nutmegs and Cloves,
And that gave me my jolly red nose.'

"An incandescent nose is a distinct subject from making matches."

BERNARD WATERS.

Cincinnati vs. Columbus.

THE Cincinnati Gun Club sent a team to Columbus on Friday, Oct. 27, to compete with a team of the latter city for the Shooting and Fishing trophy and also the Sportsmen's Review cup, which emblems of competition were in possession of the latter club, though said club had to surrender them to the Cincinnati organization, as they were the victors in both contests.

The contest for the first-mentioned trophy is a five-men affair, and requires each principal to shoot at 30 singles and 10 pairs. In this event Arthur Gambell made the capital score of 46 out of 50, which was not only high score for the Cincinnati team, but the best of all. Frank Alkire led the Columbus team with 43. The Cincinnati team had a margin of 5 birds in this race over its opponents.

The second match was a four-men race, and at 50 singles per man. In this the Cincinnati team won more decisively, as they had 18 birds to the good. The entire team lost but 13 birds out of 200. Young Luther Squires ran 49 straight in this race, and then skipped his last one. Maynard also scored 49 out of 50. These two did the honors for their team. Murray, with 45 out of 50, made the best showing for the Sherman boys.

The weather was fine and the conditions most favorable. The Cincinnati shooters are much pleased with their trip, and are loud in their praise of the hospitable treatment accorded them by the members of the Sherman Gun Club.

Cincinnati Club.

Gambell	1111111111111111111011111111111
	11 11 10 11 11 10 10 11 11 11 —46
Dick	1101111111111111111011011101111
	11 10 11 10 11 11 11 11 01 10—42
Squires	0111110111111101111111111111111
	01 10 11 01 11 01 10 11 11 11—42
Ahlers	1111111101111111111111011111011
	11 11 11 10 10 10 10 10 00 01—40
Robertson	1111111010111111111111111111111
	10 10 10 10 00 11 11 10 11 10—40—210

Columbus Club.

Alkire	1011111111111111111111111111111
	11 11 10 11 00 11 10 10 10 11—43
Fisher	1110111111111111101011111111111
	11 10 10 11 00 11 11 11 01 11—42
Spangler	1111011111111111101011111111111
	01 11 10 11 11 11 00 10 11 10—41
Ward	1111011111111101111011111111111
	10 00 10 11 11 11 11 10 01 11—41
Rhoades	1111111111110011011111010101011
	11 11 00 10 11 11 10 10 11 11—38—205

Cincinnati Club.

Squires	1111111111111111111111111111111
	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10—49
Maynard	1111111111111111111111111101111
	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11—49
Gambell	1111111111111111111011101111111
	11 11 01 01 11 11 11 11 11 10—45
Ahlers	1011111101111101110111101111011
	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11—44—187

Columbus Club.

Murray	1111111111111111111111111111010
	11 11 10 11 00 11 11 11 11 11—45
Spangler	1110111111110011111111111111011
	11 11 11 11 11 11 01 10 11 11—44
Rhoades	1110111111110011111111111111001
	11 11 01 01 11 11 00 11 11 11—41
Ward	1001111111110101011011101111101
	11 00 01 11 11 11 11 01 11 11—39—169

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Being Careful.—"Leonidas!" exclaimed Mr. Meekton's wife, on his return from a journey, "I am at a loss to understand your conduct when we parted. I said good-by to you."

"Yes, Henrietta."

"Why didn't you say good-by in response?"

"I was just about to do so, Henrietta, but I checked myself. I was afraid you would accuse me of trying to have the last word again."—Nashville Star.

Friendly Comment.—"Last year I shot the biggest deer that was ever killed in the Michigan woods. You don't believe that, do you?" "Of course I do. It had to be enormous for you to hit it at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

Arkansas and the South.

Du Pont Gun Club, Omaha.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 10.—This energetic and active organization, the Du Pont Gun Club, closed its target-shooting season on Oct. 29 with a 100-target race for an elegant gold watch charm, but only members who had participated in at least sixteen contests were eligible to compete for this trophy, which became the property of the winner. Only nine members qualified for this race, but these represented the very best shots of the club, so that the outcome was a race very spirited and exciting to the finish. T. R. Kimball (Grant) and C. H. Curtis tied on the excellent total of 95 and then shot it off at 50 targets, which resulted in Grant winning, for he maintained his great stride, as he accounted for 48 of these, while Curtis let down perceptibly at the very last and scored but 43. H. S. Donald (Sandy) and Townsend also shot in fine form, as the former scored 94 and the latter 93.

The scores:

Grant	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111011111111110	—48
	11111111110111111010111111111111111111111111111111	—47—95
Curtis	11111111111111111011111111111111111111111011111111	—48
	11101111110111111111111111111111111111111011111111	—47—95
Sandy	11111111111111111111111111111111101111111101111011	—47
	11011111111111111111111101111110111111111111111111	—47—94
Townsend	11111111110111111111101111111110111111111111111111	—47
	11111111111111111111011111101111111111111011011111	—46—93
Kimball	11101111011111111111111111111111011111111111111011	—46
	11111111101111110111111111111111110111101011111111	45 91
Morill	10110111110111111111011101111011011011111110111111	—42
	11111111101111111101111111110111111111111111111110	—46—88
Dvorak	11111110111101110111101111101111111111111111111011	—44
	01111101111111011100101111111111011011101111111111	—39—83
Berlin	11101011110111111111100111111111111111001111111111	—43
	11111101111111111111111101101111100101010010111	—39—82
Plumber	11101011110100111101111001111111001100111001101O	—34
	10101111101110111111001011111101101101111011101110	—36—70

Shoot-off:

Grant	11111111111111111111111111111111111111101111111111110	—48
Curtis	11101111111111111111101111111111111111111011001010	—43

Appended will also be found the averages made by the members of this organization who shot at 60 or more targets during the season. The activity of this club can be readily inferred from the fact that during the season just closed it threw 33,000 targets, exclusive of those used in its tournament last September. Aside from the trophy mentioned above, the club gave a shooting blouse every week for the high score, the aggregate amount thus expended representing $86. There were also a number of merchandise prizes given from time to time, which did much to maintain the interest in the weekly contest. The club roster shows a membership of 125, and during the season seventy-four of these were active participants at one time or another.

Now that it is possible to procure good birds, the club will at once inaugurate a series of live-bird handicap shoots. The first of these will be shot Nov. 5.

The figures from which the appended averages were compiled were furnished by Mr. C. H. Curtis, and as he is usually very concise and painstaking in matters of such importance, I feel justified in saying that I believe them authentic.

Crabill, it will be observed, has the highest per cent., but I look upon the shooting of Kimball and Brewer as relatively better, as each of these shot nearly twice the number of targets that the former did, and his margin is only a fraction of 1 per cent.:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Crabill	140	128	.914	Morill	420	304	.747
Kimball	340	310	.911	Dvorak	80	59	.737
Brewer	240	203	.910	Banman	60	44	.733
Parmelee	220	199	.904	Goldsmith	120	86	.716
Curtis	520	464	.892	Windham	120	85	.708
Young	200	171	.855	Elborn	240	162	.658
McDonald	500	425	.850	Bishop	160	105	.656
Brucker	240	203	.845	Goodrich	240	157	.654
Fogg	80	67	.837	Melrose	100	64	.640
Ickner	320	264	.825	Watt	260	163	.626
Townsend	480	394	.820	Lewis	80	50	.625
Burgess	320	257	.803	Harte	60	37	.616
Smead	160	124	.775	Johnson	80	46	.573
Davis	60	46	.766	Sailsbury	120	50	.416
Read	400	303	.757	Ragan	60	25	.416

Soo Gun Club Programme.

The programme for this club's live-bird tournament, which is to occur Nov. 21 and 22, calls for three events on the first day—one of 7 birds, entrance $5; the second at 10 birds and the concluding one at 15 birds, the last two at the rate of $1 per bird entrance. There will be $20 and $30 respectively added to these events. On the second day there will be a 7-bird event, entrance $5, and a 25-bird handicap, entrance $25, and $50 added. This event is termed the Grand Interstate Championship, which is a very common error that clubs have drifted into of late. The term is inconsistent, from the fact that the winner of a handicap event can in no sense be a champion, as an event where concessions are granted to some of the participants at once loses caste in so far as this term is concerned. This comment is not made with a view of detracting one iota from this event, but only to correct a very common abuse of the term champion.

The purse in the 7-bird events will be divided two moneys—60 and 40 per cent. In the 10-bird event there will be three moneys—35, 35 and 30 per cent. The 15-bird event will have four equal moeys of 25 per cent. Finally, the handicap calls for five moneys of 20 per cent. This is again inviting the attention of the place hunter, and furthermore will never be conducive to the highest competition. Live birds will be trapped at the very moderate charge of 20 cents. Then the club has arranged a target programme of six 15-target events for each day, so as to appease the desire of those who may have a hankering for the saucers. Two cents will be charged for these, while there will be four moneys in these events, divided 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. The club is one of the best equipped in the West, and its previous tournaments have always been popular and successful affairs, so there is every reason to expect this one to be up to standard. One thing I can assure those who contemplate attending is that they will get fair play and first-class accommodations. Shooting will begin promptly at 9 o'clock, while E. R. Chapman, secretary, will impart any additional information.

Arkansas Championship.

Hot Springs, Ark., Nov. 9.—The match that has been pending between Dr. A. U. Williams, holder, and C. E. DeLong, challenger, both of this city, for the possession of the State target championship trophy, was shot to-day at Whittington Park, under most favorable conditions, as the day was absolutely perfect for a race of this kind. Notwithstanding this, however, the scores put up by the principals were of a very inferior nature, and that neither shot up to his accustomed standard can most likely be attributed to the reason that this was their initial individual contest, and it was evident to the close observer that both were somewhat nervous, as neither showed the time that characterizes their shooting under ordinary conditions.

The Doctor got a good start and at one time led his opponent 3 birds; but the latter kept plugging along, and when he finally went up in the air he was equal to the occasion and readily passed him, winning by 41 to 38. Only once previous was the medal won on so low a score, and this was in January, 1898, when Sumpter and Clements tied on 39 and Sumpter won in the shoot-off.

The targets were thrown about 40yds., but the background is very deceptive here. DeLong shot a Winchester gun, Du Pont powder and Smokeless shells. Williams shot a Smith gun, Du Pont powder and Smokeless shells. Capt. A. R. Smith was referee, Bob Price trap puller, and the writer acted in the capacity of scorer. The scores:

DeLong	00111011111110111111111101—20	
	11100111101111111111101111—21—41	
Williams	11111111100111111101101111—21	
	11110101101100011011111110—17—38	

Hot Springs Midwinter Tournament.

A meeting of those interested in promoting this event was held on the night of the DeLong-Williams match, and this was conducive to much enthusiasm. After considerable discussion I was requested to announce to the shooting public that an event of the kind would be held at Hot Springs, Ark., Feb. 13 to 17, 1900, with at least $1,000 added money, the present intention being to have three days targets and two days live birds. Furthermore, notwithstanding the large amount of added money targets will be thrown at 2 cents. The programme as at present outlined will consist of ten target events each day, six of 15 and four of 20, which would make 170 shots for the day. There will not be less than $25 added in each event and there will also be daily average money and general average money. The principal live-bird event will be a 25-bird handicap, with not less than $100 added, and a handsome silver trophy, which becomes the property of the winner. The methods of division at this tournament will be Rose system for targets and high guns for pigeons. It is the object of the promoters of this tournament to make it a competition of the highest character, and furthermore it is their intention to so arrange their programme as to make it possible for those in attendance who display marked ability to win some money. They further intend to cater to the masses, and this class of shooters will be mainly considered when the programme is finally issued.

The above is only an outline of what is intended, but the most positive thing is the amount of added money. The only possible change that would be made in this respect would be to increase it to $1,500. The tournament committee selected at this meeting will consist of Capt. A. R. Smith, Dr. A. U. Williams, Dr. S. P. Collings, C. N. Rix and Capt. O. H. Price.

These gentlemen are representative citizens of the highest type in the Vapor City, and their character and integrity are unimpeachable. Their financial backing is gilt edge, so that any pledge will most certainly be carried out to the letter. Mr. Jack Parker, of Detroit, Mich., has been selected to manage the tournament and Capt. A. R. Smith will act as secretary.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Nov. 7.—No club about New York has grounds so pleasantly set as to surroundings and so conveniently situated for those who journey thither as has the C. A. C. The great club house faces on that fine stretch of water the New York Bay, with its ever changing panorama of the great and small crafts of pleasure and commerce steaming and sailing, some coming in to load or unload, others hurrying oceanward to the distant ports of the world. Across the Bay is the picturesque shore Staten Island, forming a pleasing background to the view. On the inshore side are the golf grounds, baseball and shooting grounds, polo grounds, etc., so that full provision is made for wholesome participation in the sports which the members follow.

The trapshooting grounds are equipped to meet fully and thoroughly the needs of the trapshooting members. Two sets of traps are installed, a magautrap and five expert traps, the latter so set in a pit that the trapping is done below the level of the field, and the targets thus come into view as if coming out of the ground. The background is good and favorable to good performance at the traps. Messrs. Carl G. Rasmus and Wilmot Townsend are of the shooting committee, the former being chairman, and they work earnestly and successfully in making the shoots attractive and enjoyable. Several of the members are showing marked ability and proficiency. Monthly and holiday cups are incentives to continued effort and competition.

On election day, Nov. 7, there were ten contestants for that day's cup. Mr. H. B. Van Deveer won with the score of 47. The conditions of the election day cup were 20 known angles, 20 expert and 10 magautrap. The handicaps and scores follow:

H. B. Van Deveer, 16, 47; H. A. Kryn, 5, 44; J. S. S. Remsen, 1, 43; C. J. McDermott, 10, 43; Edward Banks, 0, 39; H. A. Kenyon, 18, 39; W. Townsend, 9, 38; W. W. Marshall, 11, 36; Jere Scott, 4, 35; Grant Notman, 6, 33; A. E. Corlies, 18, 31.

Prize handicap, 10 pairs, magautrap, resulted as follows:

Grant Notman, 6, 18; Edward Banks, scratch, 18; B. Waters, visitor, 16; H. A. Kryn, 4, 16; C. J. McDermott, 8, 15; D. V. B. Hegeman, 4, 14; H. B. Van Deveer, 8, 13; W. W. Marshall, 8, 13; C. G. Rasmus, 8, 12; A. E. Corlies, 8, 12; H. A. Kenyon, 8, 10; J. S. S. Remsen, 2, 8.

Tie, shoot-off: Notman, 6, 17; Banks, scratch, 13.

Banks made the ground records at 50 and 75 targets, scoring 50 and 74 respectively, as against 49 and 73 scored by D. G. Geddes.

A number of 15 and 25 target events were also shot.

Nov. 11.—The second shoot for the November cup resulted as follows:

Second shoot for the November cup, 25 targets, expert rules, handicap: Banks, scratch, 24; Marshall, handicap 6, 24; Capt. Money, 2, 23; F. D. Mead, 10, 23; Henry A. Kryn, 8, 22; Hallock, 3, 22; H. L. Kenyon, 10, 22; Lowndes Rhett, 5, 20.

The prize handicap, expert rules: Hallock, 3, 25; Kryn, 3, 25; Capt. Money, 2, 24; Banks, scratch, 23; L. Rhett, 5, 19; Kenyon, 10, 18; Harrison, 10, 18; Mead, 10, 11. Shoot-off of tie for prize: Kryn, 8; Hallock, 7.

Ten pairs per man, magautrap: Banks, scratch, 19; Capt. Money, 1, 17; Marshall, 5, 17; Rhett, 4, 16; Kenyon, 4, 16; Hallock, 3, 15; Harrison, 1, 15; Garrett W. Cropsey, 1, 14; Mead, 4, 12; Kenyon, 2, 13.

Several other events were shot for practice.

Erie Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I.—On Nov. 8 eight members were present at the monthly live-bird shoot to-day at Dexter Park. In Class AA, 28yds., Charles Plate won first. In Class A, 28yds., H. Jankowsky won, and Roberts won in Class B. In the sweepstakes at 3 birds, miss-and-out, Jankowsky and B. Plate divided, Gref being first alone.

	Monthly Shoot.	Sweep, 3 Birds.	
F Gref	0111200—4	112	
H Jankowsky	2122212—7	021	2222
J Dohamans	2120101—5	111	
J Plate	2210202—5	020	
B Anderson	0210111—5	021	10
C Plate	1111111—7	021	1120
B Plate	0112000—3	202	2121
L Roberts	2221211—7	202	20

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Nov. 11.—The shoot to-day was quite well attended, though it had no significance in respect to the prize series of shoots. However, there was a main event at 50 targets, the special prize of which was a gun case, and the competition was a handicap. This event developed a high-class competition between Messrs. W. Hopkins and C. C. Beveridge (the Dominie), and it was in turf parlance a ding-dong finish. At the end of the first 50 targets every one was shot out but these two gladiators. The light had become very bad toward the finish, and it required owlish eyesight to negotiate the targets in the cloudy twilight. Although this event is given as No. 1, so as to have the handicaps and scores together, it was shot toward evening, and was the interesting competition of the day.

Dr. Webber was tuning up a new gun, and the task made an hiatus here and there in his usual good scores. Mr. David is showing great gains in skill, and is handling and pointing his gun with the free and confident quickness of the well-schooled shooter. No. 3 was at 15 single and 5 pairs. The scores were as follows:

Events		1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	50	15	10		15	15	25
*Waters	43	14	9	19	15	9	21
Beveridge, 4	50	13	8	22	13	13	24
Lincoln, 14	44	13	8	18	10	11	..
David, 11	44	12	..	18	15	8	..
Lane, 14	49	..	..	..	8	12	..
Thompson, 7	48	..	..	..	10	13	19
W Hopkins, 6	50	..	..	..	12	14	25
Dr Webber, 7	49	..	..	..	13	10	24
*Bennett	..	7	6	17	10	10	..
*Allen	..	..	7	..	10	8	..

*Targets only.

The Dominie and Hopkins started in to shoot the tie off at 25 targets. The former had 2, the latter 3 misses as breaks. In the first and second shoot-off 25 the score was a tie with handicaps—each 25. In the third 25 Hopkins scored 21 and the Dominie 20. The Dominie lost most of his targets in the last 5 shot at, at No. 1 trap, the background being unfavorable there in the bad light.

Nov. 7.—The election day shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club was a pleasant gathering of a few members. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	25	*	25	*	25	25	*			
Webber	22	22	23	21	24	24	..	22	23	..
Van Allen	23	23	21	21	17	22	15	23	21	19
David	19	17	..	13	..	..	..	24	19	..
Schuebel	..	..	16	..	21	..	14	..	15	..
Lincoln	..	..	18	16	18	16	13	16	..	12
Brigham	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	..	18	12
Seidel	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	10	..	..

*10 singles, 5 pairs.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Thanksgiving at Springfield.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 11.—The Merchants' Thanksgiving tournament of the Illinois Gun Club, of Springfield, Ill., of which mention has been made in an earlier issue, promises to be a nice little tournament to bear in mind. This gun club is a strong one and includes such prominent names as those of Gov. John R. Tanner, Hon. James. R. B. VanCleave, State Fish and Game Commissioner H. W. Loveday, of Chicago, and other officials. The club offers $300 in merchandise prizes and a $100 silver challenge cup. The shooting will be at live birds and targets, and the proceeds of the tournament will be devoted to the Home of the Friendless and the Old Ladies' Home at Springfield. The dates of the shoot are Nov. 28 and 29.

Garfield Gun Club.

Twenty-three men came out to the third trophy contest of the Garfield Gun Club, to-day, and the scores show that they were up to the task in hand, though only one was landed straight. The day was gloomy, cold and uncomfortable, a chilly north wind making it bad for men and birds, the latter seeming to be chilled almost to the point of sluggishness part of the time, though after taking wing they proved to be sharp flyers. Most of the flights were to the right quarter, and many birds were stopped by the new wire boundary fence which has just been put up. It grew dark early to-day, and the concluding sweep was shot when it was so dark the men had to stoop down to see the birds against the sky line. Mr. Kuss' retrieving dogs did their work as usual in great style.

A painful accident happened last Monday to the good-natured secretary of Garfield Gun Club, Dr. J. W. Meek, and it might very possibly have proved more serious than it was. The Doctor was examining a shell from which the charge had been removed, and in some way exploded the primer while the shell was in his hand. The base of the shell was blown back into the fleshy part of his hand and imbedded so deeply that it had to be cut out from the opposite side of the hand. In spite of this ugly accident Dr. Meek was able to shoot to-day, and was in the first flight, killing straight except 1 dead over the wire. Following are the scores of the day:

Third trophy contest, 10 live birds:

M H Shaw	1221222*22— 9	E W Eaton	1211112*2$— 8
R Kuss	2*1212212*— 8	Dr Royce	2022011110— 7
Workman	1021112211— 9	Hicks	120012222*— 7
Kehl	2002122112— 8	Barnard	1020112*11— 7
Dr Meek	121*112222— 9	Hellman	0222120212— 8
Cornelson	2012222121— 9	Russell	1121120101— 8
Leffingwell	2211220211— 9	Dr O'Byrne	1012101121— 8
Palmer	1222202221— 9	L Thomas	*121022100— 6
Dr Shaw	2222*02021— 7	L Wolff	020*100211— 5
Chris Wolff	0*21211000— 5	Stuchlik	10211122*1— 8
T Eaton	0111111111— 9	E S Graham	2222222222—10

Six-bird sweep, $2, two moneys:

M H Shaw	*01121—4	Hicks	010122—4
Kuss	222221—6	Russell	110222—5
Cornelson	212202—5	Dr O'Byrne	121022—5
Leffingwell	012*10—3	C J Wolff	001222— 4
Palmer	220210—4	Dr Graves	222111—6
T Eaton	101122—5	Stuchlik	102200—3
E Eaton	121202—5	Ghram	122222—6

Ghram and Kuss divided first on account of the darkness. Cornelson won second alone.

Practice:

M H Shaw	22	Dr Meek	11
Kuss	02	Cornelson	020
Workman	21	Palmer	22
Kehl	20	Leffingwell	12

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garden City Gun Club.

Burnside Crossing, Ill., Nov. 11.—The shoot of the Garden City Gun Club, held at Watson's Park to-day, resulted as follows:

H Levi, 30, 2	2121220211121212	—15
Hollister, 30, 0	211121122120212	—14
*F M Smith	010100111222*121122021021	—18
Wiley	220211101111222	—13

Miss-and-out:

Smith	0	10	120	Levi	2111	20	2122210
Hollister	1110	21	1211211	Wiley	220	0	220

*Guest.

RAVELRIGG.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Walsrode Gun Club.

TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 8.—The first event, at 15 targets, was to qualify for place, 10 out of 15 to be scored. The result was: Wedmann 14, J. Taylor 11, Lutes 11, Barwis 11, Hall 4, Coward 11, Thomas 10, Dutton 5, Coward 2, Woolverton 9, Cole 9.

For the gold badge the scores were:

Wedmann	111111111101111—14	Barwis	011000100001010— 5
J Taylor	001011010111001— 8	Bowers	110110111111111—13
Lutes	111100100011110— 9	Thomas	011001101111111—11

For the silver badge the scores were:

Hall	110011000111010— 8	Woolverton	111011101111011—12
Dutton	000100000100000— 2	Cole	110111010100110— 9
Coward	000000000000000— 0		

Team race:

Cole	1101110101001011—9	Hall	1001011101 —6
Lutes	1100111101 —7	J Taylor	1000011111 —6
J Taylor	0000100100 —2	Lutes	1111101011 —8
Barwis	0111110111 —8	Cole	1101110101001l0—9
Wedmann	1111101111 —9—35	Barwis	1111001110 —7—36

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 8.—The final contest for the Fleischmann-Peabody cup took place to-day, Schuler winning by 1 bird. Below are the seven best scores of those shooting in that many events.

The Schuler trophy will commence the first Wednesday of next month and be shot for under practically the same conditions as those of the cup just finished. Fleischmann-Peabody cup scores:

								Broke.	Av.
Schuler	14	14	14	14	13	13	13	95	.904
Dick	15	14	14	13	13	13	12	94	.894
Huheey	15	14	14	13	13	13	12	94	.894
Gambell	15	14	14	14	14	12	11	94	.894
See	15	14	13	13	13	13	12	93	.885
Stephens	15	14	13	13	12	10	9	86	.819
Nye	14	14	13	12	12	10	10	85	.809
Ackley	13	13	12	11	10	10	9	78	.742

Final contest, Nov. 8, for Fleischmann-Peabody cup; entrance $5; division, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:

Schuler, 30	222211221210121—14	Wanda, 30	2222222122222211—15
See, 30	022022222022222—12	Trimble, 29	222*22222222222—14
Dick, 29	201212211112222—14	Huheey, 29	121122122211121—15
Lindsley, 30	222222222222222—15	Hill, 30	211111211221111—15
Gambell, 28	222222222222222—15		

Fifteen birds; $5; 60 and 40 per cent.:

Schuler	211111111122211—15	*Lindsley	222220221222222—14
See	222221220111121—14	Dick	212211211201111—14
Ackley	211*21111011121—13	Gambell	2022222222*2222—13
Hill	222111121211211—15		

*Birds.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 22. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

TIMOTHY SAMUEL LOVEL.

That is the rotund mouth-filling name of Sam's Boy, and as it was dear to Sam and Huldy we must all approve it. The story of the Vermont boyhood lived by this boy in the days of Danvis has been written by Mr. Robinson, and the beginning will be printed in our issue of Dec. 2.

MT. SHASTA AND ITS LIFE.

BEST known and one of the most beautiful of the volcanic snow cones of the Pacific slope, Shasta has been many times described. It is a lofty mountain with an altitude of 14,450 feet, and stands by itself completely cut off from the neighboring mountains by river valleys which flow to the north and to the south of it. It is the best known landmark in California, and when viewed from north, south and east appears as a great snow-clad cone, while from the west and southwest its outline is longer and it seems more like a ridge.

In Dr. Merriam's volume on Shasta, which is published as No. 16 of North American Fauna, and is entitled "Results of a Biological Survey of Mt. Shasta, California," we see this mountain in a new aspect. Usually it is written of from a distance, its majesty awes the beholder, and from reading of it we receive a general notion that it is vast and imposing, but we get little impression of the detail of the mountain. It is this that Dr. Merriam's report gives us. He has traveled back and forth over its slopes from crown to base. He has studied its forests, its flowering plants, its grasses and the Alpine species that flourish among the rocks far above timber land. He has climbed its rock slopes, exploited its cañons and glacial basins, and followed up its streams to their sources in the melting snow banks, or to where the hurrying milky torrent pours forth from beneath the glacier's mass. He has investigated its birds, and its mammals, and can tell us where they live and whence they came. As a result of his investigations five new forms of plant life and eight of mammalian life have been described as new, while there are others that remain unnamed.

The mass of Shasta is of volcanic rock, largely pumice, but often with cliffs of a solid lava. Its glaciers lie chiefly on the north and east sides, and there are a few on the south side, but not one on the west. From these glaciers the streams which descend the mountain have cut deep cañons which are usually straight and average about 1,000 feet in depth. Down near the water, where it is moist, there is considerable vegetation, but the upper portions are barren and almost devoid of plant life. Among the rock slopes which are above timber line and yet not covered by snow are found many small mammals feeding on the Alpine plants. One of the most noteworthy of these is the little chief hare, sometimes known as the rock rabbit or rock cony. In old times the big horn made its home on these heights, but it has long been extinct, and but rarely does the traveler come upon a whitening bone which tells of its old-time presence.

Rising from a region of forests, Shasta itself is continuously forest-covered up to an altitude of 7,500 or 8,000 feet. This forest is divided into three belts, determined by altitude and named from their most characteristic trees. The lowest is the yellow pine belt; then comes the Shasta fir belt, and last and highest the white bark pine belt. It is interesting to note that these belts coincide with three life zones of the mountain—the Transition, Canadian and Hudsonian.

As might be expected in so arid a region as this, these forests have been frequently devastated by fire. The greatest ravages have been in the yellow pine belt, and follow the course of the lumbering with great regularity. As yet the fires have not greatly damaged the middle or Shasta fir timber belt.

It can readily be understood that the life zones of Shasta form the chief subject of Dr. Merriam's study. These are well shown on a diagram giving an outline of the mountain. Down in the Shasta Valley, simmering in the drought and heat, lies a patch of upper Sonoran life. This is followed by a wide expanse of Transition zone, above which follow the Canadian, Hudsonian, Alpine and Arctic. The study of these life zones here is in some degree complicated by the excessive aridity of the mountain. Water is so scarce that many species which would be looked for in certain zones are lacking.

The extent of each of these zones is, of course, determined by the mammals, birds and plants found there. Lists of these are given for each zone, and the fauna and flora of Shasta are contrasted with corresponding faunas and floras of the Sierras and the Cascades, both as to the presence and the absence of certain species in those ranges. Standing alone as Shasta does, the question naturally arises whence come the northern species that are found on it? Which of the neighboring ranges has contributed most to the life of this mountain? The points discussed are of very high interest. Very useful, as bearing on the subject, are the fully annotated lists of mammals, birds and plants which close the volume of 180 pages.

The volume is very fully illustrated, chiefly from photographs of the mountain, its scenery, its trees, birds and mammals, and also by some of Mr. Fuertes' beautiful bird drawings and a few cuts that have already appeared in another connection. The work is of high interest to all students of nature, and indeed to all intelligent persons who have any fondness for outdoor matters.

WILL THE LICENSE DO IT?

ON a Long Island market garden farm the other day a man was sitting down in a field sorting turnips, when there came to him simultaneously the report of a shotgun and a charge of bird shot, which struck him full in front, wounding him in face and body. He rose to his feet with a frantic yell, only to see two scared "sportsmen" running away at top speed.

Last Saturday on another Long Island farm a man was working in a barnyard, when he was startled by the discharge of a gun close behind him and saw a barn dove fall wounded from the roof of the barn, shot by a "sportsman." On the same farm the next day, being Sunday, close attention was required through the day to herd the cattle out of range of trespassing "sportsmen."

The incidents are typical of scores and hundreds which are happening every day. The suburbs of our cities and towns are scoured by an increasing horde of ruffians and rowdies, armed with shotguns and fortified by liquor, who, in their reckless and impudent invasions of grounds and their random shooting at the cows, chickens, pigeons and small birds of field and orchard, are a constant menace to property and human life.

The existence of this class is an evil of serious moment to decent sport, since, as we have already pointed out, the ruffian shooters, by reason of their number and prominence, create in the public mind a prejudice against the real sportsman and his legitimate pursuit of game in legitimate ways. It is for the interest of respectable sport, then, that the lawless element should be suppressed. Indeed the time has fully come when sportsmen's clubs and game protective associations may profitably put themselves on record, defining their attitude toward this obnoxious class, and taking steps to secure abatement of the nuisance.

Where shall we find the remedy? From Rhode Island comes a suggestion that the solution of the problem may lie in a gun license system; and there are several considerations which appear to give reasonable color to the proposition. Assuming that before being permitted to go abroad on lands other than his own or than such as may be leased by him, a gunner were compelled to equip himself with a license bearing his name and address and subject to revocation upon violation of the conditions governing its possession and use, may we not assume that the holder of such a license would be subjected to a more strict personal accountability? If the holder of such a license were required to carry it with him while shooting and to exhibit to any person on demand, the very fact that his identity was thus subject to disclosure would certainly have the effect of restraining him in a degree from a course of conduct which as an unknown and unidentified stranger with a gun he might be quite ready to pursue. It it beyond question that the sense of unaccountability has a large share in influencing these fellows to make them bold to commit their depredations. They are away from home; the people they encounter do not know who they are, nor where they come from; and no one can call them to account; so they are under no restraint, and the coarse nature comes to the surface. If this were changed by the license system and William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, knew that he would have to show his license on demand and tell who he was and where he came from, he would walk a straight path and be careful how he conducted himself. And on the other hand the very fact that an intruder upon the land was obliged by the statute to show his license, and thus to disclose his identity, would be apt to give the farmer or the land owner more confidence in his dealing with the trespasser. The system might readily be so devised as to insure an observance of the conditions of the license, and these conditions could be made so comprehensive and specific that the result would be to hold the shooter accountable for his conduct from the time he left his home until his return to it.

We would be glad to have the opinions on this subject of those who have given the matter some thought. Is the remedy to be found in a gun license, and has the time come for resort to this expedient? If the license will not afford us the desired corrective, what will? In what way shall we suppress the cow shooter?

GAME IN TRUNKS.

COMMISSIONER JAS. H. WORDEN, of the Pennsylvania Board of Game Commissioners, sends us a report of a game seizure made the other day by Chief Game Warden Kalbfus. The individuals concerned were from Mount Vernon, a village adjoining Greater New York. Their names are not given; but we assume that they are of the average run of residents of that town, men who when at home do not dodge the police nor purloin bric-à-brac on their social calls nor steal the milk from their neighbors' stoops. Yet when they go into a neighboring State for shooting they do not hesitate to cheat the authorities and try to make off with stolen goods. And they got caught.

The law forbidding a sportsman to take home his game is a harsh one; so much cannot be denied. It deprives one of a privilege which is highly valued. One likes to have some tangible testimony to his skill, some evidence of his success; he wants to show his birds to his family and friends, and to share with them. Nevertheless if the privilege is denied, only one course is open to a conscientious and right-minded person; that is to accept the restriction philosophically and adhere to the letter of the law. The man who smuggles game in his trunk must leave something of his self-respect behind him.

These Mount Vernon shooters knew before they went to Pennsylvania, or might have known and should have known, that they would not be permitted to bring home any game. They therefore, when they went to Pennsylvania for shooting, undertook, in honor, to attempt to take no game out of the State, and they were bound by honor to refrain from any smuggling tricks. To keep faith with the people of the State whose guest one happens to be is much more worth while than to sneak out a few partridges to take home.

Here is a story with a moral. Mr. Maximilian H. Foster, of this city has long cherished an ambition to possess a moose head won by himself in fair quest in Canadian woods. In pursuit of the trophy he had made pilgrimage after pilgrimage, but only to return from each arduous expedition disappointed, until the years counted eleven. In all these years he had seen many moose, but the moose, the fellow with the head worth while, had eluded him. Now he has just returned from the twelfth annual moose hunt, and the fortune of 1899 has brought compensation in full for the disappointments that have gone before. This year Mr. Foster comes home from the Tobique with a moose head measuring sixty-five inches from tip to tip, the record head for that country. As we have before now alluded to Mr. Foster's phenomenal ill-luck, it is a great pleasure to record the success which has at last rewarded his pluck and perseverance.

Representative of the class of Western men of whom we wrote the other day as a "type that has passed" was the Colorado pioneer Philander Simmons, who died in Denver last week after a life full of wanderings and vicissitudes. America still possesses such picturesque types, but the changed conditions of modern life present few opportunities for us to discover them. There died recently in New York city a man who, originally a "Bowery boy," had run away to the Mexican war, had been a filibuster with Walker, had commanded a regiment in the Civil War, had been prominent in city politics, and in 1897, at the age of nearly seventy years, went to the Klondike as a gold seeker. The sparse population of the old far West made the salient characteristics of each man at once evident, while among the dense population of the present day it is only the strongest characters who come to the front.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Around and About a New Adirondack Camp.

ONCE more I am where I like to be—out in the woods, sitting at the door of a new log cabin and writing upon a home-made table, upon an Indian summer day. The sun shines bright and warm without, and the balsam gum, oozing from the pores of the green logs, fills the cabin with a delicious perfume. Outside the autumn leaves are falling, and their colors, varying from bright carmine to a rusty brown, as they descend and blend with the bright green of the balsam and spruce in kaleidoscopic changes, make a picture that no scene paitner can imitate.

Prostrate and decaying logs, once monarchs of the forest, now lie covered with green moss beside and over the brook down below, and the brook and the birds vie with each other in exultation, and all nature is joyous this autumn day as though improving the opportunity before the winter storms and cold make bleak this cheerful spot.

As I write I hear the boom of Guide Delmarsh's three-barrel gun away down the glen, and I believe that we will have broiled partridges for some late supper. The bird will be hot, but the cold bottle—Oh, well, a tin pail filled from the icy spring will answer. I also hear a slight knock on the window glass. A little bird—a sapsucker we call them—has flown in and bumped his head in trying to escape. I pick him up and hear his peep of fear; but would I hurt him? Oh, no! I take him out to a bough on the tree, and his claws prick my fingers as though clinging to a friendly hand and loath to part. He went away after a while and possibly told his mates in bird talk that a man who writes once in a while to the FOREST AND STREAM, because he likes to, gave him some assistance in time of trouble—maybe so.

Let us go back to the starting point. I left New York when thousands were going in, and I did so by agreement. The Deer Slayer made an appointment with Hurry Harry and agreed to meet him on a certain day in a certain place in this same forest, so Fenimore Cooper says, and I likewise agreed to meet a guide on a certain day, and inasmuch as Admiral Dewey would not change dates I could not stay to entertain him—but there were others.

On the way to the station I heard the pulsating of drums and the tingle of the spirit of '76 went through my spine, and though there be not hair enough on my head to stand up to the thrill, as I turned the corner and met the troops my rifle involuntarily came to right shoulder, and the words "Left, left, hay foot, straw foot, left" ran in my mind, and I marched along beside the soldiers with head up and stomach out as proud as the best until the spell was broken by the shout of a gamin, who yelled: "Hey, Mickey, see de ol' sport step out!"

Arriving at the station I saw a little white casket passed gently into a child's hearse, and then move slowly away, followed by father, mother, sister and brother in a coach. What a contrast of sadness and joy! Millions of people rejoicing at the coming of a great man, and a small family mourning the departure of a little child. So the occurrences of life weave in and out, and one has its effect upon the other, and the drift of the whole is toward the good in all things.

The Empire State Express, usually crowded, carried but few, and it was a simple stretch of the imagination to think myself a prominent statesman booming along in the president's private car to keep an appointment at some agricultural horse trot to tell the people what to do to save the country. The barns and fences flew by, leaving the letters of the words Sarsaparilla, Castoria and Soap in my eyes, and I thought of "that tired feeling," and that I heard the children cry for castoria, while the tramps did not the same for soap.

In due time Old Forge was reached. The place takes its name from its former iron industry, and near the Forge House there stand as relics of bygone days the old triphammer and anvil. The guides and loggers are still wont to test their strength in lifting the anvil during idle moments. I tried and failed.

The steamboat's whistle sounded its warning, and the few passengers—guides and gunners—gathered around the boilers, spun lying yarns about their prowess and discussed the merits of various brands of whisky.

Saturday was passed restlessly at Eagle Bay awaiting the arrival of Guide Delmarsh. The fitful sunshine came and went, and the intervals of disappearance were filled up with darkness, skurrying snowflakes and autumn leaves in a wild whirl of chilly wind.

Once when the sun shone brightly I tried to target the sights of a new Savage rifle, and in a few moments was drenched with snow and rain and numb with cold. Sunday morning I packed the garb of civilization in my trunk, and donning the hunting togs waited at the lake shore for my friend, and from over the sprayed whitecaps of the lake came a canoe propelled by a stroke that I knew so well. Then the broad blue-shirted back became plainer, until the prow of the canoe slid upon the sand at my feet. He asked me if I wished to wait until the lake quieted down before crossing, and I told him that I would start for Heaven in a hand-basket with him and bank upon a safe arrivel. True, it was rough, and at times it seems as if we would swamp, but with rare skill he carried me safely over the billows and through the troughs, and with packs and rifles we entered the forest and the cold wind was shut out by a natural roof, and our feet trod the woodland carpet. It is a carpet that fades and renews its changing pattern and colors often. It is ingrain and velvet by turns, and often full of rents and soiled; but it wears well, and at times can be bought at bargain sales.

Once more the cool fragrance of the woods is in my nostrils, and then suddenly I enter a flood of warm air, as though passing from a cool to a warm room, and look about in search of a camp-fire. There is none, and the cause of the warmth is one of the woodland's secrets. Anon the sun comes out to stay through the day, and the shadows of the falling leaves or of the wings of the birds in their flight overhead dart over the tree trunks and open glades, and the squirrels chase the shadows and themselves in wild frolic, and sputter at us with insulting grimace and flirt of bushy tails.

In descending the hillside the weight of my pack toppled me over as I stooped to pick a rare fern. I pitched my rifle toward my destination and, like Columbus when landing, kissed the earth; but there was no harm done beyond a wet stain on one knee and a pound of wet mould in my hand and up my sleeve. Whatever makes you laugh or causes others to do so adds to the pleasures of the trip, and then with reasonable success in securing game comes the good of it all.

Three hours of hard tramping brought us to our old open camp of previous years, and we decided to spend the night there rather than push on to the log cabin in process of construction three miles further in. We cut the huge backlog and the smaller wood for the night fire and pulled balsam twigs from branches for our beds, and from the camp lantern took kerosene to remove the pitch from our hands, and from within the hollow trunk of a neighboring tree we unearthed the camp tinware, and the dear old combination coffee and tea pot that brewed so many decoctions that "cheer but not inebriate" came up smilingly. Sooty and black outside, with the lid bound on with wire, and the handle leaning at a decrepit angle, it was ready for another heated argument with us. We scoured the cutlery by driving it into the ground, and we cooked our supper of eggs, potatoes and flapjacks, and condensed milk and maple syrup made rich coffee and cakes. We washed the dishes because we found—about the only thing around a hunter's camp that the hedgehogs will not chew up—a piece of soap, and this with a last year's rag that looked suspiciously like a remnant of underwear did the work.

Then we hit up the pipes and talked around the fire until late. Either the smoke of the fire or the pipes, or both combined, overcame us, and we rolled up in our blankets and slept the sleep of the righteous.

Before the first gray light of morning came we were up, and the fire snapped, and the odor of coffee and toasted bread blended with the aromatic smoke of burning silver birch. Then we stepped out into the forest while it was till dark, in search of the bounding buck, and found him not. When near camp upon our return a doe watched us calmly from a boulder on the hillside, but we do not shoot does, and in a desire to see the lithe beauty run I cracked the dead spruce near her with a shot, and over the hills and far away she sped, feeling better for the early exercise and probably wondering what those two things were and what they made that noise with.

We left the camp like parting with an old friend, and after tramping over the mountains for three miles heard the sound of the saw and hammer, and I remembered the expression "Busy marts of trade," an expression that is tabooed from modern literature as a "chestnut," and even "chestnut" is now out at compound interest; but the sound did not indicate the growing village or commerce—just the erection of a hunter's camp of unhewn logs, 12 x 14 feet inside and so low-ceiled that the silk hat of the minister would be crushed should he call upon us without uncovering. Overhead, under the steep pitched and spruce shingled roof, we can sleep when all is done, and we jump into the work with Father Delmarsh, Archie's brother Eri, and his cousin, whom I chose to call Longfellow for obvious reasons. We make the chips fly, and if "the workman is known by his chips," as they say, you would be well acquainted with us were you here. Being more proficient at ground than lofty tumbling, I chose to lay the floor, and some of it was blind nailed, and the rest looked as though I were blind instead of the nailing, so the others told me. Overhead the others were shingling and laying 7 inches to the weather, and breaking joints, and as I went out for another board they broke the staging as well. They came down like so many coons from a chopped tree, and felt themselves over for broken joints.

The cook stove came in on a sled team in the afternoon, and the sash and other necessary things, and we got the stove into place, and had the usual experience in putting up the pipe, and heard the usual expletives accompany the process. Each one knew more about the dampers than the others, and the word, or an abbreviation of it, was often heard before the task was complete. Then we nailed boards on the tree trunk near the door, and from amid the camp duffle came the wash basin and a bar of yellow soap, and rolling up the sleeves and unbuttonnig the collars of the flannel shirts, we bathed in the icy water of the brook. Those with hair combed without a mirror, and the absence troubled me not, as the towel answered nicely.

Then by the light of a candle stub came a supper of bean swagen, hot johnny cake, broiled venison, baked potatoes, etc., then the pipes, and before the desire to smoke was gratified came the call of wornout bone and muscle for rest, and all were too tired to replenish the fire in the night, and there on the chilly floor, surrounded by frosted logs, we passed the cold night in restless sleep. But the next night found us as "snug as a bug in a rug." With door and sash in place, and table and benches made, with floor and bunks complete overhead, and the walls frescoed with interior decorations, and chinked with moss from without, and plenty of wood, I passed the other nights in sound sleep, with no fear of fire or burglars, or of awakening by cats on the back fence, or by the song of the belated clubman, "We won't go home till morning," as he paddles along the street. True, the owls met and hooted on the peaked roof above me, and in the midnight stillness, unbroken save by the moaning wind an dtheir owlish love cooing, "Soft eyes spake love to eyes that spake again."

When the camp's construction was complete, the others left the guide and myself to enjoy it, and as they were about to start up the mountain side the boys said they heard partridges drumming off to the left, and touching the G. A. R. button of the gray-haired veteran, I said: "They are drumming you out of camp, Uncle." With fire in his eye he replied: "Birds can do it; man never did and never will." His answer was characteristic of the sturdy old man, and his boys are "chips of the old block."

One morning a messenger came down the hillside summoning the guide to county jury duty, and for once in my life I wanted to say "D—n the law and all disciples of Blackstone." There was no appeal, and the guide left me alone until at dusk his brother came back to camp as a substitute, and has been with me since, and on this later day I resume the process of writing, inasmuch as a knee, strained by long tramping, refuses longer to raise 210 pounds over the mountains without rest. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," and "a chain is as strong as the weakest link and the bridge as strong as its frailest support."

Eri is away hunting alone, but before he went he figured this way and said: "You carry 70 pounds more than I, on a lighter frame. There being 5,280 feet in a mile, and allowing at least 2,000 steps to the mile, you move in a ten-mile tramp 700 tons more than I do, and ought to rest." Perhaps the boy figures correctly—I do not know. I am only figuring upon a pleasant time. The statistics are more appalling than the actual process of moving so much.

If the reader doesn't mind I will tell him (or her) what I have seen in this wild wood in the way of living things. One bright day, mellow with sunshine, and with air laden with woodland aroma, the guide with rifle went one way for deer, and I went opposite with a shotgun for birds. After a while we swung in together on the other side of the mountain. I had stopped the flight of one hurrying cock bird and he was still in my pocket, and I had missed another and was thinking of the cause when I heard the sharp crack of nitro powder off behind me. I stood for a few moments beside a large moss-covered boulder in silence and my ears and eyes did double work. This rock, as though cut by man's and decorated by woman's hands, stood up with clean sides, while on top rich green and brown moss furnished nourishment for brake and fern. The trees around were evergreen, and no decaying leaves or twigs marred its cleanliness. While admiring its resemblance to a well-kept artificial fernery, there silently came up to me, almost within hand reach, the cleanest and most graceful animal that ever roamed through the wildwood or saw the forest opening—a doe with eyes like large ripe purple plums. She looked at me in astonishment, and I never even winked. The blue-brown ears, as long as the face, pointed toward me, and the glossy coat covering the supple form shone back clean to the white flag, and the white flag was white—"A Milk White Flag" indeed. The slight, graceful limbs, now rigid, would soon be in action, carrying the sleek brown body in bounding flight over logs and stones, over the beechwood ridge up yonder, and my day-dream would end in a vacant stare at the hole in the bush where the last white shadow faded. How came she there? In the charge of the Light Brigade some one had blundered, and I think that she, startled at the shot fired at a male of her own kind—possibly a brother—rushed, she thought, to a place of safety. Was she safe? Sure! Oh, I could have picked her up and kissed her if she would let me, and I could no more have shot her than I could a schoolgirl playing at recess.

The suspense was telling upon me, and I longed to see her run. I raised my hand as though in benediction, and said: "Well, you are a beauty!" With a look that might be considered as a reproach for undue familiarity, or as saying, "Don't you suppose that I know it?" she skipped away like a waltzing belle and was gone from me forever.

Then the bold Canada jays flew in and needed but little encouragement to alight upon the rifle barrel. At the base of a decaying stump the white-footed deer mice came out to see what jarred the earth. Their quaint little eyes blinked in the bright light, but ere long, when the snows come and cover them 4 feet deep with a cold mantle, they will pass in and out of the subways beneath snow, roots, logs, dead moss and leaves, and their activity will contravene the thought that they are buried alive, and though they may be buried, they will be on top again gnawing at discarded antlers when the cover is off in the nascent springtime.

Another time, while standing quietly, deep down in the mountain chasm, the dry leaves about my feet would turn over like the jumping beans from the tropics; and wondering at the cause and stooping to discover it a beechnut burr struck my hand, and then, looking upward in the leafy tree tops, I saw a number of red squirrels. By some mutual understanding they send down showers of nuts, and coming down together gather them and cache them for the winter's supply. I did not move, and presently from different points they descended, and one more bold than the rest came to my feet, but quickly dodged away and sputtered in anger, and then ran part way up a tree to a limb close by. He stood on his nose and fore paws and scratched savagely with his hind feet and barked, and I think he said to me: "I'd like to take a fall out of you. I'd sink my teeth in your nose and clutch an ear with each fore paw, and scratch the collar button from you with my hind feet, and bang your bosom with my tail." And I laughed at that little imp—that Ishmael of the woods—and suddenly noticed that they were gathering from all directions, and fearing a repetition of the scene of Gulliver and the Lilliputians, I left to them what was their right by priority.

Soon there was a swaying of the underbrush, and with as much crushing of twigs as a fawn would cause, a hedgehog—the fretful porcupine of Shakespeare—appeared, and in revenge for harm done me and my camps in years past I bowled the mischievous thing over with a bullet. No, they don't throw quills; they will swat you with a prickly tail, and the barbed quills come easily from them and painfully from the victim. Often have I pulled them from the face of an overzealous pup, while he submitted to the painful operation like a stoic.

In the brook called Red River the young trout were seen in masses, and I fed them with crumbs and said to them: "Uneeda biscuit." Although goldenrod and purple aster are rarely seen in these forests, I recall one spot, burned over in years past, that was bright with the blossoms of each, and there, gay in plumage, blue and white, flitted the bluejays great and small, and blackbirds, woodpeckers and others with names unknown to me, flew about in uncurbed joy, and saying to each other in bird language, "Life is worth living."

Passing under huge hemlocks, oaks and maples, where all undergrowth and vegetation save moss had given up the struggle for light and sunshine and died bewailing the greed of the powerful, the pillars of the canopy overhead could be seen for a great distance, and the covering shut out from sight the sun and clouds. When nearly through this cavern-like place I startled a herd of deer in an adjacent thicket. The gloom nearly hid from sight the dark-coated portions of the bodies, but the

white rear ends could be seen plainly darting hither and yon like the wig-wagging of a signal corps, or like the flutter of white skirts at a picnic at the cry of snakes. Then they went and all was still again save the dry leaves, stones and twigs under foot. Half a mile more through windfalls and spots where under the balsams the deer had yarded in winter and where the bones told me that some had died of old age or starvation, I came out into the plain. It is acres in extent and as level as a floor. It was burned over this season and the black and charred crust gave up a pungent dust, and I seek deer trails which cross it for better walking. The grass grows richer and greener in these paths, and the fire has left them undisturbed, as though they were ploughed trenches around a prairie home.

On the other side of the plains, away up among the mountains, there is a lake than which none is more beautiful. Some one said: "See Naples and then die." Why ring down the curtain for so small an inducement or put on a wooden overcoat when with corudroys one can wander in these wild regions upon an October day? I say to you, see a mountain lake in October and live. See it when the sun shines on the mirrorlike water; when the leaves in crimson, brown, green and yellow, still clinging to the supporting branches of the trees, are transferred in duplicate to the lake surface and seem to enter it even, and the moss-covered shore rocks that you think ought to sink float on the surface; and away back on another range of hills, where the warmth and fog from the lake surface has not access, see the frost and ice covered foliage glistening in the sunlight. See it all from the silent, gliding canoe, and thank the Creator that you are alive.

One afternoon, when, weary from long wanderings, I returned to camp, and leaning my easy chair (a board with a cross-section) against a tree I watched the setting sun. A huge yellow ball (the gold standard of the West) was dropping down behind the mountain top high up before me. I saw, or thought I saw, a mammoth, half bird, half animal, moving over and through the tree tops a mile up and away on the mountain. The first impulse was to shoot, but something weird, something uncanny in the aspect stayed the slaughter. It was a chance for the big-game hunter. The outlines of the monster were imperfect, and adjusting my glasses for better sight I discovered that I was the innocent victim of an hallucination. It was a bug on the vizor of my hunting cap. Whatever caused the distorted fancy or the conductive fancy which led to it still had its influence, and as my eyes closed in slumber there was left in them the picture of the sunset, and I thought of the happy hunting ground beyond, and believed that the portal thereto rested on the blue and gold cumulus cloud strata to the left, and I thought I left that earthly camp and darted through the forest and up to the mountain top and stepped off into space and floated in ozone until at last, with feet resting on steps of pearl and gold, I looked about for the janitor. Yet it seemed not to be a building—rather a walled estate—and I felt that I must find the lodge keeper before being apprehended by game keepers.

Then that old fisherman of revered memory, St. Peter, came to me and said: "What is it, man; what is wanted?" And I told him that I did not know yet and asked him to tell me if there was a place where the fires burned eternally; a place paved with infants' skulls and good intentions, and where all alike had a place in the lake of fire; and he told me "No"; told me that it was a myth invented by those who wished to rule by fear, and I asked him if there were a divine right to rule.

"Not where you came from, he said; "party majorities decide that."

"Can I walk around in there, St. Peter?"

"Go in; go where you please. We bar none. There is no posted ground, no game laws or preserves. Go walk beside the still waters and lie down in green pastures and there find those gone on before; those of your own ways and habits; those whom you have loved and who have loved you—no night, no storm, no pain—all serenity and sunshine."

And with friends all about and with no thought of time, I wandered about the celestial forest and streams, and I saw Tecumseh, Pontiac, Red Jacket, all of the Sagamores, and the Seminole chief who had forgotten that he said: "I'll taunt ye with my latest breath, I'll hate ye till I die." There were Uncas and the Pathfinder talking with the Iroquois and Hurons, while Fenimore Cooper and Francis Parkman stood by smiling. Yonder playing together were now living exemplifications of the destructiveness of the extremes of heat and cold—the Casabianca boy who stood upon the burning deck and the Alpine youth who cried "Excelsior" and perished amid snow and ice.

In due time dear old Fred Mather came, and gathering all the men that he had fished with retired with them to a leafy grotto and led them in singing "Shall We Gather at the River." Then Sam Lovel hurried by and on his shoulder he carried old "Ore-bed." He had smuggled in the only gun that I saw. I ran after him and said, "Sam, what are you up to?" and he told me that Rowland Robinson was coming, and that he and Uncle 'Lisha were mustering all New Englanders to give him welcome—"Come on." And when the good man came with sight restored and white hair and beard waving in the celestial zephyrs, like the plumes of Navarre, we cheered that Vermonter as only one other has been cheered, and then he led us in singing "Hurrah for old New England and her cloud-capped granite hills."

Daniel Boone, Dave Crockett, Kit Carson and the illustrious Buffalo Bill had organized a new Wild West Show, and the Rough Riders, led by our Teddy, did well their stunt. The impression gained from the earthly pictorial illustrations that the only angels having wings were women and children was verified, and the men do not fly about as on earth. All is passive, and the genial editor of the FOREST AND STREAM, with blue pencil over ear and shears pendent from his neck with golden chain, like Aguinaldo's whistle, informed me that he was to publish a new periodical called the "Spiritual Sportsman." All would be on the free list, and the paper would reach all old subscribers quickly under the impulse of a special delivery stamp. His old friends and correspondents were with him—all save Ransacker, who had remained below with chip on his shoulder waiting to have some one tell him what a sportsman is. Pine Tree, no longer sitting at his tent front on the great waterless Kansas prairie and harking back to the Hatfield Meadows and his boyhood days, is where we all see him, and I grasp his hand in comradeship, and while talking about the Connecticut River we heard in the distance the notes of the "Huntsman's Song." It was played upon the calliope operated by liquid air in expansion, and from around a bend in the silver-paved boulevard there came an automobile golden chariot propelled by that mysterious "power behind the throne," and Nimrod, "mighty hunter before the Lord," was motorman, and Didymus, from the Floridian everglades, was footman, and he said: "Say, you two exterminatory peregrinators, get in, climb up.

"'Climb into the band wagon;
Sit upon the golden dragon;
Sound the post horn; beat the drum;
Sand the tracks, let motor hum.'"

We rolled away for leagues, and amid fields Elysian, where grew all the flowers that clustered around my boyhood home in the New England hills. There were hollyhocks, sunflowers, marigolds, purple and white lilacs, asters, tiger lilies, white and yellow daisies, goldenrod, and the wild rose crept and carried its blossoms over the hedges and palisades. In the water near the lacustral shores the pond lilies bloomed and dispensed their nectaral perfume to mingle with that of the wild honeysuckle, and the game fish of the lake leaped into the bright light with sparkling sides, to fall back and send showers of iridescent spray into rainbow coloring.

Anon we passed an inclosed field on the uplands, and wandering about in corduroy and canvas clothing were hundreds of obsolete sportsmen, and I asked Didymus if they were game hogs in pound, and he, disgusted at the inelegant expression, jostled me and I fell—fell like a snowflake from Heaven to—to—well, to that hole back of the tree where I had gone to sleep in camp. It was dark around me, and the night dew falling on the dead leaves to prepare them for the morrow's fermentation in the sun's rays made with the darkness a dismal and damp contrast to the light and warm dryness of the happy hunting ground I had just been so rudely ejected from. I wondered if that boy guide had aught to do with hurrying me back, and I thought that if he had I would gladly attend his funeral, and even pay out a few dollars for flowers and let him take his chances of going where I did without a letter of introduction from me. But the boy was honest and faithful, for I heard a shot on the mountain and saw a glimmer of a lantern, and he, like Diogenes, was looking for an honest man. Two shots from the camp in reply brought him back, and he said:

"I thought you were lost. Where have you been?"

"A long way off, Eri, but I came back quickly."

While getting supper he was uneasy, and at the table he asked me again where I had been.

"I went to Heaven, boy."

The white of his eyes shone in the lantern light, and he stopped eating and said:

"Well, you must have had a high time."

The hot coffee that I was drinking met the exploding mirth from my lungs somewhere near the foot of the back stairs of my nose and I choked, and my cup ran over, and to avoid the scalding I arose quickly and upset the bench upon which he sat, and he went to the floor with the paper tablecloth that he grasped for safety, and all that was on it. We saved what we could and finished the meal, and he was consoled with a Pittsburg stogie while I reserved a Garcia Perfecto.

Then, taking candle and climbing the ladder to sleep aloft, we disrobed with no fear of "Peeping Toms," while the millers and moths batted against the unshaded glass to reach the candle flame. The bed-making process consisted only in arranging the new horse blankets in such a way that the neck buckle would not scratch "beauty that unadorned is adorned the most."

I slept out the night quietly, and before daylight tickled the feet of that boy with the burnt end of a still hot match and "Awoke him once, and he said: 'Awake me again.'" The words "deer hunting" brought him out, and we left the cabin, and a short distance away the fog from the mountain side hid it from sight. Say, you hunters, is not the dawn of day, or just before dawn, the best part of it? If you have been out at that time you know all about it, and if you haven't it will do no good to describe the joyful thrill. That morning, when the eastern gray light came in flat beneath the tree tops, I saw a buck coming out of the valley 150 yards away, and pointing him out to the boy, said: "Hit him on the run and he is yours." When he was ready a slight noise startled the deer, and as he went flying away the rifle cracked, the flag dropped, and then the buck—that boy had done it. Whirr, whirr, from the bushes, and crack, crack, from the shotgun—a deer and two grouse had come to us in a fair fight, and we trussed up the deer where he fell; and at the cabin fifteen birds hung where thirteen had hung before, side by side, with feathers touching, and I said to the boy, Eri:

"When the line reaches to the other end of the cabin I am going home. We are in for hot weather, and your meat will spoil. Go out for a pack horse and take in the deer and give it to the man who has been kind to you all summer by providing you with work."

I knew that was what he wanted, but he felt that the deer was mine and said so, and I reminded him of the fine heads that I have at home and of my statement made previously that I would not shoot another deer. It is not all of life to live, nor all of a hunt to kill. He got the horse, went out and came back the next morning happy.

The days grew warmer, the string of birds was complete, and one dry morning we cleaned camp and put all in order and left what seemed to me to be home. We took enough coffee and food to allow staying at the old open camp till the next morning, and after three miles of hot work reached it. In making the coffee over the open fire the nail in the end of the golf club burned out and the pail and its contents were spilled into the fire. The next attempt unsoldered the pail, and the second mess followed the first. The boy succeeded with the third portion, but we had none left for supper or for breakfast the next day, and inasmuch as I had rather be at home with coffee than in the woods without it, we started anew for the lake, seven whole miles away. But say, it was hot! and the only redeeming feature was that there was no chump around to say "Is it hot enough for you?" The pack weighed 45 pounds; the rifle 8, and the shotgun 7½ more, and there was no air stirring except what we moved, and perspiration ran off of my bald head in streams, and what little hair I have was dripping with moisture. The sweat blinded me as I stumbled along, and that boy said: "You ought to have gutters on your eyebrows." I made up for the leakage at every spring hole and brook, and we kept up steam until at last I tumbled into the bathtub at the hotel.

On the way out that old pack horse called "Doctor" passed us, and he bore the burdens of a lawyer sportsman from Kingston, N. Y. This lawyer was a giant in stature, and a typical sportsman, willing to spend his money, happy himself, though his luck was poor, and he spread an atmosphere about him that was a positve refutation of the anomaly "Circumstances make the man." The old horse remembered me, and he remembered that two years ago he threw me off and in the mud, the depth and thickness of which I have never seen since, and while resting on the trail side this year he came ambling up, and placing his grizzled head on my shoulder laughed with me, and we renewed a former friendship. I think that many readers of FOREST AND STREAM know the old horse, or of him, and that they love him as I do.

Upon the day of reaching the lake a Brooklyn lady with rare skill and the necessary paraphernalia secured a fine lot of small-mouthed bass. I complimented her to the extent of receiving an invitation to sit at their table, and Mr. Stevens, an expert angler himself, seemed pleased that Adam lost a rib in primeval times.

The tale is nearly told, and I am writing the last of it as the train speeds along the Mohawk Valley, where long years ago Isaac Joques the devoted Jesuit missionary, sacrificed himself piece by piece to the Indians in an endeavor to bring them into the fold, and the work of converting the heathen still goes on; and to-morrow—Sunday—as I sit at home at the midday meal of broiled grouse, One Lung, High Ball and Gin Sling will amble past the house on noiseless sneakers, with Bible up one sleeve and a pack of cards up the other, on the way to Sunday school, and entering while still chuckling at the result of a dog fight in front of the church, receive a chiding for their sporting proclivities, and the religious instruction meekly, while their almond eyes beam upon the Melican girl teacher.

There is an end to everything but a spliced rope, and in closing I trust that the sportsman reader will look upon the invasion of the happy hunting ground as but a dream, which in due time will be a reality, and that all will meet there.

After the hoops come off of the barrels,
And there is nothing to hold up the staves;
After the bung holes float off on the zephyrs
And all heads are low in their graves.

After Gabriel sounds the last trumpet call and shouts "All ashore that's going ashore—last call!" may we meet there, and then let me caution you to be discreet in conversation, inasmuch as away back, nearly nineteen centuries ago, the Pharisees were unable to answer a word and durst not ask more questions.

W. W. HASTINGS.

A Welcome for the Boy.

WYMORE, Neb., Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There were expressions of delight in the family circle Sunday morning, when the announcement was read in FOREST AND STREAM that Mr. Rowland E. Robinson would continue the Danvis stories and tell us how Sam Lovel's boy acquired the "art of being a boy."

"Good! Bub will have a name now. Yes, and we shall have Uncle Lisher and Aunt Jerusha and Sam and Huldah and Antwine and Peltier, and all the old friends with us again. Won't that be jolly!" And so the comments ran. No books ever entered our house that gave more genuine pleasure than the four by Mr. Robinson: "Uncle Lisha's Shop," "Sam Lovel's Camps," "Danvis Folks" and "Uncle Lisha's Outing." They were read twice aloud to the family and once in the sick room, and each of the characters seems like a dear old friend to us all. And to hear some members of the family talk you would think they had been raised in old Vermont in the days of Granther Hill, "seems as how you would."

And while I am talking about books, there is another that belongs in the same class with those named above, and that is "Men I have Fished With," by Col. Fred Mather. When I want to get near to nature's heart I take this book and read the three chapters of "Antoine Gardepee." This is an outing classic that I dearly love. Are we never to have volume two?

I wish all the good things published in FOREST AND STREAM since I have been a reader of it were published in book form; one series in particular I remember was "Tales Told by the Camp Fire." I wish I had it, but have not even a copy of the paper that contains one. Well, I must close, and go out and shoot some quail.

A. D. MCCANDLESS.

A Well Poised Grouse.

APROPOS of the grouse meeting illustrated in the drawing of "A Country Road" in our issue of Nov. 4, Mr. J. L. Davison writes of another experience last September: "After dinner on Sunday I lit a cigar and started for a walk to a small piece of woods within the village limits, and within five minutes I walked up within a rod of a cock grouse under a small tree. Did he fly? No, indeed! He just spread his tail and ruff, and majestically walked out of sight under some small hemlock trees, as if he was lord of all creation."

Cruising on the West Coast.

FORT MYERS, Fla., Nov. 13.—Have just arrived from up the Caloosahatchee. Could not get through to Okeechobee. Water too low. Birds are plenty. Saw more plume birds than I have seen in five years. Game fairly plenty. Hunters, ditto. We go from here south as far as Panther Key—perhaps further. Shall see Old John if he is alive. Will tell you about it later. TARPON.

Beyond Mad River Mountain.

THINKING that perhaps a large number of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM who have always lived in the old settled parts of country where large game such as deer and bear have long since become extinct through the onward march of civilization would like to hear something from a section of country where such game is still to be found in large number, I hope the following may prove of some little interest to them.

Having lived in Kentucky until three years ago, I had never had an opportunity of hunting anything but quail and cottontail rabbits, so you may imagine with what interest I listened to the tales of the old Forty-niners about the big game in the north Sierra Nevada Mountains. In July of last year I decided to organize a small party for an expedition in search of big game and adventure. The party consisted of Mr. Roy Sousley, a young Kentuckian; Mr. Jule Egger, of New York, and myself. The trip extended over a period of nearly three months,

Purchasing a full line of hunting and camping supplies in San Francisco, we embarked in a small sailing vessel for the north California coast. The trip was a pleasant one until we reached Cape Mendocino, about 200 miles above Frisco, where we encountered one of the most terrific storms of the year. Every one was ordered below, and the hatches were securely fastened down.

By permission of the captain Roy and I remained on deck dressed in our almost waterproof hunting suits, and if you want an experience that you will likely remember just remain on the deck of a small sailing vessel when the sea is breaking over her mountain high.

We were soon drenched to the skin, and were well satisfied to go below. Our game little vessel, after battling with the sea all night and the next day, landed us at Eureka, a little hamlet of a few hundred souls, entirely without railroad, telegraph or telephone connection with the outside world.

After a good night's rest in a bed that was not standing on one end half the time and on the other end the other half, we went to a neighboring stable to procure our pack horses, for as we were going into a section of country where there were no roads we could only use pack horses, wagons being out of the question. It was our intention to take four horses, one for each to ride, and one to carry most of our provisions; but when we informed the villager of the section we intended to explore, we were advised to abandon the trip, for they said that the mountains in summer were as barren as a desert, our horses would starve to death and we would be compelled to return.

At this we were indeed greatly disappointed and came near losing one of our party, who wished to return to Frisco; but we were determined to go on at any cost, and finally persuaded him to contnue with us.

After a consultation we decided to take only one pack animal to carry our provisions, and to make the trip on foot, thinking it better to starve only one horse than four.

Taking only such provisions as were absolutely necessary, such as bacon, lard, flour, rice, prunes and coffee, packing them on the horse, and strapping guns and ammunition on our backs, together with a few cooking utensils, we were ready to start. A crowd of about 100 persons had gathered about us, and amid shouts of "I'll give them four days to get back," and "They'll never reach the top of Mad River Mountain," we turned our faces to the north and our backs on Eureka.

We had traveled six or eight miles, when we came upon a country store called Freshwater, situated at the foot of a mountain. Indicating the direction we wished to go, we were informed it would be necessary for us to climb that mountain, the summit of which was 2,700 feet above where we stood. We commenced the ascent by a narrow winding road, which led us through a forest of gigantic redwoods or "big trees." They were indeed gigantic, but not so large as the big trees of Mariposa and Calaveras, in the region of Yosemite Valley. About half-way up the mountain we stopped for a light lunch, then proceeded to the summit, and to our great surprise found the top of the mountain covered with a most luxuriant growth of grass, reaching almost to a man's waist, and we began to think there was nothing in the tales that our horses would starve to death.

The sight from the top was indeed grand. Stretching away from its base to the banks of Humboldt Bay lay the valley we had just crossed, and beyond rolled the mighty waters of the great sea. The sun was just sinking behind a bank of white clouds, which added beauty to the scene. Being fresh from the city and unaccustomed to mountain climbing, we were tired out, and after a camp supper rolled up in our blankets, threw ourselves upon the ground, with nothing above us but the stars, and were soon fast asleep. Waking up about sunrise, we found our blankets drenched with dew. I mention this heavy dew for the reason, that, after this, night after night, week after week, we slept on the ground with no shelter, and not one drop of rain or dew moistened our shaggy faces.

After breakfast we were soon on the journey. Winding our way down the side of the mountain, we had traveled only a few hundred yards, when every vestige of green vegetation disappeared. What a contrast between this and the oasis we had just left. Anything that had probably grown there in the early spring had been dried to dust by the scorching rays of the sun.

On and on we tramped, hour after hour, through this parched section of the country, until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when we came upon a small spring oozing from the base of a cliff, and encamped for the night. An accident occurred here which came nearly costing Jule a part of one hand. He and Roy had gone to cut wood for a fire. Roy, handling the axe and directing Jule to hold the stick, slashed away, driving the axe into the base of Jule's thumb, nearly severing that member. Fortunately I was well supplied with a medical and surgical outfit, and soon had the wound sewed up and Jule made comfortable.

By the time we had prepared and disposed of our meal night had settled around us. One of the boys, glancing upward, saw two shining balls of fire high up in a tree. We knew at once that they were the eyes of some animal, but could not make out what it was. The moon by this time had risen well up, and moving around until the fiery orbs were directly between us and the silvery background I took a rifle, and with a bang and a thud our game was on the ground. Hurrying to the spot, we found a ferocious wildcat. You may know that we felt relieved that he was out of the way before we rolled in our blankets for the night. Still, if there was one, there might be more, and you may be sure that that night we slept with one eye open, but were not disturbed.

As this part of the country through which we were passing was so destitute of pasturage we decided to push forward as rapidly as possible, with the hope of finding something upon which our horse could feed, so we were up and on the road before sunrise.

After a short distance of travel we began a rapid descent, and soon found ourselves on the bank of a river which we took to be the Mad River, spoken of by the villagers, and indeed it deserved its name, for such a wild and terrific confusion I had never seen in the bed of a stream before. Rocks of almost every conceivable size lie embedded in her sandy bottom, having fallen from the towering cliffs above. Had some tremendous upheaval occurred here the confusion could not have been greater. The stream itself had almost dried up, but what a sight this must be in the early spring, when the mountains for miles around yield their snow to the liquefying influence of old Sol and the waters rush through this narrow channel in their mad race to the sea!

To follow the course of this river would be an impossibility, so nothing was left but to climb the mountain on the opposite side, and it took hours of the most laborious work we had ever undertaken to accomplish this. We were compelled to stop a number of times from sheer exhaustion.

Reaching the summit, we stopped for a lunch; but as far as the eye could reach not a sprig of anything green could be seen for the horse, which was already showing signs of exhaustion from the scanty amount of food he had had since we left the redwood mountain. Thinking of a bag that contained about 30 pounds of rice among our stock of provisions, we decided to feed him some of it, which he ate greedily.

On and on we tramped, mile after mile, through this barren waste of mountains, for three days, most of the time without water, and not a bird nor any other living thing did we see. During this time the horse was making inroads on our bag of rice at an alarming rate, and we knew it would be only a short time until it would be exhausted, and then he would have to be turned loose to starve or his miserable existence ended with a bullet. Hoping to find better country, we decided to wait one more day before destroying our faithful friend.

By way of avoiding the steepest mountain, we had worked our way to the lower land again, and traveling on came to a perpendicular cliff which rose several hundred feet from the edge of a dried up stream, and seemed to bar all further progress in that direction. However, after a little investigation we discovered a ravine leading over the top of the cliff and on up the mountain. Through this we made our way. The ascent was the steepest we had yet encountered. The midday sun was beating down upon the rocks and parched earth until they emitted heat like a furnace.

On and on we dragged our way to within about 200 yards of the summit, when the horse began bleeding at the nose from the high altitude and exertion, and one of the party sank to the ground with a sunstroke. What a place for such an accident! Not a drop of water was near, for it must be at least eight miles back to the last spring. Quickly unpacking the horse we improvised a tent with the blankets to shelter the patient from the sun. Water must be had, and Roy volunteered to go back down the mountain for it, taking the thirsty horse with him. It was late in the night before he returned, but thanks to his efforts he brought a good supply of the refreshing liquid, and the patient rapidly grew better under its influence. One of the peculiarities of these mountains is that no matter how hot the days the nights are invariably cool, and this night was no exception, for before morning we had to wrap snugly in the blankets to keep from shivering with cold. The cool night air had its good effect on our patient, and at daybreak he was up with the rest of us.

After disposing of breakfast we decided it would be folly to venture further in these desert mountains, and that the safetst plan would be to hasten back as rapidly as possible to civilization.

Examining the bag of rice, we found there was not enough left to keep the horse alive until we could reach pasturage, so we decided to shoot him rather than turn him loose to die of starvation. But who could have the heart to shoot the faithful beast which had packed our provisions for days and days? It would indeed seem like shooting one of ourselves. However, it must be done, so we casts lots, and it fell to me.

Picking up a rifle and taking the poor brute by the halter, I started toward a dense clump of dried bushes some 50 yards away with the intention of making him fast, so that if the first shot did not kill him he could not dash away wounded, thus adding to his torture. I had reached the edge of the bushes, when I was startled by a rushing, sweeping noise, and looked up to see a fine buck deer dash away toward the summit. Dropping the halter of the horse I fired two ineffective shots at the fleeing shadow. The boys, who had been watching from the distance, took in the situation at once, and a yell went up that fairly deafening.

We realized instantly that if deer could live here there must be better country near at hand. Hastily packing up our effects, we made for the summit in the direction the deer had gone, and less than 300 yards on the other side we met a sight that fairly transformed us into other beings. Stretching away down the mountain side into a vast valley lay one of the most beautiful sections of country I have ever seen; trees innumerable, large and small, of every variety known to that region, grew beautiful and green; a luxuriant growth of grass covered the ground waist deep; the chirping of birds was heard on all sides; squirrels with their bushy tails curled over their backs leaped from limb to limb; quail and grouse flew up in large droves here and there; deer, sometimes one, sometimes three or four together, would start up at our intrusion and dash away.

Could this great change be a reality, or was this the mirage of maddened brain, diseased from the intense sun of days before? No, it was a reality—a hunter's paradise!

Making our way to the valley, we came upon a creek varying in depth from 1 to 6 or 8 feet, and filled with fish. Here we encamped.

Having been without fresh meat for days, we must have a deer, so we set out for a hunt. We had gone only a short distance, when we came upon several, but we experienced all the nervousness of the new hunter for big game, and our shots went wild. However, our nerves soon became steadier, and we bagged a fine buck and carried him to camp. That night, after a hearty meal of venison steak, we gathered around the camp-fire, lit our pipes and were thoroughly enjoying the situation. The night was still, not a murmur was heard but the wind sifting its way through the tops of the trees, and the fire had died down to a few smoldering coals, when there came a splash! splash! splash! from the stream, not 20 yards away.

The night was dark, but not dark enough to prevent our making out the form of a bear on its way across the stream. Old bruin had smelt the fresh blood from our newly slaughtered deer, and had come down to investigate. Going direct to the spot, he proceeded to make a hearty meal from the undesirable parts we had thrown away. We did not stir, and so intent was he upon his meal that he seemed unaware of our presence. Having satisfied his appetite, he made his way back across the stream and disappeared in the forest.

It was late in the afternon of the following day when we returned to camp from another hunt, bringing in three deer and eight grouse. Dressing the game and swinging it high in a tree, out of the reach of any animals that might pay us a visit, we built up a log fire, ate supper and rolled in our blankets for the night. How long we had been asleep I am unable to say, but we were awakened by something that sounded like a human voice coming from away up the mountain. Listening, we soon realized that it was getting nearer and made answer.

Presently into camp rushed a fellow with "Hello, thar, boys, by gad I'm glad to see yer! I ain't seen a man fer so long Ise most fergot how he looked. How in ther devil did yer fellows git in here?" We explained where we were from and our mission. Our new friend proved to be a miner, by name Paddy Miles. He was a man probaly fifty years of age, slightly above the medium height, but with a massive frame that would do credit to a giant, a mass of black hair, fully 20 inches in length, hanging down over his shoulders, and a beard reaching half-way to his waist. This is his story:

About four miles by a winding way up the mountain he had built a little cabin, where he came to live each summer. He was suffering with a severe toothache and could not sleep, so coming out of the cabin he discovered our camp-fire and came down "to see what the devil it meant; didn't think I'd see white men—thought I'd run on a band of them redskins from 'way up North." He explained that a small party of Indians had passed through that section three summers before.

Having a pair of dental forceps in my surgical case, I extracted the offensive masticator, which put our new friend in great spirits. He said, "That's being lifted outer trouble to get rid of that acher. I know you fellers ain't miners, so I don't min' tellin' yer a few things. I've got a mine up here in these hills, and I come here every summer, dig out a few hundred or so in gold and then go back to the burg and live like a king in the winter. Folks down thar at the burg would like mighty well to know whar Paddy goes, but I always give 'em the slip when the snow melts, and they don't see Paddy till the snow comes ag'in."

The "burg" spoken of by Paddy was a little village that lay more than a hundred miles to the south. Paddy was a hunter as well as a miner. We explained about the visit of the bear the night before, and told him we were preparing to hunt him down the next day.

"Well," he said, "thar's plenty bear in here, but yer needn't fix your caps fer that, 'cause yer could hunt for a whole week and wouldn't see a hair of 'em, he'd keep so far in front. It takes a dog to find them slippery cusses, an' I got two up at the cabin—best that ever sniffed a trail."

With this he drew a cow's horn from his shirt bosom, sounded two long blasts, and down the mountain came two dogs, yelping at every bound. Paddy remained the rest of the night with us, and promised us a bear hunt with his dogs the next day.

We were up and off long before daybreak, and had traveled about a mile, when the dogs were heard to bark and Paddy exclaimed, "Thar! they've got a trail, an' they'll have him up a stump afore yer kin wink yer eye." Well, we were compelled by twigs and branches striking up in the face to "wink our eye" many times as we rushed forward in hot pursuit up and down the side of the mountain, climbing in and out of gulches and ravines and hugging the edges of almost perpendicular cliffs for two hours before they "had him up a stump."

Finally, hearing an unusually loud barking, and hurrying to the spot, we found a tree about the size of a man's body projecting over a cliff, some 20 feet high, and up this was old bruin, all defiance. Quite an argument arose as to who would do the shooting. We each wanted to, as this was our first bear. We were about to toss a coin to decide the matter, when the bear decided it for us. Starting back down the tree, with the white froth flowing from his mouth, it was evident he inteded making an attack. Three shots rang out almost simultaneously, and his fighting days were over. After this we had several bear hunts with Paddy and his dogs and killed two more.

Returning after the hunt just described, we moved our camp up to Paddy's cabin and remained there about six weeks.

How far this beautiful section of country extended I am not able to state, but we hunted over miles and miles of it, and were never at a loss for an abundance of game, although after the first week or two the novelty of shooting deer wore off somewhat. We killed only enough to supply the camp with meat.

There is one incident of this trip that I hesitate to relate, fearing my readers may think I am "stretching the blanket" a bit, but as it actually occurred and is neces-

sarily a part of the history of the trip I feel that this article would be incomplete without it.

We had been at Paddy's cabin probably three weeks, when our stock of coffee and flour began to run low. Laying the matter before Paddy, we were informed that about thirty or forty miles across the mountain lived an old miner, who usually had a good supply of provisions, and would probably sell us what we needed, so we decided to dispatch Jule on horseback for the necessary articles. He was on his way before sunrise of the following day. We thought he should reach his destination by evening, rest over night and return to camp late the next day; but the next day and the time we expected him to return came and passed, together with a greater portion of the following day, and still no Jule appeared.

Fearing he had met with accident, we decided to institute a search. So leaving Paddy at the camp, Roy and I set out across the mountains on foot. We were pushing along through a thickly wooded section at the base of a mountain, the sun had gone down, and that time of day called twilight was setting in, when we heard a rustling of the leaves and branches, and looked up to see a large brown bear not 20 yards away, coming down the mountain.

From the manner in which he was moving, it was evident he was unaware of our presence, and would have passed on had not Roy, who was carrying a shotgun (which contained only a charge of small bird-shot) thrown it to his shoulder and fired. This was the most unfortunate thing that could have happened, for it did no further damage than sting him into a violent rage, and with a vicious snort he made at us. I being in front received his attention. I made for a small tree not larger around than a man's head, Roy for another. I did not have time to climb it; there was no other chance of escape, and I saw there was nothing left but to fight. Drawing my hunting knife, which fortunately was a large one, and using the tree for protection, I drove it into his heaving side, with all the power I could command. This for a moment—but only for a moment—checked his onslaught, and I saw nothing short of death would stop him.

One of the peculiarities of a bear in making an attack is that he will invariably raise on his hind legs, with the intention of grasping you with his paws. This gave me a great advantage, for each time he would raise up his movements necessarily became slower, and with a lunge I would drive the knife into his breast, hoping to reach some vital spot and end the struggle.

Around and around the tree we went, the bloody froth pouring from his mouth and nostrils—the knife had entered his lungs. Was ever a beast so vicious before, and would he never succumb to those terrific thrusts? How long we fought I do not know, but it seemed a week. Finally he staggered and almost fell. The loss of blood was telling, but he rallied and came again. This time, however, he was slower, and I was better able to choose my place to strike.

Throwing myself forward and straining every muscle, I plunged the knife into his neck, severing the windpipe, and he sank to the ground in a heap. Springing upon him with an agility born of desperation, I drove the knife again into his carcass to make sure that the fight was ended, and it did not end any too soon, for had it lasted a few minutes longer I surely should have succumbed to exhaustion. The sleeves of my sweater were torn into shreds and my arms were scratched and bleeding, but the tree had protected my body from injury. In fact, had it not been for this small tree I fear I would not be here now to write this account of it.

Examining the body, we found seventeen knife wounds that had been inflicted; however, a number of them were made after he had fallen. A few minutes after this Jule came riding up, having secured a good supply of coffee and flour, and we made back to camp.

To give the reader an idea of the amount of game in this section, I think it will be safe to say that had we so desired we could have killed a hundred or more deer and other game in large numbers during our stay.

Frequently we would awake in the morning to find Paddy missing. He usually remained away all day, returning about night. These expeditions we of course surmised were to his mine. However, we made no attempt to watch him, feeling he did not care for us to know of its location. Finally one day Paddy inquired how much longer we intended to remain, and being informed that we would take our departure within three or four days,, requested us to wait until the end of the following week, when he would be ready to return to the "burg," and would show us a way out of the country much easier of travel than the way we had come in. To this we gladly consented.

On the day before we were ready to break camp Paddy asked me to accompany him on a little hunt, and we started off together. We were moving down the side of the mountain probably a mile or more from camp. Paddy had marched along for some distance without uttering a word; his eyes were fixed on the ground, and he seemed in a deep study. Presently he turned around and said, "Look er here, pard, you've done me some good turns since you've been here, 'specially pullin' that darned tooth, for I spect I'd er had toothache all summer ef it hadn't been fer you, and ef you tell me I kin trust you never to tell a soul I'll show you what no other livin' man ever seed before, my mine."

Extending my hand at once to seal the promise of secrecy, we started on. Pushing our way further down the mountain, we came to a deep ravine, and climbing down into it, followed along its course for some distance; then taking another smaller one leading to the left, where we were compelled to wade in water up to our knees most of the way, we finally came to a black tunnel-shaped hole in the side of the mountain, large enough to walk in without stooping.

Lighting a pine torch, we entered. To an inexperienced eye it seemed nothing more than a tunnel in a bank of sand and gravel.

"Well, pard, we're here, and I'll show you what 'tis to dig out gold," said Paddy. Taking a miner's pan which was handy, he put in three of four shovels of sand and gravel, walked back to the stream and proceeded in true miner's fashion to wash the sand and gravel from the glittering nuggets. After he had finished, he exclaimed: "By gosh, Pard, she's gettin' richer every foot—there's nigh on to three dollars in that pan." That amount is considered by miners to be a very large yield to "the pan of dirt."

"Now," he said, "you've promised never to tell a soul, but I'll say this: I ain't got no kin livin', and Paddy will never tell any one else, and I ain't going to live all the time, so if ever you hear of me bein' dead you can come here and take it for yourself. Now, I'll put this in with the rest," indicating the gold he had pust panned out, "and show you what I'm goin' to take back to the burg."

Pulling aside a rock which covered a hole in the sand, he drew forth a bag, which he said contained "eight hundred or so."

"Paddy," said I, "what name have you given your mine?" He answered, "I ain't named her." Upon this I asked him the privilege of naming the mine, and said. "If you agree, I shall name her after one of the most beautiful girls in old Kentucky, my native State. We shall call her the Alice Castleman."

I trust the lady in question will pardon the liberty I, a stranger, to her, took in using her name—for he consented at once, saying, "That's fine, by gosh! An' ef she's as purty as them shining nuggets I'd just like to dig out enough to go thar and see her."

So now there lies buried away in one of the most inaccessible sections of the great Sierra Nevada Range one of nature's treasure vaults, bearing the name of one of Kentucky's fairest daughters.

DR. F. S. BYINGTON.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Philander Simmons.

DENVER, Colo., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hand you newspaper notices of the death of one of the few remaining old-time mountaineers of this region. I knew him very well. The papers treated him very fairly and with reasonable correctness. He was buried the 13th by the Colorado Pioneers in the ground of the society.

WM. N. BYERS.

We quote from the Rocky Mountain News report Mr. Byers sends:

Philander Simmons, pioneer of Colorado and the West, mountaineer, trapper, miner and guide, died at the county hospital yesterday afternoon. Death was due to the infirmities of old age and the wear and tear upon his constitution during a life of hardship in the wildest part of the West.

Three years ago the old pioneer, upon earnest solicitation, wrote an autobiography. The manuscript of this book is now in the possession of Nathan A. Baker, of 1525 West Fourteenth avenue, and he says that it will be published soon.

The story of the life of Philander Simmons reads like a romance. Its scenes are laid in all parts of the globe, and the adventures participated in by him are thrilling in the extreme, so many and of such a varied nature that perhaps few living men can lay claim to a similar life history. He was born at Batavia, N. Y., in 1821, and celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday last summer. In his biography he states that his parents died when he was very young, and that he was thrown upon the world at the age of fourteen.

Always having a strong liking for the sea, he made his way to New York and became a member of the crew of a whaling ship bound for the Southern Pacific. On this ship he went around Cape Horn and spent some time in Chilian waters. The vessel cruised about for months, and then went to the Sandwich Islands, where he met an old man and woman who told him the story of the murder of Capt. Cook, which they had witnessed. From there the ship went to Japan, and eventually returned to New York.

In 1836 Mr. Simmons left St. Louis, where he had drifted with a trading party bound for Mexico, but the party failed to get through. Leaving this party he spent some time on the plains, and eventually fell in with Bill Williams, one of the old trappers.

Accompanying this character he made his way up the Arkansas River to a point near where East Pueblo now stands, reaching there in 1842. From there he went to Fort Laramie, visited Sand Creek and went up the Ute Pass in the vicinity of where Manitou now stands.

That was the first visit of Philander Simmons to Colorado. He made several subsequent visits to the State. Probably the most important of these was the one in which he piloted the famous Cherokee expedition to Pike's Peak in 1858. His own account of that expedition has appeared in public print and is very clear and interesting indeed.

Upon his first visit he remained but a short time and put in most of his time hunting and trapping in the vicinity of Fort Laramie. For some time he was with the trader Bent, and visited the old fort named after that dealer.

In his travels about the State he followed the Platte River to where Denver now stands. The biography is very interesting at this point. The writer tells of killing a big buffalo on the ground where now stands the eastern section of the city, and one member of the party killed a bear on the site of West Denver, and two deer were killed in the forests where now is North Denver.

While he was at Bisinet's Fort, Simmons met John C. Fremont, who was then on his first expedition. In 1884 he returned to St. Louis, and in the same year returned to Colorado with a teaming outfit. On this visit he engaged in the trading business himself and made trips into the Crow Nation and the Blackfeet Indian country. During this visit to the country he became acquainted with Jim Beckwith, Kit Carson and many other famous characters of the time.

In 1848 he again returned to St. Louis, met General Fremont and was urged to accompany him on his famous trip into the Rocky Mountains. He attended the funeral of General Kearny. Simmons refused to accompany Fremont and went to St. Paul and from there again worked his way westward, and eventually returned to Colorado in 1852.

After various adventures on the plains and in the mountains he went to San Francisco, reaching there in 1855 and going from there to St. Louis via Nicaragua and the Mississippi River. From there he went to the lead fields of southwestern Missouri and in 1858 joined the famous Cherokee expedition, which he assisted in guiding to Pike's Peak.

Simmons did not remain with this expedition until the gold discoveries were made, but went to the city of Taos and from there to New Mexico and Texas. While he was driving stage in Texas he heard of the gold discoveries and returned to the State and went to the scenes of the alleged discoveries. Finding them not to his liking he returned to Denver in 1859 and went from here to the Arkansas Valley country and from there to New Mexico.

Refusing to take any part in the war, he engaged in mining in the vicinity of Cañon City, Black Hawk, and went again to Santa Fé, Las Vegas and Albuquerque in 1866, and returned to Silver City in 1873. In 1874 he made another visit to St. Louis and returned the same year to Cañon City.

Since that time he has lived in Cañon City and Pueblo, being so worn out that he was maintained generally by his old pioneer friends or by the authorities out of the public funds. About 1895 he came to Denver and has lived here ever since. Members of the Pioneers' Association and others assisted in his maintenance, and he was for a time at the county poor farm. Later he was allowed to occupy a house owned by W. J. Curtis and lived in it for a short time. Three years ago he was allowed to move into the little cabin at 1926 Center street, owned by Nathan A. Baker.

True to his manner of living in his early days of roughing it on the plains and in the mountains, the pioneer lived much as a recluse. He refused absolutely to live in a house with other people, and kept his little cabin just as he did in the long ago when he was miles and miles from civilized habitations.

The little cabin was arranged in true frontier style, and in it the old pioneer appeared to be perfectly happy and contented to entertain all with his wonderful tales of adventure when the Indians roamed the plains. On the walls hung his rifle and long keen hunting knife, and the bundle of herbs which every old mountaineer learned to use in his dealing with Indians and the rude and primitive furniture made of the abode a sight that gave a glimpse into a past full of events.

Natural History.

American Ornithologists' Union.

THE seventh congress of the American Ornithologists' Union convened in Philadelphia Nov. 13 and continued until Thursday, the 16th.

The evening or business session was held in the Council Room, and the public meetings, commencing Tuesday, the 14th, in the Lecture Hall, of the Academy of Natural Sciences.

The active members present were Prof. Witmer Stone, of Philadelphia; William Brewster and C. F. Batchelder, of Cambridge, Mass.; Drs. J. A. Allen, Jonathan Dwight, Jr., and Messrs. Frank M. Chapman and William Dutcher, of New York city; Drs. Fisher, Merriam and Richmond and Mr. William Palmer, of Washington, D. C.; Chas. B. Cory, of Boston; Dr. Thos. S. Roberts, of Minneapolis; Hon. Geo. B. Sennett, of Youngstown, Ohio; William E. Saunders, of London, Ontario, and John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn.

The associate members present during the session were: Mrs. Julia Stockton Robins, Miss Lucy H. Baird, Miss Elisa W. Redfield, Miss Emeline Maddock, Josiah Hoopes, George Spencer Morris, C. J. Pennock, Samuel N. Rhoads, Wm. A. Shryock, Henry W. Fowler, W. E. Clyde Todd, Dr. Spencer Trotter, Dr. Thos. H. Montgomery, Jr., Frank L. Burns, David McCadden, Chas. A. Voelkner, C. Few Seiss, H. L. Coggins, Wm. L. Baily, August Koch, J. Harris Reed, I. N. DeHaven, Dr. W. E. Rotzell, Walter W. Maires, Joseph W. Tatum, Dr. W. E. Hughes, Ernest L. Clark, Arthur Cope Emlen, Ernest M. Evans, Stewardson Brown, Nathaniel E. Janney, Robert D. Carson, John A. Nelson, H. L. Coggins and Wm. M. Maule, of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, Miss Mary Mann Miller and Samuel Wright, of New York; F. C. Kirkwood and Henry H. Hindshaw, of Maryland; Vernon Bailey, H. C. Oberholser, Mrs. John Dewhurst Patten and Nelson R. Wood, of Washington, D. C.; Walter Deane, Geo. C. Deane, Reginald Heber Howe, Jr., R. M. Strong and J. D. Sornborger, of Massachusetts; John W. Daniel, Jr., of Virginia; Mrs. Elizabeth B. Davenport, of Vermont; Miss Margaret T. Hubbard, of Minnesota; Henry Hales, of New Jersey; Dr. Louis B. Bishop and Judge John N. Clark, of Connecticut

Robert Ridgway was re-elected President; Dr. C. Hart Merriam and Chas. B. Cory, Vice-Presidents; John H. Sage, Secretary; William Dutcher, Treasurer; Charles F. Batchelder, Frank M. Chapman, Ruthven Deane, Jonathan Dwight, Jr., A. K. Fisher, Thomas S. Roberts and Witmer Stone, Members of the Council.

W. R. Ogilvie Grant and Arthur H. Evans, of England, were elected corresponding members.

The report of the committee on protection of North American birds, read by its chairman, Mr. Witmer Stone, showed that an increased interest is taken in the preservation of wild bird life at the present time. Investigation proved that many of the birds now used in millinery were imported from countries where there are no bird laws. The committee had used its influence to prevent excessive collecting of eggs and skins for commercial purposes. The report will be published in the Auk, the official organ of the Union, and reprinted as a separate pamphlet.

A donation of $100 was reported as having been received from Miss Juliette A. Owen, of St. Joseph, Mo., an associate member of the Union, to be devoted to any ornithological purpose that might seem fitting to the Council. Miss Owen wrote that the amount sent was about the cost of the journey she expected to take in order to attend the congress, but was prevented from going.

By courtesy of Miss Lucy H. Baird, Witmer Stone was able to compile and read the letters of John J.

Audubon to Spencer F. Baird, then of Carlisle, Pa. These covered the period from the time Baird, as a lad, inquired of Audubon the identity of a fly-catcher, until about 1842.

The Union was honored by the presence of Dr. Samuel W. Woodhouse, of Philadelphia, after whom Prof. Baird named the Woodhouse's jay (*Aphelocoma woodhousei*) more than forty years ago. Dr. Woodhouse is hale and hearty and still interested in scientific work.

In view of the recent return of the Harriman Alaska Expedition, the story of the trip, as told by Dr. A. K. Fisher, proved of exceptional interest. The notes of the birds referred to were imitated by Mr. Fuertez, also a member of the Harriman party.

The Zoological Society of Philadelphia invited the members of the Union to visit its gardens, and like courtesy was extended by Dr. W. P. Wilson, director of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, to visit the Exposition and also the two museums under his control.

On Friday, Nov. 17, after adjournment of the Union, at the invitation of Mr. W. H. Wetherill, owner of the property, Mr. Geo. Spencer Morris conducted a party to Mill Grove, on the Perkiomen, the former home of Audubon. Mrs. Morris F. Tyler, of New Haven, Conn., wife of the treasurer of Yale University, a granddaughter of Audubon, was one of the party.

The ornithological treasures contained in the museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences, the wealth of rare scientific volumes in its library, together with the enthusiasm displayed and cordial welcome shown by the local committee and members of the Union, proved an incentive to making the attendance of members much larger than at any previous congress of the Union. They came from various parts of the United States and Canada.

Invitations were received from the Governor of Michigan and the Mayor of Detroit to hold the 1900 congress in the latter city.

The next annual meeting will be in Cambridge, Mass., commencing Nov. 12, 1900.

Following is a list of the papers read at the sessions:

1. Notes on the Flammulated Screech Owls. Harry C. Oberholser.

2. Three Years' Migration Data on City Hall Tower, Philadelphia. Wm. L. Baily.

3. A Quantitative Study of Variation in the Smaller American Shrikes. Reuben M. Strong.

5. Bering Sea Arctic Snowflake (*Passerina hyperborea*) on its breeding grounds. C. Hart Merriam.

6. On the Plumages of Certain Boreal Birds. Frank M. Chapman.

7. On the Perfected Plumage of *Somateria spectabilis*. Arthur H. Norton.

8. The Summer Molting Plumage of Eider Ducks. Witmer Stone.

9. An Oregon Fish Hawk Colony. Vernon Bailey.

10. Exhibition of a series of field sketches made from absolutely fresh birds, showing the true life colors of the soft parts, mostly in the breeding season. Louis Agassiz Fuertes.

11. The Sequence of Plumages and Molts in Certain Families of North American Birds. Jonathan Dwight, Jr.

12. The Ranges of *Hylocichla fuscescens* and *Hylocichla f. salicicola*. Reginald Heber Howe, Jr.

13. On the Occurrence of the Egyptian Goose (*Chenalopex ægyptiaca*) in North America. Frank C. Kirkwood.

14. Remarks on Some of the Most Interesting Birds of the Harriman Arctic Expedition. A. K. Fisher.

15. Further Remarks on the Relationships of the Grackles of the Subgenus *Quiscalus*. Frank M. Chapman.

16. Audubon's Letters to Baird—compiled from copies of the originals kindly furnished by Miss Lucy H. Baird. Witmer Stone.

17. A Peculiar Sparrow Hawk. William Palmer.

18. The Requirements of a Faunal List. W. E. Clyde Todd.

19. Report of the A. O. U. Committee on Protection of N. A. Birds. Witmer Stone.

20. An Account of the Nesting of Franklin's Gull (*Larus franklinii*) in Southern Minnesota. Illustrated by lantern slides. Thos. S. Roberts.

21. Bird Studies with a Camera. Illustrated by lantern slides. Frank M. Chapman.

22. Home Life of Some Birds. Illustrated by lantern slides. Wm. Dutcher.

23. Slides—Series of Kingfisher, Gulls, etc. Wm. L. Baily.

24. The Effects of Wear upon Feathers. Illustrated by lantern slides. Jonathan Dwight, Jr.

26. Language of the Birds. Nelson R. Wood.

27. A New Wren from Alaska. Harry C. Oberholser.

28. The Molt of the Flight-Feathers in Various Orders of Birds. Witmer Stone.

29. Some Cuban Birds. Jno. W. Daniels, Jr.

30. On the Orientation of Birds. Capt. Gabriel Reynaud, French Army.

A Familiar Deer.

It was a sultry afternoon about the last of August, and we had been paddling since early morning up a wild and lonely river of northwestern Maine. We found ourselves in the midst of an excellent feeding ground for deer, extensive meadows on either side of the river. The guide ran the canoe close to the shore and stood up to see what game there chanced to be in the tall grass. Presently he whispered for me to stand. I eagerly but quietly obeyed, and perceived a small buck feeding about 100yds. from us.

After watching him for some time he began to show signs of nervousness, probably bashfulness, and we immediately observed that he had found our scent, and we also perceived that he was unable to tell from which direction it came. Finally he made a bold guess, but at the same time a serious mistake. Instead of taking to the woods he made straight for us. Each bound brought him nearer to the canoe, but he left off the last one, which would actually have brought him into the canoe if not beyond it into the water. We stood absolutely motionless, but the creature discovered our human forms when he had come within a yard or two of us, at which point, with eyes half out of his head, he stiffened his forefeet with surprising promptness, and turning, bolted for the woods like an Indian pursued by a small-pox germ.

If I had not been so dumbfounded at his sudden approach I actually believe I could have grasped his dainty horn or ear; but afterward would probably have regretted somewhat my affection.

J. S. Seabury.

Partridge Parasites.

Winterport, Me., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In dressing partridges this fall, in one I found a number of worms. The five that I took out were white and measured 2¼ to 2¾ inches. After being exposed to the air for a short time they turned pink. They seemed to lie between the intestines and the flesh; but I am not positive about that, as two dropped out. Later I went to examine the intestines and found three on the outside. Having killed partridges for a great many years and never seeing worms before is my excuse for this communication, thinking that it may lead to some knowledge as to why we have so few birds when the season has seemed favorable for the broods to develop.

Samuel Atwood.

Animals of New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Academy of Natural Sciences has requested me to prepare a report on the mammals (furred animals) of Pennsylvania and New Jersey for publication in their "Proceedings." During the past seven years I have not only been making a complete collection of stuffed specimens of the living mammals of the two States and studying their range and habits, but have also been searching for all the records of those which have been exterminated or are becoming extinct.

Readers of Forest and Stream are earnestly invited to give me such information as they may on the points designated below:

Please give only the most reliable facts of which you have no reasonable doubt regarding those mammals on the list which have become very rare in your locality or are now extinct, giving in each case as near as possible the year of record, the name of person or persons making the capture or observation, and the place where said animal was captured or seen, and whether it was preserved and the specimen can now be examined.

Specimens of any of these animals are much desired. If sent in the flesh they should be disemboweled, and if too large to be sent by mail should be expressed to the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, in my care.

Bison or Buffalo.—Give former range and when last seen.

Elk or Wapiti.—Give range and last killing, especially for northern New Jersey and southeastern Pennsylvania.

Virginia Deer.—Give present range. Number killed last season.

Snowshoe or White Rabbit.—Give past and present range. Specimens in flesh greatly desired.

Beaver.—Name old beaver dams and the date of last capture.

Porcupine.—Give range. Is it decreasing?

Ground Hog or Marmot.—Give its occurrence in South New Jersey.

Black Rat (not the gray or Norway rat).—Is it totally exterminated?

Cave or Cliff Rat.—A large hairy-tailed, long-eared rat found only in the mountains. Give range.

Water Rat (long-tailed; not the muskrat).—Found only on tide meadows of South New Jersey. Makes a floating nest like muskrat. Is two-thirds size of common rat and same color. Give places where it is found. Specimens much desired.

Black Squirrel.—How often seen. Is it as numerous as the gray squirrel?

Fox Squirrel.—Give range and recent capture. Send specimens.

Prairie Ground Squirrel.—A small bushy-tailed gray animal which was accidentally introduced from Illinois near Tuckerton, N. J., about 1873 and spread over the country almost as far as Red Lion. Living only in burrows in the open country. Is it exterminated? Give last date of capture.

Least Weasel.—Only found in higher Alleghanies; much smaller than common weasel, with tail only 2 inches long. Am anxious to see specimens of this rare animal.

Otter.—Is it exterminated in your region?

Wildcat.—Records and specimens from New Jersey specially desired.

Canada Lynx.—Only found in higher northern mountains. Don't confound this with wildcat, from which it is distinguished by greater size, tufted ears, large heavily furred legs and feet and light gray, spotless winter coat. A Pennsylvania skin or fur of this animal specially desired. Give last record of capture. Also former range.

Panther.—Give last record and former haunts. Are they all gone?

Wolf.—Give same answers as for panther. Don't give records of fake wolf stories based on wild dogs, escaped coyotes, etc. These abound in the papers.

Wolverene.—Animal twice size of coon, with same shaped body, but long-haired, blackish-brown, with short, bushy tail. No authentic record of this animal from Pennsylvania or New Jersey, but it was once found in the northern Alleghanies at rare intervals, according to tradition. Give any record or hearsay of this animal.

Marten or Sable.—I have no records from New Jersey so far. Give latest record and former range.

Pekan or Fisher.—Dark brown; three times size of marten, but of same shape, with long, bushy tail. Was it ever found in your locality? Give last record.

Black Bear.—Give relative abundance as compared with thirty years ago. Also last record.

Star-Nose Mole.—Any records.

Seal.—On New Jersey coast or Delaware Bay shores.

Whale.—Same as for seal.

Any news about rare animals not given in list is solicited.

Samuel N. Rhoads.

Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Typical Maine Camp.

Cutler, Washington County, Me.—The modern camps in this vicinity are very comfortable. The lower part of the building is partially excavated and sided up with logs. The roof is made of scantling or any sort of waste lumber covered carefully with tarred roofing paper battened down. They are very easily made and are almost as comfortable as a house. I send photo of a last year's buck shot by Willeby Corbett, of Rockville Center, L. I. It was shot while crossing the highway, about 150 yards from the gunner. Deer are quite plentiful in this vicinity and there are occasionally signs of bear, but none have been killed recently.

A Big Bag.

Quebec, November, 1899.—In the "Bulletin des Recherches Historiques" of this month we read that in July, 1630, when on his way to England as prisoner, "The founder of Quebec passed twelve days at Tadousac, hunting with Kertk (his captor) and killing more than twenty thousand pieces of game." The kinds of game are not mentioned, but if mosquitoes are included the story can readily be believed.

G. de M.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

Nova Scotia Moose.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I suppose it is because of the high fee of $30 charged for a license to shoot and the distance away that Nova Scotia has been visited by the busy sportsmen in search of big game less often and in fewer numbers than any other one of the Provinces.

The large number of men going into Maine, and the possibility of a "stray bullet," caused me to look at new fields for sport, game and safety. Having ben successful and willing that some one else should enjoy the pleasures of this ideal spot I am prompted to write you this account.

I believe that if a man wants one or two moose, caribou, bears or any number of small game, and the very best possible fishing in season, Pessquess Lake, with surrounding country and lakes, is the very best place possible.

Leaving Boston on the Prince Arthur at 4 P. M. on a beautiful October evening, we (my wife and I) arrived at Yarmouth, N. S., on the following morning in season to catch the Halifax express. After passing muster before the customs officials, and leaving the necessary deposit on guns, I made a call at the game warden's office in the court house and laid down my thirty hard earned dollars for the necessary piece of paper which gave me the right to "shoot all the game for one year not protected by law." This seemed like considerable money, but when one considers that the territory is small and game limited to that territory, I am convinced that the law is as it ought to be. Continuing our journey, we arrived at Annapolis, eighty-seven miles from Yarmouth, where, after a good lunch, a coach was taken and a drive of fifteen miles over the hills brought us to Milford, the home of our host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Thomas, proprietors of a nice little hotel, well known to many anglers, and called the Milford House.

After a good warm supper, Mr. Thomas and I lighted our pipes and sat down to arrange for an early start on the morrow. By the time one of the famous moose steaks prepared by Mrs. Thomas was disposed of, we found a coach and pair, with John up, including all necessary camp utensils, ready at the door. A pleasant drive of eighteen miles brought us to the home of Thomas Canning, on the shores of Fairy Lake, previous arrangements having been made with Tom, who is considered one of the most expert all-round woodsmen, hunters and trappers to be found in the Province, having spent his life in this locality, his earlier training coming from the Indians. With two canoes, camp equipage, etc., we paddled out upon Fairy Lake at daybreak of the next morning. Passing down this lake, which is ten miles long and three to five wide, we landed at the first, or Hardwood Carry, one and one-half miles, at the end of which is a mountain lake two miles in length and one-half to one mile wide. Passing down this lake and over Mountain Carry, we embarked on the waters of beautiful Lake Pessquess, which is about six miles long and one to two miles in width, dotted here and there with beautiful islands, covered with green trees, which, by the way, is about all you do see that is green. After a paddle of about four miles, we landed and pitched our tent. The country has twice been burned over and now has a growth of small white birch, hardhack, berry bushes, etc., making an ideal feeding ground and home for large game. The pot was boiled, Mr. Thomas had put together a dinner such as hungry men appreciate, a good long pipe smoke, a huge camp-fire of birch logs, and we rolled ourselves in our blankets and slept as tired men can sleep on freshly cut fir balsam boughs. At dakbreak we were again astir, and after breakfast Tom and I shouldered our rifles (I my new little .30-30 Winchester, Tom his old trusty—an altered-over old Sharps, with a caliber as large as one's thumb, but which with Tom behind it will cut the head off a duck at almost any range), and started to look for big game signs. We had not far to go before we were "in it." There were moose and bear signs in plenty; fresh tracks, birches hooked over, ground pawed up, and every sign one could ask for of the presence of big game. Returning to camp, we found Mr. Thomas and a good dinner awaiting us. Then taking enough food for two meals, with necessary camp utensils, etc., we went about one and one-half miles further up into the country and camped for the night. After pipes were out Tom rolled over and remarked that owl hooting out there in the timber means a good still morning and the prospects of a moose."

Awaking at the first rays of daylight, we crept silently up to the spot selected by Tom to call, and posting us where we could see and be seen, he mounted a well-concealed rock and gave what to my ears seemed the most unearthly of calls. We had but a few moments to wait before the trained ear and eye of Mr. Thomas caught the much-desired sound and sight of the game we were after. On he came, rushing and crashing, now fearless and then cautious. Tom called four times; the moose was working around to windward, more than 100 yards away, upon a rise of ground fully 100 feet above us. The birches and underbrush partially concealed him from view, but with the aid of Mr. Thomas I finally sighted him. I could only see his right hindquarter, but I raised my little Winchester and pressed the trigger. The object came down, but was instantly up and off. My guides assured me, however, that he had been "hard hit" and would not go far. We came upon him not more than 50 yards away, and upon our approach he turned and lowered his massive head. Now was my chance, for I had time to look for the side shot. The little Winchester spoke once more, the lead missile went true, and my huge game dropped dead in his tracks, with a hole through his lungs into which I could thrust my four fingers. There he lay, 1,100 pounds (approximately) of moose, monarch of the forest and beautiful, even though dead. Congratulations from the guides, something to eat, and I took the following measurements: From between the antlers to root of tail, 8 feet 4 inches; height at wither, 6 feet 10 inches; girth, 6 feet 8 inches; spread of antlers, 36 inches, with 13 points. While the spread is not large, the palms are very broad and heavy, and curve in instead of out. The bell measured 18 inches in length; color is black, with

long silver-tipped hair showing above all, which gave him the appearance of a silvertip. As moose go he had an exceptionally pretty head. The guides estimated that he was four or five years of age, and above the average size; larger ones are frequently killed, however. Having bagged our game, we dressed and hung up the meat, and returned well pleased with the day's sport, to our lake camp. The next day was spent by the guides in bringing down the meat, salting the hide and getting ready for our homeward journey, which was accomplished during the next two days without incident worthy of mention.

And now a word about the guides, game and country. Thomas Canning, of New Grafton, I found moose caller, hunter, trapper and guide. Remember there were only four calls, consuming less than one-half hour, late in the season (Oct. 23), and a dead moose. Can the record be beaten? Mr. A. D. Thomas, Milford, Annapolis county, is an experienced guide, hunter and fisherman, While he makes no claim as an expert caller, yet he imitates Tom very closely. His life has been spent in this locality, and he knows just what, when and how to do the proper thing at the right moment; and for getting up a camp meal, well, his "moose stew" is unequaled, especially if your clothing is a fit before dinner. The two, Thomas and Canning, made a pair hard to beat.

Annapolis and Queens counties are ideal for moose, caribou, deer and other game, such as bear, wildcat, ruffed grouse, etc. The absence of deer at the present time is accounted for from the fact that no money is spent by the Government to increase the game, as instanced by the liberation of only thirteen deer several years ago. They are to be seen, but with the present laws they will soon be as numerous as in Maine. Caribou are numerous, but one must go back to the Blue Mountains to find them in any numbers. The fee charged for a shooting permit seems large, but when one considers that he is practically sure of his game, permit good for one year, cost of food and transportation very much less than elsewhere, getting to and from the game very much easier and quicker, this sinks into insignificance. The people are a cordial and hospitable class, and will do all in their power to make your stay pleasant and profitable. The guides charge $2 per day and furnish their own canoe and get to and from and at the game with all possible dispatch. The lakes in this region are ideal fishing spots, full of various kinds of fish. Ruffed grouse have been protected by law for a number of years, and have become so numerous that one could almost knock them over with a stick in places. The law is off Oct. 1, 1900. Large flocks of ducks frequent the different ponds, and in fact it seemed like a sportsman's paradise.

In the future, as I look upon my trophies here in my "den." I cannot but feel with some just pride that I brought him down at a good distance with the little Winchester .30-30 soft-nosed bullet in a province very little written about or known by American sportsmen.

WILLIAM L. ROBERTS.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.

In the North Woods.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The condition of affairs in the northeastern part of the Adirondacks, of which Mr. Burnham has told, and that here in the northern part of Herkimer county are very similar so far as game is concerned. In both regions the men who should be protecting the deer are not doing it. The deerhounds are loose and the runways manned. But the worst is yet to be told.

The other evening I attended a dance in the hall at Ohio City. There was a notable gathering of woodsmen present. Hy Waite, the man who passes for the protector of game hereabouts, was there, and while Hy was going through the figures of a square dance at the head of a set I listened to a story:

"Yes; we had a blank of a time. We were just above the reservoir on Little Black Creek, near Cotton Lake—six on us. [The narrator gave the names.] You know them little swamps 'round there? Well, sir, you just orter 've seen what happened. There were eighteen deer right around us and we got every one of them. The snow was 'bout 4 feet deep on the level. Say! Will took the axe and chopped one's back right in two. I cut another's throat clean off with this 'ere knife. George rid one 'bout 40 rods with his arm 'round its neck swearin' cause he couldn't git his knife out. When he did! Lordy! He slashed the jugular and held his head in the runnin' blood so's he'd look pretty, I reckon. I tell you, yeh never seen sech sport in your life. Nothin' but blood, hair an' snowshoe tracks all over. The blood's on my snowshoes yet. You'd 'a' thought it was a slaughter house, everybody was so bloody. We piled the fore quarters all in a heap to let folks know we'd been there. Even then we had to make two trips with our packs to git the best meat out."

I have seen homeless men clubbed and arrested for sleeping in an areaway in New York city, and boys locked up for playing ball and little girls sent home crying for dancing to the music of a hand organ, but I have yet to hear a cruster of deer even deny his deeds in the North Woods. They are proud of what they do. When asked about the game protector:

"Huh! We always know when he's a-comin'." That is to say that somehow or other, when the game protectors are rustling in the brush a bit to roll up a bill of expenses, the violators of the law, who are usually voters, are not at their work. But even the boys violate the law—they man the runways, they tramp on snowshoes, they sit at the paddle or bow of jack-lighted boats, and kill more deer than the law allows, and are proud of it.

I am informed that Mr. Hy Waite does not violate the game laws. The woodsmen here say that so far as known he has always strictly obeyed the mandates of the law in so much as he is a private citizen. In fact, it is stated that he couldn't violate the law if he tried. No one denies him the ability to follow a wagon road even through a clump of woods—in fact, he is a lumberman.

A game warden should be the best woodsman and hunter in the country. He ought to be able to follow a walking deer's track on bare ground—or a man's. He ought to know the country well—every hunting ground thoroughly, the runways and still waters especially. He should be willing to travel long miles to the swamps where crusting is done, and able to maintain himself there on a chunk of salt pork and a box of matches just like any good woodsman. That he must be fearless goes without question, and as well he must stand to his duty.

What could such a man do in the northern part of Herkimer county? There is not one pond or still water in that region which does not feel the silent jacker's beam of light before the season opens; not a deer on the outskirts of the woods but hears the "mellow bay" of a hound on its trail before the season is a month old; not one deer within fifteen miles of Northwood, within ten miles of Wilmurt or five miles of Noblesborough which survives the winter.

"I never saw a game protector," a man told me in Northwood the other day. And the fellow who told me about the eighteen deer didn't know Waite from Adam. All that is needed to correct the abuses of the game regions is to have a man whose idea of duty is duty and not something else. The very presence of such a man in the woods would keep nine-tenths of the violators at home. They think that the protector couldn't find the Twin Lakes or the Black Creek reservoir without assistance if he tried. Therefore they are not afraid.

Just suppose Fred Wood was game protector here in Herkimer county. He is twenty-five years old, more than 6 feet tall, agile as a cat, can cut a thousand trees to any other man's eight hundred, can still-hunt a deer successfully anywhere, knows every trail from Grant to Honnedaga Lake, from Moose River to Morehouseville, and can follow them in the dark—has followed most of them at night some time or other. He knows every man here by sight or better, can hold his own in a fight and knows every trick and device used by the law breakers. He is frequently chosen to be floor manager where trouble is feared, and as deputy sheriff stopped a prize fight where lumbermen were the spectators. He is one of the best all around woodsmen in the Adirondacks. He would square matters beautifully.

Curiously enough, the law breakers give as an excuse the trite saying: "If we don't somebody else will." And they say, too: "If the others would stop we would." And men who have habitually violated the law are working now to have a first-class woodsman put where his training will do the most good.

Just another instance, then I will close for the present: All summer long a man named Davis has been at North Lake, a Black River canal reservoir owned by the State. He claimed to be a "game protector" and showed papers to that effect. He threatened to arrest people who were walking along what is believed by woodsmen to be a public highway on a charge of violating the game law, and Fred Wood, one of the men, told him that if he (Davis) wanted to get law breakers, why didn't he go to Twin Lakes, where hounders were? Davis, the State protector of game, said that he was employed by a private sportsmen's club and couldn't leave its preserves. Davis is also said to have had the cheerful habit of ordergin people to stop fishing in the State reservoir.

This is only a little of what might be said on the subject, but I expect that a different story will be to tell next summer, for we are hustling to get good men where good men are needed.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y.

Arkansas and the South.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 17.—Every shooter in this neck of the woods and the fuel men as well have been beseeching the weather dispenser to turn on a cold wave that would at least contain the semblance of a frost, and thereby put an end to the summer-like warmth. Here it is in the middle of November and still overcoats and fires are unnecessary, while we have also had very little rain within the past three months, all of which has done much to disappoint the shooter as well as upset his calculations. What gave every promise of being one of the very gest game seasons that we have experienced in the South within a decade has turned out a most disappointing one, not because the game supply has not come up to expectation, but simply through adverse weather conditions. From most all localities come the reports of abundance of game, such as deer, turkey and quail, but at the same time every one says that it is out of the question to enjoy a good day's shooting, owing to the extremely warm weather and the drought. The drought has caused much of the big game to leave its usual haunts and move in toward the water courses, for many of the smaller bayous, lakes and sloughs are dry, and it is seldom that water can be found anywhere except in the larger streams, so that it is along these the big game is most likely to be found. It is almost impossible to hunt quail at present, notwithstanding their largely increased numbers, as the dry, hot weather precludes the possibility of a dog smelling them at any distance. Then, too, they can only be found in the fields and openings early in the morning and late of an evening, when they come forth to feed and roost, as the rest of the day they generally spend in the thickets and wood where they are protected from the sun.

The vegetation is unusually rank, and though we have had several killing frosts, this has done very little to diminish the cover, for though most of this is dead, it is necessary that we have a beating rain to knock it down, so as to enable one to keep his dog in sight. Of course the native game will keep, and no doubt as soon as the weather becomes more favorable the expectations of fine sport will be realized. However, it is the duck hunter who is suffering most by the conditions, for if the weather had been colder we should certainly have been enjoying royal sport with these birds, as there is an abundance of mast, and the scarcity of water would have forced them to concentrate where this does exist. This was demonstrated during a little cold snap we had about the 21st of last month, at which time for the brief period of a week the shooting was better than for several years past, and some very good bags were made, while it was no trick for even the juvenile shooter to bag a few ducks. At Flagg Pond, just below the city, Mayor Woodson and J. K. Thibault made some fine bags—in fact they actually got all the duck they wanted, and quit when it was possible for them to materially increase their bag. The best bag that has come to my knowledge was made on Unknown Cypress by Will Schaer, who bagged forty-seven in less than a day's shooting. The most disappointing part of the duck situation is that while doubtless we shall yet get good shooting, their stay with us is apt to be of very short duration, for as soon as it gets cold enough to form a thin skim of ice on the lakes and ponds they go further south, and we shall have to wait another year for our duck shooting or else follow them to the Texas coast.

The above conditions apply generally to the South, and will be found very similar in Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee, Louisiana and Texas. However, deer, turkey and quail are very abundant in most of these States.

In a number of localities in Arkansas forest fires are raging, and this will naturally drive the game to the parts that escape devastation. At present there is little sign of relief, as there are no indications of rain or colder weather to be discovered on the weather chart.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Just How it Happened.

AWAY down the valley above the tree tops the long, gray streaks were broadening in the eastern sky. We qnickened out pace, and Frank swung into his long, awkward mountaineer stride. We wanted to get to the flat before the day had fully dawned.

The morning was crisp and the frost on the dead leaves made still-hunting difficult. The frozen clods crunched beneath our feet as we hurried on munching in silence the cold biscuit and hunks of venison hastily snatched up at camp.

Turning sharply to the right, we slackened the pace to almost a crawl, and worked our way down an old trail toward the river. Frank did a star equilibristic act on the frost-covered log across the Big Logan, then stood and solemnly watched me "coon it" across in a painfully undignified but silent manner.

The woodsman waved his hand toward the river and turned down the valley without a word. I watched him with some admiration as he went noiselessly over the leaves toward the lower end of the flat. He made no sound as he carefully placed his weather-worn shoe pacs now on a mossy pad, then on a stone, always choosing well and making good progress.

My station was an open space 200 yards off, midway between the Logan and the river. I commanded a good view across the flat.

It was daylight now, and the broad brow of old Lunkasoo wore a golden crown, a gift from the God of the morning. The open elm timber in the flat afforded an excellent opportunity for a long shot. This was what I wanted. The Lyman receiver sight with the white jack sight forward was a combination unbeaten. Not a shot at game had missed, and some of them were not too easy. Then, too, nothing had ever moved a foot after the crash of the .45-70.

Assuredly a deer or moose running down that flat had no show of getting across to the ridge beyond. So much was self evident.

Presently from down the flat came the sharp crack of the guide's rifle. It meant that game was afoot. Another shot told that something had started toward the river, and that Frank was trying to turn them down my way. Then came a wait amid deep silence.

For the benefit of youthful hunters I wish to state that I was cool and confident. Scarcely a quicker movement of the pulse; respiration regular.

The receiver sight was flat down; a movement of the thumb would raise it a notch or two if need be. Suddenly came the noise of hoof beats on the resounding earth. Closer and still closer they came, till I saw a large buck running almost straight toward me. He swerved to the right to keep on the lower side of a 3-foot embankment made by the spring floods, and I saw right behind him two large does. They were running together in single file. I chuckled with the humor of the thought that they might be "playing steam cars." I saw that they would cross my open space 60 yards to the left. It was up to me to "cast loose and provide."

The right sight remained flat. It was too scandalously easy. The buck had handsome antlers. Concealed somewhere about each of the does were sundry succulent steaks. I realized, suddenly, that mine was little else than a butcher's job.

But we were out of meat at the camp. I needed those horns in a vacant space to the left of my sideboard. Thus was the still small voice of conscience hushed.

The deer were running easy, apparently satisfied that they were now en route to safety.

It was natural for me to fashion a smile of satisfaction at the present monumental "cinch." Two deer in three seconds. That was to be the story. Of course one doe would be allowed "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

The old .45-70 never roared out such a loud command to halt. Back from the sheer cliffs of Lunkasoo came the quick echo rolling midway of the mountains until the valley was full of thunder. The deer became three statues carved in granite.

Figuratively, I advanced to the footlights to hand myself a large bunch of American Beauty roses. Then that venison procession started down the valley. Whereupon the roses withered and died. Man's vocabulary was unequal to the occasion. So I called on my Winchester for a few remarks. It spoke many times and loudly. But it failed signally to make a "hit" with our quadruped friends. The "Golden Gate Flyer" couldn't have caught them. In fact, they soon went out of the transient target business altogether, retiring from view in the leafy boudoir toward the ridge.

Down at camp they counted twenty-one separate and distinct shots, and dipped the colors out of respect to the national salute. Of course, they counted the echoes which reverberated like the b-r-r-r-t of a Gatling.

At the top of the ridge we left the trail of the three unharmed deer and returned to a breakfast where salt hoss was the pièce de résistance.

GRAY BROTHER.

DON'T SHOOT
until you SEE your deer—and see
that it is a deer and not a man.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Shot While Hunting.

The deer season is now approaching its close in our northern woods, and we may tell a little something alike of the deer and of the hunters that have been killed. In Wisconsin there has been no tracking snow of consequence, and the still-hunters have had very bad luck at their sport. The law against shipping game out of the State is gradually gaining weight in Wisconsin, hence I presume that more deer were killed for sport and less for the market this season than last, though I admit most of this to be mere conjecture. At last accounts I had word of six deer hunters who had been killed outright or fatally shot this fall in Wisconsin. It seems to be of little avail to give good advice on these matters, for the man who shoots on sight still goes into the woods.

Western Quail.

Still more encouraging, and indeed still more wonderful, are the reports that come in of the quail crop in Illinois and Indiana. Every one seems to agree that there never was such a season, and the birds are present in many localities in such numbers as to cause surprise. Down in the Okaw bottoms of Illinois, far down south in the State, the birds are to be counted fairly in swarms. My friend Ernest McGaffey is just back from there, and says he killed eighty-seven quail in a three days' shoot, and did not work very hard at that. The lower half of Illinois and Indiana is safe country now for any one who wants a quail shoot. From all I can learn, however, the birds are more abundant along that latitude than they are in Michigan and Wisconsin. Michigan has a fair crop of quail, but I do not think so good as last year. Lower down in Michigan there are more birds than in the upper part of the south peninsula. Wisconsin offers much the same conditions of a wet breeding season and bad weather, so I suppose that the crop there may be classified much like that of Michigan. Yet this is not to say that one cannot have fine sport in the proper localities of almost any of the Northwestern States. Bob White is doing his noble best to retrieve the reputation of the West as a shooting country.

Our ducks have now gotten pretty well to the south, and I do not hear of any one this week who seems to care much to go duck shooting. Up at Puckaway Lake in Wisconsin there are this week four hunters who I presume will not care to go duck shooting for some time. They had several busy days which lasted until after sunset, and their twilight sport cost them $25 each, with suitable and appropriate cost on the side.

The Southern National Park.

They seem to be moving with energy in the matter of the Southern Ntaional Park Association, of Asheville, N. C., of which editorial mention was made in last week's FOREST AND STREAM. The literature put out by the committee shows that the preliminary meeting or interstate convention is called for Wednesday, Nov. 22, at Asheville. I take it that the plan is much that followed out this summer by the Minnesota National Park and Forestry Association, and of course it is to be hoped that both movements will meet full measure of success. Mr. A. H. McQuilkin, chairman of the Park and Forestry committee, writes me requesting details on the movement in the Northwest. "I have read that there has been incorporated in Chicago," he says, "a national park and forest reserve association, and would be very much obliged if you would furnish me promptly a copy of their constitution and by-laws. The time is short for us to make adequate preparation, so that any aid you can offer in the way of literature and suggestions would be very highly appreciated."

I have been forced to reply to Mr. McQuilkin that there has been no formal constitution or by-laws, and no permanent organization of the Minnesota National Park and Forestry Association. All that was desired to be accomplished by that body was to carry out a Congressional investigation of the country in question, and when this was done it was considered that the main purpose of the organization had been obtained. The rest is left entirely with Congress. This may or may not be the safest and wisest plan, but it is the plan which was pursued, and any future organization of the members of the party concerned with the Northwestern trip will be for social or personal reasons rather than with the purpose of prosecuting further the movement toward securing a national park in Minnesota. As to the methods pursued in this preliminary organization, I can best refer Mr. McQuilkin to the files of the FOREST AND STREAM, dating from the first of May till the middle of October, the attempt having been made there to record the progress of the movement very fully. It would appear that much of the preliminary work has been carried out by this Southern organization as was done by the Northern body. The Southern men have with them Dr. C. A. Schenck, who was a member of the Minnesota party, and whose counsel will prove of value. Col. J. S. Cooper, 701 Tacoma Building, Chicago, would no doubt be glad to assist in any way he could.

Here in Chicago we often hear of North Carolina as a sporting region or a good resting ground. I have had a number of parties write to me asking if I could assist them to select certain tracts of wild land for game preserve purposes. Yet Chicago has always regarded North Carolina as out of its natural line of travel, and I do not know a great many Chicago sportsmen who go there. Should there be a strong movement made on the lines proposed for a national park, the agitation and advertising which would ensue would no doubt bring North Carolina into greater notice here as a land for the sportsman tourist. Should the park be really established it is practically sure that it would secure for the State a much greater proportion of Northwestern travel than it has ever had hitherto.

This seems to be a great year for forestry movements, and one peculiar phase of the topic is the prominence in the forestry movements of women's clubs in different parts of the country. This is said to be especially true in the East, where women's clubs have taken up the study of forestry matters. Attention has already been called in these columns to the fact that the Federation of Women's Clubs was the prime mover for a national park in Minnesota. Minnesota may claim the oldest forestry association in the country. It also pays out $20,000 annually as tree bounties in the treeless counties. It has a forestry board and a good fire warden law, and is indeed a model to all States, East or West, for emulation in the little understood and not very popular, yet very vital, matter of forest preservation.

"Just About a Boy."

It goes without saying that all readers of FOREST AND STREAM have read with delight the charming sketches published in the FOREST AND STREAM, "Just About a Boy," and I doubt not they will have remembered the name of the author, El Comancho, as connected with other good and pleasant reading on the outdoor matters which FOREST AND STREAM has most to do. To all this family of friends it is a matter of interest to know that the Boy sketches have this week been published in book form by the prominent firm of Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. The elegantly made little volume is in my hands as I write, and I find it very delightful from cover to cover. The dedication itself is a pleasant one.

"There are boys still in this old world of ours," says the author, "happy, bright little savages who have still to become civilized and learn a language. Until then they will love the woods and the wilds, and become friends with all the vast population of the wilderness, and so learn its secrets. Such a boy is a safe boy if he follows his natural bent, for there is nothing vicious about the wilderness, and to the boy who loves it the world over, this little book is dedicated."

Mr. Phillips gives himself the best of examples of his doctrine that there is nothing vicious about the wilderness. I know of no man who has yielded to the yoke of civilization more grudgingly than he, yet I know none with a sweeter and more unspoiled disposition. He has no grievance with life or with humanity. Hence he writes with that sincerity which is necessary in the best of literary art. The very artlessness of this book is its chief charm and his chief claim to actual art. A cleaner or more wholesome volume was never opened by either boy or man, and he who reads it must concede that it was done by one who was a manly boy and is a manful man. The FOREST AND STREAM readers have already read the book, so one need not add anything in its praise, except to say that now the whole book can be held in one's hand and turned over leaf by leaf. Each story is complete of itself, and the only connecting thread is the personality of the Boy, whose doings, very wonderful sometimes for a boy, it must be admitted, are recorded by the author as actual happenings. Indeed they are for the most part actual happenings, for the Boy was an actual boy, though now grown up. To-day I saw a letter from him to the author of this beautiful little book, and I know that the author and the Boy are friends, in one of those friendships not made in the city, but in the woods, by the stream, among the mountains, where things are always beautiful, always sincere, always abiding. As friends of El Comancho, square-jawed, blue-eyed, happy-go-lucky, plucky and uncomplaining El Comancho, we may all be glad with him in the success of his literary venture. We may wander with him along the old Blue, and through the thickets, and among the mountains of the Black Hills Range; we may read the signs of the little things written upon the ground, and perhaps we may read of the great things written on the hills. When a good man succeeds, all his friends ought to rejoice with him, and it appears to me that Mr. Phillips has attained a success worthy the sincere congratulations alike of reader and of critic. "Just About a Boy" is a sweet little book, and well worth having.

Delaware Indians in Oil.

This is a swift and singular country. The tribe of the Delaware Indians were once known as the Leni Lenape, prominent in the great Algonquin confederation of the East, and they used to own the country where Philadelphia and a few other cities now stand. Two hundred years ago or so they made their treaty with William Penn, said to be one of the few Indian treaties which ever "stuck." From then till now is a wide step in the history of the Delawares. Shrunken to a little body of less than a thousand souls, the Delawares were practically amalgamated with the Cherokees some twenty years ago. They bought lands of the Cherokees down in the Indian Nations, and oil has been discovered on these lands. Chicago capitalists naturally have gone after these oil lands, and have obtained leases from the Cherokees which the Delawares claim the latter have no right to give. Here you have it. Leni Lenape, Chicago, oil, Indian Nations. And this in a country which a few years ago was one of the best hunting grounds in the world. When the oil men and timber men and mining men get through with the West there will not be many Indians nor many hunting grounds.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Quebec Game Fields.

THE hunting season has been an extra good one in the vicinity of Sherbrooke, Que., this fall. Grouse have been more plenty than for several years. Probably twenty-five deer have been shot within ten miles of the city.

During the ten days' open hounding season the fox hunters tried their hounds on the deer, but with poor success, only one, an extra good 220-pound buck, being secured. Lack of experience in this particular branch of sport was undoubtedly the trouble. The general verdict is that it can't compare with fox hunting, and we don't care how soon the ten-day law is repealed.

Foxes are very plenty, but little hunting has been done yet, as other game has occupied our attention. Three foxes have been accounted for in five morning runs, and each time the boys were home for breakfast by 9 o'clock.

The first snow came on the 11th inst., and the deer hunting was perfect. Three deer wre killed, all within a few miles of town.

J. E. W.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

In New England.

BOSTON, Nov. 18.—Local gunners continue to find some sport and often in unexpected quarters. Mr. G. H. Morse, of the Boston Herald reportorial staff, has lately succeeded with quail better than he had anticipated. In one instance he located the birds when out on his bicycle, and least expecting them. It was among the cabbage fields between Arlington and Lexington. He saw from the road about a dozen quail alight among the cabbages, evidently to feed. He calculated that they would be there another day, and immediately applied to the farmer whom he supposed owned the field. He says: "Have you got a gun?" "Yes; there are some quail down there almost every day." Readily he consented that Mr. Morse should hunt the field with dog and gun. As soon as possible Mr. Morse, a friend, a camera and his setter dog were there. They did not have to range the field but a little while before the dog came to a handsome point, all of which was duly secured with the camera. Then three of the quail were secured, and then another good point by the dog, under the camera. Mr. Morse is pleased with such success in an open field, and so near the big towns. He proposes to be there again after the rest of the quail, there being eight or ten left, and that is the reason he does not want me to tell exactly where he found them.

Maine has had a big fall of snow for so early in the season—6 to 8 inches near the towns and nearly a foot in the north woods. This has set the deer and moose hunters almost crazy, and a great many deer have been taken. The trains are bringing a good many already, and there are more to come. Still the Boston markets are disappointed that they are not getting more deer—not half as many as a year ago. It is understood that the extra exertion of the wardens at Bangor and other points is keeping the deer away from the markets here.

The search for the missing young hunter Knight, lost in the woods at Bemis, was not continued last Sunday, as planned; the earth was covered with nearly a foot of snow in that section, rendering the search entirely impracticable, even if men could have been found ready to undertake it. Opinions have changed in regard to the case. Prominent men, well acquainted with that region and having full knowledge of what has been done to find him, begin to believe that Knight is not lost in the woods at all. A noted detective has taken up the search and says that he expects to find that Knight is alive.

Mrs. J. Parker Whitney, the lady whom I mentioned a couple of weeks ago as watching for a deer on the shores of a pond in the deep woods, secured a good buck at last. Pluckily she watched the shore of the pond where she was sure that deer were coming down for five days and two nights. The first night a deer came down, but her aim was unsure. Later she did better. She was accompanied by a guide and her son. Women can hunt deer and can secure them, but it takes courage and determination. Mrs. Whitney was bound to shoot a deer herself, and she did it. At Mr. Whitney's beautiful camps, on Molechunkamunk, they caught a deer alive in October and kept him for several days. At first it was very wild, but soon began to tame rapidly—so tame that it was deemed best to release it, since its life would be endangered by having no fear of hunters.

Nov. 20.—Odd moose and odd moose stories are in order. Mr. A. D. Shipp, of Boston, brought from the woods last week an odd set of moose antlers. One was perfect, but the other was distorted in a curious manner. It began to curve a little above the skull, and then turned downward till it entered the right eye, rendering the moose blind of that eye. Mr. Shipp will have the head mounted as a curiosity. An odd moose story has got into the papers: Mr. Fred Houseman, of Springfield, Mass., has been arrested for having parts of two moose in his possession, brought out from the Allagash region. Before the trial justice, Houseman's story was so convincing that he was suffered to depart on his pledging himself and signing a bond to appear before the Supreme Court in the spring. He claims that he saw two moose at battle, one a small bull, light and agile, with undesirable antlers, the other old and scraggy, but having a fine set of horns, which he wanted. After butting heads and goring each other for several rounds, the little bull got the advantage over the old one, and tipped him over in the mud. Then the small moose reared on his hind legs and brought the sharp hoofs of his fore feet down on the throat of his antagonist, completely cutting the arteries and windpipe. This, the hunter says, he stood and saw the younger moose do; still goring and mutilating the body of the fallen moose till he feared the antlers would be broken. He shot the victor moose. Then he saw that he had broken the law, or rather feared that he would be accused of breaking it. But he decided to bring out the dressed quarters of the young moose and the antlers of the old one, and with these in possession he was arrested by the warden.

The hunters are getting lots of deer on the snow, which has covered the ground in the Maine hunting regions for over a week. Railroad men have been successful, as well as merchants, preachers; everybody, in short. But Maine hunters have done most of the hunting and killing since the snow. D. J. Flanders, Dr. H. F. Libby, W. E. Baker and Eugene Nelson, of Boston, are just out of the woods in the vicinity of Ashland, bringing four handsome buck deer. John E. Clark and C. G. Simpson, of Boston, have been hunting in the Millinocket region, and have secured their two deer each. Messrs. O. W. Whittemore, N. J. Hardy and G. A. Cushing, of Arlington, have just returned from a deer hunt, being quartered at the Monotony Club camp on the Northeast Branch of the Penobscot. They had the good fortune to secure six fine deer, and the novel experience of coming out of the woods in a driving snowstorm before the middle of November. Over fifty deer are set down to the credit of Boston hunters for the week. Still the number of deer recorded at Bangor this season is ahead of last year, while the number of moose is not equal to that of last autumn. Up to Nov. 18 the number of deer shipped through that city was 2,301; last year up to the same date, 2,046; increase, 255 deer. The number of moose shipped up to the same date was 95; same time last year, 105; decrease, 10 moose.

SPECIAL.

In Cuban Quail Fields.

HAVANA, Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was out again yesterday in another direction, also about half an hour by rail from this capital. Although the day was quite windy, and I found the fields covered with a rank growth of grass and bushes, I got up four or five good coveys of quail and one of wild guinea fowl. These last when flushed always go in a bee line directly for the woods, which are here generally not far away and usually consist of small and thick growths of trees, intelaced by abundance of tangled vines, which render them nearly impenetrable. These also furnish the safe refuge of the quail when flushed. Indeed these are frequenters of bushy pastures near to cultivated fields, and a couple of snap shots on first flushing are very generally all the sportsman will get to each covey. If he gets one covey scattered in open field in each day's sport he may consider it good fortune.

My first covey yesterday was in the very edge of impenetrable cover, and flushed under my very nose.

Under these circumstances two snap shots brought me nothing to bag and no satisfaction other than the pleasurable anticipation in presence of the standing attitude of the dog, which is always pleasurable excitement to the sportsman.

My second covey flushed wild, but arriving at the spot a laggard bird rose and fell to my racket, turning up its toes within the brush, but came to bag. After industrious examination of several fields, Dash finally came to a stand near to a high stone wall separating us from the next field, and I prepared for a pair of instantaneous snap shots before the wall could interpose between us and the whirring covey, which every sportsman knows requires a considerable amount of nervous control for successful work. The wall being on the crown of a hill, I well knew that from the instant the birds crossed the wall they would be out of my sight, so I patiently stood some distance behind the dog, because if I went up to flush them I would be so near to the wall and them that my shot would not spread out enough to catch them, or if so would make hash of them. After waiting until quite rested and calm, while the dog stood as immovable as a statue, I cast a stone into the grass and bushes in front of the dog, when a startling whir made the atmosphere lively in front of us, and, as I expected, across the stone wall, not 10 feet from where they flushed, and I scored a right and left, both birds dropping close on the opposite side of the wall.

Elated by my success, I clambered over and retrieved one, looking some moments in vain for the other. Dash, however, soon struck its trail, and it rose in labored flight at some distance, and I brought it to bag at the expense of another cartridge. After flushing and killing two more of the scattered birds, I then took the direction toward the farmhouse of a friend, where I was to breakfast. Crossing the bushy and woody hill where I had killed my first bird, Dash made a stand at the same clump of bushes. I approached, expecting to find the same covey returned to a favorite refuge, and judge of my surprise when a flock of wild guinea fowl rose with a thundering whir that made the woods ring. I had only quail cartridges in my gun, but as they got up near to me both barrels counted, a fat guinea turning up its toes on either side of me, which I retrieved and went on to my breakfast, well satisfied with my morning's sport.

After enjoying a social breakfast with friends and resting until 2 o'clock P. M., I again took to the field, followed by two friends without guns to see the sport of the afternoon. Dash soon located a covey in a field of few bushes, but thick grass. I flushed the covey and scored a right and left, and marked down the scattered birds in the same field, of which Dash successively located three, which I flushed and scored three straight kills. We then crossed through a piece of woods, and in doing so flushed and bagged another guinea fowl. In the next field I completed my bag of thirteen for my day's outing and then returned to the railroad station and took the train back to Havana, arriving home in time for dinner, well satisfied with my day's outing.

DR. ERASTUS WILSON.

A Seizure of Game in Trunks.

OFFICE OF BOARD OF GAME COMMISSIONERS, Harrisburg, Pa., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About Nov. 1 or immediately after the opening of the rabbit season in Pennsylvania, a party of six gentlemen, hailing from Mt. Vernon, N. Y. (names known), came into this State equipped for a lengthy hunt. Dogs to the number of twenty, nine of which were bird dogs and the rest beagle hounds, came with them; trunks were packed with hunting paraphernalia of all kinds, hunting horns and ammunition galore. They located at Stevensville, Bradford county, and from this center covered a district of many miles in circumference, going out with teams and hunting back or returning by team as they desired. "All went merry as a marriage bell," game fell in abundance before their unerring guns, and no shadows fell across their pathway—at least, none that they were aware of. Toward the close of their stay report said that quail and pheasants were being grassed by the hundred, and that at least two shipments had been made to their home in Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; and of these shipments, the gentlemen making them and those aiding and assisting in the same are very likely to hear later on. Saturday, Nov. 11, came with rain and storm, and with it came the time of departure of those gentlemen. Their belongings were duly packed, their landlord and abettor, W. W. McCain, of Stevensville, was bidden farewell, and the party divided, the dogs being taken to Wyalusing, Bradford county, by one of the gentlemen for shipment, and the remainder of the party striking the same road (Lehigh Valley) at Laceyville, Wyoming county, twelve miles further down the line. Checks were secured for their baggage—four trunks and one box—from Laceyville to New York, and they settled down to a long ride and a quiet laugh at the dullness of the Pennsylvania game authorities, little dreaming that their every move was known to said authorities, and that they were speeding as rapidly as steam could carry them to a sure fall for the entire party.

At Wilkesbarre they were first brought to a realization of the danger of the situation when the officer on their track called the attention of one of the gentlemen to the facts as they existed, and demanded that the baggage be exposed to his search. Again on the train between Wilkesbarre and White Haven was the demand made of the same gentleman in the hearing of his friends, all of whom the officer knew were in the car. At Mauch Chunk the train was met by a search warrant in the hands of a duly authorized constable, and to prevent delay of the train and wrong to innocent persons the baggage, as described by check number, was removed to the depot and there broken open and searched, with the result that in the last trunk opened were found forty-five pheasants, eleven quail, one woodcock, five rabbits and eight gray squirrels.

The act of June 4, 1897, absolutely forbids the carrying or shipment, or the attempted carrying or shipment, of the game birds or game mammals of Pennsylvania out of the State, and says:

Sec. 6. "No person or persons, company or corporation, or the agent or the employee thereof, shall at any time catch, take or kill, or have in his or its possession or under, his, her or its control any of the birds or game mammals of this State, the killing of which at any or at all times is prohibited by the laws of this State, with intent to ship or remove the same beyond the limits of this State, or with intent to allow or aid in the shipment or removal thereof out of this State," etc., and finally says, "Whoever shall offend against any of the provisions of this section shall be liable to a penalty of not less than $50 nor more than $100 for each offense, or by imprisonment in the county jail for a period of one day for each dollar of penalty imposed."

The act of 1899, Sec. 3, says, among other things, that the constable or warden after demand may cause any building, inclosure or car to be entered and any apartment, chest, box, locker, crate, basket or package to be broken open and the contents examined by said warden or constable and that "all birds, animals, fish or net or fishing appliance or apparatus seized by said constable or warden shall be disposed of in such manner as may be directed by the court before whom such case is tried."

As the game in this case was liable to spoil in short order, being packed in bulk, and could not be sold in the State, it was given to the bystanders by the said justice before whom complaint was made. And while the officer was confident that the entire outfit as seized by him came within the term apparatus, as a precautionary measure an attachment was issued with bond to the railroad company, and a hearing had, as is usual in the case of non-residents. The killing of the birds in Pennsylvania was proven, and the attempt to ship out of the State, as shown by checks, after which judgment was given for $100 against each individual, the claim being made by the officer that this was the third shipment out of the State to his knowledge, and that a judgment for the maximum penalty should follow.

An inventory of the several trunks was made, showing by letters found therein that the names of the parties as entered of record were the correct names, and revealing among other extensive shooting paraphanalia five fine Parker guns with one extra set of barrels, some of which are of splendid make, and all high grade. These, with the other belongings, will be held the proper time, and unless redeemed will be sold for what they will bring, which amount will be credited on the judgment and an attempt be made to collect the balance from the property of the parties in New York.

The Game Commission of Pennsylvania is determined to make it as dangerous as can be to violate their game laws; and transportation of game out of the State will be prevented if possible. We hope this may be a lesson; and the Commission will have no sympathy for others who may fall as these have fallen.

JOSEPH KALBFUS,
Secretary of Game Commission.

Deer in Connecticut.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Inclosed find account of a deer chase in Hamden, Conn. The clipping is from the New Haven Union of Nov 6:

"The quiet village of Hamden was yesterday again the scene of a most unusual occurrence. A wild deer was the cause of the excitement. The animal ran through fields, over roads and leaped brooks, followed by a crowd of over fifty eager nimrods. The good people of Hamden were on their way to church when the procession passed through the town at a high rate of speed—first the deer, then a dozen dogs of all degrees, and lastly two score or more of panting citizens. The honor of first discovering the deer belongs to Tippo, the beagle owned by Edward Farrell, son of Prosecuting Agent Farrell, of Hamden. The dog aroused the suspicions of its owner by his peculiar action. He seemed possessed to have his owner go into the woods. Farrell has often heard stories of the intelligence of dogs, and how they have saved lives by bringing their owners upon the scene of trouble. With this thought in mind, Farrell followed Tippo into the woods and to his surprise the dog chased a beautiful deer out of the brush. Farrell, to his keen regret, didn't have a gun. The chase started near William Fennis' barn. The deer ran in a bee line for Farrell's house, jumping two fences and passing within 20 feet of the house. From here on the deer took the road and the crowd kept increasing in a chase after the deer. She passed the Children's Home, and went on toward West Rock. The crowd which was chasing it dropped off one by one and residents of Hamden to-day stated that Walter Dillon, of Fair Haven, who kept up the chase after the others had given up, followed the deer past Springside Home and to the east of West Rock."

Believing this to be but a newspaper yarn, I investigated it thoroughly, and found witnesses whose veracity cannot be questioned. Not only did the chase take place, but two deer, a buck and doe, have undoubtedly been seen a number of times, and within half a mile of where I live.

Mr. Thompson and family (next-door neighbors of mine) were driving home from church, when Mrs Thompson noticed a large deer feeding among a drove of cows on Mr. Robert Dickerman's farm. She called the attention of the rest to the animal, and all watched it until the cows, apparently, commenced to run after it. The deer loped along in an easy manner, and cleared fences and brooks quite handily. It jumped the wire fence bordering the road near the Thompson wagon, and crossed so close that the horse was stopped not 2 rods away. The deer then jumped the fence on the other side of the road and disappeared in the woods on Cherry Hill.

A family named Lorenzen saw a deer feeding among the cows on Mr. Burton Gilbert's farm, and Italian laborers saw a buck and doe on Cherry Hill.

Mr. Wilbert Thomas, an experienced deer hunter, found a deer track, followed it and found where the deer had lain down. Judging from the size of the track, Mr. Thomas thinks this deer must have been a buck. Mr. Thomas is cautious and skeptical on such matters, but he is thoroughly convinced that deer are here at present.

In this State deer are protected until 1903, and the fine for killing one is $100. Many farmers and others have pledged themselves to report to the authorities any person who should kill a deer in this neighborhood.

Reports have come from other parts of the State of deer having been seen, and it speaks well for the law when the animals begin to appear in a section where they have been practically extinct for years; especially is this so when that section is within five miles of the heart of a city of over 100,000 inhabitants.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn., Nov. 15.

Not a Red-Letter Day.

MUCH has been written of red-letter days, but the average sportsman is loath to mention certain days of continued bad luck; they might be called hoodoo days. These are days which are certainly not coupled in retrospection with those of unalloyed pleasure. Just such a day I experienced during the first week of this month, and must tell of it.

We have had a considerable run of weakfish and bass this summer. Black ducks are always plentiful, but it has been many years since canvasbacks have been here in such numbers as this fall. Mr. F. Brandreth, one of our best shots, succeeded in gathering three geese; this was something unprecedented in fall shooting.

Now for the hoodoo day. We started off with five live decoys—three black ducks and two male mallards. We reached Yellow Bass Rock, which is about a mile from town and overlooks the outlet of Croton River. Here our troubles began. First I fell overboard, which in itself wouldn't have been so bad if the water had been a trifle warmer and the mud hadn't been a foot or so deep. I finally got out, and after removing several buckets of mud from my shoes and trousers legs assisted in getting out the decoys. It was now about 5 P. M., and the flight of ducks was expected any minute. For each duck we had a half-brick on several yards of line. The first one out was a mallard drake. He swam across the bow of our duck boat, and his string caught in a loose nail on the bottom of the boat. This didn't feaze him in the least; he just put on a little more steam and started for the shore, brick, duck boat and all. We tried to untangle the string with an oar, but it wouldn't work, so my companion reached down and tried to disentangle it with his hand. His boot slipped out from under the stern, where he had it braced, and over he went, the box of four remaining ducks slipping off the bow as the boat righted. Now the ducks began to fly into the marsh from the Hudson. Our ducks in the crate set up a great quacking, which drew the black ducks beautifully to within 100 yards of us, and then seeing the mess of stuff floating about, veered off to our more fortunate fellow shooters in the upper marsh, where a continuous fusillade spoke of royal sport. We swore, splashed and fumed, but by the time we got things straightened out it was 5:45, and too dark to shoot. This was the only real good flight of ducks we have had this season. We tried it several times after, with fair luck. A good nor'-wester will bring them down. I hope by the end of the season to be able to recount the doings on a red-letter day.

CHAS. G. BLANDFORD.

SING SING, N. Y.

Concerning the Weed.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While many things are improved on as the world grows older, the days of the "fragrant weed" appear to have permanently passed away. From twenty-five to fifty years ago it was possible to get cigars that it was a positive delight to smoke. Not that all had the delightful fragrance of the old Cabanas and some few other brands, for the country was flooded then, as now, with common rank tobacco, and it was seldom and with difficulty that a box of high grade cigars could be procured, even as late as twenty years ago. It has been at least that long since I smoked my last fine flavored weed, and when I found I could no longer get them at any price my cigar smoking pleasures ended.

Now, the puzzling question with me is whether the art of making those cigars is lost, or whether they are all secured, as some contend, by wealthy Europeans. Many knowing ones insist that guano has ruined all the best tobacco land in Cuba, and if they have been loaded with that rank fertilizer for the purpose of producing heavy crops it undoubtedly has imparted its nauseating qualities to the plant, which seems to be of such a delicate nature that no other part of the world could produce it to compare with that of Cuba. Men of wealth habitually smoke cigars that I am compelled to throw away after a few short puffs, and I am sure that if they had been a few years earlier and had smoked a real "fragrant weed" they could not possibly enjoy the quality of tobacco they are forced to smoke at the present time. None but "old stagers" know the difference between the now and then, and they probably never will.

I am compelled to resort to cigarettes of my own make, and up to within a short time I have smoked tolerable cigarette tobacco manufactured by a firm in Richmond, but after they had established a reputation and pocketed their millions the all-devouring "trust" absorbed them, and since then I have tried in vain to find anything that I consider fit to smoke.

DIDYMUS.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

Joseph M. Hoadley.

JOSEPH M. HOADLEY died last week at his home in Derby, Conn. He was one of the sweetest characters and best sportsmen that ever followed a dog afield. Mr. Hoadley was a veteran of the Civil War, and during the last years of his life was a great sufferer from on old hurt received while in the discharge of his duty. He was about seventy years old.

He was devoted to shooting and to fox hunting, and up to within the last ten years of his life gave much time to the practice of these sports in their season. He was a great lover of good setters, possessed a strain of unequaled "partridge dogs," and, from his experience with his own animals, his extraordinary knowledge of the ways of birds, his infinite patience and his unfailing good temper, was remarkably successful in handling dogs and in bringing out the best that was in them.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was in almost constant pain, and besides was a large man, he was untiring in the field, and could easily walk down many a younger and sounder person.

Mr. Hoadley's knowledge of the shooting grounds of Connecticut was perhaps greater than that of any man in the State. He had shot there for nearly fifty years and not only knew most of the covers, but also the spots attractive to birds which each one held. He was systematic in his pursuit of birds, and when a piece of woods or swamp was to be beaten, always endeavored so to organize his force that the best should be successful. As attractive as the day's work in the field were the hours after dinner spent in the old farmhouse, when with tired limbs but actively reminiscent mind the incidents of the day were reviewed, the novel woods lore stored up in the old gunner's memoryy brought out, and his witty stories or allusions poured forth. With such interesting material Mr. Hoadley's mind was well furnished, and this made him one of the most interesting of companions. He was a man whose nature was unusually kindly and sympathetic, whose sense of right and wrong was keen and unswerving, and he was a devoted patriot. He sometimes said to those who sympathized with him in his almost constant suffering that he had nothing to regret in his war experiences, and that notwithstanding what he had endured he would go through it all again if the need for it arose.

Joe Hoadley, as his intimates called him, was a man who was above all things lovable, and days spent with him in the field increased alike one's admiration for his good sportsmanship and one's love for his character.

A Goat Hunt.

My hunting partner had been home for a visit, and on his return to the wild and woolly Weest he brought back with him one of his uncles and a young friend from Missouri for a hunt.

Now, Uncle Jim is an old war veteran and a crack shot. George, our young friend, never had been out before, so all camp life was new to him. Bill is the crack hunter of this section of country and one of the best men with a Winchester that I ever saw.

We left my house with four saddle and three pack horses. Bill was in front, and after going about five miles he killed a whitetail doe; we then sent the strangers ahead, as we had meat enough, so they might get a shot at a deer before we reached camp; but here is one trouble: New men do not know what a deer looks like in the woods until it moves or is in an open place. We behind the horses saw two that evening. We camped in a miner's cabin that night, as it was the end of our trail, and as it rained most all the next day we only fished a little. Rain is one great drawback to goat hunting, as in the fall in the Rockies we have lots of it high up, and also fog.

The next day we got a good start, and after a hard trip cutting trail reached our camping place in the rain, cold and tired. George said that we had crossed 5,000 logs, and rode in places that were not meant for a horse to go over.

On the fourth day we started out for a hunt. Bill and I had been here three years before. There was plenty of bear sign all over the country. We intended to go in two parties, or in twos. In going up a snowslide I saw a blacktail buck trotting across it at which I shot three times; but as there was so much open space for that small bullet to get lost in, I did not connect. Uncle Jim was with me, but did not see the deer.

Immediately afterward I heard two shots in quick succession, so I knew Bill was in trouble, and on our return to camp that night he told us that he had shot at a large black bear and broken its front leg or shoulder; the bear was running in the brush and he could not see him well. This was all the large game we saw that day.

On the fifth day we went out to fish for small brook trout. As I do not care to fish I carried the four Winchesters and went on ahead to a lake which was the head of the stream that we were camped on. This lake is fed by a small glacier and above it I knew we would find goats. On taking my glasses I soon found two high up on the mountain. As the fishing was good (no one ever fishing there before), the rest of the party did not arrive until 1 o'clock. We ate lunch and then started for a hard climb. Bill was carrying the fish, cleaned and heads off—about 20 pounds. The goats were in a snowslide, so it was quite easy to stalk them. We went up through some timber which was on one side of the slide and reached a rocky point within about 250 yards of the game. Bill thought that by going back and above we could get closer, so I told him to take Uncle Jim and try it, while George and I would wait until they commenced the shooting. They got within about 175 yards and Uncle Jim on the first shot killed his goat, at which two more ran out from the brush and rocks, and then we each picked our game. You should have heard the reverberations of our shots with a perpendicular peak right in front about 2,000 feet high and a high, rough mountain to our right. I will leave to your imagination the noise. The four goats (for there was another which put in an appearance) made one for each, and this was enough, even if Bill and Uncle Jime did shoot all of their cartridges away at the fifth, for he went their way, trying to get him to camp with us, but to no effect.

George wanted one skinned to mount whole, and as one of them was as fine a specimen as any one would wish, I skinned him out, which made hide, head and legs weigh about 75 pounds. Bill, who in strength and stature is a giant, kindly offered to carry it, so I took the fish and other goat hide, and we set out for camp. It was about sunset and we were high up on the mountain, with no trail and two or three miles from camp. Bill and I knew it was a layout, as our friends were very tired and not used to the rough walking. We did the best we could and got down to water and a friendly log jam about 9 or 10 o'clock, kindled a fire and made the best of it, which was not pleasant, as none of us had a coat, and toward morning it commenced to rain, to make things more enjoyable. At the first sign of day we were on the move for camp through the wet brush, which we reached very tired and hungry, some even more so. And what a camp! The horses had been in, and what they could not eat they had stamped in the mud. Our 5-pound firkin of butter one horse had kindly put his foot in; the salt was all gone; there was flour over everything, and even the tent was partially down. I did manage to fish the flour sack out of the creek and get enough for three small loaves of bread; and then it was fish, meat and bread without salt. Poor George said that if he had known the condition the camp would be in he never would have got there. And so ended that goat hunt.

PROSPECTOR.

Make a Smoke.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You know how the redskins of old used smoke signals? Now, let every sportsman in Maine or elsewhere who gets lost in the woods make a smoke, and the chances are one hundred to one that the searchers who are looking for him will find him within a few hours. Start the smoke on a bare rock on a side hill. Make a thin smoke, and keep it up. Sit down and take it easy and vary the programme by gathering fuel for the smudge or boughs for a wind break or camp bed in the possible chance of having to lie out over night. Look for water to drink. No trouble to find your way back to your rock with the smoke to guide you.

Every professional guide who takes out a party of sportsmen should instruct them in these particulars. It will save painful worry, hunger, starvation and too frequent death. To a tyro in woodcraft I would much prefer to recommend making a smoke than an attempt to study the divides, or even to follow a stream out. In a country of limited area, where the streams are all short, and seldom over fifteen miles from the crown of the divide to tidewater, as in Nova Scotia, the latter would be the best plan—to stick to the watercourses and follow the downstream current. In a wilderness tangle a smoke is the best, though in a perfectly flat area of dense forest it is a hard chance for a man unsophisticated, smoke or no smoke. No man should ever be without matches in a waterproof safe and a serviceable jackknife in his pocket. And above all things, study the lay of the land before you start out and see in which direction the hills and valleys run. Getting lost should be impossible when nature makes all her paths so plain; at least it seems so to me at these presents. But then, I have had fifty-odd years of experience in all regions and latitudes. As a rule, a bewildered man when he finds himself lost has not traveled far from his starting point. Distances seem vastly greater in a strange woods than they do on a turnpike. Indeed, a man cannot travel fast and far through an undergrowth. So the logic of the situation is to stand still, halloo often, fire both barrels of your gun, and, finally, make a smoke in a safe place, if you cannot find a sightly one as well; and if you keep the blaze smothered with moss, punk and green boughs it will not run, and it will give one employment to fill up anxious time.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Wanted—A Sportsman's Exchange.

JONESVILLE, Mich., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I gave the FOREST AND STREAM flies a fair trial, and they were an unlimited success. I caught Eastern brook trout in Willow Creek (Yellowstone Park), Loch Leven trout in the Iron River and salmon trout in the Firehole—also in the Big and Little Spokane, the Clearwater, Selway, Ooskoskia and Lock Saw. The best trout in the lot though are the native mountain trout, to be had in the little nameless streams of Idaho. I caught none with gold nuggets in them, but I did locate in or about them the jewel of improved and robust health, and am willing to make a "divvy" on that. I spent about four weeks in the Bitter Roots with a pack train, but adventures were few and far between, and I fear would be of little interest to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

The crying need of sportsmen situated as I am is a "Sportsman's Clearing House" for the purpose of bringing together sportsmen desiring to take certain long trips. For instance, I might plan a trip to Arkansas, North Carolina, Dakota or any other place where I believed game of any given brand to be plentiful. Well, I post myself thoroughly on question of location, outfit, laws, guides, etc., and am prepared to go into the country with a fair amount of knowledge as to essentials; all that I need is a companion or two, and these I cannot find in this community if the trip is extended and likely to take much time or money. If FOREST AND STREAM can start such a "Clearing House" they will deserve and receive the thanks of an army of sportsmen. V. W.

New York Game Protectors.

AT a meeting of the State Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission Nov. 15, six of the State fish and game protectors were summoned to answer criticisms concerning their work which had taken the form of complaints made to Governor Roosevelt at various times, alleging that the State Commission's agents were not seeing to it that the laws for the protection of fish and game were being observed.

The complaints made a special point of violations of the anti-deer hounding law which it was declared had occurred at different points in the woods. Five of the protectors present yesterday were not punished after the Commission had conferred with them as to their work, but the sixth, Protector Carlos Hutchins, of Indian Lake, was removed from office for neglect of duty, harboring violators of the deer law, and violating his oath of office. Hutchins was appointed a protector in 1895. He is a hotel keeper, and it is claimed has entertained at his house guests whom he must have known were hounding deer. The State Commission will bring action against him in the courts for violating his oath of office.—Albany Argus.

Two for One.

NEWFOUND LAKE, Bristol, N. H., Nov. 18.—The Fish Commissioners have finished the stripping of trout and salmon at this lake, about 1,000,000 eggs being placed in the hatchery. This is much less than used to be spread out on the trays, but the adult trout do not show up on the beds in numbers as they used to each year less than the previous one, which is attributed by fishermen here to the annual stripping business. Three or four trout have been placed in tanks to be sent to the Sportsmen's Exhibition at Boston, each weighing from 15 to 18 pounds.

Our local hunters are in high feather as regards the increase of deer in this locality, a number having been shot within five miles of the town. Frank Calley and Charles Tukey, while out driving, saw three together, and they shot one of them, weighing 200 pounds. Elmer Hammond and Charles Keezar got one, Harry Pike one, Frank Tilton one, Ed Towns a fine buck of 190 pounds. State Representative Hammond, who is a believer in game protection, and thinks one deer at a time is enough for any man, was somewhat mystified the other day while looking for venison. At first he thought he must have been looking upon the wine when it is red, for he got two deer for one. He ran across a deer in the pasture, fired, wounding her somewhat. She ran into a small thicket; he followed, and saw what he thought was the deer standing still. He fired again; it ran out. Tracking it for a short distance, he found his deer dead, and then discovered that this was not the first deer he had shot at, so taking his other track he found his first deer, killed, and his neighbors rejoiced with him in his killing two deer for one. As the law allows only two deer to a person each season, H. H. says he has got to wait a whole year to look at a deer over a rifle barrel.

LANDLOCKED SALMON HOUSE.

To Dry Rubber Boots—A Wrinkle Worth Knowing.

TWO of us were off for our annual quail hunt, and were entertained by people who were hospitality itself, and yet we had to sleep in a cold room. It was in a good coal region, and that farmer paid 25 cents a hundred bushels for his coal, going to the coal bank, digging and hauling the coal himself, or sending his farmhand to do the work. Coal—and good coal at that—was cheaper than gravel, and yet there was no stove in the guest room of the house.

It was a problem how to dry out our hip rubber boots, which we had to wear part of the time of our stay. In the sitting room there was an open grate fire, which was covered every night with fine coal and a few shovelfuls of ashes, so that the room never became quite cold. We found that if we heated a piece of old flannel as hot as possible and stuffed it down into the foot of a boot and stood the boot in front of the fireplace it was as dry as a bone next morning. The handiest thing to keep the boot leg open is a spring steel corset rib about 18 inches long by ¾ inch in width. (Behold the advantage of being a married man.) This combination acts to perfection, and beats all hollow the troublesome arrangement of a clothes line and keresone lamps, which may be necessary if the boots have been full of water, but quite unnecessary if they are simply damp because of the perspiration of the feet and legs. D.

North Carorlina Game.

IT is safe to say that not in many years have there been more partridges. It was feared by many persons that the extreme cold weather and the deep snow last February would destroy them. The birds are in all that part of the State east of the Blue Ridge and extending to the tier of counties bordering the sounds. From Danville to Greensboro, thence as far west as Morganton and eastward to Goldsboro there are birds in abundance. Greenville county offers good sport, and so does Person.

The Legislature, at its last session, enacted a law for a number of counties, requiring hunters to have the written permission of land owners when hunting on the latter's lands. This was aimed at pot-hunters. In parts of the State, mainly in the High Point and Hickory sections, Northern sportsmen, to a very large extent, pay the taxes on the lands and have all the privileges. East of Guilford county this is not done. The large land owners make things particularly pleasant for sportsmen, but some of the smaller ones give trouble sometimes.

It is not permitted to ship birds out of this State. The law is violated by taking birds away in trunks and in such packages as would not be suspected to contain them. A number of live birds were sent to Virginia last spring. New Bern remains the center for the best deer shooting. It is said there are more wild turkeys in the lower Roanoke River country than elsewhere.—New Bern Journal.

Rhode Island Game Fields.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Black ducks are plentiful in the river and bay. They are now shot from blinds on the river banks at night and by the use of decoys. One hunting party recently bagged a dozen down the bay in the day time by shooting from a steam launch, but this method of hunting is rarely successful, as the game has been hunted so much that it is very wild.

Gray squirrels are very plentiful in the woods of the easterly part of Warren and neighboring parts of Swansea. Quail are very scarce, all the flocks having long

since been broken up by gunners, and partridges are said to be scarcer than for many previous years.

Reynolds Lillibridge, the veteran trapper of Exeter, is reported as dangerously ill with an affection of the heart. Mr. Lillibridge is well known by sportsmen of this and adjoining States, who frequently make his place, near the West Greenwich line, their headquarters when on fishing and hunting expeditions in the wilds of that portion of Rhode Island. W. H. M.

The Same Theodore.

CUSTER COUNTY, Idaho, Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is the Theodore Roosevelt whose name I see in your advertising columns as the author of a number of books on hunting in the West the same man of whom we heard so much during the war with Spain as the Colonel of the Rough Riders, and who is now, I believe, the Governor of the State of New York? Some of us were talking about this the other night, and some thought that the writer was a man who had a cattle ranch out West, and that the Colonel of the Rough Riders was a New York city man. Will you please tell us which were right? We live a long way from the railroad and don't see many papers, and this is why we ask you.

A. R. WILLIAMS.

[There is but one adult Theodore Roosevelt—so far as we know—and he is Governor, Colonel, author and ranchman. Mr. Roosevelt's activities have extended in many directions. His books give delightful pictures of life in the further West.]

The Virginia Game Fields.

CHASE CITY, Va., Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The hunting season is now on. Quite a number of sportsmen from a distance have been here, and all seem delighted with their experience in the chase for deer, or in quest of turkey or quail. Among those here at present are Dr. R. U. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., who, though not having hunted quail for some years, is rapidly getting "his hand in," bringing home from twenty to thirty quail as the result of a day's hunt. A party from Cannonsburg, Pa., brought in a deer last Saturday, killed within half a mile of this place, and another deer the following Monday (yesterday), a couple of miles out. The season for quail shooting is at its best from now till the middle of December. W. D. PAXTON.

Currituck Ducks.

CURRITUCK, N. C., Nov. 11.—Yesterday was our opening day for ducks at Currituck. The weather was very mild and fine, and only about 3,000 ducks were killed; but they were in splendid condition owing to ten days longer to get fat in. Our season has formerly opened Nov. 1, but this year it opened on the 10th. MORE ANON.

Christmas Books.

WITH the approach of Christmas comes the necessity of buying Christmas presents, the selection of which is not always easy. Many people find it difficult to make up their mind what they shall purchase, and so put off the operation of buying until the last moment. As a recult, when the time comes they are likely to be hurried, confused, and at last select things that in their cooler moments they are not satisfied with. It is the old story of going through the forest looking for a straight stick and finally coming out with a crooked one.

A person who is wise will purchase Christmas gifts long in advance of the day. There is then plenty of time for careful selection; one is not troubled by the crowding of other persons who also have postponed their purchases until the last moment; the dealers having plenty of time, can ship their goods in a deliberate and orderly manner, so that they will reach the purchaser and not be mixed up with the orders of other people. We say nothing about the woes of the unhappy storekeeper, who is anxious to please every one, but who in the rush of custom which comes just before Christmas makes mistakes which no one regrets more bitterly than he.

The Forest and Stream Publishing Co. begs its readers who intend to purchase from it books for Christmas gifts to make their selections as early as possible and to send in their orders without delay. There is a full month before Christmas—ample time for books to be ordered, received and put away for the great day. But if these orders are postponed for a month, till the Chrismas rush, many of the purchases may fail to reach the customer until after Christmas, and some part of the pleasure of the day will thus be lost.

On another page will be found a list of books interesting to sportsmen. The angler has a range of choice among books which describe fishes, the modes of taking them, the tackle with which they are taken, and the men who take them.

Hunters, trappers and outdoor men may choose from books on trapping, hunting, woodcraft, ranching, Indians and travel and exploration. Especial mention may be made of Mr. Chas. E. Whitehead's superb volume, called "Camp-Fires of the Everglades," of the various Danvis books by that charming writer Rowland E. Robinson, and the different volumes of the Boone and Crockett Club, "American Big Game Hunting." "Hunting in Many Lands" and "Trail and Camp-Fire," to which Gov. Theodore Roosevelt so largely contributed.

If the reader be a yachtsman or canoeist he has here a large choice in books which run from the splendid $10 volume "Small Yachts" down through all the range of boat building, boat sailing, canoe handling, sailing and camping, to a half-dollar booklet which tells how to build a canvas canoe.

There are no doubt many big-game hunters whose libraries already contain most of the printed works on their favorite subject. These cannot fail to be interested in the superb artotype pictures "Alert" (moose), "The Challenge (wapiti or elk), "Listen" (blacktail deer), and others, which are now being issued, and which, framed and hung on the wall, will offer to many a man stirring reminders of some fortunate hunt in past years either in the East or in the West.

For their own sakes, as well as for its own, the Forest and Stream Publishing Co. urges its customers who purpose to buy books within the next month to examine the book list in FOREST AND STREAM—or better still to send for its free illustrated catalogue—and to send in their orders without delay.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Some St. Lawrence Fish.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There was a time not many years ago when anglers vied with each other to see who could kill the greatest number of fish. In those days there was little or no thought of the future, or, in fact, of present needs, the chief aim being to make a great catch in as short a time as possible. In case the angler was successful enough to take more fish than he could use himself or give away, it mattered little to him, for he had accomplished his purpose by making a big record as a fisherman. Fortunately, however, things have changed materially within the past few years, and there is a strong and growing tendency among anglers to discountenance fishing for the sole object of establishing a record, on the ground that it is unsportsmanlike. Of course, this does not mean that there has been any falling off in point of enthusiasm on the part of anglers or that they are less anxious than heretofore to make good catches. It simply means that there is an unwritten law among them that no one shall kill more fish than he can use to advantage. This laudable sentiment, however, does not prevent the angler from keeping a record of fish captured during the season, including the number and weight, and the one who makes a good showing while keeping within the limits of both the game law and the unwritten law is the one who can be justly proud of his achievements.

Probably there are no public waters where the laws are more carefully observed and fishing is carried on in a more sportsmanlike manner than at the Thousand Islands or in what is known as the State reservation on the St. Lawrence River. The special provisions in the game laws relating to the waters of the Thousand Islands make the open season for black bass, Oswego bass, pickerel, pike, wall-eyed pike and muskallonge from June 9 to Jan. 1. Bass less than 10 inches in length cannot be legally taken. No person is permitted to catch, kill or possess more than twelve bass in any one day, and where two or more persons are fishing from the same boat, they cannot take to exceed twenty-four bass in a day. The Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, a large and influential organization composed mainly of prominent business and professional men from different parts of the United States who have summer homes among the islands, and also including many of the principal citizens of Clayton and Alexandria Bay, is entitled to great credit for the healthy sentiment regarding fishing which prevails within the reservation. It is largely due to the efforts of the Association that the international park exists, that the special protective provisions were enacted and are enforced, and that the sentiment in favor of sportsmanlike angling is so strong.

During the first few weeks after the season opened this year the fishing was not very good in the river, owing to the great numbers of menhaden. For some time the bass, muskallonge and pickerel all displayed utter contempt for the angler's hook, trolling spoon and live bait evidently finding their wants fully supplied by the myriads of little fish mentioned. About Aug. 1, however, the game fish began to bite vigorously, and they kept it up so that as a whole this has been one of the best fishing seasons known on the St. Lawrence for many years.

The average weight of the black bass which are caught in the waters of the Thousand Islands is from 1 and 1½ to 2 pounds, and a 3-pounder is considered quite a big one. When one is caught which tips the scales at 4 pounds it is an event which is worth bragging about, and every ounce above that weight is counted as of great importance. Once in a great while a specimen is taken weighing 4½ or 5 pounds, but such occurrences are extremely rare. The St. Lawrence pickerel or pike proper average from 3 to 7 pounds in weight, and a 10-pounder is a big one. It is not a very uncommon thing, however, to see them weighing from 12 to 16 pounds, and in rare cases they are taken weighing 20 pounds, or even a trifle more. The muskallonge frequently attains great size, and while those which weigh from 14 to 20 pounds are counted as good ones, hardly a season passes without the capture of a specimen weighing from 30 to 40 pounds, and once in a great while even the latter mark is passed.

Following is a list of some of the noteworthy catches which have been made by anglers on the St. Lawrence River during the past season:

About the middle of August last Charles Lavier, Jr., Walter Kemball and Fred Bowen, of Ogdensburg, who were camping near Terrace Park, captured a 22-pound muskallonge.

On or about the same date P. Canfield, of Ogdensburg, with Eddie Gill as oarsman, caught near Big Island a muskallonge weighing 35 pounds.

On the morning of August 28, H. C. Shafer, manager of the Hubbard House in Clayton, brought in a muskallonge weighing 19½ pounds, which he took off Bartlett Point, about a mile above the village.

During the last week in August T. W. Kingsley, of Potsdam, while fishing near Hamilton's Island, landed two muskallonge, one of which tipped the scales at 18 pounds. Shortly before that his brother, M. H. Kingsley, who also went out from Hamilton's Island, captured a 36-pound muskallonge.

On Aug. 24 and 25 a party of gentlemen who were stopping at the head of St. John's Island, made a splendid catch of bass. The party, which consisted of Byron A. Brooks, Messrs. Conant and Dorrance and G. B. Lyons, of New York, went out in the naphtha launch Sylvia, belonging to the former, early on the morning of Aug. 25, and returned the following evening with sixty-eight fine bass, the largest weighing a little under 4 pounds, and many of the catch ranging from 2 to 3 pounds.

On Aug. 30 Mrs. Thomas D. Jordan, of New York, and her niece, Miss C. J. Trice, of Jersey City, who spent the summer at the Hubbard House, Clayton, brought in twenty-one pickerel, all good size, the heaviest one weighing 9 pounds and the smallest 4 pounds. The catch was the more remarkable in that it was the work of lady anglers, who were unaccompanied by a guide.

Dr. R. W. Amidon, of Chaumont, who has a cottage on Point Salubrious, on Sept. 5 caught, among other large black bass, one weighing 4½ pounds.

About the middle of September a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. F. M. Bacon, who, with a guide, went out from Clayton for a day's fishing, returned with 66 pounds of pickerel.

Late in September one of the guests at the Frontenac, Round Island, captured a muskallonge weighing over 30 pounds.

About the same time A. E. Hume, cashier at the Crossmon House, Alexandria Bay, went out with an oarsman for a day's fishing near Brown's Island, and returned with twenty-two black bass, an 8-pound wall-eyed pike and a 9-pound pickerel.

C. O. Rogers, of Adams, N. Y., whitefishing with his brother, O. N. Rogers, near Clayton on Oct. 16, took a pickerel 34 inches in length and weighing 10 pounds.

E. G. Wykoff, of Ithaca, who was stopping on Carleton Island, caught a muskallonge in August which measured 3½ feet in length and weighed 27 pounds. In September Ozman Wykoff, a lad, also one of the Carleton Island party, brought in one weighing 18½ pounds.

E. M. Knight, of Farmersville, caught two muskallonge in September, one weighing 9 and the other 15 pounds.

Oarsman Jacob Putnam, of Carleton Island, while fishing near Mile Tree Point in September, took in a muskallonge which weighed 18½ pounds.

One of Utica's most enthusiastic and successful anglers is ex-Supervisor William Howarth, who has a summer residence on Carleton Island. Mr. and Mrs. Howarth went to the river on June 25 this year and remained until Sept. 24. They enjoyed splendid fishing, and a good deal of the time they had friends visiting them who shared the pleasure. They had two boats, and usually there were four persons fishing and two oarsmen. The time devoted to fishing would perhaps average five hours a day, although there were some days when it was so windy that no one went out. A record of the season's fishing, as kept at Mr. Howarth's boat house, makes this showing: 698 black bass, 1,218 perch, 35 pickerel, not one weighing less than 5 pounds, and from that mark up to 13½ pounds; 4 eels and 1 muskallonge. The latter, which was captured by Mr. Howarth himself, weighed 10½ pounds. All of the fish but the pickerel were caught on rods. The muskallonge was taken on a light steel rod. It made a lively fight, but succumbed after a struggle which lasted about twenty minutes.

In three or four hours' fishing one day during the latter part of their stay on the river, Mrs. Howarth caught sixteen black bass which weighed from 2 to 3½ and 4 pounds each.

During September David Burke, of Utica, who was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Howarth at Carleton Island for a few days, captured a black bass which was 22 inches long, 14½ inches in circumference and weighed 4½ pounds.

A few days afterward Mr. Howarth had the good fortune to catch one that was 21½ inches in length, 15 inches in circumference and weighed 4¾ pounds.

Black bass have been very numerous in the vicinity of Cape Vincent this season, and oarsmen have found profitable employment in fishing for the market. Quantities of them have been sold for five cents per pound. It is said that a gentleman named Wicks from New York, together with his guide, have taken 3,500 pounds of black bass in the lake off from Cape Vincent and off Stony Island. The waters around Cape Vincent are not included in the State reservation of the St. Lawrence River.

Dr. Henry Dean, of New York, who has a cottage at Alexandria Bay, visited the Rideau in August and fished Troy and Griffin lakes. It was reported that he caught fifty-one black bass, all weighing over 4 pounds, besides a number of excellent specimens of the Oswego tribe.

During the latter part of July several very large wall-eyed pike were taken in the river opposite Fine View. They were caught in deep water. H. R. Clark, of Jersey City, N. J., a guest at the Fine View House, captured a dozen in one day.

Capt. W. E. Gerard, of Brooklyn, while a guest at the Pullman House during the summer, made some splendid catches of pickerel and bass. One day during the first week in August he took twenty-four pickerel, all of good size. W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 11.

The Landing Net Case.

JUDGE CRAIG handed down a decision on Nov. 16 in the Pennsylvania case brought against Messrs. Wetherell and Elliott to collect a penalty for the use of a landing net in taking trout. The circumstances of the prosecution have already been related in these columns. The law under which the action was brought prescribes that no person shall kill any trout "with any device save only with rod, hook and line"; and the point under consideration was whether such a provision made unlawful the use of the landing net. Justice Gruver, of the lower court, had held that the net was prohibited, and had imposed a fine of $100 upon the defendants, who carried the case up on appeal. Judge Craig's decision reverses this, and holds:

"Manifestly if we interpret the words 'rod, hook and line' within the limitation of their literal import, then it would be obnoxious to this act to use a reel or fly or bait or bob or sinker or squid in connection with rod, hook and line when fishing for game fish, for these are appliances for catching fish in the general sese of the terms. Such interpretation would practically defeat all catching of game fish.

"Much argument was expended on the question: Was the fish caught when hooked, or was it not caught until it was put into the physical possession of the defendant by means of a landing net? The preponderating weight of the evidence is that a game fish is caught when hooked,

and that the landing net is used, either conveniently or necessarily, for bringing the fish into the physical possession of the fisherman.

"We cannot believe that the Legislature in using the phrase 'rod, hook and line' intended so narrow and unreasonable a construction as is urged by the Commonwealth. So common and universal is the use of reels, fly hooks, bait, bobs, sinkers and squids in fishing with rod, hook and line that we may take them to be included in the phrase 'rod, hook and line' in ordinary and popular use. Therefore, if we construe the legislative language according to its popular acceptance, we are bound to hold that the appliances or things just named were understood and intended by the Legislature to be included in the phrase 'rod, hook and line.'

"But the contention is that a landing net is not of such common and universal use as to be included in the phrase 'rod, hook and line.' Certain it is that the landing net was in common use by fishermen as far back as 1653. All the testimony in this case is to the effect that the landing net is and has been in ordinary, common and almost universal use by those who fish for trout with rod, hook and line. In our view, therefore, the landing net was as much within the legislative intent when using the words 'rod, hook and line' as was the fly hook, reel, bait and such like appliances. Landing nets are not named in any of the acts. Hand or cast nets are, in the sixth section of the act under consideration. But hand or cast nets are not landing nets."

Salt Water Fishermen's League.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On March 20, 1898, a body of anglers formed the Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen, which organization was lately incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. The forming of the League was caused by the failure of the angler in securing the same amount of sport in striking the fish as in former years. How is this? Can any of the anglers answer the question? If not, the league can and will.

Upon investigation we find that the waters about New York and neighboring places are being polluted by the dumping of refuse and the infusing of oils, acids, dyestuffs and other injurious and poisonous matter into our rivers and bays. This causes the bed of the waters, which is the natural feeding grounds of the fish, to become poisoned, thereby driving the fish to other parts far remote, and thereby incurring a big expense on the angler and hours of travel to seek his prey. All our rivers and bays have branches and creeks of salt water, wherein the fish attempt to enter and spawn, but are prevented from so doing by the continuous placing of nets at the entrances, and the fish are secured before they spawn, thus killing the spawn and preventing the hatching of millions of fish.

The menhaden fishermen are another detriment to the hatching of fish; they net everything that comes their way, edible as well as menhaden. They should be compelled to return the edible fish to the waters, and they refrain from so doing, and at present it makes no difference to them, all go for oil.

No one should be deceived by the rumors that are being circulated that the league is seeking to deprive the net fishermen from making a livelihood. The league is only too glad to assist them that we may all have an equal chance; but the league is against the unscrupulous methods the netters employ in securing the fish by netting more than they can dispose of, and sending tons upon tons of fish to Barren Island to be made into fertilizer. There are some farms along the Hudson River where there were tons upon tons of fish strewn over the land as fertilizer. This happens every spring, and the matter has now been placed in the proper authorities' hands, so as to arrest the violators of the game laws, as the fish so used were mostly undersized striped bass. If this should keep up what will become of our fish? There would be very few left, as seems to be the case nowadays, and you all know it.

The league has advanced and grown to be a factor in New York, and has among its members men of prominence in all walks of life. We want everybody of good character and who has any interest in fishing to join; and there are thousands of them who enjoy the sport. Come forward, anglers, and become members. Show that you are alive to the issue and willing to do your share of the work of the league. The future of the anglers is at stake. Do not let the few do the work, for there are thousands of you who should have a say in having the laws enforced and new ones enacted. Now is your time to act. The Legislature meets Jan. 1, 1900, and the league will then present their grievances to that body. Do not hold back. Come like true sportsmen and assist in framing a bill that we are going to present, so that in the future you will not say, "Why did not the league do this and that?" The dues are only $1 per year, and no other expense. When all the members of a fishing club desire to join the league in a body the annual dues for that club are $5, and each member of the club receives a membership card without any additional payment for the first year. It is the duty of every fishing club to be in league with us and have some of their members present at our meetings to offer suggestions as to the best methods to be used in securing improvements of fishing.

Illustrated lectures and useful information to anglers will be given from time to time at our meetings, which are held every third Monday of each month, at Wall's Hotel, 106 West Thirty-first street, New York city, at 8 P. M.

THEODORE BIEDINGER, President.

EUGENE FLIEDNER, Rec. and Cor. Sec'y.

Fishing vs. Picnic.

MARLINTON, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a photo of a catch of bass made by my brother, Calvin Price, on the Fourth of July last. He did not hesitate a moment between going fishing and attending a "picnic," as Fourth of July celebrations are called here, and the result of his devotion was this fine bass (3¾ pounds) and a dozen smaller ones.

A bass of this size is unusual in the headwaters of Greenbrier River. N. P.

At Experience at Roberval.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We, the undersigned, have been through an experience which may be of interest to sportsmen contemplating a trip in the waters of Lake St. John, P. Q., especially to those who believe it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Two years ago we made a trip up the Peribonca River under the superintendence of the Hotel Roberval, a convenient arrangement for those desiring to part with $7 per day for one canoe, two guides and provisions. Of that sum $5 we were allowed to believe was paid to the guides, the rest going for provisions. The river seemed fished out; yet we had the luck in eleven days to catch three small pike. What more could sportsmen desire?

This year, thinking that we might be able to save to a considerable extent, we dealt with the guides in person, engaging them several months ahead of time and laying in a stock of provisions. We understood that the lands were open to guests of the hotel, and with no questions asked about our proposed trip—be it understood that the management usually takes great interest in the proposed trips of its visitors—we embarked after checking our trunks and depositing our valuables in the hotel safe.

After a two weeks' trip up the Mistassini and the Samagua, where we had fair luck with small trout in a little lake, we returned to the hotel. On the afternoon of our arrival the management sprung a little joke on us in the form of a bill for $41.25 each, based, as they said, on the profit they would have made had they fitted us out. We asked to see the wording of the lease granted by the Government, and were satisfied that the hotel held the right to sublet the fishing privileges "of the Mistassini River and its tributaries," for which it paid the Canadian Government the sum of $20 per annum. Ignorance of the existing circumstances and the law of course did not excuse us, but the contemptible way in which the trap was set for us, and the extortion practiced upon us, was enough to call down upon the heads of the management all the epithets of a sportsman's vocabulary. Realizing that we had done the hotel an injustice, and were subject to indictment as poachers, we were willing to pay for the privilege of fishing in its water, for be it observed we were ignorant that the hotel held the lease of the river, and we had not the least intention of encroaching upon private grounds, or of fishing otherwise than openly. On our protesting against paying the hotel for what it had not furnished us, the manager informed us that he could charge us whatever he chose—an evidence of his generosity in letting us off with $41.25 each. He told us that the guides received but $1.25 per day—half of what we had supposed before, when there was no need of our knowing the enormous profit the hotel made. The manager informed us that as the hotel did not pay, the profit of the establishment had to be made on the privileges of sportsmen, and he took it out of men in search of fishing. The natives and Indians, it may be added, fish to their heart's content—even with nets—and pay nothing in the way of a tax. Moreover, the waters are in nowise policed or protected, and sportsmen sent out under the hotel supervision suffer in consequence of the slaughter.

Being pressed for time, we were compelled to pay the $41.25 apiece, though it seemed a little high for one ouananiche and a few brook trout.

By publishing this you will confer a favor on us and advise sportsmen of a paradise which, although void of caribou, moose, deer, or other four-legged game, affers the rarest and most costly fish to be found in any waters.

Respectfully yours,

C. P. M. RUMFORD.
ROBERT R. LOGAN.

WILMINGTON, Del.

Rod and Reel at Galveston.

This is the time of year when the attention of Northern sportsmen is drawn strongly to the Southern sporting grounds. There is really no hard and fast shooting or fishing season in the United States, for when our Northern marshes are frozen the Southern shooting is at its best, and when our streams have gone out of commission in the North the sea fishes of the South are just getting into the field. A gentleman who wishes himself to be known as "A Galveston Fisherman" writes as below about the kind of sport they are having right now down in Texas:

"In improving the entrance of Galveston Harbor from 13½ to 27½ feet in depth, Uncle Sam built two jetties, each over five miles in length, about a mile and a quarter apart and capped each with roughly fitted cubes of granite of fifteen to twenty-five tons weight. The sea moss, small oysters, crabs, etc., furnish food, and the base of the jetties gives protection for the fish, which are stopped in their movements by the jetties, and hence so concentrated that along these jetties is to be found some of the best fishing for salt water fish to be had anywhere in the country. To stand on a flat rock, no larger than a small dinner table, five miles out at sea and see the white sharks, tarpon, Spanish mackerel, redfish and sheepshead feeding in the clear water 30 feet deep is a novel and pleasing experience in sea fishing. There are but few places where rod and reel fishing for sea fish can be had except when cramped up in a small boat.

"It is no uncommon thing to see here ten to fifty tarpon an hour, or to lose half a dozen hooks or perhaps your whole tackle during an afternoon. For four months this summer the fishing was splendid on Spanish mackerel, the weight running from 1½ to 5 pounds, and it was a bad afternoon when one could not average 10 pounds of mackerel to the rod. In casting one would not know whether he had mackerel, trout, tarpon, sheepshead, sea bass, pompano, or Junefish. One man this summer caught over 500 pounds of Junefish in an hour, though this fish runs from 50 to 200 pounds in weight.

"The mackerel is the gamest fish for his inches and weight in the world. He fights with a rush and strength in the water which is only explained when you see his yacht-like lines. Out of the water he dies game and is ready to take a piece of your finger if you give him a chance. The mackerel come in June and leave in October, and we have fine fall fishing.

"To-day, Nov. 11, Dr. A. F. Sampson assembled a few friends on his naphtha launch, the party being made up of six men and two ten-year-old boys. It could be seen that the waves were high enough to make it sloppy on the jetty rocks, so the launch was turned toward the north jetty, where the waves were less rough. By 1:30 we were on the jetty, and in a few minutes Fred Van Hartin's rod was at work on a 4½-pound sheepshead. Ten-year-old Joe Sampson had a hard struggle with a 2-pound redfish, but landed it without assistance. From then till 5 o'clock the fishing was good. Dr. Sampson and Capt. Betherson each took a double on sea trout. Gus Dreyfus, after landing five sea trout and a lot of sand trout, not counted, hung a 3-foot shovel-nose shark, and while playing him his second hook was taken by a 7-pound catfish. He was using a light lancewood rod, but landed both fish. Mr. Rowley led with 11 trout, 2 redfish, in all over 20 pounds. Arthur B. Homer caught two sheepshead, a 3-pound redfish and some trout. G. E. Mann caught 3 trout aggregating over 5 pounds. The weather was perfect, and several of the party fished in their shirt sleeves. The tide on the south side of the jetty was running out at six miles an hour, but on the north side the water was tideless and smooth as a mill pond. We did not see a single tarpon, and they have probably gone for the winter. A few porpoises were playing tag and scaring the skipjacks. The total catch of the party was 40-odd fish, a total of over 70 pounds, which is not a bad but an extra good catch for the season.

"The Galveston Tarpon Club, whose membership includes 100 local and a large number of non-resident members, will by next spring have club house facilities which will give the stranger in our waters all the opportunity he may wish to play the tarpon in as good a day's sport as can be had anywhere."

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Boating on the Potomac in 1863.

BOATING on the Potomac during the Civil War was rather a precarious pastime, as will be conceded after a perusal of the subjoined letter from a gentleman who crossed the river from Leonardtown, Md., on the night of Feb. 17, 1863. He is writing to his wife in New York, who was hoping to follow him. The journey into Dixie was precarious, not only because of the vigilance of the Federal gunboat patrol, but because the flotilla had broken up every craft within sight or reach by which it was possible to effect a clandestine crossing. The boat used on this occasion was an old seine boat which had apparently survived its usefulness:

Westmoreland County, Va.—Dear ——: At last I am in Dixie, having reached here this morning at 8 o'clock, after a seven hours' pull at an oar, just one week since I saw you. I feel convinced that you will never attempt to reach the Confederacy by running the blockade, at least by my route, although I understand that four ladies ran through last Saturday. You may infer that I feel quite safe now, although I may tell you that in the two Eastern counties of Virginia, of which Westmoreland is one, there are some 3,000 Federal cavalry constantly roving about to intercept blockaders, contraband goods, recruits for the Southern army, etc. Though nominally under Confederate rule, the Yankees seem to hold it by possession, and the residents are much harassed by raids from foraging parties from both sides. They have a sorry time.

Thus far we have been very fortunate in getting through successfully. Almost every day for three weeks past parties have been arrested who came by the same route, and one lady had her arm shot through. I gave you a hint of some of the difficulties of the journey up to date of my last letter, written from Leonardtown. My experience since then has been far more fruitful of adventure and excitement. Yet there is genuine pleasure in it, although one's life is in God's hands. I will give you a little outline.

During Monday, while we were at the hotel, information came to us (there were nine in our party by this time) that a Federal officer had declared that there were five blockade runners in town that he could put his hand on. This of course was mere suspicion on his part, for no hint had been dropped by any one of us. That would have made no difference, however, for the soldiers have repeatedly taken suspected persons from their beds at midnight, not only at the hotels, but in private houses, and sent them to Washington as prisoners. They confiscate goods, plunder the residents, and occasionally shut up stores. It was evident that we should have attention paid to us before midnight. Accordingly, our arrangements having been previously made, we prepared to decamp forthwith. As soon as it was dark we were just in the act of leaving the hotel, when one of the soldiers came in to see if the game was still there. The landlord invited him down cellar to have a pitcher of cider, when you may suppose there was some tall scampering. We all left in a body by the back door, across the kitchen garden, over fences, through bushes, and across fields and wet weather gullies, to the river side, where a boat was in waiting to take us. Our baggage had previously been put aboard in secret. Included were several large trunks filled with goods and personal effects, chests of tea and clothing, for the most part owned by four Jews who were in the business venture. I felt sorry that I sent my trunk back from Charlotte Hall, you may believe, as the sequel proved that the contents were worth a big price in Confederate money. It was very dark. We were soon aboard and off in a jiffy, our darky oarsmen (for the slaves still stick to their own against the Yankees) pulling for dear life to escape the pickets who swarmed everywhere.

"We were well down Brittain's Bay, which widens into the Potomac, when a signal rocket was sent up; but the men pulled the harder, the oars muffled and not a word spoken except in lowest whisper. We soon got pretty well out of reach, and a Minie rifle ball whisted us good-by—tolerably near, too. The rocket must have shown our position.

Silently we sped on, but the boat was very old, rotten and leaky, and we soon found that it had nearly filled with water, when we made all haste for the shore When within a rod or two some one carelessly step-

on a weak plank and stove it through, and the boat immediately sank in 3 feet of water. This was on the Maryand side, of course, we not yet having reached our starting point for crossing. Many of the goods were consequently damaged. Most of the party jumped out into the water at once, but after they had waded ashore I and two others threw them a rope and persuaded them to haul us up to terra firma with wet feet only. The goods were immediately put on shore and secreted in the woods to secure them from the launches of the gunboat flotilla, which are always cruising along shore. There we camped for about two hours. In the meantime we procured a seine boat from a fishing shanty, and at 1 o'clock proceeded on our perilous journey with an experienced pilot and a sharp lookout. The price charged for taking the party over waas $150 in greenbacks. Nevertheless, one of the men we had bargained with became timid and backed out, and as no one else could pull an oar I took his place, though I didn't get his pay, as I ought to have done. About $5,000 worth of goods went over on that trip, and it is estimated that nearly $1,000,000 worth have been supplied to the Confederates in this way from a single town. This is one reason why the town is so carefully guarded.

Nothing exciting occurred until we had gotten some ways out on the river. It was cloudy and dark. Just then a gunboat was discovered going up, but she was past us. When we had reached the middle, another was seen bearing directly upon us. It was a critical time. We ceased rowing, lay low and kept the bow of the boat always toward the steamer, so as to present the smallest possible object. She came so near that we could see the gunners through her lighted ports. Fortunately she did not observe us, and we moved on. After that we grounded on a sandbar, and had more trouble to get off without noise. Sounds were heard very distinctly in the humid atmosphere. Soon afterward a drizzling rain commenced. It grew very dark, and directly we almost ran into the revenue cutter which is stationed off Pope's Creek as a guard boat. I happened to be looking at a light on shore when it became momentarily obscured, and looking sharp we discovered the vessel, whose masts had passed between us and the light! We were not hailed!

One more gunboat avoided and we approached the Virginia shore. Meanwhile the rain had changed to a wet snow, which drenched us all to the skin and almost froze us. Rowing was what kept me warm. When near the shore we had to look out for launches again, as well as for Federal pickets on shore. But the weather became very thick, and we succeeded in finding a landing after a long and laborious search, thanks to our pilot. Our baggage and goods are now stored in a private house. On Saturday and Sunday the pickets were moving about, and we lay perdu under some haystacks where their horses were eating until we thought they would stamp our feet off, though we drew them under as close as we could. After they had gone we couldn't stand, we had been so cramped. It wasn't a bit funny. To-day the coast was clear, so you see providence has been kind to us from the beginning.

Our party is a tolerably select one, apparently, as we have two Confederate officers, one of whom served in Texas before the present war; a prominent Baltimore banker, a Southern Express agent and a young man who is going to joint the Southern army. The first said that in all his experience he had never had a rougher time than last night. I was the only one beside the boatman who didn't complain, and I had pulled a heavy oar almost continuously for seven hours. It was the worst of all my checkered experiences. All agreed that if it had not been for me, we would now be aboard of a United States gunboat. I think so too. I never worked so hard in my life, but I am feeling as well as though I had my regular night's rest for a week past. Snow is now 8 inches deep on the ground. We are waiting for the storm to abate. To-morrow we go on to Lloyd's in a private team, and will probably be at Fitzhugh Lee's headquarters at Bowling Green in the evening. At Milford, two miles distant, we take the train for Redmond.

CHARLEY.

P. S.—I was just about to seal this note to send by the boatman going back, when our attention was called to three gunboats at anchor just off the mouth of the creek where we ran in. Too late, Mr. Federal! C.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 28.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.

Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Speaking of Dogs.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Lives there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, "I love not dogs"? Such were the thoughts that came to me a moment since as I stood at the window observing my old setter Sly, as he lay sunning himself on a bed of ivy vines, with three cats lying on him and between his paws fast asleep, and evidently much to his discomfort, as he raised his head and looked at them with an expression which plainly said, "I wish to gracious you would get off and let me scratch that flea that is giving me fits." But rather than disturb his companions he endured the flea. I said to myself, "Would a man have as much consideration?" which led to the reflection of how little we appreciate the good qualities—I may say gentlemanly qualities—and characteristics of the dog. I have been ridiculed all my life for my weakness for dogs, and—I suppose I should be ashamed to say it—for cats also; in fact, animals generally. From this fondness and observation I have discovered qualities that only a close observer and lover of animals ever does.

How often I have noticed the expression of the face of a horse when he was being badly handled and abused. He was saying to himself, "What does this devilish fool want me to do? He don't know himself," and then to see the distressed expression of his face when, being overloaded, he is whipped to make him exert himself beyond his strength. Animals must think and reason; the evidences are of daily observation, and what must be their opinions of mankind? How often do we see the driver when a horse slips or stumbles take out his whip and give him a cut, punishing the poor horse for an accident, the result of a badly paved street or a smooth shoe. And how often the impulse has been almost irresistible to sally out in the street and give the driver a lick over the head with my cane.

There are two institutions that deserve the aid and encouragement of every good citizen. One is the Salvation Army and the other the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I have seen such evidences of the self-sacrificing devotion to the poor and unfortunate by the Salvation Army, and the good they do, that I have a respect for them; and as for the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, every lover of dumb beasts should give it his unqualified indorsement.

I had an idea in my head when I lit my pipe and sat down to gossip with FOREST AND STREAM. It was to suggest that as you have had a run on bears, skunks, wildcats, coons and varmints generally, why it would not be a good idea to branch off on dogs for a change. It is true lovers of dogs do get in a good deal of dog talk; but who ever gets tired of it? Let us have a department of "That reminds me" on the dog—experiences, anecdotes, instances of their doings, and their intelligence. It might include other animals as well. I think it would be a very interesting column. It would certainly gain many friends for the FOREST AND STREAM among the women and children. I could write pages about the dogs I have owned, for when I had a place to keep them I never had less than a dozen of assorted breeds and degrees. I had a den sacred to pipes, guns, fishing tackle and dogs, where the smaller pets spent the evening with me, greatly to my entertainment, and whose society I much preferred to the two-legged species that were much less entertaining.

Speaking of dogs, my old dog Sly is an illustration of a dog with true gentlemanly, unselfish instinct. When ever his dinner is prepared for him he refrains from touching it until the cats are ready to share it with him; and he lets them have the choice of the tid-bits on the plate, and when they get the largest share he expresses no dissatisfaction. In the morning he is very partial to his cup of coffee, which is always prepared for him, with milk and sugar, and if by accident the sugar is omitted he tastes it, sits down and waits patiently until it is added. It is the only instance I ever knew of a dog being fond of coffee—I have never tried him on tea. His coffee is made of the same strength as for the family; and he don't swear if his dinner is sometimes late, wherein he differs from the average man of the house and rises superior to him.

Many men and women too own dogs that occupy a large share of their affections, and who, if the FOREST AND STREAM adopts my suggestion, will doubtless be glad to tell us of their perfections, and give the dogs the prominence they desire, and an equal show with the bears, coons, and the gentlemen in the perfumery line.

PODGERS.

Western Massachusetts Fox Hunt.

THE Western Massachusetts Fox Club, of Westfield, Mass., held its twelfth annual hunt on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 15 and 16. That it was a success is readily seen when it is stated that eight brushes were secured—all the first day. The hunters covered the same territory both days, which no doubt accounts for the poor showing of Thursday. The conditions on both days were excellent for trailing. On Wednesday there was a half-inch of snow on the ground, which held the scent admirably, while on Thursday, although the snow had melted, the ground was left just damp enough to hold the scent for a long time. But there were no foxes running the second day, and the members of the club who had hopes of beating all records in the number of pelts secured (their hopes being raised by the fine showing of Wednesday) were doomed to disappointment. Westfield is an ideal place for the holding of such a hunt. The town is situated just at the foot of the famous old Berkshire Hills, and a drive of a few miles brings the hunter to the hilly country. The hounds are generally loosed at the foot of the mountain, and the sportsmen may take the choice of ascending the mountain or station themselves along the base of the range of hills or else at some favorite runway on the rolling plains of the north and east. The sly creatures abound in this farming section known as Pochassic and Montgomery, and in spite of the fact that the club has hunted there for seven or eight years, and slain in all nearly fifty foxes, the ground still remains a great favorite, and Reynard is kind enough to keep migrating into that territory. Through the pasture land on top of the mountain and on the low ground at the foot of the range there are scores of favorite runways, and it is no wonder that these annual gatherings attract many a hunter from distant towns and cities. The view from the top of Montgomery Mountain is superb, and a poor lover of nature is he who could fail to derive inspiration from the glorious outlook. There you find yourself less than a half-dozen miles from Westfield, yet from 1,000 to 1,200 feet above her spires. The valley spreads out before the vision, and you ponder on the glories of old nature, and finally are able to appreciate the beauty of the whole scene. To the west can be seen a wide, deep valley, and then the eye takes in the Blandford Hills, fully 300 feet higher than where you are standing. You look upon an almost unbroken forest, but a glance along the crest of one of the highest points reveals, standing out against the clear sky, a white church that appears like a solitary sentinel guarding the mountain fastnesses. It looks like a mere toy, but it stands year after year on its foundation of solid rock, faithful to its trust and unmoved by the raging elements.

While the first day this year was an ideal one for tracking, the elements were not as favorable to the hunters. The snow of Tuesday night turned to a mist and sleet by Wednesday morning, and for the first few hours of the day the men stood by their positions with chattering teeth and benumbed hands and feet. The mist wet through several thicknesses of clothing, and gathered on gun barrels until a thick coating of ice was formed. The disagreeable conditions continued through the day, but the true fox hunter cared little for such trifles when his keen ear received the welcome tones of the dogs as they drove the fox over mountain and plain. Some of the driving was the most exciting for several years, and in a number of instances the foxes were chased by from five to ten dogs. This, of course, made music dear to the hearts of the seventy-five listening hunters, and as the pack came closer every nerve was steadied in the watch for the much coveted brush. The hounds did their work to perfection, and the two score of dogs deserve their full share of credit for the great success of the first day. The Kinney-White pack from Worcester was represented by five dogs, headed by the well-known Logan. He is a veteran of the Westfield hunts. Several youngsters were put in for experience, and followed along the trail like veterans. A few others, that appeared to have all the fine points of good hounds, seemed startled at all the excitement, and either hung around some farmhouse or sneaked along at a hunter's heels. The snow not only aided the dogs, but furnished a great deal of satisfaction to the sportsmen who were engaged, as they went through the woods to see the tracks where a fox had passed along during the night or early morning. One peculiar dog was noticed with a tail like a setter and the head and body of a hound. He belonged to a farmer in the neighborhood, and was out on his own account after a fox. He struck a scent on top of the mountain and worked back and forth on the single trail a dozen times through a long swamp, before he started on. He was a queer dog, with a voice similar to that made by a hog being butchered. He was independent also, and failed to understand why such a crowd was on hand to interfere with his sport. Every hunter that he caught sight of would receive a warm reception. He would leave the trail for a moment and run toward the hunter, growling and barking with hair standing on end. After such a protest he would continue his work and proceed until he got sight of another stranger. From the way he worked he couldn't have covered more than a couple of miles all day. One of the hunters related a story that he had seen a fox chase and kill a woodchuck, and that he then gave chase to the fox. A brother hunter thought it strange that he should have chased the fox when he had a gun in his hand, and still another reminded the story teller that a woodchuck is not generally jumping around in the snow at this season, for such animals hibernated a month ago. The farmers in the Montgomery and Pochassic region are exceedingly kind to the men and dogs, and food is distributed with a willing hand. On the first day, hot coffee and rousing wood fires served to warm the inner and outer man at noon time, and the groups that gathered for shelter, food and warmth discussed with fervor the experiences of the day. Some, of course, had seen no less than a half-dozen foxes just out of range, and the enthusiastic owners of certain dogs were sure their animals had been in at the death of no less than half of the total number of foxes whose tails were hanging from the pockets of the fortunate and much envied hunters.

The first fox was shot just before 7 o'clock way off to the north of where the best driving was done, and was bowled over by Henry Herrick, of Montgomery. Fred Brass, of Westfield, had the good luck to knock over two during the day, and Seth Sharp, of Granby, Conn., secured his brush in the middle of the day in front of a single dog. Jabez Ripley, of Granville, a wildcat trapper of renown, was on a ledge far up the side of the hill. when he caught sight of a sneak fox at long range, and brought him down. Leslie Fowler, of Westfield; George Marvel, of West Springfield, and Edwin Williams, of Southwick, complete the list of the successful hunters.

The second day not a single fox was seen, nor was there a drive of consequence. In past years one or two women have usually taken an active part in the hunt, but this year on account of the storm only one ventured out. She was Mrs. John T. O'Neil, and withstood the sleet and cold like a veteran. She is an expert with the gun or rifle. Woe be to the fox that comes her way.

The familiar figures of Congressman John R. Thayer and A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, were missed this year, as was also Big-Hearted George W. Roraback, the father of the club. Congressman Thayer was detained by business, and Mr. Kinney by illness. Mr. Roraback has been sick this summer, and did not dare take any chances in the storm. He was at the banquet, though, and out the second day. Judge Huber Clark, of Willimantic, Conn., Secretary of State of Connecticut, was one of the active hunters, and he is an enthusiast.

The banquet in the evening at the Gem Opera House was a delightful affair, and 180 men gathered about the tables to partake of the bountiful spread. In the galleries a hundred women looked down on the merry scene, wishing inwardly, for the time being, that they were men and could partake of the good things. The admitting of the women as spectators was an innovation, and the speakers all complimented the club upon its action. After the course had been served and cigars passed, Lawyer Richard J. Morrissey was introduced by President John T. Way as toastmaster, and he presided in a most creditable manner. The speakers all told a string of capital stories, many at the expense of the ladies, and altogether it was a session of wit and eloquence. George W. Roraback was called upon to tell of the starting of the club and how it was inspired by the gift of a hound. Principal C. S. Chapin, of the Westfield Normal School; Lawyers H. W. Ely and A. S. Kneil were the other Westfield speakers, while the orators from abroad were Congressman George P. Lawrence, of North Adams; Col. C. L. Young, of Springfield; Judge Clark, of Willimantic, Conn., and Parley A. Russell, of Great Barrington, a member of the Governor's Council. It was after 11 o'clock before the enthusiastic gathering "broke up," and then followed the election of officers, with John T. Way, of

Westfield, still at the head of the organization. Thomas J. Cleary was elected secretary, and Charles N. Lewis treasurer.

E. F. T. Club's Trials.

The Members' Stake.

NEWTON, N. C., Nov. 18.—There was a large gathering of the club members at the twenty-first annual field trials of the Eastern Field Trial Club, such as brought to mind those of years ago at High Point, N. C., when the hotels were taxed to their full capacity to accommodate their guests, and the livery stables were forced to draw on the surrounding country for additional horses wherewith to supply the demand for teams and saddlers.

The trials at present, however, are a distinct gain over the old trials in the matter of sport, the management of the competition, the pervading good fellowship, and in point of club interest and attendance much greater than its trials of recent years.

There were present Mr. and Mrs. James L. Breese, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Duryea, of Red Bank, N. J.; Messrs. F. R. Hitchcock, Arthur Stern, F. O. Beach, F. Newbold, Theodore Sturges, James E. Orr and O. W. Bird, New York; Messrs. J. Murray Mitchell and Edward V. Dougherty, Philadelphia; Mr. R. V. Fox, Harrisburg, Pa.; Dr. G. G. Davis, Philadelphia; Messrs. P. Lorillard, Jr., and G. R. Preston, Jr., Tuxedo Park, N. J.; Mr. S. C. Bradley and daughter, Miss E. B. Bradley; the veteran Capt. C. E. McMurdo, Mr. D. F. Pride, of Cincinnati; Major J. M. Taylor, Messrs. C. E. Buckle, J. M. Avent.

The class of the competition in this stake was far inferior to that of the Members' Stakes of the past few years. The dogs did not average well as good performers, but no doubt the competition was impaired by the prevailing unfavorable weather conditions. The ground was so exceedingly dry that a light cloud of dust marked the trail of the horses over the stubble fields. A scantiness and thinness of vegetation was noticeable everywhere, and there seemed to be a limited food supply. There was a noticeable absence of weeds everywhere, so that the birds did not venture far from cover.

Several of the dogs were known to be good field performers, but there was not any work in the stake that would indicate even ordinarily good abilty.

The judges were Messrs. F. R. Hitchcock and S. C. Bradley, both of them thoroughly experienced and highly competent. They handled the competition with admirable skill, and their judgment was sound in determining the winners. They were warmly praised by the competitors for their ability and fairness. They, however, had a most difficult task, owing to the difficulty of obtaining data for their decisions.

On Wednesday evening, a special meeting of the club was called, and new members were accepted as follows: Messrs. H. R. Duval, J. L. Breese, F. O. Beach, Clarence Mackey and Dr. G. H. Palmer. This of itself denotes a wholesome revival of club interest.

The prizes were: To first a silver cup, donated by Mr. W. Gould Brokaw; to second a silver cup, donated by Mr. G. Crocker. Both cups are very beautiful. To third a meerschaum and amber cigar holder, donated by Mr. James L. Baker. Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus paints a portrait of the winner and donates it to the owner.

The pointer dog Neb B. won first on a most mixed performance. He showed marked ability in ranging and finding birds, but he pressed his birds too closely, moving in by degrees after pointing, showing a lack of stanchness which seriously marred his work. He ranged well and with judgment. He also showed a jealousy in respect to his competitors, particularly in his last heat with Peconic on Saturday morning. Before the stake was ended, his owner sold him to Mr. H. B. Duryea for $200.

Jeff, at the commencement of the last heat, had every prospect of being the first prize winner, but notwithstanding the pointer's bad work, Jeff was vanquished on his poor performance and justly put in second place. He ranged well and displayed good judgment and knowledge, but the peculiar weather conditions no doubt impaired his work.

Mollie ran a race of mixed performance, good and bad, but was justly third. It was the poorest Members' Stake of years.

The dogs were drawn to run as follows:

H. B. Duryea's b., w. and t. setter dog Joe (pedigree unknown) with Arthur Stern's l. and w. pointer bitch Bootsie S. (Young Rip Rap—Dolly Jingo).

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. English setter bitch Clara (Loris—Paula) with Theo. Sturges' b., w. and t. English setter bitch Vivian (Gath's Mark—Gossip).

Dr. J. S. Brown's b. and w. pointer dog Ned B. (Rap—Lady Grace) with H. B. Duryea's b., w. and t. setter dog Peconic (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Phryne).

James L. Breese's b. and w. pointer bitch Mollie (Rip Rap—Croxie Kent) with H. B. Duryea's b., w. and t. English setter dog Jeff (Orlando—Dollie Wilson).

H. R. Duval's liv. and w. pointer dog Falmouth Dixie (Rip Rap—Blodwen) with Fred O. Beach's liv. and w. pointer dog St. Clair (Capt. McMurdo's Rob—Ripsey).

Second Round.

Peconic with Ned B.
Lena Belle with Jim Signal.
St. Clair with Jeff.
Clara with Mollie.

Third Round.

Jeff and Neb B.

Winners—First, Ned B.; second, Jeff; third, Mollie.

The conditions of the stake were: Entrance $10; 50 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, 20 per cent. to third. Winners in previous trials barred. The dogs were handled by owners.

First Day.

The weather was distinctly unfavorable for good field performance, the morning being warm and cloudy, with an entire absence of moisture, judging from the needs of the dogs as to weather conditions in their relation to bird seeking. Later, the clouds dissipated, the sun shone forth, and the temperature was uncomfortably warm. As the horses passed over the stubble field a light cloud of dust marked their trail, and this circumstance indicated the exceeding dryness of the ground, the absence of scent and the consequent inability of the dogs to do good work owing to the unfavorable conditions. The grounds were very bare as a whole, owing to the scant, weak vegetation, the stubble fields rarely having any weeds, and such a thin, light stubble that there was neither food for the birds nor means of concealment.

The start was made at Gibson's Well. The dogs as a whole worked diligently, but the amount of work on birds is no index whatever to the diligent effort exercised during the day.

First Round.

Joe and Bootsie S. were cast off at 9:15. A rabbit afforded a few moments' diversion to the dogs, and continuing their ranging, Joe pointed a bevy, which Bootsie flushed in the pine woods close by, and on the scattered birds Joe made some flushes. Down 1 hour and 2 minutes. Joe was a fairly good ranger and was the better in judgment, range and performance on birds.

Clara and Vivian were cast off at 10:30. Both showed good speed, but Clara was the better in manner and beating out her ground and the scope of her range. They were both diligent workers to the gun. Vivian was lost for a few moments in heavy cover, and when found was pointing stanchly; Clara backed to caution, but nothing was found to the point. Next, in an open wheat field, Vivian pointed close by a ditch; Clara backed; Vivian moved on and Clara pointed, and then Vivian backed. The owners did not have, apparently, the proper confidence in their dogs, and after they had moved on Mr. Lorillard, walking ahead, flushed a single in the ditch and then the bevy flushed. The birds went into heavy switch cane and were followed. Clara made game and a single flushed from the opposite side of the cane. The birds had run and were abandoned. On a side hill, in stubble, Vivian pointed and Clara backed to caution; nothing found. Vivian showed a disposition to tarry on false scents. The heat ended at 11:40.

Ned B. and Jim Signal were started at 11:51 and ran 38 minutes. Ned roaded in a cornfield accurately to a bevy, but pressed cautiously too close into it and flushed one, his handler at the time being close up to him. Each pointed on the scattered birds. Next, in the open stubble, Ned pointed a single, and Jim, about 20 yards away, pointed independently the same bird a moment afterward. Next Jim pointed a single bird nicely. He worked diligently, but his range was not wide. Ned had a good, useful range and worked out his ground with good judgment.

Lena Belle and Peconic were cast off after lunch at 1:58. The sun was then shining hot and the ground was exceedingly dry. Peconic pointed a single in pine woods. Afterward he made a point to which nothing was found, and later made a similar point. Lena made a point and nothing could be flushed to it. Peconic showed a disposition to range beyond control at times. They were run 1 hour and 6 minutes. Both were diligent workers.

Mollie and Jeff were cast off in a cotton field at 3:10. Jeff pointed a bevy in pines and Mollie backed. On the scattered birds in pines Mollie pointed a single and made two flushes, while Jeff pointed, probably on foot scent. Jeff was the better and more regular worker, though both were diligent, and they had hard ground to work.

Falmouth Dixie and St. Clair were cast off at 3:55. Dixie pointed a bevy. The birds were followed. Dixie pointed and roaded and the birds flushed behind him. Clair, in thick cover, pointed a single and Dixie backed nicely. Then Clair moved on a few yards in the thick cover and pointed the bevy. Dixie worked out his ground with the better judgment and had a more uniform range, while Clair made a very creditable performance on birds.

Second Round.

Peconic and Ned B. were started at 4:42 and ran 33 minutes. Peconic made two points, to which nothing was found. Both were fast rangers, but Peconic at times ranged beyond control. He showed a disposition then to ignore the gun. This heat ended the day's competition.

Second Day.

The morning was warm, calm and pleasant—as balmy a morning as one could wish if personal comfort and pleasure were alone to be considered; but it was far from a good morning for the best work of the dogs. There were birds in abundance; but the finding and pointing of all the dogs were far from good, and indeed there was not even a patch of the day's work which could be classed as superior. Soon after the first brace was cast off birds were found, and from that time till lunch, when competition in the stake ended, there were birds in plentiful numbers. The last brace of yesterday was to continue their unfinished heat.

Peconic and Ned B. started at 9 o'clock. Soon after they started the horses flushed two bevies. Next Peconic flushed a bevy in a place where the conditions were in his favor for pointing it, and on the scattered birds the dogs had no success in pointing, though their handlers walked birds up. The dogs were ordered on in a new direction. Ned was making game about 200 yards away and drew to a bevy in woods and was steady to the shot. Ned flushed a single of the scattered birds, and Peconic, further ahead in brush, flushed several. Turning back over the ground where birds were marked down, Ned flushed several. The heat was noted for the great number of good opportunities afforded for good work and the errors which the dogs made. Up at 9:30.

Jim Signal and Lena Belle were cast off at 9:39. Jim flushed a bevy in open sedge, and on the scattered birds there was no meritorious work, the dogs flushing. Sent on. In open sedge Lena pointed, moved on a few yards, circled back and a single bird popped up and lighted again and Lena dropped to a point. Jim, 10 yards away, joined in the point; both were steady to shot. Jim next flushed a single bird and shortly afterward Lena pointed a rabbit and was backed well by Jim. Up at 10:05. Lena was the better ranger. Jim did not run in the form shown in his previous heat. The work on birds was imperfect.

Jeff and St. Clair started at 10:18. Jeff pointed a bevy on a side hill in pines, after which he pointed one of the scattered birds and made another point, presumably on the foot scent. Clair did not do any work on birds. Jeff had the better of the heat in every respect. The ground worked over was irregular and the cover of such a character that it was difficult for the dogs to make a good showing. The heat ended at 10:43.

Mollie and Clara were cast off at 10:50. Mollie pointed a bevy stanchly on a side hill in sedge and bushes, and was steady to wing. The birds were marked down in cover close by and were followed. Clara pointed near the creek; nothing found. Mollie got among the scattered birds and flushed twice. Both ranged well and fast. The performance on birds, save the one bevy point, was very poor.

Jeff and Ned B. were cast off at 11:18. Jeff flushed a bevy in open weeds and sedge, under favorable conditions for pointing it. Next Ned pointed a single, drew in close to it and the bird flushed. He was able to find and locate, but was far from stanch. Ned made several flushes—four or five—in succession on the scattered birds. Both dogs were over eager and careless in flushing. The bad work of Ned for a while seemed to have put him into second place hopelessly; but soon in the open he found and pointed a bevy nicely and was backed by Jeff. On the scattered birds in pine woods Ned pointed a single and was a bit unsteady, and afterward he flushed a single. Up at 11:54, and the Members' Stake was ended.

B. WATERS.

New York State Trials.

EGG HARBOR, N. J., Nov. 14.—A big white frost and frozen ground under foot, and a hazy sky were the conditions which existed on both days. There was scarcity of birds throughout. The soil was sandy and vegetation light in the open, and the cover dense where there was brush or trees. The work in the All-Aged Stake was evenly divided. Domino and Tony Rogers' Gale were far the best, while the other two were ordinary.

The Derby was an ordinary one. The Derby was started on the first day, and it and the first series in the All-Aged Stake were completed on the first day. Dewey Rogers is a good dog, obedient, worked well to the gun, was diligent and covered a useful area of ground.

The judges were Major J. M. Taylor, of New York, and Mr. Francis G. Taylor, of Philadelphia. Birds were scarce. There was a good attendance of spectators.

Robert Kelley's b. and w. English setter bitch Kalmia Doll (Cincinnatus' Pride—Maude III.) with Arthur Stern's b., w. and t. English setter bitch My Tony S. (Antonio—Robin's Cora).

Arthur Stern's l. and w. pointer bitch Bootsie S. (Young Rip Rap—Dolly Jingo) with A. G. Lotz's l., b. English setter dog Doc (Emperor Tony—Gwinne).

George Battison's b. b. English setter dog Dewey Rogers (Tony's Gale—Daisy B. II) with Dr. C. L. Thudicum's b. and w. English setter dog War Song (Ezra Noble—Fan Gladstone I).

A. G. Lotz's l. b. English setter dog Emperor Pilot (Emperor Tony—Nellie M) with Charles A. Griffith's b. and w. pointer bitch Kittie Gibson (Jingo—Kate's Kent).

Dr. C. L. Thudicum's b. and w. English setter dog War Dance (Ezra Noble—Fan Gladstone II.) with Arthur Stern's b., w. and t. English setter bitch My Sue S. (Antonio—Robin's Cora).

Second Series.

Dewey Rogers with Bootsie S.
War Song with My Sue S.
War Song.

Result.—First, Dewey Rogers; second, My Sue S.; third, Bootsie S. and War Song.

Arthur Stern's b., w. and t. English setter dog Domino (Antonio—Ruby's Girl) with C. L. Thudicum's l. and w. pointer bitch June (Dave Kent—Rip Rap's Daisy).

Geo. Battison's b. b. English setter dog Tony Rogers' Gale (Tony's Gale—Daisy B. II) with Dr. S. C. Tremaine's b., w. and t. English setter dog Don (Admiral Drake—Tony's Bell).

Second Series.

Tony Rogers' Gale with Domino.

Result.—First, Tony Rogers' Gale; second, Domino; third, Don.

Continental Field Trials.

NEWTON, N. C., Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you entries for the All-Age Stake of the Continental Field Trial Club as follows:

Setters.

J. W. Hamer's b. and w. dog Toby's Bob, 4yrs. (Brighton Tobe—Rill Ray).

J. W. Hamer's b. and w. dog Toby's Mark, 4yrs. (Brighton Tobe—Rill Ray).

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog Roland, 5yrs. (Eugene T.—Lou).

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog Pink's Boy, 3yrs. (Gleam's Pink—Belle of Pauling).

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog Jack, 4yrs. (Eugene T.—Maud).

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s b., w. and t. bitch Lena Belle, 4yrs. (Top Mark—Minnie B.).

W. J. Baughn's b., w. and t. dog Count Danstone, 3yrs. (Count Gladstone—Dan's Lady).

Royal P. Carroll's lem. and w. bitch Lem Gladstone, 3yrs. (Antonic—Cosette Gladstone).

H. R. Edwards' b., w. and t. dog Colonel R., 3yrs. (Harwick—Trap, Jr.).

H. K. Devereux's b., w. and t. dog Uncle B., 4yrs. (Harwick—Dan's Lady).

W. G. Brokaw's liv. and w. dog Wandering Willie, 4yrs. (Dick Roble—Jennie Stephenson).

Dr. C. I. Shoop's b., w. and t. dog Roderick Dhu, (Thiers—Barker's Queenie).

J. J. Rooney's b. b. dog King's Rod, 3yrs. (Kingston—Mark's Ruby).

Edward A. Burdett's b., w. and t. dog Sam T. II., 3yrs. (Sam T.—Belle).

S. W. Carey, Jr.'s. b. and w. bitch Shot's Kate, 3yrs. (Albert's Shot—Sal English).

Leon Earnest Seay's (Agt.) b., w. and t. dog General Gladstone, 4yrs. (Gladstone's Boy—Buena Vista).

R. V. Fox's b., w. and t. dog Dave Earle, 5yrs. (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady).

Miss C. Parsons' b., w. and t. dog Berber, 3yrs. (Antonio—Laska).

S. Murry Mitchell's b., w. and t. dog Pink, 4yrs. (Sandy Gladstone—Jennie M.).

Herbert Parsons' b., w. and t. dog Dmoko, 4yrs. (Antonio—Laska).

George Crocker's b., w. and t. dog Sam T., 5yrs. (Luke Roy—Betty B.).

George Crocker's lem. and w. dog Gilt Edge, 3yrs. (Count Gladstone IV.—Lillian Russell).

George Crocker's o. and w. bitch Minnie's Girl, 4yrs. (Antonio—Minnie T.).

Pointers.

Jas. L. Breese's b. and w. dog Bang III., 4yrs. (Rector—Dinah).

E. H. Osthaus' liv. and w. dog Paladin, 3yrs. (Ripsaw—Cricket).

Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liv. and w. bitch Rana, 3yrs. (Riprap—Toxic).

Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. and w. bitch Ranee, 3yrs. (Riprap—Toxie).

Chas. T. Barney's liv. and w. dog Mac (Roderick—Rose).

A. J. Clark's liv. and w. dog Master Rush, 5yrs. (Rush of Lad—Topsy M.).

Geo. J. Gould's liv. and w. dog Furlough Mike, 5yrs. (Duke of Hessen—Furlough Cliney).

Geo. E. Gray's liv. and w. dog Young Jingo, 4yrs. (Jingo—Pearl's Dot).

W. G. Brokaw's liv. and w. dog Fairview Tom, 2yrs. (Sir Walter—Van's Pride).

THEO. STURGES, Sec'y.

Points and Flushes.

LANSINGBURGH, N. Y.—I do not know the heaviest recorded weight of the largest dog; but while on my vacation this fall I met up with a dog that weighed 265 pounds. He impressed me as being quite a chunk of a dog.

F. J. T.

Yachting.

ON Sunday, Nov. 19, the cutter Shamrock arrived at Gourock, after a passage of fifteen days seven hours ten minutes from New York. She was towed a great part of the way by the Erin, casting off at Wolf Rock and continuing to the Clyde alone. The weather was stormy during the passage. She was taken on Monday to the James Watts Docks, Greenock, and stripped for the winter.

FOR some time past there have been rumors of further trouble between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. over the disputed race of last July. A meeting of the former club will be held on Wednesday, Nov. 22, to consider a communication from the latter.

IT is reported that Mr. William Clark, of Paisley, Scotland, owner of the steam yacht Tuscarora, has purchased Valkyrie III. and will race her next season. Various reports are current as to the future movements of Columbia, but all are unreliable; the yacht is still afloat at City Island, and it is not known when she will be hauled out.

THE Canada cup has at last reached Rochester, after being held by the U. S. customs officials on account of the duty. It will remain on exhibition for a short time and will then be forwarded to Chicago. The date for challenging has now passed and no challenge has been received, so there is little chance for another race before 1900.

Veritas.

THE following are the specifications for the keel sloop Veritas, whose lines appeared last week:

Specifications.

FRAME.

Keel—White oak, sided 4in., moulded as per drawings, about 12in. amidships.

Stem—White oak, sided 2½in., moulded as per drawings.

Sternpost—White oak, sided 3in. at tuck tapering to 1½in. at heel. Heel tenoned into keel. Score for rudder on after side.

Horn Timbers—White oak, sided 1in., moulded 6in. on sternpost and 3in. at after end, which shall be jogged into sternpiece and well bolted.

Chock—Pine, 3 x 2½in., fitted between two horn timbers and projecting ¾in. to form rabbet.

Rudder Trunk—To be carefully built of 1½in. white pine on sides and back to form, with sternpost and horn timbers a water-tight box. The joints to be made with cloth and caulked where required. The lower end to be closed with an oak chock, fastened with brass screws. The bottom of trunk to be wide enough to permit rudder to ship easily.

Sternpiece—Oak, shaped as per drawings, including round of deck, with rabbets for planking and decks. To be well bolted to horn and quarter timbers. All superfluous wood to be cut away, to save weight.

Quarter Timbers—Oak or hackmatack, shaped as per drawings and well fastened to sternpiece, plank sheer and sheerstrake.

Mast Step—Oak, well bolted to stem. Long mortise, with room for wedges.

Deadwoods—Oak or yellow pine, as per drawing.

Stopwaters—Of dry white pine, ½in. diameter, to be carefully placed in all joints of stem, keel, deadwoods, etc.

Frames—Every third frame to be single sawn from an oak knee of the proper sweep, to be sided 1¼in., moulded 2½in. at heels, 1½in. at turn of bilge, and 1in. at heads; two frames at mast to be sided 1½in. Two bent frames to be placed between each pair of sawn, to be sided 1in. and moulded 1in., from heel to head. Frames to be spaced 12in. centers. The heels of all frames to be jogged into keel and deadwoods and securely bolted.

Floor Knees—Each sawn frame in wake of lead keel to have a forged floor knee of flat iron 1¼ by ⅜in., with arms 1ft. 3in. long, these knees to be carefully forged in the throat. The bent frames to have solid floors of 1in. oak plank, well bolted to keel and heels of frames.

Shelf—Clear spruce in single length, sided 2in., moulded 1¾in. for middle third of length, tapering to 1½ by 1¼in. at ends.

TABLE OF OFFSETS.

Over all, 30ft. 1in.; fore overhang, 5ft. 10in.; after overhang, 6ft.; l.w.l., 19ft. 3in.; draft, 5ft.; beam, 5ft. 8in.; beam, l.w.l., 7ft. 6in.; stations spaced, 1ft. 7¼in.; diagonals as per body plan; level lines spaced 6in.; rail, 1in. from fore end to station 12, then reducing to ½in. at stern; planking to finish ¾in. thick, reduced to ⅝in. in rabbets of ends; plank sheer, ¾in. All measurements to outside of plank.

	Heights.				Half Breadths.														Diagonals.		
						Level Lines.											Width of Bulb.				
	Keel.	Rabbet.	Rail Edge.	Deck Center.	Rail Edge.	L 1	L 2	L 3	LWL	W. 1	W 2	W. 3	W. 4	W. 5	W 6	W. 7	W. 8	W. 9	D. 1	D. 2	D. 3
S..	.....	.....	7 8	7 7	1⁴	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Y..	6	6 1	6 6⁶	7 6²	10³	5⁵	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	8⁴	.....	.....
Z.	5 5³	5 5⁷	7 5⁵	7 5⁵	1 6	1 1⁷	9⁵	1⁴	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1 4²	6¹	.....
0..	5 0	5 0³	7 4⁴	7 5	2 1²	1 10¹	1 6³	1 0³	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1 11³	1 0⁴	0³
1..	4 5⁶	4 6²	7 3²	7 4³	2 7⁵	2 5²	2 2⁴	1 10	1 2⁵	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	2 6²	1¡7	6²
2..	3 10⁶	3 11³	7 2³	7 3⁷	3 1³	2 11⁵	2 9³	2 6¹	2 0⁶	1 3⁶	2⁵	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	3 0⁴	2 1	1 0⁶
3..	3 1¹	3 2⁷	7 1⁴	7 3³	3 6	3 5¹	3 3³	3 0⁶	2 8³	2 1⁶	1 2⁷	4¹	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	3 6	2 6³	1 6
4..	1 7⁷	2 8⁶	7 0⁵	7 2⁶	3 9⁴	3 9	3 7	3 5⁵	3 2¹	2 8²	1 11²	11⁶	5	1⁷	0⁶	.....	.....	.....	3 10⁴	2 10⁴	1 9⁷
5..	1¹	2 6²	6 11⁷	7 2²	4	3 11⁵	3 10⁵	3 9	3 6	3 0⁵	2 4³	1 5	8³	4¹	2⁴	2	2²	2⁶	2⁶	4 1⁶	3 1²	2 0⁵
6..	.....	2 4⁶	6 11¹	7 1⁷	4 1	4 1	4 0²	3 10⁷	3 8³	3 3³	2 7	1 7⁵	10¹	5³	3²	2⁵	3⁵	5⁶	6²	4 3⁵	3 2⁵	2 1⁶
7..	.....	2 5³	6 10⁵	7 1⁵	4 1⁴	4 1⁴	4 0⁷	3 11⁵	3 9¹	3 4	2 6⁵	1 7²	9⁶	5²	3³	3¹	4	5⁶	6²	4 4²	3 2⁵	2 1⁵
8..	.....	2 7⁷	6 10³	7 1³	4 1	4 1	4 0⁴	3 11¹	3 8²	3 2	2 3¹	1 2⁴	7⁵	4⁴	3¹	2⁵	3³	4²	4⁴	4 3⁵	3 0⁶	1 11²
9..	.....	3 0⁷	6 10¹	7 1¹	4	4	3 11¹	3 9²	3 5⁵	2 9⁵	1 7⁴	8³	4⁵	3¹	2²	1⁸	2	2	2	4 1⁵	2 9⁵	1 7⁵
10..	2 2⁴	3 3	6 10¹	7 1	3 10	3 9⁷	3 8⁵	3 6	3 0²	2 0⁵	7⁴	3²	2	1³	1	0⁶	0⁴	0²	.....	3 10⁵	2 5¹	1 2³
11..	4 5⁵	4 5⁵	6 10²	7 0⁷	3 6⁶	3 6⁴	3 4⁵	3 0²	2 2³	4	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	3 5⁷	1 11¹	7⁵
12..	5	5	6 10⁵	7 0⁷	3 2⁴	3 1⁷	2 10³	2 2²	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	3 0¹	1 3⁷	.....
13..	5 6³	5 6³	6 11¹	7 0⁷	2 9	2 7²	2 0⁴	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	2 5¹	7⁴	.....
14..	6 6⁷	6 6⁷	7 0¹	7 1¹	2 2¹	1 9²	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1 9¹	.....	.....
15..	6 7²	6 7²	7 1²	7 1³	1 6¹	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1 0⁴	.....	.....
16..	6 10	6 10	7 2⁴ 7 2	7 1³	1 1	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	8⁴	.....	.....

Bilge Clamps—Two on each side, at turn of bilge and flat of floor, of spruce, in single lengths, 2 by 1¼in. for middle third of length, tapering to 1½ by 1in. at ends The ends fastened to stem and horn timber.

Rudder—Locust stock with hard pine backing, shaped as per drawings.

DECK FRAME.

Deck Beams—Hackmatack. Main beams, at bitts, partners, fore and after ends of house, and transom, to be sided 2in. All other beams and half beams to be sided 1in. Beams to be spaced 10in. centers. All to be moulded 1¾in.

Side Pieces—The trunk and coaming will be carried on side pieces or sills of yellow pine 3in. deep and 1½in. wide, the top projecting ½in. above deck and worked with cove to bring the seam well clear of the deck. These pieces will carry the ends of the half beams, which will be mortised into them. They will be bolted to wales with five bolts of ⅜in. galvanized steel or iron, to prevent the side deck from springing when caulked.

Knees—Oak or hackmatack, sided 1½in., three on each side, one abreast mast, one in middle of trunk and one at after end. Also one lodging knee abreast mast and one at after end of house on each side.

Diagonal Struts—Several light struts of oak 1 by 2in. will be required on each side, in bows and counter, from upper bilge clamp to deck beams.

Partner Piece—Oak, ¾in. thick, 12in. wide at after end, tapering to 6in. at fore end; to be fitted from fore end of trunk to after side of stem. The space between deckbeams at the partners to be filled in solid; also just abaft stem (to form breasthook).

Planksheer—Oak in single lengths, ¾in. thick and 3½in. wide amidships, tapering to 2½in. at ends. To be fastened to sheerstrake and deck beams with galvanized iron screws, after end butted on and fastened to top of quarter timber.

PLANKING AND DECKING.

Planking—White pine or white cedar; wales of yellow pine in single lengths. Other planking to have not over one butt in each strake, such butts to be made on butt blocks of ⅝in. oak, and to be at least four frames apart on adjoining strakes; and if in the same frame, space, to be separated by not less than three strakes The planking to finish ¾in. throughout middle of hull, but the rabbets from the waterline up may be cut ⅝in. deep, the planking being squared down to that thickness at the ends. The planks from the bilge upward to be not over 3½in. wide. All seams to be close on inside, with full 1-16in. opening on outside for caulking. The entire outside of hull to be carefully planed off.

Deck—Clear and dry white pine, not over ¾in. thick and 2in. wide, laid straight, fore and aft, with ends properly supported and fastened. Seams of deck to be caulked with cottom and payed with marine glue.

DECK JOINER WORK.

Rail—Oak or elm, in single length if possible, 1in. deep and 1in. wide, around edge of plank sheer, with scupper holes.

Cabin Trunk and Coaming—Oak, ¾in. thick, side of trunk about 1ft. high, coaming about 5in., well edge-bolted to side pieces with ¼in. galvanized steel. Two oval windows of ¼in. plate glass in each side of trunk and brass hinged deck light, 6in., in fore end. Roof and companion slide of ¾in. cherry, tongued and grooved and laid in varnish. Door to swing downward. Rail of cherry, 3 by ¾in., around coaming.

Cockpit—Sides and floor to be made perfectly water-tight; floor of the same material as deck, sides of cherry.

Fore Hatch—Coamings and hinged hatch, opening 18 by 15in., all of cherry.

Bitts—Locust, 3½ by 2¼in., running down to stem piece and well bolted; keyed below deck. Locust keyed 1½ by 1in.

Cleats—Locust, for sheets.

FASTENINGS.

Keel Bolts—Of best quality of Tobin bronze, with good heads and standard nuts and washers. About ten bolts of ¾in. diameter.

Blunt Bolts—All deadwood, keel and frame bolts to be of good quality iron or steel properly galvanized and neatly headed over washers of the same metal. Stem, keel, horn timbers and deadwoods to have ⅜in. bolts; heels of frames to be fastened with ¼in. bolts or spikes; plank floors to be fastened to stem, keel and horn timbers with two ¼in. bolts through each; iron knees to be fastened to keel with two ⅜in. bolts; planking to be fastened with galvanized iron boat nails in all frames and at hood ends. Deck to be fastened with 1¼in. galvanized iron screws, one in each strake on each beam, with deck plug over. All parts not specified to be fastened in the usual manner. All plank fastenings to be set in for putty stops, and all fastenings about deck and trunk to have wooden deck plugs set in varnish.

INTERIOR JOINER WORK.

Floor—Ash, ¾ by 2½in., tongued and grooved, in battened sections fastened down with brass screws.

Ladder—Cherry, with three steps, each with rubber tread.

Lockers—¾in. white pine, one on each side for seat and berth, shelves and lockers in forecastle, for dishes, etc., sail bins. The interior work to be as light and simple as possible. Moveable table in cabin.

METAL WORK.

Lead Keel—To weigh about 4,000lbs. to be in one casting, soundly and accurately cast to shape and well smoothed up; to be bolted to hull with ten Tobin bronze bolts, ¾in. diameter. Lead to be furnished by builder.

Rudder Braces—Two pair, of gun metal, neatly fitted and well fastened to post and rudder. Brass cap with name of yacht on head of rudder stock. Brass ring around rudder stock on deck.

Chain Plates—Two for main shrouds and two for runners, of 1½ by ¼in. iron. Two for bowsprit shrouds, of 1¼ by ¼in. iron.

Gammon Iron—2½ by ⅜in. iron. Bobstay plates, bobstay of ⅜in. iron, with turnbuckle. Cranse iron for bowsprit end, traveler for main sheet, three pair of ⅜in. turnbuckles of approved pattern. Gooseneck and spiderband, spinaker boom gooseneck.

Brass Work—Fittings for rudder, rudder cap, two leading chocks on bow and two on quarters, eyebolts and leaders for jib sheets, screw deck plate for pump, hasp, hinges and lock for cabin door, brass hinged deck light.

PLUMBING.

Pump—Single barrel copper yacht pump, 2½in diameter, with 1¼in. suction pipe to well, galvanized iron pump spear and brass screw plate in deck.

Scuppers—Of 1in. lead pipe, fitted in cockpit floor, one on each side, to drain below waterline.

FITTINGS.

Tiller—Locust, tenoned into rudder stock.

Boom Crotch—Oak, as per drawings.

CAULKING AND PAYING.

All seams of planking to be properly caulked with cotton, run with paint and payed with putty. All seams of deck and cockpit to be carefully caulked with cotton, using no oil nor grease on iron, and run with Jeffries' marine glue, as per directions furnished by maker. All nail and screw holes about decks to be filled with wooden deck plugs set in varnish; all other fastenings to have putty stops.

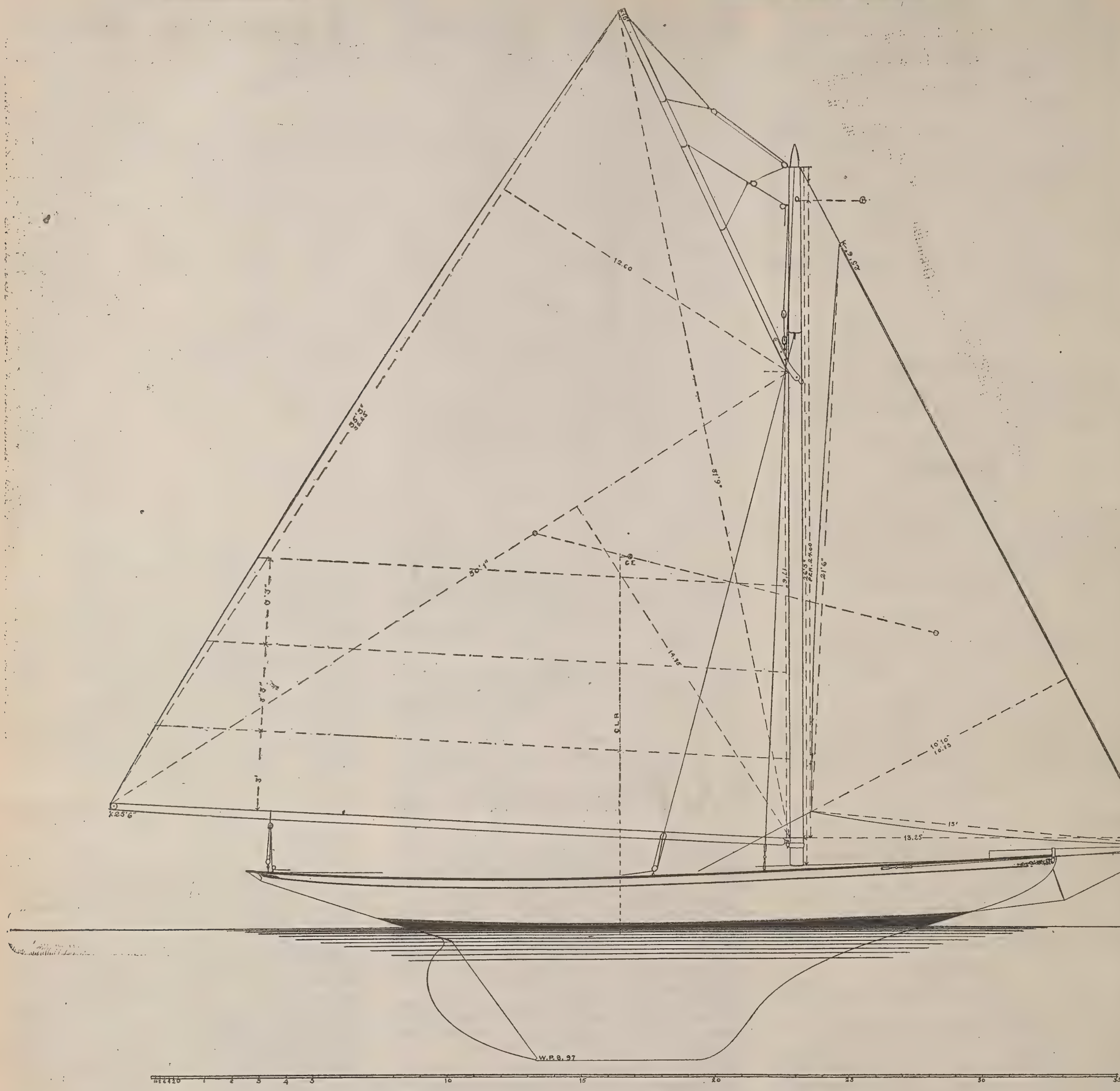
PAINTING.

Inside, below floor, to be painted with one coat of red lead and linseed oil.

Bottom—To have two priming coats of red lead and oil and one finishing coat of anti-fouling composition, smoothly applied.

Topsides—Up to rail to have two priming coats, the first of red lead, both well rubbed down, and one finishing coat of best black or white; no oil to be used.

Varnishing—The spars, rails, plank sheer, deck, cabin trunk and all deck work to have one coat of filler and



VERITAS.—KEEL SLOOP, J. G. AVERELL, ESQ., DESIGNED BY W. P. STEPHENS, 1897.

two coats of best spar composition, each coat being thoroughly dry before the next is put on. The interior of cabin to have one coat of filler and two of good varnish.

Carving and Gilding.—A 5/8in. cove to be run along topside, with carved scrolls and bow and stern, all laid in best gold leaf. The name and port to be placed on the stern in brass letters 3in. long, neatly gilded in best gold leaf.

RIGGING.

Standing Rigging—Two main shrouds to each side, mast head pendants and runners, jib stay, of best quality steel wire rope. All to be neatly spliced.

Running Rigging—Of manila rope.

Blocks—Best quality yacht blocks, with patent sheaves, brass.

SAILS.

Mainsail and working jib of special 8oz. cotton; No. 2 jib, storm jib. Spinaker and balloon jib each of Union silk.

This construction has proved amply strong for cruising. The original sail plan was altered this spring, the mast being lengthened and other small changes made, the sail plan here shown being the one carried this season. The spars were all hollow, made by the Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Company. The dimensions of the sail plan are:

Mast—			
From station O	4ft.	9	in.
Deck to hounds	20ft.		
Deck to truck	26ft.	3	in.
Diameter at deck		6	in.
Bowsprit—			
Over all	6ft.	5	in.
Outside gammon	3ft.	9	in.
Diameter in gammon		3½	in.
Boom—			
Length	25ft.	6	in.
Diameter		4¼	in.
Gaff—			
Length	15ft.		
Diameter		2½	in.
Mainsail, actual area	445	sq.	ft.
Jib, actual area	143	sq.	ft.
Total	588	sq.	ft.
Head triangle	159	sq.	ft.
Total as measured by rule	604	sq.	ft.
Girth as measured by rule	14.4	oft.	

The yacht has raced in the knockabout class for the last two seasons, but she almost fits the regular 25ft. class, her measurements being:

L.W.L.	19.25
Beam	8.25
¾ girth	10.80
½ √sail area	12.28
	2)50.58
	25.29

A very slight reduction of draft (less than ½in.) would put her well inside the limit. The measurement of head triangle is taken with the spinaker and jib halyard blocks no higher than the line a, b; with the height of cabin house shown, the gooseneck will require to be a little higher than as shown in the sail plan. The bitts may well be carried forward from the fore end of L.W.L., as shown in the construction plan, as there will still be sufficient housing of the bowsprit if they are located just abaft the second frame.

The yacht was not designed for the girth rule, and she pays rather heavily under it for the wide, flaring side; but the design as it stands will make a very good boat for the Lakes. In salt water the displacement would be 3.61 tons. The sections and lower level lines of the lead keel and deadwoods are given on a larger scale.

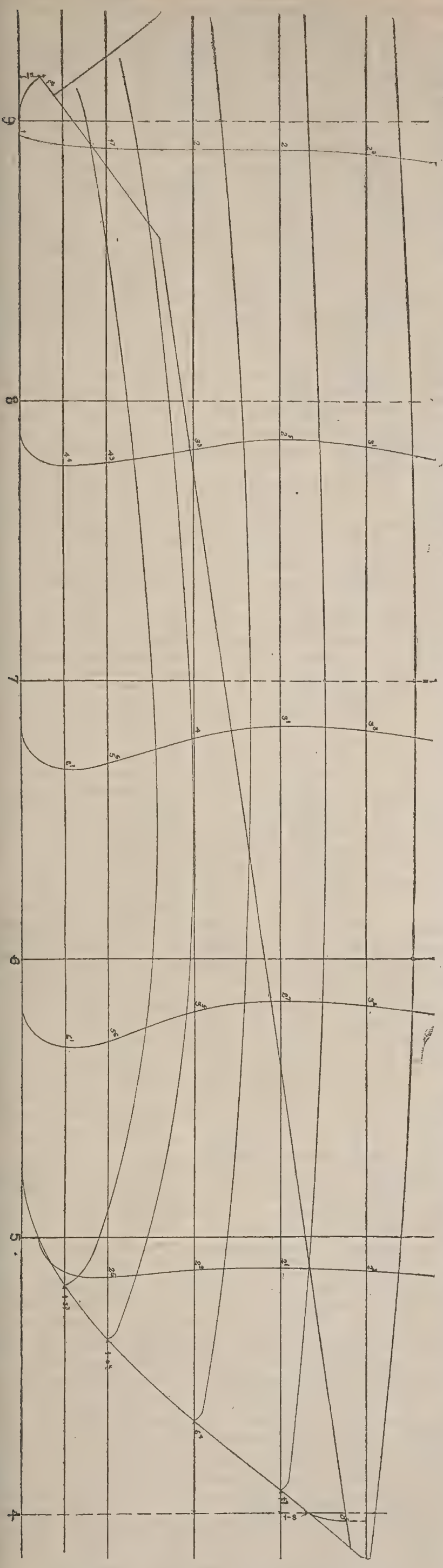
Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers' Seventh Annual Meeting.

New York, Nov. 16-17.

THE Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers held its annual meeting last week in New York, two days being devoted to the technical proceedings, while on the second evening the annual banquet took place. The president of the Society, Mr. Clement A. Griscom, being abroad, his place as chairman was taken by Rear-Admiral F. M. Bunce, U. S. N., one of the vice-presidents. Among the many members present were Sec'y-Treas. Bowles, Naval Constructors Capps, Woodward, Tawresey, Baxter and Watt; Geo. W. Dickle, of the Union Iron Works, San Francisco; W. I. Babcock, of the Chicago Shipbuilding Company; Mr. Newman, of the Globe Shipyard, Cleveland; Lewis Nixon, of the Crescent Shipyard; Capt. W. G. Randle, Lt. H. von R. Paschwitz, Imperial German Navy; Capt. Chas. L. Ottley, R. N., British Naval Attaché at Washington; Col. Edwin A. Stevens and John Hyslop.

The report of the secretary-treasurer showed a membership of 573, with a balance in the treasury of $3,586.75. The following officers were elected: Pres., Clement A. Griscom; First Vice-Pres., W. T. Sampson; Vice-Presidents, Francis M. Bunce, Charles H. Cramp, Frank L. Fernald, Philip Hichborn, Charles H. Loring, George W. Melville, George W. Quintard, Irving M. Scott, Edwin A. Stevens; Sec'y and Treas., Francis T. Bowles.

A list of 100 candidates for membership was presented, the applicants being elected. After the reading of an address from Pres. Griscom, resolutions were passed expressing the feelings of the Society over the deaths of two of its most honored members, Wm. H. Webb and Gen. Thomas W. Hyde. The following papers were read and discussed:



VERITAS.—LOWER LEVEL LINES AND LEAD KEEL.

1. Coaling Vessels at Sea. By Spencer Miller, Esq., associate.

2. Causes for the Adoption of Water-Tube Boilers in the U. S. Navy. By Engineer-in-Chief Geo. W. Melville, U. S. N., vice-president.

3. Suggestions as to Improved Appliances for Launching Ship's Boats. By John Hyslop, Esq.

4. The Electric Plants of the Battleships Kearsarge and Kentucky. By Naval Constructor J. J. Woodward, U. S. N., member.

5. The Increasing Complications in Warships, and How Simpler Arrangements Might be Adopted. By Geo. W. Dickie, Esq., member of council.

6. Beam Formulæ Applied to a Vertically Stiffened Bulkhead, with Some Results. By H. F. Norton, Esq., member.

7. Notes on Sheathing the U. S. S. Chesapeake. By Naval Constructor Lloyd Bankson, U. S. N., member.

8. System of Work in a Great Lake Shipyard. By W. I. Babcock, Esq., member.

9. Overhead Cranes, Staging and Riveter Carrying Appliances in the Shipyard. By James Dickie, Esq., member.

10. Designs for the Denver Class Sheathed Protected Cruisers. By Chief Constructor Philip Hichborn, U. S. N., vice-president.

11. Novelties in Ship Fittings. By Ass't Naval Constructor R. M. Watt, U. S. N., member.

12. Progressive Speed Trials of the U. S. S. Manning. By Prof. C. H. Peabody, member of council.

13. Tactical Considerations Involved in Torpedo-Boat Design. By Lieut. A. P. Niblack, U. S. N., associate.

14. On the Action of the Rudder, with Special Reference to the Motion of the Ship While the Helm is Being Put Over. By Prof. Wm. F. Durand, member of council.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Lake Michigan Y. A. was held in Chicago on Nov. 11, the following officers being elected: Prest., W. R. Crawford, Chicago Y. C.; Vice-Prest., Alex Mather, Milwaukee Y. C.; Sec'y, H. P. Finney, Chicago Y. C.; Treas., W. S. Bougher, Columbia Y. C. The details of a proposed knockabout class were discussed, and a meeting will be held on Dec. 9 to take further action in the matter.

On Nov. 7 the charges against Capt. Theodore Heilbron, of the steam yacht Vamoose, were heard before the local board of steamboat inspectors. Capt. Heilbron was charged with taking his vessel within the patrol lines on the second race between Shamrock and Columbia. It was proved that permission had been given by an officer of the guard fleet for Vamoose to speak the committee boat, as she was attempting to do when stopped. The case was dismissed, there being no evidence against Capt. Heilbron.

On Nov. 15 the will of William H. Webb, the shipbuilder, was filed for probate in the Surrogate's office. The value of the estate is placed at $600,000, which does not constitute nearly all of the fortune, as Mr. Webb owned much real property in other parts of the country. To his widow Mr. Webb bequeaths all of the contents of his late home, at 415 Fifth avenue. She is also to receive $5,000 for her immediate personal use, together with the income of 250 shares of stock of the Third Avenue Railroad Co. and of a trust fund of $30,000. The will further transfers to her several pieces of property in the vicinity of Tarrytown and the leases of three parcels of real estate at Forty-second street and Fifth avenue. A trust fund is created for the benefit of the son of the testator, William E. Webb. The fund includes 625 shares of stock of the Pennsylvania Coal Co. and 200 shares of stock of the Third Avenue Railroad Co. Upon the death of both Mrs. Webb and her son the trust funds are to go to Webb's Academy and Home for Shipbuilders. Besides this, the academy receives an oil painting of Robert Fulton and several other works of art. To the Metropolitan Museum of Art Mr. Webb bequeaths several paintings, including one entitled "Columbus Unveiling America to the Rest of the World," and a statue of Venus. Numerous bequests are made to relatives and the widow is the residuary legatee.—New York Times.

At a meeting of the Royal Canadian Y. C. on Nov. 11 the following Sailing Committee was elected: F. J. Campbell, W. H. Parsons, G. A. Macrae, Æmilius Jarvis, J. S. McMurray, F. M. Gray and J. W. Rutherford. Mr. H. C. McLeod, designer of Minota, was elected a life member. The club will present Mr. McLeod with a loving cup. No action was taken toward challenging for the Canada cup.

The Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. is already very busy with new work. Mr. W. H. Post, of Ogdensburgh, whose steam yacht Vailima was sold last summer, will replace her with a larger yacht, designed by C. H. Crane and built by the company. She will be 80ft. long. The firm is also building a 42ft. electric launch for George B. Bidwell, of New York, from designs by Gardner & Cox; a 30ft. racing launch for Harry Scullin, of its own design, and ten electric launches for the Electric Launch Co., of New York. It is also building from Mr. Crane's designs four racing sloops for the 19ft. class of the Lake St. Regis Y. C. and a set of davit boats for the steam yacht Virginia.

The Gas Engine & Power Co. will launch the U. S. torpedo boat Bailey on Dec. 5 at its yard at Morris Dock, N. Y. A special train has been provided for the guests of the company.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. Fred Wolters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Frederick W. Dickens, 1306 Grand avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.
Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Herbert Begg, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.
Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

A. C. A. Membership

APPLICATION for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.
Initiation, $1. Annual dues, $1.

Muskoka.

August 3 to 17, 1900.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have spent the evening sitting in my den, toasting my feet at a cheerful grate fire, ruminating on some things that have come to my notice since starting at holding down the job of commodore to that large aggregation of canoeists and kickers known as the A. C. A.

The evening and my third cigar were pretty well spent when I reached the conclusion that the chief thing that the A. C. A. members lacked was canoeing news to keep up their interest in the sport from one meet's end till the next one came around.

It has come as a surprise to me to find how very few members of the executive committee take or see the FOREST AND STREAM at all regularly, and our executive committee is usually composed of the most active canoeists. What then must be the condition of those members who do not take such an active interest in the sport?

It is quite probable that this lack of news is due to the fact that A. C. A. members do not now write to the FOREST AND STREAM as much as they did years ago, and I should like to take some means to stir up their interest to the pitch that was in vogue from 1884 to 1890. Throwing the butt of my third cigar into the grate I surprised my better half by jumping up with the remark that "I guessed I had better set them a good example."

Turning to a scrap book which I keep as a memento of the days when I was an active canoeist—'84 to '90—I found columns of FOREST AND STREAM items to which are appended such names as Retaw, Dot, Snake, Cruiser, Mac and numerous others. Where are they now? If there had been a sailors' union in those days the chances are that one Dot would unanimously have been given the post of chief kicker; but old members will remember that while we did a power of kicking when the draft regatta programme was posted, etc., we had little or, if memory serves me aright, no kicking at the meet.

Perhaps many are like the writer, whose efforts to keep "my then boarding missus" from seizing my trunk and later in endeavoring to keep the bailiff out of my own back yard has kept me so engrossed with chasing the nimble dollar that beyond paying my annual dues I have not kept track of canoeing matters since '91.

As I sat in my easy chair my mind drifted back to a trip taken to that canoeist's and fisherman's paradise, Muskoka, on Oct. 13 to try and locate a site for next year's camp, and it crossed my mind that it might make interesting reading for A. C. A. members.

I had passes for two from the Grand Trunk Railway Co., but after asking six different men to go up and finding them all too busy, we started ("me and my raincoat") at 8 A. M., and reached Muskoka Wharf about 11 A. M. The Muskoka Navigation Co. has steamers meet the trains and running to the three large lakes which are connected with each other. In the season one boat runs to different points in Lake Muskoka, which we will call Lake No. 1. Another boat takes the shortest cut through Lake Muskoka to the lock at Port Carling and then makes calls at the different points in Lake Rosseau—No. 2—stopping at the private wharves erected by the cottagers when they have passengers or freight. A third boat runs through Lake Muskoka, skirts the lower end of Lake Rosseau and stops at all points in Lake Joseph.

We got off the boat at Beaumaris, which is situated about half way up Lake Muskoka, and is surrounded by dozens of cottages, owned mostly by people whose winter homes are in Pittsburg, Pa. We put up at the Beaumaris Hotel, a temperance house, about 2 P. M., rented a rowboat and headed for Grand View Island, the lower part of which had been offered to the Association for a camp. The island is nicely situated, with a splendid sheltered channel alongside, a mile long, while the lower end of the island commands a magnificent view of several miles of open water. After climbing through and all over the island we found it so rough that for an A. C. A. camp it was out of the question unless some one would donate a large supply of dynamite. About 6 P. M. we rowed back to the hotel, accompanied by a pair of wet feet, mementoes in the way of burrs in our trousers, and a row of blisters on the palm of each hand; not to mention an appetite that mine host Prouse successfully satisfied with sundry portions of a toothsome turkey.

The following morning Mr. Gill, of Pittsburg, took us out in his fast steam launch, picking up Mr. Wilmott, the game warden of the district, and Hugh Neilson, skipper of the old Boreas from '83 to '86. We ran across the lake to a site near Balla offered by Mr. Smith and then to Butler's Bay, where we spent some time, but had to hurry back for lunch.

We started out after lunch in a rowboat, the owner of which predicted a big storm; but as it was only a fifteen minutes' row to Mr. Neilson's island we chanced it and got caught in a thunder storm. The raincoat kept everything dry execept boots and hat. These received attention in front of Neilson's grate fire. When the storm blew over we started again for Butler's Bay to see if we could find a suitable place for Squaw Point, did not find it, but learned that we were as far from Beaumaris as from Port Carling, where we wished to see a site next morning. Placing a map of the lake on the floor of the boat we started for the latter port, a six-mile pull, just to freshen up the blisters a bit. In the channel of the river we were practicing the Cambridge stroke, about thirty-five to the minute, when something struck the bow of the boat, throwing the oarsman into the bottom thereof. We were somewhat surprised to see that it was only a 10in. spar buoy which marked the steamer channel. After checking it off we continued the trip with one eye

a-weather for obstructions. Reached Port Carling at 6:30 P. M., tired and hungry; got a man to help carry the boat over the lock and turned in for supper.

Up at 6 A. M. next morning. The cook not being around, we lifted a few soda biscuits and a bit of cheese off the dining-room table into coat pockets, launched the skiff and rowed four or five miles around Tobin's Point, which used to be the meeting ground of the Indian tribes; a raised circle marks their council chamber yet. Walked all over the point, munching the biscuits and cheese; did not notice that there was a young bull among the cattle in a field we were going through; he seemed to notice a red sweater we wore, however, and to save him from hurting his horns we ran for the nearest fence—not that we were afraid of him, but he was such a nice-looking bull we did not like to put him to any inconvenience. Our early training as member of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals came in handy, and we walked a mile, skirting through bush and swamp just to show Mr. Bull that he could have the field all to himself if he felt that way about it. Got back at 10 A. M., had breakfast and caught the 10:30 boat which passes the hotel steps, went up in the pilot house with the captain and kept him smoking 5-cent temperance hotel cigars while I plied him with questions. He liked the cigars, and I enjoyed his talk, so we broke even. Had a good dinner on boat—40 cents—got to Muskoka wharf 1:30 P. M., hired a rowboat to take us to the Sanatarium for Consumptives, met a friend who was a patient and had put on 11½lbs. in three great air lots of Ozone, 700ft. above Lake Ontario, just the place for a summer outing.

Caught the train at 3:15, got back to Toronto 7:30, after a very enjoyable three days' trip. We go up again next week.

WILL G. MACKENDRICK.

TORONTO, Nov. 18.

Doing Nothing.

I WAS walking along King street the other day peacefully chewing an after-luncheon toothpick, when I met a man—a man with mahogany face, hollow cheeks and a peeled nose.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Where've you been? I've missed you around the bay lately."

"Nothing strange about that," I replied; "I've been in Muskoka for ten days."

"Have a good time?" inquired the weary-eyed apparition.

"Immense."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Nothing!" he cried. "What's the fun in that?"

"Lots," I said, if you go about it in the right way and have some one to help you. But," I went on, "you look as though you had been away somewhere. What did you do and where did you go?"

His eyes lit up with the burning fire of the self-sacrificing devotee, and he broke out: "Say! I've had a great time. Been back among the lakes in Peterborough and Victoria counties. You know Stony Lake, Balsam Lake, Lovesick Lake, Buckhorn, Chemung, Sturgeon and the rest of them. Why, we covered 300 miles in ten days, and one day we paddled fifty miles. When we struck Coboconk the boys there just stared when we told 'em we'd left Bridgenorth that morning."

"Pretty place—Stony Lake," I hazarded.

"M—m; not bad. Had a hard time, though, paddling up Clear Lake at this end of Stony. There's no shelter there, and it took us an hour and a half to go four miles, the wind was so strong."

"Did you visit Fairy Lake, near Juniper Island? It's a charming little lake—just like an emerald dropped down among the rocks and trees many feet above the level of Stony Lake."

"No; didn't have time. We were in a hurry to get to Eel's Creek, toward the other end of the lake, and over the portage. We wanted to camp the other side of the falls."

"I enjoy a camp," I broke in. "I like the quiet and the solitude, the cool peaceful woods and the magnificently spangled heavens. Then, after a good meal, it's grand to sit beside a roaring camp-fire and watch the sparks soaring up and mingling their fiery spangles with the silver of the stars. I know Eel's Creek well; just there you can camp and have the tinkling of the falls as a cradle song when at last you turn into your warm blankets and drowse into the land of dreams."

As I spoke I saw the enthusiasm fade out of his eyes, and I asked what kind of a time he had on Eel's Creek.

"Oh, not bad; but Tom had forgotten the bread and we had to make our supper off corned beef and cake. Confound him! He was thinking so much about that cake and the girl who gave it to him that he hadn't any room in his head for bread. Yes; and the mosquitoes were awful that night. I had three or four bites active all night, and by the time one got better a new mosquito would get me somewhere through the blankets. We got up about 5, ate some beef and cake and started up the creek about 6 o'clock."

"What did you think of the Indian carvings on the rocks up there?" I put in.

"Indian carvings? I didn't see any. Oh, yes; when I come to think of it there were some funny looking rocks on one side; but we wanted to go up to the head of the creek and get back into Stony Lake and as far on the way toward Young's Point as we could before night, and we couldn't stop. We did it, too, and camped near Juniper Island; but it rained all that afternoon and our blankets got wet. We might have landed and camped at noon, but we didn't like to waste the time. Gosh! it was chilly and damp that night, and the wood was so wet we couldn't make a fire. I warmed up the wet spots in my blankets pretty well by morning, but it was pretty tough getting into my clothes again, they were so cold and damp. Tom was worse off than I. He'd left his where they got the drip from a small hole in the tent."

A reminiscent gleam of satisfaction shone in his eyes as he though of Tom's feelings and remarks while struggling into his clothes.

"Oh, well," he went on, "that day made up for it. We had the wind with us, and the way we cut up to Burleigh and then kited along Lovesick and Buckhorn after passing the Burleigh portage was a caution."

"What did you live on?" I asked. "You couldn't carry much in your canoe."

"Oh, oatmeal and bread and butter and cheese and bacon mostly. We had some canned meat, but hadn't room for much. Tom forgot the bread once and once it got wet, and we had to dry it in slices in the frying pan. When we could get milk we had porridge morning and night—it was filling at the price. When we had no milk we had porridge for breakfast and bread and cheese for lunch and fried bacon for supper."

He paused thoughtfully and then added with a revival of enthusiasm: "But we had a great trip. No fellows in the club came near making the record we did."

I looked at him pityingly, and then, taking him by the sleeve to prevent his leaving me, spoke to him thus:

"My friend, listen to me and I'll tell you what I didn't do and why I had a pleasant holiday.

"I didn't live on porridge without milk, and mouldy bacon.

"I didn't need to fry my bread to dry it; or my socks either.

"I didn't cover so many miles in so many hours and take my fun out of doing it. I had plenty of time to look at all the beautiful things we passed, and even had time to go out of my way to find them.

"I didn't lose an unnecessary hour's sleep; and always had three good meals a day, rain or shine; and if any Tom forgot the bread there were always plenty of cooks to make biscuits."

I held him pitilessly and continued to pour into his ears the story of my uneventful holiday. What I said to him I will shortly relate to you, but you must imagine for yourselves the changing expression of his face as it gradually dawned upon him that possibly one might find enjoyment that was not measured by the mile or even by the number of events that could be crowded into an hour.

One day toward the end of August I started out with the fixed intention of doing nothing for a while, and boarded the Muskoka express at Toronto, bound for one of the best places I knew of for that purpose. The usual people were on board—friends from the city, strangers from the city and visitors from the States, the latter generally recognizable by the large number of expensive rings worn by the women. Two of the travelers, neither at all old, but indeed almost new, chiefly attracted my attention. One, pale, solemn and owlish, gazed upon everything and everybody with a calm blasé air that made one wonder what secrets of eternity were leaving memories in his mind to make him so indifferent to things temporal. The other took the liveliest possible interest in everything and flirted so outrageously with me that I had no hesitation in asking the mother how old she was. As age is a tender point with ladies, the exact months of the young lady must remain my secret.

The time went by, and at the usual hour we were on board the staunch Medora. It was interesting to me to recall my first impressions of Muskoka on gazing once more upon the scenes I had almost forgotten. Lake Muskoka gave me a feeling of keen disappointment when first I passed through the narrows and entered its waters. Now, having no extravagant expectations, I thought it delightful rather than otherwise, and readily overlooked the gaunt stems of the fire-swept pines or worm-killed hemlocks. Though the whole scene may fail to make what the artist would call a "picture," the eye can readily pick out "bits" which are charmingly effective.

Those bold rocks to the right, for instance, at once attract attention by their contorted ruggedness, suggestive of vast durability and an impassive resistance which was yet unable to successfully oppose the violence of primeval fires and the slower action of air and water.

Their sides are marbled with lichens, sage green, yellow, orange, red, brown. Their tops are covered with bright green moss and behind them rise gnarled and twisted evergreens with black green splashes of foliage standing clear cut against the yellow white of the smoke from some distant forest fire. The foreground holds as its points of interest the ripples of the water and the waving, dancing reflections of the rocks. To the left in the foreground a crimson canoe balances the picture and gives effect to a distance made up of wooded islands and a mass of tumbled cumulus clouds with shining marbled crests. I look, and long for a camera to take it, color and all.

Stop after stop the steamer made, dropping pale city folks with miscellaneous baggage, or sometimes taking on a nut-brown camper with no impedimenta but a canoe and a dingy dunnage bag.

At last, at 8:30, we circled into Cragie Lea dock and a familiar complicated whistle announced to me that my friends were waiting to row me over to Patience, where my holiday was to be spent—at least at such times as I did not happen to be somewhere else.

Having arrived at the scene of lack of action it may be well to give an outline sketch of those who were to assist me in my laborious task of doing nothing. First of all, there was the baby, who was generally asserted to be related to me, and, to tell the truth, I usually admitted the fact. Then came the baby's mother, also related to me, but only by marriage.

Afterwards came Grandma, usually found when wanted worshiping at Baby's shrine; several aunts, also more or less devoted, and an uncle, between whom and her father the baby distributed favors with a great degree of impartiality.

Now began sweet *dolce far niente*, and for ten days we got up when we were tired of sleeping and went to bed again when there was nothing to be gained by staying up longer; ate our meals when they were ready and between times helped to get them by rowing for bread, milk or butter. Then, just as the spirit moved us, we swam, read the latest fiction, walked, loafed and minded the baby. When I say "we did this" or "we did that," you must understand that "we" stands for a variable quantity, composed perhaps of almost any combination of three or four that could be made of the company.

Craigie Lea, the chosen scene of our idling, is a beautiful bay situated on the mainland between the mouth of the Joseph River and the entrance of Little Lake Jo. It is screened from the open waters of Lake Joseph by Cliff Island to the northwest, Chief's to the west and Loon Bottle and other small islands to the southwest, and is indeed an ideal spot in which to live an outdoor life.

One night, guided only by the stars and our knowledge of the chart, we rowed out into the darkness and headed down where Bottle Island marked the southernmost corner of Chief's. There is a peculiar charm in finding one's way at night in those dark channels full of the black reflections of the islands and the twinkling images of the stars—a charm compounded of a slight thrill of uncertainty about the way, a mysterious sense of having embarked in a more or less risky enterprise and a final glow of triumph when, through a hitherto unexplored channel, the familiar lights of home are once more seen.

Another such a night we pushed out through the channel between Cliff and the mainland and off across the Lake to Yoho. Behind us the shore and the islands soon became an indistinguishable dusky blur, but in the sky the stars shone clearly and the light of Yoho blazed in invitation. Straight to it we raced before a fresh wave-cresting wind, then swung about and pointed our slapping bow back for the northern corner of the square of Pegasus, in line with which our channel opened out. With splash and swish and long, strong pulls we swung along till the blur ahead took form and shape and revealed again the well-known places we had left behind not long before.

Then again, one clear afternoon, we rowed up Little Lake Joseph, perhaps some four miles long. At the far northeastern corner of the lake the rocks and rising woods crowd close about the lake and in the absolute calm of the evening projected themselves so deep into the lake that the world below seemed as real as the world above. I shouted a loud "Ha! Ha!" and such a burst of hideous laughter broke from the wooded heights on our right that it might well have seemed we were trespassing on a realm where fairy castles and demon-haunted glens could still be found. My companions frankly confessed to a creepy feeling, inspired by the gathering gloom, the mysterious reflections, the shadow-haunted land and the mocking echoes.

Right at the corner of the lake we landed where the timber slide-way comes down through the solemn woods of the natural park. On the shore our camp-fire, piled high with well-dried cedar boughs, sent cascades of flaky sparks roaring upward to meet the arching boughs above, and around it we sat eating our frugal meal with forest sauce and drinking fragrant tea from the little brown pot toasting and steaming on a log beside the fire. Behind us the timber road stretched up and away among the trees till lost in shadows fancy filled with moving forms. The rustling of a squirrel, the complaining of a whippoorwill and the booming of a frog alone reminded us we were not in a land where no living thing existed to rest on nature's bounty. Gradually conversation dropped, till at length we sat musing silently, then regretfully we embarked, after dashing out the fire with a pail of water, leaving the spot in the gloom of night.

Yet another day we took our bathing suits and rowed quietly down to the little bay to the south of Patience, where the sandy bottom and shallow water made the spot the delight of the fair bathers of our party.

At one side of the rocky point forming the southernmost horn of the bay was a secluded bower where the girls could dress; on the other side the men were out of sight of all intruders. I undressed slowly that afternoon and sat on a log in my bathing suit. Suddenly I heard an inquisitive chattering near at hand. The log on which I sat ran up into the bushes, and not 10 feet away was overhung by a little tree. Running up the tree I saw a little red squirrel, gazing intently at me the while with bright, bold eye. I chirruped to him and he ran out on a branch as near to me as he could get and looked me over. Evidently the examination was satisfactory, for he ran back to the trunk of the tree, ran down it and came along the log to within 6 feet of me. Then he ran back and took a walk around his tree. Again I chirruped and back he came, this time in most friendly fashion running up to within about 3 feet of my motionless form. His alert fearlessness and general friendliness were most refreshing, and gave sufficient evidence that he had not as yet made the acquaintance of many small boys. But voices were calling me from around the point and I rose to my feet. My little friend took it as a hint to go and scuttled off among the trees with his confidence in humanity still unshaken.

A plunge into the cool clear water washed away the cobwebs from our minds, the heat from our bodies, and left us with a cool freshness of feeling that made a good row a mere playful exhibition of the superabundance of life within us. Down the shallows and deeps, the curves and reaches of the Joseph River we went, leaving a wake whose spreading ripples reflected the sunset color in trembling threads of gold. A river it is called, but two channels connected by a narrow strait more accurately describes it, for a long, generally narrow arm from Lake Rousseau has been connected with a shorter arm from Lake Joseph by a short channel blasted out of the solid rock. Toward the lower end is a lakelike expansion, and here we landed, to light the indispensable fire and eat the equally indispensable supper. It is strange what a charm there is in a meal eaten afar among the woods or beside the restless waters. Simple fare is as welcome as the best creations of a Soyer, one's own exertions as all-sufficing as the assiduous attentions of a black-coated waiter, and the art of camp cookery as fascinating as the most engrossing arts of civilization. Man was a savage for many thousand years before he acquired an advanced civilization, and it is hard to make him forget the at-homeness-in-the-woods he inherits from his sylvan forbears.

But we could not linger long after supper, and once more got afloat and headed for the wooden bridge spanning the river just below our landing spot and forming a link in the road from Port Carling to Rousseau. It was dark by the time we got to Gregory's on Rousseau, and landed for mail, and so once more we had the fascination of groping our way in the darkness up the windings of the Joseph River, and only a careful noting of the stars saved us from inadvertently running up a blind channel ere we got into the straight and narrow waters where the steersman could not err.

One Sunday afternoon, after a week of summer breezes, Keewaydin, the northwest wind, awoke from sleep and blew his fierce strong breath down the channels between Cliff and Chief's and on across the bay, throwing up the water in snapping crested waves against the rocks at our door. The channels lying in the course of the wind were inky black save for the running crests of white, and

in the bay the changing shades of the water revealed every shallow or hidden rock. Most of the party looked askance when I proposed a row, but Baby's mother, with a confidence begotten of some years of experience, volunteered to join me. Then began a struggle which stretched the shoulders, stiffened the fingers and made the forearm harden like a board. Right into the wind's eye we went till Chief's gave us a welcome lee. Welcome indeed, as when the rush of wind came strongest our craft scarce held her own or at best bored through the wall of wind with a slowness like the piercing of a block of granite by a diamond drill. Then, sheltered from the fierce blasts, we paused, glowing with the exertion, the rude caressing of the wind, and the warm touch of a September sun.

Streaks of cloud shadow raced across the water, touching the waves with a shade of purple. Through the trees the wind whistled and sung, sending stray puffs through tiny glades or around corners of the rocks to streak the sheltered waters with ruffled darkenings running out to join the dancing wave crests in the open. What a pleasure it was to loiter in the quiet waters, basking in the genial sun and drinking in the breezy panorama of green islands with their waving plumes, dark waters running with never weary creamy ridges, and the deep, deep blue of the sky across which the clouds sailed in majestic battalions. Then for a dash into a channel where the wind invited us to a struggle from which we could at any time retire with honor and renew just when and how we pleased.

A good finish often atones for much that is disagreeable in what has gone before; but when it follows a succession of pleasurable experiences it is like the sugar and cream placed on the top of a dish of luscious berries. We crowned our morning's enjoyment with a dashing run before the wind just after a hard row a short distance up the windward channel between Cliff and the mainland. A most fascinating run it was, for nature flatters you when you are rowing or paddling before the wind and easily deludes you into believing that the rapid motion and the presto change of landscape are due to the tingling life which reaches from your heart's core to the very blade tips of your oars.

I still held my victim and poured much more into his ears of which I will spare you the recital. Then I shook him a little to arouse him from the dazed condition into which he had been reduced by the gradual upsetting of his most cherished ideas, and addressed to him these farewell words:

"My friend, I have shown you that it is possible to have a good time without breaking a single record or knowing how many miles you have covered in a given number of hours. I have shown you that startling incidents and hairbreadth escapes are quite unessential to holiday enjoyment. I have shown you that you have gone along all the days of your life with your eyes blind to many sources of pleasure which lay all around you, and finally I have demonstrated in my own person that it is possible for a man to come back from our lake regions without looking as though he had just been down for thirty days' hard labor breaking stones at Kingston penitentiary and living on skilly and dry bread. Promise me the next time you come back from a holiday you won't say a word to me about how far you traveled or how long you took to do it, or I'll stop you right up and straightaway tell you about everything I did all summer."

This alarmed him, and he hastily promised me all I desired; then took me around the corner to drink the health of "Doing Nothing" in a special quantity of "nectar" he happened to know about.

J. EDW. MAYBEE.

TORONTO, Sept. 30.

Atlantic Division.

A MEETING of the executive committee of the Atlantic Division was held on Nov. 18 at the residence of Vice-Com. H. C. Allen, Trenton. There were present Rear-Com. May, Purser Wood and Messrs. Smythe, McMurray, Hewitt, Wilkin, Hattersley, Rickey, Stephens, Fritz and Wilt. The guests were entertained at dinner by Com. Allen, the business affairs of the division being taken up informally with the coffee. The Atlantic Division is now in a very prosperous condition, with a good membership, a balance in its treasury and an active executive committee which has given due attention during the past year both to the local interests of the division and to its Association interests at the annual meet. After a discussion of the affairs of the division, it was decided to hold a division meet on the same date as last year—Decoration Day—and after the plan which then proved so successful. Two or three days will be given to a short cruise down the Delaware River, while May 29-30 will be spent in camp at Park Island. Races will be held during these two days, and arrangements were made for securing suitable prizes. Most of those present have planned to attend the A. C. A. meet at Muskoka in August, and every effort will be made to take a large delegation from the Atlantic Division. The meeting adjourned in time for the visitors from New York and Philadelphia to catch their trains at 11 P. M., after a very pleasant evening.

The Eastern Division Report.

LOWELL, Mass., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice that the report of the American Canoe Association gives the purser of the Eastern Division the credit for not turning over his report. It perhaps will be only justice if you will publish a statement to the effect that his accounts are ready and have been for some weeks awaiting auditing, but this has thus far been impossible, for the Secretary-Treasurer of the A. C. A. has failed to forward certain receipts to him. When this is done he will see that his part is completed.

WM. W. CROSBY, Purser 1898-1899.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Apropos of your comments on the recent Year Book, the first three items that I had occasion to look up all contained errors, although copied from the 1898 Year Book. This would seem to justify the assassination of the proofreader, at least, and one is reminded of the notice which is said to have been displayed on a time in a Western bar room: "Don't shoot the pianist; he is doing the best he can."

I have received no copies of the "Official Organ of the American Canoe Association" (large letters, please) for several months, but I am going to try and worry along through the cold snap, as though I didn't care, nor "let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on my damask cheek" (or table cloth, either).

Seriously speaking, I think it about time the American Canoe Association, if it can afford no journal of its own, should bank on some reliable journal, with a reputation to sustain, to represent its interests, instead of trading with every boy that has a whistle to offer. Very truly yours,

C. J. HALPEN,
A. C. A. 2968, Vice-Com. Pemigewasset C. C.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

Com. MacKendrick spent Monday, Nov. 6, in Ottawa Ont., looking up some old A. C. A. members. It is possible that Mr. D'Arcy Scott will spare time from his aldermanic duties to get himself in shape for the A. C. A. paddling trophy in Muskoka.

Mr. F. H. Gisborne and Mr. Baldwin are figuring on spending their holidays at the next A. C. A. camp.

Members who were at Hay Island well remember W. T. Lawless, captain of the Britannia war canoe crew, who carried off a number of prizes, among them the first swimming prize. Mr. Lawless holds the rank of captain in the Governor-General's Foot Guards in Ottawa, and is now first lieutenant in the Ottawa company en route to the Transvaal to assist in pounding reason and enlightenment into the cranium of one Oom Paul. In the same company, acting as second lieutenant, is Gordon Stewart, of Ottawa. Their experiences should make good story telling around the camp-fires at the next A. C. A. meet in Muskoka.

Rear-Com. Edgar Woolsey, of the Northern Division, is laid up for a few repairs to his face. Being of an inquisitive turn of mind, he went to inspect the fire in the carbide factory in Ottawa. He arrived in time for the explosion, and now poses as an authority on the bursting properties of molten carbide.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

On the Shell Mound Range.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 13.—Yesterday at Shell Mound range was turkey day in addition to the regular matches. Three shots are allowed to each member in both the Germania Club and the Schuetzen Verein. Those making 70 rings or over get an order for a 15lb. turkey; between 60 and 70 rings, a 13lb. bird, and under 60, a 10lb. bird; 108 members of the Schuetzen Verein competed, but only a few got heavy birds. Scores of the Verein:

Champion class, F. P. Schuster 432 rings; first class, John Gefken 405; second class, J. D. Heise 410; third class, Otto Lemcke 397; fourth class, John Beuttler 377; best first shot, H. Zecher, 24; best last shot, A. Mocker, 25.

In the turkey shoot those who will get fowls and the scores made were: E.Goetze 65, A. Jungblut 65, Charles Thierbach 65, John Utschig 64, R. Stettin 64, H. Zecher 63, H. Stelling 62, J. C. Waller 61, F. P. Schuster 61, J. D. Heise 61, A. H. Pape 60, Louis Bendel 60.

The programme of the Germania Schuetzen Club included all kinds or rifle competition—class, medal, special prize and turkey shooting. In the three-shot annual contest for cash prizes the race for the $100 in gold is close. Dr. L. O. Rodgers leads with 723 rings in ten scores, followed by D. B. Faktor with 721 and F. P. Schuster with 720. The Germania's scores in the several events were as follows:

Class medals, 20 shots, German 25-ring target: First champion class, J. Utschig, 431 rings; second champion class, R. Stettin, 403 rings; first class, John Gefken, 432; second class, A. Jungblut, 380; third class, H. Lilkendey, 370; best first shot, C. Thierbach, 25; best last shot, J. Gefken, 25.

Best scores on the special cash prize re-entry match, three shots, German 25-ring target: F. P. Schuster 73, D. B. Faktor 72, N. Ahrens 72, D. W. McLaughlin 72, L. Haake 71, J. Utschig 70.

Bushnell championship medal, 10 shots, German 25-ring target, one entry a month: D. B. Faktor 226, F. P. Schuster 223, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 221, D. W. McLaughlin 216.

Turkey shooting, 3 shots, one entry, German 25-ring target, highest scores: F. P. Schuster 70, H. Huber 68, J. Utschig 64, W. Ganns 63, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 63, J. Gefken 62, C. Thierbach 61, L. Siebe 60, J. Hartman 61, N. Ahrens 60, L. Ritzau 65, H. Zecher 60, L. Klotz 60, A. Jungblut 59, W. Glindemann 58, E. H. Goetze 58, L. Bendel 59, R. Stettin 57.

There was a full attendance of the members of the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, and the shooting on the 200 and the 50yd. ranges was up to the average. On the pistol range Dr. L. O. Rodgers made eight 10s, of which five were successive. A change of light gave two low shots. The scores were as follows:

Rifle class, 200yds., 10 shots, German 25-ring target: D. W. McLaughlin 226 rings; F. W. Belknap 222, 209; F. E. Mason 221; Dr. L. O. Rodgers 220; C. M. Henderson 213, 196; J. E. Gorman 204, 191; G. Tammeyer 204; J. F. Bridges 202; J. Kullman 189.

Pistol, class medal, 50yds., 10 shots, standard American target: F. E. Mason 90, J. E. Gorman 90, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 94, C. Roberts 77, J. F. Bridges 77, J. W. Tompkins 70, J. Kullman 50, C. M. Henderson 83, D. W. McLaughlin 80.

On Election Day, Nov. 7, several of our good shots met at Shell Mound to engage in a 100-shot contest for the individual championship. Unfortunately only three of our champions turned up, but they had a fine race. Conditions, 100 shots, 25-ring target, entrance $2.50; highest score to win. Messrs. Henderson and Belknap also entered the match and did remarkably well for beginners. McLaughlin had an accident to his rifle which weakened his score somewhat. Scores: F. E. Mason 2,209, F. P. Schuster 2,204, D. W. McLaughlin 2,181.

All hands partook of a fine dinner after the shoot. ROEEL.

Iroquois Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 18.—Following are the scores made for the week ending Nov. 18:

Members' Medal Match.

H L Born	39 37 37 43—156	B Kestner	40 38 42 46—166
	37 38 39 39—153		37 35 40 38—150
	39 43 39 36—157	O L Hertig	42 41 43 44—170
			48 39 39 44—170

Daniels Cup Scores.

R R Bennett	40 46 43 44—173	W Riebling	40 30 33 44—147
	37 42 39 43—161		

Members' Record Match.

R R Bennett	40 41—81	O L Hertig	42 40—82
W Riebling	38 41—79		40 40—80
	42 45—87	B Kestner	39 40—79
L P Ittel	46 49—95		42 43—85
	48 48—96	R F Phillips	47 47—94

HENRY SPERLING, Sec'y.

Conlin's Gallery.

THERE will be prize shooting for Thanksgiving at Conlin's gallery, 513 Sixth avenue, for rifle and revolver at long and short range. All amateurs are cordially invited to visit the gallery, read the rules and regulations, see the prizes and try their skill at shooting. The shooting will end Nov. 30.

JAMES S. CONLIN.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 22.—Ridgewood, N. J.—All-day shoot at live birds. H. Blauvelt, Mgr.

Nov. 23-24.—Chatsworth, Ill.—Chatsworth Gun Club tournament.

Nov. 28-29.—Chicago, Ohio.—Deer Lick Gun Club's live-bird tournament.

Nov. 28-29.—Springfield, Ill.—Merchants Thanksgiving tournament, under auspices of the Illinois Gun Club. W. Colvin, Sec'y.

Nov. 30.—Newark, N. J.—Smith Brothers' grounds; 25 live birds, $10 entrance, and miss-and-outs.

Nov. 30.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Fourth annual Thanksgiving Day tournament of the Bison Gun Club. F. P. O'Leary, Prest.

Nov. 30.—Chicago, Ill.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Garfield Gun Club. Live birds. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

Nov. 30.—Hutchinson's Mills, near White Horse, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of Walsrode Gun Club. Geo. N. Thomas, Sec'y.

Dec. 5-6.—Rahway, N. J.—Live-bird shoot of the Rahway Gun Club. Clarence Lambert, Mgr.

Dec. 5-8.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Thomas Donley's third international tournament. About $1,500 guaranteed. Targets and live birds.

Dec. 12-15.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Watson's Park tournament. John Watson, Station R, Chicago, Ill.

Dec. 16.—Batavia, N. Y.—E C cup contest for championship at targets, between Messrs. W. R. Crosby, holder, and Mr. Fred Gilbert, challenger.

Dec. 31-Jan. 1.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Amateur tournament of the Wisconsin Gun Club. P. Himmelstein, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.

1900.

Jan 16.-19.—Hamilton, Ont., Can.—Annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club; $1,500 in prizes. Open to the world. H. Graham, Sec'y.

Feb. 13-17.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Third annual midwinter tournament; $1,000 added; 2-cent targets (Rose system) and live birds (high guns). Capt. A. R. Smith, Sec'y.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

In the absence of the Editor of this department all communications intended for publication should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail allsuch matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Trapshooters who have attended the tournaments at Sherbrooke, Quebec, will regret to learn that Mr. J. W. McNicol, of the Sherbrooke Gun Club, who often acted as cashier, met with a serious accident on the 13th inst. while hunting at Little Magog Lake. Mr. McNicol and three other members of the club had each started a deer and separated. A couple of hours later his deer joined one, followed by one of the other men, and the two men came together just afterward. Mr. McNicol's companion stumbled and one of the hammers of his gun came in contact with a tree with sufficient force to break the half-cock and drive the firing pin clear through the primer. The heavy ball with which one of the shells was loaded passed through Mr. McNicol's ankle, shattering the small bones, but missing the actual joint and long bones. It was an hour and a half before his companion could get the rest of the party to the spot, and the three-quarter-mile journey to the railroad was a painful one. A handcar was fortunately just passing, and freight train and ambulance completed the trip. The doctors hope to save the foot, but recovery will be long and painful. The accident was one which might happen to the most careful hunter, and emphasizes the caution necessary for the safety of ourselves and others.

Mr. James Dupuy, of Ironton, O., whom many of our readers met at the Cincinnati shoot, writes pleasantly of seeing the boys there: "I notice by the label on my old reliable that it is time to pay up. My, oh, my! how time flies. I really can't get along without the paper. I am still sick; hardly able to go at all. I do love to read of the others who have a good time afield. I went to the Cincinnati shoot to meet the boys, and the greeting they gave me did me good. By the way, I got a shell of each of them—the kind they were shooting then. I intend to frame them as mementoes of the shoot. This is grand, glorious weather. I do not hear of any one killing any game. Report says that quail are plenty. How I would love to try it again, but I am deprived. If you know of any one having secondhand hunting books for sale cheap will you let me know?"

Platt Adams, who, although not exactly a resident of New York just now, still belongs as much to this city as to any other portion of the United States, has taken to field shooting and finds that he never "fudges" on ruffed grouse. While hunting recently in the vicinity of Smithville Flats, N. Y., in company with G. P. Finnigan of that place, he made his debut as a "partridge" hunter, covering himself with glory and his shooting sweater with grouse feathers and burrs. Mr. Adams now has had an anti-fudging apparatus affixed to the triggers of his gun when target shooting, and believes that it fills the bill; anyway he shot through the whole of Saturday afternoon last at the Crescent Athletic Club's trap at Bay Ridge, N. Y., shooting better than ever without a single flinch.

The Elliott-Doty match for the Republic cup, which is set for Saturday, Dec. 2, at Lyndhurst, N. J., ought to be of more than passing interest. Elliott, of course, has been doing some great work on live birds recently, and will naturally be favorite for the match. Aaron Doty, however, is an excellent shot, and has made some big scores on the Lyndhurst grounds on Tom Morfey's fast birds; he will therefore have a good fighting chance, as Morfey promises to provide some especially strong birds for the match in question. The match will commence at 1 o'clock. An all-day live-bird shoot will be held on the grounds that day in connection with the match.

One of the most interesting features in the trap world this week will be the Omaha-Kansas City intercity team race at live birds, which takes place at Kansas City during the latter half of the current week. Kansas City managed to lower the colors of the Chicago shooters about two years ago, but F. S. Parmelee, colonel commanding the Omaha forces, has every confidence of pulling his team out ahead. John J. U. M. C. Hallowell left New York on Saturday afternoon last for the scene of the coming battle, and expressed himself as looking forward to witnessing a great race. May the best team win.

Thomas Reynolds, a clerk at Spicer-Fanning's, caught a large partridge on Nineteenth street near Tower, last Sunday. Mr. Spicer had the bird caged and taken over to his cottage on the point, where, it is said, he will try to teach it to talk "what the wild waves are saying."—Superior (Wis.) Leader.

After issuing the Interstate Association's Review of Tournaments of 1899, Mr. Elmer Shaner took a well-earned vacation and went into the woods of Pennsylvania for a quail and ruffed grouse hunt. Mr. Shaner is a member of a Pittsburg camping organization known as the Rainmakers, that always has a good time when it goes into camp, and that is not out so much for meat as for sport pure and simple. Each member of the club is limited to a certain number of birds per day. The Rainmakers believe in leaving some game for posterity and—next year.

Messrs. Will K. Park, trap editor of Sporting Life, and John J. Hallowell, of the U. M. C. Company, will accept our warm congratulations on their decision, recently arrived at, to enter the order of Benedicts. While Mr. Hallowell's fiancée is not personally known to us, the same cannot be said of the lady who has honored Mr. Park by her choice. Miss Maggie Kirkwood, the Miskay of the Boston, Mass., Gun Club, has always been a welcome visitor at the office of FOREST AND STREAM, and as Mrs. Park she will receive no less hearty a greeting.

If the present mild weather continues, Sec'y Dressel of the Interstate Park Association expects to harvest a crop of hay before the Christmas holidays. The grass on the new ground of Interstate Park is several inches high and the forty-odd acres of level greensward presents a remarkably pretty picture. The building of the fence, which is now well under way, and the excavations for the foundations of the casino, which have also been commenced, do not mar the prospect much.

The Fulton Rod and Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot on Dec. 10, on the club grounds, Crescent street, near Old Mill, Brooklyn, N. Y. There are eighteen sweepstake events on the programme. In addition to these a match of 100 birds will be shot between Messrs. Richard Phister and S. M. Van Allen. Shooting will begin at 10 A. M.

R. A. Welch, for several years about the best shot in the city of Philadelphia, has changed his residence recently, and now hails from Greater New York. Mr. Welch will probably find New York quite as much to his liking as Philadelphia, and will certainly get plenty of chances of indulging in his favorite sport of shooting at good, fast birds.

John Wright, of the Brooklyn Gun Club, contemplates holding one of his usual popular invitation live-bird shoots very shortly. Great pressure has been brought to bear upon him to hold the shoot early in December, but Mr. Wright is a very busy man, and cannot promise anything for a date earlier than the third week of that month.

The tournament to be held at St. Thomas, Can., Dec. 5-8, commonly known among trapshooters as Tom Donley's tournament, has every promise of being a thorough success. Mr. Donley travels around tournaments quite a bit, and makes many friends who don't forget him when it comes to supporting his efforts in the trapshooting line.

Mr. Graham secretary of the Hamilton Gun Club, informs us that his club will hold its annual tournament at Hamilton, Ont., Can., on Jan. 16, 17, 18 and 19, 1900. This tournament is open to the world, and $1,500 in prizes is offered. Programmes will be issued later.

The Walsrode Gun Club will hold a Thanksgiving Day shoot at Hutchinson's Mills, near White Horse, N. Y., on Nov. 30. There will be sweepstakes for cash prizes and turkeys. Targets will be thrown from a magautrap, and shooting will commence at 1 P. M.

If present intentions and arrangements go for anything, Mr. Edward Banks, secretary of the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., will spend the whole of next week on Long Island, with the idea of annexing a few ducks and quail.

"Gone to the dogs." FOREST AND STREAM's trap editor is attending the field trials now in progress at Newton, N. C.

IN NEW JERSEY.

At Guttenburg.

Nov. 18.—Following are scores of a trapshooting event held at Guttenburg Race Track to-day. The birds were a fast lot, and were materially aided by the wind. Messrs. Ehlen, Peters and Otten scored some remarkable kills. Loeble won the Class A medal and C. F. Peters Class B medal. Afterward a team race was arranged, Capt. Loeble picking a lot of crackerjacks and Capt. Peters picking most Class B shooters, who were called Lobsterettes, and were supposed to be inferior shots, but the totals show that the latter team won. The club members enjoyed a good day, with plenty of sport:

Loeble, 28	1222011222—9	Otten, 28	0212212120—8
Intermann, 28	1121111102—9	Rottmann, 28	0112212100—7
Peters, 25	2022211221—9	Rohlfs, 28	2120222002—7
Meyer, 25	1110212111—9	Hainhorst, 28	0110212001—6
Ehlen, 25	111201*211—8	Foehrenbach, 25	0022102110—6
Mohrmann, 25	111211*021—8	Kroeger, 28	01002*2111—6
Lott, 33	1212010222—8	Bohling, 25	0010200212—5

Ties for Class B medal: Peters 1, Meyer 0.

Team race:

Loeble's Team.		Peters' Team.	
Otten	11122—5	Peters, captain	12222—5
Intermann	21222—5	Hainhorst	11211—5
Loeble, captain	12011—4	Meyer	21222—5
Lott	02222—4	Ehlen	2211*—4
Rottmann	02112—4	Mohrmann	22*22—4
Kroeger	00212—3	Rohlfs	10022—3
Foerhenbach	01020—2—72	Bohling	22001—3—29

ON LONG ISLAND.

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Nov. 16.—The monthly shoot of the Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club was held to-day at the Cedars. Koch won with a clean score:

H Koch, 29	1211111—7	I McKane, 28	12022*0—4
G McKane, 25	2222021—6	W Boyle, 25	2101020—4
J Voorhies, 28	2112010—5	Von Fricken, 25	0102021—4
J Pillion, 27	2102202—5	J Byrnes, 25	0012022—4
G Morris, 26	222202*—5	A Soeller, 21	1010201—4
Dr Wood, 25	222*201—5	Beard, 23	2002100—3
A Busch, 24	1202022—5	Smith, 25	0001200—2
H Montanus, 28	22***11—4		

Sweep, 5 birds: I. McKane 5, Voorhies 5, Pillion 5, Wood 4, Byrnes 4, Koch 4, Beard 4, Montanus 3, Morris 3, Von Fricken 2, Boyle 2, Smith 2, Busch 2.

Match, 5 birds: Montanus 5, I. McKane 5, Pillion 4.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 18.—The attendance at the regular weekly club shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club held here to-day was not as large as usual, owing to the fact that field shooting is now in full blast. However, sixteen members took part, which is not a bad attendance. The seventh monthly shoot for the Francotte gun, offered by the club, was shot to-day, as was also the shoot for the Stevens .22 rifle. In the latter event Hopkins finally won from Lincoln after a hot race, which lasted till darkness set in. The scores:

Webber	1111101101111111111110111	
	1111111111111111111111111	—47—5—50
Hopkins	0111111111101111111101101	
	1111111111101111111111111	—45—6—50
David	1101111111111010110011111	
	0110011011011001011110111	—36—15—50
Blauvelt	1001111001111111101111111	
	1011111111101111101111111	—42—18—50
Lane	1101111101101111101101101	
	1110000101111010001111111	—35—14—49
Woods	1110011111111111111111101	
	0111111111110111111111111	—45—3—48
G Remsen	1110110101111111011111111	
	0110111111111111011111111	—43—5—48
Creamer	1111111110001101111110111	
	1011111010100110100010111	—35—13—48
Amend	1111111011111111111111116	
	1111110110011111011111111	—44—3—47
Kemble	1111000111011101111111110	
	1011011011011100111101111	—37—9—46
Paterson	0110011100101001111111101	
	1110111110111011110011101	—35—10—45
*Hatfield	1011111111101111110110110	
	1110111111111111111111111	—44
Wright	0001001111101111100110111	
	1100000101100101000000011	—25—15—40
Lincoln	0111111000101101010110111	
	0101011110101111001111111	—34

*Guest.

Prize shoot for Stevens .22 rifle:

Hopkins	0101101110111111111110111	—20—4—24
Lincoln	0011010101111111111111110	—19—5—24
Hatfield	0000111111010111111110111	—18—5—23
Blauvelt	0111010111001000111111111	—17—6—23
Creamer	1011011101101110010010001	—14—9—23
Kemble	1101101011001101111010110	—16—7—23
Webber	1101111111111011101101110	—20—3—23
Amend	0101111010111111111111100	—20—3—23
G Remsen	1011111111011011111001110	—19—3—22
David	1111011110010000101000111	—14—7—21

Shoot-off:

Hopkins	111110111111001	—12—2—14
Lincoln	010110101011110	—9—4—13

Sweeps—No. 1, 15 targets: R. Woods 10, G. Hatfield 13, H. Blauvelt 13, J. S. Wright 4, W. Lincoln 10, Siddell 5, Clarke 0, Webber 13, David 14.

No. 2, 10 targets: Lane 7, David 7, Lincoln 9, Hatfield 9, Blauvelt 7, Webber 7.

No. 3, 15 targets: G. Remsen 14, Kemble 10, Creamer 8, Blauvelt 12, Amend 10.

G. B. PATERSON, Sec'y.

Parkway Gun Club.

Nov. 15.—The monthly shoot of the Parkway Gun Club was held at Dexter Park to-day. The conditions were: 10 live birds, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, A. S. A. rules. The scores:

Club shoot:

A Andrews	1112122112—10	H Bookman	12110112*1— 8
T Short	21*2222111— 9	W Forebach	11011*2111— 8
G Reuger	1212210212— 9	G Seitz	1100211100— 6

Sweep, 5 live birds: Foreback 5, Short 5, Seitz 5, Andrews 4, Bookman 4, Lauber 3, Reuger 2.

Sweep, 5 live birds: Bookman 5, Andrews 5, Short 5, Forebach 5.

Sweep, 10 targets: Bookman 10, Forebach 8, Andrews 7, Short 6, Seitz 4, Reuger 2, Lauber 1.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 18.—The third shoot for the November cup was held on the grounds of the Crescent Athletic Club today. Three men, Banks, from scratch, Marshall and Kryn, tied for the lead with 22 breaks each. The scores:

Banks, 0	1111011111011111111110111	—22
Marshall, 6	1011001111101111101110011101011	—22
Kryn, 3	1101111001111011111101111110	—22
Hallock, 5	1011010111110111111001101101110	—21
Rhett, 5	1010111111011001011010110111	—20
Kenyon, 10	0110001101100101001110110100110110	—19
Remsen, 0	1011100110110110011101110	—16
Mead, 10	0101000110110001010100010000101001010	—13

WESTERN TRAPS.

Eureka Season Results.

Dr. C. W. Carson, the able secretary of Eureka Gun Club, has completed the season summaries for that representative shooting body. It seems that Mr. F. P. Stannard won in Class A on the season averages, Dr. R. B. Miller in Class B, R. B. Carson in Class C, Mr. J. G. Lovell in Class D. Mrs. Carson, being an honorary member, is not eligible for a trophy. In the contest for the Mussey trophy Mr. E. M. Steck won on the shoot-off with Dr. Miller.

This has been a most successful year with the Eureka Gun Club, and the season closed has been a very busy one. The club membership is now full, and so are the coffers of the treasury, so that next season may be opened in a blaze of glory, as the secretary puts it. During the season Eureka Gun Club has thrown 47,379 targets. The live-bird season will soon begin, and the membership of the club will still continue to shoot actively and industriously throughout the winter. Following table shows the seasons averages in the different classes:

Class A.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
V Cunnyngham	250	225	.900	A C Paterson	25	21	.840
C Antoine	250	209	.836	Geo Roll	25	17	.680
F P Stannard	250	234	.936	A G Courtney	50	40	.800
W D Stannard	250	232	.928	Fred Gilbert	25	25	1.000
E M Steck	250	220	.880	R Heikes	50	48	.960
A W Adams	250	218	.878				

Class B.

A C Borroff	250	163	.651	F H Lord	25	21	.840
C W Carson	250	177	.708	H B Morgan	250	158	.632
L H Goodrich	75	57	.760	R B Miller	250	221	.884
J C Houston	25	18	.720	C P Richards	25	20	.800

Class C.

O J Buck	250	182	.720	J L Jones	250	172	.688
R B Carson	250	195	.780	F F Spreyne	75	54	.720
C C Hess	100	57	.570	A A Walters	100	59	.590

Class D.

W H Cornwell	150	90	.600	H D James	200	86	.430
W J Arnold	50	21	.420	Mrs C Carson	250	200	.800
E C Morton	250	172	.688	F M Smith	75	34	.453
S C Matthews	100	49	.490	J G Lovell	250	180	.720
Geo Prichett	25	18	.720	E H Ford	50	31	.620
C S Smith	25	11	.440	A Sundermeier	150	95	.627
G V Weart	50	35	.700	W W Sprague	225	108	.480
J W Embree	75	27	.360	Dr Turck	75	51	.680

All shoots except the first two at 15 singles, 5 pairs, with added birds:

	*April 8.	*April 22.	May 6.	May 20.	June 3.	June 17.	July 1.	July 15.	July 29.	Aug. 12.	Sept. 2.	Sept. 16.	Sept. 23.	Oct. 7.	Oct. 21.	Nov. 4.
Mrs C W Carson	33	..	..	..	20	..	..	19	16	..	..	..	..	19	..	..
W D Stannard	34	39	16	15	22	21	21	..	..	23	19	23	..	..	..	..
R B Carson	19	32	..	..	18	23	..	22	17	..	..	18	..	..	..	..
H B Morgan	29	..	..	18	16	..	..	23	24	21	..	18	..	..	..	..
E M Steck	31	..	15	..	25	23	23	23	17	20	23	23	22	23	23	23
L H Goodrich	39	37	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H D James	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A C Borroff	30	..	12	..	14	..	..	18	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E C Morton	37	..	17	..	..	18	14	18	9	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Chas Antoine	..	26	..	..	..	..	..	23	25	..	21	..	..	20	22	..
F P Stannard	..	..	22	15	23	21	19	..	17	16	21	..	..	..	..	..
A W Adams	..	..	21	18	18	..	..	..	..	..	24	19	..	24	14	..
R B Miller	..	..	14	19	15	19	..	24	..	..	17	24	18	20	21	21
V L Cunnyngham	..	..	17	14	..	23	21	24	23	24	18	..	19	21	..	..
O J Buck	..	..	..	..	17	21	16	22	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	..
J G Lovell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	21	..	..	..	23	21	21	..
G V Weart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	17	..
J L Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	23	..	20	..	19	..	..	..
C C Hess	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..
W Sprague	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Sundermeier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..
H E Wiley	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

*30 singles and 10 pairs.

Chicago Sportsmen's Trophy.

Nov. 18.—Yesterday did not seem favorable for a large attendance at Watson's for the Chicago sportsmen's live-bird trophy. It was decidedly raw and rainy in the morning, and though it cleared during the afternoon, with a fresher air, the conditions seemed so unpropitious that only about a dozen shooters came to the score. Mr. R. Clempson won the diamond medal and also the high average medal for consecutive kills, having to his credit the remarkable score of 43 straight kills, missing only his next to the last bird in the sixth frame of five tie birds. This is certainly a pretty hot gait, and Mr. Sturdevant, who stayed with the winner neck and neck to the finish, may feel that he lost not without honor. Clempson ran straight without any handicap, though tied by White, Leffingwell, Parker, Hollister, Eaton and Sturdevant, each of whom needed something from his handicap. George Roll and Silas Palmer divided in the tie on 13, there being no 14, and H. Levy and Dr. Shaw divided in the tie on 12. The occasion was one worthy of a bigger crowd, and as the winter progresses and the live-bird season becomes still more interesting it is likely that the attendance will be greater than it was yesterday. The following are the scores:

Clempson, 30, 1	222221121222121	—15
Dr Shaw, 30, 0	222012022222202	—12
J L White, 30, 2	2122021222222222	—15
W B Leffingwell, 30, 1	1212222122202222	—15
Parker, 30, 1	21122211221222*22	—15
Hollister, 30, 1	112211112111*212	—15
G Roll, 30, 0	202211211122012	—13
H Levi, 30, 2	12222201*12022002	—12
T Eaton, 28, 3	0122*1121202211112	—15
E Sturdevant, 28, 2	22202222022221222	—15
S Palmer, 30, 1	1222221222202*2*2	—13

Ties on 15:

Clempson	22211	21222	22121	21122	22212	12202	—29
Sturdevant	22222	22222	22222	22222	22222	2200w	
White	210w						
Leffingwell	22220w						
Parker	22221	0w					
Hollister	11121	110w					
Eaton	01212	*w					

Sweepstake, 5 birds:

Palmer	2202*—3	Clempson	22222—5
Parker	11212—5	White	02222—4
Levi	22002—3	Leffingwell	21222—5

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

At Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 14.—Practice shooting:

Odell	20122222211021222221	—18
McGinnis	2200120212	
Sturdevant	22212222122222021222221222	—24
Sturdevant	0222*	
Hollister	121222011*211110201111112	—21

Audubon Gun Club.

Nov. 15.—The regular monthly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club was held to-day at Watson's Park. The scores:

Mack, 30, 1	11111101121221112121	—19—1—20
Wilcox, 29, 2	11111101121221112121	—19—1—20
E S Rice, 30, 2	11201111221201*20212	—16—2—18
Dicks, 29, 2	21*022*12*1211020101	—13—2—15
*Parker	*2*21*21*12211*22221	—15

*Visitor.

RAVELRIGG.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Nov. 11.—The fourth shoot for the Keystone challenge cup, emblematic of the championship of Philadelphia county, was held here to-day. Eames won the event with a clean score. Vandergrift has won the cup twice, and Henry and Eames have each won it once. The conditions are: 10 live birds, 30yds. rise, open to residents of Philadelphia; subject to challenge every two weeks; $2.50 entrance. Following the cup shoot was the regular weekly club shoot at 10 live birds, handicap, $2.50 entrance. Scores:

	Club Shoot.	Cup Shoot, 30yds.
F M Eames, 30	1121222221—10	2212122222—10
W McCoy, 30	1221212122—10	211*001121— 7
D Longnecker, 30	1211121222—10	.....
J Vandergrift, 30	1222222112—10	122*121002— 7
H Henry, 30	2222222122—10	0222222122— 9
C Fitzgerald, 30	2221111021— 9	222*200221— 7
W J Davis, 29	2221211101— 9	.....
Dr Darby, 28	1111112110— 9	.....
W F Leedom, 29	2212222102— 9	.....
W N Stevenson, 30	0122222111— 9	.....
F Van Loon, 29	0112212212— 9	2222*11211— 9
A Geikler, 30	1210211112— 9	1122022*21— 8
W W Wagner, 30	011211122*& 8	.....
J Whitaker, 29	2210220122— 8	.....
H B Dart, 29	020*212222— 7	2220*2*201— 6

Intercollegiate Championship.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Nov. 18.—The annual shoot for the intercollegiate championship was held on the grounds of the Boston Gun Club to-day. Harvard won, leading her nearest competitor by 4 targets. The conditions were five-men teams, 20 targets per man. The scores:

Harvard.		Yale.	
Mallinckroat	25	Eastman	24
Dana	25	Knowlton	23
Williams	24	Loomis	22
Sanford	21	Schley	21
Phelps	17—112	Manierre	18—108
University of Pennsylvania.		**Princeton.**	
Baldwin	22	Elbert	27
Singer	22	Carmon	20
Carlisle	21	Spalding	20
Cooper	20	Laughlin	19
Parish	19—104	McMillan	16—102

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

E. T., Nyack.—We have had an argument in regard to the flights of birds. I claim that they fly in the night time going south, my opponent claiming that they do not. Do robins migrate in the night time? Ans. You are right. Many birds migrate by night. Robins migrate both by day and by night.

C. L. L., New York.—In an argument the other day you were chosen to decide the following, upon which a wager was made: A is in the habit every spring and fall of visiting the Rangeley region and claims that genuine brook trout exist there, and that he has caught them ranging in weight from 6 ounces to 8 pounds; and further claims that the said trout are genuine brook trout and not lake trout. B claims there never was a brook trout known to reach the weight of 5 or 5½ pounds, either wild or cultivated, and says the trout A refers to must be lake trout. Ans. Genuine brook trout have been taken from the Rangeleys weighing up to 10 pounds and over; so that genuine brook trout of 8 pounds may have been caught by B if he were fairly lucky.

Pintail, Montreal.—I notice that Mr. Rowland E. Robinson used the term "Bostonnais" as applied to Americans in his interesting article on "Pioneer Days." I have heard this word used by lumbermen on the St. Maurice River, but the explanation given of its origin was unsatisfactory. Would Mr. Robinson be kind enough to tell us how the word originated? I say "us" since there may be others as ignorant as myself on this subject, though there are apparently none so inquisitive. Ans. Mr. Robinson explains that "Bostonnais" is Canuck for a New England man, meaning a Boston man, the same as Canucks call each other "Canadien," 'or "Canadienne"—Canada man or woman.

F. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Do vultures ever cry when hovering in the air, and do they ever hover in considerable numbers? The other night I was reading a poem in which I came across these lines:

"While vultures hover in the fatal air
And fill his fearful ears with rancorous cries."

I immediately asked myself "Is that scientifically correct?" for I had always thought vultures silent birds. Ans. The flight referred to is the poetic flight. Vultures do not hover in the sense in which the word is commonly used, but soar or sail. The American vultures are silent birds which sometimes hiss, or may utter a dull croak.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 23. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

SAM'S BOY.

WE begin to-day the publication of Mr. Rowland E. Robinson's new serial under this title. The story will run through several weeks, and we need not assure our readers of the several Danvis series which have already been printed that in these new chapters they have a treat in store.

"WHAT'S THAT."

FROM far beyond the low banks of the Saskatchewan on the Northern plains, south to across the Rio Bravo del Norte, and out on to the dry cactus deserts of Mexico, the antelope had his range. To the east he dipped his slender muzzle into the Great River when he drank, and from the Missouri away westward the prairies and the little parks in the mountains and the high dry sage plains of the Central Plateau were dotted with his grazing herds, until at last he trotted or galloped over the arid valleys of the San Joaquin.

This was in the olden times. Now the antelope's range is more circumscribed. In all directions where it used to live, people have come, guns have been fired, farms have sprung up, fences have been built. Now, only on the dry plains where, as yet, farms are impossible, can we see the white rump patch, or marvel at the twinkling feet.

It was in the spring, just as the prairie was becoming green with its new growth, that the little kids were born in some shallow hollow or on a side hill—at all events, in the last place in the world that they would have been looked for. Here they lived for a time, following their mother for short distances on tottering legs, but most of the time carefully hidden by her by that means of concealment which is of all methods the most artful, which consists not in hiding, but in the simulation of some common object of the plain. Often indeed the hungry coyote searched for these young ones and was driven away by the angry mother, and searched again, and again was driven away; but he never found them; and at length they grew strong, sturdy and nimble footed, and for a little way could run nearly as fast as their mother. When this time had come the mother joined some other family.

Out on the yellowing grass of the far-stretching prairie were scattered the little families, making pleasing pictures. The old buck, short bodied, round and powerful, cropped the grass and paid little heed to his wives and children. He often looked out over the prairie, closely scanning it for danger, as did the older does, which raised their heads between each mouthful of grass. The yearlings fed contentedly, trusting in the superior wisdom and sagacity of their elders. The little kids, well able now to travel, chased each other round and round, and then suddenly stopped, and as if frightened, threw up the long hair of the white rump patch till it stood above their backs like a great brush. So they fed and played and lived their innocent, harmless lives, until, if undisturbed, the little group drew away to the top of some nearby bluff and there lay down to rest, until hunger again called them to their feet.

With the frosts of autumn the family for a little while drew apart; the kids kept more and more by themselves, and the old bucks chased the does furiously over the prairie and made a long line of dust in their headlong flight. Later still, as the weather grew colder, and the frost locked the infrequent pools and streams, and the last leaves let go their hold on the trees, and the first snows of winter came, the antelope gathered in great herds, sometimes numbering thousands, and fed close together. Rarely at this season dared the prowling coyote to interfere with them, though sometimes if one or two well-grown kids wandered off from the herd, he would chase them back to it; and again the great brown war eagle might swoop with swift flight and rustling feathers at a careless or wandering kid.

So the winter sped and the kids had become yearlings. Inquisitive, inexperienced and foolish, the bucks trotted about alone over the prairie, and whenever one saw something that he did not comprehend, he came near to inspect it. So, he often drew upon himself a shot or two from a traveling white man, or dodged the arrow flight from an Indian bow, or walked up in the gray of the morning to a hunter's tent, and in many other ways put himself in jeopardy.

Many of them died that summer, but those which survived became in a year or two later big, strong bucks with families of their own, and having always a keen eye for the dangers of the prairie. When to such a one some strange moving object showed itself over the distant hill, he was the first to see it, and staring steadily at it for long, he at length made it out to be some innocent thing; or if it seemed dangerous, he swiftly led his family to the top of a distant hill and from the summit watched until all fear of harm had passed.

THE PLANK IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE meeting of the Massachusetts Commissioners and sportsmen the other day to discuss game protection interests is full of promise. The attention given to game by the Commission in the past has been slight; if with the reorganized board an intelligent endeavor shall be made to enforce the present laws and to supplement them wherever necessary, the officials will surely find themselves sustained and seconded by the support and co-operation of individuals and clubs. The fact is that such united action as has been taken by Massachusetts sportsmen in the past has been for the most part independent of any whole-hearted and effective joining of hands by the Game Commission. Once the sportsmen of the Commonwealth are assured that their interests will be given attention, a decided improvement may be looked for.

The step recommended at the conference—to stop the sale of Massachusetts game in Massachusetts markets—is a decided advance. That is precisely the expedient which common sense and long experience point to as an essential measure of protection. The game-marketing conditions in Massachusetts are scandalous. Not only do the Boston game stalls invite the sending of game legitimately killed, but they are ready at all times, in season and out, to encourage the snaring of game contrary to the statute. So long as the market is open to the game so long will game be killed for the market. This has come to be recognized as an axiom by those who are most familiar with these things.

For the sake of Massachusetts game, the projected statute might be made broader still—so broad, in fact, as to forbid the sale of game entirely without regard to where it may have been killed. Not until such a measure shall be enforced will the problem be solved and solved right and once for all. Of course, we all know perfectly well what the reply to such a proposition is: "The lobby," it is said, "is too powerful to permit any such thing." But is it? Would it be so powerful as to prevail if the sportsmen of Massachusetts were a unit in support of the FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank?

SNAP SHOTS.

A case which has excited much interest among shooters was tried in the Supreme Court at Albany and decided last week. The plaintiff, an Italian named Petro Favio, sued to recover $5,148 damages for a thumb blown off and hand otherwise maimed by the bursting of a gun. The gun was a high grade arm of standard American make. The defense was that the gun had been improperly loaded. It was shown by test of some of the unused cartridges in court that the arm had been loaded with a charge of 52 grains of a nitro powder of which, according to the testimony of experts, 45 grains was the highest charge allowable, while less than one-half of the 52 grains was the proper load. It was also shown by the defense that this over-charge of powder had been improperly loaded. The jury found for the plaintiff in the sum of $2,648, and the defendants have very properly appealed the case. From such evidence as was brought at the trial the presumption appears to have been entirely that the fault was with the ammunition and the careless way in which it was loaded. The case well illustrates the change which has come about with the development and perfection of ammunition. As is pointed out in another column, the improvement in this direction has been rapid and radical, but the new equipments and agencies are quite as safe as the old ones, provided only that they are used intelligently and as they are meant to be used and made to be used. If the user ignores the directions for loading a nitro powder shell, the casualty which may result is of his own bringing; he may reasonably not charge upon powder maker or gun maker the responsibility for his own fatuous conduct.

It must constantly be borne in mind that with the ammunition of to-day the old happy-go-lucky mode of pouring a handful of black powder into the muzzle and blazing away has passed. The new explosives must be used by rule. So used, they are safe and effective. Used in another way they may be destructive and disastrous, but for the disaster he alone is responsible who brings it upon himself.

We have recently received several communications inclosing money for articles ordered, but neglecting to give the names of the remitters. This is extremely annoying to us, and may be assumed to be more or less distressing to the correspondents, who, not receiving what they ordered, probably think hard things and say hard things about the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. It is always a good rule, when sending money by mail, to give one's address along with it. A word to the wise is sufficient, but all the cautionary words in the dictionary would not suffice to insure in every case the name of the careless letter writer.

Podgers sends us a report, printed in our game columns, of a test case made by the Hunters' Union of Merced county to test the constitutionality of a county ordinance forbidding the shipment of game for purpose of sale. In the lower courts the law has been upheld, but the Union will carry it up. We advise the Merced market-hunters to keep their money. The higher they carry the case the greater its fall when it topples over.

Reference was recently made in the FOREST AND STREAM to a party of bird skinners which had left Long Island, sent out by a factory there, to visit Florida and other waters and to get a cargo of plume birds. The vessel is to be absent all winter, all sorts of birds are to be killed and at frequent intervals shipments of skins are to be made to New York.

On Nov. 22 the factory occupied by the concern which sent out this boat load of bird skinners was destroyed by fire, and its whole contents, including many thousand bird skins, were burned up. It is said that in the factory there were 10,000 sea gulls, 20,000 wings of various birds, and 10,000 heads of birds. The factory was a building 100 by 50 feet, one story high, and employed 50 hands; and we are told that the concern had gunners shooting for it all along the Long Island coast, as well as in Massachusetts, on the islands off the coast of Maine, and at various points along the shores of the Southern States. The record for numbers killed by any one man employed by the factory is said to have been 141,000 birds killed in a single season in Florida.

During the last year the demand for feathers has been practically limited to the long so-called eagle feathers, which are taken from eagles, hawks, herons, swans, geese, turkeys and turkey buzzards, and to the long wings of gulls and some other sea fowl. It is hoped, however, by the manufacturers that the coming season will show a more general demand for birds of all descriptions.

The New York law says "wild birds shall not be killed or caught at any time, or possessed, living or dead. This provision does not affect any birds the killing of which is prohibited between certain dates by the provision of this act, nor does it protect the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow-blackbird, common blackbird and kingfisher."

We do not know that in this State the game protectors have ever made any attempt to enforce this law. It is a fact that at various times in the past, wild birds trapped in violation of the law have been openly sold in many places in this city. It is certain also that the trade of furnishing bird skins to milliners was carried on here until birds became so very scarce that it was no longer profitable to continue it. On Long Island, however, where rents are low and labor is cheap, the wicked operation of turning fresh bird skins into hat ornaments still continues.

There is here an opportunity for the Audubon societies, in which great interest continues to be felt, to do something which shall be more than mere speech-making and the passage of resolutions. The societies of the different States should join forces, and should make an organized effort to discover what factories of this sort are engaged in violating the law.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Sam's Boy.—I.

When the little boy who had so long been known only as Bub actually acquired a name, Uncle Lisha thought him worthy of more particular attention, and at once began to instruct him in the art being a boy.

One soft blue and golden morning the plover was wailing his heart out in the pasture, hovering on arched wings above the springing sward that shone beneath the azure vault like another sky of green with its spangles of dandelion stars. The red-headed woodpecker was hammering, squawking and croaking in the tall elm, and now and then turning fly-catcher to make an airy loop and gather in a passing insect. Down by the brook the thronging blackbirds gurgled and chattered louder than the pebble-bottomed water that foamed and sparkled beneath them.

The old man gazed wistfully out of the open door and eagerly sniffed the breath of sweet fresh air that drifted in among the odors of leather, wax and stale tobacco smoke. The hammer fell more and more listlessly on the lapstone the more merrily the woodpecker's taps resounded, the more plaintively the plover wailed, and the louder the blackbirds gurgled and chattered, and the more abstractedly the old shoemaker's eyes wandered from his work out across the green fields to the climbing sweeps of woodland and the beetling crests of the ancient hills.

In spite of all virtuous resolutions his heart would go a-loafing and he was fain to follow it out of the shop, though customers went barefoot. Then, when no more than a plume of a butterfly's wing was needed to tip the scale, there was a quick patter of little feet along the path and the child appeared at the door panting with excitement as he held forth a new-found prize—a big, fat angleworm that wriggled and squirmed about the soil-stained fingers no bigger than itself.

"Oh, see what me got, Unc' Lisher! Great big worm. An' me want to go fishin' right off!"

"So you du, dear heart; an' so you shall if Mammy'll let us!" the old man shouted, never gladder of a pretext to quit hammer, last and lapstone; and tumbling them unceremoniously on to the floor with a clattering thud as they rebounded from the heap of leather chips. "Ju' look a' that, naow!" he said, regarding with admiration the brave grip of the little fingers on the lithe worm. "If that 'ere was a snake not no bigger, haow quick he'd drop it! It's nat'ral, an' the boy is a borned fisherman. He shan't be nipped in the bud if I can help it."

Uncle Lisha sloughed off his leathern apron upon the leathern-seated bench and went into the kitchen.

"Huldy!" he called, hearing the mother busy in the pantry above the splash of his scrubbing in the sink, "I wanter take the boy a-fishin'. He's got his bait"——

"Why, Uncle Lisher, he's tew leetle, hain't he?" Huldy half protested, appearing at the door with whitened hands and a smutch of flour on her face.

"Not tu go along wi' me," said the old man. "Why, Sammy's a borned fisherman if ever the' was one. He's be'n an' got him a worm half as long as his arm, an' he's a-teasin' tu go. I tell ye; fishin's good for a boy. It l'arns 'em patience, an' dependin' on the'selves, an' obsarvin,' an' a-thinkin' aout things. The' hain't no fool never goin' tu make much of a fisherman. Naow, you du him up a maou'ful t' eat, an' we'll be off tu rights. I've got it in my bones tu go fishin' tu-day."

Huldah made no further objection, but began preparing a bountiful lunch for the two, while they went behind the woodshed with an old spade and a battered tin tobacco can. Uncle Lisha turned up great clods of moist soil and pounded them to pieces with the back of the spade, and Sammy, eager-eyed and alert, pounced on every worm that was uncovered, learning to pinch the black heads and draw forth with a humoring pull such as clung to the stiff soil. Now he nibbled a leaf of catnip or held up a young leaf of motherwort to shine yellow-green between his eyes and the sun.

"There, we've got enough, duckie," said Lisha, straightening his back before shouldering the spade, and leading the way to the house.

They presently set forth, Sammy holding on to one big waxy finger and making his short legs fly briskly to keep up with the longer strides of his companion. They made their way toward the merry babble of the brook where it glistened in the full light of the sun as it came out of the dark woods, and leaped over an obstruction of logs into a gray, green and golden water. When Uncle Lisha had cut and trimmed a shapely pole for his pupil and affixed the line and carefully baited the hook he approached the pool with the greatest caution, cast in the hook and directed Sammy to do the same. There was a wild rush and the two hooks were struck by a simultaneous electric shock; there was a twitch and pull, two upward flying streaks of iridescent light and two gaping trout were threshing the dry, hard leaves among the squirrel cups.

The boy's exultation over his exploit was as great a delight to Uncle Lisha, who saw his own experience repeated and in some measure felt the thrill of his first capture, so long ago, yet only yesterday, with all the hard realities of a long life but as a night of troubled dreams.

"Where's the little fish's mammy, Unc' Lisher?" the child asked, beginning to pity his gaping victim.

"Oh, I do' know. Mebby someb'dy's ketched her an' mebby she's in there a-wonderin' what's come o' him."

"You s'pose she's sorry, Unc' Lisher?"

"Oh, I guess not, Bub. She'd jes' as soon eat him as not. Mebby she's sorry she didn't."

"Don't mammy fish ta' care o' their little boys? Birds does. I seen 'em—the robins in the apple tree does."

"No, I don't believe they do—not as your mammy does. Le' me bait yer hook, Sammy—there, chuck it int' the bile ag'in. He was hatched aouten an aig 'way up in the shallers, an' he had tu look aout for hisself as soon as he was borned; an' a tough time he hed on't, I tell ye. One day a crawfish jumped aouten a hole an' made a grab for him an' ketched one o' his brothers. Another time a kingfisher come a-rattlin' along overhead an' stood stock still in the air, right over him an' a mess o' others, an' then come daown kerslosh right amongst 'em, head fust; an'one leetle feller got in his big bill; an' some on 'em was washed ashore, high an' dry; an' some went a-scootin' ev'ry which way, so scairt they didn't know which eend was a-goin' fust.

"Then one day, when he got bigger, he was swimmin' along comf'table, lookin' up tu see 'f they wa'n't a fly or suthin' t' eat, an' he seen a black head a-pokin' aout above a rock, an' tew little black eyes a-shinin' at him, an' then daown it all come, an' a long slim body arter, ju' like a black arrer, an' arter the leetle traout that went a-skivin' this way an' that, until he run 'n under a stun an' got away; an' that 'ere was a mink. So that 'ere leetly traouty he lived 'long, one way 'n' other, sometimes a-gittin a water snail, an' sometimes a worm 'at come a-tumblin' an' squirmin' 'long the bottom; an' sometimes a grasshopper 'at ondertook tu jump acrost the brook at tew jumps an' never done it; an' sometimes it was a fly a-buzzin' along on top o' the water, an' that was the most fun; or a white miller in the evenin' that made his thrut as dusty as the middle o' the rhud, so's he hed tu drink more water 'n he wanted tu; or mebby it was a big maou'ful of a bumble bee 'at gin him a jab in the maouth as he went along daown—an' that wa'n't so much fun.

"Ho got so he thought he knowed it abaout all, when one day along come an'ol' man an' a leetle mite of a boy 'at hadn't never be'n a-fishin' afore; an' he dropped a worm int' the water, an' that 'ere traout he grabbed it, an' next he knowed he was a-flyin' aouten the water like a bird, an' lit in the grass, where he never was afore; an' then he wished he hedn't; an' arter the leetle boy got over his fust bein' tickled I guess he wished he hedn't, tew."

"Was that 'Bub,' Unc' Lisher?"

"Wal, mebby so. I guess it's all right; he was made a-puppes tu be eat some time or 'nother, an' it's jest as well for him tu hev his insides took aout for a crow t' eat an' his head cut off for a mink t' eat an' his body fried brown by Mis' Lovel for a good leetle boy t' eat as for him tu be swallered hull by a mink or a kingfisher an' not du any good tu only one. Yep! Good airth an' seas! I guess here's his mother!" And Uncle Lisha tore a big trout from the pool and dropped it beside the other.

"I guess not," said Sammy, mournfully. "She don't act a mite glad tu see him, but jes' slaps him an' jumps on him. Oh, I got another, Unc' 'Lis'er!" and he fell to rejoicing over a fresh victim.

So the two happy comrades pursued the gentle craft, stealing along the brink of the brook where it cooled its waters in the scented shade of evergreen and wound among sprawling alders and babbled merrily over pebbly shallows, braiding itself in a many-stranded ribbon of silver, gold and blue and green, caught from sun and sky, overhanging tree, sheen of sands and pebbles.

They met a winged fisherman announcing his progress with noisy clatter, and turning back as he came upon his plodding rivals; and also a mink gliding along behind the rooty screen of the bank, lithe and sinuous as a serpent, now disappearing, now thrusting his vicious head from a hole, now galloping across a point, now taking a pool, swift and silent as a fish.

Concerning both Uncle 'Lisha promised stories to be told some evening or rainy day; and at last, having all the fish they needed, strung on slender withes of elm, Uncle Lisha proposed that they should taste the first fruits of their skill. Four trout were dressed, a fire burned to a rosy bed of coals, the fish spitted on sharpened sticks, each with a slice of pork laid inside him, and so broiled, diffusing a fragrance that might awaken hunger well laid to rest, but sharpening theirs, not yet a jot abated.

It was Sammy's first taste of outdoor cookery, and its new, unaccustomed relish was never forgotten. Years afterward, by camp-fires under Southern stars, in the hunger of prisons, the odor of the broiling trout, the breath of the May day air, the ever-changing yet monotonous babble of the brook came back to him through all the years of change, over all the weary, weary miles that lay between him and childhood and home.

What a proud boy he was when he showed his catch at home, and how sweet the unstinted praise that grandfather, Aunt Jerusha, father and mother gave the little fisherman!

Rowland E. Robinson.

[To be continued.]

Recent Discovery in Alaska and Game Distribution.

The Klondike excitement, which drew the attention of the world to the semi-Arctic northwest portion of the continent, has resulted in by far the most systematic exploration of the interior of Alaska which has yet been undertaken. Hardy prospectors have ranged the country from the Rockies to Bering Sea and from Dixon Entrance to the Arctic Ocean, and the secrets of a vast extent of unknown territory have been unlocked and given to the public, largely through the medium of the newspapers of the Pacific Coast.

More important still, because more exact and trustworthy, are the results obtained by the Government expeditions embodied in the U. S. Geological Survey's "Report on Maps and Descriptions of Routes of Exploration in Alaska," which has recently been published by the Department of the Interior.

The work was provided for by an appropriation of $20,000 passed by Congress in January, 1898. Early in April members of the Geological Survey sailed from Seattle. At Skagway a division of forces was made, and during the summer there were four parties in the field. The last of these parties to return did not reach Seattle till Nov. 11, after an absence of seven months.

The extent to which our definite geographical knowledge of Alaska has been increased by these Government expeditions may be inferred from the following extract from the report:

"The map of that portion of Alaska lying south of the Yukon has been almost completely reconstructed. Rivers previously known have been for the first time accurately surveyed, and many new lakes and rivers have been discovered. The source of the Kuskokwim has been found far distant from where it was supposed to be in high mountains where a swampy plain had previously been believed to exist. The mountain systems have been traced out, and magnificent ranges 12,000 to 20,000 feet in altitude have been found where previously the maps presented blanks."

A comparison of the general map of Alaska accompanying the report with the map issued by the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey in 1897, known as Chart T, forcibly illustrates these changes. The new map is based on the other, but parts have been taken out and new material supplied by the aid of photography, and a large portion of the interior south of the Tanana and north of Cook Inlet and Prince William Sound now bristles with close-set mountain ranges.

The mountains have an intricate and rugged topography and an approximate average height of 8,000 to 10,000 feet, but they are sharply saw-toothed and relieved by numerous peaks of a considerably greater height. The loftiest and most rugged mountains are those constituting the Sushitna-Tanana divide, which culminate in the highest peak on the North American continent, Mount McKinley, 20,464 feet in elevation. Mount McKinley is about 120 miles in an air line from the head of Cook Inlet, and a little further from Weare at the confluence of the Tanana with the Yukon. Mount St. Elias, which formerly claimed the honor of the highest elevation with its 18,024 feet, is now reduced to third place with a good prospect of sliding still further down the list. Mount Logan, just behind it, has been ascertained to reach more than 1,500 feet further skyward.

An important part of the work of exploration was with a view of locating a practical all-American trail from the coast to the upper Yukon. The chief point of the dispute in the recent boundary controversy between representatives of the United States and Canadian governments centered at the last on the concession to Canada of a port on the Pacific which should give her free access to the headwaters of the Yukon. Fully 80 per cent. of the travel into the Yukon mining country at present crosses White and Chilcoot passes to Lake Bennett, and must pass through both American and Canadian territory, and as the customs duties of both countries are very high on the classes of goods taken in, the importance to Canada and the United States of routes free to their own citizens or to those who trade with their citizens is apparent. Not only are these routes to the headwaters of the Yukon 60 per cent. shorter than the water route up the river via St. Michael's, but they are also open to general travel twice as long, and in fact never become impassable, as does the St. Michael's route for practically nine months in the year. White and Chilcoot passes are the door to the Canadian Yukon. The nearest practical crossings through American territory are from Prince William Sound and Cook Inlet, which are about 300 miles distant from the upper Yukon. The Geological Survey map, published in January, 1898, just as last year's expeditions were being organized, shows a "Copper River Trail," as it is called, from Port Valdez, on Prince William Sound, through Scoloi Pass to the headwaters of the White River, an affluent of the Yukon for the most part in Canadian territory. This route was undoubtedly put down on the map for want of better information. It possessed two vital defects, one being that it was not an all-American route and the other that it was impassable for men having the ordinary miners' outfit to carry into the country. Allen in 1885 and Hayes and Schwatka in 1891 had crossed over the chief portions of this route, and aside from their explorations almost nothing was known of the country south of the Yukon, which comprises nearly half of the main area of this great domain. It would be unfair to attempt to trace any part of the incalculable misery that resulted from the rush to the Copper River country to the Government publications of this utterly impractical trail, for the reason that the publication was made after the rush had already begun; but it certainly was a serious error—apparently a concession to the popular misinformation fostered by various unscrupulous transportation enterprises.

Scoloi Pass is over 5,000 feet high and is occupied by a great glacier, and White River abounds in rapids too rough for loaded boats.

As a matter of fact, the difficulties of surmounting the cataracts of the lower Copper River on the one hand and the Valdez Glacier on the land trail sapped the strength of the miners at the very outset, and very few succeeded in crossing to the Yukon by the much more practical Millard trail through Mentasta Pass.

At the present time the United States Government has settled upon the Mentasta Pass route, and a trail through to the Yukon at Eagle City or Forty Mile and already the portion of the pack trail from Port Valdez to Copper Center has been completed, avoiding altogether the Valdez Glacier and gaining the interior by a pass of much lower elevation.

This work has been in charge of Capt. Abercrombie. The Geological Survey expeditions co-operated in part with the military expeditions and had men with both Capts. Abercrombie and Glenn.

In addition to the Mentasta Pass route two other routes to the Yukon have been explored as far as the Tanana, beyond which river their probable continuation would be by way of the trail to Circle; and still another has been followed up the Kuskoquim River to a point where there is a rumored Indian trail to the lower Tanana near Weare. The unexplored section of Alaska south of the Yukon has thus been cut in four places at average intervals not much in excess of a hundred miles, and only the country west of the Kuskoquim and the McKinley range is now marked as "unexplored." The Tanana itself, though fairly well known and mapped before, has been explored from the head of Mirror Creek a distance of over six hundred miles, and the results accomplished by the expedition making this trip are not among the least important.

Particular attention in all these explorations has been paid to determining the food resources of the country, and the information relating to the game, though necessarily meager, is of considerable interest.

The Cook Inlet Country.

The Cook Inlet section is probably the best game country in Alaska. Cook Inlet is a structural basin of vast size, open to the North Pacific at its southern end. At present the sea occupies about half the total area, the remaining portion having been filled and elevated until it now forms a broad valley 75 to 100 miles wide by 150 to 175 miles long. The inlet passes through and behind the barrier of ranges which confront the navigator in a nearly continuous line from British Columbia north to Prince William Sound.

The country is well timbered with poplar, spruce and

birch, the latter on ridges and other elevated portions. Meadow and swamp land alternate with the wooded areas, and lakes form a conspicuous feature. The timber line in the mountain valleys reaches as high as 3,000 feet above sea level, and above this the alder growth extends 500 or 600 feet further to moss-covered slopes on bare rock. Berries abound, including high and low bush cranberries, the salmon berry (which resembles the dew berry in size and shape), blue berries, moss berries, bear berries and currants, all of fine flavor. Pack animals are able to live off the native grasses during June, July, August and a part of September.

Cook Inlet is closed above the East Foreland by ice for five months of the year. Prince William Sound, however, which is reached by a twelve-mile portage across the isthmus at the inner end of the Kenai Peninsula, is open to navigation at all times.

The Sushitna River flows through the center of the game country, but unfortunately the gentlemen who explored this river have omitted to report on the game.

Two other expeditions had to do with parts of this region, however, and their reports help supply the deficiency.

The following has to do with the country to the east and north:

"In the high St. Elias Mountains on Kenai Peninsula and the mainland the white mountain sheep (*Ovis dalli*) is found in great numbers. It has as yet been hunted but little, and is an important source of food for the prospector. This sheep is found also, but apparently in less abundance, in the Alaskan range.

"The moose is plentiful throughout the valleys of the entire region explored, but is very shy and difficult to obtain by the inexperienced hunter. Caribou are very plentiful in the foothills of both the coast and Alaskan ranges. They select the hard, dry ground above timber line, seldom or never descending into the valleys, and were not seen at all in the broad interior basin. Although their distribution is thus somewhat limited, they are easy of approach, and, within the districts where they are found in such numbers, form an important addition to the explorer's food supply. Brown and black bear may be found in the mountainous districts everywhere, but are absent over the interior plateau. Fur-bearing animals occur in limited and constantly decreasing numbers; among the most important are the silver-gray, black, red and cross fox, the wolverine, the otter, the beaver, and the gray wolf. Waterfowl in great numbers and variety throng the tidal marshes of the coast during the early spring and late fall, and are found during the summer season on the innumerable lakes of the interior plateau. Among the land game birds, ptarmigan and grouse are by far the most important, the former frequenting the unimbered uplands and the latter living in more or less abundance within the spruce and birch forests everywhere."

The explorers of the Kuskokwim who crossed over from the Skwentna, which is a tributary of the Sushitna, have an interesting not about the birds. They say:

"The migratory birds return very early to Cook Inlet. The sparrows, the robbins, the warblers, the swallows and the thrushes were seen here during the early part of the month of May. By the end of May the birds had commenced nesting, and we frequently disturbed the wild geese, the arctic tern, the ducks, and the gulls as we passed by. Along the Skwentna River we found sandpipers and other shore birds in plenty, with gulls and terns; redpolls were very common, and several species of grouse were constantly met with. From the alders on the river bank the startling "Whoo-pee" of the fly-catcher was constantly sounded. On the portage at the head of the Skwentna we saw a number of warblers, including the common yellow warbler, and two species of three-toed woodpeckers, which are common in all northern countries. The hawk owl and the goshawk were occasionally met with in the woods. On the very summit of the pass, which is about 4,400 feet high, we found very few birds; here, besides the ubiquitous redpoll, we occasionally came across a brood of ptarmigan, and once we saw two pretty arctic finches living among the high rocks. As we approached the summit we heard the scream of a golden eagle, which had its aerie in a crag near by. The general bird life of the Kuskokwim is very nearly like that which has been noted for the Skwentna."

The Skwentna and Kuskokwim.

"The Skwentna and the Kuskokwim both flow through what is in general a remarkably poor game country. During our whole trip along these rivers we saw only two moose and one bear; and, moreover, there were no signs of any great number. Small game was very scarce, for although grouse and ptarmigan were occasionally met with in the woods they could not be depended upon; and rabbits were almost absent, only one small individual being seen. The extremely scanty population of Indians on the Skwentna and Upper Kuskokwim shows how small the game supply must be. In an abandoned Indian camp at the head of the Kuskokwim, however, we found splendid horns of the mountain sheep, showing the presence of this animal in that region.

"The mountains lying between the Kuskokwim and the Togiak form apparently better hunting grounds than the Tordrillo Range, the signs of bear being especially abundant. Near Cape Etolin, between Nushagak Bay and Bristol Bay, our natives killed two caribou, which were the only large game we saw between the Kuskokwim and the Naknek River. The Alaska Peninsula has apparently comparatively good hunting grounds, the bear in the vicinity of Katmai being very numerous; we also saw two moose in the neighborhood of Katmai Pass. On the whole, however, the entire population of the country we traversed subsists essentially upon fish, which are usually plentiful, especially salmon, which ascend all the rivers in large numbers annually. In some of the streams, also, especially the Sushitna, the small greasy candlefish forms an important article in the diet of the natives."

The Copper River Country.

The Copper River country at the head of Prince William Sound, though further south than Cook's Inlet, is not nearly so desirable from the sportsman's standpoint. The timbered lowlands are much more closely hemmed in by rugged mountains, and the climate is not nearly so pleasant. Rains and fogs are of common occurrence, and owing to the heavy snowfall of 8 to 10 feet in winter the timber line along the coast is a thousand feet lower than at Cook's Inlet.

Mr. F. C. Schrader, who incidentally lost nearly the whole summer as a result of the non-appearance of the reindeer which were to convey him into the interior, has the following to say of the fish, game and other life of this section:

"In the lakelets in the Copper River country several species of handsome lake trout occur, but the fish most relied upon for subsistence by the natives is the salmon, notably the king salmon, which normally ascends the Copper and its tributaries in great numbers annually. Large quantities had already been dried by the prospectors on Lake Klutena early in August, and the fish were still running late in September between Taral and Copper Center.

"There is large game in the Copper Basin—several species of bear, caribou, and some moose. In the mountains toward the coast Rocky Mountain sheep were shot by prospectors, and wolf are also said to occur. Beaver are present on most of the tributaries and lakelets. Red and gray squirrel, though usually of small size, are abundant throughout the timber. No rabbits were seen by us, though they were long ago reported by Allen. Porcupine are common. A species of field mouse was seen, and a third-grown or dwarf frog.

"The eagle, black crow, hawk, goose, duck, ptarmigan, grouse, sea gull, sandpiper, snowbird, American robin, brown thrush, oriole, blackbird, woodpecker and many other migratory species of birds were seen.

"During the months of May, June and July the mosquito is a veritable pest. Sand flies and gnats also occur later in the season. Flies, grasshoppers, beetles, butterflies, moths and several species of Neuroptera were seen on the mountain slopes at the foot of Lake Klutena late in August."

The Tanana.

The Tanana is a central Alaskan river flowing into the Yukon 800 miles above its mouth. Its general direction is west, and it lies between the Upper Yukon and the coast. Game, as elsewhere in the interior, is a rather uncertain quantity. Messrs. Peters and Brooks state: "Moose, caribou and several varieties of bear are common in many parts of the basins, while the mountain goat and the big-horn are found in the higher mountains. One of the chief sources of the food supply of the natives is the salmon, which ascend the White probably as far as the Klotassin and the Tanana to about the foot of Bates Rapids."

Forty-Mile Creek.

Of the neighborhood of Forty-Mile Creek, which rises in American territory and flows into the Yukon a short distance above the international boundary, the report presents the following interesting facts:

"Moose, caribou, black and brown bear and mountain goat are found in this section, and the big-horn or mountain sheep is said to live on the east side of the Yukon. On the bare hill summits numerous ptarmigan are found. The moose are rather scarce, and as a rule are found in the thick brush along the streams.

"The caribou are quite numerous and are found in small bands on the ridges during the summer. In winter they herd, and are said to migrate. They are easily killed, since they are curious and will approach close, and large numbers are killed every winter by the Indians. The remains of a brush fence that extended for several miles were found by our party. There were openings at intervals in this fence, and some rawhide lariats cached near one of these openings made it clear to us that in the openings nooses were set and the caribou trapped.

"Grayling are found in most of the streams, and in the deep pools of even small ones. King and dog salmon ascend the Yukon in July, August and September. They are caught in great numbers by the Indians and dried for winter use and for dog feed. The king salmon is especially good eating, although not very plentiful; but even the dog salmon is a grateful change from bacon."

In a general way it is stated with regard to the Yukon district that the large game has been for the most part driven away from the vicinity of the mining camps and the more frequented routes of travel, while wildfowl are still abundant. In various parts of the district moose, barren-ground and woodland caribou, several varieties of bear, together with mountain goats and sheep are found; but the fur trade has nearly ceased. It is also stated that the salmon which ascend most of the tributaries of the Yukon for long distances furnish one of the main sources of the food supply of the Indians. Rabbits, which at times of plenty are an important article of diet, have for the past few years been almost an unknown quantity all over Alaska. They are periodically carried off by plague. A few years hence we may look for their return in considerable numbers, and count with equal confidence upon a renewal of the fur industry in the interior, as the foxes and smaller carnivora will multiply and keep pace with the rabbits.

On the coast in the neighborhood of Prince William Sound and elsewhere the business of raising blue foxes for their pelts has attained a considerable development.

A country which promises well for the sportsman and which seems to have been pretty generally overlooked by traders and prospectors is that adjacent to Bristol Bay, and particularly along the lower course of the Nushagak River. The valley of the Nushagak is said to be densely wooded, and in one of its tributaries trees are found which attain a diameter often in excess of 3 feet. Reports indicate that this is the coming moose country of Alaska. Cook Inlet is a little too well advertised to last.

J. B. BURNHAM.

NOTICE.

THE New York Clearing House has adopted new regulations governing the collection of checks and drafts on banks outside of the city. This entails a collection expense on those who receive such checks. Our patrons are requested, therefore, in making their remittances to send postal or express money order, postage stamps, or check or draft on a New York city bank or other New York current funds.

Natural History.

A Nightingale's Outing in Brooklyn Streets.

JUST a week has passed since we extended an open-window invitation to *Daulius luscinia,* a long-time guest of ours, of classical fame, to take an outing and graciously condescend to become acquainted with life as found in a Brooklyn street.

Our offer was not hastily acted upon.

But by certain graceful gestures, characteristic of such folk of gentle breeding, not easy to describe, it was plainly to be seen that our courtesy in the matter was well understood.

Now, heretofore on several occasions when we have extended similar acts of courtesy to our guests of the feathered race, but of commoner sort, we have been sorely grieved to note with what unseemly haste our kind offices have been taken advantage of—indeed, with that sort of folk their unmannerly way amounted to nothing more than a sudden rush through the window and a departure without even a note of thanks thrown backward.

But to be sure, from such folks—mere flyaways, anyhow—nothing better could have been expected of their ill breeding. Not thus was the way of our sedate and high-toned Philomela.

From the table on which stood her cage, with door open, to the window sill she leisurely flitted, and then, standing on the outer edge for a moment, she would crane her neck, cant her head with graceful turn, peer curiously up and down the stret and return to the starting place for further reflection. Every now and then these actions were repeated, until nearly an hour had elapsed and we had almost concluded that she was not in the mood for an outing.

But finally we missed her from the room.

Now this is the season and time when "Philomela her tongueless vigil keeps," as the poet expresses it, and her departure therefore was made without adieus.

Dropping my pen and looking through the window, I presently caught sight of her as she sat on a branch of the maple just in front. She was calmly preening her feathers and seemed well pleased with the prospect.

Now, lodged in the branches of this tree, which grows at the curbstone, are to be seen two nests, bulky and roughly made, from which during the present season several broods of young house sparrows have emerged, and while I stood watching a score or more of the feathered gamins were twittering and gossiping among the leaves. But none of them by his actions appeared to evince the slightest curiosity as to the presence among them of so distinguished a stranger.

As I stood now an interested observer, a female sparrow flew up from the pavement carrying a mouthful of food and alighted by the side of the nightingale. Instantly from a near parallel branch a pair of noisy younglings came fluttering and with more than half-fledged awkwardness plumped themselves down, one on each side of dignified Philomela, who, straightening herself up to full height, eyed them in mild surpise. The mother bird immediately began to pop food into the gaping mouth of the fledgling on the right, who was crowding and twinkling his wings against the stately stranger, while his brother on the left, now frantic at being separated, began screaming and struggling in desperate effort to scramble under or over the obstacle to his share of the provender. This crowded all four birds into a quivering bunch, and it was exceedingly curious and entertaining to observe how our gifted pet was in some measure able to maintain her equipoise and calm dignity in the mêlée, and yet scorning to beat a retreat. Presently, however, the mother bird darted down to the pavement; the unfed scrambler from the left tumbled after her, and his stuffed brother on the right settled down on the branch with an air of indolent satisfaction to digest his meal. Our prima donna then quietly sidled a few inches away from the sleepy young gamin, leisurely rearranged her disturbed toilet and then softly flitted to a branch of the mulberry tree shading the front of the house next door below.

Toward evening, as I again stood at the window, the nightingale had returned to and was resting on the same branch of the maple. We now tried coaxing words and offered tid-bits as bribes to induce our bird to come in for the night, but failed of success.

It might here be proper to tell that the block in which we reside is situated about a mile eastwardly from the City Hall and between two of Brooklyn's busiest thoroughfares; and for a residence block it is favored, or troubled, with about an average share of noisy traffic, peddlers, mischievous small boys and marauding cats. Our block, however, is notable, we think, for its goodly showing of shade trees and the houses mostly have grass-terraced courtyards in front. Some of these courtyards are also set off, as is ours, with a few ornamental shrubs, and shrub-bordered alleys lead from them to gardens in the rear.

The next morning early, looking down from the window, I espied Philomela in the courtyard searching for her breakfast. I immediately filled her own cup, from which she had long been accustomed to feed, with toothsome morsels, to to speak, and hurriedly descending placed it under the spirea bush, while within a few feet of me she stood on the ground bowing, in manner characteristic of her species, the compliments of the morning. She was looking bright and chipper after her night of camping out. After I had backed away a few steps she flitted to the cup, scanned its contents and without partaking of any portion turned indifferently way.

After we had breakfasted, and as for a while, through the basement window, we watched, we saw our bird dart up from the ground to the rim of an urn, seize and carry away in her bill something whitish to the concealment of a thick clump of mulberry sprouts. Was she feeding on the caterpillar of the tussock moth? This occurred to our mind only because such game was quite too plentiful, to the detriment of the beauty of the trees in our block. But we could scarcely believe that our dainty warbler would refuse our choicest morsels in order to tickle her palate with such husks as these.

We had heretofore on many occasions tested the appe-

tites and tastes of various individuals of our feathered pets with a variety of crawling things collected in the garden, but had never thought of offering any of such hairy creatures to them as are the caterpillars of the tussock moth. We had read, of course, that the cuckoo (or rain crow) varies his diet by feeding on such hirsute caterpillars, but this bird, half dovelike, half hawklike, is a great giant in comparison with with our delicate little pet, Philomela. Occasionally at this season of the second brood of these caterpillars the cuckoo's notes—but softened or subdued—are heard in our street, though owing to his slyness and wit of skillful concealment among the foliage, he is seldom caught sight of. But on several occasions we have been able to catch glimpses of him as he lurked in our maple. It is said that in feeding on such caterpillars the cuckoo bolts them down whole, and that afterwards the wooly parts are expelled from his bill compressed in the form of wads or pellets. This doubtless is true, though we have never witnessed either act of the performance.

But now our nightingale is back and hunting again. Let us watch and learn of her ways. There! She has in plain sight snatched from the iron railing a full-grown tussock caterpillar and now runs with it under the spirea bush. Now she drops it on a bare spot of hard ground; she pecks it, lifts it up and bangs it down again. She continues to do this until, after many inspections, she finds it entirely deunuded of all its hairy covering; and now, quite a slender morsel as thus prepared, she deliberately swallows it.

In the afternoon of the third day of Philomela's outing she came to the basement window sill, enticed by an offer of meal worms. While she was pecking them, as dropped from my hand, a cat came sneaking through our neighbor's courtyard to the corner of some herbage, within easy charging distance of our pet. Puss was quickly routed from her ambuscade, but our bird became so badly frightened that no coaxing or offer of tid-bits can prevail upon her to come near this spot again.

We surmise that our pet must have had some narrow escapes from her feline foes, who so frequently come prowling through the courtyard, or lie in wait in the expectation of making prey of the innocent feathered stranger. At times probably the friendly warnings of the vigilant and cunning sparrows may have saved her, as in many instances has been the case with the thrushes that sojourn with us for a short period during the autumn.

Yesterday morning, peering down from an upper window, I caught sight of our nightingale. She was under the spirea bush and busily taking breakfast. Then turning my eyes to the left my attention was arrested by a pair of shining objects flashing and flickering at the edge of the mulberry clump growing at the further side of the courtyard, about five paces from the spirea. Presently, as from my point of vantage, curious, I gazed, the shining objects were discovered to be luminous orbs belonging to a slender flattened figure, of which I caught glimpses as it slowly curved around the border of the clump. Then, as the moving object approached and turned at an angle to the right, a cat's figure was revealed as now it stealthily crawled, and now glided snakelike for a space through the low herbage to the concealment of an intervening stone step; then a brief period hidden and a pair of eyes glared furtively for an instant just over the verge of the terrace; next the cunning stalker glided quickly to the cover of a nygelia shrub within 6 feet of the place where the busy bird yet lingered, apparently unconscious of danger. A moment's pause, and while with bated breath my eyes were held fixed to the place where the enemy lurked, a furry mass, as if shot from a mortar, struck the spot where the bird stood, and I caught a glimpse as I gasped of a twisting body, glittering eyes, darting claws, a flutter of tiny wings a fraction of an inch above the claws and the flitting of a bird in safety from the scene.

But in spite of the many perils by which she is surrounded in her novel haunts, Philomela is plump, sleek and still appears to be enjoying her days of gypsying. And toward evening, when the grateful coolness of the breeze reaches where we sit just beyond the doorstep, the gypsy strain somewhere in our own blood stirs within us as we look for the visits of this wild gentle thing which comes softly flitting nearly to our feet. Then, later, as twilight wanes, it is very pleasant to watch her as in witching grace she glides about us and to and fro, until, like a denser spot of shadow among shadows moving, she is absorbed by the deepening darkness.

Then when night has fallen around us as we sit, a hope for the morrow up springs, as we await, that Philomela will have one foe the less, as we yearn for a near enough sight on that cat.

THOMAS PROCTOR.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Animals Then.

IN a recent number of Science Mr. O. P. Hay publishes an estimate of the total number of fossil vertebrate animals which are known to have been found in North America north of Mexico. The list is the more interesting because it is the first wholesale attempt to estimate on this subject. Mr. Hay finds that the whole number of genera which he is willing to acknowledge as valid found in North America is 1,118, and the whole number of species 3,234.

Of these the fishes are represented by 297 genera and 1,110 species, the batrachians by 44 genera and 94 species, reptiles by 209 genera and 598 species, birds by 59 genera and 102 species, and mammals by 436 genera and 1,182 species. Besides these 63 genera and 147 species have been described from foot prints alone.

The number of birds included here is noticeably small. Among them are 33 species which still exist. The author calls attention to the well-known fact that the tendency of birds' bodies to float for a long time after death would lead to their being devoured by large fishes and reptiles. There are more than a thousand species of birds now known as inhabiting North America, and birds were unquestionably very abundant in later geological times, but on the other hand it must be remembered that a very large proportion of birds are extremely small, and that their bony frame work is very delicate and extremely liable to destruction under a vast number of conditions.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Locomotion of Serpents—Mimicry.

HOLYOKE, Mass., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent's query, in current issue of FOREST AND STREAM, as to why "a small green snake common to Massachusetts cannot run on a carpet" affords a fitting text for a few brief remarks concerning the locomotion of serpents. Likewise the reference by the same correspondent to the "buzzing" sometimes made by the blacksnake turns attention to the question of mimicry among this class of animals.

Although destitute of limbs, most serpents are capable of rapid locomotion, both on the land and in the water. In the latter medium snakes swim after the manner of eels, wriggling in such a way as to offer resistance to the water by curved portions of the posterior part of the body, while the anterior parts are extended forward in more direct lines. On the surface of the ground it is, however, different. Here the snake progresses more particularly by the use of its numerous ventral scales, which, having their free ends pointing backward, are, as the body is curved from side to side and the movable ribs are advanced, spread out and fixed against the irregularities of the ground, and then dropped back against the body as the hind parts are, in graceful curves, drawn up for the further advancement of the anterior portion of the body. These factors of progression, when rapidly executed, send the reptile swiftly over all surfaces that are not too smooth and regular. But this account of the mechanism of locomotion scarcely suggests the swiftness or the beauty of what Ruskin calls "one soundless, causeless march of sequent rings, and spectral procession of spotted dust, with dissolution in its fangs, dislocation in its coils. Startle it; the winding stream will become a twisted arrow; the wave of poisoned life will lash through the grass like a cast lance."

Progression can also be effected by sliding the body along against a fixed object, as a twig or stone. This manner of moving forward is not only employed to a certain extent upon the surface of the ground, but is particularly called into play by serpents when climbing.

The reason why the "small green snake common to Massachusetts" (*Liopeltis vernalis,* De Kay), which in fact ranges the entire realm of North America excepting the Pacific and Sonoran regions, does not succeed in running on a carpet is explained by its inability to secure a suitable "footing," if we may be pardoned the metaphor. This beautiful little snake is not one that often attempts very rapid progression, even on the ground, but enjoys lying idly among verdant grasses and foliage. Thus ensconced, it requires keen eyes to detect its presence, so quiet will it lie and so like the surrounding green is its own color.

The common blacksnake (*Bascanion constrictor*), in common with certain other non-venomous serpents, certainly makes use of its tail to apprise intruders of its presence. The first evidence the writer had of this occurred when he was but a mere youth. While crossing a hayfield one day in the month when cherries are ripe in New Jersey and the timothy is just filling out, he, much engrossed with devouring cherries from a large branch, carried in one hand, had his hat nearly lifted from his head by the elevation of his hair, as, lifting his eyes at a series of distinct and quickly repeated rappings, he beheld at his very feet a large blacksnake. The sidelong jump made must have likewise startled the ophidian, for, with head elevated quite to the top of the knee-high grass, he set a rapid pace for a nearby pile of stones and brush. This was a rapping, but we have since heard the blacksnake "buzz," and also "rattle."

The buzzing or whirring sound was once distinctly heard by us as we approached a blacksnake with a view of capturing it in our hands. This snake, which measured nearly 5 feet in length, did not run at our approach, but remained coiled, and as we crept nearer and nearer vibrated its tail in precisely the same manner as does a rattlesnake; but the sound produced was only a faint buzzing. This snake, instead of running away, "showed fight," which led to its easy capture.

The rattling sound was produced under precisely the same circumstances as the buzzing, except that in the latter instance the tail vibrated free in the air, while in the former it beat gently against some dried leaves, producing a sound strikingly similar to the rattling of the rattlesnake. We have also observed our friend the "puff adder" do exactly the same thing, thus adding to its apparent relationship to certain of our venomous serpents.

The question naturally arises, Is this conscious mimicry? When a harmless snake apparently seeks to intimidate the disturber of its solitude, instead of seeking safety in flight, can we concede that it appreciates the full importance of the peculiar powers of the venomous serpent which it so admirably mimics? I believe not. There may be instinct in it, but surely not complete reasoning, as the chain of circumstances leading up to the conclusion is too complex. The vibrating and buzzing of the tail are more to be likened to the pawing of an impatient horse, while the manifestation of courage in facing an intruder with flattened head, coilings and hissings doubtless results largely from the fact that the reptile finds such doings more suited to its idle nature than running away, coupled with an inborn combative tendency. Moreover, these actions are as perfectly in accord with the anatomical structure of most non-venomous serpents as with the *Crotalidæ.*

DR. J. HOBART EGBERT.

Adirondack Deer Law Violators Punished.

AT the meeting of the New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission last week, these convictions were reported:

Joseph L. Kelley, of North Elba, Essex county, fined $133.45 for killing deer out of season.

De Witt C. Flanagan, of Long Lake, Hamilton county, fined $100.50, and Charles C. Robinson, of the same town, fined $25 for hounding deer out of season.

Max S. Bevans, of Long Lake, for killing deer out of season, had a judgment rendered against him for $194.99.

The charged negligence of duty by protectors was under discussion, and the Commission is reported to be ready to take action in a number of cases.

Game Bag and Gun.

In Old Chesterfield.

HAVING read the experiences of several huntsmen in th FOREST AND STREAM, I thought perhaps I might intere some of you with little experience of mine in hunting th noble and swift deer in old Chesterfield. Having bec born in a low flat country on tidewater, in Virginia, an not knowing anything about a hilly country, you ma know I was a greeny when I struck some of the hig hills on the noble James, for it was all new to me. Th scenery was grand. Ascending some of the high bank on the James I looked down on the beautiful low groun in the distance, with the corn in the shocks and catt grazing in the large fields below, and the tinted forests the distance, where nature's hand had painted the leav in their different hues.

Having arrived at a small village some five miles i land from the James, I met my friends, who of cour were delighted to see and welcome me. You know ho it is in a small country town—when a stranger comes i everybody wants to meet him and see what he looks lik I soon got acquainted and found my new friends ver agreeable and kind. As it was a little early in the seaso to hunt deer, I made myself contented sitting around the country stores on the counters telling fish stories ar about the grand Chesapeake Bay and boating, which course was interesting to those who had never seen larger body of water than the James, from 150 to 200 fe wide. The days I would spend strolling around with m friends, the old pioneer deer hunters of that section. course, the main topic of our conversation was about th swift deer, their habits and where they crossed the diffe ent stands. Our main dependence was in the four larg deerhounds, Rattler, Mary, Music and Rover. Four be ter dogs never sounded their voices in the forest. Tim went by fast, and I was well up in the life of the deer, I thought, and in my mind I built great castles in the air what I should do in the getting of game. There were good many deer in the neighborhood at that time; w could see their tracks crossing the stands going to the grazing ground. I never was a good shot at anything, ha ing to shoot from my right shoulder and sight wi my left eye; so you see I was a daisy on a deer stand this fix.

The day was set for the grand drive of the season. Ever thing was in readiness and it fell to my luck to get a goo horse, for as the hunting grounds were several miles aw we had to use horses to ride to our stands. At 4 A. M several heavy raps aroused me from my sweet slumber and I was soon at the table. Everything was full of th hunt. There were five of us in the party, all good-natur and full of fun. The old driver was soon on hand an gave several long blasts on his musical horn, which r sounded on the cool morning air for miles. There we but few seconds before all the dogs were barking at ou feet; and you may know it was a musical time for a whil It made me have a queer feeling, such as I never had h before.

Off we started on our prancing steeds. Taking a roa that ran near the railroad track for a mile or so, on ou way we met our friend the railroad section boss comi up the track on a hand car. Knowing our plans, h stopped to tell us that he had just seen two fine does cro the track a mile or so down.

You may imagine our good feelings after that new Putting spurs to horses, we were soon where the gan had crossed shortly before. There was no trouble to g the dogs off, for hardly had we gotten there before all th dogs were under full blast, hot on the trail, and music the air all around. We had to do our thinking quic We soon found we could head them off by taking a sho cut, so we put spurs to horses and flew over hill and da We were soon at our stands, a mile away. Coming to cross-road where two footpaths came into it, I was to to stand behind a small oak bush and tie my horse son distance off from my back. The others rode down th road a half mile or more, to take their stands.

So there I was on my stand, listening to the sweet mus the hounds were making in the distance. It was gran Standing behind the oak bush with my gun cocked, wai ing for the precious moments to pass, I thought of ho I would have his skin tanned for a rug for my room, an how my friends on the seashore would enjoy a quarter fine venison. I had but a few minutes to wait. The do were within a half mile of me under full cry. Every mi ute was bringing them straight for me. I began to feel little queer feeling coming over me and began to get trifle shaky about the knees. I thought it would soo be over, but not so, for lo and behold, 100 yards off I sa two fine does coming as straight for me as if some on had sent them to me. I remember putting the gun to m right shoulder and trying to sight down the barrel wi my left eye. Bang! bang! and I thought I could see the both drop through the smoke. Dropping my gun started to see my first deer prize. What a beautiful ru I would have. But fate had planned it otherwise, f when I got a few yards from my stand and out of th smoke, I saw one run within a few yards of where I w standing, and the other I saw turn and go back into th swamp. The dogs by this time were very close to the and as luck would have it all of the hounds kept after t one that had passed so close to me, making for the rive My buck fever having full control of me, and forgettin all about my gun and everything else but the thought the fast fleeting deer, I started off, running in the dire tion the game had gone. Not knowing the country we I soon found myself on the banks of the James a mile more away, viewing the far-off other side, where the de was in perfect safety.

After getting control of myself for the first time sin I had taken my stand, I thought it would be best to r trace my long run. So getting all the dogs together started back. After walking a good distance I saw m companions coming to look for the man who had tri to outrun a deer. Then I had to tell my tale of woe a make excuses for missing at so short a range. But th was not all. After I had told them, as I thought, a there was to tell, they wanted to know where my gun wa After pondering it over in my mind I did come to t conclusion that I had had a gun when I started out.

told them I remembered turning one deer back. We soon came to the field of action, where I had met with such a defeat so short a while before. On looking around we found my gun 8 or 10 yards from my former stand. Of course the old deer hunters wanted to see where I was standing and where I had shot. We searched all the tree trunks in the direction the deer had come, but the scars we were unable to find, and finally gave it up as a bad job and started out to see if we could not find the deer I had turned back.

I was given a stand about 50 yards down the road from my former stand and the others were put on stands three-quarters of a mile away. We were hardly in position before we could hear the dogs filling the woods with their sweet music. It was not long before I was fully under the claws of the buck fever again, standing behind a bush with my teeth chattering as if they would break off; but to my great delight I heard in the distance the report of a gun, and in a few seconds the sweet strains of music from the horn wafting to me on the gentle breezes the intelligence that the hunt was over and the deer was bagged. Like a wild man I was soon on the scene, standing over the noblest animal that roams the forest, but now dead as a rock.

The custom in a deer hunt is to award the hide to the owner of the dogs, so you see my friends on Tidewater never got the venison, nor did I get the skin to rest my weary feet on.

But if you don't think I can shoot, just give me another chance. ELLIS C. RICHARDSON.

Quail Shooting in Cuba.

HAVANA, Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday I took my third outing among the colins, which I found at home to me, and they entertained me with a good day's sport. In fact, eighteen came home with me to stay. Dash was in good form and also greatly enjoyed our suburban visit. A half hour on the 5 o'clock train took us to the fields, and our first reception was by a single bird, which came to bag just as the orb of day was peering above the horizon. A quarter of an hour later Dash located a bevy that flushed wild, but I marked some of them down, and after some skillful perseverance of the dog we persuaded three of them to come with us, to the evident delight of my four-footed companion, manifested in lively thanks for my expressed satisfaction for his good half-hour's work.

Several fields were then examined with negative results; but 8 o'clock discovered to us a covey running in the clear that flushed wild and went into a thick cover of guava bushy trees. We however invaded their cover and flushed several of them, taking a snapshot at one as it passed a small opening between the trees. I was unable to see if it was down, but calling in the dog, I went in the direction taken and Dash soon announced game in the outskirts of the thicket in tall thick grass, interwoven in prickly rat-pine hedgerow. Here Dash got in some of his fine work, now plunging under the tangled growth, now backing out and changing his point some distance away until I wished to give up the bird as lost; but Dash insisted that it was his bird, until finally in changing its hiding place to another the dog was too vigilant and quick for it, and thus it came to bag. We had marked down at least the direction the birds had taken, and we now turned our attention to finding them.

After nearly half an hour spent in their pursuit, Dash at last came to a stand. I flushed a single bird in comparatively open field and missed with both barrels.

The dog looked up at me as if scornful, but this one bird indicated that we were on the right track of them, and after diligent work we struck a trail and finally the dog came to another stand. I flushed the covey, which seemed to have got together again. This time I scored a right and left, but retrieved only one bird, and as they fell among bushes and prickly hedges we abandoned the other. We then commenced working in the direction of a small hamlet, where in a grocery store we expected to breakfast from 10 to 11 o'clock. On our way we flushed and bagged a galluela or meadow hen, and in a bushy pasture the dog made another stand. I flushed a large covey of quail and scored a right and left and followed them up, making several very mortifying misses but bringing three more to bag, or rather to my string, for I use here a leather belt strung over my right shoulder and left arm with leather strings about ½ inch wide and 1 inch apart, so that my birds hang in the air by the necks 1 inch apart, so that they are thus better preserved in this climate; also smoother to look at.

After a comfortable breakfast and a two hours' rest I again took to the fields in slow stages, stopping frequently to cool off under the shade of trees and enjoy the cool breezes and give rest to the dog. Thus we gradually worked back to our starting point and returned on the 5 o'clock train to Havana with a bag of seventeen quail and one meadow hen, which, carried strung out as before described, made a very handsome showing to admiring spectators. DR. ERASTUS WILSON.

The Thousand Islands Park.

THE New York State Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission will erect pavilions on the sites selected as public reservations on the St. Lawrence River, where angling parties and pleasure seekers may find shelter from storms. The sites chosen are Burnham Point, near Cape Vincent; Cedar Point, opposite Clayton; Picnic Point, near the foot of Grand Island; Canoe Point, at foot of Grand Island; Watterson's Point, on the Canadian side of Wellesley Island; Dewolf Point, near the middle of Lake of Isles; Mary's Island, opposite Alexandria Bay; King's Point, at the end of Goose Bay, and at the foot of Cedar Island.

The Cuvier Banquet.

THE annual game dinner of the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, brought together a goodly company of members and guests in the handsome banqueting hall of the club house on Nov. 22. President Alex. Starbuck and his committees had arranged everything so perfectly that the occasion was without suggestion of mar. State Game Warden L. H. Reutinger was the evening's guest of honor.

A Hunting Trip in Eastern Maine.

AFTER innumerable pipefuls had been consumed, railroad guides consulted, a goodly number of sma' wee hours used up, we had almost decided on spending our hunting trip in the vicinity of Kingfield, Me., when an unexpected invitation from our friend Will S., of Meddybemps, changed all our plans.

The morning of Oct. 14 found us—my friend Chas. Y and myself—bag and baggage awaiting the eastbound train to land us in Boston in time to catch the St. Johns boat, a twenty-nine hour trip.

At Eastport we changed to the Rose Standish with four more hours of travel up the St. Croix. We found our friend Will S. and team awaiting us at Calais; and a drive of two and one-half hours through a blinding snow storm landed us at the comfortable farmhouse of our friend.

After a good night's rest, we were up bright and early the following morning in quest of any game that might be rustling for its morning meal. A two-hour hunt brought to bag one lone rabbit. Returning to the house and dispatching a substantial breakfast, we shouldered our rifles and started in search of deer. A steady all-day tramp scored us one rabbit and one partridge.

In the week following we found rabbits and partridges in abundance and plenty of deer nooks, but owing to the dryness of the leaves we were unable to hunt them successfully. Saturday evening we held a council of war and came to the decision that if we returned with deer meat we must penetrate further back into the country. Packing the buckboard with fixings for a week's sojourn in the wilds was the work of but a few hours. We turned in in good season Sunday night to assure an early start the following morning, and the sun rising over the neighboring tamaracks found us well on our way to Fletcher Mountain, forty-three miles distant. Before starting, we made one addition to the company in the personage of Otis B., a capital story-teller, a good guide and cook, and who on an all-day tramp could give a fair handicap to an ordinary locomotive. After two days' drive we went into permanent camp on the site of the old Hemmenway farm, at the foot of Fletcher Mountain, within a half-mile of the spot where was enacted the slaying of two game wardens by Graves.

In the following four days of hunting we saw innumerable tracks of both deer and bear, sighted thirteen deer, obtained five shots and secured one doe and kept the table well supplied with partridges and rabbits. Had we been able to spend one more week, we could easily have bagged our full quota of deer each.

We were obliged to build our own camp, as some unscrupulous person or persons made it their particular business to burn all the old lumbering camps in this section of the country. On our return we met a party from Machias, who, on their way up, had killed one doe and a wildcat, the largest specimen either party had ever seen in all their hunting career. Its weight was estimated between 85 and 90 pounds; extreme length, 4½ feet. It had been met in a crouching posture in the road and dispatched with a well-directed shot in the head.

We secured a goodly number of partridges by the roadside while walking ahead of the team, but found them only at sundown and sunrise.

Arriving at Meddybemps, we had one day remaining of our vacation, and all hands put in a full day's hunting in the surrounding country. It fell to my lot to score the biggest miss of the party, which happened in this wise. Arising at 4, I went to a stand in the meadow, where I waited till sunrise, but did not sight any game. Then I started for the house, and I fairly stumbled upon a doe quietly feeding. I am still at a loss to know which was the more surprised.

I made a hasty snap-shot, and scored a clean miss, which, by the way, not infrequently happens when I am at the butt plate and pointing the gun at big game.

I stood in a meditative moode, watching the graceful bounds, and wished for a gun which would enable me to fill a ten-acre field chuck full of leaden missles at one pull of the trigger. Then I espied three other deer, which immediately bunched within 60 yards, including the doe fired at, making in the whole three does and one magnificent buck, all four of which could have easily been covered by a good-sized blanket.

I hastily pully myself together and tried hard to suppress an ice-water feeling which was slowly but surely creeping up my spinal column. Dropping on one knee, I pictured in my mind's eye my carving his lordship with my (tr-r-r-u-s-t-y) knife, and the shade of green which would steal over the boys' faces when their optics rested on those antlers.

Slowly I brought the ivory bead to bear just back of the foreshoulder (but forgot the back sight), caught my breath and pressed the crescent-like piece of steel on which so much hung in suspense. Two hundred and fifty-five grains of lead were immediately started at an angle which would surely have placed them in the right spot, providing that the deer had had 4 feet added on their pedal extremities.

As the smoke cleared I saw the meadow filled with white flags, and not a single thing damaged but the feelings of the shooter, whose chin had dropped and was now resting on the top button of his vest, in which position it remained the following twenty-four hours.

I reluctantly shouldered my rifle and returned to the house, and with a George Washington expression o'erspreading my face related the story to the boys. But it was there and then decided that the buck was our particular piece of venison, and the antlers of course were to fall to me. The plans made for his capture were based on the following facts: He would return at sundown (this was assured by a full vote), we would go down just before, secrete ourselves, and when he showed up all we had to do was to punch him full of holes, dress him, go up and get the team, drive down, tote him back to the house, and the deed would be finished. To further assure success, Otis procured a .45-90 Winchester from one of the neighbors, deeming it a more fit weapon for this size of game, and preceded us to the meadow, we following one-half hour afterward. When crossing the particular strip referred to above, we saw the buck, accompanied by one doe, quietly feeding at a distance of 150 yards. As the position of Otis warranted a better shot, and as he was armed with the deadly .45-90, we stood perfectly still, with the expectation of hearing the aforesaid weapon pour forth her death-dealing missiles. We looked at the deer, the deer returned the gaze, turned broadside, blew twice, waved their flags and disappeared in a neighboring thicket without one grain of powder being burned. We congregated and returned homeward with feelings better imagined than described.

We were up at 3 A. M. the day following, in time to catch the down boat from Calais. When within one-half mile of Baring and just as day was breaking, we saw a buck quietly eyeing us from a neighboring field. We immediately dismounted from the team, unpacked our rifle, and added one more clean miss to our score. At the report three does jumped from the grass and disappeared in the woods.

In ten days' hunting we saw twenty-three deer and one fox, large numbers of rabbits and partridges, and returned with a satisfied feeling of a vacation well spent, a voracious appetite and enough reminiscences to last us 365 more days. SHARPS.

Sixteen Days in Wisconsin.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As my partner and I had a good time in the Wisconsin woods, we thought some brother sportsmen would like to hear of our trip and will relate it.

After many days of planning and a good bit of map-looking, we decided upon Wisconsin and made our objective point Phillips, in Price county. Arrived there we made inquiries of several parties, among whom we were fortunate in forming the acquaintance of a Mr. Fish and a Mr. Sperry, gentlemen in every sense of the word and not afraid to help a brother if found worthy. Securing a team, we started on what proved to be an awful ride of twenty miles over the worst roads I ever saw. I have seen some bad roads in my time, but this took the prize. We had a light platform spring wagon and a tolerably good team of horses and got through some bad places that looked to a city man impossible. However, we progressed until finally the road we were supposed to be following lost itself and we had to back-track a piece, where we found an admirable camping place. The tent was up in short order, with the sheet-iron stove, and we made things snug for the night. The next day we got up wood and fixed up camp in fine shape.

The following day we took a stroll through the timber south of camp and saw one deer, which I took sight at but did not shoot, as we were out for fun and not to kill all the deer we saw. For several days we rambled around to get acquainted with the country and saw deer every day. Red squirrels, hares and grouse were abundant; also porcupines. On Nov. 3 I told Dick that the dishes (tin pans) had to be washed and that I would stay at camp and clean up. At about 9 o'clock I heard several shots fired to the east of us, and as we were camped on a runway I took my rifle and steppod out of the tent. I had gone not more than 50 feet when I saw a streak of gray coming up through the trees. I picked out the most open space in the small trees, and when the deer showed through the sights let go, and over the deer went. It was on its feet in an instant, when I shot it through the head. Then I dressed it out and dragged it to the tent and hung it up between two big hemlocks. About 4 o'clock Dick came in hungry and tired. Putting his hand in his pocket he took out some bone and said:

"What are these?"

"Bone of a deer's foreleg, and high up," said I.

"Yes. Had four shots at a deer and broke a front leg, and lost it in the swamp. I will get one yet."

The following Wednesday we started early for a big runway south of camp, agreeing that if either one of us got a shot and made a kill we would signal to the other one. In about an hour Dick shot four times in rapid succession. After waiting for several minutes and hearing no signal, I thought Dick had missed, so I walked over to him. Just as I got to him he was shaking like a man with the ague. He said:

"Don't go near her! There she is!"

And there on the ground lay a nice four-pronged buck, and Dick's rifle shaking in his hand and his teeth rattling like an end-man's rattle bones. I offered Dick my knife to cut the deer's throat, and he said: "You do it; I cannot." So I dressed his deer and smeared him with blood, telling him this was a part of the regular initiation in deer killing. Dick wanted me to take the rifles and he would carry the deer; but he was soon convinced that he could not carry a big deer on his back. We dragged it to camp.

The people we met in the deer country were obliging and seemed to try to make our stay pleasant. The country where we hunted is where the great fire a few years ago wiped out so much timber land and destroyed the town of Phillips. My rifle is a Marlin .40-60-260, '81 model—a heavy gun, but a killer. My deer was killed after the bullet had gone diagonally 3 inches through a maple limb; then went through the deer and went 8 inches into the sand.

After staying in the woods and waiting for snow which did not come, we pulled out for home. A four-horse team going out for supplies came over and took our stuff to the railroad. We had a most enjoyable time and hope to try again some day. HUGHES.

TOLEDO, Ohio.

North Carolina Quail.

KITTRELL, N. C., Nov. 21.—Mr. Wm. McIlvaine, of Philadelphia, who has been making quite a stay with us, has been finding a good many quail, averaging eight coveys per day, out of which he brings in his share of the birds. Another of our guests, Mr. R. P. McNeely, also of Philadelphia, is averaging ten coveys of quail per day. He is a new hand at quail, having shot larger game. One of the crack shots of Kittrell is Mr. Olmstead Capehart, who, on Nov. 14, found eleven coveys. On Nov. 15 he started fifteen coveys. On Nov. 17 he, with a friend, started twelve coveys. Don't think they are easy to kill; those who have been in the habit of hunting them know what a game little bird they are, and this is the kind of sport the true lover of the gun is looking for.

BUNGE.

John Dunn and the Wolf.

In these end-of-the-century days when the nation's pulse is afire with military fever, and military lions wander around seeking whom they may kiss, it may not be out of place to recall some unrecorded instances of real heroism in one of the most romantic and desperate struggles in which Americans ever engaged. The history of that struggle was written in blood. It has never been written in ink. But it is one full of strange stories, which, if not history, are yet worthy of perpetuation as romance, more romantic than the deeds and days of chivalry. It was the fate of the Kentucky pioneers to enact their parts in thé silence of the wilderness, and their lives are enshrouded in the shadows of the far-off forests upon which the night of forgetfulness has descended. But they were patriots and heroes, and their names should not be suffered to perish. They were men of Spartan mould, who "feared the Lord, but kept their powder dry," who were equally ready to throttle a wolf or scalp an Indian.

Two miles from Shepherdsville the county road leading to Huber's Station passes through a gap in the knobs, and the beautiful Blue Lick Valley is spread out before you, bounded by the heavy pine-clad hills, which rise up all around in rugged, irregular, brawny masses. To the right of the road, at the base of the knobs, overlooking the valley, stands a quaint old brick house. A single glance will suffice to show that it was built in a day when a man's house had to be his castle. There is no man living to-day who knows when John Dunn built this home in the wilderness. But in the stone-walled burying ground beside it the headstone over his children's graves, who were buried there over a hundred years ago, shows that this house is among the oldest in the State. What tales those massive old walls could tell if they could repeat the sounds to which they echoed when the Wyandotte chief, who is buried where he fell on the hillside, came into the valley; when Cahill was bound and burned at the stake on top of the knob which stands isolated, sentinel-like, overlooking the valley and still bears his name; when the fires of a hundred furnaces flared up through the forest and a thousand men were at work at "the Licks"; when Louisville could boast but half a dozen cabins, and the buffalo slept about the base of Capitol Hill.

In that early day of settlement this region was the seat of two most important manufactures to the pioneers, salt and iron. Here the first settlers in the blue-grass region came for hundreds of miles, braving untold dangers, to carry back with them a little bag of salt, which was certainly more precious than gold when it is considered at what risk it was obtained. But it has been many a day since either salt or iron has been manufactured in Bullet county, and now "the Licks" are as wild and lonely as when the savage first contested the supremacy of the solitude—and right bitterly did the Indians debate the question of proprietorship with the pioneers. It was their favorite hunting ground. Not only could they get salt here, which was as prime a necessity with them as with our ancestors, but vast herds of bison, elk and deer were to be found at the Licks drawn by the same necessity for an essential element of life. Over the ridge, a mile or more above the old Dunn house, can still be seen the old buffalo trace, resembling a sunken road, worn by the wild kine in their journeyings to and fro through countless centuries, before the white man came.

Many were the ambuscades, surprisals and reprisals, deadly onslaughts and daring deeds of high adventure before the pioneers were able to convince the red men that this region belonged to them by virtue of

> "The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That they may take who have the power,
> And they may keep who can."

It is true that Dan'l Boone and Isaac Shelby had bought all this country from the Cherokees at Watauga for a trifle of beads and colored glass, but by a proclamation dated Oct. 7, 1763, George III. had "strictly enjoined that no private persons do presume to purchase from the Indians, any lands," reserving that right solely for his own greedy royal highness. Besides which there were a dozen other Indian tribes who disputed the Cherokees' right to this great game reserve as bitterly as they did the white men's pretensions—the Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks, Shawnees, Delawares, Wyandottes and others.

The home of no tribe, the hunting ground of all, subject to the periodical incursions of these roving gentry, harried by friend and foe, it was like the Scottish borders of yore. Every salt lick, canebrake, mountain and valley was the subject of hard battles and long talks, for our forefathers, it is said, were medicine men as well as warriors and vindicated their claims by arts as well as arms. The topographical nomenclature is suggestive of those troublous times. Floyd's Fork to-day designates a beautiful bass stream, but there was a time when the pioneers distinguished it from the others with a sigh and a shudder, recalling gruesome recollections, as "the Fork where Col. Floyd and his men were ambushed." And so with many other places in this vicinity that came to have "a local habitation and a name" through some deed of blood.

As may be imagined, it required a man of no little courage, hardihood and ability to succeed under such circumstances in not only conquering the stubborn wilderness, with all its privations and dangers, but in the face of such savage opposition. Nowhere in all the dark and bloody ground did the Indians make such a fierce and relentless fight as for the possession of the salt licks. That John Dunn not only kept his scalp, dying peacefully in his bed at an advanced age, but made this palatial home in the wilderness, is evidence sufficient that he possessed in no common degree those qualities of the hardy backwoodsmen which Byron immortalized in Daniel Boone. He was one of the original pioneers accompanying Boone upon his second trip into Kentucky, although it was several years later before he settled on Blue Lick. Here, after several years' wandering through the trackless wilderness, he found an ideal home in the beautiful little valley. Its broad bottoms yielded well, the creek flowing by his door was alive with fish and the woods filled with game, while the salt licks just beyond the rangs of knobs afforded a fine field for commercial enterprise. It was one commodity which the pioneers must have. It is said he had nearly a hundred slaves employed in the salt works before he died.

He is described as a man of powerful physique, over 6 feet in his moccasins, and of great strength and courage, as well as great violence in the exercise of it when once aroused. His pertinacity and fearlessness were strikingly exhibited in the pursuit of a band of Indians who upon one of their incursions had killed Fossett and several other settlers, besides stealing a number of horses. The pursuing party followed them as far as the Ohio River, where the majority turned back; but Dunn, and a few others equally determined and smarting for revenge, followed on, and overtaking the Indians fell upon them, but were outnumbered and forced to flee. In the engagement, however, John Dunn had retaken one of the stolen horses, and being too hard pressed to regain the canoes by which they had crossed he swam the river in the middle of winter, and then rode the captured horse all the way to Lexington to restore it to its owner, who lived there. The latter, however, refused to accept it, properly enough, and Dunn kept the animal until it died, refusing to part with it at any price, although he was a great trader.

I suppose no one living to-day can recall the winter of 1804 in the wilds of Kentucky. But it was a bitter one, according to the tradition which I have heard, and which illustrates the character of the man, as incidents always do, much better than mere description. There was no danger apprehended from the Indians. But the elements had conspired to do their worst toward making the pioneers' lot harder than ever. The severe and protracted cold threatened all live stock with extinction. Game disappeared, and the wolves gathered together in packs and became ferocious. The loss of a cow or a horse was a severe one for the pioneer in those days. It could not be very readily replaced. He couldn't get another on six months' time from his next neighbor. His next neighbor might be a hundred miles away, and short on live stock, but long on troubles himself. It became dangerous to venture out at night. One man rushed out to the rescue of a heifer attacked by the wolves and narrowly escaped with his life, but was crippled ever after. From sunset to sunrise the wolves howled and hunted in packs over the crusted snow. But suddenly the big pack that had made night hideous in the Blue Lick valley disappeared. At first the settlers were nonplussed. Soon it was accounted for by the appearance of an enormous gray timber wolf which hunted alone, and before which the other wolves faded away. Startling tales came from Bullit's Lock of the animal's colossal size. He was said to be almost white. He had killed and dragged a horse away single-handed; he was seen by day fearlessly invading the barnyards, and at night came snuffing under the doors. He had run down and killed a big deer hound belonging to one of the settlers. They had banded themselves to hunt him down, but their hounds refused to take the animal's trail, turning tail the moment they were laid on it, and they had tracked him in the snow in vain. Traps were set for him with all the skill with which the pioneers knew so well how to deceive the wariest of wild animals. But with incomprehensible astuteness he seemed to divine their best laid plans and betook himself off. There were no end of uncanny tales about the beast. Many believed him to be the devil in disguise.

The great wolf signalized his advent in Blue Lick by killing John Dunn's finest heifer. There could be no doubt about it being the beast of whom every one stood in such terror. No other could have exhibited such strength, tearing its way into the pen as if the stout poles of which it was constructed were but dead, rotten sticks. Inflamed with anger, Dunn started out at dawn with all his men and what neighbors he could summon, his heart swollen with fury. From daylight until dark they trailed the wolf and beat the thickets in vain. Arriving back home after nightfall, he found the wolf had been before him and made off with one of his fattening hogs.

His friends who had assisted in the hunt were seized with uncanny fear of this mysterious beast, and vowed they would hunt him no more. They were satisfied if they escaped harm themselves. They gathered close around the fire and told the fantastic tales they had heard about the strange wolf. In the pauses they listened if he would perchance howl outside the door. But the mournful silence of the frozen night was upon the woods. No wild thing moved there unless it was the great wolf, and, unlike the others, he was never heard to herald his coming with those horrible wolfish cries. Perhaps the cowardly wretches only did it to keep up their own courage as a timorous boy whistles in the dark when he is afraid. They told how the people over on Bullit's Lick said that when the great wolf snuffed under the doors the candles flared and flickered and went out in his fierce breath. John Dunn said nothing, but nursed his wrath, and watched the candles. But they burned steadily. The wolf came no more that night.

The next day John Dunn, with all his men, worked hard enlarging his barn, making a great log pen-fold in which to house all his live stock, and which he fondly hoped would resist the attack of the savage destroyer. The superstitious fear of his companions could not help impressing him, and their talk about the beast annoyed him. The sun was setting before they completed their task.

"I've hunted and trapped all kinds of varmints, and I know a wolf from a wolf," said one sententiously.

"Yes," said another. "Look how red the sun is setting. 'He' will do some harm to-night, mind what I tell you."

They no longer called the animal a wolf; it was "he."

Leaving them to place the last logs in place, John Dunn set off to drive up the stock. Their foolish talk irked him. As he strode across the crusted snow the shadows thickened. The acute cold made the trees crack. From across the field came crisply through the keen air the crash of brittle stalks, snapped by the cattle feeding at the fodder stack. The ever thickening ice upon the creek at intervals rumbled hollowly, as if the stream rested uneasily in its bed under its icy mantle, and was troubled with dreams. No other sounds disturbed the frozen silence of the solitudes. He wondered where the great wolf was, and stopped to listen if in that intense silence he might not hear the animal howl somewhere on the far mountain side. But there was something frightening and strange about the deserted woods. It seemed as if all the wild animals that usually tenanted them had fled away, not from the cold, but before the advent of that great grizzly apparition. His friends' talk did not seem so silly now.

He had just started on his way again, his mind troubled, when out from the woods before him a great shape passed, gray as the gray shadows. It was the beast. He stopped where he stood, and a shock of sudden terror shook him.

But it was only for a moment. The dread prowler, with eyes only for its quarry, glided swiftly over the intervening space, with a sound as faint as the soft rustling of dead leaves upon the snow, and with a great spring launched its lank form through the air. The affrighted cattle ran together in a bunch, but the fattest one of them all lay struggling supinely stretched upon the snow, ham-strung and with the great wolf at its throat.

Passing abruptly from fear to anger John Dunn shook with inordinate rage. It was pure bravado by the monster, an insult direct, a defiance. Clenching his hands until the nails sank into the palms, he darted forward swiftly, and was upon the wolf before it saw him. With bristling hair, the beast sprang up from its slaughtered victim, its back arched, its eyes gleaming like lambent points of flame. The fodder stack was behind it, and it could not escape. John Dunn could have yelled for joy. He raised his hand—it held nothing but the whip with which he had started out to drive the cattle. Hurling it from him he threw himself barehanded upon the monster. It snapped at him as he did so, but eluding the vicious jaws, he seized it by the throat. Wildly the fierce animal struggled with the strength of twenty wolves, but he felt himself strong enough in his rage to strangle two such murderous marauders, one in either hand. He laughed, rejoicing madly, as he tightened that terrible grasp until the monster's eyes rolled blood-shotted in its head, and its breathings ceased altogether with its struggles. At last its body was lax. The gray wolf was dead!

There are no wolves in Kentucky now. And there are no pioneers. Many of their decadent descendants superciliously doubt that either such men or wolves ever existed; but the house is there, and in a quiet corner of the burying ground, beneath his grass-grown mound, the old Indian fighter who built it sleeps on undisturbed by the doubts of a scoffing generation, who owes its present ease and comfort to him and his companions, who made such changed conditions possible in the dark and bloody ground.

All of John Dunn's sons seemed possessed by the same restless instinct which had actuated their ancestor. They were born pioneers. With every inducement to remain in Kentucky, a home unsurpassed in comfort and elegance at the time, surrounded by slaves, broad and fertile fields theirs for the asking, that nomadic spirit which had impelled their progenitor to cross the Alleghanies and penetrate the wilds with Boone, was strong in them, and one after another they left the old home as soon as they arrived of age. Some of them penetrated into the unknown North, where their descendants still reside about Darlington, Wisconsin; others crossed the Mississippi, and were among the California pioneers before the great gold rush began. In his will, John Dunn provided that the home place, with 500 acres in the Blue Lick valley, should not be sold or divided with the rest of his estate, but retained intact for the benefit of any of his children who should desire to return there to live. But none of them ever came back. All his children are dead now, and his only lineal descendants living in Kentucky are Mr. B. B. Ball and John Thompson, who still live in Bullit, and who are sons of his two daughters, Ann and Sarah. Throughout the great West John Dunn's descendants are scattered like those of so many other Kentucky pioneers, and who, like their ancestors before them, have devoted their lives to conquering the wilderness, moving ever westward, and building up the great empire, whose prevailing spirit certainly is one of constant annexation, and which is now reaching out to grasp the Phillipines for a new generation of pioneers.

FRANCIS J. HAGAN.

A California Game Sale Test Case.

Several counties in the State have adopted ordinances prohibiting the shipment elsewhere for sale of any kind of game killed within their limits. The object of these prohibitory laws purports to be the preservation of game from extermination by the market-hunter. The passage of each of these ordinances was, however, stimulated by the sportsmen's clubs, which secured thereby a virtual monopoly of the right to shoot, game not intended for sale being free for shipment.

Stanislaus is one of the counties in the San Joaquin valley that adopted the ordinance, and the Hunters' Union of Merced county decided to test its constitutionality. One of its members, consequently, deliberately attempted to ship from Newman a pair of ducks shot within the county and intended for sale outside of it. His arrest and his trial and conviction and a nominal sentence by a justice of the peace followed, according to prearrangement. An appeal was taken to the Superior Court, and that tribunal has rendered a decision sustaining the constitutionality of the ordinance, on the ground that the killing of game is a police regulation not in conflict with the Constitution. The Court also holds that the powers of the Supervisors are derived direct from the Constitution and not through the agency of any statute.

Of course, the Hunters' Union will carry the case to the Supreme Court, for the very life of the occupation of the market-hunter depends upon the result. If the ordinance stands the test in the court of final resort, his occupation will have gone, for what with club preserves covering the natural haunts of game and an inability to ship out of the county for sale any game which he may kill outside of the preserves, he will have no chance to make ilving. We are getting dangerously close to the obnoxious game laws of the Old World.—San Francisco Chronicle, Nov. 18.

Massachusetts Game Interests.

A CONFERENCE of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission and representative sportsmen was held in Boston last week. The meeting was entirely successful, says the Boston Herald, in point of numbers and suggestions made. The gradual extinction of game was commented upon, and the market-hunters, so called, were scored severely, but were not entirely without defenders.

The fisheries played an unimportant part in the conference. A few allusions to the necessity of protecting mackerel and the prohibition of seining within certain limits constituted practically all the talk on fish.

The attention of the board was mainly directed by the speakers to the necessity of preserving game in the State, especially partridges. By some the depletion of the partridge ranks was ascribed to the success of those who hunt for "the market," by others to the inroads made by the sly fox and other partridge-loving animals.

B. C. Clark, ex-president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, dwelt briefly on the mackerel question, suggesting that the period of prohibition for the importation of mackerel, other than Spanish mackerel, should be made twenty years, instead of five, by Congressional enactment. If it should come to pass that his Association should take the matter to Washington it was almost essential that it should have the indorsement of the Fish and Game Commission. Mr. Clark then presented to the conference the draft of a bill for the better protection of game birds.

This bill, with its clause in reference to marketmen and provision dealers, formed the basis of debate and suggestion. It read as follows:

"Section 1.—Whoever sells or has in possession, with the intention of selling, for a period of ten years from the passage of this act, any ruffed grouse (commonly called partridge), quail, woodcock, rabbit or gray squirrel, taken or killed in this commonwealth, and whoever takes, kills or has in his possession, except for breeding purposes, for a period of five years from the passage of this act, any English or Mongolian pheasant, shall be fined $20 for each and every above named bird, rabbit or squirrel so taken, killed, held, kept or offered for sale. Provided, that any person may keep Belgian hares for breeding, and may sell them between the first day of December and the first day of March.

"Sec. 2.—All marketmen or provision dealers having in possession or purchasing any of the above-named birds or game, and all railroad corporations, express companies or any person acting as a common carrier, having any of the above named birds or game in possession, shall keep a record in a separate book of the name and address of the person from whom the said birds and game were received, and said book shall be, at all times, open to the inspection of the Commissioners on Inland Fisheries and Game, and their deputies, and to the State police.

"Any person violating any of the provisions of this section shall be punished by a fine of not less than $100 nor more than $200."

Mr. Clark was succeeded by M. E. Hawes, appearing for the East Weymouth Fish and Game Club. Mr. Hawes would fix the close season for black duck at March 1, instead of April 15, as at present. He saw the necessity of further legislation and the proper enforcement of the same, and that co-operation with the State Commission was necessary to that end.

At this point Fish Commissioner Brackett said: "The board is ready and willing to do anything for the preservation of game in this State. But the board needs co-operation, which should be given even at the sacrifice of personal feelings for the public good. The passing of the game is rapid. Perhaps some better laws are needed. The hands of the Commission should be strengthened. It is for the sportsmen to decide whether the game is to go or not.

"I see no objection in the passage of a law to prohibit the sale of game. That would relieve the situation of the present drain because the commercial character would then be removed. It was to discover along just what line this board should act that this first meeting has been called."

Secretary H. H. Kimball, of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, indorsed the spirit manifested in the Commissioner's remarks.

Remarks were made by E. H. Palmer, of New Bedford; President A. B. F. Kinney, of the Worcester County Game Protective Association; N. W. Gardner, of Weymouth; H. A. Estabrook, of the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club; Dr. Spalding, of the Hingham Gun Club; William E. Weaver, of the Webster Rod and Gun Club; C. J. Russell and others. Among those present at the conference, which will now be an annual affair, were the following: John F. Cumming, Worcester; William E. Weaver, Webster; Otis Thayer and C. N. Hunt, Quincy; C. L. Russell, Colerain; A. B. F. Kinney, Worcester; G. H. Palmer, New Bedford; H. Ware Lincoln, Boston; B. C. Clark, Boston; H. A. Estabrook, Fitchburg; H. H. Kimball, Boston; I. O. Converse, Fitchburg; E. J. George, Haverhill; R. V. Joyce, Somerville; H. A. Mower, A. T. Canterbury, L. Crocker, G. H. Mackay, F. R. Skinner, Boston; M. E. Hawes and N. W. Gardner, East Weymouth; C. H. Moulton, Waltham; F. J. Manly, North Brookfield; John Goulding and J. H. Eaton, South Sudbury, and Henry Hanson, Fall River.

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you clipping from this morning's Worcester Telegram. This is in line of what you advocate, and there is no middle grounds to be taken. We have been tinkering the game laws in this State for the last twenty years, and the birds have been growing less and less each year, till there is hardly one to be found. The market-hunter has done it. I know we shall have your support.

A. B. F. KINNEY.

Commissioner Elisha D. Buffington, Deputy Warden Henry A. Mower and President A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester County Game Protective Association, attended a conference called by the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game at the State House, Boston, yesterday morning. There were present delegates from sportsmen's clubs in nearly all sections of the State, and the meeting was for the purpose of ascertaining the sentiment of sportsmen generally on the proper course to secure better protection for game and game birds.

After a prolonged informal discussion, it was unanimously voted to introduce a bill in the next session of the Legislature recommending that the sale of game be prohibited in the State of Massachusetts for ten years. It was also decided to recommend to the lawmakers of the commonwealth that the open season on game and game birds be limited to October and November. The latter bill, if passed, would shorten the season practically six weeks.

A. B. F. Kinney was one of the principal speakers, and his remarks were to the point and carried great weight. Mr. Kinney is one of the increasing number of sportsmen who believe that unless strenuous measures are soon adopted looking to the preservation of game birds it will not be many years before there will be no game birds to protect and legislation will be too late.

Mr. Kinney especially advocated the absolute prohibition of the sale of game, on the ground that such a measure would strike at the root of existing evils. Massachusetts, he said, is the dumping ground of illegally killed birds from all parts of the country. In many States during a season when birds are not allowed to be sold or exported, the market of this State is open for violators of the law, and large quantities of illegally killed and illegally shipped birds are unloaded in the Boston market which cannot be marketed elsewhere in New England.

In Connecticut there is a law against exporting game birds. In Maine they cannot be legally offered for sale, and in New Hampshire the laws have been so rigidly enforced against the illegal shipment of birds that the supply for the Boston market from that State has been shut off to such an extent as to materially raise prices in the Boston markets.

Mr. Kinney advocated the prohibition of the sale of game altogether, and a shortening of the season for shooting. He emphasized the necessity of doing something by way of bettering game conditions, or sportsmen would shortly find it too late to do anything, for there would be no game to protect. His words were received with approval, carrying as they did the added authority of Mr. Kinney's position as president of Worcester County Game Protective Association, and vice-president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association.

On his return from the meeting last night, Commissioner E. D. Buffington said the conference was significant in that it was the first attempt ever made in the State to learn the sentiment of sportsmen generally, and to attempt to unify sportsmen to work together for a common end. For this reason the meeting was unique.

Heretofore almost annually little quotas of sportsmen in various parts of the State have sharpened axes and set out to hew down obstacles to obtain the passage of one or another insignificant measure. Some have labored for a law making Sunday close season, others to have the first two weeks of September added to close season, while a third set has been at work to have shooting prohibited in December, or perhaps to have the law on black duck or that on quail changed.

These efforts have been well directed and are believed to be along the right line, but sportsmen have been divided, while the dealers in cold storage birds and the marketmen have presented an unbroken front in opposition to any and all measures which were directed toward their tills and profits.

The conference yesterday is only the first of its kind, and others are to be held in the hope of massing sportsmen for furtherance of the passage of adequate protective measures. Among Worcester sportsmen the significance of the meeting is appreciated, and it is believed it is of prime importance as showing the disposition of the new chairman of the Commission of Inland Fisheries and Game. Capt. Collins made a favorable impression on the Worcester men.

Henry A. Mower, who for many years has been at the State House at hearings and meetings to consider game measures, says Capt. Collins impressed him as a gentleman and a business man thoroughly interested in game protection. In a brief opening speech he set forth the object of the meeting, and appealed to the sportsmen to throw aside prejudice and work together for a common end.

To the strong appeal of Capt. Collins, Mr. Mower attributes the willingness of representatives of the western part of the State to forego a part of their woodcock shooting and of sportsmen from the Cape to give over their superb December quail shooting, in favor of an open season, which shall include only the two months of October and November, if such a law can be obtained.

The impression of the Worcester men who attended the meeting is that at last something is to be done on the subject on which sportsmen have been talking much and doing little for a dozen years.

Moose on the Tobique.

WE recorded last week the return to New York of Mr. Maximilian Foster with a 65-inch moose head from the Tobique River country, in New Brunswick. Mr. Foster's companions were Messrs. P. Chauncey Anderson, of New York, and Robt. Boyd, of Montclair, N. J. Their guides were George Green and Henry Lewis, of St. Elmo, N. B., of whose abilities and character Mr. Foster speaks in terms of high commendation. While very many moose were seen, and Mr. Anderson secured a head, no rival was discovered to match the mammoth brought down by Mr. Foster.

On the Gulf Coast.

MARCO, Fla., Nov. 20.—Arrived here 12 M. to-day. All well. Have got a bear story growing. Leave here to-day, bound for Panther Key, to see Old John.

TARPON.

An Old Hunter writes to the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle: I noticed in Sunday's issue that Frank Biegle, of Charlotte, has just returned from the North Woods with an 800-pound deer. Mr. Biegle is certainly a very fortunate man, for no doubt when he comes to dissect this wonderful animal he will find several smaller deer swallowed by the larger one. The railroads missed a golden opportunity by not running excursions Sunday to see this great curiosity.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Maine Big Game.

BOSTON, Nov. 24.—Mr. G. B. Lehy, of Boston, with his hunting companion, Mr. R. B. Andrews, of Leominster, are just out of the woods from a Maine moose hunt. They went to the Katahdin Iron Works, and thence to G. H. Randall's camps, twenty miles into the woods, by tote team. In the summer this trip can be made in part by canoe, which somewhat relieves the labor of getting there. The camps are on the borders of a pond at the foot of Baker Mountain, where they did their moose hunting. There was plenty of snow for tracking and moose were soon located. Tracking them only a couple of days, they came upon two bulls and shot them both. Still Mr. Lehy thinks that the moose shot were not the ones they first tracked. He feels very sure that moose are increasing in that part of Maine. The game was killed four or five miles up the mountain from camp. With the great beasts shot their troubles had but just begun. The woods were pretty dense, with only a partly grown-up lumber road to follow, full of windfalls and blow-downs. A horse, used to such work, was got up to the game and a rude sled improvised. The men cut trees and bushed out the road, while the hunters sawed off logs with a crosscut saw to be moved out of the way of the sled. It took two days to get the moose to camp, and then they had to be toted twenty miles to the railroad. The hunters got their full quota of deer and consider themselves very lucky. Mr. Lehy's moose weighed 700 pounds—about as large as they grow, all stories to the contrary. The antlers spread 52 inches, with eight or nine points.

The Maine wardens and Commissioners seem determined to stop the sending of deer out of Maine into the Boston markets illegally. Prominent commission receivers have been met by the wardens from Maine this week and urged to give the names of the game shippers. This they claim they have no right to do, though willing that the illegal shipping of game shall be stopped. It is pretty certain that they have given the wardens some points, however, and the shippers of game by underground railway may look to find themselves in hot water almost any day. Still there is one sort of shipping of game out of Maine and directly into the Boston markets that it is not in the power of the Commissioners to stop, and that kind of shipping is being done more than ever this season. The whole system is explained in a shipment received at a prominent commission house yesterday. It consisted of four deer, a moose and a bear, a list of game that the two hunters who came with it had a right to ship where they pleased. The men who sold the game tell me that the deer came to about $60. The moose brought almost as much, while the hunters sold the bear, a small one, for $25. Here is nearly $150 the hunters received for the game they brought out of Maine. They were from somewhere in New York State. Almost all of the big game being received in Boston this fall comes via the American Express Company, which gets a big revenue for forwarding it directly into Boston markets.

Nov. 27.—Deer in New Hampshire are showing up better than a year ago, and local gunners seem to be getting the most of them. Reports mention about thirty deer taken within a week or two, by local gunners, in the northern wooded regions of that State, or since the snow of a couple of weeks ago. Last Wednesday the snow was replenished by another light fall, and better hunting was the result. Twelve deer have been shot around Crampton during the past two weeks. Colebrook, Stratford and the Diamond region seem to be the best locations this year.

Maine gunners are now shooting more deer than outside sportsmen. Another fall of snow came on Wednesday and made much better tracking, the former snow having been literally "worn out with tracks" in the best deer sections. The week showed a record of about thirty deer to Boston hunters, recorded at Bangor, a smaller number than for several weeks previous. This decrease is accounted for on the theory that outside sportsmen have generally gone home. Bangor reports suggest that the number of deer killed is still running a good deal ahead of last year. The big game season closes in that State Dec. 15, three weeks earlier than in 1898, and still it is figured out that the total kill of deer will be ahead of last year. The Bangor record now promises to be from 300 to 400 more than last year, while other sections also report an increase. Still much will depend on the weather and other hunting conditions for the coming three weeks. The number of moose killed is running behind a year ago. This is accounted for in various ways by writers and talkers who are only anxious to make it appear that this noble game is not being extinguished. They claim that more moose are seen, but that they are yearlings and cows, which cannot legally be shot.

The record of bears killed in Maine this fall and brought out by the hunters, so far as reported, is fifteen, with the claim that they are of larger size than ever before. This scarcely tallies with the reports of Boston marketmen—and a great many of the bears killed in Maine find their way to this market; they say that the bears they have handled have generally been small.

New Brunswick gunners are returning every day or two, and they are bringing good accounts of deer, with occasionally a moose. Reports on partridges continue better from that section than a year ago. Mr. George Loud, with several hunting friends, is out from his camps on Lake Magaguadavic. They bring several deer, with accounts of bears, and all the partridges they cared for. Duck shooting was also good. H. G. Smith comes home from the Tobique region with a moose. Partridges and small game he also found in fair abundance. The only drawback to Boston sportsmen complained of is the shooting license.

L. T. Carleton, chairman of the Maine Fish and Game Commission, has recently returned from a hunting trip of a week in the Spider Lake region. Augusta reports say that Mr. Carleton got a big deer, which some of his friends jokingly call "Carleton's moose." It was generally understood that he had gone for a moose. He says that he never saw deer so plentiful as this fall, but moose are very scarce. The whole time that he spent in the woods he did not come upon the tracks of a bull moose. The reason for this, the Commissioner thinks, is that the big bulls have been killed off. There were a good many cows and young bulls in the woods, but no big fellows.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Weird Times in the Rockies.

Nov. 24.—Mr. Frederick Jenkins and Mr. C. F. Hotchkiss, both prominent attorneys of Binghamton, N. Y., whom I mentioned as having gone west on a big-game trip some weeks ago, to-day arrived in Chicago on their way east. I gave these gentlemen the address of Mr. William Wells in Uinta county, Wyoming, and at first they thought they would go to Mr. Wells' Gros Ventre Lodge. When they arrived at Denver, however, they met a lawyer friend by name of Mr. Jones, who counseled them to take a trip which he thought would be made more quickly. Under the advice of Mr. Jones a correspondence was struck up by wire with Mr. W. H. Ryckman, still another lawyer, and a well-posted hunter, who lives at Evanston, Wyoming. On very brief notice arrangements were made for a meeting place, and the start was made from Kemmerer, sixty miles from Evanston. Mr. Ryckman attended to all details, and got together a pack train of nearly a score of horses. Mr. James Benedict, still another lawyer, of Denver, joined the party, as did Mr. Will Alexander, of Richards, Wyoming. To complete the legal aspect of the expedition, still another attorney, Mr. W. J. Hill, of Evanston, went along as far as a little station called Big Piney, where he announced that he had a law suit to try. The Eastern men began to think they had struck the West of the story books, when they found that the two wagons of the outfit were driven by two of the best lawyers of that part of the State, one of whom was to officiate as attorney for the prosecution and the other as attorney for the defense in this law suit which was to be part of the programme of the big-game hunt.

Mr. Jenkins was telling me something to-day about this law suit. It seems that Big Piney consists mostly of one log building, with a saloon down stairs and the hall of justice up stairs. The court was an individual 6 feet 4 inches long, with a face of ponderous wisdom, and a feeling of great importance. The prisoner at the bar, who entertained rather shady relations with certain citizens of that vicinity, was charged with breaking and entering a store and taking therefrom certain quantities of bacon, flour, beans and other articles conducive to the personal comfort of any good and true man who was facing a long Wyoming winter. The testimony was a little vague, though it was watched with interest by a crowd of some fifty or sixty hard looking citizens who had drifted in to see the show. It appeared that some of the witnesses had discovered certain bacon, beans, etc., in the cabin of the accused, which looked like the bacon, beans, etc., which they had seen at the store. It appeared further that the trail of the burglar had been marked by a string of white beans which had leaked out of a sack. Witnesses swore that one white bean had been found in a crack in the bottom of the prisoner's wagon bed. It also appeared that other witnesses had seen the accused with a sack with a hole in it. These things having come in to proof, Mr. Hill made an eloquent plea for the State, and the justice looked very thoughtful. He remarked without going further into the case, that it seemed to him the evidence was sufficient for the holding of the prisoner. This gave Mr. Ryckman his turn, and springing to his feet he exclaimed:

"What, your Honor—does the court intend to hold this prisoner on the evidence of one white bean, in a country where every citizen lives on white beans?" This staggered the justice, and he dmanded time for thought. Meantime Mr. Jenkins, who wanted the party to be getting down to their hunting grounds, tried what he could do with the court, who had heard of him as a distinguished lawyer from the East. "Your Honor," said Mr. Jenkins to him aside, "it seems to me you ought to have more than one bean in order to convict this prisoner. Moreover, if you will examine this sack you will find that it is darned all over, and that the hole is in the bottom and not in the top of the sack, as was sworn to. It seems to me you ought to discharge this man."

"That's so," said the justice. "But don't it beat h——l how careful a feller has to be in this here business!" Order was then again called in the court, and the judge announced that he did not think the evidence sufficient to hold the prisoner. This brought Mr. Hill up with a violent protest. "But the court has already said the prisoner was to be bound over," he said.

"I reckon a feller can change his mind," said the court.

"Yes," shouted Mr. Hill: "and this is after listening to the specious argument of counsel for the defense, that Evanston imbecile, with a beaver slide running from his dome of thought to the bridge of his nose!" (This was referring to Mr. Ryckman's bald head.) Mr. Ryckman, who was nearly doubled up with laughter, hurried over to the prisoner and whispered to him: "Git out now, Jim. Pull your freight or the judge will change his mind again!" Jim pulled his freight, and so also did the hunting expedition.

Our Eastern shooters thought that they were getting into a pretty weird country. Nearly every man at Big Piney wore a big hat and a big gun, and there was a general air of belligerency. The cook of the party declared openly that he was himself just out of prison.

"Say," said the cook, "I'll bet I've slept in more jails than anybody you ever saw. It seems like, somehow, I git arrested every time I git into a town where there is a policeman or a marshal. I expect I'll be in jail again as soon as I git in off'm this hunt. Was either of you fellers ever in jail?" Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Hotchkiss took no chances about getting into the jail themselves and complied with the letter of the game law as soon as they possibly could, for the local sentiment was anything but friendly to the outsiders.

The party now proceeded down to their hunting grounds, which were in the Gros Ventre Range, on the North and South Cottonwood and North and South Horse creeks. They established a central camp and hunted on horseback, having sometimes to ride twelve or fifteen miles to the game country proper. They met very deep snow and suffered some discomfort from frozen noses, fingers, etc., but they made a very successful hunt. Mr. Hotchkiss killed a fine bighorn ram, whose horns measured 15 inches at the base, and which stood 40 inches at the shoulder. Mr. Jenkins killed a sheep, an elk and a lynx, also a couple of antelope. Mr. Hotchkiss killed a bob cat and a couple of antelope, and others of the party killed two more antelope, so that on the whole they had a very fair showing of game under the circumstances.

These gentlemen say that the slaughter of game in the Gros Ventre and other nearby country is something terrible. Last winter two hunters by name of Butts and Sykes killed fifty-four elk in one day on the Green River. On one day in last January, Jack Howard and party killed fifty elk in one bunch. They did their shooting toward night, and did not skin out the game. On the next morning they thought it would be easier to kill some fresh elk, which would not be frozen and which would be easier to skin, and they accordingly did so without touching a knife to the enormous quantity of game which they had killed the day before. A great many elk are killed for the teeth, and are not even skinned. The elk do not come down out of the mountains until the snow gets very deep, and were this fall turned back by the numerous party of hunters who were waiting for them along their regular trails. This turning back of the elk made the hunt less successful, for the party above referred to, but they were very well pleased with their luck. As showing the expensiveness of Rocky Mountain big-game hunting in these days, I might state that Messrs. Jenkins and Hotchkiss think that their trip from Binghamton and back will cost them about $1,500, and they are very well pleased at that. They report several parties from Mr. Wells' camp hunting in the Gros Ventre country. They say that they saw a great many tracks of mountain lions, and think that with dogs it would not be hard to get a lion. They are delighted with their experience in the West, which seems to them to be a singular and somewhat bizarre region, more especially as regards the practice of the law. Two pleasanter gentlemen nor any better deserving of a good time could not be found.

From Alberta.

All the way from Calgary, Alberta, comes a pleasant letter from Jim Tomlinson, who may be a good way off, but yet seems very close. He says: "I have read the Forest and Stream for a considerable time, and have thoroughly enjoyed it. Although a good way off, I find great enjoyment in following the many contributors, and look forward every week for the paper, which is passed around among a large number of brother sportsmen. I can report good chicken hunting this fall, the birds very plentiful and very strong, No. 4 shot seldom killing outright. Large quantities of geese, and ducks in thousands, though they have all gone south now. Blacktail deer are coming down in big numbers, and there are lots of antelope, too. Good-by for the present." I hope Mr. Tomlinson's good-by is indeed only for the present, for sportsmen like to read of the far Northwest, which is yearly coming closer in a sporting sense. The British possessions north of us and the Mexican semi-tropic regions are bound to be the next regions invaded by the American sportsmen, and the attractions of the great and little known Northwest country already appeal very strongly to the better posted of our big-game hunters.

He Never Works.

This morning as I was going down the street I heard a cheerful hail and turned to meet the bright, glad smile of my old friend Mr. George W. La Rue, whom I had not seen for several years. Mr. La Rue has always been one of the puzzles of my acquaintances, for he always has time to go shooting, and he never works. In fact, he once told me that he quit working when he was twenty-one years of age, and never intended to do so any more, as he thought it was a bad habit. I don't know where Mr. La Rue lives, but think it is mostly where the shooting is good. Once in a while I hear of him with a street railway franchise in Mexico, or a rubber concession in South America. But these things he does as pastimes, just as he does his shooting. Mr. La Rue told me that he was just back from a partridge shoot over in Michigan, and he wanted me to go back with him this evening, which I told him I could not do. Then he exacted a promise that I would go quail shooting with him in a week or so down in lower Illinois, where the quail are destroying the crops and threatening public safety. (I have been invited to-day to go on two quail shoots, one partridge shoot and one prize fight, and I regret that Saturday is my busy day.) While shooting last week in lower Illinois, Mr. La Rue killed seventy-two quail in two days, and on two other days he shot all day without making a miss. I think Mr. La Rue is one of the best quail shots I ever saw. When I asked him if he had any good dogs along, he said that he had a few scrubs which could barely stand up, but he thought he might worry along until the end of the season. It is a pretty safe proposition that he will have some good bird dogs pretty close around when he goes out shooting. I recall that some years ago Mr. La Rue, Mr. R. B. Organ, of this city, and myself, shot over the pointer Dame Bang, and had a very pleasant time. This was the occasion of the death of Mr. Organ's borrowed dog, poor Molly O'Brien. Roll Organ thought it was a good joke to borrow a man's dog and then take nothing back but the collar.

Some Big Bags.

I have been saying all along that this was a phenomenal year for quail in Indiana and Illinois, and results seem to indicate this. I have heard of several parties who have been out, and nearly all report splendid success. Messrs. J. L. Jones, A. W. Adams and W. McCaughey, all well-known shooters of Chicago, had a very pleasant hunt at Logansport, Ind., from which they returned some days ago. They drove out into the country about thirteen miles, and in two days they bagged a little over sixty quail.

Awhile ago I reported the fact that Mr. W. L. Cunyngham, a prominent trap shot of this city, had gone to South America on a mining expedition. Mr. Cunyngham was unable to get into the country he wished to reach on account of the Venezuelan revolution, and he returned to Chicago recently. He and Mr. Charles Antoine, of this city, have been out quail shooting near Rochester, Ind., this week. They got back this morning, and while neither has yet been interviewed, I learn that they had a very big bunch of quail which they were leaving among their friends.

All of Indiana in a belt about eighty or one hundred miles south of here is alive with quail this fall. The best country is that between Newton and Disco. Servia, Ind., where Fred Donald took a party of us in his private car some years ago, is once more blessed with a tremendous crop of birds. Mr. C. C. Hess, of this city, well known as a member of Eureka Gun Club, says that he will guarantee he can put up twenty-five to thirty bevies of quail any day in that section of Indiana. On opening day of the season he hunted three hours and put up eleven bevies, out of which he killed forty-one quail.

Mr. Hess has been having good luck with his shooting this fall. A week ago to-day at Lorenzo, on the Santa Fé road, and in the Kankakee country, he killed thirty-seven mallards, and says that had he had a pusher he could have killed more. There was a very heavy flight of mallards, which were feeding on the cornfields and coming into the few little sloughs in the evening. I should not be in the least surprised to hear that Swan Lake Club and Lake Senachwine were turning out big bags this week, for the mallards are hanging around this country still. I hear there are some up at Fox Lake, and where there is water there is sport along the Kankakee.

Probably the largest bag of quail made by any Chicago parties this fall was that brought back from near Ashley, Ill., last week by Dr. C. W. Carson, secretary of the Eureka Gun Club; Dr. R. B. Miller, of the same club, and Dr. J. N. Shallenberger. This medical coterie broke into the warmest quail shooting of which I have ever heard. They brought back to the city over 300 birds. Drs. Carson and Miller, between 8 o'clock and 2 o'clock one day, bagged 109 quail, and this they did out of eight coveys, the country being open and suitable for marking the flights. I have not heard of any such shooting as this anywhere. The man who kills fifty quail in a day's shooting is usually a mighty busy man, and I do not know that I have ever seen it done in my own personal experience. Yet Mr. Hess tells me he is satisfied he could easily kill that many birds a day in Indiana this fall.

The above statements will easily justify all that has been claimed in these columns as to the phenomenal abundance of quail in this section at this time. For points I would suggest Newton, Rochester, Effingham, Jerseyville, but these may be no better than any one of dozens of others.

Frank Bissel, of the Audubon Club, is now absent in Indiana on a quail shoot, and is no doubt having an enjoyable time.

Mr. W. P. Mussey, of this city, was down at Bloomington, Ill., recently and met a snow storm which spoiled his sport. On the first day he killed only three quail and three rabbits. For the unprofessional conduct in shooting rabbits, Mr. Mussey justifies himself by asserting that there were no quail, and that it was good rabbit weather. On the next day, however, he killed eighteen quail, with a close choke gun in which he was using shot spreaders. He did not seem to like the combination. As Mr. Mussey wants one more day with the quail, I have sent him over my old cellar-door gun, with which nobody was ever known to miss a quail except myself. I keep this gun mostly to lend and almost anybody can have it if some other fellow has not got it.

Mr. A. C. Smith, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, is back from Colorado, where he had the enjoyable experience of being arrested for breaking the game laws, or rather on the charge of having done so. Mr. Smith killed a deer and it was skinned and cut up by his guide. It was not a doe, but a kind citizen of the neighborhood suspected that it might have been a doe, and had Mr. Smith arrested as a little piece of blackmail. Naturally, Mr. Smith was very indignant, and the dismissal of the case on his proof that he had not broken any game law hardly made him feel entirely satisfied. It is getting so it is not safe to go out shooting any more.

Our distinguished fellow citizen, Bill Haskell, this week made a hunt down at Maksawba Club in Indiana, and he brought back eleven quail and two turkeys. He said that the turkeys were wild turkeys, and offered to prove it to anybody who doubted the assertion. It seems that there is a peculiar crook in the Indiana law as applied to the Kankakee country, which allows any one to kill any straggling turkeys and throw them in the public highway. Mr. Haskell complied with the law strictly. Finding the turkeys near the highway, he killed them, threw them into the highway for a few minutes to satisfy the law, and then brought them home to satisfy himself.

While I am speaking of big bags and interesting shoots, I ought to mention a little partridge story which my friend La Rue tells me. He says that Mr. H. C. Crosby and "old John Davidson," the famous dog authority, of Monroe, Mich., were out partridge shooting for two days this fall, and actually bagged eighty partridges in that short time. This beats any record on ruffed grouse of which I ever heard, and I should like to hear from Mr. Davidson whether the facts are reported correctly. Mr. Crosby I do not know personally.

North Carolina.

Mr. Charles Hallock writes me from Washington, D. C., regarding the sporting resources of North Carolina, with which State he is very well acquainted. He says: "I see you state that parties sometimes write you for information regarding good hunting tracts in North Carolina. Send them to me, and I can give them the finest tract in the land, that has every known species of fish, fowl and animal game found in the State, except brook trout, all in the same tract together, besides oysters, scallops, diamond back terrapin, shrimp, etc." While I have never pursued the scallop or the shrimp in any of my shooting trips, I am disposed to think that Mr. Hallock must have a pretty good country down where he is, and anybody looking for an all-round proposition would better write to him.

Movements of Western Sportsmen.

Nov. 22.—About once a year nowadays we hear from Billy Hofer, and I have a suspicion that he divides his time out in the Yellowstone Park country between reading novels and catching bears and others wild animals. It seems that he has gotten together another lot of animals for the National Zoological Gardens at Washington this year, though I regret to say that I was unable to see him as he passed through Chicago this time, and indeed would not have known he was here except for the following communication, which I received to-day:

"Somewhere on the Belt Railroad in Chicago, Nov. 22.

-I have been trying to get a wire to let you know I was ere, or going to be somewhere, sometime (they are acking up now). I think I am on my way to South hicago. Have been here in the yards all night and could et no information about street cars or telegraph wires, nd besides I could not leave the animals. Vick Smith iled to send the goats, so I have only elk, mule deer nd whitetail deer (we are backing some more now). he railroads have done everything they could to kill the nimals this morning, commencing at 3:30 A. M.—such umps that I would shoot ahead or back a foot or so hile lying on the floor. The poor animals had a hard me. If possible I will wire you from South Chicago if ere is any use in your attempting to come down. I want o go on East as soon as possible. (We are moving ead again by jerks.)"

Since receiving the above I have not again heard from illy and do not know whether he stopped this side of outh Chicago, went on East or gave it up and went to eep. The odds are that he will deliver the goods at ashington in good order. It is always like a breath om the mountains when Billy comes through with his range wild pets, and I am sorry that I failed to see him.

Mr. C. A. Zimmermann, of St. Paul, Minn., paid Chi- go a hurried visit this week and made a brief stop at e FOREST AND STREAM office. Mr. Zimmermann is well nown as the painter of the most popular ducking pictures er put on the American market. His home is on one of e most beautiful portions of beautiful Lake Minne- nka, which is well enough described as the "Enchanted land." Once a famous duck hunter, Mr. Zimmermann s of late years practically given up the sport and taken the sordid pursuit of commerce.

E. HOUGH.

180 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Guns and Powders.

THE evolution of firearms has shown many startling isodes. From the time gunpowder and projectiles were vented there have been accidents; but careful investiga- on has revealed the fact that except in rare instances cidents happen because of carelessness. Many illustra- ons of the results from the careless handling of fire- ms are constantly being made public, and frequently of e the punishment of careless and reckless shooting has en urged.

But a new menace has come before us in the person who ignorant of the proper use of firearms and ammuni- on, and in view of the late developments in ammuni- on he is a dangerous person in a community.

Intelligent sportsmen are aware that firearms of to- y are vastly superior to those made twenty years o; they know they are stronger, lighter, and more mmetrical. They know, too, that there have been many anges in ammunition. There was the period of black wders, but those powders had their faults. Nitro or nokeless powders were demanded and created. They ere acknowledged an improvement, and guns were made r those powders. When nitro powders were first in- oduced guns were burst when using those powders, but the peculiarities of nitro powders became better known, cidents became fewer. Not many years ago guns were t warranted for nitro powders; to-day nearly all guns e made for such powders, and guaranteed when properly ed.

But there are many grades of nitro powders; most ortsmen know there are nitro powders which are called lk for bulk nitro powders, which means a charge of ch powder corresponds in bulk with a charge of black wder. Other nitro powders of later creation are known dense nitro powders, which means a charge of such wder equaling in strength or power of a charge of lack powder is less in bulk. Dense nitro powders meas- ed the same as black powders or bulk for bulk nitro wders means a very much more powerful charge of nse powder.

The tendency at the present time is economy of bulk in nmunition. Modern rifle and revolver ammunition illus- ate this. They are more compact, but equal or superior power to ammunition using black powders. Economy bulk is phophesied for future shotgun ammunition. uch ammunition is growing in popularity. This means nse nitro powders. The latest creations of powders for otguns have been of the dense kind.

American guns are made to shoot the various types of nmunition when properly loaded. Nitro powders of the o types are safe when loaded by our factories. Guns e now made so the owner can with safety use black wders, bulk for bulk nitro powders, or dense nitro wders in the same gun, if properly loaded.

It might seem from the foregoing that with firearms rfected so as to shoot with safety any ammunition when operly loaded, the condition of affairs was faultless.

But this appears not to be the case. The gun maker ust make his products for all powders or retire from siness; the powder maker must keep abreast of the mes by adopting improvements or be distanced by his mpetitors; the cartridge maker must produce cases for e latest powders or see his industry crippled. To re- eat, we have at the present time one style of gun shoot- g many styles of ammunition.

Manufacturers of guns, powders and ammunition make xhaustive tests to prove the safety of their products efore they are placed on the market. Later, accidents re reported. Investigations have repeatedly disclosed ese facts; that nitro powder was used in an obsolete rm; a quick shotgun powder was used in a rifle or re- olver; a dense nitro powder was used in the same bulk s a black powder, or low power nitro powder charge. roducers give conspicuous directions how to use their roducts, but the reckless and the ignorant person heeds em not. All powders and shells are one and the same ind to them, to be used in any way; consequently, acci- ents happen. Then the one thought and purpose of the ictim is to sue and recover damages.

This article is prompted by a suit for damages recently rought against a prominent company. A gun made by is company was purchased by a well-known sportsman veral years ago. In course of time, after hard usage, e disposed of it, and after passing through several hands ith similar usage, it was purchased by an Italian, who t once procured some reloaded shells charged with 57 rains of one of the densest nitro powders made. This ammunition when fired burst the gun and damages are sued for.

This is but one of many similar incidents that are frequently occurring. Unfortunately, the inclination of juries is to discriminate against corporatons or firms, and as a result the American firearm maker, the powder producer, and the cartridge company are being mulcted without justice at the present time. The main attack is against the gun maker, perhaps the least responsible of all. It seems like penalizing progress and putting a premium on carelessness.

Concerning Big Bags of Ducks.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It's very disagreeable to growl and snarl, but the spirit moveth me to do a little of it at the present time, though it will probably be of no avail.

Your efficient and interesting Chicago correspondent has roused the spirit by his reports of the doings of Chicago ducking clubs. While FOREST AND STREAM and "me too" are wielding our powerful pens in condemnation of the sale of game, and market-shooters in particular, to shield ourselves against the bitter curses of posterity folks, these highly respectable men of wealth and leisure do precisely what is getting to be universally denounced by all true sportsmen, i. e., competing against each other for big bags instead of shooting for the pleasure of it. (N. B.—No member of a club should be allowed to shoot more than twenty-five ducks in one day.)

Why is their slaughtering any better than the common old Western way of choosing sides and peregrinating through the country to see which side can slaughter most?

Here is the text I am preaching from: "Mr. Price (of the Duck Island Club) brought back ducks enough to last all winter. On one day he killed forty-odd, on the next day fifty, and on the next fifty-seven, nearly all mallards at that, and certainly a wonderful bit of sport for this day and age in Illinois."

Here is a bag (or two-horse wagon load) of 150 big ducks for three days' shoot.

"A few days ago Mr. F. H. Howe made a bag of sixty ducks in the club marsh. * * * If any man deserves good shooting it is Mr. Howe, and everybody will wish him many such days in the future." Now, I consider myself one of the everybodies, and as uneducated opponents have sometimes said to me, "I deny the fact!"

There are several other like items in my text which I will pass over. But, my brethren, I want to say that a man who knows better and doesn't do it deserves to be "wolloped," and I venture the assertion that these very men are drawing largely on their denunciatory vocabulary against all kinds of exterminatory proceedings on the part of market-shooters and other tribes.

Somewhere among New York literary scraps I have seen a "game hog" stuck on a Neptune's trident and held up as a warning to slaughtering transgressors, but it may not have reached Chicago yet! And come to think of it, if the Chicago people had seen it they probably would not have been deeply impressed by it, for the very man who thus pictures himself as impaling the "game hog" on his trident is none other than that same Coquina, whose own personal record of a wanton and wasteful butchery here in Florida we shall never see surpassed. Chicago folks and others understand this very well, since I showed up his exterminatory peregrinations in your columns last summer.

DIDYMUS.

An Ambitious Rhode Island Project.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have a plan of purchasing a large territory for a hunting and fishing club. This tract contains about seven square miles and is entirely surrounded by roads. There are at least five miles in length of trout streams which have yielded large numbers of trout for the last century. In addition to the streams, there are three ponds sutable for trout, having strong dams which have withstood all freshets since my recollection. There is one natural pond, one mile in length and one-half mile wide, being one of the best places for black bass in this State. This pond is surrounded by a very wild country, some parts of which it is nearly impossible for a man to get through, making excellent cover for deer and other large game. There is another large pond, which I believe is particularly adapted for pickerel and perch. Partridges and quail have always been fairly plentiful. This tract comprises about twenty-five different farms, some of which have been abandoned. There are some houses on these farms which are in fairly good condition, suitable for the help required on the preserve to live in.

My plan is to get two hundred gentlemen to take one share each of stock at $500 per share, to cover the cost of the land, fencing same with woven wire 8 feet high and strong enough to hold moose and other large game; the building and furnishing of a club house to be used by the members of the club and their families; horses and carriages, etc., to be used on the place and to carry the members to and from the station and to different parts of the preserve; also the purchase of 400 deer, so that each member shall have the right to shoot two each year, beginning in November, 1900. I also wish to have one male and three female moose and let them accumulate before shooting any; also one male caribou or elk and three females, to be left to increase before shooting any; also 800 Mongolian pheasants, 1,600 partridges, 3,200 quail, 800 gray squirrels, 100 jack rabbits, 50 raccoons, 12 wild boar, 10,000 brook trout, 2,000 pickerel, 2,000 yellow perch, 10,000 black bass and 400 landlocked salmon, fishing to begin April 1, 1901. My idea is that it will cost $10,000 per year to produce such food as the game requires and to keep the stock of deer and other game and fish up to the above numbers; also to have men patrol it every day to see that there is no break in the fence and to keep off all poachers, and to assist as guides. I think the dues for the first year should be $25 each, and thereafter $50 per year. The feathered game could be got in time to commence shooting Oct. 1, 1900. I think it would be essential to give the fish a chance to grow for one year.

L. A. T.

A Massachusetts Deer Episode.

THE Springfield, Mass., Union reports: D. H. Eaton, of Wilbraham, had an exciting experience with a buck deer on the old road on the Wilbraham Mountains this morning. Mr. Eaton undertook to play peek-a-boo with the deer, and the animal entered into the game with so much zest that Mr. Eaton barely escaped being seriously injured.

Mr. Eaton started out this morning in quest of foxes. He had gone some distance, and was waiting for his dog, which is a fine hound, to strike a trail, when he heard a rustle behind him, and saw a large animal at some distance sniffing the ground and apparently following him. He paid no attention at first, thinking it was a donkey belonging to Mr. Bowles, of Wilbraham. As the animal came nearer, however, he discovered it was a fine buck deer.

Mr. Eaton stepped back into the bushes, intending to jump out with a terrifying war whoop at the animal, and have the pleasure of seeing it dart off in fright. The first part of the programme worked beautifully, but when Mr. Eaton gave the war whoop the animal looked at him in mild surprise for an instant, then threw up its head and charged at him. Mr. Eaton was not long in vaulting over a fence nearby, but the deer also could jump fences, and landed on the other side about the time that Mr. Eaton did. Over the fence again went the would-be deer frightener and the buck followed. In his second jump Mr. Eaton lost his gun in the bushes, and the buck was now keeping him too busy to pick up anything but his heels. The vaulting match continued until Mr. Eaton was pretty well tired out, and then his hound came to the rescue.

It grabbed the deer by the throat, and hung on for half a minute, when the buck made a plunge and threw the dog about 20 feet. It then started off on a run, and the dog followed. The last Mr. Eaton saw of the two they were disappearing on a run with the dog hot on the trail of the buck. Mr. Eaton says that the buck would surely weigh 300 pounds, and he was satisfied that he would have been seriously injured if his dog had not appeared on the scene.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

"Show Us the B'ar."

"GREAT day for b'ar," said the gas man of Bulwagie Bay as he watched a honey bee emerge from the hive, brush the morning dew from his eye and shoot skyward.

"Guess I'll get the boys together and take a run over to Mt. Tom, where Colie Waitt saw a big lame bear while on his way to the Doorsajar House at Dead Waters with Brooks and his party, about a week ago."

A messenger was quickly dispatched for the most noted bear hunters of the county, of which there are many. An hour later a party of half a dozen men, headed by Long Ben Babcock, of Pelfishere, were seen wending their way up the old Moriah Railroad toward Mt. Tom, each carrying a Winchester and a canteen.

Big Lige Smith, of Mill Brook, said it was "the fust time he had ever hearn of any one carryin' cartridges in a canteen."

As the hunters were nearing the old saw mill at Mill Brook they were startled by the appearance of a lone horsemen, who came tearing down the Mineville road like a racer on the homestretch. When the new arrival reined in his foaming steed he was at once recognized as big Bill Owens, better known as little Willie, the hermit of Eagle Cliff, near Chapel Pond.

"Boys," said Owens, excitedly, "I'm glad to meet you. I was on my way to look you up. Fact is, I had been expecting you, and yesterday I went down to Roarin' Gulch and got a five-gallon demijohn of the finest applejack I ever sampled. I put it under the big spruce stump tree near the spring, where it would keep cool, because Brooks kicked about the ginger ale being warm the other day. Well, when I crawled out of my shack this mornin' I went to take a look at the demijohn, but there was no demijohn there. It was gone! gone! stolen!"

"Them loggers from the Wash Bowl," muttered Mose Rumsey, of Snappin' Turtle Creek.

"No, it wa'n't no loggers stole that ar' whisky," said Owens; "it was a b'ar and an old whopper at that. Why, he makes a track bigger'n our Stevie, and Stevie is nigh onto twelve years old."

"Show us the b'ar," said Cobe Green, of Birch Bottom, "and we'll have steak for dinner."

"Hold on, boys," said the gas man from Bulwagie Bay; "I think it rather risky to shoot that ar' b'ar, owing to the nature of the stolen goods he has in his possession. I think we ought to get a warrant and replevin that whisky."

All sanctioned the wise counsel of the gas man, and quickly hied away to Roe's grocery, on the back road, where the necessary document was secured. They then started to replevin the whisky.

They wended their way slowly over the old post road until they reached the watering trough near Sherman's old place, where they stopped to slake their thirst.

As big Bill Owens raised the cocoanut shell cup to his lips he detected a strong odor of whisky. He dropped the cup, exclaiming: "My whisky! My whisky! That b'ar's been here and used the shell to drink the whisky!"

A hurried examination of the ground disclosed numerous tracks of a large bear, which had headed toward the Feeder Pond.

The trail was easily followed through devious swamps and across numerous streams until the hunters arrived at an open field near Stove Pipe City. Near the edge of the field they saw the bear clutching the demijohn and dancing a jig on an old door that he had pulled from the cow stable of cross-eyed Ike Hull, one of the hunters.

"There's the crittur!" shouted the gas man of Bulwagie Bay. "Now we'll soon have the demijohn."

The party advanced within about 20 yards of the dancing bear, when they halted. The gas man then pulled the legal document from his pocket, and after quoting Blackstone for a few minutes and trying to impress on the bear the enormity of the crime he had committed, in a few well

chosen words demanded that the bear return the stolen whisky to its rightful owner. Instead of the desired effect, the bear seemed to take the matter as a huge joke, and with a broad grin took another hooker from the demijohn and began to dance the "Babcock Twist" in a manner that made the old door rattle.

A groan went up from the hunters as they saw the much-prized whisky disappear to satisfy the apparently long thirst of the bear.

"Boys," shouted the gas man, "we've got to take the law in our own hands and lynch the crittur; he won't listen to law or reason."

In an instant six Winchesters were drawn up and sighted at a vital spot on the bear. There was a moment of intense suspense as they waited for the signal to fire, which did not come. Instead the gas man said: "Hold on, boys! My gun is only loaded for woodchuck, and I fear it is not safe to shoot a fi'tin' b'ar with so small a charge."

"My gun is in mighty bad shape too," said Mose Rumsey, of Snappin' Turtle Creek.

There also seemed to be something wrong with Long Ben Babcock's weapon. It was now discovered that they did not have a single gun fit to do battle with such a formidable foe as the half tipsy bear.

A council of war was called and Zig Slawson, of Baulky Swamp, proposed that a committee be at once dispatched for Jack Howe, the only man in the mountains who has a record of killing three bears in one day.

Long Ben Babcock was delegated to hurry after Jack, whom he found oiling his express gun. When Jack learned that he was wanted to perpetuate the good record for bravery of the hunters of the county, he quickly buckled on his cartridge belt, and an hour later the skin of the jovial bear was pinned to the ground.

About one-half of the fluid was recovered and divided among the hunters, and there was great rejoicing in Stove Pipe City that night. REDNER.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.

Sea and River Fishing.

Steelheads and Salmon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In response to the courteous questions which Podgers propounds to me in your issue of Nov. 4, regarding the Pacific salmon and the steelhead trout, permit me to call attention to what Dr. David Starr Jordan says of the Pacific salmon: "They were first recognized in 1731 by that most exact of early observers, Steller, who described and distinguished them with perfect accuracy under their Russian vernacular names. * * * These species may be called (1) The quinnat or king salmon (*Oncorhynchus tschawytscha*). (2) The blue-back salmon or redfish (*O. nerka*). (3) The silver salmon (*O. kisutch*). (4) The dog salmon (*O. keta*), and (5) The humpback salmon (*O. gorbuscha*)." Speaking of this genus, he says: "That it differs from all the rest of the salmon family, in the fact that the number of rays in the anal fin is from fourteen to twenty, while in all the salmon and trout on the other side of the Atlantic this fin contains no more than eleven rays. The usual number is nine to ten. These fish are, therefore, in strictness, not salmon at all, but something more intensely salmon than the salmon of Europe itself is. They have, therefore, been placed in another genus known as *Oncorhynchus*. For the lack of any other common name, they are always spoken of, and will always be canned, as long as the canning industry lasts, under the name of salmon. The Chinook (Indian) name *Quinnat* was early applied to them, and if we feel the need of some other name to distinguish them from real salmon, we may call the Pacific Coast salmon quinnat or quinnat salmon."

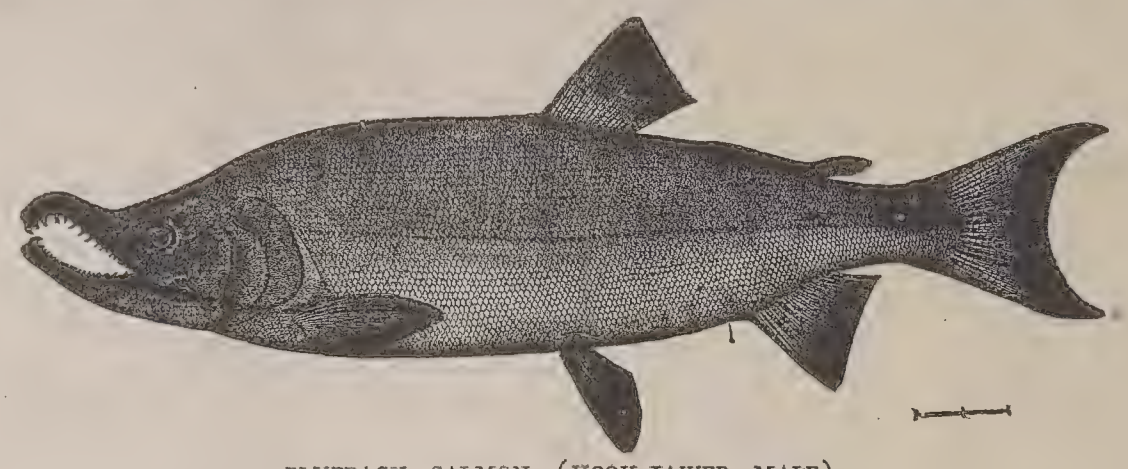
Of the steelhead trout, Dr. Jordan says, in speaking of Pacific Coast trout: "Another California trout is the so-called steelhead, often known in California as salmon trout, a fish really very much like the salmon trout of Europe. * * * The name comes from the color of its head and the hardness of the bones of its skull as compared with the bones of the quinnat salmon. Its scientific name is *Salmo gairdneri*, named for Dr. Gairdner, of Fort Vancouver, a bright, young naturalist in his day, in the employ of the fur company, who first discovered the species and sent it to John Richardson."

These quotations are taken from a lecture delivered in 1891 by Dr. Jordan before the California Academy of Sciences. Until this distinguished scientist called the attention of the Coast to the fact that the steelhead was a trout, it was generally known and called a salmon, and even now, eight years after, the fish is still commonly called a salmon.

On the Smith, Klamath, Eel, Navarro and other California coast streams the question is still being discussed. I have been told, in substance, by many an old fisherman in this region, that he had lived there for many a year and that the fish had always been called a salmon, and was a salmon, and he would be d——d if he thought any doctor from the East could come out there and expect him to believe that the salmon was a trout, the parent of all the brook and mountain trout in the streams of his section. Even among our anglers, few call the steelhead a trout. Many of our expert anglers, who know them to be trout, and that special laws regarding their capture have been enacted, continue to call them salmon. Why is it that so few anglers take interest in learning the names and the history of the fish they so ardently seek?

As Dr. Jordan has shown, the steelhead might easily be confounded with the Atlantic salmon, but on the Pacific there is no such excuse. Podgers and others may easily familiarize themselves with the outward distinctive differences between the quinnat and the steelhead. In the former the anal fin—the fin between the vent and the tail—has from fourteen to twenty fully developed rays, and the inside of the mouth is black; with the steelhead the anal fin never has over thirteen fully developed rays, and the inside of the mouth is white. Then again, Podgers, the adult salmon does not feed while in fresh water, and dies after spawning, while the steelhead does feed in fresh water, and is particularly ravenous on its return from its spawning beds to the sea.

Regarding the statement that the salmon does not feed while in fresh water, let me say that it is true that the quinnat in the McCloud and other streams is occasionally taken with hook baited with roe, and that the young males—commonly called grilse—are taken with the fly, but the fact remains that they do not feed, the stomach being contracted and without food of any kind while in fresh water. Probably the fish picks up the roe or seizes the fly in idle



BLUEBACK SALMON (HOOK-JAWED MALE).

sport, or, possibly, in remembrance of its younger days in the river before it knew of the richer fields for food which later it found in the sea. Now that I have spoken of the McCloud, let me say to you, Podgers, that from my own investigation and from the knowledge gained in talking with Dr. Jordan, Livingston Stone and John Babcock, I do not believe that the sea run of steelhead ever reach the McCloud. Unquestionably, the large salmon-like fish you caught there with roe was a simon pure quinnat salmon (*O. tschawytscha*). They are more commonly taken there with a Wilson spoon—either copper or silver color. You will find the sport—once attained—of casting this spoon for these salmon much more engaging and reliable than taking them with roe; then, too, the large rainbow trout of the McCloud will often take the Wilson spoon when they will not come up for a fly.

Podgers, the fish which you caught in Monterey Bay, near Santa Cruz and the town of Monterey, with spoon and sardines, is also the true quinnat salmon. I have never known of a steelhead being taken there in that way, though the steelhead must be in Monterey Bay, for he enters the estuaries of the coast streams that empty into that bay and passes up into the streams to spawn.

Regarding the "hooked-nosed salmon" Podgers speaks of, they are the breeding males of the salmon. The heads of all the males of all varieties of the Pacific salmon undergo a marked change as the breeding season approaches. Of these changes, Dr. Jordan says: "As the season advances, the difference between the males and females becomes more and more marked, and keeps pace with the development of the milt, as is shown by dissection. The males have:

"(1) The premaxillaries and the tip of the lower jaw more and more prolonged; both of the jaws become finely, strongly and often extravagantly hooked, so that either they shut by the side of each other like shears, or else the mouth cannot be closed.

"(2) The front teeth become very long and canine-like, their growth proceeding very rapidly until they are often one-half inch long.

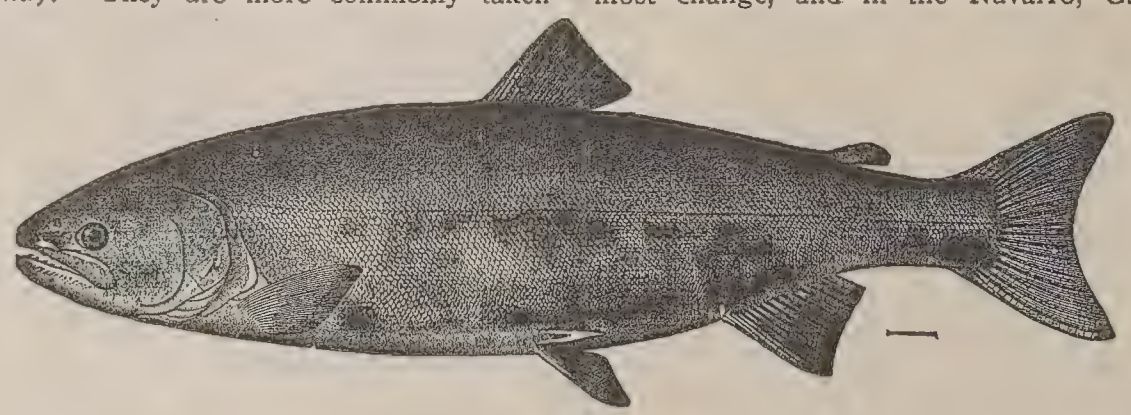
"(3) The teeth of the vomer and tongue often disappear.

"(4) The body grows more compressed and deeper at the shoulders, so that a very distinct hump is formed; this is more developed in *Oncorhynchus gorbuscha* (the humpback), but is found in all.

"(5) The scales disappear, especially on the back, by the growth of spongy skin.

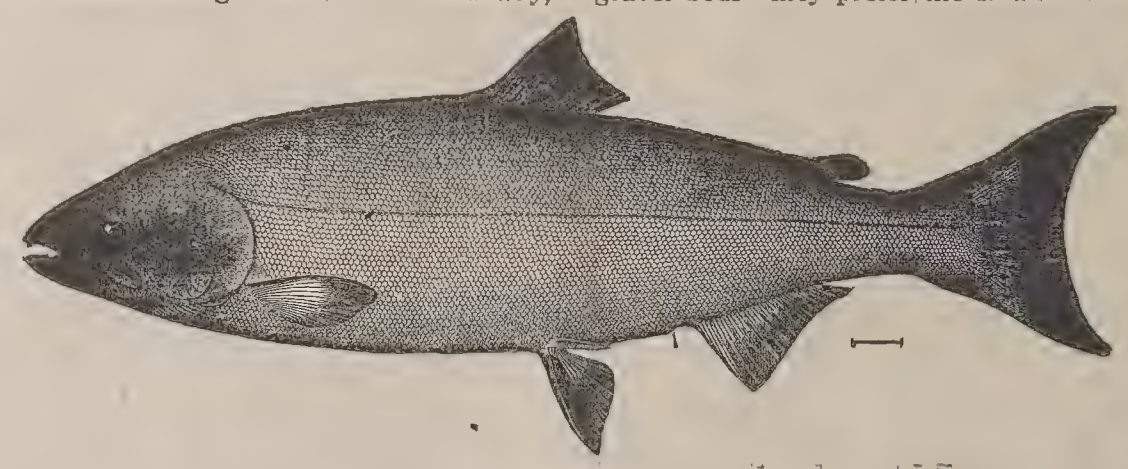
"(6) The color changes from silvery to various shades of black and red or blotchy, according to species. The blue-back turns red, the dog salmon a dull blotchy red and the quinnat generally blackish. * * * At the time of the spring run all are symmetrical. In the fall, all males, of whatever species, are more or less distorted."

To Jordan's descriptions let me instance that I have seen the heads of the male quinnat that were so distorted that you could place your hand in the side of the mouth and close down the jaw until they met at the ends and yet leave the hand free to be removed without striking the doglike teeth. The head of the dog salmon undergoes the most change, and in the Navarro, Garcia and other neighboring streams is usually known as the "hooked-nose" or "hooked-bill" salmon.

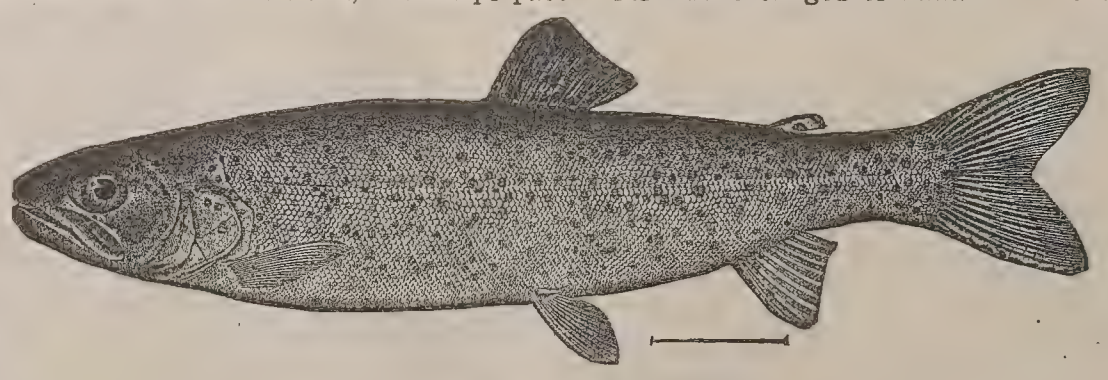


HUMPBACK SALMON.

It may be interesting to note again that the salmon that enter the large coast streams pass as far up stream as possible—those that enter during the spring months passing to the extreme headwaters—where they deposit their spawn and then, strange as it may appear, die. Few, if any, return to the sea. The steelhead, on the contrary, enter the large and small streams, pass to favorable gravel beds—they prefer the small tributaries rather than the main stream—where they spawn, and then, the water permitting, return to the sea. The jaws of the male steelhead undergo but little change as compared with the salmon, but there is quite a marked change during the breeding period. The steelhead also assumes a band of red along the side, but nothing like so marked as the salmon. With the steelhead it often occurs that before spawning is accomplished the water in the stream falls to so low a stage as to prevent the return to the sea, and the fish is obliged to remain in the deep pools until the streams again rise. This will account for the presence of what is, on the Pacific Coast, called "landlocked salmon." These landlocked steelheads are usually much deteriorated in flesh and flavor and have lost much of the gameness that has so endeared them to the heart of the angler; for, know you, Podgers, that the steelhead has no equal in fresh water as a game fish. The salmon of the East or of Monterey Bay, where you find him at his best on the Pacific Coast, does not equal a "fresh run" steelhead—a fish that has just entered fresh water from the sea—as a game fish. No, Podgers, when you hook and are playing a steelhead, don't lose your interest in him because he is not a salmon, for he fights better, "eats as well," and



QUINNAT.



GAIRDNER'S TROUT—YOUNG.



Supplement to Forest and Stream.

"WHAT'S THAT?"

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you are right "to stand up for him," for none of the sportsmen that I know consider him "a little off color." He is a worthy object of pursuit and the angler who lands one on light tackle may well be proud of the achievement, and when he has brought him to gaff or "beached" him should remove his hat and say, "Steelhead, you have no peer in fresh water," for not even his full brother, the rainbow trout, over which the scientists have so long puzzled their brains to find a distinguishing difference, is more game than he. And, again, Podgers, let me tell you that no section in America offers you better sport in fresh water than your own California, when it permits you take the steelhead in tidewater with hook and line at any time. Have you never been surprised that so few of the anglers in California know anything of this fishing?

The quinnat salmon is never so game and interesting a fish to fight as the steelhead. In my opinion, none of the Pacific salmon are game fish. True, many of us enjoy trolling for them in Monterey Bay, but they are "not in it" with a fresh-run steelhead. There is more "sulk" in the Pacific salmon than fight. No, Podgers, it does not detract from the sport that you so enjoyed on the Navarro to find that you were taking the steelhead and not the salmon. I almost envy you the recollection of that trip, but you are welcome to all the remembrances that come to you from catching the Pacific salmon, for I have caught a few of them in different waters on the Pacific Coast, and I would "swap" all of them for one good play with the clean-cut and immaculately white steelhead.

And one thing more, Podgers: Don't neglect that red ibis fly when you go for steelheads, for they are fond of it —especially toward evening. This past season it was a prime favorite on Eel River. I have used it often, and next to a large royal coachman it has attracted the most fish. And don't be afraid of using large flies for the steelhead; but as Mr. Mather would say, "That is another story."

STEELHEAD.

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 17.

"In Their Midst."

They say that the oyster crab is far more abundant this season than ever before. This will not affect the consumer of oysters in the slightest, for the succulent crab and the hospitable mollusk are separated at an early stage of their respective commercial careers. The oyster crab is collected until enough are on hand to appeal to the epicure, and is finally served in a small dish at a large price. It's only in Baltimore and Washington that one sees now the once familiar sight of the twin-banded shrimp-pink little crab in the bottom of the stew. The crab lives under the mantle of the oyster, which seems to suffer no inconvenience. Most animals thus afflicted would sneeze or do something to rid themselves of the intruder; but the oyster is of an apathetic disposition, as much so as its distinguished substitute, the clam. The crab is not really a parasite of the oyster. A parasite is one which draws its support from the animal on which it lives; where the intruder simply lives with its host and derives its food from other sources it is known as a commensal. The oyster crab does not live on the juices of the oyster, but finds its food in the currents of water which the mollusk sends swirling through the folds of its mantle.

The oyster is not the only animal that has lodgings for the smaller crustaceans. The whale is known to suffer from the commensals which find lodgment on it. There are several varieties of crustacea, ranging in size from a dime to a nickel, which attach themselves to the eyelids and the corners of the lips of the largest whales, and even find their way into the ears of the cetaceans. The ear of the whale is peculiarly keen and all sound is remarkably magnified. It must, therefore, be exquisite torture to the whale when the crab walks over the ear drum with a noise like thunder. Observant whalemen regard this as the cause of the leaps and breachings of whales when no attack is being made on them, the idea being to get rid of the foreign substance from the ear very much after the fashion of the small boy jigging up and down on one foot after bathing.

The student of zoology who is responsible for these remarks as to the whale had another instance to offer of existences packed much like the skins of onions in concentric layers.

"The most perfect instance known to science of the commensal and the parasite," he continued, "is that afforded by the trepang or sea-slug of the Philippine waters, a near relative of the sea-cucumber found on the New England coast. When fully grown the trepang is about 18 inches long and shaped in other dimensions very much after the ground plan and elevations of the leberwurst of delicatessen commerce. From end to end of the animal there runs a tube through which a current of sea water is continually forced past the mouth and the breathing organs, which are all within the trepang at intervals along this tube. In more than three-quarters of all trepang which have been examined there has been found a single fish in this tube—a long and slender fish between 6 and 8 inches long and no bigger around than one's little finger, colorless and almost transparent, as befits an animal living always in the dark. This fish is known as the fierasfer, and it is unknown except as found in these peculiar lodgings. If a trepang be cut open and its guest be shaken out into the water it seems bewildered in such roomy quarters and in such a blaze of light. It darts about aimlessly until it finds another trepang, and then with a sudden rush it disappears into the odd abiding place which it has chosen. According to the scientific reckoning of such things, the fierasfer is not a parasite, but a commensal of the trepang.

"But it does not end there, by any means—in fact, this is only the beginning of the menagerie, as the trepang might say, 'in our midst.' Now take the fierasfer and see what is to be found. It is translucent, and that makes it possible to examine into its works without dissection. Many specimens exhibit one or more dark spots in the gills. By a little manipulation these dark spots can be dislodged from their place and brought to light for examination. They seem to be leaden pellets about the size of swan shot. Put one of these pellets in a drop of water and then add a particle of gurry. Immediately the shot unlimbers a bunch of legs all in one spot and the work of gathering in the food is seen in full operation. The seeming shot turns out to be a hungry crab, which has chosen its abode in the fierasfer, and is found nowhere else. It also is commensal and not parasitic. First the trepang, then the fish that lives in the trepang, then the crab that lives in the fish that lives in the trepang. That begins to approach the 'ad infinitum' rhyme of the poem 'other fleas to bite 'em.'

"Dissect any one of these bullet-shaped crabs and more revelations follow. Coiled under the shell in many instances will be seen a white filament. If that be carefully unrolled it will be found to be two or three feet long. It is a nematode worm, a parasite on the crab, which it eventually destroys, yet it has no power to harm either the fish or the sea-slug. And last of all, this worm is also in many cases itself infested with another worm, a parasite on a parasite. When you compute all of these animals, each living in the midst of the one next outside it, and then figure up the oyster with only its own shrimp-pink crab with two light stripes, why then the oyster isn't so many and the trepang of the Philippines strikes one as the regular five-story flat of animal life.

Llewella Pierce Churchill.

Steamed Squeteague.

Providence, R. I., Nov. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you an account of the way in which some of us "chained-to-business" fellows had a little recreation the past season.

The edible qualities of the squeteague or weakfish are in much dispute among the anglers of this section, some claiming them to be the equal of any fish that swim, while others will not eat them at all. We had at least one the past season that certainly was equal to any bluefish ever cooked; but the secret lay in the catching and cooking. The way we did it was this: We spent the night near the fishing grounds, got up just before daylight the next morning, threw up a handful of gravel to our neighbor's window and he soon joined us. The shrimp, rods and landing net were put into the skiff, and we rowed off to the buoy.

The man in the stern had the first strike, but lost his fish; then my float disappeared with a rush, and we soon had five heavy squeteague in the old feed bag astern. We pulled up killick, rowed ashore, had breakfast and caught the 7:09 A. M. train for town with the heaviest fish in a basket.

Arriving at the shop, the fish was turned over to the engineer, who on this occasion was to be the cook. He had prepared a pickle barrel by boring a hole in the bottom and running a ¼-inch steam pipe through it, and connecting it with the supply pipe was ready for business. The man from Bristol brought up about a bushel of fresh rockweed, some of which was placed in the bottom of the barrel, and also lining the sides. In the cavity thus formed a peck of clams was put, a bag containing common and sweet potatoes and green corn; then came the squeteague, carefully dressed, with slices of pork inside and outside, all wrapped in clean toweling, with a final layer of rockweed on top. The cover was put on, and at 11:30 the engineer gave her the "pizen," as he called it, and when the wheels stopped whirling at noon the bake was opened, and there was a dinner fit for a king—a dinner such as only those who are familiar with the Rhode Island clambake can appreciate. To them words are unnecessary; they have only to recall the fragrance of steaming clams mingled with the salty smell of fresh rockweed and—it is enough.

A large drawing board covered with wrapping paper served as a table, and was supported by a frame on the boiler-room floor. The silence of the feast was broken by the merry tinkle of many clam shells as they fell on the hard cement, dropped from six pairs of hands.

The fish was completely devoured, all pronouncing it one of the finest they had ever eaten, and thus testifying to the skill of our chef. We finished with a dead ripe watermelon and 'tis lucky that we were not finished also.

S. S. B.

Rhode Island Frost Fish.

Providence, R. I., Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game this season is scarce about Wickford, only a few quail having been obtained, with now and then a partridge, and the sportsmen to get a good day's shooting are compelled to seek it in the coverts of South Kingstown and Exeter, where, while not abundant, birds are more plentiful.

From the river it looks as if the shores of Narragansett Bay on both sides below Field's Point are thronged with lightning bugs every night. Lights bob back and forth in profusion, winding in and out, on the Pawtuxet side and on the Riverside shore as well. The display is interesting, as well as confusing to one ignorant of its meaning. It is simply the annual fall rush for frost fish, which the piscatorial expert knows only as whiting.

The frost fish is a small fish of the smelt family, although less in size and even inferior in intelligence. During the day they remain out in the river, but at night they chase the schools of minnows and small fry in, driving them inshore in the shallow water, where they may be easily caught. In the pursuit of the smaller fish the frost fish find their own undoing, for they run in so close on sandy shores that a man walking in the water 6 feet or so from its edge can easily get between them and the land, and kick them ashore or haul them in with rakes and small nets.

The fish are good eating, although the number consumed by a hungry man in a meal is something large. A sandy shore is the best place to catch them, for the walking is easier than in mud, and Bush Pasture Point, Edgewood, opposite the residence of ex-Mayor Hayward, and Still House Cove, at the foot of Ocean street, Pawtuxet, are both thronged with the fishermen every night.

Large numbers of these fish are being taken each night, the average catch being about one hundred to each person. They will average about four to sixteen fish to the pound.

W. H. M.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Transporting Rainbow Trout at High Temperature.

Cape Vincent, N. Y., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Permit me to hand you the inclosed translation of a contribution of Herr Jaffe to the Allgemeine Fischerei-Beitung. I think it is worthy of publication on account of establishing the fact that rainbow trout can be carried at such a high temperature.

Livingston Stone.

As announced in the January number of one of the French fishing journals, live rainbow trout were safely transported upon one of the steamers of the Messageries Maritimes line, from Bordeaux to South America, between the 5th and 25th of December of the previous year. They were carried in a zinc can, such as is commonly used for transporting live fish, which held from fifty to sixty liters and was provided with means for introducing sufficient air.

The transportation was really undertaken from Paris with yearlings of seven or eight centimeters in length, and fifty in number; but of these twenty-two died on the train on the way to Bordeaux. Of the survivors, nine stood the long journey by sea, and were placed in a small river at Eusada, in the vicinity of Buenos Ayres. Mr Moussion, the owner of the river, and under whose auspices the immigration had been effected, wished to try the experiment of introducing into that country this valuable member of the salmon species.

The interesting fact connected with the transportation, however, is the proof that rainbow trout can endure for several days a very high temperature, for on the equator, as well as at the latitude of Rio Janeiro and on the Tropic of Capricorn the water in the can, in spite of additions of ice, stood at 25 degrees Réaumur (88 degrees Fahrenheit), showing that the rainbow trout can stand such a high temperature as that noted for somewhat over a week.

S. Jaffe, Sandfort, Germany.

The Conductor's Fish Story.

There were but few passengers on the early trip. As the conductor saw by my rod that I was going a-fishing, he sat down and chatted. He said: "I'm not much of a fisherman myself, though people down our way say I'm the best fisherman in the town. They say that when Hank goes out he always fills his creel. Now I don't say that of myself, for I know that I'm not much of a fisherman, though I will say that I always manage to get fish." (With a wink and knowing nod.) "Now, my way of fishing is this: First I put on me bait fish; then I have me six flies" (holding up six fingers). "I have me two brown hackles" (two fingers up); "I have me two Seth Greens, and me two—well, any kind of flies—not so particular so long as I have me two brown hackles and me two Seth Grens. Then I let me bait fish go down stream 50 feet, 100 feet, 150 feet, 200 feet, 250 feet, 300 feet, or even 350 feet, and then when I get a fish on me bait fish I comb me flies through the water and I catch other fish, see? Sometimes I catch 'em in the head, fin, tail—anywhere—that's the way I get 'em. I fill me creel every time. But then" (with a prolonged wink and an elevation of one corner of the mouth), "I don't go every day. I go when I know the conditions is good, see? I study the weather and I know just when to hit it.

"Then I have another way I fish. Along in June I go down to the stream just about dusk and I use a white miller—just one, but a big one—that big" (measuring 2½ inches), "and in one hour I fill me creel. You see, when I fish, I fish, see? Now there's a lot of these fellows that say a fly aint no good, but I know better. I can do more with me six flies and me one bait fish than any man I know can with a tub full of worms or any other bait. But then a man wants to know how to use 'em, see? Flies is all right; give me flies every time."

Beaver Kill.

New Jersey

"Jess: Bits of Wayside Gospel."

Under this title is published by the Macmillan Company a volume by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, containing a number of chapters which first came to the public as sermons in Chicago, and which now are offered to a wider public. They are such sermons as one could wish the world had more of. Not sermons about doctrine nor of the conflict of science and religion, but sermons about the very commonest things of our everyday life.

Jess, who gives the title to the book, was Mr. Jones' saddle mare, and he writes of her with a feeling that at once brings the reader into sympathy with him. And what he tells about her is after all only a sermon on kindness and mercy to those over whom we are set. It is well told and worth reading.

So with his chapter on the "Religion of the Bird's Nest," where he says that "A good field glass is a double-barreled gun that brings down the birds without injuring them." Then follows his sermon about the birds and their ways, and the good that they do, and what they feel, and how civilized man has come in to overthrow the balance of nature and to tear down that which it took millions of years to build up.

Mr. Jones' book was worth publishing, and it is certainly well worth reading. Books that have so much breadth and so much sweetness as this, cannot fail to do good.

AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The Forest and Stream—in a year's subscription—is an appropriate and sure to be appreciated gift for a father, husband, son, brother, cousin, uncle, nephew, or one's pastor, lawyer, pupil, teacher or friend. The giving will be for fifty-two weeks. And with the paper may well go, for this year's Christmas, one of the large engravings "Alert" (moose), "The Challenge" (elk), "What's That?" (antelope), "Listen" (blacktail deer), "Close Quarters" (Mr. Osthaus' painting of Ripsey on point). These are on plates 12½ x 19 inches, on paper 22 x 28 ("What's That?" is slightly smaller). Price of engravings $3 each, or by a special rate the Forest and Stream for one year and any one of the engravings will be sent for $5.50.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—New York.—American Pet Dog Club's show. S. C. Hodge, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 28.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's third annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.

Dec. 8.—Newton, N. C.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Eastern Field Trial Club's Trials.

The open stakes of the Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-first anual trials began on Monday, Nov. 20, and were carried over into the following week. There was a most gratifying interest in them, and a general strengthening of support, which presaged prosperity for the future.

The trials were run on the club's preserve at Newton, N. C., although there were certain signs which indicated that the significance of the club's lease had its significance in name only. There was a kind of rumor that the preserve was quite as much at the service of local shooters as it was at the club's. Some bevies were found which were broken; traps for birds were found in the grounds, and poachers were caught almost redhanded during the trials. This created a good deal of discontent among the club members, and it is possible that, unless the landowners feel some responsibility for their pledges to the club, the latter may sooner or later seek new grounds.

The judges were Col. Arthur Merriman, of Memphis, Tenn., and Messrs. N. Wallace, Farrington, Conn., and Theodore Sturges, New York. They were diligent in their duties and men of long and high experience.

The club held a meeting on Friday night, Nov. 24, and elected officers as follows: President, Pierre Lorillard, Jr.; Vice-President, Theodore Sturges; Secretary and Treasurer, S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

The twenty-second annual trial will be held at Newton, N. C., on Nov. 18, 1900, commencing with the Members' Stake, and the following week the Derby, All-Age and Subscription Stake will be run. The same purses will be offered as were competed for this year. The secretary was instructed to lease 2,000 acres of land in addition to what the club already controls. The Board of Governors was elected as follows: Dr. J. S. Brown, J. L. Breese, J. L. Baker, S. C. Bradley, George Crocker, Edw. Dexter, H. B. Duryea, F. R. Hitchcock, J. A. Hodgeman, P. Lorillard, Jr., Geo. F. Nesbitt, Edm. H. Osthaus, J. E. Orr, Chas. Phelps, R. V. Fox and Theodore Sturges. New members elected were Messrs. James L. Breese, Clarence Mackey, F. O. Beach, Dr. Palmer and H. R. Duval. This was the greatest accession to the membership of the club which has occurred in some years, and undoubtedly portends great success for the future.

A large party followed the trials from day to day, and on the whole there seems to be a revival of general interest, though from a different and more wholesome motive—the motive of sport instead of the motive of business. The dominant interest of business which was so harmful to field trials in the past is now no longer dominant. Sport is in the ascendent, as it properly should be.

Mesdames H. B. Duryea and J. L. Breese and Miss Bradley were quite as interested in the running, and followed the judges as persistently, watching the competition, as did any of the sterner sex. They rode through ditches and cover with as much skill and coolness as the veterans of the sport.

The visitors from afar who were lookers on were: Geo. F. Nesbitt and A. G. Nesbitt, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Dr. J. S. Brown, Montclair, N. J.; James E. Orr, New York; H. B. Duryea and wife, Red Bank, N. J.; R. V. Fox, Harrisburg, Pa.; S. Murray Mitchell and Edwin V. Dougherty, Philadelphia; James L. Breese and wife, New York; T. R. Hitchcock, New York; D. F. Pride, Cincinnati; J. M. Taylor, New York; P. Lorillard, Jr., and F. Newbold, New York; Arthur Stern, New York; S. E. Seay, Salisbury, N. C.; Dr. C. T. Shoop, Racine, Wis.; Edm. H. Osthaus, Toledo, O.; A. V. Dively and wife, Altoona, Pa.; Mr. H. R. Duval, New York; Dr. Palmer, Fernandina, Fla. Those who were present professionally were: S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn.; Geo. E. Gray, Appleton, Minn.; J. H. Johnson, Carlisle, Ind.; C. E. Buckle, Charlottesville, Va.; C. Tucker and J. Tucker, Tennessee; W. W. Titus, West Point, Miss.; J. M. Avent, Tennessee; John N. Lewis, Ramsey, N. J.; D. E. Rose, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.; W. H. Hammond, Eldred, N. Y.; G. W. Owens, East Islip; R. Storey, Thomasville, N. C.; Victor Humphrey, Lexington, N. C., and Luke White, Baltimore, Md.

The All-Age Stake.

There were twenty-four starters in the All-Age Stake, a number most encouragingly in advance of the similar stakes in several of the recent past years. There also was an equally pleasing support from sportsmen who were new to field trial interests.

This stake was for all setters and pointers which had never won a first prize in an all-age open stake at the Continental, United States or Eastern field trials. The prizes were: First, $250; second, $150; third, $100. Forfeit, $10, and $20 additional to fill. Entries closed Oct. 1.

Colonel R., the winner of first, is a small dog, of extraordinary speed, nose, diligence and execution, as displayed in this stake, though he fell off greatly from the form of the All-Age competition when he subsequently ran in the Subscription Stake. His range was wide and his speed great, and he beat out his ground with good judgment. His finding and pointing were marked by quickness and correctness, and by success as to quantity. He was easily the first in the stake.

Minnie's Girl, second prize winner, had a range from medium to wide, it varying considerably; but for wisdom in selecting likely places for birds, working them with judgment and locating and pointing with honest play to the interests of the gun, she was surpassed by none. She was a good second.

Jack, third, is less than medium size, but he ranged fast and well, and was specially strong in his point work on scattered birds. He had a wide fling, but did not always cast with the best judgment. He, however, was a good third and was very close in merit to the winner of second.

The dogs were run as follows:

C. T. Barney's liver and white pointer dog Macclesfield (Roderick—Rose), John White, handler, with L. E. Seay's black, white and tan setter dog General Gladstone (Gladstone Boy—Buena Vista), owner, handler.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan setter dog Rowland (Eugene T.—Lou), C. Tucker, handler, with George E. Gray's liver and white pointer dog Young Jingo (Jingo—Pearl's Dot), owner, handler.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan setter dog Jack (Eugene T.—Maud), C. Tucker, handler, with Charlottesvill Field Trial Kennels' liver and white pointer bitch Nana (Rip Rap—Toxie), C. E. Buckle, handler.

J. L. Breese's black and white pointer dog Bang III. (Rector—Diana), with W. P. Austin's liver and white pointer dog Lad of Jingo (Jingo—Pearl's Dot), D. E. Rose, handler.

W. Tallman's (agent) liver and white setter dog Gough (—— —Sunset), agent, handler, with G. G. Williamson's black, white and tan setter dog Lady's Count Gladstone (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), D. E. Rose, handler.

H. R. Edwards' black, white and tan setter dog Colonel R (Harwick—Trap, Jr.), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with Wm. Tallman's (agent) liver and white setter bitch Donna (Dick Noble—Donna), agent, handler.

Wm. Tallman's (agent) black, white and tan setter dog Admiral Drake (Bald Rock—Nellie M.), agent, handler, with H. R. Duval's liver and white pointer dog Falmouth Suffolk (Rip Saw—Blodwen), George W. Owens, handler.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan setter dog Pink's Boy (Gleam's Pink—Belle of Pawling), C. Tucker, handler, with Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan setter dog Roysterer (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Phryne), J. M. Avent, handler.

Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan setter dog Prime Minister (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Phryne), J. M. Avent, handler, with George Crocker's orange and white setter bitch Minnie's Girl (Antonio—Minnie), S. C. Bradley, handler.

Luke W. White's (agent) orange and white pointer dog Ponce (—— — ——), agent, handler, with H. R. Duval's liver and white pointer dog Falmouth Dixie (Rip Saw—Blodwen), G. W. Owens, handler.

Fox & Blythe's black, white and tan setter dog Dave Earl (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), D. E. Rose, handler, with W. J. Baughn's black, white and tan setter dog Count Danstone (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), G. E. Gray, handler.

Miss C. Parsons' black, white and tan setter dog Berber (Antonio—Laskie), John White, handler, with H. K. Devereaux's black, white and tan setter dog Uncle B. (Harwick—Dan's Lady), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

The Derby—Monday, Third Day, Nov. 20.

The morning was calm and pleasant, with a hazy atmosphere which pleasingly softened the lines of hills and timber in the landscape. As the sun mounted higher the temperature rose, till toward the middle of the forenoon it was uncomfortably warm.

Birds were found in abundance in parts of the grounds, while in other parts there were not enough to make the competition interesting. A high order of merit was necessary to display a good performance, even when birds were plentiful, the grounds being difficult to work, while in the poorer parts of the grounds diligent seeking met oftentimes without any reward in the way of finds and points. The running brought a number of very good performances to public notice, and notwithstanding the mixed conditions the dogs as a whole rated high as good workers. The stake was handled very skillfully. The order of drawing was as follows:

J. R. Blake's lemon and white setter dog Don Noble (Don P.—Jessie), W. W. Titus, handler, with Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan setter dog Pontiac (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Phryne), J. M. Avent, handler.

Geo. F. Nesbitt's liver and white pointer dog Rip (Gamester—Sally), W. W. Titus, handler, with D. E. Rose's (agent) black, white and tan setter bitch Minnie M. (—— — ——), agent, handler.

C. I. Shoop's black, white and tan setter dog Harwick Boy (Harwick—Spot's Girl), J. H. Johnson, handler, with George Crocker's black, white and tan setter bitch Queen Lill (Tony Gale—Lightfoot), S. C. Bradley, handler.

C. I. Shoop's black, white and tan setter dog Count Hunter (Count Gladstone IV.—Hunter's Queen), J. H. Johnson, handler, with Dr. M. F. Rogers' liver and white pointer dog Brant (Rip Rap—Pearl's Dot), D. E. Rose, handler.

George Crocker's black, white and tan setter bitch Miss Bangle (Tony Gale—Lightfoot), S. C. Bradley, handler, with W. W. Titus' black, white and tan setter dog Joe Cumming, Jr. (Joe Cumming—Laura), owner, handler.

Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan setter bitch Sioux (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Phryne), J. M. Avent, handler, with Pierre Lorillard, Jr's, black, white and tan setter bitch Geneva (Tony Boy—Lena Bell), C. Tucker, handler.

W. Gould Brokaw's liver and white pointer dog Fairview Tom (Sir Walter—Van's Pride), R. K. Storey, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liver and white pointer dog Khartoum (Rip Rap—Toxie), C. E. Buckle, handler.

James McKey's black and white setter dog Pride (Cincinnatus Pride—Queen Vic), D. E. Rose, handler, with L. C. Clarke's black and white pointer dog Frank F. (Gamester—Sally), John White, handler.

H. B. Holmes' black, white and tan setter dog Glen Noble (Glen—Lem Gladstone), John White, handler, with Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan setter dog Ute (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Phryne), J. M. Avent, handler.

Leon E. Seay's black, white and tan setter dog Max Gladstone (Greenway—Buena Vista II.), owner, handler. Withdrawn.

Geneva, the winner of first, ran a very meritorous race. She ranged with judgment, had good speed and industry, and beat out a great deal of ground in an intelligent manner. Her finding and pointing was excellent, and she won quite nicely on her good performance.

Sioux, second prize winner, is fast, but ranged out of bounds at times, with a disposition to self-hunting, and was very hard to handle. Her work lacked the finish of the winner, and was very faulty in respect to working to the gun. Speed and lawless range were her most conspicuous characteristics.

Count Hunter, third, ran quite a good race. He was a fast and wide ranger, and hard to handle betimes. His pointing and finding was fairly good, though lacking in nice clean finish.

The conditions of this stake were as follows: For all setter and pointer puppies, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1898. To first, $300; to second, $200; to third, $100. First forfeit, $10; second forfeit, $10, and $10 additional to start.

First Round.

Don Noble and Pontiac were cast off at 8:28. The latter pointed and Don backed well; then the pointing dog drew on and gave up the trial. Don ran on about one hundred yards and pointed; nothing found. Don in weeds roaded to a good point on a bevy. On the scattered birds, Don made three points, one flush and a point to which nothing was found. Sent on, Don made a good find and pointed on a bevy. Pontiac seemed headstrong, and was hard to keep to the course. Don showed good bird work, but he located his birds with his nose close to the ground and in a somewhat slow though accurate manner. Up at 9:43.

Rip and Minnie M. started at 9:55. Rip pointed and roaded, but found nothing; Minnie backed well. A bevy was marked down and the dogs were turned back and worked toward it. Minnie flushed the scattered birds. Rip put his nose to the ground frequently and wasted time thereby. Each had good speed, and a middling range. Up at 11:01.

Queen Lill and Harwick Boy were cast off at 11:11. Lill flushed a bird of a bevy, and taking a small circle near the bevy stopped then to caution. It was a poor piece of work. She was steady when the gun was fired. Boy at the time Lill was pointing came up and stopped to caution. Boy pointed a bevy in woods. Lill flushed scattered birds in woods and chased. Boy flushed a single in woods and stopped to wing, and more were flushed ahead of him. Boy pointed a single, and stopped to order when the gun was fired. Boy pointed a bevy by the edge of a ditch, and along the ditch made two points on singles. Next he dropped to the flush of a bevy. Next he pointed in weeds, on the footscent, no doubt, as a bevy was flushed a short distance further on. Up at 12:02. Boy had much the better of the competition in every respect. The party then went to lunch.

Count Hunter and Brant were cast off at 1:25. Brant pointed a bevy, the dogs being separated at the time. Count made a point on the scattered birds; Brant backed; both were steady to shot. Brant made three flushes on the scattered birds. Count made a point in pines and nothing was found. Brant made three points on scattered birds and Count made one. Up at 2:25. Both dogs worked diligently and showed good speed and range.

Miss Bangle and Joe Cummings, Jr., were cast off at 2:44. Joe made a find on a bevy and pointed it; Miss at the same time came up and made a point on it; Joe turned his head, saw her on point and backed. Both were steady to shot. Joe pointed; nothing found. Joe next ranging through corn, jumped prettily into a point on a bevy, and was slightly unsteady to shot. On some of the scattered birds near by, Joe pointed, roaded and pointed, and one of the birds flushed wild. Up at 3:31. Both dogs were wide, fast rangers, and they showed good judgment and ability. They made a very favorable impression by their high performance. Miss was the better in style, while Joe was slightly the better in range and judgment.

Sioux and Geneva began their heat at 3:35. Sioux made a point, and some barnyard fowls were seen close by. Geneva pointed a bevy stanchly and accurately. The dogs were separated at the time. They were brought together and the scattered birds were followed. The horsemen flushed a number of birds; in the sedge Sioux pointed a single; next Geneva pointed and a single flushed wild. Both were steady to shot. On further seeking, each made a good find and point of a bevy; on the scattered birds of the first, Sioux pointed a single and then Geneva pointed, footscent probably, and was well backed. Up at 4:28. Both were fast, good workers, though Sioux cast entirely too wide at times, and then was out of bounds.

Fairview Tom and Khartoum were cast off at 4:35, and they ran till 5:10. The heat was a ragged one, though Khartoum made by far the better competition. He pointed a bevy and was backed. Neither dog ranged with judgment.

Tuesday, Fourth Day, Nov. 21.

The morning was darkly cloudy and calm, with signs which portended rain, but gradually the clouds dissipated and there was a hazy breaking out of the sun for awhile. The conditions seemed to be favorable for the birds to seek a food supply, for they were out in good numbers. A moist air was a condition for road work. A start was made near the gold mine, some five miles from town.

Pride and Frank F. began at 8:39. A bevy of birds were seen to flush, and both dogs were near it at the time. On the scattered birds, Pride pointed and nothing was found. Frank pointed a single, which flushed, and Frank broke in. In a large stubble field, Frank eagerly chased a dove which was flying high in air. Nearing the side of the large field, he stopped suddenly on a point on a bevy. The heat as a whole was a poor one. Up at 9:24. Their range was irregular and middling, and their work on birds was inferior.

Glen Noble and Ute began their competition at 9:33. Glen pointed in a draw; nothing found. One of the handlers walked into a bevy, but it was not followed. In the meantime a bevy was marked down by the spectators and the dogs were worked toward it. Glen pointed a single. Ute backed, and broke shot. Ute pointed and moved on, and the scattered birds flushed wild. The work on birds was very inferior. Glen next pointed and flushed the bird. Up at 10:28. Both had speed, but their range was without much judgment.

Second Series.

Four dogs were retained in the second series. They were Count Hunter, Geneva, Sioux and Brant. This was rather a severe cutting down of the competition, and not justified by the circumstances of it, for there were several other dogs entitled to more consideration on their merits. There were also Harwick Boy, Miss Bangle and Joe Cummings, Jr., the latter with a most excellent record of finding, pointing, ranging and general good performance, though deficient in style.

Count Hunter and Geneva were cast off at 10:46. The dogs were soon tangled up with a bevy in a dense thicket, and were ordered out into the open where their work could be seen. Count pointed a bevy in stubble and was steady to caution. Count pointed a rabbit, and about fifty yards away Geneva pointed some remaining birds of the bevy, which had run. Next she pointed footscent, then she pointed a single bird about one hundred yards further on in the stubble. Sent on, Geneva pointed a bevy and Count refused to back. Up at 11:24. Both dogs were fast and wide rangers. Geneva made a good showing in this heat.

Sioux and Brant were cast off at 11:29. The heat was disorganized more or less from start to finish, though the failure of Sioux to keep on the course. Most of the time the handlers were apart, out of sight of each other. Part of the time, Sioux was working to the gun, and part of the time she seemed to be self-hunting. She was lost part of the time, and according to the exigencies of the case, her handler was far to the right or far to the left of the course, but seldom on it. Her bad work in this respect was quite sufficient to have disqualified her in view of the fact that there were so many other good puppies in the stake, puppies, too, which worked reasonably well to the gun. Sioux made a wide cast to the left at the start off, presumably following some of the wagons, and her handler started across a big wheat field after her, but she was making a so-called cast, and after a time turned back to the course. She pointed on a side hill in stubble, at the edge of pines; nothing found. Brant pointed a bevy in open stubble and was steady to wing. Sent on. The dogs became widely separated. On hunting up Sioux she was found pointing a bevy in woods. The birds were followed, but nothing was done on them. Rose was held in check in the open meanwhile; there was erroneous management at this juncture, for when one dog was working alone, the other one had an equal right to work alone also. The dogs were brought together again, and soon Sioux was lost again. She was found on a point, to which a single bird was flushed, but it was averred by some that she had a bevy and the main part of it flushed before the judges arrived. She was steady to shot. The dogs were again brought together. Brant pointed a bevy and made two points on singles; Sioux also made two points on singles. Up at 12:34. Sioux had speed and style, but very poor judgment in beating out her ground, and seemingly had a dull perception of the proper manner of working to the gun. Brant's range was ordinary and his speed irregular. He showed fairly good ability in his work on bevies and singles. Up at 12:34.

The judges announced the winners as follows: First, Geneva; second, Sioux; third, Count Hunter.

Wednesday, Nov. 22, Fifth Day.

A solid mass of black clouds obscured the sky when the start was made, and the ground was thoroughly saturated from heavy rains which fell in the early morning hours. The first brace was cast off on the grounds near Conover. The competition was hardly well started before rain set in and delayed it some minutes. Afterward showers of more or less length fell during the day, but the judges kept the competition going till dark regardless of the bad weather. Birds were found in numbers varying greatly with the different parts of the grounds, some sections containing plenty, other sections a dearth. Eight braces were run.

First Round.

Macclesfield and General Gladstone started at 8:45, and rain falling soon afterward, the party went to shelter some minutes till it ceased. Macclesfield pointed a bevy and General made a point on the scattered birds. They ranged irregularly, middling wide at times, but showed no field trial ability. Up at 9:43.

Rowland and Young Jingo started at 10:01. Jingo went fast and wide, but lacked good judgment in beating out his ground. Jingo pointed a bevy and Rowland backed, and both were steady to wing. On single birds Jingo roaded and pointed and the birds flushed wild. Jingo flushed a single and pointed the bevy and was backed. Rowland flushed twice on sigles. Toward the latter part of the heat he lessened his range and speed, showing some signs of weariness. Jingo was the better ranger and the better performer on birds, though his point work was not so good as it might have been. Up at 10:47.

Jack and Nana were cast off at 10:56. Nana made game on a bevy and flushed it. The birds were followed into pine woods. Jack made six points on the scattered birds. Nana had a good nose, but when on birds was over eager and flushed them. Up at 11:35.

Bang III. and Lad of Jingo began at 11:49. They cast about in a large wheat field; Bang, with a high nose, ran several yards up wind and pointed; Lad, crossing from the right in front, took the point; nothing was found, but one of the judges said a bevy had flushed near the dogs. Lad pointed a lark and was backed. On some scattered birds Bang made a point on a single, and again pointed and no bird was flushed to the point, though one was flushed close by after he had moved on. Lad pointed a single. Up at 12:56. Both ranged wide and fast, beat out their ground with indifferent judgment and their point work was very ordinary. Lunch was next in order.

Gough and Lady's Count Gladstone were cast off at 1:59. Lady soon rooted up a bevy willfully, and Gough, coming in soon afterward, flushed a remaining single. The birds were followed into pines. Both did some roading and pointing without results. Lady dropped to a flush on a single and Gough backed. The dogs were next worked on a bevy which had been marked by spectators. Lady made two points to which nothing was found and made a point on a chicken. Gough flushed a bevy. The heat was poor in every particular. Up at 2:32.

Colonel R and Donna began at 2:37. Colonel started a fast and wide range, which he maintained with judgment to the close of the heat. He pointed a bevy nicely, which flushed wild while he was held on point for Donna to be brought in to back. Donna made an indecisive point on a single, and next she made a good point on a single in pines and was steady to shot. Colonel made a good point, and after being sent on each at the same time pointed a bevy respectively some yards apart. Colonel finished with a good point on a single. He made an excellent showing, and was head and shoulders over all competitors of the day.

Admiral Drake and Falmouth Suffolk started at 3:29. Suffolk pointed a bevy nicely in open stubble at the edge of pines, and Drake backed. Both were steady to shot. Suffolk made a good point on a single. The dogs, after taking a long cast across a wheat stubble, were found on point about 25 yards apart; the bevy flushed close in front of Suffolk. Suffolk made three or four accurate, good points on singles in the pine woods, and Dash made one and was promptly backed. Up at 4:24. The range of both was middling as a whole. Suffolk showed excellent capabilities on birds.

Pink's Boy and Roysterer were cast off at 4:32. Roysterer pointed in corn by the side of a ditch about 60 yards from the judges. Avent went forward to flush and fired his gun; no one saw any bird fly. On some scattered birds flushed by horsemen, Boy made a point; then each pointed scattered birds independently in heavy weeds. Then both did a lot of drawing and false pointing, Roysterer offending the more by many repetitions of the fault. He made a point on a single in oak woods. He made several other points and made game frequently but failed to locate. Up at 5:16. Both dogs had speed, but they made a poor showing, partly from rank bad handling and partly from bad performance. This ended the day's work.

It was near dark and rain had set in. On the whole it was an uncomfortable day, showery betimes and wet under foot always.

Thursday, Nov. 23, Sixth Day.

The morning was dark and somber. More or less wet clung to the grass and to the branches of trees and bushes. A light breeze favored good scenting conditions. Toward noon the weather cleared up, the sun burst forth and the temperature was much like that of late summer.

Birds were found in fairly plentiful numbers, and good work on them was done by some of the best performers in the competition. A start was made near the Hewitt farm.

Minnie's Girl and Prime Minister began the morning's work at 8:36. Some birds were seen to fly in woods, but no one could see the course of their departure. Minnie pointed a bevy in woods. Sent on, she pointed, then started to road the bird, which had run. Minister cut in ahead, jointed in the roading, and both pointed the single bird. Sent on, and the dogs ranged wide over some large wheat fields. Minnie displayed the better judgment in beating out the ground. She pointed a bevy by a farm road 200 or 300 yards away, and a colored lady who was hobbling along close to her flushed the bevy. Minnie behaved well to wing. Minnie next pointed a bevy in a thicket and standing in a creek she pointed, and two or three birds were flushed from the dense briars on one bank of it. A bevy in the meantime had been flushed and marked down. Minister pointed by the edge of a ditch where the birds were and several flushed some yards away. Next he pointed and a single flushed further up the ditch. Minnie pointed a single in corn. Up at 9:47. Both had good speed and went wide in their range, but Minnie displayed much the better judgment in beating out her ground and was far the better in pointing and finding.

Ponce and Falmouth Dixie were cast off at 9:54. Both started out with middling range, but as the heat progressed Ponce went out wider. He made four points on single birds and Dixie made one. Each backed well. Up at 11:14.

Dave Earl and Count Danstone were cast off at 11:20. Dave flushed a bevy, after which he worked about and pointed on the trail, Count joining in the work. Count pointed a single in woods. Next Dave pointed a bevy in open field and Count backed. The scattered birds afforded a number of opportunities, but no points were secured. Up at 12:04. They were fast and wide rangers, fairly good in judgment, but their point work was not up to the clean finish the circumstances required.

Berber and Uncle B. were started at 12:18. Each made a point to which nothing was found. A large bevy was marked down in woods, affording a number of opportunities for points. Berber made a point and nothing could be flushed to it; but after he had moved on a single was flushed close by. Up at 1:10. The heat was a poor one. Uncle was much the wider ranger and had the most speed. The party went to lunch.

Second Round.

Eight dogs were continued in the competition and were run as follows:

Young Jingo and Jack were cast off at 2:39. The judges rode up a bevy and it was followed on the side hill in sedge. Jingo pointed scattered birds and Jack caught scent as the bird flushed wild. Jack was lost in pine woods; he pointed a bevy. Searching for the scattered birds, he made two points to which there was nothing found, one point on a single, one flush and a point as the bird flushed simultaneously. Jingo was not in the competition in the meantime, he being held up while Jack was lost till his return after working on the single birds. Jack showed the better judgment in beating out his ground. Each ranged wide and fast. Up at 4 o'clock.

Lad of Jingo and Colonel R. started at 4:11. Lad pointed a bevy in weeds and Colonel backed well. On the singles Colonel secured one point and Lad dropped to a point on a bird, which flushed wild. Sent on, Colonel took a long cast up through fields about an eighth of a mile away and pointed by the edge of a small but dense briar thicket. Lad, coming in from the left, saw him and drew in till he also pointed the bevy, refusing to back. The birds were flushed with difficulty. The dogs went around the thicket and each got a point on singles. Some of the birds were marked down in a draw. Lad pointed once and Colonel twice on singles, Lad a bit unsteady to the last flush. Both were fast and wide, but Colonel was the faster and showed the better judgment in range and the better performance on birds. Up at 4:48.

Donna and Prime Minister were cast off at 5:05. The judges flushed a bevy in the open weed field which the dogs missed finding, though Minister passed close by it. Donna made a point on a single and two points on as many bevies, and was steady to shot. Donna had a medium range, and good work on birds. Minister ran fast and wide, but his bird work was indefinite, as he found nothing. Up at 5:35. This ended the work of the day.

Friday, Nov. 24, Seventh Day.

The morning was raw and cloudy, with a threatening rain, but toward noon the clouds gradually broke away and the temperature rose to a comfortable degree. In the afternoon the sun shone forth bright and warm. Birds were found in fairly good numbers, though the quantity, as usual, varied much with the grounds and the dogs which were running. A start was made early. There was a good attendance of visitors, notwithstanding the bad weather and the several days of competition.

Minnie's Girl and Uncle B. were started at 8:24. Soon Uncle pointed in sedge in woods, and a cat was seen sneaking away from it. Minie pointed a bevy in sedge, and was steady to shot. The dogs were separated wide apart for some minutes. Uncle in the meantime pointed a bevy. Next, Minnie pointed a bevy on a side hill in sedge. Up at 9:16. Minnie had the better of the heat. She ranged with judgment, and her work on birds was marked with wisdom and good finish.

Third Round.

Colonel R. and Jack were cast off at 9:45. Beside a fence Colonel pointed a bevy and Jack apparently backed. Working on the scattered birds, each made a point and nothing was found. Sent on. Colonel pointed a bevy in woods. The dogs were sent on to find another bevy. Colonel pointed in woods, and moved on; Jack coming up, pointed at the same place, and flushed a single; then he drew on and located the bevy some distance further in the woods. On the scattered birds, Jack dropped to a flush. Up at 10:39. Both were fleet and good rangers; Colonel the better.

Minnie's Girl and Lad of Jingo started at 10:52. Minnie made a point, to which nothing was found. Next in woods, Minnie pointed a bevy and afterward a single bird. Next on some running birds by the side of a ditch, Lad refused to back Minnie's point; he stole the point and Minnie backed him. Minnie next pointed to a flush. Lad found the next bevy in weeds and was nicely backed. Next he flushed a single. Lad next made a flush on a single, and Minnie made a point, to which nothing was found. In open sedge, Minnie flushed two of a bevy, and then pointed the rest of it. Up at 11:55. The party then went to lunch at the Hewitt place.

Final.

After lunch, the judges announced that Colonel R. and Minnie's Girl would run together three or four minutes, and they were cast off in an open stubble close by. Colonel took a cast, and soon was on a point, but the dogs were ordered up at that juncture, the purpose being more to comply with the rules than to race the dogs. The judges announced the winners as follows: First, Colonel R.; second, Minnie's Girl; third, Jack.

The Subscription Stake.

There were twelve starters in this stake, several of them being competitors in previous stakes of the present trials. This raised some mild complications, for as drawn, dogs which ran in the All-Age Stake on Friday would have to run again in the Subscription Stake on that day. To establish an equity, discretionary power was conferred on the judges to change the order of drawing if it was necessary to do so to maintain a proper equity. The competitors were:

Avent & Duryea's black, white and tan setter dog Dot's Roy (Orlando—Dolly Wilson), J. M. Avent, handler, with Fox & Blyth's black and white setter dog Dave Earl (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), D. E. Rose, handler.

Geo. Crocker's black, white and tan setter dog Sam T. (Lake Roy—Betty B.), S. C. Bradley, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' blue belton setter bitch Pinmoney (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), C. E. Buckle, handler.

Avent & Duryea's Sioux, J. M. Avent, handler, with Geo. Crocker's Minnie's Girl, S. C. Bradley, handler.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, Pink's Boy, C. Turcker, handler, with Geo. Gray's Young Jingo, owner, handler.

H. R. Edwards' Colonel R., George E. Gray, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, Jack, C. Tucker, handler.

W. P. Austin's Lad of Jingo, D. E. Rose, handler, with H. K. Devereaux's Uncle B., Geo. E. Gray, handler.

Sioux, Minnie's Girl, Pink's Boy, Young Jingo, Colonel R., Jack, Lad of Jingo and Uncle B. ran in the previous stakes, and their ownership and breeding will be found in the summaries.

At the conclusion of the All-Age, the Subscription Stake was begun. The first brace was taken with a view to guard dogs which had run in the forenoon.

First Round.

Pink's Boy and Young Jingo started at 1:04. Jingo made two good finds and points on bevies, and also four points on single birds. He apparently made a flush on a bevy, as he was suspiciously close to it. Boy made two finds and points on bevies, two points to which nothing was found, and flushed a single which Jingo pointed. He also made a point and a bird flew out of the tree top overhead. Each backed well, and ranged with good judgment. They maintained a good uniform speed, and the heat as a whole was quite a good one, the dogs working nicely to the course and honoring each other's points promptly. Both were going strong at the finish.

Dot's Roy and Dave Earl began at 3:10. The work on birds was ragged. Out of five bevies found, only two were pointed by the dogs, each having one to his credit. In the second hour both dogs showed signs of weariness, and they ranged but moderately thereafter. They showed a degree of merit less than what was required for good competition.

Saturday, Nov. 25, Eighth Day.

The weather was raw and damp, with a cloudy sky and signs of rain. The spectators had fallen off greatly in

numbers, though there were a few of the sterling enthusiasm which impelled them to stay from start to finish. A start was made near the Gibson place.

Minnie's Girl and Sioux were cast off at 8:10. Neither dog ranged in the form shown in previous competition of the week, and they missed a number of good opportunities to point bevies, which were in the course worked over. Bradley walked up a bevy and Girl was then seen to be pointing, she having been on point before the birds were flushed. She made two points on singles. Sioux flushed a single bird, made a false point, and passed within a few feet of a bevy which he should have pointed, and pointed a bevy toward the close of the heat. The judges rode up two bevies on the course.

Sam T. and Pinmoney were started at 10:15. They began roading in opposite directions in a bottom, pointing now and then, till they were three or four hundred yards apart, and each pointed a bevy. Soon Pinmoney was lost for some minutes. The heat was resumed, and run over the two-hour limit to make up for the lost time. During the further running, Sam pointed three bevies and made four good points on single birds. He pointed a number of times on footscent, and seemed to be overcautious. He backed promptly and prettily. Pinmoney pointed two bevies, and made another point, apparently on a rabbit, but when sent on a bevy was flushed a few yards ahead of the point. She made a false point or two. Both were fast and beat out a great deal of ground. Pinmoney showed the better judgment and better execution on birds.

Colonel R. and Jack were cast off after lunch at 1:04. They ran in a form far inferior to that of their previous competitions. Jack false pointed repeatedly, and Colonel seemed frivolous, and lacked interest in his work. Jack went wide and would have made a good showing but for his bad errors in pointing false. He made five points before he made a true point, his sixth being a good one on a bevy. He made two points on single birds in woods and one flush, after which in open stubble he made another false point. Colonel was not doing any better. He first flushed a single bird found alone in the open. Then on single birds of Jack's bevy he made two flushes, and in the open by the edge of the woods he pointed and some birds were seen to flush. The heat was a poor one in respect to bird work, and was inferior in respect to range and judgment.

Lad of Jingo and Uncle B. were cast off at 3:12. The heat was marked by plenty of bird work, though the pointing and locating were rather erroneous. Lad showed distinct ability in finding and locating, but he preferred to flush rather than point, and many of his points were from sharp caution, instead of honest inclination on his own part. However, a few times he pointed honestly at a distance, after choosing his own distance from the birds, which was generally as close as he could get to them. He has promising material in him, which will be in more useful shape after further experience and discipline. He has a bad habit of refusing to back and stealing the point. On the other hand, Uncle backed stanchly and well. He found and pointed four bevies, made three points, to which nothing was found, and pointed eight times on scattered birds. Uncle made two bevy points, divided three points on singles, and made two points on them alone. Both were going well when the heat ended.

Monday, Nov. 27, Ninth Day.

Second Series.

Four dogs were retained in the morning, namely, Young Jingo, Sam T., Lad of Jingo and Pink's Boy.

Monday Morning, Ninth Day, Nov. 27.—The rains fell yesterday and throught the night; this morning there is no prospect of its clearing up.

Monday Night.—Special to Forest and Stream: The second round was begun to-day at 1:58. The grounds were muddy and the birds proved very hard to find. None of the dogs ran in their previous good form. Young Jingo beat Sam T. in an ordinary heat. Sam's overcaution and indecision scored against him. He pointed a bevy and twice on singles. Jingo pointed a bevy and next stopped to the flush of a single, and the bevy flushed wild to a point.

Pink's Boy beat Lad of Jingo, being stancher and more obedient. Boy pointed two bevies well, and roading scattered birds he pointed, Lad roading them to a flush.

The heats were one hour long. The winers were: First, Pink's Boy; second, Young Jingo; third, Lad of Jingo. The decision gave satisfaction.

B. Waters.

Chat of the International Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I trust there is no apology necessary for a short script upon anything pertaining to sporting matters seeking entry into your journal. Having just returned from our annual international field trials, the feelings and associations connected therewith are still strong upon me, and it is a pleasing revery to review the memories of that occasion—to mentally enjoy them again—perhaps to furnish something of the same sensation to many who were there present, as well as to some of your readers who had not that privilege.

Field trials to all who have once contracted that disease are an annually recurring malady, which has its regular onset, manifestations and course, like other endemic diseases. Often discouraging and disappointing in results as far as our favorites and anticipations of their success are concerned, yet to the conscientious follower of them in their true object and purpose there intermingles a sense of enjoyment and enthusiasm on the whole, urging us on afresh to further efforts and a stronger desire yet to down the other fellow's dog some day; while the associations connected therewith generally are and will be a source of pleasure to recall. Our old-time sporting friends we can reasonably hope once more to meet, to hear the same old chestnuts, brag about our dogs—what they can do and have done—tell about the wonderful bags and shooting made and how Dash made that wonderful point, standing on his ear, tail straight up in the air.

Very well, then; to go on to practical matters. Our trials this year were rather dampened by the weather interfering with the work at first and the enjoyment of the outing; yet on the concluding day the birds, having lain up for two days, were all on the feed and we were scarcely out of birds for ten consecutive minutes during the day, furnishing abundant opportunities for the dogs and facilitating the work of the judges. So many birds I have never seen in the many years I have attended these trials.

In both Derby and All-Age stakes we had the pleasure of seeing a real good dog at his work under the best conditions to show his quality, and no man who loves a good dog would have failed to enjoy it. The work of the winner of the All-Age was exceptionally fine, and all he did marked him as a very superior dog. It is a matter of much regret that we have likely seen the last of him, as he has been sold to a gentleman of New York city. It is dogs like these that truly exemplify the object of field trials; and to see their work is a good liberal education in dog knowledge, as well as a stimulation to raise or get one as good. The gentleman who bought him is to be congratulated on his purchase. If he is not suited with him, he will be a mighty hard man to suit.

The Derby winner proved herself a very smart bitch and well deserving of the place. Her work stood out sharply from that of the rest. The second dogs in both stakes, owned by Mr. Wells, of Chatham, were also of the first class. Old Cleo, notwithstanding her age (nine years), and having ran three hard heats inside of five hours (the last two consecutively), was as fresh in her concluding heat as in her first, ever busy among her birds and never long out of them. She is a rare bit of stuff, though too diminutive to show up well in field trial work. She does not catch your eye with stylish points, dashing style and picturesque work, yet she is out strictly for business and generally is strictly in it, too. One could not but be in sympathy with her, battling for a place and to retain her reputation in the face of her declining years.

In Milo Mr. Wells has the material for a very promising dog who will likely be heard from in the future. Joseph M., winner of third in the All-Age, started in well and did some high-class work, but failed to maintain it in his concluding heat. The winner of third in the Derby, while a very good little bitch, failed to make the most of her opportunities, chiefly when most needed. She will with age do better. Dan Thiers, fourth in Derby, a large upstanding dog with a very good head, was inclined to get beyond killing range and at times was a little hard to get. With more experience and under better control he will make a good one. Of the remaining dogs it might be said that some of them ran in hard luck and some did not come up to expectation. The judges had no difficulty in picking the best of them according to the work shown. There were of course more or less differences of opinion in the judgments given. On the whole the awards were thought satisfactory.

And thus terminated a very enjoyable meeting. Had the weather been a trifle better it would have been more so. Yet it could hardly have been better adapted to the purpose of the meeting itself, forcing the birds out on the last day into the stubbles to feed, making it a red-letter day for dog work.

There is only one drawback to this location for the trials, and that is the long drive and the horrible roads. Once at Mitchells Bay and under Host Raymond's hospitable roof we are all right, and right among the birds, which after all is the main consideration.

We missed many old-time faces this year that had become almost a feature of these trials, such as Messrs. T. Johnson, Jno. Davidson, Hough, Hayman, Taylor, Lacy, L. H. Smith and others; but other and younger men are cropping up. Soon these will become the old-timers in their turn, and we old fellows will have joined our old favorites in the happy hunting grounds in the Indian's paradise and nought remain of us but a memory. I doubt if the young fry will get more enjoyment out of it than we old fellows have. I trust the foundation we have laid they will continue to build upon and maintain the standard of excellence the old chaps have worked hard to establish. Adieu till 1900.

Vox Canis.

Points and Flushes.

The host of friends of Mr. W. W. Titus, the famous handler, whose home is at West Point, Miss., will be profoundly grieved at the great loss which befell him while at Newton, N. C., attending the E. F. T. C. trials. His barns and kennels were burned, with about thirty tons of hay and 200 bushels of corn. The dogs were all liberated, but two ran back into the kennels and were burned to death. On Monday night the sportsmen present subscribed $200 for Mr. Titus, as a testimonial of the sympathy they felt for him, and as a partial lessening of the calamity. The loss was estimated at about $1,000.

Indian Child Life.

All persons who are interested in outdoor life, and above all in hunting, feel also an interest in the primitive American hunter—the Indian—about whose doings so much has been published in Forest and Stream. In fact, as time goes on and the occupancy of this country by the Indians becomes more and more remote, the public at large is becoming anxious to learn more and more of this departed race—what were his beliefs, how he lived and loved.

Evidence of this increased interest is seen in the publication in popular periodicals of stories of Indians and in the more frequent publishing of books about them, which meet with ready sale. One of the last of these, published by the F. A. Stokes Co., is a little book entitled "Indian Child Life," the joint production of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Deming. The text, by Mrs. Deming, is written for very small children and serves merely to explain the pictures, though giving also many suggestions as to the child habits of various tribes of Indians.

Mr. Deming's eighteen pictures in color, however, appeal to the eye of any age. They give a very clear insight into the camp life of the little Indian child, show his sports and games, the pets that he has, the accidents that may befall him, the instructions that he receives, and in one case the dreadful punishment that comes to him when he disobeys the advice given him by his parents. The text is copiously illustrated by black and white sketches, which are full of character.

We know of no one who catches the true flavor of Indian life as Mr. Deming does, and in these pictures of the little red children and their friends he is at his best. The volume is one which cannot fail to delight all the young, and the best thing about it is its fidelity to nature.

Yachting.

The Canada cup has at last reached Chicago, after a brief stay in Rochester, and it was the centerpiece at the banquet given by the Chicago Y. C. to those of its members who took part in the challenge for it. The banquet took place on Nov. 23 at the Chicago Athletic Club, the guests being Vice-Com. G. R. Peare, Rear-Com. George Warrington, S. H. Smith, D. D. Griffiths, J. B. Berriman, Sec'y C. H. Thorne, W. R. Crawford and H. G. Lytton. F. K. Bull was absent, being in Racine, and Com. Morgan was prevented from attending, having been injured in a buggy accident in the afternoon. Messrs. Burroughs and Van Voorhis, of the Rocrester Y. C., and Mr. C. G. Davis were invited, but sent letters of regret. The Canada cup was shown on the banquet board, draped with the American and Canadian flags, and the same scheme of decoration was followed out in the fittings of the hall. Charles E. Kremer presided as toast master, and different members responded fittingly.

As relating to a well-known international trophy, the dispute between the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. of Oyster Bay and the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. of Montreal is far more than a mere private quarrel between two clubs; and we give as fully as possible such of the proceedings as have been made public. The main point of issue, whether the course laid out by the Royal St. Lawrence sailing committee was in accord with the conditions of the declaration of trust, is a difficult one to decide; and a fair decision can only be reached through a consideration of the evidence on both sides. So far as the friendly relations of the two clubs are concerned, the letter of the Seawanhaka race committee has put matters back where they were on the night of the receipt of the famous Kerr-Dresser telegram in 1898.

From one point or another about the Lakes a report comes every week of a new challenge for the Canada cup, but none has yet been sent, and there is very little probability of another match before 1901.

Sir Thomas Lipton has offered his steam yacht Erin to the British Government free of cost as a hospital ship; but the offer has been declined.

The death was announced by cable last week from London of Dixon Kemp, for many years yachting editor of the Field, at the age of sixty. Mr. Kemp's work for yachting was such as to demand a more extended review than is possible on this short notice. Another English yachtsman who has recently passed away is Sir George Curtis Lampson, the first owner of Miranda, schr., designed and built for him by John Harvey in 1875.

There is afloat about City Island a vague rumor that in the event of a challenge for the America Cup for 1900 a defender of the Cartoon type will be built there by F. T. Wood, builder of Syce, Kestrel, Norota, Pyxie and other fast yachts, from the designs of Gardner & Cox.

The Herreshoff Manufacturing Company is already at work on four of the new one-design cutters, for Messrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., H. P. Whitney, E. D. Morgan and August Belmont. The dimensions are reported to be 104ft. over all, 70ft. l.w.l., 19ft. 6in. beam and 14ft. draft; 77ft. R.M. These yachts will have as tenders a class of one-design steam yachts of the torpedo boat type, also built by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company. They will be 81ft. over all, 72ft. l.w.l., 11ft. 6in. beam, with flush decks and no deck houses. Messrs. Morgan, Vanderbilt and Belmont have already placed orders for them.

The latest silly story in yachting, apparently a pure fake, as it has been promptly denied by Sir Thomas Lipton, was to the effect that, as the Herreshoffs had never built any schooners, Sir Thomas would challenge in 1901 with a schooner, designed by Mr. Watson and built this winter so as to have a season's trial, the challenge being made in September, 1900, for a race in May, 1901. The only good purpose served by the yarn was the providing of big headlines for the evening papers. It evidently had no foundation whatever, but was cabled across for this purpose. At the present time there is no certainty as to any plans for next year. Sir Thomas Lipton will probably alter and refit Shamrock for the home racing against Meteor II. and the new Watson cutter for C. D. Rose, now nearly ready for launching. Columbia may or may not go abroad, either to the Mediterranean in the spring or later to the British races, but as no positive statement has been made by her owners, the reports circulated from day to day are but guesses at best.

On Nov. 16 Columbia was hauled out on the marine railway at Hawkins' Yard, City Island, Defender being already struck over on to the adjoining bulkhead, where preparations are being made to roof her over and protect her thoroughly from the weather. As she now lies on the railway, free to the eye or to the camera for a short time, Columbia is an interesting study, especially in comparison with Defender, a few feet away. The form of the old boat is in the main more pleasing to the eye than the new one. The midship section is a continuous S curve, with no straight tangent between the bilge and the hollow of the floor, while in Columbia the bilge itself is harder than in Defender, and below it is a marked flat to the floor, with a sharp hollow joining it to the fin. The form of middle body resulting from Defender's easy section is more pleasing to the eye than that of Columbia; but in the new boat the fore and aft lines are carried out more easily and smoothly, especially in the counter,

which is longer and finer than in Defender. The sternpost of Columbia is set further forward than in Defender, with about the same rake, and the horn timber, being, of course, longer, is also more curved on the lower end between the waterline and the tuck. The workmanship on Columbia is somewhat better than on Defender, the plating and the whole form being fairer. The lead keel of Columbia, perfectly flat on the bottom, both fore and aft and thwartships, except for a slight rounding of the corners at the fore end, is a tremendous lump of metal, looking to be about 7ft. high at the fore end and nearly 4ft. through on the bottom, tapering upward with almost straight sides into the neck of the fin, which looks even thinner than that of Defender. The plating of Columbia is in excellent condition, both above and below the waterline, but the aluminum topsides of Defender show signs of corrosion. Columbia will be entirely covered from view in a short time. Columbia's spars are stored in a lot on the other side of the road from the two yachts, with a house built over them. Much of her stuff, including sails and gear, is stored at Mr. Iselin's home, at New Rochelle.

On the beach beside Columbia and Defender are several interesting yachts—Colonia, Navahoe and Emerald in particular—all high and dry for the winter. In close company to these modern flyers is one of the historic yachts of the American fleet, the old Vindex. As she lies she is a sad sight to those old-timers who knew and loved her and her owner, "Watch-tackle Bob." She was condemned and sold several years ago, and has since laid on the beach awaiting a convenient time for breaking up, which has at last come. Her decks and joiner work are now a pile of kindling wood underneath her bilge, and a gang of men with heavy sledges and cold chisels are reducing her as rapidly as possible to old scrap. The process is a slow one, as she was built to last, in marked contrast to the flimsy racers of to-day. The frames, floors and gussets bear testimony to the staunch work of her designer, Mr. A. Cary Smith, in his first experiment in iron construction in 1871. Her joiner work, of solid mahogany, would fit out as far as amount of material goes, a modern yacht as large as Defender. It is a pity that Vindex has been allowed to go to the scrap heap in this way; she should have had a permanent resting place, high on the beach at Oyster Bay, with a solid foundation under her, where she could have been used for a bath house or similar purpose; a fitting and lasting monument to the greatest and best of American Corinthians, Robert Center.

The Seawanhaka Cup.

A general meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was held at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on Wednesday, Nov. 15. The main business of the meeting was the consideration of the recent correspondence between the sailing committee of the club and the race committee of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. in connection with the races of 1899 and the challenge for 1900 for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup. In accepting the challenge of the White Bear Y. C. for a match in 1900, the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. agreed with the challenge on certain new conditions, which were submitted to the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. as the original donor of the cup for its approval. The reply of the Seawanhaka race committee has not been made public in full, but it was of such a nature as to give great offense to the Montreal yachtsmen. The following extracts give its general tenor:

"We must decline to express any opinion or assume any responsibility concerning the proposed agreement. It is our opinion that the action was not only beyond the jurisdiction of your sailing committee, but also beyond the power of your organization. * * * All courses shall be laid out in waters of suitable depth for the competing yachts and of sufficient expanse to permit of each leg of each course being not less than three miles in length. * * * It follows you have no right to accept a challenge from the White Bear Y. C. Under these circumstances we shall feel impelled to advise our club, whom we have consulted, that, in our opinion, further relations between the two clubs are not admissible, so long as you support the award of your sailing committee."

The letter is signed by Charles W. Wetmore, Walter C. Kerr, Charles A. Sherman, Clinton H. Crane, Johnson de Forrest, who comprise the race committee.

Vice-Com. E. Kirke Greene presided at the meeting in the absence of Com. Ross. Two reports were read, from the executive committee and from the sailing committee, as follows:

International Races—The two principal events were the international races sailed in June and in July and August; the former series being the result of a friendly challenge from the White Bear Y. C., of St. Paul, to race the sloop Yankee, owned by Mr. Ordway, and designed by Mr. Reed, against Com. Ross' Dominion, designed by Mr. G. H. Duggan.

The White Bear Club had challenged for the Seawanhaka cup. Your committee, however, with a view to healing the differences between our club and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. (that had so marred the international series of season 1898), arranged that the Seawanhaka Club challenge should be accepted; and they were glad to accept also the friendly and sportsmanlike challenge of the White Bear Y. C. to race the Yankee, their selected yacht of 1898, against the Dominion. For this series the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. provided a special trophy. The races were held, commencing on June 12. Four races in all were sailed, the third race being unfortunately made noteworthy by the Dominion breaking her mast short off when jibing round second buoy of the triangular course in the first round. The Dominion won the other three races and the cup.

A considerable amount of public interest here was evinced in the race, and a large party came from the West to support the challenging yacht.

Your committee desire to express their strong sense of the helpful and sportsmanlike attitude of the challengers throughout this contest on every question that arose for settlement; and the sailing committee's duties were considerably lightened in a way that is heartily acknowledged.

25ft. Class—Fixtures were made for this class beginning on May 13 to July 17, the date of the Seawanhaka trial races. Only one new boat was built—the Glencairn III.—and she was not ready till after the White Bear races. As a class these boats this year have been disappointing, the fixtures entirely failing to call forth anything like adequate racing for the "tuning up" of possible cup defenders. The Speculator was duly commissioned early in the season, but difficulty was often found in obtaining the necessary crews.

22ft. One-Design Class—This was a new class of boats altogether, and proved exceedingly popular. Three boats originally were built at the Yacht Company's shed. Owing to heavy weather, just after launching, one was disabled; and the season was well advanced before another boat was built and this one repaired. In consequence, the handsome trophy presented by the vice-commodore could not be fully competed for this year, but the class as a whole proved a complete success, and much racing took place between the boats on all parts of the lake. Mr. Greene's trophy, it was decided, should be reserved for next year's racing.

17ft. Class—This class was also well taken up this year, three new boats (making five in all) being commissioned. Racing between them was keen throughout the season. Owing to its size and limited cost, this class bids fair to be a popular one, and your committee urge that both these classes—the 22-footers and the 17-footers—should be amply provided for in next year's fixtures.

Larks—Fixtures were arranged for this class, but so few of our younger members appear to have built into it that no races were actually held. Your committee, however, feels the necessity of a class of this size of boat, or even smaller, for the junior members of the club. A new class of 20ft. dinghy is now being built at the Yacht Company's shed, and should fill the requirements of our younger members, who are learning to sail.

25ft. Class and Cruising Boats—Five races were arranged for these boats, at not one of which did sufficient boats turn up to make a race except on Dominion Day, on which day the Sir Donald A. Smith cup was sailed for in heavy weather. After certain after-dinner speeches it was shown that the total lack of interest in these races was a disappointment, and your committee would suggest that a special committee be appointed to consider measurement rules, so as to avoid the very unsatisfactory lack of system in our present methods of handicapping. There can, moreover, be no doubt that a club steamer would be found to be especially useful in facilitating racing in this class.

Squadron Cruises—Two cruises were held this year. Both were a success. Special thanks are due to the untiring efforts of one of our Upper Lake members in chartering a steam tender to accompany the yachts and in organizing all the arrangements that made the cruise an unqualified success.

Recommendation—Your committee beg to recommend that a strong effort be made to have a club steamer arranged for early next year, as they are persuaded that with its help races might be held to advantage both over the international courses and at various points upon the lake. In your committee's opinion, this is essential; only with it can racing on the lake be efficiently organized. Further, it is desirable to have built this winter proper permanent buoys of large size for marking the courses. It is also important that the incoming committee should have a clear understanding with the executive as to the responsibility for the control of the harbor and pier at Dorval.

Thanks are due to Mr. G. H. Duggan and to the crews who so ably assisted him for their successful work in the international races; to Mr. Barclay Stephens for his generosity in placing his steam yacht, the Dama, at the disposal of our committee, thereby rendering material assistance during the races; and to other gentlemen who were good enough to allow their steam yachts to act as a patrol fleet, and otherwise to assist the committee.

International Races for 1900—Your committee have pleasure in announcing that they have formally accepted the challenge of the White Bear Y. C., of St. Paul, to race for the Seawanhaka international trophy next year.

For the committee, J. J. Riley, Chairman.

Draft report of sailing committee of Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of the Seawanhaka Corinthian international cup races.

By mutual arrangement these races were this year held in July and August, in order not to interfere with the international races for the Canada's cup on Lake Ontario.

Constance, the challenging yacht, arrived at Dorval on Saturday, July 22. On Monday, July 24, your committee, together with Mr. Duggan, met Mr. R. H. Post, who was authorized by a letter from the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., to represent them, a copy of the letter being annexed to this report, and Mr. E. M. Post being also present, and arranged special conditions to govern the series of races. Mr. Post and Mr. Crane, who (with others) had been nominated as helmsman of Constance, subsequently expressed strongly their desire to modify the clause giving the sailing committee power to start the race up till 3 o'clock, with the object of allowing either party a veto upon the start, if not made at the hour definitely mentioned in the agreement, namely, 1:15, but the conditions as annexed were finally agreed to, and were signed by the representatives of the respective clubs on the 27th of July. They are also annexed hereto. The final measurements of the two yachts were as follows:

Constance	19,875
Glencairn III.	19,785

The first race, scheduled for Thursday, July 27, was, owing to heavy weather, postponed by the sailing committee, at the desire of both contestants.

The first race, windward and return, was held on Friday, July 28, Constance winning. The official timing is annexed.

The greatest loss of Glencairn III. was on the first leg to windward. It is to be noted that Mr. Duggan in error made for the wrong mark, thus losing considerable time.

The second race, triangular course, was postponed, owing to insufficient wind, from Saturday, July 29, to the Monday following, when it took place in a stiff sailing breeze, Constance winning. The official timing was as annexed.

Glencairn III. again suffered her greatest loss in the first leg of the course, beating to windward; it seemed to all that Constance stood up better to her work in the weather prevailing.

The third race, windward and return, was held on Tuesday, Aug. 1, and resulted in a victory for Glencairn III., which passed Constance on the second run to leeward, and was not again overtaken. The official timing was as annexed.

The fourth race, held Wednesday, Aug. 2, was marked by very varying weather, a thunder squall striking the boats just before the completion of the first round. In the end Glencairn III. won, the official timing being annexed.

The fifth race, windward and return, was held on Thursday, Aug. 3. The committee boat, Dama, was on the course shortly after 12 o'clock, and proceeded forthwith to log out the course to windward. This was completed, and the Dama returned in time to start the race about 1:15 P. M. On her return to the starting point, she was hailed by Mr. Crane, who pointed out that the course as laid out was not then dead to windward, as in the interim the wind had veered to the southward. Mr. Post, who, on this occasion, had not desired to come on board the committee boat, formally protested the course on this ground. The committee, anxious to avoid any possible misunderstanding or ground of complaint, decided to alter the course, although they did not consider themselves under any obligation to do so. The starting line was accordingly shifted further inshore, and toward Pointe Claire, but shoal water prevented the starting buoy being placed exactly to leeward of the weather buoy, although practically so, and Mr. Post again protested on the same ground. It was then decided to log out a third course in consequence of this protest. This was done by a member of the committee, accompanied by Mr. Post, on board the Constance tender, Sirius. It was found that the course thus relaid was short a nautical mile and a half, the log registering 1.45 when the proximity of the Beauharnois Shoal made it unwise to go further. Mr. Post again protested on the ground that the course would be too short, and the water too shallow for maneuvering near the weather buoy. The member of the committee on board the Sirius thereupon offered to shorten the course to a mile, but Mr. Post repeated his protest against any course under a nautical mile and a half.

Unfortunately, in returning to the starting buoy the Sirius was slowed down, and considerable time thereby lost. When she reached the committee boat, Mr. Post came on board. So much time had been consumed by the numerous protests and delays that it was doubtful whether the course could be laid in time to start the race by 3 o'clock, at which hour the power of the committee to order the race to be started would expire.

The starting line was again shifted further up the lake toward the Government steamboat wharf, and the fast steam yacht Monaco was at once dispatched with a member of the committee to lay the windward buoy, which was placed in 11ft. of water one and one-half nautical miles from the starting buoy.

Shortly after the Monaco had started, the preparatory signal was given. The boats maneuvered up the lake, and approached each other about the time the second signal was given, Glencairn III. being to windward and a short distance astern. They headed down the lake, passing between the range buoy and the committee boat. When abreast the committee boat Glencairn III. had gained, and was then close on Constance's weather quarter. After passing inshore of the committee boat, and when some 300yds. from the range buoy, Constance, who was still leading, touched her centerboard; but having raised it, was sailing again within a few seconds.

Glencairn III. went about and crossed the line fifteen seconds after the final signal. Constance meanwhile sailed about, eventually coming alongside the committee boat after Glencairn III. had crossed the line. Mr. Crane came on board the committee boat, and after consultation with Mr. Post they gave notice of protest.

Subsequently Mr. Post offered, if the starting line were shifted further off shore, and Glencairn III. recalled, to sail the race over the course thus shortened, but the race having started, the committee considered they had no power to then interfere.

Constance thereupon retired without having crossed the starting line, and Glencairn III. sailed the course alone, finishing it.

During the race the committee located and examined the shoal, which proved to be an isolated patch of limited extent, with a minimum depth of 4ft. of water. This, as well as the different courses laid during the day, and the maneuvering of the boats, is shown on the accompanying diagram, as nearly as possible without an actual survey.

On their return to the club house, a written protest was handed to your committee.

A meeting of the committee was at once called, which was attended by all the members, and this protest having been carefully considered, the committee was unanimously of opinion that the protest should not be sustained. The formal decision of the committee was as follows:

"Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., Montreal, Aug. 3, 1899.—The sailing committee having received the following protest, namely:

"'The sailing committee,

"'Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.—Dear Sirs: I beg leave to enter a protest against the course as laid out for to-day's race, on the ground that there was not sufficient water for the boats to be sailed in. Respectfully yours,

"'Regis H. Post.'

"'Dorval, Aug. 3, 1899.'

for sloop Constance, and having heard the evidence of Mr. Post, Mr. Crane, Mr. Duggan and Mr. W. Riley,

"And having carefully considered all the circumstances of the start in to-day's race of the Seawanhaka Corinthian challenge cup series, decides that there is no sufficient ground for ordering the race to be re-sailed, and accordingly awards the race to Glencairn III.

"Jas. J. Riley, Jr., Chairman,
"Harrison B. Young, Secretary."

Having all the facts before them, the committee unanimously decided that the course was "laid out in waters of suitable depth for the competing yachts." The shoal was too far from the starting buoy to be considered a part of the course laid out; it was inshore from the committee boat; 300yds. from the range buoy; 2,000ft. from the starting buoy, in a line with it and about at right angles to the course.

The committee was most anxious to deal generously in every way with a challenging yacht; and while the formal

protest left them no option but to render the decision as above, they very carefully considered further how far the fact of touching her centerboard could be held to have militated against Constance had she started. Constance did not go fast aground; she merely touched her centerboard, as shown in evidence, about two minutes before the final gun; the incident was absolutely trivial; notwithstanding unnecessary delay in getting Constance under way again, she was sailing when fully a minute and a half had still to run; and the incident would not, in the committee's opinion, have affected her chances had she chosen to start.

This latter report was accompanied by a diagram of the various courses laid out on the last day.

The letter of the Seawanhaka race committee was read to the meeting. Concerning the material points of the dispute, Mr. Duggan made the following statement:

There are a number of our members here who were not present at the last race, and who would perhaps be interested in a fuller account of the events of the day.

When we left the club house at Dorval there was a good working breeze, in which the Constance and Glencairn would have been very evenly matched, and the same condition prevailed at the time Dama started to lay the buoys, but as she was returning the wind hauled to the south and noticeably died away to a breeze of about the same strength as that in which Glencairn had won the previous Tuesday and Wednesday, and which was undeniably in her favor. The wind had shifted about two points off the course, so that the buoy, instead of being dead to windward, could be made in a long and a short leg, one leg, perhaps, twice as long as the other, and the run home would have been with the spinaker guyed well forward, or, perhaps, with a balloon jib.

The practical effect of leaving the course as it was would have been equivalent to laying out a course dead to windward, but slightly shorter, the run home being a very broad reach instead of dead before it, conditions distinctly favorable to Constance, as her previous performance had not shown her better to windward in light weather, and in Tuesday's she was not greatly inferior to Glencairn when on a broad reach, but much slower when dead before the wind. Mr. Crane, however, made protest, claiming that windward work was Constance's best point, a plea undoubtedly correct for fresh breezes, but having no weight in the weather then prevailing.

It may be noted that later in the day the wind hauled again, so that on the third leg it was exactly in its old position, making the first course dead to windward. On the course as finally laid, Glencairn sailed the last three legs with tacking to windward.

The second attempt to lay the course shifted it about a point, making it for all practical purposes dead to windward, although not actually so. The cause for protest was thus even weaker than the first.

The committee then for the third time laid a new course, but unfortunately the weather buoy was close to the sand shoal at the south end. The Seawanhaka representative protested the course on the ground that there was not sufficient water to maneuver round the buoy, which in itself was reasonable, but he then refused to have the buoy set a few hundred yards to the north, or to shorten the course to two miles, six times around, although after the race had started they did offer, if Glencairn were recalled to sail it over a mile course, making it apparent that the objection to the shortened course was to gain time.

It may be noted that the third attempt to set the buoy was made by the Constance's tender, Sirius, and that as she returned to the committee boat, having failed to place it, she stopped almost entirely in the center of the lake, finally reaching the committee boat very close to 3 o'clock. After putting the member of the committee on board the boat, she at once steamed off with the committee's log, so that they were for a time powerless to relay the course. When the Monaco was dispatched to lay the course for the fourth time, Sirius raced her out, having by that time apparently fully recovered her steam, which she had lost shortly before on the run in. The delays had been so considerable that it was apparently only by the utmost exertion that the committee succeeded in making the first signal at five minutes to three, and the Monaco had barely started when the preparatory signal was given.

Referring to the Constance accident, she was, at the time it occurred, under the Glencairn's lee bow, both being on the starboard tack, and if no accident had occurred Glencairn was practically assured of the advantage of the start. This, however, was of small moment, as she was sailing noticeably faster in the wind then prevailing, which was even lighter than it had been when the earlier protests were made. Constance was observed to touch her board slightly, keep on sailing without making any effort to alter her course for perhaps 20ft., and again strike it so that it stopped her altogether. Two of her crew, following a natural impulse, at once raised it slightly, but dropped it again, and all four stood up protesting that they were aground. Glencairn at that time went about, exactly two minutes ten seconds before the gun, and about 30ft. from Constance. Constance's crew afterward raised her board, when she sailed away. The time when this was done was not actually noted, but it was noted that she was sailing one minute forty seconds before the start, and she would even then have had time to reach the starting line but a few seconds, if any, late. It was not realized for some time on board the Glencairn that Constance did not intend to start, or until Glencairn was well on her way and Constance sailing up to the committee boat. The matter was then fully discussed as to whether we should go back and give up the race, but it was unanimously felt that nothing would induce Constance's crew to race in the light wind then prevailing, and that they had seized on a most trivial excuse to postpone the race beyond 3 o'clock, after which hour she would have had the right to demand a further postponement until next day, and that had we returned we would simply have consummated a result that they had strenuously worked for since the wind began to fall.

The commentators on the deed of gift have ignored the fact that during the first race on the preceding Friday, while the boats were in the race, and working to windward, Glencairn's board scraped for some distance over the sand shoal, and that when it was raised she had so far lost way as to refuse to come about, causing her to lose perhaps a minute by the accident. Again, in the preceding Monday's race, in working to windward off Pointe Claire, Glencairn struck very heavily, driving her centerboard almost home in the box, but as the breeze was strong she did not actually stop. Both of these races were lost by Glencairn, but no protest was entered, nor did Constance offer to give up the race.

I might also say that when racing at Oyster Bay, in 1896, Glencairn I. struck her board several times off Lloyd's Neck. Indeed, the incident of grounding when off the course is one for which the crew must always be held responsible.

The excuse has been made for Constance that she was racing in waters strange to her crew, and that the shoal was unknown to them. As a matter of fact, her skipper and most of her crew spent several weeks on Lake St. Louis prior to the races of 1897 and 1898, and they must have known the general character of the water. At all events the shoal in question was known to them, as they had touched it about half an hour before while the third course was being laid. After striking she came in the wind, apparently with the object of locating the shoal, and ordinary prudence must have prompted them to note its bearings.

The subject was discussed at length and it was finally decided to ignore the letter of the Seawanhaka race committee and to lay before the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. that part of the report of the Royal St. Lawrence sailing committee dealing with the final race. The following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That the secretary be requested to forward a copy of that part of the report of the sailing committee referring to the international races for the Seawanhaka cup for 1899 to the proper officer of the Seawanhaka Club, informing him that a general meeting of this club has unanimously confirmed and adopted the same."

The question of the annual ball was then touched upon, and it was decided to leave the matter in the hands of the executive committee, to be held some time in January.

The meeting then adjourned.

Mahogany.

There are two woods which above all others are especially adapted for a great variety of uses about a vessel. For planking, waterways, bulwarks, rails, skylights and companions, bitts, gangway ladders and other deck work, and for interior joiner work and furniture, there is nothing the world over that can compare with mahogany and teak. While the latter has certain advantages of its own and is the more generally used in England and many foreign countries, the former is the favorite in America, both for ship and yacht work. Teak wood, or "Indian oak," is marked by the possession of a certain oil, which not only prevents it from checking and warping when exposed to the weather, as in deck work, but is a preservation of iron and steel when the wood is in contact with these metals, which makes it admirably adapted for the sheathing of the outer plating of steel and iron vessels, as well as for the covering of the metal deckhouses, bulwarks, etc. It has a rich color of its own (brown as compared to the red of mahogany), and it is a handsome wood for both deck and interior work. Up to 1880 it was practically unknown in American yacht building, but about that time it was imported from England for use in the early cutters, Bedouin, Wenonah and Oriva. Some of the teak thus used was procured from the yards of ships from the East Indies, Oregon or yellow pine spars being substituted for the teak ones while the vessels were in the port of New York.

There is an African teak, from Sierra Leone, but it is very hard and brittle, inferior to the India teak, from Burmah (India), and Java. The India teak is very extensively used in Europe for ship building and other uses. It is now used in this country on the large steam yachts in preference to mahogany, being imported direct from Burmah, or indirectly from England, but it is still expensive and difficult to obtain, the demand being limited.

Mahogany has been a common wood in America for two hundred years, the favorite material for furniture, from its appearance and lasting qualities. Being easily obtained from Central America and the West Indies, even in the days of sailing ships, it has been universally used in ship and yacht building for the deck and interior joiner work; but it has been little used for planking, the native woods, oak, pine and cedar, being so much cheaper. At the present time it is the favorite wood for the outer planking of all fine yachts. Though really inferior to teak for this purpose, it is much more easily obtained. We are indebted to the Boston Globe for the following interesting particulars of the mahogany trade of to-day:

Looking at grandmother's old mahogany bureau, that weighs 200lbs. and has lumber enough in it to build a whole parlor set of to-day, one is apt to think of the days when it was manufactured as the mahogany era—a time gone beyond recall.

While this thought is in a way justified, there is some fallacy in it, for inquiry into the mahogany trade shows that there never was a time in the world's history when more mahogany was used than now. It is being used differently, that is all, than in the days when grandmother's bureau left the cabinetmaker's shop.

Boston can claim, in the firm of George D. Emery, of Chelsea, the largest mahogany importing house in the world. In this firm's yards, at the end of Chelsea bridge, there are millions of feet of the finest mahogany in stock at all times.

Coming from the Nicaragua coast by steamer, in a type of craft specially designed and built for the trade, the lumber reaches Chelsea in the natural log. Here it is sawed into timber and boards, and is transshiped to all parts of the country, and to foreign countries as well.

The firm of George D. Emery—consisting of George D. and Herbert C. Emery—holds a concession from the Government of Nicaragua entitling it to the exclusive right to cut mahogany along the Atlantic coast of that country. It has hundreds of workmen in the forest along the rivers working on the lumber, and getting it to tidewater, where it may be taken aboard ship for Boston. Most of the logs are floated some 150 miles down river to the coast when the water is high.

The steamer Manchurian, a mammoth English-built craft, makes regular round trips for the firm to their base of supply in Nicaragua, and brings back fabulous cargoes of logs. On her last trip she arrived on May 23, 1899, with no less than 1,100,000ft. of mahogany in her capacious holds and on deck.

Representatives of the firm are constantly in the Nicaraguan forests looking after the selection and getting out of lumber. The natives in the country, Carib and Mosquito Indians and Nicaraguans, look to the great American firm as their patron and employer. Hundreds of colored laborers from the Bahama Islands are in the employ of the firm, both at river driving and cutting and handling timber. The Manchurian calls at Inagua nearly every trip to take out laborers from that and other islands. She is under charter for two years to the firm. A small steamer sent out from Boston is employed on Great River to tow rafts of logs and carry men and supplies up and down the stream. The men are boarded by the firm in camps. They earn about $30 a month.

When the Manchurian discharges cargo at Emery's wharf, at the end of Chelsea bridge, travelers across the bridge and the Chelsea ferry are treated to an interesting sight. The great steamer is so broad of beam as to be noticeable to the veriest landlubber. Her cargo brings her deep in the water, and the piles of great reddish logs on her deck indicate that she has a cargo of outlandish character.

Woods from the tropics have an attraction for the average mind. There is a suggested story of travel and adventure under the Southern cross, in the great ship and her rich cargo. A dreamer may make a delightful voyage to balmy Southern shores, even while leaning on the bridge rail and looking at the ship and its deck load.

But such a voyage is more pleasing in a dream than in reality. The crew of the Manchurian find her repeated trips to the Mosquito coast on the Caribbean rather monotonous. The English officers on the vessel, who describe themselves as being "under charter out here for two years," would prefer to be where they could see their families oftener. They don't see any romance in the coast where the green is perpetual, and is, as Daudet describes the South Sea Islands in "Port Tarascon," "a greasy and rheumatic green."

But thither the Manchurian goes once in thirty-five days, sometimes in ballast, at other times taking out cargo. She visits Great River and other points on the coast, enters and clears at the port of Bluefields, and then starts off for Chelsea, making about nine miles an hour. Arriving here she is tied up alongside a piling dock, that incloses a considerable expanse of water, and the work of discharging the cargo begins. It is easy, compared with what the getting aboard of these great logs, each weighing tons, must have been when they were hoisted from the rafts in Nicaraguan waters.

The process of discharging is most simple. The logs are hoisted to the rail, one end is pointed over the side, and a loose strap is placed under the other end. A donkey engine hoists the end of the log into the air, and presently the great trunk of a mountain giant slips out of the strap and goes splashing overboard into the mill pond.

From the pond the logs are hoisted out at the sawmill, and here they are cut into lumber of various sizes to suit the demands of trade.

Mahogany is to the American what the teak wood is to the Chinese. Everybody wants it. Parlor cars are finished in it; private houses are paneled and wainscoted with it; hotels, offices, drug stores and bars are finished in it. All furniture dealers carry heavy lines of goods made from it. Yachts are fitted with it in their cabins—it is everywhere, this wood of luxury—until the American public has what would seem to be a surfeit of it.

Where 1,000ft. of the woods were imported twenty-five years ago 1,000,000ft. are imported now. Where it was put to one use then it is put to a dozen now. A single parlor car requires 3,000ft. of mahogany in its finish, and 3,000ft. would make a good many bureaus, even as heavy as grandmother's.

In the old days the mahogany trade was not done on the regular timetable scale that it is now. Sailing ships brought the precious wood from the tropics, subject to wind and wave, and a regular supply could not be depended on.

To-day the world's markets are supplied through the agency of steam transportation from the bases where the concessionaires have the cutting and handling of the great trees down to a science.

So large is the business done in mahogany at the present time that more than one family in Boston burns mahogany kindling wood. This would seem to be a profligate way of keeping up a fire, but it is not. At the Emery mill there are so many slabs from the logs cut up that they are converted into kindling wood and the wood is sold to a company which vends it. The slab of mahogany, as of almost any tree, being largely sap, the lumber in it is not worth saving. And so it comes about that Boston is supplied with a considerable amount of mahogany kindling wood. The wood is a little more expensive than ordinary kindling wood, but it is so solid that it burns beautifully and makes a great deal of heat for the amount consumed.

While there is more mahogany used now than ever before, the character of the wood has changed. Formerly most of the world's mahogany came from Cuba and San Domingo, on the Island of Hayti. Before the ten years' war in Cuba, 1868-78, a tremendous export business in mahogany was done in the island. All the forests near water courses and roads were stripped of the largest trees, and the best mahogany the world ever saw was given to the market.

After the beginning of the ten years' war Cuba began to fall off in its supply of mahogany. The trees were no longer so easily available as before. The insurgents held the interior, the Spanish soldiery stuck to the towns, and in a short time a great business was killed. After the ten years' war the cutting of mahogany in Cuba was not resumed to any great extent, and what little was done came to end with the last insurrection.

Cuba still has immense amounts of mahogany in its mountain forests, but prospectors who went to the island last winter, immediately after Spain's relinquishment of sovereignty, found that it would cost more to get the timber to the seaboard, in the present condition of the island, than the profit on it in open market. Owing to the great weight of mahogany logs, they are best handled

by water transportation. That is not available in many parts of Cuba, and as there are practically no roads in the island at present, the growth will probably remain undisturbed in the forest until prosperity has led capital to invest in railroads to bring the lumber to the coast.

While Cuba has still a good store of mahogany, though hard to reach, San Domingo, once a most favored source of supply, has been exhausted. The timber cut there now is small and crooked, and not at all what is wanted in the trade, as it does not cut to advantage. The superiority of Cuban and San Domingo mahogany lies in the hardness of the wood, the beauty of its grain and its susceptibility to finish. Next to it in these qualities is the Nicaraguan wood, which comes in such great quantities to Boston. This wood is in such large logs that it cuts to advantage, and as it is a hard and close-grained wood it is quite as satisfactory for the demand of to-day as the Cuban wood was in the days of grandmother's bureau.

That there is danger of an exhaustion of the world's supply of mahogany does not seem probable. There are still millions of feet growing along the Mosquito coast that is ready for cutting. To preserve the supply in Nicaragua the firm of George D. Emery, sole concessionarie on the Atlantic coast of that country for as many miles into the interior as it cares to go, is obliged by the terms of its contract with the Nicaraguan Government to plant two trees for every one cut down. It is estimated that these trees will grow in fifty years to a marketable size.

Africa is a source of supply that to date has been little drawn upon to meet the growing demand for mahogany. It has millions of acres of mahogany forest that only until recently was practically untouched. Now the supply is being drawn upon, and in a short time African wood will be a strong factor in the market. It is not, so far as has been shown by the marketed product to date, as satisfactory a wood as the Nicaraguan. The best selections, however, have undoubtedly not been reached as yet, for the supply of the dark continent has only been tapped, not tested.

The world's supply of mahogany is carefully watched in the markets of England, where brokerage firms issue statements at intervals of a month or oftener, giving cargoes received at various ports, and the market price of the wood in London and Liverpool.

Recent quotations showed that while there was practically no Cuban wood to be had, and San Domingo wood was very scarce, Nicaraguan wood was third in the cost list. Cuban wood is quoted as high as from 7d. to 10d. a square foot of 1in. thick in the log. That is from 14 to 20 cents a foot. San Domingo was quoted from 8 to 13 cents, and Nicaraguan from 9 to 11 cents. By the time the latter wood is milled its cost to the buyer is from 16 to 20 cents a foot.

The brokers' lists of cargoes show that nearly every steamer sailing from Boston to England carries in her cargo consignments of mahogany logs sent from Boston to help supply the world's demand for the beautiful wood which the white man worships.

Bilge Keels on Power Launches.

A CORRESPONDENT asks for information as to the advantages of bilge keels on small power launches, upward of 45ft. long; whether they appreciably diminish the rolling, and whether they are detrimental to the speed.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

During the last few weeks work on the new club house of the New York Y. C. has progressed. After the foundation was laid there was a long delay owing to the contractors not being able to get the iron work, but as that was received it was soon set up and then the walls were erected. The workmen hurried because they wanted to get the building roofed before the fine weather breaks up. The building is now roofed in and men are at work on the interior. Some slight modifications have been made in the original plans, but only in the way of simplifying the arrangements and the decorations. It is expected that the new house will be finished early in the spring and will be formally opened before the next yachting season begins. It will be one of the handsomest in the club house district. It occupies three lots on West Forty-fourth street, and will be a fitting home for the largest yachting organization in the country. The models of Columbia and Shamrock have been placed in the model room of the present club house of the New York Y. C. and have attracted considerable attention. Columbia's model is hung over that of Shamrock and one can easily see the difference in the form of the two yachts.—New York Sun.

Capt. George Washington Comstock, one of the best known yachtsmen along the Atlantic coast, died suddenly at New London on Nov. 21 while hauling his favorite sloop out for the winter season. Capt. Comstock was sixty-nine years old, and spent the greater part of his life as a fisherman and yachtsman. He was the youngest of seven brothers who were born in the old Comstock homestead, New London. All of the boys took to the water in their early life, and "Wash," as he was familiarly called, like the rest, followed fishing when a young man. He became captain of a smack and later, as did his brothers, turned his attention to yachting. He was master of the schooner yacht Sylva for many years and later commanded a steam yacht. While in charge of the Sylva he contested with three of his brothers to see which yacht should be chosen to meet the Cambria, which came across the ocean in 1870 to battle for the America Cup. In that preparatory race, besides Capt. Comstock there were Capt. Peter, in the Phantom; Capt. Nelson, in the Columbia, and Capt. Andrew J. Comstock, in the Magic. The latter was selected as the defender. Quite a number of years ago Capt. Comstock gave up the water and branched out in the meat business. In October, 1894, he was chosen a member of the police, and has acted as patrolman and station house keeper, holding the latter position at the time of his death. Of the six brothers with whom he was brought up, only two, Andrew J. and Horace T., survive him. Of three sisters, only one, Mrs. Eliza Etsell, of Brooklyn, is living. Capt. Comstock is survived by his wife and two sons, George W. and Clarence. The captain was a member of Union Lodge No. 31, F. and A. M. Coincident with the sudden death of Capt. Comstock was the funeral of Capt. James Crandall, aged seventy-two, who was drowned in the harbor three weeks ago. His sloop was in collision with the British schooner Wanderian. Capt. Crandall's body was found near East Hampton last week and brought here for burial by steamer on Monday afternoon. He also was a skillful sailing master and had commanded yachts.—New York Sun.

Endymion, schr., built at Lonbey & Sons' yard for George Lord Day from designs by Tams & Lemoine, was launched on Nov. 18.

The schooner yacht Duen, Countess Schimmelmann, of Copenhagen, is at the Erie Basin, New York, where she will remain for some time, her owner doing mission work among the seamen of the port. Last winter was spent in Chicago in similar work.

A deed was filed on Nov. 17 by which J. Pierpont Morgan and Lewis Cass Ledyard transfer to the New York Y. C. the property on the north side of Forty-fourth street, 370ft. east of Sixth avenue, with plot 75 by 100.5 for a nominal consideration. The stamps attached to the deed show the value of the property to be $148,000. This is the property which Mr. Morgan presented to the yacht club several months ago as the site for a new club house, which is now in the course of construction.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1899-1900.

Commodore, W. G. MacKendrick, 200 Eastern avenue, Toronto, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herbert Begg, 24 King street, Toronto, Can.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., H. C. Allen, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Com., Lewis H. May, New York.
Purser, Arthur H. Wood, Trenton, N. J.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., John S. Wright, Rochester, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Purser, C. Fred Wolters, 14 East Main street, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Frank A. Smith, Worcester, Mass.
Rear-Com., Louis A. Hall, Boston, Mass.
Purser, Frederick Coulson, 405 Main street, Worcester, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., J. McD. Mowatt, Kingston, Ont., Can.
Rear-Com., E. C. Woolsey, Ottawa, Ont., Can.
Purser, J. E. Cunningham, Kingston, Ont., Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Frederick W. Dickens, 1306 Grand avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.
Regatta Committee: R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ont., Can., chairman; Herbert Begg, Toronto; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers, N. Y.

Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

A Few Stray Leaves from the Log of the Frankie.

BY THE COMMODORE.

We found the dam at the Hazard mill repaired and in good condition, as indeed all of the fish dams and mill dams along the river appear to be this year, the prolonged low water affording the needed opportunity. We usually shoot this dam without trouble, but to-day we found no available shoot, and were obliged to make a portage, which was easily done by shooting the canoes by hand over the old broken-down fish trap in the dam after they were lightened of our weight. We had expected to camp here at the Hazard mills, but on landing below the dam to prospect for an available camp site absolutely none was found—the sandy bank was densely overgrown with willows and weeds, and there was no water nearer than the mill, which is not on the river, but on the smaller arm to the left of the broad island which lies here; and as the mill was nearly half a mile away it was unanimously voted unavailable; so we reluctantly re-embarked and pushed on down, scanning the banks closely as we proceeded, hoping to discover a spring and room to camp near it. We had a troublesome time negotiating the rough, intricate falls, which extend for half a mile or more below the dam, and all had to disembark more than once before we succeeded in working through them.

Around the bend to the right, a couple of miles below, we sighted an old house not far from the river, and as it was rapidly growing dark, and we could at least get water here, we decided to land and make the best of it. Investigation developed a peculiarly unfavorable location, but a camp was finally made. Lacy's and the Doctor's canoes were carried up on top of the high bank, where they lay completely hidden from sight in the weeds and high stubble of an old wheat field; George's canoe was laid out on a little gravel spit projecting from a little gully in the bank, her stern lying up in the gully, while her bow dipped down into the water, the boat lying at such a steep angle that George had to dig his elbows and toes into her ribs all night to keep from fetching away bodily down into her extreme bow, while I made up my camp with my canoe afloat for the night, securely moored to the bank by her bow and stern painters.

The camp stove was buried in the weeds and stubble, and getting supper proved to be a matter of some little difficulty. To crown my discomfort, the wind chopped around after I had the fire made and the supper well under way, and I had the smoke and draft from the stovepipe squarely in my face. To cap the climax, just as I had finished the coffee and was reaching for it to set it off the stove, I managed to upset the lid off the coffeepot into the frying pan full of eggs, and to drop the dirty, greasy, smutty old rag I had been using all through the cruise to handle the hot cooking utensils with, into the pot of boiling coffee. With a volley of forceful and expressive language (quite unfit for publication, George says, but perhaps excusable under the circumstances), I kicked the coffee pot off the stove on one side, and the frying pan on the other. Lacy, who was beautifying himself for supper, retired behind his tent to laugh; the Doctor took a walk down the bank for the same purpose, while George stood his ground and hee-hawed like an infernal donkey until he could have been heard across the river. A fresh start was made, and supper finally accomplished by lantern light. The place was unanimously and not inappropriately named Camp Damnation.

I enjoyed the sensation of sleeping afloat last night, and a very peculiar one it was. After getting in there was a good deal of moving around to do, in getting things arranged for the night, and at every turn or motion the canoe rocked violently, and the same care was of course necessary to prevent a capsize that is required in running the boat. The close quarters and the rocking and swaying of my little canopy gave me a decidedly seasick sensation, and I felt quite qualmish until I was snugly and comfortably ensconced in my blankets, when the boat lay still enough; but all night, at every move or turn, the canoe would sway and rock from side to side. Take it all in all, the experiment was a success, and I quite enjoyed it.

After breakfast this morning a formidable looking, heavily bearded mountaineer, heavily armed and horribly reel-footed, accompanied by two or three big, strapping, well-armed boys and as many dogs, was observed bearing down on the camp. Consternation prevailed for a few moments, as we were not hunting for trouble; but we stood our ground, never having experienced anything but kindness and good-will from the natives on our several cruises before. The party on joining us proved to be both harmless and good- natured, for on my remarking that we had taken the liberty of squatting on his land over night and hoped he had no objections, he replied that he had none whatever, and that we were perfectly welcome. They were on squirrel hunting intent, and watched our packing and departure with great interest.

The muddy water barely reached us last night, and we passed out of it this morning in a couple of hours and into water of marvelous purity, such as we have rarely seen, even in this beautiful mountain river. The day's cruise was short—only ten miles to our camp at the mouth of Flint Creek, where we arrived at about 1:30. We waded up the soft, muddy creek to the spring in its right bank, about 50 yards above the river, where we took lunch, after which we went leisurely into camp and went a-fishing for the rest of the afternoon. The event of the day's cruise was the successful running of the vast expanse of reefs known as McCoy's Falls.

The river is extremely broad—nearly half a mile in places—and correspondingly shallow, and at such a low stage the water is so thin that the following of the boat channel is a matter of necessity, and even then the falls are hard enough to navigate. The channel goes in at the head of the falls, close up under the left bank, and is very plain for half a mile, when it veers out into the middle of the river and goes through a long, intricate series of reefs and small grassy islands in a long, narrow, rippling mill race of a canal about 100yds. long, after which it continues on down more or less closely to the right bank. We have heretofore always failed to hit just the place where it veers out, and have gone too far down and have gotten tangled hopelessly in the reefs, where all that could be done was to wade and lift and drag the canoes around, over and among the reefs until the channel was regained, when we have had the provoking experience of looking up that rippling little canal from below; and the last time we had that experience I vowed that next time I would run down that channel if I had to drag my canoe back up over the reefs and start over again; so this cruise, having previously taken my bearings and noted well the appearance of the reef—an interminable series of rocks and grassy islands, which seem to completely block the river—I paddled out carefully above it, and after a little search soon found the head of the canal, and we had the pleasure of dancing down over its rippling surface. We finally worked through the rest of the falls successfully, although at the expense of innumerable hang-ups for each and all of us in the shallow boat channels.

As we approached the old stone dam at the head of the short, steep rapid a mile below the falls, caution was necessary, and considerable reconnoitering was done by standing up in the canoes. The water was so pure and transparent that every pebble and grain of sand on the rough, rocky, uneven bottom—in 6 to 10ft. of water—was visible, and it made all of us curiously dizzy as we glided along so far above the ground, apparently suspended in air.

Investigation revealed the fact that care must be exercised here. The river pitched boisterously down a steep, rocky incline, about 100yds. in length, with an old stone dam at the head of the falls. George went down first to kodak the rest of us. He hung heavily on the old dam, and had to disembark in order to get off, but made the rest of the descent without special difficulty. I slipped over the dam successfully and made the run in safety at the expense of a few bumps from the rocks. Lacy got one or two heavy thumps before he reached the still water below, while the Doctor got down with his canoe right side up, but full of water, having nearly ripped the bottom out of her in coming over the dam. His canoe was baled out and he managed to keep her afloat till we reached our camp at Flint Creek, where, after lunch, she was inverted, when four or five long cuts were revealed all in a row, showing that she had had a tremendous rake from a sharp rock. Repairs were quickly and easily made after the canoe had thoroughly dried out in the sun.

As we approached a long series of reefs, half a mile above Bloomery, which seemed to extend clear across the river, we noticed a tall, Apollo-like darky, with as villainous a face as I ever saw, propelling a long, flat punt with the usual long pole, a little way ahead of us. He was a graceful cuss, and we couldn't help admiring his splendid physical proportions and the careless ease with which he sent his cumbersome craft over the water as he stood on the stern thwart wielding his long pole, albeit we voted that we would not care to meet him alone on a dark night if he thought we had the price of a drink about our persons. He gazed at us curiously and with interest as we approached. Not caring to go to the trouble of hunting out the boat channel, I inadvertently

asked him where it was, and suggested to him to go ahead and we would follow him through. He obligingly did so, but his opinion of us at once fell to 0. He told us that we would never live through Watson's Falls, two of three miles below, and we affected to make light of his warning, which he attributed to our ignorance. We finaly left him astern, and we heard him say to an ancient fisherman anchored in midstream in a boat close at hand, "Them fellers don't know no more about the river than nothin'." "That's all right," said George to Lacy and me, "but I noticed that he hung up twice in working through those reefs, while we didn't touch a rock."

While we were paddling leisurely through the broad, lake-like expanse of Newcomer's Eddy, we were hailed several times by men along the bank, fishing, road mending, etc., and warned that Watson's Falls at the foot of the eddy below were dangerous, and that we risked our lives in attempting to run them. We appreciated the kindliness that prompted these people to warn us—strangers to the river apparently—of the danger we seemed to be blindly drifting into, but assuring our friendly monitors that we were familiar with the river and had run the falls before we pushed on.

We found Watson's Falls not at all dangerous, for the reason that at this low stage of the water they were simply unnavigable. At this point the river runs over a massive limestone ledge, which forms a complete dam, and which extends with a sloping face of some 10 or 12ft. fall for a couple of hundred yards down stream. This face is worn into innumerable crevices and fissures by the water, and at the present stage the river simply resolved itself into hundreds of little brooks, which ran off down these fissures and crevices, uniting and reuniting into a wonderful lacework of brooks, rocks and islets. Innumerable bush-covered islands, large and small, dotted the surface of the ledge, and so filled the river bed that it was impossible to see very much of the falls from any one place.

We landed on the ledge at the head of the falls, near the right bank, and George and I waded and scrambled and climbed over the rocks and through the water and across the brooks and among the islands, until we were in sight of the foot of the falls, giving the river a careful inspection, and after picking out a practicable route we returned to the canoes. Near the foot of the falls a number of the channels unite in a full, bold stream, about the size of Middle River; this stream falls over a broken rocky part of the ledge in a heavy, rough fall, with such sharp twists and turns among the rocks below that it is unsafe to attempt to run it, so a portage was decided upon here.

On reaching the canoes we embarked and worked our way carefully down the falls, running down the little brooks wherever practicable, and where a passage could not be made, or where a canoe would stick, getting out into the water or on the rocks and working them over by hand until we finally lay bunched above the rough, impassable fall. This was portaged by George getting out on a rock in the fall, while Lacy and I swung the canoes out around him into the fall. As they swung past him one at a time he eased them down over the fall and into the proper channel up under the lee of the fall by means of the bow and stern painters. It was a ticklish piece of work, and two of the canoes were nearly swamped in the passage, and I held on to George's painter too long, and she careened against the rocks until her decks and hatches were awash before George got control of her, while Lacy, who was handling my canoe, thoughtlessly threw the stern painter into the water after swinging the canoe out into the falls, instead of tossing the end of it to George, waiting to receive it out on the rock in the falls. All that saved her from disastrously swamping was the fact that just as she was on the point of smashing up broadside on upon the rocks a length or more out of reach, the loose painter was washed across George's foot and around his ankle, and he snatched it up just in time to gain control of the canoe and avert an imminent disaster. The remaining 50 or 75yds. of the falls were easily run.

F. R. WEBB.

Prolonging an Old Boat's Life.

SOME time ago I cut from FOREST AND STREAM a receipt for patching canvas canoes, thinking it might come in handy at some future date. Later it occurred to me that the principle might be adapted to repairing wooden boats. I had a St. Lawrence River skiff that was badly cheeked and rotten in places, and I had about given up all idea of ever using it again; but on looking it over I decided to try the FOREST AND STREAM receipt, and now, after several months of use, I am in a position to say that the result has proved satisfactory.

The boat is of lapstreak construction, and many of the seams had opened. I went entirely over the boat, first closing the seams as much as possible by drawing together with clout nails. Next, where there were cracks through the 3-16in. planking I cleaned the painted surface, and where the paint had blistered I removed all paint by scraping. When the surface was in proper condition, I cut a strip of 8oz. duck of a length and width to cover the crack (generally 3/4in. was wide enough), and smeared one side by means of a stick with Lepage's liquid glue. The canvas was applied to the crack and pressed down, and the glue-stick drawn over the raveled ends, from the center outward, to make them adhere closely to the boat, and then the canvas and surrounding wood was brushed over with enamel paint.

The painting must be done before the glue sets, as the canvas is apt to warp otherwise.

Open cracks 1/8in. wide were covered in this manner, and also cracks at the butts of the strakes. After all the cracks were treated, I gave the boat two good coats of paint over all, and the result was a comparatively smooth surface, and one that was absolutely watertight.

Of course, an old boat repaired in this way will not stand any rough usage, and the patches are not proof against being dragged over rocks or even a sand beach, but by a little labor a boat that is practically worthless may be made serviceable for an indefinite time.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 26.—The Cincinnati Rifle Association held its regular shoot to-day, at 200yds., off-hand, German ring target. Gindele was high on the king target with the score of 210. Trounstine was high on the honor target with a score of 66.

King score:											
Gindele	19	17	21	23	23	23	20	21	21	22	—210
Nestler	15	19	14	15	22	23	23	18	22	22	—193
Soncher	23	18	22	16	20	20	11	13	21	16	—180
Uckotter	13	10	20	20	21	17	17	22	22	12	—174
Topf	18	22	21	17	15	15	14	8	14	2	—126
Payne	23	23	19	20	22	19	16	23	21	20	—206
Roberts	22	12	21	17	21	18	5	17	15	20	—168
Houck	18	15	12	18	19	10	14	4	12	15	—137
Hasenzahl	23	24	22	21	20	20	21	14	22	22	—209
Trounstine	19	14	17	16	17	14	19	17	16	21	—170
Strickmeier	16	17	23	21	24	23	21	23	21	19	—208

	Special Score.										Honor Target.
Gindele	24	20	23	21	22	24	22	22	24	17—220	20 23 21—64
Nestler	24	22	21	23	18	17	24	24	24	24—221	20 17 24—61
Soncher	25	21	16	21	21	18	21	19	16	22—200	19 22 24—65
Uckotter	13	21	19	20	20	20	13	24	22	10—181	19 16 23—58
Topf	16	20	22	22	9	20	25	18	21	12—185	15 17 23—55
Drube	22	17	23	21	21	24	24	23	16	18—209	17 23 21—61
Weinheimer	22	19	21	9	19	12	19	22	12	21—186	16 19 20—55
Payne	20	20	25	23	20	20	17	22	22	23—212	18 21 20—59
Roberts	23	24	20	24	23	20	22	21	20	18—215	20 22 21—63
Houck	8	19	11	16	17	8	20	14	21	12—148	20 12 21—53
Hasenzahl	19	23	20	22	18	22	23	23	25	24—219	21 16 22—59
Trounstine	15	23	24	22	24	21	22	17	21	21—210	25 21 20—66
Strickmeier	18	23	17	17	25	22	21	20	22	23—208	21 15 21—57

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 30.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John Wright, Mgr.

Nov. 30.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Audubon Gun Club. Live birds and targets.

Nov. 30.—Newark, N. J.—Smith Brothers' grounds; 25 live birds, $10 entrance, and miss-and-outs.

Nov. 30.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Fourth annual Thanksgiving Day tournament of the Bison Gun Club. F. P. O'Leary, Prest.

Nov. 30.—Chicago, Ill.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Garfield Gun Club. Live birds. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

Nov. 30.—Hutchinson's Mills, near White Horse, N. Y.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of Walsrode Gun Club. Geo. N. Thomas, Sec'y.

Dec. 5-6.—Rahway, N. J.—Live-bird shoot of the Rahway Gun Club. Clarence Lambert, Mgr.

Dec. 5-8.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Thomas Donley's third international tournament. About $1,500 guaranteed. Targets and live birds.

Dec. 12-15.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Watson's Park tournament. John Watson, Station R, Chicago, Ill.

Dec. 16.—Batavia, N. Y.—E C cup contest for championship at targets, between Messrs. W. R. Crosby, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger.

Dec. 19.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Open shoot of the Emerald Gun Club. Live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Vice-Pres.

Dec. 31-Jan. 1.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Amateur tournament of the Wisconsin Gun Club. P. Himmelstein, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.

1900.

Jan 16.-19.—Hamilton, Ont., Can.—Annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club; $1,500 in prizes. Open to the world. H. Graham, Sec'y.

Jan. 17-18.—Danville, Ill.—Sconce-Cadwallader invitation shoot. Live birds and targets. John Parker, Mgr.

Feb. 13-17.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Third annual midwinter tournament; $1,000 added; 2-cent targets (Rose system) and live birds (high guns). Capt. A. R. Smith, Sec'y.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

In the absence of the Editor of this department all communications intended for publication should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Owing to a surplus of orders, the Savage Arms Company are now enlarging their works, having secured a ten-acre site on which new buildings are to be erected. They are quadrupling their power and machinery, and expect that the new factory will have a capacity of 30,000 rifles per year. They desire to announce to their customers that the delays which have arisen in filling orders are due solely to the lack of sufficient quantity of guns. They regret these delays, and assure the public that next year goods will be supplied promptly. For the enlarged business of the year the company states that FOREST AND STREAM is in a measure responsible, for, since they key all their advertising, they are able to know positively as to this.

When Mr. Abel Crook and Dr. Wynn, of Brooklyn, members of the well-known Fountain Gun Club, of that city, planned to take the members of the club and their friends to the monthly shoot at Dexter Park on Thursday of last week in the sumptuously fitted parlor car Columbia of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, they evolved something new and startling. Lunch and trimmings were served en route, both going and coming, and a pleasant social shoot was also enoyed. While every member of the Fountain Gun Club is possessed of several gray hairs, many of them—and the two above-named in particular—also show traces of considerable gray matter.

Preparations for the Elliott-Doty matter at Lyndhurst, N. J., Saturday, Dec. 2, are all completed, and Tom Morfey has secured a stock of live birds. In the match, as well as in the sweepstakes shot before and after the race, he will provide the best birds obtainable, following up the precedent he has establishel for similar gatherings at his grounds. The easiest way to reach Lyndhurst is to take the train to Rutherford on the Erie R. R., and thence by car—seven minutes' ride to Morfey's grounds. Passengers coming by way of Newark can take the trolley at that city direct to Lyndhurst; it is about a short hour's ride from Newark by trolley.

The Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., will hold an open shoot at Audubon Park on Thanksgiving Day. There will be live birds and target events, and also a match at live birds. After the shoot a Thanksgiving lunch will be served.

E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., was in the city the latter part of last week, and on Saturday afternoon took a trip out to Interstate Park in company with J. A. H. Dressel, secretary of the Interstate Park Association, with a view to looking over the grounds. In all probability the park association will install four full sets of Fulford's live-bird traps, as the same have given complete satisfaction wherever installed. The Riverton Gun Club, of Philadelphia, is about to take out one of its old sets and put in a set of Fulford's traps. This is a testimonial to the excellence of Mr. Fulford's inventions.

The recent victories of King's semi-smokeless powder are undoubtedly very gratifying to Tom Keller, the Eastern agent of the King Powder Company, through whose hustling ability this powder has become very popular among the rifle experts. The wonderful performance of M. Dorrler in the recent 100-shot championship match at Greenville, N. J., in which he scored 2,246 on the German ring-target at 200yds., broke the record that had been held for fifteen years, and L. P. Hansen at the same range scored 240 points, equally the best 10-shot score on record.

During the progress of the shooting at the New South Wales Gun Club's meeting last month the trapper drew a bird from the basket, and was just about to place it in the trap, when he noticed something unusual. On examination the bird was seen to have four legs. The supplementary ones were placed just behind the ordinary ones, and were joined together and attached to the body by a piece of gristle. Otherwise the bird was perfectly formed and evidently a strong flier. A suggestion was made that the club supply birds with four wings, and long ones at that.

Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, vice-president of the Emerald Gun Club, writes: "The Emerald Gun Club, of New York, having no regular club shoot during December, will hold an open shoot at Lebohner's Dexter Park on the club's regular monthly day, Tuesday, Dec. 19, beginning at 10 A. M. The day will be devoted to handicap sweeps and miss-and-outs at live birds. This will be an open shoot, and all shooters are welcome. Mr. Lebohner promises to supply a fine lot of birds.

The great Omaha-Kansas City intercity team race is now a thing of the past, and the Nebraskans have gone home with colors flying and bands playing. About two years ago Kansas City defeated the cream of Chicago's trap shots, and hope ran high within the breasts of the Kaw shooters that victory would again perch upon their banner, but it was not to be, for Parmelee's crack shots finished two birds ahead of their opponents. Such are the fortunes of war!

John Wright has chosen Tuesday, Dec. 12, as the date for the Brooklyn Gun Club's all-day shoot at Dexter Park. This will be a live-bird shoot, and the programme will consist of three events at 5, 7 and 10 birds respectively. If Mr. Wright doesn't have too many shooters, something that is liable to happen at his invitation gatherings, there will be miss-and-outs to follow as long as the daylight lasts.

Catalogue No. 12 of the Ideal Mfg. Co., which has just been received, contains new matter and supersedes all former lists. The improved tools appeal strongly to the specialist with rifle or shotgun. Copies of this catalogue will be sent free on application.

The Brooklyn Gun Club will hold a shoot on the club's grounds at Brooklyn on Thanksgiving Day. Shooting will begin promptly at 1 o'clock P. M.

Omaha—Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 25.—The intercity team contest between ten men from Omaha and a like number of local shooters was concluded here to-day, and resulted in a win for Omaha by two birds, the final score being Omaha 439, Kansas City 437, a percentage of 878 for the victors and 874 for the vanquished. The contest began Friday morning, and six men from each team shot their 50 birds on this day, and at its close Omaha had a decided advantage, being 11 birds in the lead and having won four of the six individual contests, tieing one and losing the other. While the local men got little glory out of the first day, they more than made up for it to-day, and though they did not succeed in winning the contest, they can get some satisfaction out of the knowledge of having won five of the ten contests and tied in another. This was brought about by their winning all four of the races to-day—that, too, from Omaha's strongest quartette.

The weather during the two days of the contest was cold and bleak, and not such as would be conducive to good birds. Nevertheless, those trapped during the shoot were as fine a lot, taken collectively, as one will see in many a day, and Elliott Brothers, who furnished them, are entitled to no little credit for their quality, while the Fulford traps that were used also added snap to them. Mr. John J. Hallowell was referee and Mr. Hugh Carnahan scorer.

The affair will be concluded with a banquet to-night.

First Day, Friday, Nov. 24.

PORTER—SCHROEDER.

This was the first pair selected to oppose each other in the intercity team race, and these inaugurated the contest at 10:35. Porter was the first up, it having been decided to have first a Kansas City man and then an Omaha man lead off. This contest was something of a surprise for the Kansas City men, as Porter is rated one of their very best shots, while on the other hand Schroeder is not looked upon as particularly strong, though of course he is a good shot. He is also somewhat handicapped by having only one finger on his left hand. Porter did not shoot up to expectations, especially at the finish, when he let down perceptibly. His first loss occurred on the 4th round, when he lost a circling incomer dead out of bounds, which was by no means a fast bird. His 8th, a rapid driver, was missed clean; the 20th, a direct left-quarterer, went over the boundary. The 25th, a wicked twisting outgoer, beat him. The 40th was a very similar bird, and it, too, got away. The loss of his 47th was a piece of hard luck. In the round he drew a bird that was caught in the trap, and though he killed it nicely after it got free it had to go as a no bird, and the substitute that he got was too fast for him. Poor head work lost him his 49th, for he permitted this bird to walk quite a distance from the trap without calling it, and thereby it gained an advantage that he could not overcome, especially as it went very fast after it started. He wound up by missing his last one. His score of 42 is not up to his average. He used his first barrel quite effectively, but when this failed to connect he was not very strong with his second. His best kills were his 13th, 14th, 16th, 21st, 24th, 29th and 37th. He also had 4 sitters in his lot.

Schroeder started in very raggedly, and for a time his first barrel was practically worthless, but he atoned for this in a great measure by sensational execution with the second. This made it appear that he was getting much the hardest birds, but such would not have been the case had he used his first with better effect. He had one bad streak during the early part of the race, as he lost 4 out of 5 from the 5th to the 19th round inclusive. None of these birds was hard, with the exception of the first, which had a peculiar carrying flight. After the loss of his 9th he ran 22 straight. Then he missed his 32d, a fast left-quarterer. His 42d was dead out, and his 47th got away clean.

Thus he finished with 43, and beat his strong opponent 1 bird. There is some glory in this. However, he had good luck, for his 37th was gathered against the wire. In this round he killed a bird that was caught in the trap, and this was the substitute. In this particular instance he outlucked his opponent, as he was not so fortunate when he had a similar bird. His best kills were his 4th, 13th, 18th, 32d, 33d and 37th. One sitter was all that fell to his lot.

The birds in this race were quite ordinary, taken as a whole, though there were some very fast ones among them. The weather was dark, cloudy and raw, and the wind, which chilled one through, blew directly to the shooter.

Porter shot a Rieley gun, Trap shells and Du Pont powder. Schroeder shot a Greener gun, Smokeless and Trap shells and Schultze powder.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

J B Porter, Kansas City.	4 4 3 2 3 4 2 2 5 4 5 5 2 2 2 5 4 3 5 1 1 5 3 4 2	2 1 1 * 1 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 * 1 1 2 1 0—21
	2 5 2 3 1 1 4 4 1 5 4 3 4 4 3 5 3 4 2 2 5 2 5 5 2	2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 1 1 2 0 1 0 0—21—42
Schroeder, Omaha.....	1 1 2 3 2 4 1 3 3 3 1 1 4 4 1 5 1 4 4 4 3 3 2 4 1	1 2 2 2 0 0 0 2 * 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—21
	3 3 2 5 5 2 2 2 5 2 1 5 1 4 2 3 2 4 1 3 3 3 1 1 4	2 1 1 1 2 2 0 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 * 1 2 2 2 0 1 1 2—22—43

BERESHEIM—ALLEN.

The second couple in the race was Gus Beresheim and W. S. Allen. This time it was the Omaha man's turn to lead off. Great things were expected from this pair, as each had a local reputation for excellent performance. In this respect no one was disappointed, excepting perhaps in the total; but it is often the case that big scores do not always signify good shooting, and this was largely the case here, for each of the principals gave a good account of himself, and made numerous marvelous kills. The character of the birds in this race was simply remarkable, and nothing equaling them has come under my observation since the Parmelee-Brewer match. Their vigor and activity was pleasing to behold, at least to the spectator, and the total of 43 that each of the principals put up was a most creditable piece of shooting. To enumerate all the good kills made would require a mention of nearly every bird scored, while to the credit of the contestants it can also be said that the lost birds were all very fast. This lot showed but a single sitter, Beresheim's 46th.

Beresheim had 3 dead of out bounds, and Allen 1. Allen's 12th, which is scored lost, he never shot at. On this occasion the shooter went to the score and called "Pull." A bird was liberated from No. 1 trap promptly, and flew directly to the shooter; the latter made no effort to shoot, and after the bird had flown away claimed a balk because the trap did not go all the way down. This the referee would not allow because the bird flew promptly and because the failure of the trap to open all the way had in no way interfered with the shooter, nor having obstructed his view, as the bird came toward him from the trap. This brought about a vigorous protest, but the decision stood, and the bird was recorded lost. At this juncture the Omaha men are still 1 in the lead.

Beresheim shot a Greener gun, Smokeless shells and Schultze powder. Allen shot a Parker gun, Smokeless shells and E C powder.

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                2 1 5 4 3 4 2 1 2 3 2 2 2 5 2 5 5 4 4 1 5 4 3 4 4
 Beresheim,     ↗⇗↖↑↖↙↙↑→↖↗→↘↙↙↘T↗↓H↗↖
 Omaha .....2 0 2 2 2 1 * 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 * 2 1 1 0—21

                4 5 3 4 2 1 3 3 5 5 1 4 4 1 5 4 3 5 1 1 2 3 4 4 4
                →↗H↖↖↗T←↘↗↘↓↖↖⇗⇗↑ ↙←↗T  ↗↖↖
                1 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 2 * 2 1 1 2—22—43

                2 5 2 1 4 5 4 3 3 2 4 1 3 2 3 1 1 2 2 5 2 1 3 5 1
 V S Allen,     ↖↖↖⇕↗↙↗↖↖⟶↙↗↖H↗T↘↖  T↓⇕↗↗
 Kansas City.2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 0 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 0—22

                3 3 2 4 2 2 5 2 1 1 2 2 2 5 2 2 4 4 4 3 3 2 4 1 3
                ↑↖⇕↘↖↗↗↗T↓→↖↗↘↘↗↖↗↖↖↖↙↙↑←↙↗
                2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 * 0 2 2 2—21—43
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HICKMAN—BRUCKER.

The two above mentioned were the next called to put forth their efforts in their respective clubs' behalf. Hickman showed the best form, though he was weak on low-flying left-quartering outgoers. At one time in his second string of 25 he drew a bunch of this kind and lost 3 birds right together, though 2 of these were dead out of bounds. He lost 2 birds of an incoming tendency; but both these birds were very fast and also towered somewhat. Taking it altogether, his shooting was very good, as the birds were nearly on a par with those trapped in the previous contest. The only ordinary bird he lost was his last one. His best kills were his 26th, 28th, 36th and 43d. One sitter was all that he got. Brucker is one of the older class of shooters, and being somewhat advanced in years his sight is a trifle impaired. He states that it is difficult for him to locate a dark-colored bird promptly in such light as prevailed during this contest. Then he is also weak on incoming towerers, as half of his misses occurred on birds of this kind. Some of these were fast birds that came back rapidly. His 1st, 24th, 26th and 43d were outgoers of much activity. His 44th, however, was lost through carelessness and the failure to use his second barrel promptly. This bird was knocked down with the first, and the shooter supposed that it would be readily gathered, but such was not the case, and the bird succeeded in struggling out of bounds, which the second barrel would have readily prevented. This showed rather a lack of head work on the part of the shooter. His best kills were his 6th, 19th and 47th. One sitter is all he drew. His aggregate was 40, 2 birds short of his opponent's, so that to Hickman belongs the credit of putting Kansas City in the lead, as Omaha was 1 to the good at this stage of the race. The birds in this race were also a superb lot, though not uniformly so fast a lot. One of Hickman's losses was the hardest kind of luck. This was his 40th, which was stopped by an excellent second, but afterward struggled out when the boy went to retrieve it.

Both Hickman and Brucker shot Smith guns, Trap shells and Schultze powder.

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                5 2 3 1 1 4 4 1 5 4 3 5 1 1 2 3 2 4 1 3 3 2 5 5 2
 Hickman,       →↑⇕→↙↓↗↗↘H↖↗↗↘↜↖↙↑T⇕↖⇕T↘↖
 Kansas City.2 1 2 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 0 * 1 2 1 2 1 0 2 1 2—21

                2 5 5 4 3 5 1 1 2 3 2 4 1 3 3 2 5 5 4 2 2 5 2 1 4
                ↖↘↖↖H  ↘↗↓↙↖↖↖↖↖↘↗↗↙↘↗↗↖T↙
                2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 * 0 * 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0—21—42

                3 2 5 5 2 2 2 5 2 1 4 4 4 3 5 3 4 2 2 5 2 3 1 1 4
 Brucker,       ↗→↖↗↙↖←⇕↑→↘↖↘T↘←↖↖↖↗↖↖↖↙↖↘
 Omaha .....0 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 * 1 2 1 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 0 2—21

                2 5 2 1 4 4 4 3 5 3 4 2 2 5 4 3 1 1 5 4 5 5 4 3 5
                ↘↗↗↖↗↗→↙↘↗↘↙↙↙↖⇕↓↗→→↘⇗⇕H↘
                2 0 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 0 * 2 1 2 2 2 2—19—40
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READ—CURTICE.

When this pair got together the expected happened—that of pitting a man out of form against one who is shooting strongly, which invariably occurs in races of this nature, though of course it is difficult to say who this man will be. Unfortunately it devolved upon Curtice, whom the knowing ones would readily concede to be the better shot of the two. However, in this instance he displayed most irregular time, and also shot with little judgment, so that his opponent, who was right on edge and brimful of confidence, actualy ran away from him and beat him 6 birds. The plumber negotiated his first 24 birds in captivating style, and the Omaha men were correspondingly elated, for this was materially increasing their lead all the while. The run of 24 was the best up to this point in the match. His first miss occurred on the 25th bird, a very fast driver. In his second string of 25 he did not fare so well, as he lost 4. All his losses were good birds, with the exception of the last one, and this was an incomer. His best kills were his 18th, 20th, 32d, 33d and 38th, while he got but one sitter. His score of 45 was the best so far, and gave his team a decided advantage.

Curtice's shooting was very poor, as well as irregular, and it was evident by the time that he displayed that he was out of form. At times he would shoot quickly, and then again he would become methodical, while his misses occurred on all kinds of birds and at any time. He lost his first bird, which was a good one; but a little later on he bunched 3 misses together on very ordinary birds, and this is the style he showed all through the race. Omaha now has a lead of 6, 5 of which were secured in this race.

Read shot a Smith gun, Trap shells and Schultze powder. Curtice shot a Greener gun, Trap shells and Schultze powder.

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                4 4 3 5 3 4 2 2 5 2 3 1 1 4 4 1 5 4 3 5 1 1 2 3 3
 C Read,        ↗↘↖↗↗↗↗↖↖↖↗←←↗↗↗↘↖↗↗↗↗↑
 Omaha .....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—24

                4 2 2 5 2 3 5 2 2 2 5 2 3 5 1 1 2 3 2 3 2 5 2 3 1
                ↖⇕↗↗↖↓  ⇕⇕↖↗⇗↘↗↓←↜↓↗⇕↖⇕
                2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2—21—45

                1 1 2 3 2 4 3 3 3 2 5 5 2 2 2 5 2 1 4 4 4 3 5 3 2
 M Curtice,     ↑→↖←↖↗↖←↖↗↗⇕↖↑↑↗↗↙⇗↘↘↙↘
 Kansas City.0 2 2 2 0 0 * 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 *—19

                4 1 3 3 2 5 1 4 4 1 5 4 4 4 4 3 5 3 4 2 3 3 2 5 5
                ↗↘⇕↖↙↖←↗⇗⟶↘T↖↗⇕↖↘↗↘↗↖↑⇕T
                0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 * 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—20—39
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COCKRILL—SMEAD.

This brace gave a good account of itself and put up a most interesting contest, which was only decided in favor of the Omaha man by Cockrill missing his last bird. The Kansas City man showed plenty of speed, for he actually scored his first 29 straight and then lost an incomer that was only an ordinary bird. His try next one got away also, but this was a fast one, and died out of bounds. His 34th was a similar bird, and brought about a like result. Then he lost his 41st, an incomer, also dead out; but this was poor shooting, and finally he let his last one deceive him, though this was not a hard one. His best kills were his 23d, 30th and 31st. Two sitters were his portion.

Smead showed good form, too, and was equal to most occasions, and though he made no great runs he succeeded by consistent shooting in landing his man. Excellent time and judgment accomplished this, so that it is only proper to add his form was good. His best kills were his 2d, 8th, 11th, 18th, 47th and 50th. However, he had four sitters, more than any other one man. The birds at this juncture had deteriorated considerably and were about on a par with those shot in the first race.

Smead's score of 46 is the best up to date, though the birds are in some measure responsible for this, as they were not nearly so active as in the three previous races. The outcome of this race adds one more to Omaha's lead, which is now 7. Smead shot a Greener gun, Trap shells and Schultze powder. Cockrill shot a Smith gun, Smokeless shells and Schultze powder.

Technically Smead really scored one more bird, as his 41st, which was lightly hit, lit in bounds, and the boy that went to retrieve it actually got hold of the bird, but let it get away, and it afterward flew out of bounds. According to strict interpretation of the rules, this was a dead bird.

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                2 4 4 1 5 3 3 3 5 1 1 2 3 3 4 1 3 3 3 5 4 2 2 5 2 4
 F N Cockrill,  ↖↗↗↙↗↙↗⇗T↗↘↗T↘↓H↗↗↘↙↑↗↗↖⇗
 Kansas City.2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—25

                3 5 1 1 3 2 4 1 3 3 2 5 2 2 5 5 1 4 1 1 5 3 4 3 3
                ↗↗↑↖↘↖↗↗↗↖↗↘↘T↗⇗T↘↓↗↘↑↘↓↗
                2 2 2 2 0 * 2 2 * 2 2 2 1 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0—20—45

                2 2 2 5 2 1 4 4 3 3 5 3 4 2 2 5 2 5 1 4 4 1 5 2 1
 J P Smead,     ↖↜↙↙↖↙↗↗→→↗↖↓↓→↗↓↗↙↘↘←↗H↙
 Omaha .....1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2—24

                4 4 4 3 3 4 2 2 5 2 3 5 4 4 5 4 3 4 4 3 3 4 1 5 5
                ↘⇗↘↗↖↓H↓→→←↗↘↗↙⇗T↘↖⇗↗↑T⇗⇗
                2 0 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 0 1 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2—22—46
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BRAY—HERMAN.

C. C. Herman is looked upon as one of Kansas City's best pigeon shots, while there are plenty of Nebraska people who are willing to pin their faith to Dan Bray. When these shooters met every one looked for a capital competition; but here again they were disappointed, as Herman failed to make good, and was actually beaten 5 birds. Bray was about right, and put his loads in the proper place with seemingly little effort, so that at the finish he had the great aggregate of 47. The birds in this race were far superior to those of the preceding one, and it took quick, accurate work to negotiate many of them, so that this score of Bray's, which is the best of the day, was a very creditable piece of shooting. Bray's best kills were his 3d, 7th, 12th, 29th, 35th, 43d, 44th and 46th. He drew not a single sitter.

Herman shot poorly, and used equally bad head work, and the loss of his first bird must be attributed to this. The bird was a sitter, and he permitted it to walk 5 or 6yds. from the trap, so that when it started it had a very good chance to get away. When it took wing it proved a very fast one, and the shooter was unable to negotiate it. This he followed up by missing the very next one, an ordinary bird. He now pulled himself together and killed the next 19 in fine style; but after this he again seemed to lose his time, so that he lost 4 out of the next 6 birds. Three of these were dead out of bounds. One he should not have lost at all, for a man went to retrieve it and a dog got loose and chased it out of bounds, when apparently a cautious man would have gathered it. Had he claimed a balk the referee would very probably have allowed him another bird. He made one more run of 19 and then lost 2 out of his remaining 4. Incomers were evidently his Jonah birds, as he missed 3 of this kind. His best kills were his 11th, 12th, 46th and 48th.

Bray shot a Smith gun, Smokeless shells and Schultze powder. Herman shot a Smith gun, Trap shells and Schultze powder.

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                5 1 1 5 1 4 5 4 4 3 3 3 3 1 5 3 3 5 1 1 3 1 1 4 5
 D Bray,        H↗⇗↖↗⇗⇕⇗↖↖←↙⇗↓⇕↗←TT↘↙T↗↙↗⇕←↖↘↙
 Omaha .....1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2—24

                4  4 4 1 5 3 4 3 3 5 5 1 5 3 5 1 1 5 3 4 5 3 1 1 4
                ⇗↖↗⇕↓T↖↗T↗↘↗→↗↘↙↑→↖↑↗↓↖←→
                2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2—23—47

                5 4 5 4 3 5 5 1 1 5 3 5 5 1 1 5 4 4 4 3 5 5 4 1 5
 C Herman,      ↗↖↘↑↖→→↗←⇗↗↘↗↖↘↖⇜→↑↑⇗↗↙⇗
 Kansas City.0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 *—21

                1 5 4 3 3 4 1 5 3 1 4 5 1 4 4 4 3 3 4 3 3 5 5 4 5
                ↙↘⇗↖↘↗↖↗↗↗↖↗↖↖↗H↖↑↗↗↘⇗↗
                * 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0—21—42
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Second Day, Saturday, Nov. 25.

DAVE ELLIOTT—R. KIMBALL.

These were the shooters who resumed operations on Saturday morning, and as they are nearly equal in shooting skill a close contest was in order if each shot up to form. Elliott fulfilled expectations and put up a fast race. He was pitted against a most active lot of birds, and to show a total of 46 required fine kills on his part, which he was fully equal to. His first loss was on a very fast twisting bird, but his second one, an incomer, should have been stopped within bounds. The next one to escape was also a wicked one; but his final one, an outgoer, was an ordinary bird. The kills he made that merit mention were his 3d, 6th, 7th, 9th, 30th, 33d, 46th, 47th, and 48th.

R. Kimball lost his 2d and 3d birds, both of which should have been killed, as they were easy; but from this on he seemed to collect himself and shot a very mixed race, for though he lost 4 more birds, all of them were good, strong birds, while his 30th was probably the fastest trapped during the entire contest. He was very lucky in gathering his 24th, as this bird went far out and fell almost against the wire. This was an exceptionally fast bird. His deserving kills were his 12th, 13th, 24th, 26th, 29th, 34th, 37th and 41st. However, he had two sitters, while Elliott had none. By beating his opponent 2 birds, Dave Elliott reduced Omaha's big lead of 11 birds to 9. The birds in this race were very good, notwithstanding the bleak, raw and very cold day. This lot of birds was almost on a par with the Allen-Beresheim birds. Elliott shot a Winchester gun, Leader shells and Schultze powder. Kimball shot an Evans gun, Smokeless and Trap shells and Du Pont powder.

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                1 1 5 3 4 2 2 5 2 3 1 1 4 4 1 5 4 3 5 4 3 3 2 4 1
 Dave Elliott,  ↖↖↖↗→⇗↖↗⇕↖⇗←TT→↘⇗T↗↙↗⇕←↖↘↙
 Kansas City..2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

                3 3 2 5 5 4 4 1 5 4 3 5 1 1 2 3 2 4 1 3 3 2 5 5 1
                →↗↗↗↗↗⇗↖→↘↖T↑↖↖→→⇕↖↖↓↖↗
                2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—23—46

                4 3 3 2 4 1 3 3 2 5 5 2 2 4 5 2 1 4 1 1 2 3 4 2 2
 R Kimball,     H↙↗↗↗H↖↖↖↘↘↖⇕↖↖↙↓↘↖⇗⇗↘⇗↘
 Omaha.....2 0 * 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 2 2—22

                5 2 3 1 1 4 2 5 2 1 4 4 4 3 5 3 4 2 2 5 2 3 1 1 4
                ↗⇕⇕↖↙⇗↖↖↖↗⇗↗H↗⇗↜↘↜H↖↖⇗T
                2 0 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—22—44
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T. KIMBALL—STOCKWELL.

When this couple showed up it was surmised that Omaha would increase its lead somewhat, as Stockwell is a man of matured years and his eyesight is none too good, so that it was expected the bad light would have some effect on his shooting. On the other hand, Tom Kimball is one of Omaha's very best shots, and a man in the prime of life, so that his fellow members expected him to score 45 or better, and Stockwell was looked to for 43. However, the old man not only showed the best form and did the best shooting, but also used his head to better advantage. He made many fine kills and did great execution with his second barrel, so that it is impossible to enumerate all his good kills, as more than three-fourths of his birds were extra fast ones, and of the 5 he lost, all but one were good ones. Doubtless he surprised himself—and every one else—by beating his strong opponent 4 birds, and thereby cut down Omaha's lead to 5.

Tom Kimball's showing was the disappointment of the Omaha contingent. He gave a good account of himself in the first 25, but in the final string he lost his time and his head. Once he forgot himself to such an extent as to accept a bird when two were liberated from the same trap; but after shooting once and missing he permitted the birds to fly out of bounds without shooting his second barrel. Of course, this bird had to be scored lost. In the second string he lost 6 birds out of his first 12. Regardless of the fact that he shot raggedly, he made some fine kills, among which were his 2d, 11th, 21st, 31st, 39th, 45th, 48th and 50th. There was not a single sitter in this lot of birds.

Stockwell shot a Greener gun, Trap shells and Schultze powder. Kimball shot a Grant gun, Smokeless shells and Du Pont powder.

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                4 1 5 4 5 5 1 1 2 3 2 4 1 3 3 2 5 5 1 4 4 1 5 4 3
 T Kimball,     ↘↖↘↘↖↗⇗⇗↖⇗↑⇕⇘⇘↘→↗↖↗↘↙↘⇗
 Omaha .....1 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—23

                5 2 2 4 1 5 2 3 1 1 4 2 2 5 2 1 4 4 4 3 5 3 4 2 3
                ↗⇂↖⇗↘T⇕↑↙↙↘↗H⇘↗↗↗↘↘↖↘⇘⇗↗
                2 0 2 * 0 2 0 2 1 1 * 0 1 2 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—18—41

                2 4 3 1 4 5 4 3 5 3 4 2 2 1 2 3 1 5 2 2 2 5 2 1 4
 Geo. Stockwell,↑↗↑↗↵↘↗↘↖↳↗↘→⇕⇕⇘↓↘⇘↖↙↑⇘↖
 Kansas City..2 2 1 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 0 2—23

                4 3 4 2 3 3 2 5 5 2 4 4 1 4 4 3 5 1 1 4 3 2 4 2 5
                ↖↗⇘↙↷⇘⇗↑↖→↗↓↘↓↗↗↙↖↖↑↑↘↖↖
                1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 0 1 2 0 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 2—22—45
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CAMPBELL—CRABILL.

Each team had been reserving its strong men for the finish, and now Campbell and Crabill were to try conclusions. The Kansas City man was not expected to show up very strongly, as he had been confined to bed by illness for several days previous. Nevertheless, he demonstrated that he possessed marked ability, and his friends' confidence in him had not been misplaced, as he beat his man, one of Omaha's best, by 1 bird. Four of his six misses were the result of hard birds, while one, his 41st, an incomer, was dead out. His 23d was lost by his gun failing to work. He also scored many good kills, of which his 5th, 10th, 16th, 19th and 29th deserve special mention.

Crabill got a running start, as he killed his first 19 straight, after which he got in a rut and lost 5 out of 12. He followed this up with another run of 15, and then lost 2 together, so that he finished with 43, which left Omaha 4 in the lead and one more race to be decided. The majority of Crabill's misses occurred on good birds. He also killed his share of fast ones, and his total is very good for such a fast lot of birds. His star kills were his 5th, 21st, 22d, 35th, 39th and 46th.

Campbell shot a Winchester gun, Smokeless shells and E C powder. Crabill shot a Greener gun, Trap shells and Schultze powder.

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                3 2 5 5 1 2 3 5 2 1 3 5 1 1 2 5 2 4 2 5 2 5 5 3 4
 R K Campbell,  ↖↖↘↗↖↓⇗→⇘⇗↘↙↙↘↖⇗↗⇘↙↙↘⇗
 Kansas City..2 1 2 2 1 1 0 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 0 1 1—23

                4 5 2 1 4 4 1 3 2 3 2 4 2 5 4 5 5 2 2 2 5 2 1 4 4
                ↘←↗↖↘↗↗↖⇂⇗↗→T↙↘↘H↑↑↖HTT→
                1 1 1 2 1 0 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 * 2 2 0 0 1 1 2 2 1—21—44

                2 3 1 5 2 4 1 4 4 3 4 4 4 3 5 3 4 2 3 3 3 1 5 4 4
 F Crabill,     ↘↖H↘↗H←↘↗↖→↗↘↙↗↖⇗↗↗↗↖↑←⇂↖↙
 Omaha .....2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 * 0 2—22

                1 5 1 3 5 1 1 3 5 3 4 2 3 3 3 1 1 4 4 1 5 4 3 5 1
                ↘↘↘⇕↘↜↘↗↘↑⇂⇗↑↗↓↓T↖↗↓↖↷↗↗↘
                2 2 2 0 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 * 0 2 2—21—43
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PARMELEE—GOTTLIEB.

As a final, this brace was put on, and as each is conceded to be the strongest representative of their respective teams, as well as the pride of his city, this was of course the race in which the most interest centered. Then, too, it was the Kaw town shooters' only hope, for if their man would put up a great score and his opponent showed ragged form it was yet possible for them to overcome the Omaha lead of 4. Kansas City's man did not succeed in winning the race for his team, for this was impossible in view of the score his opponent shot; and had he not lost that one duffer and finished with a clean score, his team would still have been 1 bird short. However, he got all the glory possible, as he outshot his man from every point of view, and also made the longest run and the highest score of the entire shoot. It is questionable if he ever showed such form, and though I have seen him shoot many times I cannot recall an instance when he approached his shooting of to-day, for it is rarely one sees such good birds trapped.

Throughout the entire race his precision and judgment was great, his only miss occurring on a little hoverer, that dropped out of the load, and which was the poorest bird of the entire lot; but this one fooled him, as above mentioned. The best kills he scored were his 2d, 4th, 7th, 8th, 17th, 22d, 26th, 27th, 33d, 34th, 35th and 36th. His only loss occurred in the 12th round, and thus he finished with a run of 38 straight.

Parmelee shot his usual good race, and maintained his reputation as a shooter of marked ability, and his score is an excellent one, owing to the fact that he was using a strange gun, having had the misfortune to break his regular pigeon gun a day or so previous. He was quite lucky in several instances, as he got 5 birds that flew almost to the wire before they succumbed. Every one of them was a good strong bird and was hard hit, and in nearly every case they were stone dead when they stopped. Incomers troubled him most, as two of his misses were the result of such birds. His good kills were his 8th, 12th, 29th, 34th, 41st and 49th.

Both shooters used Smith guns, Trap shells and Schultze powder.

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                4 1 2 4 2 4 3 5 3 3 1 1 2 2 2 5 2 1 4 4 5 3 5 3 4
 F S Parmelee,  ↗↙↗⇗H→←⇗⇕T↓⇗T↗↖↘T↓↗↖↘↗T↗↓
 Omaha.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2—24

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PAUL R. LITZKE.

St. Louis Doings.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 21.—John J. Sumpter and J. L. Crawford shot a match for the Busch medal to-day at Dupont Park, and this resulted in an easy win for Sumpter, as every one expected it would, for Crawford is virtually a novice at match shooting, and of course has little chance to beat such an old seasoned pigeon shooter as Sumpter. However, he showed some ability to-day, as the birds were very good, and there was a good wind. While he scored but 19, he had 3 birds dead out of bounds.

Sumpter finished with 22 and 1 dead out of bonds.

This makes Sumpter's third win of the medal. The score:

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Sumpter .....222222222*222022022222222—22
Crawford .....0*2022222222*02222*222222—19
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Keystone Shooting League.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 25.—The regular club shoot of the Keystone Shooting League was held to-day. A combination of fast birds and strong wind made good scores hard to make. Eames again won the shoot for the Keystone challenge cup, which is his second win in this series. The race now stands: Eames 2, Vandergrift 2, Henry 1. Event No. 2 was the regular weekly club shoot. Vandergrift won with a clean score from a field of twelve shooters.

On Thanksgiving Day the club will hold a 15-bird open sweep, $7.50 entrance, Rose system, to divide purse.

The scores made for the championship cup follow:

Keystone championship cup, 10 live birds, 30yds. rise: Eames 10, Gerkle 10, Henry 9, Vandergrift 9, Foster 9, Johnson 8, Fitzgerald 7, Felix 7, Van Loon 7.

Shoot-off: Eames 3, Gerkle 0.

Club shoot, 10 live birds, handicap rise: Vandergrift 10, Henry 9, Fitzgerald 9, Landis 8, Foster 8, Van Loon 8, Johnson 8, Gerkle 8, Stevenson 7, Eames 7, Felix 7, McFalls 7.

Clearview Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 25.—The monthly shoot of the Clearview Gun Club was held to-day. The main event was the shoot for the Fisher cup at 25 targets, handicap, unknown angles. Scores:

Fisher, scratch, 24; Urian, scratch, 22; Elwell, 5yds., 22; Downs, 1yd., 20; Simon, 4yds., 17; Edwards, scratch, 15: Johnson, scratch, 15; Hassan, 2yds., 13; Hill, 2yds., 10; Oliver, 2yds., 10; Stevens, scratch, 9; Carr, 4yds., 7; McConnell, 6yds., 8.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Fountain Gun Club.

Nov. 23.—The Fountain Gun Club, about the oldest organization of the kind that has any life in it, held a most enjoyable shoot this afternoon at Dexter Park, L. I. It was a purely social affair, the almighty dollar cutting no figure in the events shot off.

Invitations were issued to some lucky individuals asking them to join the members of the club at the corner of Flatbush avenue and Fulton street, Brooklyn, at 12:30 prompt. At that point the club had the parlor car Columbia, of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, in waiting, ready to convey the passengers—club members and their guests—to the grounds over the rails of the surface car company. While in transit, lunch was served on the car in true dining car style; nothing was lacking; it was just great.

The shoot was not playing second fiddle to the lunch by any means. There were twenty-one entries in the club event, 10 birds per man, each man to pay for his own birds, and to make his own handicap. In the 5-bird event which followed the club shoot a few put up $2 as a sweep, and a dark horse or two annexed the pot.

At 4:15 P. M. the special car called for the crowd, the Brooklynites escorting the New York city contingent over the Brooklyn Bridge to the New York terminus, where, it being the height of the rush hour for home, the car and its contents attracted considerable interest from the crowd that was struggling for a foothold on the outgoing cars.

One feature of the trip home was the holding of a club meeting at which Col. Sloane, Capt. Money, Jacob Pentz, W. L. Gardiner, Edward Banks, etc., were elected members of the organization.

The credit of all the enjoyable features of the day must be given to Mr. Abel Crook, for a long time president of the club, and to Dr. W. Wynn, one of the oldest and best live-bird shots in and around New York city.

Scores were as follows:

Capt Money, 31	1122212221—10	Adams, 29	2111022201— 8
Banks, 30	2222220121— 9	Gardiner, 29	1110220211— 8
Wynn, 30	1101111111— 9	Van Wicklen, 28	0211102011— 7
Allen, 28	2212012222— 9	Hunter, 28	2001102110— 6
Eddy, 28	2112111011— 9	Brixey, 29	1000210111— 6
Bennett, 28	1122220212— 9	Connolly, 29	2200100011— 5
Dr Webber, 28	2122022111— 9	Sloane, 27	00010*1012— 4
Spratley, 29	2200212121— 8	Briggs, 30	0111200000— 4
Wingert, 30	1002211211— 8	Murphy, 29	0210020100— 4
Blankley, 27	2110201211— 8	Williams, 25	0001100102— 4
Crook, 28	2102111021— 8		

Sweep, 5 birds: Brixey 5, Wingert 5, Van Wicklen 5, Wynn 4, Webber 4, Money 4, Banks 4, Gardiner 4, Spratley 4, Crook 4.

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Nov. 27.—Following are scores of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club's shoot, held to-day at Rockaway Park. In the team race between the Fulton Gun Club and the Oceanics, seven-men teams, 25 targets per man, the home team won by a good margin. The return match will be shot on Dec. 11, on the grounds of the Fulton Gun Club. Scores:

Oceanic—Schorty 22, Dudley 22, Schubel 21, Jones 18, Diffley 13, Coleman 11, Owen 10—117.

Fulton—Schneider 18, Blake 17, W. Woods 16, Schoverling 13, Martens 6, A. Woods 6, Belts 5—81.

The following events were also shot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	20	15	15	15	25
Schneider	4	6	8	4	6	2	6	12	7	10	9	..
Schoverling	6	7	5	5	..	8	9	15	8	12	9	..
Blake	7	5	5	7	..	9	..	..	..	..	11	..
Belts	2	6	7	4	..	4	..	3	..	..	..	..
Martens	4	1	6	3	..	5	..	9	..	7	..	..
W Woods	8	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Woods	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schorty	10	8	8	8	11	9	10	15	15	13	..	..
Dudley	5	5	2	8	..	8	4	12	..	..	..	..
Diffley	5	5	2	8	..	8	4	12	..	..	..	..
Schubel	7	8	9	7	5	8	8	16	..	10	13	..
Falco	..	..	..	4	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kenna	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	8	5	11
Owen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	..	..
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	12
Tiernan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	
Montoux	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10

Johnnie Jones.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, Nov. 25.—Regardless of high winds, a dozen or more of our members put in an appearance at our club grounds this afternoon to participate in the afternoon's sport, it being the fifth monthly shoot for the free entry to the G. A. H. of 1900.

In event No. 5 a special prize, a handsome leather gun case, was offered, and after a lively struggle the prize was won by Wm. Hopkins, of Aqueduct, L. I., the champion bluerock smasher of the club. The scores follow:

Fifth shoot for free entry in G. A. H., 1900:

Dr Webber, 5	1111110111101111110111011	
	1111110111111111111111111—45— 5—50	
Lane, 14	0101101011011111101111111	
	0011111111111110111001001—37—14—50	
Hopkins, 6	1001101100111101111111111	
	1111111111111111111111001—42— 6—48	
Gardiner, 4	1111110111111111011101111	
	1111111111111100110110111—43— 4—47	
Remsen, 4	0111111110100001111111111	
	1011101111101011111110111—39— 4—43	
Woods, 3	1111110111111101101101000	
	1111011110111101111101111—39— 3—42	
Tiffany, 10	1001100100101001000100110	
	1010001101001101011101100—23—10—33	
Craft, guest	1110010001111000110111101	
	1010110100110111100111111 —32	

Special prize shoot for gun case:

Hopkins, 3	1101011111111111111111011—22— 3—25
Gardiner, 2	1111111111111111111101011—23— 2—25
Webber, 3	1111111111111111111111111—25— 3—25
Hatfield, 4	1111111101111111111111111—24— 4—25
Woods, 2	1111111110010111101111111—21— 2—23

Ties:

Hopkins, 3	1111111111111111101111111—24— 3—25
Gardiner, 2	1101110111111110111111111—22— 2—24
Webber, 3	1111101111111101110101011—20— 3—23
Hatfield, 4	1110011010011100111111111—18— 4—22

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	15	25	Targets:	25	15	25
Remsen	21	11	..	Hopkins	..	13	17
Tiffany	14	6	..	Craft	..	11	..
Woods	22	..	..	Gardiner	..	12	21
Hatfield	17	12	..	Babcock	..	..	24
Webber	20	14	..	Wright	..	..	13
Allen	..	7	17				

G. B. Paterson, Sec'y.

Emerald Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 21.—At the monthly live-bird shoot of the Emerald Gun Club, held at Dexter Park, to-day, twenty-six shooters faced the traps and three made clean scores. The birds were a good lot and flew fast. The scores follow:

Class A, 29yds., 7 points:

Dr Hudson	1222122211—10	Sands	0222222222— 9
Dr O'Connell	2222222222—10	Clark	201222212*— 8

Twenty-eight yards, 6½ points:

Moore	1202011212— 8	Short	0201221122— 8

Twenty-eight yards, 6 points:

Hillers	1122122211—10	Rathjen	0211211220— 8
Weiss	1122211220— 9	Pillion	1200011221— 7
Billings	1022222222— 9	Dr Creamer	1101*11120— 7
Dressel	0212212111— 9	Dr Stillman	**1**21111— 6
Dr Kemble	0211111111— 9	Brown	0202022210— 6
Joerger	21*1111110— 8	Woelfel	*100202022— 5
Amend	222222**12— 8	Dr Groehl	2*01200022— 5

Class B, 25 yards., 6 points:

Regan	1212121002— 8	Dr O'Donoghue	21*12102**— 6
Doncourt	0222112020— 7	Stuetzle	1010001022— 5

Twenty-five yards, 5 points:

Gallin	2010020220— 5	Lincoln	2***122100— 5

Sweep, 5 birds: Sands 5, O'Donoghue 4, Wallace 4, Stillman 4, Creamer 4, Kemble 4, Lincoln 4, Pillion 4, O'Connell 3, Short 3, Amend 3, Dressel 1, Mohrmann 1.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 25.—The final shoot for the November cup was held to-day on the club's grounds, at Bay Ridge. Kenyon won to-day's race, making a 25 score with the aid of his liberal handicap. W. W. Marshall with a handicap of 6 wins the cup with a score of 68. Banks, the scratch man, is second with 67; H. L. Kenyon, 10, and Henry Kryn, 3, are tied for third place with 66; L. Rhett, 5, is next with 63, and John Hallock, 3, follows with 62. The conditions of the event are that a member must take part in at least three weekly shoots in order to become eligible for the cup, and by taking part in more than three shoots in a month he has the privilege of counting his three best scores. Ties in the prize shoot, at 15 singles and 5 pairs, will be shot off next Saturday. The scores:

Kenyon, 10	1011111101101111000111100111010111	—25
Rhett, 5	1101011010011111110011111111101	—22
Marshall, 6	0011101111011111001111011011110	—22
Notman, 4	0111111111000111011101101101	—21
Banks, 0	1011100111011111110111111	—20
Kryn, 3	1011101111010110011111011000	—18
Hallock, 3	1110011100101111001100111101	—18
Rasmus, 8	1001100011011001100011101001010 01	—16

Prize shoot, 10 pairs: Harrison, 1, 15; Banks, 0, 14; Kryn, 2, 14; Kenyon, 4, 14; Hallock, 3, 13; Rhett, 3, 13; Marshall, 5, 12; Notman, 2, 12; Adams, 1, 10; Chapman, 5, 7; Hagedorn, 2, 6; Wyckoff, 4, 10.

Prize shoot, 15 singles, 5 pairs: Banks 19, Hagedorn 19, Rhett 19, Wyckoff 19, Notman 18, Kryn 17, Hallock 17, Harrison 16, Kenyon 15, Chapman 9, Bretton 9.

IN NEW JERSEY.

East Side Gun Club

Newark, N. J., Nov. 23.—The East Side Gun Club held its regular club shoot on Smith Brothers' grounds to-day. The birds were a mixed lot, some fairly good, but none very fast. Five men made clean scores, of whom three were in Class A. The club shoot was at 10 live birds, optional sweep, three moneys, Rose system. Following the club shoot were three sweeps, each at 5 live birds. The scores:

Club shoot:

Herrington, A, 29	1211221212—10	P O N, A, 29	*210122122— 8
Hassinger, A, 29	2112122211—10	Ferguson, B, 27	0210220212— 7
Sinnock, A, 29	2112112111—10	Koegel, A, 29	0100212221— 7
Canon, B, 27	1111112112—10	Fischer, B, 27	2101022022— 7
Dr Davis, C, 25	1221111212—10	B Clinchard, B, 27	1002211101— 7
Schorty, A, 29	2012122122— 9	J Clinchard, guest	0111211020— 7
Perment, A, 29	2222111022— 9		

Sweep No. 1, 5 birds: Schorty 5, Fischer 5, Canon 4.

No. 2, same: Schorty 5, Fischer 4, Koegel 4, P. O. N. 4, Ferguson 3, Canon 3.

No. 3, same: Hassinger 5, Leuthauser 5, Sinnock 5, Schorty 4, Davis 4, P. O. N. 5.

WESTERN TRAPS.

The Holiday Season.

Nov. 25.—Nothing much is doing in trap matters in this city the present fall outside of the regular club shoots and the open trophy contests, whose scores are regularly reported in these columns. The Eureka Gun Club comes into the live-bird field next Saturday, shooting every other week on Saturdays, and hence following each contest of the Chicago sportsmen's trophy series. Garfield Gun Club shoots to-day, as see scores in another column, and they are having pretty good live-bird weather this afternoon.

The two main holiday events of the season will be the Thanksgiving shoot of the Illinois Gun Club, at Springfield, next week, and the regular winter tournament of John Watson, which will come just before Christmas, beginning Dec. 23 and lasting till the boys are broke. John Watson will of course get together a warm shooting crowd, and this will stir things up a little bit here. The Illinois Gun Club shoot next week will be a pretty swell affair, with Governors, Archdukes, etc., mixed up in it. There will be a good Chicago attendance, and this will be the leading Western affair of the week.

Chicago has not been a storm center for some time in the trap-shooting world. We have settled down into a sort of jog-trot which has no great interest for any one so far as trap news is concerned. So far as I know, we have no match shooters left anywhere in the West—that is to say, men who will come out and shoot for their own money. You may be able to get a pigeon match with the employee of some gun or powder house, but nowadays the Simon-pure is hard to pick up for pigeon purposes.

I was talking to Dr. Carver this morning, and the latter tells me that as his business season is now over he is going to load up some shells and see if he can shoot a few pigeons down at Watson's. He would like to entertain any one ambitious enough to shoot a series of live-bird races, each day for a week or so if necessary. I wish somebody would come along and stir things up, for Chicago is a dead one this fall in pigeon matters. We want to see a nice 100-bird race, shot in a good wind storm, between two good ones. If something of that kind does not happen before long we are apt to go utterly to sleep.

E. Hough.

480 Caxton Building, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 25.—There was a large attendance at the Garfield Gun Club's shoot to-day, twenty-five members and two visitors shooting in the trophy event. The visitors were Mr. D. L. Cramer, a member of the Arkansas State Gun Club, of Stepguard, Ark., who is now a resident of Chicago, and Mr. S. M. Savage, of this city, who just came out for a little excitement. Several ladies were also present. There was a mean wind blowing, which carried the birds toward the score. The birds were as a rule very lively and very good flyers. The sweepstake could not be shot out, for lack of birds. The scores:

	Trophy Shoot.	Sweep.
Kuss	2222121222—10	2122—4
Workman	1100221111— 8	....
Dr Meek	*212111102— 8	....
Kehl	1221210000— 6	1200—2
Shaw	1220220022— 7	....
Palmer	1222*22121— 9	1222—4
Nusley	1000012122— 6	1110—3
T Eaton	1221012021— 8	2120—3
E Eaton	0111101221— 8	0122—3
Barnard	2*11211122— 9	1202—3
Darman	21210*02*0— 5	....
Trail	1201*0121*— 6	20*1—2
L Wolff	0220220*01— 6	....
Thomas	1002001210— 5	....
Hellman	0121*12222— 8	....
*Savage	2111012021— 8	2001—2
*Cramer	1220112112— 9	0200—1
J Wolff	11211122*2— 9	....
Dr Graves	11*1101102— 8	2001—2
Stuchlik	2020022210— 6	1010—2
Stevens	20*2121*20— 6	....
C Wolff	1100021202— 6	....
Dr Davis	02111122*0— 7	0000—0
Cornellson	2222022012— 8	0102—2
Dr O'Byrne	21112101*0— 7	....
Gardner	1021101101— 7	....
Fanning	0121011211— 8	011w

*Guest.

Frank J. Bahm.

Elliott—Doty for Republic Cup.

We have received from Mr. J. A. R. Elliott a check for $50, to cover forfeit of Mr. Aaron Doty in his challenge of Mr. Elliott to contest for the Republic cup. As reported in these columns last week, Mr. Elliott has named Thomas Morfey's grounds at Lyndhurst, N. J., and to-day, Dec. 2, at 1 P. M., as the place and time of the match.

Blauvelt's Invitation Shoot.

Ridgewood, N. J., Nov. 22.—The invitation shoot given by Mr. H. H. Blauvelt, of the Brooklyn Gun Club, was held on the baseball grounds, near the Rouclere House, to-day. The day was not propitious for a shoot, the weather being dull and cloudy, with no wind and occasionally some rain. There was a good attendance of spectators, but shooters were not as numerous as had been hoped for. The birds were a mixed lot, occasionally bringing forth a good one, while several were very good. There were three events on the programme. No. 1, at 5 birds, $3 entry, birds extra, 28yds. rise; No. 2, at 7 birds, $5 entry, birds included, handicap rise; No. 3, 10 birds, $10 entry, bird included, handicap rise. All purses divided; three moneys in Nos. 1 and 2, four moneys in No. 3. In addition to the programme events an extra sweep at 4 birds was shot. Following the sweep was a match at 25 birds between T. O. Wright and P. O. N. This was shot late in the afternoon, and it was quite dark when the race was finished. Wright grassed all his birds, while his opponent missed two fast ones, which lost him the match. Scores:

	Extra. No. 1.			Extra. No. 1.	
Morfey, 29	1222—4	22212—5	David, 26	0101—3	.....
Tracy, 27	1011—3	02122—4	Elliott, 31	2222—4	12222—5
Wright, 28	2221—4	122*2—4	Ferguson, 28	0120—2	12111—5
Hopkins, 28	2111—4	21120—4	Demarest, 26	1212—4	02020—2

	No. 2.	No. 3.
Morfey, 29	2122222—7	0202222222— 9
Tracy, 27	0202120—4	2101122221— 9
Hopkins, 28	2222122—7	1210011222— 8
Elliott, 31	2222222—7	2222222222—10
Ferguson, 28	2222012—6	0101212120— 7
Demarest, 26	0112220—5	*221122202— 8
Wright, 28	2222222 —7	2211222222—10
Doty, 30	2222222—7	2200212222— 8
P O N, 28	2202222—6	2220222222— 9
Lee, 27	2210221—6	12*2122110— 8
David, 26	2122102—6	.....

Match, 25 birds:

T C Wright, 28	2222122222222222222222222—25
P O N, 28	2222222222202222222222220—23

Audubon Gun Club.

Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 25.—The attraction at to-day's shoot of the Audubon Gun Club was the Clinton Bidwell challenge trophy event, at 25 live birds per man. There were eighteen entries, but not a straight score was made. George Cooper won with 24 kills. H. D. Kirkover and C. S. Burkhardt were second with 23 each. The final shoot for the cup will be held on May 30, 1900, at 50 birds per man. All those who have one or more wins to their credit may compete.

Two target events were also shot to-day. E. C. Burkhardt and H. D. Kirkover tied for first place in each. In the club badge shoot they scored 29 out of 25 for the Class A badge, Jacobs winning Class B badge with 19.

There will be an open shoot here on Thanksgiving Day, at live birds and targets, and a live-bird match will also be shot.

Scores in the Clinton Bidwell Trophy event:

Cooper, 28	1021122211121121211211222—24
C S Burkhardt, 30	0202222212221222222222222—23
Kirkover, 30	2201222222222022222222222—23
Kelsey, 30	212222*2022221122222120222—22
Lodge, 26	2221111102211*11211122102—22
Hamburg, 25	120111111*2212202122122202—21
E C Burkhardt, 30	0200222202222122222222222—21
McCarthy, 28	0211022221210211 21*210212—20
Norris, 29	0221201222021112211010222—20
Ashton, 28	0222*2222022011222222202222—20
Reynolds, 26	0212111222202202200112110—19
Reid, 27	2*1101101111111221011101O—19
Leuschner, 28	0222002*20120120121120122—17
Henry, 29	0202022211102211212200w
Warren, 30	0122022002100000w
Eaton, 26	2021100*10210210w
*Fanning, 32	20122211221w
Norton, 30	10020202w

*Birds only.

Sconce-Cadwallader Invitation Shoot.

Sidell, Ill., Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Jan. 17-18, 1900, at Danville, Ill., an invitation shoot will be given by Mr. H. W. Cadwallader and myself. The first day will be given to target shooting. Targets at 2 cents. There will be twelve events, six at 15 targets and six at 20 targets. On the 18th will be shot the Sconce-Cadwallader live-bird handicap at 25 live pigeons, $25 entrance, handicap distance 26 to 31yds. Handicapping to be done by Uncle John Watson, of Chicago.

We are going to give this shoot as near cost as possible. Our object is to get our sportsman friends to come to Danville and get better acquainted. Therefore the pigeons will cost but 15 cents each. This puts 10 cents of the price of each pigeon in the purse, according to all other shoots, where the price is 25 cents per bird, and in the handicap will make about $100 more money in the purse than if 25 cents were charged. As you can see, this is no money-making affair, with targets at 2 cents and pigeons at 15 cents, but a nice, social shoot, with a chance to break even.

There will be about 100 invitations issued, and an answer must come from every one invited, "yes" or "no," as we want to know whether we will have an attendance large enough to insure success. When we have received all the replies we will notify those invited how many entries we have received or promises, and if we have enough to make a good shoot will then require a $10 forfeit and the other $15 on Jan. 18. By this plan every shooter who comes will know that he will have plenty of company and a grand time. Jack Parker, of Detroit, Mich., the veteran tournament manager, will manage this shoot, and everybody knows that it will be run up to date. All mail to be addressed to Sidell, Ill.

H. J. Sconce.

Answers to Correspondents

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

W. L. H., Fayetteville, N. C.—Will you be so kind as to give me some idea of the crappie? I made application to U. S. Fish Commission for bass and could not get them this season, but was offered the crappie in place of bass. I am anxious to know something of this fish, and to know if they are game and good for food—size, etc. How about buying small-mouth black bass? Can you tell me where to get them? Ans. The croppies, or crappies, are esteemed as game fish. There are two varieties, the small-mouth and the big-mouth. While not so game as the black bass, they give good sport, and are excellent for the table. See notes on them and illustrations in our issue of Junes 25 and July 2, 1898. We do not know where black bass fry can be had.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Big Four Route.

The popular line from Chicago to Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville and all points South and Southeast. The scenic line to Washington, D. C., and Hot Springs, Va., via Chesapeake & Ohio Ry. The direct line to Asheville, N. C., and Florida points. J. C. Tucker, G. N. A., 234 Clark St., Chicago.—*Adv.*

There is perhaps no keener suffering than that of rheumatism or gout; and rheumatism is far too common among anglers and gunners, who are so often subject to exposure in the field. Those who suffer in this way are advised to try Simon's rheumatism remedy, advertised in another column, which promises speedy relief.—*Adv.*

The pictures sent out by the Northwestern Hide and Fur Co., as advertised elsewhere, are now sent out rolled instead of flat, so as to guard against breakage.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 24. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

FOR 1900.

FOR 1900, the concluding year of the nineteenth century, the FOREST AND STREAM, in the abundance, variety and high grade of its subject matter, will maintain the standard of its past and present. The weekly instalments of good reading in one of the most attractive fields of current literature have long given the journal a secure place in the favor of a very wide and valued constituency. In this close feeling of interest and regard entertained for it by its subscribers, the FOREST AND STREAM is unique; we question if another paper is published which enjoys in fuller measure such intimacy of feeling. For one thing the journal is what its contributors make it; for while in editorial conduct it aims to be always in the lead, pointing the way and encouraging constantly toward the attainment of a higher standard in all that concerns the sportsman's interests, it is none the less the purpose to reflect the sentiment and feeling and to stand for the defense of the principles of the clientele it represents. In so far as it does this, the FOREST AND STREAM seeks the support and co-operation of its friends. No journal, we are assured, can be more acceptable to the man of rod and gun nor hold a closer place in his regard than that one of which he himself helps in the making.

It is not all of fishing to fish, nor all of shooting to shoot. There is something more in each. In 1900, as heretofore, the FOREST AND STREAM will give not only the shooting and the fishing, but the something more.

FAWNS.

SOME question exists in the North Woods, we are told, respecting the meaning of the term "fawn" as employed in the prohibition which reads that "no fawns shall be caught or killed at any time." In a number of States fawns are protected only while in the spotted coat; and some of the Adirondack hunters construe the term fawn as meaning the young only while it shows the spots. As the fawn born in the spring loses its spots in the autumn, when it assumes its cold-weather coat, when only a few months old, it is clear that the term of fawnhood extends far beyond the spotted coat stage. Without regard to spots, a fawn is a fawn until it becomes a yearling, just as a domestic calf is a calf until a year old. The deer in the fawn stage of the first year is protected simply because of its weakness and innocence of the perils which surround it. The legal code and the hunters' code undertake to protect it while it does not know enough to protect itself; and the period of a full year is all too brief for this immunity.

If there are men in the Adirondacks who want to kill deer in the fawn age and who take advantage of the present wording of the law, it would be well to make the statute more explicit by embodying in it the age limit of a year.

THE HEMPSTEAD DEER CHASERS.

THE Meadow Brook Hunt Club, of Hempstead, Long Island, indulged in a deer hunt Thanksgiving Day, a report of which is given in another column. The deer was one which had been captured and held in confinement pending the meet. It was turned loose in a field, and not having the sense to run away was lashed with a whip to give it a start, and eventually jumping the fence of the inclosure made away across country, followed by a pack of twenty-five hounds and the mounted huntsmen. It was chased for five miles and then took refuge in a barn. The dogs followed after it into the barn, but the grooms in attendance got there in time to save its life. The whole performance smacked strongly of the carted-stag hunt of Great Britain, in which a tame deer is carried in a cart to the hunting ground and there put out and started off for huntsmen and hounds to chase about the country. The form of sport is one which may do for Great Britain, but does not belong here; as Mrs. Harrison once said at a White House reception: "Many things are done in Washington which don't go on the Wabash." However much the chase of a tame deer may be enjoyed by those who participate in it, the practice is regarded with disgust by most sensible people. But quite apart from any consideration of the Hempstead hunt as a legitimate or illegitimate form of sport, the fact is pertinent that those who took part in this Thanksgiving deer chase acted in clear violation of the game laws. It was illegal to hunt deer on Long Island in any way whatever at that time. This chasing of a buck with a pack of hounds was just as much hunting as to chase a buck with hounds in the Adirondacks. For the offense the Hempstead hunters should promptly be prosecuted; and we trust that Game Protector Pond will not permit any delay in the matter. The time to move is now, when the occurrence is fresh in the public mind; and the Hempstead hunters should be brought up with a round turn.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

IT is familiar history that the constitution of the New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission as a board of five members was a political creation, and that its president was given his place as a political job. Governor Roosevelt is reported to favor the substitution of a single-headed Commission in place of the present board of five. While it might be possible to find one man who could do the work of the five if he gave his entire time to it, we believe that a wiser plan would be to separate the several divisions which are not of necessity combined and to provide for each branch a single head who should have the control of that particular work and the responsibility for the way in which it was done or left undone. The forestry, the game and the fish protection, the fishculture and the oyster farming are four distinct interests, which should be in charge of four individual directors. There is no more reason for combining them in a joint commission than there would be for uniting the excise, the banking and the public works boards. The survey of an oyster plot in Long Island Sound has no reasonable connection with the task of running down the deer hounders in Essex county, and the administration of the forests has no logical connection with the conduct of the Caledonia trout hatcheries. Give each distinct department to a commissioner fitted to conduct it, and let him do his work unhampered by the diverse interests of the other departments. Exercise care that the man chosen for the responsible place shall be one who by education, training and attainment in this special field is fitted to do the work intelligently and efficiently. Let us have no longer the spectacle of a politician holding a place at the head of a commission as a reward for political services and enjoying his place as "something equally as good." In short, conduct the fisheries, game and forests business in a business way.

TO MAKE IT A CRIME.

THE numerous mortalities and casualties to human beings resulting from the shooting of men by hunters who mistake their fellows for game have prompted a movement in several States to take cognizance of the careless shooting in legal enactments providing punishment for it. For example, in New York a proposed addition to the penal code reads:

"Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any hunter, or other person carrying firearms, to shoot at any object without knowing by actual sight and observation that such object is not a human being, and any such hunter or other person who, by so offending, shall kill any human being, shall be adjudged guilty of manslaughter in the second degree; and any such hunter or person who, by so offending, shall wound or injure any human being, without thereby causing death, shall be adjudged guilty of an assault in the second degree.

"Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the Forest Commission to post notices reciting the provisions of this act, in the same form and manner and in like places as notices for the prevention of forest fires are now posted by said Commission."

Such killings as are here concerned would appear to come legitimately under the definition of manslaughter even as the law now stands; but to incorporate in the statute some such specific provision respecting these particular acts would doubtless emphasize the criminal aspect of the deed, and the effect could not but be salutary. As we have often pointed out, the knowledge that it is a crime to shoot at an object without knowing that the thing aimed at is not a human being, and the consciousness that one violating the rule incurs a penalty for this criminal act, must exert a constantly restraining influence. The thing to be attained here is restraint; the necessity is for caution and precaution which shall prevent the act, not for an added penalty after the deed has been done and the perpetrator has punished himself with the remorse which follows. If we had such a law and the warning notices containing it were posted where they could not fail to impress themselves upon every hunter who goes into the woods, the list of hunting "accidents" would certainly be lessened.

GAME ON THE FARM.

A MASSACHUSETTS correspondent of the Country Gentleman, to whose farm city gunners resort for shooting woodcock and quail, suggests that farmers might very reasonably ask the sportsman to share with them the fruits of the hunt, and he estimates that a quarter part of the game shot would be a fair share to claim. To this the editor responds that the farmer should have something more than a share of the game, he should be paid in money for the privilege of shooting. There is something in this, as many land owners have already discovered. The farm is more generally posted to-day than ever before. In many sections, in the South especially, the shooting rights are reserved for visiting sportsmen, who in return pay the taxes on the land. In such cases the owner cares little or nothing for the shooting, but is very glad to piece out his income in such a way.

We believe that the system is one to encourage. There is little likelihood that the time will soon come when the prices asked for shooting privileges will be exorbitant, or in excess of what the gunner would be perfectly willing to pay provided he actually received in exchange for his outlay a chance at game that was worth while.

From the present widely prevailing conditions of utter disregard of the landowner's rights by the visiting—that is to say the invading and trespassing—gunner, to such a common recognition of the rights of others as shall make payment for shooting privileges obligatory, is a far cry; but the new order of things would be for the true interest of the sportsman.

The more fully the privilege of shooting is regarded as a privilege, and the more commonly the recognition is insisted upon, so much the more game will there be for the decent sportsman, and so much the less for the rowdy. When those conditions shall prevail the problem of a game supply will in large measure have been solved. We would be glad to see the agricultural papers give increased attention to this subject. The farmers of this country have the game situation largely in their own hands; and the sooner they recognize the fact and it is recognized by shooters, the sooner will come an end to the raids of the ruffians who are no more entitled to be regarded as sportsmen abroad than as respectable citizens at home.

SNAP SHOTS.

We are indebted to Mr. John Price Wetherill, President of the Pohoqualine Fish Association of Pennsylvania, for the full text of Judge Craig's opinion in the famous landing net case. The opinion contains not only good law, but good common sense; and the ruling is precisely what was anticipated. We are not informed as to whether or no Judge Craig is an angler, but certainly his opinion is worthy of one who finds solace in the streams; and even if he has not fished before, we do not see how he can very well help going fishing next spring after having read up in the angling authorities from Dame Juliana Berners down.

Pine Tree gets pretty close to it in his explanation of why he makes war on the serpent kind. It is impulse based on an underlying sympathy with the snake's victims. We are inclined to believe that Coahoma and other advocates of snakes may reason and argue to the end and yet fail to overcome this prejudice which is seated so deeply in human nature.

John I. Blair, who died last week, aged ninety-seven, and worth $70,000,000, started out on the road to wealth at the age of ten as a trapper; and he used to say that never in his life had he felt richer than when he got his first dollar for sixteen rabbit and muskrat skins.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Sam's Boy.

II.—A Rainy Day in the Shop.

One day when the grass was growing perceptibly in the steady downpour of rain, Sammy grew tired of watching the ceaseless leaping of a countless host of little men as he imagined the upspringing drops in the puddles to be, none of whom ever stayed long enough for him to get the least acquainted with, nor to individualize, as he could the robin and the sparrow that came down to the same puddle to drink and bathe. He would have known them the next day, for all their looking so blurred and distorted as they were by the streaked wash of the window panes, and they put him in mind of something that made him run into the shop to his friend and boon companion.

The old man was closing up the seam of a boot leg with long, strong pulls of two waxed ends, the crooked awl going out on one side and jabbing the air, then coming back and stabbing the leather, the threads following with a squeaking swish and a tight-drawn tug.

"Hello, my man! An' what's he a-doin' on this wet mornin'?" he accosted his welcome visitor.

"Oh, not much; only watchin' the little men a-jumpin' up tu ketch the rain, an' the birds a-washin' off the' feathers; an' now I come for you to tell me a story. You said you would some rainy day, abaout them fishin' birds an' the mink—an' I guess this is that kind of a day."

"Wal, yes; I most guess I did. Le' me see!" He scratched his head thoughtfully with the awl. "Was't the kingfisher? Yes. Wal, they was tew on 'em was borned right on this brook, in a hole in the bank, on a mess o' fish bones for a nest, I've hearn tell by them 'at's seen 'em. An' here they lived an' growed up one summer, quicker'n what leetle boys does, 'at takes twenty year, an' they l'arned tu fish as handy, 'thaout usin' any hook an' line or worms, but jest the' bills an' the' wings, a-hangin' in the air over a fish 'at didn't think no more harm on 'em 'an of a thistledown a-floatin' by, till, kersplosh! daown come bill an' feathers atop on him, an' in he went along wi' a dozen others, an' a-sailin' off over the water afore he'd done a-kickin'.

"When it come along in the fall o' the' year an' got cold 'nough so't the' was spikes of ice made along the banks, these tew kingfishers started off on a long journey, followin' the streams saouth, a-stoppin' tu ketch 'em a fish when they got hungry, a-seein' shell-duck a-scootin' arter 'em under water, an' loons a-divin', an' fish-hawks a-swoopin' aouten the sky, an' men a-ketchin' on 'em in all ways, so it seemed as if the' couldn't be a fish left nowheres for another year, an' so at last they come to a country where the rivers never froze an' the fields was allers green. There was black men and women a-workin' in 'em an' a-fishin' in the streams, an' one day as they went clatterin' along a river, one on 'em lit on a stake nigh where tew black men was a-fishin' an' one on 'em says: 'There's one o' aour kingfishers, an' when he goes north in the spring, I'm a-goin' tu foller him, come what will.'

"An' sure 'nough so he did. When the birds looked back they seen him, fur or nigh—sometimes in a boat, sometimes a-wadin' when the' was bloodhounds arter him, goin' up streams when they run saouth, an' daown 'em when they run north, till he come clean here, an' then the black man bid 'em good-by, an' thanked 'em, an' another man 'at I know put him intu a boat an' he went off tu Canady, where Ann Twine come from."

"That's a real nice story, Unc' Lisher; an' naow won't you tell me another?" said Sammy, settling more comfortably on a squeaky roll of sole leather.

"Wal, the' was a leetle boy, 't was as hungry for stories as a kingfisher is for minnies, an' you couldn't fill him up no easier," said the old man.

"Not that, but another, Unc' Lisher," the child pleaded.

"Wal, I'll tell ye a story.

"'Baout ol' Mother Morey,
An' naow my story's begun."

"Oh, not that ol' tory," Sammy interrupted, kicking out impatiently, "but one about a mink. Oh, please, Unc' Lisher, it rains like everything!"

"Wal, so I will, dear heart; an' it is tew bad tu plague a poor leetle boy 'at hain't a duck an' can't go aout an' play in the mud puddles," said the relenting raconteur, cleaning his pipe with the awl, filling and lighting it while he planned a beginning and trusted to luck for a happy ending.

"Once the' was a' ol' man mink an' his wife lived in a hole in the bank o' Stunny Brook—thet's aour brook—'nunder the rhuts of a big maple tree, an' they wa'n't the pleasantest o' neighbors for the fish an' birds an' frogs 'at lived nigh 'em, I'll tell ye, 'cause they was a hungry lot, an' more'n all that, killed when they wa'n't hungry. Why, they'd ketch an' kill frogs till they got a pile they couldn't see one 'nother over, an' they was allers a-robbin' birds' nests o' aigs an' young; an' fish—my land! the' wa'n't no sati'fyin' on 'em. An' they'd kill mushrat tew, bigger'n they was. An' when they had a fam'ly o' young uns tu feed, it was ridic'lous the way them mink slaughtered right an' left.

"One day in June a man 'at I know come along there an' he seen where them mink had killed ten young pa'tridges, an' he was mad, an' says he, 'I'll pay you for that in the fall when your fur gits good, for them was my pa'tridges.' An' so when cold weather come he took some traps an' sot 'em some in holler lawgs an' some in holes, an' one in under the big maple, an' he baited 'em all wi' mushrat, which no mink can't never go by, an' when he went 'raound tu 'em he had three o' them black thieves, an' he jest knocked 'em in the head and stretched the' skins on some boards, an' took 'em daown tu Clapham's an' sol' 'em. An' I expec' he'll buy a jack-knife wi' some o' the money, for his name is Sam Lovel, an' his leetle boy wants one tu dress his fish with.

"Naow, I see a shadblow tree over there in the woods 't looks jus' like a haycock ketched in a snow storm, an' 'long in June, when the bar'ies gits ripe, me an' Sammy'll go an' git some on' 'em, an' mebby shoot a wild pigeon, if daddy'll go 'long wi' his gun. An' that's stories 'nough for one rainy day, hain't it?"

Sammy unwillingly assented and went back to the kitchen to comfort himself with a slice of bread spread thickly with maple sugar.

Rowland E. Robinson.

[To be continued next week.]

On the Edge of the Town.

Five hundred yards from my door a ravine opens out from the upland beyond. On the one hand is a lofty, rounded hill, divested of trees and laid out in cultivated fields; on the other is a wooded summit, which, in memory of good old Gilbert White, of Selborne, I am fond of calling the Hanger. Along the foot of the Hanger passes a street railway. Within the radius of a mile from this hollow live 10,000 people, and scarcely two miles away is a community of not less than 400,000 souls. *Rus in urbe.*

The other day, near the end of November, I turned up into this ravine for a walk. There had been indications of rain, and I don't know why it didn't rain, unless it was to confound the weather bureau man, whose predictions are usually to be interpreted by contraries. But the clouds cleared away in the afternoon, and the sun shone out somewhat feebly, but pleasantly. Not much can be expected in a rural walk in this latitude at this season of the year. But tired of the house and of books I felt impelled to go forth.

"Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature."

On the slopes at the entrance to the valley the plumes of the goldenrod still showed up in great profusion, but they were all white and frowsy—not much like the vision of yellow which but a few weeks earlier had clothed the hillsides. The asters, too, were still in abundance, but faded and withered, the mere ghosts of flowers. The herbage was generally dead and desiccated as an Egyptian mummy; but I noticed a bunch of dandelions as green as in the summer, and the yellow flowers as bright and fresh looking as ever. A very short distance up, the hollow contracted to a mere glen, little more than the channel of a diminutive wet-weather stream of water. The sides were high and steep. Bushes and trees grew along there in abundance, leafless now, or at most boasting a few brown and rustling reminders of better days. In the bushes I noticed a flock of sparrows flitting about, but entirely noiseless. I saw no other birds. I was surprised to see a black and brown caterpillar crawling along as industriously as in August, and I recalled what I had read but a day or two before in "Carpenter's Physiology" of the immunity of this creature from the effects of cold. He relates that caterpillars have been frozen so hard that they clinked like bits of ice when thrown into a tumbler, and when thawed afterward did not seem to have been at all injured by the cold; and one individual that had been thus frozen four times afterward developed into a butterfly. He relates in the same connection that frogs and snakes have been kept frozen solid in an ice-house for three years and afterward, when properly warmed up, proceeded to business as usual.

A few hundred yards up this hollow, not a house was in sight, and except the noise of passing trains no sound of human voice or industry was heard. One seemed as completely isolated as in a cañon of Colorado. Here on a slight shelf stood an immense buttonwood tree. The earth was high up against it on the upper side, while on the lower side the great arching roots stood up a foot or more above the ground, revealing a ledge of rocks behind them. The evidences of fire were under this tree, and it is said to be the favorite haunt of night prowlers who occasionally descend upon the neighboring hen coops. I could imagine the vagabonds basking in the firelight in this secluded dell, and their fragrant regale on the corpus delicti of fruitful biddy, or of chanticleer purloined from his accustomed perch. Not a leaf was now on this tree, but a wonderful crop of buttonwood balls were pendent from the branches. I wondered why nature should produce so abundantly a fruit that seemed to be of no use. And this led me to consider the vast waste that is continually going on in nature—the millions of seeds of plants and ova of fishes that never fulfill their manifest destiny, and the floods of light that are forever streaming off from the sun into the regions of empty space. The front of this tree I observed had been used to support a target; but I should judge from the scattered mounds in the back that he who had been practicing there was not a skillful marksman.

Up through this hollow came at intervals the voice of the barnyard fowl, crowing defiance to all his tribe. The brown leaves rustled faintly in the light breeze. On the hillside the cattle moved leisuerly, cropping the scanty pasturage. Here upon the ground lay an odd-looking piece of limestone, in shape resembling a pack-saddle, such as our fathers used in transporting goods across the Alleghanies, but in size suggesting the pelvic bone of some monster of the preglacial age. The ravine leads on up the slope, becoming more and more shallow as it proceeds, until at the top, where the turnpike passes along the ridge, it reaches the level. A little beyond is the summit of the hill.

"Now roves the eye;
And, posted on his speculative height,
Exults in its command. The sheepfold here
Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the globe.
At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field: but scattered by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
There from the sunburnt hayfield homeward creeps
The loaded wain; while, lightened of its charge,
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by;
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team,
Vociferous, and impatient of delay."

Such the scene presented to Cowper from the hills about Olney—not such to us from this coign of vantage. Off to the east only a mile or two distant we see the outskirts of the city; to the west the fair valley of the Chartiers, not occupied as was the valley of Bagdad in the famous vision of Mirza, by oxen, sheep and camels "grazing upon the sides of it," but with scores of handsome dwellings, each standing in its plot of green.

Descending the hill by way of the Hanger, I stopped to notice where there had been a recent landslide. The railroad below had weakened the underpinning of the hill, and in a recent wet spell a mass of land, nearly a quarter of an acre in extent, had slipped forward and downward a distance of 2 or 3 feet. I had observed the laborers removing the débris below. I noticed that great roots 5 or 6 inches in diameter had been broken short off like pipe stems. The force that could pull two such roots must have been immense. The trees had not fallen or changed their relative positions in any manner, except that they had migrated in a body 2 or 3 feet further down the hill. Had Macbeth beheld that movement he might well have thought his time had come.

From the hillside I looked forth over the landscape already growing dim in the early dusk.

"I saw the woods and fields at close of day,
A variegated show; the meadows green,
Though faded; and the lands, where lately waved
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturned so lately by the forceful share.
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks, fast feeding; and selecting each
His favorite herb; while all the leafless groves
That skirt the horizon, wore a sable hue,
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve."

Ingram, Pa. T. J. Chapman.

Doctor Novice.

If you think a whole lot of a man, you will demonstrate it more fully perhaps than in any other one way, by asking him to go on a hunting trip with you. It implies a heap of real admiration for the man; you take him into the "solitary confines" of confidence, and often become his bed-fellow. If he be a novice and you know him to be of the level-headed sort, you can take him along and retain or increase your admiration. If he be of any other kind, you can only do better in the way of friendship and respect by leaving him home, for if you do take him you may tell of your manly achievements on one leg or minus an arm, or go through life blindly, and call yourself an ass in love with a fool, and one would naturally think an ass too stupid and a fool too blatant to love a shotgun, but this unfortunately is not altogether a fact. (Read the daily papers for daily particulars.) In many cases the fool fortunately exterminates himself, but the ass unfortunately hits the other fellow; so in inviting the novice to go shooting with you, be quite sure he is entirely a man in most all things, and he is more than apt to be on the sunny side of your affections when you get back home, and you won't need any repairs.

My recent experience was of this kind, and I feel that I have launched an enthusiast of no mean order, not to mention the good time spent in watching the slow, but sure, development of my Doctor Novice.

Grouse hunting in Pike county sounds interesting; to know anything about it, however, is like Masonry—you can only know it after various stages of "being there." Many have tried this kind of hunting and quit; others have seasoned it once or twice and have declared for something easier; others again will realize their aproaching years at this game as in no other way. English setters of a positively well-known mettle have been known to balk and lie down at it, while others will whine at the peep of day to remind you of the limited rest for the weary. Yet, for me it has a fascination stronger than any other hunting, and even though my locks are getting frosty and dear old Jennette begins to "look the weight" of time, I shall hope to look yearly into those ravines, and cross those tangled barrens, and good Jenn's children and grandchildren shall be my companions. It takes one very much out of the beaten paths of man, tries very hard his gun judgment, experiments so nicely with his skill, taxes all of his used and unused muscles, and makes so many of them feel as though he could never use them again, strikes so viciously the bullseye of his patience, and gives him such an incentive to shoot and do it quick when a bird rises.

At this sport, as in many other things in life, 'tis the unseen things that are to be dreaded; prominent and positive, among other things, are the leaf-covered broken rocks, that one must step over, on, in under and around. To do this correctly and systematically one must be born among them; it cannot be acquired; the trapeze performer or a master of terpsichorean art would break every bone in his body hunting in Pike county, just as quickly as any one else. I am just out of bed from a fall during my last trip, and find sweet and soothing consolation in the fact that it didn't occur on the first or second day out, and that the Doctor, while fall down he did, didn't get a scratch, and was at all times (but once) as fit as sweet cream to ripe fruit.

A hundred miles in a whist game and nine miles in a mountain hack brought us to our destination at 8 o'clock; at 9 our host and family and guests retired, or rather the family did; Doctor and I went to our room; at 10 o'clock the Doctor wanted to know the habits of rattlesnakes on Oct. 16, and if I thought they could "hit" through his brand new dollar and a half leggings; at 11 o'clock he said: "It's too early to go to bed; let's smoke"; at 12 o'clock he sought my theory as to the most expeditious way to get away from a wildcat with No. 7 shot; at 1 o'clock he thought a man a double-barreled ass to tackle that bear-ridden country with only a 12-bore shotgun as a weapon of defense; at 2 o'clock he reported from his window at the side of the bed that the fog was lifting; and at 3 that it had lifted, and he thought we would have a nice day; at 4 he thought he had better begin dressing, as he wasn't just sure where his good wife, mother and baby had packed his things, and the room was small for two to dress in at one time any way. At 4 that afternoon the Doctor's whole argument was that a man should not do too much in one day, and from a scientific point of view he ordered himself to go to the house and lie down; he had caused enough slaughter for one day anyhow—he had killed the first two grouse he had ever seen on the wing—certainly a satisfactory day for my Doctor Novice.

That night he slept with the rattlers, the wildcats and the bears, and was not disturbed—neither was I.

Each day added to the Novice's laurels, every day brought its feathery reward, and all days brought about scenes and incidents that the door to memory will never close on. Sensations that had never been born came to light on that memorable trip in us both, and as I sit now alone and away from those rocks and tangles, I can hear and see the Doctor as he calls: "Elmer, hurry here; Jennie is pointing; be quick." The Doctor and Jennie are in an old woods road, while I am breaking brush at the edge of a swamp—Jennie had followed a bird out to the edge of the road, gone into the clearing and come to a full point. The situation was such that I could do a flank movement where I was and give Doctor the experience and the shot. I called to him to cool off, step in, flush the bird and shoot. Instantly I heard a cracking of brush, a whirr, a whizz, a roar, a bang and a flutter, and then the Doctor calling: "Dead bird, Jenn; fetch, fetch, Jenn; dead bird." The Doctor stepped into the road, I called my congratulations and proud Jenn presented him with a "wing-tipped" grouse, handling it as gently as a hospital nurse; imagine my new born sensation, however, as I heard the Doctor calling. "Shake it, Jenn; shake it; kill it, Jenn; kill it; shake it, Jennie; kill it Jennie." I hurried the guide to this scene of anxiety, while I rested my aching sides against an old log. Shortly after this I fell and wounded my kneecap—Doctor's idea of a "retriever" had weakened me. I have since asked him what part of that bird he would have preferred had Jennie obeyed his terrier demands.

In another year he will be my Sporting Doctor. He was ever careful, but enthusiastic, untiring and uncomplaining (after his theory had exploded itself the first day). If birds were scarce, look elsewhere—if he missed one, it was but too natural. Our bag was not heavy, but my fall was. I would never have known the bore of his gun from "seeing the muzzle," and it only went off when pointed at a bird, and my location known. He strained it perhaps at times. Ruffed grouse don't give one long to study time, space and distance, and the Doctor liked the noise. They are racy birds, and are apt to convince both man and dog how much and how little they both know all at once.

The remembrance of this outing with the Novice still warms the blood, and allows the palate to rest on sweet things.

THOS. ELMER.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Nov. 1.

On Kansas Prairies.

LANG, Kan., Nov. 17.—This morning there came to my notice one of those little incidents that linger so long in the thoughts of those who love the outdoor life, and I have thought that others might like to share it with me. Perhaps I might first put over against it a bit of New England life that came to me years ago.

Having business that called me to one of the little towns on the B. & A. R. R. up among the Berkshire Hills, I took the early train and reached my destination before daybreak. As the station was deserted, I lay down on a settee out on the platform. The morning was dark, warm and damp, with the coming of a summer rain, but as the day dawned the forms of the hills that surrounded the station, clothed in all the beauty of the New England forest, came into sight. Down from their heights came the morning notes of the wild birds, at least apparently vieing with each other which should give thanks sweetest and best. Absorbed in all this, I lay still until a slight noise drew my attention up the track, and there, but a few rods away, coming down grade, as silent and noiseless as a wild beast creeping on its prey, was one of those monsters of civilization—a locomotive. Of course, in a moment the air was full of its rush and roar, but as I write, the memory of the sweetness and music of that morning so suddenly broken into comes to me clear and strong, although miles and years—many in number—lie between me and the day and the little station up among the everlasting hills of New England. This for New England.

This seventeenth morning of November here in Kansas dawned bright and warm, and though the quail were whistling in the slough close by the house, and I knew that among the grass and stubble the rabbits and prairie chickens were hiding, yet, dutifully, I went afield to a day of hard, distasteful labor. As the morning wore on, a great bank of fog—something very unusual for Kansas—came drifting up from the southward well up from the earth; then down from the north, as if to drive it back, loudly honking out their discontent, came a great flock of those forerunners of cold and sleet and snow, the wild geese. Slightly blinded and bewildered by the fog, and realizing that they were too near the earth for safety, they swung to the east, and then, true to their wildfowl compass, resumed their southward course, and were swallowed up in the great beyond.

Several times through the day the rabbits have scudded away almost from under my feet; the plaintive cry of the quail scattered out by some one of their many enemies, came floating across the fields; and just after sunset from more than one direction came their call as they sought their nightly resting place. Add to this the swift, silent passing of a shadow that draws the eyes upward to see an object—always of deep interest to me—one of those keen, matchless hunters, the prairie hawks, seeking its daily food; and sometimes just at dusk from two to twenty great brown-backed grouse of the prairies swing by on their way from their feeding to their bedding grounds. All these things help to make up the fascination that binds one like invisible but none the less powerful bonds to these great boundless prairies. Each one also a reminder of the glad to-morrow, when, free as the wild creatures themselves, I shall seek out their hiding place, and (though very seldom is that the case) I may return, so far as fur or feather is concerned, as empty-handed as I went out, yet it is with an ever-increasing store of memories that are good to think upon, so long as mind and memory shall do their appointed work.

PINE TREE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Boyhood Days in Florida.

III.—My Winter Home.

The Lodge was a plain, low-roofed, one-story building. By itself it had no special claim to beauty, but with its setting of rich green orange trees it made a pretty picture. Besides, it was to be my winter home, and imagination at that moment would have made a palace out of the rudest log cabin. A few wooden blocks served for foundation, a most rickety one in windy weather. No paint covered her sides, though a close inspection revealed traces of whitewash now almost obliterated. The windows were small and low, while an open hall from which doors opened into the various rooms extended through the middle of the building. A covered porch adorned the front of the edifice, while in the rear a low platform with long benches on each side served as a wash room and woodshed. Such was the building which marked the end of my long journey. Here I was to live, and cook, and eat, and sleep. From this place among the fragrant orange trees I would start off on my hunting and fishing trips into the yet unexplored paradise. Here at night I would bring the results of my day's shooting. Here I would spread out before the envious eyes of my new companions specimens of game that even my boyish fancy could not adequately picture. Within these rough walls I would write on rainy days to my friends at home, and, oh, what wondrous tales I would have to relate to them! No wonder then that a feeling almost of awe crept over me as I gazed for the first time on that rough but cozy building.

The gate is open, and we drive inside. The picking has begun, and the Lodge is consequently occupied. Most of its tenants are just at this moment down at the packing house or up the ladders among the thorny branches clipping off the golden fruit or thrashing wildly at the swarms of gnats—the pest of Florida—that dance wildly about their heads. One of the boarders, though, remains at home. It is his day to cook and wash dishes, I afterward learn. As we drive up to the back door he is out on the porch chopping—what? Kindlings? No, it can't be that. We drive nearer, and as I dismount from my seat he looks up from his work with a sickly, sheepish grin on his boyish face, and then he begins to apologize in a confused way, and we learn the cause of his embarrassment, for there by his side lies the still warm baking pan, and in his hand he still holds a batch of warm biscuit partly split asunder by the blows of his hatchet. Gus breaks into a good-natured laugh; the hard-working cook grows red and tries to smile, and I—well, I just stand with my mouth wide open and my eyes sticking far out of my head. This was a phase of life that I had not associated with my new paradise. But Gus brings me back to a normal condition again by formally introducing the cook, and now that the ice has been well broken I begin to feel more at home. We enter the house, and for the first time I gaze upon the interior of my new home.

There was certainly nothing portentous about the interior of the Lodge. The rooms which led directly off from the open hallway were square, with whitewashed walls, unadorned save by the carcasses of hundreds of mosquitoes that former occupants had inartistically nailed to the wall, with newspapers for hammers and blood for spikes. Three of these rooms were used for sleeping rooms, and the other for the kitchen, while the hallway served as a dining room.

As we investigated all the mysteries of that rough building, I began to get well acquainted with my new friend the cook. He was a fellow only a few years older than myself and had been turned loose in Florida under conditions so nearly like my own that we had at once a common bond of sympathy on which to base our friendship. From him I learned many points of interest about the life that was in store for me, and the class of men with whom I would be thrown. The "crew" consisted of fifteen or twenty men, mostly darkies, and of these the larger part lived in the neighborhood, so that at night our rather narrow quarters were shared by only half a dozen of the number. But they were all good, jolly fellows, I was told, and such indeed did time prove them to be.

Interesting as I found the Lodge, it is not strange that my thoughts were still for the most part concerned with the surroundings. The place where I was to live was of course full of significance; but after all what interested me most was the grove itself, and more especially the wild stretches of hammock which bordered it on its lower side, and which stretched away for miles even to the banks of the St. Johns River. A thick, richly colored, luxuriant swamp—an ideal game country. I strolled down through the grove, past the yellow piles of lately picked fruit; past the packing house, where, through the open door, I caught a glimpse of the bustle and activity within, until at last the orange trees came to an end and before me lay the swamp through which our road had led us on our recent trip from the lake. To my eyes the place before me was a veritable fairyland, full of rich promise. In that wild tangle of vines and underbrush there must lurk all kinds of game. The huge white-limbed cypress suggested squirrels, coons, possums, wildcats and perhaps even panthers, while the underbrush, I felt sure, concealed unnumbered rabbits and turkeys. I had been assured that numbers of the panther family were still occasionally found in the neighborhood. There was a certain charm connected with the thought, but still I must admit that my mind preferred to dwell on game more in keeping with my thirteen years and 12-gauge shotgun. Even in the grove itself I found that ample opportunity would be afforded for testing my skill as a marksman. Flocks of sand pigeons were continually rising before me and hurrying away with that peculiar whistling of wings which I came later to know so well. A flock of quail, too, had given me a glimpse of their fleeting forms, as they made for a neighboring grove. And even while I stood watching the lights of the setting sun as they were beautifully reflected on the rich green of the orange trees and palmettos a rabbit stole cautiously out of the deep grass in search of his evening meal. Surprise followed by disgust at this new intruder must have seized him, for stamping angrily he beat a hasty retreat. I had been at my new quarters only a little over an hour, and already my heart beat fast and my enthusiasm was growing. By the next day I would be ready to start on my campaign, and right here in the grove itself I saw evidences of plenty of sport for the present. Those poor fellows working all day in the packing house, or fighting gnats up in the tops of the orange trees, would now have all the fresh meat they could eat, and I promised myself that I should become a most necessary addition to the little colony at the Lodge.

But the daylight was fast leaving; the packing house was already deserted, and reluctantly I made my way back to the dingy looking building, where noises were already arising suggestive of the evening meal. I was introduced to my new companions, and which eyed the other more curiously it would be hard to say. I watched the cook as he busied about his preparations for the coming repast. I smiled as I saw the famous biscuits carefully located on tin plates on the rough table. Fried mush, biscuits and coffee composed our humble fare, and then the chairs were pushed back, the table placed at one side, and the darkies were allowed to take charge of the evening's festivities. Two rusty harmonicas were soon produced and began to squeak out a typical Southern plantation jig. Two of the best dancers jumped into the middle of the floor, where, inspired by the spasmodic notes of music, the clapping of hands and stamping of feet, they commenced a series of lively shuffles and wild leaps. The crowd applauded and stamped more vigorously. The contagion spread, until half a dozen ecstatic figures were shuffling, jumping and whirling around the circle. But at last physical endurance no longer could stand the strain, the music ceased and the dancers, from sheer exhaustion, sank into their seats. It was a novel form of entertainment for me, and one which strongly appealed to me. As the days slipped by I came to feel that no day was complete without our after-supper "shuffle."

But it was now late. The journey with all its novelty and excitement had just about exhausted me, and I was only too willing to seek my room and bed. Even the combined attacks of mosquitoes and fleas—evidences of which were plainly visible the next morning—failed to disturb my rest that night, and when my companions roused me early the next morning I was ready for whatever the new life might have in store for me.

A. E. STEARNS.

Natural History.

Birds of the Ojai.

THE ornithology of Southern California, especially in the case of small birds, such as hummers, and sometimes in that of larger birds, frequently exhibits purely Mexican types, which are more noticeable and more interesting for being seen where they can be compared with Northerners of the same class. Seeing the two races in this way brings out the peculiarities of each. The foreigners are not only interesting in themselves, but by contrast make the natives seem more interesting, and differences of action, habits and appearance are plainly seen.

The Ojai, which is pronounced "ohi" and means "nest," is a mountain valley that runs inland from Ventura and spreads fifteen miles from the coast like the bowl of a spoon, the broadened part being at least eight miles long and two miles wide. Mountains that are, oh, high, nearly surround the place. Live oaks like great green buttons stud the plain. Several timbered streams cross it in erratic lines. The Indian chieftain Matillija, a renowned hero and horse-thief of the Mission era, held the valley against the Spaniards for years. A sturdy population of fruit growers own it now. The orchards are beautiful when seen from the hilltops. They are visited in fruit season by birds of every description.

Our home is a suburban residence in a live-oak grove a mile from Nordhoff, the valley postoffice, and the premises are equipped with numerous hydrants that are fed by a large tank, several spigots near the house having beneath them large stone Indian mortars as basins, which are very attractive to the birds, and with the fruit cause many to come every day from the dry creek bottom behind the place and from elsewhere. There could not be a better opportunity to study ornithology, and our knowledge in that line has increased with strides.

We have spent many pleasant hours this summer in watching the bathers that come to the pools in shrieking flocks, the numbers greatest on close mornings and hot afternoons, to drink and plunge and preen and sing, all of them with a picnic spirit determined to have a pleasant time. Filling the basins with fresh water by any of us is a signal for all feathered creation to assemble a few at a time or in large flights, some individuals bold and some shy, some quiet and some noisy, some amiable and some pugnacious, but all of them very happy. A pool full of small birds surrounded with ripples and spray of their own making is a charming sight.

The linnets, or house finches (*Carpodacus frontalis*), pretty crimson-headed birds that resemble the Eastern purple finches in appearance and the English sparrows in their preference for dooryards, come in great flocks to chirp and sing musically while a few of them at a time bathe fearlessly and perform astonishing feats, even to swimming back and forth over the deepest part of the basin—exploits that arouse enthusiasm in every sparrow's heart, and also within us. These birds are mentioned repeatedly in the story of Romona; they make the yard of every California home seem cheerful.

The Arkansas goldfinches (*Astragalinus psaltria*), the canaries spoken of in Romona, also come in large numbers, and with them the American goldfinches, or lettuce birds, a more beautiful variety. Sometimes a black-faced Lawrence goldfinch will appear with a flock of other kinds. A black-backed Mexican that stayed around for several days was harassed by young birds of the Arkansas variety until he asserted himself and drove them off. His plight at first was sad, for he was very thirsty; but by a desperate plunge into a very hostile camp he obtained a few sips of water. The next time I saw him he was chasing the young birds.

The black-headed song grosbeaks (*Zamelodia melan-*

cephala), heavily built birds with plumage very much like that of the Baltimore oriole, enthusiastic bathers that plunge and spray vigorously for a long while whenever they enter the water, are very pugnacious and chase every venturesome tomtit in sight to the brush bottom. The song of these grosbeaks is not equal in beauty to the song of the rose-breasted variety of Wisconsin, but is more like that of the robin or scarlet tanager. During the nesting season their notes are heard mornings and afternoons from every direction. The propensity of these birds to destroy fruit has made them exceedingly unpopular with ranch owners.

Scrubbing the basins with a broom several times a day is pleasant labor to me, as the birds seem to be so grateful for the pure water they always find, and so many of them come. Orioles in every shade of yellow, California jays feathered in blue, slate-colored cañon towhees, Oregon towhees with white shoulders, sapsuckers, Western wood thrushes and wood pewees, fly-catchers with plumage like that of Eastern snowbirds, yellow-breasted chats, golden warblers, tufted titmice, nuthatches, vireos, bush tits and so many other visitors come to the pools I tend that it is impossible for me not to feel as though I with my well water were a reformer and might in time win every straying chickadee from the gutters and other low haunts of the neighborhood—a worthy ambition, surely. Little bush tits in swarms, shoulder to shoulder, often line the shores of a basin. They are a pretty sight. Almost any depth is "over head and beak" to them. The California woodpeckers, grotesque with their black and white faces, are clumsy harlequins that endeavor to assuage their thirst from leaky spigots while clinging to the upright pipes. I think they never bathe.

Lark finches (*Chondestes grammaca*), enormous sparrows that exhibit a great deal of white on head and long tail, are not only very handsome, but are also very able songsters, and great numbers come here every morning to perch in the trees after a visit has been paid to the water and entertain us with music that is even sweeter than the notes of the delightful little song sparrows, the chorus seeming to be most animated during the hottest weather and thus becoming an incentive to us to be courageous too, for the heat is something remarkable at times in these valleys. The performers deploy themselves over the ground at intervals to search for food; but even during these slight cessations a few persistent birds are likely to warble on among the limbs. The cheeriness of these birds has made them great favorites with us.

The California thresher is a peculiar individual. Their slaty plumage, like that of many other local ground feeders, corresponds very nearly with the color of the dark soil. One of these large thrushes gave me an opportunity to study him a few mornings after we arrived. After taking a deliberate drink he approached within a few feet of where I was sitting and then probed with an odd motion of his head the insect holes in our walk. The ungainly, bent-billed creature could not have been proud of his looks or his awkward stride. His flight afterwards was that of a clumsy bird.

The hummers are feather gems. The green of their back is various. Throats are black, white, rosy, and otherwise marked. These bird midgets are very tame and sometimes touch my hand in their efforts to drink from the hose. Flocks of them play in the mist of the garden sprinkler when it is running. Numbers of them come from the weeds in the pasture lot whenever the spigot near my tent is allowed to flow early in the morning, and are daring.

The red-shafted Mexican flickers are very handsome. They are quieter than the yellowhammers of the East and seldom utter a note. Flocks of common doves forage about the grain fields, where they become very fat. They are protected by a game law and offer great sport to the wing-shot. Some of the stray specimens I have observed as they darted down mountain cañons had acquired a terrific speed. They recalled to me the frightened doves I had seen in the Florida wilderness. The meadowlarks are less like the Eastern variety. A noticeable difference can be detected in their song. It begins with the simple notes of the Eastern bird, but becomes a frenzied outburst delicious to hear.

Valley quail can often be heard in the creek bottom calling to one another in raucous voices not unlike those of the Virginia bird when half grown. A few couples have even been flushed from distant rosebeds. During a walk down the creek road I saw many coveys. One lot had started across the road when they perceived me coming up from a ford and wheeled; but after a short pause they began crossing again to climb the mountain side, their gala head plumes waving, their blue uniforms a striking display. Some hid and a few took to their wings. A puffy general concealed himself far up the hill and screamed for help. Dewey and Schley ascended the fore-tops of the nearest saplings to inspect me. The rank and file behaved courageously. The troops went out of sight. The piping could be heard among high-up boulders; the review was a thing of the past. California game birds are very pretty.

Deer and quail had become almost extinct here a few years ago from indiscriminate slaughter by would-be sportsmen, but efficacious laws were passed, as results already prove, and game is becoming plentiful again, for I flushed at least a dozen quail coveys during my walk that morning, and I have heard from reliable sources of the deer being more numerous in the cañons this summer than they have been for some time. Deer hunting, which is a summer sport in this part of the country, tests the endurance of the toughest when pursued among mountains where every hill is a red hot stove thousands of feet high and every breeze scorches, where shade is not abundant and water is scarce; but many of the local guns go, and some day I may try my luck. The cañons are driven for game, I have been told. Quail hunting, a winter sport, is good in the valley and must be delightful where the atmosphere is so bracing and the natural surroundings are so beautiful.

Singular, isn't it, how writing about the birds at the pool has led me astray till I seem once more to be an astonished creature among whirring coveys and hopping bucks? Forest birds, when seen about the house, always did recall to me life in the wilderness with its pleasures, and dooryard birds, when seen around camp, have just as surely reminded me of home—with its pleasures!

H. R. STEIGER.

VENTURA COUNTY, Cal.

The Angora Cat.

THE saying that "a cat has nine lives" may be true of certain felines whose tramp life has made them tough, but an intimate acquaintance with the aristocratic and pampered household cat has brought to my consideration the painful fact that not only has it but one life, but that this one hangs on a very delicate and precarious thread. Frequently what might have been superb specimens of the Angora species have come under my observation emaciated creatures, with rough, dry fur, lack-luster eyes, and a cough which a stage Camille might well envy. Tuberculosis, pneumonia and various bronchial diseases have in each case been assigned as the cause, but long experience has brought its wisdom, and when such a sufferer comes under my treatment I diagnose its symptoms as "milk," and I have yet to find where my diognosis has failed, for all cats, whether of high or low degree, if fed on milk, sooner or later come to this condition. I have long since given up wondering why the cow, that creature of coagulation and curds, was ever invented. It is responsible for nine-tenths of the suffering and mortality among the creatures who come under the misnomer of "pets."

"But my darling loves milk" is often brought forward as an argument in favor of this erroneous diet by ladies, who are more sentimental than hygienic. I can only answer, "Yes, but your darling does not love the caseine and the lactic acid which the milk produces after it has undergone its chemical change in his stomach. The parasites which are bred from these conditions and thrive on them do love milk, and it is only a question of the survival of the fittest—which shall live, the cat or the worm."

Not long ago a skillful veterinary made an autopsy on an Angora milk-fed cat which had died presumably of consumption, and I am convinced that had the people who persist in giving milk to their pets seen the waxen lump, swarming as it was with biting, squirming, hungry life, in the animal's intestines, they would have forever more forsworn milk.

The cat is essentially a meat-eating animal, and in order to keep it in good condition it must have meat. By meat I mean beef or mutton, for I do not dignify by the name of meat either veal, pork or liver. These will produce all sorts of disorders. The meat is better if given raw, and beef kidney is nutritious and easy of digestion. Second to meat is fish, if it is fresh from the water, and is supremely wholesome if given alive to the animals. Even so great an authority as good old Dr. Johnson erred when he went to the fishmongers for oysters for his cat, for the oyster is a pernicious ptomaine poison in the cat's system. Lobsters, clams, muscles and scallops, on the contrary, are wholesome.

Now and then I have had the pleasure of meeting an Angora in exuberant health. These shaggy animals had been fed in kittenhood on malted milk, or some prepared food in which the deleterious properties of milk are destroyed, and in addition to their daily raw meat, they would eat cooked vegetables (notably carrots); eggs, raw and hard-boiled; bananas, and baked sweet potatoes.

In order to keep the fur of the Angora glossy and luxuriant it must be thoroughly brushed and combed every day, and a sponge dipped in tepid creoline water (twenty drops of creoline to a cup of water) will keep the coat lustrous and long. The fine, silky hair on the cat's belly is apt to become a tangled mat unless say once a week vaseline is rubbed in and permitted to remain over night. The dead hairs comb out easily in the morning. Unless it is removed the cat will be covered with fleas, for these pests use the warm cocoons as incubators in which to hatch their eggs. But under no circumstances must any preparation of carbolic acid come near a cat's skin, for it means certain death.

In purchasing an Angora, it is always well to look at its mouth. If the roof, gums and tongue are the color of pink coral you may be sure the animal is in good health.

The ignorance in regard to the hygiene not alone of cats, but of all pets, is something stupendous, as well as pathetic, because it too often goes with a very sincere affection, and a very poignant grief when all is over with the unfortunate sufferer.

As a certain kind old lady once said to me when her kindness had brought to an unnecessary death a magnificent white Angora, whose value was $100, "I don't see what killed poor Muftie. My butler made him a lobster mayonnaise every day, and I kept an Alderney cow so that he should have a bowl of fresh cream for his breakfast, and I bought him all the marron glacés he could eat." I had no heart to enlighten the poor lady—her grief was so genuine—that the secret of love for one's pets lies in the word "abstain." To give animals food that is distinctly bad for them because they like it is after all only a form of self-indulgence which hurts the cat more than its mistress.

In a word, then, if you really love your cat and would keep him in health, happiness and a good long life—the allotted term of which is from ten to twenty years—you must bear in mind that one word—"abstain."

JUSTINE INGERSOLL.

NEW HAVEN, Conn.

Just Because a Snake is a Snake.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with much interest the various comments on the serpent family that find their way into the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and although I know that for the most part, so far as the human race is concerned, they are harmless, yet I seldom spare even the least of them. The trail of the serpent—great or small—is ever marked by a line of suffering indescribably horrible. I have heard too often the agonized cry of the helpless toad and of the suffering mother bird robbed of her young, ever to stay my hand. The snake is but taking his food in his own way, and as he has a perfect right to do; but it is such a loathsome, horrible way, and it is always the innocent that suffer; for the fighting tribes, the cranes, herons, hawks, crows, and to some extent, at least, the blackbirds (for once while fishing at the Southwick Ponds in Massachusetts I saw a flock of them chase a fair-sized water snake across a narrow strip of water), can fight him off and even carry the war into the enemy's camp. But the smaller tribes must give up their lives. I fully recognize the extreme beauty and grace of the serpent's form and coloring, but none the less crush him when I can.

PINE TREE.

Perhaps a Varying Hare.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last Thursday a party went rabbit hunting from here and killed and brought home with them the largest common gray rabbit that has ever been heard of about here. It measured 32 inches from tip of ear to tip of tail, and weighed 9 pounds. It was to all appearances an ordinary "cotton tail" in all but size.

Hundreds of people came to see it. It was run about three miles by hounds before being killed. The hide is preserved as a curiosity by Mr. Kiger, who killed it.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Linnaean Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History on Tuesday evenings, Dec. 12 and 26, at 8 o'clock.

Dec. 12.—Thomas Proctor. "Our Chewink and His Friend: A Story from an Aviary." Living illustrations.

Dec. 26.—William P. Lemmon. "Notes on the Taking of a Duck Hawk's Nest on the Palisades." Illustrated by a series of photographs.

Long Flight of a Partridge.

SING SING, N. Y., Nov. 28.—What is the limit of the flight of a partridge? Not long ago two were scared, probably by the blasting in the gravel quarries under Hook Mountain, and flew from the top of the mountain across the river to the edge of the bluffs here, a distance of four and one-half miles. One was so tired that he was killed with a stick. The other managed to get away.

CHAS. G. BLANDFORD.

Game Bag and Gun.

West Virginia Game.

"ARE you going hunting to-morrow?" This question is asked in Romney more this fall than for thirty years. Why? Because game is more plentiful than for the past ten years. To the sportsman desiring to hunt within easy access of Washington or Baltimore there is no place that presents the advantage that he can secure in Hampshire county. Owing to the law not allowing the hunting of deer for five years the deer have had an opportunity to breed unmolested, excepting in rare instances. But as the game has increased our wise or otherwise Legislature has seen fit to pass a prohibitory law demanding of the hunter of another State a license of $25, good only for one season and in the county which the license is issued. This license practically shuts out the sportsman and gives the game hogs and pot-hunters who hunt to sell a "trust' on the hunting business. Of course the license law exempts the gentlemen who own game preserves. The whole cry of law makers on the game subject is Protect the game! In the State of West Virginia we have to-day a game warden drawing a salary who has never appointed a deputy game warden, nor has never been heard of since his appointment east of the mountains. Consequently strangers are coming in hunting without a license; residents are pursuing deer with hounds, and no particular effort made to punish violators of the game law.

Then we have a law which prohibits the shipping of game outside the bounds of the State. This law works an injury to the real sportsman who might possibly come and take out a license. He, if lucky enough to kill any game, is confronted with this, and if a man of very strict views on the game question will not attempt to take it out of the State. Not so with Mr. Man who hunts for the money. He brings his game to town, sells to the merchants, and as is being done here, he ships to Martinsburg to a party there who is running the risk of being caught and is reshipping to other States.

This being in the height of the season, and the weather being fine, our local sportsmen are bringing in lots of deer. The past week showed up nine deer brought in, all killed within five miles of Romney. They have commenced the week beginning the 20th by killing four deer, one being a six-pronged buck weighing 180 pounds. Altogether there have been over forty deer killed near Romney since the season began, commencing Oct. 15. The season for deer ends Dec. 15; but last fall although against the law the grand-dad deer of West Virginia was killed on Middle Ridge, eight miles from Romney. It was an enormous buck, weighing 284 pounds, gross. This deer head was mounted by a taxidermist of Pittsburg, and the gentleman who owns it has refused several offers of $35 for it. Strangers will find our people as a rule very hospitable, and our game territory not as rough to hunt over as one would expect. Romney is situated on the South Branch of the Potomac, 150 miles west of Washington, and is reached by the B. & O. R. R.

In the early fall wild turkeys were plentiful. But at present the flocks have become scattered, and consequently are not as easy to kill as they were before becoming scattered. Pheasants are more plentiful than they have been for years. With a dog broke for pheasants, and a man that can hit them, a splendid bag could be made in a day. During the summer months partridges seemed to be plentiful; later on they seemed to disappear from the fields, and I have flushed several large coveys in the woods while driving for deer. A gentleman from Martinsburg secured twenty-two here in one day's hunt.

As to our black bass fishing, many Washingtonians can testify that years ago this stream was unexcelled. But owing to many and varied causes, it is not as good as it used to be, but still affords some fine fishing. Our fish laws are as peculiar as our game laws. For

tance, one part of the law says it shall be unlawful to ch fish between the 15th of April and the 15th of the lowing June, which is supposed to be during the wning season. This is a good law, but makes the e too short, as the bass caught early in July are still of spawn. The law then goes on to say that it is ine to have bass in your possession, caught in any excepting with a hook and line. This summer a ty of men rafting cross ties down the river caught of bass in the muddy water by running the rafts out t to the shores over the bass spawning beds, and bass in order to escape would jump on the rafts. The did a nice business, as they got 10 cents per pound heir bass; but, becoming bold, they at one time brought ack containing sixty-three bass into town, dumped n on the sidewalk and commenced selling them to ry one that would purchase. They were promptly sted, and it being their first offense they were let with a small fine and a lecture by the magistrate. s fall the United States Fish Commissioner placed in South Branch a nice lot of young bass, and next on we look for a good catch of bass. JIM B.

MNEY, W. Va., Nov. 29.

Two Days' Hunt at North Hudson.

the eastern part of the town of North Hudson, some- g more than a hundred miles north of Albany on the road that was the only highway connecting north south in the early days of the century, is a wild, ntainous region that, though overlooked by tourists travelers in general, is not lacking in natural beauties. region is, and always has been, a good breeding nd for deer and partridge, and were it not for a ewhat lawless spirit which characterized local senti- t as regards the hounding of deer, the place would t present an ideal point for sportsmen.

ough the hills along the post road are ledgy and h-covered, there are numerous hardwood ridges to west clothed with giant first-growth beeches and es, and at a higher elevation a continuous forest of ce and other evergreens.

is only half a day's climb to the summit of one of main ranges of the Adirondacks, culminating in the t mountain masses of McComb and Dix, just under feet in height, and from these mountains, as well as lesser ones, Niagara, Camel's Hump, Buck Moun- and Spotted Mountain, a dozen fine trout brooks take rise.

ese brooks, in conjunction with streams from the unite to form the Schroon River, one of the effluents e Hudson.

e nearest railroad station is Port Henry, on the Dela- & Hudson R. R., which is reached by a drive of t twenty miles.

ere is practically no village at North Hudson, and a handful of houses, scattered for the most part at intervals along the road.

e last house in the little settlement before the woods reached at the north is Mrs. McAuley's, which has been headquarters for lumbermen and adventurous tsmen of a not over pretentious type.

e sportsmen have found Mrs. McAuley's entirely eir taste. The beds are clean and fresh and the table ; prices are moderate and there is plenty of hunting fishing territory on all sides open to the public.

ad hunted once before in the neighborhood, and was a stranger at Mrs. McAuley's when I drew up at her one evening early in the present October. My des- ion was an old lumber shanty three or four miles , on the slope of McComb, where I had camped the ious fall, and I expected to take up my quarters there following day.

An Accommodating Deer.

rs. McAuley received me hospitably, and treated me to unusually nice venison. At breakfast she explained the deer had been killed by the hired man. Her hter, Bird, who is, by the way, a devoted trout rman, was largely responsible for the venison. She seen the deer walking across the flat back of the e, and had called the hired man to get a rifle and run e place where they drew their water from the brook head it off. The hired man did as he was directed, he and the deer arrived at the water hole simul- ously, and though the man was no hunter, and had r before killed a deer, the shot was too easy to be ed, and he bowled the animal over within a few rods e kitchen door. The deer proved to be a dry doe cellent condition, dressed 175 pounds.

ad just left the breakfast table when a young man e by the front of the house with a small deer tied e back end of his buckboard.

He's going through to Keene with it," announced McAuley. "That same man carried through a big the fore part of the season, and he sold it to St. ert's Inn for $40. It was the first venison they had."

Lumber Shanties Burned.

e venison and the deer on the buckboard were good s, but a little later I learned a piece of news that like a dash of cold water. My horse had been put d I was ready to start, when one of the men about place volunteered the information that the camp e I was going had been burned.

he next one to it further west has been burned, too," the man. "I don't know who set 'em afire, or why it done, but you won't find any place to camp back in country unless you go to the Pepper's camp. They hay around that and stored it in the shanty, and dy's burned that one. It's on a State lot, and you've s good a right to it as anybody."

e news was depressing from more than one stand- , for aside from the inference which I drew that still- ers were not wanted and that the burning of the lings had a personal application, I realized the un- ant fact that I should have to camp in a poorer ing territory, the best part of an hour's walk from place I hoped to make headquarters. Except in ny weather there is not much use hunting in the ile of the day at this time just before the running mences, and I had counted on being on my hunting nd so that I could take advantage of the hours just after sunrise and before dark, when the deer are most apt to be on the move.

There was nothing for it, however, but to put up with an inferior camp, and about 7 in the morning I made my start for the Pepper shanty. The morning had been overcast, and about the time of leaving it began to rain in a gentle, soothing kind of way. My spirits rose again, for I knew that the rain was softening the newly fallen leaves and that the day would be all that could be desired for hunting.

The Cedar Point Road.

The first part of my route was along an old highway of travel that years ago was noisy with the shouting of teamsters and the creak of wagons. This was the old Cedar Point road that ran from the iron mines in the center of the mountain region to Port Henry, fifty miles away. There are men still living who have hauled ore over the road, but at the present time it has reverted to the wilderness, and only here and there are there portions where the old work has been preserved, either where an existing road follows the course of the former one, or where the lumbermen have cut away the trees and brush which contested for possession of the cleared space and utilized the grade for drawing in supplies.

Newer discoveries, such as those in Minnesota, where the ore can be taken with steam scoops from open cuts and loaded on the cars for twenty-five cents a ton, have forever made hauls like this unprofitable, and only the construction of a railroad will make it possible to mine this mountain iron again.

The old road was well graded, and only crosses West Mill Brook once in its lower course. There were no rotten bridges or dangerous corduroy to pass over, and the only inconvenience was the frequent brush and pole fences which obstructed the road.

At one place I drove into a flock of a dozen partridge feeding in the road, but they were wild, and I did not attempt to hunt them. An hour after leaving Mrs. McAuley's I was at the camp. I made a place in the shanty for the horse where I could leave him temporarily, and getting the supplies inside, started off for a little hunt in the direction of the burned shanties.

On the way I met a man looking for dogs. Stray dogs are common enough in the woods all through the hunting season. The divide between West Mill Brook, running east into the Schroon River, and Niagara Brook, running west into the Branch, is low and unimportant, and it often happens that the deer take the back track and cross over into the Branch, and the hounds are led off and lost. Sometimes, too, the deer have an aggravating way of running up hill and carrying the dogs over to Mud Pond or Clear Lake, thus giving their owners no end of trouble to look them up and get them back.

From the spot where I met the hunter to the site of the burned camps was only a short distance. The man had passed to one side of the clearing, but so close that if any deer had been in the neighborhood it seemed likely they would have scented him and made tracks.

However, I had hopes of the place, for it was on a favorite crossing for deer from the hardwood ridges on either hand, and, moreover, there was likely to be an attraction for them in the ashes of the burnt shanties which were likely to contain saline accumulations from the bottom of old pork barrels and the like.

Two Misses and a Hit.

Consequently, I made my way very cautiously as I approached the clearing where the buildings had formerly stood. Nothing was to be seen in the open space, which was not over ten or a dozen rods across, and I stepped out from the cover of the woods to get a better view of the place.

At the extreme edge of the space was a weed-covered embankment of earth which years before had been thrown up to keep the cold air from circulating under the shanty. The moment I came into view a small deer sprang from behind this, and before I could raise my rifle was out of sight behind a pile of charred logs. The glimpse was short, sweet, but unsatisfying.

With the picture still impressed on the retina, I became conscious that something else, living, was staring at me from behind the same bulwark of earth and weeds. The work of refocusing the eyes and readjusting the mental balance seemed to require a preternaturally long space of time, and while it was in progress I realized that this living entity was preparing to take flight as the other had done.

As a matter of fact, it probably did not take over a second to realize the fact that another deer had run up from some hollow behind which had concealed it, and that it had seen and sized me up and was stiffening the muscles of its legs for a jump. The gun reached my shoulder just as the deer started. I fired twice, but both shots missed. I was conscious that each in turn went behind, but it seemed impossible to swing the rifle fast enough to head the deer with the sights. I do not know how it is with other hunters, but with me I can only rise equal to unexpected chances like this on very rare occasions, when my reserve fund of nervous vitality is large, and when a certain something within me seems to move quicker than my dull senses, and the gun leaps to its place, is sighted and fired without any direct conscious agency.

Naturally I was disgusted with myself for losing chances at two deer. I did not blame myself so much for missing the moving deer as for not seeing the game first before it was alarmed by my presence. If I had gone a little more slowly and waited at the edge of the clearing I would either have seen the deer or heard them in course of time, but I had been too precipitous, and so lost my opportunity.

It is hard to realize always how low a deer stands, and how easily he may be hidden even in open ground by inequalities in the surface or even by tall grass. Whenever possible it is a good plan to get on an elevation and carefully study every foot of the ground before crossing open places in the woods.

While moralizing on my shortcomings as a hunter, I followed up the direction taken by the deer, and ascertained by the patches of torn moss and turned up leaves where they touched the ground in their 15-foot jumps, that one had crossed the swamp to the south, while the other had gone to the northeast, up an old road. I devoted myself to this latter deer, and at the end of half an hour I heard him moving, and caught a glimpse of his gray side a long way off through the woods. The deer appeared to be working back in my direction, intending, possibly, to rejoin its mate, and I remained perfectly still, awaiting developments. There was no wind, and the water-soaked boughs of the trees drooped motionless. The red squirrels and bluejays were at work, however, gathering in the beech nut harvest, and it was hard to tell which sounds were to be attributed to these smaller animals and which to the deer.

From the alarum notes of the jays along a little brook where there was a thick undergrowth of small balsams and hemlocks, I imagined they had sighted the deer sneaking by in that direction, and since, if he were coming toward me at all, the only cover was along the brook, I moved over a couple of rods to intercept him. From my new point of view I could see eight or ten rods along an old log road that crossed the brook, and felt sure if the deer was really coming toward me he would not escape unobserved. I watched quarter of an hour without any result, and then took out my lunch and began eating it. All the time I thought I could hear the deer moving around in the brush, but I could see nothing, and could only imagine that he was feeding slowly along.

Just as I finished my second slice of bread, as if by magic the deer's back appeared above a rank growth of swamp grass in the middle of the road, where I could have hit him with an empty cartridge shell. I whistled, and as he threw up his head I caught the sights on his shoulder, and a ball went through him quartering, touching the heart in its course.

The deer made half a dozen convulsive leaps, its tail raising and falling each time it jumped, and then fell, striking with its shoulder a rock weighing several hundred pounds, and knocking it out of place. The deer itself lay 10 feet beyond the rock, carried onward by the force of its last jump. It was a small buck, well favored and in good condition for eating.

Packing a Deer to Camp.

After dressing the deer and hanging him up in a nearby tree I continued my hunt along the side of the hardwood ridge. I saw no other game, however, and a little before 5 was back again at the spot where the buck was hung up ready to pack him in to camp. Letting the deer down to the ground, I enlarged the cuts at the gambrel joints and pushed the ends of the forelegs through the outer sides and pinned them with wooden skewers, and getting the deer on "piggy back" started for camp.

I had three miles to walk to camp, which I reached after several rests on the way to restore the circulation to my arms, half an hour after dark.

I stayed one more day at the Pepper shanty, exploring the ridges of Spotted Mountain and Buck Mountain. In this section of the woods there is a wonderful beech nut crop, and chipmunks, squirrels, jays, foxes, "saple" bear and deer are all busily at work, making the most of their harvest. Strangely enough, I saw very few partridge in the ridges, though they are abundant in the second growth at a lower elevation.

Bear signs were very numerous, and at the time of the first snows in November there should be a chance for still-hunting Bruin.

Two days ended my hunt in this section, and the morning of the third I moved on to a still rougher mountain country under the slides of old Dix at the headwaters of one of the branches of the Boquet River, which is on the St. Lawrence watershed.

At Mrs. McAuley's Again.

Mrs. McAuley was lamenting the price of potatoes and the unseasonable frosts that had killed her crops for the past two years.

"This year it was in August, and last year in July. You never can tell when one of these frosts is coming, and when they do come, they make a clear sweep and kill the buckwheat and potatoes right down to the ground. It's pretty hard on us poor farmers, and now that we have no hay the price of cattle has gone down. The papers say that beef has gone up in the city, but the buyers know that we haven't hay to winter our stock, and they pay us what they please."

"Never mind, Mrs. McAuley," I replied. "Anybody who's got a gold mine on their farm oughtn't to complain of hard times."

"Paper money'd suit me better," sniffed the lady rather contemptuously. "I don't take much stock in these gold mines that can't be seen with the naked eye, and that it takes a professor to explain. But it is real discouraging to have to buy potatoes."

It is popularly supposed that gold exists in considerable quantities in the sand which composes a large part of Mrs. McAuley's farm, and weight is given to these reports, by the fact that a man who is said to be a practiced prospector and mine owner has bought the place adjoining on the east and talks of purchasing the one on the south as well. This man spent several months prospecting in the neighborhood during the summer, and apparently found promising indications of some mineral, but native report would indicate that it was iron or copper, rather than gold, though, as a matter of fact, there is little doubt that gold does exist in small quantities all through this section.

Cheap Mountain Homes.

In this connection prices paid for property along the post road may be of interest. For a man who wants a cheap summer home the locality is ideal. The George Shaw place, which is said to have been purchased by the mining man, was bought, according to my informant, for $500 cash down and $300 on mortgage. It consists of 300 acres of meadow and mountain land, and includes a beautiful wooded hill. On the east it is bounded by the river which is an opalescent trout stream, and on the south by the road. There are four buildings on the place, including a roomy two-story dwelling in a fair state of repair.

The little place adjoining the McAuleys' on the south was for sale for $150. I do not know the quantity of land or the condition of the house, but my impression is that the latter was a dilapidated shanty that would hardly pay for repairs.

A mile and a half beyond Mrs. McAuley's is the old

Sharpe place, reached by fording the river. This was once a fine old house, with great open fireplaces, full of odd nooks and corners, and the surrounding country was the delight of some artists who accidentally stumbled on the place ten years ago. The building was at that time occupied by Mrs. McAuley. Since then it has reverted to the State for taxes. The place is at the entrance to a noted hunting valley, and nearby are several small lakes.

North Hudson has seen beter days in years past. All over the town are ruins of saw mills and forges and other forgotten enterprises. At Deadwater is a little settlement that but for the Canuck squatters would be a deserted village. Last year when I passed the place the school house had been given up to pigs and chickens.

J. B. BURNHAM.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

"Life in the Far West."

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 2.—My friend—and I shall call him my very dear friend—Mr. Horace Kephart, librarian of the Mercantile Library, of St. Louis, has sent me another book on the West, that great West of the old times toward which all Americans still turn with interest. There may be some news in the story of this book; for the term news is an odd and contradictory one. Nothing is really news if it is more than a day old, or unless upon the other hand it is half a century or so old. In our busy to-day we are forgetting rapidly our different yesterday, and to be told of it sometimes excites surprise and interest.

This particular book is called "Life in the Far West," and it was written by George Frederick Ruxton, published originally in 1848 in Blackwood's Magazine, and printed in book form by William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1849. Ruxton was a young English army officer, and he died at St. Louis, in America, when he was but twenty-eight years of age. His life was in many respects a remarkable one, and he wrote one of the most remarkable books about America which ever was done by an Englishman; so fair, so appreciative and indeed so lovingly enthusiastic a book that he might have been himself American-born. Indeed, Ruxton was a man too great to belong to any one country. He belonged first of all to the great craft of lovers of nature, of observers of outdoor life—in short, the guild of sportsmen. To belong to this guild is indeed to be cosmopolitan. Hence Ruxton's book is a very different affair from that of Sir Richard Burton, who once traveled across our Western country, and very different from those numerous recountals of wholesale butchery in the American West with which other wealthy Englishmen have sought to place the laurel crown of glory upon their own shrinking brows. Mr. Kephart tells me—and Mr. Kephart's word on all books pertaining to the West I esteem to be the most valuable and conclusive of any in America—that he considers Ruxton's book one of the most faithful and valuable writings extant on early Western life, He deplores only the bloodthirstiness and crudeness in which Ruxton revels while describing his Western trappers, regretting that he did not find place in his pages for some of the gentler but not less courageous characters of the West at that early day.

But Ruxton was young—very young to have done what he accomplished before his untimely death. He was only seventeen years of age when he left the military school of Sandhurst and joined the Spanish army in order to learn of practical warfare. Then he received a commission in the Eighty-ninth Regiment of the English Army, and was sent to Canada. Now he was upon the American frontier, and all the sportsman, all the primeval man in him went into mutiny. He quit the army as too tame, and drifted to the Missouri River as naturally as the Missouri River runs to the sea. This, we may remember, was in the time of Kit Carson, of Old Bill Williams, and of Old Bill Hamilton, who was then Young Bill Hamilton. Bent's Fort and Taos and Santa Fé were then the salient points on the Western trail. The great Mormon migration had not yet begun. In short, all the grand old West was still the West, fitting country for such men as Ruxton, who understood and loved it. Nor did Ruxton ever forget the West. In 1845 he tried exploring Africa, making foot journeys in North Africa and Algeria, and later attempting a journey across Central Africa, which, however, failed. Then he explored Mexico, and wrote a book about that country. He contemplated a voyage to Borneo, and was asked by the Aborigines Protection Society of England to go to Canada to "organize the Indian tribes." Of these many enterprises, Ruxton naïvely says, expressing a feeling which I doubt not many of us have shared with him, "For my own part and inclination I wish to go to all parts of the world at once!" Now observe, this youth had the whole world to choose from, and again, even as the Missouri runs toward the sea, he gravitated toward the Missouri, and toward that country which I conceive to have been the most estimable for a man that the whole surface of the great round earth has ever seen. Here is what he says about it:

"Although liable to an accusation of barbarism, I must confess that the very happiest moments of my life have been spent in the wilderness of the far West, and I never recall but with pleasure the remembrance of my solitary camp in the Bayou Salade, with no friend near me more faithful than my rifle, and no companions more sociable than my horse and mules, or the attendant coyote which nightly serenaded us. With a plentiful supply of dry pine logs on the fire, I would sit cross-legged, enjoying the genial warmth, and, pipe in mouth, watch the blue smoke as it curled upward, building castles in its vapory wreaths, and in the fantastic shapes that it assumed, peopling the solitude with those far away. Scarcely, however, did I ever wish to change such hours of freedom for all the luxuries of civilized life; and unnatural and extraordinary as it may appear, yet such is the fascination of the life of the mountain hunter, that I believe that not one instance could be adduced, of even the most polished and civilized of men, who had once tasted the sweets of its attendant liberty, and freedom of every worldy care, not regretting the moment when he exchanged it for the monotonous life of the settlements, nor sighing, and sighing again, once more to partake of its pleasures and allurements."

There is a very true ring to the above, nor is there any counterfeit or affectation throughout the book, neither any show of prejudice and superciliousness. The man is in love with the West, and the spirit of the West, with the environment and the characters which that environment had produced. Giving up all his other plans, he headed once more for the Missouri and the Rockies, over the old Independence trail, writing thus from London just before he started: "Human nature can't go on feeding on civilized fixings in this big village, and this child has felt like going West for many a month. My route takes me via New York, the lakes and St. Louis, to Fort Leavenworth, or Independence, on the Indian frontier. Thence I strike the Santa Fé trail to the Arkansas, away up that river to the mountains, wintering in the Bayou Salade, across the mountains next spring to Great Salt Lake—and that's far enough to look forward to—always supposing my hair is not lifted by Comanche or Pawnee on the scalping route of Coon Creeks and the Pawnee Forks."

This was written after he had completed his book, but, poor boy, he never saw the Rockies again. Taken ill at St. Louis, he died in the fall of 1848. This was two years after Iowa was admitted to the Union, and it was six years before my own father moved out into Iowa, which has always seemed to me as having been a thousand years ago, and at the very beginning of the world. It was wild enough when my father crossed the plains to Denver, when Denver was a village, but how much wilder must have been the West-bound trail when Ruxton traveled it. Nowadays we cross that country by steam, and we pay a guide a thousand dollars to show us some footprints of game in the valley where Ruxton sat cross-legged before his fire!

I have been so much pleased with Ruxton himself that I have little space left for Ruxton's book. It is a wild book—what we might call a woolly book. The dialect of the mountain trappers is something different from anything in American literature, and indeed I think it tinged with the English idea of what the American dialect should be, as see Charles Dickens and Sir Richard Burton. The sturdy character of the American hunter and trapper is there, however, and I presume no better picture exists than these descriptions of the life lived by the white frontiersmen among the Indian tribes. It is nothing for a trapper to have an arrow pulled out from his body, to have the wound staunched with a pad of beaver fur, and then go on about his business as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Ned Buntline at his best, or worst, never imagined Indian fights more bitter and bloody than these which Ruxton's characters actually saw. The killing of big game is a matter of course, and the whole action of the book is occupied with nonchalant big deeds.

Most of us can learn of the old West only through books such as these, and I wish the book were more common, so that it might more easily be obtained. The plan of the book is that of a loosely constructed story, but the author declares that the characters are not fictitious. He mentions Kit Carson, but does not bring him into the story. Killbuck I do not know, nor La Bonte, but Bill Williams is introduced in his proper person, and this is what the author says of him:

"Bill Williams, that old 'hard case,' had spent forty years or more in the mountains, until he had become as tough as the parflèche soles of his moccasins. He rode ahead, his body bent over his saddle horn, across which rested a long, heavy rifle, his keen gray eyes peering from under the slouched brim of a flexible felt hat, black and shiny with grease. His buckskin hunting shirt, bedaubed until it had the appearance of polished leather, hung in folds over his bony carcass. * * * In the shoulder belt, which contained his powder horn and bullet pouch, were fastened the various instruments essential to one pursuing his mode of life. An awl with deer horn handle, and the point defended by a point of cherry wood carved by his own hands, hung at the back of the belt, side by side with the worm for cleaning the rifle; and under this was a squat and quaint-looking bullet mould, the handles guarded by strips of buckskin to save his fingers from burning when running balls, having for its companion a little bottle made from the point of an antelope horn, scraped transparent, which contained the 'medicine' used in baiting the traps. The old coon's face was sharp and thin, a long nose and chin hobnobbing each other, and his head was always bent forward, giving him the appearance of being humbacked. He appeared to look neither to the right nor to the left, but in fact his little twinkling eye was everywhere. He spoke in a whining, thin, cracked voice, and in a tone that left the hearer in doubt whether he was laughing or crying."

The foregoing is the fullest description I have ever read of Bill Williams, though I do not know how accurate we may call Ruxton's account of the death of Williams, regarding which I have understood there is some divergence of opinion. Ruxton described Williams as being found dead in a solitary camp, sitting upright against a tree, frozen quite stiff, with a wound in his chest which might have been the cause of his death. This he says was in a "wild cañon near the elevated mountain valley called the 'New Park.'"

He who reads Ruxton shall hear of the "Yellow Stone," of the "Soda Springs," of "Eustis Lake" and of other places which may be within the bounds of what is now Yellowstone Park. The South Pass of the Rockies, the desert trails of California, and all the famous localities of the Rockies, under names, perhaps, now forgotten, shall appear, and there shall be full story of the old-time trappers' rendezvous. Let me add what he says about these historic metings of the trappers:

"Here were congregated many mountaineers whose names are famous in the history of the far West. Fitzpatrick and Hatcher and old Bill Williams arrived with their bands; Sublette came with his men from the Yellow Stone, and many of Wyeth's New Englanders were there. Chabonard, with his half-breeds—Wah-keitchas all—brought his peltries from the lower country; and half a dozen Shawnee and Delaware Indians, with a Mexican from Taos—a fine, strapping fellow—one Marcelline. Here, too, arrived the 'bourgeois' traders of the 'North West Company' with their superior equipments, ready to meet their trappers and purchase the beaver."

Those are names not familiar to all of us, though I take it they were engraved upon the history of the West more deeply than many of ours will be.

I know I ought to quit quoting from this book, but it is hard to break away from it. Perhaps I may be successful in the attempt to drop it after telling how they butchered buffalo in those days when there was buffalo to throw away. This is how Ruxton says it was done:

"They turned the carcass on the belly, stretching out the legs to support it on each side. A transverse cut was then made at the nape of the neck, and gathering the long hair of the boss in one hand, the skin was separated from the shoulder. It was then laid open from this point to the tail along the spine, and then, freed from the sides and pulled down to the brisket, but still attached to it, was stretched upon the ground to receive the dissected portions. Then the shoulder was severed, the fleece removed from along the backbone, and the hump ribs cut off with a tomahawk. All this was placed upon the skin, and after the 'boudins' had been withdrawn from the stomach, and the togue, a great dainty, taken from the head, the meat was packed upon the mule and the whole party hurried to camp rejoicing. Far into the still watches of the night the fat-clad 'depouille' saw its fleshy mass grow small by degrees and beautifully less before the trenchant blades of the hungry mountaineers."

We do not butcher our buffalo in just that way to-day.

A Good Game Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 2.—We are having a mild and very late fall in this vicinity this year, and according to the weather prophets we are to have a mild winter. At this time last year the weather was cold and the ground frozen, and all over a good part of the Northern country there had been heavy and destructive snow storms. We have hardly had any freezing weather here about Chicago this fall, and the weatner continues mild and cloudy with more semblance of rain than of snow. Of course such conditions are very favorable to the small game of the country and make toward a good supply of game next year, provided that we do not reach a season of crusted snow later on in the winter. Our quail stand cold weather pretty well unless the snow is very deep. The worst thing for them is rain or melting snow followed by a sudden hard freeze. It is to be hoped that the weather prophets are correct, and that we are to have favorable weather this coming winter. Directly about Chicago, we have had no snow as yet, but down in Indiana two or three weeks ago they had a good tracking snow, and this fact was a very unfortunate one for the quail. The local shooters turned out en masse, and it is reported that the slaughter caused by the flock hunters was very large. When Bob White leaves his record on the snow, he is increasing his natural enemies and decreasing his natural resources of defense a hundred fold. Some of our shooters who were down in Indiana just after the snow declared that the game over a large section of the country was pretty nearly cleaned up by the flock shooters.

The Deer Season.

The general trend of advice in regard to the deer season in Wisconsin and Michigan this fall is to the effect that the hunting was not very good. It was a dry fall and the still hunters had hard times. I do not think the total number of deer kiled was up to that of last year, and I am disposed to believe that the practice of hounding was not so generally followed in violation of the law. Friends at Northern points tell me that the trains which formerly carried numbers of hounds into the woods at the opening of the season, this year had almost no dogs at all. I should think it fair to suppose that next season will show the deer not very much cut down in numbers, though of course less than annual toll of the rifle-bearing muscallonge fishers.

If deer hunting in our pine woods has this fall been less sanguinary than usual so far as the deer are concerned, it has been fully up to the average of earlier years in disastrous consequences to the hunters themselves. The story of the deer hunting casualties in the East has been pretty fully made up, and the reports from Maine and the Adirondacks read as though they came from South Africa rather than from America. Information of this kind is difficult to collect in the West, because we do not have so accurate a system of check on our hunters as they have in Maine and the Adirondacks, and of course all news of this nature is kept out of the paper as much as possible by those most concerned in such accidents. I see it stated, probably largely on hearsay or on guess, that twenty-three persons were killed in the Adirondacks. On equally loose authority it is stated that six deer hunters were killed or fatally wounded in Wisconsin and that four men were killed in Michigan. A dispatch from Marquette, Mich., bearing date of Nov. 30 reads as follows:

"The deer hunting season just ended resulted in a total of eleven hunters being killed and seven wounded in the Michigan and Lake Superior sections of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Most were mistaken for deer. A few were shot through their own carlessness."

Mr. George F. Winslow, of Eau Claire, Wis., tells me that he heard of four hunters who were killed in upper Wisconsin this fall. He tells me that sometimes the deer hunters go out in such numbers that it is more like a company of soldiers than a party of hunters. He says the firing at all sorts of things was incessant, and it was dangerous to be in the woods. He saw one party of fourteen hunters who went into camp, and he saw one railroad coach packed full of deer hunters who had come up together from Indiana. While he himself was in camp shooting ducks there were three camps of deer hunters who came in and pitched their tents near him, two parties of six each and another of four. He heard these hunters shooting a good deal, but did not learn that they killed any deer or men.

Mr. Winsliow says that Eau Claire is one of the greatest entering points of the Northern deer country and a great many hunters pass through that city on their way in and out. While he had no means of accurately estimating the number of deer in the country tributary to Eau Claire, he saw a great many loads of deer on the way out of the woods and shipped through Eau Claire. Mr. Winslow says frankly that the Eau Claire hunters do not use dogs any more in their deer hunting. They formerly did so, but a number of years ago a number of the leading citizens of Eau Claire got arrested for hunting deer with dogs, and it cost them each about $200 before they got through. They no longer counsel that method of killing deer.

Mr. Otto Tosetti, of this city, had good fortune in his cent deer hunt in the Michigan north peninsula. He me across two bucks which were engaged in mortal mbat, three does standing by some 30 yards distant. r. Tosetti uses a .25-cal. Winchester, and with this little eapon he managed to kill both of the bucks on the spot. e is now having their heads mounted here in Chicago.

Mr. Fred M. Stephenson, of Menominee, Mich., is one the best all around sportsmen we have in the West, and e fall which went by without his having a deer hunt ould be a very dull one for him. He was lucky, as ual, this fall, and on one day killed three deer within ss than five minutes, in one of those rare streaks of od fortune which now and then befall a hunter. Mr. ephenson, by the way, is in Chicago to-day, and if I ceed in catching him I am sure to get some thrilling ories.

Mr. Alfred S. Laflin, of this city, is just back from his dge in the Manitowish country of Wisconsin, where he d his wife have been hunting deer together. Both Mr. aflin and his wife were fortunate, and each secured a od head.

Quail.

I have not heard this week of any more of the phemenal bags of quail such as were reported last week, t I am confident the shooting has continued very good. ery many shooters are out on their Thanksgiving hunt, d of course even the Thanksgiving rabbit hunters will n across their share of quail. Every one tells me that ere is more and more land being posted in Indiana, so at good shooting territory is harder than ever to get to. This sort of thing no one should regret to hear, as ery posted farm is a game preserve. I hear that Neoga, l., is the place where Drs. Carson and Miller made their eat killing of quail. Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke left sterday for a quail shoot at Wheatfield, Ind., where he pes to have some success. He was at Monterey, Ind., rlier in the season, but was rather disappointed with e shooting there, although this is ordinarily very good ail country.

My friend Elmer Bliss, of Saginaw, Mich., says that he s been out with his friend Mr. Baird, at points which think are along the Grand Trunk Railway, and in two ys the two guns killed twenty-seven partridges and six ail.

A very sad accident happened near Grand Rapids, ich., on Nov. 27. Gen. Israel C. Smith, of that city, hile out quail shooting in some manner entangled his n in the brush and accidentally shot himself through e head, with the result of instant death. Gen. Smith as sixty years of age, a Colorado pioneer, a soldier in e Civil War, a brigadier-general in the National Guard d a very prominent man in the affairs of his native city. e has a son, Lieut. Fitzmorton Smith, in the regular my, who is now at Manila. The sportsmen of Grand apids are much distressed at this occurrence.

Speaking of quail and quail shooting reminds one of e steady growth in importance of this bird in our Western shooting plans. Little by little, and more and ore every year, Bob White continues his northward arch, following the little farms and the slashed-off lumering country. I fully expect to see this bird as far rth as the shores of Lake Superior. Thus a well-known tizen of Eau Claire, Wis., Mr. George F. Winslow, tells e that twenty years ago, when he first went to Eau laire, there were no quail at all, and he lived there for ve years without seeing any of these birds. There are ore now than were ever known before, and Mr. Winsw mentions one bag of twenty-seven quail made by two ns this fall near Eau Claire. He says that the birds are ry hard to bag in that neighborhood, as a bevy once ut up at once heads for the nearest thicket, and that ountry is full of swamps and heavy cover. As Eau laire is not the northern limit of the quail by any eans, it may be seen how distinct is this northern exnsion of habitat on the part of the quail, evidence of hich is common in the reports of numbers of quail in ther parts of Wisconsin and Minnesota in recent years.

Ducks.

The mild weather has kept the ducks lingering in this titude very late this fall, and although the flight is of ourse gradually working South, we still have shooting n such of our marshes as can furnish feed and water. hear that there are still some mallards hanging around ox Lake, and also along the timber streams of Iniana. I should not be surprised to hear of good sport et at the Swan Lake Club, on the Illinois River.

The new non-resident license law of South Dakota unettled the plans of a good many shooters who had been n the habit of going out there. We may instance one arty of Wisconsin gentlemen who formerly shot at Dry ake, near Watertown, S. D., and who last fall killed ver 1,500 ducks there. Although these gentlemen have eir boats, decoys, etc., stored at Watertown, they did ot go out at all this fall. They said the law had grown to e too strict, what with a shooting license, a twenty-five-ird limit and a clause prohiibting the taking of game ut of the State. This latter clause I myself consider to e the most unjust one to be found in any of our game aws, and I have been told by former wardens of Wisonsin and Michigan that they would never take up any ase against shooters who were taking game with them nd not using it for market purposes. This clause of the ndiana law, as was reported long ago in these columns, as shown to be invalid, and shooters have always rought their game out from that State without giving he matter any thought.

Very often shooters who go out to the far West after ucks overlook better things close at home. Thus I may ention the good fortune of Messrs. George F. Winslow nd Charles Smith, of Eau Claire, Wis., who shot this all at Bear Lake, only sixty miles from home, and who ad very good fortune. They killed seventy mallards and bout forty or fifty redheads and other ducks in the course f four days. Bear Lake has a rice bed of about 2,000 cres, and this fall it had large numbers of wildfowl feedng there.

Woodcock.

The woodcock seems to be growing very scarce in this art of the West. About the best woodcock ground we have in this region was along the low country near Trempeleau, Wis., on the Mississippi River. The Beef Slough country of the same district was formerly very good. This year the woodcock crop seems not to have been so good as usual, and a bag of six birds is the best of which I can learn.

Buffalo.

It seems that we are to have some buffalo meat offered for sale in Chicago in this coming holiday season. Mr. D. F. Carlin, administrator of the Dupree estate, of Pierre, S. D., is reported to be preparing to kill several buffalo out of the Dupree herd, stated to be held on the Cheyenne River. The carcasses will be shipped to Chicago for retail at fancy prices. It will probably be the first buffalo meat seen here for some years.

Indians.

Mr. Thomas R. Roddy in the winter lives in a flat in Chicago. In the summer time he lives in a wickiup with the Winnebago Indians, of which tribe he was elected chief. Mr. Roddy has just returned to Chicago, and he says that next summer he will take to the Paris Exposition a party of fifty Indians recruited largely from the Winnebagos, with representatives from other Western tribes. Mr. Roddy is said to have the finest collection of bead belts in the world, and he purposes putting this collection on exhibition here before long.

Big Bass.

The two biggest bass which I have seen this year are shown mounted at Von Lengerke & Antoine's here. One of these was taken by W. A. Sharp in the Lauderdale chain. It is a big-mouth and weighs 5 pounds 15½ ounces. A yet larger bass is that taken by Mr. H. E. Wiley, of this city, also a big-mouth, which is reported to have weighed 8 pounds. It is a shapely fish, and I should take it to have come from the Madison Lakes, although I do not learn where this fish was caught.

Big Muscallonge.

One of the finest muscallonge which has come into Chicago this season is that shown mounted at the transfer office of F. Parmelee, a handsome fish, stated to have weighed 42 pounds and to have been taken near Minoqua, Wis.

Pine.

Col. J. S. Cooper, of this city, was in Washington, D. C., this week, as enthusiastic as ever over the Minnesota National Park idea, and he reports that there will certainly be a bill introduced in Congress this winter for the establishment of this park.

Meantime, the medical men of Minnesota continue their determined movement to save the standing pine of the Leech Lake country. They purpose forming an organization to purchase and leave standing this pine timber, it being their idea that this is the best health resort in the Northwest and should be maintained as it is. Among the medical men prominent in this work are Drs. H. M. Bracken, L. M. Crafts, R. O. Beard, J. W. Bell, J. H. Dunn, J. T. Moore, A. W. McDonald, George Eital and F. A. Gunsmore, of Minneapolis, with Drs. A. W. Gunning and C. L. Green, of St. Paul. It is sincerely to be hoped that something will come of this movement.

The South.

News comes from the famous and favorite sporting locality of Rockport, Tex., that the Gulf Coast in that vicinity has within the week been visited by the severest storm ever known there. Great injury was done among the small shipping, and anxiety was expressed for hunting parties out in schooners along the coast. Ex-Mayor Holland, of St. Louis, and Mr. E. H. Green, president of the Tarpon Club, of Aransas Pass, were among those out in schooners at the time of the storm; but as no disaster to their craft is reported at this date, it is to be presumed that they made port safely.

Mr. D. Flowerree, of Helena, Mont., is in Chicago this week on his way to his winter home at Fort Meyer, Fla. As index to his intentions with the quail, etc., it may be stated that Mr. Flowerree has purchased in Chicago more than $100 worth of shotgun ammunition.

My friend Mr. Fred Merrill, of Milwaukee, writes me that he and his brother Dick will soon start South on their regular winter hunting trip. Among other things Mr. Merrill goes on to say:

"We hope to migrate to the Texas coast very soon to try and shoot a few ducks. Don't expect to quarter our fall Dakota hunt (the best in fifteen years, especially on mallards). We will meet Jim Bludworth, and he and our man will sail his new boat, just built this year after his own practical ideas for cruising in shallow water along the coast. How long we will stay with him depends entirely on how good the duck shooting pans out. Have sent down quite a bunch of reds and sprigs or "tin pail" decoys, and if we get a duck for each decoy we will have several days' good shooting. If duck shooting is poor I will go to Los Angeles, Cal., and vicinity. Dick will probably stay by Texas, as he likes the room and freedom of Texas better than the glorious climate of California. He is a little sore on Florida, and thinks it is a land of frozen oranges and broken promises on ducks. Dick prefers a good blind and a good duck flight to doing the hotel piazza act in a gameless country.

"If I do go to California I will not do a great deal of shooting. It will be a case of some fishing, mostly golf, tennis, riding and driving, same as last winter. I am a little afraid of golf—played it long enough to find out that it is a dangerous game for a single man who is fond of freedom and shooting. With the right partner a man is liable to lose interest in mallard flights, 11 gauge wads, chilled shot, pattern and penetration. My trip is liable to be a miscellaneous one. Among other things I will take a pair of waist-high waders and a head waiter's suit for modern life, and will try to get some fun out of whatever is going on."

Mr. Merrill's fears are well grounded. Let me beg him to be very careful about golf, especially to eschew the golf girl.

Which is Called Didymus.

I have read with much interest the comment on "big bags of ducks" which appears in last week's FOREST AND STREAM over the signature of that entertaining writer who signs himself Didymus. I imagine that most of us practically agree with Didymus in the matter of big bags of game, yet the duty of a newspaper man is to make known the facts. I take it that the accounts as printed were actual facts, though it is only strictly accurate to say that the news was obtained from friends of the shooters and not directly from the shooters themselves. Sometimes when you go directly to headquarters you don't get any news at all about such things. Both of the gentlemen criticised are good friends of mine, and although that does not set up sanctuary for them, I am inclined to believe that did Didymus know them both he would have stayed his hand. I do not absolutely know that Mr. Howe killed sixty birds all in one day, but I will say that if any club shooter ever earned the right to do so, then that man is Mr. Howe, for a more lovable soul never stood on earth. Mr. Howe is an old man—a very old man—and he led the Tolleston Club in their long, plucky, expensive fight in the interest of reputable sportsmanship on the fateful Tolleston Club grounds. These gentlemen have never made any bluster, and you never hear them speak of their lawsuits or their bags of game. Indeed, I presume they would rather that both were kept out of print, whether the one or the other be small or large. Abner Price is a younger man than Mr. Howe, yet still past middle age, and as fine a fellow as ever was. I would not say anything for or against him, because he is stout and husky; but the man who raises his voice against F. A. Howe raises it against all Chicago. Neither Mr. Howe nor Mr. Price would make any reply to comment of this sort, yet I should not be surprised were Mr. Howe reported incorrectly, as the Tolleston bags are secret things. I give the news because I am a newspaper man.

As to Didymus' statement that all duck clubs ought to have a limit to the daily bag, I agree with him perfectly. I stood out for a long time for a limit in the Horicon clubs, and that was finally established, much to the detriment of one or two local members who were shooting for the market under cover of a club membership. The Wauponaca Club, of Memphis, Tenn., has a limit of fifty birds per day. I think such a daily limit should depend largely upon the conditions, and be better determined by those advised of the conditions than by us, who must pass upon the thing off-hand. Personally I do not care to kill more than twenty-five birds per day myself, limit or no limit; but perhaps every one does not feel just that way himself. Indeed, I think that Didymus and I will preach a long while to ears more than partially deaf. The task is that of reconstructing human nature. "Do you suppose?" asked a friend of mine the other day, "that I am going out into Dakota and pay all the expenses of the trip, and pay a license fee on top of that, and then not kill more than twenty-five birds a day? Certainly I will not; but I will go to where I can get some show for my time and money."

This is much the story of the average shooter. It is so rarely that he gets an opportunity for sport that he finds it hard to stay his hand when the occasion comes. It is human nature which is cleaning out the American game. I presume I have done as much writing against excessive slaughter of game as anybody, but I could never see that it had much effect. The sort of news to print in a sporting paper—the sort of news which attracts the attention of everybody, Didymus included—is news about good game country and good bags of game. I have much distaste to say it, yet I do believe that if the circulation of the FOREST AND STREAM were confined to good people like Didymus and myself, who sincerely are opposed to slaughtering game, and sincerely in favor of a daily limit to the bag, the aforesaid circulation would be but a tithe of what it is to-day. Does Didymus shoot? Was he ever on the marsh when the flight was on and the birds were working well? Is he a good clean shot? Does the blood run pretty hot in his veins? My faith, when I begin to ask these questions of myself, I can remember chiefly that part of my childhood's prayer which says: "Lead us not into tempation."

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Kaiser at Windsor.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A New York daily, referring to the hunting trip of the Kaiser and the Prince of Wales in the Windsor preserves, after detailing the numbers and kinds of game killed, viz., 178 pheasants, 1 partridge and 328 rabbits, goes on further to state that the Kaiser used a magazine Mauser rifle.

It is fair to assume that out of kingly courtesy the Kaiser was allowed to kill practically all the game. But he did so, if properly reported, with a .30 smokeless rifle. Now did he do it? If the pheasants were "treed" perhaps he blew their heads off one by one. As to the rabbits, they do not tree when a dog barks, but on the other hand run like the very devil, and not always in the open either. Therefore, if we credit the Kaiser with blowing off the heads of his pheasants, we on the other hand must realize that the rabbits were killed while hustling through the cover. It may be well enough for Buffalo Bill, Dr. Carver and Annie Oakley to knock glass balls to smithereens with shot cartridges, but when it comes to knocking over skyrocketing pheasants and balls of fur, going through the brush like a streak of lightning, with a rifle ball, it's time our Yankee rifle experts "took notice."

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 25.

It has long been a mystery how the young of the Australian duckbill (or duckbilled Platypus, as it is often called) succeed in obtaining milk from their mother. In this peculiar creature the female is unprovided with teats, the milk glands merely opening on the surface of the breast by a number of minute pores. Quite recently an observer has found out that when the young duckbills want to suck the mother throws herself on her back, when her offspring mount upon her breast and press the apertures of the milk ducts with their beaks. The milk thereupon commences to flow and is received in a groove on the breast of the parent, from which it is scooped up by the beaks of the young ones, just as ducks ladle up the water out of a ditch.—R. Lydekker.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

"'Way Down in Ole Varginny."

'Way down in "ole Varginny" I have had some experiences lately which perhaps may be found entertaining by such of your readers as are interested in that particular region.

My friends H. and B. had been there for nearly two weeks, and one fine morning (which seemed to lure one to the woods) I suddenly determined to join them. After a delightful sail by the Old Dominion Steamship Co., and an instructive if somewhat tedious railroad journey, I reached my destination as the sun was going down.

H. and B. were afield, so I lit my pipe and strolled into the woods back of the hotel. Here all was peace, but presently the stillness was broken by vocal strains which, if all untrained, were some of the sweetest I think I ever heard. My curiosity was excited, and taking my way in the direction whence the singing proceeded I came upon a darky woman washing in a stream. When she became aware of my presence she stopped her vocal exercises, and upon my complimenting her showed all her teeth in a grin which was half satisfaction and half embarrassment. Returning to the hotel, I met H. and B., and we agreed to make an early start next morning, as it was to be their last and my only day. Being tired after my long journey, I requested one of the boys about the hotel to call me, fearing I might oversleep myself. He promised faithfully to do so—but do you think he kept his promise? Bless you, no! Nor did he exhibit the least guiltiness on my next confronting him—merely laughed, as if it were a good joke. However, despite the remissness of Sephus (which was the young delinquent's euphonious appellation), I was up betimes, as were H. and B.

Swallowing a hasty breakfast of the staple ham and eggs, we started for the scene of our hunting, which was ten or twelve miles away. The morning was quite foggy, and the sun had a long struggle before it effectually cleared the air. Our progress through the woods was fairly rapid, considering the nature of the roads, with which, as my friend H. expressed it, the rocky road to Dublin was not in it. Half a dozen times at least I thought the trap was going over, but somehow we managed to escape. By 10 o'clock we had reached our objective point, a farmhouse on the brow of a hill. The fog had completely disappeared, and the sun was shining brilliantly, bringing out all the glories of the autumn woods—and what glories these are in Virginia! When the horses were unhitched and all was ready, I lined up with H. and the guide, and B., producing his camera, took a snap shot of us. Then we set out in quest of the birds. We had gone only a few hundred yards, when a covey was flushed. Bang! went the guns, and down fell two birds to B., the others scoring 0. The dogs worked about for a while, flushing another covey—or part of the first at least—which gave more opportunity for burning powder, with renewed additions to our bag. Everything promised beautifully, and we were in a high state of elation. Following up the birds which had escaped, we got into the woods; but here, alas! our hopes were all on a sudden blighted, for an event befell which practically spoiled our sport for the day.

H., seeing how his young dog was contracting the bad habits of the guide's brute, swore that he would not have his dog spoiled—no, not for a thousand birds or two thousand five hundred birds—and requested that the brute be chained up or held in leash (as it appears he had been on previous days), whereupon the guide got on his high horse, refused to comply and left us. At first we did not quite realize our position, but gradually it dawned upon us. There we were on the edge of a wilderness, or so at least to us, and to attempt to "go it alone" was to insure our being lost. When we had realized this we moped about for a while (keeping the farmhouse well in view, you may be sure!), and then in sheer desperation began calling for the guide. How B.'s organ voice echoed through the stilly woods! But no answering voice was heard, nor did any guide appear. The crickets sang on, the crisp leaves glistened in the sunlight, and a solitary buzzard hovered in the sky. Discouraged and despondent, we returned to the wagon, and it being now 12 o'clock ate our lunch in grim silence. The loss of the day's sport was bad enough, but what if the guide should not turn up even to take us home? While we were cogitating thus, lo! out of the woods walked the offended one, and leisurely stows his gun away in the wagon. B. asks him a few questions as to where he had been, and he answered somewhat distantly, "Down dar," pointing in a certain direction, and added nonchalantly that he had flushed six coveys of quail and a flock of wild turkeys! Imagine our feelings! Was it any wonder that H. forgot all his pride and went up to that guide and apologized to him. As I witnessed the scene my emotion was such that tears almost welled to my eyes. But will it be believed, at least outside the South?—the guide stood obdurate, absolutely refusing to go hunting with us again. Yea, though B. and myself added our solicitations to H.'s. Talk of the latter's pride in comparison with this! But what was to be done? That was the question. H. had a happy thought. "Suppose," said he, "we inquire at the farmhouse; perhaps they have a boy or some one they could let go with us. No sooner said than done, with the result that a darky boy was procured who averred that he knew every inch of the woods. Much satisfaction on our part, and casting sidelong glances of triumph and scorn at the guide, who sat nursing his pride at the root of a tree, we shouldered our guns and marched off.

But here, methinks, I had better bring my narrative to a close, for sport again, in the proper sense of the term, we had not. A few coveys were casually flushed and a few birds knocked down, but that was all. Our little nigger guide did his best, certainly—his smiling best—but that consisted merely in keeping us from getting lost. As for finding birds, he could as soon have found the North Pole, poor dusky little chap. However, we had some interesting experiences in the woods—those rare old Southern woods, which afford a naturalist a splendid opportunity of gratifying his curiosity. As night began to gather, we made our way back to the starting point, and found the "enemy" with the horses hitched, and very pensive and quiet, as if he had been taking counsel with himself and "mourning the hopes which left him"—in respect to a bonus, that is. Another drive over the eccentric road, with numerous hairbreadth escapes, and home was reached as the moon was rising solemnly over the pines. Needless to say there was no change of menu, but, pshaw! had the ham and eggs been nightingales' tongues they could not have been more enjoyed. Why don't dyspeptics go a-hunting?

The next day we took our leave, and as the train drew out from the station what think you we saw?—a wild turkey flying through the woods! It was the only one we had laid eyes on, and it seemed as if it had now appeared on the scene to wave us an ironic farewell. To be sure, it made us feel pretty sick; but, never mind! We are going down there again next year, and then that turkey had better look out.

F. Moonan.

Consul-General Turner's Moose.

Jersey City, N. J., Nov. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is a report of Consul-General Turner's moose, as given in a Connecticut paper, which has been sent to me:

CONSUL TURNER A NIMROD.

Kills a 1,800-pound Moose—His Son Also Kills a Buck.

Charles E. Turner, of this city, now United States Consul-General at Ottawa, Can., has made a record for himself among Canadian hunters. Week before last he shot a moose said to be larger than any recently killed in Canada, and estimated by the truth-loving aborigines of the province to weigh 1,800 pounds. The story reaches Waterbury just in time to nip the budding pride of those local huntsmen who have carried their heads excessively tilted back of late because the chase had brought them a pair of quail or a woodchuck. Clerk Linford F. Root, of the District Court, the other day received a letter from the Consul-General, in which the writer gives a vivid description of the way he is clearing the woods around Ottawa of the big game. On one trip the Consul failed to score, but Dr. Kidd, another member of the party, shot a couple of fine bull moose, and missed another, and Mr. Daly, of the party, shot a moose and a bear. Of the killing of the big moose the writer speaks as follows:

"A week ago I went off again, and hunted just six days. I killed a buck and two moose, one of which measures 62½ inches across the antlers and has a palm of 16½ inches width. The Indians claimed that it would have weighed 1,800 pounds, and every one who has seen it says that so far there has been nothing killed in Canada which would compare with it.

"I shot it with your rifle at a distance of from 400 yards to 500 yards, and fired at it three times, one of the balls going right through his shoulder and heart and out through the other side. I suppose it is going yet.

"I took Ned with me on this trip, and he killed a 250-pound buck. Not too bad for a twelve-year-old, eh?"

Ned is the Consul's son.

Now I know Consul-General Turner. I stopped for three years in Waterbury on my way south to New York. When in business in Waterbury Mr. Turner was an extensive advertiser, and in his windows were signs, "As advertised." At that time I presume everything was "all wool and a yard wide," but given a diplomat's opportunity to exploit the truth, he is working it to the full limit, or rather has induced the aborigines to. It is not the first time that the Indians around Ottawa have "taken up a white man's burden," and I believe that Mr. Turner in this instance induced them to carry it inside or out of sight, and he tells us that the Indians said that the moose would have weighed 1,800 pounds. Through Forest and Stream let me ask Mr. Turner, when would it have weighed 1,800 pounds? When you had filled them fuller, or when it had lived a score of years more? What was the weight when it was killed? When with your suave diplomatic tongue you took advantage of Poor Lo's vivid imagination, why didn't you make it a ton or let them make it so? The Irishman in the presence of his father confessor said: "I stole siventeen hoondred of hay. Yez may as well call it a ton; I om goin' afther the rist to-noight."

Mr. Turner having gotten the Indians to fix the weight, you fixed the distance at between 400 and 500 yards—a quarter of a mile. Well, you are either smart or a descendant of Ananias, and a living proof of the theory of atavism. Mr. Turner, you say that one of the balls went through the shoulder and heart. Was the moose standing on his head with his back to you, or was the heart on the way to the mouth at fear of you a quarter of a mile away? And you say the bullet came out on the other side. On the other side of what—the heart or the moose? Did you have a range finder, and does the Government supply them?

Now about the boy and the buck. It is reasonable enough, inasmuch as you have evidently taught his ideas to shoot as well as his gun. You have done well, Charlie Turner. Just fix up Canada so that we can annex it and come home; we wish to see you.

W. W. Hastings.

In British East Africa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was camped on the Athi River, and was up early in the morning, intending to look after some lions which were known to be located in a reed bed some distance up the river.

Having arrived within half a mile of the spot, I saw a lion—at least he was pointed out to me by one of my men. He appeared very much smaller than what I expected, and did not for a moment present the imposing appearance one naturally associates with the lion.

He got view of me, and made off rapidly, stopping every now and again to see if he was being followed. On finding I was after him as fast as I could get along, he would again bound away, and this sort of thing kept on occurring until I lost him completely. He was evidently making for the reed beds of a tributary about two miles distant. While making my way across to this stream, I saw a rhino quietly basking in the sun, and the temptation being great I resolved to stalk him. When within 100 yards or so I discovered there was another one quite close to the first, only lying down in the long grass. The country around was quite bare of trees or bush. Having made out the direction of the wind, I found it necessary to make a considerable detour so as to be able to work well up it toward the rhinos. I must now mention that the beasts were really down in a nullah, and being considerably above them our scent must have been carried well over them.

Having got the wind right, we commenced advancing on all fours, making straight for the big fellow standing up.

Our advance, however, was not as silent as I should have liked, as one of the gun bearers appeared a little concerned regarding his own safety, and was foolish enough to express his feeling in a rather loud whisper. The moment the sound reached the rhinos the one standing broadside on immediately wheeled around so as to stand facing us, while the one lying down jumped up with a loud grunt and stood side by side with her fellow, thus presenting to our view two enormous heads facing straight toward us. Remaining perfectly still for a few minutes, so as to give the two time to regain confidence, we slowly advanced, and on raising my head to get a good view of them, I was pleased to find that they had taken up their original positions, viz., the big male (as I afterward discovered him to be) standing broadside on and the other one lying close to him and nearly hidden by the long grass. Taking a final look at my .577 to see all was right, I advanced as quickly as possible toward the big fellow that was standing up and arrived at a distance within, I should say, 35 yards.

At this time I began to feel oppressed by a feeling of extreme tension. It was about 1 P. M., the sun straight overhead, hardly a breath of air stirring. Add to this the somewhat long stalk in the horizontal position plus the fears that our game might wind or hear us and rush off at any moment, and I think the readers of this will understand the feeling above alluded to.

I decided to try the brain shot on the one standing up, so took a careful aim. Finding myself steady, I pushed forward the safety bolt, again took aim and fired.

Immediately on being hit, the rhino turned round once or twice in a kind of dazed manner. I instantly fired the left barrel at point just behind the shoulder, after which he trotted off in a rather unsteady manner, his fellow (a big male) rushing on in front.

Putting in fresh cartridges, I ran after them, and was very pleased to see the rhino I had fired at come to a standstill, and his legs suddenly appearing to grow weak, he rolled on to his side and never showed another kick. The female, which was a little in advance, turned around, and finding her mate in a disabled (in fact dead) condition seemed to give vent to all her rage and fury. She turned round and charged toward me at full speed. Stepping a little to my right, I fired at her left shoulder, knocking her completely down. But only for an instant, as she got up and again charged in the direction of one of my men. This time she presented the broadside. I again fired, and she dropped for the second time. Putting in another cartridge, I ran up to her, when by an effort she got on to her forelegs, and using her head in a threatening manner tried to horn me. Taking a careful aim, I put a bullet through her brain, and she dropped.

The whole of this exciting scene with the second rhino had occurred quite close to the first one, which was lying dead; in fact so close were the two together when dead, that on roughly measuring the distance between the nearest point of one and that of the other I found it to be about 5 feet. The rifle which I used was a hammerless double magnum .577 express. The charge is 6 drams of powder, the bullet weighing 650 grains of hardened metal. The bullets were solid, not hollow pointed.

E. Wynstone-Waters.

The Maryland Sale Test Case.

President Geo. D. Penniman, of the Maryland Sportsmen's Association, sends us the full text of the decision of the test case which was carried to the Supreme Court of that State to determine the constitutionality of the statute forbidding the sale of game in close time, the game having been brought in from another State. The official text follows:

Court of Appeals of Maryland.

ROBERT N. STEVENS VS. THE STATE OF MARYLAND.

April Term, 1899—Filed June 22, 1899.

Appeal from the Criminal Court of Baltimore.

Thos. Ireland Elliott and Harry W. Henderson for the appellant.

Attorney-General Gaither and Geo. D. Penniman for the appellee.

Argued before McSherry, C. J., Schmucker, Briscoe, Fowler, Boyd and Pearce, JJ.

Schmucker, J.—The appellant was indicted for having in his possession and exposing for sale in Baltimore City during the closed season, certain dead rabbits contrary to the provisions of section 15 E of chapter 206 of the acts of 1898. He first filed a demurrer to the indictment, which was overruled, and then pleaded *non cul.* and elected to be tried before the court.

At the trial of the case he offered to prove that the rabbits mentioned in the indictment had been lawfully killed in another State of the Union, and had been shipped to him from that State in an original package, and that he had received and exposed them for sale in that condition, without breaking the package. The State objected to this evidence, and the court sustained the objection and the verdict and judgment being against the appellant, he appealed.

The act of 1898, chapter 206, in its opening sections designates closed seasons for the game birds and animals therein mentioned, including rabbits, for Baltimore City and the respective counties of the State. Section 15 E then declares that it shall be unlawful for any person to have in his possession, expose for sale, sell or buy in Baltimore City or the respective counties any of the game birds or animals mentioned in the act during the closed season for such city or county, "whether such birds or game animals so had in possession, exposed for sale, sold or bought shall have been shot or in any manner caught or killed in that county, or in any other county in this State or in any other State, Territory or county."

Before the passage of the act of 1898 the law as it then stood after referring in its opening sections to game killed within this State, prohibited the catching and killing of game or having it in possession by any one in Baltimore City or the several counties during the closed season, but the law contained no provisions indicating that it was intended to apply to game lawfully killed outside of this State.

When the law in that condition came to be construed by this court in the case of Dickhaut vs. State, 85 Md. 451, it was held that game which had been lawfully killed

outside of Maryland and shipped into this State was not within the prohibition of the statute, and might lawfully be had in possession or sold during the closed season.

Dickhaut's case was decided in April, 1897, and at the next session of the Legislature the act of 1898, chapter 206, was passed, as its title recites, "for the better protection and preservation of birds and game animals," amending the law as it then stood and adding certain new sections, including section 15 E, which contains the words which we have already quoted.

It is therefore perfectly clear both from the language of section 15 E and the circumstances of its enactment that the prohibition of the act of 1898 was intended by the Legislature to applpy to having in possession or offering for sale during the closed season not only game killed in this State, but also game killed elsewhere.

The appellant contends that the construction adopted in Dickhaut's case of the law as it stood at that time is applicable to the present law and should control the case now before us.

This contention is not sound because the language now used in the law is too plain to admit of construction, and the circumstances of its amendment clearly declare the present policy of the State to be to prohibit the possession and sale by any one during the closed season of the game mentioned in the law, no matter where it was killed.

He further insists that if the law be intended to apply to game killed without and shipped into this State, it is in conflict with the act of Congress commonly known as the interstate commerce law, which was passed in the exercise of the exclusive power conferred on Congress by the Federal Constitution to regulate commerce among the States. The question presented by this contention is not a new one. Many of the States of the Union have passed game laws which include among their provisions a prohibition of the sale or possession of game during the closed season, and these laws have frequently been before the State and Federal courts for construction.

In some of these cases, such as the Commonwealth vs. Hall, 128 Mass., 410, and the People vs. O'Neil, 71 Mich., 331, the statute before the court merely made the possession of game within the closed season *prima facie* evidence of a violation of the law, and they, therefore, do not throw much light upon the issue before us, but in different well-reasoned cases, where it was entirely clear that the State law was intended to exclude all game, wherever it may have been killed, from the markets of the State during the closed season, the law has been upheld.

The authorities agree that the ownership of all game animals and birds is in the people in their sovereign capacity, that is in the State, and no individual has any property rights in game other than such as the State may permit him to acquire, and even when game has been captured and reduced into possession by the individual with the permission of the State his ownership in it may be regulated and restrained by appropriate legislation enacted for considerations of State or the benefit of the community.

In other words the cases hold that the question of enjoyment in this field is one of public policy and not of private right. Magner vs. People, 97 Ill., 320, 333; Ex parte Maier, 103 Cal., 476; Phelps vs. Racey, 60 N. Y., 10; Javins vs. U. S., 11 Tucker (D. C.), 347; Commonwealth vs. Savage, 29 N. R., 468.

In the case of Geer vs. Connecticut, 161, U. S., 519, Justice White, speaking for the court, reviews at length the origin and history of the State's ownership of animals *feræ naturæ* and fully upholds the doctrine announced in the cases which we have cited and distinctly recognizes the authority of the State to affix conditions to the killing and sale of game predicated, as he says this power is, on the peculiar nature of such property and its common ownership by all the citizens of the State.

The right of the State to regulate and control the killing, possession and sale of game within its borders is also held to rest upon its police power, and if the provisions of the laws by which such regulation is made are reasonable for the accomplishment of the end sought to be obtained, the law will be held to be a valid exercise of that power. In Lawton vs. Steele, 152 U. S., the court says: "The preservation of game and fish has always been treated as within the proper domain of the police power, and laws limiting the seasons within which birds or wild animals may be killed or exposed for sale and prescribing the time and maner in which fish may be caught have been repeatedly upheld by this court."

In Geer vs. Connecticut, supra, the court said: "Aside from the authority of the State derived from the common ownership of game and the trust for the benefit of its people which the State exercises in relation thereto, there is another view of the power of the State in regard to the property in game which is equally conclusive. The right to preserve game flows from the undoubted existence in the State of a police power to that end, which may be none the less efficiently called into play because by doing so interstate commerce may be remotely and indirectly affected." In support of the proposition so announced, the Supreme Court cites Kidd vs. Pearson, 128 U. S., 1; Hall vs. DeCain, 95 U. S., 485; Sherlock vs. Alling, 93 U. S., 103.

That the total prohibition of having game, from whatever source derived, in possession during the closed season, is a reasonable, if not necessary, means of protecting the domestic game of the State making the prohibition, has been held in a number of the cases already cited, and also in American Express Company vs. People, 133 Ill.; Roth vs. State, 51 Ohio St., 209; State vs. Randolph, 1 Mo. App., 15. The act of 1898, chapter 206, does not prohibit the importation of foreign game into any other portion of this State than the counties in which the law is operative, and even in those counties the prohibition is for but a portion of the year.

We are therefore well within the authorities in holding that the passage of the act constituted a valid exercise by the State of power which it clearly possessed, and that its provisions are reasonable for the accomplishment of its purpose, and that its operation upon interstate commerce is of that remote and incidental character which the Supreme Court in Geer vs. Connecticut has said does not interfere with the right of a State to protect its game.

It cannot be successfully contended that the law now under consideration is unconstitutional because it operates unequally upon the inhabitants of the several parts of the State, and that it discriminates against the residents of Baltimore City by reason of the fact that a number of counties are excepted from its operation. It has long been the policy of the State of Maryland to enact local laws affecting only certain counties or to exempt particular counties or localities from the operation of general laws or of some of the provisions thereof.

Nor is the law at variance with the provisions of article 3, section 29, of the State Constitution, because it embraces more than one subject and has a misleading title. The law in its title is described as "An act to repeal and re-enact sections 13, 14 and 15 of article 99 of the Code of Public General Laws, title 'Wild Fowl, Birds and Game,' and to add certain new sections for the better protection and preservation of birds and game animals."

The several sections of the act relate to and are germane to one subject matter, the protection and preservation of birds and game animals, which is described in its title, and this is all that the Constitution requires. "While the title must indicate the subject of the act it need not give an abstract of its contents nor mention the means and method by which the general purpose is to be accomplished." M. & C. C. of Baltimore vs. Reitz, 50 Md., 579.

We think the indictment was not defective. The offense was one created by statute, and the indictment described it in the words used in the statute. This has repeatedly been held by this court to be sufficient. Mincher vs. State, 66 Md., 227; Gearfoss vs. State, 42 Md., 403; Dickhaut vs. State, 85 Md., 464.

The judgment appealed from will be affirmed with costs.

New York Game Protectors.

A RADICAL reform is promised in the enforcement of the game laws in this State. For several weeks past Governor Roosevelt has been looking into the matter and is pretty thoroughly convinced that there is plenty of room for improvement. He has received numerous complaints of violations of the law in the matter of hounding deer and killing game out of season, and has been informed that many of the fish and game protectors were not competent to perform the work expected of them.

This morning the Governor received a delegation of Adirondack guides from the Brown's Tract Guides' Association and gave them a very plain talk on the subject of the standard of efficiency that will be required for fish and game protectors. The guides were all in favor of a strict enforcement of the game law. They said that one of the prime requisites for a game protector is "sand," and added that protectors in the past had not been overburdened with that necessary quality. Further than that they said that a good many of the protectors were not competent to go into the woods without a guide.

Richard C. Crego, H. Dwight Grant, William M. Commerford and Merrill White, of Boonville; Henry H. Covey, and William Dart, of Big Moose; Garrie Riggs and A. M. Church, of Old Forge, and Lester W. Kernan, of Utica, who constituted the delegation, were very frank in discussing the shortcomings of many of the game protectors and said they were not competent to go into the woods without a guide.

The Governor interrupted them to remark very emphatically that he would not tolerate a game protector who has to have a guide to take him through the woods. Just what course he would pursue in the matter, he said, he did not know, but if necessary he would have an amateur civil service examination on his own hook to determine the qualifications. He would have a man sent into the woods for a day and a night as a test of his ability. He ought to be able to handle a rifle, an axe and a canoe, and also to use snowshoes when necessary. In short, a game protector should be a practical woodsman.

His remarks were received with the liveliest interest by the guides, and when he had finished, H. D. Grant, who has been a guide for thirty-five years, arose and declared that if the Governor could secure that class of men—men with "sand"—there would be no more violations of the game law in the woods.

At the close of the conference all of the guides gathered about the Governor to shake hands with him and thank him for the effort he was making to prevent the destruction of game in the State forests and the forests themselves.

In a few days the Governor will receive a delegation from the Saranac Guides' Association.

As a result of to-day's conference, Governor Roosevelt sent the following letter to the Fisheries, Forest and Game Commission:

State of New York, Executive Chamber, Nov. 28.—To the Fisheries, Forest and Game Commission, Albany, N. Y.: Gentlemen—I have just been called upon by a delegation representing the Brown's Tract Guides' Association. I have had very many complaints before this as to the inefficiency of the game wardens and game protectors, the complaints usually taking the form that the men have been appointed and are retained without due regard to the duties to be performed. I do not wish a man retained or appointed who is not thoroughly fit to perform the duties of game protector. The Adirondacks are entitled to a peculiar share of the Commission's attention, both from the standpoint of forestry and from the less important but still very important standpoint of game and fish protection. The men who do duty as game protectors in the Adirondacks should by preference be appointed from the locality itself, and should in all cases be thorough woodsmen. The mere fact that a game protector has to hire a guide to pilot him through the woods is enough to show his unfitness for the position. I want as game protectors men of courage, resolution and hardihood, who can handle the rifle, axe and paddle; who can camp out in summer or winter; who can go on snowshoes, if necessary; who can go through the woods by day or by night without regard to trails.

I should like full information about all your employees, as to their capacities, as to the labor they perform, as to their distribution over the country, both where they are appointed from and where they do their work.

Very truly yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

—Albany Evening Journal, Nov. 29.

"The Trail of the Sand Hill Stag."

WITH a colored plate and illuminated title page Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons have published Mr. E. S. Thompson's article which appeared some time ago in Scribner's Magazine. Needless to say, the volume is beautifully gotten up and illustrated.

The Man and His Gun.

I OFTEN pass a large factory of shotguns in my home town, and with more interest than if it were a flour mill or a wagon shop. Visitors naturally are not popular in the work rooms of the establishment, but I have seen something of the inside of it, and one who has an eye for a gun will see a good deal with that same eye in merely passing the windows of such a shop. He may see, for instance, a great floor space full of the machines that bore and smooth the inside of the barrels to the exact lines and surface necessary for the best execution. At some of the windows men are putting the polish on the outside. Elsewhere one may notice the barrels getting their final complexion; whether the ringed, streaked and speckled pattern that the Belgian artisan—or should we say artist?—hammered into them, or the sleek black coat on the high-grade plain steel which fools the casual observer with an appearance of cheapness. Apparently they will always call this process browning because there was a time when gun barrels were actually brown. At other windows men with good eyes and steady hands are manipulating the files with those firm yet delicate touches that have to be made just right to preserve such a reputation for good gunsmithing as is here at stake. Nowhere else in the shop does ingenuity triumph more distinctly than where the woodworking machines turn out the shapely stocks from stubborn walnut planks, and mortise them in almost no time for an exact fit with the receiver. Science, art and nature combine to display on the perfected stock the inimitable pattern of knots or roots, appropriate to the beautiful and intricate design which the "browning" brings out on the welded barrels. Art reigns alone in the well-lighted room where the fine guns are decorated by the engravers. The buyer with money to burn can have sporting scenes here pictured on the lockplates of his gun. But he is not always so much ahead of the poor shooter who has only powder to burn. The latter, if he have a fair memory and a little imagination, can see a whole panorama of such pictures follow each other across the plain lockplate of his own cheap but well tried and well trusted weapon.

These guns are not without honor in their native town, but of course comparatively few stop here. There is a creditable group of trapshooters partial to them, but the game in the near vicinity is reduced to the passing water fowl and the irrepressible rabbit. Two or three blocks from the shop is one end of a street car line. At the other end is a weedy lake, where straggling ducks spend the fall and get waywise dodging shot from frequent boats and from a long wall of dead cattails. The fine river which sends a share of its volume to turn the gun shop's wheels, lies in long, still reaches above and below the town, embracing islands around which an occasional duck can be picked up. But the guns as a whole are due elsewhere, and it is interesting to fancy their history. Appointments more or less complete have been made for them all the way to the borders of the United States and beyond. Famous trap shots and ardent game hunters far and near await their coming. Some of their future owners do not know the pleasure in store for them. Others do, and are impatiently watching for their arrival. The chances are that at the next great trap tournament, North or South, or beside whichever ocean, more of these guns will be used than of any other make. It has happened more than once or twice. On thousands of fields and marshes and club grounds they will speak for themselves, and their makers. Many a farmer's boy will be proud of a cheap one, and many a city doctor or lawyer or business man equally proud of a finer specimen. Many a writer for the sportsmen's press will take pains to mention his gun by its well-known name, for the sake of the implied compliment to himself for having been so smart as to select the right make.

The up-to-date breechloader commands the admiration of every person with any mechanical sense, as a triumph of ingenuity and sound, honest workmanship. It has to be sound. As with a railroad bridge, its every use is a strain upon its own strength and its builder's reputation. When American guns are so generally strong, effective and convenient, the manufacturer would have a poor chance of business who offered flimsy or clumsy weapons. Faulty devices and materials have gone under in the hard competition, and for a price lower than could have been imagined when breechloaders were introduced in this country one can be got that will satisfy eye and hand, will kill the game, and with any sane loading will not kill the shooter.

But it is the sort of semi-human association, of which it is capable, that gives a gun its highest fascination and makes it interesting to follow in fancy the shipments from such a factory as this of my neighbors. To the appreciative amateur who gets one of these well-made double barrels it will not be so much a tool as a companion, perhaps a pet. What other shape of wood and iron, what other manufactured thing, so much so? When it has for years shared its owner's trampings and boatings, supplying perhaps the chief motive for them, when it has basked with him nightly in the glow of the camp-fire or the hearth fire, he feels toward it a sentiment of comradeship. When it has often brought him the exultation of a clean kill, the enjoyment of a game feast and the honors of the tournament, he cherishes toward it a feeling like gratitude. When its close-fitting bolts have long yielded handily to his thumb and never to any explosive strain, and its tough barrels have a thousand times withstood the vicious thrust of the nitro and sent the shot true to his aim, he finds it easy to credit the gun with something like fidelity. Ere long he loves it and wants to sound its praise. Perchance he indites an ode, and, escaping indictment himself, fires it at an unoffending editor. If rather less daft and more genuinely literary, he may celebrate the breechloader in some such fine prose sketches as William Black's. If not up to poetry or fiction, but just an ordinary, honest, appreciative gun crank, he will be apt to submit to his favorite sportsmen's journal some such observations as the foregoing. BRISTOL HILL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Ethics of Shikar.

From the Asian, Calcutta.

THE necessity for a system of ethics is evident throughout all the various conditions of life, and is so indissolubly inseparable from a satisfactory state of society that it may almost be said to have become a law of nature. In all things appertaining to sport, of whatever description, the indispensabiliy of some recognized standard of morality, enabling one at once to distinguish between right and wrong, between good form and bad form, as well as absolute criminality, is a matter of common consent. The morality of each kind of sport has its special peculiarities; in racing, for instance, practices appear to be legitimate which are quite unintelligible to the outsider, who is ignorant of the ethics of the sport of kings. But in all things the fundamental rule is that the elements of etiquette should rest on the basis of the requirements of the good of the community, and this may be broadly taken as the standard by which to judge of the soundness of moral laws.

Perhaps there is no sport in which this element is more subtle or which involves finer distinctions than that of shikar. To the primitive hunter the sole object is to obtain his quarry, irrespective of any consideration of the methods by which its destruction is encompassed, so long as those methods are swift and sure. And this can be easily understood in cases where hunting affords a means of existence, and especially where weapons are limited to snares, bows and arrows, spears, and such like implements. But in civilized societies the chase has lost its original significance as a means of existence, and has become a pastime; hence a system of ethics has arisen, based partly on the necessity of preserving game from total extermination, and partly on a natural or acquired sense of fair play inherent in civilized man, and has given rise to a distinction between sportsmen and professional hunters.

For instance, the true sportsman will not indulge in unlimited slaughter, nor will he, when once he has learned the morality of the chase, drive for deer or antelope or hill animals, or in fact any game that can be stalked. Such a method of procedure is not considered legitimate according to the unwritten code of sport, and the man who drives for deer when he should stalk them is very properly regarded as having violated one of the fundamental laws of that code. In this country, for instance, the only wild beasts that should be driven are tigers, panthers, and in some cases bears, and to beat for other game is considered unsporting. We refer, of course, to the larger kinds of game, and not to birds.

Again, with regard to night shooting, and in fact to all shooting under the system which is commonly called "sitting up," it is, we believe, generally conceded that it is legitimate to sit up over a kill for tigers and panthers, although we know that many sportsmen will not employ this method, if it can possibly be avoided, regarding it as not quite fair on the game, especially in the case of the larger felines. But to shoot deer over a pool of water, either by daylight or by moonlight, is to commit a most flagrant act of poaching, even worse than driving for such animals. Then, as regards the sex of game. Here there can be no mistake. The males in the case of the Ungulata must alone be shot, and the females must be left unmolested. But the weaker sex in the case of dangerous animals, such as tigers, panthers and bears, even where it is possible to distinguish them, enjoys no such immunity; although some very strict and self-denying sportsmen will allow an animal with young ones to escape. Similar rules apply to the killing of the young of wild beasts. It may be said that no immature animals should be shot, except in the case of dangerous game; and even here we come to debatable ground, for the sparing of the young of tigers and bears, under certain circumstances, has lately been advocated in more than one quarter, and is doubtless a theoretically correct principle from the sportsman's point of view, although contrary to that of the philanthropist.

Although trophies do not constitute the main object of sportsmen, yet they have their value in connection with the chase, and it is partly owing to this fact, and partly by reason of the unsophisticated ways of young animals, that these latter are spared; and it may be stated as an axiom that no animal should be shot unless it bears a trophy worth keeping. But here we come to a question which we must leave our readers to answer for themselves. What sized trophy is worth keeping?

No wounded animal, dangerous or otherwise, should be left to perish miserably so long as there is a reasonable hope of recovering it. And in this connection it may be remarked that beaters should never be made to drive for wounded animals of a dangerous nature. The sportsman should himself follow up such a beast; nor do we think the method, recommended in the Badminton Library volume on "Big Game Shooting," of following up a wounded tiger, is quite in consonance with the morality of the chase.

The ethics as regards weapons to be used is one that has a certain fundamental principle. The main point is that the arm should be an efficient one, the best obtainable for the purpose of killing an animal outright, so as to avoid inflicting unnecessary suffering. Correspondence in our columns regarding the respective merits of large and small bores should supply food for reflection on this point. Long and uncertain shots, by which animals are likely to be wounded, should be avoided. For, paradoxical as it may appear, the man who indulges in the chase should be at least as humane as other people. In fact, cruelty would head the list of crimes chargeable under the laws of the subject with which we are dealing. Therefore sportsmen should exercise great circumspection in the choice of weapons and ammunition. It is, perhaps, needless to say that a bullet, and not a charge of shot, is the only legitimate projectile for use against all animals (hares excepted) of the chase inhabiting this country, except that it may be considered permissible to slay a panther with a charge of buckshot.

From the morality of sport as it concerns the game, we may pass to the etiquette with regard to shooting rights—a burning question which has given rise to frequent unpleasantness and a considerable amount of difference of opinion. In the first place, sportsmen should banish from their minds all ideas of competition, and should divest themselves of all feelings of jealousy and selfishness such as are too frequently in evidence, as we have previously had occasion to remark. Hunters should be brethren—and indeed are proverbially so. And the better class of sportsman is always willing and ready to help others and to give advice and assistance to those who are in search of information. There should be a system of give and take for the good of the community, and no dog-in-the-manger policy, no jealous concealment or subterfuge, no placing of obstacles in the way of others, but a recognition of the rights of all, which are presumably equal on public shooting grounds. Certain recognized rules, like those which for years have obtained in Kashmir, give priority of claim where necessary, and if all sportsmen would act fairly and reasonably toward each other there would be no further trouble, and no occasion for an acrimonious exchange of personalities in the columns of our newspapers.

All that is required for the attainment of this desirable but, we fear, somewhat Utopian end, is good feeling, and the recognition of certain elementary principles of ethics based on the necessity for maintaining the equal interests of all.

Maine Woods.

BEMIS, Me., Dec. 2.—Not the slightest trace of the lost Richard M. Knight has yet been found. He went into the woods from this place Oct. 24 with a companion to hunt deer, but has never returned. His hunting companion got in in due season. As has already been explained, he has been hunted for by almost armies of men, over 500 having hunted in line one day. As is well known, he went into the woods to the east of Lake Mooselucmaguntic, and the men have been formed in line up the lake from this point and the line has moved eastward under the direction of guides and woodsmen, with a director to every squad of fifteen or twenty men. The guides or directors blazed or spotted a line of trees as the line of searchers progressed. These blazed lines can easily be followed up to the top of the mountain ridges a couple of miles or more, and the wonder is that young Knight or his dead body has not been found. Still, most of the country is very thickly wooded and some of it very rough and almost impenetrable by reason of jagged logs, tree tops and "blow downs." With Prof. J. F. Moody, of Auburn, Me., and Mr. J. H. Jones, of Boston, I have been deer hunting over the same ground for a couple of days. A crusted snow has prevented our getting deer, but the signs show them to be very plenty. The wonder is that the lines of searchers for young Knight have not driven them out of the country. They seem even more plenty than a year ago, when we hunted over the same ground. Some of the searchers say that deer were very frequently started, but that they would actually dodge back between the men after starting ahead of the line a few times. It would seem that they do not care to be driven from their haunts.

The prevailing opinion here is that Knight hurt himself in some way after separation from his hunting companion, and that his dead body lies in the woods not very far from this point. Capt. F. C. Barker, proprietor here and very well known to everybody interested in fishing and shooting in this section, gave him instructions before he started for the woods—told him about the tote road running northeast to Rangeley and about the many logging roads, all leading to the lake. Then, when it was found that he was lost, one of Capt. Barker's little steamers was fired up and sent up and down the lake to whistle every few minutes. This was kept up for several days. This whistle and that also of the railway trains—four of them a day—in and out from here, can be heard six or eight miles into the woods. We have heard them each day that we have been out, and the direction of the sound has been perfect. Some of the guides are still searching for Knight's body—we met one to-day—as a reward of $400 for the recovery of the body is still out, and will remain in force till June 1, 1900, if necessary. The reward is offered by J. E. Knight, the young man's father; Arthur Wilson and Hiram Ricker & Sons, of Poland Springs, where young Knight was clerk before starting on his doubtless fatal hunting trip. The guides have a theory that the foxes and bob cats may aid them to find the body as soon as snows come deep enough to shut off the food of these animals. They will dig down through the snow for the bodies of animals on which to feed, and the guides believe that a human body will share the same fate. Fox tracks and cat tracks will be carefully followed by guides and woodsmen. We have followed some to-day, but they have led us to no important conclusions.

Mr. J. Parker Whitney and Sam Parker passed through here yesterday, going to Boston, from Mr. Whitney's camps at Mosquito Brook, Richardson Lake. They had one very fine deer head.

Boston, Dec. 4.—The open season on moose in Maine ended Thursday, Nov. 30. It is certain that the number falls a good deal behind a year ago. The number recorded as passing through Bangor was 134—74 in October and 60 in November. For some reason not yet explained the number for the whole month of November was less than for the sixteen days of open season in October. One moose hunter suggests the reason for the greater number taken in October was that the guides had a good many moose located ready for the coming of the hunters.

The rain of Friday night removed the snow from the Maine hunting grounds in most sections or left it in a State so crusted as to make deer hunting exceedingly difficult. This is good for the deer and will help to carry more of them over for breeding stock another year than would otherwise have been the case, for although the visiting sportsmen are generally done for the season, the resident hunters were after the deer in great numbers. The number of these hunters is greater than those most interested in the welfare of the game in that State seem to comprehend, and the interest is increasing very rapidly. Every man and boy in the big game sections owns a rifle. Many of them guide till cold weather and snows drive the sportsmen home, then they "go in for their own meat." The number of deer killed by this late hunting, often on snowshoes, is enormous—I believe much greater than the number shipped out by sportsmen, though the record of shipments through Bangor and other outlets is generally taken as an index of the number of moose and deer killed in Maine. If the buyers of deerskins would speak out, they could tell a story. One instance will give some idea of what I mean. The wardens seized one day last week 100 deer skins. They were in a freight car consigned to C. E. Robinson, of Boston. They were shipped from Crystal, a station on the Bangor & Aroostook road—100 deer skins from a station from which sportsmen have not shipped half that number. Sportsmen do not leave their deer skins behind. Hence these skins must have been taken from deer killed by local hunters. Mr. Robinson holds a license to buy deer skins in Maine, but the wardens claim that this license does not permit him to ship them out of the State. The case is exciting a good deal of interest, and the courts will have to settle it. Mr. Robinson buys deer skins for a Plymouth glove concern. The open season on deer in Maine closes Dec. 15 this year, and this will shut off sixteen days of the worst of the killing of deer by local gunners under the old law, which closed the season Dec. 31. Boston sportsmen have brought home for the week about thirty deer and no moose.

SPECIAL.

Reported Hunting Grounds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Often reports from various hunting grounds are somewhat misleading. Owners of camps, guides and others interested often spread reports of the amount of game to be easily found, which visiting sportsmen fail to verify. In times past I have been taken in by such glowing reports, and have spent some months in certain places which were claimed to be "the home of the moose, caribou, deer and beaver." I was not looking after the last named, but if the region I spent so much time in had ever been the home of the first three, they certainly had left their home, and to all appearances, for good, when I called. For six weeks on one of my first trips after large game I hunted over miles of very wild ground near the Canadian boundary. I had as good a guide and woodsman as there was in that region. Frequent light falls of snow made the best conditions for still-hunting I have ever experienced. All that was lacking was the game, and of that there were not even old signs. Day after day we cruised over miles of good-looking ground. My guide had promised to find both moose and caribou if I would stick to it, and he certainly tried his best. I stuck for six weeks, and at last the guide said it was no use. There was certainly one advantage in hunting the above region—I did not have to carry many cartridges. One cartridge was all I used, killing a caribou with it, which was the only animal I saw on the trip larger than a rabbit.

Recently I saw an account of the number of deer killed this season in a certain locality in this State. According to the account it would seem that about every one who went out with a rifle got one or more deer. I have been three times to this place during the fishing season and it certainly looked as though there might be deer there. I had half made up my mind to go there and try some still-hunting. I can get to the place in a few hours.

I know a man living quite near the hunting grounds, and I consider him reliable in every way. I wrote him, and his reply is as follows (and he was interested in a pecuniary way to some extent in my making the trip):

"As to deer, there have been quite a number killed, but not one to every twenty-five men who have been after them. If you could have any part of the places you speak of to yourself on a good snow you would stand good chances of getting shots, but when snow comes those hills will be half-covered with hunters. I have been intending to go, but knowing there were so many other hunters out, has taken all the courage out of me."

My correspondent has certainly taken all desire out of me for still-hunting in his region. I am not in the least afraid of shooting some other fellow, as I have always stuck to the rule of never shooting until I was sure of what I was shooting at, and I have been quite successful in still-hunting moose, caribou, bears and deer. Sticking to my rule, however, has lost me a few shots on deer in places where I was almost sure there were no other hunters in the woods. It is the shooting of the other fellows I am afraid of, and when the woods are full of local hunters always ready to shoot at anything that moves, I prefer to keep out.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Nov. 29.

"Hounding Deer."

Editor Forest and Stream:

FOREST AND STREAM being one of the few journals devoted to field sports that endeavors to keep "sport" respectable, a story of deer hounding that came to my knowledge to-day seems worth repeating.

Some friends of mine have just returned from a trip "after deer" and frankly admit that they ran the deer with hounds, there being "no law there." The one deer they got had its leg so broken by shot that it hung useless, yet it ran at least five miles through the worst of country before it was caught, the hound in full chase, and holding it several times, enabling the hunters to put several rifle balls into it.

Now, had there been no hound to run it, that deer would certainly have been lost, and lingered on in misery for a considerable time. Yet a certain set of hunters snort about hounding being "beastly," "unsportsmanlike," etc., and cry "game hog" and similar rot. Now who is the "hog"? The man who wounds a deer, leaving it to suffer agonies for an indefinite period, or the one who uses the self-evident means of really getting that deer? As far as results go, the former enjoys the infliction of pain for the fun of shooting, and the latter shoots a deer to kill, and get it. A certain Western journal did more in its day to encourage that pestiferous rot about "true sportsmanship" and "manly sportsmen" than years of sense will drive out of the heads of a class of hunters who have no sense, and I well remember of one individual, just about the most emphatic "bad egg" among dog men, whose offer to make a bet was lauded "manly sportsmanship."

I have no personal feeling in this matter. I would far rather eat good mutton than venison, and see no fun in standing on a "stand" holding a gun on a cold day, nor creeping under bushes laden with snow, trying to shoot a deer; but I do know plenty of men to whom just such work is the greatest delight, and know that there are no better men than just those whose enjoyments would be

none to me, and I don't propose to set up my ideas to measure theirs by; only I do object to a set of fellows measuring other's corn in their own half-bushels. It don't suit them to keep hounds, therefore hounding is necessarily beastly. It isn't their way to run wild turkeys with dogs and shoot them off a tree, therefore those whom that does suit are "hogs." In few words, "orthodoxy is their doxy; heterodoxy is the other fellow's doxy."

W. WADE.

OAKMONT, Pa., Nov. 28.

A Long Island Deer Hunt.

From the New York World of Dec. 1.

PINK coats, winding horns, yelping hounds, prancing hunters, a fine, bracing air and a stiff country, whoop and away! Society had the greatest hunt of the year over Hempstead Plains yesterday. It chased a real live deer and drove it to bay in a barn. So last night the entire hunting set congratulated the Meadow Brook Hunt Club on the glorious day, and the young bloods who were in at the kill (beg pardon, at the finish) in the barn are the envied of all.

The "royal stag" was a two-year-old captured at great cost. He was trembling with fright while the master of the hounds, Ralph N. Ellis, and his grooms got him ready for his run for life. The pack, composed of twenty-five English-American hounds, was let loose.

The little deer got his freedom in a big field, well fenced in. A lash of the whip and he was off, but the fences stayed him. Round and round the field he ran wildly, while the horsemen sat on their horses waiting to break away. Full fifteen minutes the animal tore this way and that, but never once did he take a fence. So they set two hounds to worry him.

Only then did the deer take a fence and make off for his life, the yelping pack at his heels. He started toward Woodbury and ran as gamely as he could for full five miles. It was great sport for the yelping pack and the gallant horsemen. The course led over stiff country, through the woods and over heavy fields thick with fences. And at last the hounds drove the deer to bay. Panting and exhausted, he took shelter in a barn on the Jackson farm. The hounds stormed in yelping for a prey that had eluded them so long. But the grooms and whippers-in saved the poor beast's life. He will be useful again, for another run for his life, that the riders and hounds may have genuine sport again, such as they had yesterday.

It was a great hunt. No one was hurt. Only one rider got a fall, and that wasn't much. So the luncheon at the Meadow Brook Club that followed the run was enjoyed, and over their Scotch and soda the hunters told stories that kept them till it was time to dress for Thanksgiving dinner.

West Branch Ponds Country.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from a week's hunt around Charley Randall's Camp, at West Branch Ponds, nineteen miles north of Katahdin Iron Works, Maine. On the way into the ponds over the tote road, I met coming out Mr. G. B. Lehy, of Boston, and Mr. R. B. Andrews, of Leominster, Mass., with two jumpers carrying two bull moose and four bucks. One of the moose had a very good head and probably weighed 850 pounds, the other being smaller. These were shot on Mt. Baker.

I never have spent a more enjoyable week in the woods than I had with Eugene Robinson for guide. Our quarters were at Randall's Camps, and we hunted all around there, and up over White Cap Mountain. The third day there I shot on the south side of White Cap two goodly bucks, one of them the best head I have seen from Maine this year, the antlers being very wide and high, with a total of fourteen points.

We trailed two different moose, both of them proving to be cows. One of them we found lying down, and so had a chance to observe her for two or three minutes before she saw us and got up.

The hunting down along the rivers was rather poor, owing to a crust, but higher up along the sides of the mountains there was from 6 to 10 inches of good snow and excellent tracking. R. L. WARNER.

Wild Rice Success.

DERBY LINE, Vt., Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time ago I noticed a couple of letters in the FOREST AND STREAM with reference to sowing wild rice, the length of time it took to mature, etc. My experience has not been extensive, but such as it is I give it. In the fall of 1898 I bought one barrel of wild rice from Chas. Gilchrist, of Port Hope, Ont. When it arrived I put it into grain bags and these I sunk in an old spring near my camp on Lake Memphremagog. After leaving them there for twenty-four hours I emptied the rice into my canoe and paddled up a sluggish stream that runs into the lake. Wherever I found a small bay or indentation I threw out the rice freely where the water was from 6 inches to 4 feet in depth. This was in the last week of October, 1898. This fall the sides of the creeks and little bays have been one mass of wild rice. It headed out in first-class shape, and ducks were more plentiful than I have known of their being for years. This, to my mind, does away with the idea that it takes three or four years for wild rice to show itself after being sowed. This fall I bought three barrels more of wild rice and am experimenting on a more ambitious scale, with what success remains to be seen.

J. B. GOODHUE.

John Gomez is Still Living.

GORDON'S PASS, Fla., Nov. 30.—Homeward bound. Have been to Panther Key. Old John is still on deck. Scarcely older than when I first knew him. The weather has been unsettled; have been wind bound half the time, but birds are plenty and fast. What more could we ask?

TARPON.

DON'T SHOOT
until you SEE your deer—and see that it is a deer and not a man.

Sea and River Fishing.

Black River Association.

UTICA, N. Y., Dec. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Black River Fish and Game Protective Association held its twelfth annual meeting on Saturday, Dec. 2. There was a good attendance, and many subjects of mutual interest were discussed.

The annual report of Treasurer H. A. Pride showed the finances of the organization to be in a very satisfactory condition.

Secretary W. E. Wolcott presented his annual report, which was in part as follows:

It seems to be the consensus of opinion among sportsmen that the game laws in New York State are now in fairly good shape, and the main thing that is lacking is a force of protectors sufficiently large to properly enforce them.

The provisions in the game laws prohibiting the use of dogs and artificial lights in hunting deer are universally commended, and have been attended with excellent results. During the summer deer were reported very numerous in the Adirondacks, but owing to the continued dry weather in the fall, which made still-hunting impossible, the number killed was considerably smaller than in 1898. It is stated that a score or more of shooting accidents occurred in the Adirondacks during the hunting season this year, and it seems desirable that some legislative action should be taken this winter with a view of affording better protection to people who desire to be in the woods in the fall. Any one who has not sufficient common sense and self-control to defer pulling the trigger until he knows positively that he is not shooting at a human being should never carry a gun in the Adirondacks or anywhere else. It has been suggested that it would be well to enact a law which shall provide that a hunter who aims at, shoots and kills a human being by accident shall be adjudged guilty of manslaughter in the second degree, and that one who shoots at and wounds without killing shall be adjudged guilty of assault in the second degree.

Before the bird shooting season opened it was thought there would be fairly good hunting in central New York this fall, but, as a rule, sportsmen have not succeeded in finding many partridges and woodcock. The law enacted by the Legislature through the efforts of Senator Coggeshall, making the open season for these birds in Oneida county from Sept. 1 to Nov. 15, is believed to be a wise one, and many hunters would be glad to have another month cut off from the first part of the season.

During the past ten years our Association has annually obtained from the State fish hatcheries large numbers of infant trout, which we have carefully planted in the waters of Oneida and Herkimer counties. This continued restocking has borne good fruits in the main, and the young fish have prospered finely. There have been some rather discouraging reports, however, from certain localities where parties who did nothing whatever toward the work of stocking have persistently caught out the small fish. Notwithstanding this fact, it is believed that the good results obtained are sufficient to warrant the continuance of the work in certain waters. Six different consignments of trout have been received and distributed by our Association this year. In March twenty cans of yearling brown trout in prime condition were planted in the new Forestport reservoir on Black River, and in June nine cans of yearling rainbow trout and fourteen cans of brown trout yearlings were placed in the same waters. In April we obtained 20,000 brown trout fry, 400 yearling brown trout and 200 yearling brook trout, which were shipped to Oriskany Falls, where they were taken in charge by Supervisor F. W. Wasmuth and distributed in the Skenandoa and Oriskany creeks. In May we obtained 50,000 brook trout fry from the Fulton Chain hatchery, which was apportioned to different towns as follows, for planting in the streams: Forestport, 9,000; Alder Creek, 4,000; Remsen, 12,000; Trenton, 5,000; Marcy, 10,000; Honnedaga, 10,000. This fall we obtained from Caledonia 500 fingerling trout to place in streams in the town of Floyd.

It is reported that the rainbow trout will do well in the State reservoir at Forestport, as they are fond of large bodies of water. James Annin, Jr., in a letter to us, said that for the past two and a half years he had been planting rainbow trout yearlings in a number of places, and in every case the most favorable reports have been received. A year or two ago plants were made in Moose River, near Old Forge, and it is said that a number were caught there last spring which showed a very gratifying growth. Very satisfactory reports have also been received from plants made in Stoney Lake, Lewis county, and Lake Titus, Franklin county. Near Hammondsport, Steuben county, last spring, a rainbow trout was captured in a stream tributary to Keuka Lake, which weighed 15 pounds. The rainbow trout are said to be very gamy and to furnish as lively sport as the speckled trout.

In regard to the subject of forest preservation, in which our Association has always taken such a deep and active interest, there is but little that is new to be said. Lumbering operations continue in the Adirondacks on an ever-increasing scale, though, of course, on private holdings and club preserves, over which the State has no jurisdiction. As yet the State has taken no steps toward acquiring title to the forests on the watersheds of the reservoirs, but it is hoped that a move in this direction will be made before long. One great victory for protection has recently been won in the decision which debarred a railroad company from constructing a line through the heart of the wilderness from Saratoga to St. Lawrence county.

Many assurances of appreciation of the good work the Black River Association has done and is doing have been received during the past year, together with voluntary promises of substantial assistance whenever it is required.

At the conclusion of the Secretary's report, Wm. L. Fowler told about his experience in capturing a rainbow trout weighing 1½ pounds in the Adirondacks last spring. The fish made an exceedingly gamy fight.

The subject of deer hunting was discussed at some length by S. R. Fuller, Chas. H. Clark, W. L. Fowler, Chas. E. Pierce, H. A. Pride and others, after which the following resolution, offered by John H. Williams, was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Association that the season for shooting deer in this State should open Sept. 15 and close on Nov. 25 in each year.

H. A. Pride spoke at some length concerning the new Forestport reservoir on Black River, which is five miles in length and half a mile wide in some places. Eight or more splendid trout streams empty into the reservoir, and he thought there ought to be good trout fishing in the reservoir tiself. He said that although the reservoir was built by the State for State purposes, the water had frequently been drawn off so that logs could be floated down stream. The reservoir would be drawn down to the natural level of the river and then allowed to fill up again. The pond is full of fish, but as far as the speaker knew, only one trout was caught there during the season. There has not been a month during the past summer, said he, when you could not count a thousand dead fish there because of this raising and lowering of the water. The President and Secretary were authorized to bring the matter to the attention of the State League.

Charles H. Clark, of Oriskany, offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That we heartily indorse the statements recently made to the Governor by the Black River Guides' Association regarding the inadequacy of the present corps of protectors to properly enforce the game laws in the Adirondacks, as we know that there has been no apparent effort by said protectors to enforce them in that territory in which we are especially interested.

Resolved, That we heartily approve the action of Governor Roosevelt in asking the State Fish, Game and Forest Commissioners for a statement as to what they have done.

J. W. Hicks offered the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of the Association that the season prohibiting hares and rabbits in Oneida county should open Oct. 1 and close Jan. 15 in each year.

The following officers were elected: President, John W. Hicks, Oriskany; Vice-President, Simeon R. Fuller, Holland Patent; Secretary, W. E. Wolcott, Utica; Treasurer, H. A. Pride, Holland Patent; Directors, Edward Robertson, Trenton; George G. Chassell, H. A. Pride, S. R. Fuller, Holland Patent; John H. Williams, Remsen; Wm. P. Dodge, Prospect; W. E. Wolcott, Utica; Delegates to State League Convention, J. W. Hicks, W. E. Wolcott.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

Southern Fish in Northern Waters.

THROUGH the courtesy of the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Hon. George M. Bowers, and that of Doctors Smith and Bumpus, in charge of the Biological Laboratory work at Wood's Holl, Mass., the writer was enabled to make some most interesting and valuable observations in the waters contiguous to the Wood's Holl Station, which was visited during August and September in behalf of the Division of Fishes, U. S. National Museum. Several days late in August and early September were spent in an examination of the shallow waters of Katama Bay, near Edgartown, Mass., and there, in sight of the small inlet from old ocean, were taken ten or more semi-tropical species of fishes, the majority of them never having been recorded north of Florida. The fishes were all young; some of them (the chætodonts, or angel fishes, the *Apogon, Holocentrus, Pseudopriacanthus* or big-eye, in its livery of bright red, and the snowy grouper) were beautifully colored. Two of these, the chætodonts and big-eye, had been recorded from the vicinity years ago. The snowy grouper had also been recorded from the New England coast. Following is a list of those new to our Northern fauna:

Groupers: *Epinephelus morio, E. adscensionis, Garrupa nigrita, Mycteroperca venenosa apua* and *bonaci,* and *Trisotropis brunneus.*

King of the mullets, *Apogon maculatus.*

Squirrel fish, *Holocentrus ascensionis.*

Surgeon fish, *Teuthis hepatus* and *bahianus.*

Rascacio, or poison groupers, *Scorpæna plumieri* and *grandicornis.*

Black pilot, *Eupomacentrus leucostictus.*

The groupers were comparatively rare, from 2½ to 3½ inches long; king of the mullets rare; squirrel fish rare; rascacio rare; black pilot rare; surgeon fish rather rare. Quite a number of snowy grouper, chætodonts and big-eyes were seined. These made a brilliant showing in the aquarium, where they were kept alive some time.

The presence of these Southern forms in Northern waters surprised us very much, especially when we considered how much these waters had been explored since the formation of the U. S. Fish Commission in 1871. Considerable Gulf weed (*Sargassum*) is drifted into this bay, and it therefore seems reasonable to suppose that these little fishes may be hatched in among this weed and drift with it to the far North. It is possible, too, that eggs are floated into the shelter of Katama Bay and the young hatched there. The Gulf Stream is one hundred miles off shore at this point.

Captain Vinal N. Edwards, collector for the Fish Commission, had charge of the seining operations, and science owes much to him for his indefatigable labors, extending over many years.

B. A. BEAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Nov. 30.

Three Things in His Favor.

MANCHESTER, O., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is with pleasure that I send you a photo of Mr. Ed McNeil, with his latest catch of jack salmon. These fish were taken from the Ohio River, just opposite Manchester.

Every one in our village looks upon Ed as being authority on fish and fishing. Ed has three things to recommend him: He is a good boy, a good angler and a good business man. Having fought his way to the front he is to-day our leading grocer, doing a fine business, both in the wholesale and retail trade.

Mr. McNeil, with a party of friends, has just returned from a three weeks' outing in the wilds of Arkansas. They report having had a fine time.

C. W. C.

The Kill of a King.

A STALWART son of a race whose sun has set, holds firmly the birch canoe, a product of his own handiwork, carved at bow and stern, with strange scenes of camp life, and the stranger words that mean so much when a translation is given; while I with the stinted grace of the white man, succeed in settling myself in the seat prepared and made comfortable by a broad back covered with deer skin, the cushion fashioned from interwoven dried grasses. A strong shove that sends the frail craft out into the sparkling wavelets, my guide, Lomay, seating himself and using the paddles, all in one apparent movement alone, and we are off for the grounds. The net hangs from the stern within easy reach of my copper-hued boatman.

Such a morning! Keen and crisp the air. Winds that tickle into motion the surface of the lake. Green bedecked islands, whose shores, proud in their wealth of trees of fir, and blackened rocks snapping into purring foam the waters that quiver against them.

Dark are the shadows of the distant land, while spots of color, gliding on and then lost to view coming from other craft, each with its occupants intent on the sport of the day, and each possessing a distinct and vivid coloring that lends its charm to the scene.

Boldly my little birch is pushed by vigorous paddle strokes into the center of the lake, for we are bound for a place still far away.

It is early in springtime. The water is so cold that it requires no imagination to wonder that floating ice is not seen. While the fish held in this zone of chill must be active to keep from freezing, yet comes the disadvantage that the gaudy, dainty fly is no lure, so one is forced to offer a more substantial repast. Under these circumstances, use the small live minnow, on a single hook, to be sunk a trifle under the surface, well swiveled and with plenty of good line, a reel that runs well and can be relied upon, and a rod strong, not heavy, 8 to 10 ounces in weight. Two rods equipped in this manner give fair play with plenty of chances for a biting fish to free himself in case of any slight carelessness or a strike that is too light. We near the battlefield. Several small fish are taken, fresh baits are made as tempting as possible; and keeping just far enough from the shore, we glide on, still believing, while still retracing, for here it is that many a good fish has been captured. The winds are growing sterner in their strength, the whitecaps are larger, the wavelets are growing rapidly into real waves. Skill is required in the handling, and right well does Lomay, kneeling in the canoe and putting the strength of his muscles into every stroke, keep me safe from an ice-cold watery grave.

'Tis now a time when the small fry take to the more sheltered creeks and nooks, and our minnow seen flashing in its turnings is an attractive bait. The rod held in the left hand feels a moderate strike; but no sooner do I begin to reel in than a mighty whirr from the right hand reel causes me to pass the first rod to Lomay and leave it to him to capture or not as best he can. For now I know there will be a battle, and grasping the right hand rod I check suddenly the swiftness of the departing line. Then, with intense satisfaction, I see a magnificent jump far astern, and the sight of a beautiful landlocked salmon rewards me.

Steady, steady it now must be.

The fish strikes the water and darts away, luckily for me, in the right line of direction. Meantime Lomay has succeeded, I do not know how, in reeling in his line and still keeping the canoe rightly. He wastes no time in using a net, but lifts the fish into the boat, not waiting even to kill.

Now my beauty tires a bit, then spurts in another direction. Guiding as best I can, and swinging him completely over to the other side, he moves like a restive horse, trying to swim away with everything. But we are in deep water; I give him the butt, and he tires again, sullen in his wrath, sinking deeper, nearing the bottom. A sharp pull starts him from this mood. Again he flies from the top of a wave high into the air. All is ready for him; the line holds him safe when he touches the water. He tries pulling against all the opposing forces, seeking to make a run under the boat. Here he fails, as he is strongly held, and gradually eases away, until suddenly he dashes a short distance, immediately making his jump, shaking his grand old head in the effort to throw out the hook that holds him fast. Once more he fails and darts away, growing a trifle weaker in his rush. Now he is being reeled in. This time he is seen lying on his side. He looks as if soon he would be our "meat." But not so at all. As he sees the boat, with a powerful swing he rights himself and rushes like a frightened deer, bending the rod until it seems that it must break.

Soon the strain is too great for him. He stops for a meager respite, but no time is given and he is turned on his side, being slowly reeled in. The nearness to the canoe starts afresh his endeavors. With a tug that cannot be controlled, he makes a magnificent run far away toward the deeper water, pulling the canoe with him. Surely this is his last struggle, I think as I begin to wind in, but long before the line is half shortened he plunges upward, and as quickly down. No play can be granted. The line is made tighter; the butt is given, and a test between fish and tackle ensues, in which the tackle triumphs surely and slowly. On the surface he is seen, and near enough to try the net; but useless it is. As if he knew well that net, he gathers all his powers and darts away from it. Three times this same fighting is gone through with. At a fourth trial the net closes about him. He is lifted from his home, exhausted and panting. The spirit of fight still remains. Even the quick blow on his head from a heavy piece of wood has to be repeated before he gives up that wonderful gamy life; and as he quivering lies so, in rainbow lines the shades of coloring flash out, as if a halo of gorgeous tints should mark the death of a king, as king indeed he is, weighing 8½ pounds.

A long fight, a strong fight and a plucky death. Inch for inch marked the battle, one by one only had each counter movement been met. Lomay, the stoic, even grunts out "Good"—high praise from his lips—while I, content, tired by the exertion, rest, filling and lighting my briar, as smoother waters are reached, where soon beside a glowing fire each and every move of the struggle is talked over again.

So this day was a marked one, and now, as the king looks down at me with his real glass eye, as I see him almost alive on the wall of my den, I dream of the invasion of his domain and of his capture; and could he but speak, I feel would say, "I had fair play, even if kingdom and life were lost." So would I in sparkling wine drink to his memory in praise of his nerve, his work and the royal sport he gave.

F. M. JOHNSON.

BOSTON.

Landing Nets in Pennsylvania.

FOLLOWING is the full text of Judge Craig's opinion in the Pennsylvania landing net case:

Opinion.

THIS is a proceeding under section 1 of the act of Assembly of May 22, 1889, P. L. 267. It was conceded at the argument that the decision of the case rests with us, without the intervention of a jury; Com. vs. Waldman, 140 Pa., 89.

It is charged that the defendant violated the law in using a net, an appliance other than rod, hook and line, while catching trout. The uncontradicted evidence is, and we so find from the testimony, that the defendant did, on April 15, 1899, fish for trout in McMichael's Creek, Monroe county, Pennsylvania, using rod, hook and line, with fly and reel, and, after hooking a trout, further employed a landing net for the purpose of lifting it from its natural element and bringing it to shore, and putting it into his physical possession. Is this, the catching of a fish, by making use of a net, or any other appliance, except rod, hook and line, within the meaning of the act of Assembly?

The language of the act of Assembly is this:

"That, hereafter, no person or persons shall cast, draw, fasten or otherwise make use of any seine, drift-net, fyke-net, or net or nets of any other description, or use any other appliance, for the catching of fish, except rod, hook and line, in any rivers, streams or waters of this commonwealth," etc.

Manifestly, if we interpret the words, "rod, hook and line" within the limitation of their literal import, then it would be obnoxious to this act to use a reel, or fly, or bait, or bob, or sinker, or squid in connection with rod, hook and line, when fishing for game fish; for these are appliances for catching fish, in the general sense of the terms. Such interpretation would be contrary to the legislative intent, for it would practically defeat all catching of game fish. Such a construction would lead to absurdity; and it is not presumed that the Legislature intended their own stultification. Hence, it is held that, when the language of an act is susceptible of two senses, the sense will be adopted which will not lead to absurd consequences; Amer. and Eng. Ency. of Law, Vol. 23, page 362; Endlich on Interp. of Statutes, Sec. 925.

At the argument, it seemed to be conceded by the Commonwealth that the appliances we have named could be used, in connection with the rod, hook and line, in catching game fish without violating the statute. But the stress of the contention was made to rest upon the use of the landing net by the defendant, in getting physical possession of the trout after it was hooked, or, as the Commonwealth put it, in catching fish by using a landing net, in connection with rod, hook and line. Much argument was expended on the question, Was the fish caught when hooked, or was it not caught until it was put into physical possession of the defendant by means of a landing net? At first blush, this seems a question worthy of the best days of the schoolmen. Happily we are relieved from the niceties of words and abstract ideas by the testimony of experts in fishing. These were judges and lawyers and doctors and fish commissioners, and public officials, and men of large and small affairs, who had had long practical experience. The preponderating weight of their evidence is that a game fish is caught when hooked, and that the landing net is used, either conveniently or necessarily, for bringing the fish into the physical possession of the fisherman. Accordingly, we find the fact to be as thus testified to.

The argument is largely concerned with the definition of the word "catch." In construing it, we are to take the ordinary and popular meaning; Amer. and Eng. Enc. of Law, Vol. 23, page 326; Endlich on Interp. of Statutes, Sec. 76. But here we are not without perplexity. There are few words in the English language which have such a variety of meanings as the word catch. Webster's International Dictionary gives fifteen shades of meaning, one of which is "to take captive, as in a snare or net or on a hook, as to catch a bird or fish." The Century Dictionary gives twenty-two meanings of the word, one of which is "to take captive, as in a snare or trap; to take with a lure or bait, as to catch a fish." The Standard Dictionary furnishes thirteen meanings, one of which is "to take by trapping, or snaring; to take with a bait or by strategem, as to catch fish, game, etc." So, if we appeal to popular usage, as reflected in lexicons, we are left in uncertainty as to what the exact meaning of the word "catch" is in the act. A bear, or a skunk, or a rat, captured alive in a trap, under these definitions, may be said to be caught in the ordinary and popular meaning, although not in the physical possession of the trapper. So, a trout may be said to be caught when held by the hook, as well as when in the landing net or creel.

In construing this act, we must not forget that it is penal in its character, and therefore subject to general rule of strict construction: that "where an act contains such an ambiguity as to leave reasonable doubt of its meaning, it is the duty of the Court not to inflict the penalty; that where it admits of two constructions, that which operates in favor of life or liberty is to be preferred;" Endlich on Interp. of Statutes, Sec. 330. This rule would compel us to construe the doubtful phraseology of the act against the infliction of the penalty and in favor of the liberty of the citizen. As we have already shown that to catch a trout may mean either when it is hooked or when it is landed with a landing net, it follows that under the rule applicable to penal statutes we must adopt the construction most favorable to the defendant.

But, according to our view, it is not necessary to employ this rule of construction in the decision of this case. The phrase "rod, hook and line" is a very old one. In "A Treatyse of Fysshynge Wyth an Angle," by Dame Juliana A. Berners, edited 1496, we read as follows: "The beste to my symple dysercion wythe is fishynge, called anyglynge with rodde and a lyne and an hooke." And we find our Legislature using this same phrase, in what appears a technical sense, in the acts of May 16, 1878; June 3, 1878; June 10, 1884, and acts of May 22, 1889, P. L., 47, 50 and 64, and act of May 20, 1891. This phrase "rod, hook and line" is applied to the catching of all kinds of game fish in these various acts, and to all the waters and streams of the Commonwealth, including the waters of Lake Erie, bays, ponds and bayous adjacent thereto. We cannot believe that the Legislature, in using the phrase "rod, hook and line," intended so narrow and unreasonable a construction as is urged by the Commonwealth. So common and universal is the use of reels, fly-hooks, bait, bobs, sinkers and squids in fishing with rod, hook and line that we may take them to be included in the phrase "rod, hook and line," in ordinary and popular use. Therefore, if we construe the legislative language according to its popular acceptation, we are bound to hold that the appliances, or things just named, were understood and intended by the Legislature to be included in the phrase "rod, hook and line"; Phil. & Erie R. R. Co. vs. Catawissa R. R. Co., 53 Pa., 20; Endlich on Interp. of Statutes, Sec. 85. This is the natural and obvious import of the phrase, without resorting to subtle and forced construction for the purpose either of limiting or extending its operation. Possibly this construction will be conceded by the Commonwealth. But the contention is that a landing net is not of such common and universal use as to be included in the phrase "rod, hook and line." Certain it is that the landing net was in common use by fishermen as far back as 1653, for Izaak Walton, in his "Complete Angler," makes Piscator say: "But what say you now? There is a trout now, and a good one, too, if I can but hold him, and two or three turns more will tire him. Now you see he lies still, and the sleight is to land him. Reach me that landing net. So, sir, now he is mine own. What say you now? Is not this worth all my labor and your patience?" So, in Prime's "I Go a-Fishing," we find the following: "But when once you have hooked your fish, the light rod is vastly to be preferred, after becoming accustomed to handle it, whatever and wherever be the water. For the principle of the rod is in reality only this: That it is the home end of the line, stiffened and made springy, so that you can guide and manage it—cast and draw, keep a gentle pressure with it on the hook, so that the fish shall not rid himself of it, and finally lift him to the landing net." Again, in the "American Angler's Book," by Norris, the author says: "I have known anglers handle fish (trout) so well as to make a practice of slipping the hand gently down the leader, and then seizing them behind the gills, sometimes wearing a hand glove to insure a firmer grasp. Few, however, have sufficient skill and coolness for such dangerous practice. A landing net is almost indispensable when there is no convenient place for landing your prize on the bank, or when wading ashore would disturb the quiet of the pool." All the testimony in this case is to the effect that the landing net is, and has been, in ordinary, common and almost universal use by those who fish for trout with rod, hook and line. In our view, therefore, the landing net was as much within the legislative intent when using the words "rod, hook and line" as was the fly-hook, reel, bait and such like appliances.

To assist the correctness of the argument, let us consider what a landing net, is, and its use. The Century Dictionary defines a landing net as "a kind of scoop net used to bring to land or to hand a fish which has been caught." Substantially the same definition will be found in the Standard and Webster dictionaries. Its use is not to catch a fish separately, as they are caught in fyke and drift nets and seines; but its use is to land the fish after it is hooked. As we have already observed, a fish is caught when hooked. Hence, under this view, a landing net would be necessarily part of the act of catching, but simply a convenient means of obtaining physical possession. And, hence, also, the use of it, as used by the defendant, was not a violation of the letter or spirit of the act of Assembly. A landing net is useless as a separate appliance for catching fish; and is in no sense a complete appliance for catching fish, like a seine, drift-net or fyke-net when cast, drawn or fastened, or otherwise made use of.

The purpose of the Legislature in passing the acts relating to the catching of game fish is perfectly plain. It was to stop their indiscriminate and unreasonable destruction, so that the streams and waters might be kept stocked. Hence, the law limits fising to certain seasons and to certain means. The mischief was the extinction of game fish by means of nets; and the nets named are seines, drift-nets, fyke-nets and nets of like character. Landing nets are not named in any of the acts. Hand or cast nets are, in the sixth section of the act under consideration. But hand or cast nets are not landing nets. Then, can landing nets be included in the phrase "nets of any other description"? As we have already stated, landing nets are useless as separate appliances for catching fish. Therefore, they are not ejusdem generis with seines, drift-nets and fyke-nets, and cannot be included in the phrase "nets of any other description." For the rule of law is that where a general word follows particular and specified words of the same nature as itself, it takes its meaning from them, and is presumed to be restricted to the same genus as those words; or, in other words, as comprehending only things of the same kind as those designated by them; Endlich on Interp. of Statutes, Sec. 405. Hence, we are of opinion that landing nets are not included in the nets prohibited by the acts of Assembly. It seems clear to us, if the Legislature meant to prohibit the use of landing nets in fishing for game fish, when the landing net was in such common and almost universal use, they would have said so in plain and unmistakable language. The fact that they did not is persuasive that they did not mean to include landing nets among the prohibitions.

The diversion or sport of fishing is engaged in by many persons, and the policy of the Commonwealth has been to encourage the pastime. If we were to hold the law to be as contended by the Commonwealth in this case, we should, as shown by the testimony, destroy the very purpose of the Commonwealth. The construction we give to the act of May 22, 1889, will, in our opinion, best effectuate the intention of the Legislature. And this is what we are required to do; Com. vs. Fraim, 16 Pa., 163. Of course, if the law prohibited the use of landing nets in game fishing, in plain and unmistakable language, it

would be our duty, and we would not hesitate so to hold. But we think the fair and reasonable and just construction of the act of Assembly is plainly to the contrary.

The defendant has asked us to find a number of facts and to answer certain requests of law. Our answer is that the findings of fact and answers of law are fully covered by this opinion.

And now, Nov. 15, 1899, for the reasons above given, it is adjudged that the conviction of the defendant and the judgment against him be reversed and the proceeding in this case be set aside.

By the Court. ALLEN CRAIG, Pres. Judge.

"An Experience at Roberval."

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention has been drawn to an article in your issue of 25th inst., under the heading of "An Experience at Roberval," from Messrs. C. P. M. Rumford and Robert R. Logan, complaining of the charges made in our account against them while on a visit to Roberval last summer.

I thought that by this time they had become reconciled to the objections they made to a settlement of an account presented them for camping charges in connection with a trip they took up the Mistassini River last summer, but since they have thought it necessary to air their views in your paper, it is only fair that the other side of the question should be known.

Those two gentlemen state that they visited the Lake St. John country two years since and went out camping under the arrangements of the hotel at the rate of $7 per day each, which is correct. This rate of $7 per day is a fixed arrangement, and covers the wages of two guides and the use of canoe that we provide each sportsman, and includes the cost of provisions and use of camping equipment for a trip—nothing extra being charged for the privilege of fishing on our waters.

Some months previous to their visit to Roberval last summer, Mr. Rumford wrote us, asking if the hotel and fishing territory were open to guests as in other years, and I replied that our hotels and fishing controlled by the proprietor were open to guests under the usual arrangements. Those two sportsmen came in among other arrivals at the hotel one afternoon in the month of August last, and were assigned to rooms, and the next morning they left the hotel hurriedly without saying that they were going out on our waters under their own arrangements. They left the house without seeking any information, mind you, and without giving us a chance to be interested in the trip, and owing to the multiplicity of letters we receive and answer, the correspondence we had with Mr. Rumford some time previous was overlooked. Upon their return to the hotel we presented them with a bill for camping charges for the number of days that they were out at the rate of $7 per day each, with an allowance deducted for the entire disbursements that we would have made in connection with the trip had we fitted them out. So much for police protection. Had they paid the guides the standard rate of wages, the outing, including the bill they paid us, would have panned out about $7 per day, but unfortunately for themselves, they had treated direct with the guides, unknown to the hotel, and I believe paid them twice what the men were accustomed to receive from us for their services. This is where the outrage comes in, and since it was their own creation they should not blame anybody else for their mistakes. Notwithstanding their plea of ignorance of existing circumstances and law, they were told that the fishing controlled by the proprietor was open to guests under the usual arrangements. They should, therefore, have made arrangements with us for their trip up river, but in order to have a cheaper outing than the hotel could afford to give them, they undertook, as they admit in their letter to your paper, to reduce the cost of the trip by treating direct with the guides, with the result above stated. They did not get permission from us to go out on those waters under such circumstances, and as far as I know, did not look for consent from anybody else.

Your correspondents state that they were allowed to believe that $5 per day, out of the $7 per day rate, went to the guides, and the balance was applied for provisions. The idea is ridiculous. If such were the case, where would the profit come in for the hotel? Do Messrs. Rumford and Logan expect that we should give everything for nothing? Whatever business or profession they follow, I am quite satisfied that they do not do everything for nothing. If they spent their vacation within the hotel, instead of camping out up river, would they expect us to figure out what the food, etc., they consumed cost, and allow no margin for profit in making our rates for board? It cost the proprietor a lot of money to establish the hotels at the lake and to secure the fishing rights he controls, and no true sportsman should expect us to do everything for cost price.

If we allowed sportsmen who simply stay over night at the hotel the day of their arrival for the purpose of making it a starting point, to take a trip on our waters under their own arrangements, it would be rather a generous way of doing business.

When Messrs. Rumford and Logan make the statement that the country is void of large game, it should be remembered that they are not in a frame of mind to bestow compliments on our institutions, and for their information and benefit I would say that after their departure from Roberval we fitted out other guests who went into the woods after fish and big game, and they returned reporting excellent luck in both directions. I might also add that one of our employees who was up to Lake St. John quite recently met many residents of the place who reported moose and caribou roaming around in large herds.

I trust that you will give this publication in your valuable paper, and that it will place us in a correct position before your readers.

H. G. BEEMER, Manager of Hotels.

QUEBEC, Nov. 27.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

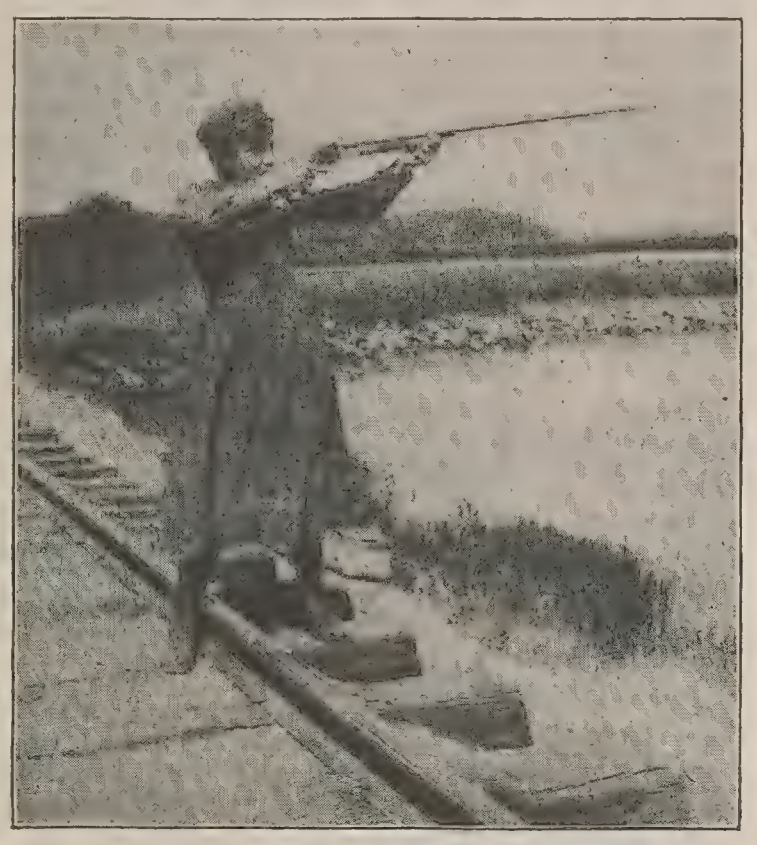
Fishing Up and Down the Potomac.

"Good Hunting."

KIPLING'S salutation of the jungle peoples is a fitting comment on the records of the week on and by Potomac waters.

The largest small-mouth bass of the season was taken in tide water at Analostan, or Little River, opposite Georgetown, just inside the causeway. The fish was 19 inches long, and plump, weighing 5 pounds 2½ ounces. Its mouth, stretched, would just accommodate an average lemon; a big-mouth of the same weight would take a fist. This bass carried spawn and the vent inflamed as in the spring season. It is interesting to note that both large and small-mouth have been taken in tide water carrying spawn in the fall. Whether these are prematurely cast and lost, or development checked when the hard weather comes, is not clear, as the Commission has had too little opportunity for observation with this fish in its new habitat.

This "top-liner" was taken by Samuel Kidwell and James Gallagher, with live bait. They caught fifteen



"HANDLES A ROD, GUN OR PADDLE."

fish, the smallest 1½ pounds, and all large-mouth except this one.

Another small-mouth of 5 pounds was reported taken at Sycamore Island, above Little Falls, but as on the following day it was quoted at 6 pounds 6 ounces, the record is spoiled. Abnormal growth of this sort has given to the fisherman a reputation he does not deserve, for investigation proves the taradiddle is always the invention of the man who did not catch the fish.

Occoquan continues to furnish famous strings of big-mouth bass, and also a mild sensation in a report that some of the citizens were using dynamite to capture fish. It is said that four sticks fired off below the town resulted in a total of half a dozen carp. This of course did



QUANTICO.

not measure the destruction, as the fish with ruptured air-bladders would sink, and indeed it is rumored that quantities of fish of all kinds and sizes were washed ashore. This may not be true.

No arrests were made, as it is claimed Virginia has no law against this outrage that has been legislated against in so many of the States. Two defenses were made by the guilty parties to their indignant neighbors. One that they wanted meat, and the other that they were tired seeing so many strangers coming down to rob them of their fish. This latter is unjust, since every party left more money in the little place than would have purchased the fish caught.

The bass were not their private property, but were put into State waters from the outside with appropriations levied on 75,000,000 people. Without the bass the little town would be deader than it is. With the reputation this season has given it it promises next year to be the most frequented place on the river. But there must be no more fishing with explosives.

The brutality of a method that destroys so much to realize so little so outrages public sentiment that it can never be practiced where more than two or three are gathered together.

Many of the little runs on both sides of the Potomac are being netted and furnishing so many barrels of bass that this market has been overstocked, and shipments are being made to Philadelphia and other outside points. The average weight of the catch is roughly estimated at 1½ pounds, though 5 and 6-pounders are not uncommon.

Prof. Wilkinson, who has been for thirty years an examiner in the Patent Office, and is the Dean of the corps, with his colleague Mr. Mason, tempted by the fairy stories of big strings of bass on the lower Potomac, went down to Quantico to have a try.

The great hotel there, with more than a hundred rooms, intended by the ambitious land company which erected it as a rival to Old Point, is standing, but slightly disfigured. Racked by the blizzard of last year, the artificial stone of which it is built disintegrated under a leak on the southern wall, and the end collapsed, settling to a mass of rubble, and has never been repaired. If one can overcome a nervous dread that the rest will follow suit before his holiday is done, there are still comfortable quarters to be found in it, and another season like the last will insure its restoration.

The present owner, Mr. Max Lansburgh, with other more profitable interests to claim his attention, is entirely indifferent to its condition, but there is much talk of organizing a club to be located here. It is so easy of access that if made attractive the great plenty of bass and other fish which has so advertised it this year will insure good seasons till poaching netters spoil it again.

The hotel contains several objects of interest, including a bed room set intended for Dom Pedro of Brazil, with his monogram on the canopy. The bed is a massive pile of carved curly walnut 14 feet high that cost $1,500. The front of the canopy is 3 or 4 feet deep, and there are niches for statuettes and insets of onyx in the pillars at the foot. The manufacturer failed to complete it within the time limit, and it was left on his hands. Mr. Lansburgh, with bright hopes of making of this a popular resort, secured it for the "best room," but it was never set up; indeed, it is doubtful if any ceiling in the house would accommodate the monster. The shadow of 1893 was already on us, and with another fond dream of that day this faded, but left this rack behind.

There was here, too, a pier glass of heavy beveled plate, with an elaborate crystal frame, which had been an attractive exhibit at an inaugural ball, and was valued at $2,500. Strangely enough, this sold under a little judgment, and was carried off; it probably cost more than the purchase price, $7.50, to load it on the vehicle that was to transport it over the country roads. All this has little to do with fishing, and yet the surroundings are a part of every fish we catch.

A half mile north of the town an outlet to a little marsh has been enlarged by an artificial canal, now nearly choked with water lilies, and into this on the swelling tide the bass pour twice a day and feed on the frightened smelt in the pocket.

If all the fish taken from this narrow channel this season could be at once restored they would so fill it as to resemble those Alaskan streams where one is supposed to be able to walk over fish as over pontoons.

Here Prof. Wilkinson's party, who were the last visitors here, took their fish and caught a goodly string. The high hook for the day was Howard, the landlord's son, who secured one of above 4 pounds, the heaviest of the season here, with hook and line. This was good eating, as was duly attested by Charles Hallock, Mr. Mason and the Professor, who discussed it with trimmings next day for lunch, and further testimony secured that the big-mouth bass is not to be distinguished from the little-mouth on the platter with your eyes shut. Prof. Wilkinson uses a rod with a history—a salmon rod of split bamboo about 18 feet long, one of the first made by Leonard, valued then at $100 and given to Mr. Hallock, by whom it was presented to the Professor more than a quarter century ago. He has never used any other since, and the rod has been neither re-wrapped nor varnished in that time. It is still in excellent condition and seems good for another century, which shows those authors are right who contend that with mild usage and care a rod ought to last a man a lifetime.

One of the most successful and ardent anglers of the season was a fifteen-year-old girl, whose portrait given shows her with another implement with which she is fairly expert. She has the advantage of unlimited time, but has the love of outdoors and probably more bass to her credit this year than most of the regulars. She handles a rod, gun or paddle with creditable skill, and is a first-rate helper to manage a skiff or land a fish.

There have been a good many ducks about, and canvasbacks and redheads have been killed within rifle shot of Washington. Just off from Arsenal Point the other evening Tom Taylor, Jr., shot at what he thought was a duck, a fisherman, but it proved to be a wanderer from Labrador—Bruennich's murre (*Uria lomvia*), one of the auks. It was a beautiful bird, three-quarters grown, in splendid plumage, but emaciated. It is seldom found south of New York, though three years ago they were picked up in Ohio and even South Carolina. This bird, sometimes called the foolish guillemot, for its feet are so far back it moves with difficulty on land and can be killed with clubs, forms an important article of diet with the Esquimaux. The books speak of it as having dark, tough meat, but Dr. Palmer, who collected the specimens in the Smithsonian, and who has dined off them often in their Arctic home, declares it to be excellent eating when young and plump. It is no indication of a severe winter to follow to find so unusual a visitor, for, as often as is asserted to the contrary, the animals know no more about next month's weather than our bureau, and the best this can do is to tell us what the climate has been for a series of years, and we can on this if we like make our own predictions, based on periodicity or sun spots; but all the rest, including the almanac maker's, are like those of the hop.

A present storm may drive the birds of the air, but they worry no more over those to come than over the whereabouts of Aguinaldo. HENRY TALBOTT.

The New York Oyster Commissioner.

IN some paragraphs concerning terms of State officials expiring during the last year of Governor Roosevelt's term, the Albany Journal has this:

"The terms of all five of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commissioners will expire on April 25. They are: Barnett H. Davis, of Palmyra; William F. Weed, of Pots-

dam; Charles H. Babcock, of Rochester; Edward Thompson, of Northport, and Hendrick S. Holden, of Syracuse. There has been some talk of abolishing the present Commission and appointing in its stead a single-headed Commission, but thus far it has not got beyond the point of suggestion. Governor Roosevelt wants a thoroughly effective department for the protection of fish and game, and the forests, and should he become convinced that by centering the authority in one official he could secure better results than are obtainable from a Commission of five members, he will, in all probability, recommend the change."

If we could have the ear of Governor Roosevelt we should seek to impress on him the great advantage to public interests reasonably sure to result from separation of the oyster planting and general sea coast fishery business from all connection with the Fish, Forest and Game Commission. This body is organized with a dominant regard to the promotion of sport; and its propagation of food fishes in interior fresh waters, however useful in itself, or whether its practical effects do or do not justify the large annual outlay under supervision of five high-priced Commissioners, is rather an incident than a real object of the work which the Commission aims to carry on. Without entering on a discussion of this work, it is enough to say that the market value of all the fresh-water fish sent to New York is hardly a tenth part of the value of the oysters alone there marketed, to say nothing of the other products of salt waters. And the taking of those products is a matter of business, into which the element of sport does not enter. To manage and help develop these extensive business fisheries, employing a small army of men and yielding annual values that already run up to millions, there should be one man of practical experience and knowledge, who should have nothing to do with the Forest, Fish and Game Commission. If economy be the watchword, as it should be, two single-head Commissions of competent men could do all the essential work of the present five, and better subserve the interests affected, whether of sport or business. Here is an opportunity to serve the people and save money.—Greenport (Long Island) Watchman.

New York State League.

The annual meeting of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League was held in Syracuse on Thursday of this week. A report of the proceedings will be given in our next issue. In a notice inviting the membership of clubs, Secretary Gould says:

Seneca Falls, N. Y., Nov. 25.—You will please to take notice that at a regular annual meeting of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League held Dec. 8, 1898, it was duly resolved that the Secretary correspond with representatives of all associations who have been identified with the old State Association, and request that if it be their desire to continue their connection with the present Association, they should send to the said Secretary the list of their officers and the number of their membership, together with the dues for the ensuing year. And further, that the Secretary be empowered to inform them that in the absence of any heretofore expressed intention on their part to continue their association with the new organization all dues due and payable prior to Dec. 1, 1898, are remitted.

Please comply with the terms of this resolution at once.

Very truly yours,

Ernest G. Gould, Secretary.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

"Speaking of Dogs."

Well, "speaking of dogs," here is a story Capt. John Codman tells in the New York Times:

Many years ago I was the second mate on the ship Carolina, of Boston, commanded by Capt. Stephen Lemist. He had on board a fine black, shaggy Newfoundland dog called Neptune. Nep was the pet of all hands as well as of his master. He had the full liberty of the quarterdeck and sometimes availed himself of it by carelessly walking about on the taffrail. We were bound to New Orleans, and were being towed up the Mississippi in company with four other vessels. Nep was walking on the rail, as was his occasional custom, when he unfortunately lost his balance and fell overboard. It was impossible to stop without disarranging the tow, which the captain of the tug would not consent to do. So Capt. Lemist and the grief-stricken crew were constrained to leave the dog to his fate. For a while he swam after the fleet, but finding that he could not keep up with us, he struck out for the western shore of the river, seeing that he was nearest to that side. The only satisfaction that we had was that his life was in no danger, for we were sure that he would reach the land. As for ourselves, we mourned that we had forever parted company with our dear shipmate, and the captain, as I can see him now, laid his head upon the binnacle and sobbed like a child. We were about fifty miles below New Orleans at the time of the accident, and in a few hours were berthed at the levee, where we remained for three days discharging our cargo. A freight of cotton and tobacco for London was engaged, and we were towed up to Lafayette, some three or four miles above, to take it in, and were berthed the third outside in a tier of vessels, the cargo being carried on planks over the decks of the others. One morning after we had been there two days, as we were busily engaged at our work, to our utter astonishment Nep walked on board!

It is almost needless to say that our joy equaled his own. Wagging his organ of recognition, as a dog's tail has been so aptly termed, and crying in a dog's language of delight, he jumped upon every one of his old friends, entirely ignoring the stevedores, whom he did not know, and then rushed down the companionway in search of the captain, who did not happen to be on board. Then he came on deck dejected and wobegone, taking no further interest in any of us beyond casting about his inquiring looks. I expect to be believed, for I am telling the truth, when I say that the big tears stood in his eyes. The captain had gone ashore to his consignee's office in the city, as the chief mate knew. "Come, Nep," said he; "come along. Nep understood him readily enough, as he jumped on the stage over the other vessels' decks and followed him down to the office, where he was clasped in his fond master's arms. There is not a particle of fiction in this pathetic story. How Neptune found his ship was beyond our ken; we merely guessed that he had traveled fifty miles up the river till he came to the ferry, crossed over to New Orleans and then found his way up to Lafayette, walked over two tiers of ships and reached his old home again.

How did he find it? He yearned to tell us, for he knew that it was in our minds to ask him. But, alas! he could not speak. He was denied the gift that God has given to so many human brutes who have immortal souls, while he, when "life's fitful fever" was ended, went back to dust whence all of us came. But who knows if this is true? Why should a dog not be immortal because, although with two legs more than a man, he happens to have no voice, and why should all men be immortal because they can stand up on two legs and make more noise than dogs from their mouths?

New Publications.

"Just About a Boy."

Readers of this journal will remember the charming chapers "Just About a Boy," signed El Comancho. They will remember how much of nature, whether it was wild nature or human nature, appeared in these chapter, and a great number of them will recall that they were heartily in sympathy with the Boy, who was the simple hero of this pleasant story.

Those who at that time read the chapters in Forest and Stream will be glad to have them in permanent form and to know that the book has been published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., of Chicago and New York. As a specimen of book making the volume is very attractive; but after all it is the matter found in the volume which appeals to us most strongly. A good book handsomely gotten up is doubly good, but a poor book handsomely gotten up is doubly bad, for it disappoints expectations which have been aroused.

The Boy was discovered fishing, by a fisherman on a fishing trip, and the common interest of boy and author then and there created a bond of sympathy which later took them over many miles of country, up and down rivers, over prairies, across deserts and to mountain tops. They shot, they fished, they trapped, they hunted bees; and at last, after many adventures, happily because simply told, they came to their home.

There is much in the volume which treats of the lore of outdoor life, and it is pleasant and profitable reading, not only for the profit that comes from the pleasure, but also for that which comes from instruction pleasantly and wisely given.

The author has had a wide experience over the West, from the Missouri River to the Pacific. The period treated of is fifteen or twenty years ago, during the transition between the wild and unsettled West and the spread of population away from the railroad and into the mountains.

The volume may be commended to boys of any age, and the old boys are likely to enjoy it quite as much as those whose age is nearer that of the hero of the book. Its tone is good, and it can only do good.

Wild Life in Hampshire.

Many of the angling readers of Forest and Stream will recall the name of Geo. A. B. Dewar, author of the book of the "Dry Fly," and will remember its pleasing style. These will be glad to learn that J. M. Dent & Co., of London, have just published for Mr. Dewar a volume on "Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands."

The book treats of outdoor life in England and is written in a very charming style. Mr. Dewar takes his readers through cultivated fields and pastures, and stretches of woodland and along delightful trout brooks, and tells them what he sees there and much about the ways of the birds and the animals. Most interesting of all, perhaps, is what he says of the great bustard, a bird which has become extinct in the British Isles. He quotes from Chafin as having seen in Hampshire twenty-five bustards in 1751, and from Gilbert White's diary and that of his brother Henry, of seeing flocks of these birds about 1780.

In Hampshire, in winter, is seen the woodcock, that great bird nearly twice the size of ours, though of course they are not abundant. The author discourses learnedly on the pleasing flavor of the woodcock's trail.

Many of the mammals receive attention at Mr. Dewar's hands, among them the badger, which is still fairly abundant.

The volume is beautifully gotten up, is illustrated with seven full-page photogravures and is from all points of view attractive.

AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The Forest and Stream—in a year's subscription—is an appropriate and sure to be appreciated gift for a father, husband, son, brother, cousin, uncle, nephew, or one's pastor, lawyer, pupil, teacher or friend. The giving will be for fifty-two weeks. And with the paper may well go, for this year's Christmas, one of the large engravings "Alert" (moose), "The Challenge" (elk), "What's That?" (antelope), "Listen" (blacktail deer), "Close Quarters" (Mr. Osthaus' painting of Ripsey on point). These are on plates 12½ x 19 inches, on paper 22 x 28 ("What's That?" is slightly smaller). Price of engravings $3 each, or by a special rate the Forest and Stream for one year and any one of the engravings will be sent for $5.50.

Yachting.

A Yachting Experience.

I was thinking hard the other night of last summer's experience on Toronto Bay, of what we had done, and what we might have done, of this exciting incident, and of that flat event, until my thoughts took me back to that day in July when our bay was the scene of the worst storm that ever swept the port.

Why the Storm God saw fit to break out that bright Saturday afternoon when the harbor was alive with craft of all sorts, sail and steam, skiff and canoe, when the steamers groaning with their living loads were leaving for the different resorts, and when thousands of excursionists, young, gay, jolly and thinking only of pleasure, each and all in their own way, took to the water for an afternoon's sport; why I say the Storm King let loose the vials of his wrath on that bright day, I do not know, but the result was terrible, and to me, and to us aboard of Vivia, a day ever to be remembered.

It was the day of the race for the Prince of Wales' cup, and Canada and Vivia lay bobbing at their moorings at the Royal Canadian Y. C., like two graceful ducks, with mainsails set and club topsails aloft and jibs sent up in stops.

I was aboard Vivia. The air was light out of the southwest, and to the casual observer it was an ideal day for yachting, but to us whose duty it was to keep "an eye to weather" there was an ominous look in those clouds to the west and north, and there was a hazy blue to the south'ard that made us feel conscious of coming trouble.

Our course was from a buoy off the town club over to the Island, back to town and, passing all buoys to starboard, go out by the Eastern Channel, round the Island and home through the Western Gap, finishing at the town club.

The start was to be made at 3 o'clock, and at 2:30, at the sound of the half-hour gun, we slipped our moorings, as did Canada, and set off for a run down the bay.

As 3 o'clock approached those clouds were coming home like fun, the haze was thicker, and to the south a long bank of angry blue-gray clouds showed clear above the horizon. We all felt it was coming, and shrouds, main and topmast runners, stays, etc., were all given one more look to, and our big topsail was eyed thoughtfully. However, when you are racing you take chances, and as we saw Canada stuck to hers we decided to risk ours, and to lick Canada or take the consequences.

The five-minute gun saw us maneuvering for the line, and to save time, let me say at once we got away first, breaking out our foresail and small jib topsail as we crossed, then hauling our wind, stood close on starboard tack for the Island buoy. Canada was soon after us, and together we began to foot fast in the now freshening breeze. Vivia, no slouch at any time, found the weather to her liking, and was just walking through it, sending the smother flying from her bows and more than holding Canada.

The clouds to the south had become condensed, the whole southern sky was a mass of black, threatening storm, and the two yachts with decks awash were tearing along. As we approached the buoy and eased sheets as we rounded for the run back to town, we took in our foresail and set a large balloon staysail, a great drawing sail, and with this and everything else pulling at its best, we raced on through it.

Along close in our wake came Canada, taking in her jib topsail and setting balloon jib. What a foreground she made (flying through the water like a thing of life) to the terrible blackness behind her. Why were we not warned? Why did we carry on and put those boats to the strain they were about to be subjected to? Why risk spars, boat, life, perhaps? Why? Because the spirit of adventure had got hold of us, we were ahead, and were going to stay there if we could, and what true yachtsman will blame us? And we had every confidence in our skipper, and he in us, and we knew our boat.

Then came the deluge. The last thing I remember seeing of Canada was, upright and graceful, coming down on us like a race horse, and then the squall took her. Over she went, and over further; with a crash the topmast went over the side, sending the topsail in a tangle flying far out to leeward, and then the mast below the hounds, and again just above the deck. That balloon jib was too much for her, and when they tried to bring her to the wind she would not come with that great sail forward; everything went, and Canada was a wreck.

And how about Vivia? We just had time to see Canada's plight when we were caught. Oh, that club topsail! Over went Vivia, decks awash, and almost on her beam ends. Fearing to bring her up with the sail pressure we had aloft, helm was put hard up and we kept her before it. How she tore through it, smothered in a rush of leaping, angry water. Halyards and sheets were let fly, and that great topsail was got under the lee of the mainsail and left to hang there. Of course, as luck would have it, the sail was set to leeward of the peak halyards, and we could not get it in to weather. With boom eased off we got her going dead before it. Nothing gave, not a sheet or tack parted, and Vivia, relieved of topsail and balloon foresail, under mainsail and jib alone, was tearing along covered with foam, flying through the heavy sea running, at terrible speed; ahead of us not half a mile away the line of city docks. We kept her full and let her scud with the topsail still hanging, doing no harm under the lee of the mainsail.

The next thing was to get her about and "it" off her. We took our time and kept cool. We must not miss stays with those docks under our lee; jib sheets were let fly, main sheet brought in, and up she came, game and full of life. Then, as she hung in the wind, the rip and roar of the storm was felt to the full, and Vivia trembled and shook from stem to stern, the waves breaking clean over her and coming aboard clear and green. The jib was held on to and mainsail eased, and that big topsail, now to weather where we could get at it, was safely lowered. Then gathering way, off we raced and over we went, sending up a churn and smother of splashing, whirling water and throwing the spray of it clean over the main peak. Oh, you yachtsmen! Is there anything that comes anywhere near the sensation of the "feel" of a well-found, well-handled yacht in a gale of wind, as you

go racing through the rush of ever-varying sea, over this, taking that abroad, and through the next with scuppers awash, hanging on with your eyelids, the wind whistling and shrieking through the gear above!

It was a grand day, and as the force of the storm gradually lessened we kept Vivia running up and down the bay, till the worst was over, and then clearing up the tangle of gear and coiling down, when all was in hand keeping hard away, we rounded the buoy off Town Club, and for the first time had a chance to see what had been the result to others.

From the big schooner Oriole down, every boat under canvas had doused everything, with the exception of Beaver, with Mr. Jarvis at the stick. He hove to till the worst was over, and under scandalized mainsail took his anchorage at the Royal Canadian Y. C. Monita, Toronto, Merrythought and many more also sustained more or less damage. The number of craft upset were many, and so fierce was the storm that one poor fellow was carried bodily off the end of the waterworks dock and drowned.

We continued the race, and after having a pretty rough time of it in the heavy sea running out in the lake, finished in due course.

Vivia was none the worse, and we felt pardonably proud of our tight little ship. GEO. E. MACRAE.

TORONTO, Nov. 28.

A Long Cruise.

THE small power craft driven by some form of naphtha engine is to-day so much of a necessity that it is difficult to say which of its many forms is the most useful. In its original form, of a power tender for yachts in place of the rowing cutter and gig, it has proved almost invaluable to yachtsmen, and has permitted the general use of deep draft yachts. As a pleasure boat, the open naphtha launch has made its way to all inland and coast waters, and has brought in many new converts to yachting. One of the greatest boons it has brought to yachting is the small cabin cruiser, with its cheap fuel and limited attendance in the form of skilled labor as compared with steam. There is hardly a limit to the cruising which may be done in American waters at a small expense in a properly designed naphtha yacht. The following account of a cruise is from the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

A trim and well-equipped yacht came down the river yesterday forenoon and moored at the foot of Carr street. She attracted little attention until it was learned that she was making a remarkable voyage. The craft belongs to Charles G. Burgoyne, of New York, a member of the Halifax River Y. C., of Florida. The trip is remarkable, not only on account of its length, but on on account of the extreme points that the yacht has reached, or will reach, in the American waters. The little craft, which is named Sweetheart, is 80ft. long, 15ft. beam, and is a twin-screw propeller, the motive power being two gasoline engines. She is of light draft, but is powerfully built, with a close cabin.

But two passengers are on the boat, Mr. Burgoyne and his wife, who are making the voyage entirely for their own amusement and delectation. The crew consists of four persons, the captain, a sailor, engineer and cook.

The party left Dayton, Fla., May 4 last, and sailed up the Atlantic coast, sometimes inside and at other times outside of the numerous islands that line the coast, until New York was reached. There they stopped for a short time, after which they proceeded up the Hudson River to Troy, thence by the Erie Canal to and through Lake Ontario and down the St. Lawrence River to Tadousac. From that point the party proceeded up the Saguenay River to Chicoutimi, the head of the navigation in the stream, and the extreme northern point reached by boat in the St. Lawrence basin.

From that point they returned to Richelieu, Canada, the mouth of the Sorel River, the outlet of Lake Champlain. Here another side tour was made up the Sorel River into Lake Champlain and back again to the St. Lawrence River. The trip was then made up the St. Lawrence, through Lake Ontario, the Welland Canal, Lake Erie, the Detroit River, Lake St. Clair, Lake Huron and Lake Michigan to Chicago. From Chicago the party proceeded through the Illinois and Michigan Canal to La Salle, thence down the Illinois River to Grafton, and on to this city. The tourists will remain here for a few days and they will then proceed on to New Orleans, and thence along the Gulf coast to Key West, Fla., along the eastern coast of Florida 400 miles to Dayton, the starting point.

No serious accident has occurred to the little boat during the voyage, but a number of little mishaps have delayed the progress of the tourists at various points. The craft was blown ashore in Indian River, Fla., where she remained about three days, when she was put back into the river and proceeded on the way undamaged by the experience. Mr. Burgoyne said the trip had been a delightful one and he expected to make it again next year, but that he was in favor of going the other way next time. He proposes to ascend the Mississippi River in the spring, spend the summer on the Northern lakes, and then sail down the Atlantic coast in the fall. The party is enjoying the best of health. They expect to reach Dayton in about a month.

Capt. George Tompkins, of the gasoline yacht Bonnie, who reached his home at Marcus Hook on Nov. 27, gives a graphic account of the burning of the craft on Saturday, near Baltimore, and his thrilling escape. The Bonnie was owned by James Austin, of Lansdowne, and had been on a five weeks' cruise along the South Carolina coast. The captain was bringing her home. Near Baltimore the yacht put in at the Columbia Iron Works for repairs, as the result of a break-down, and then started out again. At North Point the gasoline ignited, and the flames spread so rapidly that efforts to get assistance proved unavailing. The Bonnie burned to the water's edge and sank. A tug arrived in time to rescue Capt. Tompkins, who was taken to Baltimore. The Bonnie was 45ft. long, and was attached to the Corinthian Y. C. fleet. She carried a large quantity of ammunition and sporting paraphernalia, which were destroyed. The captain was forced to leave the yacht, after vainly attempting to fight the flames, for fear of an explosion.—Philadelphia Record.

New York C. C. One-Design Class.

As a natural consequence of its location directly adjacent to the Lower Bay, of its large membership, and the development of the sailing canoe into an extreme racing machine, the New York Canoe Club has of late years gathered a large fleet of single-handers and small yachts. The type of canoe in use in the early years of the club, able in model, staunch in construction, and better fitted than any other craft of its size for work about New York Harbor, the Kill von Kull, Raritan Bay and the Shrewsbury, has been exterminated by the bath-tub racing machine, and this latter craft has so little to recommend it to any but the few racing enthusiasts that the majority of old canoeists have been forced to seek craft which are in no sense canoes. It was this demand for a craft of sufficient size and power for the Lower Bay, and yet suitable for the requirements of an old canoeist, which produced the successful La Gloria, still owned in the club. Several attempts have been made by the club to establish a one-design class of small yachts, 15-footers or something similar, which would prove popular for the club members, the requirements being primarily a boat of light draft, able enough for rough water, as in cruising across the Lower Bay and up the Shrewsbury, and fast enough for class racing. These experiments in several classes of the scow type have not proved successful.

For several years past Mr. C. B. Vaux, one of the oldest members of the club and of the A. C. A., has owned a small sloop, Eileen, designed by Wm. H. Hand, Jr., of New Bedford, and has used her constantly about Gravesend Bay and the Lower Bay, as well as for longer cruises on Long Island Sound. This boat has proved so satisfactory in every way that Mr. Hand has been called on to build a new one-design class from the same design, with such alterations as experience has suggested.

The new boats, whose lines and sail plan are here given, are intended for single-handers, to be easily handled by one man, and to give accommodation for two or three on short cruises. Owing to the shoal water at places in Gravesend Bay and up the Shrewsbury, in Great Kills and other nearby cruising waters, the draft has been kept down by the use of a centerboard, but this houses in the keel so as to leave the cabin clear of a trunk. The model itself is eminently able and seaworthy, with easy lines below that promise fair speed. With the iron keel it is practically non-capsizable.

In the heavy fall gale of 1898 Eileen, at her moorings off the club house, struck on an old anchor at low water and with a heavy sea running, and her whole bottom was pounded in. She had, however, an air tank in each end which kept her afloat with decks just awash for over a day, until the gale moderated and she could be towed ashore. The new boats will have similar air tanks, of galvanized iron, of a capacity ample to float the iron keel.

While in so small a yacht the headroom is necessarily limited, the cabin has plenty of length and breadth, and to a man who began his cruising by sleeping below decks in a Rob Roy canoe and later found ample room in a canoe-tent pitched between the masts of a 16 by 30 canoe, the question of room appears very different from what it would if he had begun in a keel cutter. The cabin will be dry, snug and cozy, all that can be expected in so small a yacht.

The construction calls for a plank keel 2½ by 8½in. amidships, tapering into a stem and sternpost, each 2¾ by 4in., all of white oak. The frames are 1 by 1in., steamed oak, spaced 12in., with bent oak floors of the same size, each 3ft. long, across the keel forward and aft. This method has been much used about Buzzard's Bay, and has proved very satisfactory, being strong, light and durable. Over the iron keel the floors are sawn from 2¾in. oak plank, six in number, the keel bolts, of ¾in. iron, passing through the floors and being set up with nuts over heavy washers. The deck beams are sawn from oak plank, the main beams, at partners, fore end of house and after end of cockpit, being 1¾ by 1¾in., the others sided 1in. and moulded 1⅜in., all spaced 12in.

The clamps are of oak in single lengths, 2 by 1½ amidships, tapering to 1½ by 1½ at the ends. The bilge stringers, of yellow pine, 1½ by 1½, run in single lengths from the stem to the transom.

The planking is of white pine, which the builders have found more satisfactory than cedar, finished ⅝in. thick. The deck is also of ⅝in. pine, covered with canvas laid in shellac. The sides of house and cockpit are of ¾in. quartered oak, the cabin roof being of canvased pine, like the deck. The floors of cabin and cockpit, the seats in cockpit and the cabin bulkhead are of cypress, bright finished, and the cabin doors are quartered oak with cypress panels. The centerboard pennant enters the cockpit through a galvanized iron pipe. The yacht steers with a tiller.

Length—		
Over all	28ft.	
L.W.L.	18ft.	
Beam, extreme	8ft.	
Draft—		
Hull	2ft.	7in.
With board	5ft.	6in.
Displacement	4,300lbs.	
Keel, iron	1,365lbs.	
Mainsail	358 sq.	ft.
Jib	71 sq.	ft.
Total	429 sq.	ft.

Sir Thomas Lipton's Impressions.

THE current number of the North American Review contains an article by Sir Thomas Lipton, entitled "After the Yacht Race," in which he writes as follows:

"I went to America with high hopes of winning the Cup, and with the expectation of a friendly reception. My hopes have been disappointed, but my expectations have been far exceeded. Never can I forget the thousand and one acts of good will shown me during my stay in American waters, nor the multitude of friendly faces that watched my departure from her shores. I did not win the Cup, but I did secure a much better token—that of the abiding brotherhood of our two peoples.

"It was my good fortune to be present at the welcome given to Admiral Dewey, and to have a place in that wonderful procession, for which the two jubilee processions in London had only partially prepared me, so that I had before me this great object lesson of America's fervent patriotism and of America's generosity of good feeling toward myself as the representative of another country. It was impossible not to be impressed by the one sentiment and the other, and doubly so by their existence in harmony together.

"Shamrock bore her name with a purpose, yet she had no warmer wishers for her success in Ireland than she had in England, in Scotland or in Wales. She had the colonies, too, to wish her good luck. She rode triumphantly over any seas dividing our own peoples; she gave us solidarity at home. Perhaps the uses of the race did not end wholly with this agreeable example of unity between the three kingdoms, or with the amity it exhibited between England and America. If the Book of Job had to be written again, a windless day off Sandy Hook, while two yachts were waiting to pit against each other their vast expanse of sail, might serve the purpose of the allegory. That was a school of patience in which it is something to have graduated, as did we who planned the race, and as did those who assembled to see it.

"I have really nothing to add, except one more most grateful acknowledgment of all the pleasure and instruction I derived from the whole episode—a pleasure with so many ramifications than the failure to lift the coveted Cup seemed hardly to diminish it."

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Capt. Cornelius Witworth McKay, the veteran yachting reporter, of New York, died in that city on Dec. 1 at the age of sixty-six. He was born in New York, but grew up in the Boston shipyard of his father, Donald McKay, the famous builder of clipper ships. He was educated as a naval architect, studying for a time in Europe, and he was engaged in shipbuilding and also followed the sea as a ship master. About twenty years ago he, with the late Capt. Coffin, was noted as a yachting reporter for the New York daily papers, his technical knowledge of naval architecture and seamanship qualifying him for this work. From 1889 to 1893 he was an inspector of vessels at the port of New York. He was a man of magnificent physical proportions, attractive manners and a ready writer on all nautical topics.

Read Bros., of Fall River, have in hand an auxiliary schooner for Rear-Com. A. Homer Skinner, Rhode Island Y. C., to replace the sloop Ramallah. The new boat will be 57ft. over all, 40ft. l.w.l., 14ft. beam and 6ft. draft, with two gasoline motors of 8 H. P. each, located amidships. There will be a main cabin 10ft. long and two staterooms, the headroom being 6ft. 5in. The sail area will be about 1,800 sq. ft.

Pirate, knockabout, designed and raced by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield with much success during the season, has been sold to R. C. Robbins.

The big ship house of Piepgrass Lord, City Island, is one of the best places about New York for laying up small yachts, and many are now stored there. Most of the special 30-footers are there, with Shrimp, Dipper, Robin Hood, Walri, and a handsome little single-hand cutter built in Sweden last year. In the yard outside are Clara, Norota, Banshee, Amorita, Circe and other yachts.

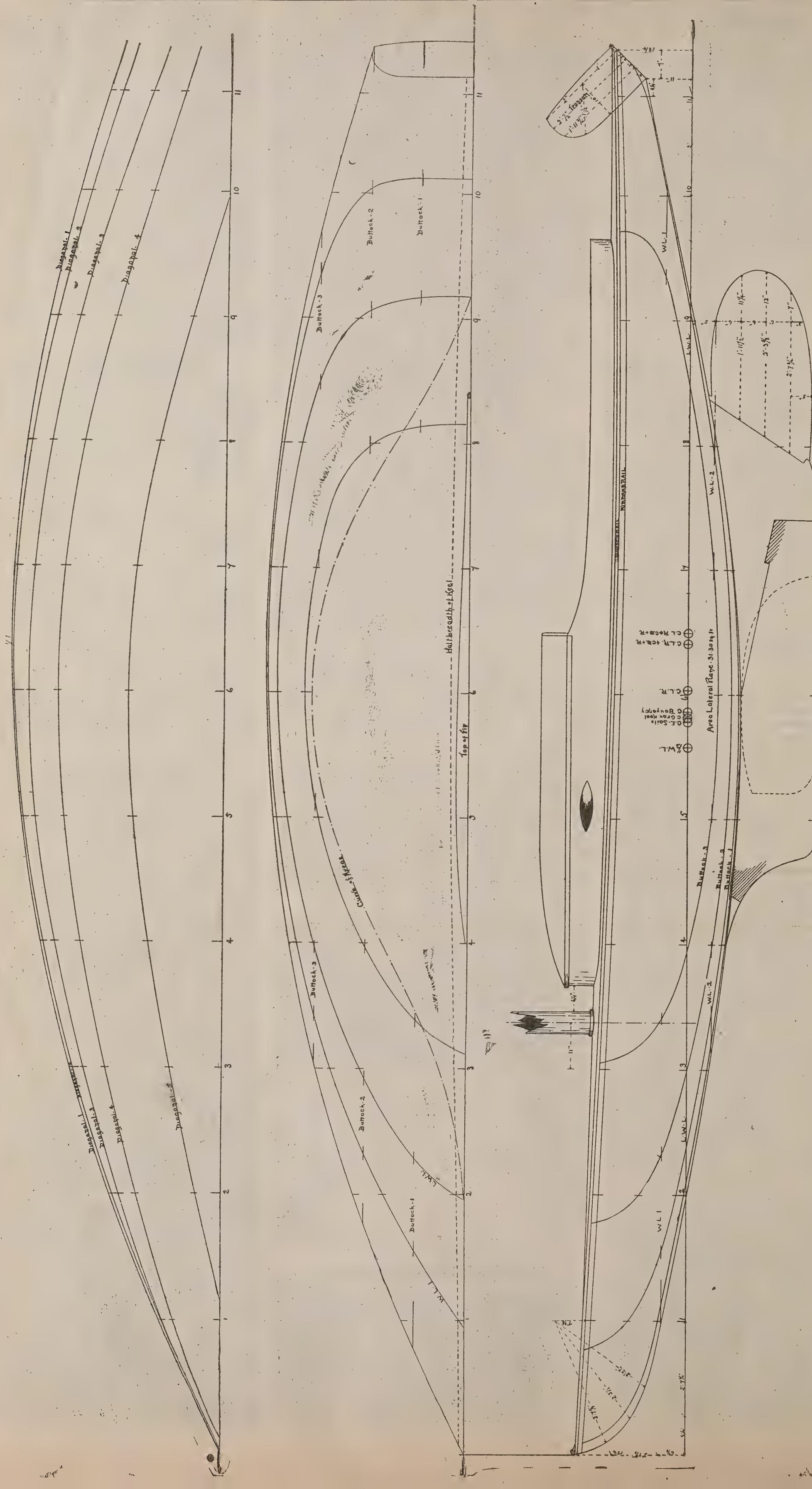
While coming up the Narrows on the way to her anchorage off Bay Ridge on Nov. 25 afternoon, the 60ft. schooner yacht Princess Anne came into collision with the steam dredge Vulcan. The bow of the heavy dredge struck the yacht on the starboard side, staving a large hole in her and severely injuring two of her crew who were in the forecastle. They were Jan Irvesen, thirty-one years old, a sailor, of 923 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, whose leg was broken, and Hans Hildebrand, twenty-seven years old, the cook, who lives at 192 East Fifty-first street, this city. Hildebrand's right wrist was broken and he received injuries to the spine. The yacht is owned by Harry B. Price, a broker of this city, and had been out for a sail to Sandy Hook with a party of about a dozen of Mr. Price's friends. The Vulcan was bound for Coney Island Creek in tow of the tug Matthew Warren. The crash occurred right off the Government dock at Fort Hamilton, where there is a particularly strong current at certain phases of the tide. The injured men were at once taken ashore in a small boat, and after receiving first aid from Dr. Earl H. Wayne, were sent to their homes in carriages. Princess Anne was found to be leaking badly, and was towed to Bay Ridge and placed in a dry dock there to save her from sinking. It will cost about $2,400 to repair the damages to the vessel, the value of which is estimated at $10,000.—New York Times.

Two men and a boy were hurt on the afternoon of Nov. 26 in a collision in Gravesend Bay, off Fort Hamilton, between the 50ft. sloop yacht Geraldine, owned and commanded by Edward B. Steele, of New Rochelle, and the fishing schooner Eliza B. Storer. The heavy tide carried the boats near each other, and before the accident could be avoided the Storer's bow crushed into the starboard side of the sloop. The top running gear of the latter was torn away and fell to the deck. The bowsprit of the Storer struck two of the seamen on the yacht, Hans Pabst and Frederick Keller. Keller's right wrist was broken and Pabst had a cut, 7in. long, on the top of his head besides a broken nose. Alfred Ginning, seventeen years old, mess boy on Geraldine, was in the cabin of the yacht at the time of the accident and was thrown to the floor. He received a severe contusion of the base of the spine and was partly paralyzed.—New York Sun.

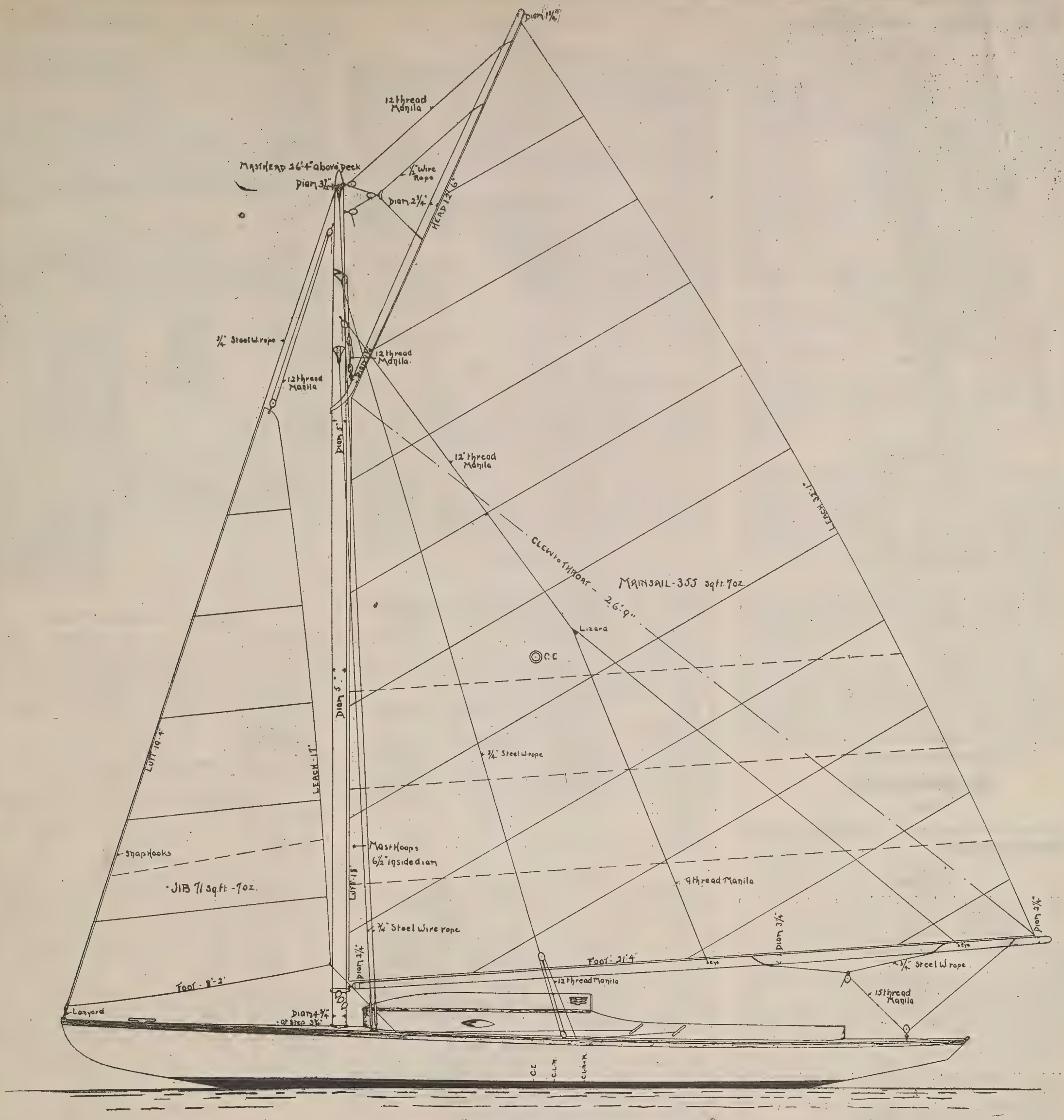
Mr. Will Fife, Jr., at latest reports had by no means recovered from his illness, though much better and able to sit up each day. Shamrock will lie at moorings in the Garelock through the winter.

NOTICE.

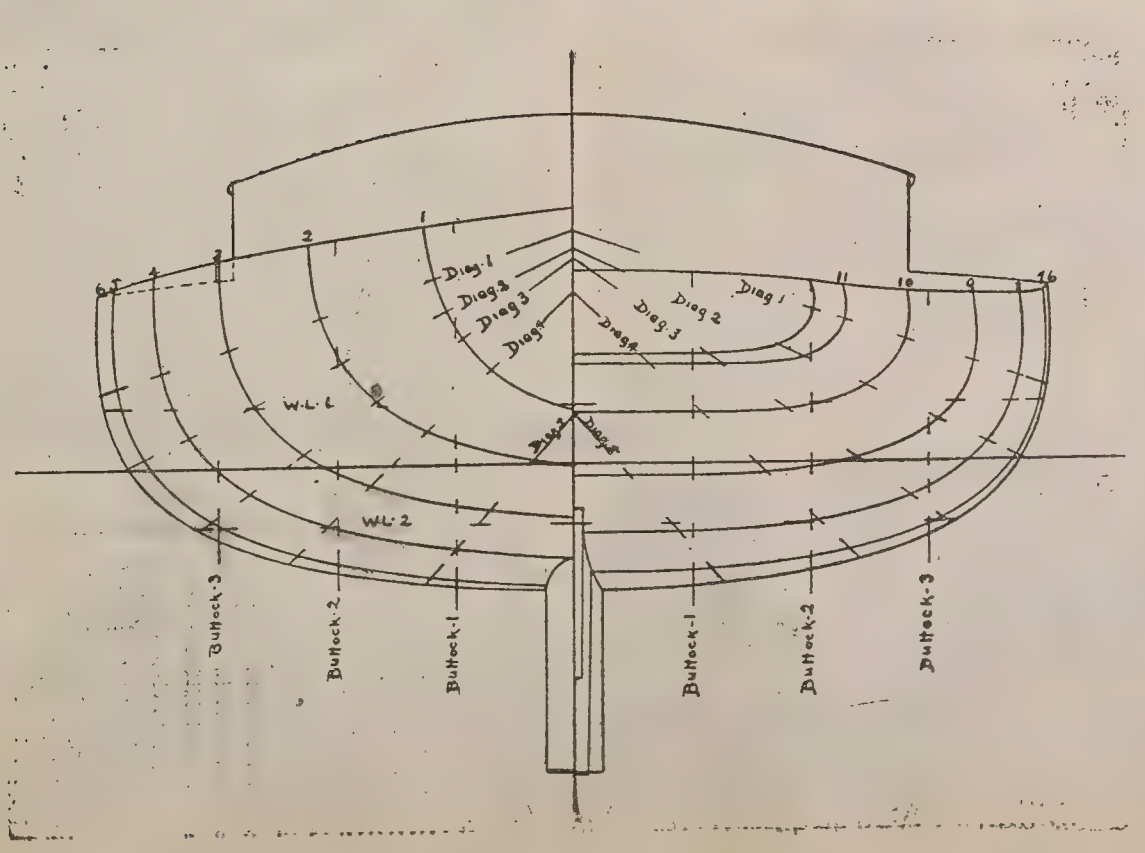
THE New York Clearing House has adopted new regulations governing the collection of checks and drafts on banks outside of the city. This entails a collection expense on those who receive such checks. Our patrons are requested, therefore, in making their remittances to send postal or express money order, postage stamps, or check or draft on a New York city bank or other New York current funds.



YORK C. C. ONE-DESIGN CLASS—DESIGNED BY MR. WM. H. HAND, JR., 1899.



NEW YORK C. C. ONE-DESIGN CLASS—SAIL PLAN.



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Meet of 1900, Muskoka Lake, Aug. 3-17.
Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. Peck—By jing! I had a funny dream last night. It seemed that I was away off in South Africa, where diamonds were lying all around me in heaps. Mrs. Peck—Did you seem to see any as small as the one in the engagement ring you gave me?—Chicago News.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 27.—Yesterday was an unusally fine day at Shell Mound; there was no wind—a rare thing on this range. Many marksmen were present. In addition to the regular events there was a public cash shoot given by the Norddeutscher Club. Conditions of contest: Tickets of 4 shots $1 each, re-entry, 200yds. High scores were: Wm. Glinderman 97 rings, D. W. McLaughlin 96, Dr. Rodgers 94, D. B. Faktor 94, A. Pape 93, F. Attinger 91, W. Garms 90, F. Koch 90.

A hot fight is being waged in the continuous contests of the Germania Club. D. B. Faktor and Dr. Rodgers are now tied for the first cash prize of $100, each having 724 rings in best ten 3-shot scores. The possible is 750 rings. The Bushnell trophy, a valuable one, is anybody's as yet. At present Dr. L. O. Rodgers is in the lead. Conditions: two 10-shot scores per month allowed; entrance $1 each score; best ten scores of the 24 to count; 25-ring target. Dr. R. has 2,212 rings, F. P. Schuster 2,207, D. B. Faktor 2,189, with McLaughlin and Utschig close up. McLaughlin has not competed regularly.

Several good scores were made by the Golden Gate Club team in their score to-day for the Outdoor Life trophy, McLaughlin and Mason each making 91 rings on the standard American target, and F. P. Schuster and Dr. Rodgers each making 90.

Scores of the Golden Gate Club:

Rifle, 25-ring target, two scores allowed: Gorman, 209, 212; F. E. Mason 216; C. M. Henderson 216, 213; O. A. Bremer 195; D. W. McLaughlin 216; G. Tammeyer 207; F. W. Belknap 202; J. F. Bridges 191, 189; E. N. Moore 195.

Pistol, standard target, 50yds.: E. N. Moore 73, C. Roberts 79, F. W. Belknap 73, C. M. Henderson 77, J. F. Bridges 74, J. E. Gorman 93.

Team match, Outdoor Life trophy, first score, for July, 1899: Capt. F. Schuster 90, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 81, J. E. Gorman 77, D. W. McLaughlin 84, F. E. Mason 85, D. B. Faktor 75; total 492.

Second score, for November—Capt. F. P. Schuster 83, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 90, J. E. Gorman 74, D. W. McLaughlin 91, F. E. Mason 91, D. B. Faktor 75; total 504. ROEEL.

Rifle at Conlin's Gallery.

PRIZE shooting for November was ended at Conlin's gallery, 513 Sixth avenue, New York, on Thanksgiving Day. First prize for rapid firing was won by George Herman, 15 shots in 11 seconds, scoring 14. He has done this in 7½ seconds in practice. A. C. Goodrich won first at rest shooting with Ballard rifle, 10 shots at 25yds., scoring 92 out of 100. Peter DeNice, at 25yds., off-hand, made 11 bulls out of 12 shots on a 2½in. bull. Dr. R. H. Sayer has made the best scores with the revolver since the gallery has been open, and W. C. Southwick has done the best work with the Stevens single-shot pistol. There will be prizes for the best rifle, pistol and revolver scores during the month of December. All are welcome.

There passed through the Barge Office yesterday a family that created some curiosity. It was that of Moises V. Ponce, a Peruvian: his wife, Francesca, and four little boys. The family arrived from Para on the Red Cross steamship Maranheuse. Ponce's home is in Iquitos, a town on the eastern slope of the Andes. He and his family wanted to go to Truxillo, on the coast of Peru, but between his home and his objective point lay the Andes. There being no railroad and the way being extremely rough on beasts of burden, Ponce decided to go by boat down the Amazon to Para, thence by steamship to New York, and thence by steamship again to Colon. After crossing the isthmus by rail, the family will board a coast steamer at Panama and continue their journey to Truxillo. The distance between Ponce's home and Truxillo is only 400 miles, but by the way he has chosen he will have traveled 9,000 miles by the time he reaches his destination.—New York Times.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Dec. 12.—Dexter Park, L. I.—Live-bird shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. John S. Wright, Mgr.

Dec. 12-15.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Watson's Park tournament. John Watson, Station R, Chicago, Ill.

Dec. 16.—Batavia, N. Y.—E C cup contest for championship at targets, between Messrs. W. R. Crosby, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger.

Dec. 19.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Open shoot of the Emerald Gun Club. Live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Vice-Pres.

Dec. 31-Jan. 1.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Amateur tournament of the Wisconsin Gun Club. P. Himmelstein, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.

1900.

Jan 16.-19.—Hamilton, Ont., Can.—Annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club; $1,500 in prizes. Open to the world. H. Graham, Sec'y.

Jan. 17-18.—Danville, Ill.—Sconce-Cadwallader invitation shoot. Live birds and targets. John Parker, Mgr.

Feb. 13-17.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Third annual midwinter tournament; $1,000 added; 2-cent targets (Rose system) and live birds (high guns). Capt. A. R. Smith, Sec'y.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

In the absence of the Editor of this department all communications intended for publication should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail allsuch matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programmes for the Brooklyn Gun Club's invitation live-bird shoot are now ready for distribution. The shoot is to be held at Dexter Park, L. I., on Tuesday, Dec. 12. The programme, consisting of three events, calls for 22 birds, with a total entrance fee, including birds, of $17.50, and has been arranged so as to give satisfaction to the greatest number. Miss-and-outs will also be shot if time permits. It is the desire of the management that all shooters wishing to take part should be on hand promptly at 10:30 A. M. Lunch will be served on the grounds, and nothing will be left undone to add to the comfort of the shooters. John Wright will manage the shoot.

William McCarty, of Buffalo, N. Y., and James Sweet, of Smoke Creek, N. Y., will shoot a match at 25 live birds for $25 a side Dec. 14 on the grounds of the Bison Gun Club at Buffalo, N. Y.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Carteret Gun Club.

Garden City, L. I., Nov. 30.—The Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Carteret Gun Club was held here to-day. The weather was fine, and the birds were a good lot. The main event of the day was the Maryland cup handicap, at 20 birds, in which Capt. Money and G. S. McAlpin tied for the cup on 18. In the final shoot-off McAlpin won. In this event Harold Money made a clean score, but being a guest he was ineligible for the cup. His shooting throughout the day was excellent. Following the cup event were a miss-and-out at 30yds., a sweep at 3 pairs, 25yds., and two 5-bird sweeps. Brown and L. Duryea tied for first place in the first of the 5-bird sweeps, and Brown, Mackay and Ripley in the other. The scores:

	Maryland Cup.	Miss-and-out.	Sweep.
H Money, 30	12212222222222222220	1220 —3	121202—5
G S McAlpin, 31	01221222222222222202	2220 —3	011001—3
Capt Money, 30	12122220221101222222	21112—5	101212—5
Williams, 28	21222002021121221100	0 —0	1010w
Com Emerson, 27	02222210210210210w	0 —0	101000—2
C H Mackay, 28	12022101022112220w	.....	.....
Brown, 29	22020212220222w	21220—4	121012—5
L T Davenport, 30	1221200222210w	0 —0	.....
W P Thompson, 28	022021210020w	0 —0	.....
R Brooks, 26	200112220w	21220—4	101212—5
H B Duryea, 27	002210210w	12110—4	1000w
Stafford		2220 —3	121210—5

Shoot-off for cup:

McAlpin	22222—5 222—3
Money	22112—5 000—0

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Dexter Park, Nov. 28.—At the regular monthly shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club there were no less than thirty-eight men to face the traps. The birds were a fine, strong lot, and flew well, considering there was hardly a breath of wind stirring. Of the club members, President John H. Voss, Conrad Webber and H. Foster made straight scores, notwithstanding they were standing at the 30yds. mark. John Schlicht ought to have had a clean score, as his last bird was a comparatively easy right-quarterer. The only theory to be advanced for his missing it is that there is an old custom in this club that every man making a straight score has what is known as an "apple jack" on him, which means he is supposed to call all the boys in, and there and then "throw up his hat," which is sometimes quite expensive. President Voss was inclined to fine him $1, but relented after chafing him good-naturedly. Of the guests, that crack revolver shot and promising gun shot, Dr. Ashly A. Webber, killed his 10 straight, using only one barrel on the first 8. This young man is bound to rise to the front rank of wing shots in this country ere long, he being a perfect gentleman in his actions and demeanor, quite unassuming and ever ready to do anything to oblige a fellow shooter. The scores:

Thirty yards, 7 points:

J H Voss	1121222112—10	E Doeinck	2202122122— 9
C Webber	2111111221—10	W A Sands	2020222222— 8
H Foster	2122122121—10	F Tostel	0011212002— 6

Twenty-eight yards, 7 points:

C Lang	12221*2221— 9	Ph Wollfel	2*01112122— 8
J Wellbrock	11220122*1— 8		

Twenty-eight yards, 6½ points:

J Schlicht	2122222110— 9	P Garms, Jr.	2212122*10— 8
The Professor	2220220022— 9		

Twenty-eight yards, 5½ points:

E Karl	1122022121— 9	L T Munch	100*020221— 5
R Regan	1220202121— 8	Geo K Briet	210002*001— 4

Twenty-eight yards, 5 points:

H Haften	2121220112— 9	E Marquand	1110112010— 7
H Kohla	2210101210— 7	C Schaefer	00111011*0— 5
W A Noe	2100021121— 7	P Giepel	**00020022— 3

Twenty-eight yards, 4½ points:

P Brennan	0022200122— 6	C H Schmidt	00*001201*— 3
F Guy	0020012110— 5	C Wigger	0100*10000— 2
A Knodel	1200102200— 5	C Schaefer	1001222200— 6
G Fuchs	0101000001— 3	T J Deady	00020*0222— 4

Guests:

Dr Webber	1111111122—10	Dr Cramer	1011111020— 7
J Bohling	2021112021— 8	Dr Kemble	2101121002— 7

E. P. L.

Aqueduct Gun Club.

Aqueduct, L. I., Nov. 30.—The Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Aqueduct Gun Club was well attended, nineteen shooters facing the traps. No clean scores were made and first place was won by J. Tristram, with 14. Scores:

J Tristram	1111110111111111—14	H Allen	001111101000111— 9
W Mills	1111101111111101—13	J W Dayton	1110110010011101— 9
W Hopkins	1110111011111111—13	H Camden	0000110110001111— 7
C Mills	1101111111101110—12	A Van Siclen	100110100100010— 6
J B Hopkins	1111111110110011—12	H Van Siclen	010010100001100— 5
B Laney	1101101110101111—11	O Sackett	0100001010010001— 5
E Smith	1110111010111101—11	J Strong	0100010010100001— 5
Dr Bryant	1110011011111011—11	F Manly	1000010001001000— 4
W Ryder	1111011001011101—10	T Williams	0000000000000000— 0
W Glazebrook	0110101101111110—10		

Crescent Athletic Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 2.—The first of the series of shoots for the December cup was held to-day on the club's grounds, at Bay Ridge. G. W. Cropsey won the event. The scores:

December cup, 25 targets per man, handicap allowance: G. W. Cropsey, 4, 24; G. Stephenson, 5, 22; A. R. Fish, 3, 22; F. B. Stephenson, 5, 22; J. H. Hallock, 3, 22; H. A. Kryn, 2, 20; G. Notman, 4, 20; W. W. Marshall, 4, 20; A. C. Wyckoff, 5, 19; H. L. Kenyon, 6, 19; E. L. Rhett, 5, 18; L. C. Hopkins, 5, 16; F. D. Mead, 8, 15; E. C. Britton, 5, 14.

Prize shoot, 15 singles and 5 pairs: G. Stephenson 24, F. Stephenson 21, J. H. Hallock 20, A. C. Wyckoff 20, G. Stephenson 18, G. W. Cropsey 18, Lowndes Rhett 18, A. R. Fish 19, Henry Kryn 16, W. W. Marshall 16, E. C. Britton 8.

Ten pairs: Kryn 16, Notman 15, F. Stephenson 13, G. Stephenson 11, Fish 8, L. O'Brien 10, L. Rhett 11, Marshall 11, Wyckoff 11.

Twenty-five targets, unknown traps, known angles: Kryn 20, F. Stephenson 19, Notman 18, G. Stephenson 18, Wyckoff 15, Marshall 15.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Dec. 2.—The Sheepshead Bay Gun Club's live-bird shoot was held to-day at the Cedars. Scores:

Club shoot, 7 live birds: I. McKane, 28yds., 7; H. Koch, 26yds., 6; J. J. Pillion, 29yds., 5; P. Martin, 28yds., 6; H. J. Montanus, 28yds., 6; Geo. McKane, 27yds., 6; D. J. Heffner, 26yds., 5; F. Aborn, 27yds., 4; R. Smith, 28yds., 4; C. Dwyer, 26yds., 4; J. B. Voorhies, 26yds., 4; R. Roderick, 25yds., 1; A. Seller, 26yds., 3; Wm. H. Boyle, 26yds., 3; J. Burns, 26yds., 3; H. Lundey, 26yds., 4; H. J. Tryoler, 26yds., 4; W. J. Seaton, 27yds., 2; E. Voorhies, 27yds., 2; D. Martin, 26yds., 3.

No. 1, 5 live birds: J. Burns 3, F. Lundey 1, C. Dwyer 3, G. McKane 3, D. Martin 2, H. Koch 4, F. Osborne 2, P. Martin 3, J. Cordes 2, M. Boyle 3, A. Soeller 4, W. Seaton 1, H. Tryoler 4, H. J. Montanus 3, D. Heffner 2, R. Smith 3, J. Smith 5, J. B. Voorhies 3, J. J. Pillion 4, I. McKane 3.

No. 2, 5 birds: Burns 4, Lundey 1, Dwyer 3, McKane 3, Martin 2, Koch 4.

No. 3, 5 live birds: Burns 1, Lundey 4, Dwyer 2, G. McKane 2, D. Martin 3, Koch 1.

No. 4, 5 live birds: Burns 5, Lundey 5, Dwyer 5, McKane 5, Martin 5, Koch 5.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 30.—The holiday shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club was held on the club's grounds to-day. The prize shoot was at 50 targets, handicap allowance, for a Stevens pistol. The scores: Dr. Webber, 3, 50; Dudley, 3, 50; Van Allen, 4, 50; Bennett, 6, 50; Amend, 3, 49; Dressel, 5, 49; Dr. Kemble, 6, 48; Schubel, 6, 46; Meeker, 9, 35.

Dec. 2.—The main event to-day was the 25-target handicap, for an electric night watch lamp, which was won by Dr. A. A. Webber after two ties had been shot off. The scores:

Lane, 6	01111111111111111011011010—20— 6—25
Adams, 6	01110100110111111111111111—20— 6—25
Webber, 3	11111111101111101111111111—23— 3—25
W. Gardiner, 7	10010111111010111111101011—18— 7—25
Amend, 5	10111101111111101011011110—19— 5—24
Dr Gardiner, 3	11101111101111111011110111—21— 3—24
Brigham, 8	01110100111101100011010001—14— 8—22
Wright, 6	10101001001001011011011111—14— 8—22
Hopkins, 5	10011100101111001111111011—17— 5—22
David, 5	11110011000111001110111110—16— 5—21

Shoot-off of ties:

Webber, 3	11111110011111111111111111—23— 3—25
Adams, 6	10111111111111101111111111—23— 6—25
Lane, 6	11101011111111111011010111—20— 6—25
W Gardiner, 7	01101110011100111011111110—17— 7—24

Shoot-off of second ties:

Webber, 3	11111011111011111111111111—23— 3—25
Adams, 6	11001100001111111111001111—17— 6—23
Lane, 6	11100101101011100011111011—16— 6—22

Sweep No. 1, 15 targets: Dr. Gardiner 12, Hopkins 12, Adams, 11, Wright 11.

No. 2, 25 targets: Dr. Gardiner 25, Wright 17, Webber 24, Hopkins 21, W. Gardiner 11.

No. 3, 10 targets: Dr. Gardiner 9, Hopkins 9, Lane 7, Webber 8, Wright 7, Brigham 6, David 8, Adams 7, W. Gardiner 6.

G. B. PATERSON, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 30.—Herewith find scores of Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Cincinnati Gun Club. Shooting has been dull here since our tournament, but this is no doubt due to the game season. Schuler's beautiful live-bird trophy will be contested for for the first time next Wednesday, and a good entry list is looked for. Scores:

Dick	1122222211—10	220122121112211—14	110 —2
Nye	2222222*22— 9	*21222222222222—14	222222—6
Robertson	*222222222— 9	222*2202020222*—10	222222—6
Jerry	22*2202222— 8	222222202221222—14	222220—5
Ackley	0*11121122— 8	122212112221121—15	1220 —3
Werk	222022*112— 8	122212210210212—13	122 —3
Jay Bee	1022021022— 7	002211122212220—12	.....
Schuler	2*22221020— 7	211221122211222—15	20 —0
Miller	0020111200— 5	210111022121222—13	.....
Lindsley	.....	222222222222222—15	.....
Ahlers	.....	11211211211*112—14	0 —0
Morris	.....	122220210122022—12	.....
Modac	.....	12110212122010*—11	.....
Wanda	.....	220200222010102— 9	.....

Dec. 1.—A 100-bird match for $100 a side and the price of birds was shot to-day between Nye and Werk. The weather was dark and cold, and there was a very light wind. The birds were a selected lot, strong, dark and very fast. The retrieving was done by Mr. Gambell's setter Colonel, and there is none better. Nye shoots Robertson a similar race in the near future. The score:

Nye	2222*22222222222022022*2
	*22222222222222222222*222
	22222222222222222220*0220
	22222222222220222222222222—89
Werk	12202022222222222222222
	*222*22222222222222222222
	22222222020022222222220222
	*2*2000222201222222*22222—85

Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

WISSINOMING, Pa., Nov. 30.—The Philadelphia Trapshooters' League wound up its series of contests to-day on the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club, at this place. The conditions of the individual match were 15 targets, known angles; 15 targets, unknown angles, handicap added to score. The team match conditions were three-men teams, 25 targets per man, handicap added. The score:

Individual match: Morrison 30, Longnecker 30, Ford 30, Ridge 30, Redifer 30, J. Fisher 30, Felix 30, Edwards 30, Landis 30, De Houpt 30, McFalls 30, Park 30, Franklin 30, H. Fisher 29, Puff 29, Winchester 29, O'Brien 28.

Team match:

Glen Willon Gun Club Team No. 1—McFalls 28, Cowan 29, Free 26—83.

Independent—Ridge 29, Landis 27, Longnecker 26—82.

Silver Lake Gun Club Team No. 2—McAfee 26, Reed 26, Peden 24—76.

Florists' Gun Club Team No. 1—Smith 27, Harris 23, Park 26—76.

Silver Lake Gun Club Team No. 1—O'Brien 26, Winchester 25, Edwards 21—72.

Southwark Gun Club Team No. 2—Woodstager 22, Ford 24, Fisher 25—71.

Soo Gun Club.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Nov. 22.—The Soo Gun Club's two days' live-bird and target tournament closed to-day. The first day's weather was miserable—damp, foggy, and at times a drizzling rain fell. The birds were slow and sluggish, but hard to see on account of the dull weather, and shooting was therefore difficult. The winners on the first day were:

First event, 7 live birds: Budd, Saxton, Saunders, Bray and Glisman 7 each. Second event, 15 targets: Robertson 15. Third event, 15 targets: Gilbert 15. Fourth event, 10 live birds: Budd, Shaw, Milner, Boyd, 10 each.

The second day's weather conditions were first class. The sun remained hidden behind clouds just enough to make the light right. The birds were a good lot. The winners were:

First event, 7 live birds: Budd, Klein, Glisman, Halla, Peterson, O'Brien, Leech, 7 each. Second event, 15 targets, Peterson, 15. Third event, 15 targets: Klein, Gilbert, 14 each. Fourth event, 10 live birds: Burk, Gilbert, Milner, Gorman, 10 each. Fifth event, 15 targets: Klein, Bush, 15 each. Sixth event, 15 targets: Bray and Klein 15 each. Seventh event, 15 targets: Gilbert and Kirshner 15 each. Eighth event, 15 targets: Budd, 15. Ninth event, 15 live birds: Irwin, Milner, Gorman, 15 each.

Groton Rod and Gun Club.

GROTON, Conn., Nov. 30.—Following are scores of the Groton Rod and Gun Club's shoot for a cup presented to the club by Dr. Seneca D. Powell, of New York:

C R Geer	01110011111101111110111111110111111111010011—40
D Conner	00111111111011011111111101110111111101111111001111—41
C Kenney	11100000100011111010010100011110111111011111011101—31
A F Hodgdon	10010010010100011010111111110001000000111100100111—25
C Oxford	01111100111110110111111101010010111101011111111011—37
J A Perkins	01101110101110010101101011000111101111111010110111—34
J H Ames	11101010001110001110000011100110000000100111001001—22
A N Tiffany	11110101101011110110011011010111010111101111101111—35
H C Miner	11000100001010011110101011111111000010001111011111—29
W L Morgan	01000000010001000101000100100011000101001010110100—16
L Avery	00011000110010001011010100111110010000011111110111—26
B Fowler	10001011010111010111100111110101011010010111101011—31
G C Strong	00000011000111111111110101110111111111111011111010110—34

J. A. PERKINS, Pres.

Springfield Shooting Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Dec. 1.—Since the opening of the bird season the club house of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club has been but little visited by members, but Thanksgiving morning the doors and windows were thrown open and a very enjoyable shoot was held, which will doubtless be followed by more special and regular meets. Most of the members who turned out on that occasion are well-known trapshooters. Among them were Messrs. Merritt, Jordan, Coats, Hatch and Eaton, of Springfield; and Dr. Egbert, of Holyoke. The events consisted of regular sweeps at singles and doubles, incomers and "flyovers," and of sharpening the teeth and appetites for turkey dinners on certain refreshments provided by generous Mr. Coats. The club intends to hold a short, snappy, open shoot Christmas morning for sweepstakes and a turkey. Neighboring sportsmen who enjoy shooting over a magautrap on exceptionally fine grounds should bear this in mind. J. H. E.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 2.—The first of a series of trophy shoots to be held on the first Saturday of each month was shot to-day. It was the fourth event on the programme. There was a heavy wind, and the shooting was difficult. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	25	25	15	Targets:	15	15	25	25	15
E C Burkhardt	9	12	22	18	14	E W Smith	11	..	..	18	..
C S Burkhardt	10	13	16	15	12	C B	9	8	12	..	..
I J Reid	7	7	10	10	14	Leuschner	..	6	10	18	..
Reinecke	12	12	22	16	12	Warren	..	..	14	14	..
Norris	10	9	13	15	11	E S C	..	..	18	22	..
Fanning	14	15	24	19	14	Porter	..	..	9	..	..
Jacobs	9	9	15	..	10	McCarney	..	..	15	17	..
Herbert	4	3	9	9	5						

Arkansas and the South.

St. Louis Doings—Sumpter-Dr. Smith.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 29.—John J. Sumpter and Dr. J. W. Smith shot a match to-day on the St. Louis Gun Club grounds at 100 pigeons per man for $100 a side, loser to pay for the birds. The match was scheduled to begin at 2 o'clock, but it was nearly 3 before Dr. Smith put in his appearance, and it was 3:03 before the race was actually begun by Sumpter, who had won the toss. The race itself was not characterized by any classic performance on the part of the principals, and the score of 91 should have been much greater on the quality of the birds trapped. Had either man shot in the form he is capable of, it would have landed him a winner by 4 or 5 birds, for either is able to kill 95 of such birds under such favorable conditions. Both shot very raggedly at first, and as early as the 6th round Dr. Smith had a lead of 2 birds, though he was unable to maintain this long, as he speedily got in a bunch of misses, so that at 10 birds they were once more tied, and the end of the first string of 25 found Sumpter 1 in the lead, with 22 to 21. Toward the finish of this string the Doctor was badly up in the air, and that his losses were not greater was due entirely to sheer luck, for the gathering of his 19th and 21st can only be attributed to such. The 19th, a loggy incomer, was badly slobbered far back, and headed for the dead line, which it would certainly have crossed but for the crowd that was congregated there, and which caused it to turn and fly along it about 10yds, further and then drop just inside. The 21st was a wicked bird, that was knocked down with the second a long way off, but it was strong of wing.

Here again the element of luck was very much in evidence, for when an effort was made to gather it the bird got up good and strong, and though it flew more than twice the distance necessary to take it out of bounds it very obligingly took the longest route and stopped just inside, where by great caution on the part of Charley Spencer it was gathered. While three of the four misses charged to the Doctor were outgoers, only one of them was really a hard bird, his 22d. Sumpter, too, did little better. His first miss was really due to bad shooting. Both men braced up considerably in the next string and gave a good account of themselves, scoring 23, and the four birds lost were good ones. It looked like a cinch for the M.D. when Sumpter missed 3 out of his next 10, which gave the former a lead of 2 once more and but 40 more birds to shoot at. However, Sumpter managed to pull himself together at last, and proceeded to do some very excellent shooting, so that little by little he reduced his opponent's lead, and when the latter lost his head on an incomer on the 88th round he again assumed the lead. Dr. Smith should have smothered this bird, as he had done many similar ones, but when he missed it with his first he withheld his second until the bird was within 15ft. of the muzzle of his gun before he fired, so that though he hit it slightly it toppled over the dead line. Stupid as this piece of shooting was, Sumpter came very near duplicating it, for his 97th bird was similar in flight, and he lost it in much the same manner, only that it ducked his second, though this is no excuse, for the shot should have been made long before it was. Excepting for the bit of luck mentioned, the result is a proper one, and the race should have resulted in a tie, as neither could outshoot the other, though there were ample opportunities. Sumpter's best run was 36, and Dr. Smith's 27.

The weather was bright and clear, without any wind, while the birds, taken collectively, were an ordinary lot. Each of the principals scored some very brilliant kills. Dr. Smith's first barrel was very effective, and he is credited with many one-barrel kills, but his second was not nearly so reliable. Sumpter used both of his loads with about the same precision.

It was 4:45 when the match was completed, and as the sun was then nearly down and the birds were flying very poorly Sumpter did not want to shoot off the tie until the next day, while the Doctor was for deciding it at once. Finally it was agreed to decide matters the next day at 3 o'clock. However, later on the Doctor met with an accident to his eye and the decision will have to be postponed indefinitely.

There was a good deal of partisan feeling shown by the friends of the principals in the match, and in this respect it was anything but a gentleman's race.

Mr. H. C. Greisedeick acted as referee, and Mr. J. A. Corray was scorer.

The match was shot under A. S. A. rules, modified to 30yds. rise. Each of the principals shot Smith guns and Trap shells, while Dr. Smith used Hazard, and Sumpter Du Pont powder.

Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

```
                  4 1 5 3 4 2 5 4 1 1 2 3 2 3 4 2 3 2 1 3 2 5 4 4 5
                  ↘↖T→↗↗↘↗↗↙H↑↖↗↓↗↑↘↘H↗↗↗T
J. J. Sumpter....2 2 * 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22

                  3 1 5 3 2 3 4 2 1 5 1 2 3 2 4 5 3 5 3 5 4 3 5 3 5
                  ↗↙↗↗↙↑↵↖↖↗↙↘↗↗↘↖↗↗↘↗↗↘↖↗↗
                  2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—23

                  1 5 2 5 4 2 4 3 4 2 1 2 2 5 2 2 2 2 3 1 4 2 2 5 4
                  ↖↗H↖↘↖↘↑↗↗↘H↙←→H↖↓↗↓←↘↙↖↘↘
                  2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22

                  1 2 5 2 1 4 3 1 5 4 3 5 2 4 3 1 5 4 5 4 5 1 2 1 2
                  ↙↘↓↙↙↘↑←→↗↑↗↓↘↑↖↓↗↗H↘↗→↖
                  2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—24—91

                  2 3 1 2 5 3 2 5 4 5 4 1 2 1 5 1 5 4 5 4 1 1 2 1 4
                  ↖→↗↙↗H↘→↗↗↙V↙↙↖←↗↕↙↗↖↖↗←T
Dr. Smith.....1 1 2 1 1 2 0 1 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 0 1 1 2—21

                  2 4 2 5 4 1 5 4 3 4 5 4 5 1 3 2 2 1 1 3 4 6 2 1 2
                  ↖↗↙↗→↓↗↗↗H↘↗↗↙↙↘T↗H↗↖↗↖↖↘
                  2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 * 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 1 2 1 2 1—23

                  4 3 5 2 3 5 2 1 3 5 3 5 1 4 3 4 1 5 2 3 2 3 5 5 3
                  ↗↘↘H↗↘↖↖↘↘H↗H↓→↜↘↑↖↖↗↙↖↓
                  2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 0 1—23

                  4 1 3 4 3 2 5 3 1 5 2 4 3 2 5 2 2 3 2 1 4 1 4 2 4
                  ↗↙↗H↴TH↖↗↗↙↶↖↘↗↙↘↖↖→↙↑↕↖
                  1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 * 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—24—91
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Arkansas Championship.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Nov. 30.—John T. Fletcher, of Little Rock, was the latest aspirant to championship honors, and with a bee of this nature buzzing under his Fedora he proceeded to issue his defy to C. E. DeLong, of Hot Springs, the present possessor of the jewelry which goes with the honor. Mr. DeLong notified Mr. Fletcher that if he really meant business he would have to come over to the Springs and play in his yard. So the latter, in company with the writer, journeyed hence on Thanksgiving Day—Fletcher with the avowed intention of setting the pace right from the jump for Mr. DeLong. Notwithstanding that this resolution on the part of Mr. Fletcher was a most commendable one, he failed to make good, and, though DeLong shot a very rank score for a champion, the only thing he got was turkey and good treatment, and a parting invitation to return and try it again. This, however, is highly improbable, as Mr. Fletcher has quietly told me that he believes he does not possess any championship ability, and therefore will hardly shy his castor into the ring against any one individually

The race itself is worthy of little comment, except for the very poor score made by the principals, which is largely due to a case of rattle, for in the general scramble that followed the individual contest DeLong broke 46 out of 50 and Fletcher 43, so that it is plainly evident that each was over-anxious, and as a consequence too slow and too cautious.

Dr. S. P. Collings was referee; L. K. Epperly, of Wallace, Id., was judge for DeLong, and the writer acted in a like capacity for Fletcher. Mr. Moyston, of Hot Springs, was scorer.

Match between C. E. DeLong, of Hot Springs, holder, and John T. Fletcher, of Little Rock, for the individual championship of Arkansas. 50 single targets, unknown angles, challenger to put up $10 against the medal, winner to take money and medal, loser to pay for the birds, Interstate rules:

```
DeLong .....0101101111111101111110001 1—18
                                      0101101111101110011110111—18—36
Fletcher ...0101001001110111100110001—13
                                      0101111101111111011011100—18—31
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Resurrected.

The most important step taken by the sportsmen of Hot Springs in preparing for their big midwinter tournament next February is the reorganization of the local gun club. At a meeting recently held for this purpose twenty-four sportsmen responded to the call, so that the club, which has been practically dead for the past four years, has once more become active. The officers chosen to serve for the ensuing year are: Dr. A. U. Williams, President; C. N. Rix, Treasurer, and C. E. DeLong Secretary. All the members are very enthusiastic over the proposed tournament, and I am assured that the added money will be raised to $1,500, which, of course, will insure a large attendance.

Scheduled.

Mr. Harvey Sconce, of Sidell, Ill., informs me that it is his intention to hold a three days' tournament at Danville, Ill., Jan. 17 to 19. The first day targets and the remaining two days live birds. Evidently he desires to conduct this on approved lines, for he writes me that Rose system and high gun divisions will prevail there.

Interfered.

Lieut. Phillips writes me from Porto Rico that the organization of the gun club among the army officers stationed at San Juan was materially interfered with by the devastating tornado that swept over the island some time ago, as the troops were scattered all over the island on relief duty, feeding the destitute, but are now beginning to return, so that ere long the Boriquen Gun Club, as he has seen fit to term it, will soon take life by holding regular shoots, of which he promises that the scores will be forthcoming.

Omaha-Kansas City Banquet.

As a finale to the intercity team contest, the Kansas City sportsmen entertained the Omaha team, their friends and the visiting sportsmen at a banquet Saturday night at Herman's restaurant. This affair, like everything else that the Kansas City sportsmen undertake, was a most lavish one. The menu consisted of thirteen courses, and comprised nearly everything that would tickle the palate of the epicure, a good portion of liquid refreshment being a part of this. There was the wine that is red and the wine that fizzes, and several other varieties so conducive to what the German terms "katzenjammer." Game was also a conspicuous feature of this bill of fare, such as black bass, teal duck, quail on toast and buffalo hump salad.

The hall was draped in the national colors, and the Stars and Stripes were very much in evidence, while interspersed along the tables were flowers, such as roses, pinks and chrysanthemums in lavish profusion, all of which added caste to the occasion.

In the absence of Mr. Walden, Mr. Sweeny acted as toastmaster, and during the evening Messrs. Brucker, Binder, Hallowell, Parmelee and Reid were called upon, and all of them responded in a very interesting and entertaining manner.

Mr. Herman, who is equal to all such occasions, had a trio of musicians present, who discoursed both vocal and instrumental music. Much credit is due Mr. Herman for the manner in which the banquet was conducted.

Mr. Brucker, on behalf of the Omaha team, thanked the Kansas City sportsmen for the generous hospitality accorded them, and assured them that when they came to Omaha in January everything within their power would be done to reciprocate in kind. It was agreed that the Kansas City team would return the visit between Jan. 15 and 20, after which the gathering dispersed.

Busch Medal.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 28.—W. S. Thompson and John J. Sumpter shot a race for the Busch trophy at Dupont Park to-day on the best lot of pigeons that were ever trapped on the grounds. All of these birds had been trapped one or more times, and their past experience evidently lent vigor to their motive power. It was generally conceded prior to the race that Thompson stood but little chance of defeating Sumpter, and on such birds he was simply outclassed. Early in the match he did fairly well, but near the close he lost all control, and actually lost his last six birds, which put him out with the meager score of 14. In the meantime Sumpter was negotiating his birds with his customary regularity, and naturally ran away from his opponent, scoring 23. Both of his misses occurred on extremely hard drivers, and are therefore in a large measure excusable.

Sam Thompson was referee and the writer acted as scorer. This race was shot in the remarkably fast time of 21 minutes, which of itself goes to attest the activity of the birds.

These matches are shot on a handicap basis, the shooter starting in at a given mark and going back after each string of 5 birds, providing he kills straight. Thus Thompson shot all his birds from the 26yd. mark, and Sumpter started in at 29yds., so that his last 15 were shot at 31yds. When a contestant has once gone back he can never come forward again. The weather conditions were perfect. The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

```
                  4 5 3 2 1 2 1 3 4 5 2 3 4 5 5 1 2 2 3 2 4 5 4 5 5
                  ↖↗↓←↘↖↖↖H→↖←↗↗↙↙↗↖↖↗T↗↖↗↗
J J Sumpter.....2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—23

                  2 1 5 4 5 4 5 1 2 4 5 1 3 4 2 5 4 5 5 2 2 2 1 3 4
                  ↖↖↖↶H↕←↖↖T↗↶↗←↖↖↙↗↗↗↙
W S Thompson.....2 1 2 0 2 2 1 0 1 1 0 0 2 1 2 * 2 1 2 * 0 0 0 0—14
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Dr. Smith—Arnold.

On the same day at the St. Louis Gun Club grounds Dr. Smith and Arnold shot a 50-bird race for a hat and the price of the birds. This race was shot principally to try Dr. Smith out for his contest with Sumpter on the following day. In many respects this was similar to the Sumpter-Thompson match, for the Doctor was in superb form, while Arnold shot in very ragged fashion, and his numerous dead out of bounds is chiefly attributable to slovenly work, he being unable to lead his birds properly, and of course was not centering them. However, he was shooting a new load, with which he had not become familiar.

The birds were not so good as those shot on the neighboring grounds, as there were many sitters, and few that flew promptly, which was largely due to their having been fed recently. There were some really fast ones, and the Doctor scored some brilliant kills. He was using his first with great precision, so that his second was rarely required. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

```
                  2 4 3 2 4 5 4 1 3 2 1 1 4 3 1 2 4 3 3 2 3 2 2 5 2
                  ↖↘↙↖↑↘↗↖T↖H←↖→↖↘→↗→↖↑↙↖↗↖
Arnold.....0 2 1 * 1 * 1 1 0 1 1 1 * 1 1 2 * * 1 2 2 1 1 2 2—18

                  4 3 2 3 5 4 3 5 4 3 2 2 3 1 5 3 5 1 2 1 4 5 1 1 3
                  ↘↗↖←T↗H↘↗↗↖↖H↖↗HTH↓↖↗↗↙↙↙
                  0 1 * 0 0 1 2 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 2 1 * 2 0—17—35

                  4 5 1 1 3 1 5 4 5 4 4 2 1 2 3 4 2 1 4 4 5 3 4 3 1
                  ↘↗↙↙↑↙→↗H↗↗↑↙↖↗↗↗↖↙↓↗↗↗H
Smith.....2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1—24

                  1 5 3 1 2 5 1 2 1 4 4 5 4 3 1 2 3 4 3 2 5 2 5 3 5
                  ↖↗↗↗H↙↖↖↖↖↑↗↖↗↗↖↗↗↗↙↓↙↖↖←↙
                  1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1—24—48
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PAUL R. LITZKE.

IN NEW JERSEY.

East Side's Thanksgiving.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 30.—The East Side Gun Club held its Thanksgiving Day shoot on Smith Brothers' grounds, Foundry street, to-day. The weather was fair, and there was a light wind. The birds were an excellent lot, quite the best trapped here for some time. The programme consisted of a 10-bird event, $5 entrance, 29yds. rise, three moneys; a 15-bird sweep, $8 entrance, 29yds., four moneys, and several miss-and-outs at 28, 29 and 30yds. The scores:

```
Otten .....9221212120— 8      1200112*1111221—12
P O N.....2120222121— 9       212222222222222*—14
Steffens .....2121221122—10   0202211222111121—13
Schortemeier .....622121122 1—10  1202222122122122—14
Matzen .....2212120220— 8     *2211*202010021— 9
Martin .....1222021112— 9     2202202121112222—13
Geoffroy .....1111211111—10   0022020222222221—11
Hassinger .....2220121121— 9  *12111021*22112—12
Koegel .....2021021120— 7     11*122011121222—13
Fischer ..... .....           222222201220002—11
Wright ..... .....            2*222222*220222—12
Leuthauser ..... .....        1212211210212222—14
Canon ..... .....             110*12121121112—13
Tracy ..... .....             202201222111202—12
```

Miss-and-outs:

```
Matzen .....11—2  10 —1  110 —2  2112122—7   ....        ..
P O N.....10—1  212—3  2222—4  2222220—6  1222—4  22—2
Schortemeier .....10—1  222—3  10 —1  0 —0  0 —0  ..
Steffens .....0 —0  10 —1  1220—3  2212221—7  20 —1  10—1
Martin .....0 —0  212—3  0 —0  12220 —4  ....        ..
Otten .....10—1  10 —2  * —0  0 —0  2111—4  10—1
Geoffroy .....  ...  ....  .....  1120—3  ..
Canon .....  ...  ....  .....  12* —2  ..
Tracy .....  ...  ....  .....  110 —2  0 —0
Wright .....  ...  ....  .....  0 —0  ..
```

Walsrode Gun Club.

Trenton, N. J., Nov. 30.—The Walsrode Gun Club's Thanksgiving Day shoot was a most successful affair. A large crowd of shooters attended, and shooting was continued until darkness set in. The last event was shot almost in darkness, and the rest of the events scheduled could not be shot for this reason. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	20	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	*	*	20
Widmann	18	..	8	10	13	10	8	7	9	..	5	4	15
Taylor	10	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Blindy	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woolverton	13	5	9	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..
Jackson	13	..	6	..	4	..	..	6	9	5	0	0	..
Hall	13	..	..	..	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Hall	9	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McDermott	10	4	..	2	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Warren	12	3	..	..	..	4	..	2	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	8	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas	12	..	..	5	9	8	..	9	6	7	..	..	..
Jaques	12	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	8	0	..	..
JHenry	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Leggitt	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Walton	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..
Lutes	14	6	..	8	10	8	6	6	..	7	0	..	..
Mack	9	..	5	..	..	5	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
F Smith	13	..	8	..	6	6	7	4	7	8	4	3	11
Bundy	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..
Mountford	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cole	12	8	..	..	..	..	6	9	..	6	2	1	7
Page	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	5	..	..	..
Lawton	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kent	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
King	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Taylor	..	6	7	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	2	..
Arend	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	0	1	..
Maguire	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	0	..
Ginnely	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	6
Gould	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dancoe	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Williams	..	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L C Smith	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Reading	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Jenten	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Matlock	..	3	5	4	5	5	..	3	..	..	..	..	..
Hughes	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gropp	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	4	1	1	..
Black	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	8	..	..	..
Coleman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..
Worthington	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	..	..
Kirby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	5	..
Kraft	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	1	..
Lacy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	1	..

*Miss-and-outs.

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 30.—The Forester Gun Club's holiday shoot was held to-day. Events Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 were turkey shoots. Sinnock won the turkeys in Nos. 3, 5 and 6 on the shoot-off, and Meyer in No. 2 on the shoot-off and in No. 4 with 9. All events were at 10 targets, five traps, unknown angles: Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
D Fleming	9	5	6	4	5	4	6
E Young	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Young	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
S B Tarlton	3	..	7	7	..	..	..
J C Dawson	5	2	..	4	4	6	..
H C Meyer	2	6	7	9	5	..	..
McC Smith	9	6	6	5	5	8	..
J Fleming	6	7	6	7	..	..	..
F E Sinnock	..	6	8	8	7	8	10
R Peets	..	1	2	2	1	..	..
E G Koenig	..	6	8	3	2	3	5
J Henry	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
J H Brandt	..	..	..	..	2	1	..
G Seymour	..	..	..	..	2	..	..
W M Hayes	..	..	..	..	..	..	7

Elliott-Doty for the Republic Cup.

Dec. 2.—On Thomas Morfey's grounds at Lyndhurst, N. J., J. A. R. Elliott, holder, to-day defeated Aaron Doty, challenger, in a match at 100 live birds for $100 a side and the possession of the Republic cup, by a score of 91 to 81. The weather was clear and bright, but there was little or no wind to help the birds along, consequently they were not the fast, nerve-testing kind usually dished up by Morfey, although they were not dufters by any means. Neither man's work was up to the form displayed in his recent shooting. In ten matches this season previous to to-day's Elliott has scored 964 out of 1,000 birds, a percentage of .964. To-day's score brings his percentage down to .959, a fine one at that, but appreciably below that of his previous matches. Doty's shooting to-day was quite in contrast to that in his last match on these grounds on July 14, when in a race with Harold Money he scored 95 out of 100 on some of the best birds ever trapped on Morfey's grounds. He has shown some fine work lately, and to-day's score does not do him justice. Doubtless the fact that he was up against one of the country's best and steadiest pigeon shots may have had some effect. The styles of the men were entirely different. Elliott was quick, snappy, confident; Doty slow, deliberate, nervous. Elliott was at the score almost before his opponent was seated. He glanced hastily down the barrel of his gun, swung it to his shoulder, and called, "Are you ready?" and immediately upon the puller's "Ready," he called "Pull." Doty was slow to advance to the score, carefully poised himself at the mark, raised his gun to his shoulder several times and called "Ready?" Upon the puller's reply, he swung his gun from left to right and from right to left a number of times before calling "Pull." His time became slower as the match progressed, and as Doty's grew slower Elliott's became proportionately faster. Doty had a little the worse luck in drawing his birds, but Elliott's advantage in this respect was not great. Doty twice claimed "no bird," on his 30th and again on his 43d bird.

The ball was used twice during the match—on Doty's 59th and 83d birds. Elliott's best kills were on his 25th, 36th, 39th, 61st, 72d and 74th birds. His kills of his 36th, 39th, and 72d birds were especially good, the first two being long kills with the second shell on right-quarterers from No. 5 trap that died near the fence, and his 72d, a fast, low outgoer, also from No. 5 trap.

Doty's best work was on his 11th, 16th, 19th, 26th, 49th, 50th, 53d and 73d birds. He made several good long second-barrel kills.

The quality of the birds improved as the race progressed. The second 50 were considerably better than the first 50, and toward the close some real good ones were trapped. Doty's 76th, 84th, 85th and 86th all lost feathers before getting away, and Elliott's 88th carried both charges away with it.

The time of the match was 1 hour 58 minutes. Doty was handled by his brother, John Doty. Elliott shot his match without coaching. Lewis Harrison, of Minneapolis, was referee, Jacob Pentz scorer, and Mark May pulled the traps. Tom Morfey's setter pup King did the retrieving.

Elliott shot a Winchester repeater and 45grs. of Blue Ribbon in Leader factory-loaded shells. Doty used a Westley Richards. 3½drs. of E C in the first and 3¾drs. in the second barrel, and 1¼oz. No. 7 shot in U. M. C. Trap factory-loaded shells.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1899, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

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                  2 5 5 2 2 2 2 1 3 2 2 1 4 1 2 1 2 4 5 5 1 5 2 5 2
A T Doty, 30,     →→→↖↖↗↗←↑↖↗↖→←↓↖→↗↘↗→↗↙→↖
Haledon, N. J.* 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

                  5 5 2 2 1 1 1 2 5 2 5 2 5 2 5 1 5 3 5 2 5 4 1 2 5
                  ↗→↖↗↗↗→→↗↖→←→↗↖↙→↑↓→→↗↗↘
                  2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 0 2 2—21

                  4 3 2 1 4 3 3 1 5 5 3 1 5 1 4 2 2 3 4 1 2 5 2 4 3
                  ↖↑↗↖→↖↙↓↘↑↑↘↖↗↗↗↖→↖→→↘↑
                  0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 3 2 2—22

                  4 2 5 5 2 5 5 5 5 5 1 2 3 3 5 5 5 2 2 2 3 2 2 5 5
                  ↗↑↓→↑→↠↓↗↗↗↗→→↗↗↗↑←↗↑←→↖↗→↗↗
                  0 2 0 0 2 2 0 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—15—81

                  3 3 2 3 3 3 5 1 3 5 4 5 1 3 2 2 2 2 1 4 3 2 4 5 4
J A R Elliott, 30,←↑T↗↗↗←→↙T↗↗↗↓↑←↗↑←→↖↗→↗↗
Kansas City, Mo.2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—23

                  5 4 5 5 2 2 1 2 5 5 5 3 2 5 5 2 5 2 3 5 5 4 2 4 5
                  ↖↗↘↗↓↖↙↙→↗→H←→↗↗↗↗↘←→↗↗→→
                  2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—24

                  1 1 5 5 2 1 5 5 2 5 3 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 3 2 5 5 1 5 5
                  ↖↗→→→H↘↘→→↑↖↗↖↗↗↗↘↘↗↖↗←→←
                  2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—24

                  4 2 1 2 3 1 2 1 2 5 2 5 3 4 4 1 5 5 4 5 2 4 5 2 2
                  ↗↗←→H↖↖↗↖↗↖↗↑↑↑←→↗↖↗↗→↖↓↗
                  2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 * 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2—20—91
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Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Nov. 30.—The Haverhill Gun Club held their regular holiday shoot to-day, and while many of our own members were gunning in the woods we were not forgotten by our friends from out of town, Amesburg being represented by Messrs. Spofford, Lockwood, Lovering and Follansbee; Newport by Mr. Weston; Dedham by Mr. Cole; Brockton by Secretary Barrett, and the Boston Gun Club by Miss Margaret Kirkwood, her brothers William and Horace, and Sister Jennie, who claimed that the family must afford at least one spectator. Miskay was in just the right humor for smashing things, and did it with a vengeance, her shooting being simply phenomenal, scoring 130 breaks out of 140 shot at, or .928 per cent. The day was very dark, and the light poor, which in addition to the hard background makes her score all the more remarkable. Our old standby, Lambert, who recently went broke at a live-bird shoot in St. Louis, and was obliged to leave his gun with his "uncle" or count the ties home, not to be outdone by Miskay, broke 95 out of 100, using six different guns to do the trick.

Scores:

	Events. 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
	Targets. 10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	Av.
Miskay—	9	10	9	9	9	9	8	10	10	8	10	10	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.928
Horace—	7	7	8	7	5	9	9	8	8	8	10	9	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.821
William—	6	6	8	9	8	10	7	9	7	8	9	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.792
Cole—	9	7	8	9	4	8	6	9	9	9	6	8	8	9	10	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	.800
Lockwood—	5	3	4	5	7	2	4	5	6	5	3	4	2	5	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	.433
Lovering—	8	6	6	6	3	5	2	5	6	6	5	6	6	6	8	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	.552
Follansbee—	6	3	4	6	6	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	.562
George—	9	9	9	7	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	6	6	..	7	9	10	7	10	.773
Spofford—	6	8	6	8	7	6	6	9	7	7	6	5	6	6	7	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	.676
Miller—	8	8	7	7	8	6	8	6	9	4	6	5	6	3	7	..	6	..	9	5	6	4	.640
Pillsbury—	..	..	..	7	5	7	7	8	4	6	8	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.650
Holden—	..	..	..	8	4	3	5	3	4	8	5	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.520
Leighton—	..	..	..	4	8	5	5	8	7	7	7	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.670
Tozier—	..	..	..	5	8	6	5	8	8	6	8	8	10	8	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	.700
Barrett—	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	8	9	8	6	7	5	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	.700
Lambert—	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	10	10	9	10	8	9	..	10	10	..	..	..	.950
Griggs—	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	7	8	7	7	6	6	8	.700
Brown—	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	5	..	4	7	6	5	7	7	.550
Weston—	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	8	6	6	2	..	..		.460
Graffam—	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	6	9	4		.660

S. G. MILLER, Sec'y pro tem.

Bison Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 30.—To-day's shoot was the fourth annual Thanksgiving Day tournament of the Bison Gun Club. A number of out-of-town shooters were present, among whom were: W. R Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.; J. S. Fanning, San Francisco, Cal.; Thomas Donley, H. H. Bates, C. Cofcey, and Robt. Emslie, St. Thomas, Ont., Can.; F. D. Kelsey, East Aurora, N. Y.; L. V. Beyer, Rochester, N. Y.; Geo. Borst, Rochester, N. Y.; Geo. Mosher, Syracuse, N. Y.; H. D. Kirkwood, Fredonia, N. Y., and J. Sweet, Smoke Creek, N. Y. The tournament was a great success. The first event was for a sterling silver loving cup, donated by the Bison Gun Club, and was won by T. G. Wheeler with 24 kills. He used Hazard Blue Ribbon in U. M. C. factory shells. The conditions were: 25 live birds, $10 entrance, five high guns. Following this were a miss-and-out at live birds, $2 entrance, and three 20-target events. Scores:

Cup shoot:		
Wheeler, 28	22112022112211222211211111—24	21221—5
Fanning, 32	22221212222222*2221*222—23	22222—5
Crosby, 32	02222222202220222222211221—22	22222—5
Tyro, 28	22120212212222122222020202—22	20
333, 28	22222202022222222*2112*222—22	22222—5
Byer, 27	22220221122012202122111110—21	.....
Donley, 27	*22221122222210122021202O—20	22220—4
Kirkover, 30	22222222202222210000w	22222—5
Burkhart, 30	22222222222022002212200w	22222—5
Mosher, 29	02220222222222022222220w	2210
Emslie, 29	12210020122222221211Ow	220
Bates, 29	2222020200w	22122—5
Sweet, 28	20110020w	0
Cooper, 28	02122000w	12212—5
Kelsey, 30	22200120120w	.....
66, 28	0000101022w	210
Werlin		22210—4

The target sweeps resulted as follows:

Events:	Targets:	1	2	3	Events:	Targets:	1	2	3
		20	20	20			20	20	20
Kelsey		15	18	15	Renockey		15	16	..
Hammond		17	18	13	McCarty		13	11	9
333		15	17	19	Cannon		11	..	..
	hardt	17	17	15	Leichner		15	15	16
Byer		17	19	15	Bugnet		16	13	12
Kirkover		17	17	19	Crosby		19	20	17
66		14	17	..	Warren		16	12	12
		17	11	..	Poole		12	15	16
				18	Gestoffer		13	..	..
Cooper		13	16	..	Foxer		..	13	14
				15	Stacy		..	20	10
Tyro		14	16	..	Heinhold		..	..	12

Florists' Gun Club.

WISSINOMING, Pa., Nov. 28.—To-day's shoot of the Florists' Gun Club was the first of the new series, and sixteen men took part in the shooting. The conditions were 25 targets, reversed angles; 15 targets, unknown angles, and 5 pairs; handicap allowance. The weather was clear and sharp, and favorable for shooting. Points were scored as follows: Parsons 3, Barrett 3, Cartledge 3, Bell 3, Burton 3, Park 3, Smith 2, Anderson 1. Scores:

Parsons, 14	11110110011111111010111101	—19
	111111101111111 11 10 10 11 01—20—39—14—50	
Barrett, 18	11000110001000111111100111	—14
	111111011111111 11 11 00 11 10—21—35—18—50	
Cartledge, 9	11111111010110111110111011	—20
	111111110111111 11 11 10 11 11—23—43— 9—50	
Bell, 13	11110110010011101011111111	—18
	111011110111111 11 00 11 11 01—20—38—13—50	
Burton, 12	01111111111111101111001101	—20
	111100101111110 10 01 11 11 11—19—39—12—50	
Park, 9	11110111111111101111001111	—21
	011111011111111 11 10 01 11 10—20—41— 9—50	
Dr Smith, 12	11011111101101110101111101	—19
	110101110101111 10 11 01 11 10—18—37—12—49	
Anderson, 9	10110111110100111111111111	—20
	011101011010110 11 11 10 11 01—18—38— 9—47	
Wescott, 18	00111000110011110010100l1	—13
	101000000010111 11 11 01 01 01—13—26—18—44	
Webster, 19	11010111001110010001101O1	—14
	010000100101001 01 01 11 00 11—11—25—19—44	
Dorp, 16	00011001000001101110111l0	—12
	111101010111011 00 01 00 01 11—15—27—16—43	
Eisenlohn, 8	11111110110010011111101110	—18
	001001100101110 10 11 10 10 11—14—32— 8—40	
McKaraher, 14	01011010101000110000000000	— 8
	000000111100101 00 00 00 10 00— 7—15—14—29	
*Van Loon	10010011100010010111001l0	—12
	101011101011010 11 10 10 11 01—16—28	
*Hamel	01000010100110100101001O0	— 9
	011100000101000 00 01 00 11 11—10—19	
*Castner	00000000000000000000000000	— 0
	001000011000000 11 01 10 01 00— 8— 8	

(Guests.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Thanksgiving at Watson's.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 2.—A few of the faithful gathered at Watson's Park on Thanksgiving Day and indulged in what is the nearest approach in the city to a turkey shoot, namely, a shoot at live pigeons. The birds were strong and prompt and the conditions good. No regular club shoot was on, and no match of interest, the sport being in practice, of which the scores follow:

Wilson	220021222221*0*0*01011202—	15
Williams	0*2002200120001100010100O—	9
Anderson	0202002002010010000000102—	8
Johnson	0200020000010*10012201001—	8
Creyk	011021120101*1*12020	—12
R B Mack	10011102220000012022	—11
Day	222021120022110	—11
French	111000*00221201	— 8
Gillespie	010111111202000	— 9
F Carson	1221*10202	— 7
Mrs Carson	0012012100	— 5
Lovell	0101212*220221*211*1	—14
Cornwall	200001*11200*1012122	—11

Chicago Sportsmen's Trophy.

Only eleven men came yesterday to take part in the sixth regular contest for the Chicago sportsmen's trophy. The weather was fine, with a brisk wind blowing to the left quarter from the score, and the birds were very good indeed, for that the moulting season is now past and the strong-flying times at hand. No one was able to land straight without his allowance, and White's run of 12 gave him high average. Clempson, winner of the last shoot, fell into the 13 hole to-day. The badge was won by Eaton, White taking the second prize, for high average. Barto won the tie on 14, killing 3 straight, Odell missing his last tie bird. Clempson took the 13 tie and Leffingwell won in the 12s. Following the main event a little miss-and-out sweep was shot, and won by Barto, who killed 9, White missing his 9th. Following are the scores:

Clempson, 30, 9	202222222*22222	—13
W B Leffingwell, 30,	0122222221211**0	—12
H Odell, 28, 3	10*122202102222221	—14
Edw Sturtevant, 30, 1	220202220212*00w	
Eaton, 28, 3	11111112121012011	—15
S Palmer, 30, 1	2220211220022022	—12
Geo Roll, 30, 0	102221120202211	—12
Dr Shaw, 30, 9	*2222201220w	
J L White, 30, 2	22222222222222222	—15
S E Young, 30, 3	1*1100200111200w	
J B Barto, 30, 1	21222*221222122*	—14

Ties on 15:

White	2222*—4	Eaton	21122—5

Miss-and-out, entrance $2:

Karnne	2222220	Barto	221211112
Palmer	10	Eaton	2221110
White	121221220	W B Leffingwell	22220
Roll	210		
Karnne	222222	Palmer	20
White	110	Barto	211220

Eureka Live-Bird Shoot.

Eureka Gun Club opened its live-bird season at Watson's to-day and made a very strong showing with sixteen members at the score. This augurs well for the interest in these events during the winter months, and it is to be hoped that the numbers will hold up. The day was a very satisfactory one in all ways—pleasantly warm, though overcast, with a right-quartering wind—and birds were far above merely good ones. The flying season is in evidence, and the sport this afternoon was real pigeon shooting. With the short race of 10 birds—and a handicap at that—no one ran straight, and the 9s had to shoot to decide a first, Parker finally winning in the tie with 9 straight kills. Ties on 8 divided, as also with 7s. Mr. Adams, the club president, and Dr. Carson, the secretary, were tied on high run, and shot to settle it, Dr. Carson winning and taking place for highest number of consecutive kills. The Eureka season prizes, for first and second places, are now on exhibition at Von Lengerke & Antoine's store. They consist of a very elegant display of cut-glass, two handsome decanters and two sets of cut-glass goblets, as good as could be purchased in the market, and they certainly are very tempting and we shall watch the club scores this winter with interest. Following is the record of to-day:

L Goodrich, 30	0222222220— 8	C C Parker, 30	1101212222— 9
R B Mack, 28	2222120000— 6	J L Jones, 28	0121011111— 8
J G Lovell, 27	1202111002— 7	E M Steck, 30	0222211112— 9
W H Cornwell, 27	10021210*2— 6	L C Willard, 30	1012121212— 9
F H Mitchell, 28	02222202*2— 7	A Sundermeier, 28	1202122111— 9
A W Adams, 30	1221221102— 9	C Antoine, 30	2112002111— 8
Dr Carson, 30	112122210*— 8	Dr Turck, 28	0112101020— 6
Mrs Carson, 26	1210001210— 6	B E Veatch, 28	20100122*2— 6

Ties on 9:

Adams, 30	0	Willard, 30	2222120
Parker, 30	122221212	Sundermeier, 28	11220
Steck, 30	212221110		

John Watson's Live-Bird Shoot.

Your Uncle, John Watson, has been waiting till his pigeon poultry was good and ripe before pulling off his big annual live-bird shoot. Having trained all the birds so that they fully know their business, he now announces himself ready to have fun with the boys, and asks them all to be on hand. The tournament begins at 10 A. M., Tuesday, Dec. 12, and it will be something which no live-bird shooter ought to miss. For each day, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the programme will be as below:

Event No. 1, 7 live birds, entrance $5; high guns. Event No. 2, 10 live birds, entrance $7; two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent. Event No. 3, 15 live birds, entrance $10; three moneys, 45, 35, 20. Miss-and-out and additional sweeps, time permitting.

On Friday, Dec. 15, the entire day will be devoted to the capital event of the tournament, the Watson live-bird handicap, at 25 birds, $15, four moneys; class shooting; handicap 26 to 31yds.; $100 added money. This will be about the biggest live-bird contest we have had here for some days, and will be awaited with interest, as it should bring out some of the good ones. Mr. Watson can run a pigeon shoot as no other man can, and this tournament will be one of the first-rankers.

Elgin National.

Elgin National Gun Club, of Elgin, Ill., has a nice little live-bird shoot on for to-day, which ought to be a very pleasant thing to take in, as the birds, the grounds and the company are sure to be good.

Elgin National Club holds a target and live-bird shoot on Dec. 31 and Jan. 1, and this is an event which the travelers ought to paste in their hats.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—The following scores were made on the grounds of the Garfield Gun Club yesterday (Thanksgiving). The birds were in the main a fast lot, although a nasty north wind blowing across the traps seemed to chill both shooters and birds, making the birds a little slow about taking wing, but screamers when once started. The retrieving was done by Mr. Kuss' dogs in their usual dashing style. Several visitors attended the shoot, and all seemed to enjoy themselves:

C Wolff	010*12—3	011212—5	202221—5	.....
J Wolff	111222—6	*21*10—3	.....	.....
Shaw	01*022—3	210211—5	222220—5	221*10—4
Kehl	222201—5	112112—6	001211—4	.....
F Eaton	112122—6	121101—5	.....	.....
E Eaton	010111—4	201221—5	.....	.....
Thomas	221002—4	10*121—4	110001—3	.....
F Barnard	221102—5	212220—5	1*0011—3	.....
De Clercq	0202*2—3	11*212—5	010220—3	.....
F Wolff	122012—5	221020—4	000000—0	.....
Fanning	121022—5	121222—6	.....	.....
Dr Meek	111212—6	221222—6	.....	.....
Gardner	102*11—4	.....	.....	.....
Canfield	220122—5	.....	.....	.....
Kuss	.....	222222—6	121122—6	22*221—5
O Barnard	.....	100001—2	.....	.....
Ellmon	.....	210212—5	.....	.....
Kersick	.....	00010w	.....	.....
Clark	.....	100120—3	222021—5	.....
Dr Matthews	.....	.....	.....	121222—6
Becker	.....	.....	022222—5	.....
Dr Royce	.....	.....	10*211—4	120220—4
Cornellson	.....	.....	000220—2	.....
Dr Carver	.....	.....	012202—4	212*12—5

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Nov. 30.—The annual holiday shoot of the South End Gun Club, of this city, was held to-day on the club's fine shooting grounds, near the city line. In the medal shoot, 25 targets per man, Yost and Eshelman tied on 21 in Class A, and in the shoot-off Yost won by the score of 24 to 23. In Class B Gicker broke 20 and won the silver medal, while Wilson broke 7 and won Class C medal.

The official scores in the medal shoot follow:

Yost	11111011110111101110111011111—21
Matz	11111111011101111011101110—20
Rhoads	01111001010011001110010l1—14
Shaaber	10111111111101001111100O1—18
Gerhard	01110111011011011111111111—20
Eshelman	10101111111111111111011101—21
Ball	11101011111110110111100000—17
G Miller	01011010011101111101100l1—16
Shoot-off Class A:	
Yost	11101111111111111111111111—24
Eshelman	11111111111111111111101110—23
Class B:	
Schultz	01001001100111110001111l1—15
Miles	00010111111011101100000011—14
Gicker	11111111101111100010111111—20
Farr	10010101110111111100011111—17
Hill	00110010010000001010101O0— 8
Class C:	
Wilson	10110100001000100000000l0— 7

The following scores were made in the ten open events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Miles	9	6	9	7	7	4	6	9	6	6
Gerhard	7	9	7	6	7	9	8	8	7	7
F Yost	10	7	10	10	8	10	8	..	..	..
Williams	3	4	3	7	5	5	3	5	4	6
Homan	2	3	4	1	5	3	..	..	..	..
H Miller	4	4	4	6	3	..	..	..	..	..
W Miller	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G Miller	7	5	6	7	6	6	6	..	..	..
Texter	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gicker	8	7	7	7	9	8	9	8	9	8
Eshelman	6	7	6	4	9	7	6	..	..	..
Matz	8	7	10	9	7	10	8	7	8	9
Ball	3	8	4	6	6	3	3	5	3	6
Dietrich	9	10	9	8	9	8	6	9	..	..
Shultz	9	6	7	8	9	5	6	6	..	..
Hill	3	4	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Osberne	4	5	5	5	6	6	6	6	6	6
H Grill	4	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Yeager	7	8	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shaaber	7	9	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Grill	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rhoads	8	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Farr	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
D Gerhart	9	6	9	8	4	4	6	..	..	..
Wilson	2	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Murray	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bitler	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Gicker	..	3	..	..	6	..	..	..	6	..
J Miles	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

DUSTER.

Minneapolis Gun Club.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Nov. 30.—Thirty shooters attended the Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club, and, all things considered, some good sport was had, though the day was dark and gloomy and most of the time a drizzling rain was falling. The wind blew across the traps just strong enough to make the birds, which as a whole were a good lot, strong flyers. All shooters stood at 28yds., and some excellent scores were made. G. Norenberg scored 10 straight, killing all his birds with the first barrel. Several other straight scores were made in the different events. Mrs. Johnston, the only lady who shot, scored 17 and 2 dead out of bounds in a possible 20, which is a good score, considering that she shot 3½drs. of powder in a 6¼lb. gun, which handicaps her very much in the use of the second barrel, as the load is a little strong for that weight of gun. Four new members were elected. The grounds will be open on Thursday afternoons at 1 o'clock until further notice, weather permitting. Arrangements are being made for an all-day sweep shoot on Christmas Day, notice of which will be published later. The following are the scores in the different events:

French	2221121222—10	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Biffton	2221122202— 9	1222212111—10		*1112	— 4	
Jaffrey	21122121*1— 9	12*1212212— 9		1121*	— 4	
Edsel	21*02112*1— 7	1010121111— 8		01121	— 4	
Campbell	*121101020— 6	2210* — 3		.....		
Parker	11*1221111— 9	1211211111—10		.....		
Johnston	*111121101— 8	.....		*021211111— 8		
Dr Bill	1121210101— 8	2200102210— 6		10122	— 4	
Mrs Johnston	211*121121— 9	.....		0212*11212— 8		
Nelson	1211**2122— 8	.....		.....		
Upton	2112211101— 9	12110	— 4	.....		
H Richter	22111211*— 9	1200*	— 2	.....		
Devereaux	10111*2112— 8	122*011122— 8		.....		
O'Brien	1120201221— 8	0102021010— 5		.....		
Hays	2220111121— 9	*120122212— 8		.....		
Charles	221100*122— 7	.....		.....		
Wilson	.....	1**1211211— 8		221*2	— 4	
McGraw	.....	1211201111— 9		*0*11	— 2	
F Richter	.....	11022	— 4	.....		
Rand	.....	12002	— 3	.....		
Wheelwright	.....	22120	— 4	.....		
Alger	.....	12210	— 4	.....		
Dow	.....	.....		2012221122— 9		
Miller	.....	.....		220*110222— 7		
Norenberg	.....	.....		1111111111—10		
Sargent	.....	.....		10111	— 4	
Gerber	.....	.....		22222	— 5	

Where only 5 birds were shot it was for birds only.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Nov. 30.—The Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Keystone Shooting League was held on the club's grounds to-day. The main event was the 15-bird handicap, $7.50 entrance. The scores:

Eames, 30	222222222222222—15
Johnson, 29	211212221121222—15
Landis, 30	222122221121222—15
McCoy, 30	222122111011122—14
Cowan, 30	22222222222222*2—14
Vincent, 30	220222212222222—14
Stevenson, 30	*2*2122122222?2—13
Budd, 30	210111101211222—13
Van Loon, 28	2222212202l*21—13
Longnecker, 29	2121222022022?2—13
Fisher, 30	12*122202222122—13
LaRue, 29	222112120120111—13
Delaney, 29	1211**222211111—13
Rothacker, 30	2*212210*222222—12
Edwards, 29	221221210*2*221—12
Vandergrift, 30	222210121*1*202—11
Henry, 30	2102222*0022222—11

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. G. W. Cole Co., well known as manufacturers of Three-in-One, have just issued a new catalogue of their lubricants and bicycle specialties. Their catalogue contains a great deal of interesting matter, and will be sent free on application.—*Adv.*

The new model 1900 Spencer Repeating Shot Gun, advertised in another column, is a take-down, and in every respect thoroughly up to the times. One of its features is the strong double extractor which throws the cartridge off to the right; another is an improvement in the magazine, and another still a simplification of the take-down apparatus. The grades of the Spencer are the same as heretofore, and all are now made take-downs.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 25. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

WIND FARMS.

WE have frequent occasion to refer to the highly unnatural history of the daily papers which often imposes on that large section of the reading public which knows nothing about natural history but is credulous enough to believe everything it sees in print.

There recently appeared in the New York Sun a half-column letter, perhaps from Mulberryville, Ia., which purported to give an account of various farms in that State which were devoted to raising wild animals for commercial purposes. Among these were named tracts on which leeches, frogs, rattlesnakes, coyotes, skunks, rabbits and many other creatures were bred and raised to sell. According to this veracious letter, the rabbit farmer had this season sold 1,000,000 rabbits, and had enough breeders left to rear twice as many next year. The leech farmer was growing rich at a rate of great rapidity, and so were all the other men interested in the vermin farms. It is a fact worth noting that the people told of in these accounts never fail. They are always successful, and in the end become disgustingly rich.

The Springfield Republican printed a sarcastic comment the other day on the misinformation appearing in the daily press about the Indians. It said:

> Yellow journalism sent afloat the other day a statement that the Sac and Fox Indians were on the warpath in Ohio, and were going to lay waste Toledo. The last enrollment of the tribe shows a total of 390. Of this number 101 males are over eighteen years of age; of this number forty are willing to submit to and fall in with the plan of education and improvement as outlined and provided for by the general government. Of the remaining sixty-one, about twelve are old men, three of them being entirely blind.

To this it might be added that as with the snakes in Ireland there are no Sacs and Foxes in Ohio.

Similar absurdities appear constantly in the daily papers, but life is far too short to be spent in going about correcting the blunders made by careless writers or intentional fakirs on subjects about which the essential facts are perfectly well known.

Let us go back to Mulberryville. The correspondent omitted to mention one industry that thrives near this future metropolis, namely, the pursuit of raising wind to sell to the daily papers. This vocation appears to be successfuly practiced by at least one individual there, who from time to time ships off to the newspapers a portion of the product of his farm, for which he perhaps receives cash, thus raising the wind in a double sense. In these days wind has a money value, and there are those who no longer say contemptuously, with the patriarch of old, "Shall a man fill his belly with the east wind?" but are only too glad to take the wind from whatever quarter it may come, if by a simple process of assimilation they can turn it into the "long green."

The fact that the wind farms flourish in many places all over the land, and that they find an unfailing market for their product, is an interesting sign of the times, and of the growing tendency of the present day in writing, a tendency that is seen wherever type is used to convey ideas—in newspapers, in magazines and in books. People are no longer content to have things told them simply as they occur. They want the adjectives piled on and the writing made fine; they want to be wrought up to the highest pitch; they want pepper in what they read to-day, even if to-morrow they must be told that the dish was really not even salted.

And since people want this and are willing to pay their money for it, it is not surprising that authors and publishers make haste to supply it.

An interesting example of the writing of to-day is seen in the accounts given in the London papers of the fighting at Modder River in South Africa. All accounts agree that on one side there were 6,000 or 7,000 soldiers, on the other 10,000, and that the battle lasted fourteen hours, and was hotly contested. The English newspapers speak also of the accurate marksmanship of the Boers, tell of "the perfect hail of bullets," the "harvest of death," and how, if a man showed his head from behind his cover death was certain. At times the English troops came out from behind cover and rushed toward the enemy, and when they did that they "fell by hundreds." This sort of thing was going for fourteen hours, be it remembered, and the distance between the forces was, most of the time, less than 600 yards, and the British were then exposed on a flat plain, where there was no cover; and yet the total number of men killed on the British side is given by the newspapers as 128. And this is what—to quote the newspapers again—is "the bloodiest battle of the century."

The good old days when the wise man already quoted said, "My desire is that mine adversary had written a book," and when most of the other wise men agreed with him, are past, and now one's nearest and dearest wish him to write and to keep on writing.

This is a period of "literature" run mad, of the manufacture of books in immense numbers and great quantities. These books are made to sell, and the struggle to make them salable and successful is severe and continuous. Each author and each publisher strives constantly more and more to make his product more attractive than that of each other author and publisher. The result is a continual striving after something that shall astonish the public or that shall move it by playing upon its emotions, and the more sensational the work, the louder the praise sung by the writer's admirers.

What the effect on the public mind of this flood of literature—some of it vicious and much of it worthless—remains to be seen.

"HAVE THE DUCKS CHANGED THEIR FLIGHT?"

IN another column is printed an inquiry frequently propounded by sportsmen with regard to migratory birds. We have all heard it asked about ducks, woodcock, snipe and rail, and when it is asked it usually means no more than that in some locality where formerly they were plenty the birds now appear scarce. We are all very much disposed to endeavor to find or assign a plausible explanation for the growing scarcity of game birds, but we seem very unwilling to acknowledge the most self-evident and greatest cause of all, which is over-shooting.

If we look back in the old books of fifty years ago on ornithology or sport, or even to the early numbers of the older journals, we find that in those days birds were enormously abundant. Men had been killing them for a hundred years or more, but great stretches of uninhabited territory were still their undisturbed breeding ground, the number of men who gunned was not very great, and their weapons were of a type which to-day would be called primitive. Now, the breechloader with its smokeless powder has taken the place of the muzzleloader, railroads carry the gunner wherever he wishes to go, the great breeding grounds of the Northwest have been invaded by settlers, and—more important than all—a hundred men are interested in shooting to-day for one that carried a gun thirty years ago.

All this means that the world is growing too small for the wild creatures that used to inhabit it. Civilized man penetrates everywhere, and where civilized man goes, and goes regularly, the wild birds or animals cannot exist.

Without at all going into the merits of the question asked by our correspondent, it appears to us that the weather which has prevailed up to the date of his letter is ample explanation of the scarcity of ducks on the Virginia shore. Until after Dec. 1 the weather along the north Atlantic coast has been more like that of September than of November, and there has been no reason for the birds to visit their feeding grounds in the South. Along much of the New England coast and on Long Island Sound fowl are still very abundant, and it is not likely that there will be much improvement toward the south until frost shall seal up the more northern feeding grounds, and thus oblige the birds to continue their migration.

We believe that the ducks are each year fewer in numbers than they were the year before, and this for the very good reason that more birds are killed during the months that the fowl are in the United States than are reared each summer. The birds are growing scarcer and will continue to do so, year by year, until some measures are taken to protect them during their southern flight by greatly reducing the number that are killed. One of the most obvious of these measures would be to abolish absolutely and everywhere spring shooting; another would be to limit the number of birds to be taken in a day or in a season by any one individual. Ultimately the matter will force itself on the attention of gunners, and will demand a remedy, and until public opinion shall act, there is no prospect of improved wildfowl shooting.

ANTLER.

WE record with sincere regret the passing away of our contributor whose pen name of Antler has so long been familiar to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Stratton died at his home in Grand View, Tenn., on Nov. 30. The period of his life spans a notable stage in the development of the country and the changed conditions of living. Born in Massachusetts in 1812, he was of the sturdy stock of a generation that literally hewed its way into the wilderness and won the land for settlement. When he was four years old the family removed to Cattaraugus county, N. Y., where the nearest neighbor was eight miles away. The boy was brought up amid surroundings that went to develop a native taste for the woods and the hunt. His was a love of nature which abided with him through life. He passed months alone in the solitudes of the mighty forests. "In the early days of his manhood," writes one of him, "he was known far and wide as 'Leather Stocking,' which perhaps tells the whole story of Antler as a hunter." His contributions to these columns were largely reminiscent of the early days; and in his personal correspondence he revealed the simplicity and ingenuousness of character which endeared him to his friends. His was a nature which had in it the purity and freshness of the mountain surroundings he chose for the home of his declining years.

SNAP SHOTS.

Mr. Henry Stewart sends us an intelligently written description of the Southern mountain district which it is proposed shall be converted into a national forest preserve. At a convention held in Asheville, the other day, of those interested in the preserve project, a permanent organization was effected under the name of the Southern National Park Association, and a systematic campaign will be conducted to create a public interest which shall result in action by Congress. As the speakers at the meeting well said, if we have established or are to establish national parks in the West, like considerations call for setting apart forest reserves in the East. The special natural advantages of the region under consideration are such as to mark it for a public reservation; the plan should receive the cordial support of the country, because it is of national concern and benefit.

On Thursday of this week the centenary of the death of George Washington (Dec. 14, 1799) was observed in various ways; and the occasion prompted to a consideration of one phase and another of his character by press, platform and pulpit. The sketch of Lord Fairfax, the father of fox hunting in America, presents the youthful Washington as a sportsman. The love of the chase which is here so well pictured by Mr. Hagan remained with Washington all his life, and he was the first of a line of Presidents who found in some branch of field sports the diversion and recreation which not only showed them to be well-rounded men, but, we cannot doubt, greatly enhanced the value of their public services.

The North Carolina quail netter is an industrious and enterprising fellow, and the effect of his work is found in such scarcity of birds as is reported by a correspondent writing from Catfish in that State. And by one of the inconsistencies of human nature, it happens that the North Carolina illicit quail netter is aided, abetted, encouraged and rewarded by the Northern sportsmen—individuals and clubs—who buy the live birds for stocking purposes.

The authorities have undertaken the prosecution of the Meadow Brook Hunt Club deer chasers who ran a deer with hounds on Thanksgiving day. The case should so be settled that no repetition of the hunt will be attempted by the present generation at least.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Sam's Boy.

III.—A Visit to Gran'ther Hill.

One morning an air of mystery pervaded the Lovel homestead. The mistress was not visible, but some neighborly women appeared to have usurped her place. Mrs. Purington was there with Maria Hill, and Mrs. Briggs, obeying her orders as she gave them out from her rocking chair, all officious and domineering, as it seemed to Sammy, while the men of the household were correspondingly meek and subdued.

Dr. Root, the Thompsonian practitioner, was present, superintending the steeping of herbs on the stove, and his horse was put in the stable as if the period of his stay was indefinite. Breakfast was served and eaten with dispatch, as if it were quite a secondary affair, and then Uncle Lisha invited Sammy to go with him to Joseph Hill's, and the pair trudged away well content to be in each other's company, away from home with its unpleasant preponderance of femininity.

"What's gran'ma an' all them women tu aour house for, Unc' Lisher?" Sammy asked after much silent pondering of the problem.

"Oh, I guess they come tu visit along wi' the darkter," Lisha answered.

"An' wha' d' he come for?"

"I da' say tu visit along wi' them," Uncle Lisha answered, hoping there might be an end of questions. "We'll go on an' see Gran'ther Hill; he's older'n any hill raound here—older'n Tater Hill, fur's I know, an' he knows more stories'n the 'Rabian Nights' tells on. Meby he'll tell us some on 'em, 'baout Ticonderoge an' Bennin't'n, like 'nough, an' Injuns, an' wolves, an' I do' know what all."

"What was Ti—Ticon-dero—I do' know haow you say it?"

"'Derogy—Oh, that's a fort him an' another man took away from the British in ol' times."

They found the veteran sitting outside the kitchen door, shooing away the chickens with frequent flourishes of his staff, sometimes getting the end under some gawky, long-legged, too-adventurous cockerall and tossing the unsuspecting fowl in the air.

"Jozeff's womern is bedivil ed arter chickens!" he remarked to the visitors after a successful toss. "An' I'd rather hev the devil raound me—the idgets!"

"Pooty middlin' good they be stewed or friggseed," said Uncle Lisha.

"I'd livser hev a pa'tridge," said Gran'ther Hill.

"Yes, but them ye can't git ary minute you take a notion," Lisha remarked.

"Meby you can't; but me an' that 'ere boy can, an' we'll show ye some day, won't us, Bub?"

Sammy modestly assented.

"But ye can't go aout an' find a pa'tridge nest any time."

"Wal, oncte I faound a pa'tridge nest just at the right minute."

"An' haow was that, Cap'n Hill?"

"I was a-scaoutin' clust tu the inemy, wi' not a maou'ful t'eat in my knapsack, an' afeared tu shoot on account o' showin' where I was. I tell ye, it was all-killin' tough tu see a pa'tridge struttin' along ahead on ye, or a rabbit a-skippin' away, or a deer get up an' stretch hisself when yer stomach was a-cryin' cupboard so you was ready tu eat yer moccasin strings, an' you da's'n't shoot. Oncte a deer got up that way, an' I see an Injin rise up from behind a lawg not ten rod off, an' p'int his gun at him, an' a-lookin' mighty hungry an' wishful. But he da's'n't shoot no more 'n me, an' by an' by went a-sneekin' off a-huntin' sech game as me, an' me a-hankerin' for his scalp.

"When all tu oncte a pa'tridge scooted aout from most under my foot, an' there lay a dozen white aigs. I jest dropped daown aside on 'em an' gobbled 'em. I do' know but the' was young birds in 'em as big as bumble bees. I didn't stop tu ask no questions, an' I never eat a better meal. The next thing I hed t' eat was a han'ful o' no-cake aouten a dead Injin's bag."

"'Taint good tu hev no-cake, is't, Unc' Lisher?" Sammy asked with round wistful eyes on the grim, gaunt old story-teller.

"It's paounded popcorn he means, an' leetle boys likes that."

While Uncle Lisha was speaking, the old man hobbled to a cupboard across the room, reached his hand into an earthen jar, and brought back two heart-shaped seed cookies.

"There, Sammy, see if them ain't better'n no-cake."

"I b'lieve I've hearn tell haow you was tu Ticonderoge, Cap'n Hill?" Uncle Lisha delicately suggested.

"Me! Wal, I rather guess I was; the secont man inside arter Ol' Ethan an' that Beeman boy. By the Lord Harry! It allers tickled me for tu hear tell what Ethan said when he met the Cap'n. He writ a book a-tellin' on't, haow he demanded the fort, 'In the name o' the Gr't Jehover an' the Continental Congress,' an' haow he talked tu us arter we landed. Says he, 'Boys, it'll be daylight afore them lazy bones gits here, an' aour cake'll all be dough. You that's for goin' ahead, p'ise your firelocks, an' don't ye du it if you're a lot o' dammed caowards'; an' when he come tu the Cap'n's quarters he says, says he, 'Come aout o' yer hole, you dammed ol' skunk, or by the' Gre't Jehover I'll let daylight through yer.' Them's the words he said! He didn't stop for tu make no Fourth of July speech."

"Did he ever know any wolves, real ones, Unc' Lisher?" the young listener whispered, covertly, yet overheard.

"Law, yes, no eend on 'em. Why, he act'ally shot the last wolf 'at ever come tu Danvis!"

"Was it wolves he was a-askin'?" Gran'ther Hill demanded. "Lord Harry, I guess you'd 'a' thought so when I fust come tu Danvis. It was oooo! here an' oooo! there as soon as ever night come, till they'd killed off all the deer, an' you might as well try for tu keep chickens in a weasel hole as tu keep a sheep anywher's! But they got trapped an' hunted off arter a spell, till the' wa'n't none left here 'ceptin' one ol' she, 'at kep' up on Tater Hill. She raised a litter reg'lar, an' every night daown she'd come off'n the maountain an' crost the river an' git her belly full o' mutton, an' take it back tu her whelps, an' the' couldn't nob'dy git a sight on her nor ketch her, she was that cunnin'. So one day I took me a trap on my shoulder, an' I took tu the river a-wadin' along, till by'm by I faound a path where the ol' rip come daown for tu cross, an' there I sot my trap wi' a sod on the pan abaout a step from the shore, an' next morning' it was gone, bob an' sinker, an' I follered up the trail an' faoun' the ol' varmint lookin' 'shamed enough. When I'd killed her an' skun her, I follered up the path an' faoun' the den, an' the next thing was for tu git the cubs.

"When I reckoned they'd got hungry 'nough tu be kerless I baited a hook wi' mutton, an' when they'd grab it I'd yank 'em aout, till I got three. I allers cal'lated there was one more, an' I 'spect the ol' he, he raised him, an' he come back arter a spell, an' was the one I killed tew year ago. I'll take ye up there an' show ye the place some day, Bub, when you git big enough tu go huntin'. You'll take tu it, I know by the way ye tousled that fox skin 'fore ye could walk. He'd make a boy if I hed the raisin' on him, an' it warn't for his hevin' sech a gran'marm."

"It's ruther late for him to help that, Cap'n Hill," said Uncle Lisha.

"I spusso," the veteran reluctantly assented. "But the ol' critter might die off. I wonder if I can't find him some o' Mari's sweet-flag candy. That 'ere's fust chop for leetle boys, if aour Bub an' amongst 'em hain't eat it all up."

"Wolves!" Gran'ther Hill mused as he bestowed a handful of sliced calamus root candied in maple sugar upon his youthful guest. "Lord Harry, Lisher! Don't you remember what a hullaballoo the' was over what's-



GOVERNOR.

his-name a-bein' eat up by wolves in his sugar camp? There was his bones—sheep's bones they was, an' I wonder the critter hed sense enough tu take huffs off, an' the snow all trampled up by the wolves—every identical track made wi' a right forepaw! An' his women hed a fun'ral over them bones, an' buried 'em an' put up a gravestun: 'He is not dead, but sleepeth!' Sure 'nough, so he was, way aout in York State! It wa'n't much that way with Jim Walker an' Ike Warner, which I s'pose you've heered on time an' ag'in; but Bub here never did.

"They was a-comin' from a loggin' bee arter dark an' there was a mess o' wolves took arter 'em. Jim an' Ike hed both ben arter the same gal, nip an' tuck, for a year, but Ike got the whip hand an' got the gal. Jim didn't lay it up ag'in Ike none, but was jes' as good friends as ever, an' thought just as much of Phebe. Wal, the wolves kep' a-gittin' sassier an' they hedn't ary gun, an' the darker it got the cluster the wolves come an' it begun tu look mighty ser'ous, an' they kep' a hus'lin' an' a-lookin' for a tree they could climb, but it 'peared as if the very woods was ag'in 'em, an' every tree a-swellin' up bigger'n a man could hug, an' a-holdin' up its branches 10 foot higher 'n ever. They got tu runnin' at last, an' Ike, he was the shortest winded an' shortest laiged, but Jim never left him behind, an' kep' a-encouragin' on him, a-tellin' on him 'baout Phebe an' the baby. Bye-m-bye Jim faced about an' ketched Ike by the hand. 'Good-bye,' says he, 'an' now run for your life whilst I hold 'em a spell.' Ike run on, a-lookin' back over his shoulder naow an' agin, an' there stood Jim steddy as a rock, wi' his club up an' ready.

"At fust the wolves stood off kinder shy—then they come a-jumpin' an' a-snappin', an' daown come the club like a flail, a-lyin' aout a wolf 'baout every time. But the last time he looked the' wa'n't no Jim—only a black swarm a-surgin' back an' tew on the graound in the dusk, an' that was the last he seen. Ike never wanted tu talk much 'baout that, but he done more 'n any other ten men tu clean the wolves aouten this country. He trapped 'em an' he p'isened 'em, an' if the' was a wolf hunt within twenty mild he was in it.

"One day he went a-huntin' an' never come back, an' we rallied aout tu s'arch for him. I was the fust one come on tu him, a-layin' on his back wi' a big painter atop on him. The wind was a-blowin' strong an' the critter's tail was a wavin' in 't as nat'ral as life—jest that ugly twitch cat critters hes when they're settin' their teeth into their game, an' I up wi' my gun an' gin it tu him jest behind the shoulder; but the' wa'n't a stir. The critter was dead as hay, wi Ike's bullet through his heart.

"Ah, wal, these 'ere woods hain't what they uster be," the veteran sighed, casting a regretful glance upon the broad sweep of forest that stooped from the lofty mountain crests to the narrow level of cleared land. "The' hain't nothin' in 'em naow bigger 'n a fox, nor dang'rouser 'n a coon—'ceptin' naow an' ag'in a bear."

To the little boy they looked as illimitable as the sky and as full of mystery, and why not full of such tragedies as this he had just heard? Some day, when he grew to be a man—not so old as Gran'ther Hill nor so fat as Uncle Lisha, for these he could not be, but something like that paragon of men, his father—that wonderful realm of shade and strange sounds would be open to him as it was now to them, and then what sights he would see and be a teller of tales to little boys. So with far-away gaze where the cloud shadows swept across the green roof of the woods, he dreamed the unspeakable dreams of childhood—the dreams that are realities never needing to come truer—while the two old men droned on of common affairs not worth being true.

By and by Ruby had a dinner ready for them concerning which she was nervously anxious, it being her first attempt to accomplish such a feat alone. But it was all that could be desired by a company blessed with such appetites. The potatoes were puffs of meal; the dandelion greens were tender; the pork boiled to just the right degree, and the Indian pudding was as good as her mother's. She could not ask for greater praise than her grandfather gave her when he said:

"I'm almighty glad they named you Ruby arter your gran'mother!"

In the afternoon the youngsters played "Injun" and hunted wolves, and when the cows were coming home lowing for their imprisoned calves, Uncle Lisha again bent his waxy forefinger to the clasp of Sammy's chubby palm and the pair wended their way homeward.

Rowland E. Robinson.

[To be continued next week.]

In Old Virginia.—V.

I heard my good friend Aunt Ellen indulging in a lengthy and indignant protest, one morning, and having nothing important on hand at the time, strolled around to gather its import.

I found her in the back yard delivering a violent philippic in the general direction of a patch of timber, but its object was not in sight.

Drawing near I heard: "Yo' nasty ole robbah. Yo' stealin' ole raskel. If evah I do git my han' on yo', I'll twis' y o' ole head off an' feed yo' to de hawgs. Yo' mean ole speckled flyin' pirate, yo'."

"What is it, Aunt Ellen?" I asked.

"Hawk, suh," she replied, shaking her fist in the direction of the woods. "Hen hawk, suh, an' he des carried off de bes' pullet I had, right from befo' de doah, an' me holl'n' des loud as I kin to mek him drop hit. De audashus ole re-probate.

"Dey is de meanes' varmints dat runs, crawls or flies, an' I 'spise 'em wus' dan pizen.

"He been comin' mos' ev'y day, an' always git a chickun, an' a good fat one, too. I ain' goin' have no nise chickun lef' foh Mis' Lady to eat ef he doan quit hit."

Just then a thought occurred to her, and turning, she said: "Can yo' git yo' gun an' kill him fo' me, suh? I sho' would be 'bleeged to yo', an' so would Mis' Lady."

Questioning her at length as to the hawk's line of retreat, and gathering all possible information as to his probable haunt in the woods, I promised to do my best, and a few moments later entered the woods where he was supposed to be, armed with my 16-gauge, loaded with chilled sixes, and followed by the faithful companion of all my hunts, the small boy Gov'nah.

Slipping along through the thick woods we worked back and forth several times before starting anything, and then flushed the object of our search from a thick pine, but did not get a shot. Taking his direction and traveling slowly and cautiously, we finally started him again. It was a long, hard shot, but at the first barrel he faltered, and at the second fell down through the trees a good 50 yards from where I stood.

Governor made for him, and before I could call out a warning to be careful, had pounced down on the hawk, as he had learned to do on the quail he had been retrieving for me. There was a quick thrashing of wings and an involuntary cry of pain from the boy, and the first round ended decidedly in favor of the winged, but game, bird. Snatching up a convenient stick, the boy rushed in again, and with a well-directed blow across the neck knocked all of the fight out of the pugnacious chicken stealer.

Proudly bearing the enemy, and trying to conceal the pain caused by a badly lacerated hand, the boy returned to where I stood.

"You got him, did you, Governor?" I asked.

"Yaas, suh." Short and sharp as usual.

"What is the matter with your hand?"

"He bit me, suh."

"Bit you," said I, noting the long, ugly scratches that were bleeding freely. "How?"

"Wid his foot, suh," was the reply.

Bandaging up the wounded hand, without a word of complaint from the little hero, we returned to the house, where the boy had the proud satisfaction of displaying his trophy first to Miss Lady, who commended him, and then to Aunt Ellen, who almost overwhelmed him with loud praise.

"Dat's him. Dat's de very ole scound'el. I knows him des es well as if I see my chickun in his insides. Dat sho is good dat you got him, boy."

And then noting the bandaged hand: "Did he hu't yo'? Bit yo'? He did? De ole rask'l. Bring him heah, honey, 'til I take an' pull his he'd off des like I say I would, an' den we will des feed him to de hawgs des like what he deserves."

This incident reminded my hostess of a very unusual accident that had ended the career of a large predatory owl the season before, which she thus narrated:

The owl had been visiting the chickens every few nights, and finally one night tried to make off with a large hen. In attempting to fly over a high picket fence around the yard, a struggle of the chicken, or a miscalculation, caused him to drop down on the top of the pickets, and happening to get turned just right, he slipped down between two pickets with his big head on one side, and his body on the other, and being unable to pull loose, or work back up the way he got in, hung there until next

morning, when he was found by one of the negroes, who finished him with a tobacco stick, and appropriated the hen.

A smart shower coming up about noon wet the dry leaves and made an ideal afternoon for squirrels. Accompanied by my boy, I set forth to try for the necessary ingredient for one of Aunt Ellen's "Brunswick stus."

We wandered along quietly down through the woods, keeping an unused road. Governor was walking to my right, a little in the rear, when suddenly, from the tail of my eye, I saw him rise in the air like a big black cricket and light three or four feet out in the brush.

Turning quickly about, I discovered the cause of his sudden start lying in the road a few feet from where he had made his astonishing leap. It was a large copperhead snake that a decided moderation in the temperature had tempted forth. Big and ugly as he was, he was too much overcome by the lethergy of the cold season to be at all dangerous, and paid no attention to us, further than the usual tongue darting incident to the entire serpent species.

Blowing off his head with a charge of shot, we resumed our interrupted hunt. We found our first squirrel in a hickory "cutting," and killed him with dispatch and ease. The next hickory yielded a pair, killed "right and left." A little further on we found an old fellow traveling across country, from tree to tree, and as he ran out the limb of a big white oak, I knocked two feet loose with the right barrel, but had to repeat the dose before he would come down.

He lit running, with my little black sportsman hot after him. It was a pretty race, and I let them have it out.

Down through the woods they went, the squirrel barely keeping ahead of the stick that was cutting the leaves just behind him. Twice he made a tree, but was knocked off before he could climb out of reach, and finally was knocked out by a side lick as he tried to jump a log, and brought to me in triumph by the panting boy.

We had enough fur, and I concluded to swing round through the fields and try to put up a covey of birds. Just before leaving the woods a flicker, or yellowhammer, lit in a tree, within range, and I concluded to kill him for the boy. He dropped at the crack of the gun and lay apparently dead, until Governor had run to him, and was stooping to pick him up, when with a rush he rose and flew entirely out of sight and hearing. Too much surprised for speech, the boy stood looking after the bird until it disappeared, and then, apparently thinking that I was due an explanation, turned and said: "You ain' kill him, suh. You ain' tech him. You des sca'ed him."

We found the birds, and scattered them in a good piece of stubble. One stopped on the flush, and another left a few feathers, but was able to carry away what we wanted of him.

An unwary hawk pitched out of a thick tree a few minutes later, and was clean killed at the first shot; but the boy made several pilgrimages around it, viewing it from all sides and fully assuring himself that it was quite dead before offering to pick it up to carry in to show to the enemy of its race, the good old cook. Four birds were all that we succeeded in bringing to bag after this, but these, together with our squirrels, made a very respectable showing for a short round. Arriving at the house and finding enough sunshine left, I concluded to photograph the boy with my kodak. It was his first experience, but his natural dignity made him a fine subject, as he stood proudly erect with the gun on his shoulder and the birds in his hand. His mother arrived on the scene just as I had made all preparations, and anxiously inquired of my hostess: "What dat man doin' to Gov'nah?" When informed that Governor was having his picture taken, she proceeded to protest vigorously and volubly. "Why, Mis' Lady, doan you all go an take Gov'nah's picter an' he in his ole close. Ain' got no stockin's on, neither, an' only one gallus. Good Lawd, Mis' Lady! lemme go an' put his good close on him, den he look like sumboddy. Come heah, Gov'nah. Come heah, suh! You heah me? I ain' goin' have you look like dat in a picter; hit be scan'l'us." The little fellow stood like an image through the length of this protest, never so much as winking an eye, and before the protest was completed his "picter was took." His mother was nearly inconsolable, but a promise to take him again in his "good close" finally appeased her.

The active pleasures of the day now gave way to the quiet of the cool evening. My hostess and I strolled down the winding road leading from the house to the "quarters," as the cluster of houses occupied by the laborers on the plantation continued to be called. The dense woods bordered one side of the road, the trees blazing in their remnant of autumn foliage, and on the other side lay the sloping meadow where the lowing herd, restless with the expectation of evening attention, stood waiting near the bars.

An old negro woman in her cabin door wailed and quavered a song, a weirdly sweet old minor air, full of music and pathos to those born and bred in "Dixie Land," but calculated to start "goose flesh" all over the anatomy of one not to the "manner born."

The field hands were coming up the lane from work, bringing in the teams; and their happy shouts and laughter mingling with the merry jingles of the trace chains, all combined to make known that the day's work was done, and the hour of rest at hand.

The last red bars of fading sunlight fell across the clear still surface of the ice pond, turning it to molten gold.

The distant tinkle of musical sheep bells, with now and then the bleat of a straying lamb, came faintly up from the woods pasture; while from the direction of the house, clear and shrill, was heard the weird scream of the peafowl, seeking its nightly roosting place in the great white oak tree.

All of these homely sights and sounds combined to make a pastoral scene dear to the heart of one in touch with the beauties of rural life.

Down by the great log tobacco barn, where the air was fragrant with the sweet savor of the drying weed, we met old Uncle John, the oldest darky on the plantation, and a real old-timer. His kindly old wrinkled face was beautiful, shining through the halo of snowy hair and beard. He was moving slowly toward us, leaning heavily on his hickory stick.

"Good evenin', young mistis' and marstah; I proud to see you, an' hope you is well," was his greeting, as with hat in hand he bends still lower his poor old bent body in a bow full of natural grace and courtliness. We respond to his greeting, and my companion inquires as to his health. "Tol'ble, mistis, des tol'ble, thank you," is the reply. (The real old darky never gets beyond "tolerable.") "I ain' rite pert dis evenin', but I bettah den I has been. Yistiddy I was rite poo'ly, ma'm, rite poo'ly." Expressing regret at his indisposition, and the hope that he may continue to improve, we receive another low bow, accompanied with: "Thank you, ma'm, an suh; thank you both. Good evenin'."

The twilight is deepening when returning we draw near the house, and the whippoorwill is calling from the grove. "All the world a solemn stillness holds," and "the day is done."

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Antler.

ANTLER is dead. The gentle, kindly old man has gone to his reward, and desolation reigns in the little log cabin up among the Tennessee Mountains.

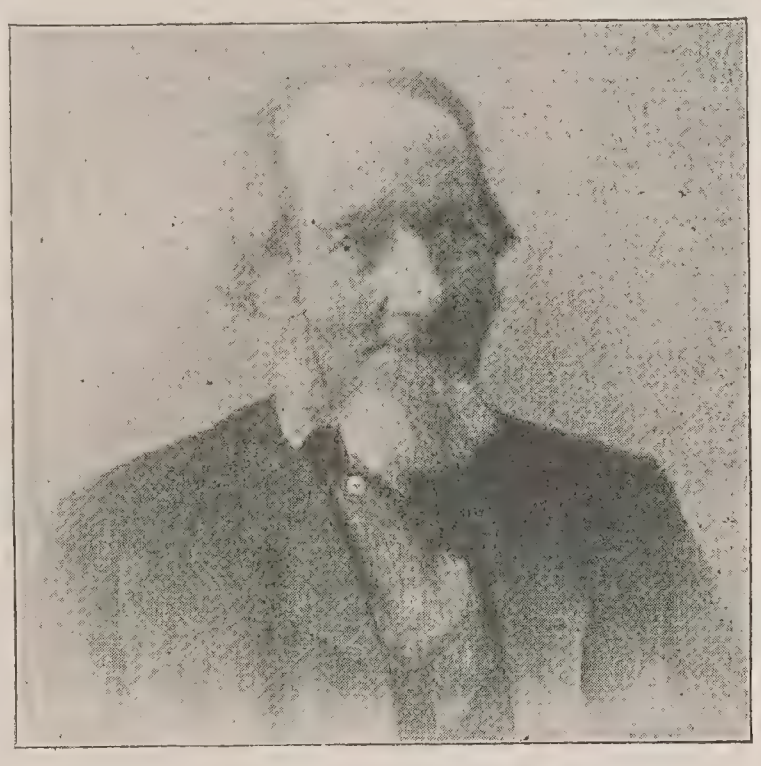
He longed to go, but the strong vitality which carried him through eighty-six years was reluctant to give him up, and he passed away only after a long and painful illness.

One of the most cherished names of his declining years was that of the immortal Nessmuk, and we doubt not but that if he had his choice in the hereafter it would be to pitch his tent alongside that of his old friend, the poet woodsman.

In an April, '97, number of FOREST AND STREAM is the brief sketch of his life, and photograph taken at that time.

Mr. Stratton was a man of quiet and unassuming manner, a kind and obliging neighbor, beloved and respected by all who knew him; a student of nature in all her aspects, he loved his mountain home, the woods and birds, the blue peaks and valleys to be seen from his door.

In his early life, as a pioneer among the Alleghanies, he



E. L. STRATTON—ANTLER—1812-1899.

was undoubtedly a Nimrod of no mean ability, and a true sportsman, and though this characteristic was prominent to the last, yet he realized that he had the weight of many years upon him, that he had long since reached the land "where 'tis always afternoon."

Mr. Stratton was a worthy member of the FOREST AND STREAM family, and one of nature's noblemen.

CAMERAMBLER.

BISCAYNE BAY, Fla

With the portrait sent by our correspondent in 1896, we quote from his letter:

"In 1874, being in very poor health, Mr. Stratton moved to the mountains of East Tennessee, locating at Grand View, a small town on the eastern edge of Walden's Ridge and overlooking the Tennessee Valley.

"Here in a sheltered spot, and near a good spring that does not fail him in the driest season, he built his log cabin, and here you will find him to-day. The pure, bracing mountain air of this mild climate proved to be exactly the thing for his failing lungs, and after a residence here of twenty-two years he is still very much alive.

"For one who is looikng for an all-the-year-round climate there is none better in America than these mountain heights of East Tennessee; neither too far North nor South, where the winters are mild and open, and usually no snowfall.

"In summer the thermometer rarely registers above 90 degrees, and the nights are always so cold that a man feels the need of a warm blanket, and can sleep his eight hours every night.

"The water is pure and soft, and malaria and mosquitoes are things unknown.

"Such my friend has found here, and he affirms that he 'will not go back on the bridge that has carried him safely over.'

"Though past the age for active participation in his lifelong pastime of deer hunting, he dearly loves to stir up the back-log in his capacious fireplace, and seated in a splint-bottomed chair before its genial blaze recount his many adventures of long ago, in which (I suspect) his trusty rifle rarely barked in vain.

"Mr. Stratton is a great admirer of the writings of the immortal Nessmuk, and was a regular correspondent of his for years previous to his death, and never tires of discussing that woodsman.

"Though long past the alloted three score and ten, our friend is as light of heart as a boy, and for a man of his years remarkably active, and in his tramps around the mountains might tire out many a younger man."

A Southern National Park.

A MOVEMENT is on foot for the establishment of a national park in the Southern mountains, the chief range of which is known as the Blue Ridge. This is almost in the center of what may be called the old States. North and South Carolina, West Virginia, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, all unite in this range of mountains, which is the watershed of a large number of large rivers which flow into the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, and in which there are countless clear cold streams which are the homes of the speckled trout and other game fish which exist in abundance. This extensive tract reaches from Asheville on the east to middle Georgia and Alabama on the west, and to the low country on the south and north.

It is a sea of mountains which, viewed from the top of the highest peak, appears like the great ocean with its rolling billows, a very sea of waves, and valleys, lying in confusion, and all covered by the most valuable timber, 10 per cent. only of the land being occupied by farms, and only 10 per cent. of these lands being cleared. In fact, the view as it appears from the highest points, 5,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level, is only marked here and there by a clearing, the rest of the landscape being one continuous mass of forest. Mountains and hills in ranges cross each other, and other lesser ranges cross these, making an endless ocean of forest, divided into interminable waves, until it is possible to distinguish the major peaks only as they appear above the lower ranges. Of these greater peaks there are these:

Black Rock, 4,500 feet; Wildcat Ridge, 4,200; Whittier Mountain, 4,931 feet; Whiteside—so named from a gigantic perpendicular cliff of feldspar, 2,000 feet in height on its face—5,000 feet; Shortoff Mountain, 5,000 feet; Yellow Mountain, 5,132 feet; Black Mountain, 4,900; Hog Back, 5,100 feet, and many others over 4,000 feet. In the midst of these the town of Highlands nestles in a gap 4,100 feet above sea level, and from this clean, charming and most delightful and salubrious town all these peaks mentioned may be reached by an easy horseback or buggy ride. From these heights one sees below the mentioned peaks an ocean of verdant lesser mountains, in ranges crossed and recrossed many times, and down the valleys separating these ranges pour in rapids and cascades, white with foam and musical with liquid purling and crashing, the uncountable small brooks which rush down rapids or tumble over the rocky precipices. The uncountable springs and small streams unite to form the rivers, and these form a succession of rapids as they tumble down the heights which rise from the lowlands fifty miles below. The town mentioned is in the center of this great expanse of mountain and forest and verdure and flowers, and the county of which Highlands is the second important town has seventeen peaks that exceed 5,000 feet in height above sea level.

The importance of this mountain region with its dense forests and enormous watershed, surpassing all other localities in the United States for its volume—for the annual fall of rain is some years a hundred inches, and occasionally has measured by gauge a hundred and thirty inches—cannot be over-estimated. This enormous quantity of water soaks into the land covered by the dense forests, and thus gradually supplies the rivers below, the waters of which fertilize the soil and supply the power for hundreds of mills in every direction. This water power in North Carolina alone amounts to over one million horse-power.

From business acquaintance with the value of the timber, I estimate the existing supply over two hundred square miles, each way from this center, to be worth at least $10 an acre as soon as it may be brought under the supervision of capable forest supervision; and as this existing supply is made available the new growth under scientific culture will have an annual value of at least half this amount. From hoop poles up to magnificent white and yellow pines, poplars, oaks, chestnut, hickory, the valuable black birch, and cherry, and with the dog woods, locust and smaller timber, this value may easily be doubled as soon as the right attention is given and intelligent forestry is established. Every tree native to the United States, except the live oak, grows in this region, while hundreds of flowering bushes and plants, grown elsewhere as garden products, embower the woods with a blaze of brilliant color in the season.

Game of all the smaller sorts abounds all over. Deer, bears, and all the birds abound, and even wild hogs—the produce of swine which have escaped from the scattered farms—are quite numerous in the denser laurel thickets. California trout, which I introduced twelve years ago, have spread all over this region, and have reached the Tennessee River—some of them in my waters are 10 or 12 pounds weight—while the common brook trout are taken of 3 pounds weight.

In short, the necessities of the case are such that this unsurpassed region in the eastern part of the United States, if for the safety of the water supply alone, demands that the Federal Government should acquire at least two hundred square miles of this region, if only for the preservation of it from destruction, and the consequent vast damage to the public interest from the mountains to the ocean. Many readers of FOREST AND STREAM have visited this region, and will vouch for all these statements. But by a little attention to the protection and increase of game, this locality might return a good interest on the whole cost of its acquisition and maintenance, from the income from licenses to hunt and fish, if it were thought reasonable to charge for these privileges. As it is, one of the most valuable and interesting regions of the United States is going to destruction, and before long will be a desert washed by floods to the bare rocks, the unexcelled forests will be made a prey to the flames, vast floods pouring from the bare rocky surface will sweep away the low country, and droughts will prevail where now all this region is copiously watered by the droppings of the clouds, which come up from the ocean on every side, and at the mere touch of the cold mountain tops these shed their burdens of water in the form of showers, which protect and enrich, instead of devastating the whole region otherwise by their unchecked and resistless flow down the mountain sides. The occasion presents itself now to the Government to secure at a small cost all these advantages in perpetuity, to save vast losses

and damage, and the uncountable destitution which can not help but occur to the unfortunate inhabitants in the future, who are helpless against the resistless forces of nature by which this most valuable and interesting region is doomed to destruction unless the saving hand is stretched out to protect it. H. STEWART.

Lord Fairfax, the Father of Fox Hunting in America.

Fox hunting, unlike many other branches of sport, has a cult peculiarly its own, a vernacular that is as Greek to the uninitiated, and a history, unwritten 'tis true, but sacredly preserved in the traditions of the followers of horse and hound. The names of Fairfax, Henry, Birdsong, Maupin, Robinson, Lynthicum, Hardy and a host of others that the Historical Muse disdained to rescue from oblivion are still faithfully preserved and their memories revered by American fox hunters, while the musical notes of their favorite hounds still echo through the long vista of departed years.

The birthplace of fox hunting in America was in Virginia. As there were brave men before Agamemnon, so there may have been fox hunters in America before the subject of this sketch; but if so, no record of the fact remains, and after diligent research I am convinced that to Lord Fairfax belongs the honor of being the pioneer fox hunter as we now understand the term, and as contradistinguished from the mere fur hunter—the first exponent of the noble sport in its highest phases. He was an interesting character, his life a strange one, full of vicissitudes, and my regret is that I have been able to find so little about him in the mouldy memoirs of the last century, which have wasted good ink and paper upon so many less worthy characters.

As I have said, his life was one of strange contrasts, as indeed was the history of the age in which he lived. Born in the last days of the seventeenth century, to all the wealth and power of a peer of England, he lived to see, at the close of the eighteenth, the old order of things of which he had sickened, the old society with its dissolute shams and abuses, pass away before the tempest of the American Revolution. Tall and well proportioned—6 feet in height—with keen gray eyes, an aquiline nose and regular features, he cut a swell figure in the gay society of London under George I.

There are two pictures of him preserved to posterity. The first represents him as a young man in the gorgeous uniform of the famous regiment of horse called "The Blues," in which for a short time he held a commission, as was the fashion among the young nobility.

As we look at this picture we can almost hear the voice of the dead past—the laughter and the chorus, the toast called over the brimming cups, the shout at the race course or the gaming table, the coarse jokes spoken to the fine ladies who smile at us out of the old gilt frames. How fine those ladies were, painted and powdered and patched, who laughed at the indecent witticisms of Sterne and Steele and Swift; the modest maidens who wept over the misfortunes of Pamela, and smiled over the adventures of Tom Jones. How grand this fine gentleman in his gorgeous uniform—this product of the dead past—a past that has forever buried its dead, its fine gentlemen. The provender upon which they fattened no longer grows even in monarchical England. Vulgar tradesmen no longer stand hat in hand as he passes; obsequious clergy no longer bow down before him and say, "Your Worship" and "Your Honor" at every other word, and prime ministers no longer burst into tears of reverential joy, as Lord Chatham did when his royal master deigned to address a few civil words to him.

If Lord Fairfax passed his youth, as did other noble youths, in the society of the wits and Beau Brummels of that dissipated age when infidelity was endemic and the taint of corruption in the air of court and coffee house alike, we must remember that they had no incentive to be otherwise. The profession of arms was the only one open to them, and this was closed by universal peace. The church, the bar, the arts and commerce were beneath them. Lord Fairfax, being a man of wit and learning, occasionally dabbled in literature, and wrote a number of essays for Addison's Spectator. That charming gossipping valet de chambre of history to whom no man was a hero, has depicted the life of a man about town in that dissolute day, and by its help we can follow young Lord Fairfax through the gay crowd of bewigged, beruffled, embroidered, snuff-boxed and red-heeled fops that disgraced Anglo-Saxon manhood under the peaceful reigns of the first two Georges.

We can follow him through the dirty streets of old London, with its crowds of swinging chairmen, liveried lackeys and linkboys, to the theater, the puppet show, the cockpit or prize ring, after which he resorts to his favorite coffee house, where he sits down to cards with Lord Chesterfield, or some other titled blackleg, or drinks a bowl with Steele or Addison, and watches the tide of human life flow by the club windows—the fine ladies tripping to the toy shops, followed by their footboys and ogled by the gold-laced guardsmen; itinerant tradesmen vociferously hawking their wares; gilded carriages bearing courtiers to His Majesty's drawing room; the heavy stage coach with its gay postilions rumbling by, to be stopped at night on a lonely common by a masked gentleman, who thrusts a flintlock into the coach and politely calls for the passengers' purses. It was during this period that England justified its claim to the title of Merrie England. The sole occupation of men and women seemed to be to amuse themselves, and what with drinking and dining and dancing; what with cards, cockfights, horse racing and prize fighting, bull and badger baiting, May poles and Morris dances, high and low alike seemed to have abandoned all idea of useful pursuits, and one wonders what time they found for the serious business of life.

But why dwell upon this picture? However interesting as a portrayal of contemporary manners and customs, the amours and petty details of the life of a man about town in that day are repugnant to the wholesome taste of the present. No wonder that a man in whose disposition were the seeds of better things, and whose true nature was one of noble and generous impulses, having sown his wild oats, having drunk of the cup to its nauseating dregs, should sicken of this godless, intriguing, sycophantic and selfish Vanity Fair, in which servility was held to be ennobling duty, and woman's shame, when paid as the price of royal favor, was held to be no dishonor.

There is another picture that I like better to look upon, the picture of the Virginian Lord Fairfax, the kindly country gentleman who devoted his days to the innocent pleasures of the chase, and was the benefactor of all with whom he came in contact, the philosopher who tore from his breast distinction's worthless badge, and giving up his title and estates in England to his younger brother began a new life, in a new world, among a new race of men—men who were born free men.

One fine fall morning in 1747 a youth was jogging leisurely along a road that wound along a wooded ridge in old Virginia, a mere boy of sixteen years, but his large and powerful frame, as well as the air of serious dignity which was the characteristic expression of his strong featured face, gave him the appearance of being much older. He had evidently paid a little extra attention to his toilet that morning. His blue frock, with its plate buttons, and his buckskin breeches bore evidence of having been carefully brushed, and the erect figure served to defy them to wrinkle or crease. A portmanteau behind his saddle evidenced that he was bound upon one of those visits which the gregarious gentry of the Old Dominion were so constantly interchanging. His mount testified to the Virginian's passion for horses—a handsome animal, nearly thoroughbred, with clean flat legs and splendid hocks. No young gentleman of that day rode abroad upon a cold-blooded hack.

As he rode gravely along, occupied with those deep and weighty thoughts which grave young gentlemen just out of school feel called upon to ponder, his sober face suddenly lit up with boyish fire and enthusiasm, as there came borne to his ears through the frosty air the fierce melody of hounds in full cry. Through the distant woodlands, which were kindling into flame before the first frosts, he could catch the silvery shimmer of water where the broad Potomac flowed a mile or more away, and he at once divined that the deer would take to the river to shake its pursuers, and wheeled his horse's head in that direction. But the next moment the cry swelling in volume as it approached, showed that the hunted animal, contrary to all precedents, was bearing away from the river, and clapping spurs to his steed he dashed down the road to intercept the chase.

On came the hounds, with their thrilling melody. How he wished for his gun! Pulling his horse to its haunches when opposite them, he strove to pierce the network of woods through which they were racing toward him for the first glimpse of their quarry. They were almost upon him. Through the interlacing limbs and leaves he could dimly descry the black, white and tan forms of the oncoming dogs. But he looked in vain for some startled deer to burst from the brush. Suddenly a lithe little form flashed into the road before him, and squatting for a moment at sight of him, whisked a ruddy plume above its back and dodged back into the brush again. The next moment the hounds streamed across the road, and on the other side threw up their heads at a loss.

He had but a fleeting glimpse of the little animal, and his first impression was that it was a fox, but, as every farmer's boy knew, foxes were as gray as a badger. His next thought was that they were pursuing some negro's little yellow cur, as riotous hounds are notoriously fond of doing, and he regretted that he had not whistled to the frightened little animal. As the hounds cast back for the trail he rated them harshly, endeavoring to turn them, but desisted suddenly in this laudable effort, as their irate master came crashing through the woods in their wake firing a volley of oaths at the disconcerted youth, and demanding to know what he meant by interfering with his hounds. He was an old man, but the snows of sixty winters upon his head could not bow his tall, erect figure. He was mounted upon a powerful coal black thoroughbred, 16 hands high, and rode like an Indian. A twisted hunting horn was slung over his shoulder, and a spare stirrup leather hung round his horse's neck. His gray eyes flashed fire, his face was purple with fury, and he was almost inarticulate with rage as he shook his hunting crop at the intruder who had spoiled his sport.

"Ha! Have at him, there, Blueskin!" he exclaimed, his anger suddenly vanishing as a favorite hound cast back, and striking the trail gave tongue. "Hoic in there, my beauties," he cried, cracking his whip at the laggards. "That's gospel, I warrant you. That's the way the fox has gone," and blowing his horn to collect the scattered pack, he crammed spurs into his horse and dashed past the astonished youth like a shot.

He had hardly disappeared after the hounds that had once more taken up the line, when a newcomer appeared upon the scene, a queer little old fellow in a tattered livery and a scratched nose, from which the blood trickled. He touched his hat respectfully with the deferential manner of an upper servant, and in a broad brogue inquired which way "his lordship and the h'unds gan."

His Lordship! Then this was Lord Fairfax, to visit whom at his seat on the Potomac, Belvoir, the youth was on his way. He had heard that his lordship was "ecentric." He was ready now to testify to the truth of the rumor. His introduction had not been a very propitious one, and he bade adieu to the hopes he had treasured of obtaining employment in surveying his vast domains beyond the Blue Ridge, which he had understood his lordship intended having run off. His astonishment was increased to find from old Peter, his lordship's whipper-in, that it was a red fox they were after, Lord Fairfax having been disgusted with the dodging, doubling gray fox, and imported a number of the English species to afford better sport. This serious-minded young man, for whom Fate had destined such heavy responsibilities, was not much given to humor even as a boy, but the idiosyncrasies of this eccentric nobleman, who had occupied such a prominent place in European life, daring the fate of Absalom and tearing himself to pieces through the brush in pursuit of such vermin, appealed to his sense of the ridiculous. Had a deer been the quarry he could have understood it, but a fox, for which he could have no use when caught—it surpassed his comprehension. Old Peter was not far from agreeing with him. In his native country over the open downs, with a big field of lords and ladies to applaud his performance, it was one thing; but here in this God-forsaken wilderness, with logs to fall over and sink holes to fall into, and grapevines to hang upon, it was quite another, as he ruefully confessed, while stanching the flow of blood from his nose.

But suddenly the hounds, which had gone out of hearing behind a wooden ridge, swung back toward them, and the old whipper-in, forgetful of his injury, stood erect in his stirrups, his weather-beaten face alight with the inspiration of the chase, while his horse pricked its ears and whinnied with delight.

"Dash my vig, but he's a tough un," he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "I thought they'd cracked his back, but here he comes as fresh as ever—raal Hinglish fox, that. Aye, but there's a grand scent—ivery h'und's at him. Just hark to milord," as he could be heard capping the hounds on. "Turrible bloody spinney, they're comin' through now. Wouldn't follow milord through it ag'in for nothin' under knighthood. Hark to them!" he cried, rapturously, as a particularly melodious note was heard in advance of all the rest. "Whoay, 'oss; whoay, I say," to his steed, whose impatience prevented him from listening to the redoubtable Blueskin. "Now, fool, vot are you champin' the bit for. He's doubled back again!" as the melodious cry ceased. "Hoic back—they've overrun the scent, or," added he enthusiastically, as the silence continued unbroken, "mebbe Blueskin ha' cotch 'im—come an!" and clapping spurs to his restive mount he led the way, the youth following out of curiosity, through the woods and across the open to where, on a fallow field, at the edge of a copse, Lord Fairfax was disconsolately sitting his foam-covered steed, while the hounds trotted about utterly at a loss. The oaths which he fulminated against his whipper-in as soon as he was within range convinced that menial that his hopes were unfounded. The fox had tricked the dogs completely, and disappeared without leaving a trail, possibly by running his back track. Lord Fairfax had cast up wind and down wind and round about wind equally in vain, and was now as chagrined as his dogs were discouraged. It was some relief to curse his incompetent whipper-in, swearing he should never be allowed to ride to hounds again, that he was as much out of place in the hunting field "as a cow in an opera box." Suddenly ceasing this tirade, he appeared for a moment to be listening intently, and then spurred to the top of a little hill near by.

Lord Fairfax was a hunter as well as a rider, and a better never followed hounds. He had the born sportsman's intuitive knowledge of his game. He saw and heard things that others never noticed. He had heard a killdee with its noisy cry arise from the meadow beyond the little hill. All his dogs were around him, having given up the hunt, and he at once suspicioned that the bird might have been startled by the fox slipping off through the meadow.

For a moment the young surveyor and the old whipper-in saw his lordship standing on the summit of the little hill, an equestrian statue outlined against the blue autumnal sky. The next moment his hat was in the air, and he was wildly waving and shouting, "Gone away! Tally ho! Tally ho! Gone away!"

The late lethargic hounds were galvanized into sudden action, and streamed away full cry toward their master. "Gan away, h'unds! Gan away!" bawled old Peter, cracking his whip at their vanishing heels and deluding himself with the idea that he was speeding their departure. Imbued with the excitement that infected man and master, horses and hounds, the young surveyor gave reign to his eager mount and joined in the chase. Over the hill and down the slope they swept into the broad meadow like a charge of cavalry, and the young man found himself shouting like mad, and riding with elbows and legs to outpace the old hunter. Across the meadow, over a rail fence and into the woods they went with the hounds gaining on the fox at every jump. Had its protecting shelter been a hundred yards further off they would have bowled him over ere he reached it. But now they were reduced to their noses and their mouths. How they made the woods ring! The exhilaration of the chase was seething in the boy's veins. He understood now why the old lord hunted the fox. Such a flight is among heroic feats and fills one with the fire of valor, a keen shivering glee flashes through your soul and you feel as if you could fly on forever. There is no sensation in all the field of sport to compare with it. It was Ajax's first experience in the hunting field, as it was his young rider's, but the blood of his thoroughbred sires was flowing like fire through his veins, and he fairly threw woods and fields behind him as he raced after the hounds, while Lord Fairfax's mount had been ridden hard and no longer sprang to whip or spur, but gave unmistakable signs of satiety, and fell further and further behind.

"Come on," roared his lordship, waving his arm frantically, as on crossing a road he spied Peter leisurely riding it, paralleling the hounds and ready to cut in at the first favorable turn in the chase—a proceeding beneath the contempt of straight riding hunters. "Come on, you miserable, road-riding blankety-blank! you preter-pluperfect tense of humbugs. Come on, and give me that quad. You're a disgrace to a saddle," and dismounting from his pumped-out mount he sprang upon Peter's much fresher one. Galloping up the road from a little rising ground, he caught a view of the chase as it burst from the woods a quarter of a mile away, the young surveyor riding and whooping as hard as ever he could, having forced the fox out into the open.

"How that chap can ride!" he ejaculated, as the youth flew the staked and ridered rail fence, and neatly aiding his horse to recover its legs scuttled away with the hounds on the heels of the flying fox, the woods re-echoing their deep-toned music. They have run from scent to view, and the fox's moments are numbered. The hounds, too, are worn with the long chase, and no longer press forward in eager jealousy, but each seems settled in his place, and Blueskin retains the lead, which is rightly his by virtue of superior speed and endurance,

unchallenged by the ambitious youngsters. Anticipating the next turn in the chase, Lord Fairfax cuts obliquely through a little copse, and coming out on the other side sees the fox, dead beat, tongue out and brush dragging, not a dozen paces in front of the fleet Blueskin, who opens a wide gap between himself and the pack, as he closes on his quarry. The next moment he is upon him. A snap, a turn, a roll, and it's all over with Reynard.

The next moment the young surveyor was off his horse, and diving down amid the scrambling pack straightened up again with the fox, grinning in grim death, in one hand and his hat in the other, waving and whooping in boyish excitement to the equally frantic dogs that fawned and leaped upon him. And then his enthusiasm subsided suddenly, as Lord Fairfax flashed upon his view, and he realized that there was a spectator to his frenzy. But the old sportsman quickly reassured him. Springing from his horse, he grasped his hand warmly, and told him that the sentiment did him honor, that it proved him a true sportsman and that he was glad to renew his own youth in the acquaintance of such a congenial nature. And then, whipping off the brush, he danced about exuberantly, laughing amid the baying pack until, having tantalized them sufficiently, he flung the fox to them with the time-honored cry, "Tear 'im and eat 'im."

This interesting rite performed with due ceremonial, and his favorite Blueskin duly caressed, his lordship turned to present the brush to his young friend, and it occurring to him for the first time, asked who the devil his young friend was anyhow.

Having a letter of introduction to his lordship in his portmanteau, the young gentleman turned to procure it, but alas, Ajax had parted company with the portmanteau some five miles back, and he was compelled to simply introduce himself as George Washington, the young brother of Lawrence Washington, who had married the daughter of Mr. William Fairfax, his lordship's cousin. But it is doubtful if any letter of introduction could have had the influence upon this eccentric sportsman that the spirit the youth had displayed in the chase effected. From that moment, despite their disparity in years, they were fast friends, a friendship which meant much to young George Washington, and through him was destined to affect the history of the world. Step by step we can trace the influence of Lord Fairfax upon the career of Washington. Lord Fairfax had inherited from his grandfather, Lord Culpepper, all the land lying between the Potomac and Rapphannock rivers, comprising some six million acres. As yet no surveyor's chain had ever been carried over any portion of his broad domains west of the Blue Ridge, and including the now famous and fertile "Valley of Virginia."

Washington spent the fall and winter fox hunting with Lord Fairfax, and preparing for his trip into this terra incognita. In March he set out, and acquitted himself so well that Lord Fairfax had him appointed public surveyor upon his return. His report of the country was so glowing that Lord Fairfax visited it himself, and was equally enraptured with that beautiful valley to which the Indians had given the name of Shenandoah, "Daughter of the Stars." On a green knoll overshadowed by ancient forest trees, about twelve miles from the present town of Winchester, the old sportsman erected a hunting lodge in the wilderness, and gave up to his cousin, William Fairfax, his grand manor on the Potomac, as he had years before given his vast estates in England to his brother. To me there is something pathetic in his retiring step by step from the world, the habits, the companions and kinsmen of his youth, until in his lonely old age this generous hearted sportsman buried himself in the wilderness. He was no moody misanthrope, nor ascetic hermit practicing a repellant philosophy, but seemed to have fathomed the frivolities of life, and as he grew older found true happiness in simplest pleasures. His experiences with the painted beauties of King George's court in his youth seemed to have sufficed for him the rest of his life, and I shrewdly suspect that the female members of William Fairfax's family, who resided with him at Belvoir, may have had something to do with the old bachelor's abandoning that manor and taking to the woods. Certain it is that none of the sex ever came to his last retreat, Greenway Court, which was an Eveless Eden.

It was still standing in Washington Irving's time, who has described it as a long stone building one story in height, with dormer windows, two belfries, immense chimneys, studded with swallow and marten coops, and a roof sloping down in the old Virginia fashion into low projecting eaves that formed a veranda the whole length of the house—a typical fox hunter's retreat. About the knoll were outhouses for his numerous servants, black and white, with stables for his hunters, and kennels for his hounds. It was in the center of a beautifully kept park of ten thousand acres. Irving has recorded as an instance of his eccentricity that he never slept in the main house, but lodged apart in a small wooden cottage containing a single bedroom. According to the tradition, I have heard there never was room for Lord Fairfax in his own house, which was given up to his guests. The fame of his hospitality and sportsmanship gathered about him the sport loving gentry of old Virginia, who not only found pleasure with him in the field, but instruction and improvement as well in the society and conversation of a man of literary taste and culture who had mingled in the best society and associated with the most learned intellects of Europe. He had brought his books with him into the wilderness, and from Washington's diary we find that it was here, in the interludes of fox hunting, he read the history of England and the "Spectator." Indians, half-breeds and leather-clad woodsmen loitered about Greenway Court, and shared its hospitality with the stately gentry, the whole combining to form a picture of baronial state that we find some difficulty in reconciling with democratic America. Although occupying pretty much the position of a feudal lord, a greater benefactor to his people never lived than this old fox hunter. His kinsmen were not the only sharers of his generosity, but many a rich estate in the Shenandoah Valley to-day can be traced back to a gift from Lord Fairfax to some poor and deserving settler.

The famous watering place of Bath, with its medicinal springs, was his present to the people. He devoted his time and money to building roads and other public improvements. He led a peaceful, happy, beneficial life and took no part in the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind, either in politics, or war. Consequently the historian has done his whole duty by Lord Fairfax in a three-line notice that he once existed, and was "eccentric." What a commentary! If to triumph over the temptations of wealth and position, to be pure and simple in heart, noble in thought, and unselfish, indeed be eccentric, then I will admit his eccentricity, and love him for it, as indeed did every one with whom he came in contact, from old Peter, whom he abused for his incompetency in the field, but pampered and put up with, to George Washington, the Father of his Country, who received from him his start in life. I have no doubt that the wits and Beau Brummels of the London coffee houses, the very brother to whom he had given his English estates, were equally convinced of his eccentricity, and I suspect there are some utilitarians of to-day who would find his passion for fox hunting proof of eccentricity, but the sport loving Virginians of the last century took to the new sport with eager avidity and with a pack recruited from his kennels set up for themselves all over the Old Dominion.

Blueskin, who was at the head of Lord Fairfax's kennels, was the progenitor of them all, and the prepotency of his blood is apparent even to this day in the pure old strain of Virginia fox hounds, whose distinguishing characteristic in color is blue ticked. Many years after old Buckskin had gone the way of all flesh, Washington had a horse and a hound, both named after the old dog. His registers containing the names, ages, and marks of his horses and hounds are still preserved at Mount Vernon. From his diary we find that he procured a pack shortly after marrying the widow Custis, and settling down to live at Mount Vernon. To me there is something delightful and relieving, after gazing up at the lofty pedestal upon which the apotheosized Washington has been placed by the historians, to turn over these musty manuscripts and find he was just a plain, every-day fox hunter who had the same triumphs and defeats, the same joys and sorrows in the field that we ordinary mortals have. I wish he had not been so brief in his diary. I find that Lord Fairfax, who was then seventy years old, was his most frequent companion in the chase. How I wish he had written the full details of that week in November when Lord Fairfax came to hunt with him at Mount Vernon; but I suppose he did not have much time for writing. He recites how he and Lord Fairfax and Mr. Grayson and Phil Alexander and Mr. Wilson and Young Bryan Fairfax, who, upon the death of his lordship's brother in England, without heirs, became the eighth Lord Fairfax, went hunting on Nov. 25 and "catched a fox." They were hearty four-bottle fellows in those days, and if a fox hunter after a hard day afield is a little drowsy, and loose in grammar in his private diary, I love him all the more for it. I know he is a sportsman, and that entry was never intended to be read by tea drinking old maids. The entry of Nov. 26 is even briefer, and I fear they did not "catched a fox," or if they did, his recollection was rather hazy when he came to post his diary as was his invariable custom before tumbling into bed, as the entry on that day and the four subsequent days simply recite the fact that he was hunting with the same company. I'll wager that when the company departed at the end of the week there were many empties among the thirty-five dozen bottles he mentions having bottled some time before. And if young Bryan Fairfax endeavored to hold his own in that seasoned company, I'll bet the butler knew how he got to bed better than he did himself.

Upon the breaking out of the French and Indian war, Braddock, the bon vivant, who had come out from London to exterminate the savages, visited his old friend at Greenway Court, and it was to Lord Fairfax's recommendation that Washington was indebted for his commission in that campaign. We all know how much better it had been for Braddock had he paid more attention to that recommendation, and placed more reliance on the young soldier's advice. Braddock's death and defeat are a matter of history. The back settlements of Virginia lay at the mercy of the marauding savages. Murder and rapine stalked through the land. Several settlers in the Shenandoah Valley fell beneath the tomahawk, and the rest prepared to fly. The friends of Lord Fairfax, fearing for his safety, urged him to retire to the lower settlements. Greenway Court was a tempting prize for plunder, and he was considered by the Indians a great chief whose scalp would be a fine trophy. But the high-spirited old nobleman determined to stand by his home in the wilderness. To all his friends' entreaties he replied:

"I am an old man, and it is of little importance whether I fall by the tomahawk or die by the infirmities of old age."

His courageous example was of inestimable influence. The panic stricken hunters and settlers rallied round him. Militia companies were formed, and the marauding bands driven back, and the beautiful Shenandoah Valley which he had been at such pains and cost to settle, was saved by the old fox hunter's bold stand from the torch and scalping knife.

Time ran on in sun and shade, and the octogenarian sportsman peacefully drifted down the tide of time, his heart and hand and purse ever open to the unfortunate. The Revolution broke out, and his young friends in whose society he had renewed his own youth, saddled their hunters, and let loose the dogs of war, some on one side, some on the other. But to the old man the fiercest thunders of the conflict were but as the distant rumble of a passing shower on the far horizon of a summer day. So well was he beloved that his retirement was respected by all, and his privacy never disturbed by either side. In the midst of war his sands of life ran out in peace. Thomas, the sixth Baron Fairfax of Cameron, born a British nobleman, 1690, died at Greenway Court an American citizen, 1782.

FRANCIS J. HAGAN.

Men We Sometimes Meet.

I.

THE man who reasons, I don't see any fun in it myself, therefore it is not really and truly sport.

Natural History.

Things that Creep and Crawl.

POLITICALLY life in Samoa is closely associated with that remarkable epic, "The Hunting of the Snark." I have had to watch aghast so much of the hunting of that mythical animal in daily terror lest it prove a boojum, which it always did, accompanied by the plaintive shrieks of the jub-jub bird and the moans of the frumious Bandersnatch, that my gristle rises at the familiar lines. But it is not only in diplomacy that the verse applies. In one of the fyttes of that sevenfold agony there is one simply and sweetly pathetic line, which applies:

"Then strange creepy creatures crawled out of their holes."

That's the domestic side of Samoan life—that's housekeeping in the islands, a never-ending war against the creepers and the crawlers.

"My word!" Dosie Gurr used to say in the Colonial dialect, for she was a New Zealander, "it's like tiking a blooming course in zoology to live here." That's English as she is spoke by our Colonial cousins. "Ask the lidy if she'll tike a piece of cike" is Australian English, hard to understand until you get used to it. Dosie Gurr was right in this. I never knew whether I was living in what was really the best house in Samoa or was an inmate of a zoological garden.

To appreciate the situation it is needful to know something of the house in Vaiala—"the maota in the malae of Lelepa," as I had to describe it in all Samoan letters. There were inner arrangements for sleeping and for the transaction of the Consul-General's official business, which seemed to consist mainly in smoking vast quantities of native tobacco in banana leaf cheroots and in ceremonious drinking of the harmless but soapsuddy-looking kava in the effort to match one set of native intrigue against the other. All told, these needs used up less than half of the space under roof. The better two-thirds was veranda, on which the daily and synodic travel of the sun left drifting areas of charming shade. A section of veranda, impermanently latticed off like the Hawaiian lanais, made the dining room, and most of the zoological research was conducted in that segment of the domestic economy, for natural history and meals together are bound to make an impression.

From the beginning I was told not to walk on certain portions of the veranda because of the ants. Tonga used to call out after me, "Ta fefe i loi ma loata!" I don't like ants in my sugar bowl, but I never was afraid of them, as my maid's words would seem to imply in warning. Because it was the country custom, I had the legs of the dining table and the meat safe set in empty beef tins of corrosive sublimate, which it was the cook boy's duty to replenish every Monday morning. That offered some prospect of keeping the ants out of the butter until they had triangulated the range of the table with an insect wisdom in geodesy, after which it was easy for them to climb on the ceiling to the exact spot which would allow them to tumble in the half-melted butter with which one must oil the food in an iceless tropical habitation. Wise birds, these ants, when it comes to getting in the way of dining humanity. But Tonga's warning meant more than that. Tonga was not at all fastidious as to this or any other combination of dinner and zoology. She had in mind to warn me against a more serious inroad. What that was I soon found out. She had shouted to me to look out for ants in a certain spot of the flooring, and I had disregarded the warning, because I had not yet learned to fear the tiny ant. All of a sudden the flooring vanished beneath my step, and instead of finding a place to walk on, there was a yawning gap in the planking. Then I knew what was meant. The ants are not only after butter and such things to eat—they go for house timbers and riddle the planks. It is often the case that they will cut out a board from end to end and leave no outward sign, for they never touch paint. When you are least expecting it the solid plank is really but a hollow sham, which the least pressure will break through. In any boarded house in Samoa that is over five years old, it is just as easy to walk out through the wall anywhere as it is at the door, and that the ants have done. Tonga's caution meant: "I'm afraid of the loi and the loata." Except for the slight and graduated difference in size, it was not possible to distinguish between the loi and loata, both being common house ants. Both were red and both were minute, and one was as destructive as the other, neither being as large as the common red ant of America. Although they eat your house out from under you they render good service as scavengers. I have seen cases where a dead rat was reduced to shining and harmless bones in less than an hour by the well-directed efforts of these inconspicuous cleaners.

After a long residence in New York, I felt on terms of intimate acquaintance with cockroaches, as I erroneously named the common water bug. The stories of South Sea travelers that they had been forced to sink their vessels to rid them of the pest I viewed with complacent appreciation of their skill in mendacity. But after I came to know the real cockroach, the *Blatta orientalis*, I was convinced that these stories were mild—if they had mentioned a ton of dynamite I should have believed it too mild a remedy to be effectual. One day I was called on to open the locker in which the tinned provisions were kept, for I never had a Samoan visitor who could not dispose of a pound can of corned beef or salmon while waiting for the cook boy to prepare him something to eat. On the inner side of the door was the slough of a cockroach about an inch and a half long, and alongside of it was a cream-colored monster all of 3 inches in length. It looked buggy, but it was a new thing in my experience, and I called for some one to explain the mystery. The cook boy came running up, and as soon as he saw what was the trouble he looked on me with scorn. Mitaele regarded the other member of the household as his official superior, and was apt to treat me with scant courtesy, after the manner of each of the craft of our native servants, who refused to consider other than their specific duties. Mitaele's duty was to cook, and as cockroaches were not cookable he felt that he had unnecessarily been called from his proper duties. However, he explained: "O le mongamoga mate lenei, ua ola lea."

"This is a dead cockroach," he said, pointing to the slough, "and that is a live one." It was a marvel to see how big the bug was in comparison with the shell which it had just discarded as it lay torpid and waiting for the new skin to harden. I became better acquainted with the brutes and learned to recognize their nocturnal inroads on my fingers. After I had lost a few pairs of shoes through their nibbling at the seams, I soon recognized that they were more of a pest than I had considered possible.

Twice a year we had flies in abundance. For months they vanished from human sight; but as soon as the bread fruit came into blossom we were pestered with them. They flocked in such crowds that I appreciated why the outward mark of all Samoan dignitaries is a fly-flapper of horse hair or fiber. The Samoan habit exposes so much skin that it is easy to see that life would be a torment without a sharp brush to get rid of the pests. The junior member of my family hated flies. If his hatred only extends to the Prince of Flies in the same measure his hereafter is sure. He brushed them away and still they came and kept a-coming. But he was not to be downed. At one of the stores he found a wire trap, which was to be baited with sugar and vinegar. To this he pinned his faith and set it on the dining table in the lanai. Of course, as the place was open to the air in every direction, he might just as well have set it on a post in the village green for all the good it did. When this fact was called to his attention and it was argued to his satisfaction and disgust that he had undertaken a contract to kill all the flies in Samoa, he grew wildly angry and kicked the trap into the sea, whence it was washed up on the next tide chockablock with long-armed fighting crabs, so that he had the satisfaction of catching something, any way. But this annoyance visited us only for two months in the year—once in what should have been the spring and once in what should have been the autumn if the torrid zone had been equipped with those seasons, but always when the bread fruit was flowering.

From flies to mosquitoes is an easy transition. The old Samoan legend runs somewhat after the fashion of Pandora's box and tells how a Samoan girl was impelled through curiosity to split open two bamboo tubes, of which one discharged a cargo of flies and the other let loose the first mosquitoes on the the islands. They are fierce birds, these mosquitoes. By day they are hidden from the sight of man; at night they are a consuming pest. Yet there is one good feature about them—they will not come near a light, a habit which they do not share with the Jersey brand. Even the moonlight is sufficient to keep them off, so that for at least a part of the month it was possible to enjoy the delights of the cool night air on the broad veranda. Within doors they kept away from the light of the lamp, yet there was no way of sitting at a table in comfort, except by putting a lighted candle on the floor to drive them off.

Still, if the lamplight kept off the mosquitoes it attracted swarms of other bugs. There were soft and pudgy moths which buzed about in a bewildering fashion and attracted flocks of vampires which hovered in the shafts of light seeking their prey. The most common of these evening flyers were black coleoptera about a quarter of an inch long, which came by the million. Drawn by the rays from the lamps, they seemed possessed of an insane desire to fly down the lamp chimneys. Every now and then the room would be filled with nauseating fumes of cooking beetles, and the flame would be choked out by the mixed mass of carcasses, which would have to be cleaned out amid the deadly assaults of the mosquitoes, which had been waiting for just such an opportunity.

A rare and always interesting insect novelty were the phasmidæ. It sometimes happened that one would watch the flight of a long and heavy fly headed directly at the climbing stephanotis or the shrubs of frangipanni. The eye might have noted the place of coming to rest, but as soon as the flight was ended the insect seemed to vanish, for the most careful search was unable to disclose anything but dead twigs. It was one of the stick insects and a fine example of protective mimicry. An even better example was the less rarely seen leaf insect. I have been able to see but few of these at rest. It has happened that I have watched them in flight and have waited eagerly to note the place in which they would land in order to get a better view of the mimicry. At distances of from 15 to 20 feet the insects have taken alarm, the leaflike wings have ceased to beat and have remained outstretched. Stopping in its flight, the insect has slowly fluttered to the ground, and it has been impossible to recognize it in the grass, so deceptive was its resemblance to the tender twigs of the ylang-ylang.

In the chronic revolutions of Samoan politics I knew a man who had no hesitation in going unarmed among the troops of the Samoan rebels, and the Malietoa forces were just as bad. He was able to send budding rebellion back home again, and never seemed to think that he had been in any personal danger. But he was scared to death of the Samoan spiders, although they are all as innocent as so many guinea pigs. One spider that ran over the houses at all times and everywhere was as good as a circus. It was a light-colored beast, about a quarter of an inch long. It built no nest or web, but was a hunter pure and simple. Its mode of capture was to stalk the flies when they came to rest on the walls. It would begin its hunting on a fly a yard or more away, and would slowly creep up on its victim with a nervous quiver that showed plainly the delight which the animal took in its game. At the distance of rather less than a foot the spide would collect itself for the final rush and remain all in a tremble of excitement. When the fly turned its head away the spider would leap through the air, and seldom failed to catch the fly. It would puzzle any student to know how it was done, but I have seen these hunting spiders in a leap of a foot directly upward clear with ease an obstacle more than 2 inches high, and in the last of its flight swerve as much as 3 inches to one side to allow for movement of the fly after the spring had begun. Theoretically, the thing violates every known rule of mechanics, but so did the curve in pitching a baseball when the college professors first began to study that paradox. The largest spider, and it is a very common one in Samoa, is a gangling legged monster that can hardly be covered by an ordinary saucer. It is smooth all over, the accident of having it fall on my hands having shown me that it is as smooth as velvet; the eyes are closely grouped together, and in the sunlight blaze like gems, and in the dark there is a glitter from them that seems to show a phosphorescent action of some sort. This spider looks bad, but it is perfectly harmless for all its grim appearance—in fact, the Samoan children play with them. It also spins no web. There are web spiders, all nocturnal, but I have never seen them. Their cords are often found stretched across the paths, and are tough enough to pull off the hat of the passer.

Popular ideas credit all the tropics with the scorpion. There are plenty in Samoa—little fellows about an inch long, and they may be found by rolling over any log or stone. They seldom sting, and when they do the wound is not so bad as the sting of the mosquito. They abound in all boarded houses, but owing to their shy habits and nocturnal disposition they are seldom seen, and their only trace is the discovery of their slough, with the sting curled up in a menacing attitude.

The centipede is very common—a dreaded neighbor. Charles Warren Stoddard has written of it as a disconnected chain of unpleasant circumstances. They are so numerous that it is never safe to thrust one's hand into the thatch of a Samoan house at any time. It is not uncommon for them to drop from the roofs of these houses to the floor in the midst of some of the evening deliberations of the native politicians. They hold the "atualoa,"—the "long god"—in great fear, and such deliberations invariably adjourn until sure that the centipede has been destroyed. The sting is painful at the time and for days afterward; but it is in no sense dangerous. These centipedes frequently exceed a foot in length, with each of the twenty-one segments as large as a nickel.

No house is ever free from the "unga" or hermit crabs, which make a feasome racket at night as they carry their topheavy borrowed shells into all sorts of places where it was not meant that they should go. There seem to be two distinct classes of them. For one class the limit of size seems to be the small univalve shell not bigger around than a shilling. In these the two claws are very nearly of the same size. The large hermits are a dozen times as big; the claws are disproportionate, and the larger can give a very sharp nip—one that the incautious meddler will not be likely to forget so long as the finger remains black and blue. They serve a useful end in domestic affairs, for they seek out and destroy the eggs of countless insect pests.

Concerning the rats, known indifferently as "imoa," "isumu" and "iole," I shall not write now in this summation, for my friend Talolo introduced me to them as a game bird, and the account of our hunting and the pleasure of eating the catch will serve well for an article by itself. Still, I may mention that the imoa gave me my first chance to be real funny in Samoan.

I said to Tonga as she sat sewing by my side one day while I was studying out sentences in the language of the country, "Ua 'ai Samoa moa ma imoa."

"Moi!" replied my maid, stopping to light her seventy-second cigarette for that day; "that's so. I think so Samoa people she eat hen and eat rat. Samoa people fool people—never been circus and Chicago, except me."

It had struck me as funny, that collocation of Samoans and moa hens and imoa rats. But I learned in time that Samoan is tongue you cannot joke in. When you say a thing it is either the truth, which is contrary to the custom of the country, or else it is a lie and therefore a work of art; but a jest is impossible.

The bush is full of blue lizards—the pili. Every house is fairly alive with a smaller lizard—the mo'o—which is one of the geckoes with leaflike toes. They are little fellows, about 2 inches long, prettily colored in a light and a dark shade of brown. They can run up a glass window pane quite as safely as the flies, on which they feed. They are very tame, and will run up the hand when stretched out toward them, and a sharp ear can catch their little cheeping cry when they are content with their surroundings. But when alarmed they are off like a flash of light, and will take the most reckless leaps. I have seen them land safely at the end of a 20-foot jump. Yet when cornered they have no hesitation about snapping off the most of their tails. That was a maddening puzzle to my small cat. The sight of a mo'o anywhere was an immediate challenge to the kitten. She would immediately start on the hunt, for the most part a fruitless chase, for the little lizards could scuttle off faster than two cats. Yet when the kitten did succeed in landing on the lizard there followed a scene of bewilderment. The mo'o invariably snapped off its tail, which was left wriggling in one part of the veranada, while the lizard ran off to a short distance and awaited developments. The kitten never failed to be puzzled by the remarkable circumstance—she never knew whether to catch the lizard or the tail. If the mo'o moved the kitten went for it; but it always stopped short to keep an eye on the wriggles of the tail. As soon as she turned back to take care of the tail the mo'o got in motion and had to be looked after. Hundreds of times I have watched the dilemma, and the ending was always the same—the lizard got away and the kitten had to be content with the bony tail. But there were lots of lizards about my house sprouting new tails.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

The Panther's Scream.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In support of your assertion that the panther does scream, I offer the fact that in his early life in Vermont my father repeatedly heard the scream under circumstances that made it unmistakable. He also knew others who had the same experience. He also knew several well authenticated instances of the panther attacking human beings—some of these occurred in the day time. Undoubtedly the panther is less likely to attack a man than formerly—with him as with us, greater contact with man is likely to produce greater caution; but still he is not a beast to be trifled with. And when I read the statement of some writers that they never heard of an instance of attack on a man by a panther, I felt like exclaiming, "Where have you been all summer?" Horseflesh lacerated by the panther's claws when springing at the rider and the riders' torn clothes attested one instance in the adjoining town, and others that my father knew of were equally well authenticated. JUVENAL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Communication Among Animals.

IN "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag" Mr. Thompson several times intimates the fact of well understood communication between the various denizens of the woods. Some years of experience leaves no doubt in my mind that such is the fact.

A bluejay convention which I attended last summer is a case in point. In the early part of the hunting season I had gone to a favorite place to watch for deer. One or two jays discovered me one morning soon after I took my silent position. They made a loud outcry, and soon the jays were coming from all directions and the air was full of their varied and discordant notes. Then, as in a political convention, when many try to get the floor at the same time and motions and points of order give the chairman a hard time, and speakers a harder time to say their little say, the assembled birds clamorously contended for their opinions. After a noisy debate of almost ten minutes, it semed to me I could hear the making of a motion, its putting by the chairman, a full vote upon the question, the announcement by the chairman, and an adjournment took place as immediate, orderly and effective as need be anywhere. The members of the convention departed as swiftly as they came and less noisily, and within three minutes the woods were as silent as though it had not been. I was much interested and amused, for I never saw anything of the kind so ridiculously near human speech and action. It had its effect. Not a deer disturbed my reverie all that forenoon. But this was not all. During the afternoon the subject was more fully illustrated by a note of warning. I was perched in a tree on the shore of a pond. Opposite was a hillside, and numerous deer trails wound down the slope and centered at the pond. The sharp crack of a stick arrested my attention, and for several minutes my hopes were raised by the gradual but unmistakable approach of a deer. He was quite a distance off, but was surely coming. He did come, nearer, nearer, and I began to feel almost sure of a shot, when suddenly the shrill note of warning from a hitherto silent bluejay stopped the approach, and I neither saw the deer nor heard him more. Did I shoot the jay? I felt like it, but he did not show himself; and then I reflected that probably he had merely obeyed the behest of the morning's convention, and deserved to live for his fidelity. On the whole the day was full of interest and I thoroughly enjoyed it, although I got no deer. Does not life often present parallels of experience, when the defeat of cherished plans is more than compensated for by other things, if we but avail ourselves of them?

JUVENAL.

Eagles and Infants.

IN comment upon our recent note on the stories of eagles carrying off children, Mr. C. J. Cornish, of the London Zoo, sends us some notes from his article in the December Cornhill which bear on the subject:

Most people must have felt doubts as to the stories of eagles attacking men, even when their nests were being robbed. But an instance of such an attack occurred not long ago to Mr. Turner-Turner, a well-known sportsman and amateur fur hunter, in British Columbia. Seeing an eagle in the distance, he stood still to watch it, as he had not seen one in the neighborhood where he was shooting. "The ground was covered with 6 inches of snow, except on the summits of the mountains, where it was deeper," writes Mr. Turner-Turner, "and I was therefore a conspicuous object. Presently I was surprised to see how close the bird was approaching, but concluded that it must have mistaken me standing still for a stump, and would immediately discover its error. It never deviated from its course or changed its position, except to drop its legs slightly when about 10 yards off, and in line with my head. These it quickly drew up again, flying directly at my face, which so took me by surprise as to leave me hardly time to throw up my rifle as a guard, and to wave my left hand. This caused the eagle to pass above me with the rush of half a dozen rockets. Up to this time the thought of harming the bird never occurred to me. But I then faced about and fired at my retreating foe. Then with a rapid wheel it turned to renew the attack, this time making an undoubted and intentional swoop at my head, in which it would have been successful had I not suddenly ducked. It was not a common bald eagle, but, as I afterwards learnt, a mountain or golden eagle."

The stories of infants carried off in the Alps by large raptors have been wrongly attributed to the lammergeyer, and in all probability the golden eagle was the culprit, as the lammergeyer is not particularly bold, and mainly feeds on bones and carrion. But it was also stated that the lammergeyer had such weak, vulturine claws, "like a turkey's," that it could not carry a heavy weight at all. I had sufficient remembrances of the curved talons of a fine lammergeyer at Amsterdam to doubt this, writes Mr. Cornish. There is nothing like seeing things for one's self, so I did some kidnapping on my own account by stealing a little girl's largest and favorite doll, bigger than "a long-clothes baby," and had it dressed in the complete clothes of a child of a year old, fastened a 7-pound weight to its waist, which brought it up well over 8 pounds—that being about the weight of a six weeks' old baby—and asked permission to look at some lammergeyers' skins in a collection which contained specimens from all parts of Europe and Asia.

I was shown several drawers full of the dried skins of the great gypætus or "vulture" eagle obtained in different mountain ranges from the Pyrenees to the Himalayas. Needless to say, I chose a big one—a bird from the Himalayas, with very large talons, and taking out the "baby" from the bag I forced open the contracted foot, pushed the front and back talons through the infant's clothes at its waist, and allowed the other claws to close on and catch where they liked. Taking hold of the shank of the leg so that the skin might not tear, I found that the claws of one foot of a dead and dried lammergeyer were sharp enough and curved enough to hold up the clothes and 8-pound dummy of a baby. This shows how greatly the offensive equipment of a species may be underestimated.

Last month a story widely published in the French press gave a circumstantial account of the carrying off

of an infant by an eagle in the mountains near Nice. Why any one should doubt that a golden eagle could lift an infant is difficult to say. Their common food is the mountain hare, which weighs from 6 pounds to 6½ pounds, and one has been seen in the Island of Reay carrying one of these at a great height from the ground, while mobbed by carrion crows. They can also carry a brown hare, the weight of which is 7½ pounds.

There is at the present moment at the Natural History Museum a model of the skull of an eagle so gigantic that the imagination can scarcely fit it into the life of this planet at all.

The whole head is larger than that of an ox, and the beak resembles a pair of hydraulic shears. Unlike most of the giant beasts, this eagle, which inhabited Patagonia, appears from its remains to have differed little in form from the existing species. Its size alone distinguishes it. The quills of the feathers which bore this awful raptor through the air must have been as thick as a walking stick and the webs as wide as oar blades. It could have killed and torn to pieces creatures as large as a bison, and whirled up into the sky and dropped upon the rocks the gigantic carapaced animals of prehistoric Patagonia as easily as a modern eagle of California does the land tortoises on which it feeds.

A Rather Aquatic Hog.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. H. B. Griffith, of Tornado, W. Va., a man who bears the best of reputation for truthfulness, related to me the following story:

"One day as my companion and I were baiting a trout line on Cold River, I saw something moving in the water about 30 yards from us, but owing to poor eyesight I could not make out what it was. I called my partner's attention to it, but his sight being also defective, he was unable to inform me. I quickly put on my glasses and saw it was a sow with a pig on her back which she was ferrying across the river. As she neared the shore, the pig slid off its mother's back and reached the land first, when it turned and faced its mamma, as if to say, 'I beat you out.'

"We told some of our neighbors what we had seen; but they said it was not news to them, as they had seen the performance of the hogs. Then I concluded to watch them, and was soon rewarded by seeing a repetition of their aquatic feat. The old hog would wade from shore until her back was nearly covered, stop and wait for piggy, which was prompt to accept the offer by immediately mounting the animated ferryboat. The sow and pig had been transferred from one side of the river to the other, and either the sow's inhabitiveness or its desire for the food it had had while on the opposite side, awakened in her the instinct to swim the river. A Mr. Pickens, who last owned the hogs, endeavored to keep them from the water with his dogs, but with the usual porcine 'contrariness' they would plunge into the river, in which case the pig would seize the mother's ear and thus be towed safely to the opposite shore." N. D. Elting.

Game Bag and Gun.

The Moose Country of Maine.

And for one the lakeside vigil where the bull moose leads the cow,
* * * * * * * * * * *
Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilght? Who hath heard the birch bark burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the young men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight!
—Rudyard Kipling.

Last September I determined to take a hunting trip to Maine for a bull moose, as soon as the season should open. As I had not hunted in Maine for more than twenty years I knew not exactly where to go, nor to whom to apply for information respecting favorable districts and good guides. After unsuccessfully trying several of my friends, from whom I hoped to get the desired information, the idea occurred to me to write Mr. S. L. Crosby, the well-known taxidermist of Bangor. It seemed reasonable to expect that he was, of all others, the one particularly interested in the shipment out of the woods of fine game heads, and that he naturally knew where these had been procured in previous years, and that he probably could, if he cared to do so, recommend to a sportsman the most likely places to visit. Although a stranger to Mr. Crosby, he was kind enough to send me a courteous reply, and he advised me to go to Nesowadnehunk Lake (pronounced by the natives Sow-day-hunk), and at the same time he highly recommended as guides Luther Hall, Jr., and William A. McLain, who own the camp at the lake.

Accordingly, just before the open season for moose in October I left New York with a friend and sporting companion, en route for Nesowadnehunk Lake, having previously made all arrangements by letters and telegraph for our guides.

Our start was from Patten, a town on a branch of the Bangor & Aroostook R. R., where our guides met us by appointment. Here we procured such necessary supplies as we lacked from the excellent stores in town, and might have procured our whole outfit had we cared to leave its purchase until we reached this point. A fifty-two-mile drive in buckboards is necessary over about the roughest road in the whole of Maine before Nesowadnehunk Lake is reached from Patten. This drive takes two days. Much of the distance cannot be made at a faster rate than two miles an hour. But when the lake is reached the sportsman will be well repaid for his pains, for he will find there a most luxurious camp, supplied with unexpected comforts, and he will soon learn to his satisfaction that he is in the heart of the moose country.

Nesowadnehunk Lake is situated north and a little west of Mt. Katahdin, and is located upon the ridgepole of the watershed of Maine. Its own waters run south into the west branch of the Penobscot River. Two miles north of the lake the waters drain into the east branch of the Penobscot, while about four miles north and west begins the slope from which the waters flow northward and empty into the St. John's River.

The lake itself is a beautiful sheet of water fed by springs, and is filled with speckled trout. There are only two kinds of fish in the lake, the brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) and a small fish which serves for its food. The trout are singularly regular in size, averaging about a pound in weight, yet some have been caught, it is said, weighing over 3 pounds. Although in October they are on their spawning beds, and may not lawfully be caught, yet we were informed that they will rise freely to the fly at all seasons of the year when the lake is open, and that they are fished for most successfully with any red fly. It was an easy matter to catch them in the hands, and I saw many fine trout so caught, but only for experiment, and for the incident's sake, however, and these were immediately returned to the water. One of the Maine game wardens, Capt. Pollard, whom we met in the camp, informed us that in his opinion this lake contained the best trout fishing in the whole of Maine. But all this is incidental; I did not start out to tell a fish story.

The game warden just above mentioned, a capital fellow and a good sportsman by the way, also informed us that he believed the country around Nesowadnehunk Lake to be the best moose country in Maine, and our subsequent experience convinced us that he had good reasons for this opinion. We were fifteen days in camp. During this time I personally saw seventeen moose in the woods, not reckoning those that were brought into camp by other sportsmen. Of these seventeen, only four were bulls, however. This disparity in the numbers of bulls as compared with the cows furnishes proof that the law of Maine prohibiting the killing of cow moose has accomplished the object aimed at, and has well preserved this game. The cows so far outnumber the bulls at the present time that it is much more difficult to "call" a moose than has been the case in previous years. This is particularly true in late October and November, when it is generally found that each bull is provided with a plurality of cows. The bull moose that we saw were young, and none had a particularly fine head. I do not mean to claim that there are no more splendid moose heads left in the Maine woods, but it is apparent that while the game laws serve as a whole to preserve the species, they work to the particular disadvantage of the old bulls, which are now the more eagerly hunted by the ardent sportsman; and possibly also to some future disadvantange of the race itself, because the species will not henceforth be increased necessarily through the survival of the fittest of the male animal. In former years, when the sexes were more nearly equal, the young bulls were driven from consort with the cows by their older and stronger brethren, but now every young bull is provided with at least a single mate, and some indeed have a following of two or three cows.

As for deer, they are plentiful enough. The first day we paddled about the lake we counted seven, and we saw deer every day, while altogether we saw some scores during our stay in the woods. But in October practically only does and fawns are in evidence, as the bucks conceal themselves in the swamps or on the hardwood ridges until the snow flies. After the first or second snow, the does and fawns seek the recesses of the thick woods, while the bucks then disclose themselves.

The sportsman who is willing to cheerfully undertake the hardships of the trip from Patten to Nesowadnehunk Lake during October or November may visit this section with the reasonable certainity of getting a shot at a bull moose, and he may also possibly do as one sportsman did while we were in camp, namely: In addition, get his lawful limit of deer, which is two, in the morning before breakfast. There were altogether eight or ten different sportsmen at the camp during some portion of our stay, and eight bull moose were shot. There were three who got their bull moose on the first day's hunting of the open season, including my friend Mr. Alfred Lauterbach, of New York, and I believe no one failed to get a fair shot at a bull. There was only one sportsman who denied when he left camp that his luck had given him the chance, but there were some reasons for believing he sincerely wished to forget one or two opportunities which he missed.

My object in writing this letter to Forest and Stream is to give such information to brother sportsmen as I would gladly have had myself when I first determined to go into the woods for a bull moose. Full particulars regarding this section of Maine may be had by any one who will write to Hall and McLain, at Patten, Me., or to John Jackman, at the same address. But let no one imagine that it is an easy trip to reach this hunting district. Its inaccessibility indeed has been the means of preserving it as perhaps the best moose country in the whole of Maine.

And now in conclusion I propose to relate two little incidents of our trip. One early morning I was being paddled about the lake, when my guide first discerned a mile or more away a moose wading in the water near the shore. We paddled as rapidly toward it as we could, hoping that it would prove to be a bull. It turned out to be a cow. We easily approached within 100 yards, when the moose stopped and examined us suspiciously. Presently she started off on a rapid trot in the water and along the shore. There was a meadow here, and before she might hide herself from sight in the woods she had to traverse an open space of quite 100 yards. Just where she reached the edge of the woods there was a big fallen tree, about 4 feet high. Upon this she jumped and trotted along it as lightly as a squirrel for 15 feet or more, and then she sprang off on the other side and disappeared in the thicket. That night at supper I told the story. We found that some of the guides were politely incredulous, but my own guide indorsed the accuracy of my statement. Now let me suggest that field glasses be not forgotten by him who goes into the woods to hunt moose, as happened in my case. There will be need of them every day. If we had had glasses we would have been saved on this particular occasion a long, hard paddle after a bull moose as we supposed, which on nearer approach proved to our disappointment to be a cow.

The second story regards a deer and its tail. Almost every night the camp was visited by deer, as was evident by their tracks in the morning. One moonlight night my friend Mr. Alfred Lauterbach sat up to shoot one from the window of our cabin. At 2 o'clock in the morning three deer duly appeared, and he shot the largest one and knocked it down, but it presently arose and bounded off. In the morning the trail was easily followed into the woods. At about 100 yards distance the trail led beneath a fallen tree trunk. The deer had chosen to crawl under the log, which was about 3 feet high, rather than to jump over it. This proved to be an error in judgment, and the deer thereby lost its tail, for on the further edge of the log was a sharp projecting knot, which caught the tail and tore it clean off. We found the tail, but we never got the deer, though it had been sorely wounded with a soft-nosed bullet from a Savage rifle.

Do you know the blackened timber—do you know that racing stream,
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and dream,
To the click of sharp canoe-poles round the bend?
Is it there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces?
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the starlight on our faces,
For the red gods call us out, and we must go.
And we must go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world we're overdue!
'Send, the road is clear before you when the spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the red gods call for you. —Rudyard Kipling.

W. N. Amory.

New York, Dec. 8.

On Snake Creek.

We had talked of an Indian Territory deer hunt all summer, and there were at least a round dozen that seemed eager to take part in it until the moment of starting arrived. On Dec. 1 W. W. McIlhaney, Brady Crowe and the writer "laid down our pens" and declared that "now is the accepted time," but we were alone, the other having "flunked."

The weather was pleasant but cool at the time of starting, and from the word received from our friend Harris, at Wagoner, I. T., we learned it was the prime season of the year for sport.

At 6 o'clock the next morning we were in Wagoner, and our friend was present to meet us, and when everything was taken care of he conducted us to his residence, where we sat down to an elegant breakfast. By 9 o'clock we were on the road, bound for Snake Creek, south of We-a-lac-ie Mission on the Arkansas River, in the Creek or Muskogee country. Our driver and cook was a negro, black as a rubber comb, named Bill Coe, but the gang soon shortened it to Calico, and by that name he is known to this day. Three months before he had strolled into Wagoner from a Red River plantation, where he had spent his entire life of forty-five years, in ignorance of the size or ways of the world, until this, his first departure, from the "reservation." He was the most amusingly ignorant specimen of the genus homo that we had ever met, and during the whole trip furnished us with good grub, good driving and an excellent show. He was as afraid of an Indian as he was of a blue gum nigger's voodoo bag, and he believed implicitly everything a white man said.

At late dinner we ferried the Verdigris and struck camp at sundown on the banks of the Arkansas at the Childers Ferry. A ferry boat was tied up to the bank near our camp, but we were not able to raise any one to operate it.

It was a slab affair, propelled by push poles, and seemed about as dangerous to tackle for a crossing as the quicksands themselves. No one could be found next morning to ferry us over, and although we knew nothing of the art of navigation, as applied to the push pole on the Arkansas, like the boy who dug for the ground hog, we needed meat and must cross. So, after a council of war, we decided to tackle the boat for a crossing. Calico's was the only dissenting vote. "Wot if dem Injuns wot owns dat boat injects to yo' takin' it?" he asked. "I didn't hire to youse to be skulped."

McIlhaney then asked him if he chose to take his chances of an Indian massacre or preferred to be killed and eaten by us. That settled him. He sullenly mounted his wagon and we were soon on the boat. When we pushed off the bottom was easily reached with the poles, but when we had reached the main current we found that our poles would not touch the bottom, and we lost control of the vessel. Round and round it whirled, and down the river we went at terrific speed, and the black face of Calico became ashy. Do what we could the down stream progress of the scow could not be checked, until finally it struck a sand bar with such force as to throw McIlhaney overboard, throw the balance of us flat, and scared what was left of Calico to death.

A mile stretch of sand and freezing cold water lay between us and the south shore. While we were working to get off the sand bar, an Indian, the owner of the boat, came along, and with his assistance and knowledge we soon got away and were landed all right. The Indian was a little out of humor, and his murderous looks and evident displeasure at the appropriation of his property set Calico to praying. We gave him a silver unit and thanked him and went on our way, while Calico fully made up his mind that we were hunting trouble and fast getting him into a scrape.

That night we put up permanent camp on the Snake at the junction of Duck Creek, and fixed ourselves for a two weeks' stay. Our tent was pitched on the north bank of and near to Snake Creek, and the team was "stabled" nearby.

Harris was so easily lost that his work was confined to quail and prairie chicken hunting near the camp. And there was plenty of the sport to be had. Calico was all the time bewailing his fate that brought him into "sich a owdacious" country, and insisted that something "bad was gwine to happen."

The next morning before it was light, we started out for game. It began a drizzly rain about 9 o'clock, and it certainly was an ideal still-hunting day.

Just before dark the three hunters reached camp and Crowe carried in a fat little yearling buck, while McIlhaney and I had a turkey each, and Calico for a time forgot his troubles. That night after supper, while sitting around the tent stove, Indian talk, for the benefit of the cook, was indulged in, and by the time we were ready to turn in his eyes were shining like door knobs, and every sound made him jump and shiver.

It continued alternately raining and snowing for the next ten days, and while it was a little unpleasant to be out in, it certainly was the best weather for successful hunting that any of us had experienced. Game of all kinds continued to accumulate, and by the 18th, when we had decided to start on our return, there were four whole deer and the remnants of a fifth, eleven turkeys and possibly two bushels of quail and prairie chicken in the stock.

The longer we remained, however, the more nervous became Calico, and he protested in his mild way against being left alone at the camp, for, said he, "What's I gwine do if dem Injuns comes? I cain't hit de woods wid a shotgun?"

Crowe suggested that he might "hit the road," but this was lost on the darky. They still talked "Injun, massacre and scalps" in Calico's presence, and that individual was in a state of terror all the time. One day Crowe, McIlhaney and the writer climbed up over the mountain to the west of the camp and hunted together. Late in the afternoon Crowe and McIlhaney jumped a fine large buck that ran directly toward me, and but two "barks" from my rifle were heard before the "killed hoot" brought the others to me to view and admire the finest specimen that had yet fallen to our party. It was nearing night, and there was good six miles between us and a much desired supper. Besides, the mountain down which we were compelled to go was very precipitous and rocky.

The deer was quickly prepared for transportation by removing the entrals and swinging it on a shoulder pole.

When we reached the little valley where camp was situated, it was pitch dark. We could hear some one hallooing and occasionally shooting on the opposite hill. When we came within a hundred yards of our camp we could outline by the dim firelight the form of Calico, sitting with a gun across his lap, and his head down, asleep. We laid the deer down, and Crowe and McIlhaney slipped up under the bank of the creek, and using care that nothing would be hurt by the shots, fired in the glowing coals with their rifles, at the same time yelling like savages. That darky was covered with coals and ashes, and at a low estimate he jumped 10 feet. We were so convulsed with laughter that we did not notice anything for a few moments, and when we did, could hear a horse's feet striking the rocks in the direction of the road up the hill. We carried the deer across the creek, and the first thing that was noticed was McIlhaney's new Smith gun lying in the fire where the cook had in his terror dropped it. Then Crowe looked at the team and found that Calico and one of the horses were missing. All at once it struck us that the joke was working both ways, and that Calico, to escape from the savages that he thought had attacked him, had escaped on one of the horses. We could yet hear that horse hitting the rocks a mile away. McIlhaney jumped on the remaining horse and followed the fugitive, and Crowe and I began getting camp in order for the night. Soon Harris came in. He it was that had been yelling and shooting. He had been lost, as usual, and his yelling and banging of his old muzzleloader had given Calico splendid preparation for the fright that possessed him when the Winchesters threw the coals and ashes over him. About 9 o'clock Mac and Calico came in, Mac mad and tired, the horses completely fagged out, and the negro with a well-defined case of heart disease. Calico, when he discovered that he was not hurt by the fire that he supposed the "Injuns" had aimed at him, jumped on Fox, the slowest horse of the team, and tried to escape. As Mac approached him and gained on him, I suppose the poor man died a thousand deaths. He realized that the pursuer would finally overtake him, as he could tell that he was gaining rapidly. When Mac came in hallooing distance of the darky, he yelled for him to stop. Calico's answer was a desperate kick at the ribs of old Fox and new efforts to increase his speed. Finally, Mac overtook the scared African, after old Fox had completely given out.

The poor fellow rolled off the horse and begged for his life, Mac hardly being able to get him to understand that he had been pursued by a friend instead of a "murdus Injun." This afterward furnished a laugh every time we thought of it, but that day when he started off with the horse, the smile seemed to have changed, and it was a feeling of anxiety that pervaded the camp until the return of the Red River refugee.

On the 18th we broke camp and started for home. It was rather cold, and during the first day it alternately rained and snowed, and when night set in it was a corker. We reached the Arkansas River about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and got across just at dark. We concluded to drive to the Verdigris that night, but Harris, true to the record he had made on this trip, lost us, and we stayed all night in the cold and wet, and at daylight found we were twenty miles further away than we were at the Arkansas ferry. By hard driving we reached Wagoner that day in time for the homeward bound train. On the 20th we reached home, with plenty of game to give our friends a feast, and experience enough to entertain by its recital every sport lover in the city.

J. W. FARRELL.

WEIR CITY, Kan.

Have the Ducks Changed their Line?

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Dec. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from a ten days' trip to Cobb's Island after ducks. The birds are very scarce; only a few brant and geese; no black ducks worth speakinyg of. The gunners laid it to the wind and tides, but the fact is they are not there. Then I came up to the canvasback grounds, and there found nearly the same conditions. Have the ducks changed their flight?

C. L. S.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Shooting with the Saginaw Crowd.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 18.—Every one who reads FOREST AND STREAM has been entertained and amused by the histories of the "Saginaw Crowd" which the leader of that assembly, Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., has written of the divers wanderings of this party into all the corners of the Western world. Not everybody, however, may be aware of all the inner history of this peculiar "crowd." It is really one of the most remarkable associations of sportsmen to be found in the United States, nor indeed do I know of any which resembles it. Composed of a dozen or so of wealthy men residing in different cities of Michigan, Ohio and New York, this body of shooting and fishing enthusiasts has reversed the ordinary method of wealthy men in search of sport. The Saginaw Crowd has always stood for open shooting, and has never maintained a preserve. On the contrary, its steps have always turned naturally to the wildest portions of the wilderness. Its trips to the Yellowstone country, to the Indian Nations, to North Dakota, to the Bad Lands of Montana and other less frequented corners of the best shooting regions, have always been made by the "crowd" in a body. Years ago the "crowd" conceived that it would be pleasanter to have a special car of its own. The members clubbed together and bought a private car, and after using it a while the notion so took possession of them that they had another car built, a very palace on wheels, with all the conveniences of the best Pullman sleeper, and a thousand special contrivances for sporting comfort such as cannot be found on any other car in all the world, as I imagine. This car (which bears the fitting inscription "Wm. B. Mershon") has an interesting history, and it has had under its roof some of the rarest souls of all American sportingdom. It goes to Dawson and Dickinson, and Mexico and California. It goes over to the Kinne Creek Club house, where some of the members are stockholders, and it goes to the Au Sable and the Boardman, and the Pere Marquette, and to many other delectable localities, and now and again we hear of these journeys through the FOREST AND STREAM.

So much might be said of any party of men who had the tastes of sportsmen and the means to gratify their tastes, although I do not know of any such organized body of men outside of this one. But to say this would be not to mention the distinguishing peculiarity of the Saginaw Crowd, which sets it, I am confident, distinctly out of competition. The Saginaw Crowd has never held a kicker, never known a dissent, and never dwelt in anything but absolute and unaffected harmony. This is a record which we shall not see duplicated, in all probability, in any similar body of men throughout so long a term of years. Hence I consider this little body of sportsmen to be one of the most unique organizations in America, and its doings of a singular interest to all sportsmen, whether rich or less blessed with worldly stores.

When the Saginaw Crowd gets on its shooting clothes it is the hardest looking, hardest shooting, hardest walking and hardest eating crowd in the world, and every fellow there is a man and nothing more, and willing to accord that status to every other man, whether city shooter or of a sort which we sometimes call native. The Saginaw Crowd leaves no hard feelings behind the wheels of its special car. We read about the dukes, barons and princes of the Old World, but methinks that dukes who could not shoot would be about two for a quarter on that car, and a prince who had nothing but his crown in prospect could be bought and held for a rise by any one of the party.

Not to be of close communion, or too strict a sect, the Saginaw Crowd does not lock the car door against friends of the members, but now and then admits others in the company of this vehicle, whose purpose it is to hunt out the best of the wild open country left in America.

When some one or two of the Saginaw boys get uneasy and feel like going hunting or fishing, the word is passed over the telephone, a party is made up and the car is put into commission. By tacit consent the leadership in details is handed over to Mr. Mershon. In some way best known to himself all the supplies get into the car. Harry and Jake, the porter and cook, get into their white jackets, and on a few hours' notice the car rolls out to some new country and some additional history, perhaps of only a few days' duration, perhaps of several weeks'. Then there is the inevitable regret of having to get back to business, and the bemoanings of those who could not go. Brief or long, hurried or deliberate, the trips of the Saginaw Crowd are always interesting and usually eventful. I do not believe that anywhere in the country there can be found a higher type of sportsmanship than that which obtains in this aggregation, whose name is familiar, through years of association, with the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Nor do I need add that I should value an invitation to join that unique and distinguished body more highly than I could any other summons. When you are with the Saginaw Crowd you are all right if you can walk and shoot, though you may have to walk a good deal and shoot a good deal to keep in the procession.

The above is preamble to one of the pleasantest little experiences I ever had, and I am sure the Saginaw Crowd will wish to have it shared with the FOREST AND STREAM family. It was Mr. Mershon, head conspirator of the band, who told me to come over and get in line with them this week for a quail and partridge shoot. Of course, I had the usual misgivings lest the world might not be able to get along without me while I was out hunting, but I reflected that there might be others in the party whose affairs were almost as big as mine, and hence I argued that I too might risk it. In consequence whereof a few letters, a telegram or so, a hurried slamming of old clothes into a still older pack bag, and a hurried departure last Monday night for Saginaw.

I could have got there had I been deaf, dumb and blind. I have often commented with wonder on the executive quality of Mr. Mershon's mind. It is he who distributes and districts the parties on a shooting trip, who tells each man where he left his gun and dog, who tells the cook what to have for dinner, and who without apparent effort notes everything that is going on and sees that it goes on smoothly. I presume this is why he handles two or three big businesses and still has time to be the best field shot I have ever hunted with, the best natural dog trainer and the most ardent lover of sport for sport's own sake. In a few brief and well chosen words, as the daily reporter has it, Mr. Mershon told me what train to take to Saginaw, by what road and by what points. He advised me that I would arrive in such and such a depot, at such and such an hour; that I was to take my breakfast there alone, as the hour would be very early; that I was then to find the car, which would be in the depot yards near by, to go aboard and make myself at home until the party reached the car for the start, which would be at 8:15 in the morning.

All this came about as ordained. I took the Chicago & Grand Trunk train out of Chicago at 8:30 in the evening, and following copy did not go by Durand, but by Flint, arriving in the F. & P. M. depot at 6:20 in the morning. As I sat at breakfast in the dining room I saw a certain beaming and red-cheeked face, which I recognized to be that of Harry, the porter, who was out in search of me, and who advised me that I was to have breakfast on the car. It was too late for that, but we got my traps aboard, and in half an hour I was dressed in my shooting clothes and ready for trouble. The old car looked familiar, for this was my second journey with it. On the center table in the drawing room I recognized the big Regina music box which used to entertain us at Kinne Creek. I noted that it was set for a tune familiar to all good persons, that grand hymn which is named in the books "Adeste Fideles." I turned the crank of the box and the beautiful melody rolled out "How Firm a Foundation." This seemed to me a good way to open the day. so I sat down and had a good time until the faithful began to arrive. All at once there was a step in the rain puddles near the car, and there appeared at the steps the tall figure, the black moustache and dark eyes of the head conspirator, Mr. W. B. Mershon, or as his more familiar friends call him, Billy Mershon. With him was my old friend, black and tan Bob, one of the most sensible and level-headed meat dogs I ever knew. The black and white setter Queen was a new addition to Mr. Mershon's rolling stock. So far so good, and I thought I was a pretty lucky man.

As I was saying, Mr. Mershon met me in the depot at Saginaw just at breakfast time, and soon after his arrival others of the special car party began to put in their appearance. Of these were Watts S. Humphrey, the prominent Saginaw attorney, whose weight is somewhere between 200 and 300 pounds, but who can jump a five-barred gate with anybody. Mr. Humphreys brought along a handsome English setter with a wall eye and affectionate turn of mind. Mr. E. R. McCarty is another Saginaw heavyweight who stays out all day and comes in with full pockets in the evening. Mr. McCarty is using a setter now instead of the old pointer which he had on the day when I first shot with him, two years ago. Mr. E. N. Briggs is Mr. McCarty's old-time shooting companion, and this year is using an orange and white setter. Mr. Briggs is known in the Saginaw Crowd under the sobriquet of Little Wolf. Of slender physique and not in the best of health of late, Mr. Briggs retains all his old-time cunning with the shotgun and is always one to show results at the close of the day. Dr. E. N. Cross was one of the strangers in the city, if that could be said of one who was once a resident of Saginaw. Some twenty years ago Dr. Cross moved out to Stockton, Cal., where he is well known as a citizen and sportsman. He has at different times joined the Saginaw Crowd in their expeditions into Dakota and Montana, and is visiting in Saginaw this fall. Mr. George B. Morley is the same George Morley who used to beat us all trout fishing on Kinne Creek. Mr. Morley protested that he was a novice in quail shooting, but I noticed that he nearly always had feathers in his coat. His shooting companion was Mr. T. A. Harvey, another good sample of the Saginaw sort of citizen. Mr. Harvey has been shooting but two or three years, and did everything that could be asked of a man who is set to quail shooting with a close-choked, straight-stocked pigeon gun. Mr. Harvey admitted that he was a novice, but stated that he had done the best he could to get a good outfit. He had been sold all sorts of things, from a fyke net game bag to a patent cleaning rod, and he was a joy forever to everybody who wanted anything. Mr. George Morley and Mr. Harvey shot over Mr. Morley's dog, a very handsome English setter. Dr. E. R. Sumner, of Rochester, N. Y., joined the party on the third day, and is another one of those who have been out with the old car. Dr. Sumner, as we shall in due time observe, proved himself a sportsman and a shooter in every sense of the word. Among the last of the Saginaw contingent to arrive was Mr. Jack M. Morley, and without Jack Morley the party would have been incomplete. Dr. Sumner and Mr. Morley tied their faith to pointers, for their dogs. The oldest and most honored member of the entire party was Major Farnam Lyon, of the Bancroft House, in Saginaw. Major Lyon met us up the road, having just reached town from one hunt, and having made up his mind in ten minutes to join the car party for a few days more of sport. Major Lyon is certainly a sportsman worth mention. He is over seventy years of age, but does not appear to be over fifty, and is as active as a man much younger than that. I have stated that he had been out hunting for several days before joining us, yet he was out each day with us among the first, and kept going until dark. On the car he was as lively as the youngest, and was always among the last to go to bed. A better example of a sportsman in advanced years could not be found in all the country. He was the third of the party to use the pointer in preference to the setter. I speak thus fully in regard to the membership of our party because I consider it to have been a remarkable body of men. Knowing each other perfectly these gentlemen seemed fitted each for the others. With eight men and nine dogs aboard the car, we had a pretty good muster roll. Mr. Mershon was surprised to see that every one of the party was on hand in spite of the very rainy looking morning, all of which goes to show the thoroughbred quality of the aggregation.

Our destination was announced to be Grassmere, which is up north of Saginaw, on that strip of land which is known as the Thumb. Grassmere is the next station but one to the end of the road. The terminus is Bad Axe. Everybody in the world has heard of Bad Axe, though perhaps not everybody knows where it is. It lies about five miles from Grassmere, and Grassmere is about five miles from Bad Axe. And there you are. We ran north, parallel to the Saginaw Bay shore line, then the railroad for some reason changed its mind and went wandering off to the east, and finally it got tired and stopped, as above mentioned, at Bad Axe. We discovered the country to be partially farmed, the great industry being that of raising sugar beets, though we saw occasional stubble fields, and once in a while a strip of corn. Once this Saginaw Thumb was the wildest part of Michigan, and it is here that the last elk in Michigan were killed, as reported some years ago in these columns. Some of the heaviest pine forests of the State once grew here, and there are still large swamps and thickets where big game might live. The last deer in this part of the State, mentioned as being killed recently, was shot two years ago. Wild turkeys were seen ten years ago. This region in general resembles most of that slashed-over pine and hardwood country over which the more modern struggle at agriculture has been going on for the last score or so of years. The small game clings to such country in fairly good numbers, its abundance of course varying with the severity of the season.

We tumbled off the car at Grassmere at something like 10 o'clock in the morning. The clouds had broken away and the rain had ceased, so that we were after all favored with very decent shooting weather. Mr. Humphrey and Mr. McCarty started out in something the same line across country; Mr. Briggs and Dr. Cross paired off, and so did Mr. Harvey and Mr. George Moreley. Jack Moreley shot alone. Mr. Mershon and I went down the track a couple of miles with the departing train, which was obligingly stopped by Trainmaster Wallace for us. We found ourselves in a very good looking partridge country. I did not fancy it much for quail, yet the first game we made was a nice bevy of quail, which went up in a heavy popple thicket ahead of the dogs, without giving us any show for a shot. At the same time a cock partridge went up and sailed off unsaluted through the thick cover. Following on, the dogs located some of these scattered birds, and getting a close shot at a cross-flying bird, I stopped him for first blood, Mr. Mershon drawing a difficult twister, which he could not find. I then missed a long shot and killed another, which rose ahead of the dogs. We saw at once that we were going to have hard shooting, for the birds were very wild and unsettled on account of the storm. We lost a lot of time in the early part of the day working in this same bit of woods, but failed to do much with the scattered quail. Mr. Mershon was very much afraid that the new dog Queen would not turn out well, but after a while, when we struck in among the partridges, she surprised us very much by taking to these strange birds with perfect kindness, and indeed fairly beat the old veteran Bob in the number of points on partridges which she got during the day. As between the two, Bob acted like a perfect gentleman, but Queen seemed to have a very poor idea of the etiquette of the field. She would run in ahead of the old man when she saw him working out a partridge trail, and deliberately steal his point, to all of which he submitted with the best good humor in the world. A very wise and level-headed old dog is Bob, and we found him more comfortable to shoot over than Queen, for the latter was so fast she was continually running away and getting lost. One time Bob started down a little draw on what we thought was a partridge trail. I called him a little to one side to go after some quail which I heard whistling, and meantime Queen jumped in and pointed the partridge which Bob had been working out. Mr. Mershon killed this bird in handsome shape, and we went on after the quail. Once again Queen pointed, but the quail was in such heavy cover that Mr. Mershon failed to stop it. Still again we lost her, and after a long time found her pointing steady at the foot of a big stump. We came up carefully, one on each side of the stump, and at length Mr. Mershon said to me, "I can see it, and it is a partridge!" We were then not more than 8 or 10 feet from the bird, and as Mr. Mershon pointed at it it stood up with its crest erected as though it were angry. The next instant it burst up and away with terrific speed, and we both shot into it, so that nothing was left but a crumpled mass of feathers of what had been one of the proudest and strongest of game birds.

This happened at about 1 o'clock. Then we put up another bevy of quail, out of which Mr. Mershon got a bird, though the rise was in such cover that I did not get to shoot. We crossed the railroad now and got into some lovely looking partridge ground. Queen worked out an old cock a trifle fast, and I missed on a long rise. A few moments later Mr. Mershon killed a very long shot through heavy cover. He always takes any kind of a chance at a bird, and is the best partridge shot I was ever out with. He saw this bird go down and put in Bob at about the place he thought it fell. Bob took the trail, and at length found the bird nearly 200 yards away. It had come down wing-tipped, and the old dog brought it in alive and unhurt, a piece of work which added still more laurels to his reputation as a premier retriever. We now went about and headed toward home, and passing the edge of a little thicket a grouse sprang fully 30 yards ahead, and Mr. Mershon cut it down at the first shot, one of the prettiest snapshots I ever saw. Taking an old road, we headed through a heavy bit of cover in the dusk of the evening, and a few moments later lost the best chance we had during the day. There was a sort of double trail through the woods, with a fringe of heavy cover between the paths. As we went along one trail four grouse went out of the other, one after the other, and had we been 20 feet closer we would in all likelihood have killed all four. We followed these birds into a dense thicket, and just about dark one rose high over the cover and came directly toward us. Mr. Mershon loosened a handful of feathers, but the bird did not stop, and I killed it an instant later. Counting up our entire bag for the day, we found that we had five partridges and five quail, of which most of the birds were in Mr. Mershon's pocket, about the usual ratio between him and the average fellow citizen who thinks he can shoot partridges.

When we got back to the car that night we found that no one had had any special luck, our own bag being high for the day, though every one had quail and nearly every one had partridges. Jack Morley, who is a very good shot, had rather an unlucky day, and could only show four quail as the net results. It is one of Mr. Morley's misfortunes that he always gets lost when he goes out hunting, and his comrades banteringly asked him how many times he was lost during the day.

"Only once," he replied. And a moment later he added, thoughtfully, "and that was all the time."

Jack Morley, like every other Michigan man, goes deer hunting now and then, and following the ordinary pine woods custom he usually takes a compass and a map. One day he was out hunting, and as usual was lost, when he met a homesteader of whom he inquired the way to camp.

"Where is your camp located?" said the native.

"It's somewhere down in the woods here," said Jack; "but the woods all look alike to me. Oh, I remember where it is; it's on section 37. The boys told me if I got lost to remember that the camp was on section 37, and then I could always get back easily enough. Now which way is section 37 from here?"

The woodsman scratched his head. "Blamed if I know, stranger," he said. "It must be in some other township than this. We ain't got but 36 sections in this here township." It was not until Mr. Morley had gotten back to camp that he began to realize that there are never more than 36 sections in any township! From that time to this, he has always gone by the name of Section Thirty-seven.

A comparison of notes for the first day, or, rather, half day, of shooting showed that something like fifty or sixty partridges had been put up, but not very many bevies of quail. Mr. Harvey and Mr. George Morley found more quail than anybody, but had bad luck handling them. Mr. Humphrey and Mr. McCarty came in with a nice lot of birds between them, and Mr. Briggs and Dr. Cross, who took it easy and did not go far from the car, killed more quail than any of us, although they saw no partridges.

That night for dinner we had a big fat turkey gobbler, roasted, and Jake and Harry never covered themselves with greater glory than on this occasion. If the Saginaw Crowd was ever hungrier than it was that night, it is something that ought not to be written down. After dinner every one put on easy clothes and slippers, and the rest of the time until bedtime was spent in chasing Jack Morley's dog out of the sleeping berths, into which he had a great passion for climbing.

"That dog of mine," said Jack, "is a warm personal friend of all my boys, and if he ain't too good to sleep with my family he is about good enough for you. Let him alone; he is only trying all the berths to see which one is mine. It's a heap better to have him get in where he has sheets than to make him sleep on the plush seats and get short pointer hairs into the upholstery." There seemed to be very little answer to this argument. Everybody went to bed at about 12 or 1 o'clock and slept so soundly that it was impossible to tell who during the night was most favored with the attentions of Mr. Morley's impartial dog.

Quail in Illinois.

Our quail season has little more than a week yet to run in Illinois, and I imagine that our shooters will experience a genuine regret when the end comes, for such a quail season we have not had for very many years. Nearly every one who has been out has met with more than average success. The bags for last week have been much smaller than they were earlier in the season, and this is owing to the fact that Bob White in the middle of December is a remarkably tough and hard flying bird. To-day No. 9 shot is too light a charge to use on quail, and No. 8 is very much better. One shooter tells me that he uses No. 8 in the right barrel and No. 7½ in the left. Dr. Miller, one of the most successful quail shots that we have here, tells me that he uses No. 7 shot on quail the season through. I think No. 7 unnecessarily large myself, but after all, the main thing is to hold on the bird. One thing is sure, nearly all our shooters who came in this week agreed as to the extremely high velocity and flat trajectory of the quail.

It may be interesting to know a few of the better points for quail in this State, more especially for service next season. Of course it is to be remembered that Illinois runs a long way to the south of Chicago, and its lower extremity is practically in southern country. The best of the quail country is in the southern half of the State. Anywhere south of the Big Four Railroad, or down the Illinois Central as far as 200 miles, brings one to a grand natural quail country. Effingham is a good place to go, although it is a country of market-shooters. To the south of Effingham there is fine quail ground. One should go out into the country eight or ten miles.

Dieterich, Ill., is a good point to remember. Two guns came back from there this week with 300 quail. East of Dieterich, and near Greenup, there is a quail country which is spoken of very highly indeed by some of our most successful shooters.

Shelby county, Ill., is one of the great quail counties, and one is pretty safe to go there for a hunt in any ordinary season. It is here that my informant told me he once killed forty-five quail between 10 o'clock and 1 o'clock of the same day.

Vandalia, Ill., is another very good quail point, though here one meets a rather more difficult shooting country than the cleanly farmed regions above mentioned. The shooting at Vandalia partakes more of the thicket and brush cover in which Bob White is very much at home with himself. Bicknell, the old field trial point, is in a good quail country also, and I remember once to have put up seventeen bevies there in a part of a day.

Neoga, about 175 miles southward in Illinois, is a very good place to remember, and has been the scene of some very heavy bags this year.

Bloomington, Ill., is reporting some fair bags of quail of late, but I do not think this point is quite far enough to the south, nor is it quite so good a natural quail region as other points a bit lower down in the State.

Indiana Quail.

Winamac, Monterey, Servia, Huntington, Ora, Newton, and Rochester, are all good Indiana points to bear in mind for quail. These have all reported good returns this year, though not so good for the last week as earlier, no doubt, for reasons above suggested. In Ohio the quail crop has not been so good this year as it was last, and this I believe to be true also of Michigan. The banner States for this section were Illinois and Indiana.

Movements of Western Sportsmen.

Mr. H. G. McCartney, of this city, owner of the celebrated Kabekona camp of Minnesota, is just back from a stay of several weeks at Hot Springs, Ark. Mr. McCartney did not get time to go out shooting while at Hot Springs, and I understand that no stranger ever does get time to do anything there except take baths and sign checks, but he now and then took a little horseback ride out into the country, and thus saw something of the region. Sometimes he saw deer, and on one day met five nice ones in a bunch near the road, but he neither saw nor heard of any wild turkeys, and did not learn of any very good quail country near town. He says that the season had been very dry, so that hunting over the dead leaves in the woods was next to an impossibility so far as any success was concerned. On the whole, he did not think the Arkansas season a howling success, but he speaks with respect of the baths, the air and the scenery, to say nothing of the bills of the doctors, hotels, and everybody else. It was on this trip that Mr. McCartney witnessed the Bald Knob squatter type at its best, and he states that he never saw any beings which could be called just the counterpart of these. He often met them moving, with team, cows, dogs, squirrel rifles and all, just as my friend Irwin and I saw them sometimes moving on below Little Rock. Where they are going no man knoweth, but they have to move.

Mr. Walter Dupee, of this city, is figuring on a nice little quail shoot in lower Illinois before the close of the season, going in opposite St. Louis.

Mr. W. P. Mussey, of this city, was at Bloomington for two days with the quail this week, shooting with Messrs. Tart Radburn and Luke Kohler, of that city. They had some fine sport on fast birds in timber, getting forty-five in two days.

Mr. Charles Christadoro, of St. Paul, was in Chicago yesterday for a stay, all too brief, on his way between this city and the seaport town known as New York.

Col. C. E. Felton, of Chicago, goes this week to Mattoon, Ill., for a wrestle with the quail. I should have much more confidence of his getting a mess of birds if I were going along myself. The Colonel's system is all right on pigeons, but a quail always goes out just before you call "pull," and before the proper preliminaries have been satisfactorily completed. I take this method of accepting Col. Felton's challenge to a race on live quail, with no strings upon the same, this being a matter which has been pending for some years. I have been waiting for him to get so old I could beat him, but he is getting younger all the time, so we might as well have the race now as to wait twenty years or so more.

By the way, I should say that Col. Felton is one of the original and continuous kickers against the non-resident license idea. He shot out in Dakota, in Bonhomme county, S. D., this fall, on prairie chickens, and took out license No. 1 in that county. He offers to wager that out of 500 shooters in that county, his license will appear as not only the first, but the only one to be taken out, it thus shining like a good deed in a naughty world. Col. Felton never breaks a game law, but he keeps some of 'em only with the severest mental reservations and the conviction in his soul that he could make a much better law himself.

Mr. O. von Lengerke, of this city, makes his weekly quail shoot this time at Winamac, Ind. The latter is a most weird locality, and known the world over as the region in which is located the Pink Mink marsh, upon which many fateful things have happened in days gone by.

Dr. Cross, one of the "Saginaw Crowd" with whom I had so enjoyable a sojourn a couple of weeks ago, is today in Chicago, and will soon be on his way West to his home in Stockton, Cal.

Mr. Frank Parmalee, of Omaha, the well-known representative of the Remington gun, was in Chicago for a short time yesterday, on his way to New York. Mr. Parmalee says he will be back before long, but has not time now even to talk shoot.

Mr. A. W. Adams, president of the Eureka Gun Club, is a little late this year in starting on his customary Southern trip. He ponders Florida, but Florida is not very popular among Chicago shooters, and I presume Mr. Adams will turn up this winter in Texas as usual.

Mr. F. E. Adams and Mr. J. L. White, of this city, took out some beagles and had a nice rabbit hunt this week at Sylvia, Ind. They got a couple of dozen rabbits and saw a good many quail.

Messrs. John Waddell and D. G. Henry, of Grand Rapids, Mich., both men with much trout in their history, are expected here in Chicago next Tuesday, to attend the informal dinner of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, which promises to be a very pleasant little affair. The programme will include the presentation of the season prizes, and will consist besides largely of reminiscences of life piscatorial as experienced by members of the club and their friends. It seems to me that these meetings ought to be kept up and expanded into something of a permanent nature, akin to the meetings of the angling societies of England, whose pleasant doings we see recounted in the sporting press of that country.

Minnesota Park Matters.

Col. Cooper has returned from Washington, and to say that his enthusiasm remains unquenched in the matter of his Minesota park is to express the case but weakly. Whereas formerly he bubbled, he now boils with enthusiasm, and it is of the sort which dieth not until it hath attained. He says with positiveness that the proper bill will be introduced in Congress this session, and meantime the Nelson-Olcott dead and down timber act suspended. I make bold to say that when this bill does come up in Congress there will be a lot of fun, as well as some hard arguments connected with the presentation of the

matter. Then there will arise Private John Allen, and eke Mr. Cockran, with Messrs. Tawney, Clarke and many others who can talk and think and spin a merry quip with any that shall offer. This will be one of the best things of the session.

By the way, I observe that Congressman Tawney, of Minnesota, has been selected as the party whip, charged with the duty of rounding up all members who would rather sit in the cloak rooms and listen to John Allen tell stories than sit at their desks on the floor of the House and hearken to exceeding great oratory. Mr. Tawney is a fine-looking man, and has a nice little way with him; but what shall be said of his record? Was it not he who forsook the gang at 11 o'clock, the same merely in the shank of the evening, and retired to bed, upon the trip south from Cass Lake, upon the plea that he was putting his sons to sleep? And was not one Fred Stephenson, a tall man and very husky, the same a lumberman from Menominee, appointed sergeant-at-arms to hale forth the said Congressman Tawney and bring him before the bar of the House there assembled? Marry, it much doth seem that this Stephenson were a fitter whip than Congressman Tawney, for that if need be he can bodily carry forth any who shall be recalcitrant.

E. Hough.

480 Caxton Building, Chicago, Ill.

Three Weeks in Northern Maine.

All of the readers of the Forest and Stream who have fished and hunted in the Maine woods know what it is to anticipate a three weeks' trip there, especially those who are "chained to business" the balance of the year. I had passed through all the various stages of anticipation from a simple desire in January to the desperate encounter (in my dream) with a wounded bull moose, which charged down on me with mane bristling and eyes blazing, and my life was only saved by my wife inserting her elbow between my fourth and fifth ribs and shouting in my ear, "What is the matter with you? Are you dreaming about Maine again?" This five nights before I was to start on my trip. Well, I guess the majority of you have tramped the old familiar haunts in dreamland—have caught your monster trout, shot your giant moose with antlers like the branches of an oak tree, only to awaken and find yourself in a great state of excitement, and tired from the imaginary chase.

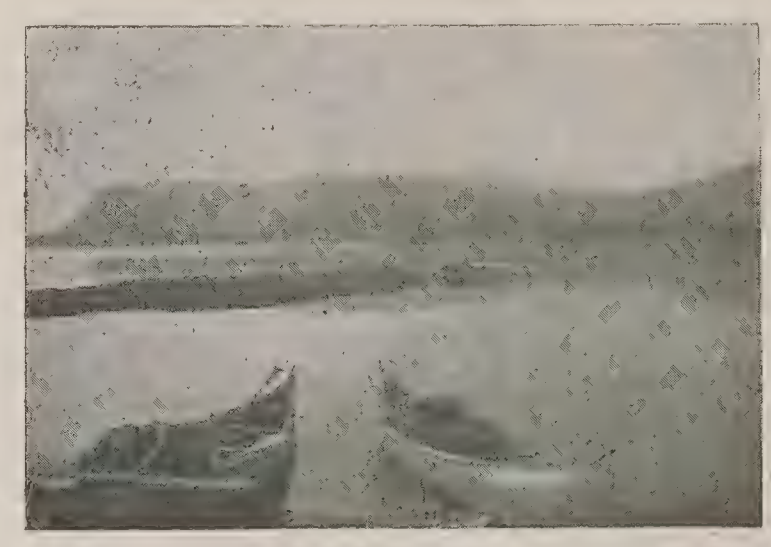
On Oct. 6, 1899, at 1 o'clock P. M., I met in the Grand Central depot four friends, all lovers of rod and gun, who were to accompany me on this annual trip to Maine. We had just time to bid our wives and friends good-by, when with words of "Good luck," "I hope you get your moose," singing in our ears we boarded the train for Botson. When we reached Boston and had transferred our luggage to the B. & M. depot, we found the time table had been changed and we had barely time enough to procure tickets, check baggage, scald our throats with a cup of hot coffee, and we were moving again. It was a case of "Off agin, on agin, gone agin, five of us."

Our destination was Chamberlain Lake, via Moosehead Lake, and our guides were to meet us at Greenville. We arrived at Bangor the next morning about daylight and had breakfast in the station. As we had to wait nearly an hour for the P., B. & A. train we took a walk around the city in the fresh morning air. Soon we boarded the train for Greenville, and at Milo Junction we were surprised to meet two of our guides, who had waited for this train. There were handshakings and pleasant greetings. An hour more brought us to the end of our railroad journey and to the steamboat dock in Greenville. Here we met the rest of the guides and the cook with tents and provisions. We all boarded the little steamer and were soon steaming away up the lake at a good rate of speed. The captain was a very affable and accommodating man and seems to be a favorite captain with the guides. There was a cold north wind blowing down the lake, but I remained on deck nearly all the day, for this was my first trip up the lake and I was delighted with its scenery. About 1 o'clock we arrived at the Kineo House, which is half way up the lake, and here we all had dinner. Just above the hotel on the lake is Profile Mountain, where you see distinctly silhouetted against the sky the profile of an Indian. To the east we saw old Katahdin wearing a cap of snow and towering to the heavens far above the surrounding mountains.

On our way up the lake we stopped twice to let hunting parties go ashore with their guides. They simply dropped their canoes over the side, loaded in all their baggage and pushed off, while those on board bade them "Good-by" and "Good luck," and we passed on up the lake, while their canoes grew smaller and smaller in the distance and finally faded away in the shore line. Later in the afternoon we reached the northeast carry and had our baggage taken to the Winnegamock House by that famous horse railroad there. It may not be pretty, but it does the work. Here we changed our clothes, packed our grips and sleeping bags, placed our good clothes in our trunks and expressed them around to Grindstone on the East Branch, for we had decided that when we went from the Allegash we would go down Chamberlain, Telos, Grand Lake and the East Branch to Grindstone, and it would make our home trip more pleasant and treat us to new scenes. As we emerged from the hotel in our hunting togs we had a businesslike look.

While we are together let me introduce you to our party, which consists of R. W. Haff and guide, Henry Soucie; C. E. Brown and guide, Joe Pelkey; W. Burr and guide, Thefolia Soucie; C. F. Lehman and guide, Jack McNally; the writer and guide, Gilbert Joy. My guide, by the way, is a nephew of Jack Darling, one of Maine's most famous Indian guides. Our guides were all first-class, the most careful and conscientious lot of men we could possibly have found. Our trip was a trying one for guides, as very little rain had fallen for two months, and all streams were very low, and this made dozens of hard and difficult carries. Their powers of endurance were simply marvelous. I never heard one word of complaint. Three of the guides did not smoke, chew tobacco or drink liquor of any kind, and only one would taste liquor at all. I think this is quite remarkable for men who are brought up in the woods and have to labor hard and long at the coarsest of work, logging in the forests all winter, driving logs all the spring, sometimes working in the rain all day on the drive, soaked to the skin, and when it gets too dark to work he starts for the "wangum," which may be five miles away, and he has to pick his way through the forest in the dark, through slush and snow a foot deep; and it is 10 o'clock at night before he gets a mouthful to eat and turns in to sleep in his wet clothes. To any one wishing to employ a guide I will personally vouch for the five named here, and will be pleased to give their address. I have digressed somewhat, but I have a great big warm place in my heart for Maine guides.

We loaded our canoes and baggage on a wagon, and made the carry to the Penobscot House, on the West Branch. Here several years ago a white man was shot and killed by an Indian in a row over a game of cards. After the white man had struck the Indian in the face with his hand the Indian went to a lamp that was on a bracket near a window, turned the bracket round so the lamplight shone full in the window, turned up the wick, walked out into the hallway, picked up a gun that was standing there, walked outside and to the window where he had arranged the lamp, took deliberate aim at the white man and shot him dead. He immediately left



LAKE AND MOUNTAIN.

the country and has never been captured, and as far as I could learn no great attempt had ever been made to capture him.

The next day was Sunday, so we intended to take matters leisurely. We ate breakfast about 7 o'clock and then made a start down the stream in our canoes, intending to make Cheesuncook Lake that night. The morning was bright and balmy, the foliage on the trees was in the height of its autumnal coloring, the river stretched out like a serpentine mirror, reflecting the foliage along its bank. On its surface were dancing nine canoes, six belonging to our party and three to another; and when we formed in line, and made our start down the river, it was a picturesque and beautiful sight. Brother Haff, who is an expert player on the concertina, brought forth his instrument and soon the woods were echoing back strains from popular airs. Again, some familiar air would be played and Brother Burr's sweet tenor voice would float out over the water, to be joined when the chorus was reached by Brother Brown with his rich baritone and Brother Lehman with his deep bass. The guides were entranced, delighted, for, as they said, it was seldom that they ever heard any music. The hours passed quickly, and before we were aware it was 1 o'clock, so we went ashore and had coffee and a hasty lunch and resumed our journey. Soon after passing Rocky Rips I sighted a large bull moose standing in the water about 500 yards ahead. As the season was not open yet, no attempt was made to get near him; but we sat in the canoes and admired him, and several invitations were extended to him by the boys to meet them one week from that day on Mud Pond at 2 P. M. and lunch on .30-30s. Time was getting precious, so we started on down stream and our friend with the antlers strode leisurely into the forest.

From this time on we paddled very industriously and reached the Cheesuncook Lake House about 5 o'clock. This rustic and ancient hotel is beautifully situated on quite high ground overlooking this pretty little lake, and here I saw the most grand and gorgeous sunset it was ever my good fortune to witness. In the near distance was that group of mountains of which Katahdin is the towering center, and it was snow-capped. As the sun descended, the low land and lake were covered with a deep purple glow, which was lighter and brighter as it reached up the mountain side, and when the snow cap was reached it was a beautiful pink. This was constantly changing, the deep shadows finally climbing to the top and dispersing the bright colors, until all was lost in the shadows of night. We stood for some time spellbound and filled with silent worship.

Next morning we were up and breakfasted at 4 o'clock and started up Umbazookskus Stream. About 10 o'clock we reached the carry, which is made partly on sleds and partly on wagon. This carry is about three miles long, and the price is $5 per canoe, baggage included. We accompanied the first load to Mud Pond, and while we were waiting for the second the guides put up a tent and we had a lunch. It commenced to rain and kept it up as a drizzling nuisance all the afternoon. We crossed Mud Pond and the guides hauled the canoes down the stream which is the outlet, and we walked nearly all the way to Chamberlain Lake. This will give you an idea of how low the water was, for ordinarily one can canoe through there without difficulty. Just before we reached Chamberlain we started a herd of deer feeding on some meadow land. Several shots were fired, but the distance was too great and only misses were scored. It was now nearly dark, and the rain was coming down in torrents; but we paddled up Chamberlain for about three miles and decided to camp for the night. Here the expertness and thoroughness of our guides were shown, for in fifteen minutes' time they had our tent up and a fire burning. This was a most disagreeable night. The rain did not stop falling until after midnight, yet we were dry and comfortable in our sleeping bags, which were all that could be desired—that is, waterproof and warm.

One word about sleeping bags. I have heard considerable profanity come out of a sleeping bag when the occupant wanted to turn over and got caught half way, or, when lying on his side, he wished to draw his feet up and found there was not room for his knees. My friend Lehman had a bag that tapered from the head to the foot, with no foot room. I have seen him as badly twisted in that bag as the Irishman who was a little full in the morning and got his trousers on hind side before. He started up a ladder, and when near the top the ladder broke and Pat fell to the sidewalk. His friends ran to him and picked him up, carried him inside the building and laid him on some planks. While waiting for the doctor to come one of Pat's friends says: "Pat, are you badly hurted?" Pat looked down toward the feet and saw the seat of his trousers in front as he replied: "Boys, I don't think any of me bones are broken, but I've got a divil of a twist." The kind of sleeping bag I have been satisfied with is of waterproof duck, same width from top to bottom, 7 feet long by 3 feet wide. Inside of this I put two bags made to fit, one inside the other, made like the ordinary bed quilt of tufted cotton. This makes a soft bed to lie on, and I have never been cold while in it.

The next morning we were up early, and while the head guide canoed across the lake to Chamberlain farm for some pork and flour the cook prepared breakfast. This was soon over and we started up the lake. About two miles further on I saw a small deer feeding on shore. As we needed meat for camp, four of the boys opened fire on him and he fell. Two of the guides went to him, and had him dressed in about ten minutes. The distance was 250 yards, and all four balls had struck him. This I consider fine shooting from a canoe. We canoed on up to the head of the lake, where the Allegash Stream flows into it; then up the stream about half a mile, and here we made our permanent camp.

After dinner Lehman and I set off with our guides for Stream Pond for a hunt. We hunted until dark and then started to return to camp over one of the worst of Maine roads. Friend Lehman was unused to anything like this—in fact, it was his first trip to the woods—so he came along puffing like a locomotive close behind me. He said: "I can get along all right. I watch your feet and step where you do." Just then we struck some slippery corduroy road and I heard a dull thud, and looked back in time to see arms and legs waving in the darkness. He was soon righted, and as he got near me said: "Hall, that was a mean trick you played on me. You knew I watched your feet so I could put my foot down where you did. I thought I saw you raise both feet at the same time and I tried to follow suit, and it nearly killed me. Hall, don't do that again." I promised and we soon reached camp, where a hot biscuit and maple syrup eating match was on between Horace the cook and the various members of the party. We joined the hungry band and ate with a relish born of our evening's tramp.

It was now near the 15th, and to-morrow we meant business. As our party was too large to hunt from one camp we decided to split up a bit. So Mr. Haff and myself, with our guides, started the next day with canoes and baggage for Allegash Lake, eight miles away. The guides took the canoes up stream, hauling over the rocks and gravel bars and carrying around the worst places, while we walked an old trail that follows the course of the stream. About 1 o'clock we reached the dam, which is near Allegash Lake. I caught a 4-pound trout in a deep hole and this we cooked as soon as the guides arrived; and how good that meal tasted after such a tramp. While we were eating our broiled trout friend Burr and his guide came along on their way to Otter Pond. They joined in our feast, which was soon over, and then we parted to meet a week later. We resumed our journey to the lake and arrived there about 3 o'clock. We found an old lumber camp there, with bunks and a fairly good cook stove, which made the place quite cheerful looking.

After putting all our baggage inside we started up the lake, to look for game. We canoed up to the "Thoroughfare," a pleasant stretch of dead water at the head of the lake about one and one-half miles long. Mr. H. and his guide were somewhat in advance of us, when I saw them stop paddling and we pushed along near them, when we saw the cause of their stopping. A fine young bull moose had come out on the bank and was looking at them. As we remained quiet he walked leisurely down the bank and into the water, where he commenced eating lily roots and water grass. He was a fine specimen, young and healthy looking, and as sleek as a well groomed horse. He had only three small prongs on each horn, so he is roaming the Allegash to-day. We watched him feeding for at least ten minutes, when he winded us and commenced to look ugly; with mane bristling, giving an occasional grunt he walked out on some meadow land. Here three or four deer hoisted their white flags and started for timber, and he after them with that peculiar swinging trot. Just at the edge of the timber he turned and gave us one defiant look, as much as to say, "Who cares for you?" and then plunged into the small growth and swept through it like a whirlwind.

We went on up stream, but did not see any more moose that night. The wild ducks here were so tame that as they flew past the canoe we could almost hit them with the paddle. Near dark a large owl came and perched on a tree about 20 feet from the canoe and surveyed us curiously. By the way, all game up in this locality was remarkably tame. Foxes trotted along the bank within 25 feet of the canoe and minks would come within a few feet and blink their beadlike eyes at us. It was evident that most of the game here had never seen man before, or at least had not learned that man was its deadly enemy. I have seen a deer walk into the road in front of me not 100 feet away, and as long as I stood still it would watch me, occasionally stamping one foot and advancing toward me two or three steps until we tired of it and walked toward her, when she trotted off to the woods. We got back to camp about 8 o'clock, and after a nice warm supper retired.

After this for a week we hunted most industriously. During this time we visited Russell, Johnson, Mile and Second ponds, always seeing plenty of deer and moose every day; but they were cows and calves and spike horn bulls. In hunting near Johnson Pond we came across a notice posted on a large tree to the effect that

any one crossing that line would be shot. Friend Haff, who had been hunting mostly in that section, took a sudden dislike to it, and said if there was any one living there that felt that way, why he was not going to argue the matter with him, and he was not going to call on him until he received a written invitation, so he would know the man didn't have any hard feelings. It is strange what a sudden dislike one will take to a certain section of country. Do you know that I took such a dislike to that Johnson Pond section that I could not be induced in any way to visit it unless I had positive proof that old man Fountain, for such is the outlaw's name, had a double stroke of paralysis and was entirely out of ammunition. On account of this coolness between us we never met.

One of the guides, who knew the story of this outlaw, as he called him, said that several years ago this man Fountain was with a man down on Moosehead Lake and saw the man receive quite a sum of money. They started to cross the lake together on the ice, but the man with the money was never seen again, though a body supposed to be his was found when the ice went out of the lake in the spring; but it could not be positively identified. Fountain disappeared from his usual haunts about this time, but a long time afterwards was seen by a guide who knew him where he is now living. He has a log cabin with port holes on every side and keeps a number of rifles loaded and ready for use. In his belt he carries two heavy revolvers and a large knife. He always carries his rifle in his hand. He hunts and traps here, in this secluded place, and takes his furs across into Canada, which is only twenty-five miles away, and trades them for such articles as he may need. I give you this story as it was told to me by the camp-fire glow. If any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have met this strange character I would be pleased to hear of it.

One of our guides, John McNally, told me about a cave, high up on one of the mountains that slope down to Allegash Lake. He said the entrance was very small—just large enough to admit a man crawling on hands and knees—but that a short distance from the entrance it widened and opened into a large room which connected with other rooms, all interesting, and some of them filled with stalactites. The explorers found one deep chasm which seemed almost bottomless, for they threw some stones in it and could hear them bounding against the sides for a long time; and Jack said it was five minutes before it struck bottom; but of course he was deceived by the echoes in the cavern. Jack said it was a mighty big hole, but he didn't think it was as deep as a well he knew over in Canada, where a woman fell in and a man passing three days after heard the splash. If I visit the Allegash next fall I will visit this cave, and if I find it of sufficient importance I will let the readers of FOREST AND STREAM know about it in detail.



THE CAMP.

We had been hunting here nearly a week, and as our provisions were getting low we decided to go back to the main camp. So early the next morning the guides took our baggage and we started down stream and arrived at camp about noon. There were warm greetings and each wanted to know the others' experience since we left the week before. Our tale was soon told—lots of hard work, but no heads. Lehman was as happy as a lord, for he had secured a fine doe and a four-pronged buck. Brown had a monster buck hanging near the camp, which he visited every few hours to admire the spreading antlers, and he had every reason to be proud. Burr had captured a grand old bull moose with a fine set of antlers, very even and perfect, with a 50-inch spread and twenty-two points. Burr had gone to Stream Pond one morning, and as he walked cautiously to the water's edge he saw his royal highness standing in the water not more than 100 feet away. At the second shot the moose reared on his hind legs and fell backward in the water, dead. A neck shot had done the work.

Next day, as the wind was fair, we decided to start for home, so broke camp early and canoed down Chamberlain Lake, which is about twelve miles. We reached the Thoroughfare at the foot of the lake at 12 o'clock and stopped there at an old lean-to and had dinner; then we canoed on down through Telosinnis and Telos lakes and night overtook us at the dam. Here we met some parties coming in who told us that Webster was a dry brook and we would have to get hauled across to Second Lake; so one of our guides, Thefolia Soucie, said he would go down to Trout Brook farm and get a team. To do this he had to walk thirty miles, but he did not seem to mind it in the least. This same guide a few years ago walked and ran in one day from the arm of Chamberlain Lake to his home in Sherman, a distance of ninety miles.

While we were camped at Telos dam a party came along with two moose heads, and the Indian guide who was with them said there was good hunting over in burnt land on Braily Brook, and he said: "You go there sure get moose." So when we reached the foot of Webster Lake, where the team met us, I talked over the subject with my guide, and he decided to strike across through the woods to Braily and so on around to Second Lake, where we would camp the next day. This was hard traveling, but we finally reached the burnt land. This was a fine place to hunt, for the growth was low, and standing on a ridge one could see a long distance. As we came up on one ridge I saw a handsome bull moose standing on the next ridge feeding. Standing as he did broadside to me, he was a grand big mark, hard to miss at 40 rods. Well, it was all over in a minute. You who have been there know how it is. Two shots through heart and lungs and another to make things cock sure. Then handshaking, and we commenced to off with his head. We were too far from camp (twelve miles) to think of carrying this head in (it weighed in the express office 86 pounds), so we tramped on to camp. We got the head out the next day by taking a horse in as near as we could get him to it, tying a long pole on each side of the horse, the ends of the pole dragging on the ground; to this we lashed the head and so brought it out to camp. Here were more handshaking and rejoicing at my good luck, for this was another fine head, with handsome horns and a full 50-inch spread. Bert Howe, of Howe & Kerns, of Trout Brook Farm, did all our toting and hauling, and we found him a courteous gentleman, reasonable in his charges and extremely obliging. He is a "square man." We arranged with him to meet us the next morning at Grand Lake and take us out to Patten by buckboard. Oh, that ride over that road; will I ever forget it! It was up and down, over rocks and stumps, through mud holes over the hubs; but all things have an end, and how good that comfortable bed did feel when we reached Patten at 10 that night. This was our last night in camp, as we could not get down the East Branch and had to leave our guides the following morning on Grand Lake. After supper we sat around and smoked for a while, but gloomy silence seemed to hang over our camp. Finally Haff brought out his concertina, and after playing a few familiar tunes started that one which always touches the heart and will never grow old—"Home, Sweet Home." We started to sing it, but after the first few lines the voices began to grow husky and every one seemed to have something the matter with his throat, and Haff's eyes seemed to bother him so he could not see very well; so he laid down the conecrtina and we all strolled out in the night, each one with his thoughts of "Home, Sweet Home."

From Patten we telegraphed to the station agent at Grindstone to put our trunks on the morning train, which he did, and the baggage master kindly allowed us to change our clothes in his car, for he was like all the other railroad employees we met in Maine, extremely obliging. At night we reached Boston, and the next morning Brooklyn, and we were home at last from our three weeks' hunting trip in northern Maine.

C. A. HALL.

BROOKLYN

Turkeys in Brush Creek Gulf.

BLEDSOE COUNTY, Tenn.—This is the time of the year when the thoughts of the sportsman turn to the leafless forest, where the crack of the rifle and the call of the turkey on the hillside are music in his ears, far sweeter than any of band or orchestra. Silently I crept from my chamber while it was yet dark, and by the time the sun began to peep over the eastern horizon I was far out in the heart of the mountains, listening for the morning call that wild turkeys invariably make after leaving their roosts and when beginning the day's search for food. Brush Creek Gulf is a far-famed break in the mountains, noted for its wildness, and as a resort of game. Far down the gulch I heard the swish, swish of wings, followed by the well-known call turkeys make when they come from their roost. No one but a turkey hunter can appreciate the exciting anticipation of sport as I sought a place of concealment and brought my Winchester to bear down the gulch from which the game would presently come. But, alas, what was my disgust to hear, instead of game, a great haw! haw! haw! and coming out of the gulch was a party of cross-tie cutters, who had made their camp for that night in the gulch, and unintentionally had spoilt my sport for that morning. But I did not feel entirely discouraged, so I mounted my horse and went hastily to a distant part of the mountain, and during the day had a fair share of sport, as I succeeded in killing two turkeys and a small doe.

J. W. DRANE.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Adirondack Game.

MR. FRANK A. CUTTING, of Boston, owner of the Cutting preserve in St. Lawrence county, is a man who takes the keenest interest in game legislation and matters pertaining to the Adirondack region of New York. For seventeen years he has visited the woods and noted existing conditions, and his opinions are formed from mature observation. In the course of a conversation with a representative of FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. Cutting remarked that he differed with the views of Colonel Fox on the deer law, as expressed in an interview published in the issue for Nov. 11.

"Colonel Fox believes in hounding," said Mr. Cutting. "He states that in his opinion every man should be allowed to hunt as he pleases, and that the interest of the deer supply would be served better by shortening the open season than by the present law, which forbids the use of dogs.

"Now, if hounding is not detrimental to the supply, why is it that they have five deer in Maine to-day to one in the Adirondacks? Any one who has hunted in both territories will admit that the deer are more numerous in Maine, which is a still-hunting State, acre for acre, than in the Adirondacks, where hounding has been in full swing until very recently. The Adirondacks have all the natural advantages to make a perfect sportsman's paradise, and were it not for the use of dogs in hunting the deer would certainly be much more numerous at the present time.

"There are a number of reasons why hounding lessens the supply. For one thing, you will find a great many more men who will sit in a boat on a lake till the dogs drive a deer into the water to be killed than would ever think of walking a mile through the woods to get a deer still-hunting. The hounds often get loose in winter and play havoc with the deer, catching them and killing them in the deep snow.

"Last winter I found that the teamsters hauling bark on my place were taking back dogs in the woods and letting them run. My man told them he would shoot any dogs he found. At various times recently he has shot three or four hounds put out by parties in violation of the present law.

"The advocates of hounding say that running the deer doesn't hurt them, but such a statement is contrary to common sense. No farmer wants his cows or sheep chased all over his farm by dogs; that isn't the way the farmer goes about improving his stock. Dry does are very common in the Adirondacks, and I am inclined to believe the natives' statement that their barrenness results from hard races with the dogs the previous fall.

"Colonel Fox says the season begins too early, and states that game killed in August spoils before it can be utilized. It cannot be taken out of the woods, of course, but it can be very easily kept till it is eaten. We keep venison for a week at a time in August by packing the meat in a large stone jar and covering it with salt and sinking it in a spring hole. If the season is shortened at all, the opening should not be made later than Sept. 1. A great many people like to take their families to the woods during the hunting season, and later in the year it is too cold and there is no bathing.

"In Maine the season formerly opened Oct. 1, but now they let people kill deer by paying for a $6 license after Sept. 1. The venison was being eaten in September, and the State was not getting anything out of it, and they thought they might as well make it legal.

"In the Adirondacks there is not much game shot in the early part of the season, and all that is killed is eaten in the woods. It used to be that the natives would go back into camp for a week in August and kill deer, and jerk the meat for carrying out, but all that is done away with now.

"Personally, I don't believe in jacking, but it never was the easy way to get a deer by this method of hunting that some people imagine.

"As a matter of fact, skill of a high order is required to get up to a deer at night or any other time. All Raquette River guides ran dark, and jacks were only used for sighting on the deer. The boats were propelled so noiselessly that they passed each other at times within 10 feet, each following the right hand bank of the narrow river, without attracting attention. I have been out when half a dozen other boats were on the river in the immediate neighborhood, and never seen one of them. The men in the southern part of the woods have a good deal to say against the men in the northern. They have no cow lilies there, and the deer are not so much around the water feeding.

"Colonel Fox advocates a law absolutely protecting deer for five years. I would suggest that does be protected for that period. There are lots of great, big, overgrown bucks in our country, some of them with tracks measuring 3 inches across, that might just as well be killed as not. The prohibition of the killing of cow moose in Maine has helped to increase the stock, and if only buck deer were killed in the Adirondacks, the hunting would be greatly improved.

"The supply would also be increased if the law limiting the number of deer to be killed by one man was enforced where the natives are concerned, as well as in the case of visiting sportsmen. A party of four natives this fall had eleven deer that they had killed hung up at their camp at one time. The natives also kill a great many fawns after the middle of September, when they get their fall coat and the spots disappear. They kill the does first if they get a chance, and then wait till the fawns return and shoot them too. The natives interpret the law prohibiting the killing of fawns as only applying to the animal in the spotted coat. This is not correct. A fawn is a fawn until one year old, and parties killing these fawns ought to be prosecuted, as a person who has any knowledge of the woods can tell at a glance that they are not one year old.

"In my opinion, the deer have been increasing in the Adirondacks ever since the wholesale shipment of venison from the woods was stopped. The different laws enacted since that time have all helped increase the supply, and the hunting is destined to improve all the time. The lumbermen are a factor in the increase. When the woods are opened by taking out the old trees, there is more undergrowth for feed and for protection for the deer, and

not only do the deer increase in numbers, but they increase in size as well.

"I should like to see the State go into the work of stocking the Adirondacks with moose, caribou and elk, just as it has stocked the Catskills with deer. A couple of thousand acres of burned lands in the eastern part of the woods might be taken up and fenced, and stocked with these animals, and after they had increased to the capacity of the inclosure, the surplus could be turned out in selected localities to shift for themselves. It should not take long in this way to have a breeding stock of big game scattered over the Adirondacks, and the attractions of the region from the sportsman's standpoint would be very greatly heightened." B.

In New England.

BOSTON, Dec. 9.—Still the American Express Co. continues to land deer directly into the stores of commission agents in the Boston markets. I saw two handsome bucks unloaded from one of the wagons of that company yesterday into a well-known commission store. There were no names on the game—only a card or tag showing that they had been forwarded by the American Express Co. If this forwarding business is all clear and above board, why is not the shipper's name on the venison, the same as it would be on any other goods? It does no good to ask either the express drivers or the receivers where the game comes from; they have nothing to say, or declare that they do not know. It is doubtful if hunters are now bringing this game out of Maine, for there has been an absence of snow in that section for fully a week—up to within a couple of days; hence very poor hunting. Besides, outside sportsmen have generally put up their rifles for the season.

Mr. J. H. Jones is something of an exception among hunters. He is glad that he did not shoot at a deer in the woods above Bemis the other day. He had separated from his two hunting companions and was working carefully along an old logging road. Suddenly he saw a motion in the thick trees and underbrush, at close range. His first impulse was to fire at what appeared to be the body of a deer. He was sure he saw a motion. Like a flash it came over him that his hunting companions might be returning; it was in that direction that he should be looking for them. He stooped down to get a better view. At his motion up bounded a handsome buck with a "blow" that nearly took the hat from the hunter's head. In a moment he was gone in the thick brush, and gone was Mr. Jones' chance for a shot. Did he wish he had fired? Yes. But then comes the thought, What if I had shot one of my companions? He says today that he is glad he did not fire. The danger was too great. Would that every hunter would be as careful.

Mr. William Garrison Reed has two very handsome heads, mounted by Frazar and hung in his office, the result of his hunting trip to the headwaters of the Tobique, in New Brunswick, this fall. One is a good head of a bull moose and the other a fine specimen of bull caribou. Both were shot within a short distance of each other. The moose was lured by the calling of the guide Alec, and Mr. Reed, an amateur moose hunter, tells a thrilling story of his experience. He hunted moose last year without success. This time the moose answered almost the first call of the birch horn. The hunters were in a canoe, and the paddle was quickly forced into the mud to steady the craft. Another call or two, and then Mr. Reed saw plainly the antlers of a moose through the thick trees about 70 yards away. He fired three shots with his .30-30, and then the moose started to move away. In doing so he plainly exposed one ear and a part of the head and neck. Here was the last chance. The hunter fired again, but had the chilling chagrin to see the big fellow move off. The guide jumped ashore to look for blood signs. During his absence the hunter suffered all the pangs of disappointment, that only a hunter knows how to appreciate. He had been to all his trouble and privation, only to make a miss on his first moose. But suddenly the guide calls for the rifle. There was a muffled sound in the woods. The hunters rushed in that direction. There was the moose down and breathing his last, but a few rods away.

Mr. Reed has made some careful rifle studies, figured out the speed of bullets and their striking force, and comes out roundly in favor af the little .30-30.

Dec. 11.—The open season on deer in Maine closes Friday night of this week, Dec. 15. Altogether the season will have been a remarkable one. For the past week the shipments of deer, noted by the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, have been 112. These, added to the previous shipments, make a total of 3,504, a number greater by 127 than the entire shipments by the same road for the season of 1898, which season did not close till Dec. 31. The shipments of moose have not fallen off as badly as at first suggested. The total shipments from stations on that road for the present season, closed Nov. 15, were 145; for the season of 1898, 148.

A remarkable feature is the way deer have continued to drift downward into the more settled counties of Maine. Here they have seemed to thrive and increase, but it is a question how long they will continue to do so, if the quest for them by boys and other local hunters increases as rapidly as it has been doing. Some of the counties in that State are closed against the shooting of deer at all seasons; others are not. Vivian Bearce shot a deer in a mountain pasture in Hebron, Me., last week. Ten years ago such a thing would have been remarkable; fifteen years ago, impossible, because no deer had been in that part of the country for at least forty years. Hebron is one of the southeastmost towns of Oxford county. That part of the country is really well adapted to the success of deer. There is a great deal of what was once pasture land, now grown up to scrub spruce and pine. On this growth the branches are very thick and near the ground, and in such woods deer are really better concealed than in the heavier and older forest growth of northern Maine. Besides, there is an abundance of ground hemlock, on which deer delight to feed in late autumn and all winter; a class of deer food which is actually being rapidly destroyed by them in many sections of northern Maine. Ask almost any of the more observing guides and woodsmen, and they will tell you that ground hemlock is rapidly dying out where it is most fed upon by deer. In southern Maine there are thousands of acres of such partly grown up pasture lands, and thousands of deer might thrive there under proper hunting restrictions. But under the tremendous impetus deer hunting has lately received in that part of the country, the value of a nice deer or two to the people of such sections, a full open season of two and one-half months and a license system under which they can be shot in September—they will soon disappear forever. Such a valuable chance for the conservation of noble game should be looked out for.

A Boston sportsmen's show is already announced for 1900. It is announced to be held under the auspices of the Massachusetts Sportsmen's Association, in Mechanics' Building, commencing Feb. 21, and continuing to March 10. Everything is being done to make the exhibition eclipse the former one. Many new features will be introduced and rare specimens shown. The various departments will be under the direction of the following gentlemen: Richard O. Harding, fish and fisheries; O. R. Dickey, game birds; R. Wilton Lockwood, water birds; L. O. Armstrong, of Montreal, Indian department. Swimming, diving and other athletic departments will be under able management.

The following gentlemen are directors of the Massachusetts Sportsmen's Association: Paul Butler, F. B. Crowninshield, F. H. Prince, John E. Thayer, T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., Butler Ames, John Burnett, Eben D. Jordan, E. J. Wardwell, Samuel D. Parker, Francis Skinner, Jr., Thomas W. Lawson, O. R. Dickey, Samuel J. Elder, Percy Parker, J. Otis Wetherbee, John C. Watson, Edward Reed, E. C. Hodges and Charles W. Dimick. Mr. Dimick will as as manager, and F. B. Crowninshield is the treasurer of the Association. The names are a guarantee of the high character of the exhibition.

SPECIAL.

Virginia Eastern Shore.

BELLE HAVEN, Va., Dec. 4.—It has been some time since I have sent you a notice direct from our game lands. In this part the "Eastern Sho'" of Virginia, a deer or turkey would frighten our local sportsmen; but at duck and quail shooting we are in our natural sphere. Ducks were never thicker or less shy. Our boys get from a dozen to fifty per day. Our shooting is bothered considerably to what it was a few years ago. Oyster and clam boats work on the feed grounds in greater numbers than ever, and consequently keep fowl off in parts where they are hard to get up with. Just at this time, when young ducks are plentiful and foolish, we are not bothered so much, but a few weeks' shooting will teach them a lesson. Our kinds of ducks are blackheads, black ducks, brant and a few geese, also a variety of divers. Geese are scarcer every year, owing to the many oyster boats about their feeding bottoms. They keep on now to the Carolinas instead of frequenting our bays in myriads as they did some time ago.

Redhead, canvasback and mallards are rarely seen with us, as the water is too salt. In Chincoteague Bay, on the coast about thirty miles above here (Hog Island Broadwater), redhead are plentiful, but canvasback are not found on the coast except in the head of large bays, like the Chesapeake and Delaware.

Our game wardens went on duty last week. They have almost broken up trapping and night-lighting, and since this law has been in operation our shooting has greatly improved. Lighting in Chincoteague Bay has in the past few years been injuring shooting there to such extent as to prevent any shooting worth attention, except in the severest weather, but the warden there this year will enforce the law and keep the violators down.

After the 1st of January, 1900, the local law will cost wild water fowl non-resident shooters $10 the first year, $5 admision fee to our Protective Game Association, every non-resident being required to join it, and $5 annual dues. After the first year the dues are the only fees the law will require. This change is made—from $5, the present cost to non-residents, to $10—to justify more effective protection. The Game Association will also recommend to the Legislature now about to meet a few other changes in the original law. One of them will be to require non-residents who hunt quail and rabbits also to license. At present the game laws extend equal privileges to non-resident land hunters with our own citizens. J. H. JOHNSON.

The Shooting License Idea.

THE shooting license idea is making headway. The license system was discussed at the meeting of the New York League in Syracuse last week, and at the meeting of the New York (city) Association for the Protection of Game on Monday night an amendment was considered providing for a shooting license requirement on Long Island. Another amendment suggested provides for a prohibition of the use of magazine guns as being too destructive of game such as quail and wild duck, the killing of which is facilitated by closely consecutive shots. Both of the proposals were referred to the executive committee of the Association for further consideration and action.

Big Game in Western Massachusetts.

LAST month Arthur B. Tirrell, of Plainfield, Mass., captured a big bob cat in one of his traps, which weighed 25 pounds, measured 34 inches from tip to tip, and stood 20 inches high. This is a rare visitor in the Hampshire Hills, and large of its kind. Wells, of Shelburne Falls, mounted him, and he is now on view as one of the town curiosities. C. H.

Netted North Carolina Quail.

CATFISH, N. C., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Birds are very scarce here, chiefly from excessive netting. Live birds are brought in for sale every day. Many of these, no doubt, go to stock covers elsewhere, but, of course, there is a heavy loss in transit. DRIVER.

Grown Up with It.

CAMDEN, N. J., Dec. 5, 1899.—Have read FOREST AND STREAM since a kid of eight years, and would not do without it for many times its price. W. B. S.

In Cuban Quail Fields.

HAVANA, Dec. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Two o'clock A. M. the morning looked lowery, threatening rain, but as the weather has lately been capricious, I, not wishing to lose my weekly day out, risked it to board the 6 o'clock train for a fifty-minute trip into the country to a station where I had been told the quail were numerous in the adjacent fields. About 7 o'clock I had left the train and taken to fields I had not before traversed, buoyant with lively expectations of a good day's sport. The clouds had cleared off and the sun shone out in cheerful welcome to the fields of the most luxuriant vegetation, which also reflected upon us the same joyful spirit. Dash manifested a lively participation in the surrounding inspirations, and was diligent in the performance of his part of the day's enjoyment; but, alas! for human credibility, we traversed one field after another that was blank of the beloved colins. Having before had some experience in the fallibility of human information as regards abundance of game, I had prudently directed my course toward fields that were known to me in order that if it resulted that I had been misinformed I might retrieve the lost morning by a successful afternoon, although this is very seldom the best part of the day.

This prudence saved me from a complete debacle, for we (I and my customary Sancho Pansy) traversed nearly ten miles of fields well adapted for quail life, without raising a feather, arriving at a wayside inn, where we breakfasted at 11:30 o'clock, with nothing to show for our morning's tramp except a beautifully ravenous appetite, that made the country cooking the equivalent of Delmonico's.

After resting until 1 o'clock P. M., we again sallied forth to fresh fields and pastures new. For the first half-hour we again drew a blank; then finding a swollen creek in our pathway, we inquired of a passing rustic for a ford where we might cross. He informed us that we could only cross by retracing our steps about a mile to the turnpike road and cross by the bridge.

We thanked him, but assured him we were disinclined to that course, and would find a way of crossing lower down. Arriving at a country house on the bank, we were assured that as the river (so called here) was swollen, our only course was to return to the bridge; but seeing a pole about 12 feet long and as thick as my arm, lying upon the ground in the door yard and a bean pole of nearly the same length, I asked the farmer to take it to the river, assuring him I would cross upon it.

He reluctantly acquiesced, and we found a narrow place where the pole would span the creek, and strapping my gun to my back and planting the bean pole as near the middle of the stream as possible in about 7 feet of rapid current, I performed a circus feat of balancing over, although a sudden gust of wind took off my hat in midstream, and we had to fish it out with some difficulty some distance down the stream.

It was not so simple a matter to get Sancho across, but by stern use of authority I succeeded, and we proceeded on our way rejoicing at our triumph and had not proceeded more than 500 yards when Dash announced the first quail of the day.

I flushed a fine bevy and scored a right and left, bagging a fine pair of plump birds, and marked down the rest of the covey in thick grass in open field. At last I had before me the promise of compensation for the hard luck of the morning. Of those marked down, Dash was able to locate but five birds, and to my delight I scored five straight kills, and brought away seven of that bevy.

We then turned back and crossed to the other side of the public macadamized road, and after ranging several fields Dash finally made a stand, and arriving there I flushed a fine covey, consisting of perhaps fifteen quail, and if my luck was at a premium in that day I repeated the carumbola, as it is here called (R. & L.), and again we marked down the bevy, this time in a bushy pasture, in which Dash got in some fine work of trailing, etc. One of the best was the location of the bird after trailing at least 500 yards, and then locating his bird. I flushed it in open field and pulled in vain upon the two triggers of my hammerless. Alas! I had not pushed up the catch after putting in the last cartridges, and the quail went off laughing at both me and the dog, who gazed up at me in dazed wonderment as if to ask me what it all meant, as well he might.

But we then had a good field before us, from which Dash located and I flushed one after another, and increased our bag to fourteen quail and five misses, having expended but nineteen cartridges during this day's outing, arriving home in Havana at 5 o'clock P. M., tired and hungry, but well satisfied both with myself and my dog. At seventy years of age I find these outings to be "big medicine" for me, as substitute for articles of the pharmacy, and I often prescribe the same remedy for other persons that may be able to avail themselves of it.

DR. ERASTUS WILSON.

In the Maine Deer Country.

CAMP EUREKA, Lake Willinockett, Me., Dec. 7.—Here I am in the wilds of Maine enjoying my first deer hunt. Our party consists of three, and we are having a grand time. Deer tracks as thick as chicken tracks in a barnyard. One of the party, Elizur Thomas, of Highwood, Conn., shot his two deer to-day, which is pretty good, as it was our first day's hunt.

This camp is brand new, and is run and owned by Fred B. Spencer and Jewett Spencer—brothers. These men are experienced guides and excellent hosts. Their camp was built by themselves last summer, and is an ideal spot, just twelve miles from the railroad, but easily accessible.

There is 4 inches of snow, and indications point to more. We are praying it will come, as the last fall is one network of tracks. WILLIAM H. AVIS.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

Books have always been and are among the most acceptable of Christmas gifts.

The particular books advertised as FOREST AND STREAM Books are most fitting for Christmas gifts to a sportsman.

It invariably happens that we receive orders for Christmas books so late that it is impossible to supply the books in time for Christmas.

Order early.

Sea and River Fishing.

New York League.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The New York State Fish, Game and Forest League held its annual convention at the Yates Hotel, Syracuse, Thursday, Dec. 7. This League is the successor of the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, and is the recognized protective association of the State. It is in short a union of the representative bodies of sportsmen from different parts of the State, which have joined issues in a common cause. There are at present twenty-eight different clubs in the League, representing more than that number of counties, and an aggregate membership well up in the thousands. During its existence the League has recommended to the Legislature and secured the enactment of most of the principal laws for the protection of fish and game which are now on the statute books. Its work has been well done, and sportsmen as a rule are well satisfied with the existing game laws, if they can be properly enforced.

The convention this year was not quite so largely attended as it has been on some occasions, but the principal reason assigned for this is the fact that the game laws are in such satisfactory shape that the friends of protection have few changes to suggest. The attendance, however, was good, sufficiently large to indicate that there is no loss of interest in the objects for which the League exists. The discussions were informal, but earnest and pointed, and the proceedings throughout were characterized by that friendly and fraternal spirit which usually prevails in conferences of true sportsmen. The delegates all seemed to fully appreciate the fact that their interests were identical and a determination to act together for the common good was at all times apparent. In brief the convention was one of the most interesting and harmonious in the history of the League.

The clubs represented by delegates present were as follows:

Anglers' Association, of Onondaga County—Charles H. Mowry, Wm. E. Everson, Walter S. MacGregor, Geo. B. Wood, J. E. Bierhardt.

St. Lawrence River Anglers' Association, of Clayton—Wm. H. Thompson, A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay.

Black River Fish and Game Protective Association—W. E. Wolcott, Utica; John W. Hicks, Oriskany.

Canandaigua Fly-Casters' Association—C. B. Lapham, F. G. Hulse, Canandaigua.

Honeoye Falls Fish and Game Association—Aaron Mather, Honeoye Falls.

Honest Fishermen's Club, of Seneca Falls—Ernest G. Gould, Seneca Falls.

New York City Fish and Game Protective Association—Robert B. Lawrence, Edward Thompson, New York.

Genesee Valley Fish and Game Protective Association—Thomas W. Fraine, Rochester.

Newark Fishing Club—B. J. Palmer.

Spencer Sportsmen's Association, of Lyons—W. S. Gavitt, Henry Killick, Lyons.

Niagara County Anglers' Association—G. W. Weaver, W. J. Jackman.

Fish and Game Protective Association of the Cayuga Lake Basin, Ithaca—Prof. H. A. Surface, Cornell University.

James Annin, Jr., of Caledonia, Superintendent of State Fish Hatcheries, and Geo. W. Strell, of Chicago, were present, and were elected honorary members.

The convention was called to order in the assembly room at the Yates shortly after 10 A. M. by Vice-President R. B. Lawrence, of New York. Mr. Lawrence said that the League had met with a serious loss during the year in the death of its President, Cornelius W. Smith, who was one of its most prominent and energetic members.

C. B. Lapham, of the Committee on Resolutions, presented the following, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Cornelius W. Smith, President of our League, departed this life in this city on the 28th day of October, 1899, in the full vigor of manhood and in the meridian of his years, and,

Whereas, By his death this League has lost a capable and worthy presiding officer, an ardent and zealous advocate of the objects for which our League was formed, and,

Whereas, Our departed President, who was a true sportsman in every sense that word implies, gave liberally of his time and means to enhance the interests of our League, and,

Whereas, He had endeared himself to us all by his open, frank and manly ways and by his warm and generous nature, therefore,

Resolved, That this League has heard with sincere regret of the death of our President, Cornelius W. Smith.

Resolved, That we tender the members of his family our heartfelt sympathy in their loss.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the newspapers of this city and a copy furnished the family of the deceased.

Treasurer A. C. Cornwall, of Alexandria Bay, presented his annual report, which made this showing: Balance on hand, December, 1898, $90.18; received since that date, $15; total receipts, $105.18; expended, $50.02; balance on hand, $55.16.

Secretary Ernest G. Gould, of Seneca Falls, reported twenty-eight clubs on the list of League membership. Both reports were adopted.

C. B. Lapham, of Canandaigua, Chairman of the Legislative and Law Committee, reported that twelve changes in the game laws had been recommended, all of which came from the Onondaga County Anglers' Association. He thought that the other clubs in the League believed that the present game laws were about as good as it was reasonable to expect. The seasons have been made uniform as far as possible, and the majority of sportsmen are well satisfied with the laws. Mr. Lapham said that while he was in Albany, Senator Elon R. Brown, Chairman of the Senate Fish and Game Committee, told him that he intended to go through the game law and try and make it more simple and clear. He had also received a letter from Mr. Brown in regard to the matter. The latter did not propose to make important changes in the law, but there would be a gain in simplicity of expression. The speaker thought that when the changes had been made, the law would occupy about one-third of the space it now does. He had no doubt that when Senator Brown introduced the bill the provisions would be simpler, plainer and in a great deal better shape. Mr. Lapham said that the changes proposed by the Onondaga Association all related to a reduction in the amount of penalties, and were as follows:

Section 102—Which relates to unlawful devices and explosives in the waters of the State. The change proposed is to reduce the penalty from $100 to $50.

Section 104—Fishing through the ice in waters inhabited by trout, etc., forbidden. Present penalty for each fish so caught $10. Proposed penalty $5.

Section 105—Trout: close season. Present penalty for each fish illegally caught or possessed $10. Proposed penalty $5.

Section 106—Trout less than 6 inches in length. Present penalty for each fish taken or possessed $10. Proposed penalty $5.

Section 107—Trout, etc., not to be disturbed while spawning. Present penalty for each fish taken $5. Proposed penalty $10.

Section 110—Bass, pickerel, etc., close season. Present penalty for each violation $60. Proposed penalty $50.

Section 111—Black bass less than 10 inches in length. Present penalty for each fish illegally taken $10. Proposed penalty $5.

Section 142—Fishing through the ice in certain lakes. Present penalty $100. Proposed penalty $50.

Section 145A—Nets not permitted in waters inhabited by trout. Present penalty $60. Proposed penalty $50.

Section 149—Frost fish and whitefish. Present penalty $100. Proposed penalty $50.

Section 150—Fishing with nets and other devices. Present penalty $100 for first violation and $200 for each subsequent one. Proposed change, $50 for the first violation and $100 for each subsequent one.

Section 151—Nets to be licensed. Present penalty $100. Proposed penalty $50.

The changes proposed do not affect the several sections specified in any other manner than the reduction of penalties, as stated. That is where the sections also make it a misdemeanor to violate the law or where other penalties than those mentioned above are provided, no change in the existing statutes is proposed.

Walter S. MacGregor, of Syracuse, in advocating the adoption of the proposed recommendations, said that since the Onondaga Anglers' Association was organized twelve or fifteen years ago, he had acted as legal advisor for the local protector most of the time. "I find as a result of twelve or fifteen years' experience," said he, "that although we have a membership of 200 or thereabouts, all intelligent men, and we have tried to educate the public in the matter of fish and game protection, difficulty is still found in getting a jury to bring in a verdict in certain cases of game law violations. It is not always so difficult in cases where partridges and game fish have been illegally caught as it is where pike or pickerel have been taken. But ordinary men are reluctant to find a verdict of guilty of a misdemeanor, and to impose a fine of $100 for violation of a section of the game laws or a penalty of $25 and $10 for each fish taken where food fish are caught. I believe this has been the experience all through the State that juries are reluctant to bring in verdicts in such cases. We believe it is in the best interests of protection that the penalties be in a moderate sum. If we could enforce the penalties as they are, we would say that none are too severe; perhaps, but we have to take humanity as we find it, and would it not be better to have penalties which we can enforce?" The speaker told about two men who hauled a net and caught bass, and it was shown by two witnesses that they had done so, but the jury found a verdict of not guilty. Subsequently one of the men was conversing with a juror, and the latter said to him: "Don't you ever get caught in such a scrape as this again, or it will go harder with you." The juror afterward said: "If we could have found a verdict of $25 we would have done so, but we were not going to give a chance for them to be fined $100 or $200." "What we have proposed," said Mr. MacGregor, "is to cut the penalties right in two. I sincerely believe that if these amendments can be adopted it would add thousands of dollars to the receipts of the Fish and Game Commission, and make the enforcement of the laws much easier."

G. W. Weaver said that in Niagara county they had the same difficulty in getting verdicts, but he had never heard the reason assigned by Mr. MacGregor. The reason usually given is that men are afraid that their barns will be burned.

Aaron Mather thought that in Livingston county there might be difficulty in getting a verdict in certain cases if the penalty were 10 cents. At Hemlock Lake a net was destroyed and the owner was taken before a justice, who fined him $15 and his assistant $15.

Mr. Lawrence—Don't you think that a reduction in the penalties would tend to make more convictions?

Mr. Mather—In some counties it might, and in others it would not.

Mr. Lawrence inquired why it had not been recommended that a reduction be made in the penalties prescribed in Section 100, relating to polluting streams.

Mr. MacGregor replied that the section was a dead letter. It is very difficult to show that a substance turned into a stream actually kills the fish. He believed the section should be rewritten.

The section of the game laws regulating the size of nets used in catching minnows was discussed at some length. Mr. MacGregor understood that nets 6 feet long, such are are now permitted, were practically useless, and that larger ones were being used. He thought the present law was practically a dead letter, and it might be well to restore the law of 1898.

Charles H. Mowry, of Syracuse, said it seemed to him that this Section 145 was ridiculous. He read the section and added: "I don't know of a case where it is observed. I suggest that we recommend an amendment, going back to the old size of net, which was 40 feet long and 4 feet deep, to be used in any waters not inhabited by trout."

Mr. Mather—It is absurd to catch minnows in a lake with a 6-foot net, although it might be done in a creek.

W. H. Thompson, of Alexandria Bay—Perhaps this question of minnows interests the people of the St. Lawrence River more than any one else. The law was adopted so as to allow people who baited minnows near the docks to dip up a few. One man who took out a license for using a large net reported an income of $350 from minnow fishing. His net was 80 feet long and 6 feet deep. I would ask that the St. Lawrence reservation be excepted if the old law is restored.

Mr. Mowry—The St. Lawrence River and Long Island will both be excepted as not belonging in the State.

The matter was temporarily tabled.

Mr. Mather, of the Auditing Committee, reported that the records had been examined and found to be correct.

Mr. Mather said he had been told that there have been more men from outside the State than inside hunting deer in the Adirondacks this year. He inquired whether it would not be a good idea to make non-resident deer hunters pay a license fee.

Mr. Strell said that a non-resident license law was adopted in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas and some other States before one was enacted in Illinois. The object of the law is not to make it burdensome on hunters, but to keep tabs on them. A license is obtained from the county clerk and the hunter gives his name and address. There is a $10 license fee in each county. This puts a check on the market-hunter, who followed through the different counties. If a game warden meets a hunter he asks him to show his license. The hunter must have his license with him and produce it. Another point is this: If a man has to pay a license to go into another State to shoot he is apt to think he prefers to put his money into the propagation of game in his own State. We have a resident license law, but it is merely to keep tabs on the hunters.

Mr. Mowry—Do you know what the receipts for licenses amount to?

Mr. Strell—I understand that $28,000 was received in two weeks for non-resident deer shooting licenses.

Vice-President Lawrence called Mr. Gould to the chair and spoke briefly on the subject. He was a good deal surprised to learn that the amount of income for licenses was so great in Michigan. He was of the opinion, though, that as long as a person was limited to two deer in a season, and hunters from other States who visited the Adirondacks expended considerable money there, an amendment to the laws requiring non-residents to pay a license would receive very little indorsement. He believed that the guides and hotel keepers in the Adirondacks would be very sorry to have such an amendment suggested by the League. Mr. Lawrence then resumed his duties as presiding officer.

W. E. Wolcott, of Utica, said that he quite agreed with what Mr. Lawrence had said on the subject. In connection with the matter of deer shooting, there was another point which he desired to bring up. Judging from the great number of shooting casualties in the Adirondacks this fall, the speaker thought that there was more need of legislation to protect the hunters than the deer. He offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this body that some measure should be taken, if any can be deised, to prevent the repetition of such a series of accidental shooting fatalities as characterized the recent deer hunting season in the Adirondacks.

A nominating committee consisting of G. B. Wood, W. H. Thompson and Henry Killick was appointed, after which, at 12:30 P. M., a recess was taken for luncheon.

When the delegates reassembled shortly after 2 P. M., Mr. Lawrence said his attention had been called to the action of the Governor in regard to better protection for deer in the Adirondacks, and he thought it would be fitting that the League should in some way manifest its approval. There are sixty-three counties in the State, and only thirty-five game protectors. In the Adirondacks the number of protectors is altogether too small to secure the proper enforcement of the game laws.

Mr. Lapham offered the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League in convention assembled do hereby approve and commend the suggestion of Governor Roosevelt as to the requisite efficiency of the game protectors, not only in the forest preserve, but also throughout the State, and unanimously indorse his determination that hereafter those officials should be appointed solely for their proved fitness for said positions, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Governor by the Secretary.

John W. Hicks, of the Black River Association, offered the following, which was adopted:

Resolved, That we do hereby express our unqualified disapproval of the practice of allowing State reservoirs which have been constructed at public expense for canal purposes, and stocked with fish from the State hatcheries, to be used for the convenience and accommodation of lumbermen to such an extent as to make them uninhabitable by trout.

It was decided to recommend that Section 145 of the game laws, referring to taking minnows for bait, be stricken out, and that the old provisions be substituted, leaving the law practically as it was in 1898, except that the penalty be reduced from $100 to $50.

W. S. Gavitt, of Lyons, moved that the Law Committee be instructed to draft a bill changing Section 100 of the game laws, so that it will accomplish the purposes for which it was intended, and to confer with Senator Brown in regard to the matter. This motion was also intended to carry with it an indorsement of what the Governor has recently said in regard to the subject. Carried.

Mr. Mowry said it was gratifying to note that in this convention of the League, which had met in Syracuse so many years in the interests of protection for fish, game and forests, there were so few amendments to the game laws now proposed. It is an indication that the League has accomplished good work and obtained results satisfactory to all, but there are other things which may be furthered, by united effort on the part of true sportsmen. The speaker believed that the League was strong enough and of sufficient importance to entitle it to recognition. He thought it ought to ask the privilege of naming a majority of the members of the Fish, Game and Forest Commission from the ranks of the League. Mr. Mowry said the Governor was a true sportsman himself, and he believed him to be in cordial sympathy with the interests which the League is striving to promote. "I understand," said he, "that there has been some talk of making a single-headed Commission. So far as some of the Commissions are concerned, this is all right, making the Commissioner responsible to the head. It is all right in the excise and insurance departments, one man is sufficient and competent to perform the duties. But in the interests which we represent, which include fish, game, forests and shell fish, no one man is competent to fully cover all. It seems to me we ought to ask the right to name the men to represent our interests. I do not mean

the shell fish. I do not think that any man here would get up and say he was competent to administer shell fish affairs. But we have one or two who understand forestry matters and several who know what is needed in fish and game matters. I propose that we suggest to the Governor the propriety of naming more than a single-headed Commission, and that we ask the privilege of naming a majority representing our interests, from among our members."

Mr. MacGregor was of the opinion that the League, the only one in the State which has devoted so much time and energy to the interests of fish, game and forests, might very properly try and impress on the Governor that it should be consulted in regard to the Commission.

Mr. Mowry thought the Governor, being a sportsman himself, was in a mood to consider suggestions along the line. The Governor has recently called the Commission down on its policy in regard to certain matters, and said it was ridiculous that protectors should be compelled to hire guides to show them around in the woods. His theory as to protectors is all right, and why should it not hold good as to the Commissioners who appoint the protectors? I believe we should call the attention of the Governor also to the fact that we need more protectors in the State, at least in the proportion of one for each county. We come together with honest hearts and good intentions for the purpose of protecting and propagating fish and game and preserving the forests, but we do not have adequate representation on the Commission. Now is the time for this Association to assert itself and make its position known. Mr. Mowry offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a communication from the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League be forwarded to the Governor of New York State to the effect that it is the sense of this convention of representative sportsmen from all parts of the State, that this Association should have the preference in the naming of candidates for appointment as members of the Fish, Game and Forest Commission. That it is not expedient in our judgment to establish a single-headed Commission, from the fact that no single individual is competent or capable to administer the affairs of the different departments of fish, game, forestry and shell fish. These different departments require men with special knowledge of the requirements of propagation and protection in the several lines mentioned. No one man can be found who is competent to properly care for these diversified interests, owing to their wide scope. It is recommended that there should be additional protectors appointed to the extent of at least one protector for every county in the State.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Robert B. Lawrence, New York City; Vice-President, W. E. Wolcott, Utica; Secretary, Ernest G. Gould, Seneca Falls; Treasurer, A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay; Legislative and Law Committee, Walter S. MacGregor, Syracuse; Howard G. Wardner, Rochester; David Tice, Lockport; W. S. Gavitt, Lyons; C. B. Lapham, Canandaigua; Auditing Committee, Aaron Mather, Honeoye Falls; G. W. Weaver, Lockport; Thos. D. Lunt, Dunkirk.

Mr. Lawrence thanked the League for the honor conferred, and assured the members that he would do all in his power to increase the good feeling between the sportsmen of the State, and to further the interests of the League.

On motion of Mr. Kellick a vote of thanks was extended to the retiring officers.

Prof. H. A. Surface, of Cornell University, then addressed the League at some length in regard to fish and game propagation. He said in part: "For four years I have been giving time in the interests of fish and game near Ithaca. I believe that legislation should be based on a knowledge of the habits of the fish and game we desire to protect. The watchword of true sportsmen should be cultivation rather than protection alone, or rather cooperation. The object of our association in Ithaca is to increase the supply of fish and game. If we desire an increase, then we should study the causes of reduction and what we can do to prevent them. In many places the haunts of the ruffed grouse have been destroyed. The bird must migrate to other places, change its habits or perish." The speaker alluded to the introduction of English pheasants in this country, and said they had lived and thrived here. We should try and determine what kind of game bird can be introduced here after the grouse has gone the way of the wild pigeon, buffalo, etc. Thirty-seven years of legislative protection uncoupled with propagation has failed to increase the fish and game. While the present conditions are deplorable, would they have not been much worse but for the intelligent work of fish-culturists? There is not as much known about any fish in the State as there should be. We should know about the fish, their habits, etc., and the condition of the water. We should know the natural range of the fish and where they can be successfully grown. Is there an abundance of food for the fish introduced, and if not, can it be supplied? Prof. Surface exhibited several preserved specimens of the lamprey and a live dogfish, which he said were enemies of the fish in Cayuga Lake. Lampreys live by sucking blood from fishes, and they kill more than all the fishermen do. The lampreys should be exterminated, but how can it be done? They run up the inlets in May to spawn. I constructed a weir and killed 1,400 of them. Last spring we took 1,800 off the spawning beds with a hand net. As a result lampreys are now scarce in Cayuga Lake. For the propagation of fishes or the destruction of their enemies, we must have a knowledge of their habits. The new mode of culture will be to first introduce the natural food of the fish we desire to introduce before turning in the fish we seek to establish. We need the knowledge of the biologist.

The unanimous consent of the convention was asked and given for the consideration of a proposed amendment to articles of the by-laws. Articles 17 and 18 were amended so as to provide that each club shall be entitled to two delegates at the annual meeting, and that the annual dues shall be $5 for each club.

The Secretary was authorized to have 250 copies of the by-laws, as amended, printed.

It was decided to have a committee on biology to further as far as possible the interests of the League, and the following committee was named: Prof. H. A. Surface, Ithaca; W. F. Wolcott, Utica; Geo. B. Wood, Syracuse; James Annin, Jr., Caledonia.

Mr. Wolcott offered a resolution rqquesting each club in the League to urge the members of the Senate and Assembly in their respective districts to use their influence toward scuring an appropriation for the purchase of additional lands in the State forest preserve. Adopted.

Mr. MacGregor, Protector Worts and Mr. Wood spoke briefly in regard to the desirability of having fishways in the Oswego, Oneida and Seneca rivers, and a resolution was adopted asking the Fish, Game and Forest Commissioners to provide proper fishways. The subject of eel weirs was referred to the Law Committee to take such action as it deems advisable.

Mr. Gavitt moved that the League recommend to the Legislature that a biological station be established in this State similar to that in Illinois. Adjoured.

W. E. Wolcott.

Utica, N. Y. Dec. 9.

Merrimack County League.

Concord, N. H., Dec. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several of our members have been much interested in your editorials about the sale of game, so I take the liberty to send you under another cover a Concord paper with an account of our eighth annual meeting.

Chas. B. Clarke.

The eighth annual business meeting of the Merrimack County Fish and Game League was held in the banquet room of G. A. R. Hall last evening and was attended by a good representation from the membership.

The meeting was called to order by President Battles, who, after a few introductory remarks, called for the annual report of Secretary Clarke, who read the following, which was unanimously adopted and placed on file:

To the President and Members of the Merrimack County Fish and Geame League:

Gentlemen: I gives me pleasure to present this, the eighth annual report of the business transactions of this league.

The executive committee have held meetings on the second Monday of each month (except during the summer), which have been well attended.

During the year we have admitted five new members, and have lost by death two of our most valuable and influential members. I refer to Commodore George H. Perkins, of Webster, and Postmaster Walter H. Stewart, of Franklin, the latter being secretary of the Webster Lake Fish and Game League.

We have received and distributed during the year fry, fingerlings and yearlings as follows:

May 9—20,000 brook trout fry from the New Hampshire fish hatchery at Plymouth, of which 10,000 were planted in Bog Brook, Bow; 5,000 in Dolfe Brook, Hopkinton, and 5,000 in Ash Brook, Concord.

May 20—20,000 lake trout fry from the New Hampshire hatchery at Bristol, which were planted in Penacook Lake, Concord.

May 20—225 yearling brook trout from the United States fish hatchery at St. Johnsbury, Vt., of which 125 were planted in Farrington Corner Brook, and 100 in White Rock Brook, Concord.

Sept. 14—4,000 landlocked salmon yearlings from the United States fish hatchery at Green Lake, Me., were planted in Penacook Lake.

Nov. 7—300 white perch yearlings were purchased by the league and planted in Penacook Lake.

The past season has been one of the best in years for brook trout in this vicinity, and although the drought of the past fall has undoubtedly killed some in the smaller brooks, the commissioners have laid down an extra quantity of eggs this fall to restock the brooks and make up the loss.

During the summer months partridges were very plenty, but when the open season came on, Sept. 15, they were scarce and very wild.

This scarcity, I think, is caused by the pot hunters, who catch them with snares and traps, and the market-hunter, who spends all his time in hunting them, and smuggling them into Boston markets. Several of these so-called sportsmen, more properly called exterminators of game, have been caught and convicted through the untiring efforts of our efficient commissioner, Mr. Wentworth, of Hudson Center. It is impossible to stop it entirely.

The sportsmen of Massachusetts are making a great effort to stop the sale of game in markets, which is killed in that State.

Then why do not we, as sportsmen of a sister State, try and stop the sale of game in our markets?

Our law now forbids it being sent out of the State, and if these men who shoot and snare for the markets now do not have an easy market for their game they will, I think, find other employment.

Deer are quite plenty around Concord and in the adjoining towns, and with the exception of one or two being killed, are not molested. I find farmers in general are much pleased with seeing them around their farms, and in talking with one a few days ago, who took pains to call and tell me there were three near his place, he said that rather than have one of them killed he would substitute a cow.

Quail have been seen in flocks of ten to thirty within a few miles of this city, and some sportsmen have shown their true sportsmanship by not molesting them when they have seen them. It is proven that they will live in our climate, and in a few years, with buying a few dozen each year, we should have good shooting.

The Mongolian pheasants which have been liberated by the league are reported to be multiplying in certain localities around here. Several flocks have been seen by local gunners this fall, which should encourage us to put out a few pairs each year.

I wish to extend my thanks to the president and executive committee for their kindly co-operation at all times.

Respectfully submitted.

Chas. B. Clarke, Secretary.

The treasurer, Moses Ladd, presented his report, which showed the league in a fair condition financially. This report, also, was adopted and ordered placed on file.

Numerous remarks were made relative to the best locations in the county for the further planting of fry. This subject brought out considerable discussion of a nature which will undoubtedly be beneficial to the work of the league.

President Battles expressed a desire that game birds should also be considered, as there were hunters as well as fishermen in Merrimack County. He asked that the executive committee be authorized to purchase, if they saw fit, $25 worth of Western quail to be liberated next spring. On motion of Capt. Newhall the committee was so instructed.

A committee of three was appointed by the chair to select a list of officers to be voted for to serve during the ensuing year. The committee made the following report, and these officers were elected by a unanimous vote:

President, D. B. Newhall, Concord. Vice-Presidents, John M. Hill, Jacob H. Gallinger, Henry McFarland, Concord; W. H. Thompson, Pembroke; Samuel N. Brown, Penacook. Secretary, Chas. B. Clarke, Concord. Treasurer, Moses Ladd, Concord. Executive Committee, Harley B. Roby, Frank S. Moulton, Frank Battles, William Horner, J. H. Morris, H. E. Conant, Dr. G. H. Parker, Ira C. Evans, Dr. I. A. Watson, Chas. P. Webster, A. B. Cross, S. S. Ford, John P. George, Concord; R. D. Morse, David Dudley, Penacook.

The subject of a banquet was brought up and the executive committee was instructed by a vote of the league to make arrangements for a banquet in the near future. It is intended that this event shall take place before the close of the game season, and that the tables shall be bountifully provided with the appetizing fruits of the chase, as well as the delicacies of the culinary art.

Harley B. Roby was given a vote of thinks for the use of his office by the executive committee during the year past, as were also the retiring officers for their painstaking and efficient services during the period of their incumbency.

The Trout of Mountain Streams.

Is there anything in existence more charming, more beautiful, more replete with the harmonies of woodland, than the splashing, gurgling, joyous, swiftly flowing brook, its waters ever redolent with the chill of snow-clad hills, ever sparkling in its cold clear purity? Now its course dashes over rocks, that break into frosting foam the wealth of never ceasing waters. Again it spreads itself into a soft flowing stream, as it twines in serpentine coils through meadows. Then, bending bush growth bedecks its borders. Onward, ever onward it rushes, until lake or ocean welcomes its coming. Here is indeed the fitting nursery for the development of that rainbow spotted, restless, clever young life we know and love to call the trout. Even the tiny specimens that scarce seem as large as the line, show the characteristics of the race. Their birthdays alone mark increase in weight, agility and keenness. Erratic in every mood are these fish, from the birth to the death. No man has learned, none will ever know, how to account for their various tendencies, which overthrow all reasonable theories, or manage to put together a menu card that will always excite their appetite. Generations of lovers of the sport come and go, and yet the question never is settled, and for this very reason will these illusive specimen of the finny tribe, always remain a joy to the true sportsman. Much has been written, much more will be written, by able admirers, and yet the humble attempt of the individual may be excused, when zeal of admiration is the incentive.

Many and varied have been the means and devices employed in the capture of these royal beauties. In boyhood, when financial embarrassment was a ruling factor, a common hook and line, a pole cut from the young tree, and a large worm were enough to give joy to lads who even then became skilled in finding out the shady places, the deep pools and other cunning hiding spots; or with the shortened line could crawl near to a narrowing brook and carefully, softly drop the bait, and one would quickly be taken before the biter realized it was not a simple dainty morsel, and so became a captive. While perhaps the charm, the freedom and enthusiasm of this procedure never lose their fascination, yet as one grows older, with a keener wish for more arttistic skill, the interest is heightened by more delicate methods. In early spring-time, alluring artificial little flies are not the tempters that later in balmier air they become; and productive of better results is the small line bait, a worm and a single hook, or at times, a worm caught up by a set of three of the smallest hooks, on one gut, at intervals from each other, giving the worm an appearance as if he were crawling through the water, and good sport in the taking of a fish, as only one of the small hooks can hold him.

As a rule, a cast ahead is made, as the stream is waded. How almost unconsciously is picked out what appears to be favorable resting localities. How careful one becomes in the approaching, how careful not to disturb and to be sure to be well hidden, for no fish swims that can so readily and easily be startled into sudden flight as the trout, quietly lying in the deeper water where the shadow of the rock gives protection, or where tall grasses sway a feeling of security about him. Casting is done so that the bait drops without any noise into the right spot, whether the wading be up or down stream. Many people have decided views about this matter, but in reality the extreme care used is the important factor. In quick, splashing streams where at the foot of a hillside run the stream quiets in intensity, flies can be cast, into the seething froth itself, and receive marked attention, even if the fisherman stands on some stone that gives a sure foundation. Another time, without being seen, the flies must be gently fluttered into a pool, where all will be taken well and the creel soon filled. A recollection of earlier days becomes vivid at this moment, where a shelf of jutting rock, deep in the water, gave a footing, a rest for my back, against the broad boulder, as I stood immersed to the hips in water, that to-day would be my death from its coldness. I snapped out side casts, until my basket could not contain another one of the little fighters.

In a stream not broadly stretched in its width it is better to use but one small fly, waxing the wings so it will remain on the surface; and often a sudden dash means the striking of a large fish, one requiring patience and skill before a landing is accomplished. One always finds that each and every trout born in these tumbling, chilling waters is full of fight to the last, and often they outwit all endeavors in the attempt to capture. In the broadening stream that, strengthened by additional supplies, grows proudly into something more like a river, where from the banks fishing cannot readily be done, the

silent, quick moving canoe can be made use of. As it glides on its way, one watches for either a deep pool, or perhaps is fortunate in locating a spring hole, where if the sun shines brightly an army of feeding trout can be seen. The canoe can be held quietly, protection gained from the growth of bushes or long grasses of the banks, and the place can be well whipped. The splashing of the trout that rise to the flies only seems to incite their comrades into a frenzy of biting, and excellent sport is the result.

Every section of fishing country abounds in such mountain streams all in a way different, each bordened about by purple hills, each one having a familiar look, each appealing strongly in the possession of inviting pools, rapid waters, still flowings where broader they become, and all abounding in the same marvelous dainty, strong, beautiful, fickle, elusive, tempting, wonderful and fascinating form of life called the trout. In the hours when the sun shines too vividly, or when the fish are not anxious for their feeding, come the charm and joys in the keen realization of the greatness and all satisfying gifts of nature. Before a fire, that has dwindled into hot embers on the sharpened joints of a prolonged branch are thrust some of the catch, that have been cleaned and are hard and cold. Beside their very cradle, they are transformed into such delicious morsels that the appetite craves nothing but a sufficient quantity. Perfection in food and fit for the gods, a stretch on the grass, after such a repast, the comfort of a good smoke, all seems too good to be real, and forgotten are the weary journeys, hardships, and all that may have annoyed, in the life of one perfect day like this. Body and mind rested and strengthened, a better feeling toward all humanity comes to us. No harm have we done, no suffering have we caused. Back to camp are taken only such a number of fish as can be put to use. The day has been well spent, and in slumber we dream again of the victories that skill and patience gave to us.

Lines to a Trout.

Oh, bit of dainty gorgeous birth,
That sprang from icy waters clear,
In restless searchings, far and near
Coloring gained, of untold worth.

Did rainbow lend to thee its charm,
Or sunset give thee rays, to keep,
And weave, when in the waters deep,
Or, were they stolen, from the dawn?

Oh, pretty thing, 'tis joy to look
Upon thee, lying, trembling still;
The waters near forsaken mill
Had ever been thy home and nook.

A tempter, resting on the stream
Lured thee on, eager for thy kill
By sportsman, stronger in his skill
Than thou couldst understand or dream.

In young strength, life was hard to yield,
The battling proved thee strong as steel,
Conquered by force of rod and reel
Thy death throes, seeking all to shield.

F. M. JOHNSON.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

Carping Again.

I must carp a little carp again. The current issue of Munsey's Magazine is the cause this time, and the colored picture of two snowshoers on the front cover is the specific charge. If any one will look at the aforesaid picture, he will observe that the snowshoers, a male and a female, wear their shoe straps directly across the middle of the foot and not across the toe, where any snowshoe man knows it ought to go. Neither do these folk seem to know that the heel rises when one walks on snowshoes, for they seem pasted to the floor of the shoe, and the shoe pasted to the earth. This grieves me very much, and I wish Mr. Munsey would adjust it, by calling in the edition if need be.

The Biggest Bass.

I mentioned some time ago the very large small-mouth bass taken in November, 1898, in Mendota Lake, Wis. This fish weighed 8 pounds 10 ounces. Its owners had it lithographed and are doing a good turn of business selling the lithograph, life size, and a series of affidavits establishing the weight of this extraordinary fish. With each lithograph of the fish there goes the notary's statement and the signatures of several citizens of Madison, and to make all secure, the Secretary of State appends the great seal of Wisconsin to the statement that the notary is a good man and true and known to him to be a legal notary. All in all, I think this fish story is the most conclusive of any I have ever seen. There is no doubt about the bass, and to give an easy idea of its size, I may state that I laid my arm out over the lithograph, which is reported to be life size, and I found that the picture of the bass was as long as my arm. Now, when you have caught a bass as long as your arm it will be time for you to go after affidavits, and to enter the lists against this monster of the Madison Lakes.

These Madison Lake bass are peculiar in their way. They are thought to be the small-mouth, but they lack the markings of the small-mouth, and in color and in size of scales resemble very much the big-mouth. The largest specimens are usually taken late in the fall. Three of these bass taken on Oct. 26 were brought down to Chicago, and the three weighed 16 pounds here. It is a curious fact that, although these bass were taken in the late fall, just before freezing up time, they were all very full of roe, apparently about to be deposited. This is quite in contravention of the popular and scientific ideas of the spawning time of these fish. I can not say how general is this late retention of the spawn. It is perhaps but an individual case or so. I have myself taken a brook trout in early April on the Castalia trout stream which contained very well-developed spawn. Here are two exceptions to the general rules.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

"House Hunting."

I HAVE lately sung the praises of FOREST AND STREAM in answering the question where to go and what to do in the summer holiday, viz., to the State of Maine or eastern Canada for hunting grounds, "far from the dreary sounds of crowded earth, the cries of camp or town," with a small tent or wigwam your sufficient shelter from sun or storm, the redskins your sure guides, fishing and shooting to your heart's content the things to do. How can I now, in view of this, preach "the gospel of relaxation" in a minor key?

I might say with advantage, in the words of Punch, to those who, having passed middle age, have had their share of sport in many lands, from hunting fox and hare in Merrie England to stalking moose, caribou or red deer in North America, and are now about to engage in the unprofitable and difficult pursuit of "house hunting" anywhere East or West—"Don't." Yet, if experience teaches, why should I withhold the result of experience if it be of any value?

There are those, too, who, like myself, belong to the small minority; men of leisure, who, in their day, have plied the laboring oar, and have, so to speak, "won their spurs"—the spurs of relaxation—by hard work with head or hands or both. Why should we not cater for them? The world is now before them, and in no uncertain sound comes the absolutely necessary questions of such a man in search of a hobby—a fad—a home—"where to go, what to do." You may own the best house in Fifth avenue, New York, or in May Fair, London; the thirst for fresh fields and pastures new comes upon you; you cannot say with George Riddlar:

Let fools go searching far and nigh,
We bides at home, my dog and I.

You may, as in my case, know by heart Canada and the Northern States; you wish to go further afield for your new and temporary home. You "run" through Europe, in search of what you want, with Cook's or Gaze's tourist tickets, but without their family nurse as a guide armed with Murray's "Guide" book. You find it too hot and conducive to fever in southern Italy in autumn. The mosquito (you know him by early experience) is heard, seen and felt in the Riviera, and the climate is relaxing. You try Switzerland, its mountains and valleys. Here you find a delightful resting place in autumn. It is, however, monotonous in its climate and pursuits in winter. The chief cities and towns of France, Germany, Holland and Belgium are only for those who like town life—not for the lover of forest and stream. The question still remains for the middle aged and man of leisure, "Where to go; what to do."

By chance you take up Rudyard Kipling's latest, and there you find, "For the man whose work is done go to England."

Nor are your troubles over when you fix upon Merrie England as your temporary home. You open a large correspondence with house agents from Land's End to John O'Groat's. You read diligently their books and pamphlets. Oh, what "word painters" are these house agents! How often you pack your portmanteau and take the morning train to see "the very thing to suit," as portrayed in the books of the house agent! You return with heavy heart, sadly disappointed. The "mansion standing in its own grounds," is a semi-detached villa, with imperfect sanitation, and a perfect view of your next-door neighbor's internal arrangements. The "walled-in fruit garden" has but one slender plum tree, with half a dozen sickly-looking plums thereon. The "well-laid-out flower garden" is grown up in long grass, with a poor specimen of the scarlet geranimum tribe feebly trying to force itself through. You are about to catch a train for the hundredth time at the whim and caprice of the house agent, and to the complete disarrangement of your digestive organs, when a friend and brother at your elbow says, "My dear fellow, you will never get what you want in that way; I have learnt by experience. You require system in your folly. Take a memo of requirements with you." And here it is. House hunting conditions necessary:

1. Supply of water. 2. Drainage. 3. Aspect of house. 4. Soil. 5. Gardens. 6. Lawn tennis grounds. 7. Stabling. 8. Gardens and conservatory. 9. Number and size of rooms. 10. Basement, if any. 11. Amusements. 12. Hunting, shooting, fishing, golf. 13. Distance from town, church, station. 14. Price of coal, meat, forage, eggs, etc. 15. Price of wages. 16. Society. 17. Scenery. 18. Sea or river near. 19. Situation—healthy or relaxing.

Even when armed with these clear-cut instructions in pursuing to the end the game of house hunting we found that difficulties had by no means disappeared. Oh, for the technical education of the plumber, mason and carpenter respectively, as well as for the knowledge of the skilled architect and civil engineer, not to mention the training in endurance of the soldier, the practice of "how to keep your temper" of the parson. All this, and much more than this, as requirements, we found in our search.

How often we looked up and down, and shouted up and down the chimneys of the various houses to ascertain whether smoke was likely to ascend or descend. How often and how much we exercised our nasal organs to find out whether the drains, if any, performed their proper functions! How often we mounted a house roof and thus endangered valuable life in its examination.

The perfect house of our search is not the model dwelling—"type de maison moderne"—a palace, or that kind of residential hotel which the rich or those who imagine themselves rich sometimes foolishly build, chiefly for the benefit of others, with a smoking room got up in lapis-lazuli, or a Turkish bath with fittings of silver. No; our ideal, perfect, house is a dwelling place, which reasonable persons with moderate incomes could comfortably inhabit—of any style of architecture except the bad style, so constructed that "the winds of March could not whistle between flimsy layers of bricks linked by courses of porous mortar," nor the rays of midsummer's sun stab fiercely through its insufficient roofing. Its woodwork would be fitted so that yawning clefts did not appear in window frames or balustrades, nor would doors rattle on breezy days or jam on wet ones. That necessary equipment described by the householder as "the pipes" would give no cause for anxiety. And so on in detail.

At last, when fooled for the thousandth time by the over-zealous house agent, accident—mere accident, so-called—brought to our notice a fair specimen of the "perfect house" in the most picturesque part of England. Its situation remains a secret. All the requirements above referred to appeared to be in evidence. Cathedral and market towns within easy reach; four packs of hounds in the neighborhood, good neighbors in abundance, an ideal landlord. Here we settled down to rest and be thankful. Here we could draw a long breath and expand the chest under those enviable, apparently unattainable, circumstances, with "no more worlds to conquer." But our luck soon turned. Scarcely had we settled down than, with the eye of the landscape gardener, about to open a vista, and obtain a lovely view of a distant mountain, in removing some underbrush—Oh! with a big O—not so distant, at my feet, under my nose (both eye and nose were opened), a heretofore hidden cesspool is revealed. Pipes, drains and sanitation have vanished. That which much disturbed my olfactory nerves alone remains. Would that it would fly to the winds! My "type de maison moderne" has become a veritable harbor for groups of bacilli and germs of the worst kind. I am in despair, and if the skilled plumber and the ideal landlord—those rare mortals—had not appeared on the scene to relieve me in my distress. I should end these notes as I commenced them, with the advice, in answering the question "Where to go and what to do," to those about to take a summer holiday in the State of Maine or eastern Canada, not "don't," but "do."

MIC MAC.

U. S. Fish Commission Notes.

ADVICES dated Tahiti, Oct. 1, 1899, report the steamer Albatross in that harbor with all well on board. Rich collections from the interlying points are reported. Captain Moser has made some important hydrographical observations, and an extensive basin in the central Pacific, extending over thirty degrees of latitude, has been outlined and named in honor of the captain Moser Basin.

Whitefish.—In the Detroit River and the eastern end of Lake Erie there have been phenomenal runs of whitefish. The fishermen have made enormous catches, and the U. S. Commission will probably take 400,000,000 eggs of this important fish.

Trout.—Reports from New Hampshire and Vermont as to the condition of brook trout in the waters of those States are discouraging. Enormous losses of native trout, due to the severe drought that prevailed last summer, are reported. The work with landlocked salmon in Maine has been affected in the same way.

B. A. BEAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 4.

Through Rio Grande Canyons.

LANGTRY, Tex.—Prof. Robert T. Hill, of the United States Geological Survey, and four companions, arrived here last night from their perilous voyage through the cañons of the Rio Grande, their trip being the second successful one down the treacherous river ever attempted. The party left Presidio, Tex., over two weeks ago, and completed the 500 miles of the tortuous course of the river without seeing a sign of human habitation until they arrived here. The trip was full of adventure, and it is a wonder that the three boats were not capsized and all members of the party drowned while passing through the rapids which are found at frequent intervals in the deep and gloomy cañons. At some places the perpendicular walls rise to a height of several hundred feet, and the narrow channel through which the river flows affords no landing or resting place for many miles. At one place in the cañon there is a waterfall of 180 feet depth. It was with the greatest difficulty that the boats were lifted out of the cañon and carried around this fall.

Prof. Hill and the other members of the party are enthusiastic over the results obtained by the trip. They made a complete survey of the river, and the remarkable geological formations revealed by the rock walls of the cañon were closely studied. The cañon passed through the heart of fifteen mountain ranges, and all along the course is found mineral-bearing rock. In several places veins of silver and gold were found cropping out of the sides of the cañon walls and some of the members of the party are enthusiastic over the prospects of fortunes being made in developing these promising prospects.

There were positive indications found at several places in the almost inaccessible cañons that they had at one time been occupied by cliff dwellers, but it was found impossible to explore the ruins of these ancient inhabitants from below.

James McMahon, who is the only person known to have ever made a trip through the cañons previous to this Government expedition, was a member of Prof. Hill's party. But for his knowledge of the location of several dangerous rapids and falls the present expedition would have met with disaster. Mr. McMahon is an old trapper who has hunted beavers along the Rio Grande for many years.

Prof. Hill secured over 200 good photographic views of the scenes in the cañons, and these will form a part of his official report. The survey of the course of the Rio Grande gives him a basis for the remainder of his work of surveying and exploring the great Bloody Bend region which is formed by the tortuous course of the river. It will take several months to complete the work.—New York Sun.

AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

THE FOREST AND STREAM—in a year's subscription—is an appropriate and sure to be appreciated gift for a father, husband, son, brother, cousin, uncle, nephew, or one's pastor, lawyer, pupil, teacher or friend. The giving will be for fifty-two weeks. And with the paper may well go, for this year's Christmas, one of the large engravings "Alert" (moose), "The Challenge" (elk), "What's That?" (antelope), "Listen" (blacktail deer), "Close Quarters" (Mr. Osthaus' painting of Ripsey on point). These are on plates 12½ x 19 inches, on paper 22 x 28 ("What's That?" is slightly smaller). Price of engravings $3 each, or by a special rate the FOREST AND STREAM for one year and any one of the engravings will be sent for $5.50.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Frogs.

It was down in New Brunswick. We were sitting out in front of our camp one evening talking with our guides, Barney and Tom. Barney was one of those talkative Irishmen with a low, plaintive voice. Tom was short and brisk in his speech, his words were few and to the point—he had once captained a crew of thirty men on a drive. Barney suddenly startled us with the remark, "It's curious indeed how those little frogs can cure consumption." "What's that?" roared the artist. "Oh, yes," said Barney; "it's quite true—indeed it is—and when we go out I will point out a man to you who took a great many of them. Yes, he was once a very thin, spare little man, but now he is very large and stout. Oh, yes, I have often caught them for him. I once filled a little tin pail with those green kind and he took them all; and do you know, there was quite a big one—as big as my thumb, see—and when he put it down his throat, do you know it stuck there for quite a time; but he finally managed to get it down. Oh, yes, they do wonderful good, those little frogs do; yes. You see, the way they do good is this: They leap from the stomach over into the lungs and eat up all the corruption." BEAVER KILL.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Continental Field Trial Club's Trials.

The Members' Stake.

THE Members' Sweepstake was run on Dec. 8. Besides members of the Continental Field Trial Club, it was open to members of the Eastern Field Trial Club. Entries closed on the night before the running. All winners of open stakes at any field trials recognized by the club were barred. Entrance, $10, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Mr. Edm. H. Osthaus, the famous artist, donates a painting of the winner of first, and a pair of silver hair brushes, donated by Dr. J. Spencer Brown, was the prize of second place.

There were ten entries, and they ran in order as follows:

Hobart Ames' setter bitch Belle of Hard Bargain (Count Gladstone IV.—Daisy Croft), with S. Bradley's setter dog Gilt Edge (Count Gladstone IV.—Lillian Russell).

G. Nesbitt's pointer dog Rip (Young Rip Rap—Wild Joanna), with C. W. Keyes' setter bitch Pauline (Paul Gladstone—Lill Ray).

Edm. H. Osthaus' pointer bitch Mabel (Mainspring—Croxie Wise), with Theo. Sturges' setter bitch Vivian (Gath's Mark—Gossip).

Theo. Sturges' setter dog Lonto (Antonio—Laundress), with Edm. H. Osthaus' pointer bitch Ripsey (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

H. Ames' setter dog Dooley (Tony Boy—Nellie C.), with C. H. Phelps, Jr.'s, setter bitch Agnes (Antonio—Nancy Hanks).

The judges were Messrs. Geo. E. Gray and Bernard Waters.

The winner of first, Gilt Edge, ranged well and with judgment. He found birds quite successfully, and was also a good performer on singles. His point work was marred somewhat by false pointing. On the whole, however, he ran an excellent heat.

Ripsey, second, was a strong bidder for first, and would have been first had the judges seen the point on a bevy which she made when lost from sight in heavy weeds, as is told at length in the heat in which it occurred. Her point work was cleaner, and she worked her ground with better judgment than any other dog in the stake. In working to the gun, she also excelled. She is a worker of great excellence.

Vivian and Belle of Hard Bargain, third, made a competition of mixed quality, good and poor.

The visitors present were the President of the club, Mr. Hobart Ames, North Easton, Mass.; Mr. Chas. W. Keyes, East Pepperell, Mass.; Mr. C. H. Phelps, Jr., and his sister, Miss Julie Phelps, and Mr. Theo. Sturges, New York; Mr. John H. Schumacher, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Chas. R. Taylor, Providence, R. I.; Messrs. A. C. Peterson and John Bell, Homestead, Pa.; Mr. Geo. Nesbitt, Kingston, Pa.; Mr. S. C. Bradley and his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn.; Mr. Geo. E. Gray, Appleton, Minn.; Mr. Edm. H. Osthaus, Toledo, O.; Mr. C. E. Buckle, Charlottesville, Va.

Friday, Dec. 8, First Day.

The weather was clear and cool in the morning, growing warmer as the sun mounted higher.

First Round.

Belle of Hard Bargain and Gilt Edge started at 9:20. They ranged merrily and wide. A bevy was seen to flush, both dogs in its vicinity at the time. On the scattered birds, each got two points. Sent on, Belle pointed a bevy in woods, and at the same time in the open some 200 yards away Gilt made a false point. Sent on, Gilt pointed a bevy in open sedge. Each next made a point on a single. Belle pointed a single, but moved on and the bird flushed. Sent on again for another bevy, Gilt made a false point. Belle, while fast and wide, lacked judgment in her range. Gilt was not so wide a ranger, but had the better judgment in beating out his ground and in his point work.

Rip and Pauline started at 10:34. Pauline was not well acquainted with her handler, and refused to work for him, so was withdrawn. Rip went on alone. He flushed a bevy, and made an indifferent showing on the scattered birds. Up at 10:59.

Mabel and Vivian were cast off at 11:06. Soon Mabel flushed a single in open stubble, then held a point on the rest of the bevy, but was unsteady to wing. Vivian backed prettily. Sent on, Mabel pointed in the open field, moved on to locate and lost the trail. Vivian roaded nicely to the bevy and pointed it, and Mabel backed, but at the flush and report of the gun she broke shot. Sent on. Vivian was found pointing a bevy. Some indeterminate work was done on other birds, Vivian finishing by dropping on a point on scattered birds. Vivian showed good range and bird work. Mabel ranged well and showed an intelligent purpose in beating out her ground, but her unsteadiness marred her work. She is ten years old, and a great bird finder. Her owner considers her age and does not care to punish her for her peccadilloes, she being so excellent otherwise. Up at 12:09, and the party went to lunch.

Ripsey and Lonto started at 1:39. Ripsey took a cast over a stubble field, and being absent some time a search was made for her. As Mr. Osthaus walked along the edge of the stubble he flushed a bevy in the thick weeds, and Ripsey came out of the weeds close by, where she had been on a point all the while. The judges unfortunately were elsewhere looking for her, and did not see it. A bevy find would have put her in first place in connection with her other excellent qualities in pointing, backing and intelligent work to the gun. A bevy in the meantime had been marked down, and on the birds of it Ripsey made three good points, while Lonto flushed and chased twice. Lonto pointed and Ripsey backed, and a single was flushed behind them after they moved on. Up at 2:17. Ripsey was the better in every way.

Dooley and Agnes started at 2:24. Dooley started off with great dash and soon wisely pointed a bevy in open stubble, Agnes backing nicely. Dooley was a bit unsteady to the rise. On the scattered birds in sedge in pines, each made a point and a flush. There were plenty of birds scattered about, and the work fell far short of the opportunities. Dooley finished with a single bird point and a false point, while Agnes also pointed and nothing was found. Up at 3:07. Dooley fell off in speed and dash as the heat progressed, while Agnes had but middling range throughout.

Second Round.

There were four dogs retained in the second series.

Belle of Hard Bargain and Vivian were cast off at 3:25 and ran till 4:05 without finding, though they worked diligently. The next brace was called, and after it was ordered up, Belle and Vivian were again put down. They were cast off at 4:52. Belle pointed a bevy, but drew on up to it unnecessarily close. The judges could not see how the case stood when the birds flushed. Belle apparently had the point, but she had drawn in unnecessarily close. Sent on. Belle flushed a bird willfully and then flushed the rest of the bevy; Vivian was close up and showed no signs of recognizing scent. Up at 5:04.

Ripsey and Gilt Edge were cast off at 4:10. Gilt pointed a bevy and Ripsey coming up on the other side of some cover from Gilt, pointed too. Sent on, in a moment Gilt began roading and drawing, and pointed another bevy. The scattered birds were followed. Ripsey made three good points and Gilt two. This finished the stake. Up at 5:04. The work of Ripsey had the better finish. Gilt, besides working well, was lucky.

The dogs were placed as follows: First, Gilt Edge; second, Ripsey; third, divided between Vivian and Belle of Hard Bargain.

The Alabama Field Trials Club.

THE fourth annual field trials will begin Feb. 5, 1900, at Greenville, Ala. Open only to Alabama owned pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters. For all stakes, pointers and setters will run together and must be handled by owner or other amateur resident of the State. Trials will begin with the Derby Monday, Feb. 5, 1900, followed by the All-Age and Champion stakes.

Judges: W. B. Hamilton, Columbus, Miss.; H. H. Mayberry, Birmingham, Ala.

Programme.

Derby.—For pointers and setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1898. Entries close Jan. 10, 1900, with $3 to nominate and $2 additional to start. Winner of first gets 50 per cent.; second, 25 per cent.; and third, 15 per cent. Dogs having won first in any open field trials are barred.

All-Age.—For pointers and setters of any age. Entries close Jan. 10, 1900, with $3 to nominate and $2 additional to start. Winnings same as in Derby. Dogs having won first in any open field trials or first in the All-Age Stake of the Alabama field trials prior to Sept. 1, 1899, are barred.

First forfeit of $3 must accompany each nomination and be remitted to secretary on or before Jan. 10, 1900, for Derby and All Age stakes.

Champion Stake.—For pointers and setters of any age and regardless of previous winnings. Entries close Jan. 10, 1900, with $5 to nominate and nothing to start. Winner gets $50 silver cup and his dog the title of State Champion.

Forfeit money for Champion Stake must accompany each nomination and be remitted to secretary on or before Jan. 10, 1900.

Balance of entry fee in Derby and All Age ($2) must be paid before or at time of drawing, which takes place night previous to running of stake.

Entries to Champion Stake must fill the night before running.

Running.

This being an amateur organization, pure and simple, the running rules are modified to meet the requirements of shooting dogs, and amateur handlers and the judges are requested to bear this fact in mind.

The first heat of the Derby and All Age stakes will not be less than 30 minutes, following heats at discretion and discretion of the judges.

The first heat of the Champion Stake will be of one and a half hours' duration; following heats at discretion and direction of the judges.

Information for Owners, Handlers and Judges.

The club desires those competing at their trials to show their dogs to the best advantage, and not hustle for points on scattered birds, assuring them that each dog will be given a thorough test, both as to his finding and pointing qualities.

The number of times a dog points, backs, etc., shall not necessarily be given the preference; but the quality of the performance will be considered in connection with the frequency of the occurrence.

The judges will give greater credit to dogs showing the best natural qualities, it being the desire of the club to have the best dogs placed to the front, irrespective of the luck which is supposed to attend competitions of this nature.

The judges will be requested to give more attention to a dog's natural finding qualities than has been done in the past years, viz.: Intelligent ranging; desire to find birds independently; bird sense and nose, or expressed in fewer words, dogs showing the greatest ability to find birds.

The judges are requested to give greater credit to the dog that works promptly, without noise or severity, and is obedient, prompt, cheerful and easily handled.

The judges are requested in giving credit for backing to consider the manner in which the dog backs, giving greater credit for backing voluntarily.

Pointing fur, feather, reptile or scent of game birds, if the judges deem the same excusable, shall not be considered a false point.

False poingting, breaking in, breaking shot or chasing shall be gauged by the judges in their discretion.

All dogs should be broken to show to best advantage.

Definitions.

Breakin In—Is where a dog, through imperfect breaking, or from excitement, leaves his position when the birds rise, whether the gun is fired or not, and starts to chase, but stops within a few feet from where he started of his own accord or by command.

Breaking Shot—Is where a dog runs in when a shot is fired with the intention of getting to the bird, and does not stop promptly at command.

Chasing—Is where a dog follows the birds, either when a gun is fired or not, to any extent to be beyond the control of his handler for the time being.

Retrieving—Retrieving shall not be required nor considered in any stake.

Instructions.

Two persons are prohibited from working one dog.

An owner, his handler, or his deputy, may hunt a dog, but it must be one or the other, and when dogs are down an owner must not interfere with his dogs if he has deputed another person to handle and hunt him.

The person handling and hunting a dog may speak, whistle to and work him by hand as he may deem proper, but he shall be called to order by the judges for making unnecessary noise, or for any disorderly conduct.

An opponent's dog must not be interfered with. In such case an appeal should be made to the judges.

Dogs must be hunted together, and their handlers must stay within a reasonable distance of one another.

The privilege is granted handlers to ask the judges for information or explanation that has a direct bearing upon any point at issue; pending such questions the dogs shall not be under judgment.

Dogs affected with any infectious diseases will not be permitted on the grounds.

Handlers shall not load their guns until a point be established.

Alabama Sportsmen.

This being an amateur State organization, the sportsmen of Alabama should support it with their membership and dogs. Initiation fee, $1; annual dues, $2.50.

Object.

The object of the organization is to make and enforce laws for the protection and preservation of game.

The holding of field trials is for the purpose of improving pointers and setters by testing their field qualities and thereby increasing the interest in legitimate sport with dog and gun. These meetings foster good fellowship and social intercourse among sportsmen, which surely leads to greater refinement in the use of dog and gun, and more determined efforts to secure proper laws and aid in their enforcement.

The club will welcome the presence of ladies on the trial grounds, and it is hoped a goodly number will join us each day on this occasion. The sport is refined, exercise pleasant and riding easy.

Entry Blanks.

Application for entry blanks, or any other information furnished on request to the secretary, T. H. Spencer, Birmingham, Ala., to whom all correspondence should be addressed.

Greenville, Ala.,

Is located on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, forty miles south of Montgomery, from which point there are four trains daily each way. The trial grounds are good and well stocked with birds. Hotel rates will be $1.50 per day, including noon lunch on trial grounds. Saddle horses $1 per day.

The L. & N. R. R. has given the club positive assurance of reduced rates, and connecting lines will very likely do the same.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the Alabama Field Trials Club will be held at Greenville on evening of February 5, 1900, for election of officers, admission of new members and the transaction of any other business.

By order of the president.

T. H. SPENCER, Sec'y-Treas.

DON'T SHOOT

until you SEE your deer—and see that it is a deer and not a man.

Points and Flushes.

The New England Kennel Club will hold a dog show under the American Kennel Club rules at the Mechanics' Building, Boston, on April 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1900. The following are the names of the dog show committee: Messrs. Samuel Hammond, J. M. Grosvenor, Jr., Robt. C. McQuillen, Chas. W. Keyes and David Crocker.

Yachting.

THE opening of a more direct passage from New York Bay to the sea by way of the East Channel, which is now under way, will work a certain change in yachting about New York, but another scheme has just been proposed which, if carried out, will have a still greater effect. The idea is to build a tide water ship canal between Jamaica Bay on the sea side of Coney Island and Flushing Bay on the Long Island Sound, just clear of Hell Gate. The ground being low between the two points, with the earth of a sort which is easily excavated, and with this earth available for filling at the ends and along the route, the plan presents no serious difficulties. If carried out, with a harbor at each end through the deepening of Jamaica and Flushing bays, it will open an immense area of water front for commercial purposes. So far as yachting is concerned, such a canal would offer a short, direct and easy passage between the sea and the Sound in place of the present way through Hell Gate and the East River, narrow, crooked, with strong tides and at all times greatly overcrowded.

IN connection with the Paris Exposition of 1900, a prize of $20,000, donated by Anthony Pollock, will be awarded for the best invention for saving life at sea in the event of serious disaster to a vessel.

IN addition to the new cutter on which Mr. Charles Day Rose has inflicted the particularly cumbersome and inappropriate name of Distant Shore, Mr. Watson has in hand a second design for a racing cutter, to be built by D. & W. Henderson, for an English yachtsman. Distant Shore, by the way, is comparatively a small boat, of about 80ft. l.w.l. and 20ft. beam, and very completely fitted below; the new yacht will be larger.

THE many yachtsmen who have enjoyed the stirring cruises of the several Falcons and Alerte, written by Mr. E. F. Knight, will sympathize with him in the sad mishap just reported from the Cape. Mr. Knight, who was in Cuba last year on a similar mission, went to the front in the Transvaal as the war correspondent of the London Morning Post, and was so seriously wounded at the battle of Belmont as to necessitate the amputation of his right arm.

SEVERAL of the silver cups won by the late James Ashbury have just been sold at auction in London. The cup won by Cambria in her race against Dauntless in 1870 brought £76, and that won by her at the R. V. Y. C. regatta of 1868 went for £53; the other trophies going at much lower figures.

WE learn from the Yachting World that the steam yacht designed by Mr. Watson for James Gordon Bennett will be a twin screw vessel of 2,682 tons, Y. M., her dimensions being 285ft. l.w.l., 39.9ft. beam and 24.2ft. moulded depth. The name proposed is Lysistrata. A sea speed of 17 knots is aimed at.

THE torpedo destroyer Bailey, named after the late Rear-Admiral Theodorus Bailey, U. S. N., was launched on Dec. 5 at the works of the Gas Engine and Power Company and C. L. Seabury & Co., at Morris Dock, on the Harlem River. The new boat is one of three ordered by the Government in 1897, a second one being now partly plated beside her in the yard. She was designed by Mr. C. L. Seabury, designer of the steam yacht Kanawha II. and many other steam yachts, her dimensions being: Length over all, 205ft.; moulded beam, 19ft.; depth of hold, 13ft. 5in.; displacement on official trial, 235 tons; displacement in commission, 265 tons. The armament will include four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns and two 18in. torpedo tubes for Whitehead torpedoes. A speed of 30 knots is guaranteed.

A special train of some fifteen cars carried a large party of invited guests from New York. The arrangements for the launch were perfect, the vessel starting as the dog shores fell, and attaining a good headway, which was checked as her broad, flat stern met the water. She was christened by Miss Florence Beekman Bailey, a granddaughter of Rear-Admiral Bailey. The two handsome twin engines were shown under steam in the machine shop, with the boilers, of special Seabury design. The work on these two boats, in addition to the growing business in naphtha and steam yachts, has called for important additions to the plant, which is now very complete in both the hull and engine departments.

MR. AND MRS. C. OLIVER ISELIN sailed for Europe on Dec. 6, to be absent through the winter. Nothing more is known as to the plans for Columbia's future racing.

Dixon Kemp.

WE have already made mention of the death of Mr. Dixon Kemp, yachting editor of the Field, which took place at his residence in London on Nov. 20. Mr. Kemp was born in 1839 at Ryde, Isle of Wight, his father being an architect. As a boy he spent much time in sailing on the Solent in open boats, and later in racing yachts. He was educated for his father's profession, but when nineteen years of age he joined the Isle of Wight Observer as yachting reporter, later on assuming the editorship of the paper. In 1862 he was requested by the Field to report for it the Isle of Wight races, and in the following year he went to London to assume the post of yachting editor, which he held until his death. In addition to his work of reporting yacht races, Mr. Kemp, very early in his career, became interested in the study of models and the taking off of the lines of noted yachts, then little practiced, as the rule o' thumb builder still held full sway. After publishing many designs in the Field, in 1876 he completed his first book, the large quarto "Yacht Designing." This great work marked a new era in yachting, coming as it did at a time when the sphere of the yacht designer as distinct from the yacht builder had not yet received popular recognition. It at the same time impressed upon yachtsmen the importance of a knowledge of naval architecture and the application of its principles, and it set forth in a plain and practical manner the principles themselves. One important feature of the work was the collection of large plates of lines of the noted yachts of the day. In 1878 this book was followed by a smaller one, the first edition of "A manual of Yacht and Boat Sailing." In it the practical side of yachting was dealt with in the same thorough and exhaustive manner that characterized the first book. In 1885 the original book was greatly revised and extended, appearing under the new title of "Yacht Architecture," and covering a much larger field than at first. These books have grown until "Yacht and Boat Sailing" has reached the ninth edition, announced for next month, Mr. Kemp having finished the revision shortly before his death. "Yacht Architecture" reached its third edition in 1897. Two years ago Mr. Kemp published a smaller, but most useful volume, "An Exposition of Racing Rules."

The scheme of an association for the promotion of yacht racing when first mooted found an earnest supporter in Mr. Kemp, and when it was organized in 1875 it was largely through his efforts. From that date until 1897 he served the Yacht Racing Association as secretary. In 1877 he, in connection with Mr. John Harvey, induced Lloyds' Society to start the "Yacht Register," for the registering and classification of yachts.

When the late James Ashbury crossed the Atlantic in the schooner Cambria in 1870 to race for the America Cup, Mr. Kemp accompanied him, returning again in the following year on board Livonia. He was an associate of the Institute of Naval Architects and a member of the Council, and in addition to his work for the Field, followed the profession of yacht designer, turning out many yachts, both sail and steam.

Even at the present day, when technical instruction and information on yachting matters are within the reach of all who care to read, Mr. Kemp's works justly hold the first place. No better testimony of their merits is needed than the fact that, in spite of the many revisions and extensions, the latest editions adhere to the original scheme of each of the two works, and some chapters stand to-day as when first printed. Of all writers on the sport, there is none who has placed the yachtsmen of all lands under such obligations as are due to the author of "Yacht Architecture."

Audax.

THE keel yawl Audax, owned by Henry W. Eaton, Esq., of the Larchmont and Seawanhaka Corinthian yacht clubs, has been in commission for the past seven seasons on Long Island Sound, during which time she has fully proved her claims to the title of fast cruiser. The design, the joint work of Mr. Eaton and Mr. John Hyslop, is the result of a long experience on the part of each in small cruising yachts, and from a clear understanding from the start of the exact end in view, the production of a roomy and comfortably fitted yacht with sufficient speed to keep up in cruising with the average yachts of about her own size, and also to race in the 30ft. yawl class. As a cruiser the yacht has proved perfectly satisfactory, having as much accommodation as can well be condensed into a length of 30ft. with a small sail plan, and being remarkably easy in a seaway. Her cruising has covered the waters between New York and Martha's Vineyard, and she has at times been thoroughly tested in rough water. As a racer she has made a very good record in her class, and against yachts of similar type and build.

Beginning originally as a canoeist, Mr. Eaton has always favored the yawl rig. One of the first yawls seen about New York, the little Coquette, moored off Staten Island about twenty years ago, and then conspicuous as a novelty, was brought by him from England, and since then he has built several yachts, all under the same rig. Prior to building Audax, he owned the 30ft. cutter Rajah, well known about New York; one of the early cutters of moderate beam, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith. After trying her thoroughly under the original cutter rig with topmast and full gear, Mr. Eaton in 1892 converted her into a yawl, with two pole masts and a modern and much lighter and simpler rig. The improvement was so marked that he determined to build a yawl of about the same size and accommodation. The opportunity presented itself of selling Rajah to a fellow yachtsman, whose aversion to the yawl rig was as pronounced as Mr. Eaton's partiality for it; so as the entire rig was new, the hull was disposed of and the rig reserved for the proposed new yacht.

The experience with Rajah showed just about what was possible in the way of accommodation, but her waterline was 32ft.; on account of the class limits it was desirable to make the new yacht but 30ft. on the waterline. The problem then was to design a hull of 30ft. l.w.l. that would give two separate apartments of over 6ft. length each, and full 6ft. headroom, with an additional space for a toilet room, and a good forecastle for one man; this hull to be driven at fair speed by a sail area of not over 1,250 sq. ft. The general requirements as to headroom, floor space, etc., being settled by Mr. Eaton, the design of the hull to fit the conditions was left entirely to Mr. Hyslop.

As the design took shape there was naturally a clash between the opposing qualities of accommodation and speed; in order to get a hull of sufficiently small displacement and fine form to be driven by the limited sail plan, Mr. Hyslop was forced to cut away the midship section to an extent which interfered with both footroom and headroom as roughly sketched by Mr. Eaton. The result of a good deal of careful thought and discussion was a most successful compromise, all superfluous bulk being cut away, and yet the required headroom and a reasonable breadth of floor being secured. While the exterior deadwood was freely cut away, Mr. Hyslop adopted an unusual keel contour for the purpose of securing a distant forefoot, and the keel itself shows a long straight on the bottom. The one freak feature about the yacht is the rudder, of the type then newly introduced on the fin-keel yachts and also tried on some keel boats. Mr. Eaton was anxious to test it, and the result has been fairly satisfactory; though it is a question whether the yacht would not be better with the ordinary cutter rudder on the raking sternpost.

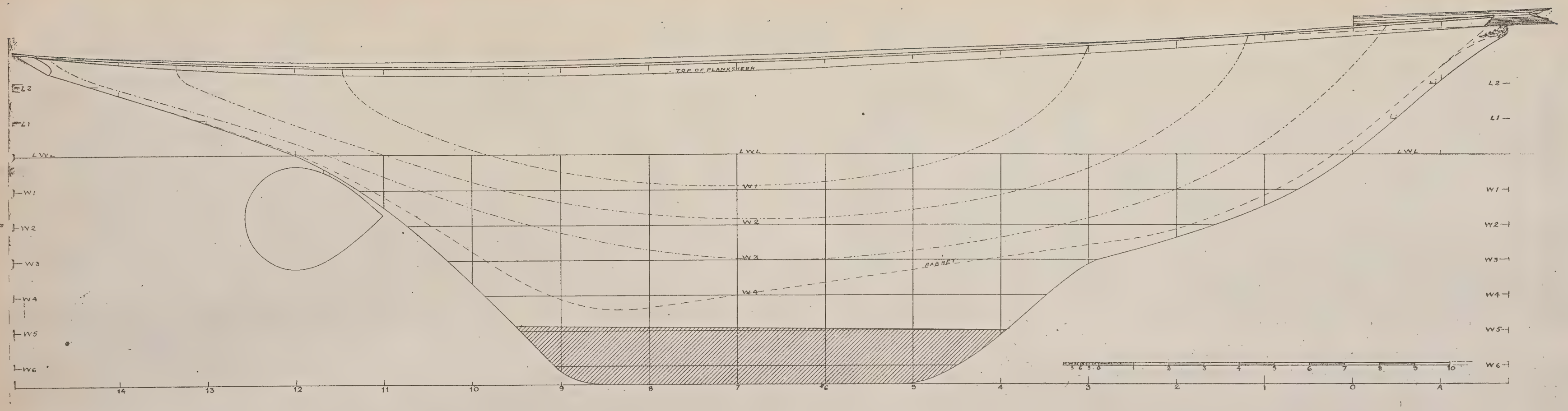
In the construction strength was the first consideration; and though much care was taken to avoid unnecessary weight, nothing was sacrificed that could add to the strength and durability of the yacht. The building was done by Messrs. Read Bros., of Fall River, who turned out a perfectly satisfactory piece of work, strong in every detail and well finished.

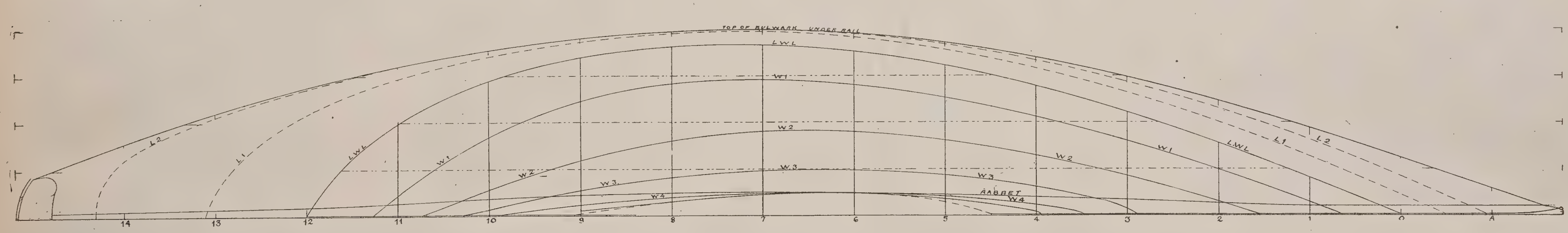
At the start the yacht, with all her ballast, 5.4 tons in her keel, trimmed a little by the head; and 300lbs. of lead were stowed in the run. Later on this was removed and a piece of about the same weight was cut off the fore end of the lead keel, putting her in proper trim and still leaving ample stability.

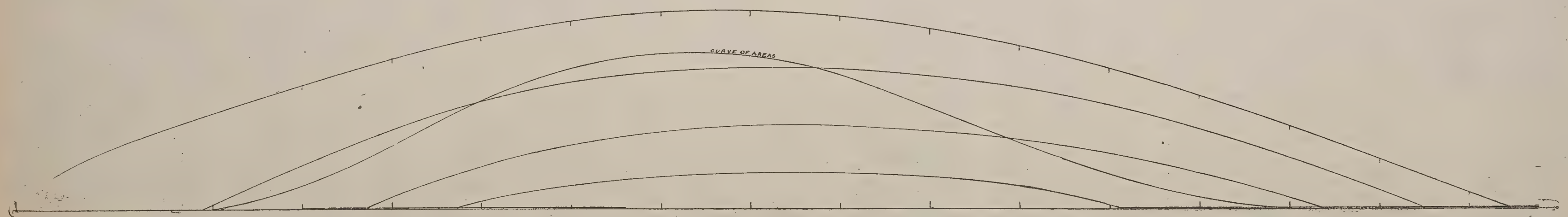
The lines speak for themselves, showing a series of fair and artistic curves in the waterlines, bow-buttock lines and sections. Above water the hull presents a very smart and shipshape appearance. The construction plan, which will appear next week, shows a remarkable amount of room for a waterline of 30ft. and a midship section of but 23 sq. ft. with so fine a form throughout.

The dimensions and elements are:

Length—	
Over all	42ft. 6 in.
L.W.L.	30ft.
Overhang—	
Bow	4ft. 6 in.
Stern	8ft.
Beam—	
Extreme	10ft. 3 in.
L.W.L.	9ft. 5 in.
Draft	6ft. 6 in.
Freeboard to Top of Rail—	
Bow	3ft. 11 in.
Least	2ft. 6½in.
Stern	2ft. 11 in.
Displacement	10.43 tons.
Coefficient of displacement	0.529 ton.
Ballast—Lead keel	5.40 tons.
Ratio of balast to displacement	0.51 ton.
Areas—	
Midship section	23.00 sq. ft.
L.W.L. plane	192.64 sq. ft.
Lateral Plane—	
Without rudder	124.00 sq. ft.
With rudder	131.90 sq. ft.
Coefficients—	
Midship section	0.37 sq. ft.
L.W.L. plane	0.68 sq. ft.
Lateral plane	0.63 sq. ft.
Fore End of L.W.L. to—	
Midship section	16.50ft.
C.B.	16.00ft.
C.L.R.—	
Without rudder	15.70ft.
With rudder	16.50ft.
C.E.	16.17ft.







AUDAX, YAWL, DESIGNED BY JOHN HYSLOP, ESQ., FOR HENRY W. EATON, ESQ., 1892.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Interlake Y. R. A. was held at Erie, Pa., on Dec. 2, Com. George T. Bliss presiding. The following officers were elected: Com., George F. Anderson, Sandusky Y. C.; Vice-Com., Otto F. Barthell, West End Y. C., Detroit; Rear-Com., E. P. Sharp, Buffalo Y. C. (secretary and treasurer and fleet captain to be appointed by the commodore); Fleet Surgeon, Bernhard Jacobs, Detroit Y. C.; Measurer, J. W. Hepburn, Toledo Y. A. Regatta Com., E. W. Radder, Cleveland; Joseph Farrell, Sandusky; Arthur Wendell, Detroit; W. R. Huntington, Cleveland, and J. Schoonmacker, Toledo. Entertainment Com., F. R. Frey, Toledo; Wm. J. Nagle, Detroit, and A. Gibson, Erie. Delegates to the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes, F. B. Hower, Buffalo; E. W. Radder, Cleveland, and John Rathbone, Detroit. The annual meet of the Association will be held at Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie.

At Poillon's Yard, South Brooklyn, a schooner is under construction from the designs of Mr. J. Beaver Webb for Mr. Max Agassiz, of Newport. She will be of wood, 96ft. over all, 70ft. l.w.l.

Regina, yawl, has been sold by Dexter H. Warner to W. A. Hamilton, through F. B. Jones.

Alcaca, schr., has been sold by L. Vaughn Clark to an English yachtsman now residing in Germany, the sale being made through Messrs. Tams & Lemoine. The same firm has designed a cutter for Arnold Lawson, of Boston, to be 54ft. over all, 35ft. l.w.l., 13ft. beam, 8ft. draft, of composite construction with double skin. She will carry about 5 tons of lead and 2,000 sq. ft. of sail in a pole-masted rig with topmast, and will be fully fitted for cruising.

The Beverly Y. C. has re-elected George H. Richards Commodore and Lewis S. Dabney Vice-Commodore, with Lawrence Whitcomb Secretary and Treasurer, John Parkinson Measurer, F. E. Cabot, C. E. Hodges, C. H. Jones, S. G. King, J. G. Palfrey, E. M. Farnsworth, R. W. Emmons 2d Regatta Committee; F. L. Dabney, A. S. Hardy, F. W. Sargent, E. M. Farnsworth, Lawrence Whitcomb Admission Committee; Dr. E. S. Wood, A. S. Hardy, W. H. Emmons, Lawrence Whitcomb, W. E. C. Eustis House Committee; John Parkinson and C. H. Jones Counsel. The club voted to purchase the club house property at Wing's Neck from the Wing's Neck Association.—Boston Globe.

The New York Y. C. has negotiated a loan of $240,000 at 4½ per cent. on its new property, with the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the club having taken title to the property, which was purchased at a cost of $148,000 by Com. Morgan and presented to it.

T. W. Brigham, Morgan Barney, James W. Hussey and Frederick A. Poole, members of the Class of 1900 of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, of Boston, were out on the steam yacht Freelance, from Greenport, Dec. 2, and made many tests for the thesis work of Mr. Brigham and Mr. Barney. They were accompanied by Prof. C. H. Peabody, of the Department of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering, and M. Carl Clark, instructor in naval architecture. Mr. Schermerhorn gave the Government free use of the yacht as an auxiliary cruiser during the Spanish war, after which she was returned to him. In the morning several runs were made over the measured mile in Greenport Harbor, with the engines turning eighty revolutions, after which the speed was increased till they were running at two hundred and twenty revolutions. During these runs the students took data for obtaining the indicated horse-power of the engines, and the steam pressure, and speed of the boat. The party arrived early in the week and spent the Thanksgiving holidays here, returning yesterday afternoon. They were grateful to Capt. William Horace Vail and Chief Engineer Chesman Thorn, of the yacht, who gave them valuable assistance. Mr. Schermerhorn gave them the free use of the yacht.—Brooklyn Times.

The annual meeting of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. was held on Dec. 5, the following officers being elected: Com., Hazen L. Hoyt; Vice-Com., George B. Wilson; Rear-Com., G. Howland Leavitt; Sec'y, Edward MacLellan; Treas., George A. Corry; Meas., Charles D. Mower; Board of Governors, James Francis, Joseph R. Grismar and Horatio R. Harper.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Iroquois Rifle Club.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 4.—Following are the scores made by members of the Iroquois Rifle Club during the week ending Dec. 2. R. R. Bennett did himself proud by making a full score of 50 in the Beech cup event. Thanksgiving Day proved a profitable day for the boys who make a practice of shooting for turkeys. The total winnings of the six men who have reported so far were twenty-three turkeys and four ducks. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
O L Hertig	41 42 43 42—168	35 41—76	40 44 42 43—169
H L Born	44 41 36 42—163	.. ..	.. ..
R R Bennett	.. ..	37 39—76	43 45 42 50—180
R R Bennett	.. ..	42 41—83	44 45 43 40—172
A Hofmeister	.. ..	.. ..	39 40 34 34—145
J Bergmann	.. ..	.. ..	40 42 42 33—156

No. 1 was the medal match, No. 2 the record match, and No. 3 the match for the Beech cup.

Dec. 11.—Following are scores for week ending Dec. 9:

Medal match:

H L Born	39 41 40 44—164	L A Schmidt	33 42 35 31—141
	44 43 40 39—166	O L Hertig	44 38 39 46—167
B Kestner	38 39 40 43—160		

Record match:

W Riebling	40 40—80	B Kestner	43 37—80
	40 40—80		41 42—83
R R Bennett	37 43—80	L P Ottel	47 46—93
	42 43—85		48 50—98
	37 39—76	O L Hertig	40 42—82
L A Schmidt	37 43—80		

Cup scores:

A Hofmeister	40 38 41 43—162	R R Bennett	44 41 45 46—176
	44 39 41 40—164		40 39 43 43—165
	39 44 40 36—159		35 42 48 41—161
Sperling	43 45 47 40—175	L A Schmidt	33 42 85 31—141
	44 46 43 44—177		

Election of officers for the coming year will be held on Tuesday, Dec. 26, instead of Monday, 25.

Harry Sperling, Cor. Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

The above association held their regular shoot Dec. 10 at 200yds., off-hand, at the standard American target. Roberts was high on the honor target with 46. Gindele was high on the king target with 88:

King target:										
Gindele	8	10	8	9	9	9	8	10	9	8—88
Weinheimer	7	6	5	9	9	6	6	6	7	9—70
Topf	7	5	8	8	5	5	8	10	7	4—67
Nestler	6	9	6	7	7	8	4	7	7	8—69
Payne	9	8	8	8	8	7	10	10	9	6—83
Jouscher	10	5	7	7	7	6	7	9	7	8—73
Roberts	6	6	5	5	8	5	10	6	8	8—67
Bruns	7	8	10	9	7	8	9	10	8	5—81
Drube	8	5	8	4	6	8	10	8	7	9—73
Hasenzahl	8	5	9	8	8	7	6	8	7	9—75

	Special Score.										Honor Target.				
Gindele	9	8	9	9	7	10	10	9	9	9—89	7	6	9	8	10—40
Weinheimer	8	8	10	6	7	10	9	6	9	5—78	10	9	6	9	5—39
Topf	4	10	7	6	7	6	5	10	5	6—66	4	3	9	6	4—26
Nestler	7	10	9	7	9	8	8	10	6	10—84	5	10	8	4	8—35
Payne	10	7	10	10	8	7	8	8	8	10—86	7	7	7	9	9—39
Jouscher	8	9	7	4	10	8	7	7	10	5—75	8	7	7	10	5—35
Roberts	7	10	10	9	7	10	10	7	8	10—88	9	10	9	9	9—46
Bruns	8	6	7	8	9	7	10	8	8	8—79	7	8	4	5	6—30
Drube	10	7	8	10	9	8	8	6	6	8—75	8	8	7	9	7—39
Hasenzahl	9	7	8	8	10	10	7	7	8	10—84	8	9	7	8	9—41

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Dec. 18.—Batavia, N. Y.—E C cup contest for championship at targets, between Messrs. W. R. Crosby, holder, and Fred Gilbert, challenger.

Dec. 19.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Open shoot of the Emerald Gun Club. Live birds. L. H. Schortemeier, Vice-Pres.

Dec. 31-Jan. 1.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Amateur tournament of the Wisconsin Gun Club. P. Himmelstein, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.

1900.

Jan 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., Can.—Annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club; $1,200 in prizes. Open to the world. H. Hamilton Gun Club; $1,500 in prizes. Open to the world. H.

Jan. 17-18.—Danville, Ill.—Sconce-Cadwallader invitation shoot. Live birds and targets. John Parker, Mgr.

Feb. 13-17.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Third annual midwinter tournament; $1,000 added; 2-cent targets (Rose system) and live birds (high guns). Capt. A. R. Smith, Sec'y.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

In the absence of the Editor of this department all communications intended for publication should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail allsuch matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme for the grand Canadian handicap and tenth annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club is now ready for distribution. The tournament will be held at Hamilton, Ont., Can., on Jan. 16-19, 1900. The club guarantees $1,200 in prizes. The shoot will open on Tuesday, Jan. 16, with the grand Canadian handicap, at 20 live birds, $15 entrance, including birds, $600 in gold guaranteed. Purse divided: first, $125; second, $85; third, $65; fourth, $55; fifth, $45; sixth, seventh and eighth, $35; ninth, tenth and eleventh, $25; twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth, $15. On this day there will also be five target events, all at 20 targets, $2 entrance. The second day's programme consists of a 10-live-bird event, $5 entrance, birds extra, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. division, and five 20-target events, in two of which $50 is guaranteed. The third day's shooting will begin with a handicap at 10 live birds, $100 guaranteed, $5 entrance, birds extra; 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. division. Then follow, same as on previous days, five 20-target events. The last day will be devoted to an open handicap, at 25 live birds, $20 entrance, birds included; $200 guaranteed, divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.; surplus added; high guns. Miss-and-outs and sweeps will be shot to suit the shooters. Manufacturers' agents and paid experts may shoot for price of birds, but will not be allowed to share in prize money, excepting the $200 guaranteed, which is open to all. The surplus in this and No. 1 event will be added to purse. Two Canadians and one American will form a committee to arrange the individual handicap, which will run from 26 to 33yds. John Parker, of Detroit, will assist the management to carry out the numerous events to the satisfaction of all. H. Graham is secretary.

Mr. Arthur Robinson, of New York city, has been running in hard luck lately. Mr. Robinson is extremely fond of hunting of all kinds, and keeps a good kennel of setters and pointers. On Sunday Nov. 26, he had the misfortune to lose an Irish setter bitch that strayed away from his home in New York. On Dec. 1, while out after ducks in the Great South Bay, at Patchogue, he lost a gun overboard and was unable to recover it. To cap the climax, he received word from his kennels at Brewsters, N. Y., late last week, that one of his most valuable pointers had been poisoned. In consequence of the above three occurrences he has purchased a new gun and a brace of pointers, the latter from Geo. P. Finnegan, of Smithville Flats, N. Y.

Reports from Kansas City go to show that the shooters there have not yet got over their defeat at the hands of the Omaha team. A letter from a Kansas City shooter states solemnly that the boys sit around the stove and say but little. Vengeance, however, is meditated.

The annual target tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club will be held on Jan. 1, 1900, at Schenectady, N. Y. There will be twelve events, at 10 and 15 targets, alternately. Persons desirous of shooting for targets are invited to do so. V. Wallburg is captain of the club.

At a meeting of the Prospect Gun Club, of Brooklyn, held last week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Wm. La Roche: Vice-President, Joseph Fallert; Secretary, Chas E. Hill; Treasurer, W. E. Banks; Trustees; F. J. Ashfield, C. T. Dotter and C. E. Snively.

We are informed that Mr. Thos. Donley, of St. Thomas, Ont., Can., who has just held a four days' shooting tournament at targets and live birds, intends holding a week's shoot at live birds in May, 1900.

Fred Gilbert has once more asked W. R. Crosby to change the date set for the E C cup contest, which has already been shifted once or twice. It seems now that Gilbert wants to attend John Watson's shoot at Chicago, so Crosby has changed the date from Dec. 16 to Monday, Dec. 18, on which day the match will be shot at Batavia, N. Y., at the time originally fixed.

The New Haven Gun Club announces a grand holiday shoot of the Wolves and Lambs to be held on the club's grounds on Jan. 1, 1900, to which all shooters are cordially invited. The programme is made up of ten events, aggregating 155 targets, and $8.85 entrance. Interstate rules will govern, and shooting will commence at 9:30 A. M. M. J. B. Savage is secretary.

One of the latest arrivals in this city is F. S. Parmelee, of Omaha, Neb., who arrived in New York on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 9. Parmelee will not make a long stay, but will move on in a day or two to Newport, R. I., returning to the city for another few days before starting for his home in the West.

The fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association will be held June 19, 20 and 21, 1900, under the auspices of the Charleston Gun Club, of Charleston, W. Va. From $500 to $600 added money has been promised, besides merchandise prizes. Announcements later.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Rahway Gun Club.

Rahway, N. J., Dec. 6.—The two days' live-bird shoot given by Pony Lambert, of the Rahway Gun Club, ended to-day. The original programme was not carried out on either day, but there was plenty of shooting, though there were not many shooters. The weather yesterday was cold and windy, and the birds were a very good lot. The first day's programme was to have consisted of a 5, 7 and 15 bird handicap, with miss-and-outs to follow. Instead there was a 5-bird handicap and seven miss-and-outs, the latter at 28yds. rise. The scores:

Bissett, 29	22112—5	10—1	21—2	0 —0	0—0	2—1	20—1	20—1
Belloff, 29	12012—4	0 —0	0 —0	22—2	2—1	2—1	10—1	20—1
Goodman, 28	00011—2	21 —2	20—1	10—1	0—0	*—0	..	..
Elliott, 32	22112—5	22—2	..	20—1	2—1	*—0	22—2	20—1
Pony, 28	21212—5	20—1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Abbott, 27	....	0 —0	12—2	22—2	0—0	0—0	0 —0	22—2
S Terry, 29	....	..	..	..	..	0—0	22—2	22—2
W Terry, 28	....	..	..	..	..	..	0 —0	21—2
Blodgett, 28	....	..	..	..	..	..	..	20—1

Second Day, Wednesday, Dec. 6.

It was originally intended to shoot to-day a 7, 10 and 25 bird handicap, and miss-and-outs. There were shot instead two 5-bird handicaps and eight miss-and-outs. The miss-and-outs were all 28yds. rise. To-day was very windy and cold, with snow squalls, and the birds were very fast. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Dr Roof, 30	2—1	0 —0	222—3	21—2	2*212—4
Stoddard, 28	0—0	20—1	....	..	.....
Goodman, 28	....	0 —0	110—2	0 —0	21021—4
Hovey, 28	0—0	11—2	20 —1	0 —0	22022—4
Perine, 29	0—0	10—1	0 —0	10—1	11001—3
Cladek, 28	1—1	0 —0	...	..	.....
W Terry, 28	2—1	22—2	...	..	.....
Pony, 28	....	..	122—3	10—1	2020 —2

	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.
Dr Roof, 30	22*22—4	222—3	22 -2	0—0	222—3
Goodman, 28	1102*—3	...	..	..	...
Hovey, 28	20222—4	10 —1	22—2	0—0	0 —0
Perine, 29	0*112—3	10 —1	20—1	..	...
W Terry, 28	20222—4	210—2	22—2	2—1	222—3
Pony, 28	1*122—4	10 —1	0 —0	0—0	120—2
S Terry, 28	....	210—2	0 —0	*—0	...

East Side Gun Club

Newark, N. J., Dec. 7.—The East Side Gun Club's club shoot was held to-day on Smith Brothers' grounds, Foundry street. The wind blew a gale, and the shooting was very difficult. The club event was at 25 targets, point system. Following the main event were several sweeps, all at 10 targets, except the last, which was at 15 targets. The scores: (Figures after names indicate points scored.)

L H Schortemeier, 18	0101111100110101011011110—16
M Herrington, 18	0101011100001101111100111—15
H C Koegel, 16	1110110001000101000011011—12
J Fischer, 14	1000100100010100100100011— 9
E. Waldman, 12	1011111010110110111110010—17
*McC Smith	1111110110010001101011011—16
*C A Ripley	1001101110010000010000101—10

*Guests.

Sweeps:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Sweeps:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	15
Ripley	6	1	3	5	5	8	Schortemeier	..	6	8	10	9	12
Fischer	3	6	4	4	..	5	Smith	..	6	8	6	10	13
Waldman	2	5	2	1	8	..	Herrington	..	..	..	4	10	10
Koegel	..	9	7	..	..	..							

Toms River Gun Club.

Forked River, N. J., Dec. 6.—The Toms River Gun Club visited Forked River on Dec. 5 as the guests of Fred C. Worth, of that place, and were given a shoot at live birds at his home, below Forked River village. A sumptuous dinner, such as Forked River hotels know so well how to prepare, was served at the Lafayette House. Eighteen birds were shot at. Scores as follows:

D C Brewer	001220112022121120—13
J B Tilton	0020112221220022222—13
G C Low	0221101222022210 10—13
F C Worth	2121121002200002 1—11
C Cushman	1121000121020120 20—11
J R Griswold	0110011102200001 21—10
T B Trows	1200010122000210 01— 9
Dr Wallace	1110000202110002 01— 9
Dr Desbrow	0212202000020000 10— 7
M Schwartz	0000000001002202 10— 5

A Sportsman.

Pennsylvania-Clearview Match.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 9.—The University of Pennsylvania team to-day defeated the team representing the Clearview Gun Club in a close but poorly shot race. The conditions were nine men to a team, 25 targets per man, unknown angles. The scores:

University of Pennsylvania.		Clearview.	
Baldwin	16	Senat	16
Carlisle	18	Harkins	19
Dupont	12	Urian	12
Cooper	14	Carr	14
Arrison	16	Downs	17
Wiborn	14	Sibley	12
Parrish	14	Miller	14
Freed	17	Fisher	16
Smith	13—134	Elwell	11—131

Club shoot for Swain cup, 30 targets; Pennsylvania: Carlisle 24, Baldwin 24, Wiborn 22, Parrish 19, Paget 19, Smith 18, Arrison 18, Law 17, Dupont 16, Freed 13.

Sweep No. 1, 10 targets: Downs 5, Urian 6, Fisher 9, Sibley 2, Parrish 6, Cooper 5, Carlisle 5, Smith 8, Mayer 2, Baldwin 7, Wiborn 8, Dupont 4, Miller 6, Harkins 4.

No. 2, 10 targets: Downs 3, Urian 5, Senat 9, Paget 8, Arrison 7, Fisher 8, Sibley 5, Parrish 7, Carlisle 6, Smith 4, Mayer 1, Baldwin 8, Wiborn 8, Arrison 7, Law 5, Freed 6, Carr 3.

No. 3, 10 targets: Downs 3, Urian 7, Fisher 7, Sibley 8, Parrish 6, Carlisle 9, Smith 6, Mayer 7, Baldwin 8, Wiborn 6, Dupont 8, Miller 6, Harkins 5, Senat 8, Paget 6, Arrison 4, Law 5, Freed 5, Carr 5.

No. 4, 10 targets: Urian 4, Fisher 9, Sibley 3, Parrish 5, Carlisle 8, Smith 6, Mayer 4, Baldwin 8, Dupont 4, Harkins 5, Senat 4, Paget 5, Law 7, Freed 2, Carr 7.

No. 5, 10 targets, unknown angles: Fisher 8, Carlisle 7, Mayer 3.

Phœnix Gun Club.

Phœnixville, Pa., Dec. 9.—The club shoot of the Phœnix Gun Club was held here to-day. Holman won the club shoot at 25 targets with a score of 22. Scores:

No. 1, club shoot, 25 targets: Holman 22, Miller 20, Edwards 19, Dotterer 19, Hodge 18, Erb 15.

No. 2, 25 targets: Miller 23, Holman 22, Edwards 20, Hodge 20, Dotterer 18, Erb 18, Ennis 18, Tracy 14.

No. 3, 25 targets: Miller 23, Holman 21, Edwards 19, Ennis 19, Pehlert 20, Erb 18, Dotterer 20, Harris 20, Hodge 17, Tracy 12.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garden City.

Dec. 9.—Garden City Gun Club shot this afternoon at Watson's, as see scores elsewhere. This club is beginning to take a greater interest in its regular meets as the live-bird season advances.

Garfield.

Garfield's fifth regular live-bird shoot comes off to-day at the club grounds, as reported elsewhere. This is one of our best patronized shoots.

Glenview Golf vs. Washington Park.

An interesting event is in contemplation which will give a mild fillip to trapshooting interest here. Glenview Golf Club, of Evanston, will shoot a five-men team race with the Washington Park Club, 25 birds per man, on the Glenview grounds, some time before Christmas, the arrangements not being yet completed. The contest will be for a handsome trophy, and the event will be a warm one, as it will bring together some of the best shots of two of our more exclusive clubs.

Watson's Shoot.

Nearly all of next week will be given over to Watson's annual live-bird tournament. It will be warm. Come and see it.

Eureka.

Eureka Gun Club will shoot next Saturday at Watson's grounds the day following the live-bird tournament.

Sportsmen's Trophy.

On account of the conflict with Watson's tournament, the next regular contest for the Chicago sportsmen's trophy will be shot Friday, Dec. 22, instead of Friday, Dec. 15.

Sycamore.

The Maple Park Gun Club, of Sycamore, Ill., held its annual tournament Dec. 7. The attendance was fair, but the shooting is reported to have been unsatisfactory to the members, low scores ruling.

E. Hough.

480 Caxton Building, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 9.—This was a very mean day at the Garfield Gun Club's grounds. A cold, drizzly rain swept directly into the faces of the men at the scores.

Most of the birds were right-quartering outgoers. They were as a majority a good, lively lot, there being but about half a dozen sitters during the whole day.

Mr. Kuss had his dogs on the field to-day, and they did their work in a manner pleasing to all.

Dr. Meek made excellent scores, losing but one bird during the whole shoot. He was the only one who made a straight score in the trophy event. The scores:

	Trophy Shoot.	No. 1.	No. 2.
Dr Meek	1212111211—10	.....	.....
T P Hicks	2112222011— 9	111*11—5	221112—6
J Fanning	2212122101— 9	2120**—3	22*202—4
Dr Shaw	0111112212— 9	21*112—5	112*21—5
J Wolff	2212111022— 9	*12100—3	.....
E Eaton	101211221*— 8	1**110—3	.....
R Kuss	*012112222— 8	222122—6	222222—6
T Eaton	012*121221— 8	112102—5	.....
Workman	22012*2110— 7	.....	.....
S E Young	20*2111120— 7	1101*2—4	.....
M H Shaw	00222221**— 6	.....	.....
L Thomas	1110*02120— 6	1*1202—4	.....
Kehl	0210*21*11— 6	.....	00*122—3
C Wolff	0102201001— 5	220000—2	.....
L Wolff	11*100002*— 4	.....	.....
T Graham	.....	111100—4	22122*—5
Dorman	.....	011**2—3	110*11—4
Stephens	.....	110122—5	220112—5
Mrs Shaw	.....	.....	120222—5

Practice, 5 birds: Workman 3, J. Wolff 3, Meek 5, Kehl 2.
Ten birds: F. Wolff 8.
Nos. 1 and 2 were sweeps.

Frank J. Baum.

Garden City Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 9.—The Garden City Gun Club's shoot was held at Watson's Park to-day. The conditions of the club event were 15 live birds, distance and bird handicaps. Antoine won this event with a clean score. A 10-bird sweep, $3 entrance, and some practice shooting was also indulged in. The scores:

Antoine, 30, 0	221221212212211—15	.....
Ben H., 30, 0	111111112111202—15	022*212112— 8
Parker, 30, 0	212011120112122—13	.....
Leffingwell, 30, 0	201212220122101—12	2212**1020— 6
Wilson, 30, 0	22022220200222*—10	.....
Live, 30, 1	002*22220101012—10	.....
*Rupel	2022222202 — 8	.....
*Willard	1102221112 — 9	2111212111—10
Barto	.....	2122212212—10

*Visitors.

Practice:

Stockdale	0200121012 — 6	Willard	211202221122222—14
Barto	11022 — 4	Leffingwell	11111*1012 — 8

Ravelrigg.

Minneapolis Gun Club.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 7.—The attendance at to-day's shoot of the Minneapolis Gun Club was not up to expectations, only fifteen shooters turning out on an almost perfect winter's day. The management has decided to try it one or two more weeks; then if there is not a decided improvement in numbers the winter's shooting will be discontinued. The feature of the afternoon was the introduction of the new magautrap, which was given a thorough test and worked most satisfactorily. The club has arranged its trap in a manner different to all others in this section of the country, placing it 18in. lower, with slanting roof on trap pit, thereby making the target visible to shooter immediately on leaving the trap, avoiding the perceptible wait noticeable on all other similar traps ever seen by the management, making it as a whole the most successful affair yet introduced, and the shooters unanimously declare it a grand success, and would advise other clubs if possible to adopt the same plan. It will be perceived by the following scores that everybody's shooting improved with practice on the new trap, with one exception, which was President Johnston, who seemed to take kindly to the new whirligig from the start, and who shot really better than he knew how, but declares that all merry-go-rounds look alike to him, and expresses his opinion that a man with a good load ought to get them all. The club will hold a special shoot, weather permitting, on Christmas forenoon, shooting to begin at 8:30 sharp. All desiring to shoot are requested to be punctual, in order to finish the events in time for dinner. The following are the summaries in the different events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15
Tarbell	5	11	14	11	11	13
Harrison	8	10	..	8	..	..
Gilfillan	8	13	11	11	10	10
Mrs Johnston	7	12	11	..	11	13
Brown	4	9	8	7	8	9
Melick	7	13	8	8	12	13

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15
Mrs Melick	6	9	7	8	8	11
Cooper	8	7	..	..	..	..
Parker	8	11	9	12	14	13
Johnston	10	13	12	15	13	15
Hays	..	11	8	8	7	10
Stone	..	6	2	5	6	7

L. E. Parker, Sec'y.

Keystone Shooting League.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 9.—The weekly shoot of the Keystone Shooting League was held here to-day. The principal events were the regular club shoot and the Keystone challenge cup shoot, both at 10 live birds. The birds were a very fast lot, and a strong wind was blowing, hence the shooting was hard. Only one man scored straight in each of the principal events. The scores:

Keystone challenge cup shoot, 10 live birds, 30yds. rise: J. Rothacker 10, Vandegrift 9, W. N. Stevenson 8, F. M. Eames 8, E. Johnson 7, Henry 6, Fitzgerald 6, Van Loon 5, A. Felix 4.

Club shoot, 10 live birds, handicap rise: W. N. Stevenson 10, Henry 9, Vandegrift 9, Johnson 8, Brewer 7, Fitzgerald 7, Geikler 7, Van Loon 7, F. M. Eames 6, Felix 4.

Sweepstake, 7 live birds, 30yds. rise, $2 entrance: Henry 6, Vandegrift 6, Johnson 5, Van Loon 5, Brewer 4, F. M. Eames 4, Geikler 4.

Sweepstake, 5 live birds, 30yds. rise, $2 entrance: Vandegrift 5, F. M. Eames 5, Van Loon 5, Johnson 4, Henry 3, Rothacker 3, Geikler 4.

Donley's International Tournament.

St. Thomas, Ont., Can, Dec. 8.—Thomas Donley's third international tournament came to a close to-day. There were four days of shooting; the first and third days at targets, and the second and fourth days at live birds. The tournament opened on Tuesday, Dec. 5, with cold, blustery weather. The entries were not as numerous as had been expected, but good sport was furnished. The shoot was under the management of John Parker, of Detroit, Mich.; G. A. Ferguson was secretary and Jas. Haight and R. Coffee were the referees.

The handicap committee consisted of James Crooks, Hamilton, Can.; C. S. Burkhardt, Buffalo, N. Y.; E. S. Rice, Chicago, Ill.; John Parker, Detroit, Mich.; E. H. Tripp, Indianapolis, Ind.; Wm. Shuyler, Cincinnati, O.; Robt. Emslie, St. Thomas, Can. Tom Donley deserves the best patronage of the shooters, and he spares neither time nor expense to give the boys a good time. The American shooters were enthusiastic over the tournament, and all entered for next year.

First and Third Days, Dec. 5 and 7.

The two days of target shooting consisted of sixteen events, with a total of 230 targets and $29.90 entrance. Fred Gilbert came out on top in the two days' shooting, with 216 targets and a percentage of .939. This was good work, considering the unfavorable weather, which made shooting hard. Rollo Heikes was second, with a percentage of .900, 9 breaks behind Gilbert. The largest winners, however, were Tripp, Kirkover, Sconce and Young, as the professional experts shot for targets only, but counted in on the average.

One cent each was deducted from all targets thrown, which went to make up a general average fund, to be divided among those making the five highest averages in the target events. On Dec. 7 several extra events were shot as follows: 10 live birds, $10 entrance, fifteen entries.—Winners: Fanning, Kirkover, 10 each; Gilbert, Budd, Heikes, Marks, Parker, Hallowell, 9 each; Tripp, Wood, Donley, 8 each.

Same conditions, thirteen entries.—Winners: Gilbert, 10; Heikes, Budd, Hallowell, Wood, Brady, Kirkover, 9 each; Marks, 8; Donley, 8; Young, 8; Fanning, 8.

Same conditions, fourteen entries: Heikes, Gilbert, 10 each; Fanning, Hallowell, Kirkover, Tripp, 9 each; Budd, Donley, Brady, McCarthy, 8 each.

The scores of the target events shot on Dec. 5 and 7 follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	10	15	20	10	15	20	10	15	Av.
Gilbert	9	14	19	10	14	19	9	14	9	14	18	10	15	17	10	15	.939
Heikes	10	12	15	9	15	20	9	13	9	13	18	9	14	19	9	13	.900
Kirkover	7	12	16	8	15	18	10	15	6	14	16	10	13	19	10	10	.869
Young	8	11	20	9	12	17	8	14	10	14	17	8	14	16	9	12	.869
Sconce	7	14	17	8	12	18	10	11	9	13	19	8	12	18	9	13	.860
Tripp	8	10	18	7	11	18	10	13	8	13	17	9	15	17	9	14	.856
Fanning	10	14	16	8	13	15	7	10	8	11	16	9	10	18	6	14	.804
Blake	5	11	16	8	9	17	10	11	10	14	16	8	13	17	7	12	.800
Budd	8	12	16	10	11	20	8	14	7	9	17	4	7	17	9	13	.791
Hallowell	8	11	14	7	14	17	9	13	5	12	14	5	11	18	7	14	.778
Dart	4	13	16	8	10	14	9	12	6	10	17	7	14	16	5	8	.734
Emslie	5	10	8	7	10	16	6	15	6	4	11	9	12	14	6	5	.656
Price	9	8	12	6	4	10	7	8	6	11	14	6	6	10	5	9	.569

Second Day, Wednesday, Dec 6.

Three live-bird programme events were shot to-day, one at 5 birds, $5 entrance; one at 7 birds, $7 entrance, and one at 10 birds, $10 entrance. In addition to these a miss-and-out, $3 entry, was shot. The event had fifteen entries, and the winners were: Kirkover, Heikes, Fanning, Parker and Wheeler, 9 birds each. Then followed a 5-bird sweep, $3 entrance, high guns, twelve entries. Winners: Tripp, Gilbert, Sconce, Hallowell, Fanning, Kirkover, Heikes and Parker. The scores of the second day's shooting follow:

Event No. 1:

Gilbert, 31	2*221—4	Dart, 28	020w
Tripp, 29	11112—5	Bates, 29	22111—5
Sconce, 28	2*212—4	Tyro, 28	12121—5
Donley, 29	12111—5	George, 28	21221—5
Werk, 28	22012—4	Marlatt, 26	12122—5
Budd, 31	22221—5	Norton, 28	22222—5
Kirkover, 30	22222—5	Emslie, 29	02222—4
Heikes, 31	22021—4	Graham, 28	12111—5
Hallowell, 30	22222—5	Price, 28	*2211—4
Young, 31	22222—5	McCarthy, 27	22012—4
Fanning, 31	21101—4	Wheeler, 29	2010*—2

Event No. 2:

Tripp, 29	2221221—7	Fanning, 31	0111111—6
Gilbert, 31	2222212—7	Bates, 29	1201222—6
Sconce, 28	0222212—6	George, 28	210220w
Donley, 29	2120212—6	Norton, 28	0222222—6
Werk, 28	2211221—7	Emslie, 29	0221222—6
Budd, 31	2212212—7	Graham, 28	2002w
Kirkover, 30	2222222—7	Price, 28	2211020—5
Heikes, 31	2221121—7	Dart, 28	2121111—7
Hallowell, 30	2202222—6	Wheeler, 29	1112221—7
Young, 31	2222222—7	McCarthy, 27	1201220—5

Event No. 3:

Tripp	2211111111—10	Emslie	2222222202— 9
Gilbert	1120222122— 9	George	1211112101— 9
Sconce	1222220222— 9	Bates	221222122*— 9
Donley	2221222121—10	Tyro	1111221121—10
Werk	1222222222—10	Dart	210002w
Budd	0121021222— 8	McCarthy	0222212222— 9
Kirkover	2*2222222*— 8	Norton	2221202221— 9
Heikes	0022222221— 8	Price	*122111210— 8
Hallowell	0200222202— 6	McPherson	0002w
Young	2222222222—10	Fulton	1211111*11— 9
Fanning	1202212222— 9	Wheeler	1221211222—10
Parker	1121012221— 9		

Fourth Day, Dec. 8.

To-day was devoted to shooting the grand international handicap. This event was to be at 25 live birds, $20 entrance, birds extra, $700 guaranteed. By consent it was changed to $20, birds included, owing to the small attendance. The handicap was won by Bates with a clean score, and his win was a popular one, and well deserved. He is comparatively a young shooter, and a popular one. Several extra events were shot to-day, as follows:

Ten birds, $5 entrance, high guns, nine entries.—Winners: Emslie and Marks, 9 each.

Match, 10 birds: Sconce 10, Tripp 9.

Same: Sconce 9, Tripp 7.

Scores of grand international handicap:

Bates, 28	2222222222222222222222222—25
Wheeler, 28	1112212222021221221121222—24
Sconce, 28	1122022222222221222122222—24
Tripp, 29	2121121222211011222112112—24
Budd, 31	2212222122*12222011212221—23
Young, 31	2222222202222222212111012—23
Hallowell, 30	2022221122122122222112102—23
Graham, 28	2112111022211221121102212—23
Marks, 29	22211222*1222221222220222—23
Wood, 28	2021221222222222222220022—23
Tyro, 28	2001121222221222212222122—23
Blake, 27	2221122211202111101021111—22
Gilbert, 31	2021111221102*2222222222222—22
Parker, 30	2212022120022012211221221—21
Kirkover, 30	0222202222202222222220222—21
Fanning, 31	111120*22222*2222221220212—21
McCarthy, 28	2120202010222222220122222—20
McCarney 28	2022222022021220220212122—20
Donley, 31	0122222221212*202010221212—20
Heikes, 31	1021020121222222222220222—20
Emslie, 29	22222022*0200222212*212112—19
Werk, 28	2202120112111220202206111—19
Brady, 27	2212001220100221111102020—17
Norton, 28	20*0102122222*2020122202222—17

ON LONG ISLAND.

Phoenix Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 7.—At the monthly shoot of the Phœnix Gun Club, at Dexter Park, ten members faced the traps. All stood at the 25yds. mark. The feathered targets were fast and strong, and the afternoon was quite cold, there being a biting frost in the air. Nevertheless some exceedingly good scores were made. John Ackhurst, or "Uncle John," as he is called by the rest of the members, grassed 11 hard birds, and yet he is eighty-seven years of age. Ed Madison also has passed the three-score mark; yet he killed 14, and would have had a clean score but for one fast incomer. Scores:

E Madison	120111111111121—14	F Gardner	101111121020201—11
A Botty	122121111011221—14	J Ackhurst	211102022110110—11
D Freely	111211211112120—14	Dr Curtis	10021002222*222—10
M Chichester	011101110112111—12	J Henry	2012011012011100— 9
T Botty	1210*1210111111—12	J Smith	101201021010*11— 9

Uncle Dudley.

Parkway Gun Club.

Dec. 5.—At the regular shoot of the Parkway Gun Club, held at Dexter Park to-day, W. Vorbach was the only member to make a straight score, thereby winning a pair of Swiss mantel-clocks. S. M. Van Allen, who shot as a guest from the 30yds. mark, also made a clean score. He shot a Diamond hammerless Daly gun. This young man is a member of the Aqueduct Gun Club, and is a promising young shot, bound to be in the front rank of wing shots of this country soon. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
A Andrews, 28	01*1111001— 6	00012—2	11011—4	*12*1—3
T Short, 28	1222020122— 8	1*22*—3	1*102—3	10120—3
H J Bookman, 26	112**02120— 6	12011—4	10011—3	00211—3
W Vorbach, 26	2112122222—10	.....	111**—3	21211—5
J Lauber, 26	02*01*00*0— 2	10010—2	01002—2	21010—3
S M Van Allen, 30	1121222222—10	.....	22200—3	12222—5
W Muller	....	.....	00111—3	00010—1

Uncle Dudley.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 9.—A new series of prize shoots was inaugurated at to-day's shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club. The conditions of the event are 30 targets for a solid gold badge, to be shot for at three successive meetings of the club, highest number of points to win the prize; no handicaps, re-entry allowed once in each 10 targets. Hopkins finished ahead in to-day's event. The scores:

Prize shoot:

Hopkins	111111111111111110111111111011—28
Gardiner	111101110011111111111111111011—26
Webber	110111111101111011111001111110—24
Van Allen	111111101111111111111001100110—24
Amend	111110111111110111111111011100—23
Kemble	111111110111001011111001110010—21
Meeker	011011111000010111100101111111—20
Creamer	111011000010111100100011111111—19
Lane	001111100011001110111110010001—17

Sweeps:	1	2	3
Targets:	15	25	25
Webber	12	22	23
Hopkins	12	19	15
Gardiner	13	21	19
Meeker	3	18	..
Van Allen	..	21	21

Sweeps:	1	2	3
Targets:	15	25	25
Kemble	..	16	17
Creamer	..	11	..
David	..	19	..
Amend	..	..	14

G. B. Paterson, Sec'y.

Spring Hill Gun Club.

Ozone Park, L. I., Dec. 9.—Following are scores of the Spring Hill Gun Club, of Sea Cliff:

	Club Shoot.	No. 2.	No. 3.
W A Sands, 28	0222122222—9	22201—4	01121—4
F Benham, 28	0220122022—7	22022—4	0*012—2
H Haften, 25	0220121010—6	10221—4	20010—2
M Karatsongi, 25	0000100000—1	.....	.....

	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
W A Sands, 28	0*200—1	20221—4	21222—5
F Benham, 28	12020—3	00021—2	02201—3
H Haften, 25	00122—3	10**0—1	21222—5
M Karatsongi, 25	.....	02202—3	00102—2

	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.
W A Sands	11211—5	11121—5	11112—5
M Karatsongi	00222—3	02012—3	*0210—2
F Benham	102*2—3	20*12—3	22*12—4
H Haften	00112—3	22012—4	21212—5
Underhill	.....	01020—2	20211—4

Uncle Dudley.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec 9.—The second shoot of the series for the December cup was held to-day on the Crescent Athletic Club's grounds at Bad Ridge. Four men tied for first place. In the shoot-off of ties for the Rhett cup, shot for on Thanksgiving Day, Hagedorn and Hallock again tied. Scores:

G W Hagedorn, 4	1111101111111111101111111011101 —25
G Cropsey, 4	1111101111111111111001110111111 —25
Dr O'Brien, 8	1110111100111101111101011101101111 —25
L C Hopkins, 15	1101100110110011101100010001101111110111—25
D Geddes, 1	1111111111110111111110111 —24
T Marshall, 4	1111101101101111111101111011 —24
J Lott, 3	1111011111111110011111110101 —23
H L Kenyon, 6	1101111111001110111111001100111 —23
H A Kryn, 2	1111011111110011111111111001 —22
G Notman, 4	0110111101111111111010111010l —22
F B Stephenson, 5	1101111111100011111110110010111 —22
J H Hallock, 3	1111101111011110011111110011 —22
E Banks, 0	1110111011110111110110011 —19
G B Britton, 15	0100011001101100101000100000001001001000—13
G Stephenson, 5	0111001000100010110001001l0100 —12

Sweeps:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	15	25	15
Banks	22	..	..	..
Marshall	20	..	..	11
Notman	20	..	5	..
Kryn	19	..	..	..
Geddes	19	6	19	..
Hagedorn	15	..	..	..

Sweeps:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	15	25	15
F B Stephenson	..	13	..	7
G Stephenson	..	11	..	5
Lott	10	..	14	..
Hopkins	..	..	..	9
O'Brien	..	..	..	6

Shoot-off of ties for Rhett cup, shot for on Thanksgiving Day: Hagedorn 12, Hallock 12, Cropsey 11.

Blasius-South Gloucester.

Gloucester, Pa., Dec. 9.—The Blasius Gun Club, of Woodbury, defeated the South Gloucester Gun Club on the latter's grounds to-day. The teams were composed of seven men each, and each man shot at 25 targets. The scores:

Blasius Gun Club.		South Gloucester Gun Club.	
J Hasse	23	W Brick	17
P F Rice	18	J Farrelly	16
G Stewart	18	J Work	16
W Conover	12	P Farrelly	14
J Kichner	13	H Thomas	10
F Hugg	12	F Sniffin	8
A Parker	10—106	C Schimas	8— 89

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Spat-Puttee and New Patent Puttee, elsewhere advertised, have certain manifest advantages over the commoner leggings or golf stockings, one of which is that they can be made to fit the legs, and that they offer an even pressure and support. The new leg covering is worth looking into by men who take much exercise on foot.—*Adv.*

The general good business conditions of the country to-day affect of course all dealers in sportsmen's goods, and the unusual abundance of birds in certain localities, especially, interests the gun trade. Thus we learn that recently Messrs. Wm. Reed & Sons, of Boston, shipped in one order to one Western club five Scott Premier guns at $400 each, selected arms, finished in the highest style.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 26. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

FOR CHRISTMAS READING.

THE columns of FOREST AND STREAM this week contain a store of capital reading for Christmas. Next week will be given a double page supplement illustration of the primitive American hunter's way of buffalo hunting.

TREES ON THE WESTERN PLAINS.

IT has long been believed that one of the principal causes for the absence of timber on the Western plains was the fires which constantly swept over them, set, as many persons believe, by the Indians, either for the purpose of renewing the grass, or to drive the game animals from place to place, or to baffle pursuing enemies. This explanation has been generally accepted, and is no doubt a true one. It is probable that the fires, by burning close up to the edges of the existing timber patches along the streams and thus destroying the seedling trees, had more influence than any other cause in keeping the plains treeless.

As long ago as 1897 Prof. Chas. E. Bessey showed that there were reasons for believing that the pines of western Nebraska are moving eastward over the plains, in places where the fires have been kept out, and cattle are not permitted to destroy, and man himself is not too actively engaged in the work of forest destruction. Since that time observations on these Western pines have been continued, and Prof. Bessey feels certain that in western Nebraska and in portions of the Black Hills of South Dakota these trees tend to advance over the plains and in many places actually do advance at a rate sufficiently rapid to be easily observed.

Prof. Bessey's observations have not been confined to western Nebraska. He has also studied tree areas in the eastern portions of the State; and here still more conclusive evidence is found that the trees are advancing upon the Nebraska plains and advancing quite rapidly. The traveler who journeys up the principal streams finds them wooded with trees that are old, but as he passes out to the side branches and to the little temporary rills which water the upper basins, he finds that the trees are of small size and are much younger. It is a very rare exception to find large trees near the upper end of a forest belt, and of course by upper is here meant western or northwestern, since all the streams flow east or a little south of east. The rule is that near the upper edge of any tree area there is much shrubbery, and with the shrubbery are mingled young trees not more than fifteen or twenty years old. Obviously where these conditions prevail almost universally, the young trees have grown since the country began to be settled and since it has thus been protected from fire.

This condition of things is so generally prevalent and its cause is so evident that the matter has impressed itself on many of the older settlers who recall the country as it was in its almost treeless condition. Persons who have resided long in one locality testify that the native timber in their neighborhood has crept up the water courses or has widened out from near the stream banks so as to cover a much greater area than formerly. Others declare that ravines, where formerly, in the old days of frequent prairie fires, no timber grew, now contain large patches of woodland. The dates of this testimony, running back as they do as far as 1872, are extremely instructive.

It is on the treeless plains that people appreciate at its true value the presence of tree growth and it is to be hoped that the increasing area of Nebraska's woodland may be so protected that in time its forests may become of real commercial value to the State. It must be remembered that Kansas and Nebraska are both of them fairly well watered, and that over much of the eastern portion of both States there is now a considerable rain fall. It will be interesting to see how far the observations here noted shall be confirmed later in other States where the climate is more arid.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DECISION.

THE Supreme Court of California has rendered an extraordinary decision in the case of a Stanislaus county hunter who killed game for export from the county in violation of a county ordinance which provides that game may not be exported. This the Supreme Court says is a violation of the right of private property as defined and regulated by general law. In this the California court runs counter to the precedents and to common sense. Nothing is better established in the entire realm of game protective legislation than the right of the State to provide the purpose for which game may be killed and to regulate the disposition of it after it has been killed. Under a law which forbids the export of game, the individual who takes the game cannot acquire in it any such right of private property as will permit him to export it. He can legally acquire only the right which the law gives him, and which in the present instance is to use the game within the county where killed. The State has the same undoubted right to prohibit the export of game that it has to prohibit the keeping of game in possession after a given period. If the principle upon which this California decision is based were rightly to apply to the export of game it would apply with equal force to the possession of game, and the next step would be for the California justices to declare that the restriction of the time in which game might be held in possession was an unwarranted interference with private property. The decision is so in violation of principles upheld by the highest courts of other States and the Supreme Court of the United States that there is no reason to believe it will stand against appeal if the authorities shall carry it up. This "private property" delusion respecting game is one of which it might reasonably be expected the California judiciary should be free.

THE CREE HALF-BREEDS.

AT the collapse of the so-called Riel rebellion, a large number of half-breeds, who had presumably been concerned in it, fled across the border from the Northwest Territories and settled in Montana. At the same time a number of Cree Indians made a similar migration. All these people have since resided in Montana, although on one or two occasions United States troops at the request of the Indian Bureau have gathered up the Indians, taken them to the boundary line, and thrust them across into Canada. But so soon as the troops moved away, the Indians returned to the places along the Missouri and Milk rivers, where they have been accustomed to live.

Many of the Cree half-breeds settled in the Judith Basin, where some of them have done well as farmers and stock raisers. Others, however, spend their whole time hunting and trapping, destroying game, fur and fish at all seasons, without regard to the law of the land, of which they are presumably ignorant. It will be remembered that two or three years since these half-breeds got in among a little bunch of buffalo which still ranged in the neighborhood of the Dry Fork of the Missouri, and killed about sixteen of them, which was perhaps more than half the herd. We believe that no steps were taken at the time to punish them for this, though there was talk of sending out troops to capture them.

During last autumn these half-breeds have been hunting as usual, and as usual in violation of the law, and since their methods are so well known it would certainly seem worth the while of the authorities of Montana to take steps to put an end to this abuse. A very few convictions would do this. It must be understood that these half-breeds have no hunting rights in Montana or anywhere else beyond those possessed by the ordinary white citizens of the State. Their case is not like that of certain tribes of Utes in Colorado, or certain Bannocks and Snakes in Idaho and Wyoming, to which the United States long ago guaranteed forever the right to hunt on the unoccupied lands of the United States. On the contrary, these half-breeds are immigrants, real outlanders, and should be held to a strict accountability to the law.

This law provides that every person who willfully hunts, chases or runs with dogs any buffalo, moose, elk, deer, antelope, Rocky Mountain goat or mountain sheep, shall be punishable. Now all through this autumn of 1899 the Canadian half-breeds have been hunting in the Missouri River Valley below the mouth of Arrow Creek, running white-tailed deer with dogs and killing many of them. There is every reason to believe that they are doing this to-day, and that they will continue to do it until the spring, for they pay no regard to times or seasons as established by the game laws.

Montana game has already become so scarce that what is left ought to be protected. It is probable that the rounding up by the proper authorities of the few of these half-breeds will have a wonderful effect on the Montana game supply within the next few years.

NOT SPORT.

IF it is true that nothing affords a better mirror of the characteristics of our ordinary life than the newspapers of the day, it is also true that too often the newspapers seize on the worst characteristics of that life and unduly emphasize these, while less than is just is said concerning the better side of humanity. The every day accounts of the world's life show very plainly how much of the savage is left in the civilized man of to-day. To say nothing of the more vulgar and commonplace crimes, or of the horrible outbursts of criminal excitement which from time to time flame out all over the land in lynchings, often countenanced and approved by the so-called best people of a community, we often see in accounts of the amusements of the people mention of unnecessary cruelties practiced on animals which are almost beyond belief. In certain parts of the country it was for years the practice to turn loose rabbits in tight inclosures to be chased by dogs until captured. Later, this was modified by providing inclosures with exits too small for the dog, but which the rabbits could use—if they discovered them.

Recent accounts of wolf chases in the West tell how the animals pursued had first been captured in steel traps, and then, maimed and crippled, were turned loose to be hunted by the dogs. The matter is treated as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world, and it is altogether probable that it never occurred to whoever wrote the article that there was anything unusual about the occurrence.

A large portion of such cruelties are due merely to thoughtlessness, which in such a case is only another name for selfishness. They are not due usually to the actual desire to inflict pain. But it may be questioned whether the thoughtlessness is not as reprehensible as the intentional cruelty would be. Certainly the result of the one differs in no respect from those of the other.

One cannot walk along the city streets without each day seeing trucks and drays so overloaded that the animals which haul them can only just drag them along and become stalled on reaching the slightest ascent. Such overloading is less the result of intention than of the same carelessness and thoughtlessness which indeed are at the bottom of much of the wrongdoing of the world.

In the past we Americans have been disposed to speak of the brutality of the Spaniards and to plume ourselves upon the fact that bull fights are not permitted in this country, thanking God that we are not as other men. If we are not, the difference is one of degree only, and there still remains in this land work enough to be done by thoughtful people and by our humane societies.

Malcolm Graham, of the well-known firm of Hartley & Graham, of this city, died at his home in Seabright, N. J., on Monday, Dec. 18, aged sixty-seven years. By his death the sporting goods trade loses one of its oldest and most prominent members. The original firm of Schuyler, Hartley and Graham was formed in 1853; for many years it was in Maiden Lane, removing thence to the present Broadway establishment. Mr. Graham was one of the owners and officers of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, the Bridgeport Gun Implement Company and the Remington Arms Company. He was a man of wide social activities and a member of many clubs and societies.

The birds of the National Zoological Park at Washington form a considerable collection, and will doubtless be largely augmented now that as a nation we are reaching out into tropical climes, where birds of beautiful plumage are to be had. Southern species, such as pelicans, flamingoes, etc., have already suffered at the park for want of suitable winter quarters, and no time should be lost in providing a bird house that would prove both useful and ornamental. It is to be hoped that those in authority may succeed in impressing on Congress the immediate and urgent need of such a building.

For Christmas Reading.

Sam's Boy.—IV.

The house was very quiet when they entered the kitchen. The doctor was gone, but the odor of his decoctions still lingered, and Aunt Jerusha and Maria Hill were busy at the stove with several messes, some nutritious, others medicinal. Mrs. Purington sat apart in a rocking chair, critically observant, and with an air of general disapproval, her smelling bottle and handkerchief in either hand.

"Wal, young man," she sighed, regarding her grandson mournfully and quite ignoring Uncle Lisha, "your nose is aout o' j'int!"

Sammy put one hand to that rotund feature, and was not a little surprised to find that he had suffered no perceptible change. "Where's mammy?" he asked.

"Why, bless his dear heart!" cried Aunt Jerusha, "Mammy's in the bedroom an' she's got a leetle sister for him, 'at the darkter fetched in his saddle bags, an' he shall go right in an' see it!"

Wherewith she took him by the hand and led him to Huldah's bedside, where she was lying very still and pale, with a world of love beaming from her soft eyes for her little boy when he was lifted up to kiss her and be shown the wee miss of humanity that was cuddled beside her.

"She hain't so pooty as the new pigs," he commented. "Will she see some time, an' talk, an' walk?"

"Yes, deary, an' be a dear little sister for him to play with an' ta' care of."

Then with many injunctions to lie very still, he was left to lie beside his mother and whisper his story of the day's adventures. Returning to the kitchen he had some disparaging remarks to make concerning his new relative, and of the doctor as a purveyor of such additions to the family.

"If I was the darkter I'd keep 'em till they got bigger afore I fetched 'em," he said, thinking it would be a long time for him to wait for this nestling to become an available playmate. Ruby Hill's dolls were better, for they would bear rough handling, while he was scarcely permitted to touch this fragile mite.

"Wal, I du hope tu land o' goodness," Mrs. Purington groaned, "whatever comes, when it comes tu namin' this baby, she won't be named so utter ridic'lous as what he is! I du think it's time my folks was considered a leetle in a-namin' my grandchildren. Eunice would be a nice name for her, an' would come real handy for her tu hev all my sheets and tablecloths marked 'E. B.' in the right-hand corner, some in cross-stitch an' some with endurable ink, an' all she'd hafter du 'd be tu put on a 'L.' Don't let me forgit tu mention that tu Huldy in the mornin'. But, oh, dear me, suzzy day! I p'sume tu say that ol' Gran'ther Hill—my sakes, M'rier, what hev I said? But I won't spile a story for relation's sake—'ll come over here an' coax 'em tu name her Rew-by or Mer-ri-er or mebby that Antwine Frenchman 'll git 'em tu name her after his womern. Some way they'll work it tu take a name aouten honest people's maouths. But she won't git my linen sheets an' tablecloths 't I wove when I was a gal, an' no gal naow-er-days knows 'nough tu spin, let alone warpin' a web. I do' know what this world is a-comin' tu! It does seem as 'ough the next gineration wouldn't know nothin'!" She sought consolation for the degeneracy of the times in her smelling bottle, and shut her eyes upon a naughty world.

"Oh, law sakes! I guess there'll be a name pervided some way; the' allers has b'en, an' what a lot on 'em!" said Aunt Jerusha, cheerfully, as she bore a basin of gruel in to Huldah.

"Unc' Lisher, Aunt 'Rushy says she guess' you'll cover my ball," the little boy said, coming to the shoe bench and laying a newly wound ball of yarn on the old man's knee. It was tightly wound of raveled stocking yarn about a core of India rubber made of strings cut from one of the shapeless rubber overshoes of those days, and was wonderfully elastic, as Uncle Lisha proved by casting it smartly on the floor, whence it bounded almost to the smoky ceiling, and at the second rebound splashed into the water tub, where it bobbed up and down for an instant before it was snatched forth by Uncle Lisha's rescuing hand.

"Good airth an' seas! That was tew bad tu go an' chuck that 'ere new ball inter the natsy ol' tub!" he shouted, wiping the dripping toy on his apron. "My! it's alive, hain't it? An' it jest went an' hopped in there for fun. But it hain't hurt it one mite, an' he needn't go tu puckerin' up his face abaout that! We'll let that 'ere baby in there du the cryin'—she hain't nothin' else tu tend tu. Naow, I hain't go no piece o' luther in the shop fit fur tu kiver such a neat ball, but I know where the' is some 'at 'll du it complete wi' jest a leetle mite o' fixin'. It's on a' ol' woo'chuck naow, but it's jest a-itchin' for tu git on this ball an' ha' some fun. An' I da' say the woo'chuck feels jest that way about it, for he's b'en a-eatin' your daddy's clover an' a-tramplin' of it daown this tew year, an' oncte he stole some beans, an' he'd orter feel ju' like makin' some returns for all he's hed.

"I hain't got nothin' drivin' on hand, so I'll git one o' your daddy's traps an' we'll gwup an' talk it over wi' Mr. Woo'chuck."

He went in quest of a trap, with which he presently returned, and the two set forth, the child clinging to the old man's finger to keep himself on foot in the tangle of May weed that bordered the wagon track. They soon entered the meadow, and afar off over the clover and the budding daisies saw the woodchuck sitting at his open door, a brown lump in the yellow threshold of fresh loam.

"There he is!" said Uncle Lisha, stopping to cut and trim a crotched stick from a hazel thicket. "He's a-waitin' for us, but he'll run intu his haouse long 'nough 'fore we git there. An' then, like 'nough, he'll come aout tu stay, an' go hum wi' us, mebby. 'Long last fall, when the clover begin tu git frosted, an' the ol' bumble bees 'at got drunk on the honey, an' laid aout over night, waked up mighty stiff in the mornin', an' ol' Mr. Woo'chuck smelt the col' weather comin' nigh, he jest went int' furder eend o' his suller an' curled up an' shet his eyes an' went tu sleep an' dreamed o' clover an' bean patches till they come true in the spring.

"I do' know whether or no it was a robin a-singin' 'at woke him, or the blackbirds down by the brook, or a skunk come in an' bid him good-mornin', but some way or 'nother he got woke up an' come aou' door, an' the snow wus all gone, an' the' was a twinge o' green on the warm sidehills. I most wish 't we could du ju' so, only we'd miss the skatin' an' slidin' daown hill. Yip! there he goes a-whistlin' int' his hole!"

A whisk of the brown tail was the last they saw of him for a while, and a smothered whistle the last they heard. Uncle Lisha drove the stake through the chain-ring, set the trap, covered it carefully and removed to a cozy bend of the bank, where the old man lighted his pipe; and Sammy, after the manner of his kind, began teasing for another story. But while Uncle Lisha was rummaging his wits and the landscape for a subject, the brown nose of the woodchuck reappeared, making a cautious reconnoisance; there was a sharp metallic click, a clink of the chain, and a loud, querulous whistle that was smothered instantaneously in the depths of the burrow.

"Hooray! We got him!" Uncle Lisha shouted, getting quickly to his feet and hurrying to the place, Sammy running beside him in breathless excitement.

The chain was drawn taut, and the stake was quivering with the strain upon it. Uncle Lisha loosened and pulled it up, and began drawing forth the captive. Now the trap appeared with a brown leg in its vise-like grip, then a grim, grizzled head, growling and gnashing the long white teeth.

"Oh, I do' want no cover on my ball!" Sammy cried,



THE CAMP AND CHAUNCEY'S HEAD.

shrinking back. "Let him go, Unc' Lisha; let him go!"

"Bless your heart, child, he can't hurt nob'dy! See!" the old man said, reassuringly, and gave the poor brute a stunning blow, which, twice or thrice repeated, put an end to his struggles. "My, hain't he a nice fat one, an' won't his hide make a complete kiver for aour ball, oncte we git it tanned good!" and now that the cruelty of capture and killing were over the boy's nature began to assert itself, and he, too, exulted over the exploit, yet not without twinges of remorse.

"Hain't he big? An' haow quick we ketched him! But he won't never come aout an' see haow pooty all aou'doors is! Poor ol' woo'chock. Say, Unc' Lisher, when we git most hum' may I kerry him?"

"Oh, I guess we do' wanter lug his ol' carkis hum, du we? He's tough an' strong, but Bub can kerry the skin hum, just as his daddy doos he's fox skins," and Sammy being reconciled to this arrangement, Uncle Lisha stripped off the skin, and the two went home, the boy running in advance to display the trophy and tell the story of its capture.

Uncle Lisha consigned it to the soap barrel without knowledge of the too fastidious women kind, whence it was taken after a couple of days, ready to yield the bedraggled hair to persuasive scraping, and then was pulled, rubbed and kneaded until it becme as pliable as a glove, and as yellow as a lemon.

"An' naow I b'lieve if that ol' woo'chuck could see it he wouldn't know it, an' if he did, he'd be praoud on't," said Uncle Lisha. "Oncte when Clapham was a boy, a-goin' tu school, he was allers a-dickerin'," said he, musing on the past. "In the summer he'd ketch woo'chuck an' tan the' hides an' make 'em intu shoe-strings for a pint o' corn a pair, an' the lashes for a quart, an' then he'd sell the corn for nick-nacks—pins an' needles, an' buttons an' combs, an' then he'd peddle 'em aout for cash, an' so arter a spell got tu keepin' store. That is the way he got a start in the world."

According to some occult rule, the old shoemaker cut the skin into oval quarters and sewed them over the ball with waxed ends, and soon had it ready to meet the fate of all balls, which is to get hopelessly lost.

"There," he said, handing it over to its proud owner, "You can play tew ol' cat, or barnbase, or most anything wi' that 'ere ball naow," and Sammy went forth rejoicing.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Five Foot Five.

There may be sermons in stones and running brooks, but in the footmark of the moose is a whole hand-book of philosophy. This, of course, may sound like a mixed figure of speech, but none the less it is sense. I know.

On divers occasions I have followed the trail. It began, years ago, on the back slopes of Saddelback and Baker mountains in Maine. Then it switched eastward to Sourdnahunk and the mighty, mystic Katahdin, rising purple out of the wooded knolls of Pamedumcook and the Ambijeejis. Again, it was at Rainbow and Nahmakanty ponds; ever the same, always teaching the philosophy that man can expect in this vale of tears only death and taxation.

Again: Now the spoor led down by the headwaters of the Ottawa, east of Temiscamingue, the deep water, round Hamilton and Rascicot, by Line Lake and the great Caughwana. I was trying valiantly. Sometimes, as a change, I sat with frozen marrow, listening with chattering teeth to the reverberating, mourning echo of the horn. Again and again came the answer, the short, eager guttural of the answering bull. But in the end it was always the same. The only thing lacking, the great bull with the antlers as widespreading as the beech of Tityrus, I could not see.

Last year, after a heartrending journey by horse and foot, I wandered into the wilds of Bald Mountain, where the Little Tobique rises in the blue water of Nictor. As usual, I saw many moose, and as of old, let them go by unmolested. As a feature of my luck, one bull, a monster, answered our call. But it came not to me. Below, in a canoe on Mud Pond, sat my friend, Col. John Wesley Hunt, of Louisville, Ky. In his hands was a brand new rifle, of small caliber, but deep penetration. It was his first time in the big woods; he had never seen a moose. His heart was filled with a desire to fill the east wall of his dining room with the head of a leviathan, and unaware of my ability to hoodoo, had elected to hunt his trophy with me. He fired five times at that moose, and never having fired in the dark before, bored merely five small holes through the atmosphere. The moose, I may say, retired. Ad Moore, the guide, said his horns measured 5 feet across; I should judge from their description it was seven. But I do not know.

Again I went home without the moose. The two I had shot in years gone by dwindled into negative memories. My vow was still unbroken. I had foresworn to kill nothing but the monster. Hope still sprang wildly within my breast. I promised to return to New Brunswick when the year swung round again.

"Listen," said the Hon. Chauncey. "I have never shot a moose."

"Same here," said the robust Robert.

"Little better," said I.

We agreed upon New Brunswick. I wrote to the distinguished Mr. George Green, of St. Elmo. It was all arranged. At 11 P. M. of Nov. 1 we arrived at the excellent hostelry of Mr. Allan Perley, on the left bank of the Tobique.

"Hello," murmured Mr. Perley, in mild astonishment. "Still after that moose?"

We set into the woods near the head of the Tobique. George pointed the course over an abandoned tote road that seemed like a mezzotint of Newtown Creek at low water. Ere long it snowed, and we were greatly cheered thereat.

In addition to George, we were attended by the brothers Day. They called themselves Day, but together they seemed little more important than an hour. I trust you will permit me to dismiss them in a paragraph. We dismissed them when we got to the headwaters of the Miramichi with a little more than that, but I do not recollect what we said, and at any rate it would be unfit for publication. George assisted. It was no fault of his that we had been led to engage the two, but it was a fortunate thing. It led to our getting Henry Lewis and Bobby Knowlton, two excellent, observing woodsmen, cheerful, full of adventure, and most excellent companions. But to resume:

"How big must he be?" asked George, tentatively, speaking of the moose.

"Not less than 4 feet wide, George, and anywhere up to eight. Beyond that, I draw the line. What are the chances, George?"

"Dear knows," said he, titillating one ear in doubt.

Our first day of hunting was on a fresh, soft snow. The Hon. Chauncey went southwest; the robust Robert went southeast; I went north. Nightfall came, and as usual I had no moose. It was the same with Robert. Also, it was likewise and rather different with the Hon. Chauncey.

It was dark when he returned to camp. He staggered inside, dropped with abandon into a seat, and sighed. His rifle fell clattering into a corner unheeded; his woe was unspeakable. Henry, snapping open the stove door, swore gently into the flames.

"It measured 50 inches," said the Hon. Chauncey.

"Or 56," muttered Henry.

"There were three of them—two bulls, both big, and a cow. I overshot."

"At 80 yards—only his head and shoulders showed," muttered Henry, with consoling grace.

It was the old, old story, with a variation. There was excuse for the overshooting. The rifle showed it. One sight wobbled up and down like a loose front tooth in the hand of experimenting youth. With such a gun, one might fire at a landscape and destroy the planetary system.

The two had tracked the bulls above two miles, and come upon them standing in a thicket. The big bull alone showed till the shot, when the others jumped into view. The Hon. Chauncey was paralyzed with regrets. He was advised that about ten years of experience would harden him.

I went eastward toward the head of the Miramichi the following day, and saw no moose, although signs were abundant. None was fresh, however, and we spent a futile day looking for a new track to follow. Once George and I thought we saw a bull, and spent a heartrending fifteen minutes crawling up on him. It proved to be merely a ghost, however, for when we got up to the place there was neither a moose nor any track or trace of one.

"It was a hoblin," explained George, simply meaning, presumably, a goblin.

The Hon. Chauncey returned with a fresh batch of regrets; the robust Robert with nothing.

"Saw three to-day," said the Hon. Chauncey. "Got stage fright and no moose."

From the hysterical account of himself and Henry, it was impossible to draw conclusions. It is not even definitely known whether he fired.

Thus it went on. One afternoon George and I walked up the ridge toward camp, George a rod ahead. Three hundred yards from the cabin, up jumped two moose.

"Moose!" hissed George.

I looked ahead and beheld the old familiar form, the great, black bulk, the yellow legs, the wig-wagging ears. I looked for horns; there was none. The bulk upheaved, waved an airy adieu with the legs, and was gone. It was the biggest cow I ever saw. With her was a small bull. We followed half a mile till we saw the insignificance of her consort, and returned to camp. The Hon. Chauncey was there with his usual tale.

"Now see here," I remarked, "I'm going out with you to-morrow to see what all this means. George can go eastward with Bob. I'm going to try to rub off some of your luck."

"I'd sell it for the price of a stamp," answered the Hon. Chauncey, eagerly.

We set forth just after dawn. At this day most of the snow was gone. But the bare leaves were fairly silent, and soft-footed we set out to the scene of adventure. By and by we found a track. The Hon. Chauncey was to have first shot. We dipped down the ridge, crossed a flat, and stole over a little knoll. As we reached the crest I looked down into the hollow.

There was a bull moose making tracks with all the haste and intelligence that he had been endowed with by nature.

"Shoot!" I yelled to the Hon. Chauncey. He could not see the bull. In a brief instant I couldn't either.

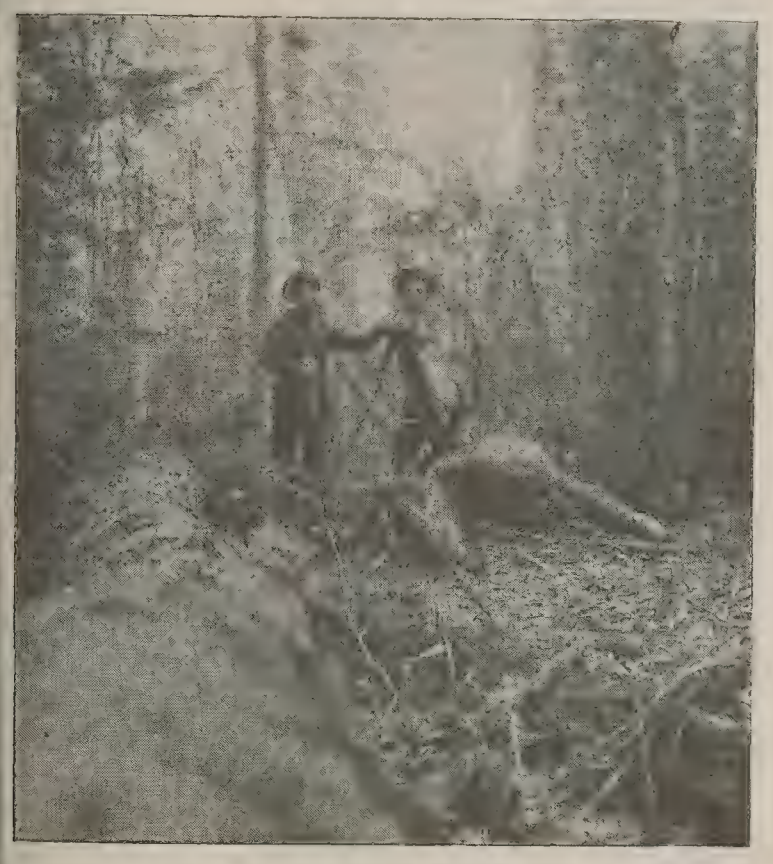
We followed to see what had happened. We found that in his flight he had stampeded four other moose. Two at least by their tracks were big bulls.

"Cuss!" said Henry.

"Cuss!" I echoed.

We boiled the kettle in a swamp, and climbed anew to the ridges. At the top we observed a sable, clinging to a fir tree like a rat to a rafter. The Hon. Chauncey desired to shoot him with a .45-90, smokeless powder and metal patched bullet. Henry and I dissuaded on the ground that even if he did hit, he never would know. Neither would the sable, for that matter. I had some seven-grain cartridges for the .30-40 I was using. I had taken them to try. The Hon. Chauncey tried some afterward. He said one might hit a mountain with them, provided one was inside the mountain in a tunnel. After considering, he added to the hypothesis the premise that the tunnel should be walled in at both ends. He was a wag, was Chauncey.

I fired at the sable three times, and the sable concluded to move out of the country. We went with him. Henry tried to immolate the beast with his pack. He missed with that; then he tried his hat. It was of no avail; the hat missed fire. Then he threw his axe, and the sable



GEORGE AND HENRY.

came almost as near to sudden death as the late lamented Charles I. After that the sable clambered into a brush heap, and there was nothing doing.

"You're a fine moose hunter, you are," sniffed Henry.

"Who's moose hunting?" I retorted. "D'you call this excursion a hunt?"

It was all foolish, of course. We went back and hunted up Henry's axe; then we looked over the country and went back to camp.

The robust Robert returned with a scorn for moose. There never was a moose, said he, and he knew he never would get one. He said he never could get anything, anyhow, forgtting that on two occasions he had shot the biggest caribou of the year. I knew the feeling; I had had it for about twelve years.

"George," said I, on the eve of the ninth day, "to-morrow is Friday. I never have had any luck killing big moose on Friday."

"Or on Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday," cut in a mental corrector, "to say nothing of Wednesday and Thursday."

But ignoring the inner consciousness, I resumed.

"I have never had luck on a Friday, and so to-morrow we will go to the southwest."

We went. At dawn we started down the old tote road and plunged into a new wilderness. We traveled till noon, saw nothing, and returning to the trail, hunted up a spring and boiled the kettle.

We ate cold boiled pork and drank tea in silence. Refreshed, we started anew. Half a mile on our way southward something jumped in the bush. For an instant I saw a white flag wave to me from the thicket. Then I saw another.

"Caribou!" whispered George.

I looked for horns. There was a prodigious crash, a scurry of swift-pounding hoofs—away went the caribou. They had smelled us. Then, for a brief instant, I had a glimpse of two tremendous caribou bulls, each with a gigantic set of horns. The next instant, before the gun was upon them, they were gone.

We stopped and stared at each other. George grabbed me by the arm, and helter-skelter we pursued. But they had smelled us; they did not halt. We chased them for



MR. FOSTER AND HIS MOOSE.

perhaps 300 yards. George said it was about that. When I arrived at the end of it, I differed with him. I thought it was 3,000 parasangs. Maybe it was only 4,000—I do not recollect.

At this point, please notice I did not shoot those caribou. Till time immemorial, I will ever offer thanksgiving that I did not. I am still wondering why this was not included in the President's proclamaton.

Had I shot those caribou, I could not have shot my moose.

I have requested the editor to set this line in poster type, printed in red ink with a handful of asterisks, exclamation points and stars at the end of it. It is important.

Sadly we retraced our steps.

"George," I remarked, "you're a bunco."

"You're a hoodoo," he returned.

"Do you think we'll ever see the big moose, George?"

"Dear knows."

I knew George to be a thoughtful, discerning person. Once I was sitting upon a log with him in the dim closes of a forest aisle, when I saw his eye roam aloft. He was not communing with the heavens, nor yet was he engaged in weather observations. He was looking, instead, at a woodpecker. By and by he spoke.

"There's many a fool in the world," said he. "Look there at that bird. See him sitting up there on a hard, dry stub, pecking and pecking away, beating his everlasting, blasted, goldarned brains out for one meeserable dodgasted little worm."

Thus I knew George to be observing, and the parable of the woodpecker and the worm returned with sudden vividness when he said, "Dear knows."

"Anyhow," he added, "I'm going to get a partridge." With that he leaned down and picked up a boulder lying in the roots of an upturned tree. First partridge I see," he added, with sudden emphasis, "I'll knock its billy-be-goldarned head off."

We walked along the trail, homeward. George had his rock ready; whereas I hunted moose. After twelve years' experience I could not walk through the woods without looking for that monster bull. So we stole along softly. George for his partridge, I for my moose. Years ago, in reading Van Dyck's "Still-Hunter," I came across a passage that has ever been fixed in my mind. Its gist was *nil desperandum*. It was a hint to hunt to the last, till the gun was in its case, till the woods were left behind for town, and the solitude only a memory. Therefore I hunted.

We came back to where we had boiled the kettle, climbed the ridge and plunged down the other side. Beyond was a little valley, holding in its hollow a swale fringed with a growth of birch poles and roundwood. George still looked for his partridge.

Crash! What happened thereafter is the truth, solid and unimpeachable.

I looked over my right shoulder, swinging the rifle to ready as I wheeled. George jumped out of range. Together we peered into the thicket, and a black colossus arose before our views. I saw its shadowy bulk through the thicket of poles. For an instant I could see no more. Then the glint of yellow horns caught my eye. I saw they were broad; I saw it was a big moose. But how big I had but a vague idea.

George saw and heeded. As the moose turned to run, he caught a full view of the antlers. A frenzy shook him at the sight. He was transformed into a very genius of madness; I saw, in a glance, his eyes start out, and his mouth open.

"Horns!" he yelled. "Horns—shoot!"

The crack of the rifle had cut him short; the moose had started. He was then, perhaps, 80 yards away. I heard the crashing of his horns upon the trees, saw his form vaguely as he plunged through the tangle, and at every glimpse I fired.

George had run two rods up the trail. He was waving his arms, shrieking an unintelligible bedlam of direction; his hat was off, and he leaped up and down in strenuous excitement.

"Give it to him!" he screamed.

I recollect looking along the barrel and turning the magazine loose. I knew dimly that it was the big one at last, but how big I could not guess—4 feet, perhaps. I could see the tips of the horns, and they were my guide. I held diagonally down from them, searching for the fore shoulder. The rifle fairly rattled. I recollect once firing nine times at a deer while he was crossing 50 yards of open ground. But at that moose I broke all records hollow. As fast as I could work the finger lever and drop the sights into alignment I fired. George still flourished his arms.

"Here! here!" he shrieked. "I can see him him."

"So can I!"—bang!

Then—click—the hammer fell with no answering detonation. The last shell was gone. While I had been pouring lead through the thicket, I had been singing an anthem to myself, an anthem that rang uproariously like a Wagnerian chorus above the staccato crack of the Winchester—"Why don't I knock him down? Why don't I knock him down?"

The magazine was empty. I thrust a hand into my trousers pocket and clutched a handful of cartridges. In my frantic haste all but two fell upon the ground. The remaining two I jammed into the receiver and snapped the breechblock home. By pure good fortune, a shell pushed into the chamber. At that instant I saw the plunging colossus take one stride across a windfall fully 5 feet high. He went over it unchecked as casually as a poodle would walk over a match. I had a plain view of his shoulder, and held the ivory bead full upon the black hide.

An upheaval followed the shot. I saw the big bull collapse. His hind legs flew up into the air; they wavered to and fro as he struggled across the tree trunk, and I let drive again. Then I could see nothing more.

There was a moment's silence. My ears roared like voices in a swound.

"He's down! He's down!" screamed George.

He snatched up his hat and threw it down again. I ran toward him, and together we dashed toward the thicket. A monster head, crowned with branching horns, upreared beside the windfall. It was the bull making his last fight. He was turned toward us, vainly striving to rise. I rushed down upon him, and George yelled a warning. I jumped just in time, as the antler swung past my knee. But I was ready even then to jump on that moose and hold him down if he tried to run away.

But his running was over. He swayed back, and the struggle passed. He was still, his great head resting on the windfall, his horns resting back above his shoulder.

"Whoop!" yelled George. "Hurray! Look at those horns!"

I looked, and was aghast. I saw their spread as in a dream. I beheld their weight, and I—I hope you will pardon me. It took me twelve years to get to see what I saw.

George jumped up on the moose, cut a pigeon wing



TOTING OUT.

and fell off to embrace me about the neck. Then he pump-handled me as if I were a blushing bridegroom or a Congressman with post offices.

George left me. He leaped into the air and cracked his heels together.

"Biggest I ever saw," he cried. "I wish my wife was here to see 'im." Then he whooped again.

"Look at the bell—holy thunder!" George didn't exactly say "holy thunder!" What he said sounded louder. I looked at the bell. It was black, glossy as silk and fully 18 inches long. I have seen many moose, but never one at his age with a bell as long as this.

"And his ears!" yelled George. But, in truth, they were not beautiful. One was split half-way down to the butt; the other a finger's length. Moreover, his forehead was cut and slashed as if he had been tilting a mowing machine. Many of the scars were fresh—still unhealed, in fact.

"I'm going to measure those horns right away," said George. "How much do you think they'll spread?"

"Five feet," I answered.

"Seven," said he, promptly. He fished into his pocket till he found a sulphur match. "It's just 2 inches long, that match. All of 'em are."

With the match we made a foot rule out of a roundwood stem. Then George cut a pole with his axe and

measured the spread. With the foot rule we made it 64 inches. A tape measure at the taxidermist's makes it 65. Both horns were broken off at the points; otherwise they would have scaled close to 70 inches.

I regret that we had no tape to take his measurements. I think it would have been worth while. From former experience, however, I judge he stood quite 7 feet at the shoulder—perhaps a little more. He was not apparently a heavy moose—that is, heavy in appearance. He seemed to run to bone. But one hindquarter stripped from the saddle, and with the shank off, weighed 86 pounds. We estimated that his weight in life would be close upon a thousand pounds, a guess verified by the statement of my New York butcher. He says from the size of the moose that it would dress fully 750 pounds. I have never yet seen a moose weighed, but I am doubtful about the tales of 1,200-pound and 1,400-pound bulls. One moose I saw in Maine was estimated in the woods to weigh 1,100 pounds. On the railroad scales it weighed 650.

When George and I tried to turn over the bull we had our hands full. We tugged and strained for ten minutes before we succeeded in dragging its forefeet from under the windfall so that we could roll it over.

After it was all done, and the excitement gone, the reaction brought a pang. I looked upon my bull and I confess a regret that this great creature, once so strong and eager, so mighty and unswerving in power among its kind, had fallen because of me. I said as much to George.

"Huh!" he scoffed. "He was a derned old bully rascal. Look at those ears of his. He was just always looking for trouble."

I passed with my regrets.

We found the Hon. Chauncey at camp. He had seen his usual moose.

"Drat!" sniffed George, throwing his axe into a corner with an assumption of disgust. "It's enough to make you sick. Drat this country, anyhow."

Then he hid his face in the woodpile and I saw his shoulders heave.

"Well, anyhow," said the Hon. Chauncey, "I think some one got a shot. I heard the dickens of a banging south of us."

"Bob's been shooting, mebbe," said George.

The robust Robert entered.

"Who was that shooting?" he demanded.

George tittered.

"I'll bust in a moment," said he, appealing to me.

The cat was out of the bag. They sat with open mouths till our tale was done. The Hon Chauncey, ever cheerful in the face of diversity, offered congratulation; the robust Robert looked dazed. He knew moose, and the size of this overwhelmed him. As for George, he clattered about, upset the dishes, fell upon the stove and enjoyed himself thoroughly.

Then we talked over the fortunes of the Hon. Chauncey and the robust Robert.

Theirs was hard luck indeed. Together they had come upon a big bull lying down, utterly unmindful of their presence. When they were within twenty-five paces the Hon. Chauncey fired. The bull got up and fell down. He arose, and the Hon. Chauncey knocked him down again. The third time the bull arose for the third time he was fired upon by both hunters, and for the third time he fell. But when he arose he scuttled into the bush and the two took up the chase.

There were many discussions as to the propriety of this. George and I, from our elevated positions, contended that they should never have followed so soon. We were pooh-poohed, and in a tiff we retired into our shells. They followed the moose for four miles, and in that time he stampeded three other bulls and a cow. Two of the bulls joined with him, and when he came to bare ground, they tracking the entire distance by the blood upon the snow and leaves, he had stopped bleeding. There they lost him.

The Hon. Chauncey afterward got a moose with a small head. When we skinned the big bull we found his interior economy a dreadful disorder. Both shoulders were broken, both hips fractured, his heart was cut in two, there was a bullet through his brisket, another through his paunch, and six of his ribs were cut in twain. Three of the bullets we found; the others went through him or were pulverized against the big bones. In odd places we found scraps of metal jackets and fragments of lead.

George says the way the .30-40 shot was a marvel. It had rained just enough before we saw the moose to moisten all the boughs. He knew I was hitting, because every time the gun fired the tremendous vacuum set up by the bullet drew all the moisture in its train. The water in the air and from the bushes, he said, just fell in behind the bullet, forming long ropes, that reached from the barrel to the bull's flank. It looked like shooting with a squirtgun, he declared. I offer no substantiation of this. All I could see was the moose.

I might say in conclusion that George recovered the stone he dropped during the excitement. But he never got his partridge. Still, I don't think he cared.

MAXIMILIAN FOSTER.

[The measurements of Mr. Foster's record trophy are: Spread 65 inches, circumference of beam 12 inches exact, breadth of each shovel 11¼ inches, right antler (inside measurement) 38½ inches, left antler 37½ inches; weight 110 pounds.]

New Jersey Wardens Active.

TOMS RIVER, N. J., Dec. 14.—On Saturday last Fish Wardens A. J. Rider and Howard Mathis arrested R. M. Darrack and G. R. Newbold, both of Atlantic City, for shooting ducks from a sailing vessel anchored at Main Marsh thoroughfare. The prisoners were taken before Esquire Burton, at Tuckerton, who fined them $20 each with costs.

On the Saturday before, Nov. 25, Bennett and Parker, of Forked River, were arrested for gunning in illegal blinds. They were brought here and fined $25 each with costs, by Justice Low.

Wardens Mathis and Rider arrested three men for sailing after and shooting at ducks on Great Bay last Tuesday. They were fined $20 each and costs.

Parva Domus; Magna Quies.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose herewith one of the results of publishing that beautiful bit of nature, "A Country Road." Framed in pine boughs, on which the native growth of cones still adheres, and sent to an appreciative friend, it brought back by way of response, in part, this, which so truly describes a part of the charm of camp life that I could not be selfish enough to keep it all to myself, but ask that you send it to the multitude of nature lovers, who will feel the truth of the "peace," and, as I believe, thank you for giving them the opportunity of seeing some of their own thought very thoroughly expressed in these verses. Not alone "Beneath the huge Ben More," but in forest nooks and by woodland lakesides far away from the "madding crowd" these verses might be framed for answer to the questions which beset such as love for a time to dwell alone, "Don't you get lonesome?" "What do you find to do?" "I should think it would be dreadful," etc. Of course, no one can tell all the charm, but Prof. Blackie comes as near to the heart of it as any person I have ever heard talk, or whose description I have read.

D. A. JORDAN.

Dr. Jordan's inclosure is a copy of Prof. Blackie's poem, *Parva Domus; Magna Quies*—"little dwelling; great peace,"—which so admirably expresses the charm of retirement in a woodland camp. The poem is taken from the New York Times Saturday Review, to which it was sent the other day by C. F. Laurie, of Erie, Pa., with this note:

"'Parva Domus; Magna Quies,' which the Rev. W. N. Harris inquires for in the Times Saturday Review, was written by John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. The manuscript, soiled by the fingers of the compositor, was the gift of a friend, and had lain forgotten for years until rediscovered some few weeks ago. The poem, I think, first appeared in the Scotsman, Edinburgh. It is dated from Loch Baa, Mull."

Parva Domus; Magna Quies.

On a little grassy knoll
Beneath the huge Ben More,
Where the loch's clear amber waters
Lave the white and pretty shore,
I have built a little dwelling
Without pomp or state,
For smallness quite excelling,
But oh! the peace is great.

From the hot and dusty tumult
Of the men that rule the land,
From the pageant of the Park
And the rattle of the Strand,
From the weariness and worry
Of contention and debate,
I am sheltered, I am hidden,
And the peace is very great.

From the knocking and the ringing
Of the beggar with the sore,
Where every man is bringing
Every business to my door,
From saying yes or no
To seas of sullen fate,
I am sheltered, I am hidden,
And the peace is very great.

From the doctrine and the dogma
Of each lofty-fancied fool,
Who could take the great Creator
(If Creator he) to school,
From a thousand maggots swarming
In each quick and eager pate,
I am sheltered, I am hidden,
And the peace is very great.

From the carping and the grumbling
Of the spiteful and the small,
Who when mighty things are tumbling
Love to see the mighty fall;
From the lust of hot Reforming
In the Church and in the State,
I am sheltered, I am hidden,
And the peace is very great.

* * * * * * * *

Then fare thee well, great city's din,
The tumult and the throng,
For a moment, and a moment,
To myself I will belong;
In my little mountain dwelling,
With no pomp to guard my gate,
I am hidden, I am happy,
And the peace is very great.

And right pat with this is a little note in the Philadelphia Press, which tells of the gunning cure for the blues:

He had his gun case in one hand and a grip in the other, and was making his aay to the Broad Street Station. "I'm going away to get rid of the blues," he said.

"You see," he went on, "this is my unvarying cure," and he nodded toward the gun case. "Don't often get the blues—blamed seldom, in fact. But when I do get them—well, I get 'em for keeps—take right hold of me and unfit me for business, pleasure, intercourse with my fellow men—everything! And the only thing that cures me is a week's gunning. I go off somewhere and tramp around in old clothes with a gun and a couple of dogs for my companions. And after I've gotten away from cramped-up cities and have roamed around among hills and in thickets, and scrambled over rocks and sat me down by little streams—well, I forget the little things of life—little troubles, little vexations, little men, little women, little aims, little everything. For everything around me is on such a big, broad scale—mountains, hills, valleys, trees, sky—that my vision gets big—and I see more and see differently.

"And in a week's time I'm a different man—made all over in nature's big workshop."

In Old Virginia.—VI.

"MAN want to see you, suh," said Governor one morning as we lingered around the breakfast table planning for the day's pleasure. I was not expecting a visitor, but there could be no doubt who the message was intended for, as the little fellow stood erect and soldierly in the door looking me straight in the eye.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Bin, suh," he replied.

"Who?"

"Bin, suh."

I looked at my hostess for enlightenment, but she shook her head negatively, so I resumed the conversation with the little messenger.

"Bin who, Governor?"

"Dunno, suh; dis Bin; he black man, suh."

And then I understood that a man of the genus Africanus, whose cognomen was Ben, desired an audience.

"Do you know what Ben wants?" I asked.

"He say he know where dey a gang of tuckeys, suh."

This interested me at once and I quickly followed my small boy to the back yard, where I found Bin, a tall, slender, yellow darky, accompanied by a tall, slender, yellow dog.

The man's voice was musical and low pitched, and the dog moved about in a quiet yet alert way. They impressed me at once as a pair of typical woods hunters that thoroughly understood their business and each other. After a respectful salutation, Ben proceeded in a low, sweet voice to tell me that having heard that I was visiting on the plantation and was fond of hunting, he had come to ask me if I would like a turkey hunt, as he gave that branch of the sport his entire attention and knew about every gang of turkeys in the neighborhood and would be glad to take me out; that if I cared to go he would hunt in the afternoon until he roosted a gang and then take me to the blind early in the morning for a shot.

Assuring him that a wild turkey hunt was exactly what I was longing for, we arranged to go the first morning after he had succeeded in roosting a flock, this being the method of hunting that wary bird.

"Roosting" turkeys consists in finding a flock late in the evening, after they have gone to roost, and scattering them as much as possible in all directions, then building a blind of brush and limbs near the spot from which they scattered.

In this blind the hunter must be at daylight the next morning with a turkey call, and if a skillful caller he can call one or more turkeys within range as they seek to get together again. This is about the only way to outwit this wary bird, that can see, smell and hear better than anything that lives in the woods, be it fur or feathers.

Ben had the expected good luck, finding his turkeys the first afternoon out, and came to the house about an hour after dark of the same day to say that he had scattered a good flock, built his blind and would come for me about two hours before day next morning. Arrangements were made for an early breakfast, and the stars were shining brightly when I made my way down to the stable, where Ben was assisting a sleepy boy to saddle my horse, next morning. It was about 3 o'clock and day would not break before 5, so Ben assured me that we would be in our blind by the first streaks of dawn. The horse saddled, we set forth down through the woods, Ben leading the way on foot. It was so dark I could not see my horse's head, and laying the rein on his neck I trusted him to follow the guide, while I smoked and enjoyed the novelty of the situation.

It was a crisp, clear, frosty morning that made the blood tingle. I found my man the quiet woodsman expected, with none of the usual garrulousness characteristic of his race. An occasional low-spoken suggestion regarding obstacles in the road was all he vouchsafed, as: "Log in de road, suh; pull to de lef'," or "Limb, suh; ben' low."

When the first faint gray appeared in the East, indicating the approach of day, I proceeded to get acquainted.

"Have you killed any turkeys this season, Ben?"

"Yaas, suh; three."

"How many times have you been out this season?"

"Foah times, suh; killed one one time an 'two de othah."

"Did you kill many last year?"

"No, suh; didn't hunt none las' year."

I wished afterwards that I had stopped there; but knowing nothing of my man's past history and wondering that such a born sportsman should let an entire season pass without going out once, I questioned further:

"You did not go hunting once last season? Why was that?"

"I was in jail, suh;" he said quietly.

I was sorry that I had asked the question, but it could not be helped now, and I concluded to risk further questioning for my personal satisfaction.

"What were you convicted of, Ben?" I asked.

"Stealin' meat, suh."

"Did you steal the meat?"

"No, suh, I did not; but dey proved I did."

And I believed then that they had convicted the wrong man, for Ben had none of the earmarks or characteristics of a meat thief—he was a sportsman. A few moments later he announced that we were as near the hunting grounds as we could go with the horse, and if I would dismount he would put the horse in the stable of his brother-in-law, whose cabin was near, and we would proceed on foot. The horse disposed of, we started down through a piece of fine timber, and I now observed for the first time that we were accompanied by the tall yellow dog I had seen with my companion the day before.

"Won't your dog scare the turkeys and interfere with our hunting?" I asked.

"Oh, no, suh; he will be as quiet an' keerful as we is, an' help us a heap. He is de bes' tuckey dog in all dis country an' always goes wid me. When we git in de blin' he lie still twel we shoot, an' den if de tuckey is only winged he will run him down fo' us. We can't talk none aftah we git little furda 'long, an' you mus' 'scuse me, suh, if I des make you sign wid my han'."

Just before reaching the blind we came on one of the scattered turkeys; but the rush of its wings as it pitched out of the tree and flew off was all the evidence we had, as no glimpse of him was possible in the faint gray light of approaching dawn.

As quietly as possible we slipped on down through the

woods and entered the blind, which was a circular inclosure of brush and limbs with one opening, which Ben closed with a large leafy limb after our entrance. The dog entered with us and quickly curled up in as small space as possible in the spot indicated by his master. Ben and I took opposite sides of the blind and he produced his turkey call. He used the box and slate call, a very ingenious contrivance, probably familiar to all readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Day was fairly breaking by the time we got fairly settled in comfortable positions, and there was light enough to distinguish objects within gun shot.

With a swing or two of his wrist to get the motion, reminding me of the preliminary attack of the professional violinist, Ben brought the box and slate together with three quick touches, producing a quit, quit, quit, that was positively an improvement on nature. As the clear sound rang out on the still air and died away down through the shadows of the heavy woods, in spite of a prejudice against calling anything up to shoot instead of going after it I found my blood tingling and my heart throbbing with excitement. One, two, three minutes we waited, and not a sound. It was fully ten minutes before Ben called again, and the echoes of the call had not died away before a quick answering "Put! Put!" was heard from a turkey near by. I was not sure of the direction and turned to my companion, who showed me with his eyes that it was a little on my left. Setting my face in the direction of the answering sound, I slid the stock of my gun well up toward my shoulder, so that I could take a firing position without moving. Ben was scanning the ground in all directions, leaving me to watch the line of the expected approach. The dog was shaking all over, and his eyes fairly blazed with suppressed excitement. The next few moments I felt would be full of the glory of game bagged, and was wondering whether it would be a lordly gobbler with a long beard or a fat hen, when, "Whoop-ee!" came a loud shout off to my right, followed by ringing strokes of an axe on a tree. Ben sank back with a groan, as though in pain, and as the yell was repeated, followed with more blows of the axe, he raised to his feet and faced the direction of the sound.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"Some fool niggah, suh," he said; "he goin' to wuk, suh, an' can't keep his mouf shet."

And as the yell rang out again, ending in a shrill "Ye-oo-hee!" his wrath fairly boiled.

"I sho' do wish I was clos' to dat niggah wid a han'ful of rags. If I didn' stop his mouf an' choke all de fool holler out of him. I mos' suttenly would, suh."

Pitching aside the branch that closed the opening of our blind, Ben strode forth, followed by the dog."

"We got to hunt 'em now' suh," said he; "dat our onliest chance."

Taking a course in an opposite direction from the "fool niggah," who was alternately chopping and yelling, we set out on what I felt to be a rather hopeless quest. We had traveled about a mile from the blind and were slipping along through the heavy timber when a turkey pitched out of a big pine tree just ahead. I was carrying my gun on my shoulder with my thumb on the safety and was not ready, when Ben took a quick shot with his big muzzle-loader. He missed and so did I the first barrel; but my second broke a wing and brought the turkey down running. I was trying to crowd in fresh shells when the dog, like a yellow streak, shot across, from out at our left, and took the bird's trail.

"Come on, suh," said Ben, and off we dashed in the direction they had gone. The pace was too fast for me, but before I was entirely exhausted I came on them, the dog sitting quietly by while Ben smoothed the feathers of a fine young gobbler.

"Dah he is, suh," said the delighted fellow; "a fine fat gobblah; an' it was a good shot dat got him. I didn't do nuffin' but make him fly fastah; I ain' no wing shooter, suh."

When the turkey had been swung over his shoulder by a heavy cord, Ben suggested that as it was yet early in the morning, perhaps we might find the "mossheads" and get a shot if I did not mind a rather long tramp. Upon my assurance that I was willing to undertake a long tramp with the possibility of another shot we started off again. I supposed a mosshead was some kind of a turkey, but had never heard of them before, so proceeded to question Ben as to what and where they were.

"De mosshead," he explained, "is a tuckey wid a mossy lookin' head, an' he won't come to nor answer a call. You can't git him 'less you dis run up on him an' kill him on de rise. Dis gang we goin' aftah has five in hit, an' dey all big gobblahs. I done jump dem tuckeys foah or five times, but can't hit 'em, so I is layin' off to track 'em when snow come an' shoot 'em on de groun'."

Arrived at a dense piece of woods grown up in underbrush until a rabbit could hardly get through, my man posted me in an open field on one side, and he and the dog skirted around to come through and try to flush the turkeys so that I could get a shot as they flew over.

"De dog will bark, suh," he explained, "an' I will shoot if we run on dem, so yo' will heah dem in time to git reddy."

The field where I was had been in grass and ran up to a fence which divided it from the woods. There was a deep hollow about half way down, where ran a branch through a thick brier patch; but on the other side of the branch the land rose steeply to a level with the point on which I stood. I figured that the turkeys would pass over me if flushed on my side of the branch; but if from the other side of it they would pass over the opposite high point of the field, necessitating a quick run down into the hollow and up the other side in order to get a shot.

I had waited some time without hearing anything, when a short, sharp bark sounded from the woods, and the next moment a turkey rose over the trees and started in a direction that would take him over the opposite side of the field. Hoping that there would be others following a little later, I dashed down the hill to try to get to the other side by the time they came. The ground was rough and needed all of my attention; but I could not take my eyes off of that magnificent bird sailing away just ahead. About half way down the steep incline I hung my foot in a vine and made the rest of the descent on alternate ends. Just as I reached the bottom and pulled up with a crash in the brier patch I heard the dog again, followed by the boom of Ben's big gun. Scrambling to my feet I dashed on through the briers, scattering bits of cuticle and clothing, and was panting up the hill when another turkey sailed over just out of range. With lungs pumping as though they would burst, I toiled on, hoping that I might yet be in time for one of the five, as only two had passed. Before I had run ten steps more I saw the third one coming in the same line of flight the others had pursued, and putting on a final spurt made position just as he sailed over the trees into the open. Gasping for breath and with my whole body shaking and trembling, I drew on the fair mark. For a moment my gun jerked erratically round in a hopeless manner, and then steadied a moment just where I wanted it. I knew the bird was mine when the gun spoke, and felt no surprise when he pitched down with a crash 50 yards away. No more flushed in my direction, but I felt fully compensated for my long tramp and hard run.

Half an hour after, when Ben worked down to where I was lying by my fine old mosshead gobbler, I had only recovered sufficiently to begin to take an interest in the missing sections of my skin and apparel scattered so carelessly in the brier patch below. My face felt much disfigured, and I was not much surprised when Ben inquired very anxiously:

'What done hu't yo' dat way, suh, an' toh you' close beside?"

When I assured him that my wounds were only scratches and that I had a turkey he was delighted and unsparing in his praise of my skill.

"W'y, suh," he said; " all dem tuckeys flush rite 'long one aftah de odder, an' how you run 'cross from dat fah side time to git one, I can' see. Yo' sholy mus' run like yo' shoots, suh."

Arrived back at the brother-in-law's, where we had left my horse, Ben concluded to stop there for dinner. Tying a turkey to each stirrup leather, he set me on the straight road home, calling after me assurances that he would be "proud to go ag'in, an' thank yo', suh, fo' dis hea," "dis hea" being his share of the game, which I made him take in the current coin of the realm. Governor spied me as I rode up to the gate, and issued a call that brought all hands and the cook to welcome me. My success was generally applauded and congratulations offered. When I had turned my horse over to a boy and loaded the two turkeys into Governor's arms to be proudly carried to Aunt Ellen, I turned to enter the house to remove, as far as possible, the very evident signs of roughing it from my clothes and cuticle before any one had time to critically inspect and remark on the same, but I was not to escape entirely.

"You hunted in rather rough country, did you not?" said my hostess.

"Yes, rather," I replied.

"Did you shoot the turkeys you brought in?" she asked, with the accent on the word "shoot."

"Why, certainly. How did you think I got them."

"Well," she slowly replied, scanning me up and down, "I thought from your general appearance that you might have run them down, as you tried to do that fox a few days ago; but probably that is a mistake on my part. Hurry on, now, and get ready for dinner, and you can tell us all about it later on." LEWIS HOPKINS.

A Samoan Christmas Feast.

THAT there is no good hunting in this account of the fashion in which the Samoan savages keep the great festival which Christianity has brought to them is all Talolo's fault. Yet after all it does not seem quite fair for me to lay all the blame on that cheery companion who was ever ready to propose new exploits for me in the jungle with that light hammerless "shoot gun" which he coveted so greatly that to be in its company was happiness itself for the boy. Talolo had proposed an expedition after big game, even the biggest on his island; he had led me to the most likely covers and runways; that we drew blank was a matter beyond the lad's control. He was fully as disappointed as I.

For some time Talolo had been in the dire disgrace which dogs the steps of the malefactor. There had been one glorious day of tame shoat shooting in the compound. Tanoa had tiptoed into the house and brought out my gun, which he handed me at the breakfast table out on the veranda with the information that the compound was fairly full of pigs in defiance of the solemn law on the subject. The multitude of swine was not legion; it resolved itself into four impertinent and grunting little piglets, each doing its porcine best to root up the few flowers which I could succeed in stimulating into growth in the salt air of the beach of the South Sea. It was a little close shooting with a single-barrel and cartridges loaded with bird shot to bring all four little pigs to the untimely end which their assault on my scanty beds of sweet peas entitled them to. But it was done, and Talolo with much shouting of my prowess cast the carcasses over the hedge to form a feast for all Vaiala town. It turned out that this was not fair hunting. Talolo had sneaked down to the next village on Matautu Point in the early dawn and by savage art and treacherous wiles had beguiled away from their own place the young pigs of that community. Most of them got away from him, for it is no more easy to drive a pig in Samoa than it is in other lands. Yet he was successful in cajoling four to leave Matautu and come to the perilous pleasures of Vaiala. These four piglets he had insinuated through the hedge and given them a single taste of the forbidden delights of rooting up my flower beds where they met their fate. Unfortunately for young Talolo some one had brought this guilt home to him; Toomalatai, the chief of Matautu, visited prompt castigation on the offender and thereby made proof that a one-armed man can hit just as hard as a more perfect specimen of humanity. More than that, Toomalatai complained to the chiefs and elders of Vaiala, and it became necessary to discipline the boy, more for being found out than for his original offense. Poor Talolo's punishment was that he had to work. It was saddening to see him about the village divested of the gay colors which his taste ran to in his waist cloths, to see his head tied up in a banana leaf, to watch his chagrin when he was caught in the most unusual act of really doing something. It was a sore trial. One might just as well expect to find kittens industrious and butterflies thrifty, as to think that Talolo really liked work.

But the term of labor expired, Talolo again donned his gaudy attire, and with his usual air of confidence clicked open the gate of the compound and settled himself by me on the veranda.

"Tamaitai! How many days to-day?"

I thought that Talolo had come in to consult the calendar. The Samoans never have calendars, and are forever consulting their white friends to find out what day of the month it is when they have a letter to write. Therefore, I had no difficulty in understanding what Talolo meant in the somewhat incomprehensible English which he was trying to learn from association with me. So I told the boy that it was Dec. 21.

Then he plunged into calculation and proved to me that Christmas was no more than four days off. It began to be manifest that the calendar was worrying Talolo on other grounds than the needs of epistolary correspondence. What he was really after came to light in his next remarks:

"Pretty soon bimeby one day Kilimasi next day, mebbe so, we two go to bush and I, you take shoot gun and we kill pulumakau and pig for eat for me for you."

Talolo's English was always of the sort that takes a lot of understanding, and in this case it was only by having him say it all over again in Samoan and translating that I could get at his real meaning. What he was after was to convey to me an invitation to go with him a-hunting on the day before Christmas on the chance of bagging a wild cow or swine. Talolo could not have thought out any more attractive lure to toll me to the wild mountain tops. I had heard tales of the fierce charges of the cattle which had been growing wild for several generations in the most inaccessible fastnesses of the mountain solitudes, of the savagery of the old tuskers in the bamboo thickets, of the caution with which one had to seek the game, and the need of shooting the charge of buckshot in the single instant of the fierce charge. Would I go to the bush with that in prospect? Talolo would take me there or anywhere that promised results "good for eat for me for you," and up to the last it was only on that basis that the benighted heathen could appreciate sport.

It is just as well to explain that on this Christmas Eve hunt we drew blank; we did not even see a trail. And the same ill luck pursued us throughout; from first to last I had no chance to stop or even see the rush of the big game. The day before Christmas was a frightfully hot day; not a breath of wind was stirring and there was more than a promise of rain at the beach. Back in the hills it showered brief waterfalls all day, and even when it was not raining, one got just as wet in the steaming mugginess. We followed the main crests of the spurs of the main hills as far as possible, and Talolo went scouting down to the bottom of every intervening gully that was not too perpendicular for climbing. It was all without avail; the wild creatures seemed to have vanished quietly somewhere out of the wet.

But the ill luck of the hunters did not cause any lack of supplies for the next day's feast. The Samoan takes kindly to holidays for two very compelling reasons: one that he does not have to work on holidays, the other that such a day can be made the excuse for a hearty dinner. To be sure, no Samoan ever does work, and he is always eating the heartiest of dinners, but the presence of the holidays in the calendar sort of encourages him to follow out observances so thoroughly in accord with his inclination. The elements of that feast and some of the incidents may be seasonable reading now that it has been made clear that the fairest kind of effort has been made to get some hunting into it.

As soon as it was light enough in the morning to see one's way about, there was heard the clear, sharp ringing of the native drums of gouged out billets of wood which boys carried to every part of the village with incessant din. The wooden drums had not fairly stopped when the unmelodious church bell began ringing in the belfry of the native church. After the service in which the Samoan pastor delivered a seasonable sermon, the congregation adjourned to the village green, each person fetching out from the church or some nearby house a floor mat on which to sit. Then, from one group and another, the young men scampered to the house of the chief and threw on the ground some article of use to the pastor. It might be a bunch of taro, a brace of chickens, a young pig, a few yards of calico, even a piece of silver, which was rare in the extreme, and never was of larger denomination than a shilling. Each gift was shouted aloud with the name of the donor and its full amount, the announcement being proclaimed by the official talking man of the village. When the last donation had been cast on the somewhat considerable heap, the young men descended on the pile and assorted it into its component elements of fish, taro, tins of meat, calico, turmeric, and so through the catalogue of objects of insular utility. The reckoning of each of these heaps was reported to the village speech-maker, who stalked across the town green to its remotest limit, where he took his station with his long rod of office. Thence he shouted his formal speech of presentation on behalf of the town of these few articles to their pastor. Then from the front of the chief's house a younger orator bawled the ceremonious oration of thanks on the part of the pastor. Then there was a distinct set of speeches over the contribution which I deemed it politic to make with an idea that by that I might secure the assistance of the pastor in checking the petty depredations unavoidable to living in the heart of a native community.

After all this the village settled down to its customary quiet for a time, the different families retiring to their own houses for breakfast. It was during this period that the domestic presents were interchanged between house and house, each family clubbing the efforts of its members to present some one article to each other family. In no long time the alleys of the village were gay with rainbow umbrellas (they were particularly in favor that season with the leaders of South Sea fashion, although in more civilized towns they would have been the signal for a riot), with the latest barbarity of colors from German looms, with thrilling velvets and passionate satins. Samoan gifts run to the decorative values as applied to things to wear, possibly because so little is worn by the islanders that things are looked upon as in some sort evened up by making that little as prominent as possible.

Then came my turn. In the strict order of rank and following in the most formal fashion the intricacies of the ancient Samoan custom, each of the families of the village sent its representative to my veranda to give and to receive the presents which were to be interchanged. In the case of Samoan gifts, and they are constantly making a parade of giving, there is not the slightest element of generosity. Every gift must be repaid in kind and one makes public confession of being very niggardly unless the return far exceeds the value of the gift. By judiciously lavish generosity a Samoan family may very readily squander itself into a condition of extreme affluence. The faithful Tanoa was my personal body-guard and speech-maker and guide in general through the mysteries of Samoan conduct, all this with unwavering cheerfulness year in and year out for a shilling a day. He was greatly concerned that I should come through the Christmas gifts with credit to him, and he had many long conferences with me as to the proper amount of my return presents. After he had suggested what in his judgment was a really creditable gift to come from me, I made a bold stroke for the reputation of being free-handed by calmly doubling Tanoa's estimate. Even at that it did not bear very heavily. The full schedule of the return gift was this: One tin of salmon, one tin of corned beef, one pint bottle of kerosene, eight ship biscuits, running that number to the pound; one box of matches, two cigars, the latter being Mexican rope at $1.75 the hundred. In the presents for the two chiefs and the principal talking man of the village I included an outing shirt for the men and calico enough to make a Mother Hubbard for the women. It's always just as well to pay some consideration to rank even though it be bare foot. In the case of Chief Patu, my freakish Talolo's father, this addition led to a domestic tornado. Salatemu happened to be Patu's wife at that time, and naturally claimed the dress pattern. One of the other Mrs. Patu grabbed the goods and held onto them on the plea that she was the chief's wife also. Patu couldn't get the woman to restore the calico, and was forced to make it up to Salatemu by giving her his outing shirt, which thereafter she wore on all occasions of ceremony.

The presents which came to me were assorted enough to stock a museum. There were models of houses and models of canoes; there were mats and strips of native cloth made from bark; there were baskets and fans and clubs and shell fish hooks and dancing skirts and shell necklaces and boars' tusk armlets. Tanoa had done his work well, for I had told him that this was the kind of thing I preferred in my Christmas presents, and he had evidently issued orders to that effect in the dense incomprehensibility of that native life which seems so open to the view.

There was a wearisome sameness in each presentation. The ceremony took place on the veranda, for every man, woman and child had dressed for the feast in a double allowance of cocoanut oil, which so glistened on their skins as almost to suggest that they had been buttered. That would be fatal to furniture. I could never get the oil out, and it might damage many a white dress or the dress uniforms of the naval officers on their visits of ceremony. As it was, and even with the extra precaution of placing double thicknesses of mats on the veranda floor, the oil struck through and left great grease stains which only slowly wore out in the rainy season. In the order of their social state each household called in turn, the heads of the house mountaing to the veranda, the children remaining outside the gate of the compound, where they found seats on the big fragment of the mast of the wrecked Trenton. First came the compliments and the proper wishes for the day. Next came a long rigmarole about the great love of this family in particular for me, and a long statement of reverses and poverty which would have done well in a bankruptcy schedule. None the less the family had got together, so the speaker sadly said, a very few worthless trifles that had no value except to show their willingness to do the proper thing. They were not worthy, he continued, to be brought into my presence, and he would order them to be laid at the far end of the veranda, where my servants could easily sweep them out with the rest of the rubbish. It is impossible to exaggerate the professed humility which Samoan etiquette prescribes; everything given must be scandalously belittled just as everything received must be lauded to the skies. As a race, the Samoans are as vain as peacocks, and as proud as Lucifer; that only adds to the incongruity of their haughty attitude, while the stream of abject self-abasement is flowing over their lips in set and ancient phrases. At the proper point in the speech one of the boys brings in the gifts and makes a show of acting when he throws them carelessly down at the far end of the veranda.

Here is where Tanoa shows himself a treasure, for he is of the orator rank, and knows thoroughly every one of the proper things to do. It's all acting, but Tanoa keeps a perfectly straight face, which is something that I cannot always do. Without Tanoa's constant care I should commit a hundred social slips a day, which the Samoans would never forgive, for they never make any allowances for difference in customs. It has happened in the islands that some who harp upon their intimate acquaintance with the native customs and attempt to follow out by their unaided efforts all the niceties of ceremony more than anything else for the sake of impressing the globe-trotters who once a month get their six hours in Apia as the foundation for another chapter on Samoa—it has happened that such people have regularly committed solecisms which have made them either scandalous or ridiculous, and all for lack of a competent orator as master of barbaric ceremonies. As these people were absolutely in private life, their slips made no difference to anybody, but in the official circle it was quite necessary to have a capable speech-maker in order to avoid such errors.

Tanoa advances to the heap of offerings with deferential looks, and makes a show of knitting his muscles. Then putting his arms about the pile, he makes a vain bluff at lifting it, and failing to stir it. It's all bluff; the other boy has just been carrying these things around without difficulty, and throwing them down as though they were no more than feather weight, but it's part of the game that Tanoa knows so well and does so perfectly. Failing to lift the weighty heap, he lifts each article to his head in formal reverence and sets each forth in order. When they are all lined out to make the greatest show possible, he rushes out into the front yard, which, according to the Samoan custom, is the place for all the ceremonies of my house to be conducted; in fact Tanoa begrudged every inch that I tried to have for my poor struggling flower beds—he said that flowers were all very well in their way, but so long as he was my orator it was his duty to protect against any curtailment of the space where he could make his speeches, and where other orators could stand when listening to his eloquent remarks, and making their properly subservient replies. In effect, if flowers were wanted in that part of the compound, he would undertake to fill the bill with the flowers of speech. What with the barren soil and the salt air and the pigs and my orator, that flower garden had its foes. In tones that could be heard half a mile without any difficulty whatever, my good Tanoa proclaimed to the listening village that Patu and the Salepatu had endowed me with such and such precious articles, citing each by name and number of pieces with some word of compliment which could never be made too fulsome for Samoan hearing. All these goods were now on the veranda and the floor so sagged under the weight that he had ordered one of the house boys to run and set a strut beneath to prevent it from breaking through. That was a stroke of genius on Tanoa's part, and made him famous among the orators of distant communities even on other islands.

Returning then to the veranda, Tanoa brought me the best appearing of the articles thus published and passed it to me in order that I might take formal possession of my present by raising it to my head. This done, Tanoa returned the specimen to the display of the presents, and was then at liberty to make a speech setting forth the unfortunate poverty of the house and the insignificance of the family of which he, a common man and of no account, was the poor makeshift of an orator. While humility was the keynote of this oration, Tanoa so managed to couch his humility in grandiloquence as to make it most amusing to note the irreconcilability of theme with manner or known facts. This led up to the presentation of the gifts which had been prepared and were arrayed in convenient piles just around the corner of the veranda. Each tin can was announced in set terms, and when it came to the cigars, Tanoa chopped the end off each, scratched a match on the box which went with them, lit both cigars and passed one to the man and the other to the woman, for there is in Samoa no monopoly of the use of tobacco. As soon as the return gifts were in hand, the visitors scuttled away with no waste of time. On the village green just without the hedge of my compound the return gift was proclaimed by the village orator, and the next family was at liberty to present its gifts and receive the return.

By the time all these long ceremonies were over, and it is to be said that no length of ceremony ever seems tedious to a Samoan, the day was well advanced. All night long the pit ovens had been filled with bonfires of hard woods, tended all the night by reliefs of men. At dawn the rock lining of the pits and the cobbles which had been thrown into the fire were so snapping hot that a shellful of water thrown upon them after the coals had been scraped out would have served like the port fire that explodes a mine. Hastily the viands already prepared for cooking were heaped in this crater of hot rocks in wrappers of green leaves, and when each oven was full it was closed by shoveling earth on top of everything to a height of several feet. When the gift ceremonies were finished there was a distinct flavor in the air as of cooking, and when the savor of the viands has made its way through the overlying heap of earth it is usually held to be a sign that the meats are pretty nearly done.

With the opening of the ovens this account of a Samoan Christmas may fitly close. The rest would be but a chronicle of things to eat which differ in no particular from the daily fare of this savage folk, and therefore do not stamp the holiday meal as distinctive in any way.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

My Christmas Box.

ON the windward side of a steep mountain up in Monroe county, Pa., near the Pike county line, and still nearer to my affections, stands a four-room cottage, quite in need of its second coat of whitewash. A visit there by even a careful observer of the industries, successes and failures of our fellow man would most naturally produce the thought, what does the owner of this place do for a living?

My Christmas box from there would suggest the "sportsman farmer." The thought that prompted its being sent proves surely a friend. My first recollection is of my faithful guide. As the latter he has been to me essential; as the friend, I fear not fully appreciated; as the sportsman, by all odds a natural one, but as a farmer, an unknown quantity, until my box came. Since then, a real farmer of the old school, for modern methods and inventions have provided nothing for the easy cultivation of rocks, roots, stumps and rhododendron thickets.

Henry, my sporting farmer friend and guide, is a decidedly crude individual, little given, I fear, to "class meetings" and the "study of Wesley"; the trend of his mind is not of the spiritual; the things on his little patch of earth are conundrums of a practical sort, sufficient for his keenest thoughts. This condition of mind, however, is entirely and of necessity natural. The man who could plough and pray the same "moon" on that farm is not of our generation; the early Quakers would have let go their heavenward pilot wheels, had they settled in Pike county. I, one time at the close of one of Henry's outbursts of "speed" in venting his feelings over an escaping grouse that got its start in his neighborhood, remonstrated with him, and suggested he "get religion." By way of argument, he pointed to his small clearings, his high stone fences, his dilapidated and broken plough, his near-sighted near ox, his broken-horned off one, and asked me, where in —— in this happy land to plant religion.

This, however, is not meant to be a story of a Pike county farmer; it is meant to be of a Christmas box, and the effect it had on my mind; yet, to know the farmer is to get the cause; to read of the latter, the effect is given. Knowing Henry as I know him enhances the value to me of my famous Christmas box; it speaks so of a thoughtfulness and modesty born in man ("not much, but the best I have I send to you"); it reminds one of patience and toil, of endurance, of a manly, sturdy nature, always to be prized, whether found in the forest or ball room, of a "set principle," that, could it be mounted like a dead bird, would be a suggestive ornament for some of our legislative halls.

Inside that four-room cottage can be found the patient and tried Mrs. Henry and her three chubby boys; her contact with this busy world in which we live is naturally very limited; even the railroads have shunned the mountain on which she has chosen her home, and the stranger who passes her threshold is either "lost, strayed or stolen," but in any case would be hospitably received and welcomed.

Such is the isolation of this home, surely causing a lonely existence, and this being the case, does it, or did it, ever occur to us as men, and as sportsmen, how much our annual visit means to that backwoods fireside, how to them our stay is like the touch or glimpse of another world, how our coming is talked over while yet the leaves are green and the katydids are just beginning to chatter, and how we are still the subject for family and neighborly gossip when Henry's troubles are covered with snow, and stone fence could be built with his cider, and the game has left the barrens and gone into winter quarters? Do we remember them after the guns have been cleaned and put away, and the dog lies curled up by the open grate, and our children are listening for the tinkle of the bells, announcing another "Christmas morn," filling all our hearts with gladness and thanksgiving, and causing us to forget our friends on the mountain side? I fear memory pours itself into a funnel in order to concentrate itself into a small given space at home.

We use our Henrys at the rate of "two per"; they use us as a household word. My Christmas box has convinced me of the generosity of their natures, and the frailties and natural weaknesses of mine.

I didn't get to see Henry last fall, and my Christmas box coming just the same, convinces me that they missed the "fireside" part of my visit. That box, which will always be recalled with such appetizing pleasure, contained a peck of apples (and Henry has no apples, but is an excellent guide), a peck of beets (some of them showing the struggle they had getting through the rocks), a peck of potatoes (slightly disfigured), a big jar of mangos (simply perfect; they grow above ground), nineteen ears of pop-corn (perfect ears; they also grow in the air), three rabbits (killed in bed), three ruffed grouse (killed either at sunup or sundown, in a buckwheat patch or on a frost grape vine, while in the act of feeding). Henry is above all things a good shot in the uncertain light of awakening morn or declining day. This generous box of good things (always the best I have, I send you), representing as it did part of that year's yield, representing early and late hours of eager watchfulness, makes us all glad to know that away on that mountain side we were in their minds and in their hearts. A stony road eight miles to the railway to send my box had to be traveled behind a slow animal of an uncertain age, and retraced, but in that box, so carefully packed and carried so far, is "the best I have, I send to you."

THOS. ELMER.

ELIZABETH, N. J., December.

Christmas Chat.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The shortened days of the closing year have been lately reminding me that it was some time since I had a friendly chat with my fellow contributors to FOREST AND STREAM, and the announcement of the death of Antler in the current number, received this morning, recalls the fact that I have lately turned over the seventy-sixth page of my earthly calendar, and that it behooves me to "take time by the forelock," if I have anything more to say, and to send my greetings and wishes for a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" to those who still remain to enjoy the weekly visits of what my better half calls "my other Bible," and which, by the way, she enjoys nearly as much as I do myself.

Your leading editorial on "Wind Farms" opens the question on which I have been thinking of writing for some time past, very conveniently for my purpose, and that is, the enormous amount of misinformation distributed to the public, not only by the daily press, but the publications of a more pretentious character, and I was particularly delighted a short time since by our friend Cheney's "exposé" of the erroneous and absurd statements published in regard to the introduction of American fishes in Europe. Had Mr. Cheney known the real standing of the paper from which he took the article on which he commented, as well as I do, he would not have been so much surprised as he appeared to be in finding the article in its columns, for it has long been known among the older members of the engineering profession by the simple cognomen of "The Unscientific"! I took it for a time myself, fifty years ago, when I was a young man, and engineering literature was in its infancy, but long since dropped it as containing nothing reliable or valuable for my purposes.

The next article of the same sort which struck me was Mr. Hastings' amusing commentary on "The Consul-General's Moose," and to these I may add, as unnoted, the various accounts which appear weekly of enormous moose from the woods of Maine and New Brunswick, to say nothing of those which come from Alaska, but which seem to be somewhat more reliable. The 2,000-pound myth of the grizzly bear seems to have died out in favor of the 1,600 or 1,800 pound moose, and that will probably vanish in time. It is a pretty good sized carriage horse that will weigh 1,200 pounds, and 1,800 will do for a fair ox, so the readers of these fanciful stories may imagine the size of the game accordingly.

I always believe, or like to, all I read in FOREST AND STREAM, and very seldom find anything which I cannot easily digest and enjoy, but that yarn recently about the trip to the Mad River Mountains rather taxes my credulity. Such changes in climate and fertility as are there described, in crossing one summit, from utter sterility to a green and flourishing valley, may occur in

some parts of the world, but are not laid down in my geography. Then, although only three days are consumed in the account of the ascent of the mountain, the horse is worn out with many days' travel, when they get up there, and the story don't hang together. I know that the eyes of wild animals reflect light, but I do not believe the eyes of a wildcat ever gave out enough to shoot at, though somebody once palmed a similar story of shooting a panther on to FOREST AND STREAM many years ago. Altogether, the story savored rather too much of romance and imagination for my mental digestion.

Per contra, FOREST AND STREAM has lately given us some delightful tales of adventure and exploration from the pens of Messrs. Burnham, Hagan and Hastings, which spoke truth in every line. I particularly enjoyed the account of the round trip to the headwaters of the Otttawa, and the Gatineau, and the one into the Adirondacks from North Hudson, and I may say the same of Mr. Talbott's graphic sketches of "Fishing Up and Down the Potomac," and was very glad to note the appearance of our old friend, Charles Hallock, the founder of the paper, in one of them.

I have not been in the woods myself this fall, but the reports I get from those who have are of the general absence of game, ruffed grouse especially, as come from all parts of the Eastern States, although grouse were reported plentiful in the summer. Like all your other readers, I welcome the appearance of "Sam Lovel's Boy," and am also glad that that other boy, who was "Only a Boy," has appeared in book form.

Mr. Spears must stir up that one of his up in the North Woods, and give us some more of those original and thoroughly boyish letters. With "the compliments of the season," yours ever, VON W.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is a source of gratulation to myself and must be to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, that my reference to the question of salmon has called forth from your well-informed contributor, Steelhead, such an able and instructive article in the recently received FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 2, illustrated with cuts of the many varieties of that much misunderstood fish.

Although I have been a fisherman for the so-called salmon for years, Steelhead has shown me that I have really been ignorant of the fine distinction existing in the family. It is a great consolation and comfort, however, to learn from Steelhead that although in most instances I may have been deceiving myself under the impression that I was catching the true salmon, still, he has given the steelheads such a respectable character and standing in the family that I have no reason to be ashamed of them as poor relations, even if somewhat distant.

In reading the first part of Steelhead's article describing their relationship to the genuine aristocrat, the conceit was taken out of me considerably to find that all this time I had been wasting my energies on an inferior outsider, but the winding up of the article gave the fish such a respectable standing in the family that I felt consoled to find I had not been wasting my time on such a degenerate scion after all, and, thanks to Steelhead for such an indorsement of his character and respectability, shall have no compunctions about taking him into favor again, and giving him the benefit of my "distinguished consideration."

I shall cut out Steelhead's able article, which shall be my vade mecum and carry it in my fly-book ready at hand to enable me to give each fish I catch its proper status, and to determine whether I may be entertaining an angel unawares, or giving some degenerate member of the family a position and standing not its due.

I have been disappointed in not being able to make my anticipated trip to Navarro River up to this time. Just as I had made preparations, the heavy rains came on, and naturally producing a freshet and rily water, it was useless to go until there was a subsidence and clear water, and that is what I am waiting for, and acting on Steelhead's advice, shall essay the experiment and trial of the scarlet-ibis, and also of the large double gut fly that Conroy made especially for me, that have lain perdu in my fly-book these half-dozen years, provided the moths have not been less fastidious than the trout and have taken them at sight, or, rather, out of sight.

Moths in the Fly-Book.

Speaking of moths, I presume most fishermen have had an experience in that direction. I have unsuccessfully tried all means of ridding my fly-book of them. The last time I was in London I fitted myself out very elaborately in the way of fly-books, warranted moth proof. I did not have occasion to open them for several months, until essaying to show my outfit to a friend. All I found was a lot of naked hooks, without a feather on them. I am wiser now. I don't buy flies until I want to use them. I find it more economical to leave them for the tackle stores to look after until I have occasion for them.

Speaking of the fish tackle stores, what a temptation they are to a man to spend his money. I never go into one but what I buy a dozen things I don't need—am already provided with and never use. I can understand the passion women have for shopping—going from store to store to look at the new things, not always buying, but still wasting a good deal of money, as hubby realizes, forgetting that he gets away with as much with the nickel-in-the-slot machine for cigars and cocktails—he would not care to confess how much. This form of gambling has its fascination; in fact, most men are natural gamblers.

I confess I never can resist taking a chance in a raffle for a boat, a dog or a gun, especially the gun, no matter how many I may have hanging up that I never get time to use. Guns and fishing rods are to a sportsman what jewelry is to a woman—always wanting more. If he can't use them he can enjoy taking them down of a rainy day to oil them up and admire them.

Next to a handsome woman, give me a handsome gun. Although there may be similar characteristics, both are liable to go off unexpectedly, without warning.

PODGERS.



"BEHOLD THE FOUR DRAWN UP IN LINE."

Stubble Rhymes.

PRELUDE.

LET poets sing the valiant deed
On Mars' red field where soldiers bleed;
Be mine to perpetrate a jingle
Where shot and shell and game birds mingle.

November 6th was bright and fair
With frost and sunshine in the air:
To Cedar Lake the quartette flew—
By rail—to brush the early dew
In search of quail or anything
Called game that might take wing.

PERSONNEL.

Behold the four drawn up in line
Where erstwhile roamed the lowing kine,
While Kodak fiend, to earn his mutton,
Draws the slide and presses buttton.
Upon the right stands Major Gee,
Sure shot at birds—bar snipe—is he:
(Freckles, couchant at his feet
A veteran and hard to beat.)
Then Colonel Bee, true friend in need,
Attempts to light his neighbor's weed,
(While Boy looks up to hear him say
The word that bids him hie away),
And smiling Alma notes the match
That never had a head to scratch:
(Below reposes steady Cap
Ready to hunt or take a nap.)
Upon the left, a sportsman good,
Is Little John, not Robin Hood
(But over Cash is drawn the veil
Of charity from head to tail).

SPORT.

This stalwart beauty in the stubble,
On ruffed grouse made a clever double,
And Colonel Bee picked from the air
Another ruffed and bouncing pair,
When twelve flushed up by twos and threes,
And flew for refuge to the trees;
Leaving five to tell the tale
Of booming fire and leaden hail.
The Major from the woods below
Emerged too late to see the show:
His disappointment one could trace
Reflected in the Colonel's face,
When deep his martial ire was stirred
By prowling cat that stole his bird.
It was a sight for gods and men
To see the urbane Colonel then
Present to view a broad expanse
Of hunting boots and canvas pants;
On hands and knees with searching eyes,
Retrieve the mutilated prize.
In fallow field where June grass grew,
Cap quickly stopped, Boy onward drew,
Then Cash and Freckles joined the pair
To form a picture striking, rare.
Of scenes afield it was a gem,
A blanket would have covered them!
A forward step, of wings a gleam,
And vanished was an artist's dream.
And so was Cash, when for a race
Mollie Cottontail set the pace.
Of woodcock not a mark was found,
Though beaten was the finest ground:
Their failing numbers year by year
Proclaim a long farewell is near.
In sunny mead and shady wood
The dogs ranged wide and stanchly stood,
While bevies flushed and rushed away
to life or death. So passed the day.
When homeward turned the weary feet
The morning hours saw light and fleet,
The spacious pockets of the four
Bulged out with quail and grouse galore.

L'ENVOI.

Too quickly speed the happy hours
With comrades true in nature's bowers,
Where winds and streams with music rare
Fill sunlit forest aisles! The air
From sighing pine and cedar gloom
Comes laden with a sweet perfume,
And all the elves of earth and sky
Conspire to swell the harmony.
The shadows up the valleys come,
The ruffed grouse sounds the evening drum;
Afar the hamlet lights appear
A shining welcome to good cheer.
From heaven's dome creep one by one
The silent stars: the day is done.

ALMA.

Holumdays in Old Dixie.

When de corn am out de husk,
An' de chickens roost at dusk;
When de 'simmons ripen blue,
An' de ring-dove 'gins to coo;
Den de holumdays hab come,
An' we'll roll de harvest home.
Whoop, niggers! Christmas comin'!
John Coona is in town!

LET others celebrate Christmas as they will, the Yule log burns nowhere more brightly, and nowhere do mirth and festivity find less restraint, even now, than they did years ago among the negro slaves on the old plantation, "away down souf in Dixie." With the colored population, as well as with quality folks, it is a general holiday from the morning before Christmas until the close of the year. All labor, except the necessary labor of the household and farm, is suspended. John Coona, the clown of the tenantry, with his rag-tail retinue, is out in full force, and all draw heavily upon the generosity of the master of the house. "Yes, indeed!" as old Aunt Norah was telling a group of big-eyed children. "Yes, indeed, honeys! I does well remember dem times, and no mistake. Plenty of aignogg up at de great house de huli day long; and how de ole marse did enjoy dem capers! Eberybody out on de front porch a-watching for John Coona and de procession to come up from de quarter, and all a-waiting for de address of welcome from Marse Capehart. Yes, indeed! and Mistis Capehart and Aunt Sue wid handfuls of shiny quarters and dimes to scramble for when de ceremonies done concluded. Well, dem was good times, too, if dey was slave times."

All enjoyed the home frolic; and if any desired, they were permitted to visit their kinsfolk and friends in neighboring States, and often a steamboat was chartered to go up river with a whole load of delighted darkies, or they were whisked away in the rail cars to their destination. At the Christmas-tide, in slave times, the boon of freedom was most frequently solicited or granted. Lines of caste were apt to be overstepped, and the master's family and servants made common joy together. The nicest delicacies were sent from "the great house" to the negro quarter, and Aunt Dinah or Chloe reciprocated by sending back her best corn cake or chicken fixin's in friendly exchange.

Day before Christmas is the great market day of the year in Dixie: a day when the negroes are wont to carry to some neighboring town for sale the products of their leisure or extra hours, the proceeds of which go into their own private purses. At earliest dawn there is an unusual stir in the chicken coops, and dismal shrieks from the pig pens. Big negroes, men and women, and little pickaninnies are running in all directions. Every vehicle, horse and mule on the plantation is impressed into service, and there is "mounting in hot haste," as the war poet sings, and hitching up and packing and toting, and interminable bustle and din, until at last the cavalcade gets under way. Old Sam leads the van with a four-mule Lynchburg wagon, carrying three or four bales of cotton. Then follows a two-horse wagon, filled with poultry and garden truck, with three or four women in gaudy bandannas of red and yellow, seated in the front. Then come two or three urchins on horseback, with packs of coon skins lashed on behind, and a venerable darky on a venerable mule carrying a basket of garden seeds, followed by a spike team, with the driver astride the wheelhorse, loaded with bags of corn, upon which several whooping youngsters sit astride, and in the rear of all a bevy of noisy children of both sexes, with a score of dogs of every breed barking and yelping and darting in and out of the woods in wild excess of the general joy. Never was party more joyous or light-hearted than this motley cavalcade as it winds through the piney woods and under the moss-hung oaks and cypresses which girt the rustic road.

Arrived in town, the produce is sold; there is a general interchange of Christmas greetings and joyful anticipations of frolics to come, a little preliminary merry-making, and sometimes a too free indulgence in corn juice. Little luxuries and articles of finery are bought, and at evening the party returns to their homes with lighter loads and lighter hearts, to prepare for the long anticipated frolic of Christmas Eve, and the poor cracker or freedman, with his single steer harnessed into a make-shift vehicle, seems as happy as those who bear the names of the first families in the county.

At dusk the whole quarter is in an uproar. Huge piles of pitch pine are set ablaze, and roseate lightwood fires are kindled throughout the open air premises. Dusky groups are scattered in all directions, and fantastic shadows flit hither and yon. The deep recesses of the woods resound with laughter, singing and cat-calls. The old stone jug passes freely, and corncob pipes are often replenished. Old Sam brings out his squeaky fiddle and diligently rosins the bow. Cudjo and Dick are on hand with their banjoes, horse bones and goomer boxes. And now the fun begins. Such breakdowns, Juba dances, reels and "Essence of Ole Virginny" have never disturbed the stillness of the night for a year.

Wake snakes! Walk your chalks!
Sally go down the middle.
Hit yo' heels, knock yo' toes,
An' scrape dat cornstalk fiddle.
Ki-ya! Whoopee!

And all night long the banjo picks, the goomers thrum, the dancers dance, and the jug goes round, until the dawn of day brings brief surcease and the tired negroes seek a short repose. Shortly after sunrise the dusky hive is again astir. Some of the house servants assist the mistress in preparing for the great event of the day, the Christmas dinner; and no meager repast is that. What with the gumbo soup, the barbecued sheep, the roast possum, the toothsome poultry, the hot mince pies, and the eggnog, the keenest appetities are sated to repletion. Those of the farm hands who are fond of forest sports form small parties for shooting or fishing, while the devoutly inclined jump into a wagon and drive to a neighboring rustic church. Others pay visits to friends, while the young and boisterous fill up the day with uncouth sports, in bucking, wrestling, climbing greased poles and chasing pigs. At evening all are at home again and the festivities of the previous night are repeated. Often the master's family pay frequent visits, and encourage emulation by small presents of money. Utmost latitude is allowed within the limits of decency, and all through the week the frolic is kept up, varied each day with some new pastime. Great is the havoc among the small game of the woods, the coons, the possums, the rabbits, the squirrels, and the partridges; fearful the mortality among the turkey coops and pig styes, and taxing to the pockets of their patrons the frequent demands for a Christmas gift. The negroes rule for the time until New Year's has come and gone, and then all hands readily resume their wonted labors, somewhat worn but in no wise demoralized by the extraordinary indulgences of the week. On large estates and well-ordered plantations of magnitude, the routine of to-day does not vary much from that of past slave times. During lulls, the hours of evening are often beguiled by song and story, and many an antiquated darky gains distinguished place among his credulous listeners by recounting his hair-breadth escapes from stump bears, his marvelous ghost stories and adventures with spooks and night doctors. Then the spirit of mischief lurks in the gloaming, and many a practical joke is played upon the timorous or superstitious, whose weak points are known. Uncle Ned, a venerable and pious African, was an easy victim. He had outlived his usefulness, but was nevertheless handy at little odd jubs about the premises, and belonged to that class which might be termed necessary nuisances. He did little except to mind his garden patch and his pig-pen, the remainder of his time being spent in prayers, for he was remarkably devout in his declining age, however remiss he might have been in his youth. He had always a sermon or an admonition at his tongue's end, and misquoted Scripture by the yard whenever any one deigned to converse with him. Nevertheless, his weaknesses and shortcomings were well known; his breath and his cabin were often rank with the fumes of corn whisky, while heaps of chicken feathers were often found under his bed, although his own private stock of poultry never seemed to diminish. He had great and unmistakable fears of the Evil One, who, he said, seemed to have a special spite against him, and who, he declared most solemnly, had frequently appeared to him in the form of a cat, a copper snake, an owl and a black crow. Occasionally, when the arch fiend could not impress him in any other way he said he would spit at him from among the live coals in the fireplace.

At length one Christmas time the enemy manifested himself in a most extraordinary manner. It was evening, and the cabin hearth was glowing with a fine bed of coals, upon which rested a coffee-pot and a skillet frizzling with odorous fat sausages. Betty, his old woman, was fidgeting about the supper table, as Uncle Ned sat toasting his shins before the fire, reflecting upon his sins, in joyful anticipation of the feast in preparation. Now, it just so happened that his young master, a scapegrace, who was home from college for the holiday vacation, had taken a note of the situation and stealthily climbed to the roof of the cabin, whence he occasionally dropped a few grains of powder from a horn into the fireplace.

At the first fizz old Ned drew his chair back suddenly.

"What dat? Betty, look dar! See de debble a-sparklin' in de fire?"

"Oh, pshaw! 'taint nuffin, you ole fool—only jes a sign ob snow," and Betty went on with her work.

"Dar it am ag'in! Oh, golly! Betty, 'pears to me I smell brimstone!"

"Go 'long. 'Tain't nuffin', I tell you," said Betty, but with less assurance than before.

Just then an extra dose fizzled on the coals, and the smoke of the miniature explosion drove the old couple to the further corner of the room, where Ned began to quake fearfully and attempt a prayer. At the same moment the young mischief at the top of the chimney, in the effort to suppress his mirth, accidently dropped the powder horn plump into the fire. Much alarmed, he did not wait to witness the effects, but slid from the roof in a jiffy, and ran to the house as fast as his legs could carry him. In less than a minute afterward there was a rush and a shuffle of hurrying footsteps through the yard, and through the porch to the front door; the door burst open, and in rushed Uncle Ned, staring and speechless, while Aunt Betty followed close behind in a delirium of terror.

"Oh, marster! Oh mistis!" cried she, "de debil is arter us, sure enough."

"What's the matter now, Aunt Betty?" they said, with some concern at her visible emotion.

"Oh, de debil he come down de chimbly wid a clap of thunder and de fiery cloud, and shy de coffee-pot plum at my head, and he fling de skillet of sausage at de ole man, an' he toss de chunks and coals all ober de room wid de shovel. Oh, golly! Lor' sakes! Such a smell ob brimstone, and such a cloud ob smoke! An' den he sputter and spit like a ole black cat, an' finally he jump on de chist and sit dar wid hees legs crossed and blowing off streams of fire. Oh, mistis, de debil hab us dis time sure!"

At these words poor old Ned sunk at the feet of his mistress and grasped her gown with quaking hands, while all the negroes who had gathered around by this time shook with dismay. Some words of comfort were offered, but Betty grew incoherent, and would only say that she "left de debil sitting on the chist—de berry chist whar dat whisky was. Didn't I tole you, ole man, offen 'nuff 'bout dat whisky? Debil knowed well enough dat whisky hab no bizness dar," and Betty sobbed aloud.

The master at one time thought the old couple were drunk, but when he saw that their terror was real he made his way to the cabin, followed by a whole bevy of negroes, who kept at a respectful distance, and sure enough he found the condition of things pretty much as had been described. Everything was in fearful confusion, and a cloud of sulphurous smoke still filled the room. The master looked bewildered, and the teeth of the negroes began to chatter at these unmistakable evidences of the presence of his Satanic Majesty.

Presently Ned stooped to examine something upon the floor, but suddenly drew back with a shriek. "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" said he; "it's one of his horns!"

"Let me see it," demanded the master. Hand it to me!"

"Oh, Lord! marster; tell me to go kill myself; tell me to drink pizen, but nebber ask me to touch dat horn. I couldn't do it nohow—not for de world to come."

The master accordingly picked it up himself, and examined it. Then the secret was solved at once. The horn was his own, and he had loaned it to his son that morning to go shooting with.

"I smell brimstone powerful," said Ned, as he glanced at the terrible relic.

"And I smell a rat," said the master.

Soon afterward the old negro was fully informed as to all the details of his misadventure, but his incredulous mind could never divest itself of the belief that the devil had some agency in the matter.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Natural History.

Potomac Notes.

The Zoo Park.

THE harpy eagle is proving attractive. It is now in fine condition, and its plumage is perfect. Three New York artists have recently sketched the bird, and are loud in its praises.

The seven young pumas are now about seven months old and are in good condition. This is true also of the four five-month-old lions, and of the four or five young elk. Seven adult antelope (five three-year-old bulls and two cows) and two calves and five mule deer have recently been added to the collection from the Yellowstone Park. A pair of moose from Ontario has also been added. They are very tame and in excellent condition. Another addition is a pair of wild boars.

The Semidi Propagating Company, through Mr. Byron Andrews, of Washington, has placed a dozen arctic or blue foxes in the park. These are being closely observed to learn their breeding habits, so as to be able to deal intelligently with them in their far-away Alaskan homes.

One of the most interesting families in the National Park is the boa with her young, sixty-two of which were born about the first of December. The boas at birth were about 18 inches long, and twenty-four hours after birth killed mice, which, however, they did not eat. The mother was a gift from the Governor of the State of Para, and has been in Washington about four months. A number of the young have been sent to the Philadelphia and New York zoos.

Mr. Baker informs us that there is a steady increase of visitors, the most noticeable increase being in the number of week-day visitors. People now visit the park in all sorts of weather. The park as an aid in the educating of children plays a prominent part. Thousands of school children visit the park annually and gain a knowledge of our animal life that would be impossible to learn from books alone.

B. A. BEAN.

A Pine Grosbeak at Sea.

THE Gloucester (Mass.) Times of Dec. 14 reports: "A strange bird flew on board the schooner Procyon during a snow storm Wednesday on Cashes. The little fellow was nearly exhausted, but was cared for by the crew, and soon became very chipper and tame. It is about the size of a robbin, with brown head, blue wings, dark gray breast, and has a bill like a parrot's. The crew had never seen a bird like it before, and have named it a Cape Island parrot." The bird was probably a pine grosbeak.

An Inhuman Trust.

Florida Times-Union, Dec. 11.

No greater evil threatens the American people to-day than that which will certainly follow the extermination of our birds; but few appreciate the wholesale manner in which war is made upon them. To open the eyes of our people to the proportions of the massacre and the necessity of taking some such steps as are earnestly recommended by those popularly styled "feather cranks," we copy the following statement from the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 2:

Reference was recently made in the FOREST AND STREAM to a party of bird skinners which had left Long Island, sent out by a factory there, to visit Florida and other waters, and to get a cargo of plume birds. The vessel is to be absent all winter, all sorts of birds are to be killed, and at frequent intervals shipments of skins are to be made to New York.

On Nov. 22 the factory occupied by the concern which sent out this boat load of bird skinners was destroyed by fire, and its whole contents, including many thousand bird skins, were burned up. It is said that in the factory there were 10,000 sea gulls, 20,000 wings of various birds, and 10,000 heads of birds. The factory was a building 100 by 50 feet, one story high, and employed fifty hands; and we are told that the concern had gunners shooting for it all along the Long Island coast, as well as in Massachusetts, on the islands off the coast of Maine, and at various points along the shores of the Southern States. This record for numbers killed by any one man employed by the factory is said to have been 141,000 birds killed in a single season in Florida.

During the last year the demand for feathers has been practically limited to the long so-called eagle feathers, which are taken from eagles, hawks, herons, swans, geese, turkeys and turkey buzzards, and to the long wings of gulls and some other sea fowl. It is hoped, however, by the manufacturers that the coming season will show a more general demand for birds of all descriptions.

In sending us the clipping, Dr. DeWitt Webb, Vice-President of the St. Augustine branch of the Humane Society, begs us to urge upon all sheriffs the duty of protecting our birds from these murderers. This is a labor of love often performed by this paper, and we cite again the law to remind the sheriffs that they have sworn to enforce it:

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Florida:

Section 1. That hereafter it shall be unlawful for any person to kill in this State for the purpose of sale or commercial traffic any of the following named plumed birds. That is, any crane, egret, ibis, curlew or heron.

Sec. 2. That hereafter it shall be unlawful for any person to purchase, trade or traffic in any of the plumed birds hereinbefore mentioned, or for commercial purposes to purchase, trade or traffic in the plumes or peltry of the said plumed birds of the State.

Sec. 3. That whoever shall violate any of the provisions of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in a sum not exceeding $300, or imprisoned in the county jail not exceeding six months, at the discretion of the court.

Approved June 5, 1891.

Game Bag and Gun.

In Maine Woods.

BOSTON, Dec. 15.—About the best showing of deer brought from Maine during the open season in that State, which closes to-day, was that of Messrs. Geo. P. Wasson and A. H. Morse, Jr. They came out from Randal's camps, White Cap Mountain, the other day, bringing four buck deer. One of the bucks was very curiously marked; about half albino. The lower back half of the body, as well as hind legs, was nearly white, being only slightly dappled or spotted with brown. The forelegs and upper front half of the body was more or less red or brown, mixed with white. It was a buck of some age, as there were five good points to the antlers. Mr. Morse, who shot this deer, will have the head mounted and a rug made of the curious skin. It almost seems as though the Boston Sportsmen's Show should secure the skin entire, and have it mounted as a freak in color. Another odd feature concerning the deer taken by these two gentlemen was the fact that the horns almost immediately came off each one of three of them; conclusive evidence that deer in Maine shed their antlers quite early in December to later in that month. The horns of each were saved, however, so that the heads—really fine ones—can be mounted.

The papers say that Charles F. Towne, a Colby student, after hunting all day in the vicinity of Rum Mountain, near Wilson Lake, Piscataquis county, at nightfall found that he had lost his bearings. He took out his compass to get the direction, but found that the needle adhered to the glass and would not move. A drop of water had got in through the case and held the needle fast. Realizing that he was lost, he bethought himself that it would be useless to strike off through the timber, and that he would freeze if he stopped walking. Kindle a fire he could not. Selecting two large trees he commenced to walk back and forth between them. His clothes soon became frozen from moisture during the day. He kept up his weary march all night long. He had had no food since morning, but being in the best of physical condition, from playing football, he withstood the strain. At daylight, or sunrise, he struck due east and soon came out to a tote road. Following this he came to a camp where he obtained rest and food, with the direction to Elliottville. Here he took the train back to camp, where he had left his fellow hunters. They had been searching for him, having gone entirely around Wilson Lake. The same thing happened to a compass taken into the woods by Dr. Lambert, at Bemis, a year ago. The great Thanksgiving snow storm came up, and late in the afternoon Dr. Lambert found himself three or four miles into the woods from the lake or camps. His compass would not work. Water had got into it, and capillary attraction had stuck the needle fast to the glass. The snow was blinding, but he knew that down hill would lead to water, and that water ran toward the lake. He started down hill, and soon after dark he came to a brook. This he could follow, and he followed it down. He strongly hoped that it was Toothaker Brook, which he had crossed in the morning. This it proved to be, and he soon came to a lumber road that he followed down to camp. He has disposed of that compass and now has one the cases of which are water tight.

Another curious case of a hunter or guide lost in the woods is reported from Kineo, Moosehead Lake. Two brothers went out after moose and became separated. At dusk one of them shot the moose he had been following. He soon realized that it would be useless to try to get out of the woods that night. He took the hide off

the moose while the body was warm. He conceived the idea of wrapping himself in the hide to keep warm, the night being very cold. With the hair side in he rolled himself up in the hide, and soon fell asleep. In the morning he tried to move, but found that the hide had frozen stiff and hard. By no means could he extricate himself. Neither could he stand up nor walk. Here was a predicament. He did not give up to die, however. He well knew that his brother would be out after him at daylight, and would have little difficulty in tracking him to his place of imprisonment. In this he was right. By noon his brother had found him, much stiffened and uncomfortable from his cramped position in the frozen moose hide. The brother could not help laughing at the sight that met him, and at first proposed rolling "the whole business" into camp. But the man in the moose hide decided that a fire be built and that he be thawed out. This was done, and both think the escape a narrow one.

BOSTON, Dec. 18.—The Maine big-game season, which was fully closed Friday night, shows an increase in the number of deer shipped through Bangor by rail. The total number recorded there was 3,415, an increase of 38 over last year. It is also mentioned that some more deer are yet to be transported, under special permit, and that this will make a still greater showing for the season just passed, although it is sixteen days shorter than last year. The total number of moose transported through Bangor for the season to date has been 138, while last year's completed shipments were 202. Doubtless there are still a few heads yet to be transported, under special license, the moose having been killed in open season, and this is expected to bring the season more nearly up to that of a year ago. Recent reports from guides and woodsmen suggest that there are more young moose and cows in the woods than ever before, but that bulls with good heads are scarce.

W. T. Farley, of Boston, and Dr. G. A. McAleer, of Worcester, are just out of the New Brunswick woods, the Doctor with a fine moose and Mr. Farley with a big caribou. This is Mr. Farley's third caribou, though his hopes were great of getting a moose this year. A good account of their trip is coming for the FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Talcott, of Dorchester, have returned from an extended shooting trip in the Allegash region, Me. Both shot a fine deer or two, but neither got a moose. Mrs. Talcott shoots her own game, without male assistance.

Sportsmen who fish the Rangeley Lakes will be pleased to learn of the engagement of Mr. N. G. Manson, of Camp Leatherstocking, Richardson Lake. He is to be married on Wednesday of this week to Miss Olive Hooper Lunt, of New York. The couple propose to spend most of the summer of 1900 at Camp Leatherstocking.

Boston markets have now more deer on sale than a few weeks ago, but not nearly as many as a year ago. There is decidedly less of illegal shipping here, but still returning sportsmen continue to send their deer by express right into market, where they are sold. This speaks more of market-hunting than of real sportsmanship, but still hunters of moderate means or economical turn persist that a hunting trip to Maine or the Provinces costs a good deal, and that if the money received for a deer or two helps out, it is nobody's business. I saw a big load the other day backed up to a commission house. Soon I noticed that there was one bull elk among the lot, and next that the deer were rather small, with diminutive antlers. Later I learned that the whole load was from the Morton reservation or preserve in Vermont. The sixteen deer and one elk had been killed and sent to market. Further particulars are not obtainable here. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Storms in the West.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 15.—Chicago for the last two days has been treated to the first snow storm of the season. Thus far the weather has not been very cold, nor has the snow fallen to any considerable depth, the storm having been but a mild one and the weather pleasant rather than otherwise. This snowfall has extended well below the central part of this State and Indiana, but is not considered severe enough to be dangerous for the quail. The snow lies but a few inches deep here.

Further to the north there have been very severe storms this week. At Eau Claire and Chippewa Falls, Wis., on Wednesday, a very violent storm prevailed, with heavy wind, which drifted the snow in such way that both wagon roads and railroads were blocked. This same storm was exceedingly severe across Minnesota, the snow drifting to a depth of 15 feet in places, and some of the cities looked as though they had been under a blizzard for days. The storm, in fact, lasted for sixty hours, and has practically tied up the section over which it passed. It need hardly be said that this storm will be very injurious to the quail crop, excepting in sections where the cover is very dense.

Quail and a Church.

I was talking this week with Mr. Thomas R. Laflin, of Milan, Ill., one of our best known shooters in this section, and he tells me that he has been having great sport this fall with the quail, which are very abundant in his part of the country, which is near Rock Island. Mr. Laflin tells me a peculiar quail story, which, on its face, seems so impossible, and which yet has in it so many elements of probability, that it deserves publication. He says that a man of his town by name of Miller is the original teller of the story, the facts of which happened to Mr. Miller. The latter was driving along the highway this fall with a member of his family, when some quail were seen running along a hedge, which hedge passed close to a church, the church being but a short distance from the spot at which the quail were seen. Miller descended from his wagon and fired at the running quail, killing one of them. At the report of his gun another flock rose a little way ahead of him, and started off, closely bunched together. They flew square into the white painted side of the church, striking it as though they would tear off the weather boarding. Miller picked up nine of the quail dead. He said that he did not expect any one to believe the story, but that it was really true.

Mr. Laflin told me that once when he and his brother were boys they were at work in the barn during a time when there was a heavy storm of snow and wind. They were startled by hearing a great noise on the side of the barn, as though it were struck by a number of heavy bodies. They went outside and found that a flock of prairie chickens had flow squarely into the barn, no doubt while blinded by the storm. Apparently the whole flock struck the barn, and thirteen were killed.

I presume every one has seen prairie chickens killed by flying against the telegraph wires, at least every one who has lived in the West in earlier times. I once picked up two chickens which I saw killed in this way by flying against the wire. It was quite common for the section hands on the railroad to bring in numbers of chickens which had killed themselves in this way. This was in Iowa, previous to 1880.

One could understand that birds would fly against an almost invisible wire. Yet I have seen two quail killed by flying into the side of a barn on my father's place when I was a boy. I recall also that one time some of us youngsters trapped several quail, which we kept alive in the hay mow. When frightened by our coming into the mow these birds would get up and fly at full speed apparently in any direction that chanced, and eventually they all killed themselves in this way, except one, which managed to hit the hole left by a broken pane of glass in the hay mow window, and so escaped. The broken window had been there all the time, but they did not seem to know it.

Mr. Laflin does not vouch for the truth of his quail story, except to tell it as it was told to him. I may add that he is an old-time Western man and something of a hunter. Twenty-one years ago he spent an entire summer in the mountains in what is now the Blackfoot reservation, there being only three in the party. That was a rather wilder country then than it is to-day.

Alaska Explorations.

Mr. Harry W. Lee, of this city, is the author of the very spirited story of hunting adventure in Alaska which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM early this year. Mr. Lee left Chicago on May 1 for another trip to Alaska, from which he returned last October. He met the Herriman expedition at Dutch Harbor. This time Mr. Lee did not go after big game, but devoted most of his time to collecting specimens of the bird life of Alaska. He met with great success, and his collection is highly valuable.

Death of T. Benton Leiter.

Mr. T. Benton Leiter, nephew of Levi Z. Leiter, of Chicago, died on Dec. 11, at Mt. Hope, Md., where he had been in a moribund condition for some time. He was only thirty-five years of age, but he had crowded a great deal of activity into his short life. He was long prominent among the sportsmen of Chicago, a splendid, hearty young fellow, and an esteemed member of Maksawba Club. It was he who practically bought out the shares of the Maksawba Club, placing the club holding of 5,000 acres practically in the control of Levi Z. Leiter, who has intended to drain the marsh lands and make them fit for farming purposes. Later Mr. Leiter went to Sheridan, Wyo., as manager of a wealthy gold mining property. He lost his fortune and his health, and of late has furnished a good example of the rapidity with which a man is forgotten by his friends when ill fortune assails him.

Bound for Rockport.

Mr. H. H. Hawthorn, with his friends, Messrs. H. E. Carroll, F. Channing and J. Slaker, all of this city, propose to take their wives and go somewhere South this winter, probably starting toward the close of January and remaining six weeks. Mr. Hawthorn came to me to learn something about Rockport, Texas, and is so much pleased with what I am able to tell him about that country that he will take his party there. They certainly should have a most enjoyable time.

For Didymus.

For the benefit of friend Didymus, I should like to hang up a few more big bags of Western game, just to shake them before his eyes as it were, and make him plenty mad. To-day I was talking with Jesse Pumphrey, of Columbus, O., and he told me that he had just finished shooting quail for a couple of weeks in Fairfield county, O., with his friend, Dr. R. B. Miller, now of Chicago, but formerly of Amelia, O. Mr. Pumphrey said that they did not have such very good luck, as they only killed 600 quail in two weeks. He said that they had much better luck last year, and during their hunt killed 849. He says that Dr. Miller is a very good quail shot. This is the same Dr. Miller who, with Dr. Carson, of this city, killed 109 quail in one day at Neoga, Ill., this fall, over 300 on the same hunt. These be the facts.

Traveling.

Mr. Edward H. Ford, manager of the Economic Smokeless Powder Company, whose works are at Hammond, Ind., leaves some time in January for a brief visit to England, which was his native country, and where his family has preceded him by a few weeks. Mr. Ford is an able and conscientious business man, and I may add the best of company, for I spent a very pleasant day with him not long since, on my first visit to a powder mill.

Mr. C. J. Boor, of this city, starts to-night for southern Illinois for a week's shooting on quail.

Season Closing.

The quail season closes in Illinois next Wednesday. I do not learn of many Chicago shooters who have been out after quail this week, but a good many will go out to shoot the last day or so of the season. As has been so often stated earlier in these columns, the quail season of 1899 has been phenomenally good in this section. All indications seem to point to an abundant crop of birds next year also, as a good head of game is carried over. Granted a decent winter and not too wet a spring, we shall see plenty of quail next fall.

Still Hunt.

Col. C. E. Felton and Mr. W. P. Mussey shot quail this week at Mattoon, Ill., guests of Dr. Ferguson and Mr. Voss; but had rather a slim hunt, bagging only twenty-four birds in two days. My friend Col. Fenton succeeded in killing four birds in his two days, which I conceive to be conclusive proof of his skill with the shotgun. My challenge to Col. Felton for a quail race is at once hurled defiantly into the arena of his front yard.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Quail in Michigan.

HARTFORD, Mich., Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The quail season has come and gone. In Van Buren county the birds were fairly plenty, plump and fat, having lived upon the uncut wheat stubbles where grain was plenty. The opening of the season found me nearly "hors du combat" with a sore thumb, but, nothing daunted, I took the trusty Parker and the stanch setter, Frankie, and sallied forth. Before I had gotten out of sight of the beautiful vilage, Frankie told me by the language that everp sportsman understands, that quail were close at hand. Soon after giving a few high-heading swiffs, she made a few careful moves forward, and became as rigid as a statute—the first point of the season. How I wished for a camera at that moment that I might have sent to the FOREST AND STREAM the beauty of that point! I stepped briskly forward and got in line with the dog, when "whirred" into the air eighteen or twenty quail from not over two rods distant. Picking out the best I rounded the fairest birds; the report of right and left sounded instantaneously, and I missed with the first and killed with the second—sore thumb badly hurt.

Picking up the first bird and putting it into my hunting coat, I went toward the spot where I had marked the birds down. I had gone but half the distance I thought they had flown, when Frankie, who was well in advance, came to a sudden stop. Stepping forward and expecting to get a splendid rise of a single bird, and not seeing any, though the dog was still stanch, I stepped forward again, but still there was no rise. I then turned back toward the dog and within 3 feet of its nose was a bird too badly crippled to rise. I claimed it the victim of the first barrel.

Again I went forward to where we had marked down the bunch, and when near the spot my faithful friend came to another point. Advancing quickly abreast of the dog and a few feet to the right, out from under my very feet went a strong, swift bird toward cover a short distance away. A quick aim and sharp report, and another beauty was rolling in the stubble. Looking back and seeing the dog still at a point, I stepped in front of her, and out went another bird from under my feet, and from this mark down in the corner of the field I secured seven birds. Seeing that it was nearly noon, and that I must be home to dinner, I started homeward, and en route picked up two more quail and one woodcock, and felt perfectly satisfied with the short trip and the ten birds secured without going out of sight of the village.

On Nov. 30 I again put in the day with dog and gun, and found plenty of the birds left, some whole coveys not having been molested, showing that with a fair winter we will have plenty of birds for next season.

During the season I have bagged about eighty quail and four partridges and several woodcocks, and not one break nor "mouthed" bird by my faithful setter.

S. COOK.

A California Decision.

THE written opinion of the Supreme Court filed in the Knapp habeas corpus case sustains the position taken by the Chronicle in every particular. Knapp had been convicted in Stanislaus county of violating an ordinance prohibiting the shipment of game elsewhere for sale. It was held by the lower courts that a county had the right to restrict game killing and shipment for sale as a police regulation, from which Knapp appealed. After hearing argument he was promptly discharged by the Supreme Court, the filing of an opinion being reserved for a later date. "Having taken the game lawfully and at a time when it is lawful for any one to shoot ducks the ordinance prohibiting their shipment," says the Court, "is an unreasonable interference with the right of private property and an unnecessary restraint of trade." In a concurring opinion Chief Justice Beatty makes the point still clearer: "A county ordinance forbidding all persons under penalty to transport game lawfully taken to the place where they desire to use or dispose of it is violative of the right of private property as defined and regulated by general law and necessarily invalid." That seems to be definite enough to convince any one that a county has not the right to frame a local law under the pretense of a police regulation which shall interfere with the right of a market-hunter to kill wild game and sell it wherever he chooses, so long as the killing is done within the requirements of general law. Twenty-one counties adopted the void ordinance.

The general game law provides for closed and open seasons for the killing and sale of game, and it restricts the maximum bore of the weapons to be used in the slaughter of wild water fowl and small game to a No. 10 gauge; but one of the sections of the statute does the extraordinary thing of empowering the various county boards of supervisors to amend itself by shortening the statutory time in which game can be taken within the county boundaries. Unfortunately, the Supreme Court found it unnecessary for the purposes of the Knapp case to decide that question. It was content to say: "If such further restrictions upon the right to kill game may be made by county boards, such regulations must be reasonable, not oppressive, to any class, and must not contravene any established policy of the State." But the Court comes dangerously near settling the point in another part of the decision when it says: "The statutes of the State in regard to game prohibit the offering for sale of game during the time it is unlawful to kill such game. The State regulations upon this particular subject seem complete and restrict the rights of citizens so far as was necessary to prevent the unlawful killing of game."

Inferentially, the decision denies the right of county boards of supervisors to alter the statutory limitations of the game seasons, presumably because that would be

delegating State legislative powers to such bodies and enable them to convert a general statute into an unconstitutional special local law, whose terms would be at variance with the policy of the statute.—San Francisco Chronicle, Dec. 7.

The Wild Turkey's Sharp Eye.

Bledsoe County, Tenn.—After trudging all day along the top of the mountain with no success at all, inasmuch as I had shot several times, but failed to bring down my game, I ran across an old hunter, J. W. Hyde. After the usual greeting we seated ourselves on an old log to exchange notes. I put the question: "Why are the turkeys always on the run when I see them?" The old man spit through his teeth, changed his position, laid his long muzzleloading rifle on the ground, put the fourth portion of a plug of tobacco in his mouth and proceeded to tell me why the turkeys were always on the run when I saw them: "Of all the game I have ever hunted, turkeys display the most wonderful power of vision. I cannot tell just why this is. I have made a microscopical examination of the eyes of the hawk, eagle, fox, weasel and owl, but find no material difference in the lens and retina; the ciliary muscles and the iris are exactly the same; yet none of these keen vision creatures can compare with the turkey in point of seeing. I remember the acuteness of sight displayed by an old gobbler in the spring of 1892. I had carefully concealed myself, and no part of my body was visible but the upper portion of my head. A puff of wind slightly disturbed the brim of my hat; he saw it and immediately took to flight.

"On another occasion I was hunting in the mountains in Georgia. I was lying behind a log and was carefully hidden, all but the upper part of my face. A turkey was slowly coming in response to my call, and was carefully noticing for signs of danger. A mosquito was stinging me fearfully on the forehead; I raised my finger slowly to crush it, and as soon as the finger came within the range of vision, cluck went the turkey, and he was gone.

"Now the most inexplicable thing in regard to hunting turkeys is that with all his acuteness of sight the surest way to get shot is to sit down in an open place with your back against a tree in full view, and strange to say, he will walk up within ten steps without seeing you." Just then we noticed that the sun was down; the old hunter invited me to spend the night at his camp, which I did, and had a most pleasant time.

J. W. Drane.

Concerning Big Bags.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please present the compliments of Didymus to Mr. Hough, which the same confesses with shame and confusion of face that he was guilty of a little slaughtering in his youthful days, but those days were not as these days, for the multitude of victims for the sportsman was so great that no one considered it possible that their ranks could ever be thinned, and no one ever dreamed of being censured for a crowded bag; but now, as the amount of game of all kinds throughout the country is getting "small by degrees and beautifully less," it behooves all thinking and considerate sportsmen to put a little check upon their love of sport, and to kill a market-shooter whenever they can do it accidentally. If this is not done, I'm afraid posterity folks will swear at us.

Mr. Hough asks whether Didymus is a "good, clean shot." Well, he thinks he was, but four score years has tamed his enthusiasm and made him rather shaky, though only a few days ago he shot a few snipe and quail. A great many years ago he was wicked enough to try his hands at trapshooting, and killed eighteen out of twenty double birds, at Cincinnati, but they were wild pigeons; still it passed as proof that he was a "good, clean shot." He has always had that reputation, and some of his best bags have been made close by the ground on which Mr. Hough's office stands. It was about the time that plans were being laid for his creation! Game was plenty then, for clubs were not then born to interfere with it. About that time he paid a visit to the new-born town of Madison, Wis., and found that part of the country swarming with prairie grouse. They were so destructive that some of the farmers begged him, as a great favor, to do some slaughtering for them, and he did; and now behold the poor Chicagoites consider it a streak of luck if they can kill a dozen on a trip of fifty or a hundred miles. Shooting them was no sport for Didymus, and he would leave them at once if he met with quail or snipe. All of which is respectfully submitted by Didymus.

St. Augustine, Fla., Dec. 11.

Maryland Notes.

There are very few partridges (Bob White), except in the lower part of Maryland, this year. Of the 150 dozen birds turned out last year only five birds were lost in shipping. They were carried in little crates, arranged in tiers, nine males and nine females in each compartment. An effort will be made to have a close season next year so as to give the quail a fair chance to recover.

There are still a few grouse in the hilly and mountainous part of the State.

Ducks have been fairly plentiful, especially on the Susquehanna Flats, but they have been very wild and shy, so that the bags have not been very heavy as a rule. This is especially true of redheads and blackheads; the canvasbacks are not so easily scared. As a result of the mild weather, the teal have stayed with us very late—the latest on record. Last Saturday we noticed for the first time this fall little tree sparrows, which usually come this far south in October. Quite a number of guillemot are flying this year; there was quite a flight of these birds in 1896.

Reports from the Potomac are to the effect that few ducks are seen.

Mr. F. C. Kirkwood, Secretary of the Maryland Fish and Game Association, with whom we have conversed concerning game affairs in his State, says that an effort will be made to have the Legislature take up the fish bill, which was introduced two years ago but not acted upon.

B. A. Bean.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 16.

An Ostrich Trust.

The owners of the Florida ostrich farm have, within the last forty-eight hours, completed their arrangements by which they have become the owners of practically all the ostriches in the United States, and they now control the domestic output of ostrich feathers in this country. These arrangements were completed on Saturday evening by the formal acceptance by telegraph of their offer for the birds and plant of the Arizona Ostrich Company, located at Phœnix, in that State. Their purchase of the birds at Fullerton, Cal., was recorded in these columns several weeks ago, and the shipment of thirty birds, received ten days ago, was the first from the new possessions.

The company now owns 600 ostriches, all that are in this country, with the exception of a few at the South Pasadena farms and the dozen or less that are contained in the traveling circuses and zoological gardens of the large cities. The birds at the South Pasadena farm are the property of Cawston & Cockburn, and by agreement these will be kept only for exhibition purposes, all the increase of the flock coming to the Florida company. The investment of the Florida company is fully $300,000, all of which is paid up.—Jacksonville, Fla., Times-Union, Dec. 4.

Currituck Ducking.

Currituck, N. C., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Duck shooting at Currituck so far has been much below the average, owing, I think, principally to the beautiful summer-like weather. We still hope to have good sport when the winter weather comes, for we have good reason to believe that an abundant crop of ducks was raised. Several yachting parties coming down the Chesapeake on their way to Florida say that they never saw them more plentiful. Wild geese were never more numerous than now. Swans are also here in great quantities; and I have it from reliable sources that black brant are more plentiful down around New Inlet and Hatteras than they have been for many years. This leads us to hope that the ducks are only a little behind and will still come. The most ducks killed at Currituck this season have been ruddy ducks, and they were never in better condition. Canvasbacks have only begun to arrive, and they are also in splendid condition. Quail shooting has been quite up to the average in this section, and many nice bags have been made.

More Anon.

To Dry Rubber Boots—A Wrinkle Worth Knowing.

I was more than interested in the article published in your issue of Nov. 25, under the above heading and signed D. Now I would suggest to our friend D. that instead of an old bit of flannel to stuff in his boots when they are wet, if he or any other fellow sportsman will simply take an old newspaper and tearing it in several pieces, crumple up and stuff in his boots from the toe up and let them stand over night he will find them absolutely dry in the morning, the paper having absorbed all the moisture.

I have tried this method and know whereof I speak, and am sure if D. will try it the next time he wants to dry his boots he will agree with me that newspaper is far superior for the purpose to flannel.

E. B. K.

Two Deer at One Shot.

The most remarkable shooting story told by the Dead River guides is that about E. G. Ward. He was here early this week. The first day out he secured a small doe. Several days passed without success on his part, but the day before he started for home he saw a doe break through the underbrush and run. He watched a clearing a short distance further on, and when the doe leaped into that he fired. The doe dropped dead, and when he went to secure her he found that the bullet had passed completely through her and had struck a fawn by her side, which he had not seen. The fawn was badly injured, and, the guides say, Mr. Ward was obliged to kill it. He then found himself with three deer on his hands, one more than the law allows.—Bingham (Me.) Correspondence Boston Herald.

"Concerning an Epithet."

From the Prince Edward Island Magazine.

That excellent sportsmen's paper, Forest and Stream, originated a name the propriety of using which was widely discussed in its columns. It is a slangy compound, but very expressive—"game hog"! It is applied to the people who kill game out of season; those who net trout; those who are not satisfied with a full basket, but must needs go on fishing till they have so many fish that they are wasted. Very properly the "game hog" is held up to contempt and his methods are condemned. We notice evidence of the existence of the creature in this Province, and are requested to say that a vigilance committee is on the lookout for "game hogs" who are breaking the laws.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

He Was Somewhat of a Shot Himself.

Around the office stove the boys were swapping lies about the remarkable shooting they had performed or heard of. Pat, the hostler, chipped in with the remark: "I am somewhat of a shot myself, and there's a man living down in Skohegan now who will bear witness to what I'm going to tell you. I was standing talking in front of this man's store door with me rifle on me arm, when a felley we knew come along and he was a-grumbling that the domb cobbler had half-soled and heeled his boots, and had made the heels too dombed high. 'Never mind,' says I, 'I'll fix them for you.' And as that man moved away I raised me rifle to me eye and I took a lift off each heel as he was walking along."

Beaver Kill.

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Petrified Trout Eggs.

Long ago I ceased to be surprised at anything strange which came to my ears or eyes concerning fish. No matter how improbable the story might seem to me, experience had taught me not to contradict it, for very strange things do really happen in the fish world, and it is not always safe to contradict a story that on its face seems to the hearer utterly impossible. Not long ago I heard a story that almost caused me to break the rule and say, "I do not believe it," but it would have been manifestly impolite to do this when the gentleman told me he knew it to be true. He called upon me with a box containing what looked as if they might be dried and shriveled fish eggs, and they also looked as if they might be something else. The story which went with the contents of the box was this: A young woman, Miss Seaver, fishing in Lake Titus in the autumn, caught a female trout, *fontinalis,* and put it in a spring near the shore of the lake; the trout spawned in the spring, and there were plenty of witnesses to the operation, and the eggs not being fertilized, some peculiar chemical properties of the water petrified the eggs. "Had I ever heard of such a petrifaction?" "No." "Did it seem possible that trout eggs would harden in this way in water?" "No." Would I take the box and contents and send them to be examined?" "Yes." I did send the contents of the box to Dr. Evermann, Ichthyologist of the U. S. Fish Commission, and he has just replied as follows:

"I returned from Lake Maxinkuckee, Indiana, at the end of October and have only now had an opportunity to examine the so-called petrified trout eggs which you were kind enough to send me some weeks ago.

"Upon cracking one of them it was at once apparent that they were the seed of some plant, so I took them over to the Agricultural Department and submitted them to the man in charge of rare seed investigations. He pronounced them to be the seed of a species of *Potamogeton,* a genus of the pond weed family, and commonly known as pond weeds, but he says it is impossible to tell which species. The nut which I cracked was still fresh enough to eat. It would be interesting to learn whether *Potamogetons* are common in the waters from which their seeds come."

I said I would make the result known in Forest and Stream when Dr. Evermann replied, although I could not hold out any hope that water, whatever its chemical properties, would petrify trout eggs. I had written this note from memory, when I hunted up this memorandum made when the so-called petrified eggs were given to me. My caller was Chas. B. Howe, of Sandy Hill, N. Y. The spring had a temperature of 45 degrees, and considerable petrified wood has been found in the spring. The trout spawned in the spring four years ago.

Mr. Mansfield's Fly-Casting Record.

For a number of years I have compiled annually the fly and bait casting records in this country and Great Britain, and in giving the record of Mr. Walter D. Mansfield, of San Francisco, I have put him in the expert class instead of under the head of amateur. Mr. Mansfield writes me on the subject and I make the following extract from his letter:

"While I do not understand the word 'expert' as applied to fly-casting, or the difference between an expert and an amateur record in such event, I am in no sense a professional, and have entered the sport purely as an amateur, and with no other object than the pleasure it affords in its companionship with fellow sportsmen, having only in view improvement in the art of fly-casting; hence, if the word 'expert' presupposes professionalism, I am in the amateur class; as a matter of fact, however, I see no reason for classifying fly-casting records.

"My record of 1899, to wit, 133 feet, was made at Stow Lake, Golden Gate Park, July 30. It was noted in Forest and Stream, and has probably already met your attention."

It putting Mr. Mansfield in the expert class, I but followed the practice of the National Rod and Reel Association at the tournaments formerly held at Harlem Mere in Central Park. The rules varied somewhat from time to time, but in the main, winners of first prize in an amateur class were thereafter eligible only in the expert class. At one time winners of first and second prizes in an amateur class had to move up to the expert class, and there was nothing in the conditions of the expert class to imply professionalism. In 1883 the amateur classes were open to those "who had never fished for a living; never been a guide; never engaged in either the manufacture or sale of fishing tackle, and had never taken a first prize in any tournament."

At the tournaments of the Sportsmen's Association held in Madison Square Garden, amateurs were those who had never cast over 65 feet in a contest with 5¾-ounce rods; and 70 feet was the limit in the black bass contests, with no restrictions as to weight of rod. In looking over the score books I find in the expert classes such names as Peter Cooper Hewitt and his brother, Edward R. Hewitt; Warren N. Goddard, Robert B. Lawrence, Clarence M. Roof, John A. Roosevelt, Prof. A. M. Mayer, Henry P. Wells, Archibald Mitchell, James L. Breese, Gonzalo Poey, Dr. Spencer M. Nash, Dr. George Trowbridge, Prof. Silvernail, Frank Endicott and many others who would, those of them who have not passed into the beyond, protest as vigorously as has Mr. Mansfield at being classed as professionals.

Well I remember Mr. Peter Cooper Hewitt's first appearance at Harlem Mere, for I served as one of the judges, when he took first prize from Reuben Leonard in expert trout class. He was obliged to go against the then champion fly-caster because he had been a prize winner at Tuxedo, and casting against a strong wind, he won with a cast of 83 feet, with Leonard second, with a cast of 82 feet 6 inches, to the suprise of all concerned.

Old Records.

In looking over the old score books in my possession,

many of them the official books, I am reminded of something that has been lost sight of. The first tournament at Harlem Mere in 1882 was the FOREST AND STREAM Anglers' Tournament, and upon the organization of the National Rod and Reel Association in 1883 the FOREST AND STREAM tournament was adopted as the first of the Association's tournaments, and the '83 tournament was called the second annual tournament, so that really FOREST AND STREAM inaugurated the Central Park tournaments to determine who were the champion fly-casters. The chief prize in 1882 was the FOREST AND STREAM solid silver punch bowl. Reuben C. Leonard and H. W. Hawes came in as amateurs that year. Hawes got the cup with a cast of 81 feet, with 25 for delicacy and 25 for accuracy; Martin Culhane was second, with a cast of 74 feet, with 24 for delicacy and 20 for accuracy, and Reuben Leonard was third, with the longest cast, 85 feet, as he failed in delicacy, 12, and accuracy, 20. There was one champion class, single-handed fly-casting, won by Harry Pritchard, with a cast of 91 feet, Leonard being second, with 90 feet, and Hawes third, with 85 feet. Except in the champion class Hawes and Leonard took every first prize for fly-casting, and then the rules were changed so that thereafter there were several amateur classes and several expert classes, the chief conditions being that winners in amateur classes were forced into the expert classes, but this by no means implied professionalism. At this moment I do not recall a tournament in which there was a professional class, although this is common enough in England and Scotland.

Mr. Mansfield says he sees no reason for classifying fly-casting records, but the records simply follow the classifications provided by the terms of the contests. If there is no classifications in the contests surely there should be a handicap of some sort to separate the expertly skilled from those less skilled or less experienced. I imagine the novices would soon tire of entering to cast against Mr. Mansfield with his record of 133 feet in the West, or Mr. Leonard with his record of 120 feet in the East, if they had to meet on even terms.

Growth of Rainbow Trout.

Herr Jaffé, the German fish breeder, sends to the London Fishing Gazette a photograph of a rainbow trout of 13¼ pounds, and 26 inches long, which he says was three and a half years of age. As fry, at feeding stage, the rainbows were planted in a pond 50 yards from the sea (the Baltic), with no other trout of this species near them except 200 yearlings in a pond adjoining. The pond broke and a quantity of fry and some of the yearlings escaped to the sea. Two years later 2 and 3 pound rainbows were taken in the net, not over 100 yards from where they entered salt water. The yearlings mentioned were spawned in April, 1896, and three and one-half years later the 13¼-pound trout was caught. Mr. Jaffé concludes that the 2 and 3 pound fish were from the lot of escaped fry spawned in 1897, and the big fish was one of the yearlings of 1896. It is a very deep fish, showing that it had had the richest food that the sea furnishes. My friend Marston, commenting, says it is a remarkable fish, and asks if Mr. Jaffé is sure of the age, as it sounds a bit like longbow. An Austrian fish breder has informed me over and over that he has raised trout (*fario*) to weigh over 2 pounds at twelve months from the egg, and if the rainbows that escaped to the sea from Mr. Jaffé's rearing ponds were the only ones liberated, I do not see how any one can doubt the growth, though it is remarkable, but food—rich food in abundance—will work wonders in the weights of fishes, wonders that require faith to accept them as facts.

Black Bass and Pike Perch in Germany.

This big rainbow reminds me of a note on my hook in regard to the American black bass in Germany, the information also being furnished by Mr. Jaffé. In brief, he says the introduction of black bass into German waters has not been satisfactory. He says: "It feeds here principally on small fish, and its appetite is something phenomenal, while its growth by no means compensates for the amount of food consumed. In very good quarters three-year-old fish will weigh ½ pound, and it is something very rare to find a four-year-old weighing 2 pounds. A great drawback is their early sexual ripeness. Quite small fish of two years of age sometimes spawn and stock the water with such a host of small fry that food for the bigger fish soon gets rare."

He says that the black bass introduced into large coop ponds, ponds of 1,000 acres and more each, where they had good range, to keep down roach, rudd and other plant-eating fish, did not grow as rapidly as they did in his own ponds above quoted, but they did clean out Messrs. Rudd, Roach & Company most effectually. He concludes by saying that it is much easier to introduce the black bass into any water than it is to get rid of them afterward. He thinks the European pike-perch quite fills the place the black bass would usurp: "The growth of the pike-perch is much better than that of the black bass under similar conditions. Three-year-olds will weigh 2 to 4½ pounds, and four-year-olds 5 to 6 pounds. The fish spawn from April to June, and the female makes a sort of nest in a clean, sandy place, and producing 2,300,000 eggs."

Here is a chance for a surprised expression on the faces of American readers who are familiar with our own pike-perch, as they produce only 150,000 to 200,000 eggs on an average, and the record fish at the station of the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission, a fish weighing 13½ pounds, produced 609,176 eggs. I do not clearly understand what Mr. Jaffé means when he says the eggs of the European pike-perch hatch in two or three days, but assume that he means that length of time after the eggs are eyed. He does not give the temperature of the water. In this country pike-perch eggs hatch in from seventeen to twenty days, with the water at 45 degrees, and from five to ten days more to absorb the yolk sac. As to black bass, I have known them to grow to 7 pounds in four years in the water of a lake in New York State. To be sure, it was exceptional water for black bass, for it has produced the largest on record. What Mr. Jaffé says of the introduction of black bass can be read with profit in this country as well as in Europe, but the advice comes too late for some waters where black bass have been planted so easily and taken root, and now furnish a lot of little fish too small for sport, which cannot be removed to make room for other species that would fit the water and afford food, if not sport; but one might preach for years about the unsuitability of some waters for certain fishes, and the misfit planting would go on just the same.

Salmon Smolts Going to Sea.

Once I was asked on the witness stand if the sea salmon was a fresh or salt water fish, and I replied, a fresh water fish. Why? Because the eggs and fry of salmon die if placed in sea water. Naturally the next question would have been, how do the young salmon get down to sea when they become smolts at two years of age, for certainly they do go to sea before they become either grilse or salmon? Mr. Willis Bund, chairman of the Severn Conservators, has answered this question very clearly: "With us—i.e., in the Severn—the smolts go down in small shoals, and when they get to the tidal water they go backward and forward with each tide for some days, but getting each day lower down, and not coming so far back. I think in this way they become accustomed to the salt water. The proof of this is the gulls and cormorants (there are always plenty of them about in the smolt time) always fish with their head to the tide, up stream when the tide is going out, down stream when it is running up. That is, they wait for the smolts to come to them and doubtless take their toll."

Smolts have been taken in the Hudson River at times, and in such manner as to indicate that they are very leisurely in working down from fresh into brackish and finally into salt water, and shad in like manner begin their descent to the sea in the autumn after they are hatched and become accustomed gradually to the change from fresh to salt water.

A. N. CHENEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST

Chicago Fly-Casting Club Smoker.

THE social smoker held by the Chicago Fly-Casting Club at the Union restaurant last Tuesday evening, Dec. 12, was a verp pleasant little affair, some twenty-six members' friends being present. Mr. D. G. Henry, of Grand Rapids, Mich., was the only guest from out of the city.

Medals to the winners of the contests last summer were awarded as follows:

Class A—Long distance fly, I. H. Bellows; distance and accuracy fly, F. N. Peet; accuracy and delicacy fly, C. A. Lippincott; bait, H. G. Hascall.

Class B—Long distance fly, A. C. Smith; distance and accuracy, H. Greenwood; accuracy and delicacy, C. F. Brown; bait, H. W. Perce.

President Bellows presided. C. A. Lippincott gave us an interesting account of a trip for trout on the Nipigon. B. W. Goodsell told us of some of his experience in northern Michigan last summer for trout. A. C. Smith gave us the latest game laws of Colorado as they were interpreted to him in a justice court at Colorado Springs. J. B. Armstrong gave us one of his experiences with a colored lady in Tennessee, and W. T. Church an interesting account of how the blind pickerel in Gross Lake troll for perch. Mr. Henry told about fishing and fishing waters in Michigan. F. H. Peak was end man and had some good stories. Every one present spent a pleasant evening and promised to come again.

The following were present: J. B. Armstrong, I. D. Belasco, I. H. Bellows, C. F. Brown, W. T. Church, L. F. Crosby, J. M. Clark, F. B. Davidson, B. W. Goodsell, H. Greenwood, E. R. Letterman, C. A. Lippincott, G. A. Murrell, F. B. Orr, H. D. Osgood, F. H. Peak, F. N. Peet, H. W. Perce, F. E. Rugg, A. C. Smith, W. Wolfarth, W. T. Foster, O. V. Spindler, J. A. Wood, J. L. Kendrick and D. G. Henry.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A German Rainbow Trout.

THE London Fishing Gazette published this letter, written by Herr S. Jaffe, of Osnabrück, Germany:

"You were good enough to give room a few weeks ago to a report of mine concerning some rainbow trout which had been planted by us in August, 1897, as feeding fry and been recaptured as 2 and 3 pound fish during the summer of this year, in the sea, not 100 yards away from the place they were planted. Since then I have had more than one report from my friends at Flensburg, on the Baltic, about similar rainbows having been taken by net fishermen in the harbor; but I have only quite lately come into possession of any of these fish.

"You may remember that the fish were planted by us as feeding fry in a pond not 50 yards from the sea, which pond breaking through in August, 1897, nothing more was heard of these fish for two years. At the time of planting these feeding fry no other rainbows were anywhere near this fishery, except a couple of hundred yearlings in a pond adjoining the one that broke through, and of these fish a few escaped also.

"The fish that has now reached me, and a photo of which I am sending herewith, was, I take it, one of these yearlings—that is to say, a fish spawned in April, 1896, and now three and a half years of age, while the 2-pound and 3-pound fish caught in good numbers during this summer would correspond to the 1897 fish, being now three and a half years of age.

"The fish I have here is a finely shaped female, very well fed indeed, short and plump, and turns the scales at 13¼ pounds, truly an extraordinary growth.

"It is remarkable that these fish have strayed so little from the place in which they were planted, some of them having been up to spawn (as two-year-olds) this spring into the little brook that forms the outlets of the fry ponds.

"The fish is very silvery, but shows the characteristic wide pink side stripe of the rainbow and the beautifully colored orange gill covers quite distinctly. Yours very truly,

"S. JAFFE."

Potomac Black Bass.

The good work of saving bass from the canal and placing them in the Potomac has begun. Captain L. G. Harron, of the U. S. Fish Commission, has seining parties at work in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry.

B. A. BEAN.

Fishing in the Bahamas.

WE started from the wharf in Nassau Harbor at least half an hour before the sun was scheduled to appear. At this early hour it was quite cool, and as the little skiff slowly gained headway on a long tack I almost wished for a light overcoat.

There were three of us: Frank Watson, who owned the skiff and acted as captain, crew and anything else that was undesirable. He lived on the island, just a short distance from the city limits, and was the possessor of a very fine pineapple plantation. We were his guests.

My chum, Roy Randle, and myself were simply a couple of Northern fellows spending the winter in the South. We had made the acquaintance of Frank in the little town of Miami, Fla. From that place a small steamer makes regular trips to Nassau. Frank had such alluring tales of the many varieties of fishing near New Providence that we determined to pay it a visit. Upon our arrival at Nassau he insisted that we make his house our home while on the island. His wife was a pleasant, jolly young woman of about thirty, who did everything possible to make our stay enjoyable. She succeeded.

We were outside of the harbor this morning by the time the sun rose. The mists upon the water showed signs of early disintegration under its rays, and a steady breeze sent the little boat along at a good rate of speed toward an island a few miles from the city.

We had arrived within half a mile of the shore, when Frank lowered the sail, and allowed the boat to drift with the tide. He reached down, took up his water glass, and placing the glass end under the water peered intently through it. This water-glass was made from an old bucket, selected for its length, which was quite unusual, being at least 18 inches. The bottom had been removed, and in its place was substituted a circular piece of glass. This had been caulked, and no water could reach the interior of the bucket. To use it, the end with the glass was inserted a few inches beneath the surface of the water, and the user, placing his face at the other end, looked through it. To us Northerners it was incredible the depth it was possible to see clearly with the glass. Fifty feet was no more than a pane of glass, and twenty fathoms was not an unusual depth to see the bottom. The remarkable clearness of the water is what makes it possible to see so far. I have seen the natives dive and recover a coin in at least 20 feet of water, while we in the boat could distinctly see every movement of the swimmer.

The water where we now were was very nearly ten fathoms. Roy and I gazing far down in those crystal depths could make out quite distinctly the forms of coral. Some distance from the boat we could discern small forms moving about. So minute did they appear that we supposed them to be some species of marine insect, until Frank, who was gazing toward them, took in the glass and informed us that they were grunts.

We rigged our hooks, baiting with a piece of fish, and threw out toward them. Owing to the depth of the water, and perhaps custom, we used hand lines. As our lines sank, assisted by a pound of lead acting as a sinker, we saw the fishes swim toward the hooks, and in less than a minute all three of us were pulling in our lines, each having hooked a fish.

It's real sport to haul in 60 feet of line with a struggling fish on the other end. By the time we had drawn the fish up to the side of the boat he was so nearly exhausted that it was like lifting a log of wood into the boat. Frank, however, when his fish was close to the boat, gave a sharp jerk and his fish came flying into the boat. Roy and I lifted ours aboard in the same manner we would lift in a bucket of water.

I was startled, momentarily, by hearing a long-drawn-out sigh, coming apparently from back of me. Then followed another, and then a third. That was the secret of the peculiar name applied to the fish. The noise they make as soon as they are out of the water sounds very much like a grunt. These we had caught were of the same size and would weigh about 2 pounds each.

We continued fishing for grunts for half an hour, and during this time caught seventeen, all similar in size to those we had caught first. Then they stopped biting, and as we drifted quite close in toward shore, Frank took the oars and pulled out toward our first position.

When in that vicinity again, he handed the oars to Roy and took up the water-glass. He directed Roy to pull slowly around in a circle, while he looked intently toward the bottom. After a few minutes he signaled Roy to hold the boat motionless and for me to come to him.

Following his directions, I took hold of the glass. Through the glass the bottom appeared so near that it seemed as if I could touch it. Looking in the locality described by him, I saw a dark opening near the base of the coral. It looked like two large stones set in the form of an inverted V. Just in front of the opening, the water was a little discolored, as if some large fish had recently disturbed the sand on the bottom.

"Now, Roy," I heard Frank say, "there is a grouper down there. Just throw your line out so that it will reach the bottom near that coral and you will have some royal fishing."

A splash followed. Then I saw the sinker reach the bottom a short distance from the cave, and I looked at the opening. Soon the head of a large fish appeared in sight. Then there emerged from the darkness a fish a yard long and moved toward the hook. With the aid of the glass, I could see the movements of his fins, as he advanced to smell of the bait. Evidently he liked its odor, for he drew back, then quickly dashed forward, seized the bait and started to swim away with it.

"Roy!" I cried. "You have him! Pull!"

He gave a sharp tug at the line. The fish was swimming when Roy struck him, and as the hook entered his flesh, how he did accelerate his speed! I should have liked to have watched the struggle through the glass, but the fish ran in such a direction that there was great danger of the line getting tangled about it. So I took it up and put it in the boat.

For forty minutes Roy had all the fish he could attend to, and at times it looked doubtful whether he or the fish would obtain the mastery. Finally it was drawn alongside, where Frank dispatched it with a blow from a club

carried for that purpose, and we lifted it aboard.

It was what Frank called a grouper. Just why, he was unable to say, as the fish are invariably found singly and under rocks or coral, and sometimes attain a weight of 40 pounds. The one we had weighed 26 pounds when we reached shore several hours later.

We cruised in the vicinity for a long time, and made several unsuccessful attempts to catch another grouper. We fished in several places where Frank was certain they were, and used all varieties of bait we had, but they refused to bite.

On the way back to Nassau we struck a school of market fish and caught a dozen, that weighed over 40 pounds. They were very gamy, and later we found them splendid eating.

This is but an account of one day of our week spent on New Providence. Never did I enjoy more sport fishing, and never did I meet a more cordial host. It was with great regret that Roy and I left the pleasant shores of the island, and prominent among my thoughts was this: "Some day I'll come back," and I will.

HARRY BENEDICT.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Continental Trials.

THE open trials of the Continental Field Trial Club began on Monday, Dec. 11. The grounds of the Eastern Field Trial Club were used to determine the competition, the two clubs sharing the rent and using the grounds in common. The Eastern Club, as is proper, reserves the right to run its trials first. After the first trials are finished, owners and handlers have a good knowledge of the form of their own dogs, and that of the dogs which they have competed against. As most of the dogs are entered in both trials, the unpromising dogs are not likely to be started in the second trials. The best field trial judges are so nearly alike now in their estimates of good and bad performance, that dogs which do not get into the second series in the first trials are not started in the second trials. So long as the Continental trials follow so closely after the Eastern, just so long will it have its entries culled on the data afforded by competition in the Eastern. This weeding out process will tend to make a higher class of competition, since it reserves the better dogs and eliminates the commonplace, but it also cuts down the number of starters appreciably, and thus cuts down the revenue of the club more than is in consonance with the amount of the prize money. There is no remedy for this under the present circumstances, but it, in a measure, may be lessened by both clubs increasing their membership, as they in fact are doing at present, and broadening out their support. Both clubs have been materially strengthened with some excellent additions in the way of good sportsmen, and in the policy of substantial growth lies the prosperity of the future. The clubs this year had money on hand after all expenses were paid, a state of affairs most gratifying to all concerned.

The quality of the competition was very good as a whole. Indeed, some of the work was of great excellence. The peculiarities of the competition exacted a higher degree of ability on the part of the dogs than is generally the case at field trials, for first the birds seemed wilder, kept closer to cover and took longer flights than at this season in former years. After the first flush they were very difficult to find. They frequently took to the tree tops, and but a few—one or two or three—could be found on the ground in such instances. When a bevy would light on the ground, the birds would scatter and run fast and far, and the flush of one was the signal many times for the flush of others. These conditions exacted a high degree of ability to make a good showing. The birds were in fair numbers, but diligent work was required to find them under the conditions enumerated.

There was quite a company of visitors which followed the trials day by day. Among these were Messrs. Hobart Ames, the president of the club; Theodore Sturges, the club secretary, the former from North Easton, Mass., the latter from New York, and both earnestly active in promoting the club interests. There also was the famous painter of field scenes, Mr. Edm. H. Osthaus, of Toledo, O.; Mr. John H. Schumacher, of Los Angeles, Cal., who planned to hurry westward after the trials were over to the end that he might spend Christmas at his home. He was a painstaking follower of the trials, and regretted that the Sweepstake was not run so that he might enjoy them longer. He had much of interest to narrate of trials on the Pacific Coast, and had a very sound perception of what were the requirements of good competition. If the fates should ordain that he visit the North Carolina trials again, he will be the recipient of a warm and friendly welcome. There also were Mr. Chas. H. Phelps, Jr., and his sister, Miss Julie G. Phelps; Mr. S. C. Bradley and his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Bradley; Messrs. Theo. R. Hoyt and Edw. C. Hoyt, New York; Chas. W. Keyes, of East Pepperell, Mass.; E. D. Libbey, Toledo, O.; A. C. Peterson, Hempstead, Pa.; J. F. Bell, Carmichael, Pa.; Geo. Nesbitt, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Maj. J. M. Taylor, Rutherford, N. J.; C. E. Buckle, Charlottesville, Va.; G. Armstrong, Jamestown, N. C., and others.

The judging was done by Messrs. Edm. H. Osthaus, Chas. H. Phelps and B. Waters. Their decisions were received as being sound and satisfactory.

The Sweepstake was declared off, there not being the necessary number of entries to make it of sufficient importance to run. The entrance was $25, entries to close the night before the running. This probably will be changed to a subscription stake next year, and then there will be no dawdling nor indecision when the time comes to play or not to play.

The Derby—Monday, Second Day, Dec. 11.

A HEAVY, black sky portended rain, a continuation of the rainfall of the night. The storm did not begin till near lunch time, and then the rain fell so heavily that the competition was declared off for the day. The first series was completed except the running of the bye dog. The competition was quite good in its best parts, and quite ordinary in its poorest.

There were eleven starters, run in the following order:

Dr. M. F. Rogers' l. and w. pointer dog Brant (Von Gull—Baby Ruth), D. E. Rose, handler, with Dr. C. I. Shoop's b., w. and t. setter dog Count Hunter (Count Gladstone IV.—Hunter's Queen), J. H. Johnson, handler.

Hobart Ames' b., w. and t. setter bitch Bona (Tony Boy—Christina), D. E. Rose, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter bitch Geneva (Tony Boy—Lena Bell), C. Tucker, handler.

Dr. C. I. Shoop's b., w. and t. setter dog Harwick Boy (Harwick—Spot's Girl), J. H. Johnson, handler, with Geo. Crocker's o. and w. setter dog Bob Acres (Tony's Gale—Minnie T.), S. C. Bradley, handler.

Arthus Stern's b., w. and t. setter bitch My Sue S. (Antonio—Robin's Cora), W. H. Hammond, handler, with Avent & Duryea Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch Sioux (Count Gladstone IV.—Hester Phryne), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

O. D. Stuart's o. and w. setter bitch Trixie (Kingston—Duke's Ruby), D. E. Rose, handler, with Arthur Stern's lem. and w. pointer bitch Bootsie S. (Young Rip Rap—Dolly Jingo), W. H. Hammond, handler.

W. N. Lipscomb's b. and w. pointer bitch Croxie Kent II. (Rip Rap—Croxie Kent), Samuel L. Jordan, handler.

This stake was open to all pointe and setter puppies whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1898. First forfeit, $10, due July 1; second forfeit, $10, due Sept. 1; $10 additional to start. Entries closed July 1. To first, $250; to second, $150; to third, $100.

Geneva, winner of first, repeated her good performance of the Eastern trials, so far as excellence of class is concerned. She ranged wide, and displayed very good judgment in beating out her ground. Her capabilities as a whole are excellent.

Sioux ran in greatly improved form over that displayed in the Eastern trials, three weeks previous, her work to the gun being distinctly better. She ranged within bounds, and was easily the second best dog in the stake.

Count Hunter, third, displayed good natural qualities, but he is rankly disobedient and inclined to self-hunt at times, so that he worked to the course in a most imperfect manner. He was third on a very narrow margin.

First Round.

Brant and Count Hunter were cast off near Gibson's, at 8:46. Count pointed a bevy in open sedge and was nicely backed by Brant. On the scattered birds in pine woods Brant made three good points on singles, and Count made one, though he pointed on the trail of a bird which, while roading to locate, was pointed by Brant. Brant next, near pine woods, made game and roaded truly to some birds, pointing betimes as he drew near them. He was steady to shot and wing. The judges did not see the conclusion of this roading, as some pines hid the dog from view, but he presumably pointed. Both ranged well and at good speed. Up at 9:30.

Geneva and Bona ran a rather patchy heat, owing to the handlers separating repeatedly in a rather nervous hurry to find their dogs if they disappeared from view for a few moments. Geneva pointed in sedge, and, roading to locate, Bona, which had been backing, roaded quickly to the bevy and pointed it. The credit of the find was Geneva's. Bona flushed a single and each made a point to which nothing was found. Sent on, Geneva pointed a bevy in open weeds and Bona backed nicely. Each made two points on the scattered birds, and Geneva backed a point of Bona prettily; but there was no bird to it. Each ranged well. Geneva was the better in beating out her ground, and in her finding and point work. Up at 10:35.

Harwick Boy and Bob Acres were cast off at 10:46. Boy soon pointed a bevy in a plum thicket, and was backed by Bob. The former broke shot for a moment, but was steady to order. Each then pointed uncertainly, Boy being the greater offender. He also flushed a single. Up at 11:31. Their range was middling, and their performance on birds was ordinary.

My Sue S. and Sioux were cast off at 11:34. Sioux pointed a bevy in heavy weeds in a bottom; Sue backed steadily for a few moments, then broke her back. Both were steady to shot. The birds went to heavy cover and were not followed. Sent on, Sioux found and pointed a bevy in the open and was backed well; it was a very finished piece of work. Again the birds went to dense cover. Next Sioux pointed in dense cover, and nothing was found. She made a very superior competition, ranging well and within bounds, and beating out her ground with judgment. Up at 12:01. Sue's performance was commonplace. Sioux's field form was decidedly better in every way over that displayed in the competition of the Eastern trials.

Trixie and Bootsie S. began at 12:03 and ran till 12:38 without finding. Their range and judgment were commonplace.

Heavy rain set in in the latter part of the heat. After lunch the party returned to town in the rain, the weather being unfit for further competition.

Tuesday, Third Day, Dec. 12.

The eather was clear, cool and bracing. A moderately stiff wind was blowing at the start, but toward noon the temperature was warmer and the wind died away to a gentle breeze. Torrents of rain fell during Monday night, so that the grounds were very muddy in consequence. A start was made at the Conover end of the grounds.

Croxie Kent II., the bye dog, was cast off at 9:10. Her range was rather narrow. She pointed a bevy nicely and was steady to shot. She, in searching for the scattered birds, flushed one. Up at 9:44.

Second Round.

Six dogs were retained in the running.

Brant and Harwick Boy were cast off at 9:56. Boy flushed a bevy and made a point on a single. Brant made a slack point on a bevy and was steady to wing. At the same time Boy pointed a bevy about 200 yards away. They were worked on the scattered birds, but failed to find them. Neither dog made so good competition as in the previous series. Up at 10:35.

Count Hunter and Geneva were cast off at 10.48. Geneva made a good find and point on a bevy. The brds were followed. Count pointed; nothing found; foot-scent probably. Geneva roaded and pointed alternately, but could not locate. The dogs were swung into the open to seek another bevy. As the judges rode toward the edge of woods they flushed a bevy, and then both dogs were seen standing on point in the woods near where the bevy flushed. Up at 11:40. Count was almost lawless in his ranging, paying little attention to his handler or his handler's commands. He hunted diligently, however, though very imperfectly to the gun.

Sioux and Bona ran from 11:48 to 12:24 without finding, and the competition was then suspended while the party lunched.

Final.

Sioux and Geneva were started at 1:37. Soon, just inside thick pines, a bevy was seen to flush, and one of the dogs could be seen flitting to and fro near the scene. Next in open sedge a bevy was seen to flush and Sioux was close by it at the time. Sent on, Sioux flushed a single. Geneva next, in open sedge, pointed, drew cautiously about a bit and pointed the bevy nicely. She showed the better judgment and better performance on birds.

The winners were then announced as follows: First, Geneva; second, Sioux; third, Count Hunter.

The All-Age Stake.

This stake was begun as soon as the Derby was decided. The number of starters was not so large as was expected, but they were of higher merit than the average.

The Continental trials labor under the disadvantage of following soon after the Eastern, when the relative merits of the dogs are pretty well determined, and further competition depends largely on improved form.

This stake was open to all setters and pointers which had not won first in any all-age stake of previous seasons at any field trials recognized by the Continental Club. Entries closed Oct. 15, with $10 forfeit and $20 additional to start. To first, $250; to second, $150; to third, $100.

There was a good attendance of sportsmen, who followed the trials diligently day by day.

The dogs were run as follows:

J. W. Hamer's b. and w. setter dog Toby's Bob (Brighton Tobe—Rill Ray), A. P. Kirk, handler, with G. G. Williamson's b., w. and t. setter dog Lady's Count Gladstone (Count Gladstone IV.—Dan's Lady), D. E. Rose, handler.

Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Pink's Boy (Gleam's Pink—Belle of Pawling), C. Tucker, handler, with W. P. Austin's liv. and w. pointer dog Lad of Jingo (Jingo—Dot's Pearl), D. E. Rose, handler.

Geo. E. Gray's liv. and w. pointer dog Young Jingo (Jingo—Pearl's Dot), owner, handler, with D. E. Rose (agt.) liv. and w. pointer dog Alex C. (Glenbeigh—Saddlebags), D. E. Rose, handler.

H. R. Edwards' b., w. and t. setter dog Colonel R. (Harwick—Trap, Jr.), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Jack (Eugene T.—Maud), C. Tucker, handler.

H. K. Devereux's b., w. and t. setter dog Uncle B. (Harwick—Dan's Lady), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with George Crocker's o. and w. setter bitch Minnie's Girl (Antonio—Minnie T.), S. C. Bradley, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Roland (Eugene T.—Lou), C. Tucker, handler, with J. W. Hamer's b. and w. setter dog Toby's Mark (Brighton Tobe—Rill Ray), A. P. Kirk, handler.

Colonel R., the winner, made a most excellent competition. He ranged fast and wide, yet with judgment and to the gun. His finding and pointing were skillfully done and with good finish. He works merrily and industriously.

Lady's Count Gladstone, second, while not an extremely wide ranger, was very wise in beating his ground and successful in finding and pointing. He carries himself well, and has quite a wise way of going to the places where the birds are to be found.

Lad of Jingo ran in greatly improved form over that displayed in the Eastern trials. He was steady on point and back. His first heat was excellent. His second was marred by some inaccurate point work and by momentary fiddling on false scents occasionally.

First Round.

Toby's Bob and Lady's Count Gladstone began at 2:43. Count pointed, then roaded across a thicket some 30 yards, and pointed a bevy. Sent on, Count found and pointed another bevy nicely. Up at 3:26. Count had much the better of the heat in every particular. Bob made an inferior competition.

Pink Boy and Lad of Jingo started at 3:32. Lad beat out his ground well and made two good finds and points on bevies. On the scattered birds Pink made three good points, one of which was shared by Lad. Up at 4:08. Boy false pointed at times. Lad ran in very fine form, pointing and backing well, and beating out his ground with good judgment.

Young Jingo and Alex C. started at 4:14. In a cornfield Alex flushed a bevy. Jingo made four points on singles and found and pointed a bevy well. Alex found and pointed a bevy in open sedge. Each dog backed well. Up at 5:05. Jingo had much the better of the heat.

This ended the day's competition.

Wednesday, Fourth Day, Dec. 13.

The weather was clear, cool and calm in the morning;

warm toward noon, and a bit too warm for comfort in the afternoon.

Jack and Colonel R. were cast off at 9:12. Colonel found and pointed two bevies, and flushed a third. Each made a good point on singles. Colonel ranged with the better judgment. Both went wide in their casts. Up at 9:55.

Uncle B. and Minnie's Girl were started at 10:02. Uncle made a stanch point, which Minnie backed well for a while, then broke her back. Sent on, Uncle pointed a bevy and Minnie backed well. On the scattered birds they made a poor showing. Minnie pointed and moved on, and some birds were flushed close by where she pointed. Uncle pointed and nothing was found. Up at 11:11. Minnie appeared to be off her nose, while Uncle's work was both good and faulty.

Roland and Toby's Mark began at 11:31. Roland flushed one bevy and pointed another. He had a moderate range, but excellent judgment. He was rather slow in his gallop. Mark made an inferior competition. Up at 12:16.

The party next went to lunch at Yount's place.

Second Round.

Lad of Jingo and Colonel R. were cast off at 1:30. Colonel made three points on singles, and, standing in a creek, pointed nicely a bevy on the bank some 3 or 4 feet above him in the field, and some feet away from the creek. It was a very pretty piece of work. Lad pointed a single, flushed one, and made several points to which nothing was found. Both were fast and wide rangers, Colonel the better. His judgment in beating out his ground was excellent. Up at 2:28.

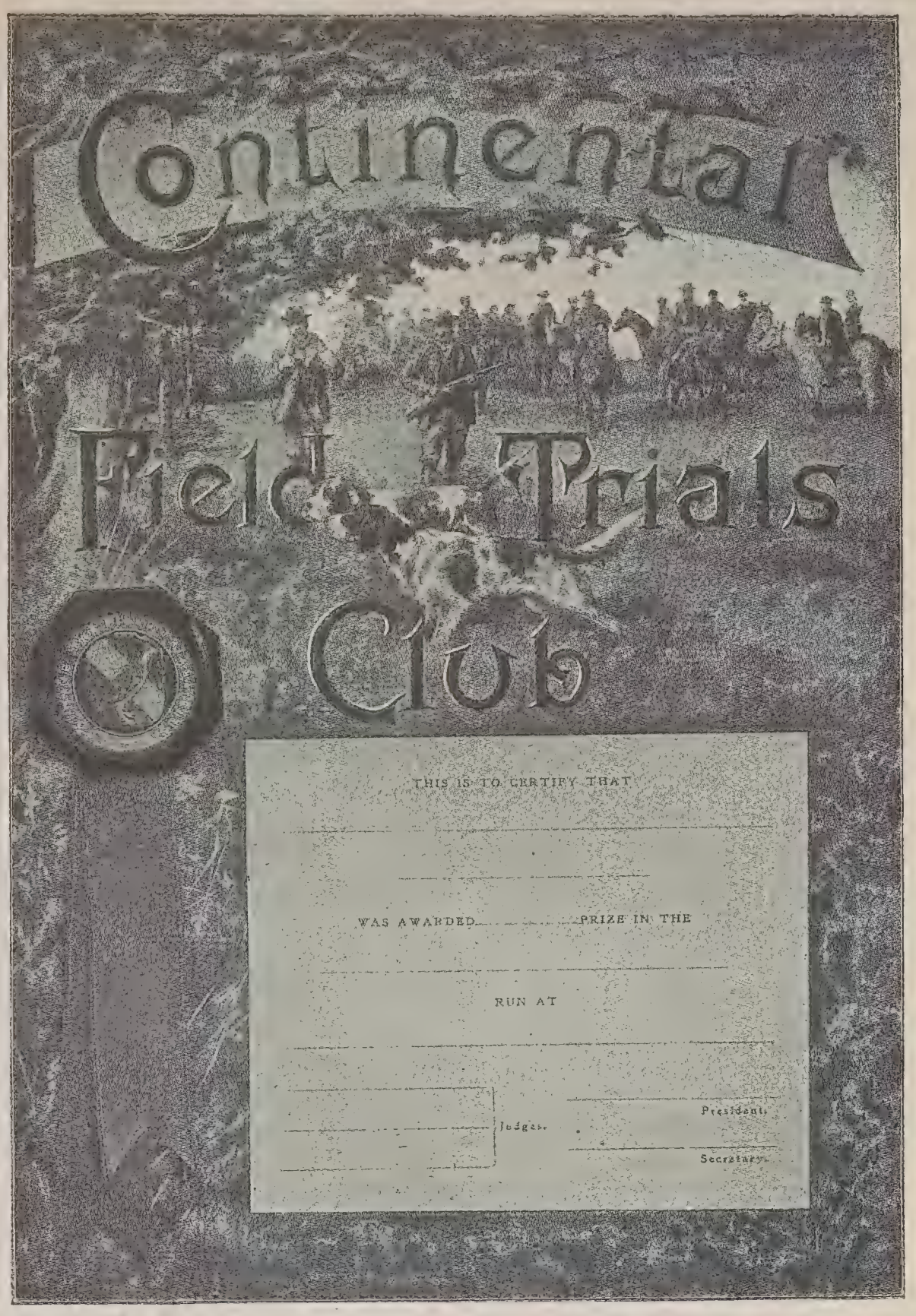
Young Jingo and Lady's Count Gladstone were cast off at 2:43. Count found and pointed three bevies. Jingo found and pointed one bevy, and in coming to back pointed a bevy which Count had found and was pointing. Jingo covered more gorund, but he did not work to so good purpose as did Count. Count made two points to which nothing was found. Up at 3:48.

Jack and Uncle B. began at 3:48. Uncle took a long cast, and standing on a wheat field pointed a bevy which was in the weeds at the side. Jack next flushed a bevy. The dogs were then worked on the scattered birds, but could not be kept in hand. They kept on ranging, and Uncle pointed a bevy, Jack at the same time pointing on the footscent. After this both dogs broke away from control and were lost some minutes. Up at 4:25.

Final.

Colonel R. and Lady's Count Gladstone were cast off at 4:33, to comply with the rule which requires first and second to run together. Both dogs took a cast to the woods, and Count there made a point on some scattered birds. Up at 4:42.

The dogs were placed as follows: First, Colonel R.; second, Lady's Count Gladstone; third, Lad of Jingo.



THE CONTINENTAL CERTIFICATE OF AWARD.
From a drawing by Edm. H. Osthaus.

"Speaking of Dogs."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see your readers are beginning to write of the dogs they own or have owned. Why cannot we have more of it? There is an old saying that a poor man will have one dog, but a very poor one will own two or more. I am in that latter class and will write of old Ben, how I came to get him and what he is good for.

A few years ago I became acquainted with an officer in a town not far from New York where they have a dog pound. I told him if they ever took in a nice bird dog not to kill him, but let me know and I would pay the necessary charges and take him out. I had forgotten all about it, when one day about six months ago I got a call on the telephone: "Have a dog for you. What train do you go up on?" I told him, and when the train rolled in I went into the baggage car, and there was my dog. No name to call him—nothing but an old rope around his neck. I called him Ben and he made friends at once. He paid no attention to the noise and bustle of the train, for, as I afterwards found out, he was used to it and had been all over the country on hunting trips with his former owner. I took the old fellow home. He was a big white English setter, finely feathered, with coal black ears, a fine shaped head. I fed myself and Ben and went to bed. About 12 o'clock Ben came to the side of the bed and barked twice and then ran to the door, as much as to say, "I want to go out." I dressed and took him out. He still does that. If he wants a drink he will go to the sink and bark; and if not attended to at once will come and root you with his nose. When he is out, if he wants to come in he will come to the door, put his paw on the knob and rattle it. If that brings no response he will bark.

I kept him all summer, but had no chance to try him except on Sundays, and found that he knew what was wanted of him. When one night I went home and was told that Ben was afraid of thunder I thought I had a gun-shy dog; but I got a shell that had been fired and the gun. He smelled them all over, wagged his tail and ran to the door. Then I knew that everything was O. K.

Well, Nov. 10 came at last and 4 o'clock found me at a breakfast of pancakes and sausage, Ben sitting alongside waiting for his share. After breakfast we had a seven-mile drive. Old Ben crawled into the back part of the wagon, at home anywhere. We put our team up at a farm house and started. What a peach Ben is! He is as fast as the fastest; very careful; no fooling; nothing but hunt, in every slough, around every brush heap, that old tail of his going to beat the band. If you went up one side of a hedge fence old Ben was on the other side. I was the proudest man in the county. I have been out with him often since, and it is the same thing. We may not get much game, for game is scarce, but it is sport to see that old dog work. Go in for dinner at noon, and he will act so tired that you will say, "I will leave him in for the afternoon." But then he will take a snooze and be just as fresh as in the morning. I have had him out with some of the best setters about here. They are not 1—2—6 with Benjamin. He is first to find birds and first in every bush and brier patch. But why shouldn't he be? The old dog was educated for that.

I have found out all about him. Old Col. ——— brought a little pup from England ten years ago and put him in the hands of a trainer (could not find out name of trainer). Cost the Colonel $10 to have him broke. The Colonel had plenty of means and did nothing but hunt, always taking the dog with him. That is why he has such good manners on a train or in a wagon or house. It is too bad he cannot talk. I often sit and hold his head in my lap and wish he could tell me about his different hunting trips. He would likely tell about once in Florida when he came near being gobbled up by a big alligator, or how close he had been to a bear up in Maine, or a wildcat may have chased him out of her home. He is no fighter—minds his own business all the time. Has no use for rabbits; will point them, but never chases them.

The old Colonel died about three years ago, and before he died gave the dog to an old hunter to keep until he died. Ben outlived them all. The old hunter died, and Ben was without a home. Then came the dog pound. That is how I came to own a dog that cost $100 to break. I only wish he was about four years old; but from all appearance he is good for two or three years more. I have had him stolen from me twice and he has been poisoned once.

He has two bad habits—likes chickens and will get on a clean bed. I would not part with the old fellow, for who could take his place? Who would meet me at the door every night? And the last thing I hear in the morning is the old fellow's bark wanting the door opened to follow me. What if he does get me all covered with white silky hairs? They will all brush off. He don't want any salary Saturday night. Just give him a good bed and plenty to eat and take him out hunting once in a while or for a walk on Sundays. Where can a truer friend be found than a good bird dog? They tell no tales, make no trouble—unless perhaps once in a while with the neighbors' chickens. I would like to know what would make a dog afraid of thunder. If a thunder storm comes up Ben pulls for home in a hurry.

ABIB.

What Should He Do with It?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish you would tell me what to do with my dog. He is a big fellow, weighs 160 pounds, half rough and half smooth haired St. Bernard, and handsome as a picture. But such a nuisance! I confess I didn't bring him up in the way he should go, and now that he is old (two years) he departs from it. I spared the switch and spoiled the dog.

Every morning at 9:30, when the mail carrier has passed my house, he plants himself at the front door and waits for me to go to the post office. If I do not come soon he whines. If I still delay he howls, and tears run down his cheeks. When at length I come out he frisks. At 1:50 P. M., the time for the afternoon mail, the same thing over again.

Now, 160 pounds of brownish-yellow dog performing antics on a narrow country sidewalk and not always having sense enough to get out of the way is sometimes an annoyance. I can scarcely endure him. I don't see what makes him act so, for I hardly treat him with decent civility. I never flatter or play with him, only once in a while I pat him on the head and tell him what a good dog he would be if he wasn't so useless. Indeed, I often use his great body for a footstool while I smoke my pipe and read FOREST AND STREAM.

After the post office episode, when he isn't quietly waiting on the piazza for somebody else to invite him to go to walk, he usually wants to lie in a certain place in the kitchen, right where all the servants and everybody else having business in that department will have to step over him. And yet if I attempt to administer a harmless but ceremonious kick, like Sam Weller's to the Fat Boy, I meet looks of surprise and disapproval, and if any of the family happens to be in sight I get words of reproach.

And the creature is of no use.

There is scarcely a boy in the village the least bit afraid of him, and scarcely a cat that will perk up her tail when he passes. Only three ducks and a parcel of hens skedaddle when they see him coming, though he never deigns to notice them. If a whole regiment of tramps were to parade through the house I doubt if he would do anything but put up his paw and ask to be petted.

Last summer I had him at the lake, and when I went away for two days he just sat on the extreme end of the boat landing and silently wept. I didn't know dogs could cry that way.

Now, what shall I do with that animal?

Once I threatened to have him shot, but everybody—dog and all—knew I wouldn't, so nobody minded me.

Then I made an arrangement to give him away. But my women folks made such a fuss and said the poor thing would be so lonely and would not get enough to eat, and have such a bad time generally, that just to keep peace in the family, I have never asked the man to come for him. So here he is yet and my feet are on him as I write, the great, splendid, good-for-nothing fellow.

So, dear FOREST AND STREAM, please tell me how to get rid of him. But, if you please, do not recommend any harsh measures. Those women are so tender-hearted and silly.

G. DE MONTANBAU.

J. Otto Donner.

ON Tuesday of last week a good and famous sportsman, Mr. J. Otto Donner, passed away. He died in the Holland House, New York City. A few years ago he was actively identified with bench show and field trial in-

terests, as owner, exhibitor, etc. He owned a number of good dogs, some of which he ran in the field trials. He several times acted as judge at High Point, N. C., in the competition of the Eastern Field Trial Club, of which he was a member and officer, and he also acted as judge at the Westminster Club's bench show some years ago. Of late years he turned his attention more particularly to horse breeding and racing as a sport, and held a conspicuous place among the noted horsemen of America. Of sterling integrity, amiable disposition, high intelligence and pleasing personality, he held a high place in the esteem and affection of all who knew him.

Points and Flushes.

Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus left Newton soon after the trials ended, going thence to High Point, N. C., to make some studies of dogs owned by the Messrs. Hoyt, for whom he will make some portraits in the excellent manner for which he is famous. Thence he returns to Toledo, his home, and soon thereafter he will proceed to Florida for the winter months.

An event of the Continental trials was a possum hunt, engaged in one night by Messrs. Nesbitt, Osthaus, Sturges, Keyes, Mr. Phelps and sister, and Mr. Bradley and daughter. The hunt was a success, four possums being captured before midnight. Several who were very enthusiastic when the hunt was first proposed, had "colt feet" when it was time to start. It takes the right kind of blood to follow the setters and pointers all day and the coon dogs by night.

The preserve of the Eastern and Continental field trial clubs was added to by leasing about 2,000 acres more land. The next Members' Stake will be run, commencing Nov. 18, next year, and in the public stakes the same purses will be offered and the same rules will govern as obtained this year.

Messrs. Ames and Keyes stopped over at Charlottesville, Va., with Mr. Buckle, to enjoy a coon hunt. There are some famous coon hounds there, which are as skillful in driving a coon into a tree as Davy Crockett of old was in picking it out.

Mr. Hobart Ames, the president of the Continental Field Trial Club, has materially strengthened his kennel by the purchase of Young Jingo (Jingo—Pearl's Dot) from Mr. Geo. E. Gray. The sale was made soon after the recent trials were ended. He is a strong, vigorous dog physically, and a first rate performer in the field. He is a successful field trial competitor.

Yachting.

Following the sale of the schooner Alcæa to Lord Sholto Douglas comes the sale of Lasca by Gen. James S. Watson to Dr. Walter von Bruening, of Berlin. The two will join Yampa, now in German waters, as the property of the Empress of Germany.

Another important change from sail to steam comes with the purchase by Com. Postley, Larchmont Y. C., of the new steam yacht Alberta, from A. E. Tower, Esq., of Poughkeepsie. The yacht was built last year from the designs of Gardner & Cox, and is 185ft. over all, 163ft. 6in. l.w.l., 22ft. beam, 11ft. depth and 8ft. draft, with twin screws. She has been taken to Manning's Basin, South Brooklyn, for interior alterations; her name will be changed to Colonia II. While Com. Postley has not sold Colonia and may race her this year, his purchase of a large steam yacht after owning the crack American racing schooner, shows the trend of modern yachting away from the larger racing craft and into steam.

Audax.

The accompanying illustrations show the arrangement and construction of the keel yawl Audax, whose lines were published last week. The cockpit is water tight and self-draining, just deep enough to make a comfortable seat on the deck. The companion opens into the main saloon, 7ft. 6in. long with a sofa locker on each side, making up two berths if needed. Forward of this is the stateroom, the full width of the yacht and 6ft. 6in. long, fitted with a permanent berth on each side, with drawers beneath. It is divided from the saloon by half bulkheads on each side and a heavy curtain. Forward of this is a space of 2ft., fitted up to port with a refrigerator and to starboard as a toilet room. The space forward of this is devoted to the galley and forecastle, one man being carried regularly. While there is a good deal of accommodation condensed into limited length and beam, the arrangement is such as to give very fair accommodations, and in the form of two separate rooms with toilet. To a great extent, as already explained, the hull was built about the cabins, but the resulting compromise gives about as good results as are possible under the assumed conditions. The headroom is 6ft. in saloon and stateroom.

The following specifications give the construction in detail; in building some changes were made, the frames being in part steamed and bent, but the general arrangement and sizes are as here given. The peculiar keel contour, with its many angles, made the usual construction with a straight horizontal keel directly on top of the lead unadvisable. The wood keel was lowered as far as possible at the heel and raised as high at the fore end as the floor would admit, thus making it possible to use one long, straight piece, with a single crook for the stem. Similarly, the horn timber was carried down to meet the keel, amidships. As it was intended to use the metal balanced rudder, the sternpost was not carried through the horn timber. On four of the main frames in the middle, double knees were used after the plan employed by Mr. A. Cary Smith in Rajah, some years before, there being a pair of knees, one to port and one to starboard, to each frame, each knee having one arm across the broad keel and one up alongside the futtock. The keel bolt came up between the arms of the two knees where they crossed the keel; owing to the depth of deadwood and keel and the limited depth inside, the usual keelson was omitted, and in its place the bolt was set up on a chock of oak resting on the two arms of the knees.

The beam clamp was carried clear up to the under side of the planksheer, the beams being jogged down into it and the planksheer fastening to the clamp and beams along its inner edge. The specifications are as follows:

Specifications for Keel Yawl Audax, 1892.

DIMENSIONS.

Length, fore side of stemhead to after side of taffrail, 42ft. 6in.; l.w.l., 30ft.; beam, 10ft. 3in.; depth, planksheer to rabbet at midship section, 6ft. 5in.; draft, 6ft. 6in.; freeboard, 2ft. 3in.

MATERIALS.

To be of the best quality throughout, all wood to be sound and well seasoned, and free from loose knots, shakes and sap; the decking and planking of topsides to be free from all knots. All crooks of stem, horn timber, frames, etc., to be of natural sweep, and not graincut.

GENERAL CONDITIONS.

The yacht to be built under a shed. All work to be done to the satisfaction of an agent appointed by the owner. All work not here specified, but that is shown on the drawings, or manifestly necessary to complete the yacht in a workmanlike manner, to be done without extra charge. Any change in specifications or design necessitating no extra expense for labor or material, to be carried out free of charge; and where increase of cost for either can be demonstrated to the satisfaction of the owner's agent, the same to be allowed for. All extra work to be done at a cost to be agreed on by owner and agent.

FRAME.

Keel—Of white oak, sided as per drawing and moulded 6in.

Stem—Of white oak, grown to shape, sided 6in. and moulded 9in. Extreme fore end, billet head, may be of white pine.

Sternpost—Of white oak, heel tenoned into keel and head jogged into and bolted to horn timber. No score for rudder will be needed.

Horn Timber—Of hackmatack, grown to shape, sided 6in., tapering to 3in. at after end, where it tenons into transom. To be moulded not less than 9in. at heel and 6in. at waterline, and rabbeted for plank ends.

Transom—Of oak or hackmatack, shaped as per drawings, with rabbet for deck and planking; to be well bolted to horn and quarter timbers. All extra wood to be cut away as much as is consistent with strength.

Quarter Timbers—Of hackmatack, shaped as per drawings, and well fastened to transom, planksheer and sheerstrake.

Mast Steps—For mainmast to be of oak, well bolted to stem; for mizzen, mortise to be cut in horn timber. Both to fit masts provided by owner.

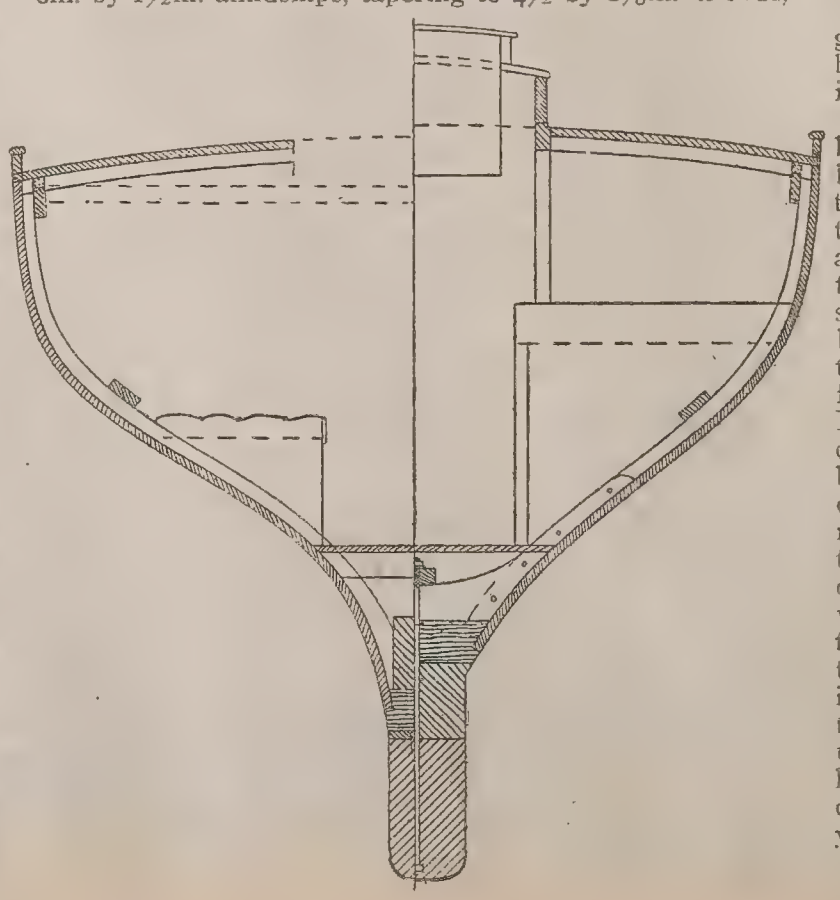
Deadwoods—Of white oak or yellow pine, between sternpost and horn timber, and outside of main keel between it and lead keel. A solid chock of oak 6in. by 9in. to be fitted on horn timber up to floor of cockpit to take brass rudder tube.

Stopwaters—Of dry white pine, ½in. diameter, to be carefully placed in all joints of keel, stem and deadwoods.

Frames—Of sound hackmatack, natural shape, to be single sawn and spaced 12in. centers. To be moulded 3in. at heels, 2in. at turn of bilge and 1½in. at heads. Five frames in bow, and all abaft after end of waterline to be sided 2in.; two frames abreast of mainmast to be sided 2½in.; all other frames, twenty-four in all, to be sided 2¼in. The heels of all frames to be jogged into keel and deadwoods and securely bolted.

Floor Knees—On three frames, floor knees of 2¼in. by ⅜in. flat iron, properly galvanized, will be fitted. To each one of four frames amidship, two hackmatack or oak knees, sided 2in., will be fitted; one forward of frame on starboard side, and the other aft of frame on port side, the space between the heels of frames and the two knees to be filled with an oak chock to take main keelbolt. The lower arm of knee to extend across the keel, the upper arm to extend not less than 2ft. up the side of the yacht. The knees to be thoroughly bolted to keel and to each other through timbers and oak chock, and also to timbers for full length of upper arm. On not less than seven of the remaining frames, solid floors of 2in. oak to be fitted, well bolted to timbers and horn timber.

Beam Clamps—Of clear yellow pine, in single lengths, 6in. by 1½in. amidships, tapering to 4½ by 1⅛in. at ends,



to be fitted close up to planksheer; the ends well bolted to stem and quarter timber. The deck beams will be jogged into these clamps.

Bilge Clamps—One bilge clamp of clear, yellow pine, 4in. by 1½in. amidship, tapering to 3in. by 1⅛in. at ends, to be run about at turn of bilge on each side; to be in single length, the ends well fastened to stem and horn timber.

DECK FRAME.

Deck Beams—Of hackmatack or oak, moulded 2in. Two beams at mast, one at fore end of house, and one at after end, to be sided 2¼in.; all others to be sided 1¾in. Beams to be jogged down into beam clamp, and all half beams to be tenoned into carlins; with one brass knee 2in. by 1½in. by ⅛in. to each beam. All beams spaced 12in.

Hanging Knees—Of hackmatack or oak, sided 1¾in., three on each side; one abreast mast, one at fore end, and one at after end of trunk.

Lodging Knees—Of hackmatack or oak, sided 1¾in., three on each side; one at mast, one at fore end and one at after end of trunk.

Breasthook and Partners—A solid filling of hackmatack or yellow pine to be fitted under deck, to be 2in. thick and 12in. wide, extending from inside of stem to deck beam next abaft mast; to be well bolted to stem, beams and clamps.

Carlins—To be of clear white oak, 4in. by 2in., and of full length of trunk and cockpit, about 22ft. All half beams to be tenoned into carlins and secured with brass knee, as before provided.

Planksheer—To be of clear white oak, in single lengths, 4½in. wide and 1¼in. thick. To be fastened to sheerstrake and clamp with brass screws, 3in. by ¼in.

Partner Planks—Of mahogany, 1¼in. thick; the forward one 12in. wide and the after one 8in.; to be fastened to deck beams with brass screws, 2½in. by ¼in.

PLANKING AND DECKING.

Planking—To be sawn 1¼in. full, to finish as near that thickness as possible. All planks to be in single lengths, unless otherwise directed by owner or agent. Butts, if found necessary, to be at least four frames apart in adjoining strakes; and if on the same frame, to be separated by not less than three strakes. The butts and garboards to be especially well fastened. All seams to be close on inside, with full 1-16in. opening outside for caulking. The entire outside of hull to be carefully planed off.

Garboards—To be of white oak, in single lengths.

Bottom Plank—To be of cypress, free from loose knots, sap and shakes, up to the waterline amidship.

Wales and Topsides—To be of clear yellow pine, free from pitch and knots, to work not more than 4in. wide.

Deck—To be of clear white pine, dry and free from knots, sap and shakes; all in single lengths, and at least 1¼in. by 1¼in.; laid straight fore and aft, with ends stepped into planksheer and properly supported and fastened.

Seams—Of planking and deck to show tight on the inside and 1-16in. opening on the outside for caulking.

DECK JOINERWORK.

Bulwarks—Of clear yellow pine 1⅛in. thick, 4in. high forward, 3in. amidship, tapering out aft. Four neat scuppers on each side.

Rails—Of clear white oak in single lengths, 1in. thick and 2¼in. wide.

Cabin Trunk—To be of selected mahogany, 1½in. thick, about 12in. high and in one length, about 16ft. The top to be of mahogany, 1in. thick and 3in. wide, tongued and grooved and laid in varnish. The beams of cabin trunk to be sided 2in., moulded 1½in., and spaced 12in. Three brass hinged deck lights, of as large size as possible, to be fitted in each side of trunk.

Skylight—To be a single sash, 2ft. long and 3ft. wide, hinged; glass to be ¼in. thick, protected by brass rods.

Companion—Slide and doors of mahogany, the latter paneled.

Fore Hatch—To have opening 18in. by 15in. in clear, coamings of 1½in. mahogany, with hinged top.

Cockpit—To be floored with same material as deck; to be staved up with ¾in. by 3in. mahogany, edges chamfered, all joints to be laid in varnish. The staving to be gained into a mahogany coaming on floor, to make the cockpit thoroughly water tight. To finish on deck with a mahogany rail 6in. wide, raised 1in. above deck.

Bitts—To be of sound locust, about 3in. by 5in., the heels securely bolted to stem.

Cleats—The necessary cleats to be of sound locust or mahogany. One quarter post 2½in. by 2½in. to be fitted on each side for main sheet.

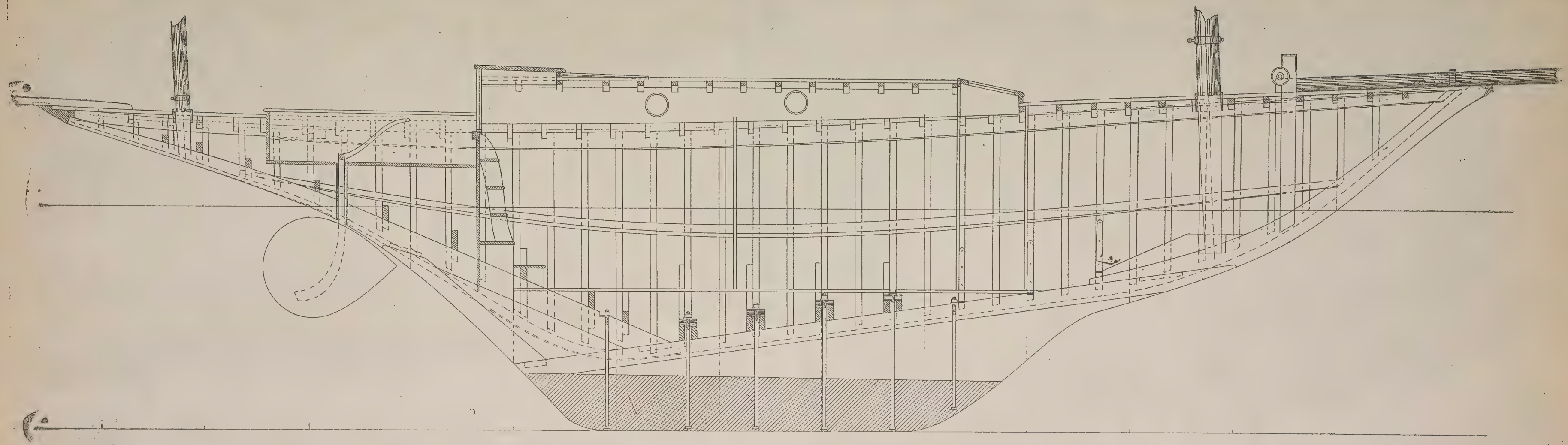
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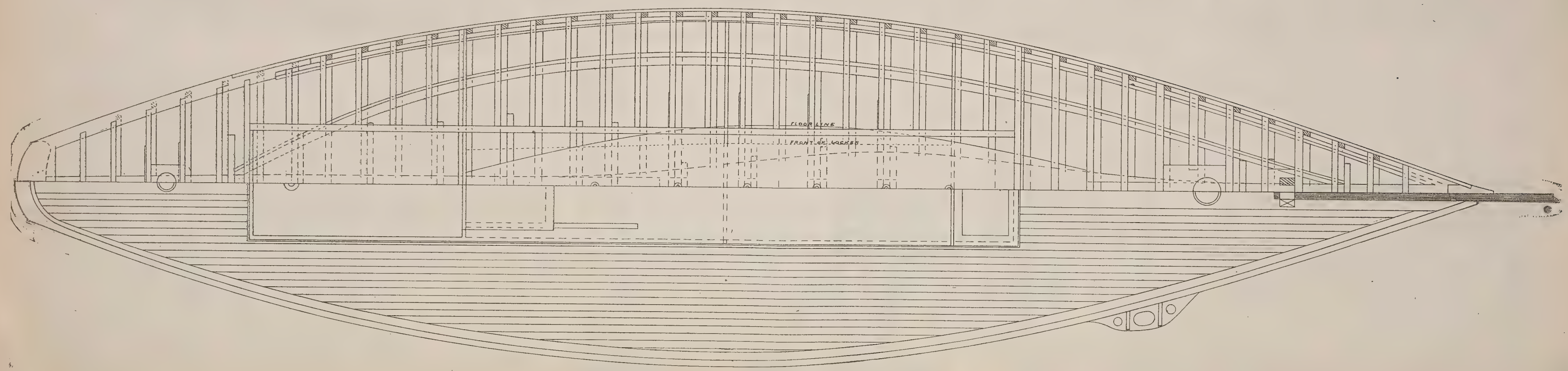
Keel Bolts—Of best quality of Tobin bronze, with good heads and standard nuts and washers. Center line bolts, six in all, to be 1⅛in. diameter; diagonal bolts, six in all, to be ¾in. diameter.

Blunt Bolts—All deadwood, keel and frame bolts to be of yellow metal or other approved alloy, properly headed, over washers of same metal. Stem, keel, horn timber and deadwoods to have ½in. bolts; heels of frames to be through-fastened with one ⅜in. bolt; floor knees and solid floors to be fastened to stem, keel and horn timber with two or three ⅜in. bolts, iron knees to have same; floors, heels of timber and oak chocks to have ⅜in. bolts. Beam and bilge clamps to have one 5-16in. through bolt and one 3in. yellow metal spike in each frame; bolts and spikes in opposite edges alternately. Deck beams to have one ¼in. bolt into beam clamp at each end. Hood ends of planking and all of garboards to be fastened with 3in. by ¼in. yellow metal spikes. All other plank fastenings to be stout copper boat nails, riveted over burrs. The bulwarks, where over 2in. wide, to be fastened with ¼in. bolts, spaced 15in. and driven diagonally into sheerstrake, the after ends being fastened with stout brass screws. Rail, planksheer and partners to be fastened with ¼in. brass screws. The deck plank to be blind-nailed to each beam with 2¾in. galvanized iron nails. All parts not specified to be well fastened in the usual manner. All plank fastenings to be set in for putty stops, and all fastenings about deck and trunk to have wooden deck plugs set in varnish. The sides of cabin trunk to be through-bolted to carlins with ¼in. yellow metal bolts.

INTERIOR JOINERWORK.

Floor—To be of ⅞in. worked ash or yellow pine, laid





AUDAX, YAWL, DESIGNED BY JOHN HYSLOP, ESQ., FOR HENRY W. EATON, ESQ., 1892.

in battened sections, fastened with brass screws.

Ladder—Of mahogany, with three steps, each with rubber tread.

METALWORK.

Lead Keel—To weigh about 12,000lbs., to be in one casting, soundly and accurately cast to shape and well smoothed up; and bolted to hull as described. The lead to be furnished by builder.

Rudder—To be of Tobin bronze, the stock to be 2in. diameter, forged on lower end as per drawings; the body of two 3-16in. plates, riveted together at edges and also riveted through stock, all rivet holes to be countersunk. The space between the plates to be filled with melted pitch, to keep out all water. A tube of ¼in. brass, of 2¼in. internal diameter, to be driven tightly through floor of cockpit, chock and horn timber; with brass plate in floor and brass bushing let into planking at lower end, as per drawing. The name Audax to be engraved on plate. A 3in. washer, and a casting for wooden tiller, the same to work on ¾in. Tobin bronze pin through head of rudder stock.

Chainplates—Four for main shrouds, of 2in. by ⅜in. steel; four for main runners, of 1½in. by ⅜in. steel, and two for mizzen shrouds, of 1½in. by ¼in. steel.

Channels—Of 3-16in. steel plates, shaped as per drawings and flanged to fit side of yacht. To have two braces of half-round iron, 1¼in. by ⅜in., riveted across top of channel, the outboard end of each to go through chainplate and be riveted up.

Gammon Iron—Of steel, 2in. by ⅜in., securely bolted to stem head.

Traveler—One for main sheet, of ¾in. steel, securely fastened to beam.

Davits—One pair of Mumm's patent davits, for yawl 4ft. 2in. beam.

All iron and steel to be of best quality, and neatly galvanized.

BRASSWORK.

Fittings for rudder, as specified, two leading chocks on bow, one for ⅜in. chain, two on taffrail, eyebolts and leaders for jib shets, screw deck plates for pump and water tank, fittings for skylight, hinges, hasp and lock for main companion and fore hatch, brass sockets for mast bitts and brass caps for main, mast and quarter bitts, six in all. Six hinged side lights for cabin trunk. Two bobstay plates for stem.

PLUMBING.

Water Closet—One small size water closet to be fitted to starboard, with all connections and sea cocks. One small wash basin with waste pipe connected to closet.

Pump—One single-barrel copper yacht's pump, 2½in. diameter, with 1¼in. suction pipe to well; galvanized iron spear and brass screw plate in deck.

Scuppers—Of 1in. lead pipe, fitted in cockpit floor, one on each side; to drain below waterline.

Water Tank—As large as space will permit, under cockpit, with filling pipe and screw plate in deck, and pipe to forecastle.

Pump—Small house pump for fresh water to be fitted in forecastle.

SPARS.

Bowsprit—Of spruce, 5in. diameter at gammon, 4¼in. at cranse and 15ft. long. All other spars to be furnished by owner; mast steps to be fitted for masts as furnished.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Limbers and Pump Well—Suitable limber holes to be cut in all knees and floors to lead to pump well. All small spaces between garboards and deadwood or keel to be filled flush with pitch, to lead all water to well.

Tiller—Of locust, fitted to brass yoke on rudder head; carving on fore end as per drawings.

Side Ladder—Of mahogany, with brass hook arms and rubber on steps.

Boom Crotch—Of oak, as per drawings.

Mast Bitts—Of locust, with brass sockets in deck and brass caps.

Capstan—To be provided by owner and fitted by builder.

Anchors, chains and all riggings to be provided by owner.

CAULKING AND PAYING.

All seams of planking to be properly caulked with cotton, run with paint and payed with putty. All seams of deck to be carefully caulked with cotton, using no oil nor grease on iron; and run with Jeffries' Marine Glue, according to directions furnished by maker. All nail and screw holes about deck to be filled with wooden plugs set in varnish; all other fastenings to have putty stops.

PAINTING.

Inside, below floor, to be painted with one coat of red lead and oil.

Bottom—To have two priming coats of red lead and oil, and one finishing coat of Ratjhen's Composition, smoothly applied.

Topsides—Up to rail, to have two priming coats, the first of red lead, both well rubbed down, and one finishing coat of best black, no oil to be used.

Varnishing—The rail, plankshеer, cabin trunk, cockpit and all deckwork except planks to have three coats of best spar composition, each coat being thoroughly dry before the next is laid on. The interior of cabin to have one coat of wood filler and two coats of best varnish.

Carving and Gilding—A ¾in. cove to be run in topside, with carved scrolls at bow and stern, all laid in best gold leaf. The name and port to be placed on stern in brass letters 3in. long, neatly gilded in best gold leaf.

SEPARATE SPECIFICATIONS FOR INTERIOR WORK.

Forecastle—Bulkhead of clear yellow pine, 3in. wide, matched with edges chamfered; with door of same opening on port side and finished to appear when shut as part of bulkhead. Stout brass hinges and brass spring catch to be fitted on forecastle side, and sunk flat brass bolt on after side. The forecastle to be fitted with plain pine locker, painted.

Toilet Room and Pantry—A second bulkhead to be built 2ft. abaft the first, with opening 2ft. 6in. wide, for curtain. A refrigerator, provided by owner, to be fitted by builder on port side. The starboard side to be fitted with yacht W. C., as provided, and wash basin, with seat, step and casing of yellow pine.

Stateroom—To have a berth on each side, 2ft. 6in. high and 6ft. 6in. long, with 2ft. 6in. space between fronts. Two large drawers under each berth, with fronts of ash, oak or mahogany. Half bulkhead at head of each berth, finished with pilasters and rail. All finish of berths and bulkheads to be of yellow pine.

Saloon—To be 7ft. 6in. long, with sofa locker on each side, 2ft. 6in. between fronts at fore end, narrowing to 2ft. aft. Front of lockers to be staved with yellow pine, edges chamfered, with ledge 2in. high. The back of each locker to be staved up for a height of about 12in., as per drawings, with cap on staving. After bulkhead of yellow pine, with door on each side to locker at side of cockpit; these doors to have open lattice fronts of pine 1in. wide and ⅛in. thick. Doors to have brass hinges and spring latches.

Ceiling—From forecastle bulkhead to after end of saloon, the space above lockers to be ceiled with ¼in. cedar, finished smooth to receive lincrusta. Interior, except forecastle lockers, to be finished in varnish, as provided.

George L. Watson.

We are indebted to the Scottish Field for the following interesting biographical notice of Mr. George L. Watson, the noted yacht designer, who is quite as well known on this side as at home. We regret that it is impossible to reproduce the portrait accompanying the article:

Distant Shore, by Hermit, out of Land's End, by Trumpeter, out of Far Away, by Young Melbourne, is the name of the beautiful mare which was bred by Her Majesty the Queen, at Bushey Park, in 1880, and became the founder of the celebrated Hardwick Hall stud of Mr. C. D. Rose. In a few days it will be the name of Mr. Rose's new cutter yacht to be launched at Meadowside, Partick. Whether the newest of Watson's designs will bring as much success as the grand dam of Cyleene, one of the best race horses in training, and whose dam was Distant Shore's daughter, Orcadia, by Isonomy, remains to be seen; but Meadowside and Watson and winning yachts have now been closely associated since the year 1875.

Dr. Watson, the designer's father, was well known in Glasgow in his day, not only as a skillful practitioner, but a scholar possessing rich literary tastes and sympathies, and numbering among his friends Thackeray and that genial editor of Punch, Shirley Brookes. His mother, Miss Burstall, was a daughter of Mr. Timothy Burstall, an inventor of considerable note, and rival of George Stephenson of "Rocket" renown. On Dr. Watson's death, which sad event took place when the family were very young, Mrs. Watson, who is still alive and well, took up her residence in London, Mr. G. L., who had developed considerably the tastes of his maternal grandfather, and had determined on a career in the shipbuilding line, remaining in Glasgow. His brother, Mr. T. Malcolm Watson, had ideas the other way, preferring to draw houses to drawing ships; and his work as a dramatist is well remembered by those who used to enjoy so well the old German Reed entertainment and Corney Grain's songs.

Mr. Watson entered the practical work of life in the then famous yard of R. Napier & Son, of Govan and Lancefield, as a draftsman, in the year 1867, he then being sixteen years old, having come into the world with the America Cup in 1851. The head of Napier's yard was then Mr. Pearce, from Chatham, formerly alluded to as "Billy Pearce," subsequently to be known to posterity as Sir William Pearce, Baronet, of Fairfield, and the greatest shipbuilder of the nineteenth century. His fight to cut down the transatlantic records from seven and a half days to five and a half days, and to reduce the Australian and Eastern passages in equal proportion, is practically the romantic portion of the history of modern steam navigation. When many have been calling out about the late arrivals of transports they should think that but for Pearce, of Fairfield, who shortened Cape voyages five days, some of our troops would not yet be in Durban. It is to be regretted that he did not live to see Fairfield's greatest triumph, Kildonan Castle.

On leaving Napier's yard, where his training was of the most practical character, Mr. Watson went to Messrs. A. & J. Inglis, and it was there he first began to develop his ideas on yacht building. Mr. John Inglis was then an enthusiastic yachtsman, and Mr. Watson candidly acknowledges to many little things he learned in yacht designing at Pointhouse. In 1871 he designed his first yacht, the little rambowed, shallow-bodied Peg Woffington, on lines which were thought conducive to speed; but in this he was disappointed, and it was not till four years afterward (1875) that he produced the 5-tonner Clotilde for an Irish gentleman. This little craft, broken up at Kingstown but the other day, was the harbinger of his reputation. She was, to put it mildly, very considerably "rockered," and her appearance on the stocks recalled the anecdote in pre-historic Clyde yacht racing when a young Viking explorer was informed by his Norse king that he might have all the land he could circumnavigate south of Crinan Bay. Discovering when storm-stayed in West Tarbet, the narrow neck of land which separates Loch Fyne from the Atlantic, that astute Norseman went home, remained quiet, stowed away a set of wheels, and by the aid of his primitive patent slip—the Campbells having not come then—added Cantyre to the contents of his plate-locker. Notwithstanding all this criticism when Clotilde came out late in the season at Millport regatta in a stiff breeze and lumpy sea, carrying a whole mainsail against the then invincible Fairlie 5-tonner Pearl, which had to single-reef, she beat the latter handsomely. As she was built to Dublin Bay measurement, an objection to her as being half a ton in excess was sustained. Her designer and friends had, however, tasted the sweets of victory, and wished for more. "La Keel la Mortis, doun gangs anither keel" is the motto of Clyde shipbuilders, and the keel of Clotilde's successor was laid in the corner of Meadowside yard not far from the cradle of Distant Shore. The three owners, Mr. John Laurence, Mr. J. B. Hilliard, and her designer, with the assistance of two carpenters, put her together in such a tough fashion as to make growl the men who picked her to pieces two years ago. Round-bodied, with a big sectional area, and a keel of outside lead, Vril proved herself the best 5-tonner on Clyde of her year, though William Fife, Jr., in his first essays, Camellia and Clio, supplied tough opponents, getting races in their own weather. Vril was considered to be pretty big in her sail-spread for a then 5-tonner, and the writer, who took the place of third man with Messrs. Laurence and Hilliard, in the absence of her designer, in the three-handed Royal Clyde Corinthian match coming across Loch Long, thought she was a pretty good handful for five. Still with spinaker over her nose, we drew the winning gun. After the successes of Vril came the long unbroken line of Verve, Quiraing, Madge and Verve II. of 10-tonners, with the famous steel first-class cutter Vanduara. May, Marjorie, Yarana, Thistle, with three Valkyries, not to speak of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales' Britannia, have followed, and but a month or two ago Mr. Watson received from one of the staunchest supporters of the pastime we have, the Kaiser himself, one of the kindest messages relative to the victory of Meteor as a yawl, accompanied by a bronze bust of her Imperial owner. Distant Shore, the latest of Mr. Watson's triumphs, will not challenge for the America Cup, being much smaller than the class of boats engaged in that seemingly endless enterprise. In regard to a fourth Watson representative for this contest, it seems unlikely that such will be seen under a racing flag for some time at least, as the designing, building, and preparing of such a vessel involves such exclusive attention as to preclude all other work, and as Mr. Watson had generally a fair share of this on hand for other clients, one or other would have to be neglected. In regard to this, we note from that treasury of useful yachting knowledge Lloyd's Green Book, that Mr. Watson has, in the twenty-five years he has been in business, designed some 32,000 tons of yachts, steam and sailing, representing probably a cash value of something like three-quarters of a million—a very respectable addition to the value of our pleasure navy.

As is well known, Mr. Watson believes in building boats which are smart in turning to windward, the windward road being the long road and the hard road of sailing. The idea is very old in yachting, as may be gathered from the following, from the Edinburgh Advertiser, Sept. 28, 1773:

"Yesterday the Earl of Ferrers, Admiral of the Fleet, arrived in his yacht after a cruise of about three weeks, which he took in order to make a trial of his new method of constructing ships. We are informed that nothing that ever was built answered all purposes so well, as not only is she a surprising fast vessel, but carries her sail remarkably well, and has every good quality a vessel can possibly have in the utmost perfection, more particularly in a heavy head sea. 'What,' says our correspondent, 'is very extraordinary in this vessel is that in turning up to windward from the Downs to Blackwell (where she arrived on Sunday evening) she beat every vessel between three or four miles an hour right in the wind's eye, though there were at last 100 sail of vessels of different sorts coming up the river.'"

In regard to steam yachts, Mr. Watson has built many of the largest, finest and fastest afloat, the largest of these for American clients, comprising the Nahama, for the late Mr. Robert Goelet; the Mayflower for his brother, the late Ogden Goelet; Varuna, of 1,500 tons, for Mr. Eugene Higgins, and Margarita, 1,350 tons, for Mr. A. J. Drexel. The largest of all is now building in Denny's yard, Dumbarton, for that noted international yachtsman, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, and will be launched about mid-summer. She presents some striking peculiarities when compared with the boats mentioned, embodying, as she does, some of her owner's own particular notions—has a straight stem with mast just aft of a huge funnel, is turtle-decked forward with poop aft. The Denny workmanship considered, she will be a magnificent vessel, and will steam eighteen and a half knots.

Of the yacht owners and yachtsmen associated with Mr. Watson in his early days, that genial old gentleman, Mr. John Clark, of Vanduara and Wendur, has been dead for some years; but Mr. James Coats, of Madge and Marjorie, is still sailing as usual with Duncan as skipper, now in the Gleniffer schooner, the largest sailing yacht afloat. Mr. Wyllie, of the first Verve, sails Verve VI. with all the verve of Verve I. The Allan Brothers, owners of the three famous 5-tonners, Nora, Doris and Dora, have gone into steam. Mr. Hilliard steers commodore ships on regatta days, and tells old yachting yarns with a briny flavor. Mr. John Laurence is chief Lloyd Surveyor at Sunderland, a position his father before him had for many years, and Mr. Inglis, the designer of Hilda, Blanche and Moira, seems to be seeking material for another yachtsman's holiday in steering that hitherto difficult ship the North British Railway.

ROCKWOOD.

The Eastern Y. C. Challenge Cup.

The final conditions of the new Eastern Y. C. challenge cup for the 51ft. class have been published, practically as given some time since in the FOREST AND STREAM, and the cup will be ready for competition in the coming season. The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has sent out to its members the conditions of the cup, accompanied by the following circular:

The attention of members is invited to the accompanying circular, issued by the Eastern Y. C., of Boston, announcing the conditions to govern races for the Eastern challenge cup, which has been established by that club as a perpetual challenge cup, for competition between the New York, Seawanhaka Corinthian, Larchmont, Atlantic and Eastern yacht clubs.

It will be observed that the intention is to promote the development of yachts of moderate dimensions and cost, which, while possessing high speed, will also be useful for other than mere racing purposes. It seems to us that the objects for which this cup has been established deserve every encouragement from our club, and that competition for it will furnish one of the most interesting events of the yachting season.

If any member or members desire to build a challenger we shall be very glad to arrange for the issuance of a challenge by the club, and to co-operate in arranging the terms of the contest, and to render any other assistance in our power.

RACE COMMITTEE, S. C. Y. C.
By C. A. SHERMAN, Sec'y.
NEW YORK, Dec 7.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Seawanhaka Cup.

THE agreement between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., the present holder of the Seawanhaka international challenge cup, and the White Bear Y. C., for a match next summer, has been completed, and is now ready for the signatures of the officers of the two clubs. The text is as follows:

Agreement governing the match for the Seawanhaka international challenge cup for the season of 1900:

It is hereby mutually covenanted and agreed by and between the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, Canada, and the White Bear Y. C., of St. Paul, that the following regulations shall govern the match to be sailed between the representative yachts of the said clubs during the season of 1900:

Article 1.—The courses shall consist of a triangular course, and a course to windward or leeward and return. Each leg of the triangular course shall be one and one-third nautical miles in length, and shall be sailed over three times, making a total of twelve miles. The course to windward or leeward and return shall have a total length of twelve nautical miles; each leg shall be, if possible, two nautical miles, and shall not be less than one nautical mile.

Article 2.—The match shall be awarded to the yacht winning three of five races.

The races shall be sailed alternately over the triangular and the windward or leeward and return courses.

The first race to be triangular or windward and return, as the winner of the toss may elect.

Article 3.—The races shall be sailed under the management of three judges; one shall be appointed by each club, and the two so appointed shall elect a third on or before July 1, 1900. They shall act as judges and timekeepers, shall direct laying out the courses, shall decide whether the contestants come within the prescribed measurements and scantling restrictions, and shall settle all disputes. The decision of a majority shall be final in all matters pertaining to the contest.

It shall be the duty of the judges to thoroughly check the scantling, and satisfy themselves by boring, inspections or other means, that the measurements are thoroughly up to specifications.

Article 4.—Each club shall name its representative yacht five days before the first race.

Article 5.—The start shall be a one-gun flying start, with a preparatory signal.

Article 6.—The races shall be sailed without time allowance.

Article 7.—Yachts must not exceed 25ft. racing length measured under the following rule: L.W.L., plus the square root of the sailing area, divided by two, equals the racing length. Yachts shall be measured without crew on board, but with a deadweight of 450lbs., which shall be carried amidships; approximately at the center of buoyancy during measurement. The sail area must not exceed 500 sq. ft., as determined in Article 8.

A yacht's draft of hull or keel shall not exceed 5ft., and with the centerboard down shall not exceed 6ft. Draft shall be determined when yachts are in trim for racing. Centerboards shall be so constructed that they can be wholly housed without leaving any projection below the hull or keel.

Article 8.—The factor of sail area used in determining racing length shall be ascertained by adding to the actual area of the mainsail, computed from its exact dimensions, the area of the fore triangle. The hoist of the mainsail, when measured, shall be plainly marked on the mast and its outer points on the boom and gaff or other spars, used to set the sail, and the sail shall not be set beyond these limiting points. The fore triangle shall be determined by the following factors: (1) The perpendicular shall be the perpendicular distance between the deck and a point on the forestay, where the line of the after leech of the jib intersects the forstay, above which the jib shall not be hoisted. (2) The base shall be the distance between the forward side of the mast at the deck and the point of intersection of the forestay with the bowsprit or hull.

Any jib, when set, must not extend beyond the upper and forward points above defined.

Sails shall be limited to mainsail, jibs and spinaker. The total area of the mainsail and fore triangle shall not exceed 500 sq. ft. The area of the spinaker measured as a triangle, whose base is the length of the spinaker boom measured from its outer end, when set to the center of the mast, and whose perpendicular is the distance from the deck at the fore side of the mast to the spinaker halyard block, shall not exceed twice the area of the fore triangle. All jibs and spinaker must be triangular sails, but they may have small clubs on the heads not exceeding ten per cent. of the base of the fore triangle.

Article 9.—The spinaker boom when used in carrying sail shall not be lashed to the bowsprit or stemhead.

Article 10.—Shifting ballast shall not be allowed. (Centerboards shall be considered as fixed ballast.)

Article 11.—No outrigger or other mechanical device for carrying live ballast outboard shall be allowed.

Article 12.—Centerboards shall not be loaded except to overcome flotation, but metal plates may be used under the following restrictions:

The centerboard may be of steel or iron plate, of practically uniform thickness, not over 3/8in. thick at any point, and not weighing over 350lbs.

The centerboard, if of bronze, brass or metal other than steel or iron, may not be over 3/8in. thick at any point; shall be of practically uniform thickness, and shall not weigh over 300lbs.

Article 13.—Yachts must sail throughout the series of races with the same amount of fixed ballast, and centerboards of practically the same weight as carried in the first race.

Article 14 A.—Yachts must be so constructed that on a cross section taken at any point, no part of the hull shall be sensibly below the center part of the hull exclusive of the false keel or skeg.

14 B.—The cockpit area must not be more than 40 per cent. of the area of the deck.

Article 15.—Yachts shall be constructed in accordance with the following restrictions:

1. The planking of hull shall not be less than 1/2in. thick at any point.

2. The frames or ribs shall be of oak, elm or other hard wood, and shall not be less than 1¼ sq. in. per lineal foot of length of vessel; they may, however, be spaced as desired. Example: Frames may be 1¼ x 1, spaced 12in. c. to c. or 5/8 x 1, spaced 6in. c. to c., or 5/8 x

3. The deck plank shall not be less than 1/2ft. thick if without covering, but where covered with canvas may be 3ft. 8in. thick. The deck beams shall not be less than 1½ sq. in. per lin. ft. of length. Example: Deck beams may be 1½ x 1, spaced 12in. c. to c., or 1½ x ½, spaced 6in. c. to c.

Internal bracing, floors, knees or other stiffening members shall not be included in the area of the frames or deck beams.

Article 16.—The total actual weight of the crew, including all clothes, personal apparel and belongings worn by them or carried on board during the race, shall not exceed 650lbs.

Article 17.—The helmsmen and crew shall be amateurs, and members of the respective clubs, and the helmsmen shall be named in writing, as required by the provisions of Article X. of the declaration of trust.

Article 18.—The provisions of the declaration of trust, so far as the same are inconsistent with the foregoing articles, are hereby waived, but in all other respects shall govern the match.

In witness whereof, said clubs have caused this agreement to be signed in duplicate by third duly authorized representatives this — day of ———, 1900.

ROYAL ST. LAWRENCE Y. C.,
WHITE BEAR Y. C.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Rochester Y. C. held its annual meeting on Dec. 7, electing the following officers: Com., Alfred G. Wright; Vice-Com., Charles Van Voorhis; Fleet Captain, Albert E. Vogt; Sec'y-Treas., Thomas G. Young; Cor. Sec'y, John F. Griffin; Meas., William H. Pillow; Fleet Surgeon, W. J. Herriman; Directors, F. E. Rogers and F. E. Woodworth; Delegates to L. Y. R. A., Charles Van Voorhis, J. E. Burroughs and J. W. Robbins; Alternates, T. B. Pritchard, Frank T. Christy and James C. Dryer.

The club, after the most successful season in its history, is in a very prosperous condition. After the meeting a banquet took place.

An adjourned meeting of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association on Dec. 9 was voted to add the 20ft. knockabout class of yachts to the boats eligible to compete in Association events. For some time there has been agitation in favor of the smaller boats, a class very popular throughout the East, and the present move is one in which yachtsmen all up and down the lake are interested. The Green Bay, Milwaukee, Chicago and Columbia yacht clubs were represented at the meeting. Messrs. Mather and Curtis were present from Milwaukee. W. R. Crawford and John B. Berryman represented the Chicago Y. C., and W. S. Bougher the Columbia fleet. Plans for next year were discussed, but no definite steps taken. It is probable a challenge cup will be offered for a series of events to be competed for by the new knockabout class. The annual regatta will probably be held about July 4.—Chicago Herald.

The Minnetonka Ice Y. C., to maintain a winter club house and fleet on the lake, has filed articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State. The officers are: Com., Theodore Wetmore; Vice-Com., Albert E. McMillan; Sec'y, Fred A. Hubbard; Treas., Robert G. Morison; Meas., William K. Morison.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Virginia, the new Watson steam yacht building at the Bath Iron Works for Isaac Stern, had a builder's trial on Dec. 14, a run of four houre. She will be completed in a short time, and will leave for New York. Capt. Leander Jeffries is in command.

The Old Mill Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., Dr. G. A. Cooper; Vice-Com., August Dachtal; Rear-Com., Adam Glasita; Sec'y, M. Teed; Treas., L. Walker; Board of Trustees, David Van Winklen, F. Terry and J. F. Lee. The club elected thirty-three new members, increasing the membership to ninety-three. It was decided to limit the membership to 100, and dues were increased to $5. A new club house 50 x 100ft. will be ready by spring.

The Beverly Y. C. elected the following officers on Dec. 9: Com., G. H. Richards; Vice-Com., L. S. Dabney; Sec'y and Treas., Lawrence Whitcomb; Meas., John Parkinson; Regatta Committee, F. E. Cabot, C. F. Hodges, C. H. Jones, L. G. King, J. G. Palfrey, E. M. Farnsworth, R. V. Emmons, 2d; Admission Committee, F. L. Dabney, A. S. Hardy, F. W. Sargent, E. M. Farnsworth, Lawrence Whitcomb; House Committee, Dr. E. S. Wood, A. S. Hardy, W. H. Emmons, Lawrence Whitcomb, W. E. Eustis; Counsel, John Parkinson and C. H. Jones.

On Dec. 9 the following gentlemen gathered at the R. C. Y. club house, Toronto: Messrs. J. Wilton Morse, J. W. Rutherford, S. Playfair, E. Wedd, N. Darrell, H. Parsons, J. W. Barry, N. Bastedo, C. Crean, H. Lowden, C. Reid and T. Cuff. The purpose of the meeting was to form an association to be known as "the small boat section of the R. C. Y. C.," and to draft a constitution. It was also decided that the annual fee be $3, but only members in good standing with the R. C. Y. C. and prospective ones would be eligible to membership.

Mr. J. Wilton Morse, the chief organizer of the skiff section, laid the essential points of forming such an association before those present in a masterly style. He contended that for the past four or five years skiff sailing had been comparatively dead in the club and now the younger members felt that it was high time something should be done in a substantial way to again bring small boat racing up to the old standard. To do this, continued Mr. Morse, as an inducement for the junior members to build boats in the 16ft. class (the maximum cost to be $150, ready to sail), prizes worth while competing for should be hung up. The first it is intended shall be $30, second $20, and for third place $10. To raise the necessary prize money, for one race in each sailing month, viz., June, July, August and September, the sum of $300 is required, and it is proposed that the boat section itself raise $150, the balance being subscribed by the older members of the yacht club. The intended races shall be sailed over a triangular course, laid out in front of the city club house, with half-mile sides, six rounds to a race, so that the boats will pass the club house, thus enabling the spectators from the veranda to see the boats go by every few minutes. With the promise of five boats already in the class, concluded Mr. Morse, and the prospects of two or three more, there should be a grand revival of sailing, as has not been seen since the palmy days of '91 and '92.

The association then unanimously elected Mr. Henry Barber as chairman. This gentleman takes a lively interest in all the junior members, and he will see that the small boat section proves an exceptional success next summer.

The officers of the association for 1900 are: Mr. Henry Barber, Chairman; Mr. Nat Darrell, Hon. Sec'y-Treas.; Committee, Messrs. E. K. M. Wedd, R. T. Cuff and J. W. Morse.

A meeting of the club will be held on the second Saturday of each month, and it is hoped that as many as possible will make it convenient to attend.—Montreal Star.

The boats must conform to the limits of the special ballasted class of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association, as follows: They must carry at least 600lbs. of ballast, either in the form of a fixed keel, loaded centerboard, interior ballast or any combination. Weights of metal centerboard or steel fin to be included in this weight. Centerboards weighing over 200lbs. must not at any point draw more than 4ft.

They shall be measured with this amount of ballast and 300lbs. for weight of crew aboard, and must not exceed 4ft. draft, except in the case of centerboard boats, which shall be allowed to draw 6ft., provided the centerboard does not weigh more than 200lbs. The dimensions shall be:

Length over all not to exceed 25ft. 6in.
Length on waterline, 16ft.
Minimum beam, 6ft.
Minimum freeboard, 15in.
Sail area not to exceed 330 sq. ft.
Crew, two men.

Planking not less than 1/2in. thick. Ribs 1¼in. square to the foot, over at least two-thirds the over-all length of boat, with a reduction of 20 per cent. allowed in size of ribbing at the ends.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—The weekly medal shoot of the Excelsior Rifle Club was held at its headquarters, No. 5 North Broadway, over the 75ft. range, on a German ring target, 10 shots each man, possible 250 points. A meeting was held after the shoot and four new members were accepted, and it was agreed to have a shoot at 200yds. every Sunday at Farm Glen. This team will also take up revolver shooting at Capt. Schaaf's academy, at 20yds.:

J Lukens	16	21	20	20	24	25	24	24	23	21—218
Renshaw	14	18	16	21	21	21	24	24	23	23—206
L Pabst	20	22	22	22	23	23	24	24	24	24—228
Chas Spencer	17	23	21	24	23	24	24	23	23	23—225
Somers	19	20	21	22	23	23	24	25	23	22—222
Todd	21	22	22	23	25	24	24	23	23	22—229
Northwang	17	19	23	24	23	23	25	23	22	23—221
Dr Kennedy	18	19	21	21	23	23	23	23	24	24—219
L Ball	20	22	22	23	24	24	24	22	24	25—230
Schrader	18	22	22	23	22	24	23	24	23	22—223
Capt Schaaf	21	22	22	21	24	24	24	25	25	21—229

CHAS. SPENCER.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Dec. 31-Jan. 1.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Amateur tournament of the Wisconsin Gun Club. P. Himmelstein, Sec'y.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.

1900.

Jan. 1.—Altoona, Pa.—Fifteen-live-bird handicap; $5 entrance. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

Jan. 1.—New Haven, Conn.—Holiday shoot of the New Haven Gun Club. Targets. J. B. Savage, Sec'y.

Jan. 1.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Third annual tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. Targets. V. Wallburg, Capt.

Jan. 1.—Newark, N. J.—All-day target shoot of the South Side Gun Club.

Jan. 1.—Jersey City, N. J.—Holiday shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. J. Hughes, Sec'y.

Jan 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., Can.—Annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club; $1,200 in prizes. Open to the world. H. Hamilton Gun Club; $1,500 in prizes. Open to the world. H.

Jan. 17-18.—Danville, Ill.—Sconce-Cadwallader invitation shoot. Live birds and targets. John Parker, Mgr.

Feb. 13-17.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Third annual midwinter tournament; $1,000 added; 2-cent targets (Rose system) and live birds (high guns). Capt. A. R. Smith, Sec'y.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail allsuch matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The members of the Fountain Gun Club have received from the secretary notice as follows: "The Fountain Gun Club will hold a trap contest at Dexter Park on Thursday, Dec. 21, at 1 P. M. It is proposed to repeat the pleasant experience of last month, and to this end a parlor trolley car to the grounds and return will be

provided for members contributing to the expense. We can accommodate from fifteen to twenty persons besides the attendants in the car, and the expenses, including luncheon, will be from $2 to $2.50 for each person, depending upon the number present. Please inform me not later than Monday, Dec. 18, whether you wish to be one of the party. Car seats will be awarded in the order in which replies are received, and a letter will be sent to each subscriber advising when and where to take the car. We are compelled to limit the car accommodations to members and press representatives in view of the number of members who have already expressed a wish to be with us."

Dr. W. L. Gardiner, of San Antonio, Tex., who has been spending the summer in New York and vicinity, contemplates an early departure for Florida, where he will spend the winter enjoying the sports afield which there abound. Recently he purchased a pointer of Mr. E. R. Wilbur, Jr., of Fitchburg, Mass. This three-year-old dog has a pedigree which takes in most of the famous winners of America, and Dr. Gardiner is earnest in his praise of him both as to looks and performance. He avers that he is one of the best field dogs in America. Incidentally, he bought him through an advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM. This pointer will have a Florida experience this winter, as he is intended to do the finding and pointing essential to good shooting. Dr. Gardiner was recently elected a member of the Fountain Gun Club.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., have issued their calendar for 1900. The uses of rifle and shotgun are illustrated by two large pictures, the work of the famous artist, Mr. A. B. Frost. The picture at the top of the calendar portrays a mountain hunting scene—two men lying concealed behind large rocks, keenly watching some mountain sheep in the distance. The title is "Waiting for a Shot at the Old Run." The picture at the bottom of the calendar portrays quail shooting. Two setter dogs, one pointing, the other backing, flushed birds, and a sportsman in the act of shooting, make a very spirited scene.

The calendar of the Peters Cartridge Co. for 1900 contains illustrations of the practical use of Peters ammunition at the traps, butts, and the shooting of big game, and upland and wildfowl shooting. There is an illustration of shooting big game in the Philippines, guinea hen shooting in Cuba, wildfowl shooting in Porto Rico and Hawaii, and a scene portraying big-game shooting in the West. It is entitled "Ammunition for our World-Wide Possessions." Address The Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, O.; Eastern office, 80 Chambers street, New York; T. H. Keller, Agent.

The contest for the E C cup, emblematic of the championship at inanimate targets, was shot at Batavia, N. Y., on Monday of this week, and resulted in a victory for Mr. Fred Gilbert, the challenger, of Spirit Lake, Ia., by a score of 120 to Mr. W. R. Crosby's 119. The conditions were 50 targets at unknown angles, 50 expert, and 25 pairs. Unknown angles, Gilbert 46, Crosby 42. Expert, Gilbert 42, Crosby 40. Doubles, Gilbert 32, Crosby 37.

In the eighth monthly shoot for the Francotte gun, no one made the maximum of 50 points at the shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club last Saturday. Dr. Creamer and Mr. Paterson were high with 49, each thereby scoring 9 to the good, and one short of the possible. The competition grows more interesting as the series progresses, and it is a matter of difficulty in a handicap of this kind to even make an intelligent guess as to the winner.

The Altoona Rod and Gun Club will hold a 15-live-bird race, handicap rise, on New Year's, Monday, Jan. 1, 1900, beginning at 9:30 o'clock sharp. Interstate Association rules will govern, and purse will be divided at 50, 30 and 20 per cent., class shooting; entrance $5, birds extra. Additional events to suit contestants. The club's commodious house and a warm lunch will be free to shooters throughout the day.

Under date of Dec. 15 Mr. Ed O. Bower, Secretary-Treasurer W. Va. S. S. Association, Sistersville, W. Va., writes us as follows: "On June 19-21, 1900, the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association's fourth annual tournament will be held under the auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club, Charleston, W. Va. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Secretary, Box 736, Charleston, W. Va."

The Hudson Gun Club will hold one of its pleasant shoots on Jan. 1, commencing at 10 o'clock. Take Newark turnpike car to the Hackensack River bridge, at the terminus of the Pennsylvania R. R. ferry at Jersey City. A good hot lunch will be served to shooters. The grounds are pleasantly situated, there are two sets of traps, a comfortable club house, and good company.

On Bunn's grounds, Singac, N. J., Dec. 15, there was a match at 50 live birds between Messrs. T. W. Morfey and T. C. Wright. The birds were mixed in quality, though there were many good ones. The score was 36 to 33 in favor of Morfey. There was a straightaway wind blowing, which favored the birds. We are informed that the match was for $50 a side.

The Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, will hold holiday shoots on Christmas and New Year's days. The Christmas shoot commences at 2 o'clock. The New Year's shoot will be according to the regular programme, commencing at 10:30. The Clinton-Bidwell challenge trophy will be a feature of the shoots, and will be in open competition.

On Dec. 15 Mr. J. R. Malone, in a field of nine contestants, won the championship of Maryland and the District of Columbia, tieing with Hicks and Leland on 19 out of 20 live birds, and winning in the shoot-off at 5 birds, killing straight, while each of his rivals lost a bird. He was one of the scratch men, at 31yds.

There will be a match shoot, the Boiling Springs Gun Club against the Passaic City Gun Club, on the grounds of the former, Saturday afternoon, Dec. 23. Take Erie R. R. to Rutherford, N. J. The grounds are good, the company pleasant, and the shooting is sufficiently hard to test the skill of all.

The Busch medal was contested for early this month, between Messrs. J. J. Sumpter and A. D. Mermod, the latter the challenger. Each killed 24 out of the 25 live birds and therefore tied. The next effort to reach a conclusion will be some time later. The Sumpter-Smith match has been declared off.

There is quite a galaxy of the star gentlemen of the shooting world in town this week, among whom are Messrs. W. L. Colville (Dick Swiveller), Irby Bennett, J. Hildreth, J. J. Hallowell, B. Leroy Woodard, E. D. Fulford and E. C. Meyer, president of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

Drs. Carson and Miller, of Chicago, are enjoying a quail shoot in the southern part of Illinois, and thereby the Eureka Gun Club is minus one of its stanchest attendants at the club shoots.

In their match at 100 targets last week, at Jamaica, L. I., the scores were: R. Pfister 83, S. Van Allen 77. This was quite a bit below the usual capabilities of the two contestants.

On Jan. 1 the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., will hold its twenty-first annual all-day target shoot. Particulars can be obtained of Mr. C. W. Feigenspan, Newark, N. J.

Bad weather prevailed during John Wright's live-bird shoot last week, but his students turned out well, for when a shoot is on all weather looks alike to them.

The Interstate Association held a meeting on Thursday of this week in the rooms of the Sportsmen's Association, New York.

The Emerald Gun Club held an all-day shoot on Tuesday of this week at Dexter Park.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club Open Sh° ot.

Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 12.—To-day witnessed one of the most interesting shoots ever held at Dexter Park from more than one point of view. To begin with, there were present an assemblage of the best wing shots in the world, viz.: T. W. Morfey, R. A. Welch, Capt. A. W. Money, Harold Money, his son; and although he never has won the Grand American Handicap he is sure to be heard from in this great shooting event before many years have passed.

This morning broke in a manner that would puzzle many a good weather prophet; while the sun showed himself in the east, yet the sky was hazy, and there was half a gale blowing from the southeast—just such a morning as the down East laymen would call ideal to go out and have a crack at the black ducks in the Great South Bay. However, there was a change at about 9:30 A. M. Rain began to fall in flurries, and by 10:30 A. M., the time scheduled for the shoot, it actually seemed as if Jupiter Pluvius (Jew-Peter Pluvius) was trying the best he knew how to get hunk on Manager Johnny Wright, of the Brooklyn Gun Club, and hoodoo him for once so that the shoot would not be the universal success that has crowned his efforts in all former enterprises of this kind. However, the boys that belong to the Brooklyn Gun Club are of the same stamp as the young fellow was who used to go and see his girl regularly once a week and had to walk through byways and side paths three miles long to see her. On one occasion asking her if next Sunday should be rainy what he should do, she said: "George, dear, you are not sugar and I am sure you will not melt." And so it is with the Brooklyn Gun Club boys: they responded nobly, and although it rained cats and dogs until after 1 P. M. those old veterans T. W. Morfey, Ed. Banks, C. W. Feigenspan, C. R. Wise and E. A. Thompson were on the grounds promptly at 10:30 A. M., as per schedule.

Prior to the regular shoot there were three miss-and-out contests decided. Taking the whole shoot together, the boys shot well and were always close up, Big Bill Hopkins, of the Aqueduct Club, doing the best execution with one barrel seen on the grounds during the day. The afternoon wound up with an exciting shoot between T. W. Morfey and Harold Money. These two nimrods have been dubbed the P. M. shooters. The only thing missing in their last shoot was a gasoline lamp on a pole to cap the climax, for they really shot so long that the birds could not be seen at all, let alone the traps. A good suggestion was made by several of the shooters that Lebohner ought to have the sign over his door changfied, and announce that in the future he would have coon as well as pigeon shooting on his grounds.

Following are the scores:

Miss-and-outs, 30yds.:

T W Morfey	0 —0	22—2	222222—6
C W Feigenspan	2222—4	22—2	20 —1
Edward Banks	1211—4	2*—1	121222—6
F A Thompson	11* —2	* —0	* —0
C R Wise	...	..	2212* —4
O T Roof	...	..	222222—6
Dr A A Webber	...	..	* —0
J S S Remsen	...	..	220 —0

Event No. 1:

T W Morfey, 29	22222—5	Dr Webber, 28	21121—5
C R Wise, 27	222*2—4	W H Sands, 28	22222—5
E Banks, 29	22111—5	O T Roof, 29	22122—5
S M Van Allen, 29	22222—5	J S Remsen, 28	22222—5
C W Feigenspan, 28	22222—5	W Hopkins, 28	21021—4
F A Thompson, 27	22202—4		

	No. 2.	No. 3.
T W Morfey, 30	2222222—7	2222222222—10
C Wise, 27	2222*00—4	*222222222— 9
E Banks, 30	1121222—7	2112212120— 9
S M Van Allen, 30	0222222—6	1122222220— 9
C W Feigenspan, 29	222*222—6	2222222222—10
F A Thompson, 29	2002222—5	0222212221— 9
Dr Webber, 28	1111122—7	1122*12212— 9
W H Sands, 28	0222222—6	2*22222220— 8
O T Roof, 28	2222112—7	2120222222— 9
J S Remsen, 28	222*222—6	.....
W Hopkins, 28	1111111—7	21210112*2— 8
T C Wright, 30	2222222—7	2222222222—10
H Money, 31	2222221—7	22222222*2— 9
A Robinson, 26	2001211—5	1221201220— 8
Dr Creamer, 27	12111*1—6	1*12100102— 6
Dr Chambers, 28	2211222—7	012212*222— 9
R A Welch, 31	.....	21222212*1— 9
Capt A. W. Money, 31	.....	100121*222— 7

Miss-and-outs, handicap:

E Banks, 30	2210 —3	.....	.....
Dr Chambers, 28	22122222—8	2120 —3	2110 —3
C W Feigenspan, 29	22222222—8	.....	.....
R A Welch, 31	2111210 —6	.....	.....
T W Morfey, 30	222222* —6	120 —2	211212—6
T C Wright, 30	22222222—8	22122—5	221220—5
Dr Webber, 28	2121210 —6	.....	.....
F A Thompson, 27	220 —2	.....	.....
Capt Money, 31	2112110 —6	.....	.....
S M Van Allen, 30	12222222—8	22220—4	212220—5
Martin, 27	0 —0	.....	.....
W A Sands, 28	22222222—8	.....	.....
O T Roof, 29	22111122—8	.....	.....
H Money, 31	2* —1	.....	222220—5

Moonlight shoots:

M Money	220—2	22—2	2—1
T Morfey	222—3	20—1	0—0

UNCLE DUDLEY.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, Dec. 16.—For the first time in many months Manager J. S. Wright, of the B. G. C., failed on account of sickness to put in an appearance at the club's monthly shoot. Geo. Paterson took his place, and the shoot was run off without a hitch.

Event No. 5 was at 50 targets, with handicap, being the eighth monthly shoot in the gun contest.

Event No. 6 was prize shoot for cut-glass decanter, won by Dr. Webber.

Event No. 7, prize shoot for a pair of live ducks weighing 20lbs. They were won by Dr. Creamer, being the only heavy-weight in the crowd that could carry them home.

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	25
Woods	12	..	..	..	17	..
Webber	12	9	12	13	22	18
Thompson	13	10	15	12	15	17
Bennett	10	11	..	11	..	..
Meeker	9	..	7	..	..	..
Van Allen	14	13	13	13	19	19

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	25
W Hopkins	..	..	13	12	12	21	..
Dr Kemble	..	..	..	..	11	13	18
Dr Creamer	..	..	..	..	11	10	20
Lane	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Croft	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
Remsen	..	..	..	..	..	22	..

Eighth monthly shoot for Francotte Gun:

Woods	1111111101111011111111010—21 0111111110111110111111111—22— 2—45	
Webber	1111111110111111111101100—21 1000011110011111011011110—16— 4—41	
Thompson	1110010101110011110110111—17 1101110010111111111111110—20— 7—44	
Paterson	0101111110011111011111110—19 1010111101111101101111110—19—11—49	
G Remsen	1111111111010111111110111—22 1111101101111111111101100—20— 5—47	
Lane	1011110110001001101000010—12 0101011111110010110100110—15—14—41	
Kemble	1111100101110100001111—17 1110101110101111110011011—18—10—45	
Creamer	1010101101110101110011111—17 1111100110110111101011111—19—13—49	
Van Allen	1011110111101111111111111—22 1111111101110111110111111—22— 3—47	
Hopkins	1110100111101111110111111—20 1110111111111110110111011—21— 6—47	
Amend	1111011111100100111010010—16 1101111111111011111011011—21— 3—40	

G. B. PATERSON.

Erie Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 13.—Twelve members of the Erie Gun Club were present at Dexter Park to-day to take part in the last shoot of the season. The weather was bright and clear, and the birds flew well. Chas. Plate, in Class AA, and C. M. Tiffany, in Class B, were the only members to make clean scores. Chas. Plate and H. Dohrman were tied for first prize in Class AA on the season's shooting, and in the shoot-off at 10 birds, Plate won by 1 bird, Dohrman capturing the special prize in this class. In Class A Geo Fuchs won first prize and M. Alsasser won the special prize; Class B, H. Janowsky won first and B. H. Plate won special; Class C, prize for attending greatest number of shoots during year, won by R. Meader, John Murphy winning the other prize in this class. The scores:

Class AA.

Chas Plate, 28	1111111—7	F Gref, 28	1212002—5
H Dohrman, 28	2120121—6		

Class A.

Geo Fuchs, 27	0012210—4

Calss B.

W Roberts, 26	1122212—7	C Luhrsen, 26	0011222—5
C M Tiffany, 26	1112212—7	J H Plate, 26	2002002—3
H Janowsky, 26	1120221—6	D McNeil	1000020—2

Class C.

J Murphy, 28	1011020—4	R Meaders, 26	00*20*0—1

Miss-and-out, 28yds.:

Chas Plate	211221—6	G Fuchs	101120—4
H Dohrman	212211—6	J Plate	1120 —3
C Tiffany	121220—5	W Roberts	10 —1
H Janowsky	12220 —4		

UNCLE DUDLEY.

Fulton Rod and Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 11.—The return match between the Fulton Rod and Gun Club and the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club was shot to-day on the grounds of the former, at the Old Mill. The previous match was shot on the Oceanic's grounds, at Rockaway Park, on Nov. 27, on which occasion the Oceanics won the match by a score of 117 to 81. The teams were then composed of seven men each and each man shot at 25 targets. To-day there were thirteen men to a team, 25 targets per man. "The Cuckoos" again carried off the victory, this time by a score of 208 to 180. In the match at 100 targets between Richard Pfister and S. M. Van Allen, the former won by 6 targets, Van Allen shooting away off his regular form. The weather was cloudy and mild, and there was not much wind. The attendance of shooters was good, no less than thirty-four men shooting in the sweeps. The scores of all the events follow:

Team race, 25 targets per man.

Oceanic.		Fulton.	
Schortemeier	22	Van Allen	21
Dudley	22	Pfister	20
O'Brien	22	Schneider	20
Webber	20	Schoverling	16
Schnebel	19	Blake	15
Kelly	19	Dickinson	15
Fessenden	17	Barton	14
Harrison	16	W Woods	13
Coleman	13	Beltz	12
Jones	12	Skeggs	12
Whiteley	11	Goldstein	10
Charles	10	Schading	9
Diffley	5—208	May	3—180

Match, 100 targets per man:

R Pfister	10111111101011111111111111111100011101111111111 10111010101011111111111110101111111111011101101110111—83
S M Van Allen	11011111011111011111010111101111111101110111010 01110111110101111101110001111110011111111110011111—77

Sweeps:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	20	10	15	20	10	15	10	10	20
Roof	9	11	7	15	9	8	16	8	10	7	..	17
Schnebel	6	14	6	18	7	14	15	10	9	..	..	..
Dr Webber	7	12	8	13	8	13	16	9	13	10	..	17
Dudley	9	13	9	13	9	14	17	10	12	6	..	..
Dickinson	8	9	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
May	3	..	4	..	5	..	9	4	..	3	4	..
Beltz	2	3	4	..	..	8	..	4	9	..	..	..
Jones	4	12	6	..	3	4	..	..	..	..	8	..
Schneider	8	13	9	14	6	..	16	8	..	7	..	10
J Blake	5	8	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	6	..	..
Barton	..	7	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Moutoux	..	..	5	7	6	..	..	..	..	6	..	13
Roeder	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Diffley	..	..	..	9	3	4	3	..	..	6	..	..
O'Brien	..	..	..	10	6	..	10	7	..	3	..	..
Coleman	..	..	..	5	1	4	11	..	..	7	1	..
W Woods	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Whiteley	..	..	..	9	4	5	12	7	11	3	..	..
Schoverling	..	..	..	..	6	8	12	6	9	4	8	9
Clifford	..	..	..	..	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Woods	..	..	..	..	..	0	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hughes	..	..	..	..	6	8	8	5	5	..	..	..
Kelly	..	..	..	..	8	11	6	10	5	..	..	..
Duke	..	..	..	..	8	15	..	..	..	1	..	..
Dobson	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Allen	..	..	..	..	..	15	8	11	..	..	..	..
Pfister	..	..	..	..	..	13	6	12	8	10	..	..
Charles	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	4	..	..	..
Harrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	..	..	..	..
Fessenden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	..	..	..
Goldstein	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	2	4	..	..
Gray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Van Dyne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..
Mertens	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	..	..

Unknown Gun Club.

Dexter Park, Brooklyn, Dec. 14.—At the regular shoot of the Unknown Gun Club, held here this afternoon, only eight men shot the regular score of 7 birds. The birds were good and strong, and made the boys shoot, W. A. Sands and Isaac Hyde being the only two to make clean scores. The scores follow:

W A Sands, 25	2222222—7	H Boemermann, 25	1111110—6
I Hyde, 25	1212111—7	M Chichester, 25	1210102—5
J Henry, 25	2101211—6	E Hauff, 25	0011112—5
H Knebel, 25	1011112—6	J Athurst, 25	0001201—3

UNCLE DUDLEY.

Allentown Rod and Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa.—The monthly shoot of the Allentown Rod and Gun Club was held Dec. 12 on the grounds, at Griesemersville. The attendance was large.

The scores in the medal event, 25 targets, were: John Goundie 19, R. Fink 13, A. Desch 15, Knauss 13, Fogelman 19, Kid Benning 9. In the shoot-off for the highest score John Goundie won and was awarded the gold medal. Albert Desch was given the silver medal.

John F. Weiler Gun Club.

ALLENTOWN, Pa.—C. F. Kramlich won the gold medal and Milton Brey got the silver medal at the monthly shoot of the John F. Weiler Gun Club, at the Duck Farm. The scores were: C. L. Straub 16, C. Hohe 13, O. H. Acker 7, M. Brey 19, C. F. Kramlich 24, J. Moran 13.

The scores in the live bird contest were:

No. 1: J. F. Weiler 6, O. H. Acker 6, C. L. Straub 8, O. Engleman 7, M. Brey 10.

No. 2: C. L. Straub 2, O. H. Acker 3, J. F. Weiler 5, A. Griesemer 3, C. Hohe 4, O. Engleman 2, M. Brey 6.

Florists' Gun Club.

WISSINOMING, Pa., Dec. 12.—The second of the series of four prize shoots of the Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, was held here to-day. The weather was clear and windy, and the targets were thrown hard. The conditions of the event are 25 targets, known angles; 25, unknown angles; handicap allowance. Park, Barrett and Bell each scored 3 points; Wescott and Harris, 2 each, and McKaraher 1 point. In the team race following the prize shoot Redifer's team beat Park's team by 2 targets. The scores:

Park, 7	1111111101111111111111111 1011101111111101011011—44— 7—50
Bell, 8	1111011010111111111011011 1101110110111111111111111—42— 8—50
Barrett, 19	1111111111111110111110111 0001111000101101101011100—36—19—50
Harris, 10	1011111000110101111101111 0111101111111111110111011—39—10—49
Wescott, 13	0110111101011111010111111 1101011111111110001011001—36—13—49
McKaraher, 11	1100010010110011011011011—30—11—41
Redifer	1011111101111111111111101 0111100111111011111110111 —42
Butts	0110101011111101111111111 1011111100111111111111010 —40

Team race:

Parks' Team—Parks 24, Harris 19, West 19, Bell 13—75.

Redifer's Team—Redifer 23, Smith 21, Butts 18, McKaraher 15—77.

Schuler Live-Bird Trophy.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 8.—The scores of the first contest for the Schuler live-bird trophy, which takes place the first Wednesday in each month, except July and August, follow herewith.

There are ten contests, the shooter having the seven best scores to be the final owner. Ties are shot off each month, as the winner at each contest is entitled to wear the trophy one month.

Hill, 30	121112212111221—15	Ackley, 27	0111112102111*1—12
Burton, 29	222222122222212—15	Maynard, 28	222122220100121—12
Mackie, 30	222222222222022—14	Gambell, 30	*220202222*2222—11
Jerry, 28	222*22222222222—14	Gus, 26	220202021221011—11
Huhcey, 30	211101211121122—14	Lindsley, 30	02*22*202212202—10
Schuck, 28	212222221222120—14	Stone, 29	021210120210011—10
Schuler, 30	212201222022222—13	A J, 26	011101211220001—10
Teipel, 30	2222*1212111201—13	Wanda, 26	0*21120001*1201— 8
Ahlers, 30	11*1*1122*21222—12	J K, 26	000*20011210112— 8
Dick, 30	11112**22212012—12		

Shoot-off:

Hill, 30	21220—4	21110—4	10211—4
Burton, 29	22022—4	02212—4	11222—5

John Watson's Live-Bird Tournament.

CHICAGO, Dec. 12.—As was predicted at the time of the announcement, John Watson's live-bird shoot is proving not only a very pleasant affair but a very considerable shoot. We have come to look upon these winter annuals of Mr. Watson's as a very decisive bit of shooting history. It is then that the best of our live-bird shots come together from all over the West to try conclusions, and it is very often the case that, like a pack of good running hounds, they fall out among themselves and are obliged to resort to individual contests in order to clear up their own minds in regard to their relative shooting ability. A winter shoot at Watson's has greater news interest than a chance tournament of equal or greater size at other places or times.

The attendance to-day was perhaps not as large as we shall yet see it, but it was big enough to make a very pleasant and successful live-bird meeting. The biggest live-bird shoots are by no means the best or the most pleasant to attend. To-day there were plenty of men to keep both sets of traps moving, and the programme was nicely concluded in ample time in the evening, something like 1,100 birds being shot off. The top entry of the day was twenty-five.

The weather to-day was a good sample of Chicago's misfit climate. We had our first snow this week, and to-day the wind was raw and chilly, blowing to the left quarter from the score. Rain or snow threatened and the light was not too good. The birds turned out very fast, and straights were not common by any means, as witness the fact that there were only three straights in a 7-bird sweep, only five in a 10-bird sweep, and four in a 15-bird sweep, the latter out of an entry of twenty-five.

The good ones came from all over the country and set each other a very merry pace. Heikes, Gilbert and Budd were the first three men entered in the second event, and they each went out with 10. Next to them in the entry was another old-timer—Grimm. Dr. Carver was on hand also, and was among the straights in one of the events, though less fortunate in others. Col. Courtney was doing a substantial business, and Jack U. M. C. Hallowell was on hand with the somewhat erratic work of 10 straight in one event and 9 out of 15 in another. Tramp Irwin shot in very good shape indeed, going straight in the 10 and 15 bird events and missing only one bird in another 10-bird event—certainly a very good record for the grounds. Gilbert shot very consistently. Eddie Bingham was another of the trade contingent, and as usual was in the first running. Hirshey toward the close of the day found the birds, and killed 10 straight, though in the second shoot he managed to land only 5 out of his 10. Emil Werk, of the Sportsmen's Review, of Cincinnati, made a very good representative of sporting journalism, and got inside of the money part of the time. Elmer Neal came up from Bloomington, Ind., to mix with the boys in the sport of which he is so fond. G. T. Hall, of Loami, Ill., the 6ft. giant who used to shoot matches with Capt. Bogardus, was on hand and showed that he has not forgotten how to handle a gun. W. H. Harbaugh came up from Geneseo, and Tom Laflin, of Milan, Ill., promises to be on deck to-morrow. Among the local men are Kuss and Dr. Shaw, of the Garfield Club; George Roll, of Blue Island; Wilcox, of Audubon Gun Club; H. B., a prominent man, whose name is sometimes seen in other forms in shooting columns; Joe Barto, of the Alpine Gun Club; Lem Willard, of South Chicago, etc. Another distinguished guest is Harry W. Lee, the Alaskan hunter and explorer, the story of whose wanderings in Alaska was printed last winter in the FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Lee now claims Chicago as his home, and he is just back this fall from a second Alaska trip, of which I hope we shall hear later. He shot a rattling gait to-day, killing 25 straight.

Throughout the day the shooting went on pleasantly and steadily, with the smoothness of the Watson system, and all the arrangements at the grounds were satisfactory, as they always are. George Watson acted as cashier, and handed out the money promptly to the boys, all except what his daddy thought was about right to hold out for pay for the J. Watson pigeons. Ike Watson and his friend Porter took care of the Fulford traps at No. 2 score. The dogs were in good shape for retrieving, and everything went very methodically. For the shooters nobody got very rich, but a good many got into the money, as will be seen from the scores which follow:

First Day, Dec. 12.

No. 1:

R O Heikes	2220212—6	C Grimm	2222202—6
H E Lee	1212100—5	E Bingham	2002211—5
Geo Roll	2202212—6	Hirshey	1001122—5
J M Healey	2122102—6	E Werk	2212022—6
R Kuss	2221202—6	L Willard	2112122—7
F Gilbert	2222222—7	W Harbaugh	0221012—5
C Budd	2222002—5	Dr Carver	2222222—7
J B Barto	2202202—5	B Stuart	0222200—4
Zimmerman	0220222—5		

Gilbert, Willard and Dr. Carver divided $61.20.

No. 2:

Heikes	2222212222—10	Roll	0122200122— 7
Gilbert	2222222222—10	Barto	2220122202— 8
Budd	2222222222—10	Lee	1111111122—10
Grimm	0202220202— 6	Tramp Irwin	2221220212— 9
Kuss	1222021222— 9	Zimmerman	1222202222— 9
Bingham	2021221002— 7	Healey	00220 w
Hirshey	0002222002— 5	Dr Carver	2221222202— 9
Werk	0221022221— 8	Willard	2212122212—10
Hallowell	0220222220— 7	Harbaugh	2211220022— 8
Neal	2222222202— 9	Courtney	2202022102— 7

Heikes, Gilbert, Budd, Lee and Willard divided $60. Kuss, Neal, Irwin, Zimmerman and Carver divided $40.

No. 3:

Heikes	122200222222211—13	H B	0212222122022212—14
Bingham	222022220222222—13	Willard	2211220111111122—14
Hirshey	2121100202022222—11	T Irwin	2122222222222222—15
Werk	2020020122122212—11	Harbaugh	2120101212202212—12
Neal	2020222022222222—12	Barto	2222200222220022—12
Gilbert	2222222222222222—15	Dr Carver	2200122221201222—12
Budd	2222222222222222—15	G Roll	0222221222222222—14
Grimm	2202222221202022—12	J M Healey	0221122222221002—12
Hallowell	2022202002020209	H Lee	1222222121212212—15
R Kuss	2022222121111102—13	Dr Shaw	1221122111102222—14
Courtney	1111022222210112—13	G Hall	1122100022221220—11
Wilcox	2211010222212222—13	V Studley	2020212001122022—10
Zimmerman	2221220122112120—13		

Gilbert, Budd, Irwin and H. Lee divided $78.75. H., B., Willard, G. Roll, Dr. Shaw divided $61.25. Heikes, Bingham, Kuss, Courtney, Wilcox and Zimmerman divided $35.

No. 4:

Neal	2222222222—10	Zimmerman	1220101122— 8
Carver	2212222122—10	Grimm	2102010222— 7
Budd	1122122222—10	Dr Shaw	2102220002— 6
White	0222210012— 7	Willard	1112021022— 8
H B	11212*1112— 9	Wilcox	2002121012— 7
Heikes	2211222120— 9	Harbaugh	1100201121— 7
Hallowell	2222222222—10	G Roll	2222211112—10
Hirshey	2222222222—10	Irwin	2212221212—10
Werk	2210022122— 8	Graham	2222222222—10
Gilbert	2222222222—10	Hall	1111112121—10
Bingham	2222222222—10	Courtney	2222112012— 9
Kuss	0212112221— 9	Healey	2111212222—10

Neal, Carver, Budd, Hallowell, Hirshey, Gilbert, Bingham, Roll, Irwin, Graham, Hall and Healey divided $54. H. B., Heikes, Kuss and Courtney divided $42. Werk, Zimmerman and Willard divided $24.

Second Day, Dec. 13.

The weather had turned cold and a light covering of snow had whitened the landscape, making a trying background for the light-colored birds. The wind still made out to the left quarter, and the birds were even harder than they were yesterday. Shooting was concluded about half-past four in the afternoon, after a very steady day of pleasant occupation. More of the local men turned out to-day, though the Chicago contingent was none too numerous. Dr. Kibbey, of Marshalltown, Ia., joined the ranks to-day, and W. A. Porter, of Rock Island, continued his good and steady work. Tom Marshall, of Keithsburg, arrived and filled a long-felt want. In the first event the boys seemed to have solved the curves of the birds pretty well, for out of twenty-five entries fourteen of them went straight in the 7-bird sweep. This paid each man $7.40.

In the second event there were again twenty-five entries, and the shooting seemed to have taken a brace, for Courtney, Gilbert, Heikes, Bingham, Dr. Kibbey, Graham, Roll, Porter and Zimmerman all went straight, dividing $75. In the hole next to them were eleven others, who divided $50.

The third sweep at 15 birds turned out to be a pretty big affair, there being thirty-six entries, and the shooting taking most of the afternoon. In the 15-hole were Hallowell, Willard, Budd, Dr. Shaw and White, each of whom took down $22.65. The 14-men were Neal, Hirshey, Heikes, Dr. Kibbey, Roll, Tom Marshall, H. B. Odell, Hall, Irwin, Barto, Paterson, N. L. Hoyt, Argraves, Leffingwell, Von Lengerke and Porter. With this aggregation each man drew but $5.15. The 13-hole paid $7.20.

It seems likely that we are to have some cold weather now, and to-morrow will, in all probability, prove cold, a continuance of the very good live-bird weather we had to-day. The entry ought to hold up pretty well to what it was to-day, and on Friday we shall have the big event of the week, the annual battle of the giants which John Watson inaugurated some time ago, and which is looked forward to as a sort of clearing house settlement for the close of each year in Western live-bird shooting. This winter live-bird competition among the good ones reminds one of the habit which the bears have of standing up and marking their height on some tree in the woods. One bear stands up and puts his mark up so high he is pretty sure it will not be beaten. He thinks he is a good deal of a bear until some other comes along and scratches his record a little bit higher up the tree. Thus it goes, the big bears perhaps growing or shrinking a little bit from year to year, but all of them hoping that they can outreach the others. John Watson has set up in this annual event of his a sort of marking pole against which the big bears of the shooters can come and measure up. There have been some pretty tall scratches made on the old grounds before now, and we are apt to see some fun in the measurements next Friday, for most of the boys are feeling mighty sassy right now. Below are the scores of to-day:

No. 1:

Neal	2222222—7	Willard	2012200—4
Gilbert	2222222—7	England	2012221—6
Hirshey	2222220—6	Carver	2120222—6
H Odell	2211222—7	Harbaugh	2121120—6
Lee	0202012—4	Graham	2222222—7
Argraves	1112222—7	Heikes	2221212—7
Hall	1201212—6	Budd	2110110—5
Roll	2121122—7	Barto	2211222—7
Werk	2112212—7	Laflin	1121111—7
Courtney	2120211—6	Irwin	2112122—7
Zimmerman	2222212—7	Dr Kibbey	0211210—5
Hallowell	2221222—7	D Miller	1122002—5
Bingham	2222222—7		

Sevens divided; each got $7.40.

No. 2:

Neal	22*2222222— 9	Dr Kibbey	2121211121—10
Hirshey	2202122100— 7	H Odell	2202222222— 9
Werk	2211101111— 9	Argraves	1022212120— 8
Courtney	2212112111—10	Graham	2222222222—10
Zimmerman	2222222212—10	G Roll	1212211222—10
Hallowell	2021211012— 8	G T Hall	0221211111— 9
Willard	1011111111— 9	J B Barto	2221201222— 9
England	2212111112—10	H Lee	2102122212— 9
Dr Carver	0222022211— 8	Tramp Irwin	2211220222— 9
Gilbert	2222222221—10	G Laflin	2110212111— 9
Heikes	2212222211—10	Harbaugh	0111010021— 6
Budd	0222122222— 9	W A Porter	1222211212—10
Bingham	2222222222—10		

Courtney, Gilbert, Heikes, Bingham, Dr. Kibbey, Graham, G. Roll, Porter and Zimmerman divided $75.

Neal, Werk, Willard, England, Budd, Odell, Hall, Barto, Lee, Irwin and Laflin divided $50.

No. 3:

Neal	2120222222222222—14	Hall	2121222211111012—14
Gilbert	2222022222222022—13	Graham	2222222220222202—13
Hirshey	2120222122222212—14	Irwin	2110221112212212—14
Werk	2110101220001111— 9	Barto	1201222211112212—14
Courtney	0221100221112112—12	Dr Shaw	1121222112212111—15
Zimmerman	2221222202022222—13	A C Paterson	2111122211*221—14
Hallowell	2222221222212222—15	M E White	2022200111222222—12
Willard	1111111212122122—15	N L Hoyt	1211101111211112—14
Dr Carver	2220222222212202—13	P B Hoyt	1020201121210212—11
Heikes	1012221212221212—14	Argraves	2202222221111122—14
Sturtevant	2222220022222022—12	W Leffingwell	2012222221222222—14
Bingham	2222**222222222—13	J H White	2222222222222222—15
Dr Kibbey	0222121211122112—14	H Lee	2111200222200112—11
G Roll	2121202121222112—14	T Laflin	2102112102212212—13
T Marshall	2202222212222222—14	Von Lengerke	2222220222222222—14
H B	2022212222212222—14	E S Graham	2222222222200222—13
Budd	2122212221122122—15	W A Porter	1121021111212212—14
Odell	2222222220222222—14	J F Wolf	0222202202222222—12

The 15s divided $113.40, or $22.65 each. The 14s divided $88.20, or $5.15 each. The 13s divided $50, or $7.20 each.

Third Day, Dec. 14.

Snow continued to fall intermittently during the day, so heavily during the afternoon that the light was at times none too good, and the birds were confused by the storm. The birds to-day were not to be called extremely hard, though they were uneven, some very fast ones. It was by no means good flying weather, though the temperature was not unpleasant to the shooters. The wind was light, to the right quarter from the score.

Just before the beginning of his tournament Mr. John Watson received an injury from a fall, and he has been quite ill ever since. He came out to the grounds in a carriage on Tuesday, but has not appeared since then. It is to be hoped that he will be out by to-morrow, so that he may referee at the big handicap. Ed Steis refereed to-day at No. 1 score, J. L. Porter at No. 2 set.

It was rumored yesterday that Hon. James R. B. Van Cleave, of Springfield, would be on hand to-day with a team of shooters from the Illinois Gun Club, and it was proposed to shoot a team race next Saturday. To-day Mr. Van Cleave wired that the arrangements could not be completed and that he could not attend.

The top entry to-day was thirty-seven, and shooting was not completed until about 4:30. It was certainly a pretty warm shooting crowd, and a look at the scores will show that straights were far more numerous than any day during the week. Nobody made any money. It is a hard proposition when a man has to kill 15 straight at this park to get his entrance back. In the first sweep there were fourteen straights; in the second thirteen straights, and in the last shoot 10. On each day the programme is the same—event No. 1, 7 live birds, $5, high guns; event No. 2, 10 birds, $7, 60 and 40 per cent; event No. 3, 15 birds, $10, 45, 35 and 20 per cent.

On the three days' totals Gilbert is high average, and has missed but 3 birds out of 109 shot at, practice and all. On the first day he killed 45 straight; on the second 30 out of 32, and to-day 31 out of 32. Charlie Budd lost 2 birds to-day and Grimm lost 1. It is a singular fact that both Gilbert and Budd have been shooting borrowed guns all the week, their guns having been hung up in the Customs office at the Canada line, on their return from Tom Donley's shoot. Gilbert borrowed Jo Barto's Parker, and seems to take to it very kindly, while Budd has had very fair luck with John Watson's gun of the same make.

To-morrow is the day set for the big handicap, and it will need every working hour if the shoot is to be concluded to-morrow. A great many will enter for the handicap who have not shot during the week. It was learned this evening that forty-one shooters have already declared for this event, and it is almost certain that over fifty will go to the score to-morrow. My recollection is that there were fifty-nine entries last year. This insures a very heavy event, and I presume this is to be considered about as interesting as any live-bird contest we are apt to have this winter in the West.

Among the visitors to-day were Mrs. W. H. Shattuck, of Minneapolis, who was accompanied by her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Leonard, of Fair Haven, Vt.; Messrs. Voris and Tripp represented Indianapolis; Arthur Gambell came up from Cincinnati; Capt. Eick came in from Sterling; Mr. Sperry swelled the Rock Island delegation; Woodford, of Springfield, came in, and Hirshey, of St. Paul, remains. Messrs. O'Brien and McCartney came over from Dubuque; Messrs. M. E. White and Roland, two husky railroad men, represent Milwaukee; Mr. E. K. Crothers, of Bloomington, shot under the name of Zimmerman; Mr. O. E. Searles came up from Minooka, and J. C. England from Mt. Pulaski. You could count the local men almost on one hand.

To-morrow will be a field day, and it is to be hoped that the storm will have stopped so that sharp flying weather will prevail. The following are the scores of to-day:

No. 1:

Neal	2212212—7	Budd	2211222—7
J R Graham	2222122—6	Bingham	2222222—7
Irwin	1221020—5	Tripp	2120221—6
Ed Voris	2221222—7	Heikes	2122121—7
Capt Eick	2112220—6	Werk	2122011—6
Woodford	2222222—7	Hirshey	2222222—7
Willard	2211222—7	Sperry	2011221—6
Hallowell	2222212—7	O'Brien	2222220—5
Searles	1112202—6	McCartney	2111022—6
Carver	2222222—7	Harbaugh	1112210—6
Gilbert	2222222—7	Roll	2221110—6
Grimm	2221222—7	England	2212122—7
Marshall	2222220—6	Parker	1221220—6

Neal, Graham, Voris, Woodford, Willard, Hallowell, Carver, Gilbert, Grimm, Budd, Bingham, Heikes, Hirshey and England divided $93.60.

No. 2:

Neal	2222222222—10	Werk	1111210122— 9
J R Graham	2222222222—10	Hirshey	2222121112—10
Ed Voris	2211122122—10	Irwin	2012212212— 9
Gambell	12220222*2— 8	Parker	2122222222—10
Capt Eick	2222212222—10	Barto	1022222122— 9
Woodford	2221221122—10	Sperry	2001220111— 7
Willard	1212222212—10	Searles	1122010112— 8
Hallowell	2122222122—10	England	2212222002— 8
Dr Carver	2222212222—10	Owen	0120202212— 7
Gilbert	2222222222—10	O'Brien	2211222022— 9
Grimm	22222*2222— 9	McCartney	2202222222— 9
Marshall	2222022222— 9	Roll	2201112*20— 7
Budd	1111101021— 8	H B	2212222110— 9
Bingham	2222222222—10	M E White	2221111112—10
Tripp	2121111101— 9	A C Paterson	1212221011— 9
Heikes	1102122212— 9		

Neal, Graham, Voris, Eick, Woodford, Willard, Hallowell, Carver, Gilbert, Bingham, Hirshey, Parker and M. E. White divided $93. Grimm, Marshall, Tripp, Heikes, Werk, Irwin, Barto, O'Brien, McCartney, H. B. and Paterson divided $62.

No. 3:

Neal	2222220210121112—13	Roll	2212201201121221—13
Voris	1222221222222222—15	Budd	2122211211112222—15
Gambell	2000222022022222—10	Graham	2222222212222212—15
Capt Eick	2120212212121102—13	Searles	2101112211211111—14
Woodford	2212202222222222—14	Kuss	2202212222122222—14
Willard	212*22122212201—13	G T Hall	2112012211222212—14
Hallowell	2202121112222222—14	O'Brien	2222222020202021—12
Carver	2222222222212222—15	McCartney	2221222212222222—15
Gilbert	2222*2222222222—14	Irwin	2221202211201111—13
Grimm	2222222222221222—15	Mrs Shattuck	2221022111112022—13
Marshall	2222220222222222—14	T Laflin	1111211221012222—14
H B	1111202211211122—14	England	1211121112222212—15
Bingham	2222222222222222—15	White	2202122221221022—13
Tripp	1222212111112221—15	Barto	2122222222201122—14
Heikes	1202211112211114	Paterson	2120022212122212—13
Werk	1222121210011102—12	Higgins	0112001010021202— 8
Hirshey	1121122222222102—14	Roland	1221222212212212—15
Parker	2222220112222112—14	Porter	2221112121211121—15
Sperry	2201210211111112—13		

Voris, Carver, Grimm, Bingham, Tripp, Budd, Graham, McCartney, England, Roland and Porter divided first, $116.55, or $10.59 each. Ties on 14 divided $90.65, or $6.97 each. Ties on 13 divided $51.80, or $5.75 each.

Fourth Day—Watson's Live-Bird Handicap.

Friday, the fourth and last day of the tournament, was an ideal winter day—clear, cold and bracing—and perfect for live-bird purposes. A light wind blew out to the right from the score. The birds averaged extraordinarily fast, as any one may see who will glance at the scores. Last year, out of fifty-nine entries in this same handicap, there was but one straight, Dr. Kibbey, of Marshalltown, Ia. This year, out of sixty-two entries, there was not a single straight! These same men go all over the country and make long runs, and to most of them it would seem that 25 straight would be well within reason. Yet they all come to Watson's and fall down when it comes to negotiating the Chicago brand, J. Watson live pigeon. Thus in the two years last past 171 trials have been made at making a straight in this event, and out of the 171 only one has succeeded. These records speak for themselves, and show why it is that Watson's Park is a graveyard for the reputations of our greatest shooting generals.

The shoot to-day was a big event, and very noteworthy in every particular, not only in the personnel of the shooters, but in the manner in which the event was conducted. John Watson himself, much to the regret of everybody, was unable to be present, but his two boys, George and Ike, the former at the cashier's desk and the latter at the scores, conducted the whole shoot with perfect satisfaction. George Watson is one of the most rapid men at this sort of work that we have in the country, and does about what two or three men are ordinarily expected to do in running cash. Everybody got his money when he wanted it, and there were no mistakes. The press was handled well. George Watson did the handicapping, and not a kick was heard. The totals speak loudly as to the justice of the marks given. The entire day was pleasant in every regard, and I imagine that few pleasanter have ever been passed by those who had come to visit Watson's historic park.

Shooting began at a quarter before 10 o'clock in the morning and was kept up steadily throughout the day at both sets of traps. It was 10 minutes after sundown when the last bird was shot, and the shades of night were gathering so fast that at times the birds could hardly be seen; indeed it is likely that the shoot could not have been concluded but for the white covering of snow, which gave a certain reflected light to the landscape. The last squad to shoot were Von Lengerke, H. B., Hicks, Boa, M. E. White and Palmer, and of these three missed their last birds, H. B.'s bird falling dead just across the wire.

As has been above indicated, there was no absolute winner of the handicap this year, and six men tied on 24. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon there were only three men who could make a possible straight. Charlie Grimm killed 23 birds straight, and on his 24th caught a hopper, which he missed with a snap shot of the right barrel. The bird lit on the ground, and Grimm missed it outright, shooting a little to one side. He was really the nearest of any to making a straight, though not the last to go out. Two squads below him was young Hirshey, of St. Paul, a slender, blond young fellow, well known in the West as a target shot, but of not so much experience in the live-bird game. He is a pleasant and very popular shooter. Hirshey was the last possibility for 25 out of the entire entry when his squad went to the score, and he had 6 birds yet to shoot. He killed his first bird on the string, but the bird following that, a white one, and not especially fast, which rose fairly high and swung to the left, he rather undercut with his first barrel, and missed with his second, so that he too joined the ranks of the 24s. Had he killed the bird it would have been worth $288 to him. Perhaps this very fact was what caused him to lose it. Hirschey had been shooting along and doing his best, and had not thought that there was more than $100 in first place—more than he had ever shot for before. Just as he was stepping to the score a certain young man representing a local sporting paper, stepped up to Hirshy with the glad information that it would be worth $288 for him to kill straight. The young man had just learned this at the box office and thought Mr. Hirschey might be glad to share the information with him at that time. Any shooter, even the oldest and steadiest, will understand the etiquettte of this, and will know the effect it is likely to produce in many cases, even with the most hardened veterans. The "gang" have their opinion of any attempt to break up a man when he is making a run, and there is an unwritten law among the rounders that this is not good form, and that it sometimes will cause a shooter to miss. Poor Hirschey felt rather badly, for he was centering his birds and stood to kill straight, as the hardest of the flying was over at that time of the day. At any rate, this is the way the last chance of a straight went glimmering. Thus the 21s were let in, and nobody got any money to speak of, 23 paying a little over $11, and anything below that about enough for cigars and car fare. The six men in the 24-hole drew $48 apiece.

There was no championship medal this year, the $100 added money taking the place of this. One very handsome souvenir was put up in quiet and unostentations manner. A certain old-time Western shooter being in hard luck was obliged to part with a fine silver water service, which he had won in earlier years as a trophy himself. This was shot for in the 15-bird event of yesterday, those competing for it putting up $2 extra, or $64 in all, which was sent to the former owner with the compliments of the boys. As there were a number of ties the final settlement was carried forward until to-day, and time growing short it was decided to draw lots for the ownership. Charlie Grimm asked Tom Marshall to draw for him, and Tom drew forth the winning number, so that Charlie takes home the silver set with him.

On the week's totals Fred Gilbert is high man, having missed but 5 birds out of 124 shot at, missing 2 to-day. Rolla Heikes has missed 8 birds out of the programme, and stands second. Neither Budd nor Gilbert has got his gun out of the Customs office, and Gilbert will need his when he meets Billy Crosby at Batavia next Monday.

Of the men who divided first place to-day, Hirschey is from St. Paul; Tripp from Indianapolis, Heikes from Dayton, Hall from Loami, Ill.; Grimm from Clear Lake, Ia., and Hallowell from Connecticut. Chicago had a fair representation in the 23-hole.

While it might have been more exciting to see a hotter finish, the conclusion of the handicap was satisfactory to those most concerned. A glance at the list of names will show some of the most prominent shooters in the Western country. Of these some came in to-day for the first time during the tournament, among others Mr. G. A. Mosher, of the Syracuse Arms Co., who was No. 1

in No. 1 squad, and who hence got out early in the day. Individual comment in so large a list of gentlemen would be invidious and out of place, and indeed the scores with the appended lists of names, residences, guns and ammunition will tell the story in very conclusive fashion.

Watson Park live-bird handicap, 25 birds, entrance $15; four moneys, class shooting; handicap 26 to 31yds.; $100 added money:

G A Mosher, 28.....2022220222222220222220202—20
A Gambell, 28.....2220222122202202202200222—19
G T Hall, 29.....2222212222220112222212222—24
W T Irwin, 29.....2022012222112021121222012—21
B P Woodford, 28.....2112222222022222222122022—23
Ed Voris, 30.....1221201222221221022212022—22
Capt Eick, 29.....2221210212122122120022222—22
Mrs Shattuck, 26.....2112220202200221221211221—21
Dr. Kibbey, 29.....2112011212212222112212122—23
G R Graham, 29.....2222222202222222022022222—22
J J Healey, 27.....1112221021122001121121122—22
R Kuss, 30.....1212220222222020222222122—22
G V Dering, 27.....212*2012022212222222222222—22
D Kimball, 29.....2220221222222222022222222—23
H E Lee, 27.....0110120112212011120221021—19
H Odell, 27.....102222121021010w
E S Graham, 29.....222*2222222202222222222222—23
C Grimm, 31.....2212222222222222222222202—24
L C Willard, 29.....1122221212121202222212022—23
C C Parker, 28.....2022022222222222222222022—22
J J Hallowell, 30.....2222222202221222221122222—24
Geo Roll, 30.....0111122212212222202222220—22
E E Neal, 30.....2122222222222022120222222—22
W B Leffingwell, 28.....2122221222222222222202220—23
J L White, 29.....*2222*22222222222*22222*1—21
T A Marshall, 31.....2222022222202222222202222—22
E Bingham, 30.....2222222222022222022202220—21
T Laflin, 29.....2112221122201222012222212—23
W A Porter, 28.....2211112122201222012222212—23
E Werk, 27.....0121122212222212021100221l—21
H C Hirschy, 28.....2212222211122212122202222—24
Dr Shaw, 30.....2122112210221201121221122—23
G L Deiter, 29.....2212212222222222202202222—23
E H Tripp, 28.....1122110221212111222121222—24
R O Heikes, 31.....2222222211022222222222212—24
H Levi, 26.....1212122210022220220222220—20
W H Harbaugh, 27.....1211210012122102011122122—21
J O'Brien, 28.....0222222202202222102121222—21
Geo McCartney, 28.....2222022022222202022220222—22
C W Budd, 31.....12*2212022222211122202222—22
W D Sperry, 29.....2120111210102222221211012—21
Dr Carver, 31.....2012210022222222220122122—21
J C England, 29.....1212102211122012222222122—23
F Gilbert, 31.....2220222222222222222222220—23
J B Barto, 29.....2312122221022222220222222—23
A Kleinman, 29.....1220101122112221111212212—23
J T Fanning, 28.....1221120221022121012222002—20
J Elias, 27.....2101200021220011212w
G Miller, 27.....2211012221122122222222120—23
Jas Huxtable, 27.....2221021011220212212200112—20
O Von Lengerke, 30.....2222222220222222222122220—23
H B., 29.....1110221220121222212212l1*—22
O E Searles, 29.....0011022012221121l20w
T P Hicks, 29.....2122212101112021122211211—23
J S Boa, 29.....2222022022202222222202222—21
J F Worth, 27.....2222021020111222102Ow
A C Paterson, 29.....1002022121001w
M Jack, 26.....0011001001000w
J Roland, 27.....2000222210222122111120w
M E White, 27.....2222122022222220011222222—22
C S Wilcox, 27.....1201201021000w
S Palmer, 27.....2202222222202222220222220—21

G. A. Mosher, of Syracuse, N. Y., used Syracuse gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

A. Gambell, of Cincinnati, O., used Lefevre gun, Du Pont powder and Leader shells.

G. T. Hall, of Loami, Ill., used L. C. Smith gun, E. C. powder and U. M. C. shells.

W. T. Irwin, of Chicago, Ill., used Parker gun, Laflin & Rand powder and Leader and Acme shells.

B. P. Woodford, of Dixon, Ill., used a Winchester pigeon gun, Du Pont powder and Leader shells.

Ed Voris, Crawfordsville, Ind., used L. C. Smith gun, Du Pont powder and Leader shells.

Capt. Eich, of Sterling, used L. C. Smith gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

Mrs. Shattuck, Minneapolis, used L. C. Smith gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

Dr. W. B. Kibbey, Marshall, Ia., used Parker gun, Du Pont powder, U. M. C. shells.

J. P. Graham, Windmere, Ill., used Parker gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

J. J. Healey, Chicago, Ill., used Parker gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

R. Kuss, Chicago, Ill., used Greener gun, E. C. powder and U. M. C. shells.

G. W. Dering, of Columbus, Wis., used Parker gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

R. R. Kimball, of Omaha, Neb., used Evans gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

H. E. Lee, Chicago, Ill., used Greener gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

H. Odell, Chicago, Ill, used L. C. Smith gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. Shells.

E. S. Graham, Chicago, Ill., used Parker gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia., used L. C. Smith gun, Du Pont powder, and U. M. C. shells.

L. C. Willard, Chicago, Ill., used Greener gun, Du Pont powder and Leader shells.

Parker, Chicago, Ill., used Parker gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

J. J. Hallowell, Bridgeport, Conn., used Smith gun, Du Pont powder, and U. M. C. Trap shells.

Geo. Roll, Blue Island, Ill., used Remington gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. Trap shells.

E. E. Neal, Bloomfield., Ind., used Parker gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. Trap shells.

W. B. Leffingwell, Chicago, Ill, used Smith gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

J. L. White, Chicago, Ill., used Greener gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

Tom Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill., used Cashmore gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

Ed Bingham, Chicago, Ill., used Cashmore gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

Tom Laflin, Rock Island, Ill., used Parker gun, Du Pont powder and Winchester shells.

W. A. Parker, Rock Island, Ill., used Parker gun, Du Pont powder and Winchester shells.

E. Werk, Cincinnati, used Westley-Richards gun, Schultze powder and U. M. C. shells.

H. C. Hirschy, Minneapolis, used Smith gun, Hazard powder and Winchester shells.

Dr. Shaw, Chicago, Ill, used Greener gun, Du Pont powder and Winchester shells.

G. L. Dieter, Milwaukee, Wis., used Cashmore gun, Du Pont powder and Leader shells.

E. H. Tripp, Indianapolis, used Parker gun, Schultze powder and U. M. C. shells.

R. O. Heikes, Dayton, O., used Remington gun, E. C. powder and U. M. C. shells.

H. Levi, Chicago, Ill., used Smith gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

Wm. Harbaugh, Geneseo, Ill., used Parker gun Du Pont powder and Leader shells.

J. J. O'Brien, Dubuque, Ia., used Smith gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

Geo. McCartney, Des Moines, Ia., used Parker gun, Hazard powder, U. M. C. shells.

C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia., used Parker gun, Hazard powder and U. M. C. shells.

W. D. Sperry, Rock Island, Ill., used Parker gun, Hazard powder and U. M. C. shells.

Dr. Carver, Chicago, Ill., used Cashmore gun, Carver powder and U. M. C. shells.

J. C. England, Mt. Pulaski, Ill., used Wichester gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia., used Parker gun, Du Pont powder and Leader shells.

J. B. Barto, Chicago, Ill., used Parker gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

A. S. Kleinman, Chicago, Ill., used Scott gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

J. T. Fanning, Chicago, Ill., used Smith gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

J. Elias, Chicago, Ill., used Remington gun, Gold Dust powder and U. M. C. shells.

G. Miller, Rochelle, Ill., used Smith gun, Schultze powder and U. M. C. shells.

Jas. Huxtable, Ft. Sheridan, Ill., used Parker gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

O. Von Lengerke, Chicago, Ill., used Francotte gun, Schultze powder and U. M. C. and B. W. L. 2B. shells.

H. B., Chicago, Ill., used Parker, Du Pont powder and Leader shells.

O. E. Searles, Minooka, Ill., used Smith gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

T. P. Hicks, Chicago, Ill., used Standard gun, Du Pont powder and Winchester shells.

J. S. Boa, Chicago, Ill., used Winchester gun, Gold Dust powder and U. M. C. shells.

J. P. Worth, Milwaukee, used Lefevre gun, Du Pont powder and Winchester shells.

A. C. Paterson, Chicago, Ill., used Remington gun, Du Pont powder and Winchester shells.

J. Higgins, Chicago, used Parker gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

J. Roland, Milwaukee, used Lefever gun, Du Pont powder and Leader shells.

M. E. White, Milwaukee, used Remington gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. shells.

C. S. Wilcox, Chicago, Ill., used Scott gun, Du Pont powder and U. M. C. Trap shells.

S. Palmer, Chicago, Ill., used Greener gun, Du Pont powder and Leader shells.

The Trade.

Jack Hallowell, the U. M. C. Co.; C. W. Budd, Hazard Blue Ribbon powder, Parker gun, U. M. C. Co.; Fred Gilbert, Du Pont powder; Ed Bingham, Du Pont powder; R. O. Heikes, the Remington gun, U. M. C. Co.; A. G. Courtney, the Remington gun; W. T. Irwin, Laflin & Rand powder; G. A. Mosher, the Hollenbeck gun; H. C. Hirschy, Hazard Blue Ribbon.

E. Hough,
480 Caxton Building, Chicago, Ill.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Eureka Gun Club.

Chicago, Dec. 16.—The Eureka Gun Club shot but two events this afternoon at Watson's Park. In the first one, the trophy event, L. C. Willard won the high aveargе and also the first money, he being the only man that made a straight score, although in the second event be lost a bird.

Quite a stiff breeze blew directly in the faces of the boys at the score. The birds were a very lively lot. The absence of Dr. Carver was noted, and remarked upon. He is down in the southern part of the State, shooting quail with Dr. Miller.

No. 1 was the trophy event; No. 2 was at 6 birds, $3, two moneys:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
A W Adams, 29	2212012221— 9	.....
F H Mitchell, 29	0201210*22— 6	.....
L C Willard, 30	1222221221—10	202112— 5
F E Willard, 29	0111220202— 7	222121— 6
Parker, 31	2222201222— 9	212211— 6
F A Lord, 30	2221010220— 7	122220— 5
G K Smith, 28	0000120012— 4	.....
R B Mack, 27	1021121111— 9	.....
J G Lovell, 27	2111011111— 9	022100— 3
Dr Reber, 27	1222101122— 9	.....
Sundermeier, 28	0111120210— 7	.....
Goodrich, 29	2222022200— 7	222202— 5
J L Jones, 28	2122201021— 8	.....
C Antoine, 30	2221011102— 8	.....
B E Veatch, 28	2202202121— 8	.....
E M Steck, 30	2222212120— 9	002220— 3
H E Wiley, 29	2220002001— 5	.....
Kibbey	.....	222212— 6

Frank J. Baum

Championship of Maryland and District of Columbia.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 15.—The handicap contest for the championship of Maryland and District of Columbia took place on the grounds of the Monumental Shooting Association, at Westport, today. There was a goodly number of onlookers in attendance. The conditions were 20 birds. They were a strong, selected lot. A strong southeast wind was blowing. The boundary of the grounds was 30yds., with a 24yd. dead line. Hicks, Hood and Malone were the scratch men, 31yds. Malone, Hicks and Leland tied on 19, and in the shoot-off Malone killed straight and became the champion under the conditions governing the contest. Two birds were liberated in the 10th round for Hood, and he accepted one and lost it. He could have refused the birds, but hesitated and lost. Malone shot a Parker hammerless gun, with 3½drs. Schultze powder, 1¼oz. No. 7 shot in U. M. C. factory-loaded shells.

The scores:

Hicks, 31.....1222222222222222022222220—23
Brandenburg, 26.....1121220221011222212222*****—18
Bonday, 29.....1212222122202222222202*****—18
Cross, 26.....0112001220210120120O*****—12
Malone, 31.....2222210221212211222122212—24
Collins, 27.....2012202210012211122 2*****—16
Leland, 27.....1112212122212121101222021—23
Hood, 31.....2122222220212221122O*****—18
Billy, 2.....0212210221122111101l*****—17

Brockton Gun Club.

Brockton, Mass., Dec. 9.—Following are scores of our shoot of to-day. The weather was perfect for this time of year. The scores averaged well, Leroy being high with .920. Baker, our newest member, has been shooting for only three months, and to-day averaged .800. In the team race between Brockton and Boston, five-men teams, 30 targets per man, Boston won by 4 targets:

Boston Gun Club—Woodruff 28, Cole 28, Miskay 28, Horace 23, Gordon 22—129.

Brockton Gun Club—Leroy 29, Stork 25, Worthing 24, Wood 24, Barrett 23—125.

Nos. 1, 2 and 3, at 10 targets each, comprised the team race, and Nos. 4, 5 and 6, at 20, 15 and 15 targets, formed a 50-target race, in which Leroy, 46, was first; Lambert, 45, second, and Barrett and Horace, 44 each, third.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	20	15	15	10	10
Lambert	9	8	10	18	12	15	..	..
Stork	8	8	8	..	..	..	..	..
Baker	7	9	9	19	11	10	7	7
Leonard	8	7	5	16	13	9	8	..
Simpson	10	9	9	19	11	13	8	9
Gordon	7	8	7	..	..	..	8	..
Cole	9	9	10	17	13	12	..	8
Miskay	9	9	10	17	13	12	..	10
Horace	6	9	8	19	13	12	10	..
Woodruff	8	10	10	18	12	13	8	..
Leroy	10	9	10	19	14	13	10	7
Wood	8	8	8	15	12	12	10	8
Barrett	6	8	9	16	13	15	10	8
Worthing	7	7	10	16	11	12	9	7
Stork	8	8	9	16	12	12	..	9

A. A. Barrett, Sec'y.

Audubon Gun Club.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 16.—At the Audubon Gun Club's shoot, held to-day, Mr. E. C. Burkhardt did the best shooting, winning Class A badge and making the high score in all of the events. No. 3 event was the badge shoot. Jacobs won Class B. badge. The club will celebrate the holidays by a target and live-bird shoot.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	25	20	*
E C Burkhardt	15	12	21	16	7
C S Burkhardt	12	7	20	13	6
Fanning	14	13	21	19	7
Sweet	11	7	15	14	5
Garbee	10	9	15	11	6
Jacobs	7	7	13	13	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	25	20	*
C B	12	..	19	..	..
Herbert	6	8	..	..	..
Jack	..	..	21	..	..
Norten	..	..	15	12	5
F Norten	..	..	14	16	..

*Seven live birds.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 18.—Following are the scores shot by the members of the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, on Dec. 18. The light was very poor, which accounts for the mediocre scores made by the contestants. A grand opening shoot at targets will open the Twentieth Century on Monday, Jan. 1, 1900, New Year's Day, beginning at 10 A. M.; targets at 1½ cents each. To get to these grounds take the yellow Newark Turnpike car to the Hackensack River bridge from the terminis of the P. R. R. ferries, Jersey City. A good hot lunch served free to shooters.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25
Dr Bill	11	9	11	9	13	8	11	18
Dudley	11	11	10	14	13	14	15	22
Schoverling	11	10	8	8	8	8	11	15
Banta	10	9	12	14	8	12	5	..
Van Dyne	10	11	9	9	9	7	9	..
Schields	11	11	12	13	9	..	11	..
Whitley	..	5	..	7	..	..	..	..
Hughes	..	10	8	..	8	12	..	..
O'Brien	..	10	5	..	7	..	..	..
Black	..	3	3	5	6	5	..	..
De Long	..	..	10	7	8	8	..	..
Scheuble	..	..	..	11	6	9	10	23

J. Hughes, Sec'y.

Walsrode Gun Club.

Trenton, N. J., Dec. 13.—In No. 1 event Bower and Mickel tied for the ticket. In No. 2 Bower won out on 9 out of 10. Thomas won ticket in No. 3, Harrison in No. 4, and Lettes in No. 6. In No. 7 Harrison and Thomas tied, and shooting off at 5 tied twice on 3. In the third shoot-off Thomas won. The ties were shot by moonlight. Johnson did not contest for prizes. In No. 10 Harrison won the shoot-off. No. 11, for silver, was won by Lutes.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15
Mickel	5	8	5	..	3	..	..	10
Lutes	3	4	3	5	..	..	..	11
Smith	4	8	6	5	..	4	9	..
Dr Barwis	2	8	..	..	..	..	..	8
Bowers	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	8
Johnson	8	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Thomas	..	7	7	5	6	7	..	10
Harrison	..	..	6	6	5	7	9	..
Coward	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	7
Applegate	..	..	..	4	..	4	..	8
Lettes	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Asoy	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..
Hall	..	..	..	..	5	6	..	10

In the badge schoot, at 15 targets, 10 to qualify, the scores were:

Smith .....101011111111101—12
Harrison .....111111010101011—11
Hall .....101001001111001— 8
Barwis .....111111001010101— 9
Johnson .....101110101011011—10
Applegate .....101101010010101— 8
Thomas .....111010101010101— 9
Mickel .....0010101111011l0— 9
Coward .....001110010100011— 7
Bower .....001111100000111— 8
Lutes .....100101001001011— 7

Jeannette Gun Club.

Dec. 15.—The club shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club was held at the old Guttenburg race track to-day. No one succeeded in killing straight. The scores:

Otten .....20*2112221— 8
Morhmann .....0*2001*212— 6
J H Hainhorst.....1*20220012— 6
C S Peters.....1101110212— 8
C H Brunie.....1220122221— 9
F Ehlon .....1211012222— 9
J Lott .....1220222020— 7
W Rottman .....2112202200— 7
Intemann .....1102121220— 8
Kroger .....0102000021— 4
Loeble .....1020111222— 8
Rohlff .....0002000000— 1
Ferguson .....0010011100— 4
Steffens .....221*121100— 7
Rohlff, ex.....0000110021— 4
Intemann, ex.....10

Team shoot:

Otten .....02201—3
Lott .....11120—4
Brunie .....12101—4
Intemann .....21102—4
Morhmann .....00021—2
Cairork .....22102—4
Kottman .....00222—3—24
Ehlen .....21011—4
Steffens .....11110—4
Loeble .....22002—3
Hainhorst .....*0*22—2
Peterson .....12221—5
Kroegen .....01222—4
Rohlff .....00001—1—23

Trap Around Reading.

Reading, Pa., Dec. 16.—The Leaders, captained by P. Yost, today defeated the Atlas team, captained by Eshelman, in a series of team shoots for teams of two men each, each man to shoot at 25 targets, best three in five matches. Eshelman's shooting for the Atlas team was fine, but Ball was out of form, and his scores to-day were never as poor. The scores follow:

Leaders. Matches:	1	2	3	4	Atlas. Matches:	1	2	3	4
Yost	17	18	22	18	Ball	9	17	10	9
Matz	18	15	19	17	Eshelman	21	18	21	21
Total	35	33	41	35	Total	30	35	31	30

The fifth match was not shot, owing to the Leaders' winning three and the series. Another chance will be given the Atlas team to redeem themselves on Dec. 23, when the same teams again meet.

Dec. 16.—John Shaaber, of this city, and N. W. Benner, of Boyertown, Pa., will meet in a 100-target match, $20 a side, on Jan. 1, at Three-Mile House shooting grounds. At the same time Wm. D. Gross and John Shaaber will hold a two days' shoot. First day, Jan. 1, targets; second day, Jan. 2, the principal event will be a 15-live-bird handicap event, $10 entrance, handicaps 25 to 31yds., open to all. The programme will also consist of several live-bird events, while several events will be at targets over the magautrap. Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, has been selected as referee in the Shaaber-Benner match, and holds a $10 forfeit of each shooter. Electric cars run direct to the grounds every 20 minutes from Third and Penn streets, Reading. Good birds have been secured for the live-bird events.

Shenandoah, Pa., Dec. 16.—John Brennman to-day defeated Thomas Cinnon at the Trotting Park, this place, in a live-bird match, 5 live birds, Schuylkill county rules—one barrel—by the score of 4 for Brennman to 2 killed by Cinnon. The match was for $25 a side.

Duster.

Arkansas and the South.

St. Louis Doings—Busch Medal.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 6.—Mr. A. D. Mermod, formerly of Colorado, has recently moved to St. Louis, and being an inveterate pigeon shooter, he at once began to make his presence felt in local circles. Being a shooter of no little ability, he thought he would try and gain possession of the much-coveted Busch trophy, so he proceeded to issue a defi to the holder, Mr. John J. Sumpter. This brought about the race to-day, and the new comer actually cut out the work for the holder, and for a long time the latter's honors were very much in jeopardy. Sumpter lost his 8th, while Mermod negotiated them all but the last one, which fell dead out of bounds, and thereby the match resulted in a tie, as each had a total of 24. The tie was not shot off, and will not be for several weeks, as Mermod had to go to Colorado to wind up his business affairs there, and he will be absent about ten days, but on his return matters will be brought to a more definite isssue.

Mermod .....222222211222212221112l220—24
Sumpter .....222222202222222222222222—24

The Sumpter-Dr. Smith match has been declared off for good, Dr. Smith declining to shoot off the tie, and preferring to draw down his money. Thus the matter of supremacy between these two shots is still an open question, though Sumpter defeated the Doctor in a race last year.

Memphis—Nashville.

The pigeon shooters of these two cities will engage in a little friendly contest at Memphis on Dec. 30. My informant could not tell me if this was to be a team contest or just a sweepstake affair or trophy contest. This will also inaugurate the pigeon shooting season of the Memphis Gun Club.

Paul R. Litzke.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1899.

VOL. LIII.—No. 27. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, $4 per year, $2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iv.

CONGRESS AND GAME EGGS.

Now that Congress has fairly got down to work, an effort should be made to repeal the foolish clause which Senator Lodge caused to be incorporated into the tariff bill forbidding the importation of the eggs of foreign game birds. The Massachusetts Senator has explained that he was led to urge the adoption of this prohibition by the representations made to him by those misguided individuals who affected to believe that the American supply of wild ducks was in peril of extermination at the hands of the Indians in the Northwest, who were gathering the eggs for shipment into the United States for conversion into albumen. There was never a sillier story in the whole range of shooting and commerce; we demonstrated its absurdity at the time. Yet Senator Lodge and a number of his colleagues were deceived by the canards into the well-meant but unfortunate support of the prohibitory regulation. They appear to have accepted the "duck egg fake," and to have taken it on no better authority than the unsupported assertions of people who did not know what they were talking about. It is a curious instance of the quick travel of a lie, and of the easy credulity which accepts as truth statements which a very slight consideration would show to be fanciful and untrue.

If only duck eggs were concerned, the operation of the law would be absolutely without any effect, good or bad; but it happens that the statute acts to the detriment of our game interests by preventing the importation of partridge eggs from Europe for stocking purposes. Many owners of game preserves would stock their covers with the partridge if they could obtain the birds. The only practicable way to get the birds here is by importation of the eggs. But consignments of partridge eggs have been interrupted and held up at the New York Custom House as being contrary to the statute. It is a foolish law. If Senator Lodge is desirous of serving the interests of sportsmen and doing something to promote the game supply of this country, he may well undo the injury he has unwittingly done.

The movement by Massachusetts sportsmen to unite in an association of effort to secure reform in game protection affords much promise. There can be no question that in recognizing the marketing of game as one of the essential factors of the situation the promoters of the new agitation have taken a sensible view of the problem. The Boston open game market is wrong in principle, and being wrong it acts injuriously, not only upon the interests of all other States from which it draws its supplies of illicit game, but upon the interests of the Commonwealth as well. The game dealers of Boston are credited with being powerful in the committee rooms on Beacon Hill, but the united sportsmen of Massachusetts should find a way to overcome these influences.

At the annual dinner of the Boone and Crockett Club, which takes place Jan. 20, the usual custom with regard to speakers will be followed. It will be remembered that two years ago after the dinner Mr. A. P. Low, of the Canadian Geological Survey, gave the club a most interesting talk on the little known Peninsula of Labrador. Last year Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn told them about the great game which inhabited the Rocky Mountain region in Jurassic time. This year the club will have the privilege of hearing from Mr. E. A. McIlhenny, of Avery's Island, La. Mr. McIlhenny is well known as an enthusiastic ornithologist, and it will be remembered that in the pursuit of his studies he has spent some time in the far North—among the birds, the beasts and the people of the arctic regions. It is about this far-away land that he is to talk to the Boone and Crockett Club, and the relation of his experiences will be illustrated by stereopticon slides. The occasion will unquestionably be one of great interest.

THE PRIMITIVE BUFFALO HUNTER.

A LONG time ago, in the early, early days of the West, before the explosion of a gun had disturbed the quiet of the prairies or its smoke had polluted their pure, sweet air, there were people in that land, and those people had to be fed. Then there were no horses, on which to chase the game, nor had white strangers, with long hair hanging down from their faces, brought into the country the heavy, soft stone* which afterward made the people's arrow points. At that time the knives, the spear heads and the tips of the arrows were all made of hard flint stone.

Far back, in still earlier days, the people had neither bows nor arrows, and the traditions tell us of a time when they set snares in the trails, by which the animals traveling along them were captured and held. Then, when the man found a captured animal he beat it to death with the great stone-headed club which was his only weapon. But even in our times, though in early days, the Indians in that country had methods of securing game in which the bow and arrow played but a minor part, being used only to kill the game after it had been captured.

The most common method employed in capturing buffalo and antelope was to decoy them into a lane much wider at one end than at the other, and to drive them down this into a pit or a pen, built under a cliff or cut bank, where the converging boundaries of the line came together. When they jumped into such a pit or such a pen, they could not escape, and were killed at leisure. Traps of this description are so simple that they were probably common to many primitive races. We see the same principle at work when wild fowl are netted by the wholesale in the marshes of Europe, as well as in the devices often used along our seaboard for capturing various sorts of salt water fishes. In the case of the animals, advantage was taken of the well-known fact that these beasts, when they saw on the prairie any unusual object, would often approach it to see what it was.

The man whose duty it was to lead the buffalo into the trap felt that on his shoulders rested a great responsibility. Whether the people should starve or should be fed depended on his success. He therefore prepared himself for his duty by fasting and prayer, and at the appointed time set out on foot over the prairie toward the buffalo herd whose destruction it was intended to compass. He was followed by most of the men and boys of the camp, who distributed themselves behind the heaps of stones or piles of bushes which marked the two diverging fence lines. Meantime, he who was to call the buffalo approached the herd, keeping himself partly concealed, so that the animals could not clearly make out what this moving object was.

When he had come as near as he thought best, he made strange motions and queer noises to call their attention, and as the buffalo began to look at him he moved further and further away from them. The young animals were the first to raise their heads and stare long and intently at this mysterious creature, which was not a buffalo nor an antelope nor a wolf nor any one of the common dwellers of the prairie. After the young buffalo had looked for a long time, they walked forward to get a better view, and the older ones began to look also, and to follow the younger, and soon the whole herd was in motion, at first walking a few steps and then stopping and looking, and then walking forward again. Before long the younger buffalo, instead of merely walking, would trot a little way and then stop again, and as they trotted the young bulls and heifers would perhaps begin to play, one galloping after another, and thus communicating a feeling of unrest to the whole herd. It was not very long now before the whole herd was galloping after the buffalo caller, who all the time had been drawing away from them in the direction of the opening of the chute which led to the pen. At the same time, he constantly kept himself so far exposed to their sight that the interest taken in him by the buffalo did not flag.

So soon as the herd was galloping after him, the buffalo caller ran as hard as he could straight for the entrance of the chute, and then down between the wings toward the pen, and the buffalo followed hard after him. After they were well within the wings, however, the people, who were concealed there began to play their part. As the herd passed them they rose to their feet, yelled and swung their robes in the air, and as this was done at each place of concealment, people were constantly near to the herd, and it grew more and more frightened. By this time the buffalo had forgotten all about the man who was calling them. Instead of an attraction in front which was drawing them on, there was now a danger behind, from which they were fleeing. As the wings of the chute drew nearer and nearer together, the buffalo caller, perhaps almost exhausted by his long run, darted behind one of the rock piles and lay hidden there, while the buffalo with thundering hoofs and before a great cloud of dust, dashed past toward the jumping-off place, beneath which lay their doom.

Usually the buffalo followed a straight course down the middle of the chute, and often all of them jumped over into the pen. Many were killed, crippled and wounded by the fall, while many others escaped unhurt. If the band was a very large one, its crowding and jostling as it ran round the pen sometimes pushed down the wall, and all the animals escaped. For this reason the effort was usually made not to bring a large band of buffalo between the wings of the chute.

The Indian camp was usually placed somewhere close to the pen, and in the morning after the buffalo caller and the men had started out to try to bring the herd, the women and children and boys made their way close to the pen and lay concealed there. For a long time they waited, while nothing happened. Then suddenly from the upper prairie faint sounds began to reach them; distant yells, shrieks and whistles, constantly growing nearer, then the rumbling sound of the running herd, then—almost at once—the black masses, sliding, rolling, tumbling down into the pen close to them. Now the women and children rushed to the walls of the pen and clambered up on them, showing their heads and parts of their bodies over the wall. All were greatly excited, and called and yelled and made the sound of alarm, *Hoo, hoo,* or shouted out *i ni uh* (buffalo). The frightened animals crowded away from the walls, and with heads down, tails up and tongues lolling from their mouths, rushed round and round the pen as circus horses gallop round the ring. The pen was filled with dead and wounded, injured by the fall or run over by others, or hooked by the horns of their fellows.

Soon the men came hurrying down the bluff, and they too mounted the walls, and with their arrows shot and killed those animals that from one cause or another had not already fallen. When all were down, the women entered the pen, and destroyed the wounded and crippled by smashing in their skulls with great stone hammers.

And now for days there was a time of hard work. All these animals had to be skinned and cut up and the meat carried to the camp and there distributed and dried. The hides must be taken to the camp, fleshed and tanned into robes, or lodge skins. The pen must be cleaned out and the offal, heads and bones removed to a distance. Every one was busy. But though the work was hard, food was plenty; for the time the danger of starvation had passed, and all were happy.

Always about the pen, when it was in use, there were great numbers of wolves, coyotes, badgers and kit foxes, and these helped to clean up the débris of the butchering left in the pen. Sometimes the young men and boys fixed snares of sinew over the holes through which these animals crept to get at the meat, and captured numbers of them.

In those primitive times, antelope were caught in almost the same way, except that instead of a pen at the point where the wings of the chute came together, a pit was dug, into which the animals were driven. Then the men descended among them with clubs and killed them. Sometimes, it is said, an antelope would be so paralyzed with fear that it would not try to avoid the man with the club, who might kill it with his knife.

In connection with all these methods of taking food by wholesale, elaborate religious ceremonies were performed and generous sacrifices made. These simple people seemed to feel that they could have no success without the help of a higher power, and with all their hearts they prayed to him to aid them, to give them life, to let them, their wives and children eat and live and have strong bodies. When they were successful, the choicest parts of the fattest buffalo or antelope were offered to this higher power and to his servants, and with these presents of food were given other presents of the most valuable possessions that they had.

How great must have been the abundance of the ani-

* Iron.

mals, which furnished the Indian his support, cannot be realized in these days. Only those who many years ago have traveled for weeks at a time over the plains black with buffalo can comprehend how rich were the resources of these primitive people. Without such abundant food supply to draw on, the Indian could not have existed. He was a man of the stone age, and the simple armament with which he was provided could not alone have supplied him with food. Even when supplemented by the devices here described and pictured, he starved if the buffalo moved away from the neighborhood of his traps.

Our double page illustration supplement to-day is devoted to a picturing of the old-time method of "Calling the Buffalo." The several ways of the lure, the drive and the fall are shown with fidelity to the Indian mode; and Mr. Deming has admirably caught the spirit of the chase as it was practiced on the Western plains.

WILLIAM SENIOR.

SINCE the death of his eminent predecessor, Francis Francis, Esq., some fifteen years ago, no member of the British angling guild has been so highly regarded as Mr. William Senior, the angling editor of London Field: for he is not only venerable (age sixty), but he is as genial as he is talented. All that he writes, or ever has written, over the familiar signature of Red Spinner, either as contributor or author of many charming books, is so juiceful of *bonhomie* that he seems personally to take his reader by the hand and say "Come with me." He is a living *vade mecum*. Behold him, as he lopes over the heather to his favorite salmon pool, with his jack-staff a-cockbill, and his blue peter streaming out straight with the accelerated gait! That's Red Spinner every time; and as he strides, the atmosphere glows like a halo. He toils not, but see how he spins.

In the year 1898-9 he was the honored president of the Fly-Fishers' Club of London, and was present at their annual dinner in February last, when grace was said before meat, and all took coffee for dessert, and nothing stronger. Sir Samuel Montague was chairman then, and Mr. Senior and the Hon. R. B. Marston, of the London Fishing Gazette, were vice-chairmen. Mr. Marston had been president of the club the previous year. Later on, in October, the same club gave him a notable dinner at the Trocadero, and apotheosized him as the second Walton, crowning his statuesque bust with ivy green and laurel from the precincts of the "compleat" angler's ancient fishing box at Dee side. The occasion was in memory of his retirement from the ranks of daily journalism, after forty years of service on the London press. Several eminent artists assisted, and all his friends and colleagues were present. Mermaids, tritons, fish baskets and quill pens rampant supported the pedestal of the bust.

"I have taken this step," he writes, "with the view of easing off a little, and being able to devote the future to fishing and fishing literature. Of course, I keep up my connection with the Field, and shall next year have more opportunity to roam about with my rod than I have ever had in my life."

We dare say the public will not be disappointed in the presage; and we trust that the gentleman's life may be spared even though the rod be spoiled, since he declares in a note to the undersigned, who has been his compeer for so long a time, that he is carrying his added years lightly, and has not the least idea that he has passed his middle age yet. He adds: "It is only when I look into the family Bible [he does not say mirror] that I am conscious of the fact." And his physique does not refute his impression, for he looks hale and hearty; not like an Englishman, as it were, but rather like a combination of sturdy Scot with the jolly good fellow. Long may he fish!

Hereafter those who love his books and his angling gossip may look to the "Passing Comments" column of London Field for their chowder; which we doubt not will be as "filling" and palatable to their mentality as were the charming "Waterside Sketches," the "Mixed Bag," "Travel and Trout in the Antipodes," "Angling in Great Britain," "By Stream and Sea" and other volumes, which are now perhaps out of date and out of print, but by no means out of mind.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

We had occasion last week to comment upon the extraordinary decision of the California Supreme Court, that a non-export game law was unconstitutional because an invasion of private property. To-day we give a Minnesota Supreme Court affirmation of the right of an Indian tribe to hunt on the reservation in violation of the State law. This also is contrary to the precedents; and it is to be regretted that the Commission's attorney should not have moved for a new test of the question.

The report of the Onondaga Anglers' Association, of Syracuse, N. Y., is deserving of careful attention, because it illustrates a mode of work undertaken by private citizens for the public good, which is well worthy of emulation.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Sam's Boy.—V.

ONE dewy morning Antoine made his appearance with a hoe upon his shoulder to work in the garden, according to a previous contract, and Sammy soon came to while away the morning hours with a friendly visit, sweetening the self-imposed duty with a lump of maple sugar moulded in an egg shell. Its hard rotundity resisted his attempts to get a full bite, and he had only succeeded in grooving it with the marks of his milk teeth.

Antoine, noting it, asked, "Wal, you gat some hen lay dat kan o' aig, prob'ly?"

"No; Aunt 'Rushy done it," the child answered.

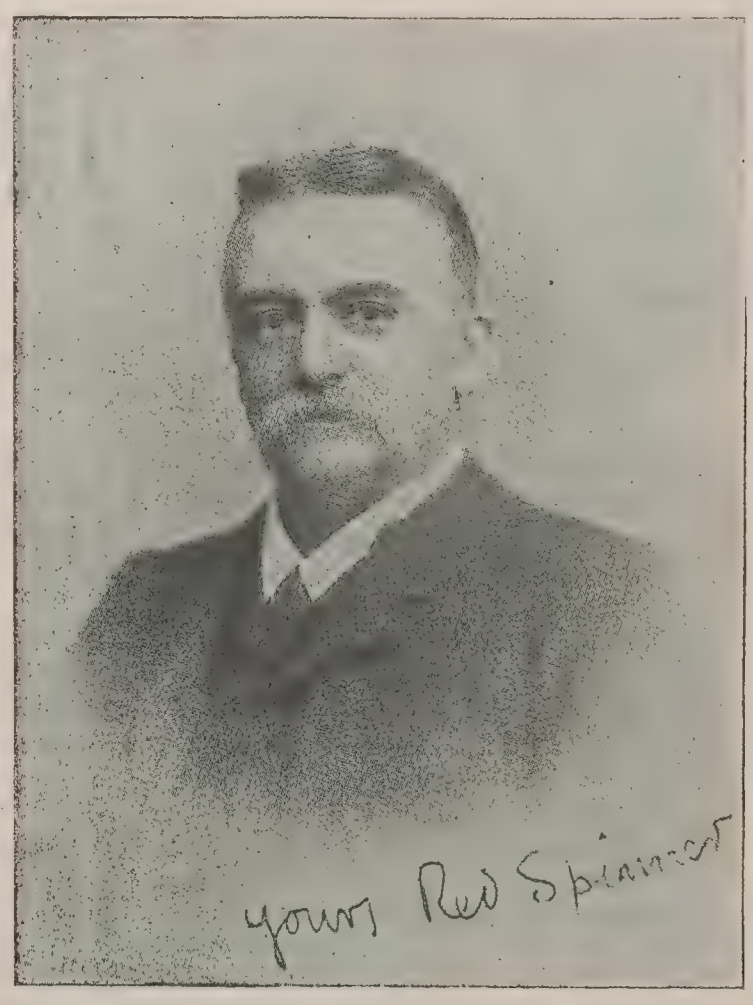
"She pooty good hen, a'n't it?" said Antoine, quickly.

"Aour hens lays aigs wi' chickens in 'em. Does yourn?"

"Sometam he do, sometam he don't," the Canadian answered. "On ma hol' hen dis sprim come aout hees nes' wid ten leetly dawk. W'en dey come on de brook dey all of it jomp on de water, an' dat hol' hen he was crazy for fraid dey all be draown."

Sammy was not entirely credulous, and made a mental note that he would tell Uncle Lisha that Antoine had hens that laid duck eggs, and ask his opinion of the story.

"You lak de mepple sug' aig pooty good, a'n't it?" Antoine continued, after a little waiting for further



WILLIAM SENIOR.

questions. "Wal, sah, if you lak it you want for go long to me in Canada sometam. Oh, dar was hol' great big montaigne dar, all mepple sugre. Yaas, sah; dat was de place for leetly boys, Ah tol' you."

Sammy was inclined to think so too, and began to look with contempt upon his gnawed morsel. "As big as Hog's Back?" he asked.

"Gosh, yes; big as 'Tater Hill! Haow you 'spose he come so? Wal, sah, Ah'll goin' tol' you 'baout dat. You see, dar was great many, plenty mepple tree, prob'ly t'ousan', grow on one big montaigne—one dat dey call vulcauno, got fire inside of him, burn all de tam, all de tam, an' smoke lak forty coal pit. Den one tam in de spring dey comes some awfuls t'under an' li'thin's an' he stroke all dem tree an' split it lak kindly hwoods, so de sap all run off in brook as big as Stonny Brook an' ran inside de montaigne, an' he bile, an' bile, so he bile over, an' it was mepple sirrup run aout an' run daown all de side dat montaigne, an' when he got cool off it was mepple sugre, four, fave, prob'ly t'ree foot t'ick, more as on' acre of it; an' all you gat for do was chawp it up wid axe an' carry him off. Ah'll goin' tak you dar sometam if you want it!"

Sammy declared that nothing would please him more, and Antoine went on. "But you gat for look aout for bear. Dey come from all over for gat dat sugre. Ma gran'fader he keel more as fifty dar." This consideration made Sammy hesitate to accept the invitation, and in his agitation he pulled up a freshly sprouted bean.

"Dar! see what you do, bad leetly boy!" cried Antoine. "Bah gracien! 'f you do so bad lak dat bete an' grand cue gat you!"

"What sort o' thing's that, Mr. Antoine?" Sammy asked, with a determination not to be frightened without knowing why.

"Oh, dat was kan o' t'ing dey gat in Canada dat ketch leetly boy if he a'n't be good!"

"How does he look?" Sammy asked, with increased curiosity.

"Oh, he'll gat tails longer as everyt'ing, an' he win' it raoun' leetly boy's neck of it an' choke it so he can' breeze!" Antoine's vague description of this Canadian invention for the better management of children was not satisfying.

"I guess I be good an' go to the sugar mountain."

"Yas, dat was de bes', an' de milk river, too, dat was pooty good for leetly booy."

"What's that?"

"Oh, you see, one tam gre't many year 'go, dar was hol' whomans, hol', hol', an' lame so she can' mos' go. was travel long one naght, an' come on rich farmer haouse an' ask it if he can stay all naght, an' dey hugly, an' say 'No,' an' drove it off. Nex' he stop on poor man haouse, a'n't mos' gat 'nough for heat heself, an' dat man tol' it he can stay, an' give it bes' he gat. Nex' morny dat rich man caow, twonty of it, all, all dry aout, an a'n't give some more milk, never; an' dat poor man cow w'en de whomans go meet him, hees milk run so you never see, four stream, all so big lak Stonny Brook, all ron in one an' mak' river so big canoe could go on it, an' he run so forever. An' dat mans got big rich, an' rich farmer mans gat poor so he on de taowns. Dat hol' whomans he was weetch, an' dat de way he pay it. Naow if you go dar an' want for heat some breads an' milk, all you gat for do was jomp on boats wid your spoon an' loafs of bread an' jes' drop him on de river an' pick him up wid you' spoon as you go 'long. Dat was pooty comfortably, Ah'll tol' you. An' 'f you'll drudder had bread an' butters, all you gat for do was go to de falls, feefty foot high, dey was, an' roar lak some bulls, only kan sof'ly, an' dere you faound more butters as you can see in two week, 'ca'se de falls he churn hese'f all de tam, an' all de river beelow was buttermilks, an' all berlong of dat mans, an' he was happy, 'cause he a'n't never had for churn—dat was mean works for mans, Ah'll tol' you!"

"Is that a true story, Mr. Antoine?" Sammy asked, his eyes growing rounder with wonder.

"Yas, sah! Jes' as true as dat mepple sugre montaigne," Antoine declared, with unquestionable seriousness.

These tales made Sammy so hungry that he was obliged to run in at once for something wherewith to appease the yearnings of his stomach. When Aunt Jerusha had provided him with a great slice of bread and butter, he went into the shop to confer with his bosom friend, who, after a comprehensive glance over the rim of his spectacles, said:

"Bub, he'd better seddaown t' eat that 'ere lund o' bread and butter, 'cause if he should drop it ont' his toes, 'twould smash 'em."

Sammy took the advice at first as seriously as the expression of Uncle Lisha's face seemed to demand and complied with it. But when he had wiggled his toes in his shoes, and considered their power of endurance, his philosophical conclusion led to rather contemptuous dissent.

"Pooh! Guess it wouldn't hurt 'em. They're harder'n bread an' butter!"

"But ju' look o' the size!" Uncle Lisha urged. "You couldn't find you toes 'nunder it."

Sammy wiggled his toes contemplatively, and regarded the rapidly diminishing slice and dismissed the subject.

"Say, Unc, Lisher; you s'pose Mr. Antoine talks true?"

"What's he b'en tellin' on ye?'

"Oh, he say o' the's rocks o' sugar an' a river o' milk in Canerdy, an' he's got a he hen 'at lays aigs leetly ducks comes aout on!"

"Shaw! Ann Twine's French, an' his tongue gits twisted tryin' tu talk English. I spect it kinder gits away from him oncte in a while an' he do' know what' 'tis sayin'."

"Would your'n act so if you talked French, Unc' Lisher?"

"I da' say 'twould," the old man answered, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Unc' Lisher!"

"Wal, sonny; what is 't?" the old man responded, speaking out of one corner of his mouth while the middle of it held a dozen shoe pegs ready for his fingers.

"How does a wild pigeon look?"

"Oh, they're proper harnsome, wi' gre't long tails."

They hain't them things Antoine says ketches little boys when they hain't good, be they?" Sammy asked in some alarm.

"No, inded, they hain't. Ann Twine, he tells whoppers, he does. What makes Bub ask 'baout pigeons?"

"'Cause you tol' me the'd be some on that posy tree over tu the woods, an' it's full o' some big birds naow. They've got long tails, an' when they fly they clap their wings ju' like the ol' rooster 'fore he crows. You said we'd go an' shoot 'em. Will ye?"

"Good airth an' seas! Uncle Lisher couldn't no-ways this mornin'. He's got tu get these shoes tapped for an ol' womern 'at neds 'em bad. If 't wa'n't nothin' but a man, I'd let 'em go."

"What be I goin' t' do? Daddy's gone away, an' his gun's tew big!"

"Wal, I guess the leetle boy'll hafter wait," said Uncle Lisha, whacking away alternately at awl and pegs.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

That terrible individual the statistician is at it again, this time to show man's muscular inferiority to beasts and insects. The comparisons are these: A horse has four legs and can run a mile three times as fast as a man, yet a man, in the long run, can wear down the quadruped. A good-sized lion will weigh about 450 pounds—three times the weight of a man—but a man cannot carry his own weight with ease. A lion, however, will easily carry off a bullock weighing over 1,200 pounds and break its neck with a single blow of its paw. A grizzly bear weighing only 300 pounds has been seen to carry an 800-pound steer for over a mile up a rocky mountain side, and two Polar bears have been watched upsetting a rock weighing half a ton which was frozen tightly to the ground. Large apes exert incredible strength. It took eight men to hold an ourang less than 5 feet high which had escaped from his cage on a French steamer. With all his inventive genius man can move in a train at a speed of 60 miles an hour, yet a swallow can fly 80, the duck 100, the gray crow 108, and the swift 150 miles an hour. A man can jump just over 6 feet, or half what a red deer can do. The chamois and springbok can both attain greater heights, and the black jaguar will reach a branch 15 feet from the ground. Then we are reminded that if man could run as rapidly as a small hunting spider he could spring a quarter of a mile without trouble and run at the rate of twenty-four miles a minute! Happily he cannot.

Lost in the Swamp.

ONE Sunday about June 1 my friend Robert High came over to make plans for a fishing trip to Trinity River and some small lakes near there. It was agreed that I should go over to his place the next Tuesday and we would go and stay till Sunday. So Tuesday morning about 5 o'clock I saddled my pony, took some coffee, corn meal and blankets, a .38 Winchester, a belt full of cartridges and a box full besides, as I expected to have some shooting at gars and maybe an alligator or two. I got to Bob's about 8 o'clock. As there were six others going with the wagon, it was decided that we would go to Patterson Lake and camp there. We had dinner and then Bob and I started ahead and left the rest to follow in the wagon. It was very warm, so I thought we would take a short cut through the woods and get to the lake and get some fish for supper by the time the rest got there.

It was about twelve miles to the lake. About two miles from the river we struck the river bottom. It was mostly prairie from there to the river. The lake was close to the river. There was a steep bluff all along the bottom, and the river overflowed back to the foothills. There had been a big overflow not long before, and we expected to find good fishing in the lakes.

We started across the prairie to a bunch of timber, where Bob said there was an old road that led to the lake. After riding about three miles we got to the timber, but found no road. We rode around some time, but could not find it. Then we started for another bunch of timber about a mile away and rode around that, but found no road. We sat down in the shade a while and then started again. We finally found a cow trail that we thought led to the lake. We followed this a short way and found the lake. It was then about sundown and too late to fish. We found a good camping place, staked out the horses, built a fire and sat down to wait for the wagon. It got dark and no wagon came. Bob said he would go and look for it. He said he would ride back to the hills, and if I heard him shoot twice to answer him the same way, for when he got a mile from camp the bunches of timber all looked alike, and he might not find the way back to camp. He was gone nearly an hour when I heard him shoot twice with his six-shooter. I answered and he soon rode into camp and said he had not heard anything of them. We were getting pretty hungry, and as all the grub was in the wagon we began to think we would have to wait till morning for our supper.

We waited a while and then I said I would go and look for them. The moon was up and I would have a guide to go by. I had never been there before and did not know the country. But I started out to where the road came down from the hills; and when I got nearly there I heard both barrels of a shotgun and some one holler as only a Texan can holler. I answered with two shots with a six-shooter and started to find them. I soon found them. They said they had got lost trying to find the lake. It was so warm they did not get to the river bottom till dark, and then went the wrong way to find the lake.

We struck out across the prairie for camp, which we found without much trouble; and we got some supper—corn bread, bacon and coffee; but it tasted good to hungry men. Then we got out the blankets and tried to sleep; but the mosquitoes didn't. We soon found it impossible to sleep without some protection. I went to the wagon and got a sack and pulled that over my head and went to sleep; but those who could not sleep would not let the rest, and the next thing I knew some one had me by the heels dragging me toward the lake and yelling, "Wake up, Billy, or we will throw you in the lake. You ain't going to sleep if the rest can't." We spent the rest of the night sitting around the fire.

As soon as it was light enough to see Bob and I got an old scow and paddled out to a sunken log to fish for trout and white perch. The trout were not speckled trout, but more like black bass. I would like to know the proper name for them. We caught a perch, skinned it and cut it up for bait. Our fishing tackle consisted of for each a cane pole, a stout line and hook; there were no snelled hooks and reels. I had never seen either one at that time.

The fish bit as fast as we could take them off, so we soon had a fine string of trout and white perch that would run all the way from ½ to 2 pounds.

We were about to go to camp and cook some fish when I got a bite, and he nibbled at the bait. I baited up again with the same result. Bob said, "Let's quit; I am hungry." "Well," I returned, "let me try once more; I believe it is a gar." At the first nibble I gave a jerk and thought I had caught on a log, but soon found I had a pretty lively log. The pole was pulled clear under water and then straight out, and a big gar (he looked to be 6 feet long) jumped out of the water, cut the line and went away. It would have taken a small rope and a piece of telegraph wire to have held that gar. Any one who has done any fishing in eastern Texas knows what an alligator gar is—6 and 7 feet long and nearly as large as a man's body. If I had had a good reel, plenty of line and a wire-snelled hook, wouldn't there have been some fun? But I didn't have, so we hardly ever landed one; and when we did it was a small one. The big ones would make just one pull, and something had to break.

The gars are a curse to the fisherman and fish in most of the Southern waters. They take off the bait and their jaws are so hard it is hard to hook them; and if you do they will cut the line. If you put out set lines for catfish they will eat the fish unless you get them off soon. If you leave fish tied to the bank they will get them.

After I lost the gar we went ashore, cleaned our fish and went to camp and fried them nice and brown and then sat down to a feast of fish, corn bread and coffee. And how we did enjoy it. How well I would like a few days of such times now. After breakfast some of the boys wanted to pull a seine. I don't think much of that kind of fishing. I like to fish with a pole and line, watch the float go under and feel the tug of a good fighter; it is the next best thing to killing a fine buck. Still-hunting for deer is the sport for me. But I went along to help pull the seine. The team was going home Friday and we wanted to send some fish home.

We were going to try some of the small lakes with the seine, as the lake where we were camped was too deep. We had brought some old clothes to wade in, so we could have dry ones after he got through seining. Bob took my Winchester and started on ahead, saying he might get a shot at a deer.

We went about a shalf mile and came to a small lake, which we thought we would try. As we went up to the lake an alligator rolled off a log on the other side. I heard a shot from the Winchester about the same time, and looked up and saw Bob. He said the had shot an alligator across the lake on a log close to where we had seen the one roll off in the water. Bob said he hit the alligator in the eye. It was a good 100 yards across the lake, and we laughed at his hitting an alligator in the eye at 100 yards. He said, "You go over there with the seine and drag it around the log and you will find him."

I did not much like the fun of pulling a seine in a lake with alligators in it, but the boys said: "Oh, come on, Billy; they will not bother us." As all the rest were going in I would not back out, so we started to pull the seine. The mud was so deep it was slow work; the water came nearly to our necks; we could feel the fish strike the net; but we went so slow when we pulled ashore that most of them got away. We had several good catfish and a few pike and some small gars.

We pulled it again with the same result. The third time we went close to the log where Bob said he had shot the alligator. We felt something dragging in the seine and pulled ashore and found we had an alligator about 5 feet long. The ball had hit him in the eye and knocked the top of his head off. It was nearly noon then and we went back to camp.

We got some dinner and the most of the boys lay down in the shade and went to sleep. The mosquitoes did not bother much in the daytime. I took my Winchester and went up the lake and got a good shady place on the bank and sat down to watch for gars. They will come to the top a few seconds and then go down again.

I got several shots at big ones, but could not get them after I killed them. I grew tired after a while and started back to camp. I found an alligator's nest that had been dug up by coons, and they had eaten the eggs. The eggs were about as long and about the size of a man's little finger, with a tough skin for a shell like a turtle's egg. When I got nearly to camp I found two big gars some one had killed and cut in two with an axe. They were big enough to bite an arm off. They are not the slim-nosed gar, but more chunky, with a broad, pointed nose and teeth like a crosscut saw.

"Well," I said to myself, "I don't go in swimming or pulling a seine in a lake with these gars."

I went to camp and lay down in the shade and went to sleep, and it was 5 o'clock when I woke up. Bob and I took the old scow and went out to the log where we fished in the morning and fished till dark; but they did not bite as good as they did in the morning, though we got enough for supper.

After supper we sat around the fire and smoked and told stories till about 10 o'clock, and then tried to get some sleep; but it was the same as the night before. The 'skeeters wouldn't let us. We had a pretty noisy camp that night. It takes a few Texas boys to make a good noisy camp. There was plenty of shooting, yelling and singing, but not much sleep.

But morning came at last, and we were all going fishing. We made some coffee, got a bite to eat and started out, Bob and I going together. We got the old scow and paddled out to the log, tied the boat and went to fishing. By 9 o'clock we had forty nice trout and perch. I was fishing with a light pole and small line. I got a good strong bite and knew it was a catfish. I let him have all the slack, and waited till I was sure he had the bait swallowed and then jerked, and I had him. And what a fight I had with that cat. The pole was about 12 feet and the line the length of the pole. He would take the pole under water and my arms up to the shoulder. We untied the boat and paddled out in the lake, and Bob would paddle the way the fish went, while I kept all the strain on him I dared to. After a while he began to get tired of towing the old scow. I pulled him gently to the top and Bob reached for him, but he ran under the boat and took the pole under the water again. Bob turned the boat around and I pulled him to the top again; but when he would see the boat he would make another break; but each time he came to the top sooner. We had no gaff, so Bob reached down, got a hand in his gills and pulled him into the boat. We could not weigh him, but judged him to be a good 25 pounds, which is a pretty good fish to handle without a reel. Going ashore, I took the catfish and put a rope in his gills and tied him in shallow water to keep him alive till I went home. Then after dinner we laid down in the shade to sleep.

Along in the afternoon Bob took my Winchester and started off up the lake. He did not get back till about sundown, when he came to me and said that about a mile up at the other end the water was not more than knee deep, with a good, hard bottom, and he had seen lots of big buffalo suckers feeding in the shallow water. It was a wild, dismal place to go in the night, he said, but if I would go we would go and spear some fish for the boys to take home the next day. He cautioned me not to tell the others where we were going, and we would have the fun all to ourselves. And we had it.

As soon as we had eaten some supper, we got the spear, head light, oil and a bag to carry the fish in; I took my Winchester, a belt full of cartridges; and Bob had a .45 Colts' six-shooter with a belt full of cartridges; so we were pretty well fixed. We did not know what we might run across. There were panthers and wolves, and once in awhile a bear, in this country.

It was dark when we left camp. We took a trail that Bob said followed close to the lake to which we were going. Bob went ahead with the head lamp on his head and I walked along behind. We had not gone far when Bob stopped and said, "Look at that." I looked and saw a big alligator lying across the trail. I brought the Winchester up and gave him a shot, but he never moved. And then Bob commenced to laugh. The alligator was already dead; some one had killed it the day before; and Bob knew it. We soon came to a big thicket that we had to crawl through. After awhile Bob stopped by a big log and said: "This is where we will build our fire."

I looked around to see what kind of a place it was we were in. The water was very shallow, and some big trees were growing in it. To our left I could see the open water of the lake. The trees were covered with long Spanish moss, which made it look awfully gloomy. We got a good fire started beside the old log and then began to get ready for spearing. I was going to leave my shoes and pants on; but Bob said it was a nice hard bottom, and we would take our clothes off and have them dry when we went back to camp. So we took everything off but our shirts. I set the Winchester against a tree and hung the belt on it. Bob hung his six-shooter and belt on a limb. Bob took the spear and put the head lamp on his head and we started out. I carried a bag to put the fish in. I wanted to take the bottle of oil, but Bob said we would not go far this time, and the lamp would burn an hour without filling; and we would not get out of sight of the fire, so we could soon fill it at any time. I would have liked to have taken the rifle, but was afraid I might fall down and get it wet. We were not afraid as long as we were in the water and had a light. We found plenty of fish and spearel several. I kept watch of the fire all the time, until at length we were getting nearly out of sight of it. I said, "Let us go back to the fire. These fish are heavy, and the lamp will not burn much longer." "All right," answered Bob. But just then we saw a gar, and he was a big one. Bob slipped up and drove the spear into him with all his might, but could not hold him, and he got off. The water was shallow, and we took after him. We soon found him and speared him again; but couldn't hold him. We took after him again, but soon found that we were getting into deep water, and looked around to see where we were. We could see the open water in the lake, and knew we were some way from the fire; but look as hard as we could we could not see the fire.

"Which way is the fire?" says Bob.

"I don't know. The last time I saw it was when we were chasing that gar; then it was behind us to the left, and I think it is in that direction now. Let us try and find the Seven Stars, so we will have a guide to go by." We both knew we could not keep a straight course with a lamp without something to go by.

But there were so many large trees growing in the water and so much moss on them that it was hard to see the sky, much less trying to follow stars for a guide. "Well," I says, "let's get a move on us. That light isn't going to burn all night." So we started to find the fire. We walked pretty fast and did not look for fish, for we both began to get uneasy. We walked for some time, but could not see the fire. Finally Bob stopped and says, "Well, Billy, we are all wrong."

"I have known that for some time," I answered. "This is the second time we have passed those two trees that grow together there. We are no nearer the fire than when we started to find it. Listen! What is that?" It was some wolves fighting over something they had found to eat.

"That's a nice noise for a man to listen to with no shooting irons and nothing on but a shirt. What is the matter with that lamp?" It was burning very low, and one wick was nearly out.

"Let's get ashore somewhere and try to start a fire; for if we don't get a fire we never will get out of here alive."

We started on a run this time, trying to find the shore. Bob took the lamp off from his head and held his hand in front of it to keep it from going out. We almost ran over a big alligator before we saw him, but we didn't try to spear him; we just ran the faster. We soon got where the water was more than 6 inches deep, and knew we were getting near the shore. One wick was out and the other very low; and we were getting badly scared. If that lamp went out our last hope was gone, for we hadn't a match nor any way to get a fire.

All at once we ran out of the water before we knew we had found the shore, and ran into some green briers, and they scratched our legs terribly. "Quick, Bob, and pull that wick out and I will get some dry cane to build a fire."

There was lots of switch cane growing there, and the dead stalks would burn up quickly. Bob pulled out the wick and I got some twigs; they burnt as long as the wick did and then went out. I pulled the other wick out and lit that just as the fire was going out. We both knew that that was the last chance. The wick burnt up for a few seconds and then died down. We got down on our knees, one on each side, and blew on it to get it started again. We were down on our knees blowing the fire when all of a sudden we heard the awfullest screech close to us. Bob jumped up and grabbed the spear, our only weapon, and looked for the panther to spring on us. I tore off part of my shirt, and that blazed up; then I put on some cane and got a fire started, and never have I been so thankful for a fire before or since. Everything was very damp, but we got a good blaze. We found an old tree-top and got some wood from that. We kept thinking of that panther, and wanted a big fire. Bob kept the spear in his hand and said: "If he comes for us I'll just tickle him with this."

It was not so easy to get plenty of wood. We were not used to going barefoot, and at nearly every step would land on briers. We were trying to get some wood when I almost stepped on a big water moccasin before we saw him. We hadn't thought of snakes before; all we had thought of was a fire, and here we were going around bare legged, where there were lots of water moccasins, and a bite was death. We went to the fire and got some fire brands so we could see where we were stepping, got what wood we wanted, broke off some boughs to sit on, and sat down to talk over the situation.

"Well," I says, "if we only had our clothes and firearms, we could stay here till morning."

"Suppose we take a look for them," answered Bob. "I don't believe they are far from here. We can make a torch and walk along in the water. We could see that fire a good ways."

So we made a torch the best we could, and started out; but the torch wouldn't burn; and we had to give it up, and went back to the fire and sat down. The skeeters were bad, and we had to keep whipping our legs with a bush to keep them off.

"Well," I says, "if we had our pipes and tobacco that would be some consolation. But we hain't got nothing but that spear and them fish. And here we be, lost, at least a mile from camp, and nobody living within five or six miles. The only thing we can do is to stick close to the

fire and make the best of it till morning."

After a while the moon came up so we could see it, and it was in the opposite direction from where we had been looking for it. But I soon found out what was the matter.

"Bob, we are on the opposite side of the lake from where we left our clothes and fire."

"Oh, no. It is a good ways across it."

"Well, you stand facing the moon, and the lake is on your left."

"Yes."

"We left our clothes on the same side that the camp is on, and when we are at camp, when the moon comes up you stand facing it and the lake is on your right."

"You are right, Billy. We have got to stay here till daylight."

And a long night it was. We got sleepy and tried to lie down and cover ourselves up with green boughs to keep the skeeters off; but the ground was pretty hard without even the protection of a pair of pants. After lying on the ground awhile we would get up and there would be the prints of the boughs in our flesh.

We kept a good fire and watched for daylight, which seemed as though it never would come. But at last the birds began to chirrup and we knew that day would soon break. As soon as we could see we started to find our clothes. We set out straight across the swamp, and had not gone far before we saw a big catfish, and speared him and then went on. We happened to strike the right place, and found our clothes and everything just as we had left them. The log had not burnt much, and the fire must have gone out within an hour after we left it. We put on our clothes and started for camp. When we got to camp the boys wanted to know where we had been. We said we had fished till we got tired, and then camped till morning.

"Oh," they said, "you and Bob were lost, or you wouldn't have stayed in that place all night." We owned up that we had been lost, but did not tell for a long time what a night we had put in.

The next morning the team and all the boys except Bob and me went home. We had made up our minds to go back that night and try it again till about 10 o'clock, and then start for home, so I could get home before the fish would spoil. As soon as the boys had gone we got the old scow and went fishing. We fished till about 11 o'clock and had a fine lot of trout and perch, and ought then to have gone home satisfied; but we wanted to try for those buffalo suckers again.

I took all the fish except what we wanted for dinner and put them in a sack with a bush in it to keep it spread out, and put them in the water to keep alive till we went home. We cleaned some of the smallest ones and broiled them over hot coals, made some coffee and had a good dinner, and then sat down in the shade to have a good smoke.

About 6 o'clock we cleaned all the fish, saddled up our ponies and started for the upper end of the lake, so as to get there before dark. We found an open glade not far from the old log where we had built the fire the night before. We hitched the ponies in the glade and then started a big fire. As soon as it was dark we took off our shoes and pants and went in the water. I took the bottle of oil this time, and Bob took his six-shooter. But the lamp gave a poor light; we had to make new wicks after burning the old ones up the night before. We could not see the fish till they swam off. We did not get out of sight of the fire. After fishing about an hour and only getting two, I says, "Let us go home."

So we went to the fire, dressed, got our ponies and started for home about 10 o'clock at night. I had about eighteen miles to go, and Bob twelve. We were going to keep together till we got to his place, then I had to go the rest of the way alone. We could have waited till morning, but then it would be so hot before we could get home the fish would spoil.

So we started, Bob ahead with the lamp on his head so we could see. We followed the trail to our old camping place, and then took a trail that led us to the prairie, and then put out the light and started for the hills, where we would find a road we would take home. We were both very sleepy, as we had not had a good night's sleep since we left home. After we got on the prairie I went to sleep on the pony, and the pony stumbled and nearly threw me off, and woke me up. We lit our pipes, and that helped to keep us awake. But it was no use; we could not stay awake; and after nearly falling off the pony two or three times, I said: "It is no use, Bob; I can't keep awake."

"Nor me, either," said Bob. "Let us lie down somewhere and sleep awhile, and then start again." So we hitched the ponies, lay down and went to sleep. It was nearly daylight when we woke up. I got home about 9 o'clock, and went to bed and slept all day and all night.

There are several hundred miles between Bob and me now, but I hear from him once in a while. The last time he wrote he said: "Say, Billy, do you remember the night we were lost in the swamp?" Well, I think I do.

STILL HUNTER.

The Adirondack Deer Law.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In one of your recent issues I saw a letter from Mr. J. B. Burnham in regard to the breaking of the game laws, hounding, etc., in Essex county.

I spent a considerable time in that part of the Adirondacks last summer and fall, and would like to certify as to the correctness of Mr. Burnham's statements.

On one occasion I took a forty-mile drive through the northeast portion of the county, and during that drive I distinctly heard hounds in full cry several times, and they were certainly not Game Protector (?) Beede's hounds of the law searching out game lawbreakers.

I do not think that it would be an exaggeration to say that a large number of the houses owned by natives, that I passed during the course of three months spent in the deer country, had their quota of deer hounds, to say nothing of licks placed in prominent runways.

H. B. WALMSLEY.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Secret of It.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"I never yet met with a sportsman who could tell me in what the sport consisted, who could resolve it into its principle and state that principle. I have been a great follower of fishing myself, and in its cheerful solitude have passed some of the happiest hours of a sufficiently happy life; but to this moment I could never trace out the source of the pleasure which it afforded me."

So wrote Dr. Wm. Paley, the learned philosopher and divine, a century ago. The many happy hours of his "sufficiently happy life" were all expended many years agone. His generation and the generations of fishes with which he was so happily associated have long since passed off the stage. Other generations of fishermen and fishes have played their brief parts in life's comedy and tragedy, and passed away. Their mortal bodies have in turn dissolved into their constituent elements, which may in turn have entered into the constitution of other fishermen and other fishes. And we, in this generation of fishermen and sportsmen, are left to grapple with the same problem that baffled the wise Dr. Paley and the sportsmen of his day—wherein does the sport of sportsmanship consist?

The question is one that cannot be answered in a word, nor in a dozen words. Still it is one that appears not to be unanswerable, as the wise old doctor seems to assume.

The sum total of that which goes to make up the enjoyment afforded by field sports is a bundle of complex elements, and it is the purpose of this article to essay the task of resolving these elements by the method of analysis into intelligible form, to "resolve it into its principle, and state that principle," and to search out the marrow that is within its bones.

First, the proposition is laid down that the pleasure which the sportsman enjoys from his day of sport in the field is derived chiefly not from the incidents of the day as they occur, but in anticipation, and in retrospection thereof.

The pleasure of anticipation must of course be based upon preceding experiences, else there would be no basis for the anticipation.

It is a common trait of human nature that pleasure is enjoyed more in anticipation than in realization, but the maxim that embodies this principle has a specially forceful application to the pleasures of the sportsman. As the day approaches for his "outing" the preparations to be made afford him pleasure. He confers perhaps with friends, who are to be his companions, about these preparations, in the course of which conference there are opportunities to expatiate upon the virtues of his gun and dogs or other appliances, and to swap reminiscences of former hunts or fishing excursions, all of which are sources of enjoyment.

This phase of the matter under discussion could be much amplified here, but every reader of this can readily clothe the above skeleton to suit his own fancy or circumstances.

Another element of enjoyment, both in anticipation and in reminiscent contemplation, lies in the possession of efficient appliances and in the care bestowed upon them, be they animate or inanimate, and in the feeling of affection that is engendered in the mind of the possessor toward these his pet possessions. His conscious ability to use these appliances with skill and effectiveness enters also as a factor.

Still another element of the enjoyment that a sportsman extracts from his sport consists in the matching of his skill and superior intelligence against the instinctive faculties of self-preservation—the elusive cunning of the objects of his pursuit, especially when he calls to his aid the instinctive proclivities of the dog, which has been trained by him to his service. Another important element in the pleasure of the sportsman consists in the acquisition by his skill and enterprise of something that is useful and desirable to possess, something to be exhibited with pride and shared with his family and friends. When the good and wise Dr. Paley wrote the paragraph that heads this article, if he could have recalled the feeling of boyish pride and exultation with which he displayed his first resplendent trout to his admiring mother and sisters, he could not have been at so great loss to "resolve into its principle" that mysterious and complex combination of feelings which we recognize as the pleasure of sportsmanship.

The writer can well remember now the feelings of exultation when, nearly fifty years ago, he brought home in triumph his first three squirrels, to be laid at the feet of his mother and to receive the plaudits of herself, together with those of his "cousins and his sisters and his aunts," without which there would have been no grand culminating moment at the close of this day of great achievements, and memory would not now cling with fond tenacity to that momentous event in his boyhood's career.

And now we come to that most important element of the enjoyment that is derived from field sports—the basic principle that underlies the problem and enters most largely into its solution, which is hereditary instinct. The same instinct that impels the dog to aid the man also impels the man to follow the dog. The human race was born and nurtured in the lap of nature. It passed a long period of childhood upon her ample bosom, receiving its sustenance from her generous paps. Nature provided man his larder and trained him in the ways to avail himself of her bounty. Like the domestic dog who no longer finds it necessary to pursue game for a living, but does pursue it with intense delight; like the household cat, who is abundantly fed by the hand of her mistress, but still pursues mice and birds for pastime and gives early lessons to her kittens in her own artful ways; like the horse, who still fears the spring of lion or tiger from the wayside stump, when all danger from such a source has long since passed; like the hog, who still summons his fellows to his aid by loud appeals, when attacked; like the cows, who rush together from all directions and with much excitement at the smell of the blood of one of their kind—so man, in obedience to the same instinct, easily forsakes the artificial paths of civilization and finds keen enjoyment and a sense of welcome freedom at the skirts of his first great mother—nature.

There are some men in whom this powerful underlying instinct, which tends to a reversion to nature's ways, has been largely leached out of them, or buried deep beneath the cares and demands or allurements of civilized life. Such men care nothing for field sports. But with the majority of us this feeling is easily awakened, and instinct resumes her sway.

The proposition was laid down above that the pleasures of the chase are more in the anticipation and retrospection than in the actual events as they occur. Let us examine this a little further.

Let us suppose that a day is appointed for a hunt of some kind. The preparations have been made and the day arrives. We get out of bed at an unwonted hour, eat hastily an unrelished breakfast, subject ourselves to much discomfort from cold in winter or heat in summer, suffer from hunger and thirst, undergo great bodily fatigue, suffer much worry and perturbation of mind from various causes, sometimes are exposed to serious dangers. Can any sportsman put his finger on any moment of such a day and say to himself, "I am now experiencing a sense of positive enjoyment—I now realize in this moment all that constitutes the great charm that lies in the chase"?

There are moments, to be sure, of triumph and satisfaction at success, but so intermingled with other and diverse feelings that it is impossible to block out any brief period of time in which we realize all that goes to constitute the pleasures and attractions of field sports.

Perhaps the most unalloyed and positive pleasure that we feel, especially when in the forest or on the stream, is in the sense of being "next to nature," with the exultation in freedom which accompanies that sense.

Another proposition was that the game or fish pursued must have value. No sportsman nor fisherman would feel much interest in pursuinig game or fish that was useless when secured, leaving an entire lacking of that sense of satisfaction in contemplating the results of a successful day, which constitutes so large a part of the pleasure that is in "sport."

To sum up the matter categorically, in conclusion, and define the elements of pleasure in field sports, to "resolve it into its principle and state that principle," the following array of elements is given:

1. Pleasure in anticipation.
2. Pleasure in retrospection.
3. Pleasure in the possession of suitable appliances and agencies, involving the exercise of skill in handling same, as well as emulation of, and friendly competition with, other sportsmen who have similar possessions.
4. Matching artificial weapons and human skill against natural instinct and cunning in a contest where pastime is the incentive on one side and survival of life on the other side.
5. The acquisition of trophies of value to be admired and shared by relatives and friends, involving a sense of manly effort made and skill successfully employed in such acquisition.
6. Satisfying a primitive instinct by an intimate association with nature, involving a consciousness of freedom from the artificial and conventional restraints of civilization, with healthful exercise, abundance of fresh air, and a happy condition attained wherein we realize the wish expressed by the great bard of Avon, "may good digestion wait on appetite," which is after all so large a factor in human happiness.

COAHOMA.

Charlie Shivel's Dream.

"I DON'T know that I could tell you if I tried just why fine old Sauterne, mellow and golden, always recalls Charlie Shivel to my mind, but it does and—well, Charlie, wherever you happen to be (and I suppose it's fishing, if you've half a chance), here's looking at you. We both have acquired, with some things that are worse, barren spots and fringes of gray on the crest of our intellectualites. The good things we like have most all gone back on us; our long tried livers rebelled seasons past—our doctors said gout, and we took to springs and what not, it's hard to say; but the truth is we are growing a little old, and we began doing it some time ago—only we weren't just certain of the fact—so few are, you know. Charlie Shivel? Why, of course you know him. I don't suppose there is a head of any big firm between Cincinnati and St. Louis, and from St. Louis to the Great Lakes, but does. One of the best generally informed men I ever met—a brilliant conversationalist, talks like a book upon every topic. But fishing is his hobby, and to hear him talk for an evening on that subject is almost as good as taking a vacation. A genuine lover of nature, an enthusiast. Why, his word pictures are greater in a minute than any artist's brush ever wrought. There is music in them too. You can hear the singing of the wild birds and the soughing of the wind among the trees, and the ripple, swish, ripple, swish, of the water as plainly as you can see the cloud shadows passing over it, and all the tints of tender springtime green, the warm flush of midsummer and the golden tones, with crimson blending, when the blue haze of autumn creeps over the hills—but you'd have to hear him tell it. Well, here's to Charlie again—and I am good for the next—if for twenty-eight years ever a better fisherman cast a fly in the park regions of Minnesota, or in any of the waters in that 'land o' lakes' up there. Yes, he's a born sportsman, I tell you—none of your three-pronged fishhooks for him; he is a gentleman every inch of him, even to fish. We have drifted apart, he and I; but there are times when I sit smoking here and you fellows are full of topics and interests that have gone ahead of me, when I think I'd give a fortune just to hear him tell of Bartlett's and 'the day's catch right off the point'; and what they had for dinner over on Spirit Island. But that always reminds me of something else, and then I begin to miss my slippers, forgetting the years it is since some one placed them by my chair. I begin to miss, God help me, most things—the little home of long ago and the little girl who, at my side, used to welcome Charlie to our fireside—that's what keeps us apart, makes us a bit cowardly—it's because we know we couldn't remember other things and forget the little grave where the water moans."

The old man puffed hard at his cigar; the old bachelor efilled his glass and looked as though he knew there was omething else to follow; the young fellow said, "Must ave been jolly old cove," and bent a pin into a fishhook nd looked as if he'd tie a string to it if no one was by to ee; the young married man moved in his chair uneasily nd then got up, said he had an engagement—I think he ay just have remembered that, perhaps, somebody had at slippers to wait beside his chair; any way he hurried ut. I saw the old bachelor smile, and so did the old an, but they were different—very different kinds of miles.

"Don't believe," said the old man, "I ever told you of harlie's dream—his fishing dream we used to call it. Vell, he had a friend living in St. Louis whose name as L———; a banker, I believe. He and Charlie had a iend in common, a clergyman, who don't figure except in ie dream. Charlie made an engagement to go fishing ith L. up at Minnetonka. They were to meet in Minnepolis on a certain Monday morning. That Sunday preeding that Monday Charlie had his dream. He dreamt at he had 'shuffled off his mortal coil' and found himelf, forthwith, in paradise, which he beheld as a fair, eautiful country not unlike, he claimed, his beloved ark region,' with hills sloping down to waters that miled and glistened and sparkled in the sunlight. He ould hear the splash and gurgle of brooks and streams. he air was full of wildwood fragrance. There were ady dells, and in the distance pleasant valleys, with a ver winding through. There was a deep woods too, with aths leading into its soft twilight, and groups of people ere and there in friendly converse. In the nearest one f these, Charlie saw his friend, the clergyman, who adanced to meet him, saying, 'Well, Charlie, you're a little te. Jo (meaning L.) has been waiting for you some me. And there he is now. See, coming through the oods there.' Charlie hastened forward to greet his iend, struck the while with the disconsolate expression f his countenance. 'What's the matter?' said he. 'Isn't ere any fish here?' 'Fish!' ejaculated L. 'Why, the lace is full of fish.' 'Well ——' resumed Charlie. 'But,' inerposed his friend, 'there isn't a single fishhook in the hole place.'

"All that day Monday Charlie Shivel haunted the depot t Minneapolis, scrutinizing the passengers as they lighted, but no L. appeared. Tuesday morning as he sat t breakfast at the West Hotel, at the same time reading is paper, his eye caught a paragraph that settled that reakfast. The friend he had been looking for had been ound, early Monday morning, dead in his bed. 'Had etired in his usual health on Sunday evening,' the paper tated, adding that it was supposed he died of heart isease.

"True? Yes, just as I've given it to you, and I'll vouch or Charlie's veracity every time. Perhaps it's because f his genial nature, his big heart and mind, perhaps it's ecause—— Well, whatever it is, there is something in he bouquet and something in the golden gleam of it, as I old it twixt me and the light, that makes me think of harlie—I think he called it 'bottled sunshine from the arm hillsides of old France.'"

"Here, waiter, bring another bottle of Sauterne," rdered the old bachelor.

"To-morrow night," said the old man, rising slowly rom his chair. "Good night." LAMBERT RUSSELL.

Curiosity.

WHEN the cold nights of the latter end of October had et in and the leaves were crisp underfoot, I decided to go and set up a line of marten traps through a stretch of green timber, between two large lakes. The distance was considered about eight miles.

I took an Indian youth as companion, for it is lonely work setting traps in the deep gloom of the forest alone. Our blankets, axes, two days' provisions, a square of cotton that we call a canopy, to keep off the wind, and my rifle, made up our necessary equipment, with a few baits to start work upon.

During the summer I had got an Indian to leave an old canoe on the shore of the big lake where we expected to come out; this would save our coming back on our tracks, as we could return by the canoe route, which was considerably longer, but much easier.

We worked away all the day we left the post, and when camping time came we found a pretty, sheltered place, the back of a large, flat-sided boulder. Ten feet in front of this lay a large fallen pine tree, against which we built our fire. Then we cut a lot of pitch pine dry wood in short lengths and split, ready to replenish the fire from time to time during the autumn night.

It is cheerful when one wakes during the night to have a bright blaze in a few moments.

The boy had worked pretty hard all day, and, after eating to repletion, rolled himself in his blanket and fell asleep. With me it was different. I lay back half-reclining, half-sitting, enjoying the congenial heat and wondering what luck we would have from the traps when we made our first visit. My rifle lay alongside of me on the balsam brush, with the muzzle pointing toward the fire, and, unconsciously my hand grasped the stock and my fore finger toyed with the trigger. I mention all these details to show how easy what followed came to pass.

The sparks had all gone out of the wood and only a bright glow remained, enough, however, to light up the trunk of the pine log and a considerable distance each side of the fireplace. All at once I heard the crushing of dried leaves and the breaking of twigs, at some little distance off in the forest. The sounds were evidently made by some large animal, and I soon realized it was coming slowly with steady steps toward the camp.

My first thought was to chuck on some fresh fuel to scare whatever it was away; but the next moment I decided to keep quiet and await developments.

With my thumb I drew back the hammer of the rifle and waited. I kept my eyes steadfast in the direction whence the sounds came, and in a minute (it appeared an hour to me) I saw the head and forequarters of an immense black bear, which stood gazing down on the camp from behind the fallen tree.

To raise my rifle and sight it point blank at Bruin's chest was the work of an instant. Crash went the bullet, true to the mark, and the bear fell backward, making the woods echo with its death roars.

The boy sprang to his feet in a stupid, bewildered way, asking what was the matter. I did not take time to answer him, being occupied in getting a fresh shell into the barrel, for one never knows when a bear is really dead. The safest way is to have your gun ready and stand off at a reasonable distance and wait until he kicks himself stiff. In this case, however, it was soon over with its bearship, for the bullet had gone right through the heart.

The joy of the Indian boy knew no bounds when he saw the result of the shot, for he saw many gorges ahead of him.

I had always been led to believe that smoke, or the blaze from a camp-fire, would keep away the denizens of the Canadian forests, and when I told this bear adventure to old hunters they simply listened and gave a polite smile.

In this instance it must have been a case of inordinate curiosity, accounted for in a manner from the fact of its being a female bear. MARTIN HUNTER.

Cowpunching as an Athletic Sport.

IN no part of the West is a ranchman's life such an ideal one as in California. In this land of flowers are no rolling prairies, with their ever-present dreariness, and portions of barren waste, but grand mountains and beautiful hills. The ranch house is usually tucked away by the side of some glade beneath the shadows of enormous oak and sycamore trees, a whirligig sprinkler sputters and splatters on its bit of green lawn and the air is filled with the hum of bees and other insects, while the cattle wander by hundreds in the broad cañon bottoms or over the flat surface of some far away mesa. The western fence is the Pacific Ocean, the eastern the Santa Ynes Range. Could anything be more peaceful or any climate more conducive to outdoor life and exercise?

It was the first day of the rodeo at Las Encinas. For many weeks R. and I had practiced throwing a riata with this great event in view, for this was to be our first experience at the real work of roping cattle. On this day we were to ride forth for the first time into an inclosed field to take part in a contest teeming with opportunities for grandstand plays, but yet open to "flukes" of a very dangerous character. By 12 o'clock the first drove had been parted out and corralled; by 1:30 dinner was over; by 2 R. and I found ourselves mounted and standing expectant and nervous before the corral gate. Then we chose partners. In corral work each man has a partner who, if he catch by the head, ropes the feet, and vice versa, for in this way a steer is thrown by both parties backing their horses in opposite directions. It was my good fortune on this occasion to fall into the hands of an exceptionally good vaquero, who was known to us all by the title of Doc, and his words as we entered the gate are still keen in my memory: "Take your time; don't get excited, and I'll see you through." But six or eight of us were allowed to enter, and the bars closed behind us with a snap. The cattle were huddled together on the further side of the corral and seemed to meet us with looks mixed with defiance and fear, while their low, subdued bellowing might easily be compared to the sounds heard between the halves at a Yale vs. Harvard game. But a few minutes of delay followed, in which every one tightened his cinch or shook the kinks out of his rope, when the boss said, "All right, boys. Let her go. Don't handle 'em too rough." Then came a sudden rush, and in an instant I found myself in a surging mass of cattle and horses. The dust arose in clouds, and the noise seemed like a menagerie let loose.

Doc was close behind me, and suddenly I was able to hear him say, "Snake that brown heifer! Snake that brown heifer! Quick, lad, quick!" Snake that brown heifer? Ye gods! There seemed to be ten brown heifers, and each one either ducking under my horse's belly or disappearing like a loon in that sea of animals and coming up far out of my reach. Nevertheless I aimed for one and threw. The rope fell just a little short, but it's always the beginner who wins the game, and in some remarkable way, just as the loop slid off that brown heifer's shoulder a little brown calf happened along and put his head through it. "Viva! Viva!" came ensemble from the audience (to whom both R. and I were the center of attraction, being tenderfeet). And even Doc, with a wink of one eye, said, "Well done, partner," as I drove my catch to a clear part of the corral, where he could get a good chance at the feet, and the brander could apply the iron. This took but an instant, and we were at it again. My next attempt proved far more exciting, for this time I managed to rope something "kind—er—bronco" (as the vaqueros would say). A nice lively fellow, who for two years had wandered the mountains and hills his own master, never having felt a rope and never having known a power of will superior to his own. This was real sport. The rope was no sooner thrown than the fight began. First it started in a series of fierce lunges and mighty pulls that caused my horse to squat low to the ground in his efforts to hold. Then began an exhibition of running and dodging first on one side and then on another, very apt to end when the riata came taut with El Torro sprawling in the dust, his wrath increasing, but his strength growing less. But at each halt I was able to take in a little slack line, until near enough to follow him with little danger of encountering the ropes of other men, and then, "Look out, boys! Here we come!" and out into the open space we came and within almost the time it takes to write it No. 2 was caught by the feet, branded and turned loose again. And so it went on. Now some fellow was in one sort of trouble or another in another. The sport seemed never the same, each successful throw developing a new series of conditions that followed each other in rapid succession, while the numerous (not to mention poor) attempts gave a continual impulse to "do better next time," which is a great proof of any sport's infatuation. As the number of unbranded cattle grew less and less things became more and more exciting, and finally, when one or two remained, none but the sharpest eyes could detect them among the ever-moving drove. When one of these "left-overs" was discovered it meant the signal for a general assault, as each man good-naturedly rivaled the others in the effort to catch him first. Finally the last brand was applied, and the day was over. The cool, sparkling water of a mountain spring bubbled in a trough not far from the corral, and both men and horses were soon enjoying its refreshing iciness, especially welcome after such violent exercise. Among these mountains and hills there is but little twilight, and as the darkness increased all gathered about the outdoor fire while the "round-up" cook prepared the evening meal. Then began that post-mortem sort of conversation which I had so often heard after football games and other athletic events. Each man had his history of the day and explanations for his own mistakes and those of his colleagues. After this came stories of past experience, and it was well on in the night when R. and I retired to our welcome beds to dream of this "king of sports" in the sleep only known to those who are able to do hard manual labor and from which it is a pleasure to be awakened by a continual knocking on the door and a voice in Spanish saying, "'Arriba! Arriba! Hace una mañana hermosa." LOUIS N. STOTT.

How I Was Lost in the Woods.

A FEW evenings ago at the club I told how I was lost in the woods of Maine this summer. When I had done one of my friends said: "That story ought to be published just as you have told it."

A man who has been in the woods as much as I have ought not to get lost, but I did it this summer. To find where the Bonnie Brook flows into the Dead River, where good fish are to be found, which seemed to be a secret, without telling any one where I was going, I went to find it. My plan was to follow the brook down to the river. Near the junction of the two I jumped the brook and lost my spectacles and could not find them. Having found the place I wanted, I started for home, and seeing an ugly clump of trees near the river, I went around it, leaving the brook behind me. I went up hill and soon found myself in burnt land with thick underbrush, many of the logs rotten, and they broke down under my feet. The mosquitoes and flies annoyed me very much. After a time I realized that I was lost. It was impossible to go many feet in a straight line without running into an obstruction.

After a time I lay down to rest my weary mind and body. In an hour, refreshed, I reasoned that I must make a strenuous effort to extricate myself from my position. I called at intervals for help, and once I thought I heard a reply. Finally, having taken my bearings, I made my way for a tall dead tree. Having reached it, I selected other bearings, and finally, to my delight, I found myself in a growth of large trees. Soon I reached the river and a man appeared on the other side and asked me if I was in trouble. I told him I had been. He told me the farm hands had replied to my calls, but I could not hear them, as the wind was in the opposite direction. Having reached a ford, the man crossed with his wagon and kindly drove me home in an exhausted condition.

There were two mistakes I made: First, I should not have gone far from home without having told somebody where I was going; secondly, I should not have deserted both river and brook. Also, I constantly underestimated distance. EDWARD L. PARKS.

Trees on the Western Plains.

LAST week we referred to the spread of trees on the Western plains which has taken place since their settlement. Other interesting observations on this subject are likely to be reported before long, and one of these, treating of the forest trees of Dubuque county, Iowa, will appear in the tenth volume of the Report of the Iowa Geological Survey.

In this paper Professor Macbride considers the forest conditions of Iowa of the past, when Dubuque county was practically a prairie, with narrow fringes of trees along the streams, and in a few other protective situations. He then goes on to say: "On the advent of civilization, the checking of prairie fires gave the forest here, as elsewhere, great relief. Young trees came up in every direction, partly from seed, partly from the so-called bench-grubs, old stump-like stocks which had been in the days of prairie fires again and again burned off, only to start in shoots and suckers with the advent of spring, but destined so long as fires swept over them never to attain tree-like dimension. These bench-grubs sometimes were very old and possessed an extensive root system. This accounts in part for the rapidity with which the forests of Iowa began to spread with the arrival of civilized man. In the case before us, the early farmers selected, of course, the more level country; the steeper and poorer hills were left to nature, and became quickly forested, covered with what is called second growth, an assemblage of trees denser and darker than ever occur in nature under any other circumstances. In Julien and Peru townships, some of these second growth forests may yet be seen which have been growing at least fifty or sixty years. So that the oft-repeated remark as to the number of Iowa trees, to the effect that their number has greatly increased since the country has been, is strictly true."

Oologists' Association.

AN association of oölogists has recently been formed, and it is hoped that it will hold a meeting in Washington in the autumn of 1900. The secretary of the association is Mr. Jno. W. Daniel, Jr., of Lynchburg, Va.

NOTICE.

THE New York Clearing House has adopted new regulations governing the collection of checks and drafts on banks outside of the city. This entails a collection expense on those who receive such checks. Our patrons are requested, therefore, in making their remittances to send postal or express money order, postage stamps, or check or draft on a New York city bank or other New York current funds.

Natural History.

A Nightingale's Outing in Brooklyn Streets (Sequel).

It was our privilege to watch Philomela's conduct out of doors for only a few more days. Taken generally, the even tenor of her way continued to run very nearly as already described. But her traits and demeanor as exhibited by her in detail afforded to us a subject matter for observation of increasing interest. Apparently she had planned for herself a mode of living suited to her present environments, and had settled down to carry it out in practice. That she had thus far maintained herself under such unfavorable conditions was a surprise to us. She certainly had thus far succeeded in her effort to make the best of the situation.

The little stretch of land, 80 feet long by 20 feet wide, comprising three courtyards, constituted the territory of our princess, and not an inch beyond its boundary lines was she ever observed to go, though she was often seen, when at either end of her domain, to rest exactly on the boundary line.

Between our premises and those of our next door neighbor to the right an iron railing stood on the northerly line of this strip; a viburnum bush grew near enough to the southerly end for some of its sprays to overhang the iron railing standing on the southerly boundary line. All this explains how we know. When she was observed to be only casually flitting about within the space described, she was in the habit of alighting on any spot she found convenient as a resting place; but when she was making her longest flights, which in spells she seemed to take delight in doing, these flights were taken back and forth from the viburnum at the southerly end of the stretch to the iron railing on the northerly end, near to which in the twilight we used to sit. In the morning and throughout the day, and until the sun sank very low, her searching for food was strictly confined to the limits of our own courtyard; but in the afterglow and in the twilight she extended the lines of the area in which she hunted in front to a line in the street 2 or 3 feet beyond the curbstone, at which stands the maple from which drops to the ground most of her prey.

Her hunting and feeding were never done on the branches of the trees or stumps, but always on the ground. Occasionally, however, she made a spring upward of 2 or 3 feet only, and picked while on the jump a caterpillar from a post, tree trunk or other object and then afterward ate it on the ground.

Since the first day of her outing, when, as we have mentioned she flitted from our third-story window to the branch of the maple in front, next from that to the mulberry, we have not seen her alight in any tree nor rest at any point at a height of more than 7 feet above the ground.

The tussock moth caterpillars had begun to weave their cocoons some little time before the first day of her outing, and consequently day by day their numbers diminished quite rapidly. And in as much as was their decrease in numbers, so also did her activity and effort increase the more in her search for them.

Then as her prey became quite scarce—which was very soon—she began to look first in wistfulness and next with eagerness for the viands we offered to her of mornings. She now partook of them with such avidity as to show that she was in quite good appetite.

Among the number of her feline foes, that with more or less frequency prowled through her territory, there were three that seemed to have marked her down as a prize for capture, particularly precious. These enemies were never observed to hunt in company, but any one of them in the absence of the others would lie in wait for or stalk her whenever chance offered. So great indeed was the persecution she suffered from this source that it was painful to us, and most pitiful, too, to witness it, we were so helpless to prevent. It interfered very much, of course, with her habits of feeding. In the morning, when we brought out her food, we had to stand on guard nearby until she had partaken of a good substantial breakfast.

It was singularly curious, however, to observe with what unvarying dignity of manner and placidity of expression she was possessed when in the presence of her enemies. Often, as she rested on a spray, when one of them came prowling within sight and near, and she was hardly, as it seemed to us, above his reach, she betrayed not the slightese emotion, nor even showed signs of consciousness of his presence. It may be because she had knowledge that she was safe from an upward spring from one of these ground prowlers.

In two instances that we witnessed one of these marauders approached and passed under a projecting spray of a loose shrub of scant branches and foliage on which the nightingale sat conspicuously in sight not more than 4 feet above her enemy's back, and neither of these creatures—at such deadly enmity—showed the slightest sign of consciousness of the presence of the other. But then also at other times as well, when she was busily feeding on the ground she showed no sign or knowledge of approaching danger from afar until it became so perilously near as to make the human onlooker tremble, and then, apparently with the greatest unconcern, as if it were her merest whim to do thus, she would flit away to alight at a safer distance.

In quite a number of instances some one or more of these foes of hers came within range of the watcher's rifle, and although it might be sighted upon the enemy he did not dare to pull the trigger for fear of a glancing bullet and consequent danger to some neighbor, passerby or other person that might chance to be within range. His vigils, however, as the shades of evening fell were still kept, and the hope that had sprouted in his breast, though not thrifty, had as yet not withered. And as our little heroine had thus far—wonderful as it seemed to us—escaped the many perils that encompassed her, we had hope—yes, even expectation—that she would in two or three days more return of her own free will to the shelter of her home—and ours.

The evenings were growing chilly; for her supply of food she was now depending mainly—almost wholly, in fact—upon the viands furnished each morning.

Verily, verily, it came to pass, as had been foreshadowed by the prophet, that the tussock moth crop was entirely exhausted. The search of the searcher was extended throughout the length and breadth of the principality, but none was found. Gaunt famine's hideous form ranged the domain of the princess and breathed upon the land his blighting breath. Marauders infesting the territory from hour to hour waxed fiercer and fiercer still. And the heart of King Pandion's loveliest daughter was sorely troubled, though in pride of her blood royal she permitted no shade of sadness to dim the luster of her radiant countenance. The duties of her ever faithful servitor became thrice multiplied, and the burden of them was heavy to bear. He likewise was a descendant through a long line—ancient and fusty—of heroes, and he bore the platter valiantly in these hours of trial. The zeal for spoils for which his ancient line was distinguished still survived in him, and gratitude for royal favors in expectancy stirred within him. In the book "L'Oiseau," as written by the great Gaelic historian, he had read, he now remembers that "blood and dreams" afforded the most fitting pabulum for a princess of her royal line, but in the bareness of the land he would ask himself, where was now the blood? And next, as he meditated, it came to his mind that some great writer had recorded that he had fed a princes of Philomela's kindred on "blood and the seed of the poppy"; but it likewise came to his mind that that prince did thereupon quickly languish and die.

The life of that prince would have clung longer to him, meditated the sage servitor, if he'd had nothing given him but fresh air and a perch.

And so it came to pass that he pinned not a shred of his faith upon that great writer, so true it is; also that the air that royalty doth breathe is tainted with suspicion.

High from the wall standing upon the boundary of Philomela's domain hangs Virginia's vine in graceful festoons, swaying with the breeze. Its five-leafed sprays have already responded in crimson glory to the magic touch of autumn's fingers. Its fruit in deeply purpling clusters droops, conspicuous by contrast, among the leaves. These clusters of fruit, fair to look upon, hang tauntingly before the wistful gaze of the gentle Philomela. But the princess knows that they would be as apples of Sodom—noxious in her mouth—for they are not yet ripe.

Rain must fall and frost must come to dye this fruit to a yet deeper purple before it is fitting meat for the feast of a king's daughter.

An enthusiastic pen is especially prone to be unruly betimes, and for the nonce, regardless of time and space, run away with itself before it can be checked and turned into the straight and narrow path of the story. But nevertheless and in spite of such detours this story has progressed to the morning of the eleventh day of our heroine's outing.

And this was of a Saturday, as it came to pass. This he well remembers, for he had previously agreed to a rendezvous on that day with a band of fierce-eyed mycophagists, who had nefariously planned for an incursion upon outlying jungles. Well, Philomela duly appeared in her accustomed haunts that morning; was breakfasted in the usual spot by the spirea bush, and then the chronicler departed to attend to other affairs. On returning home just before noon his eye in the sweep of its glance took in, as he entered the gate, first the dusky form of poor Philomela's most persistent enemy as he lurked beneath the wygelia, and next the form, trim and graceful, of our heroine herself, as she rested on an uppermost spray of the viburnum.

Comprehending the situation instantly, the chronicler quietly but quickly entered the house, and snatching up a rifle from its nook near the door, as he passed through the hall, he descended the stairs to the dining room. Having entered, he stepped quickly to the screened window, in front of which the wygelia was. Sliding the screen a little to one side so as to leave an open space, he sighted the weapon upon the lurker; he paused with finger upon the trigger and he did not shoot. He took aim again at another point of the lurker's anatomy, but did not pull the trigger. Again he shifted his aim to another point, the left, say, but he did not pull, nor dared not, though he fiercely desired to do so. The foe lay too flat to the brow of the terrace to make it safe to shoot, because of risk to some person or other in an opposite basement window, from any point of sight he could get on that cat. He then took a seat on a chair before the window and waited.

There was a trio of watchers now, and the minutes drew together into quarter hours. The man with the rifle whispered "pussy, pussy," in his most enticing falsetto, but it was of no avail; he imitated the faint squeaking of a mouse and gently scratched at the same time with a pin upon the woodwork by the side of the window, but that black imp in fur merely turned the least bit of the corner of a yellow orb toward the place from whence the sound issued. This feline seemed possessed of the philosophy of the stoics, except that there was surely a quizzical expression in the corner of that near yellow eye. The quarter hours drew on to half hours and the time to start for the incursionists' rendezvous was drawing very near.

Suddenly there fell upon the rifleman's ear the quick clatter of a pair of feet upon the pavement; then there was a bang-bang of the gate; next there was a glimpse of a russet-shod foot as it shot under the wygelia and the jump of a cat to escape a kick; then there was a glimpse of a grocer's boy with a basket as he swung around the side of the porch and down the basement steps; there was next a stumble and a dull sprawling thud—compounded of boy and basket—against the basement door; then quickly followed a loud half inarticulate shouting of "Oh! Golly! Gee-e!"

It took scarcely a moment for the chronicler to conceal his weapon; he made no stop for equipment, but started at once for the mycophagists' rendezvous, where he arrived fifteen minutes too late.

An engagement elsewhere prevented the keeping of the usual watcher's vigil that evening. The next morning—Philomela's second Sunday out—she failed to come for our greeting. Forebodings that some evil mishap had befallen her entered our hearts. The day ran its course without her appearance and our hearts grew sad. Our eyes have never since rested upon her and we mourn her as lost.

If the faithful chronicler had been romancing he might have penned a happier ending, and if he had been a better shot, then in fact there would have been two endings, and the last end in that case better than the first.

It gives me pleasure to say that while I am penning it now, on Thanksgiving Day, the melodious strains of a nightingale have been and are at this moment filling my ears. These are the strains of our Phil, so nicknamed to distinguish him from Philomela, whose companion he was.

This is the ninth yearly recurrence of Thanksgiving Day he has spent with us. His extra feasts for the holiday comprise a double allowance of meal worm—for turkey—and the berries of the Virginia creeper, now plucked ripe, from the vine that hangs upon our front wall—for cranberry sauce.

His strains are expressive of health and of the happiness he feels.

This Phil, I may further mention, was the nightingale that the poet naturalist of Riverby, who writes like an angel and talks like an archangel, heard sing on a bleak November morning three or four years ago.

And it was just after our friend had failed to hear a nightingale's song in his quest for it, as he has told, while on his visit to the country of good old Gilbert White, of Selbourne, our friend's prototype, who knew how to observe and then write accurately of what he had seen, and who never therefore could have been guilty of writing such nonsense as to say that "blood and dreams" or blood and poppy seed would form a mixture fit to nourish nightingales.

THOMAS PROCTOR.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Panther's Cry.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Over the nom de plume Juvenal a writer in your issue of Dec. 16 speaks of the animal known in the Eastern, Middle and Valley States as the panther, and beyond the Rockies as the mountain lion, not as a howling success, but a "screaming terror." I infer from his article that the editor also holds to the idea of "screaming and man-hunting panthers."

I have been hunting in the wilds of the Indian Territory and further west for twenty years, in the haunts of the cat or felidæ family. I am tolerably well acquainted with the great big yellow coward, and have heard many times his "lonesome and deceptive cry." I have no more respect for him than I have for his human counterpart, the Digger Indian. There is no question but he makes a noise, and that to the imagination of those who have been fed "upon the traditions of the past and the lullaby stories of childhood" his dismal cry, especially at night, when alone in the woods, sounds human. Surroundings sometimes change a sound as well as a view. In the first place, the panther, or mountain lion, as it is called further west, is only a larger cousin of the common house cat. Any yellow tomcat is a miniature panther, even to vocal ability, which is abridged only by his smaller anatomy and the mellowing influences of his naturally ferocious nature by the domesticity of his ancestry.

Your purring pet Tabbie, if turned adrift in the wilderness to "root kittie or die," will naturally take to the ways and mode of life of his overgrown relative, the panther or mountain lion. Then his caterwaul, which, when he was prowling around at "the ghostly midnight hour" when living a pastoral and quiet life, produced profanity, bootjack bombardments and insomnia, would cause the ice to form along the spinal column of the timid and belated hunter and convince him that the cry was like that of a "woman in distress."

From my experience "distance lends enchantment to the view" that Juvenal and the editor hold and causes them to adopt the theories of those who said "the panther screamed and attacked man." I have heard the panther at the distance, supposably, of a mile, and when he was but a few yards away, and his cry is a perfect duplicate of the sound Tommie makes when he starts out to "make a night of it."

It is simply a loud caterwaul, and it is the only sound I ever heard one make, except the mewing that is common and often heard to emanate from the fireside pet.

Had Juvenal and the editor been with me three weeks ago they would quickly agree with me that there is no scream in the panther's cry, when all of the cry is heard. I had journeyed further away from camp than I anticipated I would go when I started, and when I had found and killed a good-sized buck I concluded that as night was upon me I would camp and carry my game in in daylight. I hung the carcass up, and in the ravine near it I built a fire, "jerked" some of the juicy meat and made my supper. After having satisfied my appetite, I made a bed of leaves and branches and prepared for a nap. While lying there watching the flames and thinking away up the mountain I heard a "scream," I knew what it was instantly, and knowing the nature and habits of the animal began speculating on my chance of securing his pelt. Possibly every three minutes he would do that scream, all the time approaching my position. As he came nearer the "scream" vanished, and there was the pure tomcat, sleep-destroying sound that every denizen of our cities and villages has of times heard.

The fine treble of the caterwaul at a distance is not heard, only the coarser tones at the end of the "waul" when the distance is too great. As he approaches all the notes of his song are heard and there is not a semblance of the "scream" in it. This cat came up near enough for me to hear him crunching the leaves with his velvet-shot feet, but he was careful not to expose himself to view. He had no business to transact with me, but had come solely for the purpose of dining off the choice venison that his acute sense of smell informed him was there.

He is a great big, cowardly brute, with all the characteristics of the human bully. Like his counterpart, the house cat, he will climb a leaning tree and watch all day for an unwary deer to pass, when he will pounce upon and kill it. Possibly, were a hunter to pass where he was

watching, and the animal did not realize that it was a human being, he would jump and there might be some raiment torn and nether garments soiled. But it would be "hoss and hoss" which suffered the most from fright. He is easily killed, and I think there is no animal that lives in our forest that is as easily disabled as the panther. His flesh is as soft as mush, and I verily believe that one could, with a .22cal. target rifle, shoot the largest of the kind through, from "eend to eend." He is a sneak, and the greatest coward that preys upon our game, and the smallest poodle can frighten him so that he will climb the highest pine. If Juvenal and the editor will put in an appearance about Dec. 1 next at some station on the Pittsburg & Gulf road, I will agree to lead them to a point where a night in the woods will convince them that the panther's scream that our fathers tell about has gone entirely out of fashion. Cut the tomcat's caterwaul in half and listen to the latter part of it and you will have the scream the "ancients" tell about.

"Get close to the bird and the scream is not heard."

J. W. Farrell,
Late Capt. Co. F, 22d Kan., U.S.V

Weir City, Kan.

The Bird Fauna of "The Lake."

At Lincoln, Neb.

A few miles west of Lincoln is a small lake about three-quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide. Altogether it covers probably 200 acres. The banks slope gradually to the water and in most places are scantily covered with short grass and sedges. The water on the average is between 2 and 3 feet in depth. This lake is called either "The Lake," or, in polite society is known as Burlington Beach.

The Lake is semi-artificial and semi-natural—semi-natural in the fact that there always was a natural sink or hollow, in which there was more mud than water, and artificial in that a dyke was necessary to keep the water in. This dyke is only a few feet high and about a quarter of a mile long. At the upper end a short channel connects with the creek and allows the water from the creek to flow into and fill up the lake. The water is very salty and does not support much plant nor animal life.

During the spring and fall migrations of the water fowl The Lake is one of the most attractive spots in this section of the State for the birds. At these seasons there is not a time but when one may see one or more flocks of ducks or geese. Formerly a number of the birds bred in the immediate vicinity, but now there are very few that do. Some of the sandpipers stay till the middle of July and August, but do not nest. Some even stay till the first of the fall migrants arrive from the north.

There is so little concealment for the hunter that the birds find it comparatively easy to keep out of range. Most of the shooting is done from boats or from blinds. The best record for the season just closed was made by two local gunners, who in six afternoons from a boat killed 157 ducks of various kinds. The most for any one afternoon was forty-four. On days when there are few hunters about there are sometimes as many as 4,000 or 5,000 birds on the water in one flock.

The following is a list of the birds collected by myself and other ornithologists in the immediate vicinity of The Lake:

3. Horned grebe—uncommon.
4. American eared grebe—frequent.
6. Pied billed grebe—common.
7. Loon—infrequent.
36. Pomarine jaeger—very rare.
51a. Herring gull—rare.
54. Ring-billed gull—uncommon.
58. Laughing gull—uncommon.
59. Franklin's gull—common.
60. Bonaparte's gull—uncommon.
64. Caspian tern—very rare.
69. Forster's tern—rare.
70. Common tern—rare.
74. Least tern—infrequent.
76. Black tern—common.
120. Double-crested cormorant—rare.
120a. Florida cormorant—rare.
125. American white pelican—uncommon.
129. American merganser—rare.
130. Red-breasted merganser—rare.
131. Hooded merganser—frequent.
132. Mallard—common.
133. Black duck—uncommon.
135. Godwoll—common.
137. Bald pate—common.
139. Green-wing teal—very common.
140. Blue-wing teal—very common.
141. Cinnamon teal—very rare.
142. Spoonbill—very common.
143. Pintail—common.
144. Wood duck—frequent.
146. Redhead duck—frequent.
147. Canvasback duck—frequent.
149. Lesser bluebill—frequent.
150. Ring-neck duck—very rare.
151. Golden-eye wheedler—rare.
152. Barrow's golden eye—very rare.
153. Buffle head—common.
163. American scoter—very rare.
165. White-winged scoter—very rare.
166. Surf scoter—very rare.
167. Ruddy duck—common.
169. Lesser snow goose—frequent.
169a. Greater snow goose—frequent.
169, 1. Blue goose—rare.
171a. American white-fronted goose—rare.
172. Canada goose—frequent.
172a. Hutchins' goose—frequent.
180. Whistling swan—rare.
181. Trumpeter swan—rare.
190. Bittern—common.
191. Least bittern—rare.
194. Great blue heron—frequent.
197. Snowy heron, very rare.
200. Little blue heron—very rare.
201. Green heron—common.
202. Black-crowned night heron—common.
204. Whooping crane—rare.
206. Sandhill crane—rare.
212. Virginia rail—uncommon.
221. Coot—very common.
223. Northern phalarope—uncommon.
224. Wilson's phalarope—common.
225. American avocit—infrequent.
230. Wilson's snipe—infrequent.
231. Dowitcher—infrequent.
232. Long-billed dowitcher—infrequent.
233. Stilt sandpiper—uncommon.
234. Knat—very rare.
239. Jacksnipe—uncommon.
240. Bonaparte's sandpiper—common.
241. Baird's sandpiper—very common.
242. Least sandpiper—very common.
243a. Red-back sandpiper—rare.
246. Semi-palmated sandpiper—very common.
248. Sanderling—rare.
249. Marbled godwit—infrequent.
251. Hudsonian godwit—infrequent.
254. Greater yellowlegs—frequent.
255. Lesser yellowlegs—common.
256. Solitary sandpiper—uncommon.
258a. Western willet—uncommon.
261. Bartramian sandpiper—frequent.
262. Buff-breasted sandpiper—frequent.
263. Spotted sandpiper—uncommon.
270. Black-billed plover—uncommon.
272. Golden plover—uncommon.
273. Killdeer, common.
274. Semi-palmated plover—frequent.
277a. Belted piping plover—rare.
283. Turnstone—very rare.

J. S. Hunter.

Lincoln, Neb.

Mastodon Tooth on Staten Island.

Last summer, while certain improvements were being made in the Moravian Cemetery at New Dorp, S. I., a swamp which occupied a morainal basin was drained. After the water had flowed off the muck of the bog was dug out, and while this was being done there were brought to the surface a number of vegetable and animal remains, which show that this morainal basin long ago contained a considerable pond.

As the excavation went forward, the decaying vegetation of the upper layers of the soil was taken out, and below this was found 5 or 6 feet of fine mud, which contained the trunk and branches of trees. Still below this was a black, sandy silt, stratified, which contained cones and twigs of the white spruce, a tree which at present is not found further south than northern New England and the Adirondacks. Below these cones, and about 23 feet from the surface of the bog, was found the molar tooth of the mastodon.

In connection with the spruce cones already referred to was found a considerable amount of charred wood, presumably indicating the presence of man.

Prof. Arthur Hollick, who announced this discovery to the section of biology to the New York Academy of Sciences, concludes that the deposits now disturbed were laid down in still water in a continuous and unbroken series of layers, and inasmuch as it was in the morainal basin, the laying down of these deposits must, of course, have taken place after the moraine was formed. "The probabilities are," he says, "that a pond was formed in the morainal depression immediately after the recession of the ice sheet, and that this pond was a receptacle for silt, dust and decaying vegetation ever since; the accumulations finally filling it up and converting it into a swamp with a little pool of casual water in the middle."

A Loose Alligator in an Animal Store.

An alligator, 8 feet 8 inches in length, caused consternation among patrons and employees in a wholesale animal and bird store on Market street last evening. The animal attacked one of the employees at a time when several women customers were in the store. Although the cage is strong, the alligator succeeded in forcing the iron fastenings. The employees rushed toward the door, shouting to the customers to follow them. The women became panic-stricken, and several of them had to be carried or dragged from the store. No sooner had the alligator made its appearance than a howl went up from the monkey cages. The alligator started toward a cage in which were two large baboons, and, despite its iron bracing, the reptile's mighty jaws demolished it in short order. One of the baboons attempted to get away, but it leaped directly into the jaws of the alligator, and the next instant its life had been crushed out. The other baboon made no effort to escape, and before the attendants could prevent the reptile had killed it also.

The uproar made by the other terrified animals disconcerted the alligator for the moment, and the attendants, who had by this time been reinforced in numbers, started in to capture the saurian. A noose was thrown over the animal's head and securely fastened. A similar noose was fastened about its tail, and it was securely lodged in another cage. While this was being done the reptile's tail struck one of the employees and knocked him against a plate glass case, shattering it and cutting him on the hands and face.—Philadelphia Ledger, Dec. 6.

An Illinois Gray Wolf.

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The capture of a gray wolf in the vicinity of this city is quite a rarity, and excites considerable interest. Saturday, Dec. 2, while a number of hunters were ranging the woods east of Chatham, about nine miles from here, an undersized gray wolf, evidently a young one, was discovered. When cornered he fought fiercely, and suceeded in killing a hound belonging to one of the hunters, before being captured. The animal was brought to this city, none the worse for his fight, and is now on exhibition in the window of a cigar store. T. M. S.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Museum of Science and Art.

On Wednesday, Dec. 20, the Free Museum of Science and Art of the University of Pennsylvania was formally opened, and the president and Board of Managers of the Department of Archæology and Paleontology transferred it to the provost and trustees of the university. On the same day the Dr. William Pepper Testimonial Committee, through the Hon. Geo. F. Edmonds, presented to the provost and trustees of the university the completed statue of the late Dr. Wm. Pepper, which was executed by Karl Bitter and recently erected on the museum grounds.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Pat O'Brien's Rabbit.

A few years ago a farm in my neighborhood, on which there was some good shooting, changed owners, and naturally I felt like cultivating him in such a way as to still keep my former shooting privileges. He moved on the place in the fall, and a few days afterward I drove along the road and found him husking corn, so I stopped, and introducing myself, asked whether he would sell me some corn. He proved to be a genuine Irishman, one of those good-natured, cheerful fellows who at all times overflow with good nature and ready humor. His face was a map of Ireland, and his brogue was Irish too, and a rare rich brogue it was. After fifteen minutes' talk with him, about various agricultural matters, but none about the shooting, which was really what I stopped to talk about, I started on, but after driving a little ways stopped and said: "By the way, Mr. O'Brien, I sometimes go quail shooting. If I should happen to be over this way some day would you have any objection to my shooting on your lands?"

"None at all, sor. None at all," said he. "Oi want to be a naybur and to have nayburs. Come as often as ye loike an' shoot all ye can foind. Oim not goin' to have any of thim dudes an' town fellies huntin' an me, but Oi don't care for a naybur huntin' all he playses, an' good luck to thim whin they come."

"Thank you," said I, "and do you like rabbits?"

"Sure an' we do. But we've no way av gittin' the craythers."

"I'll see that you have some when the snow comes."

"Thank you sor. Oim thinkin' we can ate all that you'll be able to bring us, said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye that said, "It's shtarvin' we'll be entoirely, if we daypinded on you for mate."

When the snow came I one day wandered across the fields to Pat's, picking up half a dozen rabbits on the way.

"Be the sowl av St. Patrick, but thot's a foine lot of aitin'," said Pat. We have had but wan rabbit the sayson so far, an' it was moighty nigh we came to not havin' thot."

"Tell me about it," I said, for I knew Pat had a story to tell.

"Well," said Pat, "it was the mornin' but wan afther the fallin' av the snow, an' Kelsey Ryan, him thot lives in the village, he was coomin' along the road, and matin' a rabbit track comin' across the road, he follied it, and located it, sittin' undher a bit of grass out in the falde, a short distance frum me house. Kelsey havin' no gun with 'im, barrin' a broom he was carryin', an' Oi do'no what he should be carryin' it for, he called to me to bring the gun and shoot the rabbit, an' me havin' no gun, an' spyin' wan av the nabor byes crossin' the meadow with a gun, Oi called to him to coom over, an' whin he got there, Kelsey said: 'Let me thry wan shot at him wid the broom, an if Oi don't get him, thin ye can shoot him all ye loike.' So Kelsey thried him wance wid the broom, but the spalpeen takin' the brush ind av th' broom, it was no good, seein' th' rabbit was sittin' down dape into the snow, as anny sinsible rabbit would. Thin, whin the rabbit ran away, the naybor bye wid the gun foired at it twict, an' both av the toimes he fired he didn't hit it. Aftherwards the rabbit ran undher my house, and was annybody's rabbit, for nobody cud get 'im. Well, in about two hours there coom a shtrange cat an' got undher the house, an' as Ellen was sittin' forninst the cook stove, nursin' the baby asleep, roight oop through the floor undher where Ellen was sittin', there coom a sound of squallin' an' a bumpin' an' a poundin' against the floor till Ellen dhropped the baby, an' retrated out into the yard, an' she says, 'Howly blazes, Pat, an' phwat is it Oi dunnow.' 'Begobs, an' it's thot dirthy baste of a cat aitin' the rabbit aloive,' sez I. An' perhaps ye won't belave me, sor, but the rabbit come out from undher the house wid the cat houldin' to it wid the fate av him, an' he was aitin' the rabbit wid his tathe as they wint. Do you moind thot big black dog of moine? The wan Dinnis Rafferty, me father-in-law, presinted to me a year agone nixt Easter. Will, the dog was round the corner of the house, beyant where they wor comin', an' the dog scatthered the cat wan way an' the rabbit another way, an' thin pickin' up the rabbit, he was makin' off wid it, till wan of me byes was afther takin' it, but the dog was not for lettin' 'im have it at all, at all, till Terrence took 'im by wan ear an' Michael by another, an' Peter got hould av wan fore fut, an' Dinnis another, an' Jimmy got him by a hind fut, an' Matt by another hind fut, an' little Pat, seein' help was naded an' no other place to take hould, Pat took 'im by the tail, an' wid Lawrie hould of the rabbit, there was such pullin an' haulin' as wud have did your heart gude to see."

Here the story was interrupted by Matthew, who was reading while his father talked. "Daddy," said Matt, "what is a phenomenon?"

"A fanomenon is it?" said Pat, scratching his head. "A faynomenon, Matt? Do you moind the big sycamore three shtandin' down in the meddy?'

"I do," said Matt.

"Well, said Pat, that three is not a faynomenon. D'ye moind the ould cow thot's been on the place for tin years agone?"

"Yes," said Matt, "but wot's that got to do with it? I want to know what a phenomenon is."

"Aisy now, aisy," said Pat. "That cow is not a fay-

nomenon, aither, but whin you see thot cow climbin' thot sycamore three, tail fornists, thot will be a faynomenon."

O. H. Hampton.

On the St. Francis.

To his notes on "Quail Shooting in the Blue Ridge," Mr. Lowry adds:

Since writing the above I have received a letter from a friend who has for a number of years past been trying the birds 'way down in Mississippi. As he mentioned an experience of his near McComb City, where he stopped at a house in which many of the window panes were missing, and upon inquiring of the owner why they weren't replaced, he was informed that "he hadn't time to do it" (although he had been living there about seventeen years), this put me in mind of a little experience of mine in Arkansas which perhaps may be worth telling.

About ten years ago I happened to be in Memphis, and as I heard that there were a great many ducks over on the St. Francis River, about forty miles from Memphis, it did not take me long to get there. Well, I struck it in a blizzard, and found myself lodged at what by courtesy was called a hotel. This hotel had only one room for guests. There were three double beds and a large fire. I have always thanked heaven for that fireplace, for had it not been there I believe we would have frozen to death. Of course there were three or four windows in the room, each and every one of which had one or two panes of glass broken out, and the way the icy wind did whistle and roar through them was a caution. When I came to retire I found that I had five companions, some of them pretty rough looking fellows, none of whom I had ever seen before, and as we were all six of us expected to sleep in the three beds, we paired off accordingly. As I knew pretty well that we were going to have a freezing night of it, I went to bed with all my clothes on excepting my boots, and I believe my companions did likewise. After a useless effort to keep warm, I finally arose and informed my companions that I was going to stand guard and keep the fire going for a two hours' watch, and should expect them to divide up and do likewise, which they agreed to, and in that manner we managed to pass the night. The next morning the landlord appeared, and of course asked us how we rested. As we none of us felt very good, one of our party replied in a pretty grave and surly voice, "Darn poorly."

"How is that?" said the landlord.

"Why, look at those infernal window panes! If we hadn't have stood guard, and kept that fire going all night, we would have frozen to death! Why don't you put some glass in those window frames anyhow?"

"Oh, it's too cold," said the landlord.

"Well, why don't you repair them when the weather is warmer?"

"Don't need it then," said the landlord. "You fellows don't know how to make an Arkansas window pane anyway."

"Why, how do you do it?" asked somebody.

"Why, stuff your breeches in," said the landlord.

In a little while breakfast was announced, and our half-frozen procession wended its way to a little outhouse made of boards, not tongued and grooved, nor sheathed nor battened, and each and every board had shrunk about half an inch from its neighbor, and as the door was left wide open, and neither of the two windows had any sash in whatever, with a temperature of about 20 degrees, we certainly had a cold breakfast. Now it so happened that the flooring of the little room had evidently been laid down green and left to season, and as not a nail had been put in it, the loose boards made rather a shaky floor. As I was trying to swallow some of their corncob coffee and cold pork, I felt a commotion under the floor directly beneath my chair—the loose boards were shaking and raising and falling. Of course I turned to the landlord and calling his attention to it asked him what it was. It did not take him long to enlighten us, for he seized one of those old-fashioned two-pronged forks in his right hand, and leaning over with it he thrust it through one of the cracks in the floor as far as it would go, whereupon there was a tremendous racket, with all sorts of squeals, and the landlord still leaning over and holding the fork which had passed through the floor, lifted his voice and thus addressed us: "Gentlemen, I wish to inform you that I don't allow any darned hawg to scratch his back under this hotel."

Robert C. Lowry.

Paragraphs and Postscripts.

From a Man in Boston.

I passed yesterday a couple of deer and a bunch of partridges and a few duck hung up in the door of a restaurant, and it just gave me a convulsion. It seems as though I must pack off for the Maine woods instanter, but I cannot do it, and thank you for your sympathy, which is about my only consolation, save that I do get Forest and Stream, and out of it, as I have often told you, more comfort and recreation than from everything else that comes to my desk.

His Philosophy.

Wud ye be afther sayin', Denny,
Th' m'anin' uv yer way;
Ye kapes yer dog a-slapin'
By yer fire the night an' day?
Don't yer know he'll live the longer
In th' cowld an' crispy air,
Than snoozin' on yer carpet flure,
An' sheddin' dirt an' hair?

Now, Mike, ye may be spakin' sinse,
An' I be showin' crazy;
Better his loife be short an' swate
Than long and rale onaisy.

E.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

The Big Buck of Witch Lake.

The annual visitor to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan will note a good many changes as the years roll by. Your Uncle Sam's family is increasing in numbers very rapidly, and ere many years more the wilderness will blossom like the rose, and the wild man and wilder animals that possessed this domain a century and a half ago will be known only in history. Some ten years ago the penalty for losing in a game of pedro (a favorite evening pastime in some hunting camps) was that the loser had to take 40 acres of land in that country. Now that land is selling at from $5 to $10 per acre, and cordwood brings $4.25 per cord at Republic. It is only a question of a few years when all the hardwood and pine will be gone from lands adjacent to the railroads and considerable of the land will be cultivated. The soil is thin, but rich and dry. The country is dotted all over with lakes, the waters of which are soft, pure and cool. There are now four families located at Witch Lake, and at Witbec, two miles north, there are a few clearings. A land company is cutting timber here, and there are some lumber camps at points west reached by a wagon road that extends thirty miles through the forest. These wagon roads are corkers. A companion and I took passage on an empty supply wagon returning from a camp on this Witbec road a few years ago, and managed by main strength to stay in the wagon. When it was not trying to spill us out behind as it crept up hill it was either in imminent danger of upsetting or following the galloping horses down hill, every now and then striking a rock or deep rut, from which it would bound into the air a foot or more. On some of these roads, however, one may strike a level stretch that will allay his suspicions and soothe him to drowsiness if wearied from a long tramp or continuous watching; but ere long he will be rudely awakened, for something will rise up and smite him.

We set our tents this year in the little cove at Witch Lake, a place I have partially described in the past. I had for companions my old friends N. H. Gable, of this city, and George Hedrick, of Fort Recovery, O. These two old soldiers are sportsmen to the core, and an outing means something more to them than the simple slaughter of game. We made our arrangements for the trip with less deliberation than usual, not even deciding to go until Nov. 8, and left here at 12:29 A. M. on the 10th, arriving at Floodwood, Mich., at 8:45 A. M. on the 11th. At this station, which is four miles south of Witch Lake, I ran forward and climbed on the engine, so I could select the best vacant camp site and at the same time point it out to the engineer. As I clambered into the cab the train pulled out, and if the engineer and fireman thought me cheeky they held their peace and waited for me to introduce myself and my business.

As we rounded the last curve at Witch Lake I saw that our first choice was awaiting us. The ground was covered with a heavy coating of grass that lay flat and didn't wear through during our stay. We had our baggage unloaded in a cut in a little ridge, and had to carry it only about twenty steps down into the hollow. We had our tent up, baggage inside and fire going before noon. We drove stakes on the outside of a frame of small logs to hold them in place, then filled the frame with earth and set our bottomless stove on this. Thus the stove settled into the earth and prevented fire from escaping, and was elevated to the right height. We made a wide bed in the same manner, except that we filled the inside to a depth of a foot with balsam feathers. We had to turn our bedding crosswise, then use two pieces for the length, lapping them, in order to cover the bed fully. This bed was very alluring. It contained warmth, room, flexibility and fragrance, and was one of the most pleasant dreams of this delightful outing.

> For what care we for all the wealth
> That man can gain by toil or stealth
> When we have lost life's blessings - health and happiness?

It was health and happiness we were seeking—a rest from the worry of everyday business cares—and at the same time a change of air and scenery.

When the camp was put to rights and the afternoon was speeding by we concluded to have for supper potatoes with the jackets on, but, lo and behold! we had forgotten potatoes. In our hasty preparation we had mentioned that we were going to a potato country, and there the matter was dropped. Mr. Layton Jay, with seven companions from Boone county, this State, was in camp nearby, so I called on him to borrow a small measure of potatoes until we could procure some from a settlement or town the next day. He received me as only a sportsman would, and not only met my request, but gave me a portion of the hindquarters of a deer and declined any pay or repay. When Sunday morning dawned I was glad it was so, for I didn't want to do anything but just rest. No so Hedrick. He was hopping around like a pine squirrel, and no sooner was breakfast over than he wanted to see the lakes and woods.

The first week sped by, and although I hunted as faithfully and intelligently as I ever did I neither saw nor heard a deer in all that time. I shot the heads off of three partridges, and could have killed more, but I was licensed to hunt deer, and our camp needed meat. Fowl, though good and all right, wouldn't do in this case. Hedrick and Gable killed some grouse and rabbits, and caught several strings of perch. Mr. Jay's party was getting a deer or two nearly every day. Three or four of the party would go up or down the railroad a mile or so, then follow a trail out into the woods, where they would form a skirmish line. A like party would start a few moments later, turn into the woods near camp, form a line and hunt toward the first party. Sometimes the members of one party would station themselves along the edge of a thicket or swamp, and the other would beat their way through. By invitation, I joined them the latter part of my first week, and got a stand nearest the Michigamme River, at the north end of a thicket. There were plain trails entering the thicket, and fresh sign in the trails. Before four members of their party and I got stationed we heard the other party shooting about a mile down the river, and fully expected to be compelled to kill something to avoid being run over; but, although the fellow who came along on purpose to beat the thicket came my way, making as much racket as possible, all the deer that were jumped slipped out to one side or the other. We didn't get any, and I did not attempt to go with them again, for fear I might prove a hoodoo.

The first of the second week came, and Hedrick said he would go up the railroad three-quarters of a mile and go out east along an old trail. I turned in a trail that left the railroad about a quarter from camp, then hunted north, intending to strike a burned section at a point where a ridge extended into the green open woods. I knew some of Mr. Jay's men had gone up the railroad a mile or more, and might head a deer my way. I struck the place and walked up an old pine log and took a stand on the stump. From here I could see south, east and west, also northeast and northwest, as far as my gun would carry, but directly in front, or north, the ridge was covered with tall, dense brush. I had been there less than thirty minutes, when I heard the report of a gun west of north from me, and about half a mile distant, and a moment later a large buck appeared to the left of the ridge in front of me. He was about 200 yards distant when he came in view and stopped to listen and survey the open woods in front of him. There was too much brush between him and me to justify the risk of a shot, and as the ground in front of him was more sparsely covered and he was headed that way and did not seem aware of any lurking danger I simply took hold of myself and waited developments. But it was pretty trying after a whole year chained to business and a whole week in a deer country without seeing a deer. I had time to recall telling Forest and Stream that I never had had the shakes, and all the time that buck stood there looking into the woods. His range of vision no doubt took in all the woods from the ridge on which I stood to the portion on his right, which he had no doubt carefully scanned before he came to the point where he stopped. It might have been the elevation, or my old green coat, or just my change of luck that kept him from discovering me and darting back behind the brush-covered ridge. When he did move he did what I was waiting for—he simply walked straight ahead until his body showed in the open, and then I bleated and brought him to a sudden stop.

Three seconds later, as my gun roared his death knell, he whirled and bounded off behind some standing timber, and I got only a momentary glimpse of a gray and white streak. Though I was ready for another shot in an instant, before the smoke from my gun scattered he was out of sight and hearing, and as I strained my eyes and ears I said half-aloud: "Is it possible that I missed him?" He had time to run about half a mile, when I heard from that direction three shots in rapid succession, and then I was more than half convinced that I had missed him. I stood there on that stump for fifteen or twenty minutes, hoping against hope that another one would come my way, and all the time reproaching myself for bad shooting, bad luck or anything that caused me to lose that big buck. For a big one he surely was, though I sized him up at fully 150 yards.

But most things have an ending, and when I had lectured myself as much as seemed justifiable, I slid off the stump and down the hill, going around a hollow or basin some 30 feet below the line the ball from my gun made, and reached the spot from which the buck had disappeared. By careful search I found three hairs or parts of hairs. I knew then I hadn't missed him, and started on his trail with renewed interest. I had gone but a few steps before becoming convinced from the zigzag, irregular trail and overturned chunks of wood, broken brush, etc., that the buck had been hit hard, and within 200 yards of where he had stood I found him dead. And now I saw for a fact that he was a big one; and I also saw that what I had been condemning myself for as a bit of bad shooting was in reality the very thing I had aimed to do. My ball had struck exactly where I intended, a little above the center of the left shoulder, ranged downward and lodged against the skin of the right shoulder. I stood looking at the big fellow lying there until I had recalled the whole transaction, and then soliloquized thusly: "Well, that's another of those unexpected occurrences that don't repeat themselves."

When I had the buck ready to hang up and was cutting the first fork Hedrick came in sight, and I changed my plan and proceeded to peel bark and cut two small poles to make a litter. At first Hedrick demurred. He said we would never carry that buck to camp whole. "Hain't he a big one!" was his exclamation. The hunter who scared him up and shot at the streak came along, and after looking him over and telling how big he looked as he went out of sight left with the parting remark that we had a job on our hands.

But we got him out to the railroad and were lucky enough while resting to attract the attention of two young woodchoppers who were passing. They wanted to see how heavy he was, and their curiosity, coupled with good nature and willingness to lend a helping hand, made light work for us the remainder of the way. Gable had heard of the kill from the other hunter, who had gone on to camp, and met us near the railroad to carry our guns. Gable, by the way, had rheumatism in his right shoulder to the extent that it was not only very painful, but made the shoulder so lame as to be almost useless. It prevented his shooting, and annoyed him a great deal in fishing and managing a raft that he and Hedrick built on Witch Lake. But, like Barkis, he was willin', and more than once declared this the finest outing in his experience.

When the buck was hung up at camp the word reached the settlement that the big buck had been killed, and Messrs. Gibbon, Spencer and their wives came to see him. Should these lines meet their eyes I trust they will pardon me for the reference. Mr. Gibbon said he had been on the trail of this fellow, but had not got sight of him. Mr. Shellman and wife, and our neighboring camp of hunters also came, and the lowest estimate of the weight of the buck was 250 pounds as he hung. From the complimentaries on the kill, especially by

our lady callers, I was led to infer that there was more honor in capturing one big noble looking buck than a number of ordinary deer. But again I recalled that when last camped on this spot, and I killed seven deer, among them a fine 12-point buck, we had no lady callers. I skinned out the forequarters, recovered the ball, and have further proof of what a .38-40 Winchester can do. The hole in each shoulder blade was almost an inch in diameter, and one blade (I don't remember which) was split over half of its length. I give these incidents for the benefit of such of your readers as they may interest. As for me, when the chase is ended the story is finished. I don't enjoy the butchering part, only so far as it proves the success of an exciting or skillfully consummated bit of sport.

A couple of days later, on my return from a morning hunt, I found the camp shrouded in mystery. I was certain something unusual had happened, but asked no questions. Gable and Hedrick had been fishing and were sitting near the stove. Gable had torn his pantaloons below the knee, and finding nothing better with which to patch them had used a portion of a canvas bag, and to hide the contrast had rubbed the patch with a piece of charcoal. But that wasn't what made him fidget on his camp-stool and look at Hedrick several times before speaking. Finally he blurted out: "Let George see it." Hedrick arose from his stool, and going to the side of the tent brought up from behind his trunk an old game sack, and out of its innermost recess took a fish over 30 inches long, and laid it on the ground. Looking up at me, he asked: "What kind of a fish is that?" Then I laughed, for I saw the point. Seeing that my companions thought it no occasion for levity, I answered "a lawyer." Neither of them had seen a lawyer fish, and were afraid they had taken something the law protected, yet it was such a prize that they were holding it for identification. They said they had baited their hooks, and run their poles in the muck in the lake, and expected to have some more lawyers in the morning. The following morning Hedrick went to Floodwood to get tickets stamped, and order checks for baggage preparatory to leaving for home that evening, and I went out with Gable to get the lawyers. Sure enough, there was something tugging at two of the lines, and we hauled in two more lawyer fish, one over 30 inches, the other about 24 inches.

This brings me to the evening of our outing; but before closing I want to mention seeing a good many fresh scrapes and horning of bushes. I brought home a section of a cedar bush that had been horned only a short time. I don't know at what time the deer up there shed the velvet, but my opinion is that a great deal of the horning and scraping I saw on this trip, which began Nov. 10 and ended Nov. 24, was done long after the velvet had left the bucks' horns.

And now adieu to Witch Lake. The land is finding owners that appreciate its fruitfulness, and the wilderness alone has any claims on the non-resident. Possibly when the autumn of 1900 is a thing of the present, I may be so fortunate as to find an asylum in a wilderness where I can commune with nature and not feel that I am disturbing some land lord's cattle. The friendship of the settlers I have met in the deer woods is so genuine that it should be respected.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Massachusetts Game Interests.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The convention of sportsmen held here yesterday was representative of the sentiment of the State. The meeting was called at the Copley Square Hotel, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, and some thirty delegates were present. Among the speakers were President George W. Wiggin, of the Association, and Mr. A. D. F. Kinney, of Worcester, who said:

"I am here to-day at the head of a delegation from Worcester with a dozen men interested in the matter. Our proposition is a unit. It is this, that something must be done to protect what few birds we have, and that something must be done speedily. What we believe is that the sale of game must be prohibited. [Applause.] We go still further, and believe that the season should be shortened. [Applause.] We believe that the month of December should be included in the close season. It is a fact that the better class of sportsmen of Massachusetts have been making an effort for the last twenty-five years to make this outdoor recreation of hunting a popular one. They have given their money and they have given their time for the accomplishment of this end. It is a common thing for a young man to be seen with a gun, dog and hunting suit, and society does not think it strange. Society recognizes the fact that he is out for a healthy moral recreation. Men of my age have been trying to make that kind of recreation popular. Instead of young men spending their time in billiard halls and similar places, they can go into the woods, which they could not do if the recreation was not popular. We have also made it popular for young men to shoot at the trap. We have improved their arms and their legs and they have taken to this recreation so well that there is nothing more left to attract them into the brush.

"But they are not guilty of the destruction that has been going on for the last few years and depleted the game birds. Another class is responsible. It is the class that is so expert that it can kill more game in two days than a young man of the other class can kill in an entire season. They are induced to do that for the few dollars they can get. It may be said that foxes, skunks and other vermin are responsible for the decrease of game. That is not true. In Worcester county, twenty-five years ago, there were as many skunks and foxes as there are now, and there was more game in the covers twenty-five years ago than there is now or has been since. I have positive knowledge that there is not one bird where there were twenty or twenty-five that number of years ago.

"We have simply accomplished the almost total annihilation of the bird. Now we should begin at the root of the evil instead of lopping off the branches, as we have in the past. Many will say prohibition of the sale of game cannot be accomplished. I have no sympathy with that statement. I know that right with right men behind it will prevail. It is morally right to protect the game and induce young men to get out into the covers and enjoy this moral recreation."

Mr. Kinney's views were seconded by Capt. J. W. Collins, of the State Commission; Mr. L. F. Herrick, of Worcester, and Jno. W. Adams, of Rutland. A committee of five, consisting of Messrs. A. D. F. Kinney, J. R. Read, H. S. Fay, G. H. Palmer and C. C. Munn, prepared a set of resolutions, which ran as follows:

"For the purpose of effecting a general organization of all associations in the commonwealth interested in the protection of fish and game, insectivorous birds and forestry, we recommend the adoption of the following:

"That each association in the commonwealth choose one delegate to represent it, and form a central committee with full power to act in securing legislation and taking such other steps as are necessary, and that H. H. Kimball be asked to act as secretary until said committee is organized.

"We recommend open season on rabbits, squirrel, woodcock, ruffed grouse and quail, to commence Oct. 1 and end Dec. 1, and that close season on Mongolian pheasants be extended five years from Feb. 15, 1900.

"We recommend that the sale of all game birds, excepting water fowl, be prohibited.

"That the laws be amended so as to provide suitable fishways to permit the passage of food fish to their spawning beds.

"That the central association use means to secure all funds to bring these measures before the Legislature and secure their passage."

The Association will continue its effort to enlist the co-operation of individuals and societies throughout the State and the outlook is for a strong movement this winter to secure the amendment demanded in the resolutions.

Quail Shooting in the Blue Ridge.

EVERY year when the air gets clear and fresh and the white frost glistens upon the grass in the early morning, my mind begins to dwell upon the brown fields and sedge grass and cover in which my little friend Bob White hides himself; and as I have not seen the little fellow for many a long month, my heart warms toward him, and I begin to look about for a place in which I may find him most abundant. Well, of course, there is but one thing to do, and that is to consult the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, and tucked away in a little corner thereof I found a few lines telling of the Hotel Wheeler, located at Hendersonville, in western North Carolina.

Now it so happened that I had a lot of business to attend to almost in that very section of the country, business which called me to Asheville, and as I found Hendersonville was only twenty-two miles distant, as soon as I had attended to business I took the train, and on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 25, 1899, I found myself safely delivered at the railway station at the charming little town.

Of course I supposed that the Hotel Wheeler was like almost any hotel in these North Carolina mountain points, and my surprise was great when I found myself in a perfectly new house with every modern convenience. The hotel is a new creation, and commenced business only last summer. It is located on a hilly site on the outskirts of the little town of Hendersonville, and has a most charming view of the distant mountains from its piazzas. Hendersonville is some 2,600 feet above the sea, and is frequented by the aristocracy of Charleston, Louisville and Cincinnati, as is evident by the charming villas and country houses which one finds located in every direction, not only in the village itself, but for miles away in the surrounding country, and indeed no more charming place, no stronger air, nor purer water can be found anywhere than in this beautiful rocky region of western North Carolina.

Well, let us go back to the quail shooting. I found that mine host, Mr. Wheeler, was a first-class shot and a capital sportsman, and as he possessed two fine dogs, Nellie and Flora, it did not take us long to perfect our plans for a daily hunt for quail.

Of course, being a mountainous country, all the farming is done in numerous little valleys, which are visible everywhere, and which are watered by the coolest, clearest of rivulets that I ever saw. The fields have been planted in corn, wheat and rye, affording abundant food for the birds, which are indeed plentiful. So bright and early on Monday morning the team was ready for Mr. Wheeler and myself, and after a delightful ride of some five or six miles we entered the fields and put the dogs to work. As Mr. Wheeler knew where every covey was located, this was a great advantage to us, but somehow or other we thoroughly hunted through several large fields without finding a bird, at which I became greatly discouraged; but we found later on that some boys with rabbit dogs had been ahead of us, which accounted for the absence of the birds. But, by and by, I having gotten tired with tramping so much, Mr. Wheeler announced that he would take the dogs and see what he could find, so away he went, and I seated myself upon a rock by the roadside and lit a cigar and waited for developments. It was not long before I heard from Mr. Wheeler, and there away across the valley I could see the pointer Flora stationed upon the hillside pointing a covey of birds. Of course I didn't lose much time in endeavoring to reach her, but I had gone but a short distance when I found my passage barred by a wide and deep creek, which was bridged by a single log. Now if there is one thing that I never could do in all my life, it is to walk a log across a stream. I never yet failed to fall in, no matter how big the log was, or how small; and as the embankment was fully 10 feet high and the water very deep, I stood aghast, and finally determined to wriggle across. Now, for a man as stout as I am (I weigh 220 pounds) to attempt to wriggle across a log by sitting down upon it and letting one's self up by one's hands a few inches at a time, is by no means an easy task, especially when one is in a mighty big hurry to reach a covey of quail, and although the distance was only about 25 feet, it did seem as if I should never "get there." However, I "got there" at last, and then commenced a galloping over the cornfield. Brother sportsmen, did you ever try to run through a cornfield in which the corn stalks were standing up and lying across your track? If so, you know what that kind of business is. But finally the cornfield was behind me, and I found myself away up against a ditch about 3 feet in width, the other side of which was a very rotten board fence surrounded and protected by barbed wire, and worst of all, this fence, instead of standing up straight, had toppled over toward the ditch, and there I was in plain sight of the dogs and the covey of birds, and my friend urging me to hurry forward. I rushed up and down the fence and the ditch trying to find some available place to get over. At last I discovered a partly detached board on the bottom of the fence, and by wrenching it off and scratching and digging a hole underneath, dog fashion, I managed to get under, much to the amusement of friend Wheeler, who was convulsed with laughter at the way I made the sand fly.

But through all this delay there stood the faithful pointer hard and fast upon that covey, but it didn't take us many minutes to flush it, and as we both made doubles we were well satisfied. The birds flew up the mountain sides, and Wheeler followed them, and as fast as he flushed them they flew back again, and lit along the ditch banks so that we had no little sport then and there.

Well, luck seemed to be coming our way, for it wasn't long before we found another covey, and during the three or four hours' shooting that we had, we found ten coveys of birds and bagged thirty-two quail. We ought to have had fifty birds, but somehow or other both of us seemed to lose our grip and shot very badly. Now why is it that almost all sportsmen will have certain "off days" in which even the best of shots can hardly hit the side of a house? Is it the light, or one's nerves, or what is it? I might go out into the fields to-day and would make the finest kind of a bag and hardly miss a shot, and again to-morrow it would seem as if for hours I could hit nothing.

Well, every day for the next three or four days, the weather was delightful, and Wheeler and I tried the different meadows and valleys with which that country seems to abound, and we found them all full of birds. They certainly are plentiful, and ten to fifteen coveys a day can easily be found with a pair of competent dogs.

If any of my fellow sportsmen, readers of FOREST AND STREAM, want a most delightful spot, both as to an abundance of game, comfortable hotel and charming country, I think that Hendersonville cannot be surpassed, and as I have had some experience with the summer climate of these North Carolina mountains I think it is highly probable that I shall pay them a visit during the hot months. I know that all of my Northern friends seem to think that to go South in summer time is to court a hot climate, but I can assure them that the climate of the mountains of the Blue Ridge of North Carolina at those high elevations cannot be surpassed in summer time, that is, if one wants dry, bracing air, cool nights and no flies or mosquitoes whatever, and fine speckled trout fishing.

ROBERT C. LOWRY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Shooting with the Saginaw Crowd.

(*Continued from page* 489.)

On the second day at Grassmere the weather proved still cool and cloudy, and not badly adapted to hunting purposes. The party paired off much as before, less Mr. Huumphreys, who was obliged to return to Saginaw on the morning train. Mr. Mershon and I again shot together, but as he also was obliged to go home that evening, his train leaving about 4 o'clock, we arranged for a short day, and visited again the country over which we shot on the day previous. We too had proof enough in our own experience of the fickleness of shooting fortune. As on the previous day we had shot in exceptionally good luck, killing practically every decent shot we had; to-day the reverse was true, and we did some very patchy work indeed. First point was won by the setter Queen, and Mr. Mershon gave me the shot. I missed with the first barrel, and my friend killed the bird an instant later. We went on into a willow thicket, and again saw Queen pointing. This bird rose full in view of both of us, going up very high to clear the thicket. Mr. Mershon nicked it with his first load, and I turned it over with mine an instant later, Mr. Mershon's second barrel again catching the bird. He was sure that it fell stone dead, but from my vantage point I could see that it lugged off and fell more than 100 yards further on. In this case old Bob's invariable success at retrieving received its first setback, for search as we might we never found this bird at all. At about the place where I thought it was, Bob began to road, and supposing that he was about to pick up the bird, I let him get a bit too far ahead, and another grouse went out ahead of him, out of my reach.

This was the beginning of our bad luck, and to make a sad story short, I may say that we lost two other grouse that day which were cut up and fell at no great distance. We had less than a dozen birds in our pockets at night, and our shooting reputation was only saved by a little piece of work which we did on a bevy of quail. These birds were put up in the thicket by the dogs, and alighted at the edge near some grass. They went up rapidly, and out of seven which rose we killed six in very short order. After that Mr. Mershon killed a couple of grouse, long, hard shots in heavy cover. We went home that night rather crestfallen, though we did not find any one of the party with success very much better than our own. Still, by this time every one was bringing in the birds, and the arch over the door of the old car began to have quite a sporting look with the long festoons of grouse and quail which were hung up to cool in the chilly air. Jake and Harry again played their parts nobly, and at night the trials and disappointments of the day were forgotten. The Saginaw Crowd has just as good a time in the round up at night as it does scattered over the country in the day time.

The Third Day.

The shooting not proving so good at Grassmere as was anticipated, the car was dropped down to the south and stopped at Akron early in the morning of the third day. Here a half-hour later we were again met by Mr. Mershon, who came on the up train. On the evening previous we had been joined by Dr. Sumner, of Rochester, N. Y., who was to prove a very desirable companion, and one of the fittest to join this shooting company.

At Akron we were in the hands of our friends. Dr.

Sumner and Jack Morley dropped off and hunted back the track, and Dr. Cross and Mr. Briggs, as usual, made a quiet and modest hunt, but a local merchant by name of Mr. Cook took out the party, excepting Mr. Mershon and myself, who were taken in charge by two young gentlemen of the town and escorted a couple of miles out into the country. These young men had not any dog, and we all four shot together, with what results may be imagined.

This was not what Mr. Mershon or myself would call a red letter day, for bad luck seemed to stay with us. To begin with, old Bob began to crouch and run a trail which we were sure meant partridge, but Queen, in a very unladylike way, ran in ahead of him and put up two birds. A little later she retrieved herself by pointing nicely near a log, and a partridge went out, which I killed. A hundred yards on, she pointed stanchly once more, and one of the young men and myself divided on this bird. We next went after quail and got a bevy scattered on dry leaves, on which we all did very bad work, sometimes all missing the same birds, and sometimes all shooting into it—a very sad state of affairs. We had less than a dozen birds between us when dusk came on, and Mr. Mershon and I started on foot for town, the others going to a farm house nearby for the team. We had walked nearly to town in the dusk, when, looking back down the road for the team, I saw a bunch of birds closely packed fly across the road toward a little stubble field. Against the sky line they seemed as large as prairie chickens, but I knew they must be quail. We hurried across the fence and in a moment were among them. With very good luck, we knocked down five out of six shots, almost in the dark, Mr. Mershon killing two very long shots indeed, but we lost two birds in the hurry, and so we finished our walk and our day of somewhat monotonous ill fortune.

Arrived at the car we found that everybody else had had good luck. Dr. Sumner came in with five partridges in his pockets. He was weary and footsore, having had to walk more than five miles from the point where he had struck the railroad. Jack Morley had, if I remember correctly, three partridges and quite a little string of quail. He complained bitterly of his poor shooting, and said he had seen birds enough to have made a fine bag. The Cook party brought in a lot of quail and reported fine sport, though the birds were mostly marked down in hard swamp country. Mr. Cook said that he had fired thirty-five shots during the day, and all the others reported plenty of excitement. The game piled up in the middle of the floor of the drawing room that evening made a goodly show. And then, I ween, a dark frown sat upon the features of Billy Mershon as he realized that he had not been in it. "We'll move the car to-morrow further down the track," said he. "I'll take you into the country above Guilford, and we'll get plenty of quail, even if we don't seen any partridges." There was some demur to this from those who had had good luck in Akron, but it was finally decided to make the shift the following morning.

The Fourth Day.

The fourth day dawned clear and pleasant, and we set forth to do or die. The plan was to hunt from the little station where the car had stopped in parties much as above indicated, with exception of Jack Morley, Dr. Sumner, Mr. Mershon and myself. Jack Morley went back over his country near Akron, coming down on a later train. Mr. Mershon, Dr. Sumner and myself dropped off the car about four or five miles above Guilford, where the conductor obligingly slowed down for us. Dr. Cross and Mr. Briggs as usual kept close at home, and for them I may say they had better luck than any of us, their bag being eighteen birds, more than any other two guns brought in that day. Mr. Harvey and Mr. Geo. Morley began to pick up in their shooting and added a handsome bunch of birds to the strings. Jack Morley had his pockets bulging when he joined us. Mr. McCarty had been obliged to go home.

The little party of three of which I was a member had a most enjoyable day, and I must say I never was out with two better shooting companions in all my life, my only complaint against them being that they shoot too well to be in my class. We found this country an open farming country, and ideal in its appearance for quail, though we put up only three or four bevies during the day, these, as usual, taking to the thickets after the first rise. Dr. Sumner took his pointer and went around one edge of a bit of wood, while Mr. Mershon and myself followed Bob in the opposite direction, Queen having been left at home on this day. Presently we heard a couple of shots and soon after saw Dr. Sumner motioning us to come up.

"Did you get any?" said Mr. Mershon.

"Only two," said Dr. Sumner, calmly. He was about the coolest, calmest man I ever did see. It was with this same calmness that he explained to us where the birds were marked down. They seemed to have run together at once after lighting, for they went up wild ahead of the dogs, and all in a bunch, Mr. Mershon scoring the only chance, a long shot to the left. We marked them again among some old logs, but the birds flew very wild and were hard to handle. Even Mr. Mershon missed one, but an instant later Dr. Sumner cut down one under what I called the hardest sort of conditions. The bird sprang directly in front of him and crossed back, very high and dropping swiftly. To kill this shot one must hold far below the bird, something which few people have the nerve to do. Dr. Sumner did the trick handsomely and put the bird in his pocket as calmly as if he were used to doing that sort of thing right along. I got one shot here and managed to stop my meat.

After that things became a little confused. The wind was very high, and shooting was difficult, the quail putting up a game that day which was hard for both dogs and men. For my own part, I went entirely out of even my usual bad form, and fain would draw veil over the occurrances that followed. I don't believe I averaged one quail in three shots. The old stagers who were with me were much steadier, and the unruffled Dr. Sumner continued to put bird after bird in his pockets, each time with a deprecatory cough as though he were really apologizing for shooting so well. Indeed, I think he owed me an apology, too. The Doctor and I shot together most of the day, and indeed toward evening were quite separated from Mr. Mershon. All through the day we had more of the hard luck which had followed Mr. Mershon and myself. It seemed as though the quail were phantoms, and when we knocked them down they would disappear even before the noses of two as good field dogs as I ever saw. We lost during the day eight birds which we knocked down and did not find. Once Dr. Sumner's pointer, after trailing the bevy down wind for fully 200 yards, gave us a splendid point, out of which we got a fine bevy rise together. We knocked down four birds, which fell on naked blue grass sod, yet we never picked up but two of them, the others being crippled and escaping. The balance of this bevy we marked in a little clump, and Dr. Sumner going in killed two in the heavy cover. I crippled one and missed one as they came out of the thicket, and Mr. Mershon wiped my eye handsomely on one of these from his station at the fence beyond. He then knocked down a second bird, which fell in plain sight on the blue grass, but this bird too got away, and we began to lose faith in all mundane things, for Bob had never allowed this to happen in all his days before, and Dr. Sumner's pointer is also usually safe to locate what comes down. At this warm corner Dr. Summer proceeded to stop another bird, which had run along the fence, and he and Mr. Mershon divided honors on a 40-yards stop on a bird which made back toward the heavy cover.

We drew a good many blanks after that, until later in the afternoon, when Dr. Sumner found another bevy, which he marked down scattered along the edge of a swamp. Here I fear I spoiled part of his pleasure. His pointer made a beautiful point and the Doctor stepped up to take a picture of him with the kodak which he had brought along for that purpose. Thoughtlessly stepping to one side in order to cover the bird should it go up, my action caused the dog to turn about, and the bird rose from between his feet. As the Doctor had laid down his gun, he could not shoot, and I killed the bird, though I had spoiled the picture. The Doctor took this very calmly, and with equal calmness he wiped my eye four or five times within the next hour on some singles which we got scattered in an open wood. Here we lost Mr. Mershon, and practically wound up our day's shooting. It was dusk when Dr. Sumner and I got back to the car. I think he had just under a dozen birds for his day's work, Mr. Mershon and I being much less fortunate. Others reported that more birds were found right near the car than further out in the country.

This closed the hunt for me, and indeed for most of the party, as the car ran into Saginaw that night. This, however, was chiefly for coal and provisions, for on the following morning some of the gentlemen pulled out north again with the car, bound this time for Omar. I am sorry to say that the latter trip was hardly more successful than those reported above. I never had a more delightful time in my life, and it would be a privilege to shoot with the Saginaw Crowd even if one got nothing at all, but it could hardly be said that we had very heavy shooting on this occasion. We took an inventory on the car before we reached Saginaw, and discovered that the entire party had brought in 154 quail and 30 partridges. This seems like a pretty big pile of game, if you see it all together. Yet it took eight guns the best of four days to make the bag, and during the time I do not think any one man bagged a dozen birds on any one day. As in this party there were some wing shots as good as any in the land, it may be seen that the supply of birds was none too good on this country. The Omar trip was practically a blank. Yet the car was not to cease its wanderings, but was kept in commission for the best of the following week, Mr. George Morley especially being emphatic in his assertion that he was out for a week's quail shooting and he intended to have it. By later letters from Saginaw, I am advised that two or three other points were visited, and that finally they did get some fairly good shooting, though not so good as they might have expected it a couple of years ago. Mr. Mershon, who was making positively his last appearance when I left him at Saginaw, managed to sneak out again, this time for better results. On one day he hunted Queen alone, and she made him nineteen points with only one flush, and he killed eleven partridges and six quail. He got one bunch of four partridges and killed all four. Therefore, I may say that our ill success of the earlier days was fully avenged. Dr. Sumner also had some sport after I left the party, one day four partridge and eight quail, and I am advised that George Morley completed the ruin of the gabardine suit with which he started out, and added many quail to his string before he decided that his hunt was over.

Such are some of the nearby wanderings of the Saginaw Crowd, all of them business men, all of them sportsmen, and I may faithfully add exceedingly hard men to leave behind, whether as shooters or as hosts.

The Founding of St. Louis.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 10.—There is a certain interest, which increases as one gets into the habit, of prowling around in the ancient history of familiar places and things. As I have sometimes mentioned, I have found considerable pleasure in reading about the beginnings of that country which we call the West. When one is forced to study history as a schoolboy, it goes against the grain; but the history habit, once taken up from choice, is quite a different thing.

Perhaps a good many of us are in the habit of dating everything in America from the Fourth of July and the Revolutionary War. It is popularly supposed that the American settlements were then in what we now call the East, and it is getting very fashionable to write novels located in the Revolutionary period and Revolutionary territory. As a matter of fact, however, there was a West even at the time of the Revolutionary War, and a West whose drama was so vivid that no one has yet needed to write fiction about it. The progress of the French settlements westward along the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, and thence into the Mississippi Valley, began nearly three hundred years ago. The upper Mississippi Valley was taken by the French, while the mouth of the Mississippi, which would naturally have belonged to the early Spanish explorers, was juggled from hand to hand between the French and Spanish. Meantime, between the French on the north and Spanish on the south, there drove in that wedge of Anglo-Saxon civilization which never retreats from a country it has once occupied. Thus our Boones and Kentons and Wetzels pressed West until they reached the country midway on the Mississippi River and came into ground part French, part English and still faintly Spanish. That is to say, it had had this mixed complexion at a date long before our Revolutionary War. Already there had begun the opening of that great Northwest country later to be known as the Louisiana Purchase. The genesis of the American trapper and fur trader may thus be seen to clearly antedate the Revolutionary era.

If in the popular mind the Mississippi River be indissolubly associated with the idea of a mighty commerce, so is the Missouri River equally suggestive of a land of Homeric adventure. Sometimes I trace out the course of that crooked stream upon the map, figuring in my own mind the different points where I have crossed it, and then thinking what those places must have been a hundred years and more ago. Perhaps not every one may remember at first thought that the city of St. Louis, the gateway of that old Land of Great Adventures, the valley of the Missouri, was founded before the Revolutionary War. It was holding on in the even tenor of its way as a growing trading point in those troublous days after the Revolutionary War when the Americans living west of the Alleghany Mountains were figuring on starting one or two new republics of their own, and when Gen. Wilkinson, once of the American army, was intriguing with the Spanish commandant at New Orleans to hand over the whole Ohio Valley, to be added to the provinces of Spain. Gen. Wilkinson seems not to have been a gentleman, but a gent. He did not arrive.

Now, as to the founding of St. Louis, supposing that this beginning of the Northwest seems as interesting to everybody else as it does to me, we are to imagine the French up the Mississippi River, the Spanish down the river, and the English claiming the east bank of the river. The French were in temporary control in Louisiana, and in 1762 a gentleman by the name of D'Abadie was Director-General. They had a great way in those days of giving exclusive rights to some fellow to trade or hold lands exclusively, over a territory bigger than all outdoors. M. D'Abadie farmed out the exclusive trading right with the savages of the Missouri and "all nations residing west of the Mississippi River" to a company formed under the name of M. Laclede Ligueste, Antoine Moxan and Company. If these gentlemen had had a notion of what this Western country was going to be, they would probably have felt sorry that they could not hold it all down. As it was, they were satisfied to begin with the building of one modest little settlement.

M. Laclede Ligueste was advance agent of the company, and he went up the river on Aug. 3, 1763. He arrived in Illinois, Nov. 3, 1763. Meantime, by one of the pleasant little changes of the time, France had ceded to England all the settlement on the Illinois side of the Mississippi River. On the Missouri side of the river there was only the settlement of St. Genevieve, and here Laclede could not get a house big enough to store his trading goods. Making temporary arrangements at Fort Chartres, on the Illinois side, Laclede set out to look for a town site of his own, and after canvassing all of that country he settled upon the site where the city of St. Louis now stands.

This was in the month of December, 1763. Laclede's companion in this search for a townsite was a young man named Auguste Chouteau, ancestor of the prominent Chouteau family who are still citizens of St. Louis. My friend Mr. Horace Kephart has sent me a little pamphlet showing a part of the ancient "Chouteau Narrative," describing how the settlement of St. Louis was made. Laclede blazed some trees with his own hand and laid out the lines of the town. He and Chouteau then returned to Fort Chartres to look after their goods. In February, 1764, they went back with boats and men to the townsite. On March 14, 1764, the men actually went to work, first building the shed for a store room, and then going on with their cabins.

These first builders were much bothered by Indians, of whom numbers came and camped around the growing settlement, but the latter were finally induced to go away, and after they had left, a few families, with women and children, came from the other French settlements on both sides of the river and settled at "St. Louis," as this settlement was now named in honor of Louis XV.

Meantime, other matters were shaping themselves to the gain of the embryo city. The treaty of 1762 had given the Illinois country to England, and orders went out from the Governor-General of Louisiana to M. de Neyon de Villiers, who was then Governor of upper Louisiana, or Illinois, to evacuate all that country. Neyon was an odd genius, and he thought he would cut something of a swath if he went down the Mississippi with a big retinue. So he told pretty much all the French folk around these upper settlements that they would better move out and go down the river into French territory, where they would be free from the English and could live as they liked. A great many people left the old Illinois French settlements and went down the river with him, in spite of the advice of Laclede, who understood what the little game of Neyon was. By this time there had been another change of affairs at New Orleans, and that country was now in the hands of Spain, so the unfortunate families who had followed Neyon down the river were much worse off than if they had stayed where they were. Nearly all who were left up the river listened to Laclede, and Fort Chartres and the other little setlements thereabouts were practically abandoned by the French, who all moved over to the new town of St. Louis. And there you are.

Ten years before the War of the Revolution we were doing business out here in the West, and we have never stopped from that time to this. This was the beginning of that epoch of our Western life when the trapper and the hunter were typical figures of the poplation. From that time to this the glory and the charm of those wild, free days have never faded.

An Early Game Dinner.

Mr. Charles Hallock, writing from Washington, D. C., incloses to me a newspaper clipping bearing date of Dec. 2, 1886, and describing the menu of one of the erstwhile famous game dinners given by John B. Drake, of the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago. Although this was thirteen years ago, it was the twenty-first annual game dinner given by Mr. Drake. The menu certainly ran the gamut of our Western game, and was as follows:

Blue Points. Soup—Venison, hunter style; game broth. Fish—Trout, black bass. Boiled—Leg of mountain sheep,



Supplement to Forest and Stream.

CALLING THE BUFFALO—I.—THE LURE.

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CALLING THE BUFFALO—II.—THE DRIVE.

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CALLING THE BUFFALO—III.—THE FALL.

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Drawn for Forest and Stream by E. W. Deming.

ham of bear, venison tongue, buffalo tongue. Roast—Loin of buffalo, mountain sheep, wild goose, quail, redhead duck, jack rabbit, blacktail deer, coon, canvasback duck, English hare, bluewing teal, partridge, widgeon, brant, saddle of venison, pheasants, mallard duck, prairie chicken, wild turkey, spotted grouse, black bear, opossum, leg of elk, woodduck, sandhill crane, ruffed grouse, cinnamon bear. Broiled—Bluewing teal, jacksnipe, blackbirds, reed birds, partridge, pheasants, quail, butterball duck, English snipe, rice birds, redwing starling, marsh birds, plover, gray squirrel, buffalo steak, rabbits, venison steak. Entrees—Antelope steak, rabbit braisé, fillet of grouse, venison cutlet, ragout of bear, hunter style; oyster pie. Salads—Shrimp, prairie chicken, celery. Ornamental dishes—Pyramid of game, en Bellevue. Boned duck, au naturel. Pyramid of wild goose liver in jelly. The coon out at night. Boned quail, in plumage. Redwing starling on tree. Partridge in nest. Prairie chicken en socle. Among the guests was Long John Wentworth, who had been present at the first dinner, thirty-one years ago.

At the above dinner Mr. Hallock was the guest of honor, and he makes the following comment, with some description of his earlier wanderings, which show him to have been something of an old-timer himself:

"This is interesting especially to me, as I was a guest at the third of these game dinners, which was given at the old Briggs House in Chicago in the early fall of 1858. I think it was about Oct. 1. Don't remember the exact date. I had just returned from northern Minnesota, having footed it all the way from St. Paul to the Red River of the North. Buffalo meat was still possible at the date of the twenty-first annual dinner in 1886, though becoming quite scarce. I was Mr. Drake's guest of honor, as my trip was considered quite an adventure. I wrote it up for Harper's Magazine same year. There were no settlement north of St. Joseph, except a Catholic Indian mission, then located twenty miles from St. Cloud, and ninety-five miles north of St. Paul. Indians were somewhat troublesome even then, but did not break out until the massacre of 1862. After the insurrection was suppressed thirty-six of the red ringleaders were hung at Shakopee at one time. A friend of mine on the frontier lost his wife and family during his absence from home—all tomahawked. He afterward evened up with the Indian by bayoneting him and taking his entire scalp, ears and all. This specimen came into my hands later on, and after some years I donated it to the Long Island Historical Society of Brooklyn, where it is now. Quite a curiosity."

An Operatic Singing Mouse.

Mr. Earnest Seton Thompson, the well-known naturalist and artist, writes me regarding an operatic singing mouse, which seems to have annexed itself to his menage: "Since last I wrote you, an operatic singing school has moved into our rookery. To-day our Erse domestic remarked: 'It's just wonderful how that there singing mouse has improved since the operatic school tuk the lower flat.'"

Dog in a Bag.

You see all sorts of funny things in a city. This morning as I was going down to my office I saw a woman carrying a rat terrier. The air was sharp with the first cold wave we have had, and the woman had inserted the dog carefully into a paper bag, out of which its head protruded very comfortably. This was really not at all a bad idea, as any one can testify who ever wore a paper vest.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

New England.

BOSTON, Dec. 23.—The big-game season on the Megantic preserve was a good one. Mr. L. Dana Chapman, secretary and treasurer, finds that fully 100 deer were taken on the lands of the preserve during the open season by members and invited guests. Partridge shooting was the best for years, with duck shooting good. It will be remembered that the fishing season was a particularly satisfactory one, and the club management is doing everything possible to keep the fishing up, and even to greatly improve it. Mr. Chapman himself has made a late trip to the preserve, and has landed more salmon there than any other member, or anybody else in fact. He landed 5,000 there on his last trip, though it was in the midst of the close season. They were little fellows, however, and landed into the waters for restocking. Mr. Chapman then went over to Jo Merry Lake, and was fortunate enough to have just the right fall of snow the night he arrived. But the next morning was Sunday, and legal close time. In the afternoon he was out with his guide. Soon they saw what the guide at first pronounced to be a cow moose in the thicket, but turning about it proved to be a big buck deer. This one was located, and early Monday morning Mr. Chapman had him. The next day he shot another, and was much pleased with his trip. Good tracking snow did the business.

The weather is against the pickerel fishermen in this State. Not a particle of ice, and little signs of any. The water is also very low in the pickerel ponds. Christmas day the fishermen cannot have their usual sport fishing through the ice. But some of them are bound to try. They have provided themselves with "bobs," and will set their lines from boats. The line is attached to the float or bob by means of a little lever that projects from one side. Nearly opposite this lever is attached a little flag. When the fish is on and pulls the lever down the flag is up. Indeed, all the jerky motions of biting and swallowing the bait are communicated to the flag, and those who follow the flags with a boat say that the sport is really more exciting than ice fishing. A big pickerel will run with bob and all, and often the pursuit with the boat is very exciting.

The ponds in Maine are generally frozen over, though the larger lakes are not, and although the water is very low, some good catches of pickerel are being made A couple of fishermen went from Lewiston to a pond in Turner the other day and returned with forty-one pickerel. They claim that the very low water makes the pickerel more hungry. The Winthrop and Monmouth ponds have scarcely been frozen over sufficiently strong for pickerel fishing, though some ice fishing has been done, with good results.

SPECIAL.

The Minnesota Indian Case.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you the text of the decision of our Supreme Court in the Indian hunting case. It is almost a reversal of the former decision in the Selkirk case. Our able Attorney-General, W. B. Douglass, fully believes with Justices Mitchell and Start, and says the decision will not stand. Of course, the Attorney-General had nothing to do with prosecuting the case; that was done by Mr. Donley, the attorney of the Game and Fish Commission, who, when the verdict was against him, ought to have moved for a rehearing, but instead let the matter drop. I believe with the Attorney-General that when a chance is presented to again try a similar case the verdict will be as Messrs. Mitchell and Start have written it. F.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, SUPREME COURT, OCTOBER TERM, A. D. 1899. No. 18.

State of Minnesota, Appellant, vs. Al Cooney, Defendant; Julia Selkirk, Intervenor-Respondent.

Syllabus.

While the State authorities have a very extensive jurisdiction over the territory included in the White Earth Indian reservation in this State, held, the tribal Indians on the reservation have under their treaties with the United States, and the acquiescence of the State for over thirty years, a license to hunt and fish on the reservation in their usual and traditional manner in order to procure food for themselves, notwithstanding that the State laws prohibit such fishing and hunting.

Order affirmed.

Opinion.

This is an action of replevin for the meat of fourteen deer. The action is brought in the name of the State by authority of the Board of Game and Fish Commissioners, under the claim that such meat was in the possession of the defendant after five days after the close of the open season, contrary to Sec. 14, Chap. 221, L. 1897. Julia Selkirk intervened, and in her complaint of intervention alleges that at the time of the seizure of the game under the writ of replevin herein, such game was on the White Earth Indian reservation in this State, and she was in the possession of the same and the owner thereof; that she is an Indian by birth and a member of one of the tribes of Chippewa Indians dwelling on said reservation, and was both at the time of the seizure of said game under the writ and at the time she acquired the same, authorized by the United States to trade and barter with the Indians on the reservation. That during the time when the killing and possession of deer is authorized by the laws of this State, certain tribal Indians lawfully belonging upon the reservation killed the deer thereon and during such open season, bartered the same to her, and that she held the same for the purpose of bartering the same to the Indians on the reservation and of supplying the children attending the Indian school thereon with meat, and that no part of the meat was ever removed or intended to be removed from the reservation except by plaintiff under said writ.

Plaintiff demurred to this complaint on the ground that it does not state either a cause of action or a defense, and appealed from an order overruling the demurrer. In our opinion, the order appealed from should be affirmed. In Selkirk vs. Stephens, 72 Minn., 335, we had occasion to go into the history of the White Earth reservation. The territory covered by the reservation ceased to be Indian country in 1855, as it was in that year ceded by the Indians to the United States, and the laws of the United States and of the Territory of Minnesota were then extended over the ceded lands, which remained in that condition until after Minnesota was admitted as a State in 1858, and until 1864, when a new treaty was made with the Indians, and 1867, when another treaty was made, whereby these ceded lands were set apart as a reservation, and the Indians have since resided and maintained their tribal relations upon the same.

We are of the opinion that while under those circumstances the jurisdiction of the State authorities over the territory covered by this reservation is very extensive, it is not so extensive as to enable the State authorities to destroy or impair the efficacy of the guardianship of the United States Government over the Indians, or destroy the effect of the treaties of the United States Government with the Indians. To prohibit the Indian from fishing and hunting in order to procure food for his own consumption, would undoubtedly impair or destroy such efficacy. He is less vicious, more contented and more easily controlled when he is allowed to follow his traditional habits.

He acquires the habits and learns to follow the pursuits of civilized man but slowly. By compelling him suddenly to break off his old habits and attempting to compel him to form new ones, he becomes a loafer and a vagabond, both dangerous and criminal, who is a menace to the safety and well-being of all the civilized communities in the vicinity of his reservation. The State has without objection for more than thirty years permtted the tribal government to exist within its borders on this reservation, and we are of the opinion that the State cannot at this late day do any act which will practically destroy that government. Though they are both connected with the Federal Government, the tribal government and the State Government are rather foreign to each other, and the rights as against each other, of governments foreign to each other, usually grow up out of acquiescence and traditions. We do not wish to be understood as holding that as between the State Government and the tribal government, tradition and acquiescence will have any such an extensive effect as it will between governments wholly foreign to each other; but still, we think such tradition and acquiescence as between the State Government and the tribal government may have sufficient effect to give the tribe a license to hunt and fish within the boundaries of the reservation, as this peculiar right is practically indispensable to the maintaining of the tribal relation.

By the course of things for more than thirty years, it must be inferred that the United States Government assumed that the Indians had a right to hunt and fish on the reservation, and the State Government has acquiesced in that assumption. It is said in U. S. vs. Halliday, 3 Wall, 407 (419): "In reference to matters of this kind, it is the rule of this court to follow the action of the executive and other political departments of the Government, whose more special duty it is to determine such affairs. If by them the Indians are recognized as a tribe, this court must do the same." After thirty years of the mutual recognition by both the Federal and State governments of the right of these Indians to do something so essential to their tribal relations, we are of the opinion that the courts should follow this mutual recognition and hold that while the title to all the wild game is in the State, the Indians have a license to hunt on the reservation in their usual and traditional manner in order to procure food for themselves. In Selkirk vs. Stephens, supra, we held: "This limitation of the power of the State does not arise from the fact that the laws of the State are not operative upon this reservation, but it grows out of the personal relations of such Indians to the general Government. They are its wards, and under its guardianship and control, and the State may not interfere with or impair the efficacy of such guardianship."

The Federal courts have strongly maintained the right of the Federal Government to prevent any action by either the State or the private citizen which will impair the efficacy of the guardianship of the Federal Government over its Indian wards. See U. S. vs. Halliday, supra; U. S. vs. Boyd, 42 U. S. App., 637; the Cherokee Nation vs. Georgia, 5 Pet., 1; Worcester vs. Georgia, 6 Pet., 515.

The two latter cases are instructive and much in point here. Georgia was one of the thirteen original colonies, and clearly from the time of the treaty of peace with England (if not from the time of the declaration of independence) to the time the United States Constitution took effect, Georgia had jurisdiction over the Indians within her borders if any white man's government had such jurisdiction. But notwithstanding that, it was held in these two cases that such jurisdiction devolved on the United States Government.

But if this game was killed or was being held, not for personal consumption by the Indians on the reservation, but for sale or disposal to persons other than the tribal Indians or for shipment off the reservation, then such game is not protected by the license of the Indians to hunt in their traditional manner, and may be seized by the State authorities whenever this can be done without interfering with the person of the Indian in whose custody or possession the game may be, even though it is so seized on the reservation. Whether the game here in question is protected by such license would ordinarily be a question for the jury, and cannot be determined on this demurrer.

CANTY, J.

Order affirmed.

Mr. Justice Collein and Mr. Justice Buck concur.

Dissenting Opinion.

I am unable to approve this opinion.

It seems to me that in view of the history of this so-called reservation given in Selkirk vs. Stephens, 72 Minn., 335, the only logical conclusion is that the State has full and complete jurisdiction of the territory, and that the right of the Indians to kill game upon it is subject to all the game laws of the State. It may be that the remedies of the State for the enforcement of these laws are incomplete so far as the persons of the Indians are concerned; but, if so, it is not because the laws do not apply to Indians, but because of the exclusive guardianship of the Federal Government over tribal Indians on a reservation.

This, however, would not stand in the way of the State reclaiming its own property.

I do not see any sufficient basis for the position that by tradition and acquiescence the State has given the Indians a right to hunt and fish unrestricted by its game laws. Game laws were in force when the Government placed the Indians on these lands. If the State has in years past failed to enforce these laws as to Indians, the same is true as to white men. But if there is any such traditional license it does not extend beyond the right of an Indian to kill game on reservations, irrespective of State game laws, for his own personal consumption as food. It certainly cannot extend to the right to kill or keep game in violation of the law for the purpose of making it an article of commerce and sale. It is not the policy of the United States to perpetuate the tribal relation among Indians. On the contrary, its object is to induce the Indians to abandon their tribal relation and adopt the habits of civilized life as soon as possble. The only interest the Government can have is to preserve for their Indian wards such rights as are essential to their existence while they do maintain the tribal relation. In view of the fact that tribal Indians who have not adopted the habits of civilized life are accustomed to depend largely on the fruits of the chase for their food, it may be necessary that they should be allowed to kill game for that purpose on their reservations all the year irrespective of the closed season under State laws. But there is no necessity that they should be allowed to kill it for the purpose of sale to others. It is a matter of common knowledge that these Indians realize very little from the game which they sell, and what little they do realize is quickly squandered. The idea of these Indians buying game from those who keep it for sale will cause a smile of incredulity on the part of those who know them best; but even if they do sometimes buy it, it is the Indian who kills and sells the game, or the trader who keeps it for sale, and not the Indian who buys it for food, who is benefited. If an Indian has the money with which to buy venison he is able to buy beef or some other article of food with his money. I know of no more effectual method of depleting game in both Indian reservations and the adjacent country than to hold that they may kill it for purposes of barter and sale, or that traders may buy and keep it for sale during the closed season.

As far as I would be willing to go is that conceding, without deciding, that a tribal Indian has the right to kill game on this so-called reservation during the closed season for consumption as food by himself and family, this is the limit of his right; that the right does not extend to killing or keeping it for sale, even to other Indians.

MITCHELL, J.

I concur in the views of Mr. Justice Mitchell.

START, C. J.

A California View.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

A SYSTEM of game laws has been gradually developed in this State which might be correctly designated "A Code for the Encouragement of Poaching." Every step in its development has been taken under cover of the pretense that it was necessary to save game from extermination.

The American theory regarding wild animals at large—whether birds of the air, beasts of the field or fishes in the waters of the earth—is that the ownership is invested in the public, and as common property may be captured or killed at will. It also presumes that game is a source of subsistance upon which all classes can draw without favor. To prevent the wanton destruction and extermination of game closed seasons have been established when its capture is prohibited. To that extent game laws are beneficent and necessary.

But under the pretext of protecting game from annihilation legislation has overreached itself and laws have been enacted which operate strictly in the interest of the wealthier classes in the community and solely for their pleasure. Through the agency of these laws clubs have been organized for sporting purposes only, and the game of the State is fast being reserved for them. Their preserves extend over wild and uncultivable land formerly accessible to everybody, gamekeepers have been installed to exclude every one except club members, and poaching has, as a natural consequence, followed and been stamped by the courts as a crime.

The latest legal device for the encouragement of poaching has been introduced under the plea that it is a necessary police regulation for the common good. Never was a greater fiction grafted upon any code of laws. The ordinance which has been adopted by a great many counties in the State, Santa Cruz joining the list last Saturday, prohibiting the shipment of game elsewhere for sale, presumes that the killing of game as a pastime and a luxury for a class is no offense, while its slaughter for food for the common people is a crime. Another incentive to poaching has thus been introduced into our game laws.

We are now drawing the lines between the rich and the poor in our game laws, nearly if not quite as sharply as they are defined in the Old World, where the former have a monopoly of nearly everything that runs or flies or swims, while the latter, to gratify the appetite, must resort to stealth and poaching, which was once a capital offense. Only one step more needs to be taken to put our game laws on the same plane as those of Europe, namely, making it unlawful for any one to carry a shotgun without payment of a license.

Nothing can be more obnoxious to the American mind than class legislation. The State Constitution directly forbids it. Yet the sportsmen's clubs seem to have invented a police regulation which overrides the Constitution and gives privileges to one class of citizens denied to all others.

Assuming that the public interests require the preservation of game the State and national reservations and the public lands will always serve as preserves. Laws prohibiting the killing of game on the reservations and during the seasons of propagation would clearly meet all requirements for saving wild animals and set up no class distinction. Beyond that it does not seem possible for the State to go without drawing class lines and encroaching upon individual rights, unless the law of trespass can be so amended as not to include wild land in private ownership incapable of cultivation, entered upon for the shooting of the game temporarily occupying it. With such a system of game laws the encouragement of poaching would be reduced to a minimum.

Consul-General Turner's Moose.

OTTAWA, Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed in your issue of Dec. 9 an effusion from Mr. W. W. Hastings, of Jersey City, in which he refers facetiously to my big moose.

Now, my good friends Hastings starts off by saying: "I know Consul-General Turner. I stopped for three years in Waterbury on my way south to New York." It took my friend Hastings a long time to get from Waterbury to New York, as he stayed "three years in Waterbury," and the distance is only eighty-eight miles. For heaven's sake what was he doing, if he was on his way to New York, to stay three years in Waterbury? I don't blame him for staying there if his objective point was Jersey City; and the only fault I have to find is that he did not stay there for good instead of finally landing in the home of the mosquito.

I presume friend Hastings has been shooting mosquitoes in Jersey (not to mention craps), and has come to the conclusion that that is the largest game there is. I don't blame him for thinking so, for I have not heard that he has been out of New Jersey for some time.

He refers to the fact, or rather implies, that "Lo the poor Indian" was "under the influence" when he estimated the weight of my moose as 1,800 pounds. I am very sorry to say I did not have any of Hastings' "Jersey lightning" with me; if I had any of it I presume I could have got the Indian to say that it weighed 2,800 instead of 1 800 pounds. I cannot take very long paces myself, consequently I got the Indian to pace it for me, and as he said 420 yards, I took his word for it as to the distance at which the moose was killed.

This moose, as Mr. Hastings would like to imply, was not a contorionist. He was not standing on his head at the time he was shot, but he stood on his head immediately after. The heart was not in the moose's mouth, for no doubt the moose had enough presence of mind to swallow it; neither were his shoulders up near his mouth, as Mr. Hastings would imply. Our friend, the moose, had his heart in the normal place, and it only goes to show that Mr. Hastings is entirely ignorant of the anatomy of the moose when he asks how it went through his shoulders and heart at the same time. I can only say to friend Hastings that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and if he will only come to Ottawa and be my guest while he is here, I will show him the head and antlers of the "1,800-pound moose," and if he does not say it is the biggest moose head that he ever saw, I will make him a present of the cheapest Waterbury watch I can buy.

Come up, Hastings, and I will show you some hunting, or rather tell you the locality to go where you can kill something larger than the Jersey mosquito, and give you the best time that you ever had in your life while you stay in the Ottawa district.

I will say to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM that it will give me much pleasure to send as soon as it is mounted a photograph of the head of the "1,800-pound moose" with the full measurements of it.

In conclusion to Mr. Hastings, I am sorry to say that the Government does not supply me with a range finder. I presume that Mr. Hastings would need no range finder at forty rods. They don't keep any "Jersey forty-rod" up here, but if he would send up a little of the kind he can recommend I should try it on the Indian if it wasn't against the law.

Doesn't it seem like another case of the pot calling the kettle black for a life insurance man to question the veracity of even an Indian? C. E. TURNER.

Two Men of the Early West.

Ruxton and Williams.

DENVER, Colo., Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Dec. 9 Brother Hough, in his article entitled "Chicago and the West," gives considerable information about two quite celebrated characters in this Western country in the early part of its history; namely, George Frederick Ruxton and Bill Williams. I judge by Mr. Hough's review of Ruxton that he had read only one of the latter's books, namely, "Life in the Far West." Ruxton published two books. His first was an account of his earlier experiences in this region of country, and the one above mentioned was largely written by some one after his death. The reference to Ruxton's early life is correct. He had been educated for the English army; came to America at the beginning of our war with Mexico, and landed, probably, at Vera Cruz, Mexico. He went up into the interior of Mexico, and apparently was engaged in observations upon the campaign then going forward. He entertained at that time an exceeding contempt for the United States, in the belief that it was oppressing and unjustly making war upon Mexico, a weaker power. Of course, he was not conversant with the provocation or the circumstances which brought about the war. His comments upon the course of the United States were very partial, and unfavorable to this country. He did not remain very long in the neighborhood of where the fighting was going on, but headed northward, passing through Chihuahua, at about the time General Price, with his command of the American army, was moving southward in and through that State, and he seemed to apprehend unpleasant experiences if he should happen to fall into the hands of General Price's forces. However, he made the journy safely and worked his way up as far north as where the city of Pueblo is now, in this State. After some delay at that point, which was a frontier trading post of very little importance, he traveled up the Fountaine-qui-bouille, to the foot of Pike's Peak, where the city of Manitou now stands. He tarried there for quite a time in the winter season, and very narrowly escaped capture by the Indians, who were searching for him, but he managed to keep out of their sight. Soon afterward he made his way eastward across the plains to St. Louis, Missouri, and from there went home. His sentiments toward the people of the United States had greatly changed in the meantime, and apparently he left the country with only the best of feeling for Americans. He was not satisfied with this one visit, but planned to return to the United States for a more thorough exploration of the country, and began making his preparations accordingly. A year or two later he came back, and made his way through the Northern States from New York to St. Louis, where he set about gathering material for his book, quoted by Mr. Hough, entitled "Life in the Far West." While engaged in this work, and after making very satisfactory progress for a time, he was taken ill with typhoid fever, and eventually died in St. Louis, leaving his enterprise unfinished. Some one came into possession of his notes, and carried out his undertaking, in, perhaps, what might be considered a very successful manner. Mr. Hough has probably used the sentiments and labor of this last author, and credited them to Ruxton. If he will read Ruxton's first book, he will find that the early part of it, at least, differs very greatly from the latter part, and from the second book.

This brings us down to old Bill Williams, the second character who appears in Mr. Hough's article. Ruxton's second book gives a good review of Williams' personal history, the major portion of which was probably gathered by Ruxton himself. He gives a report of Bill Williams' death, stating that he was killed, according to his information, in the northern part of what is now called North Park, which he also refers to as called by some of the mountain men, "New Park," and I presume the story is faithfully told by Ruxton. North Park, or "New Park," or, as it was also called, the "Bull Pen," is in the extreme northern edge of Colorado, its northern boundary just touching the State of Wyoming. It is drained by the North Platte, or the North Fork of the Platte River, which heads in North Park, flows northward into Wyoming, to nearly the heart of that State, then turns eastward, uniting with the South Platte in western Nebraska, thence flowing almost due eastward to its junction with the Missouri River. Williams was one of the earliest mountain men in this region of country of whom any definite history remains. He seems to have been a very active energetic, venturesome man. This is proven by the fact that more streams, mountain passes and other localities were named for him than for any other of the early mountain men. In the early modern settlement of this region, including the whole mountain frontier from Yellowstone Park south to Mexico, the name "Williams," or "Bill Williams," was found in all sections of the country, generally applied to some stream, mountain, pass or trail. These names are now being lost, succeeded by other names, but quite a number of them are still remembered and used. But Williams was not killed in North Park, as stated by Ruxton. When Fremont made his last expedition across the mountains in the late forties, he organized his party at St. Louis, afterward adding to it as he traveled westward through the country. At St. Louis he applied to Philander Simmons, an account of whose death was published in the FOREST AND STREAM only a few weeks ago, to accompany him as a guide through the mountains. Simmons declined, telling Fremont that it would be very hazardous to travel through the mountains during the winter, which was Fremont's intention. After failing to secure Simmons, he next went to Williams, and secured him as his guide. Williams led the party along the old Santa Fé trail and up the Arkansas River to the edge of the mountains. Williams advised Fremont to remain at the foot of the mountains until the snow melted; but Fremont was determined to push forward. With great labor, they crossed to the Sangre de Cristo Range, to the San Luis Park, traversed that through deep snow to where the Rio Grande emerges from the main range, and thence followed up that stream to the mouth of Embargo Creek, which enters the Rio Del Norte from the north. They turned up the creek and traveled as far as they could go for snow. There they remained, until all of the animals either died from hunger and neglect, or were killed and eaten by the men of the command. When conditions became almost hopeless, Fremont sent Breckenridge, one of his most trusted men, and three or four other men of the command, to make their way to the Mexican settlement in Taos Valley, to secure assistance, if possible, to succor the expedition. Breckenridge and his men suffered great hardships, but finally reached the Mexican settlement, losing one man, and immediately following them came the remainder of the command who were still alive, with Fremont at the head. The following spring, as soon as they could well make the journey, Bill Williams and several men were sent back to recover whatever they could of the personal effects which had been left when the camp was abandoned. Williams made the journey, and had begun his task at the "Starvation Camp" when the little party was attacked from ambush by Indians, and all were either killed or wounded except Williams, who escaped with a pony, and after traveling some miles, and up to the edge of the forest near the line of timber growth, encamped. After dark, while sitting by his camp-fire, he also was fired upon by the Indians, and was killed. Later in the season, when the Fremont party returned to their abandoned camp, they found the remains of Williams seated against a tree near his camp-fire, where they had been placed by the Indians. They also found, leaning against the tree, beside the body, a rifle, which was recognized as having been given by Williams some years before to a chief of the Southern Ute Indians. The theory of the Fremont party was that the Indians had killed Wiliams without knowing who he was, and that when they came to examine the body they discovered his identity, and left this rifle, which had been given by him some years before to one of the party of warriors, by his remains as an evidence of their respect for him. This is the account of Bill Williams' death, given by Breckenridge and also by Simmons.

Two years ago last fall Breckenridge was invited to attend the "Festival of Mountain and Plain" in this city, and came as the guest of the Festival management. Arrangements were made for a party, including the Governor of the State, to go, later in the season, to the head of Embargo Creek, to examine the condition of the "Starvation Camp" of Fremont fifty years before. Breckenridge was to meet the party at Del Norte, and accompany it as a guide, the party to include photographers and newspaper men to the number of six or eight, in addition to the Governor. It was expected that a good deal in the way of history of the Fremont expedition could be gathered, and it was the hope of the party to find the grave of Bill Williams, under the guidance of Breckenridge. Before the time arrived for setting out on this expedition, however, the great miners' strike at Leadville compelled the attention of the Governor at that point, and others of the proposed party were also engaged in duties pertaining to the strike, so that the expedition was necessarily postponed. Before there could be another opportunity for making it, Breckenridge returned to northeastern Missouri to visit the friends of his early years, and was there taken sick and died. Simmons died recently, and I do not know that there is any one now living who is familiar with the ground, or knows anything about the scene of Fremont's great defeat, or the death of Bill Williams. There is a son of Breckenridge yet living in this State, but he probably knows nothing about the Fremont expedition. A son of the Southern Ute Indian, to whom Bill Williams gave the rifle which was found beside his body, is yet living, and is prominent in that tribe of Indians. It is not likely that he knows anything about the circumstances pertaining to the subject of this sketch.

As an indication of the popularity of Bill Williams among his old mountain associates, I will mention a circumstance that occurred in 1859, soon after the settlement of what is now Colorado by the white people. A convention was called in the summer of '59 to take preliminary steps toward the organization of a State. It was made up of delegates from all of the settlements of this region, and among them were some of the old-time mountaineers. When it came to a discussion of names to be suggested for the State, there were proposed among them Montana, Idaho and others, and the name "Bill Williams" was strongly advocated by a delegate from the Arkansas Valley, near Bent's old fort. Of course no such idea could be adopted by the convention (the name Jefferson was afterward adopted by the convention because of President Jefferson's identity with the acquisition of this Western part of the United States—the Louisiana Purchase), and I speak of it now simply because it illustrates the admiration for Bill Williams among the early traders and trappers of this mountain region.

WM. N. BYERS.

DON'T SHOOT
until you SEE your deer—and see that a deer and not a man.

Sea and River Fishing.

Tenting at Ragged Rapids.

IN the vicinity of Pittsburg there is a happy trio who, with wives and families, have spent many sacred days in the Muskoka and Severn River regions. The other day the leader in all our wildest adventures, when he heard we were wasting time playing billiards, swimming in the natatorium and doing other silly and trivial things, as he thought, expresed his disapproval. "Why will you waste time on imitations when the real sport may be had afield? Don't you know gray squirrels are frisking among autumn leaves? Don't you know rabbits, quail and pheasants are ripe for the harvest? Come with me and Doc Walker. Follow our good dog Don, and find out for the first time what real sport is. If there is one drop of the real thing in your sluggish veins it will be set tingling as a princely grouse goes out with a rush and a roar that would scare a Boer. Don't you know, Jim, I'd rather fire at and miss one of those noble birds than haul in the gamiest 25-pound muscallonge that ever fought to a finish his last battle in those chilly North Country waters?"

Ah, George, I am afraid you are very like the Dutchman who, when called upon to decide which is better, beer or wine, said, "Vich you got most of." I remember your supreme delight when camped on the tranquil Severn River. Don't you remember the thrill that came when you hooked that 15-pounder at the foot of the roaring Ragged Rapids, and you and I as well saw the princely fish swing himself fully 5 feet out of the water; and the iridescent sheen of silver and gold flashed and scintillated in the August sunlight, and when he came down with a resounding crash your smoking reel screamed as exultingly as the eagle that carries to the beetling crags choice morsels for the waiting eaglets? Don't tell me that you would have dropped that rod and fish to have gone 25 feet back in the woods to shoot a barnful of pheasants, each one of the size of an albatross. That lusty 'lunge still carries his coat of mail through the foaming waters of the Ragged Rapids; but the look that came to your face when a straightening bamboo announced a lost cause was one born in the very triumph of defeat. I think that you would still turn your footsteps aside from a cover wherein grouse and quail frequent to do battle with this Goliath of the Ragged Rapids.

Has George forgotten the day when half-way between Rat Island and the East Shore he ran on a snag in the way of a 15-pound muscallonge, that dashed in and out and up and down and came into the boat vanquished but fighting still? and the triumphant yell that came from the fisherman's throat may find its echo running around those encircling bays yet, if it has not since died away in silence. To emphasize the bigness of the fish he gave it to his small boy to carry home, that its great forked tail might trail on the ground, while its head played hide and seek over his left shoulder. There are other tricks than those of "Ananias' art" in the angling trade. Does George remember when the wear and tear of those Laurentian rocks wore away the leather soles so that his feet fell through his shoes, and like the bravest hero at Valley Forge he went forth daily to do battle with bass, pickerel and muscallonge, and never a complaint? For the delights of this Severn River region are very seductive, and few who visit there are not ensnared by



"LONGING FOR A 'LUNGE."

its manifold charms. Don't you remember the good-natured Rosselle, and how days spent with him were enjoyed? and days bereft of his kindly companionship seemed lost days. When he first arrived in this delightful angel land he said to me, "You know that I don't care anything about fishing; don't care anything about it and don't care to learn. I'll lounge around and rest and read while you fellows fish." I am reminded of Goldsmith's swains:

"Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray."

I felt sure that if some old-time blackened and bronzed bass would get at one end and this selfsame Doctor at the other end with the gentle tie that binds a light silk line and slender steel rod—the electric thrills would come trooping up that line and down the rod, and on down his spinal column, and a glorious conversion would follow, and it did. He first tried his hand at angling where the murky waters of Grass Lake pour a wealth of worms, bugs and other marine life into the lap of the Severn River. Where the fish came to feed we came to fish. I soon saw that a bass was nosing around Rosselle's bait, and in due season he struck, set the hook, and the battle began. The line fairly twanged with the strain as the fish telegraphed himself through the water, and the reel fairly screamed as if afraid the prize would not be taken. With a wild rush the fish dashed 2 feet clear of the water, and we saw for the first time the princely proportions of the gamy bass. Here is where the Doctor was converted. He yanked that struggling bass into the boat with the same zest that a hungry goat munches tender celery tops. From this time forth the Doctor went after the fish hammer and tongs, wisely concluding that if he had a life a little longer than Methuselah's he might waste some vacation days in his declining years in reading, especially when too old and rheumatic to get into a boat. That night he entertained us all with the triumphs of the day, and as he bade me a cheery good-night he added, "If you're waking, call me early."

At an hour so early that it seemed to me the middle of the night, he ruthlessly dragged me from a warm, comfortable bed down over grass, every blade heavy with dew and every weed and branch a shower bath. When I sat down on the boat seat I fancied I sat on a watering trough. As we moved from our mooring a white, silvery mist muffled the landscape a mile deep. As we rowed up the river the coming god of the day sent his dutiful daughter Aurora to weave with yellow mesh a gauze of



"IT WAS A LIKELY LOOKING PLACE."

shining gold around every floating gossamer of dew and with deft fingers she cast the shuttle of light forth and back, changing the hue from yellow to gold and from gold to crimson and purple, and the big pine tree at Bowers Bend stood bedecked with jewels and ornamented as for a Christmas for the elusive sprites of the woods. From behind this curtain of crimson and gold smiled forth as lovely a landscape as any angler may ever hope to see. The contour of the river and rock came up through the mist and we watched the charm of its coming as eagerly as the photographer watches the outlines on the dry plate after the developer is on. The river bends itself into long reaches of gentle curves, and at the big bend, where long lines of overhanging trees adorn either side, the river slips under the bridge and glides away only to lose itself in the softly pictured wood where Monahan's big pines stand like giants silhouetted against the sky. What a peace came to us that morning as we basked and dreamed in the quiet of the river. Gentle reader, you of disturbed rest and troubled life—you upon whom the burdens of life rest heavily—you who are weary of hand and heart and brain, why don't you seek some lonely Canadian River and let its gentle spirit of rest and quiet be upon you, and you will experience a freedom from worry and care that the "lotus eaters" never knew.

Amid such charms I admit it would have better harmonized with our finer feelings to have loosed the captive fish in our livebox, and to have given the fish food and drink, but nay, verily, we had brought along a basket full of succulent worms packed in moss, and we picked out them of most tempting figure for our first cast. At home we are wont to despise the worm, but up here where bass govern the Dominion and supreme courts adjourn in his honor, blessed, yea thrice blessed, is the man who has brought along a barrel of them. He will have every angler for his dear friend with whom he is willing to whack up his worms. For be it known that a big, fat, juicy worm with a rich, red belt around the waist is the bait par excellence for Ontario bass. We trolled up and down a swift current and found the sport fine. In the swiftest water we got the pickerel, and in the eddies below found plenty of waiting bass. Again and again we hooked bass and pickerel, getting some and losing more, for in swift water you must strike quick, and in so doing lose many fine fish.

I caught two pickerel all scarred and cut, and so weakened that there was very little fight left in them. Some of the wounds were a good half-inch deep. I have taken many pickerel in this region with old-time scars and a dozen or more with fresh ones. I once saw a very large 'lunge chasing a belated pickerel, and fancied this was the cause of many of the scars; for the muscallonge is the shark among other fish, often attacking bass as you haul them in. Just above this current I hooked a fine bass of a pound or more, and hauling in, a musky disputed my right to this fish, and as a result I added a 10½-pound 'lunge to my list of prizes.

As we float down the current, Rosselle suggests breakfast; but I hate to neglect duty "when bass are jumping crazy for the fly." Lusty-lunged Lige with a big conch shell chased echoes up this river for two miles, announcing breakfast, and the supreme pleasure reflected in Rosselle's face showed that in imagination he was already feasting on ham and eggs, hot cakes and fried bass, but all at once that pleasure was changed into joy as a big bronzed bass galloped away with his bait and he and the bass were at it again hammer and tongs, and with chances of triumph equally divided. Go to breakfast! If I hadn't fairly dragged him from the spot he'd be there still.

Of all the glad days we spent there last season, the most delightful were in camp at the eastern end of the Ragged Rapids portage, some twenty miles down the Severn River in a region of utter loneliness. There is not a house after we leave Sparrow Lake. We carried a 12 by 14 wall tent and a very meager camper's outfit. Five of us carried cups with the handles off and other two flourished handles with the cups broken off. We pitched our tent a hundred yards or more from the beaten trail, in a little valley hidden away that we might escape notice of marauding Indians. So far away from civilization, we didn't relish the idea of having any of our scanty store stolen.

We pitched our tents near some overspreading pines, then made our beds, gathering plenty of the aromatic sweet fern. A bed of this 18 inches deep, with the last 3 inches of pine tufts and balsam twigs, makes a very comfortable place to sleep, soft and springy enough; but there is more dampness in the fern than in pine and balsam; for this reason we were too cold for comfort the first night in camp.

There were in the party Dr. Rosselle, of Homestead; Dr. Montgomery and Paul M. Collier, of Oakmont, Pa.; R. M. Davis, cashier of the Pennsylvania National Bank; Jacob T. Schellhaas, of Allegheny, Pa.; and chief among ten thousand, George Hamilton, an up-to-date youth of twelve summers, eleven and three-quarters of them spent in innocent mischief, and lastly, the writer. Roselle, Montgomery and I are no light weights. When we step on the platform, the scales groan. This condition has its advantages in this climate. No use coming here to fish unless you're big and strong—just can't pull the big ones out. Now with Collier and Davis it was different—entirely different—light. So light that both of them stuffed in a crack two-ply thick wouldn't keep injurious rays out of a photographer's dark room. Angling is no gentle art up here at the Ragged Rapids. To do any good at all these twain had to sort of splice themselves together and the rear splice carried heavy boulders as ballast, and then were able to drag out only middling sized ones. When you saw Davis' hat dance up and down like a flying jigsaw, his arms fluttering like a Dutch windmill and his slender body bent and twisted like a hickory sapling in a tornado, then we knew a big old bronzed bass bearing the battle scars of twenty years had come upon Davis alone and away from his Collier splice, and had started in for some fun, and you can bet there was high jinks in bass town then. When the fish was tired playing Davis, he lightly flipped out of the water, turned his forked tail up to his nose after the fashion of the impudent urchin in a back alley, winked his fishy eye and was gone to tell the joke to a waiting school below that clapped their fins and laughed for joy.

Davis came up the beach "with melancholy step and slow," muttering, "I juches! if I'd only weighed a pound and a quarter more I could a-fetched it to," and whispers were heard of a monster windlass, and with this the brownies were going to fetch them home. But all jokes aside, the clear heads, sound judgment, kind hearts and willing hands of this slender twain were the sheet anchor of the party, and we never even crossed a wide stream without consulting their wishes.

After dinner the first day Montgomery, Davis, Schellhaas and Hamilton fished down along the shore of the rapids, selecting little circular bays and eddies, and what an afternoon for fishing it was. No one waited over a minute or so for a bite. All were kept busy baiting hooks, fixing reels and lines and unfastening the lines from sunken timbers and rocks, and begrudging every second taken to change hooks, put on bait and make repairs. Big catfish would occasionally make off with the bait, and though they are as game a fish as may be found, still we wanted bass and were disappointed when pickerel came struggling into the landing net. Occasionally a big muscallonge would grab the bait and then there was sport



BAITING FOR BASS.

royal, but these usually broke away from us in this swift water. Dr. Rosselle and I took our boat a mile up the river to McDonald's Rapids. On our way up we ran the nose of the boat on a sunken rock. It was a likely looking place. Twenty feet away there was a bay filled with wild rice and rushes. We jointed our rods to try results. We had brought along a basket of large dew worms a friend in Toronto had sent, and this bait suited the bass that day. I cast off first and immediately hooked a 2-pounder near the edge of the weeds; and Rosselle cast just below and our lines crossed, but his fish swam back and unloosed the tangle, and we drew them in together. A piece of twine tied to a piece of pine shingle made our stringer. In an hour we took probably twenty-five bass. The first six we strung; but the struggles of the last loosened the stringer from the gunwale of the boat and we saw them wabbling off through the water, pushing the pine shingle with them. We calmed our conscience by concluding they would eventually free themselves. We loosed anchor and trolled up and down in some weedy bays that fringe the left-hand shore going down, with the hope of taking a monster muscallonge. Although many heavy fish have been taken here, the best we could do was one small one. We then rowed up to McDonald's Rapids and fished in circular bays, where the waters rush round and round, and here again we found the fishing splendid. When

bass are biting, this lower Severn River furnishes as good fishing as may be found in the Dominion. We did not count our catch—merely landed them and threw them into the water again; but we caught probably 100 bass that afternoon. Not bad for two rods. While fishing my line tangled in the reel, and thrice, while loosening it, I caught bass on a small piece of worm, and finally in sheer desperation I threw my hook high and dry on a rock, while I untangled my line. While bass may have eyed it longingly, none ventured to crawl up the bank to purloin it.

Near where I fished there was a large crack perhaps 2½ inches wide and 6 inches deep running from the water's edge back into the granite rock. I caught a bass, laid him in the water in this crack, head toward shore, and he never made a move to get out. I caught three other bass and kept them in that crack like cattle in a stall for at least two hours. They moved forward, but never backward; even when only a little over one-third of their bodies was in they seemed powerless to get out. I very much doubt if a bass can move backward at all. Perhaps some fellow angler has noticed this fact and can add his testimony or test the truth of my statement by trying it.

At 7 P. M. we had supper of fried bass, and if you like bass rare done you can always have it; for in camp it is rarely done well.

After supper we recounted the triumphs of the day, and all agreed that it was a day long to be remembered. Schellhaas built a rousing camp-fire, and although we were in the heart of the Canadian wilderness, a region infested with bears, wolves, lynx and other wild animals, yet no one seemed uneasy.

At 10 o'clock we went to bed and were lulled to sleep by Mother Nature's own slumber song, made by the manifold voices of the rushing, beating waters of the Ragged Rapids, and our dreams were sweetened by the incense of pine, balsam and fern, and we all slept soundly until the coming sun sprayed the tops of the old pines and cedars with a mist of gold.

Montgomery volunteered to get breakfast, and it was one of the best meals of the season. After breakfast we all fished up the river, but with rather indifferent success. The fish refused to bite, as was their wont the day before; of course we caught more than we could use. Rosselle and I did considerable trolling for muscallonge, but were unable to even get a strike.

We came to camp early, and all hands turned in and helped with dinner. After dinner we all fished down at the foot of the Ragged Rapids. Here the waters come down this narrow gorge, boiling and fretting themselves into fury—wild as an avalanche of snow, and just as white. The falls are caused by a drop in the bed of the river of 100 feet in about an eighth of a mile, and it seemed as if some Titanic hand had cleft the sheer walls of granite that the pent-up waters might be freed. Where the water rushes round and round in circling eddies we found the fishing fine for bass, pickerel, muscallonge and channel cat. At this rapid Dr. Rosselle caught a bass of perhaps a pound and a half, and as he drew his prize to shore a giant muscallonge darted from under a rock, swallowed the bass and galloped away with it. Fifty feet from shore old "musky" dashed out high above the raging waters to relieve his overloaded stomach. The Doctor tried to lead him in toward the shore, yelling at me to come and gaff the beast. Just as he got the 'lunge to a shelving rock that ran down into the water, the fish disgorged the bass, and the rushing waves threw it into a niche in the rock 8 inches up out of the water, and *mirabile dictu!* that fool fish ran his nose up that rock and thrice snapped at the tempting morsel, and then darted away. The recurring waves dislodged the bass before we could secure it, and the fish floated off, bleeding from the three gashes down the sides and apparently quite dead. This is no very unusual thing for muscallonge to take captive bass, but unless the bass is lightly hooked through the lip the 'lunge frees himself by disgorging.

I saw an angler catch a 17-pound muscallonge that had gorged a captive bass here. After Rosselle's experience I fastened a large spoon on my silk line; casting well into the raging waters that went thundering by like wild white horses coming down the home stretch at a county fair. My spoon sped away a hundred feet or more, and I moved over and reeled it in through the eddies. For a half-hour I cast off and reeled in, longing for a 'lunge to take hold. While yearning for a battle with a big one, Rosselle took a snap shot, which shows the rapids just as they emerge from the gorge. To my left are the eddies in which the 'lunge come to feed.

While I was angling close up to the rapids Montgomery fished to my left in a circular bay, trolling with a quarter-pound live bass he had hooked (the fish mentioned earlier in this narrative).

My! it was a splendid fish, and for a while it seemed as if he should land it. It rushed hither and thither in the eddies, but finally swung so heavily on a taut line that Montgomery just donated 15 feet of his valuable silk. Being a minister, he said nothing, but what he thought will never be known.

Rosselle and I then fished up the right bank of the narrow gorge, and where there was a bay or even the appearance of one—just enough to make an eddy and furnish a place of rest for the bass—we found the fishing fine. As the Doctor was baiting for a bass, I took a snap shot that shows the wild waters of the gorge, and the dangerous descent he and I made to reach likely bays.

Up to this time our lad Hamilton had done nothing to distinguish himself in the Canadian wilderness, and felt he must do something historic to link his name to the legends of this wild country. He did. While fishing he tumbled headlong into the raging rapids and was fortunately washed into an eddy that threw him near enough shore to be dragged out. He then saw the tip of his fishing rod and gamely dived in and recovered it and again came out safe. A few inches further out, or an unfortunate movement of the undertow, and he would have been hurled down the gorge and his body might have been wedged under a rock and never recovered.

At 7 P. M. we had supper, and Hamilton and Rosselle took a very hazardous journey down the gorge for channel catfish. Although the moonlight was exceedingly clear, and as it always is in this North country, yet I was glad when they wandered into camp at 10 o'clock.

We gathered another supply of pine tufts and made our last night in camp the most memorable. At 8 next morning we had our luggage packed, and on pulling away from camp we said never a good-by nor an "au revoir," but fervently spake "Auf Wiedersehen."

In an hour we were over the McDonald's Portage and fishing at the head of the falls. Where the waters first break we found splendid fishing. We saved six of the best bass we caught and carried them home to our families at Sparrow Lake.

At the First Portage, eight or ten miles from home, we had dinner. Here in a quiet little nook, just below a fallen hemlock, whose green branches played up and down the eddies, and under the shade of a big pine, we caught eleven beautiful bass. They were mottled as prettily as trout.

The remainder of the distance was splendid muscallonge fishing, and my companion and I were determined to carry into captivity one of the largest in the region. Although we trolled in and out of every weedy bay, we took only one mean, measly little 'lunge no larger than a good-sized trout.

At 7 o'clock our boat grated at the landing, and we returned safe and sound to our families. This was Schellhaas' first experience roughing it, and I fancied he did not like it. The other day I met him in Pittsburg and asked, "Schellhaas, what was your most delightful experience in Canada last year?" His face shone with the honest emotion of the Teuton as he said, "I had my best time in the little old tent down by the Ragged Rapids, and I find myself thinking of those delightful experiences every hour of the day."

The time of our departure was drawing nigh. Thousands of guests were hurrying southward with the haste of feathered tourists in autumn, but we had gathered our store of health and strength, and a wealth of pleasant recollections that abide with us still like the memory of a pleasant dream, and form the basis of a lively hope that next year we may come again.

Allegheny, Pa., Dec 11. James M. Norris.

Onondaga Anglers.

Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Anglers' Association of Onondaga has sent to the Board of Supervisors its annual report for the fiscal year of 1899, which reads as follows:

Gentlemen: One year ago your honorable board appropriated $200 to be expended by the Anglers' Association of Onondaga for the purposes of fish protection and propagation in the public waters of this county. We therefore desire to place this report before you that you may be informed of the manner in which the money has been expended and the work that our Association has done with the aid of your appropriation.

Our last report to your honorable board was for the year ending Nov. 30, 1898, and showed no balance of your previous appropriation on hand. Since then we have continued to employ Wm. Everson as protector, and we have also continued our work of restocking the lakes and streams of the county with game and food fish. The salary and expenses of our protector and our expenditures in the transportation and planting of fish and fish fry have aggregated $539.53. Of this sum $200 was paid with the fund appropriated, the balance from the funds of the Association. There is, therefore, no part remaining of the amount set aside by your board for our use. All has been expended for the purposes for which it was designed, and in addition thereto $339.53 of our own money derived from the dues and contributions of our members.

During the year ending Nov. 30, 1899, our protector has been employed continuously except during the months of January, February and March. A summary of his work is as follows:

Number of miles traveled	2,656
Fyke nets captured and destroyed	25
Gill nets captured and destroyed	8
Trap nets captured and destroyed	5
Flat nets captured and destroyed	1
Seines captured and destroyed	2

Total number of nets captured and destroyed, 41, the aggregate value of which was $336.

Number of persons arrested for violations of the law, 17; number of convictions, 13; aggregate of fines, $595.

Our Association has received from the State during the past year and planted in public waters, 3,000,000 pike fry, 48,000 yearling and fingerling brook trout, 39 adult brook trout, 26 adult brown and rainbow trout, 25 adult black bass and 11 adult pike. The total of 98 adult fish named above were those exhibited at the State Fair in September last, which were given to our Association and planted in the Geddes Brook, Nine Mile Creek and Onondaga Lake. This is the second time the exhibit at the fair has been turned over to our Association, and it a fortunate circumstance that places them in our hands, as the few adult fish that we have thus been able to put in our waters are more valuable so far as breeding and propagation are concerned than as many thousands of fry.

Adding the number of fish planted last year to those reported to your board during the two previous years that we have been engaged in the work makes a grand total of 6,940,000 fry, and 64,060 adult and yearling fish. Of these 6,925,000 were food fish, and 79,060 were game varieties. We are planning to continue this work with an enlarged scope during the next year, and expect to cover streams and waters that we have as yet been unable to reach, and we would repeat the request made in our report last year, that if any member of your board knows of streams that are adaptable to restocking we shall be glad to have their advice and will follow it so far as we are able. It will be remembered that these plantings have been made not for the benefit of the few, nor for the sportsman and angler, but are made in waters only that are open to all people, and are for the good of everybody who may desire to take the fish in a lawful manner for either food, sport or recreation.

Hand in hand with the restocking of the waters goes the necessity for their protection from the depredations of unlawful fishermen, who in their selfish greed would take and destroy everything, by any means, for the transient gain of a few in reckless disregard for the future or for the rights of the people to whom the waters belong. The urgency of protective laws is recognized by all enlightened governments, our own among the foremost, and the recent public utterances of Governor Roosevelt upon the subject show the regard in which they are held by the chief executive of this State. Our Association is also planning more extensive measures in this respect for the coming year, during which we shall devote our energies, our time and our money to the protection of the people's rights and the upholding and enforcement of the laws that are upon the statute books of our State.

Our Association is not composed of wealthy men, nor is our treasury well provided with the funds necessary to carry forward this important work, and we appeal once more to your honorable board for the aid and assistance you have so liberally granted us in the past. We thank you for what you have done; we ask that you will again at this session set aside for this purpose a sum not less than that you have appropriated heretofore. If you can find it within your means and your judgment to make the appropriation larger at this time than it was last year, we assure you that it will all be economically and carefully applied to the public good and for the benefit of the people alone to whom it belongs. Very respectfully yours,

The Anglers' Association of Onondaga.
George B. Wood, President; John H. Forey, Vice-President; J. E. Bierhardt, Secretary; Charles H. Mowry, Treasurer; R. V. Miller, Chairman Executive Committee.

By a vote of 31 to 3 the Board of Supervisors this afternoon adopted the resolution presented at a previous secction by Supervisor Rubin, appropriating $200 to the Anglers' Association. There were present in the interests of the Association, Riley V. Miller, George B. Wood, John C. Bierhardt, S. T. Betts and Charles H. Mowry. Those voting in the negative were Supervisors Shaver, Hoffman and Breitschwerth. G. B. W.

As to Eels.

Happening casually to pick up a copy of your interesting paper of July 1 last, my eye fell upon an article on the subject of eels from the fertile and ever welcome pen of Mr. A. N. Cheney. From long and close observation of the habits of this most mysterious fish, I have learned some facts and formed some surmises concerning them which may prove interesting if not convincing to some of your readers, and with your permission I relate them as briefly as I can.

From Mr. Cheney's article I learn that some modern European icthyologists have reaced the conclusion that the eel is an oviparous fish—spawning in salt water, like marine fishes. Years have elapsed since I had the honor of being a pupil of the celebrated Joseph Leidy, and consequently it is with much hesitancy that I presume to put my humble opinion in conflict with that of the modern expert histologists, yet I am strongly inclined to the belief that their conclusion will not apply to the American eel. I now allude to the anadromous and migratory eel, having for its habitat the waters of the James and Potomac rivers, in Virginia. However, it may be possible that the European fish has a mode of generating its kind different from its American congener. Although not thoroughly convinced, yet I am strongly inclined to suspect that the eel I am now writing about is an ovo-viviparous fish, like the shark and some other fishes. I will state the facts and hypotheses upon which I base my conjecture.

A score or more of years ago I was angling for trout in the Jackson River, one of the principal tributaries of the James, in Highland county, Va. I was fishing near the source of the river, where the eels and trout most do congregate. Returning to my quarters late one cloudy evening in the month of August, my course lay along a path on the banks of the stream in which I had been fishing. The stream at this point was deep, narrow, clear and swift, and much broken by little falls. At a point where the path I was following crossed the creek I was compelled to leap the stream in order to continue my journey on the opposite bank, and as I did so I noticed something of a white color waving in the water, resembling a newspaper or white handkerchief. Having my curiosity excited, I laid down my rod and creel and lay down upon the bank of the brook in order to get a nearer view of the object that had attracted my notice, for it was then nearly dark. As I did so imagine my intense surprise and astonishment to find that what I had mistaken for the objects above alluded to should turn out to be a great mass or aggregation of eels wrapped and twisted around one another like a rope and slowly turning from side to side, with their heads all up stream—the white appearance in the water which had attracted my attention being caused by the white bellies of the eels as they were turned toward the light during their revolutions in the water. Unfortunately, owing to the darkness, I could not ascertain what they were doing in this singular attitude. Had I been able to determine whether these fish were spawning or copulating, the question of the generation of eels, which has confounded philosophers for several generations, would have brought this most difficult subject near to a definite conclusion. I can hardly think they were spawning, for no eel ova or young eels have ever been met with in such localities, as far as I have been able to learn. If they were engaged in the act of copulation, why then the conclusion that the eel is an ovo-viviparous fish would be inevitable.

Although I had never met with this singular aggregation of eels before (nor have I since), yet I have been informed by eel fishermen that they had met with such phenomena while spearing eels late in summer on dark nights. Although it cannot be positively proven, I nevertheless think that one would not be far wrong in suspecting that the eel is an ovo-viviparous fish; that the females are impregnated late in summer and on dark nights near the sources of our rivers, whence they proceed in autumn to our salt water bays and estuaries in order to give birth to their young.

But here another difficulty meets us: What becomes of the eel when it reaches salt water, for I have heard averred that no one ever met with a gravid eel? Well, I can only answer this very formidable and quite pertinent query by offering an hypothesis, which may or may not be attended by some elements of probability, and this is

that the eels probably continue their migration until they reach deep water (in winter), where they are not likely to be molested by seines or other nets, where they give birth to their young and where the young remain until they reach a size and strength which will enable them to perform their annual and vernal migrations to the sources of the rivers.

I have now told what I know and don't know about this most mysterious subject of the generation of eels and will turn to several other topics touched upon in Mr. Cheney's interesting communication, such as the migration, locomotion on land, etc., of eels.

As regards the migration of eels, I have to say that these fish leave the sources of our rivers during the freshets following the first frosts in autumn, usually in September and October. At this time they have attained a length of 2½ or 3 feet (not 4 or 5 inches, as stated in Mr. Cheney's letter), and a weight of 2 or 3 pounds. This autumnal migration is almost invariably performed on dark nights when the water is muddy. Immense numbers of them are now caught by the dwellers on the banks of the rivers by means of traps or weirs, conveniently termed "pots," and now commences a season of great joy and feasting, for the flavor of our migratory eel is preferred by many to that of even the famous fontinalis himself, being quite different in this respect from his white, insipid cousin, who seems to dwell perennially in the salt or brackish water. I will here remark that it may be the spawn of this salt water eel that the European naturalists—referred to above—profess to have found floating about in the salt water. And I would like to inquire in this connection whether any of this salt water spawn has ever been hatched artificially, for this would settle the question as to some eels being oviparous, at once and forever. I also wish to observe that I am not a little puzzled to comprehend what the naturalists aforesaid mean by the term "larvæ" as applied to vertebrate animals. But no doubt I am a "back number," not having studied histological subjects for some years.

To resume my story of eel migration. It is not a little singular the manner in which the eels enter the pots or weirs. They do not come in head foremost, as one might suppose who is not acquainted with their habits in this respect, but always tail foremost or sidewise, with their heads up stream. This is done, no doubt, in order to let the water pass through their gills in the natural manner. Now that the eels have reached the salt water, I will have to bid them good-by until spring.

The young eels, or elvers, as I believe they are called in the "old country," arrive from the salt water during the freshets of April if the weather be suitable. After they have reached a point of, say, a hundred miles above salt water they have attained a length of about a foot and a thickness of a medium-sized little finger of a man. At this time they are perfectly voracious, and give great annoyance to the ground fishermen, as, owing to the smallness of their mouths, they are most difficult to hook. About a fortnight after the young eels have passed on their journey up the river, the old and full-grown eels commence biting, and here another difficult problem confronts us. Have these adult eels also returned from the salt water, or have they remained in the fresh water throughout the year? And this seems to be another one of those things that "no fellow can find out." But there is one thing, however, that I am perfectly certain of, and that is that some eels remain in the fresh water during the whole year, for I have taken an occasional eel in winter in mill ponds fed by spring water. These have always been of very large size, and may be, as some aver, the barren eels, which never leave fresh water.

Eels seem to grow very rapidly, as the young eels, by the time they have reached the trout streams, a couple of hundred miles further on, have about attained their full growth.

As to another interesting matter referred to by Mr. Cheney—that of the ability of the eel to travel overland—there can be no doubt about the matter, as I have had ocular evidence of this performance on the part of the eel in several instances. Once I had captured some eels in my pot which I put in a barrel two-thirds full of water, the barrel being placed upon the sloping bank of the creek in which I had caught my eels. Going in the morning to get some eels for my breakfast, I found, much to my surprise, that my fish were missing. Thinking that some one had stolen my eels, I determined to watch my barrel. Placing some more eels in the same barrel about daylight, I concealed myself in a position where I could see my barrel without being seen myself. I did not have long to wait until the loss of my fish was fully explained. In a few moments flop! came an eel out of my barrel, and wriggling down the sloping grassy bank of the stream was soon lost therein. Another and another soon went through the same performance. Being desirous of ascertaining precisely how this singular acrobatic feat was performed, I approached the barrel cautiously and peeped over its edge. Soon I noticed the tail of an eel above the surface of the barrel. The tail was then uplifted until it extended over the edge of the barrel. Then by a sudden vigorous movement the fish threw itself not only out of the barrel, but several feet beyond its base. A second eel went through a precisely similar performance, but the third lifted itself out in a manner which was truly remarkable, and one which I think may throw some light upon the mode in which the eel surmounts obstructions while ascending rivers. This eel, instead of bending its tail over the rim of the barrel, as the others had done, slowly swept its tail around the surface of the barrel until it found the interstice between two staves; it then inserted the sharp edge of its flattened tail in this depression, thereby gaining a purchase by the expression of the air apparently, when it also left the barrel. Who would have thought that the eels understand the properties of a vacuum? These eels did not move down to the margin of the brook in an undulating, up-and-down movement, like a caterpillar, as some say, but wriggled from side to side, like a snake.

I will relate another instance of the powers of locomotion on land of this fish, and then bring to an end this rather prolonged essay. When a boy, I lived upon a farm upon which there was a pond fed by springs, a small rivulet leading from the pond to a brook a few hundred yards off. This rivulet sometimes went dry after a prolonged drought, and I have several times captured eels making an effort to reach the brook along the dry bed of the rivulet. This was always during the autumn, when the eels were no doubt obeying the imperative migratory instinct.

CR. A. WALL.

CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME, Richmond, Va.

ANGLING NOTES.

Italian Gut.

Spanish silkworm gut is generally considered of better quality for fishing purposes than Italian gut, though the latter is often in longer strands, but thinner than the Spanish gut. There may be such a thing as first-class, thick, Italian gut, heavy enough for salmon leaders, but I have not seen it, although I sent to Italy to get some gut as good as could be found.

I have just read an article about the manufacture of gut in Italy, and it differs in one particular from the process employed in Spain, so that I make an extract from it:

"Some of the inhabitants of the Island of Procida, in the Bay of Naples, manufacture very fine gut from silkworms. They call the product silk threads, their special properties consisting in their strength and flexibility. They are made from the stomachs of silkworms just before they begin to spin their silk and form their cocoons. Not many worms in proportion to the amount of the gut put on the market are reared in Procida itself, but the makers buy them from neighboring towns in large quantities. The following is the process of manufacture: The worm is selected when fully matured—that is to say, at the moment when his nourishment ceases, and just before his metamorphosis. He is then cut open, great care being taken not to injure the membranes of the stomach. This is removed, and usually reaches the length of 13 to 20 millimeters, with a diameter of 1½ to 2 millimeters. The stomachs are then put into a pickle, which is the keynote of the whole process and the secret of which is carefully kept. When the pickling process is over the work people, who are mostly women, take one end of the stomach with their teeth and draw the other end with their hands. This part of the work requires great dexterity, for the threads are drawn out to the length of 30 to 50 centimeters, and the whole value of the product depends upon its length in relation to its thickness and the strain it will carry.

"There are two seasons for the production, namely, in the spring, when the best gut is produced, and in the autumn, when the quality is inferior. There is an important market for this specialty, and the whole production is exported to northern Italy and abroad at the the average price of 150 lire per kilo" (say about $16 per pound, which seems to the purchaser of gut at retail in this country as if the figures were wrong). "The gut is of very small specific gravity, so that a great deal of it goes to a kilo. The cost of production is also considerable, as the worms must be bought just at the moment when they are coming into profit for making silk. Again, the results are frequently disappointing, many worms being found, on dissection, not to be suitable, and have to be discarded."

It would almost seem as though the writer had written carelessly when the Italian process of drawing gut as he has given it is compared with the Spanish method. In Spain the silkworm itself, not dissected, is placed in vinegar just at the time that it is ready to spin. Afterwards the head of the worm is removed, exposing the ends of the two silk sacs, not the stomach, which are then drawn out, stretched on a board and fastened at the ends and allowed to dry. When dried on the stretching board the gut has a yellowish skin, and this was formerly removed by women, who drew the gut through their teeth; but now it is mostly "bleached" by chemical action of some sort, which on occasions, as I know to my sorrow, impairs the strength of the gut for leaders.

I cannot understand how silkworms can be dissected as the writer I have quoted describes, and for this reason: The silk sacs of the silkworm at the time that gut is drawn consist of two thin lobes or capsules of a liquid substance about an inch long and one-thirty-second of an inch in diameter, lying longitudinally in the body of the worm, and the worms are put into vinegar for the purpose of partly solidifying the crude silk in the sacs that it may afterwards be drawn to make the gut of commerce.

Of the "bleaching" of the gut, Mr. Marston once wrote: "A manufacturer informed me some time ago that there was no difficulty in getting gut like glass, but that the dealers would not buy it unless it was bleached, a process which impairs its strength, and he sent me some strands from which the yellow skin had merely been peeled off, instead of being removed by chemicals. This gut was as transparent as the purest glass." He then asks the question why some of that really transparent, unbleached gut is not put on the market.

All gut is not transparent, as described by Mr. Marston, when peeled and unbleached, for I have peeled it myself and found it opaque, but less glossy or glittering than some of the bleached articles. Foster puts the gut of different countries down in the following order, the best being the Spanish, the next Indian or Chinese, and the poorest Italian. If any one ever discovers proper food on which to feed the American silkworm to give the gut strength, the best gut for fishing purposes will be American.

Illustrations.

Possibly my education has been sadly neglected in matters pertaining to art, but the impressionist school in my estimation is not one, two, three when compared with the realistic for the purpose of illustrating sporting subjects, and I never could agree with a well-known artist whom I called upon to get a painting of a certain fish when he said he would paint a fish's tail on a frog if it were artistic. I have had something to do with black and white and color drawings to illustrate fish and fishing, game and shooting, and once when I had struggled for months to get the drawings, in colors and black and white, for a certain volume absolutely correct, and had caused an artist to change his drawings several times to get reels in the right place on fishing rods, and setters or pointers for woodcock shooting, instead of fox hounds, I was not particularly well pleased to have the publisher write me that he was short two drawings, and had supplied them, and he thought I would find them all right, as they were made by a good artist. When the volume appeared, one of the drawings as reproduced represented a deer hunter shooting at a deer, while a pointer (with a collar on in thick woods) stanchly pointed the deer. The other drawing was a fishing subject, and an angler was represented in the act of landing some impossible fish, and to make sure of his catch the angler grasped the rod with one hand about a foot above the reel, and while the other hand grasped the middle of the second joint, and the man was pulling as if it were a tug of war. When I saw the two creations I wished that green monkeys might dance on the artist's grave when he was through with the affairs of this world. It may be hypercritical to say that I do not consider a brook trout fishing article well illustrated that shows a man fishing a mountain stream with a 200 salmon rod; and the same is true of a drawing showing a salmon fisherman in a birch bark canoe fast to a fish with all the strain he can put on his rod, apparently, and the bowman ready with gaff, while the stern man sits with his paddle across his knees. I sent this drawing back to the artist and told him if he was on speaking terms with the stern canoeman, to put his paddle in the water and see if he could compensate for the strain on the rod so the canoe would not whirl as though it were on a pivot, otherwise the angler might lose his fish. Also, in the case of a man drawn with his gun at his left shoulder, I said that a few men did shoot in that way, but I thought it would be more familiar to the readers of the book if the man shot from his right shoulder, and for the same reason I asked him to cause one of his figures to use his reel with his right hand in reeling a fish, although some men do reel with the left hand. I can recall many more of what I consider slips on the part of an artist friend of mine, but what I had in mind particularly when I wrote the head of this note is an excellent half-tone now before me, which I found in a magazine said to be devoted chiefly to angling. The mechanical work could not be better, and the figures are excellent, but the artist has placed two good looking anglers in jeopardy of their lives. There is a strong rapid in a stream, and the rapid furnishes rocks. There is a boat containing three men, apparently two anglers and a guide. The boat is a flat-bottomed craft, and it is being run through the rapid at a critical moment. The guide sits in the bow with a paddle, and the boat is going through the rapid stern first. Both anglers are standing up in the boat and each has a fish on his rod; one fish, judging from the bent rod and taut line, is up stream just around a bend, the other is down stream, and the boat is very close to a rock on one quarter, and if it escapes that one there is another below waiting for it. I defy any one man, except possibly a river driver, to stand up in that boat with no fish to distract him, but to put two men in the boat is to invite certain destruction. I showed the picture to my daughter as a handsome piece of mechanical work, but her comment was: "I hope those men can swim, for they will have a chance in about a minute." Why not have correct illustrations, giving details of drawings as they should be, and not impossible situations and impossible fishing and shooting implements, and even impossible figures? Illustrations are supposed to be an aid to the text and not to mislead the reader. A painting was sent to me that I might write the text to accompany it, and as a terrier was painted in the picture to be used as a retriever of wild fowl, I suggested that the breed of the dog be changed, but the artist did not like the suggestion even a little bit. A column of FOREST AND STREAM could be filled in relating the misfit illustrations of sport that have come under my observation during the past few years.

A. N. CHENEY.

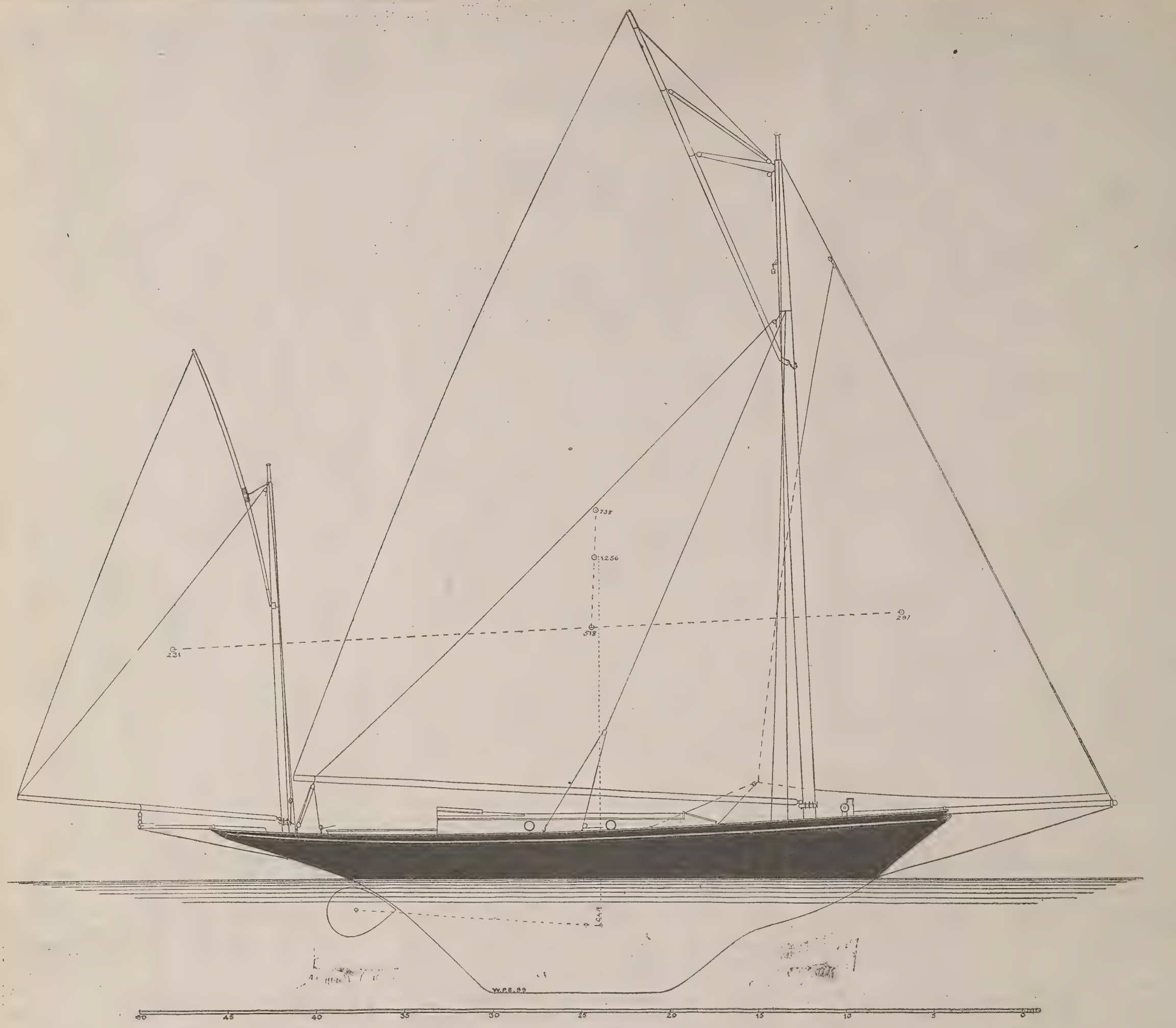
The Quick and the Dead of a Laker.

FROM the records of many cases of alcoholism, the one strong fact is made certain that always in the individual when an excess of a stimulant causes a striking change in the mentality and personality, yet each and every time are the same symptoms produced. It matters little how many years have elapsed between the times of such sprees, alcohol in any form will give rise only to well-marked peculiarities of sensation, motion, speech, hallucinations and irritative nervous disturbances. Of my readers I crave pardon for dipping into professional experience, and alone do so in order to bring out the thought, that if men are thus held dominant by conditions, so in their turn and in their own way are fish influenced by the state of the waters, by the method of capture, by the lure used and by the season of the year. No better illustration comes to me than the following attempts to show how utterly different the same fish can act when his environment, more or less, is a controlling factor. So will I call these memories Chapters I. and II., relating my experience with the familiar chap called the togue, or the laker, sometimes I fear having been passed off as a trout by some when relating the size and weight of a catch.

Chapter I.—The Dead.

It is now several years ago when I was first introduced to the togue. A friend, a dear, good-hearted, generous and delightful sportsman, told me, while I was at his camp, that in a lake some four or five miles away there were plenty of togue to be taken; and he even went so far as to trust to my care and keeping a rod as strong and beautiful as used for salmon, but much stiffer. The reel was a large one, with plenty of line. He also gave me a weird and strange combination of hooks, in clusters of three, some twelve in all, I think, strung on a strong, stiffened gut, at varying distances, on which I was told to fasten a live minnow. I knew nothing at all about the togue, or laker, and asking for information gained these points: The fish in this lake are large; they take the bait fiercely, and then dive to the bottom by a quick run, where they sulk for a time, and have to be coaxed to the surface.

I started with a supply of provisions, for two or three days would be needed to conquer this variety of fish, and there was only a log cabin to provide shelter at the other end of the camp; and I confess I was a bit scared at the prospect of a battle. However, after a delightful tramp through a beautiful forest, where the fallen leaves made walking most agreeable, and where the effect of sun rays through the network of brilliant green gave keen pleasure in the blending of sunlight and shadows, a rippling brook over moss-grown stones provided a sparkling, satisfying draught, and the happy



AUDAX, YAWL, DESIGNED BY JOHN HYSLOP, ESQ., FOR HENRY W. EATON, ESQ., 1892.

chirpings of feathered warblers, or the crash of an old-time monarch of the forest, as the echoes of its fall were thrown on the still air, broke any monotony that might have existed otherwise—the new home was reached safely. Then after lunch, putting my tackle together, and selecting a good sized live minnow, I hung it up on the mass of hooks, and seating myself in a fairly comfortable boat, was pulled out into the lake by the guide. I tried to remember all details. A good length of line was let out, and then I waited. Suddenly a sharp pull was felt, I struck deep and hard, and away went the line, my reel singing its joyous whirr. Now, thought I, a big one has my minnow. But he never seemed to reach bottom nor anywhere else, and most of my line had gone, so I had the guide stop rowing, and even then I could not feel any decided movement at the end of the line, so began to reel in, and after a deal of labor found I had caught strongly and well an old water-logged trunk of a tree. It took a long time to get free, but I renewed my bait and tried it over again. This time I did get a fish. True, he did go to the bottom and hump himself a bit, but he was "dead easy" to reel in, to lift into the boat and to kill.

I discarded my nightmare of a study in hooks, and my guide constructed one of three single hooks, that held a live bait securely. I caught togue—had to catch them in order to have food supply; but I never found one that gave a decent fight. I grew tired of them; ate all I could, began to hate them, and had the guide make pancakes out of flour, but did have real maple syrup on them. Once two togue were taken, from the same minnow, each being caught by one of the hooks spoken of, but it was only a haul; neither had any nerve, and both were pulled by hand into the boat, for I did not trouble to use the net.

So this sort of thing went on. One afternoon a terrific thunder storm broke, and most of the rain fell on me, and only made my disgust the stronger. It was late in June; the flies never bit better or more smartly. I did have fifteen minutes' fun with a trout which was kind enough to take my trolling bait. It was a godsend, and I enjoyed both catching and eating it. But my hate grew stronger every hour; every togue sulked, made no decent rush, was utterly stupid, and I gave it up and went back to my camp, where I could have splendid, glorious trout fishing. I vowed I never, never would be fool enough to even try any more togue fishing; and for some time after this, if I heard togue or laker spoken of as being in such a pond or lake, I rushed elsewhere. Such were my introduction and deductions regarding the laker.

Chapter II.—The Quick.

Early in springtime, so soon that the water itself to the touch seemed as if it ought to be frozen instead of being fluid. The air bracing. The winds strong in their blowing. Power, endurance and skill requisite for the guide who managed the canoe. A phantom minnow provided with only one hook, or a live minnow or strip of pork on a single hook, with sometimes a flashing spinner just above the bait, served as a taking attraction. Trolling with two rods was exciting sport, and while I naturally wished for landlocked salmon, I secured many fine lakers. But I did not know my old acquaintance. In the chilled water he was a fish of a different color and mood. Baits were strongly taken, and his rushes resembled those of a favorite and noted football hero. Proudly would he tear about, at times shaking his head fiercely in his attempts to get free. He cared less for the bottom than he did for the middle of the lake, and equaled the landlocked fellows in his wild turnings. If he had only learned in his young life to make a leap from the surface it appeared to me his gamy battling would have nearly equaled that of the "little salmon." So I had to change my mind utterly, for now I was perfectly willing to class him with game fish; and I believe he is such under the right conditions I have pictured, I like him now as much and as fervently as once I hated him; but I should not try to capture him when the water grows warmer, or the air is too balmy; for then would I be sure that only the sulky, lazy, pulling back, humping capacities would manifest themselves, and that I might swear and of a surity lose valuable time. *"Experencia docet."*

F. M. JOHNSON.

BOSTON, Mass.

The Christmas Tree and the Forests.

SING SING, Dec. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From my office window I have an unobstructed view of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. tracks. For the last two weeks carloads after carloads of young spruce, pine and hemlock trees have been rushing by toward the city to fill thousands of homes with joy as the little ones dance around the Christmas tree. The rooms ordinarily cheerless, the streets bare of a vestige of vegetation, the little tree with its fresh resinous small permeating the atmosphere and with its sparkling decorations puts a cheer into the home and into the hearts of the little ones as long as it remains. On the other hand, certain lumber has been advanced from $18 to $26 per thousand this year, with the promise of a like advance next year. Is this not a terrible destruction of trees? The sentiment is fine, but can our forest stand this drain? Forty years from now these trees would have been far enough advanced in growth to be of use for building purpose. You are advocating moderation bags in fishing and shooting. Why not take up this matter before it reaches the possibility of being the cause of a famine in lumber? I have two little boys who annually enjoy their Christmas tree, so I am able to see both sides of the case.

CHAS. G. BLANDFORD.

Florida East Coast Fishing.

BISCAYNE BAY, Fla., Dec. 19.—The kingfish seem to be a little late this season, but are now being taken in large numbers on the reef off Cape Florida, and afford excellent sport. Some good catches of Spanish mackerel reported from the lower bay opposite Soldier Key.

CAMERAMBLER.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

FIELD TRIALS.

1900.

Jan. 22.—West Point, Miss.—United States Field Trial Club's annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 5.—Greenville, Ala.—Alabama Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. T. H. Spencer, Sec'y.

Nov. 18.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-second annual field trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

That "Carted Deer."

Editor Forest and Stream:

What are the facts as to the carted deer that is regularly "hunted" by "the Queen's buckhounds"? In a general way I have the impression that the safety of the stag is carefully provided for, and I remember once seeing reference to the deer hunted by his name—"Old

——," I fancy—and mention of how often he had been chased.

I suppose that the deer's safety is provided for by some such means as shelters to which it can run, with watchers stationed near by to close the door when the deer enters the shelter. It is possible that the hounds may know the deer so well that they will not attack it on overtaking it, although it would seem that in such a case the deer would know the hounds also, and would not make much of a run, and I would very much distrust any hounds when they run into their game after a long, heated chase.

Our old friend, Geo. H. McDougall, wrote me that the pack of American bloodhounds at the Deer Lodge, Mont., Penitentiary were very friendly with all the "trusties," but when on an exhibition chase after the same trusties, got so savage that the trusties finally refused to "run out" for the hounds, and I know that the big mongrels of many breeds used with the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" got so interested in their work, that Cassie refused to play until other dogs were procured, as a very light slip would have brought the dogs on her with murderous intent. Parenthetically, our Southern friends are very much astray in blaming Mrs. Stowe's novel as the origin of the myth that "ferocious bloodhounds" were used to capture fugitive slaves in antebellum days; that work does not contain any scenes of the use of hounds. It seems to be a fact, although not commonly known, that there are individuals who leave no scent by which they can be trailed. A curious experiment would be to mount one of these non-scent leaving persons on the same bicycle that the hounds had previously trailed another person on, and see how long, if at all, the bicycle would give out the rider's scent. That our native hounds will follow a trail of a rider of a bicycle, whose individual scent had been given them, was proved beyond dispute at the trials last year of the American Bloodhound Association, and also that the hounds would take a scent, follow it where the person mounted a horse, where he had changed horses without dismounting, and where he dismounted and walked to and climbed a tree. Scent problems are utterly puzzling. It was shown beyond denial in Rod, Gun and Kennel some years since that a scent would become indistinguishable when the ground it was made on froze up, and would be in full force when the ground thawed. And is it exactly correct that scents will not lie on all dry ground? May it not be that dry, porous, ground, clay, loam, etc., will not hold scent because they occlude it, as does the dry earth in the well-known "Mowle" earth closet, or the familar instance of burying skunk tainted clothing to remove the odor? Is it not probable that scent will lie on stone or dry sand? I know that I have many a time known hounds to pick up a fox trail on a hard, dry turnpike.

But where have I got to? What are the facts as to that "carted deer"? W. WADE.

OAKMONT, Pa

Points and Flushes.

We are indebted to Mr. H. B. Donovan, Secretary-Treasurer of the Canadian Kennel Club, for one of its new bronze medals, very artistically devised in its details and very complete mechanically. The obverse side has a blank space for the inscription, while the reverse side has a number of dogs' heads, representing various breeds, bearing a typical resemblance to the breeds which they represent.

Yachting.

The Lake Michigan Yachting Association.

21ft. Waterline Knockabout Type Adopted by the Lake Michigan Yachting Association.

AT its annual meeting, the Lake Michigan Y. A. adopted the following limitations for a knockabout class, the first recognition of this type on the Lake. The yachts called for by the limitations will be superior in many important respects to the various small craft now in use, and probably quite as fast. The class promises to become popular, and a number of boats will be built in Chicago and Milwaukee.

A boat of this class is intended to be a seaworthy boat with cabin house and fair accommodations, with water tight standing room, or air tanks of sufficient capacity to float the boat when full of water. Rigged simply with only mainsail, forestaysail or jib and spinaker.

The length of the load waterline with full equipment shall not exceed 21ft.

The beam at the load waterline, in keel boat, shall be at least 7ft., and in centerboard boat at least 7ft. 9in.

The freeboard shall be not less than 20in. on the said respective required beams; a reduction of 1in. on the freeboard allowed for every increase of 4in. in beam, respectively.

The cabin house shall have a length of at least 7ft., and a width equal to 60 per cent. of the greatest beam on deck; a height at the forward end of at least 6½in., and the after end of at least 9in. above the deck; provided, that in case the freeboard exceeds the requirements, such excess may be deducted from the required height of the cabin house.

For centerboard boats the draft shall be not less than 3f.. for at least 5ft. length of keel; the total outside fixed ballast must be not less than 3,000lbs. For keel boats the draft shall be not less than 4ft. 6in., and shall not exceed 6ft., and the outside ballast shall be not less than 3,500lbs. Certificate of weight of ballast shall be furnished the measurer by designer and builder. The metal fin when used shall be not less than ½in. in thickness.

The keel, stem, frames, house and deck beams shall be of oak, or its equivalent in strength.

The frames shall be not less than 1 sq. in., deck beams not less than 1 1-3 sq. in. sections, house beams not less than ¾ sq. in. section.

The spacing of frames, deck and house beams to be not more than 9in., center to center.

The planking, including deck and the side of house, shall be not less than ¾in. thick; the top of house shall be not less than ⅝in., finished.

Deck clamps shall run from stem to stern, with a minimum cross section of 4 sq. in. for at least one-half the length; also, bilge stringers of at least 4 sq. in. cross section shall run for at least one-half the extreme length of the boat, amidships. Clamps and stringers to be yellow pine or its equivalent in strength.

The actual sail area shall be not over 600 sq. ft. and not more than 480 sq. ft. of actual sail area shall be in mainsail. The measurer shall be provided with a correct sail plan of any boat to be measured, and previous to measurement the owner shall cause distinguishing marks, satisfactory to the measurer, to be placed on the spars as follows:

On the mast at the tack, and at the throat of the mainsail; on the boom at the clew of the mainsail; on the gaff at the peak of the mainsail. No part of the mainsail shall be allowed to extend beyond these marks. The marks shall be black bands painted around the spars in a manner satisfactory to the measurer. The inner edge of the bands shall be the limits of the sail.

The actual area of the jib shall be measured.

The extreme distance in feet from mast to end of spinaker boom when in position as used, shall be not more than 500 divided by the distance in feet from deck to throat of spinaker halliard block.

No battens over 30in. in length allowed to be used in sails.

Equipment to include anchor not less than 25lbs. and cable of not less than thirty fathoms of 1¼in. rope; also bucket, pump, compass, foghorn, boathook, lead and line, lantern and five life preservers.

The crew is limited to five persons, including the helmsman (who must be an amateur; not more than one shall be a professional).

Audax.

THE accompanying illustration shows the sail plan of Audax, whose lines have appeared in the two preceding issues. The rig is simple, easily handled by a small crew and it has proved effective. The original sail plan included the regular lug mizzen with yard crossing the mast, but after a couple of seasons this was replaced by the lug mizzen shown, the yard, which has about 6in. round, being attached to the mast by a special metal jaw, which allows it to hoist almost vertically. The halyard is a single part of wire rope running over a sheave in the masthead, with a whip purchase leading to the deck. The dimensions of spars and sails are as follows:

Mainmast—		
From stem at waterline	3ft.	9 in.
Deck to hounds	29ft.	
Deck to truck	39ft.	
Diameter at partners		8 in.
Mizzenmast—		
From stem at waterline	33ft.	6 in.
Deck to hounds	20ft.	
Diameter at partners		5 in.
Bowsprit—		
Over all	15ft.	9 in.
Outside of gammon iron	9ft.	10 in.
Diameter in gammon iron		5 in.
Boomkin—		
Over all	7ft.	
Outside gammon iron	4ft.	3 in.
Main Boom—		
Length	29ft.	
Diameter		4½in.
Main Gaff—		
Length	22ft.	
Diameter		4 in.
Mizzen Boom—		
Length	15ft.	
Diameter		3¼in.
Mizzen Yard—		
Length	15ft.	
Diameter		3¼in.
Areas—		
Mainsail	738 sq. ft.	
Mizzen	221 sq. ft.	
Jib	297 sq. ft.	
Total	1,256 sq. ft.	

Inland Lake Yachting Association.

THERE was a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Lake Geneva Y. C. on last Thursday evening. It was decided to make arrangements for the meet of the Inland Lake Yachting Association for late August in the coming year, at Lake Geneva, Wis. The committee are expected to hustle, and a grand event will be assured. The following are the committee appointments. Chairman Regatta Committee, Julian M. Rumsey; Chairman Committee on Arrangements and Accommodations, Ben Carpenter, of George P. Carpenter & Co.; Executive Committee, H. H. Porter, Jr., Ben Carpenter and Julian Rumsey. Chairman Press Committee, Lawrence Heyworth.

E. H.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Atlantic Y. C., of Boston, elected the following officers on Dec. 17: Com., Thomas D. Rice; Vice-Com., Walter Delehanty; Treas., William Caselden; Sec'y, M. E. Rice; Directors, Daniel J. Nolan, James Dooley, James Hagerty, J. F. Curran and J. F. Donohue.

At the annual meeting of the Pavonia Y. C., of Jersey City, Com. D. W. Kohn declined the nomination for a third term, and Vice-Com. Dennin was elected in his place, the new officers being: Com., J. A. Dennin; Vice-Com., A. C. Muttart; Fleet Capt., John Wright; Meas., W. Harding; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. D. Bowman; Cor. Sec'y, C. H. Benson; Fin. Sec'y, W. F. Tobin; Treas., Louis Mittlesdorf; Trustees, Alex J. Roe, N. F. Roe, E. J. Smith, C. H. Benson and F. G. Agens. It is proposed to sell the club property at Atlantic Highlands and to build a club house on Gravesend Bay.

The Knickerbocker Y. C. held its annual meeting at the Hotel Manhattan on Dec. 20, the following officers being elected: Com., S. H. Mason; Vice-Com., W. G. Newman; Rear-Com., A. E. Williamson; Treas., George H. Cooper; Sec'y, J. O. Sinkinson; Meas., J. G. Honey; Fleet Surgeon, J. B. Palmer, M. D.; Board of Five Directors, F. E. Barnes, Rodman Sands, H. Stephenson, L. Lochman, Jr., and H. A. Quackenbush. The club is now in a very prosperous condition. The property now occupied has been purchased and a fine new club house will be built. The club will establish a new class of single-hand yachts for racing and cruising.

The Gas Engine & Power Co. and C. L. Seabury & Co. have on the stocks a composite steam yacht for Howard C. Smith, of Stamford, Conn., to be named Saghaya. She will be 127ft. over all, 103ft. l.w.l., 15ft. 6in. beam and 6ft. 6in. draft, with triple expansion engine and single screw. The rig will show two pole masts. The firm has also an auxiliary 65ft. long for Wm. Marks, of Philadelphia. Through its city office, it has sold the steam yacht Jathniel for H. A. Hutchins to Chas. M. Pratt, and the steam yacht Elfrida II. for Dr. H. Seward Webb to Frank Bement, Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia.

The Morris Y. C., of New York, held its annual meeting on Dec. 18, electing the following officers: Com., George R. Moran; Vice-Com., Hugo Eckert; Rear-Com., William Neubeck; Fleet Capt., J. Belgard; Sec'y, F. Kuzek, Jr.; Treas., Ralph Kestler.

Sapphire III., steam yacht, Mr. Amzi L. Barber, sailed from New York on Dec. 21 for Gibraltar, where her owner will join her for a cruise of several months in the Mediterranean.

Com. J. Pierpont Morgan has declined a third re-election as commodore of the New York Y. C., and it is understood that Vice-Com. Lewis Cass Ledyard, schr. Montauk, will succeed him. According to an unverified rumor, when Com. Morgan goes abroad next spring, as he proposes to, both Corsair III. and Columbia will be sent across, the steam yachting convoying the cutter.

Grayling, schr., L. A. Fish, has at last been sold to be broken up, after being used for several years as a houseboat at Greenport.

Mr. J. H. Johnston, the yacht photographer, died very suddenly at Niagara Falls on Dec. 17, from heart disease. Mr. Johnston had been in business in New York for many years, accumulating a large collection of yacht portraits. He also made a specialty of views about the city. Many of his pictures have appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Sir Thomas Lipton has been elected rear-commodore of the Royal Ulster Y. C. He is now considering his plans for a challenge in 1901.

Mr. Percy Chubb, cutter Vigilant, has been nominated to succeed Com. Rouse, of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Arcturus, steam yacht, Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant, has sailed from Southampton for the Mediterranean.

The large racing yacht which the Hendersons have just started from Mr. Watson's designs, for Mr. Whitaker Wright, will be yawl-rigged instead of cutter, as first reported. Her L.W.L. is given as about 85ft. with about 23ft. beam.

Lasea, schr., recently sold to Dr. Walter von Bruening, sailed from New York for Southampton on Dec. 25 with Capt. Leander Jeffries in command.

Canoeing.

Forest and Stream and Canoeing.

Announcement.

To meet the wishes of its canoeing readers, as expressed through the officers of the American Canoe Association, the FOREST AND STREAM will with the new year inaugurate an important change in its Canoeing Department. Beginning with the issue of Jan. 6, 1900, the first number of each month will be a special canoeing number, extra space being devoted to the Canoeing Department. It is proposed to publish whatever may be available in the line of canoeing news; the official announcements and programmes of the American Canoe Association, the usual complete reports of the A. C. A. camps and business meetings, designs of canoes and camping appliances, canoe cruises and current discussion of canoeing matters.

As a part of this plan, it is not proposed to abandon the regular weekly publication of canoeing news. All official A. C. A. notices will appear weekly, as soon as they are received, a summary of them being printed in the special Canoeing Number for the information of those who do not see the weekly edition. If sufficient material is obtainable after providing for the special number, the publication of canoeing news of all kinds will be carried on weekly.

It is hoped that the FOREST AND STREAM may become, as it was in the most prosperous days of the Association, the common bond between the Association and its members, as well as between the members individually. In order that the plan may result in the greatest possible benefit to all, it is essential that it shall receive the general support of canoeists, both as subscribers and contributors.

An experience of twenty years has demonstrated several important points in connection with the publication of canoeing news. In the first place, a live and reliable canoeing journal is essential to the success of the sport, as a means of communication between its followers, who

are naturally widely scattered and have limited opportunities for personal intercourse.

In the second place, the various papers devoted exclusively to canoeing, such as the parent of all, the British Canoeist, the American Canoeist and Sail and Paddle, and the Model Yachtsman and Canoeist, all ably edited by experienced canoeists, who gave their services without compensation, have failed to pay, and have ultimately been discontinued.

The failure of these papers, in spite of their technical excellence, and at times when the sport was in a more prosperous condition in some ways than it is to-day, gives ample proof that if canoeing news is to be published at all it must be largely through the personal efforts of the canoeists themselves. The FOREST AND STREAM is ready to do all that can be done on its part; but this alone will not provide what we believe canoeists want. A Canoeing Department which is the work of one man—or even of several men—however competent, would fall far short of what is required; in order to satisfy canoeists, it must be a reflection of the canoeing spirit in all its forms. We call the special attention of all canoeists to the fact that the Canoeing Department of the FOREST AND STREAM is open to them for the free expression of their opinions and ideas, for the discussion of all A. C. A. business, for requests for information as to cruising waters, canoes and appliances, and all technical points of immediate interest to themselves. On the other hand, we ask that they will favor us with canoeing news from their various localities, and that they will give such information as they may have in answer to the inquiries of others.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The above association held their regular shoot Dec. 24, at 200yds., at the standard American target. Roberts was high on the king target with a score of 84. Gindele was high on the honor target with a score of 43:

Champion score:										
Weinheimer	5	6	5	7	6	5	7	9	6	5—61
Janscher	7	10	8	6	6	6	7	7	5	7—69
Gindele	9	6	6	10	8	8	7	10	8	6—78
Topf	10	4	10	5	6	6	7	9	6	8—71
Drube	9	7	9	6	6	4	4	10	6	5—66
Uckotter	5	6	10	5	6	6	5	10	9	5—67
Payne	6	8	6	9	7	9	6	7	9	9—76
Roberts	10	10	9	10	9	6	7	9	7	7—84
Nestler	7	9	9	7	5	9	10	6	6	9—77
Hasenzahl	8	7	7	8	6	10	10	8	10	7—81
Bruns	9	6	6	6	5	9	8	8	9	8—74

	Practice Score.										Special Score.				
Weinheimer	6	7	6	6	10	7	7	8	6	5—68	6	6	7	6	10—35
Janscher	8	7	9	7	9	9	8	8	8	7—80	8	7	9	7	9—40
Gindele	10	8	8	10	8	10	10	9	7	8—88	8	9	10	7	9—43
Topf	10	8	4	8	6	7	5	7	8	5—68	10	8	4	8	6—36
Drube	10	8	10	7	8	10	10	5	9	7—84	10	9	4	5	7—35
Uckotter	7	6	6	6	5	8	10	8	5	7—69	10	5	0	10	6—31
Payne	8	7	7	7	6	9	8	9	9	8—78	8	7	7	7	6—35
Roberts	9	10	8	10	10	9	7	9	10	5—87	6	6	9	6	7—34
Nestler	9	9	10	6	7	8	10	6	9	8—81	6	9	6	9	6—36
Hasenzahl	9	8	7	10	10	9	10	6	8	10—87	4	10	2	7	8—31
Bruns	9	10	6	7	7	10	6	10	8	8—81	8	9	6	4	8—35

Iroquois Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—Herewith are the scores made during the week ending Dec. 16 by the Iroquois Rifle Club:

Medal match:									
H L Born	42	40	41	43—166	O L Hertig	40	47	48	44—179
	40	39	40	43—162	D Beech	40	40	44	39—163
L A Schmidt	36	46	35	40—157					
Record match:									
R R Bennett	42	45—87			W Riebling	41	34—75		
B Kestner	41	35—76			L A Schmidt	40	35—75		
L P Ittel	46	48—94			O L Hertig	37	43—80		
	48	48—96							
Cup scores:									
A Hofmeister	40	37	36	40—153	R R Bennett	35	40	42	40—157
	40	39	39	40—158	H Sperling	40	44	45	42—171
L A Schmidt	36	46	35	40—157					

HARRY SPERLING.

Excelsior Rifle Club.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Below please find inclosed scores for weekly medal shoot of Excelsior Rifle Club, at Capt. Schaaf's Shooting School, No. 5 North Broadway. The shooting was done at a St. Louis ring target, at 75ft., possible 250: C. W. Bauer 225, W. G. Todd 212, A. Ruemle 201, Capt. Schaaf 201, L. Ball 192, J. Lukins 186, J. Summers 181, W. L. Schrader 168, L. Pabst 168, C. Northwang 164, R. Y. Cunningham 164, T. G. Kennedy 162, E. Renshaw 155, E. Tricky 148, C. Spencer 147, H. Hamilton 146, H. Ward 130.

The king shoot, which also took place last week, same evening, Dec. 14, resulted in Mr. Summers winning the honors of wearing the title of king for the next six months.

A 100-shot rifle match was to take place over the range of the Excelsior Rifle Club, at No. 5 North Broadway, Dec. 22, between A. Fogarty and L. Ball for championship of St. Louis.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Dec. 31-Jan. 1.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Amateur tournament of the Wisconsin Gun Club. P. Himmelstein, Sec'y.

1900.

Jan. 1.—Altoona, Pa.—Fifteen-live-bird handicap; $5 entrance. G. G. Zeth, Sec'y.

Jan. 1.—New Haven, Conn.—Holiday shoot of the New Haven Gun Club. Targets. J. B. Savage, Sec'y.

Jan. 1.—Schenectady, N. Y.—Third annual tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. Targets. V. Wallburg, Capt.

Jan. 1.—Newark, N. J.—All-day target shoot of the South Side Gun Club.

Jan. 1.—Jersey City, N. J.—Holiday shoot of the Hudson Gun Club. J. Hughes, Sec'y.

Jan 16-19.—Hamilton, Ont., Can.—Annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club; $1,200 in prizes. Open to the world. H. Hamilton Gun Club; $1,500 in prizes. Open to the world. H.

Jan. 17-18.—Danville, Ill.—Sconce-Cadwallader invitation shoot. Live birds and targets. John Parker, Mgr.

Feb. 13-17.—Hot Springs, Ark.—Third annual midwinter tournament; $1,000 added; 2-cent targets (Rose system) and live birds (high guns). Capt. A. R. Smith, Sec'y.

April 2.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

April 18-21.—Lincoln, Neb.—Third annual amateur tournament of the Lincoln Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. S. Stein, Sec'y.

May 7.—Chicago, Ill.—Twenty-sixth annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. W. B. Leffingwell, Sec'y.

June 3-8.—Utica, N. Y.—Forty-second annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Henry L. Gates, Sec'y.

June 5-7.—Columbus, O.—Ohio Trapshooters' League tournament. J. C. Porterfield, Sec'y.

June 11.—New York Vicinity.—Interstate Association's first annual handicap target tournament. Edward Banks, Sec'y.

June 19-21.—Charleston, W. Va.—Fourth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of Beechwood Rod and Gun Club. Added money and merchandise prizes. J. A. Jones, Sec'y, Charleston, W. Va.

Aug. 28-30.—Arnold's Park, Okoboji Lake, Ia.—Budd-Gilbert tournament.

Brooklyn Gun Club.—Third Saturday of each month, Francotte gun contest. Fourth Saturday of each month, Grand American Handicap free-entry contest.

Watson's Park.—Burnside Crossing, Ill.—Medal contest the first and third Fridays of each month.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail allsuch matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The following, taken from a Baltimore daily paper, treats of a rather peculiar complication in the trapshootoing contest, to which it refers, and while interesting in itself, is profitable in the way of something to file for future reference: "At the Monumental Shooting Association's grounds this afternoon the fifth shoot for the American Shot & Lead Company's medal will take place. This is at 15 live birds, each entrant having a distance handicap. It has been won twice by J. C. Hicks, once by J. M. Hawkins, and it has been won by Ansley H. Fox, but whether once or twice nobody can quite determine. He tied H. A. Penrose on one occasion for the medal, and at the next general contest for it won it clearly. Mr. Penrose had agreed to let the tie of the former race be settled by the result of the one at which Mr. Fox won, and if this was legal Mr. Fox won the medal twice. An argument was advanced that both victories could not count, because had the tie been previously settled Mr. Fox would have got a longer handicap, rendering more difficult his second effort to secure a victory for the medal. The reply to this was that when he shot, both to clear off the tie with Penrose and to make an original winning of the medal, he was still a non-winner until the match was over—and his handicap of 29yds. was correct. The question is not vital to the contest, for this particular medal, as Mr. Fox has temporarily retired from the traps; but it is interesting to shooters, who, frequently overtaken by darkness, agree to shoot off ties in future events. This system of penalizing of winners in handicaps is what gave room for doubt on this occasion. However, as Mr. Fox won the medal in a straight shoot on a satisfactory handicap, that event seems beyond dispute, and gives one winning. If this be so, and the right of tied men to shoot off, according to custom, at the handicaps at which they tied be not disputed, then Fox made the second winning, especially in view of the fact that it is impossible to handicap a contestant retroactively, or, in other words, handicap a man for an event of yesterday on form shown to-day. It was impossible, therefore, to penalize the tie race on the performance of shooters in the later event. The question, however, is interesting, and experience leads to the making of rules to settle disputed points. The medal shoot is open to all, and the trophy must be won three times to become permanent property. Should Mr. Hicks win to-day it would be a popular victory. Arrangements are being made for a series of contests at live birds to be held on the Monumental shooting grounds. The first will be held early in January, and the prize will be a handsome gold watch."

The Brooklyn Eagle will give a silver trophy, to be emblematic of the inanimate target championship of Greater New York and vicinity. Any person who resides within a radius of fifty miles of Greater New York's city hall, and who is a member of a recognized and properly organized gun club, is eligible to compete for the trophy. First contest will take place on Brooklyn Gun Club's grounds, Jan. 21, on which occasion there will be an all-day shoot at targets. The conditions of the trophy contest will be 100 singles, unknown angles, and 25 pairs, all targets thrown from expert traps, Sergeant system. This rule to be observed in all challenge contests after open competition. Entrance in open competition price of targets at 2 cents each, furnished by the club. Committee appointed by the Eagle to look after this competition is: Edward Banks (chairman), Dr. A. A. Webber and J. S. S. Remsen. There also is a live-bird challenge championship trophy under consideration, which will be purchased by subscription, open to shooters within a certain radius of New York, the conditions of which are not settled upon yet, but will be ready for publication soon.

The calendar of the Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., is in keeping in artistic merit with their calendar of the past year, both having a just claim to artistic merit and a theme which appeals to all lovers of the gun. Concerning it, the Marlin Fire Arms Co. writes us: "This picture was painted for us by Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus, as a companion piece to our last season's setter design. The artist shows us a city chap enjoying a day's shooting with his Marlin repeating shotgun and a pair of beautiful pointers. To the lover of animals, Prof. Osthaus' bird dogs are always masterpieces, and in the present case he has added a background that is exceptionally effective, and the entire painting has an atmosphere often seen in a typical fall day. The coloring has just enough of the violet hue of the impressionistic school to be pleasing. The mechanical work gives evidence of the rapid advances being made in reproduction by color photography. We will be glad to mail one of these calendars to any reader of your publication sending one stamp to pay postage."

"The Book of Trains, Christmas Number," issued by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway, is one of the most artistic works ever issued by any railroad company. The cover has a picture, the theme of which is in keeping with the Christmas-tide—the three Wise Men of the East, Oriental in feature and costume, are giving their attention to the star which guided them to Him whose birth has caused a rejoicing which goes on and on through the centuries. A border of holly, the green leaves and red berries of which are quite realistic, gives a most appropriate setting to the picture and a wider suggestion to its theme. There are a number of interesting Christmas sketches, in prose and poetry, all very appropriately and pleasingly illustrated, the whole concluded with the words and music of a song, "Kriss Kringle's Drive." Four cents for postage, and a request for it to Mr. A. J. Smith, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O., will secure this very interesting Christmas brochure.

The calendar for 1900 of Messrs. E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., 32 Pine street, New York, and Wilmington, Del., portrays a U. S. battleship in action, her guns, heavy and light, belching fire and iron at the Spanish fleet in its memorable attempt to escape. Its title "A Sunday Morning off Santiago." Shells bursting in air, men stripped to the waist, working at the guns, officers on different parts of the battleship scanning the fleeing enemy through glasses, water splashing from bursting shells, make a very spirited scene. The actual size of the grain of their brown prismatic powder, used in the 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 13in. breechloading rifles, and the actual size of grain of their smokeless powder, used in 10, 12 and 13in. breechloading rifles, are accurately portrayed. The doings of the powder in war, sport and the industrial world are set forth tersely on the leaves devoted to the calendar.

The passing away of Mr. John Hunter has caused the most profound grief to the host of friends who esteemed and loved him. The Hunter Arms Co., in the card which announced his death, gives a brief sketch of his charming character as follows: "It is with the deepest sorrow that we announce the death of our president, John Hunter, who went to his reward Nov. 29, aged seventy-one years. Father Hunter was a man whose whole life was a living demonstration of the practicability of the Christian religion in business affairs. Tolerant always, compromising with wrong never, just to all men, to know him was to love him. A man whose ideal life was elevating and lifted up all life with which he came in contact. Warm in his friendship, firm in his convictions, unwavering in his adherence to truth and justice. Surely his life is a goodly heritage."

There will be a contest for the championship of the State of New Jersey, of which the E C cup is the emblem, on Wednesday of this week between Messrs. Geo. H. Piercy, of Jersey City, and F. Widmann, of Trenton, the contest taking place at the latter place.

The Sing Sing, N. Y., Register states that "a new gun club has been formed by some of the cadets of Holbrook's Military Academy. Kennth McAlpin was elected captain. The club intends to co-operate with other military schools having gun clubs so as to promote trapshooting, and with the idea of petitioning the Sportsmen's Association to set aside a prize for interscholastic team races to be shot for during the sportsmen's show at Madison Square Garden. The managers of Holbrook's Military Academy are to be commended for their liberality and farsightedness in entertaining this new departure in school recreation. They recognize, as every one will, that there could be no more healthful pastime than shooting at the traps or afield."

In the Carteret Gun Club's Christmas Day contest the first event was the December cup, at 10 birds, 30 yds., $1; ties at 3 birds. There were eight contestants for this trophy, it going to Mr. Browne, who killed 9 out of 10 alone. The Christmas Day cup was at 10 birds, handicap rise, entrance $10, allowances 27 and 26yds., one miss as a kill, and one no bird; ties at 3 birds. This was won by Mr. Stuart, standing at 26yds. This event was open to the Westminster Kennel Club, Philadelphia Gun Club, Riverton Gun Club, Larchmont Y. C., Westchester Country Club, Tuxedo Club, Heron Hill Gun Club and Garden City Gun Club.

An exchange states that "on Christmas and New Year's days the New London, O., Gun Club will hold shooting matches that will furnish fun for everybody. There will be trapshooting, rifle shooting and wheelbarrow rolling for the turkeys. The rifle contest of pioneer days seems to be the coming sport in this part of the country, and is becoming a part of almost every contest among marksmen. Those with whom the shotgun is not a favorite can wipe up the old rifle and learn with the rest. Good rifle shooters are not easily found at the present time."

The calendar of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., 315 Broadway, New York, is a radical departure in the way of its pictorial features, from what is commonly accepted as the standard themes. A majestic buffalo head, in a setting of prairie flowers and grasses, has a most pleasing effect. It is artistic in its conception and execution, and the buffalo head suggests a theme of what modern ammunition will do in the hands of skilled shooters—greater than all else in the history of big-game shooting.

The Brooklyn Gun Club will hold a big holiday shoot on New Year's Day, the special delicatessen being a $20 gold piece and a $10 gold piece, whose color is of the sunshine, and whose effects are still more of the sunshine to those who win them. Mr. John Wright has been ill at home for some days, suffering from a cold. He is missed much by his many friends in the gun colony, but as his illness is not serious—a bad cold—they have much to be thankful for.

The meeting of the Interstate Association was held on Thursday of last week, and its doings are set forth quite fully in the report of it in our trap columns. The annual report of the manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, is worthy of the most careful perusal, for it contains much that is valuable in the way of information, and much that is valuable in the way of sound and good advice.

In the first of the series of five matches between teams of the Passaic City Gun Club and the Boiling Springs Gun Club, held on the grounds of the latter club, at Rutherford, N. J., last Saturday, the Boiling Springs Club won by the score of 201 to 156. There were twelve men on a side, each shooting at 25 targets.

The Hudson Gun Club will hold a New Year's shoot, and visitors are invited to attend it. Take yellow turnpike Newark car to Hackensack River bridge, and the grounds are only a short walk therefrom. This is a club of jolly fellows, and there is shooting to please the most exacting as to quality and quantity.

On Friday of last week Mr. W. L. Colville (famous in the world of writers as Dick Swiveller) left New York for Batavia, N. Y., to spend the holiday season at his home. He reports a very successful season in the way of business, and anticipates even a greater business year forthcoming.

The special shoot of the Emerald Gun Club last week for the benefit of the widow of the late E. A. Vrooms, who was an esteemed member and officer of the club, was unfortunate in respect to weather, the day being rainy and unfavorable for a large attendance.

Dr. and Mrs. Shaw, of the Garfield Gun Club, Chicago, contemplate a trip to the Yellowstone Park in the near future. The Doctor has an intention to hunt big game, traveling by stage into the country from Glenwood Springs.

Mr. H. J. Sconce, Sidell, Ill., informs us that the Sconce-Cadwallader shoot has been postponed from Jan. 17 and 18 to Jan. 23, 24 and 25. There will be two days at targets, 2 cents each, and two days at live birds, 15 cents each.

John A. Ruhle, of Beloit, Wis., after many months of illness, passed away from earth on Dec. 15. He was a contestant in the tournaments quite regularly some years ago, and was noted as a skillful and successful shooter.

The Chicago sportsmen's trophy, in the seventh contest for it, was won by Mr. R. Clempson, he killing 15 straight, and won the tie struggle for it. The contest took place at Watson's Park on Friday of last week.

The match between Messrs. S. Van Allen and Albert H. Laney, members of the Aqueduct Gun Club, Jamaica, L. I., fixed to take place on Dec. 19, did not take place.

Mr. Paul R. Litzke sends us an interesting summary of the doings of the O. K. Gun Club, of Kansas City, during the year just past.

The Fulton Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot at Old Mill, L. I., the last of the year 1899.

BERNARD WATERS.

Arkansas and the South.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Dec. 21.—Through the courtesy of Mr. Ed Hickman, the secretary of the O. K. Gun Club, of Kansas City, Mo., I am able to submit to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM the annual report of this energetic little shooting organization. The club held twelve shoots during the year, which were supposed to occur monthly, but during June, July and August no contests are held, as this is one of the few progressive clubs that is opposed to shooting pigeons in the middle of the dog days. In order to fill out the quota of twelve contests, two scores are shot during September, October and November.

That genial and consistent shooter Chris. S. Gottlieb carried off the honors for the season, having taken part in every contest, and showing the excellent percentage of .928. F. N. Cockrell, another one of the urbane squad, is close up to Gottlieb, with .891. His brother C. B. Cockrell also showed up strong, and finished third with .883. J. W. Bramhall is fourth, .881. A very handsome trophy goes to the winner. Each contest was at 20 live pigeons.

	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Shoots thrown out.	Average.
C Gottlieb	19	19	19	18	20	19	18	20	15	18	19	17	0	.928
F N Cockrell	19	15	18	19	19	20	18	16	16	18	16	20	1	.891
C B Cockrell	..	..	20	17	18	17	17	18	17	16	19	..	3	.883
J W Bramhall	17	18	19	18	17	17	20	16	16	18	18	..	3	.881
C V Renick	..	18	..	15	16	1	818	..	14	20	..	..	4	.850
J M Curtice	..	18	17	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	.850
Ed A Hickman	18	17	17	16	14	15	..	18	15	..	14	19	0	.815
J D Sweet	18	12	17	15	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	.790
J W McCurdy	18	18	11	14	16	17	13	..	17	12	..	..	3	.755
F M Berkey	14	14	17	13	17	13	..	..	13	..	..	..	4	.721
Kit Colyer	12	..	11	12	14	14	..	17	17	..	17	14	4	.711
M Gossett	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	.550

PAUL R. LITZKE.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Boiling Springs Gun Club vs. Passaic City Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., Dec. 23.—A team of twelve men of the Passaic City Gun Club met an equal team of the Boiling Springs Gun Club on the grounds of the latter to-day. This match was the first of a series of five. The time of the next contest will be published in due time. The shooting was particularly difficult, a stiff, in-blowing wind making harder the targets, which are always hard on these grounds. There were some preliminary events shot as a warming-up exercise. The match proper was started somewhat late, so that toward the finish the light had waned considerably. Each man shot at 25 targets. The scores:

Boiling Springs Gun Club—James 13, Matzen 16, Hexamer 13, Herrington 21, Frank 10, Paul 13, C. Collins 17, Burgess 17, E. Collins 21, Huck 19, Brockart 16, Pierson 14; total 201.

Passaic City Gun Club—Hall 14, Lenone 14, Platt 16, Jelleme 16, Abbott 15, Bowker 14, Ferguson 14, Bowers 14, Beatty 4, Coman 12, Toman 10, Wise 13; total 156.

Confabulations of the Cadi.—XXI.

New Year Resolutions.

"Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
'Vex not his ghost!'"

THE Cadi, and the stanch companion of his hours of contemplation, Moke, sat in the lodge on opposite sides of the rough pine table, each occupying his chair after the reposeful manner of a bag of rags, as was the habit of these guzzler-mates in their daily companionship when at restful ease. A pitcher of cider and a couple of glasses on the table made much in common between them. That they were seated within the lodge denoted that the weather outside was not to their liking; that their boots were nicely polished with stove-blacking and their hair smeared carelessly with bear grease denoted that the holiday season was well on, and that they therefore had a just regard for the splendor of their persons, for the useful exactions of good society and for the happy sentiments of the season, the latter strongly evidenced by the assiduous manner in which they kept their glasses well in hand. There was a calmness of manner and a contentedness of spirit in their companionship which might well be envied by the good at heart. Each had a dreamy, beatific expression of countenance which might easily be construed as coming from a good conscience, which was further sanctified by years of noble deeds; but much the same expression may be observed on the visage of a mule which stands quietly in the fence corner of his country home, head drooping, eyes half-closed, and underlip pendulous from the profundity of his enjoyment in the warmth of the spring sunshine. Thus, while the exterior signs of men and mules might be the same, any inference therefrom as to the matter of conscience might be erroneous, for in the case of the mule the contentment came from the sunshine without; in the case of the man, it came from the sunshine within, a portion of which remained in the pitcher for the time being.

The two worthy lilies of the valley had been talking entertainingly of the old year, which was nearly gone, and of the possibility of the year which would be new—for a while—discussing matters with the vivacity which comes from high spirits, and with the affectation of wisdom which comes from mixed spirits; in short, there was that atmosphere of peace and good will about them which so benificently pervades the world in the holiday season, when men cease to battle, and when philanthropy takes the place of selfish rivalry.

"The holiday season, in itself, is a fortune for mankind," Moke remarked, his eyes the while winking jerkily and spontaneously from the sunshine within him. "It is a time when the humanities may be restored or patched up, and when the great social and religious heart can throb to its true sentiments, instead of to the false sentiments of Mammonism. The holiday season, with its humane readjustments, I maintain, is a great boon to the human race."

"Humph!" the Cadi remarked, contemptuously. "The holiday season is indebted to the human race for its existence, and therefore it in part is indebted to you and me. It only exists at all because I am alive, if the matter is reduced to the proper personal equation; that is to say, if I were in the future world, there then would not be any holidays, as I know of them, and no one could then make me believe that there were such; but, there being holidays when I am alive, and none when I have passed away, I am justified in my deduction that they are for me now, and would not exist if I were not here."

"I have heard some very remarkable arguments in my time, my good friend, but never one which was so wholly egotistical. I have heard the argument that the world or the universe existed only in the mind of man; for if man ceased to exist or had never existed there never would have been any cognition that the world existed; and no cognition, no existence. I fear much, my good friend, that some of the wires in the vacant chambers of your head have become crossed, causing your mind to mix the things which serve you for ideas. Let us talk of something useful. Let us talk of some resolutions that I intend to make for the New Year. Yes, and to keep them, too!" And now Moke warmed up to the subject with much enthusiasm. "I suspect that you have the same purpose in mind, friend Cadi, and we might gain an added strength by selecting our resolutions and adopting them jointly; for if they are good when adopted by one they should in reason be twice as good when adopted by two persons."

"Quite right!" the Cadi remarked approvingly. "Then, if one of us should weaken at any time, the other could counsel firmness and encourage his faltering spirit, thus supporting him in his few moments of weakness with that firm moral courage which we both so abundantly possess in common, but which we both lose in common at the moments we most need it. But I have always thought that being good by resolution was much like protecting game by resolution—it looks very well while the actors hold the center of the stage and utter their resolutions, but off the stage they talk and act much as do other people."

"So," Moke commented, in a tone meant to be sarcastic. "I may infer that some people may be good without taking any thought as to how to be better. Don't you think that some good at some time followed a 'Be it resolved'?"

"Certainly, in a general way," replied the Cadi. "But, as to your particular proposition, it is merely a holiday idea, my good friend. You have an emotional feeling at this moment which is in keeping with the closing of the year's events, the glorious theme of the season, and the joyous stimulus radiating from your stomach. Personally, I dislike to admit that I have formed any New Year resolutions, for I will not admit that I need them. I feel that I am all right. It also renders me ineligible to join you in your well-meant purpose of reform. I thank you kindly, but I will have to decline your proposition," saying which the Cadi pushed the pitcher nearer to Moke, whose well-trained hand reached out and caught it before its motion was arrested.

"No. 1."

"You do not seem to be quite yourself to-day," said Moke, with a weird smile, which was intended to be amiable, but which seemed to mean nothing in particular. "I have not made any proposition at all. I asked that we talk over some propositions that I had in mind for the new year. As I have not mentioned what they are, I am sure that you do not know whether they were good, bad or indifferent; but I do think that it costs nothing to be civil, not to say polite."

"I perceive that I was anticipating too much. If you will overlook my curtness, I will now listen with pleasure and with some hope of being a gainer; for ofttimes the wise may learn wisdom from the simple, or, as Cowper more directly states it,

"'A man must now and then be right by chance,'

though of course he could not possibly have had you in mind when he wrote it, and therefore it has no reference to you. I listen to you, my friend," concluded the Cadi, as he crooked his elbow.

"It had escaped me that we were talking of fools," remarked Moke, imperturbably, after he had wiped the cider drops off his mouth on his coat sleeve. "But there are quite a number of authorities on that somewhat large class of useful men. Shakespeare says:

"'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man believes himself to be a fool.'

"What do you think of that, Cadi?"

"I don't believe a word about what the wise man believes. In fact, I know he is wrong. But we would better let that pass, for there might be many who would need but a hint to enlarge on this subject, perhaps to our misliking. Tell me now about the good resolution which you discovered at the end of the old year, though you seem to think that you discovered it at the beginning of the new."

"Well, it's this way, Cadi," and Moke commenced talking very seriously. "For some weeks I have been giving a good deal of attention to the study of magic circles and magic squares and lucky numbers, which I found in an old book which had a lot in it about magic. There were things about necromancy and horoscopes. The number 7 seemed to crop up the oftenest, and by common consent it was conceded in some matters of chance to have the greatest potency; but the number that I believe in most was not in the book at all, and that is the number that I am determined to look out for in my New Year resolution."

"What number is that?" queried the Cadi, curiously.

"No. 1," Moke replied quietly.

"Vex Not His Ghost."

"I don't see how you add any to the worth of that number by embodying it in a resolution," remarked the Cadi. "That is simply the vulgar way of expressing inconsiderate selfishness. Everybody should be selfish enough to strive to better their condition while doing good to others. That is to say, every one who works, benefiting himself, benefits mankind at large. If all selfish purpose ceased to exist, all unselfish purpose would cease also. No one would attempt to do anything. The world would be at a standstill. Your idea of looking out for No. 1, as it is vulgarly termed, can mean nothing more than that you are going to work industriously next year instead of idling as in years agone, for you must reward the world at large if it in turn rewards you. It is better to let New Year resolutions alone, unless you intend to confess to yourself and the world that you need annual reformation. It is better to do what is right at all times, and then you will not need any more good resolutions at the end of the old year than you need at the beginning of the new. When the old year dies, you then can say honestly with the poet:

"'Vex not his ghost.'"

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Chicago Sportsmen's Trophy.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 23.—In the seventh contest for the Chicago sportsmen's trophy, held at Watson's Park yesterday afternoon, Mr. R. Clempson for the second time carried away the handsome diamond medal, and not contented with this he killed 15 straight and won the high average medal also. The capital prize he secured only after a hard fight with Barto and Miller in the ties, both the latter coming into the third frame of fives, Barto killing 4 straight after missing his first bird in the last string. Barto won second, Holly and Stannard divided in the 14-hole, and White shot out Leffingwell in the 12s. The birds ruled mainly fast and strong, with some not quite so good, but on the average making fairly difficult shooting. The weather was mild and pleasant. The following are the scores:

F Holly, 30, 1	11221121*1222011	—14
R Clempson, 30, 0	212121211221222	—15
G Roll, 30, 0	222121111011222	—14
Dennis, 30, 1	2211121221220211	—15
J L White, 30, 1	20222220*2222022	—12
T Eaton, 28, 2	12020*200221021*1	—10
W B Leffingwell, 30, 1	20022221020121122	—12
W D Stannard, 30, 1	22220122222122022	—14
P O'Brien, 30, 1	20212112122122012 01	—14
J B Barto, 30, 1	22221121212 2*212	—15
R B Miller, 28, 2	1*022212121111212	—15
H Levi, 30, 2	122122222222222	—15
E M Steck, 30, 1	01121222222211 2	—15
S Palmer, 30, 1	22122122212202 22	—15

Ties on 15, strings of 5:

R Clempson	22212	22212	12221	—15
J B Barto	11222	11111	10121	—14
R B Miller	21211	11221	022*	—13
H Levi	11222	2212*	w	— 9
S Palmer	21211	22222	00w	
E M Steck	22121	2220w		— 8
F Dennis	0w			— 0

Ties on 14, strings of 3:

Holly	221	111	122	111—12
Stannard	221	222	222	212—12
Roll	121	111	10w	— 7

Death of Jack Ruble.

On Friday of last week Mr. J. A. Ruble, long familiarly known to all tournament shooters of this country as Jack Ruble, died at his home in Beloit, Wis. Mr. Ruble was naturally a fine shot and was nearly always successful in the sweepstakes among the best shots of the country. He usually shot under the name of Bob White, and has been before the public for the past dozen years. A few years ago he came to this city to reside, and it was about two years ago that he met with the misfortune which eventually caused his death. While going home one night after dark, he was held up by one of the thugs who infest this city during the winter time, and before he had time to defend himself was struck over the head with a piece of iron pipe. Mr. Ruble was a man of very powerful frame, but was taken entirely off his guard. He lay unconscious for a couple of hours, and was in bed for weeks. He never recovered his strength, and all through last summer looked hardly more than a shadow of his former self. His death removes one of the familiar figures of the old-time circuit crowd.

E. HOUGH.

480 CAXTON BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Audubon Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 29.—The last shoot of the Audubon Gun Club for 1899 resulted as follows:

Wilcox, 28	*21*2122222200020100—12—2—14
Felton, 30	20120101010000121211—12—2—14
Odell, 29	022*1222212212*12121—17—2—19

Mr. J. H. Amberg wins first prize for the year. Messrs. Felton, Wilcox and Odell and five others tied for second, $20 in cash. The three being present to shoot off the tie, they shot with the following results:

Felton	11102021222121222022—17
Wilcox	02211222212020222100—15
Odell	22221212120220221210—17

Second tie, miss-and-out:

Odell	112111	Felton	221120

RAVELRIGG.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 23.—This was not a very good day at the Garfield Gun Club. The day was very dark, as the sky was thickly overcast with clouds. The birds were as a rule a good lively lot, there being but one or two sitters during the whole shoot. The old saying of "Business first and pleasure afterward" seemed to be true in the case of Dr. Meek to-day. His business kept him away during the trophy event, and so he missed the best part of the day.

Fanning and Nusly are planning a trip to Demotte, Ind. They will start next Wednesday, and be gone for two or three days, or, as Fanning expressed it, "As long as the inhabitants treated them well." They are going out for quail and chicken sho·

Dr. and Mrs. Shaw are making plans for a trip to Yellowstone Park. From there they will go to Glenwood Springs. Leaving the "Springs" by a stage coach, they will travel for about 70 miles up into the country, where the Doctor expects to find big game.

No. 1 was the trophy event, 10 birds. No. 2 was a sweep at 6 birds, $2 entrance:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
J Workman	20*1002010— 4	.....
Kehl	011*022211— 7	0*2111—4
T Eaton	2101012100— 6	*21011—4
R Kuss	1002201222— 7	021221—5
Dr Shaw	1110121121—9	02221*—4
L Thomas	0220220201— 6	211220—5
Hicks	1122221211—10	112111—6
J Wolff	2201121111— 9	112200—4
Geo De Clercq	1101211120— 8	021211—5
S Palmer	1122212212—10	220220—4
E Eaton	1122111211—10	*0*000—0
M H Shaw	2100101202— 6	110110—4
A Hellman	*010120221— 6	.....
J T Fanning	2121201221— 9	111022—5
Russell	.....	211012—5
Dr Meek	.....	210121—5

Miss-and-out:

Kuss	2111110	Fanning	2220
Palmer	1222222	Russell	211210

FRANK J. BAUM.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Emerald Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 19.—A rainy day was as unfavorable as to weather, the shoot suffering a special misfortune, as there was a philanthropic purpose in it, all the club's interest going to the widow of the late E. A. Vrooms, who was an officer of the club and who was drowned several weeks ago when the ferry boat Chicago was sunk by a collision in the North River. There was a strong straightaway wind, and the birds were a fairly good lot and flew fairly well, considering the unfavorable weather conditions. The attendance, too, was good, and there were several shooters present who were famous in skill. Events Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were miss-and-out events, all standing at 30yds.; Nos. 5 and 6 were handicaps. The scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
O'Connell	20	221112	2*	.....
Van Allen	122	12222*	11	222222
Sands	1*	122222	10	0
Leroy	222	222*	22	222222
Koegel	.....	.....	1*	112*
Schaffer	.....	.....	20	.....

	No. 5.		No. 6.
Van Allen, 30	1112211—7	31	0221220222— 8
Leroy, 30	2222222—7	30	2220222022— 8
O'Connell, 30	2122222—7	30	2222212222—10
Koegle, 29	1102222—6	29	22221*1212— 9
Sands, 29	1*11122—6	29	2120222222— 9
Fisher, 27	0102221—5		.....
Dr Creamer, 28	2100100—3	25	2111011010— 7
Dr Kemble, 28	2211201—6	30	2101220102— 7
Dr Webber, 29	2201222—6	29	2111021222— 9
Gallagher, 25	.....		2020102200— 5
Bright, 28	.....		1220121212— 9
Schoeble, 27	.....		1122220*20— 7

No. 5 was at 7 birds, $4. No 6 was at 10 birds, $5.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, Dec. 23.—Herewith are the scores of to-day's shoot. In event No. 2, 30 targets, all stood at scratch for medal. Event, No. 4, at 40 targets, was the sixth monthly shoot for the G. A. H. prize:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	30	15	50	25	Targets:	15	30	15	50	25
W Hopkins	14	26	13	50	23	T Black	..	..	..	30	..
Ashley	13	24	14	42	20	Paterson	..	..	..	48	..
S M Van Allen	14	22	12	44	22	Paterson			7890$	.....	
G Meeker	11	24	11	40	15	Lane	..	20	..	27	..
G Ancrom	9	..	12	40	20						

There will be a big holiday shoot on New Year's Day. Prizes: first, $20 gold piece; second $10 gold piece. Open to all. All shooters invited.

GEO. B. PATERSON, Sec'y.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Dec. 23.—The annual election of the Schuylkill Gun Club, of this city, was held at the Milmont Hotel, near this city, on Dec. 21, and resulted as follows: President, J. Edmund Gable; Vice-President, Frank Shearer; Secretary and Treasurer, Albert Fink; Captain, Frank Gable; Directors: H. N. Keim, Benjamin Keim, James Hipton. The treasurer reported the club in good financial condition. Retiring Captain Schmeck reported having engaged in three team shoots with the Climax Gun Club, of Gibraltar, and all resulting in a victory for the Schuylkill team, composed of H. N. K., Keim, Flecker, F. Gable, J. E. Gable, Schmeck, captain, with Fink, Shearer and Hipton, as substitutes. It was decided to change the club's shooting grounds from Milmont to a place nearer the city limits, of which the directors have three sites in view. Three names were proposed for membership and two members were elected.

Capt. Gable was instructed to announce the live-bird club championship shoot for Jan. 6, on the Milmont grounds.

The scores made Dec. 21 at the club's annual shoot follow:

Target championship, 25 targets: F. Gable 19, Shearer 12, Fink 21, J. E. Gable 21, H. N. K. 21, Keim 20, *Bright 23, *Sholl 19, Gross 17, *Ritter 20, Schmeck 20, Hinton 12, Brownnell 7, Towney 14, *Ball 17, *Jack 23, *Bechtel 20, Sheeder 19, Schuyler 12, Flecker 17.

*Denotes guests who shot for price of targets only.

The shoot-off of the tie for the gold medal presented by the Milmont Hotel and the club championship, 15 targets, resulted: Fink 11, J. E. Gable 12, H. N. K. 10.

The following sweeps were also shot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	15	10	Targets:	10	10	15	10
J Gable	7	5	12	8	Ritter	7	8	14	7
F Gable	8	7	10	5	Brownnell	6	5	12	8
Fink	7	8	11	8	Towney	3	4	..	6
Schmeck	8	6	11	7	Schuyler	7	4	..	6
Sholl	6	9	10	6	Bechtel	6	5	..	8
Flecker	7	6	11	7	Sheeder	7	4	..	..
Bright	9	10	12	9	H N K	9	8	12	9
Gross	7	6	..	4	Keim	10	9	11	6
Hipton	3	2	12	5	Jack	9	8	14	7

W. D. Gross, proprietor of the Three-Mile Shooting Park, located at Shillington, Pa., three miles from Reading, easily reached by electric car every twenty minutes, announces the opening of the live-bird season for '99-1900, at this fine shooting park. A target match has been arranged between Shaaber, of Reading, and Benner, of Boyertown, 100 targets, $20 a side, and the county championship cup, now held by Shaaber. This match should be a very exciting contest, and a large crowd is expected to be present. The Benner-Shaaber match is on Jan. 1, to be followed by a programme of sweeps at targets. On Jan. 2 live birds will be shot, the principal event being a 15-live-bird handicap, 25 to 31yds., $10 entrance, class shooting. Sweeps will follow. Proprietor Gross also announces a live bird match for Jan. 23 between two well-known local shooters, 100 live birds, $100 a side.

DUSTER.

Fulton Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 18.—The main event of the meeting of the Fulton Gunt Club to-day was a two-men team match between Messrs. Schoverling and Dickerson against Messrs. Schneider and Belts, the latter winning by the score of 44 to 42. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	Targets:	10	10	15	15	10
Schoverling	6	9	7	8	7	S Goldstein	6	8	8	10	5
J Henry	4	3	6	7	4	T E Belts	6	8	11	13	9
J Dickerson	6	7	11	9	6	Williams	9	9	12	11	7

Fifty-bird match, Schoverling and Dickerson vs. Schneider and Belts:

Schoverling	11001101111001001110011101 —15
Dickerson	11110011011100010111100 0—15—30
Schneider	11111111011111111110111111—23
Belts	11101111101011111110111111—21—44

Interstate Association Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the Interstate Association was held Thursday, Dec. 21, at 9:30 A. M., at Oakland, Bergen county, N. J. A majority of the stockholders were represented either in person or by proxy. After the meeting had been formally opened it was decided to adjourn until 2 P. M. the same afternoon, in the rooms of the Sportsmen's Association, 280 Broadway, New York.

At the adjourned meeting, President Dressel in the chair, the roll call showed the following stockholders represented in person: Union Metallic Cartridge Co., J. A. H. Dressel; American E C & Schultze Gunpowder Co., Albert W. Money; Cleveland Target Co., Paul North; Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Irby Bennett; Parker Brothers, W. F. Parker; Hazard Powder Co., John L. Lequin; E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., E. S. Lentilhon; Laflin & Rand Powder Co., A. W. Higgins.

The following were represented by proxy: Tatham & Brothers, Le Roy Shot & Lead Works, Remington Arms Co.

After the minutes of the annual meeting, held Dec. 20, 1898, had been read and approved, Manager Shaner read his report of the proceedings for the year. This report was received with considerable enthusiasm, and at the close Mr. Higgins moved and Mr. North seconded, that the report of the manager be received and filed and a vote of thanks tendered to him, not only for the exhaustive manner in which he had compiled his report, but also for his work in behalf of the Interstate Association during the season of 1899. The report was as follows:

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 20.—To the President, Officers and Members of the Interstate Association: Gentlemen—I herewith submit the report of transactions of the manager's office for the season of 1899, the statistical data of which, giving operations in detail, will be found in the "Review of Tournaments," a copy of which is annexed.

It is patent to all that in presenting a series of annual reports, where success has been uniform, some tautology is unavoidable, therefore I launch into my theme without further apology, confident that I am addressing an audience which appreciates the fact.

The season just closed has been, in my opinion, the most successful in the history of the Association, and, though it may seem like painting the lily, I cannot refrain from harping on the possibly threadbare subject. Again our subscribers are to be congratulated on the results directly and indirectly achieved, and on the assurance that the efforts of the Association to give satisfaction have been abundantly crowned with success. The maxim, "Nothing succeeds like success" has been verified yearly since organization, and at length all doubting Thomases exclaim, "I believe!" and are willing to believe us when we tell them that we now find our feet firmly planted and have no acquaintance with the word "fail." Simply pointing to what has been promised and performed silences all carping criticism.

The records of this office, in entirety and severalty, show that the sport of trapshooting is yearly growing stronger, and it will continue to increase just as long as it is conducted on the same clean lines as at present, and uniformly in the past.

Candor compels the admission, however, that some localities where formerly great interest was taken in the sport now show a falling off in enthusiasm, and this loss of interest has led some who are not in touch with the fraternity to believe that interest in trapshooting is on the wane. The initiated and practiced observer, however, can readily detect the cause of and prescribe the remedy for this apathetic state in each individual case. One of the prime causes of lack of interest has been the desire of the more expert class of shooters to increase its exchequer at the expense of its less skillful competitors. This is a radical mistake, and unless club shoots are conducted on a liberal basis, allowing the less expert shooters to compete with the more skillful on equal footing, the sport will continue to languish in the localities noted. One way to remedy the evil is not, under any circumstances, to allow sweepstake shooting on regular club days. Adhere to this policy. Offer trophies to be contested for, either weekly or monthly, and make the shooting cost as little as possible, and I venture the prediction that the sport will soon show a healthy growth. My experience has proven that where the sport is conducted on these lines there is no lack of contestants, much interest is manifested and a friendly rivalry is engendered. It is too much to expect that indifferent shooters will long submit to be mere profit as well as sport to the more expert. There must be sufficient reciprocity to maintain interest, and the true sportsman will not grudge it when his conscience is enlightened by a mere statement of the fact.

The wisdom of the resolution adopted by the Association barring "paid representatives," etc., from competiting for a division of the purse is no longer disputed. The experimental stage has been passed, and many gun clubs are patterning after the parent organization—conducting tournaments on the same lines. I therefore advocate the continued enforcement of the rule which has proved salutary.

Grand American Handicap of 1899.

This was the inaugural tournament, held April 11, 12, and 13, and excited more interest than any previous event of the kind. The extraordinary success of last year led many to suppose that the maximum had been reached beyond peradventure, and the great interest partook somewhat of a speculative nature. Not until the entries had been closed could some people—and many thousands they were—believe that the representation would exceed that of 1898. It is true there were sanguine people, who believed that the entries might reach 300, owing to the improved condition of business, but they were in a minority; and well-posted people, who had had a broad basis for a working hypothesis, contended that 250 would be an extravagant estimate. They reasoned on the basis of high guns and class shooting, and did not make adequate allowance for the enthusiasm engendered by the previous work of our Association. At this distance of time it is safe to say that the great majority were agreeably disappointed. Though the world has been well advised of the fact that the total number of entries was 278, it will bear repetition here. This was 71 greater than the total of 1898. The increase from the day of small beginning, in 1893, with 21 shooters, to 278 entries six years later carries with it its own comment and shows that the Interstate Association built on a firm foundation, and that its growth, phenomenal though it be, has been symmetrical and natural.

The States represented by the entries show the widespread interest excited. They were 28 in number, more than half of the 45 covered by the Stars and Stripes, and the representation ranged from Canada to Mexico, and Canada was not unrepresented. The distribution of entries may not be uninteresting. It was as follows: New York, 42; New Jersey, 41; Illinois, 34; Pennsylvania, 26; Ohio, 19; Iowa, 14; Missouri, 12; Wisconsin, 10; Kentucky, 8; Maryland, 7; Massachusettts, 7; Indiana, 7, Minnesota, 7; Tennessee, 6; South Carolina, 4; Nebraska, 4; Texas, 4; Maine, 3; Georgia, 2; Virginia, 2; California, 2; Michigan, 2; North Carolina, Rhode Island, Arkansas, Colorado and Florida, 1 each; District of Columbia and Canada, 1 each; 278 entries in all. Of this number 135 were new—that is, they had never been entered in any previous Grand American Handicap. This makes a grand total of 510 shooters who have made entry in this event of events since its establishment in 1893.

The selection of the same site for holding the tournament occupied for three years previously needs no defense, for Elkwood Park was the only one that offered the requisite facilities.

Inanimate Target Tournaments.

The opening tournament of the inanimate target season was held at Oil City, Pa., May 17 and 18. It was held under very adverse circumstances, the weather being discouraging in the extreme. The first day, shooters, visitors and all interested were drenched by a terrific downpour of rain. The lightning and thunder severely tried the nerves of contestants, making a large score impossible. Members of the local club, and Oil City people generally, treated visitors so hospitably, however, as to make them forget the inclemency of the weather and consequent discomfort. The management of the shoot left nothing to be desired and the pleasantest impression was carried away.

The third tournament was held at Bellows Falls, Vt., June 14 and 15. It was under the auspices of the Bellow Falls Gun Club, and was a success in every way, although rain somewhat marred the second day's work. The resident club had made arrangements so perfect that there was no room for suggestion for improvement. Fifty-six shooters, only four of whom were manufacturers' representatives, took part. There were many present who had never atttempted shooting, and the success of the meet lay largely in the encouragement given non-professionals and non-shooters to take up the sport. A large number of those present carried away a deeply planted desire to stand in the ranks, and they will be heard from in the future. There is no doubt that the occasion will bear good fruit.

The fourth tournament was held at Providence, R. I., July 19 and 20. As an inanimate target shoot, it was a record-breaker, so far as our Association is concerned, the average entry for each event during the two days being 51 and a fraction.

As to target throwing, the figures are eloquent, and need no diagram in the way of elucidation. There was but one set of five traps used, no magautrap and no Sergeant system. The record was 8,020 bluerocks thrown the first day and 9,285 the second; total 17,305 for the two days.

The Providence Gun Club paid a high tribute to the Interstate Association by declaring that the efficient state of the club and its appointments, as also the revival of interest in trapshooting throughout the length and breadth of Little Rhody, were due to the intelligent work done by the Association in New England. The Association showed how it must be done and created the emulation which has made the Providence club what it is. Yankee pluck can accomplish wonders. For instance, the club house, with all its elegant appointments and utilities, was built in five days, and built substantially, too. It was as clean as a New England kitchen, and no annunciator was needed to tell you that you were at least contiguous to the "land of steady habits."

The Providence Gun Club is a growing organization, and its members are workers of the most pronounced proselyting class. They do not think of doing things by halves or in a perfunctory manner. They will be further heard from.

The fifth tournament, which was also an unqualified success, was held at Portland, Me., on August 9 and 10. It was a record-breaker for the State of Maine, and the members of the home club feel that the shoot was all that could be desired; not a hitch of any kind occurred to mar the pleasantness of the occasion, although a steady rain the second day was somewhat discomforting. The results for our subscribers were splendid, and everything that the local club could do for the comfort of visitors was done.

The proceeds from the targets in event No. 3 the first day, amounting to $15, were donated by the Portland Gun Club to the Van Dyke Memorial Fund.

The closing tournament of the season was held at Portsmouth, Va., Sept. 6 and 7. The attendance was good, and the shooting of a high order, notwithstanding that the weather was oppressively hot, causing many who would otherwise have participated to weaken. The Portsmouth club, however, felt that there was no cause for complaint, and it was well satisfied with results achieved. The shoot ran smoothly from opening to finish, and the members of the home club were satisfied that their efforts to promote a love for trapshooting had not been nugatory and that interest was growing.

The unsolicited encomiums bestowed on the Interstate Association should be sufficient to assure the most conservative among our patrons and subscribers that their efforts to maintain its high standard have not been in vain. The times have been propitious, and we have had our full share of the prosperity that has gladdened not only the affluent, but the humblest household in the land. The previous year we contended with difficulties that prostrated many well-established undertakings, and in 1899 we simply reaped the reward of steady perseverance in the race for the goal set before us. Of course there may be frosts in store for us, but the foundation laid is not in sand, but in the rock of experience and carefully considered method, and its permanence is as well established as any other mundane venture.

The Future.

Though our efforts have been successful beyond expectation, yet I would again call attention to the fact that we ought to have more subscribers. The work is vast and cannot be prosecuted successfully without an outlay that in the infancy of the Association would have been considered both outside and inside the ranks ruinous, but which, with the enlarged views that accompany such success, is no longer considered terrifying. The constantly increasing demand for our services must be honored, and it costs money. For the good of the cause every member should exert himself to the utmost to increase our subscription list. "There is no excellence without labor," and experience in all human vocations teaches that a miracle of genius is also a miracle of effort. There is abundant incentive to work, and work hard, and I think all will agree that our motto should still be "Excelsior." Our zeal should no languor know until we arrive at the summit.

Eighth Annual Grand American Handicap.

For this event the preliminary details have all been arranged, contracts signed, etc. It, as is generally known, will be held at Interstate Park, Borough of Queens, New York city, the week beginning April 2, 1900.

The phenomenal success of the Grand American Handicap since its inception emboldens me to renew a suggestion I thought fit to make in my report of the proceedings of 1898, and which, I flatter myself, was received in the kindly spirit in which it was tendered, i. e., with an eye single to the advancement of the greatest of all events, without disparagement to any. It was emphasized by the gratifying success of the Grand American Handicap of 1899, a success unparalleled in the history of live-bird shooting, where the largest and finest array of skilled shooters ever marshaled on the planet carried the contest to a close without jar or friction. Our Association has not only proved to the world that it is second to none in point of skill in its membership, but it has established on a firm foundation an event which is to the sportsmen of the Western world what the Olympic games were to the ancient Greeks in the zenith of their fame.

As observed in my last annual report, there must of necessity come a time when we shall reach our maximum and cease to grow. I do not know that it has been attained, but would respectfully suggest that ere we may possibly ride a free horse to death it may be prudent to call a halt for the purpose of taking a reckoning of our reserve capital and be prepared to grow old as gracefuly as we have grown rapidly. As the Interstate Association has reached an eminence where it can view with complacency any strictures the most carping can make, I am of the opinion that this is a fitting time to take an observation from this serene height where whatever action we may take is to criticism impregnable.

I would emphasize the fact that from a managerial standpoint 278 entries are not unwieldy, and from experience gained this year I believe it possible to manage the Grand American Handicap successfully even up to the point of 400 or more entries; but in the interest of contestants to have a greater number of entries than those of this year would, in my opinion, tend to cheapen our annual contest by reducing it to the level of a show, which we are not by any visible exigency constrained to do.

I think the Grand American Handicap has accomplished all the Interstate Association proposed in the outset, and probably more; but to continue to allow more and more entries would, in my view and that of many others, be retrogressive. It has reached that point where it cannot be the ambition of any to make it the largest, but the best in existence.

In my judgment the Grand American Handicap should be so arranged as to make conditions harder without departing from our system, and made so that it can be shot in one day. Without detracting from the interest in the least, conditions might be made so that contestants would not exceed 100.

In my last annual report I called attention to the fact that "should entries to the Grand American Handicap drop to 100, it would still be the finest of its kind—still excel the Grand Prix of Monte Carlo—still be in a class by itself, and so far as can be seen unapproached and unapproachable." By limiting the number of entries we do away with otherwise possibly unavoidable mishaps, such as changes of weather, sudden illness of contestants and other demands which readily present themselves to all. It is certain that the Grand American Handicap has become a very severe strain on contestants, though the stoical fortitude which sustained them in the last trial may not have impressed outsiders as it did those whose duties compelled them to follow with scrutiny every phase of the contest.

I would reiterate that there is no intent nor need to change the system, but to make the conditions harder, and I feel confident that this will meet the views of sportsmen, who would rather fail nobly contesting under difficulties than win what might possibly degenerate in a barren honor, where conditions were made easy, inducing a multitude to compete, no matter how much outclassed.

I do not wish to be understood as advocating that the entire tournament be conducted on such rigid lines, but the main event only—the Grand American Handicap—the remainder of the programme to be arranged in a manner similar to our previous tournaments, and if deemed advisable one event could be on the precise lines of former Grand American Handicaps, which would tend to include an entry as large as formerly.

Whatever view may be taken of these suggestions, I wish to be understood as making them with an eye single to the best interests of the Insterstate Association devoid of any selfish consideration whatever, and though neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, I am honestly convinced that time will prove my prognostications correct.

First Annual Grand American Handicap at Targets.

Arrangements have been made for the holding of the first annual Grand American Handicap at targets, at Interstate Park, Borough of Queens, New York city, the week beginning June 11, 1900. So far as I am able to see, there is no reason why this event should not become a feature as permanent and one as important in its way as the Grand American Handicap at live birds. That it will fill a long-felt want, I have not a shadow of doubt.

Inanimate Target Tournaments for 1900.

We have several applications for tournaments during the season of 1900, and there is nothing discouraging to be seen on our horizon. We are now in touch as much, if not more, with the progressive element in trapshooting as in the past, but though the plums may fall into our lap without much effort on our part, I would restate my opinion submitted a year ago, viz.: "That the Association should not rest on its laurels." While some may consider the field already large enough for good tillage, none will deny that if it be, there should be no relaxation of effort to make all our work as perfect as possible. But as yet there is no sign of senility. Our organization is as vigorous as at any former period, and so far as can be seen is competnt to enlarge its sphere indefinitely. There is plenty of territory yet to work, and if we persevere we will live to see, in all probability, that our career of conquest and usefulness has been but fairly begun.

General and Particular.

In closing my review of the year, I wish to impress strongly on the members of the Association that our outfit is very nearly worn out, and will not answer for another season. The demand for a new one is imperative.

As to the duties of my office, I have nothing to add to what was said last year. There are many things in connection therewith in the matter of correspondence, etc., which, though of interest to myself, are not to the Association as a whole.

The rule allowing clubs to exercise their own judgment as to handicap, system of division of purses, etc., as they may deem best, has worked so well that I can see no reason to counsel a change, and therefore I would advise a continuance until something well matured and highly recommending its expediency be submitted.

The Association property is still well taken care of, and stored in Pittsburg, and adequately protected by insurance.

Conclusion.

I would again call attention to the obligations under which the Association rests to the sportsmen's journals for the continuance of their work. They have satisfied the demands of the most exacting in reporting the scores of our tournaments and in publishing matters of general and particular interest to our subscribers, keeping the work well before the public. As honorary member of the Association they are entitled to unstinted praise for their efficiency and courtesy.

I cannot close without a renewal of my thanks to our subscribers for the urbanity with which they have treated me in all our relations, public and private. My duties have entailed a very large epistolary correspondence, and the courtesy I have experienced has made it a pleasure, which lessened the labor. As before, I wish to include the members of all committees, whose aid and advice have always been of inestimable value to me and I will conclude by expressing the sanguine belief that our relations will never be marred. Very respectfully submitted.

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

A new member was elected as a stockholder of the Interstate Association; this was the International Smokeless Powder & Dynamite Co., which was represented at the meeting by Mr. Chas. E. Willard.

The secretary then read a letter from each of the clubs for whom the Interstate Association had given a target tournament during the past year. The clubs were: The Oil City Gun Club, Oil City, Pa., and the clubs at Bellows Falls, Vt.; Providence, R. I.; Portland, Me., and Portsmouth, N. H. Each of these letters was in itself a pleasing testimonial to the work accomplished by the Interstate Association.

Manager Shaner reported that he had received applications for tournaments in 1900 from clubs located at the following cities: Belleville, Ont.; Salem, N. Y.; Providence, R. I.; Savannah, Ga.; Haverhill, Mass.; Brockton, Mass.; Sherbrooke, Ont.; Auburn, Me.; Trenton, N. J.; Richmond, Va.; Newport, Vt.

These applications were referred for consideration to the tournament committee, which later decided that no action be taken on them until after the decision of the Grand American Handicap, the first week in April.

Among other business transactions of the meeting, it was decided to change the name of the target tournament, advertised to be given by the Interstate Association at Interstate Park during the week commencing June 11, 1900, from "the first annual Grand American Handicap target tournament" to "the Interstate Association's first annual handicap target tournament." The change was made in order to avoid any possible confusion in the minds of shooters by the use of the words "Grand American Handicap" in connection with targets.

In regard to the conditions that will govern the Grand American Handicap of 1900, no change was made; the conditions will be precisely the same as those which prevailed in 1899, when the enormous entry list of 278 was recorded.

The election of five directors closed the business before the meeting. The following were declared duly elected: J. A. H. Dressel, Irby Bennett, Edward Banks, A. W. Higgins and John L. Lequin.

After the meeting of the stockholders had adjourned, a meeting of the board of directors was held, for the election of officers for the Association. The following were duly elected: J. A. H. Dressel, President; Irby Bennett, Vice-President; Edward Banks, Secretary-Treasurer.

Executive Committee—John L. Lequin, Irby Bennett and A. W. Higgins.

Tournament Committee—Irby Bennett, J. A. H. Dressel, A. W. Higgins, W. F. Parker, Edward Banks and E. S. Lentilhon.

Club Organization Committee—O. D. Delano, Paul North, Chas. Tatham and C. E. Willard.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner was of course reappointed manager for the ensuing year.

It may be of interest to the shooting public to learn that the Association will follow the plan adopted in 1893, and will again offer a handsome silver trophy to the winner of the Grand American Handicap of 1900.

Irate Boarder—Just look at that thermometer—14° in the shade—and your advertisement called this the coolest spot in the mountains.

Landlord—Waal, it was when the advertisement was written.

Irate Boarder—When was that?

Landlord—Last January.—Harper's Bazar.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A New New York Central Map.

THE growing appreciation of the use, of the beauty in the statement of facts is well exemplified in a map just issued by the General Passenger Agents of the New York Central Lines. Intended largely for foreign distribution, this new map consists of a beautiful and accurate delineation of the United States on a sheet 20 by 48 inches in size, the ocean spaces in the corners being utilized for smaller-scale maps of the Atlantic Ocean and Europe, the Pacific Ocean, with the Asiatic coast and Australia and Alaska.

The map shows all the railroads in the United States, but refers especially to the New York Central system, which embraces in its through-car lines the New York Central & Hudson River, Boston & Albany, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, Michigan Central, "Big Four Route" and Pittsburg & Lake Erie Railways.

An interesting feature of the map is the treatment of the mountains. Contour lines are introduced showing elevations, and the slopes are heavily shaded to give "lift" to the higher ranges and peaks, with the result that these features stand out in bold relief as though modeled in clay.

A copy of No. 21 of the New York Central "Four-Track Series," which contains, in addition to this very valuable map, a large amount of information of interest to all travelers, will be sent free, post paid, on receipt of 3 cents, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.—*Adv.*

Whether it is as a manufacturer of graphite as lubricant for the winning American yacht or of graphite for the editorial pencil, the Joseph Dixon Crucible Co. stands easily in the lead. This is not very surprising, since the company has been making the lubricant and the pencils for lo these many years, and ought by this time to be familiar with the idosyncrasies of the material which they are handling. If it is a joy to sail the winning yacht over the line, it is a least a comfort to write with the Dixon pencil.—*Adv.*

JUN 1956

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